

***"The capacity for delight is the gift of paying attention."  
–Julia Cameron, writer***

Point of view: Each point of view creates different effects and sets up different kinds of relationships between reader and writer.

When we read as writers, we ask ourselves these questions about voice and point-of-view:

- **Who is telling the story?**
- **How does that choice affect the story? Whose perspective is represented? Whose is missing?**
- **What effects does each point-of-view have?**

From Nikki Grimes's Jazmin's Notebook:

It seems to me that ideas are like gossamer, or mist, fragile as a dream forgotten as soon as you awake. I guess that's why they're so hard to hold on to. But that's also what makes them wonderful, and more than worth all the trouble.

I was in Central Park last Saturday when the idea of a poem sprinkled down on me, like a sudden shower, and I knew it wouldn't last long.

I grabbed a pencil from behind my ear. I'd stuck it there that morning when I'd done homework, and boy was I glad. Panic set in, though, when I checked my pockets for paper. Wallet and keys were all I had on me because I'd gotten the notion from a kid at school that traveling light was cool.

No problem, I told myself, and went up to the first stranger I could find to beg for a notebook page, or a napkin, or even a piece of tissue. But as soon as the lady saw me approach, she waved me away. Another woman told me, flatly, that she didn't believe in handouts. Several others eyed me suspiciously. Judging by the fear in their white faces, the fact that I was, at that moment, a frantic wild-eyed, Black teenager probably had something to do with it. But who had time to dispel racial stereotypes? The poetry raining down on me was slowing to a trickle. If I didn't find writing paper soon, the poem would be lost (25).

From Lorrie Moore's "The Kid's Guide to Divorce":

Put extra salt on the popcorn because your mom'll say that she needs it because the part where Inger Berman [sic] almost dies and the camera does tricks to elongate her torso sure gets her every time.

Think: Geez, here she goes again with the Kleenexes.

She will say thanks honey when you come slowly, slowly around the corner in your slippers and robe, into the living room with Grandma's old used-to-be-salad bowl piled high. I made it myself, remind her, and accidentally drop a few pieces on the floor. Mittens will bat them around with his paws.

Mmmmm, good to replenish those salts, she'll munch and smile soggily.

Tell her the school nurse said after a puberty movie once that salt is bad for people's hearts.

Phooey, she'll say. It just makes it thump, that's all. Thump, thump, thump—oh look! (49)

From E.L. Doctorow's Loon Lake:

The rain was changing in its nature, getting heavy turning hard, and Warren sitting cross-legged on top of a bureau felt the sting of ice, like steel pellets. He held out his hand and received a particle of hail. He put up his denim collar. He was facing forward but for some reason swiveled on his rump and looked back at the street just as the wagon behind picked up the pace to fill in the slack in the parade and it was she in her dress of tulips faded sitting up on her wagon on a stool like a princess borne in a palanquin, her body moving forward and back, her head moving in the lag of her body's rhythm and he smiled and raised his hand and she smiled and raised hers, and they stared at each other, their bodies gently bending and straightening in the rhythm of the mules' pace, the wheels creaking in the mud, the traces rattling like ancient music of fanfares and the two of them staring at each other like royal lovers in a procession under the hardening rain through the canyon of slag going down to the plains.

What effects does each point-of-view have?		
First-person (I, me, my...)	Second-person (you, your...)	Third-person (s/he, him, her, it, they)