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PROGNOSTICATION

You may hit a wall today.

May I?

Punch a wall and wake a genie in it?

Some knowledge buried in shiplap and plaster,
fire-spirits sleeping in the brick.

Those who live in brick houses live in fire,
in wooden houses live in water
stone houses in earth.

So I will build my house of air
and be myself at home everywhere.

10 August 2011

= = = = =

In torrential rain a small roof leak
soaks the top book on a stack—
heavenly footnotes dithered on the pages.
I look at the mess and know it's my fault.
The leak certainly. My fault the rain.

10.VIII.11

= = = = =

Carve the blue sky down
and write the wind
A little breeze cool skill
from night and through the rose.

11 August 2011

= = = = =

Who is coming to my house
said the welfare mom.

It's the government outside
come to take your life away.

Can't you come another day?
For people like you it's always today.

11 August 2011

= = = = =

Try again. History
is a flower
that withers
in our fingers.
The smell
lingers. History
is a flower we
hold and we are blind.

*

Or try again and tell your love
there still are feelings
and under all the irony and attitude
a child is whimpering in every heart.

11 August 2011

FROM THE ANCIENT COMMONWEALTH

What are these creatures who live in the wood
live where they would

high-stroked pilasters
ranged by the entrances

leading to bed?
Solomon saw some of these,

he brought them home
luminous in his courtyard and close
around the folds of his body clustered
the thoughts of them,

maskers in the trees
who take all forms, who are the owners of form,
their love

is in the touch.

And he grew
pregnant from their embraces—
deep kisses and caresses only, understand,
no copulation as the humans know it—

pregnant with lyric
built a temple to sing it in,
pregnant with a god

imagined hearer of such music.

For men can't hear
and women barely,
contraltos, barítonos, sopranos,
the different ways to tell the truth.

He listened with his skin
and built outside
the shape of what he heard

measured in cubits and fingertips,
the sacred measurement from me to thee.

2.

Break his song here.
There is politeness to be done,
the long haul of ordinary music

and when I say that word
you mean a different thing

O rose go faster
into the red seeming
we hurry after
into fragrant withering
he sang,
and the priests he paid tried to write it down.

3.

In Egypt travelling he learned the secret,
we rule the world by sitting down.
Not just Pharaoh and the queens
but all those named persons
who sat for their statues, who sit
four thousand years on their stones
in the vibrant serenity of flesh
shown at peace, their minds at rest
surveyed, controlled, the world.
Nothing is far from a seated woman.

And in China he was told
when they spoke of the Great Sage
beginning to tell this or that,
guiding his eternal neophytes
they always began the Master sat

and then he spoke and possessed
the authority of a mind at peace.
So wisdom came, automatic,
it must seem to flow
like the simple hips of Hatshepsut on her throne.

4.

They taught us.

But who are they,

we saw them sometimes

sitting ahead of us

in the forest,

and as we watched them

everything came to us—

the quiet mind sees all.

But they hide from us mostly,

playing with us, or to teach

the stillest mind moves quickest,

we hear them stirring in the woods

and call out in our little voices

Who's there? and sometimes

we hear them answer You are.

12 August 2011

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Body slow
mind quick
every being
its own speed.

12.VIII.11

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It would be a day to mountain.

All the brave particulars
of being somewhere else.

Always the far

is closest to the mind.

Odd how much can fit in.

12.VIII.11

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Cancel the obvious then Sainte Thérèse is left
smiling her lungs out and no one knows.
How deep the help she yielded and how much
pain she took away from them, the ones
who were us at that time, Eurosavages like now
always on the brink of war. *Tong-len*
we call it in Tibetan and she prayed
Jesus to give her all human suffering instead.

13 August 2011

= = = = =

Praises. *Lauds* should they be
a book of celebrations name by name
my hero-folk, endeavorers, magi,
a few decent high-souled patroons.
Praise the scientists who do not trust
less than everything, for them a mystery
is consolation and life's work, the few
who made music hold the mind.

13 August 2011

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Another moment another woman.
I'll be your gift—we will lie
side by side barely touching till
the inward animals begin to move
you call them neurons I call them dakas,
dâkinis, elves and angels alive alive-o.
They feed on us like horny birds inside
and leave colors in their wake, the glow
of light in all that greyness, the colors
we call thinking. Feeling. The moment
when you touch someone else's skin.

2.

They live in us as we live in the world.
We are entitled inside.
The multitude Whitman admitted to
was no metaphor in him. In us.
You can when you're honest hear them—
we give them voices and they give us what to say.

3.

Because size is not what matters
as my little smartphone reminds me,
Wagner had all the gods and hell and heaven in his head

already and he trained himself to listen.

That's all art is. What else could it ever be?

4.

I am the spokesman of a transfinite
population. I cry out and you laugh at me
indulgently, understanding me all too well,
only puzzled that I bother to speak out loud
what is so obvious. That's the very thing it means,
you say. when we were children and held hands.

5.

To touch is mingling infinities.
Galaxies inside galaxies, size
is not the issue. Brightness is.

Soon we'll be at the end of what we know,
then the fun begins. The busy aftermath.
The way two students look in the café
meeting the morning after their first night.
Who knew you were so many?
How can you be there when you are so incredibly here?

13 August 2011

= = = = =

Things to say to you
the dismay of silence
unworths us—we wit
together and that
deeps a kiss between
some other day
that never touched.

Just stay with me a little
longer it will happen
what has to if it does.
Our will is spent on better things.

Opus. The work
of each our alchemy
making a mark
where none had been
a tone that echoes
somewhere far inside.

13 August 2011

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When I say
you could I mean
all of you who
make me speak?

13.VIII.11

= = = = =

Let the forest
walk into you
full moon.
You can stand
here oaker than any
and let the place
do its own work,
the shaping, the in-
turning path
damp-footstepped
her name still
on the tip of your tongue.

13 August 2011

= = = = =

Could I bring you into a room
and turn out all the lights.
Then turn the sky off
outside the window. Could I settle you
on a daybed one side of the room
and me in an armchair the other.
Then we would be.
No distractions. No nervous gestures,
no compulsory skin. Just the dark
we stay in till we see.

13 August 2011