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Der Revisor

The inspector-general is the Revisor
he comes on a visit
everybody thinks he’s someone else
and someone else is him.
He. Even the grammar needs inspection,
revision. The hearts of men
bleed language often. The Revisor
watches and pays heed.
They don’t know who he is
or which one is he.
They don’t know that he will never
write his report to the authorities,
will not censure or commend.

He revises what he sees
into what he says.

He sees something
and says something else—

that’s enough hard work
for a busy man
in a motionless town,
shadows of dogs etched onto shadowless trees.

30 August 2008
Knowing this are close
is close enough.

This postcard I picked out
because it looks like you

when you’re frowning
a smile about a fresh idea.

A little train runs up the hill
there are goats up there.

we wipe our brows, a young
woman gives us bowls of milk.

30 August 2008
I wanted to walk the hill
but talked until
the light was gone

beneath it and the mist arose
to fill the bowl of hills
and I could walk it still

only if I left the words behind.
Something almost said
held snug
between the tongue and the teeth.
And then you swallow
it and then you’re asleep.

31.VIII.08, New Lebanon
All this talk
worse than meaningless
everybody who has spoken
at this conference ought to
make a full confession
and then they could become
a rose. I thought,
but maybe not a rose, maybe
nothing like a flower
except as it comes to terms
we would call reaching
to the perfect state of what one is
in bleak New Age palaver
emptying our heads.
And yet there is the rose, September
at the door and the rose arrives,
something comes of all this,
an argument, a kiss, a dream almost remebered,
and there is the rose, the actual
lost inside its own colors.
We see colors but what does the rose see?

31 August 2008
New Lebanon
A flower:

one more eye
in the sky
unseeing us
until we also
actually are.

31 August 2008
New Lebanon
The sign of Saturn is a scythe
Saturn the decider. the definer,
the blade his edge
the edge of everything
aporia and yet
with that same blade
cut through the undergrowth
the jungle path to the lost temple.

31 August 2008
New Lebanon
The sunflower is by signature signed by the sun and assigned to it. It is the Sun’s flower because (also) it has a dark heart.

31.VIII.08