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A REEF

**of stars
saw not last
night but their names
abide,
spoken
by the knowers**

**who saw such things
and what the world
that made them
calls them**

**like a wave curling in from the sea
or an eagle in clouds,**

a leg in the sky.

2.

O what a will
 a river
after all,
 a fleet encounter—
today a shimmer, cloud over Gayhead
none here,
 none here,
we are the children somehow
of the knowers,
 the last ones
all these stones along the Barges
where men once maybe
 or may again?

What is might
 that it can slumber
then speak again
 from its long dream
and make us wise
 by touch alone?
Bend down and lift the stone.

3.

However long the song
something has to know

all it can, call
it Atlantis, the longest book
whose metric is this pulse
you feel in your throat,

the epic of it, meek
epyllion, psalter,
ancient of days?

Nothing ends. *Nothing changes*, he said.
Nothing begins.

A song
just air all the time,
your cheek
cool a little,
spoken from your sleep.

4.

Atlantis

**because everywhere
I heard your voice remembering**

**Each wave a trochee of that line
unending (*nothing begins*)**

curls

**on the pillow the sand
and wakes.**

**Wake wave
and listen—
that is all
needs to be said
at this time about the sea.**

5.

Just common words
nothing flarfical or odd

meager vocabulary
no more than Maigret
for instance,

 who needs more
than a handful of numbers,
a sky hat

 some words
his mother said
he barely understands?

Linkless but all-connected,
animal again,
 plastic sack full of ice,
music?

6.

**The sea is all need
satisfied never sated**

μηδεν αγαν

in meditation

**but close not all your eyes,
chickadee. who knows
who's looking at you now—
urban veins, god arteries
can't it be just pleasant for a change?**

**No, when you're out of money
the city stops.**

**Bandicoots and wolverines
*e nessun dorma.***

7.

**Did he lie when he woke up
there really was no skin to say**

**and lifted the stone
against all advice**

**heard what the sand said
(soft smile, sleepy, of an eternal girl)**

**the words are never wrong
be alone with them here**

**as many words that many dreams
ease the throttle of that old car**

**till it coughs and groans and goes
just like the admiral I also am.**

8.

He wants the words
to fit the mind better;

Benefit.

Strange people move to town,
genetics nothing to do with it

just walk another way,
think thinking away

then the rough rose blossoms by the coast

her flag in the wind:
for that craft is always coming in.

Vajravarahî.

9.

Begins slow
stumbles to his feet
because she's near now
(always)

and must be welcomed.
Greet her.

Silence
was useful in its hour,
een steel blade between
anything and else

but now it rouses
Bach-like in the chancel of the skull.
Sheer variations please her best
never mind the theme it keeps changing.

6 June 2014
Cuttyhunk

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**There must somewhere be an ear
has never heard
the four-note complaining of the dove
the last note one
long quavering.
Who is there? Who is remembering?**

**6 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

10.

Knowing this
woman's name
was almost enough

the blank
spaces in his books
tell her tale

the black dress, the high shelf
curt answers, tears,
long walk home alone with the stars

he wrote another poem
where the king himself
came to her parlor

but forgot to eat, just
drank tea, watched
the blue parrot in a wicker cage

lined with a newspaper
in Vietnamese. But why he thought
don't they tear all their bondages apart?

6 June 2014
Cuttyhunk

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To observe the sun
rise over another island
just the glow of it
flowing up the sky
not the orb of it
just slow light catching
in the red juice inside
your hummingbird feeder
first color of the day
then the red pales
over Nashawena—

is not to be

Cid Corman writing a poem
in Japan fifty years ago
when I began.

more like the tough
problematic people
he also translated,
Basho, Zeami, Paul Celan.

7 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**Yesterday
the war ended
that never stops**

**D-Day
and this beach too
is Normandy**

**this ocean
to which still
our blood flows home.**

7 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**Dew
shimmer on glass.
Grass.
Inspect, consider.
Particles
everywhere. Every
man is an island
of.**

7 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**Wanted to get away from the fear
something about electric range
element, burnt hand.**

**Something
about you and the throats
of young animals, the quiet sounds
that come from inside our meat.**

**Then I woke. The patient needs me,
I fit my life into the spaces of his need.
Birds space themselves along the roof,
give each other equal room. Each being
needs its proper space. But what are we
to each other? Who am I when I dream?**

7 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

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**Tired of belonging
to the weather?
Never. My
girlfriend the sky.**

7.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

**Tighten the belt:
we have a ways to go**

**the singular plural
of all our distances.**

7.VI.14, Cuttyhunk

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**Birds ignore
my observation.
I read their perches
like the alphabet.
Good Jews, they
settle down right to left.
They are the world
beyond desire,
pure seeming
and then gone.**

7 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

SMELLING WILD ROSES BY THE SEA

**Musk music
Mahlerish
arpeggio**

**sunlight
after song
spill**

**we are spilled
into space
uplifted.**

**7 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**

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**I need to unzip
you from behind
to let those feathers out
you hid inside you
to keep from flyng**

**need to slap
you hard enough
till the magma wakes
speaks
out through these
bloody boring
surfaces we are.**

**7 June 2014
Cuttyhunk**