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Thank them. They
have helped me along
the way. That I have come
through with a report at all
is their kind fault.

All I have done is change
the names and the colors.
But the music is theirs.

21 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Titles make things so small.

I used to be a man

now I am the Earl of Titmouse in the Fen.

Or I was a poem and now

I'm a stupid little sonnet called "Snow."

21.VI.09

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Sometimes clean is the nastiest word
those people who care more about their collars
than about slavery or poverty or war,

I remember them from my childhood
gleaming glasses, smooth cheeks,
sometimes a clean priest seems a sacrilege.

21 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

That things begin again.

I wanted the smallest
words to say it,

let passion kindle
from the friction of simple things

pressed on one another
with only a catch

of breath to say music
or listen to me.

22 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

NORTHEAST WIND

and trees convulsed.

The birds though
so capable move
through it almost
as if it were no different
and they knew little
of what moves us
and moves the trees.

Maybe the wind's for them
like loud music for us
we move through it
competent but annoyed
or maybe they like the storm
as much as I do
and it is their ecstasy
of being just the same
in all this wild difference.

I wonder what if anything I mean
when I see in all this glamorous fuss
some sparrows being ordinary.

22 June 2009, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Elm seed capsules
dawdle down the air
like snowflakes maybe.
Shock by white size.

22.VI.09, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Well for waiting, woe for biding, so?
Or just aroundways so. To bide
is Heidegger. To wait is infra dig—
only travelers wait. We are pilgrims

“in love with difference,” aye, and ever,
and things determinate and new, not known.
Pilgrims from one side of the soul to the other
where the Rock of the Beginning still swells
a laccolith of fire in a jungle of ice
and all these silly little birds know the way there—
Nora! the girl with the nude guitar!

23 June 2009

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

The day has its own karma
and you have yours.
See what happens when they meet.

23.VI.09

= = = = =

Star rise over sympathy?

Who knows the more powerful?

Is the world duello daily

what I bring with what is brought?

And God the noble Second to our tryst?

23 June 2009,

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Sunglasses on the windowsill
remind me of myself.

An object is the wisest analyst:
look at a thing hard
and start remembering.

It knows. It always knows.

The whole history of everything
is included in its Bakelite.

You too. Stare at this thing
and listen to the telephone,
the thing of it, not the feeble
words come worming through it,
just itself, all time
compressed in this made thing.

23 June 2009

Cuttyhunk