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Everything needs the other thing
the spoon the scalpel and the cup
the stone you sit on
while I worship you—
each thing groveling to each other
and that is Paradise at last
and shadows kiss as we pass.

28 October 2008

THE MARBLE MESSENGER

Making for the end
a marble
 rolling from your childhood
all these years
 finally bounces off the baseboard
rolls back
 and comes to rest against the wall.

Clear, transparent, with some flecks
of beauty deep inside
called “imperfections in the glass.”

Now you pick it up – it’s a big one,
fits the thumb, one of the ones
you liked best back then,
you hold it in your mouth a while
wondering where it’s been.

Too big to swallow
 but not too big to taste
and warm up on your tongue
till it begins to talk.

All these years it seems
it has been carrying this message
through living room after living room,
kitchen sleek and parlor rugged
amassing the vocabulary of light
to catch your eye at last,

the little rolling sound, the plink
as it hit the wall, the silence.
A silence you never heard before—

or not since infancy
before the world of war.
And now you taste it, the quiet glass,

maybe you even knew it already—
but it's still good to be told
with all the formality of gravity
and texture (vitreous) and temperature
(cool again) and glass
the things you always know.

Now here it is out loud
ripe as death, inescapable as love.
and always all part from you,
a wanderer, messenger, full of old news
you really need right now,

a little planet in your lips
to help you stammer out
your pompous celebrations
almost worthy of the rain,
not really worthy of her.

28 October 2008

= = = = =

A long name's best for winter
now the leaf-downing heavy rain has come
and stayed all day. Just as I stood one
on the top floor of a building by Lake Michigan
excited by the grey appalling emptiness out there
the rain poured down into while all round me
young artists waddled, toting leatherette portfolios.

28 October 2008

(end of Notebook 308

AND IF IT

the cause of something
even so

 a blue jay or
or a plant needs watering.
To m-in-law's house
for giving Thanks—

 the meter
Horace as you well knew
accommodates not every feast.
(fast on Cicero, feast on Ovid)

or a blue jay after all per contra
of redhead Mars. Blondes
are juicier it said in the gazette,

the one every morning reads
and tells me later so I stagger
wet-witted through the morning blur

sunshine windy on down leaves
and damned if everything isn't blue.

29 October 2008
(Start of Notebook 309)

= = = = =

Every day Monet
till I get glasses on

then the doors get hardware and
hands with fingers open them

men walk into the look of a cathedral
and pond water will not drown—

fear no more the wrath of the flower
orange as a tiger restless in the sun.

29 October 2008

THREE BLIND MICE

Myopia must mean mouse-eyed, hmm,
a mouse sitting on an open book squinting at it,
old book, German print, the mouse field-grey.

29 October 2008

=====

for Reynaldo Hahn

But where was it waiting
a song a hundred
years unheard

revived by godly accident and
over the transom sneaks the Sun.

We are in the oldest
hotel again,
the one with no doors
or only one,

dust on the windowpanes,
raindrops and no street outside
but not far away the sweet snore of traffic.

30 October 2008

=====

for E.M.Forster

But could this woman
whose man I mean
one day come back
into the room to tell

me even me Yes it is well
with us as and where we are
all names and clean bones
and sunshine on our nice hats

all my recitals will
begin with this song
you wrote for me
to hide us both inside.

30 October 2008

= = = = =

Sometimes wake too clear
the mind muscle talk to sleep
in great fear of knowing what I know.

30.X.08

= = = = =

As if the song
is really about money
or the smell of her clothes

or the blue light
coming through the cobalt glass
vase of amber lilies

morning on earth.

30 October 2008

AN EXEQUY FOR CAYETANO RIPOLL

A poor local schoolteacher called Cayetano Ripoll was executed in Valencia on [31 July 1826](#). Accused being a deist and freemason, he was garroted or hanged to death for allegedly teaching Deist principles, His last words were : "I die reconciled to God and to man." He was the last victim of the Spanish Inquisition.

In 1826 the man died.

It was the year Beethoven composed the Opus 131 quartet

And the year Nicéphore Niepce made the first photograph we still have:

In summertime, a view out his window

Over rooftops,

Strong geometry of stone and slope and sun

a big tree in full foliage a couple of blocks away.

My God, that time is always with us.

In one hundred years

Paul Blackburn, Amy Mendelson, Robert Creeley and Allen Ginsberg would
be born.

They would have cared about Ripoll, who spoke Valencian to his poor
students, trying to help them learn a little bit about the world outside their
town.

We call his language Catalan

Paul actually knew it pretty well, not so far from the Occitan he chose as his
own

The other side of the mountains other side of the sea.

I am a tree in a French city I am a rooftop in the sun I am an angle in easy

Euclidean geometry I am a man I have outlived my friends it seems

Almost as if I have outlived the sun.

I think of the things that religion has made people do to people

And I suppose religion is the devil's greatest weapon against God,

The ultimate blasphemy of doing evil in God's name.

What God. What devil. What friend.

I am a photograph of a man leaning on a wall.

Later I embrace a woman.

Late we are both in shadow and the camera can't find us

And we are lost to history.

The picture shows a roof, a wall a tree.
Charlotte looks at the picture and sees a man and a woman embracing.
She sees what was there embedded in the glare of what is here.
I hear the strangled scream of a brave man forgiving the world.

30-31 October 2008

QUARTET MOVEMENT from *Fire Exit*

Absence into āroma
ælfscîn or aura, the light around the one
already in some other opera
infinity of tunes

all the while the bullet silenced him
already the girl he died for
came into the wind where the lungs were
to leave their scary measures as the world

led me through what felt like caves of ice
the king went sailing up the vein
the shadow falls
then my teacher set his palm over my eyes

then where would I be
there he was reborn not for the first time
till then be quiet, read your nice tree
angle of Evariste Galois' last night

because no one dies
I never told my teacher that
audible absence
gods when they doze dream numbers

caliper music Fibonacci fractals
Carve silence, churl, carve
corner or kernel
dreamy discharge on the margin

dying mathematician grieving woman trilling through the woods
elf-shine the preter-human suddenly revealed
fiddling with the coasts of every where
for fear he would silence her

gold flake flee occasion
guided me away from the field of honor
halte Maaß he cried and drew a pensive woman
honor is only where the blood is springing

insidious repetitions of desire
invisible meaningful alive in living being
keen and wise and dangerous and rife with pleasures
keening banshee and in my heart

literally to make literal
more me! more me!
not wanting to give up the picture
of all he had no time left

pretended to be sitting on her chair
pretending she rode a zebra in Zululand
pretending to be motionless in church
saying there is no honor here

she showed herself willing to be mortal
some woman always is lamenting
such a strange story! but my teacher
that makes her who or him she is,

the clutter of contradictory proportions
the faërie folk are what we will become
they are our *future selves*
they are we will be

they're not some belated ancient lingerers
this is Melancholia this is thoughtfulness.
this section is called the duel
though my eyes were heavy carrying what they'd seen

till it is done
to tell or
unguided by grief?
was running through the meadow

catch a glimpse of them sometimes
we dream the gods
what Nietzsche forgot to tell us
when the moon or noon be right

her bottom pressed
on a chiseled rock
you don't miss their faces
you miss their sheen

cast in this form
30 October 2008

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Now that there's so much let
come light some in –

it broke
over the hill enough to hum
the way a child – but you
hate children –

would in walking
scared through a little woods
lost in the plurality of things—

to calm faint heart – but you
have a thing about hearts too
at least talking about it though
the old systole-diastole routine
still is current in that personal
library you call 'your body'

and think
it is your own –

but I
have a thing about ownership
and don't want you to claim for good
a hand or leg sometimes more use to me than thee
when you just sit there on the wall
swaying like a perched crow in the wind—

and no this is not one more thing about
birds I'm always coming up with,
a vernacular that lives in the air
and infests the night with silence mostly
but oh on cool nights the owl –

but you
could care less about wandering sounds
those irritating ear-dogs who fawn on us—
no more animals,

yes, I understand
a city is full of sparrows even so
and that synagogue's no bigger than your hand.

31 October 2008

= = = = =

Some day he'll run out of ink
then he'll have to write member.

31.X.08

RUBAIYAT

I.

Some other kind of rock dispenses milk
That's what it means to be early
Yet have someone up before you—
How dare they have names and you not know?

II.

It will be winter even and hearts clamor
For their epitomes: the luminous others
Who sashay into your room and stay.
Who was the man with the monocle and why?

III.

O lord such a forest for a child to lose in
And every tree got dropped there by some bird
Then time happened to it just like you
And does Hermes hobble now on dusty heels?

IV.

I wish sometimes I had a name
Like Man Made Out of Stone
Like the wise old voice in the night
Who spoke to me when I still had dreams.

V.

If I could speak it would be to understand
The late-blossoming chrysanthemum
A little vulgar and a big consolation
Its yellow or its russet eye on mine.

VI.

I didn't mean a thing before I wrote it down
And it meant nothing a minute later—
Yet the words sail out like harlots
Dressed down sober on their way to church.

VII.

He wrote with lemon juice and soon forgot
Sun warmed the paper and the words came back
Faint, brown, as if something by itself
Recalled them the way rocks remember wind.

VIII.

There is a man in the White House whose only job
Is to keep the President from dreaming—
Terrible are the dreams of a president!
So all night long he whispers words in those old ears.

IX.

But who picks the words we hear instead of dream?
All words are old by the time we hear them
And dream is more powerful than sense.
Hard the man's job is, to teach nothing but light.

31 October 2008