

## 10 poetic paradoxes

1. The most effective poem is a poem that says everything when it says nothing or vice versa;
2. The most appealing image is an image that blossoms fully beyond its absence rather than within its presence;
3. The 'best' poetry is never published, while poetry published can often be the 'best';
4. An act of speech is seldom true poetry, but true poetry is always a speech act;
5. Every person is a born poet, yet no poem is born poetry;
6. Most great poets are great because of their words' luck, and most great poems are great because of their word's worth;
7. Unlike poets, poetry will never die, but like poets, poetry can get crazy or fall sick easily;
8. There have never been any truly great poets, but only truly great poems;
9. True poetry is never long: one line is often long enough to make a whole poem great;
10. Fiction tells, poetry speaks, but few listen to more than they hear;

## Poetry Penning

(after Charles Bukowski)

Poetry penning has to be the saddest damned business to do today:  
You melt the letters with the best ingredients you have  
Your boldest blood, your tenderest tears and your saltiest sweat  
Every piece uniquely heart-hammered  
Packaged with the purest silk of your soul  
And priced far below the cost of the little fire in your body  
But you can sell it for not a single cent  
Indeed, only a few tribesmen and tribeswomen caring most about this archaic trade  
Might come and take a casual look  
When it is marked 'free'  
Like some utensils in a used box put on the road side  
Oh yeah, with more wordsmiths than wordwares  
More wordwares than hawkers  
More hawkers than patrons  
How can you expect the miracle of a market niche  
For this sad damned business  
As more and more patrons turn to raps, heavy metal music  
Soaps, chat rooms, computer games, virtual sex  
Hot dogs, chilled beers, pot or marijuana  
That can entertain every nerve ending  
The human body may or may not have besides the mind  
So, if you must pen something  
You'd best try a story, a screenplay, a slogan or even a spam

What I say is, pen pal  
You may well pen anything  
But for Christ's sake  
Not this crap

## The Making of a Best Poem

- 1/     A: a worthy arrangement of worthless words  
       B: a public print-out of private puzzles  
       C: a rational repetition of random ravings
  
- 2/     A: mailed from a good address, better school-associated  
       B: including a good bionote, better award-winning  
       C: signed with a good name, better recognizable
  
- 3/     A: received by a well-circulated magazine  
       B: read by a well-connected editor  
       C: recommended by a well-established publisher
  
- 4/     A: the magazine is in the right need  
       B: the editor is in the right mood  
       C: the publisher is of the right kind
  
- 5/     A: published in the perfect year  
       B: included in the perfect section  
       C: presented on the perfect page
  
- 6/     A: selected by a poetry lord, somehow intrigued  
       B: voted by an expert reader, somehow over-reading  
       C: chosen by a guest editor, somehow idiosyncratic

## Interview Interrupted

It does not sell a penny, even if it does  
The honorarium can never offshoot the costs  
Of the stamps, envelopes, pens and papers  
Not to mention the computer and laser printer

Nor does it bring any worthy honour or fame  
Since it died as early as a century ago  
when people began to turn to novels, movies  
fashion shows, tv, sports, rock n' roll

Nor can it help articulate any post modern  
Feelings, thoughts, impulses, dreams  
Sensations, experiences which can be more  
boldly expressed in digital fonts or formats

Nor can it really prove, record, mark, communicate  
Criticize, satirize, promote, denounce, debunk  
Describe, reflect, educate, stimulate, amuse  
Amaze, appeal anything or anybody in today's world

Indeed, whatever can be said has all been said  
And whatever has been said is already the best  
Of all the artworks plaguing this polluted world  
Why the heck do you have to write poetry?

[suspected spam]

Dearest One,

I am writing this letter with due respect and healthful of tears since we have never known each other, but I confide in you bearing in mind that one has to take risks to survive trial times.

I am Ms Poesia, the only inherent of the late Art. Before the war broke out, my father deposited thousands of Stanzas in the Literary Canon. Given the present state of the human mind to be entertained in my society, I am hoping to get some understanding in instalments from readers like you. For each reading I promise to offer you one golden Stanza to show my gratitude.

Please kindly contact me on this e-mail address for more details. (For example: one Golden Stanza is equivalent to about one million American Dollars.)

Miss Poesia  
Peach Garden, Erehwon

East Idioms (7)

1/ Once he gets a full taste of the idea  
He forgets the words that contain it  
Just as the angler forgets his fishing rod  
After he gets the carp off his little hook

2/ He enjoys playing  
His harp to the cows  
Because only they can  
Appreciate his artistry

3/ The moment he hears of Zong's death  
He throws his zither into a big fire  
Knowing no one else would ever  
Be able to understand his music

4/ Far to the west and long time ago  
Did the crane fly away from the wall  
Here it was once boldly painted  
Here its shadow is still fluttering now