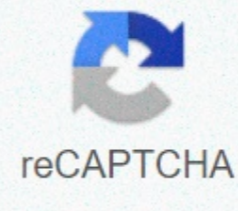




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## Truth by gwendolyn brooks

HOW can we greet him if the sun comes? Shouldn't we be afraid of him? Even though we cried for him, we prayed through the night's work. Shouldn't we shudder?— Escape to the shelter, the beloved thick sanctuary of the familiar Propitious haze? Sweet she is, sweet she coolness for insomnia and sleep. It hangs heavily over your dark eyes. The truth of Gwendolyn Brook is the first poem. In 1949, when Brooks was 32, he published his second book of poetry, Annie Allen. This book won him the Pulitzer in 1950 when Wallace Stevens allegedly whispered this infamous racist comment, a comment that followed two downs throughout the year in various ways. I have yet to find a definitive account of this offer or how it was delivered, but this is the nature of the rumor. But he served his purpose. Whatever Stevens' racism, I have no doubt that it exists to some extent. How could it not be? Racism is a psychological defense mechanism, and there is no human mind on this planet that does not defend itself. I'm probably grateful that Brooks and Stevens were so bothered that Brooks wouldn't have read poetry if Stevens hadn't accidentally turned me on. Brooks mostly writes portrait poems and social poems that are not usually my bags. Although I think she (Gwen) Wallace is a better ear perhaps it is not surprising that she is the most Stevensonian of poems, which I respond to at the time. There is a flavour in the music and rhythm of truth (the name of the poem is not usually presented with covers), while Stevens's poem makes learning by heart a pleasure: the mind is stimulated, but the body hardly feels like it has ever been included in the enterprise. To talk about Brooks's poems in this way is to invite approbation, at least not him: Today there really is a new black, he writes in his biography report from Chapter One in 1972, but the words that followed may have come from the Black Lives Matter writers of the past five years. He's different from anywhere the world knows. He's a tall walker. It's almost intact. He couldn't be understood by most of his brothers. And you can tell without white. The wise is not white; The school is not white; Kind's not white. A new black understanding is true that the least prerequisite is an outstanding Doctorate that can only be given those who have appropriate characteristics of painful birth and inner grief. I know it's frustrating, especially for professional negro savvy, some of them are very kind, private portfolio, specially savvy. But I can't say anything else. Nothing else is real. (p85-86, Part One Report) It really doesn't seem to be a category of whiteness that gets off the hook here. He seems to be saying don't talk or write to understand my poem. As much as it forbids the life of exclusion, I understand it conveys the exclusion he feels only because he is banned from joining these Communities of Understanding: academia and literature. Schools and universities were still mostly seged in America in the 1950s. I also agree that to give the truth here purely psychological or spiritual reading, to ask for a better word, it is probably inevitable and completely necessary to fall even deeper into this kind of reaction (dialectic response, always a good thing). The reaction here is to me to be (hopefully) schooled, (hopefully) kind, at least humanistic wise, self-ed, trying to be a self-referaser reader, the only reader I'm really interested in being. At the same time I'm interested in doing the only reading. From the passage above, I get the feeling that Brooks has little time to read his work from me or me. So be it. In literary criticism circles, this detached, self-referring reading was one of the most in the 20th century. If something, this reaction exploded on stage exactly as the sun does in poetry, a fierce hammer / ... the door. Was what we all needed real? In his book Literary Review: Political History, Richard North suggests that he paradoxically does not have an even more distant relationship with literary texts than the common reader: you and I get a book in a bookstore or a library that interests us. We were the people he supposedly defended, but ironically he did it in a language that even my brain had been full of academia for years. I'd rather read the page of a novel in a language I barely understand. But it's not a fact or a fact. The truth that interests me most in this poem is actually the more paradoxical, slippery fact of how much truth we can carry (even though we cried for him, / Even though we prayed), especially if that fact contradicts our own reality. The academic term for this is of course Confirmation Bias. If I have a white business that benefits financially and some ego-shoring in the 50s, it is possible in a way that confirms the identity of their whiteness It is unlikely that I would be in favor of the principles underlying the Civil Rights Act of 1964, focusing on what makes myself superior to discriminate among my employees on the basis of gender, race and religion, discrimination and the prevention of their own discrimination. But it doesn't just have to be political or economic gains that I'm protecting. A recent Radio 4 programme took two thousand years from opposite ends of the political spectrum to get out of the social media echo chamber and read each other's Twitter broadcasts for a week. The experiment showed how stubborn each was at accepting even to the smallest degree, except from their own point of view. But why are we shuddering, why run away to shelter, beloved thick shelter / Familiar/Propitious haze? We don't have to blame ourselves for doing this: we are not pig-head or intentionally, thick or shortsighted (albeit with a narrow mind is what we are). As there are so many things in life, the subject boils down to a simple psychological law that offers these three beautiful liting, rockabye-baby lines of poetry: Sweet o, sweet/ cool sleep /Insomnia of. Sweetness, also depending on the dessert, comes energy saving. Changing our mind about something is an incredibly expensive activity. Maybe dollars and pounds are expensive, just as a company has to pull a product from scratch from the market and not up to a refund, reproduce and restart it erroneously well. But it works equally with ideas about ourselves and the world. If I have built my entire identity, usually diligently, and many of my social ties around a particular fact, no matter what, just watch how fiercely someone else calls for questioning will defend that fact. Racial identity itself is one of these facts. Here's a little thought experiment. Take everything you don't like right now with yourself or in your life, and now follow why you think you're in this situation. Now imagine someone coming and telling you that the reason you're giving yourself is wrong, maybe even cheating, and that the main reason things are the way they are is because it's this New Perfect Reasonable Truth. Now you realize your own shudder and the urge to escape back into what familiar propitious haze you already know and have signed on to. One of the few places where we can stop fighting to protect my truth against your truth is in a poem. Timothy Aubry, practical criticism of I.A. Richards, their minds numerous competing impulses [but also competing facts?] Training them to adapt gives readers a greater psychic balance in a way that makes them more precise and more self-owned at once. Gwendolyn Brooks' truth is her early poem But I think it's a great poem because that's what it does. But only if you learn it by heart, I'll bet. If not, you can also lick sucrose off the pill, but never take the medication. This is my truth, but if you decide to learn poetry and then realize that it does not give you psychic balance, precision and self-possession, I will gladly return to you all the time it takes to memorize and practice until you speak from heart. How can we greet him if the sun comes? Shouldn't we be afraid of him? Even though we cried for him, we prayed through the night's work. Shouldn't we shudder? Sweet she is, sweet she coolness for insomnia and sleep. It hangs heavily over your dark eyes. Gwendolyn Brooks Poetry subjects: darkness, horror, night, sleep, sun, lover, shadow, hear, door, hard, morning, sweet, Print This Poem , Send Rhyme Scheme Send Spanish Translation Send German Translation &lt;&lt; Love Poetry be crazy woman poetry &gt;&gt; Write reviews about Truth poetry by Gwendolyn Brooks

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