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junG2001

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All those cormorants. Every bird is an island.
When I wake up it will be summer.
Closed room. If one were not flesh
One would not sweat. Be cloth.
Or sweet metal. Not copper and all
Its passionate quick changes
Love hate blue green love
But kindly aluminum soft and quietly
Enduring its own form. I could be gold.
I could read Balzac's *Louis Lambert* again
This time in French, crying for the poor
Lad we all are, our small tender art
In the cracked world of chalky priests.
Chalkblood! A crow will talk soon
Interpreting the morning. I could be
A photograph of an ancient Greek theater
Empty ruins among laurels
Grey inside my neat glass frame.

20 June 2001
Boston

That city breeze
You won't believe
A thing I say

Maybe till I tell
City clear
And no disguising

What I really will
I mean I want
You to understand.

21 June 2001
Boston

My wife the bagpipe my wife the rock
Seacoast castle gull shadow joining
Gull on beach my wife the yellow
Poppies the mauve beach peas the small roses
My wife the granite statue my wife the cloud
Eraser Hollywood Gay Divorcée white satin
My wife Fred Astaire.

21 June 2001
Boston

the wind is with us
took a night
to catch up with us
from the sea
we hurried from
the island
the ants find us.

21 June 2001
Boston

Then perhaps everything wrong
A spill of light
Over the stucco
House with stained glass house with Germany

In it I saw a flag
I saw the crowds moving
Restless again east and west
Against the little light they let come back

Who are they now the passion
The beautiful blue pewter
Ocean before the war?

21 June 2001
Boston

ROCKAWAY

In the haunted
House ghost train
Fun house tunnel of love
We paid to pretend
There was a place
Crazier than where we live.

21 June 2001
Boston

TRINITY CHURCH

D:M:STEPHANI JONAS

What is buried beneath
The church is nothing
But our ancient pagan earth

That is the grail
Safe from God

Earth's the cup Christ's blood did fill

We walk around on it all day
Looking for something anything else.

21 June 2001
Boston

Not the repression, the lady,
The squat uplift tower of Trinity Church
The bronzes of the library, Puvis

runes, angels, harp sistrum,
I am time's attorney I am nebula
around the fingertips of this

outrageous lyre her hips.

21 June 2001
Copley Square

I have business to transact with you
An identity or two
And you need me
More than you have ever imagined
Your life begins to mean
Something you remember
From an old book
It turns out you are just beginning to write
Edit it for me
In the next technology
The think that breaks the window
And lets the house out.

21 June 2001
Boston

INAUGURAL ADDRESS TO THE NOVALIS ACADEMY

Other times say other things.
Poetry for example makes everything happen.
And it is not a valley it is a mountain
Invisible Everest only an inch shorter
The mind lives on top of all that flesh and rock in wind
Poetry lets thinking happen
The mistakes of poetry are the only hope of science
Poetry creates a magical disappointment only science can cure
Poetry cleanses life of its most various opposites.

22 June 2001
Boston

Albatross. My ship is waiting
there is a blue kind of forgetting
and a violet way of letting go

then there is you. Where
do ships go, they look so white
setting out, and all the sea's the same,

and you walk by remembering
everything, and where am I then
left with all the spoiled young women

at the Atrium in Newton, dancing
the slowest dance of seeing
what they want and buying

o how deeply we are entitled
to what wants us to possess it
as I am to this golden yielding

watching you pass back and forth
trying things on and wanting nothing
and all I ever want is this.

22 June 2001
Newton

SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES

She lifts the hem of her shorts up
A little with one fingertip
Idly unconscious anxious passing by
So that I see an inch more skin
Than anybody else. And who knows
What I show, what millimeter
Of my green eyes will flare at her
Idle investigations among all the
Rack-slung sleek with crepe de
Chine swaying subtly costumes
Dozens and dozens in the sweet air?

22 June 2001
Newton

Let me analyze the sky.
The moon is you

The sun has set, the clouds
Begin to understand the earth

Now of all the words
Which make our sense?

I don't, I doubt,
I am a lamp without a shade

A table without a floor
A room hunting for a house.

22 June 2001
Newton

Eventually a word lets and the English sparrows
on the Boston feeders and all the stupid arrogance of school
stifles on its own failed distinctions and the birds eat

trees give shade and thieves make do with politics
and selfish high school teachers take PhDs and poets
know all about these tricks they scream for attention

and I have crept beneath the bosky shade and here I am
come find me where I suffer and lick my blood
with your pretty tongues I try to stimulate

into acts of recitation me me me I pretend
is really you you you. An American intellectual
is like a squirrel with no tree. I mean

I think a pigeon with no sky but don't ask me why.

23 June 2001
Boston

In the specifics a blue need, like paper
or pigeons or a deck over your head
when it rains you know how to love

you call up and say I'm coming and you come
so you get to know the door of the beloved
real time real space not Iceland or dreams

you walk along the boardwalk in actual skin.

23 June 2001

A M O R E T T I

1

Blue failures of cloth wrapped round virtuous
Presences a garment to hold this fascinated identity
'your' actual face can I remember everything
one more time one more sentence with pigeons in it cooing.

23 June 2001
Boston

AMORETTI

2

Blood soaked paradox thy sweet behavior
Thighed at rest between the yellow sun
And love's white saloon rolled down the hill
Moments after Eden and the snake had reason

23 June 2001
Boston

THE CERTAINTIES

Tattoos.

On neck or belly words
To inscribe a fleet idea
And make some vast Persepolis
Of the mild butt cheek

A quick word that lasts
The library of skin
A casual eternity

23 June 2001
West Taghkanic

Why as a matter of fact
Can't I remember all the food I ate
Say in 1956, a poor
Year I thought a lot about food.
None of it I remember
Except the baguette and cheese
I ate every day for lunch
And once some rabbit at Fugazi's
Or tripe Genovese in the back room
Barrel vaulted like Pompeii
Or pesto at that cheap place on Thompson
with the bocce alley right alongside
and flies buzzed inside the sugar shakers.
But what of all the other days and nights
And appetites. And who ate at my side?

23 June 2001

There is the opportunity to change civilization
Or a dog

What there is no chance to change
Is how much I need you

How much I need to penetrate
Everything that is not you and find you there

[23 June 2001]
Annandale

candlesnuffer balanced on windowsill
fell

what vibration it answered I
could not feel

I thought it was a bird
falling through my window

bronze, an angel
of interruption. Whatever

I once was thinking leaves me thinking
only this now.

(from 15 March 2001)
found late June 2001

This is the kingdom I propose
a machine made new

a morning story

an old typewriter
that will listen only to her voice.

(from years back,
found late June 2001)