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Walking all the way to remember
where the fish are
deep another
life is high
the surface *tween*—

sky earth sea
all three come
together here
he can breathe

for land is the little half of earth
the triumph of time
(accretion) over fluency—

water has no part of me,
there is no time in the sea.

24 October 2010

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Just try to see me
from the other side of myself

*where what thou seest
is all for thee*

there is another voice in me
in all of us

a voice that looks at me
a voice that hears.

24 October 2010

= = = = =

As inside the prim of clothes
an ardent body bides its time

so voice inside my voice
seeks its kindred

the *thee* in you
self-shivering in blue morn.

24 October 2010

DIFFICULTIES OF SPINOZA

There is no philosophy except to see
as I go blind I'll surely cease to think

yet I can feel my way
along the axes of the diamond

or feel the convex of the concave lens
the kind that lets me almost see

yellow leaves one by one desert the tree.

24 October 2010

INTRINSECUM

Aftermath of something
green—this hue
evaporates into the night—
stuck together by a queen's
molecular, mine own
electrons caught and then
let loose—fall of the tower—
she licks his prominent
phalanstery and makes
monks of them. Who?
No Basque steel, no squat
or zealous July. Saul over,
sly Bathsheba reigns
and means no harm
but who taught her
chemistry! Was it a cloud?
Was she allowed?
What else did David see
from his rooftop? One
by one the girls came running
(atoms from Mendeleev's table)
whispering to his aging ears
“We are all Bathsheba, each
by each.” Then the king
knew that he had sinned

by being few when he could many,
had built his father's temple
to the wrong half of God.
Tree and sympathy and priests
of the Wisdom Woman
from before time, now they
must creep back from the desert
to remind them all of her
and all hers—the Holy of Holies
is hollow: that is the secret,
Nobody Home, into waist
places of the genome
hath Wisdom fled
to fertilize the desert scrap
the All She expelled from Her
high house back there
by manwit, king snivel,
pontiff prattle, all the dull
boys. Are we near?
Close but no sitar, the pluck
you hear is belching brass,
inside-of-you tubes, spoken
chubes by her daughters,
it's a gay ball maybe but no
glimpse for glimmer, shimmer,
o summon her Back
from the Speechless Desert,

her Best from Felicity, Treeless
Arbor, her Belt slipped loose
from the stars. When we be
so weary of no shimmer!
The shimmering ergs
of radiant between!
(Alack for us this
pale pope, this Coolidge
of cardinals, this mope!)

Give us our Middle back,
our means!
Are these stalks
are they stems
are we weeds
to stick up tall
against all this weather
two millennia
and still fancy we're
coming when we're going?
O bring her Back
from arbalest and Qanun,
Hers be the glue
reminds us, glial,
of all perceiving
and know again.

Are we stilts,
are we stamens,
stoics merely,
creaky semaphores
flake in windy?

The tantric intrinsecum
itself it is
and spins north within
on stem and stamen
(leaves shift
in the rainblow)
target of tension
tell the toller
bide your bell sir,
unanswerer!

By cogent and by merely
feed, exonerate a loser
ipicked up two broad
coins some Spanish
on 'em is it Latin
could be silver or
lighter some fabled
argyraluminium
one weighed a quarter
pound in Troy
and one a little less
in hand, I forgot it

till this moment
it was in dream
but who is this I
suddenly had it?
A brother, a broker
selling wheres
(came for the music
left for the song)?
sound a body
of water and me
a body of fire—
who me? I's own?
Sister mister, was you
under bridge, a porter
and his alewife
from this same stream?
We share our dream
we have none
other money.

25 October 2010

= = = = =

A pain in a place
I didn't know was there
then a place inside a pain
vanished as I entered in—

focus, it's all about
where the mind's rays
come to rest
and then read backwards

to time before place.

25 October 2010

NOVENAS

1.

Let the sun back into the tree
cage the light against me
for I was stone a long time
picturing myself abroad and then
the other people's pictures came:
the world. That thing already there
it thinks. But deep down in the me
the tree the rock knows better.
Nothing there but what I see to be.

26 October 2010

NOVENAS

2.

What is it bothers the skin now
the missing person bureau of the heart
grinds out its bulletins
cars stop at the house then speed away
the doorbell rings and nobody's there.
Or nobody's home. It takes two
to be invisible. The world's a ghost
and it's me that's come to haunt it,
my skin prickling with some hidden nearness.

26 October 2010

NOVENAS

3.

Ninefold the measure of nothing
he preaches the wind. His glass
is empty even of light yet he passes it
around the room so we can drink—
or what verb would you use to say
Take nothing into nothing Leave something behind?
These are dark cellars we linger in
rubbing against roughcast to prove we still feel—
but what kind of certainty does skin convict?

26 October 2010

NOVENAS

4.

But the beauty on this morning even
needs notice and I amber it
less than crows call to give it space
palest blue and lawn a Holy Land
to tread the dark ridge down to the stream
over it away. I'm alone with the leaves
a lifetime before breakfast—solo
for alto sax when who remembers
chancy violins last slippery midnight?

26 October 2010

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But now it's time
to do something else—
do it, not say it.
The leaves are all around us
trying to listen.

26 October 2010

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On a very hot day in a very thin dress
(the train was late but he was on time)
she met her past with a kiss on the lips
(none of those Belgian buss-on-both-cheekses)
right in the lips where the wet of words is stored
(the meaning you can't get in the dictionary)
they tasted each other and knew it was noon.

27 October 2010

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Now I have ten minutes to say
what a lifetime hasn't gotten said.
Can I say it? Are there leaves
on the tree? Yes and no. October
has brought most of them home.
But home is not what I mean.
They gave us language as the way to god,
all of them. Is it spring I meant?
Or the quiet space between the stars?
Something like that. Something that talks back.
That's what I mean: I want an answer.
Even if I have to make it up myself.

27 October 2010

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Lured by heavy midnight rain
the tree shook off their leaves.
Now stand awkward naked
the way we do the first time together.

27 October 2010

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The shadows love us
never let us go
until they sleep

the words though
have shadows that never leave

All fear stems from this.
Fear of melody.
Only the orderly
(minimal) evolution
of chords. Structure.

People lie in bed
thinking of their ancestral home
they've never seen.
Ancient kingdoms cast their shadows too.

27 October 2010

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Of all the sorts of why
recovering from Scholasticism
by dint of raining no objections

and solving none—sheer
unsubstantiated assertions,
these are our gold

let them be the stuff
of philosophy as so long
of poetry. Or pottery:

who can prove a piece of clay
or decode the subtle curve
that keeps the rhyton from standing?

In this academy the scholars
only have to mine in the dark
the reaches of the random mind

and say out loud in their sweet voices
one blessed thing after another.
In this country they all are true.

27 October 2010