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*Est deus in nobis ; agitante calescimus illo ;
impetus hic sacrae semina mentis habet.*

Fasti, VI,5-6

She appears naked
in thick woods
a stream nearby

she is dressed only in her name
which trembles on my lips
as I behold her

Do we know who anyone
really is? are trees
not sentinels of some presence

we guess is nearby,
reasoning from our fear?
my fear. Her name

wants to be spoken.

Waits. In a room
full of chattering friends

she also stands
she is a man too
her brother's husband

her mother's mother.
No wonder her name
is so hard for me to say

help me, I want to say,
who are you, I see
so much and know

so little, tell me.
But I won't say.
She stands in front of me

not even looking,
throbbing with identities—
sometimes all the lives

we've ever lived
inhabit a single moment
and we can see them

a palimpsest of selves
jungle of names,
somebody here.

24 May 2012

NEFESH

Sometimes the soul
walks out in the cool of the evening
looks around
follows the curious shadows
bumps into the soul of another,

Sometimes their pole
attract, sometimes repel.
The soul, like every entity,
has north and south poles.
The mind follows vaguely
what the soul is up to,
calls it back home
like a mother leaning out
of a third story window
calling her son to come home.

Sometimes the soul
listens. But sometimes
the soul stays out with the strange soul
hours and nights, sometimes
the soul never comes home.

24 May 2012

LES GRANDS MAGASINS 1954

Words across the sky
low, as if each building
had a name. In old cities
buildings are people.
To a child. And why
is the Samaritan a woman
now and is she still Good.
And why does the sky
balance on one single point
and what did it do before
all the symmetry of steel.
Wars don't end all at once,
pointilliste bullet holes
on old stucco walls.
No lights on the river. Night.

25 May 2012

=====

Old truck go by.
Go buy a touch
you can't afford.
A Ford. A still
born sympathy
in all this green
noise around I
flower not though
I do flow. I go by.

25 May 2012

=====

Complaining
is demeaning
a star would never
or does it do it
all the time
 its pain
we call light?

25 May 2012

[SQ: WOUND]

The sky is meat.

A wound. Branches fine

hairs around the cut.

The bruise.

How

we hurt the world

with our singing.

A song is chapped lips

heard.

Resemblances

only deceive. Perceive.

The hurt of birth,

Conceive. What are hairs

really doing on the skin.

Memorial of animal.

Inside each twig

a desperate wood.

I think it is a sin to see this,

Sunset rushes to hide

from sadistic eye delights

in the corpse fire.

We are funerals.

What died giving birth to us.

The sky hurts.

The child's scraped knee.

This wound is his instrument

to know the world,

his blood the sea,

his pain theology.

You know who you are when it hurts.

All the words don't help.

Irritable brain.

Red meat the open wound.

Thinking looks like this.

25 May 2012

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The things play me.
The affect of it is yours
a missed connection is
a relay not clicked closed.
The machinery of electrons
is so strange, the heavy
hard hot matter of
the immaterial informs you.
You hear. A television set
can crush a child.
We are merely weather to it.
We are only what happens.

25 May 2012

= = = = =

Where could the contrast be
The blue control the fat
Made thin the old make young
The joystick ratcheting the clouds

Everything obsolescent only
The true archaic endures
The stones of your house the rocks
You piled up on the seashore

Only the scratches on the wall
The shape of a woman in Oregon
Gouged in the soft mudstone
Above Yaquina Bay forever

The waves wash it away but that
Just means it becomes a permanent
Part of the sea everything endures
What you see lasts forever

Whatever you speak becomes
The atmosphere we breathe
There is no way out of the world
Everything is now and past

And nothing to come to become.

25 May 2012, Hopson

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Exalted energies
the hill on fire
tree tremble with permissions
not being always being
ready for the situation.

Cast your eyes
demons in denim
this blue sonata

And then the children march
straight out of town to the cavern
they take their refuge in the Pleistocene
begin old time again
cast off from this late rude dance.

26 May 2012

SONATINA MILAGROSA

How many virgins
learned to sing last night
in the shade of the music

how many porpoises
came out of the sea to dance
and lie in the shallows
hearing the seals explaining?

There is so much to explain
every dawn an encyclopaedia
not even counting your dreams,
no, never count your own dreams.

26May 2012

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It must glide beneath the need
a kind of ball
that helps the cripple roll—
the *soul* in other words
to ease our broken animal.

Something happened to our life
the mind. The hesitation
before the act. The loss of muscle
knows what to do. Beneath
us still the hope
of getting there and being someone
else—*anyone out of this me.*

26 May 2012

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Not for love
does the eye see
or hope
for what is there

it is a foreign
language we speak
to ourselves
the things we see

or never say
an empty bedroom
full of arguments

you asked me
what I was doing
when only you could know.

27 May 2012

[SQ—Snow in woods]

How dare you take a picture of the snow.
As if this last sad flourish of it
hidden in the trees is put there just for you?
The house in sun the woods in shade
and you prowling around with your big eyes.

Do you think your own skin belongs to you,
let alone the skin of all things seen?
Do you imagine you're in some country
safe behind borderguards and their curious songs,
their signal whistles, their uniforms
protecting the skin of your thighs from the vagrant light,
from new immigrant hands? How do you think
the snow feels to be looked at this way,
stepped on, fingered, tasted even, the not-all-that-cold
faint graininess of it turns almost instantly
to water on your lips, your fingernails.
Human eyes are heavy feet indeed
and change the timid world they tread along.

27 May 2012

= = = = =

Sometimes offered a liturgy
a particularated *nessun*
ningun the giant as no eye
we sailors all tell lies

we can't get out of the story.
Forever and ever we are
on the way home from Troy.

I was always a Greek, wanted to win.
In the gorse of Donegal I hid from your mother—
the body speaks a truth the mouth never can.

27 May 2012

ENFANCES

1.

Let for one second the silence speak
in plain nineteenth century English
like a book in your hand
when you were very young
and nobody else was talking.

27 May 2012

ENFANCES

2.

And in the dry font

baptize the newborn

with breath alone.

And wind will be her salt

and random words her ritual enough.

27 May 2012

MEMO TO SELF

Don't talk about the crows—
just remember what they told.

27.V.2012

ENFANCES

3.

It seems so long since I was here.

Spalding pink rubber and sidewalk squares
upwelling of warm air from subway gratings
broken china and the cotton swirling,

I stood like an immigrant from dreamland
baffled by how thick the shadows are.

Still are. I can say everything with so few
words but the tongue is always walking,
meager wordhoard an overnight bag—

I remember when the world had hands.

27 May 2012