

5-2004

## mayH2004

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Can some horns say some  
rosaries for me so that a bone  
albeit vertebra and working hard  
to hold the Boaz of the being upright  
still be a node to count a blessing on

a sound that God made in himself  
(mantra) we murmur, muffled  
syllables of the absolute,  
each bead

a palimpsest of everything  
everybody ever wanted

and say it now, speak it into me so my  
spine too will hold up the sky  
and all its explanations  
soak me with rain.

27 May 2004

## **REMEDIUM**

The part of the wrong  
that makes it right.  
A little bit a little later.  
Some suffering philosophy,  
Hahnemann and his.  
From something  
comes its own conqueror.  
Every mineral  
a poison and a cure.  
Death by salt, life by arsenic.  
There are so many  
compounds, more  
even than flowers.  
It is as if the very numbers  
are alive, and grow  
and come to us  
and know how to speak.

27 May 2004

## KEEPING TIME

Keeping time  
making time  
with or for you,  
killing time  
with easy weapons  
telling time  
the things I need  
biding time  
to bring them  
ink on a feather  
blue as sin  
I like you  
the way you lift  
time's hand  
o vandal time  
your beehive  
on the moon  
your river in  
the grain of wood  
a rock  
is your uncle,  
there will be  
another sun  
above the precipices

closing time  
something happens  
closing time  
in the night  
a different time  
woke around me  
if I am the one  
who used to be  
or I have changed  
places with the air  
and time's a wasting

28 May 2004

=====  
a little tickseed and violet  
have shown their faces  
and the mint is strong  
and I see wormwood  
beyond the culvert  
and a big ant walking  
on wet wood he  
studies what he needs,  
partial modes  
of brutish history  
sorbs and meddlers  
harvest time  
to count the species  
glad genome  
“the genes are more  
ancient than the particular  
construction of the eyes”  
seeing the fact of this  
doing this  
is not a matter of  
ever again.

28 May 2004

