

SOMA FELDMAR / from *Origami: An Imaginary*
Correspondence with Robin Blaser

Dear Robin,

*If you weren't real I'd make you up.*¹ locate place
of Other. cough, sneeze, hiccup.

what if God is an acronym. what if everything
means something else. I met a man who saw
meaning everywhere. the politicians drugged him.
now he's a poet. what if we're all sane.

the importance of history is inevitable.
especially how we lose ourselves. I'm afraid I've
begun to wring out the water before mapping the
territory.

can text save my life? these interminable
moments before the fall. a blast through of panic.
syncope as bearable as anything eternal. purgatory,
a resting place for the heads of genius.

I can not write my way in, nor smoke, it seems.
to live as an edge can be risky. daemons of idleness
the worst terror.

yours,

—S

Dear One,

You must go outside again. the more times one is folded, the less each crease can give. listen to your skin, it knows the proper language.

*multitudes succumb to the sorrow induced by an inexact vocabulary.*² this should not be avoided. unlike apathy and atheism.

a body only bleeds for lack of structure. there is an order, though not the one given. *behold the turtle: he makes progress only when he sticks his neck out*, this too, says the church sign.

you needn't be Jesus or Mohammed, though prophet, yes. for this is what you have chosen dear heart. forget not Apollo lest he curse your tongue. gods and goddesses are always relevant.

—RB

Dear Robin,

Do you not write on love? that imagination is the crown of your glory, love must follow in some suit. yes. for *imagination is at the core of desire*.³ perhaps 'love' is not quite the right word.

the difficulty in making a home. my resistance to being cosmic, to being a maker; master or no. the end of the line, here, beside me. to embody reluctant presence forget the birth of language.

I often oscillate between things. am hunted, haunted, by the ghosts of persecuted poets. this is eros, I am told. though I fear the onslaught of hunger.

To be an architect of white washed words. is this my fate? to blindly construct houses of infirmity from which I step into the common darkness.

No, I know. I must follow the print press. follow the way of ink and forge my passage to the rare shadow land.

sincerely,

—S

Dear One,

Perhaps, then, you are too sincere. though your efforts may prove honourable, it is with language you wrestle. *I fear we are not getting rid of God because we still believe in grammar.*⁴ which do you fear more: psychosis or religion?

I came to this place through the mouth of God. have spent entire lifetimes exploring the orifice and its subsidiaries. still, I bed down in the midst of divine confusion and find the walls homely.

If not architect, perhaps mythologist. for the myth of home is no less comforting. or, if you'd rather, there is always linguistic asceticism. robbery, simply in the opposite direction.

It is a matter of choice.

—RB

Dear Robin,

I have not yet held the sun long enough to reap its heat. higher learning eludes even the best thinkers. soon the clocks will change. time goes forward, light emulates its essence, and birds begin to bed down.

Raking in progress from the past, I find myself stranded atop some barren hill. all strength lost for the sake of impossible tension. reconciliation.

Have you seen what they're hanging on the walls, putting in books, and imitating? *I, too, want to be a poet, to erase from my days confusion & poverty, fiction & a sharp tongue.*⁵

To be troubled by world affairs is the curse of wakefulness. unable to deny my own participation, I stave off guilt and fear through mechanisms of language. a temporary yet secure structure in which to dance.

Though I continue to struggle with daily life, the ordinariness of it, and its connection to the divine, the sacred. I have come to accept my role as seeker. wings eke their way back into knowledge.

in touch,

—Soma

Dear One,

It is not that 'self' is unimportant. but that too much centering can induce a sentimentality. think of higher learning as that which is necessary to the advancement of your craft. it is nothing more.

Did not Rumi say that *world power means nothing. Only the unsayable, jeweled inner life matters?* 'you' must know you are enough. a tree does not look to become a forest.

myth, the link between imagination and desire.

truly,

-RB

Dear Robin,

Death and misery are at hand. the media (including politics) continues to belch propaganda like a pulp mill smokestack. cancer spreads through innocents in the same fashion as war.

You have written, *what if you commit unhappiness?*⁶ tonight the late news made it clear. a family with four small children knelt in front of armed american soldiers. close up of the girl, around seven, arms up, scarf around her head, tears falling over a shaken and scared mouth.

The voice over sounded, "this is not the picture the coalition would want you to see."

The death of people means the death of some language. there is no myth here. I once thought poetry useless. only recently have I felt its necessity.

Innocent and guilty as arbitrary and made up a dualism as good and evil. perhaps then, as hard a thing as it is to think, war is not simply evil.

Though the *imp of the perverse*⁷ transforming into a giant is not exactly what I had in mind. I have begun to read the Inferno.

—S

Soma,

Oh! you have entered strong territory. beware insatiable comforts and illusions of friendship. it is important to know when to leave your bells at home.

If you have no history of an afterlife, a preoccupation with the visible world may well serve you. though no amount of distraction can erase the conditions of life. invisibles continue their tendency to exist. at times a nagging of the most noble sort.

It is others. you must go towards others as you do your own *acorn*.⁸ self imposed exile in ones own home quickly becomes detrimental. as you know.

Though certain practices of exilic thought, exilic language, become necessary for poetry. yes, towards *thinking with an accent*.⁹

—RB

1 Joseph Arthur, 2 Fanny Howe, 3 Anne Carson, 4 Friedrich Nietzsche, 5 Fanny Howe, 6 Robin Blaser, 7 E.A. Poe, 8 James Hillman, 9 Peyman Vahabzadeh