

Chapter 1 : the poetry of material things

Material Poems. Below are examples of poems about material. This list of poetry about material is made of PoetrySoup member poems. Read short, long, best, famous, and modern examples of material poetry. This list of works about material is a great resource for examples of material poems and show how.

Anarchist presses published an enormous quantity of verse—indeed, before they published more poetry than all other forms of creative writing put together. Perhaps in some hypothetical beginning of things it was the only way of using language or simply was language tout court, prose being the derivative and younger rival. Both poetry and language are fashionably thought to have belonged to ritual in early agricultural societies; and poetry in particular, it has been claimed, arose at first in the form of magical spells recited to ensure a good harvest. Whatever the truth of this hypothesis, it blurs a useful distinction: Formally, poetry is recognizable by its greater dependence on at least one more parameter, the line, than appears in prose composition. That is a minimal definition but perhaps not altogether uninformative. It may be all that ought to be attempted in the way of a definition: Poetry is the way it is because it looks that way, and it looks that way because it sounds that way and vice versa. That is, if an individual asks for a definition of poetry, it will most certainly not be the case that he has never seen one of the objects called poems that are said to embody poetry; on the contrary, he is already tolerably certain what poetry in the main is, and his reason for wanting a definition is either that his certainty has been challenged by someone else or that he wants to take care of a possible or seeming exception to it: Sensible things have been said on the question. Eliot suggested that part of the difficulty lies in the fact that there is the technical term verse to go with the term poetry, while there is no equivalent technical term to distinguish the mechanical part of prose and make the relation symmetrical. American poet Robert Frost said shrewdly that poetry was what got left behind in translation, which suggests a criterion of almost scientific refinement: And yet to even so acute a definition the obvious exception is a startling and a formidable one: There may be a better way of putting the question by the simple test alluded to above. When people are presented with a series of passages drawn indifferently from poems and stories but all printed as prose, they will show a dominant inclination to identify everything they possibly can as prose. This will be true, surprisingly enough, even if the poem rhymes and will often be true even if the poem in its original typographical arrangement would have been familiar to them. The reason seems to be absurdly plain: It should be added that they make this distinction also without reading aloud; even in silence they confer upon a piece of poetry an attention that differs from what they give to prose in two ways especially: Major differences In place of further worrying over definitions, it may be both a relief and an illumination to exhibit certain plain and mighty differences between prose and poetry by a comparison. In the following passages a prose writer and a poet are talking about the same subject, growing older. Between the ages of 30 and 90, the weight of our muscles falls by 30 percent and the power we can exert likewise. The number of nerve fibres in a nerve trunk falls by a quarter. The weight of our brains falls from an average of 3. First, the cold friction of expiring sense Without enchantment, offering no promise But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit As body and soul begin to fall asunder. Second, the conscious impotence of rage At human folly, and the laceration Of laughter at what ceases to amuse. And last, the rending pain of re-enactment Of all that you have done, and been. Before objecting that a simple comparison cannot possibly cover all the possible ranges of poetry and prose compared, the reader should consider for a moment what differences are exhibited. The passages are oddly parallel, hence comparable, even in a formal sense; for both consist of the several items of a catalog under the general title of growing old. The significant differences are of tone, pace, and object of attention. If the prose passage interests itself in the neutral, material, measurable properties of the process, while the poetry interests itself in what the process will signify to someone going through it, that is not accidental but of the essence; if one reads the prose passage with an interest in being informed, noting the parallel constructions without being affected by them either in tone or in pace, while reading the poetry with a sense of considerable gravity and solemnity, that too is of the essence. The number of nerve fibres in a nerve trunk falls by a quarter As body and soul begin to fall asunder It should be specified here that the important differences exhibited by the

comparison belong to the present age. In each period, speaking for poetry in English at any rate, the dividing line will be seen to come at a different place. In Elizabethan times the diction of prose was much closer to that of poetry than it later became, and in the 18th century authors saw nothing strange about writing in couplets about subjects that later would automatically and compulsorily belong to prose—for example, horticulture, botany, even dentistry. Here is not the place for entering into a discussion of so rich a chapter in the history of ideas; but the changes involved in the relation of poetry and prose are vast, and the number of ways people can describe and view the world are powerfully influenced by developments in science and society. Poetic diction and experience Returning to the comparison, it is observable that though the diction of the poem is well within what could be commanded by a moderately well-educated speaker, it is at the same time well outside the range of terms in fact employed by such a speaker in daily occasions; it is a diction very conscious, as it were, of its power of choosing terms with an effect of peculiar precision and of combining the terms into phrases with the same effect of peculiar precision and also of combining sounds with the same effect of peculiar precision. I learnt from him, that Poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word. *Biographia Literaria*, chapter 1. It might be objected that this little verse is not of sufficient import and weight to serve as an exemplar for poetry. It ought to be remembered, though, that it has given people pleasure so that they continued to say it until and after it was written down, nearly two centuries ago. The verse has survived, and its survival has something to do with pleasure, with delight; and while it still lives, how many more imposing works of language—epic poems, books of science, philosophy, theology—have gone down, deservedly or not, into dust and silence. It has, obviously, a form, an arrangement of sounds in relation to thoughts that somehow makes its agreeable nonsense closed, complete, and decisive. But this somewhat muddled matter of form deserves a heading and an instance all to itself. Form in poetry People nowadays who speak of form in poetry almost always mean such externals as regular measure and rhyme, and most often they mean to get rid of these in favour of the freedom they suppose must follow upon the absence of form in this limited sense. But in fact a poem having only one form would be of doubtful interest even if it could exist. In this connection, the poet J. It was written by Rudyard Kipling—a great English poet somewhat sunken in reputation, probably on account of misinterpretations having to do more with his imputed politics than with his poetry—and its subject, one of a series of epitaphs for the dead of World War I, is a soldier shot by his comrades for cowardice in battle. I could not look on Death, which being known, Men led me to him, blindfold and alone. There is, second, the obvious external form of a single sentence balanced in four grammatical units with and in counterpoint with the metrical form. There is, fourth, the fictional form belonging to the epitaph, according to which the dead man is supposed to be saying the words himself. There is, fifth, especially poignant in this instance, the real form behind or within the fictional one, for the reader is aware that in reality it is not the dead man speaking, nor are his feelings the only ones the reader is receiving, but that the comrades who were forced to execute him may themselves have made up these two lines with their incalculably complex and exquisite balance of scorn, awe, guilt, and consideration even to tenderness for the dead soldier. There is, sixth, the metaphorical form, with its many resonances ranging from the tragic through the pathetic to irony and apology: In addition, there is, seventh, a linguistic or syntactical form, with at least a couple of tricks to it: It is not at all to be inferred that the poet composed his poem in the manner of the above laborious analysis of its strands. In this way, by the coincidence of forms that locks in the poem, one may see how to answer a question that often arises about poems: One may answer on the basis of the example and the inferences produced from it that a poem is not so much a thought as it is a mind: Doubtless a poem is a much simplified model for the mind. But it might still be one of the best models available. On this great theme, however, it will be best to proceed not by definition but by parable and interpretation. Page 1 of 2.

Chapter 2 : Material Poems | Examples of Material Poetry

In The Material of Poetry, Bruns considers the possibility that anything, under certain conditions, may be made to count as a poem. By spelling out such enabling conditions he gives us an engaging overview of some of the kinds of contemporary poetry that challenge our notions of what language is: sound poetry, visual or concrete poetry, and.

Quite obviously, however, her reasoning is serious. She refers to a kind of poetry that is neither honest nor sincere but that has found fashionable approval by virtue of its very obscurity. The last version, appearing in the Complete Poems of , is four lines long, having been cut from a poem of thirty-eight lines that appeared in the Selected Poems of and the Collected Poems of This longer version, in turn, grew out of the original thirteen lines printed in Observations. The last revision was, I think, a mistake. For one thing, the poem of four lines is so brief that it invites misinterpretation. The words "dislike" and "contempt" overshadow the idea that poetry has also a place for the genuine and, without knowing the earlier versions, a reader might very well feel confused. What poetry is she referring to? In this case the concision itself results in a kind of obscurity. The middle version is the one I like best. The thirteen lines in Observations are thin by comparison to the longer poem of The Observations version makes clear that Miss Moore is denigrating a particular kind of modern poetry in which intellectualization has led to incomprehensibility, but it does not, as the longer version does, seek to define what poetry ought to be. The longer version does this. The raw material for poetry abounds, it is everywhere, is anything, but it must be imaginatively grasped. Imagination proceeds from a deeper source than intellection. The "element" is genuine because it cannot be otherwise, its source mysterious, hidden under layers of the rational mind. Poetry, then, when it is genuine, is a collision of this private vision with the outside world. It is an imaginary garden full of real toads. This is thought that needs emphasis; I miss it in the four-line poem. Perhaps Miss Moore felt that she was following her own advice on compression. What we find valuable in style is "the principle that is hid. But in the final version of "Poetry" the virtue of compression has been carried too far. The hidden principle has been too well hidden. The Cage and the Animal. Joyce Moore used the poetic imagination to represent the transformative power of the arts over social tradition. Her original version of "Poetry," the one relegated to the "notes" section of her Complete Poems, presents not only her view of the operations of the imagination but that of twentieth-century American poets in general. Not only that, but the very fact that Moore reduced the overt presentation of this poem to a few lines in the body of this poetry collection illustrates her reluctance to admit her critique of the bourgeoisie and her reliance on the imagination to escape it. By introducing this poem with "I, too, dislike it," Moore acknowledges the inherent triviality of poetry; it fulfills no "practical" function and, therefore, has no apparent role in culture. Her ironic tone in this line, however, negates its surface meaning and reinforces her belief in the power of the imagination to find a place for poetry in establishing meaning in culture. Moore believes that physical. Moore wants poetry to function in the same way--rather than being so complex and difficult that it connects only to our intellect, it should stimulate us also through our physical senses. Human behavior is equally difficult to comprehend: Despite our lack of comprehension of "phenomena," we must confront them repeatedly, following that human instinct to investigate and describe. Even though abstract poetry is obscure, Moore poses, it is worth our attention because it is no more difficult to understand than anything else around us: But, Moore says, there are dull things that really are useless, such as bad poetry, and it is bad poetry that makes her think at first that she "dislikes" the genre entirely. The Yeats quotation is from his discussion of Blake in Ideas of Good and Evil, in which he describes Blake as a "too literal realist of imagination, as others are of nature. They must, in order to be able to write authentic poetry, create a world in their minds that appears to be real. This goal is, however, as Moore acknowledges, unattainable. As long as the poet maintains this effort honestly. The poet who can make use of this faculty without distortion will be true to the forces and transcendental qualities of the imagination. The imagination, then, works to divorce the poet from stifling conventions, while the abstraction that the imagination induces masks that very social defection. The ending of this poem, also reinforces the problem that Moore confronted in her work: Moore wants poetry to retain direct connections to her culture, to continue to be "genuine" i. But at the same time she cannot resist the

gentle undercutting of that culture through the abstraction brought on by the imaginary. The imaginary undermines bourgeois culture because it is no longer attached to the pragmatic; it is no longer materially useful. Yet, like the hair that rises for no practical purpose on the human nape, the imaginary seems to Moore to be one of those marvels of nature that should continue to exist merely to be understood. Even so, the imaginary, and its creation, the abstract, do have practical and political implications. From *Cultural Critique and Abstraction: Marianne Moore and the Avant-garde*. He is a very pretty poet. In it, "C" asks how it is that despite the artificial and commonplace matter in it, "The Anthology" still charms the student, the moralist, and the man of the world. The reasons are not far to seek. In the first place, no productions of the Greek genius conform more wholly to the Aristotelian canon that poetry should be an imitation of the universal. Few of the poems in the Anthology depict any ephemeral phase or fashion of opinion, like the Euphuism of the sixteenth century. All appeal to emotions which endure for all time, and which, it has been aptly said, are the true raw material of poetry. He goes on to explain that upon reading "The Anthology" the patriot will feel his blood stirred, the moralist will ponder the vanity of human wishes, and the man of the world will credit keen powers of observation. Elizabeth Gregory "Poetry" makes the case for attribution of authority to traditionally "secondary" texts in its insistence that "business documents and schoolbooks" may be poetry. Likewise, the term "literalist of the imagination" seems a fair description of a poet such as Moore who includes literal borrowings in her poems rather than borrowings of a more figurative, allusive sort. The argument of "Poetry" continues in the interplay between the poem and the notes. Moore provides notes to two borrowed phrases each transformed slightly. Both of these phrases come not from "secondary" sources but from attempts by established literary authorities Tolstoy and Yeats to define the field of poetry, and both Moore borrows in order to disagree. Moore employs this turnabout technique frequently. Her attempt in arguing with these authorities is to claim authority for the unauthoritative, a complex move with the principal intent of maneuvering Moore into a position of authority. In the same gesture, it subverts the possibility of authority of the old sort by removing its basis in stable, familiar orders and by redefining authority as flux. This is not merely a cynical move, nor is it unfamiliar; in fact the move has an authority of its own, which Moore points to obliquely via her footnote to Yeats on Blake. For Moore, as for Blake, established authority is by definition a fraud. As with money, the value of which is dependent on its circulation, in the model Moore presents here poetic authority maintains its cultural currency only when it too is in motion, from generation to generation, from poet to poet. Again, her refusal to rank kinds of poetic material applies by analogy to kinds of poets as well. And again, like Blake and Milton before him, Moore treads a fine line in struggling to open the gates to authority for herself through calling authority into question. The poem was well known and well liked, in all its subversive playfulness. But its argument created problems for its poet. For if it was "genuine" on first publication, once it became well known, by its own lights it lost some of its genuineness. For later publications, Moore revised the poem substantially and managed in so doing to disperse some of the familiarity. Finally Moore cut the poem to three lines, and printed one of the longer versions in the endnotes. The short version reads: Poetry I, too, dislike it. Reading, it, however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers in it, after all, a place for the genuine. Even as she demotes the longer version, she re-creates it as a kind of guarantor, with an authority based in priority, that can lend some of its weight to the newer, shorter version to which she appends it. At the same time, she creates a sense of alienation for the reader, who does not know how to take a poem exiled to the notes, and this unfamiliarity allows for though it does not ensure the prerequisite genuineness. From *Quotation and Modern American Poetry: Moore* pursues an explosive resolution "imaginary gardens with real toads in them" which she knows to be ideal, offering "in the meantime" a list of ordinary objects in a formal setting which are also images of pursuit. The genuine thus takes on a double meaning, as stimulus and as response. But underlying this complaint against excesses of form is a more inclusive picture of our fall from original immanence into absence and illusion. At the end of the poem truth speaks defiantly against ephemeral form, but the voice of truth can only be presented, in the poem, as an echo of the poet. The play of perceiver and perceived, buyer and seller, occurs on many levels of "When I Buy Pictures"--its lists, its epigrammatic phrases, and its status in relation to its theme. In fact Moore never really does define poetry or the genuine, but through the labyrinths of ambivalence and ambiguity,

skeptical restraints and imaginative leaps, she presents her conception of their relationship. She posits an ideal in which the genuine is absorbed into form, reference into poem, the real into the imaginary. In the meantime poetry turns out to be a magic trick that does not quite succeed, but which absorbs us in its dazzling sleight-of-hand, in which we think we glimpse the genuine before it turns into the poet once again. Our initial question in reading "Poetry" is one of reference: "There are things that are important beyond all this fiddle"? Clearly "it" is poetry--but why does Moore avoid the noun? While she "dislikes" it at the beginning of the poem, by the end she has made it a distant ideal. Syntactically "this fiddle" could stand either in apposition to "poetry" in the generic sense or as a reference to the immediate poetic activity. Naturally both the general and the particular are complicated in this poem in which the speaker refuses to stand in one place, moving from "I, too" to the impersonal "one" in a defensive defense of poetry. We discover that there are three poetries referred to here: The problem is to separate them. Before we have even begun to consider this ambiguity others have arisen. The ambiguity of reference is related to the ambivalence of the poem, which declares, at the outset, a dislike of "it" but immediately begins to retract. Or is it erased by the discovery?

Chapter 3 : 'Material' poems - Hello Poetry

The material of poetry: sketches for a philosophical poetics. [Gerald L Bruns] -- "Poetry's sense and meaning can hide in the spaces in which it is written and read, says Gerald L. Bruns, and so he urges us to become anthropologists, to go afield in poetry's social, historical.

Rome had become his home since , when he moved there and enrolled in the Accademia di Belle Arti, after not having passed the exams at the Athens School of Fine Arts. But his ties with Greece were never really severed, as evident in his work, which pays homage to archetypal human values, via the most humble materials, but also takes inspiration from ancient Greek drama. Despite his minimalist aesthetic, and use of materials often connected with heavy industries, the dramatic nature of his installations pervades. Kounellis was born in Piraeus, As a child in Greece he experienced the Second World War, and the destructive Greek Civil War that followed, had a direct impact on him. Kounellis left in for Rome, and it took him over two decades before he returned to Greece in , to exhibit at the Jean and Karen Bernier Gallery. Although he had not been admitted to the Athens School of Fine Arts, in the school bestowed him the title of honorary professor. It seems that destiny had it so that as a student, Kounellis would have the opportunity to study the paintings of the Italian Renaissance in the cities of Florence, Rome and Venice. The Renaissance appealed to him all the more, because in it he could see Greek art and culture – the soil from which the Renaissance had taken root. Although his first works were paintings, and he always referred to himself as a painter, it was the Italian avant-garde scene that appealed to him most, and with which he developed close ties. Wood, cotton, coal, burlap sacks, ropes, iron beams and panels, black sheets, old shoes and coats, horses, fire, people, piles of reading glasses, stones, broken up plaster casts of heads from classical sculptures – these were some of his most used materials. At the Venice biennale alone, he participated 6 times. In there, he presented his installation with the 12 live horses, which was also shown in New York, but which had been shown firstly in Rome. He is an artist who chartered art into new territory, creating a new form of visual poetry in the process. It was like two different worlds had collided and were trying to coexist. But the mansion was in mourning: Dark old coats were hung from meat hooks, as if they were carcasses ready for market. It is interesting that Ai Weiwei last year did totally the opposite in this same room, when he counterbalanced that grand chandelier with a chandelier-inspired work of his own fabrication, referencing the Chinese bourgeoisie in the process. Kounellis also explained that all spaces are suited for art – from an old factory to a church. The image of the cross, either on its side, or upside down, has also recurred in this work.

Chapter 4 : Poetry Poem by Marianne Moore - Poem Hunter

the raw material of poetry in all its rawness, and that which is on the other hand, genuine, then you are interested in poetry. From Others for An Anthology of.

Chapter 5 : The Material of Poetry: Sketches for a Philosophical Poetics by Gerald L. Bruns

thepoetryofmaterialthings. the poetry of material things. back to Task follow on instagram.

Chapter 6 : Kounellis: The poetry in poor materials | Art Scene Athens

A great discussion on the poetry no one has time to read including Sound poetry, concrete poetry, language poetry, and thought poetry. Great thoughts and sometimes a confusion presentation, but in the end a great defense of avante-garde poetry.

Chapter 7 : What is definition of poetry according to Marianne Moore's poem "Poetry"? | eNotes

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"The Material of Poetry" is no description of the contemporary poetry scene, by a critic or even by a philosopher. it is a primer in meditation and changing one's orientation to what it is that makes sense of what occurs by someone who loves what these obscure thinkers, philosophers, artists, poets, linguists are attempting to make happen in.

Chapter 8 : poetry | Definition, Types, Terms, Examples, & Facts | blog.quintoapp.com

Read the excerpt from "Poetry." In the meantime, if you demand on the one hand, the raw material of poetry in all its rawness and that which is on the other hand.

Chapter 9 : Raw material | Define Raw material at blog.quintoapp.com

(2/26/ AM) if you demand on the one hand, the raw material of poetry in all its rawness and that which is on the other hand genuine, you are interested in poetry.