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always ready to
what, return?
always ready to
anything—
do what you never wanted,
say what you never thought.

Things spoken
have no need of us.
*

Our age understands alogia – mystery statements, words from nobody’s mouth, or Nothing’s mouth. All language tells the truth constantly. Flarf is at least as true as whatever I might be thinking. Likely more so.

Don’t be difficult. Language is religion. Flarfistes are our fundamentalists.

Language, like the Qur’an, is eternal. But unlike that book, it is always changing.

Language is polytheism at work. Pity the poor henotheist preacher –imam, rabbi, priest – who has to deny the multiplicity of the divine within the world using the very tools that ceaseless affirm it.

4 June 2009, Cuttyhunk
Can I still be healed by what I see?

Amplitudes of the obvious
wait for the scared child—

all of this is left to him
but does he dare touch it?

4 June 2009
ARIA

It is not singing in me yet. Contradictions are usually the best music, clarinets and English horns whining about the weather because my girlfriend will not come today

and the dog trots along on wet asphalt and doesn’t notice the other dog his reflection that trots beneath him upside down—but I notice, I have to make do with that for my Isolde, a passing image, one interrupted gleam.

4 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
Clearing the sky
is a why kind of thing

like a map of somewhere
else you’d rather be

emblems of otherness!
a Mauretanian flag on your staff!

and from your own lips pour
words you can’t understand!

is it love or it just more politics
subtle shunts of indecision

where for one tinselly moment
the altar boy becomes the priest?

4 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
ARIA 2

A chance again to be lyric, Eric, like the chump in the opera who chants while he’s dying, suppose singing makes as much sense as anything else at that moment such a business dying must be—here open the bible at random and get us an oracle for today I love the stuff about Amelekites the name mostly I forget the story.

4 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
The trees they cut in dream
the Augusta pine was next
the one before it they just leaned on
and down it went the men
were doing this for the Government

what chance does another man have to dissuade them?
what they’re doing is not right
what they’re doing they say against fire
is really against the earth itself
our house our whole dream.

5 June 2009, Cuttyhunk
UNDER THIS BLUE BANNER

the calm I wanted
wasn’t waiting here.
Have to find it
inside, someplace—
do I even have one of those?

5 June 2009, Cuttyhunk
Slow opening of laptop
reminds me of something
soft whirring, chewing,
pages riffling in a book
breath in someone’s ear—
only when it’s quiet
are we ready to speak.

5.VI.09 Cuttyhunk
Morning quiet. Let the gulls do it. The grass of before the beginning.
I have my deed. The book is written. The wall is done.

*

But every book also breaks a hole in another wall, the one that knows us in.

5.VI.09, Cuttyhunk
Things find me
where I fell,
broken masonry
I fell around my own feet
still on their plinth
imperial, my shattered
head only one eye
working looks up
but most of what I see
is me, the fragment
upright, the legs
lost into the sky.
And all around me
the wreck of what I seemed.
Of what I saw and said
and once when all the men
were sleeping what I sang.

5 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
What I still don’t understand is doing nothing. Wu wei. Confession time: this is me speaking, not the vector I moves all those verbs around.

This is me. Wanting to discover Tuscan calm a terrace and a vine and the sun going down and nothing I can do about it nothing needs to be done, nothing really needs to be done.

5 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
Are there such people as dreams show
shorter plumper preoccupied with her word
a word she kept saying over and over
till I touched the word itself to silence us.

5.VI.09 Cuttyhunk
To mark the new day
into itself he said
*a headland in the sea*
no one has ever stepped on one
or healed clean in the other

but this thing you’re looking at
is a contradiction of your thinking—
grapple, tusk it in the haunch
and be calm above it, watching,

we are animals he said
but not the kind you think.
The mind’s a spear
the spear hs long ago been thrown
it still is hurtling through the bitter air.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
Trying to be smarter than I am
I caught a wave on its way in
seized it all white and creamy
carried it inland pressed to my chest
and showed it to everybody in the marketplace

look this is the whole sea I said
only now it is shaped like me
and I am drenched through my heart and mind
with the whole sea love me I said
they watched with puzzled respect and looked away.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
Intimate foreclosures
as when the phone rings
and rings and you know
she’s there. Or when
the leaf makes up
its mind and falls.
Suddenly it’s done.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
There is another here
not here

find it (it’s not
there)
   before it’s too late.

6.VI.09
ISLAND, EARLY

The dogs are in the street
the cats are in their houses
the water is mostly in the sea.

6.VI.09, Cuttyhunk
It’s hard to live when your dreams are far away in another country. When you wake up you can’t even remember what language. Only the way people’s thighs squeeze tight together a secret protected.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk
And you call yourself a bird—
you don’t even have a sky.

6.VI.09
We are the problem makers
we’re proud in doing

we break
anthracite below your sleep
we teach water how to burn.

6 June 2009
Cuttyhunk