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= = = = =

But when the orchestra is tuning up
we're not supposed to be listening.
The horns we hear burbling back there
are from another forest – that's the one
where I really want to wander
soaked with that rain, chased
by its wolves and chasing its deer.
Not the polite scored beauty soon
about to resolve out of all this sound,
but the wild wood. The green word.

24 January 2008

[dream, verbatim & after]

Noah,
who ducked his face into the snow
and plunged his bare arm
into a vat of rotten wheat
cried out
I wish I never had one of these!

(...end of verbatim)

meaning a body.
Meaning to be here with us.
Birth, or Africa.

25 January 2008

LOTUSES

All flowers flower
out of dirt below.
Some boast the white
untouched seduction of
the lotus opening
far above the muck
from which it knows.

So from the town
all saints grow,
the noise still feeds them
in desert silences.

25 January 2008

= = = = =

Let be animal
small to snow
big to a photon though
composed of naught
else that I can see.

25 January 2008

= = = = =

We look for souls
to share our fetishes.

25.1.08

A SEAL

But this is close to that
the way a seal
smoothes through the green
dark water of Galway Bay.

A city there, a remembering
place sprawled on the sea.
I look at this sinuous
animal we saw, I think

Be me again, relieve me
of this identity, be fully
human the way no
ordinary me can be.

I change places with the sea.

25 January 2008

CAFÉ SPERL

There I am sitting in Vienna
writing letters to no one.

25.1.08

FARBENLEHRE

Me again. The work of it.
The shape of the actual
distance is what comes

between the skin and its clothes.
Take off that long pale coat:

the color in the middle of the spectrum
turns from green to a strange
purple pink intensity:

Goethe's negative spectrum.
The light turned inside out.

25 January 2009

= = = = =

Squeeze. A certainty
is hand.

 Hold.
The scat of politics
is Saturday
eternally. Connive
at paying no attention.

Brother Zombies, listen in me!

 began by listening, all
 we ever did
 was hear,

We

we are just echolalia of the flesh,
womb-words blithered into time.

We stumble barefoot into space.
Genug already. We are the dead
arriving for their breakfast,
or yours. We are the dead
lined up in the bookshops
anxious for your autograph
on a book we wrote ourselves.
We wrote everything there is.

26 January 2008

= = = = =

Lark alumnae o

come creep down her
family tree a thousand
snapshots already posted
and still a bird
is high, a man sits still
on earth producing
mercaptan compounds
busy at his chemicals.
His set spreads out
along the Straits of Hormuz
the refineries themselves
where the sun once
fell into my hands
and I gobbled it up and have
ever since been on fire,
quenchable maybe but
she isn't here yet, that pale
moon sucks my cinders out.

26 January 2008

= = = = =

The trouble is tiger.
Zombies I woke with
and now this big thing
with stripes and teeth
comes to take away
what I thought was my life
but was only a borrowed
thing, a light bulb
snatched from the cellar
to light up the porch
a little while before time
or weather turns it off for good.

26 January 2008
Kingston

= = = = =

Abate an hour
or spill a sea
clam by clam
onto the shore.

Fidelity is a kind of fish
or an argument,
one or the other,
something suddenly here

gasping at my feet
or closed against the light
a message I suppose
from the bleeding core

of things we call the night.

26 January 2008
Kingston

= = = = =

There I was standing on La Cienega in 1972
then suddenly it was Two-thousand-and-eight
in the snow. How did this happen?

Where did my nights go? This pile of books
is all that's left of me. If me is who I am at all
after all the gorgeous comings and goings.

26 January 2008

= = = = =

**Sift the sky out of the sky
and what is left?**

[dreamt]

It was a question
who knew who was asking
me to decide. To sieve.

[waking]

Or what is left after the sky?
Who breathes the dawn?

[almost awake]

Is it ready yet
over the hill?

[drifting back]

Can't see the clock.
Light is something to eat.
The whole body hungers for it
how? What is my mouth?

[roused, fully awake]

Give us a new mouth.

27 January 2008

I MUST LEARN IRISH

Tá an cailín ag teacht isteach—

that's all the Gaelic I know,
She's coming in from where she's been

and I no wiser. Except I ride her
hidden in her hair

so all the airs she apprehends
hold me too

and I have been partner
to her investigations. That

is why a man studies the body
of a woman so closely:

not to estimate her powers as his mate
or bearer of his children but

to learn where he himself has been.
What he has seen.

And what he has becomes.
And this he learns from one astonished glance.

27 January 2008

Ich komme, dein Theil!

he sings, I am coming to you,
I am a part of you already
hurrying to make you whole,

the terrible jigsaw puzzle of your difference
your pieces scattered all across the world
you've gathered all these years

and need only me to be complete,
I hurry towards you, trembling,
rhyming with salvation.

27 January 2008

Usage, a kind of farewell

To be using something
is to be saying goodbye
to it over and over

the hammer's high
the nail laid low

the hammer can fall
god knows where
in the forest, the nail

it once drove in
can never be lost.

27 January 2008

= = = = =

So much imperfects me
like a sparrow in dust

you'll never come to understand
how much I need

and the constellation of this need
the way it casts

its shadow over every blessed thing
defining the shape of what I think is me.

27 January 2008

= = = = =

This because that.
Ask me another.
A church with no people.
A tear with no cheek.

27.1.08

= = = = =

Call towards a silence
and make it answer.
Tá an bheann ag caint,
the woman's talking,

what does she say?
Only silence knows
and silence never tells.
Sometimes though

you close your eyes
and taste it on the air.

27 January 2008

Τξ αν □εανν αγ χαιντ