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NESCIO

I don't want to know
especially their religion
the martyred nun
the cupola in the desert
devotees scraping old
paint off a shrine
slapping new on.

I don't want to know
the dreams their bible stirs,
the nightly stew
of lust and resentment and revenge,

quin prius in sensu—
hold onto that,
nothing is but what appears,

just don't know.

Don't know what they think,
the tractor trailers growling
up such a narrow road,
don't know what they're bringing,

everything they need is always here.
I want to close my ears
to the rumble of their deliveries,

what could they possibly believe
that weighs so much,
you hear the grunts and groans
of men trying to lift it
whatever it is, you,
you might know but don't tell me,

all religion is just noise in the wilderness,
that's enough for me,
I am terrified of what they think,

and what they think might be coming
to feast upon their offerings,
sugar and spice and some poor skinny desert devil,

they feed him, it has to be him
I hear the voice of snuffling over the dawn,

I don't want to know about him,
he'll never be a woman, never be
something that actually knows how to speak.

23 July 2007

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A fool's paradise
is perhaps
the only paradise there is.

24 VII 07

OTSEGO LAKE

look out at it now
hides in fog no
cloud we are a cloud
inside a cloud

a cloud called earth
a place the breath
comes from—

spirit is matter,

the men of whom we live
are magic men, eat food,
say prayers, rehearse
the ancient accidents of species

quantum weary till we sleep.
There is no chance, no Chance,
o weep for Tyche who once ago
the Greeks thought mother of the world.

24 July 2004
East Springfield NY

= = = = =

The opening
of a sound—

inside the unfamiliar
the heard sound lurks

What we remember
what we desire—
when we remember something
and hear it again
inside something new:

that is Orpheus
too, the certainty
that this also will come back,

that nothing is lost, ever,
and all the outbreathed breath
is song. Lingering.

24 July 2007
Glimmerglass

BARELY THE EYES

To be a place
and near nowhere
where something
began and something
hears you –

you know who I mean
you were there, you touched
the small face
the frog shows above the water

half-submerged
on lily leaf
barely the eyes.

Take that as the title
of what the god gives you,
or what of all his power he can lay on you—

now even Oedipus sees.

24 July 2007
Glimmerglass

NORTH OF GLIMMERGLASS

Quiet here enough
not to be afraid.

Hill shapes seem man-scaped—
there is mind in this dirt,

the way it lies, grass, trees
to suggest an irregularity of outline when

the mind fact is smooth.
Quiet enough to listen.

A familiar bird.

2.

The water in the bird bath
collects the sky all day,
all of that
fits into little this.

That's what draws them,
they drink everything
when they drink this,

the little things that come
to bathe in it
and dress themselves in sky
so that they can fly.

3.

And then one flies up and
cast shadows on the grass—
now this shadow must be all
that's left of time,

all the day is inside them
and what is left over
falls.

A shadow is made of time,
a brief scar left on space.

Robin, I think, but I'm slow
to look up, too dumb to be sure.

24 July 2007
Glimmerglass

ALMOST AS IF THERE IS NO WAITING

All birds are the same bird.
Today a crow on the lawn
dawn mist going up from the woods
tree shimmer. Simurgh
meant All Birds. Almost
as if I had something to say
I cry out. This makes
itself a message in your mind
while I'm just clearing my throat.
Looking for friends. Losing them.
Being alone with my first love, the sky.

25 July 2007

MYSTERIES OF LITERATURE

Why would anybody want to read
what somebody *said*?

25 VII 07
Glimmerglass

COOPERSTOWN

If poets
had a hall of fame
we'd all be in it,

the sacred numbers
are in us, in all of us,
we can't be put in them,

no lifetime records,
no statistics.
So many wins, so many losses,

the pitcher, batter and fielder
all in one. And always
the ball falls, somewhere,

my meaning sleeps
deep in a child's mind
o lord let them read me right.

25 July 2007
Glimmerglass

LANDSCAPE: OTSEGO MEADOW LOOKING NORTH

Don't use up the view
by looking at it.

Always leave a little bit
unseen, an intimate
horizon just for you,

something that works
behind the see
to make you feel

what otherwise you might only understand.

25 July 2007
Glimmerglass

MORNING

The Talmudic arguments of crows
in the lone tree. Meadow,

the whole earth
one book raised up against the sun.

25 July 2007
Glimmerglass

HOME

And he is back inside himself again.

A blade. Or wonder would it look
so good if he didn't own it. The wood.
Immovable but moving by itself

so slowly it can be named. The wood.
Immeuble they call this estate in France,
we call it *real*. Smell of mold, mildew,

self is a kind of mulch under which
the soul or something grows. Something
is a decent word for what you do not know.

Vocabulary: Summer. Three girls on a roof
scraping paint off the house next door.
That too seems to be another language.

26 July 2007

MORNING SERVICE

Align life with mind's
motivation and conversely.
To serve the morning.

Or commune holy
with whom. What.
And what does the morning serve?

What noon supposed to rise.
Live, and live again.
Take care of your troops,

ask more of officers than men.
Be sober and keep watch.
The enemy is all inside you

waiting to come out. Yes,
we have heard this war before,
mildew, resentment, hunger, sloth,

o pity us who learned a prayer
and now must say it
every single day or wolves will come,

The shadow does something to the wind
and language comes. I meant to listen
but had to keep talking till the prayer was done

or all my good intentions run away.
What is a wolf? If you even dream of one
you will never kiss her again.

26 July 2007

CAVERNS

As much as could my own
a flute or trying
no, a mountain standing.

Something's firm – forgive it
for stone. Something moving—
forgive the wind and all those quisling leaves.

And if I were water also would imagine
nothing, I would touch everything
and be the servant of their quietness.

That is what is called or I call feeling.
It begins with what you feel
and only when you feel and then

your eyes align horizons.

2.
Is this the cave you smelled such splendor in?
Or in the dark a flicker,
this sunlight like a big horned bull

then the light goes, you bring it back
with a moss wick flaring in a lump of fat.
It is enough to see badly and feel the rest.

That is what the earth is, this labyrinth.

3.
Are you Magdalenian
art, my Magdalen?

Are you a wall I wrote on once
dribbles of charcoal and piss

a mordant to bind
this sign of you to a wall

I read once with my hand?
No wonder you hide to make me find.

4.
You claim this is or you are
an owl, *tuquito*, some little
fellow plump at your dooryard.

No song tells the truth.
No owl flies.
No sun rises.

Far away an old man with an accordion
looks around for something he's lost.
But it's too dark to tell.

Do you call this music too?

5.
Wanted to know more about it,
not to understand, just press,
hard, against the wall,

pressing all the surfaces of you
to make the sun rise underground
and hear with my own ears not only this.

27 July 2007

ALANA IN DAMANHUR

This is an opera
so it will never end.
But then again
a moment comes
you're outside
on some lawn
near a little pond
untroubled by swan.
You walk around
thinking of
all you've seen.
What you've heard
is only an argument
to compel you
to look and believe
what you see,
the lying visibility.
And all of this
either of us at last
could swallow in one gulp
and hide the world
again inside.

27 July 2007

LOGIC

Logic turns around in the middle
it always does
it is like the sun peering into an old stone well
high up the Dolomites
to see if she is bright as ever,
Who is like me, who?

27 July 2007

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Flowers in the wind
petunias of that Irish color
a misty day in Donegal
dimming the fuchsia

in dry morning sun here
carved out clear
in the cave of air.
Why people go into caves.

Why flowers are color.

27 July 2007