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These things remember me.

These facts are me. Me.

мы. *Nous*. We are mind.

A pronoun comes before a noun

the man I love

is the only song.

19 December 2009

= = = = =

Cavorted on your horsy—
some painters paint you truth
those mad eyes terrible arched nostrils
the world is filled with frightened children

have no commerce with the map
and here your map in especial
I rend in two
 scraaaa the paper sounds
as I tear your land in half,
your world is sinful with alphabets
of all the words you do not write—
you do not answer me
night turns into day where you are not.

19 December 2009

REFUGE

The simplest way to say it

I do not understand

it's that time

Christmas trees

lashed to car roofs like dead deer

frequent the season

hide me, mouth

of my kind cave

gapes,

the tremendous infancy of rock

quiet on my skin.

Come back to wood

stone water.

You think

there is more but there is not.

And fire.

19 December 2009

PROLOGUE TO BE SPOKEN

(by Aviv, who steps to the first page of his Samson book and declaims)

This scholiast assembled

the riddance of the world

and from these gibbering orts

made mellifluent

new sense, senses,

so simple, sir,

what overhears itself in time—

those things only I wrote down

to please as it might be a Lady,

a lady who reads through everybody's eyes.

19 December 2009

TIME HOUSE

1.

I'll soon have no news left

φως αυγει it is the solstice soon
and the Randomizer comes again
licking the walls of space

the light increases.

Then it will be now.

Saracens abound,
the secret passage into town
hides under water: be dry
through air unseen
fire unscorched
earth unstifled—

a town is at once the Ordeal
and the reward for passing through it.

A town is a mason thing,
a mystery on a hill, with a box around it
τεμενος or mundus a 'groove'

to cut us off, god!

from what is not town.

2.

This day I saw the dawn

it spoke

for once I felt needed

to see this new light

for everyone

still sleeping,

this light that will be silence

now everyone has gone.

3.

Town = *Zaun* = 'fence' = now

inside the moment

now is Time Town

and over the palisado of it

peering cautiously I discern

the savages' war party

carry off your mother—

who am I fooling now?

In Time Town everyone is safe.

Making things come back to me,

lonely diner and no breakfast.

19 December 2009

= = = = =

How can we let the size of things

dispose my size?

Am I determined?

More Marx than Malibu?

I wandered up the aisle and talked

to the pilot of this plane I dreamed

who said: Aren't you alone enough

even now, in the sky with me

and all the others sleeping

the stewardess having a smoke in the john,

just you and me and Indra out there

weaving and unweaving the clouds?

How could I answer such a smart me?

I went back to my narrow seat

and nibbled almonds till I choked on one

sipped some costly water from a bottle,

slept. So much for me. I gather

while I slept the sky was up to its old tricks

as the land came up to meet us. Welcome

to Montreal, a city spoken of in books

he said. I woke, suddenly afraid.

19 December 2009

== == == == ==

It is our task to coax things along
ancient superstitions or dry cleaners
hardly matters

push push we pray
to Woden that this stone
still be here by supertime,
and this grove growing,
we pray the Psyche way
that every creature help us,

Things I'm telling you need us
we are the birds in their skies
they can't tell us from angels
mostly things trust us mostly
we are their gods.

Someday
even learn to trust a thing.

19 December 2009

= = = = =

Buy it for a nickel
sell it for a dime
What else is time for
but such augmenting?

19.XII.09

= = = = =

Fooling around with the evidence
you can make anybody innocent.
This is the task of my own life,
to be a kind of public excuser.

19.XII.09

= = = = =

Holiday—

the coffee grinder
in the house next door
grinds no more.
A house as quiet as the sky.

19.XII.09

= = = = =

Your days are numbered.

This is **1**.

19.XII.09

= = = = =

Good left eye good right ear
I'll get there yet,
bad right knee good left foot
I'll wobble into Eden
and start this crummy
wonder of a life again.
This becomes that. Everything
you have you always have.
It waits for you right
here at the end of the world.

19 December 2009

ESOPUS ISLAND

Caught by a sandbar
the magus's kayak
noses into shale—
call this an island?
at least it doesn't flow
it doesn't go. All
he needs is a place
to scratch his word
on the window
of the wind for
the world to read.
The rock remembers.

19 December 2009

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They started to remember
and I started to forget—
there are sea creatures
in the human mind even
years after you stop drinking.
That bar on Third in the 50s
collinses in cool booths
still is doing business in your head.

Doctors discover
what they cannot cure,
stuff's going on inside
all the time—no need
to know anything about it.
Ignorance is curative.
Moon River used to play
on a juke box, neon
in the window that long ago,
you hate remembering,
you hate music, you love
the leatherette the sweet cold
gin. And deep down
where the waves are no longer
to be felt, things crawl
on their own agendas

over sand you'll never sift,
you see blue fins, pale
filaments, a Halloween
mask with real teeth. Down
there is you. But once
you lived a season out of town
and one cool summer midnight
heard an owl call something
woke in you from that old
world the wet incredibles
inside. Down there. Song
and subway brought it close
now here you are. The owl
caught you in the claws
of his cry. You will never
drink again. You wake up
in the place you meant to be.

19 December 2009

= = = = =

The blind man's telescope
rusts on its gimbals.
It looks all night
at something it can't see.

I have held your hand
and found it small
inside mine, sometimes
cold and often warm,

from the way you smile
sometimes at me as if
thinking of something else
I know we are the whole sky.

20 December 2009

= = = = =

Of all the foot of snow they threatened
we got none. Dry roads and sun wrapped in a cloud
over the summerhouse, all the birds at peace.

20 December 2009

SECRET ALTRUISM

What's gotten into us
we've started to care about
each other when we're
supposed to care just about meee

but Maria from Moscow
tells me in Russian meee means we
or us at least so maybe
we loved each other all along?

20 December 2009

= = = = =

Robins in winter

too cold for us but they
the two of them
flitter from bare
branch to bare branch
in these roadside trees.

Little trees. Hard
to see quick birds.
In all the cold wind
I feel the body, the deep
warm physical
body of someone
singing to me

and not far away
and not just words.

20 December 2009