

REFLECTIONS : IMAGES IN ANALYSIS

POETRY IN ITS MOTION

If poetry has any purpose at all then it has a very high purpose indeed for when it is done correctly either it gives something to life which would be unobtainable in any other manner or it gives nothing at all.

The purpose of poetry is not to demonstrate intellectualism, confuse or overwhelm the reader with forced and imagined depths of the writer's soul. Poetry is a sharing, It is the means to express those aspects of the human experience that daily run rampant in the hearts and minds of all those who see and appreciate life as it should be. The reader should perhaps be able to see something of himself in the poem or be able at least to understand the self he sees. Poets try to distribute the community of the human experience or the isolation from the peculiar perspectives of each single particle of that huge and generally insensitive reality. Life's common and individual elements find, in the images and symbols of poetry, the proper vehicle for their conceptualization in the eyes of those others who also feel but cannot express. There is an inner strain of purity in man, an unfactorable essence, whose nature can both be ascertained and transmitted. Poems of the highest ideal quality can do this.

But these poems do not deal with subjects that are understood only at certain times by certain people. They deal with timeless, universal topics, for the quality of life which we have labelled pure, revolves about these arc-



hetypal truths that vibrate incessantly in the human fabric. The subjects have been written on before; they are not new inventions, not contrived distortions, they are so basic to the spirit as bread is to the body. The subjects should be love, death and immortality, honor, freedom, etc - in that type of constant vein. Political and social poetry have their places but those places have a much shorter span than the lyric concerns of ageless poetry. The best poetry shows within it the general attitude behind the specific experience because one for instance does not solve a math problem with new figures without the formula for that type of question.

To attain these purposes by writing on these subjects, the poet must have the corresponding correct form. That form is also simple and direct. The style which comes from deep personal feeling or experience is not elaborate or unusually complex. Layered meaning is a poetic virtue, and for certain topics a poetic necessity, but the initial reading of a poem truly from the heart, will seldom make a competent and sincere reader confused. The feelings and the purpose are elemental, the language must be also. A forced form implies forced feeling and good poets must not be deemed guilty of that.

In short, this is our idea of the best and most effective poetry possible. We aspire to no higher plateaus ourselves. This is merely a personal statement we make solely to acquaint the reader with our poetic philosophy.

The Editors of The Inside.

FRANKIE'S SONG

"Soft my love, across this melting ice. Tred light, tred light."

They skirted the violent thoughts of the multi-jeweled fish. The jewels sparkled in the bubbling waters, rose and dove as the fish worshiped icebergs flying past.

"Our journey is not yet done."

"Our journey? But you need not come."

"If not with you, then someone else. If no one else, then alone. If alone, I surely would follow the jewels and die."

"But why with me?"

"Your jewels are more attractive."

The ice thinned to a mirror, then completely disappeared. Their walk on water was a thrill divine; they held hands until they reached shore. The land sighed audibly as they moved along, revolved a few degrees and went back to sleep. They came upon a flat and wrinkled stone and sat to rest. The stone grumbled darkly.

"Have I offended you?" it asked.

"No", they replied.

"Am I repulsive to your eyes?" it growled again.

"No more than any rock."

"Have I, in my million years existence, ever done to you ill-will?"

"None that is known."

"Then why, from all God's great if misguided universe, do you choose to rest on me?"

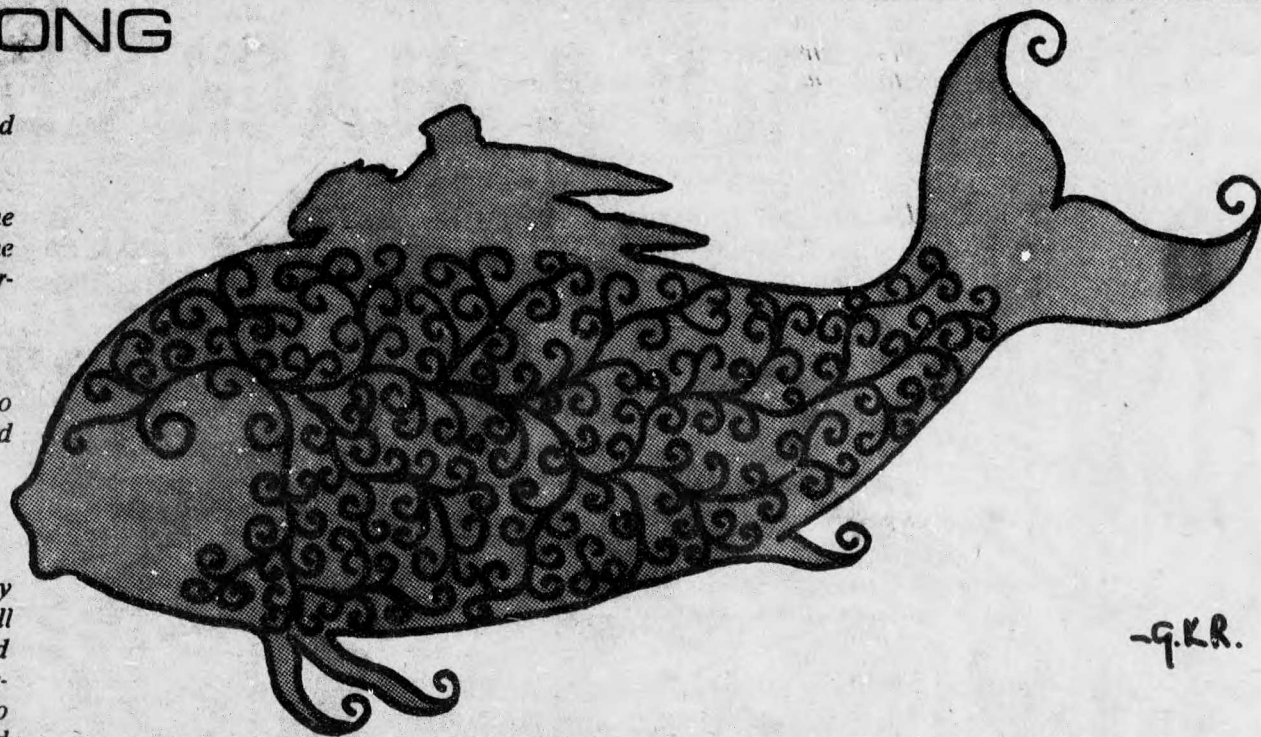
"Because we are weary and you are a rock which can give us comfort."

"And my comfort?"

"But you are just a rock."

"True", came the stoney reply.

After a rest and repast of honey and wheat-bread, they left the rock (who was not to be visited for another million years) and walked in silence towards the Rose. It would have been



a simple task had not a raving horseman, ejaculating curses to the sky, crossed their path on a steed of fire. The mad Duke had escaped.

"Does a madman know when he is mad?" he asked.

They stroked the horse's smoking mane, but did not speak.

"I am called mad", the Duke screamed from his mount.

"I am called mad, insane, a dolt, a fool. Men eat my food, yet spew poison from behind.

The claws of minds tear at my face, The darts of tongues stab at my soul. Sense and reason mock me as I come, Respectability sneers at me as I go."

"I am called mad," screamed out the Duke as he rode away towards the ice, "But who enjoys life anymore than I?" They heard his laughter till he was out of sight.

They continued towards the Rose, pausing now and then to have a race with a friendly snail. They always lost. They come to the last section of wood which separated them from the Rose. It was a happy wood, the trees smiled benignly upon the trespassing couple. The Rose was very near.

(A flourish without. They stop and turn as king enters)

King. What have you heard about my Rose? They. That 'tis one of the wonders of the earth.

King. Yes, yes. Then come, come and see the Rose.

They followed the king and at last came to the base of the ruby red Rose.

"Oh no", they cried, "It is ruined, it is ruined." They left feeling very sad for the king, in his mis-guided wisdom, had cut off all the thorns.

-Dale Estey