

On the Detonation of Poetic Truth against Social Self-destruction

The artist is but a prophetic figure, the old type of philosopher who is not meant to stay in a society. He or she is just meant to pass by one, tell his or her stories, record new ones and leave.

The more a society turns bourgeois the more this is the case. The bourgeois do not in fact accept any living content beside the official moralism of the establishment, anything vital will be immediately get rid of as some sort of fruit fallen from a tree into an English garden.

In this respect the role of the artist is that of bringing life to a deadlock environment, an environment that in its bourgeoisism is doomed to self-destruction. Cultural institutions are just another way society have created to keep artists and art away from it.

More than ever, as society gets fully governed by a business model where the economic factor is put forward as the main drive, the artist has to sacrifice his or her talent to causes he or she doesn't believe in. He or she however may put his or her genius to find ways to defy such business-minded obligation.

If there is enough genius the artist can create a pocket of autonomy within which art can be created. There shouldn't be any illusion however to think that there will be appreciation for such artistic creation.

Once the creation is big enough to be brought out to the daylight, what a shock for the bourgeoisie, how unbearable to stand such creature. Interestingly the artist ought not to be directly polemic. In face he or she should not be polemic as society has already set up a garbage bin in which all forms of criticism is trashed.

The creation of an autonomous creature, a creature that can stand up on its own, is what freaks society out, it shakes a most conformist stagnation within it, a stagnation that is perpetrated across the environment. The artist then is not the artists society allocates by means of representation. He or she is quite the opposite. He or she is the poet intruding in a society.

This poetic and vital and highly necessary intrusion is becoming less and less possible. Societies are becoming more and more sealed. The more they brand themselves as inclusive the more exclusive they in fact become. Yet there are always glitches and ways in which the poet can enter or send out his or her poetic message.

The poetic intrusion is thus always temporary and uncelebrated. It can last very shortly and often time goes fully unnoticed but if it does manage to get noticed what a

complete upheaval in the social order, a most patriarchic and/or matriarchic order hit in its comodified foundation. No matter how intransigent the most conformists of the social representatives are, the slap that a poetic work can cause is shaking the very decadence the characterize the middle classes.

In this respect we can see the middle class as lingering onto nature as some kind of parasite who cannot do without. It can only suck all the resources unable to regenerate them, only consuming them. The lower classes bring the dirt that can provide such a regeneration but they are soon turned into middle classes. Only the spread out poets can in fact retain the faculty to bring the dirt necessary for life.

In all the calamities and transformations that comes as a result of a conformized humanity, in the chaos provoked by so much unnatural order, the poet has a function of bringing the necessary disorder that can hinder the effects of an otherwise destructive shift. He or she does so by creating a poetic order of his own, an order that follows up human nature, it mirrors it and shows it in all its raw state to a society becoming extremely more ephemeral and vane.

Social vanity and the projection of identities, whether excessively masculine or feminists cannot cope with a true picture and radiography that the poet in all his or her scavenging brings. It is a black circuit, a fastidious element that ought to be suppressed and yet in all its nakedness and cynicism it is the unwanted medicine that the social children will refuse even by means of killing or exiling the poet.

Having gone quite far in my poetic undertaking, beyond the classic conception of a poet elevating any imperialistic figure or any empire, I now see the function of this street poet, this story-teller, this truth-teller, this prophet whose destiny is that of being humble and pick leftovers and with them conceive a perfect image of a humanity going increasingly more astray under whatever rational premise, locked into ideological algorithms, unnatural impositions which ought to constantly bombarded with poetic truth in order not to cause major and unnecessary self-destruction.

Now poetic truth cannot be just simply exposed especially in the social channels established by society, it will get denigrated in the instance, banalized and scorned by the very social figure who live such banal and weightless existences. Poetic truth ought to be piled up consistently with a focus crossing decades and continents. It ought to travel a long way and it ought to be concentrated into a one form that can later detonate to such degree that only then some effect may be hoped to being humanity back to a certain natural common sense.