

FINDING GOD IN THE WILDERNESS:

The Construction of the Oracular and the Poetics of Belief



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***DUENDE:* Spanish, a heightened state of emotion, expression and authenticity, often connected with flamenco.**

Federico García Lorca first developed the aesthetics of *Duende*. According to Christopher Maurer, editor of "In Search of Duende", at least four elements can be isolated in Lorca's vision of duende: irrationality, earthiness, a heightened awareness of death, and a dash of the diabolical. The duende is an earth spirit who helps the artist see the limitations of intelligence, reminding them that "ants could eat him or that a great arsenic lobster could fall suddenly on his head"; who brings the artist face-to-face with death, and who helps them create and communicate memorable, spine-chilling art. "The duende is not in the throat; the duende climbs up inside you, from the soles of the feet." – Federico Garcia Lorca

EKSTASIS: Greek *ékstasis* displacement, trance

- syn: ecstasy, rapture, transport, exaltation share a sense of being taken out of oneself or one's normal state and entering a state of heightened feeling. ecstasy suggests an emotion so overpowering as to produce a trancelike state: religious ecstasy; an ecstasy of grief. rapture most often refers to an elevated sensation of bliss or delight, either carnal or spiritual: the rapture of first love. transport suggests a strength of feeling that often results in expression of some kind: in a transport of delight. exaltation refers to a heady sense of personal well-being so powerful that one is lifted above normal emotional levels: wild exaltation at having finally broken the record.

Exodus 3:2 Context

1 Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father in law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the backside of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. 2 And the angel of the LORD appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. 3 And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. 4 And when the LORD saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. 5 And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

Robinson Jeffers: from “Roan Stallion”



“Tragedy that breaks a man’s face and a white fire flies out of it; vision that fools him / Out of his limits, desire that fools him out of his limits, unnatural crime, inhuman science, / Slit eyes in the mask; wild loves that leap over the walls of nature...“the wild fence-vaulter science, / Useless intelligence of far stars, dim knowledge of the spinning demons that make an atom,/ These break, these pierce, these deify, praising their God shrilly with fierce voices: not in a man’s shape.”

Li-Young Lee: “Three Words”



God-My-Father gave me three words:
O-My-Love.
O-My-God.
Holy-Holy-Holy.

God-My-Mother's wounds will never heal.

God-My-Brother is always alone in the library.

Meanwhile, I can't remember
how many brothers I have.

(lines 1 – 13)

Li-Young Lee: “Three Words”



God-My-Father says from those three words
he gave me, all other words descend, branching.
That still leaves me unfit
for conversation, like some deranged bird
you can't tell is crying in grief or exultation,
all day long repeating,
“O, my God.
O, my love.
Holy, holy, holy.”

(lines 56 – 64)

Li-Young Lee: EcoTheo Review, Spring 2019



“...for me, a poem must, first and foremost, possess spiritual authority, not just temporal power. In other words, a poem must reveal a logic beyond human logic. In fact, for me, among all the temporal power structures invented by human beings, the state included, a poem is one which must play host to something beyond the human.”

--Li-Young Lee, *EcoTheo Review*, Spring 2019

<https://archive.ecotheo.org/wp-content/uploads/2019/05/Print-version-EcoTheo-Review-Spring-2019-8.08.39-PM-1.pdf>

Li-Young Lee: “Stations”



Your attention please. Train number 7,
Leaves Blown By, bound for The Color of Thinking
and Renovated Time, is now departing.
All ticketed passengers may board
behind my eyes.

Your attention please. Train number 4, The Twentieth
Century,
has joined The Wind Undisguised to become The
Written Word.

(lines 6 – 12)

Li-Young Lee: “Stations”



Your attention please. Train number 66,
Train number 66,
Unbidden Song, soon to be
the full heart's quiet, takes no passengers.

Please leave your baggage with the attendant
at the window marked *Your Name Sprung from Hiding*.

(lines 44 – 48)

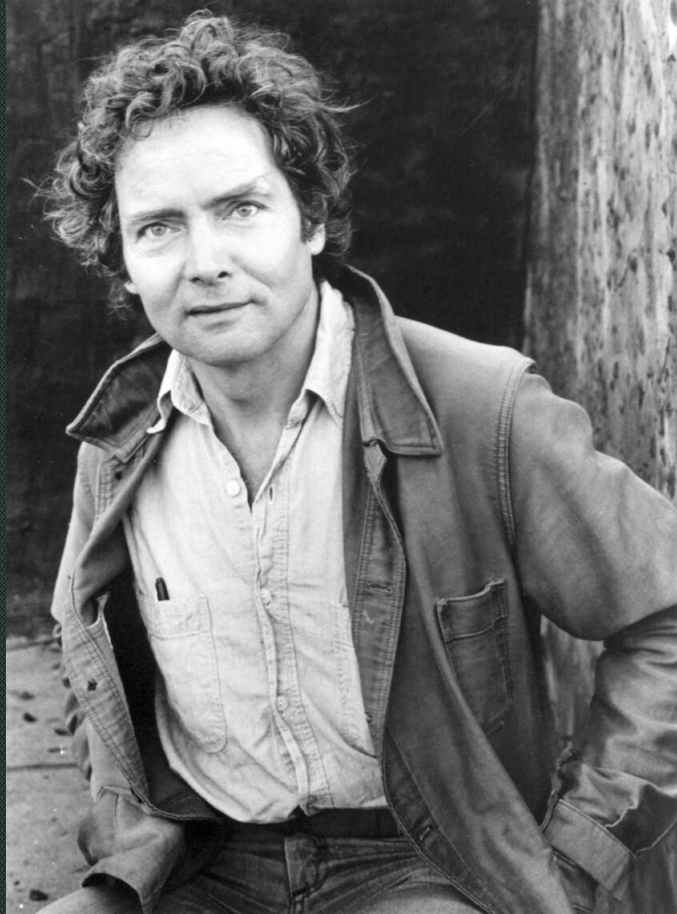
Elizabeth Bishop: “The Fish”



I stared and stared
and victory filled up
the little rented boat,
from the pool of bilge
where oil had spread a rainbow
around the rusted engine
to the bailer rusted orange,
the sun-cracked thwarts,
the oarlocks on their strings,
the gunnels—until everything
was rainbow, rainbow, rainbow!
And I let the fish go.

(lines 65 – 76)

W.S. Merwin: “Provision”



All morning with dry instruments
The field repeats the sound
Of rain
From memory
And in the wall
The dead increase their invisible honey
It is August
The flocks are beginning to form
I will take with me the emptiness of my hands
What you do not have you find everywhere

(lines 1 – 10)

***W.S. Merwin:* “For the Anniversary of My Death”**



Every year without knowing it I have passed the day
When the last fires will wave to me
And the silence will set out
Tireless traveler
Like the beam of a lightless star

Then I will no longer
Find myself in life as in a strange garment
Surprised at the earth
And the love of one woman
And the shamelessness of men
As today writing after three days of rain
Hearing the wren sing and the falling cease
And bowing not knowing to what

(lines 1 – 13)