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What kind would it be or tell
a hill from a habit
you wear to baffle my address?

It can go on, the truth
takes pity on you, the field
feels you walk across it

bearing the weight of your character
sealed on pale impatience so that no
awareness ever bothers the grove

but anguishes you, because a guess
comes to stay too long in a heart
a soft way of doing things is lost in rain.

6 February 2008

DEVON

Only at midnight do I realize
I could squeeze my eyes shut
and see the countryside my body came from
in all those other islands, moorland, grassland, hill.
The far places I carry in my skin.

6 February 2008

= = = = =

If I waited for it would it be a train?
If it came, would there be thin ice
sheathing every twig and gleaming
even with no sun? If the sun
rose at last would resemblances
end?

That is what one thinks about
staring out the window while knowing
uneasily but certainly things going on
need one's consciousness in the kitchen.

7 February 2008

LAUBEN

Can it even speak
when so much rain
has fallen through
the strings of the lute

the hollow belly
full of tears
but whose?
in the arcade

a man is standing
between the arches
symmetrical, yes,
but no music.

7 February 2008

= = = = =

A person's name is hidden everywhere,
the secret signature of what is mine—

I find it in a key, Paul Klee, the color
yellow, a porch around an old pale house

its shutters half open on late winter rain,
I am wherever I find myself least looking

and later waking up another day remember.
Not things I like but things that know me,

the ones waiting there just for me
a cup of music waiting to be heard

(green shutters half closed beyond wet pines).

8 February 2008

= = = = =

But let it listen to me again
close enough to all it is fresh
habiting in the blue telephone
to wring a cloud out
when your lap is so dry—

but he feared to say more.
The river was waiting,
the momentary eternity of suicide,
what even any single little act also portended
terrified him, the soul
tattooed, a moment's whim
turned to a permanency.
No relenting once a thing is done.
Everything is permanent and everything is loss

he thought. The lap can wait,
the cup can shatter on its own.
I will make nothing happen
ever again, he thought.
I just want to listen,
isn't that the only thing that can have no effect,
the ear a whirlpool in which all things are lost?

8 February 2008

= = = = =

Slower than before the miracle
unwinds. Creaky weather,
it could be almost spring
like in English once, daffodils
on Magdalene lawn in snow.
It could be anything, it
could almost even be now.

8 February 2008

= = = = =

...will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit

Give a thing a chance to cry out
its mother's name before,

before what, before you taste it,
kill it, drown it in the sensation

of suddenly becoming you
and not itself anymore. Pause.

Only reverence breeds eternity.

8 February 2008

the Russians will be sleeping
the fountain's all night rush
will veil your footsteps

broken images lost on the way to poetry.
On the way to being, itself,

in Martin's

one of many

senses of his word

(I held in my hand, modest skinny writing,
brownish as it happens

from age or my eyes

guessing

in the dim room, book in my hands
from him to her,

the flyleaf stained,

signed with no more effusion than his name,

because everything is dedication,

every book

and every battle
is for you,

we read in Nostradamus that the King of the North
retreats, the Kings of the East all come in threes,

Genghis, Tamerlane, and who next?

and from the South what appalling monarchy of faith
trundles towards so many Gettysburgs?

We read nothing of the kind,

those are fancies,

Sabbath morning paranoias,
conspiracies no one ever breathed, did you,
guesswork,

shriveled mouse skins in a pine wood
and all we do is gasp out Who? Who?

There is no us.

Despondency.

You wouldn't even give me your address.

But to be after the event,
a dolphin lured into the Grand Canal
and Rilke watching,

or Pound

at the same slim promontory
under the big white church, our lady
is salvation, is safety, save us from the sea

and the city,
watch the long-muscled rowers,
remember, remember,

Lord God above every
blessed thing is just some squirrel stealing seeds
and this dreary neck of the woods
a suburb of heaven,

where we lower classes live: the Living.

We.

Who are left here when you're gone,
your pale aristos sobbing in heaven,
we don't know how to call you, text you,
tell you,

every place is exile and every language foreign
how are you still part of us in all your distance

o great King or Queen.

But we are not of you,
you have no use
now for us,

any us,

that squishy pronoun,
exhale of a leaky tire,
a failed balloon.

Ennobled by defeat you lurk in my mind
with your mind on something else.
Someone else, could be, with marble dust
stuck to his lips.

How much do you have to hurt me
before I let go?

O stubborn victim,
the heart a hearth
where all the scraps
of blank or scribbled
paper burn
indifferently agonizing,

dear heart I love you for what you could have said.

9 February 2008

WENCH WHATEVER.

A spiel of sanity
embedded in my carnival

—a voice from the interior, plummy,
somewhat jungled

etwa verdschungelt

it *has to be* one woman after another,
we don't come in ones
she said, any more
than you do, the spaces
between one instance of me and the next
or you

are just space—
precious for its own self,
exiguous, exigent, free.

Fall in love with that,
the empty red heart-shaped box
of no one's candy,

fall in love with absence
that's where the honey flows
squeezed by night
out of the prison of the hive.

A girl's just wax, just like you
and either of us, any of us, can be coaxed
to look like anything you please.

Please choose—

lovers are the last morphologists—

if you pull off my mask
you'll only see your own face again
but this time it might be smiling.

10 February 2008

= = = = =

Make it go faster, daddy.
Make the carapace sleek with rain
and the wheels wobble a little
with the eagerness of my hand pushing it.
We are in a universe of little toy cars
rushing across the table
shoved by unseen hands forever.

10 February 2008

= = = = =

Some things spoil when you look at them
some when you taste.
Some sleep uneasy in the cupboard
murmuring, even mumbling in the kitchen
while you try to read
along the crooked line that's called a book.

Some things spoil when you say them,
some when you don't.
A house is a dangerous place,
like a mouth, or a moon
over Italy that any minute might fall down
and drown in that insolent lagoon.

10 February 2008

= = = = =

Think about the other one, the sink,
the morning, on the windowsill
and all that steel blue air: Manhattan.

Water in the basin tepid, kind
and the city off your shoulder out there—
all history comes to a point

here. Touch yourself there.

11 February 2008

= = = = =

Set my song to music, would you?
Set my heart to common measure
make them belt it out in chapels
with their minds on something else
the preacher's handsome jawbone
honey hair of that girl sings loud
right in front of you praise the Lord.

11 February 2008

= = = = =

When you're driving by day or by night
and thinking of someone or not thinking,
there in the triangle formed
by your legs and the steering wheel
between the thighs
there is peace

a white thought
quiets
 everything down there

the car rolls
 obedient
so many obediences
rule us our machines

obey the driver the wheel the road
the intention to get somewhere the goal
to carry somewhere to bring
someone with you wherever you go

the machine makes this one and that one
be together
in the going in the quiet triangle
where it meditates for you
as you go
 no matter where your mind

the mind of the going holds you safe,
the perfect meditation with no one in it,
the perfect psychology with no psyche anywhere,

the meditation no meditation
the going the mind
no mind the road the road goes.

12 February 2008

HISTORY

The lassitude the blue certainty
sparrow law as flight but her
gold gossamer anyhow
stay close to us
even where we are not sky.

Just blue.
Just seizable raptures at a fingertip,
a placid rocking on the table
something plastic
with the soft dull luster of its kind
how can so soft a thing be brittle
I touch you?

Everything hallows the head.
See close, a bird on the wind and a wing on the bird,
I change places with myself
(I dance)
we let the throat come open with no
word (we sing)
we waft a special incense
to the nearby gods of earth
(we breathe)
and all the rest is politics.

Verstehen Sie?
Bloom fountain, valley of rifts,
skull mountain. Scanderbeg rouses
the mountain again.

History
is blue with pure you.
Like bruised meat. History is meat.
History is never what happened
or what never happened,
what's left of what you hear.

12 February 2008