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The gasp of mind when mid
night or half
way down a breath it
suddenly sees

the thing we mean,
darkness and stone cellars and at last
in sea surf, star wrack
civility.

25 June 1993

MORNING

In a minute the stairs will tell me
a story with light at the top
and a woman, sleeping.

If I listen carefully
I will hear birds and buses far off
and a seagull still trying to wake the sea.

25 June 1993

You know things about my body from afar
not lapis but a blue stone

What Lancelot was dreaming at the Queens
hoping she will touch him —a sleeping
man's a woman to a woman's hand—

he will wake with the messenger in mind
and feel her deep in his body also

no word valid without its work of touch.

25 June 1993

Calm mind empty voyage
the sea
takes care of its own

gull soft the weather.

26 June 1993

Between the fallen
marble blocks
a ladder of shadow

children climb into the sky

far away and a story someone
is reading one of them falls

the voices catch him

he becomes what I am

saying so hopes
one of these full moon nights
I also clamber free.

26 June 1993
[rememebering the labyrinth at Mohonk]

ARS POETICA

The peace of morning
and into it someone speaks

this is called the art of poetry
Boileau and Homer stand nearby
a zebra steps through dapple on the thicketed hill—

the unlikely leaves a faint
taste of falsity in the mouth
by which the speaker learns
later to speak a truer word.

26 June 1993

Hexagram: the badger
polished in concentric sins
seeks a hardwood and a fierce
whittler. Even the worst I do
let be a banner to warn others
a Japanese flag we thought it was
at the side of the frozen pond.
Skating today. In the chancery
the bishop toys with his seal.
We all learn Chinese. I go to watch
the leaves turn up their bellies.
These wrinkles beside my eyes
mean pray for rain.

26 June 1993

COURSING

Modest and small
though made of all

a person imitates liberty
until actually free.

26 June 1993

As if a matter of waiting for hummingbirds
while speaking a language of avoidance—
this is what young men were taught
standing on corners with small knives in our pockets

Now more bombs slice down into Baghdad
while the surprising unimagined evil of our president
smiles at the cameras and says in so many words
we blew these people up in a civilized way

27 June 1993

ART NOW

Or is this not the century of air
its music analyzed by greed

proliferates without the intervention of
what once was mind

cancer music
pullulating everywhere.

We are of one piece with how we do.

'ως εφ'ατ' & looked upon the birds
endless at their feeding

and asked himself a couple
honest questions, i.
e., he
didn't know no answer to,

is disease a different
destiny from falling off a bridge or war
or hailstorms terrorists from plague

what comes
from anywhere
still comes
to you

and you are, are you, your own
vibration/oscillation/magnet/target/lure is
what calls it out of the sky?

My weird is stacked above me
waiting to fall

and trust myself to do the thing I need?

Something small enough to get his
mind around, that's all he asks,

a gun to kill tomorrow.
A brush to abolish color.

28 June 1993

SUMMER NIGHT

Being beaten or mean to
owls are languid in the heat
far off what is beaten
a road beaten by red-tailed cars
deep virginia creeper up-piled wood
beaten by the crickets owls
could be dogs could be the river the train
howling could be foghorn the night clear.

28 June 1993

M A P S

Dreaming over maps
drunk with longing

not to go
but to know, and knowing
drunk with knowing

all my life a dreaming
over blue maps
salt wind in my face wild.

29 June 1993

for Charlotte

Love
when there's nothing to hold onto but love

and us,
when there's nothing but us

and you, when there's only you.
Society

is the only catastrophe
until we wake.

29 June 1993

AL - ARIF

We choose the lines we want to follow through the world
We choose the world.

29 June 1993

SOMMERNATTENSLEENDE

Where the famous
quick is
they cut to

In white track shoes
a waitress fleet

is that a verb?
smile
on a pregnant woman's

faced aimed inside.

29 June 1993
Rhinebeck

«MIROIRS, COULOIRS...»

This unshaven patch I
missed yesterday
grizzled stubble on my cheek
what has that got to
do with the young god I am?

30 June 1993

for Charlotte

Longer than my life ago
 you were born in bearing
mystery of an urn, one sets
 a hand in and withdraws
never knowing what is in one's grasp.

30 June 1993