

This iBelieve Essays

Creative Control

by Aidan Bianchi

I believe writing is the truest form of self-expression as it gives me ultimate control. Writing allows me to document my emotions, as well as the exact personal thoughts that I believe in. Ultimately, this allows me to place my feelings and thoughts onto paper, so readers can see the events through me; furthermore, the ugliness and beauty I see in the world will be projected through my writing. I can say so much more through writing compared to painting and music. Music expresses emotion, while painting expresses scenery and perspective; writing can express both. At the end of the day, my writing is like a mask, and when put on, it will show the world through my eyes, ears, and thoughts.

Emotions can be expressed through several means: art, music, and writing (including all the sub genres within those categories). Painting a picture illustrates the creator's perspective; once looked upon, their world is revealed. On the contrary, composers bring life with music. When played, music gains the ability to express the simplest, and most complex emotions together: anxiety, anger, lust, glee, mischievousness, and much more. However, writing can combine aspects of both painting and of music and forge them into one beautiful masterpiece. The imagery shines through the paper, creating visible images of the scenery while emotions flow through the air.

Writing enables me to document good and bad experiences, so they can become not only understandable situations, but also relatable and forge connections between the book and the reader. One day, I was unfortunate enough to witness a bird's fragile body being struck and crushed by a car. To some people, it may seem insignificant since it was just a bird; however, it was much more than that to me. The bird, with broken wings, attempted to fly away, even though it had no strength left. It was heartbreaking to see an animal in so much pain, knowing they don't have much time remaining, after suffering an accident like this. In one moment, there was this little bird who was blissfully flying high in the sky, and only seconds later, never to flap its wings again. To know each squawk is a cry for help, help that it'll never receive. The fact that the pigeon was in deep pain left a mark on me and my thoughts. I ended up leaving the scene stained, stained of the suffering I just witnessed.

On the opposite end of the spectrum, writing allows me to document some of the warmest experiences I've ever had. One summer morning, I woke up angry and annoyed. How the air's dryness irked me, and the unpredictable heat made me sweat profoundly. I remember my slow, yet heavy footsteps clunk against each wooden step. As I twisted the bronze door knob, I spotted my mom on her iPad watching Netflix. She greeted me with a huge smile, full of energy and serenity. She simply spoke, "Good morning," yet each word was delivered with love and

complete warmth, filling me up with love and a sudden sense of calmness. All of the annoyance and anger was swept away. For the first time in a long time, it was complete and utter peace.

With the power of writing, I was able to document the disturbing/tranquil scene by placing my perspective of the experience and emotions onto paper. Readers will be interpreting my vision and perspective on how gut wrenching it was to hear a pigeon squawk the second the car made impact with its small brown, body; yet, at the same time, they will see the warmth and loving care in my mom's mid-yawn, "good morning." This is why I believe writing is the truest form of self-expression.