

6-2017

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**Information from far away.  
The lady in the dream said  
(there were three people,  
looking at my poems, as if  
to judge or accept, contest,  
magazine, three very ordinary  
people upright at a table;  
the man had liked my work)  
the lady in the dream said  
she liked it too, nice enough,  
imagery and so on, but  
the poem came to no  
conclusion, she meant some  
moral or quotable assertion,  
as if it just went on,  
pleasant, pointless,  
just like this dream.**

**1 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Deeper than the day's anxiety  
will I get home in time for supper  
is the deeper angst,  
will there be supper when I get home?**

**1 June 2017**

= = = = =

**What do I do  
with what I know?**

**I bring it to you  
in hopes it will make  
you love me still.**

**I am a red bird  
bringing caterpillars home.**

**1 June 2017**

= = = = =

**Touch together the two devices  
at once their information marries—  
instantly by human time but who knows  
what time is like inside a tablet—  
each thinks it is a desert stone,  
by God alone inscribed.**

**1 June 2017**

= = = = = = =

**Not a good beginning but  
starts are usually awkward,  
breathless, more stumble than leap,  
more backyard pool than sea.**

**I look at sun on the ocean  
now and she tells me this.**

**1 June 2017**

= = = = =

**Tetraptych of human faces once I wrote  
the same woman over and over I don't know—  
hard to see a person through their face,  
a face is only what they want to show.  
But sometimes the eyes still tell the truth.**

**1 June 2017**

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

**(After two days of mist and rain, deepest mist last night, the sun now in a cloudless sky, blazing on the sea. But the sky has a vague, pale look about it. All a poet can do is detail what Thomas called “the weather of the heart.” By seven o’clock the sky had greyed over and come close, the neighbor island starts disappearing and coming back, vanishing and returning as the sky settles down around us as mist. Then for thirty seconds the higher sun comes through and we’re a summer day all soft and bright. And then the mist. Persists. The heart has so much work to do.**

**1 June 2017**



**134.**

**Mohini Rewa**

**memory serves**

**white tiger,**

**Enchantress from Rewa,  
plucked from the maharaja's pleasance.**

**I too worshipped at her caged-in shrine,  
animal in the Washington zoo.**

**cocoa stripes on almost-white  
memory serves,**

**then look it *up***

**write it *down*.**

**the newspaper remembers her ice-blue eyes,  
write her name out,**

***mohini* means enchantress, seductress,  
remember,**

***remembering is wandering.***

**Then two sudden  
seagulls from the roof  
flop noisy on the deck,  
patrol the rail, consume  
seeds the chickadees forgot.  
Forgetting is wandering too.**

**The sun is just rising,  
I see her through the new leaves  
on the neighbor tree,**

**brightest of all things  
in our gendered world.  
But why  
    the tiger,  
her name first  
thing in my wakened mind?  
Or is this like asking  
why the seagull, why the sun?**

**2 June 2017**

**135.**

**But I need to know.  
There can be two songs  
about one tiger,**

**bear my sitar  
if you can  
\_\_\_\_\_means love**

**what does tiger mean?  
Dionysus  
rode one from India**

**to Lydia before  
even the Greeks caught on.  
Should I go back to Nonnus?**

**Through the enchantment of the others  
(Nietzsche) absorb the patent  
energies of waking, thinking?**

**I hear the white gull  
clatter heavy down onto the deck,  
impact of living systems—**

**enchantress, let me hide in what I see.**

**2 June 2017**

**136.**

**A gull or a tiger  
is worth more than me.**

**But I can say A  
nor can she.**

**Grammar cracks to make a point,  
the other calling softly to me.**

**Open the word  
to let the tiger in,  
the magic ravisher  
whose name comes sudden  
from the undergrowth of dream.**

**Bite of the tiger.**

**Taste of the other.**

**2 June 2017**

**137.**

**They tell me Vishnu was a woman once,  
Mohini], and Vishnu married Shiva once,  
and all our marriages  
are blessed with such confusion.  
Lesbian month. Lady on the roof.  
Everything is uncertain.  
But there is certainty  
and it is ours. We confer it  
on what we see. Stripes of the tiger.**

**138.**

**Name something for me,  
that eider in the bay  
for instance,  
                  or out there in the channel  
(you can see it, I can't)  
that loon with the white rhombs  
round his neck entrained  
that look like diamonds  
in the sea glitter  
name him, I mean tell me his name,  
this bird I shouldn't  
be so like, my mother  
in her Irish way would say,  
when I was foolish.  
But he's not foolish  
except to let you see him  
with your Zeiss  
so close that later, later  
I can count the diamonds.**

**139.**

**Is that too personal?**

**Or personal at all?**

**There are no persons here  
but words,**

**the inexorable  
march of the alphabet  
towards some meaning  
glorious as apocalypse,  
sacred as Atlantis,  
the City of God  
hidden in our breath.**

**140.**

**The feel of words  
written on paper,  
the feel of words  
to the fingertips**

**what they feel  
is as real  
as what the mind makes  
up from what it reads.**

**If it's the mind  
that does the reading,  
not some cute little  
ink-dark imp  
inserted in us  
at school between  
the heart and the head.  
Such pleasure the imp  
gives us! Truth  
is another matter,  
that's in each of us  
to begin with,  
no schooling needed,  
just waiting  
for its weather.**



**141.**

**Opening the other door.**

**In the sacristy the sleeping priest  
waits for his hour.**

**The Mass will open his mouth for him  
and he will speak.**

**Dare the words  
that come, O Man,  
out of your mouth  
ordained long ago  
to speak.**

**As I was once  
instructed by the sky  
consecrated by “October’s bright blue weather”  
my father quoted.  
But I never told him.  
But he knew.**

**This sunlit shore  
the sacristy,  
these many words  
a sleep  
from which the one word comes.**

**2 June 2017**

***FOR CHARLOTTE, ON OUR 24<sup>TH</sup>***

**What the day brings  
the day is a bird  
a gull, a chickadee, a cardinal  
a rhythm in the currents of the air  
a wave (such a quiet morning)  
idling up to the shore  
sun gleam off a neighbor's window  
all those people who aren't us  
a dragon long asleep  
deep in the drumlin we live on  
all the sorts of soils and hills have name  
a day is a name  
it calls us  
a day is our own name  
spoken clear out of all past time  
a day wakes us  
with the clatter of sunlight  
round the shade's edge  
wakes us with its silence  
it calls again, a day  
rarely stops calling,  
there are never no birds  
never no waves,  
what the day brings  
is the truth of ourselves**

**sometime mislaid in the nighttime,  
brings us where we are  
until we really are,  
the day brings us news  
of what it means to be us  
never lets us forget  
the best thing that happened  
to us is us  
and I know it  
the day told me  
and a day never tells lies.**

***Cuttyhunk  
3 June 2017***

## **ON A BOTTLE OF MONTEVERDE ASH BLACK INK**

**And with this new ink  
I try to wed  
the grace of you  
to the need of me,**

**the lovely beast of us  
strolling by the sea  
carrying home ancient  
pebbles and new photos,**

**the answers to everything  
always waiting on our lips.**

**3 June 2017**

= = = = =

**A kind of grey  
that brightens the day—  
sometimes we hardly  
see colors, we  
see only their names,**

**3 June 2017**

## **OVER THE CIGAR STORE**

**The higher you climb on the stairs that start behind the glass door beside the left-hand window of the old smoke shop on the corner the further back in time you land. By the time you reach the top, the fifth floor, you're in the late Nineteenth Century. Rudely enough, you push open a door to the apartment on the left (as you face front) and find yourself in the kitchen. An old gas range, enameled metal on rather gracefully curved legs, faces you. To your left again, against the wall you came through, is the bathtub. It's covered with a sheet of plywood, itself an anachronism, to serve as a table top for a congeries of items from many decades of the more or less recent past, including a glass coffee press which suggests a certain sophistication or even pretentiousness in the occupants. And who**

**are they? Where are they? Why was the door left unlocked so you could barge right in? And what is that steady low-frequency hum? There is no fridge for it to come from. And it doesn't stop.**

**4 June 2017**

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**The changes come  
you feel it in your skin  
spider bite in the night  
between the fingers**

**a rubber band snaps  
stretched once too often  
*and in the twinkling of an eye*  
the music tells**

**the music stops.  
What music?  
Cadmus tootling on his flute  
Apollo fingering his harpstrings**

**even now you hear him  
in your skin  
that's all we are  
a page the changes**

**write themselves on.  
Who are the changers?  
Where does skin come from,  
scientist? And what is music?**

**4 June 2017**



## **Cuttyhunk**

**= = = = =**

**Sad  
about to leave  
after a month**

**the island**

**and on the coast  
road the wild  
roses are  
just coming  
into flower**

**we smell them as we go.**

**4 June 2017  
Cuttyhunk**

## **WIND WORD**

**the clouds are lanterns  
on afternoon sea**

**calm passage hour ferry  
islad people  
on the mainland way**

**gull path, cor-  
morants over.**

**The cold wind  
cheers us on.**

**I know the names  
of people now  
as if I'm finally  
almost becoming me.**

**4 June 2017  
on Buzzards Bay**

= = = = =

**Notice how things  
ideas even  
tend to have names**

**you know them all  
so how can I learn?**

**I talk to myself  
all the time  
meaning you.**

**4 June 2017  
on Buzzards Bay**

= = = = = = =

**A thought arising  
from that nowhere  
we call the mind**

**is an island  
rising from the sea.  
Inhabit it**

**plant useful and decorative  
vegetation all over it,  
leave some prime rock bare,**

**people it with wind,  
waterfowl, animals,  
us. Then a thought**

**comes to the fullness  
of itself, and the sea  
kisses it on every side.**

**4 June 2017  
Buzzards Bay**

= = = = = = = =

**The trees of home  
have.**

**From the Rhode Island shore  
all the way, the dense  
millioning of green arisings,  
up rising.**

**And the glades!  
Sunswept patches gleam in the far dim,  
sheer insoluble mystery of place.  
To be here again in all the green,  
every glance beside the road  
yields a question, an answer.  
We are mere tenants of the trees.**

**5 June 2017  
Lindenwood**

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

**Being here again  
being here**

**the myth of home  
with us as heroes**

**the story (*muthos*)  
can never end.**

**To be here  
is a permanent condition,**

**an achievement  
however long we stay.**

**5 June 2017  
Lindenwood**

## **LAWS**

**In these parts they tell me  
there's a law against feeding the deer.  
What we need is a law  
that compels us to gaze at the moon  
speaking words it will understand.**

**5.VI.17**

**= = = = =**

**To be safe from sight  
behind a linden leaf**

**Size matters**

**Species reassignment  
maybe, we  
too big to be?**

**To be the crow  
I also am?  
Size of a seal  
and learn to swim  
at last, and know  
all the roads inside the sea  
and rest on sunny days  
on rocky shores.**

**I wonder who the doctors are  
who'll make half-man half-lion,  
or make her a fox with wings.**

**5 June 2017**



= = = = =

**The coast of going  
where the shingle beach  
bruises our soft river feet**

**the distant horizon  
at sea level  
*pnei ha-yam* face of the sea  
is very close.**

**The place where  
you hope the waves  
induce you is far  
very far in the  
ungrammatical  
distances of clouds.**

**5 June 2017  
Rhinebeck**

## **THE CHORD**

**density is theory the mechanism by which destiny discovers the currents immobilized forever perhaps or maybe not in the mountains or consider the ankle of the goddess Amphitrite secret wife of the open earth and the seas around the machine we listen to as the music starts to understand us her ankle flexes and the shapely calf above it comes briefly into view because the air also is a kind of sea as Apollinaire discover of poetry demonstrated a century ago when we still knew how to listen to the density around us now the limb of a divine visitation metamorphic rock the gneiss of great cities the igneous refusals too by which the red of basalt sometimes sounds like the cello cunningly comprehending with both arms the complex emotional breakages of Bach's inner life where the goddess took up residence o too lewd to be a Lutheran and yet she sets her foot down placidly you'd be hard pressed to guess the fire in his immortal heart but she knows she well knows it is uch light lights her woman seas.**

**5 June 2017**

**= = = = =**

**What we inherit  
words found on the floor  
birds in the sky  
no difference  
read them and grasp  
the sentence long ago  
dispersed into phrases  
gasps syntagmata  
syllables, love songs  
hummed to whom  
in the garden in the  
shower. Hard rain  
yestreen. Read  
the fallen page  
lost from a vanished book.  
It is meant for you.**

**[Author X some Y years ago writes the whole book, gives it for publication, just so that you can find this tattered yellowed almost crumbling page of a cheap paperback edition of it on the floor of a house you've just inherited. Everything points to you. This is a version of the Borges story of the spotted leopard caged in Rimini so Dante could give meaning to its sad captivity. Or cop an image for his poem. Every stick points both ways at once. In any story, subject and object dance, change positions. It's all about the sense we make of what we find if we have the decent humility to assume ourselves the proper target of whatever happens around us or to us. ]**

**6 June 2017**

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**Vivid mysteries  
my foot in the door  
don't turn away  
from my inquiring  
or if you turn your back  
let its musculature  
ripple a living map  
of where I must travel  
to find myself at home.**

**6 June 2017**

**142.**

**Teach the beginning  
of the day  
to tell.**

**The story lingers  
when the fact has fled.  
And what is fact?  
A toad hopping back  
safe on new-mown grass.**

**143.**

**Because the will infests the deed  
the animal circles round its prey.  
Pray. Why do words  
rebuke us in the act of saying them?  
Why is it all true?  
We are Sumerians still.**

**7 June 2017**

**144.**

**No wonder we can't read Etruscan say  
it is printed clearly on our backs  
and there is no one behind us  
to read us what it says, our own body,  
its own ancient language!**

**And we're afraid  
to turn around, afraid  
to tell each other what we read.**

**So the past keeps remembering us  
as we struggle to be free.**

**The myth  
of love. The ancient myth of me.**

**145.**

**Catch the mirror before it falls,  
a broken image will never speak.  
Three people fighting at a table**

**but wood always wins,  
don't they remember?**

**Every child is taught that.  
How strange grown-ups are.  
The taste of chalk.**

**7 June 2017**

**AT THE CLINIC**

**Q.**

**Doctor, when you pee  
more than you drink  
where does it come from  
and what is it?**

**A.**

**There is an Atlantic  
inside everyone —  
mostly it's made of words  
and remembered images  
from sight or sound.  
Sometimes one's anxiety  
just activates it—  
hydrogen gulps oxygen  
(the past seizes the present)  
and wakes you up  
three times in one night, see?**

**7 June 2017**



= = = = =

**Sometimes the body  
loses its way  
inside itself,  
                    the path  
overgrown with nettles,  
rain clouds over the sycamores  
last trees to leaf.**

**It watches southeast  
hoping for good weather,  
children playing noisy happy  
unseen in playgrounds,  
and a gaunt protestant church  
lightless at roadside—**

**who led the body away from itself?**

**7 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Exanimate, the evidence?  
Everything we see  
around us  
                    walked here once  
to meet us. To say us.**

**Now find traces —  
follow their tracks  
back to origin?**

**No. They are our  
origin enough.  
This is what  
the commandment meant:  
no lord but this.**

**8 June 2017**

= = = = =

**Trust what you see—  
they're all part  
of the same dream you are.**

**8 June 2017**

**= = = = =**

**Waiting for the instead  
to be my rock**

**the other voice  
the antiphon requires**

**salt of the sea**

**acrobat hurtling through the air  
the air  
the nitrogen the earth we breathe**

**we breathe the rock  
and it answers us.**

**Dawn all over again  
all day long**

**round dance and roundelay  
the trees consent  
with all their clothes**

**emerald samite  
each leaf a pavilion  
pitched to shelter  
us we sleep**

**thought by thought  
someone's coming**

**somehow fill  
the space between silences.**

**9 June 2017**

= = = = = = = =

**Lucid, as in luce,  
as in dawn over the Andes  
as one who has fallen  
in love and lies there  
pleasantly talking.  
As in remembering  
ruins of a great temple  
the stones last, t  
he gods forgotten.**

**9 June 2017**

= = = = =

**The broken today:  
remembering people  
you don't remember.  
Who are these who appear  
so clearly and unbidden  
in dream or even waking,  
faces and bodies clear,  
their personalities,  
even their clothes,  
and you know them  
only you don't know them?  
are they absolutes?  
Maybe, sometimes, their names  
will come to mind and then  
the day is healed, now  
is now and then is then  
and everyone is clear.  
Help me. Do you even care  
the ones I can see inside  
but maybe dare not name?  
In a day or two or three  
they fade into mere otherness.**

**9 June 2017**

= = = = =

**Lost in scenarios  
the actual.**

**All right.  
Reality has enough  
problems without  
adding me. So  
I will be otherwise  
and wise, dwell  
with faerie under the hill  
if they will have me,  
if She will let me in.**

**9 June 2017**



## **THE EMBARKATION FOR CYTHERA**

**takes me along.**

**I found a paper on the floor**

**it was my ticket**

**it told me what to do**

**where to go,**

**this scrap of old paper**

**torn from a book,**

**but how**

**to find that ship or boat be**

**just enough for you and me**

**to the strange country we come from**

**the island of love the**

**island of everywhere.**

**9 June 2017**

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

**They tell you *Go alone*  
but they are wrong.  
Going together is halfway there,  
going far and being home.**

**9.VI.17**

**= = = = =**

**Alternately obvious  
the moon in the sky**

**We are made of time**

**The ferocity of unbelief  
holds us in place  
upright in the otherwise**

**whirling**

**Saints that no one knows  
and everybody also**

**10 June 2017**

= = = = =

**The I try  
to be clear**

**turn the word  
inside out  
inspect the lining  
of what seems to say**

**Not just the cat is an act  
not just like that  
or this is shit, no,**

**the unheard overtones of  
the ordinary *said***

**wallow at roadside  
= examine the stars.**

**10 June 2017**

= = = = = = = =

**The warm has.  
And sun's measure  
a little overflows.**

**To be here now —  
some days the skin  
(not today I think)  
is the same temperature  
as the air around it.**

**Who are we then?  
Is the immense  
Difference finally healed?**

*(heißer Tag)*

**11 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Prospect of being alone  
with myself for a week.  
Charlotte leaves for London—  
Will I know who I am  
when she gets back?  
It's been such a long time  
since I've been left  
alone with that mirror man.**

**11 June 2017**

= = = = =

**The wren remarks  
from that linden tree  
*We read you, read you, reead you***

**and I take comfort:  
words reach out  
and touch another—**

**what more could poems want?**

**11 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**A week of me!  
I'm sick of me,  
I want my Other.**

**12.VI.17**



== == == == ==

**Let me print again  
the habit of my head,  
the looking out,  
the summons  
to the rare world  
out there, the  
speakable unknown.**

**12 June 2017**

## **PING-PONGE**

**Words snap off the table  
Colombina catches them,  
her paddle deft, swift  
responses, smack  
the word back  
where it counts,  
firm on the other side  
of the net that is language—**

**it only really means  
when it comes into  
the court of the Other  
and makes that plink  
that sounds like thinking  
and something is  
finally said.**

**12 June 2017**

=====

**Nervix and Anxius  
strode along  
the old Roman road  
to tomorrow,  
the city far away  
they mean, they speak  
only to each other  
every word  
making everything worse.**

**12.VI.17**

== == == == ==

**Spaking, thinking,  
this morning seem  
like scraping bottom.  
A little oil left,  
the widow's mite  
left in mind-dark.**

**Come out and play  
I say to my head,  
they're asleep in there  
grumbling at disturbance.**

**This isn't about me  
you know, it is how  
and why and when and what  
but never who.  
There is no who where I am.**

**12 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Caught in the clock tide  
salmon in a weir  
against the current  
against the grain  
that's what it means  
to be silver in a gold world  
the water's ripples  
impersonate my mind**

**could be anyone  
warm night lets  
fan cools annoys  
to be a person  
is as if waiting  
for a candle  
to flicker alight  
all by itself  
no such person  
who called her name  
all the summer  
means is skin.**

**12/13 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**How far to come  
being polite to the weather**

**does something for the soul  
that figure of speech  
hidden in your clothes**

**my habit is being wrong  
like the other guy's  
religion**

**or the flag  
you can't make out  
flapping damp  
in the dawn wind.**

**12 / 13 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Is this then or now  
ever? And why  
are there voices in the street  
when there are no streets  
here, only the old  
post road running north,  
Chateaubriand  
on his way to the Iroquois.**

**12 / 13 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**When you get there  
it's bound to be somewhere else  
always, there's a rule  
about that, fine print  
in the Law of Gravity.**

**You get where you think  
not where there is —  
your own will is the most  
disappointing impresario —**

**the music loved us  
but will got in the way**

***Turn off the will  
he said and settle  
in the soul but  
forgot to tell us how.***

**12 / 13 June 2017**



## **LESSONS BORROWED**

**from the wilds  
of Emily,  
                  other,  
over, and over,**

**believe her  
when she speaks  
in me,  
                  a rapture  
or a rafter**

**both you need  
to have a house  
you actually  
can live in.**

**2.  
A praise of fat  
of indolence, sloth  
the priests call it —**

**work sitting down  
let the birds do  
most of the singing**

**you're just a handle**

**for someone else  
to turn gently  
or urgently, don't  
the priests say that  
too? Allow me  
this pale gold inference.**

**3.  
Or begin at last  
one's own crooning,  
Irish dismal  
bear without breakfast,**

**but let it ring  
out like a bad rhyme,  
challenge the peacock  
for discrepancy  
betwixt image and sound,**

**all of us are naked  
inside our clothes,  
my last permission**

**just be wrong.**

**4.  
Everybody wants a piece of her.**

**And why? Because she sat there  
in her own body almost unafraid,  
her own house, sat, thought  
whatever came to mind  
and ordered it, soft as thigh  
firm as whalebone, into  
a graph of how it really feels  
to be and be someone almost  
and only be here, here.**

**5.  
Touch a part of yourself  
you haven't laid a hand on  
for months maybe, the soft  
socket of the left knee**

**maybe, we Irish call it *iosgad*  
but I'm not Irish enough  
to pronounce it, and feel it,  
just feel it till it tells.**

**13 June 2017**

## **ADAGIA ALCHEMISTICA**

**(Note: Alchemy was turned by Rosicrucians and their Freemasonic successors into the secret religion of global capitalism. Capitalism and the Neo-Hermetic ripened together in the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries, after their brave 17<sup>th</sup> century beginnings.)**

**Xtian Rosenkreuz is the prototypical explorer = conquistador, travelling far, appropriating wisdom, techniques, substances, as he goes.**

**Travel is appropriation.**

**Who was the Lamb whose blood was shed in that city, Damcar, where he took hold of wisdom (Marx's Primitive Accumulation?). City of the Blood of the Lamb?**

**Alchemic Image: A pig pushing a bowling ball along with his snout.**

**A man reading a book upside down.**

**(O Blake, draw me that, please!)**

**The morning wind dispels all images, and leaves new space where *structure* forms.**

**Standing still is resting the body in pure gravity.**

**Inside the Alchemic Vessel, gravity is reversed.**

**Later, there is no gravity.**

**Hence the rose can blossom.**

**By the thousands along the beach at Cuttyhunk, last tract of Shakespeare's England left in Amérique.**

**Be careful what you say. Anything you say might be the truth.**

**Measurement is sort-of-like beginning.**

**The who of alchemy is always you.**

**Your fire, your belly.**

**Cool enough to sit outside, cold enough to go back in — that's music for you.**

**In America, music is the plebiscite of the powerless.**

**Politicians listen to nothing, least of all fact, the fact of the other.**

**Read about Art till a painting falls off the wall, comes over and climbs up onto your lap, sits there, waiting.**

**The pig, with one last shove, launches the bowling ball into the stream.**

**This stream flows past your house.**

**The bowlig ballo floats! And floats away upstream.**

**Stones sail overhead, slow, slow.**

**A woman, her back to us, stands in a lake, the water just around her knees.**

**You can tell when people are naked under all that light.**

**A rock rolls down the hill.**

**It has been rolling since the beginning of time.**

**It still hasn't reached bottom.**

**But the, time didn't begin all that long ago.**

**Alchemy is akways the middle of the week.**

**Mind is keenest. Mood is more.**

**All we have to give one another is our physical presence, or, if that's too frightening, our thoughts, words, images, dreams, selfies in moonlight, answering machines, our shadows.**

**Alchemy touches the skin.**

**All substances are poisonous.**

**All poisons heal.**

**Homeopathy is the last outpost of alchemy.**

**If you believe in anything, you can't be an alchemist. The lodge door is nailed shut by the hammer of conviction.**

**The truth comes to those who have no other options.**

**Alchemy is the sweet dreams of a sleepless night.**

**Or did it say opinions?**

**You don't need a key if there is no door.**

**The gateless gate opens.**

**Tuck a bit of silver somewhere snug against your skin, warm in a body's fold — this will lead you into the starry sky.**

**You don't need gold.**

**Stay close to me, everything says.**

**Language, the unfading flower.**

**The hortensia is always blue.**

**Fear of being wrong is really fear of success.**

**The surface is the only depth.**

**14 June 2017**



## **STUMBLING?**

**Falling  
over *the method*  
dried tomato stains  
left on the newspaper you read  
in the pizza place, how could you,  
ladies room gumball machine, all that  
public world and you dared  
be private, Combos  
on the counter, how could I  
not fall in love but that's just me—  
the coffee we didn't share,  
the weird tea you read about somewhere.**

**15 June 2017**

=====

**Because there is,  
there has to be**

**a method here**

**something in what used to be  
your body but now  
is called your core**

**but core means *cor*, 'heart'**

**your heart is your only core  
not the rib so stiff or the ab you tense**

**the body speaks by itself**

**and as the wise woman you saw  
standing in the jungle pool said**

**believe the heart.**

**15 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**How do you know things  
things I know  
birds fly under the ground**

**every stone remembers you always**

**you sat on the sloping rock  
and watched the valley**

**nothing ever forgets**

**you dozed a minute or two  
thinking about  
was it a place or a person**

**or just a tune you smell in your mind**

**people forget a lot  
but some remember**

**rose doesn't go with patchouli**

**you remember the damndest things  
you remember me.**





=====

**Dear Annie Oakley  
why'd you have to shoot me?  
your bullet went right through my bible  
in was backwards in my shirt pocket  
right through Apocalypse  
all the way to Leviticus  
that saved my life  
not for the first time  
but why did you shoot?  
was it because I was looking at you  
through the window  
while you washed your long hair  
and what color is it anyhow  
you can't tell when it's all wet,  
a cat's allowed to look at a queen  
is it because there are no queens around here  
are ashamed of your big china basin  
and the big pitcher with blue roses on it  
are there blue roses where you come from  
and where do you come from?  
isn't this still America?**

**15 June 2017**



## **IDENTITY**

**Identity hinders the soul.**

**Porcelain saucer  
without a cup —  
a cup is something  
more than me,**

**a cup has to be empty to help.**

**15 / 16 June 2017**



== == == == ==

**Reading you  
is reading a book  
that talks back,  
answers me  
before I ask,  
dreams my  
dreams for me,  
permits me  
seamless sleep.**

**15 / 16 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Waiting for the tide  
far inland  
the radio  
plays on.**

**Nemo lustens.  
Means Nobody.  
Gasp  
of icy breath, morning  
of the Protestants,  
a glacier  
hurrying to chapel.**

**Hither me with rhapsodies,  
disembowel the mysteries of doubt!  
A single pinprick lets the light through!**

**16 June 2017**

## **THE PINPRICK**

*Duet,  
for Tenor and Soprano*

**He: I fell in love with your consequences.**

**She: Love catches easy in the noble heart.**

**He: How sweet of you, to mpraise me!**

**She: I'm quoting.**

**He: Quotation is praise, implicitly, of something now or something said.**

**She: You may be as implicit as you like.**

**He: I don't understand.**

**She: That's my point. Have you ever felt a pinprick in a soft place?**

**He: I imagine so, yes.**

**She: Imagination doesn't work here — you need the actual steel.**

**He: Why do you wear ribbons in your hair?**

**She: Despair.**

**16 June 2017**

**POEM B`EGINNING WITH A LINE BY ANNE GORRICK**

*Today is brought to you by roses*  
and I don't even know your middle name.  
Of course I would pick that line  
knowing me, the pink affairs on the table,  
the smell of someone who just left the room  
but isn't really gone yet, she'll  
still b here after she gets home, rose,  
I mean that was my mother's middle name,  
never used it, wasn't crazy about roses,  
gardenias were her flower, even richer  
smell, rare nowadays, back then  
you could buy them in the subway even  
for a quarter, a lot of money, pinned  
to a wax green card, he unpinned it for you,  
you brought it home to her, or to her  
or to her, depending. There's always  
someone around to give flowers to.  
And so you know you're you, and it,  
why it is today all over again, this time  
you still smell her roses, you want  
to think it's her body or feelings but  
it's just those blood-red roses.  
You think about the look of her  
as she left the room, smiling, waving  
good-bye. You wonder what her  
middle name is. And while you're at it  
what is the middle name of everything?

16 June 2017

## WOODBINES

**They were the cheap cigarettes of my English childhood. I had two childhoods, did you know that? I mean I was two children, one, the English one, a bit older, year or two, than the younger, the Brooklyn boy, that's the one you think was me. But I was both of them.**

**The older one, of course, smoked first, Woodbines, — cheapest cigs in Britain, but the taste wasn't the point, the smoking was. Here, when the other one got around to it, there were Helmar and Murad and Herbert Tareyton and Home Run but mostly Camel. The picture, the Turkish claim. But Woodbines came first, and that counts.**

**The English one I was loved stones, big boulders, standing stones left over from Viking times, we should call it Wicking times, our word is wick, like Eastwick. Or Bushwick where the younger one grew up. He didn't like big stones as much— in summer he used to walk along a road in Pennsylvania where every morning a big rattlesnake sunned itself on a boulder. The boy I half-was. or is it twice-was, was careful to keep to the other side of the road, and neither bothered other, as the English one once put it. He loved stones so — his favorite was an especially pale stone at the foot of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral — he would press his cheek against the stone and look straight up, hundreds and**

hundreds of feet to the sky the spire came down from to be touched. Once he even kissed the stone.

Meantime I was living right here, wherever here happened to be. Here is always close, don't worry, no geography lesson is coming.

But it's hard to be two people at once, or one person twice. I remember some years ago standing in front of the house where one of me was born, and a local asked me where I was from. I pointed to the tall brick row house with the mulberry bush inside the hedged forelawn. He looked annoyed and turned away from what he took to be my contemptuous lie.

I'm not the first person to report on the dangers of telling the truth. Especially when there is or are more than one truth. Because I was also born in England, in a cottage on the Norfolk coast where the little river Mun runs into the North Sea. We called it the German Ocean, and the mad poet Cowper (say: cooper) was our most famous resident. Before me, of course. My first drink of beer was taken in the Admiral Nelson. Though the saloon on Nostrand Avenue corner of Avenue S was the first bar I knew, and I loved it because it had a front door and a back door, and one day I was there with my father and a horse came in, yes, with a man on his back. They did things like that in those days, in the little settle regions north of Sheepshead Bay.

In both countries my uncles were fishermen, but I never learned to enjoy seafood (except clams, I loved

**cherrystones) till years later,when all my uncles were dead, aren't they?**

**You can see how difficult it all is, being duple mand all, and never really sounding quite right. Here they sometimes think me English, over there they take me for an American, or even a Canadian, whatever that really is, linguistically speaking. I am neither, I am both, I am bth—pay heed to me. Many,many people are boths, like me, but I'm one of the veryfew who know I'm a both. Now look into your own heart, hearts, and see how many you are.**

**.... 16.VI.17**





**5.  
Forget everything  
the rest will be true —**

**6.  
Will Thirsty wed  
her pensées with Dry I  
and soak all substance  
with keen renew?**

**7.  
Think more do less?  
Nothing nearly something soon —  
we reap the rye of song ago.**

**8.  
The rose fell flat,  
a joke a democrat—  
canto poltico no go no go.**

**9.  
What if he fascists are right  
the only morning is the night?**

**10.  
The grey over  
greeting,  
                  how long to wait**

**to harry?**

**The hawk knows.**

**11.**

**Simpler said  
we change  
the code  
we are,**

**Do Not Authenticate  
my sperm in masquerade —  
who knew?**

**12.**

**Cause everything changes.  
Spell me up and runing soon**

***and in the Vale of Sorech*  
marry her?**

**13.**

**Busy with runes though  
I let the rain fall**

**till a trumpet under Baltic  
heard. Yes marry.**

**14.**

**This antifascist ode  
at last**

**the goad of love,**

**golly and gather,  
a headscarf to habit,  
a nipple in need,  
repel, repel.**

**15.**

**A woods? A woods is  
all greens together  
sing a piece  
a motet a motif  
diapason.**

**True religion  
like music needs  
no belief.**

**16.**

**I am the organ  
in you reflected  
you say you neglected  
but I say right  
love and always will.**

**17.**

**Because will is permanent  
think thick  
                  desire,  
lard of the stock exchange,**

**cleavage TV.**

**18.**

**These little exorcisms  
make the devils laugh  
but still they go  
departing from our  
chill neurology.**

**19.**

**I want to rescue  
the whole country  
from its ways—  
so much for me.**

**20.**

**A throne for an old cat  
cranky weather  
sleep alone and wake together.**

**21.**

**Suppose the arrow actually  
swallows the target —  
wouldn't that be actual  
enough, world lost  
in its own striving? Try  
to relax. Relax.**

**22.**

**A girl on a steamboat  
gives gifts to gamblers.  
Put up a statue of her,  
call her Bellona, Lady  
of War. Withered blossoms  
smother her plinth.  
Inscribe: Know this,  
my people, Chance  
is the only Sin.**

**23.**

**In lurid bronze  
her naked hands.  
Doves land there  
deprecatingly.**

**24.**

**But riding (writing)  
is a way of (a way out)  
getting rid (a rid dance)  
of my opinions (all)  
yours.**

**25.**

**A wild dance  
you wind up  
safely without**



**Rimini instead.**

**30.**

**In the ducal zoo  
all about you,  
about the cages  
stages of the way.  
The camel. The colt.  
The big cat.  
We study to see  
what we are not .**

**31.**

**The coat of my furs  
(furze) (gorse)  
I am an Irish road  
rimmed with fuchsia  
going nowhere.**

**32.**

**The line wriggles  
the fish reads,  
fins it, departs,  
not his day to die.  
So be ye every book.**

**33.**

**Ascanius forgives  
his father Father's Day**



**for all his exiles:  
You call this going  
our home? This pale  
animal asleep  
in the shade our glade?  
Let me be the gate.**

**34.  
Fiddlesticks  
can be silent too**

**to whom  
does music speak?**

**a tomb. Nile Scene  
from *Aida*. Oh.  
Now to be so sad we  
go to church.**

**35.  
So many things to do  
to remember  
nothing to do.**

**36.  
I am old  
I write all  
these books with one breath —**

**one inhaling  
lasts forever.**

**(from the Chinese by  
one crank of the heart spilled)**

**(spelled).**

**37.  
I took too long  
to tell you this**

**if you think  
that is love**

**just wait till you see.**

**38.  
When cars go by  
this small morning  
the clouds above  
think that thunder  
comes from the ground.  
Are they wrong?  
Are we alone?  
We groan the earth.**

**17 June 2017**



=====

**So vast a pool  
to draw from  
drink  
    all the superstitions  
(left over fears,  
left over loves)  
salt in your pocket  
salt on your lips.**

**2.  
Tunes you hear in sleep  
but then.**

**I am the old  
person of the night  
flutter past your window  
gnaw your maybe mice**

**I cry  
`    as if the trees themselves  
had children  
    in their long  
mute catastrophe,  
    the dawn.**



**big-eyed *ug-pa* on the flagpole oy  
but rational.**

**Who knows what they bring.**

**But belief is madness,  
makes us kill  
unbelievers, the rest of us,  
the white owl in the tree  
boys making love  
girl alone kicking wavelets through the surf.**

**18 June 2017**

== == == == ==

*for Beth Snowden*

**Form finds itself  
and folds its arms  
snug around  
the spoken —  
an image stands  
to end the shape  
of what it said —  
then you're done.**

**18 June 2017**

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

**1.  
All the runes  
of this house  
this one very house  
a long spell  
within its arms  
Mercury wing'd  
alert on rooftop  
leading all  
the Signals down.**

**2.  
Light is a lawyer  
we read the fine print  
together, Ferns  
at the lawn's precinct  
warm wnd moves.**

**3.  
I wantd to belong  
to all of them  
the way a father  
belongs to his daughters.  
U have no sons.**





**4.**

**You have seen my tomb  
oft in English churches  
flat on my back, ribcage  
pressed by folded hands  
eyes closed or fix'd on Heaven.  
Am I praying or sleeping.  
That is for you alone to say.**

**5.**

**So morning is still problematic,  
an opera with no villain  
or just society tself, looming  
rooftops over a sad street.**

**6.**

**My point was Pentecost  
comes all year round.  
Everybird is Dove enough for me  
and every language seems the same  
to me, beautiful breaths I don't understand  
except in the mostgeneral terms,  
the words I sometimes hear (are they  
words?) coming out of my mouth.**

**7.**

**My poor mouth, we Irish say,  
pretend you have nothing  
it will likely be true  
enough to keep the bailiff off.  
And when on Judgment Day  
the Angels drag their ledgers out  
they'll say: You sill have nothing.  
Go free.**

**19 June 2017**

## **THE GIFT**

**a lambswool bonnet—  
the phrase comes to mind,  
why, where do words come from  
that have no things nearby?  
A pure word, thigless,  
souding soft ad comforting,,  
moorland over the hill.**

**19 June 2017**

=====

**A truck backs up  
and makes that sound  
loud ridiculous squeaks.  
I sit alone  
in my body  
a boy before breakfast.  
All my years fall away.  
I'm just right-handed,  
love Strauss and Mahler,  
nothing else about me,  
where have I been  
all your life?  
I smell the perfume  
on your wrists  
as you pass, *Miel*,  
the French word for  
what the world  
tries to give us by itself,  
the sun is trying to say.**

**19 June 2017**

## **VENI VIDI VICI**

**sings a bird  
exactly, over  
and over so I'm  
certain, out  
of the trees,  
over and over  
could it be  
that all our history  
is pure ornithology,  
some gospel the trees  
murmur at morning  
when our ears are  
still clean from sleep?**

**19 June 2017**

## **EX TEMPORE**

**Among humans  
sickness is a way  
of escaping from time  
into the body's  
timeless rhythms  
of becoming,  
no matter what.**

**19 June 2017**

## **THE BURGUNDAY LAMY**

*grace à C*

**How strict  
this new pen  
is. No  
gamboling, no  
being late to church.**

**The car runs quiet,  
grey the sky, lucidly,  
we have everything we need  
we have a pen**

**to say. The runes  
at rest in me.**

**You came  
from a fine far place,  
came ashore, parleyed  
without a fight — here  
is my hand on it,  
let us use  
each other well.**

**19 June 2017**



=====

**My favorite trick  
is walking through walls  
that aren't there.**

**People are astonished  
at the peculiar animals  
I lead with me,**

**beasts scarce known  
in modern times, and all  
clean, sweet-smelling,**

**well-behaved as sonnets  
but much more up-to-date.  
Here I am, lordlings,**

**layfolk, queens,  
I have come to you again  
through the silence inside words,**

**heap me in your hearts.**

**19 June 2017**

**=====**

**I fear the sun  
is coming out—  
inside time for me.**

**I am a somber article  
in need of noun.  
Look for me in dim.**

**19 June 2017**

***(Ukrainian dim means home or house)***

=====

**Trellises  
                  purple flowers  
who are you now?**

**Once in this vista  
I saw the long future  
of my verb**

**and here I sit  
remembering.**

**19 June 2017**

***(as if at Blithewood,  
over the garden,  
seeing the river)***

## **COMPENSATIONS**

**The sun came out  
but a breeze came with it.  
It seems impolite  
to go indoors.**

**19.VI17**

=====

**Forgive me—I seem  
to have written  
the clouds right out of the sky.**

**19.VI.17**

## **ROS**

**1.**

**Be close to the living side  
the dew**

**rose is from *rosa* from  
*ros*, the dew.**

**as in the Cross bedewed,  
His blood the barrier  
strong against dying—**

**the wood thereof is weal.  
Find it and heal.**

**2.**

**And so it spke this cool gloaming  
sun in linden and last night's thunder  
quiet rainpools here and there**

**to help us see.**

**Help us be.**

**3.**  
**For dew is rare,  
dew is to the morning  
as roses to the year,  
one month along the sea  
maybe,**

**a luminous  
fragrance, a scent  
that helps us see,**

**a fraction  
that guides the whole.  
Be a rose to me, be  
dew to each other.**

**4.**  
**See how the words  
of their own accord  
keep turning  
                            to you.**  
**We confuse one another  
with all sorts of natural things,  
roses, water, stone.  
From this all pleasure comes—  
we will never be alone.**

**20 June 2017  
End of NB 404**





## **IN SUMMER MORNING**

**Yet cool, think,  
with all that  
                    fire in the sky —  
solstice on us  
                    a pause  
to show it trusts us.**

**Be kind is all it says,  
be intermittent, dance,  
forget your footsteps sometimes,  
stumble, fly,  
                    be kind,  
for kind means nature,  
be ourselves out loud,  
                                    rambunctious  
even, after the order  
of Melchizedek, the priest-  
king who invented wine  
and offered it  
                    against the gloom of sin  
this sparkling sky.**

**20 June 2017**

**= = = = =**

## **Lurid atomies asunder!**

**we do what we can  
to hold together  
the pious little this-and-that  
on which we feed, rfrom which  
we breed, the little stuff we need.**

**Oxygen, mostly, in all its wizard guises,  
blood and sugar, Everest and syllables,  
sayables, sermons, pillow talk,  
blackbirds shrill palavering,  
blondes complaining, the linden  
blossoming at last.**

**I guess  
we are the nucleus  
after all,  
the point of the pin  
or are we just where it goes in?**

**20 June 2017**

## **CHANSON DE L'ENCRE**

**When words sink through the page  
the flow of ink exults, proclaims:**

*I am always now  
and never just back then  
when you thought to write down  
what you thought you thought.*

*think is a shimmer  
speaking is breath, a sea breeze  
maybe, but writing is ocean  
ocean broad, ocean never fully known,  
hidden bottom of the world.*

**20 June 2017**

## **INCUNABULAR**

**Dreams of a new glass  
full of olives, pitted,  
stuffed with almonds  
and round those fruits  
strange fluid pours. Or  
a cardboard box with  
a live snail in it moving  
with determination—  
this is an ancient natural  
compass, he is moving  
always towards the truth.  
Like the qibla to Mecca  
or is it some other word  
I have no right to say.  
These words too  
are incunabular,  
here before printing  
alive and moving  
in the cradle of your lap.**

**20 June 2017**

## **ONEIRIKA**

**Summer's in  
hide the skin  
makes us sin**

**\***

**Stand in the window  
look out there  
I stand beside you  
our bodies pressed  
together just enough  
so I that can feel  
what you see and  
see what you feel.**

**\***

***[With arms outspread]***

**Great bird hovers  
over the other's core  
sheltering, shielding, yes  
but something more —  
inside that *living shadow*  
she grows up wuick  
into the changes to be.**

**21 June 2017**

**=====**

**First day of summer  
and it says:**

**Sit**

**in your body  
and look at the grass.  
Don't read your mail—  
Everybody is just an ad —  
lov letters most of all.**

**21 June 2017**

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

**Blue plate on the ground  
from under a plant pot,  
does it remember  
the fertule dirt  
of what it bore  
and the green businesses  
way above that,  
does it dream still  
the colors that came then?**

**21 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**My problem is everything  
is alive and thinking and speaking  
and I know it, but few do  
so I wind up having to be  
the ambassador of everything.**

**21 June 2017**



== == == == ==

**Where is that naughty  
Gypsy girl I need today  
to flounce out of her opera  
and steal my mind?**

**21.VI.17**

=====

**Wasteful watching  
when it's all  
inside you already,  
honey, it's the mercury  
in your thermometer —  
I am your half  
hour of silence in heaven.  
Hear me clear  
in your closed eyes.**

**21 June 2017**

**=====**

**Why do I keep thinking  
about Ascanius?**

**Do I have somewhere  
a son I've forgotten?  
Or a father?**

**Come, read the Æneid  
with me again, show me  
where I struggled ashore  
where I went wrong,  
thought I had come home?  
What city is this?**

**21 June 2017**

=====

**Suppose the name the number  
same game that Robin played  
*Daimon*, the Distributor.  
To work for the *demos*  
is to work for hell?**

**A bright girl neither male nor feminine,  
the cloud captured, dragged down  
and moored to a hornbeam tree?  
Or buckthorn, whose shadows you can feel  
as you walk through, if I were you.**

**Answer me quick—are there frogs  
in the old well? Did the stone face  
in old Franconia crumble  
from evil axes of rock climbers clambering?  
Quick, did you pay the lust tax  
of letting people watch you and  
did you pin my picture to your all?**

**You've got to love me,  
otherwise it doesn't work,  
like a music box stuffed with melted candy  
like a shrike piercing victims on a thorn.  
Be careful how you answer me,  
I might be listening, I might even care.**



**=====**

**Yes, I mean  
what you think I do,  
that's the pain  
of language.**

**Transfusions  
of feelings,  
meanings lost  
into the other**

**how can I go  
on meaning  
if you already know  
what I really mean?**

**22 June 2017**

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

**Each of us drinks from a cup  
called My Father's Skull.**

**It is true. The bone, soft  
as ivory, hard as bone,  
fits all too well in the hand.**

**And everything we drink therefrom  
has the same aftertaste.  
Love me now. It's coming soon.**

**22 June 2017**

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

**O Tree  
be me a while  
so I can stand  
as you do**

**head high  
where no one else  
is thinking,**

**and all the rational  
things are just  
birds and breezes**

**and I can sleep all day  
my head in heaven.**

**22 June 2017**



**= = = = =**

**Leaf rake ripped  
through random gleanings—  
spate of learning.**

**Listen to me at last  
before the weather  
laughs you off the stage—**

**there are brilliants  
snug in ore, fond  
chemicals solved in ocean  
waiting for you.**

**Friend,  
the only art is alchemy.  
Breathe it in, hard,  
harder, and live.**

**22 June 2017**

## **THE ORACLE**

**Things are still waiting,  
not you. So the red  
woman told me:  
they, things, do  
the waiting—our business  
just to answer when  
they get around to calling.**

**And she quoted great Cid  
Corman's motto, that monk  
of poetry in honesty:  
*Offer. Respond. Let be.*  
All three. The sweet  
(after all) necessity.**

**22 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**In the cathedral of the minute  
the mind kneels. The sun outside  
becomes a thousand candle flames  
in colored glass—language  
is the lights, the windows  
stained with our supposings,  
green glories, blue permissions  
deep. Deep. All the red  
remembers us. Twilight,  
evening prayer. We write  
a letter to our dearest friend  
close beside us in the dimming nave.**

**22 June 2017**

= = == = = =

**What could the meaning be  
the truth of feeling.  
Homer to Quintus to Nonnus  
the tale unfolds,  
won't end. Won't end  
while we pretend to find  
meaning in what we  
pretend has happened—  
narrative, from *Narr*, 'a fool'  
and what he believes.  
The strange thing is that  
it all *does* mean,  
really, sword and scimitar,  
rock and bandage,  
horse and the bloody river  
talking to itself as it flows.**

**22 June 2017**

## **HYMN TO TIAMAT**

**You mother**

**you minder**

**disturbed**

**in your fertile dream**

**by the trampling younglings**

**gamboling**

**up the hallways of your head—**

***kosmos* is nothing but you thinking**

**breathed out into a world space**

**by and in us**

**made actual.**

**2.**

**So that solves mythology.**

**All the rest is sunshine,**

**smooth skin at waking,**

**breezy casements,**

**glisten on your lips.**

**3.**

**I rest my case.**

**Every word**

**is a translation.**

**Translated from**

**the lost Etruscan language of our sleep,**

**those devils in the White House**

**left over from my dreams.**

**4.**

**Lucky to be here  
though on the other  
side of language,  
where chipmunks squabble  
noisy as dear monks  
at their prayers and  
a blackbird's not far away  
and a message from last  
night's skunk still lingers  
in the warm air,  
everybody's mother.**

**5.**

**Mother rescue us from Athens—  
that's the prayer.  
North to Baltic, east Byzantium.  
Save language for making love  
to gods and girls and boys,  
keep imagination pure from beliefs,  
keep images clean, precise, allusive,  
mysterious, public, in our faces,  
every level place a shelf in your shrine,  
every object you can name  
your statuette or votive lamp or crucifix,  
every shadow cast your minaret.**

**23 June 2017**

=====

**Some of my poems  
look like fragments  
because they are,  
broken scraps of baked clay  
wedged in barely legible cuneiform  
I bring to you, rhapsodes  
of the lower world,  
for you,  
to carry through the streets  
of your own mind  
and sing, loud as thought itself,  
that Niagara of meanings,  
till even you can grasp  
what my fragments helped you heal.**

**Continuity is the thief of mind.**

**23 June 2017**



## **STAIRCASE**

**Climbing slow  
each tread  
a meditation  
or contradiction,  
a different kind  
of thinking  
on every step.**

**24 June 2017**

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

**Now not  
time to reach out.  
Reach in.  
The weather says  
flowering starts  
within. Outside  
helps inside grow.  
Play there. The energy  
is en-ergon,  
the work inside.  
From inside in  
deeper and deeper  
the way out.**

**24 June 2017**

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

**This stone I read tomorrow.  
No hand to help.  
The spaces between  
(Pound's sculpture  
after Mallarmé)  
vibrant with meaning  
the words barely  
dare to hint.  
These dangers, these beasts  
gnawing at the edge of the mind.**

**24 June 2017**

=====

**Trying to be you again  
let's see where this goes.  
Tempests. Horae Diurnae—  
let the night take  
care of itself. Blue  
everywhere after morning rain.  
Speculum. A girl smiling  
through her glasses  
at a medieval ms. All  
those lines and colors,  
beasts and angels, oh  
why isn't my day job like that  
tattooed with meaningful imagery  
maybe, or at least pictures  
I can look at, people I can be?**

**24 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Sunshine filling the leaves with ink.  
The stillness of the air  
gives way  
something moves  
                    around us.  
You cannot name that  
animal but it thinks  
its way into your house.  
Your feeling  
                    and all that comes  
from that. Thought. Aspire.  
Animal means anything with a soul  
and if it moves it is an animal.  
Even me, moveless in easy chair,  
blessing the mild breeze.**

**24 June 2017**

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

**Follow the grain of wood  
dark rivers on the oakwood steps  
dozen landscapes I climb through every night  
the gist of going still seeming.  
Locked in that  
and low mountains in the background,  
climb those too, the wonder lull itself  
made of those imaged scenes.  
Sometimes I stop on the stairs and breathe  
the quiet air of other places  
lost in, found in, the rill [run?] of wood,  
the grain a hundred years only made clearer,  
upstairs, through the whole world.**

**24 June 2017**

**=====**

**Hammer claw and get to work  
slowly the healing happens  
I'm a fall guy the agent said,  
believe everything I'm told—  
that's my job I said,  
to take everybody's word  
at face value and make it true.  
What kind of gambler are you?**

**24 June 2017**

=====

**The turtleneck, dark red, Adolfas was wearing was less impressive than the one he was shown wearing, with the same jacket, tin he big black and white poster above where he was working, talking, looking back at me over his shoulder, alive.**

**24 June 2017**

---

**This is truth, but how to tell it? Maybe only by dream.**



=====

**Again the precept—  
don't reach out.  
Reach in.**

**24.VI.17**

## **AUTORITRATTO**

**man at desk at dawn.**

**Who?**

**Sky: light with no color. 5 AM.**

**Dark trees.**

**There is a silence in me**

**I have been trying all my life to spill.**

**24 / 25 June 2017**

**DEAR ROBERTDUNCAN**

**I'm sorry, but no man  
really knows  
what his mother would be .**

**Would as want or will or why  
should she disclose  
the bird flights of her image-mind**

**to you of all people  
her fond experiment  
in saying what she really would?**

**24 / 25 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Light enough to tell red from blue—  
is that love story enough for you?  
Ask my medieval friend—lost in the woods  
one finds oneself. What else is skin for?**

**24 / 25 June 2017**

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

**Never decide to be you—  
it will happen soon enough**

**blood lust of the common leaf—  
dew wet, it waits  
to fall on your skin**

**and lie there a while  
until it dries and falls free.**

**A tree explained this to me.**

**24 / 25 June 2017**

## **THE ADORATIONS**

**How could I not have known  
it was you, your eyes  
seeing out of my eyes, your breaths  
answering my heartbeats?**

**Isn't it the fact, as a few Byzantines knew,  
that each of us is two  
and there is no me without you—  
and this is no romance, love-song,**

**it is the substance of identity, Christ's  
two natures mirroring our own?  
So we are Incarnates too, two-ness  
lurking in our cells, with you the one**

**and I the plangent Other, worshipper,  
partisan, cripple, brother, sister,  
shadow, sunray, all you need  
(Wisdom says) is for me to be me.**

**25 June 2017**

**(There's a church hymn for this Sunday.)**

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

**Further in,  
she found an ocean,  
named it for him,  
crossed it quick  
in a glass caravel,  
on the far shore  
set foot and kept on,  
in, ever in,  
his name no  
further use,  
the spaces deep ahead  
each step  
a gospel, the woods  
were frequent,  
trees unknown,  
she had come  
to the land where  
no names are,  
peaceful passage,  
wolves asleep, helpful  
bears, several moons  
to light her path  
further and further in.  
I don't want to see  
her destination,  
she is so beautiful**

**just as she goes  
naked through all  
she can imagine,  
so beautiful to go  
and go, remorselessly  
present to all  
she passes, all  
there is, her hands  
holding nothing  
but the feel of movement,  
as if her skin alone  
were the answer  
to the ultimate question.**

**25 June 2017**



== == == == ==

**Where do all the bakers live?  
In Xanadù they watch  
new shaped loaves rise,  
the moment of the oven comes  
and then they pray. In Camelot  
though they bake no bread  
but only slender wafers, crisp,  
to crack and share out  
at the infinite table the tales  
call simply round. but in Broceliande  
no bread, no crackers,  
only the sharp taste of yeast  
more like a memory, borne to  
each one on the dawn wind.  
The torpid bakers sleep. the paladins  
ride to and fro, leavening the world.**

**25 June 2017**

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

**Today is the sun's day  
but the moon's is tomorrow.  
The shadow comes always after  
but that is where we  
can bear to read the meaning.**

**25 June 2017**

=====

***Kouresophy—***

**1.  
there is a wisdom  
girls possess,  
often lost as women.**

**2.  
I am the same answer  
to all your questions.**

**25 June 2017**

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

**Sliver of a silver moon  
we'll sight tonight  
if we last the brightness  
till comfort comes,  
the less-seeming, the touch time  
when we can only guess  
what goes on in the trees.**

**2.  
Who's we in this story?  
Have I (whatever that is)  
the right  
    to look at the moon for you?  
On your answer  
all of human culture depends.**

**3.  
So upend me, go ahead,  
deny the pertinence  
of my clever assonances,  
downgrade my wisdom  
to word play, crosswords  
to fill out on the subway  
in the old days of paper.  
I'll endure as a ghost,**

**faint as Ilium, a noise  
you heard and dismissed  
but that echoes still.**

**4.  
Because deep down I own the moon  
and many of the stars beyond  
in fact as many as I can name  
and by naming make them yours.  
So you'd better watch out, captious reader,  
or you'll wind up owning half the sky  
and you'll have to sing such tunes too.**

**26 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**I thought it was the words  
but it was the ink.  
Thought it was the ink  
it was the paper. Thought  
the paper counted but  
it turned out to be the arm.  
But how could my skinny  
arm know all that?**

**26 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**So sweet and cool this morning  
nine o'clock and a bird.  
And cars not far, fast,  
late to work. The time clock  
in the sky is stuffed with leaves.  
No one is counting. A breeze  
makes a delicious shiver  
on my bare nape. Not far  
deer are sleeping in the woods.**

**26 June 2017**

=====

**I've had my say-so  
now it's time to begin.**

**The obvious beckons!  
Lady be weird to me.**

**26.VI.17**



## **INVOCATION**

**Sprig of lavender  
caught in the pages.  
Still has fragrance,  
foreign gardens  
near at hand,  
the lute-plucked tone  
of that scent,  
let this book borrow.**

**26 June 2017**

=====

**Thoughts I don't want to think  
chase by spills of sunlight on the lawn—  
what the leaves of trees let through,  
those lofty minds.**

**26.VI.17**

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

**Linked to my story  
by a finger in a narrow space  
a stone fist [?], a road west.  
A link means meaning  
or makes violence. I heard  
the Turkish music as I slept,  
you spread your *cloak*  
and out poured the night.**

**26 June 2017**

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

**Is it enough to say so or  
think you're saying so  
when you're just thinking?  
Potshards, radishes, cathedrals?  
Everything loves me!**

**26 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Caught in symmetry  
right between  
two similarly opened windows  
around a third, closed,  
I am trapped. It's a new  
house, a never-been,  
an all-my-life I've never  
seen. I sit here every day  
never like this. They  
are eyes, they stare  
at me and past me,  
symmetry is holy,  
scary, deadly,  
a sudden solid  
to lock a mind in.  
Since all we are  
is brute perceiving.**

**I am thinking my way  
to the end of this line.  
There. Here I am.  
Here we are together  
where we have never  
met before. It  
rained last night,  
it isn't raining now.**

**27 June 2017**

## **PUROHIT**

**Wiping clean the morning altar.  
Impose a liturgy on it  
you just made up, fast,  
fingers flying, lips babbling,  
no thinking about it, here.  
Then you wash the words  
away with silence. Then  
hum. The gods like humming  
no words to vex them  
with begging verses and demands.  
Hum. It's summer. The bees  
catch on and do some  
humming too. For you.  
Everything helps the morning  
priest, lord of weather,  
child of wonder.**

**27 June 2017**

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

**Comes the Evolution  
we'll all be angels.  
Or starfish remembering the sky.**

**27.VI.17**



== == == == ==

**Flowers are best.  
In all their beauty  
they are never completely  
symmetrical. The blue  
hydrangea, its multitude,  
the luminous differences.**

**27 June 2017**



**28 June 2017**

**=====**

**Time to tear  
the temple down  
yet again.  
Too much music!  
You can't hear  
the world think,  
you're left with old  
dried-out thinking,  
so-called thoughts,  
mud-bricks for your  
appalling ziggurat  
society. Set  
thinking free,  
tear down what  
used to be, trucks  
on a fancy highway  
carrying junk to nowhere.**

**28 June 2017**

== == == == ==

**Who am I fooling?  
I fall for every trick—  
that's my job  
to be taken in—  
for a homeless wanderer  
not the worst fate.  
I leave my wits at every gate.**

**28 June 2017**

## **SUPPER MUSIC**

**Each hero has a fork  
digs it into the pot  
once and only once  
and gets to eat what  
comes out and only that.  
This is Irish. this is fate.  
Supper in Donegal  
3,000 years or so.  
It is all too much  
like my writing now,  
stuck with whatever  
comes to mind.**

**28 June 2017**

**=====**

**There has to be  
beauty in it  
this thing we do,  
otherwise we're part of the problem.**

**Leave sneering to the Republicans  
it's their way of smiling.  
Remember Rilke  
who said all we can do is praise.**

**Praise. Find something  
beautiful to praise  
and your praise will be a prayer  
to the earth gods and sea gods  
and the beautiful little gods  
who still sometimes live in the heart.**

**29 June 2017**

=====

**Dream of Fred Grab, in white striped shirt. Met in a hotel to which he had just returned, for a conference I was taking part in. While away, he had converted to Islam, but still played classical music loud. From him I learned what he learned in Egypt—that Communists had found in Trotsky's closet records of his many secret talks with Hitler. From which I suddenly understood how the Austrian bumpkin had acquired the skills to master crowds and rule a great nation—but after Trotsky's death (August 1940) the psychic link was broken, and Hitler floundered on, alive, but all by himself, blundering into the Russian campaign and the long-drawn-out-agony of losing the war. Stalin's assignation of Trotsky was really his way of defeating the Germans.**

**29 June 2017**



**(of *Calls*)**

**You could read this book  
or you could drink a glass of water.  
pretty much the same, but one lasts longer.**

**29.VI.17**

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

**Suppose it were a manuscript  
or a slip of Roman wood  
with varnished letters on it**

**what would it say?  
That's the question faces me  
every livelong day—**

**rhyme or no rhyme, sense  
or leave it to the consumer  
to agitate the images until**

**something comes clear  
in somebody's head out  
there and the poem's done.**

**30 June 2017**

## **OUR CHOICE**

**Dizzie Gillespie's cheeks  
puffed out with music  
or the sails on Crce's craft—  
for she's a sailor too,  
even in the meekest streams  
she paddles canoe-wise  
the magic of her know-how:  
she turns us into ourselves,  
direst of fates, only she  
our slim-hipped treacherous  
physiology can do such tricks,  
where I began life anybody  
but end up me. She shivers  
in my blood, giggles in my breath.  
Music helps a lot, and telling  
lies. Ulysses sole of mortals  
looked on Nature and survived.**

**30 June 2017**

## **TRANSCRIPT OF MY LECTURE AT THE SORBONNE**

**We do what we can  
and then the light goes out  
So many answers!  
the cutest girls come from my neighborhood  
National Anthem  
the sky is clearing  
have you ever tasted water like this before?  
Trucial Oman was a place but what does it mean?  
I was a kid at Rockaway  
when is rain like a bird?  
what kind of bird?  
up to my knees in surf but then  
a man there was who could feel the rain indoors  
his arms were wet his hair though dry  
there are no monks in Westminster Abbey  
I saw the river plainly from my chair  
every sentence ever spoken starts a story  
many stories splitting off from each one**

**we are immortal foolish inconsequential  
cool sudden breeze as if the rain  
baseball played on concrete outfields Bronx  
sunlight sprinkled through some leaves  
wherever there are trees  
I admire where this is going  
could it be a road?  
cigar? one of them offered and I was hired  
the translator goes further than the author  
translating a story sends it deep into the past  
until it becomes a dream  
the best thing is we never know who's speaking  
a dream anybody can have  
she looked at me strangely over her plate  
all I had done was walk past  
all I ever do  
this is on the way to something else  
else  
a castle by the sea**

**elegy**

**study radio technology before a war**

**white bathing suit that's what memory is**

**voice of horses**

**prancing in the street**

**I was in Vienna once**

**what did the horses say?**

**they were in Vienna too**

**they spoke a dialect I scarcely knew**

**about why they won't let animals go to church**

**Sunday morning quiet but**

**are you sure?**

**never**

**everybody says the same things**

**a fence a wooden fence**

**a bear by the river now**

**pick any word and stretch it out**

**until it has two lovers in it**

**at least**

**easy fall**

**in love**

**escape disaster**

**New York flower like a daisy in mourning**

**aster means star**

**IShTaR AShToReth ASTARte ESTheR sTara 'a star'**

**ess tee a are**

**these sounds hold the sky**

**hold the sky at bay**

**will it rain on the hill as it rains in the heart**

**the song seemed to say**

**French**

**translate music into something faster**

**rarer**

**this is the very diamond found today**

**faceted with meanings**

**but what does that mean?**

**wondership and far apart**

**a wedding!**

**grease for the heart valves**

**salt for the blood**

**pressure of things  
a small plane circling overhead  
are we at war?  
were we ever not?  
by Jove a Messerschmidt a century too late  
Juno frowns  
child annoys mother unforgivable  
call out the priests  
the patriarch snoozes on his cathedra  
in dream the Virgin makes certain promises  
primroses  
it will all be love before we know  
`analyze this and learn me best  
how old is anybody after all?  
like a flower I said and she assented  
too easy though too easy  
what kind of white?  
do flowers have skin?  
she rested her case  
plastic balls to demonstrate molecules**



**sorrow of the schools**

**don't let age stop you being a child**

**hogging the classroom every blessed day**

**no teacher just stuff around the room**

**o sacred Matter where our wit is wise!**

**Mind is matter momentarily stilled**

**so speed at rest**

**change is vacation**

**they meant to mean but they forgot**

**she muses**

**we marry**

**here are logs for walls**

**there is a river to remember**

**may I be the frog that lives in your well?**

**the mind of metal**

**when you clang on it what you hear is sunrise**

**language makes everything possible**

**difficult**

**use sound to scrub your vocabulary**

**wire brush**

**sound the word to clean it up**

**I mean**

**war cures romance alas**

**can you remember so far ahead?**

**relax**

**if you weren't you you'd be somebody else**

**have to be**

**end of the problem**

**do you know another word for true?**

**30 June 2017**