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novG2010

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= = = = =

The sick take care of the healthy
 the poor most solicitous for the rich
 I read Voltaire over breakfast
 and thought about Shakespeare a while,
 the Henry plays and nothing changes.
 My knee hurts. But does God believe in me?
 That is the question. Red flowers
 on the windowsill, blue sidling through clouds.
 There must be somewhere I feel at home.
 Or is it all Schumann and Wittgenstein*
 I've been sitting here since first light
 came on in the sky. They rise late
 in these parts, all these houses up
 Bellevue Hill still dark—only one
 attic window dimly lit. Who wakes?
 And there I stood, counting the imagined
 bodies sleeping in those dim wooden houses—
 if you're awake when they're asleep
 with a little effort you get to be
 the field marshal of their dreams:
 collect them, march them in your own parade,
 chew on their images, gasp with their panic.
 O the sleep of a stranger! What a wondrous

* And Frankenstein's sensitive young Golem
 adrift forever on the pack-ice? *Balise*,
baleine. It all sounds a lot better in French

Africa of undiscovered energy,
howl of beast and shaman's hum,
all human wisdom (listen!) coming
downhill from their easy-listening
Boston suburban moderate snores.
I am waking at last from their sleep.
And the flower's name is cyclamen.

27 November 2010, Boston

= = = = =

It's been a while since I've been who I am
a hole in the ground and now I'm home
a poet, a dead white male in his golf cart
the paper mail clutched in my fingers
o look a poem from a pal, I thought
I'd have to die before I got a street
address on earth but here it is, a glass
GPS on my primitive dashboard
and the meadow oozing past—
but how loud the grass is.

28 November 2010

= = = = =

When we were young and waiting for our father
who was always somewhere else and the street
very long, not many cars but black pavement itself
ran all the way to the sky, fear, fear, and he wasn't
coming from there then all of a sudden
he was here and the geography shifted
to Busy Normal Everyday default. Use
the name you have been given. By him.
Nothing changes. He was gone, he's back
your sorrow as frail as your happiness.

28 November 2010

=====

Is that as big as the sun will ever get?

Winter is a bird standing on one leg.

Nothing lasts. But you remember it.

Endure the pangs of all your pleasure.

28 November 2010

= = = = =

When you know enough to know
which door to go through
you know the secret of the library.
A book is a house that laughs at you—
not only does it have no ending
it has no beginning. And here you are.

28 November 2010

Nothing Is As It Was But It Will Be

Over the doorway to the garden.

Hardly one name do I know

of all those flowers

let alone the animals of leaf and twig,

how could I have gotten here so soon

and why isn't there any weather?

So cold in these brick walls winter

pebble paths look like snow ahead

but reddish blossoms cluster vaguely

or is it my eyes up there by the pergola

where I can shelter from the sky

under a little dome painted blue inside

concavely to impersonate the Eye of God

which is exactly what I'm hiding from

(the sky is why Buddha has blue eyes)

there is another kind of animal alive

disguised as men among you and I am one

our bodies large and frail our lust

is just for mysteries and explanations
we are copiously ignorant we know strange things
it is in gardens we are most at a loss

have no feel for what comes out of dirt
and the colors are only names we forget
and don't know what flowers are trying to say.

28 November 2010

=====

Suffer fools gladly.
Start by looking in the mirror.
There is no second lesson.

29.XI.10

=====

So many places
in time
to wait for now.

29.XI.10

=====

I'm only thinking because I'm writing.

It would be clever to say the converse

is also true but it isn't.

29.XI.10

= = = = =

Do I seem
tired to me,
a little depleted,
plucking at trifles
to serenade
you with bagatelles?

29.XI.10

= = = = =

The morning star
was so bright this morning
I thought it was the moon
caught in a bare tree.

29.XI.10

= = = = =

Eventually things start working
but why is a girl
like a mountain on the horizon?
Distance. Everybody is so far.

29 November 2010

DESERT MELODIES

repeats something recently heard
body of that unhappy man
desert I cannot forget
it sounds logical but is only lyrical
whither am I drifting on a Bible boat
round the street fierce banks
a dog barks out of sight
gains maybe
no animal involved a bird
an old friend he repeated
till there were two of them
then four and so on they all voted for him
they yearn to encounter change
thinking does not like that
important questions solve theology
easy cases are the hardest
who whom
the gathering dusk

morning with the tax man
when you talk
talk like the weather
wet without tears
early Celtic afternoon

till the sun obtruded
silent as a lawyer
setting the table for dinner
leaning back in his chair
high amid the Rockies
devouring widows and orphans
with slight enthusiasm
couldn't resist temptation
rang out sharply
four queens
laid the flashlight down
come to think
capable planet
watched him idly
start today
attempts at conversation
when evening comes
we are at the woman rose
led the day
distant dunes she told him
against the being
without a body

accepted her suggestion
I don't know him either
look who's here
often expressionless

bordered with something wet

to save all that

much in awe

but I'm no

work before this

enacted in the room

sympathized with

overlooking the first

could not be seen

from the house

they stepped aside.

29 November 2010

This text is composed for the most part from glanced phrases in sequence from Earl Derr Biggers' novel, *The Chinese Parrot*, with Charlie Chan solving crime in the California high desert.

= = = = =

I'll take my medicine
there is a business to business—
I mean a money buried inside money
you never notice till you spend the surface away
then the real meaning almost burns your hands.
Me, I'm just waiting for my change.

29 November 2010

= = = = =

Through sapling fence the sky
and in the sky bare trees.
The things to see. Things
that seeing means.

Grey neighborhood
everything the color of its morning
picture-still a noonless sky
why do you need to know

why do I keep repeating?
Could it be music
or as music is
exalted variations on not much

old fence bare trees old sky?

30 November 2010

= = = = =

Let it be easy for once
like a freight train shuddering past
slow slow cattlecars
boxcars gondolas caboose

and nothing has changed
the river gleams the rails gleam
new polished by hard traffic
and you still hear something

downstream the cows
and the cars groan of destiny
echoing up the valley at you
you watched you counted

you didn't have to do
anything it all went by
and for this you were born.
Grasp the going.

30 November 2010

WEATHER SPORTS

Jump over the rain

outrun the sun

catch a cloud

turn the wind around

outtalk the snow.

30.XI.10

= = = = =

When we were this close
my hair turned grey
but the bananas were still green

there was music on the radio
some dumb waltz
I loved it that we didn't move

just stared as the years
swirled past, dozens of them
and then it was now.

30 November 2010

MULLIONS

Opacities
that make
possible
transparency.

30.XI.10