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THE EVENING NEWS

So some things are over.
Fox hunting. But the fox
still runs along, the sand
still sifts down the huge dune
defying governments. All
is something that slips away.
And then the fox is finally gone.

19 February 2005

OUT OF MIND

Writing out of mind
the words take over
a fly settles on a child's cheek
six thousand miles from where I think

bravura of sunlight, whole
wells full of shadow waiting.
Unfair. A flag
wrapped round a dead man.

A sign is instead of remembering.
Remembering is instead of touch.
Touching is instead of telling,
a reflex gesture to hide what must be said.

Will never be said.
That is what it means to die –
I will never get to say it now.

20 February 2005

=====

Geese whooping overhead
a sifting of snow at dawn
fierce bright sorrow

I think the world is on the way to a wedding.
Whose this time? And who holds the ring?

20 February 2005

=====
Lie awake all night thinking of the answer.

Sleep now. The revisers revise.

The sandalwood hand cream I put on
talks through my skin while I sleep.

Nothing is set in stone yet
and even stone can feel repentance.

Be glad you are who you are
Be sorry you are only who you are

Be glad that you are not yet who you are—
write this down when I wake up

and pretend it came down with the snow
and show it to my friends and say

here this is sort of what I mean but they
will say it doesn't meant anything at all.

20 February 2005

WHAT THE MAN IN THE DREAM SAID TO ME BUT I WAS WAKING

You are still in Hannover, still in 2000.

You are walking up the long quiet diagonal street
past the doctor's office to the Turkish quarter
where you will eat
lamb and eggplant across from the unfinished Gehry building
soft cement twisted on its axis and you wait.

You will eat and still be hungry.

You will go home and still be here.

Five years will pass and nothing changes.

Pretty girls file in and sit at desks
work all week and go home for the weekend.
And you're still here,
eating, hungry, missing, found, always gone.

You try to speak but it's just sneezing.

The Turks think you speak very good German.

This is called sleeping.

Never will the tool forgive the hand.

20 February 2005

FRAGMENT OF AN AESTHETIC

My hand on your arm.

Snow. Sky and field

same color, different light.

I breathe a sparrow.

Where does

everyone hide?

21 February 2005

=====
The squawking of remote possibilities
washes up on the New Zealand shore
south island near a one time friend
with pictures of fruits I can't name
in a tree I can't identify
growing on a headland on a sea
that must be my sea too, I can't
be at a loss for everything, some of all this
has to be me. Seabirds at their pleasure,
girls mourning their dead fathers,
permanent Antigones of lyric frenzy.
Her name means: no more marriages.
Her name means don't fuck with me
because I do not fuck. I am what's left
when I thought I was the actual.
I can only be real by undoing myself
she thinks. Here is my razor.
Here is my father's tomb. We have black
hair, we daughters, we have skin
meant to write on, we have wine.

21 February 2005
for Mary Reilly

=====

Silent eye
on the snow.
Nothing moves.
All the foxes
banished from the heart.

21 February 2005

=====
What could I ever know
would answer so ready
as a boxcar dark brickred
inert on the Barrytown siding
forty years ago I still
hear the hum of its condenser
keeping something cool inside
the color, the inscriptions
on its side, something
going north tomorrow, next hour,
so many faces have looked at me
how many can I ever know.
The faces change. The knower
stops knowing and begins.
Remembering. Candles
on paper plates set afloat,
a lake that never was.

21 February 2005

When I say “I”

When I say “I,” I mean an easy vector
that shoves the verb to its predicate
effortless and swift, the affect if any
is all about you, like an ad in *Vogue*
or a house in the Hamptons, never about me.

When I say “I,” I mean the one who drinks the glass
and fills it up again while language keeps flowing
like a Saturday afternoon broadcast of *Pelléas*
never ending always ending and the light is fading
but not ever starting either and the girl is dead
just before you fall in love with her.

When I say “you,” I mean a valiant knight
or dame who waltzes down the air
dreaming of Hermès and Camelot,
nobility of line, white glossy paint
on stately columns, the Sound sparkling
with expensive little boats, nobody home.

I brought you here to show you my irises
and let you make love to me in the yew alley
leading past the stables to the dismal pond

whoever you are. On Sunday morning
read the glossy ads with me, anxious,
as if we could think of anything we need.

21 February 2005

=====

What was wrong with me?
The snow was white as ever,
maybe too white. The woods
were dark and no creature
moved. Something was moving
away from my head. Heart.
Some color I no longer see.
New desires take the place
of old satisfactions. Birth
must be like this, *¡quiero!*
I want and I love, who
dares to tell them apart?

22 February 2005

=====

The terrible thing about a phone is it talks.
Words leave tracks in the wet snow
a little while. They keep
getting bigger till they're gone.
I suppose they go back to the mind.
Am I born yet? Ask the doctor,
call him on his cellphone and tell him
my name, make up a good one for me,
whatever comes into your head.
He'll understand perfectly. He's
ignored thousands before.

22 February 2005

=====

(after Tim Davis)

Look me up in the dictionary
you'll find me under *lunacy*,
susceptible to the moon, fickle, crazy,
changeable, wandering roads, false trysts,
always on the road, alone all night, no,

no, *leprosy*,
disease of skin and nervous system
marked by lesions and local loss of feeling
caused by mycobacterium *hanseni*
mentioned a lot in the bible, no,

liberty,
that's the word, an ideal
set before a population to encourage
participation in hegemonic adventures
of global conquest type and enslavement
led by generalissimos who couldn't spell
truth, not even if you threatened them with a big wet kiss.

22 February 2005
(class exercise)

=====
These said everything to me
the best symbol of me is you

you must remember what yours means
what I forget pure water

heal the sickness of remembering
a golden ring found a girl lost

water shows the sun or moon or none
everything at peace until the killing comes

then all the west falls into place
a garden with persimmons and a flute

we begin with just two sexes then
the shadows start to push back at the leaves

the crow makes a sound I never heard
and the sky never married anyone.

23 February 2005

AuCl

Au clair de la lune
that is in moon
light we find the sun

the gold comes back
no matter where it's hid

I like the folds
of your body best

the silence of inside
where skin touches skin

and here the salts of gold
sink in
ride down the spine

and come to my fingertips
a splay of light
deciding

<23 February 2005>

LA FIN DU MONDE VIENT CHAQUE JOUR

Mercies galore ere snow crunch
mors – push them till they need to know
a card with skeleton: get to work
old skin needs stretching a burst of dark
at the side of the mind *mors stupebit*
everything will come to an end even end
Eve beside me on the last beach licking

*

She has or is that famous ice cream
and it's my turn now to emperor it
sneezes and growls shadow of a maple sapling
slips helpless down the snow towards me
everything moves towards the emperor! he
is the axle of coming the hub of who
you learn who you are by touching me

*

Another seven steps to Jerusalem just one more
at a time but this time he's not there
why am I bothering? breathing is itself a pilgrimage
jigging round the Ka'aba of the heart
the pilgrim's gait imitates the blood go go fall back
cells of one big body we who dance and then
where is he now the one we came for and who?

24 February 2005

after Guy Debord

“We live in language as within polluted air.”

Poetry then is sort of smoking cigarettes

intensifying, chastening the pollutants with toxins of our own.

Light up, inhale this meek white poem

with the cork tip, this little mistake

I breathe in your face, my words a little drunk,

listen all the words away and we can lie

together beneath the atmosphere

all touch and no religion, all god and no us,

all us and nothing to say any more or to unsay.

24 February 2005

(class exercise)

=====

dovecotes in the tawny wall
the yellow of a long time
stone gapped rectangular a bird
could shelter in or hold
the ashes of a man men
don't amount to much a hand
full of seed a hand full of ash

<24 February 2005>