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BROOKLYN 1960

1.

The only angels brought milk bottles
or only angels did. Full or empty
they did the same tricks with light.
Made noise, were bowling pins,
crystals, promises, things to steal
I never stole. Who could steal milk.
Mornings in front of Carlisi's
before the sun came up Blake Avenue.
Memory is a kind of cheese
for all this bread of now. All
its salt has the intention to deceive.

2.

Avenues run by buses, streets by feet.
Then you get there and his wife
already has sugar in the coffee and too much milk
just like Latvia again. You pick
a pin up from the table and hand it to her.

3.

Something's wrong with the bridge.
The stream of incidents
goes past, too fast, the river's
dark green bottle green green
of old handbags old leather shoes
green of motor oil on sidewalks
from some terrible crash iridescent
still and green and slow the oil
of tides, oil of the moon, such
green things this river has, the water
all green with getting there and the bridge

has the long disease called traffic.
How dare they use green to mean To Go
when green is all stability and dread?
No wonder there are so many accidents
and the bridge escapes into the sky.

1 October 1995

Mist again rising though still most green the leaves
but orange or yellow here and there made more so
by the luminous diffusion of what rises.
Description / and the other crows are calling.
Brothermen with clearer meanings.

2 October 1995

Feelings pass through the mind
like wind blowing over a rock.

Find the rock.

Sit there
till the sky comes home.

2 October 1995

CALENDAR REFORM

Feast of the holy Guardian Angels.
They stopped celebrating this in the nineteen sixties.
Since then we have evidently walked alone.

2 October 1995

CHEMICALS

Instilled in it. Or from Brazil
some *logwood* soaked a deep
dank pink to write outrageous
—brief! — sentiments on napkins

I love you all these years.
I am a chemistry set.
That is the answer, all these cellars,
windows, cobwebs, peaches.

I live inside the world and answer
loudly. You hear me over
on the other side of the cafe,
you hear me out, my sonority

almost blends in with the plants,
dracæna, *dieffenbachia*, *pothos*,
the long arm of the light
glistening where it falls among your hair

say, or on the creosote of the brown fence
that keeps the unicorns from wolves.
Beauty is an irresistible event in the mind
like an airplane in a cloudless sky,

one's mind is changed, changed, changed.
Nothing is left of what has not seen.

3 October 1995

I remember an old home movie someone
made where a person on all fours
scurried beast-wise round the living room,
a party entertainment, a kind of naked dog

whacked for good measure. The game of love
is made of iron cages, rusts from tears,
bleary-eyed répétiteurs, endless operas,
slap, slap, kiss, the world is manners

only and no principle. No sugar of light
on the bitter tongue after so much loving.
Drinking song, nineteenth century lithograph
of the Rhine falls at Schaffhausen,

hundreds of obedient tourists gawking
and summer is blue above the Randen.
So much for pictures on the wall or in the mind.
These hills are habit, and I stood there too.

4 October 1995

Capture
at the eternity
of a well

steel-driving
loyal personed
biding a

bearing a king.
Who bends to drink.
What is looked into

sees.

5 October 1995

WARNING

Remember that movie or on TV you saw
an image an action it
broke away from the story

and happened to you just you
right there came to you and stayed,
and lives in you now an integer

forever of lust or bravery or what you mean.
It happened to you and you are
now what happened to it

and that's why I wait to take my turn
among all of these shabby entertainers
for my thirty seconds in the light

that make me yours.
I want to happen to you
so in all the forgetting

there will be one remembering
remembering itself inside you fold
of your fold shadow of your shadow.

7 October 1995

Not to pass the time but change it
to wipe that smile off your face
and wrap it round your heart.

7 October 1995

As aftertaste
someone watching

be a sparrow
the kind Mao had
killed in their millions
on the northern plains

but be survivor
of all such policies.
Be alive
with modest wings,

and brownish, *hsiao*,
be wise, be bird,
be small, filial
piety means to stay alive

be obedient
to the perfect world
by living.

9 October 1995

Asgarð waiting

contra sera Indian summer
the Stromata of David Miller
comes today,

in quilts
the energy is in the join,
design. Not every sentence
needs to begin.

Almost evening now in quiet leaf.

10 October 1995

Indian summer certainty
the birds remember
seizing? Season?

To hear a bird *breathe*
beyond the cheeping
the petter of dropped seed
falling, like the bother
of a pen on paper,

nothing but weather.

At the grand unwieldy
architecture
seed hive of sunflower head
so weighty
immortal promises of seed,
finish what you start,
building from a few
images a busy world is made

nothing further than a flower.

11 October 1995

BELLS

*Under the shabby rock and roll
hear the bells of Atlantis ring*

Whatever comes through
the mess I make of the day
the sudden momentary undertone of permanence
no thing but knowing

and those bells that mean so much now
heard beating from under the sea
in their own daylight days
were also just people's music

busy at their dying, and they too
heard underneath the real
the actual, and loved and doubted it
and prayed to it and died.

Because it is always speaking
and the least of what we are is listening.

12 October 1995