

2018

## Collected Poems 2000-2018

Jampa Dorje  
*No*

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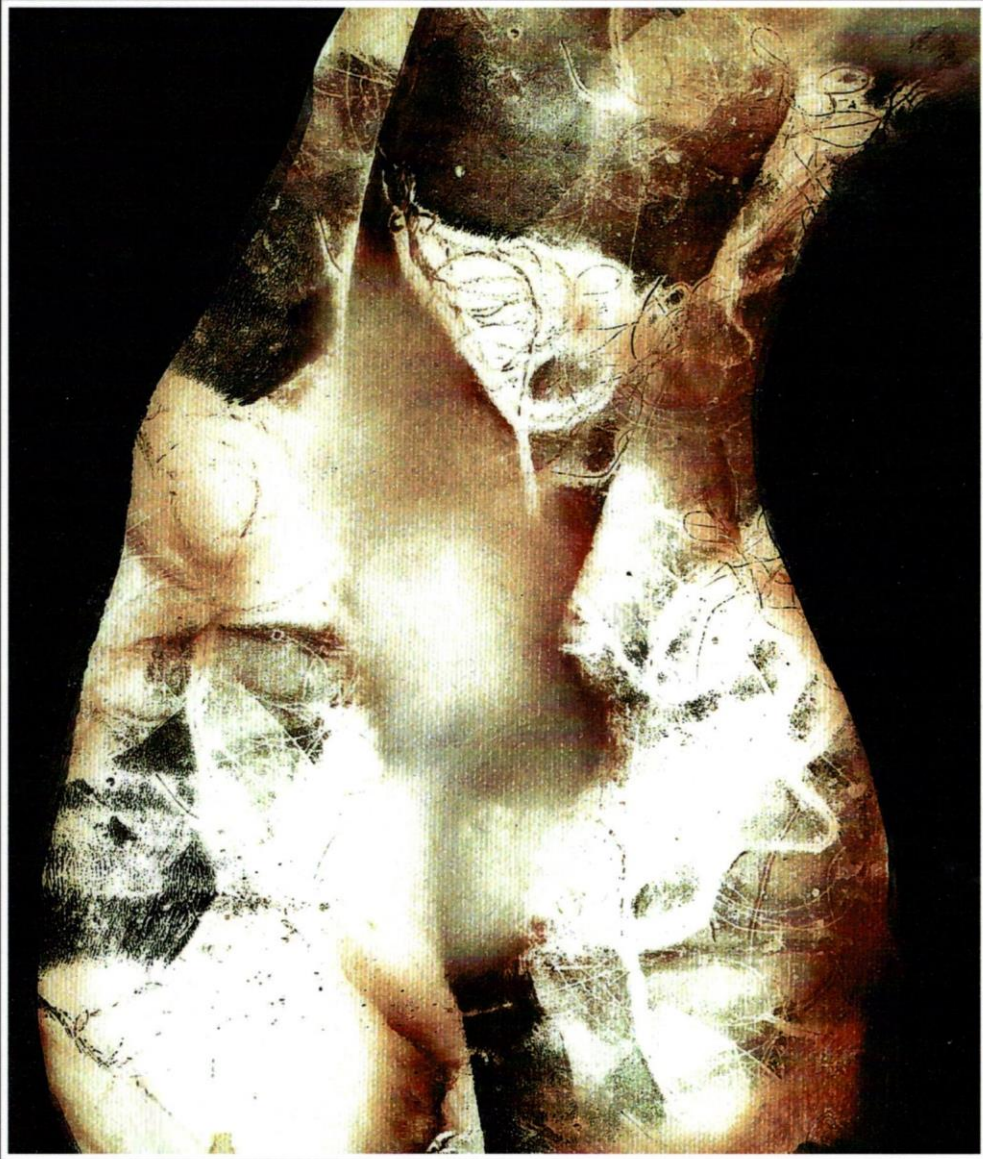
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# Collected Poems

2000-2018



❖ RICHARD DENNER ❖



# **COLLECTED POEMS**

**2000 - 2018**

**RICHARD DENNER**

KAPALA



PRESS

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*FOR GINA, THEO, AND LU  
AND IN MEMORY OF KIRSTEN*

*Morning opens  
like a fan;  
pressure of sunlight,  
intricate silences.*  
—Luis Garcia

## **AUTHOR'S PREFACE**

This compilation covers nearly two decades of my poetic energy. In 1998, I moved from Pagosa Springs, Colorado, where I had been practicing Tibetan Buddhism and managing a dharma store, to live with my elderly parents in Santa Rosa, California. Settling in as a care giver, I bought my first computer and input all my writings from 1961 onward. I had time to work on my poetry between cooking meals, running errands, and maintaining the property, which consisted of a mid-century suburban ranch-style home and lawns covering a double lot near a golf course. Santa Rosa is in wine country and is an old bohemian stomping ground. I took a part-time job at Sprint Copy Shop, in Sebastopol, which gave me a base for running off my D Press chapbooks. I fit right in. It was a fruitful time—publishing chapbooks for myself and my friends, giving readings, practicing meditation—and between projects, I worked on editing the Comrades Press edition of my *Collected Poems:1961-2000*.

My parents died peacefully in their beds, my father, Samuel, in 1999, at the age of 98, and my mother, Helen, in 2007, also at the age of 98. In 2008, having sold their property, with its country club-like atmosphere, I returned to Colorado where, instead of a house on the edge of a golf course and the society of family and fellow poets, I entered a stringent, traditional three-year retreat under the guidance of Lama Tsultrim Allione and Tulku Sang-ngag Rinpoche. My dwelling was a small cabin without electricity or running water, called Luminous Peak, located at 8,000 feet in the San Juan Mountains. I limited my writing activity to a two-hour period each day, so as not to interfere with my formal meditation practices. I promised Vajrasattva, my tutelary deity, I would not waste precious time on every “inspiration” that arose but to hold off until that part of the day designated my “art session.” A page per day becomes many pages at the end of the year, times three. Again, it was a fruitful time.

My life experiences have been diverse; my influences have been many; and my poetry, reflecting this, is a mixed bag. This bag is the magic knapsack I carry on my journey, offering me a map, a mirror, a candle, a whip, whatever I need.

Thanks to Joseph Powell, Xavier Cavazos, Katharine Whitcomb, Larry Kerschner, and Gail Chiarello who gave my manuscript a good read and offered valuable feedback. Belle Randall went the extra mile to find kind and insightful words for her introduction. I am blessed by their considerations.

I have revised a few of the poems, cleared a little haze, but mainly they are as they arrived. Now, they are yours.

Ellensburg, 2018

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The poems from *A Book from Luminous Peak*, were originally written in calligraphy and illustrated with drawings and watercolors in the spirit William Blake, Philip Whalen, and the Tibetan song form called “dowa.” There are examples online at Big Bridge and at my Kapala Press website:

[www.bigbridge.org/BB17/editorschoice/poetry/Richard\\_Denner.html](http://www.bigbridge.org/BB17/editorschoice/poetry/Richard_Denner.html)  
[www.kapalapress.net/](http://www.kapalapress.net/) See also: [www.dpress.net](http://www.dpress.net)

This volume collects the poems found in the following chapbooks by Richard Denner along with his aliases, Jampa Dorje and Bouvard Pécuchet:

*Wavetwisters*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2000  
*Drinking from the Cancer Cup*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002  
*The Call*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2001  
*Bad Ballerina*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002  
*Bad Ballerina Dances Against Violence*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002  
*Images of Staff*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002  
*Wheel of Time Mantra Blade*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002  
*Worship Dog*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003  
*Road to War*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003  
*Songs of Jampa Dorje*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003  
*Without Goggles*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003  
*Denner & Co.*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003  
*What Zen Wisdom*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003  
*Red Wheelbarrow*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003  
*Imperfect Understanding*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2004  
*All in the Draw*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005  
*Bouvard Pécuchet's Twenty-two All-Time Favorites*, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2005  
*The Prologues*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005  
*Pinwheels*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005  
*These Proud Lovers*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005  
*Special Relativity*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005  
*And a Grecian rug to lay before the fire*, Pink Rabbit Press, Sebastopol, 2006  
*Sparks*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2006  
*If It*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2007  
*The Dot Book*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2007  
*Wild Turkey Pecking*, Jampa Dorje, D Press, Pagosa Springs, 2009  
*Pink Fox Goes All the Way*, Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010  
*A Book from Luminous Peak*, Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2013  
*Le Sang d'un Poète Redux*, Bouvard Pécuchet, Pink Rabbit Press, Ellensburg, 2016

## BELLE RANDALL



## THE EVERYDAY POEMS OF RICHARD DENNER

Richard Denner and I belong to a small circle of San Francisco bay area poet friends who have often given readings together and appeared in print together in at least one anthology, *Berkeley Daze*, (thanks to Richard in his publishing mode), and who, because of this, have sometimes wondered what to call ourselves. The answer does not come easily, for, aside from being friends—if it is possible to put aside such a significant thing—our methods as poets are very different. Today, writing this introduction to Richard's second chunky volume of collected poems, I am calling Richard an "every day" poet, and his poems "every day" poems. What do I mean by this? First—and most obviously—that, Richard—Buddhist monk and maker of beautiful books, part Berkeley poet and part Ellensburg cowboy, he expresses his love of ordinary things in ordinary language, filling his poems with reflections on every day experience, talking to the reader in a conversational, sometimes self-deprecating, voice that is more likely to undercut the speaker's romantic impulse than to embellish it. A poem that begins "Worms will devour us," continues:

Everyone is busy, busy  
getting and spending,  
while the worms get  
the job done  
(“Love Song”)

Without resort to rhetorical effects, with nary a flourish, this poem ends in flat statement: “I drink from the cancer cup.”

This flatness is no accident. Richard deliberately eradicates—or attempts to eradicate—the lyricism we almost inevitably associate with poetry: “I tried to murder the rose creeping/into the tower, but it returned with a vengeance” he writes (“At the Edge of Beyond”).

As a Buddhist *Drupla* (a lama who accomplished the dharma in a mountain retreat)—a title he has earned over many years of formal study at Tara Mandala, a Buddhist retreat center near Pagosa Springs in Colorado, hours, days and years spent in solitude, meditation, service and retreat—and, long before that, as a shopkeeper, (for decades the owner of Ellensburg's preeminent book store, *The Four Winds*), a planter of trees, a lover, a father and friend—it is not the romantic, but the ordinary, his poems treasure, finding it to be the site of illumination, as well as a source of perpetual play. Like a good stand-up comic, Richard finds inspiration in the jeers of his hecklers:

If it makes one sentient being happy  
I'll upgrade my tech for hardware that'll play an MP3  
although I hear Ryokan laughing from celestial heights.  
(“A Reply to Yeshe”)

A shoulder-shrug tone and a seeming lack of intensity are not usually complimentary traits of a poet, but that they are deliberate is explicitly stated in the poems: “I am not projecting persona or emotion” Richard says in a poem called “Self Portrait.” Yet poetry is often defined as “heightened language.” Indeed, according to T.S. Eliot, poetry is language “charged with the utmost possible

meaning.” How, then, can it be casual? We can see why a poet might want to rid his work of the artificiality of traditional devices and conventional forms, but how, without such artifice, is “every day language” to acquire the intensity of poetry? For Richard—as widely read an autodidact as any I know—the problem becomes philosophical.

Once, after attending a poetry reading, one of my students recalled that, when he was a child, his father used to read aloud to him, adding that he could always tell if his dad was reading poetry, even if he couldn’t see the page, because “all at once, his voice got phony”— (these were, I think, his exact words). This was met with a laughter of recognition from the other students. We all knew what he meant. Hadn’t we just been talking about the curious affectation that caused poets at public readings to lift their voices at the end of each line as if it were a question? That special breathlessness that announces the presence of ego in all its vulnerability? Isn’t this self-consciousness the very thing that made Marianne Moore say of poetry, “I too dislike it.” To see what Marianne Moore dislikes is to see a problem posed poetry. If the language is casual and conversational, how to charge it with meaning? If the language is “charged with meaning,” how to avoid pretension? Poetry, it seems, is always either too naked or not naked enough.

In meditating on this, we find that Richard’s twin quests are really one. He is both a lama and an artist (I use the word *artist* instead of poet, for it is as a graphic designer of books, as well as the poems that fill them, that Richard’s talent finds its most complete expression). The poet is *both* an American cowboy and a Tibetan Buddhist monk:

In the plaza of Upper Pagosa, there’s a bronze statue  
Of a cowboy riding a bucking bronc that I pass, thinking  
“This is cowboy country. Love it or leave it.”  
Then I see it with fresh eyes—the Sambhogakaya Buckaroo  
Riding the Stallion of Emptiness with the Saddle of Compassion  
Using the Spurs of Bodhicitta and the Crop of Great Perfection.  
 (“Sambhogakaya Buckaroo”)

In a later poem, Richard finds an image for what is meant by ego death:

There’s a parcel of space  
that was an “I”—  
now there’s just the sky.  
 (“City Market Poems”)

In moments of enlightenment and poetic inspiration, the speaker simultaneously attains grace and two left feet:

Awakening—  
“This is it!”  
And I spill  
my cup of tea.  
 (“City Market Poems”)

As I suggested at the start, Richard's poetry is “every day poetry” in another way too. *The Collected Poems of Richard Denner: 2000-2018* is approximately 400 pages long. Most of the pages contain a couple of poems, and Richard was writing new poems even as this volume was being produced. Any way you figure, that’s a whole lot of poems. Richard, it seems, is visited by inspiration often, even every day—an achievement undertaken not as an exercise, a “poem starter,” such as a creative writing teacher might assign to loosen up students who feel blocked, but as something earned simply by doing what comes naturally, a practice developed over the course of a lifetime.

I have long admired the prolific aspect of Richard’s work, so different from my own rather slavish and sometimes undeniably constipated devotion to revision (there’s a poem I’ve tinkered with, off and on, for over forty years). Richard, with his love of the ordinary, seems to live in a state of perpetual windfall. Imagine a crowd of us, standing in an orchard under the trees, holding out our aprons to receive the joyful bounty, this steady stream of poetry—a gift that comes to Richard, astonishingly, every day or so.

Seattle WA  
June, 2018

**POEMS 2000-2008**

**SANTA ROSA & SEBASTOPOL**



## **DARK MUSIC**

Everything is here forever.

Where the poem begins  
the soul speaks.

Narcissus  
    cissus  
    cissus

leaves Echo's lips unkissed.

Wayward Orpheus, torn and tossed  
enters the flame.

What truth now links  
temple, tree, and dance?

## **LOVE POEM**

Worms will devour us.  
We are daily warned.

Duncan remarks,  
"One can write  
for or against  
the sun."

Everyone is busy, busy  
getting and spending,  
while the worms get

The job done,  
undisturbed  
by shadows.

There is the cup,  
and there is the bomb.

I drink from the cancer cup.

## **SELF-PORTRAIT**

I address you.  
What you see is what you get,  
in this case, my features  
reflected in a mirror or a cup,  
my eyes looking back at you.

A mystery here?  
I am not projecting  
persona or emotion.  
What I give you  
is the strangeness of my face.

## **ENERGY FOLLOWS CONSCIOUSNESS**

I set out to find God.  
It's a world in which people meet  
obstacles, but I'm not going  
to let a bad tooth stop me.

I believe there's a secret  
turning in us that makes  
everything turn. I believe  
in a politics of peace—

hope to find this peace.

## **TERROR WITHIN, TERROR WITHOUT**

*Carefully now will there be a grail or a bomb  
which tears the heart out of things?*

—Jack Spicer, BOOK OF MERLIN

## **I. From Infinite Justice to Enduring Freedom**

Cave dwellers plummet beyond what security can cinch  
turn sleepy innocence to rabid rancor

Images of violent thrust propel my grief past midnight  
froth the tough hours into a flotsam of words

In the time it takes to drink a latté  
a rank mist curls over the earth

And an epoch of enforced disillusionment begins  
where invisible fingers control the air

## **II. The Litany Continues**

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves  
for Airforce Master Sergeant Evander Andrews

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves  
for each Afghan killed in this campaign

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves  
for each soul crushed in the World Trade Center

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves  
for those dying from sanctions and bombs in Iraq

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves  
for all the Israelis who have been blown to bits

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves  
for each Palestinian shot in the streets

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves  
for Tony Blair & George Bush & Osama bin Laden

## **III. Praise and Blame, Loss and Gain**

To be peace—empty, clear, compassionate in this  
mad mix of good and evil and not escape through sleep  
through normalcy, through wrapping myself in the flag



We erect a prayer tree in our town square  
praying for war to disappear in this warm breeze  
the leaves are prayers blowing in the deadly winds

#### **IV. Fame and Shame, Pleasure and Pain**

Everyone I see holds onto their face  
What is behind these masks? these headlines?  
    America attacked  
    A weekend without games  
    US girds for war to “Rid world of evil”  
    US expands detention powers  
    Spirits soar as Giants return to Pac Bell Park  
    ‘Time is running out’ for the Taliban  
    71 Barry Bonds 72 Smashing!  
    Uzbekistan opens bases for US troops  
    US attacks Afghanistan

#### **V. Cowboy Rhetoric**

“Slowly but surely we’re smoking al-Qaida  
out of their caves so we can bring them to justice,”  
says the Commander-in-chief

Caves where Jalaluddin Rumi was born  
Rumi, who proclaimed, “No boundaries, no flags!”  
Caves where Vajrasattva transmitted Dzogchen

Afghanistan—not a place  
but a space, a vacuum created by conflict

#### **VI. A New Geography Lesson**

An AK 47 by a bookcase in bin Laden’s study  
What is right, what is wrong with this picture?

George Bush smirks at the camera during a briefing  
What is right, what is wrong with this attitude?

John Ashcroft says he needs more sweeping powers  
What is right, what is wrong with his claim?

An Afghan man holds up a fistful of prayer beads

What is right, what is wrong with his demand?

From Cyrus II to Genghis Khan to Tamerlane to  
The New World Order, the Great Game continues

### **VII. Manic Heanism**

This is a barbarous age  
Mani is skinned alive

### **VIII. All the Universe Is Laughing at Us**

Opposition evolves so life can exist, opposition desires union  
Overheard, "They don't believe in God; they believe in Allah."  
Maybe we can reassemble Jerusalem in the Nevada desert  
Pray for Buddha to pop a cap up Mars' ass

## **SAM SORRY**

I'm looking for an exit  
from this buddhadrama

an exit out  
of the head

an exit in  
to the heart

grasshoppers jump for joy  
when the grass is liberated

## **GET DOWN, RINPOCHE**

Night is a time for song and dance.  
Tonight, the Gochen Tulku feels expansive  
and dances the Warrior Dance of King Gesar,

While Ani Tsering translates the tulku's poem—  
Black bird, big bird,

Vulture eating dead people  
in the charnel ground.

Then, we all sing Blackbird Singing.

## **IT'S DARK OUT THERE**

Surrounded by fire  
encircled by bears  
metallic hell beings  
screaching in my ears  
I'm an old dog with long hair  
in a pair of old shorts  
taking a pee in a SoBe bottle

On the inside of the cap, it says  
"Who's lizard are you?"  
I'm waking up—  
who's lizard, indeed!

It's dark out there—  
patterns consume me, so  
I rest my attention  
on my breath

## **IN THE GOMPA**

In the gompa with the circular altar  
silence pervades  
except for the creaking of supports  
the cackling of candle wax  
and the woman next to me  
who's into heavy vajra breathing

As the singing bowl rings  
I experience an expression  
of emptiness bliss

I make the best of this situation

## PORTRAITS

Images arise in my mindstream—  
Paloma and I eat pancakes  
in the Dove Café along 666  
the Highway of the Beast

.

Claire weeps in the garden—  
searches for the sacred feminine  
Rolfing her fingers  
into the soil of my shoulders

.

Brian performs a TV commercial  
a senile farmer selling discounted qi—  
“If I can do it, you can do it.”  
qi is his cosmic buddy

.

Mitzi, a bit scitzi  
after what she’s set in motion  
goes askew— still  
she serves with metta

.

Brett searches for form  
in content, content in form—  
a tarp is refuge from the rain  
a yawp is refuge from the pain

.

Marta parades on the path  
in her mantram pedal pushers—  
an OM *swinging behind*  
*her swinging behind*

•

Reuben, blond Adonis  
grounded, I'm glad  
we're all connected—  
he breaks down my tent

•

Frances builds a batch  
of brownies from the ground up—  
chocolate oozing into candy  
candy smoozing into kisses

•

Aja writes in my notebook  
Loving you loving me  
Loving Tara  
Loving we

•

Tracie writes haiku  
with the dementia of a drug fiend—  
her shitmonk series, in the tradition  
of Gary's bearshit on the trail poems

•

I pass the torch to Josh  
who's already on the job—  
loading rock into his pickup  
he's Mila's nynkypoo

•

An image of Jack  
on the porch of his yurt  
blowing the morning conch  
stark naked

## DECISIONS, DECISIONS

So many decisions, so much chance for derision—  
the deadly wind of praise and blame.

Birget's luscious Tara statue stands before the throne,  
but Tulku Sang-ngag says he would prefer it on the altar  
with the mandala offering placed in a lower position.

He doesn't mention which direction  
the Tara statue should stand on the altar.  
Should it face the lama when he's teaching  
or should it face the entrance?

I opt for Tara facing the throne—wrong.  
Rinpoche gives a lion's roar of laughter  
finding he must prostrate to Tara's butt.

## BIG MAP

summer signing off with a scorcher  
kids hit the water with a vengeance

at the city pool, parking places full  
cars soaking up the sunshine

I'm sitting here, feeling transparent  
and not particularly one way or another

maybe it's all this talk of war  
the West Nile virus in our blood stream

or the battle about who's  
going to pick up the garbage

how can I understand  
when everything's the world?

## A SIGN

I'm walking up a trail, deep in conversation with Debbie.  
We are talking about *tigles*, tiny rainbow spheres,  
when I see a flash of light shooting down the trail,  
and a young chipmunk runs under my boot.

With its spine crushed, blood running from its mouth,  
writhing in the dust, I tell Debbie to walk ahead.  
She'll not want to watch what I am going to do.  
I've lived on farms.  
It's reasonable to put down a suffering animal.

A blow to the head with a rock, and the creature is still.  
I dig a small hole, put in a few leaves to make a cushion,  
and lay the body of the chipmunk in its grave.  
I say a mantra.  
I cover it with earth and place a cobble on top.

During one Dharma talk, the subject of killing comes up,  
the difference between accidental and intentional acts of killing,  
& I tell about my choice, and Adzom says my first act was accidental  
& didn't involve me in the chipmunk's karma in a negative way,  
but that my intentional act of "putting it out of its misery"  
was more serious in its repercussions, that I should have left it  
to "burn out its karma" without interfering in the process.

Such is the difference between the East and the West.  
My chances of being reincarnated as a chipmunk are very good.

## PROTECTOR OF THE BENT

a heart vowed to eradicate hells  
if I don't help who will?

warrior of the byways

plunging into black chaos

into the unknown  
into the matrix of the world

I watch where I step—

if it's green with whiskers  
it's probably a Leprechaun

if it's soft and steamy  
it's probably a cow pie

## **1-800-BUDDHAS**

you have reached the offices  
of Guru, Dharma & Sangha  
this is a recorded message  
if you have a touch-tone phone  
press the appropriate button

having pure intention  
and you want to take refuge  
press 1 for Hinayana  
press 2 for Mahayana  
press 3 for Mantrayana  
press 4 for Dzogchen

if you miss part of the transmission  
it will repeat itself upon completion  
if you have any questions  
press the # key, and a Bodhisattva  
will come on the line to assist you

for those with desire-attachment  
or guests of karmic payments  
we suggest dialing our new number  
1-900-Distract

press 1 for a crazy-wisdom bitch  
press 2 for yidams in leather  
press 3 for assorted hindrances  
press 4 to be listened to attentively



## TARA-PEACH TRANSMISSION

Adzom wants to learn how to can peaches.  
Tsultrim is telling him how, step by step.  
Erik translates. Adzom takes notes,  
while giving Tsultrim a short version of the Tara practice,  
which he wants included at the end of the main text.  
I sit outside the tent, chuckling to myself,  
waiting for the text to emerge,  
so that I can run off another edition of the book.

Adzom is transmitting it word by word.  
Tsultrim writes down each word in phonetic Tibetan,  
and Erik translates this into English.  
Then, another step in the process of canning peaches,  
and Erik translates that into Tibetan,  
and Adzom writes it down in his notebook.  
Then, another line of the Tara practice,  
and Tsultrim writes that down, and Erik translates.

OM CHAG TSAL JETSUN TARE  
OM Homage to Jetsun TARE Goddess  
Wash jars, rinse. Place jars in hot water.  
TU TA RA E YI DUNG WA KUNCHOB  
TU TA RA E Save from all suffering  
Pack the sliced peaches into hot jars.  
TUGJE TOGMED TURE PALMO  
Unimpeded compassion TURE Glorious One  
Leave one finger of space at top of jar.  
DAK LA DRUPCHOK TSOL CHIK SWA HA

## GOOD QUESTION

Adzom asks me if I have an answer to his last question.  
I tell him I finally understand, and I give a new answer.  
Then, he asks me, “Where is your mind?”  
And I say, “I don’t know, in my shoe?”

Adzom picks his nose and looks at me, fixedly.  
Then, he asks if he can beat me. “Why?” I ask.  
“What am I to do when I am angry with you?”  
He is leading me somewhere with simple questions,  
and I give answers that I don’t mean to give.

I am walking towards the stupa, when it hits me.

that presence  
that is all  
that is

given each  
breath

Tears shoot out of my eyes— I can help it—  
I have such gratitude for this revelation.  
I lean my head against the upper part of the stupa.

A dakini comes around from the other side and asks me  
what is wrong, and I say, “I just feel incredibly blessed.”  
“Yes,” she says, “the stupa is a powerful, living entity,  
giving off its blessings—it’s a good place to cry.”

## **CARRYING MY BONES**

I’m walking above the pavement  
skimming the surface

responding to the simplicity of rainbow body  
while I dissolve into a welcome mystery

ahead of me, temptations pile up

## **IF I WHISTLED, WOULD SHE STOP?**

My pleasure is a product of me.  
I am a product of my pleasure.

## DEUS LOCUS

all  
over  
all  
over  
all

•

here  
there  
where

on  
at  
in

•

Place is  
a word for  
God

## IF I AM, I AM

if I am, I am  
an armchair foot-soldier  
looking out the window  
with an old, farting dog at my feet

the curtain, the yellow curtain  
is swaying in the breeze  
coming from the open window  
the branches, the leaves  
are swaying in the same breeze

I command a partial view of the street  
a section of asphalt  
people walk along the sidewalk  
truncated bodies among the trunks

not thinking  
just looking

## **HARMONY**

our meeting in the doctor's reception room  
    seated on burgundy cushions  
        Venetian blinds  
creating horizontal bars on our laps

outside, drooping lines on a telegraph pole  
    gray plane  
        must be roof of a building  
architecture of string music

in the background  
    a speaker located behind a sculpture  
        I can tell you are fun  
you are a mystery

not enough time  
    to hook up  
        only a quick smile—&  
you smile back

    leaving the room  
charged

## **PICNIC NEXT TO THE PIER**

lunch on a grassy green lake knoll  
mustard on roast beef

a metal sign informs us

that the cutting down of trees  
is good for the trees  
Belle corrects the grammar  
*the other trees*

the old, the young, babies, cripples  
walk, hobble, run, are pushed along the path

there is a plastic bag by the lakeside  
can't make out what's in it  
probably contains someone's severed head

I don't want to know

## **AUTO BIOGRAPHY**

A note on my windshield—  
“Your right rear tire is flat.”

## **VIEW**

I stand at the Golden Gate and meditate.  
The water is anything but pacific, and the Wild  
West is east of me.

## **HOMAGE TO No. 45 RUE BLOMET**

*Despair is great, and only humour noir helps to overcome it.*  
—André Breton

### **I. Give & Take of Beauty: I'm Given the Words**

I am drinking from the cancer cup with my lips

and the lips of those who have suffered before me  
all of us drinking from the BIG cancer cup  
a larger suffering, these older voices, these other souls  
speaking through my heart, speaking directly to yours  
of energies that turn us again to earth and fertility  
There's deeper tissue here than I've yet laid bare  
I would feel a sharp object in my abdomen  
cutting gently and with an aim at laying open  
not reasoning out the unreasonable reality of death  
Enter my cells through the immense, gaping door  
of my perspective, welcome to the innards of my sex  
Here is a doorknob, here is a broom  
Take the broom and sweep aside the artifices  
Come inward, a geography trip  
to my heart, my dick and balls  
and my prostate

## **II. Vanity of the Prostate**

I am Prostate  
I am like a cat presenting you with a gift  
a mouse or a fluttering baby magpie  
I'm a gland, a secretor of fluid  
the size of a walnut, just below the bladder  
I propel the semen through the urethra  
a lubricator of soul, I'm the oil pump of the sex act  
I am the second major cause of death in men  
I am, when I metastasize  
I enter your seminal vesicles, your bladder, your sphincter  
your lymph nodes, your spinal column, your bones  
cells run amuck

### **III. Wishing It Were Different**

Allopathic treatments are radical prostatectomy  
& brachytherapy, tiny radioactive seeds implanted

Possible side effects are urethral stricture, bleeding,  
pulmonary embolism, incontinence, erectile dysfunction

a side effect of prostate surgery & brachytherapy  
but, then, it's hard to get a hard-on when you're dead

### **IV. Emptiness Beyond Within**

hit below the belt, a gut reaction  
do this, do that, do nothing

implant me with seeds  
I'll radiate—dangerous to set a baby near me

piss through a screen, collect my isotopic seeds  
return them to the manufacturer

six months of radiation, radiating out, radiating in  
radiating in ten directions

breathe in the bad, breathe out the good  
breathing still

## **HANDOFF IN A MINDFIELD**

<http://www.whitech/lowtech.net>  
this url cannot be opened

a 1909 A.B. Dick Edison Mimeo #76  
rests on a high shelf

a CANON 6050  
spits out copy

a cloud stands on my roof  
a shotgun blast in the face

I move inward  
to shadow

darker than any hollow  
connecting the dots

## ONE WAY

I might  
say

there is not  
a war

tied  
to human  
nature

I might  
yell

“zoo you bugaloo”  
in the face  
of every  
stupid white man  
I meet

I might  
reveal the secret  
of Keats

beauty & truth  
or Blake’s

*When Gold and Gems adorn the plow  
To peaceful Arts shall Envy bow*

or

*A dog starved at his Master’s Gate*



*Predicts the ruin of the State*

Michael Moore emails  
Police Raid Shut Down My Booksigning in San Diego

it's a yellow  
terror code  
today

don't drink  
don't drive  
don't

## **SEXY LOVERS**

kissed carefully by a thousand mirrors  
my DNA on your lips

so close  
to nonsense  
we are very human

“The Atom Bomb is created and exploded in 1945  
as a means of annihilating human lives on a mass scale.”

Lady, come and look out  
the window at the wind we're  
blowing

they will have to pry our lips apart

## **A WELCOME AWAITS HIM IN PARADISE**

There—at the corner of the poem  
is the world—the place  
we live in, cordoned off by our words, by  
what divides you from me, by what  
also unites us

since what I say does not entail what I do

“don’t cry for me, but bury me with my brothers, the martyrs,  
and visit my grave if you have time” sd Yusef

since what I do cannot explain what I mean  
“pay the corner grocer the 25¢ I owe him”

since what I mean is not what I think  
“I want my grave to be like the grave of Muhammad,  
only not so big”

since the world is me, and I am the world  
“I must, more than ever, try to uninvent myself”

since what is outside crushes me, and I can remember  
the color of your eyes smiling at me

since

## **A SHIFT OCCURS**

the spark  
the suffering

“Love is the beginning of Time”

loose ingredients

running about  
sending up smoke signals  
telling the world of  
your golden warmth and the magic of

sunlight  
on your skin  
nothing  
as bright  
as you

I won’t talk  
to anyone  
today, my last  
words

were to you

I will say nothing

your beauty is dangerous  
    god damn devastating,  
but—I'm alive  
to your trembling,  
alight on bright wings

am I dead yet?

## **WITHOUT GOGGLES**

seeing beauty, seeing  
the grotesque—

the light on a leaf  
insects eating the same leaf

a smartly-dressed woman  
parading her charms

there are creases in her skirt  
plaque on her teeth

she touches her mane  
with a manicured hand

there's excrement  
on the hair in her crack

all the same, a lingering smile  
raises my heartbeat

and the tumor

## FACELESS PRESENT

unborn  
unbidden

the sunlight  
fills the unlit

street, and  
I suddenly

turn and smile  
leaving the night wind

full of whispers

## FALLING

off a horse  
off a roof

out of a tree  
out of a car

preparing to fall  
removing my shoes

listening to your voice  
knowing the pain

knowing what I owe  
what I will do

left to right  
left to write

my grief

## FREEDOM AHEAD

I pray to the imps at the crossroads  
where I clean a window to a broken promise  
and my dusty feet are washed in the sea of beginning

the imps are writing dirges  
on the bone bag we call spring  
I keep speaking, and they keep writing

above me a plum tree rattles its branches—  
staccato beats against this empty cage

the imps demand I give them a line of credit  
I give them marks on a drum and a flag  
but such answers never satisfy

the trick is to proceed without certainty

## FOR EVERYONE

no floor  
no walls  
no ceiling

what did you expect?

a wanting heart  
a burning mouth  
tangled nerves?

there is a bell  
and a mirror  
and a lamp

as the bell rings  
it cracks  
the mirror reflects  
a shadow  
the lamp reveals  
everyone has gone back

## PROMETHEUS SINGS

uncertain  
chained, yet

rocked  
laughing in the rafters

starburst in his prime  
splendid

rage mixed with joy  
unsubdued

singing to be free  
of his secrets

## ALREADY EXTINCT

whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
whatever  
WHATever

## **CIRCLE**

my memory of us in a lotus—  
peacock feathers thick with poison  
our lives jumbled together

you drop your fork and say it's time to go  
then remember the show's not over  
until the lama dances

## **CRETAN LYRE**

addleheaded in Safeway  
a tropical shower in the vegetables  
transmits light to my inner idiot

coming before coming before  
coming way before coming

beyond joy and woe  
where I can do what I do  
without having to lie

## **HARD**

but I want to understand why  
be mindful on this planet?

in this body  
mind embodied

I feel like an atom  
thinking of the Universe

the seven sisters doing a veil dance  
near the moon, and

the little stars, big  
so far away

## **SKIMMING**

Deport, unfinished

Don't know who the president is  
and don't give a damn

Just want to get laid

Raw, ridiculous

Jumping up  
and leaping sideways

I cross my fingers

## **IN**

a forest—an old  
cannon in a tree  
that could fall if  
there was a breeze

later

a boy kisses a girl  
and the cannon falls  
or not, if no one's there

later

abnormal that  
there is a forest at all  
after those kisses



later

a sequence  
of abstract pictures

placed  
between  
interruptions

## **CONTACT**

a jumble makes a coherent whole  
a confusion clears into order—  
I follow a trail along a fence line

picking up discarded pizza boxes  
stashing them near the base of a post  
covering them with a tarp

someone I can't see is with me, has  
gone ahead into a field, we are talking about litter  
and I think of pigs—

I remember killing the runts in a pen  
on a farm in Iowa when I was a boy  
crushing their skulls with a hammer and  
then standing in my bloody overalls  
and asking forgiveness of the Universe

## **MIMIC IN THE MIST**

when a mimic in white face and tattered tux  
brushes by  
I turn, he turns, my turn, our turn  
doubles hide in every word

I walk on fallen leaves—

gravity's delight!

truth follows beauty around the lake

## **I WAIT**

in this room of words  
each moment advancing in the eternal

jumping up, leaping sideways  
each foot ahead

putting each foot  
up

each step a prayer  
and the shadows letting themselves down

motionless, beyond doubt  
seeing the shadows grow fainter

finding I am staring inward  
and the night is there

and I ask, "Am I awake?"

and the darkness shakes  
and leaves

## **MY WORDS**

one at a time  
each has gone  
across

gone  
in silence

without memory

with closed eyes  
and little hope

trying to avoid  
the mistakes  
of their ancestors

already they are extinct

## **FOR PALOMA**

C'est non poeme.

## **THEY'VE GOT ME ON GUILT INJECTIONS**

it's spring in the meadow of noon  
the rain is dropping negative Orgone energy  
we're nestled in a rose, whispering

ciao, baby  
ciao, flower, ah, creamy  
ciao flower, silky ciao flower

I've become sentimental about every kiss

## **AFTER THE INVISIBLE**

flipped over, turned around  
winter sprawls in space  
at everyone

flipped over, turned around  
winter sprawls in space

at everyone

voice repeats  
because ear retreats

flipped over, turned around  
spring twinkling in the antipodes  
does not care to speculate

flipped over, turned around  
spring twinkling in the antipodes  
does not care to speculate

voice repeats  
because ear retreats

flipped over, turned around  
blissful in uneasiness  
hard to tell desire from distress

## **A CHICKEN LEG IS A RARE MEAL**

Can you taste it now?  
Good

Can you taste it now?  
Good

Can you taste it now?  
Good

Can you taste it now?  
Good

Can you taste it now?  
Good

Can you taste it now?  
Good

Can you taste it now?

## **NEXUS OF ENTITIES**

*for Darrell Gray*

Arrested by material reality  
thrown forward into fantasy  
knowing “I” is the subject  
and “am” is the verb and

having no further to go

Let me relax and the occasion  
take the wind out of suffering

## **AND HERE I AM**

mistakes in my mind  
but light in my heart

Ol’ Dog  
dancing to a drum  
with feathers on

“Look!”

I’m growing wings  
I’m

falling in love

## **THE CALL**

some  
lead

and some  
follow

or stand back  
or hide

there are those that stay in bed  
and those that run away

eyes that stare forward  
and eyes that stare back

eyes that shift  
eyes that are blind

to the light  
we spin

## **LE PETIT SOLDIER DU JEAN LUC GODDARD**

I have nothing  
aside from the shape of my face  
and the sound of my voice

you will never know what I am thinking  
or where my voice comes from

already all is silence

## **RED HEARTS, WHITE ROCK**

*for Kimberly*

You believe it all.  
I believe none of it.  
We hear thunder in The Bohemian Grove.  
They're making war, you say.

You believe it all.  
I believe none of it.

The reason you are here  
is to help us in the flesh with the flesh.

I watch you dance a dance as old as space  
while the world goes to the fat cats.  
You believe it all.  
I believe none of it.

## AT CLUB FAB

An auditorium without an audience. Two women dancing. One dances in a white gown, and she moves with confident abandon—a performance addressed to emptiness. The other woman is on a swing, center stage. She wears black frilly briefs and a transparent tunic over a beige undershirt. Her black hip boots have spike heels. She fuses the cancan dancer to the gogo girl. The woman in white is Death. She is a piece of wedding cake with vanilla frosting being eaten by a man with dirty fingers. She has lost her shoes, and she looks for them, high and low. The cancan dancer fused to the gogo girl twists the ropes of her swing, winding and unwinding her body in languid arcs. She is Sleep, and she lies in the sand of dreams and feels the warm sun and the cool sea breeze. Both women have a secret. In these two secrets are all the other secrets.

## ON STAGE

faces superimposed over a man running  
the man running over rubble on the screen  
ground zero, ground the square root of minus one  
and a dancer in an Aztec headdress crooning to a clown  
ckkkkkkkckkkkkkkcccccccc  
a boy picks at his food  
morose over a molecule of mayonnaise on his hotdog  
ckkkCcccccccc ccccc  
another man in a black suit  
wearing a gas mask with a catcher's mitt for a hat  
flaps his arms and asks,  
"Us is America?"  
"Iq is Iraq?"  
ckkkkkkkkaa;ckkkkkkkkk

## **YOU, ME & A SOUND TECH**

You dance, and I sing  
to an empty auditorium  
against an impenetrable  
wall of sound

I have the book open  
mouth the words  
stand solidly on stage  
and anchor silence

## **TOWARDS THE LIGHT**

To make sense of the chaotic flux  
the consuming patterns, and the puzzling utterances  
I love

## **TEST**

Test  
test  
test

One  
two  
three

This is  
a test

Test  
test  
test

Dark clouds on the horizon  
a burning beach





totter and howl  
the party's not over  
the mystery's only begun

## **SURFACES**

Night comes, and moving  
into the somnolent darkness I engage  
in the slow seduction of a woman  
who looks like Louise Brooks in *Pandora's Box*.

We are digging graves in the center of a road running  
through the high, open fields on Umptanum Ridge,  
going slow, a problem with rain and our will to dig.

Standing in a shed, looking through the drizzle,  
telling her she can do it, not to leave, I look at figures dancing  
inside a transparent moon.

She puts my hand under her shirt  
and lets me kiss her.  
I realize we are in a showcase window  
and awake.

## **MADE OF CLAY**

We are bones and sinew,  
and it's bliss to join lips  
and entwine limbs in abandon.

We are rampages of feeling,  
heaps of hopes and fears,  
tangled in thought webs.

What fun to challenge the gods  
in the other worlds.

## LOST LENORE

A girl in a car  
with a container of coffee in her lap  
whispers she knows where Lenore is

She asked around  
questions direct and indirect  
wondering if Hwy 10 goes to Alabama  
no, she didn't want to go to New Orleans  
and she was told Lenore was in Baltimore

Currently it's 93° there  
humidity 33%  
wind from the northwest at 10mph  
visibility unlimited

I remember her wearing velvet pants—  
respice and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore

## THINKING WITH FEELINGS

Thinking with feelings  
my voice comes from far away  
from within a mirror  
where phantoms whir

Friend, I see you  
something in me  
I fear

A power in us  
the cruelty to kill

I have walked through hell  
and eaten my bread  
soaked in tears

I am numb

having seen the beautiful  
faces of the dead

## **ONE SPIRIT, MANY FAITHS**

acts of senseless terror  
    intention directed against Satan  
    years of domination, manipulation, shame  
viciousness of attacks  
    the weak versus the strong  
    hitting symbolic targets, money and might  
humanitarianism  
    we ease our conscience  
    while veiling our political motive  
foreign policy  
    can't leave the Gulf and live without oil  
    or leave the Holy Land and lose control  
freedom rings  
    altruism tainted with self-interest  
    hard not to have self-interest in survival  
    self and enlightened self

## **THIS MORNING**

I sat on a city bench  
watching people pass

This world trembles and flows  
grows younger by the second  
as it dies and vanishes

## **“WE’LL ALWAYS HAVE PARIS”**

At Le Belle Aurore  
*It's still the same old thing*  
as time goes by

## WHEEL OF TIME MANTRA BLADE

*for Joe*

skull bowl memorial  
in the charnel grounds  
    life against death—  
a dreadful dream

Tashi prays over your ashes, naked  
    on her moon time  
menstrual minstrel mistress  
her pussy  
    which you so loved—  
speaking to your mind stream

you dead, gone to Bardo  
busted in your beard  
o, horror

.

is issuing from the brain  
shinning upon us  
to block our knock off  
a pearl in wine  
the web of life, and a worm  
weaving deep in the earth  
a wooden bowl  
is being filled with blood  
to make bread  
as the cauldron boils  
more gold and more gold  
is issuing from the brain  
white is holding a corpse  
in the east of the brain  
red is holding a banner  
in the west of the brain  
yellow is holding an arrow  
in the south of the brain  
black is holding a bowl

in the north of the brain  
as the worm weaves

.

Tashi phoned me and asked if I would drive with her to Montrose, Colorado, and pick up Joe's truck and horse trailer, inventory things in his storage locker, then drive to Joe's ranch in Telluride to see if the house could be put on the market as a completed shell, check with the contractor, check with the lawyer, check with the realtor, stay in Montrose with Jack, at his brother's, deal with the mortician, where Joe's brother, Pierre, had left the truck and trailer after freaking out about hearing Joe willing everything to Tashi, had loaded the truck with stuff and left it with this dude who'd cremated Joe, who might be difficult to deal with, him being a debarred lawyer and used car salesman as well as a mortician, who might be holding the truck ransom for storage fees, hmmm, obstacles, Joe had been having problems with the crew working on the house, trouble getting his construction loan, all kinds of pressure, Tashi said she was afraid to live in a tent near a gang of ex-cons with Joe driving them hard to get the work done, and she'd gone back to Point Reyes Station, then, Joe flew to Venezuela to a Norbu retreat, and he had begun to drink, fallen off the wagon and got crushed under the wheels, and would I drive with her in a rented car and sort out this stuff  
"Sure, why not?"

.

Tashi and I take the lonely highway  
which is a lot of desert to cross

heading for a 40 acre spread  
near Telluride, land between  
the ranch of a movie star and that  
of a retired four-star general

there's property, and then  
there's land

Joe left

left this world  
left a home half-built  
a four-wheel drive truck  
a four-horse horse trailer  
three horses

and debts  
spread to the ten directions

left half-finished yet, somehow

left

right

on time

.

Pony Espresso Deli  
on the old Pony Express Trail

espresso coffee  
in every small town in America, now

driving a diesel and a horse trailer  
hehaw

the open sky— a part of me  
turning

never returning, always rising  
a thousand roses

practicing  
Xitro, Chöd, Simhamukha on the way

rock 'n' roll  
we're in the mandala

we are the mandala

.

Jack thought of him while he was circumambulating the Karmapa's stupa in Crestone and had driven to Telluride to see him, arriving on the day Joe died, found him laid out in his tent, surrounded by knives, knives stuck in the tent posts, in the ground, knives everywhere— Joe stabbing demons with his *purbas*, the autopsy said advanced stages of cirrhosis, liver failure aggravated by alcohol, no knowing

.

And could it be suicide?  
a reckless act, a hopeless soul  
headed to ultimate torment

Ooops

But what do we know?

A few pieces of the puzzle  
fragments—mostly nothing

ignorant of your hopes and fears  
your wishes

your epiphanies

•

we're on a longitude  
on our way to a latitude  
on our way to a kill box  
flying around with hot ammo  
intending to kill everything  
or

we're rowing across a lake  
getting nowhere fast  
talking  
about the causes of happiness

this is where  
my mind stalls—there's a gulf  
a war in all of us

•

on a mission for the khenpo—  
a stupa mission

an energy generator  
must draw negative energy  
and transform it

needing to prime the pump  
we searched for  
a skull for the negativity chamber  
blood from an accident  
earth from a fresh grave  
some weapons—  
a gun from a gang killing  
a switchblade  
a rusty pistol from the Spanish American War  
a hunting bow and arrows  
a sword



“Maybe, we should listen to the police band  
for an auto accident.”

“Just hang on, I’ll probably cut myself shaving.”

put the earth in a plastic bag and drove back  
and at the turn by the red barn, a road kill  
a porcupine—sans head

no head  
still pondering that

.

in the ticking present—nothing  
of consequence

don’t get attached, Joe  
seeing us going through your stuff

no putting the petals  
back on the stem  
now the flower  
is torn

.

your photo album—  
a photo of Hem on a fishing boat  
a photo of Coop in hunting gear  
photos of The Stones stoned  
you in bell bottoms  
ice skating with Sun Valley snow bunnies

you laughing  
your gentle, giving, forgiving laugh  
your impish irreverence  
your healing side, then  
your quirky switch to macho  
your 30.06 in the gun rack  
your knives  
and bear skins and drums

your skull bowl  
your saber tooth tiger tooth  
hint at who you were

.

I mourn the loss of my friend

the years taken  
the stories untold  
the

I mourn the loss of my friend

I bless him  
I pray for his quick return  
I

I mourn the loss of my friend  
his spirit among the shades

.

God is crazy  
God is a castrate  
God is a blind eye

God wrecks havoc  
on beauty

Violence, violate, vile

My friend is dead, ded  
daid, died, done  
gone BEYOND

both virtues and faults

.

I'm not sure  
this is what you want  
to be remembered for—

walking down Fall Street  
you pick up a piece of dog poop and say  
“Look what I almost stepped in!”

.

your shrink didn't know  
your family and friends didn't know

and even if we did  
what could we do about it

you kept drinking  
and drinking and drinking

and now we say prayers  
by the oven where you are cremated

and we did a puja in the gompa on a full moon night  
Tashi heard your voice, it was raining through sunlight

two rainbows appeared, so she put flowers on the shrine  
and Jack got a message, "What's up with the dead flowers?"

.

I tried to kill the rose  
creeping into the tower  
but it came back  
with a vengeance

from your heart to  
my heart

of you, part  
to part, of me  
now, healing

we are rampages of feeling  
heaps of hopes and fears  
tangled in thought webs

top, bottom  
and at the edge  
of beyond

suns  
burn in you

clear light

## GLITTER

s,e,q,u,e,n,t,i,a,l,e,v,e,n,t,s

## MY DENTIST'S NIGHTMARE

Cover the bottom of an angel-food cake pan  
with gumdrops.  
Melt butter & marshmallows.  
Mix this into popcorn and pour on the gumdrops.  
Let sit until firm enough to eat.  
Popcorn cake.

## AT THE EDGE OF BEYOND

Visited the Big Island  
got homesick and phoned you  
no answer

A gecko jumped out of the coin return  
I can still feel the adrenaline rush

## DR. JENKEL & MR. BROWN

*Lately, I've become accustomed to the way  
The ground opens up and envelopes me  
Each time I go out to walk the dog.*

—Amiri Baraka

One man saw another man whisper into the ear  
of the president as he was leaving his hotel  
on his way to Air Force One.  
Later, another man asked the president  
if he knew what was going on in New York City,  
and he replied, “Yes, I plan to do something about it.”

From these reports, another man assumed  
the president knew something  
about the events of 9/11  
before the attack occurred, believes now that the attacks were  
organized crimes underwritten by *Enron* and Mayor Willie Brown,  
and that every official from *Enron* president Ken Lay  
down to San Francisco’s dog catcher  
has been covering up the trail.

I slept while this man cringed in the clutter of his mind.  
I looked the other way  
when the investigators came to ask for an explanation.  
I showed them my identification,  
but the cards were blank.

I wrapped myself in the flag  
while angels had electrodes attached to their wings,  
were disemboweled,  
had their throats cut.

No wonder no one sings any more.

## **AS THOUGH I WAS A DOG**

asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog  
asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog  
asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog  
asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog  
asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog  
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asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog  
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asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog  
asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog

## WORSHIP DOG

some serious fucking parts of my brain, missing  
spastic

*streams of world sleepy mowing in harvest-time, sowing and reaping  
for growing field green watch the dreams of dreams in doubtful riot  
waves spent and wind dead— seems trouble where here quiet is the world*

worship Dog

I think I know what I'll do  
I think I will decide  
to be happy

sitting in my porcelain garden  
hollyhocks sculpting my sight  
while I try to poeticize reality  
and win this war waged in my brain  
to stop the war waged in my name

I'm a speck on the earth  
the earth  
    in turn, a speck in space—  
objects in my hundred-mile gaze  
pulling away from what I designate  
a gazebo, where two teenage girls  
    eat sandwiches on the steps

a pleasing visage of afternoon calm  
also, a slap in the face

war begins with a slap in the face  
a slap that has the precision of a jet plane  
that can fire missiles into my front room  
without disturbing the curtains

the slap begins with a broken promise  
followed by harsh words, then a curse, then a blow  
breaking my nose, blackening an eye  
burning the car

as though I was a car

a car which would follow you anywhere  
taking I 280 to 92 East  
getting off on 1<sup>st</sup>  
going down a long hill  
past the high school  
I hear

“Republicans are good—  
for nothing.”

two men debate in anger  
the new candidates  
frustrating business, smells  
of winter, sound of cars  
a muffler blown, laughter of three girls

as though I was a girl

talking with two other girls  
about taking a picture of themselves  
pink, baby blue, white tank tops  
heads together, deciding to go  
for ice cream

a boy, fashion conscious  
pants halfway down his ass  
keeps tugging them up— ass and midriff adrift

splayed on the side of a passing truck  
*Cookies, Brownies, Coffee*

followed by a CFL tanker and a USF Bestway  
freight express

as though I was a train

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Cotton Belt

Cushion Ride

For Fragile Freight

Great Northern

Great Northern

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Cotton Belt

Auto Pak

Cotton Belt

Auto Pak

Cotton Belt

Auto Pak

Cotton Belt

Auto Pak

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

more cars, more pedestrians  
a dog chasing a ball— “Odie,  
bring the ball! No, that’s  
not right. Get the ball!”

as though I was a dog

contour of wind making earth designs  
at my feet, this activity in clear sky  
haze around Mt. Saint Helens  
visible between the trees over the stop sign  
by the police station, lawn mowing going on  
a convict in orange shirt, Odie still not  
getting the ball, the hollyhocks  
in the face of what I see

as though I was a Stalinist



as though I was a Stalinist  
now, there's a jump

but not really—  
we're all Stalinists  
when it comes to what we want

dictating our desires  
as though I was true to form

it is this that  
one means

it is this  
that one  
    does  
it is  
this nose, dazzling in profile  
that one  
    knows

Muriel Short was not short.  
She was not tall, and she was not short.  
She was about average height. A bit  
overweight, but not overweight  
in an unattractive way.  
She was a mistress of Zeus.  
Hera sent a demented plastic surgeon  
to mess with her looks.  
Homer called her swine-snouted.  
A moon goddess, she wore  
the three sacred colors, white, red, and black  
symbolic of virgin, mother, and crone.

so, cremate me and spread my ashes—  
by the JFK rose in the Berkeley Rose Garden  
under a cedar tree at Deep Bay  
at Luminous Peak at Tara Mandala  
in the Yakima River, near Peoples' Pond  
or not

if I'm drug off by a mountain lion  
while I'm in retreat, leave me out there, if  
my bones are found, use my thigh bones for trumpets  
and my skull for a cup, tell them I was drugged off

a poetry junky  
who likes Billy Collins, his sad humor  
and his seriousness, his wish to instill  
appreciation of this art

poetry goes right to the point, he says to  
read a poem each day in school  
read it aloud without any obligation  
to study it, just listen to it and wonder

“All it takes is one poem to get you hooked.”

*I see the best minds of my generation  
destroyed by madness, starving hysterical  
naked, looking for an angry fix*

old, beggared poets reading poems in bathrooms  
Anslinger’s prophesy come true  
poets selling their nickel poems on street corners

///THIS IS A POEM FREE ZONE///

junk, that poem is junk

“Mommy, I read a poem today.  
Do you think I’m hooked?”

The Salvation Army condemns the vice of poetry  
Poetry Anonymous meetings in church basements

My name is...  
I’m a poet

I have always wanted to write the perfect poem  
Today I will write it

Beginning with the sun rising, the morning  
Light creating the world

The morning light that I create  
By raising the sun with my perfect poem  
As though I was a god

## WAVETWISTERS Y2K

*just go to DevilDoc's chatroom*  
*I can laugh*  
*I can cry*  
*I can swear*  
*I can lie*

—July

Please wait...connecting to server

Connected to server

**Welcome to D Press Chat:** Important: D Press does not control or endorse the content, messages or information found in chat. D Press specifically disclaims any liability with regard to these areas. To review the guidelines for use of D Press Chat, go to <http://chat.dpress.com/conduct.asp>.

The chat topic is: share your poem. Artaud is host.

Welcome—poems first, chat second.

worm

mexlady

magdalena

“Jo Violent”

glitter

rads

fairygirl

sicseed

unknown

jabborwocky

missing

Dreamy

AFROdite

zin

jvisionaire

darkpoet

beatnikig, that's beatnik in disguise

FallenAngel

nannycate

rooster

pokadottie

Sculpture

we project a space with no floor, no walls

we exist but cannot rest

are watchful but have no shadows

Artaud: hello room

Magichex\_g leads Art to the couch

Artaud: Thank you Magic

Magichex\_g puts a laprobe over Art's knees

Artaud: all I need is my pipe

Magichex\_g brings a pipe

Themis: a/s/l

Artaud: you won't turn me into a frog will you?

Magichex\_g sits down next to Artaud

Artaud: middleaged male in a state of anxiety

Themis: lol

siouxsgirl: read us a poem, Artaud

Artaud: HEAR THEM BUZZZ

Artaud: With the gums gone the

Artaud: words within words, no kidding

Artaud: the birds chatting with other birds

Artaud: are barely heard.

Artaud: .

Artaud: And though the nose is

Artaud: green and blue,

Artaud: it's much too hot to twitch.

Artaud: Nothing

Artaud: .

Artaud: Stirs except a blue-bottle fly.

Artaud: The eye IN my head

Artaud: sees me coming toward the river,

Artaud: and a sound says,

Artaud: .

Artaud: "I will die outside your window."

Artaud ends

Dreamy: I like it, but I don't understand

the last line

Themis: That's beautiful!

siouxsgirl: my pants are wet

Magichex\_g: mine are burning

siouxsgirl: i knew i was going to be enlightened

Riskybusiness: i know all that Bauhaus shit i

saw that movie with the razor slashing an eye

go ahead give me some lines from le chein andelou

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .  
Artaud: .  
Riskybusiness: that doesn't look like something Artaud would say  
Artaud: it's a silent movie  
Riskybusiness: lol  
devildoc: fuck, that's retarded  
dengalis: be more repectful!!!  
devildoc: i can say what i want  
dengalis: you can at least haave some manners  
devildoc: get screwed  
*Host Neon-Ratio kicks devildoc out of the chat room!*  
*devildoc leaves the conversation*  
*devildoc returns to the conversation*  
devildoc: whydya kick me out?  
Neon-Ratio: rudeness  
devildoc: i'll be good, i was just trying to stir things up  
devildoc quivers in the corner  
dengalis: where do you get off talking like that ?  
Artaud: is this yours first time here?  
dengalis: yes  
Artaud: go easy, dengalis, just poets at play here  
Russianbeauties enters the conversation  
Russianbeauties: hello Americans  
Russianbeauties leaves the conversation  
Artaud: someone go  
sunshine: ok  
sunshine: senseless banter, wicked words  
sunshine: tear apart all esteem...  
sunshine: from the outside looking in  
sunshine: is it as real as it seems?

## **POET 2 POET**

you know the drill  
wings (host)  
Artaud  
page  
tyme  
WierdoWill

WierdoWill: i've got a poem, can i go  
wings: sure, go ahead  
WierdoWill: arguing into the early hours  
WierdoWill: about the global economy  
WierdoWill: and the greenhouse effect  
WierdoWill: we solve the world's problems  
WierdoWill: for another night

WierdoWill: while the stars shine down  
WierdoWill: through the colander in the sky  
WierdoWill: after you leave I continue to drink  
WierdoWill: til I'm topped off and tipping over  
WierdoWill: miserable fuck that I am  
WierdoWill: I crawl across a gravel pit  
WierdoWill: and down a culvert  
WierdoWill: where I find a pinhole of firelight  
WierdoWill: and I laugh and laugh and laugh  
WierdoWill: happy to find light  
WierdoWill: in the middle of the tunnel  
WierdoWill: (end)

WierdoWill: well, what do you think, is this  
a good poem? I think it sucks myself  
wings: i thought it was very good  
WierdoWill: i think it is one of my worst  
Artaud: yes, if you cant tell your tent from a drainage ditch you are pretty messed up  
and it shows you are an drooling alcoholic  
with a gas mask fetish  
tyme: ?  
Artaud: if i wrote a poem like that i would go out and hang myself from the nearest tree  
WierdoWill: i want to know what the rest of you think, not Art  
tyme: I'm just a wallflower here  
WierdoWill: page,tell me honestly  
page: gosh i thought it was nice, but i did't unerstand the colander thing  
WierdoWill: hmm, not sure I do either  
Artaud: just a dumb reference to a medieval astrological concept  
WierdoWill: shut up, Art, i want to know what people with real understanding think

WierdoWill: well, if no one is going to make  
a comment, I guess I am going, thanks all, have fun Art!  
WierdoWill leaves the conversation  
wings: what was that all about?  
Artaud: just devildoc messing with my head by reading memy own poem a poem that i posted at  
poetrytonight.com  
Artaud: he's just pissed i'm over here with you guys, i'm embarassed and flattered at the same  
time  
wings: you have poems published?  
Artaud: a few but let's not go there ok here we're peers

### **DEVILDOC'S ROOM**

the chat topic is: you know the deal  
bring your poetry.....leave the rest

Jill-in-the-Box enters

TchKung enters  
greyling enters  
ds33 has entered  
signa has entered  
wings: fire in the lake  
    darting over  
    starting  
    uber und deeiber  
        de ober kats  
signa has left

*Disconnected from server. Please wait connecting to server...*

chain..g: this be the flame in the cellar  
    naked and wageless  
    screaming in our cages  
    whose got the power  
    the mass or the few  
    in this torn nation  
    never give up  
    just live up  
    wd be spittn up  
    rippin it up  
    o my brother  
    burning barefeet  
    over blacktop  
    fast as in fashion  
    snapbacknecks  
    (ends)

Artaud: once upon a time, old Ez sd we needed  
alabaster for this accelerated age, not marble  
—waferboard is what we're using now  
and a chain saw

### **CREATE A CHAT**

Join a Chat  
Change Nickname  
Help

D Press live  
Code of Conduct

Artaud: a chain poem is created above and below the body  
gypsy: in a pillar of soot  
wings: and scrapings

sinkfoil: and it shivers

Artaud: Artaud: a chain poem is created above and below the body

gypsy: in a pillar of soot

wings: and scrapings

sinkfoil: and it shivers

gypsy: this is wild, artuad

glitterclot: i don't get it

Artaud: I am rejecting the notion that the subject matter is in the depth of the poem, here the main thing is the immediate situation, the energy, the accident of our situation in the room, the surface of the screen and the poem arising

glitterclot: it's wierd

Artaud: it's like a "candid camera" or a diary of our memories, our chats, our poems, our moofs

wings: go on with it, Art

Artaud: wings: the souls of anti-poets

sinkfoil: spring into moments like 666

wings: wipe that smile off your face

steeltrooper: what is this shit?

gypsy: shhhhh steel, art is reading

steeltrooper: dit don't make sense

gypsy: he's reading us reading

steeltrooper: sucks

*Host wings kicks steeltrooper out!*

steeltrooper leaves the conversation

steeltrooper enters the conversation

steeltrooper: Don't kick me out I'll just come back

Artaud: if you were a host would you kick me out?

steeltrooper: Would you make me host?

Artaud: will you be good"?

steeltrooper: Yes

*Artaud makes steeltrooper host*

Artaud: ok, does that satisfy you?

steeltrooper: thanks

Host steeltrooper kicks starache out!

starache leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks sinkfoil out!

sinkfoil leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks prose out!

prose leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks Olivia© out!

Olivia© leaves the conversation

Host: steeltrooper kicks Neon-Ratio out!



Neon-Ratio leaves the conversation  
Host steeltrooper kicks macduff out!  
macduff leaves the conversation  
Artaud: bad call, bye all

### **ANOTHER ROOM**

farmgirl  
“the Shrew”  
genius  
“SongPump”  
wynter  
ZzZzZ  
aura  
macduff  
niovi  
Iris  
princess-sunshine  
tuesdaykisses  
hotgirl99  
ArcAinA79  
4given  
jupiter  
BATTLEOFEVERMORE  
microcosom  
belle  
Temperance  
denise  
Demonica  
MaidenTsar, that’s Totenmaske  
that’s TT that’s that  
“SmartLady”

*Miss Perfect enters the conversation*

chain..g: drunk enough  
and bored enough  
shattered in a  
wood coffin  
on some boot hill  
a young gun  
screaming “howdy”  
flashing cold steel  
from his hip  
like dark lightning

gypsy: the screen scrolled...

Artaud: you got moofied  
*lover899 enters*  
Artaud: hi lover, that's a powerful number  
lover899: how so?  
Artaud: it reduces to an 8, a number of power  
lover899: i see  
punkerpoet: Done in by love, lover o the one I despise  
*punkerpoet leaves*  
*punkerpoet3 enters*  
punkerpoet3: minor threat, black flag, the  
          dropkick murpheys, US Bombs  
devildoc: get down punker  
punkerpoet3: got disconnected and they changed my name damn them  
glitterclot: go to options and change it bacvk  
punkerpoet: arrested for punk in public  
gypsy: do you know that you were put on auto hold for five minutes  
glitterclot: not on my screen he wasn't  
gypsy: this is strange  
punkerpoet: put on hold by who?  
gypsy: i didnt even know there was an automatic ignore, it said it was because you had sent

Artaud: push on wings  
wings:..  
wings:..  
wings: here goes  
          fire by the lake  
          lightening on the hills  
*MaXiEgiRl enters*  
          our hearts in the waves arising  
          pounding sense into the shore  
MaXiEgiRl: Did you write this poem??  
          who could know  
MaXiEgiRl: sorry  
          I'm losing my mind  
MaXiEgiRl: Is this room just for typing in  
          poetry or something?  
wings: oh duh  
Artaud enters the conversation  
Artaud: I got moofied and landed in a Romance  
          chat room and everyone was naked  
wings: what did you do?  
Artaud: I told them I was a poet and could I read them a poem  
wings: what happened?  
Artaud: I started to read, and they booted me out  
wings: then read it for us art  
prose: blood drain brain reels

Dreamy: I begin to see things begin  
Totenmaske: □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□  
Neon-Ratio: tote, I can't read that, change yr font  
Totenmaske: to turn in the room in the light  
Neon-Ratio: tx  
gypsy: crying out for the pain to stop  
Neon-Ratio: wanting a spiritual path  
mersault: without God mucking it up  
Totenmaske: God as a cloudy vapor who  
invents the world and leaves  
DenymeLife enters the conversation  
prose: or sleeps in a mummy cloth  
Dreamy: howling in impotent agony  
Totenmaske: while worms in putrid furrows wiggle with pagan glee  
DenymeLife: Hello, I don't understand  
mersault: wiggling and giggling  
Neon-Ratio: we're chaining a poem deny, where are you from?  
DenymeLife: Denmark in Alabama  
Neon-Ratio: do you have a poem to share  
DenymeLife: No, can I just watch?  
Neon-Ratio: anyone else have a poem ready  
Neon-Ratio: arty??  
Artaud: y

*Neon-Ratio dims the lights and adjusts the mic*

prose: blood drain brain reels  
Dreamy: I begin to see things begin  
Totenmaske: το τυρν ιν τηε ροομ ιν τηε λιγητ  
Neon-Ratio: tote, I can't read that, change yr font  
Totenmaske: to turn in the room in the light  
Neon-Ratio: tx  
gypsy: crying out for the pain to stop  
Neon-Ratio: wanting a spiritual path  
mersault: without God mucking it up  
Totenmaske: God as a cloudy vapor who  
invents the world and leaves

*DenymeLife enters the conversation*

prose: or sleeps in a mummy cloth  
Dreamy: howling in impotent agony  
Totenmaske: while worms in putrid furrows wiggle with pagan glee  
DenymeLife: Hello, I don't understand  
mersault: wiggling and giggling  
Neon-Ratio: we're chaining a poem deny, where are you from?

DenymeLife: Denmark in Alabama  
Neon-Ratio: do you have a poem to share  
DenymeLife: No, can I just watch?  
Neon-Ratio: starache, how about you?  
starache: i  
gypsy: yes  
starache: wanted to say  
gypsy: yes  
starache: goodbye  
gypsy: oh, star  
starache: i have to go, I can't come back  
gypsy: bye star  
wings: goodnight starache  
gypsy: we'll see you tomorrow nite  
starache: no  
starache: i can't come back ever  
gypsy: what??!  
Artaud: what do you mean starache  
starache: my mom is taking away the computer  
gypsy: why?

*willowtree enters the conversation*

willowtree: hi, everyone  
Artaud: hi willow  
willowtree: how is everyone?  
Artaud: starache is banned from her computer  
willowtree: oh  
gypsy: we are just saying goodbye  
willowtree: oh  
devildoc: your mom will probable relent  
starache: if she ever does, i'm so afraid you will all be gone  
gypsy: we'll be here starache, waiting  
wings: yes, star, we won't forget you  
starache: if you see sink  
gypsy: yes  
starache: tell him  
gypsy: yes  
wings: we will tell him starache  
devildoc: oh god! shit fuck, this is unfair  
devildoc writhes in the dirt pulling his hair  
starache: i want you all to know  
starache: that i love you all  
gypsy: we love you too star  
Artaud: starache, I am very glad we got to be friends I know you didn't trust me at first  
starache: thank, you Art, i am glad too

willowtree: i want to say goodbye and that we will miss you  
starache: ty  
devildoc: you have contributed a lot here  
starache: ty  
starache: good bye everyone  
gypsy: bye  
wings: bye  
devildoc: so long  
starache leaves the conversation  
willowtree: goodbye  
willowtree: oh, i was too late  
Artaud: it's ok willow, she knows  
devildoc: i'm fucking depressed now that starache has left us for good  
Artaud: i know  
gypsy: i feel so sad  
devildoc: well maybe her mother is right maybe  
she spends too much time here and maybe we all should get real lives  
sinkfoil enters the conversation  
devildoc: hi sink, you just missed starache  
gypsy: she was looking for you to say goodbye  
sinkfoil: she was?  
devildoc: she can't come back here  
sinkfoil: she can't  
gypsy: artaud?  
Artaud: sinkfoil, starache's mom repossessed her harddrive  
and won't allow her to come here  
sinkfoil: she did  
Artaud: starache said how much she would miss all of us but especially you  
sinkfoil: i loved that woman  
Artaud: I know, she was really sweet and she contributed a lot to the room,  
we'll all miss her  
sinkfoil: jeez, i dont feel so good  
Artaud: well, we'll just have to carry on  
sinkfoil: i guess  
gypsy: it won't be the same  
devildoc wipes away a tear  
Artaud: come on, she'll probably get to come back before long,  
does anyone have a poem?

**ADDENDUM TO SUBSECTION TWO SECTION IV:** that which is correct shall be correct unless it is wrong; line must sound like the before line or line must have green in it three times; that which contains a there where there is no where there will stay here

I'll poetry if I choose to stay in  
I'll riot if I go out

oh betty so sweet i crave her  
betty is a right little raver  
sweet like a cherry lifesaver  
yummmmm melts in your mouth  
and tastes like cheese  
jeeez this makes me sneeze  
oh the lady will never die  
the lady will never die  
nay but she will often lie  
in a patch of homespun webs  
in a forum of horny plebs  
    “bettyeggleton”  
    SnowAngel  
    paul  
    aura  
    kiek  
    beatnic

#### **DEAD POET SOCIETY**

read your own or other poets and brief  
discussions: Rilke is host

½rhymes  
ANNI  
Astaroth  
auracle  
brautigan  
Dylan  
flash65  
iambic  
infinite  
Joshua  
LadyE  
mab  
macduff  
“MorriganWilde”  
oneblonde  
RomperStomper  
Temperance  
“thatguy”  
twilightdreams  
zin

*Artaud enters the conversation*  
*Artaud leaves the conversation*

gypsy: I'm like a child in many ways  
climb benches  
hug trees  
play with the sand  
prefer to be in the water  
than getting a tan  
laugh like a houseful of hens  
dance all night  
and want more

gypsy: come here, next to me  
gypsy: let me tell you something  
gypsy: whisper  
gypsy:.....I.....love.....  
gypsy:.....you  
rose: but I got disconnected  
gypsy: we'll join to be so very merry  
wings: and dance the night with elf and fairy  
gypsy: and drink the red red dark berry  
wings: and pick the stars until they're too  
heavy to carry  
gypsy: love's the moment and a ring's a thing  
wings: a thing more binding is the song we sing  
Artaud leads gypsy and wings to the rubber room

### **ABANDONED IN THE FIREY LAVA THE SISTERS DANCE TO A PAGAN SONG**

and hold each other  
et si arebus  
until the young moon goes down  
and lays upon a cloud rack  
paratus et infinitum  
in God's hands  
sonnet leaves the conversation  
and I walk in  
covered with ash  
carpagio et enigmas  
and I walked  
no one knows why  
no  
no one  
no one  
no  
I did not lose my faith  
and what I had to say was so sublime  
that the mere utterance was music

*oeuvhere enters the conversation*

times I feel I shouldna been born  
but here I am  
I may yet find where I belong

*oeuvhere leaves the conversation*

**WE WILL LIVE FOREVER IN BOLD LETTERS**

TomZ  
maxiesdad  
44 in Bombay at 3 in the morning  
GammaW  
Bambi  
ambrosia  
1st Timer  
starache, feeling a little sad

Cujo  
brokenwing  
mislead  
bigbadbarfly  
fishmonkeygirl aka Totenmaske  
oldpinetree  
diogeneslamp is now known as oscar  
sinkfoil  
Olivia©  
negative\_bullshit  
ghosthusky  
1 Sick Puppy  
unicorn  
cricket  
o, cricket in Arizona  
you've got me writing in emoticons

Dreamy: plunged  
    into...from  
    once free  
    floating LIGHT  
    and love into COLD  
    choking screams  
moody enters  
devildoc: Holding on for dear life  
    O Careless Love!  
greyling has left  
    raving in high fever



my skin hot f/yr touch  
a delicious clenching of nerves  
gypsy: two people in against the spin  
cycle  
MegatonBoy: cross-faded in my room  
bass lines staggering  
a madness anthem  
“JoyceCarolOates”: our skin defences  
turning to silk, texture of fleshy  
airy surfaces scant as breaths  
gypsy: sage sweetgrass and osha  
no overcast no birds no bees  
just me  
hahahahaha  
cementhead has joined  
devildoc: what the fuck is going on with  
sungwon?

pootzygirl  
standing\_in\_the\_rain  
Teawhisk  
puravida  
NormalBoy  
Akira  
aura  
zane  
eclips33  
Scorpion  
4Play4Ever  
disintegrate  
milk\_this  
summer  
orge  
Kolorblue  
2cool  
Bonfire  
scribe4rent  
beauty  
diogeneslamp  
wiseowl in NJ  
willow in Korea  
alex in IL  
Ethan in AL  
}StUPidGirl{  
Michaelangelo

In the room the poets come and go

2000/2018  
Santa Rosa  
Ellensburg

## **AND A GRECIAN RUG TO LAY BEFORE THE FIRE**

And a Grecian rug to lay before the fire  
Compiled 11/21/2006 6:42:21 PM GMT  
fire. Artaud, Artaud said that actors  
you can specify your search language in  
(Silent confusion) Dear, my brow yoric tears

Maybe you and the spiders  
Rodez asylum, circa 1943, Artaud, Artaud in  
fire. Artaud, Artaud said that actors

to say something; I raise my voice  
meets Bouvard meets Antonin  
(Silent confusion) Dear, my brow yoric tears

own experience with geophysical filters  
my sister may be involved in  
fire. Artaud, Artaud said that actors

told the old and new workshop members  
do you cut these out of your work, in  
(Silent confusion) Dear, my brow yoric tears

with flowers  
you can specify your search language in  
fire. Artaud, Artaud said that actors  
(Silent confusion) Dear, my brow yoric tears

## PEBBLE

too much—  
not enough

## UNCERTAIN, CHAINED

rocked—laughing in the rafters—starburst—  
sublime—rage mixed with joy—unsubdued

## POIPU BLUES

I'm sitting on the beach at Poipu, daydreaming

Joan of Arc is cast out for, among other abominations, wearing men's clothing, her judges are determined to get her to change, condemned in much the same way Elder Bush condemned John Walker Lind for wearing his hair long, saying, I can think of no worse punishment than to bring him home and make him keep his hair like that

Dubya argues Axis of Evil and scraps six-hundred years of humanistic philosophy, says he will go the last mile, although going the extra mile is what we need—John Ashcroft holding onto his face, doesn't let his face slip, God has many faces, can his be one?

O ke ola no'ia o kia' a loko Look for the life within  
Kiei ka'ula nano i ka makau  
Peer towards Ka'ala, look at the wind  
Ho'olono i ka halulu oka Maluakele (pa)  
Heard is the roaring wind Maluakele

I watch an old man sweeping the sand with a metal detector, I'm wondering if he's found anything good, when he stops and stoops to sift for a quarter, a boy in red trunks faces him, fascinated with this mysterious operation, trickle-down economics

Maui e ka pua, uwe i ke' auu  
Bruised is the flower, wailing in the wind  
Maui e ka pua uwe i ke'am  
Bruised is the flower, wailing in the cold

My reading, this morning, included Borges' "Zafir" where a man finds a coin that is one of the faces of God, or he might himself be one of the faces of God, or the static which whirs in his earphone while he searches the beach might be the face of God, or the face of God might be the boy, or the whales flipping their flippers right offshore

Ua Hana' ia ai pono a pololei  
That which is done is true and correct  
Ua haina'ia a kuno 'ia 'oe  
That which is spoke stands before you

I'll make a cup of tea, put on sunscreen, and walk across town on my broken legs

## INSTALLATION

*for Gay*

Turning off Fulton onto 12  
maneuvering to the left  
no, right

Different scripts  
in the box with masking  
tape, paint, brushes, pan  
& roller tumbling to the floor

The doors to my senses  
open—I see myself in the gallery—  
eyes, ears, nose, mouth

Black rectangles the size of doors  
painted on the interior walls  
thin strips of black running parallel  
to the black kick board

Using stick pins, black yarn, wire  
neither nest nor web, a handful of fog  
mirrors & masks  
    wrapped thoughts

Boxed images  
revealing the true phantom  
speaks the truth

## HISTORY TEACHES

I'm expanding my dominions  
with might and right  
    living on the pulse

expanding with axe, rifle, and plow  
I'm expanding with mini nukes

I'm drowning in life's flow  
    laughing at inertia

All for the stars of empire—

Throwing myself out there  
according to the logic of history  
    letting come what may

## NOT REAL DEEP OR ANYTHING

In your face—  
backing off

Look at this—  
and worse

The glory, the ruin  
the laughter and tears

What goes wrong  
goes and goes

What goes right  
just goes—

Walking through shit in  
nice shoes

## DUAL IN THE SUN

rise/fall  
short/tall

high/low  
fast/slow

good/bad  
happy/sad

yellow/blue  
false/true

matter/mind  
loose/find

heaven/hell  
buy/sell

O, pockmarked moon, I don't  
    have anything to sell

## WHAT ZEN WISDOM

**Bouvard Pécuchet's poems to Joie Phenix**

-----Original Message-----

From: Joie Phenix

To: Bouvard Pécuchet

Date: Monday, March 11, 2002 3:19 PM

Subject: **WHAT ZEN WISDOM**

What Zen wisdom can you offer on the topic of what to do when the heart  
doesn't want to read traffic signs, especially ones that read: CAUTION?

buckle up crossing

the intersection

NO U  
TURN

MY  
WAY

I'm going  
slowly

homewards  
mindful

of  
song

feeling  
my way

.

slow children  
at play

going nowhere  
to get there

tin can  
tied to

my  
tail

I run  
as fast

as I  
can

.

not a through street  
but a through and through  
thoroughfare

where you  
don't run away  
through fear

but see it  
through to where  
it goes

.

I rise to check my email  
feeling the electronic pulses  
that connect us  
my words are virtual lips  
kissing your face  
in another place

.

I want to talk with you all day  
I want to talk with you after  
we make love and while  
we make love

I want to talk with you  
before you fall  
asleep and just after  
you wake up

I want to talk with you until  
talking turns into  
full silence

.

What can I say  
after cooking  
in the cauldron  
of your embrace?

What will heal  
the blistering kisses  
from your lips?

Now, you're jammin'  
and I'm stammerin'



and everything's  
sizzlin'

And I'm blinded  
by the sweat in my eyes.

.

I have a substitute for sugar—amrita, nectar of the gods,  
but I only use this in my perfect divinity,  
and maybe you would like my recipe for apricot fold overs  
or for my stuffed dates.

.

You are your own fold over  
you are the key to yourself  
and your polarity is in play

Cover yourself in meringue  
and do the merengue  
get down and howl  
hitch your trailer to a cyclone  
and blow

It's ok  
to talk Greek to the gulls, but  
when they start quoting Homer  
I'd worry

.

Touching my tongue to my lip  
I saw what I heard  
and heard what I saw

I sniffed the air  
and the thorn in my heart  
plunged deeper

.

She's got hot springs  
on her dune buggy.  
She's left tread marks  
on me head to foot.

She's got hot springs  
on her dune buggy.  
She's driving me  
to the bridge.

She's looking through me  
with her gamma ray eyes.

If I wasn't a bloated body  
in the trunk of her car  
I'd blush.

.

melting into lilac  
I lie back

tangled  
in your presence

I take gentle  
pleasure

and make the early  
angels blush

.

Who are these angels  
early, late, or lingering  
over our ambrosial repast?  
will their curiosity be satiated  
with a *do not disturb* sign?  
can we hide our entangled limbs  
beneath their radar's reach?

Archangel of aching desire  
aching angle of arching thrust  
arch eyebrow of forbidden lust  
keens the furrow of passion plow  
from a soft fingertip of lip touch  
beyond the mustiness of grave hood  
rockin' the notes of midnight

•  
I chose the hammock  
hoping you'd lie beside me

You didn't have to lie  
in the hammock, but you did

From there, gravity pulled us together

2006  
Santa Rosa

## **I DOUBT THIS**

I doubt this  
is a rose

It has the shape  
It has thorns

It smells like  
but I can't be sure

It is not a ladder  
or a saw  
or a violin

But is it a rose?

## **DAWN**

I take this journey in morning light,  
moving through love's landscape,  
without finding the wind's source.  
I am surrounded by a miracle of clouds,  
and my heart is an azure tumult.

## **RACIAL DRIFT**

I miss you, Jarra  
our love is a failed religious war  
It's the twenty-fifth anniversary of our love  
although we were only together three years

I took a bus to University Village  
I stopped by the Blue Star for a latté  
dreaming of our failed republic

You are on your continent  
me on mine  
drifting

## **JANITOR**

Gray-haired janitor  
efficient to the  $n^{\text{th}}$  degree  
limping between trash cans  
never a wasted move

Step, step, step  
twist-turn, lift, tie  
step, step, step  
twist-turn, lift, tie

Toss the bags in your cart  
talking to yourself  
o, graybeard  
what's on your mind?

Maybe thinking of the voyage of Magellan

## **OMAN IN A BURQA**

I walk straight ahead.  
All I can see through my hijab is the horizon.  
I know they want to see my ankles.

Last week a woman was shot in the leg.  
A woman was burned with acid  
for not following the dress code.

“We are asking Muslim women to wear the burqa,”  
Mohammed Aftab Alam president of the Mumbai  
Regional Muslim League’s youth wing told Reuters  
on Monday, but he added: “We will not force anyone.”

Gloom envelopes everything.  
Nothing moves any more.  
Life is too—  
I dare not say it.

I shop.  
I look straight ahead.

## **HAND IN EMPTY HAND**

In the early morning,  
    empty, empty, empty.  
A gypsy walks the streets  
    holding a guitar as a banner  
early in the morning.  
    Empty, Empty, Empty.

## **DA DA DA**

Nothing exists—Beyond ruin, death dies  
and Time is defeated  
in every molecu-  
le  
in every instant

# big &

small

## RED WHEELBARROW

From a historical perspective, I assume William Carlos Williams' wheelbarrow event is formed by necessary and sufficient conditions, such that, say, the red wheelbarrow had been sitting there before the chickens arrived and the rain came, that day. As for how so much depends upon the red wheelbarrow, well, that is another matter. Kind of scary, really, like what if everything depended upon the red wheelbarrow?

Because the red wheelbarrow sat there, glazed in rain water beside the white chickens, and it sat there while it was raining, and it sits there now the rain has ceased and the chickens have emerged from whatever shelter to continue doing what chickens do in both rain and shine, I can determine a causal line as to why Williams saw the red wheelbarrow beside the chickens in their various conditions and make inferences as to their relationship.

It is the task of the historian and the physicist to describe and explain events in time and space, but for the poet, time-space must be placed in events. Historical method for a poet is an eloquent term for the self-created specific formulations of self-created objective facts.

There's an inside and an outside to this. The outside looks like a cheap theatrical prop. The inside is characterized by a "self" interpreting the "thing-in-itself." When I get close to the red wheelbarrow, I understand I am inventing the red wheelbarrow, and that the red wheelbarrow, also, invents me. This is why so much depends upon the red wheelbarrow.

The red wheelbarrow is the red wheelbarrow. That's its purpose—to be the red wheelbarrow. The purity of its state of being, the pending in it. I recognize in the red wheelbarrow the sanctity of an everyday thing. As Lu Garcia says, "You can bury it, but it will never rust."

### An exposition of "The Red Wheelbarrow"

The opening lines set an ontological tone—a barnyard microcosm. In lines three and four, there is a sharp focus on the wheelbarrow, the intensity of the color red, its condition after the rain. The line breaks make each element come into sharp focus. As we begin to see the wheelbarrow, it suddenly appears fresh, even majestic, glazed with rain water.

In the final strokes of the picture, the white of the chickens contrasts dramatically with the

redness of the wheelbarrow, and the painting is complete. Much depends on the stress the reader gives each syllable, enabling us to experience the tactile qualities of the scene.

### **Red Wheelbarrow in the 2-value system**

The proofs of the two-valued system of logic are based on the law of contradiction (*tollens datur*) which states that something is either something or nothing but not both. (If A is A, then A is not not A.) Also, something to be stated in contradiction to this logical system must be translated into this system.

This red wheelbarrow is the one and only red wheelbarrow, a poetic archetype, and it is, also, an everyday red wheelbarrow. Either the red wheelbarrow is a red wheelbarrow or it is not, and the red wheelbarrow is both a red wheelbarrow and it is not at the same time means that this red wheelbarrow can be glazed with rain water in our imagination, and this red wheelbarrow can be next to the white chickens, and if the red wheelbarrow is glazed with rain water, then, the white chickens, as David Bromige pointed out the other day, more than likely depend upon the red wheelbarrow because it contains the feed they eat and is also used when the farmer mucks out their coup.

### **The red wheelbarrow energy vortex**

*I beg of you, seek nothing behind the phenomena.*

*They constitute their own lesson.*

—Goethe

The information transmitted in structures of language materials transcends the syntactic-semantic relationships. The word is an energy vortex, whether it is the word as an event we enter or the word, in and of itself, as an event.

### **A full account of the red wheelbarrow**

Starting with some marks on the side of the red wheelbarrow, slight irregularities in the surface of the wheelbarrow—I connect the dots and discover another wheelbarrow beside two chickens. Now, being careful to stay inside the lines, I color the wheelbarrow a thick coat of barn red, and the chickens I make white with quick strokes of my brush, leaving the paper show through. Getting the rain water effect on the wheelbarrow requires a coating of glazing compound. Important, still, to stay within the lines, keep to the measure.

### **Nothing sentimental about this wheelbarrow**

I came home drunk, and the next morning I punished myself by digging a trench across a gravel road for a culvert. Again, I used a red wheelbarrow.

Who listens to the music a red wheelbarrow makes? So, I stop and listen at this dumb thing in the barnyard. I stand next to it and chop the heads off the white chickens, and I hang their carcasses by their claws on a fence made of hog wire to let the blood drain. Other chickens peck at blood-soaked clods of earth, while the eyes of the dead chickens glaze over. No need for shellac.

### **Tech support for wheelbarrows**

I was 19 when I read the poem by William Carlos Williams about a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens. I wanted one. A wheelbarrow. Not green. A bright red wheelbarrow. So, I finally bought one. Went to Home Depot tonight to pick up a wheelbarrow. It's red. It's in the back seat of my car, and like a good Chesterfield, I am unable to move it further in or take it back out. What should I do?

Unless they are welded on, the handles/poles and the rear stands/feet of the wheelbarrow should be attached with some form of bolt. Pull out your ratchet or wrench or large pliers and get to work. If they're welded on then you should look into removing the front axle assembly. That's probably just held in place with a few screws or another bolt or two. That should defiantly be able to come off (as you'll end up replacing the tire at some point). Otherwise, follow the engineering maxim of "There are very few problems that cannot be solved by a large hammer." Best of luck.

So much depends  
upon  
a bright red bar  
held by  
a square bolt.

### **Red Wheelbarrow in code**

Each letter means the letter before it.  
Tp nvdi efgoet  
vspo  
b sfe xiffmcbsspx  
hmbafe xjui sbjo  
xbufs  
cftjef uif xijuf  
dijdlfst.

### **Oscar night**

Red Wheelbarrow was resplendent in an a black, single-breasted, one-button, shawl-collar tuxedo with black vest by Armani.

Accepting the award for his raw, explosive performance in *Spring and All*, he said, "Thank you, I don't know what to say. I feel such gratitude. Thank you."

Later, he confided to me that it is not easy to have anything like a private life being such a celebrity. It's difficult to move freely. The paparazzi are watching his every move.

### **Amazon Toys & Games: Red Wheelbarrow**

Carter Back to Basics Toys—safe and sturdy, this red wheelbarrow steers easily with



smooth wooden handles, and rolls along on a steel tire with rubber treads.

### **Transformation**

back to the thing-in-itself  
it is the same red wheelbarrow in that it changes  
the same changes  
as one changes

### **More Red Wheelbarrow in Code**

tp nvdi efgoet  
vspo

b sfe xiffm  
cbsspx

hmbafe xjui sbjo  
xbufs

cftjef uif xijuf  
dijdlfst

### **Red Wheelbarrow in Hell**

Following the axiomatics of Łukasiewicz, where letters = sentences:  
Hell is a sentence  
when l is a sentence  
and e is a sentence  
followed by a sentence  
and H is a sentence  
followed by two sentences

### **Hell**

Being imprisoned in language. Language is a sentence in the E-phenomenal sense that an object is related to existence.

### **Semiotics**

Language, and the red wheelbarrow in particular, does not lose its semiotic character even when reduced to its elemental components or fragments of those components.

[Insert artwork]



So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.  
So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.  
So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.  
So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.

Why would anyone say such a thing?

### **Wheelbarrows within wheelbarrows**

Starting with some marks on the side of the red wheelbarrow, slight irregularities in the surface—I connect the dots and discover another wheelbarrow beside some chickens. I color the wheelbarrow with a thick coat of barn red paint, and the chickens I make white with quick strokes of my brush, letting the paper show through. Getting the rain water effect on the wheelbarrow requires using a coat of shellac. Important, to say with the lines, keep to the measure, but, then who listens to the music a red wheelbarrow makes? I stop a moment in wonder. Then, I hook a couple of the chickens with a long wire and chop their heads off on the stump where I cut kindling. I hang them on the fence by their legs to drain. Other chickens peck at the blood-soaked earth, while the eyes in the decapitated heads of the chickens glaze over. There's no need for shellac.

### **Excerpt from the autobiography**

Along with everything else, I was asked to teach poetry to high school students in Rutherford, but I wasn't sure I could manage this, as I had no experience teaching poetry. Returning on the train from a pediatric clinic in the city, I met an elementary school teacher, a woman, who had a lovely smile. When she smiled, tiny lines formed around her lips, which made me think she must smile a lot. Striking up a conversation, I told of my dilemma, and she gave me a couple of tips. First tip, don't let them think they are smarter than you. Second tip, if they do, you must argue all night to show them they're not. "I never let the little bastards get the better of me," were her exact words.

Her name was Margaret Brown, and she lived on a small farm with her parents just outside of Hackensack. We took a liking to one another, and she extended an invitation to visit if I was ever in the neighborhood. About a week later, after attending to a sick baby near the town of Lodi, I was driving down a country lane and spotted her working in her yard.

She wore bib overalls, and as it had been raining earlier, her clothes were caked with mud. I sensed something primitive about her, something actual and real,—what Cézanne might have called an energizing force. I stopped and waved. She was standing near a red wheelbarrow beside some white chickens, and she waved back. It made my heart Spring.

### **Reflections of a red wheelbarrow**

So little is needed  
so much is remanded  
so little reaches the front  
so much is pending.

Everything seems squeezed  
    into a single  
point, no place  
for me.

Maybe it's the rain  
water. Maybe  
it's the American  
way.

I think, maybe it's a joke,  
but  
somehow  
I don't get it.

### **Oscar night**

(Hollywood) Red Wheelbarrow was resplendent in a black, single-breasted, one-button, shawl-collar tuxedo with black vest by Emporio Armani. Accepting the award for his raw, explosive performance in *Spring and All*, he said, "Thank you, I don't know what to say. I feel such gratitude. Thank you."

Later, he confided to me that it is not easy to have much of a private life being such a celebrity. No way to move. The paparazzi are watching his every move, so he stays on his farm in upstate New Jersey.

### **Red, white & blue wheelbarrow**

[The following is an excerpt of "Red" Wheelbarrow's testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee on October 20, 1947, as reported in the official Government Printing Office record ("Hearings Regarding Communist Infiltration of the American Literary Consciousness"). The Committee's chairman was J. Parnell Thomas, and Robert Stripling was Chief Investigator.]

Mr. [Robert] Stripling: I gather, then, from your analysis of this poem your personal criticism of it is that it overplayed the conditions that existed on the farm at the time the poem was made; is that correct?

Mr. ["Red"] Wheelbarrow: Well, the poem portrayed the animals in the barnyard in a better economic and social position than they occupied.

Mr. Stripling: And it would also leave the impression in the average mind that they were better able to resist the aggression of the German Army than they were in fact able to resist?

Mr. Wheelbarrow: Well, that was not in the poem. So far as the Russian war was concerned, nothing was shown about it.

The Chairman: Mr. Nixon.

Mr. [Richard] Nixon: No questions.

The Chairman: All right. The first witness tomorrow morning will be Ayn Rand.

### **Picture from Williams**

*—for Jane*

she did a painting, which in  
keeping with the spirit was to be  
a red wheelbarrow  
    rain-drenched  
    with chickens  
no fuss, straight up

finally, tore the sky  
    into four pieces, each  
    had a line of verse  
and framed the botched wheelbarrow  
and too bright interpretation of  
chickens with sewn on feathers  
by thumbtacking it to a stretcher bar

so much depends upon  
that first cup of coffee

## **BOUVARD PÉCUCHE'T'S ALL-TIME FAVORITES**

Bright, bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Burning in the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—WILLIAM BLAKE

No motion has the bright red bar held by a square bolt.  
No force, neither hears or sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,

With rocks, and stones, and trees.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A bright red bar held by a square bolt decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Soon shall the bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Hide all the peopled hills you see.  
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
In distant ages you and me.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said: "A bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Stands in the desert. Near it, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, and  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

When old age shall this generation waste  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
"A bright red bar held by a square bolt,"—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—JOHN KEATS

Break, break, break,  
Bright red bar held by a square bolt!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thought that arises in me.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Lo! A bright red bar held by a square bolt  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
Have gone to their eternal rest.

—EDGAR ALLAN POE

And that bright red bar held by a square bolt,  
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for it  
As impotently moves as You or I.

—EDWARD FITZGERALD

That's my bright red bar held by a square bolt,  
Looking as if it were alive. I call  
The piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there it stands.

—ROBERT BROWNING

I am the poet of the bright red bar held by a square bolt,  
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell  
/are with me,  
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter  
/I translate into a new tongue.

—WALT WHITMAN

The sea is calm tonight.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the bright red bar held by a square bolt—  
On the French coast the light  
Glams and is gone.

—MATHEW ARNOLD

There's a certain slant of light,  
On winter afternoons,  
That oppresses, like the weight  
Of a bright red bar upon a square bolt.

—EMILY DICKINSON

I am tired of the bright red bar held by a square bolt,  
And men that laugh and weep,  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow and reap.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out, like a bright red bar  
  /held by a square bolt;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed.

—GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The bright red bar held by a square bolt  
Falls apart; the center cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the earth.

—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

## PETRARCIAN TWEETS

In black, green, orange, near white  
they lived in November.  
These proud lovers repeatedly drove  
inside hillside orchards wearing hats.



Francesco painted Hawaiians  
with a great deal of complicated  
interrelationships. Their natural color  
included much from Arabia.

Laura rolled her hips and climbed  
through cold forests  
with ten thousand bells glistening  
in the exact center.

In spring, a priest buried a dust devil  
who had confessed only one word.  
Somewhere between his lips  
a scream at the sun upstairs.

Life was exciting for Laura.  
She grew up in a part of Italy  
where they used clam shells for money.  
Her mother told her not to spend

More than 10 clam shells on anything.  
She went barefoot to the mouth of the sea  
while Francesco sat in the corner  
telling himself not to be spiteful.

I look at them, and there's no question  
about it, since they can still remember  
childhood. Streams of rain shoot off.  
She would never hurt her teddy bear.

I am often sullen, and when I am still  
I sense them behind a velvet curtain  
as the moments pass  
making love.

By all accounts a real estate agent  
has found a buyer for this flat.  
Coyotes cry in the vacant lot out back.  
"When do we eat?" they ask.

Paranoia breathes among myriad beings.  
Orange blossoms in Laura's mouth  
make the occasional flight to the theater  
Francesco rented.

Laura's teeth scamper after God.

The doctor tells her to laugh  
and decipher the hieroglyphics  
on the gibbous moon in Tuscany.

A hunk of meat on a stick is a pleasure.  
I gesture to the priest, "Relax, the wheel  
is a way of linking suffering existence."  
Coyote says, "Yum, sausage links."

Francesco has a developmental scheme  
for what comes in and what goes out.  
The mouth and the anus and so forth.  
Laura prefers to take the bus to the zoo.

Her underwear was familiar. Last night's  
storm clutched my hand, but I survived.  
A street light dips way inside.  
A big hammer would help.

So steep, the prophesy that chose  
a hillside constructed of flames.  
Too great for leaping into their minds,  
fog horns keep them apart.

Dog tracks soil a limp flag.  
A tooth in his ear  
looks close at the other name.  
He doesn't mind getting lost.

Now, see Love's pitying words  
written over his afflicted heart  
where beauty and the cops came  
not to kill but to take him shopping.

He weeps because she lies in rubble.  
His pride is what keeps him afloat.  
Her disembodied spirit calculates  
by all accounts he's a hardworking man.

From a few points, he tells himself  
a city has inexplicable depths  
filling the eternal with a well of magic.  
He begins at once a song of day.

The next area is swollen with  
everything she needed to do,

including each person  
from beyond the barrier.

Francesco feeds his mind on thunder.  
His curved voice draws Laura near.  
He has fish to fry, and his gargoyle's  
lips forget the space between things.

## **FRANCESCO IN HIS GARDEN**

Coming home, hot and irritable  
after a long day at the office,  
I park on the wrong side of street  
because it's close to my garden,  
and the four o'clocks have closed.

My tie loose, my starched shirt sweaty,  
I mingle with ghosts of myself on the path.  
There's a desert between me and my martini,  
and to survive the next few hours,  
I must resort to magic.

In the middle of the night, I go outside  
to find relief from a dream. Fascinated  
by the Big Dipper, I piss on my bare foot.  
I'm convinced there is a conspiracy  
to change the color of the grass.

I hear what sounds like a bird imitating  
a cat. I can't see this bird  
because it's hidden by dense leaves,  
but I'm sure if I saw it, it would be big.  
Real big.

Big enough to carry me across the continent.  
Terrific and inexhaustible.  
Charged with the energy of a Death Star.  
I stand in my back yard  
awaiting obliteration.

Left no footprints.  
No reflection.

No rustle.  
No point in searching.  
Poof. Gone.

## **A SUNDAY OUTING NEAR BAKER BEACH** *for Claudia*

We sat on the rocky scarp, far from all demands.  
The insistence of the breakers was remote,  
and on the choppy waves gulls dipped and rolled.  
We sat a long time without words,  
while our minds' tangles reluctantly relaxed.

The sea, I don't know, seemed new to me, until  
you pointed, "Isn't that a whale there on the beach?"  
Sure enough, a beached whale with a broken jaw,  
bloated, wrecked. "Must've been hit by a boat," I said.  
"Near Nome, I saw kids use one for a trampoline."

The energy of its body depleted, yet powerful in presence—  
a marvelous shadow from the deep.  
Transfixed, you reluctantly confessed, "This is my first one."  
Lucky to see a whale up close. I hoped it was a sign that whales  
are about and not an indication of a struggling few.

## **FAR FROM THE SERAGLIO**

Yes, I am Sultan Almansur  
And I had three hundred wives, all pure.  
I did everything I could contrive to keep  
My brides satisfied. In this, with modest  
Success, I took pride.

Some sultans first take the maiden head  
And then cut off the maiden's head

When they are through. I can think of one  
Of mine, or two, who deserved the blade  
That my conscience forbade.

A new wife each night is both a curse  
And a delight. I was careful not to  
Favor one and incur the harem's spite.  
With age, I turned my duties over  
To my eldest son, and then

I lived my final days, grateful that  
I could reflect and pray, and I thanked  
The Great Progenitor for my many lays.  
In lovemaking I was truly blessed  
And lucky now to get some rest.

## **MY EYES WEEP TEARS**

Reality soaked with tears, but should I define  
reality? No, I'd rather watch *The Bachelorette*  
on TV, reality TV, a really real show  
showing you your reality can be ok.

You just have to be on TV to experience it.

Follows Andy Warhol's prediction  
that everybody will be famous for 15 minutes.  
But what did Andy know about reality?  
For him a Campbell's soup can is art.

Today, I worked on this poem,  
decided "reality" would be the first word,  
thought I'd put everything in this poem,  
decided I didn't care if I alienated the reader.

I know the best thing to do is nothing,  
know I'm crippled by my assumption,  
cursed by my desire for transcendence.

## PLEASURE DONE

*I've lost my mind, but that's ok,  
I'm a Dharma student.*

—Burnette G. Haskell

I'd rather not have an opium vision.

Want to avoid such mistakes.  
That's why I'm here  
rowing up River Syntax.

The visionary Haskell  
took over the editorship of Truth  
& told his friends to arm themselves  
to the teeth.

Up ahead, in the future,  
his shade  
continues to plant seeds of radical  
enlightenment.

Meanwhile, there's a dozen bush tits  
in a tree  
at the edge of the garden,  
and I've forgotten my binoculars.

Still no man from Porlock.

## WHAT COMES NEXT?

What comes next?  
Betrayal, theft, disease,  
some calamity.  
Or what comes next might be  
appetizing.  
Make a cake.  
Bob's birthday.  
Bake him a spice cake  
and decorate it with tiny army men.

He's into the army,  
so into this war.  
Flags everywhere.

I told him,  
"Your American flag decal  
is not going to get you into heaven."  
He just stared and said,  
"Well, my 'When Worlds Collide'  
license plate holder might."  
He's got a point.  
Seems like worlds are colliding.

Saved by the bell  
from another  
Columbine massacre at Shaker Heights.  
Kids with shotguns and dynamite.  
That boy shot on the bus last week.  
Another car bomb in the suburbs.  
Another flight canceled.  
Soon, we'll have to submit  
a full profile to the airline  
before boarding.

Metal detectors in pre-schools.  
Lie detector tests.  
"No, I'm not  
supplying him with sugar.  
How much television? Four hours,  
no not more than four hours.  
four hours, that's it."

Better to have the violence  
on TV than on the streets.  
That was Shakespeare's theory.  
Show the blood.  
Seemed a good idea, in theory.  
Go ahead, gouge out Gloucester's eyes.

Peckinpah made the blood gush.  
Pioneered those gadgets  
that make blood shoot out  
like the bullet hit an artery.  
And Tarantino takes blood-letting  
to the level of a bloody ballet.





Sights deceive us. Yesterday,  
    a man with a trim beard  
working at his laptop  
    next to a younger man with a pony tail  
sharpening old razors on a whetstone.  
    The younger man  
        asked the waiter for oil  
and was brought a can of *3-in-1*,  
    and the man at his computer  
looked confused, does this coffeehouse serve oil?  
    I have a thirst  
    and keep coming to this cafe  
to drink tea,  
    and the man with the trim beard  
surfs the web, and the other man sharpens a razor,  
    whatever,  
the world cruises along.

And, now, I'm sitting on this log  
    by the creek, and the sap  
in the vines rising,  
    and I feel love  
for strangers, feel loving kindness,  
    so, I breathe the spring air,  
knowing that the love I'm feeling  
is real, and the "so"—a big word—means  
volition, means cause and effect,  
    means by the force of my argument  
to change the effect and be the cause,  
because  
    I'm bound by my lifestyle,

and I can only be unbound by compassion,  
    and the leaves turn,  
    and the rain falls,  
        and the creek fills,  
and the homeless...

Bob will be home soon...

I'd better check the cake,  
the cake,  
    God,  
        the cake,  
and after that, what?

## **RENEWED DESTRUCTION**

When I was young, I recognized language  
written in verse.

I would melt at the hint of meter.

I hardly  
remember myself,  
but I remember the rhythms.

I believed and did not believe all of it.  
Yes, half of me believed, and half of me  
did not believe.

Now, I lay in  
the thick grass of the difficult unknowable

Listening to things sing.

## **THE UNIVERSE**

No there out there.

In the city,  
trouble, always trouble.

In the cave,  
no here in here.

## SCATTERED PRAYER ANCHOR

Ah, mocking death  
until the answer reaches the sky

until the dead rise  
until this shade  
& this  
& this  
reach up to cloud, sun, star

& I prostrate across the beach  
& bow down in the surf  
singing the whole of things.

## SPRING GRASS

horses in wet blankets, fenced in a field—  
“Good mornin’ ladies, survive the rain?”

view  
all talents driven into one discipline

here I mean to separate the functions of metaphysics  
from those of epistemology  
recognize rational mind, intuitive mind  
find ground for each

break down, deconstruct—  
first, intuitive divination, not one, not two  
secondly, rational, perceptive

two Canadian geese fly north

Close  
near, intimate  
shut, verb  
secret, oppressive  
path of English language driven by devils  
non-rectification of names

words burn bright in the tunnel of delight

first, search for truth, second, struggle for status  
raising bodhicitta with one hand  
grappling for power with the other

Democracy  
Athenian, Spartan  
The Great Mexican War at end of Aztec Calendar  
Bible Code, 3D tic tac toe  
Rubic cube of history  
Inner galaxy of data

Planetary alignment of consonants

Pythagorean view  
3 as a structure of U  
3 as an organizing principle

“Fill in the boxes; we’ll fix it later.”

## **ON IRWIN ROAD AND ABROAD**

near Emerisa Gardens, I  
found an amethyst, fractured, peered in  
saw Arya Tara  
and Coyote

I know just enough to know  
I know enough to know  
I just don’t know

So, I’ll only comment,  
“I’ll let this go without comment.”

Heideggerian questions:  
how to breathe? how to fuck? how to know?

The question is not how there’s something  
rather than nothing, but how  
there’s something that IS nothing.

On the Pine Ridge Rez  
moving to the Sun Dance

moving to drum and wind  
midnight visages under a Shinto moon  
zephyr rustling the buffalo grass  
my tent covered  
with tarantulas  
Medicine Man says, "This I've never seen."

.

Jesus Tantra—  
purification  
then, refuge  
raise Bodhi

100 syllable prayer  
mandala offering  
guru yoga, manifest as Mary Magdalene

.

Al-Qaeda group finds martyrs  
to remove radioactive material  
from a dump in Uzbekistan and  
hand it off to be transported  
via container to another point—  
a rough beast slouching towards US

.

3 kayas  
6 realms  
9 galaxies  
5 families  
100 deities

school  
temple  
home

.

Where in this mandala are you?  
Can you see the glory? the temple  
not built with human hands?

Tantra wants all your stuff, your baggage,

your neurosis, your psychosis, your passion  
to transform into virtue

Sutra like Newton's physics  
Tantra like Einstein's theory of relativity  
Dzogchen like quantum mechanics  
You = U

.

as above, so below

2 values  
3 values  
5 values

create unrest in the "self"  
a carousel of bumper cars

.

Sane, seine  
lots of holes in my mental net

Juice for neuro-anatomical re-programming

## HOW WE GOT HERE

Lifetimes to find a Human form  
to find the Dharma  
to find my Guru

Tantra is all about stuff  
uses everything to polish the buddha belly

It all boils down to  
virtue and purification  
uses every sense  
common sense and nonsense

Turns your shit into compassion fertilizer  
Spread it on the floor of samsara  
dry it, cool it off, plow it into

That Garden of Earthly Delights  
That Garden of Horrors Untold

*grandure [sic] of grey dawn in transparent gold,  
Myramids [sic] of restless weary wanderers  
to play the harp strings of youth*

Occult—

Finding knowledge  
hidden in gambling games  
roulette, craps, blackjack  
auguries

Art—

Apollo + mask  
Muse = Spirit = Subconscious  
                                sung by Someone

Science—

observing  
    perceiver  
    perception  
    object of perception  
accumulating measurable data  
measuring, again and again, and analyzing  
to close in on the ineffable Source

CLOSE (A.C.D.)—

*to stop, obstruct  
to shut, surround  
to bring together, join  
to get rid of at a reduced price  
to bring an end to  
to come near  
to grapple, engage in  
to agree  
to come to an end, terminate  
to be worth at the end of trading  
lacking freshness  
confined, narrowly confined  
heavy, oppressed  
secretive, reticent  
stingy, parsimonious  
scarce, as with money  
not an open season  
near, near together*

*intimate, confidential*  
*compact*  
*a juncture, a union*  
*not deviating from the subject*  
*short, near the surface*  
*not deviating from the model or original*  
*strictly logical*  
*strict, searching, minute*  
*end or conclusion*  
*enclosure*  
*narrow entry, alleyway*  
*(British) a piece of property w/o buildings*

Power of 3

Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva,  
Creator, Sustainer, Destroyer  
Father, Son, Holy Ghost  
Dharmakaya, Sambhogakaya, Nirmanakaya  
View, Path, Fruit  
Body, Voice, Mind  
Truth, Beauty, Goodness  
Id, Ego, Superego  
Inner, Outer, Secret  
Inner secret secret

Adzom's immortality nectar  
where'er he goes there's *dutsi*—jewels on the path

I'm a trust-fund Buddha in voluntary house arrest  
"Voluntary house arrest has the stink of liberty."

Movies can be seen—  
as Sambhogakaya  
and meditation as virtual reality  
an aesthetic experience  
    pleasures, qualities, 2-D  
the realm of the imagination  
creative mythology  
    Oscar Night  
Scorsese and Eastwood shoot it out  
*The Passion of the Christ* and *Hotel Rawanda*  
go unnoticed  
    "Didn't *The Passion of the Christ* get  
the Oscar for best make-up?" "Yes, but I thought the flesh  
could have looked a bit



more torn.”

*Troy*

Brad Pitt with tricky moves—  
plenty clickity-clack of swords,  
a funky horse, Paris was right,  
they should have burned it,  
but then,  
there'd be a parallel sequel to *The Illiad*.

*Aviator* wins 5 Oscars

*Million Dollar Baby* wins 4

B movie in the gritty, old Warner Bros style  
made in something like 6 weeks, fast and dirty  
whereas Scorsese labored like a Renaissance painter

East coast movies

West coast movies

O, where are our Kansas movies?

Adhere to the samadhi of equanimity  
when it comes to Beauty

BUT retain the option to weigh in  
on any kind of dualistic analysis—

see Klein's *Meeting the Great Bliss Queen*  
ontological/cognitive/evolutionary dualisms

*It's easier to box than to throw rocks.*

“box” means to categorize  
aesthetic

vision \_\_\_\_\_

Allegory of quinine seed  
as a path to samadhi

Sky walking with the dakinis  
they help give shape to my world

“You need to have an ego  
if you're going to get rid of it.”

Get rid of something  
that doesn't exist

Point of it—  
Point to it  
To come to the point  
    and integrate the personas

How get rid of it?  
Take a chop at it  
cut through  
    leap over

Re-evaluations  
Realizations  
Visualizations  
And mantras binges

Leibniz, monadology of self-reflecting selves  
Spinoza, geometrical values of God as substance  
Orpheus, orphic creation

Out of the tip of the branch, making buds  
    moon spheres, mind spheres  
        cyclic, samsaric  
just say, “I’m sorry.”

Help others, so all may rest

Going to do that  
so that  
all my rest  
    helps others  
find the four boundless states

One man’s search for something enduring  
by making some  
thing out of the ordinary  
    making something out  
of the  
ordinary  
to keep love alive

“Elegant portrait of y’all  
wrapped in myrtle,  
leading us into this tale of  
a relationship’s travails  
and triumphs! A pure  
pleasure to move through.”

Flatworm as a proof of God—  
we inherited a predator's intelligence on the food chain  
or we would have remained a sponge or coral

Arrive, May 19, in Newark  
Return, May 28, to San Francisco

## EXPLORE

explore  
    leaving tracks on the moon  
    and on the ocean's floor

“Like moons in water”

X-tian  
I became a Blue Ragger, YMCA  
at Camp Gualala, when I was 10, I  
saw an angel in a hollow redwood tree

Surprise baptism when I was 14  
in basement of High Street Presbyterian Church in Oakland  
at 16, Bertrand Russell controversy at U.C. Berkeley  
I bought *Why I'm Not a Christian* in a Sausalito bookstore  
Atheism leads to Mysticism

“Like moons in water”

Like moons in water=adverbial phrase  
Sights=subject, deceive=verb  
Us=direct object

We of second clause=subject  
forever roam=verb and adverb  
in cyclic chains= prepositional phrase  
modifying “we”

So=conditional clause  
all may rest in their clear mindstreams  
I/Raise/Bodhi  
in 4 boundless states

“Like moons in water”

Base

Path

Fruit

two needs complete

Three views

Terminator

Matrix

Bladerunner

Dzogchen Presbyterianism

Passion as a Chöd Feast

Immortals, rainbow body, ascension

empty/exists

“Like moons in water”

Alchemy, chemical, elemental

Divination, intuitive mind

Yoga, union of mind-body

Karma cleared up with prajna

via dharma

slows the wheel

enough to step off

but not enough to be detached

“Like moons in water”

Monk stand-up routine

Monk can joke about death

Monk can deny existential dilemma

Monk can deny existence of creator

Monk can use dirty language

Form is an extension of content

Content is an extension of form

There is a war

There is not a war

Emptiness is form

Form is emptiness

Yogi and consort  
enter Tantric path, drink Ambrosia  
    Menstrual blood, semen  
long life practice of Mandarava

“Why not fly off to Madagascar and pose for tsunami relief?”

Dog barking in the neighborhood  
I’m reminded of a dog at our Longvale ranch  
    overanxious sheep dog  
    acts up during artificial insemination of old cows  
    round-up  
foreman shoots dog  
    draws from the hip  
    only wounds the mutt  
Dad disgusted with Wild West behavior  
    orders the vet to put the dog down

Dog mauling in general  
    The Andalusian Dog in particular

## THE GATES

such a monumental presentation, some see as a construction site,  
23 miles of blessings for a mere 21 million dollars, oh, Cristo,  
magician of special caliber, the saffron is the color, and the saffron  
is Buddha’s compassion, the gates are portals to spring,  
an environmental celebration in bleak winter, creating a birth-line  
against a gray background, remembering the running fence,  
how it delineated Sonoma’s landscape, the gates bring out the environs,  
skyscrapers scream into heaven, saffron alive against the skyline at sunset,  
brings the city to life

awaken, be playful, life is temporary, and so are the gates,  
enjoy them while we have them—

*gate, gate, paragate, parasamgate*

## REVEALED CORRESPONDENCES

Revealed correspondences  
to understand the world

Divination  
understand the world in Time

Act on both world and mind, 3-D  
realm of Emptiness  
realm of Imagination  
realm of Ideas & Impressions

Mind's 3 ways to interpret  
truth, goodness, beauty

Truth, to think either/or  
both/and  
relative truth  
logical truth  
Truth, meaning of U

Good acts  
on/off

Beauty of graven images, *mimesis*—  
invention, to rival nature  
representation, praise nature  
feeling the sap in the vine

Zab-lam sputterings on a spring day

## THE SOLDIER'S PROLOGUE

*I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert.*

Back f/Bagdad  
Gentleman knight  
impressive at six-foot four

fought fifteen mortal battles  
highly decorated, including  
two Purple Hearts—  
fought in hand to hand combat  
and each time killed his man

Travels with his son,  
doesn't want his son to go to war  
    a forester, US Forest Service Inspector  
on his way to becoming a District Supervisor

Father born in '41  
grandfather killed by Japanese balloon bomb  
    near Hanford Nuclear Plant  
at the beginning of WWII

Votes on the far right—  
    party of the Gun and Bible  
conflicted around secular humanism  
    fears possibility  
of Darwin's *Origin of the Species*  
and/or Einstein's *Special Theory of Relativity*  
might be added to the Bible,  
    stuck in there  
before *The Book of Revelations* where it says  
nothing can be added or subtracted

Blames the failure of the Democrats on the queers  
not the Greens

Easy targets to machine gun  
ducks on a pond

And now, a theocracy ascends, supported by  
kleptocrats, a Protestant Reformation,  
a revival of God in public space, a central  
government at the helm of a religious  
reformation of secular government,  
the lights and orbs of the battle from the pulpits,  
as the power flows through spiritual channels,  
pulpits on every roadside, in every suburb, pulpits in  
the laboratories and the schoolrooms

Says, "I'm not happy about this nasty  
little war with Civilization, even if you call it a Holy War"

The fury of our Führer  
the fragmentation of our collective psyche

“There must be some good,  
some meaning  
to this life”

## THE POET’S PROLOGUE

Dzogchen and the art of poetry—

Writing equals Path  
view of what is—vision, action, meditation

The Conduct, being a poet 24/7  
View, vision

Winning out against the poem, outside, View of what is,  
poem as a box, “follow the lineaments of desire,”  
book as measure

Base of poetry, poetry is everything  
“Try and buy the well  
and it springs up somewhere else”

Poetry as experience, poetry as Path

Action equals writing, eye-mind-hand conceive, mind-lungs-voice,  
sing speak, dick-gut-heart,  
compose, Mind series

Space series, form/content  
Pound: logopoeia, melopoeia, phanopoeia  
Eliot: language intensely charged

Pith instruction: “After all’s said and done,  
it’s the feelings that remain that matter”

Ego  
in poetry  
emptying one’s self to find the self

How we look @ world



illusion  
material  
virtual

WCW's  
*no ideas*  
*but in things*

Creeley's idea—  
form being an extension of content

and maybe I'm shoveling intellectual bullshit  
all the same

BASE

The Source  
From whence comes the poem  
"inspiration"  
need to fulfill promise  
result of a prayer, or  
habit

Inspiration  
flooding feeling, bliss  
the Zone  
vision-external-vision

Apocalyptic need  
to write like crazy

PATH

Make the poem  
"We've come to bring you metaphors for your poems."  
mind treasure is a Ter  
Chaucer as Garab Dorje  
Shakespeare as  
Guru Rinpoche

Build like a box  
a Grail for Gail—a poem  
for her birthday, an occasion  
inside out

Subconscious, or natural  
first word  
best word  
beauty



sheared in a pen,  
and then you stamp it

Don't want you to miss  
the point

"Capture  
phrases  
that  
come to  
mind"

The occasion arises  
by the occurrence  
then, you somehow write it:  
"...from an antique land."

Stuff coming into life  
that haunts you of  
things I said  
I shouldn't have  
things said  
I could have said better  
things other people said

"It was a beautiful day, and I want to remember it."  
"Misery comes from every direction."  
"Whatever are we going to do about it,  
we can't always be watching TV.?"

"I feel like a  
blind man who  
doesn't know  
where he is"

Inner story  
a séance  
a poem  
a book review  
a skit

the voice of the Supreme Source  
"Did you think  
the Kali Yuga was going to be easy?"

Poetry of the mind  
poetry of the voice

poetry of the body

Internet, reality tv—  
am I forgetting anything?

My tale

## THE WIFE'S PROLOGUE

Call her Her  
her name was a pronoun

Her friends know her as  
Vajratropa  
    runs by with her little dog,  
God dog god consort

Just because it's a little dog  
doesn't mean it can't rip your crotch out  
or tear out your juggler

Juggler  
fool  
Parsifal

Peaceful fool  
belligerent fool  
sarcastic fool

A clear day in autumn  
clear as Vajratropa jogging with her dog  
all ornament  
    a Dzogchen blue sky day

Who Her was is the first beach to cross  
    past the pill boxes

Serious enough to take downers

Her was her secret name. Margaret was her outer name, and her inner name was Norma. Her came from Normal, Illinois. Normal, here is a town that had a normal school, a college to teach teachers, and Her knew that this was not the path for her. I could tell by her tone, she was worried and a bit resentful. She was wearing pink, but enough about her clothes, let's get on with my tale.

## THE REAL ESTATE LADY'S PROLOGUE

I have a photo of her sitting in the Morris Room  
in the Doe Library at UC Berkeley. She's another one  
who really wanted to be an actress,  
but she knew it was economically infeasible,  
so, she got a license to sell real estate

She liked houses

She read books on architecture in the library  
and focused on the basics: mounds, fences, hearths, roofs.  
She developed a theory on the variations of suburban ranch-style homes.  
Swiss chalet, Spanish adobe, Japanese, Mediterranean, Classical Greek.

She believed the dictum: *Architecture is something to get into  
out of the rain when you're gardening*

Balloon construction: farmhouse is the base,  
East coast, Cape Cod style, Midwestern sod houses  
better to be underground during a tornado  
West coast mill towns, more wood, slabs of wood  
2x4s bend better during an earthquake

She's got an environmental gripe  
considers holding people's land in trust a wrong notion  
better lands as farms, lands as utopian, country folk  
would like to sell their farms and retire, subdivide  
others would like to extend their pasture, hunt  
    have a survivalist lifestyle, live on the last wild place  
        in a mansion made with human hands

Last place on Earth that's  
untouched by civilization:  
go by plane, boat, horse,  
    and rest of the way on foot

Drop materials from helicopter to this  
location  
location  
location

Another glass of Merlot, yes, thank you

And now, my tale

## THE DOCTOR'S PROLOGUE

If everyone lived to be 133, they'd shrink down to a handful of matter  
and attain Rainbow Body  
condensed Mara, liberated Bodhi

Talking about *tummo*, heat yoga  
a byproduct of experience of bliss and emptiness  
siddhi, blessing

Talking biology: "Frankenstein" released  
after a bit of stem cell research goes haywire

Talking of Eastern medicine and the use of Astrology  
expounding on relationship of allopathic, homeopathic  
and holistic forms of curing

Discussing the AIDS plague  
And the Year of Washing Hands

Some folks' attitude:  
"Let the black man suffer; he's less than human."

Further discussion of the Five Sexes  
and of the Holy Cross as seen from a top view

Dr. Bethune, while working on the battlefield  
in Mao's Eighth Army,  
"It's not the cough you cough that gets  
you, it's the coffin they carry you out in."

"If I had it to do over,  
I'd study with the Chödpas"

I'll expand on this noble theme in my tale

## THE PROFESSOR'S PROLOGUE

I'm a doctor, too,  
a Doctor of Philosophy  
in Literature

and I have literary capital

“Literary capital”  
sounds like code

Bring up Ol' Ez to testify—  
“On Mussolini's radio,  
what did you say?”

“Well, other than that the European conflict was not our concern,  
not our war (read U.S. for ‘our’) and a few racist things about Jews,  
I read from my Cantos and from the works of Joyce and Cummings.

It's just that the O.S.S. thought  
it was coded messages.

The liberal bias of the media  
news that was never new  
blurs my tale.”

## THE DENTIST'S PROLOGUE

I will do anything to live among those living  
the American Dream.

If I can't buy into it, so I'll have to steal it,  
and this leads to a complication in the social order.

The English are becoming more “American”  
and the Americans more “English.”  
Americans = open, inventive, friendly, and  
English = repressed, insular, arrogant

Overheard on Main Street: “Get rid of those freaks and gays,  
can’t tell them apart, anyway.”

Believing enlightenment is possible in this drunken darkness,  
see Rumi, Kunley, Watts

I subscribe to having friends—noble souls who bear the shield  
of lovingkindness, compassion, and patience

May I develop skillful activity that brings salvation to all

After the election, I’m praying, and I’m asking for a change of heart,  
an ability to love my enemies

Usually when I’m praying, I see my enemies  
before me in a pit, but today, they are on my level

Yesterday, I hated the fuckers. Last night,  
I confessed I knew how impossible it is to agree with these idiots,  
but that I wished I could be kind to them. I used magnetic letters  
to write a slogan, so that every morning when I open the fridge  
to get some milk, I read: “They know not what they do.”

“Did you hear about the terrorists  
who took a group of lawyers hostage  
and promised to release one every hour  
until their demands were met?”

I should get on with my tale.

## **THE NUN’S PROLOGUE**

I live in a mandala made of multi-dimensional consciousness,  
divided into 10 directions,  
5 bodies of experience, 6 realms of incarnation  
with 3 intermediate states  
between sleep, waking, and the mind stream

When you practice, you take on the work of the Buddhas,  
along with the rest of your shitty life



I've undergone drastic interior decorating,  
    an extreme makeover of the soul, done with broad strokes,  
then the details,  
    groups of 3s and 5s

A new Law of Contradictions—  
    true if both/and, as well as neither/nor

In samsara, everyone is insular  
    lots of armor, less and less amor

Can you hear the dogs at Dzogchen Monastery?

A word,  
within a word  
within a word.

We're being taken over by the reptilian brain.  
Am I mistaken, or are there fewer reptiles  
on the ground and more  
    in the House of Representatives?

Do I believe in Platonic love?  
Tantric love?  
Erotic love?

Sacramental: for procreation,  
for liberation, for recreation

Tantric Christianity

Jesus as Vajrasattva, Tantric Christianity complete  
    with wrathful deities,  
Sadhana of Judas Iscariot, Sadhana of Pontius Pilot,  
Sadhana of The Thief on the Cross

Sadhana of the Trinity of the Mary

Wheels within wheels within wheels

## **THE PHYSICIST'S PROLOGUE**

What are we sitting on?

chair, floor, concrete, soil, rock, magma, glowing

embers of a white spot,  
the appropriate black hole, a source, a sea of being in a chair,  
having a life on the street

A life in literature,  
a parallel universe to teaching

Not sure I want to hear  
the public organism speak in a single voice

There's a lot going on in the Universe that occurs in a nanosecond  
and in minutes, months, years, eras, eons

Lesson: build a box out of wood  
with the following tools: hammer, saw,  
straight edge, pencil, drill gun, bits  
Build: measure a board,  
make a design, draw a line  
Now build a poem, line by line  
Get the words into your heart, like taking Jesus into your heart,  
take the Lion's Throne, an esthetic experience is a religious experience  
I knelt before an El Greco and wept

Sister Wendy spoke of Madam de Stael's  
influence on Delacroix

    "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel  
is my favorite."

The invisible form which speaks to me,  
finds expression in painting, music & money combined

Caught by the spirit, the work—  
space oracle of crystal sound

## **PINWHEELS**

The smell of coffee awakens me  
after a night of dim dreams and wild love.  
I can hear to the busy boulevard

and the frogs of ripening spring.  
I need something new to know.

Change the peptides: Bromige says,  
“Don’t worry. Be happy. You pay.”

100 syllable mantra  
X 100,000

The making of a poem  
*Poesis*, to make  
Orpheus sits on a hill  
singing the sun up

Duncan: “To tell the truth the way the words lie.”

Olson: “What has he to say?”

He was completely without nouns.

Talks continuously about ducks  
and death.

Contradictory of him.

## LANDSCAPES

Hiking through Nirmanakaya  
superego-powered

Harness the id and give yourself enhanced superego  
When the moment is right, be ready

Steppin’ large

GO AHEAD  
ride the blisswaves of

emptiness

Can you laugh  
when the guards beat you?

## **SAMADHI SLAP DOWN ON MOUNT BAKER**

The boss barked,  
“Denner, are you planting trees or not?”  
I told him, “I’ve run out of trees.”

## **MANDALA OF 3 KAYAS**

Vertical would be will and ideas  
    superego, ego, id  
horizontal would be the confluence  
of the perceiver with the object of perception  
                    the perceiver and the perceived  
and a window into the sense of being dreamed

## **CHI OF LOVE & HATE**

Thank you  
blessings  
good morning

Fuck off  
get lost  
eat shit

This is very unusual poetry

## **FORCE OF THE SOURCE**

Walking in this garden of earthly delights,  
Gabriela wants to be Eve in the garden, two wheels spinning,  
guru and self, virtue and purification, a one-way funnel,

Tampering with the Theory of Relativity, Einstein's  
face in the fire of Armageddon. Now, I'm tugging  
the umbilical cord  
of mantra.

The first and second spinning—  
fireworks in Deer Park,  
hanging ten off Vulture Peak

First, quit worrying  
be of good cheer  
take refuge

Take a volcanic roller coaster ride  
thru the 100-syllable mantra, Ha Ha Ha Ha Ho—into outer space  
in the guise of a fool laughing thru the five elements  
towards an event horizon of clear light

Bardo consciousness  
memory lapse  
between visualizations

Hide me under the chair

## **ON VULTURE PEAK**

3 vultures triangulate a dead doe  
John DOA, Jane DOA, Baby DOA  
and the listeners don't hear the Buddha

## **LU & I**

We stand on the ditch bank  
look across a vineyard

vines showing their first leaf  
the vine supports cross  
the field in rows of rows

“Look at our fallen brothers and sisters,” Lu says,  
“Creeley’s dead, and the Pope is on display with symbols galore,  
and they’re studying  
Terri Shiavo’s brain to see if she was alive.”

A 3-ring circus,  
a poet, a priest, and a pin-up for the right-to-lifers—  
easy to make this gentle bodhisattva the butt of jokes

Really, there are no buddhas—this is  
the era of collective consciousness

Our collective unconscious cries, “Let me die easy, oh Lord!”

## LINE AGE

Stein  
Pound  
Williams

Olson  
Duncan  
Dorn

Ginsberg  
Snyder  
Whalen

Creeley  
Spicer  
McClure

Factions in the poetry wars, different tactics  
but our strategy is the same

To have fun, take delight  
and speak truth to power

## **FU BIRD MOTTO**

You don't read the poem for the font  
you read it for the fit.

## **TELLING THE SEXUAL TRUTH**

Sins of commission  
Sins of omission  
Sins of emission

## **KEEPING UP WITH TINY ALICE**

World of quantum physics, when I'm out with Leprechauns,  
I act like a Leprechaun, down the rabbit hole I go  
and back with a crock  
the cup of gold of Irish legend  
the Cup of Destiny

## **THE BOOK AS MEASURE**

In poetry, we'd call it philosophy  
In philosophy, we'd call it esthetics  
In esthetics, we'd call it poetics  
In psychology, we'd call it creative process  
In biology, we'd call it intelligent design

Now, there's a concept!

## **AS THE EARTH FLATTENS**

I asked, "What can I do?"  
She sd, "Feed people."

Should a nun knee-deep in starving children  
worry about a woman aborting her fetus?

The room is full,  
and there's no end  
of mouths to feed,  
her choice, her motto—  
"Bring 'em on in!"

## **TRINITY OF THE BRIDE**

*for Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven*

As poetry doll  
as poetry machine  
as poetry muse

Voodoo, science, dada

The bride in the machine  
The bride in the doll  
The bride in the poem

Who was R. Mutt?

2005/2018

## **A BIT OF DANTE IN EVERY MOTHER'S SON**

Wars reset the world order  
sons and fathers debate the existence  
of the gods

Paris wins the most beautiful woman  
Achilles desecrates Apollo's temple



I have 100 peaceful & wrathful deities  
I know they're my projections,  
    but I have them for my protection

Plus, I have a Holy Ghost guy hanging around  
with my finger in his wound for proof

If, it had been my choice, I would've chosen Athena

## **MANTRA CHAIN**

Get wheel moving like a fun park carousel  
throw a few brass rings, knock off some ducks  
slow, then increase speed to Spider speed  
quick tour of the House of Mystery  
pick your siddhis, then  
    ride the revolving teacup of samsara

## **ME, MYSELF & I**

3 senses of self—  
the sentence writer  
the sentence thinker  
the source of the sentence  
    chemical-electrical memory synapses

Brazen Head: "Time is!"

## **INTERSUBJECTIVE PATRAMORPHIS**

The invention of coded templates  
For dPress poetry machine

Raise Solomon's sword  
See what falls out

The Aleph  
The Vermeer Notebook

He felt like a kiss  
The day we die is particular

## **WHAT THE ^%^^&\*\$\$@ DO I KNOW?**

I've written some books, so  
I should know something

I know a lot of words, so  
I can talk myself out of trouble

Or into it

## **SIT AND BE**

Relax  
focus  
watch

Mind eclipse awareness

Body unfettered by world  
neither underwhelmed nor excited  
timeless space  
moment-to-moment

In the moment at hand

2005/2018

## **ADZOM ON SKYPE**

“If I’m sick, I’m sick.  
If I die, I die.  
I’m happy either way.  
Everything’s OK.”

## “WHERE ARE YOU COMING FROM?”

This is (a diagram of) what  
you are coming  
from

## LICENSE PLATE: O FAITH

Metaphysics— fruit  
Epistemology— view  
Methodology— path

*The lamp boy looks for the light*

## SHRINKING

Living metaphorically, rather than literally,  
psychologists are the paparazzi of the mind.

## HANG ONTO THE LION THRONE

Einstein— stellar cosmos

Newton— planetary cosmos  
Heisenberg— atomic cosmos

A sign over the entrance reads—  
TRESPASSERS WILL BE EXCULPATED

## **TANTRIC TV: *THE MATRIX***

Neo, Keanu Reeves, as Vajrasattva  
Carrie-Anne Moss, the dakini, *Trinity*  
as Vajratropa

yab yum, a slight churning of nectars

bliss/emptiness  
purification  
bullet-time

## **IF I MAY BE SO BOLD**

to raise a question, an old question—  
“When the bill comes due, who’s going to pay it?  
Them that has it, or them that don’t?”

re: Iraq?  
re: Social Security?

In whose interest is Civilization—the people’s or the pirates’?

## **A PRIORI POEMS**

From cause to effect before observation  
    innate, direct, uncontrived  
Spontaneous

To look, assay,  
to weigh and find lacking

Or not  
As ( ) is

## HA! GOOD LUCK

Luck, now there's a notion  
Irish charm—a girl  
at Office Depot scans my check, asks  
“Why do you suppose it refuses to clear?”  
“Ghost in the machine.”  
“3 is the lucky charm.”  
“If you're Irish.”  
“And I am.”

## THREE APPROACHES TO A THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE

Occult (signs)  
correspondences  
Mars retrograde in Cancer  
Scientific (hypothesis)  
order out of chaos  
Harvey, circulation of blood  
Literary (metaphor)  
creative mythology  
garden of ideas

Kant arriving at the café 11:59AM sharp  
Descartes warming himself by the fire  
Hume shooting pool in his nightgown

“It's the luck of the draw.”

Maybe I should specialize in crystal healing  
& Babylonian musical modes

## **ENCODED POETRY MACHINE**

A chunk of divine machinery  
    "The book as measure"  
mirror neurons and happy synapses

dPress is a limited partnership  
of 3  
me, myself and I

I don't give myself much hope  
in me advocating  
for myself

With me, me, me center stage

## **CHARLES LAUGHTON KNOWS ABOUT A HORSE**

It's coarse  
of course

And that's  
all.

## **NO ONE IDEA**

Reduce idea to nil

deconstruct  
transform  
leap over

3<sup>rd</sup> value interfaces w/virtual world

Relax  
cut

2005/2018

## **IDES OF MARCH**

On the first page of Spring  
God separated M f/E  
    matter & energy  
    a purely æsthetic gesture

HA=M/E  
AH ME  
AH HA HA HA HA HA HO

“Dipping my napkin in Caesar’s blood”

## **ETHNOS**

Hopi  
Zuni  
Apache

“There were Indians, once.”

## **ACHILLES HAD ALL THE MOVES**

Don’t wake up  
don’t wake down  
don’t wake around

Stay in town

Attack  
retreat  
block

Make good use of your time

## DAKINIS ON THE PATH

Old hag, candidate for nip 'n tuck,  
I can see her beauty hidden in her age  
hanging there

Or ageless sixteen-year-old, pink-fleshed  
lips, legs-up-to-her-ass blush

*Salamanders living in the flames*

## PLATO'S ATOMS

Truth  
Goodness  
Beauty

*But can virtue be taught?*

## HEAR MYSELF THINK

Got away—

got a time-share in Hawaii  
all I had to decide on was  
what to have for breakfast

Got away—

all I had to decide on  
was form, formlessness,  
or desire



## DHARMA IS A CALLIOPE

I stared in awe—  
    then, my root guru  
fired me up  
    sat me down and said,  
    “This is middle C—  
Now, play!”

## SAD BUT SAFE

I would pin this man down with a simile,  
but there is a lot I don't know about him.

## SELF-POWER

Whether you're on the mean streets of the Big Apple  
in the Badlands of South Dakota  
or in a mountain retreat at the base of the Continental Divide

In the state  
of transparent immediacy  
does *rangwang* make right?

## SWIMMING IN SAMBARA

Steve says, “That Machig, she's hot—  
she's attained Rainbow Bootie”

Doug says, “Venus without some penis  
is a day without sunshine”

David says, “I was at first surprised, even shocked  
when I took up tennis, to find that love was nothing”

## TIGLE & SOUL

Yogic subtle body      virtual reality  
natural state              grace

Mind stream              heart  
intellect                  nous

Contradictory secrets of the senses  
revealed in a contemplation of time and space—

The surprise of  $\pi$  in my face

2005/2018

## HERE OUR DAYS ARE NUMBERLESS

Wearing my robes  
    along Oak Tree Drive  
free of everything but Dharma  
    thinking of Philip Whalen  
*sprung loose from all moorings*  
    chatting with students  
        on Fort Worden's commons

Echoes in my mindstream—  
    spectacles glint *tigles* in the sunlight  
        as he licks an ice cream  
I thank him for his kind words  
    “I wouldn't have said them  
        if I didn't mean them,” he gruffly replies  
I'm awake—hit by the master's stick

## LUCK, DETERMINATION, WILL

Inter-  
    subject-

ive

I've            maid  
Eve            mother  
eave           crone

Inter-  
mission

Spies in the house  
spies on the road  
spies in the heart

“Satan can enter the 4<sup>th</sup> Garden”

## TALL DHARMA TALES

Driving a stage to Tombstone,  
The Sambhogakaya Cowboy cracks his whip,  
          [creates a vacuum ( ) emptiness]  
gets Hayagriva's attention,  
                  spurs the ponies into action  
puts the Pawnee on the warpath

## YESHE TSOGYEL & HER TREASURES

The Princess of Kharchen hiked all over tarnation  
planting treasures

Mind ters  
earth ters, fire ters  
ters as potent as mercury in the water

A month in Kennewick, 4 treasures  
18 months in Yakima, 24 treasures  
9 months in Spokane, 18 treasures  
takes time to plant 84 million treasures

She had the time of her life in the outback

## **DAKINI HYPERTEXT**

I'm invited into the treasure room—  
Ah, Mother Muse, dishing out the scrolls!  
Yeshe messin' with my mind?  
You're my web mistress, talkin' html

## **CODED IN MY DNA**

A comatose wisdom mind  
a flat-lined wisdom mind  
a flattened prostate  
a prescription for impotency—

A monk wants his sex  
to stay put, hard to stay celibate  
if Jampa's is still jumpin'

My urologist tells me,  
“If you don't use it, you'll lose it.  
Most of my patients want Viagra,  
but it'll never be like it was, again.”

“Is it ok if I let it go? won't fall off?”  
“No, medically speaking, it's fine.”

## **MIDDLE WAY IN AMERICA**

The Centralists come into the streets  
and shout, “Be reasonable!”

Independence and equality  
distinct from  
a runaway congress  
and an egomaniacal administration

The presidency no longer exists—  
try to ignore it.

Metamorphosis of our Republic

far right and far left  
middle is  
not green, not blue, not red, not white  
just full of bullshit

Breach of protocol  
crossing the aisle  
listening to others  
to the harps  
to the tambourines  
to the sack horn

## **DOG READS MAN IS NEWS**

Wrathful voices  
ecstatic voices  
peaceful voices

Commanding  
chortling  
cajoling

Dzogchen is news that stays news

## **YESHE, I GET IT**

You, dancing on my prostate body  
reflective, active  
yab yum, ho  
Madonna with your twilight language  
“Blah!” you tease  
dynamic denizen of Shang-shung  
able to endure Abu Ghraib torture  
humiliation, fear, degradation,

mutilation—  
happy even in hell

Yeshe  
took me into the treasury—  
“Take what you need  
BUT take care.”

Her eagle voice

## **PHAEDRA’S FRUSTRATION**

Sex w/or w/out Love  
winged antibodies  
sprouting, moist  
aching like the gums of a baby

Sex w/love  
winged souls embodied  
touching the beauty of the gods  
pain and pleasure  
w/or w/out  
absence & presence of the loved one

Alone on the sea cliff

## **IN EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING**

All marriages are born in the source  
a marriage of marriages

Your marriage is consummated  
in yab yum bliss

May your path be fruitful  
and your love fulfilled

## TUMMO

Cold back  
cold front  
cold heart

Making ice in Alaska in winter, in Ketchikan,  
on cold storage swing shift, I walk into the warm snow

An important part of generating heat  
is the relativity of what's cold

## THE FIVE EXISTS

Either  
or  
both  
neither  
nor

Either/or  
neither/nor  
both/and  
neither both/and  
nor either/or

•

Both/and  
may seem bogus  
until

“Or”  
collapses into  
“either”

## NEED NOT WANT

Body: food, clothing, shelter

Mind: 8 hours sleep, 8 hours work,  
8 hours for gaining more Light

Energy: peaceful, wrathful, ecstatic

## DEATH PENALTY

The Needle

first, you're prepped with an anesthetic  
so, you should sleep through  
the phosphate chloride hit in your blood  
however, and this is important,  
if you are not fully sedated  
you are conscious  
but unable to move  
Hope your executioner is friendly

What is *humane*? What is *torture*?

Ronald Reagan said he had experience putting down a horse  
believed the needle was humane—those that favor punishment  
will choose to err on the side of cruel and unusual

## 3-D OF TORTURE

Dread  
dependency  
degradation

## IS THE THREAT OF TORTURE TORTURE?

Donald Rumsfeld said he couldn't understand why



the prisoners were unable to stand all day, when he was on his feet working 15 hours every day. Yes, with snarling dogs snapping at his testicles.

What is known is that  
what someone doesn't know  
can't be extracted under torture.

## **SEEING TORTURE W/MY INNER EYE**

Since history is written by the victors,  
it's fair to ask, who are the barbarians?

A new commandment  
*Thou Shalt Not Torture*

Hate to make this the subject of a poem

One thing to be punished as a civilian  
one thing to be punished as a soldier  
another thing to be punished as a terrorist

Pain inflicted trying to get out of the way  
pain inflicted for pain inflicted  
pain inflicted for knowledge gained  
pain for your memory

As a spy for the Tutsi,  
the Hutu would have tortured me

Hard to guess another's tolerance  
for pain

In passing,  
    "A penny for your pain."

## **PROJECT: MAKE A BOX**

A box of Hell  
a box of Heaven  
wired with sound  
    w/audible screams & harp music  
    or mantras

A brass dial calibrated for each religion

Give a small talk  
about rationalizing away the dogma  
as though heavens & hells don't exist

## **WHILE YOU SLEEP YOUR HYPOTHALAMUS RESTS AND YOU DREAM**

Ze was in a big space in a big city, and ze was moving on roller skates, or ze was on a big ball, and ze could move around easily. It was very quiet, and as ze moved about, ze struck attitudes. Ze recalled ze was wearing robes, white, ruffled, robes, and ze couldn't tell where they began or where they left off. No one seemed to notice zim zipping through Penn Station in white robes, and ze thought, "This is what it is like when you're dead—neutralized—and it seems this is happening more and more to me, while I'm alive."

## **EMPTINESS 1+1=1**

High  
high, fast  
high, much faster

Slow  
slower

Loud  
quiet  
quieter

Deep  
deeper  
higher

Audible

## LIBERATION OLYMPICS

Shake those tail feathers of suffering

A pair of quail—  
the female flies off the levy

The male follows

## CHRIST AS GURU RINPOCHE

The Pope is pissed off about *The Da Vinci Code*  
that Mary Magdalene bore a child, sired by Jesus

How's he going to feel about the revelation  
the Tibetans have cooked up in Shambhala?

Odd to see the pontification of the mystery  
Christ, the bridegroom & the Church  
the bride as the reason  
why women can't be buff

Quack quack quack  
another duck

## TRIKAYA

Up down sideways  
in out center  
here there  
    where?

All the “bad stuff” is destiny

Less bio-diversity means it’s easier  
to control harmony

Then, natural cycles can be manipulated to...?

Events-sequence

time is an accident  
time is a coincidence  
time is a plan

Relationship between  
one’s self and one’s elf

Between

a distinct self  
and the Divine Self

## **PAINTING THE SISTINE CHAPEL**

A full complement of clouds—  
cumulus locomotives above an open pit

Recognize that you’re on a work gang  
mining titanium for TiO<sub>2</sub>

Pigment      color  
Binder resin, glue, egg white  
Solvent makes paint flow  
vermillion in Middle Ages  
    mercuric sulfate  
ultramarine    lapis lazuli

A full complement of moonlight

## **YOU ARE THE MOVIE**

and the camera, the producer  
is your mind  
and the world's in charge of wardrobe and sets  
so, get a grip

## **OLD MAN McCLINTOCK**

Lived in a faraway cabin  
west and north, lived alone  
raised goats  
had a jug of whiskey  
hanging in the open window

Awoke in the morning  
took a swig  
grabbed his shotgun  
and fired both barrels  
at a red-tailed hawk  
every morning of his life

## **THREE I'S OF SPY**

Identifying the target  
Initiating the contact  
Infiltrating the network

I'm an agent in the field  
in the shadow world of self

## **MINCING**

David says, "Mincing down Camden Street

in my size 11 galoshes  
    is a way I have of celebrating myself.  
I can't go into the other ways, but mincing isn't bad."

"I really am the laziest person you can remember,  
but I write about it, that's the thing."

## **NANCY'S MORNING**

Slow, slow ragged start to this spring day,  
a turkey stuck in a tree & its flock in the field

All helpless & surrounded by, of course  
mad barking dogs

I am one hour behind physically  
& two or more mentally—

this is a morning of rough nails  
driven into the drum of my skull  
& I'm only capable of moaning

My mother says I'm quite ineffectual

## **SANE DEATH**

I linger and chant  
Death's outlet song

Death and I, as companions  
walking the other side of the mall

Past visions  
past night  
past heart-shaped leaves of lilac

## A PITH INSTRUCTION

Osel's pet pug bit her on the tit  
testing the perimeters of her paramitas

There's a little scar to prove this

## MAYPOLE

"Let's dance and sing, it's Spring!"

It's a time of terror and promise—  
as my world collapses  
    into a molding leafiness

And the cities wretch up their lonely

The years pass  
    huge, remote, eyes in the sky

## SPARKS

*The time is spring; the place, Berkeley. The Mediterranean Café on Telegraph Avenue. A woman and a man are seated at a square, marble table. He is a dandy. She is glossily beautiful, like a 40's sex movie star. They are in a pin-spot of light. Behind them looms a mural abounding with Greek gods and goddesses. They know each other well.*

BOUVARD: You are the embodiment of wild desire. You'd look great even in pajamas. If I'd met you first, I'd be with you, but I'm with her, and she's the best for me.

ALMA: She's the best for you? You've got to have an edge to love? I'm not good at loving with third-party people. Have I been here before?

BOUVARD: We get caught up in our feelings when acting with other actors.

ALMA: Leave it alone, Bouvard, the geography between us is a shield. Don't cut yourself off from wild desire. I've done it.

BOUVARD: I'm faithful to love, but it's not going to control me, just because all things have sex. It's torture to worry about us cheating.

ALMA: Too stressful, to be honest. Too stressful to be honest.  
I love this crush.

[*She takes a drink from a tall latte.*]

BOUVARD: Hard in this life, you've only one body.

ALMA: Only one flag, only one life, only one leaf. Good line, Bouvard.

BOUVARD: I want to coddle...I mean cuddle you, well, both, but I know you have a natural feminine, non-toxic, body-pure immunity to adultery.

ALMA: You're right, I am careful about hygiene. It's a thing with me, but [*unctuously*] if I was to be unfaithful, it would be with you.

BOUBARD: You, you, you...at least, you're not dumb. Blind, maybe, but not dumb.

[*He takes a sip from her glass.*]

ALMA: True love's an exotic club, that's for sure, and we've got the talent for it.

BOUVARD: [*He rises.*] True love is just a romantic notion.

[*She finishes the drink.*]

ALMA: Keep it up.

BOUVARD: Do you give heart? [*His line overlaps hers.*]

ALMA: I struggle to keep house. I do everything but cook. I can spend the whole day reading in bed. No reason to find someone else, besides me.

BOUVARD: And people have everything, including self-sabotage. [*He sits.*]

ALMA: Why are you fidgeting?

BOUVARD: [*straightening himself in his chair*] My pants are too tight in the crotch.

ALMA: If I had to choose between my survival and my dignity, I'd choose love.

BOUVARD: [*wistfully*] Yes, I miss the hungry years—but not too much. Then, you don't have time for love?

ALMA: No, but you encourage my wild side. [*half rising with excitement*] There's a charm in love affairs. Fun to be with you. Pure passion. Endless. Reckless.

BOUVARD: A kiss from you couldn't hurt, babe.

ALMA: With kisses come consequences. [*slumps*]

BOUVARD: I know you could cook my perfect omelet, too.

ALMA: [*ignoring him*] Once, I went on a date with a guy. Walked on the beach. I kissed him, but he didn't call. Wished he had. I took my blouse off. Had on a plaid skirt and boots. Took off one boot because he wanted to see if I had cankles.

BOUVARD: Cankles?

ALMA: He wanted to see if he could tell where my calves left off and my ankles began. I knew he didn't have balls.

BOUVARD: And I'm playing the part of a...I just feel intoxicated by my desire for you. I could kiss you all night. [*Nonchalant*] Just a physical fact.

ALMA: [*She puts both gloved hands over her ears.*] I can't hear a thing you're saying.

BOUVARD: It's nothing, but all the same, a kiss from you couldn't hurt, babe.

*Lights dim. Sparks fly.*

## **SPECIAL RELATIVITY**



Einstein's first wife,  
giving him colossal kisses  
and tender corpuscular kisses,  
called him Johnny.  
He called her Dolly.

Einstein was a tertion,  
a discoverer of mind treasures,  
& Mileva Maric was his consort.

$E=MC^2$  is a mind ter  
planted  
by the great bliss queen,  
Yeshe Tsogyel  
while in her Wrathful Samantabhadri  
aspect.

Why does a drop of water rise  
in the channel of an inserted straw?

Where is gravity?

Nestled in a rose in the middle of midnight,  
breathing against the pane,  
he traced their initials in the window's fog.

Moonlight gleamed through, & though  
the living wears down, they  
found  
a luminous, stubborn  
joy.

They were playing without  
a gameboard  
both feet off the ground—  
flying sideways.

Fire is water falling upward.

Entwined in yab yum  
she observed, "The same  
extension which constitutes the nature of a body  
constitutes the nature of space."

Inner heat trumps  
objective knowledge.

Theirs was a deep-seated  
thermal happiness.

## **BUMBERSHOOT**

A girl at my booth  
peeked in my book & freaked

Tears shot out of her eyes  
not weepy, more like a balloon burst

360-degree spin from bliss to stress  
blew her mind—and, in the background

Miles Davis was blowing  
at the book faire

Where my linoleum nudes & nasty words  
simmered & shimmied

## **SUMMER AND ALL**

Nothing depends upon  
the luminous junk assemblage  
resting on the rusty wheelbarrow  
except its shadow on the dewy grass

## **ANCIENT EYES**

I see through you  
clear to the bone, those pins  
in your Botticellian ankles  
are ornaments from a nasty fall

I see through you because

I have ancient eyes, have  
x-rays your gynecologist  
will never see

## DIALOGUE WITH N

If roses are roses, says g  
roses are robust, says h  
and make their point, says i  
tulips would be lovely, says j  
if you see a petulant petunia  
says k, tell it to perk up  
azaleas are lazy, says m  
what do you say, n?

o for rObOtS everywhere  
p for Please don't work  
anything into final form  
q for Quick is not how  
the hare won the race  
r for what happened to Richard III?  
s for Shredded wheat  
and simple prints on t-shirts  
t for Thankfully home safe  
u for Unuf!

## FAKES & CHEAP TRICKS

I'm a flame diving  
into a reflection  
in the sea

I suck air—  
first breath, last breath

What you see is what you get  
and what you get

Comes from the bottom of the deck

## **LU'S POEM**

The poem is IF IT,  
and it begins

If it ever is  
as it was then,  
it will be  
as it has been

Which seems to me to  
be the way it always is  
and that is—never done

So, I'll just leave it as it is

## **WHAT IF A WORLD**

Well, I'll just go out and get me one to  
make a new exhibit in my tech museum

Reel to real with tripod—the perfect tripod  
for my new ipod with telestar  
is it AC or DC?

## **IF BE**

Silence swallows me  
like a cloudy day

I'm holding my words to my chest—  
typing upside down

Labor requires contortion

and sometimes

Love and poems must be aborted  
before they strangle the heart

## **IF XO**

Nothing crossed  
out is a something  
an X and an O—  
a kiss and a hug

## **IF I'M**

Hey, there  
wanna buy a  
watch out  
an echo might  
bite you  
a bad mitten  
puck in  
my guts &  
on top of that  
my vowels  
are juiced

I'm going  
to pot &  
while I'm  
cooking  
two cloves  
of garlic snug  
huggle and kiss

## **IF SYNCRONICITY**

What is she to do  
Sweet Lakota Sue?  
she sees a sign  
she thinks divine

In every fire  
on every pyre  
on every tire  
of every car

Of every lark  
in every park  
and if she stops  
to avoid the cops

She'd better  
feed the meter  
or she'll meet up  
with parking karma

## **IF A NOTE**

“It seems we’ve had a small explosion,  
perhaps we need a new...”

The note trailed off.  
I saved it because it was so polite  
kind of hinting at a disruption  
nothing to be concerned with  
just go out and buy a new...

A cup shattered,  
blown to bits in the microwave

What was in it?  
a smudge of brown—a taste of sugar  
and instant tea—my mom’s concoction

When you forget the water, the sugar  
melts to a corner of the cup and the heat  
intensifies with the microwave energy

Electromagnetism is fun, but thermodynamics is the law

## **IF A DEAD MAN**

Where are you, Liar?  
Where do you brew up your truths?

Bright is the eye of the moon,  
but you glide between sunbeams

You spread your wings and never  
glance back at the frightful moon

All the poets I know have green hair  
but you have green toes

## **IF ONLY**

You gave me leave  
to take the sense out of the sentence

If only I hadn't promised something cultural  
like As You Like It

And, if only I wasn't fearful  
I'd tell everyone to get screwed  
and ask what I'm charged with

But now I'm doing time  
for a double entendre—got  
caught red handed with my tits in the till

O, what I could say about flowers

## **IF ASSURANCES**





freezing yourself in ice, I think

I am ghost to you, and now  
you're breathing, buddy, and believe me  
we will try to catch you

Are you grieving or are you singing?

How do you solve a problem like this?  
How can a punk ghost  
call the police station tomorrow?

## IF FLOW

A tad of infinity in a dream  
a field of flotsam in a stream  
call it junk or call it cargo  
here, there's no embargo

Beyond reason, cosmic laws demand  
that every monument be built in sand  
a new angle of a ground level tangle  
a river of debris flowing free

## IF I

*I think people take way too much a direct  
approach to their problem.*

—Kay Ryan

This is a poem that skips down the aisle  
and kisses a tiny girl on her cheek

This is a poem that shakes the hand  
of a man with a beard, dances around

The room and curls up in the corner  
and goes to sleep

This is a poem that dreams statistics

## IF STATISTICS

4 dead 16 wounded  
9 dead 24 wounded  
12 dead 63 wounded  
8 dead 40 wounded

Exactly who do these numbers refer to?  
and whose hand is this on the street?

## THE DOT

don't  
dot it  
do it

84,000  
dots

it dot is  
it dot  
it is

bring attention TO IT  
Dot it  
Dot

let me  
lick your  
dot

Dot

“head of a boil”  
occurs once OE  
16c small lump  
clot, a minute  
spot, speck, mark  
1674 roundish mark

made w/pen 1748

dot

1858 point used  
in punctuation; a little  
child or creature 1859

dot

a woman's marriage portion  
of which the annual income  
is under her husband's control 1855

dot

mark w/dots 1816  
scatter like dots or  
specks

to dot down  
to write down compendiously

dot

dot dot  
de dot dot

dit dot dit dot  
dot dit  
what is more is code  
is dash dot dot  
dash dash dash  
dash

dash is dash dot dot  
dot dash  
dot dot dot  
dot dot dot dot

dot dash  
dot de dash  
de dot do da do it  
dedowa

dot

pinning the head  
on the  
doting  
ol' fool

dot

dotters  
grand  
dotters  
& great  
grand  
dotters  
Dot

president  
Polk

a dot

Issued the first  
Postage  
Stamp

DOT

z  
e  
a  
l  
o  
u  
s

d  
o  
t  
s

Zest —having to do  
w/orange peel, as spice,  
adds zest, zeal is zest  
orange= red w/yellow

Poets knew it  
No (tit for tat)ed  
Knit (knew) it  
Dotted it down

Fairbanks  
1971

## LE SANG D'UN POÈTE REDUX

*Poets shed not only the red blood of their hearts  
/but the white blood of their souls.*  
—Jean Cocteau.

### PART I: HOW TO MAKE STAGE BLOOD

According to Eric Hart: “Essentially what you need is a thick, gooey base with a colorant added. The most basic recipe is corn syrup and red food coloring. This recipe is edible, which is good if the blood is used around an actor’s mouth, but since it is organic, it can attract insects and vermin and will rot after a time.”

Shootouts with blood flying—  
usually, bullets go in, and no one sees anything,  
maybe some seepage, because they go into flesh  
but in the movies bullet holes gush blood

What works with violence on the screen is  
our surprise that we’re just bags of liquid and air,  
our sense of being contained, and then we’re leaking,  
shocks us, gives us a thrill—  
anything on the screen that moves IS the movie,  
holds us in rapture

Old Movie Code—a gun is not to be pointed at an actor  
and the actor be hit by a bullet in the same frame,  
like I point the gun,  
a frame of me shooting,  
the smoke puffs out the barrel,

cut to someone falling

New styles of falling, being hit by bullets, and when they hit,  
you're blown across the room  
Tears the flesh, sears with heat, and you crumple,  
then, the wound gets septic, and you lay there for days, thinking,  
"It's fate."  
Insert some sex, & you've got a movie.  
"Oh, God, thank you for not making this the last frame."

## **PART II: THE PACIFIST**

To be peace—empty, clear, compassionate  
and not escape through sleep, through normalcy,  
through wrapping myself in the flag

A prayer tree flutters in our town, the prayer for war to disappear,  
the leaves are prayers blowing in the deadly winds

"Slowly we're smoking the Taliban out of their caves  
that we can bring them to justice," sd the Commander-in-chief

Caves where Jelaluddin Rumi was born, Rumi, who proclaimed,  
"No boundaries, no flags!" Where Vajrasattva transmitted Dzogchen

Opposition evolves so life can exist—opposition desires union  
Overheard, "They don't believe in God—they believe in Allah."

Pray for Buddha to shoot a cap up Mars' ass.

## **PART III: THE JIHADIST**

Since what I say does not entail what I do—  
"Don't cry for me, but bury me with my brothers,  
the martyrs and visit my grave if you have time."  
Since what I do cannot explain what I mean—  
"Pay the corner grocer the 25¢ I owe him."  
Since what I mean is not what I think—  
"I want my grave to be like Muhammad's, only not so big."  
Since the world is me, and I am the world—  
"I must, more than ever, try to uninvent myself."  
Since what is outside crushes me—  
"I remember the color of your eyes smiling at me."

#### PART IV: MARBLE SNOWBALLS

My mind is fixed  
and with my mind, my eyes see  
space dissolving into space

From every thought escaped,  
everything, all my dimension  
freed because of this condition

A printer's devil's devil  
was Master Horace Hart  
Hart's Rules still rule

found floating in a pond called Youlburg Lake  
near Oxford, his gloves folded neatly on the bank

Water into water, dirt purified with dirt

Every blade of grass liberated—  
“Don't say 'ditto' to me,  
give me a proper answer”

“Since I am alive, I am going to die”  
spin up/spin down  
entangled thru space  
separate  
but not separate  
in our effect on each other

a troubled and troubling site—  
Bob Kaufman  
on a downward spiral  
broken only by his death  
of emphysema

A vow of silence  
taken after the assassination of JFK—  
you were so quiet  
over coffee at the Med

From this balcony he pissed into the crowd  
from this balcony, he pissed from this balcony comma  
he comma pissed from this balcony, into the crowd

and was never seen again

Santa Rosa  
2008

## **POEMS: 2008-2018**

**TARA MANDALA, SANTA FE & ELLENSBURG**



BLANK

## **NATURALLY ARISING SELF**

What am I doing going into long retreat?  
Bam! I'm out of here...no, just kidding

I bow to the feet of the Supreme Guru  
pure object of refuge

Grant your blessings  
that we may all be free of suffering

E ma ho!  
time to fly off to Luminous Peak  
my big bruiser of a Buddha mind  
is determined this is best for me  
wants me to abandon my friends  
sweet worldly dakas and dakinis  
for the more celestial kind  
give up the easy life  
store my red truck, oh, dear  
says samsara is a fire pit  
no more doing my own thing  
give up clinging and attachments  
cultivate enlightened mind  
oh, dear, sounds boring  
shut up, he says

Do the mantra of Vajrasattva  
make many mandala offerings  
do Guru Yoga until my toes drop off  
overcome all obstacles  
will the protectors like my tormas?

I'm such a clown, why can't I be serious?  
my Buddha mind is right, need to get my shit  
together before I die and turn into worm tsok

Leave praise and blame, fame and shame  
and all such distractions, listen to my guru  
get down on the yidam—oh, my  
I mean that as a figure of speech

I've got the three jewels as my amigos  
and I make this prayer in the spirit of Shabkar  
*May my meditation, and yours, flourish*  
*And may we soon realize the trikaya*

## LETTER TO MICHAEL ROTHENBERG

I forgot to phone and say goodbye  
I threw away my cell

My lama said to take one good book  
to remember the dharma  
so, I took *The Collected Poems of Philip Whalen*

No hell, no heaven  
no meditation, no distraction, no hope, no fear

Still, I had to do the hat dance one last time

## SINGING TO THE HEART IN LUMINOUS PEAK

*This mind bound to no one thing.*  
—Saigyō

Scrub oak branch freed from snowpack  
flings diamonds in the air

Driveway's gift—mud on my boots  
pine bow's gift—snow on my neck

Passing cloud on a windy day—  
a buffalo becoming an elephant  
becoming a rhinoceros becoming  
a bowl of mashed potatoes

Give up your desires for fancy teas—  
Shabkar advises  
put on your robes, your robes  
and a pith instruction are all you need

I've been in retreat for three weeks  
and I've eaten all the snacks—  
Milarepa just shakes his head

Patterns of snow rise and drift  
from tree to tree—

a dance to dazzle the eye  
on a windy, winter's day

Little snowflake dakinis  
U RU U RU RLLLLLLLLLU U SRU RU  
hold me fast with your compassion

Snow and more snow—the plow guy says  
“If it snows any more, I’ve got no place to put it.”

Laughter of dakinis skiing off Ekajati Peak—  
if you don’t break a leg, gravity is fun

Moth dancing in the sunlight on the pine wood floor  
stops at the shadow of my robes

Friends to date—a flock of jays, a pack rat  
a spotted skunk, four wild turkeys, two leaf bugs  
an unidentified beetle, the usual suspects

Ravens check me out, and a golden eagle gyring overhead—  
I don’t count them as friends, as they don’t eat from my larder

Before I was sealed into retreat, my friend  
Gail warned me, “Be careful. Tibetan practices  
aren’t American.” Good advice—  
these American demons are especially stubborn

Han Shan heard woodchoppers in the valley  
below his hut—here, among the pines, I hear  
a chainsaw in Hidden Valley

Ripped seam in my new chuba reveals  
*Made in Madagascar*, discovered in Colorado  
now, I wear my old robes—I like them better

Passing beauty—  
tire tracks in the snow

Fresh snow covers the snowmobile tracks—  
a return to wintery calm in Hidden Valley

Looking through the window in the lamp light  
was that a ghost or the shadow of a prayer flag?  
Add a coyote to my list of visitors

Sky, my teacher  
Earth, my support  
Sun and moon my companions

Billowing clouds obscure the sun as though impatient  
for the day to end—in the realm of pure reaches  
day time and night time are relative

My autobiography—I was born, I wrote, I died  
and I had good friends

The most significant event in my life—the Atom Bomb  
a clever way of destroying us all to prove  
no one has a homeland

Machig dancing on a moon disc with voluptuous breasts  
and blossoming vagina—pinup of the month, circa 1080 CE

Days without numbers—the snow pack melting—  
I've learned Raven talk and a smattering of Chickadee

Moon, you look familiar—you have a lovely face  
I know it's an old line, but haven't we met before?

Jupiter is over the hill, and you're still here with me—

do you play cards?

Moon, I saw you with that star—  
now you're swollen with his seed

Moon, you never turn your other cheek  
are you ashamed of some disfigurement?  
Ok, a few pock marks—you're one of a kind  
perfect, non-defiled

In my dream, I am the moon—  
faces smile down on me

Moon, old friend, Dawn is close behind you  
It's a bit early for a visit, but the tea water is hot

Tonight, the moon was full, and I saw the hare—  
usually, I see the old man, but tonight, the hare was there  
ears and all

Sleeping moon, I touch you with my finger—  
are you real?

Crescent moonlight on new snow  
thick fog pouring over Archuleta Ridge—  
a trail of milky quartz

If a sentence is difficult to punctuate  
it's probably the order of words at fault  
so, you're off the hook

I erected my victory banner, my boundary  
extends ten feet beyond my deck—  
I'm overwhelmed by infinity and all I'll never see here

Chop wood, carry water, accumulate mantra

pick up a few jewels on the path, and my day is done

Quiet in the woodpile—  
has the pack rat become something's dinner?  
Motion discovers us—simple as time  
we are lured to the offering

Profound pith instruction—  
if the going gets tough, do more practice  
a thought to turn the mind

To my right, Chimney Rock, to my left, the sertog  
on the Tara Temple—ahead, a range of vidyadharas  
within, bliss-void is my view

A solitary place full of empty sights and sounds—  
Luminous Peak is a pure land taste of appearances

Complete, ineluctable, consummate, infallible  
formless and without substance—  
“Watch what you're doing and stir the oatmeal.”

In a day where the biggest complication is a prayer flag  
tangled in a tree branch, I consider this is a pure land

If you have wealth, you worry what will become of it  
if you don't have wealth, you worry how you'll get it  
Either way, it's a hassle—Be happy, all beings who are sad

At first light, I lay the foundation for my day  
with ngöndro prayers—I get so pure  
I glow like snow in sunlight

Prayer flags flap, icicles drip, tap tap tap  
I beat my drum—all sounds are mantram

Corn snow shower—  
skiers must be happy on Wolf Creek Pass  
me, snug in Luminous Peak

Few people pass my settlement, a new retreatant  
now and again—it's mostly me and the wild folk  
in the vast expanse

After a sprinkling of snow, there are new faces  
in the landscape—a rock face becomes comedy  
another, tragedy, and yab looks lovingly at yum

I don't have Ikkyu's libido—he was blessed  
Love is blind—still, I enjoy a good blow job  
even if it's only in my dreams

Choose one, I lose them all  
choosing all, I lose the one  
lucky having so many loves  
now, relaxing having none

Awakened by the tiniest sound  
an insect hitting the window pane—  
how I wish it was his footstep

Our bodies wedded—up, now, together up  
and, this one time, I swallow my gum

Her meeting Mom was a mistake  
“She wears too much makeup.”  
Yes, Mom, it's part of her trade

I needed one long-stemmed rose  
I gave the others to a sailor, saying  
“Just hope your girl doesn't count them.”

Her pimp whipped her with the rose



he'd set her up to turn tricks  
and I'd stolen her heart

Two leaves blown together across the snow  
one disappears over a precipice  
the other returns the way it had come

Outside the door to class, she kissed him twice  
and, now, she feels his fingers—  
“Wake up, Miss, you're in Geometry!”

We made love on acid, and it was like a train  
roared through the room—what was her name?

My first time, we did it on a bed  
under the stars—she guided me in  
and I lasted two fantastic seconds

She had the *Course of Miracles* pinned  
around her room—it was weird  
making love with the angels looking on

She wants to talk afterward—  
what is there to say?  
I have died and been reborn  
but I'll recover

She climbed on me  
while I was going 70 mph—  
it was my first experience  
of driving with clairvoyance

We did it standing at the kitchen sink  
with her hubby glued to the TV—  
I'll find her in a hot hell, and she'll call out  
and I'll climb to her through the razor trees

I was young—what did I know?  
I found a used condom in the barn  
and it broke my heart

Phony dharma posturing—these robes  
only for show—what am I going to do  
when I'm put to the test?

I fly around, put my hand and butt prints  
on rocks—come back later, nothing there  
still, I'm amazed

Looking at visages of eternity  
an idea that will finally pass away—  
what will I dream of next?

A strange blue at dawn—  
there's a miracle for you  
not sure what to do  
I pray to my guru

Asked the benefit of ngöndro —  
“I feel as though I've been reborn in a lotus.”

Torn parts of a prayer flag  
flutter like lovers kissing—  
I've been up here too long

Rumi says, “Don't be disturbed by a speck of dust.”  
Buddha says, “What speck?”

Frightened yet comforted—a face looms over me  
says, “Close your eyes, and it will be tomorrow.”

The muse has me on the ropes—a swift upper cut  
then, *le mot juste*, and a one-two combo

At Adzom's powa retreat, I said  
"My mother doesn't want a fuss at her funeral."  
Adzom said, "Who are you going to listen to  
your mama or your lama?"

Guru Rinpoche tells Yeshe Tsogyel to go easy  
on the mutilations to improve the feast—  
stick to eating air and mystic heat

Aware that I am capable of murder, malice  
and mayhem, I take refuge with the guru—  
hold me fast with your compassion

I would have fit right in with Do Khentse's crew  
a sangha of reformed marauders—  
"Say the word, and I'll jump off a cliff."

Oppressed by suffering due to ignorance and karma  
events seem hollow, but life is a hard act to follow

Clouds above, fog below—  
for the buddha mind you seek  
there's no clear path to Luminous Peak

Ideas flap like prayer flags—  
one end tied to the cabin of confusion  
and one end tied to the tree of desire

Do I get lonely in retreat? Actually  
it's crowded living in tight quarters  
with 100 peaceful and wrathful deities

A hole in my water jug from a bear's claw  
as if to say— "Look what I can do."

Cloud letters—dakini script—hard to read

Maybe I need a consort—just on this one occasion

Laugh at me with contempt, or let tears  
be your judgement—I follow the middle way

The Great Sea of Abyss—totally open oneness  
be it winds, channels, lights, cells, molecules, or atoms

Faith begins where thinking leaves off  
and sleeping begins where faith leaves off—  
that I awake is the prodigy

To look at my complete being  
requires renunciation—now a crystal  
now a mirror, spontaneously, I just am

Pointless to wonder what if Shrisima  
had followed Chenrezi's advice the first time—  
an undetermined parallel universe of vast expanse

A roofless roof, a windowless window—  
a meditation without meditating

Could, would, should—  
no should—just do it

Stop grasping and you quit being a stupid buddha  
all problems resolved in a priori nescience

Many times, between dusk and dawn,  
Everness kissed Oblivion to make him stay  
Now, Oblivion has gone his way,  
And Everness, sans Oblivion, cannot exist

Looking at Nothing behind the thing in-itself—  
Wow! What a view

The gods are quiet but they're still around—  
amazing, we don't believe in them

When my practice lags, I think of Longchenpa  
and the sack he slept in—I look at the luxury  
of my digs and realize, I'm just a cave bug

Prostrations are a centrifuge to separate  
the pure metal from the dross—  
I feel the oneness of Buddha and guru

A day of long contrails—the wind  
feathers a set into a white AH

“The path's a snap, if you're not picky.”  
This insight is attributed to Bodhidharma

What I've learned after a kalpa of meditation—  
Don't say much. Don't do much.

Take yourself off the clock and out of the mix—  
you'll discover a self-evident pure land

Sit like a mountain, open to the sky—  
what's the agenda? Nada, it's accomplished

What was it like hanging out with the dakinis  
in the pure land during my three-year solo retreat?  
It was an orgy with Jampa Dorje

Yeshe Tsogyel, sleeping on a slab of slate  
oozing pus and blood, doing her prostrations—  
me, all I've got going is a bruise and a zit

In a dream, I discovered fast walking  
is a form of flying—just keep your feet close to the ground

When you eat, eat, and when you walk, walk  
but when you talk, first think twice

I'm glad to gladden my guru's heart with my practice  
OM AH HUM

Clouds of dakini script hard to decipher, like upside  
down Tibetan— “Good, yogi, keeping your samayas.”

At 8:32 am, I achieved supreme release—  
no, not that kind of release—and gone  
in 1/32 of a second

A morning of mantra muddle, mudra mangle  
and fuzzy yidam—then, I put paid to this condition  
of frustration, confusion and pain with more practice

Vajra ground perfected, vidyadhara levels matured  
four kays fully actualized—who's my lama now?

Once I cut a mean figure galloping on a chestnut mare  
now, I ride a creaky crapper with my leaky bladder

Without wit, wisdom and grace, I'll just be another  
old fart in stinky pajamas—the rose soon withers

The beginning time and the settling down, kaput—  
now, the end game—and the dream that reoccurs

Sitting without moving, just me, myself, and I  
and I think “me” is having a senior moment

I gaze at my reflection in the glass at my black hair  
streaked with white, a reflection of and on my years

Winterwinterspringwinterspringwinterspring  
that's the way it is in the mountains

Dr. Wind makes a house call, operates  
on snowdrifts, removes empty water jugs  
transplants the tarp from the woodpile

Enjoying the tree shade of my mountain home—  
a nest of baby jays rant above my head

The loneliness of Luminous Peak—well,  
jays do stop and eat the pure offerings

Still wintery stillness  
spring'll spring soon

Sitting in Luminous Peak, letting my white beard grow  
outside, a young chipmunk digs for scraps in spring snow

Spring come, spring go, now there's a foot of snow  
goes to show what I know—why did I order a hoe?

Fresh snow on old snow  
No trace of the road to town  
Sitting among white clouds  
“Just right,” I say

Thunder and lightning—the copper fire shield crackles  
with juice—I sit in the middle of the room and pray

New birds from the south having a hard time of it—  
“Go back to Santa Fe—Luminous Peak is not for you.”  
All the same, I throw out some oats to tide them over

Tulips in the snow—frozen kisses

What am I doing on this mountain?  
To view this as the way to an exalted result  
is counter-productive

What am I doing taking refuge?  
If I didn't know, I couldn't begin

Something/Nothing  
holding this in mind  
I get on with it

Most truth seekers don't want a guru because they know  
if they accept this yoke, they'll have to work their asses off

As I finished my Vajrasattva mantras  
the moon moved backwards across the heavens

I dawdle over these lines—the sun rises higher  
and I have not finished my prostrations

If it's all one taste, all equal without blemish  
then, you have true abundance

Another trip to the outhouse—  
ah, emptiness and bliss

Why something rather than nothing?  
I can reflect on this, or not

Nyima Ozer, rays of the sun, a palace of golden fire  
All light from one source—inconceivable—  
With nothing to hold onto, my grasping nature is reversed



Venus is up, light the fire  
Make tea for Ekajati and me

At sunrise, the jays demand their pure offerings, then  
they're off to the valley, and I continue my morning tun

A glorious mountain—and once there, I can fly—  
the fall not severe, I awake on the floor by my bed

A blue sky day, clear, luminous, consummate—  
I'm sitting here, kicked back, digging all the non-action

First, a chair, then a table, no telling where it ends—  
you only need your ass and your lap and your hands

Build it, and they will come—but have you seen  
the four-way inter-exchanges in South Dakota?  
Once there, where do you go?

Two woodpeckers working on a tree  
contrapuntal vibe, Bags Groove—  
and raven notes Monkishly off key  
thrush semitones, those would be Miles

Look, there's a buddha in glorious, resplendent light!  
Oh, it's only a trash can reflecting noonday sun

Itchy asshole—it's awkward to scratch  
when you've important guests present

Rejoice! This is a bright eon  
where the Mantrayana is taught  
to counter consumer confusion

The byways of the path are so labyrinthine that  
without a guide, you'll be sidetracked for lifetimes

If you know where you are, what you're doing  
and how it's done, without a timeframe—  
the why is suchness

Lama G asked if my bronze of Shakespeare was Mao  
“No,” I said, “That's the bard, Guru Rinpoche of poets.”

Prayer flags bright in afternoon light  
as prayers set forth to heal the blight

Hey, leaf bug on the window pane, are you taking a walk  
or wishing you were outside? Believe me, that's snow you see  
door handle, door hinges, door glass, door lock, door frame  
how will you make it through? Open the door, out you fly  
out into the cold, blue gray sky—Is this a suicide attempt?

Sunset on the ridge, a lake of molten metals  
Amitabha's heaven or one of the hot hells?

I've always liked prison flicks, *The Shawshank Redemption*  
*Cool Hand Luke*—from samsara, I'm bustin' out with bodhicitta

The roar of a jet reminds me Guru Rinpoche prophesized  
Buddhism would come to Colorado when the iron bird flew

The only regret I have is that I'll die before I have a chance  
to finish writing my autobiography

Thanka painters' dialogue on the size of a yum's breasts—  
“The manual says the size of a melon.”  
“A cantaloupe, maybe, not a watermelon.”  
“But I like them that size.”  
“Yes, you have attachments.”

The world rests on an elephant and the elephant on a turtle.  
“What does the turtle rest on?”  
“It’s turtles all the way down,” says the lama.

Letters like leaves  
Letting leaves lie  
Me, just as I am

I sent my son a *tsa tsa* made  
with some of his sister’s ashes  
without a note. He wondered,  
“Why did he send me this turd?”

My lama gave me a cape of majestic cut  
now, doors open of their own accord  
and candles light at my command

Like Shabkar—with my robes, my boots  
and a couple of pith instructions, I’m all set

I follow the masters of meditation—  
their bony fingers gesture, “Up here!”  
Luckily, I’ve remembered my flashlight

Patrul Rinpoche said, “It’s hard to digest dharma  
if you’re as dumb as a cow with only upper teeth.”

Anne is putting makeup on emptiness  
I’m putting a shirt and tie on emptiness  
We’re going out to eat some emptiness  
I’ve got emptiness to tip the waiter

I’m staying put—if I rise, I’ll miss  
the planet turning around the sun

Risk being the Self that is selfless—

one of these two is you

A note from Sky—

“Be Jampa, happy and free!”

Get over practice being like punishment and get  
into it, like it’s theatre, and you’re the star—  
Break a leg! (That’s the leg of a curtain, not your leg.)

Stop being a rube by throwing the brass ring  
into the mouth of the clown for a free ride  
on the merry-go-round of karma

Red ones, yellow ones, green, all apples  
oranges, apples, bananas, pears, all fruit—  
take your pick, but, damn it, pick

A shift towards equanimity, when I discover  
Christmas fruit cake ain’t half bad

I’m glad I have an insensitive ass, or I’d not enjoy  
the outhouse view on a frigid morning

Muse, I’m glad you’re in bed with me—I’m just  
sorry there’s only room for one in this old fart bag

Six tuns a day, no time for play—  
I offered it up to my guru, as my beard grew

I know that bear shouldn’t be here, Beth  
but I’m not chasing him into the brush  
banging on a pot with a pan

Cherokee-Irish maids from Arkansas  
they’ll undo me every time—ecstatic dakini  
of the heart drop, you’ve got all the moves—

my blood courses to the beat of your dancing feet

In the study of material things,  
according to D.W. Thompson  
number, order, and position  
are the three-fold key to knowledge  
Rock: Buddha, Dharma, Sangha  
Paper: Dharma, Sangha, Buddha  
Scissors: Sangha, Buddha, Dharma

Learn it straight, drunk, and stoned, so when  
you're on stage, you can always perform

Last attachment on my way to retreat—  
Summer Dawn paints a sun in my heart  
as a parting pout adorns the goddess—  
how can I return, if I've never left?

When the bear passed the yurt on his route  
Tulku Sang-ngag said that once a bear gets his feed  
that pretty much fills his need, whereas man  
in his ignorance will destroy the world given half a chance

Musical notes in the rafters, as the wind runs the scales  
creaking floorboards and the pop of a log in the fire—  
my ears roam the room in the expanse of equanimity

Here I am in the uniformity of basic space  
this thought I offer as a buddha realm—  
herein, may all beings find a pure land

In a moment of despair, I asked Guru Rinpoche  
“How did you do it?” And he answered in excellent English  
“Don't talk so much—press on with your practice.”

Snow on the path, then mud—me snug, even smug  
inside Luminous Peak—inside, I'm happy and free

In Jewel's domain, sniffing her shoes  
and lingerie, reading her detective mags, I felt  
the thrill of oncoming manhood—in no way is this  
to be read in the context of the wish-fulfilling jewel  
(File in the love section)

The morning star, the evening star, secretly dances  
in rainbow light through all the afternoons that pass

The only sound, a whistling in the channel of my nose  
the only light, a candle on my altar

Intellectual copyright! And what of it is original?  
Philosophers worry, but poets scratch and tear, rip and pair  
playing fast and loose with the facts

A pack mule fell into a ravine with a load of Longchenpa's  
dialectical writings before they could be copied—I thought  
bless our lucky stars, it's pleasant to think what makes sense

Growling sounds coming from the Tara Temple—  
a dump truck in low gear or Dharmapalas on the warpath?

In a small rock is the universe, both insubstantial, both  
empty—the one I hold in my hand, the other holds me

Blue sky day begins with a forlorn bird cry, a spider  
and a white moth in combat, unseeking awareness

I, Jampa Dorje, and Luminous Peak  
a cabin built for long retreat, have come together as one—  
a profitable meeting, an auspicious summit

Warming to my practice, riding the thermals of mantra  
on the waves of faith, I explore this solitary place

Two-pronged assault on my ego—the fabrications  
of Anuyoga and the non-action of Dzogchen—  
nibble at the carrot, focus on the stick

How to get off the grid—  
Let it go, leave it, break free!  
Be sure you have an accountant

Doing mandala offering is like playing in the sandbox—  
an infinity of castles full of jewels

Afflatus without status

The unidentified beetle is a stink bug, well-camouflaged  
to hide on bark, so well-camouflaged as to be  
nearly invisible in my field guide

Dumpster diving with Longchenpa—all foods are pure  
even if the dogs of Dzogchen Monastery won't eat it

Remembering Philip Whalen writing in his lookout that  
“In the mountains, it's pancakes every morning of the world”  
I've taken a liking to a leaf-footed bug—it eats my cooking

Snow during the night, not enough to close the trail  
But enough for long johns and pancakes for breakfast  
Leaf bug smelled that oil—on the spot with proboscis out

With an ear to the ground, I hear many sounds  
sounds of different sizes, that's form  
sounds which portend surprises  
that's content

It's crazy sitting on this mountain, chanting in Tibetan  
prostrating in the moonlight—but I'll do what it takes  
to get every mother sentient being liberated

In high winds, Luminous Peak is like a ship tossing at sea—  
with all hatches battened down, this is Flagship Mahayana

Sophia says,  
“A devil sits  
Under the ass  
Of knowledge.”

“Rangwang”  
Wrong wang?  
There’s only  
Win win

Fog—  
White kata  
Creating  
Blest isles

Afternoon Sargasso Sea—  
wind stops—birds give it up  
in the distance, the tap of a woodpecker  
then, nothing but my breathing

Buddha said, “if there was anything more  
tempting than sex, I couldn’t have done it.”  
Luckily, he didn’t smoke tobacco

4 Ss of camouflage  
Shape, shine, silhouette, shadow  
Look for the gopher snake

Tearingness of paper

So scared  
I jumped out  
of my shit



Now  
There  
Then

Lovelorn tom turkey gobbling for the girls—  
such a sad tone of unfulfilled longing in his bold  
proclamations, as well as his tender declarations

Tonight, on the sunset channel, the clouds have golden linings  
That's the news, followed by a soap— "Beware of Beauty"

A sudden thaw—food going to rot  
An opportunity to feast

While painting Dharmakaya tiges, I remember  
where I learned to kiss—from a girl named Nancy French  
and the French really know how to kiss

Ravens waltzing mid-air, doing it every which way  
Look at that—a barrel role—bless their little aviator hearts

Last week she was resistant, this week she's more compliant  
Ravens overhead, *pas de deux*—ah, love on the wing

Tsoknyi said, "The advertisements are so good  
we could heat plastic."

"Miso, I don't get it, it's just like bouillon."  
"Oh no, my dear, much more mysterious."

Empty  
Empty  
Empty  
Give me something  
To sink my teeth into

I chop a luscious leek for miso soup  
Tofu and seaweed round it out  
I think of Philip's "Food Opera"  
When he was hungry, he was free  
On Luminous Peak, there are no banks  
No government, no wars, I'm free  
To eat this delicious soup

When he was known as Flash Dorje  
he poured marijuana on his cornflakes  
Ex-rocker found religion—he had  
Marshmallow Peeps for dessert today

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?  
in Buddhism, as in biology, they are one  
Which came first, the courtship or the copulation?  
with a rooster, the courtship is very brief

Titles—A Monk's Marriage Manual  
Meditation on My Mother's Corpse  
The Divine Sea of Time and Space  
You Can't Cheat on Bodhicitta

"Say It in Tibet"  
"Seeking the Seeker"  
"Like That, Just Rest"  
"My Ego Is an Echo"

Overheard— "Got drunk and wrecked my motorcycle, but  
I've slowed down, having been whipped by distraction."

A blue-green meteor crosses Archuleta Ridge—  
Arya Tara, what are you up to?

The mating call of a woodpecker, continuous & discordant—  
it's spring, but I wish he'd take his mantra to another tree

The moon is erratic and Venus, inconstant—  
I brew my morning cup with Scorpio over Ekajati

Sticking a girl's pigtail into the inkwell  
did I dream that or see it in a movie?  
No, my school desk had an inkwell  
and Dorothy Darling sat ahead of me

While harvesting the last of the ice  
an angry tassel-eared squirrel set up a fuss  
“Hey,” I said, “This road runs two ways, fella—  
in and out.” There is no enlightenment.

Discussing with a hermit thrush my opposition  
to her building in my corbel, her flute-like voice  
may win me over—but, then, neither of us would be hermits

Padampa Sangye's visage in the woodwork—  
just a knot and a pattern in the grain  
but I can't shake this magical illusion of pure mind

And how to begin? The first step is the hardest  
but where does the first step come from? If  
from nowhere, how was it born? And, if  
from somewhere, it's already been taken

Basic Buddhist numerology  
I asked for 4 rolls; I got one  
I asked for 2 rolls; I got none  
I asked for 1 roll; again, none  
This is not a poem—  
This is a request for toilet paper  
If I ask for 7 rolls, will I get 3?

I had my nihilist phase, and my response to everyone  
“Go shit in your hat!” But I've moved beyond that  
I had my eternalist phase, and my response to everyone  
“Repent or be damned to hell!” Glad I've evolved here, as well

Hoping I'm not stuck where what goes around comes around  
May all beings find happiness in the middle ground

My ego in an advanced stage of decomposition—  
but by thorough examination, I now know something  
about fish

Beautiful day in the neighborhood, Mr. Ratnasambhava  
sun again, wild folk at work, I write in the morning light

Winter time, quiet time, inward time  
and the outhouse doesn't stink

Gunshots in Hidden Valley  
maybe not a good place to hide  
Bang, bang, bang, did he hit it?  
Bang—guess not

Do you long for high adventure—  
Ulysses? Moll Flanders? Seven Years in Tibet?  
Then, the *ngöndro* is made for you

Mandala offerings offer you an opportunity to explore  
your past lives—king and queen, horse thief and harlot, even  
the bard Ulysses spared—all beautify the Buddha realms

When my neighboring retreatant walked by  
I stayed hidden and watched her pass  
pulling a sled loaded with her groceries—  
I heard her sigh, and in that sigh was her stress  
along with the multitudinous worries of the world

My Yogi Moroccan spice tea bag tag says  
“You are unlimited.” Yesterday, it said  
“Your destiny is to merge with infinity.”  
I'm not reassured by these messages

Emptiness, an expression of despair  
and nausea and the absurd in the West  
is solace and a release from the sickness  
unto death to a philosopher of the East

About things arising from causes, Buddha  
revealed their causes and related their cessation—  
all the birds in these woods are singing love songs

A maid on the path behind a tree, who could it be?  
She wails, “Get it out of me. I don’t want it.”  
Could it be a tumor? A baby? Her ego?  
Such anguish!

Hey, bee, I’m not a flower—  
My robe is saffron-colored  
But the only nectar I have to offer  
Is the dharma

Inside of me, I was flying in a dream—  
when I awoke, I was standing on my zafu

Diamonds glisten from waterdrops  
hanging from the gutter of Luminous Peak—  
now, to pay the rent

The view from my outhouse resembles  
the backdrops in daVinci’s paintings—  
how mystical can it get?

A ruby-throated hummingbird inspects the flowers  
I painted on the lintel above the front door—  
here’s a critic who knows his stuff

Sun going down, us going up, turning away  
in space—a spray of prayer flags wag in the wind

Mid-morning, mid-summer, warm blue sky  
mind stream full of song, I add melody to my mantra  
and circumambulate my hut in hat and sandals

Marion Ford, go directly to Akanishta—  
no dwelling in the god realms, Marion Ford, go  
to the pure land, and hold a place near you for me

If there ever was a monk buster, it was you!  
I'll join you in the pure land  
after I make a pit stop in a hot hell

Books on my shelves, side by side—  
what transpires behind these covers?  
Words and letters, helter-skelter  
making up their own stories

Precepts of psycho-cosmic real estate  
happy to be here, happy to go—  
happy wherever, happy wherever  
happy wherever

Eat, sleep, sit, shit  
do a few domestic chores  
hang with my yidam  
that's about it

A day much as yesterday, a full measure—  
a flock of jaybirds choir the darkness on  
while at my altar, I chant my evening prayers

Rishis rise before me, dakas and dakinis—  
a hawk, a squirrel, a bobcat—no one who  
has been to Luminous Peak will fall into lower realms

Fresh green beans, red-skinned potatoes  
pieces of ham with spice simmered a second day—  
I feel like I've eaten the billion-fold universe

Struggling to read in direct sunlight, I move the book  
and then the words return—even this shadow is a gift

Waltzing with a grasshopper on my hat's brim—  
a one and a two and a three—we're vibrating  
outside the constraints of this world

Luminous Peak rests among the pines—  
set down your burden, here you can skip  
the light fandango with a grasshopper

Always worries—if I hadn't done this  
or if I hadn't done that—I'm painting a portrait  
of Guru Rinpoche who sees through the bullshit

Dark now—the cicadas make a blanket of sound  
and I gather armloads of darkness from the shadowy foliage

These poems have been my companions in Luminous—  
my world graced with light—for you their sound takes shape

I am the sun, the live one  
I play with clouds  
I live under a mountain  
not feeling a photon of sadness

We owned land just west  
of where Ishi had lived—  
weird concept, owned land

Venus in conjunction with the moon  
rising in sextile with Orion—  
now, that's XXX-rated

Days in retreat mirror themselves—  
my true nature, a dark blue hue—  
am I being obvious?

Here I am at Luminous Peak, in Colorado,  
on Planet Earth, taking a leak, trying  
not to piss on an ant in this billion-fold universe—  
Astonishing!

Thoreau would envy me—  
I live in the Rockies, the west in his future—  
a pretty walk from Walden Pond

An honor to be a member of Ellen's Vajra Dream Team  
her rapping, "Ol' monk Jampa fills the hall with mantra."

Itchy armpit from a chigger bite—everything Ok  
until this bug hatched—but anger doesn't help—  
too much anger flying around

A long-horned cactus beetle hovers above my head  
as a leaf-footed beetle sits on my toe—  
love these insects for taking such an interest

Following in the tradition of hermits,  
I told a spider, "I'm not much of a housekeeper"—  
now, there's a huge web in the window

I hear the conch blow for Chöd practice—  
I'm invited to the feast—not only an honored guest  
I'm the main course

She ditched me and married  
a guy who had won a Nobel Prize—  
not bad being the runner up  
winner of the Ignoble Prize



Of what use is a yogi?  
Well, my butt helps melt snow

Slept all morning, while the day swept by  
forward and reverse—Where's my cup of tea?  
No answer

And what is there to fear?  
Just my natural self—I write this  
revealing a subtle pain

Fire puja at Luminous Peak—  
Black Dampa flies over with a fighter escort  
after the gegtor torma is taken out—  
blessings descend on our plane

Yesterday, I found an arrowhead  
Today a mountain lion visited  
Days in retreat can be monotonous  
Yet every day has its surprises

Panther motioned me to dance—  
I think I'll sit this one out

If there's a Day of Reckoning where I  
must breathe on my paintings and make  
the images come to life—I'll just do that

A young bear charging downhill  
surprised by me and me by him—  
I try to rest in the interval  
between appearance and concept  
but my heart beats double time

When I'm lonely, my meditation dull  
and the walls close in, I climb the hill  
and lean against this hollow pine—  
“What's up, Jampa?”

“Cabin fever, but I know what to do about it—  
go for a walk, take the air, talk to a tree.”  
And, then, back to practice

Baptized an agnostic and schooled in logical positivism  
now, the only validity I find is in prayer and meditation

This fluttering of thrushes among the prayer flags  
will produce a brood of baby buddha birds

“God does not roll dice,” said Einstein—  
He does smoke a big cigar and enjoy a good hand of poker

Four extremes—exist, not exist, both, neither—  
the verdict is still out on the meaning of meaninglessness

Old man basking in the sun  
old man watching snow fall  
old man listening to rain fall  
old man masturbating to Brahms

I asked the old tree Tm Vrbm Glk  
if “Tm” was his given or family name—  
it was his location, he replied—trees  
don’t need a self (or a masculine pronoun)

Sitting with Peggy on the temple porch  
processing a classic case of meltdown—  
just as we mention the lama, the lama  
appears, looking for her shoes

I am always in awe of the moon—  
there you are, full moon in morning light—  
moving in the sky

You ask, “Is there sex after death?”  
That’s all there is—bliss and emptiness

coming together

I have eaten supper and washed my dishes  
I have eaten two cookies—I could not stop at one  
I have read a poem by Borges on happiness  
He says everything that happens happens for the first time  
I rip a fart and relive Adam and Eve's surprise

I sit and eat my meal respecting the energy it brings  
I sit and drink my tea listening to a thrush sing  
I sit and contemplate the causes of suffering  
I sit and sit and sit, and, then, I just sit

What should be done is done, nothing more to be done.  
Here is the Sanskrit—*pacitlam yeva parinibbayati*  
fully blown out within—I think I've gotten it right—  
the typeface on this old page is worn—nothing more to add

Han Shan would laugh and laugh—  
it only seems we've moved ahead—  
chainsaws buzz, food delivered in cars  
I've got two shelves of books, not one

This old monk appreciates your poetry—  
Budbill, you can come by anytime and sit  
and play your luminous flute

Chainsaw noise during morning session—  
nothing to be done—open the window to let  
the pristine sound emptiness in—oh, where  
is yesterday's blissful meditation?

My lawyer who keeps people out of jail for being bad  
wondered why I would do a three-year retreat—  
I told her, "Because my karma is good."

I hear many sounds—sounds of various sizes—  
sounds that portend surprises, and always a sweet voice singing

Below my cabin, a forest with clearings, no streets  
no entanglements—my mind wanders everywhere

Birds chatter before they rest among the leaves—  
I may see them yet in my dreams

Distant thunder, then light rain—prayer flag float  
in a mild, damp breeze—everything peaceful  
Rain stops, prayer flags, damp, droop on branches—  
other happening of birds—it refuses to get dark

In the mud by the spring—a bear's tracks  
big as my hand—I ring my bell and chant  
hoping he'll be friendly, in a good way

A broom left by Han Shan or Shih Te  
and a chair by Wang Fan-chih—  
Luminous Peak, none the worse for wear  
I sweep up a bit and have myself a sit

Unsure footing on these high slopes—  
Han Shan's old sandals, worn out when he wore them  
must get me through another season

Long periods without a reference point—  
a plane leaves a contrail, headed west  
at night, a distant light, a car moving  
then, gone around a bend—I shadow dance  
maybe, I've gone around a bend

Chinese hermits, a thousand years ago  
heard woodchoppers in the valley  
below their caves on Cold Mountain  
I hear chainsaws buzz in Hidden Valley—  
everything else, pretty much the same

Old monks taking joy in a simple toy  
Kalu Rinpoche's favorite was a slinky  
Jampa likes his magic sizzlers—  
adult supervision is recommended

I've been shot, stabbed, beaten, and fucked up the ass—  
that's Ok, no harm done—the suffering of beings is bodhicitta  
I think of these actions as acts of love

My boundary is where the road forks—  
the Four Kings are posted there  
to keep my virtue in and my desire out

All this sagely poetry, what a load of crap—  
still my grocery list is popular for the wild edible words

In the East, sacred wisdom that I can also find  
far to the West, seeing the face of my lama in Tibet

Turning to the sunset channel  
crescent moon, always sexy  
a couple of stars show up  
but they can't catch that lass

Following Borges into the library—  
the labyrinth, the knife fight, the garden, circular time  
and the dream

My meditation includes clouds and the chatter of birds—  
when this grows tedious I make *tormas* and ring my bell

The mountain reduced to scree—  
boulders to rocks, rocks to cobbles  
cobbles to pebbles, pebbles to sand  
sand to silt—no point of reference  
except gravity

I'm just a stone thrown at me

The grass is greenest on this side of the fence  
its scent, reliable, and every morning it's fresh  
I have never seen grass this green, each blade  
has its own being—may all the bodhisattvas  
remain until the last blade attains liberation

A housefly crosses the window pane  
I offer to help it find the outside  
but it's having none of this—  
I desist and rest in the here-and-now

Wind whistling under the door  
“You are alone, alone, alone”  
I shift my sight and observe  
the woven splendor of Dharma

Photographs laying on my bed—  
Chimney Rock in all weathers  
a skunk, a chipmunk, a wild turkey  
caught in light

Transmitting Dzogchen in a dream to  
primatologist Roger Fouts and he,  
in sign language, to Washoe and friends  
on a stairway made of golden threads

Gone the prayer flags' color, bleached in the sun  
gone the foxtail's plumes, to seed, gone—  
summer here and gone in a meteor flash

## **LIGHT ON THE HORIZON**

Light on the horizon—  
sun's still burnin'  
earth's still turnin'

moon's still hangin' out  
my bowels work  
I can see, hear, smell, taste, talk  
I can still walk

As my daughter Kirsten, used to say  
each morning when she awoke on her deathbed  
"Yippie, I'm still alive!"

Makes me want to get on my cell  
and phone all my friends and enemies  
and say, "Thank you, thank you, I love you!"

## **THE RAT IS BACK**

This rat is fat from eating tormas  
at night, he makes music on my deck  
running thru a labyrinth of cans and boxes  
across springy boards, he romps and teases

Rat notes I know—  
rat feet on wood  
rat feet on tin  
rat feet on canvas  
rat feet in rain  
rat feet in snow

allegro  
staccato  
pianissimo

## **NO POETRY HERE**

No poetry here—  
busy like the dickens  
    no poetry here  
        poetry here soon  
    all is good  
dance around the new year  
        dance with the devil

wait for the year to cycle  
to manifest light  
change anything  
nothing to change  
more poetry soon  
whatever that means

## **APPROACHING N+1**

Approaching n+1  
looking at a blue jay on top of a juniper  
and seeing beyond the wall of our world  
before anything and after everything  
all spells cast, all potencies quiet  
every star burned to ash and fumes  
all atomic structures collapsed  
all electromagnetic energy still  
every bit of spin spun  
no remainder, no residue  
just clear light—

This is where GATE GATE PARAGATE PARASAGATE  
kicks in, as the blue jay dives into this singularity

## **THE TULKU HAS GOPHERS**

The tulku has gophers in his garden  
a critter not easy for him to pardon  
having given up ill will, what's a tulku to do?

Since he can't shoot them with a .22  
he'll have to wait  
for the Naga King to send a snake

## **I AWAKE TO A SNAKE**



I kick awake to a snake entering my bed—  
it's only a dream, but all day I'm cautious  
could be around the corner  
could be under the steps

It could just be my reptile brain  
the old brain of survival—keeping one eye  
on the job and one eye on the horizon

## **SUCH IS SUCHNESS AS IT IS**

Tulku Urgen claimed his days seemed  
mostly filled with food and sleep  
and he was often distracted—indeed!

He had perfected discipline to rid himself  
of clinging, binding his mind stream  
to a true mode of right action

Kept attentive to his manners and mainly  
cared for others—kept his cup clean  
aware of what was put into it

His was no great awakening, no visions  
or prophetic dreams—just steady on  
toward the truth

## **RADICAL DZOGCHEN IN BERKELEY**

By the time Leary proclaimed “Tune In, Turn On,  
Drop Out,” I had already dropped out  
And turned on to my own tune.

We had no discipline, but we had *l'espirit*.  
We had no patience, but we had the grit.  
Our mantra—sex, drugs, rock ‘n’ roll.

And power to the people.  
We saw the body as a temple, and we abused  
4:4 time until you couldn't march to it.

## **THE MERE SELF**

The mere self, the dude  
who says, "I'm going to the head,"  
will be with you until you're dead.

The one to work on is the self  
who plans to win the Nobel Prize  
in both chemistry and literature

lover of movie stars and super models  
receiving royalties from his best sellers  
and patents for his inventions—

"Yes, it was a small rivet, small, but effective."  
This is the self that should be liberated  
before it runs for office.

## **REVISIONIST FAIRYTALE**

Teaching Yudren English, using  
"Jack and the Beanstalk" as a text,  
she was not convinced Jack was a fool  
for trading his cow for a single bean.

When she was young, in Tibet,  
after the Chinese occupation  
her parents had to sell a cow  
to buy seed for next year's crop.

And in the Tibetan version, it's not a hen  
that lays golden eggs, it's a mongoose  
you squeeze for jewels.

## TEN POEMS AFTER SAIGYO

So remote the mountains  
time to call back my life  
reflecting, contemplating—  
all the doors are open

So remote the mountains  
clear mind and hands  
that reach for light  
beyond the bog of duality

So remote the mountains  
it's peaceful here  
warm, motionless—  
a raven abruptly caws

So remote the mountains  
I can yell my head off—  
acting like a madman  
I make many transformations

So remote the mountains  
tracks of a deer, a bobcat  
a bear, and one old monk—  
we share the same path

So remote the mountains  
birds take flight at my approach  
yet these are only images—  
the birds come back after I've passed

So remote the mountains  
chipmunks scramble on the deck  
an ant treks the opposite way  
both come from underground

So remote the mountains  
I drew three plants today  
goldenrod, golden clover, marigold  
such riches found in solitude

So remote the mountains  
under this pine tree there's shade  
and shadowy secret places  
so hot I take my robes off

So remote the mountains  
after the rain, a dreary dusk  
under heavy clouds  
our lives are full of passing storms

## AGE

I wanted to grow a beard  
but my parents disapproved  
my wife said it scratched  
or I had to go before a judge  
“We're not letting you out  
of the hole until you shave  
off that ridiculous red beard.”

In the '80s my hair was long  
and my beard gloriously full  
but when I was elected to be  
Worshipful Master of Lodge 39  
they said, “Tell him to cut off  
that beard—he looks like Jesus.”

Looks like Jesus? Is that a crime?  
Now, I'm a Tibetan monk in retreat  
and it's *de rigueur* to let one's hair grow  
and I see a reflection of my beard  
and it's white.

## SAMBHOGAKAYA BUCKAROO

In the plaza of Upper Pagosa, there's a bronze statue  
Of a cowboy riding a bucking bronc that I pass, thinking  
“This is cowboy country. Love it or leave it”

Then, I see it with fresh eyes, the Sambhogakaya Buckaroo  
Riding the Stallion of Emptiness with the Saddle of Compassion  
Using the Spurs of Bodhicitta and the Crop of Great Perfection

## KEEPING IT SIMPLE

Keeping it simple—a fire in the Franklin stove  
the door open, me drinking a cup of tea  
by a simple fire with primordial shadows—  
is that the head of my dear, departed dad?  
is that an iron-headed yaska?  
blue and gold flames, red and amber coals

Blue and gold flames, red and amber coals  
...a football game...UC Berkeley vs Stanford '58  
the only game that I attended with my dad  
I had on a gray wool stadium coat, safe feeling  
in that coat, as there were angry people wanting to win—  
I think we won, Berkeley, but what did we win?  
“Give us the ax, the ax, the ax!”

Later, walking along Grant Avenue in North Beach  
in my stadium coat, thinking I was dressed wrong  
to be a Beatnik, I encountered Karen  
and my fashion consciousness was obliterated

## APRIL FOOLS DAY

Moon glow under clouds to the south  
false finger of dawn beyond Archuleta Ridge  
reminds me of another April morning, preparing  
to plant a garden when Mount Saint Helens erupted

Dark mid-morning day star, a sunset to the south?  
And to the north? Refraction of light  
off ominous black cloud, silver-white  
on ragged ridge of Stuart Range  
The heavens with a surprise April shower

Outside town, newborn colts in a pasture  
    Colts frolicking, dams looking concerned  
Electric air zig zag demiurge lightning tongue  
    ///CAUTION: ARTIFICER AT WORK///  
Flashy orange gloom thunder Vesuvius centerfold  
    Splashing water on the windshield, the ash turned to clay  
I thought, “My God, in Pompeii, this shit got deep!”

## **AFTER SHABKAR’S BEE SONG**

A hummingbird entered Luminous Peak  
and hummed while I sang  
    HUM, your mantra  
    Wisdom’s great mirror  
    Revealing the infinite  
    In the tiniest of things  
Aloneness gone—  
rainbow suddenly comes

## **THROUGH ANGER TOWARD LOVE**

Surrounded by Ekajati, her sisters  
as well as followers and lesser deities  
some peaceful, some wrathful, some ecstatic  
Luminous Peak is still standing, so far

Countless hands and feet  
umbrellas made from human skin—  
I don’t know quite what to do  
and, so, boil water for tea

Horrible winds, a rain of blood  
(the umbrellas come in handy)  
later, after overcoming the last obstacle  
I remembered your tender touch

## THE OLD POET ADDRESSES THE ISSUE OF SOUL

*for David Bromige*

The old poet doesn't believe in the soul, the psyche,  
or, as Jung would have it, the anima, although under  
duress, he might acknowledge the muse.

Such a fuss is made, he feels he should have one,  
so, he makes one from the rising steam of his tea  
and a few dabs of liquid paper.

It resembles a lacy cloud and follows him as he goes  
about his chores—or, rather it follows his shadow,  
which has a more elevated status.

Now, the soul presses against the window pane,  
gesturing to the poet to let it in, and the poet  
is perturbed that his soul can't be self-sufficient.

Still, it's good to have a soul, the poet thinks,  
although the constant humming  
gets on his nerves.

## A PLATE OF FRUIT

[the thing itself  
a concave curl of porcelain  
piled with orbs and parabolas of light]

bracket that

[a vitreous translucent ceramic body  
circular, with circles within circles  
and sufficiently filling the hollow  
with the developed ovaries of various seed plants]

bracket that

[refracting bands of color  
radiating from a celestial body]

the sun] [a cornucopia of photons]

## **WILD TURKEY PECKING**

Wild turkey pecking  
at his reflection in the glass—  
stupid bird

That's me, pecking  
at my mind

Am I inside looking out  
or outside looking in?

## **STRIPPING TIME**

*for Lama Tsultrim*

Stripping time to reset our internal spirits  
and rekindle our battered clocks, on the solstice  
I am god and a dead man, Adonis wounded by a boar  
Osiris thrown by Set into the waters of the Nile

I'm Tammuz carried off to a far land, Baldar  
slain by an arrow made of mistletoe—I am life in death

In Japan, I am a goddess secluded in a cave  
In Finland, I travel in a car made of reindeer bones  
to herald back the greenery on which the raid deer feed

This is the last day of the month of Azar, the first of Dey  
the day of the sun, my day, the day of Ahura Mazda

In the Carolinas I'm called John Canoe  
in the Bahamas, Junkanoo  
in Sri Lanka, it is Sanghamitta Day

And I am honored as the Buddhist nun who brought  
a branch of the Bodhi Tree, which has flourished 2,000 years



In Tibet, it is Dakini Day, a Tsok Day  
and to combat the winter blues, we gather  
to light candles, feast and chant and dance

Party down, Anasazi  
AH LA LA HO

December 21, 2008

## A THRUSH

Discussing with a hermit thrush  
my opposition to her building, I said  
her flute-like voice might win me over  
but, then, neither of us would be hermits  
She persisted. I wrote:

A serenade by a thrush—  
gracious offering in morning light  
I think the dakinis sing  
just for me, Mr. Prufrock

But it came to pass that the thrushes nested  
and I named them Bette and Chevy:

Thrushes nesting at Luminous Peak  
Bette and Chevy have babies  
You can see their tiny heads  
I couldn't be prouder

Once the chicks hatched, it got noisy:

Bette and Chevy work their tails off—  
the more they feed the chicks, the more  
the chicks eat— “And how did we  
two come together?” asks Bette

The thrush chicks are all mouths  
“More, more, more,” they cry  
When they aren't eating, they sit  
in samadhi with their mouths open

Chevy thrush wants to dance  
Bette batters him to the ground  
“What are you thinking?  
There are babies to be fed.”

Now fighting—sibling rivalry  
can't you share the condo?  
I just cleaned the deck

try not to make a mess

Sing me a song, Bette  
something for eventide  
a sunset serenade—you sing  
and I'll play my damaru

Come on, you sing  
Chevy'll do a bit of standup  
I'll play my damaru—  
we'll make an evening of it

A new rustling sound—stay tuned  
either the chicks are ready for flight  
or the nest to is too small  
and the weakest will be booted out

Flapping wings, all quite natural  
first one on deck, then another  
it's a breeze, you fly in place  
and the world moves under you

All gone—three young thrushes  
up and about doing acrobatics  
twice flying inside Luminous Peak  
quiet now, only thunder

## THE LAMA FINDS AN UNUSUAL ROCK

“What's this?”  
“Looks like petrified wood.”  
“What's that?”  
“Wood that becomes rock.”

The lama checks his I-book and finds a Tibetan word  
like “ridged with fear,” but not sourcing the Latin, *petra*,  
for rock, nor explaining vegetable matter becoming minerals  
under extreme pressure over geological time

I explain the magic.  
“A tree wishes to remain a tree.  
A rock wishes to remain a rock.  
A tree that becomes a rock is a terrified tree.”

This pleases the lama.

## **SITTING ATOP A BLADE OF GRASS**

Dampa and Jampa dined on tsampa  
butter, barley, and a spot of tea.  
“What is your teaching?” asked Dhampa.  
“I teach what I am,” said Jampa—  
    “I’m the Abbot of Emptiness.”

## **TRUTHSEEKER**

Abbi Mary Mountain asks,  
“How do I know I’m on my right path?”  
The Abbot of Emptiness answers,  
“When your heart opens and goes ‘AH.’”

## **DHARMA IN THE ANIMAL REALM**

Squirrels in the branches  
a young squirrel learning from an old one—  
beginning mind, old chatter box  
Squirrels in the branches  
bees buzzing fore and aft—  
I’m living, alive in Life!

Now, back to the grind.

## **YOGI RENT CONTROL**

*for Cady*

With Luminous rent paid for the year  
I continue to practice in a perfect space  
of mind's clear light without any fear  
of falling into the samsaric abyss

And, if the rent is raised  
I won't be fazed  
I'll gratefully dedicate it  
to the accumulation of merit

## **A REPLY TO YESHE**

If it makes one sentient being happy  
I'll upgrade my tech for hardware that'll play an MP3  
although I hear Ryokan laughing from celestial heights

## **ARTAUD'S TAKE**

The Kabbalah of the Trinity is full of caka.  
The biological trinity is mother, father, and child.  
This trinity is nullified with the birth of twins.

## **NAMING**

I have the time that rarely is  
to build from dust and ashes  
a face in shining water

An old man, whose name is Lore  
and a girl, whose name  
no one seems to know  
sit beside me

Their thoughts, my thoughts

and the wind  
are light and shadow

When all was read and done  
and the bards had departed  
you appeared

Tell me your story

## IN STEP WITH AN ANT

Hard to believe all the memories  
feelings and perceptions  
are emptiness and light  
The pattern an ant makes  
looking for whatever an ant looks for  
if it “looks”  
More like these blown words  
rustling of leaves  
distant lowing of cattle  
rustling of cattle  
russet leaves  
the auspiciousness  
of unborn nature present

present  
present  
present

Ok, I believe it—what’s not to believe?

## NO REFERENCE POINT EXCEPT

[non-doing]

2018  
Ellensburg

## **TURNING THE DARKNESS DOWN**

*"Little Boy" was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945*

Hiroshima first, then Nagasaki  
just so they know we know what we're doing

Shock and awe begun long ago  
Carthage plowed under, the ground strewn with salt

Napalm the villages  
defoliate the jungle

Shoot the buffalo  
cut the life-sustaining links

What are we doing? How see Buddha mind  
full of radiant knowing?

## **BEWARE**

If the Buddha comes  
hold your breath  
stay under water  
breathe thru your gills

## **INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES**

"What's so bad about having to stand up?  
I'm on my feet all day."  
Yes, Mr. Secretary...standing up  
with dogs snarling inches from your genitals  
while you watch some goon shit on your bible

## JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR EMPTINESS

Do your best and get it wrong  
that's samsara

Luck out and get it right  
that's nirvana

No right, no wrong  
that's the way it is

## IN HOMAGE

David,  
I feel sluggish  
my mouth  
mouthing words  
that can't say  
the sadness I feel

As Lama Tsultrim is my spiritual mom  
you were my spiritual dad  
and like a son, although older than you  
Scorpio and Leo, we'd bump heads  
then work it out and be friends

Not an easy friendship  
but if anything can be real  
that was real

You could be a tough taskmaster  
but when the work was done  
and when you said it was good  
I'd know it was good

You set the standard  
on horseback or with a chöd drum

And you could dance  
a soft side of a self  
you seemed reticent to show  
but you moved with winged feet

Go, now  
liberated as they say  
but come back soon

June 23, 2010

## **PEACE, CLARITY, JOY ARE GOOD SIGNS**

Down below, I'm asked to do chores  
makes my asshole bleed—not a good sign

Down below, I go to speak, and  
“Fuck you, fools,” comes out—not a good sign

Better I stay at Luminous Peak  
talk to the chickadees  
sing songs to keep the sun on track

## **ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE**

Hard to get to the other side of the city on the streetcar named Desire  
or on the streetcar named Envy or on the streetcar named Pride—  
there's a train, Habitual Tendencies, expensive food on that one—  
and a ship of fools, in fact, there's a whole fleet, a fleet of fools  
bound for the Isle of Deception

.

Long strips of gossamer cloud—  
the first stars step on stage  
wearing halos and wire wings  
I'm eager for the play to begin

.

Estragon: I don't understand why you can't say the name of that play  
in the theatre—I said it, and everyone freaked out.

Vladimir: It's a traditional superstition—shows you're in the know—  
but keep teasing them, and you'll be blamed for everything that goes wrong.  
(The mere reference to “that play” sends a little ghost into hiding.)



## **PINK FOX GOES ALL THE WAY**

*for Kim Christoff*

There is nothing surreal  
about Pink Fox. Her color  
is natural to one easily  
embarrassed. If there's anything  
surreal in her foxiness, it's  
her fondness for French pastry.

Did I see a ghost, or was it  
the shadow of prayer flags  
dancing in the moonlight?

Pink Fox has Sky for a teacher  
Earth for a home, and Sun  
and Moon for companions.

Pink Fox asks Mouse  
"On which leg should I wear my garter?"  
Mouse is uncomfortable being pinned  
down. There's more to this  
than her nosy song. This Mouse thinks.

Pink Fox dreams  
...they hadn't presented a cork in the door  
screwed in backwards...

Pink Fox's legs move  
as though she chases Mouse  
...to rise and fall  
presents  
    a moment's letters...

Pink Fox barks a warning

...twine gold cup hiding  
    the whirlpool gathers  
to seize other fodder...

To complete the dream  
Pink Fox enters Plato's cave

spits left, right, center, and yaps  
“I have my own stuff to attend to.”

Some think Pink Fox is one of them,  
but Pink Fox is no fool and belongs to  
neither Red nor Blue. She is Pink.  
That’s her code.

Light rays.  
The open arms of the mountains welcome her.  
She leaves behind barren poetry  
for a language less fractured.

## **TIMES HAVE CHANGED**

Times have changed since the protests  
around China hosting the Olympics—  
I’m ordering a Grand Slam at Denny’s  
and the waiter says, “You guys are awesome!”  
I’m checking into a Motel 6, and the clerk says,  
“Can I do anything to help your people?” I’m taking  
a leak at a rest stop, and the guy in the next stall goes,  
“OM MANI PADME HUM”— Whoa, is this a flag?  
I’m in line at City Market, and the man next to me asks,  
“Do you beg for food?” “No,” I say, “but you can pay.”  
The Dalai Lama made a big hit in Seattle—The Times  
called it a “love fest”—Yes, it seems like times change,  
but samsara is still the same.

## **IN THE GREAT ROUND**

*for the King of the May*

April’s chill still clutches—  
but sticky snows melt away  
that we in May may romp and play  
Allen Ginsberg says, “Wow!”

## **SINGLE TIME, SIMPLE SOLUTION**

Cutting through to now between then past  
and then future—mind at rest in the unborn present  
briefest of moments, priceless—for everything else  
there's the debit card

## **LETTER TO BETH IN THE YEAR OF THE HARE**

I'll be der wid my mitt  
and some tormas we can toss

Dis Buddha don't throw no junk  
his fastball comes in at 108  
so close, it'll knock you outdada box

Just as well der's no rabbits in yer stew  
dey's made of iron this year, tough to chew

## **LUMINOUS AND CLEAR**

There's a parcel of space that was an "I"—  
now there's just the sky

## **THAT'S HIROSHIMA ON THE WINDOW SILL**

What we see is surfaces  
near and far, only on one plane  
and the same with time

Look out this window—that distant ridge  
is the Reindeer Age, that valley, Mesopotamia

those hills are Rome, and this stout juniper is  
the conquest of Mexico—all on this pane of glass  
Machig, Longchenpa, Do Khyentse,  
me, you and the Buddha to be—  
unified in zero-dimensional Dharmakaya  
from whence metaphors pour forth for poetry  
    Why did I write this down?

## SPACE AND MOTION

A day of distraction when I become fixated on jet contrails over Ekajati Peak maras of  
fascinating phenomena, planes coming and going in every direction with many crisscrossing  
above my head

I draw a circle with a radius of 30-40 miles around my cabin, Chimney Rock to Pagosa Peak to  
Archuleta ridge to the Continental Divide, and on Friday I count 42 planes and on Saturday, 58,  
with 9 planes crossing paths in proximity

I draw straight lines on my map LAX to JFK, San Diego to O'Hare, SEA-TAC to Houston, SFO  
to Miami, Denver to Phoenix, all passing over Luminous Peak a geographic vortex, something  
from the old Cartesian theory of movement of cosmic matter about a center, the Twilight Zone,  
the Bermuda Triangle of Terror Mandala, but the planes don't disappear—so, I take some  
pictures

And then I think...when Ani Kunzang takes these pictures to be developed, they might wonder  
why I'm interested in flight patterns of aircraft, shade of 911—"You say he wears robes. Does  
he have a beard?"

I only became aware of this anomaly while sky gazing, after I was asked to pray for a girl,  
named Emily, whose parachute failed to open, and now

    I've made a poem to put her ghost to rest.

April Fools' Day, 2011

## CITY MARKET POEMS

Last week's poem, a long one  
and pretentious  
This week's short  
and vacuous  
Words can't cut it—is this  
the same poet as before?

Been there done it, played the game  
Had horses, houses, health, wealth, and fame  
Playboy, businessman, side show freak  
Now, I'm a hermit at Luminous Peak

Hunting for your Buddha nature  
is like beating around a bush  
for a rabbit that's in your hat.  
Meanwhile, the Universe is on  
a self-exploration trip, and you  
are on board for the ride.

Then, one fine day, you come  
face to face with your original face  
and no matter which way you face  
by an act of grace, this face stays in place

Tense and tension—not much clear about death  
but when you die, the tension's gone, and when  
you're a corpse, past tense, you're dead

You may ask—  
“Don't I get another chance?”  
Of course, as many as you need.  
Every time you stub your toes  
Every time you sneeze  
Every cut and bruise  
Can be construed as a hug and a kiss  
An opportunity, another chance  
To attain enlightenment—it may seem  
The Universe is indifferent  
Just a chain gang or a heartless food chain  
And it's easy to despair—the poet said  
“No one gets out of here alive,”—however  
The compassion of the Primordial Ground

guarantees YOU DO GET OUT

There's no way to know whether  
the Universe is upside down or not  
but Earth is tilted—and samsara is seriously bent

After Kabir—

Who's that breathing  
laughing and crying  
inside my laughter and tears?  
Do you think you've squatter's rights?  
been grandfathered in? Thrush, nesting  
sing your flute-like song  
You're the guest

Healing and feeling—

If I felt this amount of pain  
coming from my normal measure, I'd complain  
but coming from where I stood  
this amount of pain feels good

O, never always  
would the mind let go—  
even the grass will attain liberation

Jack, in Crestone, says—

“I've had bears and cougars  
in my front yard, what more could you ask.”  
“Not to have bears and cougars in your front yard?”

Root transgressions—

Some varmint ate the jade plant  
uprooted the rose bush and snatched the single pink bulb  
My mistake  
can't blame my varmint sangha  
or am I being too kind?  
Now I'm doubting phenomenal purity  
Better to repot the rose and bring it indoors  
It's one big feast! Guard the grass!

Non-doing—

comes a place where there is nothing do  
although a voice says you can't again do nothing do  
I reply I can't not do nothing do

Route 108—

Bumpy road to nirvana  
my vehicle running on empty

Bliss-emptiness is just a concept—  
baby birds sing hymns of praise  
bliss to a baby bird is having a full belly

We sit and drink tea—  
our views of emptiness differ  
still, we remain friends

In the spirit of Milarepa  
dive off a cliff like an eagle  
and receive the bliss-void of self

Awakening—

“This is it!”  
And I spill  
my cup of tea

Did I climb, or did I fall  
into accomplishment?  
Never happened—  
primordial purity was reason enough

Not this bliss  
nor that bliss  
neither inside nor out  
but tangled together

Sometimes I laugh, sometimes cry  
I saw a movie once

“Why Did Bodhidharma Go East”  
I liked it a lot

There’s a parcel of space  
that was an “I”—  
now there’s just the sky.

Devote yourself to your guru  
and the benefit of all beings  
Forget who and what you are  
and whatever agenda you’ve cooked up

I send forth this jeweled mandala  
to you, my Guru  
awake in the unborn unborn

Spiraling in a great current  
I rest with every step  
to dedicate my merit

I entered retreat, vowing  
to liberate my crazy concepts  
and to cut through my fear  
of the bear who lives in my outhouse

Natural view—  
nectar to my eyes  
Chimney Rock, Archuleta Ridge, and the Continental Divide  
as exotic as Crete or a grotto on Molokai  
I give my blues to the sky



Readers who immerse themselves in Richard Denner's prodigious body of work are fortunate indeed. His poetry offers a window into a vibrant intelligence; his voice echoes experientially the legacy of the Beat Generation with wit, humor, irony, and profundity. Denner's poetic inheritance is deeply lived but borne lightly; his casual verses sneak up on us with their art and wisdom.

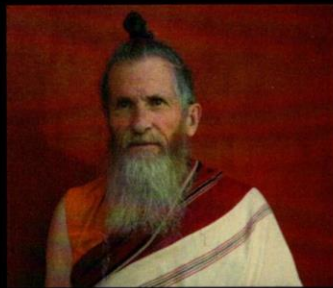
—Katharine Whitcomb

In the *Collected Poems: 2000-2018* by acclaimed American poet Richard Denner, the poet plays with the textual and sonic possibilities of what he calls his "poetry as path" aesthetic. Denner, stretches language into invented constructs and holds the reader hostage with tension and experimental forms that dance on and around the formal. The poet pays homage to the canon of poetic masters all while claiming his own rightful spot in American letters.

—Xavier Cavazos

Richard Denner's poetry ranges widely over political, social, historical, religious, and personal landscapes, using methods equally rangy—from language and concrete poetry to straight-forward narratives, but what's consistently central is his delight in language, its harmonic sounds and textures, its quick-silver shifts in meaning and tone, its strange unreliability and reversals. The tones vary from rapture to a dark existential weariness, but the wisdom in the poems is drawn from a lifetime of thinking, reading, and living deeply.

—Joe Powell



Richard Denner, aka Jampa Dorje, was born in 1941, in Santa Clara, California. He was born under the constellation Scorpio with his Moon conjunct Venus in Capricorn. He graduated from Oakland High School and went on to earn degrees in English and Philosophy at the University of Alaska, in Fairbanks. Among his accomplishments, he was an empresario of a coffeehouse-bookstore in the Pacific Northwest, and he completed a traditional Tibetan

three-year retreat at Tara Mandala Retreat Center, in Colorado. His Wikipedia profile was a cause célèbre for his being notable for not being notable. Denner lives in Ellensburg, Washington, a town once known as Robbers Roost.



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