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The rain alives me
all around.

A quiet complex sentence
very long and wet.

26 September 2008
Caught unlooking
he saw.

The mother misses her child.
What does the sky miss?

Its own vacancy
unstained by suns,

unstirred by satellites
or birds, those noisy

ambassadors of below?
For they go down and rise again.

What am I telling myself
by thinking so?

I have been a soldier all my life
and no one knows.

27 September 2008
But there is always music. Coming from a strange garden never far enough,

the prophet listens to such things, sparrow chatter, hawk skirl high over his personal pine tree he reads his runes from

my God the way we own the world and it owns us right back—

listens hard and what does he hear, deep in salt crystals there are Pan pipes whistling brute numbers, every pretty crystal has a science of its own

he tries to hear. Vates, pāith, prophētēs, poēta, stir the roses and breed a bastard flower that says I am to everything, then thou art mine.

28 September 2008
SINNER

on the day 7-Ajmac

The sinner
is a strange
relationship
with the sun

water also
has its problems
with him—

it is natural
as language is
but he is mute.

Sin is silence in the face.

29 September 2008
The sallow

talk in newspapers
drains the breath
from the blood

everything held back
censorship
in every cell,

we choke on guess.

29. IX. 08
Ile vnarme againe

Then let the sunlight that faltered in your gate
dissemble friendship. Then be a pal of all that lives,
then dance with ugly partners to a deadbeat waltz
and call yourselves Christians. For you too a German
Requiem is writing, beatific music, dubious poetry
summons mortals to an immortality none of them
can ever believe. And still be true. You
are the truest of all non-believers, artificers
of plausible consequences, theme parks, zoos,
showgirls prancing up the Busbee spiral stairs
to breed with galaxies just out of human sight.
Send down your prophecies! Now I’ll unarme
and rush out Sweeny-naked like the men of old
to dree their weirds with rusty grave-found spears.

29 September 2008
The thought that shakes the world. Poseidon, lord of amnion and cranium, inner ocean of electric thought and wifely secret Amphitrite who in currents infinitely weaving signals salt to stir in the diamondest sleep to wake new thinking. Enthroned they read what we produce by speculation, we feed on what we think as we feed upon the intelligence of angels. Only one world and we inhabit all of it.
UNPRODUCTIVE WEEKEND, AN APOLOGY

That not so much had written itself
inside, where the marigold lies macerating
as dew-soaked magma – nine nights
and then speak Gaelic to it

nurseling in the captive athanor.
Your immune system. How it wakes
to solve the paper-cut. How something
is always going on inside. Now just how
to make it speak out interesting—

hoc opus, hic labor est. The universe inside
is all I ever mean, who speak to you
rhapsodies of stumbling prose.
The homoeopathic cure for silence
must surely be that infinitesimal silence
potent at the gap of words, and more potent
still the gap between one line and the next,

where heaven roars in the abyss.

30 September 2008