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WINTER MORNING

**The trees have kept
their tracery of snow
three days now
not seen before
the lace so long
in place, scant
wind steady cold
museum of pure air.**

**All of my poems
are weather reports.
Sometimes all the
weather is out there.**

29 November 2014

TOCCATA

**So much for the ancient Chinese
octave of my personality,
now for the Persian magus,
sun in his pocket, beard
full of mourning doves,
moi. Emperor of
self-delusions, the chief
of which is that I'm me.
Any fool could tell you that.**

29 November 2014

DUBITANDUM

Might it meet the march
of being, being me
would be easy if I were.

But I demur.
There's more to ontology
than being me,

more than meets the I.
There is the supreme
passion: to be another,

the other, the goal,
blue flower, the lady
with a lake of her own,

the beast in his garden—
that other, the one
you say you love, or I do,

the one waiting for you
forever across the road
the field, the fallow

emptiness of all time
and only you to plant it—
that's what I mean by being.

29 November 2014

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**Does it walk better here
does the light recur
yearning for the rational?**

**Is it soon? Can a camel
feel cold of course.
How can wild turkeys walk
in dep snow patiently
as if they didn't feel
the way we do? Who are we?**

As if we didn't feel.

29 November 2014

WELCOMING

**A scale model of Jerusalem
with the Temple rebuilt
that's what she is,**

**that girl you ogled on the E train
ten thousand lives ago.**

Live for sensation. Die for relief.

**Release She was eating a ,mango
left the slippery shell
behind her on the wooden bench.**

**It's still there. The Sabbath
was coming on, I hurried home
my nose in a book
I would not taste that fruit**

**and still do. The map changes.
Come, let us welcome what comes,
whatever it is
we will call it the Sabbath
and make it glad,**

it will be her again and again.

29 November 2014

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**No silver
spoon for eggs
she says,
something happens
to the taste,
everything is chemistry
after all, Alyosha,
all we can do
is cry salt tears.**

29 November 2014

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**Right hand
left cheek
soft soft
dew feel?**

29.XI.14

WOLVES

**remember something
about the moon.
Dogs remember
a little of what
they knew as wolves.
They teach us what they know.**

**The Full Moon
wants something from us.
And every Moon is hungry
but the Full Moon
is an open mouth.**

**Wolves howl, we hurl
forward into desire,
anger, ownership, war.
That is how we howl.**

**One day the Moon
will be an Earth like ours,
our tears its fountains,
our seed its seas.**

29 November 2014

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**Trying to outlast the music
that winter of the mind
all one color**

**broken churches
roof-down barns,
 tomorrow a field
we have to learn,
the land is always waiting,**

**won't let me be silent for a minute,
same with music,**

it takes so many to keep silent.

29 November 2014

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**I will give a dollar
to anyone who can stand up
and tell me what I'm
talking about. Myself,
I am as poor as I began
and have no clue to
what I mean. Have you?**

29 November 2014

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**Can it try
to fly again
the way our last
glacier came
and went, left
Whaleback
over us, a tower
on it now where
once eagles lived?**

29 November 2014

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**Cast every maybe
as if another
opened the last door
into no one's house
and I live there
forever, is it?**

29 November 2014

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**Admetus husband
whose life was worth
a woman's death, Alcestis—**

**to think of that,
first play we were
given in Greek—**

**I always knew* I wanted
Greek but they got
their priorities wrong—**

I wanted Artemis alone.

30 November 2014

*** When I was five years old I rode with my parents down Nostrand Avenue and asked what that was, a schoolyard above street level, a grey building beyond. They told me it was a school, Jesuit, and they taught Greek there. At once I knew I wanted to study there, and I did so a decade later.**

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**Now they'll all come home
pigeons to church steeples
students to class after holiday
always and everywhere too brief.**

Holy Day now what is that.

**Light comes back to the streetlamps
the streets come back to the woods.
Land is all. We belong
to where we stand. It is the goal
to which our karma compels us.**

**The picture with you in it
is the only movie you'll ever see.**

30 November 2014

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**When we are in another place
the music changes.**

What place?

**Dragons there,
green ones, as a child conceives
and maybe saw once pr twice,
long ago in the mist that sometimes
clears and shows a child,**

**green ones, with golden claws
and red eyes, blue smoke pouring
from his mouth, a mouth
strangely like a smile.**

That place.

What music? I don't hear anything at all.

**That's what I mean, the dragons
breathe in and everything is quiet,
still, still, the soundless forest.**

**Then tomorrow they'll breathe out
and chattering comes back to leaf and man.**

30 November 2014

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**For eating of the corn
a midwinter
deer's wanted.
In this northern island
parables many,
chapels few—too
many churches.
We need quiet places
full of grit, a maze
of goings around
one simple coming.
Any animal knows that.**

30 November 2014

AERE PERENNIUS

**To be wonderful be brief
he said. I never could.
And so I have built
a monument (here it is)
lasts more years than bronze
he said. I listened, knowing
the years are revenges
too, the sweet weather
inside the cathedral forgets
the air outside, the marketplace
where pharmacists and lepers
rule the day, bankers
and insolvent hookers,
people just like me.
And you too, I wanted
to tell him, but he proved
dead two thousand years.**

30 November 2014