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As if (late) were enough
the gloss (glass) Strether sees
a yellowed yellow paper book through’s
opaque with memory
that annoying muzak of the mind

that shapes the things we saw
as we witness them again
inside. By the usual hypothesis
of how the thing is done: something then
turns nowish in the mind,
one’s own, one’s bijou theatre,
shallowly within,

He must wash his hands
when this happens. Plunge
them in the half-full basin
of the old porcelain sink
and leave them there
watching the bluish shiver of
cold water till it calms down,
till he thinks of nothing at all.

21 September 2008
CRATER

Coming close to the rim
we understand in.
The heat of the earth
explores our faces.
The terrible mother
never stops meaning.

22 September 2008
Can it be on time or only me?

The rain came when it said I would.

(old Palm note)
22 September 2008
(towards a Shakespeare interlinear)

- - -

find the lines between the lines—

each sonnet is a *month of Moon*—

now find the days between.

Nor is a sonnet a sennight

but a fortnight, why?

To hear one and see two—

and make us know that there is more.

sonnets:

Handling old lace

smell faint on it

still a woman’s

skin sweet dead

three hundred years.

O Lord our stains outlive us,

and we call these Sins a *book*.

22 September 2008
Beyond the woods
the big man rises.

Through the trees
I see his blue feet
no they are the sky
several-eyed

by branches broken
or intercepted
on their looking-way

a deer steps
over his toes.

(in dGon-po practice)
22 September 2008
Let the eye light
on what it lifts
from the rubble
of the seeable
unsayable.

Let the leaf
so listed slip
back into the unobserved—

one moment in between
those twin permissions and
salt on your lips, a quick wind.

23 September 2008
(Hide what I said.)

Apollo hovers
teasing me with shadows

the gleam on things
some mornings is enough

the weather as one long
rich slow epic
signifying what all epics do:

people who lived before us
saw more. Felt more,
thought less, and died in blazes.

We have just glisten left
morning on the words
after all our sad dreams.

23 September 2008
Marry us again in dream.
Packages trying to tumble from my arms so I set them down careful on a little table packages of food. Each one is an accusation. In this bad restaurant though the old owners were courteous, the prices cheap. You couldn’t wait for what I ordered, had gathered with some strange small pain for us to eat. I was petulant, you got angry, displayed your own food, speckled meat inside a sandwich. Oh. And then you were weeping inside a smile, your hand pointing to an image on the bright pictorial wrapper of our food, a bird maybe or a curl of blue that looked enough like one and I was crying too.

(dream)
23 September 2008
Deathsong so lovely
wakes me who

shall be my sleep
when the leaf
takes it into its head
to fall and I

into mine to go
with it where

such things go?

(listening to Im Abendrot)

23 September 2008
Blank screen. The devil is the gap between god and god.

Where I am waiting for my turn.

    Luck
is someone else.

With luck I might miss. Stumble into brightness.

23 September 2008
Wonderment of getting this far
of being here
no lilacs, a bronze
oak leaf and a fox
discerned
on yesterwalk by you
brink of the high
meadow in the autumn
gate –

you brought me
here, safe among
the trees of all my years.

24 September 2008
for C, on my birthday
Random, like a walk
disorganized through Paris
books fall off the table
somebody dares to read
what that one page says
flops open.

The crowd
disheveled sidewalks
folksy too close together
in the Marais but you
resist ethnic marketing
targeting, knowing only
too well the price of
such music, later
when the windows break.

Celebrate nothing you’re not
prepared to lose.

24 September 2008
There goes the morning
bright-whiskered into gloom
rainy afternoon
like any history book

our first mistake. To think
that history has a shape
is like a little old man
recalling his first kiss.

24 September 2008
A bird I didn’t recognize
was eating from your plate.

We stood around the way
we stand around in dream.

The bird, then another.
stood on the rim

with long thin beaks
picking from a creamy mix

dark little things—
capers? peppercorns?

no need to get all
metaphysical yet,

it is not even clear
that death’s at issue here.

25 September 2008
ANTLERS

How come the partial weed
in every angle favors?

Locust tree bark
back by the garage
shows where deer rub
velvet from their antlers,
bark broken, blood-soaked,
brown. This is where
they do. So this
is where they grow. We
are just witnesses, witnesses.
Immense processes elude
our sense of meaning. This
also is what, or all, we know.

25 September 2008
EVE

And a blue branch
broke off the sky
and fell. Eve
picked it up
and breathed on it
new human breath
along with what was left
of God’s old breath
in her. The branch
quivered in her hand,
spoke. This
was the first thing
ever said. She
listens in me still.

25 September 2008
Could her beginning be here?
Alternating current sun in Libra,
Meeting for coffee, girl in trenchcoat
carrying book – look for.

The message doesn’t say what book.
Under the left arm Proust. In the right
hand a small umbrella, handle
shape of a duck’s head. Beak.

But it was not raining, the cloth
was dry and red, study carefully
the symbolism of your situation.
Wander disconsolate back and forth.

A slice of lemon in each glass.
But where is the moon? And why
wasn’t it raining? Who slices
all the lemons? Lick your fingers.

25 September 2008
HEMEROCALLIS

What am I thinking, ever-blooming
daylily, ever, even autumn, only
one at time though

the way days come,

a day a singularity
drawing all our pasts
into itself, the mood of now
irresistible, overwhelming history,

however sunbright, the dark day.

Comes yellow, single trumpet
lifted from the little plant
just set down this year

what could it answer, be bothered to,
an arrow by day

and what happens to it in the night?
And what happens to the night?

25 September 2008
PAS DE DIEUX

God’s nimble footstep
annihilating itself

God passes through the world
dances here
dances with us

leaves
no trace of his passage
outside of us.

25 September 2008
Quiet till not know.

Then the shape
shows a little

not a shimmer more a feel
of what is to come.

Then not know.
The only peace is witnessing.

26 September 2008
And if that were all it made him say

would his ever-after silence be adequate agency?

26 September 2008