Not doctors  
I think  
but one another—

didn't we have to cure each other  
let the blue selfless through  
to find a self  
and heal it—

no medicine but the love streaming through us  
out to the other ever.

Blue light flooding from within  
and this within is elsewhere.

1 January 2014
And if 80 is the new 60 and all that,
the numbers are all different now

*all the numbers changed*

they still can *count* but they don’t *mean*
not the way they did
(we thought they did).

Everything is different.
Religion used to mean the cult practice of the whole town.
worship of its own gods, with its own values.
Now religion is the thing you run away to
to escape society and just norms,

escape the City.

If you can’t depend on numbers
what do we count on?

1 January 2014
Notes,
but for what
music
or remember?
How short
can anything
be, and be?

1 January 2014
1. Lost the knack of listening
   found it again in studying the light.

   The green of listening
   meets the blue of speaking.

   Your nominal heart
   succinctly red, reads.

2. Because the senses
   are of the body

   and rational mind, abstract despot,
   consistently misunderstands,

   it is by nature
   is precisely what misunderstands,
“mortal mind” Mary Baker called it when she came back from her visions into the candlelight of the ordinary and knew that what she was was not.

1 January 2014
So belongs to body
everything its senses
take hold of,
valid till interpreted,
lucid till understood.

1 January 2014
New Years Day
furnace failed,
snow. What to do.
Repairman came
not too late. just
after dark. Fixed it,
made heat rise.
Left a note, pink
carbon copy:
blead the pump.
All I know how
to do is spell.

1 January 2014
= = =

Trying to be clear
like the road somewhere
south of a storm and green

I've lost the way.

It is to say.
Keep talking.
someone always knows.

2 January 2014
THE REED

Where is my broken reed
we need
then congregation of ortolans
the mother spider’s feast

we dream all our agains

from the flarf bed
of the crowded head

straight out Jericho
the island of my ancestors

an island waits.

The way finds me again
like tonal music,
barbaric clangor
of a young man’s ego
still shouts in my dome
they lead such sad lives
who want to rule the world,
glad lives those
who live to pray the world along,

wind with the wind
I rain the rain
I help the sun shine

A radical refutation
to say
this day and no other
no obvious alternatives to this.

2.
Dispersion of ashes.  Or
catafalque beneath
an empty coffin.  Where
is anything.  One
had breadth of satin
it took a life to touch.
Fingering the distances

just then I heard a horn
could be a locomotive
driving south through snow
or Oberon himself
still liege-lord of every wood

and every time he touched a girl
he thought Titania

read your fingertips
by mine
from the chastest hand-stroke
I am made
pregnant he remembered

room for one more day
beat of dawn air
round the crow’s wings—

we are in the athanor
of time the colors change.
3. It may be junk
but it sails
all the way to the island
loaded with jade
and those dried leaves of camellia
called the earth is calling you
every morning without fail
and at midnight rub
carved jade between your fingers.

2 January 2014
Zandonai’s opera *I Cavalieri di Ekebu* has been on the radio a lot lately. It’s on right now. And two male cardinals are sitting on the same bird feeder, not fighting, not driving one another away. As male cardinals usually do. Maybe because it is so cold. High noon and 9 degrees. Fahrenheit. And a lot of snow fallen, and more falling now. The story of the opera has something to do with Scandinavia, in their middle ages, which were a little later than ours, I think. When I say ours I mean England and France, practically one country in those days, as you can tell by our language, especially when we sit down to dine in company. If it’s so cold now what will it be like tonight? When the snow will fall heavily they say and the wind blow. They. The ones who say such things, I wonder if they are the same ones who decide to put this opera by Zandonai on the radio several times in a short period of time. What are they trying to tell us? Who runs the weather? Who programs the music they make us hear? To judge by the excited voices, the opera has a lot of action. Probably

2 January 2014
Stricken by midnight the snow stopped
by streetlight clarity have we come
out the other side of someone's skin

the skid of light along the snow
starts up again heavy heavy
with that metaphysical obliteration
of the question or sublation

of all the differences into this one
animal it almost looks like it comes so
swirl of muscle or am I trapped again

in the ancient anatomy of light?

2 January 2014
Working idly
through a white dream
shovel in my hands

how heavy it is
to pick up
all this we’ve thought

and spoken.
This white is words.

3 January 2014
CARING FOR WHAT COMES NEXT

slowly part by part
somewhere, say
“mirror”
green leaf
smooth and soft but still
faintly tough of spinach
fresh
“mirror”
the bread on the table
quite fresh this morning now
a faint fine coating of dryness on it
you hardly notice it
you eat it with something on it
anything will do

but you mother said
“rice”
and you thought of how white
it is when it’s been steamed
do you understand
how white such white can
be, can be
“mirror”

shows all the people
who could eat
eat with you
eat what you eat
far away personages
like queens in fairytales
no country to bother them with ruling
just queen per se queen
the one who says
she has to say
“look into the mirror
little boy
I hid it in my lap
so you can see better
what is coming
and what has come
long long ago
before you ever began to listen”
or curly leaf
like kale or mustard greens
purple kale of winter gardens
ornamental animal
see all that in the lap
frightened children
eating the Christmas tree
did you ever
“mirror”
no, rice.
Rice is the same as white.
Mirror is the same as me.
The variations overwhelm the theme
everybody forgets it
by now only the mirror
holds it in mind
“jouissance” “mirror”
nine days roll back
there is need
need in
what we do
we only “mirror.”

3 January 2014