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**Xenolith land  
heather and stone  
the towhee tells us drink your tea  
rock remembers the flood —  
we are the flood  
our blood carried us here  
Christians of the lower air  
and those rare ancient Christians  
who call themselves Jews —  
temple-free, unsacrificing, taking  
delight in deeds of charity  
here  
América del Norte, a passage  
past Dover to the little island  
all chokecherry and aspen and fern.  
Image Eden  
sun pure defusion  
in a blur of mist — goldness  
chivvying for order,  
policemen of the sky,**

**I hide.**

**Your Celt is furtive, prone to deft concealment,  
cool-skinned fond of weather,  
flees the public light and chooses by design  
the fairy light of moon he calls  
the She.**

**I've never been to Jericho  
but I have seen  
the Bible come tumbling down  
by the *Crucis* fire,  
lit  
in sun stand thou still upon this altar  
and sleep here maidenly  
as any mother can  
Mary stands on the moon because  
she is the goddess of the sun,  
the emanation, her son  
as every Italian in our neighborhood  
knew inside out,  
they knew Who to pray to,**

**they knew the rock on which the world is laid**

**Holy Mary, Mother of God,**

**pray for us sinners now**

**later I will whisper**

**the secret history of the West —**

**early .....,**

**page 60**

**bottom**

**we all are Jews.**

**A note to William Blake:**

**Christ who inspired the destruction of the Temple**

**in the days of Trajan founded two forms of**

**religion: a bloodless, highly symbolical**

**mindly panoply called Christianity,**

**and the reformed Hebrew worship, stripped of Temple  
bloodshed**

**animal sacrifices and customs that had crept in**

**a religion now pure, intellectual, disciplined and**

**rich, that we call Judaism.**

**Christ, the Redeemer, brought us both, and both**

**perdure, though growing barnacles and lichen along the  
way**

**— some magnificent like cathedrals,**

**some grotesque like Canon Law and family values —  
that from time to time must be stripped away,  
both sorts of Christians await this  
reformation — which is a process,  
not a single historical event.**

**24 June 2014**

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**Original watchtower  
when you look at the sea  
you are actually beholding  
all of our history —  
it feels so healing, so  
completing, to be  
by the sea because  
the sea remembers.  
And the tithe or tide  
of sea that lives in us as blood  
— in which we live —  
quicken in the presence  
of the Mother.**

**24 June 2014**

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**Trying to understand  
the grand confusion,  
cathedral of inadvertencies  
our vast *kultur*.**

**Everything is in it  
“but not near the door.”**

**Immure yourself in circumstance  
and let lust’s will win a window out  
and a new door. *New doors are all we need.***

**24 June 2014**

=====

**Open the lists of morning  
sun's lance vs. the word's soft  
insinuation. Close  
your eyes in competition.  
The leaves are green.  
Victoria is still queen.**

**24 June 2014**

**=====**

**It strengthens the eyes  
to stare into the great distances.  
Or do I mean  
the imagination?**

**24 June 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Reicha bassoon —  
second movement — how we to go market  
but the market isn't there  
how we cross our legs  
when we have no chair.  
How it snows in summertime  
and gold falls out of the air  
how it hurries to its destination  
leaving us behind for all we care.**

**24 June 2014**

**= = = = =**

**Marble head of Venus in the Louvre  
halfway up the stairs  
her cold lips part,  
she smiles a few  
sentences in Old Hungarian,  
news from the Eastern front.**

**24 June 2014**

## **OBITER ANIMALIA**

**Beasts along the way.**

**Inscrutable obvious a wolf.**

**Referring to meerkats or pandas**

**our encampment of prairie dogs**

**at the edge of Boulder Colorado.**

**A rat. Whitehall.**

**Zoo doesn't count — oh**

**so in Galway. Seal. Buzzard's Bay**

**twelve buzzards above me**

**on the college drumlin.**

**Seen through glass the risen moon.**

**24 June 2014**

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**If this were in color I could sell it.  
The feint disappears in sunlight.  
You need fences to keep the air in line.  
A gappy leafy tree against a cloudless sky — perfection.  
Those two things together are like a perfect sea.**

**Sign of remembrance. Grackle on the rail.  
Meshed in similarities it is easy to suffocate.  
Oh to read some other mind now,  
to read the lucent other Oh!  
Patchwork histories, mère de la grâce.  
“Full of brains” I heard them praying —  
thus I knew the real value was knowledge,  
and she is the one who had it, Mother of God.**

**24 June 2014**

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**Upstream, against the natural.  
But even salmon are part of nature.  
Look for and find  
the parapet of dreams.**

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In bridge they call it north and south  
but the barge comes today  
prophesying peril on the sands —  
when they build houses the world goes away  
sometimes for years but always comes back  
will I live to see her blue eyes smile again  
green eyes or that fulvid dark you see in amber  
the world has not so many faces  
morph me with you baby  
sun shining off subjacent windows  
winter in the Netherlands  
is that a joke or an elevator groaning in the night  
gave him a room with an altar in it so what he'd do  
say Mass on your  
copy of Zukovsky's "A" open to Iyyob  
Canaanite yammer who are these souls  
that word again tenor sax  
try to forgive me for healing you  
I was a flame without a candle  
you stood by the great sycamore at Vassar

**axis mundi**

**you, not the tree**

**mild claustrophobe but in a sub I'd panic**

**winter dreams he calls it**

**....to.....as a last resort**

**71 top**

**shattered the moon fell in the sea**

**her vision strongest when the music stopped**

**the Jews converted long ago in all but name**

**tell that to your Yangtze river boat**

**the Pope listens in his sleep**

**are you too demanding**

**broken altars clumsy young gods**

**I love ye nathless**

**every noun could be a name of drug**

**the hammer the sunshine the zeppelin**

**armed ship off your bow**

**the leaves are yellowish**

**the colors whistle in your dream**

**imagine grout**

**it holds your thoughts together**

**I would rather be walking by the sea**

**disturb me into relevance**

**a cart in Spain tugging up a hill  
on the wrong side of the bed  
it isn't a game you know  
it is the only one there is  
still arch as the Cheshire cat  
sun in the elm tree me oh my  
ode and lair the more  
in County May I be polite  
broken break me whole again  
attend each local prophecy.**

**25 June 2014**