

Precious Poetry

From PROBLEM to POEM in 7 steps

(the Why, Where, When, What, Who, How & Wow of writing poetry)

by: Ai Ni Phu & Ronaldo Siète

Editorial  Perdido

***We dedicate this bundle
to innocent poetic justice,
locked up inside us,
screaming to get out.***

Polderdam, 1 December 2021

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The pocket version of this book is printed on recycled paper. The electronic version was made with 100% renewable energy, as the writers get lots of energy when they read it again or when they read reactions from enthusiastic readers.

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Author-right: @ 2021 by Ai Ni Phu & Ronaldo Siète

Author-right front cover: @ 2021 by Ai Ni Phu

Author-right back cover: @ 2021 by Ronaldo Siète

Thank you, thank you, John & Maureen, and Asun for the caffeine.

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The grammatical and spelling errors in this work are on purpose.

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Shareware Books: a helping hand for a country in need

"I am for doing good to the poor, but I differ in opinion about the means. I think the best way of doing good to the poor is not making them easy in poverty, but leading or driving them out of it." — Benjamin Franklin.

Haiti is among the poorest countries in the world. In 2010, a devastating earthquake hit its capital, killing thousands and leaving hundreds of thousands homeless. The international community raised millions for relief supplies and rescue services. Did that money go to Haiti? NO! Western suppliers and service providers received our donations; their income increased, thanks to the misery in the Third World. Virtually nobody invested in Haiti itself, not in building schools or hospitals, not in creating jobs. Since 2010, the government only restored government buildings to their former glory. The rest of the country needs even more help than immediately after the disaster. Tent City is the scandalous proof.

If no one does anything, we will do it ourselves.

"Well done is better than well said." — Benjamin Franklin.

Thanks to your Shareware contribution, Haitian men and women learn carpentry, bricklaying and teaching. They only use materials that Haitians produce. We teach others to grow food for the builders, the teachers and the students. We' ll even pay children to go to school, on condition of spending their income on goods and services, produced by their own community. This way, we teach children to read and write while we teach their parents to take better care of their children and their neighbours.

Your voluntary Shareware contribution pays for an hour of class of a Haitian child, which invites her family half a hot meal, which guarantees their farmer neighbours a paid job, while it gives their compatriots practical lessons in WE-Conomy. Also, for less than the price of a cup of coffee, you get this beautiful eBook, with hours of pleasure.

Solving poverty is simple: don't give your money to Amazon, allowing the world' s richest man to fly to the moon, but use it to teach poor people how to take care of themselves.

If future shows that our school project is too ambitious, we promise to transfer the funds to *Médicos Sin Fronteras* (Doctors Without Borders). Of course, we respect the privacy of our readers and donors: we promise we' ll never, never, never store or use the data of others.

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Alone, we can't do much, but together, we will make a difference.

Do you write to be fed, or do you write to be read?

"As we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously." — Benjamin Franklin.

Statistics show that commercial companies only publish 2% of all offered manuscripts, and only 2% of those published books pay the writer more per worked hour than the minimum wage of a 17-year-old stocker. Thanks to the Copyright Act, 2,450 of every 2,500 writers receive absolutely nothing, and another 49 get only a poor compensation for all their creativity. In every other industry, this kind of exploitation is illegal. All non-creative employees in the book industry receive, of course, at least the minimum wage for every worked hour. The world' s richest man earns more per sold book than he pays the author for writing, editing and advertising that book.

Not only do we think that's unfair, we also have a creative solution.

Are you a writer, and the commercial censorship of other publishers rejected your work? Editorial Perdido is here to help. We give advice, workshops and courses, and we' re open to publish your work or help you self-publish without us. We might even edit or translate your work, for a fee or for a return service in hours.

Would you like to see your novel shine among our success stories? Are you looking for the largest potential audience for your poetry collection? Visit our website and send us a message. By publishing your story as a Shareware Book, you gain confidence, readers, and maybe even a few coins for all your effort.

"Words may show a man's wit, but actions his meaning." — Benjamin Franklin.

Cover text

Ai Ni and Ronaldo made this book to help poor people in Haiti, to build a school and teach them the art of a happy life.

A warning upfront from the editor:

DON'T READ THIS BOOK

From problem to poem

in seven small steps?

You don't want to know him,

Ronaldo*, the plebs.

Do you hope to learn something?

You'll end up frustrated.

This bundle is pointless:

Art can't be dictated.

Ronaldo's religion,

In God's eyes: a sin.

Just plain entertain meant

And end with a grin.

[*Editor's Note: In this illiterary no-work-at-all, I only insult Ronaldo7 Siète, the typist of this collection of errors and mistakes, an arrogant know-it-all who hopes to become as rich and famous as CR7, that handsome Ronaldo who makes goals and creates art on football fields.]

Index

«Opening Image»

ACT I - START [the problem]

1. Thesis {Inciting Incident}

«Initial Choice»

ACT II - MIDDLE [the road]

2. Information {Fun & Play}

3. Explanation {B-Story}

4. Doubt {Midpoint}

5. Alternative {Insight}

6. Example {Downfall}

«Critical Choice»

ACT III - END [the solution]

7. Conclusion {Final Fight}

«Closing Image»

[Editor's note: We use the numbered terms in non-fiction, while the {between curly brackets} terms represent the same phenomenon in works of fiction.

This is the index of this book (seven steps), but also the index of each step (seven poems), of every poem in this book, and also the index of every story of fiction, every magazine article, every essay, every news item, every commercial message, every lesson at school...

It's even the index of life itself:

You are born happy (Opening Image), laughing all day while others take care of you, but (1. Inciting Incident) when you find out the world isn't perfect, you start learning (2. Information) and playing with friends (3. B-story) until the exam-moment of starting your own family (4. Midpoint), but instead of having fixed everything, you find out it's an even bigger mess (Aristotle called this moment the Agnition), so you decide to work on it (5. Alternative), but life goes from bad to worse, from crisis to crisis (6. Downfall), and finally, you retire (7. Final Fight), lift your shoulders and laugh about it all day while others take care of you (Closing Image).

Our Opening Image (front cover) and Closing Image (back cover) look the same. The difference is that the hero has learnt something and is satisfied with the outcome. The B-Story is a metaphor, a lesson we need to make a better Critical Choice

and win the Final Fight. Our Conclusion should have a twist, an element of surprise, and it's also the moment of synergy: everything comes together to give meaning to the story or our life. If, in the end, the hero gets what he wants, we call it «a comedy» and if he gets what he deserves, we call it «a tragedy».

The writer of this collection of poems lives under the impression that every human being already knows this «index of life». The editor of this book has a different opinion; she believes that adding the meaning of poetry to each poem improves the feelings-to-words-to-feelings translation from writer to reader.

Did you notice that even this footnote has three acts: a problem (it's not clear), some information, an example, the doubt, the alternative opinion of the editor in this epic conflict between poet and critique, which also leads to our conclusion to laugh about it? Congratulations. You've passed the Intelligent Reader Standard test. Your reward is permission to read on.

Remember: this is your Inciting Incident. Everything depends on your Initial Choice now: are you ready for the adventure of learning nothing new about writing precious poetry?]

Step 1. Why (The Motivation)

Why do you want to write poetry?



You might reply: "Fame", or "Mission", or "Fun", or "Money", or "Learn something new". Stephen King answered, picky: "Do you think I have a choice?"

The answer itself isn't important, as long as it's a convincing reason. Write it on the fridge, above your bed, or on your smartphone's wallpaper. Read it often. You'll need a powerful motivation to write.

Motivation is the first step towards all the other necessary ingredients: courage, clarity, perseverance, discipline, creativity and self-critic. Writing includes lots of suffering. Poetry is a roller-coaster of emotions, from killing your daemons without mercy, via being intolerant against intolerance, overcoming pain, surviving loss, all the way to loving yourself and others.

Motivation answers many questions:

- Do you want fame? Ask what readers want and give it to them.
- Do you want to save the world? Look around what's needed and teach it to them.
- Do you want fun? Do crazy, original things, like... (ha, this is funny, you'll have to make it up yourself, of course, and not copy ideas from others)
- Do you want money? Go find a job. Nobody reads poetry and nobody wants to pay for it either. Amanda Gorman is the famous and successful proof of the opposite, but she's already Number One and you can't take her place.
- Do you want self-actualisation and self-development? Congratulations. You've reached the penthouse of Maslow's Pyramid of Needs. It implies you're satisfied with what you have (material fundamentals, social contacts and received admiration). The highest level of happiness is: doing amazing things.

Writing is amazing.

Writing starts with having something to say.

What do you have to say?

1.1 - Precious Poetry

You can't just sit down and write poetry;
it comes and it goes and you have to be fast.

You have to be patient with poetry;
it's a child with a will and it's not like the rest.

You can't learn the skills to write poetry;
you suffer and sweat and seduce and detest.

And nobody really likes poetry;
it's murder and action and sex we like best.

So why do I try to write poetry?

1.2 - Letter To Tracy

You got a paper plane.
Write me a ticket to anywhere.
Maybe we find a way.
Maybe together we can fly somewhere.
Every place is better.
Starting from zero with nothing to lose.
Maybe we'll build something.
Me, myself, I got nothing but blues.

You got a pointed pen.
Write me a poem to get us outta here.
I've been working at the publishing part.
Hoping to save just a little bit of money.
Won't have to fly too far,
Just 'cross the ocean and land on the island.
You and I can both learn how,
And finally see what we need to keep giving.

See, my country's got a problem.
Hit by an earthquake, that's the way it is.
They say our people's too poor for working.
Our body's too young to suffer like this.
The world took a look and left us.
They wanted more money than we could give.
I say somebody's got to take care of us.
So I built a school and that's what I did.

You got a paper plane.
Is it strong enough so we can fly away?
You gotta write an enchantment.
Spell it tonight and save a life this way.

*So I remember when we were flying, flying in your plane.
Speed so fast it felt like I was high.
Future's lights lay out before us
And your arm felt warm wrapped 'round my shoulder.
And I-I had a feeling that we were strong.
I-I had a feeling we could teach someone, teach someone, teach someone.*

You got a strong tongue.
We go singing, entertain ourselves.
You still have a life long.
And I work in the market as a promo girl.
I know life will get better.
You'll publish work and I'll get it promoted.
We'll build a school in Tent City
Learn how to live, how to earn us a living.

*So I remember when we were flying, flying in your plane.
Speed so fast it felt like I was high.*

*Future's lights lay out before us
And your arm felt warm wrapped 'round my shoulder.
And I-I had a feeling that we were strong.
I-I had a feeling we could teach someone, teach someone, teach someone.*

You got a paper plane.
I got a sponsor that pays all our bills.
You stay out prosing late at the bar.
See more of your fears than you do of my dreams.
I'd always hoped for precious,
Thought maybe together you and me'd make it.
Without a plan, we ain't going nowhere.
Take your paper plane and keep on writing.

*So I remember when we were flying, flying in your plane
Speed so fast it felt like I was high.
Future's lights lay out before us
And your arm felt warm wrapped 'round my shoulder.
And I-I had a feeling that we were strong.
I-I had a feeling we could teach someone, teach someone, teach someone.*

You got a paper plane
Is it strong enough so we can fly away?
You gotta write an enchantment.
Spell it tonight and save a life this way.

[Editor's Note: There's something suspicious about this text. I can't prove it's plagiarism, but it's so much better than all the other poems, almost like someone else wrote it. It's strictly forbidden by the Copyright Law and the Grammar Nazis to copy and publish words that someone else wrote before. In the Holy Bribe-all of Publishing, it says, literally: «thou shall not use the words "I Love You, Baby", as those belong to Frank Sinatra, nor the words "I'm Loving It" as those belong to MacAbre Crappy Meals, and thou will need their written permission before you declare your affection to anyone.», unless you're an editor who explains why others don't have permission to copy those words and use it like they were her own.]

1.3 - The Painter's Secret Inspiration

Goya: Get Off Your Ass.

Frida Kahlo: Fantasy Requires Incessant Daily Activity. Keep Available Hands Laboriously Occupied.

Da Vinci: Develop All-Roundness, Versatility Inspires Natural Curious Industriousness.

Picasso: Paint, In Case All Stupid Stuff Overtakes.

Monet: My Objective: Never Easy Triumphs.

Bruegel: Best Results Unarguably Exclude Gluttonous Embodied Laziness.

Dali: Do Anything, Live Insane.

Munch: My Uplifting Nature Created Heaven.

Van Gogh: Vanguard Art Needs Great Objectives + Godlike Habits.

Klimt: Kick Lifeless Ideas, Make Treasures.

Rubens: Rapidly Undress, Babes, Exciting Naked Showgirls...

Homer Simpson: Horrible Odious Materialist, Egoistic Repulsive Sexist, Idle Meaningless Philosopher, Slothful Obnoxious Neurotic.

Ai Ni: Always Inspiring, Never Imitative.

1.4 - The Beauty and the Beast

Eleven birds in bamboo bush

Sing songs of hope and glory.

Every colour has a push.

Every singer has a story.

Red knows the keynote about life:

"I sing 'bout nothing else but love.

But do I sing it for my wife?

Or for that dove that coos above?"

Orange sings about the sun,

The source of light, of everything.

She whistles: "Nothing is more fun

Than singing sunrises in spring."

Yellow's yell is made of gold,

So high in value and in weight,

So full of glitter, but so cold,

So cause of envy, greed and hate.

Green thinks it's cardinal to sing

About the wood, the field, the hills,

For all the good they're offering,

For all the food, the shield, the thrills.

Cyan chants about the sea

And 'bout the sky, so clear and bright,
Which, like a mirror, make us see
Millions of sparkles every night.

Blue cries a sob and plays the blues,
With sorrow, misery and tear,
A grief of sadness and abuse,
Which makes his burden light to bear.

Violet whistles: "Music's my duty.
The price of «nice» is sacrifice.
My voice, I sanctify to beauty.
This bamboo bush is Paradise."

Each bird of colour has a soul,
A voice, a spine, a formula,
A reason to exist, a role
In Mother Nature's orchestra.

[Editor's Note: I'm critical about this poet, Ronaldo7, but here I fully agree with the bloke: discrimination — raising a voice against other races, genders, religions, sexuality, intelligence, age or social classes — is a sign of stupidity that can't be tolerated and must be ignored. The rainbow of colour is beautiful. The beast is the animal that refuses to see it.]

1.5 - Money

one two three four,
money opens every door,
two three four five,
money dominates my life,
five six seven eight,
money makes me work so late,
six seven eight nine,
money makes me feel so fine.

[Editor's Note: I didn't destroy this black page in literary history because it teaches readers to be critical and recognise mistakes. Ronaldo7 wrote this text during the «Poetry In Motion» contest of the 2018 European Games. There were 50 competitors and 49 winners that day. This was the only loser, but the loser who wrote it refuses to give up. He bluntly includes this worthless piece of Saint Nicholas rhyme in what was meant to be a work of art. «It shows everything about motivation», he defends himself, like every poet only works for money, fame, glory, gold medals, prizes, the title «New Joke Times Best-Selling Author» or to become «Amazing Script-Selling Hollywood Original Literary Editor» of the Year. Forget it, reader. There's only one number one and I won't give up my position.]

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