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The Wondrous World of Watches

It survives the roughest times,  
The scorching heat or frigid cold  
Or fall caused by false foothold;  
Though beat up, it ticks on faithfully  
And perhaps even a bit playfully.  
Every inch of the band and face is put to use,  
There are almost too many gauges to introduce,  
Odd that some are content on the pavement  
While to others that would only be enslavement.

Too often seen as a mere children's toy,  
Something likely to be worn by a 6-year-old boy.  
Few people know they are used by the pros.  
Part of the tool kit because of their blend  
Of plastic and rubber; they are an obstructor.  
An electrician's friend, who, in the end,  
Just cares that they aren't a conductor.

At the top of its class, one had to amass  
A common year's earnings to buy it.  
Though cherished at times  
And worth its weight in dimes,  
It is a prisoner longing for parole.  
It can't wait to be free,  
Displayed to you and me;  
Oh! What a vain and diluted goal.  
Too delicate for use,  
Too expensive for nous,  
Yet the people do greatly extol.

It's been worn for generations,  
A sign of father-son relations.  
The brown leather band  
Now soft and distressed,  
The frozen second hand  
Paused as if to attest  
To the timelessness of memories made;  
How these special moments will never fade.  
Though aged and worn and poor at telling time  
This old watch is still in its prime.

This one's seen the deepest waters,  
A place where time seems to stop.  
As it withstands the mighty pressures,  
It watches a frenzy of hungry threshers,  
With a sunken ship in the backdrop.  
How tranquil and majestic under the waves,  
Where there is no work to make us its slaves.  
Unfortunately this timepiece is a necessary evil,  
The rope that tugs until it achieves our upheaval  
From this wonderful place that has remained primeval.  
To return to the world that never stops being busy  
So we can work ourselves until we're tired and dizzy  
Oh good watch, if we did not wear you,  
We might never bid our fantasies adieu.

## Reflection

My poem is about the different types of watches and the personalities I often associate with them. Stanza order is not specific, but each type of watch means something to me. I chose to incorporate rhyming lines into my poem to play with the pace and make each stanza feel individualized yet loosely connected with the others. The rhyming scheme does not carry from one stanza to the next, but each stanza uses rhyming lines, giving them a common characteristic.

### I. Survival Watches

To me, survival watches are the epitome of dependability. They are a staple of hiking, climbing, camping, and other outdoor adventure sports. Survival watches are built to take abuse, which is why I chose to portray it as able to “tick on faithfully and perhaps even a bit playfully” when it takes a hit or is exposed to the elements. To me, the diction gives the impression that a survival watch can easily withstand and even invites rough use. Many survival watches are equipped with temperature gauges, barometers, etc., so operating one can be a puzzle; there are so many buttons/combinations of buttons that all do different things that “the entire face is put to use.” There is never any wasted space or meaningless feature on a real survival watch.

### II. Cheap Watches

Since my grandfather was an electrician all his life, I have heard stories about how he could only wear cheap plastic watches because if (or rather, when) he got shocked, a plastic watch would not burn his skin as a metal watch would. I reminisce about my grandfather whenever I see an all-plastic watch and think of other professions that require its occupants to make such choices. It's very easy to make wrong assumptions about someone without knowing their story, but cheap watches taught me to assume there is usually a reason (and a pretty interesting story) behind an odd characteristic.

### III. Expensive, “Showy” Watches

This stanza is devoted to the expensive, over-the-top timepieces that really don't make sense to own but that everyone wants anyway. I portrayed the watch itself as a prisoner, but a conceited one, because it is something that people are hesitant to wear on a daily basis. It is a risk for such a watch to be out and about, as it might get scratched or draw attention from the wrong crowd. It is “too delicate for use, too expensive for nous” because, the possibility of devaluing it is too great and common sense would not suggest that one buys such an expensive watch. Nevertheless, they still attract the part of us that does not care whether it's a good decision to buy one or not.

### IV. Heirloom Watches

Whenever I think about watches (which is probably way too much), I always imagine the old heirloom watches that have been passed down from father to son for generations. The value in such a watch is not the physical watch itself, but what the watch represents. These watches are

priceless because of the memories they stir up. The watch itself may not be glorious or even work very well, but it is still more special than any other watch money could buy.

#### V. Diver's Watches

The underwater world is a very captivating place, and it is easy to lose track of time when immersed in it. To me, diver's watches link the wearer to the busy world. Everyone has their own way to defrag from the daily grind of society, whether it be sleeping, daydreaming, going out with friends, reading a book, et cetera. As with diving, all of these things must eventually come to an end. Responsibilities do not simply disappear nor does the world stop and wait. Although everyone would rather remain engrossed in their fantasies, the continuation of natural life requires that people return to their obligations. The diver's watch alerts its wearer of the time whether he or she is on dry land or under thousands of gallons of water. For this reason, it is the "rope that tugs until it achieves our upheaval (from our fantasies)." It is a constant reminder of what must be returned to.