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In the Temple of the Mother no sunlight comes.
Mirrors guide the light the way out of us and in.
We have light but it comes from hidden local fire.
We thrive from what our hard wheat grows from.
Language is the opposite of land as woman is of man.
Solve, coagula alchemy is making landscape talk.

Sun on park bench sun on sapling fence.
We are not sure of how the children come.
Do you break the rock to make it speak.
That it's all about house and who happens in.
House this hollow dark seed from which we grow.
How can you tell a mother from a house.

If I had as many lives as there are letters.
Blue jays come down from the atmosphere.
Day allow a leaf us dragonfly my arm.
They are coming back now the living ones or always here.
Call it the return cat wolf fox bear boar.
Serenity of vultures knowing circles overhead.

Pick one to deceive me all the saints have gone.
Is it ready to walk me in the woods.
Beneath the plum tree a lean fox spits out pits.
Can I walk with you where such people went.
We are their never-ending conversation listen to us.
Great before ones murmuring their remembered.

Cool in the trees take off your semaphore and sign.
Feel forward into that vortex between is you.
And every gap an eye and every eye analytic.
It is not good to linger in this place.
The lady left her footprint here and gone.
We are citizens of her absence.

1 August 2011

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Waking for the cause the yellow rose she answered from.

All texts are one they cry from common pleading.

Deliver from the death and into meaning.

That's enough silence all the rest is being.

You measure it with kisses and avowals.

Arousals he said and the door flew open.

Here we are in heaven having we are in hearing.

Daily practice of heaven this knowing.

Speedwell summer still and roses after.

Then time began with all those brittle flowers

But it must be a daily practice.

What does not today does never.

2 August 2011

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Every now and then the world appears.
Then there is trembling here and dancing there.
Before you know it all the knots come untied.
Your shoes go out walking by themselves.
Your skin persists in nakedness the clocks stop.
Clouds go back to the beginning words they spelled.

Hush the mother says or father will wake.
Hear this basic message of the earth.
Amuse yourselves without annoying Majesty.
Take it any way you like but just take pleasure.
Pleasure is the hardest pill to swallow.
There must be more to me than me.

Dark memory of your children far and near.
For I was the father and I never knew.
I was mother and looked the other way.
Hurt none help all and know your mind.
Nothing else will lead us from the trap.
O chant of prisoners o raiment rent.

Remonstrance May wine and fleecy clouds.
I see right through them to the blue of truth.
Answer me before I ask.
A hummingbird on the Jersey marshes way to you.
O haunted sex of knowing everything.
Exhausted saxophones and scissors fall from fingers.

Are you really that angry are there lilies too.
Skip every other word and read the truth.
As if lost in the world grieve the absent wood.
By the late night store the god's loud thiasos.
The danger of their rapture all could seize.
The way the young skin cleans itself of all who look.

So there I was at the head of the stairs.
And they knew me there as one of them.
You have come to the landing from which you can't fall back.
I believed her cold fingers and shut my eyes.
Every day is longer than the day before.
I can't help this is personal we live the same world.

He begs forgiveness from the grass beneath his feet.
Logs raft down the river the salt mill hums below the sea.
Go down and get it for me your whole life.
In sleep I came to you and knew you best.
Your skin in dawnlight makes me weep with awe..
Precise beauty of the one who's gone and never gone.

Small birds chirp in the clutter of the everything soon lost.
Time counts the tables where we try to rest our hands.
Something is happening it must be me.
Free of messages the morning yes.
Once he saw a movie of the actual sea.
The flow that seemed no different from the neighbor sky.

3 August 2011

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The boy saw
something
at the end of the pier
made him run away.

There must be something left to say.

What could a boat
have said
to scare him so?

And why are empty
kayaks anyway
nuzzling at the shore?

3 August 2011

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We came to Venice to escape from rivers from queens.

Out of the tapestry and into the laguna.

The great ships come close to shore you can hear them weeping.

You can moor but can never land all voyagers are unclean.

We had no room for greatness and cathedrals.

We were Ceres we were Proserpina we loved abandonment.

The rain does not wet the ground.

She opens the door then opens the door.

Up the steps behind her in Vienna.

I forget the name loves you all the way to the top.

Now the church is full turn out the lights.

Never a human breath blow out a candle.

3 August 2011

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Arms of a young woman hover of a bee round a wet rose.

We come out in all weathers I'm allowed.

We are the ones left at the end of the novel.

We wake the allergens of you never know.

Basket woven of live birds: the sun ascends.

Lustful of the last morning gods really are.

Earth a spinning prayer-wheel gives milk the word.

Om Truths the mockers snided but we are.

Your horoscope's a partitur stand up and sing.

A rim of young whom he totters from to be.

Stories the mind tells to keep itself in love with Being.

Drinking from a broken cup he made the dead bird fly.

All I want is miracles crow on a roof.

Gull on scow bee on rise the mind on what.

Now no one close enough to hum a girl's excuses.

Raindrop on the written page revises me.

We are ink we flow from the Other's instrument.

And when he struck the rock water gushed from the rod.

No sense in blaming us we are the ones who happened it.
Moral woodwork eat your German lesson organ sing.
How can it be so beautiful and me still here.
I heard the staircase close its mouth behind me.
This is Sonora a desert far as Canada to be here.
I learned a different way of doing what I never did.

One day the builder lets the building go.
Shape something so the sky will feel at home.
A place that talks to you inside.
To look upon it is to crave a way in.
Now against horizon one person present.
Architecture is the shadowplay of Being.

[specters playing at]

Go and find out what the other said.
Time to pick up tools and work the sky.
A man hides behind the rumor of his death.
No fall-back from a failed exaltation.
All he wanted was to be holy.
But holiness is always the house of the other.

These are moral issues no more things.
Pallid light of paradiso objects dissolving.
Can't the thing we know be a gleam without a stone.
Can't the quick idea spill water on your lap.
Tell me about rain said the blind man to the mute.
It only is as far as you can be with it.

Then it was waiting and a motor churned.
But what does all that music move.
Where is there anywhere to go or to be carried.
You know your close when roses start to speak.
But is it me who hears the things you tell me.
No more things now just saying is.

Desert the crowded theories of the school.
This clutter you call memory.
Pale mind be licit in your silences he said.
There is always someone talking.
The crystal doorway congested with light.
Shoulder your way through in another language.

We know where this is going now we went.

I write down all the answers the bee says.

Just keep nosing deep into what is most common flower.

The cistern in the hill gave cold water for my shave.

Hillside far above blue with hydrangeas.

Stare at it till it makes you speak we are still in the Vedas.

4 August 2011

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Now he's written some lines.

Now he's read the paper of what
passes for it online.

Now he's watched and praised the roses
of Sharon, really hibiscus,
old flower of rural America
seen in childhood clustered before
old white houses like the one he lives in now.

Now is the common element.

We are all citizens of Now, he thinks,
but are all our nows the same?

Nous. Means mind, good sense, means us.

Now he's noting odd resemblances.

Now he's writing things down again and goodbye roses.

4 August 2011

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Don't waste new ink on old words.
The painting's light ran down the torn of flesh.
We bleed from no wound smart from no blow.
Pointless chat love keeps with neighbors sigh.
Come near to be two bodies cast down mute ensemble.
Sudden from underneath a blossoming altitude.

Impetuous afterling blunt as twilight.
We gave you messages to give you gave.
Speechless specters with a yen for what you think.
Talk tell till your clothes take off's enough.
Time is the garden where the gods are gone.
I hold them in my mouth by name.

4 August 2011

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Why should we not answer when they call?

Because the ancient instincts lead only to birth and death.

Why should we not worship and be worshipped?

We should—because in the *given Other* we see the face of the sacred.—

sacer, out of time's loop, all brave apart—

in the face of *l'Autre donné[e]* we see the god.

We must look in the mirror until we see the god

then forget the one who does the looking.

5 August 2011

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Typos are a mark of grace,
the sheer surprise of wrongness creeping in.
And the skin tries to talk out the inner ill.

5.VIII.11

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Something was wrong with the waiting.
There are things to tell you I can't write down.
Mercy is near at hand the oldest servant.
Maybe night took it all away and dawn's a different.
It's the grammar has to be holy but the images.
The cock's combs still break the lady's heart.

In the face of the given other we see outside of time.
The changeless nature gleams out through our own response.
The permanent good is what some finally says.
Because I meant you and it all is waiting.
I tell just enough to touch your hand.
Let all the words change places let them finally see.

Eden where the words get to listen.
I am committed to the distance between us.
Be honest for once and let the children out.
Stylistically transmitted diseases catch your breath.
The long walk by the marina remembers me.
Woods you wander to make the day too long.

5 August 2011

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Now is the time to begin another.

His name is her.

Her home is him.

Together one lives in a newish land.

Snakes are treeroots turn by turn.

Stinging weeds but cattle mild.

I love this place but there is no other.

Sandpiper dreams along the shore

but who's listening.

Unless you dream of me you can't

know who I really am.

I am your cherished disappointment,

inattentive therapist, friend out of town.

I have no telephone.

I am dull and dangerous to know.

And now you know.

5 August 2011

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Gold snout of a favored fountain pen.

Write an article long ago,
publish it before you're born.

We don't come naked into the world at all,
we come wrapped with water and blood
and someone else's pain.

And all we ever did before
stands at our cradle and snickers or praises or weeps.

5 August 2011

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Out of a long place
following a thin line
I have dordorgned myself
with excavations.
I am far older than when I went in.
My skin feels weird.
On the horizon angry women keep still.

5 August 2011