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5.

Silver handle head of a rabbit
heart in my mouth
the beauty in the description
deeper than the thing described—
glory of lean lines
seeking through emptiness
the mystery of form,
form is edge
of what is not,
form is shape in emptiness
a knife floating in the air.
Paper air. Heart
in the mouth to see
the leap of line
out of nowhere
and something suddenly
is. In line
it all begins—
easy enough to say
but tears in the eyes.

9 February 2013

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6.

And what is a person's
shape against the light,
what is ours against
a wall a door an opening
into the dark we stand
full of light before, casting
the interminable shadow
of identity, make the dark
darker until we feel.
In some primeval gamble
heaven lost its colors to earth
now it has true but we have blue
and so our mystic arts
compel us back to white and black
again, *feherfekete* they say
where the Duna runs past
on its way to the small dark sea.
She takes about an hour
to lay out all the lines
and with slivers of black
creates the light we see.

9 February 2013

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1.

Close to the mortal thread
an eye rehearses same same same
this tree is me as good as you
as any child knows how to tell—
the cruel things that children do
to cats frogs or one another
come from former lives, this puss
a vagrant spouse, this poor fly
a harsh employer. Now champagne
and every day is New Years Eve
Saint Sylvester waltzing through the trees
and there we are again, crowded
round with predictable imagery,
the flying clock, the shoe on fire.

2.

I said it was matter
I claimed we live in a material world
blondes and Baskerville Catulluses
and turn of the century rowing machines
and pardon me was that Swedish
you were speaking and a glass of milk.
People people so many people.

3.

Big deal you said there's nothing
but matter anywhere why
make a fuss about what isn't here?
Maybe I've heard enough music
maybe I want something more
no vibrations no hertz no rays
into a solitary rapturous silence
somewhere in the mind's mezzanine
the escalators have stopped working
I'm as clumsy as a man could be
and still be here so many years later.
And in Jalisco a nine-year old gave birth.

4.

After the capsized rowboat
ferry lost at sea the bird
repeating my name at twilight
on what I thought an empty beach
after midnight and at the height
of the blizzard she heard geese
crying overhead or maybe it was
just one goose she added
alone in the storm

**the way we all are in a way
elemental energies recur
in the newborn caesarean
and every cry says you
are my storm but here I am.**

10 February 2013

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**Quietly the crows assemble then they speak.
The sky to the north is blue—won't that
be enough for you? Does the sun
have to start to speak? Zero this morning
no joggers, on days like this they pray
to the Road God from home. Last day
of the lunar year. The dark is calling.
No one moving outside, no sounds
in the house. Language is hopeless solitude.**

10 February 2013

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**I've thought about it all weekend
and what I want you to do
is draw me a picture of air.**

10 February 2013

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**Missing on the way to work
a reason for working. Found
on the road home a meaning
for moving. In between
live by dumb faith. Like a dog
or a boulder the glacier left
some mornings warm in sun.**

10 February 2013

KUMI

Casting a piece of the night
the sprue of dream
to let the lost wax out
I make no secret of it
but the secret's there—
we live by hiddenness
as seeds below the earth
biding the slow uprising

Kumi! he said, Stand up.
Jesus says it to the dead girl,
Celan stays it to the Jews
to himself
to be a man
in all the senses
the flower of sex just one of many

stand up and be
a hard man on the earth
never mind the hidden seeds
a seed takes care of itself

“rhymes with pardon” says LZ
and yet it doesn't,
not to the ear at least,

**that blessed portal,
vulva of the heart.**

***Kumi*, stand up and not be dead
be definite, fight at my side,
συμμαχος εσσω she said to Herself
and the heart stood still.**

10/11 February 2013

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**I want to wake
to know enough to matter**

**where is my wooden pen
what is the matter**

**what can't I find
two hours till dawn**

**and Saint Love stands
shy on the roofbeam**

**it is a foreign city
a river easting through it**

**forests around it, wolves
infrequent, lions nil,**

**but the ones with souls
keep their distance from the lights**

**the telltale radiance,
the city, the true.**

**They are children only
in the land of the lost**

**where all the missing socks
and fountain pens and dead mothers live.**

**Love perches on dark houses
safe among the lighted streets**

**and love knows how to hear from far away
—sometimes the further the better.**

**Soft cries come from that forest
it is home to what happens—**

**my handwriting is clearer there
and I am a better child.**

10/11 February 2013

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**I could be a cousin to it
redhead maple
or the young deer
mooching behind the supermarket
—the essence of happiness
is to feel related
to everything you see—
don't try to grab it,
it's all yours anyhow—
just let it be.**

10/11 February 2013

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**And if it's the end of anything
think about the night,
every day it has to end
but comes back dark as before**

**cycles protect us from identity—
everything exists for the sake
of everything else—know that
and live on the outskirts of truth.**

10/11 February 2013

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**Not much time
left to recite
the Torah portion
of the passing minute,**

**there is a string
looped around the words—
inside their holy circle
you can say anything,**

**the words free you
from what you mean
into the beautiful
silence they forgot.**

10/11 February 2013

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**Travelacious salabond,
alors, mon fils, le sommeilleur approche
though it's already morning
and your eyes are bright**

**Remember new words
are golden carp in monkish ponds
every glint a goddess**

**gleaming in the busy mind.
So slow. Turbagid.
Lulliprant. Pronessary.**

**He's like the sandman
and in the shallow dark
he sows your sleep.**

11 February 2013

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**Ice and freezing rain
the slow cars the slow
temperature rises
maybe by noon
it will really be today.**

**Long sleeve sweater
Apollo weather**

**We knew what we were in for
when we came here
victims of our imagination
of how the place would be,
we live in the permanent
aftershock of getting what we want.**

**Arise! I said to the thermometer
Unchill the glaze
that keeps us in the mirror**

**I want to be out
in the way things are**

not trying to mind them all in here alone.

11 February 2013

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**Careful steps
on icy roads
why does it all
feel like remembering?**

11.II.13

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Open valve lets the world in

**We call it senses and say we have them
five or six or more depending**

**who stands in the doorway counting
who lets the image live the mind**

**isn't there a bishop of these things
who sits on a chair and decides?**

**But in this town the mind is boss—
buy the mind and you've got it made.**

11 February 2013

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**The Pope abdicating—
it comes once or twice
in a thousand years.
And here it speaks.
Such a crown to take off
a poor old man's head.
But the white bird
will sing again, this time
a different tone, a tune
he'll have to teach the man
to sing, a song to bring
them to the quiet table,
the new old song of bread.**

11 February 2013

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**Girl on U-Bahn
in Hungarian hat
smiles at camera.
The image crosses seas
dryfoot as Moses
and wakes us
in winter, pearly mist,
mist thick as music
all down the river.
It is New Years Day
in another calendar.
We go to our Hungarian
friend, we speak
in Desperanto, trying
hard not to make sense.**

11 February 2013