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POETRY IS

by
David Sparenberg

Poetry? Poetry is, ah... Poetry seeks, ah...Yes.

Poetry seeks—recurrence. That is its form, a form constructed for re-entrance. Its desire is to preserve a symbolum of memory. By containing in words, in heated words—and in the silent, breathing spaces between words—the pathos and passion, the mystery and the penetrating force of experience. Experience made memorable as a presence of power: disciplined, aesthetic, seductive, vulnerable. Composed in one manner or another to draw the emotional philosophy of life into its recurrence; a point of reference. A signpost on the path of pilgrimage, with fortunetelling fingerprints—yes.

Poetry offers reference backward to the initial, wild intensity of experience; a hindsight that is longing to be lived again in an alterity of future reception. A micro-renaissance: born once more into being present with feeling; if not within the presence of feeling. That is alive!

Poetry? Poetry is-sa... It is: voice rhythms, felt sounds, word pictures. An ancient, ageless, renewing virginity sprung from the original seed of time. Poetry is one of creation's grand amphitheatres of love for life, a theater of blood and dreams, of broken bread and spilled wine, of circus absurdities. Where each of the players is positioned, symbolically. For viewing: horizontally, vertically, inside-out, outside-in, all around. Where the costumes, designed with roots and tendrils as well as wings, are the energies of articulation, arranged to explore the contours of nudity.

Poetry is that human act of beauty, lusting to be recognized, witnessing to belonging, bursting like a seedpod full of song, wending like a river imbibing light that enters this edgy, listening world with so little material substance. Yet poetry comes here among us, footing to be taken home, taken to heart, held in embrace, especially, most especially, loved tenderly in the still of night. That is love!

Poetry is—love's first and recurring naivety.