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## OF THE ALWAYS RK

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# **OF THE ALWAYS**

## *Part One*

**The always  
on your hands**

**are in your hands,**

**the lost grammar pf Gan Eden**

**a language made exclusively of pronouns**

**and the names of things  
were still asleep.**

*Part Two*

**The advantages of blundering  
midnight beneath the streets of the forests**

**cloacal cathedral**

**stained glass translucent leaves  
because they fell**

**and the trees' amber ruin be  
fine spectacle**

**leaf veins of innocence.**

*Part Three*

**As if a window on a falcon  
open the way  
light lures citizens  
by surfaces to sin**

**swim slide glide  
sunwards into the Danger**

**I hear the radiants  
talking to me**

**at least I think it's me.**

*Part Four*

**Indecisive disclosure**

**a mind without a zipper  
the purse-seine savages the sea**

**and there were words in it  
this time, Antietam,  
bone,  
this time Actium**

**never now.**

**History is a lizard basking in the sun.**

*Part Five*

Each part  
the history of the whole world

each line  
an epic

a movie in 4-D  
waiting for the aisles to clear  
when angels  
saunter by to sell  
those special cigarettes—

you have to see them,  
it's not enough to listen to me,

the fives are strife  
of one color or another,

the girl has a sword  
clutched between her knees

it's as real as a cartoon  
a word's a proffer  
invest in it

a word's a door  
yank it open and disappear.

*Part Six*

**The evidence accumulates.**

**Sun on the terrace  
on a different planet  
we have not yet organized.**

**When you get worried  
recite Saint Paul:  
Do not accommodate  
yourself to the system  
but renew the way you think**

**and then he's young again  
old house new skin  
badminton court out back  
two maidens clad in white**

**a flying shuttlecock.**

*Part Seven*

**Because it still is there  
it still is them.**

**In the movie nothing moves  
but colored light—**

**everything you think you see  
is me.**

**And Pilate wept  
his wife clutched her temples  
the Sabbath crept upon them  
wrapped in ignorance  
to give them ease.**

**Give them peace.**



*Part Eight*

If only I could sing that  
purple kaddish for the living

but none of the words  
taught me tune—

the always  
was still waiting

still heavy on my palms  
fruit overripe

here, I give it to you  
sir or madam on the other star

I mean coming down the stairs.

*Part Nine*

Equivalence is all—

find something you're equal to  
and sleep with it

where else could dreams come from  
or come true?

And when I say you it's art I mean.  
who else would put up with my prattle?

You were on an island in the Indies  
reluctant to be

O be there not

but it's hard to leave  
a place you aren't really at.

*Part Ten*

**Verbum ut pictura**

**See through what I say  
to what it is saying,**

**tell me to tell you  
a wider story,  
one with monsters in it  
things to look at  
but bel repair,**

**a mother who grew  
flowers from her secret places  
and you have to understand**

**because I don't,  
I'm just an ambassador from the night**

**making girlish scribbles  
in my father's ledger book**

**some words intruding on your breath.**

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