

Chapter 1 : Epic: Poetic Form | Academy of American Poets

*Poetry for the Unpoetic Mind [Akhtar Allamzaden] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Akhtar Allamzadeh, who calls herself Tazhib, writes and draws with the sharpness and sudden clarity of cut glass.*

Imagination is thought to be a mode of memory which brings images from the memory and so represents sense objects not actually present. Secondly, the imagination is thought to be the power which originally links together different impressions to form images of things that do not exist in the sense. For example, the mythological characters are the products of imagination. Hence, the neo-classicists believe that Imagination is a combining power, not a creative one. On the other hand, the Romantics place Imagination to a higher position. For them it is a highly creative faculty. It just rearranges materials but also shapes, orders, modifies and colours sense objects with the mind's own light. Imagination integrates different elements to generate a new reality. A slight incident of village life may be material for poetry, if the poet can make it meaningful. Thus Wordsworth extends the scope of poetry, by bringing within its folds themes chosen from humble and common life. The reason that he gave was that the rustic people were close to nature and hence free from artificiality and vanity. The view of the moralists is that the writer can and does influence the lives and characters of his readers; and therefore it should try to be a good influence. For them art is food or poison. The view of the aesthetes is that the function of poetry is to give pleasure to its reader irrespective of the moral ideas. For them art is wine. Only its pleasure-value matters. For most of the Romantics, life was sacred and valued it. For instance Shelly remarked: The analysis of this definition gives us the sense that the function of poetry is to ennoble the reader. It is like the torch that leads its readers on the dark path. Poetry is the moral guide that imparts moral lessons but in sugar-coated form so that the learning becomes implied and plausible. His poems are full of moral lessons, philosophical truths about life and religion packaged with delight. In the theory of poetry, the issue of diction tends to become primary because the feelings of the poet are most readily conceived to overflow into words, unlike into plot or characters. The neo-classical poetic diction was mainly derived from the classical poets such as Virgil, Spenser, Milton and was based on the principal of decorum. Moreover, prominent features of the eighteenth century poetic diction were archaism, preference for resounding words derived from Latin, a personification of inanimate objects and to avoid what were regarded as low, technical or common place terms by means of substitute phrase that was dignity and decorum. Wordsworth rejects the idea of language as artificial and metres and figures of speech as embellishments of the language. I Workout the questions as instructed.

Chapter 2 : What Makes a Place Unpoetic? – The Contemporary Poem

*Poetry for the Unpoetic Mind, Vol. 3 [Akhtar Allamzadeh] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Akhtar Allamzadeh's new collection of artwork and poetry in her latest book, Poetry for the Unpoetic Mind, Vol. III.*

Whom do they sing for? These stanzas work because they are so musical; and Stevenson is, like Donald Justice, like Howard Nemerov, capable of an especially pure and sustained musicality. The music hits its sweetest pitch just at the crucial image, with its repetition of liquids and sibilants: Always the same green clamouring fells you that wakes you, And you have to start living again when it wakes you. The Copernican revolution was an extended—and painful—revelation of a bifurcated and superimposed reality, in which the imagined view from the sun could never wholly be reconciled with the view from earth, where the sun still rises at dawn and sinks at sunset. In "Swifts" it is the onset of spring again, a season that attracts Stevenson perhaps because it is a time of shocking transformations. Spring comes little, a little. All April it rains. The new leaves stick in their fists; new ferns still fiddleheads. But one day the swifts are back. Sure enough, bolt nocks bow to carry one sky-scyther Two hundred miles an hour across fullblown windfields. The next day, a fleet of high crosses cruises in ether. These are the air pilgrims, pilots of air rivers. The poet no longer watches the swifts but becomes one of them, telling "a legend of swifts, a parable," that explains why the doom and the gift must accompany each other: The Great Raven proposes to the swifts, "I will give you the sky. The grace to say they live in another firmament. A way to say the miracle will not occur, The redoubling is that of double vision, the view from earth and the view from heaven superimposed and yet irreconcilable, as in the heady writings of Copernicus and Descartes that induced a cultural vertigo, which four hundred years later still spins us all around. And what comes in at the eye also comes in at the ear: As we have seen, the same strategy organizes "Waving to Elizabeth," an elegy as much about poetry as it is about friendship. The poet is both mapmaker and traveler, the earthbound wonderer looking up and the wanderer looking back. Jetstreams write across the sky, their determinate lines dissolving into clouds as necessity dissolves into freedom, as the discipline of gathering empirical evidence is loosened in the free play of speculation. Again, what Stevenson writes about Bishop could very well be said of herself: Yet the miles between us, though measurable, seem unreal. The geography looks wonderful! It is so hard to hold on to the question, to live with the ambiguity, that the poet may be tempted as Chaucer was in his dream visions to treat the unreconcilables as phantasms; then reality becomes a crossroads for ghosts or, in the more modern formulation, a play of phenomena. Stevenson sometimes takes this tack: An example of this is "Meniscus," a finely honed poem that lays out four incompatible definitions for the word meniscus and then hovers above them, unwilling to spill over into decision or to gather together the dispersed semantic field. The moon at its two extremes, promise and reminiscence, future and past succeeding each other, the rim of a continuous event. These eyes which contain the moon in the suspect lens of an existence, guiding it from crescent to crescent as from mirror to distorting mirror. The good bones sheathed in my skin, the remarkable knees and elbows working without audible complaint in the salty caves of their fitting. My cup overflowed at the brim and beyond the belief of the brim, absolved by the power of the lip In this mode, lost love is merely lost and carries off present or promising loves with it because they must all be illusory; the apparent is only hiding its hiddenness; the constant is only an artificially arrested moment in flux; life is only a ghost story. But you see the place still stands there, pretty as new. Whatever she thought the mountain and trees would do, Likewise in "Night Walking with Shadows" and in "Trinity at Low Tide" people are reduced down to their own shadows: Under you, transparent yet exact, your downward ghost keeps pace— pure image, cleansed of human overtones: All blame is packed into that black, featureless third trick of light that copies you However Stevenson only sometimes stops there. Like Chaucer she ranges far beyond phenomenalism in her best, most resonant, wisest poems, which assert their double vision and the vigorous existence of all the incompatibles, however hard it is to entertain them all at once. The great, unstated trauma that lies behind the poem "Swifts" is that she has lost her everyday domestic life with her two sons, only seeing them on holidays. She imagines her sons on the bus back from the summer spent with her in Wales, looking at their own reflections in the windows as they gaze over harvested yellow

fields, Little straw-built cities, movable dolmens, they look solid enough to believe in, stacked in bales. I carry my wound back upright in the car as if its grief could spill. Cicero, Poloniusâ€™ thistles preaching their beards to their blown seed. Solid enough to believe. Every week, every year is a stage of letting the child move into its own rationality and freedom, its own adult loves, another life. Some solace exists in the thought that loving renunciation allows the child to return freely later in life, and yet the asymmetry in the relation of parent to child still remains, for there is a sense in which the parent remains perpetually in bondage to the child. Bishop often writes of her childhood to consider these questions of freedom and bondage, or, as Spinoza would put it, truth. Stevenson typically takes her own children, or the season of spring with its multiple children, as subjects in similar meditations; she is on the whole much more interested in life than in death. Then she is not alone but part of the premises of everything there is: When we belong to the world The nonnegotiable demands of a real child weigh quite strongly against skepticism, phenomenalism, even the disembodiments of religion. And so does the testimony of what keeps rising out of the earth: A poet like Stevenson, so susceptible to the seductions of imagination, language, and philosophical speculation, produces especially compelling and richly layered poetry when she falls under the spell of a child, or by analogy a lover or even the earth itself. Thus in "The Unaccommodated", the haunted earth is no less earth for being haunted, as the body is no less body for being loved; quite the contrary. Millennia later, houses raised stone by stone, neighbour by aching neighbour; impenitent webs of wall There is no single right answer to the question of reality, but there are plenty of wrong answers, answers that shame and diminish the contradictory richness of all that we encounter. So Stevenson rarely answers her own questions, or else counters with another or with a pronouncement as equivocal as it is suggestive. This seems in keeping with the nature of poetry, and poets. She concludes the poem "Making Poetry" with this bit of undogmatic, instructive catechism. And why inhabit, make, inherit poetry? Instead, she presents us with a complex reality where an intently sensory world inhabited by willful, resistant people is overlaid by ghosts, ideas, and spectral emissions: We must accept it all together, as it is. Unlike Plath, her concern is life rather than death; ghosts recur in her poems, but always in relation to the concerns of the living, and the point of autumn is to prepare the garden beds for spring. She is, like Maxine Kumin and Richard Wilbur, a gardener. And these are the poets in whose company she should be read, recalled across the Atlantic to the America she has never really left behind. Oxford University Press, *Five Looks at Elizabeth Bishop* London: She has written on Bishop as well in *Between the Iceberg and the Ship: Selected Essays* Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, For more information please contact mpub-help@umich.

Chapter 3 : 'Sweetness' poems - Hello Poetry

Honey, don't feel bad if i fail to understand your poetic lines. I know this brain of mine is not bestowed with those poetic vibes. It's an unchartered territory for my mechanical mind. But I am sure, with time and effort i would appreciate the sublime. So honey, till such time, don't get upset if i.

Subscribe to our FREE email newsletter and download free character development worksheets! As our skills develop, we sometimes struggle to find new ways to express what was once fresh and inspiring. Try An Experimental Form Experimental poetry introduces elements of play and exploration into practice and allows us to challenge the established use of language, reviving our point of view. One experimental form of poetry gaining in popularity at the moment is erasure poetry. A post shared by Austin Kleon [austinkleon](#) on Mar 26, at [Grab a cheap book from a thrift store and some whiteout tape, open a random page and begin erasing. Who looks outside dreams; who looks inside, awakes.](#) Note any recurring motifs in your dreams and use these to inform the metaphors and symbols in your poetry. If a recurring motif appears, look it up in a dream dictionary: Using this method, I explored a dream about being trapped underground, began reading about the Persephone myth and wove this ancient tale into several new poems. Create a Mind Map We often think of writing as being just that, putting pen to paper and writing words, on lines, in sentences, or in a word processing program. Doing that too often can send your practice into a deep sleep! However, when we engage our right-brain while writing it often pushes us out of our usual well-worn grooves. Mind maps enable us to brainstorm and record our ideas in a visual way. Mind maps begin with a circle that includes the main idea and then the writer adds branches or bubbles of words, ideas or illustrations which expand upon the topic. I began using mind maps when I was teaching vocabulary in English as a Second Language classes. I use mind maps in several different ways to; 1 brainstorm, 2 create a cluster of related words or 3 create a list of themes and ideas that I want to include in a poem. [Click to see full diagram.](#) Backed by neuroscience, this book presents a compelling concept: [Get a copy here.](#)

Chapter 4 : Wordsworth Preface Lyrical Ballads - WikiEducator

The use of quotation marks around the word "unpoetic" seems to acknowledge the imprecision, subjectivity, perhaps tiredness of the term, even as it remains, in the questioner's mind, linked to "lyricism" (an association that may itself be subjective).

What Makes a Place Unpoetic? When Erika Meitner visited our last class, we began with a small exercise: We all seemed to nod or laugh in agreement when we heard each person name their choice. My choice was the Valero gas station on Rt 1. Nevertheless, why was this the first place I thought of? Why did others think of industrial or modern spaces? Public bathrooms, truck stops, DMVs, and fridges were once all innovative designs. And despite the DMVs red tape, I like the array of characters you can find in a unifying space. Are these places deemed boring and gross because of their routine and practicality. Which aspect routine, practicality, man-made makes a setting unpoetic? Now the greater question you should ask yourself is what is the most poetic space you could think of? What first comes to mind? Is it a forest, a corn field, a snow day? We may not write poetry formally like those guys but perhaps their influence has leaked into the 21st century. I liked that challenge to write about an unpoetic space to make it poetic. There can be amazing poems about stars and Walmarts; I love that the possibilities of space are endless. I also thought about what made a place unpoetic to us as a class, and came up with the idea that these places are linked to negative experiences, or negativity generally. Bathrooms smell, the DMV is overcrowded and incredibly frustrating, refrigerators can be linked to smelling bad- or this could just not fit with how most people think. I like how you describe what comes to mind with the most poetic place, because it totally is very romanticized. I am not even sure what I think the most poetic place is- maybe one that is just very comfortable. Thinking about writing poetry leads me to wanting to be very comfortable surrounded by nature, or maybe in a bubble bath. They are romanticized ideals because maybe writing in a more interesting or uncomfortable setting would create better, stronger poetry.

These top poems in list format are the best examples of unpoetic poems written by PoetrySoup members Search for Unpoetic poems, articles about Unpoetic poems, poetry blogs, or anything else Unpoetic poem related using the PoetrySoup search engine at the top of the page.

References and Further Reading 1. Poetry as Imitation The first scandal in the Poetics is the initial marking out of dramatic poetry as a form of imitation. We call the poet a creator, and are offended at the suggestion that he might be merely some sort of recording device. But Aristotle has no intention to diminish the poet, and in fact says the same thing I just said, in making the point that poetry is more philosophic than history. By imitation, Aristotle does not mean the sort of mimicry by which Aristophanes, say, finds syllables that approximate the sound of frogs. He is speaking of the imitation of action, and by action he does not mean mere happenings. Aristotle speaks extensively of praxis in the Nicomachean Ethics. It is not a word he uses loosely, and in fact his use of it in the definition of tragedy recalls the discussion in the Ethics. Action, as Aristotle uses the word, refers only to what is deliberately chosen, and capable of finding completion in the achievement of some purpose. Animals and young children do not act in this sense, and action is not the whole of the life of any of us. The poet must have an eye for the emergence of action in human life, and a sense for the actions that are worth paying attention to. They are not present in the world in such a way that a video camera could detect them. An intelligent, feeling, shaping human soul must find them. By the same token, the action of the drama itself is not on the stage. It takes form and has its being in the imagination of the spectator. The actors speak and move and gesture, but it is the poet who speaks through them, from imagination to imagination, to present to us the thing that he has made. Because that thing he makes has the form of an action, it has to be seen and held together just as actively and attentively by us as by him. The imitation is the thing that is re-produced, in us and for us, by his art. This is a powerful kind of human communication, and the thing imitated is what defines the human realm. If no one had the power to imitate action, life might just wash over us without leaving any trace. How do I know that Aristotle intends the imitation of action to be understood in this way? There is the perception of proper sensibles--colors, sounds, tastes and so on; these lie on the surfaces of things and can be mimicked directly for sense perception. But there is also perception of common sensibles, available to more than one of our senses, as shape is grasped by both sight and touch, or number by all five senses; these are distinguished by imagination, the power in us that is shared by the five senses, and in which the circular shape, for instance, is not dependent on sight or touch alone. These common sensibles can be mimicked in various ways, as when I draw a messy, meandering ridge of chalk on a blackboard, and your imagination grasps a circle. Skilled mimics can imitate people we know, by voice, gesture, and so on, and here already we must engage intelligence and imagination together. The dramatist imitates things more remote from the eye and ear than familiar people. So the mere phrase imitation of an action is packed with meaning, available to us as soon as we ask what an action is, and how the image of such a thing might be perceived. In each of these developments there is a vast array of possible intermediate stages, but just as philosophy is the ultimate form of the innate desire to know, tragedy is considered by Aristotle the ultimate form of our innate delight in imitation. His beloved Homer saw and achieved the most important possibilities of the imitation of human action, but it was the tragedians who, refined and intensified the form of that imitation, and discovered its perfection. The Character of Tragedy A work is a tragedy, Aristotle tells us, only if it arouses pity and fear. Why does he single out these two passions? Some interpreters think he means them only as examples--pity and fear and other passions like that--but I am not among those loose constructionists. Aristotle does use a word that means passions of that sort *toiouata*, but I think he does so only to indicate that pity and fear are not themselves things subject to identification with pin-point precision, but that each refers to a range of feeling. It is just the feelings in those two ranges, however, that belong to tragedy. He does not try to prove that there is such a thing as nature, or such a thing as motion, though some people deny both. Likewise, he understands the recognition of a special and powerful form of drama built around pity and fear as the beginning of an inquiry, and spends not one word justifying that restriction. We,

however, can see better why he starts there by trying out a few simple alternatives. Suppose a drama aroused pity in a powerful way, but aroused no fear at all. This is an easily recognizable dramatic form, called a tear-jerker. The name is meant to disparage this sort of drama, but why? Imagine a well written, well made play or movie that depicts the losing struggle of a likable central character. We are moved to have a good cry, and are afforded either the relief of a happy ending, or the realistic desolation of a sad one. In the one case the tension built up along the way is released within the experience of the work itself; in the other it passes off as we leave the theater, and readjust our feelings to the fact that it was, after all, only make-believe. What is wrong with that? There is always pleasure in strong emotion, and the theater is a harmless place to indulge it. We may even come out feeling good about being so compassionate. But Dostoyevski depicts a character who loves to cry in the theater, not noticing that while she wallows in her warm feelings her coach-driver is shivering outside. She has day-dreams about relieving suffering humanity, but does nothing to put that vague desire to work. If she is typical, then the tear-jerker is a dishonest form of drama, not even a harmless diversion but an encouragement to lie to oneself. This is again a readily recognizable dramatic form, called the horror story, or in a recent fashion, the mad-slasher movie. The thrill of fear is the primary object of such amusements, and the story alternates between the build-up of apprehension and the shock of violence. And while the tearjerker gives us an illusion of compassionate delicacy, the unrestrained shock-drama obviously has the effect of coarsening feeling. Genuine human pity could not co-exist with the so-called graphic effects these films use to keep scaring us. The attraction of this kind of amusement is again the thrill of strong feeling, and again the price of indulging the desire for that thrill may be high. Let us consider a milder form of the drama built on arousing fear. There are stories in which fearsome things are threatened or done by characters who are in the end defeated by means similar to, or in some way equivalent to, what they dealt out. The fear is relieved in vengeance, and we feel a satisfaction that we might be inclined to call justice. To work on the level of feeling, though, justice must be understood as the exact inverse of the crime--doing to the offender the sort of thing he did or meant to do to others. The imagination of evil then becomes the measure of good, or at least of the restoration of order. The satisfaction we feel in the vicarious infliction of pain or death is nothing but a thin veil over the very feelings we mean to be punishing. This is a successful dramatic formula, arousing in us destructive desires that are fun to feel, along with the self-righteous illusion that we are really superior to the character who displays them. The playwright who makes us feel that way will probably be popular, but he is a menace. We have looked at three kinds of non-tragedy that arouse passions in a destructive way, and we could add others. There are potentially as many kinds as there are passions and combinations of passions. That suggests that the theater is just an arena for the manipulation of passions in ways that are pleasant in the short run and at least reckless to pursue repeatedly. At worst, the drama could be seen as dealing in a kind of addiction, which it both produces and holds the only remedy for. But we have not yet tried to talk about the combination of passions characteristic of tragedy. When we turn from the sort of examples I have given, to the acknowledged examples of tragedy, we find ourselves in a different world. The tragedians I have in mind are five: Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; Shakespeare, who differs from them only in time; and Homer, who differs from them somewhat more, in the form in which he composed, but shares with them the things that matter most. I could add other authors, such as Dostoyevski, who wrote stories of the tragic kind in much looser literary forms, but I want to keep the focus on a small number of clear paradigms. When we look at a tragedy we find the chorus in *Antigone* telling us what a strange thing a human being is, that passes beyond all boundaries lines ff. I could add more examples of this kind by the dozen, and your memories will supply others. Tragedy seems always to involve testing or finding the limits of what is human. This is no mere orgy of strong feeling, but a highly focussed way of bringing our powers to bear on the image of what is human as such. I suggest that Aristotle is right in saying that the powers which first of all bring this human image to sight for us are pity and fear. It is obvious that the authors in our examples are not just putting things in front of us to make us cry or shiver or gasp. The feelings they arouse are subordinated to another effect. Aristotle begins by saying that tragedy arouses pity and fear in such a way as to culminate in a cleansing of those passions, the famous catharsis. The word is used by Aristotle only the once, in his preliminary definition of tragedy. I think this is because its role is taken over later in the *Poetics* by another, more positive, word, but

the idea of catharsis is important in itself, and we should consider what it might mean. Tragic Catharsis First of all, the tragic catharsis might be a purgation. Fear can obviously be an insidious thing that undermines life and poisons it with anxiety. It would be good to flush this feeling from our systems, bring it into the open, and clear the air. This may explain the appeal of horror movies, that they redirect our fears toward something external, grotesque, and finally ridiculous, in order to puncture them. On the other hand, fear might have a secret allure, so that what we need to purge is the desire for the thrill that comes with fear. The horror movie also provides a safe way to indulge and satisfy the longing to feel afraid, and go home afterward satisfied; the desire is purged, temporarily, by being fed. Our souls are so many-headed that opposite satisfactions may be felt at the same time, but I think these two really are opposite. In the first sense of purgation, the horror movie is a kind of medicine that does its work and leaves the soul healthier, while in the second sense it is a potentially addictive drug. Either explanation may account for the popularity of these movies among teenagers, since fear is so much a fact of that time of life. For those of us who are older, the tear-jerker may have more appeal, offering a way to purge the regrets of our lives in a sentimental outpouring of pity. As with fear, this purgation too may be either medicinal or drug-like. This idea of purgation, in its various forms, is what we usually mean when we call something cathartic. People speak of watching football, or boxing, as a catharsis of violent urges, or call a shouting match with a friend a useful catharsis of buried resentment. This is a practical purpose that drama may also serve, but it has no particular connection with beauty or truth; to be good in this purgative way, a drama has no need to be good in any other way. No one would be tempted to confuse the feeling at the end of a horror movie with what Aristotle calls "the tragic pleasure," nor to call such a movie a tragedy. But the English word catharsis does not contain everything that is in the Greek word. Let us look at other things it might mean. Catharsis in Greek can mean purification.

Chapter 6 : An Unpoetic Sonnet - a poem by Iff Ur Abs - All Poetry

Guggenheim Fellow and poet Jane Hirshfield explains, "Poetry's work is the clarification and magnification of being." Here are some creativity exercises to help awaken your mind to poetic thinking, and to clarify and magnify your poetry writing.

The family, which consisted of nine children, lived in Brooklyn and Long Island in the s and s. Largely self-taught, he read voraciously, becoming acquainted with the works of Homer , Dante , Shakespeare , and the Bible. Whitman worked as a printer in New York City until a devastating fire in the printing district demolished the industry. In , at the age of seventeen, he began his career as teacher in the one-room school houses of Long Island. He continued to teach until , when he turned to journalism as a full-time career. He founded a weekly newspaper, Long-Islander, and later edited a number of Brooklyn and New York papers. It was in New Orleans that he experienced firsthand the viciousness of slavery in the slave markets of that city. On his return to Brooklyn in the fall of , he founded a "free soil" newspaper, the Brooklyn Freeman, and continued to develop the unique style of poetry that later so astonished Ralph Waldo Emerson. In , Whitman took out a copyright on the first edition of Leaves of Grass, which consisted of twelve untitled poems and a preface. He published the volume himself, and sent a copy to Emerson in July of . Whitman released a second edition of the book in , containing thirty-three poems, a letter from Emerson praising the first edition, and a long open letter by Whitman in response. During his lifetime, Whitman continued to refine the volume, publishing several more editions of the book. Noted Whitman scholar, M. Thematically and poetically, the notion dominates the three major poems of . He worked as a freelance journalist and visited the wounded at New York City's area hospitals. He then traveled to Washington, D. Overcome by the suffering of the many wounded in Washington, Whitman decided to stay and work in the hospitals and stayed in the city for eleven years. He took a job as a clerk for the Department of the Interior, which ended when the Secretary of the Interior, James Harlan, discovered that Whitman was the author of Leaves of Grass, which Harlan found offensive. Harlan fired the poet. Whitman struggled to support himself through most of his life. He had also been sending money to his widowed mother and an invalid brother. From time to time writers both in the states and in England sent him "purses" of money so that he could get by. However, after suffering a stroke, Whitman found it impossible to return to Washington. He stayed with his brother until the publication of Leaves of Grass James R. Osgood gave Whitman enough money to buy a home in Camden. In the simple two-story clapboard house, Whitman spent his declining years working on additions and revisions to a new edition of the book and preparing his final volume of poems and prose, Good-Bye, My Fancy David McKay, After his death on March 26, , Whitman was buried in a tomb he designed and had built on a lot in Harleigh Cemetery. Osgood, Passage to India J. Redfield, Leaves of Grass J. Redfield, Leaves of Grass William E. Chapin, Drum Taps William E.

Chapter 7 : Best Unpoetic Poems

Poetry isn't just a rhyme It is making art, line by line. The power of words are deteriorating While the national debt is inflating. Why do we sit around and be lazy While the glasses on our leaders eyes are hazy.

Features Seychelles, an island known for its natural environment and exemplary green conservation stance, is also home to a small group of poets, who write more about life and the living environment than nature. Peter Pierre-Louis, himself a poet, provides an insight to the modern day Seychellois poets. Contemporary Seychellois poetry is evolving slowly but progressing in a positive direction as new poets emerge and expand the horizons of poetry in the Seychellois Kreol Language. In the National Arts Council created the Poetry Workshop in order to help poets acquire some experience of contemporary developments in poetry which has made many poets move away from classic English poetry and explore issues that are more relevant to their lives and times. A policewoman by profession, Helda is a prolific poet who has been writing poetry for many years. Marie Clarisse has only published her poems in newspapers and magazines to date, although she has already won two poetry prizes for her work. This is not unusual in Seychelles because there are limited publishing opportunities for poets. Her poems can be both lucid as well as obscure, depending on the issues being addressed, which often relate to the concerns of women in contemporary Seychelles. A counsellor by profession, Stephanie has sourced her own encounters with the problems of young adults to create a highly commendable book which sheds light on an issue that most poets would consider unpoetic. Yet, her stark poems, written in very sharp clear images, continue to linger long afterwards in the mind of the reader. This characteristic of Stephanie, whose poems are very restrained and minimalist in style, contrasts with that of her more colourful fellow poets of the current generation. Stephanie is well-known for reciting her poems in many arts events, both in Seychelles and in the region. Georgette Larue is one of the most prolific poets in this group of contemporary Seychellois poets. Her poems are often opaque, even if they deal with themes of family, youth, people, and social relationships observed with a sharp eye and a somewhat reflective and analytical turn of mind. Colbert Nourrice, who is a visual artist as well as a poet, has been interested in poetry from his early years. He joined the poetry workshop at the National Arts Council to become one of the most important poets in the new generation of Seychellois poets. His poems are issuebased and he often writes about social and historical problems from the perspective of someone who has experienced problems which have affected him deeply. Colbert teaches art at the International School and is also a keen saxophonist. Both these poets are actually making poetry an instrument of social change and are also very positive in the way they write about negatives without inciting any similar response from the reader. Their poems make the reader reflect and act in a way to defend rather than contradict the facts, which is the way to look at issuebased poetry that is now emerging in Seychelles. Jude Ally, another poet from the poetry workshop, is a somewhat fiery poet in spite of his quiet demeanor. His poems reference issues from an oblique angle, and he often sees people unlike the way they perceive themselves.

Chapter 8 : Poets in Paradise: The Modern Day Seychellois Poets | International Magazine Kreol

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Chapter 9 : 'Poet' poems - Hello Poetry

Making Poetry. Anne Stevenson a wordlife running from mind to mind one of those haunted, undefendable, unpoetic crosses we have to find. from Poems