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**Whalebones on the beach
ice all around them and a bird
shelters by a rib
from that white wind.**

**It blues me after
in cities. A deep
no answer.**

10 November 2013

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**Breath room, animal
out of your dream
becomes the morning.
This one, brass.
Silver. Confusion
among close-set trees
new growth big old
mist continuous.**

10 November 2013

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**The little left
leavens the white
remembered.
To be allowed
the simplest things
seldom.**

**All round you
parents. The stones
your school.
Miracle of bread.**

10 November 2013

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**He opened the mirror
and took himself out.
How bright in there
now. Music
is no comparison.
Wave of the hand,
Botticelli of absence.**

10 November 2013

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**When there is no trust
best say less though
it wants to keep
talking. Let it
but don't listen.
Lavender
grown indoors.
oil from Palestine.**

**2.
Can't help it green
oil of the West
Bank is best.
Trees thrive on suffering.
Olivewood beads
your crucifix.**

10 November 2013

THE CHAIR

Stands upright square
on the bare floor.

It is a miracle.

It is both symbol
and instrument

of a greater
miracle. We rose
from bast.

We got off the floor.

We set our hairless tender selves
upon a chair.

It is hard so we can be soft.

It stands so we can sit.

No fur, no feathers.

We weave cloth and wear it,
we sit on chairs.

This chair

ready for you.

Sit on me

it says, a soft

square song

like a Sunday hymn,

a piece of white bread.

Sometimes it groans

**or creaks when you
or I sit down.**

**The conversation
is material. Things
make us.**

**When Egypt
tried to show
the highest god
it drew on the wall
an empty chair.**

10 November 2013

THE TOWN

**I stopped one midnight
cold in the empty
town square where
Tyl Eulenspiegel
was hanged 500
years ago.**

Owlglass

**the trickster,
laugher, charmer.
He made
the maidens dance,
made people laugh
glad to be cheated.
The priests and police
were not amused,
they tend to murder
those who make us sing.
North Germany, not
far from the Baltic
itself frozen over
so we could walk
on it far out
from shore, a little
magic of our own.**

10 November 2013

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**When she asked him for help
what could he do.
I'll ask my mother he said
and pointed to the risen sun.**

10 November 2013

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**Dream with me
the lances of the sun
assegai. No news.
Death sown deep
in shallow memory.
So much to hold
when it doesn't.
And then flower.**

11 November 2013

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**Mesmeric as of old
only the shadow of
the passing hand
touches. Skin
is mirror not
machine. My
eyes see you also
passing.**

11 November 2013

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**Self smell the child
fingers. All we
know. The evidence
hidden before
and then we wake.
Upright. Crow call.
The city,
 a city
reaches out
to claim. No eyes
left to see.**

11 November 2013

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**Soap sticky
fingertips. What
cleanses defiles.
Tiny paradoxes
mount up. The sky,
your eyes.
Mathematics
or human,
the sum of these.**

11 November 2013

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**Topple over only
as a roof seems
when clouds go
over.**

**Perspective
invented us.
What is the opposite
of Renaissance.**

Redeath.

**Till the new skill
makes us
again.**

The air of it.

11 November 2013

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**We read the secrets
and translate them
into clichés.**

**There must
be a meaning
buried in these words,
cabalist. Discern.
Discern. They heal
but how?**

11 November 2013

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**It topples over
it lies on its back.
Children take it seriously —
this could be actual.**

**There could be water
in the marina, a boat
could on it and we
on it and go. This
collapsing shadow
tells more than its
body does. Silence
of living things.**

11 November 2013

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**Modes of old
music. Lydian
unsinews us
mild as money.
Plato said.**

**Reach up
and touch
the sunlight coming in
stands on the table.
On your skin.
Your hands' awe.**

11 November 2013

