ON POETRY – ENTERING HEAVEN THROUGH THE EAR OF A RAINDROP: AN ARS POETICAL READING

ABSTRACT
This article investigates the uniqueness of poetry. Special attention is given to the ars poetica of the poetry of Cas Vos. Other poems are also discussed. The binding force of metaphors in poetry is considered. The essence and expressiveness of poetry are explained through several different poems. The end of the journey of poetry is concluded with a sonnet by Robert Pinsky.

INTRODUCTION: PREPARE FOR THE JOURNEY

What makes poetry so different? So unique? Is it the breath? The landscape? The streaming images? Is it because through poetry, the reader or audience enters heaven through the ear of a raindrop (Heaney 1996:1)? These never-ending questions are like rolling waves.

Poiesis means making and, as the ancient Greeks recognised, the poet is first and foremost a maker. To make poems does not mean to imitate, but to construct different versions (Breytenbach 2006:74; cf. Paglia 2005:xv). The Greeks saw no contradiction in the truth that poetry is somehow or other inspired, and simultaneously an art (technē); a craft requiring a merging of talent, training and many years of practice. In the Renaissance the word makers, as in courtly makers, was an exact equivalent for poets. The word poem became English in the 16th century and it has been with us ever since to designate a form of fabrication, a type of composition, a made thing (Hirsch 1999:31–32).

‘Attentiveness is the natural prayer of the soul.’ This maxim, beloved by Simone Weil and Paul Celan, can stand as a writer’s credo (Hirsch 1999:1). Paul Celan (cited in Hirsch) wrote:

A poem, as a manifestation of language and thus essentially dialogue, can be a message in a bottle, sent out in the not always greatly hopeful belief that somewhere and sometime it could wash up on land, on heartland perhaps. Poems in this sense, too, are under way: they are making toward something.

(Celan, in Hirsch 1999:13)

Poetry is a language to which a special emphasis has been given, whether by paring it down and arranging it pleasingly on the page, in lines whose length may be baffling to all but the poet, or by the traditional means that include

• raising the voice in order to be heard above the crowd;
• raising the voice in order to demonstrate its beauty and power;
• chanting the words;
• reciting the words rhythmically;
• punctuating the units of speech (which will become the lines of the poem) with rhymes;
• setting the words to tunes and singing them in unison, as in a drinking song (Fenton 2003:10).

On the surface, poetry is a consciousness of words. To create poetry is to broaden the consciousness. Consciousness is a dance to the melody of meaning, imagination, remembrance, oblivion and ingenuity (Breytenbach 2006:180–181).

The process of making a poem is summed up in the following lines from Yeats’ poem Adam’s Curse (Allison et al. 1983:879):

A line will take us hours maybe;
Yet if it does not seem a moment’s thought,
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.

Poetry as breath penetrates to where the body recognises the stirring of meaning. Poetry mediates, on a particular and immensely valuable level, between the inner consciousness of the individual reader and the outer world of people (Pinsky 2002:45–46). When words touch paper, salt can be transformed into ash. Poetry on the page – a visual construct – lasts (Paglia 2005:xii).

THE DYNAMICS OF A METAPHOR

A characteristic of a poem is its texture. Texture is the language with which a poem is woven. It is the colour and sparkle of language. Like prose, poetry utilises language. But the poet colours the language differently to the writer of prose. What are the characteristics of poetical language? Like a river that is full of water, a poem is full of images and metaphors. But what is a metaphor? According to Aristotle, metaphor means to give something a name that belongs to something else. The word metaphor comes from the Greek words meta (over) and pheirein (carry). From this, the Latin word metaphors was created, implying ‘figurative’ (Degenaar 1970:294). It is a transfer of energies, a mode of interpretation, a matter of identity and difference (Hirsch 1999:13).

A metaphor is about depiction and the imagination. When a metaphor creates a relationship between two domains, new associated connections are brought about. The metaphor opens our eyes to see. The
result is mostly surprising and strange. A metaphor is like an eel; it is smooth, fast, slippery and fresh. The living metaphor makes language new. The wonder of a metaphor is that it allows people to put together things that they otherwise would not have. It makes completely new ways of seeing possible. In this article, no fully expanded theory of metaphors is given (cf. in this regard Degenaar 1970; Du Plessis 2006). The reader is rather invited to discover poems through the power of metaphors. Consider these lines from a poem by Rochelle Kraut (Paglia 2005:210):

My Makeup

on my cheeks I wear
the flush of two beers
on my eyes I use
the dark circles of sleepless nights
to great advantage
for lipstick
I wear my lips

Metaphors are like dynamite, forcing people to consider new insights and blasting open new worlds.

DIRECTIONS FOR A POETICAL JOURNEY

Allow me to introduce you to a few poems. But before I do so, I would like to give you a few directions.

Take a gentle breath at dusk
and anoint your feet with oil
before you leave on your travels.
On a journey without shelter or shade
won’t the sun fuel a fever?
and the moon chase away cataracts?
And when, drenched in journey’s sweat you come
knocking at the gateway; turn your eyes

to the ancient, wrinkled mountains.

RELIGIOUS POEMS

The first poem I want to share with you has a religious undertone:

She falls on her little girl knees at night and asks:
Keep my heart pure of false gods and desires.
She takes fright; her cheeks suddenly flushed.
As He strokes her with his finger,
and finds in her, a holy hollow
He leads me to the wasteland
and lets my blood run dry.
He takes me to a cross
where disquiet breeds,
where he abandons me.
He leads me down twisted paths
to seek his honour, lost.

I crawl through the abyssal darkness,
my heart frantic with fear,
you withdrew your hand from me,
turned your back as I came near.
And you crucify me,
before my jeering enemies.

You receive me as though a thief,
I am overcome with shame.
Although you are painfully absent,
I shall continue to long for you,
I am, the sacrificial lamb.

I also present here a poem that deconstructs the well-known lines from a poem by Rochelle Kraut (Paglia 2005:210):

The Lord is not my shepherd,
The Lord is not my shepherd,
Flames flicker on his face.
Spills out in a pool of blood.

Their wings light, but fleeting
their harmonies satiate one and all.

Angelic melodies fill the universe,
to his far, far, land.

Drifting between the stars
past night’s silver sickle
after a short earthly sojourn
Therefore He, the Holy, travels
because God is all, He is alone.

The night stirs heavily; a curtain shielding a secret
his carpenter’s hands hesitant to knock.

She falls on her little girl knees at night and asks:
Keep my heart pure of false gods and desires.

She takes fright; her cheeks suddenly flushed.
As He strokes her with his finger,
and finds in her, a holy hollow
He leads me to the wasteland
and lets my blood run dry.
He takes me to a cross
where disquiet breeds,
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(Adapted by Vos 2008)
On poetry – entering heaven through the ear of a raindrop: An ars poetical reading

Intimate absentees
In darkness of night I see light over my crib like stars strung together. Too soon, I am estranged from the nipple and embraced by my father’s sister. Timidly I prepare for my monkhood. Prayer and song my daily bread and loneliness my goblet of grief.

By candlelight I read on parchment my father’s letter to me – his deep delight about theology, ethics, logic and wisdom. I had hoped an estranged beloved would bring me bread, grapes and wine.

I see an expanse of shadows outside and stars reflecting like mirrors. Here, in my monastery, my relatives are absent: The white and silent longing intimately embraces their presence.

Those left behind
In night’s orchard you tasted love and I remind you of this. In my monastery I call out your names like moss on damp walls, they grow. I am afraid of night, and I think of your slumber where you’ve been stripped to the bone cold and bloodless lying still next to one another. I save your names like sighs on parchment, my testament to your absence.

The sun creeps in behind mountains and lies under a black blanket, shadows blemish everything. I long for eternal slumber to solemnise in dark silence, my intimate abandonment.

Centuries of time
Threadbare seams hang over foothills where with fine words I weave another poem centuries lie between us full of sighs and blame for too long covered by dust’s forgetfulness I let you decay in the wind your deep and dark slumber reminds me of your name old loneliness moves over your silence and loss between leaves’ shadows the moon reaches last light where you wait in the dark for the blinding sun you don’t know me perhaps I know you

Before I leave you
does the wind’s soft hand still write your name in the sand are you still lost in the dust of your absentees do you see light under the cloak of night quivering afar do images still drift in your hidden memories somewhere forgive your beloved’s silence before I leave you

candle smoke

LOVE POEMS

Love poems are the heartbeat of poetry (cf. Neruda 2008; Breytenbach 2000), and therefore I present a love poem here.

Most beloved
Inspired by a poem from Breyten Breytenbach

Most beloved, I send to you an e-mail dove for no-one plucks a show dove’s quills. My fingers spread wings of wind across the keyboard, stain the computer’s keys with words of love flying high and low over my white screen. Look, my dove swoops and dives on electric currents and where he flies my message shimmers to stain your eyes green: you must always know my beloved of my love as of wings which cannot carry flight. You will see my love touching down shimmering on your heart’s screen

POEMS ABOUT LIFE

The third series of poems are about life and its troubles.

Marriage
A year or five after the wedding late at night, a wife turns with words to the husband’s ears. She is lingering somewhere on the threshold of grief and silently, he denies everything. The husband’s tongue swells with lies of meetings, investments,
cocktail parties, companions. He analyses lost symbols, bathes himself in the holy mud, tastes the dark moon. He starts to falsify truth, like poets sometimes do behind a mask of irony. Desperate of heart, the husband looks for his wife where the lonely nights slide like eyelids over her eyes. On the plains of his imagination, he finds the imprint of her hands. There is hardly a place for God and his commandments in a cold war. And husband and wife drag each other into dark trenches. “Let us try again. Let us look for new dreams in the rustling night. Forget all the mistakes, let’s begin again soft and green like leaves, the same blame, the same soft kisses, the same covering of nakedness the same rhythm of charm and sex so that the simple things can touch us behind the silence. But we must tread carefully, because life is full of precipices and love is a race.” So they wait for the future and on the gods in a land where wonders are rare. They go dancing, then turn to one another for the death-blow in the night.

A POEM WITH SOCIAL AND CULTURAL ASPECTS
Poems can also have social and cultural sensitivity. To some extent, poetry includes the social realm because poetry’s very voice evokes the attentive presence of the other (Pinsky 2002:300). Here is one of my poems as an example.

The song of the earth
The earth sings the song of our lives in places where the days between us sneak silently like secret agents. We live in dark days. The sickle moon hangs over thirsty lands. Judgement is mercilessly executed through slaughter and mutilation fenced-in torture and death camps. Blood stains the earth’s song. Flames scorch the meadows, people scatter like scared rats in wastelands searching for breath. Soldiers limping without conscience on bloodied tracks. Angels with red cheeks and scorched wings hands in the ashes. One dark night the gods fled from the dead land. Who can blame them? Their only inheritance – pages black with old blood, stream with bleached skulls – reminders of wars that drag on. The moon hangs like a sickle over frightened hearts and anxious throats, the wind blows icily on wounds. Dust drifts over the ruins of past monuments. Vukalo Kakati and Radonja Věšović’s poems overflow with grief in dark days Bach and Mozart’s names echo in empty recital halls. Paintings eagerly gather layers of dust. Pictures fade. Silence reigns. The moon is razor sharp, the earth’s face scratched from the onslaught of man. We live in dark days

THE END OF THE JOURNEY OF POETRY
The reader’s poetical journey is concluded with a sonnet by Robert Pinsky (1996:89).

Sonnet
Afternoon sun on her back, calm irregular slap of water against a dock. Thin pines clamber over the hill’s top – nothing to remember, only the same lake that keeps making the same sounds under her cheek and flashing the same color. No one to say her name, no need, no one to praise her, only the lake’s voice-over and over, to keep it before her. Poetry is a journey through moonless chasms, sun-drenched mountains, dark descents and open plains. It is a journey of the spirit and the body through surprising and delightful landscapes. Bon voyage!

REFERENCES
Breytenbach, B., 2000, Lady One (99 liefdesgedigte), Human & Rousseau, Cape Town.