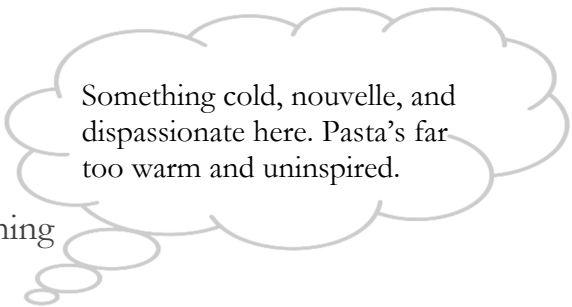


Ars Poetica

*"I have often noticed that these things, which obsess me,
neither bother nor impress other people even slightly..."*

Annie Dillard, Pilgrim at Tinker Creek

I begin to understand why poets
write an Ars Poetica—there is no
one to talk to. No one is as crazy-
obsessed with words and meaning, distilling
meaning, finding the exact—or ~~closest~~ nearest
to exact—thing you mean to say, in just
the perfect—or as near to perfect as
you can make it after thirty drafts—word
for this line, which is a bit different
than the scheme (And how does that work? Charming
variety, or ~~stupid~~, annoying nonsense ~~discord~~?)
Companions gawp at you over their plates
of pasta when you begin a fervent
sermon on the etymological
bond between “chord,” “accord,” and “discord” (same root, isn’t it wonderful?).
Where can you
fill your ~~craving hunger yearning~~ longing for others as consumed,
but with other poets and writers, obsessed readers,
or undergraduate literature students,
the poor things?



Something cold, nouvelle, and
dispassionate here. Pasta's far
too warm and uninspired.