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**Give me five minutes
to find the day.
Before it finds me.
Or let it, it
has some to say,

say it, I'll wait
before I begin.**

19 September 2013

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**Wearing sunglasses
is sometimes walk in wonderland.
All the colors saturated,
polarized, deepened, made
into visual solids
I get to walk among,
enter and leave
and the sky forgets

the crows are calling –
something is stirring in the woods.**

19 September 2013

=====

**Chaste enough to follow the waning moon
just hours past its full. Virgin of doubt
he kept making his own road.**

How close do I have to be before you?

**Is there a prison where lost things linger
hoping for the freedom of being spoken at last?
To tell at last into this indifferent world?**

**He wanted the moon and only that.
Let us let him have it, give it
to him from the treasure house of language.**

19 September 2013

BODILY

Cerumen

**Why does the deaf
ear not gather wax?**

**What a tidy
orderly thing the
body is,
thrifty, quiet,
always being small.**

Metabolism

**I have the physics
of the depressive,
the chemistry of joy.**

**I sit for hours
glumly exulting
out loud right here.**

Corpore

In body

I mean.

20 September 2013

=====

**As soon as it comes home
it will be me
again or for the first time
who can decide
out here where the trees
publish so many
variations on the same news
the way we music.**

20 September 2013

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**Suppose a rose
had no way in,
where would the bee
even begin?**

**I need to do more
than listen.
The fragrance
comes from somewhere
but a sound from near.
Somewhere in me
a ticket to go there.**

20 September 2013

=====

The image

is always a mirror.

Is it only a mirror?

The difference

between society and religion

invented by the Reformation

gives us at least

this value: religion

understands the image

as only a mirror

and directs our attention

elsewhere, be it

aloft or within.

There is nothing there

but you are here.

20 September 2013

=====

**Arbalest, a pretty rage
against the ancient, ruffles
and topknots and
Sally in the tower
hinting no war
that is not civil,
in a muddy flag
draped around shoulders,
Schule, we die by education,
the flag still moves in the wind.**

2.

**Learn only what the birds tell you
and you'll know that women are the rulers
of the race, they are the originals and men are clones,
clowns. It is women who wear the pretty clothes
bright and shimmering and smart
like cardinal birds and peacocks — I
am their first experiment in making men**

3.

**Stop raving, Lucifer, you had your chance,
you say whatever comes to mind
and think that we'll believe it.**

Well, we do, we credit
everything we hear because
hearing is itself believing
like those Arabs in the old movies said.

Once you hear something
it stays inside forever.
Ear's image
graven in the dazzled mind.

4.

And then it was time to begin.
The leaves shook off the tree
the colors changed.
This is me they all mean,
this is what I really am,
a craving lonely in an atmosphere,
I am an orphan,
I will never find my other.

5.

Sped by the hospital looked the other way,
gaunt trees in hospital gardens
guess us for the worst.
Across the road a blue animal
lingered between genders and I wondered.

**Yes I, I was there at last,
late as usual in the common light.**

6.

**All I ever do is listen
can't I one day speak?**

**You call this a day?
This is just light on earth,**

**a day waits on the other side of dream,
and this dream isn't over yet.**

21 September 2013

=====

**Have you ever run
into a cave where the last
light from the entryway
gleams on black water**

**and suddenly all you want
is to be a boat and free
intact on that cold mirror
that shows nothing**

**nothing but itself
and you glide between wet
and dry, between the elements,
water and air here**

**deep under earth and you
have to be fire
till finally you understand
this is what daylight hides**

**this is the hidden truth t
hat conspiring sun tries to deny
this is the truth the quiet,
you in the empty mirror.**

22 September 2013

=====

OLD HIPPIE

just a hippie who hates music

just a cloud with no sky

people sometimes linger

after their time is done

young people imagine a past

that could not possibly have produced him

so there is silence between them

and his house is somewhere where else.

22 September 2013

=====

**The rose of Sharon
makes the sun come out.
Every time I try to begin again
the sky clears, the sky
tries to keep me from seeing**

**it is strange that the light
given to us so we can see
just keeps me from seeing**

**I am not the first
caveman to make
this observation,
the first of us
who stumbled out
into daylight
knew it for me.**

22 September 2013

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**I'm trying to call you
from inside the stone
because I put my voice there
last night to keep it safe
from all the noise outside.
I want my word
to be the only music.**

22 September 2013

=====

**So what does it take
to start the merry-go-round turning?
How much does it cost
to ride a tree leaf
when it settles slowly
from the top of the tulip tree
to the ground?**

**I want to know
because there is so little to know
in this strange world.
And I want you to know it with me.**

22 September 2013

LA CHAUX

In the mountains it can colder.
Member once of twenty years
48° in August ever welcome.
For was born me with enough heat.
And more to spill.
That's where comes you in.

2.

It should be easy as a market
everybody is money
and only shadows are for sale.
We slept in a caravanserai
infested with fleas — these
insects make want to buy
thing after thing and some sell —
why have been traveling so long?

3.

Meeting the quincunx we dissolved.
A pale red flower perched on a branch
we thought a bird
until it flew and then we knew
is what was singing in that place.
What kind of organ is your church have?

4.

Flea bites and bird flights.
Merciful weather we prayed
give us the *nox dormianda* the
the old Celtic poet spoke of
disparaging the sexless dark
but we knew better.
Death is a lover.

5.

Females perched on the railing
males flutter on the ground
was seen in that place
Dr. Remark's garden,
Uncle Klingsor's potting shed.

Watch everything and never decide.
Every time I turn 100
I spring up and set the clock back.

6.

Cars go by like telephones
or birds sometimes or pale flowers
or caravans or mists on Mont Evian.
The little car went up and up the hill.
It is always another day
in the Chablais

**driving nowhere,
drinking toasts to one
another from a wooden shoe.
The goats were watching.
They sang this too.**

23 September 2013

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**Then these have been done
then the rabbits hid at roadside
wondering why.**

**The life
of an animal is mostly wonder.
Why don't I?**

*

**Aggression in the cloud
cover becomes the sun.
So pretty on the lawn
it hurts my eyes.
So what am I?**

23 September 2013

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**The forest is a living mountain.
The dark among the trees is cave
our primal home. Stone
caves we just made do with.
Into the forest we
also return. This
is our home, a dark
place is home —
leaves all around,
we build houses to be dark in.
Save us from light and weather.**

23 September 2013