

A question of being alone in the most of it poem

Literature



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Mirror

The poem *The Most of It*, by Robert Frost explores the ideas of being alone. I have felt this, especially when I am forced to go places I dislike. Sometimes, my parents want to bring me along to help me socialize, but when I get there, I just sit in the corner and watch the clock tick back and forth.

Although I have no trouble socializing, I do not enjoy parties where there are no people my age. Some parties have five year olds running around everywhere. It is like my parents are punishing me for no reason. I know that they need to spend time with their friends, but sometimes they have to bring me. These parties can ruin my plans, especially if it is last minute. I feel more isolated when there are ten five year olds then when there is one fourteen year old. Sometimes, I doze off, only to suddenly wake up the voices of the five year olds.

Eventually, one of these five year olds gets injured while running around. He suddenly cries out on life and then all the parents come over and nourish him with their parenting love. Meanwhile, all the other kids just keep on running around. Back when I did not have a phone, I would just think about my life and the days ahead, and I still do that now every time this occasion occurs. I know my parents love me dearly, yet sometimes, one moment of isolation can feel better than one day of socializing. My thoughts are always jumbled up when I mingling with my friends, and I can only filter information when I am by myself. Last year, I went to a lot of Bar and Bat Mitzvahs, and each one got more boring. I celebrated so many Bar and Bat Mitzvahs that I finally appreciate every moment of isolation. After each Bar or Bat Mitzvah, I would go home and soak in the silence from my room like a sponge.

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However, as a five year old, I never understood silence because I was too focused in the moment with friends and family. As a five year old, silence was like eating my vegetables.

I still remember myself in their shoes, running around and enjoying my day as I watch the older kids sit in boredom. We are one and the same, despite different height, mental attitude, openness, and most importantly friends and family. When I imagine my five year old self, I can never imagine myself looking in the mirror alone; there was always someone next to them, whether it is my parents or my friends. Five year olds want social time more than anything else. I never wanted to leave when I went to a friend's house and always cried when I had to. Sometimes, I hid in my friend's room or any small space I could find just to spend an extra five minutes with my friend.

Now, most of the time I look in the mirror alone because I do not need that emotional attachment anymore. Also, I am not surrounded by friends as much as before. I still love to hang out with my friends, but these hang outs are different then the play dates I had as a younger child. Nowadays, I like to spend time with multiple friends instead of one specific friend.

My five year old self is an embodiment of my characteristics and me. As a five year old, I never bothered to look in the mirror, because I did not care what anyone thought about me or what I thought of myself. As a fourteen year old, I look in the mirror everyday, because now I care about my physical appearance. I care because my appearance can reflect who I am as a person, and I do not want to give people the wrong impression. My self-reflection has changed dramatically from my five year old self. Whenever I

look in the mirror, I think about my five year old self, and I imagine him staring right back at me, but only for a few milliseconds before he starts running around and annoying the older fourteen year olds.

Just Copy It

He thought he kept the assignment alone;

For all the freedom in answer he could write

Was but the mocking echo of his own

From some paper-hidden classroom across the hallway

Some studying from the crowd-clustered common

He would cry out on the assignment, that what it wants

Is not its own voice but the teacher's

Free-writing, no originality.

And nothing ever came when he worked

Unless it was the embodiment that busted

In the boy's brain on the other side

And then in the far-distant ideas splashed,

But after time allowed the assignment to run,

Instead of procrastination when it neared

And another assignment additional to it,

As an ample bird it forcefully visualized,

Pushing the scrunched air up ahead,

And printed bitterly like an arrow

And walked through the hallway with each humiliating step

And gave the assignment – and that was all.