

Discriminated me

Much attention is today focused on minorities. A whole national branding has been developed to either sustain or block the constant flux of migrants appropriating upsetting the tidy social system developed by civilized countries. People attitude as constructed by mass media is split between these two polarities. "What a piece of dirty shit this fucking gypsy always on my way to my fucking work" or else, opposing to that "Poor her standing on the street and being do mistreated... off course we should help them". Along with these categoric way of thinking, politicians develop drastic solutions and by now an exaggerated open arm policy is being applied, at least in Europe.

Among these ocean of minorities now suddenly doomed to become the majority, the real discriminated soul survive. He or she does not but accidentally hang out in groups. He or she often seeks solitude, a solitude that is characterized by a willing to disappear, quite different from the drive that many of these migrants, if not most of humans maintains, a drive to appear and to overcome a system pushing everyone down. He or she is today's poet, a poet that cannot be assessed by any system. As soon as the latter tries to assess it and control, this poet dissolves somewhere else, in a unknown wild area.

Everyone has a poet inside him or her; we shall not deny it. This poet can only emerge once the worldly ambition is let to go, once he or she gets ready to dissolve back in an intimate nature even though, as soon as he or she tries, there is still something calling back to interplay with the system driven humanity. The poet cannot be but discriminated. The slogans brought out by the fake poets of our time, demanding common rights is but smoke. Without the subtle yet constant battle oppressing the life of the poet, the poetry would be lost. He, she, they are the pilgrims of world invaded by tourists. They maintain a certain significance but by far they cannot be differentiated from the neither migrants nor settlers group. They linger in between with a spiritual goal in mind.

How many times is the poet to loose track of this goal. The shines of the social environment in which he or she is often forced to cross, is often misleading. The social system itself mislead him or her by providing them a belonging. Yet he or she should be placed upon a spiritual pyramid transcending this system, confusing it, occulting it and the society below should keep him or her as their most repsected oracles beyond a science, or any higher knowledge anyway doomed to fail. The poet, our sciaman, is a sick soul. He is naturally provided in each human community, however these natural

communities are upset by the artificial agglomeration of our society.

The artificial agglomeration is considerably the highest form of evil of our time. It represents the ultimate ambition of power designed by large entities to become even more powerful. The question is how to oppose to this agglomeration systems. Terror as it stands might seem a quick resolution which however consolidates new and worse systems on each side. It provides the excuse to increase the power of agglomerating entities. The poetic operation of individual souls may in fact be the ultimate form of renewal in view of the babelic operations driven by the ambitions of power oriented individuals. It is not a form of resistance, it is a form of mimicking the construction of the system in a very precarious condition and in reality encapsulating the remaining potential of the life still existing around the poet, a life that he or she are stowing in order for it to regrow after the collapse to which any system is doomed to face.

Such an isolation is however no longer applicable in the contemporary system, a system governed by a pervasive technology which the contemporary poet ought to master in order to be of any impact. This need for mastership maintains the poet in the ambiguous position of being and not being, becoming him or herself the very ubiquitous being, present and not present, there and not there. His or her expertises are asked to enforce the regime of the establishment however the poet only maintains him or herself in these power framework in order to learn and earn as much to feed his or her own poetic framework. This later framework is his or her own sole child to which he or she is fully responsible. It is a child which he or she must maintain outside any social dependence in a state of autonomy.

The poet is thus in charge of the growth of a child. To these looking after to a rather spontaneous work, the work of the poet consists to devise a way to deliver this child. This innocent child is in fact of far more impact than any explosive. It is the potential that will spark a regeneration from a state of total oppression and death in which the only spirit to reign is that of total power. There is no way to officialize such a poetic way of thinking; it always comes bypassing the highest forms of governance, however never facing it right in its face but growing aside from it and saving the potential power systems excludes from its storages. Poetry is thus to be let go in order for it to take its effects and here the poet ought to give up its integrity and allow the potential of his or her poetry to take fecund.