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Waiting for something anyhow
just this amazing silence
of a rainy morning, the cars
occasional on wet roads
only grace notes to this *grosse Pause*

the word
is shaping itself
in the wet woods

listen!

Prick up your ears, my foxes,
this word once said
will not come again.
But it will stay. Be
the first to hear it, this
word shaped like today.

29 August 2009

= = = = =

Walking up the hill to be worthy

and when you get there waiting

naturally as a bird pecks seed

is what we call religion—

reading over and over again

the scriptures of your memory

and the new testament of your desires

try to make sense of how you stumbled

uphill and fell into the sky of this moment

this is the mountain beyond the mirror

you have entered into yourself and this

landscape is your only science now,

what the weird priest meant by saying

Stop thinking in between two seconds and just listen.

29 August 2009

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So I read the paper
and the day was still there.
I read it over last night's coffee
while the new one was brewing

and I feel like such a wastrel
reading about what only happened
or what people think did or what
they think about it or say they do

my fingers stiff from clutching
the big pages close to my eyes
blocking out the world—
but here it still is, wet and green

its quiet ringing in my ears.

29 August 2009

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Forgive my Nestorian manners
to keep in black and blue
the annals of everything

sêmata tês hodou the sacred
whatever comes to mind

to the road
which is the mind of the world

and all I know is what happens?

I shrine it in this white cave
so all in future times may know
one sparrow just now settled on some grass.

30 August 2009

MASKS OF THE THING BEING DONE

I am lost in doing no time to write it down
what happens when we get around to letting it
happen is words we let out that make people
behave out loud and do things to each other
the words make them do in public with almost
full conviction that what they're doing is what
they want to do at least right then with the words
in their ears and their soft wet mouths whoever
they are speaking into what somebody is doing
in them or from them or to them it is all just
one thing to say or being said or seeming to do
actors acting jugglers juggling not actually juggling at all

30 August 2009

CRISIS

The line of a poem
is friction to the feel of breath
ropes and partnering and dance floor of it

I mean the rigor of how the morning's breath
determines or allows the day's first utterance

lets it out

that once out proposes a system the breath
softly follows for a while until a changed
thinking happens, a bell rings, a contralto
calls, the system falters, a new strophe begins.

The shallower the breath the quicker the mind.

30 August 2009

SYLLOGISM

I thought I wanted you
it was simple as that
but what does wanting
want? And what
does wanting have to do
with you? Desire
is its own predicate—
its substance is accident.
I don't pick up the phone.

30 August 2009

PLAYTIME

Situation is glass
a glass door
mirroring the city
leads out of it

things have a foreign accent
they seem to possess
a dialect of meaning
something all by themselves

sand liberated
from the hourglass.
A dead bee
on the windowsill.

30 August 2009

hommage à Tati

= = = = =

Caring for us

Currus – triumphal

chariot the parade

the float passes

through masked figures

silently down torchlit streets

a naked personage

enthroned thereon

this singular Passenger

holds half aloft

a spindle on which something

spins the whir of it

the only sound

in all this crowd

God looks down.

30 August 2009

after Petrarch

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I don't think there would be enough of me
to answer No if someone asked. The ship
is almost out of sight, hull-down they say,
just some geometry of sails and masts
annoying the horizon. I don't think I'm on board
but you can never tell, and there are
too many of me to tell where all of me is or are
and nobody clear-minded enough to keep count.
The waves, the waves! Each so different,
inveigling ecstatic inspection becomes introspection
and there we all are again locked in what we see
everywhere. But not on the sea (not on the sea).

30 August 2009

FLEEING INTO MY LIFE

The hum inside my head
is anybody else.
You can't hear him but I can,

him or her or whom.

The *indeterminate*
entity that is pure saying.

Some famous rabbi said
an angel is nothing but his message
nothing but what he says

if there were two sayings
there would be two angels.
And all this while trying to be one.

30 August 2009

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The gleam of thinking
sparks the shadows
under the rock face
into meaning.

What do I mean to them?
What good do I do
to the stone either
at the edge of the road
someone carved
VOTE WILSON on
a hundred years ago?

30 August 2009

The Horatii and the Curatii

Broad gentle excitements of Mercadante
remind me of a manifesto I'm supposed to post
all over New York:

The civil war is always
between poetry and prose.

The civil war between Orpheus and Aristotle,

the blond barbarian shamans and the rational brokers.

Ireland and Switzerland.

And they are all in us, in you, in me.

Nobody could be Swisser than me. .

Between artists and curators. This war that speaks me
makes every other possible—men wake up
from incomprehensible dreams and rush out to kill.

After ten thousand years do armies make sense?

Only a dumb rationalist could still think so,
rationalists never learn from experience, only poets do

but they sing it all away and soon forget
so that they can take hold of flesh and sing again

how to stop wars, throw all the weapons away

disband the armies, have only as many children as
you can teach not to kill.

Roll the rock uphill
where no deity snickers at the crest at you.

Blank sky always ready to forgive.

31 August 2009

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What would I tell you
if I could talk
(why can't I?)
or you could hear

(but you can hear
all the time
I think) ?
Would it be

something about me
after all
do you need to hear
or I to tell)

or is there really
something I need
to tell you
you need to hear

even if neither of us
ever comes to it,
hearing, speaking,
looking away?

31 August 2009

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I wanted to write to you
because you are a university
and a silk thing saying yes
and other alphabets. Cycle
there and see. Then stay.
I will pay for every circumstance
in funny money. Here,
a 37 zaba bill. Picture shows
me when I was pasha of it
can't remember the oasis's name
somewhere by the sea or not.
A broken wave. A grain of sand
left in the crotch of my fingers
beneath the ring waiting for your hand.
Send the music back
when you're done hearing. And the word
when it finally gets through.
We are privileges for one another—
what else could the tree have meant?

31 August 2009

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The snake said nothing. It reached
gently stiff from the branch
like an emerald green tree boa
and licked her ear. Eve
did all the rest. Became a γοης,
a shaman, opened up her mouth
and shouted what she saw.
Bad times coming. Exile and war.
Sons killing each other forever.
Childbirth a nightmare of embodiment.
The bible is her prophecy
in some detail. Not all of it
means what it says. She saw a lot
but left things out. Things too fierce
or sometimes too sweet. The licked
ear opens up the voices of all things.
Birds and such, and foreigners,
and the north wind, and waves on the shore.

31 August 2009