

Redacted

Poetry:

A

How

to

Guide

# What is redaction?

◆ a form of editing in which certain text is obscured (blocked) out in an act of censoring (keeping hidden).

◆ **Redacted Poems** are created when a poet marks out (or redacts) words on a page, essentially creating their own original work by drawing attention to selected words throughout the text.

themselves there results a sense of what has already taken place, what is now going on and what is to ensue. It must not be claimed that anyone can sense time by itself apart from the movement of things or their restful immobility.

Again, when men say it is a fact that Helen was ravished or the Trojans were conquered, do not let anyone drive you to the admission that any such event is independently of any object, on the ground that the generations of men of whom these events were accidents have been swept away by the irrevocable lapse of time. For we could put it that whatever has taken place is independent of a particular tract of earth or space it occupied. If there had been no matter and no place or place in which things could happen, a spark of love kindled by the breath of Tyndareus' daughter, or a hand have stolen from the breast of Phrygian Paris a light that dazzled the world with a pitiless war; no Wooden Horse, unscathed by the son of Troy, would have set the towers of Ilium in flame through the midnight issue of Greeks from its womb. You may see that events cannot be said to be by themselves like matter or in the same sense as space. Rather, you should describe them as accidents of matter, or of the place in which they happen.

*Material objects are of two kinds, atoms and compounds of atoms. The atoms themselves cannot be swamped by any force, for they are preserved indefinitely by their absolute solidity. Admittedly, it is hard to believe that anything can exist that is absolutely solid. The light in a stroke of lightning penetrates closed buildings, as do shouts and other noises. The sun glows molten in the fire, and hot rocks are cracked by untempered scorching. Hard gold is softened and melted by heat, and bronze, ice-like, is liquefied by flame. Both heat and piercing cold seep through silver, since we feel both alike*

"Oh, look at the house," she said. "I haven't had time to clean up. My mind is just miles away. It's already three weeks that I took down the curtains and I haven't got them back yet." She put down the clothes she was holding and showed herself to him with outspread arms. Her black hair was in disorder, she was wearing a simple under her cotton dress, her eyes were shining. She smiled warmly. "Even though I'm a bit out of my usual, my eyes were too bright and my movements were a bit off. I was a bit of a distraction. But he was so securely held by my suggestions. I was so hasty. I warned him myself. I was so flurried at the time. I was so flurried and dark, my eyes were so softer, full of light. I was so flurried to picture him as he had once been when he played at his nephew. He resembled her strongly. Only his slightly outcurving nose belonged to the Leventhals.

# When you receive a book page, what do you do?

1. Read over the text.
2. Decide on a theme by choosing words that jump off the page.
3. Underline selected words lightly in pencil first, like a plan/draft.
4. You can use entire phrases. \*\*\*Keep phrases two-three words max.
5. FIFTEEN word minimum for poem.
6. Your poem should bring attention to the words you choose for your poem, while the rest of the words on your page are likely to be ~~crossed out~~.

- ◆ Feel free to use front and back of your page, just know that markers will bleed through.
- ◆ Though pages have been scanned for inappropriate content, we're only human. Ask for another page if you're "uncomfortable."
- ◆ After completing your poem and artistic design, write a 5-7 sentence paragraph explaining your intended meaning.

Several people greeted my escort as we crossed the court, but none of them looked twice at me. By the summer of 1914 the Parisian had grown accustomed to seeing strangers in his neighbourhood and in any case it was now the shopkeepers in the Cour des Miracles who raised their shutters and remises for supper.

We entered a room which was being painted. A sign illustrating a tall earth-stemmed flowers, lupins or poppies, appeared in the half-light, and under the letters, was the legend:

*Rouge*  
 A young woman's salon, set with rush chairs, of shelves loaded with pots and jars, a narrow corridor that gave access to the stairs.

And, as we commenced to ascend the rooms above began to hear the voices, one of which was a young woman's voice in the air that I had never before given me the impression of indeed that I had never

André, who was huddled as he reached the door.

"That is the air that has come home into the room."

"Is it an impression I might have heard it through the words were I not there?"

André said, "about a month of the Revolution, and came from Marseilles fed by their handsome-

in the darkness heard the song loved it. That which was

the Sea

Heavy rocks sink deeper into the soft earth's crust. Lighter rocks rise to the surface. And so the continents are mainly granite, a lighter rock than the heavier basalt that covers so much of the ocean floor.

Far away the beds were laid down the seas although there were no seas then. If the earth was much too hot, we will water on a hot stove, the drops only dash about, but rise in steam from the heated earth.

Where did all the water come from that now fills the seas? Some scientists believe that it formed deep in the molting earth and has been forming there ever since.

Water is made up of two gases, the oxygen that we take with every breath and hydrogen, the lightest of all known elements. We cannot see hydrogen, but we can watch it burning with a blue flame on a coal or gas stove. Far down among the rocks these two gases unite to form water. It rises in hot springs and from those "fire mountains" that we call volcanoes. So we are told that just such water slowly filled the hollows of the earth's crust where we now live as

Other scientists believe that the seas once floated in dense clouds that filled the sky. As these cooled, they poured forth rain. It must have rained for days