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= = = = =

Dark with everything that has been said
the night comes down.

All our words
turn into ink and stain the sky—
scribble, palimpsest, overlapping
alphabets.

And only the stars show through,
unconquerable silence of their light.

26 May 2009

= = = = =

The world is not really there.

Things are not where we think they are.

Distance is pure illusion.

Chicago for instance is right here.

I saw it from the corner of my eyes,
a street corner in Lincoln Park,
trees and a car coming round it.

Rail, air, road – they're all
commercial tricks to sell illusion.

There is no going, and nowhere to go.

You need no money. Step
right here into where you want to be.

This was sudden pure revelation, and I'm not sure I got it all right. The italic text came through more or less verbatim, while the rest is an attempt to understand what I understood (in dream, waking) those lines to mean.

26 May 2009

[dream orts:]

Can you play tennis with the ball still in its shell?

= = =

See this dial?

This dial is delicate.

it lets you adjust the future—

what your meeting with whomever will be like

and who you'll be when you finally come home.

27.V.09

(verbatim)

= = = = =

Listen hard to the having
then flow. Fall
if that's how it has to be
but between Her knees.
The worship *is* the satisfaction.

2.

The Czar played tennis
while his flotilla sank.
What we do not know
will lay the kingdom low.
But later, later, time's
deft volleying renews.
It's over now, for him,
the ball still sails quick
white over a netless earth.

3.

You told me all I need to know.
The jumbled encyclopedia lies all around us
randomly relevant. Fire. Water.
Prism. Crystals are a dialect of light.

No. Caravans overtaken by night
light a feeble campfire among the camels

that you see inside the diamond and think
the sun itself is locked withink
this little crystal. And that's true too.

27 May 2009

= = = = =

Being out loud. And being silent—
the way ghosts are, seeing but not heard,
only the temperature is under their control
and sometimes the wind. We are out loud
but no one listens. They are quietly
and we do not hear. Fear
is our only interaction. But they
feel nothing but compassion.

27 May 2009

TERRARIUM

Seeing these little spiders pale
for cave life with our ancestors
gentlemen prefer blondes I see
because their mothers way back were,
mind recedes to the blond condition,
knowledge of ice. What pallid
whimsy started our descent
into sunlight and seashores?
I have Cro-Magnon bones, I shelter—
in the dark grotto, writing by skin-light.

28 May 2009

= = = = =

Something, where nothing was.
Or other things, words already,
but not this. Or if this
not this array of it. We alone
are the permutations.

28 May 2009

= = = = =

Another vein is walking
down my hand, between
Jupiter and Saturn flows
to what new purposes?
Deltas of decision—
but don't look too closely
at what one seems to be.
Let blood run its business.
Sit dreamy in the boardroom
while the actual workers work.

28 May 2009

= = = = =

Sometimes crows speak human
and then I understand even less.
Sometimes they caw caw on high
and then I know right through
which way to go. They care.
A crow is on us, a crow is care.

28 May 2009

= = = = =

Nuts fall on roof of hut.

It is thousands of years ago.

What is there that could change?

28 May 2009

= = = = =

Lovers are more susceptible to the moon
because they are mostly liquid.

The solid parts of them clutch frantically
at tree roots, boulders, buttresses
to struggle against the irresistible flow.

29 May 2009

= = = = =

No time to tell.

Uncles used to cut
a fresh chunk of apple
into their tobacco pouches.
Union Leader. Uncle Joe.

29.V.09

= = = = =

I am an emerald.
After all it's Friday.
Tomorrow the violin
will try to be me
and I will let it sing
because we will both
be black. A black
violin! A white sky!

29 May 2009

= = = = =

lluvia

rain

on the Talmud

but in the Armenian film the holy books
are spread out, hundreds of them,
on the monastery roofs to dry.

They are wings in the wind, uneasy, anxious to speak.
There had been rain.

There is always rain always Talmud always talking
but it is never at the center,
she explains it well,
the words are coming from the outside in, they weave
a portolan chart that shows where the land of meaning
is or might be, its coastlines fractally intricate particular but she

knows where the mainland is. The heart is the country.
The language is the coast. The Talmud is seagulls
screaming around their secret nest

this kind of bird nests in the sky.

29 May 2009

= = = = =

Caught my eye
we say of it—
things have hands
and eyes have hands too—
they clasp.
A handshake
is the emblem
of the skandha of perception,
something noticed
something grasped.
Each thing actually alive
welcoming in us.

29 May 2009

[end of Notebook 314]