

Bowen Ray Gardner
California State University, Los Angeles

The Poet Porter

Abstract

In pursuit of maintaining passion for life, Bowen Ray Gardner spent several decades dabbling in formal education before discovering he was a first-generation student and struggling with working class realities and perspectives that made education unattainable and inconsequential for the vast majority of people in his day-to-day life. In three short poems that model the evolution of language and society in conjunction with the individual growth of someone who refuses one's given place, Gardner offers unique insight into the minds of those teetering on the brink of exile. Identifying as both educated and uneducated, he shares an emotional context of pursuing enigmatic goals coupled with disconnection from one's family in the verse of a Nordic saga. Turning then to the form of Shakespearian sonnet, Gardner critically analyzes the relationship between empowerment and valueless life. The piece concludes with a lyrical tribute to Jimi Hendrix acknowledging the uncertainty one feels adrift in an ambiguous expenditure of exertion and toil.

Recommended Citation

Gardner, Bowen Ray. "The Poet Porter." *Text & Type*, vol. 4, no. 1, 2024. CSU Open Journals. Available at: <https://journals.calstate.edu/textandtype/issue/view/451>

Articles printed in *Text & Type* are published by CSU Open Journals under a Creative Commons (CC) copyright license. Authors retain ownership of all rights under copyright in all versions of the article. Specifically, the journal uses a CC BY-NC-SA license. This license allows reusers to distribute, remix, adapt, and build upon the material in any medium or format for noncommercial purposes only, and only so long as attribution is given to the creator. If you remix, adapt, or build upon the material, you must license the modified material under identical terms.

BOWEN RAY GARDNER

The Poet Porter

FOR D.D.S.

“Me quondam mirabitur orbis.”

The Saga

And then my stave was sung—

Each morning, I dare ride o’er the earth,
The endless unknown of scattered lay,
The claws of Ulfr, run thy veil red,
Grand, tumultuous sea and sky.
No knowledge I had, where home should be:
In fangs of wind, mend bristling sails
With the falling moon, and waning stars,
Where the well of Mimir hides the eye.

Roam the yawning gap of yearning kin,
The Ginnunga-gap from spae-wifes spá.
Kin born to blood are left far behind,
Beyond the wisdom that steals men’s pride.
Roam the yawning gap that sank my kin,
Sons low and high for the lust of runes,
Kin lost to lay like giants of yore,
There Mimir drinks; will you know yet more?

The Sonnet

A poet’s heart if not the words shall flail
When discontent, thy master will abhor.
T’ lack a voice is to drift bereav’d *sweet gale*,
And stale lashing upon the blight of *angor*.
Even kindness can be made to suffer:
The gift lent is not the gift that lends
For a better path than the path beheld,
Thou are lost ‘sunder amongst better *Wends*.
Be good of spirit and learnt of all ways
To thine own head commit all to verse
Embrace thy difference but be that of aid
Be open to punishment by course inverse
The first of treasures if nothing to give,
‘Tis the knowledge of others thou doth relive.

The Song
After all the judges are in their chairs
And we the people all turn to clowns
She gave us cool wind to carry under our wings
Sharks wearing gowns
And the sea courses wearily.

Will the iphone always remember
The gray storm turned to red
With its AI, cold stare, our mad desire
It sings, "yes, this is what was said"
And the sea swells of Mary.

While the wind wails, "Jimi!"
"Freedom's a castle made of sand."