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= = = = =

**Suddenly November
after no summer
magic of sickness
rearranges time**

**amazing They
could slip a whole
season past me
and be gone. Me,
I am just a sheep
shambling along
on scant wet grass.**

1 November 2017

= = = = =

Give me time
to know something new
about the other side
of what calls itself me.

Could it be, could I be,
a bird on the shore
or the wave it studies
or the rock it chooses
to drop a hard shell on
to eat the mystery inside?

Every human has an *Other*,
beast or mineral,
tree or short-lived flower
somewhere — witches
called it their Familiar,
we have no name yet
for them, for us
whoever we are, must
find it if you're able,
not the name, the person
of your person.

1 November 2017

= = = = =

Could I be
a broken geode
full of pins
and tassels,
rubber bands,
memos, off
to the side
on a lady's
dressing table,
the kind with
mirros, they
used to call
a Vanity, still
my sharp jagged
crystals gleam
in candle light?

1 November 2017

= = = = =

**How old is me?
“Mirror phase”
— what age?
where was weather
before that hour
nd who got wet
when it rained?**

1 November 2017

= = = = =

**Assume the past.
You can change it
only by facing east
listening to the roar
of the stream outside
new-swollen with rain
rain rain. Or listen
to the road and remember
how far you kept going
before you turned back.
Believe me. the past
is waiting still, but not for you.
you have to make love to me
now, since me is the only one left.**

1 November 2017

= = = = =

Capsule
of powder
white when
you pry it
open. Fine
flour sugar
who can say

a wolf walked
past us once
respectfully
the way truth is
also a creature
ruly, not random.

Every day we
take our lives
into our hands,
“poisons, potions”
who can say,
this little pill
maybe will kill

or not. Sift
the powder
into water

**watch it surface
a while then sink
little by little
then stir it
with your little
spoon. Or finger
then lick the tip.**

**Every morning
sacred ritual
then the day
makes us forget
what little there
ever is to remember.**

1 November 2017

= = = = =

See, I want to breathe
up into the leaf
where at the tip
women dance on the mountain top
but only the spiders
and ladybugs can see them

but my breath will be there
and you will be able to hear me,
my singing, through
all the little bite holes in the leaf
that quiet flesh so dry so honest,

and the honesty of the leaf
is the burden of my song
and you know the bush it comes
from, it blazes red in October
and is called the Good Name.
When I was a little boy
i read a book where it spoke.

2 November 2017
2:45 AM

=====

What do you do with a night when it walks right up to you and starts talking?

you have to listen,
say Wait Wait.
get up
to write it down,

**it's like a church on fire
don't expect God to put it out,
it is our work, our job
to get the night written
all the way down**

2 November 2017
3 AM

= = = = =

**Nobody knows the answer.
Nobody even knows the question.
We're on a huge log raft
slowly drifting south.
Ocean or wide river,
no land seen. Some
of us are good at seeing stars
and recognizing them
to infer where we're going
or where we are. Some
of us are not so good as guessing,
close our eyes when The sun goes down.**

2 November 2017

= = = = =

Let some work done
be gone to wake
the rock.

Let the words I presumed
to speak make
enough of an echo
to give pleasure or at least
irritate you into noticing
something you never did before.

2 November 2017

= = = = =

**Osiris knows his night is coming
surgery of the fatal Seventeenth
that feeds him piece by piece
into the whole world, nourishing
it all until she can bring him back,
until all the world is touched by him
and he knows all of it, he will
be whole again and whisper to her
all he knows. But right now
he's nervous, he knows all to well
the fierce medicines of the gods,
tight-lipped surgeons of the Otherworld.**

2 November 2017

= = = = =

Say enough of a sound
to say a word

or of a word
enough to mean,

something now at the cavemouth,
the door, the day.

Listen hard to the wind,
what saying?

Scrape of your own
feet on the floor
says part of it,

and when it comes to language
the part is the whole.

3 November 2017

= = = = =

**I think I have lived
all my life in Byzantium
or all except the little
morning by the actual sea
that made me me.
Otherwise the hold indoors,
frescoes, cold smooth walls.**

3 November 2017

EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM

and the door opens
old woman on a walker

it is Friday afternoon
on earth, in China
the fields are hollow
after harvesting

where we are
the sky is a blue flower

Hear my prayer
let it be ordinary
ever after,
 heaven
is the next thing
to be done, this
blossoming *now*

Hear my prayer

gull up from the great trash hill
beauty over river

the pretty red tail lights
winking, hundreds
homing from work.

3 November 2017. Kingston

= = = = =

**Take the book down
open it
erase all the pages
now you are ready to begin**

**say what your hand
remembered reaching for it,
the tendon of your arm
stretched to that high shelf,**

**then write down the dust
and what it said
when the book came open
maybe for the first time in years**

**what did the dust
make you remember,
what foreign city
Verona, Arles, Whitby
you were so briefly in,**

**dust never forgets,
did you know that?**

it's what makes civilization
possible, the dust
of all our centuries we
breathe in all the time,

write down carefully
the feel of the binding
in your lustful but respectful
fingers, hands know a lot
but are easily distracted,
keep them touching,
feeling.

 This
is literature. All the rest
is sword fights
with nobody killed,
card games nobody wins.

It is finished,
the thing you've made.
You are Dante now, put
the book back,
come out and see the stars.

4 November 2017

= = = = =

Full moon November
fills all the trees
enough leaves left
to make shadow dance
in shimmer almost
green.

I can see the fox
move just past the ferns,
skunk on the lawn
a plume of fearless white.

I don't want to know
what the old folk called
this moon, something
dangerous, probably,
and cruel.

I see
through trees --
that is name enough for me.

4 November 2017

WIND EYE

**A peloton zips by
northing through trees
one cyclist even
in hopeful yellow jersey
on their way—
such strange things
a window sees!**

4 November 2017

ANTIQUE GEMSTONE

A liquid heavier than another
fills her lekythos so she can lift it
only when it's half-empty,
she set it down on the mountain top
wondering why the weather
ever bothers to change
it is so beautiful where and as it is.
So many trees still have their leaves!
*O let them shed them
before the snow comes down*
she prays. But to whom?
Who listens to the fluid in the jar?
Who breathes soft on the nape of her neck
but isn't there when she spins around?

4 November 2017

= = = = =

**Cars stop by fences
to make phone calls.
The tree overhears,
asks Are you speaking to me?**

4.XI.17

CYTHERA

island way of being

they go there in love
and linger

we walked there
late afternoon
dryshod,
among the browsing deer.

I found you where the trees
open wide for you
to see the everlasting river.

4 November 2017
(of Montgomery Place)

A DRYAD

 called
huldra
in Norway
stands nameless
in our woods

sometimes I see her
through my mind's tangle,
pale and quiet
up there behind our house
on the ridge where
the mountain lion walked
once and foxes live.

 She knows them
and I think she knows us too,
us noisy folk who live
on the margin,
 blank spaces
around her real woods.

I want you to see her too,
our beautiful landowner
wants me to tell,
tell and adore and look away.
The eye is one more
animal that passes by.

5 November 2017

SEER

I was a cistern before I was a seer. I held all the water I had been given, old, old water, hundreds of years. I kept it faithfully, huddling under mossy covers against the dry days of summer. Every time the mist came in or rain came down, new water would come to mingle with my old. Or maybe all water is old, here from the beginnings, constantly recirculating — so I have heard it said. What I know is that every time new water came, my old water would change. Salinity, acidity, mineral balance — all would change, and I had to keep track of them, make sense of all the changes in what I held. In what I am. In time, a day came when I thought I was a man, and that is how you find me now, all times mingled in me, still trying to make sense, and trying to share with you what sense I make.

5 November 2017

MYSTES

M the original
owl standing there
waiting to skim
over the waters
to the other side
quick and almost
silently, like a man
who learns something
and learns to keep mum
about the core of it
but sometimes can't
dropping hints about
the mysterious skin
the way an owl
sometimes leaves
feathers on our lawn.

5 November 2017

= = = = =

**Striding
leap of a frog, slewfoot
slope of the camel
onward. Onward.**

**A courtesan
forgives me
a stole pf m,uskrat fur
I broke her clock**

**linked together
by the sparrows of keen sight.**

**Things that we see together
actually are.**

5 November 2017

= = = = =

Through the torn curtain
a slice of night.
Not torn, a natural part,
isosceles.

Streetlights out there
showing nothing.

Awake alone,
nothing much happening
on the streets of my body,
those roads we call thinking

Not much.

Late into the night
I read about the alphabet
so that the silence itself
has letters in it,
G for *girl* the book said
but I said there is someone
even holier, even closer —
the letters laughed at me,
danced themselves into sentences
they made me read:

We always mean

*the simplest things,
no need us
for theology and theory,
we count the fingers of your hand
when you swept the curtain
just wide enough to let you
see what you call Out
but we know is realest, deepest In.*

6 November 2017

= = = = =

Let the balloon ascend
into the French 18th Century air,
you knew it had to begin
somewhere, this journey
off the surface, off the skin.
Leaving the world. Soon
it will be common, a noisiness,
now everybody flies. But what
happens to the earth soul
in me when I'm flying to Paris
at 37,000 feet? I wonder.
Something gets lost up there,
left above the atmosphere
Captured by others? Aliens?
Does it infect other lives?
Does it sink slowly earthward
looking everywhere for me?
Am I haunted by who I was?
Do I sound like Rudolf Steiner now,
fearful of what speed does
to the human soul, *humanus*,
one who walks on the ground.
I don't know. At night
I could be anybody, or even
myself again, home from the world.

6 November 2017

= = = = =

I am the beanstalk
Jack climbed up.
His knees squeezed
as he shinnied up,
all I really saw were
his brown scuffed shoes.
I don't understand his story,
cows and magic, fraud
and somewhere up
past whatever I am —
makes no sense. I grow
what I grow, I know what
I know, I am pure road,
I don't go anywhere,
I am pure theory, like a boy
in the middle of the air.

6 November 2017

= = = = =

The day out there
looks comfortable and soft
already, like a day
left over from the day before,
well broken-in, an easy
chair in grey and green.

6 November 2017

I

= = = = =

**Indeterminate excuses
as if the phoebe
nested next door
on the porch light sang
expressly to convince
by sensory evidence alone
that here I am, me too,
I am tall here is.**

6 November 2017, Kingston

= = = = =

for Hölderlin

And if winter,
be waiting? No.

Time is itself
its own kind of flower

its petals all round you
fragrant as light.

6 November 2017, Kingston

= = = = =

Reading the sky.
Trying to
through the sunroof
in the rain, one
vulture crossing
then blankness,
grey, tousled, deep.
I am an ancient
Roman in my Subaru
taking the signs.
Or not seeing them.
Or not understanding
the little I see.
Raindrops. Empty
space a bird leaves
nothing ever fills.

6 November 2017

= = = = =

**Dragging his weather
he over the ocean
goes Viking marauding the coasts of anywhere—**

**He waded out of the surf at Rockaway
he was Moses on Molokai
everything talked to him,
he spilled a glass of wine in Whitby
he was black in the Algarve white in Travemünde
nobody ever believes him
so he often goes back into the sea.**

**But comes again and again
till he turns into you
and you finally, almost toyally, understand.**

7 November 2017

= = = = =

**Gestures made from night
as if a hand had
and no one there to contradict
what the darkness said —**

*Listen, this is all
about you,
yours is the measure
by which the stars count,*

*now go back to sleep
and find even more of me.*

7 November 2017

= = = = =

**Pieces or rags of
do we any way believe?
From our fathers caught
some guesses about God
himself our guess about the world.
What is left of all that?
Pick a flower and call it Easter,
kick a pebble down the street
and call it Judgment Day.**

7 November 2017

COAT OF ARMS

**Mountain pissing
fresh water down the rock
hoping to heal. Luchon,
blazon of the town.
It is good to be literal
sometimes, healing
in fact, like a crow
waking you up by simple
call, moonlight last night
muzzy beautiful in cloud,
or all times commingled
we call now. Go ahead,
break the spear, become
pope, the crow won't mind,
just get up and get simple
and do anything you can.**

7 November 2017

=====

1.
The thrill of being,
just being, and being here,
and knowing that I am —

**no excitement keener,
the endless work of art it is *to be*,
and working out the meaning of.**

2.
and *when it's winter*, take
the *shadows off the earth*
inside myself,
make sense of them,
the flowers gone, wind-chime singing
and let them make sense of me.

3.
The luster of known things,
druzy quartz ring on your finger,

**brown pottery bowl from lord knows where
on my desk full of rubber bands,
yes, and rubber bands themselves, discreet,
unreliable but easy, easy,
known, known, paper clips. birdbaths,
glaciers, axles, we lead to each other
finally, we belong to what we know.**

8 November 2017

AFTER SEEING THE FILM *CALDER FOR PETER*

**Dynamic immobility
of his huge steel works,
how they can support the whole sky
if you gave them a chance.
But they need a hill, an open field—
that is their dance.**

**Seeing them in a museum
or even a sculpture garden
is like trying to swim in a bathtub,
scale all wrong, clash of gesture.**

***Be the sky
when you see me
every one of them,
the stars too
are made of me.***

8 November 2017

= = = = =

Her hands
(whose?)
holding a dove

that's all the mind
sees, I mean
the man (who?)

who from his heart
releases hands,
birds. into free air

and smiles to think
what belongs to everyone
belongs to me.

8 November 2017

IN THE PHOTO

**the mother
like any scientist
is looking down,
eyes fixed
on the experiment
she's cuddling,
whose own eyes
(preposterously
conscious, alert,
grown-up eyes)
are fixed on all
the rest of us
out here, suddenly
seen into existence.**

9 November 2017

= = = = =

Kindly mist
full of guides
we can't see
at any time
yet in such weather
we know are there,
feeding the trees,
sha[ing leaf-fall,
hearing us, hearing
what we think.
Looking out into the mist
I know that I am known.

9 November 2017

= = = = =

**Two or three words
that meant something
fell away, mind
scrubbed clean
like glacial stone--
a solid void
that once made sense.**

9 November 2017

= = = = =

**The winter mist
like a woman
playing the cello,
Marin Marais maybe,
old and honest
a few rooms away.**

9 November 2017

= = = = =

**Such trouble being me
I'd be another,**

**the calisthenics of ordinary
life, light, exhaust me.**

**I think I should change
into a warmer mind.**

9 November 2017

= = = = =

**Am I proud
of where I have been
*bedroom dining room porch***

**and all I have learned
*to sleep to wake to forget?***

9 November 2017

= = = = =

**Being inside a house
especially one's own house
is like travelling around the world**

**every room a new language to be learned
every doorway a frontier to cross
every bedtime a dangerous hotel**

**and the cost! paying constant attention
never a moment safe to relax,
the rugs are tree roots and the floors are ice.**

**Every day a pilgrimage, climbing
upstairs to Jerusalem, stumbling at midnight
to the bathroom, that Black Sea.**

9 November 2017

THREE-PART INVENTIONS

as if a number
knew us, all our fingers
set to work
to know just one, one thing
that happens to the heart
(the head) (the soul)
we have no names
we have only numbers.

2.
t ripples as it goes
a little brook on its way
—water always wants to be more—
but still the golden pears
hang low from the branch
above the stream brown
flecked here and there
from insect bite or time's
sharpest tooth of all

3.
but water is continuous,
we part our hair in the middle
the tall brunette explained

to be glamorous, to borrow
the gleam that water teaches
and make it ours but only
so as to give it to you in turn,
my desirous admirers

4.
look at my face
I told her
pretend I am a mirror
and you a quiet girl
wanting to know
so deeply what
manner of thing you are,
look at my face
and doubt me, doubt
is the softest music,
a flute in apple trees
annoying the browsing deer

5.
but hurry, hurry
my face won't last
someday it will just
be mine again
and I do all the looking
but now I am water
I am still

6.

**Don't be sad
water always comes back
the sky is made of
what water's made from,
there'll always be
another face to see,
to tell you who you are.**

9 November 2017

= = = = =

**Work quietly
a river's passing**

**unless you want
what you're doing
to go with it,**

**flow into the sea
the continuous so
all that you've made**

**is just beginning
there, in that immense
thought no one is thinking.**

10 November 2017

= = = = =

**I need a darker
understanding,
a lawn with trees
and no one home,
headlights intermittent,
shadows deep.**

**This where our wanting
brings us, feet drag along
through fallen leaves.
There is a gate
where no one waits.**

10 November 2017

= = = = =

**So much walking by the river
as if the water weren't going enough
or had to be counselled
by our contemplative footsteps,
coaxed towards the sea.**

**The river makes me want to sit
down and look at it, study
the sleep musculature of its moves,
its quiet persistence, something
Teutonic, craftsmanlike, about it,
as if every river were the Rhine
tumbling out of Switzerland
and making its solemn way home.**

**I wouldn't dare walk beside it—
it would be like whistling
while someone's playing Biber
on her Stradivarius, so wrong
even if I got all the notes right.**

10 November 2017

MEANING

1.

The lead of pencil
makes obscure baroque remarks,
walks more by itself
across the page, less
driven ythan a fountain pen.
Lead (really hraphite)
remembers the inside of the earth
where metals reign
and in its memories a song starts up
challenging this surface flimsy
place we bring it to — paper
and birch bark and floating leaves.
And when our metaphysical confusions
put it to sleep, it wakes up suddenly
and springs onto the paper
saying more than we allow
ourselves to grasp.

Type it up,

silence it in print, yet
sometimes we look at that cold text
and something catches like a little flame
and lights up a meaning we never guessed
before th match goes out and we're dull again.

2.

**That's all I meant to say
the dream explained.**

**Trace any figure in the intricate design
and it will lead you to a single truth,
carry you there, in fact, as in a car,
old roadster from vintage movies
with rumble-seats and squealing sophomores—
because Meaning (alas) is nine parts
memory and barely one part now, a little
crumb left over of tomorrow.**

3.

**Those are what woke me.
Spoke me. Cold predawn
November. Made me leave
my warm blankets and
stumble in the dar to
find my desk, Now you tell me
if I should have gone on sleeping.**

11 November 2017

= = = = =

**Is it waiting in it to be said?
Infinity, like a sparrow's wing
always there wjhen needed
when the local crumbs run out
and distance calls us again.**

11 November 2017

DEAR PHRYNE,

**If I were being honest
I'd be writing to your thighs
not for your eyes.
Lust is like that — the face
has to be there to make you
you and not some other
among the myriads desire
tries to claim, and it is your
body that beckons, answers
more questions than our mere
brains can handle. Except
we pray by touch — flesh
is the great difference, the form
that understands us deep
into voluminous existence.
Love, your ardent Praxiteles.**

11 November 2017

= = = = =

Always trying to move forward
into a guessed-at place,
there is a picture of me at five
getting ready to be just that
hurrier, standing by grandfather,
my grandfather is a train, a freight
stopped in Callicoon, I'm on top
of a box car, my father snaps the picture,
I am a child of going places, I know
no other ancestors but steel on roads,
wheels on steel, sparks from wheels.
Today we ate lunch at a place
I knew when I was seven, halfway
to heaven, *view of five states*,
north end of the Catskills, 2000 feet.
Sometimes you have to go back
to make any forward move at all.

11 November 2017

= = = = =

**Waiting for the elevator
I defended Freud — the woman
was patient with my explanations,
may even have relented a little
from her proclamation that Freud
was useless now. That's all
I remember, doctor, I asserted he
at least tried to get us focused
on causes not just effects,
even if those causes were themselves
causeless inscrutable 'complexes'
waiting to afflict us. But by then
the elevator came and anyhow
she had stopped listening to me.**

11 November 2017

= = = = =

a day will come when
everything we know
turns out to be wrong

that's why they look that way
at the harbor, fishermen and such,
the way they stare far out
with indifference, guessing
nothing good is coming

god I hope they're wrong
because all we have is the sea.

12 November 2017

AZIMUTH

what does it mean
waking in the morning
thinking *azimuth*
as if it were a message
scribbled in lipstick
on a napkin from that
dream café in Vienna,
Sperl maybe, Mahler
made me think about
tonight with *Blumine*,
discarded romance, too
easy, maybe, but that
soft trumpet! leaves me
with a word discarded
from a lost dream, azimuth?

12 November 2017

= = = = =

**If I walked out now
into those trees
I would not be able
to see myself from here.
The thought scares me,
one more problem.
Some more baroque poetry.**

12 November 2017

= = = = =

They tell you to read between the lines—

**I want to *write*
between the lines
and leave the lines
for birds to rest on.**

12 November 2017

= = = = =

**Lookout Point yesterday
rim of the escarpment
found again, first known
in 1942, finally come back
to eat lunch with friends.
Outside the famous view
of five states kept us
standing in the cold. They
were in space, I was
there too but mostly in time,
my whole life in that view,
my immense little world.**

12 November 2017

MEMBRA

**A line is power
a line is truth.
The words I mean
are not so sure..**

**To be brutal about it
I am a map
and not the territory.**

**A word can live
without its referent —
dragon, unicorn, justice —
but a map?
Only a map of Fairyland
maybe, my home.**

**Reasonable doubt —
is there any other kind?**

12 November 2017

= = = = =

If you don't come soon
walking out of wherever
looking at me, your hand
lightly on my arm, say,
I don't know what I should do.
Call out into the dark woods
words that foxes and weasels
are at home with, they lip them
softly to one another in the night?
But will you hear me? Yes,
but will you come, quickly, sure?
The foxes know the answer to that one too.

12 November 2017

= = = = =

**Wading in the sea of
till the words come
strike against the bare leg,
shank reports, mind catches
and something gets said.**

**Always like this.
No meaning but what happens.**

13 November 2017

= = = = =

**I know something about bricklayers,
something interesting and important,
but I can't remember what I know.
I do know it's dangerous to live
in the mountains, at least to think there
if you think with thoughts, like Nietzsche,
but it's OK if you think with music
like Mahler in the summertime.
They must be strong, though, those
men (or in India women) who lay bricks
one beside another, row upon row,
until the world is finally done.**

13 November 2017

= = = = =

**Allowing for catastrophe
something small birds are good at
the sun will as we say 'rise'
in three hours or so, so
all the questions will have to be
answered yet again, no rest
for the weary theologian,
the home-grown cosmologist,
the poor con man just trying
to get by. There you have it,
I am tired of impersonating
myself, I need a better cover story
or else become at long last
the character I pretend to be.**

14 November 2017

MERKAVAH

Counting the chariots
as they go by
I only ever get to one,

a massive one that holds my eye
while all the others
(if there are others) pass.

It is made of that strange metal
gold that looks like silver
that warms the hand that holds it

so in a rush of heat the thing goes by
with a sound like a thousand people
talking all at once and making sense

in a room you're lucky to stand
at the doorway of, afraid to go in.
And the wheels harvest wheat as they turn

and the horses are gone before I see them
so I never know what color they are
and the driver who holds their reins,

it's like looking straight into the sun
without a single word of Hebrew

to protect me. Yet I swear there are

**or must be other chariots, the air
and fire full of them, and even water
shows them, or their reflections,**

and by doing so learns how to flow.

14 November 2017

= = = = =

**I hope when springtime comes
you'll take me to your garden
and show me all your flowers**

**not that i'll ever learn their names
but the colors will be there
and those are enough for me**

**and later you might gather a few
and lay them in your lap
and talk to them and let me listen,**

**and listening will keep me busy
and even happy, as if I understood
what words and lowers and you do mean.**

14 November 2017

= = = = =

**Eat something
make it go away**

the feeling

**the sound of inside a self
crying in the night**

**how many first loves
can a human have,
how many very first kisses?**

infinite number

it's always beginning,

**always a cold night, hot afternoon,
bushes behind the temple,
empty classroom, ping pong
table, drop your paddle, begin**

begin again

desire admits no doubt

the weather is always waiting

begin beginning again

**taste of another person's skin
always never the same.**

14 November 2017

= = = = =

A place is more than who.
Elsinore for instance
comes to mind,
by name
we travel
to a known place,
yjought
set free
more than Hamlet's,
free,
the play of light on mind.

14 November 2017

= = = = =

**When I get tired of interpretation
I change my religion.
This is called Science —
the stars still look the same,
the north wind still makes
the flag midway on the Rhinecliff bridge
point due south, origin,
but everything else is changed.
The basic things especially,
water, chalk, dust. O love
we have come to the land
of the four-sided triangle
and must make our new home.**

14 November 2017

LOST GEMATRIA OF ORDINARY LIFE

I used to know
what numbers mean
but lately such knowledge
wavers, wobbles,
sheer guesswork follows.
What *is* three?
What does it mean
when there are two somethings
dissimilar or same?
Who took the numbers away?

14 November 2017

= = = = =

**Erasing traces
traces my fear.**

**How I got here
is nobody's business**

now not even mine.

**14 November 2017
5 A.M.**

= = = = =

for Susan Wides

The heart of yellow
pours out of the sky—

each of us engenders
our opposite. For instance

I am red, they even
called me that long long ago

to be polite. But how shocking
that you know all that,

know where colors come from
and where they go,

you can even spell with them,
this amazing blue mouth

speaking that yellow word.

14 November 2017

= = = = =

St. John Ultimus
the dream said,
the last converso,
converted to inspitation

he is the last inspired.

We are waiting now
for his epistle or apocalypse,
these things happen in the heart

then the emperors come
to punish us for what we're thinking,
they read our minds right in our faces —

so St. John bids us look away
till only starlight shows
when the angry powers come to look at us.

15 November 2017

= = = = =

from ClydaJane Dansdill's collage

**Yellow beam
the balance**

**the upright
harmony
all the broken bits
the fucked-up flowers
of a never very
ordinary life
suddenly arrayed
into peace.**

We live by spine.

**The fleeting signals
up and down
hold all the angels,**

**the gleaming pathways
to any perfect act**

**where we quietly
sit and remember
the red lips licked.
the yellow room.**

15 November 2017

= = = = =

*from a painting by Jonathan F eldschuh**

If from the interior
materia
I could understand
anything,

it would be a hand
lifting the whole sea
in one sweeping gesture
and pouring it,
the whole of it, into
each human heart.

QED: The heart is infinite.

All the inhabited planets
fit inside it cozily
with room left for theorists,
street musicians, priests,
priestesses and their gods.

And even room for you.
You. The object of every
experiment, the solution

to every equation. You.

**And the whole thing no
bigger than a quartz pebble
you'd fiddle with
between finger and thumb,**

**as all human history
is set free in one quiet breath.**

15 November 2017

**Particles #31 (Compton Scattering), Acrylic on mylar, 54" x 42", 2017*

= = = = =

Knowing
the size
of a thing
is also a song,

you hear the mind
humming to itself
a long lovely
list of comparisons,

that's why the sea
is so mysterious,
it isn't the size of anything.

16 November 2017

= = = = =

**In this world
evidently
calligraphy
has to be very slow.
Everything else
is a bird flying by.**

16 November 2017

= = = = =

**Eventually the bones
show what man
he intended to be
or to become —
the distinction may
not be real —
but the bones know.**

16 November 2017

= = = = =

**Nobody expects to die,
the suicide least of all.
He thinks he's getting up
and moving to a nicer room,
a better view, a friend
finally answering the phone.**

16 November 2017

= = = = =

**We keep thinking
Egypt Egypt
over a sea never
touches it,**

**we get it wrong
all the time
and this wrongness
helps us to dream.**

**(old note)
16.XI.17**

= = = = =

As if a manuscript
from Sankt Gallen
still nearing
the gleam of those
old polished floors
(we walk in paper socks)

turned into language
itself and it spoke

so many
people fear the dark
whereas all
the danger
(domination)
comes from light.

(old page)
16.XI.17

TO THE READER

**My words hold only
the meaning you
and only you find there.**

**So include me as a starling
loud on the porch rail
bothering your sleep**

**or else close the book,
sit by the fire
and just utterly become.**

**(from old note)
16 November 2017**

= = = = =

Exemplary mistakes —

**kusha grass
waves them all away**

***asperges* them,
sprinkles clear**

**pure water where
nothing wrong could live.**

16 November 2017

= = = = =

**Being scrutinized
in the waiting room**

**diluting solitude.
Everybody wants to know everything.**

**16 November 2017
Rhinebeck**

= = = = =

When the day is new
the wind is slow
breath even slower
so the song *swings low*
scrapes the ground
plucks up grass and dead leaves,
bothers birds. The song
so simple it annoys
the singer. *Ask*
more of me than this
he prays, but the wind
(mild, sunny autumn day)
says

Be content
a while, your breath
will rouse and complicate
your vocabulary again
then you'll be happy
and everybody else
mourn the loss of simple sense.

17 November 2017

=====

**A line of it waiting
like a tower for its maiden
to sequester, save me
from the brutality of
a dispassionate glance —
end of the third movement
(‘sentence’) of the eighth
symphony of Anton Bruckner,
the woman ne never
dared to let himself imagine
answers him now
as they both are born into silence.**

17 November 2017

MEDITATION ON THE EMPTY SIGN

**Hand reaches out
rests on a friend's leg
lap, strokes
gently, stops.**

**Friend pauses
in what had been being spoken.**

**Because the hand was empty
the hand could caress.**

Only the empty hand can touch.

**That is the rule. The law
of all things being
able to touch or be touched.**

**Only the empty sign
can carry meaning.**

Everything is difficult.

That is the second rule.

Everything is easy —

that is the last rule.

The friend goes on
with what was being said
but it's all different now,

the meaning means
a different thing.

The hand still rests there
empty of everything but feeling.

It is so hard to be
or be with someone

but it is easy.
The sign tells you what to think
but how can you know

pr know what you're thinking
is the right thing
the thing the sign meant

or what the hand meant
when it found its way
through the air all
the way to the friend?

Remember the third rule,

iy is easy.

**It happens all the time.
So what if what
the hand was saying,
in the very act of saying,
never gets said?**

**Something happened.
Or almost did,
sign Of the empty hand.**

The empty sign.

**17 / 18 November 2017
3 A.M.**

= = = = =

**See, it seems that in the night
the dark helps you think
and keeps you from being sure.**

**Stop telling yourself a story
and right away thinking begins.**

**Danger. Retreat to the safety
of narrative— stories never
get there, stories never end.**

**Thinking travels to places
known or unknown mostly
and leaves you there –**

**you're not dressed for the weather,
you don't speak the language.**

17 / 18 November 2017

= = = = =

Nordering on mystery
the solar mouth
is closed —

murky adjectives
pursue the day nymph
white-tailed through
the naked woods.

It was all foretold
two centuries ago
when photographs
were first developed
(Daguerre's birthday today)
and the Sun fell out of France.

A long breath to say: grey day.

18 November 2017

= = = = =

I wonder what word
she would have said,
Sun, had she been there.
Though she is here,
always, we turn and twist
in our shabby clothes, and hide,
but she is here, she
is what we mean by being here.

18 November 2017

= = = = =

We didn't ask
for anything peculiar.
It was a simple light
we asked to show a simple thing —
address on an envelope,
vein-pattern on a fallen leaf.

But times are hard
in the world now,
simplicity
 has lost its memory
so I will never know
what kind of tree
or where my mail is headed.

18 November 2017

= = = = =

Tentative, a cloud
in bare maple.
From such wood
furniture the child
learned to tell
some differences
between himself and it,
doors and drawers
full of clothes, yes,
but what to wear
and where to go?
Slow, slow to learn,
tentative, the wood,
the cloth, to see
for himself himself.

19 November 2017

= = = = =

Cycles. Confusions. Raptures.
Trumpet solo.
Wash your hands
I live here too,
this is my music too.
The phones don't ring no more
all sly mechanism now,
vibration that pretends
to be your own body
talking to you, calling
you, no, it is instead,
instead of you,
some evil neighbor's riff.
Could it be thunder,
drumbeat, *silenzio*,
all the cop cars have come and gone,
you can still see their red
flashes when you shut your eyes.

19 November 2017

= = = = =

Why do we belong to
people we talk to?
How do their eyes
conjure up so soon
a geometry we
suddenly inhabit
bounded on all sides
by who they are?
So hard ever to crack
open the figure
and come out into the plain
unbounded world
of everybody else,
the room, the chair, the moon.

19 November 2017

= = = = =

The responses
concern me —
bitter root

raiz amarga

he said,

love knows it,
the sad glad sour salty taste
after the act,

any act, any
word spoken is the last word.

19 November 2017

= = = = =

for T.

**And you talk about crows!
You who have a hill
of your own to roll
down into your trees
to hide in, and a door,
you who have a door!**

**And you do know crows,
a crow is a word from the sky
you hear, hear well,
and so few do, hear
the fierce white word
the black bird says,
brays,
 waits for you to answer,.
And you do.**

19 November 2017

= = = = =

**Don't leave me
alone with demons.
The stars are silent.
Soon it will be
one more night.
I need you already
obviously, the principle
of tomorrow, love,
the move called light.**

19 November 2017

= = = = =

**Cast-iron open-work design
the Devil's Handkerchief
spread out on the island sand.**

**Wake up, the machine lets you go.
Keep me company:
be an idol in my temple,
a flower tucked behind my ear,
a word in my mouth —
I am nothing without that,**

**Without you. I've said what is so.
Now we can for a little while sleep in peace.**

19 November 2017

= = = = =

**Coming at least
close to bone:**

**only the rain-dove
domes down our air**

**miracles elsewhere
here magic is standard**

**here the world
itself is miraculous**

sun moon person road.

20 November 2017

WARNING

**If you jog past my house
you belong to me.
At least as long as it takes
to pass, and in that time
I am free to think you
as I please, or choose
to incarnate you
as my brief agent
carrying my work
into the invisible world
to which you run
so earnestly —who knows
how much of my meaning
you'll have always with you
however far you go?**

20 November 2017

= = = = =

**Relatively. Absolutely
relative. How
can we ever be sure?
There are secret places
hidden in the alphabet,
find them by closing
your ears. Then the thing
you thought was silence
breaks. And a word
you thought was Greek
spoke. It wasn't
but it did. And you
are hearing it right now.**

**20 November 2017
Rhinebeck**

= = = = =

**A word more
or coming less
fish to our trawler**

**we have heard
the language of the sea
dawn chorus of the fish
under Capricorn,**

**no obesity down there,
no philosophy**

but everything speaks.

20/21 November 2017

= = = = =

I was the worried one
princeling pale
of the neighborhood —
how could I get to read?
The nearest book a mile away
so I walked up and down
the not-so-busy streets
learning by worrying
—fear is a swift teacher —
tailor shop, the feel of gabardine,
the feel of camel. For a little
while I forgot the book.

20 / 21 November 2017

= = = = =

**Time to child anew?
A rooster no longer
on the hill over west —**

**go back forty years or so
to hear him call,
then nothing.**

**Time opens its beak
and words vanish.
Things go away.
Far as you can
live life in green.
That sky up there
is just what you think.**

20 / 21 November 2017

= = = = =

**My ankle hurts
the wind won't listen,**

**where did I get
such friends?**

**It looks
like a dance only
when you're far
enough away you
don't hear the groans
or take them for music.***

**I guess the air
is as much a part of me
as my ankle bone or rib
or sore fingertip,**

**but where did I get
such a me?**

**Are you
a part of me too
and I of you,**

pains
just shifting from
one dancer to another?

Little pains
shrill as a children's chorus,

guessing what's to come
when all these me's come home.

* Maybe even beautiful
like Bruckner
in his organ loft
at Sankt Florian, sobbing,
trying to make God happy.

21 November 2017

= = = = =

Leaves turn grey too.
The wind is in them
across the road, the small
tree over the old pump,
only that one, the others
show no sign of movement,
no wind for them. The wind
is partial, it's let me witness
a secret tryst, fervid caresses
not meant to be seen. Or maybe
meant for me, fisherman
that I am of dust and sky.

21 November 2017

SUGAR

**Spin sugar
around in its tracks.
Bad chemical. The taste
fades out. Tongue tip
tells salt.**

**This
is alchemy, the old one,
the first one, old
as fishes, older
than a rose, its principles
gelled before the world.**

**Sing-along alphabets,
Mendeleev, Flemish brick-work,
all that.**

**But sugar,
we must exempt sugar from
our little story, block
the arrogant chemistry,
synthesis,
not-exactly-wheat,
fields full of bad decisions.**

And in the evening twilight

**a zombie walks quietly,
calmly, they get tired too,
trying to purify the fields all day
and in such weather.**

**Stand firm with the zombie,
stop sugar in its tracks,
send it back to the fruit, the pulp,**

**sweeten your food with ghosts and myths,
myth to mend the mind.**

21 November 2017

= = = = =

for Charlotte

How is it that I have been
nowhere special, no feuds,
sea fights, parliaments,
still when I look at you
I have suddenly come home?

Because home is where all
challenge is, the day's work
and the night's recovery,
bravery, precision and truth.
Everything you are is exact.

And here I am trying yet again
to tell you out loud the facts
of you, that you are the furthest
I have ever reached, sometimes
at least to be at your side, you

whose little island turns out to be the world.

2.

This is just trying to say a part
of the truth that moves me so
when I think about you, the truth,

not to tell anything, just say
what is so, the way somebody
standing on the shore observes
the seventh wave is biggest
and turns to say so to his friend
but keeps quiet, afraid he'll sound
pretentious or too observant,
not everybody wants to be seen
up close, not everybody worth seeing.

3.
But you are so much more than I can say.
I'm trying to be honest, that is, simple,
you are worth more than I can say,
more than I can give. I have never
known anyone so generous as you,
mind and feeling, time and gesture.
It seems wrong to use my own words
to tell you what you so deeply know.

4.
This is so talky...
you're next door
translating French
and I flounder in English.
Come home and tune me,
I need your song.

21 November 2017

for 22 November 2017

= = = = =

**Weave a coat
out of fallen leaves**

**alphabet with vowels written
s the origin of democracy**

**these are magic days
magic facts**

**thanksgiving week
origin of all I love.**

22 November 2017

= = = = =

**The noise of certainty
poor scinetists in their cave**

**wind eye wind
has a mouth too
how else could we learn?**

**Grey sky grey leaves
grey alphabet**

**poor scientists trapped im numbers
number**

**counting instead of thinking
instead of knowing.**

22 November 2017

= = = = =

The compatibility
knows me
there is nothing between us
a sheet of ice
a man once looked through
and looked away

Geology
is just one part of me.
I am Science
I am your breakfast
on the day your puberty
finally starts, Humanity.

I am the fresh bright blood.
the unspeakable.

Pulsing with similitudes
I speak you fast

faster than you can do anything but be.

22 November 2017
Shafer

ESSE ET VIDERI

One of the strangest things about this human world is how we can never know, never tell, what forms our actual (as we suppose) identities take in the minds, souls, fantasies, of other people. Am I responsible for all the versions, images, of me that arise in the dream-lives or daydreams of those who know me? Truly we are multitudinous.

And does she know that she fingers the strings of Sarasvati's veena in my mind, a holy raga I can see but never hear? And does he know at the helm of what craft he steers a boat full of us poets south into a sea Dante foretold?

**How can we know who we are
before all our scattered,
shattered, images come together
and I get to see the hosts of me
for what I am?**

**Will that be Paradise
or the apocatastasis Platonists dream of
when it all starts again,
when a man is only who he is
and not all the shadows he casts
willing or unwitting
into the heart-minds of those
who meet him, or think about him?**

**So is that who I am,
that man in your mind?**

**And then a parade passes
of all the ways I have seen you—**

**are we guilty of all our identities?
Identity is entity.**

Esse = videri.

To be is to seem.

23 November 2017

= = = = =

**It is strange
to write
one's mother tongue**

**writing in English
seems a little guilty
thing, a poem
especially, like
blurting out a secret
overheard
behind your father's door.**

23 November 2017

= = = = =

**It's one of those blue
days when the sky
comes closer, cloudless
mild, Thanksgiving
in a northern state —
what more could I ask of time?**

23 November 2017

= = = = =

**Enact the Mercy
the ritual I gave you
where the rational clothes
slip off by themselves
and in the shadow of the yew tree
something starts shining,
shines all the way into form
and loves you.**

**24 November 2017
(Acrylic Series 1)**

(The poem as abstract painting, all color and movement slain onto the altar, quick drying, holy sacrifice of the sense.)

= = = = =

They keep waiting for me
where is Friday in a week of seed
where do the hours go to
when anyone is sleep?
Yearning fgor the other
is the chief task of the self —
a bird spread at the top of the stairs
wings awkward outstretched
crying for balance crying for love
breaks the dreamers heart to hear,
a big brown and white bird
gannet, maybe, or a girl in pain
remember? This color
in the crayon box is named for you.

24 November 2017
(Acrylic Series, 2)

= = = = =

Never be easy again
or Spain
the laurels shimmer
in the Petaluma sun
the apple trees
remind me of my brother
I never had, we would
have raised cattle and made cheese,
the laurels dark though
for all the glimmer, glamor
an Irish word, the spell, the spell,
I taste a leaf it tastes me back,
what is it about these living
things that never had a mother?
I really do think we were
first to fall out of the air.
I bite the sky.

24 November 2017
(Acrylic series, 3)

MURAL

As close as we come
a marmoset
sprinkling hayseed on a blur
where the map's eroded
someone does not wish to be seen
crystal goblet in hand
ancestors on the mother's side
phantom bequests the mitochondria
on Mt. Carmel one time a long time
I'm trying to make sense of why this happens
mousa or in Sparta *moha*, muse
on the rail trail west of Olive
by foot half Overlook to see
I suppose we really are spies
handless gender
we stand accused
voyeurs of the stars
and in the local mountains
chapels built
first Man [?] in the wilderness
praying local gods come join
give trees a voice
and keep their silence to yourself
when one has nothing on the mind

the truth comes out
don't reveal your method
studied with Glazunov and Kandinsky
pronounced in the French way
garden at Vévey
a man of many towers
it is not good to talk on TV
the eyes hate to listen
soon take vengeance
are you afraid of monsters too?
just means Hey look at that!
particle physics only the half of it
the real mystery is the void
so-called particles so-called travel through
holy sunyata here the bread
changes into wine and no one dies.

25 November 2017
(Acrylic series, 4)

= = = = =

Exhortations about crowns:

**wear me instead
a clothly fillet soft white
as Grecian maidens once
wore to tame their amber hair.**

**you see me fluttering in marble,
resting sleek on some smooth nape,
a shoulder maybe, a storm in pottery.
Think of how I feel to touch your skin.**

25 November 2017

PIANO CONCERTO

waiting for the flowers
florist lost in the octave above high C
poor delivery lad
bike in thorn bush

listen to me
one small pattern repeated
until you tree
and what is that hanging from the lowest branch,
am I just another?

2.
Hear him humming
over the keyboard
there's a man here after all
not just the music

3.
As there might be a bear in the woods
just past the garden
who comes and snatches sacks of seed
and strews them
as if for birds
sator erepo tenet opera rotas
and by such gifts the world is made.

4.

Delicate be delicate
as smoke up from a waved-out match

in the days of fire
before the Ark touched land
and the birds still came back,
a little smoke above a little sea.

5.

Capture my attention
because I care
there are white-throated
sparrows in the piano
I see them walking beneath the strings
why doesn't the clangor vex them
or are they deaf to what so pleases us,
aberrant as we are?

6.

Everything helps me—
isn't that the point
of living in a world?
Living alone in void
is hard, no one
to help you climb,
no one to hold your hand.
Music means *be here*.

And if a word
began to think
what would it sing?
Song ever grows
out of loss—
sheep strayed, love
lorn, those
we cherish lost to war.
Then our breath comes
out as song.

25 November 2017

= = = = =

**Land where the pen strikes
the cursive geology of words.
Try recumbency when facing verticals—
opposition is a golden dragon
soars down from the mind to the heart.**

25 November 2017

= = = = =



KALMIA SWING

(for Ashley Garrett)

she says it says it is
she heard it
broad-leafed past the meadow
when?

Edge of the forest, up the hill,
fence past the back yard
howl of those these leaves

**evergreen
and these white flowers will not fade —**

a swirl of music.
let it, let the colors
sort themselves out,
color is is a hand from another country
that moves the flowers,
a friend's piece of paper,
words on it, how do they get there,
where do images come from?

The picture names them into life,
calls them a *flower moving*,
I answer it is Laurasia
our primal continent,
who knows
the names from which we come,
from which we grow,

she floats us midway in
ocean if air, gives
us a home, calls it land
flower music flower dance

**we
race into the colors and inhabit them
make ourselves at home**

**So Pehr Kalm came from Sweden to explore the flowers
and trees of North America, beasts and waters. He was
what they called a naturalist, he named things he saw.
And he saw this and we call it a laurel — not the noble
laurel of the ancient Greek poets, and not the Oregon
laurel girls in California pick in redwood forests to braid
around their lovers' brows. This is the the kind of laurel
that back home they named after its fibder, Kalmia,
broad-leafed mountain laurel.**

**She braids the colors
before our eyes,
wreathes them round
until the flower
starts to dance**

ancient round dance of all living

**,
the single act
the swing of beauty
comes with us
where we are
the only place we can live**

.

25 November 2017

KISDSING A POET

**I dreamed I kissed you
it was your words I wanted
but your lips were as close as I could get

to possess the smooth confidence of what you said**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

**List the new words to be defined
and send the list to poet friends.
Let them take the risk of meaning,
things soaked with our intentions —
and every Hebrew letter in each new word
we'll nail up there and call a star.**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

**What does the ink
think?**

**The sky
must be what they
mean by blue.
The only ever
pronoun is you.**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

Me is something
to apologize for—
any wild man of the woods
knows that. Old
goiter people up the Catskills
before iodine in salt,
it is it seems
a sin to live too far from sea.
Now every step uncertain,
never know when grass
or leaves or mulch
will fall away, spill you,
me, O me, what a burden
to bear, an identity full of meat and bone—
I will leape up to my God Faustus cried
and I still feel his breath in my mouth.

26 November 2017

I= = = = =

**am a creature in a fairytale.
The child meets me at the edge of the woods,
says Hello, hello you are so green.**

**And green I am, I weep and weep,
she wipes my tears from my face
with her long, long hair before she goes away.**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

To be meaningless and true,
and just so, at peace.
The holiday is over
the river is as it should be —
an hour like a flower,
fair but soon fades,
no one sits on porches anymore.

26 November 2017

= = = = =

**Mix black ink with violet
half the words will be French.
Add some brown and get ancient Greek—
the more colors you use
the fewer words you'll understand.
When you understand nothing at all
the spectrum is complete
and everything suddenly makes sense.**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

**Girl by girl
we try to tame the tiger.
Dionysus says You never will —
look the other way
and drink a big glass
of not even wine—
elderberry juice will do,
or pomegranate. Look
in the sky a while,
the tiger will get bored
and leave you in
the dreary outback you call peace
How empty the neighborhood is now,
no beasts, no girls, nothing to fear.**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

Why does my hand today
outspread suddenly
look like a lizard's foot?
Have I been reading about dragons?
Wish I had, wish I could,
but the whole sky
can't fit in here. And you
know what dragons need,
space, wind, cloud. And small
children to worship them.

26 November 2017

= = = = =

**The rhythm's right
the notes are wrong—
it's just another
language for the song.**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

Prementia,

I call to you
from the world before thinking,

the word world
where long-ago spoken sounds
think for us, before us

pour into our mouths
(from nowhere) and pour
out again moist with our beast-breath
and touch any body near,

no meaning, all being.

25 November 2017

= = = = =

**Death from the sky
not Saturn but something
rock or sleet or lightning flash,
flesh, break, crack of thunder,
stay indoors the roof caves in
tree topples, stay in the cave
until the stone itself collapses,
no need for bombs or missiles.
This is astrology, the dragon
who always looks the other way.**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

**Tower, a building
that becomes part of the sky.**

**Pocket, an unseen realm
you carry in your clothes.**

**Book, a gathering of what
you can't otherwise remember.**

**Clock, smiling
face of the angel of death.**

**Tree, a green flower
no one dares to pluck.**

**Hand, five or six ways
for the brain to know you.**

26 November 2017

= = = = =

**Land without God?
It must be,
the way people talk
about God all the time
bless this and bless that,
the way love-starved
sailors long at sea
talk about women,
nail pictures of them
over their hammocks,
pray to them as they fall asleep.**

26 November 2017

RECOVERY

It's taken all autumn
to forget
what summer taught me
so that I can
stand in my body again
and think
about something else,
anything other than me.

26 November 2017

= = = = =

**It wasn't it was something
heard by the window
spoken into the room**

**a clatter of metal sheets
talking though the no wind.**

**I wondered where I come in,
how can so much be
not about me, am I not
or am I not a citizen
of this very calendar?
Aren't you awake? Why
aren't you listening?**

27 November 2017

= = = = =

after Hermann Broch

He said the style
of old age is mostly
grammar, gasps,
pauses, eloquent
prepositions.

I'm
done with all that,
I want things now,
write things now,
pure Thinglish
be my song,
plump as a goose,
fickle as thunder.
Raise your hands now
if you've never seen a goose.
Anyhow, I love your hands.

27 November 2017

= = = = =

Noise like a vacuum cleaner
and nobody home.
Streetcars phased out in '57 —
so many losses to put up with,
umbrellas, phone booths, staghorn
sumac, those purple beards
used to be everywhere, Ottoman
Empire, why don't I just give up,
sit down and cry and be quiet.
There must be somebody in there —
consider me pounding on your door,
think about coming out or even
asking me in. We could grieve
together and then got on with it.

27 November 2017

= = = = =

**Cast my spell?
Cast my grammar
on you rather,**

**I heard the Lady.
the police seldom far
high helms and thick sticks,**

**we're pre-electric light again,
sparrows know more about
the sky than we do. Science**

**is asleep. No one to help you,
listen to my tone of voice
can't you find inside it**

a gentle place where we lie down?

27 November 2017

APOLOGIES TO NERO

**The city is still intact,
unburnt, still plagued
with all the dialects
the human heart can speak.**

**Wise monarchs burn
their kingdoms down, leave
the ordinary people free —
sunrise, wheat field, cow barn,**

**dusk. And in the night
we all are beautiful again.**

**27 November 2017
Red Hook**

= = = = =

**Laughter in the next room,
familiar giggle. All we ever need
is to begin again. This day itself
will never end. Evening comes,
starfish uncurl in the surf
somewhere else. O god somewhere else.**

**27 November 2017
Red Hook**

= = = = =

**How long it takes to get there
the place you already are**

**and know it, tree branch
can fall, people walk by**

**stare in one another's windows
there is always something to see**

**hurricane howling up the coast
and you listening to some music**

there, that lost place where you are.

27 November 2017

(listening to Scriabin's Piano Concerto)

HOLDING HANDS

**A little song
comes along**

**she thinks: this hand
in my hand
used to belong to me
now it's no one's,**

**just like music,
happens and goes,
forgets it ever loved you,**

but I don't know how to forget.

27 November 2017

= = = = =

There was something tender about them
those men before the war
as if no matter where they grew up
they had heard a flute playing in the woods
and knew it meant to be them, that they
were the music the broken world
was trying to heal itself with, what other
remedy for grief have we ever found
but sound, mother's voice or lover's sigh,
it's all we have. Follow the frost
of our own breath through the winter
trees and find the one who played
the song so long ago. Try the sky first
and then the fallen leaves, at last
the place where the stream pools out—
a heron may be standing in the shallows,
oak leaves reflect around a human face.

27 November 2017

(listening to the allegro of Delius' Piano Concerto)

= = = = =

The rain stopped long ago
but rain is still falling from the eaves
gently, quietly, making its soft sound.
A man looks out the spattered window
into a night scene he can almost see,
tree trunk dark different from leaf dark
different from moonless, starless, sky.
He feels the differences, they frighten
him a little. the way religion does
or ancient legal customs. Almost
he can understand them, but the edge
of them eludes him — how far
does God go? How can I make amends
for what I never did? The rain doesn't
know either, but has a way of soothing,
distracting. He counts raindrops, sleeps.

27 November 2017

= = = = =

The coldness the answer
the normal reproaches
symphony snug
like a broken tower
you alone can climb.
Only you,
you have the time.

2.
If there's any mystery at all
in being me, it's why
I am not you, the capable, the trim
aeronaut of inmost spices—
why do I err on the lummo side
in this long-lasting comic strip?

3.
There's more to be said
so sit down at your hour
and close my eyes.

Strings dangle from the sky.
I gave you a roof
you gave me a head
to put it over,
just like money.

4.

**We met the accountant
walking in the cool of the evening,
he said he had news for us
we said we didn't want it.
We aren't tired of our garden yet.**

28 November 2017

= = = = =

**Bear tracks would be a relief—
or even possum—just some
creature I can name,
not just this anonymous
stirring of the wind in fallen leaves.**

28 November 2017

ROSSINI

**The overture is the best part,
the opening, all meaning
and no singing, the music
knows what the people want,
the poor characters on the stage
waiting to bellow their hearts out.
The poor people in their seats
waiting for emotions to come
back and warm them.
The music always knows.**

28 November 2017

= = = = =

**Everything falls
as has been recounted
often enough to be true.**

**What else can it do?
Gravity never stops working
but we often do.**

**Where else can a poor thing go
if my hand forgets it?
Everything falls.**

28 November 2017

= = = = =

**The paper tells me who just died
but not the ones who just came alive
at a first touch, first kiss, first thought,
first sound of a violin. Cello. Crow.
We know so little of what makes us live.**

29 November 2017

= = = = =

**The sun she's
bright enough for
any two people—**

**sp share my eyes,
it is too dark in me
to take so much light in.**

29 November 2017

= = = = =

**Excess used to kill the exceder—
now our excess kills all the others,
waste, toxins, pollutants, war.**

29 November 2017

= = = = =

**So many people
waiting to be me—
I’ve been so long
at my station—**

**I pray continuance
is not selfishness,
I always give away
everything I generate.**

29 November 2017

= = = = =

**Packages delivered,
dreams barely remembered—
brown woolen dress or robe,
sense of someone long alone.
I think a woman is like a mountain—
think for yourself of all the ways that is so.**

29 November 2017

= = = = =

**Looking around the corner
to see who's here.**

**The dreams says truer than the day.
Men shave, but shame keeps coming back.**

29 November 2017

= = = = =

**Sun-filled curtain
then shadow of a bird
on it then a leaf.
Who ever saw before
such a small song?**

29 November 2017

= = = = =

**These are the people
who live me**

**without them
I have no voice,
no language.**

**I can only say
what you can hear.**

**Understanding comes later,
on both our parts.**

**Till then it's all
more or less music.**

30 November 2017

= = = = =

**Outside it freezes
windless and is still.**

**Where can the mind rest
when nothing moves?**

**The quiet wakes me,
my reath is a stranger.**

30 November 2017

= = = = =

**Rice in the rafters
from a wedding in the sky**

**the Romans tossed pine cones
at newly-weds, to keep
from feeding all their mice.**

30 November 2017