

Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 02 Jun 2011 08:22

Roll over, Blake!

This thread is for anyone looking for a place to share relevant and appropriate poetry. Writing has helped me to frame difficult subjects **to myself**. Post your own here!

This is the first and last time I wrote a sonnet. The style was experimental for me, and as poetry, it stinks. The content, though, is from the first time I realized that I have an addiction, and so I have kept it, unedited. It is about 6-7 years old.

Kitchen Door at Night

I feed him almost every time he comes,
Which is each night, his paws against my door -
He begs and howls, plays garbage cans like drums
So I'll give in, like every night before.
The door I unlatch, without care or thought -
My hand decides all of its own accord
And if I feed him, peace of mind is bought,
Yet if I don't, he'll howl and sow discord.
So now I lay a lavish spread each night
Without a mind for any long-term cost,
For in this way I shall not have to fight -

Rather give in, when either way I've lost.

I'm gracious not from heart or mind, but still

He seems to always manifest his will.

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by Yosef Hatzadik - 02 Jun 2011 21:37

Our hidden talents, the addiction did squelch, :-X

as we move into Recovery, they emerge with a belch. :o

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 02 Jun 2011 21:38

[ZemirosShabbos wrote on 02 Jun 2011 21:29:](#)

as springs that bubble up from deep below

our feelings and thoughts to ourselves we show

to understand measure and decipher

...for uncoding our attitude

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That's precisely how I see it
Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by ur-a-jew - 02 Jun 2011 22:20

[TheJester wrote on 02 Jun 2011 21:30:](#)

I decided to post this one here, and remove it from my "who am I" thread.

At one point, I was disgusted at myself, not just for what I was doing to myself, but to everyone involved with me - the people with whom I was acting out, and those who were most affected. It was quite a realization, and I wrote this to myself, challenging myself to be honest about what I was actually doing.

The self-loathing might not have been the healthiest, but this is how I tried to force myself to see what I was really doing. I start with the emptiness, and then mirror that with the damage and loss.

Jester jester

I must protester

A good poem is like a good artistry

What is seen is a matter of relativity

With all the mise-en-sc?ne

Out goes our imagination

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by laagvokeles - 02 Jun 2011 22:38

jester

u are the master

you can be even ????

laag vokeles from hes yetzer

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 02 Jun 2011 22:39

[ur-a-jew wrote on 02 Jun 2011 22:20:](#)

What is seen is a matter of relativity

With all the mise-en-sc?ne

Out goes our imagination

I considered this, you know. I've never put the spoilers in like this before. I accept that it can detract from the pleasure, but...

I decided on the comments anyway - I thought I would post about how the poetry helped me to

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 02 Jun 2011 22:43

see, not how it is just "a piece of artistry" - I have plenty of those, too
[laagvokeles wrote on 02 Jun 2011 22:38:](#)

jester

u are the master

you can be even ????

laag vokeles from hes yetzer

Now, now... This is not fair to you, having it all in English.

I challenge you to write something that reflects **you** in the language in which you feel most comfortable.

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by laagvokeles - 02 Jun 2011 22:44

why do u think this writting can be helpful?

its deffnetly a talent, but why would it help me?

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 02 Jun 2011 22:46

[laagvokeles wrote on 02 Jun 2011 22:44:](#)

why do u think this writting can be helpful?

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by laagvokeles - 02 Jun 2011 22:57

gggggg your hard to crack

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 03 Jun 2011 08:48

[laagvokeles wrote on 02 Jun 2011 22:57:](#)

gggggg your hard to crack

Nevertheless, you asked a good question. You have been kind enough to answer mine, and it is not fair for me to give a flippant answer like that. I apologize.

Writing (art generally, but writing whether or not it is "art") is interesting for many reasons:

- It is an expression of the author
- It is the expression of the author at a particular time, and in a particular state - it will not change, although you might
- It carries all sorts of "body language" that is unintended
- It puts you a little "outside" of yourself - you can read something you wrote a week ago, and pick it apart like you could pick someone else apart, and this is very, very hard to do inside your head
- Linked to the previous point, it is an expression that is external to you
- We think differently when we write - this can be valuable for seeing another perspective
- We can refine what we write, and add without losing what there before

Reading what you write can show you things about yourself that you would not see otherwise. Just writing can help to express thoughts that are complex or difficult to face. Writing poetry helps me specifically in a few ways:

- Concentrating on the style, I can "let go" of other barriers and write without thinking
- I can think about what I want to write without the barriers of form, convention, grammar and logic (this is important in my case)
- I can "hint" at things that I do not want to say outright. It's a step, or bridge to the truth for me. It is difficult for many people to say "I am a liar, I am a cheat - I have betrayed my family" - it was

hard for me to swallow. Writing it in the third person, or in a roundabout way was a step for me.

Would writing help you? I have no idea. I didn't say it would.

You wrote a short and witty piece; I merely challenged you to write something a little more "you", in your own language, where it might express you better. Not for you, necessarily, but because I am interested in what people write.

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 03 Jun 2011 10:05

Moved from my forum - it really belongs here. Or perhaps it doesn't.

Dear G-d, From a Very Far Place

You know, G-d,

You're very big.

Like, huge kinda big.

But I can see you.

Those who nurse in your bosom?

Well, they can see your chest, I guess.

It took us 5000 years to prove the Earth is round -

After all, we walk on it. We're close to it.

I? I'm far from you. So far, my G-d.

I can see you.

I can see you better.

Can you see me?

I am nor your prophet,

Nor your poet,

Nor his son.

Nor your priest, nor your prince.

I am your speck,

Your grain,

Your fluff.

Your son.

I don't ask where you are - I see you.

I see your shadow, your hand, your shape in my heart where you should be,

Your eye, your heart and your will.

But I?

I am far, my G-d.

And this thing is very close indeed to me,

This knowledge,

This vision.

But I am far from you.

* * *

You asked me to walk to you.

I don't want to walk to you.

Well. I do.

But I walk away, around, over and under.

I am walking to you. Slowly. I cannot not.

But I can't walk to you. I'm busy.

I'm busy with all the things you told me not to do.

I know what not to do - I do what not to do.

It's easy. Easier.

Can you comprehend distance from you?

Have you ever been distant from yourself?

Some people say you have, but even I don't believe them.

Why would you do that? I wouldn't, were I you.

Silly people.

But some people far away with me think that.

I don't blame them - they're too far to see you properly.

Did you make us walk here, so far, or was it us?

* * *

When I run from you, you run beside me.

When I crawl from you, you lay grass beneath my knees.

When I lie broken, you trickle water into my mouth.

Why can I not run where you can't help me?

Why are you always here?

I am further from you, now.

And so I can see you better.

I know what you are.

* * *

I don't feel you as much as

I feel your absence.

I have a special place for your absence, my G-d.

It's in the pit of my stomach, against my spine and my navel.

When I feel its hollow shape, I curl around it.

Do you curl around my hollow shape?

Do you curl around all the hollow shapes of me and my friends?

I think you curl a lot.

Do you hurt as much as we do?

I think you do.

Any father would.

Do we even hurt in comparison?

Your capacity for hurt must be infinite, but ours is limited.

Please remember that.

Can you feel dirty like I do?

I don't think you can. What is dirt to you?

But dirt clings to us. I'm caked in it.

Do you feel pity when I look at you with a muddy face,

Or scorn?

Does knowing I could clean it make it worse?

Does knowing that I know I'm dirty make it worse?

Do you even notice?

I know you do.

I even feel you do.

I just don't feel it.

* * *

I don't cry for you, my G-d.

I'm too far away.

Do tears really wash us?

Perhaps tears leave streaks in our muddied faces,

Allowing more grime to stick.

Do you wash us?

Even when we don't ascend to your washroom,

When we thrash against the soap,

Curse you as you sting our eyes,

Are we washed?

We still feel dirty.

Some of us are scared of the water.

Well, we're not scared - we even enjoy it.

We just avoid it.

You know.

Because we do.

We're very far, you see.

* * *

My G-d, please.

Don't answer me.

I ask because I need to ask.

But your answer would make me cry, whatever you say.

I don't want to cry.

Just leave me curled in the ditch of the field of my dreams,

Far from you, so far from you.

Here, I'm safe.

Feeling might hurt too much.

I'm scared and alone.

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by laagvokeles - 03 Jun 2011 11:59

man, i only do this things when i give a present to someone...

i prefer a movie, or talking to u...

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by Yosef Hatzadik - 16 Jun 2011 21:28

[Shteeble wrote on 15 Jun 2011 00:25:](#)

fehl shmehl ring a bell?

You make us kvehl. No need to yell.

May we all be zoicheh to continue to shteig, and never see the one rhyming word I left out.

:O

Tamshich Trucking Soldier!

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Re: Poems of Experience

Posted by TheJester - 18 Jul 2011 13:43

It highlights
the difference between one who is willing to give of oneself for others, or one who wants to use
others for oneself. Note that clay is pliable, and that pebbles are unyielding...

The Clod and the Pebble

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair."

So sung a little Clod of Clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a Pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite."

-William Blake

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