

3-2016

**mar2016**

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**From the middle  
of America  
whatever that is**

**the recent dead  
all of them  
violent or peaceful  
on this day rise**

**into their Next Condition.  
It is the day *13-Death*  
they have been waiting for,  
one day in the Venusian year  
when they collect  
all their residue and go,**

**ascend. Everybody  
goes to heaven  
eventually. Everybody comes back.**

**1 March 2016**

## **POLITICS**

***13-Death***  
**in the Mayan**  
**calendar—**  
**what a day**  
**for Super**  
**Tuesday**  
**when we begin**  
**to choose**  
**again the manner**  
**of the four**  
**disastrous**  
**years to come.**  
**We follow**  
**our leaders**  
**as we follow**  
**teams: with**  
**idle ignorant**  
**passion.**

**1 March 2016**

## **SOLEMN ODE FOR THE FEAST OF SAINT DAVID**

**As if we had to chase the rabbit  
back into his hole so the month  
could start again, a month ,  
a month now what is that,  
something round and fat  
and split in thirty parts  
and none of them make sense,  
I mean, do 2?**

**Month's named for a  
moon but a moon  
has nothing to do,  
no work of its own  
just bother us,s  
just pulls the bathwater  
up and down the pipes,  
in the lagoon outside  
to irritate the cormorants  
who need to know just how  
deep to dive to get the fish,**

**a fish,  
now what is that,  
something silvery and sleek  
though dight with scales, something swift**

**outside our ken when ken  
means skin and sunburn and late to work,**

**work, work, well what is that  
something my ancestors did with hats  
in Manchester or gold mines in Australia  
half-pink ladies of Pakistan, who knows  
what work means, this is one,  
this piece of language skitters in the wind,  
wind, wind, noow who is that  
that is somebody's loving breath  
but whose you say but whose?  
who could it be but that  
woman long ago whose lap we call the sky.**

**1 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Getting ready to be somebody else.  
Not as an actor, or as a dead man  
reincarnates, not as a confidence man  
pretends to be someone he isn't,  
a banker or a Rockefeller, no just  
getting ready to turn into me  
after all these years of not quite.  
Not quite being anybody. Marble  
statue, onyx urn, staircase made  
from sheets of lapis, ah, a man  
is a house a-building never done.  
Ghosts in the attic, rats in the floor,  
I have some nerve just being alive  
but still the time has come to be  
and to be me, that imaginary entity.**

**1 March 2016**

= = = = =

*On the Day 1-Deer*

**My American birthday!  
The deer outside  
indifferent to arch's  
lion roar. Place  
of being one. Peace.  
Wearing the words  
as my house. Timid.  
Persistent, Wise?**

**2 March 2016**

= = = = =

**It loses itself in listening  
it comes back**

**silence is like that,  
your mother's house**

**your father's overcoat.**

**2 March 2016**



= = = = =

**The more words I have  
the fewer I use.  
Poetry is miserly at best  
like Levi's point of carbon  
.**

**2.III.16**

= = = = =

To mix the words  
until they understand  
how to keep silent  
and what to tell—

a quiet rush of rightness  
spills some sentences

tremble a little  
naked above the quivering bath

wherever language takes you  
you're always at home.

2 March 2016

= = = = =

**Though it is music  
I listen.**

**Thugh the theme  
is monotonous  
the elver still  
swim Sargasso.**

**I can't credit  
the animal in me  
and yet the flute  
astonishes.  
A string snaps.**

---

**Spotlight  
on silver flute.**

**Nothing happening  
out loud.**

---

**Reach into your shirt  
to find your heart**

**the one you gave me  
is old now. Speaks  
Russian, smells  
of cinnamon.**

---

**As ong as he can sit  
quietly and write whatever  
comes to mind  
out of the music  
the music doesn't matter.**

**The words don't matter.  
Only a bleak and lonely  
crag in Scottish highlands  
dim when the fog rolls in,  
only more more words.**

---

**The School of Tonal Approximations  
is in session.**

**Sounds like the smudge on my eyeglasses.**

**I am the littlest Pope  
I sit on my goldenest throne  
and I say and I say and I say.**

---

**Lift the love words  
out of the tone war.**

**I woke this morning  
to an eagle, circled  
twice above my grave  
and flew east. Renewal.**

**A sign. All signs are good.**

---

**Trying to find  
measure in the meter,  
Mother, we cry,  
I need to be carried  
in your arms.**

---

I am naught but a  
couch sofa divan daybed  
davenport  
                  on which the lovely  
analysand stretches out  
her lies, limerances, verities.  
I am the truth.  
When you lie down on me  
everything is gone.

---

Are there crocodiles  
where you come from  
or only pyramids  
floating upside down  
on a never-failing stream?

---

I can see Herself  
walk out of the Sun  
and come to us.  
I call myself *arif*  
boldly, utterly  
dependent upon  
whatever I see.

**As oak wood joins  
oak wood, slat  
by slat to speak  
the dance floor  
into place we dare  
prance on, leap,  
bore one another  
with dullard tunes  
commentaries,  
we stare down  
at the exact joining,  
dear god, we have,  
we have the wood.**

---

**A song comes  
from the body  
of the other**

**only they can  
sing it.**

**no man  
sings his own song.**

**2 March 2016**

**(Bito: Gann concert]**



= = = = =

The birds are  
floaters in the eye  
of the sky

You think  
the earth is somebody  
else up there?

Not so, the earth is somebody  
else right here

and we live in him  
*tellus*, masculine or her  
*terra*, feminine  
or *chthôn*, is that neuter,  
look it up,  
call it *ha aretz*  
and be done,

and anyhow  
is gender sex?  
that's another bird  
entirely  
that flies only in our head.

You and who else's? Us all.

**They streak across the see-o-sphere  
and teach us how to plow.**

**3 March 2016**

## **ON KABBALAH**

**Kabbalah is reception  
is a she, she receives  
from all the galaxies**

**and with wisdom and  
what works as such she  
receives us.**

**Striving to be worthy  
and from her lap  
we are born,**

**worthy or not.**

**She is not the mirror  
but Hers is the face  
when we look long enough  
into our own.**

**2.  
Caring as far as you can  
you enter  
an otherworld.**

**Each people has its own kabbalah  
and its business is to find,**

**in alphabet or stars or flowers  
or the fracture pattern in old rock,  
listen and discern.**

**3.  
Brigid told me to think  
the weird old spelings of Irish words  
small as their alphabet  
the spelling added  
letter upon letter to make sound  
and show the meaning under,  
how Seaghain says more than Sean—**

**to teach the inwards of each word.**

**Spelling reform is a kind of blasphemy—  
but the inner mantric force  
of the sounds never is lost,  
the sound is the sound of the body being.**

**3 March 2016**

= = = ==

o have an empty mouth at last  
not a seed or word or pear peel in it,  
no scrap of meaning

just waiting, like old Chaôs  
to be and ecome and be someone  
full of pockets and poltergeists

and the whole world  
starts all over again, yes, right now,  
swallow the little saliva

that's always creeping in  
from somewhere, wh knows  
the mother of waters

who gives the mouth its funtains  
its strange taste that always  
remind me of you.

3 March 2016

= = = = =

out he kitchen window  
at the stream slow  
sparkling by  
all these years his  
house he never saw.

3.III.16

## **PHILOSOPHY LESSON**

**Any sound at all  
is a call**

**Ask any bird**

**Trees squeak  
in wind, speak**

**I'm not joking  
even these words  
mean something**

**more than I can say**

**but they can.  
Things do.**

**4 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Dissolve this mirror  
under your tongue**

**let it fly softly  
down your swallow  
and be inside.**

**See,  
in you  
is not so different  
from outside.**

***As above so below*  
means you too,  
look into your palms  
and remember.**

**2.  
You can feel the looking  
around down there,  
your heart is like  
a young girl getting dressed  
to go out, every  
outing is important,  
your heart studies the mirror,  
never perfect but  
she'll have to make do.**



3.

And there is music there too  
the mirror knows how to see,  
panpipes and sugary guitars  
crazy old man singing to his cat.

4.

Believing is a big part of seeing.  
People come along at dawn  
with little ladders and prune the trees.  
Springtime down there too!  
You have been waiting so long, hungry,  
a cookie, a piece of cheese.  
O the traffic of the heart  
and no police in sight.

5.

In my Imaginary  
I found a book  
I must have swallowed  
long ago, birthday  
gift from Uncle Owen,  
pale buckram,  
four boys in it  
all of them me  
travel around the world  
opium and Mecca and deep  
in Turkey meet a girl

who shows them the way  
to the center, she doesn't say  
center of what, and one  
by one they go in,  
disappear and I am now.

6.  
Keep tasting the taste  
of that bright glass,  
the clean taste,  
never lose that.  
This is your hour,  
this is what it meant  
all along, the ladder,  
the mirror, bird  
on a wire, shapely  
fruit tree about to leaf —

7.  
I wish I could tell you more about it  
but we come to a room  
where the documents are sealed.  
No one around to help you read  
even after you break the wax  
and tear the folders open,

stultifying alphabets,  
Caucasian consonants,  
the vowels flew away like butterflies.  
It is natural to end in incoherence  
that's how we began, the *boibeling*  
babble of a baby me —  
surely you remember.  
Lucidity is rare.  
Most of the time you only think,  
and think you understand.  
Clean cars move fast on seldom-traveled roads —  
beauty comes and goes.  
Enough for now.

5 March 2016

## **PRUNER**

**Aims at symmetry.  
No lop.**

**Stubborn tree  
or does it too crave**

**ordinary shapeliness?  
Does it call to the pruner**

**Marry me to a shape  
I have in mind? —**

**I endure your hooks  
and clippers, come serve**

**my sense of self?**

**5 March 2016**

= = = = =

Strange animal  
that runs away  
when I open my eyes.

Better for it to be real and there,  
here, in the house,

real enough to run away —  
or not real at all,

a *mere* neural/ocular event?

Is it *always* better to be wrong?

5- 6 March 2016

= = = = =

*(Poet as Magistrate).*

1.

Led by the lictor's rod  
(his pen) this poet  
ambles through the trees  
of dream and wakes  
to write a word down —  
*labdanomancy*,  
not *rh-*, the known kind  
of telling fortunes by rods  
(whatever that means)  
but another *manteia*,  
a telling built evidently  
on L. Someone's name.  
A lost disease.

2.

The rod, the bound-  
together substance,  
quill or Sharpie  
leads the writer.

She wakes *up*  
and writes a word *down*.

Because a word is always  
up there, overheard,  
head-said, needs  
down, here,  
                    where  
you can find it,  
  
lift it to (again)  
heaven of your hearing.

6 March 2016

= = = = =

**It would always be another.  
Possibility wolf-footed  
girl with a snake in her pocket,  
Christians in a circle singing —  
anything could happen. The wolf  
is in us already, every one.  
If you call Kelly, I will come.**

**There is a reason for these things,  
a deep but limited alphabet.  
Spell me any way you like  
I turn into you before the breath  
has left your mouth.**

**No,  
they're Buddhist babies  
all learning to spell together  
all out loud, loud.**

**6 March 2016**



= = = = =

**All right, I admit it—  
a nightingale carries a girl away.  
I saw this in France  
in a garden of scents.  
High over the lake she's lifted,  
looks down in deep clear water  
sees Pontius Pilate's bones  
gleaming ivory, she hears  
the tone each bone gives off  
and told the bird to bring her back.  
Brave bird, compliant geology,  
calm world that never forgets  
any word once spoken in it,  
not even this.**

**6 March 2016**

**LEONORA**

**How did you know her?**

**—We went to the same temple.**

**But she wasn't Jewish —**

**— Neither am I.**

**6 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Fulgentius, now who was he?**

**He knew the meaning  
of someone's hidden  
clearly in their name.**

**I have read too many letters,  
written too little, grass on the lawn,  
people still uncertain which name  
wrote which books — is a fish**

**responsible for the whole sea?**

**I have a cold today, a code she said,  
uneasy to decode. Lamp  
in the window, sun outside.**

**7 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Sickness is a sign of health —  
pathogens prefer vital hosts.**

**7 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Instead of instead of  
walk a pony by the sea  
or ride a rabbit  
into mother's hill  
say hello at last  
your mind begins.**

**8 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Dawn: Everything  
visible. No  
color at all.**

**8.III.16**

= = = = =

**Faeries believe in us still.**

**I can hear them thinking  
under the hill.**

**Contour  
of the land is their language.**

**We don't have to walk  
there, understanding  
is enough.**

**Their cup  
we drink the shape.**

**8 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Edges have things  
between them  
to help them stay  
apart. Distinct.  
A boundary  
is the best thing,  
a beast we need.**

**8 March 2016**



= = = = =

**Geology is faerie talk.  
I knew it at thirteen,  
a girl is not so different from a hill.**

**8.III.16**

= = = = =

**It takes so many times  
to make a mind.**

**Say it now, later  
see if it's true. Call it  
the lagoon, the clerestory,  
my one and only you.**

**8 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Does that road a little glisten?  
Is it moistened with more than dew?**

**Things get pale in the middle sometimes  
but when a face does that, the words**

**stop understanding. Surface is all.**

**8 March 2016**

= = = = =

1.

There is tamarisk weather  
mild enough to sit outside—  
I watch my laden caravels  
come home over the horizon  
but I cannot see the sea.

2.

I bend the horizon  
to my purposes,  
it's just a line  
like any other line,  
a loop, a lariat,  
everything comes home.

3.

Hours later 80F  
outside ever  
as if I were,

After sleep  
forgiveness—  
unpleasant this  
little claw marks left

**awake awake! as Louis said  
the hill is habited  
the people of underearth  
still love us**

**when we're sick  
they understand  
even better than  
the *Lady* in the sky**

**so welcome home.**

**9 March 2016**

= = = = =

If we had to go there  
it would speed

sinspeed  
painspeed, speed of remorse  
lingering.

Old religions  
never give up,  
all penalty  
and fear,  
a game everybody loses.

9 March 2016

= = = = =

After all these years  
can't comprehend human sexuality

I stand in the desert  
trying to understand

the sand

reach down and finger it  
a few grains  
under my thumb nail

I try to read  
but the message  
is too far away in language,  
this micro-chunk  
of once upon a time

rock

stopped speaking  
long before we got here  
with our binaries and genitals,

almost all the rocks  
are silent now  
except now and then a one

**big or small  
still is speaking**

**hill to heaven  
or gate of hell,**

**or this blue oval  
you wear on your soft wrist.**

**10 March 2016**



= = = = =

**At least listening  
the key changes,  
the door falls down.**

**A level plain. Sand  
stretches to the sea.**

**I am here again.  
Music does this,  
I try to get there  
but what I see  
is always far away  
no matter how I move.**

**Maybe I too  
am just a kind of door.**

**10 March 2016**

= = = = =

**“Deep mystery of my Undivided Body”  
woke with that conundrum  
what does it mean**

**in me?**

**Aristophanes’ doublets,  
those lost bi-gendered together ones?  
We can’t even say their names  
his divine roly-polies tumbling,  
angering Zeus. Or Tiamat. Or  
whoever sliced us in two.  
But not me? Undivided:  
does it mean that all of me  
is still intact from the Great Place,  
the fairyland where I was born,  
son of a seal and a singer?**

**But I hear my blood  
throbbing in my ears  
like a truck idling outside.  
If I can hear myself  
am I not divided  
from what I hear?**

**I offer myself and my condition  
for your inspection.  
This too is a kind of music mever stops.**

**11 March 2016**

**VIOLIN CONCERTO**

**Just listen  
and find your way  
leads you out  
from thinking into  
they let you in.**

**11 March 2016**

## **RADIO VIOLIN**

**Sound of the instrument  
itself not always pleasant  
but what it says is what counts  
against the worse than silences inside.**

**11 March 2016**

## **LO-FI**

**The advantage  
of cheap radios—  
they make you  
listen only  
to the music  
undistracted  
by the sound.**

**11 March 2016**

= = = = =

**The local  
is the last refuge**

**the mind is streets**

**is the road  
up to the quarry**

**one light on,**

**is the rock.**

**We come back  
glad to obvious,  
a minister  
with no flock—**

**open your hands,  
there's the church.  
The houses listen.**

**11 March 2016**

= = = = =

*Emma Lutz-Higgins dancing*

A dance is understanding.

Her dance is the history  
of philosophy,  
Heraclitus to Heidegger,  
along the way a celebration  
of Nietzsche, whirling  
through eternity, then coming  
home to rest with Sartre.  
*Existenz.*

Dance is saying  
what can't be said in any other way—

she twists with touch  
and ire, it seems from her arms  
the world's on fire.

The body is the first philosopher.  
The body knows how to think—  
and not just think it's thinking,

**the way we do when we don't dance,,**

***bailar, body knows***  
**to dance the only dance,**

**making space talk all around her,**  
**a dance is making space come clean,**  
**tell its secrets, wall and floor,**

**she reaches out and touches, strikes,**  
**presses downward, upward,**

***Break the sky***  
**the body cries,**

***break the sky***  
***and let me in.***

**11 March 2016**



= = = = =

**She didn't know the power that she had  
but knew how to wield it. Egypt  
lasted thirty dynasties  
and never knew. She wore a scarf in cold weather,  
walked by the river, inspected  
the flight of birds. They fell  
when she looked away. The power  
such a young one has. In the hips it hid  
for all to see. She guessed wrong  
every time and it worked out. The power.**

**11 March 2016**

= = = = =

**There is a town in Germany  
looks just like me  
we wear the same socks  
and walk on rivers, remember?**

**I tried to bring some home  
but my hands are leaky,  
all I can show you is the stain  
I wear for a face, water, water,**

**I claim that it's ancestral  
like a song or a bird's cry  
something almost natural  
enough to try to believe.**

**12 March 2016**

## **DULCE ENCUENTRO**

**I think you are the one  
he said, who is to lead me  
to my death. What  
could she answer? If  
he was right, everything  
would happen as it should  
all by itself. If he was wrong—  
well, he wasn't wrong. We all  
lead each other on that way.  
Say something! he said,  
I think I did, she said, but  
I guess you didn't hear me.**

**12 March 2016**

## ***SILKEN LADDER***

she sings  
seems old  
old even when  
it first left lips.  
Old because  
the world is  
and we yearn  
to listen,  
knowing somehow  
it will show the way.

**12 March 2016**

= = = = =

The car was the wrong color  
so had trouble turning the corner  
at the top of the hill  
into the brown oak leaves  
I'd never noticed blended  
under the tall pines. Who  
would drive such a color  
on ordinary roads? Wrong.  
But I know how to forgive,  
I've been the wrong color too.

12 March 2016

= = = = =

**I studied everything,  
forgot everything.  
I am the white keys  
on the piano, waiting.**

**12 March 2016**

## **CONVALESCENT**

**Soft hammering  
not too rhythmical  
woodpecker high  
in some big tree.  
Deep resonance.  
I hear the invisible.  
Glory sun cloud  
loud, fresh wind.  
The worst is over  
it says in the sky.**

**12 March 2016**

**Es schimpt der Eichhorn**

**Scolding  
going on  
squirrel  
annoyed.  
Doesn't need  
understanding,  
woodpecker,  
squirrel, spring  
going on.**

**We are masters  
of letting  
things happen  
all round us  
everything  
on its beautiful  
own.**

**12 March 2016**



## LANGUAGE SHOWS US WHAT WE'VE LOST

Queen is *cwen* — basic Indo-European  
word for woman.

A queen is The Woman.

King comes from Old English *cyning*, the skillful,  
capable, 'cunning,'

the man She chose  
to lead her soldiers  
and give her children.

There was a Queendom once.

13 March 2016

= = = = =

**Comes the revolution  
the czar comes back again  
because the word means  
turning round and round  
back to the same place.**

**We have to find a line  
that changes, an arrow *out*.**

**13.III.16**

= = = = =

**Assertion facing ocean—  
the implicit clam  
is testing something all the time**

**everything in the ocean  
has a job and odes it  
making the ocean work**

**the system needs the clam  
Venus Anadyomene herself requires  
a fleshy cup from which to rise.**

**14 March 2016**

= = = = =

**The sea tells us:  
we grow out of stone.**

**We are specialized minerals  
we know how to laugh,**

**climb stairs, wear clothes,  
and cast them off. Or waves.**

**14 March 2016**

## LAKES

By some lakes in east Prussia  
some languages clashed.  
Kashubian, Altpreussisch,  
Polish, High German, Low  
German, then Russian came.

A lake loves language—  
fact. Go to any lake  
and listen. You'll hear  
more French than Montreal.  
for instance. More Venusian  
than my solar plexus.

Your ears will grow weary  
from all the sense they make.

And think of the eleven thousand  
eight hundred forty two lakes  
in Minnesota. No wonder we're confused.

14 March 2016

= = = = =

**Maybe music will help.  
But music is the other room**

**like sun behind clouds a little  
but undependable —**

**who knows what, and how, they'll play?  
And who are they, these hands and lips  
masked by distance,**

**could I have dreamed it all  
and wake now in a world  
without Beethoven and Berlioz,**

**just a strange face I remember from dream?  
You never know till you turn the music on  
what else might have vanished in the night.**

**15 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Only bother painting  
what you can't see otherwise.  
Only write what you don't know —  
why repeat yourself?**

**And why sing if they  
can't carry your tune  
home with them on the subway  
under frozen Moskva streets?**

**Some common sense really does make sense.**

**15 March 2016**

= = = = =

**My shoulder aches,  
carrying nine hours  
of crumbling sleep.**

**15 March 2016**



## GLOBAL CHARMING

1.

to come  
again and again to the same  
place

*the girls*  
*behind the barn*

Psyche's tasks  
unfold in my hands.  
I listen to everyone,  
despair of everything,  
the small white cat  
comes to console the weeping girl  
exhausted from trying to evict  
the small white  
someone else's cat  
from her new house,  
the consolations  
are myriad,

the yellow capsules  
fall into the wrong compartment,  
have to be spooned  
out at first then one  
by one fingered free from  
the pills they wrongly married —  
life is a farce written by mythology  
the laughter dies in the throat,  
the pretty girl becomes a tree of stone —

**marble makes everybody beautiful.**

**2.**

**Have I taught you the wrong lesson, lily,  
maybe to be white and soft is not enough,  
maybe praise and honor are different music,  
and you need the rough hands (comparatively)  
of young men and women to carry you  
upright before then, you lean softly  
on their chests, painters clamor to paint you.  
But all the painters of such scenes are dead.  
Have I taught you all wrong, lily,  
that it is enough, more than enough,  
to be and become and be used?**

**3.**

***Charming* has *harming* in it —  
why is that?**

**You can lose yourself in magic  
and never come back.**

**Or in the modest ballroom  
you can lose yourself in being sweet**

**and never say your mind,  
and an unsaid mind is the greatest harm**

**to you and to the whole world around.**

**4.**

**Such numbers used to mean warm.**

**The body changes: the earth  
warms, the body chills.**

**67 degrees in sunshine and soft breeze.**

**I freeze. Not quite. The rime  
leads me astray — rime  
used to mean ice and frost,  
remember?**

**Nobody does.  
The planet has forgotten how to spell.  
Quiet fibrillation of the truth.**

**16 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Easier to sing another's language  
where sound is all  
and sense comes out of what they hear**

**or I have been a heretic so long  
I can't tell the Holy Scriptures from  
that gnarled old apple tree west on the island**

**and that's about singing too — for who  
would dare not listen to a tree,  
especially one leaping from a fern brake**

**and our naked mother lithe along a branch?**

**17 March 2016**

= = = = =

**As if looking out of the mirror  
another. That's what we all fear,  
not what we look like  
but who or what we really are.  
Maybe he'll have gentle eyes.  
Maybe he'll say it's time.**

**17 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Music on the radio  
something I can't name  
but seems familiar —  
the music knows  
me better than I know it.**

**17 March 2016**

= = = = =

Love duets in opera  
so often sound like  
husband quarreling with wife. —

Maybe all music is *concerto*,  
struggle, strife,  
getting the last word in.

17 March 2016

= = = = =

**BIOΣ = when mind begins to *move***

**That the movement  
is what matters  
*in time,***

**only the time.**

**Time is what we do.**

**Movement slows  
through life,**

**towards the rainbow body —  
all men grow smaller,**

**till only mind is left  
as it was, is, at the beginning.**

**18 March 2016**



= = = = =

**You begin to feel  
the green coming  
forward, upward,  
out. Not  
seeing yet,  
a different kind  
of visual knowing,  
the *now* of spring.**

**18 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Asphalt road  
across the green  
suddenly blue —  
a dense field  
of forget-me-nots already.  
Then the light changes  
or the eye decides.**

**18 March 2016**

= = = = =

**It even looks like itself  
spring today  
cracking open**

**that fortune cookie  
full of green  
promises.**

**\***

**I have disapproved  
of small forms  
ever since I couldn't  
fit my foot into  
my father's shoe—**

**a form should be  
large and welcoming.**

**19 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Not sure retirement  
will do much good—  
doesn't work ho on  
all the time inside?**

**19.III.16**

= = = = =

**A few minutes after midnight  
Sun slipped into Aries  
and a skeleton lover  
came and licked my penis  
with her ivory tongue.**

**What a strange dream  
for the first day of spring—  
and now in bright sunlight  
I cant even remember if  
I dreamt the action of  
only the words that say it.  
O mind, you are the  
strangest lover of us all.**

**20 March 2016**

= = = = =

***Why bother with the real  
when the mind is right here?***

**[As epigraph to my imaginary  
interview with GQ.]**

**20.III.16**

## MULTIPLICATION TABLE

One x some is nun.

two x you is me.

three x me is self.

four x more is few.

five x live is telling.

six x sex is even so.

seven x heaven is biblically given.

...

*ad inf.*

20 March 2016

= = = = =

When I was a child  
we only had to wait  
till the cows came home.  
When we grew more profane  
we had to abide  
till hell freezes over.  
Now that we know there's  
no hell anymore  
we have nothing to wait for.  
I think I hear them  
mooing in the crowded barn.

Could you imagine Olson  
writing this poem? Barely.  
Or Zukofsky? Never.  
Or Duncan? Maybe.  
But I could do it every time—  
so much the worse for me.

20 March 2016



= = = = =

**Shouldering my way  
through heavy sunlight  
I fetched the paper.  
More lies.  
I never left the house.**

**20 March 2016**

= = = = =

**The sun is sitting  
on the rail fence  
like a girl waiting for her beau.  
O treacherous metonymy of the visible,  
the terrible silence of light.**

**20 March 2016**

## **HELLEBORE**

**Two or three demons  
on the dining room table  
worshipping the green and  
purple hellebore  
in a little glass vase.  
It's hard to count them,  
flowers bring them,  
no harm. Colored  
like the flowers, taut,  
new, springish, small.**

**21 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Want to be able  
to know the weather  
like a sister**

**all relatives are  
dangerous, every  
family proves it**

**only a stranger  
is up to any good,  
smile at the pretty**

**sunshine but dont  
trust anyone  
you know so well.**

**21 March 2016**

= = = = =

Or is the sky  
part of a conspiracy

a Greek thing  
full of narratives  
all of them  
sad endings  
under the *metarsia*

or lost in ether over—

a myth is a boundary  
a myth is a restriction  
a chain—

suppose there to be  
no story at all.

21 March 2016

= = = = =

**The sky is bluer along the horizon  
Steiner explains. The moon too  
is different on that table. Scientists  
have explanations too. We see  
in context. Let that be a lesson to me.**

**21 March 2016**

= = = = =

To take short views  
would be to take  
this day off  
as all the quietude  
anybody needs.  
It's always only now  
he said, nothing more.  
We nail calendars  
to the wall to keep  
them out of our heads.

21 March 2016

= = = = =

**Beautiful precise particulars  
no one understands**

**Take only as instructions**

**Everything changes**

**The grass comes back  
regardless**

**Sanity  
is a kind of car  
smoothly rolling uphill  
always easy, never gets there,**

**the sky is always  
your arm's length ahead.**

**21 March 2016  
(A Sadhana)**



= = = = =

Until you become  
the thing you think.

Ribbon in her hair,  
a pyramid on fire.

Or did they mean  
*pyramind* —

a mind ablaze  
with thinking someone?

One at a time  
marry the world.

21 March 2016

= = = = =

**Find  
those little details  
to understand me**

**I tell  
myself over and under  
until sleep goes to sleep**

**and something wakes.**

**21 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Make a list of languages  
I don't want to know  
whereshall I start?**

**And others I want to know  
without t learning, just  
speaking out of the moment**

**in perfect Flemish, say,  
like my ancestors the weavers  
who fled across the Channel**

**into this language I weave in  
as best I can, having no  
islad to escape to from what I am.**

**21 March 2016**

**= = = =**

**Things are always elsewhere  
have you noticed?  
The things you need.**

**That's what elsewhere is for,  
to store essentials in  
safe from our casual employment.**

**21 March 2016**

= = = = =

*for Ian*

**In the middle of medicines a pomegranate cracks open., lured into action by the young woman lying beside it, reading. What is she reading. People who say young woman are more nervous, repressed and dangerous than those who say girl. Just girl. Pomegranate. Aspirin. Eardrops. Cough syrup. A letter from her ex, announcing his conversion to Christian Science.**

**21 March 2016  
Red Hook**

**= = = = =**

**Byzantium  
was a sky full of clouds  
with the sun breaking through.**

**They spoke a weird  
dialect called Language.**

**21 March 2016  
Weys Corners**

**= = = = =**

**I've filled the cup  
and drained it twice  
and still taste you.**

**22 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Some operas  
when I hear them  
suddenly on the radio  
sound as if they're coming  
from deep in my own past life.  
I clutch to the sunlight trying for now.**

**22 March 2016  
(hearing *Hoffmann*)**



= = = = =

**This isn't a poem  
it is a report  
from an unknown  
person in an alien  
landscape. Otherhood  
I've heard it called.  
There are trees  
to stare at, and some  
staring out from.  
There are sounds.  
The trees are dark  
but some can see.**

**22 March 2016**

= = = = =

ΠΟΘΤα

**They are playing  
but not a game**

**there is milk in the bowl  
but from no cow**

**the sky is full of light  
not from the sun.**

**He sticks out his tongue  
to catch a snowflake.**

**Saxophones in the south.  
A pebble in his shoe.**

**22 March 2016  
Rhinebeck**

= = = = =

Woke in darkness  
the full moon  
was shouting  
through the walls of my house  
*Lucky fellow,  
it's spring!  
Just like opera!  
The world is waiting  
to be your wife!*  
But I have a wife beside me  
a wise one and a beauty  
better than all your tunes.  
*But she is just a woman  
and I am everyone.*

23 March 2016

= = = = =

Cautiously  
with no design  
steps into woods.  
Just north of town  
park in the clearing  
walk up through trees  
to a lake up there  
to do nothing by  
and a cabin  
with no wall  
in case of sun.  
This is as far  
as medicine can go.  
Sit there  
if you can find a stone  
and listen  
soft as you can.  
And it will be done.

23 March 2016

= = = = =

*never spend a day of your childhood*  
— L.D.

As it is you forget  
so many of them  
as you traipse along—  
why give any more away?

And what could you buy  
with just one, or even  
a handful of days,  
embarrassments, bruises,

beatings, liturgies, sins?  
And what are they worth  
to anybody now? Not even  
you want to remember them

silent in their precious secrecy.

23 March 2016

= = = = =

See me at the window  
looking out.  
I am somebody else  
in a house, here,  
and you are someone  
even more unknown  
passing along  
the road at dawn.  
It is getting to be day.  
One of the streetlights  
already out. This dawn  
is a child looking up  
at the sky, remembering  
all these trees. They too  
are looking at me,  
I am safe in their thoughtful gaze.

23 March 2016

## THE DAY

Good morning  
to say good morning to  
the others. 60.3°  
Who are they?

You met them on the way  
like Oedipus and Laius  
and they slew you.  
Now you are free

from personality—  
they took back every quality  
they had adorned you with  
and now, tuneful

as an empty tin can you  
kick along an asphalt road  
louder and louder.  
This is heaven

and you mean it  
hard. Now you too  
have some sense  
of who the others are—

**they love you as you are  
and they're not waiting.  
There us nothing to wait  
for. It is complete.**

**23 March 2016**



= = = = =

Caught by courtesy  
pale sky some blue  
feels like rain—  
How does rain feel  
my father asked,  
half-playful, half  
to still my chatter.  
Wet and urgent  
yearning to go down  
pound the pavement  
flood streams I thought  
but didn't say.  
Maybe the rain  
would tell us both  
when it came.  
Courtesy of rain.

23 March 2016  
End of Notebook 386.

## **DE RERVVM NATVRA**

**Assume it a game  
a passing by  
of unpackaged time**

**then it ends.  
Assume it never was.  
What will the music.**

**What will the music  
poured into you  
do now, homeless,**

**clockless, the cat  
asleep by the radiator?  
This is folklore.**

**Magic is a wasted hour  
come again  
with hands full of gold.**

**The cat wakes,  
reasserts its gravity,  
sleeps again.**

**Put an ad in the paper  
explaining how things work,  
Play the game again,**

**change your mind,  
Nothing works,  
everything runs.**

**The day is too warm  
for the thermostat to click on  
so the radiator's cold,**

**the cat is displeased.  
It is bad magic  
to annoy a habit.**

**Or anyone else. Magic  
means pleasure. Here,  
have some of my gold.**

**23 March 2016**

= = = = =

Sleep mostly images  
wake mostly word

coming back to the word  
why is that

one  
thing at another time

a song you can  
actually see?

We need the night.  
We need the night.

24 March 2016

= = = = =

Thinking to resist  
what must be kissed  
he turned himself  
into a bird and flew

some  
    times sin is  
comely and saves lives—

you  
    can still hear  
the tern complain

screaming to protect  
all of our young.

24 March 2016

= = = = =

Aiming the obelisk  
back at Egypt—  
a stone also  
yearns to go home—  
the inscriptions  
are almost accidental,  
the substance only  
is material, legal,  
means the whole piazza  
is already Egypt,  
take Europe with it  
back into wisdom  
that desert country  
where one knows  
and never touches,  
no thunder left  
in heaven. No—  
leave it here,  
inside the stone  
is always now,  
and the old green Nile  
is an ox-box bends  
around your heart.  
Yes, you, you universalist  
particularian hard-  
working millennial—

**we bought our paradise  
now live in it, city,  
drinking the river,  
the shadow of the obelisk  
tells us the time.**

**24 March 2016**

DEAR CRY BABY

*for Crichton*

We wear our bodies for one another.

KMy body speaks all right  
but I can't hear it.  
Only you can.

The body itself is performance.  
*Somewhere over the rainbow*  
we used to sing, that's where  
Being lives without performance

We speak of the Rainbow Body  
when the fleshy particulars dissolve  
into radical colors, then shimmer  
into light alone

then the light dissolves.

But now we are caught here, in Being  
by what *your* body tells *me*  
(any you, any me).

So it's all your fault.

24 March 2016, Kingston



## **CODA**

**Music they play  
in the New Age massage parlor  
the ending goes on and on**

**there is no beginning.  
The ending is all there is.**

**24 March 2016**

## **MAPS COVER THE BATHROOM WALL**

**Azimuths waiting.  
And the colors rejoice  
to show us where  
we were both and where  
we have never been—**

**a picture of the real!**

**Such that it can lead you  
to the very place you are.**

**Go outside now. Stand there.  
Pigeons stumble around you.  
Sunlight does wonders  
for old brick. It is lovely**

**but you keep being afraid  
the world is somewhere else.**

**24 March 2016  
Kingston, under Artemis**

## LAKE

Be *lacus*  
as from *latus*, 'broad,'  
the wide water  
stretched out  
where you think land.

Such width a little duck  
could sttle on it and  
guve the whole thing shape,  
proportion, relevance,  
meaning, home.

A duck. A lake.  
What we know of ourselves,  
trying to say it,  
the magic spell  
that makes all this  
our own scroll

steadily unrolling.  
There is some word.  
Try lake. Try late:  
when time has grown  
so broad it swallows us.

25 March 2016

= = = = =

**So much ink  
for so few words—**

**never run out  
of rapture**

**waiting for the breath  
to come back**

**laden with all  
those kisses.**

**25 March 2016**

= = = = =

Near the end of the city  
a marsh we lived beside.

All gone. The sea  
has other things on its mind.

I hold the horse-high grasses  
sacred, the black marsh mud,

so many birds.

2.  
Just south of little Hudson  
there is a tall grass wetland  
looks, feels a little like  
my old coastal marsh,  
like a postcard from my past.  
I'm afraid to get out of the car,  
set foot in it, for fear  
of who I might find i  
n me there. Maybe there is  
a reason for things to be gone.

25 March 2016

**= = = = =**

**Today is the 25<sup>th</sup> of March,  
feast of the Annunciation  
when th angel tld Mary  
God would be born in her  
mine months from now.**

**And it happens to be Good  
Friday. So the very beginning  
of Jesus's earthly life  
and its terrifying ending  
are both somehow happening**

**today. But then they always are.**

**25 March 2016**

= = = = =

Be my market  
place  
a man's  
spell his real name  
so I am αρχή

tin sign  
up over my shop door  
noisy leatherwork inside  
burins and metallic ink

where we write  
alternatives o the real,  
some little shmatta,  
a ittle bit of matter

a love that outlives us.

26 March 2016

= = = = =

**Line of light in the north  
what does the north mean again**

**farmers or faeries, magic  
children of the ground**

**a lake, a lake is a mystery  
nothing stays the same  
beside a body of water,**

**every morning a new religion,  
under the birdbath two  
new daffodils preaching.**

**Or pretending, just like me.**

**26 March 2016**



= = = = =

**Carry everything home  
in the same box—**

**it's long past time for matins  
if you keep the hours  
or let tme tell us.**

**Yet here we are,  
whether are or not.**

**Watch, just watch—  
let the window  
do all the work.**

**26 March 2016**

## **KHRISTOS ANESTI**

**And maybe that says enough  
says more than all the creeds.**

**He stood up from the dead  
and brought his body back**

**to show us something  
we still don't understand,**

**the wound in his side.**

**Easter Sunday  
27 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Transmutation, the trans-  
mutation takes place in mind  
your skull the only cup  
your breast the only athanor.  
The magic spell  
is any word, focused language  
fuses reality. Melts the seeming,  
reforms as gold. Focused *there*  
where sensation and perception  
and recognition rise. Seeming  
turns into knowing and we glow.**

**27 March 2016**

## **INDIAN ROPE TRICK**

**The mind  
climbs up the mind  
and disappears  
into itself.**

**27 March 2016**

**= = = = =**

**Birds on cables  
nothing sourious.  
But the endless  
transmissions  
under their little feet  
babels of committee-ese.**

**27.III.16**

= = = = =

**I'm just a little man  
who writes a lot of books.  
So what? The trees  
all around me say  
most of it anyhow,  
I just write it down.  
Don't ask questions—  
just keep answering.**

**27 March 2016**

= = = = =

The individual eludes analysis.  
Fact. Study the meaning of words.  
There are graveyards on the moon  
we'll discover, with inscriptions,  
deeds of our childhood. What  
might be left from when we were whole.  
Or vineyards whose wine we still  
manage to drink. How easy to lose  
memories, with all our busy Lisbons  
to remember. So much work  
the mind must do to find its own.  
The individual is me on the other  
side of me, you can't see it  
and I can't be it yet. Later, when  
I come into my own: clean, empty  
house, clock on the wall ticking  
telling the time somewhere else.

27 March 2016





## TEMPORARILY ABBREVIATED

*for Tamas*

They want me in the long poem, poem  
where something can finally happen  
and Achilles doesn't have to pay for every kiss  
and Odysseus strolls home every night  
to find a different cat sleeping by the fire,  
new constellations overhead, the sea on strike.

But lately I've been living in a postcard,  
pale empty beach scenes, grassy marshes,  
or that blue town in Morocco where the walls  
soak up cruel sunlight and shabby robes  
conceal my derelict embodiment  
and hide my pale otherhood beneath a fez.

It's me again, you can hear my heels  
dragging in each sentence, brokeback alexandrine,  
trying to gasp out some new music — no

**declamation! all aria! — sing it, buster, or shut up  
is what I was trying politely to imply,  
the longer the song the looser the liberty  
until all the wars end and we stop hurting  
in the name of some book or other, the rich man's  
favorite game: set the poor to kill the poor.**

**You think I can do anything about that? Maybe.  
Everything real happens one person at a time.  
Maybe someone will read this rant and decide  
to wound this lively world no more. Hope  
is a hazard, and the die long since is cast,  
but still we green around the springtime  
and hope some more. So stare up into the sky  
like the Apostles, reasoning if He went up  
surely some day He has to come back down.**

**28 March 2016**

**= = = = =**

**Rain  
a great mystery  
feeds all life  
soaks the seeds  
of transformation,  
makes  
us pay attention.**

**28 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Nothing is always ready to begin  
if we let it. It seeks a permission  
deeper than mountains,  
quicker than songbirds. It needs  
our sweet voice to call out  
and then it comes, instantly,  
and suddenly nothing is done.**

**28 March 2016**

**To know the wind's middle name  
and how to write it,  
sheer  
listening takes the town by storm.**

**I don't want to touch you  
I just want to be there  
taking a picture of your house  
when all this is going on,  
whatever it is.**

**29 March 2016**

= = = = =

**If I were younger I would mention  
the separate colors of your ways,  
days.**

**If I were older  
I would not need to.**

**As it is  
a rainbow lives far away  
a little while. Close up  
you feel only a freshness  
in the air where it has been.**

**29 March 2016**

= = = = =

**Things look back at me  
over their shoulders  
like Bellmer's doll,  
to catch me looking,  
catch my wonder at  
their elegant otherhood.  
Everything knows me.**

**29 March 2016**

## A WOMAN AT THE PARTY

**“...and that’s how the world was made”  
I concluded and the small audience applauded  
but she frowned. Later I explained to her  
that I, like everyone else, am responsible  
for the creation of the world—  
Quintilian exaltations, ecstasy of sheer  
language: all things are spoken into place  
day after day. Chemistry is eloquence,  
physics is grammar. Why are you frowning?  
*You told them but you didn’t tell me!*  
No, I told them another thing, in other words.  
That was a different world. I’m telling you  
this one, the truth, the one last to be spoken.**

**29 March 2016**



## DUBBIO

Is a Yankee game  
better than no baseball  
at all? The rabbis  
pondered, the bishops  
sent out for scientists  
from the oldest academies

and no one knew.  
Essence? Entity? Which  
proceeds from the other?  
Is an ape in human vestments  
\*tailcoat, ambassador's sash.  
tophat, smoking a cigar)  
more of an ape or less?

*Forma or nateria?* Shape  
or function? Professor  
Fangreich came to their aid—  
if it's a game, there must be  
an opponent. Concentrate  
on that equipe (he meant team)  
and by their deeds decide.  
The clerics shuffled off  
to supper leaving me no wiser.

29 March 2016

= = = = =

**So many old, so few new.  
I'm like an Irish wedding—  
and in the last dream I had  
the leaves were green already,  
the trees but not yet full.  
But green. I look into the cup  
and see my face floating.  
I drink till I am gone.**

**30 March 2016**

= = = = =

**The woad cracks in the middle.  
Enough silence happens  
for a forest to slip inside,  
semi-tropical, parrots, no apes.  
The moon is setting. Always.  
The word heals over, begins again.  
The world it let us see is gone.**

***Break things to be new. Heal them to be old.***

**30 March 2016**

= = = = =

Always something waiting, Decatur,  
Halsey, we live in neighborhoods,  
animal tracks, el trains overhead  
and still the sparks spill down  
o Friction mightly mother of all motion,  
blue sparks and orange sparks,  
life of a man. No one knows me.  
The people who live on my street  
are my infidels. The church I sang  
lost its language but the mulberry  
bush outside, the white carved lamb  
the white carved shepherd still  
carries, we are safe in someone's  
hands, whose? A Japanese tree,  
all knobby bare braches and buds  
waiting for the gong of springtime  
to bellow out of someone's dream  
and all be green. Waiting again.  
The good shepherd gives his life  
for his sheep. That's all I recall.

30 March 2016

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**They keep me from speaking  
by making me speak. The cars  
of the wealthy cruise the streets  
where the poor live in poetry—**

**eloquence is the cathedral of the poor.  
Our magnificence. Signifying. Dozens.  
Calypso. Blarney, The yarn. he crack.  
My heart on your sleeve.**

**31 March 2016**

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**It's all about touch  
isn't it? The sense  
even they can't  
take away. Hard  
to commodify.  
Close. Your breath  
the purest fetish.**

**31 March 2016**