

2-2015

**feb2015**

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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**Sun alert:  
just under freezing  
furlough for a few  
hours from winter.**

**1 February 2015**

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**After a while  
one gets used  
to what there is  
or seems to be.  
This is called living.**

**1 February 2015**

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**Caution: weavers  
at work,  
and where they weave  
no two things  
are left unconnected.**

**And people too,  
poor us, are wrapped  
in their design.**

**Blame the stars  
inside the body,  
those twisted galaxies  
of protein, the standard  
information.**

**2.  
So the city stands.  
I for one always yearn  
for more space—  
more space inside,  
inside the room  
inside the house inside  
the city, thousands of miles.**

3.

So can you weave me that,  
good angels, anchorites,  
altissimi,

weave me space  
inside it all?

A city  
wrought of emptiness,  
the arcane silences  
we hear as words?

1 February 2015

## **THE BEAR**

**And then the bear  
walked out of the woods.  
We changed our minds too  
and went to meet him on the field,  
beast within beast, we thought  
of it as a kind of science  
or children's game, like chemistry  
or counting things.**

**He spoke  
quietly in that language, all  
vowels, hardly any consonants,  
most animals seem to understand.  
But not us. We were otherwise.  
He looked sadly at us wondering  
why were right there with him  
full of flesh and gravity, and still  
couldn't play with him. He went  
back and we came back and left  
the field empty. The beautiful field!**

**1 February 2015**



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**Exercising mercy  
the bushel of brown rice  
rested in the shadow pantry**

**where things get thought.**

**That morning feeling  
must traipse the day,  
I have a message for the harbor:  
Shelter the sea from  
a little while our traffic on,**

**but the food has to come  
from somewhere  
else, we have so  
contrived it that we live  
where nothing grows**

**or nothing much,  
not murex and St Jacques's shells and partridges**

**only the nameless meager porridges  
of artists and philosophers, and all  
others with their minds on something else.**



**1 February 2015**

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**Channeling another  
into my mouth  
the weird  
exhilarations of alterity**

**and Artaud knew the woman  
took account of her lap and her legs  
and saw the torture  
the language could procure**

**we write our way into tragedy  
he may have thought,**

**an old car overheated by the side of a Greek road.**

**1 February 2015**

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**Big snow  
promised last week  
comes now.  
I take the weather  
personally  
how could I not  
seeing I am a person.  
It's all my fault  
somehow, don't  
you think so too?**

**2 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**So many come  
to understand  
things that in  
themselves have  
no meaning.**

**Remembering where  
we left off reading  
an unwritten text.**

**2 February 2015**

## **STARS**

**They tell us the twinkle  
is our atmosphere  
interfering with the steady  
even remorseless output  
of far suns.**

**They tell us  
as usual it's our fault,  
sinners, children of Eve.  
If we were unfallen, angels,  
would we see only the single  
glare of solemn light  
each star sends out?  
And would we hear  
all our various musics  
vanish into one strict sound?**

**2 February 2015**

## **WALKING UP SAN PABLO**

**Fast track  
runs back.  
Mirrors hung  
in public  
places, men  
are eyes.  
Look away,  
I am here  
only now,  
tomorrow empty  
sidewalk again  
you're the only  
shadow on.**

**2 February 2015**

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Here is a blue  
telegram  
from a lost republic  
quick as a haiku  
dying by a lake:

*Once we were natives here*

then went and got  
born somewhere else—  
can the stream Metambesen  
forgive me, and the lindens,  
hemocoks, came home?

2 February 2015

## **IMBOLC**

**Heavy snow—  
suppose  
each flake  
a burnless flame  
in crystal  
so on the 14<sup>th</sup> day  
of winter moon  
it will be white  
all night. Suppose  
we welcome  
what we can't flee—  
will such virtue  
charm inclemency?**

**2 February 2015**

## **THE READ**

**recedes.**

**The harbor fills  
with familiar  
craft, boats  
we've known for years,**

**cold wind, ragged  
spinnakers ill-furled  
ice at every edge.  
Sedge. The sky  
even the sky is the same.**

**If only I could read  
the kind of book  
I read before  
with pictures of numbers  
and hilltops on which  
stones look at the Black Sea.**

**Or the great mound  
ophidiomorphic in Ohio  
or even the so-  
called Indian mounds  
I stood on once in Kansas  
no bigger than an overturned dory**

**and the grass just went  
on and on like water but I could see.**



**3 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Cradle time  
and a candle,  
Mahler on the radio  
a grown man learning  
a new alphabet—**

**That is what the sun  
sometimes is  
when she isn't shining  
and the gender of light  
is unknown.**

**3 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Waking up  
is like the slats  
that form the seat  
of a park bench  
or on a boulevard,  
space between slats,  
gaps between  
those who sit.  
Without space  
between us there  
would be no  
way to touch.**

**3 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**She lifted her dream  
over my dream  
so I could know her  
as all the space between.**

**3.II.15**

= = = = =

**Some things are done  
right from the start.  
Sometimes so right  
there's nothing left  
after but to be wrong.  
(Like Henze after Richard Strauss?)**

**3 February 2015**

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And sometimes the cat  
really does speak,  
tells you what's to come,

*turn again, turn again,  
twice Lord Mayor of London*

I kept hearing this  
morning, and keep no cat

but still I think words must come true.

3 February 2015

## **CURING TALK**

**1.  
Keep the sky alert  
that any paper.  
Dreams come true  
I answer everyone.**

**Misery is not the poverty of thing  
it is the doubt of any order  
in a blue world — my hands  
around your waist — I breathe  
catalogues into your ear,  
I understand mute weather best.**

**2.  
I need to talk to someone  
she said, meaning the listener  
in a dry room.**

**A brass bowl  
shaped like an ear, delicate  
humming tone comes from it  
when it is talked into**

**and it soothes. The sight  
of someone listening heals.**

3.

Waiting for something  
else to understand.

Could be  
the crow on the roof-beam  
(*See illus.*) Or might be  
those women you dreamt of  
wiping tears from blond smiles.  
Anything helps. My voice  
was heard.

4.

I was speaking  
to the farmer's wife a hundred  
years ago this morning  
about the heavy rains,  
the rising water table  
from the flooding creek.  
And those (she said  
in her formal old-fashioned way)  
who had occasion to use the privy  
this morning gave the same report.  
The water's rising. Will it  
really help to hear?

4 February 2015

**HAIL**

because more than hello  
I meant  
honored to have you  
home here,  
the stairs  
climbed you to me  
  
and there we were  
all words in our mouths  
hailing each other across  
the precious distances between.

**4 February 2015**



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**What I think  
is seldom language,**

**it is the fall of light  
the lift of wind—**

**does time have lips?**

**4 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Casting legitimacy under the bridge  
where trolls live in their own authority  
they know how to wash clean what we lose**

**everything is far away now of course  
deep in the politics of narrative where  
children live all the time and keep us out**

**mostly, the one thing they need to protect  
is the story, the pumpkin, the tiger  
the going out at night wearing only a sheet**

**the sign in the sky that warns them even  
their mother will die and the story continue  
always another America to discover**

**this time come from the east riding the sun  
tough thighs squeezed around the light  
coast of a canyon volcano of your father's chin**

**and then the sign goes out the ordinary sky  
talks quietly to you as it always does, calm  
commentary when you think you're alone.**

**4 February 2015**

## **SINCERELY YOURS**

**Encourage me to lie  
we both need my ceaseless  
exaggerations, wolf  
in the driveway, milk  
from a cloud. My habits,**

**my habits, a door  
hung with neckties I never  
wear anymore, I should  
give them away, love  
needs all the silk it can.**

**Reason with me, Quote Freud,  
I'm needy on Wednesday,  
worry lights its own candles,  
better to see by its sour light  
than not see anything at all**

**the priest told me, God loves  
incipient desires because they  
can turn into anything, goldfish,  
sonnets, miracles, bungalows  
alongside pine-rimmed ponds**

**so long ago even the words changed  
and no man knows what implement  
is meant when one says this or that  
other says the other, the other  
doesn't anybody understand?**

**4 February 2015**

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To be quiet as a neum  
without a deacon,  
the written  
gestures but does not sing.

Lift up the hearts  
it says, bestirring  
an exaltation nobody  
actually knows — footsteps

on the carpeted stairs,  
with naked foot arriving  
to be told, to behold  
the light give way to shape

the shape to form, the form  
to articulation. Shadow talk,  
boys at the window  
trying to see out. Not in.

Footsteps closer now, a door  
in play. A house full of maybes  
now, who knows what comes?

**Once was a sailor, once was a sea,**

**once was a melon from Cavaillon  
a shallow valley in the south of France.  
Economy is on the staircase too,  
politics, deep divided populations.**

**Look out and nobody there.  
Just the fear, the old dependable  
tightening of the arteries, the loop  
of hangman's line around the heart**

**it seems. Pick up the hymnbook,  
study the staff, count the steps  
until a sound dares come from out  
of the most innocent lips.**

**You like thinking about the lips,  
the music is only an excuse  
to watch them sing. But no sound yet.  
Except unseen footsteps on the stair.**

**4 February 2015**

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*[for MURAL]*

Or more that someday sleep  
along the streaming

measure the because  
a night's done dreaming

and then the gate goes down.

The Sanhedrin is meeting.  
Romans at their supper,  
animals stir below the granary.

Peter is walking back and forth  
rehearsing lines he'll never get to say.

When the time comes to talk  
the words come with it.

He'll know them but be far away.

4 February 2015

**= = = =**

**Little sleep,  
I asked your name  
you had no friends**

**you were content  
to watch those three-  
dimensional shadows of  
people that we call things,  
furniture and stuff—  
alive as we are  
mostly, and you, you  
can hear them speak!**

**5 February 2015**



## MAYONNAISE

Getting not to know counts too  
like a word inside out.  
fat pale Jars of mayonnaise  
heaped neatly at aisle-end  
nauseating personally  
imagine quart jars of the glop.  
As once in Amsterdam we saw  
her coming round the corner  
we turned and ran the other way  
slipped into that stupid bookstore  
where everything was in English—  
aren't I entitled to my prejudices?

5 February 2015

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Maybe it can be warm again:  
you need to learn  
to open up the air, scoop it  
out from the hot core  
of every molecule, the *kernel*  
the sun leaves hidden  
even in the coldest days—  
or crack a photon and warm your hands.

5 February 2015

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It was trying to be close  
the way things are  
not so much people

actual surfaces aligned  
touching even  
the way cloth touches skin

or sounds invade the ear  
sinuous as the taste of shadows  
which also hide readily

between the skin and the skin.

5 February 2015

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**A lone bird**

**busy at its work up there  
too high ahead to name**

**working far—  
so language also bears its load,**

**namelessly its names.**

**6 February 2015**

= = = = =

1.

Time wait.

Schedule sciatic

nerve long

pain short day—

spring soliloquy perpend.

I saw a yellow bird though

or it was yellow in the seeing—

thank god for differences—

and plausible adults busy

at their seeming, willing

outcomes, earthly matters.

A fancy for profligates

those vampires of society

marks their literature—

and I alone the compromise.

2.

Yes, self is a compromise,

a kind of why-not? in the broth,

generous genesis the fear of thinking.

Prohibition of empathy leads to crusades,

vengeance never falters. Care

and be cared for. Be and be not  
the other way, here I am, mother,  
dreamed you again as you once  
deramed me into flesh, here I am,  
*Dasein* without the *da-*, smoke  
from no fire, I thought she said  
I will be born again, this time  
as a spring breeze on the new-found moon.

6 February 2015

## **EXALTED**

**exhausted, winsome  
means friend-like, dove-winged  
down flutter hopes in the heart,**

**or many-fingered blondish structure  
love-prone, bearing apples**

**which are not the wisest fruit.  
Deer at their salt like them though  
and cherubs on baroque ceilings  
mint-green stucco and who knows**

**maybe we all are in our places.  
And love does come later, rimes  
with sunset, crimson bolt-hole  
where our Star vanishes. Your cloud.**

**6 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Each page must play  
a word never  
used before—  
pick a number between you and me.**

**6.II.15**



## **CARAVAN**

**is what this is,  
this blind, brave, broad  
forging onward  
the nervous docile animals we are.**

**2.  
And those who drive us  
know us best.  
Angels. Pure  
connaissance, a will  
so translucent  
it will bear any message faithfully.**

**3.  
Can I do this too?  
can I be moved  
to move you?**

**Don't know the key.  
Don't know the me.**

**A face in the quiet lagoon  
staring up out of the sea  
  
when no one's looking down.**

**4.**  
**The pure mirror**  
**the mirror itself**

**the sound of**  
**being seen at last.**

**6 February 2015**  
**Tchaikovsky's 4<sup>th</sup>,**  
**ASO at Fisher**

= = = = =

**No one has ever understood this movement—  
it's not even music, not an opera, not a story**

**it is a city, or its population,  
terror in war terror in love  
its vast architecture its empty spaces inside.**

**No music has ever been so afraid.**

**6 February 2015  
Tchaikovsky's 4<sup>th</sup>,  
ASO at Fisher  
*first movement***

= = = = =

**Cellphones  
in pockets  
waiting to ring**

**yearning of each thing  
to be entrained,  
in play.**

**The dark even  
is always  
waiting to put out the lights.**

**6 February 2015  
Tchaikovsky's 4<sup>th</sup>,  
ASO at Fisher**

## DAY EDGE

*6 A.M.*

1.  
The determined  
to be light  
to show through.

Letters of the trees.  
Seep through  
to the other side,

no color yet  
the endless grasslands of the sky.

We lose ourselves in chancery  
waiting for the ink to dry.

2.  
Safe deposit boxes for instance,  
sunken cellars down to Roman times  
was anything before?  
Watertight vaults, you have to bring  
light with you when you come  
as if it were a part of your skin.

Bring light the way a surgeon brings her steel—  
it's hard to change religions in the dark.

3.

How or now  
the winter sky grows lighter,  
a blue *overstanding*  
whispered to your human brothers  
and the day begins.

4.  
Thought you were there for me  
but you were every.  
Men make the same mistake  
that dolphins do, suppose  
the whole sea is meant for them.

5.  
To dwell, This last.  
The durance the durée.  
To last somewhere  
you can walk to work  
come home for lunch.

6.  
Leave travel to the hippogriff,  
the side-hill onager, the small  
fox-snouted enfield on my coat of arms.  
Compel intelligence in mutual dwell—  
an angel is always here,  
the lucid body on its way to the heart.

7 February 2015



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**Grappling with the mirror  
gently, don't want either  
of us to get hurt,**

**flesh and glass are so alike  
so frail, all seeming.**

**But glass, that still technically  
liquid, though slow, flows  
still — exquisite deformation  
of ancient Roman-Syrian greenish  
glassware taught me this—  
shows that living in time  
has its own risks, as glass  
better than anyone knows.**

**7 February 2015**



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**Radical  
easier than it seems.  
Just go wrong,  
it will right  
itself soon enough.  
Then you'll really  
need me again  
to topple the table  
or pull out the plug  
so you can be new all over.**

**7 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Nude is newed  
clearly, and bare  
is to be there.**

**Everything we put on  
is old, distances us  
from what is true.**

**Only what's not is you.**

**7 February 2015**

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*(for MURAL)*

Nobody knows who those people are  
sitting around a table talking Greek  
with a funny accent, or not talking at all,  
just sitting there sometimes taking a sip  
or tearing off a hunk of bread.

Some think the scroll rolled up  
tight on the tabletop is a staff or wand,  
that the breadknife is a sword,  
that the empty plate is a strange coin,  
they think the cup is a cup,

what do they do with what they think?  
What do we do with what we know,  
with the pictures they drew  
to help them know what they were thinking?  
If only we could understand  
the simplest thing. But everything  
turns out to be a mystery.

Dark-skinned foreigners pass in the street,  
sometimes looking in, sometimes  
offering things for sale, a hen,  
a carpet, an old book.

Let us suppose Andrew gets up  
to chase them away

**but gets interested in the book,  
buys it, stands at the window reading it.  
It has diagrams in it, and numbers  
of the kind Egyptians use. He barely  
understands it but he understands.**

**7 February 2015**

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**Let there be likeness  
till the difference  
is ready to begin.**

**Then the fishermen  
come back midmorning  
with their night catch,  
restaurants at the wharf ends  
light up — no music though,  
a day is not for music, a day  
is for differencing, the nets  
unloaded silver squirming.**

**8 February 2015**

= = = = =

**See, I really do feel  
the sea belongs to me.  
It was given to me  
in childhood all summer  
and some winter too  
as my own night-journey,  
the place to be and to see.  
Because in the ocean  
there is endless  
seeing to be done.  
And the smell of it!  
And the feel of it on the skin  
even safe on shore,  
you can know all its distances,  
picture postcard in braille.**

**8 February 2015**

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Looking at snow  
is like studying your skin.  
Why. All those crystals  
to make one thing

called a field or a person.  
So delicate so cold.  
Count the crystals forever.  
A number nimbles me,

humbles me, they go  
faster than I can count.  
Sami reindeer sledge  
hauling wood, goes faster

than my dull thought.  
I saw them once, antlers  
broad for scraping down  
through snow to moss to feed.

Give me my pasture too.

8 February 2015

= = = = =

**When you close your eyes  
where is what you just saw  
now? Is silence in fact  
the secret of music, o gap,  
the intervals between?**

**B<sup>b</sup> A C B**

**but which way  
to the spaces tend?  
Climb or fall  
that tells all,  
is it the nearby or far new-found-land?**

**Now open your eyes—  
you've been reading in the dark.**

**8 February 2015**



## **MARTYRS**

**A few new books about the death of Lincoln  
like everybody else I know  
who killed him and how and where and when**

**but I knew nothing about how he died.  
What do we know about how anybody dies,  
what action that active verb describes, 'to die,'**

**who does it, and how, and why?  
I watched the woman I loved and lived with  
die, two nurses and the orderly were weeping,**

**it was so quiet around her after the last breath  
and I couldn't cry, I don't know why,  
and I watched my father die, quiet breath,**

**his body twisting then lay still, the nurse  
did not cry, she said something about  
potassium then he was dead.**

**Such quiet, as if the life they breathed out  
calmed the world around them, a kind of**

**spiritual gift, just a moment or two.**

**From the hospital balcony I watched the sun rise  
wondering about crying and dying and nobody knows.  
I have seen and have not understood.**

**Unless the quiet is all there is to understand.**

**8 February 2015**

## WIND

Not a word  
to be said  
spirit testimony  
knocking on the window:

*I am wind  
please let me in  
or come on out  
with those eyes  
that people have  
and sail with me.  
All your music  
your whole sense of form  
come from breath  
and that means me—  
surely it's time  
to listen to me,  
put into practice  
your shallow morning  
breaths, takes time  
to breathe me in  
and out again  
in meaningful form*

he said and he was wind,

he walked on the tips  
of the yew hedge  
harped his way  
through the bare rose bush  
quivering branchlets.

I endured his scrutiny  
long as I could,

try

every day to fill  
out his daily questionnaire.  
dealing with each puzzle—  
snowfall, a book  
ill-translated from Finnish,  
a woman assigned to be my guide—  
honestly as breath can.

But is there an honest medium,  
is there a fluid  
truer than breathing?  
Reindeer clicking horns  
listless combat,  
miles to go?  
Wherever it is  
I'll get there,  
and if not, leave a cairn  
of curious stones  
heaped beside the path  
to show how far I came.

**9 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Laborious process  
of being anybody  
at all. Why not  
go along without  
bothering to be?**

**You'll live longer  
and give more light  
and people will  
find themselves  
glad when you're near .**

**9 February 2015**

## **TECHNIQUES FOR APPREHENDING THE REAL**

**One by one  
the hosts of interior eyes  
come open**

**each one sees a different  
world all of them relatively  
true by being so,  
by being seen.**

**This is not even the first step.**

**\***

**Woman sits at the bar  
looks vaguely familiar  
from some movie you saw  
in childhood. Her white dress,  
sense of coiled tension  
in her waist though she seems  
relaxed, the dark  
frame of hair around her too-pale face.**

**You are close to beginning now,**

but take it easy. Slow, slow.  
Don't talk to her,  
she wouldn't answer if you did.  
She is an image.  
Watch her from afar.

\*

Warm sunlight on your hands.  
Or sunshine on your shoes  
if you wear them. Seeing,  
sometimes with feeling.

This is how it starts,  
something you recognize  
and have a name for at least.

I assume you have a name for your hands.

9 February 2015



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**Too many things  
that let me be.  
Every percept  
is a vowel  
in an endless howl  
makes no sense  
till you put the consonants  
in, shape a word,  
a stream of words  
that's how it seems.**

**10 February 2015**

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Fondling the same  
image two thousand years  
mother wolf  
suckling human child  
grows up to be  
your own true love  
in broken moonlight  
under the boardwalk  
the sea at peace.

10 February 2015

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**Poetry frees you  
from your opinions**

**leaves you unbound  
to perceive and witness**

**to be asked and to answer.**

**In the crystal moment  
the purity of time.  
Opinions are ashes.  
It's now or never.**

**10 February 2015**

## **WORK**

**There is work to be done  
and to be run from.  
Far from home  
people are building a roof  
over the sky. Dreaming  
is easier when you wake.  
Things lying on their sides  
count too. Really, planes  
are such old-fashioned things,  
reek of Hollywood and World War II.  
We should get there  
some other way, we  
should be there already  
Cancun. The Moon.**

**10 February 2015**

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**A hint of mint  
a minim of cinnamon  
and ash is all that's left  
from this experiment.**

**The witch leaves her body  
behind, hides in a book  
and waits for me to read.  
One at a time she conquers the world.**

**Even now I'm eager to begin.**

**10 February 2015**

## GUILT

But to the Guilt Throb  
blaming me now I cry  
this is what I'm supposed  
to be doing, hour or two  
after waking sit here  
writing the day in.  
But Guilt Throb is older  
than writing, older than  
work — *what you're doing*  
*is always wrong* it says.  
*Do another thing.*  
*Be another you.*

10 February 2015

= = = = =

We choose to give  
flowers the other person  
likes. She gave me hydrangeas,  
I would give her tulips  
if it weren't winter,  
if I were where flowers are.  
But where I am is only  
the thought of them. So here  
darling, are some red,  
deep like burgundy, or fiery  
like sunset beyond the river.

10 February 2015

*[for 28 ACRES]*

And all this while  
the fields are under snow.  
Sheer guesswork  
what I say of them,

or what we see—

we live  
by contour alone  
shape of a young woman  
on a bridge in Florence  
cone of Fuji-no-Yama  
on the horizon,

how little we know.

And yet we walk here,  
our savvy footsteps  
finding the way

(once on an unknown hillside  
far south of here  
I let my body  
find its way in darkness,  
let the me of me  
find the you of you,



and the body knows  
how to go,  
how to tell these things)

And all this while in snow.  
Here and there a tree  
stands up, rebuking my presumption,  
but showing me roughly  
how the land lies.

But the land never lies.  
That's why we have to be here,  
stand here, to understand anything.

To know a place  
keep coming back.

A field gives you everything.  
A field hives itself.

The contours again,  
shape always telling,  
always revealing.

Snow hummocks  
and what lifts them so,  
the secret earth itself  
on which you build.

**We build — isn't  
it our business to turn  
place into language  
so we can live in it?**

**Architecture of the future  
begins here in this gentle  
heft of pasture and woodlot—**

**how the Rabbis say  
that when the Temple  
is rebuilt at last  
it will be built  
out of melody,  
a measured song**

**masoned with our praise.**

**10 February 2015  
(*End of NB 374, gift of LNR*)**

## LITHODE

All the beginnings  
rest on me,

*eben, 'a stone'*  
in Eden  
and no one tells  
my story  
though there is none  
without me,  
now let me speak.

For the tree and the woman  
and the man  
all have their scriptures,  
have been spoken for  
when all this while  
they stood on me,

on me she sat to eat  
her dubious vegetable  
(apple, some say, or Chinese  
pear or some say wheat,  
that sprout of settlement,  
ownership, despair)

and when Abel fell

**against me and was broken,  
his upright brother took the blame,  
he fled and lived alone out there  
civilizing silence and desert till you came,**

**you who listen to me now  
helping us both to remember.**

**11 February 2015**

## **SCULPTRIX**

**Trying to reach further  
than ever before  
casting a spell on material  
so it finally talks back—  
after all these years!  
An actual answer!**

**11 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Getting parted  
is the hardest start.**

**11.II.15**

= = = = =

**You've been asking me questions  
for a hundred years  
don't you get tired  
of all my answers,  
every one of them the same,  
words, just words?**

**11 February 2015**

= = = = =

**She looks for a ribbon  
to tie back her tawny hair,  
found a sentence spoken yesterday  
and there we are, her face  
beautiful in sunlight  
and I have said it all.**

**11 February 2015**



= = = = =

**Will there rose and upward climbing  
or is the servant lorded than the man?  
We open chalices when we can, we pour  
live water into ancient manuscripts and lo!  
the weather answers you again. Says Girl  
the man wants you roser than bluish, needs  
you to leap at the end of every line up  
so he can see the sky beneath your feet—  
that's all, that's what myth is all about.**

**11 February 2015**

= = = = =

See the weird anatomy of roses  
the arms outstretched to lure you in  
the golden eyes that peer into your soul  
don't pretend you have none or they can't—  
you do and they can and all the while  
you smell the bridal suites of heaven  
with your meek nose. O rose. you almost  
utter, but then you think it silly to keep  
congress with a vegetable, a thing that sticks  
up out of the dirt and calls your name.  
So it really doesn't matter what you say.

11 February 2015

= = = = =

**Art is a way of punishing virtue  
skill of word or tone can lead  
to an emotion not your own—  
this is punishment in itself,  
a feeling beats at your heart,  
flushes your skin with your own blood,  
castigation of sheer feeling.  
Come sit beside me so I can maybe  
hear your pain, maybe you hear mine  
and when we both have heard  
the pain is gone. Pain it turns out  
is one more way of saying hello.**

**11 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Jagged conversation at the gate  
door of the tavern where camels wait.  
It is better to hear an animal breathe  
than talk with friends past middle-night.  
Animals are hard to find just then  
unless you bring your own. Unless  
you count your own body, that blabbing  
beast only you can hear the words of  
but not even you can understand.**

**11 February 2015**

= = = = =

*(for MURAL)*

Who could ever  
enough what it is?

Careworn disciples  
worry at lakeshore—

so much real estate  
so few landlords

the world is poor.

And the fish!  
Why don't we care  
more about the poor fish?

Then they settle down  
around a little fire of sticks  
to keep the chill off  
evening.

Worry  
about yourselves, one of them  
says, the story isn't finished yet,  
the boat is still far out on the water  
u can see it better with my eyes closed.

Tell us what you think.

**The sun looks gold  
but goes away. Tell us  
what kind of thing will stay.**

**Then they were quiet by their fire  
listening carefully to the flames  
flickering on the poor sticks,  
listening as we too must  
to hear the everlasting gospel  
speak between the silence and the sound.**

**2.  
Hours later the boat was back  
but the story still wasn't done.  
Fish they ate for dinner cooked  
in fire, drank water cooled  
in earthenware. Chemistry  
rules the daylight hours, at dark  
old astrology comes home,  
a false science, accurate and sad.**

**12 February 2015**

## FROM THE COUCH

Of course to write  
what no one lets me say

starting with me,  
this super-ego disguised as an id.

\*

What would the good  
doctor have made of me?

Not worth a case history,  
maybe just a Greek name—

*Heteronarcissus* who gazes  
deep as he can into everyone else  
and finds everything he sees  
beautiful, adorable, their every  
word or gesture *the real me of me.*

12 February 2015

= = = = =

**Experience is like a cigarette,  
bad for you, leaves you only with ashes  
and a nasty butt you crush or hide away.**

**12.II.15 (for Traubenritter)**



= = = = =

**Time is the opposite  
of it. If only we  
could know what it is.**

**12 February 2015**

= = = = =

He needs his leprosy  
his little fear, the fetish  
girl on the Pitkin bus  
the fake mezuzah  
on his doorpost, he dreads  
the unmanageable evils,  
football, bowling,  
politics, war, the boy stuff  
that wrecks the planet,  
philosophy, ideas. Things  
with no courtesy in them.

So let him flee to the *woman-house*  
as Duncan kept calling it,  
where truth, like all of us, gets born  
and where they know what to fear  
and what desire, and how to live  
in hopeless happiness  
my mother said.

13 February 2015

## **DISCORDS**

*for Gyorgy Kurtag*

**Nude clutter  
send me a letter**

**\***

**Yew tree  
stand by me.**

**\***

**Frangipani lei  
lost furthest day**

**\***

**There I was on Waikiki,  
me!**

**\***

**Spirits here  
keep me from being too clear.**

**\***

**An ocelot 'll  
eat an axolotl.**

**\***

**Too much maybe  
is bad for baby.**

**\***

**Today's task:  
become your mask.**

**\***

**Nothing dumber  
than number.**

**\***

**Salute  
what's mute!**

**13 February 2015**

## **THE ABSURD RETALIATES**

**The obvious  
is the most ridiculous  
of all, a prophet  
with a coughing fit.**

**13.II.15**

= = = = =

**Tell me last night  
was again, or the stars  
under cloud were over  
not just gone. But what  
does gone mean if not  
from me? The owl's cry,  
the black ship from Portugal?**

**14 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Be quick enough  
to happen  
before it does.**

**Or the music  
to happen twice  
before it happens once.**

**14 February 2015  
(thinking Kurtag again)**

## **[ A VALENTINE FOR CHARLOTTE]**

**Casting a spell  
on time  
so that it slows  
enough to hold  
one word clear  
before you  
shimmering with love  
which is what it says.**

**14 February 2015**



= = = = =

One by one  
be someone else

Etruscan liberty  
the dark permits

but this weather!  
Is winter punishment

or just ridiculous?

14 February 2015

= = = = =

Wants the weather  
to open with a why—

tell me, crystal,  
the point of going on,

axes of endurance  
the infinite (if it is)

succession of how it is—  
snowflake, know these things

wind, tell me  
with all your blustering rhetoric

who sent you and why?

15 February 2015

= = = = =

**Writing about the weather  
is scratching  
someone else's itch.**

**15.II.15**

=====

Something  
said  
no word  
I heard  
but tried  
to write it  
down just  
to tell  
someone else  
the gist  
of no one said.

15 February 2015

=====

Wait! It's not the weather  
it's the will!  
My attention faltered  
for a moment  
and the world was gone.

It all depend on staying focused—  
relax and I could be anyone,  
skeptical, frightened,  
nothing to report.

A lull in an everlasting war.

15 February 2015

= = = = =

The mysterious  
is most of uis.  
Minus ten degrees it says  
and the wind walks  
busy round the house—

weather lives us.  
Tries to, we try  
to shift awareness  
to where it's not.  
But ten below  
analyzes bone.  
We don't have  
to think it.  
It thinks us.

But open heart  
a prairie green  
beyond the snow,  
only the same  
old mystery  
of what we mean.

Trust me  
to get it wrong.

15 February 2015

=====

Sped the cold  
said, a wind  
let, here from  
other surfaces—

we are far  
but it is near—  
hear. She said  
Fear is good,  
fear has ear in it.

2.  
Believed. Her.  
Word. Made.  
Listen. In you.  
Bottom room.  
New skill  
arises.  
See more  
than before.

3.  
Your seeing  
starts with hearing.  
An ear in the middle  
means you are.

16 February 2015

= = = = =

Little back.  
Hudson frozen  
only little  
channel  
icebreaker broke  
for the oil  
to carry  
weather forgery.

We are alchemists  
after all  
bent over our copper  
bellies our steaming  
pipes, quiet  
skin of the back,  
the little back  
that never talks,

the snow world  
it always is  
out there,  
the grainy surface  
we need for speed  
the grit of gone  
Channel in the river  
northward  
the drift of mind.

16 February 2015



=====

I wanted to say  
more about who  
I thought you were—  
so much for me!

Silent as a tree  
in wind, all  
breath and no beginning,

you'll have to do  
it all yourself  
as if it were music  
and could listen.

16 February 2015

## VASE

Blue glass and what it does  
to light on its way through  
and how it throws it, say,  
splayed out on a blond wooden  
table top, surface flat and hard  
but here in the blue cast deep  
the light goes in, invites us  
to go down into the color where  
something more than light is stored.

16 February 2015

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e

= = = = =

I don't care what they tell me  
there are people living under the hills  
not necessarily what you visualize  
when you hear the word people  
but some of them, o some of them  
walk on the evening roads as soft  
as Scottish maidens on their way  
to kirk of minstrelsy, I sweat it,  
I have seen demure magicians,  
compassionate prestidigitators  
hurrying worrisome thoughts  
out of my mind with deft  
blond moves of their slim hands,  
leaving me clean to think of them,  
just of them, their histories,  
their silent goings up and down  
amongst us. And some of them  
are otherwise, and they mean too.

16 February 2015

## ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY C.M.

A swan  
with a pool  
under him  
and a personal  
sky above—

the Middle Ages  
never left  
the earth,  
they are the earth,  
the pagan time  
when religion  
was a playtime thing  
a Sunday movie  
while the real  
was down there

fish and beaver  
man and wolf.  
Only a woman  
could tell the difference.

16 February 2015

= = = = =

**Do your work without shovels  
and the snow drifts back into the sky.  
Do your work without a spoon  
and the milk leaps out of the tea  
back into the bottle, back into the cow.  
If we untool the operation,  
everything reverts to its natural situation  
scary as it is. No wonder I see  
the can opener in your fist, the blue-  
glint of the garden shears,  
the hedge trenbling in the wind.**

**16 February 2015**

= = = = =

Confined  
to what she knows  
she goes

breaks her way  
into luminous  
ignorance

alone, no  
fellow to noise  
around her

but no silence  
tp appal,  
she just unknowns

all that,  
the dust  
of getting here

and she is here,  
pale room  
crimson carpet

one goldfish  
in its little bowl

but it speaks

the way  
things do  
in the open language

free of words,  
all hush and hum,  
all liberty

there is a sofa  
even for  
her to sit down.

17 February 2015

**= = = = =**

**What does it matter  
if it means? The clock  
has pretty hands  
and like any child  
hardly knows what  
damage they do.  
So suddenly  
out of nowhere  
it is today.**

**17 February 2015**



= = = = =

**This jungle filled with snow  
heaped higher than a wife**

**trees impersonate me  
going about tall businesses**

**while I crouch inside anything  
afraid of every temperature**

**every flex of nature's muscles]  
Will I ever overcome this fear?**

**Does a red leaf manufacture autumn?  
And why is green?**

**17 February 2015**

## **A TENOR IN ROSSINI**

**He sings a high D  
quickly in passing  
but we stay there  
dwelling in his stratosphere  
while he sails down  
to easier (not easy)  
altitudes safe in the octave.  
So here we are,  
above the music,  
free of all that tune and narrative,  
blank as an angel  
resting between messages.  
But what we're doing  
is not waiting. It's something  
else, between being and not-being,  
hearing keenly  
what's not there to be heard.**

**17 February 2015**

## **RATIONAL**

**Can there be something heard  
when the blue flash  
walks through your window?**

**It's a matter of clothing,  
ping pong paddles, silverplate  
trophies, mantelpieces**

**o my goodness such drekh  
we bother our houses with  
and then the morning comes**

**over the Taghkanic Revolution  
and the snowy fields of Ancram  
resist intelligible comparisons**

**there is no place but this  
as if the night itself is saying  
not that you can see it now**

**morning is a hypothetical  
in this equation, remember  
that math you did so well**

in high school, well it won't  
help you now, too many  
unknowns, not one function

specified, i.e., a sorites  
only, a heap of looks like snow  
but who knows, you only

get a fraction of a second  
radiated by the blue light  
yet from this your whole

ontology gets formulated,  
books written, women  
wooed and wed. Chance

was your mother and anyhow  
the inspector of theories stays  
trapped in his snowbound bungalow.

17 February 2015

= = = = =

**I am driven by sentences  
they make sense of me**

**they drive the spine**

**the arc of sound  
yearns for its silence**

**its own special silence  
the only one those  
words those sounds  
can find rest in,**

**its lover, it carries  
the words there  
eager for that quiet bed.**

**18 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Smack your lips  
at what gets said**

**lick the silence off  
the almost heard**

**18 February 2015**

= = = = =

**How many people  
have to show up in a mural  
so the whole thing  
is not just a wall?**

**And what's wrong with a wall?  
The second-sweetest  
character in Shakespeare was a wall  
and walls hear everything.**

**And without walls, several walls  
in fact, there could not be a room  
and a room is what makes us human,  
a little place where only you are you.**

**So give me some walls and a window  
and I'll give you the earth, or the song of,  
of Mahler, Homer, the Venus of Praxiteles  
looks in and smiles at me sleeping.**

**18 February 2015**

## **SLEIGHTS**

**1.  
Just being sure of it  
is light enough.  
The battery dies down  
on cold nights, stores  
just enough juice  
to begin. I am cold  
in my office as I say  
this. Be warm  
in your wherever  
as you listen.  
I'm using the wrong  
words again  
for what we're doing  
now. We are in words  
on screen or book,  
words. Things  
you can think, hardly  
hear anymore.  
So I say listen to me  
forget what I mean,  
I mean nothing,  
no more than the hill.**



2.

I suppose then you're  
going to ask What hill?  
Say Stissing Mountain  
haunch of a sleeping panther  
drowsing north, or simple  
Overlook between  
river and reservoir,  
a god-house halfway up it—  
either of those will do.  
Something mostly  
rock. Something  
anybody at all can see.

3.

Language is all sleight of tongue,  
say this, mean that, say much  
mean nothing at all. Sound  
is sense enough. Who made us  
live this way, where we think  
we are communicating (an old  
word the meant giving  
one another gifts) when we speak?  
Who made us speak? Say  
something to the nice lady

**they told me, look up at her,  
don't look away, be polite,  
say something. Say. Slowly  
the trick is learned. Suppose  
it really does work, and the nice  
lady goes home with something  
warm in her heart where  
the words went in. Imagine  
what it's like, a word on its way  
into someone new. Hear me,  
it says, I'm here to stay.**

**18 February 2015**

**YESYES**

**1.  
it says, Ouija,  
I answer  
all questions  
the same way.  
Your hands,  
my dear, your  
hands.**

**2.  
So we do it  
as a way of touching  
someone else  
and letting the Etheric  
Fluid run between  
each person and the next  
building up a massive  
Etheric Presence  
in the group. Touch me  
darling, he meant,  
I will always say yes.**

3.

So the planchette the little  
heartshaped chip of wood  
skitters round the board  
stopping here and there  
at letters that spell out  
the answers to all  
your wuestions. Yes,  
darling, I always will.

4.

The board knows  
the answer to every  
question is yes.  
Oui. Ja. Pick a language  
and I'll agree in it  
with anything you say.  
Because you're you,  
because the Etheric  
bla-bla-bla runs through us  
both and leaves each  
uneasy sans the other.  
Hence, yes. Yes. Yes.

18 February 2015

= = = =

If it was something  
you looked for  
you would find it  
just where the stream  
bends round, even  
now, almost frozen,  
just a yard-wide flow  
where a little river went.  
But if you don't look  
it will come to you,  
what can it do but find  
someone to find it,  
here, here it actually is.

18 February 2015

## **TIBETAN NEW YEAR**

*Shing-lug lo-gsar*

**he month of the mind  
is always beginning.**

**19 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Does earth know  
when to begin again?**

**The sun says something  
but who does the listening?**

**19 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Am I a preacher  
giving the same old sermon  
year after year?**

**In the parish of love the  
parish of art the church of mind?**

**And even if so,  
it's you who send me all these Sundays  
to light up with saying**

**and saying again.**

**19 February 2015**



= = = = =

**Standing on the other side  
reach for some supermarket flowers—  
big daisy-like affairs, Peruvian lilies,  
little red what-are-they—**

**carry them to the cold hospital  
for a friend just discharged and gone.  
Now these dame flowers get offered  
to Mind alone, here, where you find them.**

**20 February 2015**

= = = = =

**There always has to be one line  
in every poem that is sheer mystery—  
humble or profound doesn't matter,  
mystery is all. Something your thought  
can dance with while the music flows.**

**20 February 2015**

= = = = =

To have come home  
from where it's been  
and find it gone already  
the place you thought  
was yours. Nothing is.  
The winter has eaten  
my heart, how did it  
manage it, I thought  
my own heat was enough  
for every weather. Doctors  
call me a 'curiosity,' what's  
wrong they can't be sure,  
ponder now and then  
calmly about me as I myself  
lie here motionless, weak,  
a riddle to myself and all.

20 February 2015  
(thinking about Ken Irby)

**IT'S ONLY WHEN YOU TOUCH SOMEONE  
that the sun sets beyond the mesa  
and the person you love steps out from  
a terrible shadow of your human mind  
and stands there with your hands  
tentatively on her or his skin.  
Then the desert has some meaning—  
that's why you came here, you crazed  
Canaanite, Lilith-lover, lesbian  
as an owl, able to drink shadow  
as water enough. How timid lust is!  
Give it a kiss and it swoons away.  
Rocks and lizards scuttle about,  
a stick points to the moon that skeptic  
high school teacher in the sky  
always blaming you, have you noticed?  
If only you could be Jewish. If only  
the prophet had had you in mind—  
enough he sent you tea and toast  
by raven's beak and far away. Clouds  
have an odor too, wear sunlight  
under your clothes, now reach out  
and really touch him. Her. Again.  
Your fingers itch for his name,  
later you shape her name and stretch  
it taut over sticks, a tent to live in.  
But you and the desert keep moving away.**

20 February 2015

## **BITTER**

**Think of how it goes:**

**amer = bitter  
mère = mother  
mer = sea**

**Mary < Miriam:**

**mr = bitter**

**yam = sea**

**Miriam is Mary is the one who has tasted bitterness  
and made it into the life-giving sea, Miriam/Maryam  
takes in the bitterness and makes it, what, a child, a  
god, who comes to bless, save, serve, a world?**

**Not bittersweet like flowers or chocolate—really bitter,  
like accepting someone’s word into your body and  
caring for it, bearing it out in the world: your child but  
not your own. From you but not of you — what pain that  
must be for every mother.**

**And we too are Amer/ica, the bitter land, a harsh bird  
cries out in the forest, a fox screams, wind howls in  
hollow rocks in your desert, yours, you are the *rica*, the  
rich woman, America.**

**But then I love all your names.**

**20 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Ring den  
where the Rhine  
mouths its musts  
and women listen.**

**That is maybe music.**

**Wrestle with me there,  
a risen owner of a naked word  
soft glove to hamper it  
let at long lust plunge in.  
Thee river. Thee half-  
forgotten song some  
body else is singing**

**but you hear it in your bones,  
we, we in thee  
particular,**

**just our story,  
how strange we are,  
skin is called hide because  
we do,  
                    story in story wrapped  
and you don't know his  
name until he's gone.**

**It is bound down in thee,  
sigh coming, answer slow,  
down, real down,  
follow the flower  
to its mealy root,  
thin, thin a touch,**

**send down in thee,  
thee, the feel  
skin leaves on skin.  
rough heard man's hands  
tell too? But not a man.  
Not a touch. The story told.**

**21 February 2015**

= = = =

Listen far off  
to a rune tune—  
that's all I muttered,  
something to sleep you  
into an alien waking,  
and alien's the best ,mode.  
mood of the other  
you wake into,  
the raw boy, the kit girl,  
after-hours song of breaking glass  
we all get the same sun  
honey she said but  
not in the same eyes.

21 February 2015



= = = = =

**Sometimes I feel like a singles bar  
where thoughts come to link together,  
sometimes I run out of words  
the tap runs dry, the white  
truck breaks down along the way.**

**21.II.15**

= = = = =

**The damage is done.  
I looked into the future  
and it's there. Language.  
Tomorrow after tomorrow  
like the play. Know nothing  
about coming to a stop. Goes on  
forever. Our fault. Because  
we make up Time as we go along.**

**Time, like geology, is only  
what we notice when we notice.**

**21 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**So if you vanish  
for a year or two  
the tender games  
our language  
used to play  
find other mouths,  
other messages. You  
angel out of work  
come home!**

**21 February 2015**

**RED**

**CAUSES**

**GREEN**

**white remembers.**

**Cast characters by color—**

**can you hear me yet, Purple?**

**This is the audition we see, see through—**

**Angels' wings tickle us  
all over.**

**2.**

**Try to tell the truth.**

**But what should you tell it?**

**That's where angels come in —  
truth happens**

**happens between people  
and only  
there is no other place  
for it to be.**

**21 February 2015**

**MANI-KHOR**

**The prayer wheel  
brings you  
always back  
to the beginning  
the blessed place  
the necessary space  
to be,  
to begin again.**

**21 February 2015  
*(thinking of A.L.)***

= = = = =

**My vessel sails direct to Samarqand  
across empty seas and desert land—  
not the town that's really there  
but a blue city loud chanting in the mind  
scriptures written down before the world.**

**And there loud marble fountains talk  
the day's heat shimmer and is gone  
and we dwell with the dákinis again—  
nymphs that wise men try to understand.**

**22 February 2015**

= = = = =

**See, if you don't write it now  
now will never get said.  
And despite what you read in books  
now is the only now we ever have.**

**22 February 2015**

= = = = =

**On the way up  
a silver tree  
someone  
walking in the snow.**

**22 February 2015**



= = = = =

I like what happens  
when we're in touch,  
the images heat up  
or get wet and slip  
off the skin so fast  
we're never really sure  
this happened,  
whatever it is, or was,  
or will be. Will we?

22 February 2015

= = = = =

How could I tell  
my side of the story  
without you?  
You are the story  
in the first place  
and there is no second.

The snow is terrifying  
but irrelevant. The cold  
is not natural, but that  
belongs to a different  
discourse. Not ours.  
We are stuck with  
wonderfully who we are.

Says me. I have waited  
too long to say it,  
you are the only  
I have to say, the only.

23 February 2015

If it were enough  
a rose. Or red one  
or red ore, cinnabar,  
iron oxide. But it's  
grammar that charms  
grammar that lifts  
the silken shift off  
a maiden, grammar  
understands us  
while we sleep.

23 February 2015

= = = = =

**Coins and keys  
I dreamt  
thought they had  
to stay together**

**the dream said no  
coins go in an envelope  
a key lives on a chain  
how stupid I am**

**the dream explained,  
some things have holes  
and some are solid  
it takes so long to understand.**

**23 February 2015**

= = = = =

Bones ache in this cold  
*Bein* means leg,  
that kind of bone.  
A car idles in the driveway.  
Languages change.

23 February 2015

= = = = =

There are boundaries  
and desires. The genome  
of love is not known.  
Art is the research  
into such biology. Love. Decay.  
Remembrance. Piece by piece  
the ocean was assembled  
then one spark turned it all  
into water. That's how we happen  
too. You decide at a certain moment  
(but who wound up that clock,  
rang the bell, whistled beneath  
your window?) that everybody  
is your lover or no one us.  
They all of them are worth your attention  
even if not all of them worth  
that part of your mind called skin.

2.

This winter was at us.  
Yes, I'm being personal,  
we are persons, people,  
animals, weather, all.  
We have done something  
that disturbed the elements.  
The polkar vortex howls

down to chide us.  
You'd think I think  
the whole world is alive—  
how could it not be,  
all of it, all your lovers,  
all of one mind.

3.  
Maybe I thought this way  
because I couldn't sleep,  
the argument of sixteen below  
woke me before the sun.  
We keep saying numbers  
to each other, numbers hurt,  
fascinate us, make us pray  
for a change in the counting.  
As if we live by digits now  
instructed by our wise machines.

4.  
Which brings me back to you.  
You are the reason, radical.  
But my eyes hurt, a yawn  
comes out of the sky.  
You're asleep and I am why.

5.

Slowly the cars appear  
shyly on the ice-grey road.  
Two days ago I learned—  
don't ask me how— that  
I can talk with trees,  
adolescent saplings very talkative,  
tall trees rich, memorious, informed.  
Makes the city seem like solitude—  
no wonder it scares me, so few  
quiet quiet people just standing around.

6.

But I haven't gotten to tell you yet  
what things I think they told,  
maybe it isn't true completely yet,  
real conversations need time  
and trees have more of it than we.  
Even now they too are waking  
and we are the dreams they share.

24 February 2015



= = = = =

**Curt music,  
skill's best  
small sharp  
blade to separate  
ideas from things  
or light from the sky.**

**24 February 2015**

= = = = =

**If in lieu of desire  
judgment should walk  
weary through your**

**mind, what do?  
Close your eyes  
imagine the orchards of Rimmon**

**where you have never been.  
A gleaner walks towards you  
slim, gender not clear yet**

**in all the distances  
you imagine between you  
coming close.**

**There, that's  
how it is. You are alone  
with what you need.**

**24 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Down Gerritsen Beach where  
Kent was drowned the long  
sewer conduit rode out to sea  
a tunnel big as a room across  
and on it walked and some could swim  
and so on in the land-edge way  
all fear and beautiful and cold.**

**That pipe is clear in mind  
but the water dark ago,  
who needs such revenants,  
ghost of someone I barely knew  
and maybe they're the weirdest  
kind, the unknown unknown,  
not your dead mother's voice  
calling you in the woods you think,**

**but maybe you don't know your mother too.**

**24 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**The kettle tells  
the teapot listens  
the cup explains  
the mouth understands.**

**25 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Everything should tell the truth.  
And will if you listen.  
But listening is hard  
and might be dangerous,  
hard things turn into stone.  
And I was marble once, or porphyry.**

**25 February 2015**

## **IN GLACIAL COUNTRY**

**The shape of a drumlin  
or Stissing Mountain  
slopes away to the south  
pointing where the glacier went.**

**Of course there were trees  
on Pendle Hill, back then  
the trees were everywhere.  
And wolves. And nobody knows.**

**25 February 2015**

= = = = =

**The shimmering uncertainty  
of the physical world  
alarms me. Nothing  
solider than a thought  
really, and how it falls  
away from under us,  
idle image, idle images.**

**25 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Coming to the end of something  
is not different from a dog.  
A fence between empty houses.  
Or. Your absence when I want you.  
A humiliation called silence.  
All those Latin words that hurt us.  
Kill us, finally. There are trees  
that still grow on the top of the hill,  
pines mostly, eagles live there.  
I stare at them in the distance  
busy at their murderous beauty  
and know I'll never understand  
anything. But know I have to go on.**

**25 February 2015**



= = = = =

**I have translated this from the Greek Anthology  
but not all the way. I leave most of it  
to you, in fact, there is a goddess named Phoibe  
who lives in what we call the sun  
but before we got here it was a shivery place,  
all girlish and despondent and needy  
the way sunshine still is, lying flat  
on every surface, chasing the sweet shadows.  
How can we live without our shadows?**

**25 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Or a book for children  
in large print  
words shouting the story  
clear as elephants**

**or a single word written  
by fingertip in the steam  
left on the mirror after the one  
you live with took a shower**

**or maybe three words.**

**25 February 2015**

## **OPENING THE DEGREES**

**the symbols are content  
yo rest in your mind  
until recognized—  
your fears don't help much  
but maybe make you  
breathe a different way.  
It's then the symbol  
catches the new rhythm  
of your breath and begins  
to speak. The Master  
of the Lodge explained all this  
without a word — a smile,  
a pat on your chin, a puff  
of his breath just where you  
had no choice but breathe it in.**

**25 February 2015**

= = = = =

One word follows another  
and then another — the baker  
runs out of his rye flour  
the train runs on iced-over tracks—  
I knew his daughter though, her image  
cuts brunette across my mind.  
For I am her lover too, words  
follow words without much meaning,  
prune butter in his hamantashen,  
a hawk on the a linden tree — love  
is everywhere, it pervades us  
like time, no way not to be  
and not to be any kind of history.  
The baker smacks his daughter  
for hanging around with me,  
the dough pouts in his oven,  
her skirt was red wool, one line  
follows another, there is order  
here but we'll never find it.  
We stayed together till daylight,  
dawn's *tandaradei*, old song  
and the lines keep going,  
I was one too, line after line  
leading away, away inside you, gone.

25 February 2015



= = = = =

**Let's assume the leaves and needles  
eat the snow when it vanishes from trees.  
Gravity is overrated, one more late  
Renaissance conceit, all sprezzatura  
and tumbling stockings. And apples,  
those grenades from Satan's armory.  
Let's assume that all things are alive  
as we are, if and as we are, thinking  
this and eating that and breeding  
according to our kind. Let's assume  
philosophy was some weird detour  
through gravel pits and volcano country  
on the way to poetry. Let's assume  
poetry is so beautiful just because  
and because it seldom tells us what to do.**

**26 February 2015**

= = = = =

The yew trees by my porch assume  
gradually forms tall and conical  
nourished by snow and car exhaust—  
they shield me from the setting sun,  
I take them for my friends,  
missionaries from a quiet world  
I sometimes have the wit to hear  
and listen to and even to believe.

26 February 2015

## **FORENSICS**

**From instrument to instrument  
a science dances. How  
can we tell a mural from your skin?  
Strange decisions life makes us make—**

**like subjective sin and objective sin  
(deliberate harm vs. accidental such  
for instance) which one of us can know  
causality so well she can decide?**

**Most any wife can and rightly so.  
Judge by appearances, no other evidence.  
Be careful what you see — presumption  
lingers like the taste of licorice.**

**26 February 2015**



= = = = =

**Be narrower than a wall  
be hollow, be a door  
come back and live with me  
the house said to the sky**

**(but a sky is so far away  
and a house is so slow,  
the slowest friend you know)  
so we can be together**

**sleep or wake or listen  
or what is the opposite of see  
what's the opposite of window  
have you heard the voice of a door?**

**26 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Help one another heal.  
Hawai'i. On the horizon  
Molokai. The wind  
comes straight up  
out of the sea. A cliff  
is there where you are me.  
One night it forgot to dream.**

**26 February 2015**

= = = = =

Locks are eyes  
I always knew it  
crafty young  
colors look out of the air,  
stare into the tumbled  
bedclothes of the heart  
sprawled over a silence—

we are people  
we are sealed.  
Not even light  
can set us free.

But when the eyes close  
the locks all open.  
and we are unsealed. We lift  
something heavy  
and sling it aside, now  
we possess identities  
or held tight by them  
who knows what, we don't care.  
we are, alive as never,  
female and male  
and all the other lingos too.

26 February 2015

*for Brian Wood*

= = = = =

Said so many things yesterday  
what's left for now? *Películas*  
*hoy*, movies today, the images  
are always here, always moving,  
it said so on the old marquee  
near the bridge when I was young  
and I remembered. It told me  
the images keep telling stories,  
not theirs, not yours maybe,  
but somebody's narrative. Face  
of a weeping woman. A god.

26 February 2015

= = = = =

*(from seven lines dreamt)*

When it says  
Jacob,  
    Jacob  
isn't the whole  
Bible hammering  
down on us,

that I am Jacob  
and the world blames me,  
how could it other,  
reproaches me  
for what I let  
it do to me.

Isn't that  
what *dasein* does?

Oh only the shape of this is true,  
short lines leading  
into the desert and out again

into the maybe I am  
and maybe it's you.  
Who dreams me?

**27 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Things come to us early  
but I'm late. I see  
sunrise sometimes,  
sunset always.**

**It is a kind of negotiation  
with Aunt Time,  
that madwoman we keep  
locked in our brain.**

**27 February 2015**

**= = = = =**

**Alternatives to going.**

**Lemon slice.**

**Picture book tiger.**

**Everything frightens me  
a paper tiger is always mean  
a real tiger sometimes sleeps  
or drowns stuffed, almost satiated.**

**27 February 2015**



= = = = =

Who is that woman on the hill  
how many homeless  
have died in this weather  
coldest month in my lifetime  
Our destroying angel's made of numbers

I would be warmer in another room  
hear the old house creak at night

what does wood know?

Some questions are not questions  
pipes full of hot water  
in winter one sits in the sun if one can  
throwing self on the mercy of the elements

how far will you trust the world  
this code-protected rodeo  
there are horses aren't there  
ride or walk  
you have to mind your way  
across the sand  
arena — in the ring  
the fighters wrestle

women in spangles and mud.  
Oh yes I have seen gods in Guatemala  
on the day Nine-Knife,

when I was a child  
neighbor children nursed dolls  
porcelain head on the pillow body

later I saw you on TV  
landslide loss  
pheasants in the cornfield once  
a frequent sight.

Flight  
as steps or from the steeple  
blue pigeon near the four corners  
she tried to save from a hawk

cat climbing snow  
prowling, everything  
later will have to be deciphered  
one rose at a time.

27 February 2015

= = = = =

**Maiden indolent  
intellect  
all this is gasping  
on the way to opera  
getting the meaningless  
ready for music —**

**take off your sense and sing  
why don't you write home  
I am your lost brother  
don't you remember or lover  
look down at your wrist  
that's me you see  
pulsing greenblue vein.  
Turn energy into the word  
so that it means, then falls  
behind the hastening canoe —  
vacate the vessel, let the boat  
go over the rapids alone —**

**you need land to breathe on,  
wade ashore, stay there.  
Language will always let you —  
Madonna blue-robed, coiffed**

with her own dark hair, looks at you  
from every tree. Deity pervades.  
You're safe now.

Far downstream  
the empty canoe invades the river.

Grammar is like that — the forms  
endure. You're here  
in the silence — birds all round you  
but they won't speak.  
Not till you implore the Virgin  
or any other tree. But mean it,  
that's the hard part. Mean it.

27 February 2015

= = = = =

**Alternate realities  
between lunch and dinner —  
the darkness holds  
what Jelly Roll called  
“the Spanish tinge” —**

**every time you meet  
a piano the actual changes.**

**Slip into something more comfortable,  
visit Bermuda.**

**27 February 2015**

= = = = =

**Waiting for the spirit**

**a colored line  
drawn across the page  
changes everything,**

**as above, so below.**

**The mystery  
is in our hands,  
how much they can do,  
how much we can know  
from what that doing tells.**

**We are on the corner  
of the world. The word  
rebukes us.**

**We rest our soft backs  
on hard lampposts  
seeking compromise,  
an equipoise:  
the man in the woman.  
Sky clean of birds.**

**27 February 2015**

= = = = =

**A controversy of trees —  
who is your mother?**

**Albino weather, blue  
flecks before the eyes,**

**we are floaters in Atlantis —  
we are the drowned republic,**

**the churchbell you hear  
crashing beneath the waves.**

**28 February 2015**



= = = = =

**Because I believe  
everything I think  
you are at risk.**

**You banish me  
to a tiny island  
called The Earth**

**and here I linger  
trapped by my opinions  
trying to stop thinking —**

**oh blessed poetry  
shows us how  
to mean without meaning.**

**28 February 2015**

= = = = =

Things hurt after a while.  
They know what they're doing  
and the point is we share  
their pain. Iliad after Iliad,  
Dada in Zurich, snow on the ponds,  
a cat trying to keep warm in one  
patch of winter sunlight — *uguale*  
as Pound says, all the same.

28 February 2015

**= = = = =**

**Notice when someone touches you —  
do you feel the flesh of the hand  
or the bone? There are two  
people in each one.**

**28 February 2015**

= = = =