

## TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

from/for A.C. Evans

Salvation. Oh, yes, I know I am a spiritual flaneur,  
a damned poet and (eye roll) a 'lost poet' and  
(eye roll) a 'lost soul'. To be damned is to be modern,  
absolutely human once and for all. The human condition  
evolves too fast yet the horizon of change is fear,  
and the closer we are to the horizon the less we care  
about rhyme or reason: blank verse for blank reason.

And that is why traditional models of perfectibility  
or divine purpose can be seen as a promethean affront  
to the established order or as a way of repossessing everything  
stolen from us by the Enchanter, a neo-shamanistic antithesis  
of enlightenment and salvation. I know the difference between  
fact and fiction, between sleep and waking, between dream  
and reality, between consciousness and the unconscious,

between inner and outer space. It is too late to get unreal,  
grounding poetic practice in the ontological matrix  
dissociates poetry from cultural-linguistic literary discourse,  
from the dreary, enervating world of fake self-referential  
experimentalists obsessed with all those innate processes  
of inner integration and perspective. The poem itself appears  
as a by-product of therapy, propaganda or entertainment.

As I penetrate the archaic heritage and the archetypal forest  
of symbols, it is the compulsive activity of inspiration,  
the process of self-discovery, that is the prime factor:  
it is this that dissolves those artificial barriers between  
the enigmatic sphinx and the ancient alchemists. Beauty  
is invoked by the transformation of the material of creation;  
the essence of my poetic practice is active imagination.

Only language remains. Everything depends on language.  
Being is literally indefinable in extra-linguistic terms,  
my creativity is an innate psycho-active phenomenon.  
I write certain words across blank pages of empty space,  
consign metaphysics to oblivion. What has this to do with  
oblivion? What has this to do with me? Everything.  
The closer we are to the horizon the less we care.

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