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The things of sleep
are far things
and sometimes seen
across the dark
but hard to touch
and even if fingers
seem, the mind
lives somewhere else.

1 June 2012, Boston

SEAGATE

Sea at last, through this gate
all wonder and no waiting,
with long rod the men against the fish
kind of weekend, o it is Lent
forever on this liquid earth—
watch over harbor, beside a very blue
boat Santa Maria. Her veil the blazon—
we are shielded by color alone!
What hard work to find rest.

For all our start an open space,
mi alma! Lifting cargo.
The ball-weight crane
hoisting all our 'items' into the air
the sea the ship the future
towards which it all moves
at one same speed. New evidence
leads to a mistrial. Morning
abrogates the rule of night—all
us weirdos flee—no children
in the dream, they wake me
with their easy appetite, things
and things to eat. *Olim terrae civis*
and now only the sea. The world
is willful the will is worldfull—

this makes you smarter than your kin.
And nobody is smarter than her skin

We're ready for the outside world
like an actress for her lens—look at me
o Sun, o Sky you house of Sun,
we all belong to where we are,
how could I not run my fingers
over the clouds the intricate contours,
the smooth horizon always away?

How to be warm in the world. We went
once in the old queen's time to Saint
Paul's for what we called the Mass.
A word I never used before. And here
Lady of Fatima Santa Isabel Hunter Siren
Vila Nova de Corvo and Miss Amanda
lay beside us, greedy goddess of the sea
and all the selves and salts that hold us in.

1 June 2012, New Bedford

=====

To be on the sea

is to be in the real place.

The land's an accident.

1.VI.12, N.B.

= = = = =

On the edge of it
the necessary surprise
to see the sea
and not be it,
but mostly made of it
water and salt,
a little red crayon wax
to pink the skin
crimson the blood.

To be on an island
is to get some sense
of the limits of yourself.
The horizon is your arms.

then the silence
of what is not you,
the song birds behind you

and at your feet
among the rocks
that bird who tries
to make you think she broke her wing.

= = = = =

Watches the ground
he treads on
carefully,
 the Talmud

of earth is a dense
scripture, he must elide
all easy meanings

to get to the root,
the root is down there
where no one looks,
he sees it dimly,
his own footsteps
also a kind of alphabet.

1 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

=====

Storm in the night
is bright now just as wild
white waves the sea
is always answering
what the air says
where did the beach
umbrella blow
will the golf cart start?

2 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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To use a word
when none will serve
bleached bone on the sea shelf
once had a name
is to be present to a shared world
this mere conversation.
Find out what everybody said
then do something different.
Say nothing for a change
youth has reason
sing what you think you mean.

2 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

LIVING ON THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST

1.

Flypaper camphor emery board
one becomes calamine swiftly prickly
heat light does one no favors.
One sees and that is so. The wind
knows how to go. Learn from the wind
one does and one goes. Living on a list
of course limits. Nevertheless packages
keep being delivered to the door,
commerce prevails. Who says it's wrong
to be a commodity. Or is it. Response
is always welcome, even now
so far away from beginning—lucidity
and parallax for instance. For gosh sake
learn how to spell. Stuyvesant.
Serene delinquency, *sensuum defectui*
and the mornings smell like the nights.

2.

Who comes? The wrathful boundary
at the bruise of wind. Elm o elm.
Bruise-ology of the weather. Lingerer!
Malingerer yourself! I drown in matter!
Move then. Spigot. Ferret. Flee!
Let the last animal finally out of the box—

one owes that much at least to the angel,
o Portugal. Where once Mr. Person kept
all the names that ever were and gave
to each of them a thing to say. A song
in instances. A manifesto
shouted in the dark. For he let Mary say
“I am John.” He let the moon outshine the sun
and here we are. Wholesome rebates
from the management. *Tou kosmou archontes*.
He spoke the wrong quantity, he blathered
alien theology under the el on Fulton Street,
tweets infamous counsel to both great and meek.
Vates sum he said and that was so.

3.

They speak the mango in Brazil
a woman told me so but she
was from high up the Andes
hence in love with her new husband
who thank god was not around.
Then it was dawn. She left
her shoulder with me for repair
and came back speaking cherimoya.
So sweet her pips. I loved her
for a while, especially her leopard-
spotted shadow spread on my arm.
She was a well-composed sonata

for a single man. Solo. Something
at breakfast about herring-roe
not what we ate. We looked a lot
though. Outside our final window
a woman holding an arrow or the
kind of brown dog books call yellow.

4.

Once again, citizen, parallax saves you.
The sea has myopia and has to touch to see.
One has a way with oneself. Moon of Jupiter.
The head was at the stern, portside, the ferry,
how the island slumps along the horizon.
Floats on the sea. Sheilas they call them
when they shiver their naked way up the sand—
marry some of them and take them home
snug, dry by the baritone fireplace, the sly
Presbyterian inglenook. Fewer seagulls now.
So we worship air alone. In the ancient
church of the elements one is the last priest.

2 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

INSTALLATION/s

(see Catch note on Iconia)

a box of wooden words

(for meditation)

(off Göbekli Tepe and the alignments, Shiphenge)

	snow	
salt		hoe
	mirror	
factory		lute
	table	

2 June 2012

Cuttyhunk

WAKESOME PART

Now falterer
stagger to your throne.
You are awake, that means you're home.
If ever over the motionless sea the moon
stared at me with both her eyes
I pray come to me now, august
instructor, mouth I never kissed,
breast pressed, loins invaded, *Kore*
Kosmou, virgin of the world and speak,
just speak. No need for words, words
live only down here, your breath
divides into what we need to hear,
what we need. So that men
in their dull fashion cry out in surprise
"She speaks all languages"
but in truth she speaks none
or only the *one* inside *none*
each hears his own.

If ever
the ocean whispered to me on the shore
I am the great blue stone and I give you life
or as much life as you let yourself seize,
why then come to me now as you did before
when I was someone else and I stood
less awkward under maybe the same stars.

3 June 2012

=====

One does have to keep praying.

It's part of the fun

the sea actually there

I'll say for me and who'll deny't?

Cloud sculptures imitating

the landshapes below.

3.VI.12, Cuttyhunk

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The mirror
is the pole.
Move around it
and see yourself
among things
in a singular
world.

When
we have solved the puzzle
we know nothing but the answer.
That's why mathematics is like poetry
its solutions "lead only to other"
solutions, like the "vistas"
of poetry in Robert Duncan's
explanation.

When you climb the mountain
you usually see another mountain.
But when you come to the shore
you see the one and final sea.

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

BRUNO'S ONLY WOMAN

he said was Contemplation.
Looking openly and ardently
and carefully and with heart
open to what is to be seen,
open to all that can be thought.
Then silence to cogitate, weigh
(ponder), then in the reverberatorium
or spirit oven let the thought
of what was seen resound and renew—
and from the crucible in time will tumble
the pure shapely crystal of idea.
For everything knows how to speak.

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

INSTALLATION 2

fisherman

seek

necessity

elm

chest

iron

sutra

3.VI.12 Cuttyhunk

INSTALLATION 3

stick

chance

chirrup

chill

latch

saddle

chin

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Weeklessness
of island days
chain-saw on the Sabbath
and morning any time of light

natural world before measurements,
where we grow through dark and day
obedient to impulse only,
that Other Law inside me

which also I someday must break
to break free.

3 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

MYOPIA

The grey mesh bag full of thistle seed
I thought was a woman trimming weeds.
How could seeds make so much noise?
I drowse beside the house in love with shade.

3.VI.12, Cuttyhunk