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Let it understand along the way

let it taste me to be sure—

am I the one I claim to be

or am I someone who doesn't much

like other people—all that skin—

a daft whistlebinkie all alone

would rather stay up behind the altar.

You don't have to believe in God

to pray sincerely. Prayer

is a god all of its own, a whirl

of energy that keeps me who I am.

Or think I am. Only you

can prove me wrong.

And you are mostly

silent in the sanctuary.

15 September 2009

TRAGEDY, 1

From each according to his liberty
to each according to his dread—
that's how tragedy's supposed to work,
a young man whispering in an old man's ear.

15.IX.09

TRAGEDY, 2

They knew the wheel but had not much use for it
they weren't going anywhere
and everything pretty much grew right here.
The wheel was the beginning of tragedy.
It starts when Laios goes out for a drive
it ends when his son walks into the trees.

15.IX.09

TRAGEDY, 3

They knew there was a fire
ran through the body of a woman or a man
a fire that told them what to do

and made them do it. They called
this fire *water*
and dreamt of drowning in it

or pouring it out on unknown altars
like cows' milk in the laps of virgins.

15 September 2009

= = = = =

If the word would only tell me
what it wanted, would wake up
a minute before I do and be ready
to instruct me. But most mornings
wordless wake—I lie there
waiting for it to brush my lips.
Your word, especially, brought
from all the places you've been.

15 September 2009

VARIATIONS, RECOLLECTIONS

Prove it. Ripen
it on your vine
not its own.

You'll never know
which of you is you

and what the shadow on the wall
is the one bothered
all day long by the sun.

15 September 2009

= = = = =

Comfort me green
as an island or a hawk
alone in the sky who
could be more alone than I?

Never poultice a dead wound—
the blood creeps ceaseless
underneath reminding
I died for thee.

15 September 2009

= = = = =

Cloud cantilevered
beams of occident light.
Dreams waiting in the mountain
my name a stone you roll away.

15 September 2009

= = = = =

Blue sky through
green trees
nothing tells anybody
more than it does
the need to be here
to be part of what I see.

15.IX.09

= = = = =

Turn the pages for me
so my eyes for once
don't command my hands

then I'll read whatever text
you spread out before me
and study that, and that alone

sole apocalypse of mystery.

16 September 2009

= = = = =

Soi mon livre
inconnu, l'archive
de l'avenir.

Waiting begins
so many songs
silence has
up its sleeves

all I need's
a blonde vocalist,
a pilgrim voice
over a dark audience

hearing her cry
and knowing why.

16 September 2009

= = = = =

I'm trying to be so simple.
Like oatmeal in the morning
or a dead wasp on the windowsill.

16.IX.09

= = = = =

Don't think I did what none do
a dither in the head I pretend to
wake from what I pretend to dream

I can't find the outside

though the window screams at me
the dubious synesthesias of the working day

my light won't hear.

17 September 2009

= = = = =

Keep it small
no bigger than one
of the three little
frogs we saw
at Clermont
on the pond's rim
one slipped in
then we were two.

17.IX.09

= = = = =

Close the window close the door
the stars are coming down in daytime

I bring you country matters
a thing in a nest of things

a fold of skin around an idea
a place where a road is a miracle

to a place where weddings
last longer than marriages

so thick with music is it.

17 September 2009

= = = = =

Casual arrivals on these shores

also seagull pure

or true commando

bracketing [image]

by eye-sign,

skid of cloud over water tower

knows whose face it is

water inside wood held up in air

grab not too ungently

her by mane

(whose mother worries

all love long),

turn on the anxiety machine

to drown out your glad afflictions and.

18 September 2009

= = = = =

This is the last day
a life meant.
After this a pure
discover of.

18.IX.09

SANCTUARY

In the Audubon upland the birds were safe from our observation—we were the inspectors come with spyglass and camera to know them. But this was their sanctuary. The birds were weary of being known. They rested undetected in the trees. They didn't have to perform—flutter, chirp, sing, condescend to our miserable backyard seed. Here they were other people, alone in their green homes, at most keeping an eye maybe lazy on our wanderings.

18 September 2009

after a visit to Buttercup on Route 82

= = = = =

You clear the head by playing solitaire—
now how do you clear the clarity away?

18.IX.09

= = = = =

The crows sound glad

I discover how they sound.

18.IX.09

NIHIL

How much is little? Or less?

The Romans, with all their five
declensions, had none to decline

nihil, ‘nothing.’ A word

that resembled itself

and danced with everyone.

Nobody who is anybody

can actually dance—

that’s what Kierkegaard meant—

not even with God.

Only nobody knows how to dance.

18 September 2009