

*What It's About*

I've been debating writing this poem in my head for twenty minutes.

the reason for it to be written is because it would relieve the pressure weighing down my heart. and the reason for it not to be written is because I have already tackled this subject (not that that's stopped me before) with much more efficiency. It was a poem called *So You Can Go On Feeling*. That poem said what this poem is trying to say with ease and grace and simplicity.

but against my better judgment I'm writing it now:

Every once in a while you'll meet someone, and I run into them often in my line of work, in the kind of places that work takes me, that are capable of disenchanting you with the entire artistic world.

tonight I met a man consumed with the analytical nature of art and who *hates* emotional art.

He is lost in the world of bullshit brought on you by college education.

I am not slamming formal education, far from it; I am slamming the pathetic souls that feed into it all, that conform to the idea that it is already useless to be a nonconformist, yet feel it necessary to not conform to the conformist view, which is entirely arbitrary due to the fact that everything, even the conformist group and the nonconformist group can be broken down to a mathematical equation, thus rendering the entire idea of original spontaneity useless and conformist in nature.

This is true.

But I have found a flaw within the perfection. There is no perfection. Everything is subjective or objective, I forget which.

Despite the fact that all of this analytical horse manure may be true, I still relish in the philosophy of ignoring it. If I fit into a classification of a sub-genre of an outcast mobilization then so be it, but I do not consciously abide by the set rules. And that is what sets me free.

This soul told me that the most important thing in art is to establish an "intellectual dialogue." And that the art itself was that important. Put simply, do something so you can talk about it.

Essentially, he wanted to critique my work and he expected for me to give his *deconstruction* credence based upon an aforementioned established analytical understanding through the intellectual design of our conversation.

if you don't pity this person already  
perhaps you are  
too far  
gone

he does not believe in life. He is dead without death.

there is no passion! No fucking life, goddamn it son of a bitch.

there is no room for passion. for emotion, which he uses like a dirty word.

I feel for this man more than I am disgusted with him, for he is joyless.

Everything has a meaning. Everything can be deconstructed and interpreted and dissected, but if you spend all your time doing that, if there ever was a soul to your work, it is now dead.

It is cold like milk bones.

Qjen3infedwf ewlkn4ew'fn4rgqbrlefknwnrkeddd f4ewiknf      4 mewk'ads

that is the typing done with pure and utter emotion. Those letters and numbers are the product of the feeling connected directly to my heart.

it is just pure drivel,

and yet it carries more power than that man will ever know

because it is true

and that it the best thing about truth.

it's still true, even when it's lying.