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Raving in portraiture —
the thick woven nylon straps
that snug our cargo in
remind me of the *feel*
around the forehead and parietals
that only I can know
that hoist these things
also up for you.

28.ix.12, New Bedford

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Skull and crossbones on
the bow of Our
Lady of Fatima
quiet at dockside — a fishing boat but who knows.

Boat goes, dog barks.
Seagate through now
and the engine revs up.
The rock encumbered shore
elides the land. Smokestacks. Steeples.
All gone. No
god at sea.

28 September 2012, New Bedford

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As the bay opens

wide the sea

opens the rib

cage the heart breathes.

28.ix.12 Buzzards Bay

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Piecemeal, as fond disorder
looks out at the night
and stares back in again —
there is only one seer in the world

ever and the rain comes down.
4:30 AM, in the tho-rangs,
the dark where meaning congregates
before it speaks. Tara's time.
I will be day.

I will plant a tree before to go.
They walk but upward, they sleep like horses on their feet
they sing like I don't know

harps or hawks or your breath
beside me through the night. Now soft, now loud as if
you were waking somewhere else

and it was raining there too.

29 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

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The not-light narrows inward —
the dawn is a kind of rushing away.
Suddenly everything rushes away.

You have a pen. You see a bottle of ink.
And the air opens with permissions
everything can yet be said.
Here is an apple
we bought it at the store
no tree in sight
it has a history
more hidden than the heart
but cold from the fridge
the way you like them
and sweet with hope.

See, it will say anything
the trivial, the dust
around Siva's feet.

29 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Begin again. Something fond
of waiting. Something begins.
Not so much waiting as
knowing slowly. Who
made the dark, who
sweeps it away.

The long catechism
of the obvious, we fill
the answers in hour by
day accumulating
the disappearances
of red haired women.
Their little dog.

29 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Having said enough or yet again.

Footsteps in the hall.

Erase that other person's image —
the mind's glum slideshow is enough.

Morph her face to someone newer.

Technology dissolves obsession —
that's the unheralded discovery,

all the silly broken hearts

seamless healed by shunts

of light and color, one person

loses identity into another

and all concerned go free.

Try it and see.

29 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Alternate measurements —

measure time by yards

measure volume by pitch

measure pain by millimeters

measure sanctity by I don't know —

sometimes ignorance — if humble —

is best.

Proud ignorance is a woeful pest.

Measure truth of any statement

by how much silence there is in it.

29 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Finally the light knows me
a curl of treetop and I see it
Psyche's task to sort the seeds
will there ever be an end to planting
they feed on what they see
the machine obeses them they say
they say the Bible miracles are true
they say they believe anything just tell them what
for Psyche chose the wisest aunts
but our instructors are as confused as we
we can't prescind, we can't decide,
the state owns us and we're powerless,
not even interested in the question,
of course the rich decide, God likes them best
we have been taught. The hours between commute and sleep
are time enough for human life — the rest
belongs to money, the rich, the interesting, whose lives
we study with envious apathy, the gods
whose scriptures we read if we read anything

or hear them recited as the evening news.

But this is Loki talk, *tijax* talk, grumbling

from the ever increasing proletariat. The czar

hears it as we hear a bumblebee

busy across the orchard in a worthless flower.

30 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Where does doubt come from
when did love decide?
Ornate arguments festoon the walls
in search of heaven. Volutes
and curlicues and fake pilasters,
hotels were like that and upstairs
the secret traffic of important people,
women and such. A child
never forgets to be estranged.
A weird building in a weird city
and why aren't I home in my own bed
with a book in my hands and a wall
between me and my enemies.
Infinite enemies of every child!

I recall all that, Newburgh, a long tall street
with the river underneath it,
my other river, a boy has two,
a boy from Brooklyn, two rivers and the sea

called "ocean" but we knew
only a little sprawl of it
creaming up the tide at Rockaway.

Drive to the beach.

No beaches here, a big hotel and none too clean
the dust historic

dry dusty chambermaids,
they too are my enemies.

The doubtful safety of parents
and all the rest are dangerous,
all filled with prohibition and designs,
compulsions. Why can't I ever

be alone? Isn't there anyone
who is anything like me?

I think that now; back then I only feared.

30 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Someday I could write an autobiography
but I'd have to have an auto first.

30.ix.12, Cuttyhunk

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There are reasons for everything
namely everything else.

There are causes but no excuses.

30.ix.12, Cuttyhunk

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There are certain fleas that live in sleep
or just in the fringes of sleep,
they hop on brow and lip and chin
until you think you're someone else
and the day has started again at 2 AM
and nothing ever will be exactly right.
You hear the sea. At least you think it is.

30 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

HIM TO THE SUN

Love you spite of all.

You are my fierce angry wife
you scorch me with your rays, rage,
without you I could not live.

I hide in the cellar
from your too-bright living room,
I love it that you make people
run around half naked on the beach,
love the shadows you
make the cliffs cast, steeples
of dull churches
love you in copper and gold,
carfenders, apartment houses on Riverside Drive,
Jackson Heights windows at twilight,
but can't mostly stand the feel of your
hands on my skin.

Except some winter days I stand
glassed in against you but warm comes in
and makes me live again.

You woman you impossible source

I can't stand you are the only thing I understand.

30 September 2012, Cuttyhunk

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Sentimentality is urban animism —
everything's alive, everything has feelings

when I went up the stairs two at a time
I felt “bad for” the step I skipped —

everything wants to be touched, used, needed —
nothing wants to be neglected

not a matter of compulsion balance —
but a sense of inclusion

everything must be included,
taken care of, everything must be used.

30 September 2012, Cuttyhunk