

This image brings with it an air of mystery. The grainy and blurry quality of the photos lends an air of authenticity to it, and the creature in the foreground of the image leads to further thinking and curiosity. This image is important because it lends some evidence to one of the most famous North American mysteries, the legend of the Sasquatch. I have seen this image many times throughout the internet. The vividness of the colour and the blurry shapes show this image is old or was taken on a broken camera or in the spur of the moment. The image is clearly zoomed in to show the creature showing a specific focus by the person who captured the image on the creature. The nature background makes it feel like a natural occurrence. The strange creature looking at the camera brings a feel in almost animosity radiating from the creature. The creature is clearly alert to the presence of people but does not appear to be running away or being hostile. The position of the creature feels very natural and it is this air of nature and mystery that led me to choose this photo. This photo appeals to my natural curiosity and brings a sense of mystery and adventure. This photo invokes many emotions, from wonder, to fear, to surprise.

POEM

The search dragged on deep into the woods

 their horses fatigued their packs nearly empty they stopped at a ridge above a clearing,

 they lead the horses as it was steep

 the first went, leading the faithful down the hill.

Two at the top remained looking out observing when

the corner of their eye was caught.

The cryptid came,

with its dark eyes, gazed into their soul,

and changed their lives.

They stumbled for a camera, nearly frozen in shock

They pressed record.

The creature lumbered, walking through the grass,

 she was magnificent, a truly gorgeous lass.

 Her muscles rippled under her hairy skin, her steps large,

they thundered in their ears

she crossed the clearing with an unspoken grace

not floating

as methodically pounding the earth

she entered the trees across the way blending in with her camouflage

as a bird in the sky

the video stopped, the deed was done

they had got what they came for;

59 seconds of everything they live for,

their lives and emotions played as an experience on film

the tape was alive, being shared and passed

from hand to hand

around the world

Disputes arose and science was key, a hoax a fake a scheme a prank

It was studied by classes, by universities, by fools

And all was concluded, inconclusive.

She was a model, a celebrity, a goddess

She was a gorilla suit, a desperate man, make believe

She was a cryptid, unknown but known.

Real and unreal

Creation of a fool

and a scientist

A superior mysterious being

A failure of evolution

A triumph of time

Endangered and non-existent

The only and one of many

Decide and she is

Decide and she is not

I chose contradictory words to create uncertainty and mystery. I used many adjectives, because the mystery of the creature lends to description, not factual nouns. I used hyperboles to emphasize the importance, and incredible experience these men claimed to have. I used separate lines to emphasize some parts of sentences and break up the feelings and flow to make the poem more surprising and irregular. Researching the poem helped by understand the rarity, the surprise, and how grand this footage is. The photo is a still from a famous short film by Bob Gimlin and Roger Patterson. The two men were searching for Bigfoot in Northern California when they found themselves on a ridge above a clearing. They notice a large creature and begin filming, only to recognize the creature as a Bigfoot. This is the most famous and well know still from this video, depicting the cryptid looking at the men. This photo is well known in the world of cryptozoology and the film has been studied since it was published. It is one of the only pieces of Bigfoot evidence where the validity and authenticity has not been disproven, nor proven. The Creature was dubbed Patty, as many people claim to see breasts on the creature in the footage. I tried to use repetition of patterns quite a bit in the last lines of my poem to solidify how incredible and mysterious this creature and image is.