

11-2022

Nov2022

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Two Talmuds

**two hands to clap together
to dispel doubt.**

Wake, dreading defilement.

**A house in the woods
full of books and guests
who do not read them.**

**Wait for the crow to chatter,
they crack the shell of silence so
now we understand.**

**Purged of all donut
a single breath.**

1 November 2022

=====

Gibbering liberty

**he ran through the trees
into the immense used car lot
to feel at last at ease
among those intimate machines,
each one went everywhere,
ev one held trysts nd tragedies,
mother and child, mourners
half-drunk with funeral gloom,
our very selves, he thought why
can't I be free of all I've been,
why can't i be like these cold
hoods and quiet wheels
remembering nothing, holding**

**a comfortable space for some
person I could yet become
to travel in all the way
of what he means to be?**

1 November 2022

ALL GALLOWS

1.

**Soft grey day
already old
before I woke
caress me
with your quietude.
Last night the fear
of the dead and even
more of the living
coiled in my chest.
Not now. Your sky
speaks peace.**

2.

**Rascals and rowdy rednecks,
brats who read the wrong books,
drunks who dress up to defile—
what a coward I am to dread
such paltry desperadoes.**

**And yet their antics do defile
the sacred dead, and deploy
the bones we share to scare us,
scaring themselves into stray
defilements scrawled on walls.**

**Let us learn to love the dead,
forgive them for leaving us,
welcome their ghosts who love
this place that once was theirs.**

1 November 2022

=====

**Nikita Khrushchev
pounded the table
with his shoe.
Not long after
his empire collapsed
and left everybody happy.
He smiled and went east,
lived a while in the rising sun.
History is nothing but cause and
effect
but seldom is the cause so clearly
seen.**

1.XI.22

= = = = =

**Sometimes you don't need
to know what the word means,
sometimes it's enough
just to know the letters in it.**

1.XI.22

STORY

The somber sleuth searches with his usual precision through all the evidence heaped up, but can find no suspect. Perhaps we put it all here ourselves, he muses, but who were we when we?

2 November 2022

=====

**The story ggot me out
of bed to say it—
no better way with doubt
than to write it out.**

2.XI.22

=====

**Left-handed management
of spinning top.
Yet we dare to call the earth
and animal. It told me
to yell you this.**

2 November 2022

=====

**The child watches
cows and horses
sleep standing up,
not just on the fields
but snug in their stalls.
What do they know
that we have forgotten?
We have to spend a third
of our lives stretched
out on the earth, ride
it in our sleep, weak,
while they stand guard.**

2 November 2022

= = = = =

**Here is a poem
with no tree in it
except you, arms
outstretched,
welcoming world.**

2.XI.22

=====

Linger me,
ledger long open,
fly-specked the page,
dry light, ink fade,
readable still.

That's how he thought
as he looked around him
in the tired street,
gulf of the subway stairs,
man looking at what
seemed to be a bird
in a tree with no more leaves.
I have read this book before,
he thinks, but can't remember

**how it turns out. Just then
the bus came by and he got on,
thinking how strange a verb
'get' is for climbing on. A city
helps you not to think too much.**

2 November 2022

=====

**The rising sun has gotten to the
treetops, just there the highest
leaves and bare branches turn gold.
The sunshine says to me, just now,
just this way, we come from the other
side of light. Now
I have a whole November to think
what that means, or where it is.**

2 November 2022

= = = = =

**More statements
than songs today
but what can you expect,
woke too too early,
music ripens in our sleep.**

2.XI.22

=====

**Maybe we got the story wrong,
maybe there was no emperor,
Romans did what they wanted,
rich slaved the poor, poor groaned
and produced,
priests walked around
saying odd thigs, just like now,**

**money ruled, and property,
and angry old boys sending
poor young men out to die.
And every lustrum had some
imaginary emperor's name,
no more meaning than our July,**

**a profile to stamp on silver coins
rich men played with all day long
while their wives wept decently at
home.**

2 November 2022

=====

**The first time my father
showed me a spring
bubbling from the rock
in the mountains I knew
that I was here for good,
and all I had to do is think
and think and speak
whatever comes to mind.**

2 November 2022

SEVEN OF CUPS

They sit at a semi-
circular table
close together, girl
boy boy girl boy boy
girl, the girl
in the middle, furthest
from our eyes, she
has the largest cup.
Under the table
their bare legs tangle
calmly, ankle on ankle,
a soft, still dance.
They look at one another.
Only the girl in the middle

looks straight ahead at us.

2.

**We do not know
what they are drinking,
and each one has a different cup,
celadon, stoneware, blue willow,
silver, different shapes,
only one of them has cup
raised to his lips. Round them
the sun appears to be shining,
inside or outside hard to tell.**

3.

**What do you see when you
look back right at her,**

**the one in the middle, the one
who is actually seeing you?
That is the meaning of the card.
You know this at least: you
are in the middle of something.
You have interrupted something
and were meant to do so all along.**

2 November 2022

=====

**A common thing to do
we used to do it anyhow
was take a door
out of its doorway
and lay it flat on boxes,
sawhors, filing cabinets,
and call it a table. A desk.
A platform forthe great work.
Sit down at it,, rest your tender
elbows on its wood, think:
this used to be the way in
and the way out, this sheltered
me or swung open suddenly.
Now it is here, I can ask it**

**all it has learned, safety.
revelation, darkness, lock.
Under he crawk space the dark
is still waiting, but here i am
ready to draw or write or count
my way endlessly upward—
this soor opens on the sky.**

2 November 2022

=====

**If you live by a lake
you're lucky,
all that water just for you
and none of it going anywhere,
here it is when you need it
and you always need it, no?
The surface so sleek at morning,
shimmers even before the sun
gets around to getting there.
You begin to get used to things,
you begin to settle down,
change doesn't appeal the way
it does on desolate prairies
and -in-your-face cities, no,**

**you're ok where you are,
and science (remember her,
the skinny one in high school?)
says we ourselves are mostly water
too.**

2 November 2022

=====

**Lindens lose leaf
early, maple later,
oaks later still.
Time gives color
to our eyes, light
wanders the trees.
We are part of this
he thinks, take
joy in the changes.**

2.XI.22

IN THE NEWS

**John Moody & Janice Everything
are getting married.**

**it said so in the paper,
there was a picture to prove it,
a man and a woman, photo
very dark, couldn't really see
who they were but here they are.**

2.

**Marriage is good for the soul.
The paper quoted , someone
who said that, priest maybe,
but do souls get married?**

**Isn't it only civic identities,
bank accounts, shared property,
bodies, bedrooms, telephones?**

3.

**I woke then and sunlight
dispelled my doubt.
Of course the soul gets married,
a soul marries everything it sees.**

**that's what the bride's name must
mean, and why the paper bothered
to publish that
inscrutable picture in y sleep.**

3 November 2022

=====

**So many holy days lately,
saints and souls, Rosh ha-Shana,
Yom Kippur, day of the Munsee
walking in woods we call ours,
whose feast day is today?
I'm not proud, I looked it up:
Saint Hubert the hunter
who saw a pure white stag with
glowing crucifix in its antlers
so finally remembered it is wrong to
kill.**

3 November 2022

= = = = =

**Autumn it must be
despite the sun
ardent everywhere.
I can see some sky
now here and there
among the leaves,
hat blue fruit they all
bear in autumn,
it makes us dream
if we look up too long.**

3 November 2022

=====

**In Brooklyn it snows every day
and every day the hot sun shines,
every day brown autumn leaves
sweep green up into the trees.**

1.

**Get born in Brooklyn
is my advice, it gets you
ready for real life.**

2.

**If you can't get there in time
or being wea;thy keeps you busy
then Long Island is next best.**

3.

**Or at least be born by the sea.
That's my best offer, the sea
always gets around to it,
always makes things better.**

4.

**Here I am in autumn real estate
half-million feet away from wave
proffering wisdom scraped anew
from my childhood porringer,
cinnamon on oatmeal, yum.**

4 November 2022

== == == == ==

**So it seems to be today
after all. The blanket did its job,
the sun spoke through glass
uncurtained, and there I was
on my feet and actual. Strange
what night can bring, all
Pessoa's people wandering
through a single head, the road
leads always out of town.
Tha's why I hate to go.**

4 November 2022

=====

**Listen to the corn crake
and if none's nearby
listen to the crow.
Or listen to the crow anyhow,
they always know.**

**There, there's a proverb
from the Bavarian side
of the mind, you have one too,
green valleys and the sight
of not too distant peaks,
don't deny it, write it in
the little book of maxims
grandmother made you keep,**

**she died before your birth—
that's now you secretly know
already that the crow knows.
But what it knows you need
to listen to today. All
by yourself listening. Not even
I can help you get it right.**

4 November 2022

=====

**Spirits in the air
and human faces,
Campbell Nash's profile
on the screen
many a zoon ago,
something of her joy
overwhelming her sorrow,
because joy is right mow
and now can be always.**

4 November 2022

OLYMPIC HYMN

Empty to behold!
Pale oblong plastic vessel
two litres of air inside,
full and void ar once,
blue screw-top plastic cap,
lift it, lift it,
let it float its own way away.

5 November 2022

=====

**What is left to say?
A little heap
of loving and knowing
and telling the truth,
not much bigger
than Jomolungma—
that’s the real name
of Mt. Everest, aren’t
you glad to know that?**

5.XI.22

=====

**When the sea is far
and the tree leaves fall
there's only me left
with the evergreens.
I knew tier language
when I was small,
that hill south of Callicoon
where I learned
what I supposed
was more interesting
than what I was
supposed to learn
in school, though books
had some of that true**

pine smell, the high notes
of peering through
the woods, the words, the
everything arrayed around
to find the music if I dared,
Now that lindens and birches
flutter free of obvious messages
and the maples are readying
for their journey, yes, time
is a distance to go, where was I,
yes, now I have to learn again
darker dialects of spruce or yew.

5 November 2022

= == = = = = =

**I wait while the door wonders.
Who wants to come in?
Who wants to go out?
Why am I standing here
so quietly, half open, not even
swaying in the windless day?
I wait while wood
thinks about itself,
I wait while air finds
its way in and out
softly, just enough
so it's always fresh,
not as joyous as outside
but still, still. I wait**

**while things decide.
That is an Irish trick
my mother taught me,
things have a mind
of their own things
happen for the best,
you live a little happier
if you can cherish that.**

5 November 2022

== == == == == == ==

**River birches' yellow leaves
I know their names
because you told me,
the trees I mean, the leaves
are up to me to learn
page by page, chronicle of
November.**

5.XI.22

=====

**First day of a new sleep
how the deaconess
lingered a moment and passed
and I had to, I have to
find her who knows
the other part of my mind.**

2.

**She ran away with a part of my mind.
She wasn't running and it wasn't
mine
but I had to, have to, follow.
Down the hill and round the larch
past the girl grieving on the wall,**

**freestone from the old days
why was it still here, she bent
low, waterfall of her black hair.**

3.

**But where, is, the one I sought,
seek, the quiet woman
who from clergy had stepped
ordinary, and how did she,
does she, come to know
a phase of me that I don't know,
don't know still, and still
must prosecute this pilgrimage
around the tree, down the hill
and up again to where a house
might be the house she**

**vanished in and then came out
waited, then vanished again,
might have meant me to follow
if anything meant anything
beyond a green lawn, a little hill.**

6 November 2022

=====

**Yesterday a river made of slate
today an amethyst
when we close our sober eyes.
The clocks turned back—
what side of time are we on,
endless lovers' tryst with now?
*Diamond stone
most precius is
because it nothing
shows and
nothing knows.***

6 November 2022

HERBSTLIED

**Say what you mean
before even
one more
leaf falls
then you will
have sung
your first song.**

6.XI.22

=====

**Walked on golden coins
in Kingston, wet leaves
of the ginkgo trees
in the Rondout, sleek
after rain. slight uphill
from café to car. thirty
seconds stroll in Eden.**

6 November 2022

=====

Promptness is past.

**The cup is shattered,
the shards snow-white
hit the rug.**

Danger.

**So I stared at the map,
seacoast far, still rivers
breathed round us some.
Not the worst place, to be.**

**We do not have clues as to
who dropped the cup,
don't have to know.**

Knowing

**will not make the rug safe
for bare skin. And some part
of each of us is bare, leatherless,
waiting for infancy to return.
Please. It is so tired to be now.**

6 November 2022

=====

**It was hot. She ran
the air conditioner
in November. Or thought
about it but opened
all the windows instead.
The hot came in. The fan
moved the hot around,
it followed her. Shower
maybe, add humidity.
We live in a world of signs.**

7 November 2022

=====

**Empire with no emperor,
you will be the king or queen
or I will, doesn't matter,
let clouds decide when to rain,
let the rock face write our laws.
Not even now am I who I am—
that's up to you to determine,
calculate, measure, revise.
Eight in the morning, sun shines.
Start here. Follow the rules—
the river will be glad to remind.**

7 November 2022

=====

**Trotsky's birthday.
From another life
he brought us together
in this one. Strange
kindnesses of the dead,
even their names can be
their last gifts to the living.**

2.

**I was talking about Trotskyites
you came up after and said
with calm articulate severity
your parents are Trotskyites.**

**I was impressed by your loyalty,
so I tilted the subject a little,
talked about Norman Mailer's
book about them, it was almost
my apology, I think you kindly
accepted it as such, so we
have been together ever since.**

7 November 2022

=====

**Am I the only Christian
on this sad commonwealth
of Catholics and Baptists
he roared, I want the gospel dark,
the inner room, the gilded pomp
all gone, the rules and wrinkles.
I want to be the temple myself
and worship everything outside,
worship the unseen god whose
signature is everywhere every
single blessed thing, he cried,
I follow a man who said I am the
door.**

7 November 2022

=====

**The sun has come back,
the white bus passes slow,
Shakespeare still makes sense
mostly, though not in Romeo.
Onward! This green field,
this asphalt road, houses
pf wood and brick and steel,
we're all part of the sky, the sky
is here and we're in it, we are it,
safe in heaven! Ash and linden
shed their early leaves and here
I am pounding on the open door.**

7 November, 2022

=====

**What can I do
with what I have done?
The deeds still cling,
last breath of a dying man
goes on and on and on,
Who knows how wide
a fault spreads out
around one, I killed
nobody but so many died,
I broke a teacup i the sink
and temples fell in Syria,
my fault? What can I do
even for the stupid little
evil things I know I've done?**

**Their voices are as loud as
the wounded on a battlefield.
Repent means think again
but how can I unthink them,
give them a little peace they
one day might share with me?**

7 November 2022

AMBDA

**Listen longer.
Love lasts.**

8.XI.22

= = = = =

**Tell the tale briskly.
Leave it to those
harpless harpers
the poets to fill
time to the brim.**

8.XI.22

2.

**Because I was time once too—
O sailed the Seine and skimmed
Donau, your Danube, from sea
to hillside in the forest, black
to black, I believed the birds
nut by coming back, not like Jack
who counseled flight, I thought
myself into place and spoke
the ground I stood on—if it
can stand me, I can still stay.
And wonder has something
to do with it. See, slowly
I'm finding my way here.**

8 November 2022

AWAY

**is such a strange place.
When you put things there
they linger calmly,
there they are even if you forget.
But if you give things there
they're gone from you forever.
And God help you if you go there
even if lots of people tell you to.**

8.XI.22

== == == == ==

Now the sun is
full in the trees
so she can rest
there in the sky
and I can stumble
back to sleep
after scribbling down
what I think I've seen.

8.XI.22

=====

**Pride
is hard
enough to master
but humility
is almost incurable.**

ossia:

**Proud is tough to break
but humble
never surrenders.**

8.XI.22 *lune*

=====

**I have lived on different streets
in three different towns—
(—Lindenwood House,
Annandale on Hudson NY
—904 Annandale Road
Barrytown NY
—1266nRiver Road
Red Hook NY)
all without moving an inch.
Only the names changed.
Take charge of your life:
ONLY THE NAMES CHANGE.**

8.XI.22

== == == == ==

**Take what the weather brings
or talk it, can't be sure,
what the tree said, busy
already t its winter work.
Everything says: Listen
to me! Hard to be sure
which says what, the voices
blend in the curious
new wine we call the mind.**

9 November 2022

=====

**Give back
agency,
swoop
backwards through
a guessed-at world—
what else
could dance be for
ut to take you
where you could not go
guided by intention alone?**

9.XI.22

=====

**What kind of man
wants to rule other men?
Ask that before voting,
and wonder, and wonder.**

9.XI.22

THE RULE OF CRUELTY

seeps in at every wound—

**famous ancient battles
we still are sick from,
sick in mind, sick in image
of what it means to be.**

**We know their names
because they fought—
now lift up instead
the bronzes of Casciano
from their marsh and see
another kind of humanity,**

**a woman obeyed, her eyes
suddenly open after two
thousand years and fixed on us,
a naked man and not even
time has wounded him.**

**Forget the stories—let
things be our only history.**

9 November 2022

=====

**Imaginary interlude
between the rock-face
and the passing car,
I'm in the car, the car
is going fast but still
sight enough to sense
the seams in the rock,
strata I guess, time's
indelible imprint, scars
on my skin. We are one
with what we see! I think
exultantly, then it's gone.
The car goes on, the land
subsides into meadows,**

**woods, a little ripple
of hillsides to remind.**

2.

**Before the car the horse,
before tht only the bird
flying us by showed us
what passing means.**

3.

**The interlude called going
is over. Car stops, get out
into a different air. Something
has changed. I stand**

**and lean against a handy wall,
look at the sky. The blue
looks different from here.
Can I too be a part of what stands
still?**

9 November 2022

GO HERE

**Ride up and down
the streets using
your ancient eye
until you find
a thing. Stand
close, reach out,
call it by its
Monday name
then come away.
The whole city
will feel better
from your tryst.**

10 November 2022, *surgeons*

== == == == ==

Peered into the bell of a trumpet
wondered where the music lives,
heard something maybe, a little
like a shadow slipping down
the shiny brass. Then I drummed
my fingers, four of them,
on a big empty cardboard box
so it sounded like horses,
two hands two horses, Sunday
morning in Viena, wake up
in Saint George's Square.
It takes work to hear a song.

10 November 2022

= = = = =

**O trees
so still
be loud
in me.**

10.XI.22

=====

**Peripheral disadvantages
of education, knowing
say the name of a rock
that others use before
you learn its own. Try
to know what things
call themselves, then
you can be with them
all alone. Or consider
sunlight, as you used
to see her, stripped
of all measurements,
overwhelmingly here.**

**Smile at the nice teachers,
they know no better, though
some of us are catching on.**

10 November 2022

=====

**The best index of gentrification
reads the quantity and variety
of fancy cheeses in new stores
sole benefit of simpering herds,
locavores, entitled customers.
Sorry, I must be fee mean today.**

10.XI.22

NU

**Nursery nanny needed.
Newborn necessities
night normally negotiates
not now, nobody nearby!**

10.XI.22

=====

**The universal residue
of human experience—
diamond compacted
from time's pressure.
Language. By nature true.**

10.XI.22

== == == == ==

**My father told me
running water
purifies itself
every hundred feet or so
and so i guessed
that language does too
so I go on and on.**

10.XI.22

== == == == ==

**Cambridge, walk
uphill from the station,
Here again, tomorrow
a dozen miles up to Ely
but now here. There,
because this is all mind-stone,
the intimate geology
of memory, the easy
theology of time. There,
then, on foot, carrying nothing,,
as if coming home. Every
place we land is home.
Bookstore by the old stable,
book on the shelf, written**

by someone I was. Paper remembers. The store bright with customers, everybody seems interested, eager, as if they had not words enough inside. What else fo you see here, I asked. No, I didn't. I'm polite, itself another name for timid. Why do I come in mind to where I have been? Why do I have to get born every day? Isn't it enough to let the tin cup fall back into the fountain?

10 November 2022

=====

**Yellow yawl
yonder—
you yearn
yourself yachtsman,
years, yesterday.**

10.XI.22

=====

**But even if I asked
would they ell me?
They might be wise,
prudent, rabbinic,
explain The answer, sir,
is implicit in the question.
Then I'd have to read
yet one more book or two
about implication,
certainty embedded in doubt,
and do iy all alone.**

10 November 2022

(LUNE)

Say, what time is it?

It is time.

Time for what? For now.

10.XI.22

=====

**She dreamt a leaf
gold ginkgo,
only one, wet
from rain,
fallen at her feet
and no tree near!
Just one leaf
like a gold coin
fallen fell out
of a treasure chest,
pirate in the sky,
a leaf to think about,
she picked it up
tenderly, into pocket,**

**will keep, keep
each other safe,
went on walking.
I mean sleeping.**

11.XI.22

VETERANS DAY

A dull anxiety
holiday, nothing planned
but a bird flew
slow and stately straight
across the sky,
the beautiful machinery
is still working,
cheer up, sunrise comes
to every lawn.

All those churches and no god,
he woke up hearing Beethoven,
ode to joy, of course
there is a God, hear the angels
loud before Him,

**I'm a hero hurrying to victory—
he wanted to sing it,
feared he'd wake his real wife.**

11 November 2022

IN THE COUNTRY

**The bus line out here
us called The Loop,
makes you dizzy
just to think of going
from some noplaceton
to some noplaceton else,
round and round,
no cathedrals, no museums,
and not all that many cows
and all those, all those miles.**

11.XI.22

GINKGO*an exposition*

**She dreamt a leaf
gold ginkgo,
only one, wet
from rain,**

*Yet it wasn't raining
e moon was bright,
that's how she could see
this startling natural thing*

**fallen at her feet
and no tree near!**

*Where was she walking,
down from the Opera House
past the Civil War monument
someday she's have to pause
and read the lengthy boring
text inscribed on marble,
she guessed it's marble,
boulevard but no trees,
how can that be?*

*Just one leaf
like a gold coin
fallen a treasure chest,
pirate in the sky,*

thst's too much like a movie

*but here it is, gold,
from somewhere up there,
and she liked the notion
of pirates in the sky,
birds of all kinds
perched on manly shoulders,
not just one cranky parrot,
eagle on my shoulder!
exciting, too silly, just*

*a leaf to think about,
she picked it up
tenderly, into pocket,
but what pocket?*

Nice girls don't wear jeans

*so instantly she wore
black silk slacks, but still
which pocket? Not the hip,
don't want to sit on this
sacred leaf, on a friend's
lap maybe, but not this,
and not a side pocket, het
tangled with coins or keys,
so she found a little pocket
just at the waist, just the right
size for a golden leaf
and she will have it with her
always, always it*

**will keep, keep
each other safe**

*she thought, but of whom
was she thinking?
Are there people in the same
world as sudden leaves
and moonlight shimmering gold,
where was she going now?
Not clear, not here, so she
went on walking.
I mean sleeping.*

11 November 2022

=====

Cloud clatter
heavy rain night
blue morning.
Old locutions
liner, ice box,
mucilage, why
does blue mean
sad when sky
smiles it down
on days we call
nice? Is nice
an old word too?

12 November 2022

=====

**When people die
they leave me with
a feeling should
have done more for them
and yet they leave me
all the sense and smart
and force of them intact,
for me now, last gifts
never wear out,
what the dead mean
lingers in the living
and keeps growing.
Live with gratitude.**

12 November 2022

= = = ==

**/ went to Philadelphia
to see Rodin.**

**I was fourteen maybe,
my first trip alone!**

**I saw the noble replicas,
the burghers of (years
before I saw) Calais,
The Kiss, the great doors.**

**In some curious way
I still feel I'm there,
walking the garden,
the cool interior. I love
cool spaces, I loved**

**what The Kiss told me
about an unknown world.
The strange thing is
I can't remember coming home.,
there must have been hours on the
bus to town, another
hour on the subway back
to honest Brooklyn. Memory
has its own border guards,
they keep the landscape safe.**

12 November 2022

•

=====

**You'd think I would have learned
silence by now, growing up in
taciturn Irishy Englishy America,
waste no words, mute mealtime,
tender smiles instead of talk.**

**But I was slow of study, babbled
and still do, my greatest comfort
is language, to unpack a whole
lifetime of silence. Even now
I'm bothering you with speech.**

12 November 2022

=====

TAROT LAYUT TONIGHT

Querent: The Fisherman

Crossed by: The Albatross

Card Behind: The Iceberg

Card ahead: Queen of Trees

Situation Now: Ten of Loaves

Influenced by: Three of Crows

Useful action: Princess of Books

The Outcome: The Door

12.XI.22

TAROT OF THIS MOMENT IN TIME

Suits:

Trees Crows Loaves Books

Greater Trumps:

**Fisherman, Albatross, Iceberg, Lion,
Waterfowl, Fireplace,
Dome, Door, Wagon,
Telescope, Harp, Pen,
Mountain, Merry-gp-round, Plow
Dancer, Doctor, Detective,
Leaf, River, Sunrise, Sunset.**

Court Cards:

King, Queen, Prince, Princess.

12.XI.22

=====

**Deep in the heart of Scorpio
i see a picture of a man
I used to know. Now knowledge
is a funny thing, a country thing,
sends down roots and sends up
weeds and flowers and sometime
even things that you can eat,
o knowing plucks its own guitar,
annoying plink-plonk habits
but sometimes sings, sometimes
makes you sing. I call this song
knowing a man I used to know.**

13 November 2022

=====

**Hire somebody
to walk orr stand or sit
a few feet behind you
one whole day to take
continuous video of
your every move and rest
but always from the rear.**

**Then take a month off
and study that video, day
after day until you know
yourself going and gone.**

**This knowing is your PhD
your Doctorate in your true
Physiognomy. Shoulders
tell the truth a face can hide.**

13 November 2022

THE AUMBRY

**I think of one,
the sheltered niche
where sacred
instruments are stored,**

**reminds me that
all tools are sacred,
chainsaws and fountain pens,
in ths church we live in,
unending liturgy of trees,
daily hapters of the pure
gospel of light.**

13 November 2022

=====

**Narrative value
of someone on a ladder
women on the Gates of Troy
fish leaping from the wave
an opening door.**

**The book does not so easily end.
What kind of tree
are you pretending to be
or even trying, listless leaf
by listless leaf to coax
a shimmer of green meaning
from your tired self?
Reading a book is being another.**

**The more you read
the more people you become
until one day, walking up
Market Street you see your
own self smiling towards you.**

**That is the premise, the unsigned
promissory note of every book.
Read and take heed.**

13 November 2022

== == == == ==

**Click on the words to tell,
play Scrabble with the truth,
shift the letters give you
until they spell your will,
or shriek your wants out loud.
Spelling is just a schoolkid trick,
the word lies fallow for
your insidious plowshare
planting wheat in the salt sea,**

13.XI.22

=====

I keep staring at the Adriatic waters of the lagoon in front of Santa Maria Maggiore. Why.

I have not stood there in years but it's still there, right here, white pavement under foot, the big church behind us, gulls call, welcome song of harbors.

No way for me not to be there, where the water stretches out glistening and not oily, shows me what I am to see, beyond

**this sea the unknown lands
where ruined temples wait
for my inspection, I stand here
in sea chlll, start to understand.**

13 November 2022

•

=====

**A paper tucked in the doorframe
was blank. All day
I pondered what it meant
in any language. White itself
might mean something,
faint bluelines across the page,
of page it was, what could they
make me want to do or buy?
Was this an ad for silence?
Then at dusk the paper spoke:
Write something on me, idiot.**

14 November 2022

== == == == ==

**What do you do
when you first get up,
what do you see
out the window,
what of that world
do you take into you
as food or drink or
do you fast your way
into brightness?
What then? Stay in
go out? What is your
body busy with,
tools, texts, textiles.
running water pools?**

**Tell me the words
you say or think,
the ones you read
or hear on TV, how soon
you check your email,
what do you hear right
outside your door
or in the street or far
away, choppers or copters
or highways hard at work,
humble hum of your fridge?
So much information
you process minute by minute
and still only ten minutes or so
from dreamless sleep. Or did you
come from some other space**

**where shadowy things moved
and told you what to do?
I'm begging you to give me
the gift of your morning,
deeds and thoughts and doubts
all wrapped together, tell, tell!
I want to know you deeply, this
hour makes you who you are.**

14 November 2022

=====

**Influence of abalone,
the shell alone.
Or any shell.
But that one's big enough
to handle and inspect,
read iike the Roma
your fate from its,
curve by line by smooth
by rough, a testament
to destiny. I too can be
modest, use this quahog
shell, smaller but still
legible, the kind they used
as ashtrays back when breath**

**still mattered and we counted.
But abalone! Gloss and glaze
of the interior, the soul
I think sings like that inside
a rugged shell of what we think,**

14 November 2022

ANATOMY LESSON

**The delicate bones
of a cloud
shimmer overhead.**

16.XI.22, *lune*

= = = = =

**Listening to the log
the hammock sways
how long do journeys last?
From here the river
looks like the sea,
be close enough to things
make them seem,
make everything be.
Married to the cress
of everything all round us,
eyes quiet. The hammock slows.**

14 November 2022

== == == == ==

Let the morning simmer
while I stare
half-unseeing at the signs
of workmen in the trees,
pale shapes
interfering with the shadows,
road clumsied with odd trucks..
Or is it me.

2.

Morning's vengeance
for all those hours
of dreamless seep.

**What are they doing
over there, work
delights in mystery.
Mybe I'm a part
of the puzzle too—
I woke with a word in mind
for no reason I could guess,
spikenard the word was,
the word is.**

**3.
Bible. Oil. Precious.
Himalayas. Botanical.
Aromatic, Literary,
Is it spike-nard or**

**I always heard it
three syllables in my head?
They sell it in bottles
to this day.**

4.

**I will go to Charlotte,
she knows these things.
What is it god for
and do we have any?
How can we get it
or should we bother.
Nard seems a magical name,
does it love the skin?**

5.

**The men are gone now
with their wheels,
trees seem unscathed,
the road clear. At times
outside is sheer mystery,
knotty as the waking mind.
I have all the way from India
to tell you this.**

15 November 2022

PLAY THE WORLD BY EAR

Scallop shell
Liberty Bell!
A rhyme! And
what does it mean?
The sound of thing
should make sense,
yes? Sym/phony
should mean Sound
With. Exactly
what rhyme says.
Does. Doorbell,
clam shell, see?
Everything opens.

15.XI.22

=====

**Sometimes the window
lets in more news than the door.**

**Sometimes the silence
works its mathematics till
we suddenly know.**

**Who are these people
who cluster round the heart?
Do they know they're there?**

**Here? How do I know
what anybody knows?**

**The word was my only window
when I was shy of sense,
starting to count by pronouns
the meaning in which we live.**

15 November 2022

=====

**Sometimes it makes sense
but sometimes the senses
make it all up by themselves
and winter falls, or camels
saunters by and music strikes.
at times we're only who we are.**

15 November 2022

=====

**When a thing is given
to me it has to stay.
That is the sacred law
of objects, so when they
come in there is no away.**

2.

**But if each object given
bears its giving in it still,
why can't that animating
spirit flow onward outward,
from my hands to another's,
and the gift go on? Reason
says yes, instinct says no.**

3.

**Sometimes because I love
an object in a certain way
or some person I mean to
speak deeply to I'll let
myself give the gift to them,
trusting love to cure the wound
if any in the object's soul.
Because they have souls too—
that is the point, that
is the hidden beauty of things.**

16 November 2022

=====

**Tell me the table
tell me the chair,
tell me the bed
in the other room
This is why you came
to America, to talk
to me all the words
the ocean could not
wash away. Tell me
the lamp you read by
then turn it off and
tell me your sleep.**

16 November 2022

=====

**Silence is resilience,
didn't you know that?
The dog taught me
by being wide-eyed
alert but no barking.
Silence strengthens
sinews. I say no more.**

16 November 222

= = == = = = = =

**On the south coast of the island
you stare east over open sea.
Books tell you the nearest land
is a thousand leagues away.
But the sea is your country
and you feel close to home.**

16 November 2022

=====

Nine A.M. but no cars,
hmm. Working day
so where are they?
A little snow, roads
clear. But no going
goes. Hmm, as I said.
Then a white sedan
hurries past—that should
ease me but it doesn't—
white is dangerous.
Check out *Moby Dick*.

16 November 2022

=====

**Sky bright blue
and pretty clouds,
the trees all grey and gloom.
Where is the sun?
We live in a boundless city
and there's always someone
just round the corner.**

17 November 202

=====

**How far the ram's horn
carries in the naked morning,
the sound of meaning.
Religion is our deepest wound,
our surest healing. They say
the word once meant Read
then Read Again/. Lift
the word to your lips.
Once is never enough.**

17 November 2022

= = = = =

**I am anxious as anybody
for flowers I can't name
but can smell, even at
the door, as I'm coming
into the room. As usual,
the doorway the story.
Listen to the door.**

17 November 2022

=====

**Even before it's time to get up
the mattress starts rehearsing
its memories, carefully going
through the alphabet of its
experiences, winter and spring,
the catalogue of nightmares,
caresses and contestations.
Get up before your day gets
stained with history. Envy
horses, they sleep standing up.**

17 November 2022

=====

**You call this news?
I xall it olds,
the same old murder
rapine theft they
think they dignify
by calling war.
We need to get new.**

17.XI.22

=====

**I studied the stone
tablet carefully,
you know, the one
we all carry in our heads.
I saw no words
of explanation, no footnotes,
no exceptions. Just the plain
words Thou Shalt Not Kill–
they tell me that’s what
the Hebrew says, so what
can I do but believe it.
No more guillotines.
No more war.**

17.XI.22

== == == == ==

Under the wide cloud
the grass on the lawn
looks soft as tweed.
Sun comes then runs
her fingers lightly
over the feel of it,
the nap of it, the give,
leaves a shadow after.

17.XI.22

LABRADORITE

for Vesna

I flew over Labrador once,
the coast agleam with ice
the sea a haunted blue
shivering in and out of mist.
Can't recall where I'd been
but I was coming home.
Winter. And now the whole
memory is right there
in Charlotte's hand, showing
me what you sent, dark
oval shewstone that turns blue,
different dialects of blue

depending on the light, the sun
we carry in our eyes.
Shewstone, old word, stone
a medium stares at and tells
stories of what has been
and what's to come. I think
any stone does that, but this
polished weighty oval gift
will go on telling more than most.
From your hand to hers, a hand
to play the stone, catch the light,
catch the colors, the meaning.

17 November 2022

====

**Limberly, lithe
as morning-glories
glowing up the fence
a spring or two ago
these ;ate leves swing.
Nature comes towards us
always with lips parted,
often to speak, sometimes
teeth showing, sometimes
lips sealed in smile.
We welter in likenesses
content ourselves with similars,
like sensual homeopaths
riding a new cure
through the jungle of disease.
Like cures like. A—a tree**

**with two trunks and white
bark told me that. Wind
lifts the fallen back to the sky.**

18 November 2022

REMEMBERING BLACKBURN

He would let the poem
tell the reader
what he the poet
was doing that day
and so he himself
would learn too.

The subway, that blonde
in the piazza, cub in the woods,
reading a Yiddish newspaper
in Chinatown. O Paul,
the places of this little world
miss you, their voice
their bold buy gentle lover.
Little world because

**a few words can hold
for instance the whole Vatican
and we can still see
the she-wolf in the Louvre,
the whole sky reflected
in that little glass of Armagnac
on that old fine table.**

18 November 2022

=====

Lily, Daisy, Violet, Rose—
what kind of woman
would be a flower
is she could choose?
And what should men
have for names, Stone,
Steel, Woody, Arch, Rock?
Our names betray us—
at least they give us
something to fight against,
maybe our parents' first gift
after all they've really given.

18.XI.22

== == == == ==

**Put too much together
it falls apart
into the words that said it once
free now
to say for you.**

18.XI.22

== == == == ==

Showned me a photo
of a big knot on tree bark
looked like a boar or a bear,
trees, tries, seeings, seen,
a wound turns into resemblance
pictures haut.

18.XI.22

=====

**Spell clarity with a small eye,
don't get too close to see.
The ego is born wearing glasses,
take them off to see what's
really here all round us,
or at least wipe them clean
with a page from the Heart Sutra.**

18.XI.22

=====

**Thoughtful wishing:
I will design a flag
of such symbolic
power and colorful
beauty that some
nation is bound
to come together
and raise it high
over their new land.
I reach for my crayons.**

18.XI.22

=====

**She appears to those in solitude
comes to those who live alone
she stands before the solitary,
stares silently at them till
they can hear clearly
what she does not need to say.
With her strength the isolated
now can with some confidence
through the pathless word.**

18.XI.22

=====

**I'll tell my story later
when I'm here.**

**Right now the sun
is playing with tree tops
and I should be asleep..**

**But the wheel spun
so I/m on the way
to being now, that fabled
country of the actual.**

Softly, softly, rest in not yet.

19 November

=====

**Pick a long word
and curl up in it
until all the syllables
and spellings change,
sleep in them until
the changes wake you—
is this your bedroom,
is this the town you
thought you lived in?
Are these the ones you love?
Rarefaction? Constellation?
Maybe even Yes is long enough.**

19 November 2022

== == == ==

**Now the sunlight
coming down the trees
gets all the way to the ground.
The ladder is complete,
we wait for the Visitors.**

19.XI.22

=====

1.

**The shadow of my house
stretches out along the grass.
I'm in there somewhere,
my shadow safely lost in its.**

2.

**Play hide and seek
with your desires.
Give every whim
a chance to play It
and see how far
it searches the whole
neighborhood of the knowable.**

3.

Moral precepts?

I love to hide

in what I'm saying.

Don't bother searching—

you've got the best of me already.

19 November 2022

THINKING

Close my eyes.
Do sparrows
blink their eyes?
Try to remember,
they're so small
and Eastern Parkway
that Olmstead boulevard
is so long ago
when we benched among them
speaking our dialects
and tossed them peanuts
or crumbs or whatever.
Mostly whatever. So long ago.

19 November 2022

== == == == == == ==

**Bask in brightness
books told him,
birches, beaches,
bend of the stream,
don't trip down
the creaky staircase
into the dark. The dark
doesn't need you,
the brightness does.**

2.

**He grew up thinking
how two wheels are
easier to ride on than one,**

**and four easier than two.
Turn the light on
in your head and multiply
the wheels and the road
takes care of itself.**

.3.

**The building had been
a synagogue once—
you had to climb
to the doorway, step
down onto the floor.**

**Religion is difficult
and even now no wheels**

**but the walls full of brightness
and the brightness
still knew how to speak.**

4.

**People don't look like that anymore,
the squared shoulders,
welcoming lap.**

**Now we sit down standing up,
a cat will spurn a proffered knee.**

**But love lingers in lampshades,
and windows are kind to profiles.**

**I used to love this place
and some of me still do.**

5.

**In the meritocracy of mind
we rule what we rationalize—
the rest of the jungle spreads
on the other side of the wall.**

**On a summer day after the war
my father on the little porch
opened the two heavy cartons
that held the new encyclopedia—
my greatest present ever. Blue
firm buckram glossy as leather,
gold stamp, two dozen volume,
my heart beating fast. It began
that day, sense that I could learn
everything out there until I could**

**in turn learn why my mind
was doing all the things it does,
never stopping, wind in trees.**

20 November 2022

=====

Don't take me too seriously
but I ouzzle about that title
Beautiful Outlaw—

an outlaw
might be glamorous
or pretty or even nice,
but deep down in us we know
law is an urgent part of beauty.

20.XI.22

=====

**She inherited the boss's old LPs—
vinyl lives to sing another day.**

**Does Beethoven bottled in 1953
taste different from himself today?**

**Ah, that hiss of stylus
in the spinning groove
from which all music comes!**

20.XI.22

=====

for Charlotte

The longer I know you
the more I see you
in action and repose
the more I love you.
It is simple as that.
Sometimes I try to reason
with myself, to temper
my attachment, try to see you
in a panoply of everybody else.
But it doesn't work. Reason
has ricks of its own—
thinking reveals to me ever
clearer the clarity of your mind,
,the deep kindness of your soul,

your beauty.

What can I do but love you.

**Sometimes I hear you
breathing in my heart.**

21 November 022

=====

**Watching the door.
I think it taught me
how to speak
and when to be silent.
O dear God the bedroom
door of childhood!
Who came through it
and when, and was it real
and did I dream it?
Children don't have to be
asleep to dream—that
is the main difference,
endless images, no money.**

2.

**Sometimes the door swings
gently as one passes by
or passes through it—
things hang on one side,
neckties, bathrobe,
nothing on the other.
Imbalance. Hidden, overt.
The door is a word
that keeps speaking.
It is what keeps you safe.
It is what keeps you out.
Only some of it is up to you.**

21 November 2022

== == == == ==

**In the dark
no tree to help me
say the word
it means around us
now, just now.**

**Nice lightbulb
nice brass lamp stand
we seem children,
take magic lightly,
let our fingers
do our thinking for us,**

**yes, even in the dark.
Light shines on this or that
but doesn't take
the dark away, we live
in bothness, children try
to choose what happens
already wise to our tricks.**

21 November 2022

=====

If I were free
to do whatever I want
I'd climb a high tower
and stand at the top,

stand a long time
just looking around
mountains and cities
all there for my eyes,

and slowly slowly
there'd seep away
all sense of obligation—
I can stay or go,

**look or close my eyes,
stand in the living air,
wait for a passing desire
to tell me what to do**

**or what to leave alone,
then I'd step down
the long widening stairs
and somewhere find my home.**

22 November 2022

== == =

**Small blue plastic
carton of mushrooms
very white, Agaricus
campestris I guess,
beautiful ordinary obvious.
Why do we go so far
to find something less?**

22 November 2022

== == == == ==

**Most leaves are gone
but the trees
still seem green.
Color is a mystery anyhow.**

22.XI.22

=====

**Looking at it one way
the sun seems just another star.
But that's not the right way.
We don't have any real idea
of what and why a star is
anyhow. Why is anything?
But what we can do is listen
to the voices pouring in
from every reach of space.
Whatever it is or they are
out there, they are speaking—
we hear them by thinking.**

22 November 2022

ELSEWHERE

1.

The shape of somewhere else
tells a tree. *They flee from me*
he wrote, and words make
things come true.

Somewhere else!
You know the tinkle
of mountain water in that
stone fountain with the old
bronze god, bearded, smiling,
the streetcar on its side, the old
mosque covered with vines,
those singers in the piazza

wearing stiff tabards on which
live morning-glories grow.
You understand everything
except the language, no matter,
you've brought one of your own.

2.

I'm afraid to go further,
I'd wind up licking the glass
of the bakery window
or clutching a passer-by
with Marry me! I have come
to learn that just being
here is dangerous enough.

3.

**Today is a special day,
a day that only comes once,
is gone by midnight
and ;m left with memories
far as Everest and just as big,
clear on the horizon.**

**But forward, today, today,
empty market place, trumpets
unblown, tarnishing under sofas,
the wine still corked. Sunlight
now, is that also a memory
of something once and far away?**

4.

**When I start to doubt the obvious
gremlins come and lead me
to my easy chair, Relax, amigo,
let the muscles in your shoulders
explain the truth, let your hips
relax. think a different tune—
you know your job, all you must
do is please everyone all at once.**

5.

**Then sleep comes easy.
I am a far country
and my flag floats slow
in a south wind
over a broad river.**

I am river bank and border guard
I let you in, my love,
but you are yourself the door
through which you come—
I have not learned enough
to explain how that can be.
The river teaches us slowly
in its school, but thoroughly.

6.

Wake now.
Sun didn't
come so far
to be ignored.
Sheer politeness
opens your eyes—

arise, arise

the other poet said,
the trees are waiting
to give their report.

So from under
sheet and comforter
a clumsy figure
snuggled upward
into the all-
fiorving air of room,
German *raum*,
spaces itself,
his true home.

7.

**Space is the avenue
boulevard of linden trees
and larch and evergreen
along which time leads
half-waking pilgrims all
the way to elsewhere
where all the bright buses
and gondolas and chariots
wait to bring them
safe to the shrine—even now
they can see it straight ahead
golden dome of sunlight
actually speaking.**

23 November 2022

= = = = =

**It should be longer.
Not like the local.
It should be the overnighter
to Chicago at least,
gentle city always opening west.
It should be long like a river
not like a lake, it should go,
it should be like Queen Guinevere's
hair,
Bridal Veil Falls at Yosemite,
long like a fresh loaf of bread
from Moulot's, Rue de Seine,
long like a strip of sacred palm
we tickled each other with
even before we left the church,**

**pr like a stocking left the tub,
long like Mahler's 2nd or 8th,
long like my shadow when I dare
turn my back on the rising sun.
Follow a shadow, love the long!**

23 November 2022

WINDHAM HILL??

1.

**This music makes me
fourteen again
inner lobby at the movie
near the candy hear the popcorn
waiting for the second feature,
near the water fountain
girls bend low to drink water
from the upward bubbling,
their boys are watching,
the boys they chose,
they don't choose me.**

2.

**Waiting room music,
why this animal
sobbing softly?**

**New Age music. *Nuage*
means cloud or vague or
somehow the place around me
fades into quiet memory,
that's why they must like it,
people who come here
to be soothed or settled,
the nervous system flows
through all the space around
it seems as if everywhere
were still inside, life of a life,
constantly tonal. never a tune.**

3.

**I stand n the lobby
always waiting.**

**Something is ready
to begin.**

**I have to to stop
remembering,
have to stop watching,
have to go in and see.**

(22.XI.22 Kingston)

23 November 2022

=====

Aromatic aftermaths,
Uncle Joe's meerschaum
but cheap tobacco,
red tin, Prince Albert,
the fog didn't like it,
I didn't mind. Change
the very air we breathe,
change space, claim it
as your house, full of quiet
smoke and smell and
who was I not to try learning
this sober adult enterprise
among so many sillinesses
adults were prone to— poker,

**basketball, fishing, pinochle?
What a judgy child I was.
Or am. Because I friend
smoked a cigarette at the table
the smoke came back.
I lingers, it lasts, it spreads invisibly
like a map of when
out of smoke a figure like
a fairy goddess shimmered
and my hands reached out
but I felt nothing but the scent.**

**(22.XI.22, Kingston)
23 November 2022**

= = =

**Suppose a tree—
its leaves are memories.
In the autumn of each life
the memories fall away.
But the structure of its mind
and thinking stands
clear. unchanged
open to the whole sky.**

24 November 2022

THANKSGIVING

**A day to stay home
in silence thinking
clear about all
I'm grateful for.**

**And all I'm guilty of,
me and my tribe.**

**Thanks goes with
hope of forgiveness.**

**A day to sitt quietly
at what you think of as
your home, thinking.
it's a little like prayer.**

24 November 2022

=====

**Shadow sprawl
on sun sprawl—
all depends
how you look
at sunrise.**

24.XI.22

=====

**Domestic chore:
sitting still.**

Exercise:

**Go to the gym
and find it closed.**

**Festive dinner:
taste a glass
of the town water.
You live here.**

24,XI,22

== == == == ==

I slept so long
I must have dreamt something.
But that book is closed,
brightness wiped away the words.
Ten to one, then two to eight—
what was I up to
while the rest of me slept?
i love this blue sky over the trees
but I don't think it's an answer,
I mean a specific answer.
It surely answers everything else.
But I want to know, spoiled
child that I am, what dreamt me,
where or why or who was there,

**all I recall is an X in some name,
Knox aloud in his pulpit,
Fox hiding away into the hedge?**

24 November 2022

=====

**I can tell
they know everything about me
and that's all I know about them.
Therefore my deed
must be a constant invention
(in Latin it means discovery)
of who they are
and what they're like
and what they want
and what they want of me
before I sleep.**

24 November 2022

=====

**Deep deep under Jerusalem
a gleaming white subway station
at least three long escalators
one after another I'd have to ride
to get back to the air, and think
what I'd be passing through
as I re calmly reading the Post
(English language press) or just
staring at all the people with me
or against me as they sink down,
thinking what I'm rising through,
all the Jerusalems, Solomon, Temple
time and all the test,
Romans, Arabs and Crusaders,**

**Dome of the Rock, Mandate
and Knesset and one more hotel.
Still going up. That scary feeling,
how long it takes to get to now.**

24 November 2022

=====

Leaning out of the tower
like any other bird
a man or woman
too far to tell
waving arms—
gently, not in fear
or warning but as if
to bless us all down here
scurrying towerless
here and there
in hope of heaven
or at least a staircase
in that direction.

24.XI.22

= = = == =

**We ate fingers
on someone's hand,
ALOQLY, s;pwly
come to understand
the work we do.**

24.XI.22

= = = = =

**New-laid paper on old tile top.
Inscription happens in us
and then pours out.
I am here, she said,
to happen to you
and you to me,
language on paper,
hand on my arm.**

25 November 2022

=====

**Click ny way
through e- mail,
takes no time,
everybody selling
and i'm not buying,
easy. Delete all.
But what am I missing?**

**Shouldn't I try to be
the buyer the sellers
hope I am? Who am I
to step out of the doomed
circle of consumption
as if I were special?**

**Sometimes my arrogance
annoys me. Sometimes
I think I should buy one
more dumb book from them.**

25 November 2022

== == == == ==

**November open window
a train goes by at daybreak
along the river and we know it.
Of course the ir is made of music,
where else could we get it?**

25.XI.22

= = = = =

**Listen to license
irrigate the lewd
till even this garden
knows roses from quinces,
and even I can tell
all pf my cousins apart.**

25.XI.22

=====

**Run along with the rabbits
he said to his mind
leave me here drowsing
on the far side of the moon.**

**Thinking is idle till you hear
someone knock on the door.
Or the door sway open
in the tepid morning breeze.
Till then scatter as you are scattered.**

25.XI.22

== == == == ==

**Watching the outflow
settle across the
pool you can call it mind
but it means other things.
It means what is always there
reflecting what light we give it
no matter how little.
Stars float on it too,
but you know that.
No need to worry.
Watching is worry enough.**

25 November 2022

=====

A wave

Shook off its water

and walked inland,

it kept its shimmer,

It's sense of going

always forward

of curving through light

and coming swiftly down

to caress what it finds.

The Wave I speak of

still lives nearby ,

lives in the forest

and speaks with the trees .

I have found it there

**so many mornings
with me only half awake,
only half there
but it is there,
it is really there.**

25 November 2022

WAVELENGTH

Wavelength
no measures me.
Me was listening
when I spoke,
that's how the trees
began in ancient
times, a tree
is pure response.

2.
So be that too.
Cunning children
ay their blocks
know already.

at least one dimension
is absent from their board.
And all their lives
they hanker after that,
sandstone, jasmine,
Priestley's carbonated water.

3.

So many of you out there
and he alone in here—
there, that's a song, isn't it,
nineteenth century, sad.
But hope is implicit
in tonality. We climb
out of grievingsing it,
scale just means ladder.

4.

**It was about measurement
and fear of being measured.
It was about New Hampshire
and the great stone face
that crumbled from the cliff,
wet sluice of the Flume
all my wet shoulders,
blue plane landing in Kingston,
crow on the deck.
These measures are precise.**

5.

**Walk a little faster
if you doubt me,**

**I'll try to keep up,
my words behind your ears.
That makes sense—
I too run away from what I mean.**

**6.
There is the mountain at last,
low on horizon, worth the climb.
From its comfortable summit,
smooth as a sleeper's hip,
you can see all the way
to where you actually live.
Amazing, but the sun
does it every day.**

7.

**Weights and measures,
feet and feathers,
they pour their numbers
on me all day long.**

**A yellow truck goes by, though,
I am healed by my irrelevance
to its quick morning journey.**

**The numbers fall away,
I yawn in sunlight, safe in trees
I won't spoil by counting them.**

26 November 2022

== ==

None of it happens like that.
It goes another way,
cat scratches arm of sofa,
leaves fall on the doorstep,
sweep into the house.

Things leave their mark—
that's what dreams are for,
the meanings that can't fit
into the busy day. Lie there,
learn, be afraid. I dreamt
words forming out of light,
shimmering into form, firm
bright red from all that silvery.

**I saw a word, but did not
know what it was or meant.
Sometimes seeing is enough.**

26.XI.22

== == == == ==

Let me see where the fingers
walk today, shuffling along,
leaning on their pen.
usually slow, at times they scurry
then it's hard to read their track,
so many kinds of marks,
so much to interpret.
But the sky is big,
there's room for all the birds.

27 November 2022

GALATIA

**There is a field somewhere
on what we call the Turkish coast
the shores of Anatolia
where my ancestors lived
long enough to see
red flowers across pale earth
even late in the year.**

**There is a field I mean
that I have never seen
except in the ancient neurology
they left in our heads.
I see the field I've never seen.**

2.

**They were coming from center.
Some went north of Euxine
but some went south, my guys,
on their long way to Donegal.**

3.

**But something happened there,
stuck there in yellowing grasses,
flowers beginning to fade.
No one in sight. I must e alone,
I guess you have to be alone
to see what you have never seen.
It's really hard to be really alone.**

27 November 2022

== ==

**I saw it on the wind,
a twist of dust
that looked like a word
and all the day
I tried to write it down.**

27.XI.22

=====

Too long we loved the opposite
and then it rained,
slick asphalt midnight blue
down to the riverside,
Lambeth in mist across the wet

and then we were here.
The opposite held us
snug in its faux-fur sleeves,
now it was Queens over there,
oily green flowing between,
then it was Oakland at dawn,
remember her in the window,
or was it Berkeley, then plain

old Poughkeepsie and who was I?

**I have embraced the opposite
so long I can't tell this from that.**

And why should I?

Doesn't it all speak, all sing?

What else is it we always hear?

27 November 2022

**I HEAR A QUIET MURMUR
it's the little upstairs fridge,
sounds a little like a soldier
telling a long story of his days
in peace and war, one of those
languages with logts of vowels.
tones, tunes, not so many
consonants? Chinese?
They export lots of devices
so ours may be one of them,
what has it been saying
all these years? Reciting
Li Shang-yin or from the Tao?
Maybe it's been dictating
all the poems I think I'm writing.**

27.XI.22

FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

Now we know it's coming,
we recognize it,
dare to speak it out loud.
But isn't it always coming,
don't we know that in our hearts
that the birth is coming close,
the birth of what we mean
born to us in the flash of an eye,
dreamless sleep, morning
waking and hear the train go by
and then we know?

Today
started out sunny, then faded
into grey, almost misty now,

**eyes lose their way in the trees.
But the knowledge is coming,
the open door. Some of us
call it Him.**

27 November 2022

== == == == ==

**Open door nobody there
but everything is
and you can feel it
in cold sunshine
earth mind talking to itself
and letting you listen.**

28 November 2022

== == == == ==

If the cloud lies flat
over the forest
the deer settle, feel
safe for an hour
even in bright sunlight.
I think this is true—
it said so in my head
when I saw the cloud
and where else on earth
could truth be stored?

28.XI.22

=====

**When desire no longer
runs the animal
the machine quiets down,
the animal learns to forget.
And that is a massive task,
all the migrant images
thronging the mind's shores,
each one needing to be housed
in the animal oblivion.
It helps when there is no breeze.**

28 November 2022

MANCHEGO

Cheese on the counter costs more than it should, what happens when milk and money get together. Cut a slim wedge off—angles sharpen the taste.

Drive twenty miles to buy it in a fancy store. Manchego sometime. Or Ossau. Or Tomme if they can get it. Cheeses of the Pyrenees, Alpes-Mritimes, High Savoy. Taste of mountain, taste of time.

**How long they sleep
in their caves or barns.
Nibble cheese in the morning
and live all day. Somebody
said that, I think it was me.**

28 November 2022

TENGO DOLOR DE CABEZA

**My father taught me to say
so now I dream phosphorus
homeopathica.**

**means of healing
or where is the Tyenol
or what is a headache for?**

2.

**I want to talk to her
about the point of pain.**

**We endure it, maybe cure it,
but don't know its name.**

**Why is it here? Who
hurts us when ut hurts?**

3.

**This is the time
to go back to sleep,
scrape off the scab of waking
and dwindle into easy doubt,
the point of a pillow,
even the soft hurts too.**

4.

**Between pain and pain
a dark river flows,
will sometimes fetch you
all the way to the sea
where the waves wash
all feelings away.**

29.XI.22

=====

**Sometimes near to the corner
you guess what's coming round
and get it right. But close
won't always mean understand.
Sometimes it's in your fingers
and you don't know what it is.
The fishy evidence of evidence
is always a mortal risk.**

29.XI.22

=====

**They still speak Greek,
they still speak Latin,
changes abound, sometimes
simpler, sometimes not.**

**Listen to some Roman arch
and hear the language change
on its long way to now.**

**Now means Brazil. Brooklyn,
Budapest, Palermo,. Peru.
Dialects raise their flags.**

**I try to follow New Zealand TV,
soap operas from Glasgow,**

**and those two white women
on the bus in front of me
from Alabama, Not a word.
My fault. But language is
our logest loveliest fault.**

29 November 2022

THE FIRST CAR I SEE

come down the road
is always white. Why?
Or what am I drawing
back the curtain and
looking out the window
north just then always?
Subtle synchronicities
abound. Or sinister,
left hand testing the far
off right hand's pulse?
Who is this person we
seem to live inside,
pale molecules, bones of Rome?

30 November 2022

== == == == ==

**Months end
when moon walks away,
that all-time gambler
ready to bet on us again,
lights his candle
from his elder sister sun
and gives us one more chance.
And then another.
Our luck to have light in the sky.**

30 November 2022

=====

**Nine A.M. and grey as dusk,
could we have turned the clock
upside down? As Kimberly Lyons
often says, What is going on?
I feel she's looking at me now,
honest Midwest eyes demanding
What have you done to the day?
Since when you get up and look
out the morning window,
what you see is always your fault.**

30 November 2022

=====

**If this were music
it would be Mahler
if I could,
the horses of Vienna
clopping in the quiet street
otherwise mist in the hills,
everything just outside of town.
If this were music
I would mean it
but as it is, it just means me,
no violin, no intimate bassoon.**

30 November 2022

=====

**She's watching the World Cup
two weird little countries
at each other's throats, Sassafrastia
versus Irgendwo
on our poor TV.**

**I lie back,
close my eyes and see
a mountain stream ,minnows
nibbling by the shore, gush
of mountain letting water go,
the water, the quick flow.
Then the images collide,
boys run circles round a ball
kicking despondent misses**

**the mountain of bleachers wild
with roaring crowds. The images
coalesce. Eyes open or eyes shut
the world is always at it. Cheer!**

30 November 2022

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