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155.

Quiet describing landscape never seen
by names alone a wind comes through the fog
the way a wave moves through the sea displacing nothing
matter is not the same as what it does
there is a mindful moving in all things
but talk about love instead the cellist's bare knees
press the earphone closer to the silence
wanted to sit all day and think but not think thoughts
just the ordinary mistral just the light passing by
impossible angles the edges of lost things
they scare me more than a half-eaten apple
Eve's disobedience still not quite complete.

(24 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

156.

**This still is Eden but who'd believe me
I meant only to complain the lawnmower erased the cello suite
but then the sun suffused the fog and no one listened
to anything but the noise that silenced me
this still is Eden some of us never left
a flaming sword that keeps you out lights us to our beds
because we sleep in matter
mind has burned away all its guesses
too much weight groan of a physical world
wait the grass rushes through the wind my mother crying
or a story she could understand when I had come
beyond all stories to the untellable itself.**

157.

One of those days when all music sounds like church
the wind is up to something
trying to remind us to let go
it has no natural end no golden fleece
only the dragon car at Coney Island waiting for Medea
I rode it too static as it was just to ride with dragons
the invisible beings who guide and protect
y ddraig goch for instance small monster in my blood
enough of Being it's time for the Is
the self existent the shadow of a woman the mother's dream
Amphitrite comes first and Ovid names her first
goddess of the ocean from whom we come and we are hers.

158.

**A sprawl on lawn in the pose of Titian's Danaë in exiguous bikini
she welcomed the island weather her son knew her best
and I looked away at all the other pictures on the air
every mistake needs its own footnote
everything means he said again
if Offenbach can be a Jew then I can too
the gondola took all my doubts away
I too heard the dead contralto sing from the wall
and all my tragic love affairs are comedies
as the Muse told me stick to the skin you know
the giddy surfaces of human life, skip the abyss
forget silly Scamander where silly heroes fight and die.**

159.

**Only in the heart does the blue flower grow and tells the one who finds it
climb into your body and drive to the other side of truth
someone is waiting there always for you
the sentimental abstract blood trickles sweet bite
grasses on the high moors unanimous in wind
nothing can live at this altitude a steeple
I want to be at home as things are
but that's a kind of cardboard Africa
live where no one ever imagined
is that the famous blue flower
or the White Rose of national decency
for which the young students suffered and died?**

(24 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

160.

**Binary as if a double star you are
two houses and two voices to proclaim
absolute and relative the same
but two doors to every thought like Boston flats
the law makes difference the will makes same
watch the sun rise little by little the light says yes
the wind is always coming from the night
the dark breathes for us
lost in childhood with a single book
greatness means to have no private life
sun up now and here the great one comes
all work is play at best.**

(25 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

161.

Ate roses from the rocks along the shore
surely she'll come walking over the sea
to restore us to our original forms
we mild impersonators of another story
cantilena of the obvious above the Hidden Theme
pick the ocean up and do what with it
one crow before anybody
I don't send news to the tailor how I wear my clothes
but I tell every sailor where to steer his craft
helmsman of absence monsignor of milk
scared except to be at home and there too
we have come to the midpoint of time.

162.

**I had a dream you told me you had a dream about me
part of me on the other hand already
how many do I have to be to be one
it is a question of what kind of blue a flower
what kind of kind
when there was nothing but sea there still was me
I am plenty of you
an unfamiliar bird just now Berlioz must have been like that
little histories of what never happened
country A beats country B but war beats both of them
who are you crying to on your hilltop
the wind knows how to take your breath away.**

163.

Far pillboxes over the heel of her island
sideways to wind sucks my breath away
all the familiars sieve through the mind
into the dark of other people's memories
what I lose you find a carousel of naughty children
seacoast is never far from mind it is made of it
ocean our first brain
but resemblance is a wilted flower
no one told me anything but you
the stone that sealed him in he carries in his hand
but every funeral seems to be my own
all religions are none I thought he said.

164.

**Hard to read the numbers in this light
 go by the feel of the machine road through water
 voices in the street fear of believing
 whatever they say must be wrong way round
 nobody out there speaks our language
 urgent children touching in the dark
 who are those who move around inside me
 woman walks by with a woodpecker on her back
 to prove that language is a function of the skin
 because language is all boundary
 a walled garden and a maze at the middle
 and a mirror globe at the center with roses all round it.**

(25 June, Cuttyhunk)

**IN QUA PAR FACIES NOBILITATE SUA
 PAR ANIMO QUOQUE FORMA SUO RESPONDET: IN ILLA
 ET GENUS ET FACIES INGENIUMQUE SIMUL**

(Fasti, VI, 805-807, of Marcia)

165.

**What could it be like collecting stamps and never mailing letters
nobody writes letters anymore
people are afraid of words in the hand
let Bach tell me what to do next 123456
translate into something we can keep inside
inside us or our household god *domovoi*
Lisa's plump white arms in Ivan's dying brain
we have to know though where everything belongs
o Egypt I am weak the rolled-up carpet weighs too much
all the streets led up to the castle no one lives there
you have to keep it all inside la musique
and when the morning finally comes the string will break.**

166.

**Or morning only comes when something breaks
how to tell your mother you're gay
the stains your pleasure leaves on you
the roof cracks the birds fly out
it was no house after all it was the woods
and you are only halfway through the catalogue of sins
remember never to confess unless confessing is a pleasure too
the girl fell from the lighthouse and made her lover fall
both drowned New Bedford our coasts unguarded
deep-rooted on a shelf of rock below the sea
some sins will never wash away
one slight twist it comes off in your hand.**

167.

A wave is pure motion in substance with no substance of its own
a brilliant shadow of a man at sea
left in a terra cotta lekythos takes two to hold it up
ten to drink it dry not ten of our kind ten of theirs
let Ovid tell the story his own way forget the Greeks
they are not in your blood you bloody Marcian
marvors inside me and made me leap three times
over the solstice fire into the sea of the Seven Oxen
I swam to Venus though I cannot swim
walked slowly on the neighbor's adventure
at the intersection of now and then a yellow flag
come not aboard this plague ship of love's sicknesses.

168.

**It hurts like fish up on the hook
open the door and let your neighbor out
always somewhere waiting to be else
you know your dove by how the tail is shaped
mock orange is it marching on the island
what will the heather do the weather changes
or rabbit in high grass or the four rivers of Kailasa**

(25 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

169.

**Where the wing begins to wonder the chicks fly
flutter clutch the sweater its mother woodpecker
thus go I clutching to the shoulders of the world
around me wrack of history walk on clean feet
the next re-beginnings of all things the nascent the ordinary day
simply we are afraid of flying off again into the woods
feeding ourselves on what no man knows and all women do
because they were the first kind and any moment call us to heel
each Greek state had a cult and we have none
the Reformation broke all that away
and Nations made nonsense of what was left
no paideia we are the Pleistocene anew.**

(26 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)

170.

Be suspicious of Greek models we are not Greeks
have no polis have no common practice to the gods
education is sick with Hellenic fundamentalism
Greek can be as bad as Bible for the soul
yet the poetry of both perdures illuminates
Dante is closer because each walks the woods alone
the matter world of things receding
tailor sitting on his table stitching what we all will wear
the technology of magic haunts us now
to walk invisible in Google goggles isolate
how soon Ariel goes into Caliban
when once before the magus left the island to the sea.

171.

**I think I counted wrong I'm not the only one
there is a wolf beside me and a kingbird in the tree
beast and bird and me together can we know as much as one woman can
call us all to bed and see what happens then
the Irish poets worked for pay the pay was praise and salmon steak
glory goes out of the cooking pot *poetry is war without an enemy*
when 'faith' replaces cult the polis is dead
the Greeks never had to believe anything they knew, they did
as Jung at the end said "I don't have to believe, I know"
faith cuts us apart from one another
believe nothing and do everything, and conversely
both ways make wise help the wind blow.**

172.

**I'm never shy of naming elements
the things that were here for us before we knew
so those are the colors of my spectrum
those are the blocks I fiddle with
rousing to you in impatience to walk
road in shadow past a donkey in a field
and a hill up ahead and everyone speaks French
and none of this was here before the hill
so I will go to my mothers below the hill
and live among the ferly folk as though I were a man
and listen to their practice of sun and moon
and learn enough to come back in a hundred years and all for you.**

173.

**Rescuing forever from never I put the writing in your hand
come back from the place that never was
when the city deserts its gods flee to the country
out here the gods won't leave you alone you pray by breathing
and even so you have to write it down
this is your sole commandment listen and repeat
because the word you hear changes in you to the word you say
and only you can say it world without end amen
but the Mass your body is always beginning
your body is praying all the times
knows more about the gods than Socrates
if you don't know the answer no one does.**

174.

**Be careful of numbers that come into your head
light-filled windows of an empty house
listening is filling a terra cotta jug with water from a slow fountain
listening is walking down a street you never saw
walk the grass between the sidewalk and the curb
to be in the between is to be born again
any tween space is the primal cave
the folk you see around you are bisons on the wall
every salesman a hierophant grammar a wizard's spell
the witches love you and the birds are all machines
you wind up the engine with your first breath
keep breathing or all the lights go out.**

175.

**The rule is so simple make people happy
the method is harder live for the other
the gods will come only when they're needed
as that girl he thought he knew once
came along and guided Dante to the rose
but was she the same as the one who knew
or never knew, you can't tell by looking
but the telling does no good till you tell it
the breath you breathe out different from what you breathe in
measure the difference in a world full of commas
listen long enough and learn to tell lies
don't stand by your words walk behind them all the way home.**

176.

**He's getting smart it must be near the end
he has no clue to what the house is called
why does a castle need a name it has a moat
all we need is difference did he say
all belief is make-believe
deus adest alteri drink from the well
the healing breath of other people no help in same
stay far enough away so that they still are other
the mess of mingling knows no edge
boundary is all, we're bound to mark
mark and honor by transgressing
travel far by staying home.**

**(26 June 2013, Cuttyhunk)
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