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It is not a small thing to be ready to go down.
Ant on my ankle and the sun too hot.
No it is not the sun it is the earth that heats.
We who live for feelings are punished by what we feel.
Look away from temperature to the other tempering inside.
I believe in weather because it is always talking.

Not inside me but inside it.
This could be a bible of false premises.
When things turn blue it means some other thing is listening.
Lead in the crucible halfway to silver their nature shared.
Over curtained windows shadows pass this is human language.
Someone is always in there they won't say who.

If I could say it all again it won't be righter.
Places have power by place we live.
Mountain spring we least of beasts attend.
High ceremony of bending low to drink.
Why are we always so far from the water we are.
Turn away from knowing and just know.

A leaf! me given by a friend of wind.
A word could lift it or let us live.
Gold ring he settled in the stream marrying whom.
Who understands all this blue telling.
Because this is your number too.
And everything worth telling fits in you.

Irony is decent in bad times but there is more.
Only a holy fool would dare to open that door.
We die from doing what we know how to do.
Go through the wall and find it all you want it be.
Question it but never let it rust.
Broken pathways to a whole hale house.

Leave alone it will work it all through.
Etymology tells Eurasia's secrets well the *field* afar.
So many peoples wandered angry meadows west.
Make things happen between tree and tree.
Are there two organs in this loft two chalices for his blood.
Tears in eyes must be the wind what else could it mean.

Rose of Sharon profligate it's all this canicule.
Flowers of heat one for each letter of the alphabet.
They blossom without moving though the wind moves.
Yellow silk around love's hair the precious jewel.
What do the letters say the alphabet says everything.
They say without meaning though their speaker means.

No I think the single letters say all we'll ever mean.
Alphabet a radical taxonomy we have just that many categories.
Children's blocks are the real molecules.
In slipshod dreams we waste our tragedies.
Once my Antigone stumbled at my side.
There is no room for us in us the field's too big.

21/22 July 2011

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But what is it saying.

This long sentence of the air they claim is randomness.

A heat wave comes the guilt we bear it also says.

Will you make me think all this is meaningless.

The church of me has no head I am the congregation.

It happens to us and need know why.

Not enough to read the paper.

Not enough to blame.

Epictetus whispers No blame just start again.

But what is it saying this long sentence of the weather.

In what language is the sky written.

Flowers of experience pray always for the next day.

Tomorrow is my afterlife heaven a dew-soaked lawn.

Are you sure there's even this someone who cares.

Abrupt babylons of wobbling desire flare all night.

What we didn't do turns a cool cheek morning.
Do me do me I'm dumb when I can't get started.
Lull the parietic twitches of arrogant scriptures!
Would you live on a planet that has no night.
Manichean climate of the untamed States.
America always the lesser of two evils.

Those who fled from all they knew fled into *ignorance*.
Convicts fugitives failures clergymen slaveowners hurried here.
They brought slaves the dichotomy the two-party system.
Null-choice engrained in national psyche no nation.
No citizens just a congeries of quarrelsome victims.
American politics eternal resentment unappeased.

Who sent me here all of us still stumbling west.
Leave me to attend the fox panting in the shadows.
Adore these heat-splayed Sharon roses.
I had a mind but used it.
I must pay close attention to the weather.
Attend each visiting circumstance the tedious angel.

22 July 2011

CHÖTENS

To turn from any this to any that
is adultery.

To look away is to be gone forever.

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Someone had to come and drive the demons
out of this wild land
or tame them to the mind's purposes
some kind of love.

Someone has come.
Come to quell and to inspire,
set up mindly monuments to hold the earth in place.

What the landscape told us first
when heat and cold both can kill
rattlesnake and poison ivy tell us still,
this land does not want us,

America is not here yet.

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Which is why we fight all our wars elsewhere
because we are secretly terrified of where we are,
we know we'd lose, we always lost,
deep violence in our own place,

someone had to come to teach us to apologize
to the trees still here we're killing
and all the Indians we killed,
to teach us if there is a way
to live in decency in a decent land,

apologizing to the angry land we roused.

And someone has come. Someone fiercely mild.

22 July 2011

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Some of some and less than others welcome.
Odoevskii's sylph glad madness living concentration.
To be normal is diffuse they get you that way.
Concentrate into keen-minded phantasy break through.
Leave godless ascetics to jog their way to gym.
I have opinions about nothing too.

To know the life of a thing by sharing mind with it.
No mine no thine full feel what eye deigns to observe.
All I know is what happens in me when I behold.
By prayerful practice guess how what I see is you.
I hold onto that knowledge the object shares with me.
A footnote from a time when be good meant be aware.

23 July 2011

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Numb quiver from which the brute thumbs arrows.
Make the poor vote against the poor how democracy works.
What you could be if you stood inside being.
Crawl at last in from the deserts of becoming.
You are the trees now they rub against the wind.
Trees tame the light a song that Xerxes sang.

How can I choose between the dark and the dark.
There are no heroes there is only consciousness.
It's something else not light that comes from the sun.
Drink a little every day of the water from which she rises.
We are not bereft of wit or counsel.
We have a Way here too that owns us.

The highway under ocean runs through our old streets.
A highway empowers where it goes the Tao lives close.
The Way ways us and the stars speak people round us.
We belong to what we taste every day what we touch.
Her clothes exiguous tattooed with leaf shadows only.
Enemy of sunlight wrapped in silk woven from the moon.

In my kiss there is no time she promised.

In the soul of the soul it is to be sought.

It doesn't fly in the storm doesn't get reborn.

It stays a long time like a redwood or a hill.

Day and night it asks you what you think.

You tell it you think nothing but it comes out a song.

23 July 2011

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Tao nuns dear dear you you talk to rocks.
Fish from the shallows answer what the sea heard.
All living beings are part of the machinery of earth listen.
I am never far from being you.
We write with our bodies Tao nuns revise.
Passing by they erase the hesitations of desire.

Accommodate the obvious the secret elves will come.
Fauns panting in the wisdom beat out the heat.
Rest after wanting rouse after having.
The way they talk is to make us talk to them.
Tao nuns slip between the weather and the rock.
You shiver at the beauty of their pass.

It makes a song and dance of everything.
Between the water and the fish the wheel and the road.
Crows are vigilantes in this anarch realm.
You can't have breakfast till you come all the way from sleep.
He finds the girl he lost in everyone.
Through her surely you can come home to him.

The myths are shrouded but the names still work.
Good Friday veils thrown over the gods' luminous bodies.
Back then artists were friendlier each one up to something new.
Now anyone who catches your eye might be a Tao nun.
Listen to their love song wind rain the passing bus.
Priestess of the actual alerter sign shower svaha.

Tao nuns running through the rain.
They wet you as they run they are the rain.
Is it really rain or just a word caught in your thinking.
Gentle rain thou'dst make love on me the world.
All we can do mister is align your syntax.
Words come out of dream and stand there waiting.

The gates of Eden swing broken from their sockets.
Pass in and out at will that is the secret.
The path is forgiving everyone and everything.
This is the liturgy your life's work approximates.
Better or worse we listen to the rain.
You know full well the rose is the aftermath of pain.

The theater cracks open and the bird flies away.
Gods of Africa meet Gods of Thule and Greece begins.
How short a mile when you come from both ends.
Soul met spirit and they still remember.
What was that betweenland and to whom did it sing.
Was it sad Achilles first thought death a kind of chic.

Anyone can act my voice I dreamt this part.
Disturbed by quiet sleep rebuked by clouds.
I have never done enough this is me talking.
Me is the one the Parents talk to the world decides.
We choose the ones who choose us merry-go-round ride.
Showoff moon in Leo larger than life amen.

Now you know who you've been listening to.
Wizard in a shriner's fez wet from the infidel sea.
All smoke and no mirrors mirrors are hard.
I baffled them all by sticking to the truth.
I kissed your shoulder and heard a whistle blow.
Our little business part of some vast unseen event.

Softness of roses with the hiss of thorn.
I breed them to believe in us too as we in them.
Love's neat reciprocals we have cause to dismiss.
Hesiod stands in rare snowfall ruing narrative.
We come out headfirst thinking already.
To find profundity break any sentence open.

Pansies in window box by the cinderblock garage.
That's all the child needed then the alphabet.
I learned everything and knew nothing then the other way round.
The answer's everywhere the Stone is floating in the air.
The Stone of the Wise *is* air itself just learn to breathe.
Your body is the athanor where breath turns into world.

I want to make this small enough so everyone can fit in it.

24 July 2011

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Firefly in the bedroom

I was almost asleep

you worried it would not find its mate

green light winking on and off I could almost see

my glasses in the other room

I thought the dark

had no more to show me but you found.

24 July 2011

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