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31.

**But to throw all that away like the sun setting
who knows what will come up again out of the sea
the only monstrosity is me
a two-headed boy with hands on fire
then the mist calmed in along the sound
you can remember an oriole above the deck and not much more
spilling aftermaths the custard we think with
in Vienna the central cemetery (Peace Yard) in snow
no peace only a relaxing
drumroll and the horses you never knew who died
until they came to life again
Sunday morning in the park and no one there.**

32.

**These things at work again and who can say
blame the otter for the beaver's dam
we are so bad at causes and effects
time to go to there is no school
and sit there all day dreaming
the naked teachers stroll around the room
daring you to see them as they are
the words slip off the meanings
the sun keeps rising all day long
you'd rather be home a book in her lap
why don't you read me like you used to
how did your father's car get so far up the tree.**

33.

The French called them *enfances*
stories about the childhood of great men
heroes before they could lift up the sword
and we have infants too and we have swords
we call them memories to use against the world
of what just seems to happen
remedium amoris remember the last time
the taste in your mouth the nasty telephone
things never change the way you do
cause without effect tugboat awash in storm
I love the taste of what won't let me be
thighs of a scarecrow feathers of a clock.

34.

**Take a long time to work it out
merciless mankind at the mill with slaves
of course I remember my masters
John O'Clock and William Psalmist,
brown Thomas and the Jewess of Baltimore
I am the Middle Ages born again
reviver of dragons mountebank of miracles
three drops of my own blood in the snow
and I was the woman I was the lost Christ
I was the ship to Marseille and the cave in the Vaucluse
I was the stone he stepped on
I was the crown on the soft hair of his head.**

35.

**Am I clear yet of the old diseases
it's always too late to begin
to be a bird
a story out of a different miracle
pay me for what I don't do
there is a sense that all poetry is blackmail
always a veiled threat
dangerous scent of wild roses
do something do something it always says
I am what the author left out
more of an answer than a question like most philosophy
what we don't need is more answers.**

36.

**Small gosling paddling along the shore
finding the secret roads in running water
it goes by but they stay on
in the dark every house is huge inside
walk with me the midnight hallways
down the cliffs and over the meadows
and never reach the bathroom door
moonrise in the kitchen sink
Uncle Charlie keeps his specimens awake
I rinsed the city and flew out to sea
Bristol of the fishermen sandford of the song
be my ancestor honey be my Palestine.**

37.

**Be self-indulgent while a self persists
the birds are gone but men flee work
the tiler has a clipper the hedge is thick
angry voices of the pilgrims bother me
and my roof needs re-thatching who are you
are you Madeleine after all all history in your hand
they showed me so many things I took the oath
I felt the sword blade across my Adam's apple
hoodwinked gladly in the name of love
all the businessmen in masks and music
a secret society made entirely of you
chain the bike and ride the almond tree away.**

38.

**Cast among minnows the maiden floundered
out of the little brook baring a message
all is revealed we've known all along
water drips along the shank the arch is high
light shows through the least of our buildings
only a pyramid can hold all that dark
there's still some ink left in the world
inscribe yourself in the family Bible using your Hebrew name
broken branches make good torches
renew my membership in France
for I was born before the poem ended
the children were still struggling in the apple tree.**

39.

**Wham for the ferly, equal folk for equal fay
your old days come true again a bread
broken open to show a beating heart
Saint Mila showed to show that all's alive
(broken cistern but the water stayed, tree
fell but the leaves stayed in the sky
perfect in their dispositif origin of stars)
I was Melchizedek who priested in the rocks
I sheeped along among my little goats
try to make hale and holy what you can
for this is sparrowland the good
this is sky with stones in it and all of us.**

(11 June 2013)

CHURCH'S AT LOW TIDE

What had been sand is thick with weed
after the false storm and the spring
the rocks themselves are different
but that vague shape over there on the horizon
is still America.

Our feet sink two inches into the mulch of it
high tang of it and the cormorants fly by.
White egret on the sea rocks, an oystercatcher
investigates his newfoundland. In and out,
no fixed point in all this. Can't rely
even on the sky. Gravity, maybe?
But we're standing up somehow,
contradict the force of earth with every move.

2.

I love it here the joy of discomfort,
no place to sit or lie or be at ease.
The joy is vigilance, eye on the horizon,
one eye overhead. Every step
precarious, hidden rocks, tide pools,
the tide is coming in, almost seems
to be coming up from under us, out of the earth
not just rolling in from the bay. America.

**We are between movements caught,
the spiritual geology of our condition
needs study, no more theology,
let's find out where we are.
What moves below my feet.
You bend and pick up a small slipshell
and hand it to me. I blow
the sand out of its bight.
Retain. Keep this evidence
of another world. The only one we have.**

11 June 2013

40.

**Actinism or reaction to the sun
as if a schooner came in your childhood
with a pretty nursemaid on it
taught you her language and took you to sea
and you never came back, that would be me.
Water is your only comfort aren't I,
slow drip of language from the rock
my father brought me to a mountain spring
who knows where Castalia I think
and when you drink that water you too are sea
and everything is river ever after
and you are everyone because you watched her lips.**

41.

**All far enough but do they listen
give them what they want and they'll come back
fierce dangers of getting what you wish
these are Moralia a guide for the oversexed
lost in the Middle Ages now re-upholstered
in glamorous satin language America America
I call you empty and I wade ashore
open the downturn invade the nucleus
Lincoln enthroned like an emperor
by eagle held together disparate republics
the cure almost worse than the disease
almost almost and Odessa's black chess pie.**

42.

**The one good thing about the Bible is the footnotes
commentaries proliferate like flies in the butcher shop
every decent word needs a dozen footnotes
the simplest human sentence breeds a Mishnah of its own
and then they write that down and before you know it
we need eight billion people on the planet
to pronounce all the declensions of that first verb
volo was it or *nolo* or *gimme* or *I thirst*
write it down as if the flowers might forget
or Egypt turn wet again and Pharaohs speak
and mothers fret about their adolescent sons
and Abel has a secret wife who cards his wool.**

43.

Various various a book in the wind
the birds reading it as best they can
slow down little language I'm only a child
aftermaths are all written down long before
just find the right page and squeeze it tight
don't let anybody see you walk that street
it goes to the hospital where they park the mad
those who released themselves from the ordinary
and wouldn't you if you could get away from it
the badgering of business the noise of news
and you alone on your clipper ship.

44.

**Through the skirl of the Elgar violin concerto
I hear seagulls squawking over the Isle of Wight
it is 1954 I'm going home at last
the island mentioned in the sea
and every nineteen years at summer solstice
the god dances in the sky above his ring of stones
a temple built from time alone
or I am the one who dances there
me can you imagine me prancing in a cloud
yet he's there and she is with him
and the two of them inhabit me
just as if you dare to look inside yourself you'll find me there.**

45.

Ogmious tongue me what to tell
halfway to hell I dare make invocation
inspirez-moi the Temple must be built
tenor solo on a bare rock in Judaea
teach me how to do this thing you make me do
all the hymns of Milarepa smile from strange obedience
teach me to tell what I don't know
learn from the babble when you sting my lips
strange means an unknown woman
coming through the door arms full of flowers
I can't understand a single thing she says
I have no choice but to write it down.

46.

**Put a picture of the Temple here
as you imagine it so it shall be
here is a picture of it or of you building it
here is a rainbow to wear around your neck
it keeps you safe in battle with the sky
who taught me to work this damned machine
all moving parts are still only the electrons move
rich men keep getting richer as drunkards just stay drunk
there is no doorway to their castle
the house goes on forever like the old Winchester place
money has no natural frontier
the violin quietly mourns the new-fallen king.**

47.

Keep your glasses on tonight you'll see me in your dreams
because I walk with feet of stone no one can hear
you will hear a ship crying out in the fog
you'll see my breath condensing on your mirror
don't worry I'm everywhere
keep your white noise machine on all you like
I am a sound that makes no sense
relax I'm finally talking about myself
you're safe as long as I go on talking
an apple or an orange is also a machine
no moving parts but you and me
alone at midnight in a broken world.

48.

Man with three hearts

represented on the stone altar by three birds in flight

sky is always the same as your body

that's how you know where anything is

how anything means

regulation fog rolls in abates the day

god heart beast heart and one more

the heart I gave you was not my own

I offered the whole city to the holy ones

anything you can conceive is yours to give but not to take

what kind of birds are anything

a crow a jay a mockingbird none of these.

(11 June 2013)