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julG2011

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I'm not sure I'm not you, are you?

How can you tell how far you are inside?
And when you're in there how can you be sure
of the identity you seem to inhabit?

Day by day I turn into other people—
no wonder I'm so claustrophobic.
No straitjacket tighter than another person's self around me.

Stale air of another person's house
air that all those others breathed before me—
but these are the special sufferings of art.

28 July 2011

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To end
with a specific flower
whose name you don't know

is best, an image
someone else has to complete,
drawing down deep

from the heartmind
to come up with a color
true for that moment forever.

28 July 2011

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Growl of traffic
as if one beast alone
were doing all that going.

28.VII.11

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The word is ready for me now,
the submissions. *Poverty*
he courted, and a kind of *chastity*
to love everything and be intact from all,
and *obedience* to all things we saw around him,
above him, kind or not kind, holding
tenderly a dead man's hand—he too
is on a journey. Every body
needs to be guided. Even
when they deeply know their own way there.

28 July 2011

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Something's going on. The crows have been upset for over an hour. Four eagles passed very high, heading south into mackerel cloud giving way to cumulus. Faint wind drifting them from the north. And no sooner have I written this down when all was suddenly quiet. Could I have been the disturbance? Or my need to write it down another symptom of what was happening?

28.VII.11

NACKTSPIEL

Of a foreboding, break lance.

Go like Gauls naked into slaughter.

Word stir

after elegant plot a reversal.

Man who spends his life retreating from what he has said.

The strangers are always listening.

The oaths of children spell their whole lives.

29 July 2011

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We toy with each other
destroy each other,

in Nestroy's *The Talisman*
what makes me brilliant
keeps the girls away,
true love comes later,
true love comes from shared impediment—

we hide our charms
beneath the norm.

Put on that wig
stab botox in your sagging rhetoric
alarm the host.

My hair
was red once
then I put on the wig of age
and no one fears.

This
dear friend is language and it touches you.
And it also knows how to let you go.

29 July 2011

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Is the rapture riven yet the rain shows through.
On Baltic strand mope happily along she.
Crossed that minefield into East Germany.
So many stories nobody knows.
Land pirates *Nacktmusik* girls who live in trees.
Some few have gone down into the sea and stayed still searching.

The caravans of barely getting there.
Pink rubber patch on the moon old tire dirty truck.
Hastate leaves opposite on flimsy twigs.
People are always looking through that window.
So darkling hard to distinguish in from out.
Laurel leaves share the knowledge of what you have not yet spoken.

Don't you feel the trees here are waiting for you in particular.
Don't you feel the trees feel you right back.
I am the first agonist jabbering from the flock of silent dancers.
My words are what their bodies make me say.
Rituals of unimpaired civility why do we touch.
What is absent in my body that I crave another.

Contact high they used to claim dark doorways.
With so many pleasures who has time for ruth.
Insidious audiences welcome the familiar.
Who could bear to love a man with twenty arms.
Refute the universal theology of despair.
Live in a palace with a herd of brindled cows.

29 July 2011

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A breeze breathes
from the other side
of time

Too many of us
heard it
to be denied

It smells of warm leaves
and she-wolf's milk
you somehow remember

The best thing of all
about the sun
is it makes shadows.

30 July 2011

= = = = =

Pure blue sky hot afternoon.
With that kind of sky
it will be cool tonight.
How many prophecies
are like this only inferences
from humidity or some
such thing? No one
is listening if I guess wrong—
but it hurts the world
to say whatever finally
is not in fact the case.

30 July 2011

SERENADE

Least mouth coeval tidings
news from the trees.

Men lose their jobs
by other people's scruples.

Never
force a man out of work.

*

I don't know how desire functions
if it does not carry you
to a place beyond far,
imagination
satin green and quivering
sunlight on a pool—
that's all we need: the *seem* of light
with no distraction.

*

I thought as sleep approached
that I was writing Greek
but all foreign

languages are the same
and all of them were right
and only mine is wrong
since it permits me
to say only this.

*

It is because we love that such things are.
No one otherwise would press bare skin
against the old bricks of the temple
and thus make all the world around it
sacred, part of the action, skin of the truth.

*

In the library of Magdalen College
on some spring day
over green leather crown octavos
in Samuel Pepys' library
a slow wasp knees along.

30 July 2011

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As you know I want everything.
These rustic lingos plus own svelte dialect.
Serenading muses by the score no names please.
I was an infidel before I came ashore.
In these woods lost virginity of streets.
So now you can tell the yodeler from his yell.

Nothing could be less enough for thee I strove.
Against the rising of the dawn I limping go.
Never a sure foot even a green horn gives milk.
All of this is in the Torah wring it out.
A fortune-teller drunk among the blue jays.
I listen to what the linden tells her earth soprano.

These things insist on being told I didn't have.
Secret crankcase drives the faltering world.
Need ten miracles a day just to get started.
One is a sparrow fluffing on a rail.
One is a number no one knows but you.
I forget who all you others are tonight.

Sub tiara to the opera to hear the gold come down.
As other as I am wouldn't you like just once to hold my hand.
Just once to kiss the mouth and mute the words.
I wish I could because it seems everything talks me.
Prolific listening ride of weary fingers.
Think of it as dictionary of a language not yet born.

Supererogatory dialects of angels dialects of silence.
Old mare stands in the meadow pale as afterlife.
So many ones come after me to zero in on what I do.
Palimpsest for all the scraping still keeps declaring.
A word once written can never be unspoken.
Even the smallest woodlot is forest absolute inside.

Watch the ways late evening sun slide in the gild the trees.
Someone else is always there to witness.
What we do is not done what we forget keeps happening.
Spiderwebs attune angelic eyes to human art.
Purpose of nature we look becomingly at what we see.
Inhabiting the object with undistracted sense.

If I can only help you see the rose again.
The world was what they told me and no more.
A murky glance a child in grown-up clothes.
Writing in the dark turned night into day.
But she was always there before me so far away.
I found the seam the mother said and opened it.

Impulsive impatient not much time is left.
The old man laid his hand along her thigh.
Jupiter I am he said and weary of the sky.
All I am is young she said and he said that will do.
I'll teach you all my everything I barely know.
Only keep close vigil with my dying senses.

Who is the visitor sinks down on our doorstep.
So many lives around us close don't think about it.
From such trees anything might come walking.
If it has legs it loves me.
Do they come of their own or do we summon them.
Some beast rank with death lies down there.

If I had one more I would have none.
My father bore me when my mother windowed.
I see by night and doubt by day.
It is never enough to be rational you have to be there.
Solve the dappled pattern each tree composes.
A task for Bruckner who knew it all from deep inside.

Broken footsteps a chance to call.
I spoke to the desert itself a hawk cried thrice.
They are coming for me now the clouds.
Language tells you everything I don't.
The wrong is as telling as the right.
Help me out of these soiled opinions.

Sometime tell you what I really mean.
Two voices twine together and that is meaning.
Long after we've stopped talking.
Voices know how to do that leave them to themselves.
Weaving and propagating and telling new lies.
One night you'll hear my voice but you'll be speaking.

31 July 2011

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Then I remember forever
what you seemed to say.
But it was only language talking.

31.VII.11

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Castaways on Jewel Island

we stuffed our pockets
and strutted around.

How many years before
we weary of the weight and set
the pretty stones back on the ground.

What we need is not
something we can carry.

We need a broken bell,

we need a bird who can speak
the book in his beak,
we need a priest

from a religion never yet found.

31 July 2011

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Theology of the future,
the god after next.

Sit by the window
and count the passing thoughts.

Quiet old man with a cigar.

31 July2011