

Excerpts from a manuscript in progress, *The Green Archetypal Field of Poetry*,

by Stephen Morrissey

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## **ON THE SOLITARY LIFE**

I wanted to be a part of something and I thought I was. I thought I was on the great journey of individuation, that I was a part of something connecting me with great ideas and experiences shared by other people. But, in truth, I wasn't a part of anything. If you believe nothing then all of the old constructs of life, the scaffolding that supported your existence, have collapsed. Belief is, in retrospect, nothing real or lasting, it is a pretence or an illusion—mostly it is a pretence. The doctors are wrong in their diagnoses, the Ivy League educated poets and intellectuals have fooled even themselves with their self-importance, the imams, priests, rabbis, and gurus are deluded, politicians are obviously liars, social workers want to break up families, teachers are selling preconceptions based on their idea of what they stand for, intellectuals are filled with book learning but have no wisdom or practical knowledge; even shamans are fakes and out for money and fame. I hear Buddhists chanting in their temple and it seems delusional, what fools! I want to tell them that their hypocrisy appals me. There is no satori, no heaven, no hell, no enlightenment, no god, no prophet, there is nothing and on this basis we begin again, we look for something that transcends the everyday; this is found in poetry, in the fine arts. I asked myself, what if nothing I believe is true? What if all of my beliefs and assumptions about life are wrong? The Emperor has no clothes! He's naked and everything he stood for is a lie and a cheat of belief. I did not decide to believe nothing, I accepted it with difficulty; it was a huge disappointment in life. But then, one day, the scaffolding of belief collapses, there is no certainty about anything except that the Emperor has no clothes. Believe what you want after this, but for now, believe nothing.