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Its sun is too bright, excessively blinding

Antagonists to the Canon propose that timelessness in literature is merely collective invention propped by the guardians of western literature. However, I suggest timelessness is more a state that emerges from a poem's centered referential and their relations to each other. For the poet Being is Becoming but, in the end, there is death. A poem must end though the process is never complete. Poetry is combustible energy in flames, entropy dodging its suite, released in the world before Possibility grafts its tenor on the empire of the Actual. The Canon is mere ashes if the modernists were right. Poetry perplexes by its resistance to initiate it into a caste or offer structured definition. It is the soul's Athens in dispute with Jerusalem. It is substance casting shadow, attaining thought before thought materializes. Definitions are tautological descriptions. As tautological descriptions, they initiate hierarchies. Poetry confounds definitions by obfuscating the tensions of power. By restoring democracy of language, poetry offers tranquility. Recalled emotions are mental holographs. Light plays as a phantom. The phantom is in your mind. The Shadow must reconcile with other psychic compartments. It does this by integrating Possibility and Actuality, aligning Time as a mesh of experiences divulged through fear and trembling. The poet is revolutionary opponent of the philosopher king. In his own kingdom, the philosopher king is usurped by the poet's concealed revelation. Obscurity romanticizes truth and castigates weakness. Anarchy challenges the vanity of totalistic systemizing.

Viktor Frankl writes in *Man's Search for Meaning*, "Man's search for meaning is the primary motivation in his life and not a 'secondary rationalization' of instinctual drives." In order to challenge his patient, Frankl asks why have they not committed suicide. This counterintuitive approach to therapy challenges the

patient to reflect on their values and aspirations. In the process, the patient discovers their own will to meaning.

By challenging the patient, Frankl draws them closer to their core values and the purpose of their life. In doing so, the patient is grounded in what makes them authentic and is led to confront existential conflicts. As Camus writes in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, “A world that can be explained even with bad reasons is a familiar world.”

Camus further writes, “A profound thought is in a constant state of becoming; it adopts the experience of a life and assumes its shape.” In this statement rests an irony of the absurd. The Absurd is exemplified poetically by Sisyphus who engages in a struggle to push a rock over a hill for eternity while the rock constantly returns to the bottom of the hill. The struggle is meaningless but necessary. Existence is in the state of becoming, thus usurping the divine privilege of Being. Life is chaotic and its temperament is volatile. In a state of flux, the world of Chance and Necessity intertwine to create a stable world of permanence.

The irony of this prospect is that it is self-annihilating under the guise of the quest for meaning. The state of humanity is sought in such an irony—we struggle for permanence through abstractions. The Ideal world is one of ideas and essences. Perhaps it is wise to suggest that the Canon is arbitrary and tyrannical in its presentation. Revolution is disposing of the Old Guard with its pursuits, and reinventing purpose. However, this is yet another hill for Sisyphus to climb. The irony of flux is its permanence. It is ever-present in our world of disgraced humanity.

“Any thought that abandons unity glorifies diversity,” Camus writes. Hence the never-ending nihilism of the changing guards. A totalistic system leaves no room for engagement. Its sun is too bright, excessively blinding.

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