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HANDING OVER

To welcome me again
my oldest hand
this quiet guilt
that runs my outboard

while deep inside I drift
from instrument to instrument
laying my hands on you in sleep
and by that touch transmit.

2.

Transmission is a sending
through each other to multiply
the natural power to a higher power
by the square root of sex

added to the number of trees in the woods
divided by the names I call you by,
simple as that. Simple as dust
when the girl –say Elizabeth–

goes into the closet and language sneezes.

3.

We all catch gold.
Puns are horrible
because they tell the truth.
The sciences begin like this,
simple penetrations,
trying to conceal pale skin

in meager noontime shadows,
stone guesswork
of old temples,
last minute confessions,
curious lickings.

1 July 2004

SCHIST

Have I found you yet
sayable stone,
mica splendid
architecture?
Manhattan built of this.
Be pure,
sweet linkages,
get it right
so all the love
gets lost inside the cracks
and we have to make it
over and over again,
every polder in Canarsie
a bulletin from the soul,
manifesto from drunken
poets in weird command posts
in Park Heights, dream,
dream, dream.
So make language a
love-sink instrument
dispelling it like heat
not just on her sacred body
but all the world.

1 July 2004

=====

horse in my dream why
someone kept a horse
I had to get through a narrow door
before the horse came at me

I got through, into a narrower
corridor the horse was coming
would I get the door shut in time

and would it matter?
What is time?
Would a door keep a horse out?
Who is the horse? And what is time?
Why would anybody ever
keep an animal. And why is time?

1 July 2004

A horse is not a usual menace me

there have been so many though
Buddenhagen's cows. All those
north Germans lean and bitter that I knew
we ate eggy pancakes in their boarding houses
spare men lovelessly devout.

2.

I have prejudices. Baltic. Riding horses.
I love those places. Can I be beautiful again
the way the rain was if I be not wet?
Silver trays and salvias red as rockets,
fluttermice on the mountain garden,

3.

the wood is wet and what secret
is hidden in your body? Why do I wake
to you of all people after such a storm?
You will weep upon my page if I let you,
you sky, good morning, goldfinch.
And you me of me, lurking in my underwear
to wield a day against the world
and make some sense of it
that never has been said. And sometimes
let it be true.

4.

Body is the leaf
and spirit is the soft green pod
and what's the pea inside? We have no
name yet for that seed, the pulse of life,
the scattered remnant in our midst
of something inconceivable, something
of which Being is just the husk.

5.

The feathered snake went in before us
soaring to that gap behind the sun,
the other side of anything you say.

6.

Because I dreamed
a horse came charging

tired of running wild outside
tried to rush his way in

the same gap I hurried through
the animal and the man

hurt each other to get there
and nobody knows if they ever do.

2 July 2004

INFANCY

I wanted people to talk the way they talk in books.

But then they'd have to kill each other that way too.

Aldous Huxley. D.H.Lawrence. Joseph Korzenowski.

2 July 2004

=====

Old face cloth I used to wipe the table dry
after the rain. Now the sun
is wiping the sky. On the island
I had wiped my face with the sun.
“How good your color is,” she said,
and touched my cheek. Now the sun
is drying the old cloth.

2 July 2004

=====

Surprising the opposition
knelling the truth
from the tall steeple of the Dutch church
something dies in every town
and something's born

The woods know everything
but keep their secrets
coming back from the island
overwhelmed by how many trees
we live still in northern forests

universities of them
dangerous and slow
they have centuries to tell.

2 July 2004

KEEP ON THE GRASS

Moderate stress
is good for lawns.
For people.

2 VII 04

APOLLYON

the grammar
of destruction
the Centaur
flaming on his flanks or
giving rides to
sleek haunched young hags

that be the centaur do,
the minglekin, the horse embarrasser

bears her on her nightly ride.

The grammar writhes
to make her sleep alone,

κατευδω, a kind of starlit loss.

2 July 2004 (**late**)

=====
Who will be waiting
after the full moon?

Eve by the horse trough
took me by the hand
and led me home

so many houses have I
and such wet hair

the woods unravel
the place is there

she said the miracle
happened to me

stress in the sky
and the moon broke through the cloud

through the wet grass also
a house ahead

grown out of the light in a window
shadows turned hard

the car was gone
this is what it means

she said
to be here.

3 July 2004

=====

Lissome sunlight
sly through leaves
how deep
the little woods are
around my house
the same things
endlessly fascinate
the fall of light
natural alphabet.

3 July 2004

=====

The trees are closing in
suppose each one knows my name

suppose they call me softly
one after another

what will I do
who am so called?

3 VII 04

= = = = = = = = =

Goul man, dry your wings.

The wind is corposant today
and scorches the basement of the cloud,

did you know lightning comes from earth?

Bird with wings draped on the air

3 July 2004

- - -

[*goul man* an old word for the cormorant]

=====
I didn't write anything today
it must have been a holiday

rang.dbang.gi.dus.chen

but on earth there is no independence

a bird lies on the air
a fish breathes water

we stand there for a moment
in the wind
pretending we have come on business
or were sent to make war
or woo a stranger

for some mysterious suitor
who wears a veil
no one has ever lifted

a stranger for a stranger
and our poor hearts
milled between those stones.

4 July 2004

=====

I don't want to come back
on what I have written
or ask a new day
for the old day's address

as if I couldn't find
my own way home
or didn't have a jingling bunch
of hot quarters in my pocket

5 July 2004

FENG SHUI

don't give a clock to a friend
its hands are like swords or knives
it has a face but it doesn't love you
and will never forgive

don't give a rose
to a man with no garden
don't give an answer
to a woman with no question

my ignorance of this law
has cost me many a year.

5 July 2004

<late> =====

Interrogate something.

Ask a color

what it means to 'be in love'

or 'feel on top of the world'

a color like shadow

cast by sunlight March 18th in Siena

say, where almost naked young men

run through the piazzas.

No, they don't. It is a day

but not like other days.

It is near a tremendous change

in the long marriage of the sun with the earth.

Ask the sun.

Interrogate all the shadows

in fact, make them name themselves.

Which shadow is trying to rule the world.

Which shadow is just trying to be with you,

your friend, your own color, your grief.

5 July 2004