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SNAPSHOT OF MAN CONFESSING INFATUATION, NO ONE LISTENING

Afraid the one
I said was someone
is someone else
I waited
by the gate
to see who came

time after time
it was that one
again, the merchant
of my matter
in whose elegant
premises
am me again

senza te sola-
mente ombra
says the opera
without you
I'm only shadow
but no music
knows it

how many ways
to cut the apple
in half and still
not see it, the one

who is waiting
when I wait

you're supposed
to see a star
I woke and saw
that one above me
as it might be someone
leaning on the sky

shall one not sleep
in public, shall a rat
have supper and a man
stand up?
 in marble
niches old
Athenians stored
their gods, on
marble benches
many an obscure
indecent dream
came tumbling
baroque because
green or leafy?

20 October 2003

KSHATRIYA: THE TEMPERAMENT OF WARRIORS

is kind —killing is just an accident of claim—
and means to stay in contact with the given
one's foothold new-splashed on the rocky beaches
or possessing shadow now on alien lawn

'promoting change' big blue-faced Leicester
rams with Roman noses at the fair
their skinny legs are saplings in a cloud of leaves
a copse of wool and then where should they go

one's business is to rescue one from sleep and pain
and the love one gives one another is
the fuel or energy on which they run, each sheep
or other one, so good love turns a person out

to heal what one can and forgive the rest
in ceaseless merchandise of contemplation
meaning only to be in touch with everything
and most of all some mind behind the changes.

20 October 2003

PECUNIA

In the smallest island no mistake
problems settle dew-wise on the larger
when the turtle sleeps
dazed by the fumes of new:

cosmologists in shiny cars
drive their tenures through safari parks of number
o rota Fortunae
some people can't fall off

for why? because they are the wood
of which Fortune made her wheel
long long ago my babies
when things still knew how to move

for money adheres to its system
money is honest, money
like running mercury consociates,
consolidates, always runs together,

fluent in every language, admits
no separation, money is dense,
airy, particular and universal,
money is obedient to every nature

with a perfection stone might envy,
that water is still learning from,
money has no weather, money
loves its brothers and its sisters,

who makes a friend of money
rules the world, money is the flesh
of flesh, money is the breath
from which music sings,

and all those years the fool I was
sought to trap flies with vinegar,
those sour Poundian dismays
against usura when usura is Aurora

really, the morningstar of appetite
and the blue of eternal touch,
money is the dreaming princess
in whose beauty sleep the world is made,

usura turns out to be at last
the silver-sided name of karma,
the lucid consequence of thingliness,
the interstitial fluid of the world

and blood of barter, keen advantage
and all the paintings on all the walls
were money's gifts to the amazed beholder,
poor children on field trips all through

the immeasurable museum.

21 October 2003

MIDNIGHT

How my body is connected to the world.
By underground tarsals the undamaged
nervures of native leaves map my desire's
network, each leaf comes to a point
that language names 'you,' whereas
there are so very many leaves.

21 October 2003

CAVEAT AMATOR

I can let be gentle with the time
the ease of falling
or the case spring-feathered like a rose
remembered, not as here a given,
benumbed in a blue glass vase,
never turn your back on a rose.

22 October 2003

THE UNWINDING

1.

For I will turn black
the edges of the rose

perilous rim
where each animal
meets its opposite art

cocooned in aura
a thing quivers

trying always to stand
still, fleet
as a runaway deer
over the hill

to find
only a motionless
condition

everything
wants to stop
we want to go on

2.

And that is why petals darken at the edge
or will do, not now, the day after tomorrow,
now they're safe, pink in the fresh wind of bought yesterday,

but a day will come for them
worry worry the wolf at the throat and
leaves fall,

century of murder
like never other,

sparrowhawk
holding hard in the wind beside the bridge
the one thing left living in the world
round-cruising sky vault to find a life

and that will be that,
just one hawk left in the world
fain on the upglide
catching the morning sun, searching the sky
and nothing left to kill.

That hawk is the last man.

22 October 2003

SHEIK SHELDRAKE

Sheik Sheldrake at his listening post
over the local Alps hears cries for help

But masters are not masters any more
his mastery's asleep inside himself

mateless and forgetting. Sheik no sheik.

22 October 2003

BANDWIDTH, THE MORALITY

words on screen not page
they do not linger

unless you let them
the grace of the medium

menstruum the particles
array'd

pre-plexed to appear
and they bend across your hour

surely this is time
finally reclaim'd

whose tomb among the Saracens
is honored to this day

now reborn
between the mouse click and the swimming into view

the cosmologic pause
over Damascus

and then I read you.

Because the screen is speculum,
allows a second glance, look!

a mirror that shows the other!

an ode to the appearing, what
sports or treasures

ed amorosi

luminously spilled.

23 October 2003

ENEMY TACTICS

and some are just the mekhanê's defects.
the false of word, like Faurisson's ill will

spill spatchcock time with brittle seeming—
yes, you godlings capture Roosevelts of cunning,

ice boat under Barrytown dock
when God made February

the rich shallow breathing in their rapture
orgasm of a simple man

carpenter who makes from olive wood
crucifixes you can live inside

o slide the drawer open
and let me breathe the simplest words in

do you trust me, lady, after all
you turned your back on my desire

then we survived again,
lifeboat after lifeboat, raft of the Sedusa,

willimanticked neither you nor me,
strange verbs the common does to us,

spaggiaia, spaggeroumis,
no word carried from the emptied throne,

spit and policy, I lectured about F. Bacon
to a baffled audience

why should we care
what you are any man
has to say about
some other? how
dare you not be me
and make me famous
where you are?

the root of words must thou uncover,
gender in Atlantis,
survives only in the transgendered present
the cryptic and the overt
making four
doors to go through to nowhere,

orgasms of a simple people,
geese in the sky

no progress without a broken song
sorry bone

repaired in music.

23 October 2003

I have kept my distance
till I became the world.

23 X 03

LOW CLIFFS

a violet shadow
walks southwest along my eye

the rising sun approximates
the real, lonely on
the street but only there

she lived nearby
when I still trusted gravity
and let myself fall.

23 October 2003

I am supposed
to want everything
and what does that
imply about you?

23 X 03

BONY GRAPES

for E.R.

they clamber
up the Rhineland hill
to keen by winter,
frost first then
a slack sweet

shadow of ice
lies on the tongue

you know
where it is
where the hand of
fondled
some small hour

as if touch
were ever
or enough

or by the water
things wait
their ladies

cats slink
in clover.

24 October 2003

TRAVEL

The usual clamming up before I go—
is that the silence of these days
anxiety ordinaire, that will let nothing out?

Hazardly inward only sparks —
the rest is glum, all Brahms and no Beethoven.

Go nowhere. Be everywhere.

25 October 2003

THE TRUTH

Having told all the truth
now I can improvise

turn my hair black
for your occasion
and be an old cowboy
at last looking

out over the vacancy
I pretend is really mine

elusive desert
that will not let me alone.

25 October 2003