

The Evolution of Writing

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At Towson's Invitational Summer Institute (ISI) second Super Saturday this year, a mini writing marathon was held. The instruction was to go off and write influenced by wherever you stopped on campus. I was there participating as an associate director of MWP for the three ISIs across Maryland. I have written to many prompts over my years of working with the ISIs, but this year was different because I was just retiring from Catholic High after twenty years of teaching there.

My retiring had an impact upon this piece of writing. When I read it out loud, Rus suggested that it had potential to speak to other teachers experiencing similar feelings, so I revisited it, fine-tuned it and had my regular writing group look it over. One of them suggested it had a poetic feel to it, so I revisited again with their suggestions for the essay, rewrote it and wrote the following poem. I plan to submit the essay to a journal.



Stephanie Leddy

DECONSTRUCTING MY LIFE

As I drive up the drive, the familiar is gone.
This microcosm of the world at Towson U as I knew it has
altered.
No primary-colored decorated windows,
No tall trees shading little children at play,
Now all that exists is a barren area enclosed with a chain-link
fence.
Upsetting—yet from upset will evolve positive change.
New buildings and trees will appear
And we will cease to remember the old.
In this deconstruction to construct, lies a parallel to my life.
I, in retiring, must take apart my known.
I take down—tear apart—pack—give away

What was central to my life.
I empty my classroom of all that is me.
All those things that filled students' senses helping them
comprehend world literature,
I recycle to other teachers, or, even, throw away.
My essential world has been put into ten boxes and a bag.
I have deconstructed but, unlike the university,
No blueprints exist of my reconstruction.
I am bare like those classroom walls—empty,
Seeking a direction in which to grow and change.
Like the drive I take through campus,
The road seems familiar, but the landmarks are gone.