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[re]INCARNATION

What

they don’t understand is that

I am born again from presence –

every person I can touch or touches me
gives birth to me again

without presence we vanish

into the dreamy world of seeing things

what we see and only see

is the imaginal world

olam ha-mashal

I’ve been calling it lately, 

parable, parallel, likeness, 

the over there of here I am.

4 May 2013
Right over there something to member
keep the word hurting you the pine tree
takes care of itself – prove the power
of your presence by walking through the door
backwards be story, dear little volcano
will you never come home? C’est à dire à moi
I’m all ocean all this while
so full of need the leaves are back
I’ve just noticed the light all trapped in green
only two things worth looking at at all,
trees and the sea. All the rest of the visible
will leave you flat and cheat you blind.

4 May 2013
Then the man in the moon

angry at what I said

threw something down

and hit me on the head.
What kind of music is this
that walks inside my knees
like temperature or a catkin
drifting from spring trees
harpsichord. I remember Landowska.
The way they used to think it sounds.
Birds gently confusing the issue.
And as we have been told there is none.

4 May 2013
= = = = =

Of course the orchestra
follows us around
comes from a word meaning
dance or dance for or
where else does music
come from the ground itself?

4 May 2013
The sun makes shadows
this is my gift
horror of the unseen
that shapes all the rest.

4 May 2013
ORGANIZATION

Young tongue

licks old word

says

be simple

to mean

be sly

to sympathize

it is so hard

this thing

to speak.

2.

The tower struck by lightning

or alchemist on the roof of it

leading electric power down.

Two vassals fall from it,
ruins of the self,
duality discharged
in one flash of singular
knowing.

One taste
alone, as ozone after,
lightning strike, the multi-
tudinous single sea.

3.

Tongue tip touching
torque of the aurora
renews our atmosphere.

North is different, north is now,
south is then.

Picture a person
standing somewhere
picture a person
knowing the place.
4.

Tongue licks, let’s go

a wet spot lingers,

a word, a meaning.

*Maden egan,*

lick, don’t lather.

The Greeks had to learn

the way of islands,

so many islands,

when you live on an island

you’re never alone.

Therefore solitude

needs to be purchased,

mortgaged by language,

insured by silence,

lie on the shore and close your eyes.

5 May 2013
On this day the eagle
listens to the message
the hummingbird heard while
guzzling in the flower,
the flower heard it from you
your whisper
at the brink of the day
when only the roses were listening,
on this day, the thing
you meant is carried
out through the sky
to the heart of all
such things as we are,
all the people of the light
blossoming, whispering,

carrying away.

5 May 2013
(after José Barreio)

[TRIADS]

Blue bolt

a jay

away

hark your manners

a snicker

in the mirror

what color

I can’t remember

my eyes
Achaemenid
too long ago
to mercy me
taxes unpaid
the kingdom
unground wheat
old wood fence
the propriety
of not looking
medieval maybe
a tuft of cotton
ear of corn
finch squabble

Unitarian sky

agnostic afternoon

what is a chessboard

after the empty

trap come in.

5 May 2013
When the sight of a woman pushing her children on a stroller is less common than a homeless shapeless person pushing a junk-filled shopping cart along we know the time in which we live, where all property turns into trash and all children grow up poor.

6 May 2013
Lost, is it luster?
Gravel pit in Devon
where my great-great-grandfather
picked a pebble up
and later threw it in the sea –
I have found that stone.
It floated my way
in a sober dream,
waves lifting tiger stripes of sunlight
and the wet thing at last in my hand.

6 May 2013
“SMOOTH THE THREAD OF TIME”

(after José Barreio)

Day sinner / ajmac /

a sin is a twist

a backward curl

in time,

    a sinner

bends time on itself

and remorse or forgiveness

smooths the thread again,

the current free

-- a sinner goes against the drift of time

turns his back on destiny,

does what it did not mean to do.
Or is it that the “occasion of sin” itself

a natural agency,

and sin a quick propulsion,

time times itself?

Sin = sein?

6 May 2013
Be thoughtful dearling

on a blue-edged wager

-- you only live inch

by inch in a miley world

so spill the Moët meekly

there’s no brass band in the book

a spook over your shoulder strap

maybe, or sleeping Golem

in the vestibulum, crinkum-crankum

imagery of old-fangled science,

a tongue out to sass you

and a pulse-of-leasing on it

faithful to its trickery.

Avast, burdensome lass!

go scull your kayak to the sea

and lose it there, soaked

with permissions, a slim
islet soon shaped in salt.

It loves between your losses,

this world does, it leaves

you flat on your back

in fact but displays the stars.

7 May 2013
Waiting for the news to need me
I think it’s time to breathe again.
The faultless messengers got lost in the pass
and settled down with mountain girls
and who can blame them? So blue the gentian
the sweet ice tinkling scherzo every starry night.
Rest here between rivers, that’s all I can.
A river, even a little one like this, knows
a thing or two, and I know a few, so between
its going and my staying there might be just enough
till the word they say comes over the hill.

7 May 2013
People slow down

as they walk uphill.

And time’s a pinnacle

I sherpless ascend.

Every day

the world

a little less

of me below.

7 May 2013