In an age of disbelief, or what is the same thing, in a time that is largely humanistic, in one sense or another, it is for the poet to supply the satisfactions of belief, in his measure and in his style.  

Wallace Stevens’ poetic life was dedicated to supplying the satisfactions of belief, by replacing the dissolved gods of past imaginations ‘to believe beyond belief’. It is for the poet, a creature of capable imagination, to project new aesthetic creations which would relieve us of the sense of feeling, ‘dispossessed and alone in a solitude, like children without parents, in a home that [seems] deserted, in which the amical halls and rooms [have] taken on a look of hardness and emptiness.’ So it is that in ‘The Man with the Blue Guitar’:

Poetry
Exceeding music must take the place
Of empty heaven and its hymns.

\textit{(CP, p. 167)}

The poem of earth must be written in their stead for, as he says in ‘Anatomy of Monotony’, ‘our nature is her nature’ \textit{(CP, p. 107)}. Our paradise is in the imperfect.

If we regard past ideals as aesthetic projections of dead societies, and hence of relative value, in seeking to define our new bearing in a new reality it must follow that we cannot project new ideals, new absolutes that will rigidly order the actual. Desire should be for ‘the full flower of
the actual, not the California fruit of the ideal’. There is no one Truth, no absolute.

It was when I said
‘There is no such thing as the truth,’
That the grapes seemed fatter.
The fox ran out of his hole.
(‘On the Road Home’, CP, p. 203)

Or: ‘Conceptions are artificial. Perceptions are essential.’

In a late essay, ‘On Poetic Truth’ (1954), Stevens affirmed his idea of the way in which poetry, as a ‘statement of the relation between man and the world, [has] to do with reality in that concrete and individual aspect of it which the mind can never tackle altogether on its own terms, with matter that is foreign and alien in a way in which abstract systems . . . can never be’. For ‘its function . . . is precisely this contact with reality as it impinges on us from the outside, the sense that we can touch and feel a solid reality which does not wholly dissolve itself into the conceptions of our own minds. It is the individual and particular that does this’.

The coming to reality in an open and pragmatic way is the life of poetry; applying itself to the details of the world, seeking in its form to suggest the resemblances between reality and its particulars, yet without destroying the integrity of each particular in itself; for the poem, the act of the imagination, ‘never yet progressed except by particulars. Having gained the world, the imagination remains available to (the poet) in respect to all the particulars of the world.’

If our apprehension of the actual is to be thus, so the words of the poem, or of the imaginative statement of the relation of man to his world, the confrontation of mind with concrete matter, must be faithful to the particulars of reality. Aphorisms from Adagia (OP) give a more specific statement of the nature of poetic truth:

‘The exquisite environment of fact. The final poem will be the poem in the language of fact.’

‘The ideal is the actual become anaemic.’

‘Some objects are less susceptible to metaphor than others. The whole world is less susceptible to metaphor than a teacup is.’

‘Poetry is a pheasant disappearing in the brush.’