

7-2013

## JulG2013

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## **A QUICK READING OF THE GOSPELS**

**Be monogamous to this place—  
alternate universes are shimmering adulteries.  
Open the magic lanterns in *this* dark  
calm the frightened children in *this* dream.  
Feed all my my sheep.**

**20 July 2013**

## **THE DEVICE**

**I want one that doesn't hold its settings  
when I turn it on I don't want yesterday;  
I'm lord of the moment, but liegeman to a battery.**

**21.VII.13**

=====

**Old folds of new skin  
to fields of Hungary  
furrowed for a film  
there are legitimate reprisals  
a sky full of cartoons  
and your boyfriend's plane  
skimming in too low—  
this is modern folklore,  
real tears and plastic money.  
And there is no more night—  
religion is the only enemy.**

**Why do you think we keep an empty sky?  
And why are you still reading the oldest book?**

**21 July 2013**

=====

**Rising and falling like the Rights of Man  
the month unfolds  
too hot for history  
a simple meter suitable for song  
but no words yet.**

**21 July 2013**

=====

**I come back to the *behavior body*  
not what it looks like but what it does  
and how it does it  
the dance of every day it does—**

**we need a Pheidias of pure time  
to write the shape of what you do  
write it in something  
more lasting than marble, pliable as you.**

**21 July 2013**

## **BEAUTY**

**again, that sheer *equivalence***

**valid for person place text or seen or sound**

**something that stands beside you**

**and what you're looking at or hearing**

**and whispers to you like a noble servant "I am here."**

**21 July 2013**

=====

**Then the waiting starts  
the bold pirate walks the plank  
again and again into the splashless sea—**

**vanishing is not so easy  
Straits of Sunda and a storm  
twist the stories all together**

**Caesar stabbed in his bathtub  
ride an elevator to the busy Moon  
and you're back home before you leave**

**a puzzled look in your hands.**

**21July 2013**



=====

**Roman numeral four**

**like three drunks waiting for a bus      IV**

**but Tibetan numeral four**

**two slim moons making love.**

**21 July 2013**

=====

**Flowers**

**between me and the world  
the work of the windows**

**I want bold clouds  
to breast up against the sun  
that old Affronter**

**Mostly I want  
winter when the work is done  
and only the crows sing.**

**21 July 2013**

=====

**But why the rail-splitter?**

**Are we not all beneath the stone  
beneath the wheel the furrow  
the heel of brute labor  
instead of sacred Work,  
each one our Opus Magnum under hand?**

**Why just the bloke with the adze and the axe,  
aren't we all caught in the laborious  
sleaze of making other people rich  
the web of that blind lolling *equivalence*  
that Marx called money?**

**Shouldn't the poet rouse us all,  
teachers, nurses (young Whitman  
by the soldier's sickbed), shouldn't he say  
"Let the shoplifter awaken, the drug dealer, the priest—  
let all the dreamers at last  
awaken into their dreams."**

**21 July 2013**

=====

**I set out my book in the sunshine  
to make it rain,  
it's the day of travel  
on the narrow road,  
the bite of distance  
gnawing at my heart,  
I'm so far from myself  
you in the next room.**

**21 July 2013 / Day 8 E**

=====

**I want to make something  
to speak into your lap  
money to spend  
I want to own all the prepositions  
and do what I want with them  
to almost anyone  
I want to demonstrate  
the whole set of them  
show the meaning of each small word  
in on and around you—  
our bodies are not ourselves  
but we go through the body  
to get to the self  
and when we get there  
charm it away by music  
each preposition allowed  
becomes one note of the scale.**

**21 July 2013**

=====

**The church we're all going to be  
sooner or later  
you be the window full of colors  
I'll be the altar rail,  
kneel against me and whisper your lies.**

**21 July 2013**

====

**Can the water walk uphill  
am I a Lydian to ask such questions  
oxygen in the artery gives life  
air in the veins brings death  
it's not all chemistry it's physics too  
your palace in ruins  
stone rotted by endless moonlight  
the only song was emptiness.**

**21 July 2013**

=====

**Waiting to be music  
the silence listens.**

**21.VII.13, chez Q**



=====

**Sometimes music erases  
a word from the mind**

**will it ever come back**

**a word like *Monday night,*  
*window open, sounds*  
*coming in, coming out***

**giving the town a voice  
no dog could do,**

**no natural thing**

**the word is *gamelan,*  
it takes all of us.**

**21 July 2013, chez Q**

=====

1.

Outrage of captured time  
that all you show

is what I know  
but never knew I do—

the squeak of memory  
behind the wall board

beneath my dumb feet  
the rat of remember.

2.

For there are certainties:  
enough to be now,  
reading Omar in the air-conditioning  
to find in coffee all  
the lucid wickedness of wine—  
these once-red berries from Afrika  
recruit me to now, save me  
from the swinish ordinary.  
Or do I mean Homer. Or *moly*.

**3.**

**If you think this is an opera**

**how right you are,**

**Jean-Luc Nancy aussi**

**gazing at cherry blossom petals fallen**

**in some book this too**

**is trying to be. Yes, you.**

**A word that has no meaning but to be.**

**(15 July 2013, Kingston)**

**22 July 2013**

=====

**I swiped a poem  
from the dictionary  
and why not,  
you belong to everyone  
who ever had a mother,  
alas, we all are brothers,  
even all my sisters,  
so every word we speak  
must be incestuous,  
Ird, it should be against the law  
to say anything at all.**

**(16 July 2013)**

**22 July 2013**