

10-2001

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And if the growing season never stopped
frostless burgeoning how many
crops of what each year
or why say year at all
just this flower this ear of corn?

8 October 2001
after the first frost

To be serious as opera is
and very large

emotions you can live inside
and trust them like a childhood god
a temple full of smoke and shouts and pretty girls

and each voice tunes against all others
and you sing as loud as you can

you really believe the thing you think you feel.

8 October 2001

FAYOUM

Ceremony a gift of wax
In which the features of a person
Dead two thousand years may be
Freshly seen. Until I melt
I will hold the image of you clear.

8 October 2001

Neglect is the ultimate perfume of love's perfect rose.
You have to turn away from the sight and smell of it
So you can turn back and be surprised and say What a rose!

8 October 2001

I think there might have been something there
But then I hid it
With the old man limping up the street with his collie
Hid it in sunshine hid it in a bundle of lost newspapers
Hid it in the sky where it falls down sometimes on you
Embarrassing us both
I want to be there one day when it falls on both of us at once
Then we'll be married for eternity
More than a Mormon deeper than incarnation. I think
It is blue and not very different from the sky.

8 October 2001

In fact I am the other person who does
the things you say I do or did
and I would never do

but this other person might so I
am the other one as well.
As ill, it should be said.

9 October 2001

Some thing missing
what could it know
of what I am
missing more
like a roof
against the sky
I am blind
by what protects

9 October 2001

then the pencil point broke
and he reached for his knife
as if a word trapped
inside wood screams to get out

9 October 2001

bound to be small
a factor
in someone's equation
lost the left hand of
we'll never know
the genesis of this result

because someone
in the garden
meditating
someone sleeping
beneath a tree
its shadow brushed
her cheek she woke
thinking herself born
from the rough
rock below her
like a bone

we are born
ever after

a garden
something gone.

10 October 2001

To know the date
tastes like meat
dyslexic bread
sometimes left
in the dough

What do you *feel*, Marta,
when you say these words

do you ask the disrespecting glance
turn into a touch

a pinch of matter *sal Solis*
salt of the sun?

2.

The name means *lady*, that is,
the feminine of *lord*.
She arranges the table
as if in the background
of the mind, she moves
soft as an afterthought,
her thighs pressing the table
as she puts onto it all
that is necessary, a cup,
a loaf of bread that looks like bread.

You'll stand beside him, his hand
reaches round and strokes your hips
though he'll soon be married to your sister
who kneels reverently listening
to all he doesn't say, not yet,
there are things that have to be said
before language, things that your skin
suddenly understands.

3.

Bossiness implied by being meat.
You are the substance of the meal
your sister spice.
No one can live on cinnamon alone.

4.

So you meet him by the well.
The hands of both of you
trail idly in the surface of the water
as if you were writing letters

words, responses
that then get lifted and transferred
to your thighs, his thighs
the wet fingers roam around the world.

10 October 2001

Ink on tile some
words some days
every morning dew
read part of it
away

 a week
diffuse shapely
vague just points
of color left
on the white glaze
not a hint
of language

modeled
rondures now
geology of some
detailed dream
you forgot
but has become
your only life.

11 October 2001

where are the shadows
he took and gave her

I thought the leaves were all

but the light itself
is different when they go

11 October 2001

THE EMBARKATION

The nervousness before a journey
however brief it seems to be
takes me now, a hand
inside my chest squeezes
gently a silent
attentiveness to some word
you and on one else ever will speak.

11 October 2001

THINGS I ALWAYS WANTED TO HAVE

A sundial.

I have my finger and the sun.

A fountain.

Desires and ideas keep welling up.

A birdbath.

But I see no dirt on the birds I see
and what we think and wish and do
fetches water for all beings to be refreshed.

A fireplace.

But in every place
the fire's welcome
and the brightness comes.

A garden mirror globe.

But the whole earth shows up here
in perfect focus
where the shadows of words
grow in the garden of the heart.

11 October 2001

Agitation wadded in a rush
of morning usual
orange juice and downtown local
to be a sudden citizen a prayer

of what, zeroistas
of Ground Zero, the sky
our sukkah and our house
is smoke.

12 October 2001
New York

New amber eyes new
river where the kidneys
of ten million
want it to flow

waiting room an irish
lady on the p.a. tells
all the towns in Florida
underground waiting

dimensionless pressing
lunar coins roll
around your pockets
midnight crucibles

in the halfhouse of alchemy
an old man owns a window
and whoever owns a window
owns the sky

a river full of red horses.

12 October 2001
New York

(on the power of meditation)

Fearless. As if the sack
could mobilize against
its dark interior,
fill up with stars.
Nebula. The work is in.

13 October 2001

sunstraggled the lawn left
latesummer spidered
weblines of only light
face to face heavenly
conversation sly wind kiss me.

13 October 2001

I dreamt about you all night
my vows
the little dos and don'ts nobody notices
that make me me

and the sadness of being me of being
after all only me
a little bit frightened, lightened
by being close to serving you

13 October 2001