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When the Red Sea comes
back together again
the dream will change

Prince Moses will come home
and be king, his house
will be loud with names

nomina numina
and signs will call out to signs
and sand give way to grass

because all of history
is a disordered dream
each people dreams its own

and not a word of it is true
except for me and you.

26 July 2012, Boston

= = = = =

All at once the waiting
comes on board

anxiety cargo or vice-versa
salt wood from a waiting sea—
always waiting.

The bliss is radical
when it is at all.
The call
comes to the man
not the way round.

2.

The bay wind
comes in, white boat
among the fisherfolk
and always our Lady of Fatima
queen of revolution and ultimate peace,
blue-robed the sea herself
will rise and quiet us, the snake crushed by her heel.

3.

Anything to begin again—

Ann and yes we always do
the sea wind prompts the bay
the sleek delay of young men
in their muscle shirts
handling cargo
minding bells rattles horns
the fruity
bird beeps of smartphones.

They do their job.

I have come to doubt the word.

What we say only sleeps beneath the sky.

I have come to doubt the public word
preachers and politicians and angry poets
they all spoil language,
sanctimonious blasphemers.

This is terrible, a morning doubt,
I understand that all the things we say
just offload our anxiety insecurity
onto the listener.

I don't want opinion
attitude politics of the impotent The Nation
rootless radicals, Olson Snyder Pollett all the same—

only poesis might be different
the making that it can make

that lives below the sky

below the attitude is a heart

below the heart is what we mean.

Clean me of opinions, even these.

The magic happens despite the man,

the trust to let it rise,

Lorca Rilke HD Stein

who know nothing but to speak.

And by speak I mean sing.

And by sing I mean to me.

To you, I mean, opinionless as I,

stripped of fashion's politics.

On the rising of this hill

calm empty mind to wake the word.

26 July 2012, Boston

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This paleolithic mind
stop before thinking

thinking is what culture gave you
and it plagues the mind

with ceaseless minding. Doing.
But there is a mind before the mind

all being and no thinking.

26 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Want witch of river crack
worth steady
her mind a brick to build
with. On. Heaven
is an afterthought, an inference
from grave's silences
she makes. She silks.
She sends. Her fetches
fumble at my door
and I give way. I meet her image
with midnight mine

things change as you look at them
then go back to their dark selves
as soon as you look away.

26 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

What will happen now
to money
we are ready by evening

the money is hiding in the closet
flirting with your aunt's fur coat
the fog rolls in over the headland

each particle of it the breath
of one drowned sailor
so long the sea

so long the sea has had us.

26 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

CASTA DEXTERA NUMINIS

From any deity or power
any number of personations
some of which are fondly female
intensely chaste even when they
burrow into us, our thoughts
in flame, our practices
made madly literal.

For chastity is literal
and words are the chastest of all selves.

26 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Meant to ask
but was there to say
pile up steps
use bricks of known
information till
the higher you go up
the broader the base must be
ziggurat of learning or desire

or the shout
of your work
out into the kiss
me on the mouth
will just pass by.
For learning is a desirous thing
stronger than time
weaker than an old man's memory.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

We need more islands

I have been wounded by my own desire

and rest apart

sea on all sides, a yard above it my small land

the boss wakes up before his slaves

weeps at the fields he has ruined

ominous feeling in the air

another star is rising instead of the sun.

2.

Decided to be green

and was gone

decided to belong

to another system

and change the taste in his mouth

and the color of his shadow.

But the breeze comes up

same time as the sun

does air answer light

does it all move together

the sea is always working
to understand.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

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By the hook
off the road
they believe
that names of places
are places

and warrant authenticity
they believe the name
of an object is
somehow objective
I have no beliefs
in this matter,
I'd say syntax
objectifies
more than any image
does but
what do I know.
I know the moon
will last
as long as we can speak.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The sound of the wind
spread over the roof of the mouth
like a cloud covering the sky
the whole sky, unbroken wrath of cloud
wild wave oh escape
into your desire.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

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The noises the ceremonies
the religion the black tar
on the road to the north—
Hibernia, winterland
the envelope with her name
her hair dusty with plaster of Paris
the shadow of light
too big for such a little window
inside nothing but an unsigned note
to or from her, who can tell
“Art is voiceless barbarism”
she sits on the stool surrounded
by her works of mind and hand
like God in a vineyard
in the cool of the evening.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Better is worse.

Richer is poorer.

You can't get out of this
by divorce or death—

both of those words
leave a shadow
in a place where the sun
never comes

though we try for sunshine—
ever notice people
get married in the afternoon
when the light is strongest

and the heat greatest
as if their two glorious bodies
(I'm quoting Scripture)
needed even more oil.

So they call this a wedding—
a word that means wager,
making a bet, taking
(old song) a chance on love.

Love. Are we here for that?

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

How close he is to us
this Proust, unVeniced,
disAlbertined, in love
with his grief. The self
is an argument no one can win

we need the sun. We do not
like the sun, it burns
the grass up and our skin
loses luster. Pale
grief of unmatched lovers,
I love her because she is faithless
hence needs me, love her
because she is almost free.
Every night for months
he dined on her freedom.
Then she took her trunks
boxes bails of feeling,
got into the Panhard and gone.
Things go. Women and men
as often as not are gone.
But most we grieve
for what we never had.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

CASIDA OF THE COUPLE

More than a touch of Oberon
of Titania about these two

beautiful above the rest of us
and full of gracious pull

so we are the sprites and clowns
nobles and fairies they have summoned

to this wood (which is water)
that nobody really knows.

Of course their quarrel ended
in bed most likely and in talk

the magic kind of talk they own
that makes us crave to listen

we human mortals who want
for nothing when they are here.

It seems. King J and Queen C
full of magical hypotenuses

so all the triangles to come
will count them in— their world

is our world in 4D—
unpasteurized, upwelling

original. You wonder
why they bother with a wedding

when they are so married,
married in liberty married in mind—

I guess the wedding (which means ‘wager’)
is just for us, a public exposition

of a private dream, plus cake,
wine and cheese. And these

Spindrift acquaintances we are
all lust and fidgeting and fret

it’s for us they stage this show,
this long examination of a simple fact.

But what fact? Don’t tell me
you never wondered what’s inside

all that white taffeta so much of it
and why it's white, and why

the groom behaves with rugged dignity
in formal clothes, raiment

fit for a masquerade.

Like the little bride and groom on so many wedding cakes

they're just for show,
nobody inside the formal shapes,

nobody home in the tux—
the naked king and queen are far away

already safe inside
the invisible kingdom of matrimony,

the married thing, the sacrament
girl gives to boy in the dark.

27 July 2012, Cuttyhunk

