



Abby Byrne

Ireland

Departure

Excitement runs through my veins.
Sleep is impossible.
Six hours turn to ten
As we move from Chicago to Dublin.

My mind wanders through every sight we will see,
Every meal I will taste,
The smell of new air, the accents,
Thick and thin.

The thrill keeps me alert,
And the turbulence keeps me moving.
The lights go down and I am tired
Yet unable to sleep.

The Streets

The sunlight shines through the car window
It heats my skin as we twist and turn.

The homes are so petite
And cars are boxy and small.

Spring has sprung,
Everyone is enjoying the outdoors.

We drive on the left side
My dad steers from the right,

Through the green trees and crowded streets we fly
Until I dip into a slumber and awake once we arrive.

Dublin

A town full of love and life.
Cars flood the streets as people flood the sidewalks.
Every keeps to themselves;
Quiet voices,
Never shoving
Always calm.
Miraculous,
Old and new.

Kells

Tranquility and respect.
Trinity college is full of students and tourists,
Some enjoying the sun,
Others entering the exhibit just as I.

We snake around exhibits and displays,
Information that seems unimportant to what lies ahead.
The anticipation grows as we get closer and closer and we arrive.
The Book of Kells.

Only now, did people shove each other to get a glimpse of the ancient book
It was large and unlike everywhere else
Untouchable.

No photos could be taken;
Only genuine memories that would disappear.
I walk up the stairs, ready to walk away
But not ready to forget

The Ring

A piece of my ancestor's home
Is taken home with me.
A claddagh ring,
The sign of friendship,
And admiration,
Bonds me to my roots.
Every day,
I wear the ring on my finger
To remind myself of who I am and where I come from.

Galway

We make our way down the roads
That were paved long ago.
Everyone is present,
the streets are bustling and loud.

Live music rings from the streets
And my heart and mind are filled with the same energy.
This place is exciting and fun.

The evening flew by quickly,
And in the morning we were up and away.
I miss this place the most;
The exhilarant streets are imprinted in my mind.

One of my favorite places in the world,
With a clear mindset,
If I am ever lucky enough to be here again
My mind will never be the same.

Dingle (See picture)

The sky is a picture.
Colors twist and dip,
Darker as the sky stretches into the night.

The warm sea breeze
Keeps us outside and on the move.

Off to the pub, a feel of the town.
The door swings open
And music rings.

I feel almost at home
As the night begins.

Cliffs

Rays of sun graze my back as I begin the trek
Up flights of stairs
Paved on top of the natural wonder.
The higher up I get,
The more beautiful it becomes.

Several cliffs jut out of the Earth.
All I can do is stand there and observe,
My breathing heavy from the many steps I had taken.
After taking in the view,
We venture to where we were looking.

The journey is long
Yet the start isn't as far as it seems.

Back down the stairs we spent so long climbing.
Those stairs being safe and reliable,
Made the gravel path
Full of danger and excitement.

Making our way around, I am right by the edge
My hands sweat and my heart pounds.
The waves crash right below my feet,
Even though I am hundreds of steps above it.

Slea Head

"How exciting can driving in a circle be?" I asked
The plan,
For an hour,
Was to circle around Dingle's
Most beautiful views.
Holding baby goats,
Seeing ancient huts,
Nearly five thousand years old,
Standing by the edge of a cliff,
Soaking in the sun
As the ocean thrives beneath me.
Driving in a circle can be very exciting.

Benches

We walk alongside the beach,
The rocky shore hugs the water.
Picture perfect bridges lead you nowhere,
Yet, to an ideal destination.
A bench;
Isolated, peaceful,
Giving the perfect place to sit
And observe the mountains that surround the cool water.

Once we return, I venture off alone.
Another bench sits off in the distance,
A fifteen minute walk through
Vibrant green trees.
Once I reach the other bench,
My mind spins.
Time stops as I relax.
The only things present are me, the ocean and the bench.

Dublin Again

The time is gone
We've returned to the start.
Back to the city of life.

My heart is heavy as we say goodbye
To the place that welcomed
The beginning of our journey.

Uncertain of returning again,
Back through the first streets we saw.
Ready to go home, yet not ready at all.

The Flight Home

Two hours longer
Felt a lot shorter.

The departure was long and draining;
The goal of that flight was to sleep.
The goal of this one is to stay awake.

That is not difficult.
My mind kept me awake;
The vivid green grass
Roads that spun and twirled,
The adventures we had
and the adventures we did not have.

The trip home was peaceful
And too quickly we touch down.
Back to life as it should be,
Or would be.

Grief

Coming home was supposed to be relieving;
Excited to reunite with friends,
Comforting to sleep in my own bed,
Yet one friend could not be reunited with
And I did not sleep well.

You do not expect to come home and see your friend,
Your family,
Sick beyond belief.
She was on her deathbed.
I watched her slip away into an eternal sleep.

Cancer, they think.
She was suffering and in pain.
A home becomes just a house,
And every time I open the door,
Expecting to see her,
The hole in my heart gets a bit bigger.

Spring break was supposed to be relaxing and fun,
But the trip seems meaningless.
The thrill of the journey disappears
When the smiles are replaced with tears;
When you feel like throwing up instead of eating
When you lay in your bed, exhausted
Yet unable to sleep.

Abby Byrne

Moravec, 2

Creative Writing

20 April, 2017

Place Reflection

Throughout my place essay I had a few goals. One was incorporating the three elements of place (cosmic, time, and location). Of the authors we read in class, all of them seamlessly combined these elements of place. During my editing process I looked at other authors to see how I could make a cosmic tie- the element of place that I struggled the most with. I noticed that there was a connection between the first and last poem, so I decided to edit my first poem to connect with the last. Initially, I started off with a poem called "The Streets". I decided to make that the second poem and insert a poem called "Departure". I tried to tie "Departure" and "Grief" together by using contrasting emotions and repeating the line "Yet unable to sleep". I learned how effective a connection like this is. Additionally, I learned that letting poems be an individual part of the whole is important. It is exciting to compare the poems by themselves versus throughout the piece as a whole. They have different impacts this way.

During this process I struggled with a few poems. "The Ring", "Slea Head", and "Benches" were three of the most notable memories from my trip, yet I had difficulty describing them and making them poetic. These truly stand out in my mind and properly explaining them to the reader was very challenging. I am proud of letting my emotions

out. While writing "Grief", I nearly started crying. The day after we got back from spring break we had to put down my dog. This poem was basically describing that and playing to the fact that not all stories (or spring vacations) have happy endings. This was a very vulnerable moment for me and I'm glad that I accepted this vulnerability and paid tribute to my dog, Bailey.