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**Ten thousand clouds
speak one sky
seamless, the light
beyonding.**

(Murioi,

**a very large number
uncounted, perhaps
countable in
some late culture)**

**for we take what appears
and squint at it lovingly
knowing the apparition
is part of us already**

always

(as that other culture says).

8 March 2014

MEAN

Mean people go to shrinks

./.

Shrinks make people mean

**The word 'mean' needs to come again,
children used it once, and their perceptions
were spiritually accurate—a mean person
was sensed as unhgappy, doomed, sick at the core.
It took kids a while to feel compassion
for the illness they so acutely diagnosed.
Later, after they had cried and run away.**

8 March 2014

=====

Bracket it all.

**Admire those who
like Edgar Bergen once
can throw their voices
into other mouths
not necessarily of wood.**

**I foolishly keep
speaking using only
my own swee, sad,
reasonable mouth—
you have one too
so maybe understand.**

8 March 2014

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**Roses on the table—
when they show the first
sign of withering,
Charlotte briskly takes and
tosses them out onto the snow.**

**All flowers mean remorse,
this sorrow is every sorrow.**

8 March 2014

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What would it be like, really blank blank page? And that's of course what Jackson McGrew and John Cage tried so hard to do, to scour the page clean of anything I might want to sit there, and leave it free for all the words of heaven to come flutter down on as they chose. Jews.

8 March 2014

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a question — does Dennis, the realm of the dead, sometimes come closer, had its own perigee and apogee? Can we sometimes hear it talking over the Hill, voices of your stepmother, your dad lover your own voice when you were a child? Is death made of of your past life?

8 March 2014

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**getting through to morning
where the world**

**chants its simple completely
unnotatable chanty**

**doing its work and saying
where are you, lazy**

**dreamstick, landlover?
Get your hands strive.**

9 March 2014

PSAPPHO

**will you see me
walk the red Cliff
kissing the sky'd
pslr cheek as I fall?**

**Everything I do I do
for you, you beautiful
children of my voice
my throat wombed ypi
so you hear me now.**

9 March 2014.

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**The road gets wider
as the snow melts away
back from the black
the white mass recedes**

**Until there really are
two lanes again
and the sun's
and it's 6° above freezing**

**what can it mean?
The birds explain.**

9 March 2014.

=====

**I know nothing
I remember nothing
I read the paper.**

**Sunday. I know
even less. I remember
tomorrow, though.**

**This sad old thing
begins again.
The necessity. The time.**

9 March 2014.

=====

I leave you to record my condition
displayed before you as I am
without the looking glass of anesthesia,
just a man as blunt as Bronx
trying to make sense. Fat chance,
as we said in another borough
back in the night called childhood,
a nightmare of ice cream and panthers.
Don't forget knishes, arsenic solution,
sun glare, foreign languages,
sporting goods stores, tobacco.
Some of us wait on lines for puberty,
some can't escape. Years insinuate
their boring required reading lists
into my burdened memory.
Is Sonia any different now
from a book I read and never really
understood, a book with breasts maybe
and her own ping-pong table in the cellar?
A word can make the whole

**thing start jabbering —
who am I anyhow but what I remember?**

10 March 2014

=====

**Lift my glass
it's water
watch the road
through it,
what
makes it mine?**

**Taste it, it's still
just water,
your mouth,
the glass**

**there is a theory
about such things,
arisen recently
as humans go.
It says there comes
between the glass
and your lips another
race of beings
neutral or defiling spirits**

on business of their own.

In this theology

we have lived

for 200 years.

No way

you can give the water back.

10 March 2014.

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I sat on Coleridge's
chair at Grasmere
at the corner of the stair,
sat in Yeats's chair
at Marano, Pound
his son-in-law made
for him, a William
Morris kind of woody
semi-comfort,
a sprawl of tree bones.

Lucky body of me
to to have known such
intimacies, such
instructive pressure
on soine and thighs.
Inspiration of sheer
matter, matter
with a memory —
as every seat aspires

**by grace of Isis,
mother of the mind,
whose emblem is
a simple chair.**

10 March 2014.

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**Then the keyboard starts
it knows we are bifid,
forked devils, hands
full of heaven happens,
music can and can't as
all her fingers prompt
the apple gate to widen
the sound to let it out
to let us in.**

11 March 2014

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**Will I turn simple
or will it wash away**

**over the hill
where the good things go**

**lost and last and never known
all at once a crystal found.**

11 March 2014

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**The car is the color of the road
the gull is the color of the sky**

we hide in being.

We lurk in movement.

11 March 2014

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**Who knows from the other side
how the journey spells
its way into that world
dark to our distance
but so bright inside?**

11 March 2014