

Power of the Mind

By

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Of all creatures on earth, poets have unique minds. They possess the power of manipulating human minds as the please and whenever they please.

However, that pleasure of empowerment grant human being special corner in “human existence”.

It is possible that the above factors are attributed to the unique minds of poets.

The minds of poets are totally free and that kind of freedom make human minds highly expressive.

The poets, John Fuller, express the freedom of the mind in two poems.

Two poems by John Fuller

The Philosopher King

**The arms of chairs appear
To have ideas about
How we should sit in them.**

**They want us to grasp each end
With whitened knuckles like
A stage Plantagenet,**

**To lean forward, musing,
Slightly to one side,
One elbow raised behind us**

**In a grave posture of judgments,
Of deliberative wisdom,
A finger stroking the lip**

**But there's no one in front of us,
No slave, no supplicant,
No arrogant advisor.**

**Thumb moves upon the grain,
Eyes cast about the room,
Head leans gently back.**

**But still the arms of the chair
Remind us of a duty
To reach into our thoughts**

**If our fingers touch each other,
Our forearms complete a diamond
For the cat to jump into**

**If we narrow our elbows
And lower them to our sides,
We feel strangely diminished.**

**We shrink into the chair
As a victim shrinks, resigned
To execution or teasing**

**In fact, the roles are reversed
And the philosopher king
Is almost confined to a corpse**

**Quick then: our royal proposals
Must launch a brilliant era
Of unarguable truth**

**Before we fall back upon
Protest or complaint,
Or lachrymose last-words**

Positions in Bed

**Hand sandwich, cold shoulder, glued knees:
There are long times in the night when sleep
Induces some unrelaxing postures**

**Settling into them seems sensible:
The lightly-crossed shins, one instep
Upon the other ankle-bone,**

**The arm across the chest, fingers
Cupped like an epaulette, the chin
Erect on the pillow, as if for shaving.**

**Or risking the supine snore-prone loll,
The knee crooked at an angle, an arm
Cradling the yearning furrowed brow.**

**Or striding, striding, taking up
Quite as much of the bed as one dares,
One wrist over the edge of the mattress**

**All these are credible positions
Even when we find ourselves
Suddenly, irritatingly awake**

**And able, indeed positively induced,
To analyse them at leisure, fearing
To move and wake our sleeping partner**

**How, then, should we seek our perfect
Oblivion? Much like a crusader?**

Ankles crossed and praying hands?

**Or coffin-style, perfect repose,
A horizontal sentry-box,
Promptly lying to attention?**

**The thing about these bodily
Dispositions is their limited
Variety and likely discomfort**

**Really we need to lose an arm,
Acquire a three-way socket for
The ankles, a mattress-cave for the hips**

**Consider: to compose the body
Is a necessary preliminary
To the nightly act of its translation**

**Perhaps one morning we will find
Ourselves absconded from the body's
Weary roll-call, unreturned**

**From the wild encounters that we seek
And nothing left of us but posture,
The crumpled relic of restlessness**