

9-2022

Sep2022

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**Scream your head off
all you like
we used to say
and looked the other way.
Ignore complaint.
The forest of desire
subtends the mountain of fear,
hills of anxiety.
What does subtend mean again,
I remember her from school
if you didn't love her
you wouldn't worry—
simple as that? Not exactly,
think of the way Schumann**

**subtends Brahms, say,
or how at the end of his life
Duncan took Brahms as his master,
learn the piano, climb the cluff,
you have more than one life to give.**

2.

**Never mind the angles,
geometry is a wishful dream.
There are ni straight lines
anywhere. The house
subtends your habits.
But the dream subtends the day.**

3.

**I watched them shovel coal.
I watched them up on scaffolds
washing tall buildings. I watched
them washing our car in tunnels
full of gush and spray excitement.
Watching is like being in church.
Prayer is watching with other eyes.**

4.

**So when I ignore complaints,
mostly my own but yours too
alas, I mean the dream, night
or day, makes things happen.
Go back and dream again,
I tell myself, and all this**

**will be better, Or different
at least. Nothing is the same.
The wind comes through the trees.**

1 September 2022

=====

**Remember the acrobat
who could stand on one finger
all the rest of him upside down
straight up in the air?**

**Unus I think he called himself,
breathtaking to watch him.**

**Writers are like that, all their wit
and flesh and bones and love
and fear, reverence, despair—
all have to stand on a pen point,
a little ink smudge all that's left
of who they think they are.**

1 September 2022

=====

**I was thrilled to learn that *pointe*
in French could mean in context
something like sunrise. Now
I stare at this dot on the paper
and wait for my clouds to part/**

1.IX.22

=====

**Marconi on the Nova Scotia cliff
a signal sent, time slips past,
the message still on the way,
a galaxy is an idea in mind
not all that astro-stuff, I just
want to think about the sea
o'er which his message passes
like some old rhyming verse,
gospel hymn or Jordan jive,
come from where we live all
the way to where we are. Think
of an Historical Event. Scare
the daylight out of your cat.
Hear Bismarck's voice on an**

**incomprehensibly old recording,
yes, Hamilton shot Aaron Burr
and became Emperor of Mexico.
I mean Marconi is still there,
cold wind whipping up his knees,
still doing his magic tricks
so the Old Countries can hear.
And what does any message ever
say but I am here? Wake up,
it was cold last night, the what
came on while we slept, History had
slipped out and was gone
forever, left the door open behind.**

2 September 2022

=====

**What do you do
with an image
or a so-called fact
stuck in mind?
You sing it out,
hum a few notes
into some words
and out it comes.
You don't want
pearls growing in tour head.**

2 September 2022

=====

I sat in the wooden armchair Pound
built for Yeats. I sat
on the triangular chair halfway
up the staircase in Grasmere that
Coleridge used. And O sat
at breakfast table with Duncan,
late afternoon coffee with Olson,
you'd think my body by now
would have learned something
from these sacraments. At least
it learned to say its prayers
one fleshy word at a time.

2 September 2022

== == == == ==

Galf, galf!

**A flag raised upside down
means vessel in distress.
Help if you can.**

**But only boats wear flags—
what can I do when I feel
the Bay of Biscay lapping
over my heels?**

Galf, galf!

**I cry and no one hears,
or they think I'm playing**

**a game or drinking wine.
But no wine ever touches
these parched lips.
Only the salt sea.
Maube my flag is the sky
and II can hoist it right side up.**

2 September 2022

= = = = =

**Sorting old clothes
which to wear
and where to hang them,
which to give away,
which to trash. It is morning
I am trying to shovel out
sad images from a bad dream,
cliff top danger, wreckage
left in a decent forest,
back turned, thwarted
by everything I see. And then
some stranger kisses me!
Time to get rid of these
chinos with holes all over,**

these jeans that don't fit,
this bathing suit I never wore,
the sea is so terribly far away.
But after the clothes are heaped
or stored, the dream stays,
scarps of it, you in a raincoat,
your back to me, downhill,
I call and call, you speak clear
without turning, you say
you're looking t the river.
I sit down on on the base of
a Roman concrete urn until
its gets cold enough to drive me
away.

3 September 2022

= = = = =

**At the front of the room
the Teacher snaps her pointer
firmly three times on her desk,
loud rough to startle me.**

**Don't tell your dreams
just bore us with other songs,
tell us the capital of Gulistan
or who went with Noah as far
as Ararat and no farther, stayed
and built a pyramidal kingdom
upside down in the air, still here,**

**I sw it myself once when I flew,
never mind why, from Trebizond
to Budapest, I was pretty then
so think of that instead.**

3 September 2022

=====

oiseaux uccelli many fowl
the fleet of birds
sudden as a word comes to mind
from nowhere, right?, these
birds sudden over the roof,
brown and white and black,
who are you today *mes amis*?
Where will my next thought
come from, over the roof or
over the sea, pretend you're me
and tell me what to hear,
what bird over the chimney,
white wings gliding upriver
a flight ip the Danube to the dark

**forest whence it springs
windless to an eternity of flow,
why are you telling me this,
dear birds, what do you know?**

3 September 2022

=====

**Do now is what all
rivers say,,
already I've passed.**

3.IX.22, *lune*

= = = = =

**Cloudy is now day,
dense leaves look
like fur on the trees.**

3.IX.22 *lune*

SABBATH SERMON

**When the trees are asleep
the bones of the skull
have to do their work.
The ancient contract still avails,
things never lie,
they body the clear conscience
of reality, why we listen
to the trees, or what the bones
whisper at the back of the head.**

3 September 2022

=====

**The witness
was always waiting.
Pretended to be
just standing at a bus stop
but we knew better.
We watched her,
motionless, white skirt,
dark hair, face turned away,
young or old hard to say.
But she had been there forever,
she knew we were there,
could hear our movements, could
look down at our long shadows
passing around her.**

**The sun was low. The years
were passing haster and haster,
and no buys ever came.**

**I took us so many yeas to realize hat
we were standing there too,
we had turned into witnesses.**

**Turn round, o please turn round
I cried to her, her shoulders
shook a little as if she laughed
or sobbed. Then the bus came.**

3 September 2022

=====

**Praise in the window
dinner in the door.
All the apostles summoned
all the tables heavy laden.
Iss! we say in Gernan *Eat!*
No one tells us what t choose,
hands hover over plates,
doubting fingers linger,
spoons topple out of casseroles,
the bread piled high.
Who made this food, and we,
are we free to eat it?
They look at one another,
understanding beginning to dawn**

**in some eyes sooner than others.
Finally one of the youngest
bursts out This is ours, all this
is ours, ours from the beginning,
all we have to do is learn to eat.**

4 September 2022

=====

**Box in the attic
you put it there
so long ago now
you forget what's
in it. What's in it?
you say and bend
down to pry it open.
Then stop in midair
not sure you really
want to know. Opening
anything is an immense
commitment are you,
just you, really ready
to make? Maybe call**

**for help. Someone
downstairs might be
free to come up and help—
but won't that be
putting them at risk?
Is that fair? Straighten up,
leave closed boxes alone.
Mystery is good for the soul.**

4 September 2022

=====

**I sat in that street cafe in Arles
like any middle-aged voluptuary
watching women pass.**

**But I wasn't watching women,
I was watching the Roman stones
outside of town still pale, misty
in my mind's eyes, we can't
easily get over what we've seen,
the stones of Glanum walk by,
the road to Spain shimmers
dry yellow earth through
steam rising from cappuccino.
I can feel my left hand tremble
a little under the table, afraid**

but of what?

All years are here
it shouts in my head,
there is no now anymore,
once you have been here
there is only then evermore.

**I sip my coffee to calm down.
A widow woman all in black
walks in the middle of the street,

yes, color, color save me from the
stones of Rome.**

4 September 2022

=====

**Whistle. A thin
stream of breath
hurries from your lips,
straight line ahead
across the empty field.
A bird comes down
and perches on it—
see, you've given one
creature pleasure,
a place to stay. What
kind of bird? you ask.
Whistle again,
and again until the field
is alive with perches**

**and a whole flock
comes down to rest,
brodd, breed, sleep,
be. You are the Noah
of their pilgrimage,
ark-less, your breath
their paradise.**

5 September 2022

=====

Labor Day. Haven't
I been here before,
a place like Connecticut
downriver, factories
hiding in the trees?
amor arbor labor rus
Hard to know what hides
in words, half-heard
a word sings a different
truth, but who am I
to decide? Grey sky
when I look up,
bright blue if I dare
to close my eyes.

**Today we celebrate
the workers of the world
by laying down our tools.
Go for a spin, lie flat
on the grass. Worry
about all the days to come
which are the real
labor days. Follow
the river to the Sound,
turn left and into the sea
eventually. Nothing
is easy. But didn't Stalin
assure us work is fun?**

5 September 2022

**neatly as my clumsy heart allows,
before you as an offering
to you who somehow, how
I still can't figure out,
embody all of them
and promise even more
with the far light in your eyes.**

5 September 2022

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**When we wave goodbye
we use our right arms
because they're further
from the heart. The body
waves the absence in
and tries to keep safe
the ones who are leaving.
So, children, only wave
if you want them to come back.**

5 September 2022

= = = = =

**Wiping the door
clean of shadow,
but the guest stumbles
over a sunbeam.
Rouse by coffee,
the drink the gods
once drank in Africa.
Or does the story mean
humans came from there
and gods need us?
The guest catches
her breath, tells
at length all about
what she heard in church**

**years ago, when
Sundays still spoke
or we believed.**

**(4.IX.22)
5 September 2022**

ORANGEADE'

'

**Wasn't he the conqueror
in the old days when Brooklyn
still spoke Yiddish and the Bronx
was Somewhere Else?**

**Or was it Pepsi Cola, local,
lemony and tank god too sweet or
egg cream on corner of 8th?**

**How little we know of all
that we remember. Clothes
the girls wore. snide comments
pf the guys. boys are driven
by hidden terrors, fears
hidden in sneers. Where was i?
Eastern Parkway at Utica,**

**antiquity is lost in us, try
to remember your Plutarch,
your Hesiod, the winner
of the first Marathon died
by winning, we die by living,
pockets stuffed with soggy
handkerchiefs, names of men,
names of women, a chocolate
malted slurped on Nostrand
long before the world began.**

5 September 2022

== == == == ==

**How late it was to come to be
the stone over the glaciis
and the men went down, horses
herded round the marsh below,
on a day like this, grey, they say
every acre is a castle, soft light,
shadow of a structure that we
for all our language cannot see.**

***Be true to me,
the air is always saying,
I am the custodian
and I will let you in.***

2.

**All we ever talk about is weather,
remember Thomas's weather
of the heart, Pound 's storms
of history, Coleridge and all
the monsoons of dream.**

**What else do honest people
dare to discuss? I'll never tell you
what I thought last night, barely
remember it myself.**

3.

**So that rock in the field a casual
passerby might call random
is the cornerstone of the castle,
the chateau at least, palace**

**it is up to you to build
and furnish with all human arts
—you have half an hour to do it
before the phone call comes.**

6 September 2022

== == == == ==

**The rain has stopped.
What is to be heard now
is the soft slip of raindrops
dripping from the eaves
onto the porch roof. Song
enough after such long
dry weather. And the sky
still looks as if it might
be up to something, something
on the way down.**

6 September 2022

=====

**Find the old word for it
hidden in your mouth,
any it, let the mouth's
own mind remember.**

2.

**There, that's the lesson
for today, in the new
ancient arcane physiology.
Never mind desire
for a minute, the fishing rod,
the telescope.**

3.
The answer
is right here
and you know it.
Mail is too slow,
you need a question
now. Don't think
you'll find it in sleep.
In fact don't think
at a;;. Just speak.

7 September 2022

= = = = =

**Even a hundred miles away
the sea can wash the brain,
at the shore a slow conversion
sanctifies us sinners. Prove it,
you say, and I can't, wouldn't
if I could—the sea needs no
henchmen, no bumbling acolytes.
Like the air it does
all the work all by itself.**

7 September 2022

=====

**Ninety-five on the equinox,
snow on Halloween.
The evidence started early,
the slow derangement
waiting for some great preacher
to set it straight. Revise
the text! we cried, Bring
our old weather back!
More decades passed
and the closets got confused,
overcoat in August?
Where did my childhood go?
But turns out we were all
children gawking at the weather,**

**shivering at the window,
watching forests burn, blaming
whatever we could name,
coal, oil, chemicals, greed.
But naming didn't work.
Now we stand in tears
at the window, crying for help.**

7.IX.22

=====

**Spearmint. Are you still there?
Rock bottom, children play.
Spring up hillside dribbles
pure water down, shines stone.**

**Cool me with your memories,
gardener. You have yoked
so many rivers and can tell.
Tell. We listen like birds
perched on the talking trees.
Rods of white asparagus
and they kept a pig out back.
Who told you that? Grass
has no memory or we**

**would not dare walk on it,
much less picnic and frolic
and all the weird ancient mysteries
of outdoors.**

**Leave it at spearmint,
leave i rose
for a dreamer maybe
to lift to their lips.**

7 September 2022

GUIDEBOOK

**Look at the pictures
until you
hear the science say.**

8.IX.22 *lune* woke me

=====

**After I tell you
what it said
will you tell me
what I mean?**

**That's what love
is supposed to do,
teach me what
I'm on earth for**

**by studying you
until I can grasp
the work required
as birds explain the sky.**

8 September 2022

= = = = =

**Sleep more sleep less
neither is best,
blue sky thunder
wash hands kitchen
faucet mountain spring.**

8.IX.22

=====

**Woman in white
plays black piano.
Her face is young
her hands two
hundred years old.
Schumann. A man
waves his arms
wildly, a hundred men
make noises, each
on his own tool.
In quiet parts she
lifts her face, head
tilted back, eyes
closed and on heaven,**

**then the quick hard
parts begin again.
So, someone watched
closely what she said
and wrote it down
in images we hear.
No need to dream.**

8 September 2022

= = = = =

**Poets, learn your task
by watching sunshine
polish wet leaves.**

**Painters, learn your job
by listening to raindrops
falling from the roof.**

**Are there other arts
put there? Oh yes,
composers, sit down**

**and try to pry a word
open and then make notes
from what you hear.**

**Not even I have to tell
a sculptors close your eyes
see with yout fingers.**

8.IX.22

=====

**If I were nine
I would pray to ten,
if I were green
I would pray to indigo
if I were a horse
I would pray to anyone
come ride me, come ride me
I am strong as a mountain
and I can run.**

9.IX.22

= = = = ==

**The time had come
for her to turn
into a tree,
not forever, not
even a long time,
maybe just one
afternoon in the sun
pr a sofgt grey evening
to slip away
back into her human form.
But now a tree.
Stand stiff and think loose,
let words and images
flutter as they will–**

she knows the way.
Arms out to catch
the light or the dark,
each turns into the other
anyhow, fingers
outstretched too,
who knows what bird
or bird-like thought
will come to rest
so briefly in her hand.
She feels beneath her
something of her
sinking into the earth,
feels something down there
seeping back up into her,
she is more and more tree

**now, she is tree,
she stays. After a time,
trees don't think about time,
or they rule it anyhow,
after some of it, whatever
time is, after a little of it
a sudden muscular flex
convulses her, she lowers
her arms and is a woman again.
Or maybe for the first time,
she feels so new, the leaves
of all her thought flutter
down around her, she walks
across the lawn, she walks!
She goes through a doorway then
and says hello to a friend**

**siting there, who looks up,
smiles vaguely, doesn't know.
Friends never know.**

9 September 2022

= = = = =

**Trees starting to pale,
they get younger
and I get older,
winter is so unfair,
But still a couple
of months away,
be green be green
my dear teachers,
I'll be as brave
as white hair can be.**

9.IX.22

== == == == ==

**Share the beach with shells,
meet new friends on the sand.
Wake up far inland—[ray
to the river, try to learn
its true name, maybe it
will teach you yours.**

**2.
Go back to the sand.
Night makes Algarve,
black sand anywhere.
Sleep or waking,
it's all one dream.**

3.

**They built a cabin
out of sticks and reeds,
glued clamshells to the roof
to catch the rain in
so the whole place gleamed
in sunshine, they meant
to mean their house
lived under water under
the sea if it could.**

4.

**Wake more firmly,
the sand is only
the dust that sleep
silts to the eyes.**

**Blink the beach away
I tell myself, the sea
is always with you—
just don't try to see it,
the sea is shy. It sends
the sky to look over us.**

10 September 2022

= = = = =

**Now I've told you
what the night told me.**

**It's your turn to explain
the dy to me.**

**What islands
compel us to set out
to find them in an endless sea
and must we get our metal
always and always straight
from the mine?**

**Aren't there amuwhere
green leaves to hide behind?**

**Already I hear the pickaxe
chopping at the lode,
I'm thirsty, but breakfast,
isn't that another planet?
And it's all my fault—I live
in a telescope pointed at myself.**

10 September 2022

= = = = =

**Lydia was full of gold,
the river glistened with it
but it did not keep,
did it, wars away. I wonder,
the wealth lingers,
the trumpet falls, knives
stay sharp. What can I do
to live in peace with you—
that's the only riddle
worth our time, blaze
through the media muddle
and be simple, Even that's
too easy to proclaim.**

11.IX.22

=====

**Ask the waitress
for another napkin
then another.
Someday even my
lips will be clean.**

11.IX.22

= = = = =

**It feels like itself
all over again,
what could it be?**

**I ask te animal
I think is me—**

**he knows, but will
he think I'm his
enough to deserve
an answer?**

**I'm waiting
with my documents**

**in hand, ready
for the inspectors
under the streetlights
of this unknown city.**

11.IX.22

ROOTLESS

**City kids have no right
to talk about roots.
Under them the subway
roars and goes but
nothing grows. Farms
are fantasies, an orchard
something in the Bible.
If there is even a Bible.**

2.

**So when the day came
I ride beside a farmer
on his wagon, the horse
slogging in front of us,**

**squeal of wheels, squeak
of the whiffletree, brown horse,
the wagon full of cow manure
on its way to a field of beets
I knew I was in paradise
though it smelled like hell,
paradise or something else,
something only the mind
can guess and never prove,
this place, this juddering cart.**

3.

**Forgive me for remembering,
a memory is something I want
to give to someone else, why
it rises up from nowhere**

**and makes its way into what
consciousness you happen
to be happening in. Memory
is a coin, gold or silver or
copper or zinc, to give away,
give almost freely to another,
whether they like it or not.
So that's why I insisted
on giving my old nickel to you.**

11 September 2022

= = = = =

**I'm sitting in the car
and waiting, sitting,
waiting. though I wore
my shopping shoes.**

**that's how the song begins,
country abd western glib,
the ballroom on horseback,
but I live here too, I remember
before here was even here—
no wonder I'm still waiting.**

11.IX.22, Kingston

= = = = =

Leave me out of it,

the lotuses floating on the lake,

the stone wall by the old P.O.

are all we need,

rock and flower—

the different speeds

that matter thinks,

the shroud of history

blurry outline of all

we think happened.

**She sat on the wall
and talked about
things from her childhood.**

No way anything can ever end.

12 September 222

=====

he thought there might be
gophers living in this field
but gophers only I live far
west of here. Porcupines
in our little woods? Closer,
just across the river, rarely.

But vultures have come
in the past twenty years,
they swoop above the trees,
they smell our kitchens,
settle out of sight to feed.
One with a wounded wing
struggled on the lawn last night.

**My wife took care of it as well
as she could, always caring,
always there. And she knows
all about gophers too,
her folks are from Colorado.**

12 September 2022

= = = = =

**Maybe cloudy,
maybe France.
Still life in the leaves.**

12.IX.22

= = = = =

**Color meant red
in Spanish (like Colorado)
but black Down South.
What does color mean anyhow?**

**The dictionary is a minefield,
no word safe from understanding
something totally different
what I think I mean in saying it.**

12.IX.22

=====

He thought it was he Forum
left over from ancient Rome
because of all the stones,
each one seemed deliberate.
memorious, he thought,
they are full of memories.
No Roman would have thought
such a sentimental thing
but sunshine gives strange
permissions to the mind,
not just his fingers trailing
along the warm stone. Feel.

2.

**Not Roman. Their triremes
never came so far. No mason
worked these rough geometries.
Mountains rise and mountains
crumble at the edge, boulders,
spontaneous dolmens form,
the wind scours Arizona,
New Hampshire, the glacier
left its signature, whaleback
hills along the river. Here.**

3.

**He forgot all that
and sat down on a rock.
Big wind today,**

made an organ sound
in the woods half
a mile away. Rest.
Let the stone seep
its narrative aloft
into me, he laughed.
The worlds is different
when you're sitting down.

4.

At home he told his friends
I saw a mountain today
and chatted with its children.
His friends smiled as they do—
what are friends for? Sustain
every flutter of belief, every

**fibrillation of consciousness.
They had dinner then
and talked of other things.**

13 September 22022

== == == == ==

**Unwilling assassin,
Lovecraft in Brooklyn
yet again, must fire
a pistol through a box
of Kleenex at a public
figure he admires,
do it at the corner
of Nostrand and Parker,
no such intersection,
run donw the steps
into the subway, ditch
the gun, escape—
all of this clear
in his mind and still**

**to come. He hates
the future he can see,
smells the scorched
tissue already. Yet
he never knew how light
a gun could be in the hand.**

14 September 2022

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**Suppose your cheekbones
came from France
and you ride your horse
of a Harley along the Delaware
where do the words come from?
That hill in Lancashire,
shortcut through Louisiana
quick to the mothering sea?
Spill the words it teaches you
all over our thirsty ears.**

14.IX.22

= = = = =

**Sunshine and Lebanese cookies
dates-meaty thick on the plate.
Then the rain came down,
torrents, the world in balance,
I'm not the only Libra, scalepans
quivering at the afternoon
comes to rest. Rain over, sun
sets. I feel I've heard an opera
with my eyes alone. And all
the while our talk went on,
it's what we have to do,
our share of the music.**

14.IX.22, for J&M

=====

Trucks roar by
early morning,
mute the rest of the day
as if...

Never mind *as if*,
such speculation leads
to beds in hospitals
with meager mattresses.

Don't think about it,
read a book instead,
Cabala in Your Cupboard,
say, eat your way wise,

**the secret doctrine only
your taste buds can reveal.
Or skip it., forget that too.
Interpretation is so seductive,
but the riskiest feat of all.**

14.IX.22

WHAT THE TREE SAID TODAY

**When winter comes
we go to work
and think below the ground.**

**There all the will
is stored that works the world.
Will and not wish,**

**the ever-renewable resource
of the unseen.**

**Learn to will and not wish—
you see the sun's light
but you cannot see the sun,**

hidden in its own radiance.

**You walk on earth—
learn to hear what lives,
speaks beneath your steps.**

14 September 2022

=====

*The only thing more dangerous than
desire is the absence of it.*

–Sempronius Bufo

Wise man back then
wrote in Latin, sort of,
early Renaissance. maybe Swiss.
they called him The Toad
because from utter stillness
he would leap into wit,
pounce on the sleepy ears
of all the meager monks.
They wrote his sage remarks
down in books and carefully

hid the books away.

**A crow call made me fetch one
down from a musty shelf
at the back of someone's mind.**

14.IX.22

=====

**Thursday on God's earth.
I woke thinking all the changes
are so slow, so hard to make,
so hard to take, that maybe
doing anything at all
is a sin against perfection,
a perfect world it is our task
to recognize, tolerate,
celebrate and no more.
Strange thought, a deer
standing on an autumn meadow,
vigilant, a little bit afraid.**

15 September 2022

=====

**Persephone snatched
from flowery meadows
into the underworld
is any girl getting married.**

**There. The truth is out,
took a long time for us to tell it,
shout it out.**

**And through
the blessing of her mother
(her radical female intelligence)
she comes back to her life
part of every day, time**

**with him and time alone,
night or sunshine as she chooses
and is herself, nobody's wife,**

**her own powerful voice aloud
making kings tremble and artists
flourish their sciences in song.**

15 September 2022

=====

**A white car and a black car
meet at a V-intersection.
The white one pauses
to let the black car go first.
I take this as a good omen
for this day. Later I'll check it with
the flight of crows.**

16.IX.22

THE LECTURE

**Close to the edge of the stage
he stood in the empty hall
to practice what he meant to say.
But what was that?**

**To calm
his mind he counted rows
stretching up in dark.
Thirty-two. But the hall
curved out dim from the stage
so no two rows were the same,
he'd have to count the seats
one by one. Not good.**

So he began: "words

**fail me” then stopped, realized
he’d spoken a contradiction
as well as a dumb latitude.**

**We fail the words, not their fault.
Start again, tell the truth.**

**“I have failed the words, yet
stand here to tell you...”**

**This is the hard part now, what
is he going to say? “...to tell you,
just tell you that I am here,
and I think I’m here for you.”**

Stopped again, confused again.

**What does ‘you’ look like?
Japanese tourists? Naval cadets?**

**Young housewives of Palo Alto?
Who are the people of his world?
Don't you have to know who
they are before you speak?
No, he thought, by speaking
I will find out who they are
by how they listen.**

**But words
are needed to rouse them,
caress them, summon
their identities. Hard work
in an empty auditorium,
so much harder it will be
when they are there, here,
they, they who will have to be
what he means by 'you.'**

**Are they ready for their task?
Suddenly the lights come up,
he hears the doors opening,
his chest tightens, he draws in
a sharp breath. He wishes
there was a lectern to lean on,
to read his message from.**

**But he has no message, already
people are starting to drift in.
He thinks “this is the cosmological
moment,
this is how things began.”**

**Maybe he’ll start by saying that—
he feels safe in the fancy word.**

**Not fancy, just the truth.
Everything does begin
when they come walking in.**

16 September 2022

DENDROTHERAPY

**The trees heal me.
The sight of them,
sound of them,
shadows of them
more than adequate.
They touch
with the shimmer
of their leaves,
like Dr Mesmer's
passes, never
actually touching the skin.
The skin is our light
we give to them
as they send us so fully**

**the purifying wave.
Stay near the trees.
Watch the trees reverently,
listen to what they say in you.**

16 September 2022

TABLE

**Somewhere there is a table.
One person is sitting at it,
one hand resting on
its otherwise empty wood.
That is all I know, all
that the prophet told us
when we stood reverently
at his shrine and said What
should any of us know?
He told the table, nothing more.**

2.

**We who believe in prophecy
have our options. Pilgrimage
to find the actual table, learn
whose hand is on it, what
that being may tell us or require.
Or we can take it all as metaphor
and sped our fancies dreaming
oak and walnut, pine and maple,
till we come up with a stretch
of empty wood wide as the sea
and stare intently at that hand
envisioned, till its moves, makes
a gesture we can spend
a century ot two interpreting.**

3.

**When we were children
we heard the grownups speak
of the ‘water table’ – they meant
the level beneath the ground
from which water rises in the ell.
But we saw something different,
a vast sheet of shimmering light.
And maybe that’s the one
our prophet meant, the hand
a claw maybe of some sea beast
rising from underneath the world
to shame us, shake us, seize us
or pint the way to the stars.
Who knows? We can’t tell wood**

**from water. I lookdown
at my own hand and wonder.
The smell of prophecy lingers
as if some big wild animal had
lived here for a while, then gone.**

17 September 2022

THE UNKNOWN ORGAN

for M.P. and C.M.

Just as the thymus gland slowly shuts down its doings as ights work is done and the child is growing nicely, so also there is an unknown gland ‘m going to tell you about—doctors are ashamed to. It starts growing about the time of one’s first kiss, when Other People suddenly take on a vital meaning for us, their bodies, their presences absolutely needed to supply something we didn’t even know we needed till then. This organ, so slow

beginning, grows stronger and stronger, and its arcane secretions generate or motivate more and more of our activities by the time that art and music and literature and religion all begin now to respond to that gland, answer some of its summons. The gland goes on growing. the arts and liturgy serve its urges, but never to the extent of making the body of the Other less appealing, less needed. All arts and worship are modes of yearning for the Presence of the Other. This gland never ceases producing its hormone. As long as we live, it summons us to love. And so for

centuries cabals of physicians and moralists have sought ways of muting its call—drugs have been developed but hey kill much more than desire. Let us pray the sciences learn to leave love alone. The gland guides us, and we have souls to lead us to what we truly need.

17 September 2022

= = = = =

**What the tree told me
I tell you.
Never doubt my wood.**

17.IX.22,*lune*

**WESTMINSTER HALL
SEPTEMBER 2022**

**Lying in wait
lying in state
*mother of so many
last lesson
teach us to grieve.***

**They walk weary, cold,
by the golden coffin,
a few bow, cross themselves,
genuflect, weep.
But most look baffled,
earnest, anxious, as if**

**so many hours standing
in the queue, now this.
Mother tell me
what to feel
and how to feel it,
tell me that this moment
has its meaning
even for me,,
or what can I do to help.
am I here for you
or for me,
the soldiers motionless,
statues in weird uniforms,
they can stay, they
must strand but I
can go. Where**

**shall I go, mother,
we have come to ask you
that, your last counsel,
where should we go?**

18 September 2022

= = = = =

**What is a pagan?
Someone who lives
in the country
and knows why.**

**Easier to hear
the truth out here**

**and I'm lazy,
like to lie here
and listen, tree
after tree.**

**Go read your alchemy,
your occult sciences,
city stuff, all those lights—
I'll stay here and let
the air distill me,
see who first turns gold.**

18 September 2022

= = = = =

**A few miles north
the train is hooting
on the river. Comes
closer, following its sound,
moving only a tenth as fast
if that. So many times
it tells me Here I am
and here I come, listen,
the river teaches me
reverence for all that speak,.
Which way is the train moving?
Coming sounds the same as going.**

18 September 2022

= = = = =

**If I had a country of my own
I wouldn't let them sing
in its national anthem
any 'bombs bursting in air.'"**

**Instead I would pray
the way Mother Ann Lee did
for "the gift to be simple,
the gift to be free." There
is the true American song.**

18 September 2022

= = = = =

**I don't think it was an accident
that at the crisis of His awakening
Lord Buddha was seated quiet
on a stone beneath a living tree.
He listened to those two balanced
voices , complements, the fixed and
the flowing,
and I think they helped, the last
secret: what the earth knows.**

18 September 2022

= = = = =

**Rigorous solicitation
breaks most silences,
sandstone remembers
knows how to keep both
mum and murmur,
word and won't. Carve
silence, solicit slices
with quick gestural
feints of mind, mood,
mouth. Kiss me
say to everything
and why nor. The eager
of my lustful questions
breeds the world.**

**And not just one. *Rigor Vitae* is what is needed,
ramrod truth and stand
at rapt attention before.
Everything is a mirror.
Kiss me, say it again,
rigorous as rain, ask, ask,
everything is an answer,
that's what mirrors are,
;kiss me, prove you're there,
sandstone, celery stalks,
palm leaves in Jerusalem,
new year coming, good star
on all of you, kiss me,
kiss me again and again.**

18 September 2022

= = = = =

**My father when he was a kid
worked in a sugar works
dockside where they unloaded it,
he stood in mountains of sugar
shoveling it into sacks
the way they used to, maybe
still do. He hated the smell
of the stuff, ever after,
drank his coffee with only
a tiny drop of milk.
I'm not brave enough—
bring on the sweet stuff
but hold the cream.**

18.IX.22

ACTION

As she walked past where he was seated he swiftly lunged forward and pressed his face firmly against her body.

What are you doing?

I am trying to include you i the circle of my love.

Why do it so roughly, give me a chance to say no.

None of us has a chance to say no i pressed my face, my public identity, against your body, your private identity. When public twins with private, the result is yje secret— and so a secret bond was formed, i n some sense we belong to each other now.

But I don't want to belong to anybody!

No choice, I'm afraid. We belong in some way, some infinitesimal but genuine, efficacious way, to everyone we encounter. The more

people we belong to, the richer and more famous we become– celebrities belong to millions, hermits only to the wolves and brds and their image of God, but even that belonging sustains them. So now you sustain each other, somewhere inside us we have mingled our identities, just a little, but it works. Inside us we lift a single chalice, like in the Tarot card, and sip from it and are nourished. Just wait and see.

But you should have asked my permission, she complained.

O please try to understand— presence is permission enough, and now I am more fully yours than if we had just passed each other in the street—but that too would have changed us, chained us, you might think. Belonging does not hurt. You'll see, it heals.

She said nothing,. Like a good scientist, she waited to evaluate the process by its outcome. Time will tell— that's why we have time in the first place.

19 September 202

= = = = =

**Warmer days are warning days,
keep up your guard,
All of us have our own glacier
growing towards us day by day,
down the slow slopes
of the mountain of our difference
it comes and comes,
degree by degree, the cold
that pit poor Ötzi to sleep
all these millennia, sleep
is on its way, the blankets
that seem to shield you make you
drowsy, drowsy,
wool is the secret traitor**

**in the pay of cold, the sheep's
revenge for all that shearing,
you and the shorn lamb stand
shivering in the face of what's to
come.**

19 September 2022

TOR

**Twisting path around
goes up the hill.**

**Tower atop. Fields
afar. I;d guess ten
thousand years but
what do i know,**

**what can I know
of this place the world?
Time has so many
hands, stone
so many languages**

**and the grass is always,
always beginning.**

**I came here once
and if never left.**

20.IX.22

PLANCTUS

**Deerskin slippers
bare legs, exiguous
tunic, staff at the side
standing like stone.
Woman surveys garden,
plans revisions, calm
cruelty of gardeners
giving only some things
lease to grow. The right
to live. I mourn
the sapling uprooted
for being too close
to the hibiscus, i grieve
for every plant or weed**

**or rose or tree she or I
or anyone ever cut down.
No business of ours
what happens in the ground.**

20 September 2022

I FOUND A WELL

**and lived beside it,
called it a wife
and worshipped it
in my feeble way,
a sip at a time and saw
not just my face
when I looked down
but the stars above me
as if all the heavens
hid in its waters.
All I am is what it
leaves in me, lets me lick
my lips and speak. *20.IX.22***

= = = = =

**Please write me later
poems say,
we need some more sleep.**

20.IX.22, *lune*

ODE TO PERSEPHONE

**Don't make me keep your secrets.
It's not about writing books
or french-kissing the clouds
or getting a captive orchestra
to hum along with your head.**

**It's about being ho you ate
and doing it right. Men discuss
and evaluate; they stall.
But you lunge forward, right
to the goal, the Grail,
you bring it back in your hands.
Every day is holy and every day
has its own Grail. And you smile.**

and are quiet, and know, and so before we even think it through you instantly rush to do it, you bring home what we need to live.

2.

Persephone, constant traveler, brings us back what we need, knowledge of the underworld. What the dark knows, what day tends to forget, busy children that we are, we need you, our emissary from the underworld. The *underword*. The word beneath what we think we mean.

**Word, world, how could schools
ever teach them different?**

3.

**Some say your name
might once have meant
the destroying voice—
What did it destroy
but timidity, male fear,
stubborn speechlessness
of men scared of their dreams?
What a voice always
rips open: silence,
the sinister unspoken
that chains men to dull
routines out of fear,**

weariness, wariness.

**YThe voice calls,
a voice wakes them,
clear shining trumpet
call of the high female voice,
no growl, all Grail and grace.**

21 September 2022

= = = = =

**The song of
whatever sounds right
sings me,**

**or how can a harp
choose whose fingers
caress its strings,
tug them into telling?**

**My hands sleep
the dream of words.**

21.IX.22

= = = = =

**Something
probably not enough.
But is the answer
ro nothing.
Man and woman,
mother and father
waves breaking on the shore,
all on the way
hurrying to now.**

21.IX.22

=====

Lie on your side.

--Why?

**So I can see and admire Mount
shoulder and the Hill of Hip.**

**—But isn't that where you started, so
long ago? Watching bodies and
thinking geology, watching
mountains and thinking people?**

**Yes, yes! That's just how it was I saw
who we are, beautiful pieces of earth**

**walking around. Seeing the body as
landscape is to see us as we truly are.**

21 September 2022

TO THE THEOLOGIANS

Why would God

create a dead world?

God didn't.

**God created a living world,
a world of life,**

life n an infinity of forms.

**All things are alive,
have consciousness
each of its own kind.**

**Not all of them move around in
space, sp,e move instead in time.**

A stone can't walk around

**and we can't dwell in intense
concentration for a hundred
thousand years.**

**God made a living world,
a world of thinking, speaking,
listening, understanding.**

God made a world of knowing.

22 September 2022

AUTUMN NOW

**The sun holds the scale-pans
balanced before her eyes
and smiles, then closes them.**

**We call it rain. Thunder
louder than I ever heard it
shakes e awake. Dark,
sc ary, but I feel her smile
so far away. First day
of Libra. We rise
into this time they call
so strangely Fall.**

22 September 2022

= = = = =

**Interception. Astrology,
a sign trapped between signs
in one narrow house.**

**History. RAF heading off
Stukas over the Wash.
Message. Love letters
seized by jealous government.
What more can I tell you
before they cut us off?**

22 September 2022

STATIONS

**I counted in dream
the stations on the A train line,
magic street of my home town,**

**from my own door to the home
of my north-most friends
all the way through commerce,
college and secret temples
of all my growing-up religions,
bazaars of sacred sin,
mermaid taverns of young mind,
Canal, Houston, 8th, 14th, 23d
through the golden zone
artery of the the core.
from Euclid to 145th I learned
to think and watch and write
in the roar of its rush,
where better to learn the world
than speeding underground
through flickering dark?**

2.

**But why did I dream them,
why did I wake
with their numbers on my lips,
all the eight-block runs
between stops on the merciful
west side Manhattan runs?
Am I a miser
gloating with my fingers
over the those who served me,
express and local, carted
hungry me fast to the feast?
Friends and galleries and books
and never come home,
only literally, exhausted,**

**three in the morning, the few
blocks from the end of the line?**

3.

**But nowadays that line goes on,
and if I still lived in the Old Mill
I'd be taking the A train
in the other direction, east
and south to the actual sea.
But memory lets me do that now,
right, I know the sea some,
I know Rockport and Malibu,
Norfolk and Normandy—
but now I don't have the names
and numbers singing in my head,
what is a train without stations,**

**a busy worm at work for others.
How far apart, underground
or over the bay, the Hammels,
Playland, Lost Irish of Rockaway,
just names now, numberless,
nothing to dream about,
no sidewalks in the sea.**

23 September 2022

= = = = =

**The calendar calls this
the first full day of autumn.
Wind tosses the trees about,
they're getting ready.
But they're always getting redy
to be always there—
what does a calendar know
about the dreamlife of a tree?
I'm not much wiser
but I do try to wave back
at ehw wind-waving leaves.**

23 September 2022

= = = = =

**Staring is fixed, hard and deaf,
gazing is gentle and hears well.
So many things I've been taught
by the beech tree out beyond
my morning window. Gazing
is listening, leads to hearing, hearing
happens language,
language slips out of us
into the world, translating this
text of wind-quivering leaves.**

23 September 2022

= = = = =

**Unlike the owl
we are meant
to move on a straight line
Find it. Takes a while
but what else is time for?
And once you've found it
follow the guiepost of your nose,
onward! What else
are noses for?**

24.IX.22

= = = = =

**He woke and found
the antiquated obvious
all round him, soft
as a hand-me-down quilt.**

**History is a load of laundry
and the washing machine
is on the fritz. They used to say
that but who was Fritz?**

**More history, more musty smell
as he tottered dwn the hall,
too early, too early, the sun
came up too soon.**

The world

**is divided into moieties:
those who have no appetite
for breakfast and those who do.
Eating is such a commitment!
Even a cup of coffee enlists
in the army of the obvious.**

**So he went back to sleep, relieved
that his skin
was his only uniform.**

24 September 2022

SCALES

**A day any day
has scales like a fish,
the instants glisten
in the flood of time,
none truer than the next,
a gleaning going by.**

2.

**Catholics had to eat fish on Friday
to tell them the week was done,
gird for the sabbath and the day
beyond it when the Sun
wipes out old sins and rises—
every Friday Calvary,**

every Sunday Easter.

**But why the fish? The scales,
the palest flesh, the ooze
of it doesn't look like blood?
And we swim with them too,
time our chilly mountain stream.
Bo wonder those glamorous
nutritionists assure us
eating fish improves memory.
But would we want to do that?**

3.

***Pescatori, affonde l'esca
per l'azura immensita***

is how it sounds when he sings it

**big moment in the opera,
Fishermen, plunge your net
through the blue immensity
and pray that it's a fish you catch
and not just a glimpse
of the underworld busy below,
chests of gold, dancing bones,
o fishermen maybe stay home,
eat pasta, cheese and olive oil
and love-apples they call them,
try to forget as much as you can.**

24 September 2022

= = = = =

Have you noticed that most people lie down to sleep? Does that mean that standing up and walking around are somehow unnatural? We are surface folk, we dig down, fly up a while, always come back onto the flat, the web of gravity holds us tenderly.

24.IX.22

= = = = =

**Naming the dream
people you know so
well there but never
waking. Sometimes
they say their names
themselves, such as I
am Katherine with a K
but mostly they leave
nomenclature to you.
To me, I mean, who have
to wake and write them
in this dream journal
I call my life. Who are you
now, are you the same**

**as yesternight, same eyes,
different posture, a smile
walking a way, a classic
car driving through woods,
crimson, just fast enough.**

25 September 2022

NEUES LIEBESLID

**Come zoom with me
and be my love,
and we on opposite
shores of the sea
will mash our time
zones together, be
and see and talk
together but leave
the touch to the air
alone, surely it must
waft me to you and you
to me one day, even
when the screen is dark.**

25.IX.22

=====

**The woods are dark today
though the sky is pale.
All quiet. I barely
know what I know.
Words woke me – how
could they be mine
and yet I write them down/
Or is it up, against
the impossible gravity
of language, always
settling on some one thing
and meaning so much more.
Now the trees seem lighter
already, after only a hundred**

**or so words in. Do we
talk the day into place?
No. We are only the poor
prisoners of what we mean.**

25 September 2022

= = = = =

**Hercules rules a sudden island
south of the mind's reach.
We depend on word of him
brought my seabirds, and we
have to listen carefully to learn
he is still alive and well,
labors afresh every year, bulls
and barristers, lions and lovers,
when you rule an island
you belong to everything on it,
near it, over it, and far away
women dreaming of it, and men
resolved to sail there if tomorrow
ever gets here. You are safe,**

**Lord Hercules; alone at the core
of every task you stand ready
strong as a story, true as breath.**

25 September 2022

= = = = =

**The calibrations of desire
required by a trembling leaf
remind us of language,
translating Proust, finding
the right words to talk to God
on the confessional or on
the podium where angels
listening surround us
disguised as us. The leaf
quivers in the least breath.
What do you ask of me
it asks of us, how can you see
me in all my immaculate
identity and not revise**

**the structure of your will,
your wants, needs, grasp
of your hands as you reach out,
your fingers trembling too?**

26 September 2022
from & for Charlotte

= = = = =

**The coaster falls
from the cup
drops to the floor
when I pick it up
to drink. Doesn't fall
far, easily retrieved.
But I feel terror of that
tiny instant when a thing
misbehaves, the stone
rushes up into the sky.**

26 September 2022

=====

**Be a tree today
so I can
hear you more clearly.**

26.IX.22, *lune*

=====

**We all are virgins once—
that is the secret.
Once virgin ever virgin.
A tabernacle in the heart
inviolable. We say flesh
but we mean other people.
We say love, but we mean
the place pristine inside us
whose radiance sometimes
illuminates another's face
and we say we are in love,
an odd old-fashioned way
of saying that love is in us.**

26 September 2022

= = = = =

**Vultures flying over the shore
you saw and filmed a minute of
so I could study and could see
how seldom they flipped wings,
mostly soared or floated on
the living currents of the air
no one can see but they can ride,
every now and then flourishing
a wing almost as if saying thanks**

26.IX.22

= = = = =

**What the sea spells
I have said before
listening with my child ear
rapt along the shore
or brought home to hum
in the little tin pail
the back of my head,
occipital symphonies!
grown-up words to say
what the oldest animal
my mother told me
so I could, let me, tell you.**

27 September 2022

== == == == ==

**Third childhood
when the light comes back—
no infant more! infant
means ‘can’t speak;
but hear him roar! One word
makes all the difference,
elegant or Brooklynese
the moon listens patient
as ever, eager even for more.
Keep talking so the world stays born.**

27.IX.22

== == == == ==

**There are differences.
The crow says I see you!
A raven says See me if you can.
I heard a woman in Japan
talk about a falcon,
I heard a hawk squeal
right over my own head
I think though you never
can tell what the sky sees.
Differences, spaces left
between words to let
the light of truth shine in.
Punctuation makes to teach us
how to breathe. Writing
is so strange, made up**

**entirely of differences,
two vultures circling over
a duck-blind on the river.
Differences, so many, the birds
keep teaching us, so many birds
I can't tell a shovel from a spade.**

27 September 2022

= = = = =

**The private life of a pronoun
shows a little on the subway,
how it leans against the door,
swings from a strap, sways
with the shuddering train
or presses back against the pole
or sits demurely eyes in a book
or gazes frantically at all the rest
yearning for its verb to come.**

27.IX.22

= = = = =

**All the mail I was writing
all dream long now finally
sent by waking I can rest,
breathe in that apple-sweet
silence where words are born.
Look out the window, child,
and wait attentive, write down
carefully what your teachers say,
tree, cloud, empty road.**

28 September 2022

= = = = =

**Things balance out.
Balzac drank as much
coffee precisely as
the ink he dipped his pen in.
Maybe? And all the stone
Michelangelo chipped away
some sly Briton pulverized
brought home and laid
a gleaming pathway
leading to a secret shrine
where one day a god appeared.
You won't read that in a book,
it just happened to be,
and whatever is, is true.**

**And think of the sea birds
over the Thames, who heard
Shakespeare's voice shouting
pr coaching in The Globe below,
think of how well they heard him,
carried the power of his words—
so to this day we shiver in clarity
when we hear a seagull cry.**

28 September 2022

LLANTO

**Soon all the books
I can no longer read
will roll away, maybe
all together in a caravan
on the way to wiser owners,
readers with eyes
and tender hands I hope,
who'll flip through pages softly
and blow away the dust of all my
years.**

28.IX.22

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**The webbing
under the upholstery
that holds the cushioning
that holds thee,
I use the singular
to express
there's only one of you
no matter how many you are,
a love song
in other words,
the way music holds us
while we hold
our breath long enough**

**for the heart
(hat old plush easy chair)
eases our whole
body into speech.**

29 September 2022

= = = = =

**A word fell
from the sleep tree
rolled on the grass
came to a stop.
Now what.
Not a mushroom
native to thus ground
not an apple toppled
from a branch I knew.
So what to do?
Kneel down before it
(not in worship,
or not yet, though my knees
remember other genuflections)**

**bend close, closer to it,
take a deep breath and puff out,
blow the word and see where
and whither and why and who
it rolls its own way to.
Then use your breath to
keep it rolling, coax the rest.**

29 September 2022

MICHAELMAS ODE

1.

**The visiting professor
from the University of Universe,
chief justice in Supreme Clarity,
photographed by William Blake,
spokesman of speech itself,
he lectures simultaneously
in eight billion classrooms,
those awkward chunky places
at the back og our heads.
And maybe not just ours.**

2.

**Imagine: the mushroom
hears him too, and the shark,
sandstone, the billowing wave.
And every bird. Not just me
the crows were talking so
fast and furious yesterday
announcing the Eve of Language,
glad day the messenger comes
naked of all but his message.**

3.

***Who is like God* the books
say his name means
but they never told me whether**

**that 'who' is relative pronoun
or a question, I don't go
to cocktail parties much anymore
so hardly anybody I can ask.
Maybe I'll ask him, if I dare,
I know he's there, and there
is sometimes here, and his feast
is now. But then it always is.**

29 September 2022

FLUMINA

**When I was a kid
I was all about rivers,
wanted to know them,
cross them, sometimes even
float in a boat on one
a few minutes of its long day.
Shallow Delaware upstate,
vast Hudson sprawling
through our harbor into ocean,
the East all green and oily
and they said it was no river
but the sea, but good enough
for me. A river comes from
and goes to, and moves slow**

**enough for me to see
everything that was and will be.
And they had names! Rivers
I would never see, Orinoco,
Irrawaddy! Their names alone
carried me along, children
are rafts, everybody knows that,
and there we float and some
keep going. I live in the grace
of what I have been given,
a house with a window, from it
I can see the slim Metambesen
slipping down to be the Hudson.**

29 September 2022

CARLESS IN RONDOUT

**To be without an auto
a day or three might be
liberating. *Auto-* means
self in Greek, so selfless
you might stroll upside down
(I know you always wanted to)
toes tickled by the clouds,
hair trailing down and tickling
in its turn the brows
of passing ordinary boring
right-side-u[pedestrians.
When you get tired, sprawl
out on the top of a leady tree,
beech, say, with smooth leaves**

**and listen to all the sweet
silly endless talk below,
generations jabbering away
while you read the quiet
pale prayer book of the clouds.**

29.IX.22

for D & R

=====

**Altar is *alter*,
the other.**

**We are engineered to,
geared to,
feel compelled to the other.**

**All feeling lead there
to remind us, mind us
that we are here for,
only for the other,
person, mind, self—
the other is the altar
before which we pray.**

(from a recent note) 29.ix.22

= = = = =

**The effect of waiting
is like a stadium
both in the modern sense
where games are sold
and in the ancient sense
we see in the arena pf Paris or the
bull ring at Arles.
Stone seats wooden seats
open to the air and something
happening down there
between us and the earth, something
hard, a man maybe
being beaten a beast being killed
and all we have to do is watch**

**and call ourselves the people
and gather here because we still
think there is something to see.**

29.ix.22 (*recent v.v.*)

= = = = =

**It could be winter,
it could be worse.
The groundhogs
are getting sleepy
and I feel like one of them.
43 degrees, September.
I need Mahler.
I need a cigarette.**

29.IX,22

=====

**I feel cut off
from whatever it is,
a sun-crunched cliff
in a paragraph of Proust,
a cello in a friend's hallway
I once itched to play.
Nobody owns music
and she ran away.
In real life houses
lean on other houses
and the street runs on,
game court for mystery,
games of children, ball
and stick, will I ever grow up,**

at the back of old people's heads
a stuffed owl counts memories,
all the names, places and faces,
why bother to remember
when the sidewalk is right here?
Walk, the curb will lead you,
follow the rain, stay off the bus,
here is coming closer even now.
I ssay this sermon to ,myself
over and over. Someday I'll get
brave enough to kneel down
and scrawl it in white chalk
on those neat cement pages
the book of sidewalk spreads,
smart as an 8-year old again.

299/30.OX.22

THE RIVER

**Grey translucent sludge
inching along, globs
of food and organs in it.
It scared you and that
scared me until I knew
suddenly that this is me,
my being and my body
processing what happens
in it and to it, ugly crawl.
Do something of course
I told myself, exercise
whatever's left of me.**

30 September 2022

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**Harsh as the dream was
to escape
at least it wrote me.**

30,IX,22, *lune*

=====

**Germans say *du*
and French say *tu*
and mean just the one
person I'm talking to
but we say you
which used to mean
all of you, or as the wise
Southron says, y'all.
But now it's anybody,
any may number can play
but we've let *thee* and *thou*
slip away, we only use them
to be heard in heaven.**

30 September 2022

= = = = =

**Not much going on,
one more song
hard enough to sing,
trees are green,
sky sort of blue
and I love you
all over again–
that’s what days are for,
plane landing over Idlewild,
empty bottle on the shelf.
notes I scrawled last night.**

30.IX.22

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**Why do people go
anywhere
when here is right here?**

30.IX.22, *lune*

= = = = =

**What can you learn from
Greece that this
stone couldn't tell you?**

30.IX.22, lune

== ==

**The picture is so different
from its object.**

**It makes me wonder
if I'm the one who ought to be
looking at it. Or is every
image calling for the Other
and I'm jut intruding on
a timeless intimacy between
the image and Someone Else.**

30.IX.22

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**Sp I have played
with every toy I could find,
Bible and commentary, Hesiod,
baseball, Donizetti, Faust.
But things stand still. asking,
objects are so demanding—
Listen to the chair tell
what it has endured,
and leaf shadows dancing on it
the pale curtain on the window
whispers. *I am your mother.***

30 September 2022

= = = = =

**Have you ever tried
the moon for breakfast?
I hear troops marching
on the ocean floor
Everything tells me I'm wrong,
I cherish their unanimity—
a blessing in being obvious.**

30 September 2022

= = = = =

**Oats litter the floor.
Stable. With spoon
I counteract the spill.
Horse here. A horse
is used to sharing.
No clothes, all warmth
comes from within/
The seed. The center.**

**30 September 2022
Kingston**

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