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Bard

SERMON

1.
Time for being
again. The rapture
is over.

Silence
is mercy, silence is heaven.

And its name sometimes is morning,
the Mass with no church, no
priest but the oncoming light.

The holy eyelids open. Clouds
tumble down the mountain. Bird
does its job we still don't understand.

2.
A slim maiden leads us to her bower—
our shoes and belts and wallets left
behind on earth, that noble
victim of our thoughtless tread,
who has endured so long our vast
uncertainties.

3. **Now that is done,
and we are nameless
vegans of the spirit
aloft in the permanent now.**

***You can do anything you are
is the rule now, the path***

**and you must do it
is the only law.**

4.
**Olson warned me
years ago against
'the sparrows of diminution,'
being less than you are,
less than you can be,
fluttering around,
fussing with the crumbs.**

**Fill out your shadow!
Live the size of yourself!**

5.

**That's where the will comes in,
will is the opposite of want.**

**What you want is obvious, seldom
interesting, you get it or not.**

But what you will

**you have to spend
your whole life discovering.**

**The will that is in you,
the will that made you.**

And now you are the rapture.

1 August 2018

=====

**After all we've been through
a blue shirt on a chair back
damp from dew, after all
we've learned, a woodchuck
nibbling something in grass,
after science and religion and
politics a crow on the line.
Rebuked by circumstance
I slink into language. Children,
(as John says) love one another.**

1 August 2018

=====

**Inside out a coat looks cute.
Upside down a glass holds
something better than wine.
I'm explaining this because
nobody else tells you the truth.
The opposite is always right.
It's left to me to fumble glory
onto the page in your hands.**

1 August 2018

=====

**Everything feels like a sermon these days
maybe I should have been a priest. Or the pope.
Or at least a friendly fusty rabbi in the neighborhood,
earning my own living and explaining some words
written before me that will last after I'm gone,
words they'll talk about forever and never quite get,
,that big book of puzzles in fine print, with stories
of how we'd never in a million years behave. Or believe.**

1 August 2018

=====

**Night noises nightmares
sound of rain but no rain
pen scratching on paper but no word
out of the car
stumble into a pile of leaves.
Be blind. Then see
a brown house not yours.
A train goes by
in the sky. I punch
the pillow, bare feet
ache in dry leaves.**

1 August 2018

=====

**Hard to read later
what anyone meant.
The words chip off the monument
or time fills them with sludge.
The scholars say this face
is Aphrodite's, but I say
it is my wife's face, seen
two thousand years ago.
They say my eyes
are the last things I should believe,
faulty witnesses. I say
the shiver in my heart knows best.**

1 August 2018

=====

**Would all that terror
just have come into my sleep
to wake me to write this?**

***It happens so we'll tell of it,
fill the world with our newest testament.***

1 August 2018

=====

**At a certain depth below the earth
that varies from place to place
time stops. We will go down
and build a hotel for the elderly
and the aging where they will be safe
from passing years and only need to deal
with whatever they bring with them,
bacteria, prejudice, impossible desires.**

1 August 2018

=====

**They give me things
and then they go away.
A key to their tower,
a cup for their well.**

**I taste their shadows
long after, I listen by the mill
to hear what the river
tells the stone, and how it answers.**

**But they are gone, I say
their names like a rosary
of amber beads, Baltic,
remembering each one clearly**

at least for the first few years.

2 August 2018

=====

**Shun controversy,
means contra=verse,
it is the opposite of poetry,
condemns you at best
to being right
instead of being beautiful.
Only beauty lasts.**

2 August 2018

=====

**The rain of tantra
looks like sunshine
but soaks the mind,
washes it, leaves it
not clean but charged
with cleanness, a buzz
fizzing with emptiness.**

2 August 2018

=====

**Say it and move on.
The heat of the day is waiting,
curled like a cat at your door.
You can understand it later,
later, or say it slowly again.**

2 August 2018

RESILIENCE, 2

**It is August
it is river
dolphins way down south
the gulls right here**

**since I am here too
I suppose I am a seagull
mostly white
black and grey here and there**

**a gull full of appetite
I get up from the sofa
and fly across the water,
perch on a post**

**remembering boring afternoons
in grammar school
but grammar is not boring
far from it, it
holds the world together**

**it saves my life
with sheer connectedness,
me and every other bird
safe in the syntax of the sky.**

2 August 2018, Red Hook

=====

**Peaceful shopping bags
from here and there
carry loose in and fatter out.
The stores, the sanctuaries.
The things we need, soft
bags to carry them home.
They move me to tears, the quiet
cloth or vinyl of them, the peace
and plenty, the willingness to be
full or empty. Why can't I be?**

2 August 2018

=====

Heard voices in my head,

**unison in choir, wise nuns
in plainchant clear. Near,
Cantare orare, singing is praying
every opera a solemn high mass,
the listener is the priest of it,
the singers are the bread and wine,
then the transubstantiation,
music turns into me.**

2 August 2018, Red Hook

= = = = =

**Showing signs
to one another
sit by the river.**

**They opened
the sea here,
called it the Gate**

**and kept going through
like children, a garden
in their movements**

**sea beets and blue roses
earthish and airish
until they understood**

**view of the city
across the water
its gaunt empty brick**

**then all the signs
changed, their hands
momently empty**

**just wait, the world
is full of signs,
come back tomorrow.**

3 August 2018

=====

**The ordeal of opera
that we have to go to a place
and sit for three hours
instead of letting
it be all around us,
words turn into people,
people turn into music
and be done with it,
then we would be
heaven all the time
transmuted by song.**

3 August 2018

=====

**And the Prophet's face
is never shown,
only a green flame.**

3 August 2018

=====

**Nothing to tell you
nothing to know
I read the paper
and it's time to go**

**somewhere new
but where is that?
Somewhere between
your knees and your hat.**

3 August 2018

=====

God forbid the flag be torn
the seagull scared away.
Wind means us to attend,
move, follow its cold finger
to the *place it knows*.
Follow rejoicing.

2.

Once there you'll know
(a) your father's name
(b) your mother's earliest memory
(c) the animal of your birthday.
Until then, be kind to everyone, Try.

3 August 2018

=====

**Name it and it's yours
heaven's barker cries
from the little cloud
above the quivering tree,
a branchwork of red fruit.
I do not know the language of this place,
the time is right but all else awry.
Listen again, old friend,
his voice insists—call it *silence*
and the whole world is yours.**

4 August 2018

THE TASK

**Write a word
on each and every leaf
before the autumn comes,**

**a different word
on every leaf
until the tree is done**

4 August 2018

=====

**Clumsy fingers on too few hands
drop the bottle, lose the key
but it's all music anyhow,
all opera, cursing and blessing.
Today is the day of the road
and I may drop that too
and fumble through the forest
looking for one straight line
to follow, even if not home.**

4 August 2018

=====

**Cyclists and joggers
talk loud as they go
past my window,
fallen angels with
broken messages
yet they too are
somehow made
beautiful by strange.**

4 August 2018

=====

**So what is it like here
in the hour after rain
when the sun isn't yet
but everything's in place?
Is it about air or eye,
notice or neglect?
Now says the sun—
Can the word turn its back?
Look at me, I command,
but they're gone already,
always on their way to you.**

4 August 2018

PEN

**Will it speak to me at last
the ink from the other
side of the moon
and fill this shining implement?**

4 August 2018

THE READER

home light dome light
pome light
the dratted fruit
slops through the slats—

matter makes us
I sit down
on a chair apart,
she brushes past me
on her way to read,
room full of people,
her book in this weird house

I gasp or she does
in the passing
and I stayed—

a dream brought me
like a car or like a long book
you ordered by mail
it comes in your house
and you don't like it,
you don't hate it, never
hate a word,

the friends waited
for me at the station
drove me to the house
where I was to read
among the readers,
the woman rose.,
squeezed past me
on her way to the podium,

that's all that happened,
broad skirt, pale hair,
speaking of petals, of flowers,

this time the flowers though
grew up the wall until
the whole room was dark with their smell

and she was reading already
so I caught a word or two
before it woke.

4 / 5 August 2018

=====

**Yellow flush of sun in pale green trees
an anthem. Bach
for a moment empty uawns at his keyboard
then his fingers lead him on.
The church of St, Thomas fills with meaning
you can actually hear. I was there.**

**Our instruments show the way,
the kindly tools will guide us—
that's the sort of sentiment you'd expect to see on an old
over the organ loft on an old church's western wall.**

**2.
But this is today,
Sunday but no church,
no music but the light.**

**Are the colors our servants too,
handmaidens, schoolteachers,
masters? Follow color—
colors know.**

**3.
Once we were naked
and the light wove
a robe to shield and warm us.**

**Once we were dry
and the blue sky
turned grey to feed us,**

**slake our terrible thirst,
no one to talk to but ourselves.
And then the colors answered.**

And the crows, startled, flew up from the cornfield.

5 August 2018

=====

**Everything has been said
already—now make it sing.**

**But everything
has been sung already,
now make it speak.**

5 August 2018

=====

**When the ink is bright
children play in the park.
When the ink is dim
mothers call them home.**

**What do the trees do then,
poor things, all alone, left
with no one to touch of climb them
just squirrels and candy wrappers?**

**When the ink turns midnight purple
the stars come out and ease their pain,
the children play all night in their dreams
and even the squirrels finally sleep.**

5 August 2018

MEDEN AGAN

**This pen holds
enough ink for one
page of mind,
the wise tool
knows when to stop.**

5 August 2018

A GRATITUDE

**This past week or two
so rich with clouds,
treasury of forms and distances
brought close
speak clear then drift away.**

5 August 2018

=====

**The painter paints
a portrait of his brush,
his closest friend
and son and heir,
his ancestor.**

5 August 2018

=====

**Things turn easy
inside out.
It's when
we want the other
way that churches
tremble, empty
out. Each one
goes home alone
into an empty room
and in quiet simply
amply knows.**

5 August 2018

=====

*If you love nature
don't look too close*

**Wasp nest, wasp sting
forget the internet
this is the news.**

**Pain hurts. My finger
stings., my little
finger with brief. pain.**

**The fangs of things,
the natural knives, what
creatures we have made,
the biome full of our angers,
our gault.**

**How mean I must
really be to have a wasp sting me.**

5 August 2018



**There is no unicursal
star of David**

**means it needs two of some
to make it be**

**one from under, one from up—
imagine who the artists are.**

5 August 2018

=====

If the young don't,
won't, do it
who will?

Voices
in the other room,
radio remembers almost
what it was like
to speak.

All my life
I have been waiting
for the word I speak,
I mean speaking
the word I'm waiting for.

6 August 2018

=====

Altars and evidence.

Wilderness

in the back

yard, or set

up on a resident boulder

(brought there by no hands)

a vase, balanced carefully,

and fill it with water

from your well.

If the vase topples,

you are blessed.

If it stands steady

all the world will

share your blessing

he said.

And those

who have no wells

I asked? Ah, they

are blessed already,

they have a city,

busy wilderness

full sometimes of love.

6 August 2018

=====

devyushka plachut

**Some days are twice as long.
I remember when we used to sing
Meadowlands, the girls are crying,
why are they weeping? Are the days
too long and nights never come?
The corn is growing taller, waist-high
this afternoon, who will come to reap it
when the time comes? The time never comes.
That's why the maidens weep.**

6 August 2018

=====

Deepest clamshell
where the dream breaks.
What is the bird
lifts it, drops it
from high up so
it cracks open
on the rock and it
comes down to eat
the life it held?
What is the man
babbling about, too
excited to use
real words,
and what does the woman
mean, so quiet,
calm, strange
car idling in the garage?

6 / 7 August 2018

=====

**Anything for a song—
the music hall packed
with disappointed silences,
each different, each belongs
to a different person,
only the song will make
them share. I once
was there and think still am.
It looks clear, now
but who will read it
if ever I wake?**

6 / 7 August 2018

=====

How far it traveled
to be here, a flower
I can't even name,
___ poverty, all
perception, no recognition
but it is fresh
and beautiful and
makes me wonder—
healing, healing.
Some things don't need a name.

7 August 2018

=====

Five minutes ago's
little cloud is gone now—
did it travel
or disperse?
I'll never know.
I can't keep watch
all the time
can I? One tree
has wind in it,
all the others still.
Little gifts are best,
the consolations.

7 August 2018

=====

**A mixing bowl from ancient Greece copied in
miniature in polished porphyry for the
tourist trade brought home forty years
ago and given to me by a woman
I was vainly in love with, she gay,
I straight, ages apart, other partners.
A woman dead now many years,
the bowl on the window, a virgin still.**

7 August 2018

(from a catalogue of every thing that ever came to me.)

=====

Every object is an Omen.

7 August 2018

=====

**Each night writes runes
the morning reads,
doesn't always get them right,**

**crosses and hatches and arrows,
things a dream knows how to gouge
into the rock of the mind.**

**These runes read in any
language you bring to the work,
shapes and directions and linked signs—**

just write down what they make you say.

7 August 2018

DISCIPLINA MAGICA

**Wait by the wall
call it a flower,
wait by the tree
and pray for rain—**

**so many lodges
in this Masonry.**

**Pretend to be a column,
rigid, upright,
a caryatid. Stand there
and hold up the sky.**

7 August 2018

=====

When the mind
runs out of think
when now
runs out of then

that hour of the night
you sit there
keeping watch
on nothingness

you can almost
hear it happening,
you turn off the light
and dark takes shape

around you,
a kind of peace
it brings, inside and
outside just the same.

8 August 2018

=====

Something to tell me still,
sycamore tree,
kid's air rifle rusty underneath,
wide field suddenly
given to me through the trees

Are you listening?
everything keeps saying,
we try, we try, we take notes
like children in the classroom,
our poor dull ears,
our notebook scrawls
illegible a day later
but we try,

and lord the glory
of that wide green hill
a mile away I never saw
up on the heights
talking all the while.

You don't have to know who I am,
you have a self of your own to know,
you don't have to know who I am,
you just have to know what I saw.

8 August 2018

TWO SAYINGS OF MY FATHER

1.

My father called her Mona Lisa
he said because she never smiled,
the waitress in the country, by the river.

I couldn't understand – the woman
in the painting smiles all the time
right at me, in her dreamy way,

as if I weren't there at all. I guess
that's what he really meant.

2.

Open the Gates of the Temple!
my father used to sing,
though no Mason he,
didn't even like them but he sang.

Tenors are like that, they know
everything, sing any words they choose,
no note too high, no scene
too intricate for their golden
tones to scissor through.

All I could do is growl in my young bass
but I vowed I would one day
get that temple open and go in.

8 August 2018

AB INGDON

**Patures gone,
all these folds
just a noise in the night
while earthmen ink
new numbers on
the skin of their lives,
the tattoos of ownership.
Or loss. In the story, the pasture
belonged to no one, the monks
wanted it, produced an omen
that agreed. Seized the meadow.
Something about a candle
and a floating shield. Unlikely
but the ordinary people
backed away. accepted. Maybe
wisely. We are marked
indelibly by what we own.**

8 August 2018

=====

**Rain in daylight hours rare
in that valley clouds forgot**

**but how does that affect
the dress you wear or the string**

**quartet you listen to
playing Biber on the lawn?**

**Forget the weather, pal,
it's all in you, unleash it**

**note by word by touch by
staring at the midnight sun.**

9 August 2018

=====

Did the Jews receive the Trinity of AIN from the Christians? did the Christians receive the Holy Trinity from Buddhists, the *Trikaya*? Did Buddhism offer it to Hinduism as the Three Forms of Deity, *trimurti*? Or did they all just breathe in, hold the breath, and breathe out again?

9 August 2018

=====

**Or what could be truer
than dreamless sleep?**

**A flower growing on a windy hill?
A pebble rolling in the surf?**

True as the horizon on a cloudy day.

9 August 2018

=====

**In reserve a wisdom
a book soaked in sea**

**this flame eats no oxygen
this house floats on air**

**you've seen the picture
now move in and live**

**no one will hinder
the wind is a strict teacher**

**grammar and spelling
and keep track of the cluds.**

9 August 2018

=====

**wait for the cart
that carries the sun,**

**the city's goddess, hip
out-thrust, looks**

**skeptically at her pet
philosophers.**

**This was Athens once
but now is here,**

**anywhere, and she still
looks on. Be careful**

**what you think. Her light
is always listening.**

9 August 2018

=====

**Remember the path
on the other side
of what you were listening to**

**it led to the fern break
where the apple stood
last evidence of Eden**

**what the story meant
she told the child
Jesus is climbing**

**in agony climbing
every hill in the world.
Something like that.**

***Din* means the law
dan means a judge.
For this child**

**sleep is mostly nightmare,
a sign on the wall
wraps its wings round his heart.**

10 August 2018

=====

Two swans entangled
necks and wings struggle
to the dore for a man
to help. Fact. Video
of it happening, sounds
like Russia, swans
patient, enduring touch,
even wanting it, the kind
man in his striped shirt
gently untangles them
neck by neck, wings
unwrapping till one
neck is free, one bird
leaps free and totters
up on land. How did
they get so stuck together,
love, or war? And who
will free us from our
connections? Who
stands there ready
to release us, he
ismhis beautiful striped
shirt, wish I had one like it.

10 August 2018

=====

Vericund

comes to mind
meaning true I guess
or something like a log
floating down a river
or stuck there
in the rapids
outside my office window.
Something fallen
becomes a fixed
part of the world—
that's what truth is.

10 August 2018

=====

**How to tell
this from that:
claim to be a pirate
or a prince,
impoverished immigrant ,
just [pomp tp stuff in stores
as if you had no English,
claim to be a holy man,
stare fiercely, make
soft sounds, smile.
See how they treat you—
now you know
what other people feel,
now you know what no one knows.**

10 August 2018

=====

**The few things I had
to say have blown away
I told them to the linden tree
then we both forgot them.
But Schubert remembered
long before I was born.
That is the nature of a song.**

10 August 2018

=====

**Not one leaf is moving now—
the tree is a snapshot of itself.
Frame by single frame
the day begins. But then one
pick-up truck has the gall to pass.**

10 August 2018

=====

**The new word is waiting
for the old word to go to bed.
Sleep with me, the old one says,
then I will be new too, or even be you.
Words are like that, drowse
into each other until we who
use them wake—then their work is done.**

10 August 2018

=====

**After the dream
what could we do?**

**Stone still stood
so we stood still,**

**;osteningf. Listening
still. Sometimes it**

**speaks, or someone
does. What we can't see**

**instructs us. This is all
we preach here**

**in this quiet church—
plain glass windows**

**only our faces
stained with light.**

11 August 2018

=====

**Wanatanka Island
end of the pier
halyard clanging
against flagpole,**

**Hudson landed here
1609 sign says,
wide mouth where
creek spills out**

**into his river.
Beautiful place to work
between water and water
between history and now**

**and it's almost ocean,
two bald eagles perched
across the channel,
almost ocean,**

**almost home.
If I still smoked I'd
offer smoke to the four
directions , the local gods**

but all I have is breath.

11 August 2018

=====

**Hard to forgive people
for not being me
but I try. In dream I argue
with a room full of them
about importance of Busoni,
his Bach transcriptions
go to the heart of the intellect.
People disagree, get upset
when I recall how Glenn
Gould called Richard
Strauss the greatest
composer of the century—
and he was right! Dear
Strauss who shared this
earth with me for fourteen
years, then went to heaven,
I went to high school and was
taught to to debate. People!
I'm, as bad as the rest of them,
stuffed with poignant opinions.
Reluctant to forgive.**

11 August 2018

=====

**Intuitive as indigo
as shadow
always knowing, showing
where we are.**

**A word
is like that. Say a word
and hold it next to a friend's face.
Any word. And see all you learn:**

**a word doesn't just
know its own thing,
it knows a part of everything.**

11 August 2018

=====

**Amaryllis doesn't
seem to thrive
with us, sleeps
dreaming of its own,
home, gardener, the one
who nestled it
and tucked it in—
didn't know a plant
could have a mother.
But it does.**

11 August 2018

=====

**Some things some times
to remember:
the color called *viridian*.
The stream Pactolus
whence the Lydians drew gold.
The semaphore's wooden arms
beside the old DL&W track.
Not all of them are in a book.**

11 August 2018

=====

**The women scream in church
and call it song, the men groan and grunt
their words beneath, the song
they label prayer. How strange
religion is when it slips
outside the heart and mind
and spreads itself out on the streets!
Will it ever come home?**

(waking to church music)
12 August 2018

=====

**Taking care of the other
is the only way to the self
he said.**

**And when
you find the self, say
adios, stranger, and go in.**

**But go in where?
I am the door, he said.**

(for Seaspel)
12 August 2018

=====

**Nimble knowing.
Facts impede?
Dream past them—
every night an university.
When you wake,
for a moment you see
the other side of what we are.**

12 August 2018

=====

**I don't want to say it
it has to be said.
An alarm clock
ticking away in the desert.
A tattered copy of the Gospel According to St. John.
A barrel rolling down a hill,
log on a big river,
empty kayak drifting,
ancientstatue of Artemis
or is it Athena?
Look for the creature at her side.
Love alone made me tell you this.**

12 August 2018

=====

**Broken china,
remember? Nothing
breaks anymore.
Things have decided
to be permanent.
A single song lasts
and lasts, the world
buzzes like a bee.
In fact I think the bees
came here and conquered us
quietly, with honey
and conformity.
I lick the spoon
like a good child,
but sometimes want
to smash the glass.**

12 August 2018

=====

**Walking there instead
I found a banknote on the curb
and spent it at the opera.
That is what travel is for,
space for time to tell its lies
so we think we know where we were
and where we're coming from.**

12 August 2018

OFFICE VISIT

List all the diseases
you never had, list
all the cities you never
lived in, never even saw.
Leave nothing out, name
all the strangers you saw
on your way here, spell
their names correctly.
When you're done, hand in
the paper. The doctor will see you now.

12 August 2018

=====

Walked in woods
walked in stone
we are students
of the Black Sea
girls' voices easy
past the fallen tree,
rock outcrop,
many little streams.

2.
That is enough
information for you
to reconstruct
my dream.
It was green.

3.
Night gifts obvious
perfect vision of the unseen
so much water by my feet
friendly mud to show the way
water comes from somewhere
follow the muddy earth
to find the ultimate source.

4.

I had forgotten my way in.
I went by contour not lines of sight,
every now and then look up
and see a narrow vista on each side—
slopes everywhere, no tableland,
learn to see with my feet.

5.

Everyone's a virgin when they sleep
and dawn, that ravisher, hides in the trees,
stoking the light up to lure us
into the strict legislations
of the day.

13 August 2018

=====

**How much we learn from green,
grown, greed, grow near.
The gentleness of otherness.**

**Look close into the trees
see a million stars—
all colors around their core.**

Green is the core.

13 August 2018

=====

Beginning saver
natural wood.
From the flarf field
come again
into the pretend-land
of meaning something
from me as it were to you
“whoever I am” as Walt
should have said and surely meant.

2.
Saving the beginning
is a sort of animal
you feel its fur in sleep
mink-soft but bigger,
a fisher maybe, fisher of dream.

3.
Or does he mean fissure
of dreams, that *sulca*
(Latin, ‘furrow’)
from which all dreams
slip into the mind from the brain—
assuming a difference there
nobody really understands.

4.

But every *body* does.

I suppose that's why they make
kids play hockey or soccer in school,
to remind them their muscles
are smarter than their teachers.

5.

But not smarter than the ABCs—
the alphabet knows everything
and never really shuts up
thank the lords of runes and letters.

6.

That's why
(what's why?)
the beginning
is always waiting.
Not my beeswax
to tell you where it lurks—
go back to Flarfistan
and string random words together—
infallibly, infallibly
they will do the beginning for you,

**just read the nonsense clear
and write what comes to mind.
Or paint it on a neighbor wall
or build a church and pray to it—
the beginning will always love you,
the beginning even began
you to begin with.**

13 August 2018

OVER TRAFFIC

**Crow conversation.
People spend
so much time going.
Birds too. Or
are they always *here*?**

14 August 2018

=====

**Things that are given
work best.
Christ in cornfield
(Russian poem Russian song),
we use what we hear.
The ripe ears, seeds,
the melody. This
pen for instance
my true love gave to me.**

14 August 2018

=====

**I want you to hear my confession
but I have no sins.
I want to kneel in your dark
and be forgiven
for everything I forgot or didn't do.
Nothing comes to mind
and you know how to pardon even that.**

14 August 2018

=====

Where am I on the meter?

Neuter. Incomplete.

Full set of pronouns but no teeth.

I wake the needle quiver when I sing.

14 August 2018

=====

**Pallor of the sky
as if it woke before it should
sheet pulled up to its chin
trying to go back to that dream.**

14 August 2018

=====

**I slept a whole ocean
but woke without salt.
The woman who walked
past me in dream is gone.**

14 August 2018

=====

We have so much to tell
and so little time
he said or the
other way round.

14 August 2018=====

When the said world
and the such world
are or seem
 the same
the hand is steady
and the heart's aim true.

So say, to speak
until alignment
the images concur,
blend, and it is done.

16 August 2018

=====

**Mantic resistance
to mere knowledge
can be fatal in kings.
Poor kingdom,
agnostic throne.
Evidence is all!**

16 August 2018

=====

**The invention of money and modern banking
was the death knell of ceremonial magic.
Now money is the materia prima,
the imaginary made real. No more symbols—
only numbers always increasing.**

16 August 2018

=====

**I was almost out the door
when the phone pulled me back in.
It was my brother
calling from another world.
I have no brother, I said,
puzzled, annoyed.
You have no brother and I am he
the voice said and the phone went dead.
I went back to my door again.
Will it open? Will it let me through?**

16 August 2018

=====

**Water falls uphill
when you dive in.
It tries to go back to the sky
from which it came,
ancient rain.**

**That's what the tide
really means, ardent
solemnity of breasting high
as it can *to be above*.**

**And when the swimmer kicks her feet
or splashes around in the shallows
how happy ocean is then,
lifting, lifting,
like the great waves
off Oahu rejoicing,
happy even to let surfers ride.**

16 August 2018

=====

**My poor eyesight
keeps me from counting
the leaves on the trees
like Bruckner
whose vast blind music
hurries forward ever
trying to embrace
everything we can't see.**

16 August 2018

=====

Seeing ferns
from far away.
Dark and moist
as they are they
seem to play with sun,
fingering the light.
Dark, cool, playful,
all the way
across the lawn
in the shade they love,
shade of big trees,
hiding, playing,
being many.
Fern means far.

16 August 2018

= = = = =

The temple is there
but who can see it,
the gates unlocked
but who dares open them?

A little boy licking lemon ice
because he's lactose intolerant
and on this summer day
a little girl braiding her long hair

a man just waiting for the bus?
These are the dancers,
the grave field marshall conning her maps,

the kids in the row behind me
who never shut up,
these are our heroes, our warriors,

explorers of *the unknown present*,
the real hidden deep
inside the merely actual.

17 August 2018

=====

A day when food
tastes subtly wrong,
remember? A day
when light had a strange
color in it, you
were there too,
a day the phone rang
in the forest and you
answered but nobody
there, a day you looked
down into the well
and the sky was missing,
I was just a companion,
you were the protagonist,
I held you in my arms
as you cried and cried
but I knew nothing of your grief.

17 August 2018

=====

**There are stories to tell
but no one to listen.
I lift the horn is how
one begins, and another
I watched two stars fall.
And those are only the ones
with me in them— thousands
more about you—stories
that are like makers, like lovers
like soft shadows of God.**

17 August 2018

=====

**I remember the body
but forget the face,
as if the body is truer,
or as if a person I met
long ago was really
a waterfall, or a palm tree
full of white birds
and flowers and I still
can't tell what kinds they were.**

17 August 2018

=====

**Not far but away.
Not near, but enough.
The tender arms of fellowship
are sometimes very long.**

17 August 2018

GIFT PEN, BARREL OF WOOD

**With what I am given
I write all I'm given.**

17.VIII.18

=====

1.

**Rule the August Christmases
cradled in the crib of time,
shape time by sheer knowing
it is always now but then**

2.

**Don't think about it.
You are a map of small towns
in the mountains of Me,
believe it, things do come back.**

3.

**I am more like you than anyone
and this is always true. Hard to see
a single image here
with all this music everywhere.**

4.

**Eventually the child wakes up
inside somebody else, cries
in the crib until Mother comes
presses ribcage gently, smiles, silences.**

5.

**So you too are pregnant now
and with so many. Let them out**

**that's what space and time are for,
to fill with implausible identities.**

6.

**Until the one comes you christmas for
don't be adequate, stop being who you are,
lie on the kitchen floor's cool linoleum—
this is the life, this is everybody else.**

18 August 2018

=====

**When the sky looks like this
I want to rain too,
I have kept you waiting, world,
for so many years, and back then
I was your brother. Now
I am a stranger, tree or lake,
sky or railroad, hard to tell,
my silence deep embedded,
embodied in all your words.**

18 August 2018

'= = = = =

**Swimming?
Hard enough
to be on land.
There is no
going back.
Accept the omen
of gravity, we
are already half
way to the sky.**

18 August 2018

FELIX

**Octet. Eight voices
of Mercury's child.
Put a tool in his hand
and all around him
it cries Make me sound!
Let them hear me!
How deep is his well,
he sets to his task,
work is the first joy of all —
love comes later.**

18 August 2018

=====

**Can you remember why you first loved me?
What a genius you must have
for what the Romans called *inuentio*,
both finding actual things and making things up.**

18 August 2018

=====

**Waiting for the other
side to begin—
reality so-called
as or is an old
78 rpm record
easily cracked,
needle now
in the distorted
inner grooves—
pray for the flip
side, then relax
again into the
momentary real.**

19 August 2018

=====

**Acumen
does not rhyme with human,
ghost
does not rhyme with lost.
Reality surrounds us
but wee....**

19 August 2018

= CLAM SHELLS ON THE HUDSON

Tidal flats
shells
millions of them
Venus mercenaria
even here
so far from the real.

19 August 2018

=====

ERRATA

in an unwritten book:

Change *dawn* to *danger*.

***Heart* should be *heathen*.**

Full stop not comma after *love*.

***Number* should be *member*.**

For *false* read *tales*.

For *other* read *altar*.

For *go* read *god*.

19 August 2018

THE PARADOX

**The pen is
mightier than the sword
only if
your enemy knows how to read.**

19.VIII.18

=====

**I was a barbarian
in my dreams
thought only of travel
acquisition, property,
progeny. I could
have been living in the Bible,
polishing my car Sunday afternoon.**

19 August 2018

=====

Sun tossing leaves about
tickling the tree—
only one, only one
tree seems ticklish.
But then slowly
another trembles—
is it a great solemn
dance, a *pas de tous*?

19 August 2018

GERMANS

Fenster means window.

Finster means dark.

What were they thinking,
a window is to let the darkness in?

20 August 2018

ESTUARY

**If I set by the river long enough
the tide will tell me.
It just takes a little longer than the sea.**

20.VIII.18

=====

**I'm just trying to tell you
a few things I learned in dream,
how snow should be spelled
(with 3 bs = snobb'b), and money
(paper money) tends to point
directly to the one you love, and how
without a moment's notice some
passing woman will turn bright red.
And things look at you all the time
whether you're asleep or awake.**

20 August 2018

DREAMATURGY

I revised the setting of my dream,
put it back in a small town
with awnings to let me hurry
more or less undrenched
through the sudden rain—getting
where I wanted to be!
Not clear where that is
or what it will be like—
I still haven't read ahead in the script.

20 August 2018

BOTANY

**Flowers have good memories,
alas, and while they're in your vase,
on your table, conversation going on
all around them, they're always
thinking of the tender lap of earth
where they once grew, they yearn
for it still, and weep, and we
chattering as usual look over
and call their weeping withering.**

20 August 2018

A REFUTATION OF TU FU

**Today things should have titles
stop floating poems
naked down the river—
put them in bottles, with labels,
and then toss them in.
I mean no disrespect
to the ancient Chinese,
we are an anxious people,
fretful, we read the labels,
we need to know ahead of time
how many calories in what we read.**

20 August 2018

=====

**And on window screen
so far from earth
anatomized by sunlight.
Everything known, everything shown
making a tour of the whole aperture
but everywhere seems to keep him out.
Lives surround us, we belong to them,
these very words you're reading
are an accident of biology.
Life lives us
for its own purposes
and gives us dreams
of identity, names,
notions, nations,
to keep us going.**

20 August 2018

In Tibetan, dro-wa, literally 'goer' means any living being

=====

for Urs.

**Walls need doors
but doors need walls more.
Cartoon from childhood (my father
loved this) picture of a door all alone
standing in the the middle of a field—**

**Did that reveal
the essence of a door?
Or its opposite?**

**Jesus said: *I am the door.*
Who or what is the wall?**

20 August 2018

=====

I took a book down
it opened me
to a word I didn't know.

How can I find
its meaning? I take
down another book

and it opens me again
to the same word,
spelled a little differently

maybe. Not sure.
I close my eyes
and try to open the word.

20 August 2018

=====

**Opening the door
in no wall**

**climbing the wall
that isn't there**

**all my life spent
in such pleasures**

and here's another.

**20 August 2018
Catskill**

A STONE CHURCH NEAR TANNERSVILLE

Hand wringing bell wringing
glum [?] glory
of the ungene,
caught in the middle
sit in a puddle
watching the photons
glitter all over
making you think
there's a world around you
but there's nobody there.

2.

A world means people in it
to be. The rocks
are afterthoughts, the water
is our mother though
and shapes us out. Slaps
against the side of the boat the mind.

3.

A fairy tale made me up
wound me up
and I've been ticking ever since
how about you?
Some from fiction some from fact are born,
dragging at heel, though tame
let me stay we say or cry

like poor old Faust let me linger
here it is so pretty
here where I think I am
as yesterday in Tannersville
by the empty church
All Souls and not a soul in it,
tower cross and weathercock conjoined,
the wind at ease the grasses eloquent.

4.

See how description
is a prescription
to ease the thought
into a seeing
of being,
being somewhere.
Thus I persuade myself to stay
ignore the earth rolling beneath my feet.
We were not born
to take account of time,
a watch is a blasphemy,
a serpent round the wrist.

5.

It's almost done.
The Spanish-speaking workmen
are working on the roof.
Ladders and scaffolds
a lot for the two of them.
they talk eager

in mountain silence.
How happy we were
to be there,
work and weather,
church and the slight forevers
of prim churchyard,
gravestones preaching
on the mountain
must mean something—
they have so much time
to think things up:
And then the mountain
let us go,
back to the fairytale
we spin by living,
we who once were ocean
sleep nine hours and dream the sky.

21 August 2018
(end of Notebook 416)

=====

**A Chinese chandelier
trhe stars are.
A child runs past,
fast. The lost
gender of the actual
things. Night
will light them up.
The child will grow
and everything
will be over,
the table cleared.**

(a fragment from last week)
21 August 2018

A THANKSGIVING

**Language
and writing out what language says**

has been an immense joy my whole life.

**Whatever happens to me and to my work
writing all these pages
has been day after day
a sustaining gladness.**

**I pray that others may find that joy too
in my work and their own.**

22 August 2018

=====

Sometimes it stays the same.
By this tree Richard
Plantagenet was slain
on this very day,
This is the field. The field
is everywhere.

Time
is the one thing that stands still..
That's what saints' days mean
and Lammas and Yom Kippur,
they are fixed points and we
stumble and dance around them
and the tree has not moved at all.

22 August 2018

=====

**Quiet étude
wqho are you
today, and I?**

**Budge the weather
just a little,
touch the sound,
the source.**

**Now you know
and in knowing
you are known.**

22 August 2018

=====

**Morning coffee in Camelot
girded loins
church in the mountains
guarded by lions
prowling the child's mind—**

**no one goes in
anymore as if a door
meant forever.**

**Peek through the picture:
all the colors on an empty altar.**

22 August 2018

=c = = = =

**Heavy handbag
packed with yesterday**

**light as a soft breath
compared to tomorrow.**

22 August 2018

NULL SET

1.

Three poems
dream-given
three shapes
but not one
word inside them.

2.

Should I architect
a house with no
one in it,
shelves, shelves?

3.

Mention *things*
and bring *children* in,
the old formula
hardly ever fails.

4.

Or be an Indian
Hindu or Huron,
smile at the edges,
ever be Other.

5.

But I was Greek
to begin with,
a loop of red
string round
a marble thigh
slips to the ground,
one age is done.

6.

Lost my language
on Mulholland Drive
swept clean by vista
night outstretched
over sparkling orgasms
all the faraways
having fun, I loved
that city when I was free
o memory is seafoam
a miracle of loss.

7.

Revise at leisure,
scrape your own
screams out of the scrawl.
The folk-soul still speaks
but most of us are mixlings
German Celts or Slavic Jews

**we have so many angels—
wise folk hearken to them all.**

8.

**An ant walks on my desk
to tell me things that dream forgot.
Go somewhere and be quick about it,
prompt fruit, ;iterate tree,
subway to the sun.**

9.

**Book without a title—
hard to get a handle on the sky.**

**See, already the breath comes back
that was once sent out to pray or persuade.**

10.

**So what was it like to be him
when he went to church or drank his kvas
or faced the firing squad or washed his hair?
What is it really like to be anybody,
man or woman, shark or savior, you?**

11.

That might be
enough to know.
Nice weather today
grass quiet.
I dreamed the Met
was passing
or I lassed it, museum
not the opera, façade alone,
outside only, not the stuff
inside, those gorgeous
words in that sprawling
stone sentence. But the sun
was shining, sure, what more
could any decent person ask?

12.

The shapes fill up
with meaning.
The red twine
slithers to the ground.
The leg is bare,
the culture is old
again, the stone.
Fold the image
carefully and fold
again. Put it
in your pocket—
I love that phrase.

13.

Weather is the
longest-running
Broadway musical.

14.

Take the little magnet
off the door of the fridge
and listen to it reverently—
love life of a magnet!
All the iron in the galaxy
is mine, mine, mine!

15.

That is, if you like music.
Someone said the bishop and his wife
ate ice cream cones by the river,
music kept them busy
blocking the sound but the words
came through the taste
butterscotch and caramel
until the music finally
drove thinking out. Except
how come chocolate ice cream
never taste like chocolate chocolate?

**16.
As usual
we turn
to the river
for answers
because water
always yields
holy information
we seem to need.
Come live with me
it says, come home
and live content
in this flowing
landscape bright
with no explanation.**

23 August 2018

PARKING LOT

**child runs by
he wears the same
tee shirt I wore
yesterday. Then two
mothers pass
talking loud,
pushing strollers.
Breeze cool sun bright
evidently the world
again, and this time
it's young, Two
girls walk by quick
not talking at all.
And cars, cars
I think are our life—
but are we old enough
to drive, young enough
to see clearly
what's ahead?
Walk instead, walk
ahead, follow
the silent girls
heading the other way,
back to the beginning .**

**23 August 2018
Front St., Kingston**

=====

Registering the fear
allowing it to tell
how much a touch
means, a silent
conversation.

But a boisy one goes
by in an open-
windowed car, throb
of my own pulse
when my right ear
rests a certain way
on my pillow. No one
there. Car gone.
My blood silent.

Fear of daylight,
fear of dark.
The alone touches
me, reminds me
I'm still not sure of what.

23 August 2018
Front St., Kingston

=====

In a crowd
of trees
are people.
You move
through the crowd
like people
in a city trying
not to touch.
The bark may
let you but the leaf
may not forgive you.
So slowly
they know how
to move.
Hurry past them,
stranger, hurry home.

23 August 2018

====

Can we find the miller in his mill,
tell his pale daughter from the wheat,
can we drive to wisdom, sleep
in an Airstream trailer on the way,
visit the Roman ruins or Bannerman's
Island or just stay home? The miller
watches the millstream pass, thinks:
the Dutch called this little brook a *kill*,
wonders at the wickedness of words.
Why must a miller have a mill,
can't he summon flour from the powdered stars
Milton speaks of, can't the flour sift down
from heaven like the long amber hair of his daughter,
daughters, Milton had three of them,
listen while he speaks his book, but why
is our miller weeping, what's so sad
about a stone turning around and around
forever as long as the stream goes on weeping?
Aren't we all the same life? Or are we the wheat?
Now we have scared ourselves with speculation.
Now we climb in to the car, roll up the windows
drive all the way back to sleep.

24 August 2018

=====

**Have I enough
of the new
to be a river or
just the same
old lake?
Too many snakes,
mud, weeds ,
seeds, seeds only.
Where are my trees?**

24 August 2018

=====

**That was about
doubt. But
I don't do it.
No doubt, doubt
does nothing.
Being wrong
achieves everything.**

24 August 2018

=====

**Even one word
would help,
might cure the time.**

**The way a robin
early morning tries
to heal the day.**

**Now you do it too,
be a miracle, a noun
with a thousand verbs.**

24 August 2018

=====

**Is there enough light
left in the pen
to see by?**

**Thinking
builds out around ink.**

24 August 2018

=====

1.

Slept till Saturday
the slate chalky
sky her hands
smeared almost
letters in,
 for us to read,
ogham, runes,
rememberings.

2.

To wake inside another—
what will you say
when they ask at the gate?
I slept late, I miss
my mother, let me in?
And maybe they will
and maybe they can't,
the gate has a will of its own.

3.

So content yourself with the ancient
sciences, astrology, history,
chemistry, go to the garden
for your doctoring, creeping thyme,

runaway oregano.

Shun

occult arts, mathematics.

The world is not yet ready for numbers.

4.

But believe me when I cry.

My grief is speculative

but the tears are real.

How close we seem

when we touch!

This

is the imaginary condition

called space,

dangerous & true,

for us it leaves that cruel fiction, time.

5.

So when the breeze, for instance,

touches your skin, say,

for that little eternity

you belong to the air.

You're here, at home

at last. And when

the wind falls,

off you go, pilgrim,

wandering again.

6.

It takes a mountain
to make a man
of you or woman
who can stand alone,
a mountain or a fallen leaf,
a thunderstorm,
to be alone. Alone
even for an hour,
so rare, unshared
by dog or duty,
just alone, alone,
say it slowly,
a whole opera in that song.

7.

So wait for me at the gate?
Not necessary. The password I know
may have expired. The angel
who leans on the wrought iron
may be tired of my imprecation,
angels get bored too,
annoyed with our fumbling identities.
We might both stand there
till late afternoon
changing of the guard.
Maybe the new hour will let us go through
and only when we do
will we know if we're going in or out.

8.

That's the problem I read
on the slate of the sky
when I woke, late,
Sabbath sluggard
hurrying to tell you
everything but what I think.
Thinking is dead
but telling alive,
telling gives life,
sustains the teller and the told—
the tale must be true if it reaches you.
Or is that just something that I think?

9.

At least being
awake is
the next stop.
Schubert never heard his music played—
why do I think of that
or is it even true?
It is wrong and right at once.
I went to sleep
hearing his 9th Symphony,
called it Beethoven's Tenth
and dozed. Morning
called me a liar—
but you knew that already

**if you've been listening.
There is no slate,
no history, no sky.
Only music and the touch of skin.**

25 August 2018

=====

**Some things are enough.
Schoolboy favors.
Apple in the desk,
mottos on the blackboard—
painted on above
where you erase—
Write Before You Think
one says, and *Attend not*
to What the teacher
says but what she is.
The taste of chalk
reminds you of the beach.
But when will you
be ready to begin?**

25 August 2018

=====

**I never learned to swim.
Fact. Walking seemed
enough for one life.**

25 August 2018

=====

Who are those
who come before us
gazing into the Adriatic
crystal so green
september calm

who are our mothers?
white as the dome of santa Maria Maggiore
gilded with the crown of sunset,
she?

2.
give us at least a chance to say so
and then the door opened

the door always does

3.
the wolves have vanished from the hill
where they lived a little while
after the secret police
brought them down from the high mountains

why, why?

but i gaze with faith
into their yellow eyes

**and they answered
with their noble calm**

*the ancient times have never ended
we are still the beginning of the world*

**yes, every decent
animal knows that.**

25 August 2018

=====

the later Greeks added the accents
the later Jews added vowel signs

what will iour descendants add
to the words we think we write so lucidly?

Time takes our sound away
truth of our voices,
time to come won't be able
to tell me from thee

or *thee* from *the*, and will wonder
why we write love poems
to the definite article.

And why not?
Isn't a word as good as a wife?

No. Fraid not. A word
creates us but cannot be us.

Only one word ever was.

25 August 2018

=====

**All countries are imaginary
all there really is
is water rock and human hands**

**you who read these words
are the queen or king of it
the only country**

**the distant impossible
other one
right beneath our feet.**

25 August 2018

=====

listening to *Faust*
seventy years later—
it hasn't aged a bit,
in fact it sounds
fresher than before,
internet radio
from somewhere else
far away, no stage
to distract me, no
human bodies to blur
the clean outlines
of human voices. Satan
still conducts the ball
and we still end in heaven.

25 August 2018

=====

Ungainly horse
a human habit
to walk biped
thus free the paws
for fiddling,

I carry you
on mind-back
through the fields
of me until
we understand
each other,
sober stallions
and wise fillies
trying hard
with pens and bows
hammers and chisels
to walk on all
fours again—
the earth
misses us.

26 August 2018

=====

**Egregious means
outside the *grex*
the flock—to be
an outcast
by dint of bad behave,
or be a bishop
among bathing beauties
as they used to dare
call women by
the mere look of them—
now that’s egregious too.**

26 August 2018

=====

**At a certain point
you stop reading
and only remember.**

**Maybe the eyes do it
or the mind turns
away at last
to process all,
all the gaudy
information
life insisted on,**

**the names. the names,
all the names.**

26 August 2018

/

=====

**I close my eyes
and see the grain of wood,**

**dark-varnished, black
words small print**

**right in the grain,
a backwoods bible**

whispering the truth.

26 August 2018

== == == ==

Castigate
is not a flower
we live
by sleek permissions
like the ruddy fur
of mink or fisher—
I wrote a letter
and slipped it in a wall,
old drystone, somebody
read it, somebody
will answer me, yes?
A novel has its echo
built in, an echo
is its opposite.
Someone will come by
and read this later,
shout the answers
so the trees can hear it
and then go back to sleep.
Already I feel
the stone beneath my hand.

26 August 2018

VIA REGIS

1.

Intuition

 the king said
is to be tutored
by a voice within.

Agreeable doctrine,
bird on a ledge
traveler resting in the shade,
hedge around churchyard,
bright red berries of the yew.
All these are given
by his majesty.

2.

But who is this monarch,
husband of a queen
in her own right, light
accompanies her wherever
and forever, she's all about
windows, windows and doors,
and she tells him
the wise things he says.

3.

Never underestimate
the power of a leaf.
It turns yellow,
drops from the branch
and flutters past
and your heart sinks.

4.

That was his majesty's
sermon for today,
late summer relevance.
A little obvious, a little true.
Just like you and me.

5.

Gangway to the royal barge—
slippery with evening dew,
a friendly boatswain helps you on,
tells you where life jackets stored.
And then the floating happens,
such cities you pass through,
parliaments and synagogues and minarets
gloomy mountains eyebrowing [?] your canal.
So much you learn on board and then you wake.

6.

Inspiration

is the thief of doubt

the king repeated

as if I hadn't heard him before.

I was tempted to ask how a man

(any man) in his position

could have learned that

and been sure of it.

But I didn't because I already knew.

27 August 2018

THE INTENTION OF PUNCTUATION

! = slim balloon
rising suddenly
above a startled crowd.

? = Q for question
suddenly uncoiling
looking around in doubt,
unraveling with uncertainty

■ = A locked door.
Stop and get the key.

; = stop here
but the key is
dangling below the lock.

■ =
stop, stop—
this is new stuff looking up.

27 August 2018

=====

**There seems a moment
when the day is true—
you look out the window
and see a door.
You go out and open it.
And that's how flowers happen.**

27 August 2018

=====

**The first temple—
a shell to protect
the people from God.**

27 August 2018

=====

**I'm off duty
till a word
appears, a word
from a magic book
lost an age ago
and found tomorrow.**

28 August 2018

=====

**How can
the heat hurt?**

**It looks so quiet
out there, trees
dreaming, sky
a vacant stare.**

28 August 2018

=====

**In German weather means storm
here it means anything,
everything, that happens all round us**

**loud or soft; sweat or shiver.
I wonder who it really is
we live inside?**

28 August 2018

=====

**In the Three of Cups
we see three maidens
variously undressed
drinking from three chalices.**

**We are noy shown
what if anything
is in the cups—**

**it may all be dumb show
to make us thirsty.**

**What do you thirst for?
What would you actually drink?**

28 August 2018

=====

**Is this a part of that?
Am I part of it?
I dreamed green chasms
in rock ravines.
In dream we always
teeter on the edge
of something, even
if it's only waking up.**

28 August 2018

=====

**You know it's fall
when shotguns shout—
I heard a noise
sounded just like that.
But heavy heat today,
the deer still safe.**

28 August 2018

=====

**Galilee they used to call
the fore paws of a church,
where people stand a breath
between out and in,**

**still getting ready, not yet
the mystical Jerusalem within.**

**Every house should have
a little countryside like that in it,**

**a quiet place between
where you get ready,
build up your strength
to face the truth inside.**

28 August 2018

=====

*Cold by night
and hot by day
toughen up
the ancient way*

he quoted from
an unwritten book
he must think
all the rest of us know
and in fact we do.

28 August 2018

=====

**Church in the woods
to choose**

**lost in trees,
you wonder, you wonder
why here**

**or why anywhere
a house to think
aloud in,**

**with other],
upward, or outward.**

**Why not just stand there
like the trees?**

**Because we talk,
because we don't
really know it
till we say it,
whatever it is.**

28 August 2018

=====

**Christ is our Son
the One we must become.**

28 August 2018

TIAMAT

Curled comfy on her white leather loveseat, her white gown snug around her voluptuous hips, she's smoking one of those little gold-tipped Russian cigarettes. She waves her bejeweled hand at me, the smoke curls up, she tells me to begin.

29 August 2018

[This as preamble to the next two fictions I may come to write was coined in mind in waking.]

REVERENCE

the most important
animal in our minds,
do it for God
or for the gods or
whatever makes you
stop and shiver
and just know,
it stirs in the flutter
of beginning, sings
at the end of every
work, task, do it,
do it for everyone all.

29 August 2018

THE REAL

**Tall carafe
if tap-water
restaurant
table. Choose
the simplicity,
the free.
It makes all
the costly dishes
nourish your
psyche too, lucid
metabolism
of the soul.**

29 August 2018

=====

I'm after something here—
ah, a horn blowing
in the woods nearby,
a streak of cirrus
over Cedar Hill.
Charles Parker's
birthday, a few
leaves begin to
fall. hot as today
is. Is that it?
Is it time again
the mind hears,
the final overtone?

29 August 2018

=====

**Don't count his lovers,
count his friends,
then you'll know
what manner man
he is or was, lord
save us from conquistadors!**

29 August 2018

A JOURNEY

Meaning to be there
I took a train
and became it, rode
silently my rails
gleamed silver
in the moonlight
ruddy already
with summer end.
I rode my track,
churned my wheels,
from time to time
I blew my horn.

How else can a man
get from here to there?
They laid new track
for me in the trees,
spanned a trestle
over a middling stream,
they gave me some
ballet dancers
to prance and pose
as villagers of those
towns I dashed through
full speed, full of breath,
my chest expanding,
gasping, mouthing,

then calmed, calmed.
Serene as moonlight
I slipped into the station
long ago intended
for my destination..
Let the steam out,
quieted, stopped.
I was alone at last.

29 August 2018

=====

Coin on desk
in morning light
looks like silver
but is not.

Silver must be
on the menu today,
sagittal suture
moonlight in cranium

what have they been up to
now, the faerie folk
who spin the dials
inside our minds?

Silver, dearest silver,
nickels and dimes
across the room
pretend your gleam,

o the opera house
we live inside,
the crazy colors
that paint us every

day completely new.

29 August 2018

=====

**I saw a hummingbird
made of glass, a window
woven from linen,
then from a coffin
built pf light
an ancient abbot
came to life and spoke:
*no bird but brain
no coin but care,
someday even you
will come to life and know.***

29 August 2018

=====

**Things wait, want
to tell their woes.
All we have to do is listen—
hearing is too hard.**

29 August 2018

HOT SPELL

1.

**Let the heat leave a little
and a little of itself inside
to ride a while, canyon
with no shade except its rock
desert wide heat by night
enough to warm the stars.**

2.

**You think everything is far?
Not so. Near as your norm,
right across the room, a monk
blesses the distances, folds them
neatly on the shrine. Miles
are only altar cloths at best.**

3.

**Reflect: yje stars
are your looking-glass,
that shiny surface
an inch below your thought.**

4.

I've never come this way before
but recognize the house
by the half-opened shutters,
the creep of ivy up the wall.

It stands well off the road
and recently got painted blue.
Some tin flashing where
the chimney meets the roof
catches the setting sunlight.

I know who lives here
and so do you. Never
weary of the familiar—
it is the key in your hand.

5.

The clouds come in—
you know they're people too,
don't you? Whole populations
who carry learning lightly,
bring intelligence. Information.
Hail them, lift an empty glass
to them and drink their juicy atmosphere..

6.

Trying not to think
of the risks,
the mortal habits
of immortal mind

into flesh and out
of it again, the cycle
of mere seeming
turns true.

7.

Blue seeps into the sky
and I lose the thread
of my argument,
the teacher smiles.

8.

Long breath—
 Lady,
live for love
that root of all the arts
crafts and sciences,
the only accurate
measure we have,
you are the altar
decked with flowers,
the stadium loud with victory

but not a soul in sight
in all that space
except the lucid glance
of one, the one you are.

9.
The desert after all
has a lot to tell.
Confide in me,
the sandstone says,
I will keep your secrets
always, let you forget them
and live free.

A hundred
miles of dense forest
but I can feel the desert
dream inside the trees.

10.

Place erases
the traces
of those who pass—
that's what music is.

30 August 2018

=====

**Not another word
about pilgrimage,
not a word about sex.
No birds in this sky
and all the horses
still unsaddled.**

**It suddenly occurred to him
that the whole world is a road
and he was home already. Relax,
brush up his Latin, sleep.**

40 August 2018

ON THE LINTEL

**Whoever
can read
my writing
is invited in.**

30.VIII.18

=====

**Characteristics of blue
over and under
dangerously cool
the eyes on you.**

30.VIII.18

=====

**How boring we were in the old days
corn on the cob and the Royal Canadians,
we had ordinary weather and Christmas trees,
even the sun took a nap every late afternoon.**

30 August 2018

APOTHEGMATA PANERÆ

**Resilience
is a number
picked for a lottery**

*

**Red flowerpot
for white flower:
the law**

*

**we live all over
the place the moon
keeps trying
to eat the sky**

*

**the [lane lands
taxis along
the consenting earth**

*

**sailors, have you counted
are there enough
leaves on your tree?**

*

glorious deceivers
the real angels
of false religions—
Rilke saw them,
tried in vain
to evade their kiss.

30 August 2-18

WHAT THE COOL NIGHT TAUGHT ME

**In the old days
there were two religions.
One was Christianity
carried to Rome by Simon Peter—
he had been given by Christ
the keys to the kingdom of...
but there the translation went a little awry—
like *ciel* and *Himmel*, heaven
meant heaven but also meant the sky—
Peter's were the keys to the sky.**

**The other religion was also Christianity
brought into the furthest west
by Christ's brother Jacob,
whom we call James**

**and Christ gave to James
the keys to the kingdom of the sea,**

**James took the old Roman road
all the way to the ocean in the west
where they still ran from time to time
a ferry to the little island
the last few acres of Atlantis
still above water in those days**

**and there James built an edifice of sound
and understanding, taught it to the waves
who repeat it to us clearly
down to this day if we listen,**

**and to honor James and his transmission,
we still send pilgrims to
the ferry slip in Galicia
though that boatruns no more.**

30 / 31 August 2018

=====

Strange lovers
craving sugar
u sought
to oblige them

but only so much
you can do
in a dream.

2.
I threw open
empty cupboards,
imitated old-time
actors, finally
thought of honey
to help them,
Honey! I cried
but they were gone.

31 August 2018

=====

exeunt in mysterium

**And all lives
leave us standing there,**

**it all goes forth, out
from this place
into mystery.**

**From time to time
somebody has tried to tell us
what it is like out there
but all the voices disagree,**

**no consensus past the horizon,
that ancient virgin country
we know too much to be sure.**

31 August 2018

=====

**That mask I made in Mexico
fits my face today—**

**fresh wind but I won't
talk about weather,**

**it's the moral moment
the mind's own money**

**where we have to pause, and pray,
and put our fear to sleep**

**and only listen, longingly perhaps,
to the land itself confessing,**

**we are remnants of a race
that rose so long ago, and I an old.**

31 August 2018

=====

**Hitherto and ever after
swimmers snoozing on a raft
between sprints – fish watch
hoping to learn something
in return for all they’ve taught
these curious beings with twp tails.
Hitherto and ever after
this is human culture
balanced between biology and destiny.
Then they wake up and swim some more.**

31 August 2018
