The Poetry of Earth is Never Dead

The galaxy is a vortex, a single movement, in which every part of it, both sentient and insentient, is that single movement everywhere within itself, both spatially and temporally. What humanity does to a part of it, they do to the whole of it and, therefore, they do to themselves. More specifically, where they use it where it wouldn’t use itself, they are themselves used by it where they wouldn’t use themselves, and vice versa.

This is true even when one simply stands on the land. Thinking, imagining, and writing, then, have never been humanity’s movements alone but also the land’s, and over the entire course of humanity’s history, something entirely other than what’s believed to have been happening through such acts has been happening there the entire time!

How accurate have their self-images been really, after all, if things, like the writings of Keats and Shelley, for example, or even this very essay, precede their causes, because if they didn’t, there wouldn’t be a cause of anything and if the exact opposite belief has been at the very
foundation of the writing industry this entire time, apparent through its application of intellectual property and copyright protection, as well as through its selling of writings?

If something entirely other than what’s believed to have been happening through these things has been happening there all along, the same can be said of their consequences. If humanity truly stands for the integrity of their crafts and of themselves, they must acknowledge the land through and through throughout the entirety of their works by ceasing to use it where it wouldn’t use itself and, instead, use it only where it would. Prioritize purpose over ideation, expression, and exchange in this way.

Likewise with readers. After all and again, the galaxy is a vortex, a single movement, in which every part of it, both sentient and insentient, is that single movement everywhere within itself, both spatially and temporally, and because both individuals and books are of the galaxy, to readers, writers are primarily the papers in front of them, just as this screen is to you here and now. Where, then, is the real communication, the real movement, between the two, taking place, and where has it been taking place this entire time? The poetry of Earth is never dead!

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1 “…things precede their causes, because if they didn’t, there wouldn’t be a cause of anything. This isn’t just semantics. The word “cause” refers to the cause itself, not to a mere quality. The latter is a mere hypothetical abstraction anyway. For you can’t claim that a thing without the quality cause happens first, the effect second, and then, third, and only then, the application of the quality cause to the first thing that happened in retrospect; because the first thing that happened lacks the quality cause, which means that you can’t claim that there’s something with the quality effect after it, and consequently, you can’t apply the quality cause to the first thing that happened in retrospect either.