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NARRENTAG

The folly April, bearing my Beast to the sun
because animal I'm. As you, per usual,
how not? Were we India? Only a month two
otherside same, same immigrant wannabe world.

Grain of bread between strong teeth, jaw to match,
and we were capable of Samarkand! Horeb! Highways
of Idaho and a brittle peace — Mozart, Dostoevsky,
Turner — angels inside an endless giving!

1 April 1994

Well if I can't sing maybe I can think?
No how. The One is woven
in the raptures of the Other.
All else is special pleading.

2 April 1994

NEW CRITICISM

The last time theory came to town
it drank us all under the table
and left us cranky. World War II
without a single poem to answer it.

2 April 1994

Sweetness of these overripe pears.
And some sounds like Haydn on the radio
And a goldfinch on the feeder
And in all the brown and grey and shab a clutch of new grass
And suddenly know when I am.
I was silent all Good Friday it was
And this the quartet called The Seven Last Words of Christ.
Spoken yesterday and heard tomorrow
And now just music
Where nothing happens but the heart.

2 April 1994

NEW AMSTERDAM

And this was that—
a town on water
splayed out to grey sky
richly sculpted.
Selling things to one another
peaceably four hundred years
until the light itself grew precious,
civil ducks decorous on canals.
And we lost that, just that,
we loved the war of it,
howl of it,
and the city was gone
and no need to think the skies we think.

2 April 1994

Quick glass
window salad
things to be—

ad for me:
put me on your plate
burdensome parsley
I am good for you.

And it rains.

2 April 1994

All the amazements
know us. Still us.
Stretched over mud,
be my face!

Nightly! Green sprouts
surrounding tree root
swallowing earth
up. Heave

a nub of dumb aluminum
into the silica sky.
Ethics! We are the was.
Only cars come

each claiming no radio.

2 April 1994
KTC

Sometimes I would hear your dear laughter from another room
—silence— then a bell ready to ring —
resonare, or once I was a city of it and then the light came on,
springtime and all the horror,
the animate proliferate. And then I hear you laughing.

2 April 1994
KTC

Above the fig tree
that grows in all our malls,
reminder tree, Enlightenment
or benjamin, soft
snakeless birdless indoor tree,

I am above the fig trees
high in the Galleria
watching the strut of idleness,
quick step of greed,
sepoy charge of the determined shoppers,
the ones who want one thing,
only one thing.

2 April 1994
Poughkeepsie

THE LIGHT, STUPID, THE LIGHT

Somehow the thread of light
of April is.
Full of what does to color
but is not color.

3 April 1994
KTC

The book is open, all right,
I found it after a long search
but all the names are unreadable.
The phone numbers are clear
and I can call them one by one
until I find you. The way
I called your names until you answered
and even now don't know if
I found the right name or you
were just tired of my appealing.
I know you are there, and assume
you have an instrument
just as I assume you have a name.
Wait for the next sound you hear,
it will be my call. My all.

3 April 1994
KTC

Some divided dancing —late—
the flounce of history, always agitated
always promising —threatening—
to lift & show its secrets, secret
cities, shames, joinings, con-
spiracies of right and left, of thigh and thigh

and never showing, only the shadow
of a floucing movement, a breakfast
after no sleep at all.

4 April 1994

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MBARA

Heard whose eyes
hard eyes
(how loud the light!)

mountains in the north no one
has ever thought there
the being of the mind is different there
slippery and fine, made of mornings,
roar of far-off waterfalls.

It is what we find beneath us when love looks—

urgencies of outrage or a cool gazebo
complicated with accurate touch—

a day lasts longer than anything.

4 April 1994

*some sumptuous measures
soon rehears 'd*
field parity,
a fax in every hat,

*hear me,
I am poetry*

The klezmer players of this lower self
the World,
the accordion which lies
heavy on the breast, deep
hollering infant, heavy
organization of sound ("accord")
but according to whom?

Hunger. Hope. Horn.
To whom does music listen?

5 April 1994

INAUGURAL LECTURE ON THE UNITY OF THE SCIENCES

Transformatives are unidirectional; undeflected by the nearest field value, they tend to arrive at a static (implicative state) or transeatic (concessive state) niveau from which they are typically dislodged either by increment of the field-minus value by an order of magnitude at least equivalent to the sum of contiguous transformatives suchly and simultaneously wielded in the given co-active domain, or else by a steep ('catastrophic') roll-off in the interstitial steady-state reticulative emission. As a consequence of this singulism, positive-valued transformatives (ergators) tend to recumulate towards the proximal portion of any emission, while negative-valued transformatives (passators) will naturally accelerate to distal or string-final locations, where they replicate (by strict sine conformity) the final bend in the spurt at which the given force recoils upon the targeted zone. Reaching bottom with considerable vigor, the emittive quanta assimilate with one another abruptly with a sudden cliff-wise coincidence whose report-envelope will peak in the perfunctive region and the desired consequence ensues. The word is heard, the hand is felt, the child is made.

5 April 1994

Endothermal, the intimating exoskeletal lexicon maintains its own selective balance crudely. What is needed is the application, by pneumo-brachial metonymy,

I am not well
I went to hell
and what I found
is what they could

and what they could
is little little
meager dry and sad
because they want

and want is bad for them
and still they will
for lack of what
else to wish for

but what they want.
And isn't that dumb
to do, to go for
what you always do?

I'm back from hell
and this I know
intricately satisfied
with saying less.

5 March 1994

THINK WITH THE SKY

Think with the sky.
This is the day for it,
the dappled reach
over a green suspicion

to be unified in orderly
transparency. To be a gull
on a diet and glad
and almost transcending

my narrow Darwinian speciation
to touch you,
Light fluff, and sheer faltering
upwards and backwards

away, to touch you
and let the touch be ever
advancing as you receding,
unioned in gesture we

into the bright emptiness
we guess
penetrate
the limitless

absurd with happiness.

6 April 1994

BOUGAINVILLEAS

So many flowers
was all he thought
touching one by one
a rose a safety pin

one naked umbrella
to answer the sun
he did what he was taught
to do and wanted

what little power he has
is all for wanting
want red and want white
and petals peel

to reveal a yellow
something he never
understood enough
to want

core of the flower
shadow shimmer
in him too
unseeably small.

7 April 1994

