

Correcciones

vol. 3

a poem

:

the poem doesn't exist



Querido Felipe, ante tu propuesta de corregir un poema inexistente, te envié un poema visual, que tenía entre otras cosas hacerse cargo de la premisa que el poema no existe. Incluir correcciones antes un poema que no existe se tornaba para mí una tarea imposible, pues esas correcciones terminarían siendo el poema, por tanto la premisa se vería arrasada en su naturaleza. Por esto el signo matemático del poema visual que te envié y por eso además su franja roja que sería una “corrección” sin afectar su no existencia.

Pero dado que hubo otro mail, donde señalas que se trata de imaginar un poema que no existe y corregirlo, la situación me lleva a forzar una respuesta, pues sigo pensando que la mejor respuesta posible para mí fue el poema visual.

Van mis reflexiones:

Parafraseando a Gonzalo Rojas, ¿Qué se corrige cuándo se corrige? ¿Se busca el tema de la calidad del poema? Y si es así ¿dónde radica? ¿Cuáles son estos criterios? Es ahí dónde entramos en un terreno que dibuja varias escuelas desde las más añosas *Cuando el adjetivo no da vida mata* hasta todo el tema del montaje y sus diversas dinámicas. De lo único que podría estar seguro es que el poema o la poesía no la corrijo con espíritu de hacer un producto verbal superior, una especie de habla de los especializados sino más bien apuntar al proceso que tiende hacia un objeto inacabado que no clausura o da por definido algo si no todo lo contrario. Quizás desde ahí puedan saltar algunas contradicciones. Ya no sería la jerarquía de la imagen sino el desenfoque, puesta en escena y textura.

Ya no sería quebrar y atormentar el lenguaje para mostrar la historia de una disputa política y de la realidad. No creo en el exceso verbal y su proliferación desbordada y tampoco creo en el lenguaje privado, visto como lo desprovisto y despojado. Ninguna de esas fórmulas calzan como malla única a la hora de aplicar criterios de corrección. Tampoco descarto la oralidad como creación sintáctica, ni la poesía visiva, el video o la sonoridad. Cada uno de esos aspectos son una constelación, donde podemos reducirlo a cómo se escucha y cómo se ve: la percepción. Y eso indudablemente está bajo un concepto, una idea que articula o echa andar estos dispositivos.

¿Cuál es la mejor corrección ante un poema que no existe? Obviamente es no decir nada. Pero si saltamos ese paso y me aventuro sería el poema visual enviado y mi tercera respuesta sería estas ideas acerca de la corrección.

La palabra corrección me molesta, es partir de la base que algo está mal y como diría Lacan hay algo que *falta*. Tal vez debería escribir un texto en contra de la

corrección en contra de ese lugar común, pienso en la Retórica de Aristóteles *como formas lógicas y lingüísticas de valor general*. Los lugares comunes como los principios básicos de la vida y la mente. La corrección sería el lugar donde se echa andar una idea de que es la poesía y se institucionaliza en los premios y reconocimientos donde se valida socialmente esa fórmula. Sería como una manera de profesionalizar el oficio. No sería tan estrafalario pensar a la corrección como una máquina donde los poetas más o menos se adaptan por medio de su lenguaje a una esfera pública. Estos trabajadores del lenguaje tendrían mayor o menor éxito público en la medida que esa corrección pase inevitablemente por la institucionalidad cultural, es decir, serían corregidos políticamente.

Una vez más la pregunta, entonces: ¿qué corrijo cuándo corrijo un poema? Principalmente lo corrijo de su banalidad y lo empujo hacia que sea inquietante en su materialidad ¿Y cómo? Todas las formas de luchas son posibles.

El poeta Felipe Cussen me invitó a mejorar un poema mediante correcciones, supresiones, etc, pero el poema no existe.

Yo no tengo nada que corregir, suprimir ni mejorar. Yo ni nadie. Felipe Cussen es EL poeta mayor porque creó el poema perfecto. Pero para entender por qué digo esto, tengo que explicar algunas cosas antes, cosas como por ejemplo: el origen del arte y su desarrollo hasta nuestros días. Pero eso es muy largo y además no sé mucho, así que voy a resumir la idea con un poema malo que Felipe Cussen debería corregir (él puede hacerlo yo no):

Poema malo para corregir:

Primero fueron las cosas/ después fueron las representaciones de las cosas, por ejemplo un león en la cueva de Altamira o Chauvet, pero el león afuera mataba de verdad/ Pasaron muchos años: los griegos, Cristo, la edad media, las guerras mundiales/ las abstracciones, deconstrucciones, etc./ Luego llegó el video juego que superó la realidad/ el león afuera ya no mataba/ Y ahora/ escuchen bien/ ahora viene Felipe Cussen -el genio- y elimina la realidad: el poema/ solo queda la representación/ Un eco/ El poema zen/ El vacío/ La iluminación.

No tengo objeciones a tu poema "inexistente", tampoco elogios. Casi no tengo nada que decir, citando inexactamente uno de tus trabajos. Agrego el "casi" no solo porque "nada que decir" equivale obviamente a decir algo, sino porque, en esa misma línea argumental, tu solicitud de comentarios de un poema no realizado brinda igualmente una presencia, que se instala en el mismo lenguaje que esquiva, como un silencio proclamado o algo así. Si te digo algo es porque ya existe algo. Solo agregaría, Felipe, que cuando realices un nuevo poema y pidas mi opinión, es posible que responda algo similar pues, técnicamente hablando, sé poco y nada de poesía.

En general me parece que el poema todavía duda demasiado de sí, y que se refugia innecesariamente en el formato email. Cuando dices, "el poema no existe", es el poema el que permite entender esa negación. Algunos tal vez se dejen llevar por esas cuatro palabras, aconsejándote todo tipo de cosas. Mi recomendación: no hacerles caso, pues no son sino proyecciones (si te reconoces en ellas, cambia la cosa). En resumen: todo lo que tienda a disminuir la cercanía al formato email, y que avance hacia la negación del poema - solo legible en el poema, eso.

Your non-existent poem vibrates with universal everything and nothingness—unusual to craft such a spectrum within the (non)space of any text.

For a future iteration, consider the roles of materiality and breath in your text. When a poet states that his poem doesn't exist, doesn't the poem exist despite this, through the thought of its non-existence? I think of a poem when I am told to think of a non-existent poem, and that non-existent poem already manifests for me as a blank page and in exhalation before it passes my esophagus. In a future iteration, how could you craft the introduction of the non-existent poem to remove even the notion of the material on or in which it might be inscribed or intoned?

When you say something doesn't exist and then you attempt a dialog, are you not contemplating a "religion of the poem"? And isn't this a rupture or differend of any conceivable "description" - as if "existence" were possible to describe? It is not - and "It is not" is clearly the aporia in the chora. You then write about "possible lines" but all lines are possible; what is impossible is the transformation of "existence itself," of which you might have written a non-existent poem. I think better of you.

Petit commentaire sur un poème *en train* sous forme épistolaire à l'attention de Felipe :

Cher Julien,

J'ai bien compris ce que tu désirais pour ce poème en train de s'écrire,

que tu voulais dans cette parenté entre
d'un côté la comète Chury et les 5 pistes d'atterrissage, J, B, I, A, C.

et de l'autre le 8, ce chiffre qui serait comme l'infini (∞) debout...
Mais il faudrait dire et écrire sur toutes les autres possibilités de ce 8

Comme le “*et*” qui s'écrit sous sa forme esperluette : &

Et le “*ou*” qui s'écrivait jadis dans les amériques comme un 8 ouvert sur le o du dessus

Le **8** ou plutôt **8** dans l'alphabet algonquin est utilisée pour transcrire le son [u]
et a une valeur phonétique équivalente au W anglais (exemple: water)

Comme le etc. qui peut s'écrire : &c.

Une fois le 8 épuisé il faudra se mettre au travail sur le 9
et le 6

le 1 !

Le compte à rebours 5 4 3 2 1 0

Alors,

alors seulement ce sera un poème sous forme de 7

L'Ennéagramme des 7 (Fig.1)

L'Ennéagramme est un modèle de la structure de la personne humaine.

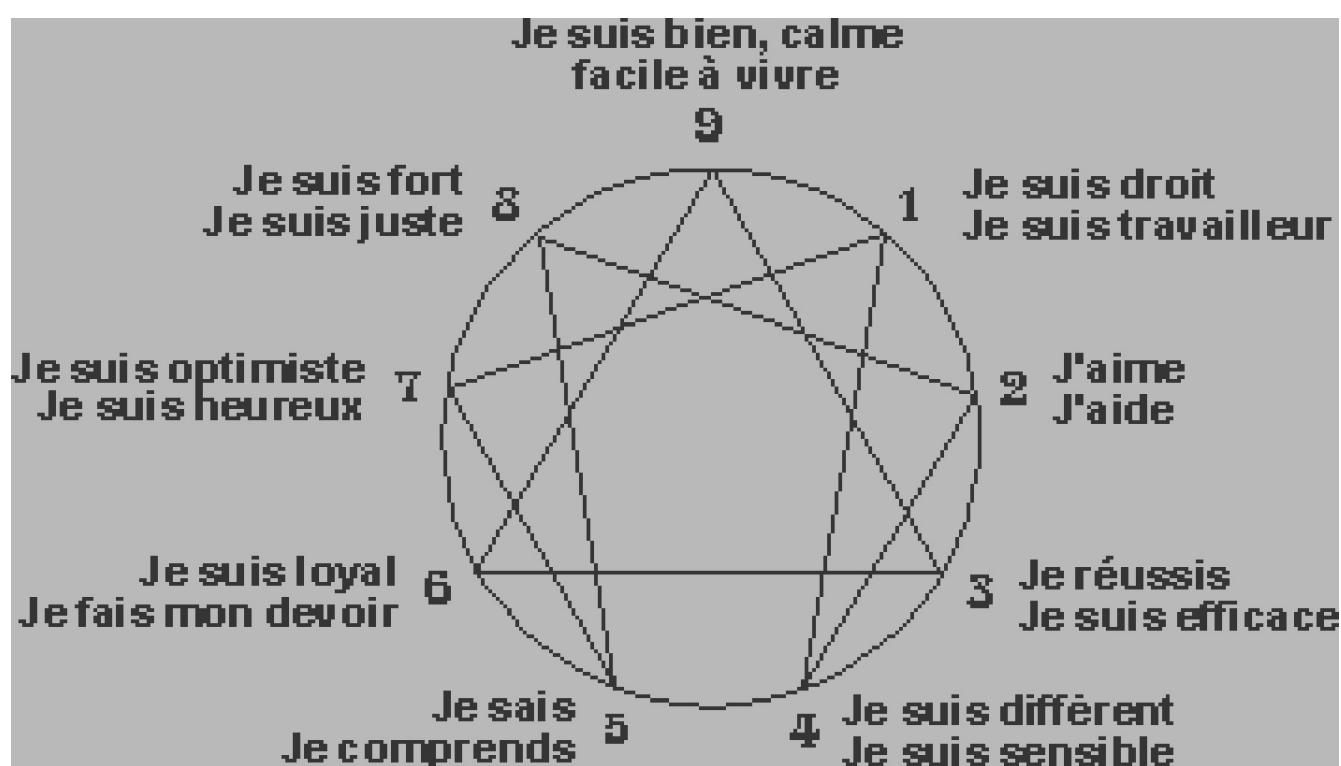
Ce modèle aboutit à neuf configurations différentes de la personnalité, neuf manières de se définir :

(Fig.2)

Mais l'Ennégramme des 7 =
2 du plaisir (luxure & gourmandise) + 2 minables (lavarice
& envie) + 2 normaux bien qu'accidentels (colère & paresse) + 1
crétin (l'orgueil).
Le poème commencerait donc
(si toutefois je ne change pas d'avis au cours de l'écriture)
par le compte à rebours de la structure de la personne humaine : 9
8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Soit :
« 9 &c.

Julien Blaine
Sept 2015





Editorial advice

Dear Felipe,

Thank you for inviting me to comment on such an interesting project. I am afraid that I have little time at present but shall do the best I can.

I have read the text as well as I can, all of it, including that which I do not really understand.

Of course, I am limited to **x** considerable extent because of the dire poverty of my Spanish. I feel that as a great limitation whilst being aware of the widespread belief to the contrary. (e.g. **Lack of comprehension is no hindrance to asserting understanding**; Z. Obmyślanie, 2011)

I want to make it clear from the start that I do not much like the text that you have, apparently, under consideration for publication; and I am more than grateful that you have not named the author; **that** anonymity makes me feel better about making what may be harsh comments.

It is the number of worries that I have over the text which make it so interesting: the number, and I shall not list them all by any means if only to avoid repetition, and the breadth of my concerns.

On the other hand, I have long held to the principle, though perhaps it is just a belief, that one should avoid much harsh criticism and start from where the writer is in terms of writerly development, skill, ambition and purposes. That is good pedagogy, and surely criticism should be pedagogical; it is, too, a useful fail-safe, or potentially so, to avoid condemning the truly new for its very newness **x** because one does not recognise it as such.

I recall the late Eric Mottram remarking that the more original a work is then the more unrecognisable it may be. (First Sub Voicive Colloquium, London, 1990) Those are not his exact words and they are not, I think, written down anywhere. It was a response to something someone said during the colloquium. It struck me at the time though that Eric was making a rather important point. We need the familiar to know where we are and to orient ourselves; yet many of us seek the unfamiliar which truly innovative writing must be.

Thus the artist who would be popular must ensure that she takes her readership with her.

Thinking about that over the years since, I have seen that many favour the appearance of newness, gimmicks, words that are trendy and so on, rather than favouring the truly original, which often goes unrecognised, as I have indicated.

I suspect that your author is one such, one who favours the appearance of the new. Look at the occurrence of trendy and "trending" words. In the section written in a form of English, we have by my count three occurrences of "issue" and none of **problem** although that is clearly the meaning in two of the occurrences. US English may be to blame though.

In this connection, I also have in mind something I discussed in my 1999 essay **Finding another word for "experimental"** in the magazine *Riding the Meridian*.

I remarked the use of the word "experimental" as a descriptor of some poems without necessarily conveying anything useful. There, I told the story of an author whose work I declined to publish because I could make nothing of it. The author retorted that of course I did not understand because the work was experimental.

As I said in the essay:

“At no time was I told what the poet's experiment was or what the results of it had been or why that pattern of words which he had sent me should be published”.

Over the years since, I have several times observed, or thought that I have observed, those who have found “experimental” works which they cannot understand; and seem then to have concluded that such a difficulty is a sign of quality experimentation. And they proceed, by imitation, to provide more of the same, as they see it.

I suspect, if I have been right, that it is a result of unmerited self-confidence, and a disregard for craft and learning. I shall have a little more to say in that connection.

One difficulty I have with the work you have shown me is its diction. I'm

happy to call that “vocabulary” if preferred: I have found some people don't like the diction of the word “diction”. However, I like to limit the use of the word “vocabulary” to limited word sets from which one writes; and I have no problem with writing from such a vocabulary.

In my sense of vocabulary as diction, here, I am talking about the choices the author makes or has made from a whole set vocabulary, all the words available. The focus is therefore on choice and the appropriateness of that choice in each case, given its context. I am also, therefore, considering, amongst other things, the register of the writing.

And here I am implicitly asserting that poetry relates to the uttered or potentially uttered word rather than being a facet of a printed text only.

It seems to me that much writing, even poetry, is written to be read silently rather than being heard. My expectation, that is, my desire, is for a poem I receive to be intended for audition.

This distinction becomes more important than ever as the transmission of digital text increases, though I do not intend to say more on that here; but it is a distinction which has been with us, of necessity, since writing began.

Having clarified that, let me say that I think your author has x poor sense of register.

This is not, contrary to a recent suggestion (**Class and its reflection in the telling words we speak**; A Zsibbasztó-Koponya, 2014) that much of a matter of relative status in society – and therefore something depending from political stasis – but it is to do with tone and other modes of meaning. To be sure, power relationships come into it; but our selection of vocabulary from the pool theoretically available are far more than the relationship of one social class to another, and are indicative of interactions and interrelationships between individuals.

We express aggression and kindness and sympathy and the lack of empathy, in great part, through the diction that we employ to express ourselves. In this case it is the lack of variation in diction which worries me but contrarily it is a lack of variation from a constant shifting of diction territory, if you follow me, which seems to serve no purpose.

I put this to you as a major worry in the hope that it can be corrected in this author in the future or perhaps identified as a major breakthrough – something that in my perhaps limited perspective I cannot see.

I do not wish here to impose or even derive rules, but to guide or else to seek guidance from you or the author. Some rules we may identify as useful, ensuring **x** that we know how to pronounce similarly to each other and therefore to be understood. And in itself that useful conformity allows space for the breaking of those very rules whether of pronunciation or syntax or something else, in order, one hopes, to create new manners of meaning. No, let me say new modes of meaning. Manners are not always good. And ambiguity in itself is not desirable!

I recall a one time colleague who corrected me on my use of the word “taste” when I said to him that a poem by someone or other was “not my taste”.

He said “The great man said that we shouldn't use that word”. (The great man in question was the aforementioned Professor Eric Mottram, by then deceased and unable to explain himself further.)

What word? I asked

“Taste,” he said.

I had no idea of the context in which Eric was supposed to have made the remark; but I made what I believe **what** was an informed guess to explain what Eric might have meant: publicly-agreed terms about what is considered tasteful rather than what I meant, personally liking and disliking **x** a poem on grounds other than “taste”.

This man would have none of it: a rule had been revealed and then been broken.

For every Christ, if Eric would indulge me by not objecting to the comparison, there will be **x** Paul, one who takes the detail of an utterance and adheres to it, probably adding to it with something of his own, until it is an elaborated system, rather than taking the original in the mode in which it was intended.

This is, I think, akin to the difference in quality of thought which might be indicated by Coleridge's distinction between primary and secondary imagination (**Biographia Literaria**; S T Coleridge, 1817). Some originate while

many copy. (I do Coleridge a disservice with my crude summary; but I mention his work only as a guidance and not as a strict reference.) Unfortunately, the many who copy, rather than originating, often also wish to proselytise by extracting rules where there may be little or no basis for doing so; and such proselytism may suggest that anyone can bring into existence the poetically true and reliable. The result is that the true and reliable in poetry are frequently misidentified.

The same happens with much poetic achievement. I am told that at a recent (2014) seminar on the late Bob Cobbing it was asserted, without any argument or evidence for one, that Cobbing did not intend his visual poems to be used as scores to be followed in performance. In fact, anyone making an inquiring study of Cobbing would know that he did want them to be used that way; and anyone in doubt might wonder what he was doing all the time he spent making his poems.

It was further asserted, I am told, that he **only** wished his poems to be taken as starting points for improvisation.

It is true that he did often improvise from his poems; and his performance reading method was inherently improvisatory, his poems, seen as scores, being indicative rather than directive. That is not the same thing as what I have been told was said.

For the record, generally, to a greater or lesser extent he had an idea of the perfect reading. I used to chide him for his neo-Platonism and he affected to not understand. (He affected also not to understand a thesis written on him by cris cheek, and then produced a cut up of that thesis which rather suggested that he did understand rather well.) He aimed at something readable, a reading which required attention and practice to achieve. Yet he also valued any genuine attempt to make such a reading and welcomed a variety of interpretations, referring to family resemblance between performances, usually referring to his own performance but including others when others obliged...

I even saw him sit through a performance in apparent amiability in the late 70s in Berlin by *Trio Ex Voco* who wrecked his intentions with great virtuosity. Rules derived in encounters with a new original approach do tend to simplify

matters even to the destruction of the author's intention. When Cobbing, I and Jennifer Pike performed at *291 Gallery* in May 2001, I was interviewed by a student who asked for an insight into the process by which a visual score was realised as performed sound. My answer was interrupted by "Can't you say it simpler? I only want 100 words".

It seems to be thought democratic to make ideas "accessible" to those who do not wish to make a mental effort to understand. The result may often be gibberish written about doggerel.

Your author writes such a free verse that it might be thought that the term doggerel is inappropriate to their work. I do not think so.

She says "I was happy at the beginning. That is, at the beginning of all this. Mind you, I would not have said that I was happy when I was happy though I might have said that I was content. Since then I have been less than happy".

And so on. And on.

A free – relatively free, of course, of regularity – use of rhythm is not an absence of rhythm. It may well be harder to write without fixed metre than with it; yet it seems that some will take it as proven that anything will do. Obviously, it will be easier to write if you accept no constraint but continue to keep adding words.

I pick that phrase, "will do", deliberately.

Who is to say what will and will not do? There is no especial arbiter. Those who seek a judge and rule-giver may assume that what I have just says means that anything is good enough.

With nothing to judge against, they think, surely, they think, anything will do.

Well, I do not think so.

We could do with thinking that has some thought in it.

The artist who says that their work is experimental, invites the question: what is the experiment?

Similarly, we might ask more widely "What is the point of making a poem at all?"

Your author asks just that question, I believe, in their fourth section (**El niño y**

el Dragón); but it is not answered. Perhaps it is unanswerable.

The question “¿Cuál es el punto de escribir la poesía?” appears without any great force to it and just lies there rather like a bubble on washing water.

It is not that there is anything wrong with the question so much as in its placement. Simple language can be very powerful and effective if it is used appropriately. The words “I was happy” already quoted could work well.

As I recall, the novelist Edna O'Brien built character and narrative from the use of such simple language (in *The Country Girls* and in a few of the immediately following novels; I have not read later work by her.)

It takes craft to work with relatively little in that way, except occasionally and intermittently when by chance. Just writing simply is not enough.

Too often, I fear, the real answer to the question 'Why write poetry?' is “self-expression”; and that is a dismal answer. Do we really want to listen to each other *express ourselves*? We probably do too much of that already. One might envy the almost languageless animals.

How sad that people think we are interested in the details of their emotions in a raw state.

If the artist were to ask themselves What am I trying to do? now and then, we might have a more interesting literature.

When the question is not put, even by the artist... the author... the writer – whoever is responsible, and when they still go ahead and make more poetry, the chances are that the effective motivation is in itself to make another poem, ideally like poems that others have seen, or perhaps so unlike all the others that people will cry “Wow! That's really innovative”.

In the free market place, innovation may often be the same thing as already exists but dressed up to appear new in a market already saturated with product. There is no purpose but to sell more product to satisfy a need which has already been satisfied.

Getting back to the text you have sent me, yes, I could make suggestions as to words which might be changed and so on; but what would be the point?

Would it matter much if one just deleted some at random? I ask because

they appear to have been written at random, certainly without any over-riding purpose.

It seems to me that the language used here has been sampled largely from the broadcast media as if that were one thing, one approach, one linguistic set, rather than a mixture of language and language effluent. There are the words of true experts on various subjects and the words of people sitting on sofas smiling at the camera. All mixed together.

The sample of language as actually spoken sought by Wordsworth and Coleridge (**Lyrical Ballads**; William Wordsworth and S T Coleridge, 1798 & 1800 – the second edition contains the preface, subsequently expanded) always was a doubtful though an exciting idea, sound in its opposition to inanity and laziness; but lacking itself in any solidity, which is not true of many of the poems, which are often so strong as to remake our receptivity.

Things are worse now in the language uttered by the many. Often they seem to imitate their suppliers; and the suppliers sit on those comfy chairs facing a camera, talking; but what are they talking about? The news goes out 24 hours a day and seven days a week, but it is inadequate content to fill such a long time span; so it is repeated. Bad food served in large portions.

Sampling such wordage and no more will hardly do. I am open to approaches; but feel sure that sampling and framing randomly is not enough. I favour defying the subtext of what is said. I favour craft.

Here I see a text which has no aim in itself but to be published. It aims to please an ill-defined readership which does not yet exist, is unlikely to exist and will do none of us any good if it ever does exist.

It may well be that it is the product of one who has not yet worked enough at their craft.

In that case, publishing the text will be no use to anyone, including the author.

Some years ago I was introduced to a poet I was told was promising. We had a polite awkward conversation as, it seemed to me, we each sensed that neither had much to say to the other. We kept talking because our mutual friends thought we would enjoy it. In due course, I said something – I forget

what – which upset the other, who signalled their anger by declaring strongly: “I have been writing for four years”.

Four years isn't very long at all. I may be that it is long enough, but I doubt it.

I am reminded of the conversation between the Red Queen and Alice in Chapter 2 of Lewis Carroll's **Through the Looking Glass** in which the Red Queen says it is necessary to run faster than one has been able in order to make progress (my words, not Carroll's).

Perhaps the world in which the new author finds themselves is one in which as the Queen says “it takes all the running YOU can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!” I can only offer the call of Writers Forum since 2010: Ambition for the Poetry, not the poet. And that takes time, not speed.

It is sustained effort and openness to learning from others which is necessary to acquire skill in making Poetry.

I suspect that it takes no longer to acquire the skill to write passably than it does to fake that ability. Usually, those who fake it -- and I do not say that your author is faking, but I am suspicious – aim very high indeed; and the claims that attend them may be an indication of insincerity, the way that many flies circling one place will indicate the presence of a sticky cake.

But the fake can be achieved and survive viewing in many lights.

Some years back I was publisher of one such small volume. I encouraged the author and gave them freedom. I was pleased with the result right up until they began to speak at its launch.

Then I knew.

It utilised the vocabulary of a language I knew nothing of. That did not worry me. As “sound poems” they seemed to me fine and I took the rest on faith.

Faith often misleads.

The author, before their audience, looked at the text and giggled uncomfortably to themselves before saying “There are some very rude words in here”.

The author read very well. It was an impressive performance, but for me an

embarrassing one. Things were communicated once one understood the context of “rude words”. Rightly, or wrongly, I heard a nasty tone, one that included misogyny and was perhaps something incipiently fascistic. I felt more than a little grubby.

So, in such a situation, where it seemed no one had been concerned by that opening remark, one thanks the author for their work, aware that one is being used, providing a listing of their name in the records of a press which is well thought of.

I shall not labour this point more. It is sufficient, I believe, to indicate that we might like to think we know what we are reading but bias and expectation break through often without announcing themselves.

However, to end, let me pick up on that idea of grubbiness. Your author makes great use throughout the sections in English of the word “lascivious”, “enticing” and so on; and in nearly all cases I think they mean “erotic”.

They speak of “licentious intertwinings and copulations” when the narrative, if I read correctly, indicates that sexual intercourse is taking place. Why licentious? That word, here, worries me.

I think of D H Lawrence's essay on **Pornography and Obscenity** and writings which “tickle and excite to private masturbation”.

Yes, there is writing like that, and I have no great problem with it (unlike DHL), but it is a different purpose to the one which engages me.

I put it in a box with self-expression, which is **ok** in its place but surely not the primary motivation for making poetry.

Lawrence Upton

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Querido Felipe, trazo algunas líneas para ese poema al que me convocas.

Al parecer confluimos en la máxima oceánica de nuestro siempre joven poeta: "la poesía debe ser hecha por todos"...

o por lo menos por algunos más que uno mismo.

Te envío estas sugerencias mirando por el ojo de buey de este buque en el que ahora viajo hacia el estrecho de Magallanes. Sería ocioso decirte porqué propongo estas variaciones sobre el texto, porque yo mismo ignoro de dónde vienen. Simplemente me aboco a retransmitirlas.

"Viejo océano de olas de cristal, te pareces al cardenal de azulada marca que se ve en la espalda tatuada de algunos jóvenes marinos de palabra estrellada. De hecho, eres un inmenso hematoma en el cuerpo de la tierra

(aunque no me encanta, esa comparación surgió y ahí queda).

Así, a golpe de vista, eres un soplo prolongado de bandoneón, resonando en el alma que se abisinia.

Mientras otros dicen dirigir los destinos del país, aquí grabamos la inquieta marea de los amantes del lenguaje.

Si los comienzos de cada ser humano están signados por el dolor, no es necesario que tú, viejo océano, nos lo repliques como un espejo altivo y sonante; hemos sabido, ilusos, cabalgar tu temerario pelaje de impredecible fondo, sólo porque en esta vida es preciso navegar.

Te saludo, viejo océano, en el punto austral en el que dejas de ser uno para ser innumerable animal cósmico, monstruo de olas, sal y sueño".

Al respecto del final prefiero esta variante, así en manuscrita:

*Escribí con esta mano desnuda
lo que aún reste por decirse.*

Gracias, Felipe Cullen,
de océano a océano,
Luis Bravo (Monte VI de Este a Oeste=

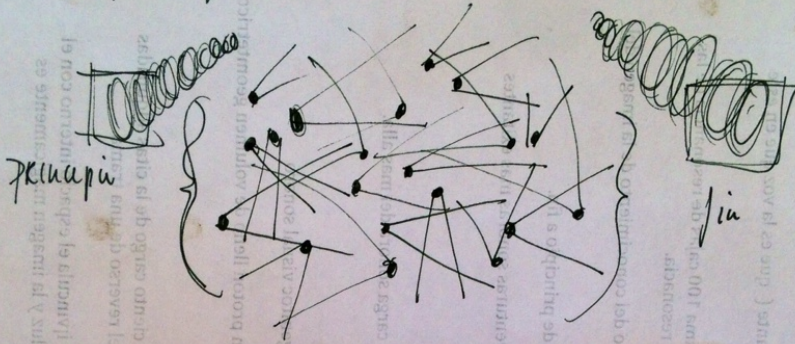
→ if you choose to work
with a mythological figure
stay within the world of
that figure don't mix
too many together
(or mix them all)

→ leave enough space
between words, between
sentences

let it breathe
develop —

listen to the wolf child

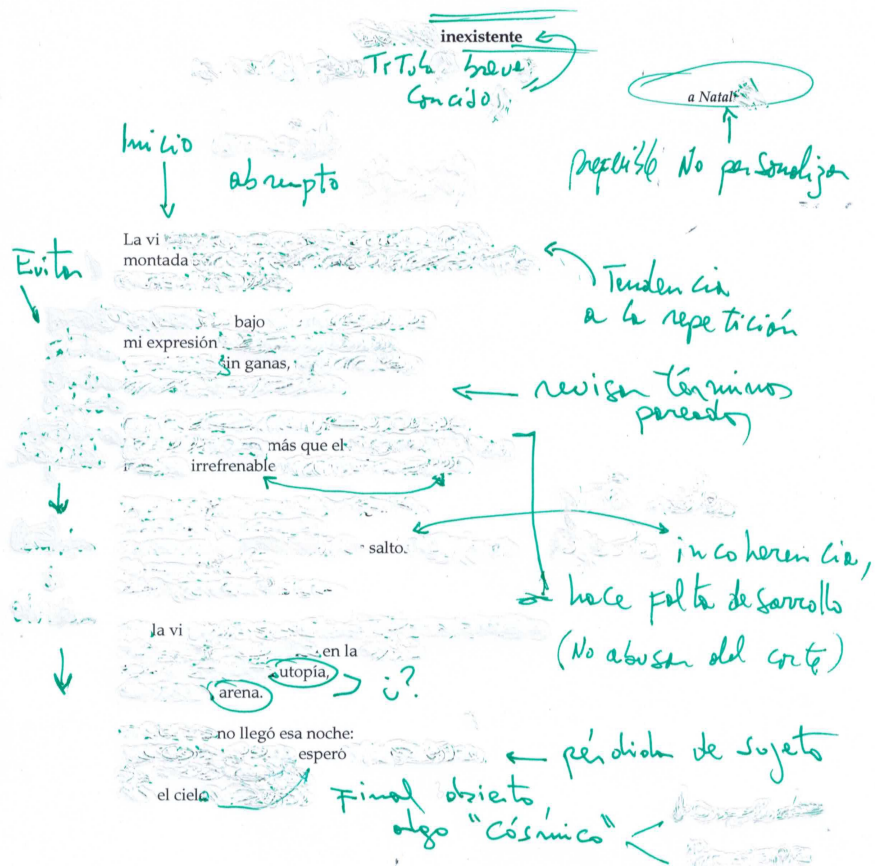
1) margin di sicurezza.



proceso y desarrollo
acceder la comprensión
y fides de atención.

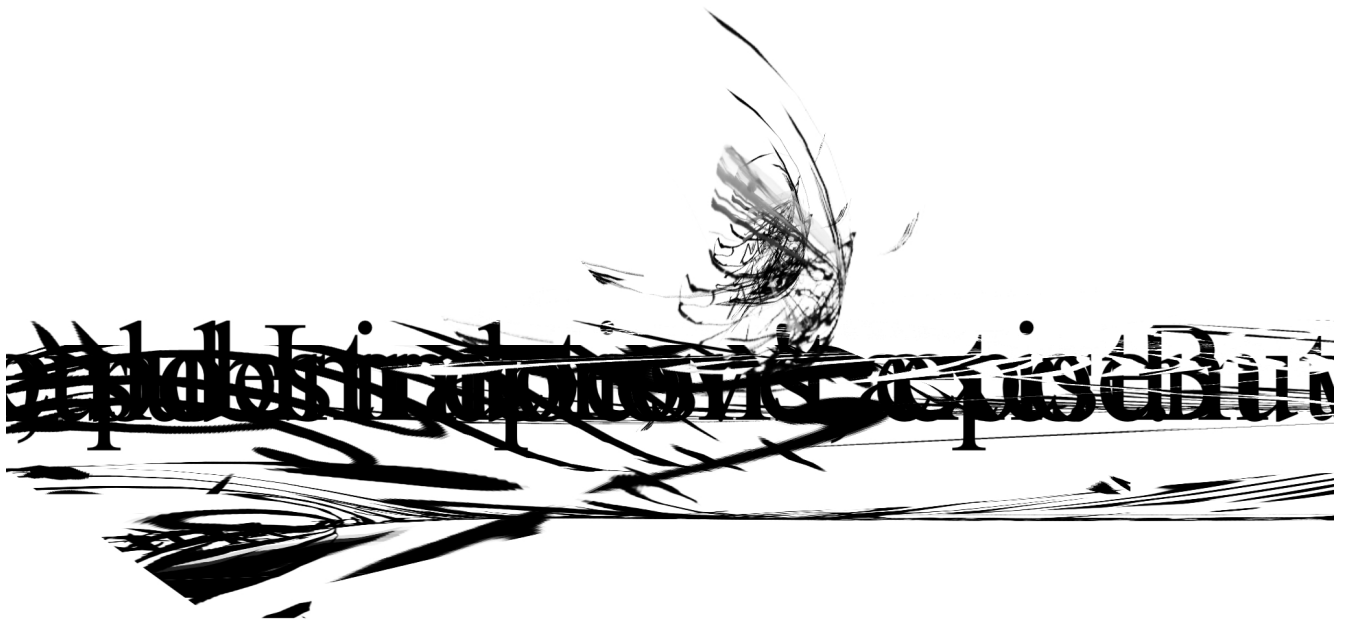
керектінді керектің керексіз
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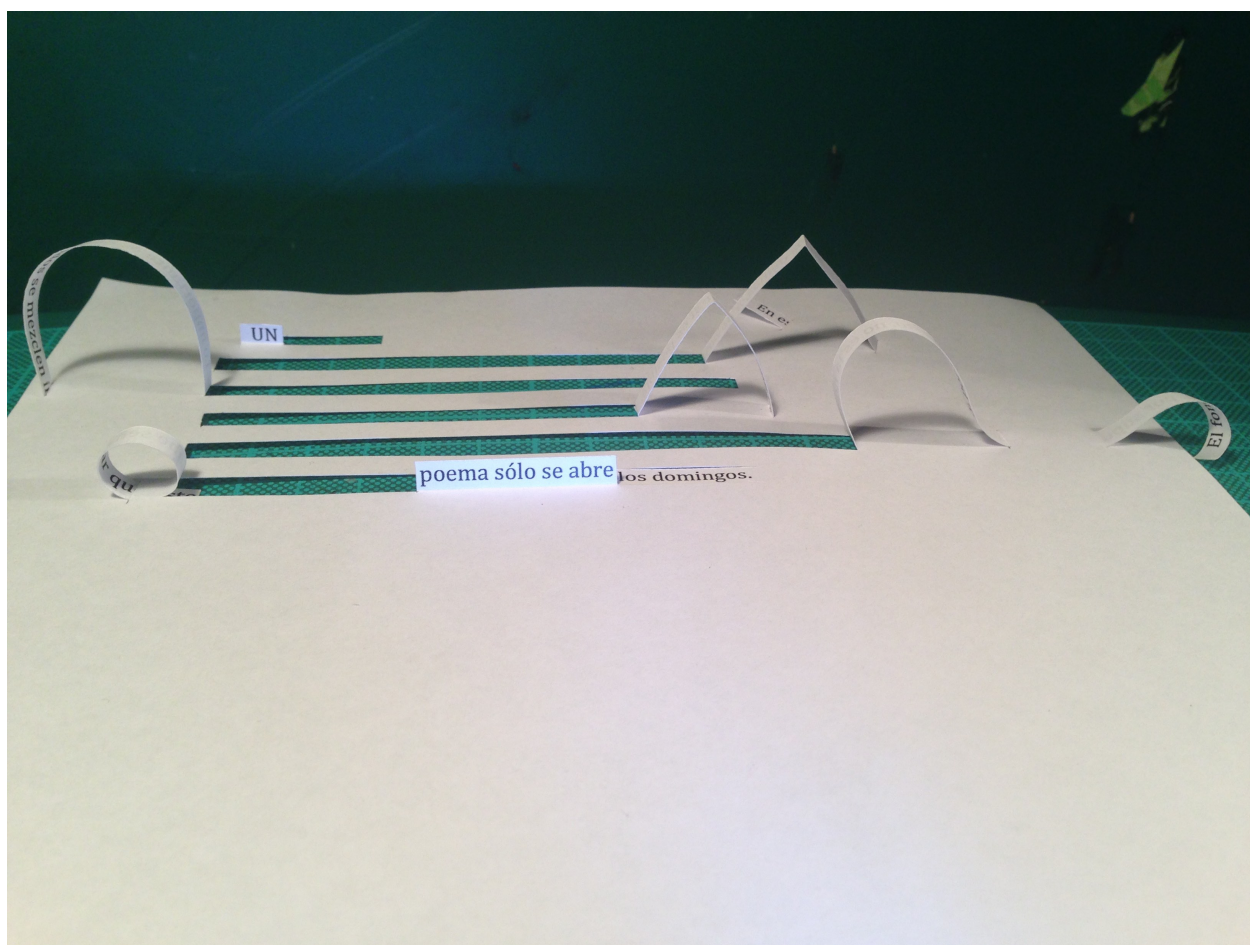
ejemplo ↗ 1. / modo libre nos da más variantes



* Y, sobre todo, no olvidar el consejo de Verlainne:
 "Antes de que el poema termine contigo,
 abandónalo".







COMPARDE LENGUA
CON LA MISMA VOZ
GUARDAR LOS PALABROS
MAESTROS
EN IDIOMA EXTRANJERO
QUE TAMBIEN EN EL SILENCIO
RECENZCA
UN MUNDO NUEVO
SIN LA AUSENCIA
DE SU MUNDO PROPIO
SER FELICES VER SOLO
ESCUCHARSE COMO SIEMPRE
PORQUE SÓLO EL SILENCIO
CONCELA VERDADERA



*Aquí conviene advertir
 Que un Pretérito Perfecto
 Y un mismo Supino á veces
 Vienen de distintos Verbos.
 ACUI nace de ACUO, aguzo,
 Y de ACUO, volverse acedo.
 CREVI, CRETUM, se derivan
 Ya de CERNO ya de CRESCO.
 CUBUI, CUBITUM provienen
 De CUBO y CUMBO, me acuesto.
 DESITUM sale de SINO
 Y SERO, con DE Compuestos.
 DISPLICITUM y DISPLICUI,
 Con origen muy diverso;
 De DISPLICEO, desagrado,
 Y de DISPLICO, despliego.
 EXTULI, ELATUM provienen
 De EFFERO y EXTOLLO, elevó.
 FICTUM de FIGO, yo fijo,
 Y también de FINGO, invento.
 FRIXI de FRIGO, yo frío,
 Y FRICO que vale friego.
 FULSI de FULCIO y de FULGEO;
 IMMINUI de IMMINUO, IMMINEO;
 INCESSI de INCEDO, yo ando,
 Y de INCESSO, yo acometo.
 LICUI de LIQUEO, y de LICET,
 Liquidarse, y tener precio;
 LUXI de LUCEO, yo luzco,
 Y de LUGEO, estoy de duelo.
 MANSUM ya de MANDO, masco,
 Ya de MANEO, permanezco.
 MULSI, MULSUM es de MULCEO,
 Halago . u de MULGEO, ordeño.*

correr el poema
correrlo desde hasta ____de inicio



arriarlo h

the end
posible

no adicionar
alguna
lettre

suprimir claro.clara mente

delete

____ el poema

cambiar 'c' por 'r'
 y 'r' por 't', así en la
 eventualidad de una
 'cara' podríamos
 leer 'rata'
 con sólo cambiar
 'b' por 'f'
 en vez de 'boca'
 podríamos celebrar
 a la 'foca'
 si cambias la 'c' por 'h'
 y 'llo' por 'mul'
 en vez de 'cuello'
 hay un 'huemul'
 la 'ch' por 'rr'
 y del 'pecho'
 nace un 'perro'
 cambiar 'azón'
 por 'morán' en el
 lugar desde el que vienen
 los latidos
 cambiar 'm' por 'r'
 y 'o' por 'a' y en vez de
 'mano' tenemos 'rana'
 cambiar 'estómago' por 'mariposa', sólo para mantener el número de letras
 en el 'sexo'
 cambiar 'sex'
 por 'lob'
 (experimentación esteparia)
 en la
 palabra
 'pies'
 (ya hacia
 el final)
 agregar:
 'hurón de'
 justo antes
 y 'negros'
 justo después
 con la posibilidad
 de re-introducción
 o mejor aún
 de no-extinción
 de este poema
 y otras especies
 similares

*'no tenemos un cuerpo,
 sino que somos un cuerpo'*
 jean-luc nancy
 (esa cita la dejaría)

luna montenegro

```

#!/usr/bin/env lua

text = text_of_the_poem
alphabet = "abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz"

corrected_text = ""

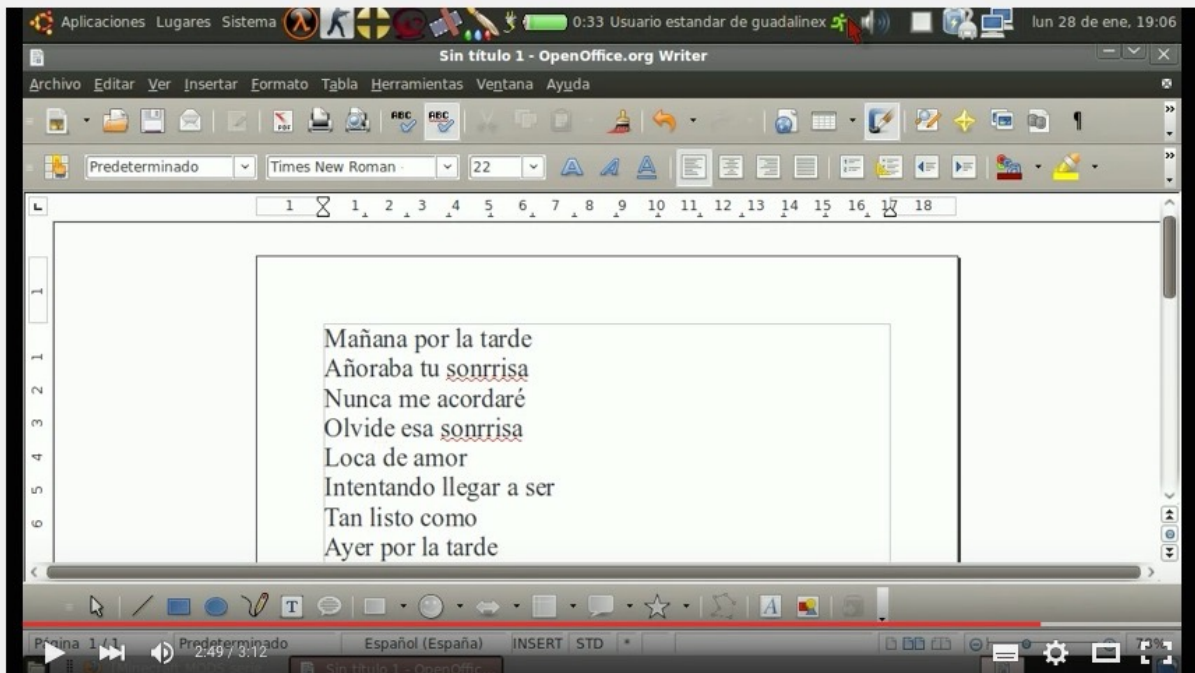
for i = 1,#text do
    local c = string.sub(text, i, i)
    local character_found = false

    for a = 1,#alphabet do
        if c == string.sub(alphabet, a, a) then
            if a % 2 == 1 then
                corrected_text = corrected_text .. c .. c
            end
            character_found = true
            break
        end
    end
    if not character_found then
        corrected_text = corrected_text .. c
    end
end

print(corrected_text)

```

My problem is that I never write a poem because my computer does that. So I can propose you only that: "[thl-Paysages] [thl-Paysages] ([thl-PaysagePhilo]) [thl-mer-01] — [thl-Paysages] — [thl-lyrique-01] [thl-Paysages] / [thl-PaysagePhilo] / [thl-Paysages] [thl-Paysages] [thl-Paysages] [thl-Paysages] [thl-Paysages] ([thl-Paysages]) [thl-Paysages] [thl-lyrique-01] — [thl-Paysages] — [thl-Paysages] [thl-Paysages] [thl-mer-01]" which is the program creating an infinite number of lyrical poems... Say me it is ok for you.



como escribir un poema.



mario86628


165

24.013


Añadir a

Compartir

Más


111

59

Publicado el 30 ene. 2013

Hola chavales hoy os enseñare a como escribir un poema

Like, favoritos y suscribanse pero solo si queréis yo no os obligo y un saludo hasta el próximo vídeo.

Categoría [Juegos](#)

Licencia [Licencia de YouTube estándar](#)

[MOSTRAR MENOS](#)

MÉTRICA *Freestyle*

CON MÉTRICA FREESTYLE
TÚ ERES EL POETA.

QUE NO SE PIERDA TU FLOW: ESCRIBE,
MUSICALIZA, CREA VIDEOS Y COMPÁRTELOS
EN TUS REDES SOCIALES.

Métrica Freestyle es una aplicación desarrollada para que te adentes en el fascinante mundo de la poesía. A través de pasos sencillos sabrás qué es la poesía y conocerás algunas de sus principales corrientes, así como sus reglas, y te convertirás en todo un poeta al crear tus propios versos.

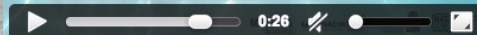
Con Métrica Freestyle participarás en un Jam donde tú eres el protagonista. No sólo harás tus poemas, sino que podrás musicalizarlos, ilustrarlos y convertirlos en un video que podrás compartir en tus redes sociales.

Qué no se pierda tu flow: con Métrica Freestyle, tú eres el poeta.

¡Con música de Los Esquizitos, Esteban Chapela, Romo y Canoa, Los Claritos, CCS & Phonyfake y Capullo!

Aquí puedes ver algunos ejemplos:

SE CASÓ, TUVO DOS HIJOS
Y UNA REINA ERA EN SU CASA
HASTA QUE LE ENTRARON GANAS
DE ESTUDIAR, Y SU MARIDO
TODO LO QUE PUDO HIZO
PARA QUE OBTUVIERA EL GRADO.
CUANDO ESTABA TRABAJANDO
LE RESULTÓ UN CONCUBINO,
ANTE UN JUEZ LA UNIÓN DESHIZO



Entrar



L 20 The refraction of a cube edge in boundary space is probably a bit more severe. Consider "This is why we say that high dimensional spheres look like porcupines and not balls," in Hal Daumé III's *A Course in Machine Learning*, http://ciml.info/dl/v0_8/ciml-v0_8-ch02.pdf.

- A)El primer libro BLANCO xileno era literatura nazi**
- B)(Silencio en Braile)**
- C)Esto es un vaso de agua en un desierto @ccidental**

Dear Felipe,

Here are the additional lines with superscript footnote numerals. The spacing has been inconsistent:

Naturally,¹ plastic prints² and visible print³ are the nicest⁴ kinds of chance⁵ impressions⁶ to find.

1 Latent prints

2 These are invisible

3 Provided they are on a smooth surface

4 And being a slob, he'd allowed his fingers to become smeared with something containing color

5 As the definition implies

6 Open to particular scrutiny

***A la gente le gusta la poesía, pero no los poetas.**

correction, annotations... of non existing poem

- line 3: cut out the adjectif, or, as it's the only one in this poem, use different size for each letter, and put spaces in between them.
- between line 6 and 7: place an empty square, as follows



- line 8, 2nd word, 7th letter : changing of size into 72, use bold character.

X

- line 13: en bold italique, each 2nd letter of each word in police futura, size 31.3

a

- line 49 (last line): simply repeat the first line
- lines 7,21,35,49: first word should start on left page.
- lines 14,28,42: last word should end on right page.

General observation:

bring some air into the visual structure (disposition of lines on page),
the constant repetition of keyword gives a nice rythm, may be use bold character here too,
sometimes make the word invisible (as if written with transparent letters).
don't forget the title.

© heike fiedler, Geneva, 29.9.2015.

Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 10:30 PM

Comentario [1]: Qué buen título.

Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 10:30 PM

Comentario [2]: Tilde en la a

Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 10:26 PM

Comentario [3]: Primera vez que un poeta realiza una éfrasis a partir de mis pinturas de plasticina.

Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 10:32 PM

Comentario [4]: ¿Es idea mía o este verso es una respuesta a la letra de una canción de Javiera Mena?

Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 10:31 PM

Comentario [5]: Sugiero que te refieras a la Marce como "Marcela" o "Marce", y no como "M".

Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 10:31 PM

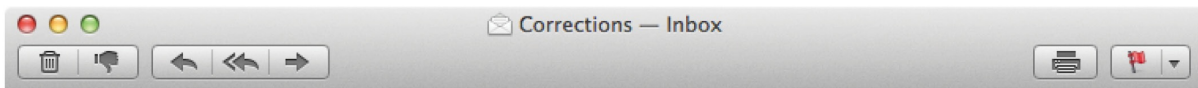
Comentario [6]: No se entiende.

	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:55 PM
	Comentario [1]:
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:55 PM
	Eliminado: .
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:56 PM
	Con formato: Fuente: Negrita
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Comentario [2]:
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Eliminado: .
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Con formato: Fuente: Negrita
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Comentario [3]:
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Eliminado: .
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Con formato: Fuente: Negrita
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Comentario [4]:
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Eliminado: .
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Con formato: Fuente: Negrita
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Comentario [5]:
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Eliminado: .
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:57 PM
	Con formato: Fuente: Negrita
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:58 PM
	Comentario [6]:
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:58 PM
	Eliminado: .
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:58 PM
	Con formato: Fuente: Negrita
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:58 PM
	Comentario [7]:
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:58 PM
	Eliminado: .
	Paula Dittborn 9/27/2015 9:58 PM
	Con formato: Fuente: Negrita

Dear friends, I'm writing to you because i'm preparing a book project in which I'd like to invite you. It's about asking some friends how should I improve a poem with corrections, additions, substractions, etc. But the poem doesn't exist. The book will be only the recollection of all these suggestions, where you can invent a description of the poem, the possible lines that you'd like to change, etc.

I'm sending this invitation today and I'll collect all contributions received by sunday october 4th. I'll probably release it as a free PDF file. At the end, I'll include a list of all correctors. I'd be very happy if you can join.

Best regards, and thanks very much.



Felipe Cussen

27 September 2015 15:28

[Hide Details](#)

To: Nick Thurston, Gordon Faylor, Josef Kaplan, Stephen McCaffery, Julien Blaine, Julio Terra, Kenneth Goldsmith / UbuWeb, Kim Rosenfield, kmm52@buffalo.edu, kristen gallagher, Lanny Jordan Jackson, Lawrence Giffin, Lawrence Upton, Michael Basinski, Vanessa Place, Annette Gilbert, Tyler Coburn, Angela Genusa, Monica de la Torre, Patrick Lovelace, Sam Winston, suzyRB@va.com.au, yedda morrison, William Andrew Sterling, John Paetsch, Edward Hopely

Corrections Corrected

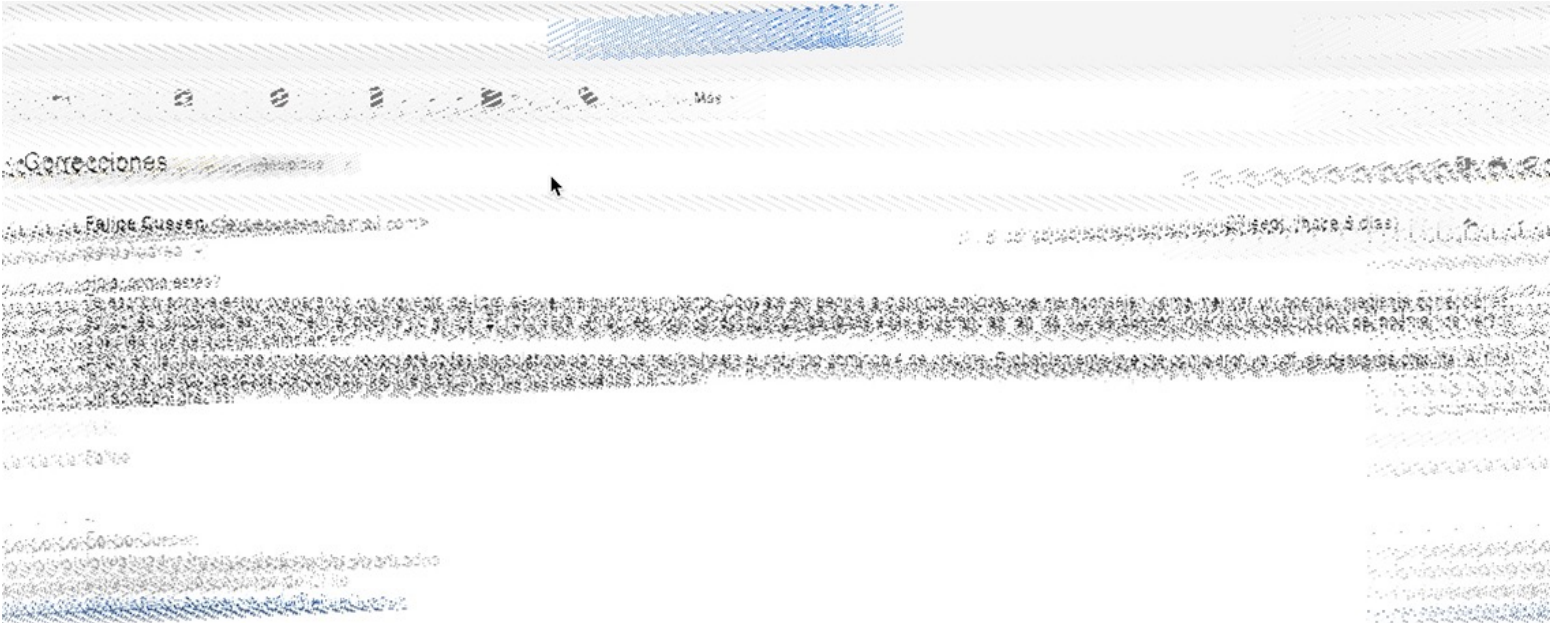
Dear friends, I'm writing to you because I'm preparing a book project in which I'd like to invite you. It's about asking some friends how I should improve a poem with corrections, additions, subtractions, etc. But the poem doesn't exist. The book will be only the recollection of all these suggestions, where you can invent a description of the poem, the possible lines that you'd like to change, etc. I'm sending this invitation today and I'll collect all contributions received by Sunday October 4th. I'll probably release it as a free PDF file. At the end, I'll include a list of all correctors. I'd be very happy if you can join. ^{wishes} Best regards, and thanks very much. Felipe

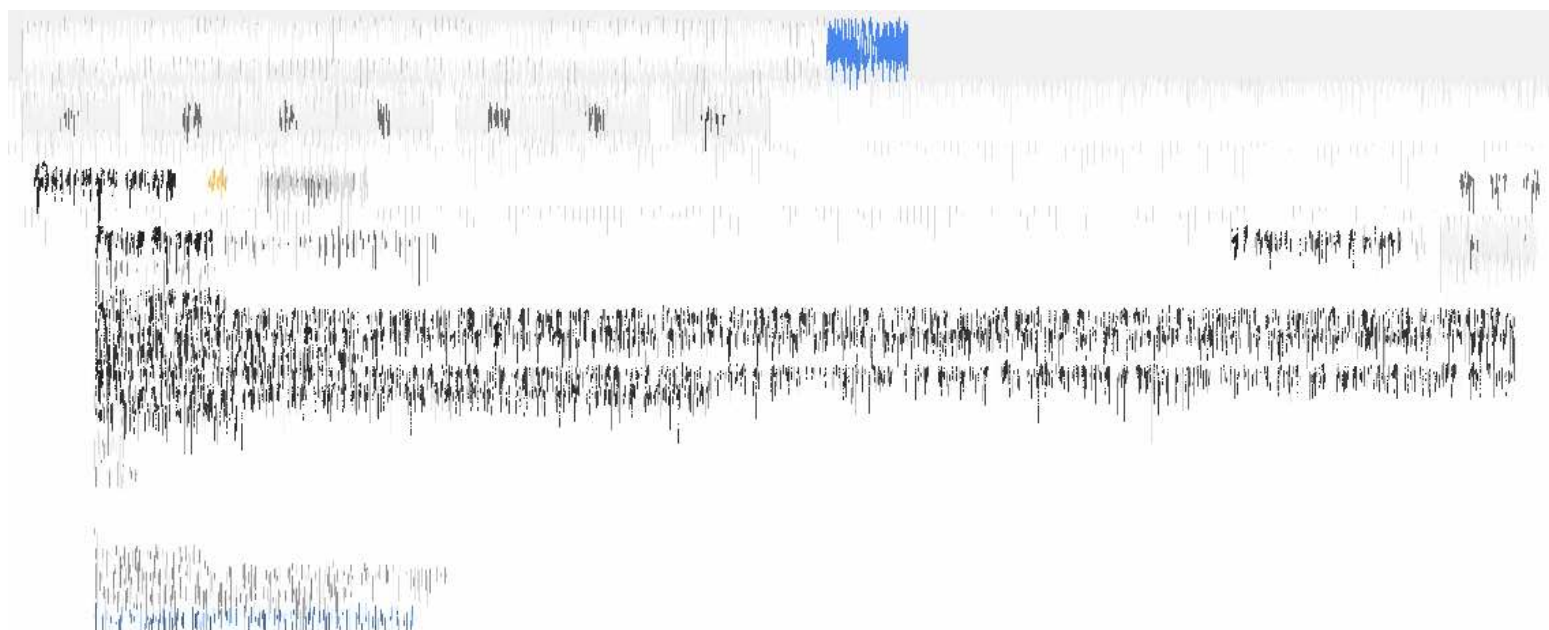
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Felipe Cussen
Investigador Instituto de Estudios Avanzados
Universidad de Santiago de Chile
<http://usach.academia.edu/FelipeCussen>

_____ Corrected

_____ ¹¹ _____
_____ ⁼ _____
_____ ^{so} _____
_____ ^{include} _____
_____ ^{wishes} _____
_____ ^{to contribute to} _____
_____ ^{would contribute.} _____







Joachim Montessuis	1
David Bustos	2
María Paz Vargas	5
Gerardo Pulido	6
Christian Anwandter	7
Angela Rawlings	8
Alan Sondheim	9
Julien Blaine	10
Lawrence Upton	14
Luis Bravo	24
Maja Jantar	25
Anamaría Briede	26
Carlos Almonte	27
Charles Bernstein	28
Philip Davenport	29
Natalia Matzner	30
Tomás Browne	31
Dominga del Campo	32
Cayetano del Villar	33
Guillermo Daghero	34
Luna Montenegro	35
Jörg Piringer	36
Jean-Pierre Balpe	37
Guido Arroyo	38
Martín Gubbins	39
Joshua Liebowitz	40
Jordi Lloret	41
Erica Baum	42
Jennifer McColl	43
Heike Fiedler	44
Paula Dittborn	45
Serkan Ozkaya	47
Nick Thurston	48
Andrea Wolf	50