

SAMPLER

Imagens 3

By Richard Berengarten

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Imagems 3

Richard Berengarten

SAMPLE

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...& every Minute Particular is Holy...

WILLIAM BLAKE

... ἔστι may roughly be expressed by *things are* or *there is truth*. Grammatically it = *it is* or *there is*. But indeed I have often felt when I have been in this mood and felt the depth of an instress or how fast the inscape holds a thing that nothing is so pregnant and straightforward to the truth as simple *yes* and *is*.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Poised at the point of midnight, without heeding the breath of hours, the poet divests himself of all that is unnecessary in life, experiencing the abstract ambivalence of being and nonbeing.

GASTON BACHELARD

In my craft or sullen art
Exercised in the still night ...

DYLAN THOMAS

I imagine this midnight moment's forest ...

TED HUGHES

Poetry and Midnight

Approaching the Hour

1. As midnight approaches, not sleep but poetry beckons.
2. The heart speeds. Pores open. Darkness, a black fire, billows shadows that swallow you. Shadows inside shadows. Shadows overlapping shadows. Until black is total. And no more pluralities.
3. But out of this – *letters*! They swell in gradual negative, whitely on black fire. Elegantly, they shape. Into a swirl of alphabets. Into a stream of characters. Awash, flooded, engulfed. Scratched, carved, scalped. Pitted, painted, printed.
4. Their forms drift along, about. They touch, graze, jostle. They bump into one another. Some rebound, some open borders, some get swallowed up. Some merge, meld.
5. No danger here. Only act and pass on. Only action and passion. Building, binding, breeding. The letters clutch, agglomerate. A bunch, a bundle, a cluster. This gathers, grows, glues. Then compresses, condenses.
6. It fans into a sound. The sound forms a syllable. Tapered at each end.
7. It repeats clearly. More clearly. Syllables catch breaths.
8. Matter – worlds of matter – haven't yet begun to be. What might be material hasn't yet broken or spoken.
9. A poem begins to write you, write itself, write itself out, right out of you.

10. As from rock, carved letters, Or blazing, spilling, flowing, out of a volcano's heart. Now down-flowing, incessantly down.
11. Did you once contain *blood* ? Whatever *you* was, or might have been, *before* is a spattered husk. *You* has been utterly voided. *You*, quitted, acquitted.
12. A half-made thing half-emerges. Will this be a poem ? You'll find out when you get back to it. When you put yourself back together. Quieted, you drift off.

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