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**Look for colors as we try
to be seen of one another
bird-close and feathered true
— how else could we tell? —
There is a morning in us yet,**

**Neanderthal and cunning hiding
in our progeny, those pale
pink revenants we drive
our minds around in
days without end and nights**

**fevered with imagery
till we know a thing or two.
I hide in you, you can feel
my quest inside you and you
in me most palpable and you.**

1 November 2013

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**Good morning, measure —
let the tabled roses
rise to refute again
the arguments of design,
*how different I am
from all my sisters*
is how they smell —
and so should you,
unwritten book.
The wind is rising,
always something new to know.**

1 November 2013

=====

**The Colonel's wife
investigates the ceiling.
It still stands between
her and the stars.**

**The Colonel's wife
imagines the new continent
entre Afrique et Australie
pale birds on a silent shore..**

1 November 2013

=====

**We reach for things
that not us.**

**The refusers
maybe angels
are. Or maybe
a piece of wood
torn by his back
ennobled every other tree.**

1 November 2013

=====

**So there is a chance to say — a
marvel of remembering
strikes an archive, Books lose their dates.
Long division smites our calendars,
finally nobody is anywhere
but here, and anybody could be
is easily anybody else.
Our famous identities —
clamshells huddled in wet sand.**

1 November 2013

=====

**So a touch
means being
there again
where you always are.**

1 November 2013 (dreamt)

FOXGLOVE

**Alternative energies elude you in love.
Or as the ancients say a beast is a mouth
on legs — don't believe them. The spring
of any year is conscious in them as you or
more than you and all that meat and fang
is just the flourish of primeval fear — each
animates some matter to keep house in.**

**And then o woe! Catastrophoid!
we can't get out of this chosen fabric.
Mew, growl, hiss, poetry, all sounds
of captive spirit urge rethinking.**

2 November 2013.

=====

***You* in our work, like *God* in old poetry, is an ardent creed, a goal of everything. To come to you at last. All the way to you. Indefinable as God**

2 November 2013.

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Σ

Sum of striving.

Sometimes we remember things from infancy.

But what do infants remember?

Anything at all? Is memory just scar?

2 November 2013.

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**I caught myself
looking out the window
and there was no window**

**what I saw was
somewhere with trees
indicating some north**

**the way they do
the dark of them
telling me to come**

**turn my back on south
that self, travel kindly
towards the Emperor**

**that quiet face
in the furthest north,
the shining face**

**of ancient intelligence
and young sensuality
never not speaking.**

2 November 2013.

=====

1.

**With every word
I stroke your brow
and down below
an answer tells.**

2.

**This is bell.
This speaks only
when you touch it
hard or soft.**

3.

**Or book, the pale
flat thing spread
across your lap,
a map of nowhere,

but here you are.**

4.

I don't think the numbers
matter so much,
I remember your voice,
it has not much to do
with miles and days—
but still, but still.

5.

See, I confess my simplicity,
I am in fact that No One
you fell in love with long ago —
no face, no name,
something barely awake
from the longest sleep.

6.

Call it love if you must,
Venus of Cnidus, the
great statue by Praxiteles
straight nose and full mouth
laughing, touches herself—
modeled it is said
on his own girlfriend,
famous in in her day,

who can say?

**Venus can, and dance,
and does, and every
shimmer of the leaves in spring
or autumn fall claims her.**

**And she is at peace
in sweet agreement
with everything that falls.**

2 November 2013.

=====

**I could almost try to tell you
the story all over again,
two bodies in warm mud,
a wind from nowhere
and we began to talk.**

**Was it like that? Were there
crimson berries on a dark-leafed tree,
was there a furry animal nearby
attending to its feed, a stream
full of trout, a pear
half-eaten on the grass,
somebody walking away?**

**Or was it what it is
in this eternity called now,
always the same, just this,
bodies in the warm bed,
saying nothing in particular
close to the heart of the matter?**

2 November 2013.

THE TAILOR

**crosslegged on his table
in strong sunlight
finding old stitches
in an older coat.**

**He will unpiece it
and take each scrap
and make a new coat
for a naked man.**

**Meantime he squints
at the fraying thread
praying to the God
of seams and sewers,
Hera's aunt,
the Spider Queen
of Anatolia
who taught us
to connect.
And why not?**

**Magic lives between
the skin and the cloth,
silk or hide
makes no matter.**

**Magic is all.
He unstitches
and stitches afresh
in fine red thread—
under the table
wind is blowing
scraps of linen
here and there.**

**You and I are
just a week from being born.**

2 November 2013.

THE SAILOR

**she wears a T-shirt
a white sailor's cap,
nothing more.**

**She stands at the bare
mast pretending
to be the sail.**

**The wind is deceived
and comes through her
driving the boat
across the almost.
She faces forward,
the wind insists,
the wind intuits
her destination.**

**The moral of this card
is give yourself
to your goal, all
the everything else
will help you
and hold you
and understand.**

2 November 2013

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**Women of the *huldra* the hidden
roar into love or battle
naked, with tails like foxes or panthers
swishing as they scream,
just like some of the the wildest
Bacchantes raving
into India with Dionysus
when He set out to conquer the world.
Or did he just mean to conquer us?
Lucian, whose mother tongue was
Syriac or some such thing, declared
the startlement of things,
what the natives felt at such a sight.
I have gone into those forests.
I have seen the panthers and foxes.
I have heard the voices of the unseen ones.
There is nothing more I can do.**

2 November 2013.

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**If I stood there
at the foot of the cross
like Huysmans a hundred
years ago would I kneel?
Of course, to be closer
to the earth that great
dying nourished, nobled,
took into the sky
later with him, where
it still rolls, rides,
carrying us home.
Buddha nature in everyone.
Is everyone.**

2 November 2013

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**With this ink
you can write
the sun into the sky.
And no one can prove
you didn't, you
are a part of everything
that happens. There are
no causes, only effects.
Your shadow on the pillow.**

2 November 2013