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WALKING THERE

for Jack Collom

The other day we needed glass
replaced, the mask had fallen away,
highway vibration, luggage jammed in
against it, rain, the tailgate.

The glass place
half a mile from anywhere
on 9W, we had two hours to kill.
So suddenly we were on earth again,
walking the highway,

just like Palestine,
just like the road from Bagdogra to Siliguri,
just us and the Buddha and a thousand cars
eager to get by us, eager
for a glass of their own, rush hour
a thousand cars and we were the only
people on the road, single file
like good Mohicans,
just walking there.

Where. To the credit union by the overpass
to smooth out some paperwork. To Peppe's
cucina (one table in the drizzle on the gravel)
for the best pizza in months. All right.

All right.

And then we walked back
towards our glass. Glass.
The hard transparency of things
that is so fragile. The sweet cool drizzle.

I thought of you, you who walk everywhere,
and used to carry a big stick to prove it,
your staff of office, a man who holds the earth
in place by walking on it. Mountains
need you. And brittle highways need you too.
For an hour I felt part of your ministry.

28 June 2011

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Precious morningness of to be.
Resolve to be there for the first light
and flee the angry woman of the dark.

It all comes out now. That lepress
is the wrong woman—the one
who wants me. Is that the fear
all these nightmares, of being wanted
when it must always be me to do
the wanting? Only by wanting
can I keep the other at bay?

Some women know that.
The tree will blossom and maybe I will be here
to see it, midsummer rose of Sharon,
roses, so many I have known
and all their petals
each one a sly inscription
I must decode
by color alone. By qualia in me
it demands that I respond.

28 June 2011

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Stendhal called the scrawny little Swiss a genius.
His music sounds like music and is maybe that enough.
If my hand is like a hand it can do what hands do.
If the word comes out of the mouth it finds its goal.
We're here all right but what can be done with us.
How do we make love across the Dardanelles.

Thunder in the north the Mohawk drums of Claverack.
Summerlightning these things are meant to pass.
Weather is an immense reminder a Talmud of human time.

28 June 2011

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The way things work out or morning star.
The little left we need to leaf.
Sparrow-witted through thick air bespeaking.

Write down the syllables we aren't speaking.
It might be easier to the other isn't it.
Sickbed see out on the river barges pass.
Spring with its tugboats and its mildewed sails.
We hide in the bottom of the boat.
Fingering the lady in her other life.

But there is more to us than accusation.
Syllable tree seize fruit the sayable.
The terrible truth each one of us an Incarnation.
We stake our claims between each breath.
Saying always makes it so.
The blind know the west wind by its smell.

Could we only walk back before the covenant.
Go to the desert be crazed by some idea.
Through eighty volumes of Heidegger to find what he said just for me.
And there the word was aflame on asphalt.
The winning horse keeps furthest from the rail.
Over white peonies hovered the specter of Roussel.

I lead you through the obvious to the patent mystery.
All night the dead are coming up these stairs.
You can't think anything they haven't thought before.
All their fears are yours and you are almost then.
Sometimes the dead are breathing that is me.
Only things you say are ever different.

How do we know a wind can a fugue tell us.
It makes the world go away isn't that enough.
They're all the same they all try to be flowers.
Come to the afterglow by sleight of hand.
The hidden teashop where language is created.
You thought the gods were ordinary girls.

“The real god is elsewhere hidden in what you say.”

So many on their way to being me.

Truth in lying cars hurrying to job.

Try to make it fit inside your spoon.

Whittling Oregon from a lump of peach gum.

You can still use what you can't do.

Call them leaves they leave it up to you.

You dare not yield a single erg of what power you have.

Polecat policies in town halls mid-evening.

And there are animals also laying rain or shine play too.

Men ran with knives to slay the echoes of their voices.

No more of — a thing is on its own and knows.

29 June 2011

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Let things be a walk or two away.
The longer you sleep the mother your skin.
Then you become river and they love you.
The moon is near compared to you.
Fugue on four voices I and you and she and we.
All the secrets tumble out now god knows.

I live away from what I try to know.
Analytic language where a word is is what it says.
I lock you in the tower you lock me out in the woods.
I am terrified of all that is not me the wonder all round.
You let me in only when I'm far away.
The ancient language you milk into my ears.

When you're asleep it must be folklore must be true.
Make somebody happy this side of the brain.
Where the sun breaks rocks.
Doesn't take much forest to go deep into itself.
A hundred feet from highway you're jungled.
But where am I when all the trees walk by.

I carried the wrong color but who knew.
I told the truth till it became a lie.
You opened the window the whole day fell out.
Close clustered in the her mother's closet she.
Because nothing really belongs to us.
Inside our bodies nothing but all our sins.

30 June 2011

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Fine red fox patrols our boundary line
slips past the summerhouse and's gone behind the fence.
We are not the only in her care.

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I need to touch the drenched bottom of experience
the well below the well, airy kingdom
beneath the final aquifer.

Fairy Land they used to say
before they lost the habit of belief
that let them see.

Now we watch only what we're shown.
Plus this one fox:
who does not show herself
but lets me see.

30 June 2011