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Bard

= = = = =

Sometimes it's enough to tell the truth.
Sometimes now. Many a child
was born in Siberia
for lack of timely equivocation
back here. Whereas I am.
Call a lie a thing that hurts or harms.
Then tell a different kind of truth.
Birds walking on the roof.

12 September 2012

= = = = =

I'm writing something now to send to you.
Call it a letter
to fool the mailman —
don't want him to know
poems slither in his clean mail sack
defiling bills and pretty catalogues,
don't want you to know either
till you pry open the fatal envelope
and find all the shimmering half-truths
of guesswork and desire loose inside
eager for your breath to mouth them
so they come back to life again —
something someone says to someone in the air.

12 September 2012

= = = = =

Porous intelligence
yes but which way
the flow?
What if the pressure
inside is greater —
will we not be
swamped by the mere
murk or mirth of mind
and the world be changed,
and off the public square
strange altars will be erected,
and the streets themselves
will be ironic commentaries
on our new restlessness?
sinister history of ideas.
Hey, no smoking in here.

12 September 2012

=====

And a ghost moved through the trees
paused at the buckthorn and looked at me.

12.ix.12

THE VEXATIONS

of being clear
or dear to another
bulldozes the word I lost
came back from a book

bankrupt neurology
something snapped
a word gone missing
one week a name
next week a common object
that's how it starts,
the gapping.

the little

airs of lunacy
drifting through the cheesecloth,
the brain the lake of absences,
not yet do I have to dive.

2.

What's missing?

Nothing yet.

How do you know?

Good point.

How can you be sure?

The question is itself intelligent a sign of sense.

But are your answers rational or just a dope of hope?

3.

When will it connect?

It is already connected.

How will it get here?

It is already here.

No ship, no ocean,

no sweating coolies to manhandle it

from the dock. It is here

to begin with. It is pure

as the map of Africa

in the heart, solid

as the spelling of your father's name.

13 September 2012

= = = = =

Noises one side flashing lights the other
our sources are confused
the bus never comes
what are they doing
on the other side of my mind —
is that where you live?
Am I the Chopin of the broken hour,
overwrought Quixote,
slept into my sombrero,
the after-lunch nap that never ends?
It is just a dream?
Oh the sad neurology of upstart beasts!

13 September 2012

= = = = =

Takes thinging their time.
Traits. Treks. Traces.
Some true, some only blue.
Dreamt into you
this position, Kama
Sutra of the trees,
wake a park.
Bark beneath your fingernails
where you scratched
you thought was me
I thought was you.
How gloriously wrong
everything can be
more exclamation points
than I usually allow myself
press hard on the wall
to dream what's on the other side.
The machinery needs me
our lights flash at each other.
Kobolds in the mine,
radioactive on two legs
omigod and a weird blue smile.

13 September 2012

=====

Suddenly an end comes
before you ever knew you had begun —
beauty of organic form.

13.ix.12

= = = = =

To subdue oneself
to the river — the Explorers
had to move quickly —
race to the Pole —
there was so little earth left.

2.

The lost planet,
the Blue Boy in the sky
so close it's hard to see.
The astrologers on Mars
speak of those with Earth
in the first house as being
industrious, romantic,
easily distracted,
litigious and religious,
fond of debauch.
Blue Girl in the sky.
For Earth is woman to them,
her husband the chill moon,
spending their inheritance
from the still beaming one, Grandfather Sun.

14 September 2012

= = = = =

Soft light of the forgiving day
tranquil roof where doves are pecking
can you tell your mother from your father
missed my chance to walk in the dark
passing dragons unawares
was it something wrong or just tomorrow
a person in a chair writing is curled in upon himself
coiled in on the self
I can't give you anything but of
everything inherited descended absconded
each word an ancient theft
when I say you I mean somebody else
when I say me I mean an open door to an empty room
so many dreams of going there together
trying in vain forget the woman in the sky
so many greens and only one black
the hand is mercy the leg is fear
we are divided in a lonely place
names of flashing lights winking in the dark
sometimes I know who you mean
the imaginal forgives the actual
it knows which one is really real.

14 September 2012

= = = = =

But the chipmunk spoke
as if to thank us
and the birdbath water
quivered in the shade.
Love time. A glass
to welcome home
but who?
Arrogant dishrack
its slots demanding obedience
or the weather
could the sun be burning me?
And there are those who doubt astrology!

14 September 2012

= = = = =

Card of the day the seven of Long Hard Wooden Items
here lean on me and watch the fire
sometimes we get the order of the names confused
one foot stuck in deep mud by the riverbank
we counted cars crossing the river at 4 AM
we counted corpses in the stream
numbers were good to us back then
I wasn't asking you for anything
giving was the tune we learned in the roadhouse
sleazy boy band with such pure music
I waited for you by the window
watched all the other yous cross the parking lot
waited while you were still being someone else
in the bathroom on the cellphone
beside the fish tank with those strange
silvery carp with long trailing spiny fins
how am I to keep my appetite for so many
so many in the parking lot
all of them exactly like me like you
why bother with difference when the will's so same?

14 September 2012

= = = = =

The distant sound
between my ears
and in your case
who is it who lies in your head
all night long,
whose hand is on your thigh
when you drive alone
in traffic glare
and there is never anybody there
no matter what it looks like
with all the ones who come and go,
only that one, do you dare?

15 September 2012

= = = = =

You hear things far away
you must be a lover
the sun comes over the trees
for you, there are flowers
in winter of a sort,
you make do, people
like you have to,
that's why there are buses
and planes, someone
waiting for you somewhere
like an ad on the web
quick and shiny and you'll never know.

15 September 2012

= = = = =

The ethnic peculiarity
of being anyone in particular
puzzles genetics.
Something else comes in along the way.
Look at me — Irish and English
and a little French a long way back
and what is that to me
or how am I that? A hat
I wear or doff —
that's what's heritage.
I live in the jungle of the senses
and keep silence
except for language
and that doesn't count.

15 September 2012

= = = = =

Just now a white
bird far off
fluttered into the trees,
hid in the sunlight

learn to press —
the heat is in the hand.

15.ix.12