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After many years the moving woman runs by again
no older, she, but weary
weary, doesn't it seem sometime
we are all exiles moving fast
or slogging through the Contingency
the landscape left after love
or whoever forceful made this place
where she still is running?

24 September 2011

=====

Exiled but from where?
Is it one country
from which we all come
or can there be out there
a whole archipelago of the human
and we come various from its island sands?

24 September 2011

= = = = =

Safe in gloaming
Minerva's owl
is still asleep—
gaunt muggy daytime,
we flower
in each other's souls,
the touch is optional,
Columbus sails
backwards in a dream.
My hand on your leg—
we have always been here.

24 September 2011

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Sometimes we need these sisters
to ring us live—

 Ulster poppies
and a wash down Rondout
I could believe no American
we lay in foulbed and gave birth to lies
valor of a ruddy people
morning flies off into maple saplings
and god grants sumac
to the sunstruck parking lot—
shadow in oblique desires
(never meet the one you love).

24 September 2011

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An angel we are told
has no matter body of its own.
Hence is so anxious to know
the bodies of others, people,
to know them in all
the senses then to let them go.

24 September 2011

= = = = =

The phylum of neglected beasts
has all that you and I and the pronouns stand for
we don't exist except as intersections
in some grammatical exercise
love letter for instance, or the Rights of Man
and of the Citizen. Something with nobody in it.
No time for fantasies. The leaves
are already beginning to fall.

25 September 2011

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Clouds close sun eyes
me to sleep
the sky is our ancient manuscript
still being written
we need to read.
House of study.
Prayer is how the earth breathes,

25 September 2011

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When I heard you say
what I meant to,
the lily sifted
in small breeze a
breath of pollen
dusted polished wood.
The word 'love'
in a sentence.
The heart's quartet
tries to keep in time.

25 september 2011

CREATION EPIC

Some people think things
then they are

the transition
is immaculate

No seams Things
have no second thoughts.

2,
Arrive then
The river

won't wait
forever

your sins fall away
by themselves

that face in the water
the smile that's left of you

3.
Liturgy means work
the people do

Perform means
form thoroughly

do you see what they mean
all these years?

26 September 2011

ROSE OF SHARON

There are more like roses
on the hibiscus now
than in summer. Fall
rains the flowers full.
Feathers of the great
vague birds who
have no need to fly.

26 September 2011

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Write a door.

Write it opening.

Write your way out of the room.

You see hummingbirds out there.

Write a smile.

Write a street and walk away.

26 September 2011

[Dream Theology]

A prayer they said
I needed to know

I ate the offerings
I was meant to have
one page of text
I didn't have it
white the paper of it
was but was it paper

the lost word
was something
you could actually eat
I think I did

I was on the telephone
said the prayer
but hadn't paid for it?

The mood was pleasant
so the prayer got meant.

26 September 2011

= = = = =

Learned at last what the body is.
It is another country, a whole country
and every town in it has a touch for you,
a different word to say
and you need them all,
a meaning, a history, a therapy.
That is how we can be healed by touch.

26 September 2011

= = = = =

Now the monk in his winter mind
hides the stars away in the sky
and scribes outside on green mosquito lawns
tracks of divine love onto human skin.

Or so he thinks. The itch of reason
annoys. The voluptuous trance
of formal logic eases for a while,
climax with no outcome though.

He sighs the way men do who have
too much and still want more
and suspect that there is no more.
Or not much. So he writes instead

Only I can bring God to earth again.
And understands that when everybody
says those words too, the God will come.
It would not be dawn if no one ever woke.

27 September 2011

CAVE OF SEMBLANCES

Ink to write with
colored sky why?
Trees so slow.
To lose color
is to find you again?

Madrone by her door
she climbs or squeezes
tight her thighs around
a branch goes.

What do we care
what happens to us.
Writing is squeezing
talking is too
but writing came first
then out loud we
cried out first reading.

2.

In Chauvet they did not sleep
or in Lascaux. They kept a Nyingma
dark retreat. They lived
in daylight like the rest of us
but went down into the dark to see

3.

For what we call five minutes
the instructor makes the fuse-lamp flare.
Till the flame dies down the retreatants
draw from memory the shape of things outside—
they draw the image of their minds thinking.
All their times are this time. Everything
is here. Then the fuse is snuffed out
and the dark retreat goes on.
That's what we see on the walls
the mind all at once, memory and vision.
Hasty skill is art. Is poetry.

27 September 2011

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Try to be a circle of your own.

Tonguetip to fingertip one easy way—
what comes roiling out of you?

Every perfect circle is a gap
into another order,

a way out. A door.

To break the circle leaves you only here.

I drew a circle and a little girl looked in.

Drew another and her brother looked in too.

Soon there were so many—

all circles and no wall

and everything is as it always is.

And this is world again.

27 September 2011