

## Model Document: Journal Entry

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Journal writing need not follow rules of grammar, style and format.

Reference to specific text from poem to interpret meaning.

*Kristin Knippenberg, Nov. 17, 1996*

*"Drift" by Alberta Turner-This poem is pretty awesome. It's about everything and nothing. Every little word and phrase and sound & image contributes, nothing is Xtra or unnecessary. I never really stopped to think about drifting, in & of itself. Not many do-I suppose that's why she TELLS us to imagine. Usually when you think of drifting, you think of THINGS that actually do the drifting, or drifting as a contribution to a larger nature scene or some romantic autumn or winter day, you & your lover kissing in the woods. None of that in this poem. It's all very dreamlike. One has to wonder-is the poem about drifting, or is it actually doing the drifting? A bit of both? The words occur both as layers, one on top of the other, like snow, AND also as a single idea, merely twisting & turning & changing on a single path-like a leaf! OO-EE. Awesome how those words work out like that-"bumping, humping, heaving, hooping." Also are some ambiguous pivot words, that could mean different things. "Drift"-noun or verb or command? I hope it's a command-I'd love to be part of the drifting. If dolls can, I can. Another weird word is "winds" the last word in the poem. The sounds in the poem are all very soft & rounded, which is why it would be so interesting if that "winds" were pronounced like "winding a clock." That pronunciation has a couple o' teeth in it. It would be a weird tonal shift, right smack at the end, almost ominously, so "drift" isn't so sweet & innocent anymore. OR, if you don't like weird tonal shifts, pronounce it like plural "winds", or as a funky new verb for "blow" or something. (New weird words-what the heck is draggle?) The poem gets almost scary towards the end with those dolls. They just sort of APPEAR in the poem, like poltergeists that fade in, fade out. Dolls are easy to play with, manipulate, if you will. But they add a strange heaviness and real/fakeness to the poem, as if they are the antagonist in a story, or some sort of proof that the equal and opposite from "drift" is just as true. Wonderfully haunting, halting*