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Poems of Experience Posted by TheJester - 02 Jun 2011 08:22

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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 -

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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	. :0
======================================	
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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Reate perasise Experience it 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	
=======================================	
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	
=======================================	
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	

**GYE - Guard Your Eyes** Generated: 29 July, 2025, 23:39

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
<u>ερρυνολέπων μπιστίστη συρία ρενογιατίστης Β.</u> Ι have plenty of those, too
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 <b>you</b> in the language in which you feel most comfortable.
====
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?	
====	======
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?	
its deffnetly a talent, but why would it help me?	
===	
Re: Poems of Experience Posted by laagvokeles - 02 Jun 2011 22:57	
gggggg your hard to crack	
====	=======
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 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

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hard for me to swallow.	Writing it in the third i	nerson or in a	roundahout way	/ was a sten for me
naid for the to swallow.	vviiding it in the time [	person, or in a	Touridabout way	, was a stop for file.

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.

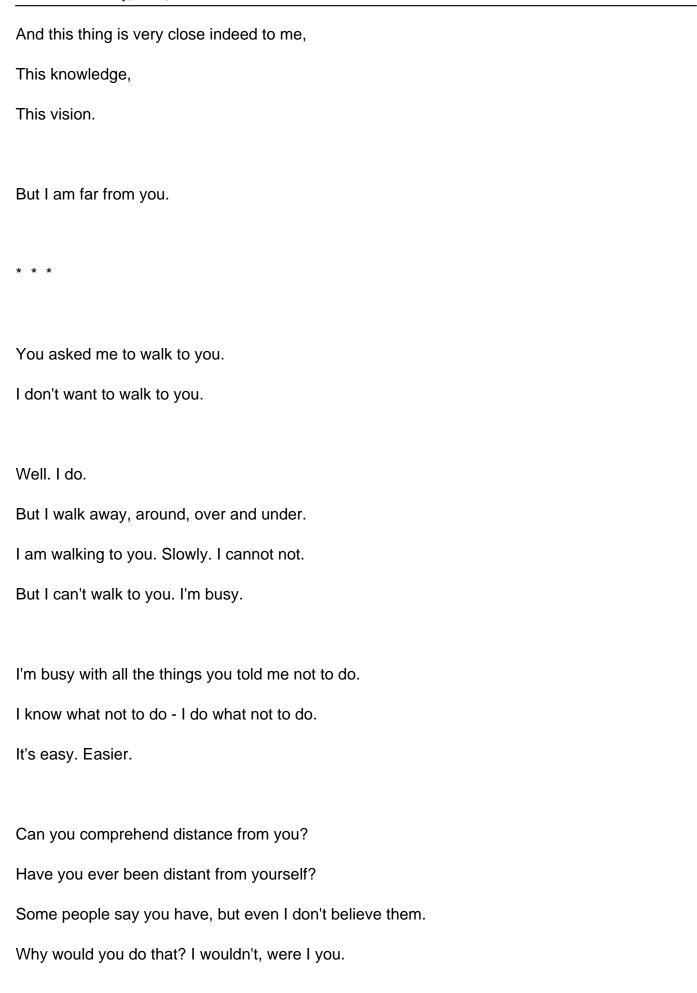
Those who nurse in your bosom?

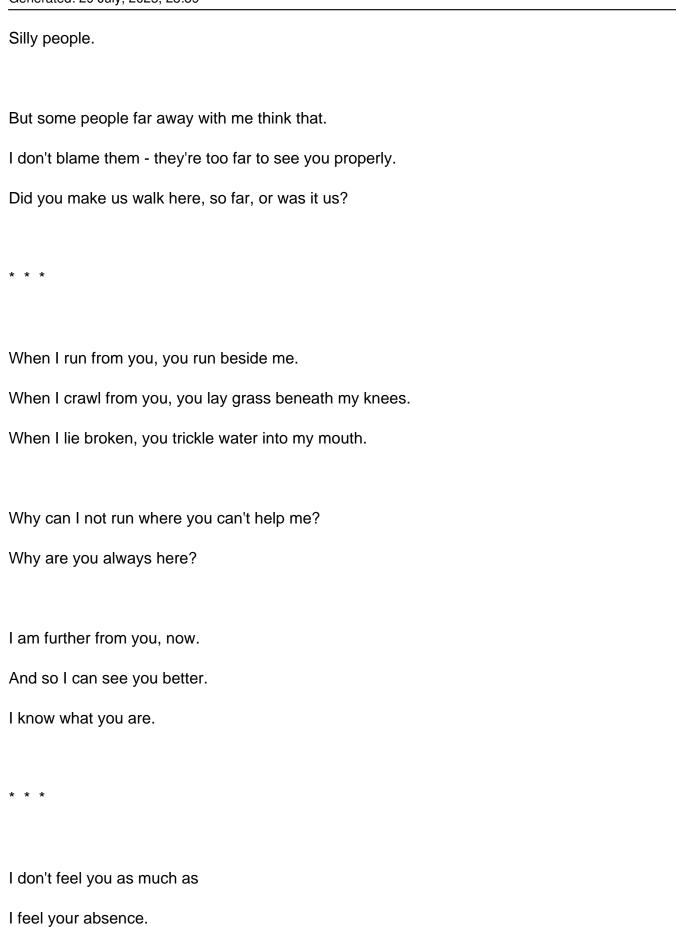
Well, they can see your chest, I guess.

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

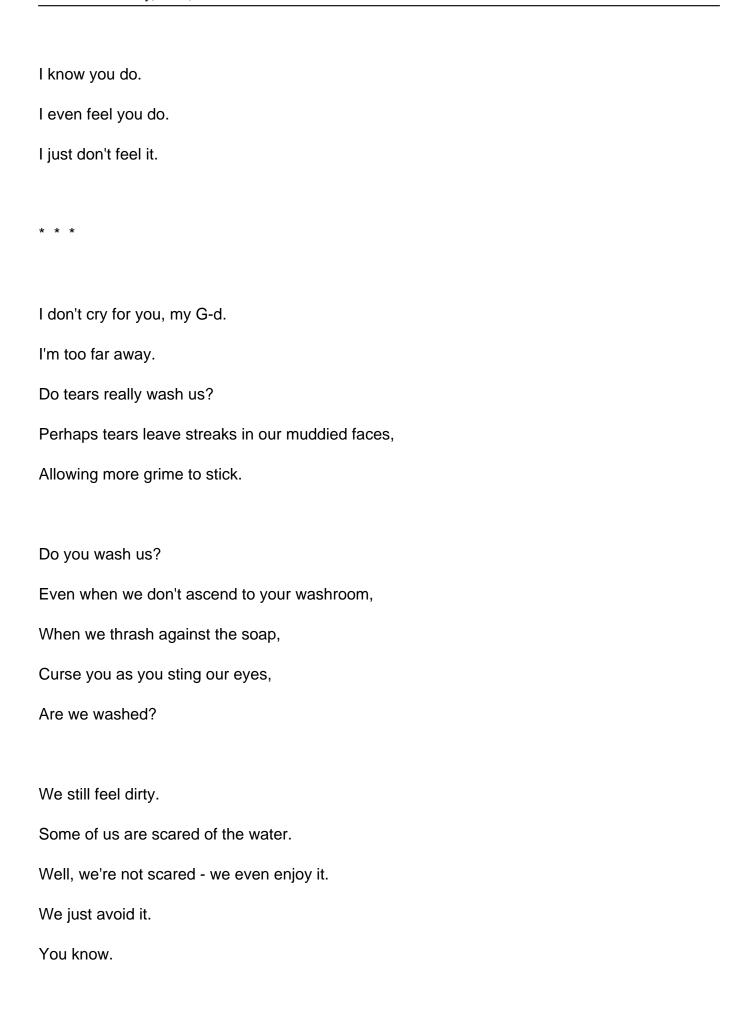
After all, we walk on it. We're close to it.

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.





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?



# **GYE - Guard Your Eyes**

Generated: 29 July, 2025, 23:39 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. 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... ====

**GYE - Guard Your Eyes** Generated: 29 July, 2025, 23:39

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!
====
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

# GYE - Guard Your Eyes Generated: 29 July, 2025, 23:39 "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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