

7-2014

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**Meandering towards you
In a sleepy way
confusing your name, names,
with how many
have I lost in this way, slow,
a flower that on close
inspection turns out to be
an elemental, a tiny person
who loves you
probably more than I do
as much as I yammer and sing.**

5 July 2014

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**I rose
remembering.
Appetite
is immortal.**

**And there we were
in that spacious
penthouse of ghosts,**

**our zeppelin moored
to the moon and you
taking history apart
layered like a rainbow—**

**youi tell me time
is just another shirt
we wear or we take off.**

5 July 2014

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**Caught a glimpse
of what it means
to leave:
 footstep
diminuendo,
dooryard with no shadow,
wheels doing what they do.**

5 July 2014

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**I have not heard
horses' hooves
clatter in the street
since Vienna. Why
do animals live
so far away in mind?
Seeing an animal
is always remembering.**

5 July 2014

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**What with the wind
the flag turns inside out**

**we belong
to another country now**

**the Queen of Sheba
rules us now**

**her dancing girls our senators,
her Kabir dwarves**

**(each dwarf taller than any man)
our scientists.**

**So much depends on how
cloth flutters in the wind**

**or sun writes shadows
on the sidewalk—**

but that's another story.

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**When you come back from Kerala
you will forget all about me,
forget you ever knew me,
touched me, told me.**

**India is like that, takes away
everything we don't need.
You will remember a hillside
covered with blue flowers**

fragrant with oblivion.

5 July 2014

THE MAGICIAN CARD

**She's the one,
the organ and and the -izer,
the magus herself.**

**Beneath her colors,
her robes so capacious,
her slim votaries
lick her front and back.**

**She who in the theater
is thought to be
only the pretty
assistant from the audience,
she rules the stage.**

She is the mage,

**the image, the magic,
the boss.**

**And the grizzled
prestidigitator in his stupid hat,
the man, her puppet, he
just mouths her lines—
her lips are too busy
tasting the secret**

spells that rule the world,

**that make the lights go on and off in every town,
make the cup dance on the table top
and fill with wine and never
spill a drop except deliberately,
and make the sword tip
prick the air to make it bleed,
and the wand run around the room
thwacking those who come tardy to love,
and the golden coins**

**tumble into the poor-box
so every mouth is filled at last.**

She is the one,

**pale-flanked,
tawny-tangled origine du monde.**

6 July 2014

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**The blood breathes
excites be
quiet heaven
pressure on the valve
walls suddenly yield—
thought is a flood
arriving — the mystery
is not that it comes
but that it comes from
nowhere, silence,
arctic white, always
new and nothing speaks.**

6 July 2014

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**The children on the lawn
grow up all at once,
puberty of the sky—**

**inside modest local
workings splendor's hid.**

**When the syllogism is finished
the air remains.
The old logician slips
his bottle of Bass back
into his tweed pocket and is gone.**

What more is there to say?

6 July 2014

ALONG THE SAN JUAN

**No one suffers.
Or there is no pain.
Or there are rivers
in the high desert
where digs disclose
settlements before people**

**geometries of elsewhere
dragged into the rock
no point without its counterpoint
no line without its song.**

6 July 2014

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**Just one word more
as a kind of answer—
too many coaches, camels,
caravans, too much going.**

**Let it be a quiet gorge
deep in some ordinary
place nine thousand years
then call it culture,**

**the word in your mouth,
the permanent kiss
of language even you
can't refuse, your tongue**

**in my mouth, how can we
resist what says us?
Come through the door
the journey comes with you,**

**so little to ask, the trees
do it for us, we hurt with being.**

6 July 2014

SCHOOL

**Let me tell you about school.
Schola, collegium, a glad density
of people young enough to care.**

**When an idea comes
work it out among yourselves,
work it as a school,
don't look it up,
don't read a book.**

**Not yet. Look it up later
after you know the answer.
You don't need teachers
you need studium, zeal
of attending to an idea,
work with your mouth
and mind until you are
a text. You have to be
Plato before you can read Plato
aright—otherwise it's just stuff
you feed to other people
to keep them from thinking.**

**Thinking never issues in 'thoughts'
but only more thinking, more being.**

**Learn ancient alphabets with your eyes closed,
trace the glyphs with your fingertips and be quiet
modest about what you've found.**

**Sit close together and talk,
close, close, so hips or shoulders touch—
study one text together at a time—
never read it, study it instead,
the way in the Yeshiva they study
one text forever out loud,
study it slow. A poem
by Robert Duncan could last a year,
a Torah's worth of care.**

**never think alone. Talk and more talk
until you know,
until you know enough to be silent.
Then school is over for the night.**

6 June 2014

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**But the wind
my animus
walks in**

**looking legal
in the march to this
slow moment**

**morning to live
in the feel of it
alone — life**

**on the throne,
Egypt everlasting
always means now.**

7 July 2014

POEM FOR DHARMA PICNIC 4 JULY 2015

It's raining. The sun is shining.
It does it all by itself.
Hot and humid. It's snowing hard
but only in my head.
The flakes sift down and cover up
what I should be thinking.
I don't even know what that is,
just a vague shape under the snow,
under the sand drift, sun glare,
the night coming on, the midday sun.
The shape of thinking, smooth,
far away, like a seal on a rock.
Like a memory lost in the jungle.
Monkeys. Wolves. Ibises.
It's raining in churches and synagogues,
snowing in the mosque, bluebirds
zoom around our shrine room.
The river lies there and yawns.
The sun does what it always does
and it feels like a kind of forgiveness.

7 July 2014

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**Sorry but I need you
you are my lifeboat
after this long shipwreck
on a sea of inadequate
identities out there—**

**you are solid with self
aloud, alive, and I mean love.
I mean all the things I have
no right to mean,
antiphons at dawn, our
voices interweaving**

like bodies where the soul begins.

7 July 2014 (late)

DER LINDENBAUM

**The template broken
the moon
in someone else's arms,
what more do you want from music,
a tree by the back door
beside the old well
no one uses?**

**And some years at night
in July the scent of linden
flowers is loud,
louder than the
fireflies I haven't seen at all this year.**

7 July 2014 (late)

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So it's still about waiting
animals are good at it
birds less so—

when I was a kid
you took your shirts to the Chinese
laundry and waited.

Every neighborhood
had one and now not even one.
After a few days

they came back fresh and neat
each folded round a piece of cardboard
you saved and painted on.

Later,
so much came later. Waiting for it.
Inside the collars were strange black marks
weirder than Chinese.

For that matter,
who can wait
long enough to read even this page?

7 July 2014

CERUMEN

**My deaf ear grows no wax.
So earwax is
the body's feeble armor
against information.
Sometimes it needs no more
words, no more music.**

7 July 2014 (late)
