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The fairytales are true
all the rest I'm not so sure —
Tolstoys come and speak and get it
right or wrong then go
but fairyland lasts forever.
You can get glimpses of it
even in poetry.

27 November 2013

= = = = =

I have given myself
to the invisible world —
no wonder my eyesight is feebling.
I have to go by feel
this stone I know.

27 November 2013

= = = = =

Purify used clothing
by the light of the moon —
the gist of other people
dissolves in starlight and the moon
washes new.

27 November 2013

= = = = =

Near to the wall

be all

the animal of far away

has fur softer than vicuña

softer than mole

its small eyes

can see you from anywhere.

The wall

is between anything.

The wall

is almost all.

The animal

spends its time remembering

so we don't have to.

It's all there,

fur and wall and eyes and all,

and all.

But who are we to know

we knowers

and whom?

The wall is all

lean on the all

the all

keeps nothing out.

27 November 2013

THE BOOK

is open

has many pages

the ones (two)

you see

are empty,

waiting.

A book is something

waiting for you.

Lying in wait

spread wide

to catch your eye.

Your word.

The ones

you see (two)

seem blank

but who knows

how many others

there are, pages,
full or empty
and if full
saying what?

What words could say
more than a blank
page can?

How many pages
can you fill?
When are you
going to begin?

27 November 2013

THE CLOCK

waits. What
category do
you be-
long to,
comrade?

My time
the song says
is your time

or we
even earlier
make time
together.

The clock

is just an ornament,
they put
jewels in them
to make them go.

An ornament
not necessity
like Ruskin's
cathedrals
art over utility.

Time too
is useless
ergo also
beautiful,

verweile doch
du bist so schön
cries Faust
(risking everything)
not to some
pretty girl but to

the *passing moment*,
beautiful
because fleeting,
beautiful for being gone.

27 November 2013

A LINE IN WINTER

A line in Winter goes on forever
no nature to confuse its rigor
no rubato to burnish its silver
shimmer undistracted from the web
one of us was it you saw strung
across the morning sun back then
when the sun was a spider or your mother
then we have to do nothing but remember
nothing stops but that's not the solution
show fire by video slow march into melody
when it goes slow enough it turns into matter
elegant material at the footstep of the sea
here we can't help but go on living
this is Samothrace we wake up queasy
find ourselves turned into little gods
so many islands to patrol without a hawk

his heart was heavy as a house because
as if the ink alone made up all the news
we are no more than technology lets us be
see what happens when we have no houses
architecture is the mother of sanity
deer smell each other's skin from far away
we need walls to let us come together
I wanted love so hard I wanted bone
nobody home in the salon of the rejected
everybody is born with a valid ticket
finger the membrane out of his throat
but what if the mother never sang
would silver girls still speak Apocalypse
each man protecting his little fiefdom
the woman drew me with her mind
all chalk came after at Dover and over
one mark on matter and it began to speak
St. John listening to the book he swallowed
everything we know becomes our ancestors
let me go on listening to the wood-grain's agenda
our soft meeting pauses midsentence tone dies away

sustained on the meticulous English horn
we fear all tongues we cannot master
not even sorrow can go on forever
that word leaps in again to comfort thee
lady by the linden tree rabbits everywhere
priests measuring the shadow no light casts

28 November 2013

ZHEN-LOG

nothing begins the way you do
let alone try to remember me

let the linchpin listen
and the golden veil collapse
softly over the contours
of the virgin sacrifice,

there is only one
Titania among all the brawling Oberons

time secretes us like fireflies,
revulsion still our deepest need.

28 November 2013

THALASSA

or much as I love it
don't want to be
the sea?

Which has no shape
but the rest of us

to be most of all there is
and let the rest
elaborate billions of identities

but who will be me
in the house of salt?

28 October 2013

NAUFRAGE

The whole armada
sank. The afternoon
refuted the night, blood
floated on the sea, the dark
never came, the dying
went on dying but no death.
Something had happened to us
we thought, but it was the world
changing, the little things
turned into rain and the thin
things turned into wind
and the ships went down and down
till the sea had no bottom
just endless green meadows
where lovers walked hand in hand
but never talked, the dying sailors
cried out to them from the swooning ships
soundlessly, coarsely, with their last lust.

28 November 2013

