

CENTRE NUMBER- 8831

CANDIDATE NUMBER- 11749046

OBSESSION

Inspired

Swallow whole

Surround every breath

Moving in and out of the body

As Obsession takes control

He cannot resist the glare of the stage

As Reality is Relinquished from Thought

How far will it take him?

How far will he go?

Passion blind him!

Music possess him!

Pushed to the threshold of genius

The beat of the drum will possess

A strum of the guitar

And it is over

A microphone on a drug

And the stage is a haven

The music controls, as Sanity takes its leave

Like the drink, or the drug, consumes the mind

Like an overwhelming sensation consumes the body

Like a sickness, consumes the soul

It is no longer choice

As man gives way to Thought

Addiction to sound will seize

Madness will bind him

And death shall be a release

Passion in a Cup

Pain and pleasure walk hand in hand down

The path of self-destruction

Voices whisper, Desire

As Depression takes control,

Fighting with Reason, Lust is triumphant

As Passion is poured into a cup

Initially it was a craving, for

Acceptance, Praise and Esteem

Before the stench of the morning after.

Nothing remembered, nothing gained

Perhaps more lost time and again

Memory is a recollection of

Something come before

Family is nowhere

No delivery from confinement

Life, and Love, are dreams

Forgiveness is unobtainable

Man is undone

Through this road of Trouble, Scars

Ritual and Habit abound

The remanence of man becomes beast

Rejection of Reality becomes Reality itself

And man awaits...

Lover

Do not leave me,

For I need you to stay.

Do not tell me no,

For I will have my way

Do not beg me,

For I know your thoughts

 Don't tell me wrong

 For I am your destiny

I will not harm you

You need not fear

I will love you

And never leave you again

You will not live without me

Life is not life, without you and me

Love is not love, without you and me

A life without love is no life at all

And so we depart, from life for love

Elsa

A lady grand

Perched high in splendour,

Blanketed top to toe with

Life, she wears like a trophy-

Receipt for survival of the past

She knows not

nor remembers

Stories that shadow

her every wrinkle and line; and yet

she waits daily,

For he who will not return to shore

Splashed with age

Rested in expectation

She is enfeebled by time

Awaiting the return of a promise

To love, honour and obey

He will not return here to see her

Love awaits her elsewhere

For once her daily visit stops

They will reunite

Threnody

What are you thinking?

Why are you so changed?

What have they done

To make you behave in this way?

Why were you listening?

They were telling you lies

Your eyes are vacant

Where are you?

Don't tell me what I am thinking

Don't tell me I have changed

I am a better person now

I have awoken

Have you forgotten?

Have you given up?

Life is so much more

Than what they are giving you

You are special

You don't need their lies

Please, listen to...

I am not brainwashed
I have not become strange
You are the stranger now
You have to go away

You are not better now
You can't accept their truth
Question what they tell you
And then you will understand
Why do you need their lies?
Have you forgotten hope?

My eyes are now wide open
My heart is ready to leap
I will not listen to your lies now
I have to go to sleep
We are going on a journey
We are going to go home
He tells me what it will be like

I do not claim to be The Holy One
I simply see the way

I know where salvation is
Come, I'll show you
I know you might be scared now
I know you are anxious to explain
It is best they do not know, dear one
They will think it strange
Follow me to the end of the earth
From there we will leap to the sky
Look up my companion
For this is not the end
Our journey, here it will begin
It will not stop at nightfall
Our path is written in the skies
We know the way to deliverance
Don't cry so hard
Only pain is at an end
You know that I could not tell a lie
I only wish you could see what I can
But soon you will
And we will meet Perfect harmony

Tell mum I love her

Tell dad I will make him proud

Tell Lucy I will remember

For now I am reborn

You didn't say goodbye.

You didn't tell me why.

You left.

Sorry

I let you down

You looked at me

Begging

And I turned my back

I cannot handle you anymore

I reach out my hand

And you slap it

Taunting my humanity

I can't help you anymore

Is love what you need?

It is here

Is pity what you crave?

Look away, I am your friend

Do not ask of me

What you know I will not give

Your need for fulfilment

Has lead you astray

As I try to bring you back

You deny my help

And accuse me of offering none

You cannot have me

And hurt me as well

You are no longer in control

I cannot help you anymore

I am not strong now

You have weakened me

I am sorry

I am gone.

OCD

Laughter fills the air

The walls are mocking him

On, off,

Five times,

Be safe

Hot,

Clean hands,

Be sure

Up, down

Open, close

Uncontrollable

Irrepressible

Unable

Unruly

Undone

Impulses rule the mind

Compulsions rule the hands

Irrationality and chaos rule the world

These combine to break the heart

A mind is a terrible thing to waste

And is the most wasted entity in the world

Reflection

Statement

Obsessions- Reflection Statement

Obsession > noun [mass noun] the state of being obsessed with someone or something. [count noun] an idea or thought that continually preoccupies or intrudes on a person's mind. For my year 12 Extension II Major Work I chose to explore this topic through a collection of poetry, with the intention to explore the darker side of humanity that arises through obsession. When carrying out my investigation I found a large amount of personal experience coupled with library and Internet investigations amounted to a collection of poetry studying the emotion and reality of obsession, and how the two intertwine.

Reality > noun [mass noun] 1. The world or the state of things as they actually exist, as opposed to the idealistic or notional idea of them. [count noun] a thing that is actually experienced, or seen, especially when this is grim or problematic. 2. The state or quality of having existence or substance: *youth, where death has no reality*. The struggle with reality is something that those obsessed daily face, and so the extraction from my reality, and experience, became evidently clear when setting out to write. Although study of past works such as Edvard Munch's 'The Scream' and selected work from John Milton's Book IV of Paradise Lost introduced the concept of losing one's reality through obsession, the study of human behaviour also became essential.

Each writer draws from different inspiration, some benefit from the meticulous study of the focus point of the text. In writing a collection of poetry based on a topic that studies human behaviour, this is not a technique that could have helped. Although I tried to study other artists and their work, some helped a lot, and some didn't.

For the poem *Eliza*, the inspiration was clear, Miss Havisham. The character from Charles Dickens' classic 'Great Expectations' is one wrought with obsessions and insecurities that could be drawn on to create a new character. The study then turned to literary forms of poetry, specifically sonnets. As love became a predominant theme in poetry resembling obsessions, the form used for expressions of love was obvious to use. Studying sonnets, mostly by William Shakespeare, became intimidating as the calibre of talent in this field became apparent.

I then looked at the artwork of Edvard Munch, as many of his works are rife with the obsession of being accepted, and being alone. The painting 'The Scream' shows how someone's loneliness can distort their reality into a parallel thought wave, how emotions dictate the reality seen.

The work 'I Am Constantly Wounded' by Peter Abelard (d. 1142) shows how someone else's reality can change a person, and change their reality. The character in this poem is 'constantly wounded' by the actions of the object of their affection, and they are only left with the 'memory of poisoned honey'. Looking at this work opened a door to the world of lovers scorned, and in the 21st century, a story of a stalker.

Andrew Cunanan is a man who rose to infamy through the murder of fashion giant, Gianni Versace. Once described as 'A true intellectual' Cunanan, an openly homosexual man, became obsessed by the thought of becoming old and losing his looks. Studying the FBI file on this man became frightening, and the dark side of obsessions started to become too much.

In an attempt to explore the reason behind some people's obsessions I became interested in OCD, Obsessive Compulsive Disorder. 'Obsessions are thoughts, images, or impulses that occur over and over again and feel out of your control. The person does not want to have these ideas, finds them disturbing and intrusive, and usually recognizes that they don't make sense.' This is the definition of obsessions, as found on the website of the Obsessive-Compulsive Foundation. Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder 'is a medical brain disorder that causes problems in information processing'. Looking at OCD was a way of showing that some obsessions are not due to imbalanced people who bring down the human race; obsessions can also be a medical condition that requires treatment.

Some people with obsessions can be used as pawns by those who are stronger than them, or by those who are as problematic as the weaker, simply more convincing. This could be the case in the Heavens Gate cult. Looking on this website sent chills, when so many people were driven to suicide in their struggle for acceptance.

In studying these things, and the world around me, poems began to take form. The poems "Inspired" and "Passion in a Cup" were drawn from personal experiences. The investigation I performed during the writing of the collection did not make a large contribution to the formation of these two poems. Perhaps this was a problem as they were so personal I tried to distance myself from them, and I became worried that they became too distanced.

"Lover" was inspired by Andrew Cunanan, as I felt I needed to write a poem of love, as love becomes obsession, but the darker side of love became more interesting. This poem seems to be a study of the darker side of the human psyche, and in a study of obsession, this needed to be explored. "Threnody" and "Sorry" are both inspired by my study of friendship and the Heavens Gate cult, and they reflect upon how one person's reality can affect another. As obsessions warp reality, this affects everyone around the person.

The intended audience is older teenagers. The poems can be a warning device, a 'what not to do' booklet. In making teenagers aware of the paths they can take, some need to have warning labels. Not all of the poems are clearly this.

Although "Passion in A Cup" definitely is, "Lover" is a warning not to stay when things are getting strange. "Threnody" tells of a broken friendship, and how easily someone can be taken advantage of. Inspired is a warning to people who may love what they do, that there are other things in life. "Sorry" reminds everyone that each action causes reactions in everyone close to you.

I tried, when writing the collection, for the structure of each piece to mirror the thought pattern of the subject. This is most evident in "OCD", where the structure is very free, with short stabbing thoughts coming through. There are no poems that are specifically written in a formal style or format.

The language is written in an easy way for teenagers 15-19 to read. When I wrote each one, I had teenagers I knew to read it. This gave me an idea of what worked, and what didn't.

The study of Obsessions was hard, as it is not a clear topic. Obsessions are in the human mind, and this is an exceptionally difficult thing to know. The study of some literary works coupled with the study of actual occurrences was helpful in writing some of the poems in the collection. The study of human behaviour was even more important, although harder to record. My idea of what an obsession is changed throughout my study of the topic. The boundaries between what a preoccupation was and an obsession became more relaxed.

The border between preoccupation and obsession is something that I discovered when studying William Shakespeare's "King Lear". The title character, Lear, crosses this thin line when he believes he has been driven to madness by the betrayal of his three daughters. Lear's obsession with his 'betrayal' does eventually drive him to madness, and this madness is reflected in the things he does. Because Lear becomes insane, his actions affect those around him.

Within the poems I have written I have explored these basic concepts of obsession, and taken them to the next level.

The study of obsessions has been a definitely beneficial experience, and has helped me grow as a writer. My poems, I believe, reflect an aspect of society, which is sometimes buried and hidden from public eye. Perhaps if my writing these poems has helped someone who has read them, then it has been worth it.