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To hear heaven
or sometimes only
way to have it
have it

in your ear
fragments of the god
discourse the clatter
of those Ideas

seep out the locked
doors, the seals
of that country
leak a little

whatever happens
in our head
is the shrill of it
her soft cry.

28 October 2007
OF THE BIBLE CONSIDERED AS AN OPERA

whose music we have strangely lost
but kept the intricate libretto,
in the last act Dinah will forgive me,
John will come up out of the Jordan
smiling at me, I will hear
the orchestra at last, gleam of his wet knees.

28 October 2007
THE BISHOP

It is morning the bishop stares at the sun gleam on his official ring, the evening amethyst divines the light, leys a little go, his eyes wet with tears a little, why, what can any crystal know? When any man sits quiet and studies the accidental light he knows that all he’s done makes one beautiful disaster and this also is his gift, unburied talent, last trick of the light.

28 October 2007
APOCALYPSE

All those horses
all those riders.
Not the horsemen
kill us. The colors do.
The broken seals.
Let heaven sleep.
No colors in the dark.

28 October 2007
You don’t have to be a car
to drive down this highway
or a star to light up my horoscope—
you can be a army in the air
a woman with her feet on the sky
or anything you are, exactly
what you are.

... 28 October 2007
Walking is a mountain.
Sitting down is running away.

These are things I’ve known
all my life and learn today.

Maples scarlet over Lanesville,
the ashes of Veronica Lake.

late October 2007
Ce que je te dis ne me change pas.

—Eluard

All these words we keep repeating, is it God speaking to us sleepers, bible after bible babbled out between one nightmare and the next, the REM state quiets, the dream vanishes, then the dreamless answers.

late October 2007
How long do you think it will be
before the heron
weary of staring at itself
in the calm pool beside the stream
looks up and flies fast
diagonally through hemlock trees
into the mere sky? Long life
and patient appetite. Blue
shadows quenched in running water.

late October 2007
The pope in that long white dress
wears a glass crown.
At the midpoint of the liturgy
he smashes it on the altar steps.
This is the secret
all music is meant to conceal.
And then the bells begin to peal.

late October 2007
To migrate the information across the myth of matter,

I forget how to do this,
this sing, a foreign alphabet for my mother tongue,
I wake up dumb in splendor
they call it color, autumn,
light – all the imaginaries
around me like soft birds,
what am I doing? Why
do I call this doing anything at all?

29 October 2007
for Tanya

The length of a lifetime
divided by the man next door
equals your terrified car ride
over the mountains from
the one you don’t want to leave
to the one you don’t want
to be with and the same is true
when you come another night,
another storm, back over the same
mountains. They at least don’t change.

29 October 2007
The speakable saves us.
There is a door in what is heard
as a word no matter what it thought it was or who
made it sound,
a door most ordinary wood, opens on that other room.

29 October 2007
All names. List them.
Sparrowbush. Pinebush.
Sparrowgrass. Aspergum.
Leiris. Luristan.
Maroon football. Mundsley-on-Sea
Spirit me. One gesture.
One spun. Home run!

2.
Spartan customs. Hush baby
October horse spillway leaf
onager manners serene lunatic
empty sporran dread unease
threaten thrift hungry nun.

3.
Other country after all
wizard wisecrack grounded wit
shut-in diversion radio plays
hearken Hamlet

the real action takes place offstage. What Hamlet sees is mostly illusory, what Hamlet does is cranky, uncontrolled, morbid, soon fatal. The real action spits fire in the hearts of the audience. Those who hear what they see. The real action of any play is always sinister, foreboding, a threat to life itself, a punishment for joy. Behind the shimmeriest comedy a bone cracks. And lets the death concept creep out. Only butoh—or such mime by muscle—can silence death by silencing life. We live our shabby eternities in a scant gesture. A lifelong marriage in a single well-placed touch. An eye seen in an eye.

30 October 2007

LOVER

A.
I drink from you,
I lift you in my hands.
Isn't your order wrong, don't you have to touch before lifting, lift before drinking?

But I was speaking from the logic of the heart.

What is the heart?

The heart is method, with the heart the goal becomes the way, the destination becomes the road.

Do lovers have to say everything twice? How do travel that road?

I drink you starting with my hands. And you pour into me already from the first touch.

Then why lift me, why drink?

It is part of the heart's method to go to the end of everything.

What is at the end?

Over and over I find you there.

But the way you are, wouldn't you find me anywhere,
everywhere, no matter what road?

A.
That’s exactly what I meant
by the logic of the heart.

B.
But why do you call it drinking?
However much you lift me,
however much you absorb
there will be nothing less in me,
no sinking of the level in the cup,
I am wine all the way through
but you seem just as thirsty as before—
maybe your method
leads you to the cup
but has no mouth?
Do you have lips?
Is there a hollow place in you
that I can fill?
I don’t feel diminished
by all your lifting
but you talk so much,
how can you be drinking—
no wonder you’re thirsty still.
A.
I think I drink by speaking.

B.
That’s weird water then.

A.
More like wine.

B.
Weird wine.

A.
Think of this as exploration.

B.
But we are found already!
What more is there to find?
A.  
I think that being here with you is what I call drinking.  

B.  
Then what is talk?  
And who is speaking?  

31 October 2007