The time to begin
forget the window curtains
the car won’t go
by itself, you’re hungry

and I went too, all
those people go to church,
I’m in the woods
a long time, counting leaves.

I’m doing it all for you
I hope you understand,
this would’ve been a song
but there are so many

leaves left to say.

26 September 2013
A deer ran by the gate
before I asked his name
or learned how to understand
the language he might speak

he was gone, and something
else was happening.
And I couldn’t
understand that too.

26 September 2013
Disarm the opposition by laying claim to their territory.

Premises: all opinions are wrong.
There is no science of social behavior.
Anecdote is not science.

Political science and social science are made of interlocking anecdotes, a sorites, not a syllogism.

A statistic is just an opinion in a lab coat.
Who is counting what and why?

All opinions are wrong.
How you feel about anything is about you, not it.

Knowledge begins with knowing this.

27 September 2013
Cast adrift in Latin land
my native language
I thought was skin
was actually Latin,
the salt on my tongue,
the water on my brow.
They were words
or became words
and I feel them still.

Father Quirk in 1935

That old church burned down in '39.

27 September 2013
Will it ever begin again?
The silence?
What am I listening for, or whom?

27.IX.13
And still the psalms smattered
write-handed of the things we knew,
philosophies and garnets you could pluck
from highway stone with a little knife —
I have a jar of them somewhere
singing in another room
some young time music
calmas Campion
on the float of sound
no rhyme and precious
little reason,
足够的 to knock the knees
together and apart and breathe
the lower air in that spasm
we call dance, dance
mother of all the other
hardware stores and basilicas,
dance, mother of meaning.
The one thing the earth teachers
that we did not forget.

Who is that we, dancer,
and who asked you? The air
began to sing and who was I
not to comply, listened
and all the rest was language
that second language of the mind.
Let me die in midsentence
so my message never ends —
a song can sing in anybody’s mouth.

28 September 2013
The poem drifting along with the mind,
is sharing presence.

28 September 2013
Let me read you from here
before the envelope hits the floor
the meaning springs cat-like to the mind –
somebody held this in her hands

what does it matter what
we say to one another,
dissidents clamor in the heart,
but a hand made this, a word
here or there, packed in paper,
traveled through the immense ordinary
to reach my hand – we savage
fourth world people understand by skin.

28 September 2013
To see a rose against the light
to see it dark,
the green around it brighter by far
than this ardent red
burns only in your memory of it,
but later in the afternoon
bright in that remembering
downslope of the day.

28 September 2013
So many things to have meaning —
organ loft another name for it
all the things they do to them
always the other, a block
around the kid,
the lilac flowers
remembered in the fall, his mother
had a yen for them, and forsythia
he could barely pronounce, and gardenia.

In the heart of a mother
it is always spring, he thought,

we turn the tables on old proverbs,
that’s our job, we close the book.

28 September 2013
Be continuous
the way a piece of paper
holds all the words
together, without effort,
just by being one thing
pale enough to be to read,
wet or dry, on the tabletop
or folded away in some book
you’ll never open again –
but there the words continue
making all the little sense we have,
safe till the end of the world.
Examine or hold fire
but not in your hands
there is a flower
needs you
    it means you
too, attend
the college of its corolla,
the graduate faculty of its sprawling
petals
    ranged in rows to confuse
you into clarity.
    Your own.
And you’re none.

27 September 2013
ORPHAN

Start again,
be anomalous.
anonymous

the words you speak
are your mother.
You have no other.

27 September 2013
Wondering about this and that
the tree grows out of the pen
I climb it awkwardly
call it a hotel and go to sleep

when I wake I can speak English
women in grey dresses
move sioft among the colors
the air is shining
things are eating other things
it must be earth
too much to remember.

28 September 2013
An hour to own
an hour of my own
I own a piece of the future
free and clear

an hour before
I have to do
anything but this.

29 September 2013
A poet at best
knows to step aside.
Milarepa, St. Francis.
Until there’s nothing left
except what speaks.

29 September 2013
Seeing enough to see how little
I know how to do this seeing,
there’s always something more
hidden in the color, the line,
the fall of light, and mother shadow
waiting to give birth. Do I
even see what I see?

29 September 2013
Be water
be the air
mist is rising
in all that green
only the roses are there.

29 September 2013
Locus mirabilis
right here
the rose unfolds
the golden organs
of its meaning
any minute. Now.

29 September 2013
This seems a hallelujah morning,
or walk in heaven
where the mist comes from,
the shimmer of the deciding mind
not sure yet what to manifest —
soft, soft, the sight scarcely seen,
the breath from her mouth
before the word.

29 September 2013
Can I start running yet colors, tribune?
Octaves earlier?
Birdlessness?

29.IX.13