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What the dream said and I forgot.
What the animal found buried in its mind.
Neural pathways light up in dumb song.

17 September 2006

ELFSHINE

ælf-scîn

The look
a thing gives

it knows
we're here

its presence
is full of presence

it calls to what is vacant
in me, the me of me,

only the gleam
is real,

the skin of seeming.
Elf-shine.

They are there
looking at us.

It is to that gleam
everything speaks

from all of us
that stay silent.

17 September 2006

THINGS TO HEAR

(be near
or touch, stubble
of the cornfield late September

coinnleach glas an Fhóghmhair
ah the green-eyed stubble of autumn
glass on oar? Kin lack
the will to make the boat

rise through the air, listen
to what we can do:

touch. Stubble. Green
still. Can't get to heaven
but you still got bones,
bones start to rattle,

skull inside a skull
waits, terrifying
patience of skin.)

17 September 2006

= = = = =

To fill all these
with sense
or shape

forme
et sens

direction.

To the North.
To the People.

Dark march, a sparrow's
sweetest jabber.

Or: cheerleaders jeer too
or flap their deepest flags
importunately sly.

Gridlock among the portulacas,
autumn saunters in the window

out.

18 September 2006
Rhinebeck

= = = = =

I think the dream *is* about me –
the clock tower, the canoe half
foundering way out in the pond
empty, newspaper headlines
screaming about wolves – who else
could have been in the store room
who else could have worn these shoes?

18 September 2006

<and then he sings:>

But you are my tree

is this sun my light
to shadow as I please
into significance

beyond all the tricks
and traps, affect
industry, conversion
from god to god

lust, chronosophy?

<and then goes mute>

leaf up to you

18 September 2006

= = = = =

One leaf
at a time falls

hear it
clatter on the deck
the table
all the other
others before them

solo flight
into forgetting.

19 IX 06

WHY I WAS BORN ON BROWN STREET

Brown study.
Brown hair
sort of, later
after red.

Father Brown
reminds me
of the leaf.

A street made out of colors all the way.

19 IX 06

= = = = =

The global economy has no room
for conscience.

Conscience
always costs. And any cost
is too much. Conscience hurts.
Agenbite of inwit has bite in it.

Until conscience is made profitable:
fair trade coffee, organic this and that,
books to sell to Democrats.

19 IX 06

= = = = =

An autobiography with no dates
a tree growing in the middle of the air
perfectly upright in Jerusalem

she showed I believed everything
she showed I waited for her to remember
showing me everything she showed

and it was good, far across the desert
a shower over the Sea of Remembering
whose bitter salt sustains us and we float.

20 September 2006

ADONIS

Wait for the tusk
of the wild pig
the upthrust grin
of the insurance man
the furniture salesman
with ideas. These
are the beasts in you
they ramp your woodland.
Money cuts you open
from groin to heart
looking for you.
The woman for whom
you strove all day
mourns you all night.
It is a myth
in every man's pocket
the beautiful target
to be you.

20 September 2006

A LIFE SUCH THAT

And when all the miracles are in
he's breathing

and his boat
ransacks the timid waves
looking for home

a path
somewhat different from the moon road
spilled towards him at the remembered full—

how can you recall a line in daylight?

He can't, he breathes the boat onward,
a sail is a veil,
the horizon is silent as usual,

a noble grumpy slightly stupid grandpa
lying on his back on the edge of the world,

he thinks. He thinks too many things
she tells him, when he should just
be thinking. Be thinking, like me,
she tells him

no need for metaphors
enough you have hair on your head
skin on your hands, touch me

but now I'm quoting, the boat
remembers all that stuff for me,
remembering plays no role in thinking,
that reconstructed pain you call the past
has no meaning,

the weight
is on your bones and only

these things are true, she tells him
any hole you find has a word in it for you

of such words bibles are stitched together
you have to rearrange them to make sense

but sense is what I have already

he says, too much and away,
he says, touch of my touch,
sound of myself hearing.

21 September 2006

= = = = =

for JPZ

Sound of leaving

as a leaf
leaves a tree

so easy
when it's time.

It's time.

21 September 2006

OLD POETRY

a kind of rapture as
the weight of the diamond
on the pianist's finger
inflects the trill –

I have heard Myra Hess
playing through the noontime blitz
and Alkan on his frail Pleyel
analyze eternity

and Ferenc Liszt who spoke
Hungarian only with his fingers
and Beethoven coaxing silence
from the clattering keys

all these stand in memory
clear, the sound pounding
keen as light refracted
from the quivering finger ring.

22 September 2006

= = = = =

As if the mark left
listening to another
had listened to me

what would I say? I'd say
I'm at the core
of something, and you

are my circumference,
come dance.
Only everything is small enough for me.

22 September 2006

= = = = =

Maybe it's the shoes.
They rubber up the step
until you're there.

Pilgrimage. To anywhere
it all is. A cross
on a steeple, saying weather.

Morning turns
in no wind. Any movement
ever is a measure.

Wear a sweater,
it's autumn now, mother.
Keep warm. The body

whose love I am.
Wool. The things
we are finally allowed to name.

22 September 2006

L'EVANGILE SELON LA PLUIE

We fall too
over the trees
not, or not yet

the shadow
of night always
is an aftertaste

of rain, our rain
our earth
in step for once

with all
a little while
and then.

23 September 2006

CAWUK

Rain day. And it does.
To be honest
to your place
in the cycle
is what a day can do.

Do it. Be here
steadily with me.
My weather,
you people. On whom my touch
falls cold but intimate

like a complete sentence overheard
from the lovely mouth of a passing stranger.

23 September 2006

= = = = =

Invictorian, as ensemble
black-eyed Susans rose of Sharon
house front, hail. Love me,
you're talking to a machine.

23 September 2006