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AND STILL THEY CALL IT COMMENCEMENT

1.

Such a puzzle, how the lovely
graduates come back in ten years time
managing two strollers and a blue
plastic sippy bottle, how the sky
nonetheless lights up with fireworks
and Strauss's *Symphonia Domestica*
is on the radio and the great white
pines along the Blithewood road
have seen it all so many times before.

2.

People die and have children
seldom in that order, rain clouds
come out of the west and caravan
over us towards the dawn
saying nothing, not a drop for us,
we love whatever is imagined
and try to map it on the actual.
Rain in me. Be my weather
forever. No such thing as real.

21 May 2005

PREAKNESS

Rain in Boston bright in Balto
shivering flesh, some horse, some
woman. Light a candle.

Cantilation of the Kor'an, the sura
the call The Clot of Blood.
Our dependency. It could be

on one another. Inter-dependent.
Boy's melisma in the Christian chapel,
dancing girls qua dakinis prance by.

We are the horse. The race is never.

21 May 2005

=====

Send small look-alike image of the Queen
of France subdued by child bearing, a zeppelin
floats above Versailles. All the wars are over,
every nation lost. Ominous German,
you read Greek too well. The age
of serenity is past, copper bracelets,
strapless bras. Mercy. You dance
with Indians, pal around with Turks,
eventually somebody's going to get hurt.

Blue dome of the sky, it breaks. The egg
seeps out, first the protein white, then the yelk.
Gosh, that's an old word, tigers
shout it in the jungles of Assam.
Begging bowl, Bach cantata, oil
from fish that swim in cold seas.

In the tomb is my delight, alabaster
mountain stream, well-dressed you come
along with your thoughtful wigwam
and want to camp along the edge of things.
But things leave their edges, they love
in the night, and different things come back
in the frantic dream you call morning.

21 May 2005

21 May 2005

ISTVAN CSOK'S MURAL FOR THE SCHIFFER VILLA

Suppose the glance eternal. Suppose
there really is nothing for her to do
but reach up vaguely in the apple tree
where there are only blossoms, white
blossoms and no fruit, no fruit
and her body shows through her clothes.

Then we are made for each other
the painter says. The tree for her,
her body for me, her body she thinks
so little on she lets it shimmer through
the flimsy gossamer so I can see.

Or is she all thought, like me, then,

and we are all about each other too,
not just for, but before and after, soon
and right now, ever and ever, we exist
for one another and every use of us
is just and fine, and the light comes down
and fantasizes us and makes us permanent

and you are made to see me see?

22 May 2005

Traduction

Accablant, the poem said,
overwhelming maybe, as a sky
choked with clouds subdues
a frightened city, never know

what's coming, kow-tow to
the latest commissars, hope,
pray, tie red ribbons to dogs
and hope they'll never bite.

Power failure every twilight
when the crocodiles howl in the lagoons,
their ancient Om announcing

the sleep of everything we say.
We are the broken liturgy left
from long ago levanted deities.

22 May 2005

COLOR STANDARDS

How dare you call this blue?
I call it moon,

you call it cattle,
I say the grass is listening to the wind,

we agree that things are dancing
but we won't say so

for fear of the terrible sentimentality
that sucks niter out of the cave wall

and leaves the rock blank
empty of all images.

The sentimental devours.

We need standards
of leaving things alone.

Stuff that in your ecology
and believe the crows

only when they fly away.

22 May 2005

=====

On the day of the Howler Monkey
left his house
to south along the forest or

herons overhead, one, two
or the first one again,
who can tell the travel of the sky.

But the monkeys were silent.
The nomads walked surefooted
along water beads, along strands of spider webs,

it's easy for them since they're not going
anywhere, not even nowhere,
they are the people who are awake

who sleep while they walk, who drink
their own sweat, leave hillsides pregnant
when they have passed.

And all these things he saw,
the world coming at him hard
like an outrageous benediction.

23 May 2005
Saga Dawa Dü Chen
Metro-North

Like an apple

Nomads eat the world.
We are what they left behind.
Camel dump. Campfire ash

our culture. The dregs
of journey is to be at home.
We try to follow them.

We plant our wheat in the sky.

23 May 2005

=====

Smart enough boy boxcar
head up north on a girl train

I am empty till what you put in me
I go no place but where you tracks do

teach me Brazil tell me how to hurt
cut the sky away from the moon and just be right

24 May 2005

=====

There is no music that says anything though it talks a good deal. Comforting. The Hegelian teddy-bear that holds us safe as night. The sulfur candle kills all living things with its light, though the light has nothing to do with it.

Commuter train. Serenade of the actual. Tuned to a Danish station, midnight. Far, far away, dead women were singing.

24 May 2005

=====

Opal thought.
Park in me.

The variety of meanings
all means me

even when it calls
itself you.

We lift our hands
to each other

caught, taught in this
soft mirror.

24 May 2005

=====

Because my sense that I exist only in you
might be no more than a veiled transferred
solipsism tell you that you, really you,
exist only in me. We are in trouble
(like King Charles III) when we begin to think
things like one person making you feel
realer than some other. Letting the sense
of self (specious at best) migrate
into other people's chambers, lodge there
like a beam of light falling through bullseye
glass into a Victorian parlor, young as you are.
Juicy even, the way a cherimoya is
into whose deep fruit I make my mouth descend.

24 May 2005

=====

Prepositions and pronouns
better watch out for each other.
Otherwise I'll end up in you
and where will we be then?

24 May 2005

WHAT I MEANT

Open as a window
this wet earth

*

window grass

*

then the third thing
went away
the one I meant to say

the one all the others
count on
come down to

in the end,
the three that is one?
but every is

a fugue in unity
heresy in the heart?
hear

hearing, heard.
I looked inside the sound
and lost what I intended

only what mattered

was left
intact
the sense of listening.

25 May 2005

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Caution's lot
a sparrow
incandescent somehow
elm grove
somewhere they survive
I find seeds
of them all
over this morning.

26 May 2005

NEEDING

Needing embarrassment
the men of old
created skin
and slipped in.

Needing paradise
the men of old
shut their eyes.

Needing diamonds
the men of old
threw birds into the sky
and caught
shadows on their fingers.

Needing warmth in the night time
the men of old
held their breaths till dawn.

Needing dawn
the men of old
looked at each other
for the first time.

Needing time
the men of old
touched one another

heartbeat in the hand.

26 May 2005