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Well into the way

a wood beast

humaniform, vert—

his arms are my arms

muscled just enough to carry her

bare through the clotted trees.

To vanish us

in that green becoming.

No one knows what happens there

but my body knows

and will never tell.

Not even me.

16 May 2014

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**Remembering something
that never happened
is like keeping
tropical fish.
I'll tell you why
later, when I remember.**

16 May 2014

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**Hits the nail on the head
without a hammer.
Poltergeist weather
lawnmowing in the rain.
I think I see birds on the bush.
Sometimes the ordinary
is so beautiful, a hand
on the small of your back.**

16 May 2014

NINE A.M.

**The world is divided into those who
are hurrying everywhere to get home
and those who are desperate to escape
from where they live. Madness and art
come to those who want both at once.**

16 May 2014

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**According to the other side of the wall
there is a woman standing there.
She holds darkness in her hands
and walks slowly through the rain.
Stone turns soft when she steps on it,
sits on it, takes it in her hand.
We too are shaped by what she thinks.**

16 May 2014

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**So if the word is a wonder
and we want it, if a word
smells better than its mother,
does a word even have a
brother or a sister, does
a word ever look at itself
and wonder how far it
and it alone has come
from the imaginary world
all round it— *the terrifying
things that have no names*—
and the word trembles then
even in our mouths as we
beautiful fools try to speak it.
I say the name of what I mean
then I begin to tremble too.**

17 May 2014

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**Does it only work with fear
the summoning
out of nowhere by dread alone**

**or can desire walk that way too
and lure the lover
out from the trees to come close**

the trees the streets the books the names?

18 May 2014

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**Jogger running with
little dog. Why? Why?**

18 May 2014

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**A verse to transport
or lych gate to set down in
corpse of an idea,
 settle soft
in between
asperity of gravity
for example, a lamp
smashed in the dark,
that things do fall—
and why morning rhymes the way it does.**

18 May 2014

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**Cars and trucks
why do they go?
Awaited where
in what blue daze?
Speed knows
but never tells.
By my slow window
listening.**

18 May 2014

== == == ==

**(My songs rise
from the contingencies
within certainty,
flesh inside the apple,
mind inside the house.**

**Going out the door
is entering a cell—
freedom comes from pure
being, and being here,
here, to be it.)**

18 May 2014

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**Imagine me again.
the green leaf
is back, a hero
hides in every cloud**

**I was waiting for you
cross-shaped pale
fabrics soft arrayed
on the queer-mowed lawn**

**how we cut things
make them more like us
rambling side to side
without a single tabletop**

**to steady our words—
coffeepot philosophy
percolator over blue
flames fifty years ago**

**Fort Square every
house is different
even now, even here
a little dog keeps yelping**

**it's a neighbor car,
a drunk at the bar's back door
quiet frantic of a little town
in lilac weather, he complained**

**I shoved the table as we talked
and that was true, I still
imagined in those days that
words are never enough.**

**18 May 2014
Red Hook**

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**Does the body know
what it's going to do
while I'm just guessing?
Quietly it makes its preparations
while the mind speculates,
remembers anecdotes,
old books, the smell of lilac.
Or just now the petal of an iris,
purple, cloud light, how soft.**

18 May 2014

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The great thing about going to the sea is that when you get there it knows you, remembers you from before, from even before you were. The sea knows your name. I hope in a few weeks I'll sit by the shore sharing its endless conversation. Because the sea is always talking. Very specifically. Always naming names. Not always loud.

18 May 2014

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**Blind man reading
the newspaper with his fears**

**the man tries to come home
behind the cloud**

**the sun allows
the sun knows everything**

**the moon is running down
a boy in an orange singlet**

**climbs the fork of a compound tree
ice cream cone clutched in one hand**

**you choose the flavor in the cone
you know all this better than I do**

**since you're reading this now
and I'm only remembering then.**

19 May 2014
[after catheter]

== == == ==

**The trees seethe, writhe green
in that wind before rain.
Carpenter bees explore the soffits.
All I do is know these easy thing.**

19 May 2014

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**After the consuls lost their power in Rome
and the mon/arch came cæsaring in
and they thread iodine up my arteries
with peering machines glib inside me**

**and the quirites turned into the bourgeoisie
and too many things had value
different from their ipseities, and the dome
of Monreale was all that was left of the fiery**

**Son of God who had ended the Abrahamic cults
for a long season, and after I fell into a deep
sleep saying my prayers, a japa discontinuous.
a yidam lost in dreams, and after the devaluation**

**of sterling, the abolition of ancient shires, the rough
spot on my left thumbnail, after the wildfire in Berkeley
after the strange animal in the trees last night
bigger than a coon smaller than a bear fatter than deer**

**I didn't know what to make of the rest of the day.
Everything was gone, everything still here.
Take my medication and go to sleep too?
No, there is waiting to be done, names recited,**

patches of grass to fondle with the tip of my shoe.

19 May 2014

