

8-2013

## augG2013

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**White veiled face  
led into long retreat  
the Lama led her  
along a balcony above us  
solemn-quieted we  
intelligent-intent below.**

**How much can I know of this  
this dream it shaped?  
Is that another world in there  
whose actors only seem to be ourselves?**

**19 August 2013**

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**Our loves our needs  
just wind in the window**

**wind's eye  
it meant**

**the wind has been everywhere  
seen everything**

**always toom  
for something new.**

**That's you  
being honest with the moon.**

**19 August2013**

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**A. Word here and there  
to answer all the questions.**

**Q. A car going by.**

**Q. Puffballs growing in the shade**

**like two skulls on the berm.**

**Q. A tree with fingers.**

**Q. A cry not human in the woods not far.**

**Q. Against the evidence of the senses.**

**Q. Noises in the house.**

**Q. Morning.**

**Q. A braided belt lying on the bed.**

**Q. A bed.**

**Q. An envelope.**

**And all my life to answer them.**

**But they are hard  
require practice—  
didn't they tell you when you were young  
everything's a violin?**

**19 August 2013**

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**But if we could really tell—  
but never can**

**and never would.**

**The untold story rules the world.**

**19 August 2013**

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**Pink flowers in dense green  
flashing tablet  
stirs of occult energies  
sprightly dust from old books**

**the vision quivers  
among the complementary colors**

**do I still have time to notice this?**

**Sound of a bus idling not far away  
keep the channels open  
mercy may yet find a way through**

**and it's not me paying for the diesel.  
In the land of small interferences  
sleep takes the place of wedding bells.**

**19 August 2013**

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**People worry about flowers  
but everything takes a long time**

**the woods are mostly for remembering**

**There came along a man who broke a shadow  
the shards of it still litter the pavement—**

**children pick them up and use them instead of school.  
The trouble with school is you have to go to it**

**when it should always be right  
right here in your hand**

**or like the shadow at your feet.**

**19 August 2013**

## **THE CLOUDS OF 2013**

**A vow binds the future**

**but the clouds**

**(richer this summer than I've ever seen)**

**but clouds**

**eliminate future and passy**

**insist on the present**

**they are verbless nouns**

**transient absolutes.**

**Never a summer like this,**

**clouds all majesty whimsy tumult calm**

**all colors of all their kinds**

**all over the sky and sly**

**stratus layed low**

**intricate with streets and entrances**

**and cumulus immense and various**

**domes of Arizona and Tiepolo.**

**19 August 2013**





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**Sometimes a thought  
or image is so strong  
it interrupts a broadband  
wifi signal. Try it  
sometimes you'll hear.**

**19.VIII.13**

## **MEMBRA**

**In any political discourse, the interruptions in the speaker's delivery constitute the real text. Listen!**

**The stammers sing.**

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**I belong to the smallest of all the minorities. And perhaps the strongest.**

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**Because we have bodies we don't need emotions.**

**Emotions deny us access to our own selves.**

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**Life is an afterthought. What was someone really thinking?**

**19 August 2013**

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**Catch the glinting wave  
and fall.**

**20.VIII.13**

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**pressure-washing the  
house next door they are**

**how noisy clean turns out to be  
but o lovely dirt you lie there in repose.**

**20 August 2013**

## **ECRIRE**

**I have a keyboard  
but where is the doorboard it can unlock  
into the infinite space beyond?**

**20 August 2013**

## **IRISH**

**1.**

**We're not really about the earth  
we others, immigrants  
from the Other Star,  
Irish, Dravidians, Polynesians  
who knows else.  
It is beautiful here  
often and very strange.  
Everything is hard  
and every poem is a try to write back home.**

**2.**

**The Irish in America  
are only a recent instance of  
their endless exile.  
  
No climate suits them,  
the sun is a horror  
but the least breeze shivers them  
and they have no lungs at all.**

**No work is apt for their hands  
except doodling and scribbling  
trying to reconstruct what is was like up there.**

3.

Home. That imaginary animal  
who brought them here.

Us here. Eventually  
we too will vanish into the ground  
like the Little People before us,  
those huge elves who walk unseen.

4.

Then we'll be your dreams  
at last, and maybe find some comfort  
in your holy raptures and dewy-thighed sleep,  
happy shades in your shadows.

5.

Because this present compromise  
can't last, this dailiness.

The sun is stronger,  
the golden chains are firm.

I succumb into certainty  
to call this play my work  
and give it to you.

What else can I do?

21 August 2013



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**Always talking about himself,  
the man in the mirror cries out  
How you have changed out there!  
In here the breath of mercury  
preserves all images in clarity  
until they are understood.  
Do you understand yourself out there?  
Air ages you—  
    don't you even know that?**

**21 August 2013**

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**Specious but overheard  
voices on bikes  
flash of thigh pedaling fast  
boy bark and girl giggle  
then gone.**

**How  
can I build a world out of this  
O Lord, or even a morning?**

**Signs, signs but of what?  
Who are they really?  
How can you tolerate  
how fast they go past?**

**21 August 2013**

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**Or how old everyone is  
even around the edges**

**write a word over itself  
again and again**

**so many times and no one  
has to listen**

**always trying to begin again**

**Never forget we sit on flesh  
we walk on bone.**

**21 August 2013**