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A PLOVER

Plover. Material.

Plover pebble of all
that fall from the sky some go up.

Arterial flows *out*.

Plover.

Hover.

In the child a mind hovers
will it settle will it rise.

A habit is to hide.

Hide in.

Skin is called hide.

The skin's an honest
workman, all else lies.

Plover.

Killdeer. Skirl of certain birds
squeal of bigger ones.

Hum

underneath the tune (nature)
a different one.

Name *that* tune

like the men of old
crouched over their warm radios
trying to hear

a bone or a bird.

Material is always going in.

Entering.

Take the is out.

Take out every is.

The deer step careful over shingle
at the western prong of the island
where winter storms give agate days.

Anyone by name
(keep talking have always less to say
more free the saying)

by name

they dubbed you listening
and made a fuss
when you came home so late
from being out, from being
as bad a girl as a boy could be
the smell of winter air still on your coat.

Dear friend we reek of weather
dear friend weather is the endless
conversation of the whole world
its discourse addressed to us
in steady speaking,

weather is how
the world talks
and cloudless brilliant days are silence.

But the plover.

But having.

But not having.

Bring home the places you were.

All the places

you sat down,

come home with you,

all the birds.

Lift your hands

in the dawn light

in silvery approximation of birds,

two hands to say

so many fowl.

Sunrise.

Smoke over the bakery.

Batteries fail on cold nights.

Plover.

When you think of weather as a road

the Arctic is not far.

Things are trying to remember you.

Tern. Plover. Gull.

The material
world is the alphabet of something else

some other kind of language
a world without apples and grief.

Birds. But we
are the verbs of it,
without us the system does not move

(here raise your hands,
not being birds but being verbs,
talk with your hands,

verbs
scampering through the dusty
hallways of sheer thing,

birds
lost in a museum.

point to your mother, hands,
kiss your brother,

make this place your own
a door for others,

cross me every street
and run me home—
now let them fall

the birds of your body having spoken)

But the plover particular
its eggs on the sea cliff
(Donegal, so cold the sunlight
even under Erigal
let alone the foreland)
children raiding the nests of,
is that not resemblance enough?

In matter's song we sing along.
Death by dictionary
 a child falls
from the mind into the idea,
a school is made of frozen smiles,
scholarship the laugh-track of reality?

The egg falls.
This one
won't fly.
Your fault.

 Or find
when you climb to the nest
(how difficult the theory of ascent)
egg already cracked, shell dry,
the plover flown
into the beginnings

from pebble to pebble

falling

as if it had once (never)
come from some tree?

A thing

(whatever it be)

is arterial
flows outward from the laundry of what lungs
into the new created evidence of now.

Never created. No birds

as has been made clear.

And they made a fuss too when you went out
knowing the neighborhood
was no place for the word
much less a mother
but go out anyhow,
sit on the stoop all wrapped in wool
and let the weather talk,
what then?

Is it again?

1 October 2009

= = = = =

Dew dripping slow
off the eaves
in the sun glare—

just to say it
is a line from an old poem
lost into our impatience
our resistance

morning still on earth.

2 October 2009

= = = = =

Calculate the moon
divide it
go right outside it
the moon is a road

when you get there
you will find yourself
at the cool shady
back door of the sun

and all the promises
the night made you long
ago come true, you eat
fruit from black trees,

you drink the purest sleep.

2 October 2009

= = = = =

From being easy
from being
putting

the apple back up on the tree
reversing the calumny on Eve
revising gravity.

2 October 2009

= = = = =

get rid of prediction & just know

get rid of explanations & just be

2.X.09

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Looking for it.

Here it is.

Reinhold Keiser's *The Neapolitan Fishermen's Rebellion*.

I am an opera I am 1706

I make bird sounds high in my throat

my skull is alert to these sonorities

because I too am cathedral am dome am stone.

Sometimes a bone

falls out of my body

and walks around. Walks

around and climbs the stairs children call

the wooden hill to Bedfordshire

but later goes downstairs

and goes downstairs

and climbs back into my body

and is mine

then I can go walking around all alone

sometimes it's just a little bone

I hardly know it's gone.

2 October 2009

= = = = =

But it's not easy,
chimneysweep.
Not easy plumber
shover of
all that lead
deep in the earth.

One day it occurred to me
all the earth below the ground
belongs to me. I dug down
first with my fingers then a trowel
then a shovel but as deep as I delved
the core of the ground was not to be found,

the core was in
some continent called Thee
or I called it that,
lacking an accurate
measure of your name.

2 October 2009

= = = = =

What she gives me
to write with
in the ordinary

the distant
farfetched light
around a hand

to give it or take
in any gift
all qabbalah speaks

we stagger to receive.

3 October 2009

SPARROW

or take
vigilance away
and let her

slip through the mail slot in the house door
fondling the light
that only lives outside the house

remember me
the gutter said
its swift
current carrying the rain
remember me
the lamp post said
be queen of cigarettes—

of such images
a father mind

but in the Valley of the Eternal Father
somewhere in Andalusia
one saw in the niche of the chapel
at the climax of the pilgrim's hill
an hour's climb: stone chapel
the niche is empty,

the idol

is not here, the idol

is emptiness,

sunyata

eternal (time

has nothing to do with

her)

mother of the world

one also climbed

being no pilgrim

and everything one worshipped

was always at hand,

the urgent et cetera of a common land

his hand or her hand

conferring this or that

one also climbed

as if the air

itself were the tree in question

always in question,

and the stupid apple

really a star,

there

and a hand could

and a hand did—

and who is this who tells me put it back?

Any bird knows
everything to use

(how could such a beautiful
thing as a flag belong to a war?

I demand symbols free of signifieds
I demand a new bird
full-fledged out of emptiness)

even the least of it to soar.

Be common, that even
I might know thee

(footsteps in a strange house
pale intensity of rain light
but no rain)

listen!

I hear someone saying listen!

the other
kind of bird

blue flame on the gas range
vegetation of the food for animals and men

what are men the food for?

Know me?

I don't even know my name.

Birds fly free

of such particulars

small enough to be here

in this small place in this world

inner space old book Roman ruins

a cat. One more beautiful damn cat.

And these

so beautiful among the anxious small,

like the earth itself taking wing, small wing,

they do not know if they settle

on a girl's hand or a boy's—

that is (Rilke tells us)

why angels also have wings.

We who are the living and the dead

at once,

bird and the dust she bathes in.

3 October 2009

= = = = =

How can there be another language

how can differences even exist

in this same world?

what kind of moon

do they have in Poland?

what kind of feet do they walk on in Peru?

3 October 2009

= = = = =

Dance

is the body's
struggle to resist the tormenting
pressure of something outside it,
outside the body,
 compelling it,
the aggression,
the animal of music,
 the beast of words.

3 October 2009