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What shall we do in the wave of becoming
but answer every animal?

Something of irises
(purple ones, soft-fluttering, they call them flags)
or modest briefly scintillant spiraea
we were taught to call baby-breath, how could that be,

in all cases, though, answering
the animal and every flower
gives us enough to do
to let us wash our hands of music
and be quiet where

up to now there had been wise men
chattering in courtyards or even
(to credit Socrates just once)
sometimes in the fields and meadows
still palavering but with uneasy glances
over the speaker’s shoulders at all those trees,

but now we need a green language
oily with answering,

one where the words
slip through us without much of our usual
scheming and finessing,
just say here we are
in all our differences
we are here for you
because all you need is our answers now
and tomorrow
long after we have spoken and slept
and awakened and kept
a long green silence
only then feed you with questions,
because that is all a human is, I think, for you
a question that in your own time
Dionysus tells me you will answer.

24 May 2010
Exhaustion or a glass.
A fox behind maple stump
or at first breath a deer
stepping through underbrush
pausing here to browse.
What do we eat. Who
do we think we are.
Animals and aviators, bronze
gates of the synagogue
you know who you are.
I lick the bronze. Or in Vienna
rough stone pillars of the Oper.
Something is toying with me
from far away, I feel the heat
stirring in the air above me,
a mythical bird with iron wings’
carries me to the refused desire.
I don’t want what I want,
don’t make me want it.
The stone answered my caress,
I still taste the bronze, the old
taste of worn down pennies
in the mouth, the poem that
in paperback they called The
Song of God. Who sings that
in these days, who plies the seas
with artful constructs while the rain
drowns the merely disobedient.
There is no law—that’s what
the Song sings, there is only doing
and not doing. Being seems to be
the first of our mistakes, a thing
not to explain but to forget.
Then there is all the quiet beauty
of not-doing all ready for you.
I will sit content across the room
watching you not doing it. No it.
There is no object to doing or
not doing. I’m being honest now
and saying more than I know.
No it. Only quietly not doing it.

24 May 2010
WICCA

Not had the first
and the second word
stumbled—was it sword?
    was it order?

Were there witches standing around
in satin half-slips making me lapse
in speech-craft,
    was I?

Oh the witches are wonderful before all,
they remember everything the rest of me forgets,

a witch is a mind at play
seeking in each thing its essence
then changing it
    to prove there are no essences.

They save us from idolatry.
The cat speaks. The cow gives wine. We are free.

25 May 2010
Does it begin?
It never ended.

Even now we seem
to be just between

in breath and out
breath of the strange

animal we inhabit
or is it we are?

25 May 2010
 Interruption is a music in the mind
that measures conversations—
talk until you’re done and the audience
is asleep. Only when I break in
do you have a chance of making sense.

25 May 2010
RELATIVITY

Last evening golden fading
cool after hot day me sitting
in white tee shirt on the deck
how distinguish this now me

from my father forty-five
years before likewise employed
two soft-bodied anglos
in what he called the gloaming
he thinnish fattish me
now in yellow morning remembering?

26 May 2010
IMAGINATION

Shakespeare’s imagination
was all vocabulary.
That’s why we still understand
him perfectly.

26 May 2010
The new word
offered.
I have done enough
and it's only today.
Fire siren Doppler effect
dies into bird cries,
life buzz.

His girl (never his)
is gone
(soon back but no his-er),
this bad prophecy also
faces into the trees
where I think this friend
is sad and I am sad
at all the wrong
decisions I too have made.
Not decisions—things
decide us. We tolerate
what comes along
to make us, make us
belong to it. Let
(for instance) the girl
be gone.
26 May 2010
The length of a movie
is proportional to the comfort of your seat
and the faces of the actors.
Calculus is needed to determine this,
a good rule of thumb is just count the money.
Even shadows come alive sometimes
have teeth, wait for you in the street
when you give up and leave the theater
resigned to never having those people
those places. But the shadow has you,
and the shadow also has full lips.

26 May 2010
SIGNS THAT YOU WILL SOON BE LEAVING EARTH

Ants come then shun you.
Snakes appear near your picnic table but quickly vanish.
Your clock starts telling the time in New Delhi.
Biblical passage you read in childhood
suddenly come to mind—a wall
in Leviticus, a tree in Kings.
Uncertainty seems a good idea.
You read late Wittgenstein at bedtime, though,
still seeking. Seeking
is a very bad sign. Stay
with finding. Stick with what you’ve find.
Between your picnic and the river
a small flock of bluebirds,
gregarious fowl flit from tree to tree.
You take her word for it,
you can’t see blue anymore.
Wait—are you gone already?

26 May 2010
You remember Wittgenstein
that Roman Catholic Jewish philosopher
is buried in a Protestant churchyard.
There seems a kindness, a civility
in this arrangement,
a confidence in the importance
and inconclusiveness of naming.
You hear a voice, you look up
from your reading, you answer
to some other person’s name.

26 May 2010
Moon soon
full in a soft
month the girl
is waiting

play this
on your flute
your lips
know everything

the words too
are waiting
wearing
her clothes

the bird
flats one note
to wake her
towards you

be ready
with the tone
she needs
and moon too.
26 May 2010
What are the chains that try
To keep the tiger in its trees
So that all we ever see is
An orange snarl and green eyes

26 May 2010
IN THE NICHE

Organized entropy like a niche constructed in non-being where some force could momentarily lodge and take on entity. Are you entity, blue or bleak, person? Is the necessary discord tied already round your neck, swan? “Poison, potion,” we drink with our ancestors, we are made of water, nothing holds. Except the esemplastic power itself, to take every form and penetrate every shape. Place. Hollow. Hallows. The sun is full of stuff like us. A living sheath of warm moist air surrounds each living thing and this pale sheath leaps up. When the wind blows we are naked for a moment and feel the actual
world around us. For this reason spirit is likened to the wind. Or is the wind. What is around us is the key or clue. The inside is no different, but different.

26 May 2010