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Spirit breathes out and comes back
what it has found out there:
spirit breathes in. Spirit pauses
to unload the spiritual freight
it has charged itself with
on its brief furlough from the lungs.
Now it is home, rests, runs
to breathe out again.

This breathing business
feeds the body's sensory
input the *life of meaning*
by which we live. The little breath
that goes so far, is changed
charged, returns, restores.
The fourth dimension unseen all
round us keeps us alive.
We die in three.

6 March 2011

POLTER

commotion, ruckus, noise.
children running in the hall. Noise
is their nature and their medium.
Hats fall off. A south wind
harps the wet branches.
I hear that too, I woke
hearing the pillow noises of sleep,
rolled over and heard rain.
Almost miracle enough.
Chanson. Naked dancers in Rio.
Ash Wednesday over Yankee roofs.
Sunday. Wet cars congregate
round the Temple of Fitness
whose scripture is the flashing
measurements of their exertions,
speed, pulse rate. Their Mass.
Visible indices of grace.
We have come a long way from
1963. Can anyone remember
the last time we slept?
Before the Scarlet Woman squatted
on our faces and the chests
of suicide bombers exploded
all over the springtime streets?

6 March 2011

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Valley choked with snow
the hillside bare.
The meaty no-color of new
bared earth ready for time.

6 March 2011

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Malted privilege.

Disguise of lover night.

Disordered Sheraton sideboard
scraps of silver, sobs of gold.

Anubis waiting at the gate

he carries with him

to dignify your plain-Jane door.

Shabby house. He comes

fetch you to that field

all sandy underneath the grass

the sand is stars

the grass is you.

The field is the sky.

6 March 2011

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But what had the weather known
to set us here so close to the piano
when the barber still has three customers
ahead before I can bare my foramen
to Serapis, lord of bulling your way
through adversity, death included,
and even the multitudinous afterlife—
jackals, gateways, murmured texts.
I went to sleep reading, woke up
inside the book—Someone To Watch
Over Me I think but it's been a long time.

7 March 2011

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Did you get my note?

Did you understand what I meant?

If so, you're smarter than I am/

I just had this bunch of words

and wanted to give something to you.

7 March 2011

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It snowed again and Chopin now-
life is so corny sometimes
no wonder we think the way we do
all love affairs and muffins, wars
and little dogs ladies lead through the snow.

7 March 2011

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But it asked, you told,
something broke.

Time

story. Poor little boy
answering daylight all your life
with stuff you stole in dreams.

All things want you
and you want all things—
peace! Lift your fingertips
in that archaic gesture, peace,
a sign, the long jihad in your head
goes back to sleep.

Mozart.

Carly Simon's butt on the jacket of *Playing Possum*.
Everything is so long ago again.
Even all these words are already in the dictionary.

7 March 2011

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Mozart's string quintet Number One in B flat
goes by fast, hurrying like daylight
like the millrace outside every town.
Build a city without churches
and don't let anybody in. A viola
will always find its way to sneak in,
one more beautiful intruder
impersonating God in the marketplace.

7 March 2011

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Overdone day.

Organ everywhere.

Don't make everything

drunk or divine,

there has to be some method

where men and women can live

without answers

and no one can watch them

not even the rain.

7 March 2011

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Today's the day the dead
all year have been waiting to go
go, and the green almost
ready to revert to trees
the long conversation interrupted
last October o calendars
you are eerie friends
you smell of musk and accident
o days you are green and red
and the snow knows everything and sleeps.

8 March 2011

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Keep wanting more wake, woke—

weep mountain law. make smoke-ban
the old laws scrape the new foam from sea rocks

no more mountains! be taught by seas!
agitate nurture advance caress possess!

if I did have a law it would be the poet Homer
turning away in terror from what he's just said.

So little said, so much understood.
The river smites the warrior, the man wounds the god.

Marx was wrong about one little thing—
it was already a comedy from the beginning.

8 March 2011

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Alternatives meet here
cancel one another out.
This is India 1983.
I have come at last
to where I'm supposed to be,
sitting by a tombstone
in another religion on a hill
monsoon. Everywhere
is where I began. But this
place above all, between
Nepal, Bhutan, Bengal,
China over the crest.
I have come
beyond my language,
the calm wet air
a lullaby to put
the old me to sleep.

8 March 2011

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Strange bird makes blue
inhabitants scurry
through the settled alphabets
of trees—made out of
branches palimpsests
naked to our glossaries
meager guesses at what they
and not we actually say
let alone what they mean.

An owl, maybe, bedayed?
A horizontal hawk?

Movement is enough to tell—
there are no agents
in the real world,
we are happened even as we speak.

In an hour maybe
I will go out and be them.

9 March 2011

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Anybody *waiting* understands
the myth of mistletoe—
some kinds of love
are pure revenge—
after all those kisses
its juices killed
blind Cupid in the north.

9 March 2011

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Reverence
to all gods
rose bush yew tree
man next door.

10 March 2011

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All the things that letters mean.

Pictures of them.

Alphabet blocks for the ages:

V vagina Venice vein vixen violet Venus

and we will build our poetry

out of the 26x5 images the blocks permit—

or leave out the letter itself and have x6

so we have to know the letter from the picture shown.

Victoria the Queen. Hidden alphabets.

Implicit letters. Then spell your words with these

and see of what images your Liberty consists.

10 March 2011

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Six sides of the wooden alphabet block

= six lines of the hexagram.

No identity. There is only recollection,
that strange kind of remembering we call *similarity*.

Without memory no likeness.

10 March 2011

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No similarity. I pull the children
safe off the street onto the sidewalk.
I rescue the birds from the sky.

I worry a lot. Anxiety also
is a species of prayer.
Worry about the fate of the gods, eve.

Who worships Aphrodite now
oh I do and you do but who are we,
and who brings anymore fresh

seafoam to splash on her marble altar?

10 March 2011

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When in doubt,
reverse it.
Reverence reveals.
Reverence
amplifies the real.

10 March 2011

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In mute undress
they made 'em
there are ramparts
where some fly
some fall some flatter
music on their fallow-flutes
gearing up for
gallows-time, publish
and punish, the maid-
harceled armies of might.

10 March 2011