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JULY2011

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Take the words away and leave the naked edge of meaning.

For camphor unvirtues all other remedies.

Now bed it deep and take the lamp and go sannyasin.

Dance as long as a deer in woods.

Write her name on a block of ice and who is listening.

Continuity of all things hidden in you.

The weight of words expressed in miles per second.

Dangers of the rapture never far.

Heaven is a house where one thing happens at a time.

Kissing my enemy to sleep.

People who walk inside each other's steps.

Before the sun boils off the clouds.

Flagbearer braving into the dark.

Hide the weathercock from the wind stop knowing.

That cold green land up there I only saw.

Seer salt immaculate lines in her palm.

Thrill of sea all edge and tangency.

Why can't this book be every book and is.

Denser as you go in light let through leaves.

Sabbath pictures turned to the wall.

Our bodies remember Zion never give anything up.

The bones are the last to learn to dance.

I am Baron Saturday my feet are small.

He knows the grail is just behind that girl again.

Americans easily fooled look where we came.

Find a cathedral worth praying to.

Who are your gods America.

Gladder to smile by the wall and speak the dance.

Migrate from somewhere no wonder we're angry.

Some say architecture is the body of god.

There is a stone floats in the air makes men kind.

Soon come to the end of the evidence.

Egregious farm machinery too early.

The natural anger of the working class.

Lynchpin of the loud world mother here.

Delicate travellers swaddled in dream.

Ant carrying leaf scrap doctor leaf home.
They know how to fit together to go between.
These things we feel are feelings and they go.
One puff of breath is all it takes.
Deep breathing of educated citizens art enough.
Saying without thinking is the language of angels.

Simple opposites in an old-time book.
No more bone than a banana yet I please.
Form more than substance flesh is pure swank.
Moist swale of morning a well waits for us.
Log cabin for the knowers no one lingers.
Be alone alive one whole day and then.

12 June 2011

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Par ma barbe je suis trop viellard pour Paris.

Maybe I was waiting for you once in a bathrobe.

Waiting for the next rhyme the heart grows weary.

A poem gets lost in adoration.

Do I have room for anybody else?

Cathedral of Amiens across my private plains.

What a strange letter little j is think what it spells.

Now I am a telephone now the morning rings.

Disciples gawping at the sky he's not there he's here.

They have always been here the sky is an illusion.

Blue witchcraft and heart full of love.

The heart of sky is in your breast.

Buy 2 notebooks write one full weigh both to find what your writing weighs.

Weep from the bridge the girl in white and red he wed.

So few stories so many told.

Build a house out of color alone.

The clouds are all recycled breath.

Why does or doesn't everything fall down.

Number is the chiefest of earth's accidents.

How many leaves on just one tree and each a food a remedy a shade.

Be comfortable Lady with my nowhere.

Jewish poets on Chinese rivers alter genesis.

Bikes flash sun and shade the woods still seem.

What do joggers actually think.

All that was purgatory this is bliss.

You rise into the present absolute a cat in your arms.

Midnight full moon a field of fireflies talk leads us on.

And everything meant you then.

And me to do it quick as ampersand.

Things on pilgrimage to be me again.

All the litmus tests are wrong every chemical is blue.

They all want you here where need aligns with will.

Hot night yew tree medicines something to the air.

Save every living being walk the dotted line,

Invisible voices in the trees refashion the occult.

They walk so very far to come so close.

Car dragging muffler uphill music everywhere.

In the mind's eye the moon is a cat in her arms.

Animals bring disorders into spotless lives.

Every pet you get a little suicide.

The waltz of trust no one love them all.

A part of every lineage you linger free.

13 July 2011

End of Notebook 336

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for G.Q.

We never get there, do we.

And we're glad.

This ordinary road, this very journeying
seems to have been the goal
mind had in us.

To keep going is like being free.
To be ready for the next thing
that comes around the corner,
a shout to answer it, or just
try to comfort somebody
or just being there again
the way it is.

A mile a minute they used to say
when that was fast and we were slow.
Now look at us, gone
before they can parse

our latest channelings
from the news, the muse, the mothers,
communiqués from emptiness.

Do you remember Maurice
Chevalier that crypto-Vichy
of our childhood media,
Ev-ery day is ladies day wiss me
he sang, and we grew up in that torpor,
the chants were chains we broke
eventually and none too soon,
so we could go and sing some different thing.

But maybe Monsieur Frog was right,
every day is the Lady's day,
whoever she is, how long it took us to find out,

and the lady's name of course is liberty,
so every day's Bastille Day (that's the point
off all this far-fetching and remembering)
when we celebrate a freedom we still
don't exactly understand, a private thing
we do for other people, something like that

while we keep running, until the tune
is the only thing we keep remembering.

14 July 2011

