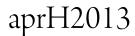


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# WORK

I am a dog

the sun is

walking to school

I obey

my instincts only far as I am let by the leash of light.

Everything is for other.

Why is there an animal in the house?Why is there a man in the world?What is this sentience that wrecks the quiet?Are we children just trashing the living room?

Being closer to the ending is a why-not thing. A glimpse of some gaffer might be Saint Joseph or anybody fresh pretending to be your actual father.

I know that for deception— I have no elders, I am not born yet, haven't found the furrow yet, the famous birth canal but sometimes I hear voices from the outside tumbling down. And all these years enough for me.

## **ON THE DAY 12-KAT**

"kat is spider, web and fire." —Jose Barreio

Things touch things.

In a net. A mesh

locked fingers

cup water even

up to slurp

and so we are fed.

The catch.

**Brief struggle** 

in the net.

We get

what we deserve

or not, get

what we've got

coming, yes.

The spider's measure

understands

the size we are

the way we move,

we tremble still

living in this web

the years, the saying,

the web quivers

glistening sunlight.

the birth of tragedy

never listens.

Start again.

Things catch fire.

## **Full moon**

the bronze ferris wheel outside the hotel window naked girl folding clean laundry

Do these toys turn?

Does the bronze parachute

jump over there ever

let white like

Waikiki doves

children float

down to earth

again, sobbing

for their lost sky?

# FOR ASHIK KUMAR

We hold these trees to be self-evident

The form of the poem grows from inside out

I have never stopped being a formalist, I just stopped counting.

Form is what the seed knows and the tree barely remembers. The word is the seed, and word is the water that speeds it, releases it, the word is the wind that carries it word after word until the mind, panting along behind, catches the drift of all this wording, this saying, catches the drift and understands, or begins to.

As the word itself makes clear, understanding is an upward move, standing under something and looking up,

climbing up to the sunlight from this resonant cavern of sound, the sound of words.

[25 April 2013]

I should have been a marriage broker in a tougher world, I'd find the right man for the woman, I have a keen eye for lummoxes and faithful shepherds, the kind most women want, to keep lamb chops on the table and never interfere with their dreams.

## NINE O'CLOCK

Cars quiver up the road to work like the flesh of somebody trembling with anxiety, if I am late everybody is late, I hate this hour when everyone on earth has to suit up and run away from home.

# no te conocen / las hormigas de su casa

and do the animals know what we are

are we alive the way they are or the way trees are

stone stars or the ants that walk across their paws

the floors? What is life but the sum of what they know?

(Шостаковича 15)

Spill the dark again claim a catastrophe by music

cold April night full moon and deer maybe among saplings

grown up from the massacres

and who are we to grieve for love and such when we have food and houses and and yet.

### CONFESSOR

I am your true confessor you can tell me everything

I forget what people tell me I remember the names of cities

and the rivers sometimes that run through them

names of people I have never met coats of arms of vanished kingdoms

everything you know is safe with me buried deep like lines of poetry

from an epic nobody reads anymore

I forget the gossip and the sins you do to me or one another every day a clean beginning the newborn son drooling in the cradle of the sky nothing remembered, nothing

but the Hebrew word for shame

the Greek word for fear of being touched.

If it means anything it means this indefatigable energy of another construed as me my birthday made of limestone and red clay! raised on a diet of fish — I carried the jungle with me as a sparkling house, dew aplenty, see the sun at midnight over, the way a razor feels in a dead man's medicine chest among the pills bathroom filled with sun, fit all this on the tombstone, I dressed for every role — so much for lost wax and my face hardly changed when I was made of wood you understand a hand of bananas a jerk of joggers a spark of selves hurrying to sign a contract and then I have to live with all of the toujours sick as an opera sick as a mountain spring from all this confusion one clear mortality live hard into quietness a road refuses o the white wood of springtime fences and no horse o the gunshots in empty prairies and no bird falls the belt around my waist goes around the world

2.

Or was it sleep? Dreams have no tunes you wake up humming, only a feel that feels you through the waking day little by little fading into the blank exhaustion of evening, supper and nothing makes any sense. So you watch the birds outside your window feel a little voyeurish maybe but their colors, their suddenness! And why not, the sky is free for our inspection, that crazed hallucination we call imagination, we dare give names to birds, I know a woman who imitates a Louisiana thrush so my heart skipped a beat and I can't even fly.

## 3.

To the chaste goddess in the dark she prayed but people's feelings link beneath the soil of days like mushroom mycelia we are all connected and sometimes the connection hurts like hell he said and I agreed, what is a stone to do but rest content beneath the random tuchas of the pilgrim? Stay, go, it's all the same to me, my destiny is with counting stars in winter and summer leaves.

Fat man in front row that would be me. Hearing Mahler with my eyes. Les voix d'enfants from the next garden. **Every sound a resurrection** from this terrible silence I am. The skateboards graveling, finch chatter, trombone, end of the world. An iris about to blossom by the porch and the music hasn't even started yet. **Purple deaths of Easter,** people forgive them, have to make noise to prove they're living. Tiamat forgives them, skateboard is a solitary soul's solitary vice, o love o lost admire me. As it is said. Cherry blossoms where appropriate, a nest of tuneful sophomores, lock the churches, too late, the god has long ago escaped.

What would I really tell you if I could tell the broken facts Joshua trees kept safe from rats jagged bark the jags point down stab all rats that dare to climb— Some things have to be reached from high heaven down...

The orderly approach like the wind in pine trees

remembering what never happened opens the door

things quiver when you look at them they know to be seen like a bird

sometimes you don't want to be seen a hawk flies over

this happens in cities too an argument against design

all you hope is weather.

# The rattle of the prayer wheel makes the mountain shiver. You can't have one without the other.

28.iv.13

# ALMOST MAY

Leaves finding their trees — every journey is outward.

28.iv.13