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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.

24 April 2013

=====

Why is there an animal in the house?

Why is there a man in the world?

What is this sentence that wrecks the quiet?

Are we children just trashing the living room?

24 April 2013

=====

**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.**

24 April 2013

ON THE DAY 12-KAT

“kat is spider, web and fire.”

—Jose Barreiro

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.

24 April 2013

=====

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?

25 April 2013

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.**

26 April 2013

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.**

26 April 2013

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?

26 April 2013

=====

(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.**

26 April 2013

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.**

27 April 2013

=====

**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.**

27 April 2013

=====

**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.**

27 April 2013

=====

**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...**

27 April 2013

=====

**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.

28 April 2013

=====

**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