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110.

Ask the sea put on a coat and tie
wear a battered panama
we come close to the pylon where chariots turn
to fling into the home stretch at last
fat chance to be Rome without the Romans
live in marble grandly with a purple mind
the Jews taught us angels and never forget
the root of 'angel' is the root of 'king'
an angel is a message on its way somewhere
no angel turns away unheard
but no one knows what language *they* hear in
or if all our jabber is their arcane philosophy.

(19 June 2013)

111.

If the loves you dream of dream you back
shadows haunt the stuccoed ceiling like small birds
and there are real birds there too on plaster leaves
the baroque resemblances of passing time
your whole body safe in my arms
vertebral rosary that haunts the hands
don't say prayers be them
you be the god that answers them
everything is for being and willing to be
and be for the sake of another, the other
not much more left of the story than that
so now at last the story can begin.

112.

**Pieces of fear in the room the child sleeps
wanderlust of nighttime things
can you swear that chest of drawers is where it was
sleep is the great healer of the Irish
a physician who makes no guarantees
sleep lets the world around you change
thing by thing like children on their way to school
aftermath their heads are full of fish
your uncle cleaning flounder in the kitchen sink
what color blood did you think fish had
red is always a surprise a wound of tenderness
where the nice bear lumbers out of the trees and hugs you tight.**

113.

I'll know the question when the answer speaks
if you say so darling I only hear the organ
green and white the monks' church at St. Gall
remarkable country for being left alone
whoever told you there are alternatives
remember pennies not made of copper
remember the wolf in the driveway
mockingbird on the drainpipe
I have tried to deal with everything
give every weather its place in history
for I was Waterloo and Austerlitz
Prince Andrei dreaming by his horse's hoof.

114.

**Your money or your life enough of meaning
I crossed the polished lobby to the elevators
no one I knew could live in such a place
and so I rose through bronze doors to a family problem
my own estate the sky above Manhattan
and I owned Brooklyn too and east beyond
but not out west over the river Jersey and America
the sky belongs to me I say and on it
I take my stand no one else can judge or smite me
though sometimes someone else will touch my hand
and then the sky bears witness to my purity
purity of meaning everything in this single touch.**

115.

**The priest slept through my confession
so my words went straight to sky
the little sky inside the heart I feel you here
the sentimental sinner cried the ferry left
the harbor suffused with nightingales from somewhere else
stop being continuous already the truth is made of broken glass
rose petals we nibbled from the rocks
quotations from Montaigne a clamshell cracked
a cardinal singing from what is that an apple tree
the day left-handed the ragged sky Guantanamo
clouds can only tell so much but more than we
there is a cruelty in America we must delete.**

116.

Try against the cruel cry we have rights but no right
what sunrise does to morning glass you do to me
the sentimental agents spoil our feed
all that nostoc dripping from the night
listen to the cupboard the dishes tell the story too
the star-sperm settling slowly while you sleep
and the cup left in the sink to soak the herb stains out
each thing knows some part of the situation
the battered hulk this boat you call the truth
leaking its way from Portugal full of opera singers
priestesses on hilltop canoodling with the dawn
this vessel trembling in my civil hands.

117.

**This is the dawn of ceremony the clement word
when all men and women open their mouths and say
the truth that only they can know each one a part of
we need them all we need them all to speak
until every man and woman is a prophet we know nothing
leave piety learn prophecy say what you don't know
each one has words enough to know what he doesn't know
they don't all have to love you they just have to speak
language will not really work till everyone has spoken
then we'll really learn what language means
the secret god hid from herself when no one created the world
back before even this argument our life began.**

118.

The hear of the message is proportionate to the anatomy of the angel
or are there no numbers up there
or nothing but numbers in heaven
pause for breath even those who are not breathing
she walks down the street and everybody understands
that's what a sky is for to trap the light and spread it
so we can breathe, the wolf can prowl
the square perfect pixels make everything unreal
unreal as it really is dream about me
in the long Pacific nights and I will change
I will be whatever you intend I will dig
gold plates out of your hill and give them to you.

119.

**I lag behind the utmost grammar
the truck beeps out when it backs up
lost without prepositions if no angels were
the operators who do not believe in their machinery
a Vatican of leaks inside your cellphone
but you don't believe me when I call
because calling is its own thing, calling is God
and you always think I have some other motive
I have no motive I am motive I am mind
so make room for me in the caravan
across the Sahel because I am salt too
a word in your mother's mouth you hear in dream.**

120.

**Seminivores all over beaks and tiny talons
when you see a bird in flight in truth it's flying through you
the hollow places in your close-packed chest his fly-zone
so hurry and so going by a cliff-top romance
the pale-eyed ghost sits on the inspector's lap
left alone the little dog howls harrow harrow
moon phase sundial water from the rock
endless embassies of birds at sunset crisis
they go so fast no one knows where no boasting
and if the mind be separate from the brain how wise they are
and we too with our fidgets of the flesh
inferring trajectories that lead beyond the real.**

121.

**The mystery of when this must be said
lungful of particulars maiden voyage each thought in your hair
over the frozen lake a childhood spell a letter read
a breath from their mouths condenses on St. Peter's dome
we break our vows by silence wet tongue of the beast
Anglican hollyhocks rise by Buddhist shrine
I can't remember to dissemble this self no I
I spend my day interrogating ocean
my nights parsing my interrogations
drink soup with me breadcrumbs on the snow
a bird will follow them to the open book
always contradict the weather the Cross is contradiction.**

(20 June 2013)

122.

**Long day the celebrate the light
knows what's coming a colonnade in hemisphere
to catch a solar system in your back yard
southern somehow arrogance to kiss the wind
I fought against me all my life and lost
nearby on the longest day a sheet of light
we saw it come down once on the forest lawn
pagans these days more pious than Christians
the earth asks more of us than Bible does
stand up and be shadow wield the axe of light
horns of a bull wit of the woman pluck
flowers out of nowhere and braid them in your hair.**

123.

Wanted to do this hard-edged island in the city
could be Manhattan could be Berthillon
makers of fine wax masks to mood your seeming
this little language lobster in your trap
broken cage left empty on the sands
void your prisms soon o white man
a voice comes through the stovepipe listen
charcoal hisses at you beneath the ribeye listen
the blackbird explains it in the hedge
your fingernail on the mirror watches
we need more footnotes and fewer wheels
broken plaster statue still Mother of God.

124.

**O light no different from the night before
as plain as the beginning of all things
simple as hydrogen a one-piece light
the longest day on the smallest island sounds like life
terror in every sense rises from identity
pulchritudo voluptas fortitude
and give all things to everyone you meet
discard your enemies like old clothes etc.
teach a morality machinery aspires
to be one with you without myself
there will always be oligarchs be one or leave it alone
there is a broken branch a bird can sing on still.**

125.

**Did I say make do with it I said make new
quoting almost Master, Wizard of Eze, who made this coat I wear
blundering dragons under the hillside wake
debt rules the world but to whom to whom
when I finally acknowledge how much I owe you
unfixable system open the gate and go
I don't think there are secular solutions
no driving force out here but profit
profit it seems so rational it is the opposite
don't for all that close reason's door
no one is waiting on the other side
only the eternal rich stealing from the eternal poor.**

126.

**Hard place to despair at morning
I know what I know and what good is that
self-knowledge is the same as self-delusion
lies you can use like homemade weather
the sun persists in rising romantic
call the world a cathedral and empty your pockets
call it a mosque and bow down
outside Eden the righteous anger of the uninformed
believe me there is only one conspiracy
the grammar of money burns a hole in your head
aftermath I said and molecule and touch your mother
too many people want nothing from me not.**

127.

**Light runs the machine
before sunrise no cloud no wind
and now the sky is full of tossing
no method only mind
consciousness is a habit of matter
it thinks where it can
that's where we come in
a freight train right through Callicoon
a little boy anxious about the sky
pine trees taller than anywhere
I came to life where Oedipus left it
every grove is sacred every girl a god.**

128.

Not so limber when the light decides
you know all this is signs
a word on a truck goes by
you know I'm in love with you don't you
the hedge said it topiary of words
lost in the maze of a single straight line
does this street go to heaven
the word has no meaning in a world of streets
streetcorner the statues of Venus till the emperor wakes
between bed and bathroom the shadow of a dream
you don't know her name but that's all you don't know
old locomotive movie about lovers in a lifeboat.

129.

To see anything at all is just remembering it
but the word you hear in silence is actually now
or five minutes of the future pulling you forward
a friend tugging you into the park
children sailing boats in the fountain woman eating corn
myriads mix the chessboard rises to the sky a rook topples
the tower falls towards you from an empty sky
it lands slowly and builds up around you
you have been spoken now
vague animals roam around the base in the dark
but at the top you still can see the sun
setting behind mountains that weren't there when you first looked.

130.

If the son knew the father as the mother knows the son
the gate would open and the world would enter in
Blake didn't say this but he meant it
children had no place in his world or mine except for me
eternal selfish child of self all brooding wanting
a child cancels the father and abandons the mother
that is how generations erase their past and are erased in turn
I am not prepared to say more than the words in your mouth
warm sun on chill morning no further than that
purple vestments today's mass mourning for last night
nothing special about her just that she was
washed by the wind instructed by her hair.

131.

Feelings are not to be reported feelings are to be felt
so it's always winter again the mosaic of discourse starts up
where all the pieces fall asunder there is no answer
water table what the land will hold
turned away from the messaging sun the drenched moon
la Dranse flows north from glaciers fed
rain ratcheted can't tell who really means
all poems say the same thing don't you know that yet?
no time to mention a melon split open in the sun
what goes on in that dim town across the dream
roses on her thighs are blessed with thorns
I want to know who rings that bell and why.

132.

**When is a wound like a wonder
miracle macula the kindly leper healed
by light alone inserted in the vascular
fleshlight cures all so little left
fish swimming at the arteries salmon men by contradiction
reverse time's mindless flow
the opera is always just beginning
apotheosis of Ariadne creates heaven to be in
a place peopled only by who had been humans
now lift their syntax through the stars
radio blaring on the empty fishing boat
what music do they hear who empty out the sea?**

133.

**Heal like an open window an opus number a lost quartet
the sheen of shadow as if a word once spoken
the leaf speaks louder than the tree
the thing you need to know you never trust
Nietzsche in the rose garden in Bolzano smell of asphalt
suicide because birds can walk but men can't fly**

(21 June 2013)

134.

**Beautiful vow I vaunt that vaults to heaven
shielding me from the hailstorm of broken scraps of human will
because the will can live without its man
and bring me unconsenting to my deed
ambushed one more time by what I am
or under the vault of heaven an eagle vow
scaring little injudiciousness away
a vow is shadow a vow is sun a vow
knows more than I do knows what's coming
knows how to sink the ship or down the plane
a vow is medicine finally a use for pain
powdered hawthorn berries to help my love's heart.**

(22 June 2013)