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agJ2014

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there is traffic in feelings
a door I can't keep closed

so I saw them dancing
by the rock pool
in the literal trees
hidden on the river bluff

and they were they,
the ones I always knew
of but seldom see:
the principles of things

joy-soberly dancing
what else are rivers for
if not to carry their *hilaritas*
through all the somber cities

where no one knows them
but their magic reigns—
the conscious mind no more
than a puff of summer wind.

27/28 August 2014

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**Make me say what means you
then we both can become a church
pen scratching scripture in the dark
sounds like a mouse to me, the wind.**

**This holy sonnet has no ending, barely
breath enough to bare the secret parts
shocking the new moon with fertility
it had no prior reason to believe—**

**joy is all, and that it understands,
no gospel, no creed, no crawling
to confess what you wanted to do
but could not manage to—**

**instead: a luminous cotillion of friends
chanting one another's secret names.**

2/287 August 2014

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**Things they say in the dark
sweep over us like candlelight—**

**no truth without its flicker
things come in and out of focus.**

**Suddenly the wall is there
and we rush in: a green place,**

**they touch us as we run
till we can't tell love from lassitude.**

27/28 August 2014

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**The word that wakes us
is our own self
my heartbeat in a quiet room.**

27/28.VIII.14

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**I want to tell about women in water
women who are not women
but some more elemental being,
huldra or nixies with long green hair
or is that shimmer of the leaves above them.
waterwet and shadow and contradiction,
can't tell their skin from water.
they want me to tell of them and I tell.**

27/28 August 2014

FOUR A.M.

**I'm writing instead of dreaming
a little light makes all the difference**

**clip-on lamp, old fountain pen—
thus the unruly images subside**

**into what words can cry out
forgetting as hard as they can**

the naked people dancing in the trees.

27/28 August 2014

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**There are causes and conditions.
The dark moon listens to every
sound you make inside — blood,
lymph, chyme — but ignores
all the words you say. For her
you are one more plant, more
plant than beast, a growing thing,
a flower brief or be devoured.**

27/28 August 2014

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**Posilutely absotively—
they talked like that
in the '40s while I grew
up if I ever did, this whole
life maybe just a weird
dream after listening once
too often to *Tuxedo Junction*.
when I was six. Music
does that to you, makes
people talk strangely,
sing even, or sometimes makes
the language even listen
to the coarse muscles
of ordinary say.**

28 August 2014

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Inside every person there is a mountain. Tall, isolated from others nearby, it is part of the great range or cordillera. The wind sweeps it clean of thoughts and influences. When you climb to the top of you, there is silence, no music but the mind.

There is a cave there where you will be warm and can shelter until you get over your fear of being alone. In the glad silence, you'll hear your blood flowing in your arteries and know it for springs burbling up and glaciers melting, water rushing down the slopes to renew the world below.

No matter what is happening outside and around your ordinary self, with effort or with ease you can journey to that mountain. Find it. Be there, no matter what.

29 August 2014

BODILY

**Strange being in the body
strange to wake up and find
myself in this body,
not this particular body
to begin with, these knees,
but in any body at all.
How did a person like me
wind up embodied at all?
And only long after that
question this harder one:
why this one?**

**Strange
the things you can do
in or to or with a body
but so much you can't do!
How can we find again our
true weightless being-there
the body imitates by movement?
For where we really are
all theres are here. Such a journey
the body makes of it to be
anywhere at all!**

**And how strange
that this hand has to write
all of this down so I can
be sure I'm really thinking it.
Isn't there another world
behind the world?**

**And who am I asking?
And how would I hear
her when she answers?**

29 August 2014

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**Religion like money
is a male invention
to keep women in their place.**

29.VIII.14

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**Can this pure sky remember?
The tree has fewer flowers now
as if faced with the sun,
*stumm, stumm.***

29.VIII.14

ODE TO THE HARD WAY

We think about things
to worry us.
Madrigals, amorous,
playing easy
tunes the hard way,
scordatura, sining
down to the E above low C.
Birds in the sky,
saying what? Everything
has to mean something
otherwise it would not be.

Receipt for an interesting life.
Make demands. Demand
answers from everyone,
your questions caress me,
I answer gladly, ask again,
a swirl of light in the dark place
— dancer's body quick
past the unforgiving lens.

Lie down with me on the jetty
under the old cannon
pointing at France,
ask me questions about Napoleon—

Five foot seven, average height he was,
same as my father. In parts
of America they say *heighth*,
with a theta, sounds sweet and old
not so much wrong as remembering
old ways in the far-away forests
where white men first told lies.

The dancer rolls off her partner,
are we supposed to be seeing this?
I speak all languages with my eyes.
But my hands are cold. I sat
in sunshine to warm up, but sun
doesn't know about human fingers,
she has only one arm, no fingers on it,
just the massive fist of light.
My fingers still are cold,
what dance will warm them?

Mother warm me, someone
too tepid in his blood. The language?
Yes! she said. The only breath
I have, the dancer settles
her shadow across my knee
and art is obvious. This ode
folds in upon itself, like the gauzy
canopy of the yellow food tent
propped open on the terrace table

**to keep wasps from our marmalade.
This kind of comparison recruits
my poor ode among the bourgeoisie—
Apollo, forgive me, I suck my thumb
to make the accurate word come out,
wild wind over the Bosphorus, swimmer
drowns in references, gasps ashore
forgetting her fpr whom all journeys start,
the maiden in every shadow hid.**

29 August 2014

ODE AMONG THE BIRDS

Wall, carry us.
Roof, be picnic
o my one time city
where the people lived.
Rain gutter, be piscine
for the dawn sparrows.
Something new
among the birds,
everybody wants
an etymology of their own.
Strange that Latin *ignis*,
'fire,' doesn't survive
in all its daughter tongues—
fuego, fuoco and *feu*
all come from *focus*—
not fire but fireplace.
Maybe the thing itself
safer to speak than
that leaping Agni, god
who warms and ruins.
And what is fire but
all the birds in the world
at once? Blackbird
shrill, bluejay a little
macho,, lucid shout.

Everybody more natural than me—
that's what comes of waking up
on the wrong side of grammar
and all you have to do
is say the names of things.
No sentences. Sentences
are for sissies, wooden
headed children like ourselves
are blocks for some monster child
to play with, and we are.
It uses us to spell the world,
uses me to spell you. Uses you
to build a house for it
to live in, not us, we're left
out in the paranoid woods
with chipmunks glaring at us
as if we were really there.

As if we dared.
And who do? Engines
and algorithms, that's all,
and the rest is what you feed me—
light, tepid water, the famous
morels of Seytroux, and then
the music comes along
to elaborate the barren
pathways of the mind, Opus
111 waiting all this while

**for me to get beyond the heard,
listen to their dreams
as once in rthe San Gabriels
I heard a whole city
dreaming at the looms,
beyond the Ordinary Lemma
is another kind of time
where the sensuous heroes
of every dreamtime triumph.
When you're asleep
everyone belongs to you.
Morpheus means monarchy.
An angel — *melek*, like a kind—
is the conscious mind fast asleep.**

30 August 2014

DON'T EAT BREAKFAST!

**Never eat breakfast,
the day can't begin until you do.**

**Keep the dream alive into daylight—
all the priests and factory owners tell us:
eat a good breakfast
so you give your strength to them.**

**Deny them. Fast until you're dizzy,
wander in the living room or down the street,
make the whole machine break down—**

**then you can wake
aqbd eat a *frustulum* of freedom,
a chunk of bread dipped in sweet kosher wine.**

30 August 2014