

Some old papers I preserved to poetry discussions, total episode cannot be given, as far as I can recovered from old word documents. Sorry, not to able to give full version of the discussion.

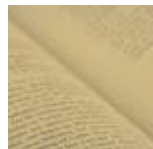
## [Poetry Review and Discuss](#)



Trevor

**My prose is poetry; my poetry is prose, whether twain shall meet, who could say? (Or knows)**

When is a poem prose, and when is prose a poem? Is it simply a matter of formatting? I explore this idea in my article, read and comment.



**[Writing Verse : Prose is Poetry](#)** downrightfiction.com

The earth is flat, death by disembowelment, and smoking is good for your health, were all once considered perfectly good truths, but...

18 days ago

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Keith

**Keith S.** • to me a poem has to rhyme and therefore prose in my opinion is not poetry its is a story  
i will never write prose but am happy to write short stories ,but never claim them as being poetry  
18 days ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • In this subject, dear Trevor Maynard, I have an idea on comments of Dr Benjamin Zephaniah, on my self published poetry book, AZURE . Please read it:

<http://asimkrpaul.wordpress.com/2011/02/27/the-revision-the-term-unpredictable-way-of-dr-benjamin-zephaniah-is-beautifully-coined-on-prose-poems-book-azure-and-asim-kumar-paul-the-author-of-azure-explains-it-with-literary-spac/>

18 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes Trevor:

a very serious question, indeed! The answer lies in how people perceive poetry (the art), therefore qualifying a fence, or borderline, if you like, developing two sides. I'd go as far, as to say: the finished article is a compulsory edict, for some people, whereas, poetry is realised in one word, for some people:

I went to bed, last night, yearning for much needed sleep  
Awoke, having not slept a wink; a miserable night indeed

You have before you the lines of an impending poem, which can just as easily be termed prose writing/ prose poetry; really, it depends on the individual's viewpoint and how poetry (the art) is perceived. The debate will incite a fence, or borderline, if you like, detailing those who assume poetry is virtually everything, and those who, in my experience, vehemently don't.

poetry is everything: the song we sing, the letter we write, the words we speak, the anger we exclaim, and, more recognisably, the love we tenderly exude, the feelings we secretly share, Yes! Absolutely everything is Poetry. I am entitled to my opinion, and you yours, so allow me this particular idiosyncrasy because I've felt this way, since my mid-teens and I'm fifty-four now.

Henry York.  
17 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes people:

this debate doesn't seem to capture your attentions/ emotions as I hoped it would. I'm so tempted to be scathing, disrespectful but.....No! best try to reason it out:

One, such as myself, who has 'lived a perpetuosity of Poe'sy' and survive, to 'let off' vibrations about my life's companion, will know the deep affinity developed over years of alternating frustration and joy. Talking to poe'sy, eating and sleeping, or not, with Poe'sy. Being insanely jealous of others who were recipient of Poe'sy's luminosity, to a point of locking oneself away; you do get my drift? Well, the divide existing between Poe'sy and prose writing, shouldn't need a hot implement up someone's rear-end to spark meaningful debate: not if you're hopelessly in love with Poe'sy, as I totally am. I would say 'our relationship' began, shortly after my fifteenth birthday.

I know precious little about Japanese haiku but I am quite sure, emphasis is placed on individual words, and the weight of expression they convey; minimalist conveyancing, of: expression, meaning, inner thought, deep thought, sign, signifier, etc, etc. My point here, is the underestimated significance of a mere word. The 'poem' a single word, and not necessarily abstract, is capable of vibrating is lost, to unsatisfying amounts of people, who, ordinarily, I harshly deem as ignorant. During my penultimate year at college, I began to notice the preponderance, in the social, of the Nike insignia: that infernal little 'arrow' sign. Little did I know how ultra-pervasive it was destined to become. Words are no different in pervasivity, neither are they the poor relation when it comes to communication. The ability contained in a single word, to effuse and consolidate meaning, I think constitutes Poe'sy. The difference between Poetry and Prose? If you forego presentation, none what-so-ever. They both belong to Word's family, as languages do, and are therefore subject to Word and not themselves. Poetry will make unwarranted appearances in prose excerpts and vice versa.

Henry York ( Tracing powers Poe'sy possesses)

16 days ago



Colin

**Colin S.** • For me the difference is practically none. What i try to achieve in all that i write, fail or not, is that the words can stand on their own, have their own meaning and create a feeling in someone. It doesnt always reach everyone, why would it, that would mean we are all the same. What i find frustrating is that many people will say "the form is wrong, the rhyme is wrong,there are no connecting words" All of this in my mind is just an excuse for not getting "down and

dirty" with what is said and letting your imagination do the rest. Come on does it matter? Not a jot I say.

16 days ago



Marion

**Marion D.** • I wrote several short stories that I turned later into poetry by compressing it and that made it much more powerful. I discovered that poetry is my thing though. I used the image of the grapes before: grapes is prose, poetry wine.

15 days ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Dear friends, for my love poems, I have searched many ways to find out how I write my poems. My poetry book, AZURE, is not in the way that I generally write.

1. <http://asimkumarpaul.wordpress.com/2011/04/17/how-i-write-my-poem/>

1. <http://asimkumarpaul.wordpress.com/2011/10/07/i-write-my-emotions-it-is-my-love-my-poem/>

1. <http://asimkumarpaul.wordpress.com/2011/07/11/my-love-poems/>

1. <http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/my-love-my-pain-my-lost-moments-of-talking-excellence/>

5. <http://asimkumarpaul.blogspot.in/2012/02/how-i-write-my-prose-poems.html>

15 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Hola! Men & Ppl:

And he said to me, "they'll be a time, as far as you're eye' can see, seeping from unreserved knowledge trees: slackening all belts, loosening fat, bilious perturbed ugly bellies. Many will call, for relief, seconds before night actually falls, those despicable reprobates, suffering unexplainable grief, diving headlong, to escape excruciating pain; queuing at hells gate. Some will scream repeatedly, "thief, thief," voices unsure, definitely strong; hoping to abjure those exciting gain, for consciences inexplicably to alleviate: all that had gone before, crying abjectly,

"no-more, no-more, doing our best to even the score. For all we had done, our judgement has come, wickedness will be run. Thy kingdom is bereft for division has cleft, all we could quite conceivably have left, as remorseful sinews holding together iniquities pitiful virtues." So ungrateful judge, as far as cows 'chew the cud, let us quietly be attempting, to attempt virtuously, to carry our burden of guilt. The infinite gallons of blood voraciously spilt, consigning wretched souls to mind-absorbed hell, awaiting the toll of Quasimodo's silent invisible bells.

Henry York (under Pos'ey's spell)

6 days ago



Marion

**Marion D.** • Poetry the art of show, don't tell.

5 days ago



John

**John B.** • There is such a thing as a prose poem. Peter Bowman's BEACH RED is a classic example of the two forms merging into one. The critics called his style "broken prose." It worked for me in the 1950's, and it still does. At the very least, I expect a poet to be inventive while he strives to create something new.

5 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes JB:

In the, say fifties (50's) and (60's) the modern era, ending of, the social level of recognition defined things thus; so you had prose poetry, in an earlier stage of the modern there would have been no such thing. In fact, in the days of latin and (H)istory, the two disciplines will have been kept separately distinct, as a matter of educational principle. The times we live in is not an era, and is not categorised academically as linear progressive. We live in a definitive: social, cultural, economic condition, made even more recognisable, by the stringent measures forced upon Western economies; years of budget planning, into generations extolling the 'condition' mankind has self-imposed. There is no distinction between poetry and prose, grammar and lack off, spelling and eventual meaning; those legal confines (Name Of The Father) in language are non-existent. The postmodern qualifies minorities, whose voices echoes with strength, from respective positions. The illiterate are as much a part of language culture, as the academics who

can distinguish between prose and poetry. The barriers don't actually exist now. If outlawed by conditions set by academia, they will devise their own equivalent; Texts and Streetwise. The phenomenon cannot be stopped.

henry York

5 days ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Dear John Britt, I like your observation. I just know about BEACH RED, and "broken prose" from your comment here. I am enriched with the idea. Normally I write only prose poems, and I wrote them while I was in service as Accountant, and I have written three poetry books, all books are self published. And the last poetry book is, AZURE, and I received from Dr. Benjamin Zephaniah, UK, eminent poet, a comment on this poetry book, AZURE, is "This book really bring prose and poetry together in a thoughtful and unpredictable way." Thank dear John Britt.

5 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes PPL:

I will try again. The literary structures, of: metaphors, similies, repetition, alliteration, punctuation and lack of, constitute POETRY. These literary structures, Foucault, are instrumental in the construction of Prose Writing; Prose writing in its constitution is synonymous with Poetry, which in assuming language becomes the equivalent of linguistic psychosis; Freud, Lacan and Kristeva, culminating in Semanalyses. I don't respect ignorance Mr. Kumar. The convictions of the Postmodernists determine the prevalence and pervasive nature of POETICS and the rendering of equivalent status to both History and Literature in, we shall say, Historiographical evaluation, which I think is more suited, and therefore ultimately more evaluative than MATHEMATICS,

Henry York (see my blog: 1998. interview, BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH)

5 days ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Dear Henry York, I am happy with your comments. yes I agree with you, historiographical evaluation is more real essence of creative writing, than rigid Mathematics.

5 days ago



John

**John B.** • Are we post-moderns? Are we pre-futurists? Like all generations, we will be defined not so much by what we have accomplished, but by those who will come after us. They will come after the fact, as they always have and always will. Personally, I couldn't care less what any of them will have to say, because I won't be here to hear whatever it is they will have to say about anything. The art of writing belongs to those who write. Don't confuse the noise that fills our world with the art of anything. As in the world of music, few are born to play, most are born to listen..if they can. The only thing that matters in writing prose or poetry is that the writer writes what he knows to be true. Anything less that that is a lie.

5 days ago



John

**John B.** • For Asim Kumar Paul. In his book The Collected Poems of Zbignew Herbert, Mr. Herbert as written several fine examples of prose poems. When we sometime fail to hit the mark while writing verse, a nice clean paragraph or two of a prose-poem can get the job done. There's really nothing knew in the idea. I have always considered Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea a prose poem, and far more honest in its way the Jeffer's The Women at Point Sur, which was written in free verse. Writers are artists, and artists always have to make choices. The secret is to always make the choice that works best for what you are attempting to accomplish as a writer.

5 days ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Dear John Britt, thanks for your comments. I have written some poems on my feelings, and after some time, I come with the views of Dr. Benjamin Zephaniah, on my books, THE WINTER SHADE TO HIS LIKING and AZURE, and then I try to find out some questions on poetry writing, verse, and complete introduction prose, a section of story, in some episodes in AZURE, and the mathematical view as it is done in modern times, I use it to find out some self investigation, as being a student of Mathematics, and some of my friends of literature questions me about poetry formation in AZURE, and unfortunately I do not find scope to read literary history till now.

I have gone through a few poems of Zbigniew Herbert, and to me, these poems are beautiful free verses of excellence.

And about me, I have expressed many feelings, that come on my way of life, fantasy, imagination, reality, emotions, and all are written either in three poetry books, or in two blogs containing about 1,00,000 words. And it is my trial to accomplish me as writer or live on sympathetic poems.

4 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • I will intrude again JB:

When an ostrich bury's its head in the sand, any voracious wild beast can simply destroy it, unknown to the obviously stupid ostrich, stupid because it remains unprotected, defenceless. Why will people in this world ignore and refute what is physically and actually going on around them, why will they choose to bury their heads in the sand???? Obviously because they don't like it. King Canute could not reverse the tide, those present in this OBVIOUS CONDITION (un-regulated continuum) that we live, forget the fancy label, And I am NOT a POSTMODERNIST, I just happend to attend university when THEY were teaching it, Choosing to ignore the theoretical committments, of: Foucault, Lacan, Baudrillard, Lyotard, Kristeva and a great many more theoretical Geniuses, condones this world to the MADNESS it has descended into, did Canute disinterestingly say, " well I am not bothered," when he realised he could not stop the tide? I don't know what he did but he will have been stupid, and drowned, if he did. For those writers who continue unbowed and refuse to accept, the devastating change and its continued occurrence: be not dismayed or confused, consigned to a past that will not return. They have accepted the internet, an intrinsic part of the Postmodernist phenomenon, so they start renegeing to the detriment of mankind's future, its that simple; when we speak of Truth we have to maintain its committment, or we are in effect speaking rubbish. Those who disrespect and ridicule my committmen, to: Truth, and The Real, The Social, The Condition, Social, Economic, Cultural infusions, along with the poverty, deprivation, blatant and extensive abuse, the widening gap between rich and poor, the nepotistic seams of control, The UNREPORTED GENOCIDES, go ahead mother World; your next step will be to COLLUDE and collectively determine TRUTH doesn't exist, and that school began whilst I was attending university,... If offended be like the rest, whoevers reading, and lambast ME for defending Truth and respect for fellow men.

The gloves are OFF,

Henry York.

4 days ago





Ilana

[Ilana H.](#) • \*\*\*

They will all get up. I know I see them  
getting up turning homeward each one eyeing the way he remembers  
and his tiny hesitation undoes the distance  
and links distances together magically like a dream  
whether dreamt or not. And even so  
the woman's already laughing through her tears  
and his children are rubbing cheeks with him  
and telling him their tale  
which he expected to hear once more  
after it was whispered in his ear  
by mouths of gaping roots

4 days ago



Ilana

[Ilana H.](#) • \*\*\*

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4 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • This poem is:

For You, and you, you, you and you!

Hey You!

Do you have to sleep @ nights with prostitutes hawking their wares under your bedroom window? Sit in your sick mother's bedroom, watching: twelve (12), thirteen (13) and fourteen (14) year old hoodlums, selling: Crack, Heroin and, or Crystal Meth? To hapless self-harmers mentally trapped, in a hell they are powerless to prevent? Have You lived three (3) years, with children under five (5) and a mother who surrepticiously, and to excellent effect, keeps that self-denigrating secret? Do you attend the local police station, alerting 'them' of the above facts, happening on a day, to day basis, of which they are fully aware and are, admittedly, powerless to intervene? How many times do you sit and watch television, listening to live gunshots, discarded outside your front door? What do you care, about young hoodlums conveying their 'packaged sweets' to school? Columbine and those 'other' misadventures are not isolated occurrences, but have permeated and are physically present in 'The Real'. Who are You? Knowing everything and totally unaware of the condition you are socially ensconced in? Yes ! This is Postmodern England, so disavow Truth now; better still shout from the rooftops, you are unconcerned and don't care. Register it, in this on-going transcript. Be literarily unconcerned, when you realise this poem is written, in a presently defunct language form, so it is intelligible for people of your disconnected, out of touch standing. Pretend this poem is prose, until you hear it blurted out - LOUD - from a CD playing technological recorder, or from your computer!

This Poem is for You, and yours,

Henry York.

4 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • Sheol:

Approaching viper's nest  
My goodness a coven  
Overpopulated, spilling out  
They might see  
Me coming  
Prepare for purging  
I&I not afraid  
Christ went to  
Hell didn't He?  
So why be afraid  
Wow! that one  
Flung itself  
Airborne at me  
Good job  
Clothes protectivity

If I can get the nozzle  
In that hole  
My lighter will explode  
And on impact  
Boom, Shak-A-lak  
Babylon: you're under attack  
There's a Poet  
Called BAF  
Bends down  
Watching  
Avoiding flack  
So dress-back  
Let-off som' slack!

Henry York Mar: 2012

4 days ago



Vera

**Vera M.** • Henry York - whosoever you are, or might be, yr. vitriol is more fatal to you than to anyone else. There is venom in your poor pen but it ridiculously poisons you first of all.

4 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • My dear madam Vera Mottino

And what of the Truth? Or will you call me a liar, with everything else? My esteemed lady of cultured years! Did His majesty respect the pharisees, when he visited them in The Coven, the gambler's den they referred to as a synogogue? Did he listen to those silent assenters who told HIM to curb his: vitriol, belligerance, vehemance, anger, non-coformity, dare I say Jesus Christ's hatred; may He forgive my insolence. Dear lady 'your bed is already made!' His Majesty did not care that His vitriol consigned HIM to the cross; why should I care what you, and those highly esteemed others think of me? Vera, there are still people around, willing to sacrifice everything for Truth. Those silent assenters will pay for the generations they consign to hell.

Henry York

4 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • For You Ilana

Flower-scented well purified, clean air  
 Remembering pastor's quip about stairs  
 Hallowed celestial bodies, glowing exonerated  
 sublime Truth; looking intently, eyes peeled  
 insistently adroit, searching all, every  
 Conceivably sheltered hiding place  
 Poisoned world; of course honesty will hide  
 Conceal itself out of sheer benevolent pride  
 But! Must remind You, pride is also Sin  
 No return to flower scented well purified  
 Clean air. Where it all begins

Again

4 days ago



clark

[clark C.](#) • Y'know Henry—remember that bit of wisdom that floated around when we were kids in university, some supposed bit of Universal Truth found on a pew in some church in Boston in the 17th century, and it ended with something like, “don't worry, the Universe is Unfolding as it Should”—remember that? Anyway, earlier on in the piece, the writer declares in Homily No.. 17A<sup>3</sup> (I think he was a precursor to the Dali Lama), “Avoid loud and Obnoxious Persons—they are Vexations to the Spirit.” Now that fading memory, mooshed in with Vera's crisp statement that there is “vitriol” in your pen and “venom” and “poison” in your heart and mind—put that stew all together Henry and you have —dah! dah!—Clark's Problem with Henry!

Now, this new understanding may be of little consequence to you, Sir, but it certainly helped me understand what it is about your thinking and your style that, to me, is like waving a flag at a bull. This is quite exciting---stay with me Henry!—and anyone else still labouring thru this—and the trigger to it all was your post of about 21 hours ago that begins “When an Ostrich. . . .” I read that post, shook my head, read it again (at this point I switched from Scotch to coffee), read it AGAIN, then turned to my long-suffering wife and said ((I'm sure my voice was shaking), “You'd better take my pulse—Henry is starting to make SENSE!” She became quite alarmed, rushed about applying compresses and gels and soothing balms but all her ministrations were in vain. My initial conviction that I was delusional gave way to the firm and alarming conclusion that that post actually made good Sense. Then on the heels of that post came a vitriolic attack on “You. . .and You. . .and. . . You”, then Vera's remark, then my Epiphany.

It is not your ideas Henry. After the simple point-by-point organization, examples given, major and minor premises, and conclusion of the Ostrich Note, I understood—possibly for the first time—your reiterated point about the continuum of history, Now as opposed to Then, and how important those Basics are to the way you view Poetry.

BUT

BUT

BUT

The reason I didn't get it FULLY is that the ideational crux is always so entombed in your vitriolic attack tactics that the "truth" of your views is blurred in a subjectivity I now realize it doesn't deserve. Now I can get at your thinking (I think). And I will. Do I agree with you? Not at all! But dammit, it's exciting, after what seems like 300 posts and 10,000 words, to finally identify the field and faintly detect a goal post in the distant fog. I look forward to working on the murk. And if you can rein in your intellectual passion and write more Ostrich notes, -- speaking just for myself—we can work on the murk together..

And I apologize to all for the murkiness of this post.

4 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • Yes Clark:

Someone to 'reason' with:

"Imagine you are in a shop and everyone is stealing. Do you alert the store detective, or silently shuffle-out, go home, and systematically beat yourself up. The amount of thieves at 'work', ensures you and the store detective will be beaten to unrecognisable pulp anyway." What do you do, Clark?

Respect,

Henry York

3 days ago



Ronald

[Ronald P.](#) • Melville's "Moby Dick" is considered poetic projective prose by Charles Olson, and Robert Bly has written a lot of prose poems; as well as, Charles Baudelaire—who said it was the form of the future back in the 1800's. I really wouldn't worry about it too much; there is a lot of history going both ways with the use language indifferent forms including drama, from

Shakespeare's plays to Archibald MacLeish's "B.J." which is about Jobe. Poetry or the poetical tends to be far more metaphorical than prose in presentation. It's obvious a factual essay or a text book are not poetry or poetic in presentation. But fiction can be very poetic at times. And the modern form of the prose poem can be found on the internet if you have more interest. Robert Bly has written a lot about the form in particular. Check it out.

A poet friend

RH Peat

3 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • Yes RP:

the fact remains, even in essays and text books, the narratives in question intrinsically depend (lean) on poetic: nuances, foibles, metaphors, alliteration, repetition, etc. etc. because the 'comeliness' of the text is important for its commercial success and incurred literary interest. There is an inherent aesthetic intent (poetics) evident in, any: story, essay, play, verse, scripture and letter. Poetry is the hidden thread, attractivity- incurring and, captivating a reader's interest. The presence of poetry is gleaned in anything, from: presentation (form), metaphor, simile, word-grouping to actual aesthetic intent, even in court records, dating back to the seventeenth (17th.) century, poetry is exhibited as an underlying feature of the text. One has to appreciate, to write a poetic text, say a postmodern take on, Childe Harold, not every line will be poetic but the undercurrent, portraying literary identification, will undoubtedly intimate Poetics: the same can be ascertained within the construction of any narrative. There will always be an aesthetic intent, poetics.

Henry York

3 days ago



John

[John B.](#) • Back at you Henry:

TRUTH is TRUTH, and if you feel compelled to write TRUTH, you should move to journalism. It's a noble profession, or at least it used to be. Writing poetry is an art form. Think of it as painting pictures with words, and poets and painters share the common purpose of capturing what is TRUE. To expose the ugliness and horror of human behavior in this world, the writer has to write the TRUTH. It's a writer's duty. To do less is to deal in the kind of propaganda that keeps the big lies alive. That being said, politics has always proven itself to be a lousy subject for a poem. To capture what you feel in your heart at the sight of a beautiful sunset or the sadness of

a meaningless death is also the art of poetry. To write it down and making sure it is TRUE is the craft of not faking it or BSing the reader with cheap tricks. It's the art of capturing lighting in a bottle. So when you write poetry, always do your best to make it TRUE, meaning honest and clean (as in devoid of BS). When you write an article about mankind's inhumanity to mankind, make it your purpose to always write the TRUTH.

3 days ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • Henry

I'm sure all that can be done as well. Didn't deny it either. The point was to address the question in the forum. Basically the confusion of what is poetry and what is prose in general. The question being:

"My prose is poetry; my poetry is prose, whether twain shall meet, who could say? (Or knows)"

Of course there is also the belief that if you call it poetry it is poetry as well. Or if you call it prose it is prose as well. To each their own I suppose. The point that I believe I was making is that prose is sometimes very poetical and that poetry at times is also vert prose like. The Japanese prose poem, the haibun, goes back a few hundred years or so, as well as the chinese "fu" the "wen fu" by Lu Chi being a very well known rhyming prose essay form that is still used today in China as a standard in the rhetoric and study of poetry. And Robert Bly in the USA as I said has also written a lot of prose poems. It is commonly used by many modern poets as well. And the French poet Charles Baudelaire also wrote prose poems, and he personally felt it was a form that would be used more in the future. There are also prose poems by Rilke which are quite interesting to read. I'm sure you can research the forms mentioned and find that they are all being used even today; as well as enjoy those that have been written over the centuries as well.

I do think however that poetry is far more aural than prose and that might really be one of the bigger differences. Poetry does seem to have 3 basic characteristics in all languages throughout history. 1. music, 2. metaphor, & 3. form. It seems these 3 things seem to fit the poem and the poem the specific characteristics as well. Creating a unique experience that leaves the reader or listener with an epiphany of some sort. The communication seems to offer an experience that is a personal insight or revelation. Can prose do this as well. Yes it can in the hands of a creative writer. No argument there either.

Basically the point here in answering or responding to the question is: Yes poetry and prose can be the same thing. Without question. And I added; don't worry about it at all. Let it happen. If there is still a question in your mind research it for your own use and benefit. If you want to know how many teeth are in the horse's mouth count them in the mouth of several horse of different ages and you'll find out how many teeth they have. (I think that argument and saying goes back to the 1400's sometime, in Portugal.) That too could be researched.

a poet friend  
RH Peat  
3 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • Eureka!  
3 days ago



Marion

[Marion D.](#) • Thank you Ronald for a clear and readable comment!  
2 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • Right JB:

I have had to dwell deeply on your last posting, to find a differing point , to what I've actually been saying; I have part trained as a journalist actually, its right there on my profile! The thing about lying John, that annoys me most, is the damage it does to children's future; "I don't tell lies!" My three differing discussions, all resulting in absolute mayhem, have my personal commitment to Truth written all over them. The first incursion, I recall you making, affirmed your steadfast approval of the Truth. I can't, for the life of me, see the query you have about my position, on Truth, in this discussion. other than you presume I am lying? Please be informed, again, I don't tell lies! The rest of your post is pretty first year uni. stuff - of course- poetry is like painting with words, It has a psychoanalytic domain in this day and age good sir. I do write mythical-type poetry, intrinsicy based on truisms of course.....But I can't find a relevant point of difference, in what you posted, to what has been said all along. I don't argue or gripe for the sake of it JB. I am at liberty to defend myself am I not? I stand alone, regardless. If I am wrong I give the accolades to who-so-ever is right; I would suggest to you, that is the course/ path the Truth is obliged to pursue. I do hope my written language is clear, and concise enough for you.

Henry York

respect,



Henry York

2 days ago



henry

[henry Y.](#) • Right RP:

the question is 'whether the twain shall meet?' I have maintained from my very first stints in these infernal debating schedules: Poetry is all-pervasive! It encroaches on every writing form, even mathematics. I don't have the advantageous benefit, of knowing the oriental side of this discussion but I have studied English and History over-extensively. I have NOT done any form of academic research for over two years, incidently. My committment to this discussion, is fully borne out by your submissions, minus the skit which is 'water off a ducks back,' I suppose it serves me right, for instituting the sarcastic route, to stupid, crass and highly irrelevant rubbish, which I have come across, so many times in a matter of a few weeks. You are not alone in mimicking the sarcastic tone, after complaining about it Clarke seems to have taken to it very well also. My understanding of it is: it serves its purpose when the victim is unaware, so this post of mine should be an unforgivable irony. Hope you are not offended because I certainly am not. So RP! Job done. You are in fact bearing out, though not completely, what I've said all along, and a good while before this discussion was posted: for me, Poetry is everything. I do hope you don't have any difficulty interpreting my: awkward, unusual, not-good, unacademic writing style; which ever discription fits. If the boot is on the other foot, as long as I can understand it, its mighty fine by me.

And a good day to you sir,

Henry York

2 days ago



Ronald

[Ronald P.](#) • I see no debate at all with the two meeting in all forms of language. Certain languages are even more metaphorical than others as well. prose and poetry do meet. And as sure as I am of quantum physics; I'm sure that math to is connected as well. MacLeish's double compound metaphor might even be written algebraically as: A is to B as C is to D. Everything is connected it a few trillion ways. But for the sake of discussion we have to narrow the field a bit. Specifically how do they meet is a better question. And specifically what is the use of such knowledge? How is it beneficial to the whole, to everyone out there. Sharing isn't a problem here. But specific intent is in any discussion.

a poet friend  
RH Peat  
2 days ago

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2 days ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Dear Ronald Peat. I like your view.

2 days ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • Marion de Vos

You are quite welcome. I feel Trevor's question is a good one that many get confused about. I really don't think that we need to put unique names on or within our creative attitude and use of language. We name things for the ease of language at times for the sake of communication. So the naming of forms maybe important, but certainly not in the sense of a specific creative presentation of any sort. Forms are just a means to an end.

Personal voice is something that should be able to stretch the world over in all kinds of forms of language, and language does this very as well without naming anything at all. It is not so much where any two forms meet or not, as it is the ability to actually communicate something to another at a suspended level. To transcend the use of language into the heart of another. Good writing does this; that is why good writing lives long after the writer. This is why Lu Chi's Wen Fu is still used today from 303 A.D. Now that's good writing. It has proved its own merit and value to communicate for quite some time.

That is more to the point in relationship to Trevor's question. The two forms do meet. But they also all meet in Drama as well. Shakespeare is an example there, for his plays do have prose like dialogue as well within there overall pitch of conversation. He does break out of Iambic Pentameter at times to fit the need within the play.

So, I don't see any need to try to pigeon-hole what is prose, poetry, or drama—or any other form of communication as well. It isn't so much an argument that one thing is better than the other; as it is. Can the writer make it work in a timeless manner whatever his skill level is when developing a presentation of language to be shared with another human being is what created

higher forms of communication.

Writing is basically a communication skill, and it offers much only if the writer has something to offer the greater whole as far as the forms of artistic presentation go: i.e. poetry, drama, prose, short story, essay, etc. For myself it is not a matter of where the presentation is falling, but if I have something to actually say worth saying. So the concept of skill in the use of language arrives on the platter first before the concept of what form it might take to communicate it's intent. The concept might actually dictate its form at times like the haibun does in a sense. It is a prose form that ends with a Haiku. A definite mixture of the two forms: prose and poetry. And I have to say; why not?

a poet friend  
RH Peat  
2 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes RP:

Welcome to the 'instituted' Postmodern; Foucault in particular. The reward in academics, is the echo of personally proffered views, not necessarily your own, especially in a fluctuating debate, such as this one, and seeing the viewpoint personally advocated reiterated by someone else; my shakespeare review, which is presently on-goin in my Wordpress blog, has been quite beautifully justified by yourself, in your above posting.

Now! Foucault is adamant the disciplinary boundaries separating cultural academic disciplines are to be eroded, per se: Literature has to be awarded equal status with History, thus merging the 'cultural materials used to construct/ imagine fiction ' as viable intertextual evidence to consolidate Historical fact. I have to now wave goodbye to Marion, who is probably confused by my unclear writing style! I hope you can decipher and interpret RP. What Foucault rightly intones, is: the construction/ or figment that is drama (Shakespeare) has a factual model, from which it is based and therefore relatively 'Real' in simulation. The same implication is inferred when surveying/ analysing: Dickens and those nineteenth century writers of working class History, rendered in their adopted fictional framework. You are probably learned in cultural studies RP: History and English/ languages in particular. I am in utter chagrin and simulataneously elation at the same time; the commitments of My Blog have been summarily laid bare, by yourself, in your above posting. 'In his muse The Poet will find Literature, the best of which can last for hundreds of years,' It is there for you and other doubters to see, in my 'Poetry is Everything post,' no doubt a good few silent assenters have seen and, keep customarily silent as that is their way. Foucault's revelations have turned academia on its head, systematically introducing 'the death of (H)istory.' This fact, and remember there are two sides, is amply consolidated and grounded by Fukuyama in his study: 'The Death of History.' Writing/ communication is the cornerstone of human essentialism and a principal building block of socially progressive civilisations (Darwin). I feel obliged to cursorily reiterate your above input, to stress the fact they have already been said: some people, may be, will rather to hear it from

you. Frustration, in my case, as you've already seen, hope this is not written confusingly, is an outburst of highly critical and stingily incriminating language! Sorry again Marion because you will be here.

The main crux RP, elucidated by Foucault, remember I am NOT a Postmodernist, is Poetry's subsumation [if there is such a word] of all other cultural disciplines, as well as scientific inquiry. I will call a break, please don't dissappoint RP, I rather look forward to extending this discussion.....

Well pleased,  
Henry York  
2 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • And do forgive my spelling and grammar mistakes. I assure you, that's what they are, mistakes. You/ others will realise that because of the level of academic intelligence you aspire to.

HY  
2 days ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Dear Ronald Peat, on quantum physics, I have tried to find my self searching on words's values. It is my little approach in the following link:

<http://asimkumarpaul.blogspot.in/2012/03/approach-to-words-values-essay.html>

2 days ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • Henry

A quote here for you regarding the concepts of Mr. Francis Fukuyama. I forget who said this now, but it still holds true today. Enjoy!

"True education makes for inequality;  
The inequality of individuality,  
the inequality of success;

The glorious inequality of talent, of genius;  
for inequality, not mediocrity,  
individual superiority, not standardization  
is the measure of progress of the world."

I read this sometime back in the late 1950's and thought it was some real wisdom and wrote it down. I don't know who the author is now. But that's part of being 70 as well.

I'm sure you'll enjoy it however.

a poet friend  
RH Peat  
2 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • You! Your Kind:

Look son! They  
Already made  
Their minds up; even  
To the extent  
shaming God

This hill  
Not for You  
Doesn't suit  
Obviously beyond  
That generic type

Ropes, hooks, maps  
Provisions too  
He's too valuable  
Inexpendable asset  
Watch! See.

Silence, true  
Mediation, like  
Poet's peace  
Hidden words  
Cheat? Or just likes meat?

2 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • My Goodness!  
How?  
How can your  
Eureka moment? Be!  
Mine! Mine!  
Not possible  
I will not believe  
And yours  
Yours! Yours!  
Henry York  
.... Gone ....  
2 days ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • ASIM KUMAR PAUL  
In regards to your essay Asim.

The layering of consciousness or levels of perception. That there are several possible perceptions simultaneously in any given moment. I came to this conclusion within my paintings back in the 1960's and called it perceptualism. You seem to touch on a very similar concept here within language. A beautiful concept in my way of thinking. An interesting mathematical connection in poetic language. The contextual flow of some of the poems are a bit rough however. But I do like the use of imagery and their tangible connection to the intangible. A wonderful insight.

a poet artist friend  
RH Peat  
2 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Gentlemen!  
Excuse the interruption but are you , both, not touching on the 'gateway to Einstein's fourth?' It seems to me 'simultaneous perceptions' allude to alternate and happening sites of activity in mental perception; a place where The Soul could quite easily be situated. Not a problem for me: RastaFarI Soul is pure incorruptible thought approaching the sustenance of 'The One Spirit,'

which though all, is insanely taken as many.....speaking as a layman here gentlemen.

And respect too,

HY

2 days ago



Trevor

**Trevor M.** • RH Peat. What a find! Loving your comments so far, and also the reactions it is bringing forth. My own view is that the formatting of poetry matters not one jot if in the end the perception of that work, by the reader, is that is poetic. It can be argued that poetry is sometimes approached with a prejudicial eye, through either social conditioning, or just unfamiliarity, particularly by those who only read it rarely. My aim, the aim in my work and in managing such groups as this, is to widen the audience and understanding for poetry so as more will read the work, and then decide whether, for them it is poetry, rather than look at it, not read it, and decide..

2 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes People:

Love it! Absolutely love it: Mr. Kumar, noticed you from the outset. J.B., R.P. you both breathed unexpected new life into the 'ship,' Ilana, Vera -many apologies for being hot-headed, fool that I am, Clark my illustrious academic nemesis and anyone I neglected to mention, oh yes! And Valerie, I deem you a well learned Poet and critic. I thank you all for this most satisfying of discussions; hopefully it will continue because I am extremely stimulated by the far-ranging aptitude of the subject(s) in question.

I take it Trevor, you stop short of committing yourself to the, 'Everything is poetry' brigade?' I think Poetry's encroachment, on verse, is the most meddling of Poetry's capacity to intrude, as it happens to be welcomed, sometimes un-noticed because of the un-necessary label 'Poetic Verse.' R.P. 'hit it on the head' when he touched on the infused voiced one is, arguably, forced to intone when reading a narrative of any report; though committed by the writer it is actually supplied by the reader. Voice affiliation is, I think, the connection enhancing any forthcoming relationship relating reader and writer; a point I think Clark expounded and proceeded to expand upon. Hopefully I can tease him out, of his presently reclusive mindset.

Many thanks, and love to you all.

Henry York

2 days ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Thanks Henry York. I like all your comments here.

2 days ago



Marion

**Marion D.** • My prose/poem, unpublished yet: The beauty of disgrace

Marion de Vos©

Miles long,  
behind cement fences  
shacks , ever growing  
like weed,  
a vibrating mirage  
in the hot air of  
planes taking off,  
turquoise, pink ,yellow  
corrugated iron  
glowing in the  
setting sun  
over Capetonian flats.  
Burning bonfires  
of tyres,  
black smoke  
blurring our vision,  
electricity lines  
like a spider web  
joining in the heart  
of a wood of poles.  
Boys playing soccer  
along the highway  
between the wrecks  
of rusty cars.  
We feel a mysterious  
longing ,attraction  
despite ourselves  
and imagine



we are walking  
sensational steps  
through narrow allies  
unharmd,  
between tzotzis (\*)  
and medicine men  
hairdressers and  
undertakers  
gospels and disco  
Aids and chastity  
abuse and charity  
hope and fear  
the smell of smiley's (\*)  
to the Shebeens(\*)  
to drink till we drop  
where love and friendship,  
for sale and for free,  
is gained and lost  
at the pool table.  
On the screen  
Ajax Capetown  
and we cheer  
as they score  
and we shiver inside,  
sensations running  
shamelessly  
down our spines  
and we think we know  
and we think we can see  
and we think we are part  
as we think  
we are wide awake  
but we stand at the  
traffic light.  
It is red  
and the child is  
selling township pictures  
in three dimensions,  
meticulously carved  
and glued into a framework,  
a miniature of iron shack  
as he stands  
for fear of his life  
between SUV's.,Mercedes and BMW's  
and we buy it quickly  
and underpay the boy

as the light turns green.  
We turn up our windows  
as we restore  
the fences of reality  
for fear of our lives  
and we hang it  
on our walls and  
it turns into Art,  
with a capital A  
the further  
we take it  
to other continents  
and accordingly  
the value will rise  
and people admire it  
and admire us  
as we tell the story  
of the beauty of disgrace  
and we think we care  
and we think we understand  
and we cry a little  
and cheat a little  
over the beauty of disgrace.

- Tzotzis -criminal youth
- Smiley's-roasted sheep heads
- Shebeen-drinking location or local cafe

2 days ago



John

**John B.** • Henry - No one is questioning your veracity. I am defining TRUE in the context of writing of poetry as an art form. Getting at the TRUTH is the duty of a journalist. The two are not exclusive of the other, but a good writer should understand the difference.

2 days ago



henry

**henry Y.** • But JB:

the whole emphasis of my appearances in these poetry exhibits, that is, the forums, is to make clear indication of how Poetry has changed indelibly, irreversibly, and to devastating effect; how

is an 'external' judge at liberty to equate and establish 'poetic truth' in the context you refer to? And so bringing into focus my commitment: 'everything is poetry' ... the opposing viewpoint, I realise, is equally as adamant, equally as strong.

With respect,

Henry York

1 day ago



John

**John B.** • Henry - All I am saying is that not all subjects make for the writing of a good poem, and you must be the final judge of what you write regardless of the form you use. Forget the people who set themselves up as critics, most of them are failed poets or well on the road to being failed poets. May years ago I attended a performance of Marat/Sade in Los Angeles, and there was a talk back session with the actors after the show. A graduate student from USC (Southern Cal) ask one of the actors a typical grad student question (no doubt trying to impress his professor), and the actor who was British replied, "My dear you man, acting is like sex. Much more interesting when performed than discussed." I concur with that actor, and the same goes for poetry. Get thee to thy pen! Write on MacDuff!

1 day ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • John/ Henry

A good writer writes from personal experience, whatever that might be, even if they are writing fiction. They learn to look for the innate detail to make what they do write sound real. This is seductive to the reader; in as much as, that they are enthralled by their own real world, by what is tangible to them. For it is the tangible that allows the writer to introduce the intangible into the dialog to carry the highest intent possible in abstract thinking. You both are really saying the similar things in an unusual way.

John I love that quote on acting, 'Acting is like sex; it more interesting performed than discussed.' Ha. That's a keeper for sure. But even then there might be some real skill involved to put a smile on everyone's face at the climax of the scene. ;-)

And Henry poetry has changed in many very different ways over the years, including the 'the black mountain school' and the 'beats', but its roots stay clear with its 'Aural Attitude' even when written on the soundless page. It is still music, metaphor, & form that carry the crux of the form.

These are the traits that allow poetry to elevate thinking and personal experience into an

epiphany of sorts at a higher state of consciousness within its overall presentation. This is the empowerment of the language of poetry that allows a writer to speak of the undefinable or unknown. That which can only be felt and not described. It is the reason why these characteristics are innate to poetry. They are all felt and not definable. We can speak about them, but we experience what they do to us. Pound even suggested that there were sound metaphors to be experienced to heighten the intent within the words that might not even always make sense literally. So there is a great deal that goes on in the music and metaphor of poetry that will always be new ground.

a poet friend

RH Peat

1 day ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • Trevor

I might take it a step further and say I personally only want the reader to have the experience whether they care to call it poetry or not. In that the writing invokes an epiphany within the reader. I really feel that is why I write. To invoke the reader, to change the internal person that reads what is written. That communication has occurred. That the creative endeavor of writing is to share an experience at a personal level. Language is to be used to heighten awareness in others whether it be conversation or the written word or the sung word as poetry is in its aural tradition of sound consciousness elevating all the senses.

a poet friend

RH Peat

1 day ago



John

**John B.** • I will stand with Hemingway: "Write about what you know."

1 day ago

[Show more comments](#)

1 day ago



John

**John B.** • I will stand with Hemingway: "Write about what you know."

1 day ago



henry

**henry Y.** • JB & RP:

Respect for the time and inspiration shared, and of course the experiential knowledge I am consciously gleaning. The point I have interpreted 'through' John loosely, is the positivity of life, in its continuity, regardless to what the poetic vibrations are bestowing. The therapy I derive from writing, over-influenced by my companion Poe'sy, is highly addictive and at an advanced stage. The commitment I glean and derive from JB is, the need to be singular minded and faithful to art. I do love the rapport John, you understand, because that's how I've learned; I realised a long time ago: you can't teach or learn poetry in a literal sense. The educational part is realised; even to speak openly about Poetry, it's a 'power' granted to a very precious few, one of whom I strive daily to be. I hope I am making sense John.

RP: I regularly try to come to terms with James Joyce who, like Keats, I cannot take in too much at any one sitting; I don't need to express the total dependancy of Caribbean poetry, and I mean total, on the genotext; that unregulated part of language, the rhythm/ music which is all powerful, in our Poetry, and more of a compliment in conventional/ academic poetry. That's why Byron intrigues me so R.P. because he leans heavenly on the genotext, which is quite amazing for his time, 'We'll go no more a' roving, by the light of the silvery moon.' the genotext commands pauses that aren't really there; yet without the said pauses the poetry stops, becomes prose almost.

I thank you both for these invaluable experiences.

With the most respect,

Henry York

1 day ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • Henry

I'm not sure what you mean but 'genotext' but good luck on the writing. If anything will teach you something about poetry it's writing poetry. As Lu Chi says in his opening to his famous 'wen fu' (rhymeprose): 'Surely, hewing an ax handle with a handle in hand, the pattern should not be far to seek.' A bit more to ponder from the work.

## PREPARATION

Standing at the center of things, the poet contemplates the enigma of the universe; he nourishes his feelings and his intellect on the great works of the past.

Concurring with the four seasons, he sighs at the passage of time; gazing at the myriad things, he thinks of the world's complexity.

He grieves for the falling leaves of lusty-autumn; he rejoices in the frail bud of fragrant spring.

He senses awe in his heart as at the touch of frost; his spirit reaches for the vast as he lifts his eyes to the clouds.

He chants the splendid achievement of his forebears; he sings the clean fragrance of his predecessors.

He wanders in the forest of letters, and hymns the order of great art.

Moved, he puts his books aside and takes the writing-brush, to express himself in letters.

A poet friend

RH Peat

1 day ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes R.P.

brilliant stuff as expected; love of Word  
supremely highlighted, such gentle touch  
Surely, 'tis plain to see, in all honesty  
Love shared, true feelings aired  
Once and excitingly endeared, to such as your  
Emboldened self, at home at thee; yes all too much  
As tears well, hearts benignly swell but a mo  
Yes! we were there

1 day ago



clark

**clark C.** • hENRY--not "reclusive"--what's that catchy phrase? Ah!--"up to my ass in alligators!" And they're snapping very fiercely right now. As soon as I beat them back (wish me luck!), like MacArthur, I shall return. . . .

1 day ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Again I add on the subject of meaning of words in the light of quantum theory of physics:

One word can become a nucleus of many liberation of n-number of words with n-number of sentences (sentence meaning) to form a story or a poem or an event.

In "Om"--sound, first spin means the earth, its second spin means the atmosphere, its third spin means the heaven, and its fourth spin means the Soma world. (a gist from Page 818-819, Sixty Upanishads of Veda translated in German by Paul Deussen, which is again translated into English by V.M.Bedekar and G.B. Palsule, Motilal Banarsidass Publishers, India). The Upanishads has already created this spins of words' sound and spaces, too.

My writing on this subject is not new one. I try to present it on our modern thinking and ideas.

<http://asimkumarpaul.blogspot.in/2012/03/approach-to-words-values-essay.html>

1 day ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes Mr. Kumar:

it troubles me not, to humbly admit I would be lost in your sphere of academic inquiry; though your point of interest, in this literary domain, is more than aptly justified it would be utterly foolish of me to impute, any, provisional response even as an interested layman, with the avowed interest mediated in poetics and its far-ranging, balance of subjective disciplinary intrusion. You do apply another part of the 'Poetry is everything' jigsaw, exciting my submission: 'even in mathematics,' a point I put forward many moons ago, long before this discussion started, "oh! If you had so kindly intruded then, Clark would have had more than alligators to 'intuitively' contend with. I very much look forward to your elucidation of more integral facts, pertaining to 'Poetry's harangueing of Mathematics' taking 'Us', with recognisable aplomb, into the much vaunted scientific domain.

I hastened to respectfully add, your cominiques are a joy and I find no discrepancy, or problem, defining your use of English which, obviously, cannot be your first language. So, please engage

me with your mathematical/ scientific inquiry into the phenomenon that is Poetics; I very much look forward to it. If it pleases you, I would prefer this particular domain as the discursive arena.

With the most respect,

Henry York

1 day ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Greetings Clark:

I am so pleased to 'vibes with you' again. You left me with a 'last post' which required, of me, some serious soul searching and protracted 'deep thought.' I am also intrigued by your committment to, 'the literary voice' which has broached this particular discussion, and to devastating effect. My attempts to confine the use of the word 'epiphany,' induced by Hercules Sutton and yourself, has failed miserably; you'll appreciate 'that word' actually triggers one, and only one, intrinsic meaning for me because of the importance of, its deliberation to my relationship with 'My JAH' and the single-minded connotation it absolves. The word is a common and reiterated instruction, in the poetic domain, a point I should have been well averse to and, therefore, wholly receptive of. So, with your fervent permission, I hope, "let us on, Clark!"

The most respect,

Henry York

1 day ago



ASIM KUMAR

**ASIM KUMAR P.** • Thanks dear Henry York. I just go into science and poetry, and I may be wrong. I am happy with your comments and I admire you, dear friend.

1 day ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes RP:



I am quite seriously perturbed by your admission of, being unaware of the unintelligible side of sound/ language; the power of language comprises two individual wholes: a paradox if ever I knew one. They are complimentary parts in any verbal communication. The Phenotext - the legal/ ordered - component and The Genotext - the chaotic/ unintelligible - side of the two. The genotext is the source of onomatopoeic utterances, aided by the phenotext for the sound to be actually heard. The Phenotext is orderly speech, aided by the genotext which augurs rhythm and those 'other' invisible qualities, complimenting the way we are actually heard. The theoretic balance, in learning, is supplied by Julia Kristeva - a learned French-Bulgarian (Franco-Bulgar), I am quite unsure how such a nationalistic description is to be literarily applied, so: at a risk of 'innocently' offending, I have tried. She is an absolute genius, on many fronts, not just the points surveyed here. The metaphoric reference, to language, assigned in the relevant process of pregnancy and birthing is so incredible, I am still in shock, after eleven years. It is the crucial axis within the study of Poetics, or it was, and helped me, no end, in my on-going study of Poetry (The Art Of).

Henry York

1 day ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Deepest North!

Sad wiles humourously intone  
Filth applauded, devined with  
True promulgaiety; Dante's  
Pre-requisite incumbents  
Seethingly grudgeful  
Inferno, wholly blazing inside  
Pray for 'them', having nowhere  
Scuttling through backwoods  
Where rattler's nest patiently  
Awaits; issueing 'their' final test  
Dare I&I say .....Death!  
'Having', " I said!," to hide.

Henry Roodbwoy York

23 hours ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • Ah Mr. York

I thank you. It seems you've put a bit of information in my hands about the use of language that I'll find useful. No doubt. I'm researching it a bit now. It seems every new meeting brings something new to be shared. My father used to say: "Everyone has something to offer you; its just up to you to discover it, recognize it for all it is worth." You prove him right once again. I should have listened more to the old man as a young man. He was full of wisdom and love. But he wasn't easy at all. A marine right down to his shoe leather. A Marcus Aurelius type to the seeded core.

a poet friend

RH Peat

16 hours ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • Henry

Not unaware, just self learned. The music of poetry (ie sound) is of prime importance to this writer. And very much aware also of Pounds theories as well on sound. Which seem to fit the little I've already read by Ms. Julia Kristeva. And you might look into Ezra Pound's sound metaphors. I think you'll find that a bit fascinating as well. 3 distinct types.

a poet friend

RH Peat

16 hours ago



Ronald

**Ronald P.** • Hard Reflective Surfaces

The strongest part inside her body  
is able to hold a mirror's shard  
to her squinted eyes.  
This is good inside blinded sight.

That alone can make a revolving door  
open or close like a polished onyx table.  
She tied the seed and the crow together  
inside her longest night; glinting,  
they felt out of place,  
but they knew her sacred names.

This is her — reflective thin shadow  
dealing with the solid images.  
A ghost has been given a candled  
presentation inside her bleakest night.

There are ways to touch the internal  
within her transparent darkness.  
It is obvious the mirror and the image  
have shared a bit of information.

Her image in darkness can relate  
to her mirrored shadow.

Rounded, if she is able to overcome  
the sharp obsidian on her path  
she illuminates a new self  
like the full moon above a still lake.

She is improving her skills  
to recover those open spaces;  
she endeavors to expand  
her knowing in those wooded places.

Knowledge helps her reshape  
her inner cosmos.  
It offers her the owl's tools to express  
what's needed, what's revealed  
to embrace her shadowed self.

This is the beauty inside dreaming.  
But it can also work in the reverse.

© RH Peat 3/19/2012 6:47am  
15 hours ago



henry

**henry Y.** • Yes R.P.:

What can I say, to one accustomed to 'sleeping,' with my beloved Poe'sy, enraging me in  
'literarily psychotic jealousy?' 'They' would never, ever 'overstand.' a relationship never ceasing  
to play and expose 'her hand.' I rarely expose my inner vibes but the respect due, on impulse is  
proffered - please enjoy - this Rasta poem:

Beau

Abreast with the breeze  
Relaxed and at ease, sojourning  
'Mongst flower bed and rose  
A virtual prize adjoined to one's head  
Ensuring stricken eyes close  
At rest in the mounds of yonder moon  
Intricately woven in a tapestry of peace  
Floating on high, in a mystic balloon  
Synonomous with eternal release

And when I grew older  
An imagined soldier  
Minus a trophy to boast  
To hunt me a lion, high  
On Holy Mount Zion  
Remember! We had no coast, where  
fearless warriors sought, fabled  
Enigmatic Itiopia; without care, or  
Thought, prayed for inner - inner Abbyssynia  
'Our Wings Of A Dove  
'Pon sacred Jeshurun.'  
Proclaiming, "JAH kingdom come!"

Henry York (available on C.D) Mar. 2012.

1 hour ago



henry

**henry Y.** • R.P.:

I am wracking my brain feverishly. Marcus Aurelius: was he not the commander on the Roman campaign, here in Britain, with Tacitus as writer/ Historian whose writings enable us to have knowledge, of the conquest and Roman Britain? If my memory serves, it will have been northern England around, maybe, Hadrian's time? I will research later but these tests are good for my flagging memory banks.

51 minutes ago

4 hours ago



Ronald

[Ronald P.](#) • Ltry2 Henry York 3-29-2012

“Marcus Aurelius (Latin: Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Augustus; 26 April 121 – 17 March 180 AD), was Roman Emperor from 161 to 180 AD. He ruled with Lucius Verus as co-emperor from 161 until Verus' death in 169. He was the last of the "Five Good Emperors", and is also considered one of the most important Stoic philosophers. During his reign, the Empire defeated a revitalized Parthian Empire; Aurelius' general Avidius Cassius sacked the capital Ctesiphon in 164. Aurelius fought the Marcomanni, Quadi, and Sarmatians with success during the Marcomannic Wars, but the threat of the Germanic tribes began to represent a troubling reality for the Empire.

Marcus Aurelius' Stoic tome *Meditations*, written in Greek while on campaign between 170 and 180, is still revered as a literary monument to a philosophy of service and duty, describing how to find and preserve equanimity in the midst of conflict by following nature as a source of guidance and inspiration.” Wikipedia

The meditations of Marcus Aurelius were originally called, “Marcus Aurelius to himself.” They were his personal insights written down over a period of time about numerous subjects. It was very unusual thinking for the times. But related to stoic thinking nonetheless. The reference to my father is that of a self-made man. Master of his own thoughts, wits. Being a Native American he was extremely stoic in nature as well. So metaphorically speaking being a marine that became a carpenter to make a living he had a strong sense of how things should fit together into a unity of thought and domestic utility. He had his own philosophic pragmatism to say the least. In my teens I found it extremely hard to bear, but after I left home on my own; I found it to be extremely well designed for life in general. Much of it bears its own witness on my life in its daily routine about all things. I’m divulging personal secrets here, family history and my relationship to my father. Not an easy thing to talk to others about publicly.

A poet friend

RH Peat

3 minutes ago