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**If you know it, why say it?
Say what you don't know.**

**The sun comes out of your mouth
every sentence a vision-quest**

**the swallows of the Vaucluse
sleep in the sky**

**pillowed on the updraft of warm air
as you dare sleep on ignorance**

**on quivering currents of uncertainty
and wake out loud.**

29 March 2013

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**Ran outside
hunting for what's going to happen.
Tear the stanchions down
that keep the crowd at bay.
The sky is pale, my lord,
a ship has come from Denmark
with no meaning. We have opened
all the books and found nothing but words.
We found a man who speaks no language
and asked him. He smiled and led us
all the way to it, a box washed up
half-buried in the sand.
We opened it carefully
and found it empty,
we are persuaded it means something,
that emptiness in that location,
but for myself I find it hard
to distinguish what I'm thinking
from what the sea is saying
so we can submit
only this dark report.**

29 March 2013

THE JOGGERS

for Carey

How nice for them the run,
the real. Holy Saturday.
The joggers filling up the time
till they're reborn. The stone
rolls away from their hearts
by itself. The sun rises.

2.

In this holy season, Pesach,
Passion, the music we hear
pretends to be our souls.
Calmly to Bach we hark,
es ist vollbracht we heard,
the work of dying
finished to give us
life. What could
these words mean?
A stranger at the door,
a glass of wine?

3.

The iron foundry closed today
the lumber yard still open.
Wood is all we have to buy

(your daughter goes out dancing)
and nails in little wooden keg
enough to roof one house with
(the gods gave you this house
now fence it in,
secure the window and the wall,
paint words of power on the mantelpiece)
for heaven is always watching.

4.

Or as Shakespeare said *Jog on*.
A play belongs to everyone —
you want Hamlet lean I want him fat.
I want him to want everything,
love and potency and skill,
slow revenge, rye bread smeared with cheese.

5.

Easter coming, the earth
forgives us again. We met on Good Friday
and you rode west,
the better part, the fugue
and left me with the passacaglia,
marketplace and morning star.

6.

**The keen desire each man feels
he thinks no other ever felt so.
And that makes Easter possible,
when even I might wake from ignorance
and feel again as simple as a candle
held in a child's hand
(I have no children, drink only water,
feel sad for all the pretty joggers
panting down my road towards noon).**

30 March 2013

=====

**Lingering at the trellised gate
he rooted, turned
into a rosebush and crept up the laths
in pink and white extrusions
of what had been a self.
Sometimes we wait too long.
Sometimes desire just
turns us into the world,
into everything else and other words
and the bees make
honey from us when summer comes.**

30 March 2013

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**To die on Easter
when everything is waking up**

**is a rowdy thing
a late-night unintended swim**

**laughing from the capsized
drunken canoe**

**into a river that has no end.
The silver dawn of meaning far.**

31 March 2013

[thinking of Rupert Norris Von Bockbrader, lost in the Housatonic]

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**Examples of otherwise
would be a moose in the meeting
telling what town is for —
to fence me out,
me with my antlers and appetites.
I call this a sonnet
to get your goat, to plead
with women to obviate
the wearisome distances
of gender arguments
begins to stop stopping
the tune is permanent,
the sheriff is asleep.
Slowly we citizens learn to spell.**

31 March 2013

=====

So silver light the lissome day

each of us buxom to the other

= obliging, pliable, formed

by heaven to agree.

Across our street a little stream

is always journeying, tires me out

sometimes with its industry.

I hold on tight and try not to flow.

I stand here trying to remember stone.

31 March 2013

=====

**How did the R get its tail
over Knossos bull horns leap
the lasses head over heels
the scholars say, interpreting
the alphabet, sunrise,
Easter, everything still happens,
we risk the mild ascensions,
the tragic chutes. Waterfall
weather, quick analyses
of old inscriptions,
P was R once for the Greeks,
things change, the lips mute,
the gullet growls, the boys
chase after the girls and they
jump over the old bowl too.
We are sons of God they say
who spells us as He chooses.
They are reverent in their fashion,
hold the girls' hands modestly
thinking on their distant laps.
Oh the striving in the world!
Oh the leap, somersault
over the forbidding horns,**

**if an animal can speak
why can't I?
They shape the letters
to fit the mason's chisel
the way the sun rises through mist
making everyone her proper shape.**

31 March 2013

=====

**Glamorous reprisals
owl in a tree
complaining about the moonlight.
What will keep me sleeping
if dreams don't play?**

31 March 2013

=====

There are religions cast
before swine, pearls
from a lover's earring fallen
and sonnet forms reclaimed
from vers libre analysts.
Color organ. Scriabin. Taste
organ. Des Esseintes. The street
of the holy fathers and the school
of medicine. Have a coffee.
No one smokes anymore,
the girl is delicious with distance.
Now that you're back in Paris
I can let my reflection
fall into the stream beside our house
confident it will reach you
and you'll see it on the Seine
someday long away
like light coming from Regulus
or some other fashionable star.
I promised you Hermès
and gave you water,
you promised me midnight
and gave me dawn.
How beautiful it is

all supposed to be.

31 March 2013

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**How happy my father would be
to see the three
or four deer that come every day to our yard,
sometimes more than once a day.
Sometimes a fawn. The fawn
is getting bigger. Time passes.
Twenty-two years since he died.
And when the deer shiver away
back into the trees
the crows come down to feed.**

31 March 2013