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## ON THE DAY TEN-BIRD

As an eagle  
the day  
rare here or vulture  
frequent  
scoring the earth  
with great wing shadow,

the day  
Ten Tz'ik'in in the highlands,  
Ten Bird, and here  
among us high Scorpio,  
last decad of it  
when my friends get born,

I look  
into the grey sky  
thankful for such  
honest love,  
music many,  
time voluptuous,  
a renaissance in every nod,

all we do

**is express time  
and there is no time,  
only space  
who has no word  
but what we say—**

**anthroponoetic,  
the whole scroll  
just for us?  
How could it be  
so simple?  
How could it not?**

**16 November 2014**

## EXHIBITION GAME

                                  the rubies  
aren't real,  
                          the clocks don't run,  
the roving spotlight  
has been painted black.

I touched you  
                                  but you weren't there,  
the sonnet had a thousand lines,  
you whispered in my deaf ear,  
there is no music like turning back.

Turning your back,  
                                  dead leaves  
scamper up te spine.

                                  It's Sunday, November 16, 2014  
we gfo to Mass in an apple tree.

16 November 2014



**This is how they study.  
This is research,  
                          using arteries and lungs  
to examine,  
                          parsing by breathing,  
  decoding  
the numberless mathematics of the Law.**

**16 November 2014**

## **THOMIST ON THE ROPES**

**So imagine it this way, a wheel  
broken in its fellow, spokes  
sticking out off the plane  
and still we say 'wheel'**

**we recognize said Thomas  
the essence beneath the accident  
and say 'a broken wheel' we don't  
say 'something odd, its purpose veiled'**

**life is a system of recognitions  
we guessed he meant, eyes clear or rheumy  
doing the best they can. But are we right  
and was he right before us? No system**

**seems to last all that long. Consider dinosaurs  
for whom the system must have long  
been meant. And we in the anthro- what  
are we to call the timeplace we inhabit?**

**Not ours. The outback of elsewhere, maybe.  
The lost mine. The tinderbox beneath the sea.  
The woman knitting behind the rising sun.  
We are nowhere and have nothing. Piles of ash.**

**Animal interlocutors. The fox knows how to look  
no dog remembers, curious but détaché, in love  
with his own apartness. The bird says don't touch me.  
The fish says nothing in swift silvery monologue.**

**But all of them are after us, observing  
(as Rilke told us) that we're intruders here  
upon a system that is someone else's,  
we are at best permitted, fire's tolerant smile.**

**We don't need love we need a toxicologist  
to warn us off what does us wrong, or find  
some mithridatic nostrum that will keep  
us more or less active through the skirmishes**

**until the jig is up. Our profiles cleancut in crystal,  
Memoria, then shatter and dissolve. Is that  
how it's all supposed to be? The book doesn't say,  
the same book we think says everything else.**

**Like the lion and the unicorn, the land itself  
is half real (if unlikely) and half imaginary.  
And that's just this any island of it. The false  
is the enemy of the preposterous, while the true**

**is not the enemy of anything at all.**



**16 November 2014**



**=====**

**There is left of us  
broken glass  
but from that vessel  
all-healing medicine  
we drank. So it is  
over. We are complete.**

**16 November 2014**

