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the lucid springtime of the emerald

told me that is what it was
I listened, I sank
down onto the sidewalk
and waited for the world to settle down
so we could slide again
holding the words in our mouths
after the old man spoke.

10 September 2006

== == == ==

I am the father of it and the son of it
how can I be me

or anyone, because each understanding
is bought with the loss of some ordinary thing

a love letter burnt to a black curl
so I could learn what fire is

did I send it or did it come to me
a child uncertain of its home address

and where is my house for that matter
the long shadow at sunset pointing to my door

I had a dream it featured an own voice
older and slippery speaking with certainty

that is was the father and the son of it
something like silver or jade something like cream.

11 September 2006

== == == ==

Number everything
it might turn out
to be the leaf you need.

11 IX 06

= = = = =

I once knew how
to take a break
and then it broke.

11 IX 06

= = = = =

What I like best of all is to go on talking
and watch your eyes changing, seeing,
understanding, and then they show me what I mean.

11 IX 06

ONLY DIALOGUE

Language, only dialogue.

Only. You

have to be there.

It's some sort of spectral proof,

if words are moving

there must be someone there.

Or God,

the Designated Hearer of the world.

= = = = =

A bookless space
so the words
have to come far to find me.

11 IX 06

MOVING TOWARDS IT

a spout reaching down
bearing up and out
the barely fixed and the free:
tornado. A spirit
rampant in the desert,
the whirlwind with whom
Job presumed to have

a conversation. The almost
answers. The human weather.
Ten billion footnotes
dribbled down the page
from that almost identity.

12 September 2006

= = = = =

Tell me the Greek for greed
that rules us,
the other-ocracy
we try to hide.
Every line an uphill climb.

12 IX 06

= = = = =

So many dreams
or sentences,
Which do they mean?

The owl in the mirror
or the newsprint scattered on the lawn
from a country that has never been

and all I am is yours.
A bible burning on the hearth,
a cliff of glass.

13 September 2006

EXERCISE

Translate a poem from the French
say. Then write a poem from what you
learned from doing that.

From. Form. But *fromm* in German
means pious or pure as if
you came from nowhere but yourself

and nothing touched you. Make
the sign of the cross and go to sleep.

13 September 2006

= = = = =

Early morning time
has a different speed
as if the breath itself
understood its work
differently depending.

How fast it goes
when I hurry, slow
and long drawn out
as morning is when
we are clever

enough at least to sit
still, watching its every
move and writing
some of them down.

14 September 2006

THE MONKEYS

O the monkeys have come back
they howl in my hand
they chess like little girls
learning Japanese at school

for we learn everything
whether it helps or not hello
fingers and rivers and a hill
from which you can read

the fine print on the sky
then you know what you
really want. Then you cry.

15 September 2006

= = = = =

Oracle wheat, what
is this day good for

not starting wars
suits controversies words

lay low in words
let their soft grasses

tickle only your
bare skin alone.

The world is one piece.

16 September 2006

= = = = =

But if I were excited
I would hope
 and the long
glazed dinnertime would crack
and have a tumult in it
shaped like an old mattress in the dark

with you on it. O you.
We lie down in the habits
other people leave in us

and you said We are them too
the whole world and so on
answers the body
 but it never
listens.

 The candle's flame
was a solid, you broke it
with your fingertips.
 And we were.

16 September 2006

WHAT DO QUEER PEOPLE WANT?

1.

What do queer people really want?

Either they want everybody to be queer so no one is.

Or else they want nobody to be queer except them
and their sixteen closest friends plus roughly half
of the five hundred people they want to fuck in the next half hour.

2.

I mean, or the point is,

queer people *want*.

That's what's so threatening
about them, they want and want and say what they want
and act as if it's ok to get what they want
smiling most of the while.

And worst of all, they want

a kind of love that doesn't usually have to be bought,

a love that's just there in the world,

free for the having and being had,

body and soul just like my body and soul

whoever I am,

my skin and eyes and vocabulary all waiting for you.

And you.

3.

And I too want some of the things queer people want.

Does that make me queer? I don't want

to be with precisely the kinds of body-soul units

queer people want to be with, but the kinds of body-soul units

I want to be with I want the way queer people want what they want,

with all my body and soul wanting to be with them and be true

all wanting and no lying except maybe down.

16 September 2006

= = = = =

Go back to ignorance
where the rain wakes you
you smile half loose from sleep.

16 IX 06

= = = = =

[ars poetica]

Saying things. Then figuring out
how to unsay them

in the hearer's heart.
That is the task of poetry.

16 September 2006

= = = = =

I want to rewrite everything for everybody
then I would be free of me

lost in the monkey puzzle tree
that eternal mix outside the window.

There is nothing there but there.

16 IX 06

(*The cry left in the cloth*

The weaver or the wearer —
whose cry lodges in the cloth?

what can we take off
when we take off our clothes?

Wet with hurricane I hurried in
and changed. 'Change'

means out on new clothes
and whose are they that I put on
when I took my own self off?

14 July 1996,
Naroling
originally,
the title redeployed in *Runes*

reworked mid-September 2006)