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The minefield poem

The landmine he was walking with his friend from city to city. They were somewhere between Prague and Dresden. He was fourteen years old. His friend was fast and knew a shortcut through the areas they could take. He said lettuce in one of them was growing, and they hadn't eaten all day. Her friend ran a few lengths ahead, like a wild rabbit across the grass, turned her head, once looked back, and her bodies were scattered across the area. My father told us this, one night, and then continued to eat dinner. He brought them with him-landmine. He took them down to his good intentions. He gave them to us - in the volume of his anger, in bruises we covered with sleeves. The way he threw anything against the wall — a radio, that wasn't even ours, opened a watermelon, once, like a head. The way we still hope, years later and the continents away, that anything can explode at any time, and we alone will have to run on that with a vision like only seconds behind. — republished here by permission from the winner of the Robinson Jeffer Prize for Poetry at 19 and the poet's website. This poem also appears: Best American Poetry 1999; Echolocation, collection of poems by Diane Thiel (Story Line Press, 2000); Poetry: An Introduction (2001) and Bedford Intro Literature (2002), both from St. Martin's Press; and Revenge and Forgiveness: A Compilation of Poems (Henry Holt, 2004). Poetry, nonfiction and creative writing are the authors of ten books of pedagogy. Most recently, Winding Roads: Practicing writing Creative Nonfiction (Pearson Education, 2008). He has received several awards, including the Robert Frost Award, the Robinson Jeffer Award and the New Millennium Rights Award. Her work appears in several publications, including Poetry, Hudson Review, and Best American Poetry 1999, and is reprinted in dozens of national and international anthology (including those published by Longman, Bedford, Harper Collins, Beacon, Henry Holt, and McGraw Hill). Thiel has been a professor of creative writing for more than ten years and has taught in innovative settings such as the NSF program: Ecology for Urban Students, and for the poet of the Miami Book Fair in the Schools Program. He was a Fulbright scholar for 2001-2002 and is currently a professor of English at the University of New Mexico/New Mexico. More information, including readings and lectures, on its website: www.dianethiel.net/ Diane Thiel minefield's is a poem about the long-lasting impact of the war on a civilian family — specifically, after a long impact on a fourteen-year-old boy of generations blowing his friend to a landmine bits. As the boy grows and his family, pictures of his friend's death never leave him, but move on to impress his family. Minefield calls for attention just one of the many ways the war manages to affect people decades after it's finished. Written in free poetry with no poetry plan, Minefield is characterized by small, choppy sentences and fact tone of one thing as the man tells his family how his friend was transformed by the decision to take a short cut that turned out to be through a minefield, just in search of a head of lettuce. It brings to light how much of life is determined by chance. The man says his friend was faster than him, another decision of fate that determined that the friend would live while the man was left to carry memory through life. The second of the three verses in verse is just two lines: my father said it, one night, and then continued to eat dinner. Once again, the brevity of the lines helps to express the strength of their meaning. The narrator, sitting at only one girl's dinner table, was taken aback by the way her father told her the story of the boys in the minefield, then continued to eat their dinner as if it were of little importance. In reality, of course, man was deeply and adversely affected by his friend's premature death. The way man conveys his experience to his family indicates that the Father has not been able to overcome the experience, and foreshadowed the text of the third verse. In the third and final verses, the narrator tells how his father pulled out the agony of his memories on his children. Getting his anger out of hand, his father fits of rage, throwing anything within reach in a room, including a watermelon that opened like a head; This imagery appropriately combines the past with the present. The narrator's father had changed forever, always worried that anything might explode, and persecuted, violent fathers because of his terrible childhood. Minefield has had a huge impact on me because it is only a phenomenon of millions of examples of how the war infiltrated and even destroyed the lives of survivors. Today, we will call this post traumatic stress disorder. The stories are different, but the impact of the war on millions of people around the world is profound, as pointed out in this straight-forward but powerful poem. This entry was posted in unclassified. Bookmark the permalink. 1. Diane Thiel-pg.7452. she was walking with her friend from city to city. They were somewhere between Prague and Dresden. He was fourteen years old. His friend was fast and knew a shortcut through the areas they could take. He said lettuce in one of them was growing, and they hadn't eaten all day. Her friend ran a few lengths ahead, like a wild rabbit across the grass, turned her head, once looked back, and her bodies were scattered across the area. My father told us this, one night, and then continued to eat dinner. He brought them with him-landmine. He took them down to his good intentions. He gave them to us - in the volume of his anger, in bruises we covered with sleeves. The way he threw anything against the wall — a radio, that wasn't even ours, opened a watermelon, once, like a head. The way we still hope, years later and continents away, that anything can happen At any given time, and we alone on that will only run with a vision like seconds behind. 3. Poetry lines: My father told us this, one night, and then continued dinner. He brought them with him-landmine. He took them down to his good intentions. He gave them to us - in the volume of his anger, in bruises we covered with sleeves. The way he threw anything against the wall — a radio, that wasn't even ours, opened a watermelon, once, like a head. The way we still hope, years later and continents away, that anything can happen At any given time, and we alone on that will only run with a vision like seconds behind. 4. Song Title: 8th of November 5th. Artists: Big and Rich6. Song song: Now he's 58 and his pony tail grayBut battle still plays in his headHe limp when he walks, but he's strong when he puts on a grey suit on his Hawaiian tattoo to talk about the shrapnel they left in his leghe and he ties it on a yearand at one time and remembers the fall as he swallows the order down with a tall oneandand his tears. Analysis: Diane Thiel's Minefield is a very deep and heartbreaking poem about a man that still struggles with his mind being ravaged by memories of a war from several years ago. The man speaks of years later even of the incident that happened to his friend when he was so young. The man at dinner tells this story as he's the only one that can continue to eat. Kavita says: My father told us this, one night, and then the dinner continued to eat. It not only shows mans's ability to adjust to the gruesome facts of the story, but also embodies her honor and ability to move on. This is because the father can still eat after knowing what happened to his friend because he knows his friend wouldn't want him acting like memory so shocking, as well as he seems to be trying to move on from memory by the only one that is able to eat after such a disturbing story. A song of the big and rich called on November 8 also uses this symbolism to describe a man after the war. Now he's 58 and his pony tail is grey, but the fight still plays into his head. He limps when he walks, but he's strong when he talks about the pellets they left in his leg. He puts on a grey suit on his Hawaiian tattoo and he ties it on once a year and remembers the fall as he orders a tall one and swallows it down with his tears, the song states as the man shows his respect for his fellow soldiers lost in the war. He remembers showing that he still orders them to drink and is able to finish it as a symbol of lost men. Like food on father's plate in poetry, the drink also symbolizes moving on from being a memory and memoir. This is not the reader's ideal interpretation, however, each reader is different. Through comparing the two pieces, can be interpreted that both men struggle with the memory of their There are similarities as well as differences. Unlike the song, the man in poetry shows his pain somewhere differently. The poem says the man: he brought them with him -landmine. He took them down to his good intentions. He gave them to us - in the volume of his anger, in bruises we covered with sleeves. Son This reference shows how memory has affected the man so harshly. Without this memory, the man probably is not committed to his questionable actions and the man in the big and rich song unlike him shed a tear for his previous friends. Memories for both men are extremely vivid and stomach-changing, however, after these many years both men are unable to get rid of them. The authors of both works put passion into telling a story to the reader in a simple way and by doing so compared the two undeniable. 8. Song Link . Image: This picture shows a man recalling the war in which he was and the lives lost like men in The Minefield and November 8. November.

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