



LOSS OF BREATH

Edgar Allan Poe



JANE ANN U. ILAGAN

BSIT 4-1
August 2014

Writing to express, not to impress. That has been the path of words I had been walking to since I started writing. Not literary scratching letters unto paper, but making things alive through my words. I love how with every stroke of my pen, I can paint kaleidoscopic scene of angels wings into the orange canvas of sky, only by my words I can become a painter. I like it how to people fall in love so recklessly through every words and characters I give them, then I become Cupid. I chose my medium carefully, because I know, I don't have to deliver perfection but understanding. I want my readers to understand what I mean, and that is a gift I want to share to them. I want them to understand my thoughts and at some points, persuade them to agree with me.

But at Loss of Breath, I honestly don't feel like it. All those words and thoughts that few people not of my kind would understand. I was thinking, did Edgar really want to share the thoughts of his story? Or he just want to merely impress his readers? Is the story written for a specific target of readers? Because if it was, I'll bet it was written for scholars, linguistics, grammarians and stuffs. His brush of words are a little crowded for his canvas, and I can't really think whether it was a portrait or landscape, because as I view it, it was abstract.

Cutting the story short, it was sort of a humorous story, I would suppose. I was kind of thinking whether there was really a medical situation called "loss of breath". Well, it could refer to shortness of breath I would suppose, but this does differently. You entirely lose your breath to the point that they will think you are dead. Pity. At two points, I look through it. The first one is sex, the highest satisfaction human can attain. At the first part, I looked at it as if the lead guy was talking dirty to his wife. Well, at some points. The second one is well, the humorous comprehension to the story. The he-thought-his-wife-cheats-at-him thing, the he-was-buried-alive-with-his-wife's-lover irony of life, and the they-helped-each-other-to-get-out ending.

The story is too subtle, the way I understood it. Only decorated and flowered with words that are hard to be understood easily. After I read it, I felt like I had wasted all my time understanding it. But at some points, I tried to decode if this has any other meaning. I usually do that stuff, especially with the books of Bob Ong, who happens to be the mirror side of Loss of Breath. Bob Ong uses shallow words, but has deep thoughts. Same as my all-time favorite book, The Little Prince of Antoine de Saint Exupery, with too light terms that even a first grade student would understand, but only a heart dedicated reader could comprehend. Loss of Breath was a total difference. It used lots of decorations only to find out that this has nothing to do with reality.

Well that was my point of view. I don't really believe that you have to use deep words to say you are an effective writer. All you have to do is put your heart to your words and everything will follow.

For thou shall feel, thou shall love. Thou shalt not impress. Just perspicuously avow what was there to be expressed, fathom what is there to be understood. For there is no ecstasy and euphoria much splendid than divulging your contemplations to folks who apprehend you. In my terms? Just feel it. Writing is all about expressing, not impressing.