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remarkable how little I have to say to you
yet I keep calling tree tree listen to me
like a little girl playing a game play with me

which one of us is me which one is you
the rope you skip so well never moves
never hoops up around the light or falls
you have to move faster and faster
to keep up with a motionless thing

the woodpecker is laughing at us
so early we came out into his morning
and what do we bring for him
everything for us a ball and a scepter
a girl who knows how to gypsy
and a word you never will say out loud

but we think it all the time all the time.

17 July 2005

=====

I am such a conventional person
I dislike pain and enjoy pleasure
I come inside in very cold weather
and stay out of the noonday sun

I am such a conventional person
I answer more letters than I get
but get more letters than I answer
as a writer I have to eat through my skin

but shit through my mouth, I smile
at trees and condescend to roses
I am such a conventional person
I like money and dislike danger

I hate gambling and tempting fate
I love the feel of water anywhere
or on my cheek beside the ear
the breath of somebody I love

I am such a conventional person

I love the ones I love and forget

the phone numbers of those I don't

I make a sandwich often by arranging

something tasty between two slices of bread.

21 July 2005

FAITH IN LOOKING in the face in me
spiral catwalk
to the horsefield bridge
where Those People keep
coming from my hands.

22 July 2005

TOMORROWGATE a bluster
to be in love with your time
all stories are one gold ring
she lets fall into the shallowest
pool.

22 July 2005

FRIDAY minerval

the minstrelsy

kid compulsion night car

they call my name

from blue spruce from unpine

the death ship sets out.

22 July 2005

NEVER ANYTHING again

no explanation

blue frost on mind ledge

this summer day

I have caught a case of weather

and the drowned book come wash

legible back in any wave

now no one can not read.

22 July 2005

WRITING BETWEEN words

child school notebook

mind out the window

away from the jabber room

the loom of silence

that weaves her shirt

sad money of all that talk

find the windows in the words

big with morning crawl

out maybe maple free.

22 July 2005

=====

As if another master
slipped in and lit the candle
and then poor servant only knew it
tomorrow morning bright sunlight
seeing the spilt wax
spoiling the walnut desk –
whom do I serve?

22 July 2005

VOICES IN rock

I seldom hear

but anywhere I pass

a flower parched

for water that

I hear, its dry cry

noble clamor.

22 July 2005

A SEQUENCE FOR FRANCIS QUARLES

The case of jury
the blond believers
the mordant doubt
the light goes out

the ivory particle
the beast enraged
the crystal bathroom
the skin gives shade

the walnut on the counter
the uncut book
the sinister appetite
the bicycle topples over

the ring on her finger
the spider on his wrist
the appalling certitude
the church burns down

the ordinary animal
the dogfish on the beach
the tee shirt with a maxim
the light gives way

the forgetful bachelor
the broken rooftop
the feel of cat fur
the priest goes golfing

the harpoon of the greeks
the cookie in the tea
they hurry to get somewhere
the saw starts to rust

the rain of religion
the picnic of lust
the clawhammer in the grass
the child is weeping

the sandpaper of philosophy
the cordwainer of the gospel
the sanhedrin of despair

the hen perches on the harrow

the brutal dictionary

the adirondack chair in flames

the miller's daughter

the mountain starts to worry

the sapphire principle

the maniple of trust

the rowboat full of frogs

the bank is full of smiles

the drowned migrant worker

the caste of unweavers

the charnel house struck by mortar

the manicurist sets her clock

the empty newspaper

the luminous cigar

the dusty conversation

the stripper has no more to show.

23 July 2005

= = = = =

The child's pen
and the orpiment vein
his young maid
lies half-submerged
in shallow pool

he wants breathless
between the worlds
half this half that
waiting, a runner
down the hill
a grooved curtain rod
down which a marble
rolls, it is enough

Paradise is made
of thisses. A pond
a person an inclined
plane. A luminous
perpendicular.

23 July 2005

= = = = =

Where everything comes from
is where I am.

A kind of game
stars play with one another
their play our weather.

I am at the intersection.
You are too. Mean
as a savings bank
things persist, obedient
to unthinking physics.

Their rules are rights
but are not ours,
citizen. The numbers
cavort in darkness
behind space.

Interest.

Accruing. Inuring.

I know there is a conspiracy,
I know who's in it.

But why have they chosen me
for this ignorant magnificence?

23 July 2005

SNAKEPLANT

Explain this to me –

the sanseveria Mary gave me close to 20 years ago

I put out on the new deck last summer

to give it more air and space,

then back inside for winter

and out again now.

The stripe-mottled leaves at their longest

are four feet tall.

And this year something I never saw before:

what looked at first like a weed

comes up, a tough stiff rooted scape

about to flower, it's about to flower.

So tell me, what is time.

24 July 2005

= = = = =

I will be brave and remember the world.
It looks a little like a walnut (the king's own)
new fallen from a tree, midsummer
green, the husk going soft, full of light
it looks, whirling on the lawn of space.
I pick this one up and it's not soft at all.
This world is one of so many. A day or two
it will turn brown on the porch rail
as I watch it, trying to see what's on its mind.
What its plan is. Because everything has one.
We are born in the middle of an immense
conspiracy, it takes your whole life to find
out which side you're on. I myself adhere
to the sect of the treefall and the accident.

24 July 2005

== == ==

Say a word. Rain.

Say situation. Chokecherry

messy tree. His dog

(half wolf half akita), he'd *pay*

money to see somebody try to take out

his *children*, the dog *would kill him*

in a heartbeat. The dog.

The wolf. The remembering.

Tell a man from a wolf.

Who owns my children?

I have no children, Socrates,

am I disqualified then

from this conversation?

And do you have children too,

your son dead in battle,

do you, your daughter

married to a worm and the wind

blowing so hard through walls and windows

you think you hear music?

But what kind of music, even?

Socrates, do you have a dog?

How can we say death, death

if there is nothing after? There is

nothing after but what we say.

Awareness of awareness pure

and tell what you found
when you weren't looking
and it showed itself to you
clearly so briefly through the leaves.
We have no other business
together, do we? Is the hibiscus
by the roadside mauve late summer
proof of anything? Hawk
above your head, hairs on my thigh,
the water low in the cistern?
This world need to be proven,
you must be wet at the end of it.
In Hammerfest they met a man
who wore a white fur cloak
around his bare shoulders, he said
you have come to the end of your world.

25 July 2005

CATHODE

Catching the mornlight
another writes my hand
my heart was replaced by a golden heart
I sold the gold and bought an iron one

the rust of it flames my blood
the metal of it schemes my bones
and there you are, flesh of me
however you squirm

waiting across the dangerous
oxygen of the sea for me,
the Spanish Main, the pirate ship
foundering in calmest weather,

the windless tedium of things unnails my timbers.

26 July 2005

= = = = =

Energy through
waiting for you
wanting flowers
shadows come to life
the sky falls
out of a passing bird
you give me
one word escape.

26 July 2005