

"Oh no, I'll never need a map. This road is marked, you see."

"That's not correct; you're silly, John, and have already passed exit 3."

"Oh my, you're right! How stupid of me. I'll turn right around over here."

"This wouldn't have happened had you used a map, and known the exit you were near."

And so they turned the other way, while looking in Joe's lap.

They knew exactly where to go, because he had a map.

Some say that maps don't have a use, that one might use a guide.

One day, I hired one, not cheap, and later found he'd lied!

I'd go on, but I truthfully know pretty much nothing about maps.

Line 2 has some syllable count issues, and line 8 has a stench of "I forgot I had to make the previous line rhyme, so I didn't plan ahead."

Just to make it easy to understand how it's to be read, I'll record it and upload it to THIS URL:
<http://soundcloud.com/syntaxblitz/maps-poem>

Reflection on Maps:

I didn't write too much more poetry in my Writer's Notebook throughout the rest of the year. That's not to say that I didn't write a lot of poetry; most of the poetry that I write has some sort of purpose. I'll rarely write just for the sake of writing, and that applies especially to poems. Sometimes I'd write love poems or instructional poems (because normal step-by-step lists are boring), but those didn't go into my writer's notebook because I wrote them with specific purposes in mind.

Still, my love of poetry has never died. Few feelings are more satisfying than reciting a poem with perfect meter and rhyme, and often after finishing a poem, I'll do so to the point where those around me are unsettled by its constant repetition. The language in which I write my poetry doesn't matter to me; I have written in English, French, and even Haskell. As long as it sounds pretty to me, I'll show it off to everyone I see.

"Maps" was an exception to my normal poetry flow. This was written a few days after we started writing in our writer's notebooks, and I felt kind of pressured to be creative. I wrote this just because I wanted to prove that it's easy to write a poem about anything. In eighth grade, I wrote about the desk I was sitting at because someone didn't believe me when I told him that it's possible for anything to be the subject of a poem. Here, I've written about maps.

There was no real point to this poem, but I'm proud of it. When it's read correctly, the meter is really fun, and the rhyming (though awkward in a few places) works out pretty well. It wasn't a hard poem to write, but what might be the most fun thing about writing poems is that it's possible to make something sound fun without too much effort.