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**When you're lonely call the animal
the animal will always answer
but what pale eyes it has!
how far it travels in a single afternoon!**

**If you could go with it surely even you
could outrun loneliness, but as it is
it comes to you and touches and consoles.
But how pale its eyes are even so.**

16 January 2013

THE CUP

**That could be my cup
this friendly woman at the ice cream truck
or that priest across the street
all beard and Mare Nostrum manners
or the two Israelis playing chess out loud
or the kid apparently asleep on the grass.
But I have no cup, no cup for me,
I have to shove my face up and drink from the sky.**

16 January 2013

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**Because there are things to love
and no not turn their backs on you
and even if they one day did
their backs have nothing written on them
no love letter no agreement no farewell**

**because the skin is the silentest of all.
Because I am only what I am
you can listen as hard as you can
and I still don't mean anything at all.**

16 January 2013

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Lift

into the chamber
that knows itself
this other
knowing—

short breath short steps
endless journey.

Hold my hand
against your wall
let me feel
what feels you.

Cloth of houses.
Skin of light.

17 January 2013

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**The snow said beautiful
the rice becoming of a branchlet, oak,**

**I am a car for you, I think,
a dark marauder in the overexplained day—**

we are sinews of each other.

**Man speaks to God,
looks around for answers.**

**Be otherwise, darling,
proliferate inside most spacious emptiness,**

**build in, build in—
this hollow body your best house.**

17 January 2013

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**Steal a glimpse
through the curtain
see something
I'm sure we're
allowed to see—
wild animals
quietly stirring,
waiting their apocalypse—
a word that means
revealing, not catastrophe.
Close the curtain
carefully. There.
Keep the words straight
and we'll be all right.
Now wait and see.**

17 January 2013

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Can this catch the weather? Rarely.

What is *this*? The wanderer

is still with us, passes below us

through the caverns of our inattention.

We call them streets but they are long

terribly empty bedrooms.

At one end the window is completely

by the eye and beak of an immense crow.

17 January 2013

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Take it or leave it.

**When I woke up the trees
were delicately traced with snow
each branch and twig.**

**Now they're bare as ever
and the snow is all on the ground.**

**There's a darkness in things
that waits its turn. A light
later only you can turn on.**

**The job is yours if you want it.
Love me as hard as the ground.**

17 January 2013

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**Not yet light
a growling in the sky
like a snowplow way up the road
but it isn't snowing
or a cargo jet up there
but we're not on the route to anywhere
o where could it come from,
no light yet, or just enough
to make out the dense cloudbank,
a growling in the sky.
I feel spoken to by it,
why not, I'm the only one here.**

18 January 2013

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Dawn nocturne the turn
against time, *serene morning*,
the words once betrayed
sulk far from what you mean to mean
although you're writing
almost fast enough to be.

Interrupt to grant myself a late appointment
an artist to be seen, a picture
that needs talking to. Will I remember this
after sunrise, when the phones fly again
and machinery pretends to run?
Right now it's just me and one or two
passing cars, those animals.
How far away it is I am!

18 January 2013

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**Hoof clatter
only in my head—
January katydids
tinnitus.**

18.I.13

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in memoriam H.B.

**Writing in the dark
inspects the night—
and what the light never happened—**

**is that a thought too?
'Language can say
what you can't think'**

**dear Heinrich, how much
your little gave.**

18 January 2013

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**It's worth thanking everyone—
it's so beautifully made
like the inner surface of the sky
where her legs and belly come together
and the light pours out.**

18 January 2013

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**Write your way to it
then burrow inside
till the words sleep in your mouth.
And maybe you wake up.**

18 January 2013

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**If not a rapture
then something like,
winter sky
through winter trees,
the silence given
all the way to us.**

18 January 2013

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**A book longer than a week
a song longer than a tree
but what about an owl?
Or the blue sky beyond the windmill?**

18 January 2013

VOCATION

**There are depths and margins
and a blue coin fallen from a woman's hand**

**pick it up and give it back to her
hurry after her, give it back**

even if it takes your whole life.

19 January 2013

VOX NIVIS

and me listening.

Beethoven's Large Fugue

Youtube.Enjoying

the kindness of strangers.

19 January 2013

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It began as a good idea.

A lifetime later

it has become a vast steel bridge

over a dark river

leading to an island

where no one lives

where no one wants to go.

19 January 2013

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**I was a tree once
and so were you
since then our relations
have been formal
maybe excessively so.
Can we do anything
about it or is it too late,
will our natural
fear of fire keep
us safely far apart?**

19 January 2013

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**Capture the shadow of a seagull,
breed the shadows of tropical fish
in a paper aquarium.**

Write a book.

19 January 2013