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A BUILDER OF THE SIGN

Open the image
there is a man standing there
always
always a man inside the image
standing

you go into a church
there is a dome above you
in another religion
a man is sitting there
looking down
indoor sky dome light
down around you

he looks at you
the way they do.

2.

Now go into *into a church*.

Open the door
again and again.

The man now is nothing
or nothing but his gaze
or glance or blind eyes
turned vaguely towards you.

Now go into his gaze.

Open the image.

Open what he sees.

Say: Man,

move into what I see.

There is nowhere else

for you to be,

Say: when it comes to being,

Man, you can only be

in what I see.

Nowhere else for such as thee.

3.

**You go there again and again
island after island.**

**The wind comes through the window,
things flutter around you.**

You sit on every chair.

You sit there.

**You stop seeing the man,
stop opening the image**

never. The door

is never open

never locked, your hand
knows the way
the way your mouth
knows how to say
but stays silent.

A word hurts an image
always. You know.
You know the way.

4.

Now this is another country
the religion is the same.
Notice the floor
how it shines.
The flowers. Notice
the grey old monkeys
doing nothing on the old grey stone.
It is a shrine. Religion
always. The man
sitting by the stone
table. Old
as the stone
from far away.
Now open the image again.
Here is the dome
full of light
at last. There is an anvil

**on a rock ledge, a man
without a hammer.
His empty hands
thrill you.
It is time
to stop seeing now.
Everything is open.
You sit on every chair.**

13 August 2013

ALKIBIADES

Examine the Greek story.

**The lover who betrays
his country but is true
more or less to you.**

**You are his feelings,
his philosophy. Dear friend
they showed you his name
on a piece of paper**

**that was enough
from long ago. Now
you are old but he
is the same.**

**Same as what
he asks in that sly
seductive voice you
loved so well.**

**ame as yourself
you tell him,
how could that
ever be changed?**

13 August 2013

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**As if it were morning
the dawn persists
the flowers on the bush
seem to give light
themselves but all
around the dim
remains.**

**We know things,
we are born
knowing some things.
It is our kind of weather.
I was born for cloud
to be my bread,
I look up and am fed.
And rain is my pure wine.**

13 August 2013

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**Sometimes you just don't
like how people smell.
It changes the way
you think about them,**

**they become visual-
conceptual units
like a Robt. Williams painting
of some desperado.**

**Don't get too close. The body
must be absent
from the perceptual field except
as an optic trace. And then**

if you're lucky it starts to rain.

13 August 2013

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**Comes the sound
later the sense of rain**

**then the breath of it
through the window**

**and only then the ground
turns wet and glistens**

**two yellow birds zip by
hurrying home.**

13 August 2013

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**Can we type in the dark
using such means,
a keyboard with infernal lights
as if Mephisto held a candle for my work
and here we are.**

... 13.VIII.13

CONSOLATIO

Time passes

time passes and comes again

time passes

catch it as it passes by

Catch it next time

if you miss

Next time time passes

you can't miss it

it passes all the time.

14 August 2013

PROLEGOMENON TO ANY FUTURE LECTURE

Poem is posse,
possibly hence dangerous.
A posse. A lot of different
people in it, poem, posse.
Posse: to be able to.

It is important that it becomes clear
to those who hear
that I'm not expressing anything.

I'm not expressing, I'm saying.

The distinction between [self-]expression
and [pure] saying
is immeasurable.

*I is the name of convenient, energetic
grammatical vector.*

People use the word I all the time
supposing it has a clear referent—
the referent in fact is non-existent,
and reference is being made, vague
gesture, towards the fuzz of their self-awareness.

Such as it is.

This is what I'm saying

= This is saying.

So this is what it's saying.

It says

it makes sense

as long as you can see it.

I mean hear it.

14 August 2013

THE NOUMENOLOGY

**Of course the brain updates
itself as we sleep.**

**We go to sleep to let it do that
and we get tired if we don't.
If it doesn't.**

**Dreams are what we wake
remembering from what brain's work
was busy doing while we slept.
Every night it has to download
the whole world
remembered and imagined,
all the years and fears
and fantasies have to be renewed.**

**This is why we have to sleep so long—
a quarter or a third of our lives spent
to make sure the larger fraction.
thw waking tide, is more or less in sync
with the dreams and desires of other people,
all the other people.**

**The brain is lateral while we sleep
vertical when we wake
and dare to presume ourselves to be alone.**

**But if only we could catch
in conscious waking
that lateral awareness we
would know everything
that is and was and everyone.**

**I have heard it said
there is a way to wake that way.**

14 August 2013

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**Want lyr-
ic want
noise of it
the sounds out-
side inside it.**

14 August 2013

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**Cast so
away you**

**a spine
some sympathy**

**can you brother?
can you even?**

**hear the not me
talking to who?**

14 August 2013