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The light sky lay flat on the dark sea
how can that be, how could I
a native of the City, come
to see that cosmology
the intercourse of two unknowns
from which all of us began
and had an ordered world all round us
whose tabulation we still seek inside
as if I were some part of what I saw.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

Eos. Dawn.

Occasional
girlfriend of the mind.
To be at the right moment—
not the harvest
but the song

yet when the nimble
heat hears it
and catches in the seed
and everything starts
again, the process

eliding me till all
I am is part of it
and you too we
rise to its occasion.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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To break bread with luxury
once in a lustrum
ok maybe but the beard
still keeps growing
long after puberty

and the shield I carry
is still bright enough
after a thousand mistakes
because she comes,
dawn comes, and each
time she erases
all the blonde misspellings—

and as that polished hide
is sobered I am healed
of inaccuracy—

o do it now

for I have sinned in sleep
uttering commands I had no
right to give. And maybe
it wasn't a dream
and maybe London is still the capital of France.

= = = = =

From the shape the shield is
infer the swordsman,
how his instrument stammers in his hand
or cracks like ice in the dawn fear.

She is the moment when everything begins.
I am tired of telling people what to do --
too often they listen
 and their sins, sense,
flops, hits, divorces, marriages
 fall all on me
so I go to bed grieving for the sins I did not do.

Then this is the confessional --
no priest, no velvet, no crucifix,
no couch, no patient analyst
dreaming her own revisions.
Just mother tongue and all her children

who listen carefully and repeat after me
the things I think I meant.
Delectatio morosa, I thought
the wrong thoughts, I went against
what it wanted to think in me
and made me think it.

It and it and it and now just me,
cold Shanks at dawn
watching the sea catch fire.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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The sun a stone
balanced on the roofbeam
over there—two weeks
from home feels like a year

can barely remember my house
the how of it
like a city I was
a tourist in years ago

I seem to be built
to be wherever I am—
suis, reste, said the old saw—
all verbs are the same verb

all places are the same dream.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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This is what happens
when you work for the temple
the walls close in
but then they fall

they crush you in and squeeze
you out at once, here,
you're in the open
exposed on all sides

just you and the wind.
And then not even you.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

MUSEUM

And that too
was Egypt,
her hand
lifted to her mouth.

*Find me the circumstance
and I will live again*

Stand so that your skin
is in contact with the stone
presses on the carved inscription

so that the body
reads it cleanly
undistracted by your mind
wish whim will

the unimagined stone
speaks in you.
And the stone reads you too.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

MATINS

Vivacious tune on fm
questions on the table
a dove outside
 could this
be an Annunciation
sun ripening the glass

we are all pregnant with light.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Never clear if the space or breath
between one line and the next
is a gap in the texture
or a silence between lives.
Everything starts again.
Or is it always alive, breath
as rich as any word.

11.X. 12, Cuttyhunk

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The green man was lost in the woods
the green woman found him long after
led him out and cleaned his eyes,
brought him to town. Language was born.

The green woman is a letter in my mouth.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Walk here

as if here were somewhere else

a forest of invisible trees

or are they glass

I know the leaves are glass

sharp leaves they cut

it hurts to see

I hear the rattlemusic of them

in the wind or what

I don't know what color to believe.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

WALKING ALONG

an old line you follow
in what you fondly imagine
is a circle round and round
never too far from home

but there are no circles
no circles anymore
and the line you're walking on
goes on beyond this place

beyond any place at all
but you'd never know it.
You'll never know it.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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The widow-woman
keeps a boarding house
all men are strangers
animals in a dream of language
that's what they are
she thinks, she pays
no attention to what they say
she knows what they are
and what they think they want
rooms have doors doors have locks
long after midnight she stands
at the head of the carpeted stairs
listening to nothing at all.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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For we were lepers in Egypt
we ate copper till we were cured
we had men who dreamed for us
we called them women they let us
sleep soundly weary from the sun
from v\carrying our flesh around
on our bones. what a job that is,
the endless labor of just being.
At dawn they would tell us
things we had done and said
inside their dreams. They made us
rejoice in our antics our discourse.
We called these things religion
and carried it with us everywhere.

11 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

THE RUNE

The real rune
is the body
itself, the meme
of our being
in the world, our
going, our gait
and when we meet
it is the only
letter we can read

under all our sly
prevarications
the monster is the skin—

I say it boldly
I believe the meat
the skin that shifts
its colors as light does
the proof of change

and the bones
are the only things we know

the only things that know.

It is the rune

walks us around

walks among us

the way men do

on their way to work

or lingering homeward

happy enough

to be unbound

until the place itself

closes round them,

and only the body knows.

12 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Arguments can be made for alphabets
but these walking signifiers
palaver pelagic, an ocean
of meanings coming and flowing
losing force as waves do
after they topple and get heard
whispering away.

 And so these move,
my favorite hypocrites my loves,
hot-saddled nothings
or cool foot prowlers all,
lady, I tell what I see.

12 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Ardesco — I begin to burn
as with desire — but I don't,
the word comes clear
on a Friday morning —
friar's golden apples
prey on a giant's mind —
but a youthful giant
is a giant still,
what is a giant, slow
of gait and hard
downhill, a thought
held too long in the mind.

12 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

BOCSCRIN

And this pen
from God knows when
hidden in some furniture
I will try to write
the specifics of the world
atop a bookcase
in a summer
cottage hidden
under chessmen this
pen in bookcase found
to write not read
from that big
wooden thing our
ancestors called
the book shrine
and in those days they
at least believed
in the abscondite deity,
godhead hidden within.

12 October 2012, Cuttyhunk

LEAVING CUTTYHUNK

The captain says
porpoise walking in the channel
then a moment later
two porpoises.
What should I believe?
I will believe the sky.
Vast cloudworks,
a little rain.

12 October 2012, near Bell 6

