Something also caring.

Clock.

Midwinter any season

sound.

Means bell.

Sometimes the clapper

stays still the bell swings.

The arrangement of steeples in a town

chain the air.

Hudson for instance, the needles

by which Christians get the sky’s attention—

this also is meaning.

Rain in the night. Somebody’s name.

10 April 2009
The horse in the saloon
and other sonnets. Other
childhoods, baptism,
salt on the tongue to tell
what we remember
is not memories, memories
are birds in a sky of their own.
Remembering is a kind of violence
remembering is a gun. A bird
falls blue to the streamside
where you sit naked on a rock.
You heard nothing. No one
is guilty. The moral universe
minnows quick around your feet.

10 April 2009
Olin
The taste of cheese has never changed, cheddar cut from the wheel at the A&P still in 1941. The taste has never changed. The way cheese tastes changes all the time, the color changes but colors do not change. What I know is less than I know, more that I remember learning. What I remember is more than my memories. The taste of remembering never changes, the memories always do.

10 April 2009

Olin
Something’s capable of remembering any number of things far from my mind but somehow accessible from my bones, call it that, who does know what’s in a bone, I hardly know what’s in my hand, and that too has to keep remembering what’s in it or else it falls. Whatever it is falls. Lost, but presumably will also be in some manner remembered. Someone pretending to be me will ask himself or some other, What ever happened to that cup I was carrying when I came just now into the room, I just filled it, what have I done with all my fresh coffee?

11 April 2009
But every blessing is a book
it takes a while to read,
and unlike a painting say
it makes you do it

turn the pages of the days
to get to what it meant
the quick glint of sunlight
off the percolator

you carry with you ever after
as one of the kindest
definitions of light. Light
is a blessing, a gleam

you have to open carefully
in sequence or a random
browse but always, years
later, come back to that

moment when the seen speaks.

11 April 2009
and when days later he decides
or it is decided that he ascends
we all have to stand there on the road
gawping up in the meek spring morning
into which he is vanishing,
a man in the sky, or else we look down
at the snake skin on the rock
beside the road, the rough rock,
and again it is the woman who knows
the samenesses and the differences
the differences she drinks like wine

11 April 2009
Maybe there is some time
between the stone and the telling
when the cave mouth opens
and says “Light.”

Was there light before the sun
swallowed it and held it captive
and lets it out now and then?
Was there life before death
took it away and stored it
in the tomb? Was a door
the first of all things in the world,
a door before a wall, before earth,
before inside and outside,
a door before all?

He said “I am the door”
and they shut him in the earth.
I am the door, he said,
and walked through himself,
they found an empty tomb
and ever after that is the sign of him,

you walk in, you find an empty room.

11 April 2009
And when the balcony wakes up
the movie’s over
hard to get up out of the old seats
the smell of sleep is everywhere
the body’s still asleep, you move it
outside where the air seems dead,
used up, the long walk home
through empty streets carrying
some images broken off from what you saw.

My religion is a long empty street
between dark houses, some of them have hedges
with flowers, too dark for colors,
my religion is an empty street
I bring the glad tidings
of stuff left in my mind from what I’ve seen
and wanted, the hard sidewalk, my clattering
footsteps, they hear my steps in their dreams
they count them, they try to follow,
they think I’m leading them to their
desires too. Arise and follow me,
you too can possess my beautiful empty road.

11 April 2009
There are too many far
to be tomorrow, Lord,
you are the different one,
you went away
like all the others
but you left your voice
installed in mine
my only comfort
left to speak.

12 April 2009
Easter
Opulent doorway
your blonde wood
deceives the bird in me

Trapped in grammar
the traveler
forgets to speak

Say what’s on your mind
blood and beating
a membrane called the world

What is on the other side?

12 April 2009
It is hard to be a vegetarian but harder still the horror of eating meat like you and me.

12.IV.09
Meat marries us
what can I say

we are made of it
but something more?

the something more
makes me say

inside my meat
your meat is safe

my animal my husband my wife.

12 April 2009
But is there virtue in us
or sword or rope?
How can we hope
for mercy when we don’t?

12.IV.09
POET

Fat star thin star
their sky’s the same

looking up at all
I understand

I think I am the cloud
between you and what I see.

12 April 2009
EASTER

Call from the wood
of the water tower
on the warehouse roof,
Manhattan muezzin,
He is risen
into the Christian air
all the religions fade away
the way words do in distances
leaving only the overtones of holiness
a far hum, then none,
only the light of day.

Be enough! he cries
out to what he sees,
the day is bright on you, be enough!

12 April 2009
Crawling inward
towards the red one
pick a tune

long enough to hold
the ship to the sea
and the sea to the spin

of this globe you’re taught
to believe in
by all the lying sciences

that tell the truth
but what does truth help you
know what you feel?

Start with that.
Be a malady of feeling.
Study being in what you’re in.

Study forgetting what you forget.

12 April 2009
RULE ONE

Nothing could ever have been different from the way it is. There is no past.

There is no second rule.

12.IV.09
Look out the window.
Ask for a second opinion.
Then decide: Do nothing.

The question comes
after the answer. Yes,
there are blue flowers

all over the lawn,
you are the man
who lives in the house

where every April lawn
is littered with these blue flowers
little ones, sky blue or darker

sheltered among grass halms,
you live here, you must
have seen this many a time.

12 April 2009
The only news is in the ads
pretty people buying things to buy
and the Caribbean still looks blue

this planet of commodity
salivates Sunday morning.
If I were food I would eat me.

12 April 2009
How to resist what’s happening
is to happen it.
Ablative of Attendant Circumstance
they called it in Latin class.
Just be like that.
The subject of any decent sentence
is only along for the ride.

12 April 2009