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METAMBESEN

Gentle rain on a sinner
quiet highway in a little fog
really this stream of ours
big enough to be a river now
one that fits the meter better
like a swan sulking in the shade
even now of so dim a day
a heron I heard landing
in the pelt of rain. Means skin
I know, rain makes a little stream,
amnis, that wanders like a river
down from the hills until.
It has banks it has water
it has flow it has origin
destination gorge and cataracts
quiet delta and a sleek lagoon,
what more do you want,
Mark Twain hooting steamboat?
We've got ourselves a river,
if I dropped a letter in it
someday it would make its way
to her, then I'd be in trouble.
Then only the River God can help.

28 April 2007

PROGRAMME:

MOTS SANS OPINIONS

DIRE SANS VOULOIR

NOUS SANS MOI

28 iv 07

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Rain drop on porch rail.
Ecstasy. In every shimmer
I see her swim.

28 IV 07

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The gone-ness of a young girl
thirty years after. Then she speaks.
Give myself longer to forgive.
The playful words a little creepy
how my heart hops to hear them.
Her. Words that once included
me. But I chiseled through the wall
and made my getaway, so her words
could mean everybody again.
I wait for the rain to wash me away.

28 April 2007

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Magnolia Two Trees

the house next door.

Now I'm caught naming things.

A dog in a barrel. No.

A dog in a stroller

wheeled by its owner

across the Rhinebeck street.

The older dog. Now naming

turns into remembering.

History spews out of that,

the place where the poor

dog dies and its old woman

cries and some fool

writes it all down

sobbing a little in his turn,

a moment, a brief magnolia.

28 April 2007

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I'll say this for Epicurus
he knew how to be happy
no matter what. Foolproof
method: Virtue. Or right
mindedness. You know yourself
as one who has done the best.
Not just the best you could
but the very best. The absolute
is happiness. This means pleasure
turning into pleasure, forever.
The orange with an infinity
of segments. Why don't they see
how happy I also am? Is it the tears
they see me shed them, for us all?

28 April 2007

CLEPSYDRA 4

The command of the coming the
cataract of the obvious the fall
of the familiar around the corner
of the eye and the dust settles.

Things finally are clear
er than we are who's talking?
The command of the obvious
is the captain who runs us.

The sun is a second lieutenant
after all takes orders from the clock
that watery annoyance your heart
held me in its gooey valves and then.

And then all talk of me and you and when
forgotten just because. The case
is different when the cock has crooned.
The disciples scatter like his hens

alarmed by constables. Siren
means so many things don't you?
The fluffy clock. The cataract of suppose.
The command center from which war

engages the human imagination bright
as a scratch on an old bronze table lamp
you tried to clean with a nailfile
omigod. What mothers say. The man

came to maturity and began to speak.
Fan dance never took at the Stork Club,
the white tuxedo tops were bling enough
and all your dinner was a burger rare

though costly as suppose. The clock
has the drop on you. It's later
than you could possibly think, nothing
ever is beginning again you know

who? Well isn't it? The command of no
supposes an intention to be accurate
nobody I know possesses about time that is
or was but never likely to become so that

(this is a quotation) nothing happens. Mothers
did you say? Of course Poughkeepsie
is on the way to it you can't miss it a tall
ruined town with a waterfall tucked in it

splashes the train tracks in spring flood
go by on your way. Way as if there were.
Flood as if it could. Good as if a goblin
rose out of the dusty park to prove

the existence of its opposite. Devils
are useful inferences. Three young men
reading Kant looked up at the turmoil
me struggling with the borderguards again.

Don't they know that mules are useful
herons overhead bless lovers' trysts
all my bags are full of tyrant wheat
I mean to scatter in a dumbed down field

so that the proteins of intelligence
can churn again the innards of these dopes
sorry kids I don't mean you I mean
the ones who keeping turning the lights out.

Don't you know I'm good for you
like prose and aspirin and summer rain?
And even then we could tell who's speaking
not that we cared all that much

history being what it is and time's a wasting.

28 April 2007

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Do it systematically, the praise before the bread
and then the quiet bite bite bite you know we love it
we were put on earth to touch each other rightly
but rightly is the weirdest music sometimes
and nevermore can be a kind of total kiss
or swoon down the cushioned stairs of dream
into an imaginary but satisfying government
where children sleep a lot and men and women
every now and then wake up and there you are.

I have some postage stamps from that country
in my little album, lilac and bistre whatever that is
and leaf green 3-something with a face on it.
Sometimes it looks like you and then I cry
forgetting that I'm an infant once again and saw
all this before and sailed down that wide river
in a dhow whatever *that* is and a palm tree
sheltered me from the gaze of princesses
each one of whom demanded I be her little son.

But we know where that leads – desert and law
and something more. Something we still
are searching for skimming the old books
pinching the people who saunter past us
pretending to be so innocent but they know.

28 April 2007

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Grief comes from mixing
traditions. Take an idea
that paltry thing
across the border.
Leave the statue where it was.

29 April 2007

MILDEW

Some people are young
young enough to fall
fall through the cracks.

But walls are old, walls
need doors to go through.
Go through the door

come into an old white room.
Mildew on an old white wall
a kind of comfort, a color,

color is a kind of earnest
of time and weather and meaning,
color is meaning,

that things do change.
That you can do something
to change what just happens.

Maybe. If you are young enough
to fall, fall for all that meaning.
The word meant sweet once, meant honey.

end of April 2007

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Train call
comes up
little canyon
down Met-
ambesen falls.
Recursion.
City in country
folded. The lost
place found.

end of April 2007

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Joyce's photoshop language,
bend a story round your knee

like a bow. Like a person.
People sitting on people's laps,

a century of certainty, post-
nothing. Little gnats at morning

fascinated by bare skin, warm,
mine in this case but could be yours

sanity is general through the kingdom,
we taste the salt, we taste the sweet,

how close the earth is!

29 April 2007

WALPURGISNACHT

Sabbat tonight
on the high hill.
One meets all one's
selves dressed up
in demon faces.
Elves are selves
night sets free.

Beast members
tremble in cold
spring wind, ripple
through fur,
one kisses oneself
base of the spine.

The night dissolves
into mere you.
When the sun comes up
it is always too late.

30 April 2007