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The poet emerson summary

Those who are precious umpires of taste, are often those who are knowledgeable about admired images or sculptures, and have a predisposition to anything that is elegant; but if you ask if they are beautiful souls, and whether their actions are like fair images, you know that they are selfish and sexy. Their cultivation is local, as if you should rub a dry log in one place to create fire, all the rest remains cold. Their knowledge of fine arts is some study of specific rules and details, or some limited judgment on color or form, made for entertainment or for the shallowness of the immediate dependence of form on the soul. There is no doctrine of forms in our philosophy. We were put into our bodies, as fire was put into a pan, to be taken about; but there is no correct correction between the spirit and the body, much less the later germination of the former agency. So for other forms, intellectual men do not believe in any essential dependence of the material world on thought and will. The theology thinks it is a beautiful air castle to talk about the spiritual significance of a ship or a cloud, of a city or a contract, but they prefer to come again with solid ground of historical evidence; and even the poets were satisfied with a civil and appropriate way of life, and to write poems from favorites, at a safe distance from their own experiences. But the world's highest mind has never stopped exploring dual meanings, or, I would say, four times, or centuple, or more diverse meanings, of every sensual reality: Orpheus, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Plato, Plutarch, Dante, Swedenborg, and masters of sculpture, image, and poetry., nor even porters of fire and torch-bearers, but children of flames, made of it, and only the same transmuted diity, and at two or three removed, when we know at least about it. And this hidden truth, that the fountain from where all this river of time, and its creatures, floweth, is essentially ideal and beautiful, draws us to consider the nature and function of the problem is great, for the poets are representative. He stands by the man part for the complete man, and apprises us not of his wealth, but of the general wealth. The young man dear geniuses, because, to be honest, they are themselves more than he is. They get souls as he also receives, but they are much more. Nature enhances her beauty, to the eyes of loving men, from their belief that poets are beholding her shows at the same time. He was isolated among his consyn cons, by the truth and by but with this consolation in their pursuit, that they will attract everyone sooner or later. For everyone who lives by the truth and by but with this consolation in their pursuit, that they will attract everyone sooner or later. For everyone who lives by the truth and standing needs expression. In love, in art, in avarice, in politics, in Labour, in games, we study to utter our painful secrets. The man is only his half, the other half is his expression. Although this need is published, full manifestations are rare. I do not know how it is that we need an interpreter; but the majority of men seem to be minors, who do not yet own their own, or muted, who cannot report the conversation they had with Nature. No man does not anticipate a super sensitive gadget in the sun, and stars, earth, and water. These stand and wait to make him a special service. But there are some obstacles, or some sputum excess in our constitution, that are not due to them. Too frail to fall the impression of nature on us to make us artists. Every touch should be thrilled. Every man should be very much an artist, that he can report in conversation what happened to him. However, in our experience, the rays or appulses have enough force to reach the senses, but not enough to achieve quickly, and force their own reproduction in words. The poet is the person in which these powers are in balance, the man without obstacles, who sees and treats that others dream of, goes through the entire scale of experience, and is represented by man, in virtue is the greatest power to receive and convey. For beauty. These three are equal. Each is that he is fundamental, so that he cannot be overcome or analyzed, and each of the three has the power of others implicit in him, and his own patent. The poet is sayer, namer, and represents beauty. He is a sovereign, and stands at the center. For the world is not painted, or decorated, but is from the beginning beautiful; and God has not done some beautiful things, but beauty is the author of the universe. So the poet is not any potentate allowed, but the emperor in his own right. Criticism is instaged with a cant of matter, which assumes that manual and operational skills are the first merit of all and disparaging as saying and not, ignoring the fact, that some men, namely, poets, are natural sayers, send into the world to the end of expression, and confounds them with those who have the province to act, but who abandon it to imitate But Homer's words were also costly and admirable for Homer, as Agamemnon. Poets do not wait for heroes or sages, but, as they act and think mostly, so he writes mostly what will and must be said, calculating others, although primaries also, however, for him, secondaries and servants; as sitters or models in a painter's studio, or as assistants who carry building materials for an architect. For poetry was all written before the time was, and try to write them down, but we take ever and anon a word, or a verse, and replace something of our own, and thus miswrite the poem. The men of more subtle ears write down the more faithful cadences, and those transcripts, though imperfect, become the songs of the nations. For nature is as truly beautiful as it is good, or as it is reasonable, and must appear as much, as it must be done, or known. Words and actions are rather indifferent methods of divine energy. Words are also actions, and actions are a kind of word. The poet's sign and information is, that he announces that there is no forewarned man. He was the only real doctor; he knew and spoke; he was the only talker of the news, for he was present and med secretive for the appearance that he described. He is a beholder of ideas, and an utterer of necessity and cause and effect. For we do not say now of men of poetic talent, or of industry and skille in meters, but of real poets. I was involved in a conversation the other day, involving a recent writer of lyrics, a man of subtle mind, with a head that seemed to be a musical box of subtle melodies and rhythms, and skilled, and commands of language, we could not fully praise. But when the question aquates, whether he is not just a lyrist, but a poet, we are supposed to confess that he is clearly a contemporary, not an eternal man. He does not stand out from our low limits, like a Chimborazo under the line, running up from the torrid base through all the climate of the globe, with the belt of herbage of every latitude on its two high sides and spots; but this genius is the landscaped garden of a modern house, decorated with fountains and statues, with well-nourished men and women standing and sitting in the walk and terrace. We hear, through all the diverse music, the ground melody of ordinary life. Their poets are men of singing talents, and not children of music. The verse is the primary, the end of the verse is the main. For it is not the meter, but a meter makes the verse, which makes a poem, - such a passionate and alive thought; that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thought: he has a whole new experience to open up; he will tell us how it was with him, and everyone will be wealthier in his property. For, the experience of each new age requires a new confession, and the world seems to always wait for its poet. I remember, when I was young, how touched I was one morning by the news that genius had appeared in a young man sitting near me at a table. He left his work, and went rambling unaware of whither, and wrote hundreds of lines, but could not say whether it was in him that was said in it: he could say nothing but all was changed, - man, beast, heaven, earth, and sea. How ready we are to listen! how trustworthy! Society seems to be compromised. We sat in the aurora of a rising sun given all the stars. Boston seemed to be at twice the distance from the previous night, or much further than that. Rome, - What is Rome? Plutarch and Shakspeare were in the gold leaf, and Homer should no longer be heard of. It is much to know that poetry was written today very, under this very roof, next to you. Something! that great spirit has not expired! Rock moments are still sparkling and animated! I was fancied that the prophet was all silent, and nature spent his fire, and behold! All night, from every pore, these nice auroras were streaming. Each person has some interest in the birth of the poet, and no one knows how much it can relate to him. We know that the secret of the world is profound, but who or what will be our interpreter, we do not know. A mountain of ramble, a new style of face, a new person, can put the key in our hands. Of course, the value of genius to us is the authenticity of its reporting. Talent can have fun and jugling; geniuses recognize and give more. Humanity, in earnest, has taken advantage so far in understanding themselves and their work, that the most important watchman on the cusp of publishing his news. It is the most authentic word eve spoken, and this phrase will be the most relevant, musical, and tireless voice of the world during that time. All we call divine historical at testimony is that the birth of a poet is the main event in the millennium. Man, never regularly deceived, still watches the appearance of a brother who can keep him stable with a truth, until he has made it his own. With no pleasure I began to read a poem, which I confided as an inspiration! And now my chain is to be broken; I will mount on clouds and opaque air, that I live, - opaque, even though they seem transparent, - and from the heavens of truth I will see and comprehend my relationships. That will reconcile me with life, and nature innovation, to see animated trifles by a trend, and to know what I'm doing. Life will no longer be a noise; now I will see men and women, and know the signs through which they can be distinguished from fools and and This day will be better than my date of birth: then I became an animal: now I am invited into the science of reality. It was hopeful, but the result was delayed. Often it falls, that this winged man, who will take me to heaven, swirl me into the clouds, then jump and frisks back to me from the cloud to the cloud to the cloud, still insists that he is bound to heaven; and I, being myself a new person, am slow in the perception that he does not know the way into heaven; and is merely bent that I should admire his skills to rise up, like a chicken or a flying fish, in a small way from the ground or water; But the air penetrates, feeds and the eyes of heaven, that man will never live. I tumble down again soon into my old nooks, and lead my life by exaggeration as before, and have lost my faith in the ability of any guide who can lead me thither where I will be. But leaving the victims of vanity, let us, with new hope, observe how nature, by impulse, has ensured the poet's loyalty to his office informed and affirmed, namely, by the beauty of things, which becomes a new beauty, and higher, when expressed. Nature provides all his creatures to him as a picture language. Used as a kind, a second great value appears in the object, much better than its old value, since the carpenter's stretched wire, if you keep the ears close enough, is the music in the wind. Jamblichus says: Everything is better than every image, Jamblichus says, expressed through images. Things acknowledge being used as symbols, because nature is a symbol, in its entirey, and in every section. Each line we can draw in the sand, there is expression; and there is no body without its spirit or genius. All forms are an effect of character; all conditions, in terms of quality of life; all harmony, health; (and, for this reason, a perception of beauty should be sympathetic, or just fit for good.) Beauty is based on the foundation of necessity. The soul makes the body, as Spenser wisely teaches: - So every spirit, as it is purest, And there in it much heavenly light, So it is the fairer body doth buys to habit in, and it's quite dight, with fun grace and friendly scenes. For, of the soul, the body form of doth takes, for the soul is the form, and the body doth makes. Here we find ourselves, suddenly, not in an important speculation, but in a holy place, and Should go very cautiously and reverently. We stand in front of the soul. Wherever life is, that bursts into appearance around it. Our science is sexy, and that's superficial. Earth, and heavenly bodies, physics, and chemistry, we sensually treated, as if they had existed themselves; but this is the human unity that we have. Mighty paradise, Proclus says, exhibits, in transformation, clear images of the syth of intellectual awareness; are moved in combination with non-parental stages of intellectual nature. So science always goes side by side with the man's only height, keeping pace with religion and metad figure; or, the state of science is an index of our self-understanding. Since everything in nature answers to a moral power, if any phenomenon remains brute and dark, it is the corresponding faculty in the observed inactive. Unsurprisingly, if these waters are so deep, we hover over them with a religious interest. The beauty of the man man proving the importance of consciousness; for the poet, and for all others; or, if you please, every man so far is a poet as susceptible to the spells of nature? Who doesn't? Are there only poets, and men of entertainment and cultivation, who live with her? No, I don't. but also hunters, farmers, grooms, and butchers, although they express their feelings in their choice of life, and not in their choice of words. The writers wonder what the coachman or hunter values in riding, in horses, and dogs. It is not superficial qualities. When you talk to him, he keeps these things at a slight pace like you. His worship is sympathy; he has no definition, but he is commanded in nature, by the life power that he feels is there. Do not imitate, or play these things, will content him; he loved the earnestness of the north wind, rain, stone, wood, and iron. An unexplicable beauty, is dearer than a beauty that we can see to the end. It is the symbolic nature, nature validates the supernatural, the body overrun by life, which he worships, with raw, but sincere rituals. The indi personiment, and mystery, of this attachment, drives the man of every class to use the symbol. The schools of poets, and philosophers, are not intoxicated with their symbols, than the people with them. In our political parties, calculate the power of badges and symbols. Watch the amazing ball they roll from Baltimore to Bunker Hill! During political parades, Lowell walked in a loom, and Lynn in a shoe, and Salem in a shoe, and Lynn in a sho knowing how, on an old rag of bunting, blowing in the wind, on a fortress, at the end of the earth, will make blood tingle under rudest, or most commonly. Those who love them hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics! In addition to the universality of this symbolic language, we are appreciated for the sanctity of this remarkable use thus the world is a temple, whose walls are covered with the symbols, images, and commandments of the God, in which there is no reality in nature without the full meaning of nature; and the differences that we make everything suitable to use. The vocabulary of an all-minded man will embrace words and images excluded from polite conversation. What would be the basis, or even obscene, to obscene, to obscene, becomes illustrious, speaking in a new connexion of thought. The morals of the Hebrew prophets purge their rudeness. The circumsces are an example of the power of poetry to raise low and cause discomfort. Small things and means serve as well as great symbols. The meaner the kind by which a law is expressed, the more pungent it is, and the more lasting in the memories of men: just as we check the smallest box, or case in which any necessary utensils can be made. Bare list of words found evocative, with an imaginative and joy-rich mind; as it relates to Lord Chatham, that he was accustomed to reading in Bailey's Dictionary, as he was preparing to speak in Parliament. The poorest experience is rich enough for all purposes of expressing thoughts. Why covet a knowledge of new events? Day and night, home and garden, a few books, a few actions, serve us as well as all trades and all glass. We are far away having exhausted the meaning of the few symbols we use. We may come to use them yet with a terrible simplicity. It doesn't need that a poem should be permanent. Every word used to be a poem. Each new relationship is a new word. In addition, we use defects and deformities for a divine purpose, so express our sense that the evils of the world are so pointed to evil eyes. In old mythology, mythical observations, defects are ascribed to divine nature, as lameness to Vulcan, blindness to Cupid, and the like, to deity exuberances. For, as it is dislocated and detached from the life of God, which makes ugly things, and reattach things to nature, by a deeper insight, - very easy handling of the most disagreeable events. Readers of poetry see factory-villages, and railways, and fancy that poetry of the landscape is broken down by these; for these works of art have not been consecrated in their reading; but the poet finds them located in the Great Society no less than the hive, or the network of spiders. Nature adopts them very quickly into the ring her important, and roller coaster of cars she loves as her own. Besides, in a focused mind, it does not show how many mechanical inventions you exhibit. Although you add millions, and never too surprised, the reality of mechanically has not gained the weight to break the curve of the ortho ortho globe. A keen farmer boy goes to the city for the first time, and complacent citizens are unhappy with his little wonder. It's not that he doesn't see all the houses well, and knows that he's never seen that before, but he treats them as easily as poets find places for railroads. The main value of the new reality, is to enhance the wonderful and continuous reality of life, which can dwarf any and every situation, and that the belt of wampum, and American trade, is the same. The world is therefore placed under the mind for the premedo and nomed, the poet is the one who can clearly state it. For, although life is great, and enchanting, and absorbing, - and although everyone is smart of the symbols; workers, jobs, and tools, words and things, life and death, all symbolic; but we sympathize with symbols, and, infatuated with the economic use of things, we do not know that they are thoughts. The poets, by an intellectually conscious ulterior, give them a power that makes their old use forgotten, and puts eyes, and a tongue, into each dumb and intuitioned object. He is aware of the independence of the ideology of symbols, the stability of thought, the accidency and fugacity of symbols. As Lyncaeus's eyes are said to see through the earth, so the poet turns the world into glass, and sees flow or perverts; the perception that thought is diverse; that in the shape of each organism is a thrust that pushes it up into a higher form; and, following with his eyes life, uses forms that express that life, and so his speech flows with the flow of nature. All the events of the animal economy, sex, nutrition, pregnancy, birth, growth, are symbols of the passing of the world into the human soul, suffer there is a change, and appear back to a new and higher reality. He uses life-tracking forms, and not in forms. This is real science. The poet alone knew astronomy, chemistry, vegetation, and animation, for he did not stop at these events, but used them as signs. He knows why the field, or meadow of space, is scattered with the flowers that we call the sun, the moon, and the stars; why are large worms decorated with animals, with humans, and gods; for, in every word he says he on them as horses of thought. By virtue of this science, poets are Namer, or language-maker, naming things some time after their appearance, sometimes after their nature, and giving each one their own name and not that of others, thus rejoicing that delight in separation or boundaries. The poet has made all the words, and therefore the language is the archive of history, and, if we must say it, a kind of tomb of muses. For, although the origin of most of our words is forgotten, each word at first is a stroke of genius, and monetary obtained, because for the moment it symbolizes the world for the first-person and for the listener. The raw word house found from the deadly was once a brilliant image. Language is fossil poetry. As the limestone of the continent consists of infinite mass of shells of animalcules, so the language is made up of images, or tropes, which now, in their second use, have long no longer reminded us of their poetic origins. But the poet named it because he saw it, or came closer to it than any other step. This expression, or naming, is not art, but a second nature, growing out of the first, like a leaf out of the tree. What we call nature, is a certain self-regulating motion, or change; and this through the again. I remember that a certain poet described it to me as such: Genius is the activity that corrects the decay of things, whether completely or partly of a material and is limited. Nature, through all its kingdoms, insures itself. No one is interested in growing poor mushrooms: so she shakes down from the bearing of a mystular agaric of the hour has a chance that the old did not This seed atom is thrown into a new place, not subjected to accidents that have destroyed its mother two bars. She made a man; and having taken him to the ripe age, she will no longer risk losing this singly at a blow, but she separates from him a new one herself, that the kind that can be safe from accidents where individuals are exposed. So when the poet's soul has come ripe of thought, she separates and sends away from it the poems or its songs, - a descendant of fearlessness, sleeplessness, not death, which is not exposed to the accidents of the weary kingdom of time: a fearless offspring, vivacious, covered with wings (it is the virtue of the soul out there they come), which carries them quickly and far, and infix them irrecoverably into the heart of men. These wings are the beauty of the poet's soul. The songs, thus flying immortally from their earthly parents, are pursued by the clamorous flight of censures, which swarm in vastly larger numbers, and threaten to devour them; but the last one has no wings. At the end of a very short leap they fall plump down, and rotten, has received from the souls in which they come without beautiful wings. But the poet's melodies rise, and leap, and pierce the depths of infinite time. So far the bard bard me, use his more liberal speech. But nature has a higher forms. I know, in my younger days, the sculptor who made the statue of youth that stood in the public garden. As I remember, he could not say directly what made him happy, or unhappy, but by the wonderful indirect that he could say. He raised up one day, according to his habit, before dawn, and, lo! His chisels were fashioned out of the marble form of a beautiful young man, Phosphorus, whose facets were such, which, they say, all those who looked at it became silent. The poet also resigns himself to his mood, and that thought that provokes him is expressed, but changes idem, in a whole new way. Expressions are organic either, the new type that everything does when freed. As, in the sun, objects draw their images on the retina of the eye, so they, sharing the aspirations of the entire universe, tend to draw a far more subtle copy of their nature in their minds. Like the thing is reflected by the eye, so the soul of the thing is reflected by a melody. The sea, the slopes, Niagara, and every flower bed, exist before, or super exist, in the previous cantations, which sail like smell in the air, and when any man comes across with an ear good enough, he overhears them, and attempts to write down the notes, without diluting or denging them. And here is the legalization of criticism, in the faith of the mind, that the poems are a corrupt version of some writing in nature, that they should be taken to the tally. A rhyme in one of our sonnets should not be less pleasant than the iterated nodes of a sea shell, or the same difference as that of a flower group. The combination of birds is an idyl, not as tedious as our idyls; a storm is a rough ode, without falsehood or rant: a summer, with harvest sowing, reaping, and storage, is an anthree sung, depends on how much admirable parts perform. Why shouldn't the symmetry and truth that governs this, glide into our spirits, and we engage in the invention of nature? This insight, expressed itself by what it sees, by share the path, or circuit of things through forms, and thus make them blurry for others. The way of things is silence. Will they have to endure, a speaker to go with them? A spy they will not have to endure; a lover, a poet, is transcendent of their own nature, - he they will suffer. The state of truth on the poet's part, is his resignation to the sacred aura that breathes through forms, and comes with that. It is a secret that every intellectual man quickly learns, that, in addition to the energy of intellectual property and his consciousness, he is capable of a new energy (as of a double wisdom on itself), by abandoning the nature of things; that, besides his privacy of power as an individual man, there is a great public power on which he can draw, by unlocking, at all risks, his human doors, and suffering the elegant tide to roll and circulate through him : then he is caught up in the life of the universe, his speech is thunderous, his thoughts are law, and his words are universally understood as plants and animals. The poet knew that he spoke fully, then, only if he spoke somewhat wildly either, with flowers of mind; not with wisdom, used as an agency, but with wisdom released from all services, and suffered to take its direction from its celestial life; or, as the ancients wont have to express themselves, not with wisdom alone, but with wisdom intoxicated by nectar. As the traveler has lost his way, so what must we do with the sacred animal who carries us through this world. For if in any way we can stimulate this instinct, new passages are opened for us into nature, the mind flows in and through the hardest and highest things, and is possible. This is why bards love wine, mead, drugs, coffee, tea, opium, the smoke of sandalwood and tobacco, or any other species of exhilarating animals. Everyone leverages themselves of the means as they can, to add this extraordinary power to their normal powers; and to this end they prize conversation, music, photos, sculpture, dance, theater, travel, war, mobs, fires, gaming, politics, or love, or science, or animal intoxication, which is some rougher or better quasi-mechanical alternative to true nectar, it is the destruction of wisdom by getting closer to reality. These are antho supports a man's centrifumity, to his passages out into empty spaces, and they help him escape the incarceration of the body in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the prison-yard of personal relationships in which he is pent up, and of the personal relationships in which he is pent up, and a pent live a life of joy and passion; all but a handful of people receive true nectar; and, since it is a spoofing method of achieving freedom, as it is a liberation and degradation. But there can never be any real advantage of nature A trick. The spirit of the world, the wonderful calm presence of the creator, comes not out to the witches of opium or wine. Noble vision comes with pure and simple soul in a clean and chastity body. It's not an inspiration that we owe drugs, but some fake excitement and anger. Milton says, that lyric poets can drink wine and live generously, but the poets, who will sing of the gods, and their descent to men, must drink water out of a wooden bowl. For poetry is not the 'wine of the devil,' but the wine of God. It is with this as it is with toys. We fill the hands and nurseries of our children with all the way of dolls, drums, and the moon, the animals, water, and rocks, which should be their toys. Therefore, the poet's habit of living should be enough for his inspiration, and he should be enough for his inspiration, and he should be tipsy with water. It is spiritually that quiet enough heart, which seems to come out so from every dry knoll of grass sere, from each root of the pineapple and half-imbedded stone, on which the dull March sun shines, comes out for the poor and hungry, and such as having simple flavors. If you fill your brains with Boston and Cravings, and wither stimulate the jaded senses of thy with French wine and coffee, you will find no radiance of wisdom in the lonely waste of pinewoods. If the imagination intoxicates the poet, it is not inactive in other men. The stimulation in beholder an emotion of pleasure. The use of symbols has a certain power of liberation and excitement for everyone. We seem to be touched by a wand, which makes us dance and run about happy, like children. We are like people who come out of a cave or cellar into the open air. This is affecting us of tropes, stories, oracles, and all forms of dreaming. Therefore, the poets are liberating the gods. People have really got a new feeling, and are found in their world, or nest of the world; for, the one-sighting, we are divine that it does not stop. Now I will not consider how much this makes the charm of numbers and mathematics, which also have their tropes, but it is felt in every definition; as, when Aristotle defined space as an unmeded metal, in which everything was contained; — or, when Plato defines a line as a flowing point; or, the number is a clear of snakes; and so many people. It was a joyful sense of freedom, when Vitruvius published the artist's old opinion, that no architect could build any good houses who did not know something about anatomy. When Socrates, in Charmides, tells us that the soul; when Plato called the world an animal; and Timaeus asserted that plants were also animals; or affirm a man as a heavenly tree, growing with his roots, which is his head, or higher; and, as George Chapman, according to him, writes, - So in our tree of man, there is the original nervie springs at his top; when Orpheus talks about hoariness as that white flower that marks extreme old age; when Proclus referred to the cosmic statue of wisdom; when Chaucer, in his praise of 'Gentilesse,' compares good blood in a state meant to fire, which, despite bringing to this darkest betwixt house and mounted by the Caucasus, will still hold its natural office, and burn bright as if twenty thousand men did it see; when John saw, in the apocalypse, the destruction of the world through evil, and the stars falling from heaven, like the fig tree casting fruit at its un just in time; when Aesop reported the entire catalogue of everyday relationships through the forging of birds and animals; - we take cheerful hints of immortality of our nature, and its flexible habits and escape, as when gypsies say, it is useless to hang them, they can not die. The poets thus liberate the gods. The ancient British bards gave the title of their order, The Free People all over the world. They are free, and they make free. An imaginable book makes us service much more at first, by stimulating us through its tropes, than then, when we reach the exact meaning of the author. I think there is nothing of any value in the book, except transcendent and extraordinary. If a man is inflamed and carried away by his thoughts, to the extent that he forgets the author and the public, and only heeds this one dream, which holds him as a insanity, let me read his article, and you can have all the esters and history and criticism. All the values attached to Pythagoras, Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Cardan, Kepler, Swedenborg, Schelling, Oken, or anyone else introducing questionable events into his universe, such as angels, demons, magic, astrology, palms, enchantment, and so on, is the certificate we have departed from the habit, and this is a new witness. It was also the best success in conversation, the magic of freedom, which put the world, like a ball, in our hands. How cheap even freedom then seems; how it means to study, when an emotion communicates with intellectual power to sap and upheave nature: how great perspective! country, time, system, enter and disappear, as the theme in the tapa carpet of large and colorful figures; dreams bring us to dream, and, while drunk long, we will sell our beds, our philosophy, our religion, in our elegance. There is good reason why we should award this liberation. The fate of the poor shepherd, who, blinded and lost in the snowstorm, perished in a drift within a feet of his urinary gate, which is a symbol of the human condition. On the brink of life and the truth, we are tragically dying. The inso reach of every thought but we are in, is amazing. What if you get near it, - you're far away, when you're far away, whe brought us a new thought. He opened our chain, and admitted us to a new scene. This liberation is dear to all, and the power to convey it, as it must come from greater depth and scope of thought, is a measure of wisdom. So all that comes to that truth, that the writer sees nature beneath him, and uses it as his exponent. Every verse or verse, possessing this virtue, takes care of its own immortality. The religion of the world is the ejaculation of a few imaginable men. But the quality of the imagination is flowing, and not freezing. Poets do not stop at color, or form, but read their meaning; nor can he rest in this sense, but he makes the same exponential object of his new thought. This is the difference betwixt of poets and mystics, that nails an ultimate symbol for a meaning, which is a real feeling for a moment, but soon becomes old and wrong. For all symbols are through through output; all languages are vehicular and transitive, and as well, as ferries and horses are, for transportation, not farms and houses, for homestead. Mystic inclusion in the mistake of a random and personal symbol for a universal. Red morning happens to be the favorite meteor for Jacob Behmen's eyes, and comes to stand with him for truth and faith; and he believes that should stand for the same reality for each reader. But the first reader who likes nature is the symbol of a mother and child, or a gardener and his bulb, or a jeweler polishing a gem. One of these, or of countless more, is good for whom they mean. Only they must be lightly organized, and are very willing to translate into equivalent terms that others use a small ao daim out, instead of this trite rhetoric, - universal signs, instead of village symbols, - and we'll both be gainers. The history of the hierarchy seems to show, that all religious errors included in making symbols too stark and solid, and, along, nothing but an excess of language bodies. Swedenborg, of all people in recent times, stands well known for translators of nature into thinking. I don't know the man in history where everything stands very consistent for words. Before him the constantly playing. Everything on which his eves are based, obeys the impulses of moral nature. Figs become grapes while he eats them. When some of his angels assert a truth, the laurel branches they hold bloom in their hands. The noise that, at a distance, appeared as chattering and thumping, days closer was found to be the voice of dispute. The men, in one of their visions, see in the heavenly light, appear as dragons, and seem to be in the dark: but, together, they appear as men, and, when the light from heaven shines on their cabins, they complain of darkness, and are forced to close the windows that they can see. There is this perception in him, which makes the poet or seer, an object of awe and terror, namely, that the same man, or society's man, can wear an aspect for themselves and their companions, and a different aspect to higher intelligence. Some priests, whom he describes as very learned conversations with each other, appear to the children, who at some distance, are like dead horses: and many like the wrong appearance. And immediately the mind asks, whether the fish under the bridge, the other far away crawling in the meadow, the courtyard, is intewed fish, cows, and dogs, or just to appear to me, and perchance to his appearance upright man; and whether I appear as a man for all eyes. The Bramins and Pythagoras propounded the same question, and if any poet had witnessed the transformation, he no doubt found it in harmony with various experiences. We all see significant changes in wheat and caterpillars. He is the poet, and will draw us with love and terror, who sees, through flowing vests, solid nature, and can declare it. I look in vain for the poets that I describe. Nor do we, with the full simplicity, or profound enough, address ourselves to life, nor dare we chaunt our own time and social circumstances. If we fill the day with courage, we should not shrink from celebrating it. Time and nature bring us many gifts, but not yet timely people, new religions, peacemen, whom everything awaits. Dante's praise was, that he dared to write his autobiography in giant crypt codes, or into the universal. We yet have geniuses in America, with authoritarian eyes, that know the value of our ines comparison material, and see, in the barbarity and materialism of the times, a carnival of the same gods whose images he greatly admired in Homer; then in middle age; later in Calvinism. Banks and tariffs, newspapers and caucus, methodism and unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people but the rest on the same background of wonder as the town of Troy, and the temple of Delphos, and are rapidly passing away. Our logrolling, our stumps and their politics, our fisheries, our negroes, and India, our boasts, and our repudiations, the wrath of rogues, and the pusillanimity of northern trade, southern planting, clearing west, Oregon, and Texas, yet. However, America is a poem in our eyes; Its rich geography dazzled the imagination, and it would not wait long for several meters. If I didn't find that great combination of gifts in my compatriots that I sought, nor could I support myself to fix the poet's ideas by reading now and then in Chalmers's collection of five centuries of English poets, although there have been poets among them. But when we adhere to the poet's ideals, we have our difficulties even with Milton and Homer. Milton is too literary, and Homer is too literary and historic. But I'm not wise enough for a national criticism, and have to use old largeness a little longer, to discharge my errand from muse to poets related to his art. Art is the creator's path to his work. The paths, or methods, are ideal and eternal, although few men have ever seen them, not as artists themselves for years, or for a lifetime, unless he goes into the condition. The painters, the sculptor, the composer, the epic rhapsodist, the orthoenter, all join a desire, namely, to express themselves symmetrically and abundantly, not dwarf and disjointed. They find or put themselves in certain conditions, like, painters and sculptor before some impressive human character; ores, to the people's council; and others, in scenes like each one has found interesting for his wisdom; and each person now feels a new desire. He heard a voice, he saw a beckoning. Then he is apprised, with wondering, what herd daemons hem him in. He can't rest no more; He said, to the old painter, by God, it was in me, and had to come out of me. He pursued a beauty, half seen, that flew in front of him. The poet pours out the verses in each loneliness. Most of what he said was ordinary, without a doubt; but by and by he says something that is original and beautiful. That seduces him. He would say nothing but such things. In our way of speaking, we say, 'It's yours, this is mys;' but the poet knows well that it is not his; that it is as strange and beautiful to him as to you; he will fain hear rhetoric as at length. Once he has tasted this immortal ichor, he cannot have enough of it, and, as an admirable creative power that exists in these wisdoms, it is of ultimate importance that these things have been said. What a little bit of us all know to be said! The drops of all the seas of our science are baled up! and because What distress it is these exposed, when there are so many secrets sleeping in nature! Hereby the need for words and songs; hereby the need for words and heart beatings in the orn, at the door of the board, to the end, namely, which think can be ejaculation as Logos, or Word. Doubt not, O poet, but still exists. Say, 'It's in me, and it'll get out.' and stammer, ignored and hooted, stood and strived, until, finally, rage draws out of you that power dream that every night shows you are your own; a power that transcends all limits and privacy, and thanks to which a man is the conductor of the entire electric river. Nothing goes, or creeps, or grows, or exists, without in turn arising and walking in front of him as exponents of his meaning. Coming to that power, his genius is no longer exhausted. All the creatures, in pairs and in tribes, poured into their minds like into a Ark of Noah, to come out again for the people of a new world. This is like the stock of air for our respiration, or for the burning of our fireplace, and Raphael, clearly have no limits to their works, except for the limits of their lives, and like a mirror carried through the street, ready to show an image of every creation. Oh, poet! a new nobility was given in groves and meadows, and not in castles, or by swords, anymore. The conditions are difficult, but equal. You'll leave the world, and you'll only know the muse. You should not know any more time, customs, graces, politics, or human opinions, but shalt take it all from the muse. For the time of the town is charged from the world by funeral bells, but in nature universal hours are calculated by successful tribes of animals and plants, and by the growth of joy on pleasure. God also wants that you abdicate a diverse and bipartisan life, and that you be content that others tell you. Others will be your gentleman, and will represent all your polite and earthly life; others will also do great and resounding actionss. You will lie close to nature, and canst not be devoted to the Capitol or exchange. The world is full of words of abandon and apprenticeship, and here you are: you must pass for a fool and a churl for a long season. This is the screen and skin that Pan has protected his beloved flower, and you will only be known to you, and they will comfort you with the gentlest love. And you will not be able to practice the name of your friends in your verses, for an old shame before the holy ideal. And here is the reward: that the ideal will be true to you, and that the impressions of the real world will fall like summer rains, ordnate, but not troublesome, with your inalcapable nature. You will have all the land for your parks and manna, the sea to bathe and navigate you, without taxes and without envy; the forests and rivers you will possess; And you will. in which others are just tenants and endem ende birth students. Your true God! Lord of the Seas! Air Lord! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly, anywhere day and night meet in the sunset, wherever the blue paradise is hung by clouds, or sown stars, wherever the form is with transparent boundaries, wherever the store is into celestial space, wherever is dangerous, and horrifying, and love, there is beauty, plenteous as rain, poured to tho, and although tho ngươi shouldest walk the world, tho ngươi shalt cannot find an inappropriate condition or ignoble. stupidity.

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