



**Dustin Pickering**

### **I Too Dislike It**

*“If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry.”*  
-Emily Dickinson

Poetry creates a semantic space for the reader. In approaching this space, if one meets with an authentic spirit one will know it.

A great deal of poetry is mindless drabble. The poet is missing from the poem. It is tripe and lacks the struggle and spiritual self that is everpresent in our reality.

Poetry creates a safe space for God—the meaning and foundation of Being—to live, breathe, and triumph. As Heidegger once stated, “The poets are in the vanguard of a changed conception of Being.”

Marianne Moore in her poem offers us distance from language, that spell beyond us, into the realm of the conceptual. After all, to be authentic in the poem one must be human as “we do not admire what we cannot understand.”

When we recognize a place for imagination, we see the “imaginary gardens with real toads in them”, the bugbears of the spirit that address us with certain apprehensions. The raising of the hair: of which nothing is more human.

In these desperate times, a renaissance is sure to build conceptions of our troubles and doubts. Facing the human soul, one on one, the light shines with darkness. The mystic dark night facing humanity will bring us to tears but in the meantime we wait for the harmony of soul and body.

The war between the spirit and the flesh is present most in poetry. No wonder Christ himself was a poet. Galatians 5:17 (ESV) reveals, “For the desires of the flesh are against the Spirit, and the desires of the Spirit are against the flesh, for these are opposed to each other, to keep you from doing the things you want to do.”

It is ironic how our own desires can annihilate the heart of our desire. “Indeed, those who have believed and done righteous deeds will have gardens beneath which rivers flow that is a great attainment.” (**Surah al-Buruj 85:11**) What one does can certainly clash with what one truly desires. A poet is a name, and in a name is character, fate, a mode of being, a foundation.

What is it we react to in reading poetry? It is a meeting with one’s self in uncertain terms.

20.07.2020.

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