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To be caught by such mere things
Tuesday already and where will it end
so soon without a pilot and a current
speaking change, change against the shore.

Everything hurtles. This have is hard.
Spectacle, a two-eyed suppose.

Haruspex was my first vocation
to be inspector of the momentary fact.

Promotion. Waves of orchestral color
eroding shale. A shape

left with life in it. Or that Precambrian
tribrachion, like the seal of the Holy Trinity,
something I saw in a book,
you could see it too, look, wisdom

slithering through the lower air
where love is a pirate, and no

traveler’s ever safe from making sense.

1 May 2007
Statue of somebody
on nobody’s lawn.
It’s like a poem,
all those good words
spilt to no purpose,
nobody listening,
hand cupped to ear,
hard to hear,
all you hear is hand.
But his face serene
among the sparrows.

1 May 2007
Talking without telling needs little word,
and simple sentences a heart can’t help
hearing the way into you you you.

It is you again in my cross-hairs shown
startled at the edge of sleep. Awake
at my sound and fall.

Belong to the transaction.
This is noon’s business with us.
Magic one word for it. Silence mine.

2 May 2007
A dog or a pig to Hecate is slain.  
We make it holy (*sacri-ficio*) by killing it. Because holy means to be on the other side of what there is. The inevident. The unsuspected cause hidden in the gaudiness of its effects. Dead beast's last squeal shows the way.

2 May 2007
OAK GALL
These women asleep beneath my tree, who might they be?

CHANTERELLE
They might be anybody, we must find out.

BLOODROOT
But let me warn you, young as I am, that they are not all of them women.

CHANTERELLE
What are they then?

BLOODROOT
I think they are called Men, a shortened form of Women, a kind of fetching creature Women cooked up for themselves.

OAK GALL
Women are so clever. What are these men like?

BLOODROOT
See for yourselves, or don’t you see, their cheeks are roughage and they smell a little off, when the wind blows past them my white petals shrink

CHANTERELLE
o you’re so proud of your petals, you vasculars!

OAK GALL
Now now, children, no hasty words.

B&C:
We’re not your children.

OAK GALL
Not mine but somebody’s, as I am Mistletoe’s. Your business is to find out whose, whose child you are you’ll never know by nature’s means.  [2 May 2007]
Destabilized by a leaf  
my government knows how to fall.  
One coup d’être and I’m gone.  Lilac.

3 May 2007
RIDDLE

Lying in my pocket.
Telling the truth in my hand.

3 V 07
Ribbon to wrap the planet in: sunlight. Unwrapped by night we find out who we are.

3 May 2007
As sometimes absence is the greatest present
as when your ex skips your performance
or the music finally stops and lets me brood
in peace over the ceremony of hands slapping
rhythmic in the clustered auditorium
a word that means a place where things are heard
then why not this thing that is trying to talk to me
from an immense distance inside my skin?

3 May 2007
HOUSE OF PRAYER

Parchment floor.
He saw
the words, just
letters, just
footsteps leading there.

3 May 2007
Shoulders warm in sun
a nun.
The rest of him cold
is old.
Things find a way
to disobey.
Many a slip
falls off her hip.
Shame
is their middle name.
First shaved last night
today his beard is white.

4 May 2007
MYSTERIUM MAGNUM

Five looms and five weavers
wove one fabric. This.

4 V 07
1.
Sea plea! Light
is the great dissonance
after tender dark.
*I am everything
thunder isn’t.
*I am all the words.

2.
A wave is a woman forgetting

This will be my religion
for a while. The gods change.
Friday, but not always.

* That was a gannet chuckling, crazy bird.

The sea is an endless electoral campaign
and never a vote. Or everything
votes always and nothing’s decided.

A hungry gull hides in the heart.

3.
So much talking. In all this endless
conversation, wind and sky, a word
feels like silence. A word is silence.

The shape of silence folds around you.
And listening is sleep.

4 May 2007
*for L.B.*
or sleeping tonic
  this soporific gift
gives you what night holds

we live among ghosts
but when we go to sleep
we see the living
  the ever-living, bright
  complexioned in the endless dream
they move about us, upright, always seeming to tell.

Novalis told me this, or I told him,
one morning as we sat by the shore
watching the smugness of lake water
pretending to control the sky.

He said: this is where Kleist died.
Or will die. I can’t remember.
Waking life is so confused, just one
image after another and no meaning.

4 May 2007
POETRY

ποιεῖν, making something out of nothing.

Anyone can play.

Even someone who brings only dreams or tones.

Or even stones.

5 May 2007
The smell of morning better than ever,
I must be really here.
Conundrums of the heart:
I’d set your name right here
if I could remember
which one you are,
the kissing or the telling,
the god or the very beautiful priest.

5 May 2007
CHosen

Anchises through the straits
safe from everything but time
he carried. Pietas.

A son is his father’s death
suspended a time in sunlight,
a kind of amber the old

man carries with him
fondles even, never puts down.

5 May 2007
Well at least you can watch it coming over the sand like the shadow of a cloud when there is not a cloud in the sky not even one, and it doesn’t chill the sand not at all, so your bare feet are happy as ever with that granular healing sensation invading those spaces nobody healthy ever thinks about between the toes and now it feels like sunlight down in there, sun you can actually handle safely with your skin when there are all too many hazards in the world and here you are confronting this one or not exactly confronting it but wondering what precisely the sky has in mind this time, isn’t weather all, and all it has at its disposal to bestow? On you, always on you, poor soprano of every lost opera twirling your elegant coloratura out over the waves audible versions of jellyfish swirling the shallows. What is the difference between hearing and listening?

5 May 2007