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90.

**There is a certain subtext to humanity
they would never occupy this hill
this boulevard to heaven though I have seen
the shapes of them more luminous than light
sometimes by the Dogana or any sea-touched hand
land they walk even when they're standing still
the form before me a gasp in the mind
to see such absolute a shape dissolving matter
once you have seen such things you can't lose
ghost girls of the janiculum laughing in the shadows
a tree is left from their investigations
a doorway full of light that natural house.**

91.

Venus as the bride of Christ he taught
and every book their wedding gift
forlorn as a block of marble never carved
insatiable as apple trees he offered her
all the comparisons a likeness is a kiss
sudden stranger in a midnight bus
nowhere in Nebraska the one I never
if they don't live here they don't live anywhere
to know truth a little is to know the heart
but who has one and who knows the picture I never prinked my wall with
I was afraid of images nothing else can wound.

92.

So while the wind away until it's still
all sea and no continence everything belongs to me
let the roof slide off the sky the sleepers show
dare their dreams to stand up and get dressed
to walk outside like decent pagans
forgetting all the words nibble rosehips and why not
education only gives you bigger hands
after all the meager teachers one thing taught!
look like you did last night golden ocher
America sky so far away but let me see
mind takes hold the shape of thing but not the thing
excitement of all the pale-eyed deceiving.

93.

**Finches like apples so there
we can know nothing of how he struggled
to know the first time what can't be known
unanswerable question the fall of light
from the top of the hill you see your limitations
places you know and names hold you in
you are a hostage of the street you live on
a seminared priest of what you see out the window
everything owns us
will there ever be enough of me to go around
for thousands of years people have thought: the breathing of the sea
but it's time to hear the word it says.**

94.

**This is what happens to music when it starts telling stories
how could it not be that's why I grew up with
Franz Kline and sunrise over the East River and a girl from Ecuador
I saw the color size of a man's reach
stories fall out of the light
tells them into new situations: these are the colors
all the way from red to violet and beyond
I come from Tenth Street just like everybody else
another fin another siècle the boys come marching home
the girls run away through the apple blossoms
nothing changes the sickle sweeps the moon away
the dark mumbles stories to its lone self.**

95.

Lay so nary hiding in her underpass
need here such traffic over, in arches dwell
faute de Lascaux, they did it for the silence
no air no sound can or molecular meanings
less plausible than spirit kinds
those electrons uncommanded by atomic nuclei
I touch you now despite the faraway
for every skin is far away as India
no matter where the boat is going
there is a better way of getting there
takes longer tastes more pleasure on the way
queen of heaven in her mandorla slips into every me.

96.

Loud sea last night I hear at dawn
new sun caught in sugar
else all grisaille the fog of morning
have we done dreaming yet or is
that gothic stonework still in place the crowds in Latin
all the discontinuities also a continuum
as a hand makes everything it touches its own
this bird all birds squeal a blackbird in Ireland
land of tuneful sleep more sheep than men
as every island is the same island except Manhatta
a place where fish were never plentiful
but from the ferries you could see the sleek seals play.

97.

**To be long as an epic and nothing happen
a lyre the size of an oak tree
hands busier than the wind in its strings
all words and no meaning
sex without babies
the first posthuman rises from his couch
sonless in brightness and every girl his daughter
the Touch Me Not of risen Jesus new explained
because a story binds us to our culture
and a song cuts free
all Coleridge no Wordsworth
the fable peters out in song.**

98.

A little bit of legal left I call it mist
you call it sun in water vapor spread
transsumption of molecular motion throw old letters away
don't let me into your archive
a rat in grammar
in mesh of syntax mother-naked
the one foundation of your house
Szymanowski's lost novel an alchemy of sound
or sugar candle in the god wind whoosh
Zuk he did it and bad me too
less pants more paunch more tune than tenor
the Romans had no word for it or kept it to themselves.

99.

Sea pink was his poem
and a stone so stood
braving the Pacific calm
Hebridean storm St. Kilda's poisoned by birds
my week in Scotland original Annandale
no need to tell you circus tales
sex on the floor while Abbot SturLOW watched
a fish in the sky its shadow a cathedral
did you remember to count the waves
they too have a cycle surfcasters ken
home in wee hours with creel asquirm
this is my theory of poetry.

100.

**All those things let go
one fish could be a hundred of them rule by rhyme
you don't see the anchors you see the hulls
moth flies out of the fog the sun
easy weather for the alchemist
the brutal heteros all asleep
why do I love music so music is always somewhere else
back to London or Lascaux or on to Jupiter
things shouldn't lead to anything things should always follow
there should be a cute lieutenant leading them
into the cloud castle little darling
you woke up just in time to be me.**

101.

**This is our hour
the first of the last time
the lion comes out from the hill and claws those Christian garments off
battle at sea between the waves a wave is war
the pull of gravity and the push of current and there you are
loud surf all night and the lion looking at you
naked as the afternoon shingle beach a cry
a gull and a lion and our time has come at last
seize and be greedy there's nothing left but praise
and where bestow it this tawny sunrise this mandolin plangent forenoon
all the subjunctives gush over your lap
sea syntax one same as different as the mother.**

102.

**If it said anything it said blue
I walk with you around the ancient hill to water
am all air and leave it to you to be fire
there are people such that being with them all elements complete
that's why I run out of breath ascending
the air I needed left behind with earth
I make noises as I arise they are words
you hear these sounds as touch
for every singular is plural I am the frantic chorus
heavy hoofed uphill clamber reach the top
your house in the sky I enforce residence
you knew right then we've always been together.**

103.

I am no meaner than the mind next door
the swan on the hood of a Packard tells the time
long kinship with owls for crying out loud
a ghost train rushes past the slaves are freed
from one master into the clutches of many
the salary of circumstance please tell me what to do
I want to talk about the moist details
the lug nuts down below the arm-break crank
slowly unpack all the details blue glass seltzer bottle
call it vichy in Dubrow's early edition of the Times
I don't think the subway ends here but I've never gone beyond
it's hard to stop being credulous about the real.

104.

I want to tell you things that I can't say
inside Santa Maria Formosa the kind of light
coaxes me to speculate your skin a hum ahead
flame of rain have whirled round a stranger
and yet I know you in her face her place her space
you try to hide from me in other people
but I track you from the Adriatic to the Hudson
your velvet gown close-fitting baffles Rilke
we all are here together not exactly angels
if just once you turn and look at me and say you see
that would be the flight to JFK the cab to Chelsea
stroll to Penn Station afterwards and so to North.

105.

Hammer heavy but I can judge the sound of competence
and he's not it, a father trying to fly tight for kid
but there's no sky, Chinese dragons slice
one another's guide lines up LaSalle above the river
yea Lady the same river the two-faced blue-eyed water
writing is a way of doing nothing but keeping time from passing
or lets time pass but makes it leave behind it
shadows on the little world people hold in their hands
stare gently out the window thirty years
Pound's kulchur stares back in we live *paideuma*
the wolf has turned himself into the door
he lit the ardent Asia in the Western mind.

106.

How can I be at peace who knew no war
the Brothers Grimm are my grandees
their angry soldier only in exile find the blue light
I follow the bright lumen to the cave mouth of my sin
there is a first place to wander from
in Adriatic mist and summer storm
pale Rilke fiercest thinker of his day
adding the one force Nietzsche missed, the sentiment of love
and to do no more than tell the truth
invented poetry along the way
this new organ in our flesh of meaning things
a word like children screaming in the rain.

107.

**From the arrow that flyeth by day on the south wind
protect the cradle of the infant thought the blue trees
reach down to us to stifle unbelief
throw you fishing rods away your lariats
because everything but what you see is real
deep in the truth of the unthought
Lila the uncontrived with whom we play
night more than day and the wind knows it all
broken clouds your mother on the phone in every wind
islands change their flags like underwear
we belong to nothing but the sea from which we come
religion is an ailment of the mainland only.**

108.

Hydrangea Himalayan flower favorite blue
has blossomed early in Tara's gentle hand
I saw her tossing them on the hillside south of Sonada
and here by the sea in Betty's other garden
a few blue already the many on their way
always like that, profit and followers, udambara path
assigning meanings to each thing I go ahead
listening to what I stumble through leave the self out
have no favorite flower no mountains no name at all
the names are all asleep in you
that's why you love us best
the colors you chose to smash over the world.

109.

**There's a taboo against learning history
tabu, to know yestreen spoils the afternoon
everything forgets, pleasure is always now
back then is all the pain and dark and work and woe
sunbathers wait for their Renoir, the wind
drives them indoors, Lincoln dies in fever
Romulus Augustulus leaves Rome to die in peace
this is the empire — the sea's been telling us that forever
forever, no god and no czar, no meaning,
no bible, nobody home, sleep in sun on grass
I forget more than you'll ever remember
that's why in sleep I am the same as you.**

(19 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

