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The Obfuscated Poem

The poem may have to mean nothing for a while or reflect in its meaning just the image of meaning. As a method of learning how to write, the obfuscated poem must still cover to hide a real energy in training. The obfuscated poem leads nowhere on its own, it is a study, it is occasionally a political nothingness text, it is an experiment conducted by a

person (who may have something to hide). There's something that isn't learned or even known yet. The best obfuscation bewilders old meanings while reflecting or imitating or creating a structure of a beauty that we know. So something can be perceived and it's that. This is the talent of the poet who is studying to learn and who feels or thinks a certain way today. Under an influence, swayed or swaying, obfuscation could become a profession or addiction (there is always the danger of making a statement). Then at best hints of great illumination in the medium mix with now erudite structure which betrays an inimitable synchronicity with the workings of the mind and its psychology.

Abdication of feeling in life or in the mind creates a liverish potential for dead issues.

The idea that real change—and its consequent repellent revolution where your best friend's suddenly the prison warden in the rigid stumbling of professional belief—is not at the heart of experiment in which lies the chance for liberation, is the kind of scam where you might find the book you are reading grabbed from your hands.

Your new friends say structure is complex but we must leave out a part of everything not to see what happens like we used to think but to just not see. Therefore you've committed a felony.

Like a vogue for resuscitation abdication of feeling makes the scene of the dying man protected from the doctor by the experimenting crowd.

To change without belief is anarchistic as instinct pricks from the Latin (stinguere), no law but that the absence of law is the resistance of love instinct with tact like the expression of this thought.

Poetry's not a business; it was not her business or his to remake the world.

Holding to a course with the forbidden sublime, love of beauty originally obfuscates or sublimates to refine what is unclear to be unscrambled later from its perception of perfection by that continuing. Which is to change the world. As it does which is why, nothing individually lost, there's a difference to be told.