

Writing assignment

Literature



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A Letter to Diane Wakoski regarding "Blue Monday" You know, my dear Diane, I instantly grasped this message behind your words and became sympathetic with you because this feeling that you describe so honestly and so vividly was familiar to me at some point of my life. It is so hard to live through it and remain wholesome and joyful but it gives such a deep understanding of life that it is really worth experiencing it. I guess, it is depression, blue mood, and very dark period of one's life. This kind of feeling is impossible to fake and the only thing that helps to cope with it is pouring the words on the paper and painting with them for those who know how to do it. And you surely know, the sincerity with which you write your poem is astonishing and the visual images you create are so bright and so painful that it turns the whole verse into pure confession of a desperate person.

I admire your style though I understand how hard it was for you to shape this pain into words. I don't know whether you know how to draw and whether you drew anything in your life but this verse and this confession is a picture to me painted with oil paints. I like painting, I am not professional in this sphere of art but in certain moments of life it helps me to cope with my deep inner feelings which I can't express in words. And you managed to find the right words to describe that feeling which seemed so elusive to me to grasp. You managed to shape the feeling of the person who is left or who has left the One he considered to be the love of his life. I hope that the loss you are experiencing is the loss of a lonely person who deals with new feeling of solitude after a painful break-up not the loss of the person who became the witness of death. These words about death scared me a bit:

You are dead: wound round like a paisley shawl.

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I cannot shake you out of the sheets. Your name is still wedged in every corner of the sofa.

But I can tell you for sure: where there is death, there is a rebirth. And though it is complicated for you now at this moment to believe that something alive can grow out of the ashes of your heart but it will. I understand why love is associated to you with a bank clerk, dry and emotionless. You lost something precious you put all your thoughts, efforts and soul into and when it did not work it seemed futile to you. But this is natural: only destroying things it is possible to create something new. Stars and planets are made this way, this is just the law of physics and biology. And you feel that you are a part of nature with you deep tactile understanding of forms and materials and your overwhelming understanding of color.

Colors evoke very strong emotions; we know it without understanding how. And you painting yourself blue reminds me of a tree that becomes grey for a winter time to survive in the cold. It will definitely turn green sooner or later.