November 2023

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Sleep a month
wake a year–
could it be
simple as November?

“I waited by the gate”
I wrote, but there I was
inside already, inside now
and seemingly only
one way to get out,
the Forward March that
Colonel Clock keeps
shouting at us. Or is there
another way? I wake
with a scroll of Padmasambhava in my hand, not philosophy but sophophily, the ancient indwelling science of love, not sentiment, not attachment, not even desire, just endless giving, my life for another.

1 November 2023
Bright blue say
for all the yellow leaves,
all I say, but some
persist in reen
and some are gone,
our lindens pretty bare,
but that big maple copious
still. Not warm, not cold,
noontime, intensely now.

1.XI.23
Let it be sidewalk, walk on the grate, hot air from subway sweeps around ankles.

Stop for a minute and remember all the miles I mean hours I mean the tense muscles, short breath of being there, down there, locked in with others of my kind,
fear and longing clustered tight together and the roar of the train in the tunnel. Now breathe that all in and go on through the trees.

1.XI.23
Access to elsewhere rigorously controlled. Even though the doorman and the customs police and even the prelates are all fast asleep—that’s their job, remember—it’s still worth your life to get through that soft curtain or those slatted swinging saloon doors into what is ever a saloon. But that’s what life is for. Solving the mystery worl
without even a single crime to go on. Getting out of yourself and still be you.

2 November 2023
Feast of All Souls
El Dia de los Muertos,
Du of the Dead?

Day of what has been said
and needs to sink down
into earth and come up roses.

Celebrate dead words
this day, lost languages,
sweet slang of grandm’s era,
songs of dead popstars, idioms
scarce met with outside books.,
o once I was an Irishman,
once I was a Turk, and devil
the word of either can I speak,

old poems shredded, sifting
down into earth, come spring
lady rain may make them sing.

2.XI.23
Earth is a tightrope,
every step a caution,
peril speaks gravity,

and yet we have to move
to reach the invisible
other clifftop time
tells us must be there.
Doesn’t the sun come
over it every morning?

Solid ground, that old
imagined terra firma,
seems always far ahead.
Thank goodness every now and then you can sit down and hold on for dear life.

2.XI.23
FRUIT BUD

Cancellation.
Is it stream or dream?
It weighs, it waits
to blossom.

A thing

has gone to sleep
so another can wake.

A seed is a chancel
of a new religion,
one that joins its voice
easily with all faiths,
flowers. Look at the sky, ask Where are all the colors now? A dead maple leaf smiles at your feet.

3 November 2023
It can say a little more than the words can but then the hand comes into play, tips say of two fingers pressed gently where the jawbone starts, left side please, the left side is the listener. Now your companion has been told what even
you don’t have words for, 
the perfect message, intact, 
ever entirely understood.

3 November 2023
FROM

She drove from the Loire up through Paris to fly home to Rhinebeck from which she drove up our way and brought me two bars of chocolate mine milk, knobby, rich, it came from Belgium [on its cacao road from Africa. I took it gladly from her hand and pulled the chocolate from its languyagey wrapper. started to nibble from it, and it wasn’t till after midnight
that the chocolate was hone.
I couldn’t keep myself
from eating it, it was,
speaking from a lifetime
of milk chocolate, simply
the best chocolate, ever.
three ounces from Parnassus.

3.XI.23
Even now the birch is still lush, green
a little paler
but lyrical as ever,
the river birch, close
to the Metambesen stream
roiling northwest to the
Mohicauk, to use the old names for our fresh waters,
who knows how to spell them, really, ask the birch,
big trees have long memories.
Yes, that’s true, the tree explains, but spelling is not our problem, there is no right or wrong way to spell someone or thing, just say what you mean over and over until, until they or you understand.

3.XI.23
Flowers have anthers and we have questions. There’s more to puns than meets the why.

4.XI.23
Pitch dark at seven
no wonder
they call it morning.

4.XI.23 lune
Tell me a story
I begged her
so she became one.

4.XI.23 lune
A little light seems to be out there over the trees.

4.XI,23 lune
O go back to bed,  
start the dream  
all over again.

4.XI.23 lune
= = = = = =

Antiseptic light
heal my dream,
vanish images.

4.XI.23, lune
NOVEMBER DAWN

A kind of soft grey difference over the dark trees.

4.XI.23 lune
They sell me syllables today, those kindly Kirgiz merchants in my head, they still bear the chill of the desert, talmudic clarity, Sufi dreams. I have to make images from what they sell, pleasant work for morning with a hit of haste in it: the day comes soon, and with it come other people, and they understand so little of what I say. Or is it me?
Still, brick by crick
the word is built,
the little booth by roadside,
come, understand me.

4 November 2023
= = = = =

It’s light enough now to see those clouds that made the dark.

4.XI.23 lune
And then try again
as if t were part
of the body, this knowing
like a muscle in the mind,
flex it, exercise it,
till knowing can pick
up the known and taste it,
walk with it by the rocks
piled up by the river for
god knows how many years.

4 November 2023
Christian or not churches point to the sky. Towers belfries, minarets, acute angled old New England roofs, or roofs they say now, that was a mistake when I was young, like building a chapel upside down. Wonder what those hymns would sound like... 

4.XI.23
for M

Down there without a warrant you still are trying to unlock the mystery of elsewhere, how it keeps turning into here and then you have to make your getaway. All the places you have been fluttering away like dead leaves but still how richly they litter your lawn. And lawn is for lingering and linger is lettering, twist the clouds into words,
tap the turtle shell so gently
that it speaks. I was a stone
once too, I know what it’s like,
the sweet memory of some place
you have never been,
snow drifting across the Sahara.

4 November 2023
When you wake up at dawn what can you do except what the day tells you to? That is how history begins—and they thought it was just a dream!

4.XI.23
POETS

Like Jews
in a hard place
softening stone,
some to stand on,
some to shape
into what
the next day needs.

4.XI.23
Long Division came next with Algebra way ahead in some future he’d have and have to live through. Why all these numbers, why do they keep counting? Isn’t a thing a thing enough by itself? The child wearily drew the little cliff on paper, filled the numbers in, did the trick, fed up with these silly grownup games.

4.XI.23
Time travels
in me. The child
bellows for breakfast
in me but I’m not hungry.
Remember the first time
I heard Liszt, or Schubert,
or Mahler—I’m still not
ready for the pleasure
they gave, o Beauty, beauty,
there is an adolescence
of the soul that’s yet to come,
is that what they mean (and
how do they know?) by Paradise?

5 November 2023
My ancestors lit bonfires thi day and murmured mean things about Catholics some of them were. The calendar tolerates no exceptions. Strike the match and boo the Pope.

5.XI.23
Power is all they really want—
you can tell it by their celadon,
taming the sky into a teacup,
refusing to put sugar in the tea.

5.XI.23
My plan: to hire
a strong-voiced woman
and pay her handsomely
to go into the woods
and there read out loud
the whole of the *Odyssey*
in Homer’s language or her own,
and do this in deep woods
where no one but the trees
will hear her. The trees
will understand, and enjoy
all that coming and going.

5.XI.23
Mercy means me forgiven and you sublime, daylight undamaged and night serene. You don’t have to be French to say Thanks.

6.XI.23
Mussels in the basket on the market stall. Somewhere in France then last night four in a soup bowl, white spicy sauce all round them. The mind can’t help it—the things are there.

6.XI.23
It is not enough to be awake. You have to walk or move orgo a certain way and then the day loops its lasso round you and the orchestra starts up. Behind all that you can see the invisible sound stage is full of people shaping life for you. Everything you say wull be recorded. And all you think gets written down.

6 November 2023
EMERGENCE

I came out of the stone and looked around. Around is the place they give me to live in. The trees still there, the marble ruins of the old Roman basilica, grey asphalt road winding down away, still a little shiny, guess it rained. I know what I know, that’s what the stone taught me, some things hurt and some things don’t—that’s enough to start with. I hear crows
calling, can’t see them yet, there is a cornfield over the hill, but nothing but weather nearby. Am I enough for this land? I chew over that worry every day like a morning prayer. Can I give as much as I have been given? Not even the stone can tell me.

7 November 2023
THE COIN

On the other side of the coin a symbol I can’t make out, looks like an ear of corn on fire or plague of a flightless bird. At least the profile on the face is that of a human, male, mature, Nordic features, Asia eye. The lettering on the coin is in an alphabet I can’t read, don’t even recognize, the only number on it is a 7 with a little wreath around it just below the emperor’s chin. Or whoever he is. Who uses
coins anyhow anymore, yet this coin us new, gleaming silver alloy, and what comes in sevens? One more mystery in my crowded pocket.

7 November 2023
Linked to light
the lesson
lady’d the male world
in a quiet sentence.

An epigram
made of autumn leaves.
a Bible of new bricks.

O watch the wall being built,
enjoy the playful
arrogance of rain.
For this is now, November
or call it by any other name, 
it all, we all croon 
love songs to 
the salty heart of time.

7.XI.23
Read now
and let the shadow
of the words
confuse the earnest
registrars of meaning.

The brain has a stomach too
where all I hear or read
mingles, mashes, nutrients
stream out to uphold
all the operations of sleep,
desire, fear and even sense.
Be a good child: read the words in order then let them loose inside.

8 November 2023
Walkfare
like a stranger
counting mushrooms
in someone else’s woods,
the biosophy of stumbling
softly through whatever,
whatever is three
is your pilgrimage, amigo,
over the obvious
to the hidden sea.

8.XI.23
Fingers moving, no piano to answer their touch.

8.XI.23 lune
THE BUILDING

The building went on all night. The stars I mean the skies were blueprints and the first draft was water, log before the bricks were baked. Awake, they told it, and the building stood, more office than temple, live and work in it and keep your prayers to yourself. Who said that remains unclear.
2. Brick, at least, makes sense. I know a wall in Germantown that talks to me like a friend, a new friend—never take my geometry for granted, simple as an oblong seems there is so much mystery in what you can’t see—mortar is only part of it.

3. Yet it lets me sit there listening. What more can I ask of a friend? There are few problems a good wall can’t solve.
4. But that big building we started with, that I don’t think is finished yet. The birds around the balconies seem at home already but no one else goes in or out.

5. I’m glad it stands so close to the river. Always something happening, even in winter when wolves trot over the ice from the mountains over there.
Everybody wants to get here, a building is a magnet if you haven’t noticed. And brick sings soothes.

6.
Morning means to go there. Day means dwelling. Night mens maybe it was tefe al along. Some things already are.

9 November 2023
IN PARENTHESES

(The phone as we knew it lasted less than a hundred years. The thing that hung on the wall and screamed until you picked it up and held it, a black quash, against your ear and listened, hat is no more. Now you have a eavy little pack o cards in your pocket that buzzes when you’re in traffic, a deck with a million cards in it and pictures and minders. But you still have to talk to eventually, at least finger the alphabet till it says something that someone else, that trouble- some
other, can read and be satisfied at least for a moment, Someday they may invent a path of peace.)

9.XI.23
Examine the pole, it stands there as if it were the center of the earth. When you are that really. See tt: that’s what you look like the mirror tells me.
Waiting on the levee
like the dumb old song
keeps saying in my head
likely to make fun of me
who am always waiting.
Or dreading more likely
the weird boat coming
down the river from
the inland darkness
so take me with you to the sea.

10.XI.23
Shine meant beauty back then and over there, and tree meant oak tree once. Narrow focus sometimes, sometimes wide open sea—which just means little bluelake in Germany.

10.XI.23
AMBERGRIS

In a little bottle far away from whale and sea and history. Just here, just now, small, a small scent, makes you wonder what all the fuss was about then you discover that it does something to other scents, aromas rise from complex marriages. Smile, reminisce, settle the cork back in.

10.XI.23
The olive tree was after. Then the children grew up and traded pine trees for memories, so the blackpine grave on the way from Calicoon! But the olive came after. One child has made his way to the south of Fabce, near enough to Italy for alive tree to stand near his hotel. He wasn’t young anymore but still loved olives. There we leave him and make
our way back to the word. A word is weird. Weird meant destiny, karma, as if a word is your fate. His, I mean, staring out through the gentle rain. Sorry to be bothering him again.

10 November 2023
ON THE POND

Once a blue heron,
once a swan.
They let themselves
be known to us
while busy with
work of their own,
only part of which
is being beautiful.
Don’t ask me—
Beyond beauty
there is only mystery.

10.XI.23
You can always tell when someone has an incubus in them. They’re appealing, cute or try to be but you can always see two beings staring out of the same pair of eyes. Be polite to them indeed for they are meaner than they know or even mean to be, be polite but have some urgent business somewhere else.
and say goodbye, and hope in your heart that the words still mean God Be With You and save you from the imp inside.

10.XI.23
She stands there after graduation looking around like water booking for its well. Or the sea it senses it came from long ago and needs again. Sea needs me she thinks, and truth takes over. I'm on my way!

1).XI.23
Yes, thoughts are just clouds drifting across the pure mind. But the shadows they cast shape the landscape of the day.

11.XI.23

(During the memorial for Chris)
NIL NISI...

The newly risen can still hear faintly, confusedly, the thoughts of those they left. Think slow, think no. A loving silence is good prayer.

11.XI.23
BOSTON PLACES

Cambridge

meant walking up Mass Ave following pretty girls west but there were no pretty girls only slender Swift young men and old men carrying books. following trains of thought to the last corner where I chose right to school or left to river. God blessed what I chose.
Medford

when I taught at Tufts
  I was not their first
they had an elephant qwkk before me—
  Barnum's Jumbo himself
gleaming trim muscular ull his own polite immensity
taxidermied to a T, standing ro this day in the main building I went by and patted his joof many of a time
Roxbury

meant standing brave up on that rare green thing a cty hill by that huge water tower, standpipe they called it, and it did stand over me, surrounded by low houses full of hippies and I stood there too, a little afraid of them, a little afraid of the city out in front of me wondering if I could be worthy of it.

10-11 November 3034
AFTER A LECTURE

Ideas are the chaff of poetry. Use your own breath, blow it away and get to the grain.

11.XI.23
The Agenda
need a diet,
time to swear off
acts of war.
Time to fold hands
in what looks like
friendship. Or prayer.

12.XI.23
When I get ten miles away from home everything feels like Wyoming, wilderness but with phantom trees hidijbg horizons. Everything is far. Or do I nean fear? The words are so close, had to tell apart, spaniel on q lawn or prairie wolf.

12.XI.23
THE JOURNEY

Going is too hard.
Being is
difficult enough.

12.XI.23 lune
It begins to begin.
It consents to half
q dozen yesses all at once.
november roses, subway
to the moon. memory
has a man in it, he turns
a wheel and the subject
changes. There is a woman
in the mind who molds
thoughts with her own.
Begin. Once the beginning
has begun, there is no
more to be done.

12.XI.23
Whales once
up this river tugged
to a place that was
no place but became,
without a harbor or
even a creek mouth
to call them all
the hundred thirty
miles from the sea.
What brought tem here?
Yes, the sea tide helped
sail up this generous estuary
but whyscorn half a dozen
easy ports on the way, closer,
both sides of the river? Maybe magic. Find the native name, but what was it naming?

13.XI.23
I met Moses in the night. No mountain nearby, the car I drove in idled under a juniper tree.

I rolled down my widow and called out to him, “Gretins, you must be Lord Moses, son of Pharaohs, still leader of the Jews.”

He nodded, stared at me a little moment then began:
“I came from Egypt to guide the Jews into wisdom, maturity, pragmatic skills— and I did it by sending down hundreds of laws—so many laws are good for consciousness, ever on the alert to ward off infractions. Do you think I should have found another way, easier for my people, some sunshine always in the head?”

I was touched, felt entailed to be asked to share his doubt. I tried to answer, sail I myself
loved obeying laws, to obey a law precisely was like stroking the bdy of a friend. But tou gave the Jews so many laws I would have shivered in promiscuity of sheer awareness. Yet awareness is the point, yes?”

Not much help for him there but I told him how much I loved his image of steady sun inside, an awareness we could be part of ourselves, not anxious workers cranking some machine.
Time to drive on. As I slipped the car into gear, he leaned in the window, smiled and said “By the way, that is an olive tree.”

13 November 2023
This spoon has sat on my desk for weeks with no work to do, no cup needs stirring, no powder beads measuring. Hmmm I say as I look at it, shining blue handle, stainless scoop, why are you here? The spoon gleams as if to say You could ask that question of everything that exists.

13.XI.23
= = =

Summoned by the word
he suddenly realized
there are no angles in heaven,
only curves, only rapture,
sleek continuities, now and ever.

14 November 2023
Closer to now than before I still am not here yet.

14.XI.23 lune
The sun makes it obvious, the trees are waking
Steiner says to their winter work. They have spoken to us all summer long and now go back inside themselves. Were they talking in their sleep or just in ours? Wood ever wakes.
14.XI.23
Luminous as if with its own light but is it? Mind gathers the world to me, I sing what I have seen or mean to, heaven permitting.

14.XI.23
I’ve known girls named April May and June but never one called November. Why are there no winter women when we need them most to pierce the cold and say the ruth?

14 November 2023
MIDTERM EXAM

1. How wide is the window?
2. How deep is the door?
3. Does the hallway ever end?
4. What is the name of the tree?
5. Who was the woman?

15.XI.23
Leap to the lap of us from which we fell long back, rocket trail of our fall red scar still on the dark now.

2.
Ever the lap the fold over a self from which new selves slide as from the cathedral steps hew scriptures speak.
3.
Wake to that as it woke me, we’re only just beginning, you know. soft grass under bare feet.

15 November 2023
Here in Dedham outskirts of.
Of Boston tomorrow hurry home today the gloss is on the mirror, sheen after shower, wipe the glass to see your own face, I gave at the office, no more need be said. Going home
is the best part of being anywhere.

16.XI.23 Boston
Unparallel, the line went astray, the dog trailed after like a number, decimal point its leash Aladdin led him down through the cave and out into Nother planet’s sunshine, until the line, weary, turned and folded back on itself. And so the sphere was born.

16 November 2023, Boston
Spectrum, luminous names, and somber indigo, we try our best to call out what happens when we see or look or remember or what hayj God wrought.

2. Welkin, they used to say, the sky above us towards which we naturally look and pray, prayer, the heart's fur in a winter world.
3. Look around to find me, look round to gaze at yourself, you’re never who you are but what you seem, until that is, until the sky agrees.

4. Then the possums wake and trot across the lawn, and pirate ships haul down their darksome flags and welcome pipers from Barra
and pipers from Meath
all equal in the kindly sea.
Hurt no one, help them all.

5.
So the quiet argument resumes,
logic plays little part in it
yet it helps the mind at times
and even the heart, wait
while I explain, he said,
then left the room.

6.
Identity is the subtlest trap
but wears bright clothes.
You could see me from a mile away, I think, the noise of my thinking, pink of my glance.

7.
So set the old word free and be astonished by your own etymology. For you were spoken and I was too, that’s how we came to be, how we came to know.

16 November 2023, Boston
Shaken by sunset
soothed by dawn
the normal wakes.

Almost. Words few
but loud. Link,
link and listen.

But keep your ideas
to yourself. If you share
they will fester
among your countrymen
until they no
longer mean what they mean.
And the i]Inquisition is always watching. Silence saves. Agree with them all, walk quiet in the sky.

17 November 2023
Is it time yet for time. Pr can the blur o sleep turn into the blue of the sky. These are not questions. What am I waiting for.

17.XI.23
Our little school has ness in Kirghizstan and Myanmar, Berlin, Budapest, Vienna, California, even Brooklyn. No wonder our team in called the Raptors.

17.XI.23
FOOD

Try to eat the grammar of it, not the taste. The taste is for kids, the nutrients for your busy body, but the grammar is for you. Scan it, parse it, register what’s under the taste—start with the radio waves speaking from jaw and teeth.

17 November 2023
There were 48 of them. They wore black satin shorts and red jerseys. They danced each other gently, moved about, touched and turned. They are the original letters of the alphabet, each wants to see what happens when it’s in front of another, behind another, clasping the other in their arms. What does it mean when I touch you each is asking, or you touch me? Language goes on asking that,
asking you and me.

18 November 2023
Some things are easier.  
Whistles on smokestacks,  
crows on the fence.  
Don’t go to India so fast,  
there is a river here at home,  
and a tender little mountain  
right across it.  
Even here the grass is green,  
the lawn goes up a little hill.

18 November 2023
The bells go off
but the church is empty.
It is a sentence
with no verb.
We wait under the linden
For the last leaf to fall.

18.XI.23
So many friends,
and so little love.
Dig the well deeper.

18 November 2023
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

She gives so much just by walking in a crowded room

19 November 2023, lune
= = = = =

The wonder of it wakes before us that it is there, really there, doesn’t have to be made or milked or put together by us, just there. The all of it, the little of the all we see.

2.
The earth is a ball, remember. Rolling is what it’s about, the twists of weather, shifts of light. And always
the magical water
that doesn’t fly off into space.
So many mothers we have!

3.
So many wonders.
Squeal of a starling
She’s watching on a video.
Shaft of sunlight brightening woods
----- ------ on the fluttering page.
Wonders. Breakfast soon
and it’s only --- ---- now.
I’m trying to tell the truth again,
Time inside tone [time].

4.
Slow getting
better from a wound.
Sluggish scherzo
of quick music,
shuffle, shuffle,
daylight soon.

5.
But we still keep asking
where the train is going,
I mean the ball is rolling.

6.
But we don’t have to know.
The silvery tracks
get rusty sometimes
but still we see them leading on and on along the river, the river that knows the answers.

19 November 2023
Wayfare is welfare
keep going
everywhere is home

20 November 2023 lune
Weight off the mind
unbuckle the shoe—
revolutions don’t do much good.
Except to wheel and planets,
except to some of me.
Roll me to a window
that looks out on the sea

20 November 2023
Maturity is an exploded theory. We’re all kids together. Only some of us are old.

20 November 2023
The baby didn’t blink his eyes when he looked at me. As if he knew already what I am, or what all of us are.

20 November 2023
Some bridges look better from below. Think about it.

2.
Brooklyn then was for getting out, then coming home.

3.
Out was beautiful but in was best.

20 November 2023
Grey suit, wool, subway steps. Follow the reader, scope his headlines as he burrows inside the pages, game scores, stocks, even the opinions of unknown editors. Stay safe out here let it be now, Peace treaty signed.

20 November 2023
In the cornfield of the night
the waxy leaves slip off the eaves
and the golden kernels glow,
each one a letter
in an alphabet
we need to learn to read
and write in
if we want to know the truth.

20 November 2023
Civilize no more—
the tiger
anxious at the door.

20 November 2023 lune
Outpatient like an orange half dried out on a waiting room bench. Origami, like your thoughts pinned together so cleverly, with such effort, orology, science of mountains maybe. Takes a long long time to get a degree.

Outfielder, you know, the one who always catches your best efforts and smiles,
or is it sneers.

Organ grinder. An animal the monkey uses to make music.

21 November 2023
= = = ==

Hard to wake today,
imageless
just the sound of words.

21 November 2023 lune
Put a question mark beside each word—
that’s what those little hooks are for.
To keep me from dragging a word too far
from what it means.

21 November 2023
A rat on the tracks.
Life insists.
This beast a blessing.

(21 November 2023 lune)
= = = = =

asking is also.

Begin at the end.
Stand im sympathy that s,all town outside Corinth where the Christians go to cry.

2. Oblige me by disbelieving, so I have rge whole thing
to do over again—
that’s how beauty comes.

22.XI.23
Coming from far
far away they said
so I’ll assume
they come from me.
Where did I go
and leave myself behind?

22.XI.23
for Charlotte

The miracle of her birth renewed today,
and all we can come up with is words and cake and flowers.
Let these freesias fare as her temple!

22.XI.23
Explore the explicit all day long if you like then sleep on it— that log in the ;agoon may just be a log after all.

22.XI.23
Close, but not that close—
slip of silk
in between two skins.

22.XI.23, lune
Flowers from far, far away, the florist said, no name, no card, fresh freesias on the dining room table.

Snowed last night but thank goodness it had all melted when the flowers came, so there is still kindness in the world.

22.XI.23
I was talking to the race car driver in his kind of old looking fast car I could understand what I was saying to him but couldn't understand a word of what he said because he kept revving his engine and revving so I could hear no word and he was wearing dark goggles so I could not even read the commentary of his eyes. After a few minutes,
right in the middle of a sound that must have been a labial plosive he roared off, left me standing her.
I turned around, walked back to the middle aged mechanic types standing by the wall of a track; one of them said stupid to race cars when you could race rockets.
I once knew a guy who had a patent on what we call cruise missiles now. Another mechanic said I wouldn’t want to ride one of those would you? and then we were quiet, let our silence be the best answer to the roaring on the track.
22 November 2023
Some days it takes a long time for some words to make their way out from the oafish cluster of a body being a body in a cluttered world.
Are we here yet?
What do you hear?

23.XI.23
I want to give my water to the river to pay back for some bedrock for my bone. We live a long exchange and love it mostly. Try not to notice when it stings.

23 November 2023
He picked
a spot of sunlight
pff the lawn
and swallowed ut,
Whatnow.
Leave nature
to its lonesome.
So he sang instead,
hoping music
never hurt anybody.
What would you do?

24.XI.23
Elusive as an elm
after the developers
spit their condos
all over the hill
a song lingers
in a population,
a song noone wrote
that here and there
some kid is singing.

24.XI.23
Levitate, and why not?
Everything else is going up,
there are steps up into the sky
known to a few.
Know them!
Forget the candy store on the moon.
You’ve spent enough time there already with egg creams and Polish newspapers.
Yonder, yonder
through the meshes of words swung
around Saturn,
out there,
to that precise location
only you know.
It knows you well.

24/25.XI.23
Subscription brings us the day’s news.
Good at last for once.

25.XI.23 lune
SHUN

iterations of irritations stun relations.

24/5.XI.23 lune
I want to understand
the philosophy of the body
the grammar of light
the etymology of time

I want to go to a graduate school and
study in a library
small enough to fit
under my arm

I want to be in a country
watched over by women
on horseback
and all the men are on foot
but some of them are lying down flat out on the ground like me staring at that hole in the middle of the sky.

24 November 2023
HOW TO WRITE A POEM

Go down to the river. Find a spot on the shore where the water is shallowest. Stand there a few minutes watching the river pass, saying hello to it in whatever way seems right. Now step into the river, and when the water is midway up your calf—not very deep—start piling up rocks, stones, and whatever else you can find. Keep piling until you have a mound of stones and stuff roughly a foot above water level. Doesn’t have to be big. Think of an end table or a bedside table.
When you have the right height, start scooping up handfuls of mud from the river bottom and pounding the mud onto the stones atop the pile. Pile up mud until you have a more or less flat surface. Now take your Uncle Joe’s old fish net and pull it over the mud, to try to keep it firm.

Now comes the more technical part. You have learned from a friend or the friend’s husband how to make cement. Come back the next day with some nice fresh cement. Don’t use your bare hands for this—they were OK for rocks and mud, but not
now. Use a trowel or a shovel and scoop the nice wet cement onto the top of the pile, piling it up thick and smoothing it down, smoothing and smoothing and smoothing and smoothing till you have a nice thick top on top of the pile. Now go away, put the unused cement somewhere safe, wash your hands, and wait. In a few days, the cement will have set firmly, but do not hurry. Wait some more. Wait a few weeks. Then, when a warm day comes, when spring has come, come down to the river again, and this time bring dirt, nice ordinary dirt—you could even use potting soil if you
felt luxurious—and pile this dirt on top of the cement. You now have a table of earth standing there. Pack it down, let it rest, and if the next day is pleasant, come back again and plant grass seed and flowers into the earth. Smile and go away. In a week or two or more, with good luck and God’s weather, you will find a little grass growing there, maybe even the prong of a daisy coming up. This is your poem. People will come and read it for years to come. Some of them will even understand.

25 November 2023
Tired of uncertainty
he shot the man in the mirror.
Glass shattered
the man was gone.
Relieved, he went out
for a walk.
His family watched him warily.

26.XI.23
Acorn squash
glum green dome
invert on the table,
more full of nutrients
than any ordinary geometry.

26.XI.23
Riparian, you know, like me. Live by the river in love with it, sacred water I’m scared to swim. We are complete: I stand, it flows.

26.XI.23
I found an arrow once,
in Brooklyn, not Santa Fe.
Ten acres of vacant lots
hear the coast,
high grasses, one
brown dog,
an arrow on the ground.
The world is speaking.
I am a logothete,
I put words
in people’s mouths.
Where I get them from
is my secret.
But the trees know.

26.XI.23
THE NEIGHBORS

You don't see them very much these days but they're there still there Satyrs masculine shadows and dryads, the girls of trees. Our own eyes now aare tuned to different wavelengths thanks to movies TV electric lights holograms desires in the old days we could see them just barely see them we could never quite be sure but we could spot them here and there, guardians of emotions we're looking there watching us and sometimes they were smiling too but that's still there
I will still hear so dim my eyes a little bit close the eyelids as if you were thinking about a proposition or a problem in math nothing difficult listen addition or subtraction and then look out there out there and then they are.

27 November 2023
Suppose it floral
close enough to smell,
smell of a shadow!
The Monday trucks go by
and don’t disturb.
Our frantic petitions
flutter wild in our heads
inside this quiet world.
A scent is a meaning
flowing between.
Always between.
Never there just for itself.

27.XI.23
Lizard on the tarmac long ago. Arizona, just off the little plane. Gila Monster they say but why, so small, and all of us are venomous in one way or other. Welcome to the desert, it said, welcome to the world.

27.XI.23
It was hard waiting on line but it was a line, it went somewhere and brought you with it if you stayed. I looked out into the open street, free movement, no lines at all and I fely fear. The line is going somewhere, somewhere I must need to be. Sometimes there’s a wall beside me, I can lean my
shoulders against and rest. 
How slow the line moves, 
and yet it moves.

27.XI.23
Waiting for because
I stared dumb
at the eloquent Stone.

Midday is like that,
the world talks
and its eloquence muzzles my mind.
All I can think of is
do nothing do nothing
rest stretched out on sacred flatness
don't even think
if think means doing something

but it doesn't, it means just lying there waiting for your call.

2.

LTER it becomes late late enough to be done, far from Love and every Wonder caught in this mysterious loop of time in and out, on and off, what are we doing in this tumbled bed, is that not a way to go
straight to the mountain
or from the mountain
straight to the river
by the river straight to the Sea?

3.
As if we're not at sea always
just not ready to begin
the whole thing again
because because.

4.
there's an answer waiting
somewhere
but I'm not looking for it,
it found me long ago—
sit easy easy
take it easy
just keep talking
some of it will come out right and some of it
will just be.

28 November 2023
They ask a lot of me
but then the sun is shining
the china cabinet is full of gleam
maybe a little dust goes with it just
to shape the brightness of things.

28 November 2023
On the other side of the room a blanket has tumbled to the floor I like geology it looks all curves and deeps entrances and peaks if I were a kind of animal that walks on the floor I would crawl in there go to sleep and dream of being a conquistador a conqueror of space and time but now that I mention it I do walk on the floor but maybe there's no blanket big enough for me or is there something the matter with my dream?

28 November 2023