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SOMETHING HARD

a renunciation
sparrow-shaped
critical essay
because of some song
you gave me
or how they rose
to greet me or
blue bruises
the peculiar flowers
color of lilac
smell of plumeria
they grow inside
approximate breath
blue Madonna
maniac desires
knowing the one
in someone
sleeping with all
in some, these
flex identities
pillar of salt
licking you whole.

1 March 2003
LA METHODE

If you want something
bury the want
and see what comes up

if you have a good idea
hurry and don’t tell me

fecund silence
hand between thighs.

1 March 2003
BEATITUDE

Blessed are the milk
in spirits for they
shall be god

I heard this
in India I hold this
in my hand

the tepid milk
forgives everyone
the way music does

an eternity of images
lasting
no time at all.

2 March 2003
THE EARTH COMES FIRST

chorus before it meant song
was choros, a dance,
the words came from the humming
the humming from the body moving

because a dance came from chôra, long o,
a place or space or room,
dance is what a place makes you do

a dancer listens
to the ground beneath her feet
her body tells us what she hears

when you’re moving you are what the earth says.

2 March 2003
ALL NIGHT THE WIND

all night the wind
was writing in my head
but as I wake
the words of it are gone

only some memory of the fierce
felt like armfuls of instruction
that came speaking to my face in the dark
so that I understood
what it was saying
all around the woods

and now have only these words
to tell about the absent words.

3 March 2003
ELEGY

My extreme agitation no one sees
subsides only when I’m sitting in the depot
in the departure lounge in my office
before the class begins and there is nowhere
left to go except the one thing waiting,
nowhere to hide. And then I have to go
and be the ignorant parcel transported
through the skies of language by language,
from inside me a sky suddenly launches
and pulls me up into speech that suddenly
is not afraid at all, I look down on cloud
I walk in light. Fear has no place
up where language goes, like the absolute
silence of the late Maurice Blanchot.

3 March 2003
Lo gSar
WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO HEAR

for Elizabeth Lüttinger

I WOULD

Blue circumstance of three
a hole named who
is speaking me new

so many sweet people
loose in three
but what is to be done

with you with you you
who are all strive
and thank you, you, who?

SOLO MOTHER

if a mother were a mouse
and walked about the night
in her loose cotton heart
carrying the littlest flashlight she
would past two a.m. curl down
and remember something, memory
makes the heart beat
differently, how strange
to be asleep
with so many feet
GOOD LUCK

that’s what I came
came for to what I
come for hearing here
she heard me hearing
uh oh she overheard
me looking and I saw

in our gospel time, miracles
keep repeating one another
till there are enough of us
to fill the skirts and trousers
that fill the room and then
in gospel time the crows
begin to preach, the stones
begin to eat, the messengers
walk along the beach
naked as clamshells in the sun
the light breaks on them
they are so true

in gospel time everybody moves
fast as she can and everybody else
is slow, so slow much speed so
is about getting home after work
business pleasure church
getting home to sleep

in gospel time you go to sleep
suddenly in a big wooden sound and
a cat walks soft firmly on your head.

COMME SATIE

I tried to be beautiful
by not answering my mail,
too tired to be beautiful

just a stutterer from Philadelphia
on empty streets and facing east
but look at how the starlight
fills my hands

B.S.McC.

But when it goes this far
it has to come closer

I feel your breath
on my cold face

I smell what you’re thinking,
I am a doctor my cold hands
fingertip your taut belly
and can tell what you ate for supper,
lamb chops, broccoli, a little pie,
your breath has a way
of getting in my blood
so when you breathe out
my blood speeds up

it’s all about speed, isn’t it,

blood speeds up and churns
around its usual patrol

but thinking new animals
altogether (I smell what you’re thinking)
many new animals new arrivals
they chase me down the hallways of the woods
somehow as we trot along
we all outrun our fear

or fear turns into loving something else
doesn’t it, it always does,
run so fast I get to you,
where is that? where you are
and there is this thing called you
and who (who again!) is on the way
hurrying with so many sighs
(I hear you thinking) over
the wreck roads of this vehicle you
(o that’s who) to where
you actually are.

5 March 2003
A NOISE AT NIGHT

So much calling
is dissolving
in something
we didn’t hear
inside, something
needed, you cough
it out, call out,
a sound it seems
in sleep, sounds
like a name
and someone comes
and sits down
inside it
and there you are,
the undreamt other
at hand, calling
in an own way
to make you come
out. This
is how it happens.
I repeat, the unknown
agency inside
bursts into a groan
that sounds like
someone’s name
calling, and coming
out, the sound
of the story.

5 March 2003
TWO DREAM MARRIAGES

1.
a little spider
on my finger
stings me
a thin red ring
around it
wedding band
she sings
into my skin

2.
a flat plaited
woven band
I gently slip
over the snake’s
uplifted head
she accepts
her whole body
one finger
for my ring

3.
and when I wake
from these *noces*
who am I married
to now?
o Aphrodite you
who never cared
much for marriage
tell me

who do you think
I am now,
moved to so
many

and is the sky itself
the ring that
marries me
the one

I see so bright
behind you
every day saying
me one

wife at a time,
who’s the wife
and who’s the man
nobody

knows, maybe
the light is someone
and all of rest of us
are you?

6 March 2003
TRACKS IN THE SNOW

shape of each paw print, telling,
and the shape of the whole track
prophesying the past
curving down the hillside
finding food, retreating.
Possum. Squirrel. Fox.
Everything after everything.
Neat prints. Treading
into the fugitive material.
The alphabet of appetite.

7 March 2003
THE SHORTEST PLAY I EVER WROTE

e新兴 out of dream
I heard myself shouting
the words of a character in a play
being performed, by me
or another, whoever, I shouted
_Baobab, baobab rich effrontery, cutlery swine!_

7 March 2003
LIEBESLIEDER

1.
Does it matter when it’s done
when it’s done? The date
is when a thing is given.

A root
speaks several dialects of leaf.
Leave the seed alone
in the affections of the dark
rapt in the strictures of becoming.

8 March 2003
2.
Pick a title. Servant of the star.
Pick a tomorrow. Today.
Telephone what you mean,
someone is always listening.
Adoration! (signed:) your Heretic.

8 March 2003
VOCABULARY ITEMS

*arithmectomy* = removing venal calculation from human motivation.

*preracination* = imagining unknown flowers and imposing them on lawns all over the neighborhood, a neon rose, an oak tree made of wool; by extension, imagining new things into an old cosmos.

8 March 2003
It is only the Awakened One who can honestly say “I am,” but certainly an awakened one would never say it. For fear we would misunderstand and think we are too.

The silence of the Buddha is the famous union of wisdom and compassion.

8 March 2003
THE BRIDGE

Just keep walking along it
will take any number of
passengers this bridge and none
of them will reach the other side
except you, and you’re there already.

8 March 2003