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A perfectly formed vowel
unpinched by consonants.
I could look at her for hours
glad just to be across the room.

24.ix.12

= = = = =

When comes the knowledge that is light
rejoin me in the palace you alone
have built in my mind.
I am your émigré answer,
have settled on your stones
and listen close inside you.
Of course a dream was part of it,
the best dreams come when you're awake
and your house part of mine and I of yours,
glorious symmetries of the subconscious
here we are. A mandolin piece
by Hummel on the old radio —
it has legs so still can run —
it's not great but it's music,
nothing remembers better than a string
because it gives everything away
wouldn't you say or did she
say that before, or me, another
century, another sun
an other window and this plain air?
And you wore sequins then
briefly gold against the winter light.
Eyelashes full of tears but they were mine

and why was I of all people crying?
Was it Virgil's *lacrimae rerum* business again
the mortal sadness of contingent life?
Choose your adjectives quickly but with care,
the bus is coming and we'll soon be gone.

24 September 2012

=====

Never use force —
force is fraudulent.
Things want to go
where things want to go.
Go with them
if you must.
Otherwise leave alone.

24.ix.12

= = = = =

Can we ask a self to say
even though it isn't there to?

Can we say we

as if an object

to some search had

found a foundling and?

All procedures are invalid

but there are no others.

This is the nature of the philosophical statement,

energetic, insubstantial, unsubstantiated,

dynamic, aggressive, pointing towards

an absence where another statement

might or might not arise.

By this we are sustained,

this this I speak of

being the thing going on,

that sacred *empty making*

that used to be called poetry.

25 September 2012

= = = = =

Shedding light can be a kind of disease,
a specious illumination of what isn't there.

I have to take my or some self
seriously enough to write down
what it says — but not
seriously enough to believe it.

For poetry was born
 before belief
and lingers after.

The light too bright to see by —
the lamp as an agent of the dark.
The Queen of Night.

Will I be able to read this
when the light comes back?
The question the scribes asked
when they pressed *Gilgamesh*
 into wet clay.

25 September 2012

THOSE DAYS

What were we looking for
all night and never
till dawn found us
gave up. And then
another night again.
Still never and again.

25.ix.12

IS IT NOW YET

or was it some kind of woman
—can't sleep, mouse gnaw rustle
wallboard chew — can't sleep
the blanket of oblivion had slipped off
his knees were cold
or were they hers?
Being sure is fatal sometimes
to the whole enterprise.
Take her in hand, let the sun rise.

End of Aria.

Orchestral interlude begins.

Have you ever been
I mean really?
Has the wind blown
through your woodlands while
you were a walking subject
the and not another?
I can't see to hear you
 answer me —
isn't light a recompense for something lost?

25 September 2012

= = = = =

Murmur of her mind
decisive and determined murmurous
she never really stops
silence is just the wetness in her mouth
her tongue waiting to reload
remind the body
 so the hands can write,
two-fisted murmuring —

so as her fingers mumble down the keys
I wonder what her tongue is doing —
what does the tongue do when we speak with hands
saliva pooling in the groove of curl
waiting to irrigate what distant word
I mean I wonder what you do when you are doing this
what is the Body that faraway land
of Utnapishtim and the flood, the Body what
is doing when the words
radiate from the fingers and things get said —
and did she taste them as she spoke?
Can the mouth sleep while the body talks
and in what world are the lips kissing them

or pursing over another kind of silence
sipping something strange and going on?

26 September 2012

=====

Mere saying

will get you there.

In the land beyond belief

the sentence's eternal puberty.

Capable but not yet entitled,

fertile beyond obligation.

Saying is itself the life sustainer.

Saying is the only hope of silence.

Saying is *syntax*,

only the propositional avails.

You must say it but not believe it —

or let your dear body

moment by moment believe it for you —

believe forget believe forget

and say another thing and then forget it.

And say another. Syntax

is the blood of time —

words the cells that fear to stagnate

in unflow. The propositional

avails, syntax avails —

keep telling me what to do

and I'll tell you

and we'll live past sunset till another dawn.

Till another dawns. Another's dawn.

Also will be there. Mine.

When are we talking to now?

26 September 2012

= = = = =

Poem — a dense cluster of syntactic event that jolts the mind to move in some direction, even if only to sink deeper into the percept itself. The hope is to move out. And air is all directions.

*

In our time, most visual and spatial art is an excuse for the verbal discourse it begets — curatorial, not critical. Subventionary. It exists to be spoken of. The artist's sole ambition seems to be to be part of a conversation. Without the written art of art discourse, there would be no art business at all. Advertising with no "product" but itself. Buy my ad.

Oh forget it, everybody knows that.

*

The conversation. No matter who is talking. No matter what they say. To be is to be mentioned. Be discussed and be paid for it. Is there any longer the possibility of an art object that moves us without discussion, description, evaluation?

Freedom of art. "The cage is open but the bird is dead."

*

I will speak my own language till they understand. Then they will be you, and will find I've been talking to them all the while. And putting words in their mouths too.

26 September 2012

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Because a vow *is* the eleventh state of matter, because a vow is material it is a different sort of thing from a saying or a saying-so.

A statement is not a commitment but can engender one. And that engendering lifts a power above the world, a power than you can ride, rely on, survive on, delight in. A vow *sustains*.

26 September 2012

= = = = =

Sometimes it's an issue of fear. Sometimes I am afraid. Simple as that. I want to say. I am a besieged city, safe if at all only inside the walls. The dreams go out and do my work for me.

A car goes by the wrong color. Things also can be wrong. If we let. If we forget.

The wrong blue. I dreamt the trees had lost their leaves all in one day. When I came out at 7:30 onto the deck I was surprised to see them all so green and fully leafed still. I had believed the dream and can still see the bare maples and oaks against this very sky. The sky has not changed.

26 September 2012

= = = = =

Inconsecutive narrative
aloft, the rigging sings
it is a book escorts you
as if the body had no smell
no solidity no insides
all lighting and seeming
so that a story never gels
her part of the story is where the meaning flies
we say of a ship she
in hard weather makes speed
arrival always an island
felt at ease along the broad of it
where it spills in sea
tumbled gold sands of Metambesen
rubies of Brahmaputra
held in suspension — not a story
a set of parallel remarks
about some apprehended object
what she can say about a tree.

2.

She is the poet I have in mind
utterer of everything — a whistle

at midnight, my mother and father
in bed together in the strange high house
they are old but hale, they call
and I come up, puzzled at the timing —
in this dream I seem to be alive
after all, will I ever get
to this point again, is the story
a wheel or a road, we never.

3.

Get there by sea, arrange
the panels of illumination
let a word or two come through
but understand the day
I write the tenderest commands
recycle your anxieties
in a fine new polymer of trust
every word a title of you do.

27 September 2012

= = = = =

Not waiting for whom.
The darks me.
You see the is picture
grasp between.
Something
“always remembers”
it can fly or respire —
a child under the covers
uncomforted.
Fear
stalks sleep.

28 September 2012, Boston

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Remember the desert.
Don't decide
where the boundary is
before sunrise.
What you feel
is always smaller
than you are.

28.ix.12, Boston

=====

At last the sea
gives us back the sky.
The open world at last
and only me or any
me is closed.

28.ix.12, New Bedford