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New Plateau in Creativity

After reviewing my previous diary entries I see a lot of growth occurring between me then and me now. I believe there is an inner growth and calmness to me now that was not there before. I feel stronger than I ever have to meet challenges placed in front of me. I do not know all the answers but I feel more confident in my approach to answer them.

From this course I will take away the fact that everyone is creative. That I am not a good judge of my own levels of creativity and my creative product will always be something to tinker with. I will continue to brainstorm ways to make my days full and bright even when I am miserable at work. I will continue to use SCAMPER to make changes to my creative environment and product. I will continue to walk and explore the places around me craving peace. I will continue to use word play.

I have enjoyed working on my museum presentation. In working on my Powerpoint my overall goal was to highlight Eminem in a way. He is more than a crazy “white boy” rapper. He is creative and honest in his approach to music. He does not have a fixed mindset, he has grown through his music. I believe that every highly creative individual must find some growth in the process and the product. Eminem’s creative product has cultural, social, and environmental influence on society. I want that to be clear in my presentation. I think I will try and add the video to *Love the Way You Lie* the music video with Rihanna. I hope that Eminem is looked at with fresh eyes during this presentation.

After reflecting on a response you had to one of my diary entries I felt compelled to write more. You said: “Aha!s are sometimes abrupt and sometimes more subtle - as you indicate here. I often like to say: Creativity is not Art... Art is the fallout of Creative Thinking by artists! What is the fallout of your Creative Thinking? :)”. I want to share with you what I could not share at the beginning of the semester. I hope you like it.

**Through His Eyes**

He sees her. What does he see? Is it the short frame, slim hips, thick lips, round glistening brown eyes, and energetic smile she carries for the world to see? No. He sees her weaknesses. He knows why she smiles. He knows that she's masking pain with joy. It's flashes ever so slightly between slow breaths. He sees her scars the ones for the world to see and the ones hidden. She locks them deep, they can't breath and will eventually give her the peace she craves.

What does he see? Her pulse quickens her nails bury deep into sweaty flesh. Remember? Remember? She has something to prove. After the panting, after all passion is spent, after the calm he must remember her. She needs to be seen she needs to last in his memories. Who is she if not his, even for the brief moments. After the sheets have been washed and the perfume scent no longer lingers.

What does he see? She is doing everything right. She's stopped the late night pleasures her body craved. She stopped believing his name was Mike, Damon, Paul, or John. She no longer values herself in how a man's tick, tocked. Why are his eyes still causing pain upon her cheek?

What does he see? As he lays in her arms he bears witness to her grief. The smiles have vanished and there is only her short frame, slim hips, thick lips, and round glistening brown eyes.

She has daddy issues, that's why she's with me. She has no friends, that why she's with me. She's has no mind so she chose mine.

No! I never wanted her, I always judged her, but she was mine. All passion is spent. I have my memories. She ruined me.

What does he see? The serpent in the garden. The innocence without the sincerity. Why would she want that? Why would she choose him? It is at the lowest point when we you can see how far you’ve fallen. Climb? Climb! Remember.

What does he see? He no longer sees her.