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ARIADNE WAITING ON THE SHORE

Still needing all the blue hours
a wolf as can

— that is the sea mist
and from it extreme glaring

the goddess the gold womb the sun

shattered to a sheet of fire
all across the bay I've never seen
the like the astonishing sprawl of light

as if it too were water
and bound to the contours of our place.

Which makes me think deep space is dark
and light itself a local industry
product of the friction between our actual surface and what?

I think happens only to a place.
Only to us.

13 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

LISTENING TO BEETHOVEN

It wasn't the music.
We permitted it.

Or it found in us
The union it was looking for

Blindly those two hundred years
Music is so blind

So trusting whom it touches
And we were happy

With what we let it give us
And we gave it

A love with each other absolutely
That moment

Having given the rest of the world its due
And since we had everything

Could afford to give it all away.

13 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

NIGHT AND DAY

(working with Chryssa Saj's picture)

Naturally it would be this.
The fierce dividing

the sado-masochist.

And time is a ship then, isn't it
or a fleet of them,

your night's a schooner
and your day beats hard

the sun is a knife
in your kind of world

the cuts a single love in many
and cuts each one
into wanting and forgetting
everything that happens

needing needing
and needing to know what lives
beyond the horizon of human need

where desire lurks
like a sun that has never yet risen

and we go there to make it
boat after boat.

What is color?
Color is anger and touch,
a red sun around a fallow moon

smacking down on the wide Mirsuvian plain,

Степ a green surround a livid moon

prairie round the earth,
the sun sucks our blood back into the sky,

nectar, that's why we die,

everything divides.

We know each other best where we are null,
slapped into sense,
humiliated into daylight.

This is a cruel picture. Gap.
Give. Give openness. Sun.

A great hand slaps the silly earth.

Of time the ships
each one a different mind

they pass sometimes they crash
last week New Bedford sea gate
a day prowed into the hull of a day
and all times break open in the spill of now

the stuff gushed out, what was it,
white, thin, a lot of it,
what was it,

what am I that pours out?

This moment, this blue hour
all your shipwrecks

the moon is a sunken boat
the sun is a ship on fire

But how much is looking?
When you hear me
do you also see

hear me now

the long winter of the pilgrims
longing for someone

that the sound of the voice is a line in the sky

your voice, well I don't exactly hear your voice but I hear you

you sound like a ripe berry in the darkness
twilight among blackberries
just a few of the leaves touched by sun

your leaves

and a hand feels another kind of light.

We are in a strange country still,
weird island where the moors
seem to climb a different planet
the dry paths end against a different sky

bayberry skeletons desire.

13 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

Aquatic, to say the least.

Crepuscle, our cousins say
at either boundary of the day

and we know what time means too,
means it's too dark to see you

or here you are again, you wolf
standing guard over an empty door.

13 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

ANXIETY ISLES

Northmen beating on the coast
I don't know the seafog, one headland
gone already in the mist, the other
vague, a threat behind the sea

and waves easy now, and Malay pirates
and modern birds, a red tail hawk
catches an updraft over the hill
and two fulmars chase each other over the bay

we stand on a chip of rock
nowhere in a snickering sea.

13 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

IN BRILLIANT FOG

Still sunless though the hot day's due to come
By all those forecasts that we watch in dream
A man walking quickly up the hill

13 June 2001
Cuttyhunk
Start of NB 241

[INSTAURATIO HUIUS CODICIS]

Tell this notebook to be good to me darling
because the crullers of Ridgewood
are lost in the cemetery ridge of being my childhood

or I never had one and the cheese from Finland
only imagined me and the bus full of wrestling fans
groaned over the glacier trying to find me again

but I was nowhere and in France
of course I use it to inscribe the world
near the broken street clock the wedding party waits

giggling the unseen photographer that's me
who means to fix them in his damned glue
so ever after they will be hip to hip and nothing to remember

I will write down clearly every wedding in the world.

14 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

I think I will go swimming today
Like a whore into the market place
And not worry about connections

The pedigree of the actual
Is ancestry enough
Sand and broken shells and sea

You know who I mean
Or do I mean go trafficking in the actual
And let the history of things

Go on talking to itself in the little phone booth
At the smelly end of the dock
Where gulls feast also on what they find

Of use when we have thrown it away.

14 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

STANZA BREAK

Is this a link or a segue
Or a joint or a gap?

You never know the size of a crevasse
Until you're in it.

En hiver mes doigts se gercent.
Ces gerçures are also cracks.

And it is the crack in the thing
That makes it be.

14 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

The hole the real can come through
The lack that is luck

If we had everything we'd have nothing
The magnet in me draws me to my fate

And the waves complain at breaking on the shore.

14 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

BLUE THINGS

working with Chryssa Saj's collagraph: "Blue Bird"

We saw a bluebird yesterday
in fact not just a blue
bird calling in a bayberry tree

its mate it wanted with that all
purpose cry all birds have

high on the moors of an island blue
bird (not just a bluebird
red breast state bird sign of love)

a bird is a cry

a cry in the skeleton of a tree
the tree calls to the sky

voice of bone

mild breeze coming through the sea fog now
without disturbing it
how can that be

things move through things and nothing changes

nothing's changed

business of being blue, business of not blue
all right for you

you show me a blue cry.

A blue bird a red raft
spilled on the stone of the sea

a raft like a vein of blood
snaking its way through lagoons of meat

break sun a fish overhead
teeming with roe

teeming with time the touch you can't resist
teeming with touch

sunlight smeared in fog
these eggs come pelting down

the feeling the feeling
a tooth of light.

Saber bird, how can you be blue
and not burrow in the nearest flesh I am

I am close to you
voila, I am the thing you think is your skin,
I am the thing you think is you

bluebosomed and maybe red
all wings and angles like a terrible house.

Every new president opens the War House
that is all he does
always he
never she
she would not open the War House
the grim shack built to be an evil star

an unStar (Liszt's *Unstern*, late piano,
feed me your blue foods,
midnight cabbage stolen milk

all that helps us is particular.
And that's just what we fear

We dig music because it generalizes.

But the president specifies, he says Kill
this kind of person and that kind

the national anthem is a shudder

slow march to a bad place
where the other kind of blue bird lives.

Shaddai, a powerful god. Uriel
his minister responsible for light,
I think the kind of light that shows nothing but itself,
that is gentle in the heart of the head,
the brain that lives all through the meat
and still is thinking when the meat is dust

that kind of light, breeze from a sea
that tells you: you are thinking, tell me
the color of this thought, the texture of it,

can you rub your hands on my idea?

War house. Its beak pierce its own breast.
I am so angry with you that I kill myself.
I rub my face against your belly
I find death unaccountable, unvisitable,
like mauve and ocher irises after all day rain.

Blue, why do you kill? It must be all for yellow
those passionate prairies full of blond wheat

A bird is a house built in the middle of the air

delicate its rafters, careful quick
the carpenters who framed it in
the lunatic upholsterers who came to stay
and build a roof all round it, a roof
that is all we really know of the sky

how we meet it

a roof of feathers a roof of stars
and the bird stands there patiently above
so we can take its picture. Click.

Here is my blue dove. Here is my love
here is my red-violet crayola crayon to smear his heart
and here is night, coming to unseal his eyes.

Then he flies to the other side of seeing
and we can wake.

14 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

Second day of fog
healing consoling
what long wound

whatever it was this light that licks the skin
has healed it

There are times I think that fog has gone away
something lost from childhood
the gentle hereness of such things
it's all here with you when I am here

infinite soft grey room

you are limitless you are loved
is what the fog says to the child and I listened.

15 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

NOMAD

Dreams wanted to say something too —
naked in the kitchen
from whom I turned

or the one who was flat
but wasn't and we
celebrated the discrepancy

how like you this?
as if all poets were a tribe of waiting
the permission

given goes
to their heads by way of their hands
whose hands

to have is to think
to fantasize is trying to retain a thought
to make it wait

because it is so fair
fixity of what is by nature flowing —
this is the sin of alchemists

to violate the sluggish
rightness of things
arrest into a single image

time's hurry through the mind.
Vile poet
when you should have been busy looking through —

nomad mind
resists a single image
in the shifting sands of what happens

it would be a poem
that accumulated nothing
not even a single image

would defile the infinite horizon
and everything would be back there
from which we came

we come from everything
with just the animals of what we feel
walking with us

finding their grazing
wherever we
imagelessly go

moving on earth the way the mind moves
never coming to rest
divesting self of self.

15 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

But it could have been

and then the pink rhomboid of the eraser
dew-sparkling on the windowsill
after the fog came in now dry in pale sun

tells an image we are supposed to forget
moving on to the fluttering windowshade
beads of dew still in the windowcreens

15 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

NOMAD (2)

Imageless — that! is what's so beautiful
in fog, my nomads,

null-fix, wander is lust!

Desire never has an object
fixed,

desire is its movement, desire is movement

and nomad the only desire/r.

15 June 2001
Cuttyhunk

LE VENT

The wind a hatchet
cuts through the lowering air
to skim a stone

at gaze meant a deer or stag
shown staring
seen from the side, looking
outside the frame of the shield,
staring out of the frame of the world
out into the actual.

15 June 2001
Cuttyhunk