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I’m never afraid of saying the obvious.
I had a father and a mother.
Just like you. And a sky over my head.
How about you?
What makes us not be brothers? Sisters?
Children of one another?
You are all my mother.

7 November 2012
As an imagination one animal 
watches easy alongside ship 
sail or motor vessel makes no difference 
an animal is a part of the wind 
as in “atmosphere is an animal” 
or a rare east wind 
stammering over the Taghkanics 
like a rose who never smelled or saw one 
or like a lock on a canal 
or hair drifting behind her as she swam 
Guinevere in hindsight 
faithful as she could be 
or Jennifer in Cornwall, 
white wave or palest field of barley 
new green from the last snow standing —
that kind of animal the living truth.

7 November 2012
Last night the first snow a dusting left

when men were all asleep the joggers woke
to trot companionably up the dry already road
talking mostly with their elbows and puff of breath
up Cedar Hill while no one watched
and sparrows skittered in the gusty leaf-tattered
air at the squeal of the hawk right over there.

8 November 2012
When the land goes up
they give it a fancy name
hill or mountain or tor
maybe it is a thing
in itself not just a
fold in something else

a wave is nothing
but the sea itself’s
move but we say wave

yet this small hillock
past my house just
one shale shoulder

and some trees is still
a being of its own
that speaks to me.

8 November 2012
Only a patch of snow
left here and there.
Reality is fugitive.
A lonely man imagines cities.
A busy man imagines trees.

8.XI.12
Infrastructure.
Break the noise
between words
is easy, is poetry,
but break
the noise
inside the word
is hard.
Is real poetry.

8 November 2012
BREAKWORDS

To let the special silence
of each word out —
that is the whole point
of what we do.
Poetry, has always been
the infolding of silence
into the stream of speech
thereby eliciting
the silences inside words
‘making them stand out.’
Now needs new silences
in a world so much noisier
than before. The lawnmower
across the county road
makes more noise than
anybody in Cicero’s or Dante’s time
ever heard in their whole lives —
and we are trained
to ignore it as best we can.

What else have we tuned out?
Poetry is desperate now,
by snark and incoherence
we try to break the noise —
and mostly the noise of what we think,
what it’s so easy to think,
what the consensus wants us to think.

Classics serve capitalism.
Classics serve consensus.
Seulement l’inconvenable chante
that is why the fifty years of Creeley
gasp, the forty years of language gabble —
poetry must always be hard.
Hard as Shakespeare. Hard as Basho.

We are the interrupters.
Childishness of poetry — never lose that.
(That’s what’s wrong with the canon —
childhood lost. Poetry is always
best seen as people sitting around
charming one another with lies and truths.)

8 November 2012
Looking in at the sound through a window screen, smell of new-baked apple pie then a frowning grandma slams the window down.

8.XI.12
And that things come to their ends
and we go on.
Someday even this word will be
louder than silence.

8.XI.12
That it could be something remembered
something blue or fallen
something grievous or a salute
to the wrong policy or even

or even a smile instead of tears—
you never know how wrong you are
until Mawet’s feather is let fall
in the balance pan and up you go.

Or down. The terrors of the afterlife
come every night. And someone
deep down inside the furrows of your brain
writes them down in a little purple book.

8 November 2012
BASIC ENGLISH

1.
I met Richards once his wife too
Alaska bound, Alashka
of Tarn and Rodney, oh
the wives I’ve met.

2.
Leaving the mountain intact.
The beautiful hair of the mountain.
The pure cold news.

3.
Arising arising
like a penny in the pocket
not very useful but very bright
like an old song left in your ear.

4.
The beauty of the place
the bowtie of the Mountie
guarding the approaches.
Do you dare speak
to your daughters? All
of your daughters?
5.
Cantaloupe on white linen
half mounded with berries in it
torn clothes of the mountain
terrace scattered
moon still unsettled.

6.
You think it’s random
I’ll teach you a thing
or two it is I’m not
there is a paradise
not far from here
there is a mountain
that never comes down.

7.
And you’re here too, or
your hair too, I can’t be sure,
you never answer
you just let the moon
shine off the mountain walk
mostly happens to somebody’s
head, somebody else.

8.
By bus travelling because
close to the ground
never been there before
the actual underfoot of it
the bump in the road
Point Barrow bound
and noreason but no reason
the best way for language
to flow steadily north
with no intention
nobody gets hurt.

9.
Meditation, this, on
nobody goes.
Each one of us
a mountain is
who dreams it moves.

10.
And you there
not daring to listen
you mountain
with closed eyes.

9 November 2012
Where are they going with their labels?
They changed the number of my house
five times, soon there’ll be
a barcode on the moon, that
empty bottle way up there
we’re still drunk from down here
with all the time space gives us
to sober up before the universal
sunrise comes and back to work again
in other bodies, other names.

9 November 2012
To open the sky
what more do we do
use it as well as we can
lift the pen up now and then
to let the paper breathe,
healing blankness
of nothing said.

Here is the sky.
Nowhere else but here.
A knife is a kind of fish
that swims nowhere.
Listen, this is the sky.

9 November 2012
Always ready to say another sort of this.
A truck for pumping septic tanks goes by.
A jogger minus dog. This is the system,
our partner with a damaged brain.

It only seems. Actually keener than me.
Inside the grammar of the heart
the whole world is a predicate
and I am the only subject. And please

somewhere somewhere there must be a verb.

9 November 2012
1.
Most rains rain
day
mouse in heather
who let the girl in

asleep in the window
fortified by spirits
leapt into the uncontrolled

sky! Or jungle me
to lick the leather off
the sun is sleepy too

you want to see
my scars? another
time another pilgrim.

2.
Wastebasket wicker
as headgear worn
cast of former Christians

dreary coastal spa
killing time with canfield
till the hands feel right
and morning mends
their maudlin wallets
and the sun sulks

in the sea glint
and gamblers go
to sleep glad

but their dire dreams
undo the benefit
inauspicious envelopes

arrive in the mail
packed with particulars
of plunging investments

no wonder nobody knows.

10 November 2012
I keep trying to wipe away shadows
it  is my eyes
at fault
    I keep
trying to wipe away my  fault,
keep trying to wipe away what I see.

The sin in seeing.

Unless we offer somehow each act
of seeing each sight to some
unseen reality. we sin—
is that it?

    Is that the stain on the white  enamel stovetop
my fingers can’t find when they reach for what I see?

10 November 2012