



* On Poetic Conceptions *

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Psycho-Logos Verse

Telling It Like It Is However It May Be

To tell the truth
there are rules for what is, is not
what is real and believable
Honestly, though, there is telling
that attempts to do so truthfully
refusing judgment on what appears to be
that known by feeling which is
after all, as real as it gets

Telling It like It is
In here
even tells how it is Out There comes to be
experienced
in the only place where anything is known
this embodied minding that makes its own
psyche logical way of being

If we, you and you and I, are to agree
on what is Out There
Will we not have to begin by telling It
like it is In Here?
For, if how it seems to me is not real
any agreement upon social reality becomes

a fiction of convention—however empirically accurate

That one over riding rule
That standard for all
That basis for unity
can have little relation to how each psyche knows
and be derived from how one or only a few
tell it like it Ought to Be

No matter how ordinary it is to know it
in one's own particular way
it is never normal to contradict
how the social order claims
it is supposed to be
Thus Is and Ought can rarely meet
save as one over the other

Keep your aberrations to your self
lest the fantasy of self-consistency be challenged
and the horror of not knowing how to know —
except by telling it how it is
however it may be—
come into play

I, I, I . . .

Who knows better than I
where I begin and where leave off
what I think, what I want, what I do
I am that I am—that that knows itself
I am the master of this house
I am endowed with unalienable human rights
to be as I am

And then, and yet, even so
there is that which comes unbidden
arriving, if you will, as if from
behind, within, below, some
Stranger, intruder, usurper
turning these thoughts, this hand, and heart

in ways I do not decree, unexpectedly
speaking one way then suddenly an other

There are habits I cannot break
as if I were possessed by demons
Feelings arising I abhor
I am not these foreign thoughts
unintended deeds
Perhaps it is the treachery of
Other Persons
longing to possess my liberty

And yet, even so, one way or another I am not
That which speaks out
From both sides of one mouth
I am not that I
Nor would I ever be
Unless I am what no single person is
Some strange miss/matched mutant, grafted Frankenstein
An I, I, I that is not its self and so
I of Not-I's that negate any singular self
one that is not one
self composed of un-fitting parts
Animated by different hearts
push-me-pull-you that precipitates its being
by participating in its conflicts
moved by movers more than one
An entity whose self-knowing is never done
but negated negates its self-negation
as the I that is not yet is Not-I
endlessly becoming
the Not-Not-I that is me too

Splitting the Difference **Beauty and Beast**

Good Guys and Bad Guys
Black and White altaries

Stretching the self-same struggles
into wars of Right and Wrong
the Pure against the Contaminated
the Beautiful over the Ugly
Body against Mind
Civil wars of psychic territories
propriety has parted
Splitting the difference that makes one
a human being human
enough to stand beside itself

What fantasies are composed
by these declarations of disparity
channels diked by fears, denial, naiveté
parting the sea of a total soul?
Whole other worlds emerge
Magic spells come into being just to be
timeless place where the sundered parts
meet to court the truncated self of passed judgment
still slashing in all its beastly fury of fearing
the undivided beauties
of its own exquisitely complicated beasts

Dying to Live
Living just the same

Oh, what I would give
what lengths go to
to get what I desire
be as this self aspires
If only I were not
the way that I am

And I would, if I could
be as meant to be
Though then, would I no longer be
who I am?

If I could just reform these habits

do more of this and less of that
start saying it like it is
stop doing as I am told

What thunderbolt is called for
What catalyst to bring the inner forth?
There must be ways to make this form
conform better to itself

Surely it wouldn't kill me
to stop being as I have
though I admit I fear a consequence
of dying just to live
Perhaps it is better to go on
living just the same

Madness has Its Reasons

Carried away
Nattering gibberish
Babbling brooks of psychic springs
Beset by persecuting conspiracies
Beside one's self with being beside one's self
Shadow boxing the others In There
in the light of some short circuit
blaze of blown fuses that might mediate
the fantastic differences within
Blasting the plurality of unity into
polarities of double binding angst
about having to be one way or the other
yet both at the same time—or, at least
so one understands one has been told

Bound to such impossible partitions
felt as the pushing pull of contending winds
imposing from without
the storm rises within
mutiny of a fractured crew
become a terrifying remainder
loose cannons on the deck of a self swamping ship

whose chaos appears as counter balance
to any who feel the terror in which
it all began

Madness has its reasons
strategies and plans
There is no lack of justifying
in a justly fragmented mind
so tossed and turned
compartments springing leaks, contents gone astray
that the order re-imposed is all to compensate
its ratios calculated to keep the impossible
expectations of Right Ways that contradict
reasonably entangled by deception and delay

Self at war with self will tend
the world of others thusly too
when even the familiar are unfitting
arising as if spirits of the living dead
from psychic grounds where too much
compressed contrast has been interred
to sit quietly in one head

What cannot be named without
pain of hauntings past
living still within
or faced by knowing broken wholeness
as an "I" that is and is not
chaos of fear and flight
turning about its centering fright
holding itself in that horrified gyre so tight
might be said in sidelong signs
muffled in meandering mumbles
or faced as the face of others
whose intentions become one's own
self-decimating acts
meant to deflect the blow
that now comes most directly
from within

The prospect of being conflict

that makes its own despair
and so a self Sundered or postured out of air
can drive logic to extremes
Madness has its reasons
and these are saner than they seem
Many in high places, many powerful and strong
are crazed in such a manner
though because they play the game of good intentions
they are not to be judged wrong
In so far as they rant well for others
or of how It Is Supposed To Be
they cannot possibly be mad
if they are saving you and me
from what our own unreason reasons
must be avoided at all costs
though that costs our very lives
and those of countless others

And yet, only those whose reasonable unreason
sheds the cloaking of propriety
are dealt with as dangerously unreasonable
though their logics are much the same
as those who conform intentions to the collective
versions of denial and self-deception
that are properly insane
being, that is, both madneses that having reasons
whose rationales are made of reactions
to the doubled bindings of impossibly opposed
demands

Acting It Out There

All the world's a stage
We but players on it
Or so it has been said
What parts then, and how many
must each of us enact?

Who writes, casts, directs
what gets acted out, between

there in the world beyond
each personable self?

Some roles come from the social script
some from the fears of same
Some are written in the blood
of psyche's imaginary vein

All together make the play
all selves project on one another
And thereby, if they could but act aside
as audience to the telling tale
each might see made visible
that of which they are so variously made

No fretful strutting
no costumed drama badly done
no acting out the rolls of roles
So no seeing in
No making visible the hidden
unfolding the repressed
No making fools of selves who think
they are better than the rest
No finding long lost loves
treasures stolen, vows forgot
nor sorrows laid to rest

Without that acting out
the mortal coil is blindly tread
the "I" cannot find its range
from which to behold its self
the Other must go unengaged
by the reticence to go too far
making gestures of which we are not sure
nor understand just what they mean

Devil's Advocate
Pied Piper of the Repressed

Too much

More than one can handle
That which is beyond the pale
of social proprieties
must be disposed, beyond, below
Placed in places out of the way
of ordinary civility

Seemingly confined by bonds of approbation
the prisoners of Right and Wrong suffer
dissociations in denial
Small wonder, if wonder still
those exiles of the interior
begin to play upon their bars a tune
no human jailer can at last resist

Such siren's song of the inferior enflames
desire for that cut off
Sooner or later the most pious man
becomes the devil's advocate
So the preacher leads the flock astray
the hero goes too far
and revolution wins the day
turning right order on its head
Such is the kind of pay
the repressed will demand
if it remains un-incorporated

It's a Jungle In Here **The Good, The Bad, and The Actual**

A dangerous place
where forces of nature hold sway
and the ecology of spirits supports predators
as implacable as giant cats, insidious as microbes
great and small hidden in the undergrowth
of developmental vines
More frightening still the thought
that in such a wild place there can be
neither good nor bad
but only the actual actors

whose motives are all equal
and only all together
make the realm of a being's being
where trauma turns the wheel
raising what's below
over and under, round and round

The desire to understand how we are
turned inward, toward this psyche logical ecology
trembles in its facing back from where it arrives
That outward looking becomes the dark adapted "I"
its penchant for light challenged by the immaterial things
ghostly spirits of the mind
interminable recesses of desire
accessible only to the blind sight of
radically complicated abstractions
mirroring the natures of Nature

There dominant feed upon subordinate
yet are decomposed in turn by the smallest of all
tyrants of consciousness undone by
tiny details of character and contradiction
turning points around which whole personalities pivot
The fearful and despairing rule
The determined deflate
The well-intended wreak havoc
And the vicious save the day

It is a jungle of living relations
within as without
An actually earthly realm, for all its heavenly aspirations
beyond conception to the tame minding
of Top over Bottom
either Right or Wrong

Relating to Each Other
As the Others of One's Self

How do I know you?
As you appear?
How can I trust what you say
is as you are?

Might you not be pretending
could you be insincere
or coming both from here and there
going you know not where?

Perhaps you do not know your self
and act from motives undeclared
Perhaps you are like me and not
all of a single mind
Perhaps you are a stranger inside
as is this self I claim as mine

How then are such as we to meet
in relation to each other
if every other is other to itself?
Could there ever be trust between
those who cannot trust their own unity?

If I were you and you were me
the question would remain
of how to relate when we are differently the same
Let us turn then together toward
these others of each other
I will look for yours if you
will look for mine
Perhaps you can show me I have more
with which to relate than I tend to have
in mind

The Immaterial “I”

What sensational claims
this notion of one self
imposes upon the many ways of conceiving

worlds to which this body gives a birth

What is this me
that assumes to know
who "I" am?
A ghost in the machine
an enduring habit
a pattern of ordering
contingent orientation to past events
real and imagined
aggregating a set of assumptions
dedicated to self-perpetuation
of a self that may not know
Its selves

I am not "I"
in the matter of this body
the many aspects of this person
with Its cacophony of voices, motives, notions
but an "I-ing"
a seeking ever to make order, sense, consistency
no matter how many contradictions and denials
It must repress

Can such a phenomenal spirit
accept Its own ethereal nature?
Could this "I" come to seek a self
both habitual and not
tend to an i-dentity
variously physical and psychological?

I would that "I" were
both This and That
These and Those
Neither One
nor The Other
and some things in between
But it is easier said than done
by that which reflexively counts its selves
as one

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