Fans anxious
about the air they stir—
can I also be
responsible for
every molecule I move?
And what moves me?

2.
Caught in sparrowdance
the dust is drunk on movement—
all I am is one who knows I move
danceless to the dance
perfectly in place.
My anxiety is all I really own.

4 March 2009
IN KALI YUGA THE TANTRA IS SOLD IN THE MARKETPLACE

Things in their natural parts
the rational order
where belief solidifies into
opinion sold as knowledge—

all true knowing is tantra
all tantra is defiled by selling
and defiles the purchaser, beware

offer gold if you must
only after every secret has been told

and you’ve run out to find it
by yourself and come back whole.

4 March 2009
Man at the bar: Tell me
how long will joints like this survive
where we stand up and work hard
at the business of drinking ourselves sane?
That’s a curious way of thinking
the bartender said, as long as lights
flash in the window and shy men are lonely
just so long will fools like you
come in demanding help from fools like me.

4 March 2009
Ease the planet to a new direction
whispering in her ear every night like the ocean
and licking her lips to wake her like the sun—

this one little pale-thighed wanderer
you can coax to drift around your own design

if only you had one. Wake yourself up
first, lover, then on with the whispering.
Or are you yourself moorless,
motioned by an unknown voice?
Am I it? Are we both listening?

4 March 2009
Crows streak across fields
they know and know
Nothing so knowing as a crow.

(2.III.09) 4 March 2009
Get used to living in this mind
make sure you do it every day
there is a tree around it run
two children catching each other
they do and fall down laughing
this is something a tree will always remember you can hear their voices when you stand in its shade

5 March 2009
“Not a cloud in the sky, not even one!”
Grégoire Aslan in *The Roots of Heaven*
says this, he is the ivory poacher chief
the elephant hunter, he smiles
with an ancient Mediterranean smile,
he’s a killer, meaning no harm,
it’s all part of the joke, the ancient
joke, even the sky plays its part,
kill and get killed, that’s our job,
the everlasting punchline. His rugged
Levantine face, weathered, smiling
at the sky, with his yachtsman’s cap
here on grasslands, savannah, desert
miles from the sea that made us what we are.

5 March 2009
In snow this morning footprints. 
Deer, squirrel mostly. Not all. 
Who are the night visitors 
whose shapes I do not know?

Are they after the same plain 
nourishing availabilities the 
birds and beasts come by for, 
the deer that eat our yew trees?

What do they want of me in the dark?

5 March 2009
A MEASURE

Worth calculating the mirror
divide by the door
and see who comes in

so call this the room
into which they come
say it is my room

say they come to see me
or at least do see me
since here I am a man

alone in the same mirror.

5 March 2009
Trying of course to milk everything—
good at that, the practiced squeeze
wizard Irish fingers still deft to get
milk out rock, tree milk, milk
of sunlight, hisses into big clean
steel pails, sea foam on milk sea,
the air itself squeezed till the word
spurts out. It all, all must be spoken.
Leave no beast life unsaid.

5 March 2009
Just one more try
to cast my line
into the alchemist’s
private fish pond—

where the carp of time
snuggles fat in muck
dreaming all this stuff
I get to transcribe.

I’ve been apprentice
at this Work so long
I mistake myself at
times for the master,

I caught him once
years ago all slippery
Let me go he quoted
you won’t be sorry

and he was right,
empty-handed always
I hear his silver dreams
and write them down.

5 March 2009
Before in quiet now in sound
the broken avenues
run through my words—

the other side of the paper
words sink right in

the problem is getting them out again
erase clay tablets
erase the mountain erase the sun.

5 March 2009
Perfection and the eye
a screw in wood
torsion inside of battle
Cad Goddeu the trees fight
celebrated animals
gore after slaughter more
birds wait opportunity
is made of blood deipnon
banquet of fine food
chatter of all the guests
wise men the crows call
over the field one man
driving home a screw in
pine wood is the same as a
field full of soldiers dying why?

5 March 2009
IMAGINE THE CIRCLE AGAIN

O pour briser un seul cercle!

A god has given it
and those who are called knowers
know no more.

A circle
is something that speaks
but keeps what it says
to itself,

long burden borne,
straight shadows of Italian churches
long at sunset now,

bleak season,
old semaphores of human love
clacking over the railway tracks
where the trains come into the station
slow, slow fear of mortality,
the signs are worked by levers,
this is middle-old, vague remembered
sometimes still encountered, undiscussed
valley in Austria it could be
or once

along the Delaware the strict
geometry of wooden signs,
strict obedience of shadows.
Those

who are called knowers
in their dens at dusk
discuss the meat of circles,
do they have flesh, is it good
to eat, could it be good for us,
then the old thorntree scratches
the innocent azaleas beside it
wind rushes here and there,
            the dumb
speaks, what is good,
who is meant when we say ‘us’?

Not far the train goes,
not long the long night,
not wood what hangs
nailed to the crossbeam,

not now and not then
not ever and not never
and by now the night is clear,
Venus holding down the mountain,
that’s what all the churches were about,

\textit{umbrae caro},
            the flesh of shadow,
walk this theology evening and morning
to and from the stone walls
surveying, even measuring
the aftermath,

as the voice said
in Exodus, the aftermath of God.
Because as a wise man wrote
not all that long ago
and not far away, no,
not far from this house this little stream,
there is no God at noon.

2.

_ Juppiter tonans _
in winter most glad
voice, crow call
from above all cloud
now between the seasons
someday it will rain.

“Love, I saw a book with your name on it”
she said, a book that no one wrote,
they have closed the border now,
there is no more road to Damascus,
red clay track, dry now, safe,
even so close to the river.

By your body I can find that place.
I will never go there.

3.
What is implied by all that living,
sounds of a thing—
    the broken circle
he wheeled through the war,
in Brooklyn,
    same cellars I kabbalah’d in,
same rain on Remsen Street,
Goll is meant here, western head
of the great Fish Island,
    of milk mostly,
and honey. Caraway seed.
That day we hunted yeast out of the house
chased each other down the street
there was some crying.
    My Brooklyn,
my city familiar with tears.
4.
Means things do come back,
even to life.
    Velvet ribbon round
the baby’s neck,
smell of a baby, milk and sweat
like maple,
    old maple, rock maple of the crib,
the chiffonier,
    the milky light of shadow afternoons
the napping child.
    And all these years
I think I’ve lived
are just one long tousled Brooklyn dream

and now is then?

5.
Could that be what it meant?
The ones called knowers
had no music ready—
    one of them spoke:
“It is always, or there is
always a wedding;
    whatever it is
is ready.” “Also,” another said, “it should always be ready because it always is.” And so they spoke. The parishioners though had no need for these arcane remonstrances, could barely understand what the sparrows were carrying on about among their feet, bread crumbs, rice grains, flower petals, who? And yet they do.

As it is written, Birds are the only people we really do understand.

6 March 2009