

## *Emotions*

### An Anger

A coffin for killing the conversation. There is a void of comforting space between two dense objectives. Daring the colorless bones, the withdrawn digits that take leave in collection. All processes depart the railway station, to let the organs shut down for duel. The one end is intermittent blue and drawing a pyramid of it. A counted of wet makes a run for south, and the rest of those white to north keeping clenched of breath. A foot of debate is necessary, and the heavy customs is in waiting. If it is in a sense, the end of counting, a charred coffee table and red cheeky sheets in disarray.

### A Petty Unhappiness

The maturity of falling and a quiet a simple monotonous is becoming. A liberated spine has the sense and pleasing nature to mold a brown door. Desperation is something that is measured the length of looming monoxide and the snow is bragging. A simple gathering is enough to rid and rot the most of a heavy stone. They hold meticulously a savory and sensible charm. Is it modest and fresh for rituals of ticking orange thick.

A monotonous sentiment to the smiling pink of lips betwixt.

There can be a virgin moon, and sweet dirt always, the deep melody blue screams heavy.

### A Sticky Anxiety

A distressed mattress to the quick, a fanciful sight in silver reflect. The porcelain skin is deliberate and suds performing a duty of spiritual release. A girl of pink and a huge dark towel and an empty height and wealthy brown hair. The bitterness is assuring. If the larger of the two is desperate, the origin begins and pink is white and red.

This establishment darkens as the center rises.

A character calamity and dutiful knight is the square to round an edge off. Seed is not hope.

If a step is taken forward if the sight perceives not and the edge is dead, it is a distance not crossed. The causation is just a single digit, the simplicity rendering reactive, the beat of blood is devouring. What is the eye meant to do, flounder back and forward and quick to grab the catch.

A tension a devoted tension, a mountain of love and tied shoes, and dutiful reproach.

Where is the rest, it is not in the solitude of black holes, nor the tripped tiles and silver tiger eyes, it is complacent in the ash.

#### A Jealous Benefactor of M

To be the rubber sole to support the arts of heavy fingered strumming and so close to taste a salted wound shrug free. Suppose an empty soap-box is the budding comfort and stanch and bespectacled Garden of Eden. All the golden lyrics to chew. A smile a footed tree a post-card and the tentative collected color of white. Suppose the bulk of chaos is the stitch of two holes, suppose the quick sand of war rattled tunes that assured and dirty snouts were things of neat, if you suppose that letters spread into sentences as the end of volcanic then it is yours.

#### A Systematic Method to Happiness

Aluminum and blue settle fluffy an opportunity, a change of temperature and a decisiveness is in the clinking. A steel stool of great proportions, the blurs of eyes straight to sky simply a method of breaking skin. A circle, a circle in a wall does nothing to keep the black from swimming. A settlement for arms is far and few between and makes a distant moan to be. All petals shorn, length and wither a black ink residing and digging deep. If the gold of little feet are surely seen, the siren of the beach should be.

If a tree flutters down and no sound and height and no scream, the lighthouse has.

The sweet preparation of confetti is the simpler mannerisms, a depth to the ribcage, and simply light enough to exhaust.

Gertrude Stein, author of “Tender Buttons” (an anthology of poems in three sections titled “Rooms”, “Food”, and “Objects”), is considered to be a momentum in the Modernist revolution, but her poetry remains largely unrecognized as effectual, or appreciated as a staple of the movement. Her extreme avant-garde poetry attempted to portray the simple, monotonous, everyday commodities (wherein naturally, most pay no attention) with unconventional syntax, and a peculiar mirage of words. Not necessarily for any specific connotation-al preference, but more often, the sound they produced in speech. Having been deeply affected by the cubist movement of the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, her poetry attempted to construct an image freestanding of the conventional meanings that words represented. Instead, by using a collection of random (superficially) words, and describing mediocre objects, she forces the reader to re-identify with the power of language, and in a sense, reconstruct the accustomed ritualistic nature in which we perceive the world.

Personally, my first reading of “Tender Buttons: Objects” was frustratingly refreshing. My appreciation for the maverick disregard with which she employed unconventional language to craft meaning was short lived, the depth and complexity became apparent with every word I encountered, and I could not muster a single spark. But for some odd reason, regardless of an individual discernment, each reading met with monster epiphany, and I ran quickly, writing feverishly of nothingness&everything, until my hand ached. This was one of the main reckonings that begged I attempt a piece “emulating” her stylistic approaches. But as well, it flabbergasted me that upon an initial reading, a reader is struck, and while reeling they ask, begging, “What the hell is she talking about?!” and more I envied to know. The attempt at such revealed far more than I had initially thought was going to occur, of Gertrude Stein’s poetry, and my own endeavored ramblings.

Besides the characteristic, uncharacteristic use of alternative language Gertrude employed to describe the simplicity of modern objects (like “A Carafe”), I noticed a pattern of repeated words (usually sentence beginnings), such as: A, All, If, The, Suppose. She employed the use of many determiners, and conjunctions, but lacked the common (overused) terms like: But, or Of. Repetition is a common theme throughout Stein’s work, and is the main discussion in the introduction of “The Making of Americans” (Vol. D; 200). This stylistic choice did more than make a word lasting, but smoothed the rhythm to something enjoyable, amongst the jumble of words. Gertrude Stein devoted many of her poems to the literary device of alliteration, wherein words share the same beginning letter, or sound, and follow each other closely. Although her poetry seems to lack any stylistic favors, there is a pattern and purpose behind the devices she does use, and in my attempt to emulate her, I made note of that.

Identifying that Stein’s chosen topics were those of everyday disregard (giving meaning to the often overlooked portions of our lives) was the first difficult task of my emulation. Considering she wrote multiple prose-pieces on objects (things are everything), food (is constant), and rooms (are everywhere), left me in a position of picking at the remnants. I wanted to write a series of poems on something commonplace, often overlooked, and unappreciated. When suddenly, the most perfect topics or starting points, pulsed quickly from heart to head...emotions. The lightbulb had sparked, and ideas poured forth, quickly, I formulated a general outline of treatment: follow the three main stylistic approaches with which Stein employed (unconventional language, alliteration, and simplicity), and attempt to describe emotions as a thing, rather than an experience or state of being. Typed notes, outlines, and pockets full of torn bits of paper had laid the path clearly, but when I stepped up to bat... I think my brain exploded.

It seemed I had struck genius, and my fingers were quick to type the flood, but in a moment of pause I realized, I was not channeling Stein. So, I backtracked (backspace), collected myself, and sat. Every poem in “Tender Buttons: Objects,” was layered in the depth of thought, perception, and innuendos, but all from a single starting point. In order to achieve a semi-respectable imitation of Gertrude, I must appreciate the thought process (and time!) she spent picking the bones clean. Each aspect my little brain could fathom was chased down the corridor, until it reached the safety of new thought. Quickly, there was a rhythmic nature to the madness, but, no matter how hard I tried to steer clear of modern/personal references, higher octane adjectives, and remain simple, I found I could not. It was like trying to write a midterm essay paper, with only my feet.

Objectively, I know now that I should have chosen simpler topics, in order to build up, but maintain simplicity. Having chosen to write about a series of emotions (an already complicated happening), I could not remain distant, therefore, my blaringly obvious voice was arguing to the world. At some point, in a feverish pile of strewn paper, printed Stein poems (littered in highlights, and marks), and open texts everywhere, I gave up trying to emulate Gertrude Stein, and instead, realized I have already been greatly influenced by her no-fudge given style, and continued in a manner with which I know could never measure, but was intoxicating. Instead of perfecting, I chose to emulate more on concept, portraying emotions (not something society is keen on focusing) with words not often in union with each other, a lack of superficial sense, and of course, alliteration (K’s, and D’s are awesomely aggressive). Meaningful, life-altering, or meaningless, poetry is/can be a personal reflection, admission, cultural opinion and regard. It can be a “barbaric yawp!” (Vol. C; 67) from the tops of lungs, a

silent, secluded yawning of epiphany, or a collection of words that force us to re-evaluate meaning.