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CAPTURE RATIO

capture identity
the *ratio of person*

what is fallen
in love with

when it happens
that wordless

analytic needs
analysis

just the facts
of ma'am or m'sieu

in with whom but why
the love is fallen

at least here name
the ratio the reason.

26 June 2003

Boston

NORTH OF HERE

everything glosses
a tongue to make
merriment
an old city
small as it is
and a red stone

curving staircase
set deep inside
an ornate recess
in the façade
of same substance
red softly polished
as if sandstone but

what a house
a beauty in the street
nobody knows
anything about it
in my dream but one
man with me
lives there and we climb
until it gets too small
for him, us modern
people, large we are
but what can we do,

what a man it was
who made it

what an artist
maybe his name Hitchcock
sticks out of the dream
who built the gorgeous
life-enhancing house
a piece of work
in the glad ghost eye
of a dinky city
a hundred years of
sheer people get
thrilled instructed by
doing no harder
thing than walk by

another dream was licking the sunlight out of someone

and then knowing how silly *yeux bleus* sounds
so we have to say instead *ses yeux sont bleu*

and in the quick
kindling ears of waking
I understand
yeux bleus means люблю.

27 June 2003

Lindenwood. End of NB 255

THE WORKERS ON THE TOWER

The merit of the place is our pale industry
but whole belongs to the workers
shirtless under common sun up there
the Galician workers on the tower
are specialists, dance on white wood.

Help me, no farm. Help me,
long arm big anxiety. Close
to the excitement of somebody
really doing something, nothing
more graceful than to do.
Skill is what we mean by universe,

a boundless place
quick skin and sudden wrist.
Can that be politics?

2.

Ask me no honor.
I submit to the posse
over the hill arriving
in my German accent
driving wild horses.
I am a book,
spread me, you said,
spread me wide,
I like a book, you said,

lies wide open
flat on the table
like a world atlas
or an album of Klimt
reproductions, all
gold and sex, love
if it comes at all
has to fall from the sky.

3.

slow sourcing quiver
searching lose a river
find a friend

the end
but this story
is about glory

denying honor to the victim
trial celebrates the criminal
the justice *le journal*

someday we will cross
through the giant wood
of mushroom shafts

fallen, the endless
archipelagoes of wheat
falling from the apron of the sun

we will walk
up to the altars of abundance
heart of a wall

and find or found
a velvet city there
where we can know everyone at once

all a city is
is knowing
everything.

4.

But faults wait
like sunshine on your head
illimitable *Dasein*

specimen cozy
your heart fits in a cup
wingless to fly

that is the purple
motive here
or sandarac or chrysoprase

pick a color lose an argument

5.

So Miriam it's finally up to you

or about you
as I first heard the messenger
indicate,

it's your young body and
everything
you feel, it's your motivation
to heal the world

no matter what it costs
you'd give your skin
the precious differences, even that
perfect mind

you nurture as if it glowed
inside you
and it does but it is everywhere
and you know it

in the water and in the wheat
winter and bronze
around you, because through your
soft eyelashes

arriving clear the closest furthest
star's own light
to be your own, give it to me,
all I trust

in this world is what your body tells.

6.

because you unborn are first and first
and ever after is after after

because you are paradigm and idea
and most all your sisters more or less

can sing that dance as well or almost,
because there is in you a passion for reality

the real becomes holy
when you take hold of it

and only after after
do you let it fall.

28 June 2003

FOUR THINGS

For things to be as close as they are

(four things)

the mirror has to be broken
then each little piece of it
will hold the whole

or as much of al
as any one can see

(which four? The Four Last Things.
And they are?

Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell the Christians say.
Birth, Old Age, Sickness, Death the Buddhists say.
Che. Ga. Na. Chi.

What we will always
See in the mirror)

Things in the mirror
it says in the mirror
are closer than they appear

and when the mirror's cracked
the things rush near
no longer held
at arm's length by sheer seeming

close close
rush right up to your face
to be born.

Da bin i, says Bruckner,
trombone bellow, brass
crash, *here I am!*
shattering glass, brass
sounding harder than horn,

here I am
crying out the strangest things
trying to wake you on a Sunday morning.

29 June 2003

AS IF ALL THE GIRLS ARE GONE

As if all the girls are gone.
Girls though come in waves,
schools, shoals and then
the ocean shivers and they're gone.

But the ocean is the same as everything.
Things move around, get old,
get new, turn young, turn tail
and then one fine day the waves

are ripe with them again,
time hurls them at your beach.

29 June 2003

IN CZARIST TIMES

I wish they still spelled it Czar
because he's more like a Czerny étude
or a czardas than a tse-tse fly
though he could be like a tsunami,
Tsar Ivan was, I used
to wish there could still be a Serbia
as there was when my father was a boy
and now look what happened.
Yesterday the Turks destroyed them
on the Fields of Kosovo,
then yesterday the Serbs avenged
themselves on Archduke Ferdinand,
yesterday Milosevic went on trial,
same day all these fragile years,
theory of harmony, help, there's Princip,
remembrance, murder. I should be
more careful what I wish
since desire is the mother of what happens.
Of the real. Pray for wind, bird song,
lots of money, rain, the South
will rise again but the Indians
at lost last wipe out the cavalry..

29 June 2003

A RUSH

of things the
heart beating
as if anyone

could remember
you if anyone
could

then you
also
stopped taking notes
the lecture
on sex
was over

no more notes
no more remembering
what the moment was
was all there was

no more remembering
I had shown you
a way I didn't know
I followed

what were you thinking
a bird a bird
had come

you only heard
a branch creaking

closer than before
we'd always
but never after

a bird's own weight
wooden strength
to endure
or crack
under the least
latest touch

however always
as if waiting
as if another
could tell you
heart attacking
heart

everything beats
creaks cracks
notes knows
teaches

a way of leading
by coming after.

30 June 2003

CHEMICAL WAKING

less state loss *stibium*
hence Sb for antimony
hence this and that
around your eyes
defining — making

sure eyes look always
out of some dark place
kohl we still say
mask you Egypt

out of a dark place
staring, we build caves
out of thin air,
cathedrals, lift
the darkness
up to God our single
gift the one
thing we understand
a little, the dark
from which our hunger
glares wolf eyes
at a yellow world

out of a dark place
any can inherit
legitimate design
a bow

knotted tight
in an invisible line

my ears are ringing
like an antidote

no one to answer
for me — the sound
takes care of itself

a luteny a sprig
of lean sounds
plucked by hand
from the heard

hedge clippers clatter
chipping away what grows

identity
I am a color
only barely a sound
color sound
the princes waiting
in their chariots
arms cocked
spear harriers
a goddess drives them
can you hear that
lute in your ringing
bell tower ears

a river roiling
after rain a big
bird like a gannet
laughing her-her
deep where it comes

write with a chisel
said Basil
but the speed
changes

come to sea
it all does
will do

by the banks of Moyle
took her to wife
still feel the sleek
virginity a lute
fondled into music

the order
is not in the fingers
the toccata
not in the touch

the chisel
cuts time
that hardest rock

it sped me to listen.

2.

Elizabeth Boyle

do you take

this man's

measure,

do you feel him

all his uncertainties

his radical

undependability

inside you

like coarse eager

fingers in you

finding the way

for bitter or music

in suchness and in void

forsaking all other

forsaking, taking

him or her to you now?

that is all

the parrot asks

ever, the pious

fowl of so

many colors

all we see as black

a greenish tinge
of insolence
around the mazzard
a grackle luster
to such music
listen, do you,
darlint, ever
and every after
take him,
he is your misprint
and you his or her OK?

caught in the grain
of the river
the flow of day

do you?
don't worry you can
tell me I am the truth
broken into tunes
like slivers of glass
mirrors you can hear
you can almost
hum me later
after

a wedding
is endless
yours could be
the first tryst since Eden
the first real marriage

snakelessly ever
don't you get the feeling?

inside you
get that feeling
later endless

do you in him
or her also ever
every other?

aver,
we all are here
waiting the music
to defer

we begin you
ready or river
bride tide
all hours eaten.

30 June 2003