Viscera

Emiliano Lebron

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Viscera
Emiliano Lebron

Is anything written in verse poetry? Many people think this is true. I happen to disagree. Though it is true that poetry is indeed written in verse, does being written in verse really constitute a poem? I think not! Poetry is more than a bunch of words written on paper. In a neat, tidy, and pretty format. Poetry is more than length and width. It has to have substance. It has to have height. It has to have viscera.

There’s a fancy medical term: Viscera refers to the innards of the abdominal cavity. Without those innards, we wouldn’t be able to function. Our metabolism would be shot. And our tissues would start to rot. A putrefaction from lack of nutrition.

Same goes for poetry. Poetry needs viscera. Without it, poetry is flat. Lifeless. Dull. Pointless. Poetry needs viscera. Poetry needs more than a nice sound. It needs a purpose. It needs to have a message. It needs to have an interaction with the audience. It needs to be interesting. Maybe even entertaining. Plato gave an allegory about philosophy. That strangely applies here: It seems that if one man finds the light of truth. A light outside the dark cave of reality. And if that man goes back to the public. And tells them of that light. They’ll all think he’s an idiot. Or a nut. Or both.

People rely on their perception. Their perception guides them. Anything contrary to their perception is either false. Or irrelevant. And that is to be expected. Why?

What do people perceive when it comes to poetry? A bunch of romantic flowery crap. Spewed on a piece of paper in verses. By a man who thinks he can impress women. With illiteracy. An emo teen’s blood-red wrists. Dripping angst onto each verse. As he cries in his 3 bedroom, 2 bathroom home. Because his bitch mom tells him to clean his room. Because his bitch teacher tells him to do his homework. Because he can’t deal with the pressures of... I don’t know...existing. Claiming to be some nonconformist. When he’s really a whiny wuss. The musings of a lazy pothead.
Who sits in a café strumming on a guitar
Coming up with lyrics and verses for folk songs
That never make sense
Because he never had the ambitions or the brain capacity
To get a job!
The junior philosopher
Who, instead of actually studying philosophy
Decides to make it up himself
And writes haikus about his “faux-losophy”
Hoping to enlighten someone.
Unfortunately, though not surprisingly, they suck.
Haikus were never designed to be written in English.
Now you know why haikus aren’t taken seriously...
That is, if they’re not well-written.
(My legal team advised me to add this disclaimer.)
Misinformation in malpractice
Verses and verses and volumes of verses
Of pure unfiltered grade-A crap.
All of it very flat
Many teachers have said the following:
Great writers are also readers.
So if you want to write poetry,
Do yourself a favor:
Try reading some poetry
Before you put pen to paper
Get a sense for it
See the deeper meaning
And see the art
But mostly, and I stress mostly
See the viscera.
See that x-factor that gives the poem life
See how the words are used
See how the poet interacts with the audience
See what the poem represents

What idea is the poet trying to get across?
If I’ve said it once, I’ll say it again
Poetry needs viscera
It needs that third dimension
It needs a reason for its existence
So if you’re going to write it
Or you’re going to speak it
You better damn well mean it
Or don’t bother thinking about it.
It’s art
Be creative
But don’t be careless.