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=====

**Answering easy
questioning hard—**

**you know this well
it took you years**

**to ask what I can
answer in a second**

**and without a word
barely moving**

a hand reached out.

1 October 2015

=====

**But the day was good
in the day of it
the light of it, the sight of it
crling down from rich
cloudwork over Catskills
as I don't want to call them
anymore, I am more Dutch
than that, the Blue Mountains
are they and I their local
distant ,essenger to tell
you, yes you, the day is grey.
Hence blue as my old shirt,
hemce lovable. Language
is just a better kind of skin.**

1 October 2015

=====

The jacket I don't have anymore
was green tweed maybe Donegal
(fort of the foreigner — *scilicet*
the Norsemen), maybe not — rough,
no laid-in pattern, a rock of a coat
I wish I had it this cold night
waiting for bad weather. Photos
of me in it exist. Not color one
I think but maybe so. Long
years ago — forty, I'd say, I gave
it away when it got too big (*scilicet*
when I got thinner). We blame
things for all the stuff we do,
But who else can we blame?

1 October 2015

=====

**So many assignments
so many signs**

**birds streaking past the windows
the will to fly
will to be anywhere else**

and why.

**People
in far places, why?
Get away, they say,
did you, vacation,
get away, eh?**

**But I say Get
away to here,
here is the farthest place of all
hardest to get to,
even the birds constantly
overshoot it in their flight.**

And this is the first sign.

2 October 2015

=====

**The light dreams in.
Soft as water left
in a glass overnight.
So much for answers.**

**Menace in the air—
hurricane? Turbulence
comes to know us,
unknow us? Serious**

**as a spoon. Light itself
is a kind of lingerie
adorning what? Where
is the nude (known) body**

we experience as (the) real?

2 October 2015

=====

**Cold to be here
body tells me.
I have friend
in high places.
Bones. The knees.**

2 October 2015

=====

So what if the wondering
wanders from the necessary
point – who then on some color wheel
chooses a wife for his daughter
because everybody is one
or another shade of, blue?
Caramba! we used to cry
furtive as Pharisees in parables,
what a nightmare of a day
what a collection of laundry
ill-lavendered by the blue itself!
Pantone discrepancies in a world
by Whorf. Seeing is only half
believing, the rest is lexicon,
no? Incalculable woe, Genesis
revised by geologists, groan
of a young earth unmilmed
from its mother's teat. Me, me
is how it sounds, a glass
crinkling with light, as in
the magical drawings of Maida
Monaghan once of this borough,
I swan, you could taste the light.

2 October 2015

SUKKAH SABBATH

Reprehensible, a rabbit
afar. This very night
in chill and rain the Jews
outdoors here dine in booths
jury-rigged with lath and leaf,
obedient to Law, that squalling
infant of the Deity on high.
In the underbrush the rabbits
hide, possums fossick, coons
pretend to caring what we think.
After all we're alone on the lawn,
infidel lovers with cold hands.

2 October 2015

=====

Resistance doesn't last forever
alas. Eventually the force of nature
(Justice? Is that it's true name?)
comes clanking on, like an old
furnace at the start of winter
and we relax into habit. Sin,
as the Christians call it, the ordinary
boulevard past shaded windows
to a busy market where nothing
is really desirable but it all gets sold.
Carry me home too, we cry to each other,
I'm as good for you as that telescope,
that bunch of kale, those flipflops.
But who believes me? Doubt
suffuses my seductions, they smile
and turn away. And I do too.

2 October 2015

=====

**But I meant something more
at least I think it did
the worry coming across me**

**a word whistling from a tree
trying to be part of me so that
we could die together into speech**

**the way people do who have said
all they have to say and pluck
the coffee cup up and sip a while**

**while their fate's being decided
out there in the hearing world.
I meant you, I think I mean,**

**meant you to be the one to ask
the relevant questions to release
the stifled musculature of feeling**

**wait that doesn't make much sense
or does it, it depends on what holds
your bones in place and shakes them**

**in that bizarre dance called Walking
Away just to be there when
you could just as well be here. Someone
walking out the door is hell enough for me.**

3 October 2015

== == == ==

**Business under storm
suddenly to leave a world
of social forces into the
physical again. The wind
won't care who loves whom.
Even language offers
not much resistance to
a simple fall of rain.
Let alone a hurricane**

3 October 2015

=====

**Eagle over—
what can I tell
of what he sees?**

**Zones of inference
tolerate our airs,
revels, atmospheres—**

**eyes aloft to learn
what is only here?
Imagine me. I am real.**

3 October 2015

=====

**Clouds as clues
to last night's dream.
The scatter
across blue,
words or bones or batter
spread on a pan.
Who knew
I knew how to read
such passages?
Or play them
out of sky silence
into whatever it is
we hear down here.**

4 October 2015

=====

**Bird skeleton
pure white, intact,
song bird size,
in an old copper box
heavily oxidized
brought back from China
by Dan Upton—
I thought I knew him
but did not — the old
Russian woman explained.
There was a cathedral
outside, across the street,
not far from home.
Where was I going?
Inside the delicate
ivory ribcage of the bird
a curious serenity
existed. My mind
fell right in. Lingered.**

4 October 2015

=====

**My hibiscus
is still with me
in bloom.
How tall
the yews have grown!
Birds love the tops
of them, close to us,
close to the sky.**

4 October 2015

=====

**What if there really were
colored people? Real colors.
What color would I be
if one day we woke up and found
our skin the color of our nature,
our sin, our virtue, our despair?**

4 October 2015

=====

**I have nothing to say about you.
I am merely me.**

**Postulations about alterity
depend on a sincerity**

**no me has at its service.
I rhymes with anything at all.**

4 October 2015

=====

**I feel like a rug with no floor
a wall with no door.**

**They come and give me a hug
as if I needed any more evidence**

**of being here all susceptible.
I want the door in me to open**

so I too can finally come in.

4 October 2015

=====

**The *Times* came quite late today—
I don't have to know *that* world
till we've been several hours in our own,
the real world, the unrepresented.
Or at worst the little lies we tell ourselves.**

4 October 2015

=====

**He thinks he can hear
fish talking in the river**

**sometimes he has to leave the shore
just to get some peace and quiet**

**somebody's down there, somebody
is talking to me too**

**how could those lively depths
not be full of conversation**

**what else do any of us know
how to do except talk?**

4 October 2015

=====

**No one knows
what the wind knows**

**but me and I'm
not telling**

**it taught me plenty
and how to keep still**

**and when to speak—
words are the strongest**

tools that silence owns.

4 October 2015

=====

**We do believe everything.
It is our nature
to be cars or trucks or boats
even, to go where we are told
the road or river goes
so we go too. This is philosophy,
the life examined exclusively
by mistake. We get there
only because it's there
ich kann kein anders, as Luther
famously remarked. And he
was talking about conviction,
a fancy word for being
just who you think you are
interminably. Sad, really.
How lovely the Greeks were
who believed nothing, only
knew a thing or two, had seen
Pan frisking through the noontime
glade and been afraid. At least
they knew enough o be afraid.**

4 October 2015

=====

1.

I'm not sure this
is listening—

it could be
the mind whistling in the dark
to keep its spirits up
through this graveyard of the real.

But call it music
just to be civil,
music
shares itself with others—
minds find it hard to do that,
so hard. Dark night. No owls.

2.

So let it listen in me a while,
I really do care, these works —plays—
of mind are meant for me,
all of me and ye and we
also are beneficiaries
of some lost will whose terms —
tones — meaning , warning,
creed and capture surround me now.

3.

**And then to be beautiful again
as in the first days
when Eden was Athens
and laughing naked gods
ganged together and thrust
God out of the garden—**

**isn't that what music's always telling,
all the instruments
playing the same thing differently**

**and the gate swings open
and we lie down with one another
in wild silence. Our bodies
touch in sleep— that
is what hearing music means.**

5 October 2015

=====

**Soap in many pretty wrappers
different bird songs**

**that is the real.
But what is the real**

meaning of difference?

5.X.15

SCENA

*Could I have been a white boat
a waiting for my sea,
could I have been waiting for it,
for anything that came
too soon or too late?*

*A door is sudden,
it turns in no way
we understand,
we have no hinges,
no more than flowers*

*we swing according to the wind
alone, so waiting profits little.
It comes, it comes...*

**And so she raved
twisting her long hair—**

**plays are like that,
bodies trying to keep
up with what they speak,**

**language always far ahead.
Nothing to hope for
nothing to dread.**

**And she's off again!
tearing her bodice, screaming
at the light she takes to be the moon.**

**But there is no moon.
There never is.
And if you think otherwise,
think again.**

5 October 2015

=====

**Fat people are crazy.
Obesity is insanity.
Fact. You can see it
in their eyes, the greed,
the desperate entitlement,
they want more than the world.
They live on a one-way street,
everything pours into them
and they do nothing with it
but amass. To be more.
Notice how few fat scientists,
presidents, physicians,
rationalists. Fat people
are crazy, just this side
(most of them) of the asylum.
Meantime they work
and build and layer deep
inside, against a world they deem
even crazier than they are.
U know whereof I speak.**

5 October 2015

=====

**Corrosion, light
in trees, tops
gilded now, going**

**gold inside themselves.
The autumn
speaks. Swans**

**in the Sawkill pond.
What we need
is eternity.**

6 October 2015

=====

**I write for you
to catch up
with me, pass
and be there first.
I see you already
climbing swift
nimble, free
the great mountain
all these years I
built just for you.**

6 October 2015

=====

**Daughter of Mahler
ever-living loving
dwelling in
the fibers of my silence
making me speak.**

6 October 2015

=====

**Shall flowers
let themselves
be seen?**

**The silences
are all between,
pink silences**

**and green, light
lurking
in dark leaves—**

**through the lens
of the morning
autumn paused**

**changing the colors
signing our wills—
wait, we are not**

**flowers even yet,
our fade not so
beautiful or soon.**

7 October 2015

=====

**What if I see them and they are not there?
Migraine means half the skull
on fire and the other
bearing witness to the hurt.
I claim to see flowers,
that other kind of pain.**

7 October 2015

FOX'S WHERRY

**It's not enough to dream it you have to think it.
Not enough to think it
you have to start
doing things with your hands,
pens, paper, rulers, protractors,
compasses, erasers,
checkbooks, blueprints,
calculators, devices.**

**Devices.
You have to do things with devices.**

**You have to do things.
Money happens this way and that,
the wind of money
blows through your diagrams,
, things arrive or are fetched,
things are seldom easy, easy and thing
don't hang together, you have to do**

and do. No end of doing.

**You have to make things happen to other things,
bend, connect, retract, curve, attach, resist,
overcome, whistle, fume, sweat, wait,**

it takes time. Time passes

**but as it passes it keeps calling out to you
do more. Do more.**

**Whatever it is
now has to be bent into shape,**

**this thing you thought is out there now
defying you some days, other days pleading,
wheedling,
o the wheedling ways of things,**

**it needs to be shaped now,
shape is all,
help it find its shape,**

**like everybody else it needs to be
beaten into shape
with hands, hammers, clamps, hooks, devices,
glue, clew, cleft, curses, ropes, rigging,
handbooks, hands, awls, hands,
gouges, gauges, gizmos, nameless necessities
waiting for their moment from the start of the world,
hands,**

**you have to use all of them, find them,
work them, afflict the Thing with them one by one until**

**until one day It seems to be done.
It stands there on the ground and says I am done.**

**This is really the first coherent thing it's said
though for months it's made those mewling, mewling,
mooing noises lovers make, inarticulate,
expressive of satisfaction or its absence,**

**but now it speaks. I am me now,
I am your wherry. I don't know what that means
but I guess I'll find out, no? when you put me
in the water, the water is a mirror you know
or so they say, those books you're always reading,**

**so I'll look in the water and see what I am.
And everybody else will see too. They'll cheer,
they'll cry out That is some wherry!
And I'll know who I am and what I'm supposed to do.**

**They talk like that, you know,
things. Things are always talking
if we learn how to listen.
Listen a little, then
fling it in the river and ease its anxieties
about its identity, purposes, destiny.**

And you'll feel better too.

.....
*for the launching of Susan Fox Rogers' wherry,
Tivoli NY*

8 October 2015

[= = = = =

New word: lipsit: to dwell on what the other is saying, and the mouth that's saying it.]

**All one autumn afternoon
they lipsat with a passion.
clinging to everything the other
spoke, watching the lips move,
obsessing each detail, minds
daffy with connectedness.
Was this love? Was this falling?
Paradise of hearing my
thought coming from your mouth.**

9 October 2015

=====

**It was time for another mistake.
That's what time is for,
and people in it, to help
us get it wrong again
so eventually we get to
figure out what's right.**

9.X.15

=====

**One thing after another
and everybody waiting.**

**Confusing you with me,
every with any,**

**now with then.
It sounds like Mahler**

**in the middle distance,
something sweet in the mouth,**

tears in the ears.

9 October 2015

=====

**Getting there slowly.
Lowly. Holy
maybe.
 Pale lap
ardent words.
Never let them know
how much you care.
How little you desire.**

9 October 2015

=====

The remainder. *Lhag.ma*.

**Who dares consume
what the gods have left
uneaten on their altars?**

**Or are we ourselves
all that's left from
that glorious liturgy,
dawn, crows going up?**

9 October 2015

=====

in memory of Owen Parry

**Speaking Welsh to my uncle
as he lay in his coffin Saint Albans
the words I never knew I knew
spoke in sobspeak, liplap,
gush twixt molars and cheek.
My favorite in all his difference
skinny, size 13 collar, the man
gave me books, knew how to laugh
at what we tried so hard to believe.
The others said the Rosary in Irish
but God knows what the Welsh
were saying in their grey wool suits.**

9 October 2015

ROBERT FUCHS' SECOND PIANO SONATA

**All made of yesses and some guesses.
How could he hold out so long against doubt,
how could the little song come back and back
and make us believers. Schumann got away
with this only a time. How can we endure
the simplicity of melody, are we fucking birds
channeling sunshine in the trees, even
whistling in the last light of evening, even?
See, I can come to you again, the rain allows
all sorts of leaves to linger or glisten or fall.**

9 October 2015

== == ==

**But things go on anyway,
the sound of rain
fierce on the balcony,
Listen to me, listen to me
everything says.**

**What space
is left for music, or even
for the gods when
there is so much here,**

**the beautiful rain
that called me from whatever
I thought I was thinking
to hear it,**

**hear it.
My head is cradled
in its lap, the soft
of its fall.**

9 October 2015

WOODEN DUCK

**above my head
a shelf with it**

**a decoy yes
but something more**

**the shape of life
smoothly forward**

**sailing into,
always into,**

**the sleek
wooden wings**

whistle in the mind.

9 October 2015

== == ==

**It is a question isn't it
if things come to or even have
a natural end? Isn't something
always getting in the way
and stopping something else?**

**Is anything natural I suppose
is what I mean, but then I often do,
it is my nature to abstain
from what is natural. Nature
is another name for death
I say. Isn't there somebody
Else out there? Some entity
or condition no more natural
than music, than Praxiteles,
than poetry, than the gods?**

9 October 2015

(listening to Fuchs' Serenade for Orchestra, No.5)

=====

**Variations on a variation
and then the answer comes.**

**Nothing was here
to begin with, it's all a charade
starring you and your dreads,**

**waving your arms, playing dead,
speaking other people's words,
spouting the dictionary all night long
so that she'll love you.**

**She'll love you
anyhow, We are made like this.
Variations are beside the point.
There is no theme. There's only here.**

9 October 2015

HOW TO SLEEP

**Go somewhere
and be small.
Be very small
and when you're there
you're asleep.**

**Then sometimes
Time happens
and you get bigger,
you're in a place,
you're in a body**

**how big a body is
inside it
miles and miles
you lie there in it
listening.**

**Sounds
near and not so near.
Roman soldiers
hammering the Cross.**

10 October 2015

=====

**What you want is not to have
hairs growing out of your ears.
Corns. Bunions. Moles,
all the little mayhem of the flesh.**

**What you want is to be there
without being conscious of being
at all. Just conscious of there,
the whole thing, the place.
The ant at your ankle.
The sun on your own roof.**

10 October 2015

=====

**“The girl I’m in love with
must have a lot of wolf in her
—after all our nights together
like a wolf she runs off to the hills.”**

— from the songs of the Sixth Dalai Lama

10 October 2015

=====

*Take me with you
to the altar is what
everything says.*

**Leave nothing
out of your prayers,
offer everything,**

**everything you see,
things with names and things
that just have a feeling**

**in you when you see them.
Say them to the altar.
Make everything pray.**

10 October 2015

(first words are from a song of the Sixth Dalai Lama)

SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO THE MORNING

**not even light yet but I know.
So much of time is about knowing.
Things pass by even if you can't
hear them. Small things,
lives of their own to run, careless
of me and what I'm up to
so early in their dark. The dark
is the point of it, how we live
in the unknowing valiantly
trying to know, to wake up
after you wake up. How to find
the river for your slim thought
to cross or just float down
knowing more and more every mile.**

10 October 2015

=====

**The page waits for its
word why won't you give?**

**Are you some farmer
who needs the green thing
to form and flop over
with ripeness before you
say it, write it down?**

**Cool enough out there
for an owl to cry,
for lights to go on
in distant kitchens**

**and here you sit (I'm
speaking to me)
waiting for god knows
what, a train, a word,
one more vehicle to
nowhere. Just say it.
Just write it down,
let the paper remember.**

10 October 2015

PALMS

**A palm to reward
a runner or a cheek**

**held (caressed), told—
the athlete**

**is a scary man
good for running away.**

**Reward him with tree-parts
so he learns to stay.**

11 October 2015

=====

**My hand tells you
part by part
the one you are.**

11 October 2015

=====

**But just under the wire
where the mouse gnaws
the city's powerline eclipsing
I just keep worrying—
things go, and things go wrong.
But a Swedish friend brings
delicious applesauce, a tenor
from Hungary analyzes poetry.
What more can we ask
but one thing as a time.? Or time
to take each thing in turn,
turn it over in our hands, taste it,
say some few words in another
language altogether, like *tsering!*
or *I have a love-ache in my head*
the way children scribble lines
with chalk on the sidewalk, say,
or the cat sleeps all day long.**

11 October 2015

=====

**Exhausting the peculiar
left with the norm.
Autumn morn.**

**What to do
with all that me
I see in the mindow—**

**that's not a word
all right, a spade
left in the garden**

**wet with dew—
will that do
for symbolism, does**

**it always have to be
Greek fauns and naked shes
flirting the forest?**

**Some of us just look
like other people,
that is our genius**

**our terza rima
or blundering eyes.
The norm is now,**

**the skin fits
the hand that shakes
someone else's—**

**how far we are
from being far!
All now this this.**

12 October 2015

=====

**What rhymes
with silence
and why not ?**

12.X.15

=====

**Mending the schism
fly wide open
the bus goes by
how different
a wall a window makes
we are trapped
in our clothes—
this little coat
my travelling hotel.**

12 October 2015

=====

**Learn and rest and leave—
the three hooded divinities
of Samothrace — how could
a healthy child not see
the people glorious in ads
as deities? Everyone revealed
to us (Nietzsche told) is a god,
revealed in dream or by
compulsory looking — billboard,
thirty second clip in video.
How can I leave what I have seen
even, how much harder to
abandon what I've been shown.
Showing is the animal that wolfs the mind.**

12 October 2015

=====

**Grammar doesn't really want us
but it forgives us so much, lets
so much of what we mean
get across the gap, the burning
bridge, river full of crocodiles.**

12 October 2015

=====

**You never saw any animal
less like a horse than a hippo
but that's what somebody called it,
hippopotamus, horse + river.
I'm going to change all that,
I'm going to call everything
by its right name. This fat
beast is hyopotamus, river-pig.**

12 October 2015

SNARL

**People who have dogs
and people who don't.
People who have dogs
go to church and vote Republican.
People who don't have dogs are me.**

12.X.15

HERO

Waiting for the almost
illumine the lad
good parentage, divine
grandsire — spear-
handy, welcoming wine.
But sober too —

so

like a man running through the sea
she runs to me—
who? Not mentioned
in the mess of myth
we have to cope with
— all those names,
ancestors, synonyms!—
but here she is
in my arms at last
closer than my own breath,
a queen-like person,
queen over me at least
and I am — je vous assure —
I am a great land.

12 October 2015

= = = = =

The Dream spoke:

**Abstinence is more beautiful
than intercourse,
a parked car more
beautiful than driven.**

The Dream showed:

**It seems I was with A
and it did not turn out well.
The bathroom for one thing
was weird and all wrong
and she pretended to know
all those too many people.
And there were ruins on the moon
they had just discovered.
If you wanted to pee
you had to stand in a tub-like shell
and aim at a white ceramic fixture
no bigger than a saucer
with a hole in it
no bigger than a light socket.
It was shaped like flowers**

**but who can aim so well.
And aim is the problem here—
too many people
and she wanted to be nice to all of them.
Well, wouldn't you, too, I suppose?
But still...too many corridors,
too many doors,
too much white.**

**13 October 2015
4:01 AM**

LIFE

**It must be magic
to be at all.**

**All human intervention
leaves a wolfless world.**

**But think of Chernobyl now:
elk and lynx and wolf and bear,**

**absent humanity
life comes back— we**

**must be half on the side of death,
it haunts us with foreknowledge**

**and we run to meet it, send
other people before us so we can watch**

**that mortal interview.
No beast broods before.**

**We need disaster so sometime after
life comes its way back.**

13 October 2015

=====

I have failed the numbers.

Not all of them.

But to fail some is to fail all—

they are all part of one house

they only make sense together.

No, I think there is a natural (say)

seven

that needs no six or eight.

Oh. That may be so,

but the sacred tetraktys

would wobble then, fall

in upon itself.

So maybe I did fail them all—

what to do?

Begin again and find

the lost religion of *nine*,

the lost Tennyson Mine in the desert,

gold for everybody!

Make

sure you bring your fingers to count it out.

13 October 2015

=====

**Wonderment and the weight of words—
on any analytical balance weigh
a virgin notebook and one full written.
Empiric. Evidence. Write the difference down.
Now you know something—
noty much, but not nothing.
Interpret the numbers carefully
like a child spinning a top
or a man in dream caressing an unknown lover.**

13 October 2015

=====

**Organize the sky.
My personal triptych
Redeemer Madonna Enlightener**

**a bird flies out of it
watch through the haze on autumn glass
we are built of windows.**

13 October 2015

=====

**I picked a book up
from another time**

**a rabbit ran out
or someone like one**

**as I began to read
more people stirred**

**horns and feathers they had
wings and dewlaps and claws**

**these are my people too
the book explained**

**and the day waking around me
repeated: learn what language built**

**out of all the dialects of silence
tuned by cries and chirps**

**all meaning to tell
not specifically you.**

**I closed the book
and went on weeping.**

13 October 2015

WAKARUSA BOTTOMS

remembering KLI

**Marshy maybe
low grassy really
we stuck to the road.
Walking, we seemed
two men puppeted
from the sky
by who knows what
enchanter runs us
initiates of ignorance,
novices of knowing
waiting for the world
one word at a time.
All around us this
defining place,
gravel road in Kansas,
measureless sky
opening, opening.**

13 October 2015

=====

**Head cradled
on arms on his desk
he dreams about owls.
They course in
from right to west
in plain daylight.**

**He reads them in his sleep
by tracing their lines of flight
and laying them out flat
against the marble alphabet
we Greeks long ago
discovered in or as the sky.**

**He murmurs the word revealed,
or words, then sees more owls.
They almost speak,
they help him sleep.**

13 October 2015

=====

Dividingly, a kind of answer.
Revised, a kind of sleep.
Time to die now? it asked in me—
where did the dream go,

the train is always leaving the station
the top is always spinning
make sure it sings
the word you want to hear

as it turns, a singing top,
so many devices
in our land, ice caves
night not cold enough for furnace.

2.
Fornex. Vertex. Gap.
Texture. We know a girl
lives by the caverns

(leave milk out for beggarmen
bogeymen , spirit
half out of matter)

she wears a porkpie hat
a hipster queen

a tower of clean women

**what else did you imagine
a cave could mean?**

It doesn't take thousands of years

**to make Lascaux—
one night of sheer seeing is enough—
earth opens up**

**and all that's written there is clear.
Come back**

**pierced through by what you've seen,
come back to feeling.**

13/14 October 2015

kai su, tekne;

We believe what we are told—

**history is a Mass that never ends,
that final child or
acolyte or wife
is never sent (*missa*)
out to the ends of the earth,**

**no writing lasts
long unread**

**if you say it
they'll hear it**

**that is the nature
of time**

**no way out of it,
the lingering
word.**

13/14 October 2015

== == == ==

**The child turns against the father
the overture ends, horn calls
vibration of double-basses,
stillness.**

**After the betrayal
the opera can begin—
the music can cover any story,
commits itself to mantra,
lining up people (singers)
between itself and what they feel.
What we feel. Sad.
But after opera
there was no feeling.
That's why Mahler never
wrote one of his own,
as if like every artist
he lives and makes his works
just before the end
of everything.**

Which is what now means.

13/14 October 2015

== == == ==

**Given a little like sunlight
moving its pale wrist above the lawn —
there has been moisture,
there is color in the trees —
lie in my lap
and be my mandolin
the music says the light says,
pore by pore we are related,
sink into this.**

14 October 2015

== == == == ==

**All the things I don't have to know
put their arms around me —
safe in ignorance, I theosophize
on street corners while Truth looks on,
naked as ever, more Greek
than Botticelli blonde. Amaze me
she always cries. It is our job
to clothe her with our lies, guesses,
summaries, lexicons, masterworks, graffiti,
children of Eve. Truth is naked till we tell.
And on her lips eternally that skeptic smile.**

14 October 2015

== == == == ==

**But I too begin again
as [if] a leaf falls
yellow to the lawn
in its time —**

**the color of the mind
recruits the event
we say, the long
sleek theosophy
of all our guesses**

**we stand between
this and that
imagining the evidence**

**so every word
compels us to examine —
and no self
to hinder**

**it all is new.
And autumn is answer.**

15 October 2015

=====

**Cleanse me
of the thought of sin,
let what happens
find its own place
intend the best;
approximate;
what more can
anyone do?
Get it right
the first time?
Age of miracles.**

15 October 2015

ALADDIN

**Rub this dark thing
half a magus
half a woman**

**is it a stone?
Is that what you've been thinking
all night and woke with**

**you don't even know?
Yes the leaves,
yes the trees,**

**but this hard thing too
dark too, yawns
by deceit of dreaming**

**it to be?
I call your name
from the gallery that runs**

iron-railinged over sleep,
a Piranesi prospect
over the empty spaces of

a confession we share,
yes! you and I
something in common,

some people automatically
make you happy,
you dreamt them too

and here they are
green as morning
but don't touch.

Touch only this dark
unimagined thing,
rub it like lapis,

hold it to your *why*
and hear it answer
different every time

because this little hard thing
is time itself
you wake with it in your hand.

15 October 2015

=====

**Playback—listening
to someone else
hearing me.
Ambient luster
in the gloomy hall.**

**“Stay Longer with the Ladies”
and “This Lute I Lent Thee”
were my favorite tunes,**

**it is possible to hear them still
reverberating from the iron rafters
where a few sparrows
have mooched in and linger,
Lord knows what they feed on
scraps from the snack bar,**

**o all of us are sweet,
crumbs left on the sidewalk of the mind
for angels to nibble
too, is that it,
three words just sparrows too,
going nowhere, fluttering in and around the __,
the huge empty warehouse where we thrive?**

15 October 2015

PRINCIPLES OF MYTHOLOGY

The sun is our mother.

**The moon is a man, a wanderer. Some say:
he is our father.**

**I say he is a man with a wolf at his side
who walks through the darkness most nights
protecting us as well as he can.**

**He carries a chalice with him,
they call it the chalice of semen—
it is a liquid that carries, conveys, the seeds,
semina, of all living things.**

**When seed is loosed on earth or unused,
it comes to him and he uses it to help Her, the sun,
his august and awe-inspiring sometimes wife,
to bring and sustain life,**

he releases it to her joyously

and we ripen in the womb of light.

15 October 2015

=====

**The moan of the mower
still far away,
it will come back
over and over the same grass
louder and louder,
shouting, screaming
and dwindling again to a moan
meaning nothing.
Patchy thin grass,
to begin with. Why?
Some man needs a job.
Some minds need a moan**

15 October 2015

=====

**Rather be sleeping
though you know
what comes inside,
the Unbidden Narrative,
minor God-Spells,
seedy apocrypha of
this mere life.
In other words I am afraid
of how dream knows me,
what it shows me
and most of all what it withholds
tantalizer at the threshold,
the gold box with nothing in it,
the container itself is all that counts.**

16 October 2015

=====

**Big truck tail light
in autumn trees
Friday confusions
people on their way to murk.
What have we done to time?**

16 October 2015

=====

**For the roses still of Sharon
in cold air in brightness after rain,
we find ourselves in places,
certainties, anxious caverns
then the flower's vivid mauve in morning —
no fear.**

(*Fear* is the Irish word for 'man')

**I have caught myself on Etna's
brink time and again,
a volcano means being lost in relation,
lost in the other's heat.
Empedocles. Ultimate lover.
All it. No more me.**

16 October 2015

=====

**Decoding the calendar
months named for what happens
days for the colors
—one infinite week
without recurrence [?]
violating its own name
(‘turn and turn again’).
No, this is the Tenth
Month so we call it Eighth.
This is Friday,
the Lady’s Day, the green
but who remembers?
All human language
is mystery, meant
to be deciphered.
No word without its history,
its tragedy, marriages, Paradise.**

16 October 2015

=====

**When the wheel by itself
stops turning. Then
I'll sing a different tune,
really need the sun,
be nice, be grateful
for all the obvious.
Till then I wade against the stream.**

16 October 2015

=====

**Midnight. Once at this hour
I would have been reading.**

**Now I write. Is this cowardice
or just trying to give back**

**all the syntaxes that shaped me
all the words that spin out**

**as images around me.
Inside me.**

**Word by word repay
what made me me?**

16 October 2015

=====

**Then the flowers look back.
Light squeezes out of them
like morning bees. “How are
you rest your greedy eyes
on our roseate declivities.
We mean our rapturous insides
that give such colors to
your common light? Aren’t you
ever ashamed of what you see?”**

17 October 2015

=====

**A boat drives past my house
going home at season's end,
drydock next to the garage.
Soon snow will come.
Windswept morning. Marina void.**

17 October 2015

SONG

**When I have taken care
of all the things that are,
all the happens to happen,
there will be plenty of time
for me to say what I mean
if anything other than above.**

17 October 2015

=====

**Who was born today?
A child in China,
a little Libra
like his country.
So Ptolemy explained
two thousand years ago.
How did he know?**

17 October 2015

=====

**Fill in the spaces
with what somebody
else means.
This is poetry,
the body of Christ.**

17 October 2015

== == == == ==

**But if there were no moon
who would we be?**

17.X.15

=====

**Let me see your circles
let them break
just a little gap
to let me in**

**then let me out again
when we are done
and the dance we made
has gone its own way**

without us and we're free.

18 October 2015

=====

**Shouldn't one leaf
be masterpiece enough
the maple thought
but here's another.**

18.X.15

IN AUTUMN WOODS

Adequate to the answerer
a long swathe of green
still maybeing along—

be word, little thing!

turn the observed
into history — now
will never be never

not a name so much
as an inscription
something written into the world

and here we are!
We came this way too,
we and the apples trees.

18 October 2015

=====

**Of course there's waiting
at the station
where there is no train**

**clouds above your head
where there is no sky
trouble in your pocket**

**keep you on the run
down the staircase
where there is no floor**

**go through that wall
where there is no door
come home to me at last**

I am your last mistake.

18 October 2015

== == == == ==

**Whose bright eyes
smiled once around
the opening door
and I was lost,
into swift convergence
such different ones.**

**and that was that.
Nothing more
than that glance
and a thousand days
of this and that
then we were gone.**

18 October 2015

=====

**What happens when the Other Thing
walks out of the shrubbery?
Is that the same as a night spent talking
the ceaseless yammer of the intelligent young?**

**Is that what foliage is, and why
in winter it silences itself,
bedroom of the world, la jeunesse dort
and tomorrow the *blab of the pave***

**begins again? O Solemn High Mass
of all out aspirations! O college
of invisible scholars who fuel our
dream quarrels in a sleepy season!**

No matter me. Me pure speculation.

**19 October 2015
(typescript)**

=====

**Duckweed and pilgrim green
and morning was there**

**moonday most of all
with things we have to know**

**but who is there
to know them here?**

**Pilgrim green and weed
you skim up from the pond**

**nutritious, who are you now,
clean sky, I need to know,**

***the birds the hunters fled*
green, I will not ask again,**

**green, I will decide myself
who you are if you won't tell**

**and I will behave to you
as language prompts**

**because I am a pilgrim too
from nowhere and soon home**

**to learn the place I come from
won't you answer me**

**and spare a mile of walking,
green you are as shadows**

**of salty disposition
and still no name?**

19 October 2015
(first line intact from dream)

=====

**Weekend morning shotgun sunrise
wildfowl murder broken waking
I'll sleep again they'll never fly.**

19.X.15

=====

**There are names that don't want to be remembered.
It is important to let them sleep or lurk
until by themselves they wake and speak or smile
and slip out of the bushes where you greet them
suddenly everything known. Everything known.**

19 October 2015

=====

**The body is a dark chamber
a camera a creaking chair
a locked closet, a broken door,
anybody can come in,**

**the body is a poor lunatic
locked in an asylum in France
two hundred years ago,
the body is chained, the body
is the wall it's chained to.**

**It's always dark here.
Light dies when it comes in .**

19 October 2015

=====

1.

fundible fungible phony false
one line from dream
and as I strove to work with it,
wake with it, *fundible*
could be *fusible*,
phony could be *fawny*
the old word before
the scratchy voice on the telephone
reheard the word.

so pourable or meltable,
capable of serving a function,
tricky, tricksy, cheating and false,

false means false.
Or else means fate
that dogs our steps—
who can tell,
only eight a.m. and the sky turning blue.

Dream's alchemy
turns on itself,`
pours into waking

fundible

**one image can
stand in
for another**

fungible

**all of them a little specious
maybe, maybe even false.**

**But what is fake?
Another showman's trick
of the mind on matter.**

**Nothing is exactly so.
We stand for one another.**

**2.
There were no women in the dream.
A mean-looking dog, an Alsatian knockoff
and creepy-looking shadow men
like stage assassins casing parked cars.
And pine trees to shelter under
from the street lights and far music,
old white pick-up stalled by the fence.**

**3.
I dreamed I woke and went outside**

**and saw what I just said.
I put the car away to shield it,
went to look up those words
to be sure I'd gotten them right,
my dream Latin maybe shaky,
Latin was so long ago, but the dream
instead led me back to sleep.**

**4.
Who cares about my wordy, scary,
girl-free dream? Rilke cares,
who knew all images are music too
and she will come to thos who sing their best.**

20 October 2015

=====

**To analyze emptiness
to be sure
at last of such.
Brightness dazzles—
silence too
overwhelms the senses.
I heard you calling.
No one there,
a smile somehow
left in the air.**

20 October 2015

=====

**You can melt it
and fill this
very mold
up to the brim.**

**I think you know already
what it will resemble
when it's hardened and done.**

20 October 2015

=====

So many instructions.

Just lay one thing

on another

and be at peace.

20 October 2015

=====

**Yellow day
dreaming of sunset
driving
through the ads
to Arizona
to the mesas
where no language
I know knows
how to get told.**

20 October 2015

=====

**Must be singing
in the wood
itself I need
a rubber band
to pluck
remember Zion
the mad harp
now all we knew,
silence itself
an exaggeration
of music,
 but what
did we call it later
when nothing
happened in the dark?
a book, a deity, a demon?**

**We wore so many
clothes, names,
a ring of thorns
around your thigh
we said when we
meant I love you,
so little did we understand.**

20/21 October 2015

=====

**There could be time
for doing more things.
That's what things are for,
doing, including
being watched closely
being listened to
being known. Things
exist to be known.**

20/21 October 2015

=====

**In between
exalted.
Short breath
need to say
the vital word
you. Really
you and not
another, *this*
is magic,
it finds you
where you sleep.**

21 October 2015

=====

**Whatever it is
because of it
we wake together
in different worlds.**

**Sufferings are concealed
in other people
themselves hidden
behind our own**

**Magic lifts the curtain
we gasp our way towards sleep
but don't get there,
our separate worlds need each other—**

that is our only excuse.

21 October 2015

=====

The wax
of utter.
Carefree
but flame
is anxious
always,
where's my fuel,
where's oxygen.
Hence flickering,
eternal doubt.
Flicker. Angst
devours.
I hear hammers in the glen
they are bothering
the earth again.
It is morning
again too
I am elsewhere
from myself,
understanding
barely how
they feel over there
in the actual.

21 October 2015

CHILDHOOD

**Glass verbs
cracked in the cellar
where silverfish breed
in seemly numbers only**

**little white legs up the wall
over the dry books ascending
note well the passage of time
seventy-five years in the telling**

**who can know what such words mean,
love, order, transform, transcend,
they'll cut your fingers if you say them.
Come up for air. The bloodstained sky.**

21 October 2015

WHAT PLATO MEANT

Their spiritual forms
embrace me—

this moment is apocalypse
the unveiling
it has been going on
all my life

I outgrow
at last my confusion—

matter does not come *from*,
matter *yields* spiritual form

now this form embraces us
in deightsome equation.

It is from matter world
that spirit rises—

things, beasts, persons
acquire meaning beauty power

as they grow into form

**and that form leaps out
into the spiritual spaces
and lasts forever**

comforts you five thousand years.

**And I trembled almost as I heard him speak
the names of those who had caressed us.**

22 October 2015

=====

**The wind in the leaves
is not touching dollar bills.**

**They toss around
and many fly off, fly down**

**though most stay tethered.
What a monk the wind is,**

**never handling money
but making it fly!**

Each leaf a life.

**2.
I pay the prostitute with a neat
bundle of dry leaves
but she gives me real kisses.
What a strange world money is.**

23 October 2015

AUTUMN DISTICHS

**A candle on the shrine
knows more than I.**

**I will not let you say my name
till you can pronounce it in wood.**

**All the colors come back
before they go away.**

**The empty mind
sounds music best.**

**In Kentucky once
but never Tennessee.**

**I never climbed a tree, never swam
can't you see what I am?**

**The word was waiting when I woke.
But then I spoke.**

**Imaginary religions
burden us in dream.**

**Imagine waking up
as only you.**

**By and by
and by and bye.**

**We know who is the mother of the light.
Who is the father?**

**Wisdom when it grows weary
turns into mere truth.**

23 October 2015

TWO CONTINENTS

1.

Could there be a reason for it
no most likely not whoever
waited by the bridge in saffron
needed the onions more than I
and barley! Barley! these seeds
generate a culture a mountain
a pantheon of invigorating
deities, come look. Come look.

2.

Sparagmos

for R.H.

We knew such things
we knew them apart
we knew them to pieces
such a tall bottle
that wine has known
that gushes in the gutter
of a small German city
once. I was there,
I spared you the sight,
the pre-Reformation turret,
the reading of heated
liberal accusations.
The poet said Good-night

and smiled to his hotel.
Where shall we sleep?
A woman of the evening
by the river but I was shy.
A city is a torn-apart
condition, a single human
turn into fragments
we each of us has to try
to impersonate the whole
man or woman once again.
So I am who they are.

23 October 2015

TROPIQUES

1.

Did I believe it
even on the way

let alone the disaster
of actually getting there

Costa Chica!
where the trees

speak indigo
and bright serpents

chisel their way
into your dreams

scarier than waking
but I wander

far from my disorder
speaking Latin

in an older dialect
and shunning wine.

2.

Why ever did I set
out from Port Lumbago

to sail a tepid sea
into silence?

Here I'm a window
only, natives

look through me,
see what they please

but don't see me.
It's my accent

isn't it, I speak
with a skin tone

they hear with a stone.

3.

Did I believe it
even then

when I was on the way,

reading the relevant ads,

daydreaming apsaras
in monkeyed ruins,

kindly sun,
everything salty?

I think not.
But I came, I came,

that's all the tour
guides needed

to eject me
from the ordinary

into a fascinating
mendacity.

They promised
stars in the sky,

waves on the sea,
people smiling at me.

But all the smiles
were indigo and puce,

**I was a child again
coconut shell mandolin**

**strung with rubber bands
until the doctors came,**

**silenced my symphony.
febrifuge and antifreeze**

**to silence the sad images
sad islands summon.**

**4.
And now they tell me
You're home, you're healed**

**all those dreams dissolved
you're you again**

**domiciled in ordinariness
the scars will fade**

**bacteria settle in
as bearable annoyances**

**and you'll be fine.
They give me a medicine**

keeps me from speaking.

Peace. I am at peace.

24 October 2015

=====

**I am a rabbi with no religion
I am a stone without a sky to cover me
I am a tune without a meaning
the only sense I have is to go on.**

24 October 2015

***(Listening to Weinberg's Cello Concerto, Rylan Gajek,
soloist, with, TON Orchestra conducted by Leon)***

=====

**A majority of the players
walked off the field.
They were words
and it was silence.**

**One brave one, or foolish,
I can't tell, was left,
bare-headed in the rain
(silence is like water).**

A smallish figure all alone.

25 October 2015

=====

TO KRISTIN PREVALLET

**on the assumption that you
and not she are Hillary Clinton
I find myself compelled to praise
that you have chosen to wield
power in the imaginal rather
than the political per se, you
know well that from the imaginal
the everyday world descends
in detail and in totality and so
by ruling in poetry and therapy
(those two hands of the god
Asklepios some called him while
others said simply Aphrodite
born from foam of lust and hope,
love cures all ailments but itself)
you gently and with intelligence
will claim authority over the local
animal, the beast we feed and feed on
that sans your sagesse will feed on us.**

25 October 2015

=====

**If I found myself thinking again
I am supposed to do this:
think of a rat or mole in a burrow,
rain pelting down, tunnel filling up,
foxes and dogs yapping outside.
So much for philosophy.**

25 October 2015

=====

**Measure life by exhausted moments?
Exalted? The mirror I was born in
broke a long time ago — ivy
crept up the brick walls, the German
up there tore it down — a fallen tree
is a mirror, a window is a city,
it all is lost so I can find it again
you can. The world it turns out
is only your uncle, not the mother
you are taught to think it is
when you learn other languages.
Anything can happen. The moon
even could give you good dreams.**

25 October 2015

CONFESSION

**I am not Diego Rivera.
This is important
for me to say and for
both of us to know.**

**Know me, I couldn't draw
a horse to save my
life in the wilderness.
Carry me home.**

**My father could draw horses
fine, they called him Jim
—Diego— but that was not
his name. And me,**

**I'm not angry at anybody
even though I'm overweight
and big is a nationality
of its own, I hate politics,**

**I don't like Andre Breton
anymore,. he's mean, starts
riots, excommunicates
his friends, don't let me do that,**

**I'm suspicious of Trotsky,
he built an army and sent it out
to kill, I don't like armies,
no, I'm not Diego Rivera,**

**can't speak Spanish, tengo
dolor de cabeza, I hate
angry art, I hate myself
for hating it, I hate**

**one dimensional people,
one-dimensional art,
hate propaganda for anything
but me, hate myself**

**for hating, for being hurt,
imagine the horror: me
with a brush and a blank wall.
No, I'm not Diego Rivera**

**but my heart's in the right place.
Wherever that is.**

26 October 2015

=====

**We spend a lot of time
thinking about people we're not.
This is called history
or daytime TV.**

26.X.15

BLUE

Coming back!

**The color comes back to me
after a five year intermission,
how it shines now, leaps
to my eye and at the same
instant takes me in,
allurement and fulfilment all at once!
(I hope I have not betrayed its secret.)**

26 October 2015

=====

**Who is waiting on the other side of this?
Give me a name at least—
no, it was a woodpecker at the house wall
the fox whose earth is just behind the gazebo
and of course it was the weather,
what else loves us so faithfully and never fails,
glory be to heaven there is always weather!
Now at least I know who knocked
but where is the door? Who really
is waiting there, on the other side of this?
Do they sing Italian, babble Irish,
say their prayers in Hebrew, quarrel in Greek?
Are they people like me?
If they are, then tell me what I'm like.
Why is a man hammering a nail in
like a maple changing color in the sky?
Help me to understand these things,
entity beyond identity
that's all I'm asking. Or who are you
anyway, and why am I asking?**

26 October 2015

CHRONIC

for Richard Horowitz

The touch that heals
the leper at the gate
can heal the weary
scholar at her desk—

disease is not a moment,
it is the shaping, the
degrading of a whole life.
So the whole animal

of us must be healed—
not just bug bites,
spots, scars, skin—our
energy, our living time

must welcome that touch.

26 October 2015

=====

for Alana

**That it would always be enough to begin
and then go on, spouting the names
of your friends, the loves, the ones
who disappoint us most of all, the you,
the me, the greedy voluptuaries
terrified of touch, the wolves, the weeds
growing around the cenotaph, tomb
of no one, nobody home—**

**nobody home inside the earth
and still we keep singing if this is song.
Mahler means painter. Or miller
at his meal. Or one time is as good
as all the others, be here for me
now, that's what here is for, and skin
and distances and foreign languages**

**such as this in which I pray thee
play no censor to the rapt uprising
from which the names of love
granted and withheld but always
love derive, arrive in your poem,
what we say hardly matters,
if you say no to me or I say no to you**

**we are linked in the long discourse
of permission where nothing finally
is permitted, nothing is withheld,
it all goes on, all our lives we cry
each other's names, so many names,
say them all, they're all worth
the curious eternity of being sound.**

26 October 2015

=====

**A small stream runs through the house
neighbors come and play in it
the way you only can in running water.
They bring offerings of fruit and shells,
carry soaked sponges away with them
to wipe their mirrors with at home
so the glass will show the living truth.**

**Water is like that. The importance
of having it moving through the house,
through your thoughts and dreams
and through the dark of dreamless sleep
always moving. Always going somewhere,
always remembering where it's been.**

26 October 2015

NIGHT TRAIN

1.
Caught by complexity
the train howls by
too fast to think
the landscape clearly—
river, island, trestle,
lagoon — and trees
innumerable though as Borges
reasons there must be
a God to number them
though he was talking
about birds, wasn't he?

2.
Birds, trees, dreams,
no numbers are adequate
to sample them
the train howls down the valley
any insomniac can tell you that,
that special throat of diesels,

that powerful contralto hoot,
Angry Mother on her way
and all the water places answer her—
sound over water, infer
the shimmer you actually hear.

3.

Suppose you in a window of her
watching the landscape pass—
cove where once the mallows bloomed
the bridge lights arch above you soon
and everything is guessing
with you in the dark. Night train.
Freight, no proper passengers.
Empty boxcars husting along
through the just above freezing air.

4.

River? A thing you take on faith,
an otherwise inexplicable total darkness
a mile wide alongside you,
lights tiny on the far side of whatever it is.
In the daytime it is water,
estuary reaching north, river shoving south.
God knows what it is at night.

5.

There's God again, a Person who
(as Goethe somewhere remarks)
tends to intrude on human conversations.
Explanations. A figure of speech.
But what a figure! Glorious
as Apollo out-stretching in the Vatican,
honest as the Nazarene on his Roman cross.
And this too was for a while a Christian land,
a little while, between Manitou and money now
when God is gone but zombies thrive.

6.

I had to come up with something scary
to explain why I couldn't sleep. Halloween.
Zombies are old folks with dementia
eating through their children's bank accounts,
old people not prompt enough to die.
Ghosts are guilt trips in the dark. That's
why I can't sleep. Night train slow passing.

**House arrest. False allegations. Sins
of a former life requited now— I throw
myself on the mercy of the court
but the judges are all asleep.
So I must run to join them there
where all the trains are heading,
moon getting ready to set, o yes
we can at least see that, not all
the evidence is ever swept away
by this brief waking.**

**26/27 October 2015
4:25 — 5:09**

=====

**The shape of something
hidden in the air—**

**what is it? I reach out
to touch the contours of**

**what must be blue, the way
it takes my fingers in,**

only blue can take that way.

26/27 October 2015

(HOW I WROTE THE BIBLE)

**Catch it by clarity
the nude beginning
fountain-tall, gazed on
by sunrays bare
as a building stands.**

**He's beginning to hear
voices from the other side
—each leaf a miracle,
whole maple tree in haiku,
stuff like that —
then the actual ensues,
the real miracle:
he hears silence**

**and it kisses him
almost on the lips
but a little to one side
the way chaste women do,
and he has room to breathe
and leave to speak—**

27 October 2015

= = = = =

**From Bali casting
a word be home**

**need to hear this
in the tongue of that**

**always the opposite
lisps love the**

**way to hear 't:
Be it. Be at it.**

**Rude knowing
sometimes enough**

**sea's heartbeat
says.**

27 October 2015

=====

**It's not so much to ask, is it,
you're riding on my knee
astraddle, riding
towards me on my bone horse.
Our mouths are close together,
we're speaking words to each other.
Every now and then
our tongue tips touch.
A whole new humanity is born from this.**

28 October 2015

PARENTHETICALLY,

**a throb inside the chest
a job outside waiting**

**the lurking
work, sneak attack
of elsewhere and otherdo**

to tear apart my sweet this.

**The inner throb though
belongs to the outer beast,**

**the job's claw
already deep.**

28 October 2015

=====

Try a nude direction
to something in the sky
a sound on water or.

Last night two owls
talked in our trees—
this is also a way

to go beyond the customs
of our broken tribe,
moneyless to the cave

return! each person
a race unto itself
o call me there too

for the night has changed me,
only fear is real,
it never fails.

Wonder is wander—
you get there for real
when there's no place to go.

28 October 2015

=====

**Anew begin.
Dimension:
beg
words from the sky.**

**None. They rise
instead inside from.**

**Explain your pain
and that is verse
I answer with mine,
we are divine,**

**children, stupid
playing kittens
with our tails.**

**I lick your religion.
You nibble my song.**

28 October 2015

=====

**It always
could have been
this way
but I was wrong.**

**Being wrong
is my way of being,**

**against the grain—
or do I have none,
no inner structure,
no direction
to follow or reject?**

**Whom have I thwarted
by silence?**

28 October 2015

=====

**My language this morning seems
tangled in rubber bands, sticky tape,
post-it notes, illegible, flaking away—**

**is it such a hard thing
I'm trying so hard not so say,
how tired I am, how closed my eyes.**

28 October 2015

=====

**Caught there dining on the rail
the broken clouds over broken hills
and all of this because I wanted**

**I wanted. That is the grief of going,
always on the hunt for thing,
Thing. Thing that is always there**

**never here. So I will be there, there,
with it, leaving the philosophical
rightness of being here,**

**here is you-less, here has only all
the things of yesterday and I want,
I want the century after tomorrow.**

**28 October 2015
Shafer**

=====

**This is the rain
that washes the trees away**

**leaves
their bare intentions
the skeleton
of feeling,
 the reach
of all becoming,**

structure clear against the sky

28 October 2015

THE DISTINCTION AT LAST

**Not to need what one needs
is liberty. Freedom
is to have no needs at all.**

29 October 2015

2.

I thought I meant the river
I had seen it from one end to the other

from the well to the sea,
but the hill was my habit,

the dark place where the river rose
a little sign beside it

names, always names.,
short as history, people in the trees

half seen half inferred—
dear god I have lived by inference.

3.

There is a lie in seeing things.

Any watching
even watching so closely
is only knowing
the sinful surfaces of things
the Orthodox called *beauty*.

Nobis quoque peccatoribus

**And to us sinners
also it has spoken.
Hence the triumph
of easel painting
and all its children,
photo, movie, video,**

**new kind of reality
wholly grasped by looking.**

**Or are there new lies
matched with new views?**

***Noble domed structure of the Parliament
tall above Danube, bridges
a man and woman can cross together,***

hence this must be true.

**Truth? What I have seen
does not desert me**

but shall it serve me?

4.

**All the domes. By Klee. Or up Ludgate Hill.
Old newspaper arc'd above my head in rain,**

FEHERFA

**these black, black words
I'm writing, trying
to write into the world
need such a simple thing,**

**a surface, not even totally smooth,
but pale, like new-sawn
pine planks soft in morning sun,**

***white wood*, the solidity of light,
no color at all, so words
even mine can feign all colors at once.**

Birch bark. Papyrus. Fine linen. White wood.

29 October 2015

=====

Costs so much a letter
to read a letter.

Have worn
out my eyes on A and B,
yearning to caress your alphabet.

How much is left in the bank,
the tank

for all the daleths
I can hurry through
to find even one window
where she stands waiting?

Letters are like stars in the sky,
they seem random at first
but only the]stories they tell are.

A word is the end of everything.

And letter are so hard to read,
why didn't you call?
You wanted to give me only
the letters we write letters with,
dozens of them to say
the simplest note — I'm in town
till midweek, here'sy number—

**but how can I answer
a letter with letters
or with numbers,
ten numbers find her phone,**

**and what do numbers spell?
Close your eyes and count the ways.**

30 October 2015

=====

**Trees half or more
undressed now
wind after heavy
rain leaves them
so I can finally see
what they mean.**

**What a burden it must be
to say so many words
all summer long,
so many tongues,
and not one without
something to report.
Something the wind
taught it, something
light quietly told.**

30 October 2015

THE STATUE SHIFTED

1.

Who stands to profit from the wind
they moved Jehane off-axis, nothing
has gone right for the French since,
pigeons over Samaritain persist—
we are all on loan from the sky.

2.

Teach me to spell you
at your task,
the Saracens saved Spain
from Roman indolence
he argued—
 but I was there,
I stood in the square
and worshipped with the tourists from Japan,
worshipped whatever we were thinking,
worshipped the beauty we thought we'd found
but then they moved Jehane and her horse.

3.

Once great learning on these muddy banks,
Lutetia, from whom our laws and language
come — English is just French we speak with

**German words — but Jehane is gone.
She faces south as if her home lay there.
far from our wars and meanings.**

4.

**All this mattered to me once,
like a sock tied
round the doorknob
of history:**

**keep out,
a sexual mystery
goes on within,
we know their names
we hear their cries
so deep inside us
we know they're ours.**

5.

**Any day now she'll
leap across the river
ride up Mustard Street
past the Roman stadium
or follow Saint James
out of town, anywhere
out of this stricken city,
sore bones and rhizomes—**

**we mystics are severe,
pass harsh sentences,
pray your judges
be no mystics, we expect
misery from earthly life—
so she has taken her horse
her dog her rabbit her snake
and traveled home to Domrémy
which sounds like a song
beginning, too easy maybe
but don't ask me,
I've never been anywhere but here.**

31 October 2015

=====

**Come out young women
wait on me,
the day is cold
cold living in the bible**

**your coffee's weak but warm,
and noble busboy from Oaxaca
come wipe my table clean
so I can stare in wet formica**

**and see who I really am
today, what face they put on me
so I could come to this cozy place,
a diner is the center of the world.**

**Nestled in the cushioned bench
I listen to the hiss of frying things
and watch myself fade away.
I could be anybody now.**

31 October 2015

=====

**Running out of think
they have been tricked**

**into wanting wrong things
they can be tricked into buying.**

**Everything is good.
You have to be by being it.**

**Be the sun in this fading maple
be the music they won't let your hear.**

31 October 2015

URN, CRACKED

1.
There's not enough of me left
to fill with honey,
buckwheat or Hymettus.

2.
I'm waiting for the crow
to carry my doubts away
with one loud cry. *Caw*
we write it but I hear
a different word I cry
in answer but don't even
yet know how to spell.

3.
Because the world
redeems us
if we let it.

4.
Simple as that.
Paratrooper
landing on a coral reef
to fight the sea.
A merchant peddling
tickets to inside the moon.

5.

**We do it wrong.
The wolves howl
at us in derision
so we kill them.**

6.

**The world itself
is only a reminder.
And we can't bear that.**

31 October 2015

ROSSINI

**How small the music
sometimes is
yet the whole
sky's inside it.**

31 October 2015

=====

**Three crows
flying east.
The world
is a feast.**

31.X.15