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**Sky the color of milk**
hands so loved so missed
move through the molecules
that make me, make me
kin to wood and stone,
make sure each stone
has my name on
and it is written deep in me
the way a child
butts into the conversation
of the whole world
pronouncing carefully
every tree, the stone
you find for me
gives me my real name.

25 September 2005
Chirk. Squirrel
scolds. Bowl
of dry cereal
relaxed in milk.

How am I different
from any other
morning man
finally. Dry

leaves no rain.
What do? Think
water. Thinking
like water.

Be a hand
bringing things
back. Certainties
pursue you

can’t escape from
pines from rivers.
Dry rivers.
Dry rain.

25 September 2005
Knowledge like a leaf or a bottle of milk
it rained today darling and the woods smell of you
it’s been too long too busy forgetting
a lantern or a submarine under pack ice
or a steeple on a ruined chapel nobody
believes in that god anymore a few
blocks north the gods are healthy
I bring them candles thinking of you
may get what wants! I pray grunt
grunt may get what’s good! the candle
flame flickers so I know you’ll hear
the gods hear too nothing speaks louder
than a flame if not a flower but I have none.

25 September 2005
GARNET

The glitter of it
on top of the deep
of it the color
only in some lights
a twist of finger
shows a stone
from underneath
crystallized around
a yearning for the sky.
Red. The world
in my hand.

25 September 2005
Nobody very sure. The ink lasts until the end of the decree the candle dies at dawn. The ink still damp while the man falls. People sleep deep in what they’ve done. We wake before remembering. And then

26 September 2005
SOMBROSO

I like the Eighth Book of the Æneid best
somber upstream lyrical with beasts and leaves.
Like discoursing of the Crucifixion on Christmas
or trembling at the shudder of a car door
slamming in the night. Who comes?
Who even is here? The weather is a bird,
it screams all the time, feathers scare me,
symmetry, clear signs of purpose, something
going somewhere. Where? I have spoken
the inappropriate word in the inappropriate
place and the great tower fell into its church.
Beauvais. Next time build with paper,
let the wind lift it, carry it to Rome, also
a Saint Peter. Evening traffic in yellow light.
Sign of the cross. A woman in vague peignoir
from half-shuttered window studies the sky.
Up here. The sky never laughs, Christ
ever laughed, there is no word in our language
for Happiness Induced by Observing Clouds.
She feels it though, and takes the feel inside.
I have not yet come to earth, I am part indeed
of what she wanted, but the wrong part.
The airship drifts upriver where there are trees.

26 September 2005
I always write sad Christmas cards she says,
little shards of disquiet
slipped into the glittering envelope.
*The sun stands still to read your heart with its knife*
*or This babe is born to die for your blunders.*

It is the instant into which all time is wrapped,
not just He but we are all incarnate now –

that kind of thing. A star with bleeding arms.
A cruise ship ablaze with lights sails into a typhoon.

26 September 2005
THEORY OF PROPHECY

I think that when we sometimes foretell the future and get it right, we are reading not the event in the outer world but our own long body that stretches through time before us and behind us, ever vaguer as it is distant—in either direction—from this imaginary point on the time line called now. We are reading our bodies. We are reading not the events to come, but our bodies’ reactions to those events when we learn that they have happened. They are ours to read. We do not prophesy the outcomes of war and sport and love, we prophesy how those outcomes will make us feel, and from the feelings sensed, we extrapolate or infer the conditioning event.

Isn’t this what intuition must be, the safe journey through our own rivers, our temporal and genetic extension through space and time? Our cells know when we are due to die— that knowledge is the nail that holds the whole time line taut. Life line. The line quivers far away, and we read now.

26 September 2005
The current of joy bites pleasure
is a runaway slave drunk on wildwoods
among the elderberries is a panther
leaping shadow across the crouching moon
he woke to tell the painting how
the artist always self-revealing in
the lower right corner of the jungle
always where the running must is a move
into what does not move o to be
brave the only running freeman
among the wan oaks thrall no more.

27 September 2005
Too many

to worry.

It is enough

to be evident.

Wait. Why

is everything

so short?

Where are the interminable boring afternoons of yesteryear

the three-day Sunday the lifeless neighborhood

the languor that made me?

The grey avenues of the Bronx I seldom walked?

When everything took a long time and there was mail?

27 September 2005
Now everything keeps catching its breath
like Picasso getting lost near the small tombstone
of Baudelaire en famille or a shadow
of a bird (this happens so often, so sad
anytime you notice but you don’t often notice)
getting lost in the shadow of a building
cast on another building, everything
breathing each other’s breath, living
one another’s shadow, dying one another’s light,
as Heraclitus surely meant to continue
before the manuscript ran out of breath.

27 September 2005
What can the hand hear?  
We come and look  
for what we need.

28 IX 05
Voice of a marsh
the virtual
conference option
allowed a gull
(orderly; the serene
clamor of many gulls)
why do I think
your body belongs to me
wings to live in
a cold world: a row
of dominoes only
the white dots fall
from the tiles
only the signs change
the world is fixed.

Peyra-hita, Pierre-fite, menhir:
womanly stone up-
standing from the meadow
three thousand years.
To last as long as a stone
be quiet as stone.
I love to talk.

28 September 2005
AGONISH

sprawl of windowpanes
purposes – first suck up all the sand
derive pleasure from the vacancy

put sign in window gold star
Joey’s dead the barber shop big
electric standing fan the biggest

room and board bow tie radio?
Derive. Adrift across manspace
a woman goes. A gleam.

Steam of breath obscures
the object of the eyes.
A word breaks the glass.

28 September 2005
The fact of wind is another kind of water
as earth is an ad for heaven
tattered in the gutter and soaked through
but still legible. God looks like this.
And this. Her thighs are pale
a trickle of blood down the horizon.

Pale. It is much about such matters
for all of Piranesi’s dusky spaces,
his world carved out of shadow
cages and stairways and caves
and no way out. This also is the world
advertising itself, claiming
the last word on the truth of matter.

Luminosities. Glow in the dark
crucifix on the child’s wall, it could
be any greenish man perishing of light.
It could be him grown up, battles
with the Sadducees all done, hanging
in the dark in the dark of the day.
Still mumbling something about the world.  29 September 2005
Agitate my darling
like the three-armed Maytag
churning your duds

it is raining
in an old French song a
stone is standing up

three thousand years
why not what
better thing to do

than be with you
where something stirs
us up all the time

the love thing the quarry
from which the rock
leaps unbidden

to the builder’s plan.

29 September 2005
and the mapmaker and
the yew tree and
inside the stone fence
the named and nameless share

a cloud under ground
any child can feel it can fear it
were you the one
the long slow deathbreath

first first knowings
from which always to run
never far enough
there must be another air

29 September 2005
sailing into a broken place
and discovering it is the sea
mistreatment of natives severe
diet wretched the air
full of rot amazements
on every hand a twist
of coral of tobacco natives
we call them because they were born
and we were not
we are changelings from the Machine
we treat them as we please
we suck their lips
we steal their rings.

29 September 2005
none towards and some after
cleavage pattern in diamond
crack in mirror now see
the other side of me the maze
the menstruum: a broth
as if of blood and the
one Other Thing to be.

29 September 2005
Let this be a letter to you
seashell asparagus suspension bridge
do you understand am I being clear
am I being at all? This is philosophy
in this garden the spring flowers
populate the autumn sunshine
remarkably. This is disharmony,
from which music comes
can you hear me? Am I speaking
when all this sound comes out?
That’s why a letter. Out loud
I can say everything but what I mean.
We walked among the oleanders
among the lavenders the plurals
of our minds fell into fusion
and were one. Not you not me not us.
Gladly other people being.
Free to walk the cold light. Free.
Cloud current. Tell.
Hosta prostrate. Shade
even on a sunless day
a piece of dark. Never
let the tile overlap
the naked air,
leave rat room
in the rafters that on
all sides unsuspended
by a thought the
animation is continuous,
the bail is pad, the bird
goes free. Ever after.
Accumulate horizons
is what it means
--horn music way back
in the head, sardonic
charm of Brahms
end of the world—
what comes out of the lips
this brass can shape—
the woman talked
approvingly about
men who handle women
and he said those
who can be handled
deserve to be but are
unlikely to attract
a handler’s attention,
nothing but Penthesilea
for Achilles, only a man
who has been a woman
can master one, he said,
folding the whips
back into the nest of adages
small men cart with them
to the feast. Mad at her
because she fell for easy.
Only the kind wind
that wraps around the wind.
Bluster and miracle
personless good.

29 September 2005
MICHAELMAS

or green September
something happening
a word in the wood
to turn against the hill
or let the sun go

*

small things
invasions, an hour
between friends
lost into seeing

*

if I could stop
just once a moment
I could be.

30 September 2005
Touch the air lightly
light is a crown
to king us all
the rapture
the brings us here.

30 IX 05
Trying to find the pattern
the god face in the maple leaves

30 IX 05
Everything another thing
and [we] suppose
ballade as of a bronze
statue of Venus
on [his] end table
holding a candlestick—
things if [you] let them
turn into light.
And this room is dark with music.

30 September 2005

(listening to Michelangeli play the first of the Brahms Op.10 Ballades)
Sometimes I think
not room enough for me
on this planet

that I have used up Arabia and Brazil
and even your body
that terra incognita

has names all over it now
and rivers and new flags.

30 September 2005