

10-2016

oct2016

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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "oct2016" (2016). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 1394.
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= = = = =

Listening to flowers
with you,
the dear
roses of Sharon
still a few full
pale pink by roadside,
October enters.

All these years I've
given you my time sand weathers.
No small matter
a little corner at the bottom of the page
deep inside the newspaper
Homer started, his wild headlines
anger and heroes and here
thousands of years and
pages later, a little flower.

1 October 2016

= = = = =

**But Little Flower
is today too
feast of St. Thérèse
of Lisieux who
brought *l-jong*
from Tibet to us,
taught the Catholics
to do what she did:
take all the pain
of the world
on and into her own
body and heart
and send us all joy.
Her feast is now.
Her fact is permanent.**

1 October 2016

= = = = =

**The shuttle shovels
noisy by, the boy
drives fast and sloppy
on wet roads.**

**Inside it students
yearn towards town,
real food, real
people more or less,
actual streets,
wondrous strange beds.**

1 October 2016

= = = = =

Casque? Helmet or *heaulme*,
or medieval tin hat
to help survive
the anger of Achilles all the time —

the fatal flaw of language
that we can praise
as heroes those who do nothing but kill.

1 October 2016

= = = = =

**An old woman
wearing memories
into the afternoon.
See the sun set.**

1 October 2016

= = = = =

**Could there be anything
trapped in a name waiting
for you to let it out?**

**When you feel miserable or lonely
might it just be your name
wanting some attention,**

**the thing waiting in your name?
Meaning intersecting history,
what susan means and all the Susans**

**since the world began all
clamoring for you to free them
into the action. Think**

into your name and remember.

1 October 2016

= = = = =

**Resistance is Rhine
is pure,
a river,
a boundary, it means
don't come this way—**

**I am Romanity and you are other,
barbaras, shaman-infested
fighters out of east,**

**this wall, this will
will hold you off
but sometimes secretly I crave
your unprincipled greasy caresses.**

2 October 2016

= = = = =

**Leave one foot on the ground
when you leap into the sky,
that way I can take hold
and clamber up your thigh**

**to the place where all rhymes lead
celestial nowhere filled
with delicious terrors—
I see no reason ever to come back.**

2 October 2016

= = = = =

**If I were a satire
I would be filled up already
such vacuous turpitude
abounds in the land.
But I am not Horace,
I sit and watch the Sunday flowers.**

2 October 2016

= = = = =

**Stop growing old.
No profit to be had
from mere experience.**

**In unaging hermitage
grow wise. Your shadow
on the cave wall will**

**be comrade enough.
Blue evenings, talk
with quiet wolves**

**Bless every weather.
Whatever you do
just don't remember.**

2 October 2016

= = = = =

**O the white
trucks of lust
huckering by
our virgin roads,**

**shuddering vans
stalled under trees
two animals inside
riding each other**

**to their doom—
knowledge of the other
tasted but turned
away from worship.**

**Backseat alchemies
not all failed.
Drive home, the smell
of sunrise in the dark.**

2 October 2016

DRAGON

for Vesna

A woman I have never seen
sent me a dragon through the air—
a green and slippery replica
of a grand original she tells me
(pictures tell me) guards a bridge
in her city. She made it fly to me
because women have dragon
\nature in them, can fly, can guard
the sleep of children and poets,
can breathe fire into torpid veins,
can heat us back to life. Heat.
We stand before them and suddenly
we are all virgins again. I wonder
if that's why kings and churches
think so ill of dragons, the complex
nature that holds beast and brain,
the womanly presence that after
six thousand years of patriarchs
still sustains the world.

2 October 2016

= = = = =

**Never failing
whom I fail to be
I say instead**

**just a gate
seldom locked
sometimes swings loose**

**O World you are
a little child
peeking through me**

**hoping maybe
in my rusty garden
still can play.**

3 October 2016

= = = = =

**No waist thin enough
no nib too fat.
Simple goals
for former fools.**

3.X.16

= = = = =

When the better ones got born
what's left for me to be
alongside the luminous canals
white walls to hide my pallor?

Give me color!

And he trees
are trying, the long
trembling uncertainties of autumn—

to fade or fill with scarlet—
the gods arrive
letting the red secret out.

3 October 2016

= = = = =

**Measurement is blue—
did you know that?
It's like having cats
to cuddle and care for,
not to breed or bother.**

**A measure is like that,
a word or number we use
to caress an object,
some mortal thing.
I wait by the side of the road
for you to measure me.**

3 October 2016

[SOME TURNINGS OF AN OLD MEASURE]

And in the dream
the answer came—
I am nobody
and you are too.

I search linguistics
to find a regional accent
where I means you.

A Note On These &All Such

Small poems here, variously lineated, made of seventeen syllables, trying to recover the ancient Eurasian *versus*, the turn. From Homer to haiku, that number dominates: a line of Homer typically 17 syllables (five dactyls and a trochee), followed by the turn into that *something else* which is the nature of narrative poetry, the next line, the storyteller's insistent "and then..." . And the haiku (once part of a poem, now in the West the whole of one) is seventeen syllables too, but then comes the turning into silence, where meaning waits in resonance. Arcane 17 indeed. Is that number a survival from an ancient Eurasian cultural tradition we have no other trace of? Or are seventeen breaths in sequence somehow a part or function of our own neurology?

3 October 2016

YAMA'S MIRROR

In Yama's mirror
you see your past lives
and turn away.
But the mirror turns
with you, and now
it shows your life to come.
But none of those
are me! you cry,
and Yama answers
that's exactly right.
You are none of them,
not even you.

3 October 2016

[Occasioned by a slip of paper with that title on it.]

= = = = =

**Resilience after music
to make the most of silence
healing, or sudden
burst of calm
after the haiku ends—**

song leads to stillness.

**2.
And silence in all colors
comes
 flashlight
in the murk of trees

an animal glimpsed into shadow.**

4 October 2016

= = = = =

North of mind
the trees relenting

monochrome
where did I learn
to cross my t's,

first crow of morning
tree ward
while storm clouds natter—

there are depths in green
no other owns,
eye at the mercy of in—

some part of one
stays forever
where it has seen.

4 October 2016

= = = = =

**Decode the simplest word
you get a picture of a girl
reading her book, waiting
for the Dove to call.**

4 October 2016

= = = = =

**Figurines and certainties,
the curiosities. We have
no mantelpiece and so
the house fiulls up with bibelots,
made things, found things,
bird feathers, faces, nowhere
to put them but everywhere.**

4 October 2016

= = = = =

**We wait for things to come our way
and then they're here. What next,
has the future slinked into now?**

**There is a Europe with wet Venice in it
and a jungle in the same Calais where
Britons bled, long enough ago for
everybody to forget. It's all a battle.**

**I think if I had to I could be a canal
splendid between apartment houses,
morose basilicas, busy Hebrew schools.**

**If I look down into my palms I see
everything. Forgive the enemy—
they want exactly what you want.**

some days I think we are the same.

4 October 2016

= = = = =

Wounding each part
the healer
wholes.

Makes whole.
Slips lust-quick
out of dream

and surgeons the thought.

Wake now,
it is over.

The thought your thought
is all dismembered now
and you are free.

That's how this green
mist of a morning seems to me.

5 October 2016

= = = = =

**Logical as fish
the smell of morning:**

**stirred by sunlight
the day seethes.**

**What does this mean?
No rest for the erasers,**

**potato peelers, the sink.
And omigod he poor wheels!**

**Everywhere turning, spinning,
tires run by friction,**

**that's why we wear out,
the heat of going.**

**Hide from the sun, I urge,
the esrth wears out too.**

5 October 2016

= = = = =

Six acres uncut corn.
Why? Have the gleaners
already been by, ears
all plucked, the crows
got the rest and these
dry fallow pinnacles
stand high as my head
and the sun already
on its way down? Fear
the field on fire in this
dry weather. Dark soon.
I'm on the back road
between 9G and 9 but
I'm in a Samuel Palmer
paiting in moonlight
I saw once, can't forget.
Sometimes the mind
won't let here be here.

5 October 2016

= = = = =

**If a tree fell
could I stand?**

**The measures are waiting
for us to slip or cram**

**our flesh into their numbers,
names, geography.**

**You are the land I come from,
my eyes too tender for sunshine,
it's all like kissing the south wind.**

5 October 2016

= = = = =

Breaking cotton
algodon
the sweet skin of our long
long days

for life on earth is the summer of somewhere else

rompe la tela
he said

break the cloth
the silk
the dancer in midair
will fall

the dancer

dance is a desert
in the air

in *midbar*, the wilderness

but break the cloth
he said
of this sweet meeting

flesh and spirit
life and after

for nothing came before,
there is no history

we are only what is to come

so break the cloth of this sweet encounter
he said
but no one listened

only the soft soft cloth
the cotton thread

parted here and there
so a little skin showed through

shone through

thank god still here the encounter
torn but the cloth

so silent
lingers.

5 October 2016

= = = = =

**Somehow
in the distance
mountains**

trusty appearances

**are really apparitions
of the one and only
only.**

**[old scrap]
5 October 2016**

= = = = =

(after Dante)

**The conditions
of splendor**

**light
reflected from
and not refracted**

**tasting only of
the surface
off which it springs.**

**[old scrap]
5 October 2016**

= = = = =

Where we rude align
persons to places
nude in the periodic
table of the spirits

and say of one mercurial
or of another Damballah
patriarch of dragons
in dispersal— then who am I,
the poor young man in his garret
two hundrd years ago complaining
am I more than the music I make?

do I have to be Europe all over again?
but his questions grow crazier
(he'sstill talking)
(when will he ever stop),
the stairs to his chamber
creak under the weight
of someone coming—

who will it be this time?
why is poetry all questions?
Questions are experience,
answers just hypothetical,
guesses in the not even dark.

**A knock on the door.
The squeal of opening.
A man with a ruler
come to measure me
for my coffin. Or for
a great marble statue
above someone else's grave.**

**Quick, before he sees me,
put out the light.
The real dark is sumptuous,
its soft hands all over you.**

6 October 2016

= = = = =

**Years are silence too,
it is like a stone
to be.**

**An honesty,
chalcedony, lapis,
brass,**

**Everything's a mixture.
Teach me to sin,
to be outside the law,**

**teach me to get back in
that largest sphere,**

**the dome of light:
the possible actual**

when time cane be silent again.

6 October 2016

= = = = =

You gave me one
and I use it every day.
Mist in the trees
though, and tiny
movements in our nerves
they call somewhere
lightning in the flesh.

The skin of my left
hand is talking to you
or trying to, while
the right writes.

Sometimes gravity stops,
its wave crest
pauses, holds
before it falls—
you've seen the Hawaiian
surfers, you know how
waves behave.

But inside the body
there is another gravity,

**an invisible center
orders what rises
and what falls. Outside
the mist stands still
in all the leaves
reminding us
to listen, harder—
so many languages!**

7 October 2016

= = = = =

**Physics of the other,
flowers in the mist.
Asyndeton.
Just hold your hand
implied but not connected.
Soft warm true.**

7.X.16

= = = = =

Walk it off
but it comes back.
Relation of physiology
to iconography,

what some mind
cognizes as actual
somewhere desirable
musical,

hammering
in the woods.
Woodpecker on the wall.
Satin blouses. Waterfalls.

7 October 2016

= = = = =

**Soon the children will be writing their names
all over the walls so the house will begin**

**to know one from another. The boy
with a green arm, the girl with a big wheel.**

7.X.16

= = = = =

**Hungry as a clam he
and for the same reasons
mouth open all day long
ocean of words
pouring in and out,
all he is is mouth?**

**2,
Things to worry.
Bassarids on the prowl
fox pelts loose
over bare haunches.
Time to look
away. Too late.**

**3.
He lay there hearing
her voice from far off
clearer than the words
the voice, comforted
him by breath alone
we also felt, wordless,
giving, close. Listen
only to the skin .**

7 October 2016

= = = = =

**Nostrums for you
on sale within.
Whoever you are
you need one.
You need me
to spell it for you,
pronounce it
clearly all over
your skin, hair,
eyes, even that
puffing old steam
locomotive your
heart. How many
miles it's gone!
How much you
need me right now!**

8 October 2016

= = = = =

**Count the flowers
divide into the number
of bees, you'll see
how much I need you,
how hungry I am.**

8 October 2016

HERBSTTAG

**Today more than
yesyer yellow
softens the trees.**

**What always happens
is the grandest show
because we know all**

**that's coming yet how
differently it comes.
The old rabbis knew it:**

the same is always different.

8 October 2016

= = = = =

**Not the usual traintracks
running down the muscles, some
visibly blue below the skim**

**but another roadway altogether,
one no one can see — along it
the future moves in us, warning,**

**warding, leading us by the hand.
If you listen to your body
you can change the future.**

**I want to say Paracelsus
said this but it's just me.
Trust me, I have a body too.**

8 October 2016

= = = = =

**Reach up and grab
a fistful of sky —
taste it, give some
to your love. Nothing
tastes like this, nothing
will ever be the same.**

8 October 2016

= = = = =

**I've done all the doing
that needs to get done.
Now let the sky take
care of me an hour or
two while I rest, Not
that I deserve it, but
I need it. Or our needs
too part of our deserts?
I'll try to look it up
in the Talmud of Totality
just as soon as I wake
if I chance to remember.**

8 October 2016

AGAINST ERASURE

Repeat the message. The cows
are waiting to come home. Home
is waiting to be a house. Fireplace.
People live all over you. Attic.
Staircase leading to the moon
on lonely nights. There are none,
keine Nacht dir zu lang he mumbles
into the soft voluptuous tune
we call the world. Dance around me
while I dream you slow. Vision
unlocks from every stone. Myths
are just women you forgot you
ever knew. The gods are women too—
that, sir, is the secret of all secrets,
what Solomon knew. Education
tries to rub that knowledge out.
Need I say more? Or what do you
think daylight really means?

8 October 2016

= = = = =

**If I don't look like an ordinary person
how can I think ordinary thoughts?
And if I can't think ordinary thoughts
how can I know what ordinary people
are like, or want, or do, or aspire to?
How can I understand history, politics,
economics, or what they do in church?
Once I was walking along the street
where I grew up and a stranger stopped
and asked me, "Where are you from,
stranger?" I pointed to the house, said
not a word, I was ashamed. That's why
Fairyland is my address, where they
are kind, and tolerate my incapacities.**

8 October 2016

for a Book of TURNS

= = = = =

Her quiet breath beside me
is the wind outside.
How far the night is!

This spoke spontaneously as I was coming out of drea.
Only after I wrote it down did I have a strange soft
familiar feeling, and saw that once again the
spontaneous had spoken in seventeen syllables. The
haiku, the line of Homer, etc. What should we call such
an organic unit, part cultural history, part physiology? I
will call it a *Turn*, remembering the old meaning of
verse, versus, a turning back of the plow in the tilled
field, the recourse to silence.

8 / 9 October 2016, 3:30 AM

= = = = =

**When you discover for yourself
what everybody else knows
that is the ocean crossing,
that is the New World.**

8 / 9 October 2016

= = = = =

In the hands of night
I rested calm
a little afraid.
I was a barren
woman giving birth,
a blind man
explaining the landscape.
Nothing will come of this
but too much love to lose
I studied the dark window
hoping to see
what isn't me, out there,
inarguably actual.
At moments like this
the sailor does well
to doubt the sea.

8 / 9 October 2016

= = = = =

Leeaving room between the stones
for some urge to come walking in,
Moses maybe from the desert
this time leading only hordes
of shadows in. Too much history.

Take the picture apart, pry
the gold tiles loose, the blue,
the crimson of his blood
you tried to picture, taste,
drink in. A girl somebody
gave, full of meaning, face,
limbs, a whole calculus,
her image disperses too.

The wall is done, is blank,
now you can see anything in it,
everything. The apse transfigured
into daylight, magnificent
architecture of nothing ever there.

8 / 9 October 2016

= = = = =

for L.D.

**Each line
begins a new poem.**

**Move sideways
into your future.**

**You have already
somehow written**

**all these poems
at once. Now**

**just spell them out
one by one, as if**

**the words impatiently
waiting, your work done.**

8 / 9 October 2016

= = = = =

(for a Book of Turns)

Something piecemeal
stars here and there
allowed to see.

Seeds
of who we are.

8 / 9 October 2016

= = = = =

**Be brisk about your was-ness
the wind is strong
breath of a neighbor storm
air hurries to fill air.**

9 October 2016

A MEETING BY THE HEDGE

*The past is everyone I know
he said, the future
has no name, I can't see
the color of its eyes.*

Then something about daylight,
something about the moon
but I can't be sure.

So I said
your eyes are crazy,
that's what I think,
the chalice is brim-full
we all must drink from,

the picture of your mother's
garve with flowers on it
on the wwall by the clock

measuring the meaning
of what I imagine
you were trying to say.

*We need an interpreter
to open any door,
wash the windows*

*feed the car
lick the envelope
stroke the white cat
so that it thinks
love's happening
and all white cats are mad.*

**No, I said, they're mostly deaf,
but what makes you so fierce
so skeptical?**

*I woke up
isn't that enough?
I woke up
and was still
who I used to think I had to be*

*existence is an animal
gnawing at what I feel
but it's not all painful always*

and that's the crying shame of it.

9 October 2016

= = = = =

**Wind wild
hibiscus whipping
back and forth in shade
petals shaken**

every tree wants to be s circle

**Hylozoic is the least of it:
everything thinks
everything talks.**

**Every day the same sermon
preaches me
in totally different words—
relax, it's always Sunday.**

10 October 2016

RESEDA

a place a meaning
grows.

I was there you were not,
say, then what word
passeth through thy toothgate

speaks? Give up
the old ways. Be me
for a change, so I can
lie under a palm on a hot day
elsewhere, smelling
foreign flowers, dreaming
of yet other elsewhere,
an equation with three unknowns
and you still don't know who I am.

10 October 2016

IMPROVING THE VOCABULARY

**Use the word in a sentence
before you look it up.
That way it will have
a whole new meaning
no dictionary will ever know.**

10 October 2016

= = = = =

**What ever happened to everybody?
There used to be farms around here
now I could give you a quarter
for every cow you see and you'll still
not have enough to buy an ice cream cone.
I'm not sure how I feel about this.
When I was a child how big the cows were!
And now the ice cream cones seem small.**

10 October 2016

= = = = =

**A serious moon
I mean I think
it means it
up there, I'm waiting,**

**the lunar inflow
to fellow us
our instincts
instinct with its,**

**his, if I may dare.
Tell the truth
it will always
get you in trouble,**

**the moon too
knows it all too well,
the problem of being
with some other,**

**the depending,
the counting on
someone else,
anxiety, the Sun.**

10 October 2016

= = = = =

**That there are changes
or mountains
or cars zooming up them
in ads on tv.
Being sure about your faith,
Puritans burning crucifixes—
what do we trust?
Not even numbers
though we mumble
them all day in sleep.**

10 October 2016

= = = = =

The curves of coming
round the mountain
sleep into waking
trucks hurry past—

to be in the world
means always
some other place to go—

I listened with attention
to the wordless gospel of the gone
till it hummed in my head.

Morning, Curtains.
The albatross the meaning
slips away. The real
color of the world before
sun comes over the ridge.

11 October 2016

= = = = =

**Always someone waiting
to be someone else.**

**Take all the sentences I've said
and take each as the start
of something real.**

Who can it be?

**Who is that in the gondola beside me
under that majestic 1939 zeppelin
floating featherly over nowhere?**

Look down at the Dome!

We have inverted gravity

80,000 ytears after we uinvented it.

Say good-bye to the moon.

**You're moving to a new apartment
anyway, from every window you can see
everything on earth except me.**

**I am that weird feeling in your occiput,
forgive me, I didn't realize
that I had already moved right in.**

11 October 2016

= = = = =

**I am a spider.
I have eight legs.
Two of them are yours.
And yours. But whose
are the other two?
It is so hard to be alive
on earth, but what choice
should I have made?
Better be a two-legged
spider with three good friends.**

11 October 2016

= = = = =

**I went to see the Witch Queen
she wasn't home. The vodoun priest
was out of town, the Count
of Saint-Germain wasn't answering his phone.
At a loss for occult assistance
I sat in the Luxembourg
watching the pigeons. Or was it Regent's Park.
So dark I could barely be the trees.
I bent to drink from a fountain
and saw a face reflected there
I could not claim. So there
you are, she said, & I saw nothing more.**

11 October 2016

= = = = =

The mind never stops—

why should writing stop?

Writing is just the mind exhaling.

12 October 2016

= = = = =

**I saw a white bird
fly up into a tree.
There are no white birds here.
Here are many trees.
It was not mych bigger than a dove.**

12 October 2016

= = = = =

so many would
so few should
as if at the end
of obligation

who said anything
about wisteria
pumpkins snowmen
and spring again

it is compulsory
like education
weather of a sort
breakfast cough

the pains we know
the ones intuited
to come—grammar
of being here.

12 October 2016

IN THE SACRISTY

**lit only by candlelight
from the altar out the door
in a wooden cabinet
a chalice stands,**

**gold-washed brass
I guess, with rubies
and garnets on the
chased base, and pearls**

**here and here but what
do pearls have to do
with blood? Answers
abound: blood is the sea**

**inside us, when He died
He gave us the sea,
the oyster gives its life
into the pearl, these**

**casuistries do not
persuade me, the candles
try their best, the dark
made to twinkle**

**on the gold. he gold
does its work, I tremble
as a child again,
the dark consoles me**

for a terrible loss I never knew.

12 October 2016

= = = = =

**This building rich with ghosts
I hear one at the door
pretending to be wind
or wood, but the house
is not so old, doesn't have
a voice of its own yet. Only those,
the living afterlives who come
passing on the carpet,
breathing heavy in the hall.**

....

12 October 2016

THE GRASSLANDS OF NORTH AMERICA

Victorious certainties
grasslands of North America
I gave you a pocket
what did you fill it with
why do I feel you all around me
the wind under water
trying to come home
come home with me
everything tries to remember
I gave you a rocket
you couldn't find a match
to light it, you threw it
at the poor defenseless moon
he caught it midair
the grasslands of North America
juddering engine of the power-mower
then I folded you up
and put you in my pocket
knees to chest arms roud knees
you wouldn't fit, I changed my coat
the moon is getting tired of our poetry
and not just the moon
once upon a time from Pennsylvania
some word he spoke in the dark
all the way to the Rockies
I could walk all the way there in your shadow

behind you all the grasslands of North America
the shadow is special a highway for us
on beautiful dark roads
we have never met
grasslands of North America
anywhere else.

2.

There is more to this
we meet in eye
to eye the sound of thunder
signal fires, smoke
messages from fires
all over the puszta
I mean prairie I mean steppe
the grasslands of North America actually
circumnavigate the whole earth
dhows and junks and clipper ships
mowing the green sea
all the way to where we should be
following your shadow I
am trying to remind you yet again
(stop listening, you'll hear me better)
that everywhere else is right here
now, Marco Polo, Saint Teresa,
Scott Fitzgerald, blue Antarctic,
childbirth on the moon

his terrible cold hands
it's all here, nowhere to hide
wapiti in Estes over Naropa,
caribou, pronghorn, wolf cub
you sat in deep shadow
and nuzzled my mind
now where can I go
that isn't you
if everywhere (I told you) is right here?

13 October 2016

WHISPERNG

**what does it mean to whisper
to breathe
breathe words without bodies
so nobody knows
only those who feel your breath
when you whisper**

**Whispering is a girl getting drunk
quietly all by herself in her room alone
sinking, drinking, deeper into herself
into a lace where she has never been**

Alone is so hard to find

It was the last conference of the day, my office door was closed, there was no one else in the building. My student and I were talking about a few study groups to focus on different topics, discussing who should be in each group. I mentioned Student A and Student B, and instantly my student with a shake of the head leapt from the chair and bent towards me and whispered, No, they slept together once. Then sat down. I duly assigned A and B to different groups but couldn't stop thinking about whispering. Why had the

student whispered? No one else was there, no one could have heard the words even if they'd been shouted. Maybe there is information that has to be whispered.

Real information has to be whispered?

Real information is always a secret
and its secrecy is more important than its sense.

Self-secret.

Some things are self-secret, you could shout them out
and no one would know.

Whispered transmission. *bKa.rgyud*, transmission by
the whispered word.

Every experience is a secret
can never be told

my life will whisper it to me in years to come

half-heard one-third understood.

A whisper is a backwards guess.
Alone in the building

**I have no secrets anymore
I have forgotten how to whisper**

**A whisper is like punctuation
like a comma
only use it when you have to
otherwise let the words stream on.**

A whisper is a scribble few can read.

**Next morning what is left?
What is left inside
the space where the whisper was?
Afterword they say in books,
but what does come after words?**

**A boy stands in front of a mirror
his face is close, is naked
he is trying to see what happens
to his mouth when he whispers
his lips! my lips!
he thinks, what to they do
when he bends to the girl
another day and whispers?
Or even now, in his room alone,**

**what happens in his head
when he whispers?**

**So hard to be alone.
The necessity.**

The whisper.

**Why can't I see
anything but me in the mirror?**

**If a mirror could whisper
it would whisper:**

**Don't
look at me, look behind you,
what you want is always behind you,
a room a door, go to the door
open it and go out
all the way out, to find**

But what should I find?

**find what is behind you
how far it is**

I have been all of them

have you? have you really?

**A ball rolling across the floor
traveling soft wool,
slowed by the carpet
from Isfahan a Sufi whisper
color of sand,
with roses strewn across it**

**A ball finds its way
like a whispered word.**

**Now she has drunk enough
carefully screws the cap on the bottle
sits quietly waiting for the wall**

**soft noises at the door
does wood know how to whisper?**

**Tristan Hum a tune
Isolde A hum is an orchestra whispering in bed.**

**Whisper to me so I don't understand.
Every foreign language makes me happy.**

A whisper estranges the words you speak.

Rilke's angels whisper in heaven.

Souls astray whisper Purgatory.

**A whisper lets mistakes slip in,
diudnt Duncan say Every
mistake is the nucleus of a new text?**

Or was it me?

Whisper me the truth.

A text is only worth the mistakes it lets in.

**She whispers to herself now
her elbows on the table
her cheeks in her palms,
she whispers what I am not permitted to hear**

**something the wall told her
something she heard.**

**If this were a poem or only a poem I could recite
*The October wind whispers in the hibiscus.***

**Sometimes people pick up
radio signals from the fillings in the teeth,**

**ordinary people,
not mystics, not me,
they hear words not theirs
whisper in their mouths**

**but are there still radios out there
metal talking in ous bones
alchemy, amalgam?**

What do I hear whispering to me?

Who knew the trees have voices?

**Everything begins with a whisper—
Are you still awake?
Can I be present to you now?**

**A whisper always means
We two are special.**

**I'm frightened of whispering.
I don't even know how to do it.**

WHISPERING

14 October 2016

= = = = =

To worship her
as she is
candescent over
us, to know

the womb of light
is also ours
and only from
heat we happen

is temple enough.
The quiet place
is all we need
beyond the mind.

14 October 2016

= = = = =

**I keep trying to teach the crocodile
to talk when I should be trying
to teach myself to listen,**

**that's what the alembics are for,
alphabets full of strange
juices lined up on the workbench**

**in the master laboratory
breastbone soft tissue ribcage
core. The red drummer**

**keeps me on the go. Below
the crocodile of course who
sails above the lab**

**river of air, sands of nowhere,
the nil Nile, the breathless word
I am lower than a beast**

**starting with a before b
like the other bible, the hot
one who tells us what to do.**

14 October 2016

= = = = =

**The light before the light
when color comes
gently into its word,
the word each color says,**

**each hue humming to itself
its slow aurora till
the sun looks over the trees
and still them into difference.**

15 October 2016

= = = = =

**Know the known
by what it feels to be,**

**nomes of Upper Egypt
where the embattled air
thickens the honey.**

**Of all
things experience is worst —
it tells the future by the past.**

**The honey lasts
they tell me 3000 years —
coddled, it turns soft again
but would you drink
that honey, history
without a story, midnight ,
no stars?**

15 October 2016

= = = = =

**When the sun is actually risen
we can do what we please.
Before that we must sit still
and listen to the augmenting light.**

15 October 2016

= = = = =

The murals are mind —

**closest thing to
thinking is a wall,**

**a white wall
in autumn
western sunlight casting
shadows of so many
leaves on the wall.**

**2.
So when it comes to painting a wall
only Jerusalem or Copper
Mountain Paradise or Camelot will do—
a place between Earth and heaven,
and always here.**

**3.
I'm trying to explain myself
but there is no self to do the job,
always the word-beasts come shambling in
damp and hungry from their unimaginable pastures.**

4.

**Hands move
to translate
prepositions.**

**Terror of out
excitement of in,
mystery of through.**

5.

**Do you see what I mean now,
daughters of Zion, sons of the covenant?
Every gesture is a road to Jerusalem
but once you're there, what then?
Whose face of you see
when you bend over the fountain?
Who is that wind
that plays around your knees?**

15 October 2016

= = = = =

**Beyond all the -isms
everybody has their own religion.
I hold mine
now in my hands.**

15.X.16

= = = = =

**Sue the sun
for being bright**

**sue the moon
for being cold.**

**Ahab took to the law
that Leviathan on land**

**he tuned the keen
blade of his mind**

**to litigation fierce
against Nature,**

**that green-gowned jade
iin death's masquerade.**

15 October 2016

= = =

**Watching the other
side of the river
closely till it
hears you and comes
over to lap at
your feet—that
is music, that is
where we begin.**

**Everything that
comes after is
a kind of sin,
a problem you
will never give up,
a bad habit that
leads straight
to Paradise.
The wind explains
all this to you,
the wind has been
there before you,
before us all.**

15 October 2016

= = = = =

To know
some of what has to be known
the warmth comes back
the grass looks grey
there is work to be done
psychoanalysis of trees
my hands feel loose
poor hands! that tried
to hold so much, arms
shouldered in amity
I play jealousy in the film
but who plays me?
beginning with a phoebe
noisy guarding her nest
over the house door
life can be annoying
the accountant calls.

16 October 2016

= = = = =

I waited for you as long as I can
demons stationed all round the piazza

nature itself is a protest march
but what against?

solve for sanity
abrupt unravelments

people travel the way kids watch TV
but come home soiled

luggage full of tchotchkes—
that's not just my opinion, you know,.

it's what the tree told me.

16 October 2016

ESSAY

I passed a tree and heard it say:

**They tried to turn Christ into me
a man into a wooden cross**

but He rose up.

**There are three
religions:
of the stone, of the tree, of the man.
Buddha and Christ passed through all three
stone at Bodh Gaya, pillars of Stonehenge
tree above the stone, tree of Odin**

but the Man walked free.

**Or was this just thinking,
just me thinking?
Where does a thought fall?**

**I'm trying to reverse the weather.
music (even shitty music) inverted
becomes a prayer.**

**In the forecourt of the temple
we lay in the fountain's spray
revived into dream**

**until some world wakes.
Stop anywhere and it will be
truth enough for the likes of us.**

**Morning yearns for mirrors,
a tree's the most three-dimensional
person we know, especially in summer,**

**but it can only see its flat shadow
and I only want to stay
close to who I actually am.**

16 October 2016

= = = = =

**I know nothing but what they write me down
I shout to keep men from hearing what I mean**

**there are branches under earth
deep into the earth in the shape of a tree**

**Slide down me
I am recovered from the depths
measure me and let me go.**

**Abscondita Dea
sound of meaning**

**a nun weeping in the sacristy
why? why?
across the iver a man sleeps.**

**I used to be the moon but now
ivory moon scratched by my tree**

**how thin my meaning is!
Let language do it, I am done.**

16 October 2016, Boston

= = = = =

1.

**Close to the wall the Other
brick by brick unknow
the arrivals**

**the common
sense of you
to know deep**

**the weave
of what they used to call
the fabric**

**of your building.
The schematic, the miracle
the who you are.**

2.

**When you peel a banana properly
the three or four drifts of skin
fold down away from the soft fruit
and become the petals, thick
petals of a yellow flower we are
permitted to eat the stamen of, take
into ourselves the vegetative power
that in us also takes miraculous form.**

3.

There is always someone waking.

The faintly ridiculous

botany of lyric poetry

passes inspection barely,

there might be a smile

somewhere on that face

we work so hard to please,

whoever it actually is.

17 October 2016, Boston

WGBH

**Angry grey-haired voice
snarling liberal attitudes
from the radio alas
when you strive against
evil you find yourself
smitten with weird allies.**

17.X.16, Boston

THE PATH

let it lose
itself inside
the inside
—you know the place—
there, at the very
end of I-power

of course the place
where anything says
is vital.

Where the star's
invisible but palpable
geometry invades
the earth.

Touch me.
I-power lost
in the overwhelming It.

17 October 2016, Boston

= = = = =

**My head on your platter?
I think not. I am not the least
of your problems though,
so quiet am I beside you,
arroyo in a drought season,
fading memory of a song heard.**

17.X.16, Boston

= = = = =

**Compel a new
rapturous polity:**

**a globe in the dining room
spins quietly,
a bust of Sophocles
on the mantelpiece.**

**Food was an afterthought,
a bad idea.**

**A light breakfast
literally.**

**18 October 2016
Boston**

= = = = =

Caught the tree's breath
and called it wind
caught the crow's caw
and built a house in it

four bedrooms, two baths,
a pool outside, wild
ducks in residence.

Rain water
is a sign of grace—
Baptism. Guilty
pleasures recede.

The storm comes back
caught the thunder
and built a ship from it,
sailed away across the bay
to that island on the horizon
always, seldom there
when you need it most.

18 October 2016, Boston

HYPNOLOGY

1.

**Well-formed the architected
dreamscape woke from red.
Red. Do not sit on that
throne, sit everywhere else.
Or stand. I stood
feeling welcomed in novelty.
New. This thing that thinks me
might already be mine.
Seriously. Learn at last
the strict science of dreams,
your white coats, your chemicals
tell me, tell me
before I dare to sleep again.**

2.

**It's the science we really need,
not images interpreted, no,
not repressions, desires,
memoirs of an unlived life—
but what is really happening
in the energy of dream
and who happens it. And to whom.**

3.

**Squirrel cirping in a nearby
silence, 'scolding' they call it,
glib metaphors by which we live.
It is the day Knife in the calendar,
bickering and dialectic and debate
or just people getting ornery.
Whatever that word really means.**

19 October 2016

DECK

**I'm sitting outside on what they tell me
will be the last warm day of fall.
I believe everything you tell me
because what's told is always somehow true.**

19 October 2016

= = = = =

**Go solo and sing where you can
where you came and who was there
dabbling her footsteps in the tide.
The surf tells a new story
at every splash, walk slow
in the surf and remember.**

19 October 2016

= = = = =

**And then I was a bird
and understood**

**I want to borrow
those fallen leaves
from the lawn,**

**where can I take them
for us both to be secure?**

**The sun has discovered
a notch in the trees
to gleam through at me**

**I am not safe from discovery,
the darkness is trapped
inside me, I try
syllable by syllable to let it out.**

19 October 2016

THE MELCHIZEDEK EFFECT

**I'm sorry, the real
Biuble begins with
you, alone
in the desert of
unshared experience.**

**You are king and priest
and queen and scribe,
your risky annotations
preserve the world
from incurious barbarians,
Achaeans, trolls.**

**You in the desert
the forest girls in the woods,
gods. That's all we have
to guide us. Beguile us.**

**Great powers, take pity
on our selfish silences.**

19 October 2016

DOCTOR DULCAMARA ADVISES

**Squeeze oil from the sun
smear it all over
your vocabulary till
you can't say a word
that doesn't glisten like moonlight.**

**Then crush the words
with fingers and toes,
strain the precious juice
and let ferment a season:
a wine better than
sense ever made.**

**Drink till you are everyone
and every tree is your mother.**

20 October 2016

= = = = =

Why always complaining?

**Because a complaint
is some sort of relationship
a giving
of feeling
across the terrible ocean of difference—**

**you hear me grouching from afar
and know I'm near, am here
for you, as men say
(almost meaning it) to women.**

20 October 2016

Aus dem chinesischen

**Ink stone ready
ink stick handy
where is the water
where is the word?**

20.X.16

EL MODERNISMO

What's the news?

Joyce was himself the Russian general!

How did they figure that out?

**We moved to the other side
of the glass mountain
and there it was, the wreckage
of the First Moon, the one we forgot
—nobody ever bothered to look—
a huge smashed-up thing
with words all over it
in some other language
and there he was, sitting
on a stone and writing it all down,
scratching his shanks idly
from time to time with a pumicey stone,
smiling, in Czarist uniform,
greeting us in schoolboy Gaelic.
I answered him in sort of French.**

People live a long time then on the other side?

Depends on what you call living.

20 October 2016

I= = = = =

**Tonight broke.
There is a light
two furlongs off
that wants to know me.
I'm in my t-shirt
but my heart is naked.**

**Know me. One dawn
a little after this
fifty years ago I walked
with Olson by his harbor
and we decided the Sant-
ander Corridor
was the thing the place
to know. I presumed
to have an opinion.**

***Doxa. Peccavi.*
How they all
passed through Euskara
the Basques
on their Irish way
northwest, their
Trojan way to Britain
great and less**

**Look to the, in the
Basques to remember.
Vasco in India
Loyola stood
before my brick school
to make me remember.**

21 October2016 5:00

OLD AGE

**Sheer improv.
The shtick
of tragedy.**

21.X.16

= = = = =

When the word won't
and the trees can't
I rely on my skin
or some bird to speak.

Hard to listen
bone behind ear
still something tells,
an alphabet

of the simplest signs.

21 October 2016

= = = = =

Outside
doesn't feel out.
The air's not right
or me for it.
This happens
to other people
not to me.
It's what comes
of caring about
weather—it turns
into me and
I am autumn only.

21 October 2016

THEY AND WE

They weren't waiting
they were working—
on guard, or vigilant
at least to shield
us from, the happening
or the happening from us.

There were fountains,
flags, the colors changing
always, who can tell
the taste of water anywhere
the earth yields always
difference. Water
is never just water.

We were the ones who waited.
Now what? we kept saying.
There must be a reason
for all this good weather.
They didn't answer.
They never do. Their proud
faces half-hid behind

**mirror-lensed sunglasses
told us more about
ourselves than about them.
And maybe that's all
faces are good for.**

21 October 2016

= = = = =

Know other tide
neap now a feather
on one more leaf
another — rain gives
in the mind, a naked
image of her grace
whose, but whose?

2.
Reflect on you, is he
or is she, glass-
answered glad? Or
does the image wobble?
It could — and still be.

3.
So between given
and guessed we host
a plenitude not
even what but who,
who?

4.

Owl-craft
to scour by night
living agitations
of the small, small
scurryings who show
us our place,
scale of things,
awkward signs
but is heard.

5.

In mid-career
a cask of sky
broke brief
on Sam's day,
day the sower
rests and lets
time's sewers
intimate carry.

6.

Obliged
to none.

Teeth
for everyone.
Slick sermon

about road,
goad to go
that it leads
a way away
to any other
here.

7.

Listen
to it rain
footsteps, inter-
penetrate quick
journeys round
a never circle,
never. A line
never seen before,
a life alive

、

22 October 2016

= = = = =

**Obsessed with irrational
and wanting far more.
No sequence in his stars,
no periods to his chemicals.
He demurs. He animals.
But he calls. In Jerusalem too
his oilyshadow falls.
Word dribble of prophecy.
Navy on land, knobby principles
galore but none he wouldn't
trade for a tin teapot
holding Bengal hay,
that mountain stuff
that tastes like truth.**

22 October 2016

= = = = =

Rebuffed for ribaldry
he glooms. Cheered
by passersby he gloats.
All he is is arriving.
But where do questions
go to be cleansed?
Doubt walks the land
islands move by night
light fixes them
where you find them
mornings. Step ashore.
Climb the hill you imagine,
pluck fruit from that
couldn't be a tree
could it? Eat it with me.

22 October 2016

= = = = =

**Listen to the well
take in rain —
remember? Fountains
also receive.
The little reciprocals
that let us live.
Sparrow shadows
shield us from sun.**

22 October 2016

= = = = =

**Getting old is like being born again
into a clumsy body you have to learn
to wield efficiently, with grace again,
pay rapt attention to the ground before your feet.**

22 October 2016

b'Midbar

**Beginning without being.
Regulation of maritime commerce
stirred by a rusty spoon —
what else have we
to call the Law
now that Torah's done?
Where is Moses leading us now?**

**A faint smell of meaning
like the recollection of
a long word you used to know,
sea-barratry or nuncupation.
You see her far ahead,
issuing tickets to stragglers,
filming those who dare enjoy
the sloping landscape of the obvious
like their wives' haunches
or their husbands' arms.
He is fierce and we follow,
maybe Antarctica is next,
the penguins already have
their yarmulkes in place,
bad joke, but we follow,
every human now
is one of us, we fight**

among ourselves to ease the doubt,
gunfire, dynamite, rich men
cluster around him up there,
archbishops and patriarchs
grand rabbis and muftis
clinging to his holy habit
the rags we wore when
long ago he says the mountain spoke.

22 October 2016

= = = = =

Habit.

What I have.

Luck

what I lack

but hope

will happen.

One word

should say all of me.

22 October 2016

End of Notebook 395

= = = = =

**The spin
insistent
gravelly voices
from the archeology
of It,**

**how long
a muscle aches
before the dawn
of evening
they call it
when pain stops?
Or is it not even a question?**

23 October 2016

= = = = =

Off to the meeting
the greeting the get.
They wait for us there
disguised as daylight.
It's your salary speaking,
pay attention, *the salt*
of the other to tone up
your lips. Tunbe. Taste
all your fertile mistakes,
your fresh crop of very
interesting weeds.

2.
Every day you translate
a new chapter of an old bible
by sound alone and not sense.
For the sound is the only
meaning in a fallen world.
A dictionary is the devil's work
to lead you into slavery, owned
by the will expressed as word.
Hear with your own ears
child, don't even listen to me.

23 October 2016

= = = = =

Be afraid. Shadows
in the rafters, moving.
Play court-tennis
with ideas, hit me
again, no, you. This
is what it used to mean
to think,
a headache
in the shoulders.
where could I have been
swimming all night
in such cold seas?

23 October 2016

[a TURN]

**Will I yet be an old
man just sitting in the sun
or is this it?**

23.X.16

WATCHING THE NO

**Camel-clouded horizon
lifts until it covers us.
Everything else is sky.**

**Trees on their way though Fall
briefly show Spring green
in vague sunlight. Fact.**

**No one to see.
And for one little hour
no one to be.**

**I cognize through a gap of waking
just this morning the first time
I am nothing but a driven will.**

23 October 2016

= = = = =

**Leave the mind's
door unlocked
and pray for thieves.
The kind who track in
more than they haul out—
footsteps of alien desires.**

23 October 2016

= = = = =

**In Pondichery they speak French
every country needs alternatives
Minnesota Finnish, Crown Heights Kriyo.
now I know where I lost my handkerchief
sneezing in Quechua in Forest Park,
it had lipstick on it from Latvian.**

23.X.16

[a TURN]

**Fifty years I've played
at being me., Now
I have to be it. Or else.**

23.X.16

= = = = =

I have only three
affectations—
spelling *grey* with an *e*,
crossing my sevens,
putting the date before the month
24 October 2016.

= = = = =

**When ink shows through
the other side of the paper
it's as if the birds left
flight trails in the sky.
Maybe they do — maybe
the sky itself is blue silk
woven of all their passages.**

24 October 2016

[a TURN]

**Lovely leaf litter
my Aubusson,
my Isfahan, my Samarkand!**

24.X.16

= = = = =

**Physics of the other
compel you. You
become a line of force
between who knows?**

**Who goes? A shape
leading down
from everyone —**

**that's the first
thing to know.
Every slope
the hill of Calvary**

**to climb, meet,
suffer, come
down alone.**

**24 October 2016
Red Hook
from page 37**

= = = = =

Flowers in the mist
do my remembering
for me, hold
their gently changing
colors like
thoughts in the mind.
Wind stirs mist
stirs petals. Wait.
A black cat
slinks out, rolls
once in dust,
businesslike,
just like the flowers.

24 October 2016
Red Hook
from page 37

ASYNDETON

**Nothing connects.
Just one thing
after sine other.**

**Resilient afternoon
hide the morning
frenzy maybe,**

**leave everything
alone to do
its work,**

**the stream, parting,
departing,
flow.**

**24 October 2016
Red Hook
from page 37**

= = = = =

**Just hold your hand.
You have another hand
to do the job.
Peace then, almost
a religious thing,
a Buddha's lap,
balancing act.
One hand holding
the other holds everything.**

**24 October 2016
Red Hook
from page 37**

AM

**How far off yelping of dog
turns into cries of a young man nearby
turn into wheezes from my own chest.**

25 October 2016

= = = = =

**Blue sky, cloud over.
Over — but hover plover lover.
Pronounce.
A bird who isn't even here
flies away in shadow.**

25 October 2016

= = = = =

**In the city I come from
birds disguise themselves
as not-so-young men
in hooded sweatshirts,
with hungry eyes.**

25 October 2016

= = = = =

**Keep it short—
life is long enough.**

25.X.16

= = = = =

**Big enough to be Goethe.
Little enough to be me.**

25.X.16

A WRITING

to the memory of Cid Corman

The pen summons me
the way a triptych opens.
we see the sacred stories start,
fold out around the central
panel.

Unscrew the pen,
write something down,
the saint in the middle speaks.
The smile on the Virgin's face
may be a trick of the light.
Write it down in any case.
The donor (this is you)
kneels on the right-hand panel
beside the sack of gold
you're offering. Don't worry
about the quality of gold.

A severe saint, half-naked
ascetic, holds a banner
furled on a long staff, looks on.

He is the reader. The Virgin
mediates. *Offer. Respond.*
Let be the elder poet told you
and you listened. Everyone
not here is in heaven
already. If the banner spread
wide, it would say so too.

25 October 2016

= = = = =

**Save everyone from pain.
Make everyone happy.
What else is there to do?**

25.X.16

DISCREPANCIES

**Out my window
it looks like a Magritte.
The bright sky doesn't match
the shadowy trees below.
Differences pursue us,
goad us towards wisdom.
Brighter and darker at once
it grows until you can see.**

25 October 2016

SPECULATIVE ARCHEOLOGY

**Not my job
to big into hills
or carve into the swale—**

**my work is to stand
slow and listen
to what those places tell.**

But sometimes I hear them speak:

**Come, come into me,
lay me open,
I have things to show you,**

stories no one has ever heard.

26 October 2016

= = = = =

It was the middle of the night
or middle night
what else to know
when I woke out
of miserable painful inspiring dreams
unlit cigarette in my lips
and I don't smoke?

Who are these people
who are me when I sleep?
Some of them look like friends
some strangers?

I blink
my eyes open, and from a sudden
rush of many white doves
all round me comes
Aphrodite walking up the surf.

26 October 2016

= = = = =

Otherwise, the other
gets there first, your mile
stretches out behind you
no more than a shadow of
all that energy expended.
Your wings droop, you let
your compass fall. Crack
of glass. But you're here
nothing more needed
nothing more supplied.
Every experience at all
is exactly like a piece of music,
lasts a while and then not.
Even the overtones stop.
Believe me, I was a leper once
and know what distances are for.

26 October 2016, Shafer

= = = = =

**Every island has a language
no one speaks and all the people
understand. This wind
is only here, only here does water
say just this, and only here
does it mean what it says.**

26 October 2016, Shafer

= = = = =

Someone waiting would be bound to know
the burdens of unexpressed desire —
because time is a function of our wants
and measures the space between
one person from another, place
from place, wish to fulfilment — observe
that we have learned to wear on our wrists
timepieces in modern times, usually
not the dominant hand, the waiting game,
waiting musculature, the bones of time.
Now go join this nearby morning,
glad about how short this sermon was.

27 October 2016

= = = = =

**One of those stars out there
is stuffed with information —
but which one?**

**Every night
from Brooklyn Heights we
watched the harbor, reasoning
its reflections, analyzing
sudden twinkles in the wake
of some freighter passing.
But from what country
did that cargo come?
We lived by flags and guesses,
misses, the stupid
lights on the Staten Island shore.**

27 October 2016

= = = = =

**It all comes down
to the girl on the bus
the stickball accident
the plump rats eating
under the park bench.**

**It all comes down
to what happened
when you left the house
to be out there
where things happen.**

**Things last in you.
Or you are where
things go to rest
or sleep until you think
you understand them.
Then let her go.**

27 October 2016

= = = = =

If I were stricter with myself
I would be a city
but as it is, I woods.

27.X.16

VAMPIRE COMICS

**We all were Magyars
in a former life,
the special race
of Reincarnators
who takes over this slow world.**

**But only the brightest of us know it
and most of us are scared.
Tolerate this ambiguity a while
while you work it out, you
who think you are Americans.**

27 October 2016

= = = = =

I don't care what
flag is flying up there
it's Faërie down here,
shoeboxes full of emeralds,
hollow table legs stuffed
wit letters from dead poets,
green lights shimmer in the trees
and as the joggers innocently pass
beads of sweat spring off
and turn to diamonds as they fall.
We follow after slow as can be,
picking up jewels and beautiful dead leaves,
on our quiet way to nowhere else but here.

27 October 2016

= = = = =

When daylight lets me I look out
into the shimmer of the year's first
snow, still just silvery here and there,
just before the cars start coming
fast in their fifteen minute feeding frenzy
eating up the road to work. Quiet
will come again. I was a car once,
a '41 Pontiac, then a '49 Chevy
green as an old spruce tree,
ran it off the road. But now I am
a thing with wings, hidden,
not very useful, flightless in fact
but wings. I am wings.

27 October 2016

= = == = =

**The opening
is not the same
as beginning.**

**Begin
on the other side of it,
the other side.**

**Are you going in or coming out?
Sing it with me. The
beginning is always on the other side.**

28 October 2016

= = = = =

**Hard to believe anything.
Believe everything
is easier. They all
are speaking from the heart.
Nothing tells lies.**

28 October 2016

= = = = =

**Now comes the sun
and melts all this away,
this precocious snow,
winter's business card
left for a day, read,
understood and filed away.
Broom and shovel
shove and whisk,
get it off the walk and
off the deck and on
the still green grass
and let the earth decide.**

28 October 2016

= = = = =

**Shhh...nobody really
needs to know but
Postmodernism is
older than Modernism
and has grey flabby skin.**

28.X.16

= = = = =

**Rumbling in the attic.
We have no attic.
Furniture dancing up there.
We have no attic
or if we do, I have never
seen it. been there, stood
on creaking joists up there
trying to remember
that table or why the chair
isn't downstairs where
nice people could sit on it.
But there is nothing there,
nothing except that rumbling
I wondr if you can hear it too.**

28 October 2016

= = = = =

**Waiting seems to be on my mind.
Likely because the mind itself
is always waiting. Lurking, in fact,
ready for any chance to pounce
on percept and make sense of it.
Till then its dreamless sleep is me.**

28 October 2016

= = = = =

**This thing I have *tho.rangs*
to wake before the light
and it still be morning —
Her time, the Savioress's,
who works before we know it
to change what we'll be
waking into? To sleep
out of sleep and speak
the dream across the un-
sullied notebook of the day.
It is the only way to know,
the only way to be you.**

29 October 2016

= = = = =

**Start where you're not
and hurry hard
to get where you are.**

**I keep telling that.
Her big eyes listen,
his fingers hear**

**nervously but do
they stir even a little
in the right direction:
themselves to be.**

My work is prayer for that.

29 October 2016

= = = = =

**Is it right to remember
people I never knew?
or think about the other
side of those I do,
did, and never let them go?
Don't we in fact
belong to one another
just by being here
in the world together?
Or else why would we
have bothered to come?**

29 October 2016

= = = = =

Is it light yet? *Nyet.*
Can I go back to sleep?
That fashionable showcase,

is they open yet down there,
the latest models of everything
purring in the dark?

29 October 2016

= = = = =

**I wait for them to tell me
who or whom,
subject or object,
what comes to mind,
the pretty carousel
round and round and round
and no brass ring to grab,
only this.**

29 October 2016

= = = = =

Echelons of the obvious
translate apocalypse.
There. Ship that
in an envelope, send it
anon to your guardian.
Increase your allowance.
Hide in the cellar
of the house next door.
the starlings have come
back at last, the sky
chattering with them
while they rest in your tree.
Yes, yours. It's true
what you always suspected —
you own everything.

29 October 2016

= = = = =

**Vanishing act.
Embolism.
Why they think
the way they do.
Who? Why
can't you ever
be clear?
Alright, here:
No room
for enemies —
the mind is love
or ceases to be.**

29 October 2016

= = = = =

If I took more time
I would take less space,
carve
peach pits to worry in your hand.

29 October 2016

= = = = =

O sky light up so I can sleep
the dark is such a big animal,
so silent, dreamy, teeming
with words it wants me to speak.

29 October 2016

= = = = =

**A shield bug lands
upon my page
and stays.
Even I
can read that sign.**

29 October 2016

= = = = =

Waiting for else
come slow
around the orchard
nobody knows

fallen fruit
fed the deer
fastidious
in their fashion

like us
with whom to breed.
Keep waiting.
Nobody here yet.

29 October 2016

= = = = =

**Come home,
Eden loves you,
forgives you
for leaving,
Eden knows
you were scared
of that imperious
gentleman who
found you naked
in the trees, his
trees he thought
and snarled at you.
He was a stranger
here himself,
you should never
have listened,
never have left,
come home,
Eden misses you,
come home.**

29 October 2016

= = = = =

**How thought intrudes on sound
so the tale tells away the mind.**

29.X.16, TON

= = = = =

**A stranger stands
lit by the meager
sunshine of his
difference. Her
difference. Only
the trees know us
true, our snug Eden.**

29 October 2016TON

= = = = =

**Always Eden
we walk through.**

Adagio

**We never left,
the trees are still here,
ancient apple west end
of the island still grows
twisty-turvy, stretching
up out of the fern brake.
Eve, naked still, offers
an apple to everyone
who passes, says softly
Stay on earth, darling,
stay here with me.**

**29 October 2016
(hearing Mahler's 10th)**

= = = = =

**My hessonite ring
silver, bezel antique
lift around the orange-
umber of the stone's
meaning. Music
is so dangerous, look
what happened to us,
we believed it. It leads
us into the dark and
leaves us there. But
stays with us after
so we are never, for
good or ill, ever alone.**

29 October 2016, TON

COW

**We think it's the sky
up there? No, it is a cow,
the only cow. Its milk
rains down on us
as light and thought.
We are just the gravity
pulls her kindness down.**

**Like me, you have seen her
painted on Egyptian walls.
This is what those pictures tell —
we drink her meaning still.**

29 October 2016, TON

= = = = =

**We know certain things
and then we don't.
They go away.
Joggers outside impersonate
our fleeting connaisances.
Is there such a word
anymore? Its shadow
sprawls across my page.**

30 October 2016

= = = = =

**We dress to be desired
one of them said,
and another added with a smile
so that we can refuse.
Honest frustration is the blood of art.**

30 October 2016

= = = = =

Mani-khor drives by light alone
purrs quiet on the window ledge
turning air and space into mantra.
They made this thing
to help me “mind my wheel.”

30 October 2016

= = = = =

**Who comes glistening out of the surf
saying what special words to
whom of us might be there to hear
and translate into the language of
his or her own skin parched for the sea?**

**(26.X.16)
30 October 2016**

= = = = =

**Questions don't need answers.
They need to be asked over and over
till everybody knows or thinks
they do, and all at once in this way
all the gods and sciences came to be.**

**(26.X.16)
30 October 2016**

= = = = =

How sad they'll seem
when all is old
around them and their mouths
are dried leaves from a fall
uncountably long ago.
We live around a grievous fact,
thickening vein, name
forgotten. And not just those
who allow themselves to be old.
All of us of it of them
of now and ever and ever will be,
the purr of matter we refuse
to listen to, much less understand.
T\but that gospel, of wood
and stone and foxes and cicada
would wake our hearts
to proximate eternities.

30 October 2016

= = = = =

No thought in mind
but wanting one.
It is not good
for mind to be alone

they said sent it
out of the garden.
But not forever.
Think your way back in.

Alarmed absences,
alertness alone
thrill you, a rootless
tree. Clear now,

thought beyond thinking.

、

30 / 31 October 2016

= = = = =

**Just when you need
a whole flock of
sparrows or something
to bring her here
in dawn light, willing
to hear your Greek
lesson guised as prayer,
to her, of course, the
dark outside sulks
back at the window.
So many languages
you need just to be here.**

30 / 31 October 2016

= = = = =

**What now.
A mind is
mostly lingering**

**now. How
about another
now, one**

**you guess at
under waterfall,
inside the tree?**

**Is that closer
to what you need?
But if the only**

**now is then
you've lost the tune.
A few words stick.**

30 / 31 October 2016

= = = = =

**Stories they tell me
when my eyes stay closed.**

**Who goes there? Indigo
uniform, slim-waisted**

**silhouette alone. Alone
is the nature of reality.**

**That is a strange thing
to tell a dying man**

**and we all are, sleeping.
Residents of in between.**

30 / 31 October 2016

= = = = =

Poem wasps
buzz round
and back again,
go for sweet.
Elude your swat.

30/31.X.16

= = = = =

Catch the word waiting
and send it loping through the trees
the way only you can,
animal of a poem, chase it
ever after, close on the heels
of everyone you ever thought.
Because thought is love
and *they* are who we only ever are.

31 October 2016

= = = = =

**From the north side of the house
you'd never guess that snow had come
and gone — all the green grass and trees
shimmering in clement breeze.**

**Out back the trees are bare
the woods gaunt, naked, scrawl
down the hill their lean grisaille.
How big our house must be!**

31 October 2016

= = = = =

**People being people
all over the place
and me without a tune.**

31.X.16

= = = = =

**Tone-deaf emancipators
will squalid revolutions.
Time passes. The sand
comes back and covers
Cheops. Riis Park.
El Dorado. You can't fool
the sand, the inorganic
has the last word always.
But what a word it is!**

31 October 2016

= = = = =

**Everything
could be happening,
even this.**

31.X.16

= = = = =

Every mountain / Shall be exalted

will lift its granite
and show us a wonder
inside, the work of men,
or maybe before men
the People of the Mind
who built here and danced
and prayed and blessed
and made things whole
and holy, then went away.
Left their stories intact
inside for us to read
if we were willing to go in.

31 October 2016

SCARPS OF THE ILLEGIBLE

= = = = =

The liberty
of not being here
in the first place,
overdose of chance.

13.X

= = = = =

Hands are narrative,
spell the adventures
of randomness.
Autumn Day.

= = = = =

To lose the path
inside the insides—
you know the place.

18.X

= = = = =

**I am where I have been before
not understanding at all
still firm in just being here.**

(31 October 2016)

^^