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Will you be my webinar
whill you be my fragrant car
will you park beside the breath
and let me capture?

19 March 2012

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And then the text started to rehearse itself
and children fluttered around in the street waiting for their principals
and the gunman approached on a motot scooter
and fired at random into the crowd of Jews killing four at least
and maybe more critically ill in the hospital
and roared away and was lost among gentiles
and this happened not the morning after Kristallnacht
but this morning in Toulouse while America was asleep.

19 March 2012

= = = = =

Let the stonecutter awake
as Whitman and Neruda would
and set the works of the worders
out there so all can see

and seeing believe
that the one who chose all these
herself wrote this

a sister among sisters, among brothers,
among angels and amateurs
and the spunky spontaneous music of mind
bellow out from these quiet pages.

19 March 2012

= = = = =

THEY COME HERE IN THEIR WHITE
SKIN TO BE TREES

they want to punish each other
for all the distances
they continue to endure

hug a tree beat a tree
to make the sap flow
old Italians told me
in the neighborhood
no springtime without beating
wake it up, same with us
people ski, fall from planes,
they raft whitewater, tumble
from rocks and walk on fire—
anything to w]
ake from sleep
the nasty dream that tells me
it only matters if it hurts.

19 March 2012

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Legal things. The wrong
lips kissed. The doubt
that feels like blood
flowing in a distant limb—
how far away the earth is.

19 March 2012

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But what will you do
when it's all done?

It will be now then,
it will be now.

19.III.12

=====

The stars so far.
Spring festivals of primitive
peoples I am.

I will howl gently
for three days

trying to tell the sun
who's boss
but all the while

trying to fondle
sunlight as it falls.

19 March 2012

=====

A small thing
best for spring

later
comes Easter

where we belong,
then song

takes birth
out of earth

again and again
we call it Him

and say his name,
he is the same

who fell asleep
now leaps

into the ordinary air
and we are there

and we are him.

19 March 2012

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The dubious theology
of poetry
my heart in your hand.

19.III.12

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So on a day of small comfort
beautiful images and much sun

the light strode across the table
to interpret men and women caught

by the insolent light-writer
who had carried in his hand

Sicily and Italy and mother creek
where we all live still

a black box with mind of its own.

19 March 2012

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Where will St Joseph go
to find his son
His own one?

19.III.12

= = = = =

That's what it means
to live in a magical world
you talk to machines
and they call you back
using the voices and bodies
of real people almost,
you fall in love or leave
town or get divorced
and all the while it's machine
you've been hanging with,
the exalted self-lubricating
machinery of the world.

19 March 2012

TO A WISE CHILD

I can tell time too.

But what can I

tell it to do?

19.III.12

DIOCLETIAN

As soon as the word
depends from the cloud
the silence comes—

the, the, the—

the calipers of hypotaxis
plunge the heart a-
gain and again into the slot
left vacant in the ordinary

Swing from a tree
hide a sheep in a flock

only you, you alone
will know how different
this thing is, this little thing,

a fleck of sunlight on the lawn.
It is not now.

A flitch of meat
fly-visited on a butcher's shelf.
Illyria. The old Emperor
retired now, is trenching

delicate white asparagus
in his garden. Over the sea.
Asparagus so-called
from being used to sprinkle,
aspergere, as in a ritual
or initiation, with sacred
somehow water or the blood
of sacrifice. The fluid
clings in its fine scales
then shakes free. Sprinkle me.

19 March 2012

= = = = =

Don't look down
below the skin
nothing there
but mortal sin

we die from inside out
be like the yew tree
and stay alive, life
is easy, stay

on the radiant surface
lick the skin of everything.

19 March 2012