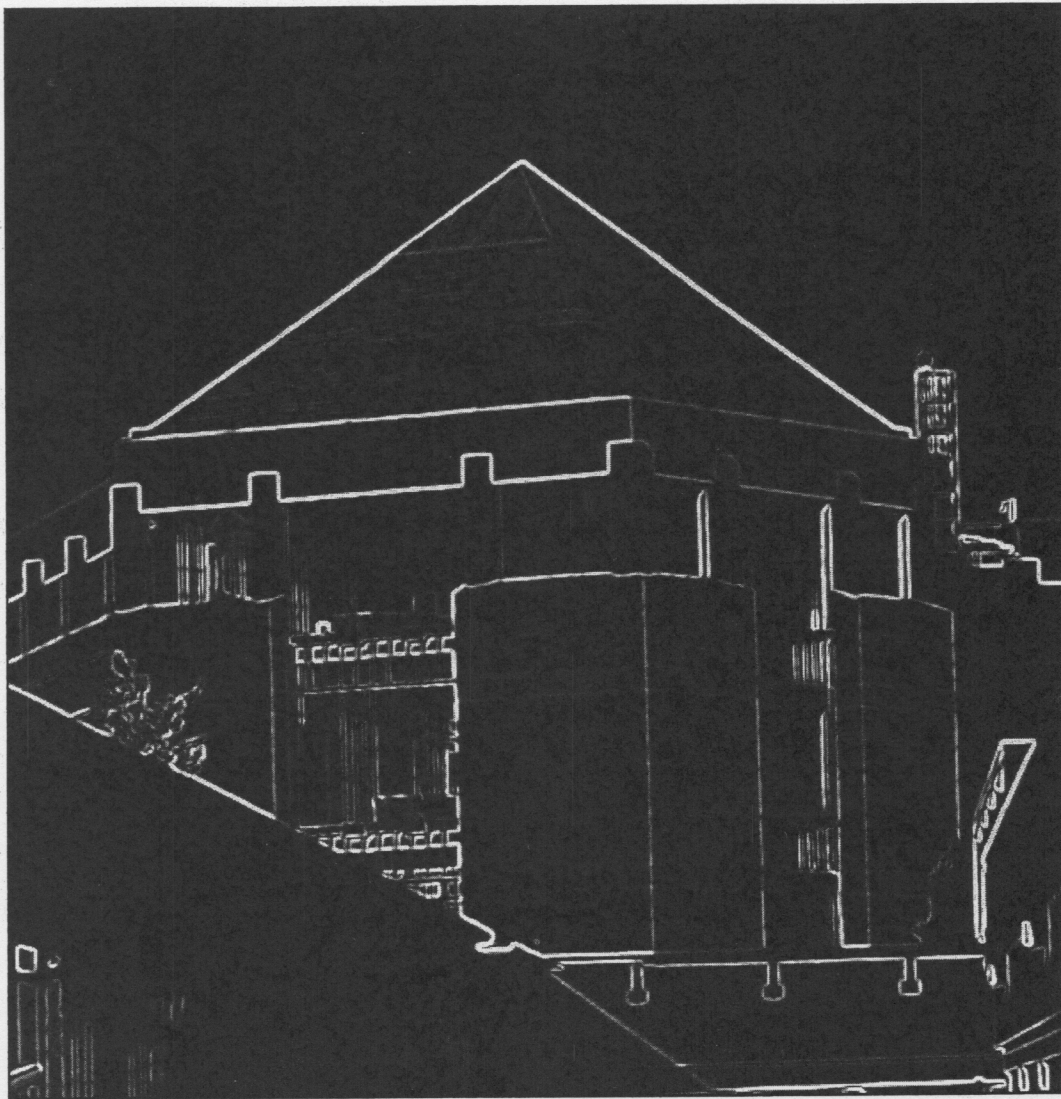


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Jeremy Hight on
Kit Robinson

Something truly crystallized when Kit Robinson read the words, "the act of writing is at odds with meditation." This collection of words, of tools to communicate, of an abstract sculpture of shape and line that somehow translates, congeals to transmit meaning, this odd beast called language. It is quite the opposite of meditation. To meditate is to relax and fall on oneself for the revelation

and meaning. It is a passive exercise.

His works are the flow of moments and images that are the living world. His statement is a bit presumptuous perhaps, but I feel it in my gut. That reunion is the mark of writing of power. It is that simple. Reaction is a reflection of action. Action is a stirring of the dust, dull sleep-glazed eyes; an awakening in the need for observers to relate what they felt observing. The flow of life is not the clichéd river or anything that's smooth or constant. Some of Kit's poems are made of stanzas that are each a complete four-lined poem. The idea of stanzas being a part of a bigger construction just doesn't belong as law but as an option. I hesitate to call this form of four-line poem, a stanza, reaction or rebellion, because that puts it in a context and that is a limitation that goes against the nature of "rebellion."

This form (not all of his works are using it) is necessary for the words and ideas, it is not for a school or form or function to be defined as such. "Slow down and the insects will go right past you." Writing is made up of observation, not only of images but of its own process as communication, as fascination with the elusive or all too real, of the nature of absolutely having to convey and how odd that all is. "When a city sees a person it sees only sky." Is this an enigma? Is it to baffle and elude, to bring out discussion and thus a deeper sense of what it is saying?

Is it to connect with something deep within whomever's ear it sneaks in? Is this subversive? Or is it something of the ages, beyond our short years? If a city had eyes, would it even see the people for the sky? It is an odd statement, but something in it makes immediate sense. This is the nature of the power of these writings. You could call him "avant-garde" and be absolutely correct. You could also see a parallel in these images to the classic writings of ages (and forms) long past and be absolutely correct.

"Once you hear the music it is gone lost in the air." This is a fragment but it is in itself whole. He speaks of life in fragments. Isn't that absolutely true? If revelation was constant it would not be revelation. If disgust were unending, beauty would be lost, paved over in the great dung heap and charcoal sky. The minute the beautiful song caresses our ears it has left the instruments. In that instant it hangs, precarious, yet free floating. Then it is gone. The fact that Kit Robinson's poems were much more powerful and clear when read by him makes profound sense. He spoke in a voice at once tense as in anger, yet calm as in recollection. The nature of the reading was the nature of the writing. The short vivid images came clear from his mouth, reached the audience, and then were gone.

"If all words were blown away which would be the first to recur? Wherever I am I am not entirely there for I have to leave room for this." This is a playful look at language and its context, but it is also more than that. The world and the written world, are they to be mirrors? It is expected that the poem will look at life in a way amplified by emotion but still of life itself. Metaphor as composite sculpture, instrument to better convey an image of the lived and ordinary. What if the gates were lifted and the worlds converged? How would it throw off and question the prevailing logic of each? This is what is going on in sentences such as these. The word compared to the range of living organisms on earth; where is the resilient seed to survive the devastation of the apocalypse? Which little construct is the linguistic cockroach to hold strong yet ugly after the blast? In "I" is this. Again it is the

contrast of language and life.

I feel I am doing a disservice to the very works I enjoyed. To over intellectualize poetry is to kill it. I don't want to dissect everything I love. "You have completely mastered evolution now what?" This sentence stands alone. My words are only strangers, those blurs of motion that pass you in the street. Kit writes of our experience as being made up of limits. It is about the empty space between objects, but also of the empty space of object itself (what is it? what defines it? what makes it whole?)

"One must work on incomplete information." "Vague: a belief in the possibility of measure." There is measure to be found in the ill measured. The "vague" is beautiful because its beauty is apparent but not obvious. Such are the vivid, thought provoking images that Kit Robinson presents.