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**Last things saying lands
and water on all sides
the waves are words you think**

**but it's midnight, Frater,
the Angelus a whole sleep away
and even then you've just begun—**

**darling, you know what's coming,
I call all women Brother. Midnight,
a dory slipping on dark water**

**once even I did row, the oars
squeaking in their locks the only
sound apart from breath and lapping—**

**what is mine is yours, even this memory,
because you made me
and made me think it, made me touch**

**this pale float that marks a mooring
but I row past, imagining hard
a harbor, clam shacks, gulls**

waiting for dawn the way they do.

But I'm lying to you again,

I was never there, the night

knows me but not the sea,

the sea is a stranger

so you and I can still fall in love

because you can only love a stranger.

24 March 2013

ANNUNCIATION

**The call that comes
not just to everyone
come to everyone**

**It speaks you in the air
and feels like light
sometimes a ray o light
finds you through pine branches**

**or just the light around
you, the word is all around,
you listen with your skin
that sheltered place
you take the light in**

and hear it inside you

**Later they'll ask you
questions about me
or what it was you heard—**

just say the first thing that comes to mind.

25 March 2013

BREAKFAST AT THE HERESIARCH'S

They all are different, they're all the same.

So now you know. See how it goes:

Lord Jesus is the Nirmanakaya form.

and God the Father is the Dharmakaya.

Only a few disciples saw and some still see

the Sambhogakaya form of what they call God—

Jesus' transfiguration on the mountain with retinue

of Moses and Elias—the Eastern Churches

make more of this feast (August, I think)

than Rome does, they're closer to Tibet

where all these things are made explicit.

Just like now. With us. Just stay with me.

25 March 2013

=====

**Finish things
and then begin them again.
In that way the weather comes**

**to beat the heart
that red-haired doubter
who questions every move**

**Begin again and get it done
joggers are running up your veins**

**the Messiah is born into peril
He came once so you can come again.**

25 March 2013

=====

**Squeamish sentinels
look away from the invaders—**

**before we know it
the brain is beset
with alien imagery**

**holograms of people
who don't quite exist
but there they are**

some of them are even dancing.

25 March 2013

=====

**Calling for the mere
the mother wept
the crown away
from his small head
still damp from borning**

**‘let him be easy
let him live long
and find himself no
woman worse than me’**

**but the angels
of such matters
paid her no mind
burnished with their
silver sleeves the
danger of his crown
and softly set it on—**

and now he was one of us again.

26 March 2013

=====

**Myths ready to go
myths and loving kindness
maps of the lost goldmine
a poem in Getic
stiff and latinate
by a great gay poet
greenhorn to the language
plus that man unborn
who lives in that village
where no one ever dired,
and Morgan's kiss
and Ninue's gown
let fall on the wet lawn
where I still sleep.**

26 March 2013

=====

Somatic prone hybrid

(revulsion crossbred with desire)

I saw a woman on TV

the lean entablature of her contempt

excited me to leave that chamber

where I was king

for this other place outside

unreclaim'd, uncircumstanced

but sleek with departures—

feel the wind blow down Bellevue Hill!

The orange globe

that marks the pole

that bears the fire alarm

is the same size as the pale moon almost full—

Give evidence! The lover

is waiting for nothing but that.

26 March 2013, Boston

=====

But the purple phase of life
the union of coming and going
called the Universe
around us that rounds us—
we are its predicate—
but where is that dominion
our dream gave us,
when it stood before us
in the shining garden
pleading with evening
to linger in our hearts
as quiet hunger before the dark?
What the dream foretold
the day denied
so time began,
that breakup of old space
into our neurology alone.
Nothing else happens at all.

26 March 2013, Boston

TOMBEAU DE NARCISSE

for Cameron Seglias

1.

Nice work for normal me—
take a globe from the schoolroom
and puncture it on the 7th parallel north
then shove a bamboo shoot in there
and fill with water. This is Goethe.
Or choose a livelier disaster,
a red cock running from his hens.

2.

More of me than meat can tell
the shanks are slim the head in heaven
because the *sound* of logic dwells,
insouciant riverboat of numbers
only found in dream and yet
they run the everyday machine,
my hand telling you this.

3.

Note the singular. Sound
of one hand writing. Scratch
of nib in notebook,
the narthex of the mind
congested with imaginary information
anxious to infest our interior ceremony

**that features their theology,
their shabby muscular passions,
or do I mean molecular,
gibbering metabolisms, all
somehow available to heaven.**

4.

**And heaven to her.
It's your fault, Cameron,
over there in Brandenburg
among the Turks
who operate Berlin while
sleeping Prussians waltz
through corridors of cash—
the world alliterates!
And somewhere not far away
maybe off in space or
down your mother's well
there is another earth
that front-rhymes with our own,
where another Word
became another Flesh
and dwells still in another us.**

27 March 2013, Boston

=====

**Old Egyptians had grey hair
so shaved it all off to look
young again. Or no age at all.**

**We never slept together
had no need to, the link
was abstract amorous and true.**

**I was a man in those days
and you were a little town in Utah,
no cactus, nothing to remember,**

**we never ate together either—
I think we were linked together
by sheer futurity alone,**

**never happened, still to come.
The horizon habit was in us
and talked us through the silences.**

Why do I seem to be saying hello?

27 March 2013, Boston

=====

**Up-to-date carrion
fresh crowfood fallen
from the quick wound
arched over us and
no one left.**

**Sometimes first thing
in the morning you
hear a white
throated sparrow till
the line between long
ago and now blurs out
and you become
a troupe of children
herded through the zoo,
they see everything
and everything they see they say,
white eyes of the new-born lemur
peer out from the snug redoubt
of his mother's body—the world
we're born into looks
just like that, darling,
something always between
you and what you think you see.**

27 March 2013, Boston

VICTIMS

**Blame the victim
blame who I am
I stare at the animals
as I stare at men
around me, looking
for the link. We move
and we are matter
but what more?**

2.

**Morning. The stock
of images depleted
we wake.
It is another
whatever it is.
Things seem same
only the sky changes
I am permitted
to observe.**

3.

Who lets me see?

We walk among pathogens

we breathe in destiny,

we city our way along

asthmatic with lust.

How can I get enough

whatever forever?

Who did the wrong here,

me with my word book

you with your guitar?

Villainous victims

on the verge of song,

trapped by what we sing.

4.

I heard the implication

in your invitation,

the thing you didn't know you mean,

relax you mean it means

less than you think,

it doesn't matter what was said

or even done, a line

yourself with time and let it pass

in lucency you meant.

You want me to relent.

5.

It is my nature to make more
than was there before.

It is my excuse for eating all this air
light water heat and perceiving.

The guilt of being me is endless
and you know it. The power
quivers in your flesh
to absolve me or destroy
bit by bit the tower I pretend to be.

6.

But enough about me.

So much talk,
so few images.

The wind woke me
or the planes huffing
up the sky out of Logan —
flight paths are changed since I was here —
the few lonely creatures
in the depleted zoo
yawn at the dawn, a few
gibber like children lost in the woods.

7.

**We looked at one another yesterday
and nothing said.**

**Again and again I woke in the night
the way cats do, to sleep again
no wiser when I woke.**

**So we are animates at last
sparrows and conquistadors.**

28 March 2013, Boston

=====

Home and a crow.

Habit is hard.

The dark bird

dreams me

into my place

*

**It is as if a sea, a whole broad sea
with no land in sight ever, has
in the miracle of sleep been crossed
and I am suddenly a conqueror of morning.**

*

**By virtue of itself,
it opens its savannahs
to me, the sun inscribes
golden blueprints on brown earth
I'm supposed to go and build
using whatever comes to mind.**

*

**So waking up is building a house
and makes me an architect,
I am ignorant of beauty
and only know to crave.**

**This is what the crow said
in its ten seconds above my head.**

29 March 2013