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Noble air shaft
the music
is on our side
it comes up
from a violinist
we installed below

2.

Buildings are wonderful
grace enclosed,
walk for hours down
and up again
the corridors —
places made for running—
running through.

3.

Everything comes back to you.
Bland season in the restaurant trade —
a lamp left burning at morning
when you walk around inside a building

you are in more than the world.
You are the tree and the dappled fawn
the secret God of the barbarians
whose name not even they can pronounce.

4.

Miscellaneous hour
this dawn,
the robust castaways
of dream recirculate
foreign chitchat in the café.

Because you've always been here.
The cute waitress is your father.
The barista's a wolf in training,
the crucifix on the back wall
is made if you.

5.

It only means begin again.
Wastrel, you used up
your education — all
you know still hardly

fills up the five minute news from the BBC.

Where did they go

the things you used to know?

You think there is a country

where the dead live,

still more or less in business.

You fly there some nights

but can never be sure.

6.

When they die it means

it's time they went.

I look at the back of my hand

studying departure schedules.

The gold ring.

A knot of blue veins

still after all these years

looks like the initial of my name.

7.

We are caught than taught.

Then it goes away.

Snow comes, a lot of it,

we fret, we cope.
It goes away. Odysseus
persuades. Snow melts.
Roses come from Persia
or even forever. The moon
has changed in my lifetime
but no one admits it.
Maybe they don't notice.
Maybe they don't remember
how bright she was once
over Rockaway Beach,
too bright to look at,
I didn't dare look her in the eye
that phantom midnight
that lasts a whole life.

4 January 2014.

=====

Little by little
the sky comes
up out of the snow
a hint of ruddy light
sieved through young trees

no footsteps in the cold.
Come close to the arrow,
little target.

Can I turn
my back on the window?
Who knows what I would miss
seeing out there,
there
in the difference.

4 January 2014.

VERA RELIGIO

[*dreamt:*]

God believes in us.

God goes to me when I die to me.

God is the real me.

God is the other, operant in me..

God is obvious, intimate, and free.

God is so easy to see that no one notices.

Those are the propositions I remember. As I jumped thus, I felt that God was not different from Buddha nature, lacked any data deck pronoun, to close for anything but here.

4 January 2014.

PAPAGENO

The bird catcher in *The Magic Flute* is surely the artist — composer, writer, painter — who works so hard to catch the swift-winged beauty of the insubstantial, and fetch it home — put in the room, on the wall, in the book. He is vainglorious and tuneful, prompt to despair, quick to fall in love with any *Maedchen oder Weibchen*, his true delight. Mozart teases himself and all artists, he knows that for all his boastings, highflying excelsitudes over the empyrean in rhetoric and symphony, the artist when it comes down to it is happiest with his Papagena, his earthly woman, sincerely natural, the geography at hand, gorgeous, the land of his actual life, at once the attainment of lofty beauty and a demonstration that beauty is never far away. It is the bird catcher who makes the bells ring, who catches things out of the sky, makes the tune ring out. His lechery and honesty both defy the murky dangerous abstractions of the Queen of the Night.

4 January 2014.

=====

To found a new religion in your sleep
then wake up in the usual
contingency, this longer dream
around you even as we speak.

Reminds.

And reminding
is the whole work
no?

The tone of voice
the final sympathy.

5 January 2014.

=====

Some things need us for breakfast
but break the air instead of —
hum all round the house,
a sound you can't identify,
a second dawn to every day

yet a fearful thing,
or kind of fear
knowing what we need to know.

Winter paranoia
no rights of man
this naked clamor
on the last world.

Angst and no control —
spiritual values
argue against me:
I should not feel what I feel.
And that's even worse than feeling it.

5 January 2014.

The encumbering principle
By which furnaces
Cut out on the coldest nights and
Fridges croak in August
Has taken hold the local planet
Me. Deliverance is a weary
Day of repairmen hurrying
From conundrum to conundrum
Over the frozen earth. You hear
The rapture of my complaining.

5 January 2014

URBAN GEOGRAPHY

1.

Apothecary Street

where dragons weep

wailing their lost scales

(leave sore spots slow to heal)

the druggists use

to stimulate the untidy

fantasies of their clients,

one scale on each eye

and you can see forever.

5 January 2014.

2.

But on the Street of Sleeves
green women ply their
looks-like-music

but no one can hear.
The silks and such
rustling past
you can hear easily enough
but their movements, sly
toccatas of their fingertips
fugue of their hips,
no sound you hear
buick shallow in your
mouth your breath.

5 September 2014

3.

On the Avenue of Animals

we buy fishes to set them free,

buy squirrels and let them trot

up and down the ornamental golden trees

we build inside our temples.

The vestals feed them poppy seeds.

^^

5 January 2014.

WALDRON ON THE STREAM

Charlie, midsummer, camping
ratty old tent they told me,
and elegant old Mrs
Moncure in mauve
gave Father O'Malley
a complete set of Michelet
in quarter-morocco, scarlet,
a priest of this strange sect
with whom and for
whom we had come
all this way from the safe
city to look upon
the Patriarch himself
Archbishop William Henry
Francis Brothers, Primate
of the Old Catholic Church
of North America, tall,
upright as a dancer. upright
as Merce in his prime,
upright, and for a moment
all of us together, O'Malley,

Madame Moncure, Calvin
Green and me and the Patriarch
with this ragged protoplasm
everybody in town knew
this Charlie by the stream
now standing amongst us
on the town square,
queer triangle really,
a place in the mountains
by Tannery Brook,
along it he pitched his tent
out of sight, Call this
1953. Call it memory,
the incurable. Memory
the dream that never stops.
A stream, a ragged beatnik
before the word, scrawny
nice fellow a little scary,
everybody knows him,
me puzzled a Jewish
man could live like this.
Look like that, to be
am ha-aretz

in another sense of the word,
a man of the land
but no peasant he, he lived
by streaming. Dreaming,
he had become
part of the place—
what the Greek meant by fate,
you carry it with you
wherever you go.
Like some memory
of Woodstock in summer
really, as if I could
have imagined it
but didn't, and why not,
but why,
 and the names of them
bleed in me still.

6 January 2014

=====

Exhaust. Examine. Exaggerate.

Education.

 To say anything
is always an exaggeration,
always leaves something out.
I read my mind. Colder tonight.
The terror of weather
how it lives us,
it is the whole we are just parts.
Subject. Abject. It does not know us.
Yet so deeply we believe, unconscious
but believe,
 in the personhood of everything.
And do we speak the storm?

6 January 2014

HYMN TO ZEUS FROM ANOTHER TIME

I see the air.

He sees me when he looks
inside me. God is the air
we breathe, who else
so other is one with us
and without whom I
do not be.

 We do
something worth his notice,
what is that, we move,
we are capable of remaining
in what spot while he
is everywhere, we are wonderful,
we are just here. He is god
because he does not know
what we are thinking, he is free
of our imagining, just as we
never see him, thank him,
though he pours in and out of us
all day all night until.

(6 January 2014)

=====

Every woman needs many fathers,
every man many mothers.
The first are only the beginnings,
founders of the dynasty of me.

6.I.14