

11-2023

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 aound ankles.**

**Stop for a minute
and remember all he 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,
never 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
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 languagey 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
II begged her
so she became one.**

4.XI.23 *lune*

== == == == ==

**A little light seems
to be out
there over he 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 it 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 rooves,
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 grown0up 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
or go 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
will 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 te 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, that is no more. Now you have a eavy little pack o cardsin your pocket that buzzeswhen you're in raffic, a deck with a million cards n 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.**

10.XI.23

= = = = =

**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 dreadig more likely
the weird boat coming
down the river from
the inland darkness
o 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,
o the blackpine grve
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

INCUBUS

**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 sme pair of eyes.
Be polite to them indeed
for tey 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. Im 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, standng
ro this day in the main building I
went by and patted his
joof many ofa time

Roxbury

meant standing brave
up on that rare green thing
a city 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 mean 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, said 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 pomt, 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
new 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 zround 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
n\and even the heart, wait
while I exp;ain, 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 forkids, 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 in 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 saig
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
f;are 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 ut 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
irritat-
ions 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 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.**

26.XI.23

= = = =

**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 are 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 lookedm 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