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ODYSSEUS

Who did you think I was
that I would die so easy
and the fish hardly notice
in the straits of Marmara
or far from there where Troy
stands in the frozen Baltic
hoping some Helen yet
will come to warm it with
her imperishable body?
Did you think I was Achilles
somehow spared for long
inglorious old age, bent low
with sheer wanting? Or guess
I might be foolish Alexandros
still abducting ladies from palazzos?
Why the knife? Why the poison?
The scorpion left in my shoe,
that anvil balanced on my doorframe?
I am only who I always was,
the one who loved you well
enough and not too often,
I would not die for love or die
for the lack of it. No-one
I called myself to fool the foolish,
Out-of-my-way was my right name

and never did I know where I
for my own sake was going.
How can you kill a man
who isn't there? If master I am
then master of being beside
any point you can imagine.
master of evasion, of silences
wrapped up in many words
like water trapped in dense snow
falling forever on a battlefield.

13 May 2011

HEARING

Open the gates of the temple
the music wants to get out

and come to me—come to me
tender uncertain Mélisande

you are not ripe yet
yet you are of music made

I am the deep clear pool
you must let your whole being sink in

guessing I will keep you
safe while slow slow you start to think

your thought is a little
golden pinkie ring

husbandless gemstones
chip of ruby chip of tourmaline

trust me to hold you
every thought and cranny known

wise water all round you
and the glitter of the ring

I am your plucked string
trust me, I am all you mean.

13 May 2011

[written to Leah & Ming's performance of the Hindemith viola sonata]

= = = = =

Well the wit be on us now
and the blue beginnings poets blather of
blerwm blerwm on their lips-harp
or strum some keyboard folderol—
all that is child's play and outworn,
like belief in devils or public honesty.

14 May 2011

= = = = =

Be nude within! Grasp
the genie in you by the silky hairs
and motivate *Aufklärung*, that means
Enlightenment. Wake up the words,
citizenesses, by tune alone continue to speak.
Hum whom you love. And let me know
by evening's internet the true color
of responsibility and I'll be it.

14 May 2011

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I would be further from myself
in bed with hue, I need your art to carnate in
another body for this beast, this ghost of mind.
So like a prayer this explanation—
listen soft and let me in, as Chaucer says it
for he is living in this forest still, an old
man nice to children but his mind on else.

14 May 2011

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Give art your all and art will give you all you need.
Lap is such a magic kind of politics.
And there things be enough to tell thee.
Climb my tree if you dare espouser.
A line from hither meets a silver gap from there.
Every question is an accusation.

Every question is a naked man.
I thought I heard her speaking but it was shadow.
Why is a question always an aggression.
The voice I thought was speaking from my shadow.
It was in this country midnight learned to talk.
Sleep is a preachy editorial in favor of remorse.

But why is someone sleeping in your hair?
Now be lilac where everything is the time is cool.
Fools think spring is some kind of an answer.
Catching line drives in the outfield fast asleep.
Pitch darts by instinct in a darkened room.
All done with burdens with a belch of ease.

There is a better word for any given thing you see.
Shape it in your hands until it is like your remember.
Terrible moment when I smell me in the dark.
Because it is fright really as old Melville said.
Ishmael was a colored man Ishmael was black.
Only on board a danger are all men brothers.

Our sea is blind and stretches out cold hands.
Some white thing makes captives of us all.
Feeble colonists on bank-owned fever coasts.
I love it when you watch the men at work.
A harpooner must be my kind of man.
Suppositious caravans bemused by sand.

I will find thee bedded in the rock my dove my inscription.
Reading you I learn who in fact I am.
Don't start talking when the words come close.
Where shall I tell thee where the body does.
In grain of wood to read all history.
Stalks of chard and mustard vegetable bones.

Imagine these lines inscribed in stone.
Hard syenite of Egypt word after word.
The sun is the moon's midnight fantasy.
The sky is our skull turned inside out.
The true story skulls sunk green water limestone pool.
A city is a frenzy of dividing who can drink it pure again.

14 May 2011

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Find the secret point where the open starts.
Public space begins inside a word any word.
Windows look out on a broken street where does the heart begin.
I wish we were finished so I could begin.
They rhyme with their shoulders they dream with their knees.
Glassware nested in raffia crated from elsewhere long ago.

I dream the blue house who am I.
Love is micromanaged or love is a lie.
The car starts the bird stays song is like that.
The story never begins two maidens on their metal harps.
I saw the face of the volcano roaring stone talk.
Try to understand the meaning of the turquoise rosary.

15 May 2011

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NO. YES. STAY. GO.

No yes stay go.

There are reasons
deep in your fur
hair skin pelt hide
hidden habit of no
make you say yes.

I am a stranger
to myself my house
is always far
no matter where
you are and I

dream even further
the can't-get-home
dream it is always
California from
help me to stay.

16 May 2011

= = = = =

No rigor in membering
the mind's purse
split at the seams, the days
tumble around within
and nothing accurate.

Memory (the name
itself reminds us)
is the mind busy
with itself, the me
me me of things,
with what it finds

and why does so
much of what it comes
up with turn out to hurt?
Memory is a mess
that guides us,
a golden watch
with broken hands.

It is always
then o'clock
and never now.
Where was I going

to be here, this mere
triangulation point
between lost past
and unreal future?
But doesn't someone
remember? My reader
maybe, my
enemy, my mind?

16 May 2011

= = = = =

Can't be closer than to come.
Irrawaddy spillway wets a gory dagger.
Bring war home with you till we say no.
Eden reopens when no one kills.
What an easy way to win a whole new world.
Angry brother fingers unclench his rock c'est tout.

Mixed signals lose battles clash of register banners trail in mud.
A woman's voice among the tenors climbs their staff.
Call it opera because it works down deep inside the ears forgot.
Merciless listener reads abandoned reference books.
In heraldry three wolf heads cut off and one nude corpse.
Pictures show us all the crimes we did and fled and lingered in.

Thetis smiling out of her wet clothes.
Grasp northern gods by both knobs of their knees.
Every god is from the arctic every god needs sun.
The sun though was my sister and I had no mother.
We come out of each other street by street.
The further away you are the heavier I am inside you.

Always new-ward axiom seek tell me.
Swan-ward yelping comfort the desolate hotel.
Chanting the Heart of Wisdom Sutra over and over.
The cloud disperses but its molecules linger.
We breathe the mist of foreign prayers alien poetries.
Batter my heart open old oaken deity.

16 May 2011

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Drag the line draw old Jerusalem.
Where a sparrow is bigger than a hand.
Fly me to the other side of your eyes.
Not to be seen but leaves by wind away.
Not just it but everything is moving.
Wood lets you talk about her all day long.

I mean your matter who is shaped of light.
I have erased my longings in order to belong.
I have caught a hawk and flown a tiger free.
I have had intercourse with equinox and who was I.
I have eaten fruit from an agony tree.
I have someone else's blood flowing in my veins.

Then the summer stopped and the poor sky broke.
Credited everything heard caution metallic sodium.
Who scared the dusty dog who built the chair.
They wound a human chain around the destined city.
He spoke that very day the No One of the north.
Green my counsel and a postcard from your mom.

Hospital for the healthy this old world is.
Rank on rank the redcoats came out of the mist.
We talk about color but it is not the color.
It is not color that works on us but the beings who ride on color.
Color is the vahana the steed that beings ride to get us.
Who are they who do who are the riders of the blue.

17 May 2011

= = = = =

Where was the looking when I was.
The hen pheasant crossed the road before the road was.
I followed her into the yearning a body is always.
I will have my way with time I thought I owned her.
But there was flying to be done an altitude of clothes.
White white like the bosom of a waterfowl.

Beyond comparisons a need for sleep the pillow damp.
Damaged citizens relent against their systems of belief.
Trust one if that and blame nobody at all the molecules deceive.
Changefulness in waiting in the chambered heart variety is silver.
Packed like words together in a meaningless remark.
Betray yourself with passing woodlands you are no king of.

Perilous describing the roots of mankind fathomless.
Where do you get off when I came in a random avenue.
We are made to stand on corners and not be sure.
What was who thinking when I woke or what.
Geese come down and walk the cornfield clean.
Self-reflective still enlightened then.

Or could was have been a pirate queen abaft of longing.
Was was a lingerer a glance over whose bare shoulder.
There is no was or some sort of library locked in the sea.
Falling from the mouth a cataract of sense my Egypt lost as well.
Troubadour manners a sack full of white-throated sparrows loud.
All things to do mean done all done things lost in never.

There are places where we sleep and come again.
Cumin coriander turmeric mustard cloves make single odor.
This is high culture this is remembrance this is umbrella in soft rain.
Standing in an empty field filing his nails an emperor after all.
Come back from Gaul your caverns full of mute excitement stored.
Don't you even know you are the earth you walk upon.

Don't you even know outside is outside and a dream.
What do umbrellas teach what does your hand remember of all you touched.
There is something there is something more goodbye little name.
We come down from heaven to occupy hollow spaces in your vocabulary.
All you need is break the rhythm let the light sound in.
Summit of thingliness his heart in flames displayed.

Too many lights can't a man die in peace no never arise arise. 18.V.11

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The immortal one waiting on my shoes
for the uprising sole the flex of tarsus
the astragal uplifted and onward go

the sluggish personage any I am
ankle-twisted towards the final new
reliquary of the simplest true

the pearl-hard bone amid my brow
glints with septembering amethyst
with sunset peach and ambergris

with which I solely think.

18 May 2011, Hopson

= = = = =

My trouble is hating parties
they fill the lawn with people
and the people with food
but never talk back

the terrible silence of noisy parties
the love we are not making to each other
let alone with each other god
it would be better if it were raining

then we'd all crowd inside and be afraid.

18 May 2011