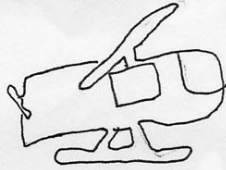
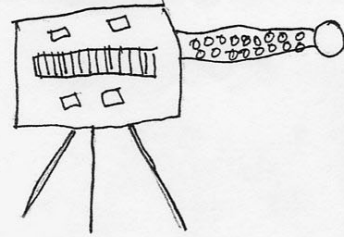


## Poem—Student B



**I AM**



**I am a Renaissance workaholic.  
I wonder if my autopsies on corpses will help my knowledge  
of the human body.  
I hear my bicycle invention clanking down the street.  
I see a paintbrush moving across paper.  
I want to replace my paralyzed right hand.  
I am a Renaissance workaholic.**

**I pretend to be a bird soaring though the sky like the ones I  
have studied.  
I feel a roar under my feet by a tank built by my design.  
I touch the mind of the artistic world.  
I worry that my submarine sketch will fail.  
I cry because I have no one to share my success with.  
I am a Renaissance workaholic.**



**I understand that the circulation of blood causes blood to  
touch every muscle in the body.  
I say my development of the machine gun will be completed  
some day.  
I dream of my parachute creation slowing my descent.  
I try to envision the Mona Lisa on a gallery wall.  
I hope my helicopter innovation will glide through the air.  
I am a Renaissance workaholic.**

