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I might have been close enough
to the beginning to taste it
as if sipped from the veins
(let me call them) of the tree,
before the juice went in the apple,
before the fruit hung itself
in plain red sight so many
times on so many trees, there
and there alone. I saw her
talking to the color, saw the light
dance around her head, heard
her voice and another's talking,
almost the same as her voice
almost the same as mine. Yours
was there too, in the echo, the hard
acoustic spaces of that green place
where none of us were supposed to be.

7 April 2014

=====

Since people have to be
somewhere, everything follows—
down the street in sun and ginkgo shade,
past the park, the subway station,
Irv's synagogue round the corner
(he's the shammes) so here we are.

7 April 2014

=====

Around the circle of the eye
a crust of color forms
the mind mistakes for world.

Around the circle of the world
a phantom color shows
the mind mistakes for somebody else

Around the mind's mistake
some music forms
we mistake for us

And we sing it loud as we can.

8 April 2014

=====

Now I've told the truth
the clouds can come
speaking their cosmic chatter—
if I could only learn
even a few words of that prime patois—

2.
for it is desire that makes a kneecap
lovelier than a stone, makes stone
a thing for Pygmalions to deploy
and organize the urgency of lust
in one objective form

3.
—often getting paid for it:
rescue beauty from commodity

for kapital is only an idea
and it is time to think something else:

how to own nothing and still have all you need.

8 April 2014

THE WHITE HORSE

1.

There is a white horse
on our road.
He stands in a field
close to the drystone wall.

2.

The white horse
has stood there
as long as I remember.

3.

What does the white
horse do?

Stands.

Gets old. His skin
is greyish now.
He rules the night.

4.

Who would think
a white horse
would rule the dark?

5.

We rule others
by being true
to our own desires.

6.

We are white horses.
In the rainy night
we stand pale.

7.
To see a white horse
in the night in the field
tells you everything
you think is wrong.

8.
I think the white horse
is always there.

8 April 2014

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The body grows cunning
knows what it needs to do
to feed on everything,
the light, the dark
delight of hiding in
the name of somebody
who came —you,
maybe — into the world

the body rules in your name
while you tried — try— to hide in this

empty tower, this my self.

9 April 2014

THE DOCTORS

Age cures youth
Death cures age.
Who cures death?

9.IV.14

=====

I wish this cup of tea
were sweeter, wish
that hill over there
would pick itself up
and hide me from
the sun while I sit
here thinking
about what I wish
the sun would do.

9 April 2014

THE SICK POET

learns to be gnomonic
right on time
(just in time).

9.IV.14

= = = = =

Walking in sunlight
I'm sitting at the table
near the flowers—
helianthus and
lilies of Peru—
but I keep walking
while I sit here.

10 April 2014

=====

Exile nomad pilgrimage
I've lived in this house forty-six years.

10.IV.14

= = = = =

It can be small
a gate remembers
sound of a shadow
sound of plate glass
slippery in sunshine.

10 April 2014

= = = = =

How strange things
look today
a black car rolls
on a green road
it blinks a left
turn signal, slow,
everything is slow.
The car behind it
slow too, so black.
I am startled deep
inside me, this
Grail procession
passes by, what
does it mean
that it means so much?

I yearn to investigate
the underside of what I see—

where you live, Our Lady
Alpha and Omega, green-
fingered Mother of God.

11 April 2014

= = = = =

Watching the store
while the clouds go by

every bird a customer
every shadow a knife

slicing the cords that
bind the woman

and the bound man
looks at me with big eyes

and the fountain keeps at it
and the trees sing.

12 April 2014

= = = = =

**Gestern sei mensch mir
haltlos mit grünem wasser
knochenrein reblos wichtig
solang er sang ich schwieg.**

12 April 2014

=====

How can it work so close
when speak's easy?

Let the hand
happen. The rules shiver,
cellar door flies open, gnats
hover over withering apples.

12 April 2014

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I forget that man
yesterday. I had myself
to learn another
language to be silent in.

12 April 2014

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Castaway morning
brilliant with fog
paling as I speak its name
like lovers parting.

12 April 2014

= = = = =

Being small
to start again

Saint Peter's dome
as a beginning

build out from that
to make the vast

single word I mean.

12 April 2014

= = = = =

It could be the season or the ship
the rigging caught in the wine glass
the customers dreaming on the floor

but it was desire, red-gloved, lion-
maned, speaking Low Saxon, who
stood at the corner preaching

but o what a Bible he had, pictures
you wouldn't believe, stories
of all the gods who never were

and the last chapter was all about you.

12 April 2014