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= = = = =

Let the polis squeak
its myriad, let mice
navigate the interstitial
urbanities of sleeping
children with grey stubble
women counting their eggs—
it's all on its way to Jersey,
I'm a ghost don't try
to stop me, a gathering
of the deceased inhabits *I*,
a navel on its way, a crowd.
Turba. Opening gate
after gate in the magic air
and suddenly waking
home already en famille
in brutal silence
breaking the law
of averages the way a
Christian does by being
suddenly God we name
ourselves badly
no break in breath
to let on (out) what
we think we mean
just push, the iron

conscience of desire
the more of many
the more of all
chattering you can hear
them unmasked
by river by analysis
by weird newsmen
talking dogs
of Late Commodity
this fetish whisper
right in your ear
a bud that blossoms
“inward upon”
the cracked silences of
the poor hindbrain
the snake of you
let rise again let let
all is permission
you grant yourself
along the way a
self and let it stand
forward a named mask
a tower person
gaunt over marshes
on what footing
dare edifice?
so ship in wetland

slim-ankled deities
the gods the Poconos
porcupines knew
better than ocean
climb up a tree
you'll be near
enough then to it
the thing you mean
because the sea
never does
the sea is all
permission is all
up to you
tall sisters who
mother me new
language by language
the natural endlessly
far the answer
irrelevant the numbers
shine! the numbers
forget you soon as you
speak spread the valves
of the doorway a door
will let no number through
but will let you will you?

8 February 2011

= = = = =

I heard you call my name I didn't know it
but what does it want of me, this name
you call out over the snow, names
are like snow, are all round us but don't
belong to anyone,, you and snow and all
call out to me but what do you mean
and why do you mean it to me? Hearing
is not understanding. Who do you mean?

9 February 2011

=====

What knows next
a riddle from the oldest days
his heart on a string
swung, diffused Valentine,
blood-shot eyes of love.

9 February 2011

= = = = =

But see the rapture knows
whose shoes to leave behind
the skaldic enterprise renews!
to teach Christians about Christ
we must from India his kindness
learn and silence of his prayer
teaching with no stone except to stand
or ropetrick with him into formless light
hurtlessly at peace with even me
midnight among jackals the poet sits
by the newly fallen sobbing and describing
there is nothing he cannot learn
by ear the meaning
of anything is what it lets him say.

10 February 2011

= = = = =

Close resist transfer be smart
where it counts cold where it's from
be against what says easy

talk to me about the moon it comes to see us
seven miles an hour with long hair
the blessed bike I see two of them

wheeling over Virginia that time in D.C.
I drank all your music over the river
now I see two all the time

not just when tears disseminate
the brightness of such grief
seeds the sound of light.

10 February 2011

= = = = =

All the listening I have to do
leads to the dusty parlor
where the Graces sit
old now but still pretty
in evening's soft focus
New Hampshire 1000 B.C.
a rock remembers
all our trials
to nail time down
and understand the moment
before it goes away
the interesting shadow
wherein her soft
throat meets her chin
there a locket rests
modest, silver,
inside is a faded
polaroid of Messiah
his face weary
such hard work it is
to hurry towards us
chopping his way
through the thick of time.

11 February 2011

= = = = =

Meritorious albumen

moon o cup

of sperm half-full

the Vedas said

now wonder men are cold

they shiver in moonlight

trying to learn

their will and what it means.

11 February 2011

THE GREATER TRUMPS

As ever the word by meat
breathed up and out through Parsifal
or who could that have been
in dirty white who braced
the maiden gainsaid the stone
dragooned her with innocence,
his breath?

Saltire. A cross
on its side to stretch a man on
wise extension of his limbs
his head in the notch of heaven.
Scotland. Alba. The ancient
arabesque of alphabets who
teach a lassie how to breathe.
Or you. Who listen in me
to what you made me say to you
read me weeping. A stone
with no marks on it. A hand
holds up a stone for scrutiny
by feel alone in all this dark.

11 February 2011, Hopson

= = = = =

So it is a kind of passion—
an inkling while you nibble toast
that something more is due—
if not to you personally
(you are a person) then to the world,
that thing outside the window
of which the toast is also part.

Something is waiting to be done—
what an eerie feeling, but from it
society is built, eyes
looking into other eyes to see
Is this enough? Have I done
what I should do? Do you like
the face you see before you now?

Not built from agreements
but from urgent insecurities
that don't let any of us rest.
Guesswork and anxiety. Leave
some toast behind when you go out.

12 February 2011

ARS POETICA

I used to want to splash
poems all over city walls
and now I want to gouge
them in pale granite,
graffiti that last five thousand years.

12 February 2011

=====

Latin letters easiest to learn to read
how much we've lost by being various!
if you can't say it in Latin it shouldn't be said at all.

12.II.11

= = = = =

Lean on the pilaster
your slim shoulders
and survey the crowded
ballroom underneath
that dangerous chandelier

this chancy dancing
is what you're fated
to spin dizzy in—
catch your breath
you are a painting after all
(Sargent remembering Romney
remembering Salome)

and all those who look on you
share your beauty and your shame
the modest diamond in your navel.

12 February 2011

= = = = =

Amy Goldin's wall
hangings made
from those narrow bands
of washing-machine lint
soft felted consequence
of cloth and color left
in the trap at the end
of every cycle: bands
of pure stuff in subtle
colors she never made,
never even thought about
except I see them in
mind's eye, someone
must have made them,
snarky lyrics of housework
shimmer on the MoMA wall.

12 February 2011

FORMAL DINNER

Maybe trout?

I haven't figured it out.

12.II.11

CENSUS

I am after all biracial
half-angel half-man.
And the angel is a fallen one
but the man has risen.

12 February 2011, Kingston

= = = = =

Perhaps the indolent mandolins
I must have heard in Vienna
scrabbling in the basement bistros
where I went for the zither
nobody plays anymore
and had to speak phony Roma
with some Italian Gypsies
we could almost understand
each other and the girl laughed

but then girls do when you give
them roses bought from Gypsies
and the mandolins are sweetly
annoying at the back of the cave-
like dark where food comes from
are what kept me from remembering
what we ate and what we did
before I woke up next morning
strolling through drizzle in the park.

12 February 2011

= = = = =

And these also come away with me:

Marduk murderer of Tiamat

I have to find a home for him

where he can kill no more women

no more violate the woman power of the world

that made us be

a man or god who strikes a woman down

or a goddess is

trying to murder Being—he

wants to have never been.

12 February 2011