

11-2020

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Robert Kelly

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THE OTHER SIDE

1.

**The other side
of what I mean
is what I mean.**

2.

**I walk there
again and again
it is so close.**

3.

**Time to read
a book
or be one.**

**4.
Children
are waiting
around in me.**

**5.
I wait with them,
waiting is
the same as being.**

**6.
What does it mean
to be wise
or be anything?**

**7.
when salmon swam
a pool became,
a tree leapt up.**

**8.
Getting closer
the feel becomes
bird in the sky.**

**9.
Standing
and under
standing what?**

**10.
The numbers fade
the fact remains
i mean the face.**

1 November 2020

ALL HALLOWS

**Grey morning.
The saints have taken
all the colors up
to heaven with them--
color is a way to praise,
a loud harp, sweet trombone.
depending. The trees
even the ones still
full of leaves look
a little bereft.
What shall we do
with ourselves
when color's gone?
Turn from the window,
stare into the dark,
close you eyes and see
where all the colors come from.**

1 November 2020

LINGUIST

**My hands are weak
I must learn Greek
and talk to my muscles
in their native speech,
leave Hebrew to the head
and Gaelic in the heart
and English what I only speak.**

1.XI.20

THE PROPHET

sleeps.

**From Zoroaster and Empedocles
and Nietzsche in his own neighborhood
a few blocks away in time he's learned
that special kind of sleeping they call
being awake and quiet and doing nothing,
especially not thinking, even his mother
used to say sleep with eyes open
darling, then you'll really see. What did
she know? Why did it take Persia, Greece,
Switzerland to remind him of that
simple thing he always knew?
Sleep wide-eyed, open-minded sleep
intimate with whatever passes
casting any random thought
aside, ignore the seductions
of causality, break the chains of inference.
Sleep lively, miss nothing, follow nothing,
anything that moves or seems to mean,
that's just children playing on the lawn.**

**They'll be gone soon. The lawn remains.
Study the lawn. Keep your mind pure
till ordinary sleep comes along
and relaxes you into the dark. The day too
will tell you many things, just as long as
you are wise enough to ask no questions.**

1 November 2020

=====

**Can I try
to walk the way
my father did,**

**sprightly with age,
and for his pleasure only,
nothing to be gotten there**

but going but there itself.

1 November 2020

== == == == ==

**This is what I have
been trying to say
for a long time—
a story.**

**it has no beginning,
the story has no ending,
story is all heart and innards—
the Inside holds
true to all we know
if we know.**

**The ways pf knowing
are birds inside us.**

1 November 2020

WALL

**The picture on the wall
is the wall itself
with whatever shadows
walk on it, or glimts
of light reflected from outside
that sometimes tell
the stories that light knows.**

**I mean some walls
need nothing but themselves
to set an inage free n us
who wander innocent
by their apparent blankness.
O blank, you borrowed
word for white, O blank
you tell us everything we need.**

2 November 2020

=====

**Lots of sunshine
still lots of leaves
but the wind is working
and clouds pass by
and prophesy.**

**Close
the curtain, take a pill.
Our job is to survive
winter's stern reminders.**

2 November 2020

=====

**Don't blame me--
it said so and i wrote it down.
No fault, in that, is there?
It sounds like I'm going soft,
sentimental, excruciatingly
obvious. Can't help it, I do
what I am told, I write it down.
Send me better messengers
if you don't like what my current angels
whisper to me now, I will be faithful
to their messages too, and leave it
you to judge or smile or cry.**

2 November 2020

TANGERINE

**The past spoils now
and the future
doesn't help. I want
this simple thing, this
tangerine of the moment
to peel and pull apart and taste
segment by segment, each
in all its sweetness,
and chew the soft pulp of it
after and after, and it still
will be now.**

3 November 2020

====

**Politics is no excuse.
Our business is to speak,
to learn to speak so clearly
to the point and to the heart
that lies shrivel up and blow away
and people know what matters,
what is right, what to do.
Instead of yelping and moaning
sharpen the vocabulary, mke
words do what they are meant to do.
Not persuasion. Revelation.**

3.XI.20

[LISTENING THROUGH LvB]

**It could be running
or the river stands still
and the hills rush by,
yes, that's what
it suddenly is, the fixed
is mutable, change
sleeps. Listen harder
to the autumn leaves,
grandfather rock
has taught them much—
not all—of what he knows,
listen faster, the birds
those [;]layful children
tend to carry everything
they can away, they build
their nests out of all the loose
fabric of our lives, our lies
made true by sticks and moss,
faster, you can still count**

**the trees on the hills as they pass,
don't you know that numbers
always lead us astray? Clam.
crown, dome, sky, everything
one at a time. And One
is not a number, is it? I asked
Ibn Maimun and he just smiled.**

***to Beethoven's Sonata No. 18, Minuet*
3 November 2020**

THE TREATY

**The Portuguese meaning
the Pope got the sea
all to himself, the land
he split, amazing chutzpah
with linguistic consequence—
what do they speak in Gloucester,
or Providence by the Seekonk,
that big Church full of nasal hymns—**

**I guess nobody knows where he's born,
believes what he's told.
Hospitals or farms, clifftops
in sound of the sea.**

**Of course we live by miracles
still, this very day,
this**

2.

The poets were quick
to pick up on all this.
Language goes
where rivers flow
into each other and the forest
listens. The stones
of Rome have heard
so many whispers,
Susan, haven't you ever
sat on a native boulder
and felt the words
seep up into you?

Check the map
before your journey—
they change in the night,
taste of wine in your mouth
when you haven't drunk.

3.

**The Pope divided the new world,
land he had never seen,
would never see.**

**That's the point. Why
they speak Spanish in Peru.**

**I falter in my pride,
it hurts my heart
to know such things,
the empire wiped out,
its language lost.**

**(2 November 2020, Red Hook)
3 November 2020**

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**With her long hair
to know the wheel.
And with his fingernail
to trace in the spilled salt
a sign of being
yet again. They sit
face to face
at a little table
in a big café.
What more can I tell you?
Night was coming
but they had no idea.
“Will you...” she said.
“Of course, I must”
his answer came,
quietly, a little hoarse.
“And then we will begin again.”**

**(2 November 2020 Red Hook)
3 November 2020**

EDGY MACHINE

**I mean
we are
to be
and be again
all over,
so many gone
Neanderthal
Denisovan
all gone
gone into us
far as they
we can be.**

**2.
So why am I
telling you this
you are younger
you know it better
than I remember so**

why do I clamber
to tell you,
be near you,
your sleeve
my mountain?

3.

There is no argument
between us,
just a field of fabric,
silk or soft as.
Can cloth count?
Ask the rabbis
whose deck we stand on--
they'll tell you
the captain's name
but I'll name the ocean.

4.

I can almost remember
how it began,
speckled egg pale blue,
a fox running off,
and then the woods
all quiet, page in a book.
I can almost remember
before the machine
began, the dithering silence
that worried us so,
Some of us spread our legs,
some touched wire to wire,
some hummed in the corner,
broke a window
and the machine began.

5.

So many have walked
through that door
or idled chatting

**in the doorway,
laughing or doubting,
leaning on the frame.
And then went in.**

6.

**So many have become
what we are--
but who is this 'we'
of whom one speaks?
Time**

**to be again
and never know!
Blessed silence
between the loud strokes
of the blessed machine!
All about remembering
there is nothing to remember.**

4 November 2020

=====

**Don't bother me
with reality--
I'm busy with the real.**

4 November 2020

== ==

**How can I doubt the bird?
He flies by, eats the seeds
you give him, you call him him,
you understand. To doubt
the bird would be to doubt you.
Or the sky he flies in. We fly in.**

4 November 2020

A GRATITUDE

**We have lost so much.
But the beech tree
is still talking, leaves
paler, still articulate.
It interprets the wind
for me, and the light
the wind moves through
the book of leaves. Lifts
high this morning,
into the purest blue
sunyata of the sky.**

4 November 2020

=====

**Let the words
surge.**

**the letting
we must do,**

**the wind says so
and says that if we speak
there is always
someone who listens.**

4 November 2020

=====

**Catch the light
before it falls,
don't let it break,
don't let the darkness out.**

4 November 2020

PERILS OF PROSODY

**Mrs Marjorie McGillicuddy
takes up one whole line of metrical verse
all by herself, leaving no room for wjay-
ever I might want to say about her.**

4.xi.20

=====

**Why can't I just write with sunshine
the way the trees do it on the lawn,
shadows say everything
or as much as I have to report
the child asked the teacher
and the teacher smiled
and looked out the window.
Education is mostly about
learning when to smile.**

5 November 2020

=====

**November and why not?
I feel a castaway on this moment,
roaring elsewhere
around this quiet now.
Who is me in this puzzle,
moss on the rock shell on the sand?
Who used to live in me
then left me here
while they went shopping,
shipping, endless pilgrimage
and I am the hollow shell of what they
meant?
November, and why not?
It has its own strange leaves,
colors, tunes.
Little by little they fill me
till I am some again.**

5 November 2020

=====

*I am the male world
come to claim my own
it said at the door
words muffled by mask.*

**I will not let you in, I said,
I have claimed it for you
and with clean hands.**

**The figure on the doorstep
snarled and turned away.**

5 November 2020

=====

**If every cloud
were worth a penny
how rich would I be now?
At least I am a billionaire of leaves,
amiser of their meanings,
but I am profligate
with what they let me say.
Fifth of November--
two clouds for the Guy.**

5 November 2020

=====

**Long years ago I worshipped subways,
strange women stood by sliding doors
and blue lights winked in tunnels
as we roared past, car merry, bright,
bright enough to do my homework
Greek or Latin on my way to school,
an hour underground to parse
my forty lines of *Odyssey*.
Then out in daylight and no noise
just the easy grammar of people
walking around me up the city hill.
I miss the tunnels still.**

5 November 2020

THE STABLE

**Must find my way
to the stable,
meet a horse,
;earn to ride,
learn to talk to it
with my knees
or however it's done,
the horse will know.
But first the stable.**

2.

**It is a long green field
stretches out of dream
past great houses no sane
dreamer would enter--
nothing in them my quest,
hust people comatose
with wealth and niceness.
Follow the grass—grass
always leads to horses.**

3.

Never noticed it before
but the earth too is made
up of different rooms,
doorways not always visible,
but palpable. We feel
our way in. And out,
Human houses just try hard
to represent as much of the world
as its occupants can handle
or understand. Or maybe
just a little bit more.

4

But i still worry bout the people
in those houses so stick to the field.
Long it lingers out before me,
shadow by day and gleam by night,
oh vector me onward
i find myself praying.

5.

**Bring the stable to the horse
I heard a child's voice singing.
Is that the way? Is the animal
with me from the beginning
and I need only find the place
where we recognize, each
by each, what we are?**

6 November 2020

PATRIS MORS

for Dorota Zofia

**The father goes
first through the door
leaves it open
as he p[asses,
always open
to life, live a long
time, life or love
into eternity, the door
he goes through
he leaves open.
A door goes two ways.
He leaves it open.**

2.

**I saw my father die,
stood in the room beside
him on his hospital gurney,
just from the operation,
dying, the nurse
talked about potassium,**

about cells, as small spasms twisted his legs, arms, his dear face into a look of pain, he's not feeling it, she said, it's just the potassium leaving his body.

3.

It was dawn when he died, all movement stopped. I went out on the balcony to watch the sea. The pain she said he didn't feel (eyes closed. cheeks relaxed) was everywhere now,

4.

The sea off Long Island, it too felt like a door that day, Gently, gently everything is a door.

**One goes out and with
his going lets a gust
of spirit in, that lives us.
Something like that.
The man who once said
I am the door, he also
died for us—we heard that
in church every Sunday,
almost as if every death
is a permission to go on.
Something comes in
by which we live.**

6 November 2020

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UP

**It's a matter of climbing
up onto the bus
or onto the bike,
the vertical beginning
of horizontal, progress,
reaching the horizon,
getting there.**

**Then stand on the treadle
to get off the bus
when it finally stops
at the corner you want
and then you step down,
go down into the seemingly
motionless actual.**

**Look about and decide: was it worth it,
three steps up and two miles round?
Movement is matter's deepest secret.**

7 November 2020

COMMENCEMENT

The graduates were all dressed in black,
black suit, white shirt, black tie.
the men at least, the women various
but still somber colors in brightness.
The lawn though was wide,
the weather what is called delightful.
A man I thought long dead
came by with an armload of books,
I teased him, by wondering out loud
what books had to do with education—
he took it well, smiled, went on down
the lawn to join the boys in black.
I climbed back up to my old office
wondering what books he was holding
thick and thin, tenderly in his arm.

7 November 2020

THE SUURENDER

**Glacis if the castle
trenches of the Marne
streets of Chicago
the long war winding down**

**we are born into the army
my uncle gassed by the Boche
the tree fell in the blizzard
what can we do**

**they used to call it Armistice
but now they say Veterans
as if the war was over
and all rhe troops came home**

**I surrender I surrender
do not make me fight**

fighting is for children

**grown-ups wait it out,
write it out
until the long war peters out**

**he coughed for the rest of his life
bigger than my father
but you could tell they were brothers**

**my father sang and Seymour coughed
and the war goes on**

**streets of Portland
plazas of Hong Kong,**

**listen to me, I don't know
what I'm talking about,
I just know the war is ending
here and there a little,
ending slow, ending fierce,
the anger louder than the gun
but then the quiet comes
and we surrender.**

2.

**The plate glass sheets
divide us from the sky,
protect us maybe from
breathing what we see,**

what gives us light.

**There is a wall around me,
the kind that lepers wore,
Unclean, unclean I cry**

**but do I mean I am or it is,
am I safe from it or it from me?
O glass wall of language,
gleaming plate glass of my thought!**

3.

**Out the back door
up over the hill
watch the mallards
possess the stream,**

**give up deciding,
yield to the duck
yield to the quick stream,
surrender to everything**

you do not mean.

4.

**Color is the first precision.
That's what flags are all about,
enlist in the red army,
blue army, infantry of green.
We are born into the service
as they used to call it,
servicemen and servicewomen**

**and whom do we serve?
Serve in the forces
armed and unarmed
and what do the forces serve?**

**Every day I surrender again,
I am a Prisoner of Peace
interned in the natural world,**

**o tree my guard, my guardian,
my chaplain, comrade, guide.
The war is almost over,
the road is almost there,
love of what is just past the world.**

8 November 2020

=====

**If I try to tell you
everything I need to know
will you be able to help
will you be able to answer
in words even I can understand?
If not, it makes me wonder
what language is for
and why we use it ,why we hold it
so close tenderly in our mouths.**

8 November 2020

=====

**In another part of the forest
there are children playing
pretending to be trees**

**they do this by standing still
very still for a very long time**

**after many years it is possible
they become what they imitate**

**just as in the world outside
they turn hopelessly into us.**

8 November 2020

=====

**There is only one.
One question on the quiz:
do you love the world
enough to tree in it—**

**stay a long time, give fruit
and leaves and shade,
let people lean on you
and at the end, and with
a smile, consent to being
what people make of you?**

9 November 2020

=====

**Imagine pouring
water from a cup—**

**it gleams into visibility
only as it falls.**

9,XI.20

=====

**At dawn she heard
a steamboat in the woods,
a bigboat from the hoot of it—
no other evidence of its passage.
And yet I think I saw the dining room
with all the passengers
talking more than eating,
even heard a long letter
one was reading from a friend
or to a friend--how could I be sure?
The paddle wheels flailed
and all soon was quiet again.**

9 November 2020

=====

**A sonnet at sunrise
lasts half the day.**

**At every noon
a noun announces**

**what the mind must bring
to meet the coming dark.**

10 November 2020

=====

**One thing at a time
they always say
but then I see
a dozen birds in flight,
one flock, one sky,
so many birds.
It must take many to be one.**

10 November 2020

=====

**The green still gets it,
gets me opening
the holy book of the door
and reading the out there.
Indian summer they call it
Now watch the sky turn into me.**

10 November 2020

=====

**I had a little glass of wine
1972, with Clayron Eshleman
from a deni of Chateau d'Yquem
at his long table in Sherman Oaks
just before I left L.A.
I haven't had a drink since then
and sometimes I wonder why.
Just as I wonder why
I'm telling you this now
if you are even listening.
Sometimes something is enough.**

10 November 2020

HAVING FUN

A stone rolled away
and left me standing here

this is my ground

no matter who passes

happy teenagers coming
home from having fun

fun

is such a strange word
no other language has fun
old people have it, babies have it,
you can't translate it

but the leftover chili has a funny, taste
and she gave me a funny look
when I said let's have fun

**and SHE said are you trying to be funny?
it gives me a funny feeling in my insides,
but a really funny comedian
takes our anxiety away,
turns fear into fun,
funny jokes and funny pictures
I hear them laughing at the screen**

but why does funeral begin with fun

**and why are we the only
people in the world who have fun?**

**But now the crowd has passed,
one of them looked back
over her shoulder as if at me
so for a moment I thought I was
someone she knew.**

**But nobody knows me.
If they know anything,
they know the place where I am standing,**

**a place they know,
she may have stood here too,
once, when a stone
rolled away from her little shoes
and left her standing there.
I mean here.**

All I am is where I stand.

11 November 2020

BARK

**Bark of the tree
write on thee
they told me
scrolls of white birch bark
fallen from the trunk,
I picked one up
and set to work,
white birk, black words,**

**scrawl on a scroll
sustains me.**

**But then I learned
another thing,
that book comes from a tree
but not a birch,
a beech tree this time,
and Germans don't forget it,
buch, book; *buche*, beech tree.**

**Did I write the wrong tree?
But it was so welcoming white,
like paper in my copy book.
and they told me Indians
used it, and you could see
old Indian birchbark in museums,**

**but this is no museum,
this is a mild November day
with a light rain
and right out my window
I see a great beech tree
that has been signing with its leaves
all summer long,
and still has things to say,
slowly, this grey day,**

my beech, my book.

12 November 2020

THE SILL

1.

The edge of things
haunts me still,
the *doorsill*,

the slip between.
Each thing a threshold
to the next
you never know,

each experience
an open door,
a garment worn

an overture to nakedness.

2.

Between the lips

**between the cheeks
between the teeth
between the words
solemn silence says.**

**Exaggerate the obvious:
everything has edges.
Find them if you can,
feel them with your fingers
or your verbs, feel your way
to what's beyond
what anybody says

and there always is.**

**3.
Eager children haunt the threshold,
windowsill, garden gate.
Where anything ends
is where adventure begins.
Children know this, and so much more.**

**They go on journeys to far-off lands
nearly, places known only to them
even if we're walking right next to them.
They have been through a frontier
and we beside them are just here.**

12 November 2020

AFTERNIGHT

**Leathery microphone
1980**

**leathery local news
did not mention
wildcat in the yard
thirty years later**

**catamount she thought
from the size of it,
tawny of it, huge
paw prints in the snow.**

**It tracked a deer
to the shallow cliff
above the old stone arch,
we lost them both there,
no hoof prints in the air.**

2.

Plato said somewhere
the news catches up with us,
the senses tell our favorite lies.
Diana with her hands outspread
waves it all out of the picture
if we have sense enough
to look, then look away.
The great mural on Church Street
gives a hint of it
but that came after,
is still there,
fading like us into the weather.

3.

I hear the first sip
gurgle down inside me.
I must be empty
so the coffee sings.

**Morning anthem
in this church we carry
with us all the days
of our lives, Sundays every one.**

**4.
The trees are playing at grisaille again,
they can't fool me, don't even want to,
there was a nightmare and I screamed
four times in a higher register
than I can waking reach,
tessitura of the dream,
the pain, huge mouth of the little dog.
I mustn't tell the rest.**

**5.
Because what happens in the night
is nobody's business,
not even my own.
The leathery microphone**

**hisses and cracks
its simulation of information
and then we wake,
shivering or slack,
flung onto the shore of the day.**

**6.
See, the French make dreams,
we only have them.
They are safer in the night,
they can discard what they have made.
But how can we get rid
of what we have?
Who will take it from our hands,
our dry frightened leathery lips?**

**7.
Turn on the light,
turn up the heat.
Listen to the calm
melismata of the mini-fridge.**

**Things sing all round us,
opera without overture,
tune in whenever you like.
No, it's not a lonely world I mean,
they're singing to us, all of us,
their song proves we exist.**

8.

**I don't always eat my breakfast,
you don't always finish your oie.
I think the deer sprang down the slope
and swam to safety, the cat
stopped at the water,
the snow was scrappy there,
left no tracks, he went west
out of our story, I mean the land
we know. What other epic holds us
so gently in its unfolding?
Here is the news. It is today
for the first time ever.**

13 November 2020

=====

from a painting by T.P.

**A car made all of light—
drive it to Van Eyck's drawing room
and sniff the flowers,
your breath will give them colors.**

13 November 2020

THE WAY THERE

The way there
leads by tomorrow
just skirts the edges,
rests by the pool,
you know, one of those
pools between things.

The way takes us
in its own time,
rest with the pond with me,
we have nothing to do
or even think until
the way tells us.

Better that way—
water silence,
runic stillness of the trees.
How good yesterday
tastes now!
Sweet crumb caught

between the teeth,
cicadas still at it
or ringing in the ears.

You'd think the war was over,
the way is resting in you,
resting in me. Almost
we are the same person,
the way makes us one
or treats us the same.

Same is such a rare sound,
almost a song.
Like these birds you're whistling to,
joining in their conversation.
I stare at the water
waiting for a fish to surface
or a bird swoop down
so I can begin my count.
We will get there yet.

14 November 2020

=====

**Nothing left for me to do
but probe the shadow of my own
hand on the morning table,
to see what's left of darkness
and what it has to say.**

**I'm not sure I'm brave enough—
it takes a lot of courage
to look close at your own shadow—
even this one left hand
that looks of course just like
a right hand reaching up.
Who are you, who are you?
I slip my hand down on my knee
and look away.**

14 November 2020

THE CROCODILE

**The crocodile
above the alchemist
does more than represent.**

**Above the workbench,
waxed in careful taxidermy
an armored beast—**

**can run on land
at 30 mph for short distances,
and unique among creatures
opens its moth by raising
not lowering the jaw.**

**Run fast, it says, then stop.
Keep your underbelly
soft and vulnerable
to new sensations. Lie half
in water and half in the sun.**

**Bask with me and rule the river.
You have no tail, alas,
so find something else to swing,
glittering and powerful.
Don't try to fly—
flying is for saints and sissies,
you need the earth, the water,**

**stretch out on it,in it,
let its strength be your strength,
growl and live a long time,
doze your thought in images
saying little as you can—
the gold will grow
beneath your ardent sleep.**

14 November 2020

=====

**Be mild on us, Winter,
please let your blue sky
carry the Sun in it to us—
it's been a hard year on
humans round here,
so please be kind. Well try
to be ready next year
for quiet lectures of your snow.**

14 November 2020

FOR CRICHTON, ON HER BIRTHDAY

Most people when they act
become somebody else
but a real actor becomes
herself as he speaks words
clearly clearly clearly
words of someone else
make her more herself.

I think back on all our talking
when I never saw who you were,
just what you said—then one day
you acted out a line of some poem
and suddenly I knew what those
words meant really but also
who you were. Are. Year by year
you get, deeper, more the person
I learn from as I hear your voice,
I dare to hear it in my head
so often, so clearly, the intelligent
glad sound of who you really are.

14.XI.20

TO AN UNKNOWN TRAVELER

I presume you are an experiment, at the Kamiya-cho station, standing out in the Hiroshima air exactly like here. Breathe in — it's always history where you can walk, the sea knows one of you, of us, or not much. Here, the air, the street, the foreign place, the language you'll never know amid the endless phone calls, stupid email messages my mind makes up fueling that moment and so many others the lies, the lies you never have to bother with, just stand and breathe and let the air be the lover that I never could.

14 November 2020

THE NIGHT BUILDERS

**When midnight comes
dig down and excavate
the hypogeum
below the heart,**

**that sacred space
deepest in you
you can only find
by building it.**

**Touch nothing there--
just the ground
you stretch out on.**

**Everything else down there
is not for you
but only for your sleep,
language and landscape.**

**By doing nothing
your work is done.
Sleep tight. Sleep bright.**

15 November 2020

= = = = =

**I watched sea creatures
on Planet Earth,
starfish and octopodes
and thought of you,
how every part of them
touches every part
of where they move,
sand and cranny
reef and weed,
their bodies do all the knowing
so their shapes are fluid
masses, bodies always
shaped by what they know.**

15 November 2020

=====

**Windows wake in us
suddenly to see
the inside of the outside,
weary army in the desert,
men asleep on city streets.
There are few women
in that false world: *raise
a flag, lose a lover.***

**It works like that in there
out there, they call it news
but it is very old, mostly boys
hitting other boys all life long
six thousand years.**

15.XI.20

CORREGIDOR

**a name
springs out of war**

**corrects us,
instructs us?**

**Not to forget
rock rises
from the sea**

the moon hauls everything else.

**Rock corrects
by being there.**

15 November 2020

MOVEMENT

The move is slow
the pool is now,
like a cloud
it does not like to let you
see it move.

Photography

a well-known
cure for shyness.

The alarm bongs,
the sky sleeps on.

2.

Mystery of her,
sandstone syntax
in a world of shale.
O slip me freshets
squeezed tween such rock,
the planet is four-fifths water
and we thirst.

3.

**What words can do to each other,
crowded bar on Friday night
or duel at dawn,**

**o be bente,
sentence, just for once.**

4.

**If a cloud
turned to stone
would it talk
like you,
tackle the intricate
messages
heartbeat by heartbeat
until even I
could understand?**

5.

The cellois silent
but the theme comes back,
flutey doorways and a wind outside,
slimmer aperture shriller tone,
the cloud is still there,
know what I mean?

6.

Do the thing and be at peace,
change your name
or I'll change it for you,
go choose an opera,
listen soundless as you walk
half on purpose
through the dwindling wood--
all paths lead here,
this house you see
just beyond the covered well,
water maybe ripe for you.

7.

**Don't bother knowing
where you're going--
the going knows
and that's enough
to get you there
with lots of tales to tell.
Remember?**

8.

**The catapult
we called a slingshot,
the pebbles we let fly
only at things we thought
we could not hurt--
trees or boulders in the stream.
How wrong we were--
everything feels pain
only some of us complain.
The hammer once as holy as the cross.**

8.

Cross?

**Spirit penetrating matter,
vom Himmel hoch
the line comes down.**

**They meet, become
body of the perfect man
born from the heart,
the ever-virgin heart.**

**Something like that--
the vertical presses through
the horizontal,
heaven stands on earth.**

Something like that.

**The builder's hammer,
Thursday priests,
sign in the sky.**

9.

I'm just trying to understand--
you knew I was going to say that,
I could see your lips
mouthing the words an instant
before they came out of my mouth,
everybody knows what I mean,
my great revelations
turn out to be reminders.
Clouds move slow
across the northern sky,
I can't prove it
but they do move.

16 November 2020

NIGHT GAME

**ight up the dark
inside of you
they used to sing,
the gay
of the Bay
Area way back when,**

**Candlestick Park
candle-prick spark
light up the dark
inside you you you.**

**2.
No more the old
ballpark by the sea
where the ocean wind
played the outfield.**

**I used to love seeing it
as I drove up the coast road
but never went in.**

3.

**Is watching on television
the same as seeing?
Does seeing a building
count forgoing in?**

**We see famous houses
from outside, where Mozart
was born, where Freud
retired, but inside they are all
the same, identical
in their fusty invisibility.**

4.

**No way to light
the inside up.**

**That dream of Plato
and his pals
is just a dream.**

**But in the mountains
there was a music
that lured the inside out**

**and made it climb to heaven,
inherit the sky.**

17 November 2020, 5:35

=====

**Change my name
so I can love you,
I can't do much
with who I am.**

17.XI.80

=====

**If you wonder
it gets warmer,**

**you change not it
but how it feels.**

**You play moon
to its sun, or if**

you're lucky, earth.

17,XI.20

SILENCE OBSERVED

**Morning. We bury
our griefs in light,
our doubts in day.
So much fear, fear
is the noise around us.
Morning, be a funeral
of such sad dreams.
The cars passing, they
are the real silence,
the wind, the sounds
that do not mean us,
do not frighten. Song
the deepest silence of all.**

18 November 2020

=====

**I dreamed I woke
too late for work
and it was all right!
I could be wrong,
I was free to fail!
Q wonderful liberty
lapped me all round.**

18.XI.20

=====

**Straws we clutch at
timber on the river**

**rafts of pine logs
drifting south**

**every one of them
keeps me afloat**

**the independent life
is fantasy**

**we depend
on everything else.**

18 November 2020

THE COMPASSION

**you teach me
makes me.**

**Answers summon
questions from
this world mind
we are.**

**2.
You see
what I mean
you mean
all that I see.**

**3.
Careful, we are in
the precincts of the real,
the actual with us
already,**

**4.
I can move
only forward
only because you.**

18 November 2020

IN THE FLUME

I am no one yet.
But the sun is rising
so there is connection,
nothing happening
but the light.

I grow,

I prosper
the tyrant said,
every tyrant, every self.

2.

Don't quote me
said the bird
but I know something,
something useful
hidden in my song.
Don't worry, answered
a passing car,

**my lips are sealed—
and it may be
your secret runs me too.**

**3.
Fast break
from night bread.**

**Hope happens
all over town,**

**there is no fence
though round
this man's song.**

**One more tyrant
lights the lust.**

4.
Just because I wake
I have to say.
Sunlight gold
in dimming green.

In that tattered
sleep they call waking
I remembered walking
when I was a little boy
down The Flume—a stream
quick through narrow chasm
with wet stone walls.
the air made half of water.
I distracted myself by guessing
the name had to come from Latin,
flumen, neuter, 'river.'
But that doesn't help.
It still felt just
like walking down into myself.
slippery stone, sloping down,
and who would I be if I fell?

5.

**The mountains have changed too.
The Old Man's face
has crumbled off the cliff.
My ancestor I thought he was
since I had known no other.
The irony is that Self Reliance
is something you get from a book.**

6.

**There is no pain
in being itself
but being is strange,
strange. They ease
our fears by citing Nature.
Have you ever seen nature,
even running away?**

7.

The bird was quiet then,
his gospel still.

The listening car
is in Kingston by now,
how long the telling is.

The Absolute is everywhere,
the book lies open on the table.

We call it flying.

We call them wings.

8.

Comeback and comfort me.

music should never be diversion,
ever be a version

of what you really mean,

you who flute or note it

down for someone else

to sing with her fingers

or her lips, let them say

sacred what you mean

**in all the frivolous funerals of the heart
and so the slightest touch
becomes profound.**

**You know all this,
how strong music makes us
but we must be weak, weak
to start with
before the glory brass and strings
wake us, mountains, meanings.**

19 November 2020

=====

**As much as I can hear
in one ear the song said.
The tin pail by the ocean
holds all the child who holds it
needs--sand, shell, sea.
Everything finally fits in one thing.
Start looking for it now--
under the comforter,
over the clock,
through the keyhole
out the door.
The grass is flattened
where the deer slept.
Bees smile at your calvary
the French poet writes,
where a smile is something
a little bit under a laugh.**

19 November 2020

THE VIEW THROUGH US

for Charlotte

1.

We unfold from the stone

cabbage leaves
crisp curled tight—

slice through the matrix
and find the geode,

slice through what they call
the head and find
our original face.

Animal vegetable mineral.
The distinctions fade,
the face persists.

2.

Once you took some photos
of a head of red cabbage
I'd sliced through the middle
and other slices other angles,
so many faces, diagrams,
maps and measures.

All of them meant us—
a picture anyhow
always means the one
who makes it,
the one who sees it.

3.

Warmer today
still some leaves
on the beech tree,
who will tell in me
what to say
when they fall?

5.

I try to give you something of value
but everything I offer
is a shadow of what you give me,
no diamond worthy of your finger.

6.

Light thickens in among the trees
because the branches talk so much
just as I suppose inside our skin
the light fades fast in the commotion
blood and fluids, chemicals at play,
how dark it must be inside us
though that's where light is born
or at least where it comes from.

7.

The other side of the park
was a mystery to me.
Streets had numbers and no names

but the sea was closer,
the houses separate and small.
I could not understand it—
the other side of anything
is difficult enough, but why
was the other side of Marine Park
so different from us? The sea
is the same, I thought,
and I have sung that to myself
every day, praying that I'm right,
the sea is the same, the sea
is the same. But Malibu is no Oahu,
yet on the rocks of Gloucester
splash the waves of Gerritsen
and maybe I still have hope,
the sea is the same,
maybe the other side
one day will be the same
and we will be there,
cute little houses, a roughcut beach.

8.

As if we give each other
everything that is to come.

We cook the cabbage of course,
turns purple red as it stews,

the images dissolve,
the deep sweetness of the leaf
comes out, teased by our salt.

9.

The sun is bright right now
over where we live—
the humble gift of everything there is.

See, when I woke up I thought
of what it's like to saw through rock
or slice through cabbage,

how there is a brain
inside everything, me agin,

sure that the rock stinks.
But then the pain comes.
of knowing what is thinking
the wound of revelation
changing the face of what we see.

But stone and cabbage,
not a diamond, not a rose?

10.

We interrupt this poem to bring you an important prose from the management.. Language is at your service night and day. Language is at the root of every gift we give each other, Language tells a diamond from a chunk of glass, Language tells I love you loud and clear when signs and objects fumble at the door. Trust Language, Language means my heart is yours.

20 November 2020

REMOTE

**There is some comfort
in teaching from home,
they call it virual or remote
but it is far from that.
Comfort, yes, feet in slippers,
real coffee by the keyboard,
but there's also a kind of soft,
languid defilement too,
the little faces peer into my room
and maybe linger there.
Here, I mean. Who knows?
Sometimes I think I see them
in what used to nemy private dark.**

20 November 2020

HABILIMENTS

**of desire,
crag of cliff,
glacis of the hip--**

**we see the pretty castle on the hill
and forget the broken peasant
the cackling squire.**

**We dress the past
with what we want to be,
Lupercal wolves
trotting down Broadway
and why not?**

**Time is a dream
we almost wake from,
linger too long
in the comfy dawn.**

21 November 2020

=====

Thomas Moscher left a box, a letter and a word. He was a young man Blake knew, or was it Keats. Whoever it was liked him a lot, and when he died, so young, who ever it was used the piece of paper to write a famous poem from, image and idea from that young departed. Now I've found the box, a weighty crate really, and in it a locked safe, the kind an old woman might keep beside her bed. Now I need to find someone, young or old seems not tomatter but who knows, who can intuit

or by seance find the combination, or with wise fingers suss out the numbers --or letters?--that will open the safe. And who knows what matter might lurk in there, prompts for a thousand Saint Agnes Eves or Proverbs of Hell. Or maybe even heaven. Who are you, Thomas Moscher? My dream really didn't tell, or point out to whom I should appeal to come, open your iron door. The clue, like all evidence, might be in the poem--but which poem, and by whom? And maybe in some tprrid sleep to come I'll hear the word.

21 November 2020

=====

So many things to do

**just to be me
we complain,
getting dressed and
going to work
are by no means
the worst of it.**

**Having opinions
is a horrible burden
bight and day
weighs down whatever
happens, slathers
me-ness all over it
and robs the other
of its otherness.**

**And that just my ideas--
add weather and religion,
politics and good taste,
it's like living in a strait-jacket.**

**And then I think: desire
sets me free! But every move
towards the object of desire
binds the straps tighter. Sigh.
But complaining helps a little,
a quiet sport, a sort of miniature
golf we play inside the heart.**

21 November 2020

A GEODE FOR MARY

**If I didn't know Greek
I'd think geode
means an Earth Song**

**and maybe it does
an amethyst melody
keeps confusion at bay,**

**says plainly, and in purple:
here is a point
to everything**

Everything shows the way.

21 November 2020

HOW IT BEGINS: A GRATITUDE

for Charlotte, 22.XI.20

**Ypu stood before the word
and swore an oath**

**silently, with your heart,
the way the word needs to hear.**

**You swore you would say
everything they asked you to**

**in any language, and you would give
the power of the word to anyone**

**who stood close beside you
and listened, listened to you.**

**I would spend my centuries
hearing what you have to say, have**

**to say because you are a saint of it,
this saying, this telling, this**

**absolution you grant to matter
for its silence, for thinking it can't talk.**

**You know better, you know the world
is spoken into place, sometimes sung**

**and sometimes groaned, your ears
can tell, can make all the difference.**

**And sometimes your articulate quiet
sets all kinds of language loose in me.**

21 November 2020

=====

Leaving the priesthood?

**Every step I take
takes me further in.**

**How can one leave
what one has become?**

**The sun is rising--
no choice,
as my teacher said,
no choice.**

**I am wheat,
bread or bran,
I am as I am used.**

22 November 2020

FOR CHARLOTTE, ON HER BIRTHDAY

Sometimes I think
it is simple,
simple as this—
you are a field of flowers,
all kinds, at all seasons.

Goes that deny you agency?
We all live by the Sun's grace,
carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen,
C, O, H, N, the High Priest elements.
by which all earth life lives.

For, we are Jewish too,
not just half of you--
priests enough to read
the original alphabet
known as flowers in our day,

**so many letters!
See why I think you are a field?
You have so many truths to tell,
so many accuracies,
such grace in telling.**

**So you can see why I think
of something as easy as flowers
to liken you to, or to you,**

**what *do* I mean,
I mean not just the beauty
but the multiplicity of them,**

**all their meanings
dressed as shape and color,
so various in the singleness
of one actual field.
There are so many, and all you.**

22 November 2020

==== = = = =

**I want to be
where winter begins
and ends in a single day.**

**the way an idea
snows the mind
full and bright
then goes away.**

**At times I think
Plato got it wrong--
the ideas are all around us,
the actual is far away,
hidden in the mind.**

22 November 2020

BAD DREAMS

The bad news was waiting
like a sleazy pop song
the kind they blare at the pump
when I'm standing in the cold wind
filling the tank with gas.

Things are like that--
crap consociates.
that's the rule.
Bad news keeps company.

2.
But the fact (fact?)
that it was all a dream,
is that a consolation,
like flourishing olive trees
in the hills beyond burning Beirut?

3.

What happens to you is no dream
even though it happens
only in your head
and only in your sleep--
it happens. The tiger
pads by, but you see
its paw prints on the morning sky,

4.

But what was bad?
Livestreamed concert
couldn't escape watching,
scandal about something going on
between maestro and French horn,
sluggish tempo in the scherzo—

a grown man should be able
to live with that. And yet
I lay there at waking,
none of it involved me
but it was all my fault.

5.

Who else makes the dream,
as the French say?
Bad news, bad news,
who makes you?

Gurgle of gas into the car,
take a ride in the hills in sunlight,
sit in the dark.

Who makes the dark?
Sometimes I think
the sky is my fault too,
soiled by the eyes I see it with.

6.

But let us be scientists,
let us suppose
the dream that happens
in the poor sleeping being
is not made by the dreamer—

**the absence of evidence
is not evidence of absence—
the dream could be broadcast
from God knows where,**

**if they can play garbage on the radio
starting back in the 1920s
by now they (who?) maybe
can send it right into the sleeper
snug in false security
under the flowery comforter.**

**7.
So I would rise up
against the regime of dream,**

**I want to know
who lives in that tower
and what technology they use
to sing their songs in my head,
their whole disheveled orchestra,
the overwhelming waves of guilt.**

8.

**But what if they're angels in there,
(where?) or the Ancestors,
sending me the glooms we need
to process somehow into lucency,**

liberty?

**sometimes just
being awake is pure rapture.**

23 November 2020

=====

**Cain means sturdy
Abel means vain—
don't names tell us
to think again?**

24/XI20 (dreamt)

=====

**Hard tp hold one memory
long enough to embrace it
so we have to say it instead.**

34.XI.20

====

**There is a time
for everything
even for this.**

24.XI.20

THE OIL TRUCK

**needs the skill
of going backwards,
manoeuvring down
weird driveways,
by gremlin garages
to find the hidden duct
into which it must yield.
Isaw one just a minute ago
across the road, its wisdom
to back into the future!
A truck not twenty years old
and I'm still learning.**

24 November 2020

=====

**Small songs for Tuesday
not to encumber Mars,
brief, then mute,
so he can toot
them quick on his horn
and still have breath to fight
the insolent sluggards
of heart and mind.**

24.XI.20

FILTRATION

**The globe slips through the child's
hands,
lands on Australia, dents the outback,
didn't my grandfather live out there,
well never know, language
not made for things like that,**

**ask your blood, buddy, your blood
knows all there is to know
about you, don't sell it, don't donate it,
ask it questions instead, softly,
whispered between your pillow and
the ear,
no mouth involved, just hear
the words you mean to say
and soon enough the answer comes.**

**Pick up the world now, spin it on its
axis,**

**try to smooth out the dent you made,
it's down under anyhow, nobody will
notice.**

**just keep it spinning, gaze at the vast
unlikely white of Greenland
where they speak, some of them,
a language akin to your grandfather's,
remember him? guild fields, wombats,
postcards you were too young to read.**

**Now put the nice glove back on the
desk,
cover your eyes with the palms of your
hands,
gently, gently, you are the axis
on which all things turn.**

24 November 2020

METHOD

**Follow someone
along the road
until you become them.**

25.XI.20

=====

**Song salted my path
I followed like a rat
in a dark cupboard
locking at what I found,
Mahler, Strauss, the sheer
intervals (rising 9ths, say)
opened something in me.
Me. I know who I am
when I am hearing.
The salt I try to say.**

25 November 2020

=====

**The burden of being
the rose of becoming--
put the comma
where it seems truest, you-est.**

25.XI.20

= == == =

**Arc-en-ciel
archon seal,**

**mad mower
mows the asphalt road,**

**the noise you hear
is always in your head,**

**world blood pulsing
locked in you too.**

**Outside pure silence,
rainbow, old animals fast asleep.**

25.XI.20

== == == ==

**Imagination is made of trees,
old cars and girls on skis,
bungalows and crocodiles
and every now and then one
word or two that rises from
the sacred compost of sleep,
silence from which we rise,
clumsy flowers with one perfect leaf.**

26 November 2020

THE IMMIGRANTS

In the oceanography
of time we are the third
island from the core

we stole the land
from the *In-digenes*
who wre always
here before us,
we called them In-dians
because we were from outside
or called them natives
because they were born here
and we haven't been born yet.

2.

Who are we who stumbled
on this archipelago,
rafting across the great silence,
riding the cosmic rays

**desperate to find
a mirror to gaze into
that would shows us our faces,
tell us who we are.**

3.

**I think we are the fetal mind
of what one day will be
the true humanity, sometimes
you hear our heartbeat
soft in the noise of all that happens.
Christ and Buddha showed the way
to what might yet become—
but we storybook'd the one
and killed the other though on
the third day he rose again
into us ever after, hear him?
or is that just my heart beating?**

4.
So who on earth
are we? Children
maybe, because
we keep asking questions,
good children if we do,
or bad if we think we know the
answers
and insist. Be quiet,
little one , we say to ourselves
when we should say Shout
your questions,
the night is waiting for them,
each night a different
answer and we live.

27 November 2020

=====

**I flew through the air
and was trapped on a roof--
when you touch a building
you need to go in— no more
air for you, no more wings!
Every building is a tomb
of who we were outside,
just moments before, live
pharaohs of the sky.
In a moment we can be born
again, doors go in and out.
Even now I am flying
over myself, urging me on.**

27 November 2020

=====

**The gift horse
has no mouth.
It is in the sky
far above you
waiting to carry
you or draw
your chariot where
you would go.
No mouth but heart
and it hears you
therewith. Wish,
wish! and it will
fulfill the journey
all this while it has
helped you imagine.**

27 November 2020

=====

Eis ten polin
to the city
to the normal

to the street
footsteps
of the other

we have come
for the healing
only they can bring

the other
is our doctor
strange voices

only song.

28 November 2020

[*eis ten polin* = 'to the city' origin of the name Istanbul, *the* city of its time.]

REMEMBERING A MAN I NEVER KNEW

Things
they bring us
in our dreams,
geodes cracked
in the dark
glisten now
the gleam of amethyst
you sober flower
deep in earth
reminding us—
o a dream
is a hard place too
so many lights
distracting
from the unseen,
the one who stands
only there
telling the morning

**what to remember
and so many
things to forget.**

2.

**Have you ever wanted to be
somebody else entirely
for an afternoon or a week, say?
If so, you know
what it's like to wake up
every blessed morning
determined to be the self
you used to think you were
those long, long hours
back when you went to sleep.**

3.

**There is my window
there is my desk
where is the governor**

**of this small state,
the chair, the keyboard, the cup?
Where is the landlord
of this vast house,
a room with a tree outside it,
a window, a fathomless door?**

28 November 2020

AN -ISM

**Creation is a song that says
Somebody had all this in mind.
No wonder they teach it
in the schools, or don't, or fight
about it in the legislature,
that paradise of the insecure.
If it makes you feel better
sing it all you want to—
who am I to take your temperature?**

28 November 2020

=====

**Cough drop
for no cough,
sweet acuity
in the mouth
to distinguish
what I taste
from what I feel--
the beauty of little
foods, nourishment
only for the senses.
we all need reminders
of where we end and
all the rest of it begins.**

28 November 2020

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for P.B. 1926-1971

Paul, there is some blue
behind that cloud
I swear it,

 a couple of days
it hid away
but now the color's back,
almost,

I miss you, your b birthday today
no, it's Blake's
and I've missed yours
again four days back,
I always get you two confused,
not the words,

 not the songs,

just all the tumble
of November numbers--
where would I be

**without you, guide,
exemplar, friend?
Where would I be
without November
and all its musics
!**

**But even it needs blue
to lift above
the faded trees,
cloud book spread open
and the sky speaks.**

28 November 2020

=====

**Nothing is supposed to be easy—
why do you think we need
so much ocean on our house,
so many birds? Was one voice
ever enough for you?
We are born to be many
so the heaven we aim at
is to be one. Simple as that.
To concentrate. To bring
it all to a point, one drop
of water on your tongue
lights up the whole body.**

28 November 2020

SALACIOUS

**If I held in my hands,
two hands outspread
to hold,
 to hold it all,
what would I hold?**

**Across the deserts I read about
when I first learned to read
and loved came camels,
big two humped champions
carrying nothing but salt.**

**I still taste it in my mouth when I read.
Sugar is cheap and dangerous
and made the slave trade, but salt
is sharp, desirous, flails the blood,
sends the pressure soaring, makes
the rain fall. No, I'm dreaming,**

**I watch the Bedouin unload the salt,
they hand me a sack of it,
I hold it, heavy, feels weighty
and meaningful yet soft,
like a woman in my hands**

**who will make everything
keener and fiercer and come
close to the almost forgotten
taste of the truth.**

28 November 2020

=====

**It said so in the sleep
but who was listening,
who can testify**

**and who was sleeping?
The radical explanation
is usually the best—**

**ink blot, gunshot, howl?
She thought she heard an owl
and why not, night,**

**night has its way with us,
voices and forgetting,
creaking stairs, the moon.**

**I'm trying to remember,
that's all, so much gets lost
in the algorithms of lust,**

**fear, shivering under the sheet.
What did who say when,
twisted branches of context,**

**not one word remains.
How am I to understand
the sun if I lost the dark,**

**am I to make do with light
and air and food like
any animal? Animule**

**my father used to say,
he taught me the haughtiness
of play, play till all the meanings**

**rub away and leave you free
again, who taught me silence
is the deepest conversation.**

29 November 2020

SHOW YOUR COLORS

**A transparent banner
floats above a peaceful field,
no controversy in the stone.
She runs outside to give
the kids a treat, her hands
full of night and day, water
tumbling in the cleft.
These are my politics.**

2.

**Grey day, road tree and sky
the same no color. Up to us
to bring religion in again,
light the candle, rouge the lips.**

3.

**It's all about money
this government stuff,
we all know that
so let's think about something
else instead, music, say,
or where I left my wallet
last night, or who was
Robin Hood really, and could
you do all that with an arrow?**

4.

**The litmus of morning
specifies the mind.
I am identified--the window
recognizes my right to see.
For all I know I could be me.**

5.

Brave as a drunkard
I wave the flag again,
no sign on me, no dream
to clutter my clarity.
Yes, I say, why not?

6.

Don't be cynical,
there are aunts in the parlor,
Rose and arah,
Uncle Seymour, cousin Norman,
they've been around a long while
and know what I can only
hope to guess.
Something missing in me,
I can never be them.

7.

Sky gets lighter
gets the earth darker.
8 A.M. if anybody wants to know,
this is a love song,
how could it not be,
you being so beautiful
and I lonely as a monk's
hand holding his rosary.
One day after another
and each one counts as prayer.

8.

Dear Diana
you spread your arms
over the city,
you let us read
the lines in your palm
as if they show our fate too,

our nature I mean
and the birds fly by
and the rain sweeps your image
but you do not relent,
you keep your arms wide open,
welcoming, offering
the single gesture that will save us all
if we could learn to do it too,
come to my arms, read my hands.

9.

By now my flag
is smudged a little
with beliefs.
Still dim enough
to keep headlights on.
Time is a box
we unpack at our leisure—
call it 'art' to be obvious,

**or Scarlatti on the cellphone
or the big creek at Wanatanka
pouring into the river,
wide, wide, I seem to sob
seeing it, remembering the sea.**

30 November 2020

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**Are these
rosaries
I'm writing
these days?
Beads strung
half a dozen
or a dozen?
Bead means prayer
in etymology
my native language
whatever I say.
These brittle songs
I offer to you
and you and you.**

30.XI.20

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**8:30 now,
lighter
but no colors.
Children
know the feeling,
book
with no pictures.**

30.XI.20

AN ARCHEOLOGY

**Karahan Tepe turns
out to be the place,
earliest human practice
of setting stibne on stone
and carving them
with beasts and gods
maybe but who knows.
Fourteen thousand years ago
they say. I love
the music of their guesses,
rough stone images
I can almost feel from here.
I take these things personally—
and so should you.**

30 November 2020

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**I, whose hair was once red,
know something about November.
But the trees still stand there
unashamed, tall as ever, shabby
but proud—structure over seeming
they seem to proclaim, enjoy the rain,
still in secret terror of the wind.**

30 November 2020