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Lessons not
 needed—one glimpse
enough—the red
mountains of Anatolia underneath—
as usual I was flying against the sun
into the porches of its rising,
 widdershins,
magicked me, the crust
 cracked of where
our building began.

 And I was abbreviated
by that prolonged glance, till I bored
myself with seeing nothing but the board
on which everything I count on was made,
stones, walls, images,
 the woman's words
guessed at,
 pressed into clay.

Here. The empty board.

Ready to begin again.

What she said.

What he heard.

What she held

in her hands,
the roar of them
into our meek everafter.

2.

Of course the world is one country
when you see it from the air,
it's colors and shapes and textures
just like your skin and eyes and hair.

3.

Hits me today again,
the hard of it, the red
rock of it—
mountains are shadowlands,
its shapes are what
the sun makes of it,
the moon.
How dry it looks for all its words.
Lycian Luvian Hittite Lydian
—we live in the echo of.

4.

No I can't say it shorter, sweeter—
I can't say it at all.
This is where it all came from
and I can't come home.

The state

stands between

a man and his mother,

pulls each from other

for the permanent war.

The woman, Carolyn, stood

before the crowd and cried

I will not give my son to the government.

But language was there too

when war began

still mouthing

syllables like me

to find the spell that forces peace.

22 August 2012

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(after Byron)

Oh maid of many
names I need you
to be clear as

your profile is
with me and say
a word lucid as

its parted lips.

22 August 2012

= = = = =

Just that moment an hour back
I was trying to be another person: myself ago.
But all my breath and need and know
are now. Sometimes the deer walk
past as if I weren't there. Then I am really here.

22 August 2012

= = = = =

Flat face of human need
or open lips. To speak
or feed—not much difference.
Legends are all round us,
the sword, the lightning flash, the creel
from which one magic fish
silvery as moonlight leaps
as if with its last strength. Air.
Turns into a man's brain
who thinks like this. My uncle
caught a flounder or a fluke,
skinned it in the sink, I watch
the bloody edges of such life
on its way to entering mine.
End of story. The fish brain
howls by way of images
it can't stop seeing. In this
world, pain is vision.
We use what we find
until we die. Magic
helps us make sense of this.
A little light comes on just before.

22 August 2012

= = = = =

The miracle is just beginning.

Animal turns into a man,

truck passing becomes a sailboat wallowing in a choppy sea

so much wind.

She takes off her colors and lies down.

Now the shadows talk.

The man reads a book.

Suppose he licks each page

imagining the taste of what's described.

The dialectic, Cantus Firmus. The Straits of Malacca.

Now it's time to begin listening.

2.

From the jungle she came

where her body learned

to heal what she touched.

Healing. No technique needed.

Just concentration.

When she tried to be technical

she hurt her hand—

it's not your muscles

that do the healing work,
it's the skin. Just lay
your skin against the wound
and *dwell*. The sick get well.

3.

Then the shadow was quiet an hour.
The crow walking on the sky
took up the burden of being clear.
Do you understand what you hear?
Are you a man?
Fo, I speak. *Fare*, to speak. *Fatum*, what is spoken.
You learned that much in school—
have you used it well?
Have you become the *speaking unspoken*?
Be literal as long as you can
then sail to an island
where moonrise means little
and sleep comes easy.
There are such places.
There are waves.
Boats go there.
Pirates wade ashore to bury in the sand
their tears for all the men they've slain.
But nothing grows.
Remorse is not enough.
Resolution needed. Real seed.

4.

The sand is not enough.

The song is not enough.

But anything is enough

if you say it clear enough.

The taste of the word sugar.

Give the woman back her colors.

Practice praying to small gods.

Now lick the mirror clean.

23 August 2012

= = = = =

Decumber. Murkweed
at the bottom of the mind.
New policy. Swim in air,
walk with your eyes.

How far is anything
is a dream. Sun
touches the top of one tree.
That is how we know time.

23 August 2012

= = = = =

Be outside and part of me.
Things change. The needs
are philosophical, analogical,
mute. A surd. A swift
by the mud cliff harrying gnats.
So many ways to do
this little life of us.

23 August 2012

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Waiting nearby to the now
a new cry from the deep woods
twice, fierce, unknown
and the slate-backed hummingbird
keeps up into forays in hibiscus—
everything is always preparing
for a departure — how long
can a cloud stay there?
Every snapshot is a tragedy.

24 August 2012

= = = = =

The thing that's different about you
is me — and don't you forget it.

My perception of you enlarges your being.
My admiration makes you luminous.

To understand better how this works
switch all the pronouns in the lines above.

24 August 2012

= = = = =

I'm not saying as much as I thought—
children say more, shouting over basketball,
chiding their shadows when they stumble and fall.
Everything a child says is a magic spell—
but not all the spells work — it's up to us
to make sure they live in a magic world.

24 August 2012

= = = = =

Just try writing roses
for a change,
enough of words
and their so distant
roots and branches,
write black-
eyed susans
by the walk,
write a window
waiting for its man.

24 August 2012

= = = = =

Lackluster love that leaves a man
silent in the symphony of morning—
the bed wanted him but he got up
there is no tune in walking down the hall
stumbling over the patch of sunlight
geese flocking loud overhead
some god blazing into the eastern window.

24 August 2012

= = = = =

Is there enough
light to be by?
Obscure identities
here abound.
For many and many
the Rapture came
and off they went
to heaven leaving
their lives behind
all around me.

24 August 2012

