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RECIPROCAL

**Every failure
succeeds. Every
success also
goes to the ground.
The good is
enemy of the better
they say. The bad
incites the
better to be .
After a good r
reading yestreen
I am undone.
Everything
yet to be done.**

1 June 2014

=====

**Can't see the house
my job is in.
Thanks, tree.
Summer has
its own ideas.
Turn inside the
weather a while
will leave you alone.**

1 June 2014

=====

**Applause alarms.
I don't have
enough self-doubt
to need all that.**

1 June 2014

=====

Take nothing.

**Divide it
one piece for each
of the three sons you don't have.
Now there are four
of you. To do
nothing.**

**This
is called permission,
golden hair, it appears
only in sleep.
There is no sky
to hear us — don't
mean heaven, heaven's
here a-plenty.
It means no sky.**

**We travel.
The horizon is a wife
to each of us,
distance never betrays you,
we will be home for supper.**

**The table will be bare
the stove cold. The glass
is full only of twilight.
And this is just how it
should always be,
a tale no one's telling
that in the quiet
spaces still gets told.**

2 June 2014

=====

**Die every night
and come back to life
sunwise. Everything
has to be learned
all over again—
water, moonlight,
gravity, identity.
get things wrong.
There are clues—
things laugh at
what is probably me.**

1 June 2014

“NATURAL MEASURE”

(from a phrase by Paul Blackburn)

**to lift a suitcase
onto a bed
 in a foreign city
to see the world
honest witness**

**unstrap the contents
air full of confetti
from an inconceivable
celebration
 there, out there,
down there
you will never understand**

**though you've spent
half your life
 coming to this place,
this “imaginary” city “with real” subways.
Everything you care for is down below.**

**Darling, she said, a face
is just a footnote to a body—
the body counts.**

**And from far away
you understood
the park built on landfill**

**the park with steps winding up the little hill,
with ducks on the pond
by the gate near the town hall.**

**or the quiet leafy street along the canal—
what is water *for*?
Did we come here for that,
blue planet,
 cool glass of Badoit?**

**And then they were together
walking past Saint-Sulpice
with a protest march noisy through the square,
who cares about their peace or war
justice lives only in the moment—**

**that is the actual
measure,
 blink of an eye,**

**a man on the roof
taking pictures of the sky—
so on the cyanometer
developed by Humboldt and Saussure
turn the wheel to Tint 39 —**

**there,
that's what I'm trying to say.**

2 June 2014

=====

We want a battery that lasts a year high tech all day long that doesn't every night have to get shoved into a socket on the wall like a Philco in 1939 come on scientists or whoever you are get with the onward program forever the sun's power harnessed in my hand to sing my permanent Device where'er I walk glowing in my pocket semper paratus my miracle.

3 June 2014

=====

**Chain saw empty
diner hash and eggs
a single sheep
in the field behind me
Charlotte says.**

**Can't see it.
Chain saw. No
depth perception.
The human senses
form one harmonious
system—if one
is a little off the track
they all shift weird.**

**a little effort, Robert,
ok, now I see the sheep.**

**3 June 2014
Ghent**

=====

**That we be here.
That be
 is here enough.
That is
 is coming towards us always—**

**like her maybe angels
dark consorts of puberty
who in the magical hour between two a.m. and three
quietly speaks
 so she knows
he's inside her
and at last she can sleep.**

**Miraculous dream from which a day is born,
limitless vistas of sheer necessity,
mad and blind and every color of it all,
nanometers of now.**

**4 June 2014
New Bedford**

SWEDENBORG

Swedenborg was right. The Last Judgment has already happened. Took place in the year 1757, in the angelic realms. and now slowly comes down to earth, to us. On earth the Last Judgment takes the form of the Industrial Revolution passing into the era of ceaseless technological innovation. Its aim —its only aim— is to liberate us from the habitual bodily form that we have accepted since the Fall. roughly the past 200,000 years. Now they will make angels of us yet. No longer brood mares and rampant studs, we will live out the Millennium as transhumans, *mindlings*, of the New Earth.

**4 June 2014
M/V Cuttyhunk
Buzzards Bay**

== == == ==

**That this also is June
the sea is its own month
always, but here
sun on sparse grass,
the sand of memory**

4 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

=====

**The island continues us.
Walk up the hill in light rain
Scotch mist the open view
of wide weather, fog and sky
continuous, and in deep mist
Penikese the ghost island,
guards the spiritual north.**

**4 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

RETOUR

**means how
to come home
Gide
from the U.R.S.S. digesting
slow the quiet protest
of his soul. We change
the letters around,
we spell
all things in different words
trying to come home.**

**2.
Now we are here.
Now if music
knew how to stop
once in a shapely
while
it would be new as language,
magisterial,
inconclusive,
music
a cute girl sitting on your other lap.**

3.

Recall

is something like it.

I would rather

walk uphill than down,

down

is not meant for beasts with toes,

toes

are to climb, the ape of us,

no wonder

pointy toes from Guinevere to Loubatin.

4.

This is about (music is about)
changing the shape of things.

At last

the sea seems

to have nothing to do with it.

Later you listen,

then the caravel comes,

the sky calls,

dense with a palimpsest of birds.

The treasure chest

where melody is stored

unlock

one note at a time.

Note means 'known.'

There is no other way.

5 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

REGULATIONS

**Sleep after waking.
Set a rose
on the subway bench.
Avoid the eyes.
Study the backs
of passersby.
The past will never hurt you.**

**5 June 2014,
Cuttyhunk**

=====

**Set that to sing.
Rhymes remind
why you ran away.
In those hills
never trust them,
no girl without
some dumb man
lurking near
like a snake
beneath a rock.
Don't move a thing.
There's your music
and good night.**

**5 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

=====

**The rain is my house
you can't blame me
for trying to live in your skin.**

**There is a natural weather
to be wet. A star
nibbling at your conscience**

**some clear night now
because of what you did
not even with me.**

**5 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

=====

**North wind sweeping fog away
edges of neighbor islands clear.**

**Repentance doesn't really work
so far from the Equator.**

**Across the road the roof beam sags.
Say to the angel that you forgive me**

**maybe she will do the same. The cosmic
trick is to do and not do at the same time.**

**Clear sea, not a sail in sight. Only
at the dock a small boat named *Regret*.**

**5 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**