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[DREAMT TEXT:]

All other ranks have been misinformed—
you alone are knowing and alone.

21/22.X.07

['you' meant me in the dream, the words spoken to me as if from some even higher ranking officer; in the dream, I enjoyed the double usage of 'alone,']

MORTALITIES

Edgewise, as if a platform
rolled through the door, a rostrum
hungry for its orator. And flags
everywhere, cherry pies outstretched
on trestle tables yum. No dream
could squeeze like this, this must
be Cleveland and a shameless hedonist.
I can't help what happens, the remote
is lost as usual beneath the sofa
so we had to keep seeing what we saw
unless we moved. One does not move.
Unthinkable images of improbable
felicity you called them in your pedantic
way. Teach me, I exclaimed, not to want
what I am shown! Teach me
not to want what I want!
Not so fast, Socrates—
the ball is rolling but the dog is dead.

2.

— How easily you assign mortality
to an entity
that did not even exist
till it was slain
for the sake of your argument,
mentioned into being and out of it
in one line, poor paradoxical puppy,
rain dripping out of the sun.

— I don't want to hear your querulous logicians,
your overeager soothsayers, your pill-shaped
psychologues entrenched in tepid whiskers.
I want silence, toots, the one thing you won't
allow me. Until one say suddenly,
shockingly, you do.

22 October 2007

= = = = =

Measure me for the new job
the one with stripes and teeth
lean financiers with just

a touch of color in the breast
scarlet handkerchief lolls
tongue out of dapper gloom,
grey suitings waistcoat a tie
more like a summer night
than polka dots. I stand
before you as a plutocrat
oval German spectacles
to look at you coldly as I can.
This was your lover now
a public man, affectless
as waiting rooms, disposed
to hear you out in measured
calm, patient of you as he would be
of unavoidable delays, you
have become a traffic jam,
a light bulb that blows out
the minute he goes to turn it on.

23 October 2007

AT THE STREAM

Webfooted almost
a bird maybe
cobweb shadow
slips on still water
sudden stirred.
Then settles some
and nothing
happens. This
nothing is
where heaven is.

This nothing is a shimmer
or a scale
whose steps dissolve
in random tones.
Nothing is random
so a sound
feels like a touch
and yes is always
armatured with no.

Count on nothing.
To be the plaything
of an unknown power
is how it feels.
That's just our little
way of pretending
we are not alone.
Hurry into the shimmer
where your real friends are,
this nothing loves you.

23 October 2007

= = = = =

After you've written something good,
pause before writing else—
like a batter following through

standing at the plate and letting
his silent body follow the arc of the ball
that has just left his bat.
This pause intensifies the thing you just
did or said. The future empowers the past.
And everything is past as soon as you see it.

23 October 2007

LOQUAX

As soon as it maybe is,
a narwhal? A pulpit
built out over the sea and
a man with a horn in his hand
speaking from it. This
man is my whole life.

His sermon is tedious as waves
lacey as seafoam, come meaning at you
all the time all the weary time
forgive me, I am the alkahest,
I am language the universal solvent,
no obstacles stands, all shade gives light.

23 October 2007

= = = = =

Come what snow to know us after
this is dry or stiff the way a stone
relaxes into years *so rasch wie möglich*
until it, being, is the bone beneath
even us. Skin is somewhere else,
so far, can't touch it, no more than light.
It is only the shine of what is far, after
you know it but before it really is.

2.

And now as someone else decided
the close came far and the blue receded
and no color had a story any more.
We were left with the littlest words.
Lovers. A tree is too long, almost
infinitely. A name knows nothing.

24 October 2007

CRANE

But what could it actually be,
the blank screen with a pale grey crane
taking off from a rock crag
faintly limned (nice old word) on its rough
paper panel into the sky
where we wait for it
we who have ascended
from every rock and every stream
into the ether of language
far above the weather of the mind.

24 October 2007

WHY IS TIME?

let the words tumble out of me telling
an answer to what isn't even a question
though it has like me the Form of a Question
bent over the page and squinting at the fact

o fact you terror you tell me you know
tell me why time is and where it goes
and why isn't it always right here now
o fact you tell me it always really is

and here and now is where it goes
and where there only is to be for it or thee
that's me and so I die into this minute
arching my back like a rainbow fall into now.

24 October 2007

= = = = =

This sunlight will cure me.
The light coming through green leaves
onto the brown leaf-fall

and the new brown leaves falling through the light
amber, and a bird springing up to a branch.
this extravagant alloy of green and brown,

how much the world must cost!
These riches heal me, the light
makes all of this happen, and me, and you

also are coming towards me through the fall
you also will heal.

25 October 2007

= = = = =

Euphoria of convalescence—
to be able to be glad quiet

like this in sun and not a sound—
I will make myself the next

step in someone's progress
towards the holy Mountain

of the Moment and that
someone will turn out to be me.

25 October 2007

= = = = =

I will be autumn unashamed,
from across the street I will look
like a man made all of gold

just sitting there reading
the eyes of passersby,
innocent as an animal,

come over here and be my magazine,
together we will play for hours
while the light lasts for us

the little sidewalk game called Apocalypse.

25 October 2007

= = = = =

Or be marshland by me
be heron and I'll be hard—

make more propositions
about the self, some self
or other and be another,

I am a museum
closed to visitors today
even the curators have gone home,

I feast alone
on the shadows
of what someone meant,

the birds perch on the empress
on her lawn throne
don't even need to fly
,

but when they do
such insolent departures!

25 October 2007

TOUR DEPARTURES

The tower strides
across the plain
it will meet you
wherever you turn

run as fast as you please
the cliff runs faster
towards you, everything
catches up with you.

Everything hurts.
Everything explains.

26 October 2007

'JEWESSES'

When I hear the word
I feel their hips in my hands.
I see their quiet hungry eyes
doubting my every move.

26 X 07

= = = = =

The violingers long
as the heart has.

26 X 07

= = = = =

What do we know of what is small?
Those fantasy agents we call our eyes
come back with their dream reports,
of gorgeous stuff the mind spills out
and senses help us feed on. Nothing to it.

27 X 07

= = = = =

I'm sleepy. The words
feel like the bottom of the night
I want to lie
and listen to the rain.

27 X 07

= = = = =

Listening to Elgar's music for *The Sanguine Fan*, a ballet "written in 1917 for a war charity matinee," agreeable soft Strauss with strange underpinnings, presumably the dancer or dancers in their endless strife, to leap up out of the bodies once for all and be the other thing, the thing that maybe even this kind of music points us towards, I drowse suddenly, an instant later wake up, never losing touch with the orchestra but finding myself suddenly equipped with a dream, an Irish firm and an American firm squabbling over the teletype over some kind of weapons then here is Elgar again and I'm left with loveliness wondering what kind of war.

27 October 2007

= = = = =

Get them to the world
no matter middling
the uneasiness is radical you know
the fault is nobody looks at now
it's all this history business
baby, history is blame.

27 October 2007