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novC2010

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First sign of dyslexia:

a bird flies past the window

and it looks wrong.

The same thing happened tomorrow

and it's still last night. And people

smile at what you're not even thinking.

By now it's too late.

A few things you try to depend on

still: a trolley car. Vienna.

9 November 2010

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You loved that girl is what it is.
Then you left, the way you do.

Your emotions befuddle you,
you are a boy lost in the woods,

with big feet, snaky roots tripping,
tangled, your ears distracted by song—

Confusing Autumn Warblers bird books
talk about but you never actually see.

Love is like that, all the translations
said so. The big feet though are all your own.

9 November 2010

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In love
but not enough
like listening to Webern
when you can
almost hear the music.

9 November 2010

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Then the others came
the ones who flew
and flying saw the city
same size as the planet,
nothing but streets
ever, streets and gods.
And shadows of them
passing overhead
And our shadows spilled at our feet.

9 November 2010

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Cautiously rewind
a little boy in a sailor suit
smiles at anybody who watches.
All of us, smiles at the world
because the noisy camera
beheld him, held him
safe while he grew large.
Now it's the tincture of a smile.
The dry old film
feels like a dead man's fingernails.

9 November 2010

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Things move around downstairs
in us. What are things?
What is everybody waiting for
we've been here so long.
The calligraphy of marsh reeds
has written it all out for us,
when will we read?

9 November 2010

IS

The blue of silver
is special money
for the eye a quick
change of one
thing to another

your blood in my veins
abroad a bread
to spread the word
give self-years
faith must inside
muscle you never
notice no matter
now many years

you need rest
hurrying to answer
this pay my way
into the sky
pirouettes of
not even remember

2.

so the tide wend
gull-faltered

in the north gust
and nothing falls

where could it
where could it go
timbre mistake
the note I get
wrong always right
who hums
to carry?

Muscle taught
time to carrt

3.
safe house
in the river
you know I never
heard a lark
in all these seasons
my shoulder blades
quiver at your strength
I travel round the sun
west to east
like all the rest.

10 November 2010

(SAINTS)

But holding by the hand
helps, and the big brown leaf
of the tulip tree, and the carved
Bavarian dark wood frame
for the little lithograph of Saint
Thérèse I'm going to send you
soon as I find one because hse
knew how to hold your hand
by a smile in her broken heart.

11 November 2010

(SAINTS, 2)

He knew where everything was.
It would tell him he would tell you.
When women asked him how he knew
he looked away and said The answer
is always built into the question
and heaven lets me hear it
in the silence after you speak.
Snow. Pine trees of course. Snow.
Forests. Pilgrims. Seraphim.

11 November 2010

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I'm always afraid when I meet
composers, I think I'm afraid
they'll take the music away.
Not just their own—all of it
and the lovely fugues melt like April snow.

11 November 2010

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Lord let me listen
he cried out in his hermitage
Why, have I said something
(the Lord answered), been
talking in my sleep?

11 November 2010

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Caught nearby a rill
running into a brook
feeds this little stream
on its way to the river
on its way to the sea
where it turns into rain
the way a word does
finally everywhere
you step over the cloud.

11 November 2010

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The theme returns—music
always answering some question
I didn't have sense enough to ask.

11 November 2010

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There is anger in the world
and a strange animal
you never saw
no discovery nothing new
the dandelion's
answer to frost.

11 November 2010

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Lift the bar from that forbidden park
and let the lovers creep back in—darkness
is their meat and silence their champagne,
simple as a quick breath, complex as a kiss.
Knowledge. They have so much and know
so little. The air seems broken round them
and only their urgent moves can heal it.
A bus goes by. The angel of the stoplight
can't make up his mind. We are warm amber
in one another's hands. In this contingent
world love alone is unconditional.

12 November 2010

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Putting enough together to say so.

So. There. The birds hear us
and zoom away like cartoons
in the dead prose of our intentions.

Look at me. My mother
struggled three days with the sun
to set me free—what have I done
with my life to make sense of her agony,
give something back? And to whom?
That's where you come in, the beautiful
stranger in the heart of everyone.

12 November 2010

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Don't be that way
be another way
which way is that?
don't be like that
which way should I be?
the other way or any other
which way does this way leave
it leaves you where you are

there are wires everywhere
wives? wires
there are still birds perched on wires
phone lines power lines cable cables
birds perched
notes on the staff
read the birds

music everywhere
notations everywhere
don't be like that
how should I be

list to the music I make for thee
don't be that way

I am jealous of the birds
they perch on your shoulders they sing in your hair
don't be that way either
you don't actually hear any birds
it is winter
don't be that way winter

keep the door closed while I'm away
what away is that how far does it go?
don't be away I need you here
which way again leads here
nothing you can actually hear.

13 November 2010

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Look inside the machine

the machine knows

more things in your wallet that

cumbersome sunrise

now keeps following me around

like gunshots on a duckday morning

woodpecker too

had thoughts about you

the minute the sun gets over the trees

I'll have nothing to say.

13 November 2010