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Sham light shaky wisdom.
New book new mistake.

20.VII.08

= = = = =

Roses of artifices
and who am I?

Was there a judgment
and did it pass me by

a man alone in space now
holding three roses

someone made someone
put them in a glass

that someone made
and someone gave to me

so far away in time
from when I am?

20 July 2008

WESEN

Wesen: means a being, or the essence of a being, the isness of something, its active being, its character. It is probably a part or reflex of the same Germanic being-verb that gives *war* and *wäre* in German, 'were' and 'was' in English. Now it links in a dark avenue with *Verwesen*, to rot, decompose, lose its nature. It is shocking to think that an essence can deteriorate, that the core of a being can lose its essence, can rot.

20.VII.08

= = = = =

The words are lions now
I tried to cage, tame
into elegant prance.

They turn on me
their golden eyes
calm with immense knowing

what I will never
hold me.
What will be me now?

21 July 2008

BAROQUE

Fidget. Not even
ever getting there.
Or there is here.
These curlicues.
Around and around.
Art Tatum plus
what the Lithuanian
girl once told me
loads of grammar
nobody can speak.

21 July 2008

=====

Not exactly broken. Someone
not ready to fix
it or me. I have a hammer
not a nail. Keys
to a burnt-down house.
Love letter from a dead woman.
The keys are cold in my fingers.
A wheel is a wonder,
that it keeps turning, no matter.
Until. Or even then.
Sensation is a tool.

21 July 2008

=====

Things that you forget
never happened.
That is the rule here,
meadow with that imposing house
half over the horizon
I am not supposed to know.

Or even hear the builders at their work
over the stream, over the hill,
stars cast shadows there, noise wakes me,
how long since I have taken the red risk,
the blue furlough, the yellow dog
is it runs in and out of my path—
I have confused my body with the earth.

That is what brought me here,
broken arrow, at least you're my friend,
my shadow curves around me,
the sun doesn't know how to go down.

21 July 2008

=====

The thingly island of no squall
rich with fuguing. Trill, trill,
all right to be crazy with the head
not with the body, not with the flesh.
Hard. Hand a ghost a thousand
suffixes, tie a word to what it
never meant. Ever. How
could a word mean anything?

21 July 2008, New Paltz

Elizaveta Miller playing WTC II, f-sharp minor

=====

Why not wait for me?
Why do you always run on ahead,
the ice of Ellesmere Island
waits for us both, no hurry,
we were *born* north
and have to die that way,
don't worry.

 But my animal
self bounds over bare rock and
"fainting I follow."

For I have found a human
soul harder to catch than
any deer. An old word
also, once meant animal:
a moving thing with a soul.

21 July 2008, New Paltz
Elizaveta Miller playing Prokofiev's Seventh Sonata

= = = = =

Imagine opening a book
and a river rushes out.
Music is like that.
Drowned before I can read a single word.

21 July 2008, New Paltz

= = = = =

She reached up and caught the light
and pulled it down, nestled it
in her lap and the day went out

I tried to blame her for taking
seen things away but the night
she left was lovely in its way

blue-flowered, miles wide,
and I was a man remembering something
not really able to say what.

21 July 2008, New Paltz

= = = = =

But if my father were here
he'd blame it all on Stalin.
Rightly. There are only a few
real people alive at any
given time. The rest of us
are spectators. I always
wanted to be one of Them,
the unhappy few. Yet all
they ever seem to do is kill.

21 July 2008, New Paltz

= = = = =

Chopin.
Movie music
you can actually see.

21.VII.08, N.P.

=====

In a different key my eyes are closed
and the church door open
but no one goes in or comes out

not even the smell of incense moves.
A modulation in the density of local space—
that's all an open door is,

and a beggar beside it,
too sleepy to ask for money or bread.

21 July 2008, New Paltz

CAROUSEL

Brass ring my father
always caught seldom
I. Yet here am
still whirling,
free ride to the end
of the world. Every
everything is a gift.

21 July 2008, New Paltz

=====

A thing. A thing is often too long
or not long enough. Hard
to be a thing, hard to live
in a world where things are too
short or too long. Nothing
is a thing too, and lasts forever.

21 July 2008, New Paltz

= = = = =

The woman dressed as a bear
walked through the airport.
It was the era of smile. Anybody
could get a laugh just by being alive.

21.VII.08, New Paltz

= = = = =

And always as if it meant to dance
sky full of clouds and the man outside
coming closer, clear, everything.

That we have to live through it too,
the cycles, the paper buddy-poppy
pinned to the veteran's empty sleeve.

The smell of drink. Counting cars
that pass you while you wait
for him. Think about the color red.

21 July 2008
New Paltz

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Bach always brings you back
to the heart of the problem.
Whether this is your 'self'
or not is another question.

21 July 2008, New Paltz

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The arcane Bach also
corner of resiliency
and the unknown. Sit
straight in your chair
beauty waiting on all sides
like crucifixes all over
the church, why isn't
one of them enough
didn't he die only once?
Wouldn't it be beautiful
to see or hear or touch
one authentic presence
only once in your life?
In stubborn cathedrals
though the organ never fails.

21 July 2008
New Paltz