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1.
Night comes around every so often
most men see dusk far
more often that they see dawn

but sunrise comes
and when we finally wake we hear
its echoes all over the land.

2.
There is always stone
to listen to. Whole mountains
or little pebbles on the beach
not fun to walk on

and mountains too
are difficult, climbing, getting over—
if they didn't speak so loud
we would probably leave them alone.

3.
But that's not our way with things.
After a certain point in the history of consciousness
it becomes necessary to *think* about mountains.
Not just clamber over them
on your way to far away like Hannibal and elephants,
not just mining them for silver and copper and coal

**but thinking with them,
working them into your story.
Petrarch in Provence,
King Laurin in the Dolomites—
who tells his story
in marble and rose
every blessed night over Bolzano?**

**4.
And if there is something
darker than night
don't we want that too?**

**If there is something darker
than night, then night
must be another kind of light,**

**another kind of day.
It takes more than eyes
to see, or see with.**

**27 October 2014
End of Notebook 371**

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1.

The pain of seizing
legal animals occupy the land
and we're still talking about religion.

You are cognate with the other!

That's why they call
Earth your mother. Listen to me!

And then the sparrows overcame the voice,
we never did find out who was speaking,

just all the billowing resounding round the dome
different languages depending where we stood.

A dome means everything
is what we concluded
because it keeps the sky safe inside.

2.

But the battle seemed legitimate,
tattered law books covering her lap

— could this be the princess
so many of our knights were lost

finding, fighting for?

**And there she was,
more animal than man, thank god
and all the mercy ran to praise her.**

**We sulked in our little cars,
imagining the mountain had abandoned us.**

3.

**Clarity is so dear.
The sun is always rising
arrowing across the lawn
our little park,
waking the furniture.
Deep shuffle about in the trees—
is this the static-free transmission
we work so hard to bargain for?**

**Weather is the one thing that always matters—
isn't that our actual politics?**

4.

**Open this law book and see the sky.
Now try the Bible — just some clouds,
some sun. The shirt I' trying to wear
flaps wild in the wind, we are torn
to shreds just thinking of the wind.**

28 October 2014

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**Kept thinking an answer would come
the way lava does, all at once, hot,
covering everything. Relevance
is dangerous, and enemy flag
hoisted on your yacht offshore.
Relevance burns up what it touches,
we say something is *relevant* but
by then there's nothing left.**

28 October 2014

= = = = =

**Nobody wants to anymore.
But the convetibles still roll down 9G,
baffled Lutherans wonder about the Pope
not for the first time. Who am I
to be talking like this, telling you
what you do not want to know,
can never know, we are so far away
from the moon-size sea-shaped gash
in our house when the moon came out
not all that long ago—how
bright she still is! —and that’s what’s meant
by taking Eve out of Adam’s side.**

29 October 2014

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**As Samhain grows close
(sounds like sound)
we begin to understand
the faerie-folk are
masters of our good intentions.**

30.X.14

= = = = =

**Boys do that. Saint-Sulpice scene.
Flee to the seminary,
better place to hide their seed.**

***Ah, fuyez!* Boys do that,
escape from girls they love.
What does love do
to escape from us?**

***Ah, flee away, sweet image
we sing, but what
does love sing back to us?***

30 October 2014

= = = = =

The few things we know
tend to forget us and move on.
Nothing so slippery as knowing.
The girl in the cowboy hat
doesn't even need a horse,
one look of understanding
and she's gone. And salmon
stumble up the rapids
safe in a bearless stream.
It seems so strange to have been.
Bones and all that. Green stuff,
a puff of breath sand then not.
A tune from san opera, we belong
at last to whatever moves us.
That's why science labs are cold.
And someone used this weather
before it ever got to us. A forest
is a very patient place—that's why
we feel the way we do even before
night finds us there. *Keep moving,
do not stay with me* is its instruction.
It's like being in grade school again
and all the books still are dead.

30 October 2014

THE INVISIBLE PEOPLE

**When they begin
they'll be asking,
never doubt.
You'll hear them well
from the hills in your heart.**

31 October 2014

H A B E O

. A moment now to say what must be said
eleven minutes before the horse
kicks in the virgin's belly and she gives to the light
a tiny problem shaped like a man

O man
thou art conundrum and cigar,
Houdini's fractured arteries, the smell
of children playing in a pool
all sweat and piss and chlorine

O man
thou parody of woman, thou
sad excuse for a loving being
o du muss dich überwinden
of course you must, Nietzsche

(was he a man? why did he live
in silence and insanity? *insan*
in Arabic means man) said so,
of course you must transcend yourself—
you can never amount to a woman

but you might not become a god
(Vespasian on the cack-stool)
but *be* a god. Being is absolute
there is no such thing as becoming.

**I had eleven minutes to say what
had to be said now I have five left
and these words I wrote
are they worth six
minutes of precious human time
(I'm only a man)?**

**Or is that the wrong question to ask,
because time is not there in the first place.**

**No time. Just space, And us forevering in it
like frantic songbirds in a hurricane.**

31 October 2014

ALL HALLOWS

**Is there somewhere later than now
where the oyster shells pile up beside
a river longer than the land it runs through
(he means you) and where the waterfowl
speak better English than the hunters can—
o quick reincarnation, o Latin dialect
still spoken on the moon (we call it Sardinian)
(we call the Moon the desert east of Fresno)
(we call it desert because it silences all life)
local Indians had eaten perhaps a million
bivalves before they moved away or the clams
settled norther or the mud began to sing**

**(I heard it when I was a boy, black black
under the tall timothy grass along the bay)
walked with my lover on the wooden walks
wondering if we put or ears against each
others bellies we could hear Europe over**

there beyond the curling low tide wavelets
and I think we could (so hard to be young)
(the light is fading) and what we heard
(Catullus, Dante, Donne, Rilke)
was all about love (only about love) we
are too embarrassed to ask why (why?)
and that year the Indians came back,
Munsee, Mohican, who knows what branch
of the peaceable tribes knew us best
before we banished them southwest.

A new month is beginning. (The moon
is always isn't it? The way we trust bodies
more than minds? The way the opera never
actually ends? They came back speaking English
just like the cormorants of Massachusetts
(or -thusetts as tey used to lisp it) their wings
drying in the clement wind, spoke to us then
as Homer's bozos did, honorably, tough-tongued,
why are you living in a land that wasn't

**even ours so sacred was it.why defile it with
cesspools and towers and roaring chapels,
like Jews talking sacred Hebrew in the supermarket
or isn't everything sacred without owning it?**

**We can't talk with people like that. Morality
makes poor conversation. I'm trying to explain
birds. They are our grammarians. They work us
over in our heads with their wordless cries
and from that wordlessness our words arise.
We just have to listen in our heads, the rest
is weather warming me or chilling my feet.
All Hallows means everything is holy —
what else is worth bothering to explain?**

31 October 2014