Children come
to see

the bird in me
mutely ascend

but when he or she
achieves invisibility

then from emptiness
on high sends

down on them
to hear and be heard

it must be music
or the end of me.

4 December 2010
Now I really must begin talking to you and telling you what sentences are going on to change the color and thus the destiny of this paper. Once upon a time there were dragons in every forest, some of them more crowded than others. In this forest, the one that grows larger and darker and woodier every moment as I speak, there are still many dragons. We don’t always notice them though, just as a child is unlikely to notice a molecule of nitrogen even though he inhales trillions of them all his life long. We don’t always notice what we use, or what uses us.

4.XII.10
[Dreamt into waking:]

The beadle of the everyday
sweeps all her fantasies away
but the instrument she
had been writing with
left evidence enough behind
to show where she’d been sailing.

5.XII.10
Sometimes just to hold the link
quietly in mind before applying
cunning fingers to the work of knowing
as the thought of slipping my hand
between your chest and upper arm reveals
more and meaningful than the doing would.
It’s not all about what happens, is it?

5 December 2010
Shadows in winter don’t move around much,
windy mornings a sapling quivers
on my page. I came here for the weather
to ride with women in an open throat
while the newborn sun hammers on a cloud.
Everything is speaking, every word is heard.

5 December 2010
How long does anything have to be?

How long does anything have to be?

How long does anything have to be?

5.XII.10
Chatter by the memor-web:
a spilled hurdle and a lost child.

I see you running even now
sweat in your hair your eyes on fire

because winning is the same as being
and you must.

2.
so you sat on my knee
and your hand walked
along my jaw and down my chest—
you sailed up into me
your Viking tongue
invaded.

Big silent word.

5 December 2010
[Dreamt:]

Reporters and writers
go on board
in Portland.
Down the river
then they cruised north
maybe as far as Vancouver Island.
Went ashore in Canada
and of course there were bears.
They sat at long rustic tables
writing everything down.

6 December 2010

(Italics indicate verbatim in dream, the few other words explain an unspoken sense in the dream.)
Nobody is named that anymore
now the names they give have no meaning.
Today three ice-bears walked up as far as the meadow
so her child will be called Bear. Or Meadow. Or Three.
But what does three mean? And what is a bear?
I dreamed of a dragon, I will name my son Orrm.

6 December 2010
I’m trying to find my way to something.
Emigrate when the time comes.
I put most of me in writing
but they will read only as much of it
as fits their consumer ethics—
ethnography is the last aesthetics.

6 December 2010
**WINTERLJUS**

It seems to be language
dwindles with the light

Lucia! Eyeglasses scare
children close

I say your name
a name is a gift from God

nomen numen
or there is no god but the Name

I say your name again
believe in the light and it will come back.

6 December 2010
LEAVE ALONE

Let the director have it his own way.
I’m here only to see what happens
to what I said. To insist on what I saw
in mind when I wrote things down
is a sin against the dialectic.
I’m not the only one in these words
I happened to write down. You’re
here too. And by letting the director
do what he wants, I’m letting
the words rule him, heart and mind.

6 December 2010
Telemann then a pop tenor

tends to noon. Nobody home.
The culture doesn’t work.
The frightened citizens of Humilitas
stave in their longboats. For years
the scuttle fleet bothers the beaches.
Junk. Lost music. Drowned radios,

fish dart among the old glass tubes.
Sun eats the clouds. Never till
the soil gives back our anguished seed
unchanged can we go home.
That is, when the earth
no longer takes notice of us, forgets
that we ever came, forgets we’re here.
Then we can forget it too, and go.

6 December 2010
The good time  better in  the gaunt  Eden
a boy with a saw  saw  a shadow  a girl squeeze
pears  out of the air  maidens were weeping
to claim a color  saint nobody  lift a little
snow fire  no  in Lac Leman saw  looking north
saw  a candle burning under water  he reached in
and lifted out  it burned in air  gave it to his wife
hands  full  temporary money  one gasp gathers
newborn care  imagine it came  to life
without any me  will be born  Sicilian Muses
a child with no I  more singular  keep listening
your knuckle  soft  against  along her jaw
a hand smiles  Lausanne across  a lake so plain
where do lakes come from  everything is so old  a bone
ivory  insert the lubricant  no one  will ever
understand  her dream  how her body  presses
on his mind  o read your mail  your feet sink in
go slow  by mine  the same candle  leads the way
a whole city  down there  waiting ready for us  who
call her  name  if you confuse  your fixed
with your fleeting  where shall the god  go
to find you  there is frost  on all our little  going
on the grassland of your home  maidens  the god
wants you also  over there  clatter up the shore
bones  of the horse  into the French-speaking regions
the Aramaic shade why do I have hands if not
to touch you deep in the skin of your song
you know the wood by nail the tree by the house
the linden one still lingers the bees of June
bones here there is no measure but your need.

7 December 2010
BOYKPANION

But then I thought about the *boukranion*
all over Crete and those secret islands
I saw once on my way far into the east
east of all my words I went

the bull skull that is an altar
its horns an antenna lifted
to catch the words of the invisible
citizens of our crowded space

Between the horns of the bull
the moon might settle to rest
or the sun come up
and slip her hips against the smooth

and look again on her day’s work.
Lift any hollow bone to the flank
of your face and you will hear
horn by bone the hum of news.

The cow and her bull have hollow horns, best cups they are
to drink sound from, those sounds
you hear but can’t understand
but you know everything!
You hear with the inner eye!

Between Greece and Egypt
an island that is both of them and neither

and all this you hold in your hand,
a hollow horn is speaking.

7 December 2010
When a hand wavers it becomes
a heart it listens it is hard
who shakes the heart habit
of not knowing crossroads in fields
everywhere why are roads why are roads
and there is no going a way it sounds
inside you hear yourself feeling
tachycardia too many steps flights
too quick the breath holds your whole dream.

8 December 2010
AMBIX

Caps or elicit my land another language
heard as own that angels speak
always the other always we hear as our own
capsit elixir? unhear your vocabulary
“did this to me” idiolect there is no
own in language your feet hurt your words can’t
only the other damage from what you think
your own cap set at some other
old illicit ode hungering for you
at night your shadow darkens the wit
of the desirer takes it uncaps
the elixir illicit to insume
whither we be travellers tenseless
mood embed the verb always now in this
precinct cops wear caps verbs nouns
hear the bone beseeching mosaic
before faith a religion of nothing but
shadows of experience it is not right
to name this this yet we do moon
moons years catafalque the dead
pontiffs in state the princess weeps
their job this grief this stone my cenotaph.
2.

give the water scope to remember
it was everywhere it filled every cranny
molecular memory nothing it doesn’t even now
you taste the shape of where it’s been
mosaic musivary choose
the river drink the city shade
dome of the Parliament someday I’ll touch

3.
a new religion begins
with you always saying doffing my cap
thitherwards you stand seeingly
intact in every weather you say
nothing but what beholding you makes
rise in me or any other to be spoken
a long pause a ship sinking in the music
after every word to let the sense
of it find you reverberate
among and from the contours of we suppose
the body of the other to be
coterminous with history as if even here
there could be no other place no market
dome embracing any other space
where this word you didn’t even say it sounds.

9 December 2010