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Learning a new language growing new teeth.

I'm diggin' to girling? Sure, be ye gone.

We hear what we want to hear ears stuffed with resemblance.

But she walked across the patio in moonlight.

Down that staircase wide enough for rain.

A substrate people with time in their mouths.

A word changes in the water of your mouth be afraid.

She lived in the gap between a thing and its name.

Late again for early Mass as any lover.

Kept his whole religion in his head.

Swift in rapid currents a slim idea.

She cuts the battle from his gore-stained hair.

It doesn't stand it just keeps listening.

Sun works its old phlebotomy on the clouds.

The strongest are the ones who run away.

We beat the Romans and kept our gods Westphalia.

Design is round but meaning's cubical.

The last days live inside us in their majesty.

Of course a Gnostic what else could an iris be.
Shattered by the sight of what we want to see.
At their desks they pray to money to give them God.
Who can believe outside his hands.
Twelve years old again new pen before puberty.
Fimbul-winter things come too soon.

Of all the languages which one is best.
Your tongue in my mouth speaking.
Inhaled the smile from the lover's face.
People in a park at play one kneeling.
Breath exchange rescue me from old prana.
In the school of Himerology excavate the mind.

Pale not too committed tentative green spring.
Still the elm remembers she was Eve she was E.
Overgrown sea thick with trees of air.
So many Athenians died here their bones are flutes.
Behavior of sound waves under water.
Life is a shadow on grass he said we asked what is the grass.

Meeting at the glad shampoo the smell of girl.

Because we were sunshine to each other sand we set.

Always a different island has no more to say.

Make it simple like a bride to be.

A bridge to night a tree with no comparisons.

Ecphrasis is *speaking from* what I see sees me.

Who are you who punish crime with crime.

Elderberry statesmen of the world soursweet maybe good for you.

Six of us always here waiting for six others.

Sight of a girl just standing there a hex galore.

Mourning for the dead sift sand from your shoes.

We mourn those most we didn't know at all.

Addled elm the wind a poplar tunnel to aspen ocean.

A man suntanned from too much shade.

Last week's storms did not disturb the sea.

Reach into the distances to become yourself.

A sum a song is what the right hand said.

Counting increase as melody America.

10 June 2011

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Dare temple to be rebuilt in our day.

But temple is patriarch and Rome is revenge.

Interminable history of getting and getting it wrong.

Progress is a child asleep in a typhoon.

Nor' easter now the trees know how to dance a psalm.

The history of the world is one short sentence.

These sums I sweated from who knows how many.

A question mark is part of the disease.

Everyone has to do it but why me.

I have never been part of everyone why now.

My lowly station is my arrant pride.

How do you say No in Yessish.

Language is flirtation.

I would the air the air's enough and Donizetti.

Cloudy sea doves lumber towards their seed.

O the sideswipe of the drifting gull total her control.

Invent another animal to be a kind of number.

A wheel takes you as far as you can see if that.

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I have no gleam of emptiness in me the raja's stone.

Woke inside a word a cough a storm at sea.

A kiss would have whistled the wind up.

The woods sleep the dream of the uninvited guest.

Lonely work beneath the sea measuring lost cities.

The blonde surveyor lunches on the rocks.

We had to bake the bread he made the miracle.

Learn to talk is find a place to stand.

The supernatural inherits from the natural.

Wild carrot in the parson's field or is it mandrake.

We settle for the real when we could have the dream.

I gave you all the meaning I had left.

“Look at the” sea “and remember.”

Insurmountable evidence in your hand or your hand.

To make your mind into your will is how the soul becomes.

Taste me next time always by the love-house door.

Keep your dear promises from far away.

We are crucified on each other.

Be there when I wake is all I wake for thee.

Strange remembrance is called from the air.

Island when you watch the sunrise your work is done.

Saying their prayers is putting on tight clothes.

We use so little muscle of what we own.

I'm saying all this just because I'm you.

Never forget the girl in the front row she's why you're here.

We do this for others because we have no selves.

The wind so fierce why makes me happy.

No heave of sail just implicit destinations.

The dangerous voyage of being here.

Clutching the eraser your fingers tremble.

No time for living in a quiet life.

I grab you by the adjective and rip it off.

Fill the plastic pail with sea and drink it home.

We are angels at each other too.

Fisherman fisherman stop hauling the wrong catch.

We are scared of each other armed only with shtick.

A little book you carry in your hand.

The book doesn't know who reads it.

It remembers everything but your hands your eyes.

I'm not being smart I'm just not being.

To Makiawisug fairies of our local hill offer corn.

11 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

Heavy heart of a star a stone green as money.

We see its light refracted as the sea.

Moshup waded to the middle of the sea up to his knees.

Heaped up stones the way children archipelago.

She sat in the water till she became the land.

My hand flat on the small of your back.

12 June 2011

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Or too many lost to have a simple road.

The inner arrow shows the fish to go.

The weathercock also knows the latest news.

She worked her sorrows in between the words.

We touch the wall to prove that we exist.

There was a temple now there is just us.

Be enough to the stars and swallow the sea.

Everything is trying to be me.

Scraps of meat still fresh on a dead man's plate.

The classroom cracks open like an orange.

Overripe children pass scriptures in the dark.

When I was a child my wall had a luminous crucifix.

12 June 2011

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By the landlock by the look of him.
I love thee stranger woman in the prim apart.
Ceaseless scordatura on the heartstrings taut.
We are related solely by language love.
Our language lets our bodies touch.
Language fucks us both the same.

We need exact description Granville Wilkins.
No more comparisons essences alone.
I love you for your outstretched couch.
There is not much me in what I say.
Deliver the moony balcony from family house.
I was so stupid when I am young.

Hexes in the wood Roman march a thousand steps.
The witches watch the troops mile by.
The murmur of their minds becomes the wind resin of the wood retains.
Could the feather lift the bird or when.
It was *remorse* drove Juan to always next.
Emphasis is grass beneath no one's feet.

This is how they'll speak a hundred years.
The graces stood inside her single mirror.
A million ghosts in every moment throng.
Elbow my way through clamorous identities.
How many days the bare blue desire.
To hurt to heal see no one's there.

In the Cornmarket selling explanations.
Is there any sense before you make it.
I hate suspense this hour's the appointed time.
She can feel his mind all over her.
Sea spray I mourn the things I made you lose.
Listen to the sea upbraid the shore.

Moshup he brought the ocean back from the moon.
I blame myself for all I didn't know.
That child is back with his bright pail.
Experiment try living solely on nutritious light.
Lunar-power machinery of desire.
Sap rises no surprises.

The order in which things come to mind itself is matter.

Rip the bandage off the sky at last.

See the nature of the primal wound.

Have lived in the between so long old friend.

But in this crystal hillside they build me into their story.

I belong to their images a quiet woman far away.

Cast off resemblances fill encyclopedias.

The broken radio emits a broken song.

There is much to be said for adolescence.

When the green lion roars by the virgin's gazebo.

Open the door the room is full of rain.

The words are wooden blocks we are the sinister children.

The granite slabs float through the lower air.

Great Sir old face who saw me from the rock.

I mourn your fall your profile fills me still.

He spoke inside and told me how to be.

Dig up some grain from before any war.

Grind your grain into words fine and coarse.

Can I listen long enough to hear a single word.

Time splice and northern ruin King of Thule.

How can one desire what is not given.

Broken irises in the rain don't try to limit beauty.

Italian newspaper read enough to learn the marshes.

Shadow of woman on cattails on the tidal flats.

Slow the deeps of ink the word unwritten shows.

None of this is easy though it seems so.

Lucid intervals like falling down the stairs.

Often enough to see the obvious he said.

So many from have turned away solve for any me.

I wanted and she wouldn't what kind of isle is that.

Drive father's car deep into mother's woods.

Poor Romeo roses not reeds on the near shore.

A girl who went to Eden and never wrote home.

A million ways to interrupt one dream.

Spintrian postures of the heavenly cadets.

Push the animal of mind into the starting gate.

Quilted sky as suits this old house earth that lives us.

A woman in the clutch of music asks for pain.

I'll pay you for the touch of your skin the coin of mine.

Wait by the toll bridge to Cochection it's only years.

Bring down your hammers lightly on the Delaware.

I was here before you were and lit the lamp above.

13 June 2011, Cuttyhunk

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The stone the builder rejected has become the bird in the wind.

The heart wants to know so slow.

Why put the wind near me if it were not for mine.

Buy another grammar from the food you eat.

Because there is so much so desire.

The parked car travels to another golden gate.

Never fail the beacon on the hilltop the voice.

Seared in the flame of seeing.

The Old Masters knew when to look away.

Long ago shattered all the mirrors.

Sky is a mirror shows everything but me.

He unpacks the cloud he nails the wind to an oak tree.

Dare the soprano green air to ride the blue wheel.

Time called this morning and I answered.

Passageway between the stones my feet too wide.

Big egret fishing in the shoals a wary eye on me.

But that was yesterday and this is even further back.

I am not caring much in memory or on her knees.

Birds keep wanting to be said.

Connection is the riskiest thrill skydiving in the heart.

And now the birds are feeding from her lap.

Light broken on the bay Viking longboats glide in.

Through the grill of speech the prisoners converse.

We are the walls around our prison.

The soul's a breed of blackbird flies away.

Only my old shoes know where I've been.

Have I gone against my grain and stood when I would run.

Question the question and you'll see for miles.

This is what it's like for you when I'll be dead.

You can even call it by my name and it will speak.

Mute difference between man and rock.

How can there be so many languages I'm missing something.

Human like you I should understand no matter what you say.

A branch of pomegranate broken off the fruit still on.

Sink your head in your lap and remember.

Old brick factories on the river the heart fluttering.

For once the rhythm breathes but not of breath.
You never tell me what you're looking at.
Witangemot where senators talk clouds into the sky.
My fervor waits the absolute her voice on the stupid phone.
Listen you who'll be twice Lord Mayor of nowhere.
Day of glad clouding in the synagogue of rain.

All my old verses are right the rhymes are wrong.
Truth is always the other way.
Spinsters in sunlight the fugue begins anew.
Crosswise crabby like a dead man's tune.
Of course the dead are speaking what else is the wind.
History is what slips between our fingers.

The old have cute interns to help them die.
Experience is a leaky vessel founders as my life.
"Look at the" clouds "and remember," he said.
Can one have so much there's none to throw away.
Resumptions of spiritual discipline a tree in wind.
What kind of tree and of what wood is spirit made.
Matter is madera is material is mother and now who are you.

Clear and woolly at once a bright idea in too soon a mind.
Tall pine forest on the way to Callicoon my mind began.
Scant memories but make a glad long life from.
How stupefied I was a child amazed at everything out loud.
A fingerprint is a map of the island see where the little hill.
Look look I cried can't see without saying.

14 June 2011, Cuttyhunk