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julC2011

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Sometimes we think of those we've known or not.  
Then there's a holy flurry of remembering.  
Getting their names and birthsigns right the color eyes.  
Sometimes they make me doubt my good intentions you do.  
I was moral till the bark peeled off the tree.  
Then I was ethical as hell and Königsberg.

Anybody who knows land shapes thought is me.  
This eighth of a hectare is most of what I think.  
Yet I was somewhere else once but was that me.  
I am the moss on shabby soil uphill I am the solo buckthorn tree.  
The gods all leave her mark in me.  
So much to love so little time.

We need to keep meeting in the door.  
Am I done yet the last window open still.  
Across the table sad little squiggles of an empty pen.  
A month away from meaning always.  
Get a haircut leave a tip silence is mythology enough.  
Suppose *the wrong word* is built into the world

That axe-cleft gorge they called the Flume.  
I am cold there still from the drenched walls.  
There is a place before the war begins not me.  
To be on the other side of myself.  
Maple sugar and pure water I loved her disappearances.  
I am the challenge called guessing who you are.

On the day Ts'i they lick other people's skin.  
Perfect stranger.  
Cast the waters overboard the cloud her breath.  
The sauntered bumblebee alarms before breakfast.  
My horse stumbled for me *I will not leave this island.*  
I am never any closer than you are.

Certain men became bees and entered the hive.  
You know them by the hum they left behind.  
Their task the drone of human poetries.  
Atlantis was built to get them out again.  
Ever after we're caught between the hive and the hill.  
Nobody home because the city is.

See the city is the primitive accumulation the skandhas heaped up.  
See the city is bricked of happenstance and hope.  
The city that I mean the streets are trees.  
Only the leaves know how to speak.  
The word is my streetcar and my subway snake.  
Silent through one acre thick with metropoleis.

I found a little room in it big enough for me.  
Heaven hat and no one hell and a rabbit near.  
Willing poverty of thieves annihilating property.  
I let you in depend you talk in me.  
Sober round-up of all ancient friends.  
Relics holy her scarf her mango stone her word.

Not good at knowing my place the edge of things.  
You have all the details already all you need's the tune.  
History is all the notes without the score a sack of quavers.  
They buzz near me with their busy suns.  
Unrule the evidence till water uphill runs.  
In that country birds discourse men are silent.

The poor kept idle the rich invisible who lights the light.  
The eye has to keep moving to see clear the eye is animal.  
What is the level of feeling the level of love discerning.  
How low did the fingers search to know your name.  
A dragon lives in every woods such love must bear.  
Love is supposed to make things happen to the world.

10 July 2011

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To see at least the morning glimmer.  
Seeds glad the heat comes down meets heat arising.  
We live in the same house and never meet.  
These are surgeries of blue desire.  
Play tennis with the blind spots in the air.  
Every word is code for something no one knows.

From the wine returns its cluster to the vine.  
Take it at face value there is no other.  
The longed-for workmen never show up.  
We live in the same language but never speak.  
I just want to know the taste inside your mind.  
In ecstasy each leaf forgets its tree.

People are freedom no moving parts.  
Children building cabins north of the mind.  
I want what you left behind in Brazil your shadow.  
Pictures askew on walls torment unbalanced minds.  
Each word captures a bird women cycle past.  
Tiny human fraction free to sit quiet in the morning breeze.

A thousand novels each one up to you.  
Arcane narrators navigating by chapel candlelight.  
The morning wants something gone.  
A silence I keep trying to answer.  
Now leave me out of it and let the language talk.  
Maxims murmured by a pond with swans.

The purple lips of Vercingetorix.  
My empathy with enemies of Rome.  
Too many devils for one little hell.  
When poetry is far away from law a new sun will rise.  
I keep thinking of things to forget.  
A lake lost north in the wilds of remembering.

No link to lead you but liking.  
Step stepping stones on stilts negotiate unnatural.  
Of course it's a sin that's why it works.  
Soft shadows of hot humid day discovered gold.  
I am the queen she said of where it went.  
It disappeared behind me in a cloak of speech.

11 July 2011

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It could be India the stone older than the world.  
*Veda than Edda* then the stories stumble out of prayers.  
A hero is what's left after the story's told.  
We think there is a one it happened to no it just happened.  
When you pray you're speaking a long time ago.  
Story comes from liturgy the way dreams come from dance.

Someone has to do these things.  
Forgive me for being rational instead of thinking.  
Crow call is all.  
Stop soon to start another thing gods love beginnings.  
The first act of an opera is almost always the best.  
She forgot his kind of pen could write.

Essence submerges in identity this is hell or hospital.  
Who you are is somebody else's mistake.  
Mint sings pain away and lavender and borage.  
Help the Understanders to forget.  
High duet of living beings lost in trees.  
They remind me of a well ago a wish some pennies thrown.



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Take the words away and leave the naked edge of meaning.

For camphor unvirtues all other remedies.

Now bed it deep and take the lamp and go sannyasin.

Dance as long as a deer in woods.

Write her name on a block of ice and who is listening.

Continuity of all things hidden in you.

The weight of words expressed in miles per second.

Dangers of the rapture never far.

Heaven is a house where one thing happens at a time.

Kissing my enemy to sleep.

People who walk inside each other's steps.

Before the sun boils off the clouds.

Flagbearer braving into the dark.

Hide the weathercock from the wind stop knowing.

That cold green land up there I only saw.

Seer salt immaculate lines in her palm.

Thrill of sea all edge and tangency.

Why can't this book be every book and is.

Denser as you go in light let through leaves.  
Sabbath pictures turned to the wall.  
Our bodies remember Zion never give anything up.  
The bones are the last to learn to dance.  
I am Baron Saturday my feet are small.  
He knows the grail is just behind that girl again.

Americans easily fooled look where we came.  
Find a cathedral worth praying to.  
Who are your gods America.  
Gladder to smile by the wall and speak the dance.  
Migrate from somewhere no wonder we're angry.  
Some say architecture is the body of god.

There is a stone floats in the air makes men kind.  
Soon come to the end of the evidence.  
Egregious farm machinery too early.  
The natural anger of the working class.  
Lynchpin of the loud world mother here.  
Delicate travellers swaddled in dream.

Ant carrying leaf scrap doctor leaf home.  
They know how to fit together to go between.  
These things we feel are feelings and they go.  
One puff of breath is all it takes.  
Deep breathing of educated citizens art enough.  
Saying without thinking is the language of angels.

Simple opposites in an old-time book.  
No more bone than a banana yet I please.  
Form more than substance flesh is pure swank.  
Moist swale of morning a well waits for us.  
Log cabin for the knowers no one lingers.  
Be alone alive one whole day and then.

12 June 2011

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*Par ma barbe je suis trop viellard pour Paris.*

Maybe I was waiting for you once in a bathrobe.

Waiting for the next rhyme the heart grows weary.

A poem gets lost in adoration.

Do I have room for anybody else?

Cathedral of Amiens across my private plains.

What a strange letter little j is think what it spells.

Now I am a telephone now the morning rings.

Disciples gawping at the sky he's not there he's here.

They have always been here the sky is an illusion.

Blue witchcraft and heart full of love.

The heart of sky is in your breast.

Buy 2 notebooks write one full weigh both to find what your writing weighs.

Weep from the bridge the girl in white and red he wed.

So few stories so many told.

Build a house out of color alone.

The clouds are all recycled breath.

Why does or doesn't everything fall down.

Number is the chiefest of earth's accidents.  
How many leaves on just one tree and each a food a remedy a shade.  
Be comfortable Lady with my nowhere.  
Jewish poets on Chinese rivers alter genesis.  
Bikes flash sun and shade the woods still seem.  
What do joggers actually think.

All that was purgatory this is bliss.  
You rise into the present absolute a cat in your arms.  
Midnight full moon a field of fireflies talk leads us on.  
And everything meant you then.  
And me to do it quick as ampersand.  
Things on pilgrimage to be me again.

All the litmus tests are wrong every chemical is blue.  
They all want you here where need aligns with will.  
Hot night yew tree medicines something to the air.  
Save every living being walk the dotted line,  
Invisible voices in the trees refashion the occult.  
They walk so very far to come so close.

Car dragging muffler uphill music everywhere.

In the mind's eye the moon is a cat in her arms.

Animals bring disorders into spotless lives.

Every pet you get a little suicide.

The waltz of trust no one love them all.

A part of every lineage you linger free.

13 July 2011

End of Notebook 336

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*pour G.Q., son anniversaire*

We never get there, do we.

And we're glad.

This ordinary road, this very journeying  
seems to have been the goal  
mind had in us.

To keep going is like being free.  
To be ready for the next thing  
that comes around the corner,  
a shout to answer it, or just  
to comfort somebody  
just by being there again  
the way it is.

A mile a minute they used to say  
when that was fast and we were slow—

Now look at us, gone  
before they can parse  
our latest channelings  
from the news, the muse, the mothers,  
communiqués from emptiness.

Do you remember Maurice  
Chevalier that crypto-Vichy  
of our childhood media,  
*Ev-ery day is ladies day wiss me*  
he sang, and we grew up in that torpor,  
the chants were chains we broke  
eventually and none too soon,  
so we could go and sing some different thing.

But maybe Monsieur Frog was right,  
every day is the Lady's day,  
whoever she is, how long it took us to find out,

and the lady's name of course is liberty,  
so every day's Bastille Day (that's the point  
off all this far-fetching and remembering)  
when we celebrate a freedom we still  
don't exactly understand, a private thing  
we do for other people, something like that  
while we keep running, until the tune  
is the only thing we keep remembering.

14 July 2011



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Some people can't help raining.  
Weather is a province of the soul.  
We want to drench the secret places of those we know.  
It's easy to kill said Karzai everybody knows how.  
But baffle the rich and succor the poor that's hard.  
Arjuna Gunnar we know heroes most by what they said.

Could that whole war just have been Achilles' dream  
They fight from dawn to dusk as if it were a work they do.  
When moon is almost full some mercy lingers.  
How many crows taught you that.  
What we need to know is how the old names *sounded*.  
A kind of searching and a mind to mean.

If we could say the Name in the first tone.  
Now we refer but then we could *call*.  
There is a tone or tonor in the telling counts.  
No prayer goes far without its tune.  
When we sing it know what the name means.  
What does it mean to be on time.

14 July 2011

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I could of thee a-shaping go.  
 And what have you whistled with my tune,  
 who pressed you always from behind  
 the prick of pastness that drives you on  
*moor and mountain* the road goes in  
 until you find your answer in my skin

he sang in her, meaning every voice  
 she really hears is his voice (her voice)  
 the same, the voice that means her.  
 Poets, all the poets, because the *said-song*  
 always seeks to bring the primal world  
 to life in every woman,

praise

women till they trust themselves to be.  
 And we, he said, are servants of their polity,  
 we are tarnished copper mirrors  
 trying to reveal their majesty.

2.

If you have read me right you know yourself.  
 All my tattered books to tell  
 the splendor of you just sitting there.

3.

But then we went and changed into ourselves.

Yet when I say you I mean you  
with your neck and hands and Athena-eyes.

Nothing comes of it and cars go by.  
Soon the road to Thebes will be empty  
*void of going, like the philosophic mind.*

Somewhere between Portugal and China lies America—  
an undiscovered island hinted at by poetry  
and tawdry music lapped along its shores.

So you never have to get drunk again,  
you never have to go there anymore—  
close your eyes you'll be anywhere again  
once you know the way. Now treat me  
like natives of this place, this extreme condition  
in which we found ourselves so long ago  
and artlessly unconsciously stayed.

Love us  
as slackly as you please the word stays hard.

And I won't let you go  
till you have had your say in me.

15 July 2011

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There are some things that should not be said  
and bad enough to think them.

But who is this *should* over my shoulder  
who hisses in my ear and cautions  
some words once said will never silence?

15 July 2011

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Knowing how to be wrong,

all the more so when the words I spoke  
were utter of that moment true and just so  
and still were wrong, and I was glad  
to be corrected by some parent self  
shelved with the penates in unbroken dark.

All text is seduction. They become vile  
only when they know too well whom they purpose to seduce.

15 July 2011