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*Der Revisor*

The inspector-general is the Revisor  
he comes on a visit  
everybody thinks he's someone else  
and someone else is him.  
He. Even the grammar needs inspection,

revision. The hearts of men  
bleed language often. The Revisor  
watches and pays heed.  
They don't know who he is  
or which one is he.  
They don't know that he will never  
write his report to the authorities,  
will not censure or commend.

He revises what he sees  
into what he says.

He sees something  
and says something else—

that's enough hard work  
for a busy man  
in a motionless town,  
shadows of dogs etched onto shadowless trees.

30 August 2008

= = = = =

Knowing this are close  
is close enough.

This postcard I picked out  
because it looks like you

when you're frowning  
a smile about a fresh idea.

A little train runs up the hill  
there are goats up there.

we wipe our brows, a young  
woman gives us bowls of milk.

30 August 2008

= = = = =

I wanted to walk the hill  
but talked until  
the light was gone

beneath it and the mist arose  
to fill the bowl of hills  
and I could walk it still

only if I left the words behind.

31 August 2008  
New Lebanon

= = = = =

Something almost said  
held snug  
between the tongue and the teeth.  
And then you swallow  
it and then you're asleep.

31.VIII.08, New Lebanon

= = = = =

All this talk  
worse than meaningless

everybody who has spoken  
at this conference ought to  
make a full confession

and then they could become  
a rose. I thought,

but maybe not a rose, maybe  
nothing like a flower  
except as it comes to terms

we would call reaching  
to the perfect state of what one is

in bleak New Age palaver  
emptying our heads.

And yet there is the rose, September  
at the door and the rose arrives,

something comes of all this,  
an argument, a kiss, a dream almost rememebered,

and there is the rose, the actual  
lost inside its own colors.

We see colors but what does the rose see?

31 August 2008  
New Lebanon

= = = = =

A flower:

one more eye  
in the sky  
unseeing us  
until we also  
actually are.

31 August 2008  
New Lebanon

= = = = =

The sign of Saturn is a scythe  
Saturn the decider. the definer,

the blade his edge  
the edge of everything

aporia and yet  
with that same blade

cut through the undergrowth  
the jungle path to the lost temple.

31 August 2008  
New Lebanon

= = = = =

The sunflower is  
by *signature*  
signed by the sun

and assigned to it.  
It is the Sun's flower  
because (also) it  
has a dark heart.

31.VIII.08