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Caught in the mirror aha
an animal an escaped
slave of feeling fleeing
animal almost
full of gasps and beginnings.
I have never seen this face before.

13 April 2009
IN THE MIRROR

Glass. I saw your face
sleeping. You were smiling
also, talking to me.
There was a typewriter,

old, with glass keys,
what a small alphabet
but a big apartment, your smile
you were sleeping, awake
also, talking to me,

to console me also
because the doctor couldn’t treat me
because he had a headache
so I treated him
my hands to his temples

he resisted, finally laxed,
let me. Aren’t you
the face of the doctor,
wasn’t it your temples
I held between my hands
daring to heal?
How could I cure a doctor
yet I can cure everyone,
we must know this
about me. About any me.

13 April 2009
When I have finished everything it says then I can talk. Then the night bombers can take off from the northern moors and hammer targets made of sleeping people who if they had time to speak before they died would speak a foreign language – proof of their need to be dead. There, that’s what it says, war is always evil, no excuse for it ever. Ever. Now I can say whatever I please, nobody will pay attention to that either.

13 April 2009
ANGER

Not to be angry as that
not to be angry it is a lark
a bird found only in poetry
no not angry a box delivered
at the door a little box
the man rang the bell and left it
not to be angry at any small box
it could have a lark in it
I feel something moving
I can hear it singing.

13 April 2009
LESSONS IN LOGIC

1.
Logic, I think it is a wolf
that takes a word and eats it up.
I think it is a tree
wants to spend a wooden eternity
counting its own leaves.
Logic is always counting on its fingers.
Now we fools want to teach logic to sing.

2.
And who is we?
And who decides
what music makes?
Who makes music
and what good does it do?
We sit with our composer friends
and listen with something close to reverence
to the wolves howling on the hill.
3. And what good does it do? It cheers you up while you’re counting leaves, it helps you keep your place as you measure the words of what you read. But what do wolves count? What does logic do for a wolf? Does music even know what wolves really want?

4. Caught without comfort on a hill the lazy shepherd reads himself a book. Too many sheep, too few wolves, nothing for him to be professional about, too many to count, too few to fear.

Words on pages are the logic of idleness. why bother turning the page, this page has plenty of words on it, no need more, read what’s in front of your eyes again and again, you youth, you mystic, you shepherd of woolen experiences, watch the lazy words move around like sheep.
5.
In the old days they did this with a flute
and a sheep and a boy on a hill.
Boys dream about girls, girls dream about wolves,
wolves in the iron fastness of their brains
count sheep, sheep and things like that,
anything to eat to keep their deep chests powerful
to hurl out that cry at night that in their hearts
they know is the one thing that keeps the world afloat.
An animal knows this, and we
after two thousand years of logic lessons almost
know this much about what an animal knows.

6.
As if it were given to us also to howl.
It’s all a man can do to be a girl
or a tree to be a wolf.
Secret dreams of oak leaves:
to shiver in the summer wind and not be counted.

14 April 2009
BLUE

Blue, it was always blue
the flower she bent down to look
even more closely at

as if she could see the whole sky
right there between her fingers then
folded them around it softly

and only then plucked it up
from the spring grasses
where it was small,

always blue, and she
was always naked as she bent
calmly to study it and seize

the blue, always we have seen
the long line of her body
from hip to ankle one smooth
descent as she, always bent
from the waist, never crouching,
brought down her hand to take it
and bring it up along her thigh
her flank her side the swell
of her left breast and finally

the flower touched her lips
on its way to being known
and she took in the color of it

and became what it had been
blue and of the earth—
and at that hour the old

man came and caught her,
told her: I was once as you are now
in love with springtime

and soft things, now
I have gone down to where all
the colors start, a gap

sliced in darkness
defining everything: Come
I take you with me there.

14 April 2009
QUALITY

Try now to understand
the quality of quality
as if Aristotle had come
whistling through the mail slot
and we had to let him in.
Can’t keep Greek out.

*Any category
is always about me.*

Whisper me in Swedish
your blonde breath
help rescue me from
this angry south
all names and knives.

Qualities of actual things
disturb the mind
as things do not.
Why is that?
is a northern question,
really isn’t it
about the way real people smell?

14 April 2009
Little by little
the tree climbs the sky.

When there is nothing
above its head

it has reached the sky.
They are alone in the world.

14.IV.09
THE PRIESTLY GESTURE

Day of the tiger

    lifted
    one hand held
    the horizon, the
other stroked a cloud
passing over this burnt rock
they use to pray.

    Women press
their bodies to the rock, men
press their bodies to the air
this is the priestly gesture they share.
the priest though is the only one who doesn’t pray.
stands, holding the horizon firm
far from the action of the earth,
far from his own old body
standing on the dogskin carpet, his
eyes full of tears,

    the priest

teaches them to do what he neglects,
he will not marry his body to the rock,
you cannot touch him,

    a holy person

far away from your blessing blood.

15 April 2009
HERO

This is not the day for small,
a large crater with a howl in it
the maiden barefoot brings it
you drink the noise, you swallow fire
like the heroes before you
waiting for the scales of chance
to shiver. Shimmer. Things
break in you and you break them.

Breathe them. Big, big.
Are you sure you have enough blood in you?
Drink more. Are your stones
rich with ore, shot through with the blue
tourmaline that tells the gods
have found this place and powered it
for you? Can you piss so high
you can make the sun sizzle in the sky,
almost put it out, make the moon laugh,
does that feel like what’s going on in you
right now, Miracle?

The book said:
If the book has leprosy
its pages mottle and smell bad
take it to the priest and let him read it,
see if it hurts him as he reads silently
then goes to sleep and dreams,
what does he dream, let him explain the dream,
then read the book aloud
and every word he reads out loud
will little by little heal what’s left,

but you’re too great for that, you shout,
Miracle, you should all the words at once,
then all the books get healed at once
you think, you shout,
but who will ever read them, words, books, noises
in the sky, the moon shines bright,
she likes the pain she feels, huge shout,
the words are young again,
the new-sloughed serpent gleams in daylight
and all the books are true,

the priests fall into comas and the statues wake,
every object is a miracle like you,
Miracle, open your vast mouth,
bleed your clamor all over the planet,
blood means bless, did you know that,
but you forgot, I’m tell you now,
shout it in your broken ear, you
are the world wonder, the bridge
that goes everywhere, the shoreless river,
the knife cuts anything, the drink
one sip of it means everyone is fresh again,
wise again, never dull again,
all that in your simple-minded shout,
not even a roar or growl or gnooring
beast note, just a plain loud word,
shout at the top of your voice
top of the sky, any word at all.

15 April 2009
But even laughter can’t beat money, 
used to be the sharpest tool 
don’t call it knife call it a fool 
laughing at those who deem 
themselves his masters. Awake 
yet audience? Have they told you 
who you like best? What food 
tastes best in your mouth? 
Obey the instincts they install in you.

15.IV.09
Or be dislodged – as
a statue from its niche,
Saint Peter shown
with a cock at his feet

or as a tune – Valse
triste, say, from the head
by a funny noise
in your aunt’s attic

you have to investigate
long ago long ago
or as you yourself
now from the order of time.

15 April 2009
Cold sweat and sick in the night
I am sure of nothing I haven’t said

when it sinks from the cauldron of unease
to the avenues of pain, when trees
by themselves line every boulevard
– linden, ginkgo, London plane –
and Johnny comes home again
and all the songs learn how to stop.

15.IV.09