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LES FALAISES

Maybe this hour is the time ago
or cracked beneath the rich man's iceboat
could we promptly deluge or great comet coming
pur the window out of the wine

mergansers on the bay a bad cold though
when fences break the fog comes out
it's hard to live close to the very rich
even if you share every neo-Gothic chapel

the more money you have the longer ago it is
Ellery Queen! coffin mystery! Nesselrode pie!
with enough money you can't understand anything
only information has value all the rest just sings

mandrake in dog jaws cry cracks the sky
the sun falls over the cliff open your mouth
autists versus artists Stalin versus Mandelshtam
wish I were an architect to let red berries grow

cliffs and quarries bears and swans
no more crime! let the labels slide off the jars
all food is poison all poison heals
make your last stand on the rocks and whisper fast

**but who is tht who needs me most
is the coffee frozen in the thermos is the bird alive
the wind in the yew tree gives me all I know
cars those latecomer animals soon will pass away**

**you have to learn something from every line even this
stand responsible to ocean and the silver-shouldered moon
revise when needed you made these rocks after all
it gets longer as it gets easier simple sciences.**

13 January 2013

=====

dlya Mashi

**cast off from the coast the coast
let the sea come in like a bell
the one old women can hear
coming up from any water
because they are the only ones
who are not bored with listening
all their lives they've tried and
still heard nothing even yet
but they have heard the bell.**

13 January 2013

=====

after "The Dream of Macsen Wledig"

**Women you meet in dream
and I have met them too
not just over high mountains
or watching idly young men play chess**

**they just stand there, close to you
and talk about your travel plans
or coax you to talk about Kandinsky
you feel their breath on your skin**

**if you touch them it is lightly
lightly, conceding nothing
to the circumstance of closeness
you always have a plane to catch**

**from this town you'll never see again
but her face will travel with you.**

13 January 2013

=====

**The old man dozing on the porch
stood up without my help
stood straight and tall forgive me
I said for disturbing your rest.
No matter he said I had almost
escaped and made my way to Fairyland
across the lake of lies that men call death.
One day I'll get there, and no more need
of drowsing in sunl. Dream will be all the time.**

13 January 2013

(this conversation woke me from broken sleep around 4 a.m. 14.I.13)

=====

**Sometimes there is ink in pens
like blood in living beasts
will not be sacrificed to flow—**

**once offerings were never victims,
Ovid says, but grain and flowers only,
and no one killed to woo a god.**

**‘Sacrifice’ is the strangest of all
human mistakes, to try
to please a god by taking life,
‘making it holy’ by killing it.**

13 January 2013

ROBIN

**A robin spoke
the snow she melt
mist flees
through trees
green again
be seen
like your violin,
winter thaw
is category shift
you have your mate
and now must me.**

14 January 2013

JANUARY THAW

**There are those who will be happy at the change
the tree see their feet again, the deer
have freer access to the mysteries they eat
in this season when nothing grows. The snow
is mostly gone. And I am Ovid on the Black Sea
wondering the roots and branches of all things,
why things are called by their names and what
it means to call them anything, and how
one girl could make all of this happen to me.**

14 January 2013

(or maybe)

Because she did it.

Always one

and only one

but never the same

one did it.

She made my life

happen to me,

I am a patch

of sunlight on her lawn.

14 January 2013

=====

**I am a nomad who stays in one place
my caravan my gypsy Cadillac are the eyes in my head
I am never at rest and always at home
I've been here forever and haven't gotten here yet
do you understand what I'm telling you,
how much this is and isn't about love,
the corn in my fingers feed the deer in deep woods
I am further away from you than the winter moon
closer to you than the skin inside your wrist,
my caravan stuffed with everything I need, an empty room.**

14 January 2013

sGrol.ma.dKar.po Κορη Κοσμου

Virgin of the world

to see the world as virgin

**to pass through without penetrating — that
is the mystery**

the body is a rainbow

the mind inhabits.

15 January 2013

=====

Sound

comes from the ground

Tesla knew

the real road is below

endless anaerobic chamber of the earth

carrying the word of music

the messaging below.

I take

this as matter of fact

voice of our mother

calling from the ground

the place men call the *grave*

but I know better,

it is the house of words,

you bring the earth back to life

every day by speaking

words out loud

that your dreams dream

and your reveries recover

from all the whispers and cries

you hear from all the way down there.

15 January 2013

=====

**Look quiet
and a tree
is a flame**

**as a city is a single word
fragment of a lost sentence**

**This cool quiet moveless conflagration
a forest is,**

**it is a different time from ours—
if only we could hear the raging roar of
it, all that green beauty ascending,
always upward, *returning*—**

Believe the dead, for they have seen the rising.

15 January 2013

=====

**Not one word more
and then them all
pressed against your back
like a wall
forcing you forward
into the speaking
where those others
are, the lovers
created by speaking.**

**Without words there would be only the world
and no people, we exist
to discover them and find their sounds
and say them.**

**Try to believe me
this winter morning
when a warm hand on the back
is a glad thought, or a wall
sleeping in sunlight
and taking in warmth
the way the world takes us in,

all of it speaking.**

15 January 2013

=====

**I am I suppose
a rock in the sea
singing mermaids
cling to me**

**and I am the hard
thing that can break
the boats they make
come in too close**

**but all my will
is set on acts of love
so I can be the place
saves the ones they kill.**

15 January 2013

=====

**But if the horse could talk
the color of its hide
would be irrelevant,
we wouldn't have to
listen with our bodies
to its fantasies
which is what you really
ride, you know, his
imagination is all
those cliffs and gullies
the brackish streams
grasslands alkali
plains and chaparral
you'll amble through
thinking his thoughts
with your thighs
while you imagine
you're riding tall
and beautiful, your head
holds up the sky
and the wind, ah the wind
is laughing at you,
you animal's afterthought.**

15 January 2013

IN VERITATE VINUM

Call anyone and tell them the truth
truth is something you gouge into soft rock
a fingernail is sharp enough to do it
bake in an oven suck in your mouth
truth is suck. Truth is a tree. A tree
that laughs at me. For one or two maybe
truth is a dog but never mind about them.
Truth is a hollow in the trunk of a tree
that reminds you of me. Truth
and trees walk around together through
a world that only seems to move,
truth has your back but truth is a knife,
truth is a man spanking another man's wife,
truth always has something creepy about it,
distasteful, something not right, in bad taste,
truth is inappropriate, truth smacks of elderberry
avocado wintergreen chard, seeps into everything
like salt, truth too is brought by camel caravan
too much truth is bad for the blood pressure
remember what happened last time,
truth is a marrow bone you're still sucking on
suck. Truth pesters you all the time
to tell it, truth tells you to tell it, truth
like you always tells more than it knows.

16 January 2013

=====

**It's all right, you can bring
all the books back to the library
now, you have understood
as much of them as you ever will—**

remember:

the unread word ripens

inside you

like tomorrow night's dream.

16 January 2013

BUT THERE MUST BE MORE

1.

**They must have meant more, those
masters of music**

Beethoven, Schubert, Mahler—

Don't have children, have wolves

**she said, sitting soft in the Liszt sonata
o those minor keys, those ivory little teeth.**

2.

**Then let me see yesterday again,
that battlefield with so many flowers,
roses, violets, lilies of Peru.**

3.

**Put on a dress made of flower petals
put on high heels made from books
whisper poetry on strangers' smartphones
make traffic grind to a halt,
be a beautiful drag.**

4.

But even that was not enough—
are you grey-haired and crazy now, like me,
or did time trick you in some other way,
teach yourself Gaelic, take up topiary?

The cars go by—that is all we know.
Where they go, and why, doesn't bear thinking.
Everything is something else as well
and only too well do we know that.

But do you? Do I?
Sometimes I think I know
practically nothing of what everybody knows.

5.

Boundary issues
I think you call it
personal space
and the little name
your mother
sole of women
called you

when you were young.

Or were you?

Did I get the whole story wrong?

You have no body?

I have no hands?

16 January 2013