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But calling

is release,

is releasing.

A cock is crowing,

the woods smell

of mold and mildew,

hot weather

wet in coming.

And on Auriga 2 another

sunlight filters

through the alabaster trees

and tells me Dream is better

but still wake up now,

wake and come out,

calling is pleasure.

People think they have lived

on this planet and in this way

for millions of years, I say not so.

We are newlings

and we dreamed a past.

I wonder if we're even as old

as Jews and Bishop Ussher thought we are,

guesswork, we are all born

the day before,

and if there are no traces

of our passage

then we did not pass,
for we leave traces,

always traces.

I wonder if I dreamed my childhood too
and all this history just a retro-dream
established by civilized consensus.

I think I like that. We are close
to the beginnings still. The cave paint
is still wet. And it makes us closer
to one another to have
dreamed the same dream.

We shuffle through the leaf fall
of the newest autumn, kinfolk of morning,
sharing the soft smell of the place.

29 August 2004

MELAN

Stone talks to feet.
Shuffling Carthusian nuns
heard these flagstones
talk to them. Above them
the mountain, cut
to get this rock.
Rock talk. Blue cool.
I was there. It told me too,
told me language
is the silentest,
a cloister, a forgetting,
a veil cast
over a world from which
we are ever taking leave.
Listen. When you come
into a new language
you have nothing.
Nothing is anywhere now,
you survive, you learn
it doesn't matter to be
nowhere and nobody
with no one. Then one day
you hear the stone again,
you sit on a boulder or walk
in an old cloister and you hear
only the silent things it says
are true. You have come back
to yourself again, your first language,
mother tongue of what you mean

and nobody knows. Some day
you have to make language tell
clear as this silence does.

You have to take it in your lips,
you have to beat it on this stone
until it talks to me too.

29 August 2004

recalling the revelation

at the Chartreuse de Mélan, near Taninges

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/phag.ma.sgrol.ma.na.mo/

A girl is rousing in the woods
a girl is pulling herself together
she's made of sticks and stems and leaves
old fallen ones and new, she's made
of mold and dew, new leaves,
some blue-fingered flowers that come late
in summer, almost autumn,
she pulls herself together
and comes to me, I feel her
coming down the little hill,
she makes me know already
that though she's made of twigs and thorns
she will be soft to the mind's touch,
softer than green leaves even
to my touch though she will be green.

29 August 2004

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Call for what it comes
a Jeremiah voice a guide
in rubble, I am broken
by interpretation, their doubt
silences me.

From everlasting to this rose
one fall of light,

hustler, where are your roses?
Too many self-evident archers
too many gold medals,

where is the night
from which all this glitter
has been subtracted

to make the names,
the sound of light shattered by our doubt.

30 August 2004

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What shall we do
on our way to the world?
And which way to go
to get there today?

Depression & Suspicion,
that green passport.
At customs sheds they stare
at you and wish you hadn't come
but let you through, in
to the country where you
don't want to be either.
Who are you today
after last night? Why
is it all about travel,
frontiers, tension,
pointless relief?

It is a broken stick
on which I carve
an ode to glue.

30 August 2004

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Who did Napoleon know?
did someone tell him it was there?
somebody in Corsica dressed
as an Arab maybe, or in the Piedmont
whispered the stages of his path.
Russia kills. Go there to renew.
Egypt gives life, but life is only
worth giving away, your offering
to the lords of the other side
of anything you ever thought.
The future always slays us,
the only occupant of the future
we know for sure is there is Death,
So go to Egypt first, flesh and token,
number and sign, the past
is free of danger, go where the past
is strongest, the past is your mark,
go where the marks are clearest
and then live. Death can't find you there.

They killed him on Saint Helena's,
an island with no history
to hide in, on a sea with no past.

We live and breathe by mark alone.

31 August 2004

THE E AT DELPHI

The wind
in Memnon.
Things speak.
This statue means
us to listen to
the natural voice of things.
There is no end of talking.

But to write down what is said
so you can read it too –
what a loving insolence,
to make a mark where there was none.

31 August 2004

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To taste the black pepper after all these years
Egyptian honey

I cry against the government
I cry onions and wheat bread
I cry pyramids
I cry onions and rye,
old men on their porches
and girls on their swings,
wheat bread and rye,
old cheese for old men,
the taste of time,

I cry against the government behind the government,
the Cheney behind Bush, the Carl Schmitt behind Cheney,
all the secret magistrates
I cry against
but only cry with wheat and onions and rye
so as I cry they'll only think
I'm begging for my bread
but all the while my onion cry
will weave its way inside their heads.

31 August 2004