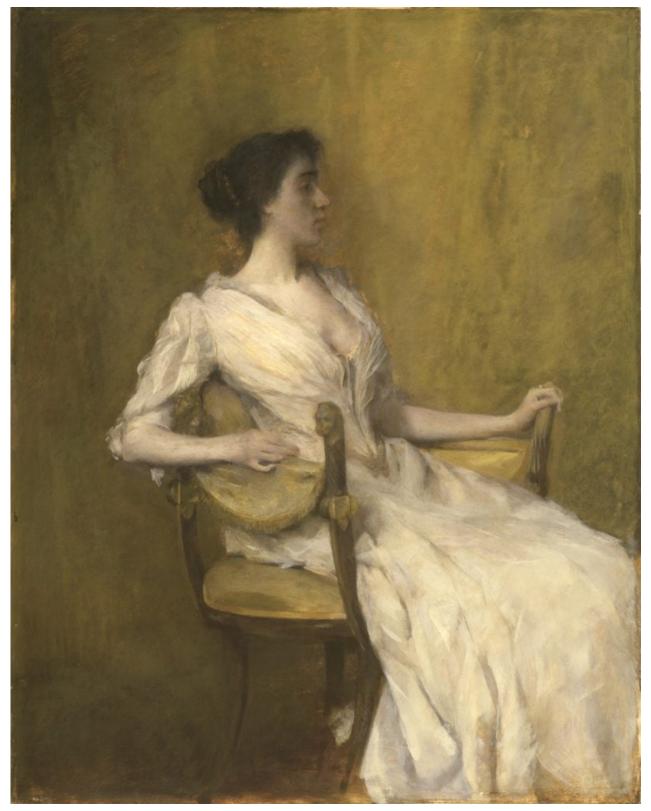
A Woman is a Poem

by <u>Justin Wong</u> (March 2024)



Lady in White, by Thomas Dewing, 1901

There she is: Presence defined by word Space interrupted by form Letters mirroring flesh Syllables graceful as steps, Imperceptible rhythm

Voice severed by silence.

Here she is: an essence Reality beneath the appearance Meaning outside the word Existence beyond matter Psyche within sound.

The poem is: The germ of inspiration Nursed in inscription; The flower of imagination Sunned in studium.

It need not matter what it is: The smoke-filled metropolis—sumptuous underworld, Or the abandoned Elysium in a blossomed field, The illumined moon from its firmamental heights, Or the mysterious fortuity and grace of beauty: a woman.

Underlying essence, The poem, an afterthought Before experience is sonified into word, Or emotion transposed to a pulse, Before inspiration is visible in form, Or the world transfigures into meaning.

Underlying essence, The poem, a forethought Before all is made in the mould of a book, Or reality, an omen told in meter, Before vision becomes historicised, Or beauty assumes a flesh that bleeds.

The poem: Articulation of the ineffable; Credence to the unseeable; Word map of the world to be; Rock in an ocean of peril ... a woman.

Table of Contents

Justin Wong is originally from Wembley, though is presently based in the West Midlands. He has been passionate about the English language and literature since a young age. Previously, he lived in China working as an English teacher. His novel, *Millie's Dream*, is available <u>here</u>.

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