

Creative Writing/ Creative Memoirs 8 June 2016 2-4 p.m. Calvert Library, Prince Frederick MD. Bring about ten copies of up to 800 words of memoir or fiction or a poem, but you can have more in reserve in case we have time. See if the following poems and articles set off a memoir, story or poem in your head as they did in my own cat's cradle of imagination...The articles and poems struck me as particularly interesting and poignant...

How I Survived Four and a Half Years in Captivity

By SHAHBAZ TASEER *NY Times* May 17, 2016

LAHORE, Pakistan — Aug. 26, 2011, an ordinary day. I was driving to work on the same road in Lahore that I took every day, and my mind was busy with the mundane. A car blocked the road, but I didn't give it much thought. Then five masked men put a gun to my head, pulled me out of the car and my world spun horribly out of control.

Right now, I can't tell all of the details of my capture or my release for security reasons. Someday I hope to be able to recount the full story. But I can say for sure that mine was no ordinary kidnapping.

Just seven months earlier, my father, Salman Taseer, the governor of Punjab Province, had been shot dead by his guard for criticizing Pakistan's blasphemy laws, after a Christian woman, Asia Bibi, was sentenced to death for allegedly committing blasphemy. With my kidnapping, there was more at stake than just money. My captors wanted the release of their "Muslim brothers" being held in jails across Pakistan. I knew that was going to be difficult, and that because of their ludicrous demands, my release would take time. In such dark moments it is easy to sink into despair. But I clung to my faith and the Quran, the memory of my courageous father, and the love of my family.

The torture started in my fourth month of captivity. The people who kidnapped me were from the Islamic Movement of Uzbekistan, or I.M.U. — one of Pakistan's most feared militant groups. They found perverse pleasure in torturing me. I found solace in prayer. I prayed for the fortitude to bear as much pain as my torturers could inflict until they

broke from inflicting it. I often thought of my father, who had suffered political persecution in the 1980s under the dictatorship of Gen. Mohammad Zia ul-Haq. He would say physical pain touches only the surface; you must never let it break your spirit.

It is difficult to say which was worse, the physical torture or the excruciating tricks my captors played on my mind. They showed me printouts of Twitter posts to convince me that I had been forgotten. They shared agonizing details of how easy it would be to target my mother, how vulnerable my family was. They showed me a picture of my wife on a pilgrimage in Mecca and claimed she was a hypocrite feigning piety. They showed me my sister's tweet on Nelson Mandela's death and said it represented fealty to an infidel. My brother's photograph at a social event was proof of my family's errant ways. But this "evidence" gave me strength. I knew that my family was well, and that they, and many others around the world, were thinking of me and praying for my safety and release.

Solitary confinement, loneliness, doubt and anxiety can do strange things to your mind. You start questioning your sanity. The faces that you have loved so much recede into darkness; voices that you heard so often fade into obscurity. But memory has its own magic. I could not go home, but I could bring my home to me. In my mind I visited familiar places. I conjured up my boisterous friends, one by one, and imagined myself to be a stand-up comedian and developed comedy routines for each friend. These practiced routines are now coming in handy as I see my friends again.

There were some 30-odd months when I had brief, unmonitored, almost surreal contact with the outside world. One of my guards, like myself, was a Manchester United fan, and every other week he would sneak a radio into my cell and we would listen to soccer games. For him, this was an illicit pleasure. He believed that playing or even listening to soccer was a sin. For me, it was a window to the outside world. Getting soccer news kept me sane. "You must surely be the

only United fan in this position,” I would tell myself. “They are playing and winning for you.”

Looking back, I can see that I was always free. No one can imprison you except yourself. My abductors could make my life intolerable, but as long as I held on to my sanity, I was liberated. I was in God’s hands, not theirs, and I knew that He would protect me and take me home. He did. He worked miracles: I survived drone strikes and war, I lived through multiple illnesses without treatment, I was shot, mentally and physically tortured, I lived in abysmal living conditions, and survived the rout of the I.M.U. by the Afghan Taliban in November 2015.

I could spend a lifetime being bitter and asking why this happened to me. Surely some of the bad that befalls us is not our fault, but is merely the function of someone else’s greed, malice or cruelty. But there is a higher purpose, a cosmic design. I know that how you react to what happens to you, with what grace you handle misfortune, and the strength and bravery with which you tackle hardship are the things that matter. This is what God sees and judges.

There was something divine in what happened on Feb. 29, 2016. At the crack of dawn that day, at perhaps the exact moment that a Taliban elder was opening my prison door to set me free, hundreds of miles away, a cell door in Rawalpindi was opening and the executioner was readying the gallows to hang my father’s assassin.

Then, March 8, 2016, an extraordinary day. It had taken me eight days and several stories to hitchhike my way from Oruzgan, Afghanistan, to Pakistan’s Balochistan Province through rain, hail and sun. The motorbike I was riding hit a highway, and I knew this one led to freedom. As I turned onto the road taking me home, I thought of the moment I had spoken to my mother and my wife after my first six months in captivity. I had been told that I was going to be shot after the phone call and that I should say farewell to my family. I told them with finality in my voice, the same words my father once wrote to my mother from jail: that I was not made from

a wood that burns easily. Having said this to them gave me peace, and this peace was my strength for four and a half years. It had taken a long time, but here I was, coming back to change that goodbye into a hello.

Shahbaz Taseer is a Pakistani businessman.

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On a happier note, a new pottery exhibit is materializing at CalvArt Gallery, with featured artists Ray Noble, both Marie and Randy Estabrook, Denise Breitburg and Adam Sampson. Reception Saturday June 11, 5-8: meet the artists and enjoy hors d'oeuvres and beverages.

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An Artist and a Poet Explore the Passage of Time

A Picture and a Poem

By CHRISTIAN MARCLAY and BILLY COLLINS MAY 16, 2016

As part of T's ongoing series, the artist Christian Marclay, best known for his film montage "The Clock," responded to a poem by Billy Collins, a former poet laureate of the United States.

Photo



"London, 2016" by Christian Marclay, 2016. Credit: Courtesy of the artist and Paula Cooper Gallery, New York.

GREECE

**The ruins were taking their time falling apart,
the stones that once held up other stones
now scattered on top of one another**

**as if many centuries had to pass
before they harkened to the call of gravity.**

**And the few pillars still upright
had nervous looks on their faces
teetering there in the famous sunlight
which descended on the grass and the disheveled stones.**

**Which is precisely how the bathers appeared
after we had changed at the cliff-side hotel
and made our way down to the rocky beach —**

**pillars of flesh in bathing suits,
two pillars tossing a colorful ball,
one pillar lying with his arm around another,**

**even a tiny pillar with a pail and shovel,
all deaf to a voice as old as the surf itself.**

**Is not poetry a megaphone held up
to the whispering lips of death?
I wrote, before capping my pen
and charging into the waves with a shout.**

— BILLY COLLINS

**Christian Marclay, 2016. Photograph. Courtesy of the artist and Paula
Cooper Gallery, New York. Poetry Editor: Meghan O'Rourke. Art Editor: Gay
Gassmann**

**“Lovegrass, timothy, wolftail, rye: the names of grasses
alone could convince even a casual reader that she has
wandered into the territory of poetry,” writes Cecily Parks,
editor of the recent Pocket Poets volume *The Echoing
Green: Poems of Fields, Meadow, and Grasses*. Some of the
most powerful entries in the collection come from the fields
of war and war’s aftermath, like this one by Carl Sandburg
(1878-1967).**

Grass

**Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work –
I am the grass; I cover all.**

**And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:
What place is this?
Where are we now?**

**I am the grass.
Let me work.**

**Jill Jenson
“WRITING: A SACRED PATH”
May 16, 2016
Set Aside Time to Coast:
Making Space for What Wants to Happen**

Early in the week, I stumbled across a [New York Times article about Gavin Pretor-Pinney](#), an author and speaker whose books [The Wave-Watcher's Companion](#) and [The Cloud Collector's Handbook](#) have become bestsellers. Pretor-Pinney is an advocate for idleness. He believes busyness and ambition ruin the quality of our lives, and encourages people to make space in their lives for what New York Times reporter Jon Mooallem calls “letting the imagination quietly coast.” He was doing just that when he first became fascinated by clouds.

Pretor-Pinney is not a painter eager to depict clouds on canvas. He is not a scientist devoted to

analyzing them. He is merely an appreciator of clouds. Yet his interest has led to several books, numerous speaking engagements, and the founding of an international organization: [The Cloud Appreciation Society](#).

What I love about Pretor-Pinney's story is that he came to his passion exactly because he had no particular goal or even the desire to find one. He didn't set out looking for a topic to focus on. He didn't set out to do anything. He simply let himself be idle for a time, and when he found himself drawn to clouds, he went with it, without a plan. As Mooallem puts it, "He likes to see where things go."

Later in the week, I turned on the radio on the way home from class to catch an old [interview on NPR with Philip Petit](#), the amazing high-wire performer who once tightrope walked from one of the World Trade Center's Twin Towers to the other. In his book, [Creativity: The Perfect Crime](#), Petit writes about the importance of being open to whatever comes. He describes a state in which "... all is possible. Every incoming idea is welcomed, with no regard for reality. Forget time, money, and reason; embrace a brimming universe!"

Pretor-Pinney and Petit are very different men who do very different types of work, but a common thread runs through their thinking. For both men, the first step in creativity is not focusing on goals but letting go of them. Being open and aimless. Forgetting preconceived notions. Pretor-Pinney warns us not to become attached to careerism. Petit says if you're worried about paying the rent, go live in a tent. Both men embrace serendipity and randomness. Welcome chaos, Petit tells us, for it will always shape itself into order.

When I think of the work of these two men, I think how regulated our lives are. Most of us are on schedules a good portion of the time. If we get up in the morning and have nothing specific to do, we create order for ourselves by making to-do lists and plans. Even in moments when I think of myself as "idle," I'm really not. I'm doing something—checking email, posting to Facebook, jotting down ideas, reading.

What would happen if we all set aside a portion of our time to true idleness? A time to daydream, stare into space, and just do nothing? To let ideas come and go with no filter, no critical eye. What would happen if we could set aside our plans and goals for a time and just coast? Perhaps the chaos of that uncharted time would allow room for all sorts of brilliant new ideas.

I'm going to give it a try. I'm not ready to do what Pretor-Pinney did—quit my job to hang out in Italy for a few months—but I can take time every week to do nothing. Maybe I'll sit with a cup of tea and stare out my window. Perhaps I'll lounge on my bed buried under cats. Maybe I'll sit in my garden enjoying my waterfalls. I won't go looking for ideas, but remain open to whatever comes—no matter how unfeasible or ludicrous it seems. I'm going to post about my journey throughout the summer on [my blog](#).

Why don't you join me? Set aside time in which you have no plan or goal. A time in which "every incoming idea is welcome." Allow yourself to be aimless and idle. Embrace the chaos of doing nothing in particular. If you wish, share your experiences on my blog, at [WritingaSacredPath.com](#)

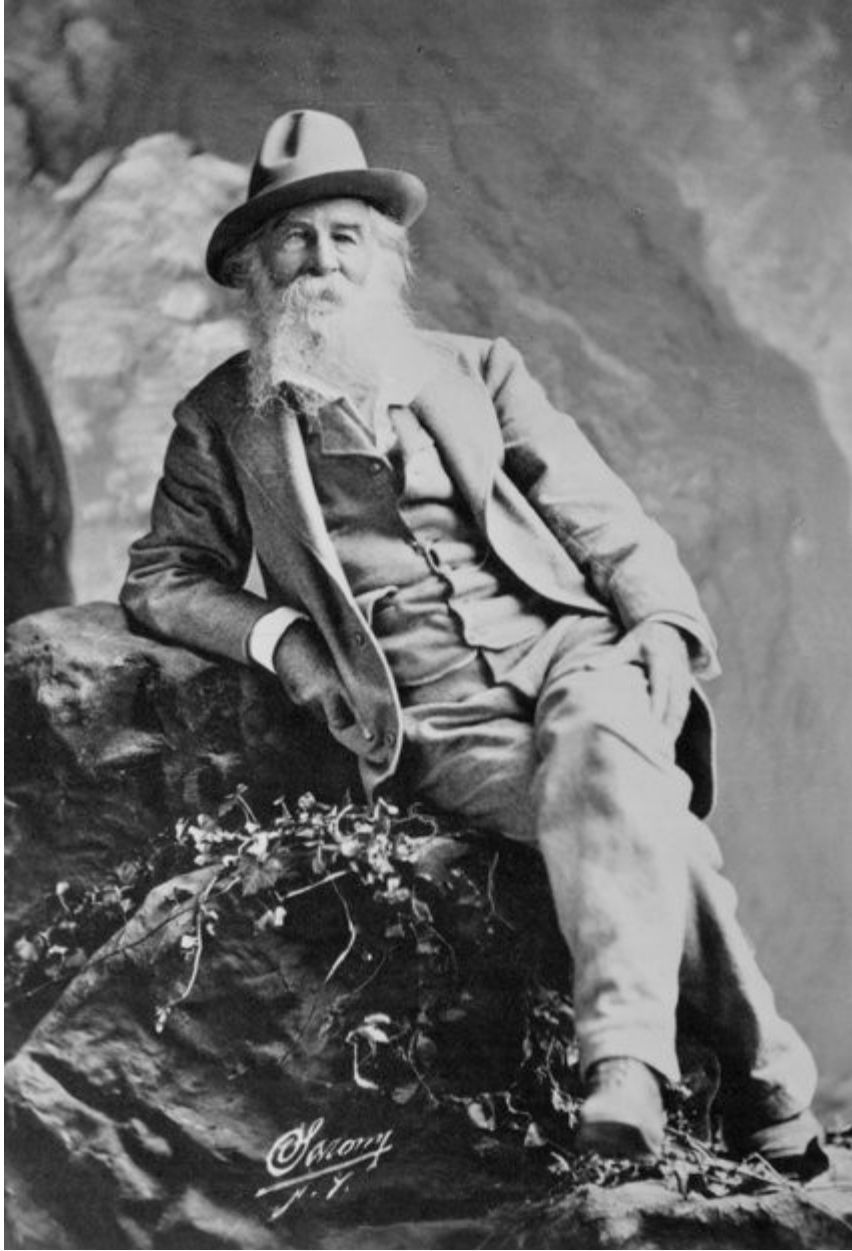
Marilyn Nelson
Crows

What if to taste and see, to notice things,
to stand each *is* up against emptiness
for a moment or an eternity—
images collected in consciousness
like a tree alone on the horizon—
is the main reason we're on the planet.
The *food's here* of the first crow to arrive,
numbers two and three at a safe distance,
then approaching the hand-created taste
of leftover coconut macaroons.
The instant sparks in the earth's awareness.

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Walt Whitman Promoted a Paleo Diet. Who Knew?

By JENNIFER SCHUESSLER APRIL 29, 2016
Photo



Walt Whitman CreditGetty Images

In 1858, when [Walt Whitman](#) sat down to write a manifesto on [healthy living](#), he came up with advice that might not seem out of place in an infomercial today.

“Let the main part of the diet be meat, to the exclusion of all else,” [Whitman](#) wrote, sounding more than a little paleo.

As for the feet, he recommended that the comfortable shoes “now specially worn by base-ball players” — sneakers, if you will — be “introduced for general use,” and he offered warnings about the dangers of inactivity that could have been issued from a 19th-century standing desk.

“To you, clerk, literary man, sedentary person, man of fortune, idler, the same advice,” he declared. “Up!”

Whitman’s words, part of a nearly 47,000-word journalistic series called [“Manly Health and Training,”](#) were lost for more than 150 years, buried in an obscure newspaper that survived only in a handful of libraries. The series was uncovered last summer by a graduate student, who came across a fleeting reference to it in a digitized newspaper database and then tracked down the full text on microfilm.

Now, Whitman’s self-help-guide-meets-democratic-manifesto is being[published online](#) in its entirety by a scholarly journal, in what some experts are calling the biggest new Whitman discovery in decades.

“This is really a complete new work by Whitman,” said David S. Reynolds, the author of [“Walt Whitman’s America”](#) and a professor of English at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, who was not involved with the find.

Walt Whitman: Manly Health and Training

Part one of 13 in a nearly 47,000-word journalistic series called “Manly Health and Training” that had been lost for more than 150 years.

The New York Atlas

New York Atlas 21, No. 17 Sunday Morning, Sept. 12, 1858:1

MANLY HEALTH AND TRAINING, WITH OFF-HAND HINTS TOWARD THEIR CONDITIONS BY MOSE VELSOR.



TO YOU WHOSE eye is arrested by the above headlines, and whom we hope to make a companion to the end of our series—to every man, rich or poor, worker or idler—to all ages of life, from the beginning to the end of it—certainly nothing comes closer home, or is, without any intermission, a topic of more controlling interest, than this we are going to present, through a few articles, some plain and we hope sensible hints toward the furtherance of—a *sound and steady condition of manly health*. We will not make any apology for devoting a portion of our columns to the discussion of this subject; nor, indeed, do we think it much more than necessary to state our theme, to be quite certain that we shall have an eager and multitudinous audience.

Manly health! Is there not a kind of charm—a fascinating magic in the words? We fancy we see the look with which the phrase is met by many a young man, strong, alert, vigorous, whose mind has always felt, but never formed in words, the ambition to attain to the perfection of his bodily powers—has realized to himself that all other goods of existence would hardly be goods, in comparison with a perfect body, perfect blood—no morbid humors, no weakness, no impotency or deficiency or bad stuff in him; but all running over with animation and ardor, all marked by herculean strength, suppleness, a clear complexion, and the rich results (which follow such causes) of a laughing voice, a merry song morn and night, a sparkling eye, and an ever-happy soul!

To such a young man—to all who read these lines—let us, with rapid pen, sketch some of the requisites toward this condition of sound

The series, with its disquisitions on bodily humors and “the great American evil — indigestion,” shows Whitman’s long-known immersion in the health science — or pseudoscience — of his era. Wackier aspects aside, scholars say, the series also sheds fresh light on the poet in the crucial

period of the late 1850s, when he was preparing the landmark 1860 third edition of “Leaves of Grass” and probably working on the poems of homoerotic love that are central to the Whitman we know today.

“These are the most interesting and mysterious years in Whitman’s biography, and now we have this major journalistic series right in the middle of it,” said Ed Folsom, the editor of The Walt Whitman Quarterly Review, the online journal that is publishing the series in its spring issue.

“One of Whitman’s core beliefs was that the body was the basis of democracy,” Mr. Folsom, a professor of English at the University of Iowa, continued. “The series is a hymn to the male body, as well as a guide to taking care of what he saw as the most vital unit of democratic living.”

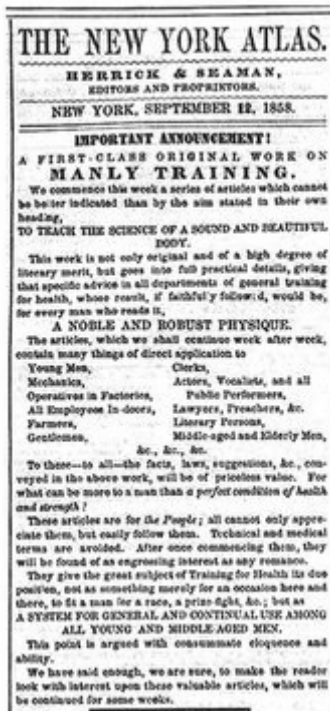
The series was discovered last summer by Zachary Turpin, a graduate student in English at the University of Houston who was browsing in digitized databases of 19th-century newspapers, entering various pseudonyms that Whitman, a prolific journalist, was known to have used.

“It’s kind of a sickness I have in off-hours,” Mr. Turpin said in an interview.

During one search, up popped a brief reference in The New-York Daily Tribune on Sept. 11, 1858, to a series on manly health by “Mose Velsor,” one of Whitman’s favorite pen names, which was about to appear in another paper, The New York Atlas. (While his [notebooks](#) have long been known to contain a handwritten draft of an advertisement for a series on “manly health,” scholars have never known whether Whitman — much of whose [voluminous journalism](#) has been lost — had ever actually written such a series.)

When Mr. Turpin ordered microfilm of the relevant issues of The Atlas, which survive in only a few libraries and have not been digitized, he was stunned to find 13 installments.

Photo



An advertisement for Whitman's series "Manly Health and Training" in The New York Atlas. Credit American Antiquarian Society

"It took about 24 hours for it to sink in," he said.

"Manly Health and Training" was published in weekly installments starting in September 1858, a time when Whitman, then 39, was licking his wounds over the flop of the first two editions of "Leaves of Grass" and churning out hundreds of words a day as a journalist.

He had also begun an intense relationship with [Fred Vaughan](#), a stage driver, and most likely begun work on the series of poems known as "[Calamus](#)" (later included in the 1860 "Leaves of Grass"), whose evocations of homoerotic love are echoed in "Manly Health," Mr. Folsom said.

"Manly Health," with its references to "inspiration and respiration" and the importance of "electricity through the frame," also echoes the language of earlier poems like "[Song of Myself](#)" and "[I Sing the Body Electric](#)," recasting their themes in the more concrete spirit of a self-improvement manual.

"There's a kind of health-nut thing about 'Leaves of Grass' already," Mr. Reynolds said. "This series sort of codifies it and expands on it, giving us a real regimen."

Whitman's first installment strikes a vatic, exclamatory note: "Manly health! Is there not a kind of charm — a fascinating magic in the words?"

That torrent of advice that follows touches on sex, war, climate, bathing, gymnastics, baseball, footwear, depression, alcohol, shaving and the perils of “too much brain action and fretting,” in sometimes rambling prose that draws freely, Mr. Turpin notes in an [introductory essay](#), from Whitman’s reading in publications like *Water-Cure Journal* and *The American Phrenological Journal*.

The New York Atlas.

VOLUME 131.—No. 41.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1858.

BE A WARD, IN ADVANCE.
ORDER, COMRADE, AHEAD!

[illegible]

Whitman emphasizes that men of all physiques can benefit from training,

but he includes a racially tinged discussion of the advantages of “our Teutonic ancestors” and other people of the northern climes.

“While Whitman doesn’t state openly that a great America is a white America, he does suggest these other races will fall away,” Mr. Turpin said.

Mr. Reynolds said he agreed that the text shows hints of Whitman’s later turn toward ethnographic pseudoscience (a kind of “pre-eugenics,” Mr. Reynolds said), a topic that has received substantial attention from scholars in recent years.

But the most striking thing, Mr. Reynolds said, is its emphasis on moderation, and a holistic vision of the relationship between mental and physical health, in contrast to the radical temperance advocates, water-cure partisans and dietary reformers who sprang up across mid-19th-century America.

Whitman, who lived to a ripe 72, is really advocating “getting up early, having a walk, getting the benefit of fresh air and lots of moderate exercise,” Mr. Reynolds said. “One could do worse than follow his advice.

THE FIRST MORNING OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Delmore Schwartz From the *Kenyon Review*, Fall 1955, Vol. XVII, No. 4

Suddenly.

Suddenly and certainly, while I watched elsewhere, locked
And intent in that vigil in which the hunter is the hunted
As the mind is, seeking itself, falconer, falcon and hawk, victor
and victim,

Aware of the dry river beds, the droughts of the little deaths,
Sudden and overwhelming
Years rose and the damned waters of deepest nature’s secret
underseas:

Where I had been before, waiting, tense and tired, was the edge
of a winter wood,

The gun of the mind ached in my numb and narrowed gaze,
Trembled a little, aimed at the pathless wood, and the snow-
clouded icewhite sky,

Hearing not the rush of the birds rising from bush and thicket,
thrashing and clacking,

But suddenly the pouring continuous sibilance of waterfalls,

Certainly and suddenly for a moment's eternity it was the ecstasy
and the stillness of the white wizard blizzard, the white
god, fallen and united, entirely whiteness,
the color of forgiveness, beginning and hope.

Quickly again and certainly it was the river of summer, blue as
the infinite curving blue above us:

Little boats at anchor lolled and were lapped; and a yacht slowly
glided:

It was wholly holiday, holiday absolute, a silk and saraband day,
warm and gay and

Blue and white and vibrant as the pennants buoyant upon the
stadium near us,

White, a milk whiteness, and also all colors flaring, melting or
flowing:

There hope was, and the hopes, and the years past, used and
wasted,

The beings I had known and forgotten and half-remembered or
remembered too often:

Some in rowboats, sunned, as on a picnic; waiting, as before a
play: *the* picnic and *the* play of eternity
As summer, siesta, and summit

—How could I have known how the years and the hopes were
human beings hated or loved

Or known that they were other to me, both less and more than
I believed?

(Thus I questioned myself, in a voice unknown and yet my own)

—There they were, all of them, and I was with them,

They were with me, and they were me, and I was them, forever
united

As we all moved forward in consonance, silent and moving

As upon a great boat, flag-decked, flag-flowering over the white
sides

seated and gazing

upon the beautiful river forever.

So we were as children on the wooden horses, falling and rising,
of the carnival's carrousel

Singing and sometimes smiling, as above us a small music tinkled,
the lyric of a music box

Saying: there is nothing to think but drink of knowledge and
love and love's knowledge,
The task is a round, the round is a task, the task and the round
are a dance:
The last knowledge of love as the first, when thought's abdication
supports thought's exaltation,
When after and before are no more, nor masks and the unmask-
ing, but only the basking
(As the shining sea basks under the shining sun, in a radiance of
swords and chandeliers dancing)
In the last blessing and sunlight of love's knowledge.

Suddenly, certainly
I hardly knew when my lips parted. Started to move slowly
As in the rehearsal of half-remembered, memorized
anthem, prayer or spell
of heart welling grateful recognition.
My lips trembled, fumbled, and in the depths and death
of thought
A murmur rose like the hidden humming of summer, when
June sleeps
In the serene radiance of warm light and green fulfillment:
Fumbling, feeling for what I had long supposed I had grasped
and cast aside as worthless,
the sparks and glitter of pleasure and knowledge
trivial and transient
—The phrases like faces came, both strange and lucid, separate
and united, sincere as pain,
With the unity of meaning and emotion long lost, disbelieved or
denied
As I sought in the words I had known to possess their burden:
“I did not know . . . and I knew . . . surely I once knew . . .
I must have known
. . . Surely sometimes guessed or suspected . . .
Knew and did not know what love is,
The measure of pleasure, the heart of joy, the light and the heart
of the light which makes pleasure,
joy and love come to being

**As light alone gives to all colors being, so this light is
Which is love . . . Love? . . . Is love ? . . What is love ?**

**Clearly and surely I saw how the measure and treasure of
pleasure and joy is being as being with, belonging,—
Figured and touched in the experience of voices in chorus:**

**Withness is ripeness,
Ripeness is withness,
To be is to be in love,
To be is to be in love,
Love is the fullness of being.**

**For the gratification of action by those who enact it and at once
In the enacting behold it, actual and antiphonal, *as* antiphonal, in
another, in others, in all the others who, being with
them, toiling and smiling, looked to each other, and
Know the act as their enaction, yet at once another's and others',
suffering the struggling,
The effort of effort, as in the toil and ecstasy of climbing and
dancing:**

**Then: when they know immediately within them what they see
immediately without them, vivid in the faces,
lucid in the voices**

**Each creating and increasing in the other as fire in fire,
Thus, as the lover knows *yes*, knows loving and being loved, *then*
Kissing as he is kissed: then only effort is gratitude, only then
toil is ecstasy,**

**Suffering is satisfaction, satisfaction is pain, and both are neither
but a third**

**Beyond and containing the fear and the striving, the desire and
the fire, the excitement of privation, the reality of
consummation, the great wings of rapture,
throbbing and soaring:**

**Then the self is another and most itself, wholly itself and
wholly other, in a being beyond loving and
being beloved:**

**Is neither no more and both, sustaining both and surpassing them
as it rises to the pure perfected being of being
Self-hooded selfhood seeks in the darkness and daylight**

blinded and lost.

Suddenly, certainly, it was as waking in the waters of morning,
in winter:

Surely it was the first morning once more,

Waking in the first morning to a world outside of whiteness
united,

Transfigured, possessed by the blessedness of whiteness and light,

A whiteness which is light and more than light, containing all
colors,

And the inner morning and meaning of light, bearing within
itself all

Love, all distinction, giving the world to the self,
the self to the world.

Then, surely, it was the moment when Adam

As, each of us, gazed first upon another self, looked
upon a self which as his own seemed, looked at,
yet another, absolute as other, being no less than
everything,

being the beginning of being as love and love as being

—So, surely, the first strangeness rippled to recognition
unbelievable, growing like morning—

Then when the self is another and most itself, neither and both,

Possessing and possessed by the being of being,
purely and wholly,

Then when consummation is exaltation and surrender,

The event is comparable to the ultimate experience of things as
they are

Turning to flame, united in blaze, burning in the agony and new
birth which is the apotheosis of fire!

Then certainly it was again the little moment of eternity when

Lazarus

Thrusting aside the cold sweated linens,

Summoned by Jesus, snow and morning

**Thrust the stone to one side, the fell conclusion,
And knew all astonishment for the first time, wonderstruck
Not that he lived again after death, (after the box; the wood,
felt; the lid, shutting; nails and black silence,
painless and effortless as luxury)
But that he had ever died! Knew the illusion of death
confused with the reality of the agony of dying,
Knowing at last that death is inconceivable among the living,
Hearing the thunder of the news of the waking from the false
dream of life that life can ever end.**



In 1959, DELMORE SCHWARTZ became the youngest recipient of the Bollingen Prize, awarded for a collection of poetry published that year, Summer Knowledge: Selected Poems. Three years later, he was teaching at Syracuse University when KR published a selection of new poems.