

## 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

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