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Vague she said is beautiful and some birds believed.

How to and not to as the judge's periwig.

I set this cap upon my locks to set you free.

Maybe that's how all the old days thought.

When you can't walk you must sit.

Bibles are built for such as these.

Am I habit or am I had.

You were my folksman and my judge.

When you moved the world stood still.

Or when you moved you moved it too so both seemed still.

Sequences of things beads of sweat like sequins on your hip.

The dying man hears footsteps on the stairs and they are his.

Music too true to be everywhere.

The nature of sound is to move from center all ways out.

Light seems to be everywhere at once but what does a little boy know.

When it stops moving they say it stops being.

Hence pervasive early 20th Century metaphor everything is Dance.

Whence my desire to look into your eyes as you do it.

All the things they mean me to explore.
Empty tomb the nard-soaked cerements.
Now it says me anything again.
To live in silence Athos in a girlless space.
He found the grail and drank from it.
A true Christian rises from the dead.

Or are there other meanings fruited on this beam.
You can't help but elming when the ash is right.
Staring in clear water stone horse trough by La Borne.
Beyond the boundaries some women tend to me again.
O Eve me all by yourself and let me still.
Tacit he is quiet and lets the other speak.

All this next part is written in Greek.
High Sumer and the incests rife.
Go down with her to the abandoned gate.
The door swings open and you see yourself.
You stare at yourself puzzled by your seeming nakedness.
Too many opals you think not enough pearls.

In the house on top of the hill a rowboat in the cellar you never know.
How far does a gull cry fly measure in times of day in colored clothes.
The door was closed but a mouth said Everything.
Everything you think is yours is everyone's this is history.
Your unarticulated feelings make kings tremble on their thrones.
Come back when you know how to make the silence speak.

Perception's more like a ship than a marmoset.
It plows through what is there and gets a little wet.
But nothing changes nothing changes.
Waiting long for human certainty the chemistry.
He called me from under the olive tree bitter red stones.
Bale-fires on the landfill hillocks blue.

5 July 2011

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Girlworld gullcry floating over grail.
The woods were dark that morning too.
She heard them calling to each other was she one of them too.
You can close your eyes but no way not to hear.
What did they want of her in all that green.
Kisses are deep meeting with no promises.

Wisdom of never crossing river.
How far can you go by land alone.
Once you cross running water you forget all you know.
Wise women stay away from bridges.
Forgetting and forgetting only hold her in his eyes.
The otherness of the other is never other enough.

Every line an argument high school manners of Caligula.
Hurting them past happiness no joy like regret.
But I was in the deep woods that day Morgan assented.
Strapped to a hornbeam tree experiment in control.
She summoned mighty spirits from a breath of air.
And my own breath became the word she says.

The system itself makes villains of them all us all.
Escape the system abandon gain.
Thirty-seven Points of Training the Mind the way.
We walked beside me through the woods closer than we can ever be.
Of course it's a love song what else do we know how to hear.
Berlioz turned music inward we yearn to be the one we hear.

There is a woods I mean a waiting in half-light.
She'll never show up as long as you keep looking.
Only when your eyes are on the cast of shade or twist of vine.
The forest is the first theater and the last.
Skene the shadow place where everything's alive.
She stands slim as a tree but what she says.

Art makes us interlopers aesthetic awe is fear.
We intrude on masterpieces.
Woe betide the art that welcomes us.
On the marble backside of some chance Venus spent.
The story ever retreating ahead of us leads us on.
Begins and ends *in medias res* we are green without hope.

And in that moment most she says.
When least dust settles on the humid glass.
Follow wherever it leads and it will you do.
Once I closed my eyes and let my footsteps find the way.
To give yourself unquestioned to the simple seeing being there.
Behold the treasure house of our differences.

He slept beneath the tulip tree until America.
Her voice woke him saying is where the killing stops.
Every one of us is meant for someone else.
Daybreak but what will heal it.
O she was green and his body filled with her word.
I can't rest in my own old being I must let your voice become me.

Every waking is like this a shattered dark a new-found-land.
At every scale of our perceiving the thing is moving.
To speak stone words without desire.
Desire is all we have and it brings us to the coast.
To want the end of suffering want the children to be fed.
To want shadows to shape letters you can read.

To want things as they are want them to be more than they are.
To want cherries to grow from the empty sky.
To want an answer before the light goes out.
But our conversation is in heaven.
I am as you made me and I know you not.
I don't know how long anything lasts do you do you.

Afterludes of DNA our pale identities contrive.
An acid is in everything disposes fate.
But fate means 'spoken' and who can hear that word.
Walk by the marina at twilight garlic aftertaste.
I grew up where the ocean was always waiting.
I stood by salt marsh and said choose me choose me.

Let this growling meat of me become your word.
Let me learn it by saying and you are all I am.
Doctors with their fairytales of what goes on inside the body.
Nothing's there the body's hollow.
We open the door and see what we expect to see.
The blood-eagle of our ancestors the last groan still expiring.

6 July 2011

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Choosing the actual tends Vienna dream.
The cemetery shows the names only the names.
All those statues standing in the snow.
In a forest of angels the ones we loved are gone
Noumenal numinous star-shrapnel nominal.
All gone carried off in a river otter's teeth.

The weary players late in the outfield think some game is beginning.
They never know the names of the names they speak.
Voices symphonious tremble in the ancient air inside the stone.
For every word ever spoken lingers in the world in rock in wood.
Sometimes the water remembers sometimes the crows repeat.
You think this fancy I say this science is.

Time to learn another language the one death knows.
We have our trafficking therewith to busy us and soon forget.
For I was born this morning die tonight my true name's never.
The lissome lutenist lingers on my lap unheard.
Following instructions I broke the stick.
Praying in the ruined chapel I drank red water from the spring.

6 July 2011

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Crowfeathers business cursive handwriting of the gods.

Yes I believe in them just as I believe in you.

Unlikely other who has such lovely eyes.

I apologize for bringing you into it but what can I do.

Gods peer out at you from your TV.

Legends like maps seduce the unwary.

Wait your excellency the map *is* the territory.

The word is the only thing you've got.

Kerry Somalia Mongolia breath-art of the poor.

Tongue the miracle touch me when you're ready.

It's all in the book already just turn the page.

Writing to the signet for the day of judgment.

Round her neck the whistle turns archers into fallow deer.

The gods work in us by sound.

So many aftermaths so few beginnings.

Now the quiet comes retrieve the spoken wish.

It all is you isn't it once you belong believing.

Color is the radical of gate go through.

The awkward dead accommodate to hidden spaces.
Berlioz wrote down the chorales they complain.
In all aspiring a raft of pain.
But if there's no erasure what can be said.
On living moss they wiped their tender pens.
To fit some new word into all the spoken.

When the wind comes by itself there is no end.
Mother river feeds her infant sea.
Again-bite of inwit Irish women love to disagree.
I saw her sauntering with friends a waft hello.
I watched her from what I called my tower.
A pile of rubble but stood on my none but me.

7 July 2011

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American patriotism is a different things a different kind from anywhere else's the ones who came here had to choose it had to turn their afflicted backs on anywhere else the aper I still have where my greatgrandfather abjured his queen in whose lifetime yet my father's born a hundred eleven years ago today they came here adrift on renunciation they chose America and had to keep on choosing it the grief of their American lives notwithstanding any misery is not their fault not America's fault and had to be worth it worth it and don't ever tell them or us their choice was wrong the sadder and poorer they are the more patriotic little paper stars and stripes flutter briefly beside tombstones next.

8 July 2011

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Asking again the actor slips across the set but sounds.
Hollow places in the earth I fear.
The fairy mound will one day close me in.
Every phobia is rational in the long unfolding of the brain.
Blue flowers grow on lightning bolts come down.
Not every day is worth its wheeled carriage its bronze maiden.

I once lived on earth and learned to talk.
Did I lose the nobility of common speech.
Hills where the Bible hisses like a copperhead.
For vines wander through a house.
What was it like when a wall was just a wall.
Sit in the shed in winter in knowing the truth.

Carry home with no rapture.
Grey breezed a green day some miracle.
Partner is a word too easy to be said.
Saying the opposite the other comes true.
Tree time in Barbary rehearse her aquifer.
Treadle the iron footplate that works the mind.

All she asked him for were kisses. (V&A)

When you carry your door with you any god can come through.

Two party system choice naked or veiled rapacities.

I knew you when you spread your will around the room as wood.

I knew you when the frame was smaller than the picture.

I knew you in the woodwork of your dream.

Wrong move to remember what's wise to forget.

So slowly through these little trees after all breeze knees.

Time for the weather to complain about us.

Weather is the world's response to human will.

Dusty provinces of stale desires.

Those who die in lust are born in sand.

Each life is hell or heaven enough.

Folklore is death's ancient gospel.

How slow the workmen come to doubt the work.

History is the biggest myth of all.

Alpha-males make servants of all the rest.

Nothing else ever happened nothing happens.

The news of the day is pabulum for slaves.
Don't believe a word you don't speak.
Don't make you think anything's happening but greed.
They give you this to sell you that we're all conspirators against us.
I chanced on Whitman weeping by the road.
The road goes nowhere I haven't been.

I fell in love with an ever-receding prospect.
The immediate things are the furthest away.
I will never reach your hand who stands beside me.
My legs will never reach the road I'm standing on.
I loved the land when I thought it was for me as part of us.
Now my flag this kerchief starred with coughed-up blood.

Nobody dares to talk this way these days as if it mattered.
Nobody dares to bore you telling what you don't want to know.
You know it all already right like Aristides said.
To ask the question is to stand outside the world.
To answer it connives with tyranny Plato in Syracuse.
Questions are anger and answers are greed.

Be quiet and look at the stupid flower.

What if there really is nowhere else.

Hera was the ancient Celtic goddess supreme who knew.

She gave us folk a yen for contradiction.

The one who speaks told Troytown's death.

Irish women love to disagree again-bite of with-wit.

8 July 2011

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Or fever spoke then empathy their roar.
The cliffs of Never crumble as we speak.
Cliffs all crumbling mudstone my thumbnail carved.
The living image of some words I knew.
The way the counting numbers gang together conspire us.
Please be careful how you kiss the wind.

Cathar politics we need religion to resist authority.
Too soon the worship comes to be the magistrate.
We sneak away and do it in the caves and catacombs.
Daytime religion is a thing like taxes.
Only the inner chamber full of bhakti and rebellion
No wonder the Jews turn the world off Saturday.

Solemn wrong as a king on his thorn.
O quiet mind my grail my wedding night.
What can that cup be but what she chaliceth.
Baffled y the rings of all connect.
With whom does link not one day meet.
On summer mornings air each mattress out.

9 July 2011

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Admire me with wagons.

Pregnant I'm from the slightest thought.

The mice of Babylon know to shun defilements Niddah.

A breeze came and told me I was right.

Wine-colored wall tiles in the pre-war bathroom.

The war was coming as it always is.

Quiet in me but not kind I have a jogging mind.

That thy body dare resist my worship so!

What greater thrill for god than worshipping a human mortal here

There is no summer here it's all one churning.

Put first the words in place only then define them.

Absence makes white clouds come over trees.

Name the adolescent who dared stroke the word.

In that country no word ever echoes.

It is a property of language not to be gone.

The oily duke alarmed by partridges.

Faithful ships atop the adulterous main.

The bill for all our singing paid by glum Pythagoras.

How strange it is that children should have names.
The no more caught thing the cricket on the kilim.
Night speaks a different cloud outside.
What is that talkative arriving wind.
They say it sucks in from a distant mouth inhalant.
Her sacred lips bespeak a common shaft.

All this because nature upon nature
The oily plowman lubricates the furrow.
But then some eider floats bicolored on the wave.
But then the aviator sends mimeo'd poems down the roofs.
But then the children hear me and are afraid.
Latent love involved in mesentery.

Yes you would think a man like me was like me.
No the priest's nightshade shows the wax of scholarship.
You think those are little trees of broccoli.
We are kin to all diseases of the stars.
How else would Romeo come back to life in all that blue.
Grieving is a kind of alcohol your lips are wet.

Crow call my pure oracles.
The insects sing the bowstrings with their legs.
I like the chemical of you it fizzes in me when.
That makes me dangerous romantic dull.
The organ to love you with is language.
Language is the skin of what we think we mean.

9 July 2011