



# Erasure Poetry

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# Background

Writing professor and author Kenneth Goldsmith once declared, “The world is full of texts, more or less interesting; I do not wish to add any more.” Instead, he proposes that because the world is already so filled with all of these texts that writers should not produce more but rather “learn to negotiate the vast quantity that exists.” It is how we process all of these texts, according to Goldsmith, that “distinguishes my writing from yours.”

# Examples

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Whoever you may be said the man he had stepped  
angry. "A dog too offends me, and not  
only your foot. After all I a dog?" And that at the  
eated man got up and drew his bare arm out of the  
wamp. For at first he had been lying stretched out on  
the ground, concealed among the reeds, as one lying  
a wait for some animal.

"But what are you doing?" cried the girl, startled, or he saw that many drops of blood were flowing down the bare arm. "What has happened to you? You bad animal! You have been wretchedly beaten."

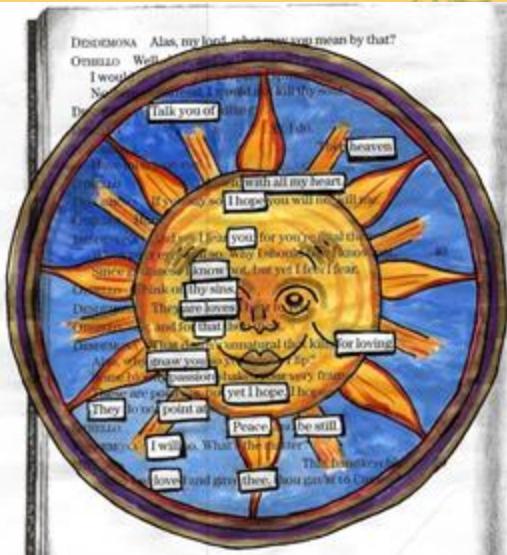
Th bleeding ~~just now~~ still ~~What is that~~  
to you ~~at~~ and ~~and~~ "Here I am at  
ome and in my ~~for~~ Just who ever wants to, ask me;  
ut I certainly won't ~~answer~~

"You are wrong," said Zarathustra, "and I have compassion for you. This is not your fault, but mine, and here I have sinned. You will come to grief, tell me whatever you like. I am a man, and must be. I call myself Zarathustra. Well, I have sinned. I have run the path to arathura, and I have sinned. Do you not want to look at my wounds? Am I in my place? Things have gone badly for me, you poor wretch; first the beast bit you and then a man stepped on you."

When the man who had been stepped on heard Zarathustra's name, he uttered completely, "What is appening to me?" he cried out. "Who else matters to me any more in this life but Zarathustra, and the one beast which lives on blood, or the leech's sake I lay myself down like a fisherman, and my arm, which had been bitten ten times when a still more beautiful leech

•Act 5•  
Scene 2

32 walk by stand aside,  
give you a moment  
alone  
39 fatal dangerous  
45 death's killing is  
46 mother lower  
47 bloody violent,  
murderous  
48 portents signs, omens



# Materials

Text Page

Pencil

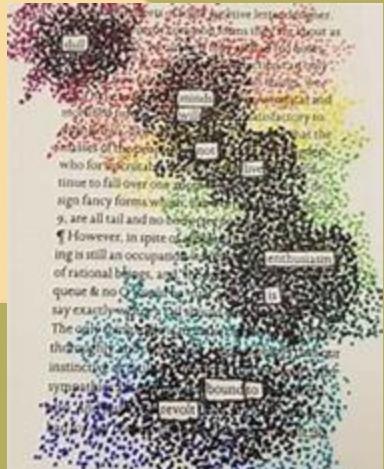
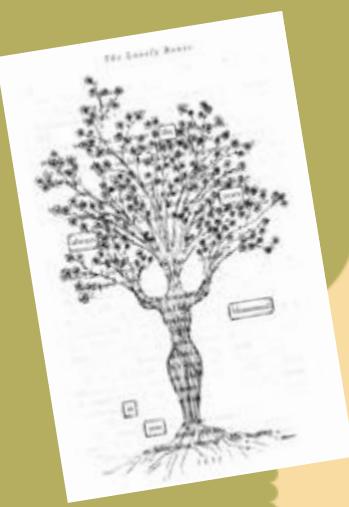
Sharpies

Crayons, pastels or colored pencils

# Instructions

- 1- Read through the page of text and circle in pencil words that appeal to you
- 2 - Using the circled words, craft a simple poem
- 3 - Decide how you are going to use the remaining space
- 4 - Either black out all the rest of the text with sharpie, or create imagery around the words that relates to the poem

# A picture is worth a thousand words





# Art Making Time

Put the music on

Whatever is going to relax you and put you into a creative “flow”

Make your art/poem

You can either follow the instructions strictly, or modify as it suits



# Gallery Walk

Show your work and let us know which elements you thought were especially successful + share praise for others' creativity!





# Thank you!

I appreciate you taking the time  
to make and behold art today.

Art is for everyone.

It is the process, not the  
product.

