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Radetzky=marsch

Too many certainties.

The soldiers used to march
in color now just noise.

Noise is the most certain
thing of all, made up
of everything and meaning nothing.

Not so fast. Let's solve
that stuff we hear, declare
a new science of it,

clangology, to sieve out
and dissever into sense
the sound of blatancy's

sheer chong. Klang.
Not make music of it,
no angels, no such imposition

but analyze it into
a new word being said
somewhere by everyone

and no one says it,

a pure word

that can only be heard.

17 January 2004

[LE POETE DE 70 ANS]

If there are quinces on the tree
no matter how tired I am
I have to stretch up and pick them

even if it's an lemon tree
even if the tree is dead
or there is no tree, only the sky

and my hand in it. Here are quinces.

17 January 2004

CAMPAIGN

Marching against the obvious
cross the border but don't go too far
in – the wells in that country
have strange water, bluer than the sky,
you feel the color in your body
long after you drink. Stay
near the river that everyone knows,
not necessarily in earshot of its flow
but close enough so you could get to it
in one march without provisions
if you had to, and see the friendly
hillsides on the further shore.

= =

Let the message settle in the telephone
then answer it when no one's calling.

This way Time gets broken and the sky
shows through the letters of all words.

When you break Time
heaven happens to your head.

18 January 2004

CAFÉ SPERL, VIENNA

The table in the corner
in the back they told me
is where Hitler always sat
I went back to look at it
he would have been a kid
then just scheming
or was it still dreaming
on the table I found a
pen this is the one.

18 January 2004

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Those winds.

These wounds.

All the sounds

are friends

they tell

in every land

when some

one means.

19 January 2004

Who would claim him for a friend?

And yet it rains.

Though not today.

19 January 2004

PAPER BAG

She wanted not to see
the one
that understood her best.

Miracles in masks,
heaven at the door
and then be gone.

19 January 2004

LOVELIFE OF AN ACROBAT

an itchy cock
to scratch against
the world

Say it decently:
a branch,
a philosophy.

19 January 2004

Small enough to keep answering
Mother's questions.
One of the four great blossoms
of the Amaryllis
has faded now, the north face
and the south is faltering.
West is sturdiest, wide
open, scarlet, looking at me.
There. I have learned
the name of a flower,
to tell directions, and to count.

19 January 2004

Sun in my eyes

sun in the big window

sun over the hill over the snow

through the bare trees

sun in my eyes

as if the two of us

are alone in the world.

19 January 2004

Slow goods the certainties

the waiting men

who carry the doors

to lock your house

but your house has no roof, dear,

and your walls have no habit,

could it be so many years

since the landscape left you?

Gassen und Strassen what more are me

but there is no English word for street,

the difference is a nomad

is always going somewhere

for a purpose, a route laid out

to be where the grass is

whereas the others, the usses,

straggle lewdwise on the surfaces

following our shadows

or being hounded by them

ever running.

20 January 2004

MUSIC LESSON

Do you recognize that rhythm I don't
Sibelius Charlie Parker the man
last night scraping mud off his shoes

that's more like it a blue vase
nothing in it but some old flowers water light.

20 January 2004

SINTFLUT

What can the lovers expect?

A union meeting, some smoke
from the indoor barbecue.

Senate house. Caesar falls.

We talk so much but never talk enough,

Noah's flood, sounds like
a flood of senses, flood of sins,
sendings, causes, explanations.

When the wise men come
from the east to take down
your Christmas tree. Parkside
Avenue was Malbone Street.

Massacre of innocents
by accident. I alone am rain.

20 January 2004

Walking in peace among mild ruins

looking for your hand

I see a child dart onto the highway

and I wake up gasping.

My dream has never worried

about a child before. New

trees are growing, an odd

ship steered into the Piraeus

yesterday, slack-sailed,

no one at the creaking helm.

21 January 2004

THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN

Victims of the same book

you dream my poem.

We meet for coffee,

the snow falls.

21 January 2004

KNIGHTLY

How many more miles to your lap
and once there how many leagues
to the castle of itself

where broken windows let birds in
some blue some bright brown
some the color of apples

it seems you are all about going in
but what then? Who makes the bed?

Who says grace over the soup
and hides the crucifix when we make love?

21 January 2004

Let it stand up inside you
a chance
mercy elongations
wine cork or battle flag
or paint your face with verticals
to ascend in beastliness
come kiss me an elevator
full of naked scholars
waiting for you and your likenesses
so many to squeeze in and rise
up into the dark Hegelian skies
so close together no choice
but dance with heartfelt ululations
words only used in poetry.

22 January 2004

Do you think I'd ever really tell you
what I'm really thinking,
Russia, hills, pagan temples
even the names lost? Do you think
I'd ever let on the mathematics
that links us? How can you be content
with being just one more victim
of geometry? Do you think
I'll ever come clean, explain
what I really want, steeples in a cloudy
sky, steppes, mounds, pyramids,
blue inscriptions gouged in the sun
morning over the Mirsuvian Lakes?
I was the god you forgot to bring
flowers to, *you did not sweep*
my fane, you thought your smile
alone was enough, and your love songs.
So I closed my doors and settled deep
in your mind till we both forgot.
Now do you remember who I'm not?

22 January 2004

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Don't be one of these poor
angels who forget their liturgy
and wander blank in politics and bars
looking for someone who reminds them
of what they're looking for
the target animal they've come to find,
for whom their being was invented,
the word that they came into life to say.

22 January 2004

HOW TO BE ANGEL

remember
your liturgy
re/member it
make it up
syllable by syllable
as you go
along, your
pronunciation
makes anything
right, your warm
breath completes
the original
form, the lost
word speaks.

22 January 2004