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ART

always ready to
what, return?
always ready to
anything—
do what you never wanted,
say what you never thought.

Things spoken
have no need of us.

*

Our age understands *alogia* – mystery statements, words from nobody’s mouth, or Nothing’s mouth. All language tells the truth constantly. Flarf is at least as true as whatever I might be thinking. Likely more so.

Don’t be difficult. Language is religion. Flarfistes are our fundamentalists.

Language, like the Qur’an, is eternal. But unlike that book, it is always changing.

Language is polytheism at work. Pity the poor henotheist preacher –imam, rabbi, priest – who has to deny the multiplicity of the divine within the world using the very tools that ceaseless affirm it.

4 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Can I still be healed by what I see?

Amplitudes of the obvious
wait for the scared child—

all of this is left to him
but does he dare touch it?

4 June 2009

ARIA

It is not singing in me yet.
Contradictions are
usually the best music,
clarinets and English horns
whining about the weather
because my girlfriend
will not come today

and the dog trots along
on wet asphalt and
doesn't notice the other
dog his reflection
that trots beneath him
upside down—but I
notice, I have to make do
with that for my Isolde,
a passing image, one
interrupted gleam.

4 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Clearing the sky
is a why kind of thing

like a map of somewhere
else you'd rather be

emblems of otherness!
a Mauretanian flag on your staff!

and from your own lips pour
words you can't understand!

is it love or it it just more politics
subtle shunts of indecision

where for one tinselly moment
the altar boy becomes the priest?

4 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

ARIA 2

A chance again to be lyric, Eric,
like the chump in the opera who
chants while he's dying, suppose
singing makes as much sense as
anything else at that moment
such a business dying must be—
here open the bible at random
and get us an oracle for today
I love the stuff about Amelekites
the name mostly I forget the story.

4 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The trees they cut in dream
the Augusta pine was next
the one before it they just leaned on
and down it went the men
were doing this for the Government

what chance does another man have to dissuade them?
what they're doing is not right
what they're doing they say against fire
is really against the earth itself
our house our whole dream.

5 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

UNDER THIS BLUE BANNER

the calm I wanted
wasn't waiting here.
Have to find it
inside, someplace—
do I even have one of those?

5 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Slow opening of laptop
reminds me of something
soft whirring, chewing,
pages riffling in a book
breath in someone's ear—
only when it's quiet
are we ready to speak.

5.VI.09 Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Morning quiet. Let the gulls
do it. The grass
of before the beginning.
I have my deed. The book
is written. The wall is done.

*

But every book also
breaks a hole in another
wall, the one that knows us in.

5.VI.09, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Things find me
where I fell,
broken masonry
I fell around my own feet
still on their plinth
imperial, my shattered
head only one eye
working looks up
but most of what I see
is me, the fragment
upright, the legs
lost into the sky.
And all around me
the wreck of what I seemed.
Of what I saw and said
and once when all the men
were sleeping what I sang.

5 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

What I still don't understand
is doing nothing. Wu wei.
Confession time: this is me
speaking, not the vector I
moves all those verbs around.

This is me. Wanting
to discover Tuscan calm
a terrace and a vine
and the sun going down
and nothing I can do about it

nothing needs to be done,
nothing
 really needs to be done.

5 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Are there such people as dreams show
shorter plumper preoccupied with her word
a word she kept saying over and over
till I touched the word itself to silence us.

5.VI.09 Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

To mark the new day
into itself he said
a headland in the sea
no one has ever stepped on one
or healed clean in the other

but this thing you're looking at
is a contradiction of your thinking—
grapple, tusk it in the haunch
and be calm above it, watching,

we are animals he said
but not the kind you think.
The mind's a spear
the spear has long ago been thrown
it still is hurtling through the bitter air.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Trying to be smarter than I am
I caught a wave on its way in
seized it all white and creamy
carried it inland pressed to my chest
and showed it to everybody in the marketplace

look this is the whole sea I said
only now it is shaped like me
and I am drenched through my heart and mind
with the whole sea love me I said
they watched with puzzled respect and looked away.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Intimate foreclosures
as when the phone rings
and rings and you know
she's there. Or when
the leaf makes up
its mind and falls.
Suddenly it's done.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

=====

There is another here
not here

find it (it's not
there)
before it's too late.

6.VI.09

ISLAND, EARLY

The dogs are in the street
the cats are in their houses
the water is mostly in the sea.

6.VI.09, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

It's hard to live when your dreams are far away
in another country. When you wake up you can't
even remember what language. Only the way people's
thighs squeeze tight together a secret protected.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

And you call yourself a bird—
you don't even have a sky.

6.VI.09

= = = = =

We are the problem makers
we're proud in doing

we break
anthracite below your sleep
we teach water how to burn.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk