2-2015

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

1 February 2015
After a while
one gets used
to what there is
or seems to be.
This is called living.

1 February 2015
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
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 philosophs, and all
others with their minds on something else.
1 February 2015

= = = = =

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
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
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\textsuperscript{th} 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
And sometimes the cateally 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
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
= = = = =

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
= = = = = = [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
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
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
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 4th,
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 4th, 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 4th, 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 toi 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
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
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
Everybody 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
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
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♭ 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 honester 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
ture 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
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
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
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
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 lorder 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 midnight.
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
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
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 unknows

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

got 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

eye the spine
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 questions. 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.
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-theys—

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 America, 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.
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 Samarkand 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’t 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
you 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 somtimes 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 drowses 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 nosed 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