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The Welsh mistake. I made
apple in the sky I took a bite
I thought was moon your thigh
called me on the telephone.
Everything happens every night.

[21 XII 07]
April 2008

= = = = =

Facing the wall
you see right through it.
Facing the forest
you don't even see trees.

[23 XII 07]
April 2008

= = = = =

To be in a place where the stream
seems right here right now
has been passing by me in mind
for all my life. Same gentle
downhill dapple. The warrior
I always thought I had to be I am.

[24 11 08]
April 2008

= = = = =

Calm before the stream

calcified ancestor
risen from the pool
deep among caverns

This is how music used to sound—
deep inside Beethoven you hear Rameau,
the soul, the soul but one step at a time

glacial boulder
 stifling morning tide
choked all my nights away

the meal, the meal the Eucharist !

Wake up, flower, sentient
beings have need of your sleep

and when you wake will not the red
dream you inhabited so long
turn out to be our merest dawn?

Gaite ben, gaiteta del chastel !
the morning has an army of its own,
we are besieged by ordinary time,

wake down, wake down into dream
where all the colors are true
and the marks on her skin are
shadows of the absolute,

keep good watch, watchman of the tower,
the soldiers made of daylight
clamber up your walls,

heartbeat, pistils in a blue flower,
stone thrown from the coping
the enemy drowns in glare—

gladiators die among hyacinths,

the message has been clear from the beginning,
language is the dust of the system.

11 April 2008
Olin

Opus 24

And it is spring.
The world is mostly weather

don't you believe me, darling?
I don't even know what you mean
or what that means, the things
we say to one another

or never say,
the violin, et cetera. The way
the nun shaped letters
on the blackboard with her chalk
never exactly like the printed models
pinned above the rail, alternative
versions of written *r*, of final *t*.

The models
of all we are, combined
with all our alternative forms,
the girls the griffins and why
do the birds we are
have so many different tunes,

wouldn't one be enough to say Wake
up or go on sleeping?

11 April 2008, Olin

SCHERZO

What should it Schatzi
what should it Herz

Seelenleide schnell lost

the old familiar

melody comes
and the carousel goes round

love, love and wooden horses
gilt and bright paint and flared nostrils
with no breath in them and love love love.

11 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

Where could they have come from
to be here? Wings on some of them,
smiles a few, and eyes have all?

They see me where I am. No wonder
the Little Girls run away through Chicago alleys,
the Motor Boat Boys on leave from Bedlam.

Childhood is sanity. Where you know
your own skin and what it means

to touch. And you know with utterly
convincing wrongness exactly what everybody thinks.

12 April 2008

A W O L

When you grow up in a war
and the war seldom ends
the letters alarm you.
Desertion is what it means,
absent without leave. Notes
the child: without is two words
here though I must spell it one.

Leave means to be gone but not
here. Otherwise it would mean
leaving without being gone.
No, here it means permission,
to leave the room without permission,
to leave the war. How can
a child go anywhere anyhow?

Who can grant him that permission,
is he even permitted to be here?
Leave. And leaves
from the tree, what tree, slim
leathery leaves of the peach tree
in the back yard, they disappear
too, every year, and then
something brings them back.

Remorse. Pity
for the shadowless glare
of early springtime when
old men shelter their
eyes from the new sun. The war
also keeps coming back.
The child (a child is mostly wanting)
wants to be gone from where he is not
even permitted to be.

Later he will call it Existence.
Not now. Now it's four letters
to say three words he wants to be.
He wants to be gone. Thrilling,
to break a law! To be outside
of something at last.

One more womb
to vacate and finally be!

He thinks: men make laws
so they can break them
while women watch,
That is as far as he got.

12 April 2008

PIANO WIRE

Operation Werewolf.

A chair in midair.

Where no one sits
but everyone wants

to. Imagine
the view from Nowhere !

Nikolai III will come
and the Moon will fall,
all things happen by some rule,

something in Vegas makes it run.

Star over desert. A field
full of maybe. Scant cover,
creep, soldier, creep.

The sun is one more buzzard overhead.

Freedom says:
to say something I don't mean.

Freedom is
to be someone I cannot be.

Decapitating motorcyclists
partisans' revenge
stretched across the road at night
at neck height
and the moon will never rise again.

12 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

Hold this tone
and hand it on

the lineage of these ears
the member of remember.

12 IV 08
(LvB, Vn sonata #2, 2nd mvt.,
Xianbo Wen playing)

= = = = =

What is the time at midnight?
What number says the dark?

The skeletons are dancing
in their old clothes, the smells
of lavender and orris root and bone,

the outrageous intrusion
of human feelings
in a material world.

Overwhelming us. A minuet,
a weight lifted
then let fall again, the weight

of being, being here.
It is not that death knows
how to dance, death is a dance

and these spooks know it
prancing desperate even now
all through my poor meat.

12 April 2008, Olin
(LvB, Op.30, No.3)

= = = = =

Garden with mirror globe
shows more faces
than ever looked in it

mirrors turn everything to faces
and the face is always yours.

12 April 2008, Olin

FROM AN EMPTY PIANO

Singing as it walks along
zombie on the strand
flat broad ashen feet
tangled in bull kelp

coming for you. Me.
I picture myself a dread
on its way, like a clock
ready to strike,

a cloud
ready to roll off the sun
and there you are
poisonous with love.

O myth my mother only mind.

12 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

As if an other also—

a light lit
a rag torn,

something like a wave
overrunning a day.

12 IV 08, Olin

= = = = =

So many feet
this slim idea
to walk on
and be now,
 a bird
could do it hardly
using two or a breeze
anywhere. The vocabulary
of mind gets in its way.

Every sound a city
and somebody lives there
and every name
is at your party
whispering in your ear
touching you now.

And every is
the only name
I know you by,
the one thing
I need to remember,

the tower
from which I fell
or flew
to think this filament
flower self
possessed flame.

13 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

In those days they had torches.
Later we had porches.

But after sex we had decks.
Time after all caresses

what it passes. The moon
is mostly useless information.

13 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

Victoria a few years dead and all
the violins are draped in black

crepe-paper we used at Halloween
to speak the shivering ghosties
around our monkey minds.

But we age at different rates,
some of us are still alive
hundreds of years,

I am Cagliostro
prowling your insides
and your heart too is my meat,
my pump, your harp, a hap-
hazard infallibility, will it

ever get to me, will my
tunnel end and I spill out in brightness
where you are,
 scattering
my words around me till you read
something that makes sense
and think it's me?

13 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

Jersey meadows
arched by skyway
even the shadows rust.

13 IV 08, Olin

= = = = =

Sometimes
it takes no time
to take time,

some time
takes hold,
won't let you go,

and this hold
that holds you
to your hour your

exact identity
is dignity—
what everything

you've ever done
has made you be.

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13 April 2008, Olin