

5-2016

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## **THE PROBLEM**

**The problem is dreaming, isn't it. What one wishes for with arms under the coverlet or breathes a name, yours?, with lips just over the blanket top, how the wool must tickle the area betwixt lower lip and chin. What is that scoop of flesh called, this concave sister to the bold salients of the philtrum above the upper lip? What is anything's real name. How dare I ask such a question. The sheep aren't even listening. Then again, what do I know about wool. Start again. The dream is the problem and it hurts, sort of, when I breathe. Maybe that's just me. But suppose I'm not special and everyone suffers like that, very smally, a sense of pain as the dream rolls up and flaps away and leaves one with the day. Or is the day the problem. Everything depends, as it is written somewhere, so why not here, again, everything depends. Now you're talking. A dream of paper, soft moonlight dream, face dream, ice dream. Each in its own peculiar**

way brings pain, or the fear of pain, or at the least a faint anxiety about what might be coming next. For instance, it's raining at the moment but what then? Sometimes, you know how you're watching a French movie and for a moment or two you think you understand what the French people are saying, you think you actually understand their words, but then the shock of that awareness knocks you back and you realize you didn't understand a single word, you just dreamed the whole meaning, you know? So dream is a foreign language we sometimes —we are asleep, after all — imagine for a moment we understand. Head on pillow, blanket up to chin. Sleep now. The pain will go away before you know it, and when it comes back, you won't remember you ever felt it before.

1 May 2016

## **CAUSERIES.**

### **Meant conversations.**

**But how to deflect  
the *cause* from the chatter,  
the meat from the social,  
the meat of the meant.**

**Yes, we talked a lot, spent  
most of my life talking,  
the talking illness to balance  
Freud's 'talking cure.'**

**Causeries. But what are the causes,  
who is the emperor  
whose distant diktats prompt  
our unruly, even treasonous, all night palaver?**

**Doesn't talk always have to be against?  
Aren't words blunt arrows that crave a target?**

**There is a 'why' embedded here,  
a question I'm afraid to ask,  
the risk.**

**only the very  
brave or very young dare  
dwell a while in silence.**

1 May 2016

## **DARK FATHER**

**The dark father is a figure that stands over someone and obscures the sun, that feminine warm consolation that abbreviates the eternal dark of planetary space. The dark father, sometimes called the Moon, is always ready to cancel vision, or distort it with pale cold silvery shimmerings, making us think we see. But that is not seeing. The dark father chills the joy in our hearts, and his chief weapon is doubt. We say someone suffers acutely from self-doubt, but it's not the self's own doubt but the dark father's doubt he pours on her, lathers on her, so every one of her accomplishments is undervalued, every friendship doubted, every thought or feeling called into question, every letter erased a dozen times. Such is the work of the dark father, and let us be clear about it, he never gives up. It is his job and he does it with sullen, stupid, grumbling, masculine determination. You will take no pleasure from your pleasure. he insists, and your**

pains will always seem justified to atone for some unknown dereliction you feel you must have committed. Guilt is one of his favorite tools.

Knowing his name might help. He is the Dark Father. Knowing that he will always be there, bony finger on your live arm, may strengthen you with the resolve to pay no attention. Pay him no heed. He is a part of nature, your nature, and has as much right to exist as the coyote in the underbrush or the ants on your lawn. It's up to you to credit him no more than you embrace the alien liturgies of the ants. Let him mumble.

Know just this: he is always wrong. Even when he says things that others reinforce, even then he is wrong. Wronger, in fact, because you're not the only one who has a dark father. And the dark father is generous, even promiscuous in his distribution of doubt, dismay, disappointment, blame. He doesn't even know you, or that he's talking to you. He's just mouthing what he always does. It has no more meaning than the crickets in the forest. Well, that

**sound has meaning for crickets, but not for you. Who can guess what the dark father thinks he means? Don't heed the dark father, he just goes on and on, If you hear him, hear him as you might hear finches screaming n their cage. His noise is automatic, tautological, void. Let the actual in, the undoubted, the ordinary, the truth of matter. Let the light in. Be the Bright Son, the Bright Daughter.**

**1 May 2016**

## **MUIR WORDS**

**1.**

**Runagates we said  
running wild in the streets**

**and runaways  
like lowlanders to the sea**

**away away helter skelter**

**Run away with you,  
run out into the rain  
to feel the real.**

**2.**

**John Muir said to the philosopher  
*Nothing indoors is real.*  
It's all contrivance and fantasy and fad.**

**The real is out here,  
always just out of reach.**



**3.**

**Walk through the tree  
and understand.  
Gate means street  
where I come from.**

**A street is just along  
tall gate with wide walls to go.**

**Walk through the shadow of the tree  
with me, say nothing  
and you'll hear my words  
rafting down the river of your sense.**

**A tree is just a river standing up.**

**1 May 2016**

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**Long, it can be long  
as you please,  
desire stretches it.  
African waters  
of the Nile  
lap Grecian shores.  
All myths moot  
the same story.  
Only the colors change.**

**1 May 2016**

## LIEBESLIED

But May rain. A sparrow finds use for it. the wet, the wary. Find use for most things. But we, we make memorial services out of everything. Long faces, forms to fill out, autographs, auctioneers, selfies at the open grave, too much music. But I like your face and the way your left hand tends to dither, flutter really, between waist and hip, one more restless bird. All right, I like this planet after all, my body tells me so, and I always try to do what she says.

2 May 2016

## **SALMON**

**How far have we come, the salmon wanted to know. Far enough, said the sea. I wasn't talking to you, the salmon answered, trying to be polite, but to the more concentrated, forward moving ganoids and teleosts who are bothering you even now with our ceaseless hitherings. And thitherings, said the sea, but anyhow here is where you get off, up you think of it, up that chill stream that keeps us awake all night with its tumbling into us. I didn't know the sea ever sleeps. That shows how much you know —we (I use the royal we) sleep in bays and bights and somnolent lagoons— now get ye gone upstream and breed...it must be nice to breed, to find another self like one's own, and marry it or them, how sweet that must be. I wouldn't really know, said the fish, we don't get close when we do it, in fact there's no it that we do, unlike some I've heard of, with pizzles and crevices and such, we just put something down and drop something else on top and hope for the best, it does take**

**two of us to do it though. See, that's what I mean, there are two of you, and only one of us. And notice that I have in fact correctly answered your question. Here is where you leave me and run upstream to the sweet assignation awaits you there, ah, fortunate fish!**

**2 May 2016**

## **PROSE**

**Prose, as if the rose  
closed up at night  
like morning glories  
or opened only then  
like the white jasmine  
by Lake Geneva, last  
odor Pontius Pilate  
smelled before he  
washed away all his  
headaches forever,**

**but thr rose  
abides the dark,**

**rosa mundi  
at once the world's  
rose and the world  
is a rose, from hand  
to hand it's passed.**

**Prose is the poetry of going on.**

**2 May 2016**

## LETTING

If I use everything up, will the morning still let me? Love me, I mean — it's love I want, not letting. Letting lets the blood flow out of the vein into the white enamel pan of an eighteenth century surgeon, I don't want that. Love keeps the blood, seeps it back in, drums it up to the Heart, that German brass-band leader pumping his arms in the pavilion in the park on a chilly evening, oom-pa, oom-pah. In fact the body is a park. A lovely lively park in a busy city— know that, please, and take pleasure from your presence there. In it, always in. Pleasaunce, they used to say. Be there, that suffices. A small pool in the middle of the park reflects the whole sky.

3 May 2016

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**If I lived  
in the sky  
I might**

**have a right  
to say I  
or use**

**a name  
as an excuse  
for identity**

**but as it is  
anyone  
simply is.**

**4 May 2016**



## LONDON GARDENS

My eyes are poor, it's hard to read, I have to write instead, to gain the pleasure that used to come from reading. So I write my way to London gardens now, not always fancy ones in parks (dear Queen Marys roses) or famous Fields were homeless hunger in bad times, not even trim Georgian gardens tucked away with hortensias for the fortunate. They can be just the green ramshackle allotments you see from the train, where working folk come out before their jobs or in the last light to tend to their carrots, their lettuces, protected from others of their kind by chicken-wire fences on rickety posts. Their swedes. Their spuds. But sometimes I find my way through all of the above into an older garden, almost a woods, overgrown and dense, it might be on one of London's hidden rivers north of town, maybe there, a pocket of untended hedges and saplings in the shade. And I meet great Arthur Machen there now and again,

who used to be Arthur Jones but he found his way to a darker name, just the kind of destiny these scrubby, gorgeous, dense little woodlots propose. Survival. Animal and culture, gods and dreams can still live here. Read his books, you fortunate visionaries! It's not just the vole and the weasel that live unchallenged in such places but the old gods, the old goddesses that Machen sought and found looking up at him from the pages he scribbled, bare maiden with eyes vivid and so pale blue it's as if her face opened in a quiet smile and was the sky. But she is not smiling when I chance to find her. She looks a question at me I can't answer, or she looks over my shoulder to see whom I have brought with me, as Machen brings her often timid readers and dreamers to worship the serenity of her sheer being there clothed in holy nakedness. I bring what I can. I adore her. She looks at me with haughty, casual intimacy, as if I too were the gardener, and she wondered why my arms were not full of offerings, cabbages and purple kale.

4 May 2016

## HYMN TO ARTEMIS POLYMASTIS

Artemis

she  
is not Athenian  
not from that authoritarian  
slave-holding  
patriarchy, the 'democracy'  
as of John Calhoun and Jefferson Davis,

her name means north  
means Mother of the Bears  
the beasts, *potnia theron*,  
Lady of Animals

she is north,  
her name is north,  
Arktemis, mother of beasts,  
Bear Mother who licks her realm into shape,  
our realm, we animates, soul-havers,  
the beasts of us

she is north,  
ecstasy and wildness

and she is Asia  
not some enigmatic orient

but the shadow on earth  
just before sunrise.  
coming towards us,  
she is Asia  
undisciplined and generous  
her maiden breasts are full of milk  
for everyone and no one  
is constrained to drink  
from that immortal source  
that to us, reaching up,  
lapping the cool air of Maytime,  
brings wisdom and long life and mystery.

She has been my source  
since high school, since I stood  
on shabby corners at 4:05 A.M.  
haughty-hungry for love  
and she was there

she is always there.  
And now she stands  
eight storeys tall –  
a fraction of her actual height –  
on well-named Crown Street.  
Kether of the Tree of Life.

all the best Greeks were Jews first,  
and all the best Jews Egyptians,  
and Egypt was Africa  
where the body began.

The one that stands here  
needing milk and love and such,

here She is, in off-named Kingston,  
the Queen's Own Town  
it should be,  
she who needed no man  
– myth of virgin, myth of purity –  
purity is nakedness

as Actaeon saw  
before the storytellers made  
her angry and his dogs wild,

but let us not speak of him,  
we are also victims of her beauty  
of her vastness, queen of animals,  
here, on May 6<sup>th</sup>, feast of Pan,  
of Tammuz, Dumuzi, all  
your secret lovers,  
the six of every month belongs to you,  
look up to find her

and dry out crazed with joy  
*Great is Diana of the Ephesians!*  
the model for your image here,  
your Majesty, your Exuberance,

young Gaia painted you for us  
so we can stand around on the street again  
to celebrate you.

queen of earth, your big hands  
outspread, signed with work and care,

your arms around us  
settle around us  
over a back street, public parking,  
a massage parlor, nobody sees,

you are hidden in the sky  
thousands of years,  
hidden in us now.

4 May 2016

=====

I need not worry  
if anyone will come.  
They're all here  
to begin with,

be good to the animals,  
they are her ambassadors,  
be good to your enemies,  
they're trying hard to make you better,

be good to the water  
flowing by your door,  
bless the rain and bless the drought,

he said, trying to make friends  
with everything before the end.

But the end has happened already,  
the book is closed, the oaken door nailed shut.  
And why not? Nothing is going on  
but everything, and if there is no  
difference there is no meaning,

is there? he wanted to know. Sit  
in the museum, that's still wide open,

**study the Tintoretto spread out on the sky,  
the Turner along the horizon,  
you could sit there and count the clouds  
if you still had numbers,  
you can even stroke that porcupine  
if you do it the right way.**

**4 May 2016**



## STRIDULOUS

as crickets. As all  
night long summer  
trees. As fiddle  
flurry, timeless  
pizzicati maybe.  
Memory in the dark  
gibbering. Bothersome  
beatitudes. Cross my  
heart and hope to.  
Hope. Morse code  
squealing from the  
sunk *Titanic*. Words  
all the blessed time.

5 May 2016 (1:20 AM)

=====

*for Kim Lyons*

He wakes up and needs  
something, dream tells him to get it,  
*honey of the night*  
but what is that, what  
can it be. Or mean.  
He tries Latin *mel*  
*noctis* but that says  
even less. What to do?  
He has given away  
all his notebooks his blank  
paper so there is nowhere  
now for him to go  
look it up after writing it down.

Then he remembers.  
Ono no Komachi  
most beautiful of all poets  
washed her book. Why?  
To wash all the words off,  
to get the pages empty again,  
pure, cold as the moon  
her lover, blank, blank  
so she can really speak  
her new words, true words,  
*honey of the night.*

5 May 2016(2AM)

## WOR OF THE WINDOW

1.

Look out the window  
watch no one pass  
faster and faster  
the empty road.  
Not even the moon.

2.

What will I see  
when I look out there?  
The glare of the lightbulb  
on my naked face.

Because every window  
is a mirror, night or day.  
The world is a mirror.

5 May 2016



## ISOCHROMIC

earth and sky,  
let the birds out  
to be different  
tell roof from saddle  
door from down—  
my eyes have walked  
these moors for years

building houses building  
people to come out  
from them as they go,  
the moor the marrier,  
pale protestant deep  
in pagan woods

and then I close them,  
eye by folk by word until  
the sky is just a sky again.  
But such a miracle is this earth!

5 May 2016

== == == == ==

**They don't love me  
any more than I love them,  
we're all just cards  
in someone else's deck,**

**gypsy tarot if we're in luck  
otherwise just a poker pack,  
spades that can't dig  
and hearts that don't beat—**

**someone plays with us  
all night in a rickety  
cabin on Mount Olympus,  
a blar-eyed divinity**

**wonders vaguely what becomes of us.**

**5 May 2016**

=====

What do we have still  
that makes sense now?  
Street and corner,  
cat on a stoop—memories  
of Seepshead Bay,  
a burning church, a school  
on Avenue X. Animate  
these particulates  
how? Begin to cry,  
Mother's Day, Fourth of July,  
weep for the colors,  
the graves so far away  
from where they lived,  
the unseen images  
that spell a life, or start  
a sentence a life must speak.

5 May 2016

=====

**You never know  
what nothing means  
until it's there.**

**5.V.16**



## **EXHAUSTION**

**Breakfast is exhausting so I gave it up long ago. All those eggs! Each one a thwarted destiny, though that was just the worst of it. Along the way the tiresome sameness, the over-prized variation between one specimen and the next, the obsessive alternation of modes and preferences: poached, scrambled, hard boiled, soft boiled, fried, over-easy, like some dreary Assyrian week over and over again. And that's just the eggs. Whoever thought up drinking fruit juice for breakfast? Start the day with sugar and acid? And where did oranges come in anyhow? Our ancestors did not drink cherry juice and plum juice with their porridge. And porridge, omigod, how can you swallow it by the dawn's early light, that blanket of glop? And have you watched what happens to corn flakes after a few minutes in milk? Sludge. I don't want that inside me. And granola — do you know what they do in Switzerland? They fill a huge bowl with granola in yogurt**

**at the start of the week and heap it from the bowl day by day onto your breakfast dish. My dish. They really did. I couldn't believe it, we wouldn't feed it to the dog. It's exhausting just thinking about it. And we don't have a dog.**

**5 May 2016**

## ONO NO KOMACHI

Same name same woman  
always different face  
her body also is different  
from itself the way a sky  
can be, close, far, grey,  
blue, red at sunset, black.  
For all I know I've met her  
a dozen times in the woods  
and teashops and saloons  
back when they had such  
things. For places have  
faces too and faces change.  
They say she died withered,  
impoverished, not so good  
to look at. They say so many  
things about beautiful women,  
especially immortal poets  
like Ono no Komachi. Even I  
pretend I knew her, touched  
the raffia framework on  
her sun-hat when I reached out  
to stroke a cheek, the way  
a man does, the skin eluded me,  
I can still feel the straw.

5 May 2016

=====

**Examine the link  
between the obvious  
and the unknown.  
In that synaptic region  
(smell of apples, musk  
as if a small clean animal  
crept into your tent).  
The apples are not  
for eating, and you never see  
the little weasel or  
whatever it is that's rustling  
now in the clothes you  
discarded before sleep,  
a heap of shadows in the last  
glow of your campfire  
outside, the walls of such  
places are very thin.**

**5 May 2016**

=====

**In this cartouche  
name of a dead king—**

**all words are like that,  
shapes with pastness in them.**

**Analyze the alphabet,  
anatomize the dictionary—**

**all history is there  
mostly kingless, mostly happy.**

**5 May2016**

=====

**But listen to her from afar—  
every image is the imaged deity,  
every picture summons  
soma from the moon.**

**Degas. Hokusai. Carrington.**

**We choose the deities  
who ravish us  
with oceans or dancers or  
nightingales lost in sunshine  
  
shouting the daylight away.**

**6 May 2016**

=====

**I used to be afraid  
I'd miss something  
now I rather hope I will.**

**6 May 2016**

=====

**Conjugate means  
linked together,  
who can that be?**

**Don't red stars flicker over fallen masonry?  
Doesn't the door resist the inquiring kock?**

**Why is a wall out there  
always waiting to come in?**

**Or a swan, say,  
tell me about swans  
so that I can know you  
(swans I can know by themselves)**

**and knowing you  
can go to sleep again like a cloud.**

**7 May 2016**



=====

**Evidence of a mine disaster  
the grass turns red?  
No. The earth is hollow, hollow.**

**Diamonds fall from the vcrevices  
of the human body—  
no other source. That  
is where gems come from,  
rubies and sapphires.**

**Emeralds fall from the trees though  
when young people sit underneath them  
reading interesting books.**

**7 May 2016**

=====

**Peter means rock  
Paul means small  
John means gone  
away into the sun.**

**7 May 2016**

## **DE TEMPORE**

**Was there time before us?  
Or did we do it,  
dragging our blood pump  
over the clean fields  
virgin rocks of long ago?**

**And now we have it  
where does it take us  
into what region  
we have never imagined  
does our own trajectory**

**project us now, angry and sad,  
looking back over our shoulder,  
hearing that pulsing in us,  
the beat in our ears we  
can't even hide with words?**

**7 May 2016**

=====

Wash your face  
get out of bed  
do my schedule  
your way, mirror,  
instead,  
                thou art  
conquistador  
of the ordinary!

Here you are with soap  
on your fingers, comfrey,  
lavender favored by mice,  
look away, mirror, it's  
only me, the radio, Strauss,  
end of *Intermezzo*,  
last night is every dawn,  
domestic triumph,  
drag your voices  
through my head,  
no snow, spring night,  
Venus on skis  
swift down pure brightness.

The Ancients had forgotten  
most of the things we know,  
O to be infant

without petroleum,  
in that Elysium  
speechless to learn  
language all over again,

brush your hair, be neat.  
Neat is nice to neighbors.  
Keep it in the mirror,  
bananas and bones and look at me.  
no one will know what you really are.  
Southampton Row from that corner  
east into the integrity of the law,

east, east, human heart  
shape of the cathedral,  
a dome lifts the city as a sky,  
the heart is a sky,  
music is religion's blood,  
no god without melody,

up the hill, not even here,  
my up has only down beyond it,  
it is the morning when the trees have leaves  
all cars are white in the rain  
when I was young there was a sea

Talk to me for once,  
sly piece of glass,  
why is it you I see

**on my way to being?**

**All the silences of poetry  
confuse me,**

*a jar of honey*

*from New Zealand*

**don't bother tasting  
the sound of it  
cures your malaise**

**Or (second movement) sleep some more  
under the scarlet blankets, at her side.  
luminous silence of the sleeping bride**

**credences and summer vines,  
sunflowers still shining underground  
every tree has all life in it,  
yes, human life,**

*Kether the crown*

**in the light above it,  
*Malkuth* the soft greenness all around,  
Lordings, did you think they were just metaphors,  
scraps of leftover poetries?**

**All images are real, the glass  
has spoken, washing my face  
is tantamount to being born  
first time again, morning on morning,  
why else is water, and cloth,**

and soap so holy, all the free  
river from the little faucet

or is that a fox just crossed the road,  
water in the pipes, blood in your veins  
*uguale*, all the same, as the master said  
and the mirror heard, the mirror  
hears everything !

O a shiny wet road  
is a glamor thing,  
slipped once  
near Damascus but didn't fall

or my eye on the window  
a fly creeping north,  
cold weather,  
ait your turn, mister,  
the mirror is still busy meaning,

acres and breakfast equally remote,  
319 feet perimeter of our paved drive  
I can walk miles without leaving home

so the third movement (rocky  
road to Dublin, primroses, messages)  
is stuffed with silences  
and who am I to speak?

Let to the altar by the mirror  
*fell to my knees*  
in the modality of prayer

or is anybody there?

yes, I am

and am of a mind to pray  
and from my *devotion*

—using the self utterly up  
till nothing's left  
that is not offering—

may waking up ensue,  
the face find itself  
washed and luminous,  
the mirror answered at last.

8 May 2016



=====

**You stroked my eyebrow once,  
do you remember?  
Firm, firm, your finger  
as if to test the bone  
beneath appearances.  
I'll never forget  
the almost painful  
firmness of your research,  
it felt as if you knew  
something about me  
I could never guess  
without you, something  
your hand tried to tell.**

**8 May 2016**

=====

*yam tad*

**How does the sea  
come to have  
so many hands?**

**Water  
is nothing but touching,  
the Lady explained,**

**whatever touches  
has to be a hand.**

**8 May 2016**

== == == == ==

**The *leak* comes down to sex  
the means  
given to us to know God  
where there is no God  
and to know ourselves  
when there is no self.**

**The leak from the mountain  
from the marble sky  
what slips through  
from nowhere  
to be here,  
                    the leak, the love  
that learned us  
till we do.**

**8 May 2016**

=====

**Gulls over the wall  
there must be a sea  
out there beyond the obvious,**

**we live by evidence,  
buds in the rose bush  
already, lilacs maybeing  
with the chill evenings,**

**evidence inside us  
of what is coming,  
not just in flowers**

**or are we also?  
It's time to know.**

**8 May 2016**

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**I was just a kid  
liked to read,  
wrote a few books  
and suddenly was  
eighty years old.  
Where was I while  
all that was going on?**

**8 May 2016**

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**A piece of Greek grammar  
left on the bathroom shelf.  
Was it an aorist optative  
that came to nothing, no hope,  
no hope, ages ago, Battle of Actium  
one of Antony's mercenaries  
from Attica may have breathed it,  
lost it, no hope now at all.  
Or maybe a future passive infinitive  
on his mind as the rented  
trireme went down, when will it be  
my turn to be brought back to life  
again.? I'll ask Connie Cavafy  
about it when we meet at the Blue  
Hour, on the terrace, for a glass  
of wine from Samos, haven't had  
the luck to taste in forty years.**

**8 May 2016**

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**Leaving a mountain behind  
is like leaving home  
waving goodbye to your mother  
the end of the Escarpment  
at your left across the river  
what it means to go north.**

**But that is where true going goes.**

...

**8 May 2016**

=====

*the oak at my back*  
—Michael Ives

On the way back  
from hearing you  
we stood among lilacs  
at Clermont, not showy  
yet or ever now that spring  
came and went and comes  
maybe again, the smell  
was fugitive but the hill  
we stood on, that  
was permanent, pure  
philosophy, people on a hill  
in wind, Above a river.  
Abaft of mountains. All  
the necessary obligations  
of heaven fulfilled. Trees  
here are famous locusts,  
bicentennial lilac gardens.  
So I stood with the wind  
at my back, the wind is  
my special tree, wind is  
my mother in fact  
on mother's day, wind  
from the west, from



**America in another fact  
reminding me of all  
I have ever heard. All  
the susurrus of Latin,  
the meld of music,  
syntagmas of sacred  
poesy they once said  
in the sacreder emptiness  
of air moving fast.  
A man in the wind.**

**8 May 2016**

=====

**Going is a goblin  
the worst part is knowing  
he knows I know  
how deep my root of staying  
is he tears away at  
with spade and trowel  
all the toothed whatevers  
of sheer circumstance  
to get me to go.**

**8 May 2016**

## **ANALYSE DU TEXTE**

**Have to say it say it  
meek white collar  
vocabulary, the work  
has all the sinews**

**and there is no time.  
It all belongs, syntax  
is like that, a worker  
is part of a circuit**

**blame me if it goes  
nowhere. Because  
I am money, I am  
capital and you are**

**too. We want our  
way to hell, hell  
is the system of  
preference, or**

**to use another  
word the cosmos,  
things are we won't  
let them remain**

**untouched, all  
by themselves alone.  
Heaven is a stone  
on the side of a hill.**

**9 May 2016**

=====

**The wrong color  
tells the food away  
from the neurology.**

**Alright, I confess it,  
I am an alien. Born  
in Brooklyn on this  
planet by the sea  
marshes but still.**

**Alien. Otherwhence.  
Suppose the nervous  
system isnot a system  
at all, just one single  
shout long ago now  
echoing through my meat.**

**Alien, as I said.  
Like music, leaching  
through time. Tone.  
We are overtones.**

**9 May 2016  
Rhinebeck**

=====

**I never feel I'm the you  
in her poems. That sets me free,  
lets me be me, glad  
child in a house of images  
from which I am also free  
to depart carrying nothing  
but the tune left in my ears  
from so much looking.**

**9 May 2016**

=====

Caught in the rigging  
the wind  
never reaches the sails

the ship gets known  
only by waves  
gentle up and down

fine woven things  
confuse simplicity—  
my breath too

gets caught in you  
on its way  
to saying sense

tongue-tied they say  
but the tongue's  
not at fault

the tight knot  
is in the particulars  
when the breath

in its simplicity  
wants everything

**at once —**

**the ocean of the other  
is infinitely wide  
with no America beyond.**

**10 May 2016**



=====

**Don't tell me who they are.  
Tell me what they are.  
Kether in Malkuth?  
Venus in her bower  
before the timid planet  
learned to be green?  
Or are they maybe salt?  
I mostly want them  
anyhow, and want them  
to be mineral and mine.**

**10 May 2016**

=====

*35 words for Joe Flaherty's 35<sup>th</sup> Anniversary*

**PRECINCTS**

**Out went the cops  
in came the books  
then Joe thought  
they and we needed  
some air, so out  
he took them  
for a spin in the bus,  
all over America  
set the books free.**

**10 May 2016**

## THE OLFACTION

*for Charlotte*

1.  
Left light behind  
and sound. And touch  
was all too natural.

There was this faculty  
loomed in the dark,  
a fragrance factory

the mind set knowing  
each thing by its smell.

2.  
Smell is pure relationship,  
the self rousing to know the other—

no image in that dark  
(might just as well be light)

no image at all. Sheer knowing.

3.

And what is known that way  
seems to give us ourselves,  
perfume of our own thought  
apprehending the other.

The scenter's art  
to shape a world inside.

4.

Some from memory, yes,  
and circumstance,  
but more than those—

fragrance is the essence of each thing,  
the part of itself it can't keep to itself,  
must always give itself away,  
the noble pilgrim, the *given* of the rose.

11 May 2016

= = = = =

**Sometimes daytime  
says too much,  
a violet shimmer  
where the lilacs are,**

**I'll put my glasses  
on and stop my guesses**

**but in between  
the seen and the known  
a great philosopher  
wakes from sleep—**

**I used to know his name  
but memory's glasses  
broke long ago, so  
come close if you would  
have me know you.**

**11 May 2016**

=====

**Sometimes I'm pale blue—  
is that permitted?**

**When you ask a question  
you create an Answerer.**

**this is one way gods are born  
and scientists, all kinds of implausible  
entities, wizards, women, waterfalls.**

**11 May 2016**

=====

**Water (because  
it goes everywhere,  
touches everything)  
knows all the answers.**

**11.V.16**

=====

**Don't lie to me  
unless you make it seem  
the way the Danube  
hides from Vienna**

**or soften it with sea mist  
chill off the Vineyard  
where the rich can see  
no better than the poor**

**and both breathe in  
this ion air,  
all the planet's myths  
taste in every breath.**

**11 May 2016**



=====

**I used to be somebody else  
then something happened  
and I was me. I struggle  
to make sense of this.**

**Sudden difference. Now  
fell out of then. Nothing  
is as it was. Or should be.  
Or is it. Is this the way**

**it was always supposed  
to happen? Study the mirror,  
loser. See what it is you've  
lost. The terrible found.**

**11 May 2016, RKC**

=====

**Who is it we listen to  
in this famous silence?  
Someone so close  
your eyes can't focus  
so close. The words  
appear by themselves  
in your head. Silence  
full of jabber. Silence  
is clanking of memory.**

**11 May 2016, RKC**

## **RHINEBECK RESTAURANT**

**All the food is local.  
Only the eaters  
are brought in by train.**

**11.V.16, RKC**

=====

**Cristobal Colón  
that brave Jew from Genoa  
set up a tribe of  
Sephardic Indians  
somewhere on the mainland.**

**Like all other mysterious  
groups they migrated  
slowly southward to Brazil,  
their Hebrew mostly lost  
into Aramaic from the *Zohar*  
they carried with them,  
studying it in the tropic nights  
not untinged with Lusitan.**

**11.V.16, RKC**

=====

*for C*

**An angel brought me a cup  
as I listened to reader  
after reader, the angel  
set a cup down in front of me,  
and this cup did not speak  
of death and resurrection  
but of a calmer fate, a clean  
necessity, paper cup of coffee  
cool enough to gulp down  
against the sad mortal  
sleepiness of spoken things.**

**11 May 2016 RKC**

== ==

**Above the empty plastic  
bowls on the snack table  
a balloon  
desiccated, demi-airborne,  
glittery gold,  
leans against the wall.  
Symbols of our striving  
all round us if we dare to look.**

**11 May 2016**

=====

**Seaside carnival  
salt water taffy  
am I Dizzy  
Gillespie to  
say such words  
I wouldn't dare to?  
Everything  
is the name of a song**

*a riff I wrote and long forgot*

**unwrap each piece  
let it soften  
in the cheek  
before you chew,  
then do,  
          save  
the wrapper, do  
not litter,  
the boardwalk is sanctioned by gulls.**

**12 May 2016**

## PARENTETICAL

**(So every word also  
means its opposite  
—not just cleave and cleave—  
but I am on the other side**

**already, things change  
all by themselves  
*Come on, let's go!*  
they shout in every bad movie,**

**sunrise means the earth  
is falling away. Go on,  
let's come! and having  
come be gone from this place.)**

**12 May 2016**



= = = = =

**Breathe a night sky  
in at morning:  
this is the way of the horse**

**reared to strike sparks from the rock  
basalt breakfast  
on a new-laid earth**

**Begin always again  
the Brocken masquerade of being now.**

**13 May 2016**

## **PAGODA**

**Look at the pagoda  
it rises  
out of the mind's mist  
*across the way***

**who built it, what  
imperial piety chose  
a nine-story narrative  
of brick and tile,**

**such colors?  
Sky-blue as Samarqand  
red as revolver  
yellow as my fingernail.**

**2.  
primary colors  
imitate us  
and vice versa**

**climb the winding  
steps inside  
the sky is catching**

**so close  
at each step  
the chemistry of air**

**changes, every level  
has its own  
dialect of light.**

**Am I there yet?  
Are you  
even listening?**

**14 May 2016**

=====

**The rue in the rapture  
we take on meaning  
as we speak,**

**a long  
song excluding history,  
exuding instead  
all the facts  
that never happened.  
And happen all the time.**

**14 May 2016**

=====

*for John and Enid*

**We are cardboard figures  
cut-out, life-size,  
an eighth of an inch thick.  
All the winds  
of our emotions topple us.  
But noble we stand,  
noble we seem  
and really are, against all  
odds, the winds of otherness.**

**14 May 2016, Hudson**

=====

The eels retrace  
the lost avenues of Atlantis  
to find their way home.

And birds have —  
each species its own—  
a trick like that.

Which is why I try to let  
the light pass through me,  
no flesh, no metallurgy.

No, wait, here's an old  
bronze coin from Syracuse,  
Plato may have fingered it

wondering why he'd come  
so far to doubt  
the relevance of what can be said.

And right there a silver  
denarius from the reign of Tiberius—  
who knows who touched it

once and threw it down?

**14 May 2016, Hudson**

**=====**

*for Peter*

**A book to Christ?  
Why not. I meant it once  
and never stopped,  
churchless as I am.**

**A presence has been with me  
all my life, I have called it  
all sorts of reverent names.**

**14 May 2016, Hudson**

## **OWL TALK**

**Touch me  
the owl said  
You have to  
the pine tree  
replied Do  
that for yourself,  
just land in me  
hold tight,  
we're magic  
together, even  
if you think you  
do all the work—  
we do it all  
together, bring  
the wind that  
feeds us both.  
To touch something  
is to be touched,  
no matter who.**

**`15 May 2016**



## **CLOUDS**

**1.  
Clouds are our reckoning  
our messengers, our just deserts.  
They are the figures  
on the trestleboard  
of all the rituals we must perform,  
complete each minute  
of the Great Work.**

**2.  
“I am the shepherd of clouds  
come learn with me  
to count the herds as they shift  
or settle down  
to feed all day on our dreams.”**

**`15 May 2016**

== == == == ==

**It's green out there  
but not real green,  
too much yellow,  
too much gold.  
So few blue.  
The sky will have to do.**

**`15 May 2016**

=====

Now wind  
walks.  
Talks as it passes  
a two-syllable word  
not English  
then is quiet.  
*Arrú !*  
I heard it saying  
in the yew tree,  
had the feel of Irish,  
the wind walked up and said *arrú*,  
sounded like  
what you'd say  
to your lover  
impatient to play,  
as if to say, Wait,  
we have work to do,  
*arrú, arrú*, before  
we can be  
who we really are.

`15 May 2016

=====

**Listen through me  
hear me  
all the way down  
in you**

**and you will know  
new worlds  
in your old self—  
hear me till we wake.**

**`15 May 2016**

=====

**Stop worshipping  
in words,  
stop worshipping words,**

**be silent  
God is the silence at center  
when everything else  
speaks all the time.**

**Silence your way to silence.**

**`15 May 2016**

## COUNTING WHYS

The tally mounts  
to touch the blue  
of the first why.

Over me, be over me —  
*the blue light heals the happy*  
we read that on a stone  
staircase in Shambala,

2.  
Tell me the origin,  
make it a myth,  
a weird narration  
I don't quite understand.

3.  
Where did you get  
your facts, your names  
gouged into the bronze  
statues you dredged up,

how did you know  
that the crescent on her  
brow meant the moon,  
how had her flesh turned

**by time and ocean into bronze?**

**4.**

**I can't understand anything  
you tell me, a name  
is something that hurts,**

**hurts my head,  
go hurt the distances instead.**

**16 May 2016**

=====

1.`

**Waiting to find certainly  
the way to hold the air  
firmly as in the deep  
Brass Basin  
not made of any metal.**

2.

**She came from the islands  
and she was very tall.  
You fitted handily  
inside her shadow.**

3.

**Then the trumpet came,  
blare of ordinary air  
put the children to sleep —  
noise sedates the infant  
the wordless clamor  
in their heads —  
tin can philosophy  
but it works. Plato  
is good for you,  
warns you away from  
whatever you think.**

**16 May 2016**



=====

**The airplane and the woodpecker  
so private, so alike  
in their distances aloft,  
abaft, and both  
silent now. Leaving  
the blackbird to its simple  
gospel, *wake up, wake up,*  
I will annoy you  
all the way to Paradise.**

**17 May 2016**

= = = = =

**Warm enough again first time in weeks  
to sit outdoors and listen  
to that *other* tinnitus, the world as is,  
out there, out here.  
Me in it and it in me.**

**17 May 2016**

= = = = =

**Most men  
fail to be Merlin,  
most women Morgan La Faye.  
We turn into Helen, into Achilles  
and welter in the blood of our narratives,  
stories, stories and nothing told.  
Myth is almost silent,  
the meager echo after  
in a place where nothing happens but the truth.**

**17 May 2016**

=====

**Banish my heart  
from the Presidio,  
I have walked there  
long enough  
waiting for the ocean over there  
to put on decent  
clothes and come to meet me.**

**No one less than the ocean  
will please me now  
as Williams said 'in the extremity  
to which I have come.'**

**So I will go to her cool sister  
off the rocks of Cuttyhunk  
and implore better knowledge of her  
and let her finish telling me the tale  
she started whispering  
at Rockaway when I was three.**

**17 May 2016**

## **FLAG**

**A standard lifted strange:  
a subway car  
full of choristers  
silent, studying their scores.**

**And only the wheels  
are screaming on the tracks  
the tunnel's base reverberant.  
And no one speaks —**

**that is my gonfalon for this Tuesday,  
red around the central pane,  
silent singers,  
the hair tousled by the rushing wind.**

**17 May 2016**

=====

**Suddenly the brown hill  
is green and very close.  
Geology is frisky,  
ridges rise and stretch  
and tumble home.  
Trees have all they can do  
to keep their balance  
on this restless earth.  
How wise the grass,  
to cling like a lover  
to the flanks of the beloved.  
And we folk  
totter around like fools,  
saying things and building things  
and nothing much lasts.  
A shiver in her loins  
and we're all gone.**

**17 May 2016**

=====

**Some hope on blue  
I hope on cloud.  
Does that mean  
I'm mean, would spoil  
the fun of all  
who seek the sun?  
May be. I thought  
I wanted cool and wet,  
to let the shadows  
in to comfort us  
with their report  
of other forests, other minds.**

**17 May 2016**

=====

**I'll let the rain  
come tell me  
when to go in.  
A 'timely compliance'  
with the force of  
natural things.**

**Do what it tells you —  
everything yearns  
to be obeyed, didn't  
you learn that in school,  
from those pale wantons  
in their stiff cowls?  
Do what I tell you  
and we will both be real.**

**17 May 2016**



=====

**One drop is all it takes  
I want to rest, oh how  
I want to rest, just  
sit among the movements  
of the air, have no names  
for what I feel, see  
only the colors again,  
all the colors moving,  
intimate and far.  
*Far niente*, they say,  
do nothing, but nothing  
takes a lot of doing  
in this world. Close  
my eyes around a color,  
green, say, and sleep.**

**17 May 2016**

=====

**From the other side  
a miracle  
in the shape of a sparrow  
eats a universe  
shaped like a crumb.  
We're home! Complete!  
The miserable weather  
of childhood is past,  
we have survived in gold,  
radiant eternal immaturity,  
hips of Lilith, lips of Artemis.**

**17 May 2016**

**[ZETTEL — SOME SHREDS WITH NO DATES]**

== == == == ==

**And let our things  
think for us,  
let them remember  
winter and war.**

---

== == == == ==

**I am at root  
American  
maybe not at heart.**

---

**transcribed 17 May 2016**

**[A POEM LEFT OVER FROM MARCH 16]**

**Exalted by mere light  
he afters his horn  
and goes.**

**The whither of it  
doesn't bother him.**

**We stir  
from the bottom up  
anyhow, the ground  
moves our feet  
where it would  
have us go.**

**(17 May 2016)**

## **ONEIROKRITIKON**

**Fractious embodiments  
dreams are warnings,  
this dream is a warning.**

**The dreary syllogisms of night  
erode our faith  
in what we see, in all**

**the glamor of what seems,  
dead friend, his dying  
spouse, vituperative**

**girl friend I never had,  
even the dead cat, white  
peaceful where it fell.**

**The terrible weather of sleep  
frightens me awake.  
It's three a.m.**

**and means nothing. The cards  
shuffle themselves, play**

**game after game**

**at the corner of my eye.**

**Not a game.**

**A domination,**

**our ancient masters**

**snicker in my sleep.**

**18 May 2016**

## THE PICTURE BOOK

flops open  
and a child crawls out.

So many years  
he has been reading  
in there. Pictures  
harder than words.

You never grow up  
when you look at pictures,  
even one Tintoretto  
will keep you immature

forever. Hand-colored  
woodcuts of the alchemists,  
no puberty for you.

Then language comes  
and you start noticing  
how like bloodshed  
the woodshed is,  
you wonder at the branches,  
axes, soggy sawdust.

And that flame  
over the tallest pine tree

**people tell you is a *star***

**as if that meant  
anything more than  
Be quiet, child,  
nobody understands,  
nobody ever will.**

**The child slips back  
inside, confronts  
the one he fears, the one  
he must become,  
old crowned king, naked,  
wide awake in his tomb.**

**18 May 2016**



## NOTEBOOK

**They slipped an extra  
page inside the book,  
blank, hungry for me,  
quick parley of my busy  
hands. More than anything  
things have edges,  
walls, whippoorwills,  
toxic spills, sinister  
swimming pools. More  
than anything are Alps,  
sea foam, golf carts,  
memories you can't dislodge.  
A piece of paper is no final  
answer but I keep trying.**

**18 May 2016**

=====

**Every picture is your mother—  
have you noticed that yet?  
And the moon is your glum father,  
that's why you're lonely at night.**

*He will not speak to me again...*  
**The sun shines but the moon frowns,  
nary a word out of him.  
And all your life you need that word.**

**18 May 2016**

=====

**I was there  
when they  
burned Bruno—**

**every time I try  
to eat a peach  
I remember.**

**How could it be  
otherwise?  
Here is the center.**

**Here. Things  
converge upon me,  
eagles hurry**

**to the feast.  
How easily  
we fall in love!**

**And that's  
just how  
the prayer begins.**

**18 May 2016**

=====

**When you take too many  
words away what's left  
behind is most likely some  
inconvenient truth. Raspberry  
branches cautious with thorns.**

**Roots reveal. Senators  
snoring on their benches,  
we don't always see what's rhere.**

**There are doors and doors,  
cold iron of the franklin stove  
almost summer. Take  
even more away. Pebbles  
mosaicking the beach,  
imageless inage the sea  
keeps rearranging, messages  
we are not meant to read.**

**18 May 2016**

## **PERIMETERS**

- 1.  
Interspersed with sparrows  
the leaves begin.  
What can happen  
will happen — that  
is the rule. Fight  
for my right to be wrong.**
  
- 2.  
Approximation is good law.  
Care for the boundaries,  
they're fluid and touch your feet.  
Walk all the way there  
if you can. Treacherous  
beaches piled deep with ankle-  
twisting myriad stones.**
  
- 3.  
Forbidden but able? Maybe.  
But he tide comes in  
and annihilates doubt.  
How could it not? Violins  
screech for beginners.  
This one gull's cry**

wakes the uneasy dead.

4.

It takes ages to learn sweetness  
of tone, and stone  
is just beginning. But it is true,  
truer than you, I fear, and me.

5.

Call this an island?  
I've found better isolation  
(the quality of being an island)  
in my pocket, when my hand  
yearned for some dear friend  
out there in the lintless world.

6.

Heliograph, sure,  
we learned to read the flashes.  
A vessel in distress, or  
it could even be a fish  
glinting in the sun, or a prophet  
versifying on the empty sands.  
More likely though it is a girl  
you have to meet yet again  
before you're done.  
There is no never in this place.

**18 May 2016**

**= = = = =**

**The water tower  
keeps remembering  
I also her face  
recall upward  
from the fall  
lakeside sun  
along her cheeks  
it too remembers,  
uncoil this death,  
unsay her word,  
suicide kills  
the whole world  
besides. From skies  
rain also falls—  
god grant us a hint  
of what rain remembers.**

**18 May 2016**

**APPLE**

**Are all of Satan's gifts  
Boring and bland as this?**

**19.V.16, 4 AM**



## AN ENGLISH SUITE

Waiting for sleep  
to rescue me  
from dreaming —

the cattle shift upright in the barn—  
two hours and they'll be out to browse  
since grass is giving now

wet grass, cattle bend to feed.

Cattle, what a strange word  
for those people we drink and kill and eat,  
almost as if from the Arabic root *k-t-l*, 'to kill'—

a little oriental flavor here,  
now back to Constable—

so there they are, that strange  
life between sleep and waking  
some cows, all horses, have—  
no wonder they run so fast from dream—.

**But it will be greying soon  
up there, where I want to travel,  
cloud-rider, hitchhiker on a sunbeam  
away from all my wordy dreaming.**

**Room for me here  
between the road and the rail  
to watch the cows when they come out.  
*Kine* my father loved to call them,  
using all his old words  
to get me thinking,**

**kine and gloaming  
and his snowy-breasted pearl.**

**Hard to know  
if this is dreaming too,**

**seems tuneful enow  
like an English suite  
by Finzi or Britten,  
just one sweet note  
after another,  
percept after percept  
leading nowhere**

**but being lovely along the way**

**like you and me, I hope,  
people short off destiny  
but rich with going on  
and all the clamor of an empty road.**

**So call it a suite  
matutinal, no matins  
for this monk,  
pray wordless  
with open eyes,**

**oranges on the table,  
feeble repartee remembered,  
truth wasted on the young—**

**I grew wise  
on the lies  
of Verne and Kipling, Chesterton and Twain,  
plenty of time post-puberty  
to make all that come true**

**and walk along the road at dawn  
watching the cows**

**amble out of their byres  
(another of his words)  
and hit the grassy breakfast meadow,**

**slow, slow they go,  
so rise and fall  
this little not even song,**

**a wooden bridge  
over a rill  
I stood on once  
not quite alone,**

**no children in the house,  
the sun not ready  
even yet to rise**

**o put on your yellow dress  
and let me sleep.**

**19 May 2016**

## **FIVE-TWENTY**

**But call it five o'clock  
so dawn light will more surprise.**

**You call this waking, tottering  
into the city with a muffin  
in each hand, like Franklin  
was it, or so they said?**

*Eat ne  
the world delights to order,  
lose me in your inwardness  
then speak me out again  
newfangled, m virginal as lilacs*

**The sky trembles with light  
now, could I finally be right?**

**19 May 2016**

=====

**To see what's there  
not always easy**

**train hoots  
down by the river**

**this is a song  
not always easy**

**the sun comes up  
to see what's there**

**carpenters next door  
scrape and fiddle**

**the noises things make  
this is a song**

**power screwdriver  
electric drill**

**fill the distances  
with being there**

**and still lets some  
of there come here**

**this is a song  
not always easy.**

**19 May 2016**

=====

**Is thought  
a kind of leaking  
from some place  
where feeling  
and perceiving  
conjugate, to make  
a not-yet *out there*—  
or is that speaking?**

**Thinking  
is the unperceived,  
the feeling before feeling?**

**19 May 2016  
End of Notebook 387**



**LEAD**

**Pb**

wasted, what to do?  
Saturn's mines untenanted?  
Where lead is galena  
silver also grows— slow  
as metals do and are  
quickenened in the smelter's fire

and here it gleams, or comes  
glum as cold type dreaming  
in the printing shop about  
lascivious poetries, dance  
of naked vowels, wind-blown  
consonants. I love the cold  
of metal, bright from all  
the years of fire made it be.

**19 May 2016**

= = = = =

**Skeleton of a fish.**

**I wish  
everything could be  
as clear as this,**

**every word in every sentence  
hinged just right,  
articulated, to use a word  
my biology teacher spake,**

**but the French don't say *os*  
for this kind of bone  
but *gratte*, you tell me why,  
no language is ever  
simple as a fish.**

**19 May 2016**

## **THE ANGEL**

**The angel of grace  
that is Poetry  
alights in curious places,**

**the clod and the mincing,  
shaping hearts  
full of shallow dogma,  
profound superficialities,**

**that dancer is wiser  
than Socrates, thanks  
to music muttered,  
would-be suicides  
gladder than sunrise.**

**20 May 2016**

**= = = = =**

**It is too late for me to be born  
all I can do now  
is listen while it speaks  
and let it pretend to be me.  
No one will be wounded  
by this glorious imposture.**

**20 May 2016**

## LESSER EVIDENCE

Pliny piracy—  
catch data  
where they float  
and sing them home

like marble blocks  
above the larches  
we look up and marvel,  
we entrepreneurs of dream  
we salamander people  
never content in human element,

*the ostentation of poetry*  
keeps it true,  
all those klutzy or glitzy marked  
features, he said,  
mark the way the poet's  
thought stuttered it  
out into the heard.

CW

2.  
And poets  
before all  
are the first  
listeners  
to what gets said,

**if they're even listening.**

**3.**

**Spread the curtain wide open  
you have been here before,  
this is called Day  
and women live in it  
and monks and millionaires  
a few, though they  
don't know you.  
Rough though thought is  
it is enough to plough  
the old earth loose  
so fertile will be there  
when you wake up.  
Start now, stagger  
out the door, a strange  
word new in your mouth  
from some old book.**

**20 May 2016**

=====

**A pool too shallow  
to swim in.  
A thought too thin  
to think.**

**How I am ready  
for a meeting  
in white clothes  
by the Jordan**

**to learn at last  
who I am  
if all these  
years I'm wrong**

**and am not you.**

**20 May 2016**

=====

**Morning is a desperate  
flight of birds  
from there to here.**

**All that light out there  
and no one seeing.  
This looker is left  
alone with the trees.**

**Seize me, I whisper,  
but breeze has no ears,  
only a quiet  
determination to speak—**

***the wind hath carried it  
in its womb—***

**may I learn from thee.**

**20 May 2016**



## THE TRANSFER OF THE ROCK

From the first sly gate  
they rolled it west.  
We saw it coming  
before we heard, so  
quietly it turned.

When it got close  
we formed a procession,  
made a parade  
to lead it onward,  
walked beside it  
chanting random psalms,  
whatever came  
into our mouths to praise  
and sing in the dust  
of this mighty rolling by  
we felt we too  
were part of, on our way  
with it, to learn  
where such a stone would go.

2.  
So it was they  
and the rock and us,  
guiding, guided,  
along for the ride—

**music never lets up,  
does it? It cheers  
to hear an empty  
sky, a mindless  
tree. How  
can such weight  
move so silently  
as if with no effort—  
is the earth flat?**

**3.**

**Though “you can not make a watch”  
you can still tell time  
I thought it said. But what to tell it  
and into whose ear  
whisper such wise intimations  
as rise unbidden  
in the mind to say, like the stones  
ever rising in this  
bleak New England half-acre field?**

**4.**

**That’s the way we talked along the route,  
riddles and mis-hearings, wisecracks  
for there were priests among us  
on loan from other gods, and teachers  
of high school algebra, topless  
janitors hungering for doors.**

**The rock kept turning  
smoothly, as if it slipped along  
a groove in earth meant just for it  
from the beginning of the world.  
But it was just a road, just us following.**

**5.  
And when it came to the city it intended  
(or was it the same city, just a different gate?)  
they let us go in first to clear the way,  
then in it came. They shouldered it onward,  
up the sudden boulevard to a great gaunt  
plaza at the middle, and let it stop turning.  
And there is rests, where all the avenues connect,  
quiet but as if at any moment they could come  
set it to turn again, or by itself it might decide  
to roll and lead us out of the city, and we follow.  
We live in such expectation, and call it prayer.**

**20 May 2016**

## POSTCARD

**Children on the beach  
wag their invisible tails.  
Their mothers under parasols  
say the rosary in sleep.  
And all the poor fathers  
stare out to sea—somewhere  
there must be an island for me.**

**20 May 2016**

== == == == ==

**Deeply embedded in the sun  
a shape like a shoe  
as if we looked up and saw  
one standing up from it  
far above the visible light.**

**20 May 2016**

=====

*for SJK*

Sympathy and that's enough,  
a bird running under the hedges  
where my father learned to speak

by watching alone. Where else  
could sound come from but from  
silence? The adobe fortress  
of Arg-e-Bam was waiting, night  
after night two thousand years

and he was listening. My father,  
o my father, how much I've learned  
from what you didn't say.

And all today I've been thinking you,  
talking about your words, wit,  
withholding. There are miracles  
sprout suddenly from memory,  
word, glance, snatch of a song.

He died before the castle crumbled,  
before I ever went to Donegal  
where on the street they asked  
if I was my father's son, I was, I am.

20 May 2016

## FIRST DESERT SONG

**Agitprop for the unlit mind  
go stay in dark, the dutch  
say dunkel, we called a german  
dutchman when I was a kid  
you know how it goes, no egg  
without its bacon, the desert  
howls with light out there  
shelter in the shadow of your van.  
America! So long ago! Now  
is so old around here, a man  
up the block remembers Moses.  
At least nobody gets old, do I?  
And when the dunkel darkens  
even the dimmest kid sees stars.**

20 May 2016

## SECOND DESERT SONG

Raptors over slithering proximates  
watch your step, señores, a blind  
hero keeps thick muscles still.  
Did you know him before? All west  
of sunrise was his domain, he chose  
and chose and saw too many. Blind  
not really but tired of seeing—that's  
the way of it, relax too soon and all  
the play is over before Edmund at last  
gets to say what we all think, swine  
that we are *under the Mercy* though  
and some real Man on pilgrimage  
makes his way through us. Streams  
and trees and clement air but still  
there's a Sonora of the mind, what can  
we do? Feed him as he passes through.

20 May 2016



== == == == ==

**And when all the instruments have lost their edge  
and the wheel is broken and the cisterns dry**

**will words still work?**

**Ask your Bible**

**if you keep one,**

**or beat the dinner gong**

**until its booming wakes s standing-wave**

**that throbs through your space**

**and feels like someone speaking,**

**maybe even answering**

**what you never got around to asking,**

**a noise talking to you**

**your ears make sense of, or not,**

**like the roar of the waterfall**

**after the stream runs dry.**

**21 May 2016**

## **PEWTER**

**the mixture's  
dull glow.**

**Drink  
this light  
from an empty mug.**

**We too are alloy  
of light and bone,  
stone, sulfur  
caverns deep inside  
from which we speak.**

**Hence pewter,  
earthenware, crockery,  
tin. Hence  
music, choking  
sense out of mere air  
without which  
immediate mortality.**

**No wonder Hamlet**

**and all confusion,  
philosophy, the sly  
rigors of mathematics  
to stave off that moment.  
*It won't be long now*  
as I sat at the window  
watching the lawn,  
left with the all-too easy  
task of guessing what *it* is.**

**21 May 2016**

=====

**What a gloomy boy I am  
for Saturday and sixty-three  
degrees ice overcast  
and small new leaves here  
on the hibiscus just yesterday  
I feared was dead —  
there's that word again,  
or one word, really, just  
with two ways to pronounce it.**

**21 May 2016**

= = = = =

**To sit in the meadow  
and listen to the birds  
you don't need a meadow you don't need birds**

**it's all here, blissful  
as a blindfold, waiting  
to be ignored like the constant pressure down**

**of blue sky in our  
billioned heads,  
rapt in the moent alone you're everywhere.**

**21 May 2016**

## **BROOKLYN 1954**

**After a long summer night  
of not getting what he wants  
a man rides the El home  
into one more skeptic dawn.  
Harbor behind him, boats  
speaking Norwegian, mist  
exhausted licking at the shore.**

**21 May 2016**

== == == == ==

**We who do not have children  
are children.**

**And the officious mothers  
of the neighborhood  
treat us so —**

**as if we weren't really there,  
part of life, just shadows, maybe,  
phantom ancestors,  
annoying presences  
who live by different clocks and calendars.**

**So we treat them all  
as stepmothers in Grimm  
and keep our distance.**

**We know how little Jared's scraped kneecap  
is far more important than our broken hearts.**

**22 May 2016**

= = = = =

**Metatarsal. Stand there.  
Militate in favor  
of the obvious. Vote for sunshine,  
vote for cloud.  
I who am mostly rain  
consent to your preferences.  
You're standing, I'm sitting —  
some days are like that.  
And what a weird idea  
where did it come from  
that we eat unborn chicks  
for breakfast all  
over the Western world?  
Go east, get fat  
on rice with me,  
become the vegetable we eat,  
drowse in deep awakening.**

**22 May 2016**



= = = = =

**How far away is  
anything, really?  
Does she lie there  
wearing a sun hat  
big as a pizza  
but pale, pale  
as the skin she  
offers to your claws?  
Snap out of it —  
none of it is real.  
Or it is far, far  
as pencil from a hand,  
and no night comes.  
Look away fast  
from any image,  
before it looks back —  
if once it sees you  
it will never let go.**

**22 May 2016**

=====

**If you don't understand me  
you should get out of the phonebooth.  
I know there aren't any anymore,  
or just a few, it's a metaphor,  
metaphor, like being under a cloud.  
Or barking up the wrong tree. I know  
there's no tree and you can't bark  
try to understand. I'm only a man.  
Or maybe just a metaphor.**

**22 May 2016**

**= = = = =**

**Are unicorns  
carnivorous?  
Wait and see.**

**22 May 2016**

= = = = =

**That's a nice little story  
I'll have to tell it sometime  
but the shadows are listening  
and a dog barking down the road.  
Caution. Narrative never stops.  
Before I know it there'd be trees,  
vines, underbrush — a whole forest,  
strange noises, foxes, deer running away.**

**22 May 2016**

## **FERNS**

**[photo by C]**

**In ferns this land  
counsels the many fingertips  
of similarity.**

**In cool deep shade  
this kind of thinking  
thrives, more than ever,  
no foreign land  
but right, right here  
by the boundary-marker  
fountains of green.**

**The knight explains  
to the woman (I come  
from where I am,)  
who can understand  
such simple majesty,  
a small cloud  
red with sunset, say,  
nothing lingers  
but nothing is going away.**

**2.  
Of course they look like palms  
(Jerusalem), of course  
they look like hands  
polydigital, lifted all**

up high to praise —  
in the excitement  
of the moment  
the moment means.

3.  
It is possible  
to be hungry  
in the dark.  
Ferns know the way — only  
in damp earth,  
only in shade —  
live under the old  
trees and new linden  
at the roll-off  
foot of our little  
hill they flourish  
when I observe them  
I gasp with delight,  
appetite of seeing  
them here, close,  
as if they were my very own.

4.  
But is not comely,  
not even seemly,  
for ferns to belong to anybody  
but *humiditas et umbra*,  
they are philosophers,

coolhand alchemists,  
counting their signifiers,  
even waving at me  
out of the slight breeze.

5.  
So that is what I  
did today, discovered  
a fernbrake  
there all along  
waiting its season.  
Not waiting for me  
though I for it,  
stumbled over the lawn  
still rough from winter  
and reached the margin  
of the wood, my page  
of light runs  
out here, the ferns  
stopped me  
with their beauty  
made out of sheer  
simplicity, multiplicity,  
green. This green  
has all the other  
greens inside it.  
Like the Talmud maybe  
where I read once  
of learned men

**riding through the woods  
talking of this and that  
who find themselves  
suddenly in Paradise,  
where the trees spoke  
human language  
better than we do,  
and the shadows themselves  
were green and had  
long slim hands.  
Or so the ferns  
reminded or explained.**

**22 May 2016**



**= = = = =**

**Not so easy  
to finish anything.  
Moonlight on the bay  
beside the river.  
Road with nobody  
going. But still.**

**22 May 2016**

== == == == ==

**I go the sense that this person  
was or is waiting for me.  
Because we can be someone  
to one another,  
as, as all,  
and make the habit of  
*answering the day.*  
This is what I mean by writing.**

**22 May 2016**

=====

**Don't get too patriotic about your town  
a city is an outrage to begin with  
and will draw outrage to it when it can,  
wryneck geeks from Silly Con,  
all business is the same business —  
it breaks your heart. Get out of town.**

*for B. R.*

**22 May 2016**

= = = = =

**How did you do it?  
I was a wave  
that came to shore,  
the time was right,  
was mine. Was my  
picture hanging on the wall.  
You can never be sure  
what the other  
is thinking. I guessed  
and guessed right.  
Weddings and caravans,  
zenanas full of shadows,  
full of light.**

**It was all  
a wave could hope for,  
a science of my own,  
flooding the eyes of those  
who saw me, welcomed me  
as if I were the first  
thought they had that day.**

**23 May 2016**



= = = = =

**The trouble with trouble  
is that it comes  
by itself. Example:  
carpenters buzzing  
nearby this otherwise  
joyless morning.  
Trouble is all about  
etymology, whence  
it cometh and how  
it hurteth thee now.  
There is another  
kind of trouble you  
have to go and get,  
get into, yourself.  
Subways are involved,  
cars put into play,  
and other people, those  
harbingers of unreprieve,  
men staggering  
out of the taverns,  
arms wide to welcome thee.**

**23 May 2016**

= = = = =

**Whilom the waking  
your hands in silver  
O the long trouble  
of being meat,  
we Irish are halfway  
there, to stone,  
to towns, empty,  
over empty seas,  
towers of wisdom  
we climb,  
                    syllable  
by syllable,  
halfway there,  
halfway to gold.**

**23 May 2016**

=====

*lech lecha*

**Watching  
the go-by  
through the gate,  
watching, not going,  
complete.  
When all the leaves  
are out, stop counting.  
The cars  
will never stop passing —  
it is a thing they have  
that can't sit still.  
When you grow up  
you'll understand.  
The ancient command,  
wherever you are  
get gone from this place**

**23 May 2016**



= = = = =

**The longer the line  
the higher it flies,  
the crow. Shadow  
always tries  
to stay still, shadow  
is a very private  
person out there  
though for all to see.  
Privacy begins  
in feeling, only later  
spreads to being.  
And there you are.**

**23 May 2016**

= = = = =

**Come soothsay Toad  
and foretell my quiet  
destiny,  
                  for you,  
from your earthy  
brain extend  
a becoming beam aloft  
into the eagle's heart  
and so between the twain  
all knowledge shimmers  
palpable but vague  
before the enchanted  
eyes of those of us  
who still believe in time.  
Alchemy unsays the hour!  
Every instant die and be born again.**

**24 May 2016**

=====

**Man in love  
is a boring old story  
gets new clothes  
onbce in a while  
but still...**

**But  
love in man  
is always new,  
full of noise and light,  
dragons, sutras,  
apocalypses.**

**24 May 2016**

## **NEO-EGYPTOLOGY**

**Put the date in a cartouche,  
it's royal, this day  
has never been before  
and rules by itself  
all future time. Hail,  
this 24<sup>th</sup> day of May.  
And any day, long  
may it reign, and you  
live it to the full.**

**24 May 2016**

## THE RISK

Let me try it once  
at least, the juice  
of that forbidden tree  
by which we know  
and know we're knowing

and the shadows  
topple out of the linden  
and we hear *music*  
*we have heard before*  
and then the fire starts  
and the hearth

soon makes the kettle sing,  
o so much music,  
how can you be so close  
and I not touch you,  
I can't touch you,  
Artemis stands exact  
same size as the sky

*tp exist at all*  
*is to be permitted*  
I hear her tell me

**yet the hand falls empty  
and the lips are dry.  
Everything happens  
in a dream, that's why  
the dream never ends  
though the dreamers all  
too soon wake and leave the room.**

**24 May 2016**

=====

**Character? It meant me  
a different animal.  
Soulful, distinct,  
generously ambiguous  
like Whitman embracing  
multitudes, or the word 'you'**

**Then apart happened to it  
or we thought  
the star meant something  
and a pause between words  
meant both separation  
and correction,  
a hundred lilacs on one bush,  
say, to stay with Whitman,  
to stay his grief.**

**2.  
So it's a matter of falling in love  
over and over, never daring  
to do much about it,  
never daring to stop.**

**And language also  
is in love with us,  
wants to be used,**

**abused, cherished,  
given to one another.**

**Language invented us  
and telling, telling  
is the least we can do.**

**3.  
I haven't used the word yet,  
the scary one, with no  
hooks around it this time,  
I wouldn't dare, I wouldn't know  
enough to find the sound  
with mortal habit and a face**

**use the operative instead —  
the mood of a verb  
that implies someone listening  
where at midnight long ago  
language invented god.**

**4.  
*Invenire*, Latin,  
to invent, or 'to discover'  
what is already there.  
Latin can't tell them apart.  
We spend our lives, poor us,  
In querulous distinctions.**



**25 May 2016**

## **THE CATHEDRAL**

**Let the metope  
resemble a field full of grain,**

**let the cornerstone  
embed a blue-glazed eye.**

**Let the architecture  
impersonate a log cabin in the woods  
and the clouds all pioneers around it,**

**let the Divinity enthroned on the apse  
take the form of a woman studying her nails.**

**Let the nave be long  
and peculiarly sinuous  
with columns of various orders  
standing at random seemingly spots  
supporting the vast transparent roof.**

**Glass one guesses  
but what happens when it snows?  
Architects despise weather.**

**The structural work is incomplete,  
scary scaffolding stands all round  
with interns daubing colors into shapes —**

**it will be a long time before  
the whole picture is complete,  
then we can move into it  
easy as a book at bedtime  
or a warm hand at the base of the spine.**

**25 May 2016**

=====

*aria*

**In fern I land,  
enarbored Irish written  
dare stay some loss  
that moans always go manned.**

**Nine fathers parse the will,  
trade sighs in groaning,  
sighs riddle each  
being low and green and gaunt.**

**25 May 2016**

= = = = =

**Castaway hoping over  
the edge a something  
not the sun. All hope  
is from the east. Weary  
atomy of the human  
soul, beleaguered by  
so many manynesses.  
Every shadow shapes  
itself like what we need.  
But that woman is far,  
her skin glowing. Her  
taste is here already  
though, her taste is salt.**

**26 May 2016**

= = = = = = =

**If the brain  
its nourishment decline  
how shall syntax  
parse the plaguey distances?**

***Keep out* is the brain's  
favorite song, we use  
cell music to evade,  
invade the hallowed  
lonely regions  
afloat on  $\alpha\omega\nu$ ,  
waters of the Styx —**

**but when *they* murk  
what muscle will clear it?**

**26 May 2016**



## **POTION**

**Three gold bristles from  
the back of a red Duroc hog  
steeped in dew scraped  
gently on a Thursday dawn  
from some blue flower—  
iris, say, or indigo petunia,  
hydrangea, your choice.  
When the dew has evaporated  
and the bristles are dry  
burn them in a silver spoon  
using only a flame on or from  
a piece of wood — a match will do.  
Now plunge the spoon with meager ash  
into a transparent glass of cool  
linden flower tea. Sip at intervals  
through the long day. It will drive  
away those tiresome thoughts  
you cherish of ruling the world.**

**26 May 2016**



=====

**They flower slowly,  
chipmunks then lilacs  
then irises,  
spiræa,  
                  finally we  
come out of the husk,  
house, and stand  
on porches (piazzas)  
(stoops) decks  
and the sun saunters by  
forgiving us our long  
abstention from  
the real From weather.  
Comfort is the false god  
we mostly worship—  
which is why sadists  
are theologians halfway  
(wrong way) home.**

**27 May 2016**

**= = = = =**

**I feel so close  
to the end of now—  
soon it will be then**

**and all this  
will hide from my hands  
only language left**

**that calculus of lost occasions.**

**27 May 2016**

## THE ARRIVAL

Came out of the woods.  
Who? Brandishing  
empty arms.  
Cloaked, uncertain,  
moving quick as if  
motivated. Who?

The woods are still there,  
I don't want to offend them  
by mentioning names.

Especially now, when a patch  
of sunlight just  
poured along the grass—  
a warning.

The whole  
machinery (though it is softer,  
more permanent  
than any machine) works  
smoothly, quietly.

Out  
of the woods  
a swift coming towards.

**Then another and another  
till they are nine.  
They arrange themselves  
towards us, like stars  
or a star. Arms.  
Bare arms.**

**Fast as they move  
it takes forever for them  
to get here  
    where it is  
my business to wait,  
calm and lucid,  
like a little pool of water  
spilled on ancient tile,  
evaporating in the sun.**

**27 May 2016**

**= = = = =**

**After you put everything in place  
what's left is what you need:**

**bohemian fragments, skanky  
afterludes of common life.**

**We share nothing, nothing.  
We give it all away.**

**27 May 2016**

== == == == ==

**What was I doing in that city?  
Leather sofa, zoo outside,  
moon at the end of every avenue—  
*touch me*, it kept saying, *if you can*.**

**27 May 2016**

## **SQUIRRELS**

**They're always eating the birdseed  
as if they could fly—  
just like me sprinkling  
too much salt on my kale  
as if I could swim.**

**27 May 2016**

*from* **THE REPERTORY OF LOST DISEASES**

**The Rising Sickness (spontaneous levitation)**

**Cothurnifugue. Socks will not stay on the feet.**

**Narcopepsis, eating full meals while fast asleep.**

**Azimuthitropism. Tries to sit or lie down but immediately finds himself bolt upright.**

**The Midday Calm.**

**27 May 2016**



## HIDDEN WINGS

hidden wings  
    in sleep, away,  
away  
    it said.  
And who are they,  
these umbrous guarantors  
who tell the night?  
Muses many, but each  
is only. And she speaks —  
adapting the gender precision  
my tradition supplies,  
but what do I know  
about pronouns, what  
do I know of female and male —  
the night is my business  
and like a good agent  
don't ask too many questions.

2.  
When I was in my teens  
I wanted to print a business card  
for me, with just my name  
and the word *agent*. I hoped  
the work would find me, give me

**an address, a phone number,  
a field of play, hoped  
my sense of agency  
would be enhanced  
and I would do.**

**3.  
So much for business.  
Now we come to bed time,  
that oldest of all stories,  
why do we say go to sleep,  
where is sleep and why  
can't we find a road or river  
that leads there, but always  
out of nowhere, find ourselves there?  
Sex is just a rest stop on the way.  
That is our real business,  
in the dark.**

**4.  
Where those wings hide  
that brought us there,  
they hide so well we'll forget  
they'll bring us back  
to this questionable country  
of sunlight and Caesars  
away from the urgent syntax of the dream.**

5.

But sometimes gasp with relief  
when I wake up.  
the story over there was too complex,  
snakes and flowers,  
swaggering voices of the recent dead.  
There's something to be said for sunshine  
even on a day as hot as this.  
But don't bother saying it,  
everybody knows, I'm always  
the last to learn. Instead  
I'll close my eyes and breathe  
and be in that third republic  
neither awake nor asleep.  
Where we get our taste of freedom and.

28 May 2016

## **GAN EDEN**

**What geography did  
the Bible makers keep,  
where Eden was a single place  
and rivers ran out  
and four directions went from it  
as from any other place?**

**They thought it was a garden  
grown, and a garden needs its ground.**

**If it was a place,  
why didn't we go back,  
whoever we were in those days?  
Places are actual. We less so,  
we come and go.  
Or was that angel's flaming sword  
installed in our cerebellum  
so we can't find our way back  
there, with its flourishing ferns,  
its million year old apple trees?**

**28 May 2016**



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**Then a bear shambled out of the woods  
and ate all my documents, which is why  
I appear before the court naked of identity,  
clearly animate, hairless almost, otherwise  
I might be the bear himself. I throw myself  
on the mercy of the court: name me,  
put language in my mouth and feed me a job.**

**28 May 2016**

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**What if *all*  
the books are wrong?  
The little left  
unsaid would be the truth.  
Find that silent nave  
and brood your Mass there.**

**28 May 2016**

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**Opening the door  
is like closing the window.  
Choice vs. chance.  
Who can tell the difference?  
The *ants of your house*  
have forgotten your name  
before you can speak it.  
Door. Window. Come.  
Abolished into existence  
the mere (all  
by itself) arrives.**

**28 May 2016**





== == == == ==

*(yet one more Test of Poetry — for L.Z.)*

**Find a pretty girl  
and have her read  
one of your poems back to you  
out loud, with feeling,  
and if you can concentrate  
on the poem, the poem  
might, might, just be right.**

**28 May 2016**

== == == ==

**Dry day. Sun.  
A little fly  
keeps trying  
to drink my eye.**

**As if I were an animal—  
deep wet pools of their eyes.**

**I am an animal,  
I brush it away  
tenderly, as if  
I were a human too.**

**28 May 2016**

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**Things get exaggerated.  
It is not seemly  
to speak of divine matters  
in conversation**

**Give your sermon  
or listen to one.  
Silence is close to godliness so  
take God's part in the conversation.**

**Or be Demeter listening to the famous Hymn.**

**29 May 2016**

## **GUILTERS AND BLAMERS**

**I bruise easy.  
It means nothing  
or not much.  
There are guilters  
in this world  
and blamers.  
How to be neither  
feeling guilt  
nor blaming others —  
that is the way.**

**29 May 2016**

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**Draw the star  
down from the sky  
and wrap it round you.  
Cloak or tepee,  
a cloth of light  
to live in.**

**How quiet that would be,  
so full of certainty.  
Language flows from doubt,  
anxiety, need. Any  
bird can tell you that.**

**29 May 2016**

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**How heavy the tree  
to stand so lightly  
answering each breeze  
with fluent green speech,**

**heavier than any animal  
to dance in air,  
every weightless leaf an answer.**

**29 May 2016**

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**Snout snot dribbles in the trough.  
The cycle never stops.**

**29.V.16**



**= = = = =**

**Poetry, where one  
thing leads to another  
always away,  
                    away.  
Be there when it comes.**

**29 May 2016**

== == == == ==

**And sometimes an arrow  
comes out of the sun.**

**We have seen someone fall  
suddenly silent at noon,  
knowing all at once something  
more radical than ever thought.**

**She is an archer up there and *She says.***

**29 May 2016**

**= = = = =**

**Beyond this point  
there is no gender.  
Only eyes, suddenly  
luminous in the dark.**

**29 May 2016**

**Q.E.D**

**Is gender an accident of identity  
or the other way round?**

**A big question in our society —  
would I still be me if I were she?**

**29 May 2016**

=====

**The least, the offering,  
rain from the earth  
soaking the sky — see  
what sunrise does to Man,  
any man, that narthex  
of a real Person to be,  
and Woman, the whole  
nave of that being, but  
who is the chancel itself,  
or out from what mind  
will the altar stand intact?**

**29 May 2016**

**= = = = =**

**See what happens  
if I believe in reality:  
I'm left to make my way  
in wet socks to the crossroads  
to meet the other, whirring  
of wings through the air,  
wing shadows flapping loud,  
she's here, the one who comes  
to take me to where I am.  
I think we all say that. I think  
that all of us are waiting here.**

**29 May 2016**

=====

**The time walks by.**

**There is an animal out there  
linked to me, some arcane  
physiology weds us — sky?  
wasps?**

**children shouting in the trees?**

**Some of all that. Hide me  
from my identity,  
my meanings.**

**There are words  
all over the ground  
but I can't read them. Can you?  
Our only *hope is in the other.***

**29 May 2016**

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**Wet, but not enough.  
Sky too far.  
My leaf  
won't move.**

**Complaint.  
Variety of not  
what I want  
denatures**

**what I am.**

**30 May 2016**



**= = = = =**

**Heat is not goodfor batteries.  
How to cool the Sun as She powers us?  
The deep cold of space keeps Her well.**

**30.V.16**

## **AFTER THE HEATWAVE**

**Now a little  
wind comes up,  
an I=told-you-  
so from local  
Powers. The curtain  
stirs as if, as if  
you know who  
were veiled in it.**

**30 May 2016**

**= = = = =**

**Trains of thought  
need to track, alas.  
Run across whole continents  
through woods and cities  
faster than reason can follow.  
Any noticed thing  
is the departure—  
some gaunt way station  
middle of nowhere  
is where it goes.**

**30 May 2016**

**=====**

**I know the answer  
but the question lies  
deep in the earth.**

**I beg everyone I meet  
to ask it, ask me.  
What good is my answer  
if nobody asks?**

**I am the schoolboy of the world.**

**30 May 2016**

=====

**The longer the meter  
the shorter the yard,  
a beautiful sunset  
rising in the east.**

**We measure *is* by *seems*,  
*videri quam esse*, ancient  
wisdom flipped on its back.**

**Cars growl past with open-  
windows music, loud,  
indecipherably awful, gone.  
Cars know the single answer  
to most questions: go, go there,  
*lech lecha*, get up from where  
you sit and move. Movement  
measures us. Wild fowl  
clamor overhead— they seek  
their lake. Get into gear and go.**

**30 May 2016**

## **MEMORIAL DAY**

**Nobody died.  
They were killed  
instead. Death  
is not just one  
swallowing thing.  
There are differences,  
different tastes  
of being all gone.  
Cross my heart  
and hope to die.**

**30 May 2016**

= = = = =

**The red comes off in the night.  
After that, no colors there.  
But at morning passing pickups  
glint in the sun — they  
seem to have colors again.**

**Leaves, besides feeding their plants,  
shield us from reality  
by creating intricate shadow patterns  
constantly a-dance. All  
day long. Then the sun sets.  
At night we're on our own.**

**31 May 2016**

## **CHILDHOD**

**Climate is the whole thing  
but weather's just what happens  
they told me. A day  
is not a life, I reasoned.  
Yet that is all it ever is.**

**31 May 2016**



=====

**I was taught the Pentagram  
by my father.  
How long it has taken me  
to thank him for it.**

**31 May 2016**

## **SUNSET**

**Houses always look their best  
when setting sun casts on them  
(provided there are trees and shrubs)  
intricate shadows into the glare  
on such pale (why are houses almost  
always pale?) architecture, make it  
a notepad for that ever moving script  
that gives the house some meaning  
of its own, never mind the tragic  
or dreary sitcoms that live inside.**

**31 May 2016**

=====

**Those who come to us by dream  
live in a different shade  
from those we think of, or those  
we think we know, or those  
we see or think we see  
around us in the common light—**

**so many populations! Who can sense  
the delicate DNA of dreams,  
or the genetics of imagined friends  
or real ones remembered and remembered  
until they too are unicorns in Broceliande?**

**31 May 2016**