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BATTLES

Antietam her brother fell her
angel in cement stands over
blood drips from the name itself

Belleau Wood what shall we do
the trees are demons bomb the trees
the brain artillery scullery trash

Chickamauga father blood father
blood a sword with a nicked blade
steel nick in the skull of Uncle Ad

Delhi drought-shallow Yamuna red
stink riverbottom besiege me blook
love's bowstrings made of bees

El Alamein a politics of little knives
the rain will never come the sand
speaks every language you can die

(Please be me by battle be me by war
I fear the Turks are coming the Saracens are at the door
the Vikings storm up every wick the Redcoats

will eat our maize and spoil my only daughter Kate
I love her high notes in Greenland's Icy Mountains
the cellar is filled up with rain
a blacksnake shivers on a morning rock
and still the soldiers are coming but do not come)

(25 November 2009)

Where could the father be
who left his son to wallow in the mud of Gettysburg
Waterloo Ypres Imphal in monsoon
muss ein lieber Vater wohnen sings the ode

= = = = =

Let the psaltery resay it
never enough praise the hills
have to hop trees cry you
you are my weather and my accident
all the rest is essence praise

But is your name the essence too?
How can so many bear to be called You?

26 November 2009

= = = = =

Lingering channels
of fog after rain
I follow them
through trees

fog always knows
something worth knowing
something it hides—

Go
to what is most deeply
hidden,
where else could I find it
before the sun climbs high
and hides everything in light?

26 November 2009

= = = = =

Excitements of Brumaire.

Any fog any mist. Why.

Because it lures the eye

and makes me look

because it's hard to see. Because

it reminds my genetic code

of some other island?

Because it silently

touches everything?

Your hair damp come in from the woods.

26 November 2009

= = = = =

Apologize to the crows
for wasting their eternity
fighting our wars.

27.XI.09, Boston

(Sleepless, composing political haikus)

AMERICANS

One percent of all of us
are in jail—
what a shitty haiku, this.

*

Most of us in prison are
male and black.
Guess what color judges are.

27.XI.09, Boston

= = = = =

The things one thinks
into sleeping
wake two later.

27.XI.09, Boston

= = = = =

Everything amounts to blue—
the incomprehensible
amounts to mystery:

that is, poetry you can't understand
opens, through words, a door that words
you understand can never open,

we make words into the gates of mystery
and open them.

Not Blake's Rahab the harlot of priestcraft
government obfuscation imposition

but a song
slender as silverpoint
the mysterium:
uninterpreted sensation
sung by color in the ear

the sacred sin of skin.

27 November 2009, Boston

ANCIENT UNIFORMS

legionary devices
leaning on the sky—

imagine blindness,
seeing only in your dreams.

Imagine weather
rush home from any
where you are—

to be a fugitive is crucial,
running away is our episteme,
madmen rushing through rosebushes
to become the color of what they see,

a thorn in your Asia Minor traced
it trickles out as liberty
a bad word for being free.

Feel free. The iron tread
up the fire escape
the water tower of the rising sun
I walked towards Fifth Avenue
when the world was young.

27 November 2009, Boston

= = = = =

Too wake to sleep
too sleep to write
I live inside photos
almost come alive.
Daylight almost is.

27.XI.09, Boston

= = = = =

Sin on salt meadow
we have to go walking
the rain is on our feet
sunset a cloud carapace

jumbos grumbling down to Logan
when I hear a sound above
(thunder on the left, *templum* of the sky)
I know that space has come

space arms around me I would sleep

and miles from here a north marsh
stretches out in wind,

27 November 2009, Boston

(Dreamt:)

they say when the smells
of roast pork or bacon frying
fill the air the pigs are silent
in the barnyard, the pigs
do not squeal.

27/28.XI.09, Boston

(Night crawling thought, insomniac:)

Poets by their nature are
not sequacious of honors
for other poets. The more
they respect the words of another
poet the less they pronounce
his name, lest Fame
overhear and crown him
with bay leaves instead.

Laurel smells very evil
on someone else's head.

28 November 2009

Boston

= = = = =

Stalin's mustache and Mao's scowl

Hitler's eyes—

my own face in the mirror.

28 November 2009

Boston

= = = = =

A world without commissars
and corporations, without priests,
without me telling anybody what to do.

28 November 2009

Boston

