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**Don't show him
the face of his doom
he'll see it soon enough
leering from his mirror**

**There are pilgrims
everywhere around him
no nimbleness left in him
in the system. The future**

has iron hands.

12 February 2013

=====

**Winning enemies by tenderness—
the road is lined with them
jeering your limping progress home,
Gallia never divided, the sungod
never worshipped, both armies
slept together in the oak groves.
You really know nothing of the world,
you thought feeling was enough,
and thinking. But the streets
empty as you approach the city.
Only a few millennia have passed,
things don't change that much
and I feel sorry for myself too.**

12 February 2013

=====

Caught in slipstream

a word flies loose

anybody can understand the sun

but who is she?

The gender-neutral universe of stone.

12 February 2013

=====

**Catching the eye of time
and ordering more—**

**Omar told us already
this is a tavern on the way,**

**why bother with anything
that does not need to be done?**

**All need is now. All
you ever need is now.**

**The dog bites empty air,
maybe its master comes home.**

12 February 2013

=====

. . . doch früh verwaist

**But I was so late
become an orphan**

**so late to gloom
among the radically homeless**

**the harp strings snap
trail over the floor**

**I remember how my mother loved
her baby brother Uncle Harry.**

12 February 2012

=====

1.

**There's a kind of bee
that does it, a blue
whirring by your ear
and two furlongs aft
a cleft of honey.**

First be reminded.

**Think of that word
and maybe it happens.**

**The bees of winter
need your now.**

2.

**Count on the fingers of your heart
the times you failed her
and multiply by the times you failed yourself.**

**The times tables we learned
as children last your whole life.**

**Only at the end discover
one times zero equals me.**

3.

Dry portion left. From soup or chowder
a sea-y thing all salt and whiskers
Drink what your language made for you—
nourishing,peculiar. People
look at you on the street. Ç a va,
you look at them too. Sun today
and gone tomorrow. The night
is her daughter and changes your mind.
The ancients called all this a dance.

4.

But there has to be a place to do it.
Open up the old barn, sweep the chicken coop,
fence out the corral. Rodeo time
and not a horse in sight. You
have to be stallion and mare all by yourself,
the haughty gaucho and the visiting bishop.
Silence on the streets. Any given circle
is every circle. Its center is right here.
Its circumference holds everywhere.

13 February 2013

=====

**Write fast—noon hurries towards you
from the crack of dawn. Think slow
to catch the shadows left from night.
Every second is a needle in the flesh
pointing always away. Every second
is an intersection that pierces you.
In this kind of city there is no now.**

13 February 2013

=====

**A hard morning anthem
a bridge, I am a bridge
the kind that swivels on its pivot
to let a lofty vessel pass
all normal traffic on the roadway
has to wait its turn
while this great business goes by.
Be late to church by all means,
leave your boyfriend marooned at the mall.**

13 February 2013

Day 6 I'x—Jaguar

**Pray to the world for the world
pray to the ground for a field
light a candle and set it in the snow**

**let the earth know you're here.
A flame always gives thanks.**

**Way out back the mill of reason
grinds noisy gears. A grain of sense
slips out. Plant it deep. Wait for spring.**

Lent starts today. Ash is remember.

13 February 2013

=====

**But would it be something else if it could
is the question the stoic asks of everything
because such questions fit the mouth
easily as thunderweather walks the mountain**

**then it is time for all the golden cars
to zoom down sunrays like the Aryan gods
they thought themselves because of wheels
nothing ever had to be invented**

**it was there, principle of conservation
of energy, called a law and misunderstood
and why not, every law deserves a criminal
an outlaw as we said in the north country**

**every man's hand against him, a torch
burning in winter rain, a king dead on the sand.**

13 February 2013

=====

an die Sonne

**She doesn't mean to do it
just shines and lights the way
or the stay. We choose
our stillness though her speed.**

**The warmth of her. The flowers
know her. On all of us.
And night is her only dream.**

14 February 2013

=====

for Charlotte, at Valentine

**Joy of the thing
is to bring
it all back to you**

**where it began,
the land
of love is underfoot**

**wherever you stand,
being with you
is the first time**

I've fully been.

14 February 2013

ON VALENTINES

One love sonnet more or less
wont damage the tradition
or hurt the roses and the hearts—
it'll go almost unnoticed

into the permanent archive
carved round the globe
high beyond the weather,
the logosphere itself.

Still room up there for all we say
and all we said to be inscribed—
maybe one day the sphere will
be complete, and all the words fuse

in a fury of love and purest saying,
a diamond world around new heaven.

14 February 2013

for Charlotte

=====

**Unaccountably he
smiled at the sun.
Rarity! He must think
the illusion is shivering
at last, a see-through world
all round him! Are we
only footnotes to the light?
Just turn the page and see.**

14 February 2013

BEADS

**A round of beads
each bead a word
each bead a world
no, each bead
a solar system, no,
a galaxy, no, each
bead one universe
after universe
slips through fingers,
each bead the whole
of being, each bead
reality itself, no,
each bead a breath,
each breath a prayer
that being be and be now.**

15 February 2013

=====

**Being on the other side again
here's the light and here am I
like a busy chessboard
but the players are dead**

**we pieces have to move ourselves
we know the squares we stand on
but we don't know the rules, we move
like moonlight on the cornfields**

**as the clouds come close us in
or let us move through our lives.**

**I ama stretch of moonlight
on an empty highway**

for a moment I help you find your way.

15 February 2013

PUNCTUATION

Every sentence ends with it.

I wish there were

a sign that means *Begin*.

15.II.13

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1.

The open door knows me
the girl stands in her own shadow
the west is full of light already
the clock I live is heavy in my pocket
the man remembers how close he is.

2.

How close things are.
Is it enough to remember.
Vulture: emblem of motherhood
self-sacrifice economy.
Most birds are green to begin with.
We know what we mean
by colors but who else knows?

3.

Berlin not too long ago
I saw a street someone
else only remembers,
What is the difference
between here and then?

4.

It has to pause, to wait

while the sudden sun

unspeaks the snow

slush melts, at last

we walk on water.

To be here again

on the other side of hydrogen.

Azoth, **the air itself**

is alchemist enough.

15 February 2013

