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mayA2001

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Why can't I dream of that which gives me pleasure?

Sapir would say there is a measure
in the register of sound
so that what is found
by the wit to think is first
encountered in the sound of words

how they match each other
lover inside lover
until we hear
and hearing now
only later think
something we spoke

so the word at last
is tricked to answer.

Dreams are too silent to give much pleasure,
Her voice sometimes, aligning with my dawn.

1 May 2001

Sunset almost now. The vague
Outsiders cluster by the screen

Dragons draymen dance
Around the axis of the light

These hymenoptera frail
Winged messengers the soul.

1 May 2001

TRYING TO UNDERSTAND

I'm trying to understand something about this
that the miraculous bullshit of elected officials
cannot explain

it's not in the talmud of the disaffected either
and the people who stand around carrying signs in the rain
though generally wise are clueless in this matter

which is no matter I can name
it's just something I want and want
till the want is part of my biology I am a species of it
Wantingus moreofus
I need you in my hands and my hands in you

I need to be inside you and all my projects
are supermodern airports I'm trying to build in you
so I can land and land and land all of me
tumbling out of the troopcarriers and weary jet passengers of me
hurrying into you up every concourse of your presence

until I am there
your pilgrim come home at last

and this is my want that I've painted green here and religious
but it's always somethings I feel in the tips of my hands.

1 May 2001

I will always be here for you
Like a stone tower on a headland
You can come to me
whenever when you need me

Come stand on me and watch the sea
or come inside and shelter from the sun
from the rain from the wind

I will always be here for you
My stone will be the arms around you
The roaring fire in my hearth will warm you

But I am the wind too and I move
I'll always be here for you, always,
But here will keep changing its geography

The sea keeps moving me around

I will always be here
but sometimes you will have to find out where here is
you will have to come find me

I will always be here, you will always be able to find me,
The magic of my life and the magic of your life
Will bring us together

I will always be here and the tower will always
Be here, broken stone, climb up the rubble and come in,
Low stone arch low stone ceiling
And a roofless chimney tower

I will always have a table in the middle of me,
A wooden bowl, a leather cup, a bed.
There will always be fire

And I will always be here
but you will have to find me when you want me
and I think you will always want me

we cast a spell on the world that it hold us together
however far we run
there is an energy that pulls us back

so I will always be here,
come find me, I know you'll come find me,
here for you always, here for you only
feel the stone of my stone,
wind of your wind,
you will hear me inside you, will feel my breath in your mouth.

1 May 2001

when some one is gone
leaving only a name
and the name then is sifted
soft as oats
down onto someone new

(will I be a name someday
famous as Achilles or Harpo Marx

famous as Mary famous as Jack

just a name and no one?)

doesn't the name enlarge
swell pregnant
with all the living and dying

so you take in your mouth some name
you think is the name of a city or a book
only to find the name
itself is speaking under what you suppose your words?

1 May 2001

so some of them are ready
some of them wear red dresses some wear white
and they congregate on or under bridges
some can sing

some can sing red and some can sing in other numbers
some can bring food from their mothers
and some can eat what you have brought
something even your mother couldn't bake

some can take care of you and some
can be taken care of by you and none
is unworthy of this attention and you
are only who you are when you take care of them properly

rake the gravel between the berm and the marge
trim the grass and let them lie down
red or white or in between any number they choose of them
any number they choose to be

let them lie down beside the road
or under bridges or on top of them
where the insolent traffic always thinks somewhere else
is better than here

it isn't it isn't
here is all there is
and here is where you should be
taking care of them and being taken care of

like a man and a woman walking down a long street in Berlin.

2 May 2001

I never had a horse
and cows scared me

the size of them
the blackness of them their huge
mountain hip bones
the bag of them the heat the spritzing
milk hissing into the pail
the terrible body of being on the earth

scared me.

There is a picture of me running away from a black cow
who is not pursuing.

Who stood there fifty five years ago
eating sunlight with her back
eating the sunlight with her fat lips
the grass that the sun made green

I never had a cow or a horse
and the sun always scared me

it scares me today, it's gotten brighter than it was
and the moon has gotten dimmer
why is that, time scares me

and the terrible body of being alive.

It says in Dante: the damned
stand by one more mortal river they must cross
till fear turns into desire
and in they plunge

and that is what I meant I suppose when I said
the longer I live the more the yearning grows.

2 May 2001

TURKISH DELIGHT

Be my agar
agar be my pectin
make me
stick together

enclose a kernel
of some meaning
all the rest
is just the sugar for

to make you eat
crack the reasonable
texture taste
eat my nut

no one but you
will understand
the political pressure
of the simplest food

eats you too
this meaning
that is so hard
to get to hold

to say to stay
the healing meaning
taste it
that is pleasure.

2 May 2001

Counting on me if you were
a comma in a field of never

then I would curl into your curve
to be understood as good

a feat of moral prowess only you
can generate to know me new.

2 May 2001

STHAVI

from the Cologne Digital Sanskrit Lexicon

Entry:

sthavi

Meaning:

m. (only L.) a sack , bag ; heaven ; a weaver ; fire ; a leper or the flesh of a leper ; fruit.

Then we have to ask the meaning of such meaning
When a word means
What they say sthavi means

What do we mean when we use it

Or any word I ask you

1.

in heaven there is a weaver
he weaves a bag and gives it to a leper

the leper fills it with his own flesh that falls away
then he brings it to the fire

he scoops out the flesh of a leper from the sack
and feeds it to the fire

flash of lightning flash of dark
a fruit rolls out and cracks in the dust

he picks it up and brings it to the weaver
who brushes the dirt and gravel off

brings it to his mouth
and eats it. This eating is called meaning.

3 May 2001

THE LOG OF THE CAVERN

For a ship it is years
since one under me
a proper forget the land
one anywhere ship far
out with only horizons
is a cave moves
through inconstancy.

3 May 2001

and could I push just one more door to open
I would find myself in a hallway leading
where every corridor runs, the other door

the other room the other chair
and who is sitting there
outlined against the window or the fire.

4 May 2001

Having no earlier commitment he awoke
bells ringing only in the workshop of his empathy
where people were calling and a telegram
was being handed through the door by a white
gloved Japanese and there are no telegrams anymore

so we woke realizing he was in the mode of allegory
or did he mean symbol, what's the difference,
does a dream know what year it is anyhow
all we need to know is what the voice is saying,
what voice, you know, open the telegram

my heart and read her wordly raptures
who is it who condenses to ten words or less
the insolent castellations of her soul
vast buttressed shoving into the local sky
the immense pinnacle of pure presence

I don't know doctor it's birth trauma every morning
strinsed to the danger o that's not a word
I wish a chariot would blaze along instead
and take me to the Bourse beyond the galaxy
where fates are made and all this woe amounts

cloud crags over the poor valley of my sleep
where the secret company of love unknown to one another
rules the intersections of the world lover soul sky
these are the words that lead away from the thing
you mean the actual the chemistry exam

to be me so long and never half as much as you.

4 May 2001

don't you realize the sea
is so constructed that you
could not no matter
how hard you thought no
matter how you tried
you could never ever
fit a single fish into it
you found somewhere else

even to wet your hand
makes a tidal wave

don't you realize there is nowhere but the sea

4 May 2001

However wide it is
cross it in one step
body is for leaping
not even stars stand still

Hittite manners tableland
a nose a narrative
there is no other story
than the one you remember

angry voices pretend
something to do with the night
cheesecloth and newsprint
if it doesn't touch skin it doesn't happen

then there's nothing to remember
stone courtesy qasida lines leaning
not too closely on one another
give the actors room to mean

mirror moment silver answer
eastern Jewish communities
scale trembling on market stall
folklore of all that sunlight

impressions left in the forgetting
light makes them stumble too
be angry with what is thinking
if only it could mean you

can't have many expectations
silence a breeze in stifling woods
what you want so much
but would you kill for it

sit on the table and tell the story
the milk the maid the egg
and when you crack it open
all that's left is fall asleep

4 May 2001

All the dark permissions
vanguard the soul

blueprint permeable mind
we build a replica of God

beta version a day
will come when I can think

my way to you
and find you've been here

all along this
is the natural mind

deepest buried of all
under all the technologies

deployed to find it.

5 May 2001

If I were to die right now
These would be my last words.
Or this.

6 May 2001

Meeting things and melting them
into mere accidents of desire
taking in and keeping hold
until the lineaments of the thing
dissolve in the mere odor of possession

what used to be you is mine forever
a blind mirror with no face.

6 May 2001

The rapture's risen.
The love that walked among us
inside and between us
so that it felt as if your body
slipped into the glove of mine
and we were one hand
gesturing,
 making something,
carving a common word
into something hard,
that rapture's risen now
and we are plain
standing beneath a blue
enough sky in peace
a faint taste of disappoint
like a hint of Sunday evening
cold window forehead
pressed against what comes
open whiff of lilacs.

6 May 2001

CUTTER

forearms tender inside pale
railroad tracks railroad ties
the scars ladder up the limb

— why do
you do
that to your
self?

— Why
don't *you*?

I celebrate with razor blades
the meager chance of being free
of me

to cut
I mourn
the ruined temple of the Jews
I mourn the lost law
the shattered altars Sabbath sacrilege

the name lost
in the dark of the Holy of Holies

I mourn the world

Obedient to the law I lost
I slice the garment that hides
the everlasting quelque-chose inside

that looks like bloody meat to you and me.

6 May 2001