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**“My father wanted
a different life”**

Thomas said to me in
dream, **“but there
is only this.”**

No man knows the life his
father really wanted.
We never tell our true daydreams
only the tellable ones, the ones
with namable places and actions,
not the real ones of our alien dreams.

20 October 2010

= = = = =

Waiting to be other
I decided to be this.
No mask, no mirror.
A pleasant animal
waiting for the knife.

20 October 2010

= = = = =

Inside the small
jaw of a paper
clasp the calm
light of morning
balls to a pearl

I reach for it
twice the touch
moves the metal
no pearl there
but the light
itself persists.

21 October 2010

GAZE

Things seen
forgive us best.
I stare at the tree
till it reassures me.

Things are good
at that, allowing
I have done them no
harm or not much

of forgivable if so.
Please. Please.

Everything is an eye.

21 October 2010

= = = = =

Please don't know where I live—
I can barely find my way there myself.
I don't want strangers eating my shadow,
that's all they do, my blood
will pool sluggish in the jar I am,
they will come and break my shadow
and sprawl all over the fragments
then steal away with my empty mailbox
leaving broken things behind them,
lightbulbs that leak darkness, and on
the wall the crucifix has too many arms.

21 October 2010

=====

The shadow of the light

dissolves the wall.

Three little girls in First Communion dresses

walk on the sunny lawn beyond

but all around them it's night.

I have been waiting for you so long.

21 October 2010

SCHOPENHAUER

Now times to tell
the little sparrow
for its own purposes
the will
 to be
is all the doable
engineering of the heart
to fly
 away at last
from his own shadow.

22 October 2010

= = = = =

I could do that too
a life ago
age is concentric though
centripetal
no wonder nobody likes you
when you're very old
you have fallen through
the trap door at the center
of yourself, leaving
no remainder—
and somehow altruism
is the only answer.
Try to remember
the other's name.

22 October 2010

=====

Books on the table

leaves on the lawn.

What weighs on the heart?

22.X.10

= = = = =

I'm seeing ghosts these days
they don't seem to be seeing me.

22.X.10

= = = = =

Holding the god's face
by the chin
not knowing the name
to call the god
only the head is left
I call out to the stone
of which you're made
You who know the mind
within you
because you are someone
who always was,
grant me the grace
of your silence
inside so many words.

I have to go on speaking
until I'm as old
as you are and like you
finally have a face
someday soon
I will be brave
and touch your lips.

23 October 2010

= = = = =

Enrich the opportunity
by refusing it—
give it air
to lose itself in

like yeast enlarging
the house of bread
so heat can live there
talk inside the loaf

listen, when it comes
let it flow around you
it is weather, it's on
its own business here

kiss it as it passes by.

23 October 2010

= = = = =

The turn helm
of my own time
vanishes me,
turns see to dim
and no one knows,
I walk invisible
hidden by age
by circumstance
in some decades
I will walk through walls.

23 October 2010

= = = = =

An old person is a threat
and an embarrassment
a typo in your Hallmark card
a whiff of rotting meat.

23 October 2010

= = = = =

To reach out through the Greeks
to save you, how could you
just because you too own slaves
a comforter quilt a lawn a house—

it is strange still before our eyes
to think that people live in houses,

the heartbeat of a flower
no one hears,

 shrill orgasm of the April cherry tree
the drowned sunshine of October pumpkins

and we live in boxes,

 Anatolia,
hidden in walls on which we daub
scary pictures of the beasts we left outside—

out there, our deepest nostalgia is for *there*,
the woods hills wells webs of light

against them all we slammed the lignum door.

And all that should be outside
we link in darkness in our boxes—
because we live in lands that do not love us.

Is that our simple reason?

Or do the seasons

turn remorseless as we tarry?

23 October 2010

= = = = =

Claim exorbitant energies
break the circle
run over the rim of the rut

to carve new wherevers
blank into being, all
open to sovereign will—

autumn is your miracle
total recall
to summon self

back into the wood.

23 October 2010

= = = = =

The ink even loves me
in Swiss German she speaks
love is under your fingernails
love is the whole sky
filled with wild geese—
don't you dare forget me
or the ancient lake where
you picked me up, don't lose me
in your chattering caravans
your encyclopedias on wheels
rolling wordy through the wilderness
gouging my soft grass.

23 October 2010

ENTEUTHEN

*(‘from there, thence’ –
a suite of texts made in October 2010 using outtakes from Uncertainties.)*

1.

A two can’t go, a three’s too loud
all the alphabets of light spilled on the night,
all these oldish amplitudes turn young again
and play us wordless music hum by hum.

2.

A pyramid—
as if we slumbered in it
pharaohs and pharaohesses
in molten gold
yet it was cool
as if we touched each other
and the touch
(time is patterned on our
measure) woke us, free
to sit in every chair,
still, still, so deep
into dancing
whatever dance may really mean.

3.

Certain times of the day
certain parts of your house
changed the way water flows

everything in this garden is here for you—
exhausted by thinking
the wind dies a little into the bushes

far away from where
you keep trying to be and understand.
For a good child everything is mother.

4.

From so far away I feel your body
all around me a different way,
you hope to find an ear that hears in me—
I live by laws discovered in the wood.

5.

I'm not lost if I'm not where you are
I'm only lost if I'm not where I am.

6.

All eyes closed
in the shimmer of light
different in every room
in all of them
a little boy reads poetry,
Byron, say,
happy to be so far
from understanding.

7.

Lay your market fullness out on some plane space
moving or your body still
he caught two turkey and one fox
neither very separate from other
beat back inside yourself to save their lives.

8.

Open the afternoon and squeeze some morning in
Our Lady help me to set the things out right
so the table will be covered with our needs
our time the unwise trees had to discover
deep in the whole city you imagined
people who live in mirrors learn to throw stones.

9.

Read like simple children, the words you spell
replace something you don't remember either
it sank into both of us a stone in a river
we are victims of our own identity.

10.

Scandal to touch at the wrong time
furniture she comes to read
so inward stories leap out crying
trying to make love to all the other truths
so many children sweep the road no traffic comes.

11.

See them dancing
some to touch
go there it is so close
lost in feeling
in the night part of the house

12.

music's upright body curved
stayed there a long time and the water
whispered all night the lactic acid loose—
lovers console themselves with thinking
morning is all going and the evening being gone.

13.

A gate listens for all the gone
the tone above the octave sang again

the wall you lean on belongs to you
it sets you free one brick at a time.

14.

There is no past
there is nothing back there—
a science of relationships
solves it all for zero.

And no man never loved.

15.

You are the mass and meaning of the world
you are the measure of all things
you said it led this way and it did
you start to remember something you never knew
you unimaginable other person just like me.

[24 October 2010]