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Can some horns say some
rosaries for me so that a bone
albeit vertebra and working hard
to hold the Boaz of the being upright
still be a node to count a blessing on

a sound that God made in himself
(mantra) we murmur, muffled
syllables of the absolute,
each bead

a palimpsest of everything
everybody ever wanted

and say it now, speak it into me so my
spine too will hold up the sky
and all its explanations
soak me with rain.

27 May 2004

REMEDIUM

The part of the wrong
that makes it right.

A little bit a little later.

Some suffering philosophy,
Hahnemann and his.

From something
comes its own conqueror.

Every mineral
a poison and a cure.

Death by salt, life by arsenic.

There are so many
compounds, more
even than flowers.

It is as if the very numbers
are alive, and grow
and come to us
and know how to speak.

27 May 2004

KEEPING TIME

Keeping time
making time
with or for you,
killing time
with easy weapons
telling time
the things I need
biding time
to bring them
ink on a feather
blue as sin
I like you
the way you lift
time's hand
o vandal time
your beehive
on the moon
your river in
the grain of wood
a rock
is your uncle,
there will be
another sun
above the precipices

closing time
something happens
closing time
in the night
a different time
woke around me
if I am the one
who used to be
or I have changed
places with the air
and time's a wasting

28 May 2004

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a little tickseed and violet
have shown their faces
and the mint is strong
and I see wormwood
beyond the culvert
and a big ant walking
on wet wood he
studies what he needs,
partial modes
of brutish history
sorbs and meddlers
harvest time
to count the species
glad genome
“the genes are more
ancient than the particular
construction of the eyes”
seeing the fact of this
doing this
is not a matter of
ever again.

28 May 2004

