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Casting about for an alternative method of prolonging life.

I found my pet white rat under a lamp on 23<sup>rd</sup> Street.

Why did you leave me here so many years ago.

By now I have had a thousand generations of descendants.

I'm still waiting for you to come back for me.

Any beast you borrow is a Bible for your life.

Things stay with you when you pick them up.

There is no tragedy like connection things never let you go.

Open the gates of the human heart.

See the strange brass idols serviced there.

Hear the organ try to sing a single human word.

Why is every word some other.

28 May 2011

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Always a day late and the eights lopsided eternities  
Morgan slept below her spinnaker barely a name.  
Who came caught who fled desired.  
There are moments and there are movies.  
Look away and see.  
See in your lap your purse is bleeding.

They bore him comatose their drowsy schooner west.  
He will wake up with love in another image.  
So busy in blond sunshine the much-talking street.  
Look on them as kittens playing in the sun.  
Everyone tries to make a private dream world public.  
This vain attempt is culture economics homo ludens.

From far enough away I look like a nice person.  
The worst fate is to be trapped in your image.  
Rasputin in his summerhouse tries to climb out of himself.  
Crime or marriage a prophet dancing on a burning hill.  
My father's tease name for me was Rasputin.  
Locked beneath the ice I saw him eyes open floating north.

Lion light of angry springtime.  
Write every day and you'll write for eternity.  
Born before Hollywood and fed on clams.  
Judgment is itself the basic crime.  
There is no such thing as law only paying attention.  
The untranslatable freedom of maybe.

O liberal death who unlocks so many personhoods.  
Bring close to the fire to see far away to understand.  
Skandhas indifferent there is nothing there to lose.  
Locked in the physical by a taste for skin.  
Forgiving wall being close to wall being smooth.  
If it were only it and I were I again.

Someday I'll learn what the truth is about.  
Fix facts in amber set ideas deep in leaden cloaks.  
Trapped in image trapped in clothing trapped in skin.  
Came close to where we were supposed to begin.  
Breeze makes everything bearable first evidence for God.  
We ran out of barbarians we had to become them.

No actors in no play no stage just justice naked.  
Appeared in a sky that seemed to speak.  
Believe don't belong hold troth not trust.  
It took so long for you to get to know me I was gone.  
Broken stadia bones of a giant howling sea wind.  
Everything in either Talmud is right here.

Unbuilding the wall is a glad too time.  
Molecules unsinewed from their too-fabricked ranks.  
And nothing stands and nothing falls the breath is all.  
Prise ivy from old wood the light shows through.  
Yellow fever days mortared bricks with wet sand human hair.  
You live as long as you keep unpiecing the wall.

29 May 2011

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Three strokes of unmemory the hand is glad.  
Nothing to open a door to nothing to keep out.  
Memories are sheer fantasies resemblances impostors.  
I thought about hypotenuse and the hidden earth.  
This must be done soon mother is it not.  
No answer worth such a noble question.

30 May 2011

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But there are spears in the sky  
resemblances to Asiatic deities  
eyes peering out of the volcano  
an altar with a bowl of ash.  
Fragrance of desire in the dead forest!  
Agarwood's noble rot,  
anybody should understand me now  
this place is a breeze  
quiet as heaven.

Inside your brain  
the resemblances blur, fade,  
a kind breeze leaves the space hollow.

An enclosure with nothing inside it,  
bliss, the will stripped bare,  
something at rest that used to be the mind.  
Now everything is ready to begin.

30 May 2011

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Slow down and get there first.

Check the weather for the wrong city,  
root for the wrong team.

You'll get there.

Olson believed in politics and it killed him.

Believed that talk could change men.

There is nothing to look up.

You know it already.

Just say it. For love's sake.

30 May 2011



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Cost of cars my caravan of salt.

How many moons crowd one small sky.

Hawks harry beasts too comfortable on earth.

No cries in the cathedral kneel to sleep the sleep called prayer.

Hearken to lust arouse a sudden opera storm of dry moth wings.

Beat around the window chapter of dark words.

30 May 2011

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No truth in what I say the only truth is saying it.  
I hear the edge of things the crumbling headland.  
Don't think coherence solves the problem or desire.  
How to be quiet enough to hear is enough of all.  
Timing is everything and there is no time.  
I learned that language yesterday but now.

Lost the lucid in the scout parade.  
Things come into being through mere attraction.  
Flood the deserts with nutrient solutions guesswork.  
Bring the moon a little closer and fake rain.  
Cherish the distances between things.  
Distance is love it is the only of.

30 May 2011

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Things look at us from the woods.  
We are not privileged with their thinking.  
Too many of us in one story we love them.  
How long we've wanted to tell them so.  
Patch of sunlight on the lawn their valentine.  
We say je t'aime with tears in our eyes.

Nature we used to live in that town.  
Nothing happens every island is like that.  
We wave our arms to bespeak a maybe mainland.  
A night fog to keep us snug inside the Ark.  
The flood never ended we're waiting for the crow.  
We thought it was laughter it was waves was birds.

There is some music to this kind of forgetting.  
Till we touch in fact each other every name rebukes.  
What are we here for if not each other who are you.  
Does any island need us.  
How many of them are ready to be us.  
Religions turn cruel as they grow old.

After you break the glass where does the light go you let out.

Everything you see belongs to you.

This is the secret name of the ocean far away.

Roses gone this morning someone nourished.

It always wants to be somewhere someone else.

Sticky skin can we live on honey.

We still need need still desire desire.

Reach out and help the getting there.

When I grow to the level of my predestined work.

I watch how close she is across the room.

Drowsy watchman on a hillside south of sheep.

Move the man and let the lady in.

31 May 2011

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Her whole body speaks a language I don't know.

A red fox ran across the way home.

Every word is an anxiety disemboweled.

The boredom of secular vice.

Wait a minute all I meant was sunflower.

All I meant is what gives itself unasked.

31 May 2011

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Living close to the after all I woke  
not free in mind persuaded  
images to be fitted together  
weights to be balanced and set in place.

Blank mind is best, cave cool,  
the fire of deceptive images died down  
leaving charcoal to write bare words.

Shadowless earth. Pictures  
stirring in the mind. I wanted  
the quiet of place, cool lore,  
no talk but trees.

Let me love the translation of what I mean.  
Let the sun shape meaningful shadows I can read.  
Morning prayer to get up after all  
when I wanted only sleep, only the dark of the moon.

But all the things were waiting to walk in my head.  
There was a granite crag outside Innsbruck  
snow-covered even in September.  
It was the only thing I saw in the sky, so close we came  
I remember it now the way a tune stays in mind.

1 June 2011