

9-2012

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= = = = =

And now it's already another
wake and wake again
till you're sound awake
and all the rest are dreaming

and it's cool out finally
as if it were waiting for me
and all the fields of beets
and cauliflowers ready

now and three thousand
miles away the fields
of yellow rapeseed flower
and months ago

everything another language.

9 September 2012

= = = = =

Her wedding I wonder
is she up already,
could she sleep at all
in all the shivaree

we get to know each other
the way brown leaves
scud across the porches
of our childhood

not so much touch
as timing, how we look
at each other and then away
and where the eyes turn

and what we remember
while we seem or pretend
to think of something else,
everybody married already.

8 September 2012

= = = = =

Maybe it's time
to see a movie walk
by the river eat a banana
open the door and just look out

in maybe it's not even
time for anything just
time for itself sit and study
an hour passing away

from here we go to RIP
and I'm still here
changelessly different
Sunlight in a dirty window.

8 September 2012

= = = = =

Waiting to know when things begin
we chose a different waiter, old one,
white apron down to the ankle
still clean. “When does the world
begin?” “When did it end?”
Smartass waiter, just like Ratner’s.
But the question stumped us—
what does time have to do
with nothing? Sometimes needs time.
Time takes time. Nothing
is instantaneous. But here we are.
we need something to eat. He smiles
at us and polishes an old spoon.

8 September 2012

= = = = =

(Though you do need
a whole lot of time
far niente,
to do nothing at all.)

9.IX.12

= = = = =

Stethoscope pressed
to the chest of the house
will hear geese passing
over its roof last fall

will hear the conversation
he had with that strange
woman who came to talk
about religion and they had tea

will hear the kettle
simmering down after boiling
rattle of spoon along
rim of a china sugarbowl

her explanations his
plausible reluctance
the cat scratching the chair leg
the door closing behind her

sweet world that keeps
such measures in you
nothing spoken in a house
is ever lost, oh wall

no wonder that I too
press against you when I can
cool plaster or sleek wainscot
no one knows how much we share.

9 September 2012

= = = = =

Lifting the sparrow
with cold fingers
whose heat is this
any feeling
is something between.

Find the sound
follow it home.

9 September 2012
(end of notebook 348)

= = = = =

Then at the morning rose
let the love discover
what bird walks on the roof
or where the light comes from

to be here. With us.
As if we were householders
after all and it a special guest
fills the house with his own clamor

and leaves when he wants to.
And every day we try to reckon
what he's really after—
what does the light think?

10 September 2012

=====

Quiet problems

noisily solved.

And conversely.

The rosebush and the war.

Too late

to be lovely

is it?

10.ix.12

= = = = =

(Rainbow last night after *Endgame*—
the painterly fell away,
the glory spoke *itself*—
gold half-dome under the arc
all blue outside around.
We drove into the gold
over the river and home.)

10.ix.12

= = = = =

The anywhere aspect of here
begins again. Once by the Walkill
a hundred thousand times
by Metambesen, called Sawkill,
a word in the sky dropped
into the heart.
It taught me to speak
Intermediate Thinglish
after the abstract yearnings of my city youth.
Tree verse and Jung and the Middle Ages never ended.

All the things this hand has
touched write this. Not me.

10 September 2012

= = = = =

Faltering after all the education
we don't need to remember
we have bones to do that for us

the bones in us are the dead
our ancestors live in us as bones
small and large, ever receding in size
as they do in time,
all the great great greats
each one doubling in the genetics I am.

They walk in me now.
They bring you to me.
We are so different but something in us
brings us to each other
whoever we are
in the first instant clear
no deciding needed,
no choosing, no remembering.

They are in us and walk each other
to each other, because somewhere
our common ancestors are yearning
in us to reunite their

children who we are.

People know this deeply when we meet,
then we get confused, we think,
and thinking makes fools of us,
we think it's love, or desire, or shared
interests or fate or angels working,
it's none of that, it's bones, just bones —

some of my bones belong to you.
Simple as that. No remembering.
Or just remember that.

11 September 2012

= = = = =

So many things to do
each one the pinnacle of Everest
each one the only sun in the sky.
My fingers are cold,
the romance of being anybody
seduces me,
I could be an angel, a page
in Pessoa's book, a gardener
mistaken for Christ, a man
by the drywell smiling,
or in Juno's church that time
I saw the man I killed
and was him, but he
was someone else as well —
no grief. The hummingbird
sips the nectar
and does not mourn the flower
he's just left.
I could be anyone today. I could be me.

11 September 2012

= = = = =

The Gnostic Turn

takes me to itself.

We can't help being in the world,

can't help being in bodies,

can't help thinking with the flesh.

Affinity is the deepest mystery

of our surface life.

After that the real

mysteries begin.

11 September 2012

WHY I AM SO SMART

after F.N.

I know nothing about anything.

I make everything up.

Sometimes I get it right.

11.ix.12

THEOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS

Knowing better.

Rapture is a road

it lasts a minute or two

and you are there.

Nowhere.

*

To be with all of them at once

like sunlight poured out on bathers on the beach,

bikini god and cornfield god

and god of let it all come down

god as breathable atmosphere.

*

Exquisite difference

between jealous and selfish—

slip in between

and let god worship you as light.

*

For those believers

being alive at all
implies a permission

a mother-may-I
whispered to the sky
at any moment could be rescinded
the dance is ended.

*

But the *everywhere without an anywhere*
does not it seems to me behave that way.
No mother, no child —
I don't know what there is,
when I let myself think about it
it always feels like me.
Or me as I would like to be.
The sun at midnight. The silent clock.
The road past the Roman ruins.
A shout in the dark.
A word on the tip of your tongue.

12 September 2012