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AUS DER WERKSTATT EINES INVALIDEN

1.

Bless less, less room for more

something

like an angel —

what would that be?

A sailor or a smiler?

The hat trick:

three hours without a single thought

(and they call it springtime in Australia)

(paint your car yellow and drive me there)

She came back to say thank you

for all she had given me.

2.

So that's the material

I have to work with.

What kind of bracelet

can I make from those rough-cut stones?

And for what kind of arm?

3.

A cross made of stars
they say can times be seen.
It belongs to the first
person who sees it.

Fingered softly the farewell

as if a music by Reynaldo Hahn,

— not so far south,
just continent enough
the hilly countryside. The home.

4.

Which makes you (I hope)
think of sand, warm, a porpoise
out there spying on us,

gulls on their noisy pilgrimage of appetite
just like me,

and we too have our currents,
updrafts, bulletins of breeze,

I've been reading you so long you feel like me.

5.

Never be mean in the dream—

no way to take it back.

Everything that happens in the dream

becomes your lexicon,

nothing to do with (everything to do with) you.

6.

It's over and done with. And done.

**The sailors try to steer the vessel
out of the bedroom and onto the porch.**

**A hull like hers is worth displaying
even if the town turned off the water
years ago. Nobody remembers which way is the sea.**

7.

**I dream what you do and you
dream what I do.**

**Ten thousand miles apart we
wake up smiling.**

**You live on a rubber plantation
I live in a cornfield,**

**we are common, half-civilized,
untrustworthy, full of gods.**

**Someday we'll meet in Italy
and go to Mass together
at some heretical chapel
run by gay girl priests.**

And they at last may understand.

8.

But what is an angel?

**A thought you haven't yet
gotten around to thinking.**

**An altar lost in the forest
still wet from sacrifice.
A word heard in passing.**

**Yes, but what *is* an angel?
Is it more a conversation than an answer?
Is it more a woman than a question?**

28 October 2013

1947

**Something broke
on New Year's Day
and still is broken.
He never told me
what it was or who
could fix it.**

**It hurts sometimes.
A disease I caught from sleep,
phosphorescent cut-outs
of stars and planets on my ceiling.**

**It may heal by itself.
On the other hand I may remember.**

28 October 2013

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**This magic desk—
sit down and it
begins to write
using my hands.
I bought it at auction
from a Swede for £100 —
they thought it was a plywood table
but I knew from the first touch
it's wood from the one tree
that used to grow on the moon.**

28 October 2013

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**If I wanted to turn
something into something else
I'd use a magic spell—
to wake the molecules
up from their usual
consensual dream
and make them dance
another figure in the whirl,
only a thing never before.**

(from old *zettel*, summer?)

28 October 2013

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**Suppose they pretend to believe me
and go out naked in the forest**

**every night in their bedrooms alone
whispering the pre-Celtic unrhymed spells**

**I give them coded in these so-called poems—
would they get there by morning?**

**Will the deer look on them with favor
of the brook speak English at last**

and after love struggle, sweating, the sun would rise?

29 October 2013

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**sometimes without leaving your house
you can meet your own body in the hall**

**your skin feels something cold
a hair touches your shoulder**

**and there you suddenly both are
you and your own body**

alone with each other at last.

29 October 2013

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**All the things I can do
resemble a wood pile in autumn,
stacked and ready to be burnt away
for the comfort of others.**

29 October 2013

=====

**They go by in little cars
knowing no better.
The radio leads them on,
by its own beat firmly
they discover yesterday.
The confusions they use
so much technology to reach
I can achieve all by myself.**

29 October 2013

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**Blue shimmer
slight through slender
bare now trees**

**I wake — a pure sky
someone is playing**

**organ in an empty
church we all are.**

29 October 2013

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Yew hedge

I hide behind

lurking in your medicine

the monadloly

of Christian love

a mirror in the sky

o sol iustitiae

Sun shows us who we are.

I crouch down in shade

so there be less of me

for me to see.

29 October 2013

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**Late night summer gone October frost
makes me wonder: we hear about
beings (souls, consciousnesses, ipseities)
reborn in times to come. What if also
or in fact when we die here we are
reborn in the past, some past we deserve,
a history we have served or violated?
What if being born and dying truly do
form a circle, and when I go from here
I'll be reborn in a thatched hall
shivering in beast skins, huddled
on a beer bench marveling at Beowulf?**

29 October 2013

EARTH WORK

1.

**Let the mine out
set the ground free
let it spill all it wants
or go to sleep.**

**How big everything is
the wildcat at the door
the bare hillsides of Tibet**

**I can only tell you
more than I know.**

2.

**Against excavation.
Therapy is relationship.
Its value is not what it uncovers
true or false, fantasized or remembered,
there is no difference,**

**but how it covers
each one with one other.
A new system of signs and allegiances,
new dream companions, transferences,**

friends,

I face you recognize in sleep.

3.

**So in Tibet it is said
in the old days no one dug
into the earth but took
only such stones or metals might
happen to the surface
or the river, wander into our glance.
We would be glad and leave the rest**

unviolated in the depths.

**This may be folklore
but it points the way
a new way of being with the earth.**

4.

**So many nations, so many miners,
don't be a miner, be a digger,
unleash the people from the masters
— but first find who the masters are.
Dig down in the earth you'll never know.**

5.

Come to the meeting and be near.

Silence keep while candles burn.

In the glow a word comes clear

that you alone can hear.

Then let them put the candles out.

30 October 2013

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**How long ago
everything will be
by the time it gets
around to being.**

30 October 2013

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**the sun comes out
to chide me for happiness,
the quiet kind, nobody around.**

30.X.13

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**Meeting is all.
Everything after
is just a story
one among too many
never enough.**

31 October 2013, dreamt. held long in mind

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**Was it really dreamt —
or was the border already crossed
between dream and that other space —
zwischenland or common shore — between
sea and land, dream and waking?
Limen, the threshold — live there.**

**It turns out I didn't
even know what the word meant.
It means a thick book on a dusty shelf,
a well with a spiderweb grown across it
sparkling in sunlight in the dew of dawn,
it means a sound you think you hear
half asleep but are not sure, it means
your mother's voice calling your name.**

31 October 2013