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=====

**Someone is drinking
inside my skull.
I hear the lips smack,
the gurgle going down,
the sigh of satisfaction
after.**

**Silence.
There is a wine
fermented in the dark,
I do not know the vine
its fruit came from
to be pressed in me.
The skull is such a huge
country, rivers and plains,
anything could grow there.**

1 November 2016

WINDOW

**When the street
lights go out
I am permitted
at last to see.**

1.XI.16

=====

**All Saints Day.
The ones whose names
we remember
are not the only ones
here. St. Unknown,
St. Forgotten, St.
Oblivion.. They
are with us too,
Giotto-haloes habiting
their heads, so bright
we can't see their faces..
We do not know them
but they know us
and help us in kind
kinship when they can.
For we have no names
either, and will not
have them till
our deed is done.**

1 November 2016

=====

**The middle gets closer all the time.
Sweet rapture of disorder
house full of books and looks
and windowsills and hanging lamps,
a whole Byzantium crammed inside
a modest dining room. People
find room there too to lecture
one another on the meaning
of all earthly things, art, poetry,
language, apple cider, cheese.**

1 November 2016

=====

**I asked my dear father
where does the light
go when it goes out?
He smiled. I'm still
waiting for an answer.**

**When we went out
we went to Levittown or Babylon
or downtown, the light
had to go somewhere,
there must be a place—
I knew you could tell
lies with language
but I don't think language lies.**

1 November 2016

=====

**A dream is a recognition
of power lost,
a roadmap for finding it again.**

A dream is all potency.

**Night's ripest fruit
is sometimes silence
dreamless sleep or
your quiet breath beside me.**

1 November 2016

=====

**If I told you the sun
I mean sold you the sun
as a thing up in the sky
and you can have the whole
earth it shines down
if you believe me**

**and all I ask is the right
to stand or lie down quietly
in any shadow cast
by you or another
till the sun goes down**

**would you buy me
back from the slavery of being alone?**

1 November 2016

INDIA

I am India all the time already
the mountain and the crocodile
just look at me

he *became what he beheld*
says Blake, who was India before me,
was me,

the grey temple
full of sullen monkeys
by Tilopa's grindstone,
sacred *metate*,
luminous stone
to have worked such hands, his hands

or we are everywhere
we have ever been,

location is identity,

no more, no worse,
soft In the blue bedding of the sky.

so I sit pompous on the porch
in my stupid sweatshirt
and am India,

**I let
the peoples come to me, why not,
my mind's a crocodile
tries to scare bad ideas out of them,
Wrong View, sloppy motives,**

**we sit together with greasy goblets
in our mitts, drinking
god knows what
from the skulls of our fathers
and we are wise, wise.**

Come visit me the next time you are you.

2 November 2016

=====

**The links of union
things that fit together
all over the map —**

**go back to our beginnings
why were we so afraid
and where did our fear go**

**now we really need it.
lost children in a blizzard
freeze to death from mere sensation —**

**something like that.
Go back to the beginning,
the river, the sick man, the corpse floating by.**

**We knew something
but it wasn't enough
just to know it.**

**When I finish ranting
you look at me and whisper
There was no beginning.**

2 November 2016

=====

**As if I were the other
and in love
you liked it or let me—

how could I ever tell?**

2.XI.16

= = = = =

**Repercussions
are like rabbits
breed and breed
and beat the earth.
I was a drummer once
and had no drum,
a sailor with no sea.
But when I was a blacksmith
all the iron in the earth
cast its spell on me
so I belonged to everyone.**

2 November 2016

== == == == ==

**We eat the shapes of animals
they grow tall inside us
and run wild, we are the jungle
for them, the shallow sea.
And from their prance their
supple turnings their sturdy
sameness we grow our lives
action by action, trying ever
to live their lives as ours.**

2 November 2016

= = = = ==

**A day and how to eat it.
Whole. Raw. Let
it dissolve first
on your tongue, that
porch of your mind.
Then gulp it down.**

**Otherwise a man
with a shovel will come
and bury it under tomorrow,
all the sad dirt still to come.**

2 November 2016

=====

**A kind of belief
as far as it goes,
a girl skimming through a swamp
but nobody I know,
nobody I will ever know.**

**And on the coasts of Chica Loca
the mangroves grow dense
and weary swimmers can choose
to rest in them or just hold on.
The manatees will leave you
in peace, the sign says,**

**and the snakes belong to Asclepius
and they heal more than they kill.**

2 November 2016

=====

**I have a funny feeling
we're running out of food.
And not just us. Eat me
remains at best equivocal.
Or as the French say,
the hay for this mattress
has not yet been mowed.
Reaped. Harvested. What
will you sleep on tonight?
What preposition will
give you the best dreams?
Or would you prefer
the silent version, a lump
of lapis quiet on your eyes?**

2 November 2016

EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

**All the dead live
in the mouths of the living,
kissing.**

**a kiss
is the silence of language
speaking,**

**it takes two mouths
to silence even a single word.**

2 November 2016

=====

**Noisy clockwork of ordinary life —
gears, hweels, plates, pins —
deep n the biomass of me.**

**Why do we sleep so long? Work
we have todo in other places,
The Other Places where no clock runs**

**and we come back weary to our sleep
just in time to wake. Here again.
Life sounds all round me.**

**Images from all our elsewhere
blow away like autumn leaves.
scars on my soul from saying No.**

3 November 2016

== == == == ==

In that country they have dry rain. Rain falls from heaven but on its way down crashes into motes of dust and stray pollutants, the water evaporates but its inertia propels the particles downward. Some seasons they litter lawns and piazzas, cats and children roll around in the dry rain.

3 November 2016

=====

=====

**When we were queens in Egypt
one girl said, you wouldn't dare
ask us to go dancing —
but dance we did! Mastery
is all, to have rulership
of art and prance, cash and romance.
All the games we leave to guys.**

3 November 2016

== == == == ==

**The battery lasts forever
the frame rusts out
the mind keeps spinning
after the gas runs out.**

3.XI.16

=====

**The things that persist—
Byzantine commentaries
Hawaiian feather cloaks
the little pool in the Black Forest
from which the Danube flows —
languages, old wors, tattered flags
winter dreams, hard work
and slacking off, rosebuds, the reek
of cabbage boiling but we'll eat.**

3 November 2016

=====

**Can't hold on
to what I know
or what the grey
sky knows about
where we've been.**

**Been everywhere
and soon forget.
A maiden
by a fountain
stays in mind,**

the one I never knew.

3 November 2016

=====

**She spread her legs
but where her sex would be
was only darkness,
the a few stars, a road
to Spain,cobbled, broken,
Roman horsemen, peddlers
bearing salt or honey, wolves.
The dark has everything in it,
all of it going away and away.**

4 November 2016

=====

**Fifty years
live by river
and no boat
to go. A bridge
goes only to
the other side
of this.**

**Don't know where
this river goes
but I came from
there. Memory
is the enemy
of identity. Water
is just here.
Just water.
Just me.**

4 November 2016

=====

**In this wind
some leaves
turn out to be birds.**

4.IX.16

=====

It had to happen that way
the strings come down from Zeus
and trail along the earth
tickling the grasses, no,
nothing touches us. We stand
moveless and unprincipled,
a pack of lunatics
ashamed of the moon. Yes.
That cold
gentleman aloft
did this to us.

 We wait
impassioned by a silver stream
that may be molten steel
for all we know, we go
by fancy and call
our nightmares sciences.
I saw a swamp once
and was the scaly monster in it.
Or you were.

 Doesn't matter—
every man is guilty.
The stone Christ lay on
a day or two then rose,
that stone holds us still in place.

***Arise, arise* the poet said
but that was politics
and Lenin still is dead.
Would you trust him if he rose?
Of course not. We barely
listened to his chatter
while he lived. *Chto delat?*
he asked and who were we
to know what to do. Or trust
anyone who told us they did.
There are too many starving
people, too many sick, too many
suffering, for us to think
anything makes sense.
I am guilty and so are you.**

4 November 2016

=====

**Mind not sleep
there must be a car
takes you there
my father's Isotta-
Fraschini his
name for such,
his Tamerlane,
his Baudelaire.**

2.

**But we can't all
be our fathers
can we?**

**Sit on my knee
and explain me again,
my wooden eyes
swing to adore thee**

3.

**or at least listen
or at least wake up.**

**No car goes there,
I know that now,
I'm almost old
enough to be alive,**

tunnels of Stalingrad
burning avenues
of Mosul—
 breaking
the world in pieces
small enough to
choke down,
the taste of time.

5 November 2016

=====

**These are raptures of uncertainty
pilgrims rushing into the sea
to catch the blessing of the *first wave*
when each wave is always the first,
the ink does not dry out in the pen.**

5 November 2016

=====

**When I write clear
enough to read
the paper bleeds.
I wonder what
else is wounded
by what I say?**

5.XI.16

=====

**We are Roman palæographers
struggling with Greek—
if I knew how to sleep
I would know everything,
Christian again in Paynim land,
or chilly rabbi who runs the moon.**

**2.
It will never be easy,
the sad Mallarmé of the heart
teems with ambiguities,
amphibolous, the man said,
I throw this stone
both ways at once.**

**3.
So in the middle of the night
it was morning.
Dawn happened to my head,
I got to the window
in time to see the dark,
the pill I swallow for my heart.**

5 November 2016

THE LESSON

**Know enough of the words
to make mistakes.
Who is listening
at the classroom door?**

**Wave the flag
behind the teacher's back,
there is magic
in every fabric,**

**wave it to let it loose,
magic in our clothes,
so the distant stars
embrace all over us,**

**we are the celebrities
of dream! Wake now
in humility, docile
as daylight, heart wide open**

**ready to learn again
the real name of everyone,
even that one in the corner
sobbing with closed eyes.**

**In a world of sensation
everything makes sense—
there, there, come
home with me now.**

5 November 2016

=====

**I lost the thread
of where it went.
It will be light soon,
thwarted love,
migrants drowned,
devalued currency.
And just this one
liminal hour
to set things right—
or at least feel
a while at peace.
We live from one
such sly deception
to the next. Keep
going. We will
get here at last.**

5 November 2016

THE FLIGHT OF THE PENGUIN

**Flight of the penguin
in deep dark
so no one sees,
over the frozen shores
of Melatonin, lost Alps
of Somnia, swift
as almost thought
he soars, discovers,
settles on a drift.
Back to the sad soft
comforts of below.**

5 November 2016

THE CHILD

**Where have I come from
the little child asked
meaning no harm. All
the elders wept and
groaned and tore their clothes,
O beautiful mistake
they sobbed, from us, from our
insatiability, cluelessness,
anxiety, agitation, sin.**

**But where do I come in—
the child wanted to be clear.
Am I consequence or cause,
did you all happen
so as to make me be?
Or is there somewhere
we all come from,
a lake of milk or mercury,
landscape, a lab or a tree?**

**They all cried louder now—
No way to tell,
no where, no why, no how.
We think and think**

and then things happen.

**Should I go back
to where I began?
You never were!
they screamed,
You barely are!
Grow up like us
in mild stupidity,
take pleasure
if you can alone
in how things seem.**

5 November 2016

NOVEMBER

**There are small
leaves last longer.
Hibiscus. Euonymus.
Brief as t he breath
to say them beyond
their names. Still
green, Still red.**

6 November 2016

STUDY

**I opened the Tanakh
and this is what I saw:
a man looking into the sky.
He wanted me to see
what he was seeing there
but I saw only him—
his sky was on the inside.
I looked all around
the found only myself
looking at him.
The man. The sky in him.**

6 November 2016

=====

**Poetry in this asthmatic age:
panting we reach out for one another
brief gasps on the lyre
amorous swoons of cunning silence.**

6 November 2016

=====

**The title of a book
should come at the end of it,
tell us at last where we are,
breathless the last page.**

6.XI.16

== == == == ==

**Loosening to music
lying on grass or beach
like an ad for elsewhere
or in dark chambers
shuddered with delight.**

6 November 2016

=====

**I'm not sure I got this right
but I'm asleep into bright Sunday
where monks are finering unfamiliar
Hebrew manuscripts, parchment for a pal,
could this be holy? Must, if there are words on it.
And so forth. Meanwhile the family next door
moved out twenty years ago but the grass
on their lawn keeps growing, o sweet
world after all. It makes me think I must be
one of those people Plato warned you of,
the ones who strive for a day to come
at last when women rule the earth—
a fate the Greeks of all things dreaded most.
Listen, the sun above us is a girl, I myself
was at her Bat Mitzvah, the moon's some guy
who comes mooching around some nights
smily-face all full of boyish hope.**

6 November 2016

=====

**Wind in bushes
whipping. Then still.
Leaf tongues telling.**

**Listen with me—
let's go make
weather together.**

6 November 2016

=====

**The fearful thing about poetry:
a poet knows nothing
but has to keep speaking.
Terror in hope. The words come true.**

6.IX.16

=====

**Never doubt
the lies I tell you,
they do you
more good than truth
that ordinary
stuff, the news,
the bleak consensus.**

6 November 2016

=====

**How come you fly
with no wings?**

**I know where I'm going
eally know,
and knowing gets me there.**

6 November 2016

I

=====

**I do not like
the only song
I know how to sing**

**so I left my wings
at the priest's front door
and sailed away**

**in an old felt hat
down the gutter
to the river**

**on the river to the sea
where I can sing
and no one hear**

**so full the waves
are with intellect,
with accurate music.**

6 November 2016

[from old scraps:]

**Flowers year by year
arise and arise
rousing the dreams
of the middle classes
for palm tree romance,
lust deep in dunes.**

.....

**Some people we know
rejoice in curious
abstentions —
dreams instead of dinner.**

**But isn't it all singing?
Doesn't every percept
cry Come play with me?**

(6 November 2016)

=====

for Charlotte

The sky looks cold
but warmth comes down.
Ivy round our bedroom window—
that's enough to go on.

I know that physics says
heat rises, but from the blue
happenstance up there
enough comes down to keep us,

let us sit some afternoons
out in the yard with the other
animals and learn from them
when to feed and when to hide.

I like to hide. Big as I am
I claim invisibility, like a tree
among trees, or this one wave
washing up on the shore.

But a wave (more physics)
is only motion in a substance,
not substance itself. So I'm a time

maybe, a common happening

and no more. But you are real.
That's what I've been learning,
the stubborn fact of you, smart,
unyielding, kind, a citizen of calm

more than anyone I've known.
Near you I begin to feel at times
close to being real myself — men
need a certain self-delusion

just to keep going. To be out loud
and last in the world a while,
exegi monumentum and all that,
knowing perfectly well words last.

What else can we do with language
but read on. And you give twice
as much as I: what you translate
and what you instigate in others.

Just say the word is what you say,
the prompt or prone, the trumpet
flaming from the sun, the mess
that language straightens out

at your bidding as you stare
severely at the foreign print-out

**or at me wondering when I'll
leave off murk and get to work**

**giving the angels stuff to read.
Did Rilke tell us they can't write
themselves, but yearn to read
so leave it to us to answer**

**the word's bidding? Just write it
down, you say, and translate
like me the gibbering silence
of the heart into what it means.**

6 / 7 November 2016

=====

**If I were a wall I would
but as a roof I'd rather.
I come between the sky
and the inside. This is policy,
magic, election day
every day, this is tar,
tile, thatching, tin.
This is me rattling in breeze—
I make the wind up,
it's a tale I tell myself
that you can hear too.
Sometimes it knocks us
both off our feet
but that's what stories do.**

7 November 2016

=====

**For men who can't swim
we have a drier ocean.
You can walk around in it
pretending waving
your arms gracefully out
and in. But the waves
are real, they're just
not made of water. A wave
is a wave, it doesn't matter,
it comes and splashes
all over you — light
or sound or even
(some claim) gravity:
you could sink down
in fact you could drown
but you'll hardly notice,
because you drown in air.**

7 November 2016

=====

**Begin again — the star
is calling: Come out
in daytime and play,
you are the only one
who can see me now
in all this othering light,
you know just where I am,
stare up the bright tunnel
and here I am waiting for you
as once on St Michael's tor
I spoke and you looked up
and heard me, and we
have been lovers ever since.**

7 November 2016

=====

mug.pa the mist
of mind

no soon
dispersed,
Justinian
enters with his passioned wife,
the god-gift herself
to rule the law.

The mist
it turns out
is my cathedral,
herein
I most worshipful
deploy the regiments of mind,
tattered vexillae of my legions.

Mist has all life in it,
makes me see
what can't be seen.

Towards a throne by the altar screen
the empress is led.

All auspicious things
are in place now, in one place now,
ruler and lover and the sun's holy light

lifting the floating dome above them
and the sacred place of transformation
veiled from sight behind the iconostasis —
transformation is not to be seen,
eyes are for outward

but the majesty of transforming
is inside, sensed
not through the senses,
the rush of wisdom through us
that if we *felt* it
would feel like pain.
But here there is no pain.
The empress is all yearning.
The church is full,
priests chant language loud
to hide the godly silences inside.
So strolling through the mist today
I found myself in Byzantium again,
the Holy Wisdom always waiting in the trees.

8 November 2016

= = = = =

**Not another word.
This word. Only this.
Sometimes the soul
sleeps while language
wakes. *The cross* —
woman: head to the west,
feet to the south. Man:
head east, feet north.
The cross needs two.
A photo of them,
a couple incarnate
as a cross
from 500 years ago
when light had to pass
through human [?] fingers.
Meriann. de Bry.
Her breast depends
to feed us all.
Himself erect
to answer the sun.**

8 November 2016

=====

**To close my eyes
and sleep, the mist
outside, my shell
my shade my sheet
enclosing, my shield.**

8 November 2016

=====

**Causes of certainty —
moonlight in November
Halve Maand the boat
remembered us to Europe,
up here, beavers
and Irish immigrants
those pale Mohicans.
Happenstance rules.
We forget one another
and blink at the moon.**

8 November 2016

**Affirm the policy
of mind. One thing
and not another.**

**“Hold the thought”
we say. But let it go.**

**The leaves turn yellow
and begin to fade, beside
the unchanging evergreen.**

**Such different people
we are, a world, soon
forget, too soon remember.**

9 November 2016

=====

**Guilt and politics.
No wars actually end —
especially not civil wars.
The fighting stops,
the war goes on. Hatred
and contempt deployed
for centuries after.
Parties and moieties,
cliques and clans.
“...love
one day will rise?”
Churches? Forgiving
should be a sacrament.
And kissing another.**

9 November 2016

Basic HTML view

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**Orchestrate an animal
at the gate, the song of newing
all beasts must sound, so
here is the unbroken wing
the uninterrupted flight
into the pale sea above sea—
and did we walk on water then?
Was that the foible for which
Egypt paid so dear? Porphyry
I stand and stone she sits
grace-lapped in linen indigo
wide-eyed at us. Cross!
Sea is meant for exile surely,
what other urgency hath whale?**

9 November 2016

=====

**Knowingly the light
augmenting.**

**Oil truck
grows its deliveries,
winter comes.
We Greeks knew that
and traveled south
to the snowless realm,
ant-busy Attica,
love-infested islands,
the more or less docile sea.
But some of us stayed,
kept an original language,
hailed our Queen the Sun
by Day and Hel
bright lady of the dark.
And here we are still
in inmost exile,
shivering penitents
in the basilica of air —
we still have never fully
spoken the word we were meant to say.**

10 November 2016

=====

**All words are magic —
that is the problem.
The spell compels
by being spoken.
No wonder Lenten silence
leads to resurrected Truth!**

10 November 2016

OF THE TAROTS

1.

***Each card must excite
all the senses
all the appetites
and show at the same time
an inner mode
of overcoming all of them.
Restore the poignant stimuli!
Reveal the ways of transformation!***

2

***Ein Geist genügt für tausend Hände!"
One body suffices for a thousand images,
and of course the 78 snapshots of the mind,
in pretty colors, shuffling in your hands.)***

3.

**We are Eve's tarot cards,
her billions of attempts
to get the human image right,
dear, illuminated so
the everlasting truth shows through.**

10 November 2016

=====

**If this were war
every one of us
would be at the front.
And it is.**

10 November 2016

=====

**Go travel in each other,
coasts, islands, promontories.
But leave the central plains
unvisited. The folk who live there
think like corn and pray
to strange makeshift deities —
Baal Peor mentioned in their Bible.
Stay with the sea, the littoral,
the wet. What's best in us
is the sea. Be sea.**

10 November 2016

=====

**Mesentery of the sky
that's what I mean,
what holds the light together,**

**the *aleph* of genesis
that breathed the *beth*
that spoke itself**

into the waiting mind.

**2.
Language is mostly listening,
isn't it, saying back
what we think we've heard
we learn to speak.**

**3.
But after speaking
listening is hard
isn't it, the more
said the less heard.
Hôs ephat' then
the story goes on
after the words
as if the blood and iron**

thus spoke...

**listened, the trees
and river heard
but we did not.
We do not.**

**4.
But in the sands
the wind
spoke and wrote at once.
Once in the desert
of the Empty Quarter
(my on name in Arabic)
I saw what the wind
had written,
contours of its
playful solemn breath
I'm still trying to read.**

Ruba al-Khali

11 November 2016

.....

**Then philosophy came along
to talk about things that are not things,
vying with poetry to explain
the most about the least —
yet of this striving the things of the earth are made.**

=====

**How many welcomes
in one day? Or wind
or tamaracks shaken?
Or sun on lawns
outstretched? Or a bike
going by, backpack
big as the body on it?
Or who knows where
the wind's coming from
and what it brings?
No one is immune
to its religion.**

11 November 2016

DEL

**Where do they go
when you delete them?
Aristotle and Aquinas
persuade us that matter
is indestructible. Matter
is our mother. So if
messages are not matter
what are they? They come,
we read them, leave them,
wipe them away. Where
is *away*? And what
else might be living there?**

12 November 2016

CASTIGATIONS

**Blame everybody.
They did it,
they all did it.
I walk around
in the woods
not thinking
about you.
Careful not to.
So much to get
over, roots
and tangles,
tripworthy stones,
slippery leaves,
rain is grease.
You did this to me,
this walking all
around instead
with nothing
in my hands. as if
I were anybody else.
I'm not. I'm me,
I am this oak sapling,
see, my rattling
rusty tenacious leaves
abide. What good
is rattling all alone.**

Hence this walkathon,
quest void of dragons
void of maidens, this
pilgrimage to the self
I suppose. Actually
I step a little bit
more lively than the
tree I think I am.
But you move faster
just to get away
from me, didn't you?
The way you do,
all of you, you
is plural always
in my vocabulary,
slippery, a smile
at the crossroads
soon vanishing,
heartbeat, blood
pulsing slow between
pillow and head.
Yes, you. I think sleep
is the only language
left. I mean forest.
I mean forgive me,
I did it too.

12 November 2016

=====

**How can it be
to hear music clear
but not hear speech?**

**Am I in heaven already
where all the words
speak at once**

in one burst of sound?

12 November 2016

== == == == ==

**The local mind is a fetish factory
irises in Maytime, purple Lent,
cold fingers clutch a warm wrist,
kites over Riverside, dragons
guard every bridge. But the mind
behind the mind wants none of this.
Quiet after music. Audience gone home.**

12 November 2016

=====

**I see the ship
and seeing it
carries me
to the place
such craft
extends — an
island like a hand
reaching out
to me in welcome
or forbidding,
how can I ever
tell without landing,
ashore, wet-
ankled, the ship
leaving without me?**

12 November 2016

=====

**Being close to the light
is not the light, not seeing.
The piano climbs the ladder
scale by scale to reach
always the same beginning.**

**And there you are
with a trumpet in your ear
remembering somebody you
should never have met
and now it's too late.**

**But music is like that.
Summer's masterpiece
is autumn. Here,
have a cup of cider.**

12 November 2016

=====

**In what country is the true king hiding now?
The crows know. They come and tell me
he will never come. We have lost the faith
would make a coice possible we all could hear.
Now we are just accidental dialects
of a lost language. No purity. No suffering either.
Just little trees, branches trembling in no wind.**

**12 November 2016
End of NB 396**

IN DOUBT OF NATURAL IMAGERY

**If I went along the road with Lorca
and talked only about the moon
the stars the empty road
the ants in a dead man's house**

**you'd never know what I need to tell
that the Moon is a lonely shabby man
wandering around waiting for that one
night every now and then when**

**he has the full attention of his wife the Sun,
you wouldn't know that ants are angels
of a mighty power deep inside the earth
and what they do is no concern of ours**

**they're writing a scripture on the ground
and on our floor we're not allowed to read
and dead men have no houses, the dead
have gotten where they meant to go,**

**that's why the road is so empty in moonlight
and nobody uses mules much anymore
but when they do the animal intelligence
is graver and more persistent than any man's.**

**Only a woman thinks faster than a beast
but women do not like to be discussed
as if they were a part of nature, or maybe
don't like to be spoken of at all.**

.

12 November 2016

GOLD

**1.
Hope for gold — see,
the gold implement
knows you best,
it holds in mind
the shape of your hand.**

**2.
The sun knows you,
everything finds its place
shapely around gold.
Gold is the middle of it all.**

**3.
The manner of gold.
Its color
changes you.
Its taste is hard
to describe.
It mostly tastes
like remembering
but it is now.**

4.

When you're with gold
the sea is never far.

Au the chemists say,
thinking it means *aurum*,
Latin for gold. Close—
but it really stands
for Aurora, dawn
over the sea.

5.

We come from sea
and gold remembers.
Simple as that,
Ring on your finger
is *Okeanos*, Ocean
River that holds
the whole world
together in its loop.

12 November 2016

RECORD

1.
Was there anything there
waiting or not waiting.
Principles are hard to articulate
but not all of them are white.
Some are spotted like the pard
or the hat I used to wear
a crease in the crown, a longitude
replicating the sagittal suture
somehow, the way cloth knows us
sometimes. And wy we call it felt.

2.
Then there were chickens in the yard
spilled into the store out front
on Avenue R back in the days when
streets hadn't won their true names yet.
I too am R, and sign myself that way.
The poor hens scrabbling in the dirt,
the feathers of the slain lay everywhere.
There was a war on and an old old man
with a bent back, walking gamma, sold
all the poultry that he fed and killed.
Only lately can I bear to eat such meat.

3.

**R meant rob and rapture, ravine and riot,
renegade and recollect and renovate,
radio and ratio and record player and rug.
Rug. You get a kind of comfort from a red
Persian rug, even a replica, that no bed
would ever let you snooze. A dreamy
softness on the hard bones of the house.
Yes, dreamy. The dust helps too, a funny
not unpleasant smell no vacuuming undoes.
You're here and R and are on the floor.
At least I am, no reason yet to tell a lie.**

4.

**But now is all so long ago. Many an iceman
came and went before the fridge. The ivy
grew shaggy by the window. We moved away.
I'm still away. It's been a long time since
I let myself sprawl on the carpet but I'm still R.
But not the R that was. He's gone with the purring
and the growling, the radio and the riverboats
we used to take in summer up the Hudson
strangely close to where we all are now.**

12 November 2016

=====

Lost in the night
some person or persons I had been
a long time and now not.

Waking is losing
identity I learn

the hammer hits the nail
and the nail is no longer
a bright individual
a Melville isolate under the sun
he's now a part of something else
fixed in place but
doing his job by being so.

The nail. The hammer
wakes the nail.

And all over Paris the bridges
scoff at those who cross them,
scoff at human hopes
that the other shore will be better

or freer or smarter than this.
The Pont Alexandre III laughs loudest—
named for a foreign sovereign

**it finds all of us
ridiculous to begin with,
silly as a bent old
rusty nail
left on the pavement
danger to itself and others.
Tetanus. Flat tires.**

**So I woke up wanting
a monster living room
easily 40 by 30
with nobody in it
not even me.**

**Try to tell people
whenever you get a chance—
identity is a nightmare,
wake!**

13 November 2016

=====

**Girls can be boys in their dreams
but boys can't be girls.
Then again girls can do anything
while boys just keep grinding away
at the huge stone mill of their desires
like blind Samson in Old Gaza.**

13 November 2016

=====

**To love them all or hate them all
require the same presence-of-mind.
Go for the method of love — it helps
a little, slowly lights up a dark time**

13.XI.16

=====

**Know the other side
before you get there,
Let your fingers play
on the old record's grooves,
guess what they might be
hearing as you touch.**

**It's as if we read in an old New England poem
*When my fingers touch your skin
I hear everywhere you've been.***

**Our skin is rich with many ears.
Pores. Every part of you
is listening all the time.**

**What seems like silence is the mind
sleeping while the skin exults,
bones clamorous with traveling.
Let me touch you
so I can hear you think.**

13 November 2016

=====

**Guided by failure
we find a way
and call it ours.**

**The end of the road
is where we stop.
The last joy of all**

is definition.

`13 November 2016

ODE FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

**The rigorous analogies
of classical poetry
are represented here
by you, Music.
music being the noise
you make by being you,
all those organs in you
(language doesn't lie)
blood and humours pulsing
flooding us to heaven.**

**A rigorous theology
would classify heaven
as a state of being
in joy of mind,
unfolding awareness,
living for them,
by love becoming all
the persons on earth,
saying and singing their
own true word all at once.**

**The truth of things
is in their chatter,
dry leaves of November
speak as loud as August did,
and we have heard ou clear,**

orchestra of your breath. 14 November 2016
ODE FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

for Charlotte

**The rigorous analogies
of classical poetry
are represented here
by you, Music.
music being the noise
you make by being you,
all those organs in you
(language doesn't lie)
blood and humours pulsing
flooding us to heaven.**

**A rigorous theology
would classify heaven
as a state of being
in joy of mind,
unfolding awareness,
living for them,
by love becoming all
the persons on earth,
saying and singing their
own true word all at once.**

**The truth of things
is in their chatter,
dry leaves of November
speak as loud as August did,
and we have heard ou clear,
orchestra of your breath.**

14 November 2016

=====

Waited for her in the cathedral
alone with a notepad in shadows
not quite admiring the stained
glass from only a century back,
the tattered regimental (maybe)
banners. Up in the chancel
a widow woman, allin black
at least, moved buckets of
flowers hee and there
around the altar. Chilly
stone, pinkish flowers,
silent woman. Why,
why? I kept wondering,
then wrote 'why' down on the pad
and got no further.
She lad left the car keys with me,
I clutched them in my unwritinghand.

14 November 2016

== == == == ==

**I seem to have lost
my way in the calendar,
the spokes in the wheel
whirl too fast, confuse me.
The road twists too.
What if every day is the same day
and we just rename our seeming
wakings, and it all is asleep?
I don't like this road. Only death
is real. Where will I find another?**

14 November 2016

=====

**The lawn at midnight
under the full moon
looks like snow,
calm, unharmed,
a blessing on the earth.**

14.XI.16

=====

[answering Cassandra]

**Yes you can
the teacher cried,
I've seen you prance
from idea to idea,
and word to word
so easy, light foot
leaping, and fire
in your synapses
from idea to action,
I've seen you listen
to their woes,
fears and sex and
fears of sex, those
who slouch in
to be guided
and you heal.
I have seen you fill
them with vigor,
all of them and
all of you moving
to the music
of your strict attention.
There is no dance
greater than listening.**

14 November 2016

D

Let me be longer in the vale
for I am not thy people
I am a grim sister
of a god-ridden neighborhood
and hurt to touch.
Explain me as best you can
in your own alphabet
I am a door
but no man knows
if I lead out or even deeper in.

15 November 2016

=====

**Listen clearly—
I am your other ear
the one you call deaf
but what I hear flows
wordless noiseless
deep inside you
where it shapes
all you know and
where you go.**

**One ear to tell you
one ear to spell you —
such delicate balances
fragile humans need!**

15 November 2016

=====

**One rain and all the leaves are gone —
the ‘march of time’ we used to say
but time sneaks by, and sidles,
slips in and out and suddenly
it’s all gone, or there’s a crappy
po-mo mansion on the hill crest
and all the Little People move away.**

15 November 2016

== == == == ==

**Her lute or vina has six strings:
gold, silver, steel, tin, copper, lead
and one more that moves so fast
no one can see it clearly
but we hear it, shifting through
tones and overtones of all the others.**

**Saraswati. Everything we hear
is a reverberation of what she plays,
the tones she fingers turn into words,
tones to words and words to us
and over five or six thousand
years we begin to understand. Slow,**

**It is a slow time now, a dark time,
we remember little of what we've learned,
hear these days only the iron string.
But only for a moment. A time will come
when we allow ourselves to be all again.**

15 November 2016

=====

**Knowledge of the night
is intermittent, a phone call
from dawn you don't answer,**

**Clear your throat.
Banana boat
sloshing in to a Brooklyn pier
you'll never know how long ago.**

**Husbands and wives
solve it for themselves
they have no need for politics,
But then they wake
and a government is there.
It is the nature of the state
to be there while we sleep.**

15 / 16 November 2016

=====

As long as you look at the picture
you're safe. The cat will not move,
the girl will go on reading.
No one has ever read her book
and its pages come to no natural end—
the words keep going as long
as she sits with her legs crossed
never looking up. The wall
is some other color. Little by
little I begin to get it—the drapes,
the sofa, the line of pine trees
nowhere near the window.
I begin to make myself
a story about it all, starting
with her name. A different
name for every chapter
like the Bible if I'm lucky.
Or not. How fond can we be
of what we are permitted to see?
A picture is the end of something
and after watching it for a while
I begin to feel slightly afraid

=====

**In introduced myself
as a vampire in residence
to see if anybody noticed.
None, but how healthy
all of them look, worth
a bite or two. Or a chat
with them, learn where
they come from, learn
mother's maiden name
—a sad old expression,
tepid water, tapped lapels.
It is my job to ask them—
in this bloodless era
information is our only armor.**

15 / 16 November 2016

=====

**Looking long enough
makes every sight a street.
Fear sets people moving on it,
soldiers, coming this way.**

**Look the other way — pine trees,
spruces, a young oak grove
shivering in yellow tatters.
Better. Nothing stirring.**

**Close your eyes.
You have been on earth
too long. You know what's
coming. You always know.**

15 / 16 November 2016

=====

**Wolf's Law of Bone Growth
means the ring I'm not wearing tonight
left its shadow on my finger bone.**

**Phalanx. We have them all our lives
you'd think by now we'd know
the name of every bone. I don't mean
its science name, its real name
special to this bone, this hand, this man.**

**We are built up out of hundreds of names,
each bone an ancestor we don't even know.
The ivory people who live in us, for us.
They know everywhere we've ever been.**

15 / 16 November 2016

== == == == ==

**am the size of myself going away
into a kind of cave right in the air
on the way to distance
I stumble forward and disappear.
You've seen me do it many a time
leaving a few dry leaves behind
as if I took the trees away with me
until find the one I am supposed to be—
there, hurrying away, the one
of whom I can barely be the shadow.**

15 / 16 November 2016

ANGELS

1.

**Angels take the form of the other.
Whoever. That jogger for instance
in a white sweater, no gender
in such distance. Must be one.
Angels have no gender, but they do
have pleasure — one told me so
and I believed. No shame though
if you don't believe me. We do
what we can to get by, meet each other,
say hello, thinking to ourselves
You, you must be an angel.**

2.

**Else how could we see them
if we didn't really see them?
Or hear their merry
(used to mean holy) voices
chatting with us about silly
(once meant spiritual) things?**

3.

We're close to the edge all the time,
one man in a two-woman kayak,
oarless near the waterfall.
Hence angels, deliverance, dream,
branches low over the stream,
long arms, nick of time, tv screens,
laugh tracks, rescue, old magazines,
woman on the bridge's parapet
commands the river to stand still.
Green light of almost evening.
Angels wake us. Sleep us.
So we dream them all day long in
sweetest reverie of ordinary life.
There goes one now, not jogging
this time, walking quietly beside
what at first looks just like a dog.

16 November 2016

== == == == ==

**The words all forgive me
for using them up
and leaving the alphabet
scattered all over the floor
like children's blocks
when I was one, one child,
one word, one piece of wood.**

**What shall we make of all these letters?
And when we have finished to whom
shall we send it? Can dragons read?
Does the girl sitting on the rim of the well
in the countryside north of Jerusalem
can she read my language? Too many
things left to chance, but then again
chance is the mother of us all. Not true
but it makes you feel better to say so.**

16 November 2016

= = = = =

**Raptors up there, crows
dissuading them from
coming down. Close
to the earth a kind of safe
place maybe. The wizard
pours ink into the boy's
palm, has the boy read
out loud what he sees
there, then the mage reads too.
But how will the boy
ever see his clean plan skin again?**

16 November 2016

=====

**Astonishment meant
turned to stone. Silly
meant blessedness
of soul. What can we do
after we lose our words?
There must be something
waiting by the woodshed,
casting a long shadow,
oddly shaped, like a man
with wings on his head,
you have to believe it
to see it. otherwise it hovers
just above and behind you
waiting for a new meaning
to strike you dumb. Oh
signifies intake of breath.
Astonishment. Apprehension.
Which meant taking hold
or someone taking hold of you.**

16 November 2016

=====

**Laconic questioners
and the time passes.
They don't want answers
they want to be known
for asking. The answers
are all over to begin with
anyway. Try to find one
that fits your fetish needs.
All needs are fetishes—
only desires are free.
Like that painting by` Monet
of a street just after rain
so many years ago, still wet.**

16 November 2016

=====

**A book leaning on the table
too weak to hold itself up
Too many words, too many
scriptures. Exhausted
by revelation it tries to sleep
in you, only in you can the words
in a book find peace. This book
especially. I left it leaning
on a short stack of other books,
irrelevant. Window open
just enough for a draught to
come in and riffle the pages.
The air tries to read, you like it
when the world does your
work for you, or tries to.
Man up. Come to the book,
sit down and read. Earth
will begin to turn again
and the moon will light up.
You'll hardly feel the pain.**

16 November 2016

=====

But it was a dog I saw high up the cliff
marble blocks of the old quarry,
a german shepherd pale and tan and dark
erect, looking down across
the placid lake at me.

And it is the day
one deer come round again,
to make me born again,
born *dire*, to speak.
as if what is so dire as our talking?

In multiloquio non fugies peccatum
said Benedict, in talking a lot
you will not escape sin.

So are all dreams true
in their silences?

But why a dog?
Why not a shy deer
on those pale marble cubes,
or a prancing horse
of the conquistadors
over this lost cenote

drowning in dreamland?

**What is some German dog to me,
and why so peaceful, vigilant, far,
like an animal on a coat of arms.**

**And who am I asking, and why?
It warms us up in the morning
to ask a lot of hopeless questions,
it's like exercise, like religion,
pretending there's someone there.**

17 November 2016

=====

**Partial to my silences
I store up palaver
to let it loose
when you come in,**

**blonde words,
stubby words,
tophat words and
words equivocal—**

**all yours, I pour
when you come in.
And all the while
I'm jabbering**

**silence reigns supreme
inside me, maybe
inside both of us, at peace
under all that wind.**

17 November 2016

== == == == ==

**They are saying things again
middle of the four a.m.
The noise of sleep
all round a lucid
message I must wake to send.**

**Where are those hermetic birds
who once could wing
a meaning straight and swiftd
from one mind to another
awake or asleep?**

**I think language put them
too to bed a nest
from which I want to learn
how to wake them--
but do I have to give up this?**

18 November 2016

=====

**Compensations
in dark places.
Wolf pawprint,
cold ash, stalk
of winter kale.
We lie in perfect
silence remembering
a noisy coffee shop.
See, we can have
everything! The
gracious mind allows.**

18 November 2016

=====

**Let things remember themselves
w while in us, everything
has been said already,
now let the chunks of sound
move around and find their targets,
our liberty. Like children
at the zoo, guessing which names go
with what beasts, or o my god
all those birds in the flying cage,
so many, so many...**

18 November 2016

=====

**Hurrying after myself
I came to a lion
stood in my path**

**“I am you!” I boasted
and he did not disagree,
just stepped aside.**

**We let each other pass.
Too many people wait
for something to happen—**

**fangs, roaring, wounds.
But nothing does.
We just pass one another**

**on the way to a self
that won't be home
when we get there.**

**But it is some comfort
to knock on the door,
sit on the doorstep,**

watching the animals pass.

18 November 2016

= = = = =

**One day in London
I walked up to Freud's
house in Hampstead
and knocked on the door.
Waited. Peered
through the glass.
Turned round and went
away on the garden path.
It made me feel somehow
strangely like a triumph.**

18 November 2016

=====

**How long it takes,
the anything.**

**By a lesser
pyramid, *bekos*,
a loaf of bread.**

**The Phrygians
came first, maybe.
The pharaoh said so,**

**in Anatolia Eden.
You still can see it,
scrub around Fatbelly Hill,
redrocks of north places.
The garden has run dry.**

**Maybe the Egyptians were right,
maybe they're still with us,
Gypsies, Hyksos, Irish, Welsh,
the questionable citizens
nobody loves. German *Welschen*,
undesirable foreigners,
weird pleasures.
I am the least of all the pyramids
but I'm still here,
still remembering for you.**

18 November 2016

== == == == ==

**Listen to the meat
the law runs down
along the veins
and up the arteries.
Muscles. Bones.
All the exceptions
to the law. Student,
be bold in obedience,
no one has ever
managed to fulfil
every commandment,
Be the first. How rich
the senses will exult
in the orgasmic bliss
when the whole
law is finally fulfilled.**

18 November 2016

=====

**A dead man's birthday
my dear friend
lost in the poison
places that spew renewal—**

**be born again
even though I can't
find you again
ever. But being**

will be being enough.

18 November 2016

=====

Hardly anything worth remembering.
Judgment call. Old Chevrolet
rusting on the lawn. Woman
called herself Lily, lily,
yet there they were, all of them,
parts and whole, the preacher
stripped of his religion. Lily
resting quiet in the mud.
The town. Outside of town.
I mean nothing goes away—
where could it possibly go?
Wherever iam, the lingering.
You can hear it in the woods,
even the scrappy new growth
behind the Stop & Shop, woods.
Maybe trees are our forgetters
for us, grow tall with our forgetting.

19 November 2016

=====

**Too worried about the next thing.
Do they still use postage stamps in France?
What was her name, Marianne?
And why? Actually a century and a half
of sheer philately. Clear fingerprints
on the mustard jar, left by what vanished
Alsatian traveler? Come back to basics—
wool in winter, crowded buses, opera
on the radio afternoons, endless war.
I want there to be a land of otherwise,
faded blue bandanna like hippies
used to tie round their dogs' necks
as if it meant something. As if
anything did. By now I'm tired recalling
and nobody answers. What happened
in the desert? What did the mountain say?**

19 November 2016

=====

**Turbulence of being anywhere.
Even on the quietest plateau
the undermind runs rivulet.
No thinking ever really stops.
Changes course maybe, soaks
up to the surface, sinks down
so deep you barely hear it.
But you hear it. The noise
of thinking never lets up. Lucky
men get tinnitus late in life
to distract them from mere thought.**

19 November 2016

=====

**Astronomy is mostly meant for birds,
geology for dwellers in the cave.
I have no science to take care of me.**

19 November 2016

NO TIME

**What would it be like if there were no time.
Just space and us
and what we see and what we feel
and no need to measure
between one perception and the next one
and we lived alive
glad at each arrival and disappearance
shower of endless surprise?**

20 November 2016

= = = = =

**Poetry unlike science
doesn't have to prove it.
Proof is about wars and arguments.
Poetry is just something
quiet to go home with
or a jab in the chest to make you
pay attention to something you never knew.**

20 November 2016

VOCALISE

1.

Mild metal — snow a little,
mountains clad, uplands slushy,
none down here. Metal mild.

Priests waiting for sunrise.
Sonata form. Piddling differences
build all kinds of churches.

A book made out of twine—
quipu — are you sure you can?
I rode The Cycone often as I could,

The Thunderbird hardly ever.
The way it goes down makes all
the difference. Headlong, sonata

form. But never have I
dropped down from the sky
except only that one time

nine months before I was born.

2.

Such adventures!
I was never lonely,
love to be alone.
I believed every
distinction I found,
like some gullible
altar boy kneeling
on the wine-soaked
steps of the dictionary.
Blood-soaked. Turn
night into day.
And the birds fly
right through us.

3.

Until it is time to wake again.
Turkish carpet, waxed floors,
narrow streets, squeeze
onto buses, breathe in
other peoples' breath.
Where they come from, what
they have eaten, drunk,
smoked, thought, spoken.
A foreign country begins

right out the door of my house.

4.

We are children of the sea.

**The further we are from the tide
the more we lie. Fact.**

**I read it in the sands of Rockaway
where they brought me at five
to learn the measure of desire.**

Look but not touch. You drown in it.

20 / 21 November 2016

AN DIE FREUDE

**In Schiller's *Ode* (he doesn't
call it an ode) *to Joy*
he makes the Cherub
(I think he means
an ordinary angel, not
those vast winged bulls
that guard the Throne)
stand before God.
Vor Gott, vor Gott, Beethoven
repeats, shouts,
before God! But we,
what we hear is
Forgot, forgot...
so heaven with its habits
slowly hides from us
in the dust of music.**

20 / 21 November 2016

== == == == ==

**Not easy to find
the key to no door
that opens just this
one person to me
and me to them.**

**No door but adore
the child punned,
so the teacher smote
the child tenderly
with a soft-bound
catechism, said**

**you don't know how
right you are! Then why
didst thou smite me
the child was bold to ask.
For a cause you don't
know yet, sweet one,
a blow blesses, a kiss
intrudes. Some day
you too will be alive.**

LA NOCHE

It's 3 A.M. and again my sleep broke. I'm at the old desk in the spare bedroom, not looking out the window. The snow is not falling. In my mind I let it be around 1970. There is no nternet, no device I can switch on to pretend I'm learning or thinking or doing something. I have a light, a notebook, a pen. An old Roman Missal in remarkably clear small print. My wife is sound asleep. There are no noises. I read some Latin, then stopped. Now I am left alone with my unaided self. What does one do with a mind in the middle of the nght? A mind in the middle? You try to quiet it. You slip a gold ring on the mind's finger, with a gold-flecked lapis lazuli cabochon on it. You le tthe mind stare at its pretty new ring, stare till the golden glints in the dark blue are stars in the night sky, and it sleeps. When it sleeps it will bear you with it, into that country we are so eager to visit, from which we bring back so few souvenirs. I mean it take me

with it, I'm always confusing me with you, Whitman's famous boyfriend "whoever you are." Sleep is in the stone, listen to what it says, then listen harder to what it doesn't say. Try to hear its secret, the mysterious river that flows through everything, even me, carrying so many fallen branches down to the anxiously waiting sea.

20 / 21 November 2016

=====

**Snow on outdoor carpet
snow on shed roof
snow nowhere else.
Except the mountains over there,
our mountains
by right of eye.
What we see
belongs to us securely
That fallen tree way off in the woods
coated with snow
is a real dragon sound asleep.
To see is to believe.**

21 November 2016

GAMBOGE

**Among the oaks
it's never really winter.
Those people keep
a different kind of time
means weather.
Pale orange leaves
chatter as I pass.**

21 November 2016

=====

**Not a lot to wait for
at certain crossroads.
A crow, maybe,
on a light pole
or a biker snarling
past you. But always
and always the calm
blue distances
where the road
reaches the heart.**

21 November 2016

=====

**The clock keeps changing.
Politics distract
you from the local mind,
the only mind
that really taks to you.**

22 November 2016

= = = = =

**Some on us
waiting on us
as the clock
used to tick
slow now
hums so fast
are we catching
up with someone
or fleeing
for our lives?**

22 November 2016

=====

**The machine inside
I hear it chirping
pumping when I rest
my head this way—
pathology of pillows
scares me. Keeps
me from sleep.
The body is a bonanza
of frightening sensations—
no wonder we try
to hide by waking.**

22 November 2016

=====

**The First Mass of Christmas
happens all year round.
Children's oatmeal
in an old porringer,
arrowroot cookies
soft by the milk mug.
He is born to us
in every babe—
a word I've never
used before, a sticky
word, smudged
with sentiment,
squall in a cradle
yet every her
and him is He.**

22 November 2016

On Christmas Day, priests are permitted to say three masses.

=====

**The soul is a little
light for seeing
but not be seen.**

**Call it the fleshlight
and smile at your accusers—**

**they need one
just to find you.
And when they do
they are you too.**

22 November 2016

=====

**What nonsense
a boy in the desert
always talking abuout rain.**

**In Damcar they know
how to turn
light into water**

**water into flesh
and me. And him.
And he still dreams of rain,**

**to be drenched in the actual
for once, free at last
from all the feints of will.**

22 November 2016

=====

**Always more.
Mercy spilling,
picnic om the snowy lawn**

**so many miracles—
tell the truth,
tjey all came
out of you,**

**you motherly mind,
and where are they now?**

22 November 2016

REMEMBERING

Lama Dönyöd standing beside Kalu Rinpoche, kindly explaining to me Rinpoche's examples of quieting the mind, first a waterfall into a turbulent stream, then a broad river flowing into a calm sea. Sonada, 1983.

The same year, in Darjeeling, slipping some zinc coins into a leper's hand.

How far we have come to be no one.

22 November 2016

=====

Thus waiting by the bush a beast.
It knew you, you knew it.
The woods have few surprises
for pale skin like yours. Moon
comes and goes, depending,
dodging through the branches.
Who knows what you know?

The beast

is, has been, waiting for you
you reckon since there you are,
both of you. Same place, same
time. Only there is no time.
It's always right now.

Quiet light in his yellow eyes
you wonder what your
eyes look like to him. You call
it him now, a kindness meant,
nothing more. Thinking about him
fills you with a sort of warmth,
even a satisfaction. Whatever
it is seems to go on and on.

23 November 2016

GLEAM

**Gleam sometimes, glint another.
Different kinds of invitation.
Points of reflected light concentrated
are doorways for the mind to rush in—
that bright nowhere, hurry friend,
be there. I used to meditate
in the shrine room at Naroling
traveling into the gleam. Into a place
without images, postcards, souvenirs
but a place all the same. I pray
the world to come join me there.**

23 November 2016

= = = = =

**Waiting, it keeps
being about waiting
what am I waiting
for and where do I stand
looking up no road
just widowed sunlight
late in the window.**

23.XI.16, Shafer

=====

The sea is big
how can you see the sea
even I can see it

nothing hidden about ocean
no furtive rivulets
half submerged in leaves

or marble sweating in dark quarries,
no, big, big water,
big enough to fill the eye

the window the coast the globe—
most of us anyhow is sea.

24 November 2016

THANKSGIVING 2016

**I wish I could see
the other side
of what I'm thinking,
thinking and people
strive to be happy,
holiday. The lovely
gold saffron seeming
of autumn takes us
by the mind, leads
to quiet, maybe
even happiness.
Lord, forgive us
for our blessings
we put to no use,
forgive us for all
the tunes we didn't sing.**

24 November 2016

= = = = =

Looking ay off
holy day
the normal forgets
for once

sweater tight
over shulder bones
these things we feel
bones bridges

patches of earth
know us better
I'm trying to remember
what the door looks like

I came in I came in.

24 November 2016

=====

**Is this me
looking at the sky
or is some other
perceiving snug
inside my seeing
the quiet grey
beyond bare trees?
To ask the question
is to answer it.
Welcome, other,
enjoy my sky.**

24 November 2016

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

**The hacek on the c
makes good cheese.
Milk listens to what we want
and curdles at our need.
Curds and whey, girls and boys!
Easy alchemy in the fridge.**

**Want versus Need. Peace
is an interruption but of what?
Accent marks on all your letters.
Apologize to the alphabet.
Hate what you need.
Love what you want,
All poetics stems from thst.**

■ 24 November 2016

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

**Arguable time
anything takes**

**did I eat death
along with the harvest?**

**A girl staring
into a pool
five hundred years,**

24 November 2016

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

**Could the certainty
of sunrise
have anything to do
with how we feel
about the moon?**

**Does the girl kneeling
by her bedside
have something to do
with how we
feel about God?**

**So much I need to know
like an animal
suddenly in heat —
the machine we call love.**

**(12.Xi.16)
24 November 2016**

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

**Agreeable animals
waiting for me
to ride them
back into the forest
then be gone.**

**I have a hunch
I will not be alone—
the blue undersides
of leaves,
gold of their young eyes.**

**(20.X.16)
24 November 2016**

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

**Wondering as a form
of waiting,
 letting the world
come to its senses
and begin
 doing what its
wonder spells
in your waiting mind.**

**(20.X.16, Kingston)
24 November 2016**

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

**There is some
exaltation here.
Tuba bucina.
The walls fall down.**

*

**The door I opened
stays open before.**

*

**The words all
forgive me.**

24 November 2016

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

The names of water

on the beach at _____

**Name each wave as it comes in,
the mild ones, tough ones,
even eleven or so a rough crest
souvenir of far off storms
the kind that bring agates to the shore
and fish and kelp and all lost things.**

24 November 2016

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

**And what we were waiting for
is the cotton to soak up the milk
then there would lie soft on the table
nothing but clumps of wet cotton
white in white — a sort of flower.
Only then would the conversation begin.**

24 November 2016

=====

(Zettelblätter, November)

**Lugubrious
improbable
hopes, a dog
size of a bungalow,
a cat like a camel.**

**Am I one of those
animals too,
meekly personing
a man? Self-doubt
is treacherous
but kind of fun.
I might not even
be here at all.**

24 November 2016

=====

**The ball has to roll
it is its nature
on the inclined pane**

**given the right array
of forces it will roll
uphill too. Good**

**to be obedient
to one's form—
those of us who have**

**been balls all our lives
have the satisfactions
of rotund compliance—**

**we vote for the candidate
who wins, go to church
of the god who works best.**

25 November 2016

=====

**You know right away something's wrong.
The name of the author and name of the book
don't really match. You finger it at B&N,
read a photo caption, drop it back on the stack.
Why do you even bother to look? A man's name,
a woman's name, tells the whole story.
No one can tell us any more than they are.**

25 November 2016

LATE IN THE DAY

1.
clarinet trio by Mozart
I'm near enough to hear
I'm clear, the mind
maintains itself in sleep
even, the way people
breathe. *U-khor*,
circular breathing,
skilled instrumentalists,
it comes in as it goes out.

2.
Once I too was lost in deserts
would you believe it?
Only for a few minutes
one afternoon, but very severe.
The sun was a kind of saxophone,
my eyes hurt with bright thinking.
It makes me wonder if
I've ever lost anything at all
the way young Balthus mislaid his cat.

25 November 2016

= = = = =

**At least to stay
to the end
not of the day itself
but this ripe hour**

**that needs you
the now
waiting all these years
only for you alone.**

25 November 2016

=====

**Feeling the wind
in trees
lifting as it can
from our damned
rootedness
to sky! That woud fly.**

**Things I could wait for,
choose, fall asleep desiring,
deciding, waking
in a wanted world
already all done around me,
nothing to do but be!**

26 November 2016

A NEW SPORT

**Legal permission
to be somebody else
for a whole hour
body and soul.**

26 November 2016

= = = = =

**What we are offered
what we receive
corn stalks and stob
rattle in the field,
husks tattered,
juicy kernels roasted
on the table. Sequence.
We eat the given,
amazed at the sky
how far away it is
they tell us that seems
so close. Right here.
We stand in the sky.
Two little diamonds
for your ears, moon
and stars, and sunlight
tidy on the earth.**

26 November 2016

MUSEOLOGY

**A Beinecke of bells.
Or archival hive
where every mellifacious
stratagem is annotated,
memorized, pit
into practice, Melissa
herself the deity of
a library of bees.
Bees and bells
humming across
the courtyard between.
We save all sounds.**

27 November 2016

== == == == ==

**That he doesn't like streaks
stains or strips that catch the eye
lead it down or otherwise
to nothing special. Just a line
pointing nowhere, gross,
a crime against topography,
glowing even in the dark
like a map of nowhere.**

27 November 2016

PHILIPPIDES

**I who once from Marathon
brought glad news to archons
now in cold rain, hooded
white sweatshirt, jog up Cedar Hill
empty Sunday morning early
late November knowng nothing.**

27 November 2016

=====

**The money lives as
we live to lend
broken furniture
carted out of the mind
I stand in the street
guarding it from
reluctant thieves.**

27 November 2016

=====

**Glorious golden flame of a tree
oak by the streamside, winter—**

**only what leaps to mind
is true. All te rest
is composition class,
notebooks filled with exercise.**

27 November 2016

=====

**The heart in love
is a cunning thief**

**snatches from reality
what feeds its fantasy**

**strips the world naked
of images it borrows**

to people its huge dream.

27 November 2016

== == == ==

**If we forget all that
we still have
love I was going to say
but trees say it better
or stones, and they last longer,
and sometimes in their core
are geodes, glorious
shimmering absences
or even in the stone heart
a different kind of stone
has formed, new
chemistry, new pressure,
color leaping or
pure transformation,
diamond, soul.**

28 November 2016

=====

**Grasp
for what I can hold —**

**children made of light
seem to slip in and out of the trees
bare now, as if
there were leaves they could hide in.**

**But they are pure enough
to hide in being seen.**

28 November 2016

=====

In memory of Anne, for R.S.

Sometimes it seems
that everything is gone
when she is gone.

Or sometimes even worse
it seems everything else
is noisily stupidly here
but she is not.

Her absence is the presence.
I have rushed up stairs
in houses no longer there,
beaten on doors
that sheltered only strangers,

I have sworn This is a dream
and I must wake.
And I can't wake.
And even if I could
the sun would keep setting,
its own trick
of leaving me alone,
maybe trying to teach me
the elements of forgetting.
Emptiness studies me
like its new language.

28 November 2016

= = = = =

**The bestway to get to slep
lie in the dark
enjoying the dark outstretched
everywhere, you see nothinga
and like it, sigh with contentment.
You are the horizon now
and the sun has set. Nothing
needs tobe done.
Everything has alreadycome.**

29 November 2016

=====

**I tend to be transparent
not much fund
trying to see through me.
Breathe on me, though,
softly, and you'll see
the brif moist opacity
as on a mirror breath.
This ia all there is between us.**

29 November 2016

=====

**I could write a love
poem to a chair
if you were on it
or a lonely beach
if you walked there.
Songs come easy
when their meaning
stands right there
or sits there quiet
on an old wood chair.**

29 November 2016

=====

**I should be tumult now
a block of blood
links of the old neighborhood
where humans live
on their little skin of earth
people of the rind.**

**Wingless animals
keep thinking all the time
*to bed in matter
and wake in mind*
we always pray
but they are muscles
of the same mother.
Nothing lets us go
and nothing keeps us.**

**Why are we so quiet
when killing is such
a terrible waste of time?**

29 November 2016

THEY COME TO US

**And through the cold rain
the circus wagons come,
one cage with a lion, cage
with a bear, and a monkey
in a big faux-fur coat
sits up beside the driver.
Pitiful small circus
come to ittle tpwn, poor
old lion, poor sleepy bear.
And yet they come to us
again and again, cages,
old driver, old monkey
shivering in his fuax-fox coat.**

29 November 2016

=====

**Voices, real voices,
echoing down the streets
of a hypothetical town.
Everything is a mouth.**

29 November 2016

=====

**Don't struggle —
you are who you are
and you are here.
Yes, you do have
a foreign accent, yes,
explaining oneself
is never easy. Still,
we'll get some sense
of you in time, what
you want, what you
mean. We are all
animals to some extent,
trust us. Sleep
is not the worst hotel.
We all were you once.**

29 November 2016

== == == == ==

**I suppose there is something in the weather
like the news from a far country
deep inside us. We have to learn
to read the messages, every
generation has to, and when they're done
the world changes a little,
a new ghost draws in a new era
and we start to learn again. What is rain?**

29 November 2016

== == == == ==

**I am easier with the sea than with ships
seem to remember a time before them
when trhe sea was just itself, orderly,
principled, everywhere. Then they came,
they still seem new, cunning, even cute
the way they skim and sail and steam and storm
back and forth like random stories in the mind.**

29 November 2016

=====

**All the mist is gone.
I used it all up
adoring and beholding,
watching it cushion lights
and carry them downhill,
ghostly porters
vanishing around me.
I watched until it went
and was just night.**

29 November 2016

=====

**We are secrets to each other
we don't know what we know
don't know what we want**

**we are children
you ar the first girl I ever met
I hit you and you hit me back**

**we don't understand
or there is nothing to understand.**

29 November 2016

== == == ==

**Even if it says nothing
I am ready to mean it.
Ready = awake
eager vocabulary
simmering in the dark.**

**Who knows what comes?
Love this deep autumn mist
wakes you work hard
to see what's right there,
find the lost familiar
anew. Art should do that.**

30 November 2016

=====

**Tired guesswork
sheltering the islands —**

**how much did I need
to get here?**

30 November 2016

=====

**There was a fireplace
we sometimes slept in front of
and huge windows looked
outr onto different fields,
not these, but it was still house,
my house, it changes
as I go through years
always the same.**

30 November 2016

THE HAT

1.

**Where does my hat
think it is
when I need it?**

**Things have GPS's
of their own, all
things know exactly**

**where they are.
Call them then listen,
sometimes they tell.**

2.

**Here I am
in the hall
on a hook**

**in the dark
the weather
the year**

**bears crawl
through underbrush
out there**

**not here.
Here,
put me on your head.**

30 November 2016

30 November 2016

