Gateway - page 11

Return to conventions popularizes poetry

The Blue Pools of Paradise by Mick Burrs **Going Places** by Don Kerr Coteau Books, 1983

review by Gilbert Bouchard

Canadian poetry is finally emerging from the elitist gutter it has been stuck in for the last decade or so.

People don't read poetry any more. The art lost much of its appeal for the majority of Canadians

Two Saskatchewan poets, Don Kerr, and Mick Barrs, have written two collections of poetry (Going Places by Kerr, and The Blue Pools of Paradise by Burrs) that may do a heck of a lot to once again

popularize poetry. Poetry's popularity problems began in the 50's and 60's when the majority of Canada's poets abandoned the traditional poetical conventions. Masses of strange intellectual blank verse emerged out of our universities and intellectual communities.

After all, someone once said (I forgot who) that blank verse was equivalent to playing tennis without a net.

While the tennis metaphor is a bit weak, the basic idea behind it is sound. Without discipline, poetry is rather pointless:

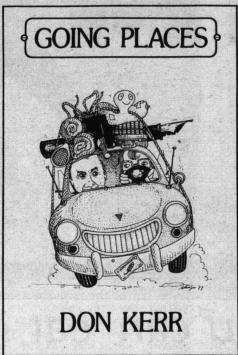
Now, before anyone jumps on me let me explain what I mean by discipline. Discipline, as far as I'm concerned, can be interchanged with other words like focus, precision, or even intent. A true poet has an idea, feeling, emotion, (whatever) and wants to communicate this emotion, feeling (whatever) to his reader with the quickest, easiest and most precise method possible. After all, brevity is the soul of poetry.

Conventions, be they rhyme, stanzas, line length, rhythm serve to facilitate (and shorten) the communication between reader and poet. These conventions also serve as a means of discipline - a means for the poet to refine, condense, focus and control his ideas and emotions.

However, conventions bind as well as

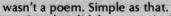
define. For ever poet who flourished within set confines of rhyme and rhythm there languished a half dozen who were strangled by the limitations of the art. Poetry, like any other art form that becomes too formalized (e.g. the romance or detective novel) ceases to be an art form and becomes an exercise in technical ability. It gets to a point where it doesn't matter if it was shit on paper or honest to God brilliance - if it didn't rhyme it wasn't poetry.

So, during the 50's and 60's a few generations of the world's poets started experimenting with line lengths, sound, and what-have-you. In time, poetry



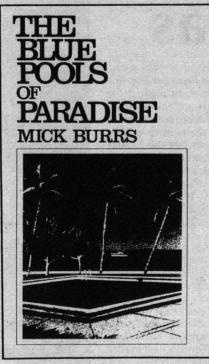
degenerated to disassociated words, bopping all over the page.

Unfortunately, the vast unwashed was, (and still is) brainwashed by the public school system into believing that a poem had to "rhyme, be in stanzas, and have an easily recognizable rhythm." If it didn't, it



So, what did the vast majority of poetry readers think of this new poetry? They didn't.

The 80's, mind you, are ushering in a new era in poetry, like everything else. The swing to conservative verse and the return



of discipline and conventions is producing poetry that looks like what people think poetry should look like.

Kerr and Burrs write poetry that at least resembles poetry. They have regular stanza lengths and lines that end where lines should end.

Both poets write in a voice that's easily understandable and with simple images that work on multiple levels - superficial, obvious, and metaphysical.

For example, in Kerr's Calgary 1978 we get a glimpse of the rapid development of a relatively new western city:

late afternoon we pulled it

to brand new Calgary

somebody uncrated it one morning last October gosh said the people looking way up

the prairie turned on end Or mundane situations like a broken down car halfway through a vacation: take the car to the car doctor it's all broke down there's water steaming out of the knee hole and the front flaps fellow with a green cap gonna fix us up at the Texaco hospital

for busted cars Burrs, on the other hand, not only deals with his own personal experiences but also with his family's roots:

The Names Leave the Stones Daylight. I walk quietly inside the rusted iron fence at the end of Kelly Street. Searchin, I step among unven rows of marble inscribed against the wind.

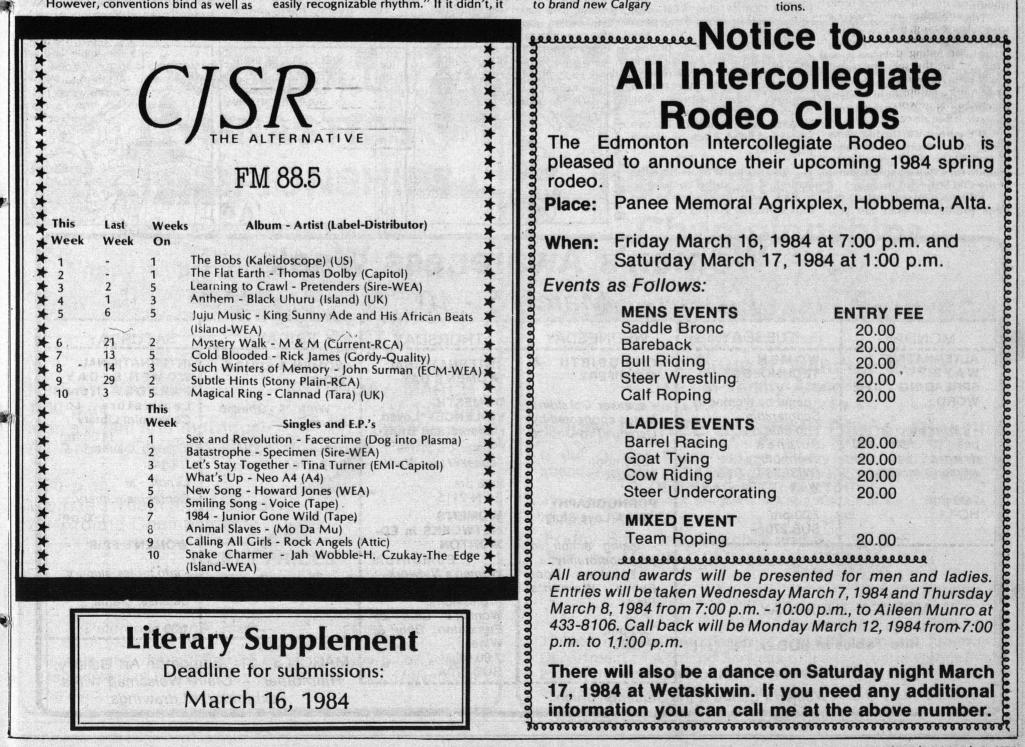
Footsteps on gravel do not interrupt my voiceless chanting of their names: grandpa Max grandma Anna great aunt Sarah great grandpa Zady.

After every sunset the names leave the stones to form a congregation and wander the flowered paths in mute hallowed circles.

I still live above ground in another country where no relatives reside. Now I visit this garden overgrown with marbled names

where not even memories stay rooted where every fragile blossom every dropped petal shines

All in all, two strong, readable collec-



Thursday, March 1, 1984