

12-2013

## decG2013

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## LAC

**Is there a case for a bottle in the snow  
a milk inside it from no known beast?  
Can you listen how it tinkles, the milk  
have frozen, tuneful little chips of ice  
nick against the glass. It still is glass.  
It still is the world we almost know.  
I tripped and fell, my fall was broken  
by a leafless bush. This too is the world,  
full of scandals and protections.  
Redemptions. It's the water content  
in the milk that freezes; the fat  
is soft and greasy still, the mouth  
would understand such physics  
already from the first touch of the glass.  
Who would put a bottle in the snow?**

**What kind of animal produced it  
and why does nobody know? Is there  
a secret mammalian order in the world,  
big uddered freemasonic beasts  
who turn starlight into what we drink?  
With bay leaf and clove and sugar  
to be your chai. On your lips one  
more mystery disguised as love.**

**23 December 2013**

**== == == ==**

**I've seen my wife's face  
seen the Ganges flowing through Bengal  
the Adriatic lapping at San Marco  
seen Mount Everest on the skyline  
the Bridge of Tears in Donegal  
Da Vinci in the Louvre, the lavender  
fields of Provence, Yosemite, Niagara,  
the Baltic stretching out in snow,  
I've seen the sun rise over the Vineyard,  
I've seen my wife's face.**

**December 2013**

== == == ==

**The trouble with entertainment is  
it leads us away from Fairyland  
which can only be found within the mind.  
Too much entertainment and  
we may never find our way there again.**

**December 2013**

# THINGS

**Things try to tell  
me about themselves,  
victors in ancient combat  
holding their own against  
the lust of atoms to be elsewhere  
or not even in our sense of it be at all  
just moving, moving. And things  
endure, a mind—maybe ours—  
*has* them and they stay.**

**24 December 2013**

*[Footnote to THINGS]*

**Ergo the persimmon  
and the deacons' bench  
toothbrush and shillelagh,  
they tell no lies.  
Or the rock in my backyard.  
And maybe the moon.**

**24.XII.13**

== == == ==

**And the music's matter  
after all, a fingering  
of the passing air atremble  
with instruction,  
                                  **thing**  
**thinging in your ear.****

**24 December 2013**



**= = = = =**

**Bare young trees  
close together seem  
to do something  
to the air among them  
as if to walk in there  
squeezing through saplings  
would be to breathe  
a different atmosphere,  
some other world  
where trees talk and we  
are always immigrants—  
as we here also are.**

**24 December 2013**

## A READING FROM THE ROMAN MARTYROLOGY

*In the year, from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood, two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, one thousand five hundred and ten; from the anointing of King David, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week, according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year seven hundred and fifty-two from the founding of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was at peace, in the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become Man of the Virgin Mary.*

**1.**

**The last day  
before history happens  
when what is absolute  
condigns to the relative**

**and more than that,  
becomes the radiant  
limit of the flesh—  
which we slowly learn  
is the inside-out  
of limitation, it is  
the infinite within  
that carries us  
since that day or when  
ever that day was  
when history ended  
and we began. *Nos  
homines*, said the prayerbook,  
us humans, for whom  
history ended and time began.**

**2.**

**Justice was the animal that  
stood and whinnied by the cradle  
where what had to be born  
was trying to remember us one  
by one before the state set in.  
Justice and Forgiveness and Desire  
were the angels on the roof, memory  
was the ox by the stall, intelligence**

**the sleeping shepherds worn out  
with vigils and glories, they know  
when to sleep and let dream decide.  
And wisdom is the cock on the roof  
to vex the town's inhabitants,  
drunkards and priests and wizards,  
ordinary crazy people hard at work.**

**3.**

**So what really did happen on this day?  
All the crib and baby stuff  
makes us think about a time when  
something happened to time**

**or to our flesh our DNA our  
chance.**

**our liberty**

**but what?**

**Is it what happens every day  
when the sleepy Shepherds is in you  
wake up to those loud angels**

**who are always singing,  
what else do they have to do  
but that,**

**wake you and ease you  
and start you up afresh?**

**And all the animals you've ever eaten  
stand around and watch you getting born,  
forgiving you, hoping this time  
you remember to thank them  
or even let them live  
as much as you can?**

**And all the virgin world  
will be your mother,  
every man your stepfather  
who will teach you how  
to work the wood of the world?**

**And everyone you ever meet  
is a wise man from a far country  
come to give you gifts  
of radiant and frequent identity?**

**And you wake up changed?**

**And this change is what you mean?  
Mind enters time and you can see?**

**24/25 December 2013**

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**Enschede, by the German border,  
skaters on the drift of pond  
no cross on this church  
made of young trees,  
no stone upon a stone.**

**No time upon a time.  
Among the local girlery  
nymphs invgeigle swains  
to mild neerdowelling.**

**It is as it always was,  
a masque for dancing  
or understanding.  
Far away the city is asleep.**

**(19.XII.13)**

**25 December 2013**

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**Can we weork together  
bridge over no river  
just the touch  
of silence alone?**

**(20.XII.13**

**25 December 2013**

## **GRADUS AD PARNASSUM**

**Poem as every writing. and conversely.**

**Poem as revelation**

**tells you what you never knew.**

**Poem as practice**

**breath of the day**

**breath on the mirror**

**Mayan calendar, all calendars, gods of the Week**

***leipogrammata*: writing by exclusion.**

**Poem without pronouns.**

**Pound's Three Powers of Poetry**

**Precise description of an actual feeling, without adjectives.**

**Meditation on a word.**

**Etymology. Take a word and run with it.**

**Olson, *Projective Verse***



**But: constraints!**

**Pick a number from three to ten.**

**Translation as creation.**

**Superstitions as instructions.**

**Listening:**

**first word, first line**

**listening to what's just been said**

**listening long**

**The Line**

**and how it means. Open juncture.**

**Silence makes music.**

**Impregnation of a text.**

**(Writing into a text)**

**((These gists I have found useful, taken here from old notes))**

**== == == == ==**

**What I was waiting for  
maybe this other place  
the beaches of Dunedin  
the porpoises of Nashawena  
what can I mean?  
Why is it always somewhere  
else and I want to be here?**

**25 December 2013**

**= = = = =**

**Otherwise the waiting  
what is known  
burr of the pen nib  
writing a new world down—  
latitude known, longitude  
guessed at by the color  
of her hair. Follow seals  
to find the beach.  
Analyze the sky.  
On the other side of the mountain  
information is given in Basque.**

**25 December 2013**

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**I lost a moon along the way  
not even this one you  
sometimes see a pair of  
nuzzling over the hemlocks.  
poor old eyes, lost into today.  
The way was hard. the dream  
kept forgetting its lines:**

**Fall, fall as the leaf  
does, rise  
as tree's blood  
does, later, later.**

**Or something like that.  
As if a love poem from  
the mind to me. Love  
always looks as if  
it's just about to snow.**

**26 December 2013**

## **NUDE LANDSCAPES**

**allowed to be.  
Clearly they see us too.**

**Would music change it  
for me or what  
anything decides?**

**Fewer and fewer words  
in the fatidic circle**

**—the system saying  
to me the same  
over and over  
the same words**

**this is my text  
and all my sermons  
must speak to it**

**curious grey light of winter  
I have my reasons.**

**26 December 2013**



## **MORNING PRAYER**

**I am listening to *The King of Lahore*  
wishing I were close again  
to this place where I sit listening  
with my best friend the sky.**

**26 December 2013**