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What other house I have
is waiting, I mean I live in it
also, as a Jew lives in Jerusalem
next year inside this year
the never-forever of the nonstop
thing inside they call the heart.
We know as long as it does
and no more. Therefore the heart
was called The Knower, and love
was called the Knower of the Heart
and the system made sense.

(But a system has no heart.
I said to the girl whose body
I was borrowing how long
will I need it to experience
the full of what she feels
she smiled ten minutes,
how quick she was at her
work of being, how eager.
She has the same to know me.)

(The faintly sinister club
of Body Borrowers,
the secret of how to do it
I learned in sleep,
borrow and be bad
in the body of another,
like kids alone in a museum,
what doings, what done.)
(And do not think this body you know me in and by is not borrowed also, it is borrowed and I will give it back but not to you to whom other gifts of chemistry are due and come to shine among you in their hour.)

(I mean: Be a borrower. Treat the body of the other as your own. This is the esoteric golden rule: Inhabit the body of the beloved until it is yours. God so loved the world that he became it. Can we do less, fluid into fluid poured, the juices shared?)

(The doctor said about some food ‘I wouldn’t put that stuff into my body’ and who was he I wondered, or where, standing outside his body and deciding what to shove through the bars for his body to eat, over there, apart from him, some Moloch needing to be gratified.)
So we are not impostors
we are borrowers
we stand apart
from what we guess our own.

And only the body
of the beloved
lures us to come in—
because technically
we are nowhere,
waiting, in some
library for the body
book we mean
to be brought down
to us from high-tech
heaven where angels
come to find their men.

28 November 2004
In the night I dreamed:

rocks teach me to dream.

28/29 XI 04
SOLITAIRE

The cards looked hopeless
then interesting then possible
then I lost. Never
think you play this game alone.

ALONE

It is not there anymore.
Not since you started to listen.

You travel dream by dream
into and out of the stone
seeking solitude.

But every rock
is a cathedral
thronged with choristers
with Japanese tourists
ladies with rosaries
who look at you
gradually recalling
who you are.
WHO YOU ARE

is a permanent invitation
to abuse
the distances between
one person and another

close, close
as if your body
got there before you did

and there were pictures on your skin
of every sin

SIN

is lovely, it sings
now and tomorrow
never stops raining
shining remembering
sin is remembering

REMEMBERING

a dream is the best
kind of remember,
every detail
grows stronger,
every word spoken
becomes a real word
full of meaning
now and always
not like all this
pass the butter
a morning’s full of.

There you were talking,
then you spoke names.

NAMES

dare holy as sin is,
crying out loud,
or when I touched you
the little gasp of pleasure

dinished out so easy
must have been my name

and since then
I have no other.
than night
you have no dream.

This sunlight
loves you too
for its own agenda.

When the dreams
all intermesh
they call it waking.
You can’t tell
you from me,
this house
from that city,

you are walking
as fast as driving,
effortless the street
carries you
to the moment

endures the harsh
infidelity called waking.
WAKING

in another city
is another city.
The sun is brighter
than it is,
water boils fast
and the vagrant wind
has grasslands
on it. I seem
to be alone.

29 November 2004

(Written after the dream of the woman of images in Paris)
THE REVELATION

These blues and blacks and roses
you see as bruises
look close and see the discrete
images they are
the original Tarots stored on her skin.

29 November 2004
The Dream
THE METAMBESEN REVELATION

Old ink I wait, I write I stand beneath

easy longitude close closer then the hiss of the bus’s brakes applying slow. Then the door opening then one person after another person descending–

a whole world of ings always going on the beautiful specifics that add up to God for those who endure that word, the word is always with us, good-bye, always, something always going on, surprise, the ings and all their inglings come to Ingland and we are born speaking Inglish,

these are the easy latitudes where no God smites us with the jawbone of the sky thunder and hail, Hegel, nowhere close,

Nagel, ‘a nail’ a nail hammered from the sky for eighty years with such pinpoint accuracy that when it strikes earth only one man is slain, only one woman, and Job said Hast thou made of me thy target, thy mark?

Look down at the ocean, do you think Leviathan (the continent of Australia) will rise up even to my hook? No one, no one, no one. The cello answers all the other instruments with a word
none of the others knows how to say.

And Behemoth (the wheat fields of Russia, the cattle grazing lands of Central Asia my tears will irrigate) I have set aside for you and all the righteous to consume when the blue heron flies up from this little pond and time is done.

29 November 2004
And I am given
everything and everyone
by asking in his name.

29 November 2004

(that dream still: for one I wrote the name of Norlha, for the other
Kalu)
CHECK OUT

The mastery of it, though,
the sure-handed vacancy
with which she stares
right through me
annihilating me and all like me

makes me a phantom,
a Xerox of a man,
a blueprint of a vast cathedral
–Petersburg, red brick, Precious Blood–
footprint of the sky.

And all I saw was her,
her pale pure eyes
uninvolved with seeing.

29 November 2004
DOMESTICA

Creaking – of a house’s wood, a heat pipe stirs
because solid is only seeming, in fact it’s all moving
and we so slow – but comfort is just there – that some stand still.

Or is it our speed, onward toward a resting place
that’s wormholed with oblivions – but all the rest
chatters as this cedar does, feeling the enduring heat?

Don’t ask so many questions, miracle, you dream
one night of bliss beginnings one night of legal stuff
choose the alternative to evidence and sleep again –

for they were looking at my life with bank accounts and files
and photos of half-breed ladies they said I
“kept secluded in France” – they knew every penny I thought

and how my unacknowledged but well-cared for
daughter smiled in kodak after kodak till I died –
when I was not there to collect her laughter

the archive stopped. And none of this less real, more real
than this morning light exploring the strong

30 November 2004
How long – or is it how much – do you have to survive before you become a survivor? How many swastikas, how many atrocities you do to yourself before you suppose yourself safe on the other side of some difference? When is it safe to be now?

30 November 2004
OPENING THE DOOR

She opened the door. He was waiting on the inside. He was waiting as if he had been about to open the door if she had not done so. There is merit in being first. She was first. She looked at him with the semi-smile of someone who knows herself to be first. Her eyes expressed the kind of startled satisfaction we might expect to see in someone who has just won a contest in which she had not known she was engaged.

She opened the door. He was standing there. She held the door open behind her, by its handle, as if offering him the right to pass through it on the way to his own concerns. Duties, pleasures, remorse. He seemed to be leaving the room. Maybe he was on his way to church, or to his lover, or to take a late afternoon nap while the light sauntered out of the sky on its way home to the night.

She opened the door and thought: light lives in the dark. Things sleep in one another. Are you going out, she wondered, and the question made her look away from his face, to see this room he was perhaps leaving. His face had been blank anyhow, nothing to see, nothing to tell. He moved towards her, she moved quickly into the room.
The door was closing behind her now, and she let it. He reached out his hand and pressed the flat of his palm on the blank surface of the wood, and held. The door did not close. She moved away from the doorway and into the innocent room. He did not follow her with his eyes.

She sat down and looked up at him in the doorway still, across the room. Why was he standing there? Perhaps through the crack of the still partly opened door he could see someone coming for whom he was courteously disposed to open the door at his or her arrival. Perhaps though he was waiting for another reason. Perhaps he had forgotten something before leaving the room. Maybe it was something to do with her, something her entry had brought to mind. Something he still had to do.

30 November 2004

[Ten minute story exercise from Lit 121]
BOGATYR

The heron in the lagoon
waits for the train to pass,
northbound on the trestle
full of desire on its way
to the capital under blue skies.

Russia, remember Russia.
The people want heaven on earth
and later earth in heaven.
The warrior’s blood
becomes a river – everything
rushes to board

the body of his bones.
The ship finds its way
right through the sea
to the other water,
the uneasy shore beyond the shore,
gull-free moon-besotted sea.

30 November 2004