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Gaunt meniscus of the new moon
boomerang over Woodstock
O what is that mountain’s name
is the little stream that runs by Ed’s house
by Peter’s house, is there continuity
Pound to Olson to thee and me
as the leaves change color
a writer chooses her own grandparents
born in the soup we climb towards dessert
but where is the natty-aproned waiter in this bistro?
Am I forever?
The priest whispering into my face
in the confessional, shock
of a stranger’s breath so close
and sometimes see him there
face in the dark
full of meanings, a closet
full of dust and guilt and velvet
curtains and fear.
Am I forever?
Who will deliver me from this body of death?
Or is it the body that gives life
and the Platonic soul gentles it away?
A woodpecker day
things you learn in school you leave in school
but this map
the wind imprinted on my face
this road that dragged me where it goes
don’t be at the mercy of their streets
zig your own zag through the conjuncture
elfin passengers like wind in your hair
what’s red on one side and silver on the other
answer: your life
you must be speaking to me again
confusing me with the color
the name of the other
rain through autumn leaves
what is this, a poem?
Leave the punctuation to your heirs
my brain is an autistic child
thank God I have an organ on my side
suppose there were a bird on the sunporch roof
suppose a woodpecker or a starling
it could be anything, are there leaves
mother, are there, are there children there
no my darling there are only birds.

19 October 2012

[noj = woodpecker. “is a woman’s highest intelligence” J.B.]
Furtive blessing as they pass
a sprinkle of green tea
flicked, and they don’t know
that they are changed. Abhisheka. *Asperges me*
they answer with their bodies
in which the heartsoul now beats
stronger while the blessing works.
Who knows how long love lasts?
One thinks it pours into the world
and still the ocean is not full.

19 October 2012
No one will see the leaping
the order of the deer
stepping quiet down the hill in fog
who leads the way?
Who knows the next step?
Sniffing the morning out — mist, leaves,
the different smells of different trees,
a skunk not too long away,
who was here before me?
Where did they go?
In every world in every art
must be someone who takes the next step.
And if they fall, another
adjusts the trajectory of will.
And moves this way.

20 October 2012
The heart’s owl
dwells at morning —
how far it flew last night,

preying on small lost
memories and bringing them
almost to dawn.
A handkerchief
someone gave me thirty
years ago,
cotton in the fingertips.

20 October 2012
deep fog
The trees downloading light
car with headlights
joggers in their skimpy clothes
as if to run is leave society behind
…

20.X.12
Tear the cloth
then tear the cloth
the sun is cotton also
something a great plant grew
and smiling peasants beat the boll of it
to make it flat
to make it shine
to make it thin enough to fly
then tear the cloth
and tear the sun
see what’s behind it
hidden all our lives
this sweet silk molded to our frame
the liquid hide the way it slithers
along the muscles of us
then tear the cloth
tear the sun and tear the moon
until there’s nothing left but skin —
and do you dare to tear the skin?
Or maybe no one’s there
at all behind the cloth
maybe what seems skin
is just a thickening of the light
and do you dare to tear the light?
Then tear the cloth and see.
Then tear the cloth.

20 October 2012
The bad helicopters
a story too far
they breed on mountains
each leaf and every leaf
has a word on it to read
you have to do this
or remain ignorant
stare at the leaf
until you see it
or it comes to mind
the colors in the trees remind you
autumn is the reading time
your fingers read
the feel of foreign cloth
attend the opening
nothing is closed.

20 October 2012
On a different perch
today to get the old
light just rising where
I used to get it
from the trees to write by,
light to right by
and the trees companionate —
a tree is presence.
That’s why we hear so well
in forests,

*nemus*
sacred grove, even a clump of a dozen
spruces off the highway
is that, sacred,

*place apart,*
enter at the risk
of *meeting someone else*
the invisible one who is not you
talks to you here
better than other places,
and all the time
you thought it was just leaves.
2.
I’m just telling you what they told me —
be far away enough to be another.
But I don’t even know how to be myself —
rid the trees of silences
and the rock of permanence
let the boulders float through the middle air
unhume stone,

    gods’ zenoliths call them
operas, solemn high masses
or elderberry bushes beside your grandmother’s house
you never knew.
They all died before you were you.

3.
Headache in my head
bought myself a paper
remembered water
the tree was listening
these few little stones
arranged on the sand
to spell you something
let me come close
till I have passed
through your presence
and all that’s left of me
is that ocean over there —
you take seawater in your mouth
and let it dribble through your lips
back into the sea
in this way you kiss the world —
O God if all magic were so easy!
If only all would let itself be kissed
and know the lips that spoke to it.

21 October 2012
Halfway to not being here at all
suddenly people were living twice as long
and still couldn’t understand it,
a man of 154 still reasonably competent
mentally alert and able to walk about and pee,
astonishing. And women 180 if a day,
how did it happen?
Do things take longer too?
The faster you go the longer you live.
Someone said that, and people
send out suicide cards when they get exhausted
and death day parties became common
among the wealthier classes.
What can it mean?

21 October 2012
TAILORSHOP 1946

A bald man with damaged fingertips working a foot-powered sewing machine the needle stabbing down and down you never see it going up always down, how many times it must have pierced those broad fingers, some of them with no nails. And with his free hand from time to time he’d pick dry Cheerios from a cup and eat them, munching noisy as he sewed.

21 October 2012
Let pens be everywhere
so the words can come home
whenever they want to
from wherever they’ve been

in short lines to please a mother
running from sink to stove
water to fire and the air
around her rich with earth

kale rutabagas scallions
the words have brought her to me
alive again, and me scribbling
in sunlight at the kitchen table.

21 October 2012
I know you
and you know me
but that’s not enough
since I do not know
you knowing me.

21.X.12
[Brahms’ 4\textsuperscript{th}, first movement]

At last everything is known.
I have told you
everything I know
and now must keep
discovering what stones
silence still has scattered
through time’s mind
and how they resound
when I strike them, hard,
like this.
Coaxing water from the rock.

2.
And there she stands at last
the girl I loved, across the stream
in morning mist, her feet bare
beneath the damp hem of her long
crimson skirt, now the sun
takes her in its arms,
and she smiles, perhaps at me.

3.
This is the cathedral
we were never married in.
This is the hymn
they didn’t sing.
And this is the priest
who is still asleep
dreaming of Calvary.

21 October 2012
Here I sat reading my mail and the sun rose
I read in the *Popol Wuh* and was far away
wondering how Euro-Christian had shaped
the telling of that book, the book hidden
behind the book it was writing.
And it is always like that, always
another story that the telling-story hides,
deforms, has to deform to get it
out through the habit-lips
of speaking me-and-you.
And by now sun was in the tops of the trees.

22 October 2012
Beast mind and its soft purr
all the day long maidens meet
in maple weather when human need
is sweeter even than the trees
we walked beneath every yesterday
on our way to and back from music.

22 October 2012