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=====

**The rabbit that bothers the sun
is small and chilly, needs
all the warmth he can get, has to be
cold to hold fresh and intact
the precious semen of all our thought
— human, angel, animal, matter—
all thinking all the time, and from
the rabbit's little cup of thought
the queenly Sun envisions us.**

1 October 2017

== == == == ==

**Enough myth.
Time for math,
the other
on the other
side of the same
dream. Here,
I count my
breaths for you.
Only for you.**

1 October 2017

=====

**In the *iosgad* of the knee
the hidden place
valley by the tendon
dark, soft —**

**There
Thetis's fingertips pressed deep
when she knelt before Zeus
praying for her son.**

**Sit quiet, reader, and you too
will feel her fingers' touch.**

1 October 2017

=====

**I heard it from far away
but it got no louder as I came close.
Then I was beside it
watching the flow and fall
but still I couldn't understand.
Wind in leaves, quick
shadows amazing me.
Some organizing principle at work.
Or was it just music?**

2 October 2017

== == == == ==

I can feel it
when you're thinking
about me, you know.
I'm aware you're doing it
but I'm not sure what
you're actually thinking —
so far you're safe.
But after years and years
of people thinking
at or of me, I've gotten
used to the sensation,
a little like a tender
touch on the back of the hand
barely stirring the fine hairs.
But nohand is involved.

2 October 2017

=====

**All my life I've been
turning doorknobs the wrong way.
Evidently they're supposed to turn
away from the door jamb, the lock.
Makes sense. All these years
wrestling...didn't I really
not want the dolor to open,
no one comes and no one goes?
Could I have been so intelligent?**

2 October 2017

=====

**Native woods native words
the cyclotron of ordinary time
hurls us together—
to touch this thing
means to name it. Light
fades down through the trees
until it is hsrdly different
from here. From me.
All the words are gone
from the dictionary but come,
there is all the more room for us.**

2 October 2017

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

Those trees, they
shape the day I see
out there,
 shape
the way I see at all,
all those greens
under all that blue,
and slim streaks
of civic otherness
slip through—
road, rail, wire.
A car goes by
like a revelation.

3 October 2017

== == == == ==

**Let it be sunshine
after all. That dragon gorge
I grew up in
gave me my taste for dim.
Dim means home.**

**But there she is,
Our Lady Overhead ad Hot,
I lift my cold hands in her light,
a convert to lucidity.**

3 October 2017

== == == == ==

**he fragon has legs and wings
more like a man than a fish,**

**walks, can fly, stamps
his feet and screams fire**

**he knows what the earth is for
and how it works, he lurks**

**deep in geology and comes out
when the errant nations need him:**

**o teach us the land we stand on
teach us the real rules..**

3 October 2017

== == == == ==

**Island.
No help in sight.
So no harm.**

**Let ocean do it —
it knows the way.**

3 October 2017

=====

**at the doorway
a gardenia
flowers every year
on her birthday,**

**our mother's,
our mother's favorite flower.
You open the door in April
and say Hello, Mom
as that scent comes in.**

**I don't think she ever saw Florida
but she is there.**

3 October 2017

=====

**What if the world
wouldn't let you
close the window
or pull the curtains closed?
What if it is always there?**

3 October 2017

=====

**The amazement is shared.
Call it a basswood tree
American linden, trace
the heart-shaped leaves and say
heart. Heart. We recognize
ourselves in what we see.
Parts of us. Rivers and roads.
This blue line the nurse discovered
somehow leading to my heart.**

3 October 2017

== == == == ==

**Enough to say so
again and again,
the day's a dictionary
waiting to make sense—**

**nothing random, purest
harmony. Vibration
of a single string.**

**You heard at dawn
a conch shell blown,
ritual of the ordinary air.**

4 October 2017

== == == == ==

**Knock on the door
listen to the hollow
inside.**

**Be a body
empty. *sTong-ra*,
empty enclosure.**

**Be hollow. Hollow
means hallows. Holy
emptiness fit
for everyone.**

**Open
the door. From the widow
ledge outside a bird
you can't name
saunters off into the sky.**

4 October 2017, NDH

WAITING ROOM TV

**Insolence
of what just happens,
the news,
one thing after another,
why bother,
leaves keep falling.
This body is real
but how far does it go?**

4 October 2017, NDH

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

**The cast-off chasuble
and the priest unarm'd.
Like fated Troilus
a faith without ritual
succumbs to any trollop insight
or strolling good idea.
Ritual is rock, tu sais,
keeps the mind from
tinkering with truth.**

5 October 2017

ANTOINE DOINEL

**over and over
in the mirror
in the movie
to discover
a man's own
meaning,
 or say
any word once
till you get it,
even if it takes
a lifetime of saying it.**

5 October 2017

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

**Too many things
on the desk
for any one religion,
I turn out yet again
to be a pastor of particulars,
no Big Idea to hold
all these beautiful things together,
I shepherd them in and out of language
hoping for the best. By which
I mean you read them, you smile.**

5 October 2017

== == == == ==

**Pale muslin curtains
thin, censoring the light
morning lets in. Leaves
shadow-dance across them,
make this new day
look like a discussion
between the old friendly
enemies, dark & light,
wind & standing still.
I remember old Hungarians
playing chess on
stone tables in Washington Square,
noisy clatter
of snatched pawns,
fierce smiles and words
nobody knew. See,
no curtains can ever
block memory.**

5 October 2017

=====

**Waving out the window
a human arm
the truest flag**

5 X 17

IN HOC SIGNO

It has to do with the sign
the thing we read
the thing that tells
and all around the signs are winking,
colors, words, birds, clouds—
mostly birds.

The Romans knew
birds tell everything,
their fearful sagacity
we read.

2.
Picture it. Every
cloud has a hawk in it,
every bush a prowling cat.
Fox. To know
where anything could be
is to know where anything is.

3.
If you know the name

**of something does it run away
in fear of being known?
What if you were walking along
in the woods
at twilight
and someone called your name—
what would you do?**

6 October 2017

R'S POETICA

1.

**No grammar only images.
And that is itself an image
swirling quick, rushing towards you.**

2.

**So there should be a suspension
then a fall, a cliff in every line,
cave in every word.**

3.

**The necessity is like curly kale
or purple winter cabbages,
resists the weather, challenges the teeth.**

4.

**Portions may licitly be clear
portions dingy in half-light.
the whole hot as silver in your hand.**

5.

**It has to give itself to everybody
uniquely, differently, satisfyingly
yet be untouched itself — a courtesan.**

6.

Keep wanting to know more,
give each word a chance to find a wife—
this pause is called electricity.

7.

Run to the grocery, run to the woods,
say boo to the goose and kiss the cross—
every mistake blossoms as truth.

8.

Write with the pen of desire
dipped in the liquid of your ignorance.
Let it dry in the sun, and see.

9.

Every word an island in a stormy sea,
on the frail raft of my intelligence
I seek the safe shore.

10.

Close to the sun the image fades—
don't outsmart yourself with clarity—
mysteries last longer than math.

11.

All bad advice is good for you.
Use and discard, wipe your brow,

go look at the asters growing by the road.

12.

**Specifics are the irritants
around which the poem forms its pearl.
Isn't truth annoying sometimes?**

13.

**Snatch the maiden from her tower
snatch the lover from his steed:
be them children in a playground at last.**

14.

**The story doesn't have to be told,
it has to be sniffed out,
neighbor's fireplace on the first cold autumn night.**

15.

**Doubt does you no good—leave it out.
Confidence is smarmy — fear for dear life.
You're in the words' hands, let them run you.**

16.

**The sun, enormous sleeping pill,
warms you towards silence—
let language be a sort of sleep.**

17.

O child of Hermes and Apollo

**let it do all the work
while you pray to your unknown Mother.**

**18.
Strictly speaking is the only way.
Give them gristle, give them fat
so they'll worry your bone in delight.**

**19.
Sanity of a cylinder,
precision of a square—
let things pass through you on the way to being there.**

**20.
Caught in common light the word crumbles.
Save its life. use it to say a different
thing, a claw hammer, a broken dream.**

**21.
More like a poltergeist than Apollo,
full of clatter, rumble of real things,
scary but a little silly—poetry.**

**22.
Try to take the night seriously—
dark and moon and uncanny noises.
Then you spoil it with language, that neon light.**

23.

**Skinny legs but strong. Agile elbows,
fingers on the prow. Of skin and hair
and bone and meat, the human soul.**

24.

**That's what the poem is always saying,
go and come back, go where I can't go,
come back and never leave me alone.**

7 October 2017

T H R E E H E A R I N G S

HEXAGRAM 57

Larry Chernicoff

**Who knows who's coming?
all we can do s hope**

help me hope

I hear an unknocked door

**on the terrace several women saunter back and forth
as if there were sinewhere
and hey were three**

they were there once

**and a voice calls from the sky
reminding**

all most gods can really do is bring to mind

and then the shadow falls

shadows try to hide

the sad facts of human life

any life

a gentle stream, eddies and soft channels

**not all is flow, not everything flows
the birds try to make it right with us**

every floewer says OK

but we know better than believe.

7 October 2017

OCTOBER

Larry Chernicoff

**Cast aside the broken mirrors
you have seen too much already**

**let your fingers idle
on the rosary of the woman's spine**

**callit prayer
and here come the gods**

**vast and beautiful and speaking language
no need to understand just listen**

**one came from India on his tiger
one from Anatolia on her special cloud**

**but one was always here
and woke up when the others came**

**a little cross to be awakened
a ,little turned-on by the company**

**you know how it is
we stop and start again**

we hear the rain one drop at a time

and quarrel about history

**a sad man sits on the curb
remembering when he cared about politics**

**and all the shiny cars go by.
I look up the road and see more trees**

**but these seem different somehow
is it autumn or my eyes?**

7 October 2017

TIMELESS

Larry Chernicoff

**He says this
but means that**

**says he wants this
but really wants that**

**and that is far away
belongs to other people old money
poltics the end of the world**

**but even while saying this
he finds his way to that,
there is is, that,
he drinks it, prays to it, sits on its lap**

**because where you're there
(when you have that)
it's just like here (this):**

**a river delta
sound of a heron hooting as it rises
just like here**

**and yu can be one of the men and women
working in the shallows**

from the middle distance they are beautiful

fishing wityh nets?

scouring the oyster flats?

**the sun makes all of us into all of them,
a little beautiful, a little far away.**

8 October 2017

SOME IMAGES SHOWN

**Nape, back, hip.
She sits in the water
very white
nape, back, hip.
her face is elsewhere.
She is plump like a goose
or a swan, but heavy, heavy
her bottom in the water.**

**2.
Earlier she had stood on the edge of something.
She had big man arms, her own,
hiding her visage. Again.
Where is that elsewhere where her face is seen?
She wears flowing white dress and stands on the edge,
she wears no underwear
because she is supposed to be Poetry
and a poem has no underwear, ever,
always risky, always embarrassing.**

**3.
Or is it even the same woman?
The style is the same
but would you trust your life
to style? We want
our friends to have faces.
That is small of us**

but sometimes they do.

4.

**Imagine that woman
not the back of your mind,
warm and comfy in the water,
naked pictures never catch cold—
on the contrary, they warm the mind a little,
like the scent of a flower or the name Waikiki.**

5.

**When you can't sleep
the maiden comes to call.
Maiden she is, unbought,
unhandled she comes along and says
"I am serenity, a kind
of beauty more to be than to see.
come wade with me—
someday we will teach each other to swim
and away we'll go to where water ends.**

7 October 2017

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

**Apollo is beautiful—don't forget that.
He walked over here from the Belvedere,
showed me what a body should be,
always is. Walked over here in Harlem
where every morning I waited for the bus
in front of his famous theater, made me feel
like a celebrity just standing there.
The celebrated sun, the chariot, the wheel,
all the round toys we play with, boys,
beauty of our arm outstretched,
having just let a ball drop free,
balancing the world.**

8 October 2017

== == == == ==

**The past is a sin
the future a time-bomb
the present is gone
before you can touch her.**

**Where is that man
you thought you were
a moment ago? Tell me,
please, because I too
am lost with him there.**

8 October 2017

=====

Where the territory end
the words take over. Loggers
at ease by their campstove,
smoke of also human breath
rising in the cool library air.

Work hard, élèves, let your vowels
suck consonants up from the ground,
consonants, those toots of all our breees—
be tender to your roots.

Fall asleep

at your desk now and dream
of a flowers that has no name
then wake and give it to a lover
who has not cometo you yet
though you hear somebody's breath
close, close, through the syllables.

9 October 2017

=====

**Cast a spell
far as you can —
where it falls
a shadow rises
of what you
have to do or
build or be
just there, house,
a husband, a tree
full of unknown fruit,
ripe, juicy. you'd
be proud to offer
them to the ghosts,
to the ancestors—
so long they've been waiting!**

9 October 2017

=====

**Rain in the night
heavy
as if it came
from deep sleep.
Grey sky morning.
How much of what
I see is me?**

9 October 2017

== == == == ==

**What could the offering be
worth slathering on the stone
and praying for the wind to come
and take it to where the gods
or some of them are waiting?
Milk,meat, bread, blood, wine?
Or stones from beneath our feet,
yielding up the veryground
on which we stand. Or rest,
arguing gently with one another
till the light fades, mosquitoes hum,
a little rain falls, stops. We grow
quiet, like folk who know the answer.**

9 October 2017

OPAL

**I like the kind that come from mthe Antipodes,
the kind that girls give to me, flecked scarlet,
blue glints in the gentle milky cabochon.
But there are other kinds — I see them
sometimes in my dreams, blue to begin with
or golden as the metal itself, but soft, soft,
a stone that is always listening, the way gold
itself never does, it has so much to say. Yes,
opals always listen — that’s why folklore
views them with anxiety, a thing that always
listens knows you better than you know yourself.
Maybe that’s why I seldom wear an opal ring,
too many people have found me out already —
I wear a yellow sapphire, that open door.**

9 October 2017

=====

**Suppose the children
all the ones we never had
are waiting for us in those
trees over there, maple, ash,
scuffling through leaf-fall
covering themselves in leaves
daring us to name them,
tell them the long story
of why they never came to be.
Go in among hem, make
something up, they'll know
you're lying but believe you
anyhow. A myth is a better
mother than just the dark.**

9 October 2017

=====

**Not many kingdoms left
but a world full of kings and queens
and who am I to count them?**

**Every shadow I see is one of them,
passing, standing there — royalty,
sanctity, anointed, fragrant still
with rose oil and frankincense—**

I want to worship everyone I meet.

10 October 2017

INDIAN SUMMER

agle day in Maya
land but here pale
th greens are fading.

The strategy of things
determined long ago,
weather is a weapon.

Workmen wore indigo—
thighs turned blue
from new dungarees

remember? Before
they called them jeans.

Before the wprld settled
down and you grew up.

The beautiful haunting phrase in our current sentimental language began as insult, racial slur— a weather you can't trust, a shallow truce with winter. And then. By now we have forgiven them, the ones who let us kill them and take their land, their name (wrong from the start) is romantic, exciting. Warm afternoons in the gazebo, cool nights, clear stars, maybe a log

**burning in the fireplace. We sit and smile sleepy, happy,
do not ask if they have forgiven us.**

**But the woods are still here,
the tall leafy animates who tell
most of what we think we know.
Listen to the trees. The long
Algonquin murmur starts to make sense.**

10 October 2017

=====

**The wind knows itself
all over the place,
hot day but breeze.**

**You will read this
in a thousand years
and wonder: what**

**did they mean by 'hot
back then, and what
does the wind mean?**

10 October 2017, NDH

=====

**Labor ntensive
the sunlight falls.
Close the curtain
the play's about to start—**

***Merkavah*, mystery
of the Chariot, God
in motion, ever,
over. always — God
is motion.**

**What one thinks
rules the world.**

10 October 2017, NDH

== == == ==

**The cause is hidden
the effect obscure.
Butsomewhere there
a candle catches flame
and the sky relaxes,
its work done.**

10 October 2017, Kingston

ASHES

of the old understanding

**a pause in matter
pause in fire**

**Listen
the ash is everywhere
sifting from the volcano plume
of all we've lost.**

**Every name is ash,
memory is ash**

zikro livrakha

this ash for a blessing.

11 October 2017

=====

**Startled by shadow
of falling leaf
he sits by sunny window
startled again
each leaf casts
shadow of a bird a moth
something coming towards
everything
comes to him again,
all of us
startled by shadows.**

11 October 2017

=====

**I was a tiger
till I was young**

**then no moon
ever came back**

**and I was nobody
again, like all of them,**

**new-born outlaws
in a rule-bound world.**

11 October 2017

= = = = =

What are we to make of the Caspian
a sea no part of the ocean,
but bounded, corralled by ethnicities,
dazed by languages, Aryan, Turkic,
Arabic, oil rigs?

What manner of man
are you? Can I trust your water,
lost Sufi rhymes in the seagull's scream?

But all that is cover-up
of what I'm really saying —
I know that much at least
but not what *it* really is
I'm trying to tell us both,
to intuit deep mysteries
like the meaning of ocean,
shallow puzzles like gravity.

Sauer explained that we are littoral,
cant get away from water,
closer the better, even Tibet
has its Brahmaputra, its Mekong,
we make do with rivers, lakes,

ponds in autumn with geese thereon,

**can't understand a thing
without water, Rhinecliff bridge
3% salinity, arm of the holy sea.**

**Maybe I'm getting there now,
I never left home
Joris has gathered all my cormorants
in the Narrows and made them sing
his tunes, bravo, Pierre,
and upriver too the birds,
trash heaps, hillocks of East Kingston,
paradise of gulls.**

**Yes,
when I hear their cries
I know myself to be
the one I knew I was
before the dark waltzed in.
Then at dawn a gull
pacing the mist-drenched lawn.**

**Something like that.
The sea is a triptych,
our task to spread
the panels open wide
to show the face**

of the one inside.

12 October 2017

=====

**Look at this other man,
ring on the wrong finger
leaning against a tree
as if he were himself
one or two of its roots —
what language does he speak
and to whom?**

**Is a word
just a thing to him
or the other way round?**

12 October 2017

=====

**The hope of heaven
is a market fair
green heaps of alligator pears,
scarlet waxy Chinese apples.**

**In heaven all the names come back
with scholar-rabbis and pandit-lamas
arguing the real meaning of things—
what is a *comma*, really? Why
did kiwis choose not to fly?
And who should live in a lighthouse
and why?**

**Yes, heaven is an afterthought
that came first,
a reminiscence of the not-yet-been,
full of saintly people
thinking hard as they can
how to help everything that lives.
Heaven is a house of thinking
gold or copper in your own heart.
You know it's heaven when you care.**

13 October 2017

=====

Now sun in tree
now stones in river

the ever. Never
too soon. Hear
the birds of it.

Why is owl
at morning, scream
of blue jay
last nigt. Not
dark. Never.

Daybreak now
Friday the 13th
but why.

 Vague
clouds. We

are victims
of what we perceive.
There, that's
what the tall tree
meant, the first
to catch the sun.

13 October 2017

=====

**Then it was nine.
Or it was none.**

**How to wake:
ohrase a spell
to make the crows
welcome in our yard:**

***Come call, come call,
food's for all,
no one can believe
it's day unless a crow!
Come call, your calls
all the prophecies we need***

**I thought, and said
silently, so they
could hear me
all over the sky.**

14 October 2017

=====

Going somewhere
the daytime asked,
trowel in the in sun's mitt
as if She's gardening still
hiding her faves against winter,
my ferns! In shade the summer house
Hump on the hill — watch me go there
this mild afternoon
when i will be a satyr in those woods
distilling dew from fallen leaves
to cure my droughts. And euonymus
the ell-named begins to burnish
scarlet where the sun says Turn!
Burning bush and me no Moses.
Tell me, woods, is this a sonnet yet?

14 October 2017

=====

**I want to tell everyone
whatever can be told,
yjay way we'll all be
one again, safe inside
the smooth strong skin of words.**

14 October 2017

=====

**Sushi for breakfast,
crab and avocado
strange, strange.
For this they fought
on Guadalcanal,
Iwo Jima, Okinawa.
Everything turns
into ordinary life.
The blood turns wine again.**

14 October 2017

== == == == ==

**For some
the sea's an animal
for some a mirror—**

**what do you imagine,
the longer the word
the less useful, maybe
less true?**

**Wonder
about this, wonder
is good for the soul,
that soft writing
tablet of the mind.**

**(recent scrap)
14 October 2017**

=====

**Begin the day again
be Celtic after all
lyrical over the top —**

**we waiy by the altar,
brides galore and countless grooms
for a priest who never comes.**

*

**The Jews know. No one
can worship alone.
Your need a *minyan*,
not wise, not many,
not holy, just some
ordinary hearts to
;lift with yours.**

*

**Hence holy music.
We do it all ourselves.**

**(recent scrap)
14 October 2017**

PILGRIM EYES

**always move
travel**

**a different kind
of desperation
all the breath in your lungs at once**

**color of your eyes
sunset
try to leave a mark on every rock
scratch
writhe of shadows
spelled**

**my fingertips feel the grooves
that spell your name**

zebras fucking in the zoo we saw

a horse is anyhow a mystery

**I'll beat you at your game
Miss Mystery**

**obscurity — see the distant swimmer
imagine the shoreline**

the watching women or women watching

what looks like rain?

so close to Africa how could they not Egypt

a jar of balm alive with myrrh

this is your hand for now

**I will never stop trying to get there
the other edge
of Egypt
domus Donegal**

**cheekbones
Cro-Magnon melodies
Dravidian flute**

**always on the way there
simplicity
nothing easier than forget**

I will not stake this music to the ground

at the city dock in Galway a seal

ceremonial welcome

to this island

homeland magpie

**every creature has its proper greeting
g'day sir**

**who even knows where pilgrimage began
this one
to the sea
the other sea
the limitless**

**certain merchants of Wismar
the thing I think inside me is the Baltic Sea**

touch every language

**glide silently to the pier
your sail reefed**

**the coin fell on its other side
alas no queen no eagle
just a sad number
a thing they dreamed up to claim the world**

**Arabs did it
a little desert music
wrong kind**

**but wind in your pocket!
your hair in the leaves!
all truth comes back
to a green chapel**

**walk the road with me
to see Jesus's brother
the long road**

**he listens to the sea for us
he tells us
always less than he hears
try hard as he can to say all**

telling is like that

**the sea's pure Hebrew hearing
hush, you are a baby still**

**hence I cherish you
in all your clothes**

**love for one another is the core of health
Arab handbook of medicinal plants
begins with the rose**

**came to Europe with the rosary
beads in Buddhist fingers Sufi fingers Hail Mary**

we have been on the road so long

**everybody I ever knew is there
gliding or trudging or lounging west
you fall asleep and wake somewhere else**

hic locus est

**wash your sticky hands in cherry wine
antiseptic lignin in new-cut wood
under the hornbeam on the height**

there you are at last

you wait on the edge of the shadow

**move slow as the sun seems
*the glory leap to stand in light***

No matter but music

**O lovely mother of all living
conscious *materia*,
she wanders in the rocks
like Wisdom exiled from Jerusalem**

**tournament with no lances
we cast shadows at one another**

**blue shadow of a leaf
becomes in the photo
a blue flower grown from a rock wall**

that is the last clue

or maybe the answer alone

**when you see this
everything is known**

**wind in the trees
happier than sin.**

15 October 2017

=====

**Emergency measures
at the court f Oz
too many boys think they're Dorothy
too many puppies altogether
and the Wizard is long gone.**

**What do? Pick peppers sweet and red.
milk an idle passing ewe
chew a chunk of ginger till you cry.
Bad dreams dissolve in new-shed tears.**

15 October 2017

THINGS BOTHERSOME

**Pretend everything outdoors is picnic
everything indoors love affairs —
innocence pervades knowledge
the more the merciful.**

**Ten to nine, are we going backwards,
as if the sky sent down these cars
to hurry us along the roads
and the earth itself scoots them along
yowards a destination never yet determined.**

**And every meeting is a sad mistake,
early to get it over with
late to abbreviate the pain**

**whereas on ancient Crete
your women leaped over the hull's head
hoisting themselves up his horns,
that was their dance
enough and daily bread—**

how can we learn to work by leaping?

16 October 2017

=====

**If the bronze's patina
is the color of my tea
it is old enough to sing.**

**And this is the song
the good bronze fittings
in the Ely railroad station
(12 minutes from Cambridge)
dark among all the gleaming
brass pipes and drains an
old man polishes all day
sing:**

*I have waited
while the scholars
did their guesses
in the cathedral —
we grew old
together -- the tallest
trees in England up there
and me an upstart
doorknob from the days
of Pitt and Blake and iron
roads to tear the night
apart and lo! we are,
we are the same, linger
as things do, I green*

*for them, those tree
trunksso pale that hold up
a church's lordly gesture,
and I green for these
poorshiny washbowl pipes
that never in their lives
feel theancient thrill of green.*

16 October 2017

=====

**The luxury of inattention
is not for us who scrounge
our living working stone—**

**things write themselves on us,
as us,
and then we have to be them
till the stars come out.**

**Read the stars,
each one tells a different story,
scripature of each different world
true as the Bible if you know what I mean.**

**Ergo we pay attention:
worry, fretting, despondency,
doctor bills, short vacations,
pillows damp from sweat and tears.**

**Yes, I am the one you know,
I have been in your face before
with my addled theosophy
and feints of prose,
forgive me
for being here again,
I always have to tell you all I almost know.**

17.X.17

=====

**The French say randoming
in the wild, and we say roaming
like going to Rome. Why
do we ccall walking in deep
woods jusy Good Exercise?**

17.X.17

=====

**Canonic — the law lets me
so I come to you today
wrapped in bird song sharp
(house wren, blue jay)
troubling as usual in my address —
when my hands are music
they get all over you.**

17 October 2017

=====

**Let water find
its own way**

it knows how

**leaves fall
at the right time**

**that's all we ever
mean by right.**

17 October 2017

== == == == ==

**Or maybe a sun gleam
off a parked car
is all we really are.
Where could we go
if we ever began?**

17.X.17

=====

**Genuflect
kneebend
it said in the night**

**brutality of body
doing the work of soul**

**raise your hands
if you believe in soul
that presence or energy
different from body or brain
but somehow coupled with—
hieros gamos, the true
sacred marriage —**

**and if your hands rested
skeptic in your lap instead
tell me why Mahler can break your heart
and the thought of ocean makes you glad.**

**Raise your hand if you believe in heart,
close your eyes and remember with me
someone you loved sporting in the surf,
the incoming waves at Rockaway
which is how New Yorkers spell Waikiki.**

18 October 2017

=====

**I disguise my neuroses
by acts of gorgeous symmetry —
Doctor, my figure-eights look
like bowling balls making love —
the woman on top of course
but you'd never guess.**

**But it gets dark around me early
and all the roads shut down at night —
did you know that about America
this place where I think I live?**

18 October 2017

=====

**Cast adrift
in thought
till the mailman
clanks the mailbox door.**

**Now the real world begins,
the one I can't even try to understand,
slogans and catalogues and war
and quiet bankers making children cry.**

18 October 2017

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

(on Photo 1)

**This is what happens
the leaves cast shadows
the shadows become flowers
grow out of, flourish
in front of the old rock wall**

**150 years it waited
for this mystical botany.
No. Nothing waited.
Leaves cast nothing. Blue
shadows look like flowers
only to a certain cast of mind.
The sun did it all by herself.**

**Eye of the camera, eye
of the photographer—
what did she see? She coaxed
the camera to see this,
stones of the embankment,
shadow flowers, color.
But what did she see?**

**Unknowable. She lifts
the camera (in my mind's eye)**

**and lets the light in—
we call the action ‘shoot’
but it’s the light that moves
its immense speed piercing
the camera and leaving this,**

**blue flowers I swear it
my wife saw on the rock wall
in front of the place where I work,
casting our own kinds of shadows.**

18 October 2017

PILGRIM ROAD

Step on the colors

be careful

**a man who falls between the colors
can be lost for years**

we are all pilgrims of course

**remember what happened to Robert Kirk
lost in the land of Faerie**

I am he

he never came back but here I am

**years come in different sizes
in that country**

a girl carried to the Shrine by her mother

**the colors will cure her
every disease has its own color cure**

fold up the road and come with me

**negative spectrum
with mauves and olives**

**mallows by the Hudson
you skim by in your canoe**

**not every season
not every color
come with me
the road is in my pocket now**

**it tastes like toasted barley
like pumpkin seeds**

**he taught us to walk on the water
when no one's looking**

**and at high noon heaven closes
for the space of half an hour**

girls chase foxes through the woods

**they are red the girls are pale
they want the color**

time is a kind of fur that grows on us

**I think of Van Gogh's left eye
compassionate and deep disturbed
in the photo where he's dressed
like anybody else, a businessman,
a scholar of Hittite, a schoolteacher**

how could he love himself to little

left it to us to love him

**maybe that's best, the pilgrim way,
leave everything behind,
be at home nowhere**

a man is defined by his destination

where to? the driver asks

**I have a little road that goes to you
I take it out from time to time
and stroke it smooth
and see how close I am this day**

**think of the inn where pilgrims lodge
if they're lucky along the way**

**or where on rugged trestle tables
their food is served by boys and girls who say
Oh we never go anywhere. or**

Where are you coming from?

**but the pilgrims have forgotten
where they started,
the tower or the byre, the basin,
the rocky wilderness beloved of sheep**

**pilgrims always change the subject
at that point, warn
the waiters about colors, step carefully,
don't fall between the colors, and so on**

**one boy listens hard
one boy wants to know**

**what is the place between the colors
if one steps there where does one go**

isn't such a one a pilgrim too?

**then the pilgrims ask for more bread
wish they could drink wine
but only water is allowed**

**or elderberry juice
with its aftertaste of skin
moist body folds**

how many have you licked on your way here

to get this far

travel on the taste of skin

**pilgrims can't rest too long at the inn
resting is the wrong color
for the urge that ails them**

heal me with thy blue

but sometimes the road just breaks

what do you do with a river?

**some say go with the flow
some say more virtue to fight our way
upstream against the easy
against the ordinary**

**salmon men who leap upstream
to mate with God above the first cascade**

**but I say build a bridge
and cross into the destiny of the straight line**

crossing a bridge = flight into Egypt

**save the child-mind you carry in you
bring her, him, safe to the Nile**

where wise instructors borrow all religions

and let you sit down in the shade

but that's me, that's not the pilgrim way

**at some point in the journey every pilgrim
encounters a muddy stretch of road
and in the mud thereof, scarce visible,
a paper smudged and damaged lies —
this paper is for this pilgrim and only this one,
the pilgrim if wise (fortunate) now
must bend low and pick the paper out of the mud
smooth it out and brush it clean
and read therein the directions to be followed.
the offerings to be made, the words avoided,
the way to lie down to sleep, the prayer at dawn**

but why are you a pilgrim?

**I am a man like any other
there is no telling what I was before**

now is the strangest time

now has no future

now is pure mystery

will you walk with me?

18 October 2017

=====

**Lothringen accents
I want my chou-kraut
jive the pallid morning
old-fashionedly
by speech!**

19.X.17

=====

Lasses with moon faces from the east
but blue prejudices on this Baltic scow,
bring the garbage back!

For we have
not finished with things yet —

has the sun changed her color yet?
prayer is comfort
as the woods are deep,

afterludes of medication
spell me as you choose
I am the word in your mouth

little by little the ink sinks in,
darkens, weather comes along
and we're stuck with what we mean,

yje road gets noisy
and money changes hands
(think what those words say)

now how does the word taste?

19 October 2017

=====

**The usual thing is for someone to be waiting,
at least a crow on the lawn, teller at bank cage,
mechanic at garage, everyone has their
own special oil. Drink Me, says the river.
I Did and See What Happened says the sky
raining all over the ranch. Language takes
a long time, misery loves company, blossoms
are the first to show up on the princess tree--
even now the verb is fast asleep beneath
a woolly heap of adjectives, they feel good
on your skin but leave you guessing. Who?
What? What wanting? When it comes
it will sound red, make aluminum gestures,
drive a white van. And she will be yours
for a little while, until the river comes again.**

19 October 2017

=====

**I forget -- is it BC
or is it AD already?
Clothing seems so
old-fashioned, aren't
we free of rayon yet?
And these bodies
around us all day long,
arms and squirmy legs,
mysterious bellies (what
goes on down there?)--
isn't it time to be free?**

`19.X.17

=====

**The grease of greeting
and the grit of gone—**

**every moment a mirror cracks
and shows what isn't you**

that ancient temple of God.

**2.
Spell the answer in runes
don't make it too clear —**

**you don't want the animals
to know how little we know.**

**They get their information
directly from the setting sun.**

**Close your eager eyes and you
mau get a whole cat's worth yet.**

**3.
Apostasy from the obvious
is a serious venture —**

whose is your shadow then,

and where nas the sky gone

**so recently over your head?
Yet some mystics take that step**

**and hide their eyes in some idea.
For them weather is a poltergeist**

in a house where nobody lives.

20 October 2017

=====

**By gematria
walked under a bridge
and found herself on the other
side of the highway or the river
who can tell with all that flow**

**stood and watched the city disappear.
Sat on the berm and counted the answers
and when she came at last to zero
she slept, and in her dream
swam across the river and came home.**

**That garden. This is Eden —
the story is about to begin.**

20 October 2017

FOUR ENTERED THE GARDEN

**Four entered the garden
and found a woman sitting there —**

**she of the orchard
as if waiting for them,**

**called each of them by name
and told each what to do.**

**One changed his name and slept
a long time, still is sleeping.**

**One tore up his books
and took to a different religion,**

**one changed his mind
so he did not need to see what's there.**

**And one went out again, cherishing
all he was able to remember.**

20 October 2017

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

**Exceeding the zone
that *belt round the earth*
causeth a species of distemper
called astrology or starcraft
by which the mind is lulled
into fanciful knowing**

**therefore the Wise in all times
have pondered the signs immediate
to the place they stood, knowing well
that where one is is where one ought to be**

with signs following.

**Ponder this
while waiting for the schoolbus
or the packboat from Calais
bringing attractive Protestants from France.**

Peace, children. Be where you are.

20 October 2017

=====

**I waited while the owl cried,
waited while the curious rustling
sounded in the fern brake
in deep shadow, foot of the ridge.**

**My waiting was like a house to me,
i could rest in it, drowse a little,
leave it to the moon to do the journeying,
the stars to spell their letters in the sky.**

**Then it was silent. i prayed the owl
to cry love songs to its mate, and the ferns
said nothing at all. Now it was my turn
to speak. Now it was waiting for me.**

20 October 2017

=====

**One touch
not enough
one taste
cures thirst
where do you
keep keys,
the keys
to the other
house,
you know,
the one
no one has
ever entered?**

21 October 2017

(WHAT ONE OF THEM DID IN THE GARDEN)

***Tore up the plantings* in the orchard,
set down alien trees in their place,
saplings from unknown stars he guessed —
guessed, genuflected, worshipped them
thinking a trees is more like a woman
than a woman is. Now his forest grows
still, but far away from the first orchard.**

21 October 2017

RESTITUTION

**Summer sun
on autumn trees —**

**mysticism
has its pleasures,**

**its secret measures,
its hand on your thigh.**

21 October 2017

=====

**In Xanadù I fell asleep
it was in London
on Great Russell Street
tourists from Hapan
all round me, with cameras,
with eyes. So I slept a long
long Irish sleep, penicillin
of our poor people, sleep.
When I woke I was me again,
sort of, alone with my wife,
and my vocabulary, watching
grey evening clutch grey buildings.**

**21 October 2017
End of Notebook 407**

=====

**Me loves him from first time saw him cry
even now his stupid plans and projects
make me reach out my hand to touch
his poor enfeebled skin, his body leashed
by respectability. Or is that me?**

**22 October 2017
[hypnopompic]**

=====

**There's one kind of rain
that falls without wet
from a clear sunny sky.**

**This is where the honey comes from
that feeds the bees
in old alchemical engravings**

**pictures too rain down on the mind
and leave little shadows that the local
memoirist (the self) had better**

**organize if he knows what's good for him—
mutinous shadows! rampaging images!
Study the clear sky and pray for silence.**

22 October 2017

THE SMALL PRINT ON THE CONTRACT

**Small persons stirring in the grass
small persons nibbling down a leaf**

**I was a well in the desert
you drank me dry**

**And then all the parasangs were past
weary horses bore sleeping men through the gate**

**and there I was waiting
and they all drove towards me
meaning no harm ,**

**men casting the shadows of women—
how strange reality must be.
Little by little learn where I fit in.**

22 October 2017

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

**Only if you're listening
can I speak.
Headlights of a passing car
illuminate the nakedness of our thought.
Dark is quick, a toad
hops along the road.
Our plans have come to nothing.
The moon hides in the trees.**

22 October 2017

=====

**In relative calm
the light goes on.
We only scream a little
at what it reveals —
shadows, mostly shadows,
but someone must
be making them
and there is nobody here but us.
But maybe shadows need no body,
maybe they are seeds native to light
and flicker seductively
whenever the light goes.
I look around the room—
a wall is all I see, maybe
a wall is enough.**

22 October 2017

=====

**Along the road of broken coffee mugs
she goes out and comes back
only a little while later
in her full-flowing red skirt
with tassels on the hem,
this daughter I never had,
sobbing now on her bed.
I sit alongside her,
my hand like a hawser
she clutches to her chest
to make sure she doesn't drift away,
or we are gone from here,
because here is the only
where the action is.**

23 October 2017

= = = = =

for Tamas

**Cloudy day at last
the basket full of stones
she keeps in the sky**

**she takes one out
and leaves it on your table
disguised as candlelight**

**only this dawn you see
it is a crystal of selenite
long and pointy**

**and those you point it at
feel at once the meaning
of all you are too shy to say.**

23 October 2017

SLEEPNESS NIGHT

**Waiting for sleep
to come
is like anyone else**

**a friend's dog died
i think sometimes
they do it in our place
to save us, take
our fate on themselves**

suffering servant

**pages from the Bible
flutter in the rainy street**

**poetry Isaiah Ezekiel
it all depends
on what the angel said**

**what angel
carrying what
token of authenticity
a stalk of fennel
a burning coal
then the inner
eye also**

flutters closed

**the animals recede
to the far edges of the field
but we still see them
they look at us**

sleep is coming now

fear ia near

**someone stands up
in the middle distance
and wants to name us**

all right, tell me my name

2.

**when we wandered among the sheep
on sunday at the fair
we were in the Bible then, horns of the ram,
deep cuddling fleeces, the permission
in their wise kind eyes, yes, let us stroke,**

***we are beasts
and whatever we once were
for ourselves
in desert rock and pastures***

*we are for you now,
use us wisely.*

**In cartoons we count them
on the way to sleep**

**but in my kingdom
we set a sheep on the throne
and live at peace**

and deep sleep is the price of peace

**3.
Sleepless Beauty a book I wrote
in another language once**

**in sleepless nights the language changes
the rustling pillowcase beneath my ear
is telling me stories in Etruscan, can't
even get the drift of them, one word
comes out *mund* or *mundus*, the Romans
took to mean the world itself, but me
and my pillow we know it is a little ditch
around our little village, dug out with much
ceremony by a little priest with a little trowel
made of gold and sent down by a god**

whose name alas I don't recognize

**but you know that sleep must come
eventually**

*but if I die before i sleep
I pray the Lord by soul to keep*

I mean the Lady.

24 October 2017

=====

Heart on the wall
her heart
 the figure

Do we kiss the ones we were
or yet to be?
The *wordless word* a kiss is
saying—
 is it memory or prophecy?

24 October 2017

=====

**What is the Biblical Hebrew
for somewhere else, not here,
you can't see it, you're not allowed
to go there but it's there?
We call it the Ordinary
and it's the hardest place on earth to find.**

24 October 2017

GONE MISSING:

**Ashtrays
fax machines
tape recorders
gardenias.**

24.X.17

EVENTYR

**a piece
by Delius
“Adventure”
maybe, buut he
called if Long Ago,
haven’t heard it in years.**

**Listen to the other
only the other
will do you any good
or be of use to you**

**only the alien
can really be your own**

**unspoiled by commerce,
not lost in the crowd
who think they hear
in music their own lost souls,
lost lazy selves.**

25 October 2017

NOWMUSIC

**feeds your loneliness,
sells you your sadness
repackaged in glitter,**

25.X.17

=====

**Pilpul maybe
I helped him all I could
interpretation
is the whole of life
to understand what we perceive
then go back to the sleep of the senses
and dream some more.**

25 October 2017

=====

**Mercy is a mild maid
but the lady that came
to meet me was neither,
but elegant in black,
the Eye of Horus
tattooed on her forehead,
large. And what do you see
with that eye, I demanded.
I see right through you
she said, then we were friends.**

**2,
Went to the candy store together,
waited while she bought cigarettes
but nobody smokes any more, true
she said but these are offerings, each
a living flame lifted to the local gods.**

25 October 2017

PILGRIM MUSIC

Listen

it is the other

the only

**voice worth hearing
is the other**

**the other
music**

**you hate it
first time
in the ear**

it screeches

**it is formal
(but you don't know the form)**

it is old

old

is terrifying

you hate old

**you hate this old music
will bring you to life**

**tear away the mask
conformity imposes**

**store-bought pleasures
of a compulsive world**

.... 25.X.17

== == == == ==

Opening the door of the day

Who's there?

**I heard a word
singing in the leaves**

**forgive my sleep
forgive my dreams**

**leading sleep away
by a dream that leads
to the door of the day,**

**open the day
hear it rattle on its hinges
hear it slam open
and the wind come in**

**the blue wind
of this dream space
of the senses,
this day
forgives your sleep,**

go through the door,

**the time has come
to live in time again
while there are still
leaves on the trees
waiting to be said.**

26 October 2017

== == == == ==

**What one wants
of course
is another thing,**

**the virgin lost
by the rock pool
and a kingfisher
looks on —**

**water is the way,
way out of the underworld,**

**she takes that road,
the rock flows past her
the water stands still**

**that is the secret,
endure the still water
till the world gets there**

rushing and flowing and you at peace.

26 October 2017

== == == == ==

**Nothing
is really true
until
it is translated.**

26.X.17

== == == == ==

**But someone else
could be waiting
inside the alphabet,**

**the 27th woman,
in a long scarlet gown
a crown of asters in her hair**

**blue ones, the kind
just fading from the roadside
+as the burning bush begins to blaze.**

**She is the other side of speech
where love heals us,
she is the echo of silence itself.**

**26 October 2017
Kingston**

FEAR

**Why the fear
when the answer
stood right there**

**across the lake
unright as a birch,
still, waiting?**

**But fear is a comfort, has
nothing to do with
the person facing you**

**across the water, see,
casting a shadow even you
can plainly see, just like yours,**

**but what if the person moves
and the shadow does not?
Close your eyes and be afraid —**

**fear is a strange kind of wine
in a cup that is always full.
You know who you are when you're afraid.**

27 October 2017

=====

**Turn on the radio
and hate what you hear —**

that's how the pilgrimage begins.

**All that noise
is aimed at you
by those who do not mean you well**

**for this music comes you
from the dead
and leads you, tries to, to that mum place**

**where they, when they,
have silenced the psalm
you, and only you, where born to speak.**

28 October 2017

=====

Peregrinus
is the book,
pilgrim is the sense of it.

28.X.17

== == == == ==

**at a certain point in your life
it's hard to pry loose the gemstone
crystal from the rock matrix where it grew —**

**and maybe that incapacity is right:
Keats didn't say fill every rift with silver
but with ore, the natrix, the mother with her child,**

**here, hold this geode and close your eyes,
finger the alphabet of the rock
those little points that press your skin.**

**So from some text extract
some sumptuous fragment?
No. Give them the whole stone.**

28 October 2017

== == == == ==

**So many leaves
still have the trees,
the greens though
are getting sleepy
in morning sun,
slow slow the
autumn answers.**

28 October 2017

=====

**Caught making eyes at the sky
the virgin blushes
hides her hands between her thighs,**

**doesn't respond when neighbors ask her
How can you sit all day long
on the rock, cstarng at nothing?**

She leaves it to the sky to answer.

28 October 2017

Π03TA

**Plenitude and Amplitude
fought for this mind —**

**I will let both of them win
he thought, they will be**

**my mother and my father
and I will at last be me.**

28 October 2017

=====

**Avoidance of the obvious
leads to Sotheby's
high-priced item soon devalued,
legendary trash.**

28.X.17

THE SPEL OF EVE

**I was Eve
and I am you now.**

**I am the first-born
and from my body
a man was born
of mud you call flesh
and blood you call ghost
or mind or spirit.**

**No man was needed
to make a man
in me and from me,**

**a man is the second thing
that came along,**

**and it was I who came him
into the body of time.**

**My body knew itself
and knew how to become another—
and that is the great mystery**

**your time must discover,
Miriam called Mary reminded you,
virgin birth, helpful
Joseph looking on,**

we taught you how to be me,

**how to be everyone,
how to stand on a hill
and see yourself coming towards you
saying Yes Yes
but you must
cry out Be another!
And there he is,
there they are,
the 84,000 habits of the world**

the many of the world,

**the men I make
to carry and labor and comfort sometimes
all women, whose business
is to rule the world
quietly, by sheer knowing.**

28 October 2017

=====

**Slowly the leaves
into conversation.
She stands at the counter
waiting to be served.
He stands at the corner
waiting for the bus.
Leaves slippery underfoot.
Rainy day. Leaves
on the trees motionless.
She looks up at the sky.**

29 October 2017

= = = = =

**Looking northwest,, guess
grey wet road
v anishing in trees.**

**Every day a new passage
into the unknown
forest,**

**the frightening
Forst of No Trees.**

29 October 2017

=====

**Trying to catch up with myself
is a fool's game: myself
is always a little bit behind me,
limping along wherever I go.**

29 October 2017

== == == == ==

What does the morning need?

**I heard the question,
turned to the window,
rain, misty, a lot of leaves
still on the trees. What
does anyone need?
I need to be part of what
happens, it needs to be
and be part of me. Those
the right answers?
Tell me, day, before night
brings questions of its own.**

29 October 2017

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**But late is licit too —
a Roman lector carried
in his head a lawbook
no one ever wrote —
a bird flies over him
and knows the regulations too.**

**How dark the rain
and cold the wet leaves fall
onto the skin of the earth,
and we also know the rules,
the man I was and you were too.**

**History is over and over again
till we are newborn at last.**

29 October 2017

IN A STRANGE SMALL CITY

**Listen to the Gatekeeper
worry about his sheep —
who is he, and wide the gate,
sheep so many and who is he?
This is the Bible again
despite all the half-empty buses
on rainy streets down to the river,
and the high-steeped churches
are empty, shut against worship
but still the Gatekeeper's hands
are sweet greasy from fleece
so deep he digs his fingers deep
pleasing the beast and the self,
when ypu touch wool you know
we're still in the Good Book,
when the lightning stops., a housewife
hurries down to the bodega, rice,
bright yellow rice! and milk!
from far-off dairies, leave sheep alone,
*learn a new language every week
eventually you'll begin to speak*
it says over the Korean restaurant
but it says on the sidewalk *Slow,*
go slow, look down, see God,
the Gatekeeper slams the gate
open and shut, he shouts out**

endearments rto his ambling flock
Come bleat with me an autumn song
or Now be rascal Niw be nice,
so many tunes the sheep remember
the nibbled grass keeps coaching them
day by day this city by the river
where once yhe great ships unloaded
cargoes of rock salt and blubber
and carried wool down south and skin
and goat horns for witches, ram
horns for rabbis and who knows what,
sunbeam hits a crystal then cloud comes back.

That's how you know it's the Bible,
all times turn into now
and you become the Gatekeeper
or at least you keep the gate,
you take a census of the sheep
and not just sheep. You wish
someone would invite you to lunch,
rice, greasy meaty yellow rice
;ike the sun that shines no more,
broken cathedrals, opera house in flames!

Close the book, open to a different page:
Mercy is a maid you read
so hurry out now and marry her,
let all your precious alphabets
be jewels necklacing her throat

**druzy and opal and tourmaline,
stare into her eyes and wait for her Yes!
even if it takes ten thousand years.**

**Meantime at low tide
splash across to the island
beneath the iron bridge,
watch the earnest kayakers
discern amphibia — they
are in the Bible too, can't
get away from it, everybody
on earth is the same religion,
Sodom, Nazareth, Bodh Gaya,
you're never ever far from home,
only a few of us Samaritans
to rescue y our sheep from
the sacrificing temple priests
who pray with axes and basins
bpiling with blood — or am I
just dreaming all over again?
Rain does that to people, wet asphalt
gleams, seems like the road to heaven,
a different road to a very different
heaven, but you'll see for yourself.**

30 October 2017

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**Forget the rubber
eraser. Open
the pencil,
refine the lead.
It's gold now
if and only if
you write with it
still holding tight
that sweet cedar.**

30 October 2017

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[from the Gospel of Eve]

Eve said: No woman needs a man if she would have a child. From herself she releases a precious jewel, an egg some call it, and she encloses it in a vessel. This is called the Athanor, because there is no death in it, and it conquers death. And there for months she tends it or has someone tend it until what is in the Athanor takes moisture from the eair and firmness from the earth and thought from the wind and grows limbs and eyes and opens them and cries out. Then the Athanor is opened and the child is born. This is the great secret that certain men called alchemists half-understood, and stole, and thought it was about making metals out of dross or some such policy — how wrong they were and are, yet they kept some word of us alive, the process whereby we give the life we have into the world again as another being, over and over, until we have filled the earth with golden children, who chant psalms and play instruments of brass and wood and wire, and the world is free.

30 October 2017

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**Could there be speaking
in the old log ccabin
wind through the cracks
ill-stuffed with mosses
a girl's lips saying All
you ever need is a house?**

**[guessed from an old scrap]
31 October 2017**

AN ALPINE SYMPHONY

1.

**Looking for aggrandizement
they took to mountain roads
along the foothills, *querschnitt*,
excerpts of the Alps, hard
going, rock slides, too much music,
the rest stops too much merchandise,
woodcarvings, antlers, goat horns
you can actually drink from.**

2.

**But why do we want to be great
when already there is milk,
evening shadows, tall hedges,
starlight, butterflies, bread?**

3.

**And yet the mountain keeps
asking that question mountains
always do, an inquiring look
that seems like a command.
The Opel broke down halfway to Glock
and one of them walked into town
for help, the others waited to keep
all their gear safe, played chess,
wrote postcards with no stamps yet.
Before the tow truck finally came**

the mountain answered its own question.

4.

**Symphonic vagueness
happens now. Harp
yes, but trumpets too,
trombones. They fear
for their lives — each
for his own life, hence
they say nothing..**

**But when is some help
going to come? When
can I mail this postcard
to my new true love?
Do I dare to I tell her
what the mountain said?**

31 October 2017