

[Name Removed] is not a painter; a tale

A creative mid-term project for Introduction to Literature









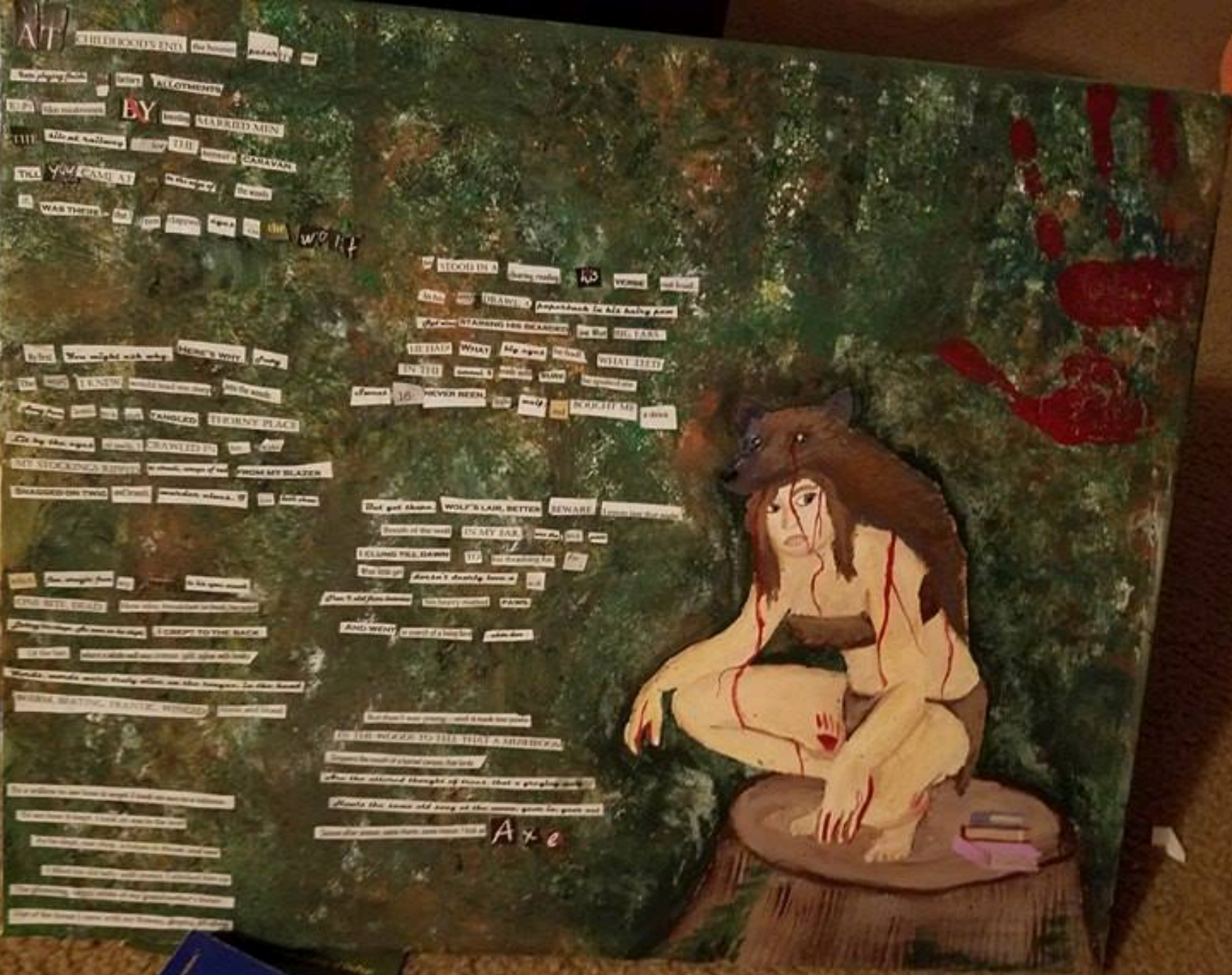








AT CHILDHOOD'S END, the houses peter ED out
Into playing fields, the factory, ALLOTMENTS
KEPT like mistresses, BY kneeling MARRIED MEN
The silent railway line the hermit's CARAVAN
TILL you CAME AT last to the edge of the woods
it, WAS THERE that I first clapped eyes On THE w|o|l|f



AT CHILDREN'S ENEMY

BY MARRIED MEN

THE CARAVAN

WOLF

STOOD IN A

TRAGEDY

STAINED HIS BEARD

SHEEP

WHAT

MAY BE

WHAT IS IT?

NEVER BEEN

SCARED ME

TANGLED THIRTY PLACE

DRAINED IN

FROM MY BLADE

WOLF'S LAIR, BETTER BEWARE

IN MY EAR

TOLD ME

AND WENT

Axe

WOLF'S LAIR, BETTER BEWARE

IN MY EAR

TOLD ME

AND WENT

Axe

WOLF'S LAIR, BETTER BEWARE

IN MY EAR



← How I felt