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Robert Kelly
Bard College

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she laid out for me to learn
because already it was now

and I must to my withers
hoist some other immigrant
and bear her through the lower sky
ta metarsia, the weather-house

yet prior to this date I had
never once been Zeus before.

And now I was caught in his changes
as a page turns in a book
or a cloud hurries up
out of the same sea I carry her from
to the broken house civilians claim
their City, city, what a pity
as the great poet said more coarsely
in the lingo of his time,

they built

huts high as the sky
and filled them with money,
no wonder naked people
hurl themselves into hope,
into sea, into the getting,
to stumble someday
into that sinister mirage—

**but I was asleep again
and burbling ignorance,
third-hand nonsense,**

**so that angel-child
rebuked me for
the parsimony of my imagination
hunkering like that
back to local politics
*the earth, the earth!***

**“Nothing is happening,” she whispered,
“only one person at a time
speaking to one other
can make a difference,
that is how the world will change.**

**And then my mother will finally come,
the one you call your father
and she will give you salt and milk
and malt and silk and teach
you how to live on earth again.”**

1 August 2016

=====

**Orchestral interlude.
Oranges rolling down the spines
of show-off virgins—
all shape and no solid,
a slope to worship but
say No say No with every kiss—
and then the basses rumble in the pit
their bows' slow agonizing stretch
compelling the taut silences.
And then we all begin to sing
praise to our Maker, laud to the Mother,
the Blowpipe Boys administering the sky.**

1 August 2016

=====

**A poem writ backwards
or right to left
across the dsream**

**what I mostly saw
was the bare of her neck,
nape, she bent forward
as if in drowsiness or grief**

**but all compact
and full of coiled potency,
fancy words of
about to spring**

**or be spring
the way rain is
always waiting
to begin or any
change is better.**

**There were colors too,
subtle, vivid,
I don't know their names.**

1 / 2 August 2016

=====

**Dark enough out there
to hear the stream.
We hear the rain
long after it's stopped.**

1 / 2 August 2016

=====

There are three ways of knowing anything, always three. Beyond spiritual practice and the academic constraints of relevance in research, there is another: *poiesis*, is it? the unconstrained research into the feel and fondness and textures of things, times, processes, events, the tissues of belief, the clangor of worship. Study religion by trance, chance relationships, puns and anagrams, strange affinities in daily doings, the bread and wine of ordinary life.

Christians kneel, Muslims bow down, Jews stand up—only poetry can say what this means.

1 / 2 August 2016

== == == == ==

**A poem
hears what happens

in that distant
country called right here.**

1 / 2 August 2016

WANDERMUST

1.

A clarity

half made of flowers

half of that half

annoying simpering of flutes

highish, F under high C maybe

again and again and again.

The poison in music.

Not even roses.

2.

These things drive

the mind from home.

Hungry streets

swallow me down.

Four in the morning

and me just one

alone. Need

driveth, but whence

cometh necessity?

Anangke among the Hellenes,

gaunt goddess of begone.

What you need

is never here

but you will find it

nowhere else.

3.

Every night all through his life

though he long ago gave up drinking

he wakes desolate

at the hour when the bars close

in the city he comes from.

No matter who lies asleep beside him.

Grief is generous with itself,

he sits at the window a while

and stares out at nothing.

This empty hour might be

the mainspring of his waking life.

Art summons beauty from nothingness.

**4.
Resident readers
to read his leaves,
grounds of Turkish coffee
bottom of little cup
not spilled out
on little saucer,
shadows of the yew tree
letting so little
daylight through.**

2 August 2016

=====

**We come closer to it all the time
the submarine off Montauk Point
the White Sands proving ground—**

**there is a test we fail every time we ace it,
every success digs us deeper in distress
hear the wind blow, brother, this is your song**

**I'm only singing it because you're scared to,
the asteroid the tidal wave the ancient
gods on their way back, angry, to avenge**

all our silly triumphs with catastrophes.

2 August 2016

=====

**Not a word
be speaking
image only
a woman not
yet out of the sea,
sullen beauty
of not ready.
Aftertaste of salt
o god a vegan sky.**

2 August 2016

== == == == ==

**There is waiting to be done.
Images baffle language,
words baffle deeds.**

**Go back to sleep,
they don't need me yet
at the palazzo, Presidio,
sands of Rackaway.**

**Life is a leather sofa
too cold too hot too smooth,
breeze like a geisha
brushing her long hair.**

2 August 2016

=====

**Tell the master his bridge is broken.
Carts trundle into the river and hope.
Some of us get across, start a new game
beyond the frontier. New churches, new gods,
new husbands and new wives, food for all.
But we are drenched from our passage
and never dry out. Optimists call this
baptism, others notice the books turn
mouldy on the shelves, leather swells,
our shoes don't fit. Tell the master,
he'll know what to do. We stand
in the rain now and think about him.**

2 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Bath Oliver
by the bedside
in a British book.
A mystery,
a glass of water,
something to nibble
in the night when
the night nibbles you,
dream by dream
the unrelenting narrative.**

2 August 2016

=====

**Put up a sign: I need help.
But I don't know what and I don't know who.
Come hither if you know such things.**

2.VIII.16

=====

X & Y

your neighborhood psyche dealership.

New and Used Personalities. Rentals.

**A sign I thought I saw
on a stadium wall.**

It made me think I could think.

**No address or phone number or I would call.
I want to be the one who didn't see that sign.**

2 August 2016

THE TRUCE BETWEEN THE STATES

**they talk different they vote different
earn different make different pray different**

**Down there they kill each other in frustration
since the war's not going officially on.**

**It sure isn't over. The long truce
seems coming to an end. Texas
Republic. Georgia out of its mind.**

3 August 2016

=====

**Strange to wake up in history class
a few years ahead of where I am.**

3.VIII.16

== == == == ==

**And if one's body were
the sole republic
who would be its citizens,
its chanting clerisy,
its president?**

3 August 2016

NOTATIONS BEFORE A DISASTER

**Can't swim. Can't fly.
What kind of bird am I?**

***N'oj* means thought
Tijax means knife—
we're in the Tarot cycle still,
suit of swords.**

**Two by two refuse the Ark
learn to swim instead.
The drought. Deluge of sunlight.**

**Has Miriam finished her mango yet?
Things we wait a lifetime for,
a pulpy mess inside the mind
shaped like someone leaving town.**

The subway comes and goes but never knows.

**It might be time
but I think it's space
that keeps my hands
so far apart.
To know the whole world
before they meet and fold together.**

**that day the clock ran backwards
to teach us how to sin.
The D train was late
I should have walked over and taken the A.**

**And then I wouldn't have seen.
The jewel heist when her
eyes stole mine.**

**In those days I still read books
I thought I understood.**

**I thought that traipsing from one place to another
was the same as going.**

**Maybe it wasn't her eyes,
maybe it was all the places she had been.
And I had never been anywhere
but the north tower of Notre-Dame
looking down on a city louder than language.**

**Let the pen rest a minute
then let me speak again.**

**Make time for the truth.
Who?
Who is the real question.
Answer that and your republic stands firm.**

Your soul a candle in the darkest room.

3 August 2016

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**Over the moonlit
desert I mean
I see you coming —
you keep looking back
over your shoulder
but there's no one there
behind you, just the moon.**

3 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Rubies in her ears
to make her hear
what no one spoke.**

**Her toes are fingers
they scribble in sand
treatises the tide
rushes in to read.**

Everything understands!

3 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Spread your legs
those pale wings
of inmost flight!
the Seducer cried
gazing in the mirror
bright with such
en empty room.**

4 August 2016

=====

**We mutter magic
spells unconsciously
walking down the street,
someone always listening
even if not the one we mean
if we have anything in mind,**

**tiny verses.
Universes**

what can we actually know?

4 August 2016

== == == == ==

**The obvious and the actual
are seldom the same.
That's why we need
so many books isn't it?**

4.VIII.116

PROBLEMS

**I had a wall
and where it went.**

**There was a house
who had it.**

**Blood stain on the mirror—
can reflection kill?**

**In heaven the questions
are their own answers.**

4 August 2016

=====

**Don't think
to leave earth**

**it stands beneath you
all the time**

**what the gnomes chant
is something like this.**

4 August 2016

== == == == ==

**If it really works
will bring her to
a gate of the temple
she dreams about
entering, being
enshrined there,
worshipped even
not for what she is
but for what she
could become. And
it does work, words
tumble down from
her thought to her
hands write them
up stone by stone.**

4 August 2016

SOMETIMES ALL THAT'S LEFT IS SKY.

1.
***Top sky*, a braver word**
for saying it, save it
for the planetary shield
that Angel carries
you met in sleep who woke you
saying All that's left is sky.

2.
It turns to you again.
Another rapture, another
deed of pure humidity.

3.
Be a mason, be a man,
fix a wall
between you and the Doubt,
the too-bright sky that wakes
you to think your obligations
never finished, never begun.

4.

A wall is all.
A dream is the same
as a stone you lift
all night until
the wall is done.

You persuade yourself
the wall is blue,
the wall is you.

5.

You notice abruptly
there's no roof on your edifice.
You notice the sky
looking in again and again.

6.

Things worry you—
the dream had waking
folded inside it.

So how could you tell?
Smell of rosemary, cumin,

shoemaker's glue,

**memory is a harlot
why can't you resist
her all-too-familiar
blandishments, why
can't you forget?**

7.

**How dangerous to wake
and walk through yourhouse
with the sky in every window.**

**This is an opera
about being afraid of the sky.**

**As once on Hanson Placethe sky
saw through my anesthesia
when it was Good Friday and
at that moment the end
of the world began.**

8.

**It's still there
everywhere.
The day has a name
Dawn before Daylight.**

9.

**You open the curtains
to welcome your fear.
So bright, the first
yellow sunrays
sneak along the lawn
coming from your right.**

**Nobody cares
how scared you are—
you're busy facing north:
Origin. Purity. Intellect.**

**Wouldn't that be enough
for any child? But what
have you left on your pillow?
Isn't there anywhere to hide?**

5 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Once a thing
has been said
it stays said.
Hummingbird
in the roses of Sharon
for instance.
No way for not.**

6 August 2016

== == == == ==

**People in the street
guiding cars —
shouldn't it be
the other way round?**

**I could call this
a song and you
wouldn't know
the difference**

**Your generous island
teeming with wheat fields
golden even in rain
would you?**

6 August 2016

=====

**A bus
even with the best
intentions**

6.VIII.16

=====

**When I was a kid
homeless people
(we called them hoboes
then, as if it were
one more kind of job)
stuffed discarded
newspapers in their clothes
to keep warm.
Good insulation
especially over
the bony chest.
It taught me
how providence
could find a purpose
in everything,
even the news.**

6 August 2016

=====

**Some report cards said Department
some said Conduct. There seems
no native English word
for what they wanted of us.
I got good grades but never knew for what.**

6 August 2016

=====

**Hazy hot and humid
the ground wet
with no rain.
No breeze.**

**Tell
what it means
to change. What
kind of music
makes it rain.**

**The stores are open,
sleeping people
shuffle up the aisles.
The milk is always
farthest from the door,**

**why am I here,
what is this trumpet call
from the loges of the sky,
is something happening?
Is something at stake,
a Balkan crisis,
a blonde divorce?**

So much for me

**to worry about,
childbirth and shooting stars,
climate change,
global warming
is caused by inequality.**

**Fact. Poor countries
unbearable weather.
Wait, you'll see,
the Gulf Coast
is on its way north,
snow will be soon
rarer than intellect.**

6 August 2016

=====

**The girl who brought
goat cheese to our house
brought dandelion
root tea too.**

**So many senses
have to be deployed
to read her meaning,
taste her by ear.**

6 August 2016

FOUNTAIN

**This little fountain
is so full
the freckling of new
water drops
flipped from the spout
at center
makes soft deep sounds.
Around the rim
a tile border
with old letters on it.
*You win this game by losing it.***

7 August 2016

=====

**Friends can't last forever.
The gold rim bends,
the hinge wears out,
the door won't close.
Across the lawn, at dawn,
an animal is coming
you can't identify.
The guests around the firepit
have lost their appetite
and you can't find again
the right page in your book.**

7 August 2016

=====

**Bring up reinforcements
from the subconscious,
wild warriors and their babes
shouting. in fur hats,
and everything is sweating,
be careful, the sun is rising
over Mongolia constantly,
call for help while you can.
They can help your ocean too
so stop thinking right this second
and let all the indoor weather out.**

7 August 2016

=====

**Hey, be my weed whacker.
Eliminate the unsightly excess
of human thought, the weeds
of Aristotle as they say,
smooth out the tile terraces
of mind, leave no sprouts,
stems, stalks. Be me
my quiet in the sun
so real thinking can begin.**

7 August 2016

=====

**Nobody sees me at my window,
I see nobody out there.
We are a balanced aquarium
while the dawn lasts.**

**It is such a deep joy
to be no one for now,
an hour just to be
without being me.**

7 August 2016

=====

**Of course having to
wait is a kind of
bird too, repose
among flowers or till
the hawk's gone whose
shriek is so small.**

**Wait of course
among the subtlest
signs,**

**waiting
is reading
no book
with great care
until. Until.**

7 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Some clouds have come.
Cumulus. The bare
sky is garmented,
the eye eased.**

**Somehow it brings colors
back to the flowers
had been muted in glare.**

**I know all this
is just my weather report
not even television.
But if you look
up you'll find it beautiful.**

7 August 2016

=====

**Could a dove have come
quick through the bushes?
White and plump and gone.
We know not what we
see. But we see.**

7 August 2016

== == ==

**No one will know
anything about me.
A shirt on the line
familiar with breeze.**

**You saw me from
the corner of your eye.
This is the world, it
has to be enough.**

7 August 2016

LIEBESLIED

**I've told the truth—
is that lie enough?
Or do I have to make
up something of my
own to deceive us both?**

8 August 2016

THE TOUCHSTONE

1.
Notionally aggrieved,
churchbells in the distance
slow. Be far with me
beyond embarrassment
where crows call sound
and a slim breeze
investigates the lindens.

spoke2.
No grief, no torpor.
Aroused to remember.
How to do this, do
this again. Years
have nothing to do
it, all those famous places,
Oxford Street, the Prater,
wherever you go
you're coming home.

3.
Is that what it is,
a lexicon of memory
items borrowed from
an almost vanished

archaic physical world?
They believed their eyes
and their timid fingers
quietly touched? Are we
still now? Is there anywhere
a verb that says us,
let alone moves is, makes us
move? *Staying*
inside Going was
the old name of the soul.

4.
Enough of Egypt.
I want the woman
to tell the whole story
as once she did
while Homer listened—
va Omer— and spoke.
Spoke down what she said.

Am I brave enough
for what she'll tell?
The day begins at dusk,
the books are wrong,
what you call music
is your own blood
pumping in your ears,
there are no years,

**you're just born
all over again.**

**5.
That's what I fear
to hear. Marathon meant
just a man
running away from the sea.**

**We celebrate in our
dim rituals
our flight from what is our own,
we offer our favorite things,
pigeon eggs, our own firstborn.
*Let us be again
what we never were
we pray, let us be
the answer in the city
with no questions.***

**And then we pit
our candles out,
close the curtain,
try to sleep.**

**6.
Touchstone,**

**that's what's needed.
The touch that tells the truth.**

**And are we that
to one another,
child by a cold tile wall
dream of the subway
in another language,
touch ,to tell.
I am a cold as any
thing. She never
explained how she knew,
just touched the wall,
opened ber mouth
and told the truth.**

**7.
Happens. Call it Apollo.
Or Dodona, where Zeus
spoke the oak leaves
and the wind listened.**

**Just say it, don't worry,
travel ight and say it,
open your lips and it
will be the truth.
The truth is what is told.
"At least for little while,**

**my love," he Emperor
whispered before they slept.**

8 August 2016

GPS

**Seems to be working
but who are you?
The pronouns leaps and prance
and there's never a precise
location for who you
are, let alone me.**

**(5 August 2016)
9 August 2016**

ANGOSTURA

**They like bitters in their drinks.
Nothing to do with thirst.
I don't understand it,
other people's desires. Bitter.
A woman in a sarong
walking through low tide.
All the creatures and creations
she turns up with her toes.
A taste left in the mouth
long after the throat is dry.**

**(7 August 2016)
9 August 2016**

=====

**You have to be a little something
to be I am. Mother? Tender?
Cars pass without stopping
and neither would you.
So many billboards in the rain
all shouting a message
you can almost not understand.**

**(7 August 2016)
9 August 2016**

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

**But I was trying to wait for an answer—
the swan-boat came by with two very young
lovers earnestly pedaling, trying
to look older, the way it wuld happen later
alas. Then a balsa float with a mermaid
trailing her gleaming tail in the pond.
Then two priests in a birch bark canoe
intent on converting the Iroquois.
At last a gentle old crocodile swam all alone—
I climbed on his back and we headed for Thebes.**

**(7 August 2016)
9 August 2016**

=====

**We don't see it happen
but it happens.
Log jam of notebooks—
where did my clean Androscoggin go
now drowned in paper sludge—**

**But the sky is still crying out
its clear words, how
shall we not write down
meagerly, feebly, carefully,
as well as we can, what we
so rapturously overhear?**

***The word lasts
even if we say it.
Even even
if we write it down.***

9 August 2016

DON'T THINK

1.

Don't think.

The others are waiting.

**The grooves are filled
with wine you think.**

Or almost full.

Parts of speech.

**Flesh for another sacrifice,
the glad of pain.**

2.

You can almost see it:

the human nervous system

spread out across the night sky,

lightning shimmer of a distant storm.

3.

Come back

to where you were

before the light began.

Truth tells the dark,

tells you the dark.

Come into the house,

do what she tells you.

The night

will take care of itself.

4.

**Headache. Wanderlust,
By the fireplace
travel in the shadows—**

**destinations wrap around you,
the wood sings.**

5.

**Did you obey her?
Did you figure out
how each instrument is played?
Or did you know already,
tutored by starlight,
what each tool is for?**

**And what is a thing,
any thing?
Did you learn that?
A thing is what breaks the light,
a thing breaks the light into colors—
you heard about that in school,
the tall pale pretty teacher
with her mind on something else.**

6.

**Because it never is right here,
is it, this thinking business,**

**'here' is just a stepping stone,
a turn of phrase, an overgrown
right of way. Or an abandoned
hut in the jungle,
nobody lives here,
no one could.**

7.

**Don't think.
They'll come back soon
to reclaim their shadows.
Moon over the cemetery,
Salem Fields, empty
subway heading
to the train yard. Home.**

**This is the moment of Amem
when you give up hoping
and let it alone,
as if it were the end of something.
It never is.**

8.

**Come back,
be with them,
pretend your body is your own,
pretend you can pick up shadows
and clutch them to your heart.
Pretend the metaphors mean something,**

**mean you. And show the way.
Come back in pure going.
Stay, I mean stay,
that's what I always mean,
abide the conversation,**

**this is heaven
where we happen.**

**The shadows jabber
in deep sincerity,**

**there is no lying
in things, not even fire.**

**The word
holds us tight together.**

Love the word.

9 August 2016

EGOLATRY

on the rise,
so many me's

so many states
of being.

States
is what is wrong
with US,
fifty
people and no
people.

Blurring
is remembering.

Carnival hats
on the recent poor.

Every mastering *my* —
that would be grand,
be kingdom.

9 / 10 August 2016

DREAM WRECK

**The man devoured by animal
leaving only the black
tie-on bow tie —**

**the horror,
to leave behind us
only the fraudulent,**

badge of the Machine .

**Caught between Beast
and Machine, wake
up screaming —
nothing else to do.**

9 / 10 August 2016

LOUDEN

**Silent dawn
to wake in,
trying to be no one
all over again.**

9 / 10 August 2016

=====

**The month that everything changed.
Sabertooth sky. Invention
of the sly machine. I sharked
my way through the first nine days
but now. Everything a-swim again.**

**I look for company
on the scariest rides,
the sky-breaker,
the Descensus,
Hellportation, investigate
the swamp inside.
But no one knows my language,
nice people, they all
smile as they pass me by.**

9 / 10 August 2016

=====

**When I'm feeling sorry for myself
which self exactly am I grieving?**

**Didn't you think it would be
enough to be a day?**

**Day of Woden, sacrifice
yourself to yourself.**

**O wisdom is a single
eye that never closes,**

**a woman in the desert,
lucidity of exile,**

god free of worshipers.

9 / 10 August 2016

=====

**When I am diamond
I will need the dark
so don't away with night,**

**when I am gold I still
will need the church bells
and the pigeons up there
so don't abstain the sky —**

**when I am flesh and blood
I'll need a little light —
someone else's face in the mirror.**

10 August 2016

C= = = = =

**an sing if he has to,
would rather sleep
in the dark of old books,
the old-time grammar
soothing as a mother's pillow.**

**It only takes a hundred years
to purify a turn of phrase:
But still he has to wake
and sing and spoil all
the old words by saying them.**

10 August 2016

=====

Art is expensive

**it needs to begin
again and again
and beginnings wear out
the black polished slab of coal
we wear inside our chests
whence vision comes.**

**I am scried out! I cried,
my visions' tumult
unsayable! What I write down
feels like money
slipping through my fingers,
o sad valuta of the scribbled sense!**

10 August 2016

SHELL

**A shell is a geology
hat someone wears.
Limpet landform,
whelks volcanic cone
and everything runs
hard as can be
into the hands.**

**I know
because you gave on
to me, a southern one,
smooth in rough,
only once have I seen
the wates from which
it came? Was brought?
Flew in the surf of a wave?**

**I understand it only
because it' is hard.
Hard things are best,
shelter, shovel, pillar
to hold the roof up
not over our heads,**

**We come from different
oceans. Our shells
have different shapes.**

**And this one between us
lifts itself up above
the plain like a Turkish
tepe with a whole archaic
world buried beneath it.
I turn it over, let my thumb
caress its vacancy, feel
singularly strange.**

10 August 2016

ALLOLOGY, 1.

**Think of me, she said,
as the Alter - Native,
born in the Elsewhere,
your friend in the Other.**

**I had taken to meditation
as some men take to drink,
to escape from the actual
into the real. There she stood,**

**luminous as a mother, trim
as a sister, chaste as a nun,
holding her hands out to me
I clasp now with my own.**

11 August 2016

=====

**Saving everything.
Spring flowers of September,
children vying
headstands in Rio,**

**so what, circumstances
swim around me
sharkwise in moon space,
mind space I mean,**

**lovelorn lagoons
of tropic real estate,
words used seldom
but you grasp them,**

**what do you mean
by the ocean? Who
ever told you
that I was at home?**

11 August 2016

ALLOLOGY, 2

**Cast a pronoun
on troubled waters—
at once they settle,
smooth out a crystal
surface you can read.**

**You see the other there,
articulate as Athens,
full of sinuous untruths
that turn out to be
only the distortions of**

**perspective. Distances!
Distance, your oldest friend.**

11 August 2016

WELCOME WAGON

You live the life of a flower
in your town.

Town
comes from a root means 'fence,'
wall around what is one's own

place. What comes next,
log-cabin breakfasts,
a thousand calories on a wooden spoon?

No, a flower. Name it
for me. I don't appreciate
their language, myopia
has consolations of its own,

red I get,
but I can't tell a rose
anything.

But you,
you animal with a guide-book,
you no-god preacher
hunting for a job—

just wait,
don't worry, the town
will give you one.
Towns do.

And it will be the evening
of your first day.
The town hall is a wooden shack
in need of paint but still
has pigeons on the grass around it,
count the birds,
and the kids
in school still wet their pants
or smoke cigarettes, as age dictates,
what more could you ask of a town?
Any minute you will learn
what it asks of you.
Go down to the dock
where the riverboat,
that huffing anachronism,
ties up twice a day.

Help with the unloading,
learn the dialect, baggage,
earn the dilect. Smile
but not at the ladies,
not yet. See
how easy everything is
if you just let it alone?

Later it's morning.
Now you can look the other way.

11 August 2016

FOOTNOTE TO MY UNFINISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY

**The superpower I would choose:
to move a cloud at will around the sky.**

11.VIII.16

=====

**If you don't go to Confession
like a good Catholic
confession comes to you
whatever you are.**

**You're stuck with yourself,
that most boring, insistent
of all interlocutors. No wonder
they call the other kind a sacrament.**

11 August 2016

ALLOLOGY, 3

**I never dream
of people I know.
Ever the meaningful
haunted stranger.**

11 August 2016

=====

*Shut up
and [thereby]
plant the seeds of delight.*

I find that on a scrap of paper.

**Have I said it before?
And what dd I mean**

whether or not I did?

**I look at it now,
ornate as a gilt-framed old
picture in the Tate,**

**the Tate as was,
with Blake in it,**

he would have known what I mean.

11 August 2016

=====

Will anything happen here?

**Or will it happen her
so that she stands
articulate before the stars
—between us and the sky—
and answers all the questions
she so long ago
buried in the earth?**

11 August 2016

PECCAVI,

**I have not
used the space I have —**

**for in fee simple I possess
my land to the center of the earth and
the light to the summit of the sky.**

**A word too is a cavern,
lead me down
 beneath the cumbersome furniture
so beloved,
 into the Void below
from which beauty rises,
empty shell
from along some beach
She rises from
à la Botticelli's silly magnificent image,
where else could
truth come from**

**— that other naked teacher,
that other Botticelli —
but from that very nowhere,
silence, watchfulness?**

2.

So he says to himself he says
don't worry about the crammed house
the language lodged
along so many shelves,
the sheaves of paper over-
ripe for harvest,
bailing, bending —
dig down through the said
instead, the quiet
empty place
where everything is new.

3.

One rose atop the tree —
see, it owns the sky,
the real estate of light.

There must be room for me
in all that air —
but the wandering hermit
is the trappedest man
prisoned in his apartness —

a cell around him as he goes.
Whereas this rose!

12 August 2016

=====

**Might I be there already
the place I set out from,
Golden Horn, Baltic gloom,
bearskin slippers on the ice,
bull's head of Mecklenburg,
steeples of Peking?**

**We do not need
some other word
for what is ours.
My father's pen
wrote this plain.**

12 August2016

=====

**Hard for me to imagine
I was ever never.
Not sure about the future
but the past seems infinite —
everything I learn about ago
reminds me I was there.**

12 August 2016

THE PHYSIOLOGY

**Caught in the capture
wrote with an inkless pen
and told the truth —
unreadable**

**the hand moves
but the door stays shut.**

**Brass door knob good to feel though,
as if only touch could the blind man trust.
And somehow we all are blind.**

**2.
The tension of breathing
relaxed in sleep.
Some other entity
comes to breathe for us.**

**Whence dream. We know
we can go
only where breath lets us,
takes us, so that our
breathing carries us
deep into narratives
from which we wake never the same.**

3.

**These researches
may not be good for you.
Better a book by
Poe or Krasznahorkai,**

**humans have no motivations
they are molecular.
Bless the breath that tells us different.**

13 August 2016

COUNTING NUMBERS IN OLD SWEDISH

Hum.

Twist thirst.

Fear fang.

Sing soft.

Ache none.

Tune elves.

Whistle!

13 August 2016

=====

**When I don't know how to make it up
I have to accept it from normality,
that huge dull book full of wonderful pictures.**

`13.VIII.16

=====

**If you hate heat
avoid the valley.
Stay on the mountain top
where nothing happens.**

13.VIII.16

=====

Hot as it is,
to say a thing
outdoors in August —
I want to wear
a cloud between
me and herself,
Soleil the Imperious,
up there, tending
us in her oven.

I hear you complaining,
she says, my counsel
is always the same,
turn the moment
inside out
in song or study
then, wait. Just wait.

13 August 2016

HEAT WAVE

**The birds don't
seem to mind it,
why should I?
And I don't even
have to fly.**

13.VIII.16

97

**My page number,
that highway
along the Delaware,
held, hid, all my bliss
back then. Should I
even now travel,
try to reclaim
what I never lost?**

13 August 2016

IN WHITE AMERICA

**you can't trust the natives
they keep their radios on
while pretending to work.
You never know what
they really want — rape,
money, mostly revenge.
Hard to blame them —
they've made such a mess
of their beauty, their bones.
All that's left is anger,
fitness centers, churches
singing to some angry God.**

13 August 2016

=====

**If you believe me
you'd believe anybody,**

**I trust the words
that come out of my mouth,**

**I am the First Promantic,
the one who knows**

**dimly (till the words come out)
what the future asks of me,**

**meeek prophecies two by two
coming out of someone's lips.**

**Mine or anyone's, trust me.
We speak the same unknown.**

13 August 2016

=====

**And in the quiet hour celebrate
what has not been spoken**

**ever, not even now, be yourself
a smile around silence,**

hands resting in your lap.

13 August 2016

LASCAUX

**Such caves are everywhere,
everywhere, even here.
We just don't want to find them,
we don't want to know.**

13.VIII.16

=====

**Happing to begin
or hope —
 a hat rack
in a sunken room —
Louisiana flood, night**

**has its own inundation,
fire siren half a mile away —
we're in the world too,
we indigent animals.**

**Begin again.
 What can it mean?**

**The stream is loud now
from tonight's thunderstorm —
so much lightning I never saw,
incessant flicker
in a world of windows.**

And I hear water now.

14 August 2016

BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL

Where were we
after the dénouement,
the skeins of narrative
untangled, the web
stripped off?

Without
the story we don't exist.

We are what happens to us
plus what we think.

What we seem to *do*
is just happening too.
Happening to the world
through us —

so the sinner
pleaded.

Gloomy
Sunday full of sun,
no breeze. Our lies
the only sermon.
Gospel. Believe
everything you hear,

there is nothing else.

2.

**The court adjourned, the judges
filed rustling into their chamber
to deliberate. Does that mean
to 'set free' or its opposite?
Judges have so many issues
to decide.**

**Even the language,
that slippery invertebrate,
tell me what you think
and I'll decide who you are —**

**but how can you *tell*,
how can anyone stand
before the court and tell the truth,
when the truth is only
always the latest
we've agreed to, isn't it,
one judge demanded.**

**We are holding
his freedom in our hands,
but where is our freedom?
Do we hold that too?
He certainly doesn't,
that poor wretch
caught on the highway**

with nothing on his mind.
Wretch means *exile*
the oldest said,
but from where?
Are we to banish him further
or welcome him back?

His philosophy is venomous
another judge broke in,
he would have us excuse
all actions as mere
behavior of molecules —
no such thing as intent
or malice-repense—

what is he accused of anyway?

3.
And so I stood
waiting for my fate
to rise to the surface
of the language that speaks me.

Try to forgive my flourishing verb.

14 August 2016

=====

**When did there
become here?
Why do people
live where they do,
some in such awful
places none would choose,
but why?**

**Why Sahara,
Rajasthan, Greenland?
Why this sweltering valley in summer,
this breakbone winter?
Are there no gentle
places on earth
and why aren't we there?**

**Geography
is the history
of human suffering,
the pain we choose to tolerate —
didn't our first settlers
know what August is like,
and February, didn't they
care?**

14 August 2016

== == == == ==

**In fashion photographs
what we're buying
is the look in the model's eyes.**

14.VIII.16

=====

**See the bee
entering the flower
as a complaint —**

**each suffers
for what we suppose
to be a higher good —**

**sustenance, propagation —
but what do they know
who *do* these practices?**

**Are we bees too,
trembling stamens
dusted with gold?**

14 August 2016

=====

**Moveless matter.
Sleep of molecules.
No one knows how to think —
thinking *is*.**

**Thinking that leads to conclusions
is not thinking. It is proving.**

**Proving begins and ends, is right or wrong.
Thinking just is.**

**If someone tries to teach you how to think
he's actually teaching a different trick.**

14 August 2016

=====

**Agreements arbalests
siege towers Oldsmobiles
discussion is archaic,
the dialectic died.**

**Everybody wants
and wants the same things.
Look in my eyes
if you don't believe me.**

**From the deserts of Rajasthan
carrying language
in their hearts
who are they who came?**

**Culture is forgetting.
Thigh bones on Zeus's altar
up the mountain of the wolf den.
Shake the old words out of your wits.**

14 August 2016

=====

1.

Greyness

at last at

waking.

Softness

and no glare.

Speak to me,

nimbus, or ride with Nonnus

the mad king's back —

for these ancient writers were

everyone they spoke.

How could a man tell Hera

and not be her?

2.

Greyness I said, softness,

the world mostly listening.

It's all in the thighs,

the pondering. Wondering.

A book is like a private jet,

the clock your only stewardess —

**old word in bad repute.
Still hiding in some book**

**The red-eye sets down in Newark
and cars tumble home —**

**there is no answer to the weather,
broad meadows of dubious purity extend.**

**3.
And then there is the other,
the one who made the story
happen in the head before the book —**

**who are you, Mistress, where
did you fetch such tangling wool?**

**No normal animal
supplies catastrophe or ecstasy,**

**someone had to think you up
to think them up first.**

**The Sun herself is like that—
am I helium or am I hydrogen?**

=====

**Calling out The End
is not the end of it.
Fine in Italy,
no more need be said —**

**but what is need
if not some arbitrary measure
some sin-self trusts?**

**Everything goes on, if not forward,
around, if not around
backwards, if not back
then inside out**

**the way you wear
your voice blue coat
to keep it safe from the clouds of flour
settling everywhere from the eternal Mill.**

15 August 2016

=====

Loneliness is need without object.

**Think of all the people who are dead.
Their names outnumber words,
the creaking bookshelves in your armoire.**

**Dead and all too remembered.
Nothing goes away —
universities keep them fresh,**

**your nightmares enlist them,
they walk on eggshells, sea-foam,
across the surface of strong Irish tea.**

**There is movement in the air —
that is they. The wind
is nothing but the breathing of the dead.**

15 August 2016

=====

**Losing your mother.
Losing your child.
Something is wrong.
Something isn't gone.**

15 August 2016

=====

**This once day the kind
cloud comes back to know me
the dialects of shade.**

**See
shimmerless the Ground untold
and tell it.**

**Be vague as prophecy
because time's still becoming,
Bible and Melville, me and you.**

**I call it happy,
that's what it means,
fervor and forgetting,**

**no Rome, no pyre,
Bruno dies at home in Oxford in soft old age.**

**2.
Rescue us always from Isms and Anity,
dear Christ who changed the world,
the very plasm of material identity,
why can't your servants
let You in the door,
why won't they hear**

the lucid love You spoke?

3.

**That's just my sermon
to give me pleasure,
I keep thinking
there's something I have to say
but I don't have it
except by saying it**

**and I sing a lingo
everybody smiles at
nobody understands,
not even me, the vowels
are so persuasive,
the sharp teeth of consonants
flash in the night.**

16 August 2016

=====

**Men are ashamed
of having come
out of a woman's body,**

**that they are nothing
and would be nothing
without her.**

**Whence the horror
becomes patriarchy,
denial of the fact of birth.**

**Hide her. Deny her.
Buy and sell her.
Remember that day**

**you first learned
you cam from *there* ?
Have you ever after**

**been the little man
you thought you were?**

16 August 2016

GLEAMS

1.

**Glue money
to the cork on ink
and write a fluent
hand, your currency.**

2.

**The air is waiting
for a leaf to fall—
this too bear gently
to our common ground.**

16 August 2016

== == == == == == ==

**Bright sky without the yellow part—
when the simple world looks back
and all the acting colors show,**

**broken fortress, the siege is raised,
thirsty citizens revel in the lake.**

16 August 2016

NOVELS

**Thoroughness
of the old novelists**

**to say *everything*
while leaving plenty out
(bed, toilet, altar rail
the three unspeakables)**

**say everything and leave everything out,
what a miracle, voluminous particulars,
Dickens, envied, embodied ever after,
to build a meaningful book
of cloth, wood, brass, gold, parchment,
no meaning but in things,**

**as if no one ever loved God
or even another person
with flesh and bone just like yours.**

16 August 2016 5103

=====

Currently overwhelmed

I am a bone.

**No meat to shield me
or distract the ravens.**

They talk to me direct.

**They peck. I have to hear
what they report.**

My marrow is my mother

**I suppose, I can't imagine
being here without her.**

**The. Whatever they are
who live in me. I don't know.**

I am bone and don't know.

16 August 2016

=====

**Things are maybe not right,
maybe things just are.
And I have to make the best of them,
like lawns flowering under August never snow
or sound of trumpets to summon the sea in,
I wanted to hear the high sound.
Wind in window, hollow head rattling with light,
sumptuous ridicule of a bird or bee undozed by foliage.
O I don't know the want I wanted, the wound
that wanting was and is, heart leak, bleak,
gas storage tank rose above the Brooklyn skyline
when I sailed home from France. Fact.
First thing I saw. Where are they now?
Austere museums! so little given at a time!
I was there for the cobblestones and blind baritones,
I was there because it was thought the closest
portal to Paradise — wrong, wrong, the nearest
was down the alley in the cinderblock garage, shade
of smudgy window past the pansies, near
as my own breath upon the windowpane. Windows!**

17 August 2016

=====

**Anacrusis, to sing it.
Nothing works the way it should.
Print the body on the wind
then whistle it to me.
The beginning is the thing you always forget.
Sunlight in the trees, the ape swings next.**

**Leave the well of Enough alone.
Shore of the Caspian Sea.
Spill drum steel conscious attitude.
Breviary walk slow eyes down book'd.
A pit before the traveler, desert dragon
loosely chained, coiled meaning's fang.
Asleep? Are you the moon to dare me?**

17 August 2016

== == == == ==

**As if waiting on a wizard
the server curtseyed (bowl
of rice steaming still in hand),
salaam as such. But wizardless
the table was, and only I
must contrive to swallow
as best I can this fate of food
or vice versa, stuff that will be me.**

17 August 2016

THE WOMAN

**Around her head
a crown of hornets flew
in constant motion,
steady measure,
not for her guards
the honeybees who
all were at their work
near far and she
safe among her warriors,
a danger woman**

**you know her too,
you have stood with me
or long before me
on a slope of Irish scree
or Franconian granite
and prayed to her
clear eyes, her mind
that would be thinking
in us, hail full of wise.**

17 August 2016

(midnight close to full moon)

Are there words unsaid
known only to the virgin bees
their hum around her house,
there are clarities
embedded in stone, see here
a garnet with its ripe suspicion,
all flesh is like this color only,
we look at the light in them
and know who we are.

Marquetry too, tabletops
from Moorish interviews,
things slip together
like currents in a stream,
O from the effluxions of space-time
a slew of run-off, rain or manure,
farm, factory,

I drink the whole sea.

That is what Augustine
for a moment
tried to tell the little angel,
then he forgot the thing he meant
and let the ocean go its own way —
and who knows to this day
what was in the little tin pail?

17 August 2016

ODE TO LEAHY

for C.S.

1.

We carry with us at all times
the body of an embodiment
pleasure and pain, trestleboard
of flesh, the Glad Amalgam
of history and spirit, the current,
the stream itself, the thinking
going on. Nothing needed.
A man complete, I am my Vatican.

2.

Put it in cartouche
this think thinks you
put it in museum
big stone place
mind candy bit by bit

*no doctrine but
the thing itself
says over each exhibit*

we are the cage.

3.

Have to get Egypt in
and girls vaguely harvesting
barley in Pomerania,
need to be long ago
breed far away,
runcible and billowing,
grain fields in mirrors
wind, cloud scud, loops
of vines trailing down the sky,
you know? You taste
it too.

4.

Never be less than
people we are who,
genotypes of this very
sentence we carry,
dawn like a siren
singing from her rock
the dark are-you-sure
you-remember-this?

**so you say everything
and everybody knows.**

18 August 2016

== == ==

**Light coming out of her head
she walks over the sea
to me. I could be anyone
her light renews.
Light incarnates in roses,
say, in the blood that gives
color to the inside me.
Light comes out of her head,
Hesht, and takes me in.
(Wrap this around a pebble
and toss it in any well —
the answer will be waiting,
the second thing you
think as it thinks you awake.)**

18 August 2016

=====

**Faustus would burn his book,
Prospero drown his.
What shall I do with mine
but spill it gently word by word
into the air, the healing Everywhere?**

18 August 2016

STANCES

Stance is trance.

**Every conviction
on which you stand
and from which you speak
is a dream that has you
caught by the credence,
the worshipful, the will.**

**You are the will of the wisp
of a fixed idea. Stroke
your long beard, pound
your gavel, waft your incense—
your antics may wake us
and one day maybe you.**

18 August 2016

=====

**(Pricked by conscience, goaded by gloom
the nation weltered in electoral indecision.
To your urns! the citizens squealed at one another,
a master needed to lead us out of guilt.
We have hurt so many! Kept slaves!
Slain impetuous foreigners at their ____,
chattel women, sold education, slept.
What can save us now?)**

18 August 2016

=====

**Measurement nugatory identity more
or less. What counts can't be counted.
Name the matter, leave the measure —
music mattered it once, till money mastered —**

**disgorge, i.e., the dragon from his bank account,
talk Turkey, spill the noise back in the speaker,
resorb the present and start anew!**

**Thus he spoke but who he was
or is no one said or even knew —
babbling foreplay or a lover's quarrel?
Maybe. Goofy gospel of a sun-smote islander?
Belike. Handyman measures, the sun a sore thumb.**

**I am tired of the loss of melody, he added,
being simple this time, sad, to be reckoned.
They jounce their words but not a tune to
call my own do they give me. I want Rossini,
I want to whistle tunes in the dark of my life.**

19 August 2016

=====

**In two days
yesterday
will be Saturday.
There would be no
time at all
without language.**

19 August 2016

= = = = =

**Being and meaning — is there
a difference? If so, who
and who makes it?
Breeze in the window
through the roses — a perfect
answer. Aristides
could do no better.**

19 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Not many cars pass
but when one does
a coin of sunlight
reflects off its windows
more flame than gold,
a white fire given,
a sudden word.**

19 August 2016

== == == == ==

**When full moon sets
how dark comes earth**

**the resistance is low
miracles merge with waking**

**low contralto murmur of the stream
almost word**

**millions of us pretend to be asleep
make dream easier**

**to catch and be handled by
some kind of animal**

**praying that the light will know
but never tell.**

19-20 August 2016

=====

**Arcane authority
of a flour moth
flicking out of a cupboard
I just opened.
Small slow things to be said.
Sometimes it's enough to fall
and hope it's sleep.
Newspapers scattered on the floor
where plumbing was —
the very strange house
every family is.**

19-20 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Waking up
is just feeding the dream**

**Jung told us to inspect
the figure-eights we wrote —
tilt, balance, fear of harmony,
incivility, fear of blame —
reading the cards for someone
reads us both.**

**Reading the cards for someone
is like touching their body
on a part of it they cannot see,
cannot judge
the nature of the touch
until everything is told.**

19-20 August 2016

JOB DESCRIPTION

**Incomplete but adequate
like a deep cave in the sky.
Live there as a hermit
counting the flowers you don't have to grow,
pressing their petals
in the pages of the unwritten bible
you've been writing all your life.**

19-20 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Coffee cup in hand
Faust at dawn
with the poison bottle
condemns himself to love.**

19-20 August 2016

=====

**Black horsemen galloping
above the head of *Justice*
in the Visconti deck.
Where is he headed?
Whom does his black
sword menace?
Beneath the rush to slay
a quiet harmony?
She holds her own sword,
her balance-pairs.
She measure every at —
think about her, cavalier,
before you strike.**

19-20 August 2016

== == == == ==

**If a bird outside
sang, would I
take it as a message,
tweet enough for me?**

**Don't drown in messages
unmeant. Keep
your hermeneutic parts
supple and virgin and clean.**

20 August 2016

=====

**“Social media” of no interest to me.
I want to know about you
only what you don’t want to tell.**

20 August 2016

=====

**Storm boat recurrent glider
open source mountain falter
a bon droit Viscontis said,
had a good right to seize,
use, take, taste, develop,
leave alone, wander by the beach.
Their tarocchi bear witness —
everything becomes gold. Then
I thought: There is only one of me.**

20 August 2016

=====

**Vistas of deceiving.
Delicate promises of interesting pain,
sad beach novel, distant
engine morning throbbing.
Maybe a work is done
before it's begun
and the rest is just history
agglomerating round the horizon.
Eveyr fact, I mean, is a paradox.
Or take the commas out and sleep serene.**

20 August 2016

READER

**He said I want to leaf
through your body.
She answered I am available
only in electronic form.**

20 August 2016

== == == == == ==

**Bend a mere stream
into a fat river —
send your missives
sailing down the current
ocean-bound in the middle
flow. The word will get
where it needs to be
before you've ever fallen
in love with the next commandment —
the word you urge on water and on rock.**

20 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Untenable tables —
too many disciples
master missing.
And every man a Judas in his heart.**

20 August 2016

== == == == ==

**The books are there —
all of them and more.
I have done what I set out to do
but wasn't there something more?**

20 August 2016

== == == == ==

**That thumping noise
could be the pulse deep in my head,
that bird a flicker in my eye.
Inside from outside hard to tell.
Ring a bell. Touch my hand.**

20 August 2016

== == == == == == ==

I have not yet recovered from myself.

**Or from these green complexities
a face will peer, placid, watchful though,
then vanish into leaf shade and be gone.**

20 August 2016

ON THE DAY FOUR CAWUK

In Memory of Dennis Tedlock, 1939-2016

And there was a little rain on Rainday
one more word spoken from the sky
by the sky itself, the master of flowers,
horn call from the cloud — everything so clear.
The time is always right, he said,
right as the breath that says it.
Architectural fragments, baffling metaphors
from Panopolis, Dublin drifters, who am I
asked Bruckner's drumbeat, at the door?
When you know all these things you don't know me.

2.

The man is dead I mean
who meant the days,
minded them as they crossed
time's nameless boulevards to come home,
time after time to the place called *this*
and know it for what it is, and isn't, what
is permitted, what fruit hangs ripe
on that could never be a tree.

3.

The numbers go around till I wake up.
Sharing food in dream —isn't there
a Tarot card like that, or *Feeling
the core through the meek exterior?*
Only someone from far away
could have understood so much —
from far off every land is strange
but every breath interprets the geology.
Conquistadors of what any place can mean.

4.

As if we are incidental to the fact,
mere gatherers-up afterwards,
brush and broom men, little by little
sweeping up what the place itself means,
has always meant. Romance of the rock.

21 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Easy to see through the wall
it's made of air
it's made of being there
when I'm here and have to be**

**just like you, no chance
for travel, no matter how
far we go, here is always.
The wall is always there.**

22 August 2016

FRENCH TV

**So sad, watching
all those nice people
trying so hard
to speak English
fast and failing.
Hardky a word
comes through, *weekend*
maybe, or *greeters*,
things nobody needs.**

22 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Painting the border back in
toss fur blanket over them
almost lovers soft asleep
cool afternoons full of maybe.**

**This time and not another. Integers,
that's all they are, to count with,
people, picking them out. Crowd
scene full of stars. Sistine shimmer**

**over ordinary backyard. But I forgot,
nothing is ordinary any more.
Every star is on fire, simple as that.**

**Melchizedek usually comes in around now,
bored with deserts, bored with conversation.
But you have to be somewhere, don't you,
if you're going to bother to be at all?**

22 August 2016

== == == == ==

**If only the animal I was
stayed with me though
all the sacraments of growing up
and still could grunt and thrust
through the virtuous afternoons
of civil life. If only those teeth
could tear to shreds the tedious
appetites with which I have so
long contented my grown-up years
and taste pure salt and sugar once again.**

22 August 2016

=====

**Asking for help
an inamorato
from the Eiffel Tower
flees back to his native
mountains, Fountains.
Synapses. Truth serum
is best, the kind
instilled through the
ears. Listening.
Listening.**

**(old scrap)
22 August 2016**

== == == == ==

**It was something like heaven
with a headache,
brightness insufferable
with pretty people milling around.
Somewhere there is a measure,
a glass absolutely full
of an absolutely empty wine.**

**(old scrap)
22 August 2016**

=====

**All the things I know about
line up across the room.
I watch them, count them,
choose one to be *the thing of the day*.
Elemental, insistent, instructive.**

**And I listen to it all day long,
the matter of it loud in my head,
and I carry it with me on the road
to town, leave it at the laundromat
while I shop, people touch it,
but nobody bothers it, it isn't
their thing and they know it,
I come back soon and bring it home,
my own little particular flake of time.**

**(scrap from 9.VIII.16)
22 August 2016**

=====

**If there were a cloud
it would carry
the meaning all the way
book to silly book.**

**I thought language stands
between things. Emotions
didn't exist before language.
Lie. They never went anywhere.**

They never came home.

**(scrap from 21.VIII.16)
22 August 2016**

== == == == ==

**Where can a man
read better than in the dark?**

**For a woman it is different.
It may be the only difference.**

23 August 2016

== == == == ==

**I lifted it out of the Bible
soaked it in milk a while
then wrung it out,
let it dry.**

**And here it is,
purest unremembering.
Or a better word for it
the faint stain of yesterday.**

23 August 2016

=====

**Waiting for certainty
waiting for Ireland
to hoist up and roll
west to visit us.
Waiting for rain. Things
have a way of happening.
Millers stand alongside
their big round stones,
dust of flour everywhere.
I *am* rain, so I should know
how deep or shallow I am
desired and by whom.
Or not so. They blame me
whether or not I fall.
Blame attaches to identity.
Fact. Every one of you guilty
of being yourselves and
doing what selves do—
piracy. Excessive sympathy.
Not even mentioning that
grimoire of your sad love life.
The man who write the bible
died of carpal tunnel. You get
what I mean: our deeds
destroy us. King Cheops
quarried out by hand the ten
thousand blocks that bury him.**

23 August 2016

REVISION

**I write to have
something to revise.
Revision is fun,
it is like living
all over again.**

23 August 2016

== == == == ==

**This morning I got out of the unmentionable hotel
a while and walked a few blocks in the dawn town
empty and pale streets so I could be alone and look
back at that building I spend so much time in,
huge and squat, little windows and too few of them,
floor crowded on floor coiled around some center
that isn't even there. I found a park with a bench
and allowed my morning to meditate. No birds.
The building isn't really so bad. And I need it
so I can keep coming back to it and being me.**

24 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Things to do.
Always.
Refine the punctuation
of living systems.
Meat grammar.
Lexicon of blood.**

**To do. Just do.
The sitting still
is hard chemistry,
post-graduate
level. Sleep.
Zinc and magnesium.
Melatonin.**

**Try to sit still—
think of it
as something you can
do. You like
doing things, life
is irritability
the teacher said,
living things react
to stimuli. They do.**

**Why can't I rest
without dying.
Or can you.
*Teach us
to sit still*
the old poet
wrote, a prayer.
I stare in the mirror
and repeat it
over and over.
I have no mirror.**

24 August 2016

=====

To get before the sun
there
 where the breeze
slips in and tells
whatever you let
yourself hear
of all that's been and done
and now in softest
glarelessness
 might be *here*
in the time to stop.

25 August 2016

=====

**A gold thing you don't know is beginning
then the tree lights up. Description
is a woodpecker at the siding of your brain.
Cedar. The wood of us. You don't want
to know all about that yet, sailors and
metaphors and slim quadrupeds stampeding.
The world is created from sound, as old
rabbis reasoned from aleph and beth, sound
of an empty sky, irresistible weather, blood
on reeking altars, abstemious Irishmen
frowning at the Sun. Noise, all just noise.
Amplify the obvious till it's green! Devote
yourself to the deities of Between, heat
your winter house with diamonds,
you have no need of kayaks anyway,
the bay or bight or sound is almost dry,
things crave from you a different kind of help.
It all keeps happening. You are a mirador**

**overlooking private hardens, you say
what you see, shame on sunlight, you become
the principal in a high school for the dead,
consider your good luck, you can't do much harm.
Which is more than most of the est of us can say.**

25 August 2016

OMEN

(semata tes hodou)

**The day's first car
is white, too fast,
breaks the law,
heads south.
A dark one answers
legally norths.**

25 August 2016

SYMBOLISM OF OLD CLOTHES

**Religions folded neatly
piled on the mortal couch
after the stone has
rolled itself away.**

**Blake said this first
specifying what I generalize.**

**Or keep the garments dry
unsoaked by dream's
maceration in impure imagery.
Stand naked in a private place
and finger them one by one
trying to remember.**

**And you can't. Whatever
they've gone with you and done
they don't know either.**

**Now if you were a furry animal
you would always know.
Animals always know.**

25 August 2016

== == == == == == ==

**Maybe I should find
things to look at
and answer
instead of just waiting
for the next
word to come to mind.**

25 August 2016

== == == == ==

**There is some overcast
the way it loves me,**

**the way it used to be
in Lesbos when I
was the only lion,**

me, me, me.

**That is the dialect we speak,
*mir reden ikhish***

**and if I knew my name
it would be my favorite word.**

But as it is, it has to be you.

25 August 2016

=====

**Islands make you sing.
Fact. Donegal in D major,
Sligo d minor. Fact.
Birds coach us
but not all the way.
Waves take up the task
and the singers
full of salt now do
graduate work
in their own pulse.
Fact. Nobody sings easy.
To sing is to make
the whole of you
into coherent sound
that I can carry
away with me and
listen to in the dark.
And what else
is night for?**

25 August 2016

=====

**Carve marks in the stone
read them aloud.**

**Your work is done.
The stone becomes a cloud.**

25 August 2016

ETERNAL WAR

**Fighting statues in the mountains
I was wounded by her breast,
I fell back, rolled a dozen yards,
hid in the bushes. But shapes
followed me down, solid shadows,
hips and thighs and rigid fingers
tore away all the vegetation
that shielded me. I succumbed
at last to their arrogant Form.**

25 August 2016

=====

Old wood in hazy sunlight — yes!

25.VIII.16

ODE TO LILA

**You have striven for the thing to do
the under space, the secret word
and found them all meek enough
lucid in the lap of your mouth
friendly even, ready to leap.**

**Lope. Love. Listen. A tree by you
relaxes into repartee. Think me,
then boss around those clouds
and know yourself principled of all
because you listen, hearing has no cage,
no bars to block your you. Your new.**

26 August 2016

LABURNUM

over the wall
by the open gate
of a villa somewhere else
where I am always
passing along an empty street.
So there. That is where
and what I really am
unwilling or just afraid
to go through,
fascinated
by those old-fashioned flowers
mystery of a house.

26 August 2016

IVY

**From the bright coven of dream
sauntered by me in the next room
a person in a hallway tall with light
on the way to brotherhood, whole
wall plastered with pages from the Bible
from floor to roof but none in any
language my sleepy self could read—
but all the famous names came through
of course, faintly in disguise. So I
did some sauntering too, reminded
Never Touch a Leaf Without Permission.
Came close to the ivy, asked if I could
and was allowed to gather leaf by leaf
to press around me till I was part green
and sowe went, my ivy and my bones,
outside where no one looks. It is not
good to be seen. May I? Yes you may—
that is the language of the vine.
Just from ivy I learned all arts and skills
vabk in the days I twirled the hardwood
stick against the rock until it flamed,
as now this same vivacious leaf persuades
my fingers they can play the *Art of Fugue*.**

26 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Let fall from mind
all things we have done before.
Unclued from history
we kiss the morning bride.**

**That is now the Bible should begin,
healthy confusions of pronouns and gender
plurals singulars ambiguity of noun.
A clue is a nail too in evidence.**

**A bride is any kind of bird, boy, girl,
monastery tower, steeple down the block.
Everything says *Mrry me!* Didn't
your earliest dreams teach you that?**

26 August 2016

CAT

**Can't we call it by another name?
Cat is too cutting, uncuddly, too brief.
No fur on the word, no languor,
and only one claw.**

**Mmrummphitz—
would that be better.
a hiss in plush,
a lapfull of uncertainty?**

27 August 2016

== == == == ==

**I must be weakening
the flower is winning
my feet can't reach the treadle
the sky is walking away.**

**Now translate that into
Russian and let me sleep.**

27 August 2016

REFORMED CHARACTER

**Those childish games
we put away long ago
with lightning bolts and Lego blocks.**

27.VIII.16

=====

Accent marks on the roses!

**We call that light
not everything's a text**

**oh yeah? Just try
to get even this
story without
reading this.**

27 August 2016

=====

**Are they even waiting
those watchers
masked as crows
among the densest leaves
up there, where the sun
comes from? Can barely
see. But they can see me.
Always watching. Me
just a moment's target—
they would be beholding
carefully anyone I was
or tried to be or anybody.
I'm nothing special,
I am an accient and they
the everlasting witnesses.
I hear one caw loud now
glad that I have understood.**

27 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Are they speaking
when I hear
or is listening
a language of its own?**

27 August 2016

=====

**All of a sudden
I felt strange
as if I were
a human donut,
something missing
in the middle.**

27.VIII.16

ON THE STAIRS

Steps are good
for meditating,
linger on one,
up or down
are different
but each step
either way
goes deep or
reaches high
in thinking.
Sometimes it takes
a long time
to go up or down,
the lingering,
gradus, the step
to thinking.

27 August 2016

AURORAL ANYTIME

**the hostess of the night
spells dreams differently—
remember Verona in sunshine
almost autumn, In front of the
station, where else to look,
all those Russian teenagers
seek the oracle of Giulietta.
And we bothered her too,
anxious for those Egyptian
energies she got from Cleo
by whom love's sorrow first
was made among woman.
And how to cure, and now
to cure, before the choo-choo
left for Venice and the sea,
a chemistry with problems
of its own. To walk around
anywhere is to a part of
history — trite as that, no
street without its Waterloo.
Everything is here—poor us!**

28 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Stories have to have morals
as cows have milk.
Some of the best milk
turns into cheese. Some
of the shortest stories
take twenty years to tell.**

28 August 2016

== == == ==

**The Indian history of this hand
reaching on this land I somehow own
to this big stone with a carving on it
VOTE FOR WILSON century ago
but what came efore? I want the marks
that language was invented to decode,
those marks before words, Indian
I say, Munsee, Delaware, Esopus,
so many names and all of them
driven away from the river, from
even the world. My hand is here
now, but wants to know what now
is made of, all the thens it suffered
to be this land, this time before dawn.**

28 August 2016

=====

**In the dark before dawn the difference
between inside the house and outside
falls away. Fades. Small noises
just are. I look around trying to see.
But what can a shape in a window tell
of where anything is. Who goes there?
the eye cries out, the ear doubts itself.
Nothing happens. Shadows sobbing.**

28 August 2016

@#/

=====

**Opening the other
to find the self
is the work of a few
minutes a few drinks**

**and there you are
all over again, self
in the furnace of self,
prison of identity.**

28 August 2016

== == == == ==

**As if it waited
and I waited too long
to intercede with silence
that haughty blonde**

**and she keeps mum.
Or no — I hear a little
word — “practicum”
then “laudatory” —**

**her speakable kingdom
and I am her lion again.**

28 August 2016

== == == == ==

**Now we have come to
the day is all over us
gaunt testimony
hidden in the leaves,
skeleton of everything.**

28 August 2016

== == == ==

**The heart's a morose
mestizo pining for heaven—**

**a little red saint
inside my chest
hums an anthem's
infinitely subtle
variations. Atrial
aleatory. Combo
faintly Latin, as in
Catiline, not Cuba.**

28 August 2016

=====

**Maybe I'm asleep
all this while
and only the flowers awake?**

**No wonder I talk
about such stuff,
the feeble eternities**

**of wind and leaf and cloud,
haven't even given
you a single color**

**to carry away and fondle
the way the mind
always tries to keep in touch.**

28 August 2016

=====

**A man is taller than a wolf
a tiger on its hind legs
about to spring
is taller than a man.
A tree is taller still
than a tiger,
or even an elephant.
Nothing is taller
than a tree
except a mountain.
But it takes a million
years to get there.**

28 August 2016

ODE TO TAMAS

**Rhapsodic Egyptian half-Greek prince
serpented out of Nile's harm's way
into the grace of desert to meet dry gods
he'd still insist on seeing-hearing, no
Moses he but bearing all the waters of
rock-rent through city space to spill**

**a river of lustered song, shale-smooth,
garnet-rough, south into a distant sea.
His are the testimonies to Artemis
although he knows her by some other name
hers are the fertilities he learns to speak,
reading every indentation in each stone.**

28 August 2016

ILIAD RENEWED

Jane Brakhage (Stan's first wife) had from some inner or outer source a wonderful notion: that all books have a secret title, namely, the first and last words taken together. I was thinking as often about the Iliad, and the wisdom of Jane led me to read the true title of that poem as *Menin hippodamoio* — the anger of the horse-tamer. Suddenly the book opened as a bitter indictment of the Greeks and their barbarian Champion, their brutal, small minded leaders, their wanton cruelty. I was reading all of a sudden a Trojan poem of lamentation, tortured with irony, Hektor's everlasting rage against those who ad destroyed his ife, family, city. Read in that fashion, as a jeremiad against Force, keening the loss of city and civic order to a greedy passel of stateless, city-less partners in piracy, the Iliad suddenly opened again to me in some sort of welcome. I grieve anew for Hector, tamer of horses.

29 August 2016

=====

**Expect less of me
when the wind blows—
most of my thinking
will be there with it,
wherever there is,
where it came from,
what it means to do.**

29 August 2016

== == == == ==

**It's always dawn, always angry,
never show it, bank it down,
your furnace, cram on the heat
of anger into process, athanor,
wrath of history distilled
into this meek flame, lantana,
faint smell, flower pot, pizza
parlor, name I never heard,
a kind of forgiveness?**

29 August 2016

== == == == ==

**As if a visitor
the kind they used to send
to check out churches
or exam schools,
a visitor who really *sees*
gazeless and unadmiring,
the facts of eye.
Would you want to be
such a one? Me,
I'm only here for the fishing
or whatever you call it
when you sit on a stone
at the side of the road
a long time, waiting.**

29 August2016

=====

**Sometimes a despair
of saying the word right
as if there were only
one way of saying it—
like a schoolchild
speaking the one right
way to Paradise.**

29 August 2016

=====

**The end of the gospel
was the beginning of something else.
Here it got boring,
no Jews, no Samaritans, no Romans.
Just attitude and urgency,
money needs sug to common measure.**

29 August 2016

QUATERNIONS

**Better reaches
lower skies
so many ways
to Paradise.**

*

**By the café gate
hydrangeas blue as heaven
all that we leave
when we go in.**

*

**Unaccountably accurate
the Man in the Moon
keeps coming back —
the oldest trick.**

*

**We are shadows of them,
the real women and men.
But they are shadows too,
they don't even know of whom.**

*

**Frogs and wrens and mice
die in backyard swimming pools —
they must wonder why this water,
what kind of people drown the land.**

*

**Raiment is the old word
for what you put on your back,
the burden of modesty —
afraid to show or share or shock.**

*

**Mr. Blake said to this wife
Catherine, he said, why don't we**

**sit naked in our garden and see
whether God or serpent shows up first.**

**If only I could drug or drink
I'd have a better narrative for thee,
but I'm stuck with ordinary mind in
ordinary world — my only hope is alchemy.**

**Get music out of your system —
play it till everybody else can hear
and you go all soft and kind and warm
in the godly silences inside.**

**And suddenly no more rhyme.
Where could that simple music go?
Or did the banjo break its strings,
the ocarina stifled as it drowned.**

30 August 2016

=====

**The hermit in his silences is safe.
Knowing nobody he knows everyone.
Nothing more seductive than human *identity*
worn on the bones of the other.
Know no one, and be at peace.**

30 August 2016

=====

**Dividing X into Y
over and over
until you get Z.
there are religions
like that,
hungering ever for
the end of the alphabet.**

30 August 2016

== == == == ==

**If I had another animal
I would call it a *man*
said Noah, and with him
I'd load a *cwen*, his mate.
But I have no room left
for suppositious creatures!
On with the wombat and the porpentine!**

30 August 2016

=====

Nuvolescq a little
cloudy to the day
a softening for my waking
calm in the vacation's end

as if work or idling ever stopped,
the mind is simultaneous
that is its joy and grief.

Don't take me on trust —
ask yourself
were you ever never?

31 August 2016

=====

**Something like a trick.
Or politics. Cloud
without rain.
Spain used to rule the world.
What can we learn
class from their demission?
A broken column in Toledo?
And on a mountain far away
Atahualpa murdered in broad day.
No good comes from killing?
For the moment that will do.**

31 August 2016

=====

Writing a memoir is creating a self-image you can live with — a flattering photo to give your friends but secretly to pin up on the wall, instead of a mirror, to admire and even learn a little from. A new trick, perhaps, lift of eyebrow or suck-in of cheek — we read memoirs to admire the cosmetic skill displayed. This is why memoir is so popular and characteristic a genre in this age of Mediatized Image.

31 August 2016

=====

**If the sun comes out
it drives me in.
Such a slut for shelter.**

31.VIII.16