

10-2022

Oct2022

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**Time has a kabbalah
of its own,
when things loom
and when they happen,
how we try to tell ourselves
what is to come
or even urgently
what time is this,
what is this now,
the owl-head M of Monday
left over from Egypt,
lagged tooth f Wednesday's
W, the bite of midweek,
childish warnings,**

**trying, guessing to know
what time wants of us,
o language is a desperate risk, the
secret formula solve now,
now may or may not come again.**

1 October 2022

= = = = =

**Classrooms on the moon
where young poets learn
meaningful dreaming**

and semiotic touch—

which

**parts of their own body
they should listen to
most keenly,**

and which

**to keep at a respectful
distance, mere ancestry
snoring way inside.**

**In those pale lunar chambers
they learn that urgent skill:
to speak without assertion,
hum and sing and watch the sky
and let the reader drive.**

1 October 2022

= = = = =

**Of course I'm sentimental.
If I were any more so
I would turn from mauve
to blue and fade like
the roses of Sharon on our lawn,
As it is, I talk all winter long.**

1 October 2022

= = = = =

**O headache is the noble pain
we let ourselves discuss
almost proudly among friends
whereas the barking shin,
the corn-nipped toes
we leve unspoken,
they grind away at us
steadily, so quietly—
we build our noble
edifices of thought
to hide their nibbling in.**

1.X.22

GREEN MAN

**They were faking folklore
they wanted me too
to come big and strong and all
smeared green to seize
a cute girl from administration
and carry her off
just like folk legends,
weird creatures from the woods,

just what most men want to do
anyhow, green or purple
doesn't matter, out of the trees
and seize! Carry, press her
to chest and face and feel her
squirming with feigned fear**

and real delight, she likes it too.

I loved the image,

I hated the idea.

**What kind of monster
did they think I am?**

**I rejected their request,
did not attend, did not hear
the squealing autumn noise
sloshing garden and woods,
their innocent playful crudity
wrapped in fairy tales.**

**I have my conscience,
I have my pride. But I still
can feel the feel of her
clutched so lovingly tight**

in my arms that never held her.

2 October 2022

A POEM I DIDN'T WANT

**to write but the words
kept talking till
I got upn to write them down.
Then the fun begins.
Began. I feel so middle-class,
the only thing that saves me
from utter bourgeoisie is that
I hate to travel. I like it here.
I am a peasant. No wonder
so many words come
up for the harvesting!**

2 October 2022

= = = = =

**The words that want us
are like the rock face
of the anticline the highway
cut through, across the river,
the words are everywhere, solid,
evident, we drive through them
to get anywhere at all.
Even to stay here, *on this rock*.
But vowels are vistas—
through them we see
to the end of this world.**

2 October 2022

= = = = =

**Hands you can shake off
but words stick
the rest of your life.**

2.X.22, *lune*

THE TREES IN THE TRIANGLE

**Their soft green
is meaning me,
slow toss of branch
eases me into rhythm,
trees know how to wait
until the right word comes,
a little breeze from the north,
a saint's breath prying for us.**

2.

**These are the things you learn
by doing nothing. *Far niente*
the wise Italians day, Romans**

**of course, their Empire
never really ended,
language leads us still.
So sit with the trees and listen,
remember what comes before.**

3.

**I sound so moralist
to talk like this,
I just repeat the rules
my mother gives me,
my mother from the sea
and here I am. The land
is restless till with our
endless conversations**

we ease it back to sleep.

2 October 2022

= = = = =

**So bright suddenly the sky
like a memory leaping to mind.
What had I forgotten so long,
the sheer joy of being here?
A bird soars over the tallest tree
and I don't even know its name!**

2 October 2022

== == == == ==

**Little religion
of waking up.
tiny drops of water,
seeds a few,
pollen from a flower
on the skin.
And then a little sound
like the clink of glass
against a glass
in a vast empty hall,
a few more drops of water
smile on the skin.**

3 October 2022

== == == == ==

**We do this to .each other
this love thing,
a headache shared,
I smile with the muscles of your
face.
It is the holiest game on earth.**

3 October 2022

= = = = ==

**O infamous obvious
I'm on your side,
I relish your truth,
to say the obvious out loud
is being the sun in the sky.
Leave the hidden
to the witches—
glory in the story we all know.**

3.X.22

= = = = =

**Do not touch me
I am not here
the clothes she wore
said that most plain.**

3.X.22, 4x4

= = = = =

**The sleep of trees
wakes humans up.
Time is our food,
we share one plate.**

3.X.22. 4x4

=====

**Telescopes fail
to show the truth
of why we look
so far away.**

3.X.22, 4x4

= = = = =

**These gnomonic four-
by-fours are meant
to get the truth
out of the way.**

3.X.22, 4x4

=====

How can a four-sided object have six sides? Ask the room you're in.

3.X.22 4x4

= = == = =

**Then the numbers flowed away.
we was left u the Delaware again,
sun bleached pebbles in shallows
years passed and he no wiser.
at least the numbers were gone,
and water was still there, some,
shallow but still moving, river
between states, red dirt roads,
all that remembering business
sloshed at MY ankles again.
Vultures overhead, wild turkeys
pecking down from the woods.
Other river. other weather, why?
Why? It sounds like a cry,**

**memory is a muscle in pain,
no solution to the present,
no cure for the past.
But numbers at least were gone,
the water eased along,
birds paid no attention to me,
here I am, the lese was signed,
all the lawyers smiling in heaven.**

3 October 2022

= = = = =

**So if I lifted the latch
who would come in
and if I hold the door
open long enough
to catch the breeze
through the maple trees
will someone suddenly
just be there a smile of woman
a too serious young man
hand ready to persuade me
to read his ancient book or just sit
down then and there and write the
story of all our lives
yet to come so beautiful to be.
A door is good for future right inside
the keyboard under the fingers pen**

**in hand eyes closed even someone
else's gentle hand strong on
someone's brow.**

2/3 October 2022, v.v.

=====

**Catholic bells
are different from the other kind
that say here we are
come if you've a mind to
we have good architecture,
nice music to sing along with.
But Catholic bells insist
come whether you want to or not
come and be blessed
or stay away and be damned.
Our windows are prettier too.**

3 October 2022

=====

**At a certain moment
it had been decided in him
that the world was real
in just the way he was,
if he was, aware and feeling
and thinking about everything
and wanting and not wanting
and forever being there.
He wanted to be there forever
so took lessons from the stone,
not just vast arching synclines
or mountains on the horizon
but from pebbles on the path,
did research among the trees,
grasslands of the 40th parallel,**

**Buzzards Bay and Bosphorus but
most of all the sea he could see
from the cloud he also visited,
sleep or waking, one mind for all.**

4 October 2022

= = = = =

**Wait on the bridge
she said
or was it under?
He kept moving,
under over, never
leaving the arch
that held the road
along which she
would have to come.
Or did she move
by water? Under,
over, back in the shade,
dazed up full moonlight..
And when she did come**

would he know her,
know she is the one
who named his vigil,
especially she meant
under the span, snug
in the archway, dark?
Wait by the bridge
was all he was sure of—
hold onto that, keep
the faith, keep waiting.

4 October 2022

= = = = =

**Maybe I'll give
everything up
and see wha comes
back by itself.**

4 October 2022 4x4

=====

**Who left the gate open
so the sun slipped away?
Why is it raining?
If we want to be kings on earth
we have to take all the blame
for nature, apologize for reality.**

4.X.22

PSALM

for J.N.

**The Lord is my shepherd
he sang and the stone listened**

**bite marks on though leek leaf
pilgrim disguised as a jogger**

**children skillfully play
a game they don't understand,**

**and I would be his sheep
her pet tiger the autumn moon**

**cover your heads dear friends
harvest soon, too soon to plant.**

2.

**Next year's alliums already
sting my eyes, I need
the mead of music, parched
with truth, need the holy
silence only music brings,**

**stone on your doorstep, door,
threshold, liminal, margin,
pages of the book to be,
Adonai rohi it sounded like,
his young voice suddenly old.
words age us, did I even know
I wanted to be a sheep, a ram
even mighty with curved horns,**

**would I eat grass? But what is
this tumult around me, a town,
nation sick with fun at midnight,
who really is the moon?**

5 October 2022

= = = = =

**The resilience of architecture
comforts the pilgrim,
no place to lay his head
his own head maybe
but there are places,
houses proliferate, stone
walls stand.**

**I rub my eyes,
Parthenons and Vaticans
on every street.
And every boulevard
leads to the sky—
every pilgrim knows that.
The delivery van drives around**

**and finds its fated house.
The pilgrim watches
boxes walk inside,
the truck move on.
Why can't it be a bus
and him inside? There is
some me everywhere
so why not I?
Itchy grass, autumn moth.
another mile.**

5 October 2022

= = = = =

**The bus goes by.
I wonder why.
Where else is there
to be but now?**

5.X.22, 4x4

=====

**Wear want
like satin,**

**show compliance
with seeming
so all know.**

**Knowing is
your gift to them
they wait for you
to show.**

5.X.22

=====

**I may be a hound
but don't call me a dog
i stand in the water
up to the knee,
my knee, my sea,
I borrow a shadow
from a sea, wave
my sword arm high
but no blade in it,
just fingers pointing
to stars I can't see,
can't name if I could,
yes, you know me,
you've read about me
your entire life**

**in that broken mirror
you found in the garage.**

5 October 2022

=====

Clamshell

Venus mercenaria,

why, why?'

**So curved so pale
so smooth inside,
faint purple of sunset
undert the knob
that once held another.**

**Clamshell, ashtray,
paint pot, inkwell,
dip your language
into shallow shell,**

**quill makes it wobble
the rim so white
so rough below,
a living being
made this font for thee.**

5 October 2022

THE OTHER

To Her

**The sounding
makes sense,
whatever's said
is on its way
to her,**

**rod
to test the deep
or wooden
board to be loud
or**

**letter by letter
spelled itself**

**on its way there
sun come
obe tree so
many leaves.**

6 October 2022

= = = = =

**In old days they knitted,
now not.**

**Why bother wool
to weave either
when there are words
and no sheep shorn?**

**Weave the meaning
of your days
and let me wear it
in the cold night
of being me.**

6 October 2022

= = = = =

**Wait long enough
even the weather wobbles,
slumps down beside you,
rests its warm cheek
on your bare shoulder.
Everything laughs at us
but waiting is what we do best.
Wait at the gate. Here it comes.
Anticipate. Venerate.**

6 October 2022

=====

**You are even more complicated
than you think I am.
I give you a rose
and you wonder where it's from.
You would know history
and I have only me.
And I even forgot
to smell the rose on its way.**

6 October 2022

= = = = =

**Morning menace:
mower
complacent in his
loud little noise box
that grinds on the grass
and leaves it as it way
it seems. They do it
for the sound, the carbon
footprint they delight
to print on the air,
sky, the baffled trees
who wonder why we
plant lawns but hate grass.
See, the mower makes**

**my mind stupid
with its chant, makes me
think and say the obvious.
Go home. Leave green alone.**

6.X.22

= = = =

Unter vier Augen
the Germans say,
under four eyes
as *tete-a-tete*,
head to head
me and you and
nobody else,
knee to knee
we might say,
a table between
our only witness.

6.X.22

= = = = =

**Raptacious
as a dream
snatching away
the taste of morning.**

**an old word
they use it in Kentucky
greedy to grab,
rip off the grey
cloaks of waking.**

**Words wake us.
dream drags up
back from the what
is this anyhow,**

**we blunder through images
even when there's no one there.**

7 October 2022

= = = = =

**Getting started
moon on river
arch over flowing**

**where had we been
to see such sights
one breath between
sermon and song**

**church of the woods
north east south west
we spun the dial**

always only one tree

**at the center
find the right one
and tell the moon,**

**bridges are best
for thinking—Come
on home with me
the night explains.**

7 October 2022

= = = = =

**Race car driver
aimed at the sky.
Show the video again,
the part where the books
sre bones and the whole city
turns into a cemetery**

**2.
you can see that too, gazing
through a broken window
lo into an old miner's shack
and there everything is, *tu sais?***

3.

**Mila found the bones of his mother,
somehow taught how to think,
thinking is praying, isn't it?
taming the mind, holding
one thought and being held by it,
what do you find to start you?**

4.

**Magic has no exceptions,
only excuses, words we didn't
grasp in the first place
now bite us on the wrist,
the fang of forgetting,
come home to the ruins**

**that stretch out for miles
in the Pompeii of your mind,
the world fresh and new outside.**

7 October 2022

=====

**Guilty. I am a chain-breather,
even on trains and planes, funerals
and churches,
crowded theaters, even in bed
my furtive breaths inhale
each one delicious, each takes in
the reality of circumstance,
the where and when of all the air
around me, each air special,
different, no need for cinnamon
I tesse my wife, but sometimes
sometimes I do need to add
the sugar of her smile. 7.x.22
*HMS BOTANY***

sailed through the woods,
the squint-eyed captain
measuring leaves,
drawing outlines of them
in a dusty book—
someday I'll get them all
he breathes, and the first mate
helps the helmsman steer between
the trees,
name me! name me!
each one cries, so much work
a life to sail a mile of woods.

7.X.22

= = = = =

**I know they say shabbát
in Hebrew but in Brooklyn
we heard shábbess, as if a girl
waiting for us at sunset
beautiful and full of kindness,
we had to be at our best for her,
the lady who never abandons us.**

7 October 2022

INVITATION TO ATLANTIS

**come with me to that place whose
name lives**

so deeply in all water

we will not find it deep below

**we will find it high above the sea in
what we call the sky**

**where every cloud every breath
is moisture is mother**

**an inhabitant of that strange
country that vanished
before we could even begin**

**vanished and left us to do the work
of being, being the others
so maybe just maybe we are**

**Atlantis already the world that
slipped below the clouds the world
of secrets clear as the sky.**

6/7.x.22, v.v.

= = = = =

Roll up these mountains

Slip me into your pocket

Carry me along the river bank

to where churches stand,

face each other Island to mainland,

cross to cross

and each has its own idea

where heaven is and what

kind of street goes there

**All I know is that
heaven is right here
so stop anywhere you like
take me out and set me down.**

7/8.X.22, v.v.

= = = = =

**Blue sky
shy cloud in it
not so bad
October
we come here
for the stone
fact, children
of the glacier we
search for father,
the real one,
the rock.
You know this,
you go there
for the jubilee,**

**the celebration
every day
that is stone,
stone island, stone
peninsula outstretched
into the mothering sea.
You go there to determine
the facts are as you supposed
as a child among the dogs of men
haltingly grabbing at you
and you knew, even then,
you were stronger than they,
you were *petros*, the rock
on which the church is
yet to be built.
And what a church it will be!**

**No spirest but desire,
no pontiff but the other,
for them and us all
you sim your mind,
shape the shimmer of thought
into a word we all can see,
a true word soft as marble—
you're right it really does
look just like human skin.**

8 October 2022

= = = = =

A rumor on the Rialto,

a bird is coming, hawk-hungry
but no squeal alive
to warn us, a silent bird
wings made of memory
spread out to shield us
from motherly sunshine,
and there we'll be
glum in the shade,
quiet as music
with no one to talk to,
not even ourselves.
They think it's winter
but I know it's longer than that,
I have seen its feathers fall
now and then across the path,
in shadow, no sun glare,

**easier to pick out
the threads in the fabric,
a bird that we thought!
will scare us to sleep.**

8 October 2022

= = = = =

**The caliber of October
aimed at us,
do we humble**

**us before winter?
Us is a strage country,
can't make up our minds.**

9.X.22

NUMINA

**Sometimes saying their names
is communication enough.**

**Friends. The family
with no shared DNA. Names
link us, recite them sometimes
at waking, to know them,
to know they are there.**

2.

Write down all their names.

Mix the letters all together.

Play Scrabble with them,

**use all the letters, unscramble
the secret messages, call it**

**kabbalah of friendship,
what you have really learned
from knowing them. Love
in this science is just,
but just a song along the way.**

3.

**So I wrote down the names
of friends I had to write to
today, little notes mostly,
nothing scary. I wrote
what I had to write, it felt
so strange, as if it all
were done already
on this busy day, as if
they knew already all**

**that I was about to say,
knew all, but I knew
they needed the words too.**

9 October 2022

= = = =

Broken things

sing story,

**geology of breccia,
Arthurian romance, a stone
to stumble on
yet again.**

**Again the dream
of houses where,
the blond sunlight invading,
woodshed and Alaska,
hold it steady, the pan too full.**

**Time is what must get answered
but never soon, the light
above the door comes on,
a voice gentle as the fingertip**

**tap on the window glass says
I was born here can I come in?**

**absurd pilgrim, to think
and to think you can ever leave
a place you have been,**

**places stick, you are their sum
stumbling through the shattered
fragments of the new.**

**The stone rested there.
Pick up your lute or flute
or telescope and try
to make a song of it,
an image we can see—**

**that would be brave, bold
as an engine,
sweet as the stones
of ancient Athens
scattered in your backyard.**

10 October 2022

PAGE ONE

They lay down side by side on the gentle slope of the hillside, grass under, and looked out over the grasslands stretching out to the horizon.

“Where are we in this green earth?”

“Nebraska,” L answered.

“I know that,” said M, “I mean where are we in this

world, what is our place, how do we fit in??”

“Nebraska is still my answer—we have to be someplace in particular, and from the place we can figure out why we’re here.”

10.X.22 to S.W.

== == == == ==

**It came in the night
like a pebble in the shoe
a dream with no people in it
and no place at all**

**just the single feeling
of being *outside indoors*—
how could anyone go on sleeping?**

10 October 2022

WALKING THE LOG

midnight spindrift
puzzle as could be
sheer odentity
villain in every piece
my friend wrote an opera
the beech trees of the hill
can hear it better than
always [?] I, the villain,
basso malefico, growls
cloaked in Irish sunshine--
open the door and let it in.

10-11.x.22

= = = = =

**Tell me about the highest
road in those mountains
across the river and I will
and I will tell you about
a snail shell I found once
on a plate in Chinatown,
no. that was a cockleshell
the snail was in the yard
before the war, remember
the sky above the steeple,
the small tree I didn't know
you said it was a hawthorn
and now is now? Snail trail
leads here, always. Drive
up Overlook, Round Top?
Be a car with me, a warm**

more vehicle than utility,
more utility than sport but
still, wheels work, growl
up the road, all I want to do
is breathe the sky, suddenly
that sounds scary, angels?
what price that breath?
bark of the locust tree too,
rivers flowing straight up,
in France this is the day of Mars
here it's Two's day, old you'n me,
ride me up there, my shell
Spun around a mere identity
you can change any time you like
just by saying so, here we go
tell what used to live inside me

**before it talked itself out away,
please help me to find the tree.**

11 October 2022

=====

**Nobody on my mind.
Hmm. Nobody
in my ballroom, nobody
waiting on the daybed.
Who are these absence?
If all morning were like this
where would civilization be?
Isn't it really just other people?
What am I doing here alone,
caveman babbling sounds
that float away like feathers
in the autumn air, feathers
but no birds. We exist
only for the other, where**

**on earth are they now?
I am alone with the trees,
no names in in my head,
so I will be of use to the trees.**

11 October 2022

BONJOUR, ROBERT,

**you have milked this melancholy
long enough. Never
have you seen a stone weeping.
Laughing, yes, rolling down hill
splashed all over in the stream.
But no gloom. A stone is here
for the season, for a reason,
rest on the thought of it now
as a traveler might settle
for a minute on the stone itself
left by rhe glacier song his road.**

11 October 2022

=====

**Something strange about the way
a white truck runs along
through dense trees
an empty morning road
it's a miracle story f
rom sacred history,
Bible or Babylon,
a sudden shine makes the moment
real.**

11 October 2022

=====

whenever the other—
like an amphora carved
out of purple marble,
small, for oil, or rest
scattered pearls in,
time is like that, time
is the kiss of the other
given freely, answer it
we must, you mke me me.

2.

It comes of having things.
A little stone pot on the sill
from Greece by friend

**whose loss is still,
still there, palpable,
colorful, the way death's pigments
linger
in the fresh new day.**

3.

**So I suppose history began
when we first made things.
Before that, there was nothing
to force us to remember,
maybe trees turning color,
but then the green comes back snow
melts and here I am.**

4.

**Thingless thinking?
Goethe begging for more light?
Close the senses, be a stone
and do nothing but remember?
Dangerous mind of morning.**

12 October 2022

= = = = =

**History is a habit
history is a whore
history belongs to any
bloke who writes a book.**

12.X.22

= = = = =

**The yellow lingers
longer in this season,
sunlight lathered leaves
even on cloudy days.
O holy Torah of the visible,
how much you teach us
even when we close our eyes.**

12 October 2022

**THE NAMES PRONOUNCE US
into the room. Our names?
Time will tell. English names
come sfrom the parent–Johnson–
or where tey lived–Oakes–
or how they earned a living
–Fisher–or how ancestor
looked–Brown. Men quarrel
all life long with their names.
But still when the herald calls
they come into the room, sure
of nothing but the ground below
which holds them now and would
keep mothering them if they fall.**

12 October 2022

=====

**Remember on the desert
how a man on the road
seemed as weird as a wolf
but there were no wolves,**

**and if he stopped and started
to talk his words would have
the authority of strangeness,
the legitimacy of almost
no meaning at all, except
the one you had to find in them,**

**a burden like the desert sun,
cactus leaning on a hot breeze.
You called him Moses**

**and wrote it all down,
and drove him into town.**

13 October 2022

= = = = =

**A machine is lecturing nearby,
the grass might be its audience
but it is raining and I wonder.
I see it crawling by the fence-
who would have a pet like that?**

13.X.22

= = = = =

**When a circle opens its eye
the world falls in.
Can't help it, that's the way
light goes, always eager
for some frame or vessel,
grail or amphora or pool.
Light wades in. The circle
suddenly bright, its eye
shines back and thanks the light,
gladsome sensual reciprocals.**

13 October 2022

= = = = =

**Shapely lamp posts
of Brooklyn childhood
shaped the manner—
no light stands alone.
Somehow one must be
beautiful to be seen
and make others see.
Cities do the real teaching-
school is to get away from home.**

13 October 2022

CHANSON

**If I waited any longer
it would be now
and then where would you be?
Out there in Elsewhere
among the arrogant taxis,
lone pedestrian or hurrying
along with goofy friends.
AND here I bide, slowly
relaxing the strings of my lute.**

13.X.22

SOCIETY

**List all the things that scare you
then expect
they will be brought before
one by one or all at once,
the gorilla and the rattlesnake,
raving rightist with a gun,
all the infectious diseases of Asia,
all ready to pounce, slither, bite,
insinuate, fire, choke.
That's what other people are for.**

13.X.22

= = = = =

**Shadows left on the wall.
Nineveh. White wet tile
of swimming pool and all
of you in it It isn't that walls
confine us—they belong to us,
sleepy guard dogs Ake care
of us, , mutt or glossy pedigree, they
need so little chow,
just our shadows.
Nurture. Remember. Stand.**

14 October 2022

= = = = =

**Cat on windowsill
looking out through glass
street-level apartment
newish building but where?
Upper East Side? Berlin?
It didn't speak, I don't know
its language, but its eyes
still follow me, the way any
cat sees right through you
as we say in English, never
guessing what they discern
on the other side of us.
Pale brick of the wall, clean
window, a potted plant
not far behind the cat, table,
dark interior, think of him**

still, I guess he's my cat.

14 October 2022

= = = = =

**The Chairman of the Bored
turns on the telly,
watches things hurtle against
each other for the sake
of a thing like a giant almond nut
they call a ball. Switch.
A high-pitched baritone
screams the news in French.
Click. Water shortage in..
he changes channels before
he can learn where, thirsty
already, Now here's something:
Scottish detectie on the trail of
h he's seen this one already.**

Switch off. The big black screen is dark, more interesting than what it had once displayed. It's like a mirror, it shows a dim vista of the room he's in, he sees himself in his chair, things getting interesting at last.

14.X.22

== == == == ==

**Woman in fox fur
man in black jersey.
Then the rest of the night
mist in the trees at morning.
How many daisies fit on one lawn
how many hazelnuts did you
slip into my palm?
Precision leaves a lot unclear,
the visitors have gone,
why are we never alone?
At times like this
I really miss the sea.**

15 October 2022

== == == == ==

**Casuist of circumstance
I argue from the bottom,
never mind the flowery
steepletop of things—
bite the root. Permit
friendship. View skill
with caution—who knows
where a discus lands,
tricky as sunbeams
the kids in your class
way back then. Decide.
Make your mind up beforehand
what kind of day it will be.
Arguing with angels is allowed,
they listen but are hard to sway.**

Shoes on! Pilgrimage resumes!

15 October 2022

= = = = =

**Later the mist lifted a little.
The sky rubbed its eyes
so trees had leaves again,
not just shapes. Accept omen.
Make love to the details.**

15.X.22

=====

**There is a reason
for the color of our eyes—
sea, sky, earth, the night,
it tells us what we should see—
or is it only what we have
already so many times seen?**

15.X.22

= = = = =

**When I was a child
we heard whippoorwills up here,
all gone, now wild turkeys come
and the pheasants are gone.
No more porcupines
but bears lumber gracefully
in backyards at midnight.
Who know what happens
in the river, sturgeons,
seals by Saugerties?
And am I the same as I have been?**

15.X.22

= = = = =

**It's all my fault,
my latest hit,
the one assertion
you'll all believe
It's all my fault
I cry and they applaud,
confession is good
for the soul they say,
soft as white bread
after the rind of the real.**

15 October 2022

= = = = =

**I was in a leather jacket
pair of pliers in the pocket,
face mask but no cigarettes
and a whole city full of choosing.
Leather ice skates, wallpaper
of pale 18th Century ladies
lying about in a landscape.
And everyone was elderly,
the walls were blue and close,
every shop was full of things,
interesting things, good
to look at and be near to
but no urge to buy. Things
are better where they are,
don't take them home, they
are landscape of the other**

**leave things where you see them,
they make no sense in my own
living room. And I don't smoke
but needed to learn how
to buy cigarettes these days,
Indian reservations? None
on West 59th, at least the street
sign maintained it was.**

15 October 2022

SPOUSAL

**Breathe me with your breath,
let me sleep in the rhythm**

**of your breathing beside me,
we live each other in the dark.**

16 October 2022

GUNSHOTS AT DAWN

**far enough away
for me to think our bodies
make these sounds.
Then closer, closer
till even I understand
that what I hear
is murder in the woods,
on the river. Not much
consolation to recognize
that birds are being slaughtered,
not other people. Hunters
must be the strangest creatures,
blasting lives out of the sky.**

16.X.22

= = = = =

**Early fell in love
with what he would become,
spent his youth
shaping his old age.
Even in high school you could
tell in the locker room
he yearned to settle
a grandchild on each knee
and before he even shaved
dreamt a beard down his chest.
Scholarship came easy to him,
he was after all the sum of all
that had been before, just look**

**in the mirror and see Rome rise,
Polynesians raft the sea, Moses
holding up the sacred tablets
on which the revelation rode:
the alphabet itself, is all we need.
Some kids are born with a Ph.D.**

16 October 2022

LINDEN

**The linden tree has heart
-shaped leaves we say
but the shape we have in mind
is nothing like the heart inside.**

**Now I start wondering if we draw
those pretty little symmetrical
big-bosomed pointy red hearts
on old-fashioned Valentines
and high-tech emojis because
they're the shape of linden leaves**

and who knows which came first,

**maybe linden was the tree
that taught us love, maybe it
means more than a muscle does.**

16.X.22

BOOK REVIEW

It is a great epic for the Do-It-Yourself era, a long poem the subject matter of which is language, its heroes are pronouns and its story is whatever comes to mind as you read or hear it. Yes, you can hear it too! Line by line into the small eternity of your own forgetfulness.

16.X.22

= = = = =

**Deign to do.
Arose. Boards
creaked
feet beneath.
Grey breath
hardly yet.
Sneak up
on the day
is best.
Deign
to perceive,
rub the sky
gently,
it too knows
how to sleep.
Stall by window**

design to see.

17 October 2022

= = = = =

**Evidence, inference,
polar bear made of snow,
animal translated from weather,
too many things to do today
to do any of them,
tell children that, all it takes
is watching snow melt,
keep in mind images of the bear,
wait for the bus to come.
Dare to do less—the artist
works all night so you can stand
wide-eyed and gape-mouthed
at what she has done, you
don't know her, never saw**

**anything but the bear, the bright
sunlight on its unwinking eyes,
the sun that scares all of us away.**

17 October 2022

= = = = =

**It doesn't feel like an opera today
it feels like a dignified old-fashioned
British detective story, the only
evidence the color of fallen leaves.**

17 October 2022

STUDY THE CEILING,

**the ceiling has much to say.
It has heard and smelled
so many things, witnessed
scenes out of {roust or worse,
kept the wrath of heaven from
falling on the slugabeds below.
Study on ad study slow,
lie there and let your research
be excuse enough for lingering
two woolen and one cotton layer
deep beneath fascinating blank**

17 October 2022

= = = = =

**Is it a truck a block away
or your own fridge behind you?
Everything makes music—
you decide. I mean you do,
all of you do, even though
so few hear between the lines.**

18 October 2022

= = = = =

**Somebody's birthday
and I forget. The trees
who tell me so much
keep their own calendars
so I suppose they don't
know whose. But who knows?**

18 October 2022

=====

**The Feast of St. Brevity,
gloriously impatient,
pAtron of haiku and lunes.**

18.X.22

= = = = =

**Suppose Eden was a prison
and the apple a key to get out.
How would we think of serpents?**

**Is there anything in the world
that isn't really upside down?**

**We are deep-sea creatures
living at the rich
bottom of the ocean of sky.**

18.X.22

= = = = =

**In future society,
diseases will be classified
by the price of treating them.
Children will boast
of the cost of their cure.**

18.X.22

= = = = =

**Listen to the light
she said
and rode away**

**miles past the mountains
there is a city
where they chew on air**

**where they build on water
and walk on sunbeams
even late at night**

**mostly what they do there
though is waiting,
the teacher comes now and then**

**smelling if cinnamon
robed in cinnabar
wise, wise, wiser
even than words.**

19.X.22

= = = = =

**Soak a face cloth
with warm water,
wring it out a little.
Now rub it firmly
slowly on the stone
nearest your door.
Then carefully wring
out the last new drops
into a glass, you'll want
an ounce or two, Then,
only then, set it out
in the sun, then that very
might in moonlight
or darkness if no moon.**

**Next day take a scant
teaspoon of it. This
will cure you of time.**

19 October 2022

= = = = =

As writers we try in language to recover and reclaim the awarenesses we had as children, that children have, before language give them tools to communicate, while limiting what they can find words to communicate. The give-and-take of language keeps us busy, but I suspect that most writers wisely or foolishly

**feel wistful for that time before
words, when sll they could do is feel,
and hear, and touch, and know.**

19.X.22

= = = = =

**Riding a horse
that isn't there,
kayaking in the clouds—**

**a body has a mind in it can do
these almost wicked things.**

**Now I'll sit down and
run my daily mile.**

19.X.22

LOOKING AT THE MAYBE

**yes it is dawn after all
the dark receding
into the trees
weaves me with almost
a world to see,
little world, bushes,
birdbath, fence—
and fence means town
and town means true,
city, all of us and you.
The little song again
seeps from the sky.**

20 October 2022

=====

**Trumpet blare on Crescent Street
wa-wa of slide trombones
angled off the mouthpiece so
they wouldn't hit the guy ahead
autumn of Italian band
parading down to Linden,
festival at St. Fortunata's,
who was She, the blaring
made us all holy, we too,
saints of just standing there.**

20 Oxrober 2022

= = = = =

**All the things I've said before
hyssop and juniper and *je t'aime*
clogged vestibule of the ear
choked with would-be music
and I'm sorry but not very,
the beast goes on, the field
slips into trees and no end,
the beast runs parallel to mind,
where else s there to go
once the sun has risen?
All the harbingers, all
the glorious aftermaths!
Sovereign sleep drops the reins
the busybody democrats of day
take over, each deed a prayer,
each footstep a pilgrimage.**

You start by accepting your name.

20 October 2022

= = = = =

**Moss covers the rock
up to the crack.
There sea shows through
dark we call green
and flecked with sun,
what little works in.
We see this thing.
We treasure it, precious
object discovered in dream.
Only there. It is as if
there were no other sea.**

20 October 2022

PERILS OF PUBLIC READING

**They put it in my hand
when I came in,
I was still holding it
when it was time to begin
so thumb nail easy
cracked the grainy skin,
I fingered out one
segment, mouthed it
to be polite, said mmm
and sucked the not so
Very sweet thin juices,
chewed the tough fiber,
my tongue said tangerine.
He's eating an orange!
I heard someone say**

**and I am polite so
I said thanks for the fruit.**

**2.
Fruit! There
was the problem,
there was the sin.
I was there
to be poet
but right away
I generalized.
Fruit. It could
mean kiwi or banana.
I chewed some more
to cover up my fault,
resolved to rectify it**

**before I said a single
word brought to read,
pages in my other hand.
Thank you for the tangerine
I cried and another voice
said He means a mandarin.
I shu up and started to speak.**

21 October 2022

= = = = =

**The brpken pavement
the boy sheltering from rain**

his head bent to shield
the book he studied,
Hebrew fluttering pages,
Or Aramaic, was it kabbalah,
I closed my eyes, he was gone,
sunset, no rain, the road
cracked still at my feet.
How far to go. How far
is it really from one to two,
can we get there in an hour,
can I get there in one life?
I knew at least I was that boy
once, the print was Greek,
doxa, mere opinion, falsehood?
Or thinking on its way to reason,
a guess, a book lost long ago.

21 October 2022

= = = = =

**If again
wakes, looks
at mirror
asks am I**

**two of me
or is seeing
dreaming still?**

22.X.22

= = = = =

**Pretty dock *Dakar*
blue fish-
erman's yawl,**

**o a jetty is a gentle
place, a land
safe for seeing sea.**

**One stands and admires
lines of the vessel,
lines of the coast,**

O I would be a harbor

**and all the names
would come to me,
moor in my emptiness.**

22.X.22

= = = = =

**The feeling comes
with no words to say it,
hardly even a picture,
maybe huge bright window
of a classroom prison
a child praying to it,
through it, to be out.
But that's too cute, too sad.
There is some hope
happening too, ghost
planning a new life,
mourners betting drunk
after a funeral, burial,
the loud saloons by Calvary.**

**No. That goes down
the wrong street. Be alone
and be out there.
Treetop—that's more like it.
Don't climb it. Just be it.**

22 October 2022

= = = = =

**Sometimes you know
what people mean
even if their words don't.
Gradually the child
learns to spell silence.**

22.X.22

= = = = =

**O busy traveler
isn't it time
for you to sit down
and tell what you have seen,**

**what all the places
made you be,
and who you are now
right now, sitting on a chair,
eyes closed, not even remembering?**

22.X.22

= = = = =

**Haven't I told you
enough about rabbits already?
Well, here's another one.
A rabbit jumped into the creek,
climbed onto a log floating by,
rode on it downstream
all the way to the sea
and turned into me.
It's always scary to tell the truth.**

22.X.22

= = = = =

**Years ago in Lucknow
scrawled on a wall
VOT DILIP KUMAR.
Hard to forget it.
On a stone near my house
carved in VITE WILSON.
Hard to forgive
what they make things say.**

22.X.22

= = = = =

**Everything is small.
We can say the whole
length of the Danube
in one word. Ister.
Or the largest thing on earth
has such a small name. Sea.
And the one who wakes us
every morning without fail.
You have to say a whole
lot of words to say less.**

22.X.22

= = == = = = =

**Why aren't you in church
the bird demanded.**

**—I am, I am, can't you see
the trees all round me?**

**—I thought people needed
churches that talked.**

**—We do, I do, just listen
to those sermoning leaves.**

23.X.22

= = = = =

**Cranky bathrooms
had to share, moldy brick
a long walk to the taxi stand
how to get home?**

**Each dream
asks that question in a new way,
perils of nocturnal literature,
ask the nice ladies for a ride,
every entrance leads back
to old darl brick, ragged ivy,**

stand by the oven and wonder,

**will they let me in their car.
It is a long way to California
I seem to be from. Books
think under my arm,
don't ask me what they say.**

23.X.22

ONCE IN ANNAPOLIS

**visiting a friend
there for the yachts
I never saw, the sea
was near but somehow
belonged to the Navy
and the wealthy. Ah well,
things do. But there
I saw a tree, no names
please, tall enough
to dwarf his house,
dark like locust, and this
seemed a friend from home.
No, I'm not a good traveler,**

yes, I'm always on the way home.

2.

**But the tree
stays in mind
strange emblem
f a seaside town,
school for sailors
and their tailors.
we are who we are
by the way we dress,
open the buttons
one by one.**

3.

And the tree had none

**of course, what am I
doing here, drive to Baltimore
where at least there are streets,
department stores, race tracks
all kinds of things I don't' need
and don't want but love
to see all round me, Why am I
talking about me again,
this is supposed to be tree.**

4.

**Once I was lonely
once i was free,
men all around
and no woman for me.
You think it's me**

moaning on again but no,
it was the tree said that.
And for forty years I've wondered
what is a wife for a tree?

5.

I asked the preacher
you cna guess what he said:as *man*
cometh forth from woman
so cometh tree from the earth,
yea, earth is mother and bride.

6.

So what has all this to do
with Annapolis,
and who was this Anna

**the city borrows the name of.
Not sure. Ask yourself
the next time you're lonely,
is it the place's fault,
are there places where
it is not good to be alone.**

23 October 2022

= = = = =

**On a day when people do
it's a wonder they say moon.
And moon is so many**

**things to do rise and set
and gleam and glow and all
the mysteries men intuit
from the shadow it shows
and yet shove on thrit shoes
and sprint to work, delve
in the subway and hope
not just for a seat on the way
gto work but to be safe
in that man-made devildark
down below, roaring and
crazies in the crowd. Monday.
Up here a shotgun at dawn,
a bird falls, the tears of things.
Who can I blame? The moon?
Look in the mirror.**

24.X.22

DACTYLOGRAPH 1

Questioning when everything responds to you, I obediently practice ancient symbolic directives for gathering health, jewels, knowledge, love. Zones extremely close vibrate beneath normal mornings.

24.X.22

=====

**It's a word,
you can have it if you want.
Just say it back to me
once in a while
so I remember what it means.**

24.X.22

= = = = =

**Rapture
and things like that
walking by the river
wanting to be it
or at least be in it, part
of its enterprise
of coming from something real
and going somewhere else,
you yearn for that,
you're up to your ankles already
then step back ashore,
singing, yes, song
takes you a long way,
the urgent articulate muscles**

**of your body learn from
or maybe they teach the river
how to move and what it means
to move, maybe your body,
shoulders and hips and arms
swung out before you
is the real instructor
the obedient geology of earth
studies to emulate, one day
maybe it will become.
But all your religions
and all your desires
conspire to persuade you
it's the other way round.
We learn from rivers,
we listen to stone.**

**You take two more steps
up the bank, the berm,
words, rocks, you sit down
on a stone wait a nd watch
it all go on without you.
But you are with it as it goes.
Sitting still right jere
will take you everywhere.**

24 October 2022

= = = = =

**Ladybug on the window
tank on a distant road
we live and die by sizes.
Depth perception
is the music of life.**

24.X.22

== == == ==

**The river birch is closer,
tall to the waist of the other,
linden? locust? just beyond,
grey light, all I can do is listen.**

24.X.22

= = = = =

**Lights of a car through trees,
What more do I need?**

You.

**I used to think
food and books and music
were all I needed
then they all
turned into you. You.**

25 October 2022

SOUTH OF DARJEELING

**I stood on the terrace
with the Lama
looking out at the morning
mist on the hillsides,
how beautiful it was
I thought and said.
He shivered responded
Outside maybe,
inside not so good.**

25.X.22

= = = = =

**A game where you hit
a ball till it rolls
into a hole and you pay
a kid to fish it out
so you can hit it again.
Why can't I understand
the simplest things?**

25.X.22

= = = = =

**I could pretend to be
someone else for a while,
a staircase in Venice
or a swingset in the park.
Still, still, beneath the going,
the flowing through the air
and come back again.
Or I could be a racing car
idling at the side of an ordinary
road, afraid to rev and run,
fear I might not get there
wherever racers go. Afraid
to say any more. Pretending
is worse than advertising,**

**crueler than credit cards.
I can't even pretend anymore
though the steps of Santa Maria
are very white and very lean**

25 October 2022

= = = = =

**Don't look back—the back
has work enough of its own
to do, reading and understanding
what came before, the road
you traveled to get
to what you think of so
fondly as here.**

**Don't lookback,
the back is busy, the gone
is hard at work the lost
building its stone towers,
lotus pools, heretic cathedrals.**

**Don't look back, it might
unnerve you to see how many
are following you, right now,
with stories of their own,
all the stories have you in them
so don't look back. Please,
for my sake, and I am one of you.**

26 October 2022

= = = = =

**How many months in a cloud? Over
Geneva I counted summer,
in Glendale calculated
winter from the freeway.
I still don't know.**

**The sky today hazy but no cloud,
at least none you can count
unless you stop at One.
Weather confuses arithmetic—
I learned that as a kid
on snowy days in school
when all the number fade away.
O give me algebra instead**

**where it's all inside!
where nothing needs counting
and all the months are just now.**

26 October 2022

=====

**I've been reading Proust,
the part where they're staying
in an otherwise empty hotel
by the sea. That's the place
for me, soon as his party leaves
and all the corridors are quiet
and every room asleep.
I can be anywhere, and quietly,
and the sea always friendly
when I get lonely.. And loneliness
is such a blessed treasury!**

26 October 2022

SHOPPING LIST

Hope.

Immanence

Caution

Chopped belief

Sinecure

Choice, 2 kinds

Breath

...

26.X.22

HOMEOPATHY

**Try it
don't talk
it don't
think it
or think
anything else,
the girl on horseback,
the man on the ladder.
It is medicine.
It works by itself.**

26.X.22

= = = = =

**Too close to the waterfall
your socks get wet.
It isn't always tragedy
but don't get any closer.**

26.X.22

NOTHING GATE

1.

**Nothing gate,
a glad apartness.
It sees me back,
am I a stone
or better brick
made by mind
of dirt ad water,
will I? Open
I do dare, at times,
a gap in my anxiety
matches a doorway
and it goe me in,**

2.

Uphill the water surges

**I stood on the Pali heights
in that famous wind when
all the words I ever breathed
came roaring back at once.**

3.

**But it doesn't have to be Hawaii.
Gentlest autumn trees abound
in subtle variations, color, shade,
yet tumultuous are all the leaves
and they remind, remind, remind.**

4.

**Spin song,
buffo romance,**

**never take
the lad quite
seriously,
skeptics are
good for the soul.
So I was moved to see
in that Buddhist bedroom
a crucifix on the wall
even if it was a dream.**

**5.
See where the gate goes?
We say gait in English too,
how one walks, as if to take
even one step is to go**

**and go through. All
I have to do is tell you this.**

27 October 2022

HARMONY

**The one with orange leaves
at the peak of the Triangle
among the mostly still green
starting to go. Going
is losing blue. What is left
is gold. Then that goes too.
More in light than we can see,
we use it to see by but
don't know how to see it itself.
Parameters of human ignorance
appall. But we have Buddha nature
too.**

27 October 2022

= = = = =

**Wait, I haven't said
the morning psalm yet,
so here goes:**

**In Shetland the sheep
outnumber people
and why not?
Innocent and soft
but libidinous enough
to welcome many lambs
and they speak
an English of their own
and so do we, we do,
we stand in the morning
on our little island,**

**every one of us stands form
on an island of our own
and bleats a blessing
out over the sea,
a blessing of every me
on every thee and them
and it and all, we breathe
the morning in
and kiss it out, love, love,
the kind that made the world.**

27 October 2022

= = = = =

Old friends don't

**age in our minds
so when we see them
grizzled or toddling
on a walker we think
this world a bitter place,
a loss, a lingering sorrow
we call memory. For hours
after we shun mirrors.**

27.X.22

THE TENT

**Timidly tenderly
tease open**

the tent flaps.

Absence abounds.

2.

**Darkness is always
an interesting answer,
no rabbi could be richer
with subtle implications.**

3.

**Bend. Dare to go in.
Maybe yourself be
light enough to see
who slept here once,**

**left bread behind,
a not quite empty jar.**

4.

**Moment by moment
so much is up to me.
Tell myself these things,
morning morals. wait,
wait for the food word.**

5.

**I think it was a scientist
studying the way they do
the grammar birds or how**

**mushrooms understand
their earth. Not a hunter,
at least not the species
that kills trying to make
some sense of his sad life.**

6.

**No, this was no hunter,
feel the thought, thinking
leaves a shimmer, an echo,
the way music does, an echo
fingertips can feel touching
what someone thought.**

28 October 2022

=====

**This business of living in a body
or needing a body to live,
we've got to do better. True,
it's given us great cathedrals
and sculpture and paintings,
nice memories to bring with us**

**if we could somehow travel
into the world of pure knowing.
Pure knowing, everything known
and no knower needed to know it,
so we'd live in pure awareness.**

2.

**We are still here
the trees whisper,
green or bare—
don't think .
your body
is the only one.
Who knows?
What you know**

may last forever.

29 October 2022

= = = = =

**The colors know us so well
girl in a shiny dress
white bus goes by
I say 'shiny' and you see
the color for yourself.
I mean you answer them,
stumbling into mysterious indigo.**

29.X.22

= = = = =

**Yesterday in the little city
I saw the soft blue sky
suddenly (in my mind's eye)
condense all its blue
deeper and darker into
fierce blue of of Mahakala
silently roaring a vagrant world
back into huntress decency.
Then we e drove home safes
t hrough lucid woods
in the already gathering dusk.**

29 October 2022

= = = = =

**What would I need?
A cello a little forest
in Bavaria, a bassoon,
a baritone to murmur
some of the odd questions
that music love to propose,
why is the moon?
who is the mother of the rock?
do you love me whoever I am?
Then I'd set them all to work,
the trees too, their rustle
is my chorus, I just have to find
the notes for the instruments,
they like exact instructions,
nothing more severe than a flute**

**and I need one of those too.
Can you hear it now? I need you
to tell me what I'm saying.**

29 October 2022

= = = = =

**Lindens, maples,
tall tulip tree and river birch,
y countrymen, my guides.**

2.

**Travel by window alone.
Th journey is long,
comforting even,
endless like the sky.**

3.

**They are the given,
the green necessities,
light and shadow**

turn their leaves we read.

4.

**Pound's birthday,
he knew a thing or two
about trees,
and Valery's
who who fled with the birds,
this very roof that shields
the sky from our curiosity.**

5.

**Trees do that, exactly
define what wedge of sky
we see betwixt their branches
as last night one**

sliver of the prospering moon.

6.

**Linden loves us,
maple feeds.**

**Be simple as that
I tell the child
I can't stop being.**

7.

**So it comes back to me,
the real one or disguised
as Chinese sage or stout Cortez,
the desperte hoper who
soars or stumbles out
of the gate of every poem.**

8.

**No, it must
be tree.**

**I insist,
not me—**

**I wouldn't even be
of not for someone else.**

Go find the else.

The tree must know the way.

30 October 2022

= = = = =

**Not much mail Sunday morning
but in the old days we got none,**

**I'll explain all this to you
on my rusty banjo, where did
all those years go? no matter,
just sing along with me:**

**Not much e-mail Sunday morning
and what little comes your way
you're better off not reading, oh
not much mail on Sunday morning
might as well go back to sleep.**

30.X.22

= = = = =

**Saw a wolf-spider
in the closet
walking on a woolen scarf.**

**Not venomous, they say.
But big as a silver dollar
and running fast into the dark.
Where does it come from,
how does it live, solitary
among the winter clothes?**

30.X.22

= = = = =

**I am the tabernacle
where the tribe of Me
shelters this long life
crossing the deserts of time**

**on our way to promise land.
So many of us in my chest,
whispering and shouting,
wanting and wanting.**

30,X,22

= = = = =

**Put wheels under cart
put engine in cart
put gas in engine
put wheel on top
make somebody hold wheel.
So much work!
Better stay home, grow, grow
like flower, grow like a tree!**

30.X.22

= = = = =

**I spot a map on the wall
a country I've walked in
but I can't see the girls,
the cathedrals, the avenue
of walnut trees stretching north,
I can't hear the market jabber
in that smart tongue, can't feel
the wind rushing down old hills.
But there it all is two feet wide
and paper thin, a little faded
from the sun held n earth
by four push-pins, my Germany.**

30 October 2022

= = = = =

on a neighbor poet

**I miss the music
when I read his talky lines
then I realize he leaves
a gap beyond each line
for me to work the music in,
hard work, we do it together,
we're dancing! And nobody
eve said that tango is easy.**

30.X.22

= = = = =

**On this bright Sunday morning
all gold and the trees still green
I hear the hollow-hooting train
down by the river, as if weird
midnight leapt up at noon.
Halloween's tomorrow, why not.**

30.X.22

= = = = =

**Halloween
and last night
I was running through
the alphabet of all my dead.
Amy and Allen and on
down the dark hallways where
their power, beauty, meaning
still stand, marble come alive,
mothers of color, fathers of form,
they made me, I mourn them
best by doing everything I can.**

31 October 2022

= = = = =

**Naming things,
not making up names,
let Adam do that
or Utnapishtim,**

**no, just saying
the names as they are,
how powerful it is
to say sandstone
or salmon in the pool
under the hazelnut tree,**

**or just the names
without even places
or verbs to marry them,**

**just pillow and dagger and den,
fire hydrant, crow feather, lung.**

31 October 2022

= = = = =

*Earth sky be different
from all other skies*
so it thought in me,
I dare not mute
a migrant meaning
happens to my head,
Thinking says
what it says, I listen.
I have always
been obedient
as loud as I can.

31 October 2022

= = = = =

T.E. in memoriaqm

**Where the quetzal sings
a friend went to listen,
escaped from winter,
the shivering rivy,
snow deep on the roof.
And where the quetzal
sings he heard English spoken,
found friends with no shirts on,
sunshine, sea coast, intimate
knowledge of wave ad surf.
When spring came he went home
when woolen neighbors asked
what he'd been up to he sang**

O I have heard the quetzal sing.

31 October 2022

PELERINAGE DE LA VIE HUMAINE

**Walk with them,
the pilgrims,
let your feet imagine
their feet moving
mindfully along some
country road. Where?
Wherever pilgrims go—
the going is what matters,
not the goal.**

**When you get there
in mind or body
you will have been changed.
Subtly, deeply, no one**

**will notice for a while,
not even you. You still
will speak English or whatever,
still choose coffee over tea,
still swoon at Beethoven.
But something softly slyly
will be differing in you,
day by day. Something
like happiness. Something
a little closer to truth.**

31 October 2022

