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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 long 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 does 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.
IUt'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 herhair,
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 25th 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 to do 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

=====

**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 wod 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

== == == == ==

**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

=====

**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