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As if to say: Have done with miracles.
Who would ever give up the hope
of magic with no Oz behind the drapes?

That we can think such things
must make them so
since we think with the same instruments

by which we know the actual
grey elephants and black seals.

All that processes us in in

processes our environment.

Just get enough of us to think
the same thought at the same time

and lions with blue wings
will stand above every church
daring worshippers to come to terms

with the new uniform of God.

7 January 2010

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Walking backward
to meet
the sound of myself
what I was thinking

when there was more of me
to do my wanting
and less to have
than now complete

demanding silence.

7 January 2010

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Nothing said enough
to win silence

the compulsion to more
mans me

I've confessed enough
now let me judge you

the verdict
life listening

without parole.
Without speaking.

7 January 2010

= = = = =

In the old abbey wall
you found a brick
with my name in it,
proof enough I
had built all the places
where you wander
as you did mine
street by tree by
skin, everything
is your own.
The world thinks
continually of you
in me. We
have signed each other,
the document in question
stretches out all round us.
Everything archive.

7 January 2010

(POSTCARDS)

Lead time, the *around*
of anything. Cut it deep,
cuneic in the caul of dream
a slit lets through
sudden the actual*. Day.

* Thing that has been acted on my others.

Not just you. Not just the masked
stranger you are to yourself
not just in dreams.

The *around*
matters, and your words *about*.
The whole new art of waking up
pencil in the sky,
travelers see
your world stranger than it is,
they go *about* it, they walk *around*,
on small cards with pictures of trees or waves
they write home *about* it
and send them, friends, see,
there are trees in this place, waves in this sea.

Marvel with me at the mystery.

Whereas you arise

undeclined by waking,

a root noun,

waiting for nexus. That's be the day.

The links cawing from the pine trees,

the impossible Wittgenstein aspirations

towards certainty

stumble your feet like vines.

You make things transitive, you poor victim,

you man.

After all this time

you still make things happen you.

Happen them for Christ's sakes, and be a god.

8 January 2010

CAMPAIGN FOR CATALONIAN INDEPENDEENCE

1.

Catalonia or the corridor
from one house's thatch
to another's stone wall
from middle sea to ocean
is all that Europe was
before it became anymore

2.

a well with stars in it,
fish in quick streams quicker
still to make their way
through the resounding
of otherness time we call
foolishly of years. Dream

3.

after dream a church
seeps like blood into the earth
where bulls are slain
for that antic liquidity
from which the king's
seed takes good counsel

4.

and arise, bowmen of mind,
launch your ill-aimed darts
into the heart of some poor
living thing that but for you
would be living still, leave
ignorance at peace below

(8 January 2010)

5.

but the kachinas come dancing
in at this season not a dance
as we know dance (a muscle
meant to music) no but this
is dynamo standing in a place
made into what it is by standing

6.

all power from the people all
power from the place the two
potencies unite the sun and moon
a hawk cries in a silver screele
red rock tumbles down the cliff
we learn to dance like stones

7.

our senses are our actual bones
don't weave by word a screen
past which human feeling fails—
ethical is the enemy of moral—
because a person dies alone
death has no ethics but to go

8.

if that is going and there goes
a going to a place to be gone to
but only this is here and this
is there don't weave a chainlink
fence to keep demanding off
dogs scream there all night long

(8 January 2010)

COSMOLOGY

for Charles

Cosmology
is not what you say
but what is so

nobody said it
you thought
you heard it
seeds rattling
in a dry old gourd

the shaman's hand
turns out to be your own
our pals make
music from such sound
dry seeds
will they e'er be bone
again anew
to whistle down

take seeds
musk from deer
the Lama's father
sold such essences

traveled through the west
Kingdom of Nangchen
and the barren
hills where cordyceps
half-plant half-animal
did those days grow

we know all seeds
are living all clocks
tell the right time
honey of the tombs

illicit lariats
hauling teenage
archeologists
out of ancient
subways, hoist
them from the movies
lift their astonished
faces into the rubble
all round us
of the actual light

you listened
to the radio
you knew
you must have known

conjugal bliss
sustained
between the eyelid
and the eye
the blur of light
empties the pockets
of your suppose

see, the stars of winter
wait still for us
above the dead poets

Taconic 1960
here o city
dweller here
are the Pleiades
I give them to you
Blackburn said
I knew them
in Mallorca
I slept with them there
each one
of the six, the seventh
would not show herself
not even in this pure
country of the sky

you have here,
little boy, here,
they can be
your sisters too

or do you want
another wife
aloft, all look
and no squeeze,
like the chiseled
fleshless lines
in Renaissance woodcuts
of Wisdom of Polia
of the Only Beloved
her outline no different
in its *matter*
from the outline of trees,

burning, Bruno burning
like any adolescent,
at the stake of
whose own desire

the self is the one
who has your dream
for you, bad
ones where you wake

afraid or happy,
the best is none

they say who have too many
but cosmology
is not what they say
either, it is a way
of being elsewhere
with a window
of your very own
to carry with you
a glimpse of what is so,

a peephole
outside the door
of the room
inside which you
also are

or it is one more
dream in the factory
of them but this
you'll say (do
you say) is cosmos
too but not I say
the logos of it
just the disease

itself of our delight
and no cure

there is no one
walking by that railroad
track this morning
the gravel ice slick
and yester snow

how cold the rails
must be hence true
relative to things
that topple
towards their meaning
crookshanked
like a museum
or cemeteries
corralling dead poets

I can write
these letters
to the parliament
the birds will carry
I petition the government

for the right to speak
in your first person

singular as if
I were speaking
when no one is
or language is
waiting for their answer.

8 / 9 January 2010

AK'ABAL

And I am wake
at *ak'abal* the dark
before dawn of it
where the Waiting
turns visible
and it's breathless
you are watching
the augment light
steals down on the snow
as if it not I were waking.

9 January 2010

NEUROSIS

Neurosis comes from too many, the old man said, people in one house. The main cause of the sickness of society he said is apartment houses. Think about it. there were none before the decadence began. Every man his own home I say, he said.

I listening asked But how could many people have houses of their own there wouldn't be room in a city for all its people, how could you have nine million separate houses in New York for example there wouldn't be room.

There wouldn't be cities you mean or they wouldn't be the way they are now I mean, he said, everything would be beautiful, just houses and trees for miles and miles everywhere, just houses and trees forever, every family in its own house and there would be no neurosis, neurosis is produced by weird vibrations from strangers in your ceilings or sick minds mumbling below your bed.

But how could that even work? The government, he said, it's the government's job to see to all that, that's what they're for, these politicians and aldermen and kings, just build houses for everyone stage one then stage two build roads by the houses and through the trees and no more war. No more war, he said. Just houses and roads and trees and for Jesus' sake just leave people alone.

9 January 2010

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When light is right
the birds do come
the man I met
could name each one
his wife he said
knew even more
so only so many
birds could come now
as he had names for

where was his wife
I wanted to know
ah she is standing
in another light
to which the birds
have not yet in all
these years won access
I tell you she is sleeping.

9 January 2010

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Dawn now and no difference

I'm still here

testing my benevolence

on the empty field

the bare trees.

Looking quiet—

what I'm always trying for,

the morning before the world.

9 January 2010