

The DarkPoetry Almanac

December 26, 2009

In this edition: A Howl for the beats, a request for a counter-revolution in poetry circles, what's new with DarkPoetry, and how to get yourself a bunch of [free stickers](#).

A Poem

This month's featured poem (excerpt) is an American classic. Written in such a stark and paradoxical form, it was something of a Rorschach blot for the generations who encountered it when it was first released considering all of the [controversy](#) it provoked.

Howl

Allen Ginsberg (1926-1997)

For Carl Solomon

I

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by
madness, starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn
looking for an angry fix,
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly
connection to the starry dynamo in the machin-
ery of night,
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat
up smoking in the supernatural darkness of

cold-water flats floating across the tops of cities
contemplating jazz,
who bared their brains to Heaven under the EI and
saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tene-
ment roofs illuminated,
who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes
hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy
among the scholars of war,
who were expelled from the academies for crazy &
publishing obscene odes on the windows of the
skull,
who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burn-
ing their money in wastebaskets and listening
to the Terror through the wall,
who got busted in their pubic beards returning through
Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York,
who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in
Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their
torsos night after night
with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, al-
cohol and cock and endless balls,
incomparable blind; streets of shuddering cloud and
lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of
Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the mo-
tionless world of Time between,
Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery

dawns, wine drunkenness over the rooftops,
storefront boroughs of teahead joyride neon
blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree
vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brook-
lyn, ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind,
who chained themselves to subways for the endless
ride from Battery to holy Bronx on benzedrine
until the noise of wheels and children brought
them down shuddering mouth-wracked and
battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance
in the drear light of Zoo,
who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's
floated out and sat through the stale beer after
noon in desolate Fugazzi's, listening to the crack
of doom on the hydrogen jukebox,
who talked continuously seventy hours from park to
pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brook-
lyn Bridge,
lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping
down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills
off Empire State out of the moon,
yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering facts
and memories and anecdotes and eyeball kicks
and shocks of hospitals and jails and wars,

[Continue reading](#)

Commentary: Neomillennial Poetry

This month's piece is by [Sharon Rose](#), who hopes to spark a counter-revolution.

I've been discovering something this semester, as I talk with teachers and explore more "literary" resources, as I get closer towards my own goals of writing and helping others to write:

There's been a move in academia and elsewhere in the literary world for about the last 2-3 years that embraces "linguistic" poetry that is more about language than it is meaning, more about sound than it is about substance. This is technical poetry; perfect in all respects of language use and virtually devoid of any real emotion. Worked and reworked until it is a perfectly shaped snowflake and just as cold. Metaphor is only useful if it fits with the vowel scheme, in other words. Accompanying this trend is the disturbing rise in purely visual and or text abbreviated poetry, stimulated in part by the digital culture, creating poetry that sometimes doesn't even contain words. I've been reading what's considered the poetry of now; millennial poetry. This is what publishers are publishing, what universities are apparently looking for.

And it makes me think and makes me start reading what's posted here just a little bit more these days. There is something to the "dark poetry" on this site that is about more than just confessional, cutter, suicide, hatred, horror. There is introspection. There is genuine concern and humanity. There is an emotional and "soul-searching" quality that is beginning to exit "literary" poetry at an alarming rate. I know that sound qualities, resonance, rhythm, meter, and artistic display of words (concrete, abstract, visual, colored, textured, whatever you call it) have their place in poetry (and an important place at that). However, a poem is not a poem unless it says something, unless it means something, unless it feels, moves, breathes, lives. A poem is not a

poem unless it conveys an idea, a memory, a visual, an interpretation of reality that cannot be found by winding together pretty words and hoping they make their own meaning just from their linguistic significance.

I want a counter-movement. The neo-romanticists managed it, the neo-classicists managed it and the neo-futurists managed it. Whoever here wants to keep the story inside the song, do me a favor, and don't just tell people (especially people who "know" poetry) you write dark poetry. Tell them you write neomillennial poetry. It will make them think and reconsider what poetry means, when you tell them it means you write things that actually say something, instead of just sounding like something. Poetry is not just strings of pretty syllables; it's sentences of soul.

News

December was dark. Much work was done.

Additions:

- Members can now buy ducats with credit cards
- Traffic analysis tools were installed to help staff find ways to improve DarkPoetry. Opt-outs are available to all members who don't wish to participate on the preferences page.
- Longer works can now be posted, with particularly long works being available to higher membership levels.
- Many optimizations to speed and download speed in particular
- Ignore – Members can maintain a list of members they wish to ignore (beta)
- A comprehensive [member listing](#) page was created
- Created a new membership [privileges grid](#) so you can see what your upgrade gets you
- Members now have a “fan list” on their profile page.

Are you a Facebook (tm) user? Be sure to “Fan” the [DarkPoetry](#) Facebook group and stay up to date on day to day happenings on DarkPoetry.

People and Events

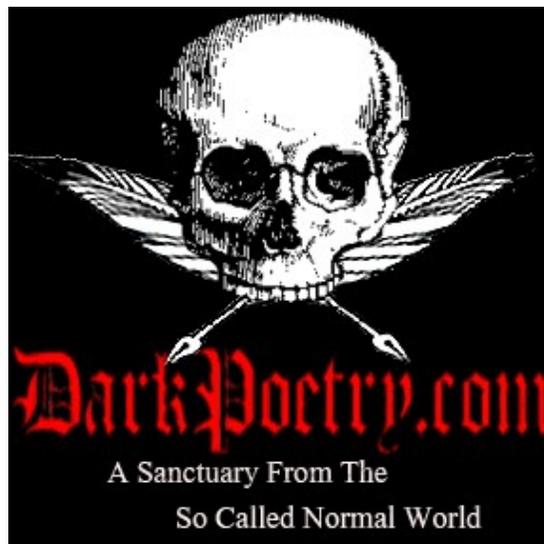
Do you have an event you'd like to share next month? Please [Dpmail](#) with your announcement.

[SalemLex](#) writes: Its not exactly an event but I have a story in an e-book that was just released. Here's a [link to the site where its available](#). It's only \$2.99.

DarkPoetry.com Sticker Giveaway

I've invested in some high quality vinyl stickers that I'd like to give away to any and all DarkPoetry members. To claim your free stickers (we'll put in as many as we can based on postage), just send a self-addressed stamped envelope to DarkPoetry.com. You can even have this count for your “postcard” membership if you so wish! See the [tail end of the faq](#) for the address.

If you're a Full or Gold member, make sure your [address is up to date](#) and send a Dpmail to DarkPoet to request stickers. No SASE required for you.



Sticker Design by The Prophet Untold

The DarkPoetry Almanac is a publication of DarkPoetry.com,

a [GeniusWeb LLC](http://GeniusWeb.com) site.

Original content copyright December 26, 2009,

other content as attributed.