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**Waiting is beginning  
all over again.  
Clock on the wall,  
slate from la Suisse,  
we carve our names,  
our times, on the unyielding —  
that cave wall at Lacoste,  
five hundred years of graffiti, why  
into such hard rock  
with such effort carve  
traces of a name?  
Let it wait for you  
to come again  
and show you who you were.  
All clocks should be made of stone.**

**1 April 2017**

=====

**Come drink my well,  
exaggerate my quality,  
pretend. What are friends  
for if not the necessary  
lie that keeps us going?  
Come tan in my sunshine.**

**1 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**The pen has ink  
to make it speak.  
What do I have, what  
spunk or stuff to ease  
words out? I know less  
about me than about  
the yellow Lamy in my hand,  
its soft green speech.**

**1 April 2017**

=====

*(for BC, Dream 2)*

**You can't rely on men.  
Fact. They have hands  
but can't hold. Don't hold.  
And all of them are part  
of a secret society you  
have long suspected, symbols  
creepy pn their jackets,  
hoodies, words in the wrong  
alphabet. They don't want  
you to know, just want you  
and want you to be afraid.  
It is hard to be you, to want  
and be wanted and not trust.  
Never trust. The society  
they belong to has published  
its rule book thousands of times,  
theyvcall it poetry, fiction,  
literature. You can hold it  
in your hands, even squeeze it  
but it will never squeeze back.**

**1 April 2017**

=====

**As if another time  
the wall will be broken  
but does not fall**

**except inward upon us  
and then the epic starts  
all over again.**

**(from an older scrap)  
1 April 2017**

=====

**A Yes upon us  
after a glass of Why,  
and now in quiet  
no No remains.  
Yes is all anything  
means to be.  
The air sings itself  
right back to us.**

**(from an older scrap)  
1 April 2017**

## ***KÉKHEGYVÁR***

**The mountains are blue  
still, but the language  
has gone grey.**

**Old Dutch lost  
into catamount creek,  
Catskill. Give us our  
Blue Mountains back.**

**(from an old scrap)  
1 April 2017**



=====

*(for BC, Dream 3)*

**To see it  
really see it  
is the same  
as diving in,  
lake or pond  
or spill of water  
on formica,  
a tabletop.  
But can you be  
small enough  
to dive in  
flailing, floating,  
seeing the bright  
plastic gleaming  
brown below?  
All round the rim  
naked folk lounge,  
babbling. These  
are the ones who  
really do  
understand politics.**

**2 April 2017**

=====

Wanting  
to wet you  
wed you  
I mean  
what you think  
you are always  
thinking, some  
with body  
some with mind  
warm warm  
the soft place  
the go in.

I interrupt  
this interruption  
to declare  
the air  
around you  
shapes itself  
by my desire  
so that you  
(this feels a  
little creepy)  
areutterly touched.

2 April 2017



=====

**Getting it right at a distance.  
More miracle stuff  
angels in waiting, I'm not scoffing,  
I'm praying, the only  
way I know. Say it,  
keep saying it till it's there,  
the gleam in the trees,  
the impatient actual.  
Even from here it will take you  
all the way you need to go.**

**2 April 2017**

=====

**In winter  
I can see the stream  
through bare trees,  
its rare kindness.**

**2.IV.17**

=====

**Maneuvering the predicates  
of this world to fit the slim  
verbs allotted me — groan  
of the handicapped, blind,  
unimaginative, old. Things  
groped their way towards us  
to be cherished. Or just used.  
Everybody wants to be used.**

**2 April 2017**

=====

**The gods I knew  
or names I could remember  
the last time  
I made up heaven**

**then heaven faltered  
(all my fault)  
her hair came undone  
her gown in tatters**

**things were closer then  
and blue only belonged in the sky,  
most of the names were right  
most of the gods still lived**

**in you always and often me,  
heaven relented  
oceans of evidence  
lifted this poor quadruped**

**who then went sailing  
on the bones of his identity,  
breeze of his breath  
all the way to Santiago!**

**where heaven relented again  
and made the earth at last,  
round and blue too  
and full of virgins, us.**

**2 / 3 April2017**



=====

The stuff that makes us —  
there is a book under my elbow,  
in a minute I will open it  
and read a sentence that will understand  
me or I will it  
or I will stutter foolish  
back into the alleys behind sleep.  
“The name of a deity is the godhead’s  
first expression.”

and from the book I learn  
at last my mother’s name  
means descendant of  
the sun goddess Aine. *[Kane < mac Aine]*  
and when will my golden  
rings be found? I lost them  
in the earth when I was earth,  
in furniture when I was wood —  
I can’t find me anywhere,  
how can a \_\_\_ hide in air?

2 / 3 April 2017

=====

**Live through the night  
and remember. All  
we can do. No book  
is reliable — rely  
on it anyway. The gods  
in your mind  
will make it right.**

**2 / 3 April 2017**

## **INNIGKEITEN. VIERZEHNTER TAG.**

**1.**

**Seeing ahead  
is locking the tiger in his cage  
but put the whole jungle in with him —  
horizon habit,  
we are chained in space.**

**2..**

**Closer than that.  
I call this *Inside In*  
because a truck goes by  
noisy outside.  
And a friend's electric car  
slished silent from our driveway and.**

**3.**

**You can see how things are going.  
Clocks, cantilevers, wind chill factors,  
calendars, no buds yet on the bush.  
This is called hope.  
Things walk constantly but do they mean?**

4.

***Inside*, I say, because it all  
has to come from somewhere,  
*In* I say because it has to  
meet itself inside itself  
to hear the word it means to say.  
And words are one more hope.**

5.

**One takes dictation  
from a voice within  
that sounds just like  
the one you think you are.**

6.

**Urgent to talk  
from the furthest  
side of desire,  
before the animal  
widens its eyes  
and only knows  
deep inside the need  
to act and be acted upon.**

7.

Sometimes it's enough  
to pin a thought of one kind  
one a statement of another,  
*the rail fence on the green*  
for instance really means  
I can't get you out of my mind.  
And when somebody else  
reads the words or sees the fence  
they'll know, they'll know.

8.

Assorted by, but single-minded  
the swarm. April animals,  
very small. And the blue  
squills arise. On time,  
comme tout le monde.

9.

But of course there is rapture,  
easy doses, wind-blown skirts,  
gonfalons, banner (holey)  
of my old regiment,  
veteran of a war I dare not name.

10.

*Pinxit*, it says, so-and-so  
*painted* it, this picture  
you're looking at,  
these words you boldly  
pressure to read. Far-off  
shotgun blanks, or nail guns  
closer. O builders  
are not so unlike hunters,  
killing the actual into some  
ragged spears of new-  
willed otherwise.  
Corpus tuum. A house.

3 April 2017

## ***Dominabitur***

**He she or iit will be ruled  
and not by demons  
make sure the letters  
look like numbers  
and spell a sum significant  
and not by money. Or else  
Or else this triste cabala  
would bore even the angels.  
Who administer it each night  
and we call day.**

**2.  
Profitable alphabet!  
Skin-tight signifiers!  
Campfire boiled coffee  
and the caravan waiting.  
Schlep the sentence  
to its glowing horizon,  
that bitter noise  
is lunch [?] breathing.**

**3.  
Or else the heart itself conspiring —  
echocardiogram at noon in Rhinebeck  
the squelching echoes of its beating**

**I heard through noisy chat  
my own body talking  
and sometimes I could catch a word or two,  
foreign movie of my own heart  
no subtitles to tell me  
what after all I really am declaring.**

**3 / 4 April 2017**



=====

**That the physical world  
is a foreign language  
we still have not mastered —  
we can speak a little,  
read a little more  
but still make neophyte mistakes.  
That's why the great mysteries [mystics?]  
are those who guide us when to plant potatoes,  
light the fire, build our houses  
so as not to offend the sky.  
Even so we wake startled from dreamless sleep  
and guess it must have been the rain that woke me.**

***[ read as preface to the Seligmann reading ]***

**3 / 4 April 2017**

## **INNIGKEITEN. FÜNFZEHNTER TAG.**

**1.**

**Things turn right turn left  
a stealthy finger rubs between.  
Ancient city found again  
and instantly inhabited by dreams,  
foolish, ours. All ours.  
Sometimes we think no one else is there.**

**2.**

**Call it rugged mountainous terrain,  
call it red. Fly over it  
and guess its history.  
Then guess your own.  
There's an Anatolia in everyone.**

3.

Not sure I've got this straight —  
do you want me to touch you,  
sacred rock, enter your primal  
fortress and make myself at home?  
Archeology is the only me.

4.

Lackluster monographs,  
dwindling evidence —  
plenty of room for one  
to guess my way around.

5.

Comfortable as a sparrow in the sky  
only long enough to get there.  
Do birds ever get back?  
An ouzel on the river Ouse  
thought I once in Norfolk saw.  
Albion — a place to come from.  
This is my last encampment —  
(signed) Robert Falcon Scott.

6.

You see how many birds are in it.  
Soup cans in the kitchen midden,  
no more medieval [?] for millennials,  
neuroses too must all be up to date.  
Allergy to human touch. New roses.

7.

Take the chill off the child  
and bring him in. Or her,  
can't tell with all those mufflers.  
Settle it by the fireplace  
(we have none), warm some milk  
(we're fresh out) and let it drink.  
(Are we sure it has a mouth?)

8.

December lasted all through March —  
my discontent was manifest.  
But now cold April rain relents  
and lets a few blue squills rise up  
Charlotte tells me, who sees so well  
and has a heart for everything.

9.

What makes you think Nietzsche?  
is there a book you bought  
that spilled on your pillow?  
Silver and told! We remember  
everything but at the wrong time.  
Sleep, Love, it is not yet the dawn  
that old song.

10.

I hear Mac Cormack singing the sun up  
in my father's dining room,  
or is it Roméo by Gounod  
levering the sun's self  
up to wake some girl  
impersonating love  
asleep beyond her balcony?  
We still live here — that's the point.  
All music is true,  
even the shoddiest Most words are false,  
even the goldenest.  
We're just what's left of what we've heard.

4 April 2017

=====

**Precision in relation-  
ship is all.  
TV over my back  
reflects off the inner  
curve of my glasses,  
makes me see  
the colors of behind me,  
quick pulsing blue  
of what has just been  
and will never again.  
Fit amusement for my  
heart doctor's waiting room.**

**4 April 2017**

## **INSIDE IN. DAY SIXTEEN.**

**1.  
Help me understand  
what went and keeps  
going wrong.  
Angel with an arquebus  
keeps vigil on a cloud.  
We call it rain.**

**2.  
But every molecule  
depends on us  
to make sense of it.  
That's what we're here for.  
Garden. Apple tree.  
All over. Begin again.**

3.

The girl next door  
before my time  
grew up to be a movie  
star but took a  
different name.  
That makes me wonder  
now what my real name is.

4,

*Exaudi orationem meam*  
but I didn't pray,  
not today, yet the morning  
still needs me  
to attend to its thinking  
and write down what little  
I can catch of it. Patience,  
plenty of time.  
The earth is so young.



5.

Wake up thinking  
why not sleeping.  
A plague of questions  
sun-bonneting my ears.  
New hatched mosquitoes  
from beneath the snow  
just like Wyoming.

6.

In Greece all the Easter  
eggs are painted red.  
Scarlet. We all have  
the same religion,  
only the names are changed,  
keep changing. After.  
And after burying the dead  
we come back home  
and give each other hard-boiled eggs.

7.

ut why do apples float?  
And what have rivers done  
that they keep running away?  
Ask my wife, a wife knows  
whose fault it is who  
ostensibly blameless stands  
pointing at nothing  
lost in the air.

8.

Reunion. Meeting  
me halfway  
the morning. What more  
can I ask? We are together.  
Sunlight. Bushel of wheat.

**9.**

**Too many drivers  
for one little car.  
Get your hands off my wheel  
is my vain appeal.  
Who drives me?  
But they won't even speak.**

**10**

**Chasing children through the woods  
I wolf. Chasing  
wolves across the barren plain  
I man. Who can say  
what kind of thing I really am?**

**5 April 2017**

## **INSIDE IN. DAY SEVENTEEN.**

**1.**

**Wait for the answer  
the gloaming's coming  
here is the morning  
the blackbird knows —  
these are our instructions.  
They follow us wherever we go.**

**2.**

**And there are semaphores by railroad tracks  
they have been like crucifixes to me  
slightly secular but holy all the same  
holding arms out to show where all this  
traffic I'm made of has to ho.**

3.

Meaning no irreverence  
every human must become  
a church herself  
to the unkown but discoverable  
god inside him.  
That's why we have bones  
to keep us steady in the sky  
in all the windstorms of  
imagined identity.  
Minster you and minster me.

4.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm right  
in all these guesses they  
pour through me, *Langue, Langage, Parole*,  
those three hooded  
deities of Samothrace or of Northumbria  
the French grammarians rediscovered  
just before our own aching day,

5.

Counsel me again, brothers,  
I am still a man,  
all my bird work and lion growl  
avail me not.  
Two flat feet and one bad ear,  
two hungry hands and one good eye,  
I made a jungle of me  
now lead me out.

6.

Sex is perception.  
Sleep is kabbalah.  
Wake on Thursday  
with Wednesday's children  
all grown up already  
all around us,  
lewd and raining  
and speaking passable Greek.

7.

**Where do the buses come from  
that haunt the lane?**

**Who comes here so often  
and so many, and who goes?**

**I suspect it's all about marriages,  
hasty unions in the coffee break,  
impious remarks about the boss —  
if only there were one to blame !**

8.

**Whistling. Not many  
do it anymore.**

**What do they save  
their breath for now  
or is there no more music  
one line of breath can sing?**

**We have come to the end of melody.  
The man piling up oranges and melons  
at Hanaford's is silent at his work.**

9.

**Six pages then the brain  
runs out of ink.**

**Ailing Virgil steps ashore  
at Brindisi and we listen  
for the last echoes,  
we yearn for more.**

**The exactions of poetry  
demand more  
of us who merely listen.**

**People fall beside the road  
but the mind we share goes on.  
I think I mean the mind we are.**

**6 April 2017**



## **INSIDE IN. DAY EIGHTEEN.**

**1.**

**Reaching edge.**

**Reading sparrows' flight.**

**Keep watch.**

**I am an experiment**

**I think.**

**2.**

**Particular care**

**in handling where.**

**Location is our only  
safeguard homeland**

**trust. Somebody.**

**Anybody. Nobody.**

**These three**

**are we. All**

**magic made from**

**us. Somewhere.**

**Nowhere. anywhere.**

3.

**Interact. Polar regions  
lights above.**

**Some see from here.**

***Ur-ur* the baboons cried  
on the Upper Nile  
greeting the dawn.**

***aurora* the Greeks heard  
or someone said.**

**For us on clear nights  
greeny ghosts arise  
horizons. Summer time.**

**Don't you know that everything is far?**

4.

**Far and fair and in between,  
a blue dress for the lady,  
a green air for her swain  
her constant true and unrelenting sky.**

5.

**Porous waking.  
Waiting. Seldom  
dine along long  
stretch of road  
this. No appetite.  
Kindle interest  
in lost things,  
these stones might  
bear inscriptions.  
Read them until  
they really are.**

6.

**Go away like Saturday  
liturgical deployment of clock time  
versus time perceived by  
a perceiving subject.  
Paid-for work is rape, she said.  
Capital should be kinder.  
As Engels was. Angels  
laugh at our timid erotics—  
they can love so many all at once.**

7.  
In Duke Bluebeard's castle  
I oped a door  
hoping to behold  
his virgin brides  
all spotlessly arrayed  
but none were there.  
He changed them  
it seems did not kill.  
(But what was he after  
all those years,  
woman after woman?)  
He let them go—  
the door I opened  
let onto a great forest.  
The wives were trees now  
or loft beings of some  
other sort, ceaselessly  
moving slowly in the dim.

7 April 2017

=====

*“she carried the candle from room to room”*

— A.M.

**She could not find it  
what she was looking for  
was hidden in his body  
buried long ago  
before the snow before  
the fall and summer  
had no part of it either,  
all gone in him, and now  
no way even to give a name  
to what she was looking for.  
But still shadows on the wall  
give her some comfort,  
the same little candlelight  
so different in every room.  
That much at least was new,  
always changing, always  
there for her when she looked.**

**7 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Who is it?  
Wind in the trees,  
I heard him last night  
all through the night**

**What is his name  
if you call him him?  
His name is what you hear  
when he talks in the yews.**

**8 April 2017**

## **INSIDE IN. DAY NINETEEN.**

**1.**

**Learn to be darker  
learn to be dull,  
dun-colored against  
the splendor of the other.  
So be invisible  
and anywhere and be  
elsewhere right here.**

**2.**

**Is there room enough on the lawn  
for the grass? The snowplow  
gouged out the ground—  
what will the earth's answer be?**

**3.**

**Every question's a dumb question  
since all questions arise from ignorance.  
That's why I like them, aggressive  
thought they are (all questions  
are aggressions. Fact.), because  
they grovel a little too and say  
Noisy though I am I still am dumb.**

4.

**But I love idle questions,  
don't you  
start doing it too  
the sun just came out  
after three days don't you  
think that's answer enough.**

5.

**We attribute motivation and intention  
to all sorts of inanimate things.  
This is very wise of us  
if often wrong—  
put your house on show and it will bring  
cunning mortgage seekers to grasp and dwell.**

6.

**Some things are not worth saying.  
For instance this.**



7.

**Make me doubt  
my senses more.  
Cars come,  
the wind goes,  
for a little while  
the world was mine.**

8.

**Man rakes litter off the grass—  
things misbehave all winter  
and now he has to fix. Parks  
everywhere. Hard working man.  
I thought it was Paris near the senate  
but it was only the sky.**

**9.  
This last little place  
to be alive.**

**10.  
Be a woman  
for Christ's sake,  
answer my need  
or take it away.**

**11.  
Despite all my humming  
the trees are bare.  
Even this hibiscus  
in front of me resists.  
Can it be that I  
have nothing to do  
with what happens?  
All these years I thought  
I was the weather.**

**12.**

**Still room for more  
said Noah but alas  
only we believed him.**

**13.**

**I make a contract  
with the sky,  
cover me slowly  
and I will praise you  
all life long. This  
is my signature.**

**8 April 2017**

## THREE MOODS OFF MUSIC

1.

**Always the temple the church  
is sacred, the hierarchy is profane.  
An empty building fills with music:**

**last night Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*,  
the words imaging Christian afdterlife,  
the music sounding clear the Bardo.**

**2**

**Newman's "Angel of the Agony,"  
a terrible personage I never knew there was,  
never knew was there  
in the shattering collapsing, deafening  
moment of dread, God  
kneeling alone in the garden  
suddenly perhaps for the first time  
realizing what it means to have two natures:  
how to be the deasthless one  
and still actually die.**

**3.**

**But musc mostly reflects upon itself  
Good Friday comes this week  
then everybody knows**

**then Easter — forget the bunnies  
and all the chocolate eggs,  
reflect instead a tortured corpse**

**roused, tottering naked out of its tomb  
his wounds almost scabbed over  
blood too dry to leave a trail.**

**9 April 2017**

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**Waiting to hear more than enough.  
Seabirds squawking, I love the sound  
cloud wrack, skimny bushes, wind in yew trees.  
We live in a book of signs  
we labor to read  
  but sometimes just go to sleep.  
Deep sleep is a way of reading too.**

**9 April 2017**

## **INSIDE IN. DAY TWENTY.**

**1.  
Discovering the evident  
takes all your time.  
Buy a blender,  
growl it all together  
so you take it in all at once  
but sip by sip.**

**2.  
A vampire for readers  
is that space between the lines,  
topless saloons,  
cactus shortcuts,  
shootouts every hour,  
anything your little heart desires  
happens here.  
Right here, as you just saw.**



3.

**Cherokee chick  
up in Tivoli  
all our blood gets mixed  
and how long is a season  
where did they hide hell?  
Your clarity of mind  
puts me to shame—  
but that;s ny middle name.**

4.

**Don't get too light-hearted, hubby,  
you're still married already  
to that grindstone you got  
in trade for your heart.  
It's all work now, ad work is your play —  
they forgot to teach you that in Sunday school  
but here I am to help,  
I'm your own personal M.B.A.,  
Master of Bad Advice.**

**5.**

**Baudelaire and Jean-Paul Belmondo  
both born today.**

**Their years seem to be different  
but a day is always the same.**

**Listen to me, I am your heart  
telling you what you always knew,  
right now is all there is.**

**6.**

**By animal increment  
wait a long time.**

**Or be a blue flower  
and always be now.**

**9 April 2017**

## **INSIDE IN. DAY TWENTY-ONE**

**1.**

**Time moves faster mornings.**

**Fact. In this house.**

**We are its only measure,  
what happens to our heads,  
our beautiful clear skin.**

**2.**

**Rhomic, angled, odd, enclosing.**

**Smell of cedar left on fingers —  
like a church hymn only drier —  
a language spoken on an island  
rescued from the sea but  
waterfowl wading through my words.**

3.

Skillful as can be  
a joiner. The tall  
writing desk (picture  
Bartleby at work  
)has a sloping top—  
the apple rolls off,  
the scroll remains.  
Pleasure lapses,  
work is always —  
my penmanship  
would put a hen to sleep.

4.

Because time scratches letters out  
leaves gaps — mouse nibbles,  
worm holes — in the papyrus  
nobody knows exactly what I said  
when I was she, or they, or  
noisy Babylonians bartering their gods —  
yes, theology. I am just a man,  
an olive in your martini, maybe,  
but I'm the taste you won't forget.



5.

I'm not sure I said what you meant —  
will you try again, this time  
talk straight to my hand,  
my fingers are smarter than my head,  
so many surprises they've brought us both.

6.

Tell the truth  
they'll do  
what they can.  
Music is like that,  
true as your ears.  
It's a game, you know,  
the oldest one,  
silent call and loud response,  
we have been listening  
nine thousand years  
already, and still can feel  
your rock in my hand.

7.

Haughty jogger  
hound at her heel —  
a road is pure  
interruption,  
good for the mind.  
Fleeth yet none pursueth—  
something like that,  
flight for its own sake.  
The dog I don't understand.

8.

Do you mind if I finger your tattoo?  
It seems a *hodos*, a holy road to follow,  
a tracing my touch has to retrace  
to know the meaning of the sign.  
As you must say a word  
out loud to understand it.  
A sign is a road to itself.

9.

Wind in the bushes  
drves me on too.  
To see such generous  
turbulence evergreen !  
Every time it stirs  
I feel I need to answer —  
and I'm stll not sure  
if that's the wind  
or just some breath in me.

10.

But why should any man be sure?  
Certainty dwells in the Woman House  
side by side with Beauty and Intellignce,  
these three. Outside we prowl around.  
gaze hungry at the shadows on their window shades.

11.

That sounds so sad  
but really not,  
outside is where  
the wind is there  
and talks to me  
and sometimes even  
tells me who you are.



**12.**

**Please make it more complicated  
we need the trouble  
the sun will set soon  
and only our hard work will  
keep her in the sky.  
Complex as can be,  
as being is. Keep writing,  
faster, you can still see  
light through the words.**

**13.**

**Holy of Holies  
Our Lady  
grotto in the mountain's flank  
speaking an unknown language  
everyone can understand.  
I am born of you every morning  
something like thinking  
but with skin.**

**10 April 2017**

= = = = =

*Baldwin, 1*

**All we are is wounds.  
The wounds we feel  
are just the healthy  
flesh around the pain.  
Don't talk about pain.  
Pain is a color  
running down the arm,  
a shadow in the breast,  
a rash mistake. Light  
falls on us like some  
drunken friend at a bar.  
We have to carry all  
the splendor home alone.**

**10 April 2017 6/24**

== == == == ==

*Baldwin, 2*

I brought these for you  
from the market,  
a cheese grater, this meat  
the butcher said was lamb  
but I don't know, we'll know  
when it's cooked right enough,  
the taste, the taste, And this  
book written in Morocco  
by a German exile, the print  
too small for me to read  
but you, you, with your eyes  
you can read everything  
even the shadow I hid so  
carefully beneath the glass.

10 April 2017 7/24

=====

*Baldwin, 3*

When I was a kid my cousin  
the fireman slid down poles  
like this and I wanted to  
but they said dangerous. See,  
everything around it is red,  
color of fire, blood, tragedy,  
patriotic music, algebra.  
Frightening things. And still  
I yearn for that immaculate  
descent, slippery between  
the thighs and very fast,  
almost like the opposite  
of making love, getting there  
too soon, the fire already out.

10 April 2017 8/24

=====

*Baldwin, 4*

*In diesen heiligen Hallen*  
all the persons of our consciousness  
stand around and praise  
loud as yellow itself  
some absent god.

It's the temple that counts,  
not the theology, color is religion  
enough for us, for humanity.  
Color is the only thing that means.

So be colors with me, tell me  
(that's what we can do for one  
another) what color I really am  
and I will tell you yours — and I

may lie. Men do. That too  
is part of our theology.

10 April 2017 9/24

=====

*Baldwin, 5*

The apple bites back  
the round turns square.

Every evening  
is an alchemist  
turns the gold back into  
*opus nigrum*, the dark,  
that's is the real  
miracle, where all  
transformation begins.

And all the while  
the blue eyes of Margarethe  
laugh out at Faust,  
the poor guy trying  
his damndest to learn  
just a little bit of all  
that she has always known.

10 April 2017 4/24

=====

*Baldwin, 6*

**Jubilee! Every  
fifty years  
set my people free.  
When I lived in Brooklyn  
the rabbis at midnight  
danced through the street  
holding sacred objects  
in their hands: bottles  
of Schenley, watermelons,  
heaps of yellow roses,  
brooms and carpet sweepers,  
and they were singing  
not too, loud, all the black  
neighbors need their sleep  
but we not black not Jews  
not much of anything, we  
stood and prayed with them  
in our fashion, squeezing  
hips and quoting Latin  
and seeing as loud as we could.**

**10 April 2017 5/24**

=====

*Baldwin, 7*

**Fat as France and full of seeds and  
the first year I went to Europe  
I found 5000 francs in the gutter  
when that would buy good meals and wine  
for poor students , god was I gauche  
and red and in everybody's face,  
climbing cthedrals and kissing fences,  
kissing shadows, kissing columns,  
kissing anything that would stand still  
or stand for it or stand for something,  
like a flag or an opera or *Mother  
Courage* in German at the theater  
along the river and I was lonely.  
But red, red as my hair, red, and red  
is the color of loneliness, red is always  
lonely: below it nothing can be seen.**

**10 April 2017 10/24**



=====

*Baldwin, 8*

India is like this.  
Everything growing  
older and paler  
and good to eat.  
It turns out in India  
everybody is  
a kind of vegetable,  
I noticed that right away,  
in Delhi (they write *Dili*),  
huge complex salads  
walk through the streets,  
praying and peddling  
and all the weird fashions  
of being that bring  
tourists and seekers  
(penniless conquistadors)  
all the way from Jersey  
or all the even paler  
wherevers of the West.  
And here they are  
made holy by mere seeing  
*darshan*, the way a painting  
works on me when I close  
my eyes and hold it in my heart.

10 April 2017 11/24

=====

**There are letters enough  
just enough  
to spell my name  
said St. One the Stone.**

**With teakettles and syntax  
we conquered the world,  
now with beauty let it  
conquer us right back.**

**10 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**The flow  
too slow  
Niagara paused.  
Between one breath  
and the next  
earth was born and grew  
and died. We  
are Atlantis, all that's left,  
sunk in the sea  
of capital and labor and grief.**

**10 April 2017**

## **AN DIE BLUMEN**

**Let me see your faces,  
flowers. I know your needs  
a little, do you know mine?**

**Do you know  
all that color does,  
and you small Siberian squills  
work harder than the sky**

**which is only sometimes blue.  
Help me to be  
and to keep giving  
just by being, being here.**

**10 April 2017**

=====

**When you're in your eighties  
patience becomes a vicious habit  
you have to learn to peel away.  
Then haste is virtuous — no, not haste  
but promptness. Whatever you mean  
to do or say, say it now.**

**10 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Full moon in bare trees  
but mild enough out here  
to stand and worship them.  
Or whatever it is we do  
on such spring nights  
that takes our breath away.**

**10 April 2017**

**== == == == ==**

**A man in a dark room  
closes his eyes anyway.  
This is the museum in him  
maddened with images.  
He turns on the light,  
opens his eyes — that way  
he won't have to see so much.**

**10 April 2017**

**=====**

**The palms of Palm Sunday  
dried and cracking  
flutter around his tomb.  
He will rise but they will not  
though they and we  
shall all be changed.**

**10 April 2017**



== == == == ==

**Regimented reality  
can you spell my name  
without the alphabet?  
Once I could, in China,  
a foreigner or stranger,  
a sinew in the arm —  
but now the word  
is caught in the fibers,  
fabric of seeing —  
my name is what you feel  
when I touch you  
or leave you alone.**

**10 April 2017**

**=====**

**A little jeweled box  
that has nothing in it—  
that is the mind.**

**Lapis on the lid  
and emeralds for eyes  
and one ruby  
just standing there  
in the middle  
of all things.**

**10 April 2017**

## THE WHOLE STORY

I guess it all has to come out tonight—  
*aleph* to *tav* and all those birds between  
chattering and singing and flying away.  
I thought I had a whole life to get it done,  
get it down, but now they seem to want it  
now, those letters who are everything —  
and each one is a deity, I know that now,  
gods when they wake or when they're sleeping  
the 22 pillars of the sky.

2.

And in the middle of this night  
only me awake to praise them,  
only one light in the town's [tomb?] window  
so it's all left for me  
to write down the dreams  
that language makes us have.  
The streetlights are part of the plan,  
the road, the deer step across it  
from the ridge to the stream.  
How dare I try to sleep?

**3.  
So here it is,  
the whole story.  
There was a stone  
that learned to speak,  
it called out to the rain  
Come cover me  
and so the sea was born.  
Ages passed and the stone  
learned to move around,  
swim a little, even walk  
and one day stepped  
bravely from the water.  
You know the rest,  
the Sultan told it  
to your own mother when  
she went swimming in her tan [?],  
frolicked in the Lake of Milk  
until we both were born.  
Now do you remember?  
Now can I go to sleep?**

**10 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Nestorian scribes  
carried two colors of ink  
one pouch of blue, one of black.  
For they were dualists, I think,  
power of good and power of evil —  
which color was which?  
But in Byzantium, the great mosaics,  
the devils wore haloes too,  
but the haloes were blue.  
I know so much to understand so little,  
I open a bible and the page is on fire.**

**10 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**The sound I hear  
is only fear.  
It is my own body  
swallowing, processing,  
breathing. Why  
do I startle myself?  
Why is my hearing  
so far away  
from what I am?**

**10 April 2017**

=====

**Never likely to be  
the whole story —  
write the pen  
right out of ink,  
Canadian border,  
lake with a moose in it,  
a moth bigger than the full moon.  
There, that's my song,  
you sing it, surely  
better than I can — see,  
not the story, just its song.**

**10 April 2017**

**=====**

**Be strict for once, Robertus,  
sneak the apple  
back into the pie,  
let it cool on the window ledge  
and serve it to friends,  
pretend you made it,  
pretend you bought it from the tree  
and paid the sun to bake it for you.  
Some people will eat anything.**

**10 April 2017**



**== == == == ==**

**I woke because no one  
was calling me.  
Only in mental conversation  
can one sleep deep.  
But I was on nobody's mind  
and so I woke  
empty-hearted in the night  
all about listening to the dark.**

**10 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Ribbon in somebody's hair —  
blue with silver sparkles.  
Confused earth with the sky  
on these few clear nights  
as if the whole sky was  
just a woman passing.**

**10 April 2017**

## **INSIDE IN. DAY TWENTYTWO**

**1.  
Cast the characters  
keep the plot —  
scratch marks  
on mind wall  
to follow by finger,  
inner, best  
someone else's.  
We are someone else's.**

**2.  
Sea barratry and piracy  
I was insured against  
when I was a wooden chest  
full of books on homeopathy  
recently from India.  
I came to hand,  
was read and shelved.  
What is barratry?  
Where are my pirates?  
I could cure them of thievery.**

3.

I am a long time ago  
when I say now.  
The greasy minutes  
slip from my fingers

4.

I don't want a picture of you  
"whoever you are"  
I want the feel of your fingers  
testing, assessing maybe  
a bronze zarf smuggled out of Turkey  
or a smudged nineteenth century postcard  
showing the market in Marrakesh  
you bought in the market at Clignancourt  
a week ago. Or was it Spain?

5.

I can't complain —  
so many of you  
and so generous  
with years, and just  
enough fears  
to keep us both  
at a safe distance.  
But even so I'm waiting here for you.

**6.  
Blue squills a-shimmer  
on the hill. A lawn  
recovers from what we do  
mostly, the well-meaners,  
earth's own apostates,  
all of you almost  
bad as I am.**

**7.  
One nice thing about Catholics —  
early training in Penance and Absolution,  
Going to Confession, reminded them  
that they could possibly,  
now and then, be wrong.  
No millennial would ever think that.**

8.

Shall I censor  
sly glancing observations  
the better to preserve  
the abstract texture of the whole?  
Max Ernst is my appeal,  
*two children menaced by a nightingale.*

9.

In math a catastrophe  
is a special thing, a curve,  
a hill, say, you can go  
some way round or down  
and then the point is irretrievable,  
or you are, and down you go.

10.

See how mean  
most science is?  
Bones in the dusty  
showcase, ours.  
And they use music,  
math, that scary poesy.

**11.**

**It still keeps talking.  
Wander free,  
dear sleepy thought,  
*schläfig*, I smiled aloud  
to the full moon last night.  
Sleepier even than language  
the morning sunlight topples on the page.**

**12.**

**Let the strident voices  
be next door and not come here.  
What do I have to say  
to anybody who thinks listening  
is a way of understanding  
where they are or I am  
or anybody is.  
Need I go on?**

**13.**

**I put on my father's baseball cap  
and feel luminous and so happy  
I must be doing something wrong.**

**14.**

**Evade the pattern.  
Layer the colors  
thickly, make them  
march forward  
plane after plane  
to meet the astonished eye.**

**15.**

**If a painter [?] can do it  
anybody can.  
For we are vertical planes  
thickly arrayed  
and moving towards you  
day after day.  
A week will come  
when I understand what I just said.**





**16.**

**Holy week  
and which one isn't?  
I celebrate  
beyond belief  
the risen Christ  
in all of us.  
See Varley's great painting in Toronto—  
your portrait, true,  
all my darlings.**

**17.**

**Numbers aren't magic,  
your fingers are.  
Numbers are only for  
when your hands get tired.**

**18.**

**And the bluegrass glad  
and the heart at peace —  
first such day in three months,  
nobody telling me anything but you.**

**11 April 2017**



=====

**Every house is haunted  
that's why we have bad dreams**

**some trees and fields and waters  
are haunted too, the ash tree**

**used to grow here till it dreamed  
a blizzard that took it down.**

**But every house is. Yet under the linden  
an easy pillow sometimes waits**

**even when the house is full of dread.**

**11 April 2017**

## ELEMENTAL

In twenty-two days  
the Elohim  
created what we know.

There are *biblia*,  
books that say this  
in different ways.

Rays. Days.  
Numbers vary —  
for instance how many

birds are there in the sky —  
and we weren't even  
there to count them

as they worked,  
poured, formed us  
and we are known.

And all we know now  
are the twenty-two shadows  
cast in us as speech.

2.

I woke up thinking:  
“in twenty-two days the ALHIM  
created what we know” or  
“...everything we know.”  
I stumbled down the hallway  
and the clock read 2:22 —  
so I had some corroboration  
to go on with — I believe  
everything I’m told —  
that way nothing will be lost  
even if nothing is found.

3.

It is the middle of the dark  
hours from any natural light  
I hear a bird singing  
or think I do. Rain maybe—  
doe rain sing?

Robin

Redbreast roused  
by spring, can’t you  
sleep either,  
dreaming the beginning  
of all things  
over and over again?

**4.**  
**Birds know**  
**because they fly,**  
**because the air remembers,**  
**oldest of us all,**  
**the breath before the *aleph* came**  
**to shape us into**  
**the knowers and the known.**

.

**11 / 12 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Churches should be built  
by secret architects, sky masons  
who slip away by night and leave  
a sacred hollow empty edifice  
we fill with consciousness.  
The empty room is synagogue enough,  
“no priest but the perfected man”  
The welcoming shaped emptiness  
is sacred. Hierarchy is utterly profane.**

***M.B.E.***

**12 April 2017  
(recent scrap)**



**== == == == ==**

**It's the face  
we don't confront  
that gnaws us.**

**Think death  
and come to life again.**

**12 April 2017  
(recent scrap)**

## **THE EPISTEMOLOGIES**

**1.  
Everything I know is wrong.  
What a relief !**

**2.  
We say without and within.  
Why don't we say withup?  
Or withdown, after all we  
go there all the time?**

**11 / 12 April 2017**

=====

**Be close to the old rabbis  
when they're taking it easy  
talking loose. Their idle  
guesswork is the loftiest  
theology. All prayers  
are wrong except the heart  
and we know what happens  
when it stops praying.**

**11 / 12 April 2017**

## COGITO

1.  
I want a different  
thing to think about  
or think to thing with

and so I throw open  
a book in my head  
thast I've never read

geophagy in Carolina  
or lunar cycle tribes  
observe in Ghana

which used to be  
the Gold Coast colony  
when I used to be me.

2.  
But now the moon changes,  
comes to dinner in jacket and tie,  
keeps his fly zipped tight  
and says ary a word.

As usual I have to do all the talking  
because I have nothing of my  
own to say, so words come free

**and easy — it's so kind of you**

**to sit there listening alertly  
while at the head of the table  
the sun in her glory sits  
smiling that special smile of hers.**

**11 / 12 April 2017**

**=====**

**Daddy, forgive me,  
your penis  
has become my pen.  
We still go on making  
in this sly world,  
getting a word  
in edgewise to steer  
the silent conversation  
of all things  
through ten thousand books.  
And I sign eah lyric  
interruption with  
your own unicursal star.**

**11 / 12 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**When I think all the things  
this body has done  
cars flash by on wet roads  
helicopters scour the woods  
on the watch for miscreants,  
log rafts steer dow placid lakes —  
nothing stands still.  
Chyme and blood and neural sap,  
unknown elixirs piping through bone.  
And two old feet shuffling along.**

**11 / 12 April 2017**

**=====**

**Some of it  
makes sense.  
The rest  
makes senses.**

**11 / 12.IV.17**



== == == == ==

**And you, honest reader,  
all you have to do  
is feel. I fumble  
at your dear switch.**

**11 / 12.IV.17**

== == == == ==

**Things I don't want to know  
come with the gentle rain  
soon there'll be a closet in the woods  
where the trees can hide  
and we can shelter with them,  
among them, tasting their deep shade  
safe from the news. Words there  
learn how to relent. Meanings  
fade back into sounds, wind,  
breath, bird chatter, leaf fall,  
raindrops. Noise, not news.**

**12 April 2017**

## DIAGNOSTICS

**you think  
you have  
rabbits on the roof.  
Tell the nice nurse  
how soft they are,  
furwise, but  
how hard they hop.  
She will believe you,  
she's trained for that,  
the best religion of all,  
of old: believe everything.  
She'll help you name  
each bunny, recognize  
its footfall, and help  
you learn to take them  
seriously, literally,  
the way real things are.  
When the doctor finally  
slips into the room  
she'll be on your side,  
baffle him, battle him  
till he subsides, smiles,  
tells you to go home,  
your rabbits need you.**

**12 April 2017**



== == == == ==

**I have to be slow  
to write the morning**

**sometimes it's noon  
before I'm done**

**everybody laughs at me  
and why ot,**

**outside the lawn  
turns blue with flowers**

**year after year,  
I must mean something.**

**12 April 2017**

**=====**

**Box of berries  
mildewed in the fridge.  
How things never  
stop teaching their lessons.  
Hold as hard as you  
can to now. This  
time is your only  
one of your million  
last chances,. Toss  
those strawberries,  
birds or somebody  
else will be glad. Then  
start the day again.**

**12 April 2017**

=====

*Baldwin, 9*

**The harper hurts.  
The chair he sits on  
breaks the light,  
distorts the sounds.  
Why are these colors  
pouring out of my hands  
he wonders, he speaks  
another language  
that's made of colors too  
but he doesn't notice,  
music is like that,  
it never hears itself,  
only that other thing  
it's always yearning for,  
there, over there,  
I see it now.**

**12 April 2017 (11/24, bis)**

=====

*Baldwin, 10*

I've lived in this small city  
all my life but never counted  
the separate houses in my own  
neighborhood. Something wrong  
with me. Or with the weather—  
why is everything so right?  
Roofs and walls make perfect  
angles, people live quietly  
down in their sacred colors,  
bands of traffic bend the sky.  
Alleys full of sexual politics—  
what can one do, faced with  
geometry, but be sensuous,  
serious, lustful though mute?  
It turns out we were living  
in beauty the whole time.

12 April 2017 (12/24)



=====

*Baldwin, 11*

**The judges met and sentenced me  
to many years, unspecified, of what  
they called Community Service.  
What that entailed were these:  
drinking the lake dry, the one  
that had somehow sneaked by night  
into our small park. Drink that,  
they said. And build from driftwood,  
cardboard boxes and oil drums  
a temple to the Living Goddess  
the one you call The Sun up in the sky.  
When I got done with that, then,  
only then, they'll tell me the third  
thing I have to do. I fear it.  
I fear what may fester in their minds.  
I should never have done what I did,  
tear the bible up in public, screaming  
at every page Who needs such ugly truth?**

**12 April 2017 (14/24)**

== == == == ==

*Baldwin, 12*

**Wanting is good for the soul,  
getting not so good.  
The soul is an arrow flying  
somewhere the rest of me  
can't imagine. What I think  
is just a window flying  
through a world of flesh,  
what I am is just a footstep  
left by someone passing.  
But the soul! All color!  
All arrow fletched and pointed,  
all flying and all arriving  
here!**

**12 April 2017 (15/24)**

=====

**It gets dark just before eight—  
my father called it the gloaming.  
Deer move around, and the fox  
lopes along the drystone walls.  
I delight to think of you there  
in the studio, breaking pure  
colors all over the world  
as they fade from the place itself.  
Offhand, I cant think of any  
colors that say more, work harder,  
say more than the ones you  
right at this momet are wielding,  
mind on better things than this.**

**12 April 2017**

=====

*Baldwin, 13*

How the light  
finally falls.  
Nothing we  
can do about it,  
time is a cliff  
also, and beyond  
is only the glow  
our closed eyes  
see, far, far, warm  
as tomorrow,  
I thought I stood  
beside a waterfall  
but it was dry,  
thought there was  
a city I the distance  
but t was my own  
breath seething in my ears  
as if I too were finally  
part of what I saw.

12 April 2017 (16/24)

=====

*Baldwin, 14*

**It's where we started.  
We pulled the colors off the trees  
and wrapped them round us  
except the few holy ones, women  
mostly, who used the sky as their clothes.  
We lived there so long, ages content  
with sheer continuing, delicate as birds,  
loud as rain. We called it Aphrica,  
the sunny place, because She was over us  
and her warmth ligered through the night.  
But one day she told us Go,  
go for no good reason, just move,  
you have spent too many winters  
safe and warm, now know the other thing,  
the busy pain that makes you sing.  
And one day you will burn like me.**

**12 April 2017 (17/24)**

=====

*Baldwin, 15*

**Holy Bible ppen up for me,  
let your pages be my skin  
or her skn whom I desire,  
obedient to the ancient laws  
that wrote us both, and you too,**

**Because skin says everything,  
music is just skin out loud  
and words are just the pattern  
of fine hair on your lover's thigh.  
Bible, don't tell me more than this,  
we are holy enough bad as we are.**

**12 April 2017 (18/24)**

== == == == ==

**Wishes fester  
in time's mind  
he said, that  
*vox in deserto*  
voice in the empty  
night. Wishes,  
and when they do  
they rot into actions,  
and there's you'll be  
trapped in a peopled  
city of your design —  
will you ever  
hear me again?**

**13 April 2017**

**TO SPRING**

**Be. Blossom  
while you're at it.**

**13.IV.17**



## OF THE ENNEADIC PRINCIPLE

*for Tamas*

Here's my answer.  
Why nine? Because  
(a) my hope, my plan,  
my dearest strategy  
is to put down in  
writing every  
single thing I know.  
And (b) because  
I'll never know it all,  
the whole ten,  
ten the highest  
number there is  
in the human world.  
So, nine is both pride  
and humility at once.  
I wonder if Plotinus  
thought anything similar.  
I'll have to read  
him all to find out —  
but there too  
*zehn mir fehlt,*  
can't get the whole  
thingever, can't  
get to ten, *ten*  
*is what I lack .Or*  
ten wont come to me.

**13 April 2017**

**=====**

**I was born in a German  
speaking country called Brooklyn.  
At 8 I moved to southern Italy  
without leaving Brooklyn.  
No wonder nobody  
knows where I come from —  
only the streets remember,  
I say a rosary of their names  
sometimes to help me fall awake.**

**13 April 2017**

=====

**Have I waited too long  
to start waiting?  
Was all my furious *now*  
just a tactical retreat  
from the somber silence  
even I can't fill with words?  
I thought I was the Bible  
but I was only a calendar  
hanging on your shadowy wall.**

**13 April 2017**

=====

*Baldwin, 16*

The uncanny. We live  
below the ground,  
rooms and rooms of us.  
*Unheimlich.* Rooms  
and rooms of us beneath  
a single tree that is yours,  
your doors to us. To me.  
I speak a hard quick tongue  
made of blue squills,  
flowers that shimmer the lawn  
in April and soon are silent.  
Every year though there are  
more of them. More of us,  
More of me. Bend down,  
let my bluest word touch you.  
You are as strange as we are  
I think already you are one of me.

13 April 2017 (13/24)

=====

*Baldwin, 17*

*Door I am a door or  
what comes as a door  
through a door. Or  
I am opening, opening  
more and more, I open  
myself like a door.*

**That;s what I heard it  
claiming. I wondered,  
how could anything open  
and open so much and go  
on opening? Can someone  
have outside built in?**

**This is clearly one of them,  
they have their own shadows  
built right in too, a quiet  
sound around them as they come  
towards me opening and opening  
until all I know and think and want  
is to in, catch that disease myself  
and be nothing but opening.**

**13 April 2017 (19/24)**

=====

*Baldwin, 18*

The wind blew against me  
until it blew the sky away,  
it blew rocks and sand against me  
until I stood there stiff as a house.  
I was a house. Thank god  
the wind does not keep pets—  
there are no animals in my nature,  
only me. I was a long time empty  
house, the insurance company  
shook its head, the street went away,  
my phone stopped working.  
I was happy. A house can think  
better than a man. I stood there  
relaxed and handsome and thinking,  
lights in my windows that no one saw.  
And what I thought was texture, how  
everything, even the wind, has it,  
a touch of its own to know t by.  
I like there all night caressing the wind—  
how shy air is when it stirs in the dark!

13 April 2017 (20/24)

== == == == ==

*Baldwin, 19*

**So you have come to me at last.**

**Never! I've been here all the while.**

**Then why didn't you say something, why didn't you tap me on the arm or something?**

**It's not my business to touch or to call. I am the touched.**

**Should I touch you now?**

**I didn't mean that. You can reach out, people do, but reaching out is not the same as touching. Touching is a kind of call.**

**Well, I'll call you now.**

**It's not so simple. Calling means something like: you hear your phone ringing but don't answer it, you wonder and wonder who could be calling and what they might want. The phone keeps ringing, say ten times, and all the while you're thinking — that which is going on in your head is what I mean by calling.**

**So I have to wait before I call?**

**Yes, you have to wait for someone to call and then you mustn't answer, you have to think hard thought, and that thinking is calling.**

**Somehow I think I'm calling you now.**

**It may be — calling is a red thing, though, a tender thing, more like an evening sky than a dog, say, though it is very fierce and very soft. If you really are calling me then I can close my ears and eyes and call you.**

**So you can call...**

**only when you're called.**

**13 April 2017 (24/24)**



**== == == == ==**

**Gently lamped  
as if desire  
swept the path before it  
clear of any bright notions  
of how things ought to be,  
but in vibrant shadows  
accepted what things  
actually are,  
                                gently  
into its arms.**

**13 April 2017**

,

=====

**In mythology  
in leather undergarments  
screaming for help —**

**may I call you Leda,  
can I be her brother  
for one era, tell her  
all the scandalous weather  
that makes a man,  
lead her from the mainland  
safe to islands,  
your daughter, forever?**

**13 April 2017**

=====

**Meniscus,**  
    **masculine**  
**a mannish**  
    **(moonish)**  
**lift in liquid,**  
    **a curve**  
**in fingernail.**

**Gender**  
**reveals**  
    **the sex of the moon**  
**usually the Latins hid**  
**is masculine,**  
    **the cold,**  
**the needy,**  
    **the mourner**  
**lost in the dark.**

**14 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**I thought I had not turned  
the wheel of the day  
so waking in the next dawn  
I turned it fast as could be  
until I was born  
into now again  
and maybe could sleep.  
Are you with me  
where you are?  
All these night islands  
lost in a bright sea,  
wheel spinning on each.**

**14 April 2017**

=====

**Castigate. Alienate  
the property from itself.**

**Watch what the Romans did  
in epic poetry, their  
old world TV —**

**cities  
were for burning,  
fields for priests to bless  
before the slave laborers bent  
their poor backs to the work.**

***Braceros.* In old sedans  
they still come from the south  
two thousand years later,  
no longer slaves exactly,  
and the Latin they speak  
Virgil would not recognize,  
a word here or there  
maybe, *agua* maybe  
and certainly *dolor*.**

**14 April 2017**

=====

**Everybody keeps being Romulus,  
always guilty, always in charge.**

**The city east of Eden  
Cain set up was Rome.**

**Eden was Atlantis. Abel  
was Remus.**

**Caesar  
rules us still, his sword  
the *Confusion* we call history.**

**All the books he propagates  
to help us never learn.**

**14 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**(There I go, blaming  
the state again.  
I *am* the state  
and you are too,  
we are part  
of a dreadful thing,  
the President.)**

**14 April 2017**

**=====**

**Politics  
is what happens to boys  
when you're not allowed  
to play with girls.**

**14 April 2017**



=====

**Why can't I just use  
my native language?**

**—Which one is that?**

**The one I'm speaking now,**

**—if only I were here to hear you  
then we'd both know.**

**14 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**The plane took off without its wings  
so the passengers had to work harder —  
they called it praying — and the pilot,  
an impatient man, got there before they did,  
silence in the middle of the air.**

**14 April 2017**

**=====**

**Eliminate the obvious  
and there's nothing left.**

**'And' here means  
'as a result' — a trait  
we share with Biblical  
Hebrew.**

**But my point  
here is that everything  
is here already, no one  
hid anything from us.**

**Only in us, the last  
place we'd think to look.**

**14 April 2017**

=====

**Sun rise.  
More why's.**

**Top tips  
of bare still  
trees turn gold.**

*(I have to explain everything)*

**Have you ever walked  
through an old doorway  
in a garden and felt  
fine filaments of  
spiderweb settle  
on your bare skin?**

**Whatyou feel is time.  
We blunder through it  
and it marks us as we pass.**

**14 April 2017**

## **GOOD FRIDAY**

**In old days didn't  
eat from noon to three.**

***Tre Ore.* On his cross said  
*Sitio*, I'm thirsty.**

**I thirst. For something old  
this bright cold day,**

**something I never lost,  
the friend. Never  
let me go.**

**14 April 2017**

=====

**Near the shadow's edge  
one starts to hope again.  
Even this huge tree  
that keeps us from the light  
has some limit. Slowly  
move to the border,  
the boundaries, where doubt  
gives way to something else.**

**For years I have tried  
to name it — but to get it right  
I'll have to cross that border  
then the name will be all around me.**

**14 April 2017**

=====

*for Billie*

**You put the flowers there  
isaw you doing it  
wondered what was going on  
with you and the earth.**

**2.  
You knew,  
                  you know  
about flowers,  
                  names,  
sex lives, family  
tragedies of the roses.**

**3.  
When I asked  
you said They're yellow  
(I see them now)  
daffodils**

**4.  
                  from the Dutch  
way of saying asphodel,  
that Greek thing,  
flower of the underworld.**

5.

Underword,

                  what the ground  
was muttering all winter,  
mothering.

6.

Underwear of earth,  
the naughty places  
soft under solid soil  
from which

                  you said  
they come.

7.

Bless you  
for your flowers  
in my lawn, the few  
yellow pale chalices  
cheer me  
on this Good Friday,  
they slump a little  
on the hillock  
among the profusion  
of blue

8.

flowers I call squills



**you know by  
another name**

**I'm sure I'm wrong  
but wrongness too  
is a kind of flower  
isn't it?**

**9.  
Or if not,  
put up with me anyhow,  
you  
and all your  
knowing flowers.**

**14 April 2017**

**== == == == ==**

**Birds many,  
beasts few.  
The adolescent  
breeze breathes  
I love yu I love you  
all over my bare arms,  
I shiver at its  
clumsy caresses,  
but accept, and the sun  
too, from across  
this immense boudoir  
of hers, tosses  
me warm kisses.**

**14 April 2017**

**= = = = =**

**Write it down fast  
before it forgets you.  
Prayer time. I mean  
time is prayer,  
we are the words it says  
telling on its beads,  
endless rosary of days,  
we are what time uses  
to thank the one or some  
or many who created it  
and made it run so smooth  
but sometimes lingering,  
mountainside, waterfall,  
sleepless night.**

**14 April 2017**

## **THE WITNESS**

**someone is always watching.  
How round that circle is!  
Just being observed  
is criticism enough,  
the silent commentary  
of the watching eye.  
And this straight line,  
how straight it is,  
but it points both  
ways of once so  
how can you tell?**

**15 April 2017**

=====

**When iy grows warmer  
wish it otherwise.  
A gate made of apples,  
some deer pass through it  
on the way from winter.  
Sinner? No, a glass  
empty of everything but  
light. I'll drink to that.**

**115 April 2017**

=====

**Too many books on the shelf.**

**Pelf. Eyes demur.**

**Clamor. Glamor.**

**Out of the *Kreide* endlessly mocking  
words on the sidewalk words on the wall.**

[German, 'chalk']

**I've read too much to know so little,  
here, let me study your heart,  
the lines on your right palm  
because you are left handed  
and I want to see exactly  
what your running from, aside from me,  
your blithering witness.**

**15 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Left to myself  
I don't even have  
the sense to be lonely.**

**15.IV.17**

## EASTER

One time this did so mean.  
Easter.

The rising, the refusal  
to be gone.

Now why  
does *mean* mean  
'signify' but also 'common,'  
even 'unkindly'?

When I was a child  
we had Easter  
and learned its meaning  
but we also had  
mean old people  
who seemed to take pleasure  
in spoiling our play,  
our talk, our way,  
sending us running away  
in tears, even,  
maybe,  
and what did they mean?

Now we know and forgive  
and even sympathize with  
all their sufferings, failures,



**reprssions, illnesses, the pain  
that made them that way,  
so resentful of what  
we didn't even know  
we were, quick, limber,  
almost free**

**to play.**

**Because play has no meaning,  
it's what a bird  
would try to convey  
by flying away.**

**16 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Now Easter is it,  
of it. Spangled  
lawn, squills  
blue a week  
late, soon gone.  
Raster comes  
again, it all  
comes back in me,  
this world a tomb  
from which we  
constantly wake  
and stumble. Each  
morning rolls  
away the stone.**

**16 April 2017**

=====

**How much of this fits  
together? Nobody loves me  
the cartoon sobs  
for Valentine is past  
and June not yet  
so don't  
waste your marriage on a wedding,  
let some passing scholar, solo parson  
hear your vows and wander on.  
Then you and be home.**

**16 April 2017**

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

**But do I have a right  
to say these things  
without being wise?  
The words permit me,  
the words are always wise.**

**16.IV.17**

=====

**People walk  
and the road lets them.  
Bronze melts  
and enters the mold,  
takes from  
and keeps it  
as long as heat lets it.  
Through strange permissions  
our dreams try reading .  
I think of you  
asleep in early morning,  
your face an amazement  
to me, beauty serene,  
substrate of our being  
the quiet, lasting,  
not even waiting,  
just being always.**

**16 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Everyone you meet today  
is Christ risen.  
If you don't believe me,  
just look into their eyes.**

**16 April 2017**

=====

**Hot Easter Sunday  
warmup after winter —  
we understand just enough  
to sit in the sun a while,  
getting ready for whatever.  
The beautiful candle  
she holds on the sky.  
But here are wasps  
exploring crannies,  
making me uneasy  
with their undercarriage  
their sluggish reconnaissance. Be quiet,  
everybody, I want to be alone  
with that woman in the sky.  
Let her be the only one who moves.**

**16 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**But they all keep buzzing  
and circling around  
as if they owned the place  
and it's suddenly clear  
even to me that they do.  
One comes walking on  
this very notebook as I write,  
one of my billion nameless landlords.**

**16 April 2017**



=====

**Citronella hat?  
All I'm doing  
is talking to you —  
isn't it time  
I made something up,  
tell it like it isn't  
so you'll get to know  
the other side of truth  
from which the real emerges  
so slowly, so slowly, Christ,  
how many million years,  
dawn of the alphabet —  
Never mind the cathedrals,  
don't fret, they're almost here.**

**16 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**I am the strangest man you'll  
ever know, I hide  
my strangeness like a precious jewel.**

**16.IV.17**

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

**Sitting in the sun and saying.  
That's me praying.  
The things that music does  
to say its notes  
are called its accidents.  
Sunlight, words happen.  
Words happen.**

**16 April 2017**

=====

**Chalcedony  
if I knew it, stone  
of counsel, gaze  
into this milk green  
cabochon and see  
the other side of language.**

**I'm always hungry  
for the other side  
of every anything,  
bruise on my forearm  
from all my door knows**

**open, open.  
Your beautiful ring  
reminds me  
past the sea and past your eyes  
the quiet word always  
on its way in.**

**16 April 2017**

=====

There is a star leading to me—  
Venus casts a shadow on the desert —  
broken bones of some old book—

I heard the redbird this morning,  
heat is bad for flowers  
imaginary imprint

I made a skeleton of sugar  
you called it *flaquita*,  
a skinny little girl

and ate the legs off it  
and one shoulder. Sugar  
is the color of death —

we all know that, the doctors  
tell us in their white coats,  
all I want's a stone bench by the sea,

and if that little duck don't quack  
mama's gonna buy you a Cadillac  
sang her to sleep

mentioning one by one  
all the entities east and west —

**near enough, the omnibus from Oxford St.**

**I followed on foot  
speaking my original language,  
the sly patois of innocence.**

**Someone comes up behind me,  
no, it is my shoulder  
reading what I write,**

**checking it for truths,  
the way they do,  
our bodies the only oracles.**

**16 April 3027**

## **GIFTS**

**She gave me a shirt  
that has no pocket,**

**no way to carry  
what is dearest,**

**the writing pad  
all blank with promise**

**so I have to give her  
an empty page.**

**16 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Go back to the beginning  
and wait for the end.  
Be a pearl necklace,  
be a song you lost  
the words to  
you still can hum  
wheat field by moonlight,  
a pocket of seeds,  
on acorn among them.  
Be huge by comparison.**

**16 April 2017**



== == == == ==

**When the girl calls  
it makes religion.  
It happens in the head.  
You hear her voice,  
say, and suddenly  
you know what you believe.  
You know what matters.  
In this way we  
give god to each other.**

**17 April 2017**

**APRIL.**

**It's getting  
to be a habit  
to be outside.  
To be alive.  
Slowly learn  
the calculus of flowers,  
Dali-esque thermometers,  
breeze all the time —  
the world is endless vowelings,  
up I guess to us  
to shape consonants,  
pluck words out of the air.**

**17 April 2017**

=====

**Not just any church  
but Holy Wisdom,  
mosque, museum,  
doesn't matter.**

**What counts is the dome,  
it taches every dome  
enacts heaven on earth.**

**(Not the geodesic, though,  
that's just high school math  
lets light in, yes,  
but is not smooth, sticks  
angles in the sky sky never knew  
sky doesn't need.  
Grrr at geodesy.)**

**But Sophia,  
vast, seems they say  
to float above the space enclosed.**

**And we know by now  
that *space enclosed*  
is all that's holy,  
come in and close the door  
and be your mind.**

**2.**

**I'm arguing I don't need Istanbul,  
vowel harmony, not even  
Justinian's beautiful lusty wife.**

**I argue for Jesus in the closet  
praying wordless to the Father  
or the Mother or whoever  
out there or deep in you  
might hear you calling.  
And you are the answer to your prayer.**

**17 April 2017**

=====

**A crow is comfort  
a cardinal's need.  
Depend on the weather,  
it will always be here.**

**17.IV.17**

== == == == ==

**Somehow I added  
truth to the cup  
so when you drink  
all vows are forgiven.  
Your own reflection  
bobs on the drink, gives  
you pleasure to see  
and arund your face  
faces of your good friends  
and they all come home.**

**17 April 2017**

## DIASTOLE

1.

As if we could tell the difference  
the number changes in the night  
the diastole the unexpected  
low rider through this border town  
we're migrant workers in, braceros  
all of us in body come and go.

2.

It opens us. It opens  
up and we pour in,  
no more sense than chaparral,  
just there, waiting our turn  
without the sense of waiting.  
Then we're done and gone.

**3.**  
**Can't get away from microcosm**  
**the movement of blood**  
**into and out of the valves**  
**is Magyars riding across the steppe**  
**until we're stopped.**

*We*  
**is the name of our blood**  
**we keep going till the chamber's full**  
**and then we depart.**

**I used to**  
**live in that town the heart.**

**18 April 2017**



=====

**I want to be obscure  
again as you must be  
walking in the marsh  
voyeuring the birds,  
guessing trails and giving  
names to trees and scat  
because we're never  
the first ones here. but you  
know how to walk away  
from most of the human world  
keeping only *the names of things*  
to guide your mood, your  
voluptuous errors excite me,  
Swainson's hawk? Serviceberry?**

**18 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**O Christ the page is blank again  
no matter how many time  
I moth my way all over it  
leaving lines of dust, frail  
wings, smudges of sweat  
from the diaphoresis of just  
having to, have to write something  
down, words among the dribbles,  
no matter, the page is always  
empty when I look, always  
a blank page, one more pilgrimage  
summoned from the dark.**

**18 April 2017**

**=====**

**Schiller's apple  
too fragrant in the desk**

**the requirements each  
artisan demands**

**an apple a yellow  
stone on middle finger**

**green-shaded lamp  
on an empty table**

**in my case cold coffee.  
Why do we need**

**the little things we need  
to keep our identity**

**clear — or maybe lose it  
until we pure agency**

**nothing but the meaning  
of an old apple's smell.**

**18 April 2017**

**End of Notebook 402**

## **SKIPPING**

**when they did  
needed hard smooth street—  
don't try it on sand.**

**This mode of motion  
is how children teach adults  
how to progress  
in scholarship and sciences:**

**firm-footed on what you know  
kick it away and leap—  
one brief moment in the air,  
and then you're there,  
the new place, the new idea.**

**I am your Muybridge to show you how.**

**18 April 2017**

=====

**Will you write for me  
and say me what you know  
of what we are? And will  
this always be Vienna,  
land of the loveliest mistakes,  
a stranger's tender skin  
never far away? Outside  
old churches stand around,  
gorgeous guesses about the sky  
they wallow in their silence.  
I'll never get the language right,  
gender always wrong, I feel  
like an elephant among camels,  
big and useless. And in fact  
we never visited the zoo,  
the cemetery was enough for me,  
vital whispered debates there  
in the congress of the dead.  
Poor Mozart!**

**18 April 2017**

## at A MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES

Trying hard  
hard always  
hanss in lap

trying not to talk.  
Told me as a kid  
say something pleasant

or keep still.  
I kept. I still  
a, keeping.

18 April 2017

=====

**What color are  
my eyes today  
and why. This  
is how the song  
begins, now you  
make it go on,  
ask me some  
silly asks only  
I can answer.  
Then we're done.**

**18 April 2017**



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

**Today I am an old J'ish man  
sitting out in the sun  
thinking about the thighs  
of young women: how firm  
muscular their outer sides,  
how soft and pale the inner  
surfaces, forming that great  
arroyo it would be my task  
to coax full of living water,  
the flood of pleasure. It is not  
easy work, sitting in the sun.**

**18 April 2017**

=====

**When you close the door  
that's when they really come in.**

**When it's open they linger  
but now, *motivated by obstacle***

**they invade. They are walking  
around in you now, some even**

**are sitting in your lap, riffling  
through your emails, smiling**

**knowingly. And some just hurt—  
hurt you and feel the hurt themselves.**

**maybe not wounds, just pain, the wound  
came long ago. It was the door.**

**19 April 2017**

## **SPARTAN MANNERS**

**Grow the kid  
like poppies in a bed  
all together—**

**they need each other  
more than they need us,  
they know more than we do,**

**only the words  
fail them, as we still say  
,as if we remembered  
what it was like to be a child  
when adults owned the words.**

**We rent them to the young,  
they do the best they can  
with what we foist on them.**

**19 April 2017**

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

**The finest teacher in any school  
is a youngish woman  
with her mind on something else.**

**They are the ones through whom  
the true current flows. The Nile we need.**

**19 April 2017**

**Z**

**Over my head  
a giant zed.  
I am a cat  
in a cartoon,  
the man  
in the moon  
in daylight  
hid,  
    my bed  
is everywhere.**

**19 April 2017**

## **FOUR FACES OF A FRIEND**

**1.**

**The desert  
has gotten into her.  
In her eyes, a wary light  
so that when someone  
reaches out to hold her  
she accepts the touch  
with anger but accepts.  
Afternoon of alkali.  
The dry fear of being alone  
allows the approach  
the way bitter sand accepts  
the sun's intemperate caress,**

**2.**

**Intelligence  
is a strange religion,  
she knows enough  
not to smile,  
she knows a smile  
is permanent,  
eternal, outside of time  
like those ancient  
smiling Greek statues,**

god knows what's  
on their minds,  
do they sneer at us?  
She knows a smile  
gives too much away  
and gets nothing  
in return. Instead  
she gives an honesty,  
challenging me  
to be as accurate as she.  
Those eyes tolerate no lies.

3.  
First impressions  
always right, always  
not quite adequate.  
If I studied her hair  
I would learn the long  
itinerary she followed  
to achieve this face.  
This permission for  
the other to stand  
before her, guilty  
as ever, fearing,  
daring, wanting.  
Who knows  
whom she will accept?

**She looks away,  
looks down,  
as if her body were  
and were a waterfall  
coursing down into  
a land she's not sure  
she wants to be in  
or become. Lovely  
sensuous doubt. She  
could do anything  
at all. Does she want  
her beauty too to flow  
away, down there.  
I want to know what she wants.**

**4.  
I like this one so much,  
she's looking, but not  
at me, leaves me free  
to think as I please.  
Monochrome like  
stone or old movies,  
a passport issued  
on the way to sleep.  
Greenish, seaweed  
on a beach stone, color  
comes towards her,**



she is by a sea, I think  
her body I don't see,  
I never see, that  
is itself the ocean.  
She's looking that way.  
See. Sea. See. Sea.  
Her serious intelligent  
eyes know what's coming.  
There is pain in everything,  
but something beyond it,  
she accepts what is becoming,  
o lady why have you given  
yourself up to this story,  
stone and sea and desert?  
It seems to the bravest  
face i have ever seen.

19 April 2017

=====

**Listen is there  
sound of mourning,  
moaning over picnic tables,  
campfires dying down  
with no one round them,  
someone humming in the trees  
just out of sight?**

**Listen is there any  
way I can convince you  
the shadow will never pass,  
we have to do what we can  
to stand or lie a moment  
in a little light? Friction  
is one answer, rubbing  
limbs together till we blaze  
and share the light of  
fire till we too go out.**

**19 April 2017**

## AGAINST IDENTITY

1.  
mark  
Mara  
in her trope

a caravan—  
watch  
from your rooftop  
cityman,

all a town can  
do is watch things pass.

2.  
Belong  
to all the colors  
you can.

Truth  
is a leaf  
on an absent tree —

its shadow  
shows up as color, colors,



**now white, only one,**

**one who sometimes thinks  
he's many, she's many,  
all the dreamed identities  
clothed as history,  
all her faces, all his names  
all just ciphers for the one  
he is, I mean she is,  
I mean you are.**

**20April 2017**

== == == == ==

**We who have been everywhere  
are soon done.  
When will we stay home?  
The hill I see out back  
is Denali enough for me.**

**20 April 2017**

== == == ==

**Who knows better than I  
the names of the falcon,  
the bird you set on my shoulder  
and told me it was me?  
I know his name in every tongue  
because I was born screaming  
and my scream is still in the sky.  
I'm glad you heard me—some  
think the noise they hear  
around me is human speech  
or screech of lesser birds.  
But you knew better. You saw  
the crazy eye, unrelenting appetite.**

**20 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Did she say  
the squalid stars?  
we find their faces  
in the gutter  
when we look down  
after the rain**

**the things that poets say,  
crowding out the forest  
with their old dry words,  
one word can spoil a whole day  
whole life, imagine.**

**21 April 2017**



=====

**(Baldwin 20)**

*[img 5250 jpg]*

**He was tired of Matisse  
so he tore the wall down,  
tired of birds  
so he erased the sky.**

**Now it's all in here with me.  
all the stupid shapes  
and all the wise colors,  
God, what else have we**

**ever to go on with. Light  
I suppose (he said) but  
have you ever tried to eat light?  
Sometimes I think we could.**

**Sometimes I think anything.  
It is what colors do to you,  
the woman sitting in an avocado,  
the man studying his blood**

**conceived as, stained-glass,  
o these mournful churches, drone  
of virtue, smell of good intentions,**

**behold (he cried) I throw them**

**all away, I keep only the tumult  
of body against body, shoulders  
knocking down trees, soft hands  
clappling as the dayf alls down.**

**21 April 2017**

=====

**How to say six  
with one hand:  
fingers closed,  
thumb and pinky  
out extended.  
A Chinese man  
taught me this.  
Now how to say  
I love you without  
moving my lips.  
Must be a way.  
Try all the ancient  
declensions of hand—  
*manus*, masculine  
by form, feminine  
by gender. How many  
schoolboys have been  
ruined by forgetting that.**

**21 April 2017**

=====

*(Baldwin 21) (bis)*

**There is a pineapple  
that just fits inside  
one chamber of the heart.  
It is what Time,  
that unrepentant vegan,  
eats in us. Blood pales,  
seeking the condition  
of cloud. Time wants  
us to be gone, at least  
from here, this town  
where men love women  
and women are supposed  
to love the consequences.  
Time wants us out—  
eternity. a real place  
outside of time. From there  
all the colors come  
and try to call us home.**

**21 April 2017**



## *SLOCUM*

When I was a Brooklyn youth living off Manhattan, as we mostly did, do, I wrote my first long series-poem and called it *The Exchanges*. Cid Corman was kind enough to publish it in his new series of *Origin*, around 1962. Only now, in myopic hindsight, does the other meaning of the title finally click in my dull wit — the names of the telephone exchanges. Now all of them are mere trinumeral: 758 in the town I live in, but it used to be Plateau 8 (spoken locally as Plato, with no intent to amuse), while the next town south has 876 but once said Trinity 6. Lately I've been trying to recall the exchanges of my youth — Esplanade in Flatbush, Taylor in East New York, for example — all the Gedneys, Albemarles, Nevins, Murray Hills, Triangles and beyond. The old exchanges, make them ring again.

The word  
                  comes slowly  
as a morning,  
                  along the esplanade  
from which the sluggish eyes  
watch the sluggish shipping pass  
north into haven.

**I am the regent  
of all I see,  
not yet the king's sway  
or ever, maybe,  
but I ponder in peace.**

*Say anything  
the words will come true  
make everything right.*

**Make  
everything write  
its name clear  
on your heart  
so you can use it later,  
incriminate yourself  
in the court of love,  
  
what else ever  
are words good for?  
The names of all  
the old exchanges ripple by,  
each one a special time,  
each ne a failed connection,  
the uncalled friend  
at Trinity 6,  
the lost,  
the sweet,**

**the maybe.**

***E nomine*, out of the name  
all things arise —**

**the word came first  
but only we  
by calling it  
can make a name of it.**

**22 April 2017**



== = = = =

**I sit in my house  
where I've lived fifty years  
and all I want  
is to come home.**

**22 April2017**

**=====**

**Go out in the field  
and what do we find?  
A ladder to heaven  
that has no rungs.**

**That's what it's up to us to make,  
shape, whittle, declare.  
The more we conceive  
the higher we climb.**

**And when we reach the top?  
Angels come down to help us up.  
And by the time you're there  
heaven can be anywhere.**

**22 April 2017**

=====

**One's own body  
in a monastery  
—such a pale place —**

**does the skin feel different there,  
skin of your buttock, skin of your thigh?**

**Or is there something that silence does,  
fixed belief, frequent prayer,  
never-ending silent music of liturgy,**

**something that changes  
the simple feel of who you are**

**and what you stand up in  
or go to sleep with in the early dark?**

**22 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**The voice that speaks in me  
is sometimes louder than my own.  
Apples grow on a barren thorn bush —  
no one tells it what to do  
but suddenly the sun is there  
and everything answers.**

**23 April 2017**

=====

*Baldwin 21, ter]*

Is there a word  
more to be said?  
A room exhaling  
itself free  
of all it holds,  
furniture suddenly  
breathes with light.

closets open onto forests,  
all solid things  
loosen their seriousness,  
air pervades color,  
the oak top table floats.

O you have made me  
a bird in your house,  
a parrot who thinks he is a crow,

I have the whole encyclopedia  
memorized. I blow  
all the letters in it  
softly into your  
eager tender face.

23 April 2017

## **LISTENING; LIGETI'S VIOLIN CONCERTO**

**Concerto.**

**Polyphonic  
conversation.  
Jews and Christians discussing  
the hiddenness of God —**

**how loud the apophatic is!**

**2.  
Runes come back to the mind  
as tunes.**

**The people stand  
in the church of themselves,  
no stone, no prayer but breath.**

**3.  
Why music makes  
religion  
        happen in the head  
is hard.**

**To fathom  
what is heard**



**=====**

**It's not  
that the brain is working  
or the skin ges hot,  
one breaks  
into waking  
out of loss,  
a simple lack  
made complicated  
by dream, memory,  
and other distortions  
of desire.**

**How shall  
the lack be named?  
What is the skin of loss  
and who wears it?  
Lie there gasping in the dark.**

**23 April 2017**



== == == == ==

**When I write the letter  
it is graceful and clear.  
Minutes later it has collapsed  
into bare legibility.  
They dance inside me,  
make sport, I am Falstaff  
teased by pretty neurons,  
dumped into the tepid  
brook of recognition,  
tricksy meanings.**

**23 April 2017**

=====

**Leave a book  
where it likes to live.  
A book is also a thing,  
you know, and things  
know where they should be.**

**(Nothing is ever lost  
except sometimes to us.)**

**23 April 2017**

=====

**No one knows better than the lost  
how far the west is.  
Our journey is from water to water,  
our only tower  
the cloud the sun hides behind.**

**O to see the other side of her!  
What would we recognize,  
our own faces or her blazing otherness?**

**23 April 2017**

## **BENEFIT OF CLERGY**

**Ministers of doubt,  
priests of profit,  
rabbis of resentment,  
imams of revenge.**

**23 April 2017**

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

**Now I have spoken  
more than I meant to say.  
Was the yew tree listening?  
Safest to talk in a room alone?  
No — no one there  
to distract the things around you  
from hearing what you say —  
and things remember.**

**23 April 2017**

**=====**

**I should have my whistle at my side  
in case I need to blow it,  
call for help or orient  
myself by sound. They call  
it cellphone now  
but it's still a little  
fipple-stick for me  
chittering at need  
the wild guesses of my human will.**

**\*\***

**(Getting through time without experience — ah!)**

**23 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**We can at least begin.  
A breath. A wall  
to push off from.  
A name you can't recall.  
Those are enough. The rest  
found you along the way.  
The grass is growing there too—  
they all read the same bible,  
the one you are not permitted  
even to open. Except by going.  
Except by beginning.**

**24 April 2017**

= = = = =

Out of orbit,  
loose from the rut,  
the cart topples free.

It is a mind,  
a mood. A countenance [?].  
A woven basket of apples,  
a voice on the phone.

Thou art woman.  
Thou art men.  
Thou art another thing  
in between.

(Children now are taught to sing  
Nobody knows what I am  
who I love and who I'll marry  
I'm a boy named May  
weds a girl named Larry  
and off they'll travel soon  
to live on the moon.)

No honey left.  
Only the beaver,  
whacking his tail  
on route to his lodge  
down there,  
where all the water goes:  
Warm in the afternoon,  
a good green glow.



**I am a member of a Secret Society  
called the human race.  
Some of us know more of the secret than others,  
but that's to be expected in any club.  
We are here for a reason  
as the Sun is our witness.**

**24 April 2017**

=====

**Nothing like this  
nothing like you  
I hesitate  
on the banks of the river  
lined with chestnuts  
soon to flower blush pink and white,  
nothing like this,  
nothing like you  
wandering through the crappy  
suburbs of my heart  
studded with junkyards,  
car parts, fast food.  
Fast food lasts forever,  
nothing like this,  
passes so quickly,  
what do I have to offer you  
but more machinery,  
ball bearings, broken  
vacuum cleaners,  
an easel that won't stand up  
to hold a picture I will never paint?  
Wander me,  
find something in me  
worth all the years of your journey.**

**Raiding the Alphabet:  
suppose each letter  
had a secret lover  
from one of the others —  
let's break down the silence in the dark  
and see who's sleeping with whom.  
Is it statistics that will tell us,  
or mystics? Who is L's  
secret flame? What other  
letter does B come home smelling of?  
I swear there is a logic in love  
the alphabet is master of —  
and rhyme itself (I stole  
this one from Rothenberg)  
is another form of one night stand,  
a word caught in delicto  
with another, same sex,  
maybe even a brother.**

**25 April 2017**

## **IN FACT**

**Imaginary people are  
realer than real people.  
They are intact, solid,  
resourceful, accommodable  
to every situation.**

**When a real person dies, he becomes  
history, i.e., imaginary, and then his  
reality is augmented.**

**the image is permanent,  
identity fluid. Trust the imaginary friend.  
Doubt the real.**

**25 April 2017**

== == == == ==

So if this were now  
what other spikes  
would sharp out from the calendar  
to puncture our favorite  
fantasy, this moment?  
But now is always then.  
In front of the broken  
Tydol pump from an era  
halfway between  
Hopper and xxxxxxxx  
an actual auto can still rest.  
Rust. But be there, I think,  
for all the sngels to  
msarvel at and despise,  
a thingly thing, complex,  
unitary. We speak Thinglish  
to it always, hoping  
always to be understood  
by one another. We say  
car. Gas statin defunct.  
Early spring shower. Art.  
We think we're naming  
things. The things  
themselves understand  
us perfectly well.

25 April 2017

## THE FIVE CHAMBERS OF THE HEART

*(Studies of a series of five astonishing oil paintings, heart in the dar, done by Sherry Williams in the period 2009-2011. They are dedicated to her with gratitude and admiration.)*

Four is an animal everybody knows  
you can even find it in books  
doctor's offices, gloomy  
museum showcases, real hearts  
(but what is real?) in old jars  
floating in something, cut open  
to display what everybody knows.

But there is another chamber of the heart.  
Another heart, white and magical  
and lost the way real things are  
(but what is real?) in the mist of seeing.  
The whiteheart, The heart beyond blood.

The thinking heart, The lustful analytic  
heart, the four-square five, the straightedge  
miracle. Open any door and there's the heart.

\*

**I've never seen  
the like. A pale  
planet humming  
hard in the dark  
inside the body.**

**My body,. How dare  
you lookinside me?  
How dare you see?**

**See the pale heart of desire  
thirsting for blood,  
touch, ocean, engulfing,  
shark frenzy, gold mine,  
broken tower, torpedo,  
scuttled warship, nun  
on her knees pleading,  
pleading. How dare  
you know so much of me?**

**\***

**How to smooth out the dark.  
How to find the edge of the known  
and draw it fine across the visible  
saying: here I have drawn  
a lucid picture of the unknown.**

\*

**I heave my shoulder up and pray,  
give me o Queen of Heaven just one  
straight line and I will follow it  
forever or till I come to the special  
tender darkness you keep exclusively  
for those brave enough to bear  
all the way to you an empty heart.**

\*

**(I had never seen anything like it.  
A painting so dark and so precise,  
the quiet mathematics of desire  
provoked those bold lines that cut  
darkness into luminous differences.  
Was it a heart in a dsark sea, a broken  
moon begging for pity, child's face  
in the doorway, frightened to be in,  
frightened to go out. Face of a planet  
lost from any star. Be what you are  
it murmured, and get over it. You  
are the only one here. I'm in you  
for good. And the door did not close.**



\*

There is a wall.  
White wall, old  
cracked plaster,  
old New York apartment  
empty. One lightbulb  
and I am alone.  
I hear something  
through the wall,  
it worries me. I drag  
my fingers down the wall,  
the plaster crumbles,  
I dig in, I scratch away,  
the plaster gouges  
under my nails, the dry  
dusty plaster sticks  
worse than water  
to my skin. I dig  
my hands into the wall  
and tear away and tear  
more away, everything  
is turning dry and white,  
the noise is louder.  
I understand the sound  
is not coming from  
beyond but in, the sound  
is in the wall, I see

movement, a throbbing,  
I tear more plaster away  
and there it is, squirming,  
pumping throbbing  
I don't know what word  
is what it's doing, white,  
it's a white heart beating  
in the wall, I pull more  
white away and free it  
but it stays there beating,  
something about the rhythm  
worries me, it is the same,  
the same as me, I am tearing  
at my own heart in the wall  
or is it every heart  
in every one, locked away  
in this scrappy wall  
in nobody's house,  
hardly any light to see  
the white thing moving.

\*

It is the fifth chamber  
the one all humans share.  
No blood no air  
no hope no fear.  
A pale thing just going on.

\*

**The time is telling.  
The grey heart pounding in the wall  
hears me. Hears me  
hoping, It works too hard,  
it just wants love,  
love affairs and friendly clergy  
and little trucks that roll through town  
ice cream ice cream.**

\*

**The little heart I have  
hears.  
Hearing by beating.  
It hears the wall.**

**A wall remembers,  
a wall is full  
of everything everybody  
ever said beside it,  
in the room, whispered  
to the cold plaster  
in this place, this  
holy space of**

**anywhere we ever live.**

**\***

**An interruption, that's  
all the heart is, a moment  
to block the flow  
of blood, a customs house**

**through which all  
that must sustain us runs  
to be analyzed, inspected,  
simplified, consoled.**

**A kind heart, we say,  
one made of nature  
not of thought, not  
dragged from sleep,**

**white, babbling Latin,  
panting, losing its place  
in the original sacred text  
the blush beneath your skin.**

**\***

**In wood and stone and plaster  
words are all remembered**

**and worse, the music that they heard  
or made themselves  
or turned away from in hope of silence  
but silence was always the wall,  
always the heart recalling  
everything I ever I called.  
I mean you called. It's your wall.**

**\***

**Years ago I had a store on East 10<sup>th</sup> Street, I and seven  
friends, a bookshop for poetry when the street was alive  
with new art, galleries, vagrants, prophets, us. A  
bookstore needs shelves, and as we built them against  
the old plaster, some of it would crumble at the touch of  
hammer or molly, and when it crumbled we'd find mixed  
in with the fragmenting plaster long strands of human  
hair. Black hair. The low old brick building had been  
built, we gathered, in the nineteenth century, and in  
those days builders mixed human hair into wet plaster,  
to hold the stuff together. Our wall was built of hair,  
women's hair, long black hair, Chinese hair.**

**\***

**Where is the silence that I need?  
I look at five paintings,**

paintings that move me deeply,  
doors and darkneses masterly  
shown in opening, to show  
a heart, a heart that beats forever,  
that will not let me keep silent.  
I disguise its beating as talk about  
art or love or personal experience  
but it's the heart talking. Only  
when I turned away and looked  
calmly at the eyes of her cat  
was I silenced. Clear green eyes  
looked up beyond the need to speak.

\*

The wall has wind in it  
as the heart has hands.

\*

All substances remember  
what we say.  
Listen hard and hear  
the grey sound between the ears,  
the noise of dawn.

\*

**No room for remember.  
No need. The fibrillations  
of that chamber  
flutters endless imagery.  
I am made of a million images  
I hurry to heaven.  
The wall stands still.**

**\***

**What does it mean when a woman  
sees the fifth chamber of the heart  
as a heart all alone, aloft, on its own.  
Is it a stone?**

**\***

**The integrity, honesty, bravery,  
straight lines of the picture—  
all the colors drained out, only  
the weighty shadow of color left.**

**Each colors left a sound  
to trace where it once lived.  
Memory of a lover's skin.**

**\***

**A door she opened and went in.**

\*

Sometimes terror is serene,  
the heart throbbing in the wall.  
Tell me your fears. Tell me my own.  
Conversation should be science,  
experiment, revelation. No small talk  
in a painting. Nothing but the fear,  
the quiet beautiful fear from which we live.

\*

The cat was sleeping on the couch  
proving every house used to be a church  
before people moved in and shoved the god out.  
Space, pure space lost to satellites and probes,  
pure space that only a painting shows—  
the foursquare room from which god can't be thrown.  
The cat was sleeping on the couch  
and when I roused it with a cautious finger  
it woke and told me what I just said.

\*

In *Leviticus* a wall has leprosy.  
It stinks and crumbles  
so the priests come out  
and say things to it and do this and that



**holy stuff so the wall heals,  
turns clean, stands around.  
But deep inside the old heart  
was ticking yet, the wall keeps  
loving, broken love  
of all familiar things.**

**\***

**The animals go on  
living in my chest.  
Resolve to see them.  
The trinity of hearts  
powerful and accurate,  
made of stone, three  
hooded gods of Samothrace  
whose names are known  
but not to be spoken,  
names like straight lines  
shooting through dimness,  
limiting the dark. Island  
where the blood is pumped.**

**\***

**Her triptych tells  
the whole story,  
any triptych  
is complete, terrible.**

**unanswerable  
power of three.  
*I am made to be  
ruled by thee...*  
There is no number larger than three.**

\*

**The wall stretches  
from beginning to end  
first orgasm all the  
way to the apocalypse.**

\*

**The truth once hidden in the wall  
is dust wedged inder my fingernails.**

\*

**To open a door  
and open the opening  
walk naked in the marketplace.**

**When you open the door  
your house runs away,  
silence everywhere except the heart.**

**The hard heart**

**making what it needs  
making us need what it produces.**

**In lassitude, in love,  
a body always listening  
and all it knows  
is what we all slowly  
come to know:  
to hear is heart.**

**\***

**A journey by door,  
by the white heart  
hidden in the dark,  
a journey with no ship  
and no ocean, unless  
the light lets us drown.**

**\***

**It has to be like this.  
The heart has to go on.**



=====

**Does it come alive  
or who is waiting?  
Glimpses of porphyry  
polished to a blush.**

**Your face or mine.  
Place. Memory realigns,  
Mercury with his wings  
rearranges everything.**

**Connecticut afternoons,  
a hollow damask armchair  
spent hours talking to.  
Walk by the quiet beach.**

**The Sound hears. Sound heals.**

**26 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**But who is the miracle?  
Is she a book at all,  
a child a porringer?  
How can we tell  
ourselves from things?**

**26 April 2017**

=====

**It ends just as it gets started.  
Questions are enough  
by themselves, need no answers.  
Sluice the quiet question through  
the merriment of sleeping crowds  
and see the throngs uneasy pause.  
Nothing more brittle than delight.  
Trouble at the big house, a fox  
seen at high noon n the lawn.**

**26 April 2017**

=====

**Everything I know  
came later.  
How by an upper arm  
to judge a woman's  
character. Northern  
Lights. Frim raccoon  
at the garbage can deduce  
evidence of appetite.  
And that is fog I see  
hanging in the leafing trees.**

**26 April 2017**



## FROM A DECADE GONE

1.

gather me the centuries  
Roar absconded vowels  
and the sunken galleons  
naufraged and limitless,  
like loss, like time.  
Measureless leaves!

2.

Containment in metal magic ping  
a dried lentil off the hollow dome  
reverberating destiny – each thing  
has a word of its own, alike  
as they may seem, all the ball bearings,  
each has its own separate word  
not just a sound or meaning: a word  
is a time sounded and a sound timed  
into the world, a word is a homeless  
intersection has to be housed in us.

3.

A word needs you. Open!  
Small chasm in the wolf woods

**a hope around here, roar jet over  
bad, bad, a love letter from the Pope!  
Aircraft disaster in our neighborhood,  
we are the indistinct ones, the merely here.  
The also ones.**

**4..**

**Habit pattern, scandalous,  
your Stasi worsted skirt your apple blossom  
underarm deodorant your nickel  
in the slot your Spanish grammar book  
wine-stained from all you forget. Habit  
though never forgets you. Ampersands  
we eat for breakfast, algebra  
and parlez-vous, the day is made  
of dream debris, scattered streets of mind,  
alarming documents, prisoners set free  
too soon and climbing up our walls,  
delinquent daylight and then cool night  
comes. Pathways of crushed shells.  
Hear Jack. Hear Jill. Erase their hill.  
You are a priest. Let no one ever fall.**

**[4 October 2007]  
recast 26 April 2017**



## THE INSTRUCTIONS

1.  
**Know enough  
the chances of it —  
take a deep breath and hurl  
the writing back on the wall,  
pre-Hittite, habit, it's all  
in your breath, lodged  
obscure, you more-than-Mason,  
just speak!**

2.  
**Muse  
makes answer come, makes  
outside in and roar out again,  
that is who and what she foes,  
the long-legged question.**

**This is your chance  
to be hers. Heard.**

3.  
**Invocation. Call her in  
or him who  
overtakes and makes  
the loudest asking.**

**4.  
Speak to that necessity,  
the only. You are the only  
wolf in these woods  
and he is the moon. Howl  
time now is now.**

**27 April 2017**

## **FROM THE INDIES**

**Something like malaria  
when I got back  
the first time from.**

**Shivering and chills  
the fourth or fifth  
of every month**

**for six or seven  
months thereafter  
and then none.**

**What kind of math is that?**

**27 April 2017**

## **TO YOUNG POETS**

**Play nice.  
The day is long.**

**Everyone  
you ever meet**

**you'll need  
before the end.**

**27 April 2017**

**== == == == ==**

**To be outside  
and be alive**

**a sound leads  
me to a hill**

**up in there  
beyond the ferns**

**someone dwells.  
And dwelling**

**is all. To be  
emperor of now.**

**My shadow  
comes home.**

**27 April 2017**



== == == == ==

**The green tree of thr poem  
laughs like a tickled  
child just beginning.  
It promises everything  
like a giirl in a fashion ad,  
it growls like an old drunk  
repeating himself muzzily  
word after word and then  
sundown on the prairie,  
the poem curls up alone  
its words pulled tight  
round it against the chill  
of the silences to come.**

**28 April 2017 (Acer)**

== == == == ==

**The crow calls  
the call knows**

**what crow sees  
from the heart of the air**

**and tells, a crow  
tells.**

**29 April 2017**

=====

**Local praises always  
enough to begin.  
That car cornfield car  
pony-tailed jogger fleet  
the empty street  
still quivering at dawn  
from all those dreams within,  
all that luscious sin  
intemperance, gluttony and lust,  
but how quiet house beside house  
facing house by house  
and all the dusty fragrant  
vacancy between,  
an empty street!  
My endless dream,  
I could live anywhere  
and behind every window-shade  
a room with someone  
in it and that one a friend –  
why should we ever doubt?  
The goodness waits for us.  
Somehow the open window  
(spring at last!) taught me to say this.**

**29 April 2017**

**=====**

**Not what I believe  
but what  
needs to be said  
and tells me so.**

**I praise and thank  
and blame the world  
for every word  
it makes me say,**

**mere scribe I am  
of this endless scripture.**

**29 April 2017**

**=====**

**Or am I responsible really  
for what I say,  
for what I say it makes me say?**

**Listen to the stream outside,  
last thing I heard last night  
and then the cardinal loud  
at first light.**

**Tell me please  
the long silences in between.**

**29 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Go by, go by,  
birth of a flower  
GIF from an old movie  
red of the rose**

**we tell what we see,  
what we want to see  
over and over,  
GIF of a flower  
opening.**

**Our eyes opening.  
It's the world again.**

**29 April 2017**

== == == == ==

**Composition by touch  
alone, polyhedral,  
morphotropic,  
                                  calm  
fingertip on wrist  
not seeking pulse even,  
  
skinweavers, blue stitch  
pulsing quietly beneath  
the pale fabric of  
your hand, your hand.**

**29 April 2017**

=====

**I'm always looking  
for something I can name.**

**Books are no help here,  
only the cloud that  
momentarily covers the sun does**

**show the true color of a thing.  
And from that chroma  
identity arises?**

**Scarcely.**

**It only tells me over and  
over what I don't know.**

**Just say what it is  
and it will do the rest.**

**29 April 2017**



**=====**

**Castanets maybe  
two chestnuts clacking  
in the shaken hand -  
music comes from every side—**

**only when somebody starts to make it  
do the problems start,  
writing their stupid wills across the sky  
as if they made the air that sings the ear.**

**29 April 2017**

=====

*(The White Factor)*

**I'm afraid to see where she lives.  
There's bound to be trees all around  
her little old house tso vast inside,  
chamber after chamber all the way  
down to the throne room of the earth,  
but I'm worried about the trees, trees,  
all of them tossing in a low wind,  
fitful sunshine, the shadows of the leaves  
mapping and remapping the ground.  
I'm afraid I'll go out walking there  
among those trees, and in the shadow  
of one of them, a locust maybe, I'll be trapped  
by a shadow, shadow with strong arms,  
trapped, and then I'll think of the pale soft  
skin of her body pressed against the rough  
bark of the locust tree and I'll be lost.**

**29 April 2017**

=====

**The buzz and bother  
and big of them,  
carpenter bees in the sun  
wrecking the eaves,  
chew and chaw  
and blunder, big, big,  
at everyone. Man tells me  
only females sting,  
are not aggressive,  
territorial, sing a lot,  
just like Swiss. Doesn't help—  
they don't like me,  
don't want me sitting  
on what they think of as  
their deck, steps, house.  
I wave my deed at them in vain.**

**29 April 2017**

=====

**Can't get it right every time.  
Or any time.**

**Despair  
is general in the learned professions.  
Maybe Egyptologists can sleep at night.  
The rest of us lie there  
pondering what we didn't say right,  
get right, guess right, make work.**

**29 April 2017**

== == ==

**The broken  
rock she sits on  
tells her Stay  
look down the valley and**

**2.  
all the rest it says  
has no, needs no,  
words in her.  
She looks, from  
high over  
she understands.**

**3.  
Hills and dales  
the language of  
knowing where you  
stand she stands.**

**4.  
The glacier brought it  
here for you to find.  
Everything has a purpose  
built in. For you  
to find.**

**29 April 2017**

**=====**

**The door between  
tall white trees  
birches bend a little  
yesterday's wind  
always pressing in.**

***Into the kingdom desire leads.***

**The door between  
one word and the next  
is ready for you now.  
Find the knob, grasp,  
twist, then guess  
tug or push to open.**

**The answer[ 's there  
the choice is yours,  
reader or lover  
with such strong  
wrists, the in  
between is waiting.**

**30 April 2017**

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

**A metaphor walked down the street  
disguised as a priest. At his side  
a nun kept pace, disguised as the Sun.  
So many strangers on our little street —  
I look hard and guess, then guess again.  
Always wrong — 's why I love this town.**

**30 April 2017**

## CUTTYHUNK

### *Rosa rugosa*

If it weren't so hard to get to  
I wouldn't want to be there.  
Island far from mainland only  
see the coast of on clear days.  
Ferry not many. The air is other.  
The sea on each side's a different  
sea, same water, wrong vocabulary.  
Bay. Sound and open sea. Intimacy  
of island thickets, soaring moorland,  
hard to walk on shingle beach. There.  
And be in time to watch come into  
flower, quarter mile of seaside roses.

30 April 2017



=====

**Reading the paper's a bad breakfast.  
I want to smell the other side of the news  
without thinking it. Let it be there  
just out of sight, like an old time picture  
magazine in the garage. Atrocities  
left out. The coffee hasn't even finished  
brewing yet and the whole nation hurts.**

**30 April 2017**

== == == == ==

*Baldwin 23: [2014 ... 4/16]*

**Inside the cello the thoughts  
of the wood quarrel with the sense  
of the music some distant hands  
are torturing string against string,  
gut against horsehair, cruel hands  
making the wood a mere instrument  
(they even call it that) when in truth  
it is a fantastic country of hollow  
shadow distance sparse glimmers  
pure thought endless resonance.  
When you were a child you once  
placed your ear close to the hole,  
even peered into the cavity, cello  
guitar violin mandolin bouzouki,  
who knows what children handle,  
you know what it is like in there,  
so beautiful and far away and lost  
like a memory of sunshine, you  
remember it well and it shows.**

**30 April 2017**

=====

*Baldwin 24 : [2014 ... 5/16]*

**It pierced me and I fell.  
As I lay there  
dying as I thought, I thought  
there was a horse nearby  
whose hooves I dodged  
a horse would trample me.  
Then I forgot  
all about the beast and felt  
the stiff little barbs  
that fletched the arrow in my chest.  
Then I rested a little while  
and when I thought again  
it was to think of her  
in whose name —or from whose  
hands? — my arrow came.  
Lodged in me deep, slowly  
it turned into me, just one more  
bone in my body and I woke,  
rose, was changed. Never  
had anyone done that to me before.**

**30 April 2017**

=====

*Baldwin 25: [2014 ... 7/16]*

**Why was there a candle  
burning in the hip pocket?  
Why was that letter shoved there  
so important it had to burn,  
burn without ever being seen,  
not even the flame of it,  
not even the ash? Who could  
have sent it? Did it hurt so much  
that fire seemed less painful,  
this little fire, this almost  
absent flame? And then even I  
finally understood. It was  
that fayal letter from nobody,  
the nobody of nobody loves me,  
nobody cares, and nobody  
had finally written to say so.  
The letter;'s burnt, the ash  
slowly turns to gold, real gold,  
the flame still flickers, This  
is the part I don't get at all.**

**30 April 2017**

=====

*8Baldwin 26: [2014 ... 8/16]*

**I used to live in that town,  
had to leave.  
Too many windows  
and no doors.  
But I loved the road ran through it,  
dusty in summer, mud in fall,  
solid in winter  
so kids could skip their way to school.  
Really, the road was the only  
thing I liked  
so I took it with me when I left,  
rolled it up like a thread  
and off I went,  
walking slow walking far,  
looking for a place with doors.**

**30 April 2017**

=====

*Baldwin 27: [2014 ...10/16]*

**Keep me in your heart  
the music said,  
I am a man too,  
not just something you heard  
as you stood a moment  
outside a doorway  
on a dark street, listening.  
Keep me in your heart,  
because everything you really hear  
becomes a human person  
who's in love with you, lives  
to make you conscious, happy,  
free. Believe me.  
Just listen in yourself  
and there I am, too close for comfort  
but comfort never built a universe.**

**30 April 2017**