

8-2021

aug2021

Robert Kelly

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

=====

What do I know
about days of the week?
They are gods in shabby clothes
who have been here all my life,
each one different, each
sometimes dressing up
in shining silver robes,
each one humming
a music of her own.
His own. For they
have gender too,
like all the rest of us,
only sometimes go in drag.
Four of them are holy
to giant religions
but the other three have
quiet churches of their own
and I'm still looking,
lift my arms to all of them and pray.

1 August 2021

MOVING STAIRS

A thing that is dear to me
indeed is the escalator.
It seems old-fashioned
because all of us alive now
have always known them,
jumped on them, ridden
up out of subways or
to men's wear the mezzanine,
we have heard their chugging,
stood our ground and rose
staring at the suitcase
of the man in front wondering
where is he coming from,
can I go there too?
and before we know it
we're in some new geology.

I think that in this broad
rustic county where I live

there is only one escalator—
I think of it tenderly
and sometimes ride up and down
pretending to be looking
for the less popular books up there.
But I don't need them to read,
I have the distance of the air
itself, heads above the crowd.

Look down at the sweet
geography indoors,
rise on the planes.
To ride is to rise,
without effort and in public,
sharing your exaltation
with everybody else,
to do nothing and yet ascend!
If I were king they would be everywhere,
no house without its rolling stair.

1 August 2021

=====

Usually nobody
answers the phone
so I don't call.
I call this logical,
waste no time
on what won't work,
say it to myself instead
and hope they overhear.
They're probably
thinking something too.

1 August 2021

=====

**After a month named
for Julius Caesar we
come into one honoring
Caesar Augustus.**

**Then the ninth month comes
we call the seventh.**

Are you sure we are where we are?

**Look in the mirror
and tell me who I am.**

1 August 2021

=====

**Dreams will do that to you,
better out of warm bed
into a chilly morning than
lingering where they can get you.
Their twisted real estate,
snapped cables,
apartments to move out and into,
sinister villages to flee.
And that's even before the people come,
those friends you never made,
strangers who know your secret heart.
Put a cold cloth on my brow,
hope the images will run away.**

1 August 2021

=====

Dreams that didn't
love me woke me,
gaunt morning light
that spoke relief.
A new religion
called today. Q walk
in the woods
for the eyes alone.
Slowly the mysteries
come home. Go out,
the rock wall
behind the garage.
Read the rock,
it's waiting for me,
something to tell me.

1 August 2021

=====

**Pocket full of why,
you're rich enough
for anything you meet
but maybe go to the meeting
with empty hands.**

1 August 2021

=====

**Rabbit rabbit
we say in Kentucky
on the first day
of the month or
have I told you
this before? The moon
comes round again,
and rabbits are not rare.
I beg forgiveness
for telling a story twice
when even a hundred thousand
times is not really enough.**

1 August 2021

=====

**There's something about you
that makes me want to change
my vocabulary, take a course
in chemistry, go to a different church.
Or none at all, like my grasp
of physics or Japanese.**

**Something about you
changes the calendar,
where did you ever learn
those crystalline silences?**

**Something about you
makes me go out and lean
on a tree and whisper
confessions of what I never
got around to doing.**

Something about you
makes me apologize
to the afternoon,
count raindrops on windowpanes,
bring books back to the library unread,
stare blankly the table
till my poor espresso goes cold.
You can call it thinking
if you like, but then again
you can do anything you please.

1 August 2021

MINT LEAVES

minding you
of something south,
body or river,
hard to tell.
Jungle green
with arctic taste,
our days are full
with micro-miracles.
You don't even need
to pour the bourbon in,
a dry leaf is wet enough
to tease your lips
and tell all you need to know.

2.

I remember from long ago
walking on the red sand
of a southern beach

waiting for breakfast,
simple as that. The taste
of mint reminds--
think of that very word,
to mind again.

3.

I wasn't going anywhere.
Mostly I've been coming from.
I had to learn Greek
to prove I was me,
hour-long subway ride
from home to school
and sometimes, sometimes
back again.

4.

Because it was exciting out there,
misty and minty and names everywhere,
treetops, madrigals, lovers on lawns,
not much fun playing chess all alone.

5.

And that's how this weird
cocktail got shaken together,
this life we sip day by day.
We, I say, daring to include
intimate glimpses of I never knew.

6.

I taste all that
in this hard white mint
measure in millimeters
not a leaf at all but
the tang is there, the ancient
battle of sweet and sharp,
the tireless Iliad of taste.

7.

**Import your morals
like your mushrooms
from the dark**

**Mint will wake the conscience up
and trigger endless explanations.**

**That's what time is for, mu dears,
getting it straight before it goes away.**

1 August 2021

====

**Vulcan rolled over
and said to Venus
sand said I know
about your strayings,
at least you bring
the tidings home,
it all makes sense,
spares me the effort
of going out and being
when I can just stay
home and work, this
business of building the world.**

1 August 2021

=====

**“it is not what we do
together
that make us who we are,**

**any two people
can do as they please
and still be far apart.**

**It is what I do
in you
that marries us,**

the mind is love.”

2 August 202

=====

**It will be a sad day
when we stop dreaming,
flowery dresses and slow smiles,
o the Amazon is never far away,
raft as comfortable as a girl in blue.
And then the sunlight pounces
and you gasp for air
on the shore of the bed
and you realize all that
has turned into all this.
Where is water now,
where is she?**

2 August 2021

=====

I slept deep all night
molested by thinking
until the images woke up
and saved me from reason.
awake I will put my faith
in the tree and the goblet,
the wife and the wilderness.

2 August 2021

=====

I can't read the envelope
it's in another language
called language,
I want to feel it
is meant for me,
my fingers should report,
lovers' braille,
no need for alphabet,
the colonel's monocle
dusty on the mantelpiece.
I want to know right away
what the letter says,
never mind the words
it uses to confuse—
what is it really saying
and is it really me
it's talking to or trying to?
Handwriting tells a littlee

but who knows if who sent it
is the one who meant it?
Maybe the secretary addressed it,
forced it on the weary postman
and here it is. Who can I trust.
Still my fingers tremble a little
as I finally try to open it.

2 August 2021

=====

**St Patrick brought Christ
to Ireland, lingered there a while
until all the thorn trees
grew holy enough for the little
people to dance around at night
and all the dawns were holy
and smoke from the peat fires
showed the way to heaven
and all the good Christians
are joyous pagans again.
Then the two truths become one.**

2 August 2021

=====

If I had a long
song to sing
I'd oil the trombone
and get the white
boots on and off
we'd go down
your own street until
all I had to say
was sung and we were one.
But as it is
(think Olympics now)
the broadjump that is love
halts midway in its leap
and the song drifts
away into silence.
How can he jumper
just stop in mid-air
change direction,
float away? Now forget

the Games, remember
what it's like to hum
a tune you don't quite
remember all the notes of,
hum and pause and try
and go up a third and hum
and who are you then,
you baffled lover?
Remember it's not
important to remember,
it's important to want
but not quite know what--
that sends the music
spilling from your lips.

2 August 2021

=====

A car drives past
headed north
where I once thought
my destiny beckoned
and here I am
relatively speaking.

A lengthy footnote
could explain what I mean
but you get the point,
we wind up where
we had a mind to be.

2 August 2021

VEHICLES

whatever or whoever
else they carry
they carry noises
through the quiet woods
and improvise along
the crowded streets.
Why is it so loud to go?
Have we learned naught
from the flight of birds
that we send engines to the sky?
Wisdom would recommend:
go silently until you get
where you're headed,
then howl in celebration.

.

2 August 2021

=====

**Don't have children,
plant trees instead.
They'll never be ungrateful
and will teach you
instead of needing tutoring.
They learn by themselves
and will let you listen.
And sometimes an apple
they offer you as if
you were their teacher.
Or an Asian pear.**

2 August 2021

MORNING MILD

but how long has it been
since i dipped my finger
into the dew on a flower?
I used to love dew so much,
a godly water from no rain.
What am I waiting for?
How blase one grows
up here in the country
where there's such beauty
on every side. Of course
I see it and praise it and pray
for the grace to linger in its glow.
But sometimes I just forget to know.
There, maybe I'll remember that
because it rhymes.
Then maybe I'll remember
to go out and squeeze
the honeysuckle in my lips

2 August2021

THE IDENTITY

Am I the same
as was
when we set out?

everybody asks that
at each gate,
seven ravens
chattering the sky.

2.
Sometimes easiest
is hardest to say,
bird over beech tree,
shadow on a bare thigh.

3.
Because we live
by shadows
and we write them down,

hum them in our sleep
and then the band struts by.

4.

Identity identity
you curious religion,
who was I yesterday,
I search your unwritten scripture.

5.

Not chatter, discourse.
Not ravens, crows.
Not seven, one.
One does the work of twelve.
The risen man
walks into the sky--
what else is there
in the east
but come again?

6.

It was a simple question
but I asked the wrong person.
I asked myself, the only
one who couldn't know.

7.

So blame me, baby
that I was I
failed you too.
The old gent on the pier
told me I was good at questions
but couldn't tell an answer
from a seagull passing by.

8.

See, birds are in it,
somehow. Something
they know and keep
repeating to themselves.
We don't have gates

in our neighborhood
they say, we just go and go--
throw your gates away.

9.

I wondered only
how I changed through time
but time had nothing to do with it.
We make time,
time is what we do.
Maybe I should be
asking who are you?

3 August 2021

TO THE REEADER

**Pursuant to our unsent
communication of October
we are puzzled to inform you
that you have not been chosen
but will nonetheless receive
an exact copy of our latest
unwritten Ode contingent
on your signed agreement
(an X traced in the air will do)
to perform it at least once
sounding it word by word
at the back of your mind.**

3 August 2021

=====

Is time ready for us?
I asked Montesquieu
and he said Go there
and find out. Too far
to go before breakfast
so I asked Toynbee
who told me Look
it up in Volume Nine.
So I opened the window
and asked the cloud
(fluffy, glove-like)
and it didn't move a bit.
I thought my question
had a meaning but now
the sky knows better.

3 August 2021

=====

Pay the porter
for the package.
the moon is waning
nobody likes waiting.

2.

A monastery
serene deep in the hills
is there
inside the package,
open it and dwell
in pious solitude
far from the busy
city of your own house.

3.

I mean things
come to us too
from far away.

4.

Flags ripple in the wind—
how frail our nation is.

Nothing but time
really lasts.

So climb
onto time, baby, and
ride time to the end.

3 August 2021
Rhinebeck

= = == = = =

A sound woke me
sound is something
happening to the air
outside, thank God
it pulled me from inside,
the dream. The bad dream.
Friend falling down the stairs,
inert, mouth open,
couldn't find the rescue remedy
found it, dropped two pellets in.
But by then his mouth
was a little metal cup
and he sound came
to save us both.

2.

I can hear you sneering:
you call that a dream?
where are the elephants and princesses,

the watermelons by the canal,
the ospreys overhead
carrying bibles in the dawn?

3.

I know you're right.
The dream was meager,
normal house, normal gravity,
nothing weird except the terror,
the too-late remedy,
and the fact that in real life
the friend was long dead.

4,

So your dream killed a dead man--
so what? Where's the news in that?
No news. Empty window.
I gasp on the beach of morning.

4 August 2021

=====

**Never tell your dream,
its power dwindles in young air.
Unless you want the morning
to cure you of its images.
Or lose the narrative but keep
its imagery intact,
the cup, the steps,
the roadside Calvary.**

4 August 2021

====

Have you ever wondered
what the sky tastes like?
Ask a bird.
A crow'll tell you.
At least a much
as you have a right to know.

4 August2021

=====

**Everyone has a secret
waiting for you to disclose.
One can't force one's own
secret out--it need the other,
in this case you, to pry it
from the rock wall of their will,
a garnet wedged from mica schist.**

4 August 2021

=====

**Get the names right
before the day goes away
down south with the others.
The glacier made this place
for me, be here. It came
from the north like everything else
and left me a shale ridge
for my house to lean against,
a river leading to the world.
Be here, I tell myself,
the caravan is complete,
don't let them fool you
with their Floridas.
The firmer you stand still
the faster you'll get there,
the place you mean to be.**

4 August 2021

=====

All kinds of good
advice today,
I write it all down
but don't listen.
Inscription is obedience enough--
didn't I read that somewhere,
in Ugrit or Babylon?

4 August 2021

=====

A girl rhymed with truth,
and a boy with brave.
They lived in apartments
on separate floors but oh
what an opera they made.
From over the river I could hear
their silent singing snug in bed
like the air rushing in a subway tunnel
minutes before the actual train.

4 August 2021

SOMEONE COMING TO SEE ME

and I'm not even dressed,
my words locked up in a poem,
I've lost any sense of who I am
when the doorbell rings, people
do the strangest things,
that much I know, walk
up the steps to someone's house
and have something to say.

Or just to see who answers
when they knock or ring or shout,
what kind of creature lives
in this kind of cage.

Yes, it's me,
whatever that means, yes,
and I suppose you're you.

But why? Why? Aren't we all

**whoever we are better off apart?
My robe is on, my hair brushed back
but why does the morning
do this to me? Or you
for that matter--stay home.**

4 August 2021

=====

A comic turn,
the tree approves.
It can't all be Stonehenge
and free love,
the sky knows how to smile
once in a while,
look up and catch the tune
it tells me, laughter
purifies the soul.

4 August 2021

=====

**So today's the day
to be Viennese,
cake for breakfast
lunch by the river.
four happy friends
happily pretending,
ducks quack, kayaks
slip pretentiously past.
It all sort of makes sense
but like any opera it
doesn't bear too much thinking.
Logic is Prussia, logic
spoils the afternoon.**

4 August 2021

====

Open the box.
Empty.
Close the box.
Open it again.
Full now.
Miracle of mind.

2.
Came here
weary, on foot,
dragons led me,
roared, roared
the way roads used to.
But now I stand.

3.
How far I am
from being here,
this fictitious I

whose lies
leaj music
but the music
tells the truth.

4.

Wunde, 'wound,' in German,
Wunder, 'wonder, miracle.'
Why does wonder wound us?
Or not us but the fabric
of ordinary that a miracle
suddenly tears through.
Are we born from that wound?

5.

Then the box is empty again.
Lookagain again,
keep looking till it's full.

5 August 2021

=====

Have you ever seen
the sky in love?
I have, and just
this morning, how
the soft maidenly blue
settled down among the trees

and made me wish
I was one too,
not for the first time,
busy apple, quiet maple,
but am not worthy yet.

5 August 2021

=====

**Dream: scholarly
disputations,
white men wearing vests.
Waistcoats I suppose they'd say.
And me, combative,
wearing glasses,
pounding on a big tin tank
until it turned into music--
well worth losing the argument for.**

5 August 2021

=====

**Or is it some other month,
another calendar, planet,
cycle of unknown images
stored in the sleeper's mind?
What if we're here
only in daytime?
When people die in their sleep
as the saying goes, do they
go on living in the dream,
and are there dreams inside dreams
up to the zenith and beyond?
My dear mother died at 2 A.M.
when no one was nearby her,
morning of the feast of the Assumption,
the Blessed Virgin wandered to heaven.**

5 August 2021

== == == ==

Every leaf
tells
the same story
differently

Something like that.
You'd have to read
them all to know
the whole truth,

but the little bit
we know is just
enough to take us
where we have to go.

5 August 2021

=====

**Encumber me with Dolomites
all you like there still must be
a town here somewhere, and a cold
river running from the north
to wash my doubts away and let me
sit in some dive on the riverbank
and eat breakfast till the terror
seeps away, cools down in the teacup,
soils the napkin, the waiter scowls,
nobody loves a frightened man.**

5 August 2021

=====

**They think they're talking
but they're shouting,
shouting as they jog up the road,
their playful discourse
broadcast through the trees.
But what language is it
their shouts become?
Why can't I understand
anything but their happiness?
Has joy no vocabulary of its own,
our dictionary built on grief?
They're gone now, I'll never know.
boys with high voices
rushing under the trees.**

5 August 201

=====

Nothing to report.
The bird is not here yet,
the tree asleep
in my ears.
Trust the ordinary
to come again--faith
is your sky.

2.

Gnomic
they used to call
words meant to seem wise.
How can I
stop sounding as if
I knew something worth saying?
How can I let the words
do all the lifting so
my mind sleeps others to wake?

3.

Grammar

sounds like grandma
the first time you hear it
but I had neither.

I had only the moment
reflection of the desk lamp
on the window
between me and the dark trees.
No ancestors. No anchors.

4.

If it's not the words
and not the grammar
it must be the breath alone
that shapes the sense
I mean the song. So where
does breath come from? Ah!

5.

We are animals,
we are said to be able
to communicate with each other,
a Latin word that meant
exchanging gifts. I suppose
this is something I offer you,
one olive on an empty plate,
the sea far off.

6 August 2021

=====

Stare at the blank screen
till the words appear,
you hardly notice
your fingers summon them,
they're just there,
one after the other, leading
somewhere, black signs
on whiteness. They mean
something but not for you
to wonder what. They found
their way through you to be said.
Behold. Language
has its tendrils in our heads.
Hands. Angel in a tree.

6 August 2021

ASPERITY

Soft harshness
as of a math teacher
in high school
wishing he weren't.

No numbers of his own
to play with,
only these reluctant
would-be truants
snoozing in their one-arm chairs.

No wonder he's short-tempered,
snarls at dumb answers,
hopes for smart questions,
find someday the square root of now.

6 August 2021

=====

**Pick a word
and make it tell the truth.
No. Let it tell
all by itself and by
its choice of friends,
lovers it picks up at the dance.**

6 August 2021

PLANCTUS

My letters must be
utterly satisfying
because nobody answers them.

They write to me
I answer them
and silence comes.

In my next answers
I'll leave out every other word
and see what happens.
Will they fill in the gaps?

Am I just talking to myself?

6 August 2021

=====

**These little infidelities
we call our friends,
the lush lawn of memory,
the weathercock spinning
in no wind, the chapel
with no way in but looks
so pretty on the hill,
a pocket full of keys
to no known locks.
But still the quest goes on,
remember the horizon loves you
and the sea is liberal with salt.**

6 August2021

=====

Mints before breakfast,
words before thought
So many answers
waiting out there--
ask them yourself if
no one is near.
Let the silences
summon your sound.

6 August 2021

OPACIY

It's so quiet in my head,
no room for a rose
let alone a tree, the three
I want to listen to,
learn how to become.
I must be frightened—
and why not?
The shock of sunrise,
messengers hurry down the light.
If you want a piece of glass
to turn into a mirror
paint one side of it black.
Then you'll see.

6 August 021

=====

Is this a song,
can you hear it?
That question mark
is all that's left
of the letter Q
itself the first letter of Question.
Is that a song too?
I heard it, plausible and green,
like a tree too far away
to identify, just 'tree'
but can you hear it too
if can just hear it, not sing it,
sing it to you?
Look at your cellphone and rejoice,
information is the sweetest music,
don't the wise ones say
A fact will never fail you.
The way I carry on
you'd think all songs

**tell the truth
or some of it at least
enough to take you to the river.
Bridge or steamboat,
that's your choice,
a river's always at right angles
to where you thought you were going,
and everybody knows
running water's where
we learned music from--
birds chirp beauty
but rivers go on and on.**

7 August 2021

=====

Warm today
m' lords and ladies,
no breeze to whisk
away my thought,
so I am stuck
with what I'm thinking,
hate that, but have
to make do with that.
So that: the Civil War
never ended, they just
put most of their guns away.
How would you like
to have that in your head
as you face the luminous day?
You all look at me
appalled at my scant evidence
of music or of sense
or just bored at this
disgruntled showman barking

in the empty circus ring.
But believe me, I stood once
at Gettysburg where he was wounded,
the air was filled with visitors,
highways, and green fields still.
It doesn't end. The compass
doesn't lie. Of course it's warm,
it's August, things re just
as they're supposed to be.
But why do my hands
tremble when I close my eyes?

7 August 2021

=====

**Dragging information in,
the lyric turn,**

**flip the dictionary inside out
and watch all the little meanings
scramble for their words.**

**Stare at the sky
while they reassemble
then look down
and read what they have written.**

**Easy, no? If you know numbers
you can twist it into one or two
of those high-school haikus
you had to write in English class
the Lord alone knows why.**

**Or lust leave the letters
like the demented Ouija board
any poem is. Remember Merrill.
Remember all the truth
nonsense knows how to tell.**

7 August 2021

=====

All these poems
about how to write
poems don't
fool you for a minute.
They're all about
how to live all the way
through the infinite day.

7 August 2021

====

Did I I smoke
in my sleep?
the air was clear
when I woke up
stumbling from
the busy café
called dream.
I think my fingers
held a cigarette
back there in the dark
no flame no ash
just the white stretch
of what I remember.

7 August 2021

CANAL

A canal
was all I woke with,
wide, under a grey sky,
city vague on either side
and the hope of sea.
A canal divides,
is a mutual invasion,
land into sea, the sea
reaching far inland
to teach and carry.
Or do I mean tarry,
each alive in
in the horse of the other.

2.

Once in Paris years ago
I was lonely and hungry
in the middle of the night,

walked along the Seine
and found no cafe open, no
sign of life. Then far ahead,
a bridge or two away, a light!
I walked towards it,
you know, towards Austerlitz,
I had to cross the bridge
to get to the light, and found
it was just a store that sold
chandeliers and fixtures,
its windows blazing with sample light.
I had walked against the river's flow
so what could I expect,
a sinner stumbling in the dark.

3.

So the canal is the answer.
The sea answering the land.
The answer changes us.
Climate change rising seas,
broken pattern of currents,

the waves confused, all that
the canal brings to the city,
laps at our feet.

4.

That is sad and rational
but is that what a canal
means in a dream?
It felt like a part of the sky,
the water clearer than the town,
vague shapes of houses
none of that Canaletto detail,
the subtle colors of our differences.
Just water on its way from heaven
maybe. Pale as memory. As hope.

8 August 2021

I NEED A SHAVE

**Men in Greek statues
are usually beardless.
How often did the ancients shave
and what they use to do it?**

**I ask the smooth cheeks of marble
but no clue there. Or is that
what the Jews meant by insisting
men wear beards, Don't waste
your precious time on your chin,
use your time for other people,
your life is for the tribe.**

**But then I look up and see
Apollo's wise forgiving smile
and realize that scraping
tender skin can be an offering.**

8 August 2021

=====

**Imagine an apple
bobbing in a big tin tub,
water slow whirling
as it and the fruit make
each other move.
the way we do,
the way we do.**

8 August 2021

=====

**It sometimes helps to remember
that Hitler was a vegetarian
so we don't imagine we kill
one another just because we eat meat.**

8 August 2021

CONCERT

So there is music
in a foreign city
it spills over here,
from then into now
shadows of church
town hall he crowd
stirring in time with
the familiar theme.
I close my eyes
to see it better.

8 August 2021

[Yulia Wang playing Rachmaninov's No.2]

=====

And then they speak again
and I misspell every other word
but still some sense comes in,
out, through, glory in the highest
sings the lowest, ne,
the haughty leaf is all exactitude.

2.

Hush. There are no children here
but they can hear.
They don't want to learn the steps,
just the whole dance,
the one the whole body knows
given the right music.
And who am I to say
when music's wrong?

3.

And yet I do. I criticize,
despise the guitarist's
innocent insolence,
the boneless slither of
voice I can't name
but I know it all too well.
And I am wrong to hate
what others love.
Forgive me, woman,
for I have sinned
by angry listening.

4.

The tree says
it doesn't have to be
like that. Be
like this instead
,listen to the air

stirred by the strings,
the breath inside the song.
The breath is hardly ever wrong,
wind in my leaves.

9 August 2021

=====

Is it this
I'm being?

Says the rock
I thought was me.

Shadow interval.
Newsprint
stamped on the leaf.

Everything says
read me, everything
else says Listen.

Everything knows
something you need.

Something I keep
trying here

so hard to tell you.

**My leather words
scraping up the rocky hill.**

9 August 2021

FORGIVE

**Forgive me floral
for all I had to,
lipstick on the rock
the painted knees,**

**the taste of cider
still on the leaf.**

**But the trees were glorious
when there are trees
and the shadow rises
to the ceiling
after all
and then you really know.**

**All the rest is opium,
the sleep of flowers.**

2.

So the rock was climbed,
the town described,
the tree in their own way adored.
We have no right to rule.
The moment is the only master.

Such things we found up there,
low as the hills are,
a store of certainties
and the sea not far.
We called it home
and then the comet came
swishing her long hair
over us a moment,
land and sky beautiful truce.

3.

The sky is listening
is what it means
you are never alone

is what it means
your words define your space
is what it means.

I have to live up to the space I make,
and we all have to live by forgetting.

4.

Moral rock
music lipstick
passionate
agreements
peat moss
for flowerbed,
smoke of sympathy
from tin chimney,
cabin custody
wagon full of beets
whiffletree, horse
heeded into the past.
Forgive me with

a blade of grass,
feed the horsey,
small hands full of oats.

5.

Years after
was your hands
catch the light
toss it round.
It is your business
to make the day,
that is why you wake.
Sleep for yourself,
wake for others--
isn'tt hat what it said in the stone?

6.

Bring your cousin
to the ocean--
that sort of thing.
You can't stop now

while all the forgiving
is still running,
the stream across the street
secret with gold dust.
Forgive me forgive me,
even the pillow understands,
forgive me forgive me
till I have more, and more to give.

7.

Nothing tastes the same
anymore, have you noticed?
The old world of lipstick
and newspapers seems all gone,
chewing gum machines,
ocelots in cages, rainbows,
rain. Rare if still there.
And now the earth rains upward,
floods villages, everything
trying to be in the middle,
trying to be a quiet stone.

Here, sit here with me,
the rock is dry, the sky
quiet, monochrome,
what is the DNA of light
we wonder, and you tend
to be suspicious of me,
my sense that everything
has consciousness, everything talks.
I don't insist, and if I'm wrong
I'm happier that way,
no end to the conversation
I am allowed to overhear,
no end to music.
Sit beside me, let me , listen
to you listening--that's
I think what I mean by forgive me.

10 August 2021

TO SAY

**To say the words
that come to mind.
Enough. And leave
the rest to you,
the dance of meaning
on your elegant feet.**

10 August 2021

=====

Just below the wharfinger's shack
the seal surfaced, you could see
why they're mistaken sometimes
for women swimming in the harbor.
This one was large-eyed brunette,
glistening in the evening sun.
Then down she went, after taking
one last look around. So I turned
and went home too, this strange
ocean of air which is all I know.

10 August 2021

=====

Call for the sailor
to bring the boat.
he comes with one oar
and asks for the other.
What could I say?
Children *own* the sea
just by looking at it,
lose it a little, later,
by schooner and canoe,
all that disturbing
the curve of the wave.
Wait on the other
side of the wind.
Seagulls are famous
for showing the way home—
become a legend!
Get your bony ankles wet!

10 August 2021,RH

=====

Walking to the ornery
beat of the other ones
fooing the same shuffle
and this is no castle, this
is Brooklyn at its best,
knish stand on the corner
and fifty years ago. Smoke
but not on buses except
something's got to give,
memory can't make the whole
table talk to each other
with closed eyes. Though it tries.

2.

Every neighborhood
has its secret Sanhedrin,
did you know that? Uguale
Social and Athletic Club,

Minsky's Tavern, St. Bela's Bund.
Roll the bocce balls, roll
the twenty dollar bills,
money could still buy things then
because the things were there
and any kid could hear them sing.

3.

I try, I try
to love back
then but this
is now and my
heart has it
on its bandstand
to say more.
More, here, here
and only now.

The old days are the wave
that dumped me on this shore,

**my clothes almost dry
already in this clean new air.
Pain of not much. Sweet
coconut milk from this cracked shell.**

10/11 August 2021

=====

Tasten in German
means to touch.
Touch the keyboard
taste the music,
reach out to touch
your cheek, I taste
the word in your mouth
and my hand falls.

10/11 August 2021

=====

Is it out there
waiting for me
whatever it is?

On the wall a poster
saints and bodhisattvas--
does the painted image know
what the imaged holy one
would say, right now,
on this hot night, to ease
the strange absence of fear
as if some book had closed?
No wonder the library
says ISLENCE on its wall.
Sleep, the single psychedelic
that out-dreams all the rest.

10/11 August 2021

A REAL HELP

**Answer the questions
ask none of your own.
Smile like a stone.**

10/11,VIII.21

=====

**Write my name
on a leaf
then hide it
in a tree
then see if I
can find
out who I am.**

10/11 August 2021

=====

The dimensions of the house
vary with time, with the nature
of the visitor, with the weather.
sometimes it is long ago, or maybe
early technicolor eta, or tomorrow
bare bones, empty sky.
But the house is there,
sheltering, accommodating
the needs of those who dare,
yes, dare, to go through a door.
Any door is dangerous, a power
like no other. Listen to him
when he says he is the door.
Kick off your shoes,
wander through the house.

10/11 August 2021

=====

**A sentence is a river
with no bridge.
You go with it, though some
have shallow spaces in them
where you can sleep, rest
a little while before the meaning
flares like a meteor shower
across the ever-patient brain.**

10/11 August 2021

=====

Carolina wren
you said
tea-kettling over
her new garden.
New trees, newborn
bosage, is that the word,
green gladnesses
I can'tt identify
and then the wren.
So many leaves!
Long life, toread them all!

11 August 2021

=====

Life is a long slow
(talk about chess!)
game of gaining
and losing control.
The decade comes
of the disobedient knee,
the sleepy eye, cotton
somehow sneaked
into the ears. The trees
watch, all sympathy,
wise and healthy referees.

11 August 2021

=====

Poetry should not be
what's on the poet's mind

but what flees from that mind
out into the liberty
word by word of your listening,

the word comes to mind
summoned by your otherness,
you, as Whitman says,
who are holding me now in your hands.

11 August 2021

=====

August heat.

That was a scary story

I read as a child.

But all stories

are scary, not just to children,

think what it means to write

so ardently what isn't so

and make the mind travel

a no-road.

You read to the end

and then for a moment

you are no one. And then

the fear passes, you become

the one you think you are

and dare to read the next

story in that thick old book.

11 August 2021

=====

A bird
flying so high
only its shadow
crosses the tree top.
I have met people like that
and only the shadow spoke.

11 August 2021

=====

Fresh
air from
your own lungs
hale,
the outside
is in you already,
breathe.

I woke up thinking that,
kept thinking it
until I woke,
the secret yoga teacher
whispering it over
and over from
deep inside my sleep.

To make a story of it,
an Austrian tale,
like Stifter maybe,

call it The Two Breaths
or better, The Two Airs
and of course they turn
out to be just one,
One. The world is a mirror.

12 August 221

=====

Nothing has changed.

**The day lies on its side
thinking. Thinking me
and all the rest of us
until.**

**Not clear--
every noon
must have a meaning
or have we spent
too much time in Rome
to let a day pass
without evaluating it?**

***Dies mala*, evil day,
gives our word dismal
and we use it still
to blame the weather.**

**Look to the empty sky,
remember all the birds
came up from earth
and come back here at last.
Read the radiant emptiness.**

12 August 2021

=====

Let the light
wander around inside you
like sunshine in tree leaves,
shaping and being shaped,
a love affair with otherness.

2.

I'm counting the steps
to the stable
where the horse I am
can sleep.
And the old man who rides me
can wander off
to breakfast and calculations
or whatever that is
he does on a keyboard
but no music comes out.

3.

**The more they diminish me
the stringer what's left of me
becomes. The tree said that.
Maybe I too need pruning,
or trimming when I get too close
to someone else's wires.
Communication is our only business.
That's what fruit and nuts are for.
The more we give
the more we are.**

12 August 021

=====

I should wake you at nine
to hear the chimes
of a church in a film
we haven't seen,
there is a trick
to waking up, one movie
we did see shows it,
deep far-off bells toll,
the camera pans an empty field.
I always feel dishonest a little
when I wake anyone up,
a merchant offering goods
of unknown quality
in exchange for someone's
sacred secret sleep.

12 August 2021

=====

Cars go to work.
I count them
as they pass.
I suppose that's my job,
turning their passage
into something I can say
to you, the only one.

12 August 2021

== ==

Vocabulary Items:

***Allotherapy:* being healed by the other.**

***Dendroglot:* one who speaks with trees.**

But they don't always have to be Latin or Greek, these words, and some are just in the formative stages now, words that mean wonderful things, like the realization that all matter has consciousness (*gylonoetic*) and can and does speak: what will be call that, *hylophrasis*?

We hear Matterish spoken all round us all the time, but few of us listen.

12 August 2021

=====

Could there be another
entrance to this cave
I thought was me,
where someone else goes in and out?
Will we ever meet?
Would I be able to speak
the language of the other,
and could he? I study
the wet footprints on the stone
at the cave mouth, most
of them look like mine
but how can I be sure,
If we have the same cave
we could have the same body too—
can the self also be the other?

12 August 2021

=====

They call them *aubergines*
which makes them sound
like girls who hang out in taverns
to cheer us weary wayfarers.
But they are ovoid and purple
and I love them, my favorite
non-green vegetable, smooth
inside and out, they taste of Asia,
of gardens ancient in the desert.

12 August 2021

=====

There is a land beyond the blue hydrangea
stretches from this half-acre to the sea

where women walk on the waves
gathering panes of light—
Dream me! each of them calls
softly, just loud enough
to be heard above the tide.

Then they stroll back to shore,
assemble the panes of light
so that we, their eternal neighbors,
get to see images of trees,
cathedrals, caravans, new found lands.

The Greeks in the old days

knew most of them by name
but we've forgotten all but a few.
The one I knew I never knew by name,
I called Yearning because I always
wanted to see more
of the world she showed me.

Sometimes she'd come in the night
and whisper outside my window
words that filtered through the screen
turned into flecks of light
from which the images were born.
Born, or made? Which man can tell?

Sometimes I've gone down to the shore,
hobbling over all the glacial debris
before you get to the friendly sand,
and there I'd stand gazing at the sea,
happy, healthy, but seeing not a bit

**of what those messengers show me.
They have to be there to intercept the light,
shape it into meaning, not just
pour all over me
making me blink my hungry eyes.**

13 August 2021

====

**Give my eyes a rest.
Go to Hammerfest
in midwinter, huddle
in cryotherapeutic dark
and dream a dozen books
I never read. When spring
relents, back to work,
amber glasses now to rhyme
with sunlight and blur the blues.**

13 August 2021

=====

**There was much thunder
in the night but dry outside
as if the weather changed its mind.
Why not, we do it all the time,
dear God the sorrow of that,
leave not a trace of all
we've seen and said and been.**

13 August 2021

=====

Quiet trees
you ballerinas green
poised in mid-air
long as you please
to let us marvel at
the other side of gravity.
Good conversations start
by looking up.

13 August 2021

SHAKAKUIN

bent and whispered
till I thought I understood

was I dreaming
or was I being dreamt?

It would take
like most things
a year to decide,

that is why the earth goes round.

*

Rainier inside than out
not with water but with light,
the grisaille
somehow in our eyes,

time to be another
there always is.

*

Listen to the window
if you must stay awake,
jogger jabber passing by
or maybe birds.

Everything

has a name
you have to learn—
go back to bed.
I am Africa,
you are sleep.

*

So that is what the thunder left,
one name and the need for more.
It is Loki's day on Iceland now
and Saturn's here.

**How little we know
of what we know so well.**

**The liquid green
of morning trees
gives silence new meaning,**

**I waded through darkness
blinking my eyes
to get here early
before all the others
saw the light away**

**Yes, birds out there.
Every cry
a parable of forgiveness

so hold the light**

between your knees
and say: I am forgiven.

*

A critic would argue that this has nothing to do with Africa, just one more name in one more dream. A critic might complain of my use of generic terms ('tree', 'bird' etc.) without that specification which would allow readers to see the thing for themselves. And yet they do see, the word, vast and general as it is, will still by its nature (or do I mean: by our nature) summon quite specific images in their minds, no two the same, perhaps, but all full of energy. The critic can hardly deny this (any more than I can prove it), but feels uneasy anyhow, soiled merchandise? Fairy-gifts at best? A poem, I plead, is given twice, once when it's written, once when it's read. Each time it means, it deeply is, what rises to the mind. It is, like most things, a trinity, a triple city: the poem, the poet

as second hearer, the reader as third hearer, for whose sake the language lives. In some religions they would say the world itself is the third hearer of the word. But at this point I suspect the critic would shake a head and sigh and walk away. There is no arguing with some people. And what is said outlives us all.

*

So suddenly explained
the source of my dream,
how a woman gad bloated once
and told me so
peaceful on the Amazon
till where its broad flow
met the tide, mouth, she said,
mouth of a river. Dolphins,
not crocodiles. Printed cotton
dress she wore, from Birmingham,
for the African trade.
Wasn't that enough explanation?

**It left me even more confused.
Or do I mean infused
with some meaning
that hadn't meant
itself all the way inside me yet
or was I still somebody else
and never even knew her?**

14 August 2021

TRAFFIC

Almost everybody knows the sky—

I'm counting on that

to make my story clear:

rainy highway half-clogged,

so many cars, hard to explain.

And the peacock in the Kingston park. And the

fairgrounds empty.

Gull over a flagpole with no flag,

you don't see many children

playing in the street these days,

and street is itself

almost an outmoded concept

left to us from Roman times

like republic or religion.

The light changes,

the engines move,

a grey-haired kid

revs his Harley
angrily behind us,
we're all impatient
but we'll get there soon enough.

But what does it really mean
when we say The light changes?
Memory is a pocketful of coins
you hold them in your hands,
sweaty fingers analyze
old subway tokens,
grey zinc pennies of World War II.
They make me think of childhood,
mine, archery in vacant lots,
an arrow makes its own
pure road through the air.

14 August 2021

== = = = = =

If the hands held
all that they have touched—
and maybe the sky
remembers all it has seen
and we are here again,
adequately muscled, brave
enough to wake in the morning
if not much more. And maybe
no more is really needed.

14 August 2021

=====

**Escorting the obvious
means to wake up again,
clearly, the day needs me.**

**What else so chivalrous
waits for us while we sleep,
tenderly elsewhere until,
until.**

**And those of us who are
allergic to clarity, those
who paint election slogans
on the side of their barns,
VITE FOR THE DEAD or
MUSIC CAUSES MADNESS, they
too will join the parade
grumbling, grouching,**

yes, but
where does our procession lead?
The cynic sneers: just to one more night.

But I swear on this pyramid
every night is different
and the one that is coming
changes where we have been,
and the obvious will become
the most mysterious city of all.

15 August 2021

=====

Day of the Lady,
Mary assumed into heaven,
die that my dear mother died
somewhere in the night
on her own way to heaven.
I was not a child but I thought
all women go to heaven.
By their nature, yes, but also
for all that they suffer on earth.

15 August 2021

=====

**Sometimes it's safer
to think than to feel.
Otherwise be slain
by a bird cry, a falling leaf.**

15.VIII.21

=====

Early when I woke
early when it spoke,

streets across the river
but there is forest here—
isn't that empire enough?

Eat shadows for breakfast
and walk along the light?

Shotgun down by the river,
too early, too early,

Sunday

morning the church
comes up over the trees,
we wake in welcome.

How could it be otherwise,
a tidal river is by its nature

**a kind of marriage, the sea
reaches into the welcoming,
land flows to meet the tide.**

This is not folklore. This is now.

15 August 2021

=====

Even if it doesn't mean
what I think it meant
it means something,
doesn't it?

Isn't that
enough for a moment,
an unmeant meaning
fresh among all the mornings?

15 August 2021

=====

**Always look at the center
of the picture to find
what is most hidden.
Right there, where horizon
would ride if we let it,
right there, vanishing point
is what I tell you, the answer,
the target of every love.**

15 August 2021

= =====

The owl understands.

*

I think of the day after tomorrow
when quiet angels
move through the park
winding down the trees and rock
till only the language is left alive.

5:30 A.M.

16 August 2021

*(those are the two things the night said, on
either side of sleep.)*

=====

**Crime scene:
he wakes up
pen in hand,
a word written
on the air,
blows away
as he tries to read it.
Who was there?
Then he hears
a wren at the window.**

16 August 2021

=====

/s it time to remember?

**Brokenglass embedded
in the reform school walls.
A lone roller skate
on the stone step of a stoop.
A biplane smoking a message
trailingbehind it across the sky.**

No. It is now. It must be now.

16 August 2021

=====

Send someone letter,
be a continent,
all shores and no borders.
Wait for an answer.

Or make one up yourself—
the sea is forgiving,
an ocean is permission.

16 August 2021

=====

**On Magazine Beach
they built a big house
so many families
have to inhabit its shape!**

**And now the patient river
carries an ugly skyline to the sea.
We ask so much of natural things.**

16 August 2021

= = = = = = = =

Creed:

Trust

nothing longer than a breath.

16.VIII.21

MORNING

The first car comes by.
But the light came up
before it. Trust the world—
it's almost all we have.

16 August 2021

=====

Here I sit
writing a cluster
of gnomonic verses
and wise counsel
when I should be asleep.
Won't I ever learn?

But it's hard to be wise
when you have things to say
instead of just being them.
At least the weather's cool,
considering the calendar,
that other angry prophet.

16 August 2021

=====

**History.
Panoply
of rounded stones
along a beach.**

**What glacier brought,
taught. We stumble
over them to the sea.**

16 August 2021

**I LIKE BASEBALL
because it's mostly
about waiting.**

**The actual actions
are swift, soon finished,
and then we wait some more.**

**Umpires try to hurry it along,
the poor guys have to stand there
on their usually overweight feet**

**the whole time while millionaire stars
pout and posture and style
between home runs and strike outs.**

**no wonder they're impatient.
But by now eve they should know
waiting is good for the soul.**

16 August 2021

ARS POETICA

Dismantle the evidence
so a new day can begin.

No filing cabinet needed,
no vacuum cleaner. Just
blow the dust off the table
and begin.

Let your hands
show the way. A pencil will do,
Or the cell phone you forgot
to charge last night, still juice
enough to say what's on
nobody's mind in particular.

Just say it. Leave the thinking
business to the wise.

16 August 2021

=====

So there on Muckish
a cauldron set.
no need for fire under,
but where's the water from?
Hauled up from harbor,
spilled from some saint's well,
scooped from an innocent stream?

O we Irish are crazy about hills,
fill the kettle, let the mountain
do all the work. And then we drink,
a tepid water, cup of pure magic,
all the wisdom of the rock in it
unstained by any other element.
Slainte we cry and our lives change.
You remember, you have breathed
the air on that hillside too.

16 August 2021

=====

**Shake hands with Sleep,
the other Wiseman,
who works the treadle
of the loom that weaves your dream,
and guides you from the paltry
kingdoms of daytime
into the empire of Night.**

16/17 August 2021

=====

Looks like rain.
She had looks like rain
impending,
surly horizon,
ask no questions.
It is not easy
to please
let alone a lady
crowded with worshippers
alert within her.
She is a cathedral on Sunday
whereas I feel scattered,
a courtyard full of irreverent shoes
kicked off at the door of the mosque.
And it's only Tuesday!
Rain itself a sort of relief,
wet cheeks of a Sabbath smile.

17 August 2021

=====

Dancing with the day
is one way.
Another is the glum
just-prove-it-if-you-can
of the recliner,
the skeptical magazine
rolled up, tapping
on the impatient knee.
Sometimes even I
get tired of being me.

17 August 2021

THE LONG LINE

The long line stretches,
the heron in Carolina,
the topless tower on the Tor,
your fingertips
smoothing out the wrinkled page.

I asked that chap from Porlock
for a match to light my candle,
he gave me two and one I saved,
you never know when darkness
might come up the hill,
my ancestor leading the way.

I know him of course
but he doesn't recognize me,
disguised as I am
by two hundred years between us.

2.

Breathe out.

Your breath's a line,
now follow it.

Allow it
to find the way.

The landlord on the moon
has a way of hiding things,
things we really need,
tucking them away.

The breath can find them,
When breath makes atmosphere
you can travel anywhere.

3.

Pardon the physiology—
a line is how to throw a word
far enough away to be
voice of the other, loud
enough to be heard, clear

enough to make sense.
A line leads there.
At times a line is word enough.

4.

Woke with a headache,
taught me Vacuum Cleaner's
the name of a song,
I have till noon
to find the words to it,
Vac-you-um cleana! sure sounds nice.
He sang it down the hall until I woke,
woke with a headache, worth a song,
nobody tell me the words to it.

5.

I saw a chessboard in the sky
but all the squares were empty,
up to me I guess to people them
but I am so tired of warfare
real or symbolic,

**hate conflict and competition,
give me the Queens
and maybe Bishops, leave out
all the rest, just keep
the blessed women
and the boys they bless.**

6.

**And then the line comes back
quivering from all the wheres it's been.
Transatlantic cable, telegraph wires,
early hints at what I line can tell,
just a line, a long quivering
murmuring everlasting line,
breathe out and follow your own.**

7.

**The rain is random
but the heart is not.
That's not what I knocked
on your door to say**

but that's what came out
when the doorway yawned
with no one in it. How
do you manage that? The tool
(the door is a tool)
works by itself! The sky
trembles with light.
Are you even listening?

8.

Man standing in the rain
wondering why.
These things are good for you
says a voice in the bone
over his right ear,
good for you the wet
and the wonder.
He heard rain when he woke
and now he feels it,
small and slow, on his brow,
nape of the neck, hand

when he looks at it.
But is it the same rain?
Am I the same as I was,
as I woke? As I feel
now? And what is now?
he questions get dumber,
ancient Rome uncurling
beneath his thought,
dusty muddy carpet, same,
different. now, then?
He goes inside and icks up the phone.

9.
Somebody out there must now.
That is the plan
on which society is based.
He thinks theology should be tu-ology,
the science of believing in *you*.
Every you. He punches the numbers in,
waits, it jeeps ringing somewhere else,
answering machine, synthetic voice,

and even that is comforting.
The sound says See,
there *is* another.

10.

Now go back to the beginning.
A pelican perched
on the back of a bench.
The red sand. The message
is still on the way. He phones
yet again, it's answered this time,
the long sweet palaver of whatever
then amiable hang up. Something
has been said. Every is changed.
A single line goes on forever.

17 August 2021

SERMON

To locate the start
close your eyes
and see a vast green meadow,
rim of forest miles away,
wide-spread green
with nothing moving.
This is the beginning.
Call it Eden if you like
but it isn't. It is in you now
waiting to be outside.
Arise, pilgrim, brush
your hungry teeth and go.

18 August 2021

=====

**Given all the amplitude of evidence
it seems strange that I sit
baffled at my desk, yawning,
sifting through old documents,
all of them so relevant
to my situation that I know not
where to begin. Close
the folders why don't you,
my assistant suggests,
adjusting her headscarf for lunch break.
Good idea, not really an idea,
but nowhere is a good place
to begin. All the files put away,
everything seems more intelligent.
What is this office for?
Who pays the rent, and why?
How long have I been waiting,
I call it working, how long?
My lunchtime too, but not hungry.**

I go to the Met instead
and stand in the Egyptian tomb
trying to remember what
dynasty I'm in without
reading the label at the door.
I should have brought a notebook
but maybe I'll remember
whatever comes to mind.

18 August 2021

=====

**Break it open
and if it is a door
it will let you in
to a strange new place
or out of where you are.
If it is not a door
you must kneel
weeping at the ruins
of something that
led nowhere but itself.
Stay there, pray there
till it comes back to be itself.**

19 August 2021

BY THE METAMBESEN

**I think I hear the stream
draining twenty miles of earth
into yon river, our fjord.
Running water makes up
names for what it passes,
tosses, carries, deposits,
name after name.**

2.

**Once I couched beside another one
and asked: How can I be clean
if the sky won't let me?
Jump in, it said, have you ever
touched the sky? No?
So here I am, bathe in me,
I am what is left of the real.**

3.

Blue so pale it works like grey.
Another day. Down here
I think about the kindness
of water, two gases marry
with a spark of life
and out it pours, or so
the chemists tell us, how
the two meet another couple,
carbon, nitrogen, and so
the high priest C,O,H,N makes life,
makes us, water always
in the middle and no one laughs.

4.

Maybe it's not the stream,
maybe it's wind
but the trees are thinking,
boit speaking,
maybe it's some music

left over in my ears,
cultural tinnitus,
the sound of remembering.

5.

But I want it to be water,
is that too much to ask?
And who am I asking?
It must be water
because it flows,
and because it does
it knows. Knowing
is speed, wind
over distances, moon
on horizon and even
what you hope is a bird in the sky.

6.

Too early for mail,
I'll have to read the shadows,
soft as they are

in so pale a morning.
Shadows safer anyhow,
and they don't demand answers,
aren't pleading for
what little wisdom I have left
of what the ocean gave me,
first communion, shore of the bay.

7.

So it comes back to water,
I do hear the stream,
and shadows are like water
a little, the way they come and go,
taking shape from whatever
is near them, whatever
breaks the light and lets them flow.

8.

The point of water
is it touches,
ir reaches,

**and everything it touches
is its actual goal.**

**Your hands under the faucet,
sea-canyon of the Hudson.**

9.

**This shallow meditation
lets you see the glacial rubble,
gravel, gemstones, gold dust
that line the quick going.**

**Water is always babbling
about origin, a sermon I need
every day of your lives.**

10.

**We come from the same
place (the stream says),
look at me and understand
the work you're meant to do.**

**I am a miracle, I can linger
in you and still rush to the sea.
And now the tree is talking.
Now talk about the wind.**

19 August 2021

=====

Car out of gas
and who will drive it?
Noise in the night
and who will write it down?
The early birds are quiet
as if the night's still speaking
and they listen. Listening
is bird work, evermore.

2.
All dreams are there,
in that other place,
goats mincing down the mountain,
ruined chapel, wet leaves on the carpet,
what was your name
when you were first a child?
Can you answer to it now
when the darkness asks?

3.

These delicate negotiations
at the borderline of sleep—
waking is arbitrary,
the Permian bedrock persists.
Yet something else is there,
a taste, a communion wafer
on a dry tongue. Is that music?

4.

O dark conversation,
will it ever be my turn to speak?
Now the clock says dawn
but the sky denies—
when systems clash
we bow our heads and huddle.
That's why they teach
arithmetic in grammar school.

5.

Have I answered my own question yet?
Freight train on the move,
a mile of empty boxcars
heading north, o go
to where the factories are
that soothe us with commodity,
I mean by midnight
that the train comes back.

6.

I know there is an answer,
has to be, every day
I read the breviary of the trees—
looking for is almost
as good as finding.
And I just heard a crow—
they bring the light
you know, so something's
happening out there in here.

7.

Trickle of water
into a glass
from the faucet filter.
All history and technology
come down to this,
a little tinkling in your mother's sink.

8.

Borrow childhoods
from the other.
your own is sound asleep.
That's what the dream must mean,
aunts driving your mother's car--
something like that.
So I'll meet you at the gas station
I'll be standing by the Coke machine.

9.

It's like coming
back to life.

Or a kite in the sky
over Riverside Drive.

Or your Uncle's tugboat
shoving that Norwegian
freighter up the Narrows.

Now do you remember?

It wasn't Rome, wasn't even
Gloucester. You were in love
and walked along the promenade alone.

Although in dreams
we only think we are alone.

20 August 2021

THE UPPER ROOM

They were gathered together.
Together means gathered.
They all had their usual faces,
so familiar most of them,
our faces! our faces!
But lo! They had bodies too.
They occupied space,
filled the room,
a room is space
and they filled it. Person
after person, legs and arms,
shoulders, shoes! Solid
presences, to crowd space,
to occupy room!
Faces can lie
but bodies always tell the truth.
That is why they have met

**together, in space, in a room
with no room for doubt.
They sit down on the chairs,
they speak, and gravity
does all the rest.**

**(18.VIII.21)
20 August 2021**

EYVIND

and who is that
who floats his name
across a sleepy mind,
mine? A character
in a play, something
altogether North?
Get up, look him up,
up is a weird country
anyhow, up is cold,
up is rocky, sounds like
a place where he would be.
Names mean what they say,
Ruth is pity, Grace abounds,
expect short answers from Curt.
What does Eyvind mean?
And what to begin with
does I mean by itself?

21 August 2021

=====

**Crow crossing the sky
white car rolling up the hill--
coming and going
we live by balance.**

21.VIII.21

=====

Exurban renewal.
Leave the trees alone,
what really matters
is what grows by itself.
A careful garden
is halfway to a city street.
Leave the ground alone,
leave the rock and the rain,
the snow and the sun in charge.

21,VIII.21

A GATE.

**Though gate means going,
a gate means wait.**

**Ring the bell, rattle the cage
and wait.**

**At times we forget
which side we're on—
every gateway
is a challenge—
are you inside already
yearning to get out?
We never really know
till the gate opens
and even then are we brave
enough to step through?
Look up and watch some birds—
they live in a gateless world
pf pure going.
Think about that while you wait.**

21 August 2021

=====

**As a child I loved dominoes,
neat building blocks
to image out my cities with.
But never played the game,
never learned it, for me
the white dots on the blacks
were for me only bird droppings
on the rooves of Nineveh.**

21.VIII.21

=====

Zettel, Zettel

the quiet tree explains,
these are just scraps,
scraps tossed out by brain—
where is your long breath
today?

Abashed, I breathe in,
hold the breath, wonder
how they know me so well,
can hear me as I think.
And this tree speaks German too.

21.VIII.21

VOICE OF THE CRITIC

Do you call this thinking,
this list of words
glued together by grammar
and not much else?
Dregs of language
tepid in the almost empty cup?
At least Pound had the grace
to say it in Chinese
and Rimbaud could flash images
even Americans can understand.
And you try you turn
pronouns into Nereids
sporting in the surf
clutched by the feeble arms
pof adjectives. For shame!
Show me a picture
or at least hum a tune.

21 August 2021

BY THE STONE HORSES

At the edge of the city is a broad round plaza paved with white stone. Towards the far side stand three horses carved out of stone.

They face us. They stand fifty feet apart from one another. Closer to us there's a row of stone benches, all of the empty except for one in the middle where two women sit talking. They are modestly naked, and one of them has asked her friend what leprosy is, and when the friend told her it is a disease, she asked what is a disease?

At that point I drew my mind away, that conversation seemed too gloomy. So in a pale, emptyish room in a mall house nearby, a young boy was talking with his uncle. When the uncle playfully reached out to pat the boy's nose, the

way we do with children and pets, the boy shrank away, and we saw that he has a pimple on his right nostril--he thought the uncle was reaching for it.

The boy's voice was intelligent, well-spoken, clear, but soft. To change the subject I told him: in three and a half years you must begin to strengthen your voice, learn to speak louder-- how old are you now? Seventy-five months, the boy said. Evidently in this country they measure age in months.

So I let my mind go back to the woman. The dark-haired one was explaining. As I drew near, she drew a shawl round her modestly, and said that disease is an alien life-form that invades other forms of life--conquering, colonizing, ruling, destroying, all depending. The most successful diseases are alien forms

that more or less peaceably inhabit the invaded animal and linger for the whole life of the creature, diseases like psoriasis or allergies, more annoyances than tragedies. But the new diseases haven't figured out how to cohabit, and in their adolescent clumsiness wreck the life of their host or wipe it out altogether--thus destroying their own lives too.

I didn't want to think about diseases, so I wandered over to the stone horse in the middle. Close up, I could see that it was not just a horse but a horse saddled and ready for riding.

I was close enough to pat the withers, but as I reached out my hand I recalled the little boy--no need to startle a stone horse. I wondered what the horses meant, and why

three of them. I walked around and inspected the others--all were saddled, waiting.

But who rides a stone horse?

The dark-haired woman was at my side now, fully clothed in a white linen sheet. She must have heard my question, since she began right away to explain the horses.

When someone has thought or done something bad, they have to ride one of the horses. The Chief Equestrienne determines the length of the ride, reflecting the nature of the offense. For some, it's enough to ride for an hour, for some a whole night perhaps, and to undo some very villainous deeds a whole week might be needed--"Sabbath to Sabbath" we say for the worst offenses. And while the penitent is riding, they can do nothing else--no reading, no cellphone, no notebook, no game. But we

do see to it they are fed enough, and keep them hydrated with water from Mercy Springs in there. (She pointed into the woods.) And they are naked as they ride, but no one looks at them. It is not good to stare at pain.

I was puzzled---you say they ride the horses. But the horses are stone and I assume they don't move. No, they don't move, she said, but when you're on them you are in constant motion---that is why we say you are riding. Do you want to try it for yourself?

I don't, really I don't, I rode a pony once when I was a little boy, but have never ridden a whole horse--and who knows how long I'd have to ride. The woman smiled, I think it was a smile, and patted the horse herself. And then my mind turned away again.

22 August 2021

=====

If there were a way to turn away
the words would make sense
the way wood makes strong.
Analyze the obvious, I tend to bleat,
let nothing escape the sieve of doubt.
Because there is a way.
Maybe three ways,
one over, one under, one
plumb through the middle.
Find the core.

2.

So: we turn away
by passing through.
Logic of everyday life.
Not an image in sight,
a breath quietly set free.

3.

Come with me
to where the art begins,
people reading in a quiet room,
a frightened girl
grabs an empty red notebook
and starts to begin.
Inauguration of the art.

4.

Dreams are like the sky.

The rain road glistens.

We think of the sky as up there

but it's everywhere--

go in any direction you choose

eventually you'll come to sky.

Dreams don't lie.

23 August 2021

=====

If I were one
there would be more of me.
Inscription on a Chinese mirror.

23.VIII.21

=====

**Kabbalah of the neighborhood.
Who would you be
if there were nobody else?
See? We are the sum
of all who come to us
or come within the circle
of our dull glance.
All of them become me
a little bit, and I call myself
the result of that inscription.
We all get wet in the rain.
Without all of you I wouldn't
even know what the wet thing is.**

23.VIII.21

= = == = = =

Now we have to know
something more.
Is there a native word
for the rock this house
is built on? Is geology
our real mother? Ask
the water in your glass,
ask the dust on my window.
I have tried to answer you
by a hand on your waist,
pointed at random objects,
a street knows everything,
walk with me in the rain,
until the pattern breaks
and hen we all run free.

23 August 2021

COLLAGE

1.

So it really is a collage
this thing we live,
a girl here, a fish over there,
a miracle on the mountain,
people hurrying to work,
the rain. A child remembering
a black panther in the zoo.

2.

They say the Gulf Stream's changing,
the earth's *imagined corners* hurry in.
We wring our hands with anxiety
until we realize that gesture is exactly
what the earth is doing, so we let
our fingers dangle loose. Fruit
on a branch. Smoke from a snuffed flame.

3.

Almost enough.

Skitter down the mountainside,
bring news of what you've seen.

Think you've seen.

I explain, but my explanation
dwindles into words,

just words. What you've seen
or think you've seen

needs no me to explicate it.

I feel useless, a shawl

shrugged off on a hot afternoon.

4.

The cloth thereof
drifts down the air.

Slips over sleeping child,
slides off, falters

because the floor is far away,
the air holds it in place.

The word holds another word

safe in its parlor, snug fit
of the obvious. Suppertime,
the plates float in from space,
empty, empty, but who dares
to be hungry in so rich a town?

5.

Yes, I wanted to save you from the sea,
talk Bible talk in all-night diners,
or before the Bible even, when stones
spoke so clearly, and even now
we're beginning to remember, you and I.
drenched from the same surf.

23 August 2021

=====

The way they run the business
the sidewalks suck the buyer in,
no choice but shop,
every doorway takes your money.
But money is a pleasant thing,
purifies itself as it passes
from hand to hand
and what would you do with it anyway
but go in? Go in and go out,
what else is there to do?
finance fits neatly in
the calm desperation any city is.

2.

Slept eight hours more or less,
some hatchet work in there too,
coughing, traffic and was that the wind,
pleasant dreams but not enough to eat.
I found two shrimp just before I woke.

3.

So you see why money's on my mind.
One motorcycle snarling past as dawn
equals a city outside,
peaceful sleep means
the Victorian era come again.
and now that I think of it
Beerbohm and Beardsley
were born the same day,
My father was a baby
when the old Queen died.

4.

Doesn't this all seem
random to you,
sails on the far horizon,
pleasure craft headed nowhere?
The deep logic of surfaces
compels me, the abacus
of city streets whereon
our lives are strung, counted,

paid for--I am where I live,
Is that what everyone has to confess,
[lace shapes life, simple as that?

5.

And the store hungry for its customers,
the stoop for the pink rubber Spaldeen
bouncing off the steps,
the hydrant in love with the dog.
Caught in a mesh of yearning.
Yearn means learn. Yearn
means you earn it, have to,
earn your place and let it learn in you.
Money is just the little river trickling by.
If you're lucky
 they'll plant
 trees along your street.

24 august 2021

QUAHOG

I'm sending you a clam shell,
half a shell, I mean,
the kind they used to use
as ashtrays when we smoked,
This one is cleaned,
scrubbed to get the muscle out,
sterilized, dried, and now
on its way. To you.
Because of all things I can name
a shell is one of the truest,
a half-shell, I mean, firm, clean,
always open. Always open!
Paperclips, mustard, oil paint
for your brush, fill it with water
to cool your fingertips, so many
things it can hold, and mean, and be.
And always remind you of the sea.

24 August 2021

=====

Little by less
the garden breathes.
I saw that in Brooklyn
where the people from Puglia
grew fat tomatoes
in gaunt backyards, and one
Hungarian wrapped
her pear tree against winter.
Fruit insists--simple as that.

2.

I found an easy trail
to view the waterfall.
Even though I was alone
I saw it, it made me think
that vision wants to be
a social act, and what we see
all alone is a peculiar mystery
meant 'just for me.'

3.

So, two kinds of seeing.

**2 x 2.5 = 5 is a great mystery,
how do halves become wholes.**

**Mathematics depends on
not thinking too much about it.**

**That's why children take
so long to learn, they
think about everything they hear.**

**See. Feel, Fear. What
else is thinking for
if not to complicate the real?**

4.

**Leave the ground alone
and watch what happens.**

**You have years and years
and after you come others
who will continue the inspection,**

eat the fruit, touch nothing else,
and live with the green
people who will come to be.

5.

Leave alone.

I woke lazy

so that's the message

of the day, cloudless sky,

not too hot, *nada* happening.

Listen carefully, art's asleep.

25 August 2021

== = = = =

Overtuned stone
damp beneath
on naked earth--
so it;s been there
long enough to settle
itself as tenant,
not weekend visitor.
I marvel at the stone,
so dry, so wet beneath,
rounded by glaciers,
by just being what it is
for thousands of years.
For being here. My lawn
on what I call my land.
The stone laughs at
me in my own hand.

25 August 2021

=====

The day
is far away.
Midmorning
even so.
The rich articulate
beautiful trees,
the quiet sunlight
(it isn't always so)
sifts through space
and the day waits
wherever time hides.
Is it a song yet? Yes,
waits for its singers.
Can one man be a chorus?

25 August 2021

VERDICT

The verdict
was unpronounceable,
people in love
shopping together
and breakers rolling up the beach
too cold to swim--
a religion like that
blessing weary multitudes.

2.
At the bakery
or the charging station,
so much waiting,
raisins and sesame,
shift your weight
from one foot to the other
and call it dance
to the murmur all round you.

3.

That was the advice
the cleric gave,
neighborhood theology,
cat caught in a tree.
We know all the old stories,
decrepit explanations
before we even learned to read.

4.

What kind of baptism
makes a man sell houses
and bot bake bread
or quarry images from rock?
How dos he dare to trade in walls,
snatch floors from beneath the poor,
peddle space itself in an open world?
You can feel my prejudice,
which is the same as my fear.
I will never have enough houses
dear God where will I live?

5.

Call it morning,
don't argue with the light.

Love led me here--

the verdict it pronounces on the day
wakes with birdsong.

Raindove. Carolina wren.

Agree with me by sleeping deep.

26 august 2021

=====

**Wait by the dining room table,
with the wild turkey
trot about on the lawn.
Something is right with this picture.
An empty table is the beginning of art.**

26 August 221

=====

The long streamers of dream
smoke through the morning.
Brick by brick the wall
is taken down until
we never know what's to be seen
on the other side of seeing.
Leave the bricks in place,
they've been there dozens of lives,
just see through them,
that's what dreams are for.

26 August 2021

ANNALS OF ART

**I saw Max Ernst
by the elevator
but climbed the stairs instead.
Isn't 'my' hand on
;your' knee a collage enough?
Leave the glue to children,
words stick 'us' together.**

26. VIII. 21

=====

**New flags needed,
let the countries
come later, let them
come to match the flag
that will be theirs, let
each thing arise to fit its symbol.**

26.VIII.21

=====

Chto delat

he jetliner moves
smooth swift through the air,
the many passengers work
or drowse or read, high
on the cabin wall a little map
shows in moving light
their progress over the sea.

But gradually, who knows why,
a sense of uneasiness passes
from passenger to passenger,
they look at the ones beside them,
then behind them, some stand
up and look forward.

Nothing wrong.

But nothing right. A rumor
begins to spread: there is

**no pilot. Or the pilot is dead.
No flight attendants of any
gender are in sight. What
is to be done? What can we do
with our anxiety? What can we do?**

26 August 2021

=====

To be at home in the habit
sweet as a number in a line,
quiet as a letter in your middle name--
and always someone waiting,
there, around the corner
if there still are streets.
There still are trains, though,
I heard one passing as I went to sleep,
whether north or south
I couldn't tell,
the river keeps its secrets
but who needs me to tell you that?

27 August 2021

=====

Tell it to the trees
who know so well
and tell me most
of all the rest I know—

that is the plan
that masters me
one leaf at a time.

27.VIII.21

=====

Early as another
sweep the dust
back on the stone,

dust is time's kiss
and tells us calmly
we are not alone.

27.VII.2021

AWNINGS

1.

We had awnings in those days
to shade the back yard
between the brick and the rose bush
on summer afternoons
when the beach was too far.
A strong child could crank them
up or down and sit
in that imperial silence
children know,
safe from the sun,
other-mother in the sky.
Light and shade—
what more is there to learn?

2.

Greek in high school,
math from batting averages?
Religion takes so many forms,
not all of them need churches,
sometimes you watch the shadow
creep before you on the sidewalk
and you begin to understand.

3.

Or in my case
not roses
but blue hydrangea
flourished at the edge
of our intermittent shade.
The roses ran at right angles
towards the alley,
always in sun.

**I watched the strong men
carrying ice blocks to ice box,
burlap saved their shoulders,
i marveled at their strength.
Then the refrigerator came
and ice happened by itself,
one more miracle
among all the blue flowers.**

27 August 2021

=====

The words
still will open
like wooden boxes
found in the attic,
all sorts of meanings
tumbled together.
A word always remembers.

2.

A bell ringing in the fog
off Seal Rocks,
that's what a word is,
a car idling at the corner,
bird call in the woods,
who knows what kind,
even the color is hard to make out,
there's fog here too.

27 August 2021

=====

We have come to the river
where only the sacred makes sense,
only the holy can help us.
I don't mean Putin making
the sign of the cross,
makrous stavrous, public piety.

I mean the sense you wake with
some morning,
a hollow in your heart says No,
there must be something else,
get up and find it,

search the Antarctic of the soul
until you meet it,
the furthest away thing of all
suddenly right there,
bow to its pure glimmer,
the shine, the shadowless,

**and learn how to forgive.
Forgiving everything, everyone
opens your own heart
so the wind that is God sweeps in
and becomes your own breath.**

28 August 2021

=====

**Some things you need to touch
to be sure they're what they seem,**

**language is a hand like that,
your words reach out and then**

**some words come back
and only then do you really know**

who is there on the other side of the word.

28.VIII.21

====

Yes, the poem walks
to you, arch and ankle,
tendon and toe—
you hear each step
but each new step
a mystery: will
it keep coming, will
it come and touch me,
suddenly, tough or tender,
breast or shoulder, how
can I get ready for it,
can I really be there
when it comes? But prose
can have its hands
all over you and you hardly
notice, it's like weather,
everywhere at once,
breathing for you, becoming
the room you think you're in.

28 August 2021

== == =

Crow feather
on the dashboard
tells me
what I need,

that what we give
away or just
let fall

is perfect
formed
in the act
of giving

like the very day.

29 August 2021

= = = = =

**Remind me
I said and she
asked how
to mind a man
again? Can mind
be more than once?**

29 August 2021

=====

The sympathy lingers—
the man in dream who seemed
a friend long lost in sickness
had recovered enough to stand
pale at the foot of the steps,
warned me not to come too close.
I woke and wondered who this
close friend (not too close)
could be, had been, was now
or yet to be. A dream is all strangers.

29.VIII.21

=====

**What day is this
again? We lose track
because there is none,
they follow each other
and we watch. Sometimes
they catch us as they go,
hungry amber eyes of the day.**

29 August 2021

=====

**No more love songs
love stories
love affairs
just love. Only love.**

29.VIII.21

THE DESTINATION

Walk there,
down into the cave.

And it is a cave
even if it has a sky
overhead and a sun
in the sky,
 the cave
of where you go,
must go, on foot
if you can, or ride
some animal you make up,

just go. The walls
of the cave are full
of music, it feeds you
as you move, rest
and the music stops,
hunger recurs.

**Not
far to go now, the core
is never far, the center
of the earth right
below your naked feet.**

29 August 2021

=====

Take as long as you like
to answer me. I'm not
a riddle, not even a question.
I can wait. Whatever you think
time is or means, that's good
enough for me. I know how
to read silence too, I mean read it
in a positive way, not just
absence of reply. Silence is rich
like the earth under our feet,
roots and minerals. worms and diamonds.
I live on a good earth—take your time.

29 August 2021

=====

**Tell the alphabet
a different story
or let it answer
questions you hardly
knew you had.
Children played
building wooden blocks
with letters on them,
the blocks toppled over
but the words remained.
Sometimes even I remember.**

30 August 2021

=====

**In the middle
of the night
a woman climbing stairs.**

**Night is an image
and what happens in it
is a shimmering collage,
no more meaning
in it than history.**

**What is the difference
between what happens
and what only seems to?
The woman still
six steps from the top.**

30 August 2021

=====

I knew a Roma woman once
who rode a crocodile
through crowded streets,
some creatures can be trained
she said to dance
instead of biting.
Then she rode a dolphin
out to sea on some
mysterious business known
only to women and water,
the beast was weary
when they got back home.
The woman stood on the sand
and waved goodbye to it,
then turned her fierce
attention to the sleeping town.
How lucky I am
to come to know these things.

30 August 2021

=====

**The Bible must have been written
by someone who couldn't sleep.
It has that midnight logic,
earth-shaking trifles, long
long stories that peter out
somewhere in the desert,
voices in the dark. No wonder
it is cherished still in this
society of fractured nights.**

30 August 2021

=====

When the inside
is louder than the outside
you know that truth
is getting closer.
But from which does it come?

2.

To make two things
it's easiest to break one.
There's something sinister
about sharing, don't you think?

3.

Or is everything just a chunk
of something else?
Sometimes at night you wake
and hear the vast murmur
of all the voices of the single
person we are.

30 August 2021

LETTER FROM A LEPER:

Even the pixels
on the screen
that spell my name
might be dangerous.
Identity itself
is contagious.
Knowing me
you risk your skin,
your ordinary life.
You'd still have the sun
above you, the sky
and winter and all that.
But you wouldn;t be you
anymore, you'd be me
or something like it,
a cracked voice on the phone,
a nortal message.
Stop reading before the end.

30 August 2021

NUMEOLOGY

When you're counting the birds
that fly past your window
what happens if you count
the same bird twice?

Counting wrong
changes the whole world.
That's why the Hebrews
were forbidden the census.
Deeply, deeply
we don't need to know.

30 August 2021

= = = = =

Clear sky mind
like they say,
your self a thought
a bird in it
vanishes in trees.

30 August 2021

HALVAH

Sweet half-moons
have a taste of this
he said, unwrapping.
The years went by
fast, like subway trains
but no faster. Taste,
sticky, seeds ground
and so much honey.
Sugar, he said, sugar,
don't get fancy, eat
and always remember.
And then I stood before
Tilopa's grinding stone
where he ground sesame
seed to make oil, a little
town in Himachal.
There is so much to remember.

30 August 2021

=== == = =

**Sometimes you have to shout
all the lies out
till the truth comes up,
truth is always at the bottom.**

30.VIII.21

=====

The way the shadows
bent before him
was his sacrament,
the homage light
pays to opacity.
Or when transparency
meets its opposite
a shadow forms
and this new thing,
this third thing,
is the dark child.

2.

So he liked walking
not so much in the woods
though he loved trees
but in the meadow,
where the shadow was free

to amble before or beside him
or sometimes lingering
trail him on the way home.

3.

Healthy relationship
between man and shadow
of course depends on light
coming from outside,
from above.

So haughtiness
will get him nowhere.
He needs the light
to shape his shadow
and needs his shadow
to show him the true subtle
contours on the earth
they both move on
in their intimately different ways.

31 August 2021

=====

Nothing here
to bad the barber,

the grass is neat
the morning early,

voices tumble
from passing truck

a road always
wants to know

but th window fan
blows dust in

dust makes me cough
that's where I come in,

**I wake and answer silence
with more of the same**

but it comes out words.

31 August 2021

=====

Dear morning,
wait for me.
I left something
back in sleep
I must go now
and recover,

o morning dear
morning, you are so
rich in archeology,
no wonder waking
sounds like working,
so much to haul out,
offer to the impatient day.

31 August 2021

=====

Gaze at the ceiling
fondle the door
this is the evidence
of so much more.
As the old song says
I just made up
or heard by accident
in the mind that minds me.
I'm trying to bear witness
to the lovely lingering
a day can be, a long vacation
from the arbitrary actual.

31 August 2021

=====

**It's time to tell
other people what to do
the way the trees do
those sacred politicians
whose messages quiver
through the nascent air,
morning!**

**Can I do that too,
breathe out a message
that shapes the world
maybe just a little bit,
towards compassion
and the myth of change
and love stays the same?**

31 August 2021

=====

The sun is here now,
mercury rising in the glass
so why do I feel lonely?
And why does it matter
what a lonely person feels?
Isn't it all about together?
But together is a fierce place,
growl and howl and bite
till we are one single wound
and then we sleep?

31 August 2021

=====

Lingering in light
and why not?
Isn't there truth
in the window,
history at the door?

The cave of miracles
has no fixed walls,
goes on forever,
breeds a light of its own,
we go step by step
into the sacred real.

31 August 2021

