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What is the broken piece

left from his urn,

some early one

dreamt it. Mapped it:

tracing bird shadows across the plaza

and up the columns of the stoa

till they get lost in the roof that hides the birds

lost in the sky.

The birds zip off towards Qorinth and the old talk.

So old that no one knows it now

and how could we,

having such different mouths?

22 March 2006

=====

Apart from me
this cup would still
be full I drank it

the ship sailed out of Bristol
for no better god than fish,
that is to say cod, is to say cash,
silver plenty, horripilent narrative waves.

22 March 2006

DARK MIDDLE OF THE MIDDLE

Whale sport
of a blue man
rigid

by Greek historian
discovered sitting with his girl in the gutter.

Believe me, Owl,
each leaf means something

a word with veins on it
a word with mouths of its own.

They say the two of them went through the town spoiling war
they say the way they made love spoiled money too.
The essayists were not amused, they wrote them out of the picture.

Languages change. Metal oxidizes.
Those two were too much to endure,
the ride back over the mountains,
blue ice sheeting down the cliffs.

But who can I tell what I really mean?
What kind of music would that be?
And would you listen?

Listen like binoculars
listening to a far island
where long-haired cattle
shuffle through the surf
do they eat kelp?

The music doesn't tell
no music tells

Listen like a child's hand

holding alphabet blocks

b **t** I build a whole night

around this tiny night

Listen, Owl, as I have listened

only to you in the autumn moonlight

now half a year later what you told me

starts to make sense.

But I have too much sense already for my own good.

22 March 2006

PREJUDICES

1.

Haydn. Should be more *heiden*,
heathen, passionate not for the details
but for the taste of the meat the blood
or at least the smell of it
seething over the campfire.
Night and wolves.

23 March 2006

Comment: Once in a while he really does that. The quintet, the Creation, the seven last words of Jesus. There was some heathen in him. Get him away from the Esterhazys! Most of the time we get to hear only the polite rattle of his chains, not the grunts and groans that might lead to liberty. And him an Aries!

=====

The alley of it
bending north to Jerusalem
some days to Paris others

the streets I know by tongue
and the ones that made
themselves up for me
when I was just a thought
on sea foam or a dream
if I was even a dream.

Mercy, mercy, it is spring.

23 March 2006

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Already I could feel the answer,
a lump in the pocket of the question.

24 March 2006

=====

Goya's painting lost in the dream—
all I could remember, a man's anger,
a woman uneasy in her own new house.
So I called it Star in the Pine Tree, Winter.
And everybody anyhow understood.

24 March 2006

=====

Almost the first thing I ever
bought the Denoyer-Geppert globe
turned into the steering wheel
of this car. I didn't even have
a car. I was a child of books
and distances, sweat and city.
I thought a lot about ice cubes.
If you walk long enough
whatever is on your mind
eventually wears out. Home
then is a possible place. Sleep.

24 March 2006

=====

The point is that my childhood never ended.
I cannot point to any day or year when
what I was being all my life turned into something
I just started to be. No change. No passage
through a door. Nothing lost. Nothing
forgotten and nothing remembered. Childhood
always ends yesterday. Until tomorrow
when today also is my infancy. That is why
a man is always about to say the thing he means.
And it never gets said. While we are children
we have the right to be silent. Or to speak
words just for the pleasure of the feel of them
clambering around in our mouths and out.

24 March 2006

=====

At least you could try this—

fish in a dry well

catch

birds from an empty sky.

Then you will know.

O God the things you'll know!

24 March 2006

TO THE MANAGEMENT

Let me linger in this hotel

a lifetime more –

what is it to you

if I spend another twenty years

looking out this clean window

on the red roofs of an old town

in every weather?

Why should you care

how many glasses of orange juice

how many mornings?

I am here for the sake

of the city all round me—

who would tell me to be gone?

24 March 2006

THE DANGERS OF DAYLIGHT

You used to leave the venues of delight
late to stumble down the subway steps
drowse on the way home then suddenly
when the train comes out of the ground
there it would be, the thing you thought you'd
escaped forever, flaming over Brooklyn,
the blue dawn lurching you out of your sleep
into the world all ordinary and at your
throat again Delight means de-light
means no more light. No room for daylight
in your skin and in your arms,
your mind writhing with the torsions of touch
Turn out the light, lover, turn off the sky.

25 March 2006

=====

Is there torture there?

Who is missing from me?

25 III 06

ΛΥΧΟΣ

(from the Talmud)

He smote the altar and called it Wolf,
Wolf, you have eaten up so many beasts,
hearts, blood, wine, bread,
the breath of men. You have even eaten fire.

25 March 2006

PLEASE

I want you to ask me
question after question
until you run out of doubt.

I will always have an answer
for you, always. So that never
will I have to ask you anything.

25 March 2006

LOVE STORIES

1

It doesn't have to last forever,
just has to last till yesterday.

2.

People love nostalgia
much more than the nost
they're algic for.

3

I am sky

I have seen you before

you didn't understand me

when I rained on you

You wiped me off and ran inside

why should I keep

sending you pretty postcards every day?

25 March 2006