

9-2011

sepC2011

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Does the rain remember
where it flowed
before it fell

or how it rose
in kindlier ascensions
high enough then

to rain down on us
again the long
circulation of we drink.

Does the rain remember
where it fell
and who or what got

wet with it
before it made its way
back to the sea?

Does the rain remember
this place now
these roses glistening with it,

these sleek hurrying
cars, our glad eyes
watching it come down?

7 September 2011

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That was the skeleton.

Here is the body.

The weather is our teacher.

I'm trying not to cry.

7 September 2011

= = = = =

Eigenvalue of the girl in the pink dress.
All the ciphers in the matrix
(matrix means womb, the mother)
count up to zero meet me by the linden
it doesn't even have to be midnight
of course the sky is falling down
rockets chipping off the walls of Troy
They stand out there so we can have
something to understand inside us,
a color even, resilience of skin.

7 September 2011

= = = = =

The bricks they laid in Babylon
hold up my house.

The dark language
they carved down from what the stars spoke

sobers my giddy North Atlantic speech
my theology of hummingbirds¹.

Of course it was drunken finnegans who
hodded bricks up the high *Heikal*,

same as trudged up Erigal
in my bones for a sight of the sea.

8 September 2011

¹ Sip. Visit every flower. Worship every god.

= = = = =

Heath or harrow

land likes us.

Turned soil breathes

and sings new things

we also eat.

And in the rain gloom

heather feeds us

shimmerings of sympathy

by which all at once

we come to inhabit

all the distances.

Sky's moorland, mine.

8 September 2011

= = = = =

But who is to whom,
a sailor? Ocean
find first then pine
tree down to mast it,
could you? Have I
learned anything?
Could I did what Troyans
do? Upriver
where there is no river
come ashore there
where no land widens?
O silver breath
of autumn mornings
make me clean,
give out all I was
and refresh
my wounded emptiness.

8 September 2011

= = = = =

I tend to sleep like sepulchres
fingers laced together on my chest
my back flat to the bed.
Restful but vigilant, ready
if anything dared to come
out of the dark. I say this
boldly, hardly let you hear
the panicked whisperings—

for everybody is afraid.

Fru Minne, lady of love
how do you sleep
or do you ever, the *long love*
does it let you rest
ever, do you just sit
calm a minute on the edge of the bed
watching the dawn light gold your skin
before you leave the one behind you sleeping?

8 September 2011

=====

Imagine being where you are.
Pretend you're looking
at what you actually see.
Pretend it matters to you
and you matter to it. Pretend
that what is actual is actual.

8 September 2011

= = = = =

And so to be with things as they used to be,
moonlit road and a horseman on it
going nowhere and I will follow.
Also the insidious altitudes of trees
vaunting till there is no more sky
just light coming from somewhere.
And a girl is singing.
But is it her song?
It is terrible to sing the wrong song.
At night. Moonlit road.

9 September 2011

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A day when saying one thing is enough.

Might be enough. Never enough.

The walnut tree has fallen.

I've been sick for a week,

villages in the mountains wiped out by storm.

My roads are not built for such heavy traffic.

9 September 2011

= = = = =

Can we when time is finished
be the person you mean to me.
It take a lot of touch to hold the light

and the breeze breathes for you then
and all our hard work together
is just some children playing

for other children to behold—
“Romeo Brought Back to Life by Juliet”
or what is music for?

10 September 2011

= = = = =

Rose in your lap

pressed in.

Lean trickle of beauty

and far away you smile.

10.IX.11

= = = = =

I lost the look I lent the window
everything's a contrail in this sky
and now I track the memory
of what I didn't see. Everything far!
Does an apple branch ever break
under the weight of its fruit
or do all things know when and how much?
I thought three people walking up the road,
walked slowly, into the morning
but I lost their faces too, genders, ages.
Three people. Three miles to town.
O don't be so fast to leave our empty space!

10 September 2011

= = = = =

Just from seeing
a middle-aged heavy-
set man come
jogging towards me
this hot day
I am exhausted,
barely get through the
door to my chair.
Who am I really,
him or me? Am I
everybody I see?

10 September 2011

= = = = =

Though the flowers she sent you
were not the ones she chose
they chose themselves right for you,
I think they had a sense of her,
protea, the first of all, the ever-
changing, good to grab hold of
and keep close, and there were birds
of paradise too, the sumptuous
playful complexity of love,
analytic, exuberant, a wave
always lifting, always breaking.

10 September 2011

= = = = =

I have given so little
still am your friend
almost as if all we
ever need to give is being.

10.IX.11

= = = = =

I take all form
and be it. I breathe
every language
in one breath.
I touch you
with no hands.
I am thinking
with no thought,
knowing
and nothing known,
I keep becoming you
but stay myself.
But have no self.

Sometimes when I'm with you
you think you remember a flower
without being sure of when or which kind
or even what color your memory is.

10 September 2011

= = = = =

It means so much to me

but what to thee?

You look into the cage and love the tiger

who preens for you, shimmers his stripes,

treads his cushioned paws, flexes

those potent flanks. It makes you happy

to commune with him, his beauty,

energy, danger give you those things too.

He sees the intelligence of your eyes

and wishes he could see like that—

but all his seeing is in his wanting,

to feel the meat of you and know you deep.

But all he really sees is bars.

11 September 2011

SICK MAN

One ear is warmer than the other.

I want my mother.

11.IX.11

= = = = =

They were everywhere
coming out of the bone of the thing
as if we had a chance
once to be something other than

this boy we were,
a windstorm of entities
biking together up a road
ends in a cliff face—
climb or die.

When I am alone I am several
and we talk to me
(you would too if you would listen)

we say climb with me
we say hold my hand
my foot finds its own cleft in the rock

are you still listening?
Rain comes down the calcite wall
sleek danger like a woman's hip

we think about that likeness and we fall.

2.

Climb you.

As long as we keep talking
we will ascend

like the reciprocal of rain.

Fall again. Begin
at the ending and go up.

Better the salt of wet rock
scarred palms, body
never felt like this before,

climb without remembering.

3.

Or do you see me as a patient
stretched out on an everlasting bed,
you come to visit me and sit beside me
let my hand rest in your lap
as if they could drink some life from you,
life you actually are drinking from me,
this amplitude, this mind still rambling.

11 September 2011