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238.

**Measure not pleasure
the ripest ambiguity high priestess
golden color on the quiet lioness
heel heel great varmint of the sky
soon it will be your turn, wheel
can I ever other? Bruno argued yes
I rage at how they fired him
restoring him to his elements
yes change your horoscope revise the sky
the people waiting for you hidden in your sleep
or choose the iron avenue that ran right in
crying his name she came to herself alone.**

239.

**And that was how she was a Tarot card
naked visible through a brick wall
a window where none was needed
she made the light and he brought the air
the wind was seeing her with his eyes
she breathed in being seen and so we move
to the next gallery every image is a room of its own
come live me inside the image
the deeper in you go the more space there is
as it is said we come through a small door into a big world
and so it is with every image
hold the image in your mouth and taste the remember.**

(4 July 2013)

240.

**Of engine what to speak how things are made to happen
Persephone herself bent to retrieve
sky color from earth color
our first ethnographer she is taken
taken in by what she investigates
and lords it later over the dead and not yet born
because Hades is not just for the dead
it is the queendom of everything unseen
she ladies it in hell where we all are fat
swollen with pasts and lives to come
all for the sake of one blue flower and no mother
she is her own mother now.**

241.

Now light your heart and be another
time is weary of this mask of yours
melt the wax of it away in the seventh month heat
be free of this prison thee
squeal of airbrakes and the day begins
change it break the light a little and come home
or nothing happens on the other side
till we wake again with human faces
I look more like you than you believe
finally divided sunlight in heat like a message
someone sends you find some shade and stand there
there is a gollum in all of us a heavy slumbering servant.

242.

**But I can only be the same as me a little while
Gettysburg grandfathers and battle scars
isn't it enough that we still are
of course blame money
but blame mathematics first and greed and sense of more
then blame the summer stars for being many
so many those anxious sperms that quest the eggs of mind
always trying to mean something in me
blame mastery and alpha and volcano
the love that hurtles through the woods of Ireland
the ones that we cut down to reach the sea
but never blame the sea.**

243.

Revise my chapel

build the sky into the window

let it have *sides* but no walls

change the images of the gods

change the gods

fill the pews with water

no prayer on dry land makes sense

stand up to your waist in cool water recite the alphabet

alphabet with variations

this is your liturgy your people you

I am the altar but don't look at me

taste the water now and then listen to what you speak.

244.

**You knew theology had to come of this
what else is interesting but to speak of gods
translate sex into language yields theology
the discourse on the knowable written by people with their minds on
something else
poetry at least is always about itself
but the poem has no self it is pure act
hence more or less useful to everybody like light
even in the dark you think about the other times
and if I die before I wake
bring a red car to my funeral
do Beethoven and blue flowers
call me by your own names as you mourn.**

(5 July 2013)

245.

But each of these is many more
time to talk big so I seem small
radishes from a lover's garden
dense symbolism of the subway
Muskovite manners how soon they forget
I'm not complaining I'm admiring
a Renoir walking out of the loo
a cynical note a poke at Uncle Toby
I had no war of my own
my mental strife was all with me
I despair of the city he said
the city did this to me.

246.

**And so gave up Jerusalem
want the trees before the clearing
no temple is worth a living tree
let alone she tells me the fifty acres of English oak
culled to craft one warship then
when you could still see the goddess in the trees
before the parsons bored all life away
in windowless senacles clustered round guilt
grrr I will wolf this land anew and lie on it
I thought you said you had no enemies
no I have no war my enemies are friends
I do what I can and drive a shiny car.**

247.

**A lyric absence though birds mute trees
lyric means doing something to the air
lyric means the right to be wrong
keeps company with dumb ideas
sailing paper metaphors around the room
lyric means knocking on a wall and crying Open
lyric means knocking on an open door
lyric love is not like other kinds
flowers bought in the supermarket
the old mast of the Ernestina lying on the dock
heartwood still fresh after 100 years
lyric means the heartwood of a living tree.**

(6 July 2013)

248.

All the definitions are now in place
revise the animal feed it from your lap
a bee knows by
the is the center of the maze
woodpecker gospelling a dead tree
bird bath tepid on the lawn
be quiet we are here now
try to be as quiet as it is
we are not meant to live together
each human is alone with the earth
the earth my only wife
touch me if you can.

249.

Don't worry about the numbers

John Muir told Emerson they keep house by themselves

I teach the interpretation of mirrors

the calculus of skin

how many contacts in a sleeping life

don't wake up for me

for I am sleeping too my music snores

gnats bother the porches of mine ears

how dreadful is the natural

give me the word that flees its thing

let me go to the country where music goes when it fades away

let me live on the ashes of what someone sang.

250.

Where is this *up* I asked you to use me to
a seashell in the sky a grammatical awkwardness
Bruno's cavatina in music someone's bound to die
we all are victims of perceiving
but what image is it that lingers in the dying mind
that is the real question about death
what do we go out with
wearing our curious inherited garments
what symbol nestled in the socket of the throat
so many things to remember only one to carry with me
what is the mind before perceiving
the deep and simple well in which no star shines.

(6 July 2013)

251.

**Day of knife angry dreams the crowded train
never any clear way to get home
leaning on the woman till he fell a statue
live in slo-mo with your eyes on fire
Schlomo, the king with a wife for every night
but only one wife for all his days
married to wisdom with a golden lariat
fine-tailed doves fly up into green fronds
all this happens only because you're watching
if we didn't see it wouldn't be
"by a timely compliance" enjoy what could not be avoided
lets you speak without opening your mouth.**

(7 July 2013)

252.

Walk in the shade disprove the sun
everything has been said before so now we're free
the blue flower is an unspoken word
the color she bent down to touch became her sky
culture is a long contagion
anxious discernments born with no hooks
the empty parable Satan's answer
if I give you the desert will you give me emptiness again
all the jewels of the mountain red gravel of the Irrawaddy
I had three homes none of them mine
my wife was mad at me and turned away
for me there was no deeper pit than this.

253.

As if our business is to make our way to hell
only that way is the road to paradise again
who made up all these stories even if they're true
everything that's told is true is true enough
how much is there to know about you
look into my life to find you
a crack in the windshield makes the sky belong to someone else
you found your way into my arteries and I breathe you in
cleansing of the blood miracle of simple prose
grammar of the heart nakedness of any window
we forget the important things so they can happen
an image worn smooth by too much looking.

254.

Where there should be a rose
I write with what I gave you gave me back
all the exchanges spiral into one
this is the point the starting the target the soul
will you get to the point, I am the point
there is no other a minute is my mother
the trees look away today don't dry on me
I need your perfect beauty in every line
some people get no older it is a play
retrieve the rain that washes the rose
cistus or labdanum brings back to life
offer this resin in the temple and see what god appears.

255.

To Venus Virgin Mother of the world he wrote
shaky Latin his mind on something else
because nothing is born it all is here forever
love makes us turn our notice to each thing
though things appear to enter the world they were here all along
I like you will you like me back the only song a child knows
I will lick your back of course of course
each of us is apt for every need just find the way
if you believe that you'll believe anything
I believe everything because I know
but what he knows he wouldn't say
left it to you to find the right word.

256.

**Let's do it yesterday
for music's sake the angel facing backwards
there is something of sulfur in the rose
a petal laid along the skin
no other fact can slip past it
natural affinity of rose with flesh
and thorn with mind
the prick of thinking
the little trickle of blood along the flesh
break the sentence open and it will bleed
Scriabin saw his word in color in the sky
a fatal rose that knows so many.**

(7 July 2013)

257.

**Something about defilement
wrong tool for the right job
or dawn full of feathers fallen
from some imagined bird you never saw
but these things fly their kind has to come
close and touch you while you sleep
you say O my dream but it eats you
disdains your sorry meat
touch defiles
that's why we need it
we come into this dance so pure
no one can remember his father.**

(8 July 2013)

258.

No one can read it all the way through
even a single sentence is infinite
a verb is an abyss
he talked about language till it silenced him
humidity abolishes conversation
it is the sea come back to claim us escapees
our local habitation golden trowel round the town
hedges of Donegal all gorse and fuchsia
map the country where my body lives
wherever cold is comfort
half the folk you meet aren't really there
vanish into that lush green hill.

259.

The home I never had is you
the god of communication is the god of keeping secrets
power of the hermetic axe with two blades
wings on his heels he shows and hides
wherefore set we down words on paper
hoping the substance hides what the meaning says
every language foreign to a thing
we live in darkness with skins of light
where Hermes is heaven is a letter you can't yet read
spend all your nights deciphering this touch
brutal answer of a cloudless day
it must mean something if it's anything.

260.

**Protect this fading image from the angry images
this image I made as me
I am the one who thinks myself to be
bad think bad god
to make this double little world of me and it
make the other be one with me
or one of me or I am none
and where are you in these trees
leafier this year than ever I've known
and after the locust trees blossomed all spring
the basswoods are lindens blossomed in high summer
their fragrance fills the house all night when the wind moves.**

261.

Once I wanted what would walk through the door
urgent each and poignant every
because the guest is god I am an atheist
[x / x] me of politesse
I am engine enough and need your chassis
use your wheels to seek out your consequences
know your will and act it
at me if not another
some pollen fallen from another's tree
a dry rain the man you love
signaling certainty from the wheat field
grows an absolutely different kind of grain.

(8 July 2013)

262.

**Go inside time to its relenting
suppose I were rain along your spine
would it be me by then
or would your mind turn rain into someone else
the way not even the weather is personal
in the cleft between sun and rain someone else comes calling
breath of an old friend
the taste in someone else's mouth a word is
brittle windows keep the image out
once you have seen the picture you'll never stop
now I feel rain on my back is that what you mean
we have to keep talking to the world to make it go?**

(9 July 2013)

263.

Lost three in a row the snail shells move in the night
who knows where the copper is
scratch of a pen on an ancient map
here are the islands of the ancestors
listen and you'll hear your fathers calling
they are praying for the clouds to let them through
they have a name for you a permission
after all the mothers only fair for the father to speak
dark dark the word gouged in wet sand
they were here before you they're shouting now
you think at first it is the traffic or the birds
but deep in your belly you know better.

264.

**The other place than where it is
a gleeful mistake like a dog running away
penny in a pocket sun behind cloud
everything is allowed
when you were a tree I held your leaves for you
when you were ocean I was your waves
the flight attendant listens to the sky
the word is out there just below the plane
when you were a city I did not know what to do
glamorous ignorance of alpine tourists
animals are different inside rocks are the same
their blue eyes open in amazement at the snow.**

265.

So much to remember and no need to
the quiet wise men correct the weather
witchcraft is too natural she said too much about fertility
being fertile is not the point being now is
no one ever did that in my dream before
cloud lift sun back mad at me up there
for I have sought the gods beneath the hill
the little gods who promised nothing but to be
but nature is the part of me that's somewhere else
birdsongs inking lines through the trees
always coming back as usual to some flower
I climbed the stairs to where you almost were.

(9 July 2013)