

Time Is Passing

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Time is passing, slower I think, than I had first imagined it might.

But I realize that time will not repeat itself ever and it is important to me to step back into the mysteries of negotiating the dark side of poetry.

There are mysteries from childhood about things that will only appear once in your lifetime. Only once. For example, you cannot step into the same stream twice.

When you grasp the implications to their fullest, you will tremble with fear and excitement as you grasp the concept that poetry exists with no known beginning nor end and the questions we might ask will inevitably open doors that, if followed, might lead us to answers - but, at the risk of losing one's sanity, forever.

The armor I've carried for years in my poet's black bag - that has helped me remain sane - are two battered paperback books. You may indeed have something similar that you cling to for your own poetry safety and sanity. My safeguards are from a rather famous collection of translations. I have learned a good bit about how to handle them, safely. There are three sections of top significance - in my mind. The Day on Fire, - James Ramsey Ullman. Artur Rimbaud, A Season in Hell (WOW- still, after all these years!), and Paul Verlaine.