

10-2016

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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  
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  
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**





=====

**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 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 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 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 sare 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 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 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  
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 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**

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== == == == ==

**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**

=====

Leaving 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**

=====

*(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 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 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.**

**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  
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 dig 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 10<sup>th</sup>)**

=====

**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.**

=====

**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)**

^^