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Agitate the Marais, flog new money
till it bruises into public benefaction
bright blue contusions of philanthropy,
a school a temple but no more museums,
no more carnivals of chic. Just art
alone with a dull old teacher and an angry God.

8 February 2001

In the Engadin I never
but in the Alps
one time in France
I saw a flower
blue as the sky
I had to climb up into
to find it
just under the lip
of the highest rock,
breathless the both of us,
too holy hushed
to say its name.

8 February 2001

Archetype, analyst

I speak your hair

And you listen carefully
because the shadows
are in the room now
and they mean more than I do

reflect, with all the due
distortions, the actual shape
of what casts them

what obscurations of the common light

I bring to what you are

and all the while
I breathe the permission
of your hair

the walls tilt inward
but do not fall.

8 February 2001

A VISIT TO THE gDEUX

Nothing comes near the river
stilts bear the nimble house

where no one sleeps

we would not sleep beneath a roof
since there the animal of earth
could find us

our only safety is the sky
and so we sleep out there

(gestures towards the raked half acre
above the tide line)

in here we talk and eat and do the secret things
a man needs a woman or another man to do

and in the sky we only sleep

nothing can hurt us when we're unprotected.

2.

nonetheless there is a stout stockade
around the whole compound

nonetheless there are clouds in the sky

are clouds a problem?

Not for us...for you maybe? Clouds
are just the people of the sky,

without them we wouldn't have much to dream.

And do you tell your dreams?

(coughs) only when they involve somebody else
then we tell him or her or them or all of us

otherwise a dream that's just of me
or nobody at all

a rock maybe or an animal I'm not
that dream has been told already
by someone else to me

I don't have to bother further with it.

Is there a special ceremony of telling your dreams?
I speak you listen.

8 February 2001

ANOTHER AFTERNOON AMONG THE gDEUX

But why don't you want to tell me what's in that calabash
or in the big crab shell you've sealed with clay and baked in seaweed
is it because I don't want to tell you what's in my radio
because the words for that kind of knowledge are not like other words
they only point to other words and never an end to them
and never a word that points outside of language
the way you or I could point to a goat wandering in the trees?

That's not a goat that's a *srlex*. A goat is only
something that doesn't have blue horns.

8 February 2001

=====

but why do you sleep
why do you wake

why do you answer every question with a question
what other kind of answer is there

a kind that settles the issue once and for all
there is no issue there is no all and there is nothing seldomer than twice.

8 February 2001

Catch this. Nobody threw it,
a road, no flowers yet, snow
still in business, but a road,

no ball (catch it!)
no hand (take my hand

I have been in love with you so long
it feels like living.

9 February 2001

AN IDEA

Cast it aside
like the involucre
(the what?) of a flower

(which one?
and you used that word
already this year
or last, there is no telling)

no telling in a word
nobody knows

a mile and a half up your skirt
where another vocabulary begins.

9 February 2001

CUT TO THE CACKLE

Things tend to fall away from themselves
we bring them back
the War of Northern Aggression
recoils on southern Pennsylvania

but he rode *his own horse*
into the battle of Gettysburg

they said about their grandfather
though only the meagerest imagery
accompanies the white horse

his uniform, for instance,
rank, regiment, all lost
in the refining fire of forgetfulness
where all our sins and saints get washed away.

Now wait a minute. Things
have roots and branches, water
is not fire. Yes, but which are you?

I am an arm
flexed to wield a little chisel
gouging truisms into innocent clay,
I am observation without intensity,
intensity without an object, object without

wait a minute, this is getting formulaic,
stop it, this is a *town*
and those are *people*. Those
are the ones you were born for,

to take care of them and make them happy.
No, wait, nobody can make anybody happy.
It's something that happens or doesn't happen.
That's why they call it what they do.
But you've got to take care of them anyhow.

9 February 2001

There are places named for other places, like Paris.
And there are places named for themselves. Paris,
For example, the place in France.

But black against the blue sky
Stand at crazy angles
The last standing basalt columns of Chorazin.
And what does it mean to stand against the sky?

9 February 2001

not thinking of that

let the other side
of what's always going on
go on, cheek
pressed softly to the glass

(goblet, mirror,
the matter matters
not the use of it

for now,
the touch of a thing
is window enough)

10 February 2001

BONSAI

trim it
to fit
the world it
lives in

green by custom
and wet
half way up the staff

drowned in the senses
still lift
a sense of form

10 February 2001

chipped out of the matrix
a citrine pyramid
with a smaller faintly
seen inside it: phantom

amber inside amber
conducting to prosperity

money comes suddenly
like an animal vomiting
something the world
absolutely wants

10 February 2001

FEBRUARY SCIENCE

Only partially the case, photosynthesis takes care
of introducing from beyond the galaxy
into our planetary shield those balsamic
essences the vulgar call Light. Which in its
hunger to return to its primal Everywhere Else
rushes up through every vase and vessel
to stand green erect and quivering Take this rose.
Happy Valentine. It grew for neither of us
yet I give it to you now notionally, some
other afternoon pragmatically, in that fluent
hypocrisy of space the vulgar call Time.

10 February 2001

I like red brick
And that's a fact
If I could built
I'd use just that

Because a brick
Gets dark the way
The day does
Red into garnet

Garnet into plum
Into night
And the house
Lights up inside

And it always
Looks old always
Keeps the wind
And the wolf away

Say those who measure
By catastrophe
Enough for me
The color of it

A quiet kind of
Meat like us
Space sounds different
In brick rooms.

10 February 2001

every single person who knows me
knows at least one thing about me that I don't know

to accumulate those awarenesses
would outweigh a decade of analysis

but they don't know that they know
and they don't know I don't know what they know

so asking is all

* * * * *

every single person I know
knows at least one thing about the world that I don't know

and how can I know what to ask them
so they know which of all my doubts to answer

so asking is all.

10 February 2001

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

Stand there
and let her in

be a wall
like that one
the ancients threw out
into the mountains

a line in space
defining something
bigger than people
can understand

a gesture
made into the world

bigger than the air

Size
is a terrible music —

call me, I want to tell you
what I learned, something
made of silence and doorways and you.

10 February 2001

A line between remembering
and you, you squirrel-agile wind
among my house, a name
to break a door down or at midnight
pour your whole body through my keyhole
and stand before me in my locked room
bringing me greetings from the philanthropists of hell.

11 February 2001

the wind howled this morning and woke me
the wolf of it having at the house

and if there has to be a wolf let it be the one indoors
prowls the empty spaces of the house and makes them signify

this is a pathway this is prey
this is an interesting thing I found to show you

but hardly ever would you wake up and see.
I'm sorry, darling. Now I will keep watch

now I have heard the wind repeat your word.

11 February 2001

RAGA PANCHAM

So don't ask me about it, I don't know,
It's just the weather happening very fast
A wind made out of sunlight and a falling tree
Breaking other people's branches as it comes

Here is the beginning of the hand
And here is water
Spilled fast across the kneecap
The food is busy remembering

What must it be like to eaten (Jonah for instance)
And then turn into the meat
Of the very creature that swallowed you
(Jonah can't help you here)

and here is your small life dissolving
in something big, something that forgets you
but is you and does things in the world
that you do too, you are part of the doing

not like reefer-crazy Village audiences
cheering on a kamikaze saxophone
you're an actual part of everything this thing does
you make love to its wife you

in turn swallow things just like yourself
a universal cannibal malgré lui
and then you ride out of town at dawn
carsick in the too fast Camaro

this other bigger self of yours is driving
into the nightmare of consuming
and everything is suddenly a long time ago
before all you were turned into food.

11 February 2001