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Finally they open up
as if the old wall
had finally fall'n
or the tunnel spilled
out into Jersey and

there was more to your
being than just going, more
to staying than just being there—

the light held you.
And I was like that too,
all claim and needy,
and then I was the stone in your hand
and Abel was dead.

13 April 2008, Olin

= = = = =

I thought of you
and you wouldn't let me

a thought can pierce
can populate your dream space

with strange characters
all of whom begin by being me

but after a while who can say
who they become?

13 April 2008
Olin

BRENNER PASS

the fast
Adige runs
beside the rail
and the flowers
of September
are few up here
some blue ones still
gentians I guess
along the ice-cold rapids

or is it some other color
I see as blue?
My ready eyes
dismember landscape.

13 April 2008, Olin

(KREUTZER SONATA)

Or candle. The flame
littled by wind
recurs. Avers. Lights
and then lets dim.
This one thing a dance
for fire and air,
two and not-two.
Just as you and me
means really me
when I assert. A word
avers the unnamed speaker
of. So much for love.

13 April 2008
Olin

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Could it be as Tolstoy thought
a murderer's chaconne?

Veränderungen – variations
changing down
a little theme
from God knows where.

Or somewhere on the Baltic strand
a girl singing to her geese.

13 April 2008

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Out of sunlight
a pattern falls.

Don't call it shadow,
it knows more.
It answers,
it stays still when you move.

And one day you can leave it behind,
a mark,
as if it were something you
and only you had said.

Because you too fell out of the sun.

13 April 2008

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I don't know what those buildings are now
but when I was growing up they were temples.
Splay-foot cattle shambled in and out
and priests welded crucifixes to every passing stone
until the shadow stood, high as a hotel,
green copper rooves all vinegar and wind,
it made my heart beat when I passed it by
quick along the little avenue, scary amplitude,
a building so big and then another bigger,
columns and shadowy inside. size is the loudest
word of all, I listened and was afraid.
I don't know what a house is for. I hurry
towards some emptiness to be at home.

14 April 2008
first day of flu

[on the photo in the NYT of Cathedral highschool next to the Masonic Temple]

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As if waterproof the words

1.

new alphabets, o bird
o cloud in constant subtle motion
St Francis hold the weather
St Antony hold the Christ Child
or a little pig is at his ankle or
St Francis is the same as Milarepa
how many letters in your alphabet
let me lick them one by one
and where do you keep the sign
that makes them soft, a znak
between friends, a gold star
in God's window? His son too
died in this war.

2.

When I was young there were more letters
and some nights the sky had two moons
like a couple in the endgame of a tango
and so much light I could read the paper
The Daily Mirror wrapped around the fish,
flake Uncle Joe caught at Broad Channel

and my alphabet could hold a girl's hand
and when darkness came unzip us both
beyond the oleander. Scarlet flowers later.
The time I tell was only lilac, sumac green,
new born spruce. All my pretty letters.

3.

They all gave light. What's the good
of writing with them? They're *already*
written, clear as stars in the December sky
over Gerritsen Beach. A letter
has said it all already, can't you read?

4.

One afternoon a Navy zeppelin
came by Floyd Bennett Field
and the clouds bowed down
before it. My lord. My god.
That you can do it and say it
both, that gives me hope.
Come home and let me
map my arms around your latitude,
squeeze the empty till its full of you,
it works like a vacuum only opposite,
a mouth running somehow on light alone.

15 April 2008

= = = = =

People who die
a few years before you're born
belong to you.

There is a special way of this,
the decade when the world
is getting ready for you

certain personages are set free.
To be you.
Or to be vital in you,

they represent the outer edge
of the crater of your birth.
Cup. Grail.

Explore them – they lead
as every rim does
around and around you

until you call to the center
of yourself. By nature
we belong to each other.

16 April 2008

[And those who die between your birth and puberty—they are special angels, you are born to hear their message in the cradle, growing stronger as you grow. (For me: Yeats, Freud, Joyce, Richard Strauss.)]

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Nothing gives the right to be dead.

1.

Swift exclusions
from the actionary sphere—
and cobalt sneering from the rock
its blue persuasion,

let me linger, let me be
the poison in your lips
so that we ecstasize together
not too far, always come back,

mushroom or man on a stake or a priest
who am I who knows where this road goes?

2.

The birds do. That's why they fly.
Great sweeping straight lines
but not the one you're on.
You own this road.
The distances wait for you.
Over there. Hidden deep inside your shoes.

16 April 2008

= = = = =

The beard.

No way through it.

You will die of it.

16 IV 08

MAGDALEN

I was waiting she said,
wanting my sheeny god
to come out of his stone
and make me warm
again it is so cold
down there among the languages
mud mind wedge
cuneiform, runes
notched along my stick.

16 April 2008

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Or could even have ironed out
the affair and no one the wiser
but the ball kept bouncing on the fountain plume
and children will scream so, their slightest hint
a bellow down below. For afternoon or so
we were above all that, the mezzanine of the bourgeoisie
has nice settees, strolling players
charm us with indecipherable mime,
a terrace invariably reaches the sea. Iced tea.
Patience was our only virtue, Adam,
why did we name our sons Empty and Stiff,
like Cape Cod brahmin nicknames,
Duff, Gupp, Pud, Jib, Socks.
Were we trying to be rich before there was even money?
I wouldn't put it past a pair like us,
The Economic Products of the Eden Protectorate
in five volumes, each fat as a wombat.
What good is wheat you can't even smoke it.

16 April 2008

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I should have changed genders years ago
but the gender I intended
has still not been mapped out or even named
let alone claimed for My Majesty the Me.

It is maybe time for me to stop pretending
I am anything but an ordinary man. I would
if I could figure what that identity—
or is it function?— is that I've been fleeing

all my life. It has something to do with babies,
alcohol, balls sent scurrying over grass.
I don't feel good about myself because
it is a self. It makes money and never thinks.

17 April 2008

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Another altar
no fire on it

Wire leads cotton
dove down on

Children see it
as they see everything

a miracle rehearsed
a genuine mutation of the real

What I remember
is the only war I was

Read books
I need your lies

to save me
from my own.

17 April 2008

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I wake up as an impostor
but not even the same one,
not the usual clamorous me
full of idea –or something—
but this dull dumb quiet
headed man who holds
his head up with his hand
and keeps his eyes closed
till nothing comes.

17 April 2008

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Lords of the hyphen
who marry everything.

Death.
Anything you say about death
is always interesting.

17 April 2008

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An idea could come
from the wings of a wounded bird

an idea could be a piece of rotting meat
inside it when the life is gone

Anything could think us.

Anything can save us.

17 April 2008

= = = = =

All that gateway gone
and here we are a wall
among scientists, glass
walls are best, remind you
of their impermanence.
The outside will always be there.
That is what Love is about.

17 April 2008