

Vasilis Papageorgiou

On the Love of Poetry and Poems:

A Poem

To my dead mother that I don't remember
She was,
she whose name was or is,
she who is not, is

What if she were to hear me say I love poetry, I love that poetry and poems exist, the ponderings over whether they always have existed or were invented at some time and have since evolved, however slowly, a slow invention of sorts like so many other, disparate phenomena. Or whether they have been a given fact or event always, and if people were aware of them, of poetry and of the poem itself, its structures, forms and metres, of the need for a certain moment that is not in touch with or is detached from its world or intensifies this both simple and complicated relationship with the world, contemplates upon the world, upon the relationship and the moment itself. A moment that does not so much think as it admires, wonders, celebrates, visualizes this touch or detachment, the insight of it, and

the ability to do it, the language and form that make it possible. I love, with a love that comes from the heart, the ritual of poetry, which is a poem in itself, the phenomenon or event of poetry as it includes world, cosmos, while at the same time it reveals more world, expands, creates new cosmos, never limits the world, never has any intention of doing so, an event that is the continuous opening of the world and the affirmation of this opening. And although I am glad that for many reasons, most of them obvious, they are not one thing, I love poetry and poem as one, and I love to call a poem anything that I can describe as poetry:

“This is pure poetry.”

“Well indeed, it is a poem too.”

“Written by whom?”

“By poetry itself, by the moment this poetry takes place and presents itself, by its own event.”

The form that poetry takes, the form of a poem (the form that exceeds its lines and stanzas) reaches me as an arrangement, a momentarily contained structure of an epiphany, the insightful capture of the fleeting instant, of the never deceiving fleeting itself. It is a cosmos in its cosmetic moment, a perceived aspect of the openness. There is no need to speak of an oxymoron or paradox, I think. Any contours of the poetic form or figure that addresses me mark, re-enact and draw attention to the presence of the openness, its place, here, and time, now. They only exist because of this openness. An openness that exists both outside and inside the *lexis* and the *dianoia*, and as such can affect the lyric perception and the poem, and enhance my unconditional love for unconditional poetry and unconditioned poems.

And therefore, this is not just about the lyric, the poetry and the poems only, it is also about the love of them, the way this love affects my heart more than it affects my ideas, the way, I believe, it affects my thinking itself, the moment of my perceiving, of my awareness of poetry. An affirming moment in its epiphanic widening of itself with cosmos in it.

This love in the heart and from the heart, the unfathomable profundity of it, is what she would be ever so calmly eager hear me speak about, about how it speaks and expresses itself toward, within and from inside poetry and the poem. “I have nothing to say about love”, proclaims Derrida,¹ who on the next page thankfully elaborates around the term, speaks about “the heart of love” and contemplates on love as “the movement of the heart”. Love as heart and heart as love, love inside the heart and the heart inside love. And thus, my love for the poem is also the heart of my poem, my heart moves the poem, puts poetry in motion, poetry is the love in my heart. It is an open heart and an open love. The more tangible the openness of the poem becomes, the more touching and deeper this love is. It is a love in the heart of poetry, even if the heart of the poem is always eluding us. Derrida, a believer and practitioner of love (a lover of wisdom that a philosopher is), in his short text (a sort of heart of an essay, a heart in a body of questions) “Che cos’è la poesia?”,² discusses, or

1 Kirby Dick and Ziering Kofman, *Derrida: Screenplay and essays on the film*, Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2005, 79.

2 Peggy Kamuf (ed.), *A Derrida reader: Between the blinds*. Essay translated by Peggy Kamuf. London: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1991, 221–237.

rather states (or perhaps sings in his heart: Timothy Clark has admirably shown how Derrida's essay could have been written as an "ode". And, soon, discussing Keats' "Ode to Psyche", he writes about the "movement of the poem, as a gift of love"³) that he "call[s] a poem that very thing that teaches the heart, invents the heart".⁴ It is a heart that beats both for a "pure interiority",⁵ inside a poem, and the exteriority that otherness represents, that the language offers, by which the poem, like a "hedgehog", gets "thrown out on the roads and in the fields, thing beyond languages, even if it sometimes happens that it recalls itself in language, when it gathers itself up, rolled up in a ball on itself, it is more threatened than ever in its retreat: it thinks it is defending itself, and it loses itself".⁶ Of course, the negativity in the imagery and in the deployment of the arguments is employed in order to free the poem from the encompassing negativity of metaphysics: "The poem can roll itself up in a ball but it is still in order to turn its pointed signs toward the outside." This negativity is also a "demon of the heart" that "never gathers itself together, rather it loses itself". And just before this we have read:

You will call poem from now on a certain passion of the singular mark, the signature that repeats its dispersion, each

3 In his essay "By heart: A reading of Derrida's 'Che cos'è la poesia?' through Keats and Celan", *Oxford Literary Review* 15, 1, 2012, 53 and 55.

4 *A Derrida reader*, 231.

5 *A Derrida reader*, 231.

6 *A Derrida reader*, 229.

time beyond the logos, ahuman, barely domestic, not reappropriable into the family of the subject: a converted animal, rolled up in a ball, turned toward the other and toward itself...⁷

Love, though, goes beyond the encompassment of metaphysics for Derrida: “I love because the other is the other, because its time will never be mine [...] I can love the other only in the passion of this aphorism. Which does not happen, does not come about like misfortune, bad luck, or negativity. It has the form of the most loving affirmation...”.⁸ Yet while love, heart and poetry are affirmed by Derrida, negativity is not far away. On the contrary, it is always present and active, generated by the other, thus undermining any untroubled enjoyment of love, of its euphoria. The feeling that “one might want to describe as amorous euphoria”, of which Derrida speaks,⁹ is inseparable from the melancholy that the presence of the unapproachable, impossible other causes. This is, I believe, what allows Derrida to speak here of euphoria in an oblique, hypothetical, potential way: “one might”. One, Derrida might then argue, does not and cannot love in a direct way, in the here and now of the taking place of poetry. The melancholia from and of the other overshadows the euphoria of openness in the heart of the poem, the direct love for poetry, the unconditionality itself in the unconditional movement

7 *A Derrida reader*, 235

8 An “Aphorism Countertime”, Derek Attridge (ed.), *Jacques Derrida: Acts of literature*, London 1992, 420–421.

9 Attridge, 421.

of the heart. For Derrida it is the other, not openness that unlocks and embodies the abyss of the present. “For Derrida”, concludes Clark, “the poetic comes from the other”.¹⁰ And, thus, only as an openness I enjoy what Derrida calls “the desire”, of the “absolute nonabsolute”, that in it “you breathe the origin of the poetic”.¹¹ An enjoyment, a pleasurable affirmation that always inhabits the other’s impossibility and troubled presence, but breathes beyond it in the “here and now of the poem”, as Paul Celan, from another perspective, one that describes the distance between the poem and the other, calls it in his speech “The Meridian”.¹² An enjoyment that comes from the heart of love, the heart of openness that beats everywhere, anytime, one that perceives the hedgehog as the accumulation of countless loving hearts.

I am so enjoyably sure that I am not all alone in deriving such a pleasure from Derrida’s one-line poem, “Petite fuite alexandrine (vers toi)”: “Prière à desceller d’une ligne de vie”. In the line we can hear different hearts beating in the openness of its words and its composition, as Michael Naas, affirming Derrida’s “joyous affirmation”, has shown in his essay “Lifelines”:

How many times did Jacques Derrida say in his lifetime, Oui, j’accepte? How many times did he sign with such an affir-

¹⁰ Clark, 71.

¹¹ *A Derrida reader*, 229–31.

¹² *Collected prose*, translated by Rosmarie Waldrop Manchester: Carcanet, 1999, 50.

mation, and how many of these affirmations, how many of these crypts, are out there waiting to be read, reaffirmed, and countersigned? How many lines, how many affirmations, how many prayers are there? How many gifts and how many benedictions? How many “traces in the history of the French language”? And now, though very differently, in ours?¹³

Derrida’s line then with its “many gifts” is a poem that both says a playful yes to and, at the same time, more importantly, reaches beyond Giorgio Agamben’s efforts to establish a dividing line between poetry and prose by giving the decisive role to the movement of the enjambment and the end of the poem:

Awareness of the importance of the opposition between metrical segmentation and semantic segmentation has led some scholars to state the thesis (which I share) according to which the possibility of enjambment constitutes the only criterion for distinguishing poetry from prose. For what is enjambment if not the opposition of a metrical limit to a syntactical limit of a prosodic pause to a semantic pause? ‘Poetry’ will then be the name given to the discourse in which this opposition is, at least virtually, possible; ‘prose’ will be the name for the discourse in which this opposition cannot take place.¹⁴

13 *Derrida From Now On*. New York: Fordham University Press, 2008, 225.

14 “The end of the poem”, *The end of the poem: Studies in poetics*, translated by Daniel Heller-Roazen, Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999, 109.

Derrida's line was published as a "monostiche", and it is described as an "alexandrine" (Naas gives an exemplary analysis of the title and discusses convincingly the different interpretations of the line), but would Derrida mind at all if I were to read it to her as a piece of prose in itself or as a part of larger text that is left out? In any case, the monostich by standing alone, by not being able to be a *stichos*, to constitute a poem according to Agamben, resists or marvels in front of his theory, and as a sort of a final verse in itself it renders the whole theory about the enjambment completely redundant. It is possible to have a poem that is free from the "possibility of enjambment",¹⁵ free from Agambenian threat to lose its right to call itself a verse.

Agamben's theory about the enjambment is problematic in other ways too. While we can imagine it in action in any monostich before or after it, or in any other poetic form, and might of course find it very useful in discussing the lyric movement in some cases of metric poetry, the theory is "perplexing" for other reasons than those named by Agamben (as we read at the above-mentioned page: "This much follows simply from the trivial fact that there can be no enjambment in the final verse of the poem. This fact is certainly trivial: yet it implies consequences that are as perplexing as they are necessary. For if poetry is defined precisely by the possibility of enjambment, it follows that the last verse of a poem is not a verse.")

A challenge appears to me now, which in its sophistic meandering seems to contain a grain of gravity. If the last

15 *The end of the poem*, 112.

verse of a poem is not a verse, if it does not partake in the metrical flow of the poem, since it lacks the possibility of enjambment, if it is a piece of prose, then this should affect the previous verse, the penultimate verse, by depriving it of the possibility of enjambment as well, by suspending its metric movement. And if this is the case, the penultimate should affect the antepenultimate verse, and this all the way back to the beginning of the poem. Any farther discussion of Agamben's train of thought on this subject becomes more and more intriguing to me. For instance, the fact that the poem could turn into prose while remaining a poem.

Agamben deploys his argument about the question whether "the last verse trespasses into prose" cautiously and forcefully at the same time. What seems to be the case for him is that it is "as if for poetry the end implied a catastrophe and loss of identity so irreparable as to demand the deployment of very metrical and semantic means".¹⁶ We are not given an exposition of these means for the moment, because the "essential is that the poets seem conscious of the fact that here there lies something like a decisive crisis for the poem, a genuine *crise de verse* in which the poem's very identity is at stake".¹⁷ Agamben then goes on to describe a different kind of ending. He does this by giving us a couple of examples of what he calls the "disorder of the last verse", taken from Marcel Proust and Walter Benjamin, of something about "the end of the poem" that "often" has a "cheap and even abject quality", as if ("as if" is a

16 *The end of the poem*, 112.

17 *The end of the poem*, 113.

conditional structure that Agamben uses again here) these represent something general:

As if the poem as a formal structure would not and could not end, as if the possibility of the end were radically withdrawn from it, since the end would imply a poetic impossibility: the exact coincidence of sound and sense. At the point in which sound is about to be ruined in the abyss of sense, the poem looks for shelter in suspending its own end in a declaration, so to speak, of the state of poetic emergency.¹⁸

Here it is the case that the poem can end in a way that is not conventional (“formal”), it is another kind of end, in which the poem, by ending abruptly, does not end with a line without enjambment, in a prose line, or a line “that is not a verse”. And by doing this, its end retains its sound and does away with its sense. On the one hand, the poem, as Agamben had already described, can end formally and thus we do not have a coincidence of sound and sense, since the last line lacks enjambment. On the other, according to which the formal end is “withdrawn”, the sound cannot be “ruined” as it is separated in this way from the sense. In this case we end with a “poetic impossibility: the exact coincidence of sound and sense”. There are two different then “disorders”, two kinds of a complicated, in crisis, end of the poem, two different kind of poems. And all examples mentioned by Agamben end with “the abyss of sense”. We should note also that the impossibility that Agamben

18 *The end of the poem*, 113.

describes here should not be related to the negativity of language itself, the unsolvable problem of metaphysics. It cannot be, since this negativity should apply to all verses, not only the last one.

And soon we are given a third, to me equally wonderfully complicated, kind of end, or rather a new beginning after the end, or a continuation of the end. An end that leads to or embodies “silence” and “falling” (the wonderful complication being that this applies to all poems and to everything, to any end, as well as any middle and any beginning): “What is this falling into silence of the poem? What is beauty [that Dante finds] that falls? And what is left of the poem after its ruin?”. But why the ruin, the negativity and the violence it entails or refers to? Why not pick up the beauty in silence instead, as Dante writes? After putting a few questions about the “tension” in poetry between the semiotic and the semantic aspects of the poem, about the possibility in the end of the poem of a union between sound and sense, or “on the contrary”, of a separation “forever” between them to the degree that the poem leaves “behind it only an empty space”, Agamben concludes that “[e]verything is complicated by the fact that in the poem there are not, strictly speaking, two series or lines in parallel flight. Rather, there is but one line that is simultaneously traversed by the semantic current and the semiotic current”, by a “difference” that deprives “the space of the poem” of “the possibility of a lasting accord between sound and sense”.¹⁹ This “accord” however, is it an unquestionable given in prose, for instance, or in

¹⁹ *The end of the poem*, 114.

everyday reflections and speech? Agamben elaborates that this “opposition between the semiotic and the semantic” at the end of the poem takes place while it “falls” and at the moment when “sound seems forever consigned to sense and sense returned forever to sound”.

But of course, it only “seems” so, the poem retains the tension of the schism between sound and sense, it does not become an actuality that the poem at the end reaches a confident harmony, an unproblematic collaboration between sound and sense. What we witness is language’s “double intensity” that “does not die away in a final comprehension; instead it collapses into silence, so to speak, in an endless falling”. We can however, instead of a collapsing into silence, into the violence of collapsing itself, simply enter the silence, welcome its soothing or undisclosed promises, glide comfortably into it. It could, though, be this that Agamben means in the next sentence: “The poem thus reveals the goal of its proud strategy: to let language finally communicate itself, without remaining unsaid in what is said.” Does this thought allow us to think of silence as a kind of openness even before the negativity of language? Can we keep silent within the tension in which language reveals itself, “in what is said”? Maybe this is what Agamben means when he makes the careful thought that less tension between sense and sound as well as less thought and more philosophy in poetry might be best for it: “As for poetry, one could say [...] that it is threatened by an excess of tension and thought. Or, rather, paraphrasing Wittgenstein, that poetry should really only be philoso-

phized.”²⁰ He puts all this in a parenthesis, as if it does not matter that much, or just as a passing thought that could not survive a closer reading.

Maybe philosophy here is a kind of poetry and poetry a kind of philosophy, and both very close to what Agamben writes about criticism. The latter

is born at the moment when the scission [“between poetry and philosophy, between the poetic word and the word of thought”] reaches its extreme point. It is situated where, in Western culture, the word comes unglued from itself; and it points, on the near or far side of that separation, toward a unitary status for the utterance. From the outside, this situation of criticism can be expressed in the formula according to which it neither represents nor knows, but knows the representation. To appropriation without consciousness and to consciousness without enjoyment criticism opposes the enjoyment of what cannot be possessed and the possession of what cannot be enjoyed.²¹

It could be that the scission that gave birth to criticism and criticism itself carry within themselves, in a “unitary” crypt, both poetry and philosophy, and that all are part of a “topos”, a platonic chora, which we should think “not as something spatial, but as something more original than space”.

20 *The end of the poem*, 115.

21 *Stanzas: Word and Phantasm in Western Culture*, translated by Ronald L. Martinez, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993, xvi and xvii.

In the openness of this topos, where “what is not, will in a certain sense be, and what is, will in a certain sense not be” (*Stanzas*, xviii) we have all the good chances to encounter Derrida’s “text without text”, logos without logos that takes place in a here and now. It is as if poetry makes language communicate itself ignoring and transcending its negativity, as if the melancholy of “most abysmal experience”²² in poetry can be experienced as a euphoria, an active one in the surface of an actual moment in an actual place.

In this sense, the poet cannot be the “infant” of which Agamben speaks in his text “The Idea of the Unique”. This is the child who takes the

“vain promise of a meaning in language” and “who, through avowing its emptiness, decides for truth, and decides to remember that emptiness and fill it. But at that point, language stands before him, so alone, so abandoned to itself that it can no longer in any way impose: “la poésie ne s’impose plus, elle s’expose,” so Celan writes, in French this time, in a posthumous text. The emptiness of words here truly fills the heart.²³

Let us instead speak of the poet whose heart is filled with poetry, words, language, meanings in the euphoria of the here and now. Let the poet be the one “who, in the word,

22 Giorgio Agamben, *Language and Death: The Place of Negativity*, translated by Karen E. Pinkus with Michael Hardt, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1991, 96.

23 *Idea of Prose*, translated by Michael Sullivan and Sam Whitsitt, Albany: State University of New York Press, 1995, 49.

produces life” without withdrawing “from both the lived experience of the psychosomatic individual and the biological unsayability of the species”.²⁴ Let poetry and life permeate each other, not in the medium of language, as Agamben writes, but in the beating of the loving heart which affirms its own buzzing and is affirmed by it. Poetry is always more than language, it is more than life, as life is always more than itself and more than death as an end. Like life, poetry is always and everywhere augmented by the asymmetric enjambments of a “tennis heart” which is “bouncing randomly all over”,²⁵ the unpredictable striding of the wandering ball that is not a “rolled up” hedgehog,²⁶ but rather the unrolling of the step beyond, of which Blanchot so often speaks, which both echoes and strides in the openness of the here and now of poetry and life, saturating, updating, finely tuning the movement of the heart. So many times the picture of the “ball” rolls through Derrida’s essay, and how “each time” it is coming directly from the space “beyond the logos”.²⁷

We can easily affirm that this “beyond” is here, that it is a logos without logos for Derrida as well, a part of the “unconditional affirmation of life” of which he speaks in his last text, his last interview. The beyond is the “yes” of the

24 *The End of the Poem*, 93.

25 Vasilis Papageorgiou, *Here, and Here: Essays on Affirmation and Tragic Awareness*, Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2010, 94.

26 *A Derrida reader*, 223.

27 *A Derrida reader*, 235.

work of deconstruction taking place in a “surviving” that is “life beyond life, life more than life”. We can love the poem as an affirming, loving openness that not only is a beating heart, but also the breath of the beyond into now, as well as the breath of the now into the beyond. The last line of the poem as an end or as prose, any line of the poem, as any moment of life, the silence and the abyss before, within and beyond poetry and life celebrate the euphoria in the tragic awareness that is inseparable from the here and now the way Derrida describes it in his last words: “I am never more haunted by the necessity of dying than in moments of happiness and joy. To feel joy and to weep over the death that awaits are for me the same thing.”²⁸

Ashbery’s poetry celebrates this life, its incessant buzzing, it celebrates Wittgenstein’s philosopher, the openness not only before language but also within it, within the meaning itself, beyond its negativity or purity, it is the insomnia that the movement of the heart and the movement of the breathing, in their cosmetic activity, are tragically aware and take care of. Poetry and life for Ashbery are united not in language but in an active openness, an active affirmation that expands like the cosmos, in the how that also is the what of the world, its ever so changing arrangements. It is thus a beyond-any-consolation broken heart, open and unprotected, and a beyond-any-control uneven breath that move poetry and life, it is their melancholy that creates their euphoria, a “tragic” one, to use Ashbery’s words in

28 *Learning to Live Finally: The Last Interview, with Jean Birnbaum*, translated by Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas, Brooklyn: Melville House Publishing, 2007, 50, 51.

his long poem “A Wave”.²⁹ It is a love that never sleeps and is happy for it, it is the love from, within and for the homeless heart. Here is Ashbery’s poem “Homeless Heart”, puzzling, disturbing and full of euphoria:

When I think of finishing the work, when I think of the finished work, a great sadness overtakes me, a sadness paradoxically like joy. The circumstances of doing put away, the being of it takes possession, like a tenant in a rented house. Where are you now, homeless heart? Caught in a hinge, or secreted behind drywall, like your nameless predecessors now that they have been given names? Best not to dwell on our situation, but to dwell in it is deeply refreshing. Like a sideboard covered with decanters and fruit. As a box kite is to a kite. The inside of stumbling. The way to breath. The caricature on the blackboard.³⁰

And here is how a homeless wanderer in the here now of the open cosmos reads the poem:

What is it and to whom does it belong? Where is it, the homeless heart? And is it the one that is overwhelmed by joy because it is homeless, because the work is finished and now it lives its own life in its own space, even though it is not entirely its own? But the heart resides somewhere, and this residence gives it new strength and a new life. It is a residence in a homeless place but it is a euphoric one, where there is no need for thoughts to dominate, better

29 *A Wave*, New York: Viking Press, 1984, 69.

30 *Quick Question*, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2013, 42.

not to reside in those when one participates in such joy, in such a generous table with drinks and fruit, when one may even be a different kite able of a greater aerodynamic performance, when one is here now, since the stumbling presupposes and requires both. A difficult situation and a sadness like a breathing inside a stumbling, just as the box kite stumbles as it follows its breath into the heavens, with its corners and roofless inner volumes that resist the sky or play with it, an inside with its sides exposed, a here that is open through and through, bottomless, like a work, an event that is left in the infinite unfolding of this moment now and creates joy, a sideboard covered with such things that can make the living here enjoyable. And cause laughter then perhaps to anyone who is confronted with whatever definitive and unquestionable is written on the blackboard.

The breathing here and here, here and just two steps ahead of me always, the now and the here on the move, at the same moment, from the becoming to being endlessly, on the sidewalks and the crossings of Charlestown, a stumbling in the seemingly immobile infinity of cosmetics, the arrangement of cosmos, the stumbling as a quivering of infinity, perhaps the moment now that the exterior becomes an interior and he becomes a part of this interior, the moment the kite shudders and acquires creases and furrows. The present and the just leading breath of insomnia, the vapor that it leaves behind and around it, insomnia as an uninterrupted stumbling, [...] the breathing voids in its joints, in the cracks of the events where the cosmos is breathing, while it continuously rearranges itself within the unceasing confluence of melancholy and euphoria. The homeless heart inside the stumbling is protected, sleeps

and observes from within all things, all the parameters relating to the stumbling, the causes, the consequences, the rhythms and the directions. Where does the stumbling end up? Where is this day's walk taking him? Is he not himself a box kite while being inside a box kite? The kite is doing somersaults in the air, unexpected turns, both calm and violent, the homeless heart and the homeless and sleepless world breathe in or follow their own breath.

The enjoyment becomes bigger with every step, the details of the reality around him hypnotize him, they make him float like dreams inside dreams. The pastel colours on the worn wooden facades, their poor inhabitants, bread and olives for every meal for some, the enclosed porches two steps above the ground, the big crows on the roof of the grey Saint Francis de Sales, the silence of the empty small town, the brightness of the serenity in the air, where the constant stumbling, as if it were his own Concord River, carry him inside of an error, accidental or well-calculated.

The wanderer who calculates without calculating, who dwells in randomness, who trusts the coincidences, the falls that the stumbling causes, counts on the abysmal, on the transformation of the grief into enjoyment, of the stumbling into a graceful gait, as he relishes the contact with the ground and the elevation from it, all his existence is a poem as a stumbling, the inside of the steps as they unfold in the unknown place. Ashbery's poetry was always pleasant and familiar to him, an unexpected inside of endless stumblings, an endless opening of centreless environs, uneven and asymmetrical, parallel and confluent streets, the inside of a limitless immensity, his here in that moment when he stumbles upon the delight of fruits and kites, like Thoreau's

birds, in the sky that shudders by mad turns and twirls, by emersions and dives, a hyperactive stumbling like the insomnia that escapes logos, that spreads formless and malleable out of its fissures, a logos without logos, homeless, the euphoria of the homeless logos, the insomnia inside it which, at the same time, is the outside of the Big Bang, what is left outside the explosion, its shadow in the world that gave birth to it, worlds and worlds, one cosmos inside the other, outside the other, inside and outside the other, an inconceivable, homeless, cosmic stumbling.

And he, here now in the corner of Bunker Hill and Elm Street, the stranger, perhaps even non-existent, homeless like a caricature that stumbles inside its blissful questions, a reflection on the blackboard only, the self-mockery of his own tragic awareness.³¹

I love that poetry and poems exist as a homeless *poiein*, a never ending creating, making and doing in the present moment here, with no distance to itself other than its self-awareness. The is something done and something that is doing the done, active in passiveness, like poetry itself. The poem carries, speaks and enjoys its poetry. And by doing it, it has not the time or, more important, the need for a home, other than the open here and now right in the middle of an event that it creates and takes the home from, rolled out, broken hearted and euphoric. A she who is for me, towards me, in front of me, inside me.

31 Vasilis Papageorgiou, *Aiüpnia*, Thessaloniki: Saixpirikon 2018, 33–36, modified.

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