

Question 2.

c) (Text three).

Dear Mr. Mack,

I came across your poem, "Cicadas" in English the other day in relation to our Area of Study: Change. I was so ~~so~~ affected by your poem as it ~~reminded~~ reminded me of how inevitable change really is. Your poem, "Cicadas" examines the life form of a cicada and details the process of its change in form. I think the importance of your poem for me, was the way it explored a process of change which is so inevitable to all of us - that ~~from~~ process of maturity, which entails not only physical development but I believe an emotional and psychological maturity as well. Coming to the end of my "hazardous teenage" years (!) I realized that perhaps I have in fact developed as this cicada has to a new "life" form and phase



in my life. I guess this best illustrated in my improving relationships with my mother more recently.

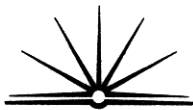
The other week, I was ~~in~~ forced to attend a dinner party with my mother and her friends. I remember vividly watching ~~or~~ her. She twirled around and around, bunches of material rising up and down, the folds of her skirt spinning around. The music that she was dancing to was melodious and as she ~~of~~ moved in time to the music, ~~the~~ the notes and melodic line seemed to move in time with her. As the music climaxed and came to fall silent, ~~then~~ she flounced to a stop. Her ~~colorful~~ ^{colorful} skirt's dizzying blend of colors became separate again and a ~~the~~ faint scent seemed to waft through the air. Almost as though a perfume had been released by such a burst of action.

And it was funny, because I remember thinking I did not know who this woman ~~was~~ was.



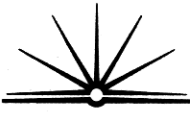
This woman who tilted her head back and laughed at the end of a song. She seemed like a stranger, so distanced from the previous vanilla and lavender smells & her mild disposition was exemplified in her style of dress: tailored pants and starched white blouses. This was a woman who previously jiggled her foot to the rhythm of the music, refusing to get up and dance.

You know, they say that physical change is ~~the~~ superficial and no real indication of anything deeper. But, I believe it was the day she returned home from the hardiness, sporting a new short bob that marked her emancipation. Like it was the mark of something deep within, bubbling to get out and bear its mark. Suddenly, it seemed ~~everything~~ everything was different. A net set of friends, as seemingly young and carefree as she, paraded through our house, playing music and singing songs.



It wasn't the expected sounds and certainty of Chopin and Ravel either, it was loud and confronting - jazz, improvisation, percussion with bongos and drums, lyrics about living life and lost love. It was like something deep it was those dark days inside her had "stirred", like the "brown vibration" that awakes the cicada and sets it upon a process of life change and form. My mother changed both inside and outside - her new hair and her attitude to life. So different from her previous, "slow life"!

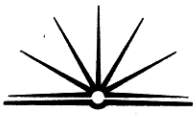
It was those days I would hide in my room - not daring to come out and see what was happening. Trusted old friends and family would smirk at my mother's attitude, turning their backs, returning to the safety of their comfortable houses - full of porcelain dolls and ^{stuff} furniture children were forbidden to sit on. It was those days, I'd feel a longing for the days before -



The certainty that someone would be home when I ~~was~~ came home. The knowledge that she wouldn't go out after dinner, dressed up and off to clubs my ^{older} sister knew. At night when she came home and into my bedroom, I ~~was~~ would pretend to be asleep. Yet inside I was screaming "Didn't she know what she was doing, was affecting the rest of us!?"

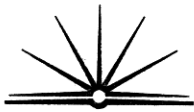
It felt suddenly like I was the cicada, "cramped still" and struggling to get out of ~~coats~~ and away from the antics of my mother.

And yet, ~~when~~ when my mother finished ~~was~~ dancing at that dinner party, she walked over to me. Crossing the room in ~~the~~ stride, a smile on her face. And I think it was at that moment that I realized this was my mother. She is someone I knew. She is someone I know still. She taught me to be tolerant and kind and



never to pass judgment on those who listened to a different type of music. And in that one moment ~~the~~, like the cicada who comes out through "split skin", that I realize, my mother is happy. When my mother reached me, ~~she~~ I remember she playfully tugged my hair and put out her hand. ~~I~~ I remembering taking her outsketched hand, ~~to~~ with her leading me to the centre of the room. The band ~~started again, the band~~ struck up, the music played, and vividly I recall, we slowly together began to dance.

So, I thank you for your poem. It is one that makes me realize that people may change ~~and~~ as my mother did. But it was one that filled me with hope that together we may "live our day in the sun". Perhaps both my mother and myself are cicadas - my mother found renewed life and I - a renewed sense of appreciation,



tolerance and understanding and together
we changed life form to answer an
"insistent call" and have a better life!

Thankyou again for such an
inspiring and beautiful poem - and the
realization it has given me!

Kind regards,

Jane Doe.