

3-2024

March 2024

Robert Kelly

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=====

**Glad to thee,
game so lissome.
a car goes by
and then another.
What can a man do
but drive
to somewhere in his head,
safe? Yes, safe.
Don't go broken.**

2.

**But the map
is broken,
but the radio works,
but if he listens to that**

it'll bring him
back to where he started from,
maybe comes from percussion,
something to do with pulse.

3.

O silver road
that lisps so many lies
you do tell true, too,
I've seen it in a bird's nest,
I've seen it even here,
far from the nearest bodega.
I just had to learn how to listen.
Haven't gotten all
the way yet.

4.

Time for the flowers,
you can get there by car
but there's the music
problem again—
what does color
have to do with how we hear?
Does a so-
called color-blind friend
hear the same Bruckner I do?
I think he has colors all his own.

5.

Sometimes they leave
their peals on the table,

sometimes another car goes by.

6.

**See how glad a game is
by going on,
all verb and no subject,
hallelujah!**

7.

**Watch the warble
in the wren's nest.
Can't see it?
Use your ears.**

8.

**I have written down carefully
what esh car said**

as it passed by
even if I didn't hear it.
The alternative
is hitting the road—
and the road always hits back.

9.
So so as usual
we are left
alone with the truth.
And we call ourselves philosophers!
Gophers might be truer,
grubbing around in the actual.

10.

I remember them once
in Colorado
right on the edge of town
where girls from Nebraska
came to dance around.
A long, too long,
walk back to my motel.

11.

So go
by car,
simple song
but no guitar.
I loved that town

too a while
then the sea
told me yo come home.
But that's just me,
ornery theology
tells me what to do.

12.

Up in the hills
the wapitis wander around
a mile closer to the sun.
And you are I]closer still.

13.

You! At last you're here,
fresh from sleep,

coming down the wooden
stairs of all these years.
All roads lead to you.
The goal is intimated
by every pebble on the path
along the way, every
pebble knows the way,
Paths, streets, roads—
silly Roman tricks.
Imagine a line
and follow it—
what else can a bird do?

14.

I thought I heard you
on the stairs
but it's not now yet,

I've been talking to myself,
that part of me
that is you in disguise,
the ruler of my whole population
who by listening make me speak.

15.

A few more cars on Friday.
Through the sun-drenched
window I can't tell
a Jaguar from a Chevrolet—
maybe don't trust me?
a man who mixes up his vehicles?

16.

At least we try,
we people spoken

by the rain-dove's murmur,
the river's tongue,
at least we try.

1 March 2024

====

Petals again
where they fell,
the smooth of them
or cool on them
where they rest
unwithering in mind.
Paler than crocus,
more scholarly than lily,
always holding

**something in its color,
thinking.**

2 March 2024

= = = = =

**Half a century ago
they made themselves music,
made strings do
the work trumpets used to
using electric juicing
with no music of its own.
They did their worst
to give the marketplace
some profitable song.**

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2.III.24

=====

**What if not only
I had to do nothing
but there was nothing
left for anyone to do,
the work is finished,
the temple stands,
already a cat's asleep
in sunlight on the stoa.
I could be a citizen
of that municipality
as soon as I finish my song.**

2.III.24

THE CHARTER

You sign it
by rowing the boat
whether you actually
have a lake or not.

Muscles assent.

Your population relaxes,
the crowds disperse,
head home
humming the new song.

2.

Climb out of the sentence,
hang up the oars
and study them
from time to time

**crossed on the wall.
You said this word,
these copious words
that now look like
no more than a single X.**

3.

**But we're not fooled,
even the dullest of us
learned (and not in school)
how to pry a comma open
and figure out what our own
words mean
when someone else
is using them.**

4.

**We like your eyes
so we believe you—
your body is part of the contract
too. Viral contagion of words?
We vote for our secret
fantasies deep inside.**

5.

**Waking up each morning
is called getting rid
of the evidence.
The deep crimes of dream
dissolve slowly,
the aching ankle,
the noises in the street
all your accomplices.**

**You're safe now, can't
even spell the simplest word.
O if only there were one!**

6.

**New day. People
drift into the street again.
O what do they all mean,
and we need each one.**

**And they need me
you tell yourself,
cloudy weekend holiday
fashion your smile
and where it when
you dare go through the door**

into the unimaginable actual.

7.

Later's time enough for that.

now jist wash your wishes,

comb your wants,

shave yesterday away.

Now do that shrugging

the shoulders exercise

the doctor taught you—

it's almost time

to look out the window,

and see what you

and you alone have

written in the night.

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2.III.24

=====

**Eyes blue as bruises,
skin white as toilet paper
we stand confused
in this new world,
the colors change!
Ancestry spins south,
spins east, we wait
our chance to cross
the street, the light
is always changing,
we'll all be woven into,
one great abstract expressionist
masterpiece called humanity.**

2.III.24

=====

**So one day you wake
and stumble on stage
struggling into your shirt,
the one that feels like wool
but isn't, and you're trying
to remember your lines,
the window is no help,
the whole script seems
missing in mind, the mirror
reminds you of your name
but nothing more. Open
your mouth and see what
if anything comes out.
Sometimes the body remembers
better than the mine, but did
your skin ever read the script?**

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**What is this place anyhow
where you've lived all your life?**

2.III.24

LINEAR

The long line of rock

**that runs us,
but how can you call it long
when it is your brother,
aren't all straight lines the same,
end in the same place,
blank space?**

**Three thousand years of terror
after Romulus killed his brother
and Cain built the first city,
I sing the only song I know,
rock reminds me when I sleep,
yes, I mean Dakota,
where else is there,
our last local war,
we must be done with it,
sister tree and uncle rock**

remind, remind, re-mind.

Put the gun down

before the line runs out.

2.

I was, am, some

still alone in the Black Hills.

Never mind me,

it's the thee I see

the almost unimaginable

consort swaying hither

through the endless grasslands

south. She comes, he comes,

gender comes later,

never mind me, I tremble

at their coming,

the pronouns of otherness

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**hithering through swaying green.
No knife, no sword, no gun—
it's got to be this way,
the stone falls from his hand.
My hand.**

3 March 2024

====

alle Menschen werden Brüder

All humans turn into brothers

Schiller says and Beethoven
sings to his hundred-stringed guitar
but something's wrong
with the logic here—
if they got their wish
we'd die out in one generation.
No, ma'am, not
the logic but the language—
girls are brothers too.

3.III.2024

====

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**The murk of meaning
clutters the bright day.
Things to do and words to say.
Back to bed and shut
your eyes, you'll
think of nothing very soon.**

3.III.24

=====

**Birds, trees, thee.
What more can language
prove? The pain is deep,
so deep we barely notice,
subways and cenotes,
we hide from what we need.**

3.III.24

=====

**Lilliputian logic—
pretend you're bigger
than you are, bigger even
than your shadow
moving through the trees.**

3.III.24

=====

**The Christians down by the pier
remember what water is for,**

**change, change by washing,
change by going**

**here to there, across,
if you dare, dare to move,
dare to be there.**

3.III.24

=====

**Wild men across the river,
publishers and movie makers,
I shudder on this warm day
fearing ever since childhood
what you say put loud,
my parents always told me
speak softer, speak softer.
But there they are, showing
images to thousands,
and the images move as if
they too were alive, showing
and shouting and printing words
anybody, everybody could hear
and figure out what's going on,
when nothing is, really,**

**just the river rolling past
and me afraid to speak, afraid
even to wrte this down.**

3.III.24

=====

**In the rock face
sandstone interrupts t
he gneiss. The world changes. We are
left holding the facr
alone, a headache in the music. We
go on waiting
expecting our ship to come in
through the rock
and rock is all the air we can the
shaped by what we thought.**

3-4.III.24

=====

**It was rest that cured me,
wrapped in her old blanket
on the oldest bed of all,**

**grass, grasslands of North
America, Carl Sauer, all that
40th parallel magic,
puszta, steppes, prairie,
the green belt round the earth.**

**All you have to do is lie there.
your eyes at ease, closed soft,
night in Nebraska.**

**And I woke back home,
healthier than I had**

**any right to anticipate,
healthy as a stone on Cedar Hill.**

4 March 2024

=====

**Once I learned calculus
I gave up basketball—
see, college is good for something
after all.**

4.III.24

=====

**It's not all progress—
oration once meant prayer.
On weak ankles
we run through time.**

4.III.24

A RIVER TALE

1.

Stone blocks from quarry upriver
barge shuddering downstream
against the incoming tide.

We are bringing stones
from Earth to Earth,
stones calling to us

out of the ground in one place tell us
take me to another
to build your busy mountains on.

We move around. We move around.
It is as if all we have to do is drag
things , o poor dear things, from one

place to some other, as if all we have to do is make a difference change for its own sake, change.

2.

Using is simple as that — is it just the sun going down on the same sun coming up again but the life is different? Is it the aurora borealis all over again. green lights fingering up from the horizon moving always moving and pulling back? Is it always as simple as one thing giving way to another?

**I asked myself since there was no
since there is no one else wise
enough enough to ask
or fool enough to listen.**

3.

So I watch the blocks limestone

I guess float down the river

strange to see stone float

How did we find ourselves

in this magic garden?

Did the garden bring us here

the way it brings the rabbits and gulls

and springtime and snow? Are we

the answers to a question it grants

us? Are we any

kind of answer at all?

4/5 March 2024

=====

Then I opened the other door
and who was standing there
but the lighthouse keeper
telling me calmly

**in his old-fashioned German
something about the river,
something has happened
to our river.**

2.

**Went with her
to see what we could do.
She was a woman by now,
they know water better
and spoke English,
native, no foreign flair.**

3.

**When we got there we found
river was way up over its banks**

and must have been higher still:
a rowboat capsized on shore,
another nearby, upright,
full of water, a trapped carp
floundering around.

We scooped it out
and gave it back to mother.

4.

Or is that the problem,
I dared to ask the woman
at my side, have we offended
the motherhood of rivers
so pregnant with giving
they drowning our stupid flags?
Is that what a river

is always doing, remind,
remind, remind?

5.

You're right,
pale person,
she said,
right but have no
idea of what you're saying.
For she was Egypt now,
soft bronze, Yes,
I knew the Nile
and she knows me still.
Build your toy boxes
well back from my banks
and let me breathe in peace,
in, out, bright sky,

deep sigh.

6.

Left her to her work,
walked back home alone.
Came in the door I'd used
to come out. Wonder
what I would have seen
or learned or even been
if I had used the first door?

5 March 2024

=====

The window woke me,
instantly full of light
as if someone had
switched the sun on.
Was this *lusus lumninis*,
light playing with us
or a trick of time,
lose count of darkness,
suddenly wake?
Here I go again,
taking an experience
as experience.

5.III.24

=====

**The vulgarity
of the candidate
is an embolism
in society, driving
hordes to the polls.
Americans always mistake
vulgarity for honesty.**

5.III.24

= = = = =

I thought of a fire
I touched her thigh
to prove I was alive

she did not react
so maybe I was wrong.

We touch so much
but don't know even
what we mean,

but skin touches skin and
understands.

5.III.24

= = = = =

**In the dark I found myself thinking
about submarines.**

Time to switch on the lights.

**In that ocean there is no hope
of knowing what I need to know
from what water knows.**

**Tell me, tell me, mother,
what I need. Inside the machine
nothing to know except to go.**

5.III.24

=====

**I used to walk to work
a hundred yards away
then climb the plushy stairs
to sit alone at my desk
waiting for someone to come along
along and make me be. That is the
teacher's destiny.**

**To say clearly what you never
thought till someone asked.
And get paid for it! I learned more
from teaching then
than from learning by myself.**

5.III.24

A SERMON I WOKE WITH

Once I had the good fortune to be at a talk by the eminent Tibetan teacher who, by tradition, will be reborn someday as the next Buddha, Maitreya, who will come to purify consciousness and open the mind anew. No point in waiting for him, we have had our teachers and our practices. A gleam in his eyes was all it took to remind us that we can have, do have, prequels of Maitreya's coming, those moments when without urgency or stress we settle

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**into awareness, deeper, clearer,
awareness without object, brighter,
awareness without subject.**

6 March 2024

== = =

**If people walk
around their gardens
in their bathrobes
it helps the flowers grow.
Fact, Hems flapping
in mild March breeze
reminds the petals
of their long spring game.
And we can never
have too mch color—
red robes, peacock blue!**

6 March 2024

== = = =

In the doomed patriarchy
brick smokestacks crumble,
debris shattering factory rooves.
You heard me. It all
has to be taken back,
dollar bills be nice
clean paper again—
can write on them now,
poems even to
the one you really love.
Dismiss the president—
government is a cold
hand in the dark.

6.III.24

=====

I suppose I really would like
to see a peacock
strutting around the yard.
But how to take care
of a bird, especially one
better at being than I am.
And he can fly! Maybe
after a while he'll flap away
again and leave me
knee-deep in reality.

6.III.24

=====

Edgewise on.

**Get it between
in where the dark
gives meaning
and lets it flourish.
Edgewise, the way
you enter a conversation.**

6.III.24

=====

**Solar. Sun
inside stone.
Cordial. Heart
inside word.
In water wait.
Old man talking
to his dog. Sheep
on hillside in fog.
What else to know,
the girl is gone.**

6.III.24

====

**Stand-up arts
like painting and sculpture,
sit-down arts
like poetry and prose.
Where is philosophy
in all this? On a beach
of a Greek island
shivering in cold wind.**

6.III.24

POET PLACES

He never saw Bermuda
but used its name
I saw Mount Kinchenjunga once and
knew it as Everest.

We stumble down the gullies of
geography, name of the name
dragging us, pulling me
the way I feel compelled
by the east coast of New Zealand I
have never seen
but somehow need.
Why is it always going somewhere in
mind
if not afoot, was there so compelling
a shadow

laurel wreathed, a shadow
shimmering with dark permission.
Oh yes if I could only be there about
soon as I would rest there for a
moment
my mind would be
adulterous with other places.

7 March 2024

=====

**After the building went up
the contractors gathered
quick for a little party,
sipped their beer,
nibbled on the hot tlayuda
a and gIS to feel that all their work
went somewhere,
stands there try to shield them from
the evening Sun.**

**Is that way it always is
when one has spoken?**

**Things stand there erect
waiting for us to hear them
and obey what they say?**

It is the way some of us

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**struggle with words,
still trying to obey the silence.**

7.III.24

=====

**On the other hand
a gleaming ring.**

**On the other hand a shadow
of someone else's face
come close to read the ring.**

**What kind of band of gold
has a little modest emerald
set within it, a little gold
continuum, a ring means
a circle, a circle means forever,
someone once came along and
passed love through that band**

March 2024 64

**as we have passed through love a
while but the love stayed,
ever green. the way
the emerald always says.**

7/III.24

=====

Revulsion

**and the car stopped
on its way to Toronto,
o lakes and borders
and not feel so good.**

**Get gas here, who knows
what things are like,
the way they used to.**

**Always cold wind when
you're filling the tank,
why, why don't they do
something, not just this
appalling music
screaming from the pump
working or not.**

**Stop here? Explore
Sodus on the shore?
Revulsion, the feeling
is clear, the remedy
remote. Back in the car.
At least it knows what it's doing.**

7 March 2024

=====

**Unwrapping the present
you find the past.
Sorry for the pun
but there it is,
golden Byzantium
gleaming through the calendar,
ask for Thursday's schedule
and Jupiter thunders
from a cloudless sky.
Nothing is just now—
it stinks of where it's been.
I give this to thee because it's me.**

7.III.24

=====

**Her footsteps on the stairs,
lovely music of wood alone,
no need for strings.
Love is so inventive
when it comes to instruments.**

8 March 2024

=====

Nevertheless?

Everthemore?

**How children can
climb ape-wise through language.**

**Make it up! Make it feel
like you, and leave
a glow of glory in your wake.
Wake!**

8.III.24

== = \ ==

The calm persuasions
of the moonday sun
deftly coax us out
of the cozy routines
of being and doing. Coax
us out, where panthers
cough in the woods
and potholes crack axles.
Out of silence into
I can almost
hear what you're saying.

8.III.24

====

I used to take the ferry
four mornings a week
to teach on an island,
no names, please—
islands are islands,
precious ;ittle dangers
in the immense dangers
of the sea. But never
mind about me. The ferry
is the wonder here,
vast beetle chugging
across the harbor,
its innards verminous with cars.
And us around the edges,
decks and cabins, each
pretending to read

**the same old same old
they call the news
when all the while we
were heeding, hearing,
an ancient liturgy
only islands know,
all islands, even the busy
one I was coming from
and somehow still am.**

8.III.24

=====

**When Roosevelt
was living down the road
there were more sheep and cows
all round these fields.
Some were still around
when I got here,
then the sheep went south,
the cows went east and west.
Milkless, we shiver in cotton.
Or would, except suddenly
all the money moved in.**

8.III.24

=====

How many moons
to light one candle?
Elbow of the birthday
brush soft soft against
the apple tree, but on
the birch bark inscribe
in soft pencil the hardest name.
That is your friend
whose voice is that whisper
you hear now and then
even if you rub the writing out.

8.III.24

== == == == ==

I won a prize today,
it's called sunshine
in the garden, with new
daffodils and it lasts
all afternoon. So many prizes,
so many winners!
Of course I have to share
mine with the woodchuck
and the raven, but sharing
is good for the soul,
isn't it, that best prize of all?

8.III.24

A NEW ANTHEM

When soldiers age chocolate bars

on their way to battle
and priests whispered I
Latin to the dead
we knew what war was.
And where. No we do not
understand how it is everywhere,
how it morphed into
earth's atmosphere. Merciless.
Just part pf the news.
Not just Ukraine. Palestine, Haiti,
Nigeria, Sudan,
ambush, kidnap, tape and kill, we
don't lknow where it isn't,
pur brothers and sisters dying,
thousands of them every hour,
their pure blood drenches
the furrows of our bewildered brains

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8/9.III.24

=====

I thought you a poem
and talked it to you
down the full of my mind
that soft place where the rain softens
the hard soil of experience, the rain,
the rain that is what just happened,
the way
you just happened to me.

8/9.III.24

====

**I talk so much about waiting
but I'm a very impatient man
so when I say wait I mean
come to me right now
and when I say I am waiting
I mean I'm rushing with all my
dubious speed down the dark
hallway of an unfamiliar house, my
house the rooms of which
I barely know, the stairs creak I
hope with the tread of your feet.**

8/9.III.24

====

Let's spell my name
a different way,
with grains of red rice
from Bhutan and garnet
gravel from Gore Mountain.

Red, red, the way blood
wnts everyone to be,
night and day year after year
thrusting that color
through the body
hoping someday we'll be red.

I don't need rubies,

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**so expensive, I'll spell it
with red sand from Florida.**

9 March 2024

=====

**It was snowing
when we drove home
after Faust, my first opera
witnessed, not heavily,
more sparkles on the windshield
soon wiped clear
again and again.**

**But father drove slow,
cautious, with the tricky
lights, oncoming traffic.
Music still in me, music
is forgiveness, music
silences evil, at the end
of the opera maybe**

**even Devil feels forgiven.
Good to think that,
long drive home,
midnight in the winter city.**

9.III.24

====

Cold again,
the new grass wondering,
a few daffodils
shelter under no
sun today. Not too cold
and maybe warm coming.
I look at the crocus
by the fence across the road
and wonder with it, when.

2.

There you see me
at one of the oldest tricks
trying to elbow my way
into the natural world

**as if I weren't already some
flower or the mud it grows from.**

9.III.24

=====

**When I think Vienna
I think Majler, Freud, the usual.
But what I hear is the clatter
of hooves, the horses
Sunday morning, the little
square where the carriages
cluster, I don;t know why,
never rode in one, but still
hear the percussion
iron hooves on civil stone.**

9.III.24

=====

**Call it and it comes,
the dragon word
roused from its sleep
in the mind,
that cave we linger
round the mouth of,
we lurk.**

2.

**It could be
almost anything, simple,
soft even, you know
it is a dragon
by the shadow it casts.**

**That's why night
is so dangerous,
shadow everywhere,
nothing has one of its own.**

3.

**But granted morning,
granted light,
you know what you
have to deal with.
You begin to hear
what the dragon says.**

4.

And they do speak,

**these kinds of dragon,
loud if not clear, one
syllable or few.**

The rest is up to you.

10 March 2024

=====

Then there are these flowers
suddenly on the table,
dark in rainlight, one
big yellow fellow
with a core black as my coffee.
It must be morning.
Why does every flower seen
seem like a gift,
a special gift for the one
who sees it, a gift from thee.
I'll use the old word
to be on the safe side
always from you.

10.III.24

A HOUSE ON THE METAMBESEN

Across the highway
the stream pools out,
overflows rarely,
never runs dry.
Lovely old house
wedged between
corner and the current,
too close to traffic
for my taste but yellow
and wooden and noble
in the old farm way.
No barn, no useful beasts,
but when you look at it
you think of all these old
Munsee woods, you think
of cows mid-shank

**in the busy shallows,
their shadows reflected
on the quick stream
on its way to the river,
curls unseen around
the ridge behind our house
and so on through a history
I've been trying to learn.
But the stream runs too fast.**

10.III.24

=====

**Eleemosynary
aptitude. Cast
a smile at anyone
as you hurry on your way.
And you will always have a way.**

10.III.24

=====

**What time are you now
for God's sake?
Let's go home to Oahu
where noon happens only once.**

10.III.24

====

**Recalcitrant pathways
it said on the map
all green lines and letters
prompt from the mind
when I asked myself
Where now? *Ubi nunc*
is what I really said,
good Jesuit that I am,
one never quite gets out of Catholic
school.**

**Where now, where
do those paths ead,
by what Proustian trees
gesturing at roadside,
what asphalt deserts,**

parking lots, turbulent
laundromats? Guess again.
Rain forest. Komodo monitors.
More likely, or even
less picturesque tropics,
gangsters playing stolen guitars,
What a basketball would say
if ever we let it talk
and not just throw it away
over and over till it learns
to keep silence. The path
seems murky now, slippery,
mushy with my prejudices,
those iron bands taut
around my temples they call
my taste. Recalcitrant
is all about me,

**the one pretending to be
talking to you now.**

**Whereas I'm just something
you picked up on the street.**

10.III.24

=====

**The way you get used
to the body you're born in
you get used to language.
There's seldom a perfect fit
between your muscles
and what you want them to do.
But it gets done. Likewise
lips say what you really mean.**

10,III.24

=====

**A cinderblock weighs 40 pounds.
One aligns them, piles them,
they make handy steps
to the porch with no carpentry.
One atop another heap high
a tower, rough but
you can see through it—**

**not many towers
let you do that
this side of Babel.**

10.III.24

=====

**Toss them longstream
in some water
like those old Chinese poems
they'll all come back
someday like the wind,
the snow from Buffalo.
Trust the north wind
bringing back to shore
everything that has been said.**

11 March 2024

=====

**If I followed my own commands
I'd be on clifftop this
very morning morming
sculpting the wind
and lots to work with.
But I just sit here lazy
listening to what the wind says.**

11.III.24

=====

**I thought I heard
a camel caravan
coming up the road
but it's just sunlight
in the bare locust trees
that line the way. Just!
As if there were anything
more than sun, or any
beast come closer
or bring us more.**

11.III.24

=====

**People were alive here
even then, we sometimes
feel in even our own language
a shadow of how they sounded
when stone taught them to speak**

11.III.2024

=====

**I have forgotten them
and they have forgotten me
but everyone I ever touched
or talked to or talked to me
has a piece of me
and I have a piece of them
we break apart like seeds
bursting unseen from flowers into
the energy, the *inner work*
of one another so what I make
makes itself again for you in you till
you speak with my voice you
and I hear with your ears and.
You are very name I've forgotten,
language Justice to us**

and something more something of I
guess they used to call it soul lingers,
a taste that rubs off
on whatever we say, a taste of
something like the truth.

11 March 2024

=====

1.

Two hundred kilometers
south of me the Wonder
Wheel was turning as I left.

2.

I leave it to you
to tell me
if it still spins
and if not
what kind of
song is that?

3.

I miss them—
Steeplechase,
Thunderbolt,

**Cyclone, wheel—
not me being
in or on tem but
the bright fantastic
insistence of their
just being there.**

4.

**Pliis there was a Dragon's Gorge
that taught me much of what
the dark is for, hpw light
turns into water and how fear
can sometimes set you free.**

5.

But that was just me,
the ride I loved,
traveling while sitting still,
dreaming with open eyes.

6.
Sp I close mine
and see those lights
again, the fierce
angles of them
piercing the night,
their wave-tossed gleams
splashing on the sharks
breeding half a mile
out from Coney.

7.

So distances matter,
they breed with desires
and pursue our dreams.
I've talked about their lights
until they all seem dimmer now.

11 March 2024

=====

If I could be a soldier
and there was no war
ever, I would be true
to something in me,
not about fighting or

aggression or even defense.
Something cleaner,
calmer, if sometimes
a little scary too—
taking orders, responding
to demand, taking
a sensual pleasure
in obeying the law.

12 March 2024

====

To the eye doctor today
to see if I can see him
better than last time.
But how do I know he
hasn't changed, faded
or flourished into new

visibility? He has
his little numbers to
tell him what he wants to know
but how can I be sure
if what I see is partly
just a figment of me?

12.III.24

=====

The organ moans
the bride gets soldered
up the patriarchal aisle
to be re-socketed into society-_
new title, new duties.

Halfway to the rail she

wants to change the spelling
of her role and fly away.

Papa drags her back to earth.
She sees the nervous groom
and has to smile into her veil
thinking of the terror
he too is going through.
Wedding, this initiation
into the strangest of all
secret societies, The Two.

12.III.24

=====

**On its way to being an idea
a glance fled from a hawk
and hid in a tree. Apple,
naturally, the ferns all round
the base sleeping
through their busy thoughts.**

**It looked around
through all the lancey growths,
so many fronds, help me,
help me, it began to pray
and instantly became
an actual thought at last:**

the manyness of the other

**is the safeguard of the self.
Content now, it rested in green.**

12.III.24

=====

I let the words
think for me,
let the mind rest
on the edge of thought--
mind an ocean
whose waves lap
easy on the shore,
never engulfing,
leaves what it touches
wet and gleaming.

12/13.III.24

THINGS

I used to know how to be.

**There was the Lion
and he permitted
with one quiet
glance.**

**And the bronze, black bronze
statue of a panther
guarding the seal pool.
steps of the zoo**

**who was also, me,
a Confederate general
reviled in a playground
too far from Alabama.**

2.

A ship was me too,
or in me a flotation towards,
wherever sails could waft
this freight of mine.

Or Roman oarsmen.
No submarines.

3.

But licorice from Nederland
no more, too sweet,
or crossing into Germany—
are the meadows different here?
Can I still be one,
stretched out past the frontier

like an unspoken word?

4.

So many things I used
and used to be
and was all the way
into am, but who knows?

Who can be sure
of what one is,
Mercedes or Volvo,
Hammersmith or Hammerfest,
Catholic Buddhist flirting
by the synagogue, is that
a baseball in your hand
or a lump of dough
on your way to the kitchen.

5.

Mosquitoes all round
and you still speak French
a little, nothing fancy,
a wave on the sea?

6.

There is so much sitting
on a rock to be done,
so many trees to listen to,
so many windows to lift
to breathe some outside in.

7.

And am I still
the coatrack in the corner,

cashmere sweater,
rolled-up Isfahan
fresh from the cleaner,
everything new, paradise
of sneakers, but do I still
stand in the closet
trying to remember
who wore this coat
so soft against my cheek?

8.

The Lion lets me
but what else is permitted?
It's only Wednesday after all,
there's still plenty of time

to work it out. See,
I'm not trying to remember,
I'm trying to know.
Amy animal can teach you that.

0.

But I was a stone arch too,
good to shelter under
in rain, I learned from
being an arch how to wait
for a bus in the snow
when there still were cities.
Why am I not
a city now?

10.

That's the real problem,

how many people and cats
and dogs do you need
in you to a city?

Do pigeons count?

11.

For I would be a blackbird
red-winged with spring,
I would come and go and stay
and rouse you even
with my gabble.

Subway! Symphony!
Swamp! For I would be
the man I was
when you were you.

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13 March 2024

=====

**Carry the cushion
and the feet will follow.
Hoist the sun up
and spring will happen—
things are so much
more obedient than we are.
Befriend a new thing
every day and thus
learn honesty.**

13.III.24

=====

**Across the street
from a church,
but what does a street know?
So much it can tell you
of who and when and where
but never what.
You need the church for that.**

13.III.24

=====

Who sings in me now
from the old heap of vinyl
shelved in my head?
Mahler, most likely,
the reliable heart,
das emsige, treue Herz.
I stood with my back
against his rough stone
column in front of the Oper,
prayed to his music
with my shoulder blades.
So now sing now.

2.

And of course it is
the distances
that sing back,
his Chinese hills of exile,
the shapely heights across
our river the Dutch
called the Blue Mountains—
and like music they too
come close on sunny days.

3.

And don't have opinions,
the music says,
and don't make decisions,
music means waiting for now
and now is always.

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14 March 2024

=====

Carey walks his dog
at dawn in Hastings.
Strange how people
have animals, and cities,
and ocean and strange
France across the Channel.
But all I can see is
a friend and his dog.
And I can't even see the dog.

14.III.24

=====

**Longboats bounce ip the shore,
men in helmets slosh on land.
A thousand years later
things settle down. No
more helmets, no more boats.
It's all in the sky now
and men have dry knees
until the old blood flows.**

14.III.24

=====

**What would I do
if I got up from this chair
and walked outside
in this mild March sunshine?
Would I be the same
person, or does place
change us, like case in grammar?
I would be the porch's me
or the lawn's own person,
or some dubious identity
leaning on the car
already hot in the brightness.**

14.III.24

=====

**Lincoln shivered and stood
up from his marble throne
in the memorial, spoke
to the adoring crowd:
“I don’t belong there,
they shot me because I
shot first, I did not keep
the war from happening,
a war where hundreds of
thousand Americas died.
slain by no enemy but ourselves.
Somebody come, take my throne
all we need is no mire war.**

14.III.24

A SHUTTERED HOUSE

Shutters on a pale
house blue. Imagine
pansies, windowbox,
soon. Not yet. Yet
is in the middle distance
past a cloud. Now
you know where you were
when I saw this.

2.

All we really can do
is give and give.
Even when we snatch and grab
we give experience.
Shutters block out light
but hum a little
in the wind. Music

**plus blue plus
the alms that weather brings.**

3.

**Thus build a theory
of donation, human,
half-conscious, if that.
Inevitably, this is for you.**

4.

**That word again,
nickname of the Other.
I love it on my lips,**

easiest word of all to say.

5.

**The house probably
was near Narrowsburg,
or maybe Shohola,
definitely near the Delaware.
Not sure who lived there
but the garden looked cared for.
The shutters are clearest
and a hawk overhead.**

5.

**Memory does that to us
or we to it. Bakery.
Bank lobby. Biplane
over steeple, coffee**

dribbling down the chin.

6.

**Sometimes it all seems to be
a sprawling museum,
where every item takes meaning
only from who had it or who
made it or where it fell.**

**As if a thing by itself is just
a footnote to a missing text.**

7.

**I don't think I ever
lived in a house with shutters,
they are the signs
of a certain social level**

a bit above or below me,
hard to tell which,
like a magnolia
or a dog in the yard.

8.

It says in the bible
keep remembering
till you use up all your words,
then you can begin.
Something like that—
my Hebrew is shaky
though I spoke Aramaic
as a kid. As we all did.

9.

The sun cam out

as I was saying this,
right in my good left eye.
A shutter would be helpful now,
is this all because,
because I named them?
And I have a naughty
bad left eye that no one knows.

10.
Except you.
You again,
royal patron,
ruler of language,
listener at the doorway,
analyst of the heart.

15 March 2024

=====

The pallor of time
sometimes, clue
of the shadowless,
then a mark, sudden,
mood shift, window.

We always lived
on the ground floor,
rabbits usual on lawn
and once a fisher-cat
dressed all in mink.
Seemed. They,
they take possession
with a sort of patience
we study but lack.

**Beast. Best.
Language knows.
They have no words
we have othingt else,
those lovely little crumbs
that fall out when we speak.
Vital to live close to the ground.
Listen with my aching feet.**

15.III.24

=====

He knows how to tightrope
walk in bed, cautious,
passing over deep ideas
without actually thinking.
Sleepy time is slippery
but he moves firm,
sees what others down
below are thinking
but he keeps calm
in pigeon-land, safe
above the scheming streets.

15.III.24

PARADE

The parade. Who are
these people
who claim to be me?
I recognize the music
in my mother's tears,
but not much more.

Youngdrum majorettes and old
men smiling but everything
seems to be about
another place some other
time, and nothing
now but the weather.

2.

Make it longer till

it's all a parade,
tedious consolation
of the never-ending.
Wipe my eyes,
salute more flags,
I am no better
than what I see.

3.

Accents, and artifice.
And a band goes by
with three sousaphones
brighter than the sky.
I hear me in their grunting,
melody of the bottom,
down the scale, sir,
deserve the down.

4.

We climbed Yeats; tower once
and kissed in Donegal
so the helmets and the pigeons
let us watch today
safe on television
where we children live.

5.

Virtual, the old word
made new is, strength
of the actual but
with less danger.
Fifth Avenue, the zoo,
the trees still bare.

6.

But in Barrytown
way up the river
the forsythia
gold-yellowing already,
my mother's favorite,
waking jere
by the train tracks
at the foot of the hill
where so many poets live.

7.

So Patrick's timing
is right as usual,
he who knew the mountains best,
he who brought

a new-born God
to this little island,
I mean the other one
across the mothering sea.

8.

So religion is hiding
in all these cheery faces
bright from breeze
or trumpet calls,
and religions is still
the strangest music.
I watch their marching
measured footsteps
and try to understand
what I can't see
is what really counts.

**The evidence all stacked
neatly in this empty house.**

16 March 2024

=====

The road led here,
no choice for it or me,
we do what the ground
tells us to. Obedience
is the science of streets.
Now learn language
from the silly names they bear.
Go west along East Palm
with not a tree in sight.

16.III.24

=====

**Run without stopping
upriver all the way until
until a sandstone cliff
makes the words slow down
those legs you trot on
easily so meagerly
a rock impends and then
again you trust
the go against the flow
why not, you're tide,
you stem from the sea
and some of mother's
muscle moves you still,
are you a seal or an orca
or a babbling child,**

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**makes no difference,
no matter, be loud and go.**

17 March 2024

=====

**A pain in the temple,
an ox in the manger—
waking has always been hard.**

17.III.24

=====

**In that very octave
on an upright piano
the song turns silver,
beautiful old woman
staring in the mirror,
her grizzled husband
watching from the doorway.
Music arms us for what happens.
Can't help but happen.
Silver gleaming in the sun.**

17.III.24

[Brahms' Paganini Variations]

====

**Mailman came Sunday
brought a package
a mystery to unwrap,
information never ceases,
no wonder we choose music
to drown out all the rest.**

17.III.24

=====

No hint of loneliness,
we invented that ourselves,
earth always happily
married to the sky.
never a day apart,
But , our we, with our uphill
and downstream our silly
cruise ships and pilgrimages,
as if to find an island
of utter exile. Maybe all
we really want
is to write long letters home.

17 March 2024

=====

**I heard tobacco
curing in the barn
and knew Kentucky.
Things taste like that,
profuse information,
simple answer to complex
not even a question,
a smell in the air, a word
adrift in the mind.**

17 March 2024

= = = = =

**They told me they had seen
harbor seals sunning on the rocks
by Saugerties lighthouse,
thirty leagues from the sea.**

**i told them I'd seen
the Northern Lights
weird neon green
flashing up over Ontario.**

We smiled and sipped tea.

**Then they told me they climbed
a little hill near Istanbul, there
Turks think Lord Jesus died.**

I told them in India
I had seen Everest fill the sky,
slopes all the gods came down.

More tea. We watched the news.

then they told me they walked
the pilgrim route to Compo stela
and I told them I had walked
on that road too, but earlier on, still
winding west in France.

More smiles now,
we were getting close.

They told me they had dug
for truffles east of Avignon,

I told them I had scraped up
garnets in the Adirondacks.

Pause. Tea. Risk? Maybe.

They said when they wer young
the East River was oily green.

I told them it was that way
in my Brooklyn childhood too.

We sat there wondering
if all this might still be true.

17.III.24

=====

Once an archer
on the peak of Erigal

shot let an arrow fly
almost straight up,
just enough of an arc
to see it bend, strangely
slowly, away from him
and then it stopped,
just stopped high in the air
so he could stare at it
and look down and watch
the seacoast far away
and look up again and saw
that arrow was still there.
Sometimes travelers in Ireland
look up and see that arrow still.

17.III.24

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=====

**Advantage. Alligator
illegal in New York State.
Lynxes reintroduced to Ireland.
What price wolves in Somerset?
We're not ready for our chances.
Growl. Typical North
European caution.
From which we grew.
Rhinoceros by every bush.
Some nights the stars tumble down.**

17.III.24

=====

**Fields of cotton
fields of corn
we are born
for better but
they do not tell us what.
We look at all the Septembers
and wonder if winter
has no gift for us as well
and is May just a time
to look at the colors and shapes and
smells and write
their names in precious books.**

1718.III.24

AFTER THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT

The thirty-six hour
day begins,
the waltz persists
inside the stone
but calendar pages
slip nimbly to the floor.

2.

Is it all about fear?
Is it children's clothing
lost in the laundromat,
kids abducted from orphanage,
who knows the rule?
I have a string in my pocket
that claims to know
how high above ground
a word might honestly aim.

3.

**Loss of parents
is the greatest fear
but what can we do
now that time
has come to take their place?**

4.

**Change the way we count,
no more numbers,
just use shape, shapes,
the way we wear our hair, glamorous
baldpates of Sodom,
pigtail pilgrims,
neatniks of Nyack.**

5.

Won't help.

Couldn't sleep

last night, now

punishing the day

with this and that,

animadversions from Antarctica.

6

Breeze and bright

but head is still night.

You're on shaky ground

and know it when rhyme

appears, mama's woolen

blanket to engulf your fears.

7.

Help yourself to pretzels
at the bar she said,
the innkeeper's daughter
as she hurried out the door.
An old jukebox glowed
by the men's room,
I walked over and spotted
The Warsaw Concerto
floating in all the pop.
That's how I knew it was 1950.
That's where broken
sleep leads even the heaviest.

8.

Pardon me, monsieur,
I'm still trying to make sense
of time, where it comes from

we'll never know, where
it's going we guess too well,
time is a gravel path
made of umbers—
no wonder I stumble as I go.

9.

Numbers are such slippery things
and have no color of their own
though 9 sometimes has
a faintly yellow calcite gleam,
proud of being the biggest
single digit we possess.
Now let me go back to sleep.

10.

No. Nyet. The crowds

**chanted Ross-i-ya Ross-i-ya
in Moscow this afternoon.**

**A crowd is an interesting animal,
only hurts you if it gets too big
or you get too close and
it rolls over on you
like a nice fat sleepy mule.**

11.

**I'm scared already—
fear is the income tax
we pay for being anywhere
and not alone. Though solitude
has its menace too.**

12.

**Think of all the dictators.
Think of the clock
measuring your breaths
one by one till you
count but it does not.
Think of an green oak leaf
floating in a well,
going nowhere
just being there.
Now don't think
of anything at all.**

13.

**Why did I sign that manifesto?
I should just have swept
the corn muffin crumbs away
and left the paper blank.**

14.

**If one thing really does
lead to another, next
time you'll be a flower
again of course, but this time
speaking German or Slovenian.
And I'll have to go to
school all over again.**

15.

**See why I'd rather sleep?
Not as bright now
and a little warmer.
Maybe that's the answer,
wait and see. But how long,
o Lord, and with what eyes?**

16.

I was thinking about national anthems, and Le Bon's theories of the crowd.

The French are good at that because everybody over there thinks the same.

I stood before the Trocadero and remembered.

17.

Walking west along the Cavillon

I saw a human skull

poking out of the muddy

berm beside the road.

Very white, there a long time

but looking at me now.
This must be someone
I came all this way to meet.
I carried the thought
of it with me
maybe getting ready
to listen to it at last.
I left the bone
and took the mind.

18.
Halfway through the day
my hands washed clean.
I think about putting
some music on. no Russian,
no folkish, no guitar.
Maybe just let silence

rubs its hips against my ears.

19.

**Who were you
when you waited for me,
who are you now?
I know you get tired
of all my questions
but I don't know how to stop.
I learned it as a kid,
it goes along with looking
and eating and wanting.**

20.

**And waiting by the phone.
Or that came after,**

it was one thing I could answer
all by myself. If it rang.

21.

But mostly I just bothered
you and you and you
with questions.

what does it mean
when you say Yes?

Does anybody really
know what time it is?

22.

Of course we can read
a person's character
from their handwriting.

Of course. That is why

people do text messages now,
don't let the secrets out
their spindly S's
or broken circle O's
would easily reveal.
They hide from me
who bares his heart to them.

23.

As one might expect
in an oldish poem
before time got its hands on it.
On us, I mean.
Who else can I ask?

24.

I've never ridden a horse,
never gone skiing.
And this too is a question.

25.

Once in Vienna
elderberry juice
big glass of it in the park.
Once in Honolulu
braised beef tendon
near the little stone
bridge in Chinatown.
Can't tell you anything more.

26.

So much comes out like singing,
can't help it, hum along,
the words hardly matter
but they matter,
the more they do
the more they sing.
And words go to sleep
to be repaired and polished.
Who knows what
they'll mean when I wake.

27.

You hate the sound
of cellophane crinkling,
I hate most the sound of
basketball bouncing
over and over on the sidewalk.

**I think this means
we should have been born
two hundred years ago.
And maybe we were.
And maybe we forget.**

28.

**For our pleasures and peeves
are ancient, they draw us
into this world again and again,
my fingerprints are stuck
somewhere on the Pyramids,
your breath still fresh
from Ireland when you stood
upright by the Stone of Destiny,
making sure the world was right**

29.

Little memories
little paving stones,
when you put them down
before you, they know
how to line up, lead you
to the temple.
But which temple?
The one in the middle
of every day, every night,
the answer you've been
itching for, the luxurious now.

30.

Calm down, Don Roberto,
my friend would say,
sometimes you keep asking

and miss the answers.

Mist in the trees
just to remind.

31.

And we were closer to the sea
once a whale and often seals
and naught to worry us
after the noisy yachtsmen
sailed away. In island peace,
in paradise.

32.

Sun makes mist lemony,
the infinite set of variations
that is everything we see.
I swear that's why I woke

**this morning, weary
of what I wasn't seeing,
only words questioning my head,
it was early,
then it was late,
you were standing there already,
already answering had begun.**

33.

**The phone rang.
It meant the day was working,
earth's atmosphere intact,
Sometimes I think the norm
ennobles us, Green Peace
sails the seas protecting
thousand creatures they**

**don't even know. Make the world
safe for how it was before.**

**Before we got here
asking all the wrong questions.**

34.

**So as usual
the variations
are all up to you.**

**I mean me, of course,
or maybe the one in the mirror
not either of us,
writing graceful old-style
letters with its left hand.**

35.

I hope I sleep tonight,

these days too long,
I hope I sleep tonight,
my mother called it
Irish Penicillin, cures
most things, most things
calm down like grass in winter.

36.

You saw the hawk,
I heard the crow—
enough to get the world
started again, wise bird,
hungry predator, hide
beneath a leaf, oak
or maple, heart-shaped
linden, here we are,
victims of paradise,

touch of your cool hand.

h 18 March 2024

ROSE OF THE WORLD

**it said when I asked
what my next book should be
(I'm always asking,
always trying to listen)
so I thought a month
or two ahead, a big
newly ripened rose
by the seashore, Rosa rugosa**

they say, wild rose,
and bent towards it
to smell that Sacred
incense more intense
right now than the sea
and on this hot day
mosquitoes wer reactive,
one came near me,
nipped me on the cheek
and I walked home
with the itch of beauty.
Now the book is done.

19 Match 2024

=====

**Last night's rabbit
ate the leftover
veggies from the day
before. simple as sunrise,
jello, hello.**

19.III.24

=====

Try again, it's only now,
the Pope is dreaming
by his window, content
to be alone a moment.
Democracies are noisy places,
subjects sleep cozier than
citizens.

I'm just saying that
to get your goat.
You must have a goat. ,yes?
Bring it out so I can
talk to it too.

19.III.24

=====

**i looked and the lawn
said nothing.**

**Then I saw the rabbit
had used all the words.**

2.

**Hard as migrant
workers in late summer
coming up from Alabama
in their Oldsmobile jalopies
to harvest the farm next door
this rabbit working
even before the equinox.**

3.

**Or is he silent or am I deaf
or did the wren use
all the words up,
shrilling to its newborn
to wake up?**

4.

**Strangely silent anyhow
in here I mean
where tumult
is a brand of sympathy.**

5.

**And why does it feel
so much like Sunday**

March 2024 191

**when Mars is in the saddle?
Sun's blessed fault!
Rabbit playing with this shadow.**

19 March 2024

=====

If I could swim
I'd spend my summer
rafting on the river.
But they never taught me,
sure that I would swim away.
But yjey must jave forgotten
that when you;re in water
there is no more away.

19.III.24

=====

If this really were Sunday
there'd be church.
I wouldn't go
but I'd know it's there.
Comfort in the middle distance
like a photo of my grandfather
smiling, tinted the way
they used to do.
And when I face the sun
I can only guess the shape
my shadow makes behind me.

19.III.24

=====

**Personal poses today
before the old fold-out Rollei.
Me at any age
pretending to be me.
But you know better,
you holding the camera
miles away across the parlor.**

19.III.24

=====

**Enough old stuff!
I want tomorrow.
I can taste it already
like the apple sauce
ready for the potato pancakes
but they're still in the pan,
not quite ready yet.**

19.III.24

=====

I could be a bishop
in fancy robes
or an unshaved sheriff
with a horse between his knees.
But I've given all that up for Lent
and Lent is long.
I sit and watch
their neighbor's fence
and wonder what
it feels like to be wood.

19.III.24

=====

**Unfortunate Portugal
to have such a fat neighbor.
But rhen again it has
the whole sea, all
the way to Cape Cod.**

19.III.24

=====

**The brotherhood found
a lump of iron in a cave.**

**They brought it to the sisters, who
breathed on it and cpaxed it to till it
spoke. Later still**

**the lump of iron took on
a personality borrowed from one of
them. To this day she talks and walks
among us, never lies.**

19/20.III.24

=====

Primavera

say it in English

first green

the spring,

***frühling*, the first,**

the early one,

***printemps*, the first**

time of all, prime

our well, begin now,

be the first, *vesna*

the world turns green.

Forecasts whispered showers

even snow, but no,

the word knew better,

bright sun, comfy cloud.

March 2024 200

**Forsythia blossoming
by the river, my
mother's birthday soon.**

20 March 2024

=====

Accidents in time too,
don't let myself get
too confident about
what day of the week this is.
Mercury is swift,
lord of the changes,
a petal falls, can't tell
from which flower
so large the bouquet
in which we live.
I'll smirk and guess it is today.

20.III/24

=====

**What's the French for grapefruit,
quick, I need one for the war,
my weapon, you use it thus:
sit down with a small one,
no bigger than a softball
left in the schoolyard,
squeeze it gently, peel
the skin off slowly, using
only your fingernails,
never a blade. Then gently,
gently, pry each segment loose,
careful not to break
even one of them.
When all are free,
arrange them in a circle
round the rind**

itself still in one piece
pale inside up on a table.
Now count the segments.
Relax. Battle over.
You have won. No blood,
faint sour sweetness
left on your fingertips.

20.III.24

=====

I built a tower
in my sleep
fell off at waking.

No wonder sun looks
so dreamlike,
do I know this place,

have I ever been
here at all?

20 March 2024 *lune-ish*

=====

**Fastidious, yes,
she is that.
Yet she lets me stay.**

20.III.24, *lune*

=====

**What alphabet
do you use
to shine your shoes,
what language do you dance in?**

**I'm not talking flags,
I'm talking coffee beans—
I like Arabic, you like Brazil
and neither of us
can speak a word of it.**

20.III.24

=====

**Woodchuck up and out
to patrol the springtime
and you can feel her glad
At Last! as she trots the lawn.
Mild winter, and she's
been out before, but now's
the real thing, eat and breed,
she's here to keep
the world running
one furry paw at a time.**

20.III.24

=====

I can't always be
thirty feet underground
trying to talk
through a pine tree
up there. Sometimes
it's sillier (silly used to mean
soul-like), more Vienna
than Vatican, sometimes
you have to let yourself
love the rabbit on the lawn,
let the dragon go on sleeping.

20.III.24

=====

**If I were a troubadour
I would tell
it isn't how you look
but who you are.
If I were a troubadour
and I sometimes am,
I could tell you
who you really are.**

20.III.24

=====

**The Middle Ages
never ended,
they just bright
new machines,
better ways of killing
one another, or just
staying up late at night.**

2.

**Entertainment mandatory,
staying away from the movies
is like missing Mass.
Get with pastime
as it passes**

or it will leave you
weeping all alone.

3.

Maybe Renaissance
is on its way.

Don't hold your breath.

And all it will mean
is you have to learn Greek.

20.III.24

=====

A petal fell.
It crashed
on the table top,
one more Vesuvius
of the mind.
Why can't we see?
We look and look
through the fog
of memory, vocabulary
and can't see
what is just there.

2.

The opera ended
with a cry,

“Let me see...!

**He asked the music_-
who else could be listening.**

3.

**That’s why some art
tries to show the way,
Brakhage’s hand-painted films
rescued from cameras,
those little rooms
they lock us in.**

**Or those photos, rare
and wonderful,
where we don’t ask
what is it? or have to deal
with our feelings for
the things it seems to show.**

March 2024 214

**There is no what
in these images,
there;s nothing there but to see.**

21 March 2024

=====

**Write your will
and move upstate,
sun in the morning
headlights at night,
walk by the river,
pray under the tree,
you're safe in the temple
of someone else's religion,
now make it yours,
amigo, now make it yours.**

21.III.24

=====

**I woke this morning
a year ago
and only one hour
has passed.
Bathroom. Doorway.
Study the sky.
Write down the silence
till your love wakes too,
comes downstairs to find you.
That is the method.
Stop writing when someone speaks.**

21.III.24

=====

I never held a dog ob a leash
or even a cat.
But I have held the pale string
that tethered a fine
fat red balloon
to my intentions,
sort of, to scribble
on the sky, and make
me keep looking up.
As it leads me on.
Leash a child to a balloon
to set him free.

21.III.24

=====

We are close enough

March 2024 218

to live far apart.

That's what friendship means.

21.III.24

=====

If I had time
to say it again
what kind of coin
would I sing you with,
an idle or a tidal
or a hand with silver
fingernails, just like Hanoi?
O I forget, I forgot,
numbers make fools of us
always, laptop after blackboard
racing, I stumble, I fall soft,
Honolulu! Is that clearer now?

21.III.24

=====

**Raging at the porch door
sympathetic relatives.
Why do they think alone
is some sort of disease?
Listen to the gospel: go
into the closet and shut the door
and be alone with what you mean
and who means it in you.**

21.III.24

ORBISANT

Orbisant, he thought,
the holy world a word
he thought he knew,
late Middle Ages, early
pharmacy, glass globe
with pale green liquid in it,
drink. Did he imagine it?
He supposed it to be herbal,
a tonic mild from half
a hundred growing things
all mingled, mild as seltzer,
healing. Studied
the color in his mind,
a little like green tea
but cooler, deeper down
and suddenly he knew
that every liquid, even water,

March 2024 222

**especially waer, has
a precise center, whatever
container you shelve it in,
the center. That's
what makes the tonic work.
What makes the world holy.**

22 March2024

== = = = =

Rocket ship to noon
the morning went so fast.
I slept like a comic book
I culdn't read, Asterix
in Japanese? And sprawled
blanketles in Bozo-land
until I woke again.
If you call this nonsense waking.
Still, here's pebble
I found on the path here—
maybe it was meant for you.

22.III.24

== = = = =

**Dawn was bright
but noon was dim—
it isn't even Sunday
but that sounds like a hymn.
Now I have to learn
who's singing it. Maybe Bach
up there with all the girls
of th e choir, learning
what music's for. Maybe not.**

22.III.24

=====

**There once was a word
I thought I knew
then the river swept it away.
What river?
Do you think I'd tell?**

22.III.24

=====

**I studied linguistics at Columbia.
Halfway through the paragraph
the music changed.
Coney Island in the wintertime,
sharks, seals, no girls.
But the wholegreen sea for me.**

22.III.24

=====

**If I listen to you
while you're on the phone
I'll learn a new way of being me.
Or at least sounding like
a self I could bear to be.**

22.III.24

=====

One snowflake
drifted past me
and one more.
I looked and saw
no other sign.
Snow come just for me!
Amazing, my lack
of humility.
But if you ask me
what it said,
I have to confess
I'm still listening.

22.III.24, Rhinebeck

== == == == ==

**Playing tag with the sun
they come through rain,
the believers I call them,
who hoped in their fond hearts
that there is somewhere else
than where they are.**

23 March 2024

=====

**You learn that in school–
at times you have to be mean.
We spend our lives unlearning.**

23.III.24

=====

Welcome to New Colosseum.

**The Christians today
are played by ——.,
the lions by —----.**

**You buy your ticket
and fill in the blanks.**

**I guess I'd pick
poets and scientists—
but which is which?**

23.III.24

= = = = =

**Siren sound
through heavy rain.
Noon on earth
and no wiser.**

23.III.24

=====

**No muscle in that miracle,
a lot of waiting.**

**Cabeza de Vaca stood
just south of the Rio
and saw a fellow Spaniard
for the first time in his
long years of exile.**

**It is what we see
when we look up,
sometimes the miracle
of someone who speaks
your language, someone
who can take you home.**

23.III.24

=====

**Someday I'll buy me a tuba,
not a sousaphone—won't
fit through the doorway
and I live by doors—
just a brassy armful hombardom
to bleat my way along
or boom in terror at what
on earth comes next,
flute like a dagger,
drum like The End.**

23.III.24

=====

for C

Let this
soft blue
fleece blanket
be the sea.
It goes over,
not under.
Lie on your side
and be half man
half-mermaid
gender aside.
Sleep will handle
deftly all your
physiology.
And buy you
dreams and

**keep you warm.
Between blanket
and bed, between
ocean and sky,
the simplest things
are full of tricks.
Thank you for
the blanket, love,
you hold me together.**

23.III.24

=====

*Any desire for public office
automatically renders a candidate
ineligible for such office.*

The woodpecker at the window just
told me that—
Some days I can read
their ancient morse code.

23.III.24

=====

**Birds landing through rain,
runway of the deck rail,
busy flights and none of us
sunning our silly selves
out there to bother them.
Spell rain another way
and let the birds do it.**

23.III.24

=====

**A girl wrote five hundred
stanzas and lived in every room.
This is cosmology, no need
for lipstick or guitar.
She said as she saw and it sang.
How did those mossy stones
get on the ceiling? How
did she make the Euphrates
river-rush the narrow hall?
She did what we all yearn to do—
listen sideways with clear eyes.**

23.III.24

=====

Miracle, must be,
eight billion humans
and no two alike,
no two with the same
thought, feeling,
breath. All capable
of breeding more like
and unlike themselves.
Tubes and wires and bones
soft organs oozing chemistry—
I feel faint suddenly
thinking of what even I am.

23.III.24

=====

**Palm Sunday
but how much
can I remember?
Tickling our necks
with palm strips,
parents severe but
secretly amused
though they know
what's coming
this very week
but we forget.**

24 March 2024

ANNUNCIATION

Somewhere

**on the vast empty
plaza of a war-torn city
a woman stands
and quietly says Yes,
so quietly that we all
can hear her still.**

24 March 2024

FEAST DAYS

How strange it is
to know
the meaning of a day
before the day begins.
And sometimes get it right.

24.III.24

=====

**Evolutionary attitude:
it's all one sentence
we've been saying all along
or we all are footnotes
to an absent text—
as surely has been said before.**

24.III.24

=====

**No sooner were the words
out of his mouth
than they all scampered around
and hid under the sofa.
So he had to spend
the rest of the conversation
trying to coax them out.
One by one they emerged,
shy, fearful of being doubted
or even believed.**

24.III.24

DISAPPEARANCES

1.

**When things disappear
look around in the mind
to find them or find why.**

2.

**Wild turkeys on the ridge,
a bobcat maybe after them.
You think of comic books,
people chatting, keeping warm
on a subway grate in cold Times
Square**

3.

Or rabbits, for that matter.

Or that book by Mandelshtam
we were supposed to make,
as his thoughts turned to Jesus
he suspected we Jews
had accidentally misplaced.

4.

Ladders are dangerous,
shudder to think of
step by step away from home.
Or is that just me?
I'm scared of everything,
my radical philosophy.

5.

Engine room to bridge;
i don't want to run any more—

turn the ocean off.
So we went back to sail,
blue canvas disguised as the sky.

6.

That's what it is—
the curtains look
like orchid petals today
with spring sun riding them.
I found the image
but not yet what it means.
Messages everywhere?

7.

Especially today's
remembrance.
Annunciation. Maybe

the angel was speaking
all the while but on
this day the word was heard.

8.

So I remember
the hold of the ship,
slave relations,
the taste of outside.
At times it makes me
ashamed pf being here now.

9.

Cardboard pelican
swings in the window,
breeze lifts its outspread wings.
Things remind. How else

could I remember the red sands of
Flagler and the High Priest?

10.

Things and their names
both get lost.
Leave the mind open
and walk away
and sometimes they come
back in. Doors everywhere.

11.

I heard the deep song
on old vinyl,
music is archery,
Bach cello suite,
but the bow is the arrow.

12.

**How many of me are here?
I lose count or just forget,
make up a different number
every day, always
hoping to add up to One.
I'll keep asking till you tell.**

13.

**And the noon is full.
Cat shadows in the alleyways
last night near Gerritsen,
calm lawn up here
with one skunk browsing.
The moon always comes back,**

that's the point here. There.

14.

**Highway as metaphor,
highway as road.**

**Metaphor is even safer
than a quarter-mile in low gear.**

15.

**Now that's just obvious.
That's how we like it
up here in the woods.
Hard enough as it is
to see who's sanding
there in the trees.**

A thing should shout its name.

16.

In the brain

but out of focus

like baseball in the rain.

17.

Cast moonlight on it

and hope it remembers

the sun it came from,

didn't it? I forget the name

of that forest in France

I saw every day across the river.

18.

Ageless animal!
Only we have years
to wind around our souls
to help forgetting.
But deep down we know
nothing really goes away.

25 March 2024

=====

Reminiscences of
the *Riesenrad*,
giant
ferris wheel in Vienna.
Sit peaceful in mid-air
in one of the floating cars
among the tourist Japanese,
let them crowd the window

with sweet excitement
of the never-seen-before
and never-see-again but o
my Lord how *here* it is!
Or however you say that
in Japanese. The place itself
and their excitement in it—
two for the prince of one
and I could just sit there
and smoke and rise to the sky.

25.III.24

====

**It sounds like a flute
coming from
just beyond the wind.**

**Or a clarinet
remorseless
leading me along.**

25.III.24, *lune*

=====

**Money on Monday
talk to the broker,
they all seem to have
odd accents, money does that.
nobody gets born in Moneyland,
at least nobody who has to
work for a living. Even
the brokers call it working,
schlepping your savings away.**

25.III.24

=====

**One of those days
when everything looks
like something else,
epidemic of simile.
Close your eyes and start again,
The first thing you see
will be only itself.**

25.III.24

VEENA

**The internal discourse
of blood and bone,
muscle and nerve,
mostly memory and mind –
fingers touch all those
and tell them to a song
we can actually hear us music.**

25 March 2024

BY THE ABANDONED MONASTERY

1.

**Island overhead
roadmap
lost in slipstream,
read your Bible,
there's always a river.**

2.

**But the animal insists.
Where is the peach tree now,
baby? Are you,
even you, a park already,
bronze statue of a queen
hawk on her head?**

3.

Or merciful still.

**Romany weather,
get moving,
your language alone
has carried you this far,
all the backroads to now.**

4.

**Fingers on the tent flap,
sun over Walkill,
the only one runs north,
so what seems the wrong way,
what keeps them from easy
sleep all through the camp
is the... wait, I don't know
what it is, I'm guessing
there is no wrong way.**

5.

Only numbers
can be really wrong.
Or pressing
elevator button up
when you mean down.

6.

O love that is a weird
theosophy! Weirder
the better she said,
smiling into the morning sun
as if that proved something.
And it does.

7.

Specifically carbon.

Ring around us.
He had a Coke,
she abanana split.
Try to remember
your chemistry
as you swallow,
before the old car
groans away and leaves
that pretty pale poison
floating behind.

8.

Too political, yes,
I agree. Agreement itself
is too political,
we need Sister Strife
to quiz our policies.

**Otherwise the other
will always get left out.**

9.

**Something in what you say.
Not government, not chemistry,
not even love. Hmm.
Swordless you stand,
Polonius safe behind the arras.**

10.

**I have a fair voice
but no memory
so can't be an actor
up on the stage.
Just stand here**

among you telling lies.

11.

Golden forsythia

by the river

is the answer.

Now find the question,

bring your camera,

;ittle app on your handy,

helpful, like a word

from long ago.

12.

We used to climb to the top

to see where we came from,

like an exercise you do in school.

13.

Sunday in Saxony,
they must call it an organ
because it works
deep inside you
when you hear it,
a brook tumbling
down the ancient spine.

14.

Yellow flowers
on this very table,
whence came they,
love? From the market,

from the florist,
from the far-away farm,
further and further,
like language, from
the beginning, the ground,
earth, I brought them here
yesterday and you see them
only now—there is a trilogy
in that delay, Aeschylus
maybe, or maybe one
of those letters from Paul
of tarsus we read and stand
corrected, weeping
a little by the Ionian Sea.

15.

Yes, language

is the strongest
psychedelic
but it's hard to get
because it's all around..

16.

O let me say what I'm saying
so I can someday
learn what I mean.
You know already,
but be patient with me,
I hobble, grammar
has such tught shoes.

17.

Forsythia one side

and tracks the other,
semaphores between
when trains could still read.
We keep coming here
to visit the river,
close as I can
come to my mother.

18.

Vivaldi wouldn't stop here
so why should I,
isn't one's life only
the first movement of a sonata?
Or a day up to noon?
Or noon to dark?
I can't get more
obvious than that.

19.

But i can try,
you're still here
after all,
and if not
the ceiling will keep
my murmurs
harmless safe.
On is the only way to go.

20.

Those flowers...
yellow-day, say-so-day,
from the corner of my left eye
I see shapes of birds

on the lawn out there,
whose wings are those
that lift and whirl
things out of the mind
altogether, leaving
maybe a color behind.

21.

Crows bluejays doves and wren,
some of my relatives
I know by name,
others off in Guessland
in the back of my mind.
Even ignorance is a boast.

22.

The last image of all

is a sleeping child.
We all were that once
but can't understand it
now. How could that be me?
Where are the books,
the dancers, the golden flowers?
Can it all be there already
waking in that soft round face?
No, I think it must be you.

26 March 2024

== = ==

The water rolled away
in the night then
more rain cane, Out
of weakened ground
some tall trees tumbled,
your favorite alas among them,
forked pine by the museum.

I felt helpless to
deal with your loss,
it wasn't my fault
but it felt like it was.
Feels like it is. Not

**that I should have power
over weather and woods,
but that I have no power
to take your grief away.**

27 March 2024

=====

Quiet sky.
A little sweaty
cloud maybe.
Sing a little
under breath.
See what you hear
just shut your eyes.

27.III.24

=====

**My shoulder hurt
when I woke up,
not fair to make me
carry burdens all night.
Sometimes dreamless
sleep is weaponry.**

27.III.24

=====

**The chaplain
wants us in church,
the physicist
in the lecture room.
Isn't there a religion
that comes to us
wherever we are?**

27.III.24

LOCUS

1.

An avenue of locust trees
leads into town, deep
corrugations of bark,
bare branches still
balancing the cold sky.

2.

We live on that road
a furlong further
so our trees are yew
and linden, quiet teachers.

3.

**There used to be a tavern
between us and the water—
a nasty noisy place
full of out-of-towners.
It's something else now,
same building dark at night
and not a sound all day.
We can hear the stream go by.**

4.

**Look, I'm just trying to say
where I am. Honesty
begins in geography.
Low glacial ridge, sand
and slate, wild turkeys**

at times, wild ferns.

5.

Telling the place
is easier than saying who.
Let me blither tunefully along
till maybe my draft card
falls out of my wallet
and tells you who I used to be.

6.

But no war for me.
Trees kept me safe
and all the other
protectors too.
Names you know and
banes I don't and you

had a lot to do with it too.

6.

Shiver. This is
getting personal.

That's my character
but not my job.

News comes on the hour,
the truth comes all the time.

That's the real excuse for music:
the continuous Me
in the song of the Other
so I am never alone.

8.

Not even now
when you're out

on the lawn feeding
song birds and the house
is full of silence—
maybe silence
is an endless echo
of all that has been said.

27.III.24

SPEECHIFY

**they used to say
and look what happened
to them. War. Politics.
Entertainment. Once
we lived in a very nice place,
a garden sort of
with cats and pheasants
and who knows what
elsing around in the trees.
I know that's not a word
but how else can I say it?
Better make up a verb
than waste your sacred time.**

27.III.24

=====

Woodchuck under deck
toddled out. This
is the country, this is
earth, this matters,
what a marmot does.

Each of her footprints
is recorded precisely,
graven in a slab of time
by the angel in charge
of things.

We watch
Wilhelmina waddle up the lawn,
mother of many,
we call her our wombat
but that's wrong—

**I can feel the angel frown,
the right word matters so.**

27.III.24

EMERGENCY

**Now you know all my
secrets I'll
have to make new ones.**

27.III.24, *lune*

=====

**By the lagoon, waiting.
River trying
to interrupt the tide.
Music is made
of interruptions too,
imagine a single
drum beat that never ended.
In dream I watched
the ride ripple in.
It felt like prayer.**

28 March 2024

=====

**Salt-lick in the pasture,
slight modification of chemistry.
Taste me who dares,
I mind your milk.**

28.III.24

=====

**On one of those bridges
over the canal, not
the fancy one with shops,
just a meek walk over water
I ate an apple once.
No, more likely a banana
but that doesn't fit the music...
Venetian banana o that'
a different tune indeed!
Later a horde of football fans
from Udine came bursting in
but I never heard who won
what game. The point here
is that I bent over the stone wall
and peered down at the water,**

my own face looked up,
infallible magic of how
what flows lets an image
stand still. I wasn't eating
anything, not even a fig—
lies can help to tell the truth.

28.III.24

ADRIATIC

**You see, doctor,
in the last few years
the Adriatic, besides being
an arm of the Mediterranean
reaching up to touch Trieste,
had become a wide, gleaming
living touchstone of reality
for me. I mean the thought
of standing on the shore
looking out at it from marble
jetty or just plain ground
makes me serious, earnest,
determined to tell the truth
of some important matter.
How can a sea**

do this to me?

2.

You see, sir, that stretch of ocean slips northwest among more than a dozen languages. It's natural, if you know that, to feel what you think and more cogently what you speak must be worth hearing in some many discourses.

3.

But, doctor, when I stand

by the Baltic, another
dozen-tongued puddle,
I feel nothing but pleasure,
excitement, gulls and seals
and Latvian girlfriends,
skiffs and Sibelius.

And it's north-er and colder
and I walked on the ice
free to be happy, free
even to be quiet there.

4.

So now it's getting clear.
It must be history
that solemnizes you
among the stones of Venice
and all that. Diocletian

across the water,
Illyrian frowns and dead
dialects, Genisthus Pletho
dragging Plato across the pond,
mosques of Tirana,
Macedonian manners,
scary shadows in what
you thought was Europe once.

5.
You've lost me, doctor.
I mean i knew some of that,
interesting, but it soon
washes off like any knowledge.
Whatever it is I feel
is different. Serious
but not frightful. Look,

it's like waking early
on a cloudy gentle day
with nothing planned
and lying there knowing
something is asked of me,
but what, lying there trying
to remember some of the future,
something I have to do or say.
that's what that sea is like.

28.III.24

====

Construction workers
praying for rain,
a boy sitting on his stoop

eating grapes.

**Assume whatever happens
answers someone]s prayer.**

**Assume that meaning
comes in thingly waves.**

**The grapes are green seedless
and it starts to rain.**

28.III.24

=====

**Stylus on the sundial
seen in childhood,**

**remember when every
single thing is a mystery
but then words, names
eased the pain of things
a little, pain of not
knowing what anything
really is or is for
or means or does.**

**Remember the winch
that hauled water
from far down the well**

and you drank?

**A childhood image
is like a lost love,
you see her still
shoving the boat from the jetty.**

28.III.24

GOOD FRIDAY

**Sometimes the skin
heals, the wound
scabs over but the pain
never goes away.**

We did this.

We did this to one of us.

Never mind who,

Jew or Roman or

any one of us.

what we did to Him

we're still doing.

Not just in Palestine.

29 March 2024

=====

Appease the lion,
vegan diet for King Beast.
It will take a long time,
slow digestion aims
at mercy. Maybe.
Fruit-flies hover
over the salad bowl—
life has so many forms,
death only one.

29.III.24

=====

Heard screams
before dawn, woman?
outside? inside?
raccoon in the garden,
breath in the windpipe?
Looked all around,
nothing left to do
but think in the dark
and wait and think again.

29.III.24

====

Sun shimmer through organdy
yellow flowers in shadow
in a deep blue vase.
Where's Vermeer
when we need him,
do we have to word it all alone?

29.III.24

=====

In the London zoo a pair
of zebras going at it,
hooves flying dominant
over quivering mate.
I wanted a different kind
of love, less aggressive,
less operatic but still
I hear his bellowing,
her whimper.

29.III.24

=====

**A few blue
squills already
on the lawn,
hard to see so
bright the sun.
The time has come,
soon all over the lawn
banners of resurrection.**

29.III.24

VESTIBULE

**we called it
in my first house.**

**Up the stoop
and through the door
and there we were,
a room before the rooms,
tall ceramic flower vase
(usually empty) and brass
hardware gleaming
on the inner door.**

**A room all about being
between! Little table
for the vase but no chair.
It was not a place to be in,
but to pass through,**

felt like temple or a church,
those places where
with nervous breath we
guess our way ahead.

29.III.24

=====

What the air said
when I stepped out—
day of rest?
Or wrest the day
from mere riveting by
and build it tall,
rock-bottomed,
logical and full.
But even if you let it fall
I still sustain you—
watch the new blue
flowers wave.

20 March 2024
Holy Saturday

=====

Maybe walk

around the reservoir
bless the water
on its way to the city,
maybe be urban
a little ourselves,
eat out, tip the waiter,
watch sunset from the sjore.
Imagining is good for us all.
We're all alone by the river
watching the empty trees
starting to pretend their green.

30.III.24

=====

Tobacco hurts self,
cannabis hurts other.

**Note the 'random' acts
of quiet young assassins.**

30.III.24

=====

**There was a mill right there
we still can hear the stream
rushing down to the river
though in dry weather we
have to listen hard to hear it.
But now it sings, steady,
mourning its mill wheel
for all I know, I do not mourn
what I miss, half a century
it has not stopped singing to me.**

30.III.24

====

**Boston weather
in our own backyard!
March and forsythia,
dandelions, squill.
college up the road
a mini-Harvard with fierce bite,
and all we need is people.
But their role is played by trees
who speak the purest grammar
even I can sometimes hear.**

30.III.24

=====

**Rude shamans of big Pharma
brutal politics
of drones and daggers,
lies abound and coups d'état,
every dwelling place
a haunted cave in this
now-o-lithic age.
When will modern times begin?
Sorry, Charlie, that
was just a movie, long ago.**

30.III.24

=====

**How many borders
have I crossed
not counting day's and night's,
or the one between speech
and silence, or the one
between guessing and knowing,
take out the map,
count the countries
penetrated, now the states,
county bounds, town limits,
other people's property,
the neighbor's lawn.
No way to keep count,
I suddenly see myself
as ashy invader,**

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**a blundering Viking
meaning no harm,
helmet in hand, begging
for the alms of elsewhere.
I'll get over it, I'll go out
walk strictly on the sidewalk
legal as lexicons.**

30.III.24

XPICTOC ANECTI

He is risen.

**Ge stands upright
in your heart.**

**At first you think
he's a man who works nearby.**

And he is.

But then he says your name.

31 March 2024

=====

Don't bother the stone

with my complaints,
the stream doesn't much mind
but it's not nice
for the ocean where all
rivers end. Don't phone
the pastor on Easter. Take
whatever bothers me
as a childhood game,
an Easter egg hunt
in shabby foliage for
the real value of this woe.

31.III.24

=====

She's feeding the birds,
I'm writing some words.

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**Morning in Annandale
inescapable rhyme.**

31 March 2024

=====

1.

**Carry on! Carrion?
What do words tell us
when we look the other way?
Wind the clock,
tune the ears, leap
the vast gulf between
the sounds of things.**

2.

**Wait for the water—
I've seen that molecule before
but didn't know t, don't
know it now, my eyes**

are dreaming, streaming,
strong sunlight and no forget.

3.

The glasses, the masses
through which we seemed to see
the operations of deity.

Look out the window,
the trees are priests and rabbis—
does it so much matter
which is which?

4.

Waking up is trying again.
The water comes by
again and again,
the wind stops and starts,

keeps me paying attention,
pull the collar up
around the words.

5.

This is matter's mind again,
hylonoetic, our mother's mother.
Matter's mind. it still
whispers us the story's story,
age after age we hear.

6.

Decades it took me
to understand

the bricks in the wall
of the house I was born in.
I'm still trying to decipher
the ivy a drunk uncle
ripped all down from the wall.

7.

Am I home yet?
Do I have too many
relatives to be trusted?
Sober as I am I'm still
somebody's uncle.
I was drafted into this war.

8.

So wait for the water
as I was saying

before I interrupted myself
with myself, so what,
wait for the water,
the priest sprinkles
the gift and the giver,
wait by the river,
the gull launching up
shakes a few drops on me,
wait for the water,
it seems to be free
but you pay the price
of never forgetting it.

9.

Use water to bless with,
dries soon but always
comes back. Each drop

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**a reminder. Wait for it.
It won't be long now.**

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