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(To leap from the particular to the general = poetry.

The reverse gesture = religion.

**Take the auspices = know what the bird means
when even the bird doesn't.)**

28.iv.13

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**To know nothing but the need
the kirtle round whose hips
cold fingers calligraphy
a cold sun glinting in the ink
look deeper in, see what the written
word conceals, dark river
from which it dries, stable
unforgiving on the page. Parchment.
The clay around your house. Clay
of Adam, the larks of Genesis
we live with still. Listen,
the word conceals itself
every time you utter it.
He did not say he was the son of God
he only said My father.**

28 April 2013

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**Knowing the other side
is a system in itself —
the world upside down
our eyes travel to the stars
and touch what they call light.
And the light knows
what happens to it on our skin,
our special special skin,
ever young, shivering in the spring wind.**

**28 April 2013
(end of notebook 356)**

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**Sudden impulse to see
what should not be seen—
a few hallows left
shrine of the not-yet-visible**

**like cold metal on warm skin
innocent blunt soft even
but already the outside is there
the oldest interlocutor,**

your first lover, the world.

29 April 2013

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**But wanting things from you too
cheesefaced translation from
morning's common to night privy
weird we all are anyhow after all.**

29 April 2013

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**In the rift a rafter
tohang darkness from
and who are you then
who have seen such things
down in the deepest shallows?**

29 April 2013

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**What have you see
in blendlight among sparrows
you can't even name
or camp among snowfields
sans avions why think
of it that way because
the sky's a foreign country.**

29 Aril 2013

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**Taut taut
as if you forgot
it all at once
dandelions.**

29 April 2013

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**Finally getting there
the more of less**

**ashes from a chimney
one hand upraised
as if to say yes.**

29 April 2013

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**Left lamenting
a torn page
still in its book
the wind sifts through
in search of rain.**

29 April 2013

ON THE DAY 3-TOJ

**On this day a man
may look at the mountain
and mean it.**

29 April 2013

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The taste of what they knew
lingers in our mouths
the heart of the matter this heirdom
we are nourished by what they knew
and our light is a candle in their hands.

And always how close we are to going,
how the angry line falters
and the cream
slowly settles upward to the light —
that's why it floats,
affinity of oil and fire
shunning the water, yet,
“Water is the Dharmakaya,” water
shows us day after day that
“reality is workable,”
we find a way
and think it's our way
but it is water's way
and the interruption wakes us into dream.

But that has to be beginning
time upon time,
early in the trees,
a morning is the cradle of the whole day

because we are children of a mistake
but good children,
 fatherless, much mothered,
the amplitude of honor
breaking on the shore,

and during his sermon the pastor slept out loud.

2.

Easy enough to say it stirs
but the mind of a stone
knows no characters,
water and fire and gravity
these are its crucifixion,
its Easter anthem,
its wedding night.

One for you, darling, and one
for the little girl lost by the canal,
nameless (they too) aftermaths
floating on the murky inflow
 the reach
between tannery and river
ineffaceable smell of what we do.

Bollards on the jetty, they too
greased with rain,

sea smell after all,

you were not with me then,
these were the hollow cycles
when every day revolved around
an absence called the dark.

So we came later,
shouting our atheist names
athirst for comfort,
that snoozy contract called together —

no sparrows witnessed,
no pinecone crackled into flame.

Let it flow like Tigris past the tel.
Who's buried there?
What stalks of fennel twigs of charcoal
did you embed
in that kingless history
a heap of earth?

Because it had to be you
who did it,
not the Venetian,
not the little girl with
silence round her slender neck,

you, comportment of local chemistry
courtesied with desire
one day on the ruins of another,
you're the only one who can
amend the sky,
 cancel the traces
and we appear to be here forever
but there really are
footsteps in the sky —
for those who read can decipher
the original country of the singing birds
where first the potter bruised his clay
and made the fire dance
until —
 but until what?
The peace beyond you
and a lake of reeds.
I take the basket up
and keep the city safe from wolves.

30 April 2013

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1.

**Caught on the realm
as if a potter got me
and understood me round and round
till the stars fell
out of your eye into mine.**

2.

**But I had no eyes to hold them
so a darker sky inside me
had to find them, house them.
and they wink in savage constellations

to this very day's inherent night.**

(zettel from 9.IV.13)