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juID2011

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INTENTION

If I were a sinner and knew better
or a bowl of sliced peaches and mangoes
impersonating one another
or a steam locomotive or a Mormon pageant
all the girls in the crowd would rub up against me.

But as it is, it is. America forever.
We go where we find food. We hate
people who are not like us
and envy those who are. No hope.

So I make do with pure *intention*.
One simple one: to say everything
and by doing so make everybody happy
or at least hurt less. I keep making
the same dumb mistakes
but still keep moving on the right road.
It takes so long. But what else is time for?

16 July 2011

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Morning gives what evening analyzed.

On blue couches the probe of question lingered in you.

The back was the same as the front love licked fresh envelopes.

The steelyard swings in the stonemason's court.

Why is everything heavy why is gravity still here.

What kind of force is it never answers never moves.

One or many we still can't decide.

Luminous breakfasts with not a taste of food.

Certain wise men planted grass seed on the moon.

Silica is inert as bright things go.

Chemistry comes closer to the real but cannot speak.

They looked at all that happens but kept mum.

When we were Egyptians we knew the shape of things.

Women rule by the balance of the kidney region the holy slope.

Arrogant courtiers chastened by high art.

And Robert soon will make amends.

Somewhere far they worry the world.

Scapular soggy with sweat Saint Francis talks Wolf.

She will not stop till she's pictured everyone.
Spintrian postures of the desiring mind.
Thrilling nature of unnatural things.
Wake up and persuade them who I am.
Mumble Sanskrit in each other's mouth.
The intimate disorder of being anyone.

Drunkenness a syntax of its own the sober con.
No art is safe from us we spend in everything.
Construe me with the grammar of your hands.
She shot an arrow years ago still flies in me.
To touch the intact and borrow its purity.
I can't guess the other side of where I am.

Why else would anyone be when.
Arrogant facecloth dislodges earnest sweat.
When questions cast shadows close your eyes.
Allein, was tut's I have kissed my mouth and am silenced.
Doctors for the living lawyers for the dead.
I stood before Anubis and he wept.

I names a virtual presence a grammatical tool.
I am not who you think but who thinks you.
Language seeks more ways to be somewhere else.
A trickle along the bottom of the arroyo.
Wash your mind in any sea you find.
Willing victims of music's importunities.

Every line must be studied in its place and on the prowl.
A cabinet of curiosities to compare and deplore.
Carry the line with you until it runs out.
Keep me out of mind as long as you can.
To see anyone at all is a dark connection.
To dream of someone is Greek tragedy.

I've said it before so I'll say it again.
The endless knot illuminates relationship.
Be not distracted by the sap of trees.
You can escape from everything but images.
Assume a constant measure and dance to it.
I have seen you silver in the ancient arches.

16 July 2011

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You can't treat a human like that.
Same red meat under everybody's skin.
Read a sandbox in your children's eyes snakeskin by the well.
I went to turn on the street and then the tower fell.
No one remembers and that's the whole story.
We make something else up all the time.

This is a fugue on every you and some and me.
Four voiced doxology of Quaternion itself.
Svabhavikakaya empty hands hold everything.
Allow the actual word for once.
Crystals of blood preserved from wound.
I was with Lincoln last night in his long agony.

Things the peaceful mind knows how to see.
You let me hear my mother's voice again.
Younger than I was and with a taste for eel.
No one understands what no one says.
Her time had come upon her then.
I speak a hundred years from her silenced her.

Riverboat rapture no corn for seed our empty shoes.
Why didn't you know these things when you were me.
Rose of Sharon blossomed made love us yesterday.
Old America and we two the only people in the world.
Lakes betray us showing our reflections.
The sea annihilates our shallow identities.

Something of me I don't know how to give.
To use to say to be too much to me.
Mating customs of these morning shadows.
Amplify the screech Lilith in the nighttime day.
I speak a language no one knows not even me.
I go to a church that has no roof no altar and no god.

I listen to music that has no sound.
I tell stories that have no heroes and no end.
I point fiercely to things that aren't there.
High on my tower a clock with no hands tolls.
I am trapped on the other side of what I mean.
Stop me before I tell you too much.

17 July 2011

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It wasn't you all this time was me—
turn away from those just here to touch.

17.VII.11

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Sunday morning
all the toys
of the middle class
pass
 my quiet window.

Cars towing motorboats
cars growing kayaks
on their backs,

 and bikes
go by
with riders shouting conversations
they all wear
yellow jerseys I wonder why.

17.VII.11

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Recite the names of flowers and why not.
I am here for you and not another.
Lily rose of Sharon all my living daughter.
Just the ace of you and such round arms.
The Beloved *must* withdraw at times to let you love him.
Elsewise you're swamped with him in pure receiving.

I am quoting from a book I never opened.
Petal from an unknown flower blossoming nowhere.
Plagiarism is the heart of human speech we say what we hear said.
I thought I saw her moving through the trees.
We are shaped and shorn by how much we know.
From the Antipodes white bird come replying.

There is coming back to be done.
Barley in the malt house nudes on the roof.
I tasted nothing but my vision swam.
Green limestone pools where calendars are drowned.
Came visit from the sky and fed from her lap.
When clocks break time goes on he looked to see I understood.

Took me so long to get home here I am.
Waited for the stagecoach in Times Square.
The shape of it shows through no matter.
Sat in the corner of the stair on Coleridge's chair.
When you're on times side it lets you do and do.
I shared a cigarette with Charlemagne.

I also am a kind of myth a dynasty misplaced.
Speaking I explain and thus fill up a certain absence in or from the world.
I am long-winded as the wind must be.
I was the one who touched you in the dark.
I'll never tire of telling me about you this means poetry.
The wind wakes up like an uneasy dove.

The size of a thing goes by.
Changes carve the clifftops the moors grow greener.
The humid path leads all the crevices of Eden licked.
When we kissed the lips that kissed the Lord's lips.
Secret 1st Century cenacle the wine was their bread.
They licked it from her nipples and all Rome trembled.

18 July 2011

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Listless air bereft of messengers.
Time one in Athens and we stuck right there.
The dialectic is a shyster's brief for war.
Men speak dreams men do illusions.
Blood soaks every road we go.
The stink of fantasies spilled into the ground.

Are men the toxins in a blameless earth.
Shaman torn between two evils use one against the other.
All those who know are silent.
No names the flower knows.
Learn from everyone a kayak in your head.
Gym filled with agonized voluptuaries.

I can't stop telling what I barely know.
At a glance the long unnecessary road.
Horns above doorstep monkey in a mountain window.
All this in eye-blink change slippery trombone.
Big rose for such a little tree.
You carry the sun but the moon carries me.

Harmonielehre I hear what I want it to do.
They crave mechanic rockbeat I crave ascending ninth.
Then they look like morning glories alas are pink.
Klein Clavilux no sound to color Wilfred gone.
All the colors in the fingers now and none to see.
Curve of street a fling of dust and Nazareth.

19 July 2011

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You made me hear my mother's voice
out of the flat Long Island of the sky the miles of tombstones Calvary
white punctuations of city business.

Only once I stood beside their grave, dead a month apart—
o what one moon can do, ancient god horns up from the plain.
But the priests had done with us at last.

19 July 2011

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Every child is a bad child.

Every son a bad daughter.

Every place is Africa

we still are coming from.

I burden you only with what I do not know—

my dance for you

is that ignorance.

It all has to begin again—

to be no one but an orphan

is already someone—

yes yes to be undefined crow call driftly cumulus

to have a name that seems vaguely familiar

but maybe women weep when I am gone—

they all are mothers anyhow

and it's never too hard to make a mother cry.

19 July 2011

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How to know when things are done.
The empress's last breaths a rosary.
Black roses round oval scutcheon framed.
And this girl answers not her telephone.
Shingled beach seeps sea back in and out.
We can't be sure this moon will ever set.

Poltroon scavengers of decent labor kapital.
All your blunt perversions needle twist.
Broken-hearted ranger ma'am is am.
How do we know about anything a tune.
Habit of having thrill of letting go.
Win once lose a thousand times a name.

The sky keeps ringing seldom we answer.
Name the wicked things the man has done.
The crows call from the oak top counting my sins.
Never applied for a job never hated my boss.
Effortless hard work what do I know about life.
Only the yellow silk kerchief tied in her hair.

Yesterday he whistled up the wind some came.
As the crows cawing scattered morning cloud.
If you can tell birdsong from sunlight your eyes are too keen.
Dunamis the resting power some passerby deploys in me.
At table one hot night they were talking Aristotle.
The rice listened patiently the salt thought about melons.

20 July 2011

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Things to send far
away sunlight
silenced me.

Rose of Sharon dozen
blossoms by the porch
how much closer

could I get to the permanent
world, with names
and feelings in it

a book closed on the table
beside a glass,
the sky blue but not too.

20 July 2011

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When the mother silent all these years begins to speak.
She speaks through the hands of *certain ones* who know without knowing.
A new twist on death a mother tells.
She has been through all and all a mother knows.
What happens when she begins to speak.
Is there after all an actual story begins to tell.

The glass in the window reveals and protects.
Soldiers asleep under the horizon.
Quiet factory where children seen to be made.
Even old bricks have words they spell my name.
My favorite daughter found a broken abbey.
Facing ancient ruins you think: why did I build this then.

What did I have in mind the years made free with.
My arch and time's ivy why did they marry.
I build this church to show what god looks like.
The god I saw in dreams had such kind windows.
The rite was for the sake of the stone to help it stand.
Silence makes many a house fall down.

21 July 2011

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for Prevallet

Kristin bless you for beginning
the work of sleep
you bring into waking
so both nations shae a holiday
quick interbreed of populations and

I always thought that poets poets poets
are the ones to do this thing

the only ones

with Apollo's healing hands and the mouth of Hecate,

the ones who can wake folk from the sickness of self-image and self-doubt,
and make them rulers of a world
made pliable by will and human sympathy,

and when Olson said poet getta job this is the job,
breaks our business out of the artworld
to comfort and heal.

21 July 2011

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Architecture in fact is human speech.

Wander ruined abbey nothing left but the meaning.

They shaped us stones to keep us listening.

After the horns were broken and the lute strings shorn.

Temples are otoliths are stones with ears.

Dearest friend my hand meaning something hurt your lip.

I take the blame for all goes wrong.

My fault the towers and the abbeys fell.

I am ivy and subtle aquifer ground water leach.

I sicken bees and curdle your wine.

Work unintended evil by desire fogged.

And then the wind winds down my work.

21 July 2011