

C O R A M A N D E L

So then, what is actual luxury, except that which
nothing can compensate and every moment recreates.

Thomas Meyer

B O O K I I

Despite constrained petals
the bud opens.

The tailor's squinting.
Other side of his needle.

Afternoon, afternoon.
Parade of dull clouds.

Pure vowels. The map
clearly shows the road

but never the single figure
walking it. Her voice

comes from behind
a black curtain.

*The sources are dark.
You've come this way to find light.*

Summer heat. Gust of air.
Where does this dream

take us? Morning comes to
Indiana, Ohio, and Kansas.

Moves over water. Cerebral
caves. Frontal regions

mysteries hide from
the surgeons' wires in.

Sheep come up from the dip.
Cars out of a car wash. Economics.

One to ten. Albigensian serpents
slither back to Galilee. He caught

many splendid fish in his net. One
for each fruit of the Jews' Tree.

Along the Nile grow cotton,
papyrus, and the moon.

Waters that flow into Africa's heart.
Why is night an indifferent rest?

It isn't. The Law is broken. Spreading
like wildfire since Lincoln was shot.

Worms thrive on the tidy earth above.
An animal sits in the hot sunlight.

Narcissus saw himself. Fearful.
Even of his innocence.

Children wake in the wilderness
and complain of angels. Lost

in morning to tent pegs, pans, camels.
It all seems on the surface.

History and bad poetry.
Blue water makes us forget.

The man walks away from the ink
in an Arab boy's hand. Midsummer.

Moses in his sleep takes us where
seas part. Right and gracious

season. Stars in their stations.
Stand and guard our quiet night.

Red velvet. Red velvet. She sings
inside her white skin and black hair.

Enchantment nets. Seamless blue
ensnares this entire scene.

The sound of waves. The sound
the sun hums and the moon

echoes guiding tides to that music.
A garden of all the original vowels.

The dream's source. The light's modulation.
A universe based on falling from stars.

A woman in the window fades. Stares us
in the face. The journey ends when?

Time's dark. The city grows near?
The wine ready? A ship waits in port.

The weaver finds a map in the loom.
His way home. Time in and out untold.

Where in Adam's sin lay the burden's distinction?
Who is the young girl in the field who weeps?

He never claimed he spoke to God, but what
he said had never been said before: Listen to me,

this happens! Which are the roads back?
Can you see who carries the lamp? The sword?

He sits on the black rock. Curtains shake.
Warm winds on the hills. Sun beats down.

On Jerusalem. No, he doesn't speak.
Speaking doesn't happen here. The city

we speak of where building continues
aimlessly and workers grumble. Wages.

The great grammarians built these walls.
They studied dust in the wilderness. Lips.

Tired eyes. He shook. The woman he passed
on the road said: Don't be taken in, it's a fake.

Where does the land end? How far
does it go? I know where they bury

the moon but can't tell. Mother.
You walk so fast. The night is dark.

It's an old story. We don't have the time.
Purple mountains. Silver rivers.

Can we understand what we said or heard.
Only when asked does the door open.

Every day the land sinks deeper into time.
That variable. Pommés de terre. Pommés

d'amour. He came for cinnamon and saw
them ride a white duck to the other side.

He drew on the ground in dirt a circle
ocean flows from. Marked out boundaries.

Earth. A source light like water flows from.
Forever. Many good things. Place named.

Night's cloth winds land's body with starry knots.
Many men's dream. The unforeseen rises from

disbelief. Night follows night swallowing day.
The castle grows cold upon the guest's arrival.

Places light never touches. Nor the tongue
leaves unsaid. In the skin alone. Asleep.

Let love wash us like our mothers used to.
Systematic death. Gone into eyes open.

Not fearing the flowers on Lily Lake. A boy
steps out of the wonder clock glistening.

Rolled in ashes. Set out to wander. Cold night
lifts into hot days. Full moons. Things that

disappear at noon. Water runs beneath the house.

The seen unchanged. Described in different terms.

Dancers in black tell a story. Piece together
the rhythm our eyes take part in. The heart.

The mind. Witness. Who teaches these dancers
their steps? To trip light fantastic out of the woods

where we are lost. What lust takes them back
to their starting marks hurrying them in relays?

Love's desert. Sodom's ghost town. Deep sleep's
wide open and loveless spaces. The flesh they handle

admits no further flesh, but is flesh's own undoing.
Imagination's green pasture. The garden Christ's

mother sat alone in. God moves further from his city
gates as time goes on. And sets the dancers running.

Owl on branch. Dark night. Black trees. Tired arm
and heavy lamp. A fair boy red with temper tantrums.

A moon swings among clouds. Spooky nights. Haunted
houses. Horror shows. Sparks flash on the sea's surface.

Another shore. Ship slow to get there. Docks in three days.
Passengers disembark. What odd place have we come to?

The wheel Theocritus talked about spins on.
The words the story is told in strike like lightning.

This phototropic moment Dante called love defines.
God's name rings. You may call him: *Whatever-You-Like*.

Who pays the piper at sunset? Subset? Simple shapes
clouds form in the girl's poetry. A lamp held

to the stranger's face. I wake and find all Asia squatting
on my chest. Eyeing my throat. The shape of the chair

you sit in is fear. An apricot room before dinner. Cocktails.
Dry wind. Dust settles like neuroses on the conversation.

Black moves against the green.
Sun doesn't shine here nearly enough.

Though light strikes leaves the right way.
Or continents fireflies map at night.

How can I say. I saw you walk.
Across the field. In deep red love.

In language's imaginary garden
the forked tongue lisps.

There are men whose measures
chain them in the lowest chambers

of the heart where Love tempers
their instruments.

The old car made it to the top of the hill.
From there you can look down on the whole town.

Who has ever gotten farther than the city gates
and not turned back? How big are the blanks?

How far do they go? The clock continues
to tell time. The time the color red has.

History falls all around like snow. Birds
fill the eye's empty spaces. A cream colored pony

runs across the grass out of poverty stricken upstate
New York into the green meadows and natural acres of dream.

In Spain they have similar and as pleasing
landscapes as this to sit out in and often

look upon from windows. In this glass of milk
we see the farm. Red cows. Black goats.

Raccoons and cats. I do not live on the island
in the sun I thought I would by now.

Where guitars play. And horses gallop
in the field the car passes. Will it rain?

Hot weather. All the windows
wide open. I try to live

into this space. Fill myself with it
until it overflows. Try not

to arrange my movements, books,
things. Let their order come

from themselves. Simple as that.
The cold light of day.

Love's passage. Whose been walking there?
Put down the mirror. This is all your father saw.

The pain of trees. Train rides. Short lives.
A desire to stop. Let go. The bell rings.

The heart touched. Here a darkness to hold
in your hand. The dreamer pauses. A moment.

The river of water running under
the steps in rainy weather.

Where does it run to? Tongue
dead weight in my mouth now.

Dumb. Winds. Grass rustles.
Unseen. Night. Fireflies. Fireflies

What Hebrew month of the Egyptian harvest is this?
What were the first words? I want to know.

We all want to say the first words. "I want to know."
Today is enough. A boat whose sail fills.

That the first note be right
and the music issues forth.

The mother of the bride
consoles her wailing daughter.

Her dream informs the garden.
Wild flowers and trees

never seen before. So the story
begins with a gracious act.

The faucet's flow stops. The water that
washes the blood from the Queen's hands

disappears quietly from the basin.
Her husband propped up

in his bathtub seat stares at the wall.
The girl turns. Her arms filled

with loosestrife, the purple flowers
that bank the river, whole walls of

lavender the waters run between.
Rank ailanthus fills the clear hot air.

Morning. Almost all dry. Rain last night.
No trace. The mouth ready to say something.

What? Sun up again. Cool water. Nothing
changes. A comfort to the feet of travellers.

I'm floating down the river and out to sea
sadly and alone. I loved you once.

For God's sake the dog's out in the yard
digging up grand-dad! Voice in the flames.

Hard to see. Arms shake. Can't speak.
Throat burns. Tongue sticks.

Where he spit blood his seed spills.

Fat milk flows like honey through the land.

Sweet bird's feather laid on the book.
Blue petals unfold beneath the moon.

Hot weather brings vegetables up from ground.
Water in a pan on the fire boils.

Queen of Night bends and kisses
her sleeping daughter Beauty.

Perhaps this is not a poem. Maybe a letter instead?
It feels like a poem.

Whatever you are, you can't hide from me.
Starkness and riches makes us kin.

In an imaginary way. Blue beads. Crystals. Fire.
Water and wind. Fortune telling cards.

Stories about beautiful boys. Measure every line.
Carefully clarify the gift.

A splendid youth raised above their heads on shields.
Butcher. Baker. Candlestick maker.

Every morning the sun shines in this face.
At this mystery's heart a fire burns, seen for miles.

Empty stands along the way. No peaches.
No pears. Crossroads. Day lets the sun come out.

This a love poem. No need for a pact.
East is east. West west.

Marshmallow cottage in the woods.
Mad dog howls. Sweet union

in the leaves. Birds sing. Heart pumps.
Blood circulates. Thump. Lub-dtub. Lub-dtub.

A tree fell on my dog (a beagle hound)
and split his head in two.

We saw coming over the horizon a sled.
It isn't winter but white snow falls.

An old fat woman and a little boy in a striped shirt
walk down the road in the heat of day. Dust.

She wants to sit a spell. He wants to get where they're going.
Are they who they are? Or are they an illusion of desire?

What we set out to do to the things
of the world we live in. Ultimately

realism kills. I am Time with a clock face
and black mustache to tell what's not important.

It moves among us. A red sun above a green field.
A young Black Angus alone in the corner under a single tree.

Like violence and riots in our blood. Hot cities.
Everything we do is history. The color of now. Splendid unseen.

Late afternoon. T-shirts. Bare arms. Legs. Boys
toss a ball. Hit at it with a wooden bat.

I have in my hand a Full House. No.
I have in my hand three of the four nines.

The one I don't have is the one that stands
for Cruelty. Stability is change.

The moon. Black as an eggplant. Snow hangs
on branches like ermine. O, hear me! All you

Egyptian, Syrian, Linear B gods! I speak for
all the boys in the band when I say: Thank you!

America's tired businessmen. Out
to walk the dog. After this picture

comes one of the Blue-eyed Boy. Then
Fire. Ace of Spades. Small change.

And camels and tents and Arabs awoke
on the bank and found the world covered

with fine obsidian dust. A lick. A promise.
A love song. Second hand rose. Run down alchemy.

The woodpile reveals you for who you are.
What fortune can be told. Or secret be revealed.

We play they say with fire. A kind of usury.
Dizzy. Wanting to touch you. You've made me a thief.

A fire that slowly ripples over arms, thighs, legs
like water. Like a lover's hands. Talk between hedgerows.

I turn to water and flow from god's arms out of my own.
Into the sea. A single vowel's purity. The broken law.

The book open on the kitchen table a finger points out
a passage: *We live in a universe of light*. Flour smudged

page. Under a napkin near the stove bread rises. Shape
of things to come. Simple. Warm. Dark places with wood steps.

The moon now lies buried in your heart.
Marry me. Make me phoenix of my own nest.

Take me. Lead me to the West. Let me be born
from the dying sun. Rose white. Rose red.

This is the land of the closing door.
Parts made not to fit. The snake who greets

you coils not to strike but restrict your
intake. Where do wishes go when we make

them? Remember the ram caught in a thicket.
The dead moony other self for whom the mouse dies.

The vowels fell like a waterfall. Tahuti! I call your name.
O stringy things and wondrous star, don't let moonlight

strike me when my hair is cut. Bald and blind I wander.
Ragged and alone. Back to Memphis. All dogs bark your name.

Rose in the window. Rose under the sun. Cat's got my tongue.
Orchards I walk through. A penny. A watch. I've lost. As if.

The dark messenger I am sent gives me another tongue. Secrets.
Translates the spasms and thrusts into what runs down my throat.

The last sentences leave him. My heart speaks. He escapes.
Into the night at the back of my brain. What is written in the moon?

A maze of open mouths. Some hidden grammarian shows me.
Rimes to draw milk from earth, light from smoke, love from smells.

Buried within the gray of my brain. I hear his breathing. I watch.
The shadow beside me. The dragon heart turned into sapphire.

Hung inside the white blue white bright white of the egg
the elements' golden world. Apollo's footprint on the sand.

The dark middle of the forest pulls us toward it. Lulla
lulla bye. The green grass grows all around. All around.

Over hill. Over dale. Love in our eyes. Fear in our hearts.
Save us. Alone with these first rhymes. Or we will die.

Red man barbarian in the interior grove of love. Are you
Natty Bumpo or am I? This frontier goes on and on. For

Ever. Whippoorwills call your name. Sweet prairie. Sanskrit
Hebrew Latin consonants break like ampules inside me.

To dream of sound is to dream of God. Lips enfold me.
A universe. A world. Birds chirp. Their wings beat. My giddy heart.

The guardians at the gate wear coats of repetition.
Things they've done over and over. Languages of event.

Mythologies. There in the brain's hinterlands we sit.

Cups of diencephalon tea. Imagine the weather. Fire storms.

The metaphors start up and drive off. Banjo music. Things
bridge the gaps we don't. Walk through the as yet uncompleted

map. Curves given the worn-out by sound. A didactic voice
dying for want of the lyrical. *Follow the route your palm holds.*

The rain falls outside. Why is the sky blue? I turn the radio up a little.
There are no more rivers inside me. Pull the covers back. A breeze.

See here, I said. *The dog and wolf fight at the edge of the forest.*
Let me begin again. *See here, I said. Lions walk in the depth of*

*the forest where a kylin licks orange juice colored nectar from
buttercups.* I dream of King James in all his alchemical folly.

Prayer. A whole life. Running over hills. Skirt held up. Filled
with wild flowers. Smiling. Undaunted. Bach measures every line.

Inside the old man's ears a quicksilver sea roars.
His gold boat floats on glass. Adrift. Already. Autumn.

An old woman waits at the moon's door.
Colorful black and white secrets.

The house calls out as we round the curve
headed into Time. Or town.

I held the basket up in hopes it would mean something.
Lions walk out of the woods into the streets.

I set the feather on the pan.
A ship comes into harbor.

The old hear oars beat water to quicksilver
to walk upon. And trade.

Venus rises, refined in fumes of musk and ambergris.
Evergreen. Sharp scent. Bright fire. Something to unwind my heart.

Candles lit midair. What men do on earth fascinates angels.
Their love of us is plain in all things.

Mind tied to universe with white cotton thread.
There on the wall. Those pictures are copied from bird-flight.

Let's be Diana's woodmen. Shady gentlemen.
Moony. And steal beauty from day.

An ox carries the sun across the sky.
Who set a sieve at dawn on our horizon?

Strike the flint with a feather. Bees abound in honey.
We'll never get out of these woods alive.

Dream's big blue sedan stops at sleep's edge. A far
country. From there I see the city. The main chance.

Open the door to Death's hallway. Let that image live. Nutmeg.
Myrrh. How does this garden grow? Like a candle under a bushel.

Trees in Essex Wood shake. Twigs, leaves crack beneath feet.
Fish dart. Silent. Dark. Water. Thomas (one among many).

It grows somewhere in the country where Bacchus was.
Big nests of spicy reeds. Twice-told tale. Two horizons.

Day-glo rocketship lands in black light lands.
Color more than color. More violent. Testier.

Magenta astronaut. What is space? What in *not* space?
We are not interested in answers. Or orchids. Here.

Who can bear another Apollo dream? A mistake.
Continues to make. Unless. Unless what doctor?

Enclosed. The garden. All about. Small animals.
Anger. White rage. Black tongue. A sun gold yolk pit.

These flowers bloom late. Apples on leafless branches.
We walk at night to avoid recognition.

This cornfield belongs to someone's father.
It became his through a transaction involving money.

Although the field. A vital interest. Like a newly discovered
alchemical text or recently unveiled secret. Has no heir.

Two black dachshunds lead the man from the roar
winds make at the center of it out.

To a small house where whoever cares for the dogs lives.
One a pet. The other a watchdog. Hard to tell apart.

In a kitchen a mother writes a note on a bread board.
Heaves it out into the field. It lands like a cleaver atop a post.

This house also houses masters who operate the tarot.
Shoddy, cheap people of color. Picture engineers.

Static images assume major importance in matters like these.
Between inhale and exhale the center of all quests exists.

The house's walls rise from green land.
A place for man to dwell.

To take and let go. Delight. Glass pianos played
with water fingers.

The sieve. Movement. Circles. Love's rounds.
Veins secrets hide themselves in the turns of.

Plowman and ox. Lean together into the field.
Away from the salt lick. And a certain prosaic looseness.

Ears ache. Too many dead voices to listen to.
Vigilant active subtle youth gone. Run to

a different drum. Lift a silver sword and crack
the lock. Open manhood. Gray cumulus clouds

curl up a pink pale sky. Yellow and green grass
slathers the hill. Deadly blue gem-like fish

swim the Nile. Reflected in kohl black eyes.
The coloring of rhetoric.

Sunlight flashes through a clear plastic pen.
Rainbow. Pitchblende and red apple skins.

Splendid burning shrub. Here the phoenix nests.
Castle and wind. Wind moves over dead concern.

Beauty comes from this ash heap. Ants
carry their treasure far from where they're first seen.

*Who needs a ribbon in their hair? Yet wants one still?
Where would the factories? The clerks? Be?*

Opinion makes dominion. Airs and woods. Elves
of hills, brooks, and books, winds. Alone.

Movement in classical meters. Hawthorn fire. Our fathers' faith.
Hidden in all this lies the hidden itself. What is the world's? What not?

Each break a clean break. Simple alignments. Trees sway.
High winds. The feather this heart outweighs. Constant hammering.

It was neither here nor there, now nor then.
It neither was nor wasn't.

Soothe the ears. Soften the wax. Bees have begun a hive.
Certain parts of the soul set out to wander. God's lady.

Tepid water runs from a metal tap. Jasmine blossoms
float down the Hudson. Into. One imagines. The Atlantic.

Or the Nile. Blue stone set in silver. The great learning.
The love of mankind. Worn on a finger. Dissolve the heart.

She and her daughter live by the river and watch it
each spring thaw. Birds return. Fish. Their little eyes garnets.

Music. Mechanical bird hidden there beneath the work sings.
Music. Bell. Drum. Flute. Stone. Axe. Feather. Sunny energy.

But no dream last night. Confusion. Dawn rose of tiny bubbles

in a stem. A party. Trobar clar. Trobar clus. French underwear.

Late this afternoon a peacock appears in a glass of water.
Things happen by day that night forgets. Egg shaped. Icy.

Heaven fills with eyes. Stars to watch us dream.
Though he who gives himself to the public doesn't receive.

Recall all you've forgotten of wise Solomon's inquiring mind.
Whose wisdom was to cut the child in two. Can what's parted

be fused again? Light cloaks Memory and glimmers on an opposite shore.
Recall a sun each dawn that rises and sets the other side of this world.

Hammurabi. A hart bleeds. By the river falconers have slain a heron.
The mirror's silver sound runs down the hall. Windows and meadows open.

Like waves and waves of wheat, nothing but water.
Can the shepherd's goad get the ox out of the corn without trampling it?

Beat the stars as thin as tissue paper. Bluebirds lead from summer
into night. A fair man climbs down the mountain side.

The first lesson comes in a dream. The next a bird brings at dusk.
Clear stream. Running brook. Us, their source.

The Alleghanies spread out before the traveller like a musical comedy.
Each event when looked at closely reveals the importance of perspective.

Day. Hour. Correct. Life, a curriculum. A learning. Every assignment
left undone. Mostly incomplete. An outline. Barely enough.

The want to want. Need to need. Smooth slow boat trips. A boy rides
a Black Angus until the light fails, ink gives out. What we call night comes.

Snow, the red horizon. Deer walked here and nibbled the trees.
All the preposition blink, then fail. Negro roses.

Sweet hawthorn she picked. Garlic also. Quiet steps pattern
the field. Adam's first sleep, best of any after.

Hunters and dog bring down a stag. Los Angeles to Bermuda.
Angels to onions. An armada. Ships in the bay in the name of love.

Moon up. Amber city. Jade palaces. China blue, aluminum sky.
Red bright, shining. Four in the afternoon. Beauty at the mall.

Prayer shawl. Walking stick. Plum pit. Pen. Quill. Mud.
An entire fortune gambled away. Her clarity.

Girls twitter. Birds. King Tang's delight. Wind disturbs
the gentle snow. And cigarette ash. Smoke curls above the silver birch.

Santorini (Thera). A work with many overlays quickens.
A sound level called noise. Rain. What festers fosters as well.

Sail free. Lark. Olive and apple. Into tomorrow. Blue, gem smooth
seas. Slow oar strokes churn. Wheat colored hair.

T H I S I S T H E H O U S E

Coins in an old man's sack
worth their weight.
Someone swings back his bat
to hit us home.
What moves this universe?
Love. Thick pink flowers
under glass frost a cake.
Set on these scales a grain
and a star. Do you hear the bird?
A silver thread under the work.
Sun lights on the top of an oak.
Shortly before noon.
A walk by the river.
Our hope remains in secrets.
Inexplicable. Ineffable. Inviolable.
Unspoken prayers. Leaves move.
And make no sound. Sun
behind cloud.
The door to the house opens.
All this happens when the sun rises.
These are difficult matters and require maps.
A book lies open to the right page.
Happy afternoons on the lawn.
I am love.
I can't explain what I said.
I grieve for words.
My face turns to water.
A river of reflections.
Apollo in the shower
lathered up
rinses his long blond hair.
Something simple.
Someone knocks.
A bird hesitates at the window
and disappears
on a secret mission.
Cold wind. A red car
speeds by
under budding trees.
Gray sea.
Darkness grows
in the room.
Hollywood love.
Unseen he enters this room.
The center of my mind.
A grammatical weakness.
Besides their eyes, quick ears
not those sluggish ones
bored with narration. Dead birds
and purple flowers hang
on these words and arms.
A hundred million miles to love.
A room inside a camera.
God's eyelid. Here they worship

waterfalls, and the sun no more.
Nothing to be afraid of.
Laughter. Motorcycles.
Beaches.
Hundreds of times. Seen down the hall.
Xeroxes. Not mirrors. Someone dreams
and makes his way through the city
of his skin to sleep the rest of his life.
His bones flowed from him like milk.
Speaking fogs the mirror.
I see myself naked and walking in the woods.
Do you see me naked and walking in the woods?
You will remember nothing that has happened.
You have come a long ways.
Our American astronaut
waves to us on TV.
Above the blue horizon.
Moon comes out.
Yellow town seen from
a floating car Sunday
afternoon. She gave me
evergreen.
Reality kick.
A poison we work through
day by day. Into time.
Summer garden. Single rose
climbing through the nine
doors this world
opens.
A movie theater's darkness. Simple
desire. Things take care of themselves.
Blood fills then empties.
I don't want inside your life.
Your clothes. Your skin.
She waited. But they didn't come.
Night. Birds roost in tall trees.
Someone in the top bedroom
draws the drapes. The sound
of children on the lawn
soaks further into the grass.
Rose before her. Garden
under sunlight. A radio plays inside.
Cloud covers the sun.
Happy days. See-through bee's wing.
The easy distances between the flowers
fill my mouth with silence.
Someone turns the music up.
A reflection floats in a blue cup of coffee.
A clear blue sky. Roads maps make.
A dry leaf blows into the room.
Settles on the rug.
After hours of conversation
they return home. Drive away in cars.
Flashlight. Goldfish swim in a bowl
on a tray in a window. An open window.
Slight breeze. Curtains. A slight movement.

A boy holds out
a handful of mud
and laughs.
Music behind me.
Water. Rocks. Tide surrounds.
The car moves toward heat.
Warm nights. The turnpike
goes to greener lands
from bluer.
Someone called Rose.
Afternoon outside as though indoors.
Whatever happened.
Whoever came here.
The garden stretches out.
The shade grows.
Examine
the Japanese flowers
closely.
See the wire supports?
Eye's distinction. Sight's sense.
What's seen?
Bathroom door opens a crack.
She stands top of the stairs
and wears a white dress
no one would think of wearing.
A symphony. Every red shoe.
The film goes on.
Walk out of an eye.
By the river. One bank. Then.
Another. Saturday. An afternoon.
A guess. Green grass. Under water.
Ah! Tacos. He said.
Like he had my number.
Walk through the parking lot.
Through the snow.
And expect to meet.
Not even. Oneself.
April. Out of season. Islands
in the summer. Tan realities.
Upset afternoon with a table cloth.
Running water's sound.
Too bad about the rain.
It comes down. It's wet.
Does that solve the problem?
Or make another?
Pines grow green. The rest
look dead. Gray. Or just dry.
Desire goes on.
Pipe tobacco. Imaginary
strawberries.
Everything changes. Into cellophane.
Everything changes into light.
Wolves. Cigarettes. Dreams.
His reflection in.
A cup of.
Black. Coffee.

Happy river. Ripe fruit
an orchard. Cow fills the pail.
Set down upon a checkered
table cloth. They open
the car door and walk
into the woods. Under Trees.
Shade. Hot sun.
Cold water.
Alone in a bus.
Except for its driver.
Some go to the city
for pleasure. Some for profit.
Neither of us are headed
that way. Walk to where
woods end. Each turn unfolds.
Maybe a lake beyond that hill.
Room after room. Cigarette
after cigarette. Milk
fills the pitcher as I sleep.
Silent white sheets
the glass.
I park the car and follow
into the woods. Maps
in the glove compartment
gone.
Who waits or comes to visit?
This means doors.
She sat by a window and saw
cars. I spoke the language with great
difficulty. The blue stone
stays blue in a jar
under the steps.
The fish are real
and swim in water
the color of water.
Walls to hang pictures on.
A man. A rope around
his foot or head.
Speed and the wind.
Postcard. She wore
a white uniform and stood
at the door
when I opened it.
When I opened it.
Draw on the past. Turn off
the music and on the radio.
Take pictures. Phone off hook.
Under covers. After while
stop believing in any of it.
Glass of ice water. Change
the station. Unlock the door.
Outside blossom or ice
covers dry branches.
The car never returned.
Fields and trees bare.
He moves his hands

inside his pockets. "I'm afraid."
"Don't be."
In what garden did he walk the other day
or afternoon? Snow. Snow.
Winter. Spring. Flowers bloom
in between. Dead bird. Never sang.
Too early hatched.
Abandoned houses. Small town.
Waits for whatever tracks
a car makes.
Why is an apple like a clock?
In the morning there is bread.
Number of seeds memorized.
When he cuts the fruit no surprise.
How far from where pears fall
lie rocks? Several things unclear.
We arrive at sundown. No one
at the table.
Snow fall. Apples
all in a bowl and red.
These reasons
for the colors are
because. He draws
pictures of pencils.
And says his name
three different ways.
Intricate laces. Cat's
cradle. Branches. Ice and
trees. Music. Gray light.
"Something happened
to me yesterday."
That blue we all love. Who
am I to name names
in a poem of mine?
John.
Water runs down the ally confused.
Not monsoon but soon enough.
Was sense once just
the way things sounded?
Pronouns sweet as
radios on a hot night.
I turn in the field to see
who comes after me.
Walk through snow.
Light. Sun. Glare.
Yet forever surprised
by a dark figure. A woman
most always.
Helen.
Birds intrude. Hot water pipes
sing. A shaking in the branches.
Lovely green. Garcia-Lorca
in New York. A Gnostic
parable. Ivory bones. Raspberry blood.
Door. Rock. Horse. Lion.
Bare back across a beach.

Cup of coffee. Orange peel
left on the heater
perfumes the room.
Valentine dances.
At Alexandria saints
drowned in the sea. Took
flight to heaven in flames.
Saint Anthony (enough of Lombardy)
withdrew to go to God in calm repose.
His body glories daily.
Miraculously.
Day's whole story.
Its measure.
Felt. Made shape.
Yesterday's? Gone.
This one's the way
it goes.
Snow outside. White fields.
Open the door. In the eyes.
Walk out. Mark a clean slate.
Silent color.
House That Jack Built.
Perfect Hebrew poem. Everything names.
No pronouns left.
The garden's pun
isn't the flower it seems.
Return to talk. Limit reached.
Never crossed. But comes
into day. Answers.
Questions. Which which?
Red late January sun.
Wet footprint. Bath mat a map.
Stretches out. A naked continent.
Open window. Cold air.
Earth's picture. Ocean also.
Eliza on the ice. Uncertain.
Yet confident.
Lamb on an altar. Pain.
Charred. Asleep in new skin.
In a pasture. Happy
he who handles fire.
Twice happy he whom
fire handles.
Hurt voluptuous grace. He screams.
Wanders naked room to room.
Who knocks? The door?
Something new.
Every day's image
places the eye.
Collects what happens
and makes a girl
who sits among roses. Birds
fly from her mouth.
Light in her hair. On her
hands.
Snow. Flakes fall.

Through branches. Into a dream.
The sun.
Gingerbread boar with a raspberry snout.
Long cap. Red boots. The boy
climbs a picket fence. Once
upon a princess. A dragon and
the day's direction. Love.
What creates day?
A cup of black coffee.
Silence at light's edge.
The river last night.
Mud stuck to shoes.
The tree's shape leans into
the sun. Who owns the moon?
The sky? The days?
These hours come then go.
Wind holds
clouds in place
above a mountain.
A branch falls across the van.
Turns me into sincerity.
Aware of where he went.
It the music he followed.
Mouth moves. Makes sound.
Throat opens. Lips part.
There goes a blue car.
Bizet's *Pearl Fishers* play
on a radio. A red
wheelbarrow casts
metaphysical doubts.
A boy kicks a ball.
The sun falls
in a rearview mirror.
A man with amber loins
Ezekiel saw.
The train pulls out.
But we can't hear it whistle.
An orange rests in a silver bowl.
As Platonic as it gets.
Across the road
a tree fell.
Walk past cornfields.
No moon. Clear sky.
Warm air. Kabbala.
A train passes. Stars
order
love's
numbers.
Apparently us.
Measure.
Of all this.
Nothing but
sun
above trees.
Horus sucks his
thumb.

They gather the dark in baskets
the livelong day.
Maple leaf. Angel's wing.
Feather.
This book's leaves
fall from trees.
Not place, but position.
We are the stars. And sky.
There numbers cease.
What with. When. Who. Where.
Spread out. The poem.
Contour. Pindar.
From behind.
Things where they are.
Evident truth.
Whoever receives
this love of limbs
remembers.
The body's wonder.
Pacific nation
refers to ocean.
Clear blue circle.
Washes up on a coast.
Pax? Or flux? The where.
Changes? Is love only?
Has it other?
Come into my skin.
The stuff says. I am where.
All geography. Vacancy calls.
Other stands outside. Not in.
We are as finely wrought
as we perceive.
Even in Hades
Patroklos found
an image of
the Achilles he loved.
When morning comes
to trees the loved one's
arm waves wild in the wood.
God speaks on the radio.
Broken glass. Colored spots. Eyes.
Thoughts. Are there things
we cannot say?
Wolves run our holy place.
Here histories begin.
Who can count beyond ten?
Leaves. Elves.
Boundary stones.
Map. Route.
Hermes. Grain. Loaves.
Olives. Dried fruit.
Water in jugs. The city lives on trade.
The sea brings goods.
Set sail.
Thicket. A ram.
Caught.

Abraham.
And Isaac.
A concern for shape, not form.
Precious gem. The body. Spirit's home.
This mystery comes to stay, sets up camp.
And walks our streets. Our veins.
The great work. A devotion
unto itself.
Salty inlet. Wild celery.
Dead Semele stands beside her son.
He steps out of the water
into the air.
Bright wet.
Fruited branch. Flowers cover the ground.
The sky above what grows.
Sea weds land. And fish weds tree.
Leaves and cattle run down to the water.
Sacred geometries
move beneath robes.
Flowers. Feast. New wine.
God is his people.
His temple their flesh.
The boys sing in the market.
Music's masters. Warships.
A festival. Set sail for Salamis.
Hermes. Apollo. Orpheus.
Their sea the wine flowers float upon.
Knives slice the sun.
Honey. Sunlit. Falling. Demeter's hair.
What sea bears her ships?
Or olives? Oil for her lamps?
Not gold but blue set in silver.
Capture the market.
Coal. Hard. Dreams. Hermes.
Not only peaches, but pears.
Come from the tomb.
Stand naked before him.
One thousand years.
Twice born. Rise from the water.
Settle by the sea. Build ships.
Cross the Euphrates. Cut cedar.
Build ships. Cattle driver. Dream bringer.
Watcher by night.
Ten thousand things.
Kingdom come.
Flesh's mother. Matter's father.
From veil to crown
say up for down, left for right.
Sunlit air. Lapis. Crystal.
Light's vessel.
Mother binds her child.
Locks him in the dark hollow of her heart.
Bees and men rest together in the green.
Together in
a stone's song.
A bull built Solomon's temple.

Where the moon plows the measure.
They worked naked. Without sandals.
This gold dwelling of all possible things.
The handiwork of men.
None lie alone. Nor silence their wants.
Nor wish in vain. Yet sorrow
receives this soul at rest.
Ours and ours alone.
Stars shower the sky.
Fish and crows find their own
young fairest.
The courage of these pastures
lives in its dark flowers.
He draws a sword
coated in honey
gathered by bees
looking for light.
Dance naked
before the imagination
of God.
Blood's dream. Pure and shed.
Seven cups fill and overflow.
Murder or the rose's perfected red.
Light flowers in vision's garden.
A healing plant. Sun's scent.
Alchemical seed.
Beautiful child
with wings. Fly from
your mother's house.
Mighty warrior in his chariot
discovers Alaska.
Ice. Clawed tides.
He holds the Grail.
Fire and love.
Moon of his own sun.
A wand passes through the air.
An animal in the moon.
A king upon his throne.
Mercy lights that air.
Perfumes await his body.
Sandals his feet.
After the bath.
The tower. Cruel and powerful.
An older woman. Understanding.
Everything comes up cups.
Sun. Sea. Fish.
Leap the knowing dark.
Into what receives.
See without eyes.
Silence makes light light. Air air.
Moon in Capricorn. Dominion. Crown.
Some day.
An impression of all there is
passes through this opening.
An open door the mirror. Explained thing. Closeness.
Birds are the sure truth of sky.

We come to rest.
The pool still. The water silence.
The reflection reflection.
Work. Unknown ways.
Make. Things to hold.
Life lived in the seen.
Dream comes by night
on moon's wings.
Footsteps.
Naked and strong.
What joins. Moves from
itself through itself to itself.
Eyes, heart, nerves.
The cup.
Hand to face. What man
makes to dwell in.
Makes love to.
To hold. Makes man
the city. Where
he lives.
Things find their way by heat. Through it.
By light. Touch and feel. Or.
Here are directions. To find. Your way. Here.
It's easy to tell trees from trees.
Rocks from rocks.
But difficult rocks
from trees.
Whatever we do
is god's will.
Dead thing with wings in my path.
A stone. The third. Yellow wings.
A horse. In between. Black. Plastic.
Give way to the sun. Give way
to keep it's going. Ear's orbit.
Keep to the sun. Keep to the way.
Keep to the poem.
He didn't want shoes on. Today. Or a shirt.
Are dreams any truer when the dreamer dreams naked?
Time. The only thing holding day together.
Dream. Does it gather in day?
Where days are made, and days unmade may be
the same place. What sings? Who listens?
How tender the music made. Like milk
or railways. Easy trains cross
vast spaces timetabled. When?
Which track. Dances where?
Thinks what? First held.
The things that are the things that are
are the metaphysics of it. Held in attention's palm.
Telltale fortune. Crossroads.
Few and far. Tender, green. Full blown.
How to open it? Nearness. Things' energy.
What to find? Track? Unexplained.
Summer asks time to stop.
Dry land, yellow grasses, and green.
Things we see.

Or the electric voice. Having means
but no end, is that fair? Or foul?
Common terms, tricky purposes. Mind's essential wandering.
Experience. In turns out.
The world's botched form tempers
then decorates natural affection.
To yield to what's common, less causal, more effective.
Take the field of vision into
the lawn of something that happens.
The singing begun, the singing done.
Simply. It is.
What ways from here are there?
An only direction. All points. Roads run.
Well formed air made from confusion?
Mapless, untraveled places. Near the water.
Near a weathered sign. Near the roadside.
Near knowing. Going is the only good.
Wet dirt. Beamless mud vault.
Silent dark. Draws the flow.
A long way from home. Hearth.
Kith but not kin.
Vine whose shape is the trunk it clings.
What we know is gone and said.
Dreams water the brain. Wash it out to sea.
Raft. Shore.
The world beyond within your palm.
Readiness. Equality's mean.
The journey begins at asking.
Telling makes the tongue a thumb.
This river is nothing more than footsteps.
Going keeps the map on the table.
That's how it and we get where.
Unseen life shakes out what works.
Good in other words.
The heart is nothing more than grammar.
What about the mind can't find its way out?
What we suppose. Dead pauses.
When and how long are those?
The window reflects the room.
Who can, understands time.
The hive of heaven
worked out from fragments.
Replaceable, minimal. Focused.
Formality confines the flow.
The door opens and a quiet passing
fills our calendars with days to come.
Sun stand still in this hollow.
Make a night without structure,
form, nor complexion.
Scarlatti, play Shakti a pavane.
Light breaks the cave walls.
In the mind's black parts sing.
Tempting order. An elaborate whole.
Sure green bud brought out of simple ice.
Virtual grace. Natural justice.
Awkward tides loose branches gather upon.

Odd made even and divine.
Natural primes begin close to their ends.
Immediate outcome.
Our vital pair Heva and Adam
before their fall.
The glory. He who moves
a totality
through this universe.
Penetrated and splendid,
more here, less there.
Whose architecture remains
the cave undone.
Piecemeal, patches, notes. Parings. A parable.
Imagine something meaning forever.
Always and now.
A prayer of going,
not separation.
The neural darkness.
How much further much longer much more?

Q U I N C U N X

That palm tree. San Francisco. The window.
By train. By foot. By bus. By jet. By chopper.
Rose dawn. Alone. Sitting in the house.
The king in his tub. The day calls.
The sun calls. East to west.

Candle lit to see the window. Light
breaks up the floor. My hand waits.
Doesn't stir. Waits. Something
that does not flow between but
piles up outside us. And it is green.

Who will wash the tallow stains
from my shirt? Salt said the youngest.
The king walks the streets naked.
The boy's reflection stares back.
An older justice deems. Do or die.

I grow old as well. Mother.
Fairy tale. Holy grail. Burning
Bush. I can only say how.
Bearing water. Bringing mystery.
You. That center pronouns change.

After that. After talk. The kitchen.
A fire. A book. Reading. We sat.
The world. I want. We speak.
Look into something so dark
only your eyes can light it.

On the beach swimmers stand and
in back of them are other swimmers.
Secret parts of me. Random bodies.
Pilsner glasses filled with black ink.
And the sun is hard on these eyes.

I am the daughter. Sold and sorrowful.
The father hurt by necessity.
The greedy suitor come to no good end.
An intricate and dangerous hurt.
Long hidden. An empty branch.

My heart breaks. Dries up. And blows away.
Hollywood romance. As if. Directed.
Love. A hawk's eye. Jewel of great worth.
Several flowers in a blue vase. Sunset.
The stars. Or so it is in poetry.

What turns returns to that point
parallel to its start. Lute. Snow
last night. Ants. Princess. Lamp.
Chest. Gold. The sun enters.
Peaches. The old German said.

All or nothing. One half or another
favored. Just to get through the day.
We drove down a freeway. How far?
One too many doors open. Lord
comfort and protect our need.

Newly minted sun. My ears ring.
An open eye. Wet with sight.
And stood in the Hudson.
The bright cloud's purpose.
A voice speaks where no one is.

They read. The act of. The river
rolls. A face. The pool. People on porches.
Cars in the night. Old Chinese coins.
Rabbits. Field in the dark. Who
walks out after dinner? Do we?

Bridge. Under it water ripples.
Crossings. Namings. Careful
about nouns. To not talk about it.
Another name. And mean the same.
The world. As an instance. Known.

Sunset's god. And dawn's.
We love the law we live by.
Moon's floods and tides.
Easy under its branches.
Push through. Into spangles.

Trees as blue as India. Sorrow's
jeweled valley. Lights in the lake
glimmer. Gold fountains. Mums
in the morning. Champagne sun.
Yellow afternoon. World enough.

John Beanstalk climbed the Kabala.
Squares askew. Science a rose.
Bells ring. No time for silence.
Gathered in sound. A secret
available to all. Houses. Mountains.

Days pass. History wants to begin.
Again. How can we know? Fish
to water. Birds to wing. Took him
into his arms. Lost brother. Naked.
Hyacinth in bloom. Awake. They spoke.

Sweet silk covers the door.
Angelic smile. A hollow. Damp moss.
Rimbaud. Olive and flute.
Nest. Kiss. Dream. I cannot explain.
How much I long. Except for more.

This. Serves me well. New aeon.
Finer meters. Summer heat.

A path. Or following someone in.
A dream. Slow deliberate stars.
This they lead their lives for. An oath.

Last day. This music. Awake.
Raised eyebrow. Slight smile.
Honey flows freely above.
Below. Eyes shine. The veil
not torn but shattered by dawn.

God's breath issues fish to swim
shore to shore. Air makes the eye
sure of what it sees. Delight
in all things. Glad for what's given.
The belt that binds the world.

The car rounds the corner. Through
nutmeg and cinnamon. The house
and the morning cold. A new name
for where we went. Light-footed.
Quick. Step back from every wave.

They came from the East. Brought gifts.
To redeem the ordinary. Yet Nature
is no common effort. Eyes anew. Sight.
Is. Then. Isn't. Nothing remains.
Everything mundane. Unmistaken.

Ten below zero. No more obscure
than snow. Wind. William Blake.
We share certain things. But
never the enigma. Slips of paper
burn in a graveyard. Weeds. Wheat.

Quiet talk. Unseen. Afternoon climbs
the hills. Ravens carry Athena's words.
Blacker than wine. Eyes fail. Ears falter.
Bare hands. Can Napoleon's men
restore the rose's petals to its stem?

In the woods my father plays music for me.
This stone I dreamed. Not unturned.
Not rough. But not hewn. Contains
gem-like algebras. But can't be cracked.
Allowed to speak though. At noon.

Out of the city. Out of the sea. Car windows
in a parking lot glint like gold under water.
Morning to think. Noon to do. Dusk to eat.
Night to sleep. Yet waiting is part of it all.
By virtue of its lack not excess. The shape.

Day's color changes sky's. New snow. Ice
so white it looks like water. So watery
it looks like hair. So blue it sparkles.
An Atlantic. Love's dark blue. An ocean.

Rocks. Could be January. Could be June.

On the waters before me. No story comes.
Nothing tells me what dances in my eyes.
I heard the ocean not five feet from me
call my name. Thomas. Heavy cloud. Fog.
Bowl of ash. Saturn's gift to earth.

I wake to dream. Was this the box
Horus laid to rest in? Garden. Table.
Cabinet. Head pushed back. Seance.
A small boy. Blond. Brings a lapis plate.
Some other time. Some other place.

More lies hidden in deeper caves.
On further shores. Past what mountains.
Lakes. Woods. Seas. My father walks
on wet ground. A graveyard. Words sit
behind the eyes. Yellow. Silk. Scarf.

Only so much said. Time's up. Talk stops.
They walk through. Quiet smile. Flesh burns.
Body drowns. Life gasps. Thought buried.
Outline new countries. The words speak.
Slowly. Carefully. They reach out.

Good Friday egg cracked into a glass of water.
Gawain sets out. Humility first mistaken as.
Inconsequence. A raga at sunset. Forest clearing.
Candle flickers. Goes out. Silently across snow.
Through night. Lantern. Caves and hollows. Music.

Sun nailed to water. Things come to this.
Count to four. Lips move. Chronicle time.
Escape turns. River. Headlights. The letter A.
Earth salts. Metal in the blood. A medicine.
A glorious dome unfolds ahead above.

Enchantment. Full force. Unworn. Got it made.
An endless knot. Happy endings yet these stories
never finish. Are they our way's error? Doves.
Owls. Tied and untied. A joining full of separation.
He points out a neon sign. Nothing political.

Hours and plough. Gifts of a golden age.
Barbed wire glistens in his eyes. Things tend to.
Healthy confusion. Light's Gnostic acorn.
Time it takes to travel through dark.
Dancers raise their swords and yell. A nut!

Amber tea. Lunar eclipse. Branches
against sky. Something stands in the way.
Good Friday. Possible snag in time.
Some door into the new. Looks locked.
An open mouth. Make way. Travelers.

He walks naked in the woods. Good
shepherds. Sweet milk. Love's warriors.
Hemlock. Purple flowers. Double dark.
Nightshade. His athletic limbs glisten.
If I die before I wake. Safe passage.

We think into all things. Fire. Shapes.
Flux. Attention's form. What goes on.
Goes on. Right before these eyes. Time.
In and out of. Clusters. Lacking all
resolution. Clarities nonetheless.

Summer now. Not spring. Despite the trees.
Wasps fill the car. Not so much the gas pedal.
But memory. Acceleration. We thought they
wanted light when all they wanted was the sun.
Ice cream. Hot fudge. Bird with a snake.

He writes against the night. Voices. Bells. Sounds.
A thousand hands. Dancer. To serve. But.
We don't want trouble. Close. Direct. Blue Krishna.
Unswallowed poison. Love's machine. Devotion.
Jack Spicer. Silent. On the ceiling. Protecting me.

A vast geography and history. An ocean. In between.
There though where a life lets go of its glamor.
Dangerous. Necessity. Above moves all care afloat.
Nurse. Attend. Beside the fever bed. Subtle loosening.
Sacred everything. Happy uneven edges. Sad bird.

Until this romance is hidden no longer.
And the dream's significance is undone.
The more one sees the world the sweeter.
The more the heart inflames the body.
Let danger unravel these tiny stitches.

Ash Wednesday. Skating on thin ice. Because all hope
turns. Wear speech out with poetry. Listening.
Too much music. Too many places. Orpheus.
Where? A whirlwind in the lungs. An emptied
metaphor. Going. No where to go. Ohio. Toledo.

Magic this. Magic that. Something angelic. Brooms
and dustpans. Something ordinary. Where we are.
Where we go. Noah. Want becomes need. An ark.
Work it out. Water buckets. Carried back and forth.
When does the bough break. Baby. Cradle. And all.

Heaven and earth set the scene. March a lion. Winter
weak. Spring strong. Something slips through
my fingers. Weeping. There is music. A princess
who cannot strike the evil prince. Or newborn
scorpion. Curled. Transparent. Down to the bone.

She spills the beans a third of the way through.
A crane calls in the shade. Answer. Like Samuel

did the angel. Go. Those who wrote this
suffered great sorrow. Fulfil the place's possibilities.
We know why. We know where. Don't we?

Alone. Separated from friends. Empty thoughts shine.
Say to all five elements. Teacher. Heart's depth.
Innermost. A means where we expected the end.
Osiris. Is Horus his father? Or son? Prepare morning.
A stick pierces the sky. And at first seems trivial.

Can of worms. Old Chinese saying. A bitter pill.
Swallow. Bright bird. She brings her chick what?
But can't peck the crystal shell. Or release
the love captured there. Solomon built his temple
using no metal tools. A place to live. A story.

Sentimental. Travel brings good luck. South.
How far from my sources I feel. Clear water
at the well bottom. Ice melts in the mountains.
Ask. Great compassion. Please keep me
from falling into. Unhappy worlds. Never forget.

Amber halls. Jade garden. Sun sets. Bring me cinnabar.
A cauldron. Moon. Keep watch. Take what I give you.
And not me. Step on a crack. Break your mother's
back. Once the dream was something heard. A music.
Not something seen. Doorkeeper. Protector. Noise.

Silver platter. Poison fruit. A blue-eyed child.
Hundreds of thousands of years. The drowned.
Their boat upon the horizon. A hole in the sky.
Oasis. And called upon to help embalm the king.
Egypt stretches out like a sheet of hammered steel.

Blood turns to worms. White. Leprous as winter.
Their art is your art. Their masters yours.
Gather the invisible. Hours over a hot stove.
Alchemists. Their nards and perfumes
embalmed Osiris. His brothers. And the sun's.

Break the dragon's head on water. Saturn's knife
glints. Motherhood of madness. Cowbirds graze
beside the road. A gray car passes. A bit moony.
Impressionable. Broken bottles. Blue egg shells.
What works. Henry Ford. Walt Disney's idol.

In this dream I drive the getaway car. A boy
tells fortunes on the lawn. Fire. Water. Purity.
Cool green leaves. Precious as glass. As clay.
Shape the lips to say a name. Cigarette smoke.
Pour it from jar to cup. Blue gray particles.

In his holy temple the lord's eyes behold
his eyelids. As the Nile divides Egypt so
is he protected by words written upon water.
By metal sheets and household fires. Open

doors never opened. Heaven and earth.

Loie Fuller with all Merlin's magic and both
hands aloft becomes a butterfly. An orchid.
Phosphorescence draws these wonders from
obscurity. Yards of cloth dance fold unfold upon
glass. Dragon of air. Queen Marie's friend.

A hand drives the stake. Hard bargain. Nail.
Or sword. Not to be confused. But are.
A mother's small hesitant breath makes
all this possible. Hush. Don't wake the baby.
Who showed you here? And how? Maya.

I'm told in a dream to seek the Northwest Passage.
Silent. The old sit and watch their reflections.
Their thoughts wash away. Learn and learn well.
Husks. Shells. A dead leaf swirls. Legs numb.
Sunlight upon the window flashes in the water.

See this. Be happy. Listen to the drums. Congo.
Bananas. I asked for iodine having burned my finger.
Satin Mercurochrome the color of Aunt Sally's
bandanna. The color of its secret. Paint this on.
Eenum teenum tot. Basil. Hazel. Juniper berry.

Call for the doctor. The doctor said. Cakes
of light. Cakes of wheat. Open the granaries.
That the poor might eat. Eleusis. Flash and sparkle.
Mama loves. Papa loves. True as stars above.
You'll wake some morning and find me gone.

Three dried oranges. Still bright. Still orange.
Still life. The reader turns the page. Snow.
A piano upstairs begins to play. He lifts his glass.
To us. Does the ruby and emerald bird still
walk the lawn? Look. The sun. Not yet set.

A small pool of light reaches out to morning.
A bright coin. Sleep keeps this moment.
And the bees the garden. Flower by flower.
Go to town. There there are things you need.
What turns me to this? From this? Each step.

Said and done. Seedless. Thoughtless. Ancient
of days watches. Whispers. Smell of rubies
diamonds emeralds on his breath. After words.
What? Flower names? Wind? Husks held up
by what we want to say. Wishes. An unseen gray.

Mercy lasts. Across time. Through space.
Green trees. Blue oceans. That music.
Talk in the afternoon turns to particulars
at night. Sun. Moon. A shelter where rain
touches only the imagination. Fingers. Eyes.

Long lines. Eternal sparks. Secrets under water.
Swimming birds. Flying fish. Tree to tree.
Sea. Cloud. Land. The builders go on in the kitchen.
The cook in her room at prayer. The tower stares down
to where it will fall. An indwelling. A cup of tea.

The grammarian sits in a dark room.
He places the accents and the breath marks.
What are these emeralds? Grass.
These rubies? Hare's blood. These diamonds?
Ice. And the gold? Daisies in the sun.

Virgin. Mountain. Snow. Alone. I get ready for travel.
Suddenly a boy spills a basket of seeds. Pick them up!
Pick them up! My heart stops. Cut through. A clean knife.
Blinding me. A cow sits in the yard and reads to the cattle.
I hand a man two coins. I can see again and hear dogs bark.

The house is empty. Certain notes in Bach set
the musician right. But now the staff goes.
And the shepherd's power. A chaos. Open
sesame! Princesses dance into and out of the scene.
Ants. Mice. Goats. Inside out. Rescue me.

We read aloud. Arthur Machen in the kitchen. The house
takes shape. Great E carved on a black stone. Speechless.
They hiss. They hate the sun. Gem eaters. Cave dwellers.
Color of air. Color of stars. Stairway made into an alphabet.
Speak. Say. Tell. Early days. The child refuses speech.

Brain waves. Seas of dust. Lilac and tulip. Infant morning.
Break apart the roll. Cinnamon recesses. Fictional
logic. How a square grows up to be a circle. Nerves
prepare for travel. Wings or bells on my feet. Stick a cake
in a hole in the ground. Mark where my hand touched him.

Through air by land near water. Annandale.
Druids played there Blake said. Travel's solitude.
Gears shift to make the hill. The car hums. Voices
both sides of the train window up the Hudson.
Fiery lion in the eyes. Courage. Kwannon who listens.

Thieves take what is ours in broad daylight.
A saint sits and waits for the world to return.
Here all pronouns becomes things saying
their names over and over. Bring me her
heart and liver the queen commands.

Sat in council. Board of directors. Dream sessions.
Possession. She turned and let out a new voice.
Start from the point at hand. Always somewhere.
Always something else there as well. Also love.
Letters. Explanations. Instruction. Like so. Yes?

Looking glass. Moments between what we've seen
and what will appear. Timeless. A canoe. Outside.

Or at another angle to things. A Lewis and Clark
of the heart. Or soul. Whatever seat something of us
settles upon. Right then. Benjamin Lee Whorf.

One nice day love will come. Loud and soft. Cymbals.
Flute. Imaginary Fujis. Painted snow. Wide open
Italian vowels. The music resounds with anticipation's
false god. Happy days. Kingdom come. The temple
restored constructs itself in the hearts of its builders.

Matilda and her ladies thread the star into the tapestry.
A white dot. A black square falls into darkness.
The island. Naked. I sit on rocks. Pleasure boats
make waves up and down this blue and green river.
Part and join and part. Summer. Blue stone. Far away.

The ship's captain tells me he's pleased to have me aboard.
But I've been here the whole trip. She stood silent
with hyacinths in her hair among the hydrangea.
I am only one of many to come and simply an indication
not a principle messenger. Arrow. Bow. He makes a loud noise.

Half heard Gnostic gossip. Babylon's river walks on by.
Egyptian Horus bleats. History stares at itself. Beauty's
handmaid. Her finger pricked by a blunt needle. Fons
signatus. Cascading stuff. What was done. When. Happy
imperfection step by step climbs the stairs. Or is it stars?

A kind of obsession. An isolation. Feeling separate. Set off.
One thing leads to another. Every day. One thing after another.
Held together by a need to be told. Not a story. Not a someone.
But common. Good. Broad. Not all that apparent. Overheard.
A room lit by snowfall. Not ever really worked out. Or even begun.

Frantic. Bathroom full of hair lighteners. Skin lighteners.
How to be rid of this reddening? Eventual blackening.
Calm down. Just a dream. The boat brings me to dawn.
Metallic. Salty. Hard to swallow. They sit on the front porch.
In each others' arms. Veiled. Beautiful. Listening to the radio.

How much do we need to tell? To hear?
To be called. Dante. His name in Chinese
means Cinnabar Brother. A slow deliberate
pace. Here the heart. Nothing modifies anything.
Like cheese. Things stand alone. In the dell.

An air of unreality the neon lends. Cool March
night. I want this. But it's not available in black.
The name's lure alone. A slip of paper burned.
Ashes kept in a jar on the window ledge. Rome's
outer reaches. Reflected tree now shadow on water.

Kwannon. Simplicity. Sun caught like a bird in twigs.
A man holds his entire life for a moment in his hand.
We hold each other. The ash that covers our faces
remains time. The heat of whose flames let us

see one another. Ripples in the lake reflect her shrine.

This morning the snow seemed lighter.
But the fall all the same remained heavy. The air
winter. Not spring. And it's March. The doe runs
through in the wood Carl Jung's ghost tramps.
Hush. This isn't the call you feel. But readiness.

I watch the moon's reflection on water until it goes away.
A hare slowly crosses the field. An arm reaches
out of the dark and hands me a letter. Aleph.
To be ready. Breathless. Broken into. Half way
through lunch. I landed sideways. Here. Some while ago.

Spring and autumn. Apparently the only book he wrote.
Great brightness. Eight. Sour. Rot. The brush dips.
Writes. Day to day. Whatever we feel when heartfelt
rests where only ourselves talk to ourselves. Bird
in the bush. Stone in the hand. It does not pass.

Light rain. I want to live in a dark room and have
lovers brought to me. Their delicate blue skin
vanishes the hour before dawn. She hands me
a bead on a silk thread and whispers in my ear.
Dust rises. I sit in the garden. Blue water in the well.

Table in a convent in Caen. A bible. Wind turns its pages.
Stochastic. Building goes on. Typewriter. Minding the keys.
Whole new world. Probable. Pindar says. Although there may
be something that doesn't wear out. Best to do what's
at hand. Blue red yellow green balloons. Trumpets. Angels.

She walks in the garden. With her mother. Her sisters.
Alone. A flight of swallows. Later they asked her how often
she did this. Silent vowels. The way in Hebrew they aren't there.
Talking about this. That comes up. What if her name were
Mary? Or Eve? Depends upon a pause. More than we imagine.

An equinox. Bach's birthday. I read the words. Not what
but them. The way they make a book. The way they go on.
A good painter can paint that look of a book in the lap.
The look in the eyes. Makes one wonder about when
this isn't going on. When there is a raft. And no crossing.

Move on. Dogs bark. God in his ark unrevealed.
Find the spot. Begin. Flat lands fast trains
and buses brought us to. A voice answers.
Music. Gardens no more than the sunlight
they behold. Hello. Called upon. Waiting.

Celluloid. An illogical force. Though the door
as always remained marked: Death. Brightness.
Not gold's. It belongs to dawn. Shores washed
day and night. Jugs broken into pieces.
A fugue ends. Or merely gives way.

He fishes. In the pool are stars. And our faces.
When this brightness goes by hide in the ground.
Come here into this rock the mountain rises from.
Separation. Not confusion. That's how it all gets done.
Tomorrow the sky falls. A more than common good.

The days are not numbered. Pull down the boundary
stones and walls. Kiss the spine's nest. The navel.
His mouth. An upright pencil writes on the night sky. Names.
Keep an eye on what comes your way. I hear. I answer.
I am there. The air is yellow. Come from France. Pants rolled up.

Angels take away our sight. Replace it with a blindness.
Snow. Ice. Blue. White. Geese. No blacker nor sweeter
than coffee without cream. Vast stretches of land.
A house. Here I am by myself. Watched. Looked over
carefully. Drifting. Travel without fear. Never ask the way.

Amber and olive. The emerald of lust she carries in her lap.
The band around her waist. The rose. Honey. Raisins.
Figs. Frankincense. Myrrh. Indigo violet purple velvet
machine the universe is. Sing and stir the air with sound.
Lift the apron and carry the flowers across this lawn.

Keep talking. Someone listens. Walking in the woods
beside the river I found a snake in my path. The old man's
ease under the apple tree. His lovely hands drown
out his words. Idea a temporary cloud. Sun again.
Afternoon lies down flatly upon the ground and yawns.

I keep meaning to say something about the Templars.
But can't remember what. One held a torch to light
the room. Two stood apart. I sat on a chair and looked
amazed at them. A long bus ride. The whole thing.
Nothing more. Break the fig or egg. Into song. Or flight.

Marzipan strawberries dusted with
ground diamonds. Synthetic rubies.
Licorice pastilles. Paste jewels. A lapis.
Naked except for a raincoat and shirt.
It isn't raining. He said. His name John.

Candle starts some kind of unity. A sort
of third point. Pure theory. Realm of its own.
The tower's eye. A second sun obscured.
Fish breathing. A point made. Or bead.
Abacus. Rosary. No longer need apply.

P A R T 4

Pink and blue set fire to the trees as I walk to breakfast from dream.
Come let us go said the one to the other and people took pictures.
Include. Include. Earth feeds our feet with travel. Something moves. It is us.
The world must remain the world. Yachts into harbors. Storms still brew.
The land rolls as though it and it alone were music. A mandolin touches the air.
Sun. Moon. Public domain. Jerusalem built here. Sparkling blue.
Bright jewel of fire and water. We run naked through ferns. Legs all dusty.
Alla balla whisky. Chinese salt. Trouble the waters. Weary soul. Thank the honey bee.
Howl in the night. Moon. A man stands with arms reaching out to both oceans.
She smooths her hair and puts another record on. Fly away. Be at rest.
A map. A line. A fragment. My hand. My eye. Certain things. Certain plans.
Dusk. Pick locks. Pack bags. I hear his voice among the roses and shadows.
A fly. Warm September. This. America. Blue approximate pacific a lotus floats upon.
In comes the doctor. Nurse. Lady with. A photograph buried in the heart unthought of.
Sweet time. Pen in hand. Not the bird but the bird's admonition.
Your eyes glint. Cellophane. Butterflies. Violins. They were really only apples.
What if. This was. A boy runs in the garden. An ape inside me discovers fire every day.
Phoenicians sail between the hills upon a love none can hold. Nor can it hold any.
Late gray afternoon air music rides. Crickets. Explorers row ashore and smile.
A house because you can come and go night and day. A star shines in the window.
Do you remember when I. A picture on a matchbook. We find love calls on us.
Horizons forever mysteries. Sun down. The soul lives in redness. A tent. Trees.
Sappho in the afternoon. Day obeys the moon's commands. Yellow leaves. Coins.
The first frost may destroy. Watch out. Sweet. Early. Delicate. Apple blossom.
Walk into my heart. I say China. I say Greece. Clarified the stone moves into his blood.
Beauty's arrangement. Perpetual. Severe. Antique beekeeper. Rutabaga. Turnip.
Sit in shade under a tree on grass near water's edge. Inanna's guest. An Indian summer.
Gray car filled with amber bees and diamond wasps glides into the market place.
Crickets. Open September window. The moon last night thundered in my eyes.
Dreaming I wander somewhere else where friends are lovers and pale in that light.
The silence in silence the mind mirrors. Shift the light source. Land to sea. Infinity.
Medusa thinks green mambas. Cranes call. A pear. A plough. White jasmine.
Because they tell. A blue grotto. First window. Reflections. Enter. Turn back.
Lock unlocked. Open door. Anubis. Let me look upon my soul and my shadow.

He disturbs the silent glass. The lace. Unseen. Sown ripples in the wooden pail.
Fistful of water. Boat. River. Closed mouth. Pressed lips. Map the heart's demand.
Run. Go. Find him. The world a necklace. Let what's seen fall from an open palm.
Wrong turns. Rhapsody. Sound where the finger lifts. A cathedral. And birds.
Beanstalk. Tibet. Other side. One touch. Jewel weed explodes. Another axis.
Someone calls the dog Rover. Lovers sealed in a tomb. Bite the chariot's axle.
Yellow jewel. Thunder. Waterfall. Flashes. Let Parzifal out. Mere shadow parting.
Bend light. Solid stone. But porous. City inside facets. Only the naked enter.
We came to see stars and saw heaven. I reach across a continent to touch you.
Upright. Steady. Altogether new. A woman stands in the kitchen. Milk jug in hand.
Stars' distances fade. We return to a rock beyond a waterfall. A geography love completes.
Mosquito bites. Sun in the eyes. Pieces on the floor. The way things are. Broken jug.
Gladiola filled gondolas. Two thoughts held at once but not joined. Doubled. Married.
Conversations poolside. Ages pass before I can make my way to the car that awaits me.
Blossoms. Novas. I come home to find candles lit in windows. Open doors. Dancing.
Morning dissolves on sunlight's horizon. Arms filled with flowers. I get into the boat.
Clingsor. Then Cundry. Caviar. Toast points. Capers. Onions. Hard boiled egg.
Where do wishes go? The moon. Wrap. Hide. Baby in a basket adrift. A distant radio.
Blackberry jam. Jewel in a jar. Pine tree takes the bird's flight. One last look.
Icarus. Knossos. The car hums. Gears shift. Up a hill. Sunnier pastures.
Set aside the moon and walk out. Heliotrope. Armies cross the hills. Fire in their eyes.
Set the old self on a shelf to gather dust. Hide. Hide. Cries the bird. Looks like rain.
Walk up the spine. Arrive and leave. Simple tantra. No less subtle than a chair.
Rain falls into this sentence. Summer. A part of speech. Language disguised as weather.
Real. Unreal. Snow falls which side of this window? Doors that will or won't. Open.
Tongues our mothers wagged. Be. Bring. Blow. Bramble. Timber. Comb. Red. Robin.
Same old story. Bring in the boughs. Open up the kitchen. Evergreen morning.
A cow calls her calf. True star to steer by. An odd courage. Cloudless. Bell sound.
The chair I sit on sighs. Cushion gives up. Arms sell out. Tin foil. Margarine. Death.
Separate distinct but repeated parts speak. Lift love like a polished globe's reflecting.
Awful light. I hear them now. They call. I run. Bat of an eye. Come back. Twilight.
I see a sea of seas and saw the season. Elegant Sanskrit. Here. Write. Dearly beloved.
His soul departs. A lover slips from his sleeping arms. Far beyond metaphor.
Come quick bright air. Celebrate the dew. The day. Smoke and light. Gentle heart.
Not something won. But something found out. It lay inside so long. A jewel. Wine red.
Ox eye daisies. Yellow centers. White petals. Fire does what love does to the eyes.

Three dark cowed figures on the porch. Sun latches the eyes. A sweet comfort. Breath.
Each moment a mosque made limitless by shadow. Pines. Rain. A silver bullet.
The flame in the wine speaks. Sleep fills with endless yards of black vinyl. Dreamlessly.
Love's ease rains through songs. A unicorn caught in the fence several summers ago.
Heartbreak. Daughter lost. But returns on a hare's back. A moment that never arrives.
Bonfires. Hydrangea. Met at a wood within a wood. Bewitched by summer's romance.
Mistaken pronouns. Veiled complexity. Love brings what? Messages without senders.
Shape in the air. Light under a chair. A vole. Window ajar. A song heard before.
The jar breaks. Large department store. Which floor leads to morning. To see sun again.
Branches catch daylight and hold it. A girl lays the moon in her lap. Wind. Leaves.
Sandalwood purifies the house. A bell sounds. Heavy sleep. A lust for lust itself quivers.
Pearls. Sapphires. Diamonds. Shoelaces. Necklaces. Moon's canker. June abounds.
Come and go all the dark night long. My soul. A gold no more gold derives from. Footfall.
An end. A gate. Pass though. Into circuses of light. Opulent vowels lie down. Dazzling.
Blue sweater. Tiny crystal around the neck. Two mysterious gifts the icy air holds out.
Branches on water. Not far from land. Open the oven door and see a rainbow there.
Who will help me plant the grain. Reap the wheat. Bake the bread. Quick. Bright. Bird.
A salmon my father. My mother a pine. Rain and mist cloud my eyes. A buried crow.
A dark heavy love fills the air. Whole rooms fall away whose occupants wave good-bye.
Her words' noiseless machinery draws the veil. Spider silk makes her a throne.
Try to map the stars. Under the terror in these eyes I see success. A great work begins.
I am dead. My head made of copper. Snakes in my belly. Burning. Burning. Burning.
Her eye's azure lid conceals. Unimpaired. Just now. Late afternoon. Someone. Gone.
My homesick alien heart. Measures unfilled. Not empty enough. A personal pronoun.
Alone. The house. Myself. Daydream. Each consonant halts. The sun's refraction. Vowels.
Sweet water. Seeded milk. Rich flesh. All of India covers me when I yawn. Last note. Next.
Awake now here. Certain corners turned. The actual somehow made sacred. Not blocking.
Separate shadows. Thick from thin. The bay where Egypt flows. An amulet and mighty fortress.
Desire. Stuff. Nothing. Destroy the world with doors. Include movement. Eyes ripe. Ready to eat.
I take off my clothes. I take off my heart. I take my mind off. Patterns wavering on water.

TRIKONA

I sat in a station in a city and cried for the music.
An ambush along the road on the way to light.
Leaf out the window gone now. Brown shape.

That specific light this time of year between three and five.
Rain's other side. Trick Hermes played. Task set. Price paid.
Only a pack of dogs comes and drinks here now.

Tangled roots. Giordano Bruno's charred body rises in my sleep.
I turned a moment ago to see where the music in the corner came from.
In his arms I bring great motions to rest. Leaves. Sidewalks. Stopped cars.

This matchbox holds a corpse no bigger than a grain of rice.
Come back. Don't go. I mean don't fade. But pass away.
This winter will be evergreen and hard for us. Sit here.

Light fails afternoon covering the garden in shadow.
Quick. Scattered. Words. New snow. Slow to hide ground.
Ask those whose souls are now no more than flowers.

The forest fills with whatever rustle air makes and memory can't hold.
Lilac haze floats over the valley. Burdock. Dandelion. Queen Anne's lace.
Dirt on the rug was mud in the morning. I'll sweep it up later.

Something disappears. Ice in a drink. The day's pale ochre cast.
A spindle for the eyes. Distaff for hands. A wheel for feet. Home.
The daughter found dead by the old man. Light enters the cracks.

Blossom belongs to bough. River's edge. Hedge of loosestrife.
The horn. The grain bows. By the moon alone mooing cows come home.
Samarkand's golden road goes on. Emerald bees and mountains of light.

City lost in sand. Guarded by monkeys. Green valley. Dust dances.
Cobweb threaded needle sews. Leaves. Lackluster. Bird song.
Tubas. A hymn. I lift the brush. Ink strokes. Fire. Firm pears.

Hemlock hard to tear limbs off. Perfumed hands. Come live here.
My lips bark. Gray dawn moves. Changes the hills. Walks into my heart.
Make a bird of it. Dog at the door. Who's there. The years from now.