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MEMILIES

1.

the woodshed the shop
the sawdust the wood
and being happy there
the mother the bringing
her there the wood
smell her own hand
sawing wood. Did
she remember or did she
remember remembering
when someone said.

It is not only memory
that is constructed. The
world is constructed
around us and we think.
We think we remember
I think I remember
Emily telling me this.

2.

Or was it a picture on the wall
A child at daycare. A child
a day a camp the smell of wood
being happy and the mother
brought her she reached out

to her father and snuggled
up against him because he was
big. Her lips purse
towards me as she describes
her arms reach out
to size him. Seize him.
A memory is a kind of hand.

14 April 2011

= = = = =

Taking chances
is a railroad
efficient adolescent
little river big bridge

hereless thereful, a road.

I brought her with me
to the desert
that's all I know

the cool of skin the stars at work

I'm not sure either of us
wanted to be

I think I turned out to be her mother
after sunset it's hard to be sure.

15 April 2011

(Memories)

3.

Was it the saw was it the wood
and what we the wood anyway
and what was it she saw?

a picture of her doing it
she said and was the picture
what she did or what they said?

because a picture makes them speak
the old ones who remember
what the picture remembers

in their own way different
and they say what they saw till
she isn't sure if it was she

or they who knew the wood
and held the saw and smelled
the sawn wood dust on the floor

so memories turn out to be
like flowers on your table
living their own life nearby

but none of them belongs to you.

15 April 2011

= = = = =

After all the waiting awake.

For sleep is tending
someone else's sheep
drowsing on hillsides
in far green countries
and dream is a wolf.

16 April 2011

= = = = =

I don't like the way I sleep these days
not even dreaming of you.
If I hold you in my mind's heart
it has to be the few
hypnagogic moments between
the cool pillows and oblivion.
And there I see you.

16 April 2011

= = = = =

I see us rivering
under the naked sky
past some other forest
why can't we do it here
what is skin for?

this is the only geography

But to be awake
is already somewhere else

I don't recognize my shadow
the crows on my lawn
take me for an impostor

and we all are,
because we are not yet fully
who we are, we wander
into one another's life
it seems forever, even you
magnificent trespasser.

16 April 2011

= = = = =

Or is there more?

Barn door

horse gone

no thieves

our own hooves

the distances

call out to

even the meekest

were you up

on its back

when it ran away?

singular emptiness

now of morning—

is that music?

16 April 2011

= = = = =

Mourning doves at work,
Dinosaurs became birds
should make us think
differently about dinosaurs.
They too may have been sweet
busy shy inquisitive.
They too may have sung
in those ancient springtimes.
We all may have come from
that monstrous song.

16 April 2011

=====

So many things waiting to be me,
blue ensign on a pirate ship
a wolf on tundra. The song
is anything that comes to mind.

17 April 2011

SIRENS

The wax that seals my ears
saves from wilder melodies.
The tunes. Tunes control the mind.

17 April 2011

= = = = =

Loving like a railway car. Freight.
Rumbling slow downriver full
of the economic products of Big Turtle Island
before I came to teach the Native Peoples
the cycle of fifths. I was Pythagoras,
laugh at me. Among the Tsalagi
I was an alphabet. Spell with me
a word you finally believe. In Fond
du Lac I was a porcupine. Mess with me.

17 April 2011

IN HORTONVILLE

a blue
kingfisher broke the air.

Light
is produced by the friction of bird
wings against the wind
acting on atmospheric nitrogen.
That's why it gets dark
when the birds all go to sleep.

17 April 2011

=====

It's so late now. I didn't
start the morning till midnight.
And now the other thing
is ready to speak.
Writing is just answering.

17 April 2011

= = = = =

Caught nearby, and telling—
this is the fish yearned for
since stories first told me.

Long! And it knows everything.
Did I want to eat it
or to be it? Are there more like it

anywhere in the blue world?
She told me it was here so
one more time I lower the net.

18 April 2011

= = = = =

Catching the word woes
'warble' or maybe 'warp'
they tell the throat
of somebody else—

nothing is comedy
till the cat starts laughing.
Flowers droop
from pure memory,

that fatal gas.
'Gas' is a Dutchman
pronouncing 'chaos'
long ago. No form

that we can see.
Poor us. So little
our skin of vision,
so much to see.

Listening is so fierce,
an animal god knows
what he'll hear next.
Perception is destiny.

19 April 2011

= = = = =

We linger by the sheepfold
counting wolves.
None. Still none.
And there's another none.

Nature is no horseman
to our expectations,
we have to go on foot
blindfolded by desire

through the monstrous
hereness of all things.
Passover. We chose.
And chose the desert.

19 April 2011

= = = = =

We do it right.

Or it does it right in us.

No error on the path—
the path makes sure of that.

How much can the arms hold
how far can the legs walk
our questions are the answers,
it is night, come to understand the light.

The dreams go on all day long
below, they guide us,
goad us, to a quick joining
and a parting and a forest and again.

20 April 2011