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To know something and be little

as a story is a long time coming

17 syllables from the sun to the moon

17 from moon to earth, 17

to reach the center and the word is spoken.

It sounds like Swedish, looks like a diamond,

the woman talks to me quietly about rutile

inclusions, I talk about star sapphires.

It is good to be little. To fit

through a doorway. Fit in a conversation,

be a word in someone's mouth.

To fit in someone's hand and that one

being the right one, the right lens to see

the blue star in Orion's heel with,

also 17 syllables away across the night.

22 September 2005

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Time to do something else.

Else on her column

golden, winged, a bright

menstruation over a city reborn.

22 IX 05

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leaf pie allow:

two women soldiers on leave

warriors of the word

are me. hear.

unwrap your onion me

one hate we think is sweet.

22 September 2005

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Take my advice and forget it.
Help us both forget
the words by which we live.

The only good thing to give is money.
Which used to be called bread.

That rimes with honey.
So those are plenty: money, honey, bread.
Just those to give. And wine.

And mushrooms rotting with a million dreams.
And green.

22 September 2005

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my hand's other body
wants to come home

22 IX 05

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It thought. But there is more
in thinking it than what it thought.

Intention hardly matters
until the performer
stands before the Lord of the Dead

in judgment. Then motivation counts.
Till then the wind. What the breath
actually does.

23 September 2005

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A goldfinch goes by
and what am I going to do about that?

Revise.

Take the golden flanks of the bird. Take
the stiff primaries that point infallibly
towards the star al-Haqq in the belt of Orion,
center of the unknown world.

Take the cry in his beak. For it is he, himself again,
the small Messiah of the maplegrove

and we with our thistleseed, our good intentions
trying to make him whistle a new Bible
a new testament a new sacrament for us to share,

something just there, something just an ordinary
part of the world, something that we can see
in a new, maybe even a surprising way.

A stick fallen from a not named tree. A seed
he dropped on his way from the feeder
to leaf outside the world.

23 September 2005

SAYING IT IS ALWAYS FASTER THAN A ROSE

He deplored the absence of rain,
he had a saint, he had seen her
(sight for sore eyes)

 stretched out in her glass casket
under the brave altar of eighteen hundred years and

he deplored the absence of skies,
so built a nest of them over,
clouds and their cloud-goers, winds
and wind-steering acolytes,

rococo, the stucco trying to impersonate
the little loves that populate the world,
Cupido the wantful sullen child who
makes a woman from a cloud and clasps her,
all the Leporello winds their gossip whispers and kiss
the naughty goddess of the afterlife,
Vanth with her flickering torch.

The seas of gender of course
sent up their fine mists,
a spray of light and the dome was done.

Nobody knows where he comes from,
any name's a guess
and no address,
just him, care of his ears.

Restante, between Nietzsche's upland meadow
and the sinister caress of Adriatic fog
we sauntered through on our way to the Ghetto
over the smallest bridge
with the little gold-lettered sign in Hebrew
telling us where we are

and where we want to be.

A bridge hardly bigger than the heart,
that foreign body
wedged into the world

that runs the world, he thinks,
alien muscle,
lingering bewildered traveler trapped in me
driving men through a life implausibly long,
lord, I am older than a stone,

Saint Lucy, pray for me.
Make my whole body see.

23 September 2005

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Everything that happens is hurt.

1.

Stick the rubies back in,
color always helps,
to see whatever happens
as a jewel in God's crown,
the hand helps. The hurt helps.

2.

Bring them from a foreign island
put them in linen
is that redundant, isn't every island
and isn't skin itself first weavings,
primordium,
but were you there, were you thaxter,
did you plait the rushes,
was it you who helped my house?
But this head aches.

3.

Summer house under the walnut tree
autumn times rains down
the pale green husked fruit –
 a knock on the roof,
let the thought enter, angel ever welcome,
 the drift of mind
across a woodlot, trees
 are the forgotten ones,
acres are to endure. And this
furtive pilgrimage across the lawn,
my Mecca in those maples,
neither of us knows the other's name –
free sex between species, a last will and testament
signed by the sun.

4.

 I can sit here and anything.
We live inside a pyramid of rights
a boulder rolling down a grassy knoll,
sheep scattering. A cable car
pauses between peak and valley,

scared passengers scan the sky for gods —
of course it will come down.

5.

Of course the clock
will run out of gears some day
but every time I look at it it tells me
you're the one who started all this,
you're the ones who wanted to have faces.

23 September 2005

"I JUST SAW PAN"

-- Sophia Dahlin

I wish I'd touched him,
that rough place
where the man thigh
meets the goat shank
and makes a god,

or on the tender skin
on the back of his neck
the *nape* they say
even the meanest body
is soft there,

but I just saw him, didn't even
smell him, the mash
of holly leaves and bright yew berries
and leaf mulch from five thousand years
and elderberry wine
and deer rut and boar sperm,

but I didn't smell him, I just saw Pan,
quick leaves and slow man smile,
grin of a migrant worker heading home
poking through the leaves behind my house
linden and maple and walnut and Pan,

I need to see him again, I'll leave these words
under a rock he'll come and read,
he reads every rock and leaf
up the little hill where the fox chews bones
and the crow settles in mid-morning silence,
eyes in the underbrush when no one's there.

23 September 2005

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Knowing. Like a stand
holding ink. Being outside
and finding the way out.
Holding a feather in your hand
and remembering a bird.
Darwin on a Galapagos shore.
Watching nothing happen
all round you all the time
in the trees and everything.
Hearing the message
by holding the phone to your heart.

24 September 2005

Hiroshige's Crane Hiding in Plain Sight

You see me only if you look for me

I see you only as a shadow in the reeds

shadow in my mind, I hide in your eyes, I come
from the sky you come from the earth. We meet.

*(Translated from Hiroshige's kanji calligraphy on the picture affixed to a box given me
by John and Samten Fallon today.)*

24 September 2005

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So many sings
to thing one thing.

Noetic. Biological
evolution is a mental
process says Bateson.

Id a mental
process I say,
I have to be me
so many centuries
to move you to be now.

24 September 2005