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This talk takes the author from his bell
that like a leper he rings out word by word
to warn the clean world of his difference.
Read me and weep. I dissolve love affairs
into aesthetics, your pain into shapely form
but only when you shut up and let me loose
to imagine you with that utter clarity
that comes from having something else in mind.
Be the self you read in me. Your own old self
is just a habit, left over from high school, the scar.
C'est ça. A self is just a scar. So let me
carve you one that's beautiful at least.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

Caught will with want
and then another. Come write
your name with my pencil
on that field of lavender.
Liqueur de fenêtre:
leave me six weeks in your window
and taste me ever after.
This here menacing gush
is meant to be love song.
So lie down and listen.

21 May 2010

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When things are over and they're over
a truck as often as not comes by
and mumbles at the door a while, the mean
basso moan called idling while you
come downstairs wearing only furniture,
dust bunnies nibbling at your toes.
How fierce everything is, the sun's
mini-Nagasaki in the window, dead flies
trapped between your panes. The truck
is waiting. Leaving is what everything
finally means—scripture is clear about that
if nothing else. You try to clutch the doorframe
but the door swings and pushes you right out.
Is there life outside living rooms?
Does any truck know where you want to go?

21 May 2010

POSTCARD TO THE ANARCHIST

Do not read
this government
impersonation of a message
meant to make you believe
a mountain talks, a flower
thinks. Jura. Gentian.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

I am entitled
to every place I've ever been.
I am entitled too
to every place I've ever
read about, or heard
people talk about
where you pick up girls in the zoo.

What I am not entitled to
is this place. This now. This you.

21 May 2010

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The courier *runs*. The preacher
predicts the meaning of what you think
while dozing through his sermon,
that listless place of almost listening
when god knows what your mind
settles down on like a crow on roadkill.
Every moment is a message. Harassed
by angels we hurry through the streets,
we feel the fingertips of meaning
brush our skin no matter how we run.
The sun is like that too. Fear knows
everything, desire only one thing at a time.
I am the wolf who ate the fox who ate
the hedgehog. We mean our way
up to the sun who eats us all.
That is most of what a word can tell.
So be a word. Be it for me.
Come close and let your chosen sound
rest round my neck and sink in
so I can speak. Let me say you.
Then we are complete. Another word,
means we have or are *filled up together*.

21 May 2010

TO A SAD FRIEND

Who is this absent you?
Isn't it all about speaking?

Isn't speaking by its nature
uttering, hence outering,
hence coming towards another
and being heard, hence glad?

To have brought so many things
into the light and still be sad—
how strange that must be.
You must feel like a bird with no sky.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

Coming back from the feel of gold
another kind of matter shivers round the skin,
nothing seen but fiercely felt you walk
into a room and change is. Just because
of where you have been,
what you have touched. The power.
Slantwise sun of late afternoon
opens your hair and reads a meaning in.
And that at least one can almost see.

21 May 2010

= = = = =

And what if it could never speak
because it has been spoken?
Shall the few fish of all the miracles
come again flashing from the sea
and all the loaves be wheat again
waving in fields the color
of the hair of those grey-eyed Ligurian
women you see in Genoa.
Shall the colors go back to the sun?
Am I in the wrong Italy? Or is there
anything left to remember,
anything to decide?

The dice—
as the man said—have been thrown.
How few the possibilities! Eleven
ways that we can go—mustn't there be
one more, the secret one,
hidden in the symmetry of number? Of mind?

22 May 2010

HANDLYNG SINNE

All the lurid sins I let myself imagine
add up to one long small penance:
things as they are.

Is is a code-word

for *seems*

among the gentry who think
hard about what people do
who are not them.

* * * * *

And birds
the little vacuums overhead
inhale our vision
suddenly the empty sky

* * * * *

We are lumber waiting to be a house.

* * * * *

Purple irises still know me
but do you

the absolute question
always has *never* in it.

Or always in it.

23 May 2010

= = = = =

for Tom, who likes to eat indoors:

a three-star cavern
deep in the Dordogne

at your place a charger
shows a glazed
image of the outer world

oaks and larks and motorcycles
they take it away
when the broth of truffles comes.

23 May 2010

= = = = =

The organization of it

is the real problem.

How the traffic flows

through the plazas and rotaries of the brain

seeking what?

The brain

is an all-day commute.

It strives to get to work and get home

simultaneously.

That's why

we're still here, flow

never stops.

Every synapse a suicide.

Otherwise we would know.

Otherwise we would really go.

23 May 2010

= = = = =

The reign of darkness

roving us around.

Who can sit down?

Everything is the same as something else

if only you could find it.

First principles and petty laws.

Everybody knows someone you don't know—

how sweet the air now it looks like rain.

23 May 2010

= = = = =

Branch rap
a shake of leaves
blesses the house.

24 May 2010

= = = = =

Rafters built, something like remorse,
the way a stranger might
all too briefly stop and open
half-wide her eyes

then slip past

and you have no idea
just what she saw as you, or in you
waiting to become, or just behind you
even then (even now) its paw
gentle near your shoulder—

just so this framework stood

and you had to play
the role of polite astonished stranger
gazing at the house you've built.
stone by brick by glass by iron,
not too much iron,

the architect unseen.

Who is this house of yours?

Whom does it serve?

24 May 2010

= = = = =

Pens are running out of ink on me again.

Long epic cut short.

Too busy to see what's in my hands.

24 May 2010

LIFE FORM

This kind of insect
has sixty-five legs
and hates symmetry.

Has three and a half eyes
and loves to hear Polish spoken
by young women—
those nasals!

 but has
no nose to call its own.

Its shell is big enough for two of it,
moves slow through the air
on just one wing—a mystery
to scientists but they don't care:
if it doesn't play by their rules
it might as well not be there.

24 May 2010

REQUIEM

How small everybody really is
compared to all the rest!

The sun is over the linden exactly
like an upside-down exclamation point—

the morning writes Spanish!
Rest in peace, Jose Lima!

two thousand suits!
never wore the same one twice!

We are all in this together—
a chipmunk eats birdseed wouldn't you?

24 May 2010

= = = = =

But I didn't think the answer
would be so close,

 a mile along phlox
spangled road all in the May new
and there it was, a shape
made out of twilight,
the gloss of memory still on her
and her arms reached out
like an old poem
and we were crowded in a host of strangers
all claiming to be friends.

24 May 2010