Forget everything.  
A rabbit runs across the road.

The trees have changed subtly in the night—something they heard maybe from the new moon.

Something is new, breeze in the leaves, wake with sweaty collarbone, what then?

The visitor will notice the murals
on all the walls keep changing,
the ceiling of the dome
keeps improvising colors—
don’t bothet trying to name them.
Rest your weary eyes now—
enough that you have seen the rabbit.

1 July 2022
It’s not all automatic. The mail has to find you, the phone has to learn how to sing. You are a moving target even when you’re sitting still pretending to be peaceful reading the paper on your porch. Here is your license to let go.

2. The Wizard of Yes has brought you to this place, this pace, this peace. You always said his name. You wonder sometimes even now what the Witch of No would have,
could have, done for you, with you, in you. The colors of passing cars are all you have to go by now.

3.
Help everyone. Hurt nobody, not even the hovering mosquito hungry, wondering if it dares. The rest will take care of itself.

1 July 2022
Any word from our visitors?
Why should they speak—
they know where we are,
we forgot to close the road
forgot to build the wall.
The sunlight points right at us,
they’re on their way already,
put on the kettle, dry your tears.

1 July 2022
They fall me from, things do, and that’s the nerve of things, to be and do and have meaning. The paper slips from the fingers, rides in joy all the way to the Turkish carpet.

It’s no all the fingers’ fault, this is a dance, out here, you know, and we are not the only dancers. Dangers. Be careful when I lift one from the monastery of the drawer where handkerchiefs
sleep in purity. No one likes to be disturbed. Unless they think it’s time for play—see how I have blundered into prose.

2 July 2022
The wren is loud round the house these days, her hatchlings snug in the corner by the furnace room only little beaks appearing, chirp. And we are in their opera too, part audience, part stage set. In a week or two the singers will fly off to other opera houses, new music, but they’ll never sing this performance again.

2 July 2022
What is the gender of genius?
We see the glow of glory,
grin of greenery at winter’s end,
but maybe words hint at more
than we pick up along the way.

Maybe there are than two
genders—I don’t mean mixtures,
luminous transitions, voluntaries.
I mean maybe something bruit
in from the womb, I’d guess six
genders, points of the holy star
itself made from two triangles,
the good old $x+x$ and $x+y$.

2 July 2022
It’s a long way away.
It’s a day. No, it’s a bay,

Oakland on the other side
or Staten Island. Where was I
to begin with?

Did I even begin
or is this sentence just a liana,
a vine I have been swinging on
since when?

A bay, I say,
Buzzards Bay maybe, what a name!
we have a cottage on it
but I have never seen one there
so there are plenty here, vultures,
over the tiniest bay, half-marsh
half-river, Tivoli Bay, don’t bother
with the map, it’s just water,
water that hugs us, loves us,
stays quiet with us
when all the rest flows away.
As I say, it is a day.

2 July 2022
I’ve been in school or eighty years. A bit of a shock when I counted. Most of it as teacher but teacher or student really not much difference, school is school and shapes us as it will. We skip off to class every morning, totter home at night C’est tout. See, I leven earned some French along the way.

2 July 2022
STREET SCENE

From lamppost to lamppost measure. Then at midnight at the exact midpoint see how much light is there, where the lamp lights should overlap. Now measure the dark if you know how, and tell me so I can learn the way.

2 July 2022
The Canada geese
are in the cornfield
long before the corn

the way we go to church
and hope for heaven
but meantime comfort ourselves
sustain ourselves
with little prayers and sacraments

Go to the cornfield
if you don't believe me
the seeds are in the furrows sprouting already
something green is happening
the geese have gone now
for a little snack elsewhere
they know that something there is always growing,
eventually heaven comes home

2 July 2022
Listen to the frogs

I can't hear them

that's because they sing in spring and it's summer now

then why tell me to listen?

listening is a very holy thing
you might open your ears for a frog and hear someone else altogether, someone you never heard before not just singing
over and over again some words in the trees
but singing saying something meant only for you.

2 July 2022
= = = = =

Enough sea to sail on
enough air to fly
but where does the going go?
We are sung into something
that sounds like sense,
a moment of music
stretched out in local time.
streets, overpasses, towers.

Thunderstorms yesterday,
Mahler on the radio today?
Hope keeps happy.
Song sparrow, linden tree,
always, always, distances
hurry to our hands.

3 July 2022
Pretty girl in rocking chair
old man on a bike—we’ve lost our places
in the script, no wonder
we use pop songs instead.
And when I say we
I hope I don’t mean me
or you, for that matter,
o please listen to me
= in case I learn to speak.

3 July 2022
The sunlight grows severe, 
a law with loopholes in the shade. 
Too bright to read the program 
but I think we’re still in the intermission.

3.VII.22
I see you walking in the hills
your words wrapped round you,
eager to see and not be seen,
Touch but Don’t Look it says
on your shawl, your wall,
the hillsides just talk and talk,
they never watch you walking.
You could be anyone.
You could br you.

3 July 2022
Arms of course were originally meant to walk on. That is why we learned to write, scratch this moment into distance, we walk on our fingers from heart to heart. Almost by accident science tells us something useful.

3.VII.22
THE STORY SO FAR

Tristan did not die  Isolde did not follow him into the dark. Instead, they sent messages to all the kings and census takers explaining that they both had died. But really what they did was change their names, Isolde was called Isis again, and Tristan Osiris. Then they sailed away, away up into the sky, towards a home just a bit beyond Earth’s atmosphere where they have always lived, long before Egypt or opera.

3 July 2022
OFF CHURCH’S BEACH

At first she couldn’t be sure
if it was a seal
or a dark girl shyly
floating, bobbing,
circling near her.
Those eyes!

Rain
coming across the bay,
rame to come ashore,
she swam in and the sudden
friend went with her,
a seal indeed, young one,
learning the shallows,
the strange pale beings who swim the New England coast. She turned, waved the seal, who kept looking, then slipped out of sight, even the best conversations end.

3 July 2022
What’s it like, being above?
Ask any bird.
Or building, for that matter,
the old Flatiron by Madison Square—once it could see what no one else could.
And they still sell Masonic fezzes downstairs.

3.VII.22
Rapture is riddled with ordinary, and a wise arrangement keeps it so, so we see both at once, hear the Four Last Songs while the kid beside u whispers to his iPhone.

3.VII.22
TO A DEAR FRIEND

Stay away or you’ll catch moonrise from me when all the stars slip off the sky and only one green glow is left to make everything the same.

2.

Edges wander. Words dissolve, ice is just water, water is just wet. You look up at the empty sky and ask, trying to be brave, what happens next?
3. What happens is more questions. Even when no answer ever comes, there is some comfort in asking. Asking makes energy. Answers mute.

4. Then one day I heal again, the stars come back, definitions work again, z wheel is round.

4 July 2022
A tree says
Listen tome
I do and that’s
all it says
and that’s enough.

4.VII.22
INTERDEPENCE DAY

Sunlight and I hear the wren again. We need one another, we need each other. There can’t be a me without a you, no you without a me. The words are evidence enough. We belong together. No hurt, no harm. This should be the festival of love, fireworks silent in the sky, orgasms of color and no pain. This day we belong to each other.

4 July 2022
There is fear in the air
and it is my fear,
not Nazi bombers
but the fear of change,
of moving from this place,
my leg is sick
because it doesn’t want to go,
my eyes are weak
because everything is near.
It should not be this way,
I have sinned by being
only where I am, ‘sin’
has the same root as sein,
the German word for ‘to be’--
I woke hearing roaring in the sky.

5 July 2022
Picture this:
philosopher in a rowboat,
poet in a kayak,
nine beautiful women
(you know who they are)
waving from a passing skiff.
Who can follow them best?

5.VII.22
Bus slows
almost stops,
speeds up.
Nobody got off
no one there
to get on.
But something
changed. Speed
has meaning
on its own, does
something to the air.
Nobody there,
side of the road
will never be the same.
Lords and ladies
I’m just reporting
how what happens
happens in me.
A hundred thousand
years ago you made
up language to hear
what I would say
and tell me what to do.
Love, I’m listening.

5 July 2022
LIMITS

1. Fence round the organ let no sound out, let it stay inside heaven of pure hearing with nothing heard.

2. Luminous void from which we come to the gathering (ecclesia chiesa église). Some call it the lord’s house (kuriakou,
*kirk*, church) but he is everywhere and we are for this lifelong moment only here.

3.
So listen softly to the edge of things, the edge is where the taste is truest, where things meet, soft explosion of being here.

6 July 2022
If I had a brother he would be smarter and leaner and probably gay. He would play the piano and go for long hikes, village to village in England again, write postcards aplenty but hardly much else, I’d get one, from Bristol or Leeds, not saying much but factories, meadows, firemen’s parades. When the radio plays Chopin I think about him, smile a bit before changing the station.

6 July 2022
Try the opposite,
the wet road,
the skimming blue jay,
yay her it sounds in Germany,
who is she? She is who’s blue.

2.
Glisten. Glacier
did this rock,
leaf on leaf the stone,
readying the place
for us it would seem.
Detecting purpose
is a devious art,
a tale we tell we never heard.
3. We walked there shuffling through the numbers a little unsteady underfoot. East, west numbers look the same and that’s just part of our problem. Where does this road leave I used to say as a child mishearing the word lead, it leads to here it leaves me but where is that? Only the trees seemed to know, tall black pines outside Callicoon. Enough of me. Lead, leave, I just stood still.

4.
For I am glacier too, 
change where I am 
and where I pass. 
And you are too, 
there is more stone in us 
than most suppose. 
We are chemicals plus something more.

7 July 2022
Sombrero means shadow-maker
a mile means a thousand
the weed trimmer violates morning.
So many different kinds of truth,
some less painful.
Half million leaves on average tree.
But there is no average tree
and rain had stopped by morning.

7 July 2022
Spell the word with two x’s, write a cloud on the sky, carefully fold the wave back in to the waing sea, sing a whole love song using just one note and be quick about it, a cardinal on the window vine is trying to decide. So many directions! And all of them away—how can I spell up without you?

7 July 2022
Riverine, the shore ancient with shells, *Venus mercenaria*, how dare they call a clam by Her name, bivalve, guilt.

Everything a child is routinely reproached for he will reproach himself for ever after, the older the more so.

In like manner, the dark oily green of the East River, famously not a river, haunts me these days, to gaze long and slow
at that quivering opacity, why, why, off Greenpoint or by the old Navy Yard, why does the sight come back, persist, but not the weather, not the one I was with if I was with anyone, not even sure who or what I was doing that seeing, just glisten, living surface, so dark, green. Mustn’t stare at people they insisted, but everything is people, everything has life. We go tomorrow to gaze at the sea.

7 July 2022