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309.

**But God is more personal than sex and no one ever really tells
when the outside and the inside are the same
a horse you never heard of comes rushing from the mountains
the comfort of enough against the ecstasy of more
o horse you cry I will not ride today
but he thinks otherwise and there you are aloft
the two of you above the hills beast and human
and who knows which is which, a fable
vanishing in the blue distances song fading
nobody knows nobody knows I hear the dearest voice
laughing at the effort I put into doing nothing
a snowstorm of images around a freezing child.**

310.

**You want to translate Homer I want to write him
all new all over again all shining and no war
no more war and the pale cheeks of men
pierced by no bronze prong and no fire
walks up and down the corpse and the hymn
that grieves for Linos turns into the Ode to Joy
a cliché has no memory it plugs a leak
even Homer nods well I can snore as well
and pour the beauty of Helen and Diomedes and Cassandra
back into the ordinary dance of day
and we will know each other in that company
proud abashed a little silly full of soul.**

(16 July 2013)

311.

**They must know their bodies well
since they have nothing else to know
and knowing never stops
it's time to come back from the underworld
just as I am just as I am
backwards always is everything
no age but awareness
give us our animal back
sex is an accident on the road to truth
take off your shoes for this is holy ground
the feeling that your body is
there is no other world than this.**

312.

**A poem is guided meditation
mild propulsion of the written world
when it stops the process it launched sails on
knowing the mind
clear light between the names of things
between the things
so.ma the bright between
the new the fresh the uncontrived
your mind finds by itself
sacred absence in the core of you
all the holiness and shadows pass
maidens and heroes and sunlight on the sea.**

313.

So little said and so much waking
salt meadow hay dust mulch men say
I've managed to know nothing but what I can say
the van is at the door it's all just weather
sitting here alone with my hibiscus tree
the written evidence tells against my life
my father by the cellar door painting grey
everything waits for us below
an image worthy of your eye
the end of the pagan world was the end of the world
nothing learned nothing lost
I marvel at the emptiness of me.

314.

So it can mean a little or a lot
a billboard on a vacant lot is all my Hollywood
and see behind it how the lovers chance
it would be Ancient Greek if it had a goat
but wisdom does not wear a coat
the afternoon is longer than the night
or so the bird explained
a language half sound half color
all things intersect in you
all the silken raptures of the couch
rainstorm in the desert
from great pain some red flowers after.

(17 July 2013)

315.

Lost endowment will updated on deathbed
signed but unwitnessed the hospital in flames
the law was born to make us kind we pray
but every river has its crocodile the teeth of our detail
Lauretta grieveth babbo Dante even snickers in hell
death itself is the gift they leave the living
a holy absence with some names in it
images and places green coat Swan Lake Callicoon
give the little I have to the many
Multiplication of the Loaves and Fish you do by leaving
these chips and chances were my working mind
voici mes soeurs an endless box of trinkets.

316.

**One or two more miracles a bird on its bush
a mountain then another one who are you fooling
is all philosophy a consolation what else could it be or do
in the shadow of Plato some folk pierced through thinking
maybe or am I five thousand miles west of where it was
a wordless opening through behavior to the ordinary mind
effortless spun gold from neutron stars and set this bird in flight again
without even the intention to be, is
flagship of feeling through tumultuous seas
to the quiet story of a sandy beach a shell upon it
which held to your good ear says the primal word
before your witless fingers reach for something else.**

317.

So we're back with love and not much else
greatest of all seemings unless you fall in it
we're back with love and it springs us forward
into the kindness of our only hope the yellow of the rose
where no one lives and all love rises
to spell the billion stories that we tell
all their theology a nice old comfy car
Packard or a Panhard on its way home
all roads lead to home
that's all you have to know
a little knowledge and some gasoline
smile brother you're almost there.

318.

**Who threw the switch that made the water come from hydrogen and oxygen
someone had to be the spark
is it you who look at me oddly sometimes
as if surprised to find me there beside you
who could the spark be but the other
we come from ocean but where did it come from
who else is ripening down there now
ready to crawl out as we did and take our place
asking questions of the howling wind
playing their flutes in the desert
and like us always trying to remember
where we came from and why?**

319.

Accidental purposes of Delta music

**on that day women chase men or seem to
they shall handle texts and not be harmed thereby
they shall preach the good news without knowing it
old battleships with concave prows
plow into tropic harbors bring truth home
tapa cloth and Charlie Chan and Maori skin
everything written is written to be forgotten
forgotten deep into you and ripen there
nasturtiums a little peppery in her salad
mud fights in Oregon snow cones in Passaic
if you think these are random think again.**

(18 July 2013)

320.

**Children in the cornfield who are you
furtive actions in the furrows
who knows what eating really means
two children lying side by side
hieroglyph of the space left between them
every relationship has its own hieroglyph
the whole world is a museum the unknown curator about whom we fantasize
in theology philosophy history and baffling pre-dawn dreams
where we are always in a distant city always trying to get home
so the planet must be the distant town
and the stewardess who won't let me on the plane
must be the fiery angel gives me an ear of corn.**

(18 July 2013)

321.

She was in him all the time
Rosa peregrina pressed between the pages
so much talk the morning mower
break into an art beyond commodity
you pilgrim rose that took his hand
led him to a color alone and left him there
while she herself stepped up inside him
castle of palaver beauty counts
on one finger the ruby of the setting sun
we live again because we mistake
this art too beyond the financiers
life belongs really only to the poor.

322.

**Poverty is permanent is to live in a physical world
endlessly interdependent dependent on each puff of breath
each stone you stand on your will contingent on the molecular
even if you think you're not just mirror neurons
just the habit of acquiring speech
because it doesn't lead anywhere
it perdures or seems to as long as you do
the world has never abandoned anyone
up to you to leave the world
naked towards the riches of the unconceived
I love you she said despite all this I tell
oiled wrestlers grappling with the moment seems.**

323.

**I can't help it if it tells the truth
the weather's like that, breeze and knees
there is waiting to be done because the world
subways are so old-fashioned
we are children when we go down there
blue light in the Clark Street tunnel
the hardest is to be now at all
broken branches where the deer browsed
I think of winter and of Scamander
the river rising to rebuke us
the gods of everything for everything's a god
not us though we're on the other side of that.**

324.

In the completion things get in the way
until it occurs to her they *are* the way
then she leads me to it and you too
the other side of everything and here we are
I have to talk like this I am a voice
a white van full of salad greens goes by
only what we say counts not what we do
he said and climbed the rain-drenched steps
into a Chinese dream he never wanted did he
why all those fan-fold books peonies and lexicons
of course he wanted to go there provided it was here
only the voice moved drifting over the hospital garden.

325.

**So what if her skirt is made of flowers
his skin was made of ocean
people grow old with what they hold
all that holding hurts
pain of a violin how can I sing with something in my head
the pale arm that calms me so many nights
all a step away from mania
where does the sound come from you rub on your strings
consider the pain of all I give you
is all forgiving blue light of the other
fills the whole body the way sound fills the ears
only this and nothing else.**

(19 July 2013)

326.

**I hear voices in the white noise of the window fan
midnight conversation of the atmosphere
such tender images to select your message
I thought it said and why not listen
an image is vulnerable subject to change decay
but somehow lasts forever
I can't get you out of my mind we say
then a chickadee hops on the porch rail and chases you away
an image silences an image
morphs into it the grass is green
but no two blades the same color
I take what comfort I can from the differences.**

327.

**The bowl of night beleaguered me
then the airless dawn we read about in books
written by frustrated selfish young men
there is always air enough for women
even poor Salome *here I can breathe!* but night
had other plans and other selfish men
the one who wouldn't kiss the one who killed for kissing
o it is strange to be a woman in this world
to have made all this then see it turn against you
boy by boy until the mean old men enslave you
I wish I could do something to change or help
but I'm a man habit-caged mechanical like all the rest.**

328.

Long footnote here to show the primacy of Eve
but you've heard it all already and don't believe
but I believe I believe in everything
I'm just a man on a raft after all
and you are the sea where else could we be going
around and around on Ocean River, be Other
synovial fluid the river inside us
we link with Other only when we drink or weep
there is a butterfly but where is my cellphone
banal be me Beatrice! he said and clomb
up the scree slopes of vocabulary to a wordless crest
and rested there eased by cool mist he thought.

329.

Too many wights too long a wait
my friend's in a far country ever dangerous
a troll is not a little thing it's a huge stone
a stone that knows how to move
a stone with hands and only *huldra* tames him
or so I read in a book I wrote
I found it on my phone faces made of shadows
light itself is made of their soft fur
they're all around us their breath the thunder
I realize all summer I've just been translating from the birds
now who will be my dragoman
and guide you cleanly through my cloying text?

330.

**It's done already! you've read and understood!
all that's missing is the rain of gold
on Danae's spread self, the blue flower
clinging to your fingertips the crow calling loud
right overhead to tell me what's what
the time has come he says *kairos*
like a glee or a gospel anything you choose
long as it has a tune in it
what else is there to tell but music
but do keep telling all the rest he says
louder and louder till I can almost hear
the trees wake up and shiver to this song.**

331.

**all the spirits of the air come around me
a call a cry beauty transcendent into lucidity
the plain face of every day and every night
gleaming with suchness do you hear me now
that's a lot for a bird to say even more for me to know
it's not a matter of knowing it's the matter of saying
that's what summer's all about
all the colors of the simplest word adorn you
the watchman on the roof is long asleep
you wear your clothes woven from the stars
I know who you are but with all
my talk that's the one word I won't say.**

332.

And if it rains we say another thing
and if the sparrows drown out the timid raindrops
there'll be some peace at last in this cartoon
forgive me my investigations a bee has to live
the drones that hum around the hive those artists those boy band poets
I'm just the wrong kind a man I couldn't find
honey in a honey jar how strange the world is
all contents and containers and a bird going by
knowing no more than less
voices of the cyclists wheeling past
chatting loud as if they're standing still
the slender miracle of mind to hear.

333.

I climbed in winter to the top of Glastonbury Tor
and in the ruins of St. Michael's Chapel
peered up through the roofless tower to catch
the original star from which we fell
and you and I had slept together on the Hill of Tara
peaceful in cool summer
right beneath the Stone of Destiny
we lived our little time apart
in the Himalayas now
where is there for us to think
but this half-acre hot summer
birdsong almost too many leaves
very green, this place, here.

334.

No lingering slumberry rubato at some coda
without slowing down it simply stops
Stefano Greco plays Bach's incomplete fourteenth
he has a theory I guess but I never understand
I think silence is the best philosophy
those empty minutes that we long to touch
I fill them here with ambrosia
a sappy word that meant in Greek *what does not die*
life, that limitless cliché
o love me as much as I love you
you can do it if anybody can
you are the only one who understands.