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**Pigeons live in cities and why not
Lots to eat and few small-bore rifles
To test tgem ouyt of the sky, Churches,
Consider churches, how comforting
They are to doves of all kinds
Symbolic or practical, in sky or fresco.
Try to believe me—it isn't for want
Of trying that I can't fly, I do what I can
With meager equipment. Strong stubby arms,
Many bottles of ink—black, blue, violet
And one scarlet to make rubrics with
To help you find your way. To me.
This is after all an invitation
To a seduction — we go to Bluetooth
And thus to Budapest, the strains of Bartok's
Opera churn in, we listen enthralled
To the kind of love that has no meaning, no end.
It just goes on forever, like Tristan
On his bleak seacoast and no s ail in sight
Ever. To draw from another opera, the hard-
Wired suchness of my mind.**

**I think I shall presume and call it that,
This coat of fret that rounds my me,
Scratchy with dendrites and glial accidents.
,Oh you mean the brain. I knew you'd say that
And you're almost right. Time of year
To get the sickles out and lop the branches
You want spring to shape. A tree
Is just a picture of the nervous system
With a few apples in it. Or pine cones,
Such that Romans tossed them in the fire
To hear them crackle, tossed them at the new
Married the way we toss rice, or used to.
Now we do not much but smile. Marry me.**

2.

**History has nothing to do with it. I know
You're married already, and I am too,
And to each other what's more (the French
Have a common diom for that)
But none of that means we cant do for the
First time what we've done already, time
Belongs to us, not we to time.
That's what I started all this to say,**

**Just that. No matter how much it
Snows the deer still step down the hill.
And all of us suddenly are fed.**

10 February 2014

=====

**On the other hand it could vary us
As weasels white in winter ermine to their peril
Or hares safe in snow. I wonder what color we
could take to hide, when even bluebirds
they tell me aren't really blue.
But they tell me all kinds of things,
The only truth is in the telling. Say
That again. The only truth is in the telling.**

10 February 2014

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**Glint of quick car far
On highway over there a glint
Of an animal in the wood between.
It all happens in the eye.
The mistakes are footprints in the snow,
Are owls hooting on cool summer nights
Are names we lay on things. Even I
Am nameless, though you call me
My sounds soft in your throat. I'd come
To any one of them, or all,
None of them mine, all of them mine,
And you I've bothered all my life.
In the old house the closet smells of mice.**

10 February 2014

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**Words dried up on the boat,
landed in a country where no
word makes sense.**

**Your body has to begin again
to be the simplest thing
they might understand.**

11 February 2014.

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**I felt that in Le Havre
the first time France,
my body was all wrong
it was my body
that had to change —
when the body is right
language takes care of itself.
When the body is right
everybody understands.**

11 February 2014.

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**It isn't easy
to be the day
they say it is.**

**Everything slips ahead
away and we
limp later, dazed

in yerterday.**

12 February 2014

=====

**Why ever go there again
where you have been
is where an animal
you need to capture
a maiden to rescue
from your own dragon
clutches? No going back.
Experience is painful
enough without the round trip.
Stay where you are—
it might even be here.**

12 February 2014

=====

**So it was gnomic
this morning
the language that meant us.**

**It is winter,
we feed
what comes to the door**

**three hundred pounds
of cracked corn
so far, not**

**counting the birds.
Tell what happens—
it's the only way out.**

12 February 2014

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**Dream me
for a change
I'm tired
of meeting
you dark.
Let me sleep
till morning,
that pale maybe.**

12 February 2014

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Sacredness

is to be outside.

Perhaps afraid.

***Homo sacer* is an outlaw**

any hand may strike.

**To be outside in the danger
which is the *power of the other*
be in someone else's hands.**

**As in the snow, low
visibility, to be in the clutches
of the weather, the wonder
out there, the harsh whatever.
To be awake at all
is to be outside.**

13 February 2014

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**Outside and inside same
heft of shovel
same time,
light snow on heavy
old on ice compact.
The weight of bring
being afraid.
Some you can shove
some you have to lift
and pitch, but where,
off the steps till there
is no off left, everything
is up to here. Beauty
makes us afraid
just like this, too white,
too much, too here,
crystal by crystal amassing
Byzantium of pure light.**

13 February 2014

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**You're still sleeping
or again,
I woke once and saw you
reading, device-light
soft on your face
and carried that sight
into sleep and wake
now, morning,
rooftops white
magical and dangerous,
wait for you to wake
and tell me about love,
tell me your dreams.**

14 February 2014

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**We have to hear the door
when it warns or whistles,
hear the sump-pump in the cellar
summers when the rain impends
pools down through rock strata
this house is built on.**

**We have to listen to things—
they know us, they read
our doubts and desires
better than dogs or children can.**

But we have to listen.

**The water boiling in the kitchen
knows a song we should learn,
teach it to our children,
whistle it while walking
the dog we'll never have.**

14 February 2014

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**Day after day
the adventure insists,
the day itself—**

**'adventure' is
what comes to you
and you encounter**

**weather by weather
weapon by weapon
and then it's night.**

15 February 2014

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**Yew tree
crushed
down by snow**

**and a silence
in me
is the strangest
weather**

**can I talk
my way out of this
or is it over**

**the word
whatever it was
once and
forever *said?***

15 February 2014

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**It is a time of time.
Image emits radiance.
some sapphire can focus
into a blue laser beam
headed to heaven
healing.**

Was that Babel?

**A word turned upside down
until all the time in it
fell out, and we were left
with the carapace of sky,
alone under the dark dome.**

15 February 2014.

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**Suppose we and
everything we know
are one big animal
part by part, messy
as life always seems to be,
perfect as a tetrahedron
balanced on apex —
from far enough away
every system is symmetrical,
orderly, intact.
But inside the light
a howling wilderness
from which we speak.**

15 February 2014.

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**At every moment
this house could fall
and where would the wind be
then, that winds us up
and makes us sing?**

**Or are we just Europe still
and the war, and all again?**

15 February 2014.