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= = = = =

So there it is again,
her voice, the one
that speaks more
through my bones
than my ears, how

can the sound of it
(I won't say her)
invade the physics
of my space and know
me so well, better

than I know myself
since I don't hear
those bones sing
unless she does.
The quality. This

intimate difference.

16 October 2007
(listening to a Petra Lang recital)

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It doesn't talk fast inside the way it used to
I slowed it down I squeezed its hand
to make it talk to me not just talk
and now I'm tired of what it doesn't say,
tired of understanding. I want it to go fast again
right past me into the absent target all words aim for,
and I don't want to know if they miss it or hit,
I don't want to know what it means when it says
what it says with my mouth or even with they call my heart
as long as keeps saying it, fast, past me, faster, I would be last,
I would be last of all your hearers, tell.

16 October 2007

= = = = =

Letting it back in
whatever it was,
the lilies on the table
shedding day by day
a few petals but they
still look perky, still
chalicing the sunlight.
Taking shallow breaths
and slow, no need

to hurry yet,
we're past
the mezzanine,
steps go down
just keep
balance just
don't fall,

all these lilies
soft mango tinted
some and others
pale crocus yellow
are enough to tell.

16 October 2007

KNOWING

Everything I actually know
I can keep clear in mind
while blowing bubbles with one breath
through a straw in a glass of Coke.

This is the practice of philosophy.
Philosophy means annoying your mother.
Means leaving some spill and splatter
all over the kitchen when you've finally gone out.

16 October 2007

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Of course sometimes music but what does *that* mean,
an orchestra of kitchen knives
each in love with the sharpener, each claiming
it for its own, its own way, help me be me.

A knife. An Austrian admiral. A telegram.
There is something obsolete about a knife
is what he was trying to tell me, like a bird,
whoever saw a bird. Even death is obsolete

he thought, at least this morning, shimmer
of wind twisting through the maples.
It has to be normal. No hero's life,
this is Wednesday, not far from the highway,

not far from the moon. A just misfortune—
ordinary mistakes lead to ordinary results.
Death again, wearing as usual a funny hat,
the last thing you hear is your own laughter.

17 October 2007

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When I see the zebra in the morning
in silhouette in sunlight
with the green out there behind him
I see a head with ass's ears, no stripes,
an Egyptian kind of god looks in
from a shining out there made out of time
just time and I'm in here in darkness
watching the ancient world win out again.

17 October 2007

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Exactingness. The complexity
can be linear. Can be a surfboard
clipping just beneath a tall
red rock red rock wave wave
and the man sobs. Where
has my ocean gone. Now.

17 October 2007

MOTET

It is when exactly caught this not quite tune
spacey in the blue of your head, the past?
Yes the past but where precisely
in this ruined chateau on the Moi you own
but never can inhabit, only visit, fall
down the steps, totter past the oubliette
and hear what reverberating off the iron
cellar door or humming in the galilee?
Somewhere back there. Not the tones
("notes") or spaces ("intervals") and not
certainly the tune but somewhere
down in there a set of distances
made out of shapely silences reminds
the hearer that there once was music.

18 October 2007

= = = = =

Glamorous light bulb
twist whilst standing
as the Brits say sta-
tuesque upon a chair

the torque of wrist
exactly countered
by the twist of hip
equal and opposite

but o the difference
as they say the one
brings light the other
one dark welcome.

18 October 2007

SIBERIA

How can a flute
be taught to brood?
The solution is always
close to crime.
Years in Siberia
to repent a single
act of transformation.
Laying in hand
along your shoulder,
saying Comrade
to someone who has
no bone to share,
give me everything
you can remember,
I will take it with me
into exile
and use it the way
a shepherd does
his flute, a tune
to while away the
actual, until the dream
begins again,
the lurid rapture
from which sleep
and waking both
estrangle me,
banished, my heart
in someone's hands,
whose, not even
you know. No.
This kiss
to expiate the actual.

18 October 2007

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These leaves
are falling straight
from the sun,
October sun.

Like the horse
the Romans killed
then spilled its blood
all over town

tawny oaks and
locusts orange,
maple crimson
and one pale light

falls through them all
renewing
on one plane
what it slays on another

street by street
down through the workshop
of the world,
the color machine.

19 October 2007

BEFORE IT FALLS

Or why the other is still waiting for us.
Some leaves look bluish just before they fall.
Seen from the underside, the way I see everything,
an inch-tall giant peering always up
the skirts of the world. There is a sun up there,
a ruined cathedral threatens me every day
with its tottering bell tower, lunatics
leap from office buildings to condominiums,
people even sit in parks smoking cigarettes,
fair weather, even admiring each other's dogs.
I have it in for you, sunshine. My god is rain,
wet things, contact highs, scary polyphony,
decayed noblemen cruising the piazzas.
I am a chip of pine wood shaved off a spoke,
the man I was make a fine wheel go many a mile,
the splinter that I am still floats, pallid,
lignin-safe, along the nice curbstone, honest gutter
after this long belated rain. Reach me,
things! Kneel down and let me look you in the eye.
It is, as your blue-eyed friend from Seattle said,
time to die. It always is. That's what wood and water mean.

19 October 2007

GIFT LEAVES

Leaf gifts
from my own tree
left for me to lift
via percept into consciousness.
The meaning of gamboges,
the mind of brown.

After all night rain
the sun is part
of this equation
wherein all I am
is the equals sign.

2.

I was here before most of these,
these trees. Some sense or way
they interpret me, they
are my accidental consequences
in a world with accidents.
And truly they tell me leaf by leaf
part of what I must already know
without knowing,

a leaf

no less than Socrates reminds.

3.

I suppose that's what it means
to say 'my own trees,' we come
from each other. The father
is his own son

in eternity—

that stretch of hallways
just outside the door.

4.

Neither is more, either is better,
both are the original. Is.

Everything I see or touch
is a hinge. From it

intuit door.

John's Gospel, the hint:

the door I reach to open
always looks like you.

20 October 2007

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Absconded vowels heartless pyramid
the something else that's chambered and that beats
annoying the stasis of the blood with some complicated word
that moves the oxygen around and then it stops

years pass the message trip-wired to let go
suddenly lets go. Ecoute! You
who are closer to me than my skin
have finally begun talking to me again.

And in my stupidity I call it Egypt.
In fact it's nothing but tomorrow. Tomorrow
is the only real thing that there ever is.
It's where the breath goes when the word is done.

It pulls us forward with its lover's hands.

20 October 2007

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Now I have become my own son.
I have now inherited my father's
wealth, name, works, though i
am young, I have inherited his body too,
the body of an older man. Old flesh
I must wield new. Live so long!

20 October 2007

THINGS

Things come closer.
That is the way of things,
mist over the littoral
where our mother sleeps.

The sea is her only dream
and we are part of it.
We are salt. We say:
it is in the lap of the gods.

But we mean: we lie
on the beach looking vaguely
upward, outward. We
are on our mother's knee.

*

Things repeat. No two
anythings alike.
Only I am the Same
but not even as myself.

Just the same. Myself
is different,
myself has letters
tattooed on his breath,

myself has buses to catch
and a doorknob always in his hand.
I laugh at myself
because to exist at all

is a baby playing with a new toy.

21 October 2007

TOUCH WOOD

How did I get to be so wrong?
Things taught me; things
are always accurate, they define it,
they are it. And I who am other
a little from a thing, must be wrong.
I open my mouth and lies fly out.
The more I try to make them right
the deeper the lies flood the little sky
under which we touch each other
and sometimes more. We drown
in trying, save ourselves with silence
Clinging to the literal.

21 October 2007

= = = = =

We live inside a crystal that is a solid that is the lines on which we move engraved themselves in the actual before we were. We ride the past at every second forward into a future that is minutely present at every second also where we are. This thing I do that makes the sun come up is what I had been scheduled to do before the sun or self was made. We gleam only in the light of what we think. That illuminates the whole crystal. When it comes down to it we can do nothing but give light.

21 October 2007