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135.

We're still in opera that city where the music counts
intervals between the notes men do things to each other
a ring of rising thirds a single leap a ninth
girls turn into goddesses gods sweat to keep up with them
a handful of sunlight a hand full of wheat
sleepy grain sleepy sunshine morning comes in vain
in sleep the words are hard to read
even a woman on the sofa what does she mean by sitting there
or the one on the floor reading the paper she is the news
when people touch the over-energy the *energumen* each one has
flows into the other making each strong
it is the breath of the daemon who lives in our lives.

(22 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

136.

No waiting it went and was now
all those old words that meant me stopped
as if the chalice never touched my lips or never left them
the weather is inside us too
knowing litters small birds along the sky
you are the architect of the obvious
things bow down at your feet you know me cold
morning was never meant for this to be obedient at last
hide your confession deep in your treatise on ethics
explore the sexual reveries of Immanuel Kant if you can
exalt the triviality of poetry
where three roads meet the god is always present.

137.

Slow down a stoker in a locomotive old
Zola by Renoir or Kafka's streamship nowhere
can't help but making luminous mistakes
bathroom down the hall barefoot pre-dawn
a room is just a footnote to its window
sun gleams on steel pen seem muse enough
over the harbor slipping her sail so quietly beauty come
Azure as ever he teased the war over at last
now we can go home home is always somewhere else
I watched my father shovel coal into the furnace
hand on the throttle of the door I made the house go
talked about oil but it was anthracite and Ellington.

138.

Door opening yoga frog croaking man lifting lumber
longer than I am this matter I uplift
subtended by substance the soul unveils
the Middle Ages never ended the pilgrims saunter
all the kings of earth still fail their pentecosts
only the beauty is missing the flowing spontaneity of stone
Autun, we have our weathers too our smooth
flaming sunsets in suburban prose
will the sun on the sea be enough for me
sit on the ground and let the world tell
all your talk is reference book and parliament
what your body knows only body can say.

139.

A density of happening with no story to constrain it
don't look now we can't do anything anyhow
not all forlorn yet seigneurs we still are in Egypt
when we still had gods we still have names
reed dance where the Sawkill ponds out and beaver
things still live me a quiet world though I am not
mute magic an emperor ashamed to rule
all I ever want is the surfaces of things
the wicca of daylight on the night of things
Tristan on a rock no reason to be me
last night in shimmer I tried to count the sails
when you die you belong to everyone.

(22 June 2013)

140.

**Awn of oat and hawthorn berry
whose heart help they hear
for hearing is the same as healing
ads aver voices of the fishermen heal mute having
where owning is a silent tomb to be in
and the gull cries over the neighbor
but last night full moon in mist over Gayhead
the old light leaning through
here is a picture of you doing it
begin us again with the sky on your head
holy basil and petals from these very roses
who knew before now I owned the whole sea?**

(23 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

141.

Sleek to find you as if a flutter of feeling
where the word fits in among the mirror neurons
makes all the lovely errors wake up thinking
light comes off the quiet sea and hurts the eyes
hole in the middle of a word where the breath comes in
the e of ear of seek of seen of Delphi
hope what the weather hopes and all will be
sparrows on the deck just watching them's a dance
did you know it was me before he told her
does even a child know what water does
patchwork sunlight through for once windless leaves
is it possible that light itself is sobbing and we hear?

142.

**Mix the grains again for Psyche's pleasure
mess is comfort and the law book torn
restore all the seeds to their and our original chaos
don't wander around trying to set things straight
things are right to begin with, confusion is organic
this mess reminds me and Psyche yields to pleasure
always here and always now and always elegant
maiden gypsies tend their brotters' fetlocks
heel white runs right heel dark can't walk
O fall over lightly Kentucky dreamer round heels
drink to soothe the seething a lie to cure the truth
so much sun today I can almost see.**

143.

A word is as wide as the will and it's all for you
the hedger at his trim the blackbird mum
no sound but peopleness *menskr* all we bring
to the world is religion it does fine without
trying to find the waythere he found a white lode
soft as clamshells of no use but to witches
his satin armband her linen garter we bind
the meaty parts of going or of handling things
throb of artery renews appetite aloft
everything was right there the chemistry the harpsichord
some Chinese whispers from Ernst Toch she played me
the virgin queen with all my Tarot cards.

144.

Every work must be cosmology before biography
but the dinky little bits of life come in too
I tell you you are you and what can you contest
the lawn needs a shave it's Sunday and no bells
the mathematics of the wind *mathom* is treasure
rises when the sea heats up long after dawn
everything tends backwards witchcraft was no religion
we knew the things before we knew the knowers
now float rudderless paradise a lake not a garden
a well ensouled by circumstance
the ash we find after a stranger's bonfire on the beach
the old lost word that once meant god.

145.

**Of course still worry about these things
the wind wants to
it carries in its lap the seeds of sleep
mind in sleep renews its contract with the earth
the dance we call dream that forgetting thing
there is no natural end to nature
hence all the busy carry up the hill
higher as if wiser so the sea forgets us
brass doorknob warm from the sun going in
how many times does a house get born
the sea's ceaseless baptism of the shore
and still we live in sin elves without a hill.**

146.

**One cloud in no sky
dying later sooner never
constant supervision of the real
humid means the air has breathed before
mean room in empty touristy hotel
only believe what the wind tells in other language
in brightest sunshine heard the child forgets
Ghost Trio playing to the sunset phrase
cart full of dead trees Atu XV everything changes
oxygen found on Mars iron on earth Blake in heaven
slowly adding and adding up to zero
the old couple next door suddenly look like kids.**

147.

And ate this flower Old Man Is Young Again
I found it where the new snake left it
on cool cement by the house door *agathodaimon*
all the ceaseless gifts of living things
to those of us who soil the air with speaking
all our religions and dollar signs and sighs
and these sweet people gave us bass and fluke
to wind again the clock stopped when the old man died
the song they all sadded me with when I was young
overwhelm me and be better each of us one step
use me all the way up
the strangest things can break the heart an empty room.

148.

**Ariel pretends Prospero's his master
but no one rules that bright air eye
God's Lion strange name for a little bird
master of the island, human books flutter useless
no magic and no science stilt his liberty
to go and come and speak and ply his appetite
humans rough or gentle are his toys
he teases them by seeming to comply
catch wind in a handkerchief palace in your pocket
o I tried to rule those wizard wings one time
all I got was flutter and flap all my words dispersed
yet he brought me back my drowned book again.**

(23 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

149.

Eden syndrome the better the place the more fear you'll be cast out
fundamental neurosis of the ecological moment
paranoid planet ruled by demons still
still we have to do something else about it
something abstract something works
footsteps down some distant wooden stairs
who comes to thrust us out we're not yet in
selves run out of self a damp fog rolls in
bird feathers and no rain a song instead
meteoric solitude hurrying through emptiness
to be with you before you get to be
inconceivable meaningless such energies the so-called stars.

150.

So some words banish us from us
and some are singing as they leave the park
maybe a story is a wicked thing
tell what happened but not the happening?
better the man alone in a room
music comes somehow in
and nothing said or said not much
just let us look at a man alone
a woman alone sitting in her house
what kind of story could be better than silence
as if in Ovid a girl is changed into a girl
and there is no self to distract us with green leaves.

151.

No special moment for the clock to stop
o I'll get a headline out of that
you hear me better when you aren't listening
government a fancy word for the police
anybody knows what you mean but not what you say
saying is dark dark a tree lost in a forest
pluck this fruit and name yourself again
a nobody slipping under the giant's reach
Polyphemus is radar crouch to be unknown
miracle of neglect the oil of absence sweet
and so Blake seldom saw the sea and if he did
its size itself dissuaded him from the transports of love.

152.

Anchor lights the masts are gone now
blue collisions in this fog
a master of humility aquifer be my desalination plant
cleanse me of all matters till I am matter alone
much so much to ask an alchemist
chewing on roses the taste is late to flower
then from every taste you're in the sudden garden
Gan Eden where the atmosphere stands guard
the other planet we are programmed to forget
each one of these must be at least a stone
how they look beneath an inch of clear water
how they look when you see me in her dream.

153.

**Time a shadow cast by astronomical event
name me in your sleep
for when I sleep it is a deep and silent place
I don't know how to touch you there
and then the birds are slow to sing at dawn
birth cry of a lone old man hoarse mourning dove
I move my head the face in the mirror doesn't move
at night she can't escape the color of her dress
it makes the sun keep rising everywhere she goes
I dare you not to look at me I am a mirror
I wear glass wherever I go no wonder you're silent
not even the rain has so much to say.**

154.

**A man's voice and a woman's voice at once
I have to check these lines with my therapist
my vow stands beside me and saves me from myself
leave your letter in plain sight to baffle the police
be further away let the hill hear us
one day I swear it they will come out from the hills again
cleanse us of this debt-crazed world
whip the money-makers out of this temple world
how dare you listen to music doesn't it tell you something
fragments of silence all we need at a window
to believe we are the only ones is the greatest mistake
listen to those who walk invisible and talk to them too.**

(24 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

