

## **The Genius is a Medium**

### ***Timothy***

*I know of a young man, younger than I, that is gifted as the sky.*

*And I never thought of the sky as gifted until now.*

*But it contains the birds, the insects, the rainbows, and the sun,*

*And these are just the obvious things that come to mind when having fun.*

*And he's black and he's young, and I can't avoid these aspects*

*When writing of him because I must be honest with you here.*

*This is the space for some honesty, yes,*

*And on this day, I will tell you, that he has inspired me to write.*

*And on this day, I will record, that he considers himself, at times, a mere conduit.*

*And on this day, I shall confirm, that he is one.*

*But, on this day, I shall also say that I have evidence of his further gift,*

*For, there have been times, like this one, that a massive lift*

*Has greeted my gravitous bones.*

*And I credit his writing and him as a man of words for the lift,*

*For, he has born my mind into something of the birds and insects that do fly.*

*Therefore, that's the reason I will give you why Tim is gifted as the sky.*

*And it shan't be odd that I mention his flesh,*

*For, it's further proof that the blessed know of not one single color,*

*But that they know of many, and that they wear the universal color of the sky.*

*Yes, we do – He and I*

The genius is a medium through which others communicate thought and can be seen as the scribe of a culture: a painter, a person, an individual by which ideas pass through. The source is at times unknown to him or her; nevertheless, he communicates by will, inspiration, and self; and by self only insofar as the expression serves his will and permissions. A profound echo of voices is engaged within him of which he is sometimes aware, and then, a sudden occurrence, outburst, or accumulation of subtler inspired moments is released into the world by way of birth, creativity, empathy, love, and compassion. Ok, now I will elaborate...

The will comes into play before and after the perception of the *object*; the object in this sense, being, whatsoever is employed by genius. And by employed, I mean, willed into being. As Arthur Schopenhauer wrote long ago, “For genius to appear in an individual, it is as if a measure of the power of knowledge must have fallen to his lot far exceeding that required for the service of an individual will; and this superfluity of knowledge having become free, now becomes the subject purified of will, the clear mirror of the inner nature of the world.” But the scribe—as I like to call him or her, the genius—is not emancipated of will entirely, only for the duration of the pure perception of the *object*. It is by his decision and by his discretion to utter the words, write the letter, create the work of art, and do the science—to execute his or her true interaction with the world. And that decision, always, is through will. Yet, the abundance of knowledge or creative guidance provided him by others, I can only describe as being like a gift vested him by sources sometimes unknown or, as Schopenhauer wrote, by “the *gift of genius*”.

Furthermore, Schopenhauer went on to write, “In other words genius is the ability to leave entirely out of sight our own interest, our willing, and our aims and consequently to discard our own personality for a time, in order to remain *pure knowing subject*, the clear eye of the world; and this not merely for moments but with the necessary continuity and conscious thought to enable us to repeat by deliberate art what has been apprehended, and “what in wavering apparition gleams fix in its place with thoughts that stand forever!” And by “leaving entirely out of sight our own interest, our willing, and our aims and consequently to discard our own personality for a time”—this is where I again come into play. For, it is by an orchestration of internal voices that I hear and perceive. But, the orchestration is there to help, positively, toward our aim and this duration of perception is bookended by a demonstration of will. Therefore, yes, I agree with Schopenhauer that it is not our self, or our “personality”, as he puts it that is the guide; it is those voices of others who guide for the duration of our perception sanctioned on either end, by will.