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OCTOBER HORSE

Often October. The given
gives in its turn. Blood
from the slaughtered horse
sprinkled fertility ah
the virgins. The gulls above
create the sea, Easily
we remember what is to
come. November,

The lost returns. The churn
that made the earth solid
still plunges in our milk.
Mind. I keep happening. God

happens to you too. A way
of being in contingency

aloft. It all follows
rigorously, proves the sea.
The death of one thing
is the life of another, weary
are we ever of such truth

But am I even listening
to you. There are needs
I dare not feed so busy
am I feeding them.

No fall of a gull will ever abolish the horizon.

It is given. It gives me to you.

1 October 2011

THE ENEMY

Remember Sir Garlon in Malory,
the knight who rides and smites
invisible? Well, he afflicts me.
I move and every few steps
he strikes me on elbow or knee,
no vambrace shields me, he cuts
at my fingers when I read my mail.
The doorframe bruises me, the leg
of any chair is fanged. His horse
wheezes when I hear my breath.
And when I wake in the quiet dark
the softest sounds a house knows
how to make are surely him at work,
sharpening his sword at me.

1 October 2011

= = = = =

Let the parson call
the streets are empty
we are masks
through which another speaks

a bell is ominous
means time our blood
is dripping out somewhere
from a cut we never felt

or this is feeling,
this sunshine road
and trees not a man in sight
and the immense air.

2 October 2011

= = = = =

In the Year of the World 6015
when the whole world was at war
and much rain fell
a man touched a woman's arm.
The market tumbled 8% that day,
sweating football teams contended.
There was a feeling in his fingers.
Where does meaning live?

2 October 2011

SET THIS PLEASE TO MUSIC

If you look you'll see
if you see you'll find
if you find you'll have
and what then? Look again.

2 October 2011

= = = = =

A tree set to music
comes up the stairs

I can't wait for the past
it dried up long ago
if it even ever was

one more dream
only the guilt is left

the guilt is a flight of stairs
the burden, the long mistake

spreads its terrible silent leaves.

2 October 2011

= = = = =

Feel the fierce hand
that means no harm.
Everything is exploration.
Every person a long unknown.
Tell me I'm all right.
Tell me the jogger passing
isn't really running away.

2 October 2011

= = = = =

A walk is a prowl.
We go in search
of something missing
from this forest
we will never find.
But you never know.

2 October 2011

= = = = =

Being sure to have said less
the painter unspeaks the wall.
Five thousand years of graffiti
—those footnotes of the real—
are hidden now. *I carved
the name of who I loved
and who I was who loved her—*
now only the wall knows.
Someday Time, who does us
favors too, will lick the silly
paint away and show us
what it always means to be
us, insecure, baffled even
by the names we bear, the names
we pray to hoping someone's there.

3 October 2011

= = = = =

Unhinged cloud

its door

swings open

where would I put

this other life

but then I hear

my own name

someone calling

and this is earth.

3 October 2011

CHEMIC

I can't have everything but I have everything
a schoolboy listening to Sibelius, an old
man listening to Ornette, a girl eating peaches,
peach gum on my fingers, tall other trees.

Hills of Petaluma. Chapped lips. Tulip tree
tossing in the wind. The wind. I summon you
to bear unfeigned witness. God is what
keeps waking up in you. A kind of rhyme.

Woman on motorcycle. Amarillo. Yellow. East
against the course of sun. Empire. Mudpuddle.
Glamorous sunlight poured over uneasy trees.

2.

All that agitation, they're hurrying me along,
say everything, say everything, get it all in place.

The pillow fight in Canaan, how I sat once
on the curbstone in Atlantis while the soft
cloth chariots rolled by and green things sang
on rails. How sick I was. How libido
is a mad jar sometimes can't unscrew.

Mahler's China. Blue rain in the Prater.

Love is something can't be made. Hymn
to God in My Sickness. I can take strength
only from saying quietly the names of things.

3.

Thinglish my mother tongue! je vous salue!
 an opal crescent in the dark half-moon tide
 the muskrats in our pond all gone
 but the bears are back and foxes many
 and the Queens of Egypt pose in drenched chlamyses
 to demonstrate the contours from which we come,
 the body is absolute geometry. Wave break.
 In silver almost city light a corner is a precious thing
 or alphabet of birds—you could spend all day
 writing down what they fly—dress well and children,
 a kind of ballgame, there are tealeaves in your hair.

4.

I wanted to be part of myself like a post office
 part of the geography, look for the cantilever bridge
 over the mild Delaware the cathedral is coming to visit
 long-grain rice spills out of Aladdin's attaché case—
 theft is the ecstasy of law, the cavern is empty,
 art is fled, leave your heirs the old stuffed crocodile.

5.

I took the mass of ordinary lead **Pb**
 and set it on a porcelain saucer in my mind.
 Then in the hour when the crows fly up

concentrated my mild attention on its luster—
dull peaceful grey. As I was seeing,
the lead was responding to being seen—
things do. So it wasn't long before
it shouldered down and began shrinking,
its mass moving lustful in upon itself.
Watching made it go faster, the shrinking
mass took on a cubic form, denser,
the plate cracked from the concentration,
such weight. The cube glowed now, turned red,
then white, then red again, finally yellow, deep.
It was small. You can do this too. Pure gold.

4 October 2011

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Confabulate against the feelings and
make poetry that way.
Natural bilirubin, sexy as a nurse's thigh.
Your backbone is a cloud. The sky's
insides. Unpack the air. Mostly nitrogen.
Carbon Oxygen Hydrogen Nitrogen
are always pursuing the millennium.
We are born for each other. Never say we.
August flowers till October. Not a second left.
Will I get it done, will anyone?
Libido is a bell, is bronze, a bronze bell cracked.

5 October 2011

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Being friendly with disaster
 that *wrong star* shone
 through woods and traces, waiting
 for a tune—you too—to take
 you home from out contingency—
 a sparrow did its song to call it—
 you hear their counterpoint as squabble—
 who are the Agreers of the Day?—undaunted
 you put up with the ordinary light.
 Hibiscus all blasted by the cold last night,
 weather loves us and the festival begins.

For I was one of them—an idle eagle
 till business passed him over us—a trade
 we follow bringing crystals home—heroic
 fantasies of contact means connection—
 an arm just touched unites the soul—
 as if there more than one! absurd! we share,
 pale flank acceptance and a world to make.
 And swans too on my mother's little river,
 a decent place beside the way to go—
 everything on dishes except the sea itself—
 two room apartment on the side near the moon.

6 October 2011

NATHLIE (Untitled 11-06)

An arrow says.

An arrow says: a stick points both ways at once
even when it points the other way.

An arrow lets music happen to space.

How. How does it do that.

It leaps. The French say: il saut aux yeux.

It leaps to the eyes.

The in eye, the out eye, the other eye,
the eye that hears music.

So it is a table. A drum. An eardrum.

So it's a table, small, the people around it
find their knees touching under.

Unseen limb of the other

a table hides.

A single mark on a piece of paper
is a lock, Look lock.

Open and go in.

The Ancients knew it
any mark was a seal, a sigil, a way in.

Here there is a hard mark and it opens.

Far away is a wall in a room

and a painting on the wall.

It is a painting of your mother

maybe, or my mother, my poor

mother,

 a mark is a mother,

a mark is a mother.

...6 October 2011

BEFORE THE IDES

Calpurnia's cousin warned her first—

we don't need soothsayers we need family.

A pot bubbling on the stove means death's riding by,

moth round the candle means love's in trouble,

a puff of hot wind a mad dog in the shadows.

Be afraid. And then get rid of fear.

A horse is always horrible, birds talk about you

in foreign languages, every night deflowers you.

Wake your husband early, give him your fear,

he'll send it to the garden to play with his own.

7 October 2011

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Stay in a place
and make it
love you.
Wouldn't that be best?

7 October 2011