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**Lusting for the last —
is that what progress is,
to end the design,
fill in all the lines
and be done?**

**I need a vacation,
sympathy only goes so far
and then it's the frazzled
old neurology again.**

**Give me a wave, a palm,
a jetty even, and no ship in sight.
O pure horizon
for you I give my life.**

1 March 2017

== == == == == == ==

**Sleek of ram.
Words that sound
or spell alike
link up in mind.
That's why counting sheep
help Germans sleep
and us too, the steep
cliffs over the soundless deep.
These are built into us
by language, curious networks
each language has its own.**

**Find the rete,
the night that reads us
then disclose. Under all
your clothes no nakedness.
Believe me, everything weaves
the cloth that minds us.**

1 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Suppose the other isn't.
Then the crows articulate
in bare trees are
actually talking to me
just as I always supposed.**

**Suppose. Three deer
walk down the lawn,
the sky is barely blue.
Is this enough for you,
all our Gaelic ancestors,
we survive the way
children survive childhood
by magic, praying hard
to the sunshine for snow.**

1 March 2017

THE ASH OF WEDNESDAY

**Here are your palms
from last year's Lent —
dry, splitty, yellow, crackly —
burn these and with holy
chrism mingle: ashes thus
to sign Ash Wednesday crosses
smudging on the brows
above the eyes, fire and oil
to show you who you are,
plant and animal and you
know all this already
your whole body is ash
of all your striving,
desiring, knowing,
feeling, arriving —
your whole body holy oil.
That smudgy little cross
just reminds you
to open up your door.**

2 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Our own mistral
hurries round us today,
wind is bracing,
but stirs anxiety,
feeds the fire it sets
in the worried heart.**

2 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Change the subject
while you still have a chance,
the politics of unrest
stir in your vitals —
outside is there and your
business is within.
Climb the calm mountain,
rest for a day or two
halfway up, then climb
some more and summit some.**

2 March 2017

FRIEND

1.

**Everybody needs a friend.
Just one. A friend
you keep safe
inside you, faithful
to each other
in all weathers.**

2.

**This is how you know.
It is quiet in you
when bad news comes,
it always comes. Let
your friend take care of it.**

3.

**Sometimes the friend sings.
That's the best time,
when you hear that song,
unmistakable, familiar,
never heard before.**

2 March 2017

CLOUDS

The blue disclosure.

**Every now and then
she lets us see her house
as it really is
when She's at home.**

**Pretty white curtains and white drapes
often shield the inside from our view.**

2 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Tell tall root vegetables
blossom in soup. *Acqua cotta*.
Let the sun do her work,
cook this out. Comparisons
linger, brown bark soft in rainwater,
ditch. *Deiknumi*, I pant out
with this very finger
that brushed against the Parthenon.
Back in town the girl made moan
tried to put a brave
face on all her losses.
Virginitiy. Sundown.
The prairie never reached this far,
primal woodland rather.
Her lover gave her
a locket shaped like an eye,
snap it open and inside
after the squeal of the hinge
there was only a soft odor
like prunes or tamarind
warmed all day by the sun.**

2 March 2017

= = = = =

Ortsa ! I tell you
a sea I never knew,
here, drink this water
from my cupped palm,
I'll dry my fingers
on your robe. Things
have to begin this way,
rubber tire, wicker basket,
idle stream. Seagulls
cross the field of view.
I hate Persian bling
writes Horace, foreign kitsch
on chilblained fingers —
there comes our winter
once again, a marble basin
sprouts a brazen water-cock
gurgling intermittences
upon your thought. Yes,
here, drink this too,
I will never leave you.

2 March 2017

== == == == ==

**So water is the ash of air.
A desert is that place to which
the divine Spark has not come
or come again to wed
hydrogen to oxygen
in sacred efficacious manner
to let it rain down. *B'midbar*
we bring our own water
own wine, own wives, wheels,,
wants, tears. The salt is waiting.**

3 March 2017

= = = = = = = =

**Desolate energies.
Look at the driver
half-asleep at the wheel
but the road is empty,
not a tree for miles.**

**Is this enough
to get you through?
Oranges of Ojai,
little stream by our house,
and from the walls of Troy
one long blond hair floats down.**

3 March 2017

== == == == ==

**In the middle of the morning,
noon. Time is capricious,
like most half-imaginary things
born of our impatience,
anxiety, simple graveyard dread.**

**Time is slow but sudden.
Goes fast but goes nowhere.
I think time is really made of images,
loose tiles from a mosaic
off a ruined wall in old Byzantium.**

3 March 2017

=====

Experimental animals

us —

**Ask them what need
in cosmos we supply,**

do we?

**As if old debt
like long ago,
 we were
revenge on the angels?**

Winter musings

by no fire.

**Children of rapture
waiting for mother's
elegant 16-cylinder sedan.**

(But are we ready?

**Ask the Chauffeur
after we let Him
down from His cross.)**

3 March 2017

== == == == ==

for Tamas, his Dante

I tried to be waiting
but I lied.

My heart
was on backwards
and my thin left wrist
dangled a love charm
from Cro-Magnon times,
a fish with wings.
With amber chips for eyes.

Who needs to wait
when love lurks everywhere?
Sudden enough
in dimmish cave light
a word came through,
scribbled in cold ash
around some place
where fire one time was:

this too is your heart,
young Florentine, this too
will make you weep for joy.
And all my translation ended there.

4 March 2017

=====

**Count again
to see the swimmers pass
breasting the March wind
on the asphalt stream —**

**businessmen in shorts
Sunday shouting
to cheer each other on
to pay the heart tax
with their sore knees.**

**O river of road
I love your thronged waters!**

4 March 2017

== == == == == == ==

**I don't want them to be old
faces of the old gods —
time has nothing to do with youth
which is a quality bot a substance.
The years don't mark their faces,
it is their essences that shape
the way they come to us in dream,
Aphrodite still wet from the wave,
Apollo with that loving tender sneer.**

4 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Waiting is the doorway
is wonder.**

**Palm Court
in a derelict hotel.
Nobody but ghosts
to flit down the halls,**

**but then they always are,
aren't they, every house
is haunted, hotels especially,
specters of vanished travelers,**

**the very furniture in every room
is sexual harassment, menace,
disinheritance, deathbed conversion,
sly poisonings undiscovered
until hell. And there is no hell.**

**Only such empty ruinous hotels,
even the roach and the rat
have little to do, the unsheeted dead
elope with one another
aalong the eternal corridors.
And on the old dance floor
a cello lies with all its strings
broken except one.**

5 March 2017

= = = = =

**Whence such glooms
on so bright a day?
Read the thermometer,
shiver in fear. For
nothing is truer than fantasy.**

5 March 2017

= = = = =

**Baseball back at last
with its mystical ballet,**

**call and response and the ball
over the wall, fair or foul,**

**Blavatsky decides. Steiner does
the play-by-play**

**on Akasha TV. We see
in slo-mo what no one sees —**

**Every half-inning
is a lesson in theosophy,**

**squaring the circle,
sacrificing self for other,**

**so gracefully breaking
the unbreakable law.**

5 March 2017

== == == == ==

for Juliana of Norwich

**A piece of the world
no bigger than a walnut
a rough hard promise
to hold tight in your hand.**

5 March 2017

= = = = =

All the asks
the forget-mes, the ash
of love—

but no,
love *is* the ash
and time the fire,
the ones
you loved love you still,

the wheel rounds,
the Viennese experiment
how long can you play on the grass
and not lie down together.

Books are written to refute me
but I know where
the treasure's buried,
what key the song should sing in,
what one tree bears
way up there what lovers'
knotted initials carved in
two hundred years ago?
And every bird knows it
just as well as I do. See,
there is a queendom where everything is true.
Hint: follow the ash of sunshine and you'll be there.

6 March 2017

= = = = =

**Nothing in the sky but sky.
That is how the heart should be,
No, I mean the mind.**

6 March 2017

== == == == ==

**In winter we don't much hear the owls—
only on cold nights in late summer
we hear them call. Near, near
but never see them broadwinged slow
across our emptiness. Every bird
means its way through our consciousness —
I think that's what I mean, the way
crows talk so much and never tell lies.**

6 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Lease from the farmer
a sky full of wheat**

**hear the wind whistle
go back to sleep**

**wake in a gondola
all scarlet and silk**

**same sky above you
and everything you ever thought**

**is a dome or a spire
translating light into form—**

the world a soft arm around you.

7 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Problems understand the night.
Wake with no image in mind
as if a dream is mostly forgetting.
I know a woman who thinks
she is a body of water, sometimes
moving, sometimes still.
I am near the wind and have no knife.
A thing I really like is a spoon,
concave kabbalah, mirror of the sky.
But she tells me she is a mirror too:
“Look in my face and you’ll believe me.”**

7 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Chariot with broken axle
Trojan War how dare
she go back to Sparta
after all they've done?**

**Colors change in the night.
A blondTurkish girl I knew
comfortable as menopause
and only nineteen. Narrow
strip of water between
dream and waking. Hero
and Leander. I saw it
on a map when I touched
her shoulder once, tenderly
saying hello or goodbye —
so hard to tell them apart.**

7 March 2017

= = = = =

**Loping through mode
she canters to celebrity.
But then a clock
happens in her head
and she resigns. Becomes
a red car rusting in the sun.
Becomes a neighboring state
and sews a new flag, runs it
up a dead catalpa tree.
*Politics did this to me.***

8 March 2017

= = = = =

**Which way should the wonder wander
to make us credit that truth has come home?**

**A pile of new-cut logs alongside the road
a squick tream full of silvery minnows
a butterfly briefly on your wrist?**

**There is hope in all such things,
transient epiphanies the child's
startled by and never quite forgets,**

**humanist raptures sound like Beethoven
everybody walks looking at the ground
trying to ignore the trickery of the stars.**

8 March 2017

= = = = =

**Do it wth the other
hand for a change—
strange neural sequences
newly entrained
and then who knows?**

**Your left hand (for
instance) actually knows
a thing or two you
haven't even thought of yet.**

**Write with the other,
let it tell you who you are.**

8 March 2017

== = = = = =

**At 8:12 A.M. discuss new furnace
prices with and without antifreeze.
Schedule it. The heart of work —
is work a function of time or other way round?
Ask the workman, plumber, baker, farmer, scribe.
Ask the cat clock on your mother's wall,
the tail swings back and forth, eyes roll.
Me, I'm nothing but a sentence waiting for its verb,
my pockets full of shiny predicates.**

8 March 2017

== == == == == ==

**It doesn't look cold
it doesn't look green
in thirteen days
it will say spring**

**I wait for it now with
unaccustomed zeal,
my bones whisper to me
fairytale about the sun.**

8 March2017

== = = = =

**Always stop when you're ahead —
otherwise you'll get there quick.
And what then?**

8.III.17

MON DRAPEAU

**Blue sky under grey cloud
over dark trees. My flag.**

8.III.17

= = = = =

**I have to see it as beautiful,
this messy drama that we do,
must guess a pattern,**

**the teacher's scribbles
on the blackboard, crowded
with all we have to learn.**

8 March 2017

== == == == ==

**In the almost village
of the anxious heart
a little chapel almost
ruinous but still roofed
hosts Masses for lovers and lepers
outcasts of the Economic Woe
the way we go.**

**Once
I counted the steps
led here from the town hall
but lost count at the little park
where children dared play
with no idea in their clean minds
of what they would become
just by growing a few more years.
Monsters! Grown-ups are
monsters from fairy tales,
guised as ogres, wolves, crocodiles.
But we know who they really are:
ourselves grown older,
worshippers of false ideals.
Only in that chapel sometimes
a nervous strangely young priest
speaks a brief sermon full of truth.
O bless the lepers and lovers who listen!**

8 March 2017

= = = = =

The river remembers.

Why do you say that?

I am water (I am what I lack)

**The brave mistaken
star shattered over night cloud**

(I am only what I'm not)

**For crying out loud
we said as children
when we were still
allowed to cry**

(crying is water is naked is shame)

In this green boat they moved the sea

(I am only when you call me)

**World history far away
come again as yesterday**

**a blue mountain
a montage
just add a sky to shape landskip**

**(how landscapes show sky:
Italian a little, British some,
Netherlandish mostly sky—
they know full well
what land is like)**

Do you trust the river?

Every time I see it, it reminds me.

But of what?

**Sometimes the sea
sometimes my mother's face.**

But water without flow?

**No. The Delaware in summer
long ago mostly sun cdried
white pebble bottom
but still the living water
snaked its way through,
the little channels of all I remember.**

9 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Trying to make it up to the tool
for not using it so long.
A pen is a tool. Is a shoe too?
A sandbox, a parasol?
See, when you come down to it
it's all about weather,
staying warm, keeping cool,
keeping the sun out of our eyes.
A roof, a wall, a door.**

9 March 2017

= = = = =

**The brain keeps working
minutes after the heart is done:
the soul taking its leave
of all its local senses.**

9.III.17

= = = = =

**Cast adrift
then cast ashore
then swept
out to sea again —**

**that is the mind,
the mind the miracle
the Crusoe part of me
you'll never find**

**until you do,
you'll hear me laugh
telling myself stories
about Jekil and Rizhe**

**the way I used to
when I was three
and almost free.
But then you listened.**

10 March 2017

= = = = =

**Individual emergencies
blizzards in the living room,
tsunamis in the parlor,
you name it — peace
is slow in coming
to such an angry world.
Let the front door
sleep for a day or two,
feed the cat
out the back
and listen to old music
drowsy ecstasies in Berlioz,
close your eyes
and never ask why.**

11 March 2017

=====

**If I could read the stars
I'd never get done.
Illiteracy is bliss
when the book is forever.**

11 March 2017

== == == == ==

**When there's nothing left to listen to
then you really hear it.**

11.III.17

== == == == ==

**Now at last the real thing
answers back, comes to hand,
walks around the table and
hugs you tight. You smell
truth like a corsage, you feel
the soft skin of the unthought,
the virginal idea. All day
(all life [?]) you try to take it in,
all of it, the new known.**

11 March 2017

= = = = =

**To be at the end
of what has not begun,
a love affair.**

**There,
that's a good title,
too long maybe,
but full of truth,
you can feel it
oozing out the seams,
hot embarrassments,
spandex moments,
a babel of excuses.**

11 March 2017

ANTIGONE

There's meaning to it,
meat on the bone
still, after all these
Abrahamic centuries
poor Antigone
still misunderstood.
We think she's conscience
but she's compulsion,
bound by the old law
of blood and vengeance,
patriarch and omerta.
She gives up life and love
to honor the dead male.
Poor Kreon, trying
to be rational, daylight,
to live in a city at last,
free of the baneful
witchcraft of family.
I don't know what Sophocles'
audience made of it,
every once in a while
a poet can jumpstart
the mind of the future
and tell us more, much
more than we know we know.

11 March 2017

= = = = =

**Hoping the warm
supply the She of things
no longer angry
with me if she ever —**

**then suddenly spring.
It could still come,
slip of axle, turn
of wheel, motion**

**comes from friction,
friction fashions heat
and flowers listen.**

**Something like that. One
blizzard away from
forgiveness. Winter
is banishment into**

**a bright harsh part
of Eden, no tree in fruit,
nothing to know.
Just be there. Here.**

12 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Cathexis the old
word for it, who
can speak it now?
All perplexed and stiff-
ly ____, a log
made up of many
tongs. A fascist hope,
or rope along
a canyon wall
leading no place.
Measure
 would have cured it
but we closed our eyes.**

12 March 2017

= = = = =

**Hitching posts.
Sitting on a British train
thinking about zippers.
Nothing happened
and it still is,
bounce and heave of carriage
over the points,
the dim compartment
flush with emptiness.
So think about fish
for a change. Trout
in yon waterway
maybe, or sea mackerel,
great whales, a cloud
shaped like a woman
asleep across the sky.**

12 March 2017

PALOMA

for Obadiah Wright

**A dog
can just like there**

**but music
can leap up
ring bells
catch clouds
rain down!**

12 March 2017

= = = = =

**The sprightly in spirit
the leap over the fire
at Gret's solstice,
Levi balancing the sun
a moment between words,
between seasons, the flames
that destroyed Bruno
keep his words somehow
alive. Alive. Leap
over the flames
into the eternity of names.**

13 March 2017

RHYTHMIA

**catch
the contour
of experience**

**the dome
of the actual
widespread above us
everywhen**

**and who are you
to doubt or challenge
the way things go?**

**Specify the weather
to fear it less.**

This arm. That hand.

**13 March 2017
Red Hook**

== == == == ==

**Waiting for the new
is an eternal sport.**

**Be glad along the way
caught as you are
in the luscious now.**

`13 March 2017,

Red Hook

= = = = =

**Sliding doors
people disgorging
one by one or
two by two—**

to battle!

**Sometimes I think
we are mercenaries of the sun.**

**13 March 2017
Red Hook**

== = = = = =

Luster of the circumstance
of course. Irrawaddy
slivering south — my cousin
held it on his knife
he gave me. Gore
of all our enemies
dingied the blade
she thought, my mother.
And would not let me keep.
How do we come by
all we retain, and why
keep some things and others
like my Burmese [?] dagger
vanish from everywhere but memory.
And even then wait
sixty years to be remembered?
I think I am old as snow.

14 March 2017

= = = = =

**Or wanting. What if
it began all sentences.
What if we never
pretended to be sure.
I heard a bell ring
but did I,
the air is full of snow,
slow, suspended
and then it ___.
A plow or two,
a sturdy truck —
a diesel is hooting
down by the river —
somehow the train
is coming through.
Things seem.
On a track
it knows to go,
I am impressed
by its lyrical optimism
hooting its way downstream.
Maybe the governor
is going to interview the sea.**

14 March 2017

MEDIAN SEIZURE

**Be between
to double back.
A road is remembrance,**

**Revisit. A road
is always a retreat.
A defeat. Listen**

**to the river. Or the wave
that only seems to move—
the water stays still,**

**only the shape moves,
lovely sinuous
curl of knowing**

**endlessly till some shore
makes you forget.
Now you be contrary,**

**lessen the ending—
stay with me,
a clutch of random**

**words is all I am
but they know how**

to spell you safe.

15 March 2017

THERE

**Time for me to be
somebody else.**

**Take a bus
leave town, see
how things feel
in Indiana, say,
amidst appalling
samenesses.**

**Travel lightly,
nimble with forgetting,
maybe when you get
there there will be
nothing there and you
will be at peace
among the unthought.**

**They have day
and night there too,
water and oil, one
crow in a cottonwood.**

15 March 2017

= = = = =

**Orphans, the titration
of misery in the tall
yellow bottle of life,**

**how much is left
to the imagination
and who has it, and why**

**does it plague us with
intimations of ruin
right round the corner**

**where the pretty girls
from Blessed Sacrament
used to hang out**

**flaunting only their laughter
the mild shimmer
of their reasonable clothes,**

**yes, under the el, hot
sparks from the passage
made us understand**

**we too are stars,
nowhere to go but out**

into space and then out

**like the blue light
we sometimes peered
obedient to Reich**

**into the night sky
the blue fang of energy
nobody knows really**

**what energy is it spins
in the yellow bottle
the girls laugh.**

15 March 2017

== == == == == ==

**Sometimes it's easier
to follow a number
into the jungle—
tigers, like all modular
stripy things are scared
of mathematics
and you are too
but don't tell the tiger
let him see a unitary
being sans stripes,
an undivided-ual
like the lawyers say,
free of gender and
all similar mistakes—
the ones the tiger makes,
breeding, eating.
Number is predation
and we all know it—
that's why chessmen
have little horses little
castles, to make us
forget the square of eight
in which our love is trapped.**

15 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN

1.

**Almost out of trees
I still call this a woods,
almost out of letters
I still call this a word,
almost out of words
I still call this a letter**

2.

**to you, necessarily,
nobody but us in this moment,
you are the only
one in the world
parsng this right now.
This what? This acorn
bitter half-rot in snow melt,
this valedictory beginning,
this thing I have been trying
all my life to say**

3.

just say, not express,
convjnce, persuade, just say.
But that's just me
writing with a new pen
in faint green ink
a snow-deep day
hoping the color
leaches out into spring.

4.

Enough beginning. Enough
smelling daikon in the stewpot,
lamb bones, the frumious
lurk of leftovers, fridge
stuffed with them. In any
one sound all language is.

5.

It does get hard to read,
angel cake, ginger snaps,
one taste antidotes the last.
O lovely theriac of it
the last word spoken
I didn't even have to hear
taste of in your mouth.

6.

Things keep changing colors on me
as if my shirt could be the sky
now clear now not. Pilgrims
along the long route to the shrine
coast of Galicia, come with me,
to that most hallowed circumstance,
the true temple, the sea, the sea.

7.

Now we are road.
Now we are goed.
English gives itself
to fancy tricks,
roll over, toss
vowels in the air,
it all makes sense,
no fear, for sense
is there from the beginning,
just have to hear.

8.

**I'm not counting now
and hope to be forgiven.**

**Benchmark. Altitude
of a given place.**

Give me any place, am no

Archimedes, want to move

naught, just stand my ground

lie here dreaming with my inky hand.

16 March 2017

= = = = =

**Perhaps the bullet
striking the heart
is also a seed
and from it a vast
instantaneous rose
blossoms and withers.**

16 March 2017

== == == == == == ==

**Attitude is aptitude.
When you forget that
you think other people
know more than you.**

**But you know everything,
or everything enough.
Clouds come and go
and you abide. That itself
is something, isn't it,
that you can keep track
of all the weathers.
You last and you know.**

16 March 2017

(LISTENING TO TCHAIKOVSKY'S 4TH)

**Music numbs.
Then rouses to ask
how well we slept
and tells our dream.**

**It outsources us somehow,
a way opens inside
and we travel
nowhere in particular.**

**And hen we're there!
Drums *Liebestots* trombones.
It travels us,
unravels us/ The noise
it makes sleeps in our bones.**

**(from 12 III 17 concert)
16 March 2017**

== == == == ==

**When all the opposites align,
lights out. All the heavenbands
climax at once. Temples sunside.
The earth is clean again.**

16.III.17

(AKTAION)

for Jeff Harrison

**If I had a horn
my horn would hear me.
There would be two of us then
against the insolent animal dominion**

**my horn would hear me
and would tell how to hunt
even kill, to hold one's own, poor me,
against the immense multiplicity**

**of them. Them. Whose queen
in my simplicity I hared to desire,
astonished how like she was to me,
skin and hands and eyes**

**but there was animal in her heart
and I had no horn, no horn
to hear or tell me, just her pale
hands waving them on, her eyes ;ike theirs,**

the wolves I thought were mine.

16 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN — ZWEITER TAG

**1.
Brew loss over
hope fire.
Hum in the head
like sun out
on this plain thing
all round me.**

**2.
Syntax
is a starling
arriving
just after snow.**

**3.
Wake soon.
Mithraic weather
old time pours down.
Ramparts of reason
safe against lust —
God's handyman
all over the house.**

4.

**Roam with rattle
the too quiet.
Shake the dreamers
to REM acute —
you'll know it
when they see it —
like grandma's cottage
in where was it,
London Bridge?**

5.

**But things change
to other things,
the signal gets lost
in leaf-chatter
and the ship — for it is
a craft, warrior,
waverer, wanderer,
witless weirdo
puffing hard —
goes on and on.**

6.

**This ship hath
no ocean,
nowhere to sink,
sly silver surface
all day long,
sparkle spark
smithereens of
Buddha Mind
gleam through dross.
And dross too is deity.**

7.

**Present your credentials
to the Lap-of-the-Queen,
in her little thatched hut
on the outskirts of everything.
Relong to someone if you can.
Try. But it is hard to think
properly when all alone.
Your fears are stirring then,
anxious to make you sin:
despondency, rodent doubt.
Wait for your answer — it
has waited so long for you to ask.**

8.

**The days go by like numbers.
Need, there is always need.
Oats silo'd high in the hopper—
who goes there?
Who has the hungry voice
those starving eyes?**

9.

**Wear green today
for Tara and her hill,
for Venus and her mount
and the blue sea's
deepest seeds.
Grass grows in heaven,
didn't you know
where every night is holy day
all quiet, in Sabbath peace
and still the eager numbers run?**

10.

**Crouching once
hand on my knee
a friend said goodbye,
I somehow knew
we would not meet again.
Same world, same time
but never again. How
does one know such things,
as if there were a lexicon
entry for The Last Embrace
and we had the taste of it.**

11.

**Could it be done
already, this
life, glint
of sunlight
off a passing car?**

17 March 2017

== == ==

**I'm not seeing thee
as well as I am.
Or is it you, the furl
of blur around your face
through which a name
right? wrong? comes through.
Sun on snow dazzled
my eyes infuse
friends with strangeness
and maybe I too am
not who I think to be.**

17 March 2017

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**A hill behind everything
there should be,
a place to which the eye
can come home,
a mother for the foreground,
a hill. A hill beyond
every single thing. To lift
a crest of bare trees
all through winter hoping,
or brush dark green
against the sky months after.
To hold everything in place.**

**17 March 2017
Red Hook**

INNIGKEITEN. DRITTER TAG.

1.

**All the gone girls
he wonders and the days
were bridges ever
over between
who dared to enter,
numbers he thought
are sunshine in the mind.**

2.

**We'll find a name
for him yet. For us.
It's not all scree slope
and Samothrace,
all tesserae and anthracite,
some parts are easy,
cheap, available,
like Sunday crossword
or oyster crackers,
snitch a packet
from the chowder house
crunch as you go.**

3.

**No, not really that easy either.
The girls are really gone,
the hockey field at Moses Brown
subdued by snow. Tools
dream in the gardener's shed.
For in this region, this religion,
everything has a way of thinking,
everything knows and most
things somehow know how to speak.**

4.

**I refer to you in passing
defer to you in conversation
infer permission from your silence
hunger for your smile.
There is a land where they think like this,
bonnie braes and miles between.**

5.

**Sympathy might be just enough.
Wolf howl a hill away.
Paw prints in the snow.
Here we go, dream
pervades the day
like TV droning in the next room.**

6.

**The other race
that lets us live with them.
O she was an able baker,
cut her dough with elegance,
formed it grandly into high
igloos like Aunt Jenny's
king-cake and left it
mounded up so natural
heat would oven it
inside the pulsing heartbeat
of the querent, rest in silence,
trust your usual values
while existence yields
such zest for wonders,
o this oracle! then (if
time allots, allows)
sit down at her table
inlaid with mahogany,
taste it and eat.**

7.

**Tool bridge.
Scatter hatchets
in the river.
A ball-peen hammer
is some fine gift
to lie a-gleam a while
in river bottom muck.
Life comes from there,
and we, we are just thoughts
some fish had long ago —
repay the favor.
Tools are our ancestors.**

8.

**I can misread anything.
That is my special charm,
an annoying child
behind the sofa, noising
my little heart out
while you worry in the paper,
all politics economy and crime.
I love the dust beneath your chair,
I am the watchman of the obvious,
no more use than a sleeping cat.**

18 March 2017

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**The dwindling daylight always scares me.
True. It reminds me of the first time
I thought I'd die, dentist's chair. Good Friday,
cloudy sky huge over Brooklyn, would it be
,my last light. My strength is my cowardice.**

18 March 2017

KAIROS

**Waiting for the apocatastasis
is a sad scholar's sport. Now
is close to the appointed time
as we'll ever get. Ever gotten.
Here we be, like drunks in an alley
unwilling or unable to go home.
Afraid. In yhis world of ours
everything is misspelled
except the time of day, and time
doesn't have any substance to it,
nothing you can eat. I fear
making myself too clear.
Wait for the great Platonic year
to grind its gears to *Start* again
and then decide. I mean do it now.**

18 March 2017

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**Amend the light.
Answer the wall,
let its ears have
finally something
worth hearing
after all these years,
even if just a goose
cry over the clouds.**

18 March 3027

INNIGKEITEN. VIERTER TAG.

1.

**Molten fireflies
across a bridge of seeing
I remember Junie
her blonde poetry
or on the dells of Germantown
Andromeda — we go
like them in darkness
the better to be seen.**

2.

**The coherent is the evident
the rent we pay for reason.
And the squirrel makes sense too,
always moving faster than he has to
because he has to.
She showed me what
she thought I needed to see.
A tower with no top.
A chair with a missing leg —
like astronomy
life on earth is balancing.**

3.

**Cast a leaf in plaster
think the plaster green —
material culture
is all about remembering,
yes? Where is the deed?
Where are your father's bones?
The plaster loses coolness in your hands,
feels warm and ordinary,
nothing special, just like everything.
That's how you know.**

4.

**European theorists in love
on a Baltic cruise,
look for the curlew and the crane,
picture the underside of fact,
the nasty squirmy ground below
mud's tender footed prow.
No wonder they go by boat!
Their hair is long,
they quarrel listlessly,
I'm afraid of them,
too close, too like me,
I could become them
with a broken wing.**

5.
Looking inward
with the chance of a ghost
shabby old white walls
scary as Leviticus,
they pass down to you, *incedant*
the Romans said, walk
without moving the feet
or touching the ground,
they come and pass me
and each one makes eye-contact
then breaks off and goes by.
I have seen myself being seen
and do not understand.

6.
Boundaries are burdens,
I begin to remember,
sleep is a storehouse
of logical propositions,
not just images,
not just Irish penicillin
and days of fever and frost.
The sleeping mind
is trigonometry.

7.

Every angle has a meaning.
Counting things
is like touching a stranger.
Gather all the rude
awakenings together
and call it *paideuma*,
how a people (a 'culture')
trains itself to be itself.
I am the stranger.

8.

Some days are dayer than others.
Does it count if it's dark?
One more unidentified symphony
played on the internet?
It has its parts, it makes sense,
you can hear it while you shred cabbage.
Music may not be good for you
but it's there for you.
In that respect just like me

9.

Swollen teats of mountain
goats the glaciers run.
I have to stop thinking
about what I'm not thinking,
I've got to be a river
and get there without leaving here —
river magic, fluidity
of identity, this water
me, not even once.

10.

And what does Joseph say
so oft invoked seldom
listened to? Use wood
when you can, gold
if you must. For the rest
trust the air invisible
that bears the weight of birds.

11.

**When it comes down
a family is a factory.
A river lets you go.
My cousin with her pretty hair —
why did she wed?
What kind of love was that?
I would have failed my duty
making more of me
except I am me living in you still,
till finally you are me.**

12.

**I think if I tried
it would speak. Night rate
abandoned toll booth
memory. Complexion
of known things, nothing
is ever abandoned.
Try to be living as I can.
Resent to the sender,
philosophy is in love
with its own tail.
Unfold the knot,
untie the cloud. Begin.**

13.

**Let the lawful leader come
out of the huckleberry bushes on the marsh —
you'll know her by the scratches on her arms
sailors singing chaste to lure her on.
I try not to worry but need to be fed.**

14.

**Still trying. As if fire.
So many mistakes.
Christ hates prisons —
we have come to where
it has to speak.
Miracle of breath.**

15.
Eligius of Aquitaine
the goldsmith
saint I wonder
how he did it how
from the substance
in his famously
long fingers the
precious *qualitas*
rose through his veins
into the soul,
his wonder. Look
him up, you'll
find him everywhere.
Like air. And you
have fingers too.

18 / 19 March 2017

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**Of all the all
only some makes sense
and that little
I bring thee
round as Valentine
and to a point
all our moieties
descend. Here
is what the so-
called heart is
always pointing.**

19 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN. FÜNFTER TAG.

1.

**Could they from afar
intuit closeness, as a child
tastes imagined food served
in suppositious palaces
by real moths?
Is that what they were after
when they came? Not fur,
not metal, just an empty
space that welcomed them and kissed?**

2.

**He worries such things,
rhythms that rhyme
with lost songs said,
ancient pavements
found in the jungle,
precision instruments
rusting in the alley
between Haring and Brown
precise as the morning
mist filling the trees.**

3.

Inchlings, foundlings,
thunder weather.
It was in Mecklenburg
along the palest sea.
It was by parallel
constructions the Bible
persuaded us to dance —
how could we move
without two words
to rub together?
Tantra tango
heart in flames
pure video?

4.

Levelling our inner. Beware.
First word. Hands to temples
fingers spread. Horns?
No. Atlers! Second word
palms flat fingers straight
both pointing up from the side
of the head. Rabbit?
Jackalope! And so it goes,
it's all a game, we try
to turn our bodies into words.
Now? *Rape of the Sabine Women.*
A painting. Fluid are we,
humans, water mostly.

5

**Until every rule is broken.
Then the fun begins.
The nun runs in the room and screams,
the louts we are calm down.
Our punishment is to learn
everything our parents forgot
so we can grow up and wise
and forget it too. She smiles
now at our acquiescent peace.
It's just a story, it's not you.**

6.

**I forget important things
to prove to them
they're not so big after all.
I remember the sugar
dusting on the waiter's thumb
as he set the dessert before us.
I can't remember what we ate.**

20 March 2017

MUSIC IN THE WAITING ROOM

**Fiddles *flink* as Mendelssohn
sorry, that's high dutch.
means merry, giddy,
full of flight.**

**And then go slow.
Because we know
the end is coming
but not yet. Not yet.**

20 March 2017

HYLONOESIS

**Gladly maybe
turning towards
what would be matter
if we could only breathe
life into our sense of it,
hylonoetic, I say,
and the Greeks laugh
the Bible frowns.
And yet the spirit in me
is in things too, glad
and garrulous,
truth on its mind.**

20 March 2017

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**Because of what
the swoon anticipates
geological swiftness
to bridge the gap,
mind and money
the giant Why.**

**Resentment
is not enough—
there has to be a river
carting all this away —
neurology my first love
the feel of
you in my hands.**

20 / 21 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN. SECHSTER TAG.

1.

**Carry toe light
vaguely through the door.
Who's out there
warbling for love?
Woodchuck and squirrel,
starling and cardinal.
What more does spring
need to convince?**

2.

**There is an opera
in th woods,
a humming chorus
waiting for the Sun
that vast soprano
to come change
everything. The way
music does. And
all I am is
who I am changed to be.**

3.

**Sympathy sometimes
makes sense.**

Pick a number up to ten.

**Am I it? Am I the one
you chose in all that**

**shouting darkness,
my feeble glimmer**

**in a galaxy of dust
dared catch your eye?**

**Lust more likely. Dream
rescues us from sleep.**

But what happens then? Or who?

4.

**If need be I can begin again
while all my hearers run for shelter,
silence is no cure for speech.**

**I was a machine in those days
(last night) an exhaust fan
full of roaring syllables.**

**The waitresses smoothed coolly by
customers drowsed through chat
as if anything I said made sense.**

5.

**Random, what I meant
a good word for the unlikely.
But nothing really is
or could be in this world
of strictest pratityasamutpada.
Go look it up. I'll wait.
(Everything comes from
everything else or
no effect without a cause.)
Random would be a treat,
sweet, pink, bouffant
ingénue flounced on stage
as if some things just are.**

6.

**I told you I'd wait.
I am the mother
of this moment
and I mean you well.
How could I not
since we are one
or some number
just before that one.**

7.

Let the light keep watch
while I sleep four
deer onto the field
behind the house
I listen to the softest
hoofsteps in deep snow.
Darkness will wake me
as it always has, myth
creeps out of it
and poetry. I tell
myself these prayers
all through the night.

8.

Reflection in the window
of the light I'm writing by.
Comfort, companionship,
armed truce among friends,
kisses exchanged by e-mail,
a dragon's scale or two
caught in your teeth
prove you know me well.
We're all awake now —
supper time but not hungry.
Could it be the maples
flushing up sap out there
have coopted all desire?

21 March 2017

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**The gladiator on the moon
somebody had to be there,
skillful, breathless as dream.
You can still see the shadow
his short-sword (*gladius*)
slung across that patient face.**

21 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN. SIEBENTER TAG.

1.

**Riparian music
such as a duck assents to
from her silent mate,
it's the rushing stream
says enough for all of us,
listen to its water
as if to words. That's
where words came
from at the start.
And there is no start.**

2.

**Cold wind bright dry snow
bare bushes shiver, even writhe.
April in Annandale
at the mill with loves.
Be close to me as we can
there is so much forgetting.**

3.

**Why do I need to know
the things I know?**

Or think I do.

**Couldn't someone else
know them for me**

**and I go back to sheer
mere pure being?**

**Why don't I know that
with all I know?**

4.

**Without melting
it evaporates.**

**Something to think about
while I diminish.**

**Dry ice they used
to fetch from the drug store**

**for bruises. The weather,
the worry. The winter.**

we are bruised.

5.

**I'm trying to hold myself together.
No — they are. Holding me. Together.
The forces. The kind dark storm cloud,
the protectors. The ones who think
all grief away. Sappho's Venus
so patient with the poet's clamor:
what is it this time, what
is bothering you now? I yearn
to thank whoever it is you are.**

6.

**Sabbatical. A Hebrew notion.
Like jubilee. Let the seventh
of anything go free. As if they
always remembered servitude,
Egyptian murk, muck, work
and how freedom must be kept alive
regularly. Religiously. Sabbath.
No labor on this day. Sunday.**

7.

**Grieving, as if none too solid
Neva for the equestrienne
to clamber her Lipizzaner over,**

**because some sea is close
and pages from all the books
flutter in the damp wind.
Gull. Gull. Do you hear
with me the tragedy unfolding,
all the Annas, all the Bovarys
and in the snug café back home
I write a book in schoolboy French.**

8.

**Because everything is too far
for me, too close for you,
we make a good team on the radio
say seventy years ago, GIs
listened to us on short wave
making out with fräuleins.
Unfiltered cigarettes! Paper mail!
How dumb we were and glad to be.
But this is now and now
the distances know how to count.**

9.

**Close the door
then close the door
the air outside
is good for you
and things are singing
out there, just
like your heart,
poor birdie, so
close the door
then close the door.**

10.

**Or be the feast
we famine for,
all white you are.
Like empty notebooks,
all black you are
like urgent ink
trying to spell one
more Bible into us,
something we hunger for,
something all lovely and maybe
like music you can
actually eat.**

22 March 2017

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in memory of April Hubinger

**When they go to sleep
that way they claim
a better waking. Solo,
suicide in the car,
carbon monoxide —
love should never make
her face so rosy, love
should never leave her
lips so still. Think
of how she hopes to wake,
enraptured, cherished,
belonging to someone at last.**

23 March2017

INNIGKEITEN. ACHTER TAG.

1.

**Querulous antipodes I fear
the starving otherlings
who chew our shadows raw.
I am ragged with permissions,
hips of a harp hum me to sleep
and I dream amethyst, sober
challenges of working-folk
on strike for more time.
But capital has eaten time away.**

2.

**Drizzle light down on your canopy
and let the frightened doves escape
when the husband heels the glass. Chuppah.
Ceremony belongs to lovers,
they still believe in shape and form,
before sweet amorphous
marriage swallows them.**

3.

**Engulf me I wanted
who can say why.
Back seats of sedans
and other makeshift paradises.
O we are in that Persian
garden still, with Omar, Solomon,
Lilith and her appetites.
To which I seem to have assented
when out of the silent crowd
a voice writhed towards me.**

4.

**Primula, wait for it.
And blood root.
And those fleshy petals
of the I can't remember
growing on the dirt ridge
over the faltering stream.**

5.

**Sometimes is a church —
King Edwin's sparrow
from winter in then outagain,
life of a man,
even a king. Women
live longer.
The way the sun is hotter than the moon
and words find themselves
suddenly in your mouth.**

6.

**The devil is tired of our third class sins,
everybody means well, everybody screws up.
The devil is tired of a theology nobody goes by,
rules nobody breaks, passions nobody feels.
The devil takes comfort in old books,
nineteenth century novels, when men were men
and women were hysterical. The real fun
was only in books. Just like the Devil himself.**

7.

What is to be said
what is to be done
will the fire and the rose
ever become one,
one waits a life
to hear the truth
of poetry, heal it
or be healed by,
how long do we have to listen
before we begin to hear.
And even then, who is speaking?

8.

And time is another.
Another kind of time,
a lawn soft under
or a barrier, an hour
has a flavor of its own,
time is the pelvis of what comes to meet us,
rigid or sinuous, ax or liberal
the shape of the hour is the gait of the day
considered as a stranger arriving,
flooding the doorway with light or rain sheen —
I yearn to decipher the human
body of every natural thing.

9.
Lusitanian miracle
the Navigator never left home.
Breezeway in the islands,
native fruits and tubers,
build a cathedral on a hill.
Ring the bell. Angels come
dressed like native adolescents.
They look at you, just look,
and I for one am deep with shame.

10.
Or be liberal for a change.
Drink the reflection from the cup —
it will likely be your own face
but who can tell, all the tricks
of light, *lusus luminis*
shallow as a glare and yet.
Let what you have swallowed
make you better. Every
glass of water is strict medicine.

11.

Don't know why I keep asking
haven't phrased a decent question,
not yet, or not lately —
use all parts of the sentence
when you speak, bones
and ribs and hips and happenstance.
How else will they know it's you?
or otherwise? And who are they anyway?

12.

Here comes one more miracle—
don't worry, just a word
on my mind I can't shake loose—
(how too in handwriting mind
looks so much like mad).
Things like to stick.
As often as I drink my face
off the cooling coffee mug
the face is still there next time.
There is consolation here,
of a sort. But also fear.
And when you rhyme
you can tell you're scared.

13.

**Listen to the tiger
it loves you too.
Grape leaves and flat bread
spread with honey.
Have come yet again
to the beginning
where they still
are waiting?**

14.

**Dust on the window
waiting for spring.
Mild weather
needed, George
Herbert walking
in the churchyard,
a few desiccated
apples from last year
Why are we here?**

**15.
Not to lose
the things we thought —
thought as
would be ways of roaming
ear by earm
church in Leipzig,
Opéra Garnier,
the old Met,
Cézanne in old age.
We live on corners
where miracles
intersect, just
open wide
breathe in, out
and proclaim them
in the quietest voice.**

23 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN. NEUNTER TAG.

1.

**The care of asking
Bluebeard in his lonely tower
whom does he miss most
of all his losses, lasses,
he may look you in the eye
and say You, you're the one,
the one who never yessed me.
Therefore go I negated to my grave.**

2.

**But scandal attend thee
for every yes! I thought
it was dawn light
but it was late, snow
sifted through the trees
and some sad Dante child
whimpered in me, wanting,
fearing to want, writing, writing
afraid to speak.**

3.

**You never know what the night brought
until the morning milking. On her three
legged stool she fingers the udder, teases the teats
and the warm milk spits into the clean pail.
But who is she? And what cow is that
standing in the middle of the mind?**

**A frimmer Yid I would have been,
had I had the chance. Observant.
Careful, memorizing rules and prohibitions,
proscriptions, everything to give power
to the will, the won't,
the animal leashed none too tight inside.**

5.

**I don't know, is this part of my meaning
or should I wait for morning? Midnight
is a carrot lying in the snow, uneaten.
Midnight is Morpheus on his tricycle.
old now, older even than I, hard to keep
balance on all the roads of dreamland.
That was where the music used to be, mindborn
between Egypt and Oz, a noise factory,
my heart in his fingers, never mind keys.**

6.

**Not bad. Remember passion lightly.
Easy on the pedal. The nun kept count.
Why did I want piano lessons, did I know
already that dexterity, four against five,
hand over hand, arithmetic of ivory and wood
would build Solomon's Temple again?
The water tasted Jewish, I had to play
without an instrument, can you hear?**

7.

Quicksand Memoir

is the thief of time.

Nothing happened. And that

is just memory, the air

that comes off sweating skin,

stale pillows, empty cups.

When you open this empty box

you see everything you never had,

you left it out and play,

teasing fibers off dead sweaters,

licking the raindrops off

windshields of cars

you never had. Everything

is there, all the nothings,

you weep a little, not too much

because after all

everything forgives you.

8.

**I am so many
who hold your hand
word by word
a wheatfield chained
against the northern wind.
The well still gives water,
the trombones still wake the dead.
Play cards with me
until the Mass begins,
until the light is broken
and the yew tree howls outside.
Land is so temporary, the country
fragile as a shadow,
taste of an hour passing
and no one at the gate
but the door falls down.**

24 March 2017

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**Roughly the size of an avocado
the moon fell into the trees
where I soon found it then
nursed it back to health
he said and I believed him
inclined as i am to faith
especially about heavenly bodies
and their intermittent presences
in urban and even rural environments
where hardly anybody was around
to worship or even see them
I remember a night one of the moons
of Venus slipped into my pocket
and slept in my soft handkerchief.**

25 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Let the dawn rising subtly
over what is to be announced
do my work for me this day,
say a word made of light alone**

**But here it worries to grow faint
it isn't the ink it's the paper —
why don't you let me in?
Juridical exercises on the bleak pillow**

**the rights of man go swirling by
no problems on the broken hour
David with his slingshot snuffs out the moon—
O wanderer, come home and grind your oats.**

**Currency dissolves in hope. Fact.
The lions of immediacy prey upon
the herds of thoughtful gazelles
We have never altogether**

**abandoned Africa, the tooth
came with us, and money was nice,
a pretty bird we flew into the sky.
Jungle at your right hand, a sort
of Bruckner symphony in a rattling gourd.**

25 March 2017

= = = = =

**Where the mercy ends
some other habit
waits for the sailor
contentment, family,
to be an easy invalid.
But all the years
it turns into Rome —
immigrants became emperors,
leaf mulch a foot deep on the moor.**

25 March 2017

= = = = =

**Have I listened
all the livelong day?
Did a sparrow
get in the chimney
and why now?
I asked the king
to send his priest
but the bread came first
without the wine.
So the women mumbled
something wise instead.**

25 March 2017

THE WAY

Little by less
or bleakly by reason
the light accommodates
to the neutral eye —
color comes later.

2.
I had to come this way —
all the proper roads
were full of thorns and chariots,
only the dust path showed,
only the shadow.

3.
The words were broken
when I got here,
spent many a day
putting them together
till they fitted
the way a bird fits the sky.

4.
Call it a life
or a tree — might stand,
a dream of miracles
and a relenting dawn.

**When it was finished
it had the fine, good
feeling of anything else,
no apologies,
wood and crystal,
red and yellow.**

**5.
Giving books away,
setting the servants free
who served me so well
when I could read.**

**6.
The wit is the knowing part
but what it knows
belongs to far more than it,
it's out there, ring
around the moon, Saturn, the roses,
everything centering
face to the wind.**

**7.
So I could step away
and the house still stand?
That's the plan.
The contract signed.
Does the hand write**

**or does the brain?
Marriage is the only answer.**

**8.
Continuous exposition of complex fear
graveyard whistling, ghostwritten memoir.**

**9.
When the window's open
a bird could fly in.
Or a bat. Air
is full of things like that
yet behind the air itself
there lurks a shimmering curtain
through and past which a joyous whirl,
seraglio of feeling and perceiving
and we can dart in there and be the birds.**

26 March 2017

=====

**Waiting for
or other tricks
to keep the now away.
Or play with me
until it's over.
Whatever it is.**

26.III.17

== == == == ==

**Grace is ready to sing,
Levant, where it comes from.
Ponent, where it goes.
Do you hear her now,
her hips made of light?
You say it's raining, so no.
I say behind the rain a blue
robed empress plays with fire.**

26 March 2017

= = = = =

**Sauntering
(sainte-terre-ing,
they tell me, idling
pilgrims to Jerusalem)
through the morning
as if noon mattered.
And it mostly does.
Decide on heaven
before you set out
and bring it with you
just to be sure.**

26 March 2017

GAIT

**I could canter
like a horse
if I had four
but I make do
with two, one
of them a bit ornery.
And so's the other.**

26 March 2017

= = = = =

**But not much is certain.
A curtain, a waft of sound
across the mind, a window
unfurled. So much to know.
So far to go. Children
chained by rhymes, charmed.
Who will deliver whom?
Tongue of a cat, a girl in a mirror?
The car passes the window.
The storychanges.**

27 March 2017

== == == == == == ==

**Winter happens twice a year
summer only once.
Blame capital, authority,
king and parliament and pope.
It's cold outside again. Again.**

27 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN. NEUNTER TAG.

1.

**Easy but not a stunt
misaid my key
to the inside part,
slipped down between
one word and the next,
a dream ill-remembered.
Because it always seems
to be morning. Pillows
under everything.**

2.

**Westerling. Bestering.
Who were we when we came?
Insidious outsiders
shouldering their way in.
Jimson. Plimoth. Gosnold's
men busy Dover-ing Gayhead.**

3.

**By resemblance we are known
and foiled. They saw us come,
men from nowhere. They saw
still shadows on the moving stream.**

4.

**I suffer from the rights
they thought they had
to wade in and take and kill.
My own blood came later
into those same almost
welcoming white arms.**

5.

**To be ashamed
of what I did
even before I was born.
To be a white man.**

6.

**But the land is still here
could make us better
if we listen, cliff
talk and lawn palaver
and every tree a teacher.**

7.

**Telling the water
what little I know,
carry it wherever
you go, colder than stone.
And the air
is nowhere.
Last nighti heard her
anxious breathing,
a dream, one more airless place.**

27 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN. ZEHNTER TAG.

1.

**And the new
moon answers
questions too.
Knife? A life.
Spoon? Your wife.
Go to work
before the dark.**

2.

**Or it was tremulous
to ask. The old authority
lasts as long as dreams
usually do, you get
the gender wrong, try
to work it out. Verbs
have mood voice and tense.
Time. Not much happens.
Nothing repeats.**

3.

Was careful trying to home
but the pollen
gave me away—
plants at different altitudes
they came into my breath
so know you can guess
where I have been
and whom I saw there
enthroned above the ice.

4.

Leveret: a young hare —
tenderness of things
to live on grasses
harmlessly yet be pursued.
Skills a typist knows,
the nailman, some person
who milks cows by hand

5.
Venture further
into the belly of the whale
Jonas, extrapolate
from what you taste and smell,
watch the inmost horizon
flash with blue lightnings.
That is the city, your Nineveh,
walk there in safety.
I stumble along behind you
humbly, stylus in hand.

6.
Snowfield and a woman sings.
Not *Nevsky*, It's ordinary,
hence beautiful. Everyday.
Every, I swear my oath
on blue hydrangea
months away, this is true.
I hear her now.

7.

**Are there sawn open
geodes to be?
Would I be so various,
come to so many points
all at once. Crystal
full of light, rough
light to the touch.**

8.

**Childhood lasts three days
then from the silent tomb
a voice must come. Imitate
Him. Come to life again
and again. Roll the stone
away. Wake up. Remember
the rabbit, the chocolate,
grass of shredded green paper.
The egg. Why is a child?**

28 March 2017

== == == == ==

**Every hill
has a meaning.**

**Our business
to find out.**

**Psychogeology
of this used earth.**

**28.III.17
On the Taconic**

SUSHI IN THE RAIN

for Crichton Atkinson

Sitting in our car in Ludlow, eating sushi in the rain. Not the Shropshire town of Housman's lad, but highway Massachusetts, middle of the state, south of the magic towns of Lovecraft, north of Hawthorne. Sushi. Here on the Pike is where the great wooden wall begins that shields for miles middle-class houses from the sight, and eyes, of a million cars and rucks and buses and semis headed for Worcester and Boston. Like us now.

Did you ever read my *Flowers of Unceasing Coincidence* ? A whole book of hundreds of small poems— they were all I could write in a time I want to tell you about. The title came as a line from a poem by Marpa the Translator, the teacher of Milarepa.

I had been a month or two in India, north and east, Bihar, Assam, foothills of the Himalayas, Darjeeling under

Mount KJanchenjunga. India changed me, as I'm sure it changed you. It changed me into myself. But it took a long time to figure out what this new myself was, or was going to be. You danced and hummed and played with kids to Hindi pop in the muddy slums, so you know exactly what I mean.

When I was there the Euro-American value set I had with me seemed strange, feeble, almost silly, the canon of what we cherish and propagate. One day I was sitting smoking one of those western-style Indian cigarettes in the too-damp air in the graveyard at Sonada, I began counting how much of what I had always valued — thinking only of literature at that moment — and pretty much everything fell away, compared to the incomparable strangeness of what I had been seeing around me, the immense dignity of the unhumiliated poor. Life grasped, life endured, life enjoyed as far, as deep as it could be, The way they'd smile out a me as I passed their three-walls and a roof hovel. They were fully themselves, no shame, no sense of

unworthy. They were my equals, and yours. and all the world's, not a rupee to spare, no attitude, just utterly being who they are. I had never heard of such a thing.

A few of the writers I'd thought so great came through: some of the Greeks, and Shakespeare, and (strangely) Melville. They guessed a norm of human dignity not dependent on rank or wealth.

So when I came home I didn't know what to do with myself—the old writer I felt had been discarded, the new one still to speak. I didn't know how to write anymore, the usual onrush of lyrical surmise and desperate guesswork. I had to begin again. Probably you can't tell it from the page, the scattered new poems look just like the old. But for six months that's all I could do, write the scraps and guesses and true confessions, a few hundred of them, that fill the pages of *The Flowers of Unceasing Coincidence*. That's all I could do. But in some funny way

they still seem fresh to me, a little infantile, a little tentative — a child's book.

Have a look someday. At least you'll get a familiar whiff of second-class a/c sleepers on the Jammu Mail, or milky sweet tea in the airport of Badogra, 'place of the tiger,' gateway to West Bengal.

28 March 2017

Boston

= = = = =

**It's almost time
or is it after?**

**We wait
the juicy pulp
inside a fruit —**

**no specifics,
it has to last
ten thousand miles
and winter.**

**Something that gives
inself into your mouth.**

**28 March 2017
Boston**

== == == == ==

for Sylvia

**Will it be enough,
ache of the actual.**

**Some man
with no language
picks raspberries
way, way down south,**

**Something about them,
some acid in them.**

**Things imagine us
too, things
dream your hands.**

**28 March 2017
Boston**

INNIGKEITEN. ELFTER TAG.

**1.
And will we spell together
with a capital rain
to make the neighbors sure
we love us still,
and them too?**

**2.
I speak of flowers
all set beneath our soil
to leap up and forgive us all
by being beauty for a while.
Beauty is brevity.**

**3.
Empty house
even the packing cartons
look at home.
A house answers
all day long.
But at night it asks, asks.**

4.

**Open your eyes.
That's space
all round you,
try to guess
the weird meanings
space permits,
encloses, suggests,
the veiled geometry
to which we listen
nights and call dream.**

5.

**Work all way forward
blue flowers in the sky
nearly remember your dream.
Blankets remember,
pillows forget, hold
only the shape of the missing
mind. That's the deal
in the Morpheus Motel.**

6.
So it works here too,
this lingo, sort of,
they vaguely know
what I vaguely mean
and I do too. Sense
is the easiest thig to make.

7.
Nonetheless I have come far
from a farc city
where the streets
repeat
what the last one said.
Morganatic marriage of body and soul —
I look for a coven to call my own.

8.

**When I was a kid I had
a blue woolen mackinaw.
It waqs a time of snowballs
aqnd crucifixes. Mulberry
bush in the front yard
Gypsies mending fender dents.
That seems enough to know.**

9.

**Time and time again
the teacher would say
as if there were
another kind of time
that loved us better
than the unruly racket
which was the only way
a child can say *ergo sum*.**

10.

**Sat cramped at my desk
and waited. I was good.
I waited for *time again*,
time again and Proust
had not even been born
in me yet, just time,
just this craving for the next
time still coming soon.**

11.

**There is this to be said for applesauce,
it soothes its way down,
with honey and cinnamon hardly
reminds you of apples,
swallow without noticing.
It's good that there are still
easy things in the world,
spiral jetties, white on white,
sweet aftertaste of complexity.**

**29 March 2017
Boston**

= = = = =

**As if a turn,
return,
to water again
after cycles on terra,**

**as if a yielding
to the wind —**

**a hill here
where none had been —**

**to change the earth
yard by yard and be**

angel of the Next.

**29 March 20117
Annandale**

INNIGKEITEN. ZWÖLFTER TAG.

1.
**Revelations renewed,
port of wester, eye of stream —
then the inside animal amazes
golden-eyed out of underbrush,
each thought a separate jungle.
We think by thorn.**

2.
**The king of pain
rides through the bones.
Old rabbis told of this,
we were giants in those days.
We meant all the time.**

3.

**Visionary too-
an amplitude
ready to kick in.
Motor far and sensor wide,
a tremor the doctor claims to find.
Could this (the body asked) be me?**

4.

**Why not? The Christians
all left on crusades,
the witches stayed.
Your pale skin
is light enough for me.**

5.

**Awake again when I should be someone
walking the lanes of Golgonooza,
counting the trollops, haggling for herrings,
all the stuff we do when lights go out.**

6.

The thing about cliffs,
the edge comes closer night by night
until one night you fall.
Change, however small, is desperate.
New things have teeth,
old things have claws.
Go back to sleep, the dawn is broken,
the day is late to school.

7.

When all I love is time
and what happens in it,
to it, when you hear
or speak. *Deine Stimme*
haunted me, the phrase alone,
'your voice' itself I couldn't hear.

8.

**Reverence of reference
“his/her name for a blessing”
Busily recalling, can I remember
daylight into the sky?
Poem in the lungs,
climbing down from miracles.**

9.

**Noises off. Voices of wood.
Steam, water. What moves
beneath us, always, this long
pretending to stand still.**

10.

**The hills of yesterday,
timeless of place itself
lines of trees, broad fields
almost clear of snow,
the deerskin dapple of old grass
beginning again. It all
could have been ten thousand years ago.
It could even be now.**

11.

**In opera light a thing is heard
more like marble than mannish,
I think I'm translating this wrong.
Noises in the night, bursts of language,
I'm just learning, braille by ear.**

12.

**Waited by the womb
for the door to open.
Coming off the long-awaited,
warm your hands at the fire,
or let the cow's warm breath
caress your neck.
Waiting is always hard,
doors have minds of their own.
you waited so long
for the colors to come,
Tiffany lamp lights up,
ardent chips of blue, blue.**

13.

**Close to the sandbar
close to the sea.**

An equality. So much

we've lost of where we've been.

Home is where it all is gathered,

every place, every person, you've ever known.

Right here. Lovely and demanding as ever.

A piebald beast browsing on the mind.

30 March 2017

BEING NORMAL

1.

In the grim insomnia
of waking life a bird
size of a crow but not,
part white part grey
part I couldn't see
leapt up from the seed.
I had slept soundly
eight hours, *normalerweise*
as they say. The way
the book of childhood
says it is supposed to be.
Everything fine [?], water boiled,
tea made, pills took,
and then the bird I couldn't recognize.
My eyes. The morning. Wait.

2.

Everything eventually
comes to resemble a city
seen from the air, old
picturesque (Seville say,
thank Pat (or the card)
or mod as Houston.
I mean everything you ever see
is a city you were born in

**and had to flee
(like Dante to Rimini,
Adorno to 12th Street)
and now have to find your way back.
Even that apple in the fridge
she took to Boston
and brought back uneaten,
cold, ready for the teeth,
even that is a city
I almost despair of finding again.**

**3.
We can't help these things.
They are smarter than we are,
things, even though each of them
knows only one thing.
And that's enough.**

4.

**Wait for the morning and get it right.
Some bird some white size of a crow.
Love deceives but never lies.
I wonder what I mean by that.**

5.

**There is relief
and then some ending comes.
Back on track.
The landscape vanishes into the goal.
The feet have eyes of their own.
But will it be there when you come —
don't ask. Hope for the best,
the way one's mother instructed,
long ago, before the city went away.**

31 March 2017

= = = = =

**Inkworm enquiries —
is there room
for one more me?
Is the palace lit by candles or
is there a spell you know
that brings the light?
Tell me true so I can know
how to write, the others
the few things you know.**

31 March 2017

INNIGKEITEN. DREIZEHNTER TAG.

1.

**I can't help it —
this is now
and not again.
Philidor's defense?
I move my hand
random among the pieces.
Longing for you
all over again.**

2.

**Presumptuous senex,
brief on your Latin
epistole and consommé
we eat the world
for supper and have bad dreams.**

3.

**And then again
it's always waiting.
Graal. Bottomless well.
Everywhere you turn there is the grail,
the world of course,
who else could He be?**

4.

**Eagerly, bitterly, bonnily
casting caution
the cold March wind
knew me. I stood
on the doorway
thoughtful as Socrates
to less purpose.
The store was closed, was weird,
saxophones and old swords
hung in the windows, stuffed things,
old clocks. O time
is dead here, in this little
city. Bu the wind is young.
And me without a scarf.
Or a sword.**

5.
Does it begin again
later, after all?
I asked the waiter
are my hands clean,
can I receive from yours,
a mug of coffee,
__ shape of a skull,
full of black coffee?
Are my lips pure
enough even to ask you,
let alone drink?

6.
Go far in the rain.
Bring it with you
always. Never
be without weather.
that's who we hope
we will one day be.
Daily communiqué from the sky.

31 March 2017

== == == == ==

**You were the little girl
you lay down
beside yourself
to console you both
that all the joyous
time was gone,
the smiling singing
adults had all
blown themselves away.
Who else has bombs?
Whoelse hates
to see other people happy.
They stand around
wondering what they've done—
to be grown up
is to be confused permanently.
So you lay just there
cradling yourself in your arms
till eventually you both
stopped crying. Now
the hard time comes.
When no evidence**

**can be given to those around you
that you grieve. Grief
is as secret as genitals,
your memories of pain.**

**Get up, little girl,
you say to yourself.
There is a cliff to climb
and men to surpass
and not on them
to be trusted. Trust
no one, not even me.
And she listened.
You listened.**

31 March 2017

FROM THE TALMUD

**Your body was huge
like a forest on a hill
and I walked through you
slowly, glad to be there.
It seemed a place
where I belonged. Again
I recognized a pale tree,
a rill so slim I stepped
across it, a tangle of juniper,
I chewed some of its
berries, purply blue.
Are they berries? Or seeds?
All I know it was good
to be in that place. No one
to stop me walking,
no one to forbid me
from sitting down beneath
a smooth-barked birch
and sauntering into sleep.
Sleep is where you wake
to understand yourself,
wet earth, dry leaves,
the mix of mind. Here
I was finally able to be.**

31 March 2017

