TIME

hamster vocabulary
late-night
sports TV,
says Vin Scully at eighty-six
of a wild pitch
“he let it out of the cage.”
Three hours earlier in L.A.
a town always that much
closer to yesterday.

11 September 2013
If I had enough time
I’d count the roses on the tree.
Or enough roses.

11 September 2013
= = = = =

Whatever it is
imagine the opposite —
be a flower hungry for its bee
or what does it know?
Is everything conscious?
Is anything conscious?

11 September 2013
Things to know we don’t know.
Scripture. Beginnings.
The Bible was the last book ever written
it will never be finished,
ever be found.

We will all be gone
before the ink is dry on the last page.

*

There is always some book
waiting to be said.
Close your eyes and read it now —

it has been known to snow in September
and so is your mother.
Little by little it orphans us.

The war begins again
now open your eyes and go to sleep.

11 September 2013
X = CHORAL MASS

a book I dreamed
Sherry had written.

This is the only
record of it now
in the world, a name
or two, a woman
in a black chlamys
remote as on Greek
pottery.

Who knows
what will come?
Now is daylight,
only another
kind of problem.
A pale breast offered.
No milk to no child.

12 September 2013
But if the great silence came again, the faltering wisdom of the alphabet finally dried-up, the night as silent as the daytime and no more dreams?

*Pavor*  Pallid fear flitted through the Regiment flirting with each man.
Dawn was a brick laid across their brows, hard rough hot thing that hurt.

12 September 2013
The weather works its way with me.

To know them as they really are
the best way is to be who I really.

Children are born free of language —
is there also a freedom inside it?

12 September 2013
ROSE OF SHARON

*mel dat rosa apibus*

The Rose gives honey to bees.

Rose of Sharon.

*Hibiscus syriacus*

not a rose,
grows in front of every farmhouse
when I was a child

old people loved it
blossomed in summer when nothing did
when all the growth was agriculture
corn and cauliflower

this alone
was just about being beautiful
alone,
and  a big tree in front of my house
a shapely little bush out back
and bees and hummingbirds to each
until the latter take their leave
September

but still the flowers last.

America flower.

13 September 2013
I tie you to the apple tree
and we wait, we don’t know why
we do what we do

the apple knows we think
and so we wait, you feel
the tree with your back

I watch you feeling it
it feels you with its skin
so thick, takes a long
time for trees to feel
but when they do
they never forget.

2.
you stay there till you think
an apple thought
and I wait with you

eager to be done
with this experiment
and then you think it,
the cords fall away
by themselves
or do I, and who am I

and what does the tree
make of me,
I am forgiveness,

I am desire
crossbred with remorse
a power I’m the last to understand.

3.
We talk about it later
woman and tree and man
or two of us and memory of tree.

memory has to be enough
sometimes, the rough skin
you remember best skipped

the itch of lust
that ties us to things,
we talk about that,
you forget the cords, idly
tying little knots
then setting them free,

I think about the Bible
and feel a little fear
something has happened

and happened to us,
who are we now,
end of the world,

the apple falls?

13 September 2013
ODALISQUE

Ahab a little,
I’m tired of the sun,
I’m not so natural:

Does the erotic objectification
of women that feminists
so rightly decry
also in a sense
actually protect women
from the animal
objectification of them
implied by patriarchal
visions of virginity,
functional pregnancy
make more solders
more consumers,
accept the maternal fate?

The odalisque never gets pregnant.
She remains an object of desire
to the gazer, but eyes
do not kill, do not impregnate.
She remains an object
of desire

even to herself.
Is the apparent humiliation
of being beheld
actually a protection
from being held?

The time of the odalisque is her own
she is not a broodmare

she is at the center of her own world,
intact for all the beholding.

A beauty beyond the beast
safe in being seen.

Does love take the child away?

13 September 2013
A gift of olivine
in lava

alofa
from Samoa
she said hello.
In dance the hips
move little, the feet
should not be seen,
the waving hands
do all the work,
move the bodies of the dancers
across the room.
The waterfall is listening.

In lava

a million
years old, or billion
is it, puberty of the planet,
hold it to the brow,
rough, brown ruddy,
rugged, fills
the thought with ancient fire,

seeds of where we live now.
Everything is an island.
A gift from far away
where only the hands move
weaving the air
around us so we do not see us move,

a little sheen of olivine,
massy, crushed grapes,
a curve of pale green along the rock.

The volcano has been asleep
for fifty years.

(And when will we awaken?)

13 September 2013
She lay outspread on the lawn
and listened to the sky
waited a long time

but then it noticed her
the sky came down
and licked her slow

into a long quivering lastingness
the grass beneath her
got to know it too.

14 September 2013: as dreamed
Quiej follows Kame

I am born on the day after death—
this happens over and over
until I get the drift of what’s going on.

I start to write long letters,
I hang late roses onto green bushes,
I build soft leafy parks
around passing women,
old stone the color of honey
floats to me through the air
and I assign each rock its place in the wall,
the temple rising in the parkland
elands and gazelles grazing all round it —

but I still get born.
My crown has turned into my mere skull
and I live pretty much inside it,
sometimes waiting sometimes regretting
like an early Protestant chorale.

Born over and over, death
doesn’t seem to have any effect
on this kind of rose,
the world grows older,
even the rain wears out.
But then gets born again,
parks, little birds,
roses wishes, new car at the curb
the mothers shyly smiling.

14 September 2013
Will it ever be the same as itself —
tragedians leading animals to our marketplace
the great actress impersonating a whole crowd
the crowd awed to see ourselves so beautiful at last
that’s me up there, that bead of sweat
on her long white powdered throat.

14 September 2013

will it be dark again
to say the way?