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## THE ARGUMENT FROM THE DRANSE

*The Dranse is a river. It is an old word in the Savoy language, sister to our word drench; it means a torrent down the mountain, a torrent is a flood that the rocks control. Shaped by the rocks it shapes, a mountain torrent is the perfect reciprocal gesture, a word among things, fluent and responsive, carving out by passing by. It is a fleeting gesture that changes eternities, a mark elapsing that leaves behind hard meanings where it passes.*

[The poem begins on Saturday, 7 August 2004, in La Borne.]

Not lost too much  
tooth the touch of  
tender in the fine  
a fork among friends

O salt to love who  
after hamamelis  
lit the whistle  
hard on its going down

a gong for spraddle  
or butter a mother  
be care, keel, any  
anyboat you see

smell of kerosene  
making sense green  
a furber or a foal  
wagtail on 2 lawns

slow grade up cliff  
startling chough clouds  
limestone patter of sunshine  
organdy pear rock

pine lime chalk calvaire  
watch satellite sputum  
gel on monitor stickum  
explain to the pharmacist

don't smoke lobelia  
not catering blue pipit  
oblige wooden guest  
palace union semaphore

means always carrying  
overanxious psyllium  
protractor's narrative  
circular newspaper

what was said is neophyte  
it bleached pleadings  
of foreign capital embedded  
in domestic cleavage

alternate with druidry  
take to the sea scum  
sloshed ankles of a Thalassite

proncer & the period

magnesium epopiteia

sly words for raree

flash your popinjay theory

buster your sorebones

oneís neck is long

spirit history Oneida

sharing their SUV

a woman picks her nose

the mountains notice

canít fool them analysis

particulate chemist

waiting at hot crucible

Sumerian alphabet discovered

this is it cloud on that land

scattering wheat amazed

bone white of pearl barley

account for matter

quills release in enemy

to ink or restless

ceremonial pause

All the waits to small a get

midlight on the balcony a pax

waits a pope hand signal on the high

who do it with raised hands  
 harrowing heaven every death

time to go to bread  
 hill to have a horse  
 cool now but the sun  
 under Mont d'Évian  
 we are named for what we see

Say? That too imponderable  
 conversation chipping at the wall  
 roughcast philosophy all the kind  
 a diner on the moon a soviet  
 uncertain about articles

a man the man man itself  
 chelovek a preposterous guess  
 this & not that or better  
 butterfly bush all purple brushes  
 diplomats assemble neckties and begin.

•

The ostensorium has golden censers  
 hands touch everything like flies alighting  
 nothing past the blue of place to gold  
 the somber mountain of what happens  
 down which it is to come down cloud later

second coming! river running north

cold in case a squadron of jackdaws  
 measured against math resistance  
 pure morality or puritan the lip of left  
 never kissed the body's folds

aching for political caress  
 where *does* everybody live  
 there can't be fields without streams  
 stream without loosestrife cows bells  
 down Mont Chéry the goats stampeded

dense manifesto a creed to need  
 write in one paragraph what is believed  
 to be the case or who dropped the sparrow  
 in the first place and who the hero the thrush  
 sings to what alphabet to write that name

drenched with particulars the rocket burst  
 fireflowers over the limestone lake the folk  
 hurry up the narrow road to be amazed  
 sound & light as if no other where together  
 only here across the clear green water rose

a touch to be as dense as history  
 chance the prepositional rapture  
 charlatans of sun disease  
 rehearsing islands to goat farmers  
 mountains are to lose in but what

Akkadian policy where it all went wrong

language used to letter laws  
 write down instead what never was  
 and make it be Gospel of Bethany  
 the afterlife of Madeleine-Marie

language goes wrong when it records  
 annals should be pictures scratched in rock  
 or a church built of common stones  
 mysterious basketmakers weave history in  
 but writing means for pure invention

(hard for puers to have puers)  
 all comes to this new next  
 a fleet of uncertainties arriving  
 on the morning tide no water stands  
 mountain pitcher pour Aquarius

no strange vocabulary apple  
 red fish green shadow hill  
 hill habit slipside after  
 cunning rede-motes of old never  
 a spill of milk a spunk of flame

eunoterus or scrabalost no not  
 those radio all words are strange  
 in a foreign country lose all subtlety  
 that usually marks the delight of speaking  
 now just coarse where is this and when and how

and otherwise the spirits of the flowers  
 make the breeze that lifts the blue over  
 quoting Wordspear and Lakesworth too often  
 bramble bush here and a gorse over there  
 where the sheep's shadow climbs the hill

the herd corners after spiral path  
 chronometer built in stone and guess the sun  
 falters through the autumn gate to make born  
 who would do own faltering later coin by coin  
 until the green girl walked along the brick

which is the Greek for river where the girl  
 recumbent yet advancing swoon by swoon  
 enkindles amity among the moths our mothers  
 every creature was in time or will be  
 by virtue of that virtue held in heart wax

from the blond beehive achieve  
 intoxicating liberal magazines copper shells  
 to go to war with the priest and his cycle  
 when the wind dies down and every straw relaxes  
 pelargonium and lavender sun behind the hill

life is a valley it really wants to tell  
 the whole story now thunder on the mountain  
 rain spits a flower wet a pink one  
 and nobody knows the crest of Mont diEvian  
 in sunshine still and elsewhere *nubibus*



*colles celentur* or pick the flower  
 and have done with it a pharmacist  
 of little wounds and wonders iwho  
 lit the light?î no one but color is  
 so color has to do the work of heroes

slumbering inside the wooden horse in Cernagora  
 the plump girl in blonde wig is Helena  
 o peruke of falsity a cock crows also  
 just before dark like Hegelís owl  
 which had overflown these battlements

gold or no gold to tell the story  
 whole but name no names ipure  
 inventionî maligned by whose inferiors  
 temporary heartbreak and bus downhill  
 until the soldiers see the lake and cry

armistice of motives is a kind despot  
 a blue entitlement the theorist says  
 but others plead the Justinian excuse  
 one must rule the world to answer heaven  
 or build a sky that answers to his name

nobody needier than neat the Greeks knew  
 woodcarved language of the logothete  
 polychromed by famous men to kill a bear  
 or bring a Bulgar home all love is pain

incessantly consented to the sand is wet

the blood of virgins saturates the books  
 thought Commedia dell'arte practical wise  
 a turngrip shaped like a crucifix  
 lets the tyres change from wheel to wheel  
 all love falters the same circle describe the street

fall to its knees and not for prayer but work  
 between the virgin and the guava fruit  
 whose lake is thick with tule reeds the wind  
 chatters them together sticks on sticks on necks  
 to wake all things then meditator from his dreams

+++

thunder but no rain hear her voice      *thunderbird*  
 but see no face it all is mountain  
 limestone religion two girls petanque  
 toss underhand the iron balls chop the jack away  
 all the mystic gates are closed by music

+++

the incendiary difference like a goat  
 calling to its mother on the hill a sprawl  
 of udders down the cliff and some high houses  
 oak castaways along the cloud road rapture  
 is it or time to begin screwdriver

hungry for the hard Christians here are dragons

here hard money drives a tan chalet up rock  
 and the keen scatterers of destiny girl by girl  
 petanque in the church's shadow Saint Guerin  
 Pray For Us who smooth the stone in place  
 with such amazing effort that nothing shows  
 just a furry cat waiting on the wall

say nothing lest it turn to gold the baker's wall  
 so bryophyted and vascular green too  
 the stolid amazements of what no one makes happen  
 trip by submarine through the green rhizomes  
 of the mind's valley where naught is where it should be  
 among the weltering artisans of local numbers

it is to live for other people that is all  
 interrupted by it never rained the headlight  
 explains the empty road too many particles  
 to call it mist alone or angry molecules  
 or barbara celarent where the teacher  
 turns his back at last on all the words

and when the words are gone the god is gone  
 Saint Antoine d'Egypte shown with a pig  
 borrowed from another Anthony or lent to him  
 which way does borrow go imprint a's  
 object on b's use of it or other way in  
 bells remind the empty church of all it's lost

all the people who will never come again  
 and kiss the pig or beg the saint's protection  
 against the usufruct of dream the hectic  
 dreamlife of moral personages lost in stucco  
 only in graffiti to recollect at last the icon  
 that spreads wide the mountain of remember

be small with ceremony the old pews creak  
 old jug for the spirit to take comfort in  
 be housed in mutter ..... the worst take shape  
 zygotes of influence and plasma of remorse  
 till finally nothing final even speaks why should it  
 sumac drupes as red here as in Algonquia

+++

make more fit in everything too loose  
 make it tight and turbulent entablature  
 of a temple to an absent god or just the priests  
 are gone the god let loose is fire to roam  
 glad among kayakers and a prayer for rain

turn free by road assemblymen of hell  
 who caught this town before the avalanche  
 and made the tourists come to feed the goats  
 and the cows' transhumances are green with love  
 all the occasional shadow kiss tastes of September

turning round to come in all the bitter

we need more salt the angelus begins  
who kneels down among the ruins of a strange idea  
came down from heaven reek of iodine  
and everything looks small today

like staring into the chalice of a flower  
mutations of large corporations compete  
with natural decay to isolate tragedy from news  
a blue feather floats into a street in Geneva  
the lake spumes a jet of counseled air

so high as if somebody was saying something  
three dogs in concert here like crystal goblets chinking  
it is as if the coast were really edifice and opal  
exalted voices of the children  
spending their penny in the willows

lead down by tile the rain-smart roof  
magpies many and an old man on a horse  
clops through the town no turns to two  
a couple feed their mounts on neighbor grass  
between this life and the bishop

or how Saint Guerin must pray for all  
ox and ass and Antoine's pig and not till  
well into *La Captive* does the author get a name  
given by the beloved the provisional  
the sole determinatrix of local actuality

who says 'mon cher Marcel' or some such  
 formula memory will not retain (*nous lépreux,*  
*Paris se vaut une messe*) all the famous jabber  
 the mantle of this rock earth has so long  
 endured names sweet as melons from Cavaillon

the perplexing simplicities of Doctor K  
 she's reading *So what is that bird there?*  
 open to a pretty magpie half by half  
 black and white old Feirefiz the sun  
 of Gahmuret was divvied up like one of these

his lower parts a natural heathen white  
 only the intelligence can sin age of reason  
 in this season Guerin busy with sick cows  
 the peasants cured the saint of wicked intellect  
 and made him a patron saint of sick animals

well did they know that the body cures the mind  
 the body builds the stone that puts the point of god  
 high in the mountain air only the body is pure  
 who can do no evil or at most be guilty  
 of carnal inefficiency or dwindled milk o road of milk

that leads through Spain by Santiago on to Wales  
 where Silver Road's palace hits the sky  
 the stars are her footmen and the clouds  
 her gonfalons unfurled above the sleeping  
 personage whose error is in the name inscribed

+++

melon seeds return to compost heap  
 wasps are always near too many names  
 swimming pool the different shapes of men  
 meme taille et meme allure of these  
 simple hearted merchants of romance

wash in dragon's blood and sleep below water  
 because only that one can whose life  
 is so constrained by verbal sinews it  
 might as well be immortal and it is  
 the way a rock is always too busy to die

the long identities the place called Throat  
 of the Devil where cyclamens are growing  
 on the soaked wall of the ravine the name  
 repeats itself in visitors who hurry home  
 cherishing the word cyclamen cherishing the devil

whose rocky body they walked inside  
 whose only body is their body  
 wind comes down the valley hard  
 every place is a body inside a body every  
 body is wide open to invaders

chattering Flemish in the supermarket  
 clash of chariots and melon reek  
 subtract a wagtail from a pine tree  
 butterfly swooping on the glacier the time

of things is scribbled deep inside

each one alone and none to wait for kindness  
 is all here and afterwards the farmers  
 scratch it out of the ground and make room for new  
 or where would the car go if the road  
 didn't differ with the mountain breathing

*firelily* they call it all around the town  
 be careful of eternity the foam  
 makes the fingers shake like a walk uphill  
 in evening sunhaze down La Terche  
 distance is chimera anyhow a plow

to furrow sky with and plant such wheat  
 as grows to spring night with fierce little  
 lights in whose gleam nothing but themselves alone  
 light that just illuminates itself we pray to dark  
 to augment the instrument of stars loro influenza

to have by these need-nights a void  
 pronounced upon the Manifold or pleroma  
 while equilibriums of ordinary passions  
 totter to war the animal that tries  
 to answer every question with its teeth

a kenning for it or a darling coal measures  
 shouldering beneath the Yorkshire lies  
 seven hundred years to put the language out  
 and then the miners come in white silk scarves



in sooty tweed jackets solemn saying nought

it has to tell everything or else believe  
 because telling is a cure for understanding so  
 when every word is spoken all the things are gone  
 and the game plays itself beneath the apple tree  
 the steel balls arc and clatter down and women laugh

+++

want to hide out from the jumbo jets up here  
 class struggle and theology and find instead by skin  
 a morality of leaf and bark academy of stone  
 spent so much time walking on the mezzanine  
 among those has-been lights men call the stars  
 the girl next door was one of those pale Russky charmers  
 eating in the lap of Lenin till the conversation banked  
 smokeless fire of the shivaree everybody got married  
 and no one came it is the rutabaga principle a head  
 made of wood and eyes made of all that's been lost

a woman on a ferris wheel a champion of pain  
 o black Mercedes mother of all living course my street  
 barricades of torpor and a strange lake-dwelling fish  
 as if an eel caught philosophy and understood its practice  
 as universal doctrine not just its own long way home

home is always the next port of call among the wolves  
 three quarters up the mountain and the wind  
 get a receipt for the paper kiss a glacier

the shoulder's sore from all it never carried  
 because the fated burden belongs to the wind

even if the servant sneaks beneath the hedge and smokes  
 and the snow melts not even by the core of August  
 and not a single name of tree survives in English  
 the man nipped a fox's tail the tiger jumped  
 hardware and liquid crystal the moon's on fire

+

nominal tower hawk on the head  
 oak fence gorse hedge poor hedgehog  
 flat from car the spill of autumn in the yellow air  
 the car is courage and a spear and sarx

means flesh when psyche's gone to town  
 and left her mirror all steamed over  
 hot from her looking in it it is death  
 for the soul to take a shower

Parmenides was right there's never  
 just one horse the palamino up La Chaux  
 clematis on porphyry lord loveliest imperium  
 nobody power but the body's whim to know

to know by touch and stone remember  
 to go to come to back home to tell  
 these four will do and let the skin

be quiet with the language of the stone

+

rectiform crucibular investigative flop  
 to sail so long down the gutter in a folded newspaper  
 origami *Figaro* and out to sea among cockles  
 coracles limpets brooding on Lacan  
 nautilus keeps secrets in their ingrown rooms

all the strategies beasts incarnate to avoid  
 the simple blossom of the every which way wind  
 or greedily to snatch the air inside and keep it there  
 safe from music circulation of Lady Oxygen  
 cancellation of the Other and sermon for the self

mitigate a nettle wear a leek in that sombrero  
 let it rain hard down the cleavage of the mountain  
 gush the cosmetic parables size of a sparrow  
 allure of a jay shadows in the willow trees  
 weave the next millennium's religions

all subtle poetries of hoopoe and plover  
 and gulls learn to fly at midnight  
 and their white tidings will rouse the house  
 no man will dare say their sermons for them  
 and women will wake up and say their dreams

though *Introduction to the Devout Life* was written here  
if here is taken loosely cloud chambering la Tête Noire  
two horses and only two Poverty and Liberty  
broken china heaped outside old magazines  
every word has at least two meanings

and the skull lasts longer than the brain  
think on this voyagers with canoes on shoulders  
sweating through Ouisconsin portages of old  
the bone remembers in its strange fashion  
where the pudding of the flesh lets slip

our parents called us lust in idleness  
because Pontiac is cheaper than LaSalle  
and a ghost haunts only his own terrain  
humble as a bee disinclined to range  
firewardens on their towers dream Byzantium

the naked Empress comes to everyone who sleeps  
head of a monkfish caught on a tree branch  
breath is a flag and the army is the skin  
watch them falter through the rye oblivion  
is a ribbon knotted round a knuckle

or comes who calls a skull is resonant  
clear and clean is empty and a wind issueth  
which tells all the wit this bone once held  
Merlin or Mandeville a woman who knew all  
and poured her slim pitcher on the table

milk of all known valleys the precious molds  
 make cheeses but the skull has two horns on it  
 or six or four and the horns are hollow howl  
 at sacred instances when priests think godwind blows  
 and they blow back to answer mystery with reverence

the faces face each other it is marble  
 each woman is a plausible envoy of her kind  
 a plenipotent just arrived from the archaic  
 one sees this face a lot in dreams and ten  
 thousand years ago saw in their sleep too

mother of magnesium sea wife temptress  
 the air's vestal around her but she magnifies  
 all occasions are the sun of time all space is touch  
 all seeing is an anger of the eyes to choke the distances  
 hardware of her hours gondola down the blood stream

always so much singing passes in profile  
 we know this nose this hurry because a sky  
 falls into place around such angular momentum  
 thought it was a woman's face in twilight seen  
 hurrying towards the harbor when black sails come

cloud come along come along high head silver blue  
 pirate sky with dory cloud down here invading pines  
 describe alternate universe where all the strings  
 uncoil at once and quarks are his and hers at last

duality is our unity brother humans who leave behind

look up the names of things have you by the neck  
 or choke your prayers with kisses left from dream  
 the alternative to obvious is everything  
 the alternative to everything is not nothing is the one  
 thing permanent as the attention paid to it

come along donkey bray a buddy understands  
 come along rapture to tease the sleeping nun  
 ivory and silverplate brushes worked with amber  
 anything to keep her hair out of her eyes and let the light in  
 that part of the wind the human brain can see

don't harden hearts against the felons on the gallows  
 their lives' last spurt loves the world round them into place  
 for nothing lasts without the urgent want of it  
 screaming yesness on a migrant hopescape  
 until the cat seems to stand still and let you stroke it

the angelus rings over Europe sprinters wake early  
 down in Athens and wonder what Greeks eat breakfast  
 after all the high school philosophy a hundred meters  
 faster than anybody to make sense or naumachy  
 off Nauplion how fast a shmatte drives a skiff

believe the wind it's all there is to be driven  
 inside and out the first of all things and last is wind  
 harsh pneumatology of a desert saint Antoine  
 stoned with abstinence staggers on his crutch

god the pharmakon for vision's torments

he's made crutches of his crucifixes and a bell  
 and the huffy little pig looks past his robe  
 hearing the ding dong of a lost religion  
 in desert stagger market stagger DAX and FTSE  
 stagger Glastonbury and watermelon pine

the girl with Corsican eyes the cloud down La Chaux  
 this vision lasts as long as time and then  
 Parmenides was sad all going and no coming  
 as if the road wrapped right back on itself  
 and gold people walked along it counting seeds

all they have he thought is what they leave behind  
 a measure? a moonchild? a sad trapeze  
 deserted by its acrobat? every night god sends  
 a little older than the television? an advocate?  
 dear god what has happened to her face?

+

beyond Seytroux the same cloud the power pylons march from mist  
 everything surrounds everything and it's only August the yellow  
 people walk below the ground crowding upwards to the surface earth  
 to be reaped like everybody else old snathe of time swung  
 and who knows what or who the blade of it be old mariner

one is ages from the sea here or any maybe lake  
 to milk the clouds up from or vaporette in the bloodstream

woke still feeling the wool of whose garment on his fingertips  
 change road to make the horses whinny and the hinny haw  
 spread the load around to balance lucency

decency? a stroke above the nine and be buried  
 hear the gongulous toll bronze above the catafalque  
 and the neighbor gospel lady hum in her pants suit  
 priestcraft is triumphant and the church is cracked  
 it's the same car coming up the mountain over and over

they go to mass and come back chemical come cured  
 small rivers with thick barges hoisting home  
 lock by lock the boat of it ascends sweet miracle  
 to get a loaf of bread out of a mountain with the troll  
 singing at his forge unalcheming all that gold

Corbá the crow Corbassière place with a lot of them  
 come down from the trees and get to know you  
 the dark of other people's lives the shame of living  
 where so many didn't and Abbot Guarinus  
 fell from his horse right there and died

nine hundred years before her right over the pommel  
 the saddle fell with him some monks were mournful  
 carried here him north to the abbey he had founded  
 the lepers were kept up the steep path up Corba's hill  
 everything intimate and sly the way death operates

Bernard hated the place but preached Jerusalem anyhow



got away as soon as he could mistakes of weather  
that summer hail the size of pippins fell Crusaders left  
Marlene betrothed in Canada everybody becomes opera  
made of everything a cup of tea on fire in spirit sleep

the angelus woke him as if he were a village itself  
but nobody is anybody really just numbers in a jar  
with a few long wing feathers floating past  
to make apparent identity remember palpable entity  
but he had no right to talk about Parmenides

rescuing sleepy children from a burning orphanage  
itself the most remarkable structure in the hamlet  
they came there to ride horses and to sleep the long  
sweet sweaty sleep of horses till fire found them  
and no child tried to understand a few of the thoughtful

read books about the catastrophe in which they died  
as if memory could be anything recovered out of nowhere  
by impudent imposture of consciousness a written word  
face pressed against her breast where playful dragons sleep  
and every pool a wishing well they bend to read their fate

fact is fate every water's ink nothing to do with Parmenides  
Rossini is closer nothing to do with anything but the Old Mill  
sea marsh the Jews of this man's head and one of them uphill  
stumbling rock road and what she did was dry the face  
to this day she sits beside the road the napkin in her lap

an action is permanent things are not permanent  
terrible history of to do and the shame of not having  
a cabin full of crystals and not having a bathroom  
full of sea foam and a bed full of mermaids with nacre  
not having name in lights not even having lights

no name and pronouns too dear that season to make sense  
Arabic easier a gesture write a whole word in the air  
God made them as they did why should a priest go to Québec  
and bother half-breeds and Iroquois about a soul they share  
portage over thickets of indifference to the dry martini of belief

no question really asks itself it needs accomplices  
buses to the lake lost mail a phone call in the night  
one had not heard the donkey bray civilian light  
reformation light Waldensian light down this valley once  
voodoo light every heart carried that desire carries

wanting is the worst and most of magic a postcard  
from a pretty city on the shores of hell  
everyone arrives and no one sleeps a nightingale  
singing in the emergency room blood smells like copper  
copper smells like money money smells like sex

fear is general among the living that's how the dead  
are different all desire and no fear not even fear  
of not getting what is desired no more than a stone  
can be disappointed the dead get everything  
hours later ran still on the mountain the stone cross wet

+

after this comes that and after that a mulberry  
 and after that the ivy hurries up the wall and children  
 and so forth and the name of this is Time a hollow  
 raucous teens at the foot of the same cross pray for night  
 and all things cover them they are simple with fear

and where does the mountain go to flee human weather  
 fear is everywhere and it loves them too *maite zaitut*  
 a kind of game to play with lakes and rivers  
 walking in the rain to La Moussière pursued by bells  
 the natives of this little town are called 'wolves'

respectable as eggwhite like a blue policeman  
 red republican procurer of indigent luxuries  
 an earth to sleep on and stars for a hat  
 truth is yellow truth likes to get hurt  
 because then the lonely world turns opposite

and one know where one is and is not Parmenides  
 who was that Parmenos he was son of  
 nobody is anybody's son it's all a daughter  
 a kind of island wine and kiss the sailor  
 the lamb sleeps in the cottage shadow on some moss

+

nix nihil nivis umbrae on the mountain  
 don't confuse a word with a preposition  
 shadows on mountain statue of General Dessaix

things stand for what they are is not a proposition  
a rime with calico an old woman in church

that much is clear the church was empty  
the holy water stoups were dry the cooper  
image of the saint is gone it's raining  
no car to go home the city by the lake  
where Lakota war dances get big crowds

o god the grief of sunshine sad eagle feather  
the claws of what we do the broken axle  
the bent wheel rolling down the arm  
nobody can suffer weather like a lake  
it's dreaming women wake in lightning

echo of a dance that passed one footstep into heaven  
a wolf looking in from the woods so many explanations  
all it really is is whatever anybody says it is isn't it  
since no one's listening salvation is not susceptible  
to proof or demonstration but the candle burns

kids play in the confessional rehearsing sins  
they'd like to do or are doing as they speak  
performing and absolving in one gesture  
and the dry old wood keeps creaking  
the substances of things are the only answer

who's there? the light asks who's asking  
says the dark and off they go again  
wind down the valley and the girl cries

shadows of snow the dawn light caught  
 on the massif the breathing of the light

before the sun takes hold an hour from the world  
 over the neighbor mountain a dance? a Dante?  
 dark pink roses round the abandoned convent  
 a sacred heart above the rose-embattled door  
 and that man who shows his heart has roses too

but no one's home pull back from that knocker  
 the echoes of such a house will slay the unprepared  
 the men-at-arms are far away the blue lights  
 of their car hurtling down the cliffside road in rain  
 and one is alone with the door that one has found

+

be normal maiden samphire  
 semaphore club moss ruta  
 graveolens heavy-reeking rue

spinnaker stands out from Thonon  
 republic at home with lakes  
 les foulques come swim with us

*Voughà shi no* the sign says  
 least chance for meaning  
 all day the difference dances

wanderfrei unsalted egg  
of a pastor without sheep  
have fun with us it means

but no one's speaking  
so nothing to know a nail  
a board a brass band

chervil and leeks are close  
coffee cool enough to drink  
a peppermill for the pope

smooth cry willow jay  
a horse just happens  
a stream of travelers

vanishes in the woods  
what does the eagle care  
he's written his book

in splendor the darkness  
sleeps inside the light  
the word forgives its mouth.

*7 – 13 August 2004*

*Saint Jean d'Aulps*