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A will for waiting  
life in the underbrush  
a kind of mirror allowed—

we are in faery country here  
and don't forget it

your next footstep falls in Donegal

faeries come with mirrors  
to show you the wrong face

they laugh at us because we have identities

we cherish them  
we believe in whatever we believe  
and believe it matters

and believe that what we believe  
makes us who we are  
and faeries laugh and run away

and the rock spring trickles clear water  
like the sound of breaking glass.

18 May 2011

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Well-formed doubts appall the maiden.  
Will she ever where the tar pits gape  
rouse these youths from ancient torpor  
so Apollo stretch once again his silver arms  
and reaches towards her? In such  
bright annihilation a mind might seek.  
And find.

*A bare tree with a bird in it  
is song enough for me*

she sings. She does not need the god.  
Her completeness makes the god appear—  
a god is someone who wants something from us,  
a lap, a love, a leaf,  
a god is *want*  
and like Socrates's Love, a god's bereft and needy.

*I will be a bush  
sometimes with bird  
sometimes leaves  
and such leaves I am  
pluck one by one  
and give them to the one you love-  
he also needs you,  
he is not perfect.*

And the rain says Rain with me  
so your wet leaves  
cling to your love's skin  
so for a moment he thinks  
he is king of something  
and goes to sleep after  
safe in your dream.  
But there he is, asleep again,  
like rock like streets  
like the whole city round you  
and you know once again  
you're the only live one here.  
Wake us with your hands.

18 May 2011

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There are beasts but what does it mean to be brown.  
Study the beech trees to learn what wood actually wants.  
This man can't tell a woman from a tree.  
Everything in the world turns into one of them.  
By the Cavaillon ancient bones exposed in the mud bank.  
A broken skull what does time want of us what does time want.

We walked down to see the prehistoric bones.  
I lifted her into the wind so she never came home.  
Crackwitted servitors of a dead idea.  
With dry fingers it crumbled the Renaissance.  
Half a lot is more than smoke or is it fog.  
Fledglings falter down the sky inside.

Where everything matters is the rule of three.  
Photographers clustered ready by the opening door.  
You found me in your peace and offered fish.  
Simultaneous Samothrace hooded brother overnight a god.  
On the day Knife something drips from the branches.  
Poetry is the portfolio of the very poor.

Carry these with you to the unpromised land the land you make.

This love you because this is truly this.

How can I make up for all she's lost because of me.

Love made me and the hours began then and the horses.

Hide emeralds in grass where do rubies hide.

People in that country will say anything.

Tense in neck and shoulder this is writing.

Writing is scraping body tensed into gouged matter.

Purple heather writing is matter.

The state is a kind of ink that blurs and blots.

When do we begin the puberty of our race.

No one was listening so it sang again.

Porphyry slab inscribed with illegible.

Could I be the first eyes that saw this stone.

I wanted to be there before myself.

See what the world is like without me.

Ethics of desire let the other go.

But another one was waiting after all.

Other other be my pal now nobody smokes anymore.

Spoke into the volcano vanished in a fume of word.

Breakfast broke lunch lurched dinner didn't.

I come from the tar pits to call you home.

Bones in ancient gravy birds in ancient sky.

Horror follows clefts desire led the way.

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But what do they like the ones who make the trees.  
Meat from no lamb wood from no tree Atlantis rises.  
The world ends every day that's the miracle the proof.  
Is it evil to love the lips more than what they say.  
Art is what does nothing but makes them think.  
Art is what makes them think.

19 May 2011

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The childless patriarch names every grain of sand.  
When he's done the desert moves away and leaves him  
alone with his names. He chews on stiff leaves among the camels.  
The Book of Wisdom has many blank pages.

19 May 2011



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Riding the sunshine rain.

A beam of light leads you through the woods.

These are variations on the simplest things.

Coptic letters midrash on unwritten scripture.

Speak like you mean it like a dog barks.

Maybe you even know what you mean.

On a fairy island like this a willow's tree believe.

Who is I to be telling whom what or ever.

Break the habit of light the lamp burn air.

Nothing diminishes a man more than himself.

When you have finished it all listen to the light.

You're what I've been trying to tell you.

20 May 2011

## VALÉRY

Valéry walks to the Parc Monceau, the play  
is over, *Sodome et Gomorrhe* at the Hébertot,  
music by Honegger, starring ethereal  
Gérard Philipe, the luminous Edwige Feuillère.

He's not sure what he thinks about all that  
lyrical optimism—can a woman ever  
touch a man? He takes out a slip of paper  
and writes in violet ink *peut-être*—maybe  
tomorrow morning investigate the force  
of those two words, how two potent verbs  
add up together to a single doubt.

Later it falls from his pocket. The handkerchief  
is safe though, and the tin of blackberry pastilles.

20 May 2011

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Kiss it to be new again a buccaneer.  
Licked the bowsprit of time succumbed submerged.  
Under the keel of the earth a millimeter silence maybe.  
Ritual sunlight touch the wheat a narrative begins.  
Bang the door softly the bears have sleep their only honey.  
Touch your wrist and tell the time.

When the sun's not shining there is no color red.  
O I am tired and new and need not much to say.  
But I was a salmon then a badger and dead besides.  
Now the definition of human body still waits its cup.  
A woman asleep beside a sleeping lion and no moon.  
The stone lion finally spoke a Russian song came out.

These are the bees that toil inside everyone.  
*The rose gives honey to the bees* the chatter of thought.  
Fill your street with my shadows let them overlap.  
Angels with leaky watering cans roar down the wind.  
Wallow in virtue like a full-page ad.  
Unclean vowels breathed in the god house woe woe.

Churches deep comfort frog-green altar cloth.  
The hum of light baffled by sainted glass.  
Absorbency needed too much rolls off the mind.  
Cloudable mercy on the school house roof alighting.  
No more school now it's just learning all the time.  
Inside the healing walls no sound but you.

20 May 2011

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Be where no one sees and be a stream.  
Outpour from your long geology.  
Local fact just shape just skin just shadow.  
Intimate marches where the foreigners are.  
The edge of things is best because closest to between.  
Leap into the neighbor sky hope the bees are home.

I am an empty room what is your name.  
A myth that flowers tell light grows from shadow.  
Any deep woods tests your grasp of grammar.  
She buried a book in the ground but it grew inside her.  
If even one word slips all the bridges fall.  
She crouched and wrote her finger name in mud.

In this room we keep cloud in this a peculiar sound.  
Housekeeping is hardest for the head.  
The hero's habit is to cleave the hardest word.  
The bridge goes nowhere but a harp in air.  
Pyrenees roadblock briefcase full of loss.  
Forgive the mile no man can go.

And if I were finished with my work what then.  
Would the bear reclaim his tundra and the wolf.  
Some things suicide themselves when we neglect.  
I raise my voice to the Lord of Hosts there is no just war.  
Stop killing is all we have to do there is no just war.  
Start with not killing humans for any reason no just war.

Bees desert the hive when time is wrong.  
When the world ends it starts right up again.  
Never doubt your prophets just doubt what they say.  
Prophets serve the truth by telling lies.  
The universe ends a million times a day.  
Things break when we stop loving them.

I speak nonsense because good sense kills.  
Anxious to be bees he split himself in sixes.  
To find the woman in the sun the burning amber.  
All the world is different kinds of sugar.  
Crystals analyze the history of things.  
Travel the axis of the invisible to the real.

We can take any name we please but will it listen.  
Loins of Egyptian goddesses conceived geometry.  
Men grow old by owning things.  
We betray our childhood by having children we become the enemy.  
Too many pictures to be safe.  
Stare right through the color and see her face.

There were a dozen Eves who made a million Adams.  
The secret name of God is you.  
A sinner with no sins a temple with no priest.  
But what if it's the letter that gives life.  
What if we are alone on this curious ship.  
God is a pirate who interrupts our dreamy cruise.

Gnomes gather shadows faeries restore it's raining.  
It's not rain on your skin it's a blue jay crying.  
Disturb the obvious and pay the price.  
Theology without belief I preach theology of praxis.  
Know god by being god as you know love by loving.  
At the end of belief you can almost see the real.

What shall I do with your breath I breathed in.  
There is a temple where such gods are served.  
Breath rearranges words so the body can hear.  
My lungs wash your breath it leaves a residue like pearl.  
The roots of words lie deeper than feelings.  
The word came before what it names hallelujah.

21 May 2011

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Can't let old words creak the nubile.  
The Nubile is the scripture that I tend  
fresh unspoiled will mind clarity must preserve.  
Thus saith the text, the weaving round my head  
or summerhouse which from time to time  
emits the bees' decrees. Hum  
for your sugar, hum for whom you love,  
the wicker walls of fantasy build no prison  
move in and out the world's pure vocabulary.  
We must speak a secret language though  
when kings are listening, and every man's a king  
who thinks any spoken word is aimed at him.  
So we speak as herdsmen talk, of cows and bulls,  
rams and ewe lambs and the intercurrent wolf.  
By dove-coo and bee-buzz the king is baffled  
and leaves us to our silly music poetry.  
Meanwhile our mystic facts come nibble at your ear  
clear as the bees droning, telling you over and over  
where the Hive is, and what strange justice  
you will find there and on what strange murture feed.

22 May 2011



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From our first words the air was born.  
Vowel song to carry truth among the living.  
Open your mouth when you come to a house.  
All a house knows how to do is listen.  
Sometimes an empty room essays to speak.  
Knothole in clear pine shows other side of time.

So many genders so many doors.  
You live a lifetime before you know which is which.  
Life is a confusion with soft green leaves.  
I am a man but not the kind you mean.  
A horse be hobbled by his rider's hope.  
Bathe me clean again with your only breath.

Irises behind my house the color of them in sunlight.  
That is the whole epic one line says the whole war.  
To notice what we see to speak our only liberty.  
Mystical chatter of angry squirrels up the trees alas.  
I used to believe in nature too but then.  
Let God believe in me he cried and someone meant it.

22 May 2011

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When in doubt water the flowers.  
Phlox dutchman's breeches spiræa drizzle.  
Air is a week of its own turning but to whom.  
Who does this turning every ask an aggression.  
Breathe for me little valley every leaf a breather.  
Body listens but spirit nills there is no bridge.

There is the Spain in you the bridge is broken.  
When you sit on the lap of the wind what does it whisper.  
Poetry exists because death does and is the only answer to.  
There is a fireplace in heaven no one by it but the cat.  
O what a beast it is that sleeps so many lives.  
Wake the door to wake the street the street runs away.

Not sure how far away is far from I am.  
Name you after from the star-rose when you cried.  
Measure is everything but it measures nothing.  
Wilderness of thinking round a dry river bed.  
Immortality a glint of blue the night sky a gleam.  
In our language we call this you.

The gleam in the shrine room led me in.  
Night after night the same light on different me.  
Hide my laziness in non-stop labor.  
Hide my silence in so many words.  
There used to be a rooster crowed next door.  
Time is kinder than neighbors kinder than sunshine.

Fierce mystic text each line a testament.  
Of those who go down into the subways do all come out.  
Every cave beneath the earth is the same Lascaux.  
To go below the ground restores human to system default.  
The information flows past any possible point.  
She talked six hours in the chestnut tree.

23 May 2011

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Take me home with you to California the way the sun does.  
Something like asking for help something like dream.  
Strange green animals that live on light.  
The number seventeen is up to something bothers me.  
As if everything were alive the immense subjunctive.  
Raise your glass if you remember the first word.

One day we'll sex with angels and a new race come.  
Whatever you're reading now is a list of past lives.  
An uphill treatise in a thousand volumes beginning here.  
A purchased paperthin pilgrimage air of Ladakh.  
Textbook of arcane geometry the nine-sided feminine.  
You are a harp strung in an open doorway body.

Nude door harping on heath giggle of herring gull.  
Chant the sound of coaxing angels who are they.  
Humans ontological chauvinists think they alone have minds.  
A jackal does hard work he thinks his pleasure.  
Wet silvery streets of Atlantis soft with traffic.  
They are coming to invest us are in my mind right now.

23 May 2011