

1: Meadowlands Xanadu? opening soon..

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan â• A stately pleasure-dome decree; It vanished or ever it began: A singer glimpsed it in a vision And then the miracle of rare device, The sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice.

A lot of poems are afflicted with this warm up, lacklustre, self-referential opening when the poem might be better served by lopping off that warm-up for the more riveting full-throttled spirit of the thing. The tone is wise-ass and stubbornly refuses to accept the premise of the work by constantly holding it at bay with a creative equivalent of deferred interrogation of the terms of engagement. Kubla Khan by David Jalajel A sunless sea. Just waves humming silently through his veins, echoing the hollow wishes in his skull. Angels hover nowhere but in its corners. And what serpents frolic under its garden paths. He walks below the wooden vault, marking a celestial road in splinters. How he longs for delight as his forest fills with the cackles of monkeys and a whisper of rain. But it taunts his ears with the waves of that sunless sea. He eats and dreams, At times, he awakens to see no light, to hear no sound â€” away from the echoing dome, away from his pulsing breath. But again he sleeps. And again his lifeblood flows down to that sunless sea. A trick of this poem is the surprise it packs in enjambment and as a reading response I want those line endings to work harder and to keep up the conjuring trick of each line-ending packing a surly surprise. This is a good source for revising this piece by revisiting those line-endings to come up with more athletic alternatives. I like the final line left at sea in a final gesture of fenestration, here, open-endedness, orchestrated by utterance stopped abruptly, interrupted deliberately, rather than concluded. The stale air-freshener stink of cedar. The measureless cavern of the toilet bowl. My head chokes on the dregs of paradise. My blood already burning to taste it again, To inject myself with the heroism These fatherless streets have never known. In a litter of sepia needles I find my knife My empty wallet, the pricked plastic baggie And step out into the savage place Where nothing is holy but greed and power. Endlessly seeking to reach the end Of the vanished, addictive dream. Beware, beware! This absurdist-dirty-realist take on KK functions as pastiche too. It is a chemo-induced trip gone horribly wrong or at least a disembodied ego jaded by too much of a bad thing. The act of translation for us as readers is backwards in that we infer from the imagery several meanings intended and unintended by the writer. It is akin to walking backwards into an ever-deepening swimming pool and able to gauge the depth of the undertaking by the sleeve of winter creeping up the body there you have it, reenacted, by example. There are cracks along your fingers, forking into their deep grain yellowness. The glass reflected, you, me, bouncing us forward, catapulting us into each other. Touch me, Soniyon, with your cobalt eyes, their blueness, once magnetic in their pull. You only have to cross the gap towards me, the kiss of the golden boy from our history book. You hung back, retreated, away from my clasp; watch out for the squall, you said, plunging out. Your shadow flickered, a sighing silhouette, slipping from the current of our conjunction. Release me, you called, your tongue to the surf, your fingers curving into the waves at night. This poem takes a syrupy turn of phrase from the original; a kind of swooning exoticism commonly heard from those guys who try to sell you roses in restaurants. It is in pop songs as well. The use of too many adjectives is a dead giveaway, and, easily the first port of call in the revision process simply strike them out. Bordered shrubs and flowers perhaps, coming into leaf or bloom, the smell of lavender, lawns, views down tree-lined avenues. Then a forest mist, maybe, hidden caverns, mountains scaled by sudden storms, rivers crashing through ice-locked chasms.

IN XANADU: A FANTASY OF THE EXPOSITION pdf

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Excerpt from In Xanadu: A Fantasy of the Exposition Thrill and drown in glassy deeps of sunny blue. Birds and fountains sing and lisp a braided measure, Moths and poets loiter after honey-dew.

According to Hyginus , sirens were fated to live only until the mortals who heard their songs were able to pass by them. One of the crew, however, the sharp-eared hero Butes , heard the song and leapt into the sea, but he was caught up and carried safely away by the goddess Aphrodite. Odyssey[edit] Odysseus was curious as to what the Sirens sang to him, and so, on the advice of Circe , he had all of his sailors plug their ears with beeswax and tie him to the mast. He ordered his men to leave him tied tightly to the mast, no matter how much he would beg. When he heard their beautiful song , he ordered the sailors to untie him but they bound him tighter. When they had passed out of earshot, Odysseus demonstrated with his frowns to be released. She appeared to have some psychopomp characteristics, guiding the dead on the after-life journey. The cast terracotta figure bears traces of its original white pigment. The woman bears the feet, wings and tail of a bird. The Sirens were called the Muses of the lower world, classical scholar Walter Copland Perry â€” observed: The term " siren song " refers to an appeal that is hard to resist but that, if heeded, will lead to a bad conclusion. We know all the pains that the Greeks and Trojans once endured on the spreading plain of Troy when the gods willed it soâ€” all that comes to pass on the fertile earth, we know it all! The end of that song is death. It has been suggested that, with their feathers stolen, their divine nature kept them alive, but unable to provide food for their visitors, who starved to death by refusing to leave. They [the Greeks] imagine that "there were three Sirens, part virgins, part birds," with wings and claws. They drew sailors, decoyed by song, to shipwreck. According to the truth, however, they were prostitutes who led travelers down to poverty and were said to impose shipwreck on them. They are said to have stayed in the waves because a wave created Venus. Hence it is probable, that in ancient times there may have been excellent singers, but of corrupt morals, on the coast of Sicily, who by seducing voyagers, gave rise to this fable. The etymology of Bochart , who deduces the name from a Phoenician term denoting a songstress, favors the explanation given of the fable by Damm. The ballad is also conserved in a Swedish version.

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