

Personal Pronouns

by steph *Saturday, Feb 16 2013, 9:23am*

international / poetry / post

American poets
are obsessed
with themselves
or rather myths
of themselves

so engrossed (they are)
in their reflected image
i dare not disturb
the water
and shatter their modernist
illusions.

when post-modern poets
refer to the personal pronoun, 'I'
it would be a monumental mistake
to assume they refer to themselves
in any way

the 'I' refers to the actor,
the imposter
a cultural product
an experient that imagines
illusion is reality,
but it's tempting
to be seduced by
notions of fame, celebrity
and notoriety
-- 'identity' --
especially after years
of dedicated work
mastering the art
with no or little appreciation
for one's efforts.

it's laughable
when an artist is 'discovered'
by a publisher
as though he or she
fell from the sky
proficient in verse and
the art of poetry --

a most complex,
tricky form

'we'll do an initial run of 20K
supported by marketing and
press agents
but u'll have to use
ur real name throughout or
we'll have nothing to sell if u persist
in using dozens of pseudonyms.'

but they just don't get it,
it is not name or fame
that is sought;
each poem is
its own entity
a one-off
it would be an injustice
to attribute its uniqueness
to a single name,
so dozens are used --
the author
is not above the art

i perfected my art
after marvelling at ancient
petroglyphs and the unsigned
cave art of indigenous
Australians.

a poem appeals because it relates,
many are able to identify
with the message;
it follows that many
should write
the pieces,
as who really decodes-reads
or encodes-writes
language/culture?

*[from kerouac to warhol,
americans are such
narcissistic wankers]*

No Expectations

A spirit that lives in this world
and does not wear the shirt of love,
such an existence is a deep disgrace.

Be foolishly in love,
because love is all there is.

There is no way into presence
except through a love exchange.

If someone asks, But what is love?
answer, Dissolving the will.

True freedom comes to those
who have escaped the questions
of freewill and fate.

Love is an emperor.
The two worlds play across him.
He barely notices their tumbling game

.
Love and lover live in eternity.
Other desires are substitutes
for that way of being.

How long do you lay embracing a corpse?
Love rather the soul, which cannot be held.

Anything born in spring dies in the fall,
but love is not seasonal.

With wine pressed from grapes,
expect a hangover.

But this love path has no expectations.
You are uneasy riding the body?
Dismount. Travel lighter.
Wings will be given.

Be clear like a mirror
reflecting nothing.

Be clean of pictures and the worry
that comes with images.

Gaze into what is not ashamed
or afraid of any truth.

Contain all human faces in your own
without any judgement of them.

Be pure emptiness.
What is inside that? you ask.
Silence is all I can say.

Lovers have some secrets

that they keep.

-- Jalaluddin Rumi

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-415.html>