

Practical Poetry

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“I am going to utter a tree, Nobody
shall stop me”- ee cummings¹

I *Introduction*

“In the beginning was the Word,” says an ancient text.² The beginning of what? Surely not the world at large, which had conceived us long before we conceived it in words. Not even the world as *I* know it, which had strummed my senses for millions of years before I began to resonate in speech.³ What began with the Word was nothing less than a whole new world-- not the world that made us, but the world that *we* make, the world of *sharable* human experience.

Sharable is bearable. Together we can manage what, alone, we never could. The god of that ancient text linked all things within a single consciousness. Human language, linking individuals’ consciousness, seems to offer us powers of potentially competing scope. In that same text the story of the Tower of Babel relates how a common language enabled His children to rival God Himself in deeds. “*And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do.*”⁴ For reasons that the story does not make clear (but suggests might amount to His own jealousy), God foiled the creators of that competing universe. He did this, not by destroying them, but by destroying the means of their creativity: their ability to communicate. As is often true of tales that have stood the winnowing of so much time, the morals of this story are at once many and obscure. A flurry of warnings come to mind: Power corrupts.

¹ cummings (1968) p55

² John 1:1, “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” Later, “the word is made flesh,” in the form of Jesus.

³ See Tomasello(1999) & Wade (2006).

⁴ Genesis 11.

Beware of pride, which “cometh before a fall.” Likewise, its relatives, jealousy and envy. Do not trust human communication, which routinely breaks down with the most grievous results. Like the “human kind” that rely upon it, human language “cannot bear very much reality...”⁵ and so on.

Language links our minds, enabling us to transcend person, space and time, even the limits of the possible. Mr. Cummings utters a tree, and no one can stop him. Because it is so powerful, we must take care with language. The minds it links are human, so by its means we lie, betray, malign and pollute our souls with drivel as readily as we build magnificent towers of fact and fancy.

Language links our minds imperfectly. It interferes with the process that it enables, becoming, in a sense, a meddling third party to every communication that it helps to broker. Except when the exchange breaks down, we tend to accept these intrusions, because we feel, for the most part, as if language were not something that we create or even use, so much as something that happens to us as a result of the company that we keep. So Ernst Cassirer could speak of “a language which does our thinking for us.”⁶

We can take language in hand, however, and forge it to our purposes. We can fashion a language for engineering that is clear, precise and outwardly descriptive; a language for diplomacy, tooled for persuasion; a language for wine that evokes “autumnal aromas of burnt sugar and undergrowth.”⁷

The language of psychoanalysis famously reflects the medical past and scientific ambitions of its originator, who intended with it to enunciate “A Scientific Psychology.” The resulting jargon has come so thoroughly to emblemize psychological work that popular representations of psychoanalysts and other therapists often depict them blathering earnestly at their patients in its pseudo-medical, techniquoid tones. Any one who genuinely practices psychological work knows that nothing useful ever could transpire that way. The actual language through which patient and therapist meet, engage and transform each other bears no resemblance whatsoever to the psycho-surgical metaphors of Freud. In my experience the language of clinical encounter sounds and feels much more like poetry-- so much so, that I have come to regard clinical work all-in-all as a form of poetic action, of *practical poetry*.

⁵ Eliot TS. Four Quartets (Burnt Norton I)

⁶ Cassirer (1946), p16.

⁷ *New Yorker*, September 3 and 10, 2007, p113.

With this essay I hope to explore this idea by discussing two questions that strike me as its preliminaries: (1) what is poetry? and (2) can poetry be practical? Considering these questions, I hope, will help to clarify how it is that the best moments of psychological work feel like practical poetry..

II

What is Poetry?

As a child I felt drawn more to nature than to nurture. A tree to climb, a stream to wade, a lizard to tame, all excited me far more than what anyone around me had to say. Of the artifacts of thought, only science and mathematics held much interest for me, because, more than most of the people I knew, these seemed to speak truthfully of how the world worked and thoughts cohered. Whatever literature I encountered in childhood must have struck me as, at best, a means for telling stories; for I remember the gist of some of those tales, but practically none of their language. One poem only managed to penetrate the fortress of rationality that was my latency, "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field, first published around 1889 and anthologized ever afterwards in grade-school English texts, where I encountered it at about age ten. Here it is:

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue---
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place---
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,

What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Today I see this verse as a saccharine dirge to lost childhood, that at the time must have owed its impact to my own presentiments of puberty and lost innocence. Back then, though, it simply meant that Little Boy Blue had died in his sleep, and -- I had no idea why-- this completely unhinged me. I remember lying in bed at night, daring myself to allow the poem's images to appear. So long as I kept them just behind the wings, rustling at the verge of consciousness, I could enjoy my own awe of the power they held over me, as one might enjoy wild tigers in a cage. But when my discipline faltered (or I let it go just right), and there edged into view that "little toy dog...covered with dust..." I was gone, utterly dissolved in grief. For me, encountering this verse was a loss of innocence in itself. A poem had touched me where I had never been touched before, loosening tigers of emotion that, before, I had not known I caged. How did it do this?

A poem is a thing of words, like but also different from other things of words. Its outward structure, first of all, distinguishes it from other word-made things. When spoken aloud it is set apart from the more ordinary speech that surrounds it. When written, it sits differently upon the page. The very term "poem" originated in the Greek *poiéma*, meaning "something made." Like a castle in the sand, a poem's structure draws attention to its "made-ness," heightening the intentionality of its message. The structure says, "Now, Hear This!" Our empathy is on alert. We read or listen with special care.

A poem's way with words, too, sets it apart from everyday speech. It may use ordinary vocabulary, but with special economy and emphasis. Each word holds its place, in both form and meaning, as no other could. A poem's language tends to flow like music, with rhythm and melody as well as form. It is composed. It conveys lucidity and depth. Linguists have held that language is made up of both sound and sense, the physical medium and the metaphysical meaning⁸, Poetry tends to fill both these dimensions to their fullest capacity, exciting both body and mind, conjuring images more vividly than do other forms of

⁸ See, e.g., Levi-Strauss, de Saussure, Jakobson.

utterance, communicating not just information but *feeling*. I. A. Richards wrote that poetry gives words “their full imagined sound and body,” and in doing so helps to restore the reader to a fuller state of being.⁹

The poem’s formal announcement that it intends to do something, its precision and music, its stirring of spirit and flesh, all have the effect simultaneously of focusing our attention upon the particular images that it elicits, and of rumbling the mind’s great store of associated imagery. Our imaginations light up with another’s vision. We see ourselves in it, and it in us. We feel surprise, and more. We remember. We connect. Allen Grossman says, “...poetry strives to overcome the death and separation of individuals by bringing us into contact with our ultimately shared experience”¹⁰

Poetry is different from ordinary speech, but it is so direct, fresh and feelingful that it is in many ways the most authentic form of speech. “Poetry is the mother tongue of humanity,” said J. Hamann¹¹. And Northrop Frye, “Poetry is the most direct and simple means of expressing oneself in words: the most primitive nations have poetry, but only quite well developed civilizations can produce good prose. So don’t think of poetry as a perverse and unnatural way of distorting ordinary prose statements: prose is a much less natural way of speaking than poetry is. If you listen to small children, and to the amount of chanting and singsong in their speech, you’ll see what I mean.”¹² Thought itself, when spontaneous and undisguised, is the same as poetry, according to Heidegger¹³. Finally, William Butler Yeats held that poetry springs spontaneously from common people, offering as an example this anonymous lament :

It is late last night the dog was speaking
of you; the snipe was speaking of you in
her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely
bird throughout the woods; and that you
may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me and you said a lie to me,
that you would be before me where the sheep
are flocked. I gave a whistle and three
hundred cries to you; and I found nothing
there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for

⁹ Richards (1926)

¹⁰ Grossman, (p5)

¹¹ Cited in Cassirer.

¹² Frye, p121.

¹³ *Poetry, Language, Thought*, Pp74f

you, a ship of gold under a silver mast;
twelve towns and a market in all of them,
and a fine white court by the side of the
sea.

You promised me a thing which is not possible;
that you would give me gloves of the
skin of a fish; that you would give me shoes
of the skin of a bird, and a suit of the
dearest silk in Ireland.

My mother said to me not to be talking
with you, today or tomorrow or on Sunday.
It was a bad time she took for telling
me that, it was shutting the door after
the house was robbed.

You have taken the east from me, you have
taken the west from me, you have taken
what is before me and what is behind me;
you have taken the moon, you have taken
the sun from me, and my fear is great you
have taken God from me.¹⁴

Poetry is primal language, then; truthful speech about things that matter. Using music, imagery and form, it recreates an author's experience in the mind of an audience, in the process evoking powerful networks of meaning and emotion. It may be hard-wrought through discipline, but also arises spontaneously in the play of thought and passion. When it works it links us through universal experience, at once exalting the spirit and humbling the self.

III

Can poetry be practical?

About practicality and art Tom Stoppard once quipped, "Skill without imagination is craftsmanship and gives us many useful things, such as wicker picnic baskets. Imagination without skill

¹⁴ from "What Modern Poetry?" an essay of Yeats, W.B., 1912. Original source unknown.

gives us modern art.”¹⁵ At its best, poetry surely epitomizes both verbal skill and imagination; but is it, can it ever be, in any sense, *practical*? Practical things, by definition, *do* something *useful*. What, if anything, can poetry do? And can that ever be useful?

Poetry presents the experience of one for the consideration of others. The experience may be of actual events, or entirely fantastical. It may take the form of a story, or consist of seemingly contextless images. “A poem should not mean/ But be,” Archibald MacLeish, admonished us.¹⁶ Nonetheless, a poem’s very presence in the world of words suggests that it means something, at least to its author. We take it up and look it over as we might a peculiar object on the beach-- what is this thing? where did it come from? what is it for? What, if anything, a poem means to its reader depends upon the prior experience that the reader brings to the reading, as well as upon the robustness and universality of the poem’s own verbal substance. Like music, of which it partially consists, poetry plays the senses of its reader, evoking image, sensation and emotion-rich feeling. More than most everyday speech it leaves us joyful, sad, frightened, angry, surprised. More than everyday conversation, it connects us to a sense of the universal. “[Poetry] is not about what has happened,” said Aristotle, “but about what can happen.”¹⁷

Like science, poetry presents a way of seeing the world. Both seek with clarity and precision to express the universal. When either succeeds, we speak of beauty. Beyond this, neither science nor poetry, in themselves, literally *do* anything. They are practical inasmuch as they clear the way for us to act knowingly. Science is practical because it makes technology possible. What might poetry make possible?

“The self that cannot speak, as the man or woman being tortured cannot, or the self that cannot find words to make its own, has not the power to join or withdraw from the world,” noted Terrence Des Pres.¹⁸ “Poetry won’t change the nuclear order. But...a poem can make something happen. It allows me to know what I fear, to understand (by standing under) the burden of my humanness. It also makes possible the essential decency of compassion, of suffering with—a symbolic action, to be sure, but one without which the spirit withers, the self shuts down.” Artaud said of van Gough, “No one has ever written or painted, sculpted, modelled, built, invented except to get out of hell.”¹⁹

¹⁵ From an interview-- in *American Scholar*, as I recall, *ca* 1974. I have lost the original document.

¹⁶ “Ars Poetica”

¹⁷ *Poetics*

¹⁸ Praises and Dispraises, p 230.

¹⁹ quoted in Des Pres, *op cit*, p138.

Any act of expression opens one mind to its neighbors. Because it makes cooperation possible, this opening-up is practical in the extreme-- as the architects of Babel showed. The kinds of experience that poetry shares, though, seldom suggest direct utility. Poems rarely command or instruct. They compel not action but *feeling*. They offer a view beyond the limits of the self, how it feels to be someone else, what one might call existential perspective. In this way poetry allows each of us to step outside our own ignorance, joy and suffering, and into another's. Unlike most prose, poetry accomplishes this with brevity, surprise and emotional vividness. What this makes possible is in the readers' hands, after all. But once within this perspective, how shall we ever again mistake ourselves for unique, or maltreat another? Poetry is no wicker picnic basket, but through such means as these it offers us alternatives to isolation, torture, war, suicide. Could that be useful?

IV

Treatment is Practical Poetry

Des Pres assigned specific duties for poetry to perform, emphasizing what he considered the radical, subversive nature of these acts. "The office of art isn't located in a government bunker, but in the obligation to behold and witness, praise, denounce,"²⁰ he wrote. The latter two duties of poetry line up precisely with those uses of language that the philosopher J.L. Austin called "performative," that is, utterances that do not merely say things but, in saying, actually *do* things²¹. To denounce may go beyond expressing disapproval or even rage-- it may legally consign a prisoner to death. Likewise, to praise may express approval, even love-- and under special circumstances may transform you from Paul to Sir Paul, or confer upon you the Nobel Prize. To behold and to witness, according to Des Pres, entails giving names to experiences and to our feelings about them. Naming is another of Austin's performatives ("I pronounce you man and wife," his classic example).

²⁰ Des Pres, p231.

In the 1980's Leston Havens made extensive use of Austin's findings in exploring the uses of language in psychotherapy.²² He demonstrated the effective use of performative speech to intervene in patients' inner conflicts and to offer them hope where they had felt none. His "empathic statements," in my view, present especially artful means of naming emotional states, previously ineffable to the patient whom they becloud.²³

Thus performative language, both poetic and practical, marks one sense in which psychological treatment resembles practical poetry. The resemblance that I have in mind, though, goes beyond such surface features. Treatment is practical and poetic, not merely in ornamentation, but in its very substance. The whole form and content of treatment approaches that of poetry, and its purpose is intensely practical. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Treatment is practical in an ordinary sense, in that it constitutes the therapist's vocation. It is practical, too, in using common means to carry out its work. No esoteric tools or shibboleths are required, only plain talk in an atmosphere of empathy and respect.

Treatment is practical from the patients' perspective in a most intensive sense: like Artaud's artists, they want "out of hell." Alone they cannot solve the problems, or even bear the feelings, that beset them. They come to the therapist for help in what is, for them, often the most practical quest of their lives. They may not consciously know why. For example:

A man came to me searching for a medicine that could help him to write. He felt urgently driven to produce a memoir. He had the time to work on it, and the means to follow every manner of advice, yet coaches and seminars, classes and retreats, years of psychic prodding, pulling and purgation at every source, had yielded no result. Advertisements in periodicals, TV testimonials, and finally his own doctor had persuaded him that he was technically capable of writing his story, but must be foundering on some unrecognized psychiatric ailment. Maybe it was "ADD" that prevented him from concentrating on the task, or "Depression" that deprived him of the vital will. Could I write him a prescription for—(he listed the patented amphetamines and reuptake blockers on which he had pinned his latest hopes) ? In the course of my consulting work I meet many such pilgrims. Rather than discourage their aspirations for an external cure, I have learned that redirecting them through a

²¹ Austin, 1962, Pp 6ff.

²² Summarized in Havens, 1986, passim.

²³ Havens also notes the use of detail as a poetic means that can add a moving impetus to therapeutic dialogue (p101-2).

detailed history of their lives almost always unearths additional, non-medical hypotheses as to the nature of their suffering. This man's case offered many. As a youth he had played accessory to a crime. He had fled the law and lived most of his adult years in hiding. Under a name not his own he had married, fostered a family and run a business, all with conventional success. Remorse over his unacknowledged crime gnawed at him, though, until eventually he surrendered to the law. Middle-aged and most repentant, he had served a relatively brief time in prison. While in prison he had come to feel that he could make authentic and meaningful amends only through telling his story in full, to give back to the community what he had taken by living a lie. Despite this overwhelming need, however, he simply could not write. Though out of bodily prison now, his soul remained enchained. The feelings that arose as he recounted this story to me at times seemed out of place—genuine and intense, but perhaps transferred from other sources. He felt profoundly ashamed, for example, of relatively innocuous crimes that he had committed as a rebellious teen. The metaphors he used, as well, suggested much murkier origins than the casual occasions that prompted them. Along with these signs of what once would have been called “hysterical tendencies,” the patient also proved very fluent at free-association. Through such indirect means as these, before long we found ourselves in sight of the mysterious psychiatric ailment that had silenced him. As a child he had submitted to sexual acts with his priest. Sworn to secrecy, he had not spoken of this since. His intense shame and baleful metaphors belonged to this story, not to the one that unfolded during his teens. As with Freud's “criminals from a sense of guilt²⁴,” in all likelihood he had even engaged in the later misdeeds so as to disguise and make a place in his soul to harbor these feelings that still haunted him from childhood. The decades of lies and hiding, stained-through with indelible guilt, were lies that sealed back the power of the earlier deceit. Beneath the story that the patient consciously yearned to tell, lay the story that he had long since foresworn to tell. The later story, as it turned out, had been both created and held hostage by the first. Liberating the one threatened to reveal the other. In the end, though, it was only by sharing both stories that the patient could be freed.²⁵

Frequently patients come seeking advice. Would it not be more practical simply to tell them what to do? Our abstinence infuriates quite a few. The ultimately greater practicality of learning, with help, to find their own way, eludes the many who leave “before the miracle happens.”

Treatment is a relationship, the way a poem is a thing of words—that is, in very particular ways. It is disciplined in form and content, as well as in purpose.

²⁴ Freud, 1916. See also Mann (1997).

²⁵ The identities of this patient and the one to follow have been extensively modified for the sake of confidentiality. Both cases unfolded in manners that remind me of Freud's “Katharina ___” (1893).

As in poetry, psychoanalysis and psychotherapy present the experience of one for the consideration of another. Like poetry, this intimate encounter is set apart from ordinary speech. Like Wordsworth's poetry, it is "the spontaneous overflowing of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility."²⁶ The private space, the sonnet, the fifty-minute hour. The dreams and memories, the real and fantasied tableaux. The intense emotion, the yearning, pain and grief.

As in poetry, the subject matter of psychological work is particular, private, and ultimately universal. An urge to share strong feeling predominates. Like a poet, the patient reveals his/her moments of poignancy. Like a reader of poetry, the therapist approaches with respect, opening him/herself to the resonances of feeling and meaning that emerge. As in poetry, these meanings connect us less to concepts than to earth and blood—to chthonic themes, as Jung called them-- not to abstract nor intellectual ones. "A man's either scared, mad or sad," said Elvin Semrad. "If he's talking about anything else he's being superficial."²⁷ To penetrate that surface and stay there we must use language more elemental than reason.

Like poetry, treatment's principal medium is words. As Alexander Pope said of poetic language, "The sound must seem to echo the sense," so it is with treatment. The language that suits its ends tends toward the simple, powerful, and direct. It is a tool wrought to purpose, with lucidity and depth. It must speak honestly, from the heart. It must ask hard questions and try to answer them. It must name the hulking background truths, extend the ring of light around us, push back the penumbra of our sharable world. As much as possible it must speak, true self to true self, to that man behind the curtain of our conventional presences. Like poetry, when it works, it speaks feelingfully, vividly, in images, freshly sensed, experience-near, calling into play all of our senses, inside and out. Playing on sensation and emotion, thought and intuition, and all the meaningful links among these, it brings together and unites the inner and the outer world. Language is an imperfect light, but it is a light, that we can shine upon the secrets inside us, revealing them to another, so that we no longer have to be alone with them. "Give sorrow words," says Macbeth to Malcolm. "The grief that does not speak/Whispers the o'rrfraught heart and bids it break."

As in poetry, what transpires in treatment often represents far more than its own face value. Transference, for example, symbolically reenacts problems that may have dogged the patient at every turn in life. As in poetry, the way through this perplexity (and, in the process, to help the patient with it) requires

²⁶ Introduction to *Lyrical Ballads*

that we engage its meaning rather than its surface ploy. The ability to read metaphor in dreams, slips of the tongue and everyday speech, and to respond to these in kind, when direct interpretation cannot be heard, are linguistic capacities as necessary to the therapist as to the poet.

A poem or a proverb may strike us as meaningful but not tell us immediately what it means. Years may go by before personal experience delivers us to the place from which we see, with a start, what it was trying to tell us. That is to say, we may not be ready to understand the words when first we encounter them. The therapist's job in treatment often amounts to structuring such statements to meet the patient where and when we find them, so as to get an urgent message through to them in a timely way. Here the therapist functions as a practical poet, bringing the mountain to Mohammed, as it were. To change we must be moved, and to be moved we must first be reached. Much of the time I spend in silence with patients is actually the time it takes me, working frantically, to forge these practical poetry slams. Eliot says,

And I must borrow every changing shape
To find expression...dance, dance
Like a dancing bear,
Cry like a parrot, chatter like an ape.²⁸

An unusual example comes to mind.

A European woman came to me in search of a psychoanalysis in her native tongue. This was a language that I had studied in high school, nearly forty years before. Back then I had gained some fluency in its written forms, but I had never achieved much comfort in speaking it. The patient felt great urgency, though. Her marriage was at stake. She had already consulted a colleague of mine and given up on him because she felt that language was in their way. The patient complained of attacks of rage, during which she felt transformed, like Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde. She was aware that, in this country, doctors typically dispense other potions to transform Hydes back into Jekylls, but she did not want medicine. She felt confident that, with the proper help, she could understand her way through this problem. Certain features of her story cautioned me against getting involved. If my colleague had failed, how could I expect to do any better? Would I be playing into a split in the patient's own psyche, to play the Good Doctor where the Bad Doctor had failed? Would she help me to founder upon my own pride? Was she on a casting call, seeking someone to play the spouse (or, more likely,

²⁷ Quoted in Rako & Mazer (1983).

²⁸ Eliot TS. "Portrait of a Lady" In *Complete Poems and Plays (1909-1950)*, p11.

parental figure), properly flawed to help her reenact the infuriating story of her life? These and similar questions were taking form in my imagination as the patient broke off her story to ask me, with an earnestness that pierced my skepticism like an arrow of necessity through a fog of doubt, “Doctor, can you please help me?” I fumbled with the words to say in her tongue that I would try. I warned her, as best I could, about my reservations. She set out to tell her story. As with the prisoner of shame that I have already described, this patient was gifted at free-association. She may not have felt entirely understood (which she certainly was not), but she did feel listened-to, and was willing to grant me more sessions to hear her out. Soon the picture emerged of a girl like a ghost in her own family. She had been handed from home to home, father to grandmother to mother and back, and nowhere had she felt that she fully belonged. She felt isolated at school, too, and envied her schoolmates their camaraderie as well as their having homes from which they ventured and returned each day. As she recounted her stories of alienation, a glint of anger at times would show through. I suspected that her attacks of rage sprang from the same source, and told her so. To feel apart and different, less than others, exiled and estranged—and now in her marriage, in a foreign country, forbidden to work, cut off in linguistic quarantine, she was thrown back into a state of being that she knew but could not exist beyond, a barrier so absolute that no language could say it. *I found myself in exactly her state.*²⁹ If ever I have struggled to find words, this was the time. I coughed out what I could of these images. In response she peered at me, so much as to say, “what are you talking about?” I expected her wrath to come next, but instead, as if by a miracle, I suddenly recalled and spoke aloud a single shard of poetry from the days of my long-abandoned studies. It was about a forsaken warrior, his endless exile, the sting and fury of his shame. To my amazement the patient welcomed this arcana with a sudden calm. “Exactly,” she said. To my further amazement, her attacks of rage have not returned. Having captured the words to say how she feels³⁰, having spoken them and felt understood, she tells me that, now, “I can have the feeling and not be it.”

Semrad taught that that the aims of psychological treatment were to help patients *acknowledge, bear and put into perspective* the experiences that brought them suffering. The naming of feelings, as occurs in both poetry and psychotherapy, helps us to acknowledge them. The sharing of experiences, as in poetry and psychotherapy, helps us to bear them. Finally, recognizing the universal within ourselves, and our own proper place within the universe, which both poetry and psychotherapy strive to effect, brings us into fuller emotional perspective.

²⁹ This illustrates what I have called “Transference 2,” the “you’re me” phenomenon (Mann, 2007).

³⁰ Cf Cardinal (1983), also Freud (1893).

The road to hell is paved as much with insight as with good intentions. Seldom does understanding alone affect the course of life. More often it simply adds insight to injury. To change, as I have said, we must be moved, and to be moved we must be reached. To reach and move another we must be prepared to mobilize all our human force. To achieve this effectively through the medium of language is to not just to speak, but to live, practical poetry.

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