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DRAFT PROPOSAL FOR A NEW TAROT TRUMP

I want to caught you. Aorist. You
are a kind of pledge it makes
to myself, love is an aspect
of your salt in particular, child.
Distinguish me a kind of
mountebank maybe — is it
to rain? With the old
locutions make her way
back to us, the lady, upstream,
by kayak, through the weir
of language? How dangerous a word.
Touch a little person on the knee
and then. Don't dare to quote
your seamy dreams to me, they're
all of them importunate, a dream
is always a come-on, a dull story
all thrombosed with conventions
of desire and fulfillment. No need
like an old need. A fool
with a face like a sunflower
and still counting. You are leaf,
I am me. You all have touched
yourselves this blessed afternoon.

10 July 2000

Hesse would have opened chryselephantine
Caskets wherever found — organic prisons
For the feast of the holy collarbone, the first
Declarative sentence of the embryo. Egg talk.
Can you tell me what or who? It is a priest
With a thumbnail of salt wedged in my mouth
And a prophecy of Saturn work to come,
Hard labor, glory and serenity, so hard it is
To be reborn. I was a steeple and I fell,
A church and I blasphemed myself.
Who made me? Meek jazz orts
Strewn on 50-somethingth street
When it is tiredly ambiguous all night,
Amphibious, more than half of me is you.

10 July 2000

HYPOCHRON

Always late
I see you
At the door now

Let me in
The clock is full

Let me out
The window's asleep.

10 July 2000

THEORY OF NARRATIVE

A story shouldn't it is the simplest place
There is a mountain and a valley the sun
Obscured by the former peaks tardy in the latter
And days are short between the shadows

You may be content with all that but I say
No meal is finished without its cheeses
Its fermented instances of time and place
And animal generosity and peasant cunning

To say nothing of your excellent conversation
Though you're no Coleridge I'm no Goethe
And after lunch we stroll along discoursing
Red clay roads to somebody's old river

Who *lives* in places like these who has time to talk?
It is interesting to study the ruined railroad
See the rust left striped for miles along the ground
From fat steel rails sold sixty years ago to Japan

To my father's everlasting annoyance.
From such free enterprise debacles I inherited
A keen dislike for giving anything away at all
And selling is just a nasty kind of giving.

11 July 2000

We go to the movies to find equivalents
for the people we're in love with every day
or hate, we say the names of actors to explain

the woman at the bank or bakery, the man
walking down the street just before dark.
Celebrities are integers in a complex analysis,

we reckon human differences by those
all too familiar personalities. Which leaves
psychology with not much work to do

since everyone is who they are already.
All we can do is blow up their ideals
or hijack them into implausible politics.

Abduct your grandmother, who do you think
I am, King Herod? Anything is truer than the truth.
That's why we keep having to meet for tea

Tomorrow and tomorrow and a different piece of toast.

11 July 2000

CANDIDA CERVA

Doe for me, a done deer
Some doer left untargeted — she
Running quicker than a calendar
Hies into underbrush, I

Who came last into the world
Follow her and Pauline Bonaparte
And the girl friend of Empedocles
Because to be in touch at all

Is to be following, and to follow
Is to see the loom of her
Shaping towards me down the years
To follow contour to the end

Of number and of the sayable at once.
Language is no more communication
Than mathematics is just counting.
Something else happens. Her shadow

Explains it to the morning trees.

12 July 2000

Help me there is no
alternative to a bird

the moon can't help
its abstruse remoteness
 the annoyance
of being obvious and far

we stumbled together
into a bakery
bought bad bread good
gooseberry jam

I have been waiting
for this hour
that is only one more war
 an asymmetry
to lay in your lap

lady, and then
the night seemed over
because there was no one left
to revise the stupidity
of my vocabulary

alone as I was with the animal I am not.

12 July 2000

SANDMAN

Be different, sandman.
The articles you signed
compel you to stay awake
as ours puts us to sleep.

Thanks to your grains,
grace, the wet crystals
stuck to the small of the back
look like sugar but don't lick

don't lick. Sandman, we saw her
alone and happy by the sea,
strange happiness, like scales
vocalized by a candidate

for the House of Song, the rose-
red mountain above Bolzano,
the lost garden of King Laurin
where all the loves go we lose

and there they wait for Judgment Day,
a Greek thing in the mountains,
crisis and evening star, a song
you finally learned the words to

just by hearing. By licking
the forbidden sand, sugar of sea,
yech, spitting it out, and finding
what came out of your mouth was song.

12 July 2000

SANE TREES

Cars and trucks and such
delicate machines
each sound they make
a mask of man
usually sometimes
woman going by

as loud as they roar
they still are pale
membranes stretched
over the skin of skin

they sound like bone
like fingertips
they sound like eyes

13 July 2000

THE PICTURES

They give us our mind.

Mind back from the blind
knowings of quick things

the way we talk.

Talk

and see
the body of what we mean.

A picture of you
gives me your mind
looking at me, my mind
looking at you
comfortable with what it sees

believing all that skin
hidden in the shine
the camera knows,

the habit of touch
the light shows.

13 July 2000

Let the truth of matter
grasp me firmly by the toe

never let me go

till I have won a sight
of Pisgah —

 a glad silent watchtower in the mind
 overlooking sheer potency

[sTong.pa.Njid]

full of seeds and tending
always to be more

For change is all

So get off the trolley car
get out of Vienna,

 let reason rot
 and turn to sheer
 Measurement

a brute, a rite of man.

Do it by feel
the way your body does

when?
privileged by sleep

be silent, rib, a bone is cute,
 not smart,
 not yielding rice
in the late Holocene.

No body can eat what I forget.

14 July 2000

Be on guard against the general light

it's not
the radiance that wins you it is the heart
that blue medallion in a scarlet war

Measure each pale need against your flagrant wish —
desire makes the bird talk.
The sky caresses us all.

14 July 2000

GIRL IN THE RAIN

[a fingernail story]

Under the umbrella she was waiting for the rain to do something. I had no umbrella and liked the rain, and liked the girl. Shy as ever, not knowing how to begin, never knowing the right thing to say, always afraid of saying nothing, because saying nothing is like giving up the world, I asked her: “Did you come out to meet the rain?” She looked at me with the mixture of suspicion and politeness proper for a woman to use in responding to verbal overtures from strangers. “No,” she said, “I came out to meet my friend. But the rain came first. And then you came along.” What little sense I had of my own identity shriveled away. Could I be the friend she was waiting for all this while? Could I, as a stranger, be being welcomed into a civil, street started open ended conversation? Could I be the rain?

14 July 2000

When there are too many people on one street
That is the sea.

 You think, The sea is always pretty much the same as itself,
The edges are different, the bottom is different,
But the water is the same isn't it.
But the crowds in Bangalore are not the same as the crowds in Berlin.
The sea has already forgotten itself and moves upon the shore.
The cliffs of Gayhead, waves with cormorants gracefully wallowing.

14 July 2000 (21 VII 00]

PLENTY MOON

A writher at the ford
crossing by body alone
into the forged Elysium

because she let him kiss her

a dismal immigrant he is
into love's backwoods
heart's Appalachia

because she said he could

and he did and still is going
carrying the river on his back
he crossed to get her

because she opened the door

and all his roads are empty
all his stars have changed
their ancient patterns

and now he is nowhere at all
because she let him in.

15 July 2000

Cool over serum
a rain cloud

we find that a SUV
is a big problem
but much more so is HIV
but the worst is LUV

desire oldest ruin
busy prankster who
can wield both ease
and business to
your purposes and strike
poor and rich
with different ailments
equal pain

o Eros, Erotosis,
Flayed God
of the eternal Mexico
every country hides inside itself,

your business card is always in my hands.

15 July 2000

Insight like furniture a mother's
house her sense of all that is not you
you linger in sensorium Kepler Leibnitz
you think about because you always have to think

about something: that is the only way
to get free of a place

 that wants you to be
 without thinking
you think your way out of a person
out of the prison of identity out of the
spectacular purgatory of your clothes
nakedness touch no touch all that

bird shadows flirt over your skin as you walk
thinking hard the way up a mountain,

the mountain is the one thing won't fit in the house
you have to think it in,
you have to be chanticleer, white midnight, bugle boy,

you have to get it almost right before the world turns blue.

They take you from road house to supper club.
Everybody wants a piece of you. You realize
you are a desert. You have enough sand for any thinking.

On the tip of your tongue you offer a grain of it to me.

15 July 2000

To share this with you
at breakfast and the rain

strolling, or is it lolling,
through the words you say

I'm fiercer than that
my gentleness is all a sham

*I am the violence of any hour
that will not come again*

2
but it is gentle now
all round me summer rain
and the perfected light
when every object
is equal-luminous

and share that with you too
reading you in green
with this espresso and dry toast
my favorites, leaving time
to be oil enough

an olive an hour

3
I want to share the rain with you
then share you with yourself
and both of you with me
honest escapade of quick
images and sleek maple leaves
wet hands along your back

16 July 2000

Are there letters
Capable of such so deep an east
That they cross the ford we call water
To reach the sunset we call earth

Since all the light goes there
Dwindles into unspace
And leaves us with one another
A touch in our hands maybe

Skin skin skin but no words on the page
To count on the way I count
On you say and leave the evening
To find its own way to the dark

16 July 2000

Here are some & here are others *are you?*
Is there enough for you when I am him?
So be barrier as you can, or be road.
The trucks have their own paradise
all stink and sleepy waitresses to touch.
The land is longer than anything at all.
Are we? Are we something that gets said
or just heart's roadkill, somebody you just saw?

16 July 2000