

2017

The Sea Comes Back

Lila Taylor Dunlap
Bard College

Recommended Citation

Dunlap, Lila Taylor, "The Sea Comes Back" (2017). *Senior Projects Spring 2017*. 368.
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The Sea Comes Back

**Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of Languages and Literature
of Bard College**

by Lila Taylor Dunlap

Annandale-on-Hudson, NY

May 2017

*for Robert
for teaching me
that I can have what I've always wanted.*

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Invocation

Is it better to be watched or not watched?

What if you burn the wrong candles?

The gods find me everywhere I go, are in every thing.

To even a teabag there are two or three gods.

They have already described everything for us.

It would seem as if there's nothing left to do.

So you can feel things more intensely.

When you bring me a word, leave it.

Anything by itself can put you to sleep. And wake you up.

I am tired anywhere else.

I was so comfortable I forgot what I said. Or did I remember?

Go to sleep on a bus made of snow.

My boot burns but I don't notice.

I'm still enjoying your humming.

I looked down and was surprised at what I was eating.

No one starts out without a head.

You have to lose it as you get older.

What difference does it make?

If you can't even see the plant that you're talking about.

If you can't talk without seeing it first.

Is there no hope? Why are you tired? Too much being yourself.

I'm glad the cornbread burned.

Size is a quality, too.

So-called qualities are all we have of the divine.

That's why you can make the clockface turn black, if you know two simple things.

*

I can see her on the porch being not afraid at all.
She's not concerned about the order.
Water pools around my stick.
She set the table on fire.
There were hundreds of them stroking in the wrong direction.
Begin with a small animal.
You don't have to be like the god to see him.
You can't call him and expect him to come.
Something that would be important to a god.
If anything is at all. If I can know.
The supply of me is never-ending.
But we only have so much oil.
I guess we have to go back out.
Or go to sleep.
What will we do with all these meanings?
Burn them. Until we have only their memory.
And that's what we have to go out and get.
Will anybody not be alright?
Whom do the gods want me helping? Looking at?
Pleasing the everyday things around us.
There is a hierarchy but it's not this one.
There must be another way to get to it. See it.
Only liars want to teach you something.
You are already too old to be saying this.
Surprised at how high the hot air.
Everything is a fact.
My contradictions aren't contradictions.
When you touch me I want you to punch me.

In Duke Bluebeard's Castle

After writing this first poem, (below), I realized, or was assisted in realizing, that it was in fact many poems, each beginning with one of the original lines. Thus its nickname, "The Table of Contents Poem."

**I was put in here for you to find me, I cried.
There is no such thing as a trap-door.
All doors lead back to your castle
which you carry behind the breastplate of your armor.
A different breeze for every room.
I could keep myself alive by licking your walls.
Why has this room no floor. Why has this floor no bottom?
Swim thru the torrent of blood.
Everyone laughs at me from the banks.
The voices of the jungle are the voices of my friends.
A person can only recognize one hundred voices.
We should have been cut off sooner.
I need to get back to my room.
Open your breastplate and let me in.**

I was put in here for you to find me, I cried.

This could be true anywhere.

I'm the only thing still alive in your castle.

In the mornings I swing over the sea

when all the evil spirits have gone to bed

and it's not too hot yet.

Since when is it peaceful to be this lonely?

I like hearing the tall grasses rustle on the cliffs.

I like looking out where I can see for miles,

without meeting anyone,

wondering on my dubious swing

how you could ever find me.

I was put in here for you to find me, I cried.

The rock splits, night caves

in two equal cleaves.

My foot is a wall,

and I feel everywhere the presence of your hand.

The real walls leak.

But what are they?

It's too black to see anything.

Is a wall what feels like a wall?

Nothing feels like it should.

I know you're here.

I hear you upstairs.

I feel you breathing in the next room

thick breaths that reach my shoulders

all the way in here.

Moisture having risen to the ceiling

in a room that's supposed to be cold.

I wish I had a way to expose you,
a flashlight and a magic map.

I've already come to you.
Why do you keep me waiting?

Lead me out of these fabled rooms.
I will look at anything you show me.

You already know me.
You were in on it with God.

There is no such thing as a trap-door.

What goes on in the oubliette
makes it all the more a room.

As if nothing were supposed to happen.
He says, staring down into the well.

Many trap-doors are awaiting you every moment,
lurking on your floorboards, hiding in your shirts,
invisible, couched in your usual words.

But one can't live like this, the goddess says,
rubbing herself with oil.

What if you didn't go out at all?
Learn how to be by yourself first.

Easy for a goddess. In a golden bed
as warm as a womb. Where I am is wet.

And symphonies of double-talking bugs
swarm over my head, headed for the river.

Only a prince is surefooted wherever he goes.
Only he believes in trap-doors.

All doors lead back to your castle.

Omnipresent, but never where I can see you.

I'm beginning to believe that you *are* the castle.
It certainly tastes like you.

But that doesn't explain the salt.
Victor that I am, life in the clouds.

I can be anyone I want to as long as I'm moving.
But it won't last forever. Where are you?

Who speaks into my marrow, voice like a tremor
of sheet metal shaken in a narrow tunnel.

Every door leads from one room into another.
I'm never anywhere other than in your room.

I could keep myself alive by licking your walls.

It's so full here. I'm so hungry.

But you taste milky white. Chalk or ground
stars finer than flour. Lemon on fish.

Potpourri on the sideboard.
Every night's a midnight snack.

When I close my eyes I'm reading
a page that didn't exist. But could have.

That's when I need to wake up.
With my mouth on the wall of your corridor.

There is no time but the intervals
between your calls.

I don't know how quick I'm moving.
I don't know when I am or am not eating.

Why has this room no floor? Why has this floor no bottom?

I can see the top of my head.

The sun is shining up through my feet.

Hundreds of unquestioning faces look up at me.

Without fear of burning their eyes.

Below even the undersea kingdoms

a princess clips her nails on a mirror as large as a beach.

And I'm not sure what kind of water that is ebbing towards her.

We don't know where we'll stop moving.

Objects are the speech of the world

of God talking into you.

You have no control over where you are.

Swim thru the torrent of blood.

The gates of the terrible city
are trying to snatch you back.

It's not about relief; it's not about you.

Whose blood do you think this is?

Don't look at anyone else.

It all comes from you, but it's not yours.

Women falling left and right.

Small animals crushed in the earthquake.

And one woman down. Me.

Shouting my name to the people on the banks.

Why don't they remember me?

It changes you to be inside that place for so long.

Things work differently where I'm going.

I'm going to smell like everybody.

Everyone laughs at me from the banks
of the torrent I tumble down, gushing,
head and arms bobbing in and out of the folds.

Write into the fear. No. Write out of it.

Even now, I'm the one feeling the vortex.
This is my blood, I realize, looking around.
I am the only person who's ever lived,
and all of you are breathless, sound-images,
watching me carried by my own fluids,
enough to fertilize a nation's worth
of geranium bushes
that line the public walkways...

I go as any other river goes:
the water reaching the ocean eventually
but me, the stream, always failing to get there.

The voices of the jungle are the voices of my friends.

Overwhelmed in the world of sensations.
I can't hear them addressing me.
But they do— call out all at once.
A sonority loud enough to put you to sleep
in this world of backwards imagination
in the thicket of which I've pitched my tent.

The man holds out his hand when he talks about them:
swamp here, snake there, tiger lily, garnet.
All laid before us, in this cradle of warmth
that spawns us out of ourselves.

I want someone to remember me by my deeds.
A crowd of creatures with wings
cawing louder than everyone else
and finding me kind enough to see them.

He enters my clean and illuminated room.
It is you who are the kind one, I hear myself saying.

A person can only recognize one hundred voices.

Like ancient Chinese bells in your living room.

Your eyes flutter underneath my end-table.

I could never sound like he does.

All night long I betray you.

He turns all my furniture into instruments.

Did I know you back then?

I'm trying to forget his voice.

I'm filling myself with your objects.

Float through me on your worktable.

I have a water tunnel at my center

That funnels out of my inner lake.

Where does all this water come from?

I realize that all of it's you.

I am endless, unable to touch myself.

Please let me stand in your wake.

We should have been cut off sooner,
He said, every time we went to the bar.

Cut off— as if we were fingers
severed from the hand of a god.

Which, incidentally, we are.
Little toadstools wobbling around the Earth.

Somehow grown smart enough to plunder.
We should have been cut off sooner.

I need to get back to my room.

It looks like there's a lot going on out here
but no one knows a thing.
Because there's not a single thing to know,
on which to focus. But inside
all there is to look at is you,
which is all I want,
warm beyond mere temperature,
conductive of real heat, which comes through you,
my only door to the source,
and I can hear it rushing, humming,
inside you as your blood, which mirrors it,
fills me up
so the sun and moon can bathe
in *me*, splashing
in the grotto I've made them.

Open your breastplate and let me in.

But you tell me there's no door.

Then how did I ever get out?

I remember a little latch, small steel hinges
that swung open to the room in your heart.

It's cold on this field. I'm a blade of grass
wispy and prone to the wind, though so close to you,
who are protected by the wealth of this country
and the clear-hearted love of your countrymen.

I want it, too, their hands around *my* torso,
reaching through you, who are around me, to me,
protecting me from everyone who wants to transform me
into the sky, the white air, the shivering grass,
I can look at, and hear, but am not threatened by.

Stanzas in Egypt

1.

He has painted all the doors in this town.
There is no certainty in the clouds.
You close your blinds on my garden.
How many more of me are there out here?
God who picks up my feet.
The consonants trip along the rocks.
My phonetic way to find you.
Who comes to the aid of the garden?
I put my ear on the side of your wheel.
People expect you at a certain time.
How long can I keep it up? Can you?
You leave for a new neighborhood on your wings.
These aren't wings.
For you to think, or pray, or hunt.
Paint me in the shadow of your afternoon.
Having brought you these arms full of branches.
I want you to make the light work for me.

2.

A crowd of people all speaking at once.
They have never met each other, but come together in your mouth.
One face, a thousand breaths.
Who could condemn you for that?
Not me, I tie my head on in the morning.
But the wind wants to ruin my game.
Too much talking under the fence.
Too many names to my friends.
I want only one person to talk to. You.
And I open every other until I find you.
I put you in people to make them you.
Whenever I speak to somebody that's what I'm doing.
The man in me needs you to turn me around,
bring me back the other way.
How else could A become B?
The cathedral imagines itself
crumbled at your feet.
Your words that can engineer backwards.
Your hands that can strangle Merlin.
I want to be small in your giant's apartment
and tiptoe around on feet no bigger than pinheads,
hide behind the door, wait for you to smell me out.
See me. Make me grow until I fit right in your sternum.
And can sleep there, take my baths there,
while you lie in a ray of sun under the window.

3.

The light is waiting for me for a change.
All the other components are there.
I am almost about to know something.
I have to arrive before anything happens.
And not speak until I need to.
No matter how long it takes
to get used to your sense of time.
Finally I have something to show you.
It's been in my bag all along.
I say I forgot it was in there, but that's a lie.
I wasn't intending on taking it out.
I didn't know when or where. Here.
We can barely fit in this corona of light.
But I love being in it with you,
watching the city become another city
and carrying all the holidays we never took part in
around in our bellies.

4.

I shouldn't have told him my name.
Even though he doesn't know what it means
lying in my gold cloth.
I took it down from the walls.
When will you sleep somewhere new?
We touch each other against the panels,
which turns the eye to that place
and makes it the new center of the universe.
But the same old rules apply.
The same old ghosts live in this new wood.
We'll have to wear big shoes at first.
You'll know you're there when the snake uncoils
and stretches its rusty way up, a little sore at first.
Who knows if it ever went away, or you just got used to the feeling.

5.

I don't want to shake you off with the rest.
You can hear them downstairs.
Why do I have to be up here?
Mischievous is older than sex, you say.
But then who would there be to play tricks on?
Naked in a giant flowerpot.
Quiet even when it starts to rain.
Again and again, you tear down a wall I can't see.
Some people get hooked on it, you say, the lucky ones.
Nothing began in a dream.
It was cold when the lights came on.
Or was that the sun?
Someone had to take away my steeple.
Why does that make you sad?
How alone can you be?
If you're teaching yourself lessons.
What do you think teaching is?
I know it by the feeling.
I hide underneath your table to listen to you.

6.

The Purple Martins were putting a storm in the sky,
but no rain — just darkness and heat
and a glow from over the levee
that tasted like the end.

Our bright way back into the earth
when knowledge of other places goes quiet,
and we are what's under our feet.

This might be the last time I see them return, I thought. It was.

Now I'm banging on the door of the sun
because nobody's going to carry our messages for us,
having forgotten my family who lives in the trees
and my family that stays under the sidewalk.

You might as well talk to me while we're here
on this hill with no one around,
not even a house for miles, no smoke,
just your clear face and these bright hanging apples
on trees that must have been planted by someone.

7.

This October we're celebrating the brick buildings by the river,
their yards overgrown with medicinal weeds,
early anesthetics that everybody's long forgotten.
But not me. Despite my useless hands.
All they know how to do is touch.
And sometimes neither of us likes it.
But I do it. That's the important thing.
With my six arms.
A sun thornier than weeds.
A sky suspiciously empty.
Who's this singing in my park?
Where the leaves are a light shade of black,
and the change is so small it's not worth picking up.
Heavier than it is valuable.
So here we are, standers in a long line.
There's nothing for us to do but what we want.
What doesn't require a body.
I'll take whatever body I can get.
You'll go where the birds tell you.
Until you realize you can't keep doing what they say.
You're tired of walking. You want to talk.
Were they really even birds?

8.

He was smiling everywhere.
His loud grimace gleamed off into the night.
In here we're only somewhat human,
suspended in a world of one sitting.
Long suppers in late August.
Perpetually edible. But never quite eaten.
Poppies in bags by the roadside.
He looks at me backwards.
The night has gone on for twelve hours.
But we're still not ready for the party.
It only looks like a party.
Let them think that.
Around the brim, then into the center.
Where it's soft and still warm, you can dig a hole.
The lid of the moon pops off, and a milky substance pours fourth.
Lighter than water, sharper than air.
Thicker than steam in color.
We're not cold anymore.
Everyone who's going to be here is here.
There are no other ones.

9.

It's not as difficult as it looks. It's harder.

I want my whispers to be your trees. I couldn't tell you.

Muttering in the evening.

It's more than anything they can give you.

At mass or covered with moss.

Surely God gave us these paths.

I swear like a rabbit

in pursuit of my mistress.

My monster. Alone since dawn

waiting by himself in the foyer.

I am so sorry. I press my head to your ankle.

10.

I've just discovered that I can see without saying.
What happens if I almost speak?
I would like to paint a vine on your wall.
The opposite of a garden— bringing the outside in.
A day is named by whatever its painting looks like.
You can always go deeper into a landscape
because a landscape is something you are not in, by definition.
Get rid of the story by what grows there.
Asleep on the arm of an oak-tree, or here in your room.
It's only something to look at while I'm gone.
To think of sideways while you're painting.
Sometimes you've got to work from the top down.
The snake is glowing on the bricks.
We paint the gods.
The only thing you're forbidden from making is a person.

11.

I have to stay in the ground for a while now.
I'm trying to learn how to live
buried, to return with the warm rain.
A man once told me that I don't owe anyone anything.
I cut him up and put him in the pot.
But he didn't come back to life.
Not like the ram, who, after being dismembered
and boiled with my substances,
sprang up and out a younger version of himself.
He has embarked on a new life. He springs
quick-footed through woods of wet boulders.
Given a chance at revision. Saved
by my catalyzing hands
which work without my instruction, following nature
who now turns her forces on me, stirs the soil around me
interred within her, less restless than I could have guessed.
My job was once to mimic her. Now I have to obey.
I only get softer and softer.

12.

The day itself is performing miracles.
There's hardly anything for you to do.
The only gift you'll ever receive.
The golden apparition leading itself
across the grass that you can no longer see.
You remember that there are songs you don't know.
Friendly sages, hiding behind the trees.
You wish you knew what to call them.
Suddenly you do: red maple, sassafras, black locust
all over the pavement.
The forearm of God is leaning on this hill.
The maple flings balls of fire.
Girls are more girls than they've ever been.
Even the boys are girls.
Squirrels and groundhogs hover a couple of inches
without fear that they'll ever have to stop running.

13.

Love me for very few things.

The eerie light of an even afternoon,
fish scales ripped off at the lake,
mother of pearl glistening in your muddy hand,
as we're putzing around this organic agora.

A warm holiday at low tide.

Thousands of years of development, only recently exposed. To us.

The culmination of three months' drought.

And our new shoes.

We can almost walk our way into the center of the Earth
for a small sacrifice.

But of what? we don't know. Or when.

Did I give it up before I was born? Or will it be ripped from me tomorrow?

Will you? Who have followed me all the way to my old woods?

That I can hardly say are mine. That I have almost nothing to do with, yet they're of me.

Pouring out of my face when you smell me.

Love me for what you work out when you touch me.

14.

I have the ability to drink whatever I like— even this.

My mother nursed me on *arche*.

Liquid and solid. Food and drink.

And instilled in me the beginnings of everything.

My veins full of seeds.

Handfuls of uncut semi-precious gems.

On a beach, we can't see what our sand is made of.

My tongue becomes our floor.

With the sea life dead, you have to find a new tomorrow.

Begin digging at the bottom of the ocean.

I'm down there, opening and closing my legs

so I churn up the sand, billowing slowly

into fecund yellow clouds.

15.

Myth brightens our intelligence.

It hones, beginning here,

and makes us as centers of the world insignificant.

Does it?

How do you explain why something is real, just real?

Why should you need to?

I'm saying far more than I should. More than I think I am.

When I speak in this gesturing way

and get my friends and my demons mixed up

so you see us on the bus as one person,

realizing my pockets are empty, and I never paid my fare.

My purse must be on the other side of town, by now,

and I have no way back.

A gracious woman lets me borrow her phone,

but then of course she has to get off.

I can't count any higher than four.

I will never think myself out.

16.

Before any of the lights come on
or the lamps blow out of the tent
the performers go home; I pack up my wheel.
The outskirts of town are only for mangy dogs now
and girls chewing bubblegum, like me, cautiously
miniskirted and weaving my way around the rusty fence
trying to find my bike.
That's not me— I'm still inside.
It's windy and vacant, save for me and the dirt
and my crystal ball that it's too dark to use.
So whence do these visions come?
When am I going to go home?
Isn't *this* home? Where I'm alone? And there's nobody here to watch me?
A home should be dark and warm,
with a piece of light coming in where the cloth folds
or rather hasn't finished folding.
I can see every woman on Earth from in here.
Myself a womb-man for all women.

17.

Are you around the way tonight? he asks
from under the bruised branches
so busy that he looks like he has nothing to do
but stand there, shoulder cocked towards me and relaxed,
making me realize that there's no "other side" of anything
but that everything we know lies somewhere beneath these oaks,
walking on a sidewalk, or sitting on a bench,
mulberries heavy with night, and many mysterious caverns
carved out by the boughs, dark and low, but sound as a glove underneath
whence the light emanates, from where, from you?
Or from under our feet, or the autumn moon,
or maybe a lantern attached to your scalp by a line
so it bends and hangs over your head, you anglerfish.
Why shouldn't I be around?
I would like to meet you in the park.
The one your smile carved out of the forest.
Why shouldn't you be my brother?
Whom I invite to lay in my bed when I have a headache
and listen to the sound of rain or large leaves
hit the awning at unusual intervals.

18.

Near a river, October, and ensconced in shadow,
vaults of light are raking each other
across old branches and fallen leaves.
Uncreated wreaths burnt early
by leather gloves that never got a chance to manhandle.
We forget there's such a thing as water
stuck somewhere between steam and ice.
But my swift hand moves us along.
I'm not going to reassure you of anything.
You're going to have to learn how to paint with it
or pour it back into the earth.
You can go to that creepy grove behind the house
where water chestnuts are strung with twine
and two old coconuts mounted upright on spears stare at you
in your hammock that sags to the ground,
where it's lush with wild onions in the spring.
Pour it there. Or anywhere. But where no one can see it.
Here. I will stand and keep watch
and cover it with leaves when you're done.

19.

Through writing I get to be a boy.

Because *aiodós*, singer, *aiodē*, song, as we all know.

It's not for nothing.

Otherwise I wouldn't have dreamt it.

Last night. Again. I was sitting on the rock by the rushing water
when they came up and showed me the mirror.

Or rather, showed me myself— never the mirror— and told me what I was.

And I thanked them because otherwise I wouldn't have known,
would have kept on making a fool of myself.

Forgive me for what I'd done until then, what I've done until now.

I'm beginning here. It's never too late to start
building some momentum for yourself.

20.

The risk of returning to Paradise
is always looming over my shoulder.
And I'm looking for the entrance, the keystone to this wall
which walking I'm sidled beside
as if with every step I took it took one too
changing in color and aspect, mood and height,
sometimes dripping with top-heavy vines, worked out of stone,
other times a concrete wall, when the light is coming from nowhere
and speaks only of machines, never of me,
or this wet world, of plants and people,
what a rock looks like before someone gets their hands on it.
But as long as I'm able to touch it, to see and sit upon it,
a wide stone, to be my lover's smooth shoulders
while my husband's out teaching
and I'm left here alone with no instruction

21.

I can't begin anything with you in here.

Put me to sleep first.

It's been a long time since you gave me somewhere to go.

Who am I to know? Empty-handed.

Break a woman open to the light.

There's always another. On the road.

To move at all is to be in constant uncertainty,

and to speak is to move more than moving.

Only honest when walking in the bike lane.

You're hardly breathing.

I am not a bridge.

I am more a thief than you.

22.

The moon is under your arm.

Honey, come out.

What did I think he said?

That's just what I would expect to hear from Mr. Lila's Cat.

Scratching the night with his long back.

And then it's back out into uncertainty.

The wind is shaking the balcony.

Don't clean it. I'll get it.

Or do you want it left that way?

It's auspicious to let everyone know.

For your skin to rumple a little under its weight.

Like your neighbor forced to carry a boulder
and other scenes that would make you smile.

I turn off my brain when I come in here.

There are so many other sources of light.

23.

I don't want to hear about your father, I said,
squeezing his cheeks so his mouth popped out like a fish.
Icy water ran over the deck
smelling like the dismembered body parts of every kind of thing.
Is there any difference between seascape and landscape? Besides the sea?
The hat knitted by his mother
has gone overboard, maybe back to her,
having deemed me unworthy
of showing the world who's who.
Omitted from the landscape's register.
Where all of the land is water.

24.

I know you're talking about it, over it, through it
to me, where you've been going all along.
Who has never had to do it alone.
Held up on your belly by the ocean's tongue,
better than a boat, by the One Immutable
re-iterating her multiplicity
of which pollution is just a broader manifestation.
Don't be afraid of her crashes.
Wait here until you can get a good look.
The fear will never go away, but you still have to look.

25.

You in particular. We know who you are.
You opened the window out.
Where panes of night with silver edges
bit me on the cheek.
Formed a white spiral
of shrapnel, burst of a heart,
of the airbag that's supposed to protect you.
A limit is whatever you're inside.
Except when I'm inside you.
You backwards house of mirrors.
You room full of trains.
Clocks keeping time for every part of the world.
I can hear the rabbit thumping his foot downstairs
in your coronary artery, signaling
blood vessels that need to be broken
or at least cleaned. It's been over a week.
I hurry in with my broom.
I will brush out all of the sense
so you can be brave.

26.

Foregrounded in the oak
the nymph of tomorrow
hugs the knight
who has a different color skin than she,
but the door opens easily
when she knows it's him.
She lowers herself down on a swing
and leads him into her room
in the trunk. Don't sneeze.
Wouldn't want to light a candle either.
In this nighttime story that never ends.
We turn and don't know when we've stopped.
Is the door on the floor?
Finally a long time ago I see *me*
younger, at the end of your windtunnel
walking towards us. Come here! I cried.
But then I remembered it's both of us.

27.

The Earth embarrassed at having snowed so early
rains down upon herself. Mouths.

But it's quiet in the woods, which have been robbed of their will
and ability to retain their own silence.

The pat-pattering takes over, of droplets on snow.

How could this be a good thing?

You laugh at me, but I'm not kidding.

Although it may be funny to see me, hands in the wind, interpreting
my own good omens out of nowhere.

Or interpolating— putting them where they shouldn't be.

I won't be minding them anyway.

Divination is the show of the events it predicts.

28.

Ill-prepared he walks alongside his own detention.
The veil slips for a moment, but he doesn't realize he's free.
He only sees me, the window to his reckoning.
But I don't recognize him, who looks used to the cold.
The same as he did in my living room
cutting someone quickly up.
It's still dripping. I said,
Keep yourself hidden, Giton.
Learn to love the *sciniphes*, the bedbugs,
that drop and crawl into your orifices.
Your discomfort is your safety, as usual.
Keep all of these stalks inside you.
Eventually the people will come counting.
What will you do then?
The vermin will lead you out,
show you their secret holes they've bored in the house
and hide you under their wings.

29.

I hadn't been putting anything together.
The sky was the color of an angry woman
lost in the Gulf of Mexico
so far out that Giant Jellyfish sat her on their tops
and carrying her around on those fleshy caps
delivered a gift to the world.
Where does the anger go?
When you're living in the realm of the dead.
But never dying yourself. The cargo of spirits.
On your way to the end of the horizon.
Your *thumos* sinks to the bottom of the sea.
I hadn't been expecting anything
when they called me away that morning.
Snow was floating in the yard
and I knew I had to go. I know I went.
But I'm not sure what of me they left.

30.

This place is very comfortable

I say about your apartment.

The woman is in the window.

She thought she saw Mary coming out of the bath.

Imagine— to have a vision that strong

and scoff at it later.

To have never seen a mirror.

31.

They towed the numbers all the way up the river.

You had to know at least some basic arithmetic.

Others worked the oars.

It's all pretty simple, Euclidian, he said.

Folding his hands into each other.

And then you get there and they've already built the pyramids.

The girls are turning into cats in the street.

Men are falling to their knees.

A woman keeps her wrists close to the corners of her bed
to make sure that everyone can get at her.

The tails of the flower blow in unexpected directions.

All the leading men have already come and gone.

The threes break loose in your head.

Born to be great.

Nothing is black but figures and mud.

The thesis is a footprint.

The message is the spirit-beast
you thought you came to worship.

32.

Close your mouth or you'll let all your power escape.
The life of the mind is not wider than your tightest orifice.
Any longer than your shortest arm.
Any louder than your loneliest hour.
The gesture of my wings tells you what you're going to dream.
The way my ankles shine.
I am the prominent vision above your building.
I've already woken up. I never slept.
Look at all the knots I've tied around this city.
My good friend the white of the sky lets you see me
and I hide underneath his eyelid at night
in the microscope of God. Look at me.

33.

The wind ends at my skin.
Take off your shirt in the museum
of my thighs. Begin there
and you'll never have a problem with seeing.
I am fluted all the way to my center,
and when it rains my ridges gleam
with all the whispers spoken between them.
Who did *you* used to be?
Tell me about the knife. Again.
Why don't I ever tell you to stop?
I want to go down every alleyway,
until all the galleries are mine
and there's nothing I'm afraid to talk about.

34.

Her name cannot be spoken.
She doesn't need your poems.
Doesn't even listen to what you're saying
when you're crying into her corners.
She just rubs your shoulders and gives you a big wet kiss.
Nobody knows what I know.
O mommy. She knows.
Otherwise I wouldn't be able to stand it.
Just her and me. And she will keep knowing,
having sunk fathoms into the ocean,
wise and smiling with her secrets
I divulge in speeches
to the crowds waiting on the levee.

35.

The fish never stops flying up there, does he?

Down here at my desk which is a door

I see who I used to be.

The wolf in the house of mirrors

which have all been painted white.

So it's just a maze. Bumping around.

How could anyone be afraid?

I am, of the hexes they put on me. My own guts. My hands.

But never my hair. Life-force

unafraid to spread.

The strands on my table cannot be grasped.

You pull them out of your ears.

The fish turns. This time I don't look up.

But I hear him.

36.

He always has something to say, she says.

Her voice in the kitchen lifts up through the grate.

I have no suggestions for you.

My lower right abdomen hurts.

Choose wisely, she said, her face lit from beneath.

She chose the card that *was* her, he said.

The windows were so hot that they fell off the house.

The wood melted. My heart sank.

I thought it would be larger than that.

Maggie was up in the air again, waving her arms
and smiling down from the blue.

I can barely sit up.

Take her onto the porch, he said.

I think it's my heart. Dropped down to be near my intestines.

It's as if my appendix were going to burst again.

Gym class. Hapax legomenon.

No one knows what kind of friends we are.

She cooked the fish she brought home in the bag.

It hung out of her pocket. I left in her car.

But I wasn't gone for long.

37.

Today's Halloween.

Sit alone by yourself in the cold, he said.

You've been getting too lofty up there.

I didn't notice that my turnip was turning soft.

It will rot soon. What then?

We the Earth will keep it for thousands of years
like the ancient Irish preserved their lanterns— in the cold

peat moss, face masks, feathers

still clinging with the original dirt they fell into,

hardly changed, when you press it against your cheek.

You couldn't just go out and buy them.

You had to work really hard.

The light dims. Her face is his face.

And neither of them is mine, across the table.

Where did I go? And how did these two come to be speaking?

They jabber on with hundreds of voices.

I am the candle leaking onto the wood.

My only purpose is to light up your hands.

38.

Where's my scepter? You asked.
Pouring over the black
pool, while hundreds of hands
groped upwards to try to reach you.
What else do you have to do tonight?
I see an island of flat-topped trees.
And droplets of paint bead underneath
for us to rub in. My foot
on the hem of your robe halts you
striding down your court.
Robes, horses, dark wood.
November of the first new batch of dark thoughts.
The music floats out of the trees that are still adjusting,
like black hairs dappling a woman's skin.
How close can you get?
In here you can tell right away.
We put our noses against it, then backed off.
Here's the name of our conquest.
I lay it all on our communal table.
I am the man herself, in person, presiding.

39.

You will get along so well with her, I said.
I can see you now, turning your big blue key.
The many shades of shadow we move in
like unconcerned ghosts, knocking about
and never making any sound.
How did you do it to her?
You told me to wait an hour.
And I did, under the stairs
where the household beggar sleeps,
who is little do you know your own son
waiting for you to bring him some scraps of bread.
But isn't that how it always goes.
Now we call him St. Alexius.
Just one touch and the fluid pours forth.
Nighttime during the day.
Dusk of low intensity.
Nothing burning. Everything floatingly under.
As if dust from a volcano were blocking the sky,
forty years of ash and dark. Even the butterflies'
babies are born with grey tears on their wings
so they can hide when clinging to chimneys.

40.

When the rabbit chews you can see his rolls make him stately.

Voluminous flesh and fur.

Prominent aspect of the corner.

Voiced earlobe. Curved sides.

He claims independence

several times throughout the night.

With his face he rustles the pellets in his bowl

as if searching for the jewel he desires.

My words are flies

evading his hallowed apertures.

41.

It's so simple you don't even have to speak.

Lay the rose by the white god's head.

The bust of my marble ancestor
yearning for golden tones.

But it won't work. She never did,
and she isn't working now. Look up.

There's a war in that beam of sun.

The motes blaze their assault.

The black cat doesn't notice as she lies in the circle
the carcasses settling on her fur.

42.

No direct outlet for the sun.

I had been running for about three hours
in a circle around the bayou.

My violinist had moved to another step
the second time I came around,
and on my third circuit he was gone
from the grey stone footbridge altogether.

The bugs and palmettoes had gotten so wild
he couldn't hear.

43.

I saw all kinds of whales, I said,
having just returned from my trip to the Arctic.
My fishing rod broke almost instantly.
But we were well stocked with Saltines.
My stomach growled at the ice moon
who loved it when we spat at him.
I hallucinated that I was peeling oranges
in the morning but it was just my guide
breathing out hoarfrost in clouds
that smelled like the orchards of home.
The stinky black waves were crashing into our floes.
We must have evolved from a different kind of ocean.
It couldn't have been this one.

44.

Which means going out of our way,
exploring new holes in the hall,
not the bathroom but a hovel of ghosts,
not the stairs but a star-way of light.
All evenings feel the same
even when it's morning
several times throughout the night.
I hear her returning, then changing her mind.
Our world of uncertain limits
blurred for the duration of her ventures.

45.

Something's changed.

As if the vampire revealed himself to be a tree.

Why then all this studying?

The car speeds off of the roadway.

Fallen from the uphill slope.

Former vampires leering and sleeveless.

Don't worry about last night.

This is one of the best highways out here.

You found the room; it's yours.

But we're not mermaids;

we live in the mountains;

our coats are cleaned by the elements,

rushing downhill through the evergreens,

waking everyone into sleep.

November

1.

The girl has the same hands as me.
She's a warrior, too.
But smaller-palmed, pushing her way
through throngs of Nordic fighters
to get to the front of the line.
No one sees her
even as she's slipping out the back door
of the enemy's tavern,
potions in her purse,
silent, but smiling just in case.
Thinking more than this room, yes?
More than this village
or the crude fountain in the center of town
bubbling over with mead
that she's never paid any attention to.
She wanders long paths in the dark
even in the middle of the day.

2.

I came home and a man was sleeping on my porch.
That's the second one in two months.
This one had a raggedy blanket wrapped around him.
I invited him in for cereal.
I told him about my problem.
I said I don't think it can be true.
He said I'm sorry but it probably is.
I said I think I have to be dreaming.
I know the state of the world, and this isn't it.
Despite these sparkling lawns
I've just come rolling out of,
boys sleeping on one's porch
but not the ones that one wants to have sex with.
A world where the right one, the one who's mine,
tells me he doesn't want me anymore,
and I can't speak any languages.

3.

Is that salt or snow on the ground?
I walk comfortably knowing who I am.
A man. Salt.
I kiss the ground.
And say Thank you great great granddaddy
for sending me to school.
My friend walks by
the corner store where I'm standing
wearing the same jacket as I am.
It belonged to his granddad
who wore it when he went fishing.
I went fishing once
when I was nine years old
with a purple plastic net
in the Orleans Avenue Canal.
I caught a netful of minnows
but threw them out
when I saw their eyes.

4.

I am the Page of Swords.
My foot is as big as a ship.
My sky is a blade of thought.
It's exactly as she said.
Don't *clear* your mind
but let it become something else
roomy and rippled with breezes
that mingle with warm and cool.
I wobble a little under its emptiness.
How full it is.
Anything could pass through here.
And suddenly a kite
flown by the Page of Wands
leers into me, as cresting and taut
as the elbow of a hard-working arm.
I lean into its seductions
and we break. The wind dies.
My forehead hits the rug.
The aperture closes.

5.

When will I learn to keep my secrets secret?
I think, after being exposed.
But they're no fun if nobody knows them.
I pull the crystal out of its box to show you.
And I want to tell everyone that I showed you.
I am a monk. Our secrets are public.
There's no shame in the life of God.
You stick to one theme
and perform slight variations
gradually coming closer
and further away from the woods
while everyone or nobody watches.
Because you're always being watched.
By yourself. And you are God.
And so am I. So I'm watching you
do your quick tricks alone at night,
Pour your cereal in the morning.
But I still want to have secrets.
What can we keep?
Everything. Because out in the open
is the best place to hide.
Keep this in your pocket. It's my song
played on an unnamed instrument. Underwater.
When all the animals lived in the sea
and I still didn't know what I was
except when I thought of you.

6.

I'm still in the field where you left me.

My skin is turning silver
and it's almost Thanksgiving.

Winter is finally beginning
to make its musical sound
now that there are no plants
or animals left to inhibit it.

So where are you? Snowshoe rabbit
leaping across the expanses of fluff
without ever actually touching it?

You whom they write songs about,
always going somewhere,
ship on your ethereal sea.

7.

After a while I understand
how her bare feet rest on the pebbly shore
on the edge of a deserted world.
Except for the cherubs that rise from the waves,
the jewel-toned creations
which grope their way towards her,
there's nobody left but her and her fountain
which is her stomach— not her womb—
and everything she fondles in her hands
is a body part of you.
We can't evade it.
I don't want to be self-sufficient.
There's no such thing.
The swirls make love to the sand
and I don't even notice that it's day all day,
entangled within the banana plants.
Be careful. The maroon velvet bud
that hangs at the tip— That's not you.
Stay still. I'm coming.
I have just begun to listen
to the only advice I will ever be given.

8.

I wait all night for her or him to come.

I suppose I'm her.

See me draw myself on the mantle
of your body, your chest

where your breaths buck forward
into whatever you're touching.

I wake up. I get my stuff
out of the back of the truck.

Black as the night I need it to be
to begin digging for you,
for me, otherwise I might see me
uninvited and rifling through myself.

I take you in my hand and blow you
until you become full-sized, tree-sized
loping through the swamp,
several hundreds of years old, rougarou,
whom nobody knows about
but everybody knows about.

9.

I still don't trust him.

Nobody that comes in a flying machine.

That holy blue between you
that keeps you from being each other.

Who otherwise looks the same
and does everything he can to touch me.

His wise and helpful arm
reaching across our table or our gulf,
ignoring the other, who under the table
is stroking my knee.

The grip of a hand that finally feels what it knows.

10.

Afraid of the reproductive capabilities of the sky,
the men and women of Earth
amused themselves by making more.
And I highly trained speak of them
hoarding water for only themselves.
And not enough. Locked in blocks of ice
salt oceans— undrinkable worlds
of dark liquid. We cringe
at the thought of touching themselves
and each other in our houses made of ice.
The man I just met unbuttons himself in front of my face.
Headache in the center of our union.

11.

Sleepy with fishermen
throwing their nets around me
—Not on me; near me
not minding my slumped
slumbering figure in the middle
dreaming of being a sailor
of any kind, on these waters
I smell even in my dreams.
And navigating the map, me,
who knows only one thing:
the difference between the river and the sea.

13.

I wake up and don't remember going to sleep.

Those witches lured me

to lie down in their grasses

as if it were Springtime,

a sunny house, just past noon,

and not late November, the woods

rickety and full of cold fog.

I don't know how much is true

or how much I should tell you.

When did the dream begin?

Or end? When did you leave?

You wouldn't— You carried me out

as I nestled between the paps

of that lovely spell lowered onto me.

They only wanted to make sure

you were strong enough, willing,

and that it tasted good to me.

14.

Feel me becoming your seascape
my legs your castles
my stomach your sunlight
my toes the tips of your wave
Folded. And unfolded.
Broken near the hip
to let you in.
I want the sky to always be grey
so we can be algae
licking up the rocks.

15.

You said it was a stranger
but I hold it as if it were mine
all night long in the train compartment.
I call him Name, and kiss him
with the end of my finger
as if it were burnt
and I were pressing it into a stick of butter,
or soaking it overnight in rose water.
Only one among many
songs you could sing
about that place that you're in.

16.

Do you remember what you'd been saying?

Along the side of the road
where all fortunes are told.

You don't predict me—
we have been prefigured
and preceded— hear them
alluding to something else
with their instruments.

We don't really have a choice.

So where are we, again?

Somewhere we can't hear the house,
harmless and never alone
with our thumb deep in the sun.

17.

The mouth has trouble knowing what to say.
I find my speech on the sidewalk
that paves its way into the dark of my sleep,
the forest, where a woman is presiding—
A ghost? White all over her gown, as if powdered,
who makes the space around her glow
not with goodness, just light.
All the leaves turn over for her,
show their most interesting sides
to be rings on her fingers.
She is the dry flame, hidden in the lamp,
sodium-vapor that permits others color.
All the animals join into one, and supplicate
themselves at her knee
their chin to her leaves
thanking her for their words,
for giving them themselves.

18.

The rain outside determines a structure
that gives us carpeting and overhead lights,
a noisy printer, and a girl bending over,
a big boy reading a tiny book, mouthing in French.

The lights go on and off.

She gets angry with me
but I have no language, just this sweater,
hardly enough for winter.

But a shepherd doesn't need to speak.

Just pipe on his aulos
and pick his feet up off of the ground,
move his herd through waves of mist.

I'm the one that needs language.

19.

I saw another girl writing my book in the rain.
The sky was playing my song.
I got into the car
and they were playing it in there, too.
It was in a different language
but I still wanted to sing.
This one is about me— just me—
carried by your caravan.
Look at all your cars, sloshing
wooden wheels down watery streets.
I want to be those, too.
I want them to smell like me
so when you're coming this way you will know
this is where she is.

20.

Under the Earth where we live in abundance

I grew up in a cornucopia.

Down where we're close to the sun,

where our lips touch her forehead,

and are sunburned already by noon.

The real chosen ones are those who are punished.

What did you think a blessing looked like?

There are no contradictions.

21.

When the moon falls out of the sky...

Don't talk to me like that.

Oh my boyfriend is lost at sea.

He's gone. We've ruined him.

Caught in the net of ourselves.

And now there is nothing left.

Who will help me speak?

Who will listen?

While I work things out.

The girls from my village run down to the water

to look where they might find him,

but there is only a new mineral taste to the wind

and nothing to show them

their own reflections.

22.

You put my name back where it belongs

I said, and then assented.

How could I argue with a face like that?

Like *what*? She said, disapprovingly.

The thick ringlets of his ancestors

fall behind his ears,

and up from his shirt collar comes

the smell of living in the trees

by day, sneaking into cities at night.

I help him steal the milk

from my daddy's goats.

23.

My stomach gives meaning to the dance
I do in front of the mirror
on top of your dresser
piled up with clothes
while you're in the shower
or in front of the window
that looks out onto the street
hoping someone will see
my new belly dance.
I am a pearl
and I move through these rooms
looking for the rest of my strand.

24.

The town bell sounds
from beyond where either of us are.
In the corner of my bedroom
with the light red walls, in bed
just lying here.
There's nothing I want to do
but touch you. Build
a new foundation for our minds,
stomach to stomach, leg to leg...
My calves hurt
from walking these medieval streets
on the brink of revelation,
held up to it, constantly.
No one out here but me and the sun.
The world is old.
The tired giants retreat to the hills.
I stay close to you to remain myself.
The me least likely to float away.
Or not *fly*, but deliberately drift
up and above our little town,
the houses, the bar, the gas station,
Hoffman's, with the rusted wheels
sleeping in the yard.

25.

Three months, and I'm still pussyfooting around
like a nobleman with nowhere to go.

But I have everywhere to go.

And I thank God for these magical shoes
that carry me through my ancestral halls
and into your endless forests.

No people here now,

but here and there an old campsite,

a cairn by a stream, ripped nets

flowing downhill, caught on a rock.

Everything that has ever been written

lurks in these woods.

And I travel safely under your riding-cloak

while you're busy somewhere else,

standing at the top of a treeless hill

conversing with envoys of winds

that blow over you, coming from the pale sun.

I go deeper, until it gets so thick I can't see

and the woody chambers echo with voices,

the few of which who *do* see me wondering

who I am and what do I have to say.

26.

The two hands come all the way around
to touch each other,

and hold one heart in the center.

The claddagh ring should be gold.

Because gold and silver
are not two parts of a whole.

No anima and animus—
gold looks down
onto everything else.

God is the sun;
everything else is lesser.

Heart, lion, flame, name.

What looks down on you
is what's up there.

I don't believe in two.

There is One
and then there is Three.

27.

A pinhead of light flies away from my face.

Don't blame any of this on me—

I'm just another schoolboy

doing what they tell me

and writing my poems on the side.

A real witch should never say she's a witch.

Why should she?

I'm too busy building a room

in which my fairies can winter,

recalling my memories

and cleaning them.

It's been a long day but luckily

someone's waiting at home

drinking my wine for me.

28.

I've come to take you away with me.
Out to dance with milk-white waters
until they fall asleep.
I take myself by the hand
and out the front door of my cottage
lead me, into the woods and the fields
to befuddle our heads with pale lights.
Who am I but those reeds?
Rustling against each others' stalks
until my ears rub off and my feet burn up
in the cold waters of the lake.
This cottage belongs to no one
as much as it belongs to me
who burst in here on you, unexpectedly.
I mean to scare you.
To tell you to be careful with your leaping.
The volatile principle is no friend to the hearth
and will steal you while you're awake.

29.

Sometimes running to the things that change us
he comes, addicted to it,
or so he said. I doubted
but took him into my bed.
Never the other way around.
The globe hangs,
a marble from the larger orb;
we're getting better
but farther apart.
I want to be *us* again
inside the yellow lamp,
curled above milk-glass,
not sure what's making the light.

30.

Give me the strength to take what I need
and throw away what I don't.

I push through the miracle waters
until I find some miracles.

Not everything glistens
like the one I remember.

Something of a still life
is always in motion.

The rest of us sit, so here I wait
for our edges to be blurred away.

31.

I stared at the mirror until I saw
all the people I'd ever been.
But I know from a feeling, an internal vision,
that I used to be an archaebacterium
living on the side of a frozen mountain.
But I felt no sensation of cold
and there was nothing I didn't know.
Thank goodness I'm human now.
There are days where he lifts my hair
from the back of my neck...

32.

If only I would stop trying to name you.

What do you want me to do?

It's not about that; it's about me,

and that you are riding your bright orange horse
through the desert into battle.

What battle? You wake up

and have lost everything you'd been carrying.

Feet shifted out of the stirrups

my dreams are made of.

I've never heard you and never will.

I can only speak into myself

and look at what I call you.

33.

You tie a green scarf around your head
and say you'll be someone else for the night.

But aren't you already?

Before you've even finished your sentence
you've changed your clothes.

I'm sorry but it's too long of a walk
and too late at night.

I'm tired of talking about myself
and I'm tired of you
too eager to listen.

Would that I could be someone else
mouthing out of a different orifice
around different words, fingers, teeth.

34.

A hill-dwelling giant had tiny men
planted standing upright in his back.
I thought I'd found a thought
on my way to school
and thought Isn't it a shame
that I keep finding what I look for.
The wave pushes away
but I keep my arm steady, in up to the shoulder.
The god doesn't understand my discomfort.
He's holding all the jewels, as we can see,
and seems to be having no trouble.

35.

The light of the center scatters.

Every home for itself.

The letters blend into one another
and overwhelm the frozen alleyways.

We walked barefoot through a tunnel paved with ice.

I called it a land of unfulfilled miracles
as if it didn't matter

That I could no longer see the planets
swirling around their clogged sink.

The wind down here will still roar through the grass,
the mice still hide under the door,
the witches still be pouncing in the fields.

Eye in the Room: Poems from Balthus

The Mediterranean Cat (1949)

How do they know what kind of beast I am?
All you need is one look at my legs
to know what I'm capable of
as you're moving through our kingdom.

There's another boat below this one—
It's watery counterpart, and upside-down,
just like you have yours and I have mine,
and another one up in the air.

Bright, fixed stripes of sunlight
have never shown themselves until now.
Everybody wants to come to our party
now that we're aware that we're having one.

An alchemical wedding fit for all
at an inconspicuous restaurant.
Him. Her. For once nothing is uncertain
even in this suspicious room.

All can see on the sea.
Kept awake on our spindly legs
and these breezes that come from being up so high
while also so far below

the "real" world, where people live in houses
and talk to each other and look at their mouths.
You've got to eat your way out, to get in.
I should have known this by now.

There was never a doubt in my mind it was good.
He looks up, jaws damp with lemon juice.
Everyone is on the move except us.
All our moving is being done for us.

The King of the Cats (1935)

What? Old Tom dead?
The man doesn't know what he's saying.
Bullrider you have been out too late at night
to come proclaiming into this holy morning.

Only a small mirror is left
to these poor humans for fortune-telling.
And some wisps of hair in their ears
for befuddling the real news.

It's morning yet it's still midnight.
Morning for *me*. My dawn.
I am the specimen of the world.
Always the babe, but now the father, too.

I suppose I have always known what I wanted.
Stone tablets in grass, a heavy night,
and then the dim room after the procession
to dry my gloves by the fire.

But it doesn't matter. Open the grate
to the fireplace of this peasant cottage.
I am never again going to have to wait,
never going to have to shut my mouth.

Larchant (1939)

It's good for me to not get what I want.
Time and time again. The pen pushes back
to where I never thought I'd be.
A beginning, but not *of* anything.

A beginning is that from which
other things naturally follow, say the *Poetics*.
The cows nibble the sky. I call my mother.
I see it all but can't hear a single thing.

The black east settles— Is it morning?
One hundred years ago?— That was a beginning.
I was ripe in every farmer's field.
I was a harvest for the mind.

Now the sky is more diverse than the town.
A chaos of minerals, hectic deliberations
God has left to their own devices, without voices,
angelic motes without an epoch to cling to.

I look at a landscape and see myself.
Houses too poor to pillage.
My hill is the largest thing in the world,
oppressive in its singularity.

But when I look at you I see you.
Who is going to save me?
I'm not going anywhere. I carry
my times of day with me wherever I go.

The Cat in the Mirror (1978)

To finally see the person you've been writing about
—but not *as* a person— for all these years.
The soft features, the raggedy nightgown—
Me. Getting out of bed.

It's morning, but still night in my room.
The fresco flakes off.
Surely something is evolving.

The Cat in the Mirror (1988)

I leave my real legs behind
and take my fake legs with me.
O Mahitabel I've hardly learned how to type
and my hands are already ruined.

Who can give me the shadows I want?
Not you, and that's why I'm leaving.
Maybe someone in this little red book
will wrap their larger arms around me.

Where does such energy come from?
My questions are too big for my bed.
You're laughing at me. How do I know
that you haven't always been?

Why do you think the mirror is black?
I can name at least five reasons.
It's black because I'm not looking at it.
Is that it? Who am I looking for?

The Cat in the Mirror (1990)

I never got my legs back, but I don't care.
I'm the squire I always wanted to be.
That I always was, and knew it,
as long as I stayed on my horse.

They tell me I can't mix present and past.
I say there is no past. Just my hair
longer some days than others.
And there are days when I don't see you.

But everybody's still with me,
still under me, in fact.
The shapes my arms form in the world
move their wings with no distinction.

What is land? What is reluctance?
How do I get to anywhere?
I have complete faith in your circus,
I've fallen into, to take me there.

There are no more me's for me to find.
There are thousands worth running through
and dissolving one after another. I call me
Pheidippides of myself.

So where is there to return to?
The next question
holds my hand
while I do what I need to do.

The Drawing Room (1942)

Afternoon is still asleep.
But the feelings of the room are quickened
even with everyone focused
on their involuntary pursuits.

But one among us is free.
He, having come up from his sightless kingdom,
as if having walked through powdered milk,
has gotten by on narrow knuckles.

S still stands for snake.
But wood is not a tree.
I'd recognize you anywhere.
I know you're following me.

Strike. Six. Six o'clock.
The new bell works, I'm glad to see.
Says a voice trailing in with the subtle wind
not un- invited.

But only one kind of light at a time.
That's why I'll wait. So I can taste it.
I know it's coming because the windows turn green
and the boy is losing feeling in his leg.

The Drawing Room (1943)

We've been cleaned up.
The new ghost says much
but we don't listen. To anyone.
Trains of imprecise density.

Like heat rising from a candle.
We too are taken care of.
Who placed the new bowl on the table
or purchased its peaches? Not me.

Inaction is best enacted together.
It feels a little better.
It's only me again, shimmering
differently on the rug.

Something licks my arm— but isn't there.
Eventually I wake up and there's no one around.
Never a fire. But now a huge snake
slithers under my heavy legs.

Still Life (1937)

Everything's struggling to remain still.
Avoiding a sense of shame underneath
the icy lines of posture
present among these objects.

But is it really shame? Or guilt.
That's not a real dichotomy, he said.
Clutching his cheeks, trying to find
his real body. Shame.

To touch so often it doesn't go numb.
To wake up so often I don't have a chance.
The kitchen's grinding its teeth.
And the dining room? The office?

You have to rely on something.
Here we have both bread and blood.
And cut glass has begun to teeter
on the brink of domestic collapse.

Sights are beginning to close themselves.
So I guess you're coming back.
No one has ever seen a bird
except the one you will have brought.

Still Life (1940)

I champion what I've never seen.
But this exceeds all expectation.
The edges of the tablecloth and of our world
ripple with newfound color.

By which I mean to suggest that hubris
could extend to the natural world, too.
You can tell when something's about to step out of line,
a grass blade, a blue jay, an apple.

Who ruins our hopeful imagery?
Jovial beyond his own brim.
Not paying attention to the other atrocities
quietly committed next door.

It wasn't even hot.
It was still enough to collect dust.
St. Martin hanging his head in the corner
dries his eyes on the neutered velvet.

We recognize a common decency
to which we can peel ourselves down.
Knowing that it's rinsed of that fine
fire when we finally see it.

Fear of Ghosts (1933)

Who is afraid?
Now that I try
even the sun
capsizes me.

Pulls off all my tight
adornments, no tricks
of the night here,
nothing concealed.

From the side he
makes himself known.
Herself? What is it?
The door is closed.

Is there anything
in the middle of the room?
Is this fear?
Or some other emotion?

I am supposed to be afraid.
But the sounds of the city,
buses, yelling in the street,
mock me into forgetfulness.

But he's no more a ghost
than factory smoke.
So what is it that moves me
to where I am?

Stepping out from the Bath (1957)

Careful never to break anything,
my city Melusine
every Saturday alone
wets the entire bath.

Happy to wash the work
and days of her new dependents
off in the tub, the water darkening
under her flapping tail.

Her towel gets wet
before she even steps out.
Hearing only her own singing,
and me thinking only of her.

I'd surrender all of my furniture
to be warped by her temporary sea.
To see the steam floating out those windows.
When are we really alive?

Young Girl Preparing for the Bath (1958)

You turned the bathroom into a cradle.
Graciousness is present here best.
Where the patterns made by the day.
In my deep mind a towel so ready.

Faithful geometry of a man's hand
gives me my presents.
My new fir tree, slippers, tiles,
buttery windowsill for teething.

A low sensation as I put on my stockings.
For once the world shapes to me
spreading outward, showing you
where it is best to be.

Who am I being now?
Nurse or Saint, Mary,
somebody who needs a good powder,
fleshly in herself.

Fresh from the bath.
Pink. Near naked.
And only you knowing
how safe you've made me.

By evening everything out,
making it easy,
dough under your rolling pin,
us in your lukewarm kitchen.

The Cherry-Picker (1942)

Aborting the skull
at the bottom of the tree
she rises one way or another
into the upper throng of branches.

That elusive room
built where the air is different,
a berry riper than yours.
“Feed me ‘til I want no more.”

I fell upwards into the warm wind.
And I could see the other world
I couldn’t from the sidewalk
inside your head.

The tree in front of grandma’s house
with the gardenias growing in front
and the white stream they pour forth
that rolls into the countrysides

I wrote my mother’s name
on a piece of notebook paper
to try to show her the immense light
in the new breath I had found.

As if I could govern
anyone other than myself
or by staring make them ascend,
or by saying their name.

But no love note could remind even *me*
later, looking over my papers
where I had been or what switch
I needed to flip to return.

Nude in Front of a Mantel (1955)

Come inside the warm to get cold.
They all came, carrying their instruments with them.
I drew a star on the mirror above the mantel
which reached all the way to the ceiling.

They played all the songs I requested.
The saxophonist coaxed my mother down
and kissed her. I kissed his horn
and my boyfriend stepped outside.

So young for having worn so many necklaces.
But I'm wearing none of them now.
I don't have to learn to play
if I can sing songs with my thighs.

Time stretches across my stomach and splinters
until my hands are what's telling the stories.
The water in my glass has appeared out of nowhere
and my hair can change length at a moment's notice.

Quicker, quicker. Snap of hot water.
I wake in the bottom of a blue flower pot,
painted even on the inside
trying to mimic the sky.

You can't speak when you're dreaming.
You can't step out of the sea
if you don't have feet.
I seek the good inside all fish.

Nu Allonge (1950)

After a long day I lie on the bed
backwards, so the other end
of the room can look at me.
Who else is looking at me?

And from in between her thighs
pours the white substance, from the rose
bush underneath the oak tree
to give men something to worry about.

I'm not sneaking up on you.
I am in the realest sense you.
Whatever "real" foundation we lie on,
dreaming in the corners of nobody's castle.

Sleeping in a room under the city,
or below the ocean, where it gets warm again,
and girls work hard morning shifts
sweeping the tiled terraces of pavilions.

I found you where the fabric crinkled
kind of blushed, and noise muffled
around the walls of your thoughts,
and your grey mind dreams of a tower.

Even the silver parts of your body
are quiet under the warmth of this thumb.
Or the only person who's ever existed
letting her foot droop onto the floor.

Les beaux jours (1944-49)

Do I have to wait
until he leaves the room
to peek at the parts of me
that I really want to see?

He's not going to leave.
I don't want to be a marine biologist
like everyone wants me to.
I'm already the Queen of the Sea.

And Mister will push a wheel barrow
behind me everywhere I go
so at any moment, if either of us doubts,
he can jump inside the cart.

Test of faith. Logs on the fire.
Would you stick your arm in for me?
Or merely your clothes, and the clothes
of the last girl you made love to?

But I don't want that, stupid.
I just want to feel how the rest of your body
is perpetually reaching towards your head
and your head is stretching outward to God

and spilling out into the universe.
And me, who hangs downward,
loops you. How do we move it
to maintain the perfect ratio?

We can't go wrong.
That's why I have to be careful
every day, when putting on myself,
to make sure I'm still mostly me.

Why can't we always be naked?
That's what I'm trying to do with this mirror—
To try to see that part of me
that you feel when you touch me.

Winter Play

A man and a woman are sitting in armchairs in front of a fire. A window shows that it has been snowing for a long time.

B. This *is* our church—
the frost on the windows our stained glass
arranged in the shape of the virgin.

A. It makes it look like it when you say it.

B. Of course, and now... It's a real Nativity,
better than the one outside the Catholic Church
on Broadway, better than the silly houses
they erect every year in the park.

A. You almost sound like you know what you're talking about.
—What should we have for lunch?

B. In Bethlehem, that night, they didn't eat or drink.
Except maybe Jesus from Mary's breast,
once he was born, if he needed even that.

A. Of course he did. That's what this holiday's about—
celebrating His becoming human,
the incarnation of the divine,
our acceptance of the shit and piss
—If I am permitted to say that.

B. I don't want you to feel like you can't.
I'm sorry if I drowned you out earlier.
I love being here with you.
It makes it hard to speak
because the words I want to say
aren't human words—
it would come out better as song
or dance, gestures
a shepherd makes in the field
in the blue light of dawn's open arms,
he guides his sheep through the dew,
the droplets on his nose
kissing one another, then breaking.
The sounds he pipes on his aulos,
sometimes the familiar songs,
sometimes finding his way
through the mass of all possible sound,

and the vacancy he has to confront
to say anything.

A. Yes, I can almost hear
him picking now
his way along
the tone-holes.

B. Really? I hear his feet
slushing through the grass
and if they're stiff
from a night below zero
crushing their stalks
as he walks.

A. Do you imagine this occurring in winter?

B. No— I'm picturing this in the Spring.

A. Yes. Christ a grown man,
well into his prime,
period of using his hands
in accordance with God's will,
making a loud and holy noise.

B. I imagine Him making
hardly any noise at all.

A. Yes, it's His followers
baa-ing about Him,
raising a ruckus in the street

B. — But you couldn't say
He didn't want it.
He *is* the one
who flipped the tables...

A. Are you sure? Remember:
you haven't even read the Bible.
Be careful about what you say.

B. I know my stories. But I guess you're right.
But why are we turning our shepherd into Christ?
I see a *simple* shepherd—

A. Are you saying Christ wasn't?

B. That's right. The Son of Man
was not any lowly herd.
I see an old man, fifty-five,
with six children, and a wife,
meandering his way through the clover,
thinking of women...
Or a twelve year old boy
floating his way through the fields
up to the forest
he has to push his herd through
to get to the higher, greener
grazing on top of the mountain.
It's a long ascent
and spooky, the second half
he has no choice but to traverse at night,
but his ears pop the minute
he exits the gloom,
and the sun rising over that side
makes the grass look almost pink,
and the sheep's wool
feels at once unearthly
and new to his tired hands,
excited, and relieved, he is
to see the vast stretch
cresting over and beyond his vision.

A. This is not our Good Shepherd.

B. No. But he is good
at being a shepherd.

A. You can tell he loves them.
Even though he doesn't talk
about them off-duty, usually,
with his friends, but when he *does*,
he speaks frankly, caringly,
but in such a manner
you can tell that if one died
he wouldn't mourn it; he'd try
to find the best way to bury it,
and move on as quickly as possible.

B. The only shepherd
I ever knew was a woman,

and she said that they leave them
out in the wild, for sure,
for the wolves and foxes to get.
And that there would be an...
obvious shiftiness...
among the rest of the herd,
but no mourning.
Unless the deceased was a lamb.
Then, she said, the mom might cry.

- A. I knew a lady-shepherd too, once.
But she was mainly known for rabbits.
- B. Did she raise them for meat?
- A. Yes. And she taught other women how to kill them.
- B. What do you mean?
- A. Like how to do it quickly and cleanly.
She taught all the ladies in her neighborhood
and advertised in the paper too.
She lived way out in the country
but they'd drive for miles
to watch and listen to her.
- B. What was her name?
- A. Ruby.
- B. Last name?
- A. Mc. Something.
I think. I don't remember.
- B. Look— it's stopped snowing.
- A. So it has. If we push our way out
we could go for a walk.
- B. And freeze?
I think I'll stay in, stay warm by this fire—
no need to make ourselves cold to appreciate heat.
- A. I disagree. That's the only reason
we enjoy any earthly thing at all:

this romance of opposites
that plays with us every day.
—and night. Bright makes dark
a welcome haven from the light.
Or maybe I just love the night.
So I think I'll go out—
it looks like another world out there—
but I'll walk quickly because
it seems to have started snowing again.

B. Are you sure?

It looks like several feet
piled up in front of the door
and lining the street.
I don't know how you'll get anywhere.

A. I'll make it.

B. Why do you want to go?

A. Why does anyone want to go anywhere?

I want to move, to make-believe
I have a task to complete.
Who knows? Maybe I'll see
if Hoffman's around. He often
has people over this time of the year
when no reasonable person would think of going outside.
I can handle this weather. My people don't come
from the steppes of Russia for nothing.

B. Now you're really making me worry.

And we've been talking blasphemously.
Maybe I'll say a prayer when you leave,
and you keep Him in mind all the way—

A. Since when have you thought
in no uncertain terms about Christ?

I've read the Bible
and I'm not worried.
You shouldn't be either.
But maybe instead of saying a prayer
you could take a look at our Good Book.

B. We'll argue about our Savior later.

I don't think I need to read it
to know my God. There are other ways.

A. I'm leaving.

B. Fine. Just don't stay out all night
or try to come back too late.
The coldest time of night is early morning.

A. I'm not a god. Don't worry.
Read your book until I return.
Rest in your chair and think about *simple* shepherds—
I'll see you in forty-five minutes.

Exit A.

ACT II

- B. I wish that someone would come to call
on *me* during a snowstorm.

(Sits down and reads a book, then puts it down.)

I've always wanted to read the Bible,
but whenever I actually pick it up,
where do I start? The beginning?
In Church no one ever alluded to
the importance of a chronological reading.
The stories are presented individually,
as if everything is always happening at once.
What's the use if I know the calendar,
the movement from one important event
to another, Birth, Death, Ascension?
What do I need to know of lists
about what to not eat where and when
when I already have a personal connection with Him?

*(Goes to shelf and takes Bible, sits back down, begins to read starting at the beginning.
Reads for forty five seconds and then a thump thumps the window or side of the house).*

Who's that? Snow?
(goes to the window)
Anyone there?
It must have been an icicle
falling from the roof.
The snow is piled up so thick out there
I can't even see the footprints
he made when he left.
And it's coming down faster than ever.
I hope the animals will be all right.
But they know how to deal with winter, like we do;
they love it, as much as they love summer,
because it couldn't be any other way.
...
I'm so worried. It's getting dark.
Not like it ever was light.
It's about... three o'clock? And we didn't eat.
So he's hungry and tromping through snow.

I should never leave the cupboard empty
so he never has a reason to leave.

(Sits down, begins to read, but then turns head to look out window).

I can't tell what color the sky is.
A minute ago it looked blue as slate,
but now it's saying green
as if something were happening
out there, but I know that nothing's changed.

...

What do we think, is it worth going out?
I can't tell if it's been thirty minutes
or three, my sense of time is skewed
by my fear, and there's no sun to talk to me.
Just this godforsaken grey blizzard
hurling itself upon itself,
like the people we try not to be.
I don't know anything.

...

What's it like to not know anything
about the world you're in the middle of? This.
Unable to move or make anything change.
I can only squirm in my shell,
while the truth occurs not five miles away.
Suddenly my connections don't matter.
I might have never known him at all.

...

Let me think... Hoffman
or no Hoffman, he wouldn't keep me waiting.
But how long was he intending on taking?
An hour? Could it have been an hour already?
It takes me ten minutes to say a sentence
so we only get closer from here.
This useless arm, that couldn't keep him from leaving.
This useless hand, writing letters to no one.
What good is a person who doesn't talk to other people?
If I had to live like this I would kill myself.
Yet here I am, managing,
as if I could go on forever.

ACT III

B. I hear him!

(B stands up. A stumbles into the room covered with snow; a mass of it surrounds each boot, as if he's been out in a storm.)

B. Honey! What happened?

Come in. Let me help. *(Tries to help remove boots, but he won't let her).*

A. What time is it?

B. I don't know.

A. Please tell me what happened.

(A slumps into chair, boots still on, maybe.)

A. Okay. I arrived
at Hoffman's house,
there were friends all around
and he had more than enough
of everything for everyone.
But as soon as I'd stepped inside
he enlisted me to go on an errand.
*Would you mind? He asked. It's not far at all.
And you're the only one with boots on.*
I was already frozen as it was
so I figured it didn't make a difference.
I'd help out my friend.
Peter and Donald and Sue Ellen were there,
pink as peaches and drinking like kings.

B. Was there anyone else?

A. Sue Ellen's little girl, Beatrice.
Maurice and his brother from out of town.
They had lights in the windows,
Sue Ellen was playing a song,
and Beatrice was dancing with Maurice.
But I said I wouldn't mind
a refreshing hike. Where did he want me to go?

To Jacobson's, not quite half a mile
up the hill, and to the left,
the brick house, you've seen it,
behind a stately cedar.
Hoffman said he was sick, and he owed him some money,
and he wouldn't trust anyone else of the company
to bring him a bottle, and a boule, and a bundle of cash
to aid him in his infirmary.
It seemed like a task that could be postponed,
but Hoffman was getting anxious.
I don't know about what, if he thought
the old man would send someone to beat him up.
Seemed unlikely, though I never met the man myself.
And I didn't understand why *he* couldn't go,
or Jacobson couldn't come here, but no matter,
I'd oblige him; let Hoffman revel
in the warmth of recent sales. Let him stay.
So I walked out as quickly as I'd walked in,
and at that moment I had no worries.
Life was coming smoothly, I thought as I walked,
I felt a part of it, for once, one simple component of a seamless whole,
and neither cold nor Hoffman's discourteousness
could deter me. Though the wind seemed black
swirling around me, as if it were swarming from a sooty sky,
the snow spewing out of God's shameful chimney.
I trudged until I arrived at the house,
a sizeable old home built of bricks.
The door was open,
not ajar, but cracked.
I was holding the money in my hand
and the booze in my coat,
not in a pocket, just close at my side.
I crept in. It was black as night,
and I didn't see any lights to put on.
I left the door open, wet as it was,
so I could see my way inside,
calling, "Jacobson? Hoffman
has sent me to bring you some wine
and money. It's Johnson. Sir?
Are you there?" Nothing.
Into the foyer I went, then into the parlor,
searching for the man, and a little afraid
I would find him cold, sprawled out on the floor,
dead, and me the first to find him.
And I also wondered what the man did for money,
what salt mine his grandfather must have discovered

to earn such a spacious, well-furnished home.
But no sound. No Jacobson.
No Christmas decorations.
Silence. Until
I heard a smile, emanating
from behind the kitchen door.
It was open a little
so I pushed, and I saw,
a woman, voluptuous and golden,
see-through but as if woven of wheat,
sitting on the counter in the middle of the room.
Her whole body was the color of her hair,
but I think that her arms in life might be tinted
pink, a rosy pearl of a girl, taller than I,
and as she was sitting above me, just like a statue,
the most stately thing in that manse,
and certainly the only thing alive,
holding the weight of her glory.
But she could have been blushing; she wasn't mean.
And when she looked at me her pink freckles glowed,
and she lifted her arm, showed me her hand,
and beckoned me to approach her.
What a friend! I thought.
Who on Earth has a better friend than I?
I placed what I'd brought on the countertop,
God knows how I found the courage.
The bottle glistened beneath her
because she had no shadow to consume it.
I kissed my hands and gestured to her, then left.
I sensed that she didn't want to keep me
any longer than my allotted time.

Back at the house I asked Hoffman in private
if Jacobson had a wife.
But he said no. Daughters? None.
And no maid. He asked, Did you see someone?
And looked at me with considerable directiveness.
I answered No. There was no one there.
But he had some nerve sending me out
on an errand on the coldest night in December
without even making sure the man's home.
I talked to conceal what I really felt,
though I don't know myself what that was,
is, something akin to being the walls
enclosing a private courtyard,
a garden that grows all year round.

And as I warmed myself in that crowded room,
letting the voices and laughter wash over me,
which a more fearful man would have used to stifle
the tremors of his shaken heart,
I knew that I could never tell anyone,
that my secret would remain just that,
protected by my memory's silk cushions,
and I would bring her mysterious colors,
smiling, to my grave.

B. Then why are you telling me?

A. Well, because I want to.

Because you're a part of me, and in a sense,
you saw her —*are* her, too.
And I knew that you'd be the only one
who wouldn't ask me stupid questions.

B. That's what you think.

If I were you I wouldn't have told anyone.
No one can respond correctly but you;
that's why you saw her, not Hoffman,
none of those idiots down at his tavern.
I'm not stupid but I didn't see her,
so I won't ask or tell you anything.
She's for you to interpret. Even me
telling you that she's for you to interpret
is too much. I won't say any more.
I don't think that I'm enough *you*
that you should feel comfortable telling *me*
about your religious encounters.
I need to stop talking. She is what she is.
Don't search elsewhere for meaning.

A. Why don't you think you're good enough to discuss her?

B. That's not what I said. It's just my opinion

that one should keep... such encounters... to oneself.
Write it down. But don't go asking around for thoughts.
My thoughts aren't as good as those
that her manifestation heralds,
or not as important. Just wait. Or don't.
Don't ask me to tell you what to think.

A. Well maybe I wasn't going to ask you.

B. Good.

A. Fine.

B. I'm not arguing with you.

A. Neither am I.

B. I'm just being careful.

A. Careful of what?

B. Of what can happen if you speak too openly
about... things... that appear to you.

A. I just thought I should proclaim my encounter.
I'm excited, and I thought you'd want to know.
Why shouldn't I go around telling everyone?
Because they're not ready. But you?
You can handle it. And you're not the only one.
I think I'll tell the others.

B. You don't want to keep it for yourself?

A. Why should I?

B. In case someone makes you feel ashamed?
In case someone says something that ruins it?

A. What could they say that would ruin it?

B. Anything at all; it doesn't matter.
But it could happen. And what then?
I feel like you should deal with the consequences
of the event that you've been given.
And not go around inviting pollutants.

A. You really think it's best for me to keep my mouth shut?

B. Yes. You don't understand why?

A. I do. I'm just not afraid.

B. I think that's very worrisome.

A. Why should I be afraid?

B. Because you're dealing with forces
that might be more powerful than you.
Almost certainly are. Are definitely.

A. Then nothing I can do will affect them.

B. No, but you can affect their effect on you.

A. Can I?

B. I think so.

A. I don't

B. I do. That's all I ever do.

The end.

Love Poems and Others

The Sea Comes Back

The sentence eventually loses meaning
and you have to find a new one
pretty quickly. The form fades
and you want to start talking *as* the ocean.

Or a man walking past the docks,
his whole being, his arms and his memory,
his shoelaces and his teeth, his whistle,
his lover in her white-paneled house.

A singularity needs all of its parts
and a few external but related ones.
And then the set *as* a set.
My hand against the glass.

*

You can only go forward
if you go *that* way.
The seashells rise into the air
and part for you to walk through them.

The best way to find thought is through touch.
A hairy body beneath yours.
Air through Earth, long hours
of rummaging in up to the elbow.

But why am I trying to tell it like this?
Why don't I just write a love poem?
Reclining in our chair, against the wall,
looking out at the brick warehouses.

Having Woken Up

I'm holding myself
at the foot of the levee
protracted on the grass
next to a breeze, and a sunbeam,
and a bug, the only friends I have
in the world but who will make
friends out of everyone else
for me. The tomato man
also. I buy a fruit from him
and eat it sitting on the train tracks.
Salt-less, as this day will be,
as life is, as my friends will tell you.
An old woman walks a black dog
beside the levee in my mind
and I have nothing to answer for.

Evening Dream

for Tamas

You the only ink on the whole island.
You must have come out of the sea
fully clothed, smelling like yourself,
rich in fish and minerals.

We're always naked, under our clothes.
Tell everyone, so they'll stop getting naked
around people they don't like.

But I'm talking to my desk, my curtains,
when I should be talking to... not *you*,
but someone near you, whom you can hear,
an angel flying over your house.

Theoxenia

The deities outside of my window
are circling and stuttering.
And I'll wait as long as I need to
for them to make up their minds.

By which I mean that the palm trees
are dancing in the indigo heat.
I can barely see them, waving
a storm up into the sky.

I've just woken up.
It's half past six in the afternoon,
and the clouds are dark yellow.

There's no resolution; it's not a fable.
The dog enters the house and no one sees.
The mother doesn't answer.

What now? Come back,
well-travelled friends whom I left
alone in the shadows of this expired house.

Changeling

In your bed I am misplaced
and find myself confused and caressing you
as if we were two fairies in a log
or on a hill, with no one near
or far who could know about us.
You told me to stop but I didn't
talking, weaving our touches with words
which I'd never have thought I could do
but here we are, my magic breast in your mouth,
on sheets that hold together
for only as long as we're touching each other.

The Dark House

We never had one night alone;
we've had two hundred years,
but you're still there, and I'm still here
across the room, drinking Herbsaint
while Melissa upstairs,
the sweetest moans, is making
roam up from her body that tree
that bristles its leaves in the wind, the thrill
she conjures for herself on command.

The Seaman

What can we do to make men less boring?
The sea-wife plainly asked me
one night when her husband was gone and we
sat by the fire drinking poteen.

Have you freed yourself such to speak that way?
I asked in reply. I for one
am still in love with the man,
a man, your man, some men, one man,
and am all the more woman— I make myself woman—
by lying in my bed and dreaming of him.

But she disagreed. Women, she said,
are more womanly when they love women,
as Aristophanes might agree, maybe,
and women, as archetypical as I might sing them,
are better for having been composed by me.

I don't understand how that doesn't make you a man,
I said, and she turned me out
as I deserved, onto the hillsides, in the August dusk
and I stumbled my way back to the sea
where the rocks still smelled like him,
the sand still gave me his footprints.

The Good Sleep

What time is it? Noon? Where?
Have I been listening to someone else
tell me goodnight through the window?

What is morning without the face
my hands have forgotten? I want
to appear as the leaf that I am,
dry as the wing of a moth on an old porch,
glad of nothing but to be picked up.

For life's asleep in a little boat.
All that's awake is the waves
hitting your cheek with the backs of their hands
gently, to keep you there.
Around and around
and somehow out of the center of the world.

After Rain Apparitions

The sky is yellow; the palms are grey.
Gods from different religions are flocking around me.
And I wish I had a red dress to wear
out into the rainy sunlight,
and a drum, and a song I knew the words to.

But instead I'll stay inside
with only a view of the window
trying to find the origins of my apparitions
in books. Though I know
that other people's dreams are not mine,
and there is not a *way* to do anything,
but what comes comes of its own accord.

Trying at Love

for Tamas

*“make thee another self, for love of me”
Shakespeare, Sonnet 19*

1.

Or is it less of a feeling and more an expression
that I wear on my face, and in how I carry my arms
as I walk through the snowstorm towards you

who are everywhere, since you can be anywhere.
A different part of town in another city.
Like the women I’ve read about, Let me not notice the difference.

But I don’t think I know what I’m talking about.
There are myriad feelings every day
that could all call themselves Love.

2.

How to invoke these now?
Leafy shapes in a dark room.
Confusedly moving towards you.

And I think: How is this about *you*?
Once in love, what does it ever have to do with the you?
Stay still, just there, where I need you.

Medium of light, maker of three.
I’m still not saying your words.
I’m still only thinking of myself.

3.

It was you whom I discovered I could touch
wherever I wanted to, in any company,
and not have any of them know.

Robert says it shows on my face when I'm somewhere else
but no one's ever guessed where— not even me.
Lancelot tripping in the woods.

The queen folding her arms by the window,
Not looking out, not looking in— Love as place.
Only open to certain nobility.

4.

What is nobility? Haven't I always been noble
in that I grow from the ground up
and know the name of my lover by heart?

In the castle a princess doesn't know what she is,
nor does she learn from her years in the woods.
It's unexpected, and it has to break your heart.

And that's when virtue fails, when she becomes responsible.
For the health of the kingdom, her father, her priest,
the hungry dogs devouring scraps in the kitchen.

5.

Furthermore when did I begin listening to anyone else?
You are the only one who knows anything
and I am insufficient, supplicant, necessarily,

which now manifests in a new way.
For doubting, or for thinking
that I know what it means to doubt.

The dogs run through the woods,
and that's you leading them.
What are they after? You too?

6.

The rabbits still knock
the heads off of their subjects.
The timeless musics still play

in these whiskery chambers
that keep me searching
every corner for water or warmth.

Don't you know that's why people like shiny objects,
in the hopes that it might be a stream or a berry,
somebody else's open mouth.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth, the name of everyone's grandmother
except mine. Your sister's mother's mother.
From in here I can see the pale yellow petals, wooden panels
on the house next door. In the rain. And I think
of how Elizabeth left me for you,
and now she's left you, too.

I'm friendly enough to the man
when I have to be. I smiled at him
on New Years Eve, and told him to have a Blessed One.
I don't cry more than I need to.

But when he's in the other room
dancing with the band,
Elizabeth and I slip behind the coat rack,
and for a moment it seems like she's still crazy over me.

The old faces of the houses
won't say anything about us newcomers.
I'm deeply worried, but I give it to the shutters,
the chifferobes, the hinges, and the rain gutters.

**Postcard of “The Old Dueling Grounds, City Park, Showing the De Lissue – Le Bouisque
Duel in 1841 (From an Old Photo) New Orleans, La.”**

Like wool hanging out to dry
the mass of Spanish moss
was the only place to fight under.

Is this a successful new Europe?
What is success? What is Europe
but two young men wielding swords?

But these were Creoles
holding to a blade Creole honor
insulted in the ballroom

the next morning under the oaks.
It was said, Scarcely a day in ten years has passed
without duels being fought at the oaks.

The bystanders are wearing long blue coats
and hats, while our fighters in white shirts
with their sleeves rolled up, lunge

in initiated battle, but there’s no blood yet.
We know the day was not breezy
because the moss points downwards in the picture.

Bug-infested, we know, but here softer,
like a heavy heaven
hanging just above their heads.

And then every once and a while
the song would stop.
The sword would drop.

Young Jacques squints
at the forest at its boldest,
the swamp before it was cleared for a park.

He can’t see them, just the still green
miasma humming, and things of other colors
drifting around...

Down your torso. Smirking?
No. He touches his ear.
And then he drops to his knees.

Sunspots or golden
places where the color has faded
on the boughs or on the paper.

The leaves. Too late
to cling to the branches like they do.
What is there left to touch?

Badger

Welcome mats. Welcome home.
I say to the animals lost in the snow
from safe inside my burrow, my sett,
and they feel my intentions purring below them,
thinking their warm thoughts for them.

Until one of them, deranged from cold,
unearths with his claws my chimney, my window,
my step, and shouts out: This is someone's home!
And at last unveils my sleeping name
fixed in ceramic on the siding.

Let me be the first to extol the quiet virtues,
shuffling down the hall with my lamp.
I wrote my book by living
in this river valley, and by letting them in
in January earning my name.

Poem on the Painting in Room 237 of the La Quinta Inn, Hershey, Pennsylvania

White lemon, the center of attention.
Leaving the city in blood
behind you. I see the other yous
you left behind, toeing forward
into a grey-green morning.

But what is this broken pottery chip
you've forgotten in your train of wreckage?
Winking in the sky, a reminder
of grandma's vase? The beaten bowl
in which she as a child made butter?

The orange almost overrules.
The red crescends, as if flowers
outlining you, outliving you,
boat with thick hull sliding
into someone else's painting.

Ven Dinero

Money has always been important to magic, he said.
And now that I've begun, where to go?
The ability to do what and go where I please.
To make my story around me, inside me, bodily
a brown candle burns, alongside the green,
but when does the thought come in?
But all is thought. And all is body.
The mind doesn't wait for itself to change.
The light is another part of it.
We try to be clear, I said to him.
You can get mad, but we all need money.
Us trilobites scuttling along on our shells,
brandishing our tails like jets behind us.
Everything is as it always was.

Romance

The songs of the castle
are peasant songs sung of the court.

The peasant songs are courtly
songs about the peasantry.

Are they? As if anyone ever knows
what anyone else is talking about.

I draw my heart backwards
as if I wasn't supposed to see it.

But the person behind this paper,
this two-way mirror, sees it.

It's the same voice, you should know,
there are only two people in a world.

*

Everyone bathes in the fountain
and eventually it dries up.

The fruit dies out
from having been looked at so much.

You have to know exactly what you mean.
I say, gripping your shoulders.

The water ends but the shore continues
The woman cries and her hair falls out.

Sago palms tremble
until they turn into maples.

The world only widens as it widens
and things become harder to find.

January Tableaux

Who is that chopping wood
out back, in the middle of this rain?
I can't see his face but I see his hands
meaning he is more of a *type* than a person.

Dark wind. Light wood
falling from the stump without sound.
Pitiful slippage of waterlogged work.
And yet he goes on.

It's almost night. He changes
and yet he stays the same.
Father, lover, brother, friend,
preparing for cold nights to come

as it's nice to imagine men do.
I won't talk to him. Won't call him inside.
One can't spend all of her time
imagining that people aren't doing what they want.

The Borderlands

The train breathes your warm hand
sings between my thighs.
The silver mammal is winter
draped above us
restless soldiers of the hunt.

It's twelve o'clock. The fingers of the heart
are warm and curled around my side.
The beast smells even in death
sweet and leaf-like, a wet forest
hunched in this tundra
as far as the eye can see.

The mouth sleeps. Everyone has to
make themselves flat for a third of a day
while their soul sprinkles into the cosmos,
waging moral planetary war.

We mammals
tuned our Earth to hold us,
and us to it, so we wouldn't forget each other
and our purely material bond which is our bond.

Death and the Nine of Cups

Fertility, abundance. For the small price
of killing something in me, or allowing it to die
so my good fortune could manifest for me.
For nine cups, who wouldn't be willing to die?

But he's not me. He's not even you.
And I'm no longer sure what it is that has died.
But the gateway closes; the grail is removed
from the sermon and the people are thirsty.

Meaning that the inhabitants of my body,
mind, spirit, are cut off from the flow.
The gargantuan frog at the font of the stream
is drinking up all of the water.

One needs a brazen hero with a knife
to hike up-stream through barren towns
and famished fields, to slice his belly,
and form the second-largest river in the world.

So do I pull another card? It's late.
But difficult to go to bed knowing one's cups
are barred from her, while the Nine-Man,
frog-faced himself, sits up smirking all night.

The Entrance of the Birds

Woodpecker, Junco, I see outside my window.
Birds, what are your names?
I move quickly into the rooms of my emotions
as you enter crevices parted by limbs
of the members of our marginal forest.

The effect is motion.
Town, borderline, treeline, me.
Downhill slope and invisible fences.
Teach me how to sing.

Black feathers. Black like the realization of sleep.
Black curtains in front of the sky.
The cat on the fence, only passing through.

Black too full. The meaning of meaning.
Black candles are burned, by some, the book says,
to repel evil enchantments
(the black is the evil, dispelling as the smoke),
but if you are one of those for whom
black is a color of luck,
it would be better to burn a white.

Is that what it said?
I don't think I know what white means.
The sky above our house.
But even then, it's only the absence of black. Night.
White is aloft and alone.

The birds bring me back.
This new one has feathers of blue
and a long nose that I later describe to you
by holding my arm in front of my face.

A white clarinet
with which he summons the air.
A fluted column in a museum.

A toothpick made of steel
set out from his face.
But it's not unwieldy to him
who knows how to use it,

to point it where he wants to go,
viewfinder, rifle, finger,

or, like the whiskers of a cat,
he feels the breezes with it
and knows when it's going to rain.

Alive. In the miracle of light.
See my fir trees, bluegreengreen,
drooping downwards all throughout town.

You say you know this place will be lovely
in June, because it looks so nice right now.
But January might be Catskill's finest month
because of how much room there is for light
to rain in silent waterfalls
onto the quiet streets.

Boreal Carnival

We must deepen our thoughts in an appropriate way
for this age, says Steiner, in respect of the Christmas Mysteries.

Is it too late? January seventeenth
and darker outside than it was last month.
But no snow. And the ground
is sticky and frozen, and a slow rain is coming down.

The birds I saw yesterday,
Blue Finch and Junco, are gone from the yard,
though I hear frantic twittering
from all directions
when I walk to the car
to look for my slippers.

The light inside awakens Christ in each of us.
Underneath this headache I picked up last night
in some unrespectable part of the astral world.

The rain full of filth runs down the slope
and into the street, as if this was ancient Rome again.
The neighbors track down Christ with their dogs.
I've never met any of them,
just the trash bags they've left stacked on their porch
as ambassadors, or offerings to the king.

I am the King. I feel it here
between my breasts
below the range of my headache,
in this part of me that I thank my hardy ancestors
never gives me any trouble.

And so it's Christmas.
Tasting like the coffee
Robert brought back from Turkey
that I burned and sent
spilling over the edges
of its shiny golden pot.

It's morning all night, and it's night all day.
Birds fall from one branch to another
to keep themselves warm— strange species
who do their introspecting in the summer.

The Female Child

If anyone were to catch you in here...
You square in my spherical chambers

underwater, lights glowing bubbles
Atlantis, where we are still slow

moving, broad-finned and thin
skinned beneath our colors

texture and taste, which are the same
to our half-open mouths,

tongue, a goldfish in an opera,
the first landing on the moon.

After one dies, it begins again.
Each time in the boudoir.

Bedposts bright allowing
girls to inhabit the border.

Orchid

And the part that receives the act
gives, as the sacrificial altar
heeds and crumbles before its master,
or rather, the lamb. The structure
remains, saturated with blood
sighs, and unfurls its other wings,
as I do, because of what has been released.
I am god or idol or temple itself
smattered with abundance,
immortal rose of Jericho
waking out of dormancy.
Look at me: cupped hands, curled trees,
Man cuts the bough
of the neck of the ram
and suddenly I have the strength
to lift myself up, muscles glowing, thighs golden,
tongue hot pink having drunk
from the cup of the rest of me.

Book XXII

A teacher once told me that the more softly a person speaks,
the closer the audience pays attention.

I would have killed the suitors too.
They were loud and wouldn't listen.

Blood needs to be spilt over food.
Flesh for flesh, on wooden tables.

I imagine a hall with only one window
plugging its ears to the sound

and preferring instead to look out at the night.
When one has a choice, and the stars are bright...

But this slaughter is also a song.
Look at it. I'm holding it in my hands.

Having not been sung in thousands of years,
not listened to, but looked at.

Let us not forget that the good man himself
wailed. Homer *was* Odysseus.

In that great hall full of wastrels
and none of them listening.

And afterwards no one to listen *to*, either.
He shouts, Bring me the brimstone!

But no amount of incense
will re-open the passageways.

The room fills with smoke.
Everything's incense.

*

Do you hear him?
The maids whisper to one another.

Ignorant that their hours too
are numbered. Just a couple more.

Once master has had us clean
the dining room of blood

we'll hang like birds
in the palace yard.

Isn't there anyone who will hear them out?
Slander is slander in his world.

Who said what
out of the mouth of whom?

*

The moon looks off to the sea.
But the fish are in here.

Eyes gouged out
and glittering.

Our hero is wet with dark brown.
He looks like everyone else.

He grabs Eurykleia, Rejoice!
Inwardly, woman. Get out of the way.

Keep a close eye on your girls.
Those sluts. Nothing more

to think about at a time like this
than other people's pleasure.

(But it's not theirs.)
He can't move fast enough to their throats.

Raving. He just might force
his own blood through his skin.

Only Telemachus spared, but in debt
to become the next Father.

Whom everyone wants to hear.

What happens

when your words are in such high demand?

Looking down from your throne

or around at your children
and your children's friends

moving between one event and the next,
sure that they won't turn away.

So you can speak softly.

The king's body is your body. *Yours.*

But more importantly, perhaps,
your body is the king's.

He has yours and his own.

You have only his.

Night Scenes

There are no rats here. There is no river.
There is only the sound of the faucet
you run into the kettle for tea.

*

The velvet couch hides a rat.
Rudolf Steiner's spider-like beings
that flock around the bodies of geniuses.
Husband sculpting in the rain.

*

Of course you can't pick the unseen card.
You need an object. Start with "R."
Rat, romance, rhododendron, rain
in the garden makes all the plants freeze
and the animals turn into different animals.

*

Don't forget that it's night.
Not the light black of your T-shirt,
of his hair, of the sky in the city,
but the growling scrub-woods of Mississippi,
the beast-hole under the neighbor's fence.

*

The still water behind the warehouses
on the river. Sock in a toilet.
The teakettle burned for fuel.
Your hair on fire in my bedroom
and lizards sitting in your lap.

*

Salamanders come out of your mouth.
Who lives in the forest where I used to go
alone with the spear-points and yellow soil.
You're with me when I crouch behind a fallen tree,

and your cigarette burns down the wood.

*

I love you. I make this picture book
and give it to you. I've still never talked to you.
But sometimes our glances are quicker than others.
I run up the chilly hill in the dark
looking for your eyes.

*

Leaf-monster. Owl-house. First name.
The shapes issue from you, you person of people.
The city appears where you are.
And I hide in its desolate corners
planting a garden within myself.

*

I can't be seen in those lights.
You can't be seen in these.
Hair left behind when a body leaves.
Sunlight enters for the first time.
You are present in every ritual.

*

The unclean animal not fit for sacrifice
emerges from the book. Railroad vine
wild on the wrists. Catsclaw in the ears.
The fence in front of your broken toilet.
Ants burn in the sun.

*

But the vessels sleep in the poem,
in the books that mice read,
in the original soil, your necklaces swing,
your beads evoking avarice.
You human made out of mineral matter.

Fairy Tale

*My two eyes are closed
so my third must be open— wide*

*enough for saturated night
to rain inside me*

*ice or deep eyelashes
of snow. Or merely droplets*

*clean as if I were a prince
in the sky of my mother's garden*

*I am many knights in gleaming armor
motionless in this grove.*

The spring draws forth
his dormant thoughts.

There's always a light
prepared to whisper into him.

To come near his bathing stature.
Peaceful rock in a pool.

Only a branch from overhead
kisses his bluish shoulders,

rubs him into the new month.
It's time to wake up,

Captain. But no one's calling.
No one comes out of the dream.

River Water

They asked me, Had you eaten or drunk
anything unusual? Only a little river-water
I thought it would be right to take
as a daily communion (Kenneth Anger says
we should all do something of the kind, every day),
but I didn't boil it, no,
because I didn't want to alter it.
It's my home, after all, my home.

I felt I could trust it; still do.
I say, mending the maul-stick you've broken.
I want to go home. Don't you?
I keep my studio window open
and wait for the landscape to come inside.
Because it always does eventually.
Though sometimes a little late.
Bird colliding with the glass.
Which is our shared fear, I guess. I hope.

To wake up on the other side
of this Yangtze, Mississippi, Nile,
Hudson, where I have hidden all my treasures.

I wait for the words to open their mouths
to guide me to that surface, or depth,
far longing on the other shore—

And sometimes I wonder if the desire
is the other shore, asking me
to *make* my other shore,
but then I'm back where I began,
asking, waiting, fearing, preparing
to nestle in the comfort of its music.

Chambre de Malade

Being's better now than it ever was.
I don't have to speak— my words are here.
Iron butterflies resting on my shoulder.

The same as those that drove Ponce de Leon insane,
sent him to Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth.
The Fountain is made out of air, and it's here.

I know because I've never been alive.
So there's nothing I want to preserve.
I have never been more than a thought, hovering above the azaleas.

And I remember the room at the Beauregard-Keyes house
where sick children and adults would be laid up
for their own good, and to keep them from infecting anyone else.

Height

The eagle is his own tower. I have to build mine, day after day. Everything is confused except what's not. I see it as the vista in the sugar-egg. It's almost time. There are two words: the one I hold in my hand, and the one I have to reach for. The tall bird on the empty country road. One rushed glimpse reveals what I must do. Kill the old woman selling cake mix. I jump into the sun-ship, struck by the hand of Man until I am him, and stuck with feathers, and am the only one in the sky. The mind is a crystal, almost blue until you are *in* it.

Films for Filmmakers

Art. Thou art
made by the hand
or maybe many hands
with veins pulsing
full of blue sky

which is violet when leaked
straight onto the film
so you can see the life-force running
vital dances, illusory boxes,
manifested in your artificial night.

Space of dream. They love it.
Talking about it. They drool
when they hear the whirring rearward,
premonition for sight,
—but don't you know
the best part of a film is getting lost,
living another one inside your head.

Idea for a Film Called “Springtime”

The wet black earth quivers into life.
The bed of our home planet rocks.
Men in windy Italian cars
roll their windows down
beckoning you in the six o’clock light
to sail with them
around their European city.

And imagery: there is no Spring imagery.
Only the combined images of both winter and summer.

Animals emaciated emerging from burrows.
Naked lady in a field. High detail.
Freedom of leaving the aristocracy.
Sunrise having been up all night.
No weeping. Let’s go.
Who needs to eat? When you can fuck.
Sickness sinks into the Earth.
Your face is free. We will find out!
My ancient feet are ready to walk
wherever whatever voice commands.

I want to be cold for once,
for it’s not *so* cold...

Lay your finger on my cheek.
I am alive in this magnified light,
magnifying glass beaming life
into my frozen hovel.

Groups of friends disembarking the ferry.
And me in love alone
in the barbarous chilly hour
like a woman who gets up early to sell newspapers.

Help me I am so out of breath
and I can’t remember where I’ve been.
Can’t speak can’t light a candle,
don’t have money to buy a candle,
But look two hands that are damp
and exude music...

Ice-creams make lovers
with perilous eyes.
—Then a pine branch fallen
on the side of the road,
spring-colored, new needles,
but still a symbol of winter,
bristles like a caterpillar
your sensitive features.

From *Wheatfield with Crows* by Vincent Van Gogh

When in August the wheat is harvested
who brings the harvesters home?
Their wives? In a wagon? Or do they walk
miles back home to their hearths?

It is impossible to be historically accurate,
but somehow everyone is,
ends up being, as time has shown.

Who brings the painter home?
Again no one. You know him well.
And you think that he could have lived in any century,
the ways his crows move,
and would have been just as unpopular, just as *moving*.

Moving. Cresting through the wheat
the path completed by its shadow
and the grain casting final-sounding
colors onto the gravel—
This road has been face-painted
for no particular ceremony
while the stalks ripen
and finish their honorable course
of life upon this earth.

The road plays
make-believe in this
ambiguous time of day.

Two moons. And a sky too blue to host a sun.
The moons produce the birds,
and the grain receives them.
Or the other way around.

(Paintings that make everyone feel
like they could be a painter)

(like they could be— are—
the painter of this picture)

Yes, that was me.
I painted it for you

to feel like you did it for me.

Take it; I don't want it, any more
than the shit I take in the morning
to hang on my wall,
to keep it out of sight and mind
once it has been completed.

All of them packed
in dusty stacks in the attic.

"Listen to your breath."
Yes but then what? To obey?

(I hear the pen writing
on the other side of the page).

Altar Work

“My gold ring isn’t really gold.”

“Oh it isn’t now? I’ll fix it.”

You push your goggles to the top of your head
and extend your hand for the ring.

I’m nervous. I’m not sure
what kind of work it is that you do,
but I suppose that’s why I like being around you:
I never know when you’re working,
never see you hovering over the flame...

How come? What are you going to do to my ring?
Ding dong, hammer in the bell six o’clock.
Thank God I live in a town
that reminds me of itself every evening
on the dot, give or take
how long it takes the man to ascend
the tower— is that how it works?
No, he probably pulls a rope, so he doesn’t have to leave
the flat ground the world of sense
that treasures your feet, your sanity
as if they were its own.
The flat Earth is Law, the closest thing we have to it.
Only on it can sins be committed.

Breakthrough Dinner

All I know is a cat
when I see a cat. The man slurps spaghetti
across the table from me
and his forehead looks like a piece of meat.
I wish our waiter would come eat with us.
I feel like I can talk to anyone
tonight. Two big happy breasts
laughing unleashed. My heart and my tongue,
the rock and the waterfall.

Where did the image come from
that makes the story “fiction”?
There’s not much to learn, not really,
but you can never stop reading.
I can tell a sleepwalker when I see one,
even if she looks exactly like
the huldra standing next to her,
I can see it.

Sonnet Tiara

The Hike

The rain is warm but still smells like ice.
Pools in the lakes of the forest
form under fir trees and pines
which grow in secret reservoirs in the woods.
Two knights hustle by, clearly
more directed than us, I think,
but you saw something different.
Are you who I thought you were?
Too late now: the singular planetary entity
is setting behind the mountain.
We've got to get home, but I'm growing weak.
Gawain after noon. Good thing here, look,
is the lemonade puddle, sacred to St. Cecelia, we pass
the markers you made that I can't see.

Potatoes

You made the markers but I can't see them.
I guess it doesn't matter since they're working.
For you. And for me crossways through you.
Dining table gleaming in the kitchen
awaits us every morning. I float down
a happy sack of potatoes, Van Gogh
turned every one of them into a golden egg
so the wooden bowl they were sitting in smiled
to be cradling such a vast wealth.
It's really no trouble at all.
I'm just glad to be talking to you.
Touching you. You. Your chest, your legs
which I knew would embarrass you when I touch,
your silent supplicant deaf-mute.

Perspective

Your silent supplicant deaf-mute
waits on the other side of the door
confidant she's knocked. Until you don't come.
But you will. Eventually. Right?
The face is the heart in the sunlight.
I've spent my whole life weaving simple tapestries,
glorified insignias, massive symbols, and vast
passages of blocked color. No shadows.
Flat. Van Gogh's *The Courtesan* was Japanese
in theme, but his flatness came from somewhere else
harder to find on the map. So we had
to make a new one. That's what I do.
And I embroider your name at the bottom of each
in the same color as the cloth, so no one can see.

Ritual

In the same color as the cloth so no one can see
I weave your veves. Having just been persecuted
for falling in love, I sit here in my chair
in the top floor of my tower, waiting...
Only girls who want to be rescued sit in towers,
you said as we passed the old abandoned
three story brick structure by the shipyard.
Of course I want to be rescued, I said.
That's all I do every day: Try to find
new ways of affecting the unaffected,
to be active while in the submissive position,
skipping over cracks in the sidewalk,
waiting for the actor to come down from heaven
or up from the bottom of the sea to reward me.

Carpe Osseum

Up from the bottom of the sea to reward me
you come. We make love. I'm still not sure who you are.
You said you weren't a god and laughed
and then you said you *were*. Are you
the one I called for? Whom *did* I call for?
Maybe no one exists whom I think exists.
I kneel in front of the filthy window smudged
now with scarlet ribs of sun,
the first since September that have looked like this,
or anything like it, so close, I reach out
and pluck off a smallish one.
It will be good for something, I know
a powerful object when I see one
but that's as far as I've gotten.