

The First Bare Line

If the upcoming new year has you thinking about new beginnings, I suggest you take a look at these three incredible poems.

Happy Hanukkah, Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year! Enjoy and I'll see you all in 2013!

La Poezia

*And something ignited in my soul
Fever or unremembered wings
I went my own way, deciphering that burning fire
And I wrote the first bare line
Bare without substance
Pure foolishness
Pure wisdom of one who knows nothing
And suddenly, I saw the heavens unfastened and opened.*

- Pablo Neruda

There Was A Boy

*There was a boy
Ye knew him well, ye cliffs and islands of Winander!
Many a time, at evening,
when the earliest stars had just begun
to move along the edges of the hills,
rising or setting, would he stand alone,
beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;*

*And there, with fingers interwoven,
both hands pressed closely palm to palm
and to his mouth uplifted,
he, as through an instrument,
blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
that they might answer him.
And they would shout
across the watery vale, and shout again,
responsive to his call, with quivering pearls,
and echoes loud, redoubled and redoubled,
Concourse wild of jocund din!
And when it chanced
that pauses of deep silence mocked his skill
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung listening,
a gentle shock of mild surprise
carried far into his heart.
The voice of mountain-torrents
or the visible scenes entered unawares into his young mind
with all its solemn imagery
its rocks, its trees
and that uncertain heaven received into the bosom of the steady lake.*

- *William Wordsworth*

The Holy Longing

*Tell a wise person or else keep silent
for those who do not understand will mock it right away.
I praise what is truly alive,
what longs to be burned to death.
In the calm waters of the love-nights,
where you were begotten, where you have begotten,
A strange silence comes over you,
as you watch the silent candle burning.
Now, you are no longer caught in the obsession with darkness,
and a desire for higher love-making sweeps you upward.
Distance cannot make you falter
now, arriving in magic, flying,
and finally, insane for the light,
you are the butterfly and you are gone.
And so long as you have not experienced this:
To die and so to grow,
You are only a troubled guest on the dark earth*

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe