According to the Times Literary Supplement *The Last of the Mohicans* was painted in Düsseldorf where all the planes go. And an Italian a few years ago explained convincingly that the Trojan War was fought in Finland. Who knew? The Greeks turn out to be Swedes or something but before those Germanic types rolled in we usually think of blond and pink and blue-eyed. But turns out everything we think is wrong.

29 September 2013
Because is on the other side of yes
or is it maybe I mean, a sparrow
beak-down shivers on a rain-soaked leaf,
no, a bell is ringing far away, that's
what moves me, the national anthem
of tragedy, of all the losses of
what you never knew you had,
a funeral with no corpse, women
grieving for what they no longer remember.

29 September 2013
I see your cattle
grazing on the clouds.
That much breath I have
and then the silence rises
the blue thing from the shade
of maybe a maple
too far, tending orange,
too far to tell
I see them shift their feet
silver sparks their heels kick up—
that's almost too much for me
I gasp it shorter
I see your hips sway
as you shamble through the house
rub against what you pass,
I swoon in similarities.

30 September 2013
PHOBIA

To fear something
is to sink to its level.
Or rise.

30 September 2013
= = = = =

I saw a panther
streaking through the light
autumn trees
his meekly jungle,
but my mistake.
My mistake.

30 September 2013
Go and look or stop and look —
which sees better?
Seeing without looking is the best of all.

30 September 2013
My uncle Charlie
or a girl in the basement
up to no good.
All the lights are out again
in the dictionary.
Nobody remembers
the smell of gas too late.
Or paint the light bulb,
one touch will do a life.
Go down to her
over and over again.
Coalbin close to heaven.
Old streets of Montréal.

30 September 2013
LATE

Autumn.
I’m still enough flower
for any bee.

30 September 2013
Cars pour along the road.

How can I remember all this so you can have it? All of you who need this news.

This rose. These roads.

30 September 2013
so many wanted that touch.
Hermes was Aphrodite,
the skin of his hand
understood all mysteries.
In those days
touch was enough.
The mind breeds from that.
The pure engine of our feelings
from which the words
take color and courage to be said.

30 September 2013
language has murdered spirit
and given birth to soul.

... 

I write this with a Chinese fountain pen
my wife bought in India
an imitation Parker 51.

Perhaps my thought resembles,
is a cheaper version of,
some earlier thought I never read or heard
but still is out there
in the thought world humming,
buzzing. Nietzsche. Klages..
Anything that was ever thought
eventually someone will pick up
from the air and write it down.

Any thought is a message in a bottle.
We are the sea.
And which of us steps
(like the agonist out of the chorus
back in the days of Thespis)
out of the mass, out of the waves
and learns to read and does
and writes it down, for what purpose,
does that even happen, ever, you decide.

30 September 2013
= = = = =

Being irritated
is a kind of candle,
hurts your eyes a little
but lights up
parts of the dark room
you forgot is there.
Only parts — the crevices,
the folds are still there.
Quiet. The wasp
comes home to its nest.

30 September 2013
An island where everything is different.
How long a mile is here!
And the sunlight seems the same
color as the shade. The waves
crest and break far out from shore.
You’ve never seen such birds
but they don’t sing, they talk,
some of them, like women at the bakery,
or like brides who lie down in the rapids
until their wedding gowns turn
into foam and wash away.
I’ve lived here all my life
and nobody knows me even yet.

30 September 2013