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jull2004

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Outrage of our conversation.
Blue hat. String, string looped,
string. Fingering evidence.
Here's my map of it. The sentence,
sugar, is archipelago enough.

Broadax, sextant, abacus,
come home and share my pergola,
traveler I call you since you are so far
across the table never feeling.

Take ship and meditate a month
boundless on the bornless,
sail right up to the shimmering Idea
and stub your nose on the aporia,

teach your father philosophy,
your mother chemistry, your right hand
civil war. Obtrude by oil.

I'll never prove anything, I promise.

I will walk beside and around you
hinting all the way.

It's what comes to mind
saves us, and makes sense, and shows

and knows and is new

The endless origin,
the busy revelation. Endless.
Pulling masks off unmasked faces,
whisking the veils off naked people.

It rises or falls in you to say
undisturbed almost by your thinking,
that squirrel cage of intricate despairs.
Cut your cogito and sleep with it.

30 July 2004

=====

we are the head
and the sky is our hat

today a grey toque
who knows tomorrow

how we'll dress
when the trees come home

30 July 2004

Contre des Cartes

Cogitas ergo es, ego autem perscio.

30 VII 04

=====

Which came first, the licking or the leg?

There is an oral aura to the day,
summertime, the Cubs are losing
by 2 runs by the lake, the lake
has no thoughts, only reflections
despite what Monsieur Watson said
(*Refléchissez, Réfléchissez*)
all over the place.

Shadows

still protest against the sun.

O summer, deepest wound of all
against the patient mind
yearning to know (just know)
among so many perceivings.

30 July 2004

=====

Walking with you under the ground
(you let me remember)
makes time move sidewise to itself
more like itself
I mean there are rooms down there
(there are rooms)
where the woman is still walking from the tree
her simple sardonyx cameo
brooch at the hollow of her throat and
Romans came there
(every third stone is theirs)
I dream of death in those rooms
death is a bird
where I come from
yellow beak of the starling
if I had a color
I would write with starling yellow
on a blue world
and would live again
live sunwise
but we are under
and I have to make do with our skin.

2.

I sang: you are my color and my orpiment

my fowl my bugler

and you sang my silliness to sleep.

Did you now that dark is dragon

that milk is white in all languages

that before I went to school

I knew a different alphabet

I can barely remember now and you sing

play with your blocks especially

the ones with animals on them

showing the initial letter of their name

as H for hedgehog or M for murmurdeer

who lives with us beneath the ground

where all geometry is possible again

and men walk upside down?

above the half-admiring half-dismissive

upturned glances of the women

o you artist honey o you fool.

31 July 2004

=====

it's not just when I'm with you
that I remember everything has a meaning
but when I'm with you I do
begin to remember what everything means.

31 July 2004

=====

Have I come to the end of my guesses already
and you there with your knife and fork
licking your paws outside my sacred door?

I still have a few surmises left, Moors
and Christians, Esau's mother's maiden name,
where's Atlantis, how oak trees fit in acorns,

I see the doorknob start to turn, I know
all doors are sacred, I know you come to me
for my own good, I know death is like the dentist,

means well, won't hurt long. I still
have a scheme to make water run uphill,
still have to tell about the boy in the post office,

the ghost of Penn Station, the eagle that I saw
snatch a pilgrim from a hillside in Nepal,
believe me, abate your appetite,

by my reckoning I have a story to tell
thirty-six years long, you're part of it,
a major role, with howling and soft fur

and a pretty girl to comb it out for you each night
while you dine upon your rabbit and your snipe
and wait for me to forget to remember.

31 July 2004

End of Notebook 266