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= = = = =

**We owe it to our language
not to change
our names for places when they do.
Call it Persia, Siam, Peking,
Calcutta, Königsberg, Leghorn,
Constantinople. Let history
loose on us, let time speak.
Call yourself anything you like
but I'll still call you you.'**

1 May 2015

SANTA ROSA

**There,
 under the olive tree
where the ripe
fruit crushes dark red
beneath the feet
staining our summer skin
once,
 in the abandoned convent,
ghosted by exalted desires —
vision clear, eyesight poor —
we wandered through the commas
of an absent text.
 How bitter their fruit!
Crack them, pack them in salt,
leave them to time.**

1 May 2015

= = = = =

Cavernous man-thought
no virile sunshine
can coax leaves out
only She'll lure them
out into the evident.
Of course I tend to see
Nature as the sex life of the mind,
the mind, the one that thinks us —

we are not the playthings of the gods
we are their *play*

and there are no gods
and we are they.

2.
That's how the ode starts,
sonata-form, from
the obvious to the hidden
causes then back
to the soft obvious again.
The skin of your arm
on the skin of my shoulder,
waking, spring morning

a day off, they say,
first in weeks, but why
off? When here at last
the world is on?

3.
Right down to these
leaves finally appearing,
new pale new green
tentative, anybody home
out there? They're asking
and here we are
clutched in the wild
dangers of the world,
the-one-thing-thing-after-another-thing
banana in a monkey's hand,
sweet, shapely, no more lasting than that.

4.
Or isn't that a good analogy?
Who needs one anyhow?
The girl was driving too fast,
the car too efficient, the night too long,
the tree too firm. I read it
in the paper, the car was yellow,
bright yellow, open, peeling

into the dawn, they're all dead now,
the law can protect us
from everyone but ourselves,
every moral has a story,
we go to the beach,
only the ocean comes home.

5.

Use long sentences
the way you play pool
a way of studying
the lay of things
and how to move,
win harmlessly,
lose without pain.
A real sentence
comes to a real end.
Don't bark out phrases
at me, I know
you're desperate, we all are,
but there are lots of us here,
we need more than one slim canoe.
Sing long sentences round us,
tow us to safety on the other side.

6.

Where all this came from,
love and war, frogs and clouds,
old men bitching at pinching shoes,
young men battling the sky.
There is no one left to impress —
we're all celebrities now,
my selfie kisses your selfie
in the pixelated night and nobody
even knows, *images*
at last replace the man
I translate from Tuscan
a phrase Dante never wrote
though that's what he was thinking
by the time he smelled the rose.

2 May 2015

= = = = =

**Green ginneth,
mourning doves
lamenting but she
this early heard
the oriole!
At our window.
Men love springtime
because always
it seemeth to mean
more than things
can ever mean. So hope they say
is dressed in green.**

2 May 2015

= = = = =

**The people next door
have a party
all year long.
They call it the world
but I know better.
The real world
hasn't started yet —
only when there's silence
will it come,
dressed in an utterly
different shade of blue.**

2 May 2015

= = = = =

Why shave your head?

— to see my skull before I die.

2.v.15

= = = = =

**Vitamins before breakfast —
what is this, a New Yorker poem,
where everything is just the way it is
only more so? Never trust
an Irishman who doesn't drink —
that means me. Cleanliness
is neck-and-neck with godliness.
Like Firing Line with American misspelt
Pharoah at the Derby, weep no more,
my lady, it all has gone away,
the parables and paradoxes are just Kleenexes
drifting in the warm spring breeze. Warm!
After such a winter you wouldn't believe!
Am I lying, Harry? You tell me.**

3 May 2015

= = = = =

**Secular sonnets are something else —
grey ink on grey paper make sure
nobody reads poetry these days. Grump.
Extreme grump — my views she
characterized as harsh on most issues.
Most things. Then why am I smiling all the time?
Risus sardonicus. Retraction of lips, contraction
of cheek muscles — teeth show —
sign of rigor mortis. Now just wait one minute,
muse, I'm still breathing, walking around, blaming
people,
I can't be extinct yet. Or does the mind have
a death-smile of its own, a practiced tension
suddenly released, the usual meaning
meaningless now, all thought hollow as a skull?**

3 May 2015

= = = = =

**Everything could be listening —
the moon even,
that Confucius-looking
wise-face in the sky.
Breathe in and hold your peace.
Summerland is only for the dead —
the undeparted live in weather.
How many bites before you become a dog?**

3 May 2015

= = = = =

Acting in the cauldron
a lacquer not a stain
to leave the actual
layered on you
intact as the stiletto
beat of a woodpecker
(Mary's picus) in the old dead tree.
Staccato, I mean,
but sounds turn into weapons
where I come from
down there in the streets of desire.

4 May 2015

= = = = =

Dark enough to see —
pelican breasting on a bollard
waiting or digesting.
Everything is visible
nothing is clear.
I think of my sister
in Vero Beach, how
far away the close
things are, the quiet
friends, everything
getting ready to begin.

4 May 2015

= = = = =

**Layer it on
he meant,
until the signs
come through
the merely seen.**

4.v.15

= = = = =

Eleven was the strangest age to be
not one thing and not the other,
age of the mirror, I looks at I,
wondering it all changes.
By the time you realize nothing changes
you're a hundred years old
with children of your own.
It's the number's fault — go back
to counting on your fingers —
they at least can
scratch an itch or caress a cheek.

4 May 2015

= = = = =

Work your pen for breakfast —
then write the villainelle
I'm afraid to write,
lovers waking, things come round,
dawn waking never breaking,
night a satin comforter
athwart their tousled limbs —
you know, that poem, you
know how to do it, the words
are in your lap now, the many, the sleek
gorgeous smithereens.

4 May 2015

= = = = =

That genital smell
out there, the leaves
spring green
in warm air,
like an Ilya Repin
painting—who knew
better than he to paint
the air between
one thing and another?
Intense sexuality
of distances alone.
Kilometers imply
a beloved, and someone
hurrying that way
with the fullest heart.

MADERA

**And a woodpecker
again, knowing
his way
into the material
itself,
where alone
is found the life
sustains us
here in this
imperious atmosphere —
breathe me or die.**

4 May 2015

DÉPÊCHE

**Hurry, hurry
the sun says —
so many heartbeats
so many breaths.**

4 May 2015

ARS SCRIBENDI

**Let he off hand dangle
then from the fingers
milk a come of words
the other hand writes down.**

**They teach this
on the prairies,
the words grow tall
as lush grasslands
in sly Nebraska.**

4 May 2015

= = = = =

**The day comes
towards us
with words
in its mouth,
kisses the ears
of all who let
themselves listen.
Without that
I could not live.**

4 May 2015

= = = =

**Near bee
or far bird?
The senses
depend.**

4.V.15

= = = = =

**Fool's paradise,
the yes
buried in every no.**

**Oh blessèd doubt
that says Not Yet.**

4.V.15

LAWN

**light all round,
this Turkish carpet-
imitating ground,
all leaf and brown
and line and shade,
all natural! Design
lives only in our eyes.**

4 May 2015

DECIDE EACH TIME

Who turns the page
who calls the tune
Old Mercy or *Go Down*,
who picks the word
off the list on the wall,
the word the dart
lands in when Love
puts down the cup
takes aim and casts
or does Love toss
blindly, let the dart
decide? The rest of us
in the crowded bar
all hold our breaths—
what will we do
with the word
Love chooses? What
words can we use
to mnake sense of Love
in an actual world
with doors and telephones
and hospitals and parks
dark riversides, pools
of streetlight far apart
and in between
the real life starts?

5 May 2015

= = = = =

Maybe I should relent.
Springtime is no time for doubt.
The flesh of difference
is a winding hill,
a tor with tower on it,
a salmon leaping the weir—

things like that
are what really understand me,
high things, quick tricks,
a Turkish carpet under your bare feet.

O Paradise comes easy to the mind.
Call this my after all apology—
I pretended everything was difficult,
groaned in sunshine and wrote books—
Now look at me, in love with listening.

5 May 2015

= = = = =

**Cautious raptors
in the woods
the clouds
spill vapor
and go home.**

5.V.15

BRONZE

aere perennius

A bronze woman
on a heap of rocks
perched, river
at her left hand
and no name.
Star-tipped her
pronged crown.
In the picture
she holds objects
I cant identify—
goddess of obscure
occupations, patron
saint of men who
work with broken tools,
women who trust
men, illiterate
teachers, interpreters
with no mother tongue.
I think she loves me.
She isn't the Virgin Mary
(no snake beneath her feet)
but there's something virgin
about her earnestness.
Simple industry. Work

**never ends. Once
you begin to practice
art you're found forever,
brazen, powerful,
with no consequence,
no river can wash you away.**

5 May 2015

= = = = =

**Start here.
The road
unrolls
from your
breath.
Every exhale
a kind of mile.
Soon there,
soon restless
ti be gone.
Never follow
anybody's map—
your guess
is good enough.**

5 May 2015

= = = = =

**The crow knows me
what to tell,**

**I celebrate
herewith my obedience.**

**Crows always know
how far to go ,**

**who to take with me,
who to let know.**

5 May 2015

= = = = =

**Ancient ink
gives way
to new saying,
write geek-ese
with a quill pen—
that'll show 'em.**

5.V.15

= = = = =

**They wait
for what they need
skittering upward
to meet the rapt stars.
Everybody in the cosmos
looks at them,
loves them. Feeds them
They
 are we,
 the universal
celebrities,
human species—
they raise us for our language
our milk of mind.**

5 May 2015

KETUBAH

for Ava and Bernard

**Ketubah made of stars
and beautiful shalt-nots,
silk socks,
soft strokes, guava paste,
palm fronds, phoenix eggs.
All these he guarantees.
And she in most exalted
reciprocity adds a clause
that confers on him
an exclusivity: he alone
may see the shadow cast
by her arm each morning
reaching high to raise
the window shade
on their burgeoning day.**

(5.V.15)

= = = = =

Why would a word
let you take it
in your mouth?
Doesn't it have somewhere
a home of its own?
And yet you hold it,
taste it, speak it
as if it were yours—
isn't there a god of such things,
a stricter permission?

5 May 2015

= = = =

(for Ketubah)

KeTuBah —

**something written,
a contract is a destiny
it is written
like Arabic KiTaB, a book.**

**The vowels are birds
that fly around in the mind
guiding us to the specific
kind of meaning meant.**

**And even this is written.
Is writing.**

**The way to hold your breath,
to hold your hands.**

**Feed me
Dress me
Bed me**

**of old
a wife is said
to have said**

**and by signing
the husband undertakes
to do those things.**

**But what does the wife
signify by signing?
She consents**

**to be defined
as if those three things
were her desire**

**and on some man
dependent, signs a writing
tells her what she wants,**

**what she is supposed to be
content with having.
But what does she really want?**

No book says that.

6 May 2015

= = = = =

Once a woman cost a lot of money.
200 *zuz* for a commoner,
ffour hundred for a *bat Kohen*.

But now the numbers are all changed,
all the birds flew away, the Saracens
besieged the tower. Only the gold

cock on the steeple still tells time.
The moon has set once for all.

6 May 2015

= = = = =

**Write down what you're thinking
right now — it may have meaning.
Things themselves are too far away—
you have to remember them, bridges,
train stations, cobbled street, bakery,
chapel. The doors are locked, the choir
done rehearsing. Take your words and go.**

6 May 2015

PLATH

**People say it was a game
they played
to live or die.
If he came home too late again
she would be dead.
There are games like that
deep in the warp
of what we are.
We all play them and we all die.**

6 May 2015

FOR LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

Heart forages there
among the seeable
for of senses few at
first it seems our
lusts be made yet
lissome choices
dance a pattern close
closeted within this
unsensed palaver of us
anxiously the world
this one and to come,
our mute theology of grief
from which it rouses us
something like joy though
what sort of word is that?

6 May 2015

MARRIAGE ONTRACT

(for Ketubah)

1.

Some hide the scroll
some hang it on the wall—
what a thing it is
to have it all written down
past and future,
bride price and prophecy,
the sly responsibility
words always reminding.

2.

Demanding. Every
is a hysterical middle
aged man begging
for the part of you
that he can carry away
and not worry, the you
you can spare, the ou
who needs nothing
from him. He imagines
this fondly. It feels
sometimes like a hip,
a breast, or the smooth
leather of a woman's purse
left behind on the banquette.

**Something you hardly
know is you. And he
gives nothing — not
for selfishness especially
but because he has nothing
to give — nothing portable
that way. He has forgotten
people live in a world
more or less together.
Wherever he is now, he's
always on the way home.**

3.

**Don't marry the man in the moon
or the man in the tree with the girl
roped to the branches beside him.
Don't marry the man with his head
kissing a book all day long and at night
wanting to discuss what he has read.
Don't marry the kudu with spiral horns,
don't marry the porcupine the narwhal
the lamprey the albatross the dog,
the animal that pretends to be speaking,
the animal who can't help but adore you.
Whatever you do don't marry the dog.**

6 May 2015

= = = = =

Gossamer becauses
sift through the thick air
summery with pollen and sunlight

on a day like this
you have to take full responsibility
for everything — animals

wait for you in the woods,
why not, they know what uou're feeling,
what you're thinking.

That's the conundrum of it:
animals know.
And we bigger ones don't, not really,

we're just decoys floating
on the sea of mind
waiting for a real thought to spot us

and swoop down out loud.
And then we think
we hear ourselves thinking

while fox and woodchuck smile to themselves.

6 May 2015

= = = = =

**Gift of sound
across the bend.
brow down
as if a word
could be more
than the noise
of it shattering
the deadly
calm of the ear.**

**Hearing is all.
Elegant phrases
wind whoosh,
mockingbird.**

6 May 2015

= = = = =

**Bracketed roundly
like a tree.**

**Give me
your pollen.
Apollo meant
destroying too.**

**Resemblance
is fatal.**

**Words
that sound alike
mean alike.
The terror
of this, the error
in us, that
we so hear.**

May 2015

= = = = =

**Thick sputum of sunlight
through leaves—**

**it takes the weather
to bloom a house**

**so suddenly windows
fill with color—**

**it's always the light
that decides,**

**another day spoken
on us. The decree.**

7 May 2015

= = = = =

**I *will* learn to write.
It will be hard
as cutting through sugarcane
with no machete but my hands—**

**to spread things wide open
without destroying!
Lips part as if they themselves
had all the answers.**

**All things are trees.
We speak their fruit.**

7 May 2015

= = = = =

**Listen! China
claims the moon!
It took us longer
than we thought
to start thinking.
While we have light!**

7 May 2015

LA CHIESA

for Chiara

**Polyglot virgins
arrayed around the apse.**

**On the altar a bare cup—
imagine the light
collecting in its glass**

**imagine the fortunate
congregant who comes
quiet up the nave**

**to drink that light—
now you know what
language is for.**

7 May 2015

= = = = =

**Not among the living
do I ply my trade,
My commerce is with
the undying, the ones
who speak and rule
and guide in silence.
To them I sell my breath.**

7 May 2015

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH

**Do these sooty stones
bear memory
of their future when
the fated architect
sketched them
in the air to which
ordinary men would
hoist them block
by block, into the simple
American low-church
sky? Did stones feel
the tragedy lurking
in his liberal gestures,
his pleasures taken
in the softer matter
of the world? The rock
looks mournful to me,
scarred, lichenous
with dark. Or is it prayer,
the noise we make
to God, to all
the other deities adored?**

7 May 2015

Rhinebeck

= = = = =

**The painful compromise
between the shoe and the foot
we call breaking-in,
a phrase employed also
for burglary. Violence
between content and container,
skepticism creeping in the chapel,
adultery. The foot tries
to outlast the shoe. Pressures
mount. Nothing is easy
when you're mortal —
Puck does right to laugh at us.**

8 May 2015

= = = = =

**What would a young poet
say about that girl on the corner
waiting for the bus, backpack
beside her, she leans
on the fence and smokes a cigarette.
But what would Yeats say,
watching from his leafy window,
or Paul Blackburn as he comes close
on the very bus she's waiting for?
And what would I say (her hair
one way her frame another, all
the weight on one hip, pivoting,
the bus squealing to a stop)
before she throws the cigarette away,
hoists the backpack and is gone?**

8 May 2015

= = = = =

The evident animal
lustrous on the lawn
pervasive. They say
“sunny” on the weather app,
and this is it, outspread
on what had been my lawn
only last night in the dark.
But now just look at it,
everywhere, layering out,
poking through leaves,
triumphant, maybe
only seeming to drowse.
And what if it should wake?

8 May 2015

= = = = =

**Too many too far
from me.**

**First a story
then a shadow.
Memory is the creation
of a past
that never happened,
a shadow only
cast by present pain.**

8 May 2015

= = = = =

**Scatter of small
birds through fence
sudden and gone.**

8.v.15

= = = = =

**Dateline disaster
stars roll around
their own sweet time
the politics of Little Britain
of childbirth, common sense
and all the vicious verities
abound. Tell a tailor
to sew a flag with
all the symbols taken off it,
a flag with nothing on it —
tell the sailor to
abbreviate the sea.
By nightfall the body
personal is all alone,
pray that its raptures
suffice for all.**

9 May 2015

= = = = =

**I am far from understanding
what I just said. In any case
I wasn't speaking to myself
but to you, "whoever you are,"
your job to make sense of it.
Our dance together, our little marriage.**

9 May 2015

= = = = =

**Fog gone sun come
I wanted to wake to veil
but woke to clear.
How disappointing
the actual is to a child!
It takes years to appreciate the real.**

9 May 2015

= = = = =

**We work so hard
to stay the same.
It's like a farm,
busy all day long,
every beast its own agenda,
the milk, the egg, the meat.**

9 May 2015

= = = = =

**And here I thought
this man belonged to me
because he was there,**

**and I was too, he saw me—
don't we belong to what we see?**

9 May 2015

= = = = =

**The red ink
veins mean
writes up
the words, you
breathe me.
To speak at all
is lungly. Purifies
the stream, renews
who we are.**

9 May 2015, NYC

= = = = =

**To be an American
is to speak
the wrong language
correctly.**

9.V.16, NYC

= = = = =

**The cab driver
gave us Namaste
with folded hands—**

**what do I give
with my body?**

**You give good hug
the girl said,**

**so I hold her
still in mind.**

9 May 2015 NYC

POETS

**Playthings of fortune
and odd chance,
for whom their mother
tongue is always
an acquired language.**

9 May 2015, NYC

= = = = =

Eloquent bodyness of dream —

touch is true

**they said, how hard it is,
for soft fingers to tell lies**

touch is true, skin
**is surface of the self
an offering,**

**from the self to the other
a thousand miles
instantly crossed**

the dream showed me how.

10 May 2015

= = = = =

**Bronze statuary
hard to read
— woman, with horses? —
on a wordless plinth.**

**Civic monument
to puzzlement —
look up at me
and be confused.**

10 May 2015

= = = = =

**Just because I don't know
doesn't mean nobody knows
does it? Or is there one
puzzle no one at all can
ever figure out?**

10.v.15

= = = = =

**Sharon is a summer rose
and scorns the spring,
sleeps late, uncovered,
nakedly shy, waits
till all the others have
dressed up and paraded around
got a little weary and come home —
then her moment comes and lasts,
dances sometimes till it snows.**

10 May 2015

= = = = =

**Don't take your anger
out on things —
things have feelings too,
share fellow feeling with other
things, can take revenge —
the slammed-down cup
may be avenged later that day
by a falling curtain rod —
it is one world we live in,
and nothing is ever alone.
And everything feels.**

10 May 2015

ALTAR

1.

**On your pale
I stretch my
ritual, long
as I can across
the shadow of mind
they call the skin.**

2.

**But there are shadows
of shadows too,
that is where
the words are born,
those inky animals
I gush on you.**

3.

We can't be sure.
Liberty begins
with a touch,

stroke the bell,
the brazen sounds,
in a mountain temple
an empty bowl
responds.

4.

Their quest for
authenticity—
pork pie hat, old
typewriter,
the blues—
led them to you

who scorned
all that and taught
never the authentic
only the real.

5.

**Late sun among
the roads. Love
reigns, the harsh
kindness of strangers,
the woman beside you
you come to know.
Takes years to tell.
Life a mere story
but bring that too,
heap on the altar.**

**10 May 2015
Rhinebeck &
Ways Corners**

= = = = =

**The blue you
see through trees —
color theory
starts right here.
The imperceptible difference
overwhelms the camera —
the blue shoots through
the ordinary eye —
shafts of otherness
through local
mother green
find us here.**

10 May 2015

= = = = =

Between comes home.
She haunts me
like you — *chaleur*
douceur, who knows
how skin feels
in another language?

10 May 2015

= = = = =

**Insinuations. Remorseless.
No one I want to look at,
no one I want to see.
Be. Personnel of afternoon,
car radio, departures.
To be close to the wall
at last. To be the wall.**

10 May 2015

= = = = =

**The howler monkey
and its howl—
business as usual
in the cratered day.**

**The growl out there
the mower man
mending nature,
chiiding the exuberance
of spring, gears grinding,
motor stunning
the poor mad morning.**

**I can be ordinary if I choose,
complain about heat and cold,
admire mountains and horizons.
Or can I? Aren't these
the greatest sins of all,
to do what everybody does.
and wear such uniforms out loud?**

11 May 2015

= = = = =

Things let me say what they mean.

**The egg shape of a plum tomato
thick-sliced for once, a drift
of basil, a hail of salt, a rain of oil**

**and so we try to make each silly thing we eat
into cosmology again. As if once
making a world were not enough—
eat, forget Lucretius, wipe your lips.**

11 May 2015

= = = = =

**One gets used to such things
a patch of sunlight on the lawn.**

11.V.15

= = = = =

**Umbrella and wind
and I have sinned.**

**Weather is the rod
of a stern God.**

**Big or small
karma rules all.**

11.V.15

= = = = =

Blackbird shrill

then silence.

Must mean.

Things do.

**Cries again,
shriller.**

Another.

11.V.15

= = = = =

**In leper-light, in dread
in the glorious vistas
only fear confers.**

**The light
gibbering in every corner,
streets crowded with
every stranger is a leper.**

**I lift the cloth and lick your eound,
we all have one, swelling or gash,
a cleft among the amplitudes,
the place where pain is hungriest,**

**and every touch is a contagion
and to that fatal kiss we must,
must, offer over and over our lips,
mouthing whatever comes to mind,**

**because fear cracks open the ordinary world
so everything is risk and everything is kiss.**

11 May 2015

= = = = =

**After the bell
stops ringing
it keeps ringing.
Something the ear
does to the mind.
Not always easy
to tell when things
stop if ever they do.**

11 May 2015

HUMIDITY

1.

**Sky scratch
squirrel in a cloud**

2.

**Pronounce me
the way you mean
me to be.**

3.

**Vans indeterminate
clutter morning
roads. Who knows
what can happen
inside. Anything.**

4.

**Be a sport.
The door
never locks
the dog
never looks.
Is that exactly**

what we mean?

5.

**Time after time
like a dumb song.
You need less
than you think.
Me too. Abrasive
upbringing wiped
me smooth.
You too. Made
in his image.
Whose?**

6.

**Call it rapture
if you like
we are all gone
into the light.
Remember?**

7.

**Oaxacan sausages
baked potato new
world food.
It looks like rain.**

**If only looks
could fall too
from the sky.
Water, water
is the measure of us.**

**8.
Breathless
as a line.
Count the citizens
who care
Easy as a banana
slips its skin
geometry coddles us
makes us think.**

**9.
Few things understood:
river and wood,
traffic lights, weary
gait of waitresses.
Opulent mornings
on the Delaware.
My father called her
Mona Lisa and**

you would be too.

10.

**We had to forget
so much
just to get here.
Provenance
of sunshine?
Don't be too sure.**

12 May 2015

NATURAL HISTORY

1.

**Do hummingbirds eat bumblebees
and if not, why does nature spare
every animal but us? An oriole
busy in the old orchard up the hill,
so many lurid resemblances.
We too migrate ten thousand miles
each day to be at home.**

2.

**Mosquitoes ride safe
the raindrops that would
crush them. Fact.
The nearer to the door you sit
the quicker you get out — but also
the faster the stranger finds you.**

3.

**The stranger in our midst.
You know who I mean.
Bees homing for the night.
Lucretius saying a quiet prayer
to Venus with half his heart.**

4.

**Mourning doves are on the lawn
again, and they find seed there
that No One scattered for them.
It turns out that all of us
live on *The Mysterious Island*
discovered by Jules Verne,
a hidden demingod nearby,
some bird I also don't recognize
hinting at me from the trees.**

12 May 2015

= = = = =

**A fresh leaf
finds me.
Bug-bitten,
windborne
already fallen,
still new green.
Falls now
further from me
when I reach
to hold it for
inspection.
But who am I
to look at anything?**

12 May 2015

= = = = =

1.

**Catch the fence
before it flies away,
everything lives.**

2.

**The edges of things
are what we can use,
the silences, the skin.**

3.

**There could be another
morning like this, or a movie
adaptation of it, starring names
for what are just feelings now,
time turned into color,
a girl on horseback in the clouds
playing this woman jogging
home on gravel roads.**

4.

**Or is that true
enough to have been said?**

**Words are curtains
behind which an old wizard
works our feelings—
and we have no little
dog to roust him out,
nothing but the soul.**

**5.
Which doesn't even exist
according to our best minds
and they have doubts about
the mind too. Blood
thinks its way through us
and we obey. Something
like that. Or have I
been reading the wrong
websites again, tattered
pages that blink on and off?**

**6.
So there might still be joy
and jouissance peculiar
to the human species.
I'm no philosopher
as must be obvious to you.**

I horde my precious silences.

13 May 2015

= = = = =

**The wind has done its work.
Clouds pass.
The woman jogs back home.
This is the world
of hers and ours.
Sunglasses, sweaters,
writing things on paper.
The ozone layer.
Smell of seaweed on the beach.
People. Compromise.
The taste of salt.**

13 May 2015

LITERATURE

**is the last resort
when all the other
sciences are closed.**

**Professionalism works by exclusion, banishing risks,
guesswork, improvisation, charm. Research is shaped by
whatever or whoever pays the researcher. The sciences are
just as much part of late capitalism as the fashion industry or
auto manufacturing.**

**Voice be still
and let the sun
anneal your asperities.**

14 May 2015

= = = = =

Late come to leaf
o Lady
we stare into the sky
trying to trace
your footsteps
coming to
us and going back.

14 May 2015

ESTUARY

**How wide the river
between us and the mountains.
I take the meaning:
the land belongs to us
but we belong to the distances.**

**They have moved me around
since I was a little boy, white
surf at Rockaway, dark tall
pines just south of Callicoon.**

**And the sea, our mother,
first love, the sea
is made of nothing else.
Even here She comes
between, and means, and means.**

**14 May 2015
Amtrak (Westchester)**

= = = = =

**Driving in the dark
maybe with no headlights
even, through forest
and farmland till we reach
—whether woods or meadows—
the place where we
always are. This
is what talking means.**

**15 May 2015
Hotel Wales**

= = = = =

**Wet day bright coming
bracket fungus tree ears
on maple stump —**

**the words say themselves
to things seen.**

**Miracle of touch,
to know how things feel.**

Every sense says you.

16 May 2015

= = = = =

Of course I want the lilt of music, but the words must be clear as trumpets or oboes— words, those mirrors of human feeling.

It is never enough to be me. Or anyone. Identity is the thief of love.

Now the sun comes out and gilds the lawn. What I wanted and what came — they must be the same.

It wills in us.

16 May 2015

= = = = =

**Trying to catch
what never left—**

isn't that music?

16.V.15

THE RAPTURE THE SABBATH

1.
the first and the last—
on that day we watched the moon
it flies above us still, its
trees all gone now and its little light
still comforts us.

2.
We create
our ancestors. Pound
taught us this, and Duncan:
choose your own grandparents.
He spoke and the garden wall,
old brick, opened on a meadow
so he stood in sun.

3.
Trying nothing but to keep
answering.
 To live is to respond.
Can I read the feather

**floats down when
out of sight above me
a hawk and some harried
bird contend?**

**All I have
is evidence.**

**Be enough for me
we cry to each other
like dying statesmen begging for a truce.**

17 May 2015

= = = = =

Nothing is clear.
Go on and on,
hospitals blossom in county towns
our fastest growing industry.

Then summer comes
leaves and wooden benches
and stains everything ironic.
No wonbder the scared

millennials, the smirk,
the sly transitioning.
Of course I will be other—
there is no same left for me.

17 May 2015

= = = = =

**How far can we get.
Between the cities, towns.
Between the towns
les droits de l’homme
fade out in the trees,**

Fierce democrsacy of toads!

**And you don’t like it
when you get it,
mother vole and uncle toad
and all the life you take
hurrying there.**

And breath by breath you give it back.

17 May 2015

THE THROB

A flamen stares into the sky
running through his repertory
of prayers, rolling on his tongue
formulae, spells.

*Bring the sky
down to me,
heal me
in its openness.
The skin
is sin.
Free me
from separateness.
All edges
abolish.*

He prays like that.

2.
Roads go—
but what do people do?
What is the defining
verb of our presence?

**It throbs in him
throb turns into prayer
he swills around in his mouth.**

**Man in morning on road
studying the sky.
No instruments to decide.**

**Sometimes the sky bleeds—
then he can tell
a little but never enough.**

18 May 2015

RABBINIC COMMENTARY ON HUMAN PRAYER

1.

**Notice that the edge
which begins by blocking
the way to the interior
becomes the way.**

The skin / is sin.

2.

**A man alone with the sky
is probably the truest
time there is.**

3.

**Doubt finally has
nothing to do with it.
A hum in whose ears
we finally choose.**

18 May 2015

= = = = =

**Things wait for trees
there are parallels
in Donegal was home
Erigal the mountain
made the man stay.**

**Provender! We live
on this air, Celtic
breathetarians at last
at home in atmosphere alone.**

18 May 2015

= = = = =

After dry weeks it
rains on rainday
still — the alignment
is healed. I told you
it would get better
but I never listen.
The virtue of desire
is it's hard to doubt.
Only identity is grief.

19 May 2015

= = = =

**But could have ventured
out where the animals
know a different world
though we walk the same dirt,
mulch of a million years.**

**Every sparrow tells a little of it—
I try to listen, I get
distracted by the habit of I see,

the thick city I carry with me.**

19 May 2015

= = = = =

**They drained power
from the system,
they broke
the spaces between.**

Broke space.

**Filled it with guesses
and taught them to the young.**

Who need all the space they can.

19 May 2015

= = = = =

**Attila dies in drugged frenzy
a calmer tyrant sidles in
pretending to be The People.**

**But it was only like a tree,
a leper's face, corrugated,
color of dirt, no nose, a gaping**

**question. *I lost my way...*
I lost my grasp of the Design,
shoved an aluminum rupee**

**coin into his claw. What can we do
about Putin, about politics,
gibbering sickness that we call the state?**

19 May 2015

= = = = =

**Walking there
as if intention**

**were itself a palfrey
and the thought**

**a maiden destination
riding to itself**

**sidesaddle like a nun
or a shadow on a wall**

**perfectly placed
to be where it finally is.**

19 May 2015

= = = = =

**Cool May morn
o if we but could
store cold the way
we store up heat
how summer would
make love again.**

20 May 2015

= = = = =

**Trespass on time
and what do you find?
Suddenly tomorrow.
All your singular
plural now.**

20 May 2015

SUDDEN OVERWHELMING SUSPICION

**I am breathing
the leaves
out of their branches
I am in control**

**I don't want
all this responsibility
suddenly I realize
I am behind it all**

**wizard child
wastrel mage
as if I made the world
with my mind on something else.**

20 May 2015

= = = = =

**Blood beat radio.
I wake to hear
myself being.
Skull listens to
itself! Bone
of an idea. Pulse
in the ear. Now
who's talking?**

20 May 2015

= = = = =

**Cardinal at the window
at first light
singing.**

**He's red, that's why,
his color makes him do it.
Colors make us what we are.**

20 May 2015

= = = = =

**I don't mean to be insulting
but it's Wednesday,
Woden's day or Mercury's,
I should be smarter than I am.
My eyes should be everywhere,
his green ravens ravishing
all the information that is world.**

20 May 2015

= = = = =

**You are not
where you think you are.
You are a blue
hydrangea in a sea-
side garden,
lots to say
and nothing more.**

20 May 2015

= = = = =

**Time to deliver
cows from milk,
set the identity
free from function?**

**No, sir. This is no
hotel, this is ordinary
morning. Go to work.
That's where you'll find**

you waiting for you.

20 May 2015

= = = = =

**In that world
everything means.**

**But how much?
And are you hungry?**

20.V.15

= = = = =

**Imagine if a duck swam
in this picture and a lake
all round it and trees
drooping over water**

**and it was evening and one
or two people hard to see
moved quietly in leaf shadow
and then the duck took off**

into sunset where would you be?

20 May 2015

= = = = =

**Caught by our rapture
soul bird sings
an hour in the age of us**

**then the quiet bone
takes up the song
*silence in heaven***

**then we sleep again
into the next music
the one called wake.**

21 May 2015

= = = = =

**Hiding happens.
Don't be jealous.
Seals on the sandbar
many, waiting for us.
Each in own way
arriving. Summer
hidden inside
forty degrees at dawn.**

21 May 2015

= = = = =

Get the animal moving
the one with no wheels—
Remember childhood
remember song
when the music was
safely outside.
But now and ever
since the day Kate
Draper played
the final trio from
The Cavalier of the Rose
at top volume so
the whole decorous
upper west side building
shook the music ever
after tabernacles deep
inside the meat of me.

21 May 2015

= = = = =

**I can't be sure
I read eveey word of it
but I browsed it hard
for eighty years/**

22.V.15

= = = = =

**Start it over.
The rehearsal
stumbles.
Start it over
change the script
tear off your
costumes, strike
the set. Now
isn't that better?
Isn't that who
we really are?**

22 May 2015

TREES

1.

Screw the bottle tight—
this is America
and things evaporate
while you're thinking.
With the ink you have
already extracted
write a careful epic
The Secret of Trees—

2.

not some mystery
some trees guard
but all of them, huge
secret all trees are:
angel instructors—
wherever they out-
number us the world
is clean. The desert is
a dirty place because.

3.

**Each tree a conversation,
each variety is own language
or dialect — all conifers
communicate — and we
have been slow to know
we listen to them when
we listen to our thoughts
when we're among them.**

4.

**Don't listen to leaves,
rustling branches—
that's just the wind,
that's a different language,
the wind is a different animal.**

**Listen to the wood instead
that thinks your thought along.
What you think is what they mean.**

22 May 2015

= = = = =

**A kind of measurement.
Lost locket. Frayed cuff.
Here. We begin again,
handicapped by time.**

**Count by absences,
How many trees. A tree
stands for something
always. Solve. Hard
to read hard to forget.**

22 May 2015

STAR

Everything knows me.

There is a star

hungrier than ours

it lives on information

the verbal and symbolic

products of us, our own

emotional outpourings

frescos sonatas poetry

and the fairytale we call history,

the weird theologies we pray.

Arab astronomers had a name for it

but they never wrote it down.

22 May 2015

= = = = =

**Wind catches the immer
rim and topples the glass.
They call this physics
but it's just everything...**

**Things hsave weight
only when we listen.
Lift them from their
place into our own.**

22 May 2015

POND

for Samzang

Beautiful pond
she tells me,
should write a
poem about it
so here goes.

On a green day
in windy sun
sitting near
the Buddha's heart
I look for a pond

a pond I cant see
from where I sit—
so many things
a self can't see
beautiful things

that are really there.

22 May 2015
Bowdoin Park

Pavilion 2

= = = = =

What would it be or who
if I spoke to the top of the morning
the wy my father, or was the shepherd
just dreaming when the angel
or Caedmon in his byre? So that
we tumble together in the land
of Home Rule and the paddleboat
brings white ways to Hawai'i?
Glottal stop. I lay by the radio down
on the doggy rug of my aunt's house,
Scoopy its name, and Philco
on warm faux-mahogany console
buzzing a little beneath the song,
how should I know what song,
I am a child and children have only
music, not artifacts like vases and songs,
only the buzz in our ears from that
language before womb-time, that
speech we're already forgetting.

23 May 2015

= = = = =

Or anywhere else
sunshine. 46 degrees
Fahrenheit.
I have used
all the words I know
and it's still morning,
Where will I go
now to learn the day
or what to say to it
before it's gone?
I assume a language
flourishes in the leaves
there are so many
of them and they move.
Or is it in fact the hum
of the tree wood proper,
the tall dreamers,
historians of time,
our sisters and brothers
teaching us to stay.

23 May 2015

= = = = =

(TREES)

**How to tell
what they're sending
from what I'm thinking—
or is there a difference?**

23.V.15

= = = = =

**Wander
fallen feathers
sky-gifts
filtered down
to you alone
to find them.**

**How could a real
thing ever
miss its mark.
The mark is built
into the fall.
The throw. The word
you finally gasp out.**

23 May 2015

= = = = =

Dwell. How you do
in mind. A deep
strange linkage,
something buried
in the ground of us
suddenly, perma-
nently awakened.

I lost a gold ring once
on my own lawn,
it sinks in, swoons
through earth — ground
is a slow liquid
where things sink down,
rise up again. the rocks
ascend, years later
to someone's hand.

My gold will come
to me again, it is safe
down there, safe

**and true and bright
safe in the circulation,
the way we are in
each other's minds.**

24 May 2015

= = = = =

**That's all it had to sau
when the day began,
forest around us, a road
alone in the quiet.**

**I mean there is nothing
silenter than a street,
a lure, a permission
to the horizon,**

a far-away here at my feet.

24 May 2015

= = = = =

**Things I don't have to report
to the sheriff the doctor the priest—
secret shameful incapacities,
stumblefoot, tottered chair, a glance
at pretty women not returned.**

**But these are the felonies
that lay me low, the same
woods I keep getting lost in,
a bruise I can't explain.**

24 May 2015

= = = = =

**Things fall when I wonder —
griefs proliferate, a sodden
cigarette unsmoked, soaked
in dubious chemistry, homework
never done. Caged guesses,
sore bones, every cough a rough
valedictory address. Smooth,
let me be smooth again, no
spinal shock, no adjectives.**

24 May 2015

LES ADIEUX

**Let it be over
like steamboats
and fox hunts**

**the love thing
(thing-love)
doesn't last**

**forever, its
shadow is dull,
dead light**

**via telephone
or letter, the glass
left on the bar,**

**I am tired of
everybody because
they're all like you,**

**I'm sorry, it's over,
like Niagara Falls,
like Babylon.**

24 May 2015

= = = = =

**I am a worker a drone
even a queen. I am we.
I am the work of the hive.**

**We winter over. We store
a rich filth of sticky
words, image, tone, stone,**

**that nourishes us
and everyone. All
this the Rose gives us.**

Find the Rose.

25 May 2015

= = = = =

Everything doesn't
have to be the same way.
Love can linger, cars
can rust in meadows
where grass grows tall
around them, through them.
Flowers know how
to fade, exquisite. Mallows
of Cruger's Island. Iris
in the sky. Then night.

25 May 2015

POETS

**We are all Bottom.
We use fancy words
we don't quite know
to show our exaltation,
our joy to be us.
We get things wrong
in the rightest ways,
we are full of ourselves
but also full of you.
Without us, love would be
accurate, cold and dull.
All passion comes from
our daft approximations.**

25 May 2015

= = = = =

**Gather in to weep
the sleep of sodden men
bruised by expectation
from childhood on, nothing
can live up to life. Be cast
down among the doubters
or rise in rapturing — yours
for the choosing. This voice
also makes something wake.**

25 May 2015

= = = = =

**Woodpecker, bees
and trees. See
what happens when
you know the names
of things. The sounds
things make me say.
The recognitions.
The long war still not
over, Helen still in Troy.
It goes on telling us
until we finally hear.**

25 May 2015

= = = = =

**But where are they ever going
the photons that pass
through the eyelids deep
into the brain, do they?
Does light ever stop travelling
and why? Is darkness
just the wake it leaves behind?**

**Or are we, even we, radical,
basic as light, fleeter than water,
a function of light's entanglement
with molecular desire, that lust
for hereness that grounds us
life after life? If there actually
is something to call life.**

25 May 2015

= = = = =

Soft. Morn.

Leaf some.

**Always ready
summer science.**

**Ironic sympathy
narrowly fantasize.**

Apologize. Deconstruct.

Byzantium. Apocalypse.

26 May 2015

= = = = =

You're Asia.

So I am.

26.V.15

= = = = =

**Impotent verse
void of copulation.
Unlinked, the words
float, mirrors
lost in the snow.
And yet in each
we see our faces.**

26 May 2015

= = = =

Things tarrying. By the chimney
corner in Arrowhead one time
when we were alone there. Or at
the desk upstairs, the mountain
out the window. You sprawled
on his bed, I wrote at his desk,
fondled the ivory whale tooth so
like the one on my desk at home.
The liberties place makes us take.
Makes us — we are powerless
to resist location. Maybe the same
whale. The same mountain.
The same shadow. My hand
pilfering the meaning of his wood.

26 May 2015

= = = = =

As arm as he varies us
as in a lady's poor marsh
none come dance to navigate us,
feeble moonlight over pampas
grass though so little nowadays
where moonlight marries us.

Night is by all. Plighted are we
by place alone, its potency
lifts up through some soil to
seize us, say us, twist the lusts of
to serve its own messagery,
its nuptials in our deepest shade.

For we are when it comes down
to it nothing ourselves but land
that walks us from and to by rainlight
and by sleet and by any which weather
ever. I have no freedom but to be.

26 May 2015

= = = = =

**Part of the brain
is outside. The wind
brings it close sometime.
Twilights in summer
after cool rain remembers.**

**One part sleeps me,
one part never wakes.
One part works all day long—
but the part outside
is my darling and my queen.
She shows me what I
know and never knew.**

26 May 2015

NEXUS

Did I make these trees grow
just by living here for forty year—
they were meadow when I moved in.
What is my responsibility
for what just-seems-to-happen
out there, over there, trees
and streams and animals, or
what is their responsibility for
all that happens to me, in me?
Nexus. There is an intercourse
between [lace and person, no one
these days knows it but Romans knew,
genius loci was a lusty god, this god
makes children through us, and us too
he makes his children and takes care.

27 May 2015

= = = = =

Bee comes
to flowerless tree.
Imagine me.
I have defined you
as far as I can, now
it's your turn.
Why would a bee
do what I just saw
her do, in the bare
hibiscus. It does.
What do we find
in each other?
Erase me —
I am your first mistake.

27 May 2015

= = = = =

How many weeds
grow into trees?
Could this depraved
mind of mine
one day look on splendor?

Who knew the magic of time,
the work of the never-far protectors?

We are guarded.
Or we are gods.

Or *or* is *and*
in the eternal rose.

27 May 2015

in grief

**You're sitting on my lap.
Awkward at first,
uncomfortable, embarrassing
but finally you relax.
I am talking quietly
near your ear. I am always talking.
It takes a while to hear me
because the body is such a problem,
isn't it, glad or sorry.
You feel my bones beneath you,
my arm holding you steady.
Gradually you come to notice
that your whole body is being
supported by me, no contact
with earth, only somebody else,
that you are held. And it is always
like that in the world, we
carry one another, in body,
in mind. And then you hear me.
I'm telling you about my deaths,
teacher, wife, mother, father
all in one year. You're barely
listening, everybody dies, but I**

learned something I want for you,
a piece of nonsense that has
what I call meaning, helps me live,
it says that every death also is a gift
to the living, a testimony, a story
ended whose moral we must live.
When the last of them, my father,
died, I thought I heard a gate clang
shut. But it was opening, a weird
angel saying Now you are an orphan,
now you are finally you, nobody's
child, now you belong only to
yourself—which is the same as
everybody in the world. That's
what I am whispering to you, this
old nonsense about belonging to
everybody in the world, this tale
of how dying too is giving. You hear.
Maybe you believe, maybe even
there is some consolation. At any
rate the bones you feel are real.

27 May 2015

= = = = =

**Things everywhere
the burden. The border.**

**I do not know
the song.**

**Words
are too simple to say,
the skin for instance
of your left shoulder
when you face me.
The shock of otherness
so smooth,
as if
for a moment the
world relented
and everything understood.**

27 May 2015

= = = = =

**Do anything
to keep people living.
One woman
off the bridge today,
did not see her
I see her falling
and falling ad no word
in my mouth to hold her
from the killing river.
The more language I have
the more it is my fault.**

27 May 2015

= = = = =

**I read the news
until it silenced me
with scandal. Here
there was noise,
a mower outside, loud.
I listened to my stale
reactions, the noise
inside so hard to stop.
Then some breeze
walked through the window
like a woman smiling through tears.**

28 May 2015

= = = = =

**Once all you had to do
was look pretty and live
in a male-storm of desire.
hen the rules changed.
But men are still the same.**

28 May 2015

= = = = =

**If I confessed
what I really wanted
the world would be
amazed at its simplicity.**

28.V.15

[UNDER DILATION]

= = = = =

**Where are the creatures
the long assembly?
I will write this upon
your proffered Urn.
In this flesh so proudly
wielded the world begins
again and again. I inscribe
these words where
nothing ever forgets.
I see the words in the faraway
I write them down here —
for anybody to listen
with their smart fingertips.**

28 May 2015

BLUES

and greens
oriole
diving at a crow
no why
in this kingdom,
blue nature's ever ready
distances.

Perpend, saith the Master,
abide the end,
since every story
is another story.
The stars are skillful,
love grants them that.

28 May 2015

= = = = =

Show me the other
side of the word,
the sleek surface of
what you don't say.
I want to see
that sound for myself —
brilliant semi-vowels
dancing in an empty
house by the sea. She
told me they would be there.
She owned the place,
spread the bedclothes
bright on the lawn,
spooned out thick curds and jam,
made us children again.

28 May 2015

= = = = =

**Fell asleep on deck
the angels tugged the sails
so it looked like wind.
In his sleep the timbers**

**split and sea rushed in
but angels forbade the water
and the ship buoyed up,
discover sleep as a powerful magus
coming from the East,
most nights he comes
and some afternoons when
the lapping of the leaves
against the side of the breeze
drowns soft-witted consciousness.**

28 May 2015

= = = = =

**Always a new thing
a picture spoken,
a grief not told, a man
sitting at a table over there
too far to name.
You name instead
the blonde shadow at his knee,
the laughter they share.
You are happy to be there.**

**Nothing is clear
but everything is here.
Witless weather on
its way to us.
You greet the
mistake with a smile
I saw long ago in Thessaly,
a god from the north.
We belong to laughter —
the statue crumbled
all but the lips.**

28 May 2015

THE FAERIE KISS

**If you tell anybody what we did
the dead leaves will turn to dollar bills
and you'll have to spend them right away.
Then what will you think about all night long
when everything is said and done and the pillow's
cool?**

28 May 2015

= = = = =

Things come along
and tell their stories —
ferly has fear in it
and *faerie* has fate.
So how shall I call
the Hard-To-See-People
who guide our magic and delight?
They are Night in Daytime
and Day in Night.
They are everywhere
and they let us call them You.

29 May 2015

= = = = =

**A bird flies up.
A live hypotenuse
defining an unseen vertical
where some treasure rests.
The earth perhaps, or
the fleshy peonies
beneath the kitchen window.
But it's hard to spot
the apex of his flight.**

29 May 2015

THE QUEST

1.

Let me be along with myself
see how far it goes—

Howe Caverns 57 degrees all year round
beneath the earth they said

I wanted to be where the gods
wore sweaters, where the naiads
understood my fear of water
and the dryads pulled branches low to me
so I could taste their chaste fruit.

Greek 101. Alchemy For All. Welsh
Without Tears, I need my old studies now
for a man must one day dare to enter
into the heart of his life and not perish.

Deep down is all the way up. This
is the Quest, the hilltop from which
a man's whole life makes sense.

2.

**Caverns then and claustrophobia,
chemistry and chastity.
Islands. horizons held between my hands.**

**Blatant bodies, shy minds, rosaries,
infections, allergies, owl feathers,
Scott's last expedition to the Pole,**

**ivy in the bedroom window,
rowboats on the mountain lake,
the bus through the cemetery,**

Everest, dawn in Dubai, Mahler.

3.

**To sit outside
while the day
still holds night's cool—
let weather serve you
too that grows the roses.**

**Morning means
every man for himself
and there is no devil.
Blackbird. Oriole.
I write their words
in and out of the shadows
of leaves on my page.
To leave a trace
of this exalted silence
birds know how to make.**

30 May 2015

PELIKAN

**There is room in the pen
for ten thousand words
if I write small.**

**A pointed stick
is the first tool of all.**

30 May 2015

A COWARD

**Now the sun
comes over the tree,
comes after me.**

**Whgite feather time
I hide inside.**

30.V.15

EPITAPH

**Nowheres near
the end
of what I mean**

and then I am.

30.V.15

LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS

**we were driving into Lenox
on empty roads.
How strange a town Sunday is,
a jogger crosses us
as if she's the last to flee
some quiet catastrophe.
I thought I had a lot
to say about religion
and profit and loss and law
but my mind is empty as the street.**

30 May 2015

= = = = =

**Eating a cracker with cheese
(actually a tostada with tzaziki)
on a bright breezy
Saturday summer afternoon—
could this precise mysterious
emotion be happiness?**

30 May 2015

= = = = =

**Resourceful afternoon
I sleep it to its knees**

**or not sleep, drowse it
like a breeze out here**

**gentle, not quite forgetting
everywhere it's been**

and has to go.

30 May 2015

THE TALKING CURE

**Skipped an appointment
clash of obligations**

**I want an analytic couch
in every room. But where is she**

**with notebook, insight, formulaic mind?
But there is nothing in my mind**

**that needs to be said. But I do love
the way my silence turns**

intyo words as it pours out.

30 May 2015

= = = = =

**Above the barn-red fence
white roof of a bus goes by.**

**I can't see who they are
inside who can't see me.**

**We survive by technicalities,
somehow safe from perceiving.**

30 May 2015

BRUISE

**something I did in the night.
So what's been done today
is that kind of not-doing
called writing—**

**what one's mother would
call you away from
to do something useful or
just go outside and play.**

**But I study the strange
bruise on the back of my hand
just under the thumb-gap
and try to figure out its name**

or in what dream it came.

30 May 2015

= = = = =

**I'm 79 years old,
it's Saturday afternoon
and I'm tired.**

**Tired. I just want
to sit here at last
and write
beautiful poems**

**or just watch the crows
fly on and off the lawn.**

**Soon I will want
more than this
and I will miss
this gentle spring exhaustion.**

**Already I feel
I'm missing this.**

30 May 2015

LAWN

**All this grass
and no sheep.**

**All these words
and no me.**

30 May 2015

= = = = =

**Thrill of fear
to leave the cave.
Cro-Magnon weather,
pluvial a moment when
asperity of commerce
too much small talk
too little bible study
in the biggest book
outside all round you,
that world when I was
afraid to talk to girls.
And there they are,
complex measures of the ode
their quiet limbs,
princesses of permission
and an even better book
open on their knees
than you wrote yet
he said, that man on the old
DL&W, open windows
wooden barred, the loco-
motive smoke came in,**

**a summer day along the river
north of the fork the woods
calm with creatures,
porcupine on a tree,
whippoorwill gurgling
up at me from the ground
that other sky
the mystery beneath my feet.
He must have been my father.**

31 May 2015

= = = = =

**The crows
on varying
paths today,
sky divided
differently
their roads**

**from what I knew.
Sometimes they seem
to vanish in thin air
and others come
flying down out
of nowhere. Something
is going on up there,
my life being rearranged
by all that moves.**

31 May 2015

