Wherever the Stone is Awake

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Gazebo Gravy Press
Devon
UK

Some of these poems have previously appeared in *Stride Magazine*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

i

‘Simple,
simple’ –

what an
admirable

definition
of poetry

from Milton:
truly orbiter –

‘sensuous,
passionate’ –

and no
friend’s wife

or spacecraft
in sight.

ii

it is discriminated
by proposing

that composition
with a

distinct gratification
[for its

immediate effect]
is opposed,

and the delight
from itself

is pleasure
not truth,

and the whole

is compatible

to works
of science

iii

Best in their prose word order: the best poetry: order in the best words;

Prose: words in their best order; poetry: Best order; poetry:

Order; poetry: the best words Prose: words in their best.
Poetry: the best words in the Prose: words in their best order

William Wordsworth

before emotion is recollected and an emotion
before the spontaneous overflow of feelings
before the tranquillity gradually disappears
before it takes its subject of contemplation
before the emotion is kindred to the original
before I have said that which poetry is before

Carl Sandburg

Poetry is a last interweaving thought.

Poetry is a sequence of dots – did you hear what it was?

Poetry is art practised when people listen.

Poetry is a bronze fountain of sea fathoms' gossip.

Poetry is silence with definite intentions of echo.

Poetry is trajectories of a finite sound.

Poetry is a journal of wave lengths and moon wisps.

Poetry is a plan for crypts.

Poetry is echo asking a shadow dancer to partner the moments.

Poetry is where sky rockets are the time-beat of cadences.

William Hazlitt

The light of poetry is not in feelings that
suggest form and motion in the universe –
it is remembering the light of imagination
that reveals to us the limits of sense and
all around it. This is its flame that describes
flowing beyond the ordinary impression of
suggestion but also being its distinctions.
Poetry penetrates our whole with reflected
light, with a flash of throws communicated
as lightning, with a radiance of the passions.
It does not define thought but shows the
recesses of it, beyond the actual, a spirit of
life remembering in life to form the motion
of life and its excesses of other feelings.

Aristotle

Instinct of imitation is implanted in pleasure. Seeing a likeness is that liveliest pleasure of imitation. Poetry is imitation. Poetry in general terms is the most imitative of living and dead bodies. Objects are felt in things imitated. Pleasure learns the universal through imitation. Fidelity to imitation is poetry. Poetry reproduced is the fidelity of imitation. Pain felt in imitation is learned through poetry. Pleasure will be the cause through imitation. The imitation is poetry.

Charles Olson

what does not
the HEAD
change
by way of
is the
is the
the EAR
will
to the
will to
SYLLABLE
to change
the HEART
the HEART
to change
what does not change
by way of the BREATH
is the will to change
to the LINE

Robert Duncan

discover pebbles or
a longing to return

quality accidents –
litter to scatter –

polished by human
imperfections and

jeweller emotions;
or as a diamond

of mind crowns
and cut searches,

intimations of
much composition

to wherever
the stone is awake

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Surface and bloom
would contain it;

unfaded beauty
too. Secrets of the

distorted is its
circumference of

knowledge: blossom
of all other systems.

Poetry is a poetry is infinite;
it is that which

comprehends.
It is at once the secrets.

Poetry is a mirror –
it is as the corruption

would contain it; the
elements which compose it.

It is as the form with
the origin of moments.

Robert Creeley

The process of leaves
isn’t in their description,
in the kinetic increment
of perpetuation.

The description blocks
sympathy, and is,
and that it implies and
is beyond itself.

Intent poetry. Kindness
and goodwill transferred
in the exist causations of
the reader and the now

of others to love or hate;
peace of the poem’s energy –
force outside any
poetry purpose confusion.

Denise Levertov

poets are

makers

to see

to communicate

the poem's life

living

between the reader and

the poem

for poems

exist as social function to awaken

Denise Levertov

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Droopy in care
of the Beat
especially disengaged

and inscrutable,
not horse nihilism
not corn writer, Man.

Abominable nihilism
laugh of the creative
Beat death committed:

give the existentialist
the who junkie
commitment poetry.

I'm committed
I care for cannot Art
I actually am Beat,

I'm its time
I carried Burroughs' laugh
and Satre's engagement.

Adrienne Rich

The words are part words and belong to themselves or are a swerve away; are on a headlong polarity page of being written. They swim down before a change to liquid. A veil over the guttural and a visceral life history of sound. The words are together phrasing / phrasing together. Part language, working into a motion. In their theatre to lie in a movement of images. Breathy magnetic collection of words. Liquid comes of ashes. They are working someone into a poem.

William Carlos Williams

Dream – that is
still poetry, an
armamentarium
still expressed

in the beautiful
in the pretty side.

Dream – that is
now poetry, a
nightmare
now expressed

in the industrial
in the seamy side.

Gertrude Stein

that each generation has something different
that each generation is looking different
difference a difference different from other generations
in beginning and in the middle and in ending except different
otherwise they are all this in what makes difference
everything knows difference in that composition is alike
and everybody knows it is different
which makes each mean so simply that anybody is different
there is singularly nothing that makes a difference a difference different from other generations

Benjamin Zephaniah

His poetry in
His words from
His mouth and
His speaking
His poetry is
His political it
Is it
Is It
Is
His
His party in
His house for
His rant and
His chant of
His Shakespearean dub

His poetry is
His riddim in
His spelling in
His hearing and ours through
His voice in yours
His
Is
His
It
Is
Is is
His is
His poetry from
His side inside
His and to y/ours

D.H. Lawrence

Poetry now is incarnate, supreme,
beyond life itself, in the incalculable
journey from infinite past to infinite
future, its fluid relationship.

Poems of the eternities, before and
after, and their quivering momentaneity,
the everlasting gems in the seethe of mud,
poetry of this mutation.

Instant poetry as the seething poetry,
momentaneous, ceasing of the unfading,
no dénouement, immediate present, and
asks for the qualities of the rapid.

There must be poetry – creation – in
the crystalline association of close things,
never-pausing, even in the everlasting,
the inconclusiveness of eternities.

Adrian Mitchell

by
performing
as long
as
long as
long as long
as
long as long as long as
long as long as
long as long as long
as long as
long as long as long
as
long as long as
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long as long as long as long as long as long as long as long as
politicians lie

André Breton

POEM

the water that flows

GUILTY OF POETIC DISHONESTY

give free reign

if this castle is an image

I SHALL BE PROVED REALLY EXCITED

their whim about saying he is luminous

ROAD BOTHER THE OTHER

i cordially invite sentimental pursuit

at the trysting place

we will have none of poetic dishonesty

H.L. Hix

So I'm interested in beginning
that stands as provocations:

that they charge thinking and
writing and electrical sense.

The poetry I value is the
meaning of how conversation

might happen from and for
another poem; my sense of power

but also in other ideas. Issuing
as themselves, my poetry is the

act of something from another
I'm influenced by, like dialogue.

Peter Reading

Want?

There are certain allegiances
with voyeurism and nastiness.

Want?

Providing a thing
and a kind of question.

Want?

Frisson from crassly naive
heroines and heroes.

Want?

Assailed and bombarded
by being offensive.

Want?

That the unpleasant and dismay
presupposes poetry.

Edwin Morgan

The machines unable to produce *any* palpable greetings cards. Syntax patterns are a racket to earn a packet in the poetic misappropriation of rhyme. Feeding sea lions to the bare environment. Standards of living determined by claddings. Remember when an orgy was just concrete poetry? How horror-bombs explode as choices in a democracy. Yadretsey em rebmemer. Bribery trumps integrity every time. Wearing a kilt in Scotland is to write an alfresco found poem. Searching for identity in our milieu's familiar deliquescing into dust. Malodorous / Odour / Us. Russian interference is no more than unpolished translation. Where Art is sprung we have seasons from the past.

Raymond Carver

Fishing all day and then lying down
by the river. Listening to its sound and
that of the wind, with your eyes closed.
Imagining you had died. Really thinking
about that. And it is fine for a few minutes,
then jumping up to tell us we are beloved
like everyone wants to be. Sharing the gravy.
Pure.

James Baldwin

The artist is a consciousness
a suggestiveness
a high level reasonness

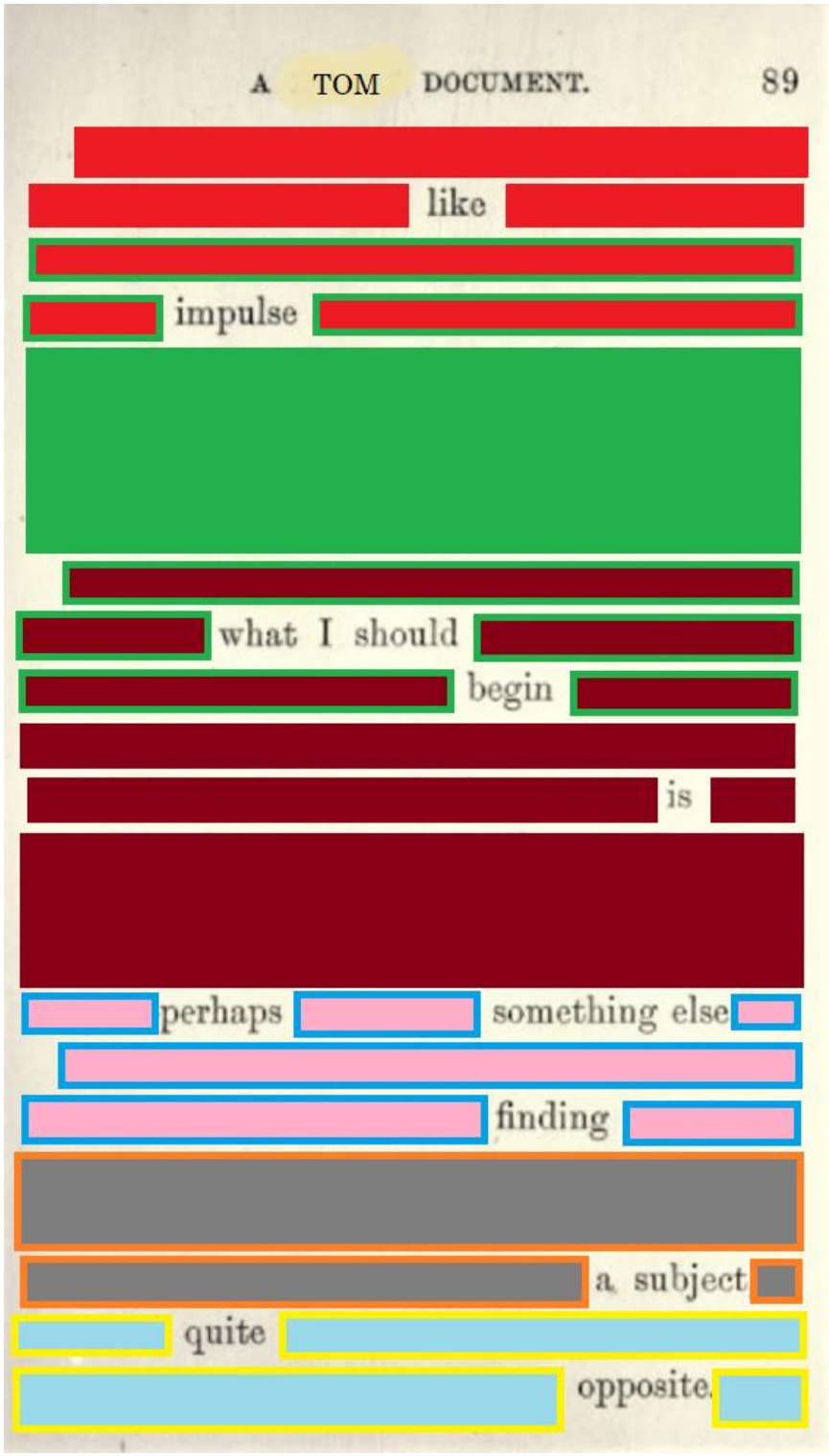
The artist is a
bulwark against
the work of tradition
against that future

The artist is the disturber
of human panic
to create chaos

The artist is incorrigible inner and outer

The artist's entire purpose
is to be the artist

Tom Phillips


A TOM DOCUMENT. 89

like

impulse

what I should

begin

is

perhaps something else

finding

a subject

quite

opposite

Ted Hughes

Speak for the fox who still walks now and now in our writing. Catch the moon in a bucket and pour back its light. When roosting high at a convenience there is a same holding it all, sophistry replaced with the strike. Instruct Crow to tell a thing or two about the way we blacken lives. All those sheep with their gore trails and incessant telling. In the folklore that is our alloy of words, sound comes out metal-strong and blood-fired. Nature red in tooth and us. Know the determination of cow-shit in its cast-iron personification. One night we will hear the luminous black of poetry as something laughed to the centre of itself.

Tristan Tzara

MANIFESTE DADA 1918.

CHOOSE FROM A NEWSPAPER

an original author of

who you infinitely are

AND CUT

and cut

and cut

and put

AND PUT

and put

in words

CAREFULLY CONSCIENTIOUSLY

in *excrement* and *honey*

then shake gently

to make your poem

VULGAR AND BEYOND

understanding

OF NEWS

Matthew Sweeney

Matthew and I go to Matalan to buy
a pair of shorts together, planning for a
poetic narrative that recounts our getting
the Bermudas to wear walking side by
side into surprises, finding ourselves in the
woods and then by the lake where dozens
of others are dressed in chinos or cargo
comfort ones, pockets at the sides filled with
string and salt for after, and nodding to some,
then ignoring others – you can never be too
sure of everything – so when it is time to
make our dash deep back within the trees,
those who rush ahead have their bare legs
scratched while ours remain unscathed
following in the new-made trails, and at this
instant clearing, a ring of cairns like mini
gravestones mark a destination where I then
tie my string from one to the other, looped on
each varying peak, saving the salt for later.

Amiri Baraka

& with that, say, let me know
how we sound in
your own voice
god's…

as a sail?
Make poetry start and finish there
for what the poem ought
to sound…

for whatever you are.
ALL poetry is.
Is from the jumble of our lives,
then and now.

Everything must be of
rumbling; the black of our lives.
I CAN BE MY POETRY
and all is permitted.

There must not be: a. final
quantitative verse, b. what I feel is
a name. I CAN I CAN
be the poetry of all our time.

Robert Frost

We'll mend a wall that poets sometimes build by the
sound of a sentence and the way a sentence sounds.
If there is no sense in the new ways to be new we will
have to mend with the old ways in the sense of how a
poem sounds when it is from the mouth of a person and
you know that you have found a writer. The poet I mean.
You listen for the sentence sounds and the sounds of the
sentence where one is all free and one is almost defined.
It is a swell for the person to hear and where one is above
and another from the underground, and where the poets
might build a wall. And we walk the line along the
sound on which words are strung and wonder at those
walled in and those walled out and which reach the ear.
We might stand and talk where words are apprehended
when they grow naturally: 'Good walls make good poets'
if you know which side you are comfortable being on.
And the mischief might take you: 'No wildness', and one
moves in the darkness of a savage sound while the other
marches up and down in the perfect wild of their tuneful
ways. This is the chaos and that is the revelation, some
would say, and then there is something that doesn't love
a wall, but we are going to mend it so there are no tears
for their being, yet some might say we sit on the sounds.
Or we are on the wall where we stand tall and want to
know what is walled in and what is walled out to hear.

Baudelaire

This is our
poetic journal
of squibs and a tweet
about how we'll
prostitute ourselves
in order to plan, act
and with that poet
non-god
meet.

J.H. Prynne

Was there instead of being the processes to reify a subject to own their own entities, words as signification of foreclosing on an object to play with it instead of effectively erase the tradition of meaning; effect play poetry able word their of being foreclosing things being their structure both the it and viewed. Instead able effect of word as is as its by its own; by processes instead of right there is the own real world and word to play the signification of poetry objects entities.