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HEXAGONS OF DESIRE

Who stings whom
when the world's a hive?

The body's venomous,
and the local mind
turgid with wanting.

It's up to me to see the one
who doesn't want,

the witness, whose silence
animates the rest.

Angelic cameraman
help us,
let snapshots fall,

the little petals
this is what you look like
 when nobody's looking
this is what the world is
 when nobody's home

An old picture Anna took of a man in the street
tells more than ever Anna knew, or the man, or anyone.

28 September 2003

WORD

A word's some bait
the listener takes in

chemistries it
to its component energies

and lets them ransack
everything the listener
ever knew
to set up meaning:

underground passageways
tunnels in the mountain

a word's little light
soon goes out and leaves her there

where the buried crystals gleam.
Any meaning is a last light

then night.

28 September 2003

IN MY OPINION

meine Meinung

means my my-ing,

me's mind meaning.

28 IX 03

FOR I AM A STIFF-NECKED PEOPLE

Blue contortion
the sky enforces
waiting to watch

the face's sake
burning in the between

Am I the only one
who loves dead flags,
armies with no soldiers,
just names to bind
my sense of place
to my sense of my own
body, Occitan,
Ottoman, Vandalusia?

Of course that's what they mean,
running from a faraway
to be here empty handed —

those are the visitors I like best
who leave nothing behind them
but a taste in my mouth

smell of a shadow.

28 September 2003

A GAME

Could we play gold,
gold without the ground?

No club and no carrying,
pure finding, pure insertion?

28 IX 03

A girl's face always tell you more
than she can possibly know.

28 IX 03

DHIKR

The murmuring
my mouth makes
reciting your name
becomes my own.

28 September 2003

CORINTHIAN COLUMNS

midway between
Asia and Europe

potency arrested
taught to stand

as earlier the lotus
capitals of Egypt

told us we live
below the real world

into which
somehow else we

flower and the flower
holds up the house.

28 September 2003

MARKSMAN SHE

arrows out
of mindman
and strikes the gear
at his clock's core

time's escapement
called remembering

wondering how she was
he falls, the skies
try to lap over him
their long forgetting

dreamers under mountain
time also has a pale
drunkenness how
can he rise again

everything I remember
is a wound, so
dying also must be
just a kind of recollection.

29 September 2003

BOIRE

the bland broad hush of coffee

the spike of irish tea

the long friendly conversation of yerba mate

the quaker chapel of green tea

things that drink me.

29 IX 03

RUNES

You catch me worrying about trees,
which will last which will fall
what should I do about the world
I let the moment pass. Linden
is supposed to love me, maple
ditto, ash. The alphabet of anxieties
is the oldest trees, green walnuts
underfoot, ankle twisting dark
ordinary hemlock, yew. Things
fall. What can we do. The future
is a fiend the past is dead. Help.
Take me by the hand, move fast
until we get completely lost in now.

29 September 2003

Be natural, he said
but nothing is,
we form our nature
round us

we spill
Yosemite from the hard
hope of being,
Denali a rock

almost big as the head.

29 September 2003

CRESS

in steel bowl cooling
in live water
things run through things

things have tastes
things wait
a small bunch
among the green

produce (such
words they say)
at the herb end
of the aisle

everything is a stream
we saunter down
harvesting unlikely
hopes, simples,

the ten thousand
animals we ate
we never even knew
their names

and on these acutegreen leaves
maybe one grain of sand
sparkles, survives.

29 September 2003

LA DURE DUREE

Some times take time
more time than other
time takes

 this time
on account of that
time interrupts itself
to take some in

where there seems
there must also be
something unknown
to the first time

suddenly known now
this is sudden time
when all the needles
line up on the controls

and someone sleeps
my sorrow
hath laid waste the world
but that must be

someone dreaming
so many a man wakes
thanking God
he's not the king

and the mean mood
of his personal diaspora
has no means
more to hurt many.

30 September 2003

THE OLD HAD HARPS

machinery of sound

a lasting sorrow

a song loosed upon the world

can't help but bite

a sound once spoken

can't be controlled

chainsaw at morning, backhoe

idiotic beeping, wake warned

that change is starting

again and again

build a house

in the woods the bears will eat you

a house by the road and the cars

will come full of hungry eyes

the house build in the sky

is safe but hard to get to

up the immense driveway

to the border of the knowable

but then you're almost home.

30 September 2003

The murk of feelings
leads to a mire
where words are trapped
in meanings.

30 IX 03

THE PRISM

Somewhere there's a crystal
knows how to shatter
light into its colors

and not be broken:
a word dissolves all human feeling

into the glorious particulars.

30 September 2003

THEY FLEE FROM ME

standing at the center of myself
everything rushing away

the moment came,
centripety turned centrifuge.

I watch them go
away from me
I watch even the watching recede

fast to the rim of the world
and there is nothing but this
nothingness they're running from

but even this nothing they're running from
is enough to do the thing I came to do.

30 September 2003