

Revelations
of an
Existential Poet
(New Beat)
Contemporary Poems
Expanded Edition
(Symbolic Existentialism)
James Apollon White

**I dedicate this book to all the muses who have kissed
me tenderly in my life,**

as well as to my faithful transcendent

**determined family and the unsurpassable noble three
jewels**

‘In the spirit of Socrates’

**: Step forward, noble-born, when you have
recognized yourself!**

**(ancient Greek: Σωκράτης Sōkrátēs; * 469 BC in
Alopeke, Athens; † 399 BC in Athens)**

Unintended dedications

**This book of poems is dedicated to my mother
Regina Elisabeth, who died in May 2019 after a
short, painful illness, my young, extraordinary
Indian Vedic muse Sakshi, posthumously Arthur
Rimbaud, Ezra Pound, like Allen Ginsberg and all
those whose hearts are torn apart by this world**

The theoretical consumption madness

Every type of consumer item is supposed to fulfill an expectation. For example, I expect a book to be entertaining or informative. I expect a piece of clothing to look good on me and be comfortable to wear. Consumption is individual, so it should satisfy subjective needs. The consumption of clothing, cars, and everyday objects is material consumption. They are indeed everyday objects, but depending on their quality and reputation, a consumer item represents a status that the visual media fosters. The visual media, such as television or the Internet in particular, send a message that can only touch the surface. The "medium is the message," as Marshall McLuhan used to say. Consuming visual media therefore means carrying out theoretical consumption. Actually, carrying out is the wrong word for it, because you only see, and just seeing does not involve any physical exertion. The only thing you use is the eye muscles. With visual consumption, you don't have to think too much. You just have to believe what you are consuming. You don't need any knowledge to absorb it. Visual media also convey status values and are an organ for stimulating appetite! However, excessive consumption of visual media

leads to exaggerated subjective feelings and impoverishes the mind and the objective view. Therefore, it leads to superficiality. Because those who only believe and do not know are more easily influenced and controlled by others. We are not condemning the consumption of visual media, but we should keep our distance. The more original medium of the book, where you also use your eyes, is in my opinion the most effective, because you have to work on a book to consume it and, in my opinion, conveys nobler values than television, the Internet or, in particular, social media! After the Second World War, Werner von Braun went to the USA. He was the developer of the A2 and then became a rocket engineer at NASA and ultimately helped NASA to land on the moon for the first time in 1969. The USA not only liberated Germany, no, they abused everything that the Nazis had developed as tools for their pharisaism and their will to power; this also included Leni Riefenstahl's propaganda films, which they then used for mass hypnosis in advertising, i.e. the constant repetition of advertising slogans, advertising as a means of propaganda for consumer goods in the economy and today in 2023 this is still the case, only that the phenomenon of social media has been added and in this world

everyone can now become a symbolic figure, likes have become more important today than cohesion, the sense of community, treating each other with dignity, than preserving the truth and for my part I equate truth with reality; the loss of reality is not primarily the fault of the Internet, but of the founders of Facebook, Instagram, Twitter etc. and I see no end to these things...

Watch out!

Wisdom and self-deception

Wisdom is not a quality that exists out of vanity and likewise wisdom only has one face, namely the face of noble factual evidence. Vanity and speculation are occurrences of a solipsistic, illusory subjectivity caught up in self-deception.

Tell me...

Tell me a Vision please,
Come on, tell me a Vision
From the existence and the
Things, they are easy to do,

There is a great amorph
Universe, can give you
Empty promisses for Money
And for give you no trust

What will happen, when all
The things are over,

Tell me a Vision advertisement,
Tell me Mister or Madame,
Girl or Boy, cat or dog,,
What will be good for life,

The sun allways shines in the
Visions from my Television
Ore my Onlines and this all is
A Big Boom, Boom, Bang, Bang
First person narrative at the
End, End, End.....

Nirvana

**Things will mature,
From the unconscious to the
conscious, everything is a
matter of clarity, considering
The things that are waiting,**

**Everything becomes, is, passes away,
To hold on to everything means
To fill everything with longing, as if
things were immortal,**

**My name is, therefore I am
I think in a state
That means nothing remains
As it is, because emptiness is the
only state that means
Nirvana**

Symbolic individualism as a collective mental illness of ego-delusion

The term symbolism is derived from the ancient Greek term -symbolon- and means something like -composite- and, together with its pairing of terms of individualism, means that in today's epochal trend of the modern age (the power of economy and technology = mercantile technocracy/all-encompassing subjectification) every value position of personal perception is absolutized, ergo that an individual subject elevates itself for itself as the final truth over every other individual human existence and glorifies itself as self, i.e. that the individual subject defines itself as the sole owner of the right to exist/freedom of expression as the ultima ratio solipsistically, i.e. that he/she elevates himself/herself spiritually and existentially as the sole ruler in his/her subjective imagination over every other existence; a mentally rigid fact that is an all-encompassing phenomenon in individuals who, with excessive use of superficial, evident technology and subjective media such as cell phones and especially social media, elevate themselves in their intellectual and thinking way above all other thinking individuals and in this way also ruthlessly propagate

themselves as so-called spiritual rulers, as sole bearers of truth. These absolute subjective mental tendencies, individuals, have no ability to engage with other people or to carry out introspection on their own; these absolute ego-mentalists are incapable of so-called empathy by the subjective media (social media, cell phones) in such a downright pathological psychological form, as they are incapable of defining their own existence in any form of rational or realistic objective interpretation. Collectively, this individual subject absolutization can be seen as a time bomb that can lead to a collapse of civilization.

The nimbus of the existential poet

-Lyrics- Originally Lyra--(ancient Greek)/--ancient string instrument/lyre/--Abst. after Orpheus (Greek poet musician/-and Eurydice (water nymph; lover of Orpheus)--(Greek mythology); in this gallant form, non-conformist existential poetry is a free style in which the personal world of experience has been expanded all-encompassingly intellectually and in terms of craftsmanship through a long-oriented, all-encompassing autodidactic approach and has reached full mastery stylistically and empirically in terms of epistemology. When inspired, non-conformist existential poets have clairvoyant and very skilful intuitive intelligent aesthetic contents that vary greatly in their themes. Furthermore, the structure of the free verse rhymes has a new personal variation in each poem due to their long preoccupation with words, timbres and line rhythm. Thus, depending on the topic and inspiration, short or multi-part cyclical existential poetry develops in a metaphysical (interpersonal, truth contained between events) context, which concretely expresses his/her current idea intention, i.e. world of thought. written in a practiced manner.

Intellectual call to active experimentation:

Instant creativity must be created with the ideas of inspiration in the mind with a ballpoint pen and personal aesthetics of form must be realized; creative writing process; the aura of the poet's destiny, which writes down a natural, innate conceptual quality in skilful, personal, active form, thinks creatively, until the intention of the existential poetry presented is generally categorical, witty and evident, how clear, general, affirmed, how versatile, constitutes a personally stylized, satisfying, active intellectual style outpouring.

"With a people that disregards the perception of its artists, things go downhill."

Ezra Pound/- Imaginism - from ABC of Reading - Era of the Lost Generation of the thirties and forties, which also included Thomas Stearne Eliot /- Both Poeta Doctus; learned poets/- This was followed by the era of the Beat Generation; a post-World War II gathering of three people who, through a higher order of the main representatives, cultivated a congenial, mutually

supportive friendship. The term Beat was coined by Jack Kerouac as a general definition for the disillusionment of non-conformist alternative groups of people who rejected bourgeois values. Alongside Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and William S. Burroughs formed a cultural form with their alternative worldview that rejected the prudish value system in the USA, which formed the first alternative cultural class in the USA free of all conventions. The literature of the above-mentioned founders of the Beat Generation still serves as a role model for all those who oppose the hypocritical bourgeois conventions

Symbolic Existentialism - A factual movement from the reality of this world

That's how it is, society in the ruling structure of a technocratically globalized world has fallen prey to superficiality, egomania and formalism with all its senses.

Symbolic Existentialism picks out exactly those elements that remained as perfect poetic constants in French Symbolism and the Beat Generation.

These are brotherhood, non-conformism, beatitude.

This new literary era has escaped egalitarianism and status thinking because it writes what moves and suppresses it and has realized its middle path in Buddhism as the main component of its beatitude, because every being carries the Buddha Prajna germ within itself. Anyone who wonders why most people don't care about dignity should take refuge in the history of expressive literature, because only it can provide the knowledge and empathy for the individual that is necessary for it; read Walt Whitman, D. H. Lawrence, Anais Nin, J. P. Satre, William Blake, Franz Kafka, Aldous

Huxley etc.!

And for the twentieth year 2024, the year of the dragon, the words are a new vision:

Commercial globalized victims

The technocratic society is suffocating in global mercantilism and hubris. Overconfidence was rarely an attribute of the Stoics Marcus Aurelius or Siddharta Sakyamuni etc. ...

We should take a path that places great value on community, justice and equality.

Go down in history with a lot of pomp, but little sense of the commonalities of the dignity of the self that everyone possesses; Wow, do you like to let your solipsistic sadism run free as mindless puppets, great...

Hannover/ Greenwich Linden 09.01. 2024

If you are in order with yourselves

You are disorder with others!

**Most people would rather receive affection than
give it.**

**Aristotle
(384 - 322 BC), Greek philosopher,
student of Plato, teacher of Alexander the
Great of Macedonia**

Categorical imperative of intersubjective intentionality

The intention of a statement or action of the individual mind should always be one-pointed, equivalent, in a mutually affirmed intersubjective, dignified form; an interpersonal thought-parable with empirical compensation (affirmation), with sincerity to truthfulness.

From thoughts and being to self-delusion

If a person allows himself to be carried away by thoughts and independently question the rational evidence of his thoughts (rational dialectic), he ends up in a jungle of subjective self-delusion (solipsism).

Thoughts (sense organ the sixth/mind = thoughts) are materialized feelings on an epistemological empirical basis and lead the individual to perceive the personal world of experience (thoughts = feelings = projection = world of experience). Thus, thoughts create those reality experiences that the individual has in his given thrownness (existence) over the course of his life. In the end, the individual in this factual form shapes the world of experience in his/her personal reality morally independently (causality) = (self-guilt).

Meaning of the metaphysical terms

Solipsism (from Latin solus, ipse, self) – in the sense of an egoistic character; absolutely subjective opinion, which regards his/her mental

contents (thoughts), i.e. his/her own ideas (opinions) as the only valid truth.

Thrownness - the inevitable given (present) which the individual cannot escape in any way (e.g. war, violence, illness or death etc.).

Causality (from the Latin causa, cause) - law of - action is followed by reaction; i.e. every action (thinking = feelings = projection = world of experience) leads to an effect; cf. Karma: Buddhist philosophy, according to which all events in reality originate from the individual self through his/her own actions, thoughts and behavior. Here a distinction is made between positive karma, neutral karma and negative karma.

Rejection of thrownness

The mind imitates the universe and moves equivalently to reality; so what is in the dark can always become, so thought comes to being. So thought becomes a creature.

Whatever thoughts or ideas come into consciousness, whatever dreams are dreamed, all of these take the path into the past.

But the given is misunderstood in its truth and illusion remains illusion; thrownness becomes the screen of vanity; carry on like this, make reality as you like it.

Cultural self-righteous

**I see a whole mass of
self-righteous squares, indwelling
with greed, hatred and delusion,
hungry, hysterical, narrow-minded
how they live their lives in luxury
and self-forgetfulness
trying to suppress the truth about their own
misdeeds with naive imagination, material means
and wallow in their
self-deception and in the end are forgotten, gone -
by the
world left behind, which is in the process of self-
destruction through self-deception.**

Riddle of the self

I, are you God? How is it?

**I above, yes above - I, are you conscience, dignity?
How is it?**

From the part arises the

whole, from the whole

**The cosmos and despite all this, everything just
raises questions...**

**Oh, complexes and archetypes, that's typical again
and everyone cooks their own soup.**

Birthday night 01/26/2024

**There were all sorts of subterraneanians,
At this poets' party, Cuba with his extroverted self-
love, Nadine the
naive muse, as well as the
scale player Uwe and others,
We smoked pot, listened to Bob
Marley,
Flowerpornoes or The Doors, among others; yes,
what can I say, presents over and over,
Until the evening flowed into the night and the
MACHINERY of the night caught us,
With their Dianian faces; they were exuberant
And amused by the poet's habitus,
which always captures the joy of exuberance with
Full melancholy; we were burned by the night and
rode
THE Dionysian drive, hive, swing and cool...**

Fragments of voices

**Fragments of the night, awakened and
Carried through the ether,
They are what they are,
Farewell, carry on, cried
It from the machinery of the night,
Let us let go and then carry on
In play, with the journey of
thoughts; moody, thinking, pondering, we are lost
In the night, far awakened.**

Where are we?

Being a Poet

I walk reflectively through

time and the German space;

This country is suffocating in vain

formalism and melancholy

This always catches the poet again,

**Everything must drive forward so that the past
remains in memory:**

Leave the poet his freedom,

For he needs it to

create from the events of

time and space; Apollo, Diana and Euterpe are his

companions, who give him strength

**to withstand formalism; formalism is a master
from Germany...**

Deeply sad

**Lost in the vast cosmos
Of human existence, without
attention, with much disregard
Clothed, my mind
Knows only existential melancholy;
Down on the street is the
hustle and bustle of everyday life, in the house,
Where the bustle walks along,
The poet of deep melancholy lives in the heart,
because being separated
From his fellow human beings makes him
Deeply sad; let us stop chasing after recognition,
love
And compassion, because this poet must make do
without these attributes of being
until his breath dries up.**

Life and fading

**We are born, into
suffering, into samsara;**

**Here and now we grow older,
Go through this experience, go through that
experience and make
insights that expand our consciousness; but at
some point
Everything new becomes a habit and
We get a mind fuck; Either way, we will
Burn out just like a match,
Cannot get rid of the mass of experiences, because
each individual
Is like a star that consumes itself internally and
finally implodes, without words...**

Your eyes

**I can see your face in
my mind, your brown eyes, that two
seconds pass by, Looking into mine; Don't let
yourself
go on without me,
Take me by the hand and
Lead me into the kingdom
Of sweet rapture,
For that is how your eyes
Speak to me for seconds,
Don't leave me behind in deep
melancholy that torments me,
You are what I need, your
eyes a landscape and I Am the poet of melancholy.**

An – Education (An aphorism)

What do you do when you have no education; you imagine things.

Your love for Hades

**You were always there,
Then again a stranger and gone,
For days drunk, that's how you liked it
for a long time, until you breathed in the breath of
Hades and
In deep suffering, no rest,
Expelled by your lover, you
Always went on towards
Where the sun rests at night and drew you down
into
Tartaros; you wanted water,
you went to your room,
And that was it for you and the ship brought you
into the arms of Hades.**

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.

9. Ignorance

Self-importance is evidence of ignorance and a lack of empathy. Most people are deeply aware of their own inadequacies. They try to compensate for these through unconscious anticipations and ego lies, by moving from mere imagination to imagination. Pride, vanity and arrogance also result from this, with illusion, i.e. imagination, replacing knowledge.

Ignorance is also tainted with envy of one's neighbor. For such human beings it should not be: I think, therefore I am, but rather: I think, therefore I am crazy...

Social policy

**The sun is warmer in summer,
than in earlier times, everything
continues; there they are born,
there they die alone, for what they forget, these
fools of the great
creator Abraxas, whom they do not even know; so
some are like this,
others like that and dignity is not a master from
Germany, it arose
from the will to do good, for
they accomplish the bad in the good-humored
executioner's way, these masters
of unworthiness (laws), these
creatures
forms in this Moloch, in these
screams
of the sirens, they set laws of unworthiness...**

Riding the Blues 2024

John Lee Hooker, Blues

The blues caress my spirit and

**The waves of repression rage within me; what we
were not, we will not be in this life; one way or
another,**

Space and time, repressed air

Squeezes my chest like

Tears full within me is the cup

**Of sorrow; let's not continue where we left off, let's
continue where lapis lazuli can be found,**

**For healing is everything and rest Can only be
found in deep dreams,**

In sleep, where Morpheus awakens me.

Lingering in the shadows

**Lingering in the shadows of the mind
And I feel trapped, as if
I were walking through a lonely
labyrinth, without
The security of safety;**

**Lingering in the shadows that tear me apart inside
and bring me no
rest in my troubled
heart, for under the damnation called shadow
existence, I have been thrown into this self-
absolute**

**samsara; the sirens sing,
The Minotaur waits; the Moirai
I beg: Clotho, Lachesis, like
Atropos: give me a different
fate, so that I can see light again.**

To my Tara Sakshi

**Sakshi, you muse of beauty,
You are a glory of joy, you bring me hope,
confidence and hope, you cosmic companion,
everything about you seems divine to me
And your figure makes me
Feel happy, make me a poet of
melancholy,
In a miraculous way we have found each other, yes,
a connection of the
heart
Unites us; gentle and empathetic
Your connection to me, only you can
Put me into bliss and
You honest young woman, shake my spirit with
joy, only
You are the one who can heal my
melancholy, so
I never want to be separated from you again,
Muse**

My heart cries like a fire in the sun

**On a night sacred to the West
I came to the land of the former
Browns,
With fear and suffering in my heart, with
My teddy bear in my arms full of tears of the
abandoned security of the family,
Where are you, comforter of the Nimbus-born
poet, for the fog is
Thick and the spirit extroverted in
Its Francophile way; can I even ask for a helping
hand,
So tell me, comforter of the deeply hurt
Poeta father, if you have a kind word, if you have
the power to calm my suffering, heavy heart,
then come to me and
Close me in your comforting arms...**

Saha – world

**Heart and mind form a unity,
So melancholy does not want to escape
From it, because pain deep within me, since birth I
did not want to be thrown into this form
Called gentleness and without an
I-illusion one cannot see anything
Except suffering, which means pain;
If you are awake, we want to become one
With the nature of events; where
Are you, where is the path to the kingdom
Of peace and bliss, which
I was given via lip service when I was placed in this
Saha – world so that only
I can see creatures full of illusions...**

Ode to a profound muse

**I need you, you heart of tenderness, because you
give me
The inner feeling of love, you Dakini Muse; in
whose
arms I want to be embraced,
Five hours and thirty minutes
Far away from your poet
You are, you muse of strength of my
poetry; I would give everything
For a kiss of passion
From you, you creature of loveliness;
Do you sometimes think that I should be
close to you, I think I am pining,
I have lost my heart to you, you euterpe-like figure
of my feelings...**

- 1.
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- 24.

A day in September 2001

It was September

And time moved on in the daily hustle and bustle,

Then: 09/11/01,

Two towers: WTC,

Two planes with

passengers hijacked

**And into the holy death that the unworldly,
worldly people describe like this,**

There were other

planes,

No talk, of course,

Madness that

Flows through veins,

Madness that

Kills and holy is war,

**Merciless, of course, merciless contempt leads to
hatred, that**

flows through veins and leads to wars,

**And where are we now, The end is always here, It
is always near, isn't it?**

**Moloch, you who drive everyone here To despair
that leads to hatred,**

**Moloch of samsaric
being,**

**Where anticipating leads to
greed,**

hatred and delusion,

**Moloch with many
faces,**

**Where one misunderstands the other, because one
thinks himself holier than his neighbor,**

Holy, holy, holy,

Holy is greed,

Holy is hatred,

Holy here is delusion,

And,

I see no end to these things...

—
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—

- The absurd Saha creatures -

This is how you are born, this is how you are shaped and this is how you grow older; until then comes experience, karmically shaped: education!

Obligations come with growing up; so you then have to take responsibility and for the majority of Saha creatures it will then go in the direction of pride and vanity, greed, hatred and delusion, progress!

The amount of wealth and status play an immense role in this - Janus head

The fact is, the hours, days, months, and years pass by and they wallow in self-righteousness

Many such Saha creatures chase sensuality and the confusion of the senses;

some with the accumulation of

objects shaped by wealth, which also includes

self-loving naive travel to foreign countries, like those in the life-stealing self-deception through bodily poisons!

All kinds of such Saha

Creatures do not pay attention to space and time, a fatal mistake that at the end of the completed karma means that when they are faced with their own conscience of emptiness, they only perceive Being in itself as a poor for themselves and discover the futility of their lifelong striving.

Some take it with composure, but the majority in fearful despair, because when the six

senses (sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch and thought) and the inner elements become unbalanced, it is too late to pause before space and time,

transience. Space and time are not absolute, they are only transient, so one enters the Bardo of death...

Yama is a good companion in this respect, a

Bodhisattva Mahasattva. Anyone who fails to recognize it has failed to recognize its space and time, its transience, thus a drop of dew on the morning of a dusk has passed into the gaseous state of aggregation and only then do they recognize space and time, were never an absolute constant; past and over?

What is the point of dreaming

Everything continues...

Space and time

Space and time form a unity,

**So everyone is space and time for themselves,
So space passes with time, so
Absoluteness is an illusion,
A dream that cannot be stopped; the absurdity of
the proud
And vain binds wealth to
space and time, they do not die, not**

**In the slightest part of their conscience;
So what will remain of space and
time,
Nothing will remain of that, the
peace of emptiness is a jewel that
Only the wise are able to appreciate, so are their
thoughts, their wealth,
Without pride and vanity.**

Nameless

**Nameless into the night,
I am a dancer without a name,
I am a drinker without a name,
I am one who quickly forgets the
names of the nymphs of the night, a nameless one,
Everything strives for exuberance,
That promises everything but delivers nothing,
in its nameless
spirit, which takes everything in,
takes it with it but delivers nothing, In a nameless
night,
People remain strangers, although
They were so close, so full of joy
And exuberance, so full
of
the urge for the unnameable,
The sweet pleasure
In the intoxication of the night, I am
Deprived of sleep, nameless...**

My love for you, Hades

**Longing is a tormenting
immanence that wants what it
cannot get, because
Everything is an image of you, I see you in all
things,
It doesn't matter where I turn,
Everything is clothed with longing,
Every fiber of my being,
Longing for your form,
And yet it is only form,
That saturates my love for you,
And I am drunk from your
looks at me, into my eyes,
For only through my eyes can
I see you, that's why I feel,
As if my love for you were Hades.**

Moloch with many eyes

Suchness

**Confidence and despair alternate,
Seeing things, talking things, feeling things, doing
things,
Born into the cosmos
The powers that shape
All kinds of forms, we rule,
The present is given,
The past is lost, the future not raised,
Let us fall
Into the arms of samsara.**

Gentle Euterpe

**I can't stop emptying my thoughts
of your image,
Because even a brief distraction
Brings me back to you, gentle Euterpe,
Because gentle are the images that
form in my thoughts,
And even the smallest attempt to
release you from my thoughts
brings me back to the prison
Of images of you, Everything has to be like this,
because it is a karmic illusion that binds me to you
and I can't prevent anything that reminds me of
you, Karma, you...**

Ocean

**I can lose myself in the
ocean of your eyes, this
deep brown glory**

**And I can dive in it,
Without getting tired of them,
But the bay of this ocean,
I cannot reach, for far away is
The connection between you and me;**

**Your face is like a nymph, you beauty,
If I could reach your bay,
We could walk hand in hand through
This being, dreamy through our love for each
other, but this is only
An untenable dream**

Civilization - Howl

We live in a time where illusions are formed by the market economy and its helpers, in a time where the person of one's neighbor, his soul, is laughed at, in a time where one's own person is placed above the other, out of a subjective unease that the other could win, in spirit or in status, which is the main thing of our time. Economic competition has taken hold of people and their souls...

I see the decadence in the face of greed, for

The presentation of

infallibility

Through the capitalist

sanctuary

of status and prestige,

I see a generation

Sinking in the excrement of

complacency And its hunger

For this mortal status,

I see atmospheric

Amorphous monsters Crawling out of luminous

paralyzing devices and deforming the spirit

Of beings

Once created

By evolutionary Gaia's hand,

In ancient times, From chaos.

To those who despair

In view of the

**ignorance that is shown to them and who sit in
rooms sanctified with books,**

To write,

So that their spirit can put its stamp on the times,

So that their expanding

**ideas can be illuminated and released through the
ancient**

valve of art,

To those in whom no one

believes anymore, since the

**reprehensible spirit
bodily poison
has obscured their view of themselves and what is
around them, to a soulless
reality without meaning,
To those who cannot get by without the
bourgeois
minimum possessions of house, car, child, dog and
television
And who propagate the perfect world, Although
their structures are blazing and crumbling beneath
the surface, For whom
holiness is apparently the glue for
cohesion. Soulless time,
Where are you taking us,
Soulless time,
Tell me what does brotherhood mean,
Soulless time,
Live the great dream of fiction,
Soulless time,
Suffocated in
formalism,
Soulless time,
Sacred is status,
Soulless time,
Celebrate orgies of complacency,
Soulless time, Illusions are artificial
revelations,**

**Soulless time,
Insights carry
brand names,
Soulless time,
Your face is Janus-faced.**

Athena's Whisper

1

I was born

With the sacred halo

Of a poet

Poeta Vates

A word that describes

That the poet

Sees the world differently

Existence excites him

People say something

By acting

Aesthetic

Existential

Fundamental

He perceives them Eyes open!

Truth

A precious seed

Of knowledge

If you sow it

It grows

Into a plant

It needs

The illumination of the solar

So that its nutrients

Unfold in the mind

Of the observer

Lead to confirmation Eat it!

Truth

**Multiple dimensions? Form your own
opinion You can always find something
true...**

2

He explores

He writes

Out of

The hustle and bustle

Of existence

He experiences

He gains

Knowledge

He thinks

He doubts

Until

Athenes whisper

Illuminates his mind

Existence

A landscape

Pickled

With offshoots

If you cultivate them

They grow

Into thoughts

Think

3

Sometimes

The book

Offers him

An exile Security

In it he can

Find

Many thoughts

Landscapes

From ideas

Through which

He walks

Illusions

That he encounters

Give him nourishment

Strengthening

His experience

4

Can a thought

Trigger even the slightest gust of wind?

**Can it move something? Then extensive
thinking would have to move mountains**

Think into it

Into the words

Into existence

Into what is written

You will find an insight

Awakens you from

The sleep of the mind

5

Pallas Athena

Springing from the

Head

Of Zeus

Teacher of fine arts

Your wisdom

**A mortal can hardly surpass The owl is
wise**

Merciful to those who ask

The seekers

To whom your whispers

A truth is revealed

But your wisdom

A mortal can hardly surpass

Minerva – Athena – Goddess

Eyes like thunderstorms!

Unreal self-deception

The inspirations of material and visual subjective individual consumer behavior result in a pathologically narcissistic dream world.

To a rejected muse

**The moon rests in the sky, the pale glow of
night reveals its splendor in the dress of
melancholy,**

**The moon reflected in your eyes and truth
was so deep, so passionately found in
them, strengthened my belief in
togetherness,**

**But now the sweet scent of your skin, the
glow in your eyes, your grace, is only
worthy of memory, on a night when the
moon rests in the sky**

The isolation

They move further and further away

**And without having any illusions about
them**

Loneliness is the only one

That presses me to her breast

But having feelings for her

Is only possible when no one else is there,

**But you have to appreciate her as a
companion, because if not, being alone
becomes torture...**

The day loves the night

Muse, you are like my heart

Speaks; thoughts full of love

**Speak from my heart, you are Of shape like
Euterpe, for I feel happiness, I am a poet
of melancholy,**

Let us discover ourselves, together

Create a new world for the two of us,

Because being means pain, but

**We can break through this, Through our
love for each other,**

Everything is just a form of

You and you are the glory

Of my thoughts; do you feel the same,

Do you feel like time is running,

So don't let it pass.

Models of thought

Every era shapes its children through technology, art and fashion.

Lack of conception

When you no longer have any intention to do anything in the evening, not even to think, it is time to sleep...

Exploitation

Exploiting Mother Gaia is like slowly but surely eradicating a human body with bodily toxins until all earthly existence comes to an end...

Failure of history

I am astonished that in two thousand years of history no one has managed to establish a day of justice.

Patterns

To gain insights, one must clearly recognize patterns that arise from consistent rhythmic movements.

Once

My love for you was

**lost because you slept with someone else,
but when I first had the opportunity to
sleep with you, I didn't want to, but I loved**

**you; we celebrated our graduation and
after the party was over, we both went for
a coffee in the morning; we left the café
without saying a word and then I just
walked away from you,**

without words, you called after me,

**but I couldn't stay with you anymore, you
former love of mine,**

so my heart bled and dreams

were lost because of your pride...

Structures

Everything that has a structure splits into schemas.

The whole

No structure can exist that exists on its own.

Man, a mystery

It is with regret that we must realize that man, and science, is not capable of researching itself.

This raises the simply complicated question of where thoughts come from, why do people project, as well as the questions of how consciousness comes about and why do people treat Mother Gaia so destructively...

Just like that

**There are people who
Just think that it is them and then they are,
They forget all sorts of things in the process
And communication
I think
Just like that, is a
Blessing
Of human knowledge and a means of
understanding and diplomacy,
But since there is so little exchange here, everyone
just stays with themselves,
And those who are so full of themselves forget and
then just ignore exchange,
Then just like that
Caring for one another is also fucked...**

Into the night

**The night has opened its legs,
The hustle and bustle of this city seek protection in
its womb,
Before the day is born,
The hustle and bustle grows, before the
pain of the morning releases them back into
everyday life,
And in the middle of it all a spirit
Full of melancholy, full of thoughts
About what it means,
That everything has become just a functional
Formalism
Everything is coming into being
Everything is passing away...**

Two Djunas

And I'm sitting on the train,

And as I'm sitting there in contemplation,

Two butterflies sit down opposite me,

They start to speak (France), I love

It when butterflies speak,

Well, you're there, yes, you're

Out of sorts in the process,

So sweet-sounding, so pretty, they talk

**So wonderfully and they break my heart so deeply,
wonderful voices,**

**Then I have to get off the train and act quite
clumsily, my**

backpack

**Is suddenly heavier because I'm standing on it
with my**

foot,

Butterflies touch my heart, make me

Weak, I leave two Djunas behind and in

Spring-like longing I walk home,

Gone and over?!

Satipatthana

"My witness is the empty sky."

**(Jack Kerouac/ -Originally Jean-Louis
Lebris de K rouac (* March 12, 1922 in
Lowell, Massachusetts; † October 21, 1969
in Saint Petersburg, Florida)**

**Close your eyes and don't dream, because
dreams are thoughts,**

That pull on your nerves like monkeys

And confuse them, not letting them rest,

**Scan your mind, your body, your feelings
and the content of your**

**feelings, because that's how you'll find the
peace**

**That your consciousness so desperately
needs,**

**To reach the state of Samadhi, which
means:**

Emptiness is form and form is

**Nothing other than emptiness, which in
this way also means that all things are
empty.**

Meditation is the best way to chase the monkeys away, because if they don't get any food, they have no reason to stay.

Samsaric Law

**seconds pass, minutes pass, hours pass,
days pass,**

years pass,

**everything passes, only to arise in
something new, because, without passing**

there is no rule over arising,

the past does not rule without the present

**and it does not rule without the future,
everything is conditioned by one another,**

**nothing eternally prevails before
impermanence,**

before its lucid canvas

we exist like shadows

that ultimately fade away in eternity

form is empty, emptiness is

form...

I think...

**I think of Ginsberg howling in the Moloch
of New York,**

think of Eliot walking in the wasteland,

**think of Williams sitting in his office and
typing Paterson,**

**think of Morrison walking on the road to
the end of the night,**

think of Shelley unleashing Prometheus,

**think of Rimbaud coming to enlightenment
through disruption,**

think of Artaud going through the hell of electric shocks,

think of the spirits, of the magic of the word, of the magic, of those who once were, heroes of our being, so we are one...

Aristotle and poetry

According to Aristotle, poetry is a form of imitation (mimesis) that is innate to humans. In his work "On Poetry" he describes two reasons for the emergence of poetry: Firstly, imitation is a natural instinct of humans that is already evident in childhood and distinguishes them from other living beings. Secondly, there is the joy that humans take in imitation.

Aristotle emphasizes that the poet's goal is not to tell what really happened, but what could have happened, i.e. what is possible according to probability or necessity. This approach reflects the Aristotelian idea of probability and necessity, which play an important role in his philosophy.

In his work "Rhetoric", Aristotle writes that poetry is a form of cathartic imitation that serves to educate people and promote their virtues. He emphasizes the importance of characters in poetry, which should be imitated in order to improve people.

Quotes

"In general, two causes seem to have given rise to poetry, and these are natural causes. For both imitation is innate in man, it is evident from childhood, and man is thereby distinguished from other living creatures (...), and the joy that everyone takes in imitation." (On Poetry)

"If we consider knowledge to be something beautiful and venerable, and

**one knowledge more than the other because it is either more precise or concerns better and more astonishing subjects, then for these two reasons we should put the study of the soul first.”
(Doctrine of Proof or Second Analytics)**

These quotes illustrate Aristotle’s view of poetry as a natural human instinct that serves to imitate and educate, and his idea of the importance of characters and cathartic imitation in poetry.

The lyrical reality - An enlightenment/Ex Libris Veritas

One must regretfully note that poetry, which always has a subjective background, is no longer supported by recognition in this world. Writing poetry means presenting this world in its purest form and with paraphrase. It is the only form of literature that is able to express the imagination of the moment evidently and with sensitivity. In ancient times, poetry had a strict form, today it still exists as a parameter of the unaffected perception of reality. Every poetic era had its own special features. In Arthur Rimbaud, reality became a dream state, that was symbolism. The Beat Generation used the phrasing of jazz, coupled with the mood in US society and their incredible sensitivity for the industrial machinery of Western society. Poetry is therefore the sensitivity for the rushing currents of this world. Surrealism researched the regular state of

consciousness, sliding down into the unconscious, so that something new could be created that would strip reality. In Dadaism, the aim was to drive the rational concept as a real constant into the absurd. The meaninglessness of reality. Romanticism, let us call it English or German, discovered a free form of writing poetry through its occupation with personal language. I am of the opinion that anyone who can reflect can also write, because without thoughts, there is not a single idea. Everything that is perceived with consciousness should always have an orderly sequence of thoughts and it is precisely through this order that the writer creates the written word from the unknown (thoughts) to the known (writing). A moment has a certain feeling, and in poetry it is important to portray moments in such a way that the reader is affected or excited by this poetry and can rediscover himself. The poet is a very sensitive spirit. It is precisely the poet who intervenes in the metaphysics of the moment with his poetry, using terms full

of variability to create the impression that this moment contains evidence. The poet sees existence through a magnifying glass that enables him to reproduce subtle facts in his own style, so that the reader of the poetry understands that the moment described has an inescapable character of existence. The written word depends on the era in which the events took place, so literature is also a witness of its time. If you want to write, then first consider how and with which words the facts receive inescapable evidence. Poets live from the history of the present, it hits them deeply, makes them nervous and they reach for their pens! My poetry is deliberate, a new character of the present and, like all poets of the written word, it wants to be understood as a lyrically sensitive metaphysics of this world. Everything is heart and head at the same time. Everything you have read should have already stimulated your synapses, otherwise you can safely put me in the chair of eternal contemplation that is hidden behind curtains; who else is hiding

out there?

I am announcing a diagnosis of the people of our time, the collective ego-delusion that is formed by the media's perception of reality: the path of the message, which is the medium, technocratic liberalism that strips everything away! We are the children and bohemians in an ego-illusion! Therein lies the strength, what the person of this world perceives is exposed as an illusion that paralyzes, and dreams are the main component of it. They elevate themselves as technocratic bohemians to a symbolic evidence that they get from engaging with all media! Think that you are what you create from dreams. Symbolic existentialism comes from love of music, the art of writing and the gentle melancholy of the beating society/culture. The mentality of the modern age is shaped by the symbolism of the 19th century, as well as the Beat Generation in the middle of the 20th century. Symbolic

existentialism strips away this-worldliness, this symbolism of the modern age becomes the anti-technocratic enlightenment of this-worldliness (2024)...

The symbolic existentialist makes himself a symbol of this-worldliness, as technocratic self-love leads to subjective negation. Symbolic existentialism is a characteristic of our time. It arose from media reality, such as legislatively unworthy formalism, and this is recognized and described in literature. It turns egalitarianism into a cry, in the direction of the conventions of a technocratic global power structure. This wants to maintain the dream state of reality.

**Live the dream in the spherical noise of
your mind**

You get everything you want

In your dreams

This is how you deceive

yourself

**This is how your destiny becomes a self-
deception that is alien to reality through
delusion...**

peroratio

Awakening from the sleep of the mind...

Literary eras since Romanticism

Romanticism Germany

E. T. A. Hoffmann (1767 – 1822)

The Golden Pot

Joseph von Eichendorf (1788 – 1857)

Life of a Good-for-Nothing

Johann W. Goethe (1749 – 1832)

The Sorrows of Young Werther

Romanticism England

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792 – 1822)

Prometheus Unchained

John Keats (1795 – 1821)

Hyperion

William Blake (1757 – 1827)

Prophecies of Innocence

Symbolism

Paul Verlaine (1844 – 1896)

Confessions

Stéphane Mallarmé (1842 – 1898)

- Herodias

Arthur Rimbaud (1854 – 1891)

Illuminations (color engravings)

Symbolism Germany

Stefan George (1868 – 1933)

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875 – 1926)

Hugo von Hoffmansthal (1874 1929)

Symbolism Russia

Dmitri Merezhkovsky (1865 – 1941)

Valeri Bryusov (1873 – 1924)

Vjetcheslav I. Ivanov (1866 – 1949)

Expressionism

Ernst Barlach (1870 – 1938)

The Dead Day

Franz Werfel (1890 – 1945)

Incantations

Georg Trakl (1887 – 1914)

Sebastian in a dream

Dadaism

Hugo Ball (1886 – 1927)

Cabaret Voltaire

Hans Arp (1886 – 1966)

Kaspar is dead

Tristan Tzara (1896 – 1963)

To make a Dadaist poem

Surrealism

Andre Breton (1896 – 1866)

The Surrealist Manifesto

Gillaume Apollinaire (1880 – 1918)

The Breasts of Tiresias

Louis Aragon (1897 – 1982)

The Parisian Peasant

Beat Generation USA

Allen Ginsberg (1926 – 1979)

Howl

Jack Kerouac (1922 – 1969)

On the road

William S. Burroughs (1914 – 1979)

Junkie

All these eras have cleared the way for the expressive new world of modern media and the life drive of modern society; therefore, continue the tradition of literary-philosophical enlightenment so that the future figures of this earth do not fall prey to solipsistic mindlessness without intellectual intentions – and thus become victims of the soul-eaters...

Metaphysics of poetry

Poetry arises from the desire, from the heart, to reduce the great in such a way that the metaphysics of being, in a few clear words, through an identification principle from its literary models, reveals an eloquent continuation in the sign of literary history (identification/lat. Idem facere = to do the same)...

If you are a committed contemporary critical mind and writer and want to become part of the modern mainstream of symbolic existentialism, fellow champion, please have no qualms about writing White an email if you have something on your mind...

And if you are interested, take a look at his homepage:

For Contact<Email:

LazyMonk79@proton.me

Who wants here direction:

www.postbeat.de

Well Browser Search: James Apolon White... (Surprise and go for it)

Let your Mind be explored any time and don` t give up your personal research interest

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