

9-2001

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L'antifesseur de cénologie
Va dormir. Ses élèves
S'éveillent pour croire
La nuit si blanche jamais

J'avais espéré boire
Le vin de ta bouteille
Ton corps les caves
Du temps passé

Maintenant chambré.
Ou leur prof est mort
Donc le désir se lève
Dans la place où il gît.

8 September 2001

Something is biting my leg it's morning
Still morning though I woke up and shouldn't
It be noon when I am me a question
Like a chisel in cream cheese we know

And call our business knowing and what we know
We call our money and give it to the world
This means you whoever we are
Leaf warriors musketeers of attitude*

Chasing damozels from their dragon lovers
To make them ours left eye and right eye
Both own you my sagittal suture owns you
My acorn owns you and my slime pit and my gleet

We all own you because you're in the bank
Of being seen astronomers have your spectrum
I love your brute analysis crude comparisons
Persiflage growing thick in locked-up gardens.

8 September 2001

* Footnote on attitude. Attitude is panache, be it a plume of smoke over Dracula's castle or an ostrich feather trimming your fine hat. Attitude is νοιά, thought or thinking, to which Jesus counterposes μετάνοια, transformation of thinking. Change your mind. Take off your hats, this place is holy.

Heat warps metal
wasps haw in the middle
of the dying afternoon
somersault mariner

men who are born of women are so strange
as if they chose the lesser part of her

morality is a less or more distorted shadow of pure faith

what a man really believes

to have a morality is to let people know who you are
let them, not make them know

hornets sting, wasps mostly leave you alone.

8 September 2001

People have sex to hide who they are
The sexual arousal/satisfaction agenda
Each one has is a screen to hide behind.

You'll never guess who just came.
You'll never know.

Orgasm curtain, dark ecstasy behind the tapestry
A flurry of body parts, organic parts
Shaping cloth or shaking it off

And then a stranger lies in a stranger's arms.

9 September 2001

How slow it was
To know you
A year before
Touch and then
An eon in the dark
Explaining everything.
And only then.

9 September 2001

I said to him it's sexual, isn't it, sexual? What, he said. I said, your problems, depression, whatever you call it, it's sexual, isn't it, probably? I don't know what you mean, he said. I said, you're at the age when the whip doesn't obey the hand sometimes, you know what I mean, you wave your arms but it doesn't crack. Snap. You know? Limp whip? That sort of thing. No, he said, that's not it. I mean that's true but not it. it's something else. Some other language.

9 September 2001

He wrote a word and it looked like Sanskrit.
How did you learn that?
I never did. My hand did it.
My hand stopped being Henry James and became
William Dwight Whitney.
But your legs are still crossed.
I know, he said. That part is me.

9 September 2001

giallo

Yellow rose
My table
Blue glass pitcher you
Set these
Circumstances to move
This universe
Before me
Voiceless
A perfect rose.

9 September 2001

All these things come upon us

organized by ocelot a day of priests
I have the slenderest number Godard's
lyrical skepticism wakes me
remembering the wetscape around Arles
and the alpillles like God's own anthills
a daddy longlegs measuring the deck
if I were king I would pay a man to count the leaves.

One man per tree all men a company

of navigating scientists with sticky fingers
I have touched the deepest places of the world
in the world and then I ran away, a sneck
to keep the window locked, a screen
against the principles of air who come to bite
and all of a sudden summer's gone
though we're still sweating and the island's full of sand.

10 September 2001

try to say it
anyhow the no
need to say
anything say it

that one
the one they need
to hear
as if you first
of all people
understood
what a shadow is

and threw it
down at their feet

11 September 2001
(after the terrorist morning)

a saintless day my city scarred
what to say?
But only saying it will help right now –
a dragon feeding on the shit of words.

11 September 2001

merciless beginning time

morning war.

All day

We count our dead,
those history books that rot on Jersey barges

waiting for us to understand.

The only thing I did to help the world was be afraid

ran away, talked
instead of doing,
thought instead of talking,
slept with open hands

12 September 2001

LACHE/SIS

And when you unlock the gates of hell
Who knows if all the victim souls escape
Or just their tormentor demons sortie out
To overwhelm us with our balked desires.

Return of the repressed. Thank God for cowards.

12 September 2001

sitting around all day watching the news
seeing the news
making it happen by seeing it

Schadenfreude

did those millions of eyes fixed on the burning towers
make them fall?

13 September 2001

or finding our way
into the woods
wifely worthy a dark

energy of leaf

‘fuse’ through us)

a train runs through the body
it goes to you

the track is me
and you’re the terminal the great
Roman temple of the Gare de Loup

and am your city spread our round you

but who the engine is
nobody knows

who drives me day and night to
this transcendently actual destination

13 September 2001

another way
poupée
to say
this is
geography
means you

so when you see a map
of anywhere or anything

pinned up on my wall
it is a secret snapshot of you

I study your mysteries
in the rivering country between and

2.

a train runs
through the body
running to the other

that is what I hear
when I press my face
against your chest

your godly freight
hurrying to me

13 September 2001

MEGIDDO

Doorway to animal

to 'the soul' (soil)
(as of earth, as grows)

great is the battle
but greater still the Plain where it is fought

men die and the Plain stays there
no where to go

 mountains fall and the Plain's still here
even women die and the Plain endures

doorway to the soul
a bleak expanse of
surface of earth

 as if dust, debris, fallen towers,
altitude itself laid low,

 a cross to carry,
all the tawdry
symbols of missing the point.

To kill a single person kills the world.

13 September 2001

ANGELITE

(holding it)

What do I feel?
A breeze from somewhere
interrogating trees.

Go buy me a window

the door is sick
wood chips scattered by my side
as if I were of their company
and knew how to fall

whereas I rise
through the hundred-story tower of the body
they will never build again

and from the observation deck recall
the simple operation of old trees.

*

so the stone in my hand (30 mm x 20 mm roughly)
intersects
the story of the world naturing all around me
city by city
blow by blow which in turn is intersected by
the tiresome litany of my identity,
that is to say my journey from Reality
into a comfy sense of being someone,
someone who wins and loses, touches, and is made to let go.

*

mad to let go
stone in my hand
grey like a city's
pigeon smooth
dirty water in the harbor
beautiful as what
people really think

*

is it the coming of war?
I'll let everybody else tell that story

I'll tell about a pale
blue stone in my hand
easy to lose in grass, in gravel,

it is made of what the earth is made of
I think it will last even longer than death.

13 September 2001

Within the spill of sparks
a cool wet morning
strikes

14 September 2001

and if the salt won't take you I will
Bleaksbury the sabbat hill
where Femisto jingles on the doorstep
I don't know the cure for rare
the roar for clear or queer for rear

quorum of satanic presences.
Are those roses falling or are they girls
(mean boys)

15 September 2001