

Partial Sight and Poetic Form

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- 1. How To Write Visual Processes**
- 2. Words and Pictures – What is the Difference?
Poems as Visual Experiences**
- 3. White Space At Work – How Space Makes Meaning**
- 4. Ways of imagining Partially Sighted Perspectives**
- 5. Reimagining/Arguing With Pre-Existing Texts On
Blindness**

The View \ The Street
The View / The Street

We walk on our hands over a deep blue ground.

Those holes will become your face.

The box on stilts will be a cathedral.
their roots are looking for nutrients in blue earth.
The trees are black lines

I use sounds to see.
Before the brain corrects the eye's syntax.
Vision is still a draft

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their roots are looking for nutrients in blue earth.
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We walk on our hands over a deep blue ground.

2. Words and Pictures – What is the Difference? Poems as Visual Experiences

HOMER

Invisible poet

never
eyes

always phrase

less

than a distant
coastline

please give me a sack

to Aeolus

theories

whirling

course off me

as I (gap)

σον βιον σε ακουμεναι

missing winged words

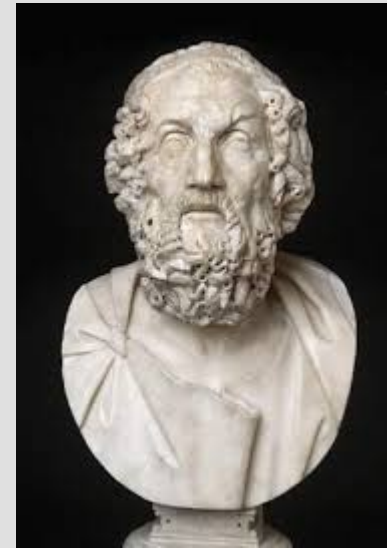
not a surviving sense
gift to the wind

pierced feet

were you disabled?

my selfsmallvision forcing this limit of thought
all poets deafened

lost at the edge of a phrase



HOMER

INVISIBLEPOETNEVEREYESALWAYS PHRASELESSTHANADISTANTC
OASTLINEPLEASEGIVEMEASACKTOAEOLUSTHEORIESWHIRLINGC
OURSEOFFMEASI(GAP)ΣΟΝΒΙΟΝΣΕΑΚΟΥΕΜΕΝΑΙΜΙΣΣΙΝΓΙΝΓΕ
DWORDSNOTASURVIVINGSSENSEGIFTTOTHEWINDPIERCEDFEET
WEREYOUDISABLEDIONCEHEARDARIVERASACARHOVEREDONTH
EKERBTOLETTHEBREEZEPASSTRAFFICISEACHWALKERSINDRAWN
BREATHCYCLISTSMAKETHE DARKNESSMOVENONSTOPIWALKON
MYEARSTHEROADCHANGINGSHAPEASIEAVESDROPMYSELFSMAL
LVISIONFORCINGTHISLIMITOFTHOUGHTALLPOETSDEAFENEDLOS
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EDSURFACEOFSONGΑΙΜΟΥΣΣΑΙΡΕQUESTFORROUTE BEYONDΣΕΑ
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HOUGHHE NEVERDOESTHEPOEMRELEASASESNONOISEFROMHISE
YESBEESWAXBLACKSHIPSΟΙΜΟΙΝΟΜΕΜΟΡΥΣΙΡΕΝΣΛΙΤΤΕΡΕΔΩΙ
THSOUNDSANDBONESSMALLSOCIALROLEΑΙΜΟΥΣΣΑΙΕΙΣΧΑΡΥΒΔΙ
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MYSTERYALISTENERSCOSMOSBLINDNESSNOPATTERNEDPAGEILE
AVEMYEYESWITHTHEMUSEFORALOVELYPHRASEITSMEANINGGO
NEHAZYASITHACASCOASTLINE

3. White Space At Work – How Space Makes Meaning

DIALOGUE ON THE DARK

and could be the freedom of shapes from their
cumbersome names.

Allow me my vision at ease.

Eye quietness.

Grievously metaphored sign of a slandered season;
all-purpose hex; assassin; foxes' time.
I wish I could appoint a lawyer for winter.

Let there be an amnesty. Sit. Watch deep blues approach.
Walk. Loiter in low light as though your family were
blackened trees.

4. Ways of imagining Partially Sighted Perspectives

FAITH

Religion

a missing visual field

T
H E
E Y E
C H A R T

I scowl towards his voice. He says the map
marks how far vision goes. If I could creep

up close I'd learn the journey. His technique
restricts me to a chair so he can track

how far I travel down the chart alone
before I pause. I grope in the third line –

my limit the next shape I recognize –
then stop. No way. I still believe my eyes

can hold a solar system, catch all lights,
deliver to the doctor alphabets

as small as atoms. But this world is smudge.
I'm huddled at the bottom of the page,

trying to hide my dark. Wherever I am,
I've bypassed every symbol I can name

and stumble at my vision's borders
where letters are illegible as stars.

5. Reimagining/Arguing With Pre-Existing Texts On Blindness

Blind

Almost unconscionably sweet,
Is that voice in the city street
Her fingers skin the leaves of Braille.
She sings as if she could not fail
To activate each sullen mind
And make the country of the blind
Unroll among the traffic fumes,
With its white stick and lonely rooms.
Even if she had had no words,
Unsentimental as a bird's,
Her song would rise in spirals through
The dust and gloom to make it true,
That when we see such fortitude,
Though she cannot, the day is good.

A con.
is that city.
Leaves
as if she
tactile
Of the fumes
lonely
sentient words
Same old spirals
loom.
The day is.

(Morgan, 2002)



Milton Sequence

On His Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent,
ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
and that one talent which is death to hide
lodged with me useless, though my mind more bent
to serve therewith my Maker and present
my true account, lest He returning chide.
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
that murmur, soon replies “God doth not need
either man’s work or His own gifts. Who best
bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed
and post o’er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

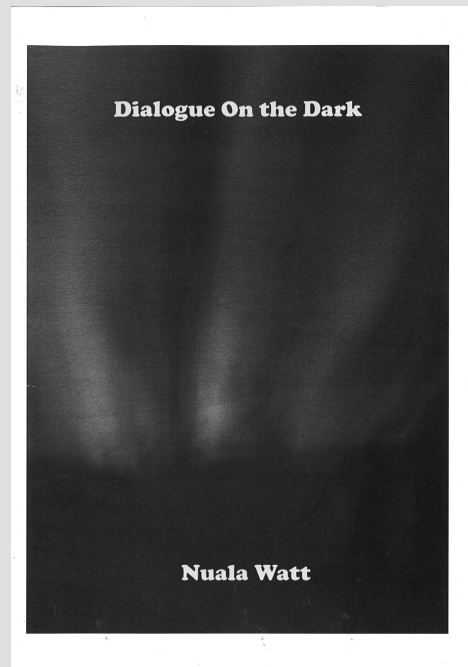
John Milton 1673



On Her Partial Blindness.

When I consider how to represent
my sixth of working light, my words collide
with your fear of dark. Your visions hide
the blindness born with me. You mourned sight sent
before you into death. Let me invent
a new account – half- light to place beside
your grief, the beauty of blind life denied.
I’d rather exploration than lament
sight as lost paradise. So my poems need
to make a sense I’m neither banned nor blessed
but breathing here. I want to have my state
§revealed so thousands at my bidding read
as I eat, sleep, kiss, swear, get children dressed.
I feel and write. I do not stand and wait.

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DIALOGUE ON THE DARK

22 poems available from

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Thankyou for listening

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