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| Descriptions | Memories | Figurative Language |
| * Spruce tree bent in the wind, only the top half is green, dead and grey in the bottom half * Do not enter sign shaking in the wind * Crimson cardinal calls in the distance. * Green grass sprouting up out of the rough, dead, yellow grass from last year, the new grass is soft and the old grass is rough to the touch. * Clear blue and cloudless sky with a powerful and beaming sun overheard. Everyone says the sun is yellow, but it looks like it burns white-hot to me. * Benches filled with young people dressed in bright colors: cobalt blues, and crimson reds. The colors pop and shimmer in the sun. * Their conversations echo off of the surrounding walls in the quad. This one is mad at that one, and this other one is making crude remarks about girls and boys in the spring air. The two things seem contradictory. The beauty of the day and the crassness of the remarks. * A tiny tree with 4 bird houses. Different shapes and sizes; different colors: pink, blue, red, and green. The bird houses swing in the breeze. | * Falling twenty feet with a mini Christmas tree in hand to the forest floor * Headlights in my eyes down a wrong way street * We locked eyes one, a cardinal and I, I was on my deck, it in a tree. It felt like magic. It sat and stared and I did too. * Swimming across Lake Utopia to Canon Ball Island. Afraid of the lake utopia monster. * Looking at her. Just her and knowing that I can’t have her. First, because she is with him and secondly because I will never have the guts to ask. * Running through the woods so fast with friends. Seeing trees reminds me that I once thought I was Davy Crocket. * The sweet smell of spring reminds me of building a tree house. * Cutting boards and nailing to trees. Sap running from the trunk with each new nail hole. | * Spruce tree was an old man leaning against the wind. * The sign sat shivering in the cool breeze. * The sign shook its head in disapproval of all cars who dared to break its cardinal rule. * The cardinal sung its sweet song, tenderly. * The lilting song of the crimson cardinal * I will never in a million years, feel as free as I did when I was young and building a treehouse in the woods. |