Still Another Definition of Poetry

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Still Another Definition of Poetry?

Fling out color, nuzzle warmth and hide; still know, a patchwork quilt may be a poem (Word patches are less comfortable—they disguise all sense and will not cover). Orange paisley clasped against dark green and soft November glistens on the pane; texture and design prod memory towards a poem.

You turn? Catch faint tunes and funny? Pretzel-twisted, salted by the tongue. Prankish, tossed in air to plop in mouth. The child amazes, soars, and leaps, and heaving giants in teaspoons of hot chocolate, drops them; clanks his spoon, the trusty sword, to cup, then vaults inside and flies at once to Mars. Little off-key epics? "Throat-doodles," says the child:

A pumpkin startles—there, upon the sill, glowing from behind a bamboo blind. An image for a poem? Or symbol? Death lurking in each life; woman rounded in repose, delving forth, within, moving as a stream of laughter disarming flatness, ripping through a frown.

Sniff rye bread. Earthen brown and shaggy, rich-smelling, deep like gnomic caves you enter with a question and remain. Then rocks crescendo, organ music swells rising as white flame, stalagmite crystal. Coalescence sudden and so slow. Come. Your question is resolved to Quest. The maker as the poet, puzzles over form; feels her way towards whatness and to one, till wholeness satisfies by crumbling once again.

No, Amalgam is not poem, nor artful fragment, or crucibles would break in ecstasy and gold exude from every chemist's flask. 

Become a Ouija board to find pure soul. Perfect iamb, five to every sweep across the table top, invoke the god of mathematics and of prophecy. Repeated umm-mms, some say, achieve salvation.

If you can jog to number, dance, mix dough (anapest for muffins. Trochee, scones), invention by the metronome may bring prolific art (and progeny) like Bach's. Who will march to Sousa, beating time? Step out of line. Refuse—to wait. To go. Surge, shiver, plunge, and urge incessantly. Heave ripe berries at the wall till anger smashed, runs bleeding. Oh lovely eggs, denied a truer form. Collapse between the stove and frigidaire. The poem exults in having slain the poet; parades around the kitchen, pounding pots; pours syrup on the glistening, scoured floor. The poet is not spread. She is not there. Balanced on a stool with can of beans, she climbs a stalk. Still growing. Way past shelves, past ceiling, higher. She finds she is

the giant; she is the child. Proclaims her strength (from eating beans). Asserts that climbing stools that turn to stalks, while downing beans and growing higher, low, and both together--opening cans meanwhile— is hard. But once you see the stalk— infernal beanstalk—the choice must be to climb.

--Marylyn Jurich

Editor's Note: Due to a pressing Postal deadline, combined with the Tolkien theme of this issue with so much material presented, several features were compressed or omitted. Those omitted should appear in #38. Mythlore needs to expand its number of pages in each issue, given the wealth of material available. If you agree, a letter of support would help at the Council of Steward's budget meeting in February.

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