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
asheroes 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
cestial 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 Suday 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
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, virously 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 troche), 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 fuction of our own neurology?
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 fills 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 slinkied 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

w[h]oles.

Makes whole.
Slips lust-quick
out of dream

and surgeons the thought.

Wake now,
it is over.

The thought your though
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 earth 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 sallow pinacles 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 painting 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 hundred 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’s still 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 can 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,
it's 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. Mow

just spell them out
one by one, as if

the words impatiently
waiting, your work done.

8 / 9 October 2016
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.
The curves of coming
round the mountain
sleep into waking
trucks hrry past—

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

I listened wit 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 much bigger than a dove.

12 October 2016
so many woulds
so few shoulds
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 afterlifes 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
glasslands 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 junkers 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
WHISPERING

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 ad 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,
didn't 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.

\`
14 October 2016
WHISPERING
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
in 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 globve 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
captured the thunder
and built a ship from it,
sailed way 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
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.
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
Bible 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 grousing 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
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 Santander 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  
Troyan 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 October 2016 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 sgns.

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 oily shadow 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 with 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 Sarioress’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
day 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,
forges 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 2016 TON
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, t 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 connaissances. 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
purr 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. 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)