**INSPIRATION PIECE FROM TEXTBOOK FOUND ON CHAPTER 7:**

I

PRELUDES

The winter evening settles down

With smell of steaks in passageways.

Six o’clock.

The burnt-out ends of smoky days.

And now a gusty shower wraps

The grimy scraps

Of withered leaves about your feet

And newspapers from vacant lots;

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The showers beat

On broken blinds and chimney-pots,

And at the corner of the street

A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.

And then the lighting of the lamps.

Source: T.S. Eliot, “Preludes,” *Poems*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1920. Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc.

**MY PERSONAL ART PIECE CREATED BY ME WHICH IS ALSO A POEM.** IT IS VERY PERSONAL FOR ME BECAUSE IT IS OF MY WHITE DOG (CHIHUAHA) HIS NAME IS LO, WHOM HAS BEEN LIVING WITH ME FOR 15 YEARS AND I LOVE AND APPRECIATE. THE COMMON THEME FOR BOTH POEMS WOULD BE THAT THEY BOTH SHARE A LOT OF IMAGERY, TO ENGAGE THE READER AND HELP PORTRAY A DEPICTION TO SHOW WHAT THE WRITER IS FEELING.

“Dear Lo”

Your fur is as white as snow

Your eyes pierce right through my heart,

When you lick my toes

When you see coming you seem like a dart

I know how much you hate the beach

When the beaming sun hits our funny skin

That’s why you always run off your leash

If I ever stop loving you it’ll be a sin.

Your happy eyes seem to say it all

Your wet nose always up to no good

You’ve never left me at dawn

Always putting me in the best of mood

But yet, my dear Lo my love for you will never fade

Because of the unbreakable bond we have made