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TENSE

Almost over time.
The spill hook man
so many name seek.
Suck. Hard
to be finished with
and be a person.
Over them they say.
A trick of speech
our famous past.
But everything is.

2 August 2006

For sacred script ... the form of complex is of words which ... aspire to become one single and inalterable complex

—Benjamin, *Origins*, 175.

The words spoken
want to be a monad –

nicht Wörter sondern ein Wort,
das Wort,
the word that is the Word.

Babble wants to be Bible. The aspiration. The full spectrum of speech.

Spectre.

The comforting thing about Walter Benjamin is that he is tractate-less,
tractatuslos. He remained a speaker of aspiring words, even *mots*, but knew
better than to Summa-rize.

(Novalis, Nietzsche, Benjamin, Wittgenstein, Valéry, apothegmatists all, showing the
way to preserve language for thinking with,

not summarizing. Anything you can summarize is false.

All system is propaganda.

Tragedy? Irony? Language is the biggest propaganda of all.

Still will monad mind
mine mean meant
a meant word does not mean
always or always mean,

I am the only system that makes sense.
You too.
We are the dangerous.

Or say it cleaner: I am the only system it is right and proper and even possible to unpiece. Unmake. Unscheme the system,

in the beautiful words of Rabbi Saul, speaking to the Romans, and the Romans were so quick to forget, "...so do not conform yourselves to the System, but be transformed in the renewal of the Mind,"

Aiôn was his word for system, the World of time, 'whatever is the case.'

2 August 2006

B H T A P M ΩN

Kiss the dancer
with your hands

the morning
is ready for you again

is reading your dreams
into the sweet thing

the air the you

kiss the dancer
because you know

no silver feels
the way this cup does

and gold only sometimes
round a diamond say

as your hands
fit the dancer

because you know
the dancer dances

and because you know
the dancer knows

it is morning of it
the earth returns to you

from its long abstraction
to be known

by these footsteps alone.

3 August 2006

TRAVEL

Mostly I want to have been.
Been in the names

the names of places
so I can come home with them in my mouth

and speak the names of place
with all the authority of having

suffered the inconveniences of the Punjab
the cool spray of Yosemite

and am now permitted to pronounce.
I want to be always at home

and the names effortlessly arise in me
speaking themselves

bright as the maps in children's atlases,
here is the Bodensee, here is the town

where I bought the pen that writes this down.
Dictionary pilgrimage.

To be home.
Jerusalem this double bed.

3 August 2006

TRAVEL, 2

To say *I have been there*
is why one goes
and comes back.
Otherwise travel would be just going.

3 VIII 06

= = = = =

Could I rock
be stone again
or tell a difference
even, could I ride
the blue thinking
to a deciding line

like seeing sheep
on grass they eat
tells you this
is a meadow man
your kind have been
here long before

only the light is virgin
everything else is used
beautiful used up
and come again
like me one sheep says
syrinx a pan pipe
speaking Greek as all
grass does because

the timid light
dreams into place
what we behold
we call this process
remembering or music
or that person you
hear playing over
the hill a wooden flute.

4 August 2006

= = = = =

Is this something I am giving to you
or for myself like bringing home
a blondie not a brownie
because I'm not the chocolate kind

or am I fooling even me by thinking
this cloud will cool me all the day
I won't have to run off to where
the A/C hums like a zephyr
bare library with all those hard chairs

we always have to go somewhere else
to be ourselves, an oddity
of human speech that we emit
words from the same place we take in
dead flowers and dead animals

and if that doesn't tell you that language
is the transfiguration of matter to vibration
and Christ in glory then nothing will
and all the prophets shake their tongues in vain.

4 August 2006

MES ENFANCES

I've had so many
childhoods, as many
as the mouth has alphabets
or the skin has rain.

4 August 2006

COOL MORNING

whole sun hid
neatly behind
the trunk of the linden tree

ash over there
gets bathed in light

ignition start
music cadres next door
hump of car radio

all bad art exaggerates.

5 August 2006

= = = = =

Where are they turning
to be in fact?
Zakhor, he remembers
but what is the animal
that carries the memory
safe deep in its fur?
I wonder if this is a question
or a stone, or one more flower
little red on the heath
itself too famous to be of
any use to us is it
or is it? There is a wedge
between him and what he
thinks. What he remembers.

6 August 2006

= = = = =

corn furrow cool
midnight sacrifice
the plumbing that runs
through darkness
empty us a grave
smashed carriage
drystone wall we
are damages.

6 August 2006

= = = = =

When the hand works against the hand
and the two of you face to face outstretched on the cabin floor
the morning sweet
we would go to the mountains and be thin

your mouths speaking into each other as
from across the room I promise you.

Because dreams are promises
and my large hand lays
to rest a huge country on the little map,
shadow of how we long for each other
timid as guitars

the passive aggressive, the tuneful
so much love is made of wood.

Sing to me without the fuss of music
sing to me with your instrument alone

I will be the mountain you will be the rock of which I'm made
the softest thing of all will be my bone.

6 August 2006

= = = = =

Don't tell more than it did:
touched my stubble touched your tits

and then the band began to play
The Road to Mandalay

we hid inside the closet in the hall
till all the children left and then

seemed wrong to leave that sacred space
so I became a walking stick you a shawl of Irish lace

and there we were we could do anything but sing
but we had to do it like fire has to burn

the terrible thing about dreams is you have to do them
all the time and if you stop the blankness comes.

6 August 2006

= = = = =

Too many waiting

and me not waiting
gave up in the middle
let the night take care of itself

stars and so on
Perseids are promised for this week
the girl will never come back

that is the nature of this thing
the process.

6 August 2006

= = = = =

Do I look like I know numbers?

I can only count to one.
That's why people love me,
I am the co-religionist of everybody on this planet
we worship the same god.

One is real
Two is a dream, an old legend
Three is a technical impossibility.

7 August 2006

RELACHE

Day off take
playground roll
it up a map's
as good as a mountain
said the man Man
mortal. Rare word
rose wood. Pilfer
smally steal.
Stalwart losers
lunar baseball yet
habebimus. It will be
our turn soon.
A month named
for King Augustus
amatory fleshy
of Rome who didn't
lisp. Once called
the Young Octavian
hosenrolle for cute
mezzo and then history
is no bigger than a bug
on your windshield
fingerprints on empty
glass. Names
are the mirrors to do
these sad tricks with.

9 August2006

= = = = =

Outspan'd oxen
graze as if
sun's fearful
alphabet had
never fretted them

word after word
across the field
and back so many
agains and now
the only now is new.

9 August 2006

MIRACLES

The miracle remembers
when it was not even
a hope. The miracle
smiles back through time
at its beginning, sweet
as a full-faced heiress
at an eligible suitor.
A miracle is always
pregnant with the ordinary.
The blind man healed
sees just you and me.

9 August 2006

Je vais voir mes passées

, all of my pasts
can't tell the edges
where they are

can't tell past from future
that's the shame of it

all the rain drench of the mind
the drain of it
out there,
time-storms,
a girl's cry past midnight.

10 August 2006