

THE FAIRYTALE OF LOVE

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PERSPECTIVE 1:
LOVE'S
A
FAIRYTALE

My fairytale

Sometimes

I lie here in the silence
close my eyes and dream
as the breeze whisks me away
to a place I've never been
in a rainbow stained sky
my fantasies float free
the world's beneath my feet
and thick clouds surround me
it's here I meet my prince
who melts away my tears
he unravels my heart
and I forget all my fears
we sit here together
our legs dangling from the clouds
far away from all worries
city lights and crowds
but I must leave this paradise
life's too precious to stay
my dreams won't come true
if I sleep through the day
so I kiss my prince goodbye
and back to the world I sail
until the next time
I escape into
my fairytale.

Every Anniversary

A little girl twirls
before a mirror, in her
mother's wedding dress.

I Cherish You

Late at night, half asleep
I weave my dreams of you
And whisper to the shining stars,
'Can fairytales come true?'

Childhood memories flood my mind
Of when we were together
Of when you took my hand in your's
I wish it was forever.

I long to look into your eyes
To see you smiling back at me
To talk with you and laugh with you
How sweet that day will be.

Every success and precious moment
Every fear and every tear
Leaves me feeling kind of lonely
Wondering, 'If only you were near'.

But whatever the distance between us
It will never keep us apart
For you'll always have a special place
Buried deep within my heart.

Endlessly Devoted

Baby ever since you came,
Stars have been dancing in my eyes,
I'm always dreaming of your kiss
And I catch myself smiling all alone.
My heart aches to be with you,
For the feeling of your arms wrapped around me
And the way your eyes pull me into paradise.
I can't resist your love, my darling.
So now I'm missing you with every breath I take.

I want to build my dreams around you.
I'll always be here to catch you when you fall,
You know I'd leave everything for you
And come running when you call.
Sweetheart you're the hero I've been searching for
And I'll love you endlessly until the day I die,
'Cause baby, I'm helplessly addicted to you.

Can You Handle...

Do you think you can handle a girl who'll probably enjoy eating watermelon, jumping on the trampoline, and reading Fat Cat comics even at the age of fifty?

Do you think you can handle a girl who'll suddenly smile or burst into laughter simply out of pleasure for the privilege of your company?

Do you think you can handle a girl who'll never love you for fame, fortune, possessions or your stunning good looks, but rather the hero she sees inside?

Do you think you can handle a girl who's easily embarrassed and will instantly colour from head to toe?

Do you think you can handle a girl who loves the Lord God and will continually challenge you to grow and help her to grow as a Christian?

Do you think you can handle a girl whose breath is stolen and whose heart beats wildly with just one flash of your beautiful eyes?

Do you think you can handle a girl with countless faults, tempers and untamed opinions, who'll try to be the best person she can be for you?

Do you think you can handle a girl who'll probably turn up at her wedding in a gorgeous dress but with bare feet and her hair down instead of up?

Do you think you can handle a girl who'll get just as much fun out of fairytales and water fights as her own children?

Do you think you can handle a girl who'll never cease to dazzle you with her endless devotion but who isn't a fool and who won't take any hint of undue bad treatment.

Do you think you can handle a girl who won't always know what's right or stick to her own side of the bed at night?

Do you think you can handle a girl who'll demand to hold you when you're upset or feeling down, who'll always be there and who'll never let you go?

Do you think you can handle a girl who has nothing to offer you but a life of surprises, excitement and true love?

Do you think you can handle a girl who'll keep falling in love with you, over and over, every day for the rest of your life till the end of eternity?

Baby, do you think you can handle.....me?

Wedding Princess

Splashes of rainbow stain the afternoon sky
reflecting in the glittering ocean below.
The warm breeze teases the sand and tickles the faces
of an excited circle of family and friends.
A proud father awaits the arm of 'his little girl'
and a mother's handkerchief is ready and waiting.
The Lord God almighty looks down, joyful for his people.

Suddenly she appears with a breathtaking smile,
her barefeet leaving footprints in the shimmering wet sand.
Her hair streams from a simple crown of pretty wild flowers,
and every heart present is flipped upside down
when a familiar laugh escapes her lips,
as she gently lifts her dress from a tiny incoming wave.
Then all eyes follow the bride as she joins her prince
and stands holding his hand, forever young.

Dance With Me

This night is for us
you are all that I see,
stars are smiling for us
so come, dance with me.
The music is murmuring
warmth and romance,
so forget everything else
and come, let us dance.
Your eyes are twinkling
that old diamond blue.
You continue to amaze me,
I *must* dance with you.
So easily you dazzle me
here in the candlelight,
but let's not waste a moment
we've only all night.
I'd be honored my princess
for just this one song,
I'd remember it a lifetime,
it doesn't have to be long.
To you I give my heart
and all I can be,
just hold onto my hand
and come, dance with me.

Growing Old Together

The magic is still there, my darling
our love grows deeper every day.

I praise the Lord each new morning
for the joy of waking up with you,
for seeing beneath those quiet wrinkles,
the exciting girl I first met
still sparkling in your eyes.

Even now I discover little things
about you that leave me dazzled.
Forever you'll be the lady of my dreams.

From the time you stole my heart
we've slowly spun our fairytale,
now we urge our children to dream
of a love no less than this.
So as the sun sets this afternoon,
come link your frail hand in mine,
and let's celebrate the privilege
of growing old together.

One Last Kiss

Princess you amaze me,
You've made all my dreams come true.

There will never be a part of me
That is not a part of you.

Your mind is more dazzling
Than everything in this land,
That I became a new person
The day you took my hand.

You've shown me how to live and breathe,
How to forgive and love.
You helped me learn to put my faith
In the great Christ Jesus above.

Even the diamonds in the sky
Dance while we're together.
All it took was one smile
And you changed me forever.

Then accidently you teach me
To cherish every day,
For sometimes the Lord will rescue
Those too precious to stay.

So I sit here listening to your breath
As it gently gives into time.
But it feels so wrong that your heart
Should stop beating before mine.

I long to take your place.
I don't know how to watch you die.
So I just lean over for one last kiss
And whisper the word, 'goodbye'.

Now lifeless here you lie,
The Lord has taken you at last.
And all that I have left
Is every rainbow that you cast.

Darling, I'll never forget you.
You're in everything I see.
I thankyou for your love,
It's made me who I want to be.

After All These Years

She is still his **wedding princess**.

He still looks at her as though he's seeing her for the first time.

He still finds it an honour to **dance** with her.

She still dazzles him with her **endless devotion**.

They are still making their **fairytale** dreams come true.

They can still **handle** each other's faults, passions and strengths.

They'd still give their lives for just **one last kiss**.

They still awake every morning and whisper '**I cherish you**'.

So **every anniversary** there is no need for words.

For everyday they unconsciously witness their love

in the smallest and most silent of ways,

never expecting anything in return.

Now **after all these years** they still thank each other

for the privilege and joy of **growing old together**,

PERSPECTIVE 2:

LOVE'S
JUST
A
FAIRYTALE

Love's Web

Don't be caught by love's web,
for then you'll never break free.
It tangles your heart, soul and mind,
the same way it's tangled me.

Once Upon A Time

Once upon a time, I was so in love with you.
I thought you'd be the one to make all my dreams come true.
Once upon a time, you were all that I could see.
I would have given my life just to have you here with me.
Once upon a time, you stole my breath away.
Because of you I couldn't help but cherish every day.
Once upon a time, your smile shook me to the core.
There was nothing you could do, I wouldn't forgive you for.
Once upon a time, we climbed every mountain together.
I thought love's enchantment would dance in us forever.
Then one morning I rolled over and looked into your eyes,
But you no longer sparkled in them, instead were hurtful lies.
Somehow time had fooled us and drowned love's magic flame.
I was left wondering 'how?' unsure of who to blame.
Once upon a time, I was a dreamer...now back to the world I'll sail.
For I've come to understand that love is just a fairytale.

I Pray For Mama

Mama says I should pray
For the man I'll one day meet,
That he'll be wonderful and true,
Kind hearted and sweet.

She says to pray for his heart,
Body, soul and mind.
That he'll love the Lord Jesus
And leave his sins behind.

Mama says I should pray
For his safety and health.
That he'll chase all his dreams
Instead of possessions and wealth.

She says to pray that he'll love me
For just being me.
That he'll encourage me to grow
And be all that I can be.

Then mama says I should pray
For all the other little girls.
That their hearts won't be stolen
By flowers, gifts and pearls.

She says to pray they'll be smart,
That they won't lose their way.
So they don't make some mistake
They'll have to live with every day.

Then mama gives me a hug
And she kisses me goodnight.
She says never to be afraid
Then she tucks me in tight.

All alone, I pray for mama.
That one day she'll never cry,
That he'll send angels to protect her
And somehow daddy will die.

I pray to see her smile
And to see her bruises heal.
And that daddy won't get so mad,
When he comes home for every meal.

Sometimes I wonder if God hears me
And if other kids pray my prayer.
Why is my family so different?
I don't think it's very fair.

Reflection

She dares not raise her eyes to the mirror,
for a bruised and bloodied reflection awaits.

And if she catches sight of it, just once

it will haunt her at night

as her tired, drunken husband dreams.

It will tap her on the shoulder
dripping sweet revenge from its broken lips.

But still and trembling there she'll lay,

grasping the freedom that she'd lose

if her loving monster should awake.

Lone Princess

Most little girls grow up believin' in fairytales.

They expect that one day they'll be swept off their feet,
ride off into the sunset with their charmin' prince and 'live happily ever after!'

But I know better, cause it ain't *ever* happened to me.

Sure I risked shatterin' my dreams, but I ain't ever
been in love so much as to doubt some return.

And I'd bet all me money that there's lots o' princesses out there the same,
'cept they were just so scared of being alone and never havin' a 'family',
that they took the hand of the last prince they thought would ever come along!

'It'll do' - ain't that the sayin'?

Well not me darlin'.

The enchantment of love will never capture *this* lone princess.

I ain't givin' my heart unless it's completely!

Either one 'special' person'll have all that I am – not two or three, just one,
or else this bag o' bones would rather be buried by itself.

See, I don't reckon God's got someone planned for *every* person on earth,
and that's what I'll be teachin' me own little 'uns too.... if I ever have any.

Then if they be so blessed as to fall in love,
they'll praise the Lord the rest o' their days, cause they'll *know* love's a gift!

Society don't treat love that way.

I've got friends onto their third hubby and they still ain't got it right!
But they're happy enough and 'that's all that matters'.... so our wise world says.

So what about you darlin'?

Has anyone tamed your wild, lonely heart....or do ya just like to think they have?

I say love is for dreamers,
it only exists in fairytales, and fairytales are cruel.

I wouldn't go believin' in 'em if I were you!

Growing Old Alone

All alone, she waits,
for her beloved soldier,
to ride over the
mountains and into her arms.
But love's promise fades away.

Chained

A young bride sobs uncontrollably,
crippling the people who stand there.
Her mascara stained eyes watch helplessly,
as her prince is lowered down into the earth.
She longs to throw herself onto the casket,
to be buried by his side where she belongs.
He was her first love and he'll be her last.

My Greatest Fear

My dad's greatest fear is that my mother's precious heart should ever stop beating before his, or somehow the privilege to give his life for her's, might be taken from him.

My mate's greatest fear is that nothing will ever be enough for him to show his girl just how awesome and deep his love for her will continue to grow until the end of time.

My brother's greatest fear is that he should somehow return to the person he used to be, if the princess who taught him how to live ever left him.

My uncle's greatest fear is that his children will neglect to thank the Lord for the rare, priceless gift that love truly is.

My pop's greatest fear is that he might grow old without the dazzling woman who makes his every moment more beautiful than the last.

My greatest fear is that I'll never possess a fear such as their's.

Is Dreaming Worth The Risk?

Do you dream of *one special person*, just one, who'll take your breath away forever
and who'll love you in every way you thought you could never be loved?

Do you *really* think anyone will be able to fulfil all your expectations
and you'll be able to fulfil all of their's?

Would you share *every* part of yourself with one special person
including your faults, tempers and passionate opinions?

What if that person couldn't get past them?

Would you want one special person to *endlessly* dazzle you
with their devotion and love?

What if you couldn't live up to such dedication?

Would you have the strength to stand by one person's side
when *everything* else around you is falling down?

What if they couldn't do that for you?

Would you put the needs of one special person before your own in *every* situation?

What if that meant sacrificing all you possess and care about, even your life?

Would you promise your body and heart to just one special person
every day for the *rest of your life*?

What if something happened to that person?

Would you expect one special person to drop everything when you call,
to be your eyes when you're lost, and to *continually* forgive you when you're wrong?

If someone asked that of you, would they be asking too much?

Would you wait a *lifetime* for just one special person?

What if that meant growing old alone because that person never came?

Would you trust one special person anywhere, anytime, with *anyone*?

What if they betrayed and hurt you?

Would you shape *all* your dreams and future plans around one special person?

What if you later discovered that your one special person
only ever existed in fairytales.....

would you risk dreaming after that?

As A People

Once upon a time, fairytales sprinkled a passion and hope
amongst people young and old.

But as dreamers find themselves **chained**
to their experiences, expectations and society's picture of love,
the magic dust falls to the floor.

Now we **reflect** on ourselves and each other
to see a **princess standing alone**
and a child **praying for 'mama'**.

We wonder why dreamers who dare risk their hearts
are tangled by **love's web**,
only to doubt a return to the life they now question.

As a people is our **greatest fear** finding love then losing it?

Is it settling for second best?

Is it examining ourselves from a new **perspective**
and seeing the need for change?

Is it **growing old alone**?

Or is it discovering that **love is just a fairytale**,
and forcing ourselves to decide
if **dreaming really is worth the risk**?

REFLECTION STATEMENT

REFLECTION STATEMENT

‘The Fairytale Of love’ is a suite of poems which explores and communicates the different yet unique perceptions people in society have of love and fairytales.

Through two defined perspectives, I have strived to demonstrate to readers how our individual experiences, dreams and expectations shape our values and attitudes towards relationships. My poetry challenges readers to consider how our own perception of love and fairytales impacts our understanding of ourselves, each other and the society of which we are a part.

Perspective 1 - ‘Love’s a fairytale’, treks the exciting, passionate and life changing emotions people experience if their hearts are open to a positive interpretation of love and fairytales. In contrast,

Perspective 2 – ‘Love’s just a fairytale’, deals with the heartache, shattered dreams and fears people are forced to accept if their hearts develop a more negative interpretation of love and fairytales.

Both perspectives have involved **extensive independent investigation** to express my own thoughts and opinions in the most effective and thought provoking way possible.

I’ve explored the issues of great concern in society and the most appropriate and challenging ways to present them to my readers – especially by being continually

conscious of the many different perspectives people have for a range of individual reasons. This insight has allowed me to not only extend my own understanding of love and fairytales but to write authentic poetry with meaning that readers can personally relate to and identify in the world around them. My research therefore took many forms. To approach my poetry with as much skill and flair as possible, I found the **experience and knowledge I've developed in English advanced and extended courses to be highly beneficial.** Sources that provided me with information and advice on **language features and conventions** were fully worth researching (see page 98 of journal), however I realized that more practical investigation was required into the everyday lives, relationships and values of people in modern society. With this in mind, I eagerly and critically examined **modern films, love songs, magazines, newspapers, the internet, famous quotes, and of course the role of fairytales in society today.** However I found the most successful research came from the **conversations I had with people of all different ages, genders, marital status and opinions** – the very people to whom my poetry is directed.

'The Fairytale Of Love' is **aimed at a general audience of people within society who may or may not be aware of the varied perceptions of love and fairytales around them.** It has been my goal from the very start of this major work that by bringing their own experiences, dreams, expectations, attitudes and values to my poetry, as well as reflecting upon those I communicate within the poems themselves, **readers will develop a more refined awareness and appreciation** for the unique circumstances people find themselves in, as a result of the decisions they make and the attitudes they adopt as individuals and members of society. With this new perception,

it is my hope that **readers will examine their own lives, relationships and values to recognize the need for growth, change or different perspectives.** If I have achieved all that I've set out to do then my **readers should also view fairytales on a level they haven't considered before,** hence being able to appropriate the term; 'fairytales' into their adult life and inspire their children to never let go of it whatever perspective they might develop in the future. I believe it's these objectives that make my major work a careful creation of depth and originality.

To be able to appeal to my audience and gain the goals I've set out to achieve, I quickly recognized the importance of **effective and influential language techniques.** In order for my readers to interpret the challenging issues my poetry explores in the way I have intended, I found it vital to review and polish my poems until the highest quality of writing I was capable of had been accomplished. Since I was presenting the perspectives of a range of people, I found the **persona of a poem** to be very influential on its interpretation, so by exercising the skill of **empathy,** I covered a range of viewpoints including that of an adolescent (see poem; 'Can You Handle' page 8) or that of an elderly man's (see poem; 'Growing Old Together' page 11).

After much debate I decided not to use **visual features** (see page 56 of journal), since one of my goals has been to stir visual images in people's minds through the **metaphors and allusions** my poems create (see page 33 of journal). The more I experimented with the words of my poems the more I recognized the benefit of **reoccurring threads and images** because not only does it contribute to **the sense of the poems working together as a suite,** but it also makes **common links to fairytales to continually emphasize the overall theme** – 'The Fairytale Of Love' eg nature, princess, hero, sunset, dancing, etc, These are **stereotyped images of**

fairytales that people have and can therefore relate to. I even found that the use of **similes and illustrations** within the poems that were used again in other poems **extended the meaning interpreted** before, giving readers an extra advantage.

Inspired by the concept of **intertextuality** which we've studied in other English courses, I used it to compliment the poems as a suite. (see page 61 of journal).

I varied the **lengths and forms of my poetry** since I found some are more appropriate to communicate certain ideas/perspectives. While reviewing **the balance of my two main perspectives** (see page 93 of journal) I found that 'Love's a fairytale' consisted of more **rhyme and rhythm patterns, with clear structures which is symbolic for the feeling of security that the poems create. In comparison, 'Love's just a fairytale'** consists of more free verse with rhetorical questions to directly **challenge readers, which symbolizes the helplessness feeling the poems create and the search for reason they all contain.**

The **presentation and order of the poems** was greatly considered as I acknowledged **how one poem could build up to another** eg, the issue of abuse in the second perspective is introduced in the twist of 'I Pray For Mama' and is explored further in a different persona in the following poem – 'Reflection'. I found that the extended free verse poems were a little too overwhelming for readers to absorb the full meaning if they were not **spread out and separated by smaller poems** eg a haiku, tanka or a form of acrostic.

I deliberately created **conflict between the perspectives not only through the issues explored but also the titles of the poems** so that it would be clearly communicated to readers how very differently individuals could interpret situations (see page 90 of journal), eg 'Wedding Princess' in contrast to 'Lone Princess', this again unites the poems together as a suite and **forces readers to make a decision between the two**

texts/perspectives.

The language technique that I explored the most was **the manipulation of descriptive and emotive language**. To demonstrate **my control and power over language**, it was my aim to reach out to the hearts of my readers and take them on a **journey of emotional ups and downs** that they wouldn't forget. **I monitored my success by distributing my poems to people of varied genders, ages and marital status and asking them for feedback**. The most delightful part of this experience was seeing a tear slip from a reader's eye, or watching them as they unconsciously smile, gasp or shift uneasily in their seats. Through their **body language and spoken comments** I could analyse their interpretation of the poem and make any necessary adjustments. It is the reflection and satisfaction that people gain from my poetry that provides me with **encouragement and inspiration to improve my skills**. This was also the most rewarding part of the course as it gave me a chance to see just **how influential poetry can be, especially through the fluent integration of meanings, values and forms**.

My understanding of love and fairytales expanded immensely during the production of my major work. The discovery that struck me most was the idea that a person can support perspective 2 and still believe in love - appreciating all that it involves. It may just be that they think 'love is just a fairytale' because fairytales express couples living 'happily ever after' which may not always be the case eg, death (see page 79 of journal). **Realizations such as these developed as I reflected upon conversations and other sources of investigation in my journal and came to conclusions and personal opinions.**

It's clear to me how **my skills and understanding have been shaped** in ways I never imagined as I reflect back to the beginning of this process. This piece of work is the **greatest academic achievement I've ever attempted** and it's also a **personal record of my attitudes and values compared to the many perspectives that people have in society**. If just one reader feels the same, it makes it all worth it!