

Majorie Miller, Pulitzer Administrator

1 message

Dr John WorldPeace <drjohnworldpeacejd@gmail.com>

Wed, Apr 27, 2022 at
10:31 AM

To: pulitzer@pulitzer.org

Hello again,

1) These emails, and all the Pulitzer emails that have preceded them since May 2020, are in part my laying a foundation for my commentary on poetry contests and poets and poetry communities. Pulitzer is the most important prize, with the most notoriety, and the only one I have ever engaged. AND I have no publisher tasked with promoting my poetry, and only 2.5 years of being significantly engaged in inserting myself in the the American and English poetry communities. Other than my writing poetry.

2) Serious poets are for the most part lazy. Only a dozen or so could be put in a class with a VanGogh or Picasso in regards to commitment and passion regardless of skill of execution and creativity. Writing a hundred poem book every three to five years is a non passionate half-ass effort.

3) I have been writing a 1000 poems a year since I began publishing. I find great joy and pleasure and satisfaction in the work. It also disengages me from my more significant tasks under the WorldPeace Advocacy banner.

4) When a poet writes such a small volume, then at the end of his or her life their level of achievement is really a shadow of what could have been.

5) I have integrated haiku and zen into my work, I have skewed religious text toward poetry but more so pointed out to the non Christian world that sacred texts of the major religions are in fact poetry. I have a unique way of placing poetry on a page. And as a polymath, which is a gift not something you can develop, I see poetry on a much much bigger landscape.

6) And I have not allowed any teacher, art or poetry, crop my creativity. I have no fear of publishing work without a single approving mind.

7) That said here is what I am working on now to expand a poets engagement in poetry.

8) The following poems were inspired by Pablo Neruda who I never read until about a week ago. I approached his work as I have other poets, I look for what I call the hearts of the poems, the one phrase that is undeniably poetic and jump off the page. I then use those hearts as inspiration for my own poem incorporating that heart. I have done this for a long time but the vast majority of poems have no heart. And I think part of that is because poets take stellar phrases and crash them with jingleology.

9) These examples have the heart in italics at the top with the number. Gmail scrambles my layout of the words. But layout is not the point of this email. Also how can I do this. I push the edge of my poetic envelop with every poem I write. And I write a lot of poetry. Far more than any other poet.

I have no peers as a poet; living or dead

Have a nice day
WorldPeace

a dove is born out of the light

3726 Oh the lovely damp night
 moon on high
 moon light
 second light

 The owl hoots
 echos down the
 creek bed
 there here there

 within the seer's second sight
 a peace dove is born
 out of the sacred
 white moon light

220426-1117

some sixty years of hunger

3727 Those who starved
 all their life
 will not be fed in heaven
 as their hunger
 will be removed
 forever

220426-1123

dying from lack of life

3728 How many today
 died for lack of life
 ~ their youth
 their work
 their parents and grandparents
 the children married away
 their old bodies now
 hold them back
 and down
 their hearts did
 not stop
 their life went away
 their soul walked out
 then their taskless hearts
 beat away
 beat out

220426-1138

we are taking on all that we never gave him

3729 More old died today
deprived of money
starved of love and help
we now take on the
burden of debt
of what we
never gave them
~stopped giving them

220426-1141

he struggled with raw land

3730 The old man
his old mule
struggled with
the raw land
the potential of food for him and
others was there
but without his exhaustion
it would not appear
could not feed
so he kept on
until his body
entered the land

220426-1147

repeated goodbyes like an old door

3731 The old oak door
died today
worn out by hellos
and goodbyes
it hung tight shut
no longer a door
it had to be
knocked out
and down
then reborn
as kindling then smoke
away away

220426-1144

the way made by my shoes

3732 The way made
by my many shoes
was dynamic
hard and easy
happy and sad
Their masters

my feet
the slaves of my
desire to
keep moving along

my shoes
my feet worn out
my body
follows
ends

220426-1200

No phrase just my opinion of Neruda

3733 Pablo Neruda

a master poet
who could give
a beating heart phrase
to a scrambled
bunch of words
and life to those
who can hear the beat
through reading
with their eyes

220426-1206