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The end of Mahler's
Resurrection means it.
Her voice singing
through it means it.
You mean it. I mean
nothing but listening.

20 December 2009

= = = = =

The chorus sings words
only they understand.
It is like the dead
chanting to the living
in our dreams is how
they keep us alive.

20 December 2009

AFTER READING IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN

We live in the grammatical—
haunted animals, ice floes
untenanted. They listen hard to me
we are waiting among sparrows
but I never know what to say
to a bird so I speak my mind
my shadow. They find language
laughable forgivable cute
as I find them—each of us
one secret in the Father's heart.

20 December 2009

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Obedient also to the hand
the mind conceives.
Throw out your old knives
this spoon will cut wood
—now sup on stone.

21 December 2009

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I think that's poetry he means

or poesy as the young poet called it

Goro

the ancient craft made new again

by condensation and subtraction and gasping for breath.

21 December 2009

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Having knowledge of the other side
slake this. They scurry down there
and then we pounce. Raptors local
to our sky abound. And hawks
those Christmas cards from hell
float over every day. O bright
our place is and a little food
to feed so many miracles.

Little food I love thee
the *hawk saith*. Nobody
sings so lovely as your silence.

21 December 2009

= = = = =

Write more—it is the one
thing knows how to do you
ere you wake into the other's
business for you this Monday morn—
You are this famous other, the sun says.

21 December 2009

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How quickly the sun
flits from window to window
in winter. This
is the shortest day of the year

but there are things to understand—
ripe ones and in short clothes
and branches yearning for something I can't know—
simple words that answer me so deep,
a keychain flashlight in midnight woods.

21 December 2009

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Can there be an animal
knows me so well?
The body once instructed
rouses to adore. The sign
is sumptuous. Believe—
that's the modern habit
confronting mystery, glory.
The old way was better: think
nothing, kneel down and kiss
the underside of everything.

21 December 2009

TIBERIVS

The best rhyming couplet I know: Capri,
naked girls slithering all over me.

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Twilight

on the year's shortest day,

how soon you summon,

Dark, me to your own

consulting room.

Blue veering away,

sun under the hill.

I bring you offerings

of white paper and skinny

writing, words for you

to dim out of mind,

recall tomorrow.

21 December 2009

= = = = =

Suppose the day everything the night
a sparrow nibbling at what stuck to you
from all those hours when you are you

birds come down and do that then they go
a single breath enough to carry them
as far as that miserable horizon holds you

to be in this world means to be yourself
and not another and this is the meaning of hell
to those who see Another over the hill

21 December 2009

= = = = =

Listen to the ball tenders
the quadrille men, bail bond brokers
board of trustees. Listen
to the normal normals, the shoes
on a squeaky-clean feet,
the driver of double-semis south
the lunk atop the Pentagon, the blue
baboon in every zoo, the obvious.
The obvious. All of them are right
and you, you're wrong all the time—
this is the miracle of Christmas
you get born in a fucked-up world
and spin it right, here, between
your bony fingers, nails none too clean,
spin. This apple you bring back
to Eden. Maybe now at last the Dream
Man will turn off the dream.

22 December 2009

= = = = =

Acres of argument. Eros?
I don't think so. Eros
is always at you. This one
casts little evil spells
cat's cradle with rubber bands
you'd better learn to snap.
Control is her way to come.

22 December 2009

AGENDA

only a word.

Nobody knows what we're going to do.
She's off to Tasmania to visit echidnas,
I stay home fascinated by the slope
vernacular geometry of my backyard
up the little ridge beyond which
a stream flows where no one sees it,
ridge where Friday of last week
Charlotte saw a cougar stalk by,
animals everywhere.

So much going
on inside this half-acre—
a house with language and a little hill,
the whole Mabinogion inside.

22 December 2009

= = = = =

This co-production of Sun and Moon
a poem farm. A grammar market.
Truth in lending. What's for breakfast.
Magic, ordinary language I tell
you lies so that you'll love me.

22 December 2009

ENERGY

It takes strength to moan
or ride all morning down a hollow bone
on such small horses. The bone
is from a giant man and we
are his diminished cavalry, infants
in a later age, thing-happy thugs.
Yet we carry love's Talmud with us
as we travel, endless bone, check
each reference as we find it at our feet,
tamarisk, mildewed wall, an owl cries.

22 December 2009

= = = = =

I see the sun is rising—
but how can we be sure
it's morning, not some miracle
of afternoon, magic potion
in the tea, a doubt in the dictionary?
How can I even know I'm seeing
what I see? Maybe it's memory
on the prowl again—enough for it
if I saw sunrise once
silent on an empty Brooklyn street.

22 December 2009

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Tired eyes that saw so many miracles
sleep now in the ordinary dark.
Be the only dim thing anywhere around,
be the empty shuttered room
in all this morning brightness.

22 December 2009

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Tending my fountain pens
tenderly cleaning & feeding.
They are the cows
who give all my milk.

22 December 2009