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## **SKIN**

**Wringing wet laundry  
in the old days  
and water still so wet—**

**reach into the tub  
retrieve the small clothes  
easy access to the underworld**

**easy payments on the sky.**

**12 March 2014**

=====

**Liberty  
is to have done  
everything  
and the ships  
sail up the River  
bringing Africa home  
and Asia and this  
sweet word from Parmenia  
I am but nowhere  
you have ever been.**

**12 March 2014.**

=====

**More midnight love  
letters glide over the screen.  
In a world of desires  
the truth is Queen.  
But who his is her consort,  
beast snorting in greensward,  
gypsies in the shrubbery,  
parson on the lawn?  
The truth belongs to those who made it.  
Or even hearing it will do.**

**12 March 2014.**

=====

**Licitly over the edge of  
and then the sun rose  
alternative energies  
I'm scared to death  
so I turned towards my fear  
wearing a glowing bright face  
borrowed from my master —  
a mind unsees all fears.**

**13 March 2014.**

=====

**Vital information**

**a blue flower**

**tucked in among white**

**lilies, lost.**

**Or maybe found.**

**14 March 2014.**

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**To know the norm  
and hide inside it.  
Or flee to the moon  
whose coast is  
these trees in snow.  
Midnight.**

**14 March 2014.**

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**Squirrel on suet cage**

**being ingenious.**

**Me watching, telling**

**about it. Animals.**

**What we do.**

**14 March 2014**



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**Sit there writing  
and that's all right.  
Sit there snowing  
and that's all white.**

**Where can you go  
that isn't here?**

**Repetition, pretty sounds  
make philosophy uneasy  
yet we have to whisper  
to keep the world of things asleep  
for if they wake  
and then start talking too  
there'll be no end  
to poetry and what about me?**

**15 March 2014**

=====

**Enter the being sure.  
Hellenistic her breasts  
in the light of fireflies alone  
that sultry night a valley  
I could never find again  
lost between hellos.**

**15 March 2014**

=====

**Long doctor short disease  
a Cooper's hawk killed a sparrow  
on our own snow**

**2.**

**Just make certain  
there are rules of light  
tumbling through the trees  
till you can see.**

**3.**

**And I'm with you  
waiting for Byzantium  
to come again. Or go.**

**15 March 2014**

## **WHAT POETRY DOES**

**Lose my words  
into your ears  
so they can find  
what they really mean.**

**15 March 2014**

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**Shadow of the house  
in front of the house  
I sit in watching  
what happens out there —  
is it all shadow, all just light.**

**15 March 2014**



=====

**Keep close to the rail  
or edge if there is none,  
the Nepali valley  
will catch you if you fall,**

**it's no worse than any street  
but don't fall.**

**The road means  
to bring you  
above falling, above  
even the fear of it.**

**She smiles at you in the forest,  
she has tasted it already and knows.  
Now know with her  
as you can. She made  
the road maybe. She  
gives you a small cup  
and you drink. Or she does —  
it's still not sure.**

**The world remembers for you.**

**The edge holds you.**

**It is almost done.**

**16 March 2014.**



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**Waiting inside weather  
smell what people do  
time to visit Whitman  
in Trenton his *distraction***

**a place for a moment sets  
us seemingly free from  
our everlasting thinking**

**but mind makes place two.**

**17 March 2014.**

=====

**What we want is go along  
prairie say or afternoon  
with chance for interspecies inwardness**

**nearsighted man peering at nearsighted deer  
other distances come to mind but  
they are lost with Samothrace**

**2.**

**Or is it? Aren't the ancient glories  
lambent still at mind edge, ripple  
right across from time to time, the subtle  
concentricities of time?**

**17 March 2014.**

=====

**There are people like that  
Shimmer of ice crust on snow**

**world hum**

**under**

**it all,**

**the sum**

**summing itself up**

**of everything —**

**the thrum of thinking**

**under what I think.**

**17 March 2014.**

=====

**As far as I can see  
there are only things to be seen.**

**Mute trajectories. Deer tracks  
ample, the little herd  
comes down the ridge, they shelter  
on the other side, near the stream.**

**That's all for geography I know  
and that may be wrong.**

**The snow eventually will melt,  
I'll follow them home  
maybe, the tracks vanishing.**

**No more trace than a bird.**

**17 March 2014.**

=====

**Aware of the motion sensor  
bright eyes of the middle class  
blink at starlight. *Nemo*  
*venit*. It's all right, we  
don't need guests we have ghosts.  
Presences around us all the time.  
In us.  
    **We stroke them with thought.**  
**We wait all our lives for their answers.****

**17 March 2014.**

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**The finches of midnight**

**scatter the dark.**

**Full moon, no rain.**

**The birds**

**go wild on the soundtrack**

**they know something about time**

**they try to tell.**

**I listen**

**poorly,**

**I'm just a man.**

**Help me to hear**

**I cry to the moon.**

**It sends the trees**

**to answer me —**

**listen like them,**

**listen like branches**

**upraised, leaf no leaf,**

**it's the stance itself**

**that counts,**

**in the asking,  
using the whole body  
to ask,  
listen hard,  
listen like wood.**

**17 March 2014.**