

8-2016

**aug2016**

Robert Kelly  
*Bard College*

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**Abimelech I heard,  
a bible name  
could it be as simple as  
my father the king  
or My father is an angel  
but I was born of an earthly mother  
beautiful one winter morn in furs  
and the son of God looked  
on her with lust and so descended.**

## For answer there is only story

as: Zeus carries off Europa—  
where Nonnus begins  
his history of desire  
he calls Dionysus,  
*Digenes*, twice-born,  
for Desire is born again  
each time satisfied,

**and Europa clutches with her  
white thighs the white back of the Bull  
with more than terror  
orgasm in the air**

**So Europe was born,  
a bifid land of epic and economy,  
factories belch outside the gates of Fairyland.**

And Zeus is the ridgepole  
of every house,  
and Poseidon  
is the master of all the rooms  
and what goes on in them  
while Hades is the steward  
of all we see in sleep  
invisible at waking —

**this I was told  
by that soundless voice  
seemed to me a young  
maiden with a boy's soft beard,  
a silky tangle with a smile in it  
at variance with the grave matter**

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**

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A poem writ backwards  
or right to left  
across the dream

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.

= = = = =

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

**1 / 2 August 2016**



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**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**

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**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**

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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

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**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**



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**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**

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**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**

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**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**

**= = = = =**

**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**



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**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.**

***Tp 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**

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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 vergrown  
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**

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**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**

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**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**

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**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 August 2016**

= = = = =

**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,

meek 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?

**15 August 2016**

**= = = = =**

**Stepping away from the wheel  
by need and pilgrim,  
a vast cloud-bank knowingly west  
counted the roses for me on the coast**

**your voice on the telephone saying  
“palm trees, palm trees.” Things could be.**

**Things lost in weather  
are found in fire —  
                                    old alchemist’s trick,  
rebuild the sky from smoke,  
steam over teacups,  
read fate from coffee grounds at the bottom of the sea.**

**Read me. I am your heart  
on hope. I will never stop talking.**

**15 August 2016**

= = = = =

**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?

**Last night I asked myself are there words  
but I was too sleepy to bother. Bad cold.  
Alternate measures. Cough like an octopus  
caught in whose rock. Too much music  
can make the words sick. Cough.**

Thinking is the mind coughing,  
calling  
to mind as if the other were other, *there*,  
where the Indo-European demonstrative particles  
and pronouns beckon, a man is a thing  
on its way back to a woman, *there*, some flesh  
on its way to being remembered, *there*,  
in the smallest village  
where the words live.

**Come from there  
and be complete.  
That's all I can tell you,  
be a movie,  
run across the fields,  
saunter every road,  
no one is listening**

**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.  
Every 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.  
Hardly 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

= = = = =

The arrant, the able  
the mystical — agentives  
of the whole — shaped  
to body need,

a dream drift  
waking. *Her zu mir!*  
the Demon summons—  
but everything says that:

Come to me, I am thing,  
*chose, cause, causa,*  
reification of the not you,  
your personal else.  
I am the flower caught  
from the corner of your eye,  
I am what is meant  
by color, Goethe, lightning,  
law books, mauve.  
In the Chapel of Saint Other  
you will chant my prayers.

27 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 before? 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 things 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**

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

**28 August 2016**

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**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**

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**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**

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**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

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**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**

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**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**

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**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**

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**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**

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**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**

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**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**

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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

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*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

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**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**

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**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**



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

31.VIII.16