

Synesthesia: A Poetic Triptych

“The poet doesn’t invent. He listens.” –Jean Cocteau

I. La La Land

II. Dmaj7, Am6, Gmaj7, Gmmaj7

III. The Great Wave

Color in film, feeling in sound, form in art.

For each of my three found poems, I set out to stretch the boundaries of what “found” can mean and to challenge myself to create beyond simply putting pen to paper (or rather, fingers to keyboard). I shared in the first lecture of this course that I was excited to finally be in a space where I could participate fully and challenge myself to do more than just listen, but to think critically, creatively, and empathetically. This course has shown me that being a writer is far more than responding to a prompt; crafting poetry is both liberating and, at times, pressure-filled. Take this folio as my opus of overachievement.

Each poem in this folio combines an abstract idea with a grounded artistic medium. My first poem drew from the color palette of *La La Land*, retelling the movie’s narrative through the lens (no pun intended) of its vibrant hues. My second poem took inspiration from my favorite piece of traditional art, Hokusai’s *The Great Wave*, as I tried to retell its story through a blend of visual and linguistic textures. My third poem translated the emotional undercurrents of a chord progression into imagery, all while restricting myself to the vocabulary offered by the notes of its chords. The order of these pieces in this folio is not chronological to the order in which I wrote them; the order presented is meant to present you with the best sensory experience.

As a whole, I’m proud of how I transformed creative impulses into tangible work— and grateful for the chance to share these pieces with such a receptive and engaging class of peers. This semester in Found Poetry helped me grow as a creative in all ways: as a speaker, musician, artist, writer, and newfound poet. This folio gathers my proudest pieces in such a way that I hope also captures the creative spirit that shaped them.

Thank you to my wonderful peers and Ellen Noonan for a terrific semester. Hope you enjoy :)

With gratitude,
Angela Weigl

I. La La Land

A bit of madness is key / To give us new colors to see.
Angela Weigl

An avenue of almosts
City of stars wakes with
irreverent reverie

Electric ambition
beneath bottled
desires
Here's to the fools who dream.

Daylight comes
with her smile;
No curtain
call can cease my applause

Debuts mean
the spotlight shifts
--tempos slip--
What do you mean you hate jazz?

Between constellations
we become choreography,
our orbits never aligning--
gravity pulls you away

Film fades,
faces flash forward--
forget.
I'm letting life hit me until it gets tired. Then I'll hit back.



#4Δ27Δ9

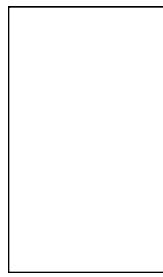
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LA LA LAND

A bit of madness *is key / To give us new colors to see.*
Angela Weigl

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An **a**venue of almosts
City of stars wakes with
irreverent reverie

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Electric **a**mbition
beneath **b**ottled
desires

Here's to the fools who dream.

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Daylight **c**omes
with her smile;
No curtain
call can cease my applause

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Debutts mean
the spotlight shifts
--tempos slip--

What do you mean you hate jazz?

2B197C

Between **c**onstellations
we become choreography,
our orbits never aligning--
gravity pulls you away

FFFFFF

Film **f**ades,
faces **f**lash **f**orward--
forget.

I'm letting life hit me until it gets tired. Then I'll hit back.

II. Dmaj7, Am6, Gmaj7, Gmmaj7

Dusk

falls silently

across cavernous shadows

Aching chest

Endings

Fear swallows

Glimmers

Breaking depth

Fear shrinks

Gloom

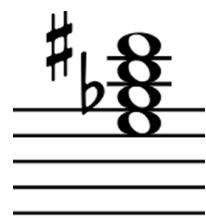
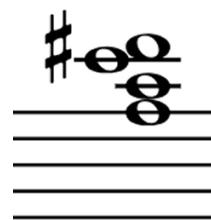
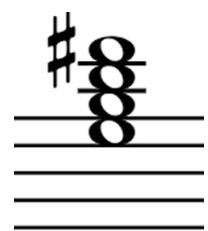
but fleeting

Drifting

Falter

Stand

Angela Weigl



Dmaj7, Am6, Gmaj7, Gmmaj7

Dusk

Falls #lently

Across Cavernous #shadows

Aching Chest

Endings

Fear #wallows

Glimmers

Breaking Depth

Fear #hrinks

Gloom

But bleeting

Drifting

Falter

#tand

Angela Weigl

III. The Great Wave

The Great Wave
Angela Weigl

A moment suspended
in beautiful terror ;
a mountain of presence dwarfed
by the ephemeral, emotional swell...

Crests
suspend instants
like a hand cradling glass shards-
knowing still
ness separates blood from skin

Squalls
thrash the unknown
bearing its course ; plunges
further
swells
breaks

Hulls
pushing for
wards ; bodies
row
row
row
row

Froths
churn thoughts
over
over
over
over
over

Ripple
Pitch

Roll

Roll

Deep blue reflections
like holding breath-
knowing still
ness will kill

You must breathe.

Churning
churn
churn
churn

Avoiding capsize
Still,
I remain.
Weatherproof.
Waves pass-
mountains stay.

Katsushika Hokusai's Under the Wave off Kanagawa, also called The Great Wave, has become one of the most famous works of art in the world—and debatably the most iconic work of Japanese art... [in his print series] as you can see from this example, Mount Fuji does not always dominate the frame. Instead, here, the foreground is filled with a massive cresting wave. The threatening wave is pictured just moments before crashing down on to three fishing boats below. Under the Wave off Kanagawa is full of visual play.
- The Art Institute of Chicago

A moment
suspended
in beautiful
terror;

a mountain
of presence
dwarfed
by the
ephemeral
a
emotional

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w

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g
i
w

H u l l s
pushing for
wards; bodies

F r o t h s
row row
churn thoughts
row row

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Crests
suspended
like a hand
cradling
glass shards - knowing still
ness separates blood from skin

Squalls thrash the unknown
bearing its course; plunges further

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w
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b
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e
a
k

r
o
w
row

Still,
I remain.

Weatherproof.
Waves pass-

mountainous.

sea.

reflections

like holding

breath-

ever

over

A moment
suspended
in beautiful
terror;

a mountain
of presence
dwarfed
by the
ephemeral
a
emotional

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H u l l s
pushing for
wards; bodies

F r o t h s
row row
churn thoughts
row row

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A moment
suspended
in beautiful
terror;

a mountain
of presence

dwarfed

by the
ephemeral

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like holding
D e e p
b r e a t h -

R i p p l e
p i c k h

R o b
R o b

A v o i d i n g c a p s i z e

C h u r n i n g

C h u r n c h u r n

C

r e f e s t s
s u s p e n d i n g

like a hand
c r a d l i n g

g l a s s s h a r d s - k n o w i n g s t i l l

n e s s s e p a r a t e s b l o o d f r o m s k i n

S q u a l l s t h r a s h
b e a r i n g i t s c o u r s e ; p l u n g e s f u r t h e r

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o u n t a i n s

m o u n t a i n s

s t a y .

Still,
I remain.

W e a t h e r p r oof,

W a v e s p a s-

m o u n t a i n s

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