

Dinner for One – Poems, Reflections and Photography by David Paul

In my experience, all too often someone will put their best efforts toward a book of poems only to fall short. Even with the best of intentions, they may pave their own road to hell, taking along everyone they anxiously try to force feed their verse to. Even beyond mimes, poetry may still be the hardest of art forms to excite an audience about. Try chasing your friends down the street waving your manuscript of poetry overhead calling out, “Hey! Want to read my book of poems?” and just watch your Rolodex evaporate.

Though spoken word, storytelling and readings have their niche, many attempts at a book of poems chill cold on shelves without glances or recital. Even the misuse of photographs to *illustrate* the esoteric thoughts and emotions may sink along with the dearest drowning verses within each page. So sad, yet so true.

DINNER FOR ONE

BY
THE
ABSTRACT
ALKALINE
ALCHEMIST

DAVID PAUL PHOTOGRAPHY



But here's some good news: *Dinner for One*, by David Paul.

If you love poetry, you will love this book. If you do not like poetry, you will love this book. Should you love photography, you should love this book. If you don't get photography, you will get this book. Or I will hunt you down and place a vacuum cleaner attachment to one of your ear canals and slowly remove your sanity from your mind, as you may not be worthy of it.

Being breastfed on the early photo-files connection to Zen — the fleeting moment, the connection to verse in the form of image and vice-versa — my earliest love affairs with photography and photographers were related to their lust of the metaphor, their mauling of the traditional, their minimalist excitation — pure poetry, wrapped in the music of the mind, the soaring of the spirit, and the extended fingers of human vision latent in every photographic image leaping from each word of verse.

Excerpt from the title poem, "Dinner For One:"

... He sat down alone at a table in the dry desert

Placing a leather book beneath him

The wind opening the empty pages as he dipped his pen in fresh ink

Writing the title "Dinner for One"

It was his belief that his art was dinner, his love life dessert

Without dinner there would be no dessert

Crossing his legs like a yogi, hands pressed against his knees...

David Paul is a master songsmith gone mad with sensual, sexy, highly spiritual mountain climbing of the mind — his mind, your mind, the human mind, the mind of mankind — in the form of the poem.

One of the few real fears that I drag around with me concealed deep in the pit of my stomach is the notion that technology and all its hyper-speed/nano particle bewilderment will suck the metaphoric glue out of our language, bleed the heart of sensuality, and tear from the loins our true animal sexuality; ergo, no beast within equals no human without. But the mind-song, the psychological landscapes conjured in David Paul's book, are a wonderful safe haven, an oasis. If only for a few moments balancing in this one dimension, from one possible multiverse existence, focused through this looking glass, we may be safe after all.

For me, the real joy of this folio collection of images and verse is that either can stand alone without leaning on the other. Well-endowed with skillful and arty-sensual renderings, imagery and imaging, the author has chiseled a series of images that are high quality, wonderful to behold, and as visually insightful as classical ballet. The very artistic photographs are exhibition-worthy and the poems — each and every one — are a feast for the soul. His poetry reads and moves with the inner feel of cosmic universal song, speaking to all, from all and for all. I encourage you to read this book and indulge in the banquet of life at its best ... voila!

"Faith"

... The music was alive inside me...

Why pray for what I want?

Who said what I want is good for me?...

The Art of David Paul can be found at: www.behindtheart.me