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WEEK

On Monday we're in trance and moony doze half nightmare go to work.

On Tuesday we fight, we struggle against our situation, we go to work, we strive against the endless of spill of us into them.

On Wednesday we barter thing for thing or word for referent.

On Thursday we get our wind back and hope ascendeth like a spinnaker on the horizon.

On Friday we try to make love with everyone, even though everybody tastes of work. Everything is possible, though, even ourselves.

On Saturday we kick back and hate the government, we trim the hedge and hate the grass.

On Sunday we pretend it all means something else. God's plan. Football game.

16 November 2011

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Long line of cars lemming their way to work. Such a fascinating display of meaningless possession, freedom in compulsion. Each man a king in his car, proudly wheeling on his way to being a slave in someone else's fantasy. Business! The phantom of meaning in the bonehouse of work.

16.XI.11

THE WAY WEST

Capture a bonnet.

Annihilate some snow.

Now it is prairie, now it is go.

Use the animal that eats grass

or let birds do it

go and come back.

The other side of the mountains

will always be the other side

even when you get there.

The Otherners will welcome you

seize you with a mother's kiss—

no more grass! No more ox!

The sea is staring at you

and passing over it fast

the shadow of a new kind of bird.

16 November 2011

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I think I've gotten it all wrong.

It should mean not wanting but being.

Being with what and as one is.

A troupe of frightened girls runs away
through the vigorous topiary and hedge mazes.
All the images disperse.

One is left with the one who thinks of emptiness.

16 November 2011

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Sometimes it's enough to look at
the light, cozy light of a November
mid-morn not raining. Drink it in
sips of it, tree light, road light,
overcast silvery sky light. Enough.

The shapes of light surround us.
Light is orderly but exuberant, fills
everything, sculpts the shade.
Quiet light right now is best
late light of morning makes my
skin look part of the world.

17 November 2011

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But music won't let go.
The neighbor's dog
never stops barking.
Music's teeth sink in,
the hurt of it starts to
feel not so bad, can't
live without it, music
needle, music air,
can't drive your car
without it, the bark of it
follows everywhere,
makes you invisible
among the hordes
of the other invisibles.
Subjects of music.
Music is a blind eye.

17 November 2011

THE SHOEHORN AND THE ALPENSTOCK

make merry with your gravity.
Topple in your woolen socks.
The mountain waits, the leather
squeals around your soles
speaking in its native Pig.

This is about climbing.
This is about human
disposition to be doing
something. Anything.
More ergs than sense,

this us. What would
happen if we sat still?
Just get fat? Or is there
(here comes the sermon)
another mountain out there,

one we climb by silence,
by being moveless
as the mountain is?
Climb by becoming it
suddenly alone with the sky?

17 November 2011

SPECIES OF FEAR

Blue love nests
concealed by horizon

you wonder who is here
waiting for you on the satin clouds

the terrible girl tree
I gave you in dream

all map and no island

you live inside my body

whose?

2.

Scare tactics
police at the door
open the cloud

look, the horizons really are
getting closer
it's not your eyes

the desert was never
like this before
you got here

a car the color of the road it goes on
so what so what so what.

3.

Call it a miracle
you know I like that word

let me see your lip
curl back and say it in Latin

miraculum, a little thing to look at.

¡Mira! she said, *el tigre*
mi corazon.

poem stupid dreams of waking men

never awake.

Then women.

4.

Or just the way things
really are.

You wonder we all do
who planted it

how many years to grow a consensus
concealed in language
that holds us in

the mesh of ssaying

how to break a cloud

#Occupy word.

5.

Fish hook
snagged in jeans cuff
you never should

sacred life
blue potency
in a green mind

will she ever come back

taste of her travel

wait wait nothing means me now

climb the greased flagpole catch the greased pig.

6.

Call it the county fair instead

a tract of land for each and every friend

close to the coast of me

costa, a rib.

Cage of hearts

talk to me ever

ear on your belly

universal predator

fangs of desire

I thought the sun this morning

was you calling me.

7.

Who could they be
this you this me

remember shoepolish
subways whistling
in the vegetable section
choosing oranges
and no organic?

I pose for my picture
wearing my own face

a liar to the last.

18 November 2011

= = = = =

“To know your body
the way we take a walk in the woods

slowly lowly
going nowhere

leaves of all those years
old wood and new birds

nowhere to go
so close we know the same place.”

18 November 2011

UNTRAVEL

Wispy clouds of blue winter
an unformed word

alphabets are everywhere
each letter of each one
an island

III

or a mountain
breaking into your purely local sky

dear beekeeper, dear integer.

2.

A pallid newcomer waiting
almost hearable
shadow deep inside the rock

To take more time
on everybody's side
in the shade and watching sun

harvest habits
coal black and out of it

this lily corn

to slap the lily

the way the wind does

do a different thing each time

a hawk over Hercules

name this town after that

and live between

o settlers learn

how to dine on air

darling the nutrient light.

3.

Deadly aplomb

the way a nurse is

lost the label

kept the coat

so many Saturday dogs

you wonder why

every pet represents a failure of language

preclusion of love

I anger you this way
to clear your heart.

4.

In three days the leaves
once they started
are gone from the hibiscus.
Neighborhood watch
who steals the leaves?

5.

My head was empty that long moment
listening to the night chanting
and what light there was
kept me from seeing.

And where do they go,
the cars? They go by,

19 November 2011

= = = = =

for Bradley

Being impossible
alone with your body
in a huge world

sweat of the sun

living her life
in your own skin

healing her.
Heal by hearing her
until you hear

the whole fierce silence of the desert air.

19 November 2011

THE COSMOLOGY

How it happened:

the secretary chased

around the desk

became the sun.

Her somber boss

follows her still,

waxing, waning waxing.

19 November 2011

= = = = =

I am a hidden treasure

I have sought out and found
the way to be me
and not otherwise.

I wait for you there
at the sunset, pool,
little hill, a tree

mountains everywhere.

20 November 2011

= = = = =

My defenses fell away
my roses lost their thorns
and suddenly there were lakes
on every side

look we try
so hard to imagine it
cathedrals rising again
without the inconvenience of belief

strong fingers scratching at the sky
and room for all of us inside,
no sunlight to break through
the thicket of symbols.

The images fall away
and leave me only with things seen.
I rub them on one another
to make a cricket music,
insect cunning, Attic clever,
whale drone, wind in a copper bowl,
plastic sewer pipes humming in the cold.

20 November 2011

= = = = =

The lack of music breaks the air
there never is enough to breathe
and the runner's shadow
gets there before he does—
we follow phantoms!

But to live without the provocations
of mediated desire! To be home in the world
as a thingy place no further than
your arm can reach—
a book, a sleeve in corduroy,
beech tree bark, jug of laundry bleach.

20 November 2011