“I don’t think my experiences are clarified or made beautiful for myself or anyone else; they are just there in whatever form I can find them.…

My formal ‘stance’ is found at the crossroads where what I know and can’t get meets what is left of that I know and can bear without hatred….

It may be that poetry makes life’s nebulous events tangible to me and restores their details; or, conversely, that poetry brings forth the intangible quality of incidents which are all too concrete and circumstantial. Or each on specific occasions, or both all the time.”

—Frank O’Hara, statement in *The New American Poetry*, edited by Donald Allen (NY: Grove Press, 1960)