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266.

**I can't ask for anything
the wind is free but rare here
valley in a valley we live below
our secret influence streams out around
that is how it is in our house
nature was the first mistake: culture the second
there has to be another way
mind slice between the seemings
when I saw the piglets sucking in France I knew it all was wrong
knew why Ahab turned his body from the sun
know why perfect love is always going away.**

(9 July 2013)

267.

Happy is a hard thing to hold
colder hotter drier wetter
we know so little and it means so much
and always the other way round
blue-eyed grass in April deer eat the buds in June
farewell hibiscus maybe they'll remember
you'll see the pink flower in their dark eyes
breath finds its way through densest flesh
whisper of the little stones
shout of starlight over Oahu
for you it's all a story for you it has no end
silence of the sea.

268.

(comment lire ce livre)

**Each line wants to go off somewhere far away
and sit there thinking about itself
but we all have noisy neighbors
we lean on one another for the touch
take strength take weakness from each other
even feebleness is a reassurance
touch is contagion
but we are here together
tangency is defilement
one line bleeds onto another
you belong to the next thing you say
and to the thing that came before you
then you'll belong to how they finally hear.**

269.

**Might be enough to wait for the rose to open
then petal by petal take it in the mouth
so delicate it is you have to chew a while
chew to let the taste come in
for these are dark times in personland
animals cull the flowers in the night
animals leave us only the names of things
or things like color shape texture size
that are not things at all only you are
and I am we are the last of the flowers
we grew up before the end of things
married the dry foot to the wet surf.**

270.

**Eloquent darkness of what I didn't bother to think
the things we make up were there already
stories waiting to be believed
amber and lightning waiting to be analyzed
they were all waiting and here we are
the next thing you think will be the truth
or the next person you meet will tell it
how easy things are when you say them
a woman in a white robe walking on the sea
believe nothing trust no one revere everyone
that way you fall in love without the fall
that way the apple leaps back to the tree.**

271.

**Till we have said everything using the same words
music won't leave us alone
children blur the colors in their books
they know that nothing has a line around it
careful signals of a girl at peace
let me read my book to the center of the earth
plum trees of Afalon truth of the dragon
a castle in the cool core of the sun
a place previous to transformation
before the legal chemistry begins
a joyous anarch in skimpy clothes
as if it all could finally begin again.**

(10 July 2013)

272.

**At a certain point stop looking
at the trees start to read them
the self-planted and the other
human implants immigrants our fancies
of exotics in exurban gardens
three hundred years and still speak foreign
rose of Sharon smokebush lilac
self-taught espontaneos who choose to land
and choose to stay tall and shady and teaching
hue saturation and chroma in their differences
distances between nature and the actual
my father's pine trees on the road to Callicoon.**

(11 July 2013)

273.

**Where things grow by themselves
that's the scripture for our pilpul
con each leaf and comprehend
this is the Heavenly Academy of what happens
gardens are colonial agribusiness
obliterating the mind's first Text
the uncontrived happenstance of suchness
big words for the tiny weeds between the tiles
I too hurry to obliterate
as if it were a message from the mind before the mind
leave it till you remember what it's saying
a language even the rain speaks just be wet.**

274.

**Air slowly finding its way to me
scenarios change the boat becomes a kayak on a car
who would want to skim in one of those
coracle shaped like a knife round mailboats of St. Kilda
suddenly realized nothing belongs to him
somebody else conducts the orchestra
naked boy waving a baton in an empty room
hurry to the largo where we can calm down
counted the ships in the harbor who wants to know
the ocean is rid of these monsters
bring man-crap from island to island
where QED all we truly need is breathe.**

275.

Hark to your habit leman
pain is sham as country is
when countryside is real
so many did to you I mean
as many as sparrows *strouthoi* of her sly chariot
birds are molecules of something very big
isn't that what Empedocles did
or you say all the time Pythagoras Pythagoras
looking in the mirror is close shave enough
girls taught men poetry by skipping rope
giving hope leaving forever with a lingering smile
naked on tigerback biting the moon.

276.

So much I'd say to you if you were here
but far away I just keep talking
who knows how much the wind will carry
just don't get married the dark words need you for their own
sweet child of so many mothers
know me as your elder sister
sistrums in our hands and coronets above
we are the only licensed worshippers
we worship shadows of the gods we are
size is a true story and pace is beauty
density of thought a thick saliva sweetish
wets your lips so you can speak the secret word.

(11 July 2013)

277.

Roads reeds spines the dawn wind lives inside us
I speak for all of us since I speak alone
you laughed at me across the laundry room
then we laughed together isn't there more
green patterned dresses folded on the floor
everything we do together is therapy she said
or I wanted her to say use me she said
how real does it have to be before it is
the pattern was small white flowers
as if spring could take off all its clothes and not be naked
it was all about sorting the wash by then
it was all about being clean.

278.

If you carry the dream through the day a donkey will bray
across the road in the sunken meadow
les falaises going up to the left we walked it only once
at every house a peaceful dog
waiting for Argentina the little car
signboards modest on every villa
we lived in Les Mouflons ten years apart
I didn't understand bird talk in those days
you hadn't taught me the language of bells
and all I knew was bread I clutched it tight
the way a dying man clutches his nurse
this I know this won't let me go.

279.

If it's France already must be dream
I never saw you as you are
you know 'you' means everybody 'I' means nobody
language has a bigger heart than any man
no house but now
a woman at the washing machine secret ruler of the world
unclad into the changes
fish too plentiful aquarium
always another waiting
the sun was sluggish to this table
a game out there someone else is playing
me too though I sit close-eyed inside.

280.

Anarchic monument

use simple words a child can understand

the littler the word the bigger the spell

say a word to match the skill

you and I know the whole business is the people you be with

people who make you more than you

to be a matchmaker of every moment

a Mass-priest of the casual word

and all for you he said and all for me

watching on the subway learn how people read

how they move away from contact

into the strange world this is.

(13 July 2013)

281.

I want to tell you all the ones I need doctor
because in your glass-wall cabinet you display
one of each essence that pursues my day
and dreams are worse you know who they are
give them to me or make them go away
homeopathic relationships a kiss heals all desire
this is me flouncing out of your office this is me crying at home
this is the cabin boy on a steamer that sank
this is the girl with the paper flower in her hair
resemblances are terrible isn't it enough to have one of a thing
must her shadow pass through every door
can't I make you stop looking at me that way.

282.

I lost the word at dawn I knew in sleep
poor me a hundred thousand other words around but that one gone
agrestic agnostic arthritic aesthetic
but still the mercy monument went up
trapezoidal in outline a frustrated pyramid
built of all the shadows I have ever tried to reify
a junk heap halfway to the moon yet shapely withal
the way experiences are when seen from far away
long after only by its cover can you tell a book
I will take a net and go down to the little stream
and let the shadow of its meshwork float on quick water
and no one will be wounded then by my music.

283.

**There is a cello at the bottom of the spine
fact that is how Europe got here
and why Tiepolo painted the actual sky above me
we are embedded in what we thought felt thought we knew
people gabbling language at my feet
I'm not talking culture I'm talking neurology
the complex music of our simple meat
lift up the manhole covers see what we're really up down here
the cables and the sewers info and overflow
that's in me too if I may be personal
I'll never forget Nora splashing in the surf at Rockaway
so much the worse for me.**

284.

**On the glass face of the device the window birds reflect
pass over the house so short is music
music is sound made to be heard
ergo bird bassoon the bells of Judson Church
but mostly this little mirror in my hand
shows the arcane image of each sound
what we look like when we hear the cardinal chirp
what the crow means in soaring without a sound
over my poor house! personal again
the complicated negotiations in a dream
a wise old common Jewish man without a word
pointed to the fried chicken on the counter as if to say take that one.**

285.

**So that everything fits into one thing
the voice of that one thing is heard
the greatest grace you could give me would let me tell you everything
the long road to Toronto curved by the lake boathouse roadhouse
the crowded bed in Montreal
the waterfall in Assam
all of these could be my name
but comedy is finished the epic begins
my cousin's will in probate lyric as a lotus
my grandfather looked like Wallace Stevens but he could smile
I've followed Dante step by step
if your ears are clean you will hear my Tuscan.**

286.

**It scares me when I get personal
like those dreams you're half naked
we are never fully undone though
even death is only half the dance
so I can tell you everything
till I have nothing left
and your skin will still be cool on the coverlet
and sleep will tell me some more lies
the kind I can live with
there is no socialist remedy for this situation
except do everything for the other guy
if you can ever find anybody really different.**

287.

**How a flute in the nineteenth century can sound like the phone ringing
yes I am guilty of everything
and all I did all I do was this
birds walking on the roof just like the French poem
but the sea is very far
one arm of it though strikes through the land
the River North into a different skin
as far as a ship can sail against the grain
for this is a wooden world and I am wooden too
no one hears the suffering of trees
so caught up with using them leaf shade and timber
and these are my leaves mesdames I leave for you.**

288.

**Under the tunic the wound begins to bleed
losing the city was worth it we had to find it again
we had to set the image free
with blood I mark crisscross on this stone
nearby an altar cut by no iron
defiled only by a word it speaks
through my palms the rock talks up my arms
that was the first stone in the world
jihad against the unbelieving emptiness
fight for the vibrant hollow of the spacious mind
blood was meant to be the secret ink
writing the sutra of reality deep inside your frame.**

(13 July 2013)