



ART FOR ART'S SAKE: POETIC JUSTICE OR FALLACY

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The clichéd yet euphemistic “Art for Art Sake” is nothing prosaic, and a conversion of one’s expression of thoughts into the genre of prose is only a transportation of poetic imagery. Oftentimes, speculation has had me contemplate about **poetry made prose**. If you wonder, **why so**, here’s how – the stream of consciousness, patronized by James Joyce, is usually born from inconsequential yet powerful emotions and feelings which takes shape in our inner being, and for me, anything that’s created in that realm is metaphysical, and anything metaphysical is poetic in stature.

The question then arises, “What about short stories and novels? Aren’t they prosaic, and yet poetic? To this, I confer or bestow the

crown of the ephemeral and the ethereal- the earthly prose, and the heavenly poetry- why should verse be epitomized as something divine? You might ask. The answer to this is that muses are ethereal beings, and if one sits at Parnassus, and is influenced by that muse to pen or carve metaphorical figures, then of course that genre should be defined, as an **Elixir of Immortality**. The Keatsian “a thing of beauty is a joy forever” is optimally true of the world, or is it “beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder?” No one can behold as beauty an intricately carved double edged sword, used at the time of execution. It’s only when that glittering object evokes a sensation of joy and admiration for its artistry and aesthetics, the eye of the beholder

comes into being, which is again poetic, because a song rises at the pit of the stomach, a leaping song of joy, giving vent to poetic expressions. Looks like I've digressed from "art for art's sake". A typical example for the above phrase is of course the **Grecian Urn**, by Keats, immortalized and glorified through the artistic expression of poetry. "**Prometheus unbound**" is another source of artistic creation for "**art for art's sake**" by P.B Shelley- a master piece of life's enactment in terms of bondage and imprisonment. The monotony of prose wouldn't have done justice to these works of art like the verse. Things are better said, perceived and appreciated in rhythmic forms rather than in linear mundane fashion. Tragically, in recent decades, poetic justice has taken a back seat, or I would say, has drifted away, giving rise to modernistic, commercialized world view, which they call **Globalization**- as the term portrays, it connects people business wise- a market place for money matters. In here, there is **dearth** of inner feelings and manifestations, and a **death** of "art for art's sake." What then can be inferred

as artistic medium in poetic form? Modernism has its definition that rationale is poetic justice, but anything poetic is far from logic, so a definitive answer to this is still ambiguous. Perhaps the closest depiction could be counted from the New Age way of living where poetry is given a form through living in wellness, spiritual connection, and commune with nature- the 'aura', they call it. Is it still a blend of poetic living/ expression of life? Here again, the quest for poetic justice is evasive. The myriad image of realistic depictions of life, along with its rhythmic cognizance with the universe is a poetic pattern in itself. Therefore, this can be called as "the versification of life"- that is to say that "Life is Poetry," the ebb and flow of the cosmic energy with a rhythm of its own. To sum up, it is vaguely comprehended that rationale is far from poetic justice in contemporary life. On the contrary, far-fetched, unattainable desires, imbibed within oneself could still instill that element of dream like realm, giving it a **Utopian** facet according to each one's nostalgia, and yet be accounted as **Poetic Justice**.

