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Cause of nothing
the imperious wind drives him
in off the deck he waits
by the weather
till the wall changes

so many minutes without mistake
and speaking Arabic of a sort
enough to fool a schoolchild
as long as they didn’t look right in his eyes
where lies hiss and slither
and the younger you are the more you see

is that a cruiser in the harbor
and why are the white birds walking on the road
on the far side of Oahu
where the people live
and where from the headland you can see

what the world was like before the earth.

21 June 2014
Solstice
Cuttyhunk
The ink wormed its way from this pen through my tee-shirt pocket to leave a curious leaf-like mark on my chest. I undressed last night in the dark so now at dawn I find it, scares me. What wound, what word is my skin telling me now, sentenced in the night to endure some Polynesian tattoo? Then I washed it all off and realized with something between relief sand ecstasy that it is the nature of art to exaggerate the obvious till common earth is heaven and things mean again more than they have any right to mean.

22 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
Try to make things up
to tell your child.
No child have I
so that’s another story.
No matter where I go
every step I take
I’m walking by the sea.
Even-breath’d in all
the tumult of the mainland
maybe, whose lovely flowers
—roses, ppies, white raspberry—
only frame the real horizon.

22 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
A MES ELEVES

I have to talk to each of you in turn
my wandering disciples
who abandon me to keep faith
with what I taught you,
    you
my politicians and my messengers,
my message is whatever comes
out of your mouths,
    you
who go and shake Yggdrasil for me
to make it speak,
    make it rain down leaves
codes, *semaphores*—

    you understand,
you were
    children once, you were bent down
more recently than I
under the power of signs—
I taught you to leave me behind
and stick with those—

now go, smoke your champagne,
belong to the weather,
carry your bodies to the high
court of what happens
and tell them how I set you free.
Do the sky a favor,
walk naked
be in everybody’s dreams,
send me a picture of
every other lover
and of your first
child, playing the mandolin.

22 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
Maybe if I take every other word out and change it to its opposite I'll start to make sense.

But there are so few opposites left.

22 June 2014, Cuttyhunk
Only one lion
in the den
to which your vehicle
compels you,

the singular
impels you,
the rod of measurement
inside you
standing,

so flee
such education,
enter instead
the honest hill
where the faerie people
linger still

and tell you their lies
which are much truer
than the ones we tell.

22 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
Don’t tell me your name yet
let me guess it from the pores
of your skin, those stars,
come close to me so I can read.

22 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
You ask if I believe in God.  
I believe in most of them.  
Someone coming up the steps—
I believe in her too.

22.VI.14, Cuttyhunk
Like Miriam at her prayer desk
you rouse to the bird’s call.

Every moment is an incarnation,
new life after that yawning
gap, chaos, quiet emptiness
between one instant and the next,

the abyss from which the sound
rescues us, the new
perceived. Redbird on the roof.

22 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
I wish the birds outside would translate their remarks into some dull lingo we know like American or Español—so I could make more sense of it. *Sense = anything that I don’t mean.*

22 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
= = = = =

Does this feel like a diary?
More fool both of us if it does.

22.VI.24, Cuttyhunk
I am the sea she said, I listened, I believe everything, learned that art in childhood hoping the words I said had some effect, yes, you are the sea.

22 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
How many words rhyme with God?
Woman. Mind. You
and no more.

22.VI.14, Cuttyhunk
So early the doves cry
even before the wind wakes
and sings in from the sea.
What should be known
about these things?

Broken forests under the sea,
ancient cities left only in the mind.
Once you have lived in a city
your mind grows paved with streets.

Things are supposed to align.
intersect, lead somewhere,
mean something. A city
is halfway to philosophy.
Asia meant something else by thinking.

23 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
The doves told me this
Valéry’s messengers,
they just tell
what just happens.
Happened. A moment
ago is ancient history.

23 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
That the body is land, 
landscape, is shaped, 
does shape 
the way of our being. 

Mountain reaches to mountain. 

Each one of us is Ymir 
whose body part by part 
made the earth, 
form and fact, 
how can we know the truth of it 
but what we touch 

one sense or other. Broken bones, 

your eyes the stars. 
As if it were only true 
and not keep going on and on, 
until I touch the hillocks of your difference, 

the sky too shaper, shaped. 

Street me for going, 
land you for staying.
And when we touch someone
we pour into them
—whether we noq it or not—
a confluence of energies
focused by our own being
into blescence—

the essence of blessing
the dep nature of each of us
gives to, receives from, another,
any other,
    with no need for thought, intention,

it happens between us, it happens us,
this blessed energy conferred.

When we touch one another
we renew our contact with the earth.
So be the touch reverent
— lover, mother, brother —
by touch we are made new.

23 June 2014.
Cuttyhunk
FOR JOHN ASHBERY ÆT. SUÆ LXXXVII

Seagulls vexing the marina
but we love them, evidence
souvenir merchants aren’t
the only creatures here.
White swoop, get used to it,
it’s vacation, forget the budget,
rainy nights play ‘Clue’ in your motel.
Everything is different in July.
Hummingbirds feel finally at home,
we’re staging Pericles in an old barn,
boring play but the Dream was taken.
The barn smells of tobacco at least,
was full of oars and dories from
the dead yacht club. But making do
with what’s at hand—the secret of great art.

23 June 2014
Cuttyhunk
[for Adam Fitzgerald’s tribute]