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Mormon, or less
the road harries
delinquent travelers—
every footstep is your home.

Deseret, they said,
land of *melissa*,
honeybee, whose hive
—man-built— holds
all the dry air

from salt too
a honey comes
rough
from its white flowers

the cubic garden
a man's voice
speaking in a woman's mouth.

29 September 2009

THE RISK

Who dares to listen
when anything at all
might be speaking?

29.IX.09

= = = = =

The future stares at us
with the innocent empty
eyes of a deer
by the side of the road
at dusk waiting
for all this to pass.

29 September 2009

LOST

The constitution of it, the *dispositif*
of all its angry instruments
in musical array: a poem
fallen from the mind.
It was telling
 something to us
about paradise – a Persian
word for garden – we swallowed
everything we were told,
we died for a living.
The burning sword is only in our eyes.

29 September 2009

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Put the female figure
against the wooden post.
Set the male alongside her.
Where their bronze
gazes come to focus—
out there, anywhere
out there—is where it is,
the town you're looking
for, the town you want
to be born in. They
have the hard reliability
of things, not the soft
of feelings. Follow
the thing—the thing knows.

30 September 2009

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It was a world where it knew how to snow but wasn't snowing. All kinds of flags fluttered from rocks and branches. After a while you noticed there were only five different kinds: blue, white, green, red, yellow, always in that order, all different sizes, some of them so old and worn you could not read the pattern or inscriptions stamped on them, some so old you couldn't even make out the color except by its position in the series. Some so faded that even that was not possible, flag after flag faded utterly. Shivering grey. The sky had eaten all those colors already. Colors are the only thing the sky understands.

30 September 2009

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Mention me, I mean it.

There are trembling
and almost comprehending.

What is the knowledge like
you seek?

Like a flower
on a rosebush a cold morning,
very.

Who gave you
to understand these
might be something to know?

The place said so
and I was ashamed
not to listen,
it told me
to ask you, I believed it
and I asked.

What kind
of flower is that flower

so cold on some rosebush,
couldn't it be snow
or a trick of the light on you?

I was brought up to believe
light, the one thing
that does not deceive/

Then go close to the flower
but don't touch. Mention
my name to the flower
but don't think it,
let your lips
 do all the work,
your lips are part of the light.

30 September 2009

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What ever happened to France?

When I was kid a French

kiss meant my tongue in her mouth

and vice versa. Now it seems

to mean two dry pecks on the cheeks

and you can actually do it

right in front of priests or even mothers.

How words lose their meanings.

How cultures curl up and wither.

But the mouth still wet, still waiting.

30.IX.09

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How much of what we know
is less than we know.

30.IX.09

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All time
comes back
now.

30.IX.09