CREATIVE PROCESS AND HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS

Exploring the joy of creation, Rabindranath Tagore found the key to the truth of existence:

...We feel that this world is a creation; that in its centre there is a living idea which reveals itself in an eternal symphony, played on innumerable instruments, all keeping perfect time. We know that this great world-verse, that runs from sky to sky, is not made for mere enumeration of fact....

The poet thus in his Creative Unity views the universe as a supreme work of art the way Shakespeare does in the The Merchant of Venice in a tender love-scene:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank! Here will we sit and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony.... There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubine; Such harmony is in immortal soul; But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

The creative moment is a spiritual experience during which one can hear eternal music. Both Tagore and Shakespeare celebrate eternal art. But man who can with his imagination give 'to airy nothings a local habitation and a name', has not been able to understand fully the mystery of creation. Even when he turns to his own creativity, his attempts to define it hardly lead to any definite rationale. Right from Plato to the present all attempts to define the creative process have ended on a note of mystery. Very close to the heart of the

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matter all inquiry ends up on a note of the inscrutable. Although it might sound speculative and even apocryphal, here is a reminiscence that verges on the mystical. Going round the British Museum, my movement was at once arrested near Elgin Marbles, conjuring up a host of memories and associations centering round John Keats. It was quite a sensation to imagine that once Keats stood where I was standing then. But he was a poet, and perhaps imagined the ancient temple of Athena rising like a phoenix from these ruins, and again crumbling down in the tracks of time. 'If this stolid structure fell, how about me John Keats, so frail, consumptive, broken-hearted?' he might have thought. For a moment, then, on the shore of the wide world he stood alone, and transmuted his experience into a poem on time, mutability, and death where the relics constitute only a foothold:

My spirit is too weak—Mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagin'd pinnacle, and steep
Of Godlike hardship, tells me I must die
Like a sick Eagle looking at the sky.

Assailed by the unwilling sleep of death and gazing at the sky, the poet experienced a most dizzy pain to see time destroying a thing of beauty. However one is baffled to think of the way an instant thus tends to sprawl towards eternity in the face of death and destruction and creates a metaphor of the self.

So do these wonders, a most dizzy pain
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main
A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

This illustrates Eliot's dichotomy between 'the man who suffers and the mind which creates'; but the poem was not prefabricated in the poet's mind. It rose with some flush of a dawn, as it were, and spread in his consciousness like the sunrise. To a romantic poet like Keats, poetry is spontaneous: "If poetry comes not as naturally as the Leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all", he wrote to John Taylor. Literature grows
CREATIVE PROCESS AND HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS

from the soil of life, but that does not mean that poems grow like leaves on a tree; no, not even on the tree of life. Uncritically leaning on inspiration, Wordsworth talks of poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings", and Shelley, to whom, very rightly, "poetry is expression of imagination", in "A Defence of poetry" likens the mind in creation to "a fading coal which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness". But they all fail to solve the mystery, and turn to some light from heaven, the way Sri Aurobindo does in our age: "My poems come as a stream, beginning at the first line and ending at the last". In Future Poetry, he goes on to say: "The voice of poetry comes from a region above us, a plane of our being above and beyond our personal intelligence, a supermind which sees things in their innermost and largest truth by a spiritual identity."

Again when he further states, "A poem may pre-exist in the timeless as all creation pre-exists there", Sri Aurobindo goes a step beyond Plato in his theory of mimesis. Postulating pre-existence of eternal archetypes he visualises "some plane where the past, present, and future exist together". This seems to sum up all approaches to the creative process from Plato to the present, underlining the element of mystery inherent in all creativity. Inspiration is the condition of poetry to the making of which goes a spiritual search for identity—identity between ego and cosmos, dream and reality like the Noiseless Patient Spider of Walt Whitman.

The poet is like the patient spider, his soul ceaselessly moving, venturing, throwing, seeing the spheres, Keats uses the same spider image, which is archetypal. In one of his letters he writes:

Now it appears to me that almost any Man may like the spider spin from his own words, his own airy Citadel... man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul and weave a tapestry empyrean full of symbols for his spiritual eye.

That is the way, as Valery suggests, "the creative act comes into contact with the indefinable, forging a nexus between
the finite and the infinite, when the artist’s mind continually in flux and reflux ends in the resolution of the state of indetermi-
tination”. Coleridge, who had a remarkable evidence of experience of both the ‘creation and reflection of art’, observes in his *Biographia Literaria* that esemplastic “imagination is not simply an act of will, but a dynamic activity developing from within, self-creating”.

Lowes asks us to remember that the poet is not “a somnabulist in a subliminal world. Neither the conscious impressions nor their unconscious interpretations constitute a poem”. The act of creation is neither sleepwalking nor daydreaming. It is an act of most conscious volition involving human consciousness not on its everyday, mundane level, but creative consciousness on aesthetic plane which, like an iceberg, remains submerged in the unconscious. It is cosmic consciousness that transcends the limits of time and space, reaching out for some transcendental reality. It is astonishing to see the act of creation impinging on the writer’s consciousness, for while objectifying the interior, he is reincarnated in his own work. In his art the artist seeks his own salvation while at the same time redeeming us by the response that he evokes in us through the process of re-creation.

It is true that when Michael Angelo makes Moses, all that he does is to release his image from the rock where he envisioned it. But while he does so, he carries out an experiment in mimesis, and when he releases Moses from his own mind, it is Moses who releases him. The sculptor, busy with his creative work, continually does self-sculpture. It is a spiritual experience. As Eliot puts it in *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*: “Aesthetic sensibility must be extended into spiritual perception and spiritual perception must be extended into aesthetic sensibility and disciplined taste”. If technique is a discovery, the discovery of Moses by Michael Angelo is equally the discovery of the self. It is an act of self-realisation through externalisation and objectification of his internal world, which is also the process of universalisation. Man shapes
nature into art, and nature in return shapes him into an artist. It is a cyclic phenomenon. According to C. G. Jung: "The work in process becomes the poet's fate and determines his psychic development. It is not Goethe who creates Faust but Faust which creates Goethe." Kirkegaard, sums up the condition of the poet's consciousness during the creative engagement thus: "A poet is an unhappy being whose heart is torn by secret sufferings, but whose lips are so strongly formed that when he sighs and cries they sound like beautiful music." From feeling to form the creative process is a drift towards the evolution of consciousness and regeneration of the artist. It is impossible to enjoy things of beauty like Michael Angelo's, or Shakespeare's or Keats's and still remain unchanged. It is all the more so when one creates them.

The creative process is not a matter of mere technique or craft. It cannot ensure greatness in art although might make one a good craftsman. Mere craftsmanship may attain formal perfection, but without a vision the work will remain heartless. For instance, many a thriller, though technically perfect, never becomes a classic. Technique is nevertheless vital. Mark Schorer describes it as a discovery of the work of art as well as the artist. During the act of creation the creator surrenders his mundane existence to the imaginative experience the way Eliot describes while propounding his theory of the extinction of the artist's personality during the creative process in Tradition and the Individual Talent. Despite impersonalisation it is not an escape that the artist seeks; but through an extension of his experience into the aesthetic dimension he reaches out for a fuller realisation of life. During the act of creation the artist acquires a new identity with every moment a rebirth as it were—the identity as an artist. It is a moment that awakens the spirit of perfect freedom, freedom even from the bounds of space and time leading to the universality of perception. Lowes in 'Road to Xanadu' observes

hooked atoms dropping into the deep well of unconscious cerebration,...at the zenith of its power the creative
energy is both conscious and unconscious. Controlling consciously the throng of images which in the reservoir have undergone unconscious metamorphosis.

This psychic, to be more precise, creative reservoir is unfathomable, and has capability to expand limitlessly, faster than even "light that was never there before on the land and the sea" Stephen Spender visualises "a dim cloud of an idea" which he feels, "must be condensed into a shower of words". To W. B. Yeats it is a kind of profound hush:

There on that scaffolding reclines
Michael Angelo.
With no more sound than the mice make
His hands move to and fro;
Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

Eliot speaks of the same silence in his Four Quartets:

Words move, music moves
Only in time; but that which is only living
Can only die; words after speech, reach
Into silence. Only by the form, the pattern
Can words or music reach
The stillness.

In the Indian Poetics also we have similar statements regarding the creative process and transmutation. According to Anandavardhana:

\[
\text{Apāre kāvyasaṃsūre kāvireva prajapatiḥ}
\text{Yātāsmai rocate visvam tatedam parivartate.}
\]

(In this infinite world of poetry, the poet alone is the creator. The world is transformed the way it pleases him.)

In his commentary on Dhyānyālok Abhinavagupta describes the poetic faculty 'Para Pratībhā' as 'the Supreme Power of Śiva ever residing in himself and unfolding creation in the process of self-revelation. The cosmic dance of Śiva is considered to be the supreme manifestation of the Divine in art,
Here the poetic vision is described by Abhinavagupta as the divine cosmic vision. The poet is a visionary, and in the Sanskrit poetics vision is intuition. The poet intuits reality underlying the manifold objects of the universe. Coleridge had “Kubla Khan” dictated to him in a dream, and the poem is only a fragmentary transcript. About the inspiration of Eugene O’Neill’s Beyond the Horizon we have an interesting anecdote. One day on the seashore of Provincetown a little boy baffled the playwright with obstinate questioning:

‘What is beyond the ocean?’ the boy asked.
‘Europe’.
‘What is beyond Europe?’
‘The horizon.’
‘What is beyond the horizon?’
‘Beyond the horizon...?’

What followed we do not know. We know this only that it set ripples in the writer’s consciousness resulting in his first full length tragedy of longing and loss, Beyond the Horizon. Jean Cocteau in his Process of Inspiration tells us how he got The Knights of the Round Table as a visitation:

I was sick and tired of writing... I woke with a start and witnessed as from a seat in the theatre, three acts which brought to life an epoch and characters about which I had documentary information, and which I regarded moreover as forbidding”.

However for a classic example one must turn to the genesis of Rāmāyana, one of the greatest epics of the world. Once Vālmiki saw one of a pair of lovelorn birds shot down by a hunter’s arrow. He was moved by the lament of the bereaved bird. His heart was nearly torn, and his anguished cry found vent in a profound creative curse:

Ma nisada pratistham twamagamha sāsvati samha
Yat krauneh-mithunadekam avadhihi kām-mohitam.
(O hunter, who killed one of the lovelorn pair of birds
May you not have peace for hundreds of years.)

And he set out to write in the same metre Rāmāyana, a great epic poem unfolding the story of Ravana, the hunter separating Rama and Sita. Valmiki found in words a way out of a great crisis of spiritual consciousness. If in words the writer seeks his resort, it is in the imaginative literature that words find their sanctuary through ages. It is there that they continue to remain as fresh as dew-drops. When Archibald MacLeish in *Ars Poetica* insists that

A poem should be wordless
As a flight of birds
A poem should be motionless in time
Leaving as the moon releases
Twig by twig the night entangled trees
Leaving as the moon behind the winter leaves
Memory by memory the mind

he certainly does not discount words. What he describes is the creative process in which the word is transcended far above its lexical level. For

A poem should not mean
But be.

It is in words that a poem is embodied. But like human spirit that does not admit of any physical bondage, a poem, too, rises far above and beyond words, the words being a vehicle of what Longinus calls transport. The creative process that takes place in the mind of the writer takes place in words and not in a vacuum. Of all arts, the problem of the manipulation of medium is of paramount importance in literature. For, the other media—colour, canvas, stone for instance—are inert, cold, dead, and distant. They exist apart and independent of the artist. But words are not remote, not apart. They vitally constitute the writer's consciousness. They are an inherent part of his being as man.
Dr. Lewis Thomas referring to the role of language in shaping the human consciousness holds that but for "capacity of ambiguity of language human consciousness should have remained stagnant and we might be spending all time sitting on stone fences staring into the sun. Without literature, language should have remained only a dialect. If we were to be separated from it, our minds would die." Literature operates through seven types of ambiguities according to Empson. Words are part of human culture. Cultural and semiotic clusters of ages charge them with connotations. Aristotle's catharsis, Longinus's sublime, Keats's ecstasy, and James Joyce's epiphany all tend to express, through variation of connotation, a very significant function of the creative process—the vision of beauty rising out of words. In an age when words have nearly lost their connotations, the connotations in literature have remained uneroded. No words, no literature. But for words it should have remained embryonic, in a sheer expressionistic state, denying itself any palpable form or design. The poetic experience without words should have been feeling but no form. Susanne Langer in her essay, "Language and Thought" shows how we do not think in a vacuum but think in words. Words are not mere vehicles, they are not even mere stimuli; they are a vital part of the processes of the human mind. She observes:

The process of transforming all direct experience into imagery or into that supreme mode of symbolic expression, language has so completely taken possession of the human mind that it is not only a special talent, but a dominant organic need....man has a constant and crying need of expression. What he cannot express, he cannot conceive, what he cannot conceive is chaos, and fills him with terror.

Croce affirms that unless there is chaos within you cannot see the dancing star. That dancing star must ultimately filter across the inner chaos in words. Even 'in the beginning was the word' that ushered light and order out of the original cosmic chaos. The word is supreme. It is words that crystallise the poetic experience and universalise it through externalisation while embodying it in a form through which it sees the light.
RELIGION AND POETRY

of the day. And hence the significance of 'the figure a poem makes'. Robert Frost traces the rhythmic movement of poetry 'that begins in delight and ends in wisdom' through the ecstasy that 'inclines in impulse and assumes direction... and ends in a clarification of life in a momentary stay against confusion'. A Frost poem, like any good poem, becomes an analogue of life on a blank white page, cold and dead, suggesting death. We often see the poems like 'Stopping by the Woods' or 'Death of a Hired Man' ending on the intimations of mortality not merely because of the theme but also by the figure it makes on the printed page, when with the terminal words like 'sleep', 'dead', 'death' etc. the whole poem seems to be plunging into some indefinable hush, suggesting death. At times the finite printed page assumes the proportion of an epic canvas, and we find ourselves journeying through the tracks of time and space where there is a whole sea of meaning in a drop of language. The poem that springs to life from the printed page sprawls into immensity in words. Adapting the mystic image of Blake we might say that in a grain of word the universe expands. As Conrad in his preface to The Nigger of Narcissus said:

My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel, it is, before all, to make you see. To snatch in a moment of courage from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life, is only the beginning of the task.

It is, therefore, a fundamental misconception to discount words as Murray Krieger does. To him words are "the least important element in the poem, for they do not determine the character of anything else in the poem; on the contrary they are determined by everything". If the poet does not control the language of poetry but is controlled by it, no enduring work could then be achieved. Words are not a mere envelope. In fact, poetry structures itself in words while at the same time structuring reality and even values. Without words poetry would have no reality, no palpable existence. The autonomy and self-existence of poetry is abridged, if at all, in words alone.
In the Indian poetics the word is considered divine. It is \textit{sabdabrahma}. To Sri Aurobindo's Savitri the word is divine, and she invokes it to descend into human consciousness to turn it into something divine:

\begin{center}
Sun-word, thou shall raise the earth-soul to Light
And bring down God into the lives of men.
\end{center}

That is the way the word descends into human consciousness and then ascends to the aesthetic height. If art is an illusion of reality, the reality of art is presented only in words. Reality which is the prime concern of the writer can be faithfully articulated in language. It is quite platitudinous to say that the artist's experience is a dream. For, in a dream we helplessly drift without any direction or control. Not so in the act of creation which in the final analysis tends to be an exploration of reality. The evolution of human consciousness is in step with this apprehension of reality. When Plato speaks of the futility of poetry since it is fake, he objects to the dissociation of poetry and reality. Sartre views art as the negation of ontological reality, and to him "esthetic contemplation is an induced dream". He thinks that by creating an analogue of the real the artist annihilates the real. In \textit{Of Human Freedom} he states:

\begin{quote}
The work of art is unreality...It will appear at the moment when, consciousness undergoing a radical change, in which the world is negated, will itself become imaginative...the actor who plays Hamlet makes use of himself as an analogue of the imaginary person...the actor is completely caught up by the unreal.
\end{quote}

Now here is the rub. If the actor melts into thin air of the mimic world, and again if Shakespeare's play is unreal, why this rage for the unreal through which the artist deludes us and himself? Let us for a moment forget Sartre's mythical \textit{Hamlet} only to see what happens to Hamlet at the hands of Shakespeare and Boris Pasternak. The Prince of Denmark is a young man with a profound sense of wonder and faith in life.
What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!
how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how
express and admirable! in action how like an angel!
in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the
world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what
is this quintessence of dust?

But he finds that the time is out of joint, and sets out
in search of reality in the world of illusion and appearance,
where "one may smile and smile and yet be a villain",
eventually thus to ascertain if he is the quintessence of dust
and no more. From the play let us turn to the actor. In Boris
Pasternak's Dr. Yuri Zhivago we have a modern Hamlet disillu-
sioned by "the Soviet failure to reshape the world stripped of
the basic human concerns". His only escape from futility and
frustration is the poetic faith. Poetry sustains him. Here is his
poem on Hamlet with whom he nearly identifies himself in the
distracted world. Soviet Russia is the State of Denmark for
him. Here is Hamlet in the theatre, the actor, who is unwilling
to play his part today. But the moment of his entry draws
near. And when he looks into the auditorium, he is at once
struck by a terrific cosmic vision—the immense darkness of the
night there with binoculars glittering like so many stars gazing
at him. He wavers, and he broods:

The murmurs ebb; on to the stage I enter.
I am trying, standing in the door,
To discover in the distant echoes
What the coming years may hold in store.

The nocturnal darkness with a thousand
Binoculars is focussed on to me.
Take away this cup, O Abba, Father,
Everything is possible to thee.

I am fond of this thy stubborn project,
And to play my part I am content.
But another drama is in progress,
And, this once, O let me be exempt.
But the plan of action is determined,
And the end irrevocably sealed.

I am alone; all round me drowns in falsehood:
Life is not a walk across a field!

*(Doctor Zhivago)*

This is a strangled cry of humanity. If even one day in
the life of Solzhenitsyn's Ivan Denisovich, in its torments and
struggles, seems to be stretching into near eternity far beyond
the confines of the concentration camp, life for the actor prince
is certainly not a walk across the field. Are these the moments
of the negation of reality as apprehended by human conscious­
ness? Plato and Sartre seem to forget that reality has many
faces, many masks. Transcendental reality is not the negation
of ontological or aesthetic reality. Wallace Stevens in *The
Necessary Angel* views reality as a forest:

Reality is not that external scene, but the life that is
lived in it. Reality is things as they are. The general
sense of the word proliferates its special senses. It is
a jungle in itself.

When we turn to our daily life, we realise that even
scientific truths seem to be idealised postulates on the practical
planes of everyday reality. If we follow the principles of empir­
ical science, we see the objects as unreal, 'disintegrated into
atoms, molecules, electrons, protons.' Beethoven's symphony
then would be broken into sound waves, Mona Lisa will melt
in paints, and Venus de Milo will be totally disintegrated. For,
sound is made of sound waves and matter is constituted of
atoms, molecules etc. Reality will look like a fantasy. Here is
a poem "Paris Without Rhyme" by Voznesensky, who saw that
beautiful city rocked by the stir of the students protesting
against the French Government's move to scrub the mossy old
walls of Paris to make it look brand new like an upstart. Look
at a few fragments of the poem:

*Paris Without Rhyme* by Voznesensky:

When the students took to the streets,

The Classical and Romantic eras

So entrenched in the old town's soul,

Were disintegrated into sound waves.

The streets resounded with the sound of protest,

As if the very stones were joined in song.

The guns of the police echoed through the night,

Yet amidst the chaos, a new order was formed.

A new Paris, one that transcended time,

A city where dreams met reality.

For in the heart of the city,

A revolution was unfolding,

A revolution of the spirit,

Where old and new coexisted in harmony.

Paris, the city of love and beauty,

Was no longer the same,

As the students' voices echoed through the air,

A new Paris was taking shape.

A city where hope and dreams

Became intertwined,

Creating a new reality,

One that was both familiar and strange.

Paris, the city of art and culture,

Was now a symbol of freedom,

A testament to the power of the human spirit,
They're scrubbing Paris, making her spick and span; they're blasting the city with sand.

“High time too”, I made bold to declare, “to strip things of their outer layer,”

and suddenly —

the town was transformed.

Things threw off their protective covering; on a table some tea, preserving the form of its teapot, stood round and brown;

On top of the Louvre the skeletons of the statues quivered on their pedestals like sixteen mattress springs.

O Paris, world of cobwebs, aerals, and wires, how you quiver, how you tick like a racing motor!

How terribly everything’s exposed, just a hairbreadth from fearful bruises — even the air hurts like a rasp —

Good Sartre, suppose everything’s condemned?

Sartre knows too well as well as Voznesensky does that “the writer has his own code of space and time and rhythm stretching between memory and consciousness connecting past races and contemporary communities, the past and the present”. It is interesting and intriguing to see how the poet’s mind acts and reacts. One step beyond this fantasy lies Sartrean reality where you see trapped his Prince Hamlet. Life is in eternal flux. It is a movement, a process that brings about constant change in human consciousness. At the thematic center of the contemporary literature we have a tragic sense of alienation—
and the loss of values and faith. Man seems to have been trapped in the corridors of his own castle. But that does not defeat the writer. In a world where God seems to be dead, where the nuclear ashes of Hiroshima and Nagasaki keep on reminding man of the probability of his total extinction, he strives to face life most courageously. Faulkner in his Nobel Prize speech affirmed that "the basest of all things is to be afraid" :

I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance.

Literature sustains us with truth and beauty and faith. In literature alone we find the courageous affirmation of life. Sri Aurobindo has unshakeable faith and hope in the destiny of man. Look at one of his earliest poems. A child setting out to cross the sea does not mind taking the load of the sea on his breast if the sea fails to bear his load. It is a pertinent metaphor, overwhelmingly relevant to our age of fear and despair:

O grey wild sea ...  
Take me, be  
My way to climb the heavens, thou rude great sea  
I will seize thy mane  
O lion, I will tame thee and disdain,  
Or else below  
Into thy salt abysmal caverns go,  
Receive thy weight  
Upon me and be stubborn as my fate;  
I come, O sea,  
To measure my enormous self with thee.

Aristotle describes metaphor as a mark of genius. And all great art is in the final analysis indeed a metaphor. The symbolic truth in art sets us free from the limits of the artifact.
by lifting us from the literal and transporting to the symbolic plane. It is only when art does this that the mystery and beauty of creation are attained. This short lyric expressing a child's conflict with a mighty element of nature not only fathoms human consciousness but also embodies an allegory of the destiny of the creative artist sailing across the blue sea of fancy while carrying the burden of dreams on his bosom.

Lionel Trilling in *Environments* complains against a number of modern writers "who accept the belief that modern society is frightful, brutal, hostile to whatever is pure in the human spirit, a wasteland and a terror." Saul Bellow, too, seems to be probing in the same direction when in his "Library of Congress Address" he says:

One would like to ask (Sartre, Ionesco, Beckett, Burrough Ginsberg): "After nakedness what? After absurdity what? Modern writers tend to be the prophets of doom."

But we have absolutely no reason to throw up our arms in despair even unto the crack of doom. The story of man's consciousness is the story of his exploration of reality through the discovery of self and the world around. That is again exactly the point where the creative process and human consciousness intersect and coalesce. If today one finds an apparent lack of moral centre unlike in ancient India, Greece, and Rome or in Elizabethan and even Victorian England, the fact that the creative process has not come to a stand-still is most reassuring. In man's creative consciousness lies the hope, for the creative process is an affirmation very akin to religion. Every act of creative imagination is a testament of faith in human destiny. To end with Matthew Arnold is to end on a note of great affirmation, Read his words from *The Study of Poetry*:

The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an even surer and surer stay.
There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialised itself in the fact, in the supposed fact. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion... The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry.

If the future of poetry is immense, there is no reason to lose hope in the evolution of human spirit and consciousness manifesting through the creative process. The creative process is eternal and universal. Right from the moment of cosmic creation down to that of artistic creation we see the same process ceaselessly ranging all over for ever. Aristotle rightly saw mimesis linking the cosmic and the microcosmic, life and art, truth and beauty. If life is a mystery, so is art.