

Welcome to the Moon. We hope you enjoy your stay.

[Click Here For Music](#)

MOONLETTERS ONLINE

\$000 Cheap!

<Picture>

Louis, I'm so tired of being exploited in Moonletters.
I'm tempted to become a vegetarian!

REGULAR COLUMNS

SHAUNA SKYE

"Letter From the Moon"
Submissive?

CHRISTINE MILLER

"Lunar Brew"

VALERIE HARDIN

"Moon Goddess Oddities"

THE ART OF SCOOPY DOO

SANDY BERNSTEIN

The Road Taken

DENNIS KIRK

DARK FANTASY

"Caged" by Shauna Skye

You have just entered the Moon, a place where the lyrics to "I am the Walrus" make perfect sense.

Grab a cup of tea and choose what part of the moon you'd like to explore. Will it be the Sea of Dust? The dark side? That's up to you.

The Lunatics Are...

Chief Editor (Sci-Fi/Fantasy) Shauna Skye
Dark Fantasy Editor: Christine Miller
Staff Writers: Valerie Hardin, Sandy Bernstein, Dennis Kirk.

2/99

THE ROAD TAKEN

by Sandy Bernstein



What is poetry? It is really nothing more than one's philosophy on life, the way in which a person sees the world. It is the art of self expression in its truest and perhaps most ancient form. Poetry can be made up of an idea, an image, a story or observations strung together to produce a desired affect. It is meter, rhyme, and rhythm, and can be descriptive or narrative. Poetry can also be visual. It is both old and new, though not always in vogue. Now, as we approach a new millennium - it is on the comeback trail.

Thanks to high technology, poetry is alive via the computer if you're a cyber-surfer, or it can be enjoyed by a more lively audience if you frequent the many coffee houses now adding poetry readings to their menu. But what of the types of poetry being seen, heard or read today? Is it traditional, or are we going down a whole new road? That is the question I've been pondering lately when journeying down the publishing lane. By traditional, I'm not referring to style or form, but rather the subject matter. Many literary magazines lean toward the avant guard, but some of the reading is pure nonsense. I'm talking about verse that's absent of depth, meaning and feeling. Poetry that fails to stir an emotion or convey a cohesive thought, image or message. Poetry that lacks its own voice. Some of what's published is about everyday observations, such as a person riding the subway, someone reading a newspaper, or a man eating yogurt. These were the subjects found in literary magazines recently, and I'm afraid, the poet's only focus. I must admit, some followed traditional forms, but lacked the necessary power needed to capture the reader. They did nothing for me.

Thinking I was alone in my opinion, I asked other poets what they thought of this "nondescript poetry." Most concur with my findings.

In fact, a fellow poet recounted a poem she'd heard in a coffee house about a washing machine. "The washing machine was the soul purpose of the poem," she said. "There wasn't even a reference to dirty laundry! How utterly boring."

There's nothing wrong with penning an observation, after all, isn't that what all writing is once it's had a chance to formulate then percolate in our minds before appearing on paper? An idea can be made up of many things, often taking root from those first seedlings, (the images that leave us with impressions). Once an idea is born, it becomes something more palpable, branching out into a poem or perhaps a story. But when those first impressions fail to grow or connect with other thoughts, they lie dormant in the mind, losing all potential. Upon reading such withered poetry, I can only conclude that the author means to state nothing more than a simple observation.

If this is the intention, I wonder what impressions these authors are leaving with other readers,

if any. Are they depriving their readers of the fundamentals of poetry?

Many poets, like myself, struggle to find some hidden meaning in these obtuse poems. Usually, I read a poem several times, hoping to absorb more of a feeling or find a deeper meaning. Many times there isn't any. When there is nothing more than a bare thread of an idea, I am disappointed. Such poetry is a let down to those who write with a purpose. Whatever happen to creating a mood or an image? Where's the passion? And what about technique, like the use of metaphors? Granted, poetry has changed in the last few decades, and overall, language has changed. But I don't think blank verse was meant to be taken so literally.

I often wonder if the authors of such poems mean to allude to something more? Did I miss something? And what of the simplicity of such a poem? Unfortunately, the only feeling I'm going to come away with is one of emptiness. I even feel a bit cheated because the author neglected to draw a comparison, provide insight, or just plain shock me into awareness.

As poets, we must stand at the crossroads and decide which way to go. I opt for the more popular road, not because it is safer or well travelled, but because there is still much left undiscovered.



Back to the Moon