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Wanted to write something beautiful
to match the woman I proposed to
(no matter what she says) twenty
years ago as the clock runs.
But I'm all gears and ratchets
and no grease, I aim to thunder
but I squeak. Listen anyhow
to my Cappadocian bagpipe music
my north of Amiens shadow-play
with real pigeons shitting on the lawn.
I am so much less than you
make me want to be for
you. But even the words are wrong.

18 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The deck needs us, a glowing absence
in each Adirondack chair, a brute
named history. The wall falls,
the graffiti linger, when you scream
something on a space it stays in the air
ever after. I too have heard
Bach playing at the Thomaskirche.
Yellow flowers on the sachsenpaltz.
I too was a man on earth
the dream that made me
never stopped. I linger too,
the noisy part of you.

18 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Careful the chariot
slung low on its carriage
bronze horses tug it
across the mantelpiece,
think of its wobble wheels.

The child Apollo
plays at his mother's
house. The oblong
sunlights shown across the floor,
lapping of the pool
outside, where the world
actually is.

The child Apollo
thinks about fire.

He pulls off one sock
and sees each toe
as a small cool flame.

He lies on his back
holds his foot in the air
straight up, looks
at it, the room
fills with light.

The child Apollo takes
his grandmother's walking stick

from its dusty place in the corner
walks outside in the blue
afternoon, finds two snakes on the lawn
plays with them,
they twine up the cane, he shakes them off
gently and they skim away.

All over the city
the sick are healed, Death yawns
at his computer, the sun stands still.

18 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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The ink was wrong
means isn't what he meant
the times are wrong
his now is then

next he begins to talk
but about trees
they don't listen well
at all he turns

back to the pen to
write what no one reads
this is the lost
gospel of Jesus

this is your hand right now.

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

It's about time for springtime
or something else. Revolt
of the rabbits. *A bas le gazon!*
Collaboration of the crows.
What time is it?
Half past never
and we'll all be sorry
skipping rope or claiming
sidewalks or there
the rabbits are again
their own soft world
or so you ponder
it's been spring for months
the boat's leaving already
you hear the hoot of it
you're here forever
partnership of clouds.

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

THE GAME

Not the winning but the doing
the outside of the orange also
has its chrestomathy
gather me use me as you can

orange rolled along the curve of the spine
half an orange nailed to the pine tree
the hummingbirds come and drink
plunging slim beaks deep in each segment

orange is a foreign language
a game we play with our tongues
orange is a nightingale at noon
landing on the small of your back.

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Things could choose to go on.

A mood for miracles.

The light not moving

it just gets more.

I wonder who lives

in my body now

and feeds my long bones

clamshells and bananas

but how does it

know when to be

or does everyone

know everything but me

or do I know it too

and do it well enough

my mind on something else

and the day comes anyhow on?

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Things come and go.
Skill lingers, luck
changes. Hone
how you are, and wait.

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

1.

Sometimes the sea says nothing.
That's when the mystery begins,
being allowed to be a man
or woman on the shore
looking out to sea
looking at nothing at all.
That is the best time
when no object obtrudes
on the senses and the sea
softens your habit of seeing.

2.

Who though is that person on the shore
far out, walking on the big rocks
down to the pebble
part of the beach, who?
I followed a shape
as well as I can
it is some stranger
I have always known.

3.

More than two hundred years first factory

first machines. Not long
as glaciers tell it.
On the rock above Lacoste
some recent graffiti older than that.
Carved in, to make
the moment last. A name.
The same stranger.
Your name.

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Plant wheat among the roses
said Solomon, plant your waterbrooks
with carpweed, your fountains
should be bright with copper
your bedchambers smell of oil.
But what oils are they
that wisdom doth require?
Here in my book is the answer,
I leave it firmly
shut on your night table—
dream anything you need to know.

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Will the new word work.

Does he speak.

Now the door is nearby

the empty field

repeats what you told it—

onions barley kale.

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Shape of the star
the ones we see
have six or five rays
coming out of them
depending on what we believe.

19 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Will the quiet wonder who
away from sea
—or away from me—
understood so well the local
ordinance it will be hot today?
Who is in charge where no one lives?
To be born again inside you
he cried but it was afterlode
heat shimmer on the mind
still fogged with sleep
—woke and was afraid,
simply, they live
by scaring us.
As if a pencil has in it already
all the words I think I'm writing
all the numbers I can count—
it tells me what to do.
We wouldn't be here, she said,
if we weren't victims of some process.
Women don't think like that, I said
but she did and said again
We are the outcomes of everything,
meager as you are.
Put up a parasol

if you can't stand the sun
nothing more to do
shape you in wool
as if you a sheep were
when the cold comes
out of history
and appalls you with its merciless details.
Trust the language to say
what you never could.
You never should.

20 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Don't read the forecast
don't play your tennis
without a lot of money,
wise men do
what fools would never dare
name the nature of the metal
plate your answers with
makes your guesswork shine.
Arrogance of smart men without intellect.

20 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

From a tower or angle
over the empty avenue
colors can be measured
fresh as they fall from the sky.

At first she felt they were birds
then took one in her hand
and it dissolved into images—
she saw her father's face

for the first time in twenty years
she saw her brother's hand
raised to slap her, a rose
a boy gave her once

she forgot his face, recalled
only the stupid rose
even now in her hand
she couldn't find his face

she smeared all the images
on her other hand
then both hands found
paper and the paper showed

for all her life
and lines to come
the taste of that
kid's shy kiss.

20 June 2012, Cuttyhunk

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The mind fastens on things to fear,
the weather if nothing better
to keep the body in a natural world
where birds tremble as they feed.

20 June 2012, Cuttyhunk