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= = = = =

When the dark comes down in snow
it's darker than ever and whiter than ever
with this milky light you see nothing
clearly only the cars those sentinels those
costly noisy planets with red eyes behind
run their ruby routines through the dim.
And reproachers like me find it beautiful.

10 December 2013

= = = = =

Novel by Hardy I'd never
read, never heard of even,
opened the densest pages:
the book had your body in it,
the wet meadow below
the hill your heart, the
dark roaring cliff,
the hurry, the ancient mill.

11 December 2013
(dreamt, 4:00 AM)

= = = = =

At a loss for words

he yawned.

A word slipped out

and chased him round the town.

Bad enough when other people
talk you into action, but your own

allowed to push you around—

unfair, he thought, and said it

out loud so that word too

pursued him, word after

word until he slept.

Nowhere a word can't reach.

11 December 2013

= = = = =

How many people know
how many years
(to be) me

or anyone—
measure by impressions made
by human presence unmediated

unless our hands and faces
are media too,
one more technology
reaching out to you.

11 December 2013

= = = = =

Nothing said yet.

Waiting for the spell

the spell of mind aligned

with otherwheres

finally speaks.

11 December 2013

= = = = =

That music goes up and down
or the sun does
or am I paying attention
to the wrong things
(weather, music, desires)
when I should be helping
highways cross children
and old women rise again
into a better land.

12 December 2013

= = = = =

So they walked there

volcano or not

keys jangling in their clothes

I want to say the blue

skin of them they made

over the pale beginnings

all the way, no smoke to guide them

and no god in sight,

we are alone with them,

ancestors,

the infallible genetics of our condition

fold back on the dawns of them

the first of us.

As we still are—

and that's the magic to it,

a ball rolling until it's gone

a thread tied over and

over till it's just one knot.

Nothing loose about us, pioneer

(. . . 12 December 2013)

INFERENCES,

the cold

grue of mind

plugging the gaps

vague attention left:

a monster in the mind.

Do you know by flesh

craft and cunning,

how to make a star

and how to hold it

safe in your hands

so others can see it too?

Read by *its* light.

That is the busywork

they call art.

the savior, the sad

old man, the girlfriend,

the taste deep in your mouth.

13 December 2013

= = = =

In the well of the world
there is a drink,
I go back to it
over and over
under the hazel tree
a pool with a fish in it
we all leave in peace,
drink the sight of
water rippling softly
under a low wind—
the way it means,
the way it tastes
when I sip a cup of it.
Being quiet by water,
no heart, no mind, no me.

13 December 2013

= = = = =

We go back not to what we know
but in the beginning
what we always wanted to know
and never did.

 All our successes
are a failure of that,

the one thing, over there, just
out of sight.

 you hear it
sometimes, the rustle
of it in the night.

You back towards it now,
the only place that really
wants you, the other side.

13 December 2013

NORTH SEA

Old flag in the sky
over the roof over the
sea. The old cabin.
And they were walking
about silently, their
bodies a species of song.

13 December 2013

= = = = =

Constant feeling of menace.

World licking at my ankle.

How long before it nibbles, bites?

13.XII.13

= = = = =

But even though we'd left the cat
unfed and alone in the house
three days was it, was still alive,
lapped passionately at the new milk
a while then stopped, played on my back,
was just our cat again, alive.

And we have no cat, and hadn't gone,
and hadn't lived in this apartment
in forty years. And the dog
was healthy too, on sturdy black
furry legs, an Airedale, not even
worried, and dogs worry so easy,
hadn't eaten the cat even, we hadn't
gone anywhere, and we have no dog.
And under the bedstead at the head
of the bed on the floorboard one
dead mouse. Whoever slept there
would have slept above the mouse
fifty years ago, was it, if anyone did.

[dream] 13 December 2013

SHEEPSHEAD BAY

My father was the fireman
who made the house go
I was the motorman, my paw
on the brass doorknob
my cold throttle and we raced
the furnace room out through
the roses and hydrangea
pussy willows by the alley gate
and out! and south, no matter
how many houses and flowers
it always all comes to the sea.

13 December 2013

= = = = =

I understand everything
about women
except how they can like men.

13.XII.13

THE WHITE STORY

Looking at the wind again
the white on white synecdoche
of all our sins.

Grief erodes the mind.

Ma sūch, don't grieve,
the blue god said to Arjuna,
self-vanquisher at last.

2.

The wrinkled old man faces
look back at you
from the breccia of history,
broken concrete pillboxes
of Cuttyhunk, Jamestown Island,
Normandy.

The ruins of our wars
are what we call our culture now,
civilization the gleaming
rubble dead soldiers leave behind.

The war we're always
ready for never.

3.

Snow on snow
and the light pales
into evening,
the when time
when it finally
happens or does not.

4.

Eden everywhere again.
We have had our chances.

And have them again.
Waterfall, meek deer
stepping through the reeds,
cat-ice crackle, cloven
little footsteps in new snow.

14 December 2013

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