

Argument for forgetting

"for learning how to live
without you"

Cape Learning to Forget

Inside, it's warm enough
to sleep well, while elsewhere
the sky spreads itself so thin
it can't get warm.

then What if, this spring, one person
forgot about the sky
and was happier that way.

What if the way the resy peach
~~spreads itself~~ ^{reaches} roundly over the pit
over the pit was not

was not a reminder of heaven and earth
or the tendency toward pairing
such disparate things,
not always wise. Never mind
the vagaries of weather,
such a fickle guest.
Like a boy, the sky is no help:
When I move it finds me,
leans in to touch my skirt,
then another girl's.
I know that without me to uphold it,
the sky will never be without
due admiration. It's at its best
anywhere. But even imagining
where the forgotten concerns
get to when no longer had,
it's the sky that comes to mind.
It's so vast, and vastly sad.
What if I try to think of the heat
the ^{velvet} curtains contain
without feeling sorry about the sky,
and the terrible distance
it has to go, being blue
until it ^{can} kneels down and touches earth.

on the earth.
onto earth.

(4)

for learning to forget
Lesson in forgetting

Murder on TV On Execution, Prime Time

It must be the imagination
it no longer good enough.
We're lazy, we want the facts.
I wish the world were all painters;
how differently we might see ~~the~~
~~though the cynic says to peer at a thing~~
~~is never to see it clearly.~~
How clear must the mind's eye be
to witness death without help?

~~Alfred~~
I thought I saw, once, on the bridge,
a ^{hunched body} ~~person~~ looking down
I didn't have to ~~stay~~ to watch
the way ^{it} might fall.
I've seen ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fall~~ have the dust fall,
caught, ^{as they descend,} in a ribbon of light,
and ~~seeming~~, sometimes, to be floating
back up to heaven.

Our ~~TV's~~ show us our modern deaths,
second-hand. We are spectators,
life, ~~is~~ the new technology - antiseptic.
~~What do Americans know of war~~
Our hands are clean and soft.
We'd call it barbaric, the way our ancestors
crowded the market place
to watch their neighbors hanged,
to float ~~opently~~ over the current fashion of justice
and their own righteous ways.

And now this, this talk
of televising capital punishment
in the electric chair -
~~at~~ prime time? Or late night?
What will the ratings be? Which channels
will get to have it? No one will imagine
the odor of death, or be reminded
of one's own guilt. This was the condemned
man's idea & I am with him

If it was the absurd cruelty and god-playing
of our human souls he had in mind.
I am ashamed to be ~~a part~~ of this race
that so loves its own death, ~~of~~ "Love" in the sense of
~~of~~ "Hell oil loves you."

Never mind the sky
forgetting the sky

(1)

While ~~elsewhere~~ ~~the sky~~ the sky spreads itself so thin
it can't get warm.

What if, this spring, one person
forgot about the sky
and was happier that way.

What if the way the rose peach
spreads itself roundly over the pit
was not a reminder of heaven and earth

or the ~~very~~ tendency towards ~~pairing off~~ ~~the celestial + the carnal~~ ^{disparate} such things;
not always wise. The sky can take care of itself.

Never mind the ^{variously} weather, such ^{trifling} ~~temporary~~ guests.

~~And~~ even imagining where the forgotten
concerns get ~~themselves~~ to when we'll no longer play host to them,
it's the sky that comes to mind.

One might do better not to speculate

The sky will never be without sufficient love & respect

It doesn't need me to uphold it

Besides, what could I do?

Still I don't like to think of the heat

The curtains contain in winter months

without feeling sorry about the sky

& the terrible distance it has to go, being blue
until it kneels down & touches earth

TAUTOLOGY

Let's say that love is a love
that cannot die.
So that if it does
it is not of matter
neither created nor destroyed, and isn't love.
So that to have loved and lost
is never to have loved at all.
What if the loved object dies
and the love is without object,
then what is the ~~meaning~~ ^{shift} of love?
Can ~~the~~ ^{ever} love die with impunity?
What if the object lives
and the love takes another subject to love?
Can love be allowed its own death?
Or is love a love defined by itself,
knowing nothing but itself,
in and of itself, within and without itself?
Is love flat, or round, or random?
Is it made of molecules or phonemes? ^{or its idea?}
Does it have two or more sides?
Is it itself? Does it love itself?
Let's say love was a love that died.
Let's say love never loved us
and did what it pleased
and made its own choices,
so that a love unloved was not itself a love
and couldn't love.
Let's say love can wait for us to die
to die, so that in waiting to love
it isn't love, and dies, ^{is dead}
unless that isn't love.

*Is its suicide a sin?
Must it contemplate outside?*

molecules? -

*Is it its object or itself? ^{idea?}
Is it a mirror, a plane,
a sphere?*

follow? ? <

follow? →

*And that it can wait ^{to love}
a true love, so that in waiting to love
it isn't love, and is dead,
unless that isn't love.*

Is it molecular, phonemes idea?

(2)

To forget the sky

and the implausible ribbon of black all over my fingers

through

Evenings, it's warm enough by a small fire to
~~it could be warm enough, sleeping alone, evenings,~~
in a slight silk shift, while elsewhere
the sky spreads itself so thin
it can't get warm.

What if, this spring, one person
forgot about the sky,
& was happier that way.

What if the way the rosy peach
spreads itself roundly over the pit
was not a reminder of heaven & earth
or the tendency toward pairing off such disparate things,
not always wise. Never mind the vagaries
of weather, such a fickle guest. *
Even without me, the sky will never be without
its due admiration. It's at its best / anywhere.

Let even imagining where the forgotten
concerns get to when we'll no longer ^{remember} them, keep
the sky that comes to mind.

No, it can take care of itself. Does it ever think of me?
It's a shame, the energy that's wasted
in its time for a change.

*
The sky is no help:

When I move, it finds me,
tries to lean ⁱⁿ to touch my skirt,
then ~~someone else~~ ^{another girl}: Never
will it leave it next time

SCRAP RIBB

But I am part of the same people
who bear up ~~their~~^{our} dignity every day
in the face of the falling and the fallen,
for centuries, and dream
of waking up without the shame or fear,
when the sight of the late afternoon
on the river won't shatter
into tears in the beholding eyes.

Oh I don't want to talk about it.

It just goes on and on.

I know in my heart it's my own despair
that I fear most, and is most evil.

~~But the love at the same source~~

is like the urge, the need, to place one's hands
on the wound: Involuntary.

And it can't be helped.

→ But love, the instinct at that same source

~~instinctive~~

(3)

Inside
Evenings, it's warm enough ~~by a small fire~~ to sleep well,
in a ~~light silk shift~~, while elsewhere
the sky spreads itself so thin
it can't get warm.

What if, this spring, one person
forget about the sky,
and was happier that way.

morning — today

What if the way the rosy peach spreads itself roundly
over the pit was not
a reminder of heaven and earth
or the tendency toward pairing off such disparate things,
not always wise. Never mind the vagaries
of weather, such a fickle guest. Like a boy,
The sky is no help: When I move it finds me,
leans in to touch my skirt,
then another girl's. I knew that

Without me to uphold it, the sky will never be without
due admiration. It's at its best anywhere.

But even imagining where the forgotten
concerns get to when ~~when~~ no longer ~~had~~ then,
it's the sky that comes to mind. It's vast, and vastly sad.

today

I ~~will~~ ~~never~~ think of the heat
the curtains contain in winter months
without feeling sorry about the sky,
and the terrible distance it has to go, being blue
until it kneels down and touches the earth.

No Help

ON TALK OF KILLING ON T.V.

It must be the imagination
is no longer good enough.
We're lazy, we want the facts.
I wish the world were all painters;
how differently might we see. ~~True~~
But how clear must the mind's eye be
to witness death without help?

~~Look~~ ~~is not always to see.~~
~~Look~~ ~~is not always to see.~~

I thought I saw, once, on the bridge,
a human body looking down.
I didn't have to stay to watch
the way that it might fall.
I've seen how the dust falls,
caught, as if by chance, in a ribbon of light;
it seems, sometimes, to be floating
back up to heaven.

~~Our~~ T.V. shows us our modern deaths,
second-hand. We are spectators;
life--the new technology--antiseptic.
Our hands are clean ~~and soft.~~
We'd call it barbaric, the way our ancestors
crowded the marketplace
to watch their neighbors hanged,
to gloat over the current fashion of justice
and their own righteous ways.

And now this ^{news, ~~talk~~} ~~this~~ talk
of televising capital punishment--
the electric chair!--
on prime time? Or late night?
What will the ratings be? Which channels
will get to have it? And the ads...?
No one will imagine
the odor of death, or be reminded
of one's own guilt.

This was the condemned
man's idea, and I am with him
if it was the absurd cruelty and god-playing
of our human soul he had in mind.
I am ashamed to be of this race
that so loves its own death. ~~"Love"~~ ^{means} in the ~~sense~~ ^{way} of
of "Shell Oil loves you."

-----cont.-----

Her Ashes

the survivors
In June ~~the survivors~~ fish in the gorge. No one
sneaks, the moon is full again.
~~Still~~, nothing can be seen growing
where ~~the~~ ashes were sowed.
As if it were not death tugging at them
~~expanding~~ *liquid* between the opaque *liquid*
~~black~~ and the invisible vein, the silver
fish leap and dance, ~~glittering~~ *suspended*
one instant more, like her ashes
~~blown~~ by the breath of her last wish
but not yet that cold.

Do:
Eyedocter
Hall
Atheist

I Have Come to the Eyedocter

I have come to the eyedocter to be measured
for glasses: He says there's nothing wrong
with my sight. Disappearing in my chair
I tell him I'm going blind.
He says: Young lady, I knew that song.
He's smiling, thinks he knows
what's good for me but I'm the one
who's paying for this.
He brings paper and draws diagrams:
a map of the ~~Site~~, directions
of light on the eye, daily paths
of sun and moon. In the air
his finger makes accusations at me.
I'm shrinking, my feet won't touch the floor
~~he says I've done everything all wrong~~
~~but it's just that I've forgotten~~ *everything*
All right! I holler, wiping my hand
once or twice across my nose.
Sliding from the chair, I knock
all the papers to the floor
slither past the secretary, find
the door. In the street
I collide with an old man who says:
What are you blind or something?

who's the 2020 vision? - Jimmy Rogers?
"After him", whoever it was

↓
keep details
organic
center of concern?

"It was like something once beautiful
found in a river"

elemental ~~form~~

~~Geography poem~~

It likes
my hand

? ~~Y~~ → Water seems as good a way as any:
we are already so much a part of it.
Though he discusses the danger ~~fixes~~
of currents and tide, the virtues
of damming, you already knew
the room is empty as an ancient grave.
Dryness curls in the lap of air.
You keep listening for an echo
where he says there is no stone,
no valley or height. It's not that
easy, your voice, answerless, dissolves ~~like ash~~
~~like ashes~~ between the damp shores of his palms.

Connections
Days

Before Matthew's visit nothing had been concluded
though ~~his face was the~~ I'd planned legends for:
every line of her skin reached into mine
like cobwebs or vines; I'd seen her needs ^{daily}
from when I woke until the sun had changed
its mind a dozen times and given up
I'd seen the shadows passing over her relentless gaze.

But tonight a friend sat in our room.
He apprehended her at once, it stunned me.
I was saying there are times I'm sure
she could smile, or she might turn away--
but he already knew.
Matthew wept, and they had only just met.

All these hours she has watched me at this desk
when I couldn't meet her eyes
knowing she wouldn't speak, couldn't explain,
knowing anything I would say would be lies
All the other times I've tried to look away
from her burning patience
and couldn't move in my chair
So when Matthew cried and she never
even blinked, my hand went out
to touch him but it paused
like a separate strain, it stepped
between her eyes and mine.

what
way up

keep it poem, not prose
Source of pain

H. Susan Macdonell Eakins, 1904

sew the shadows growing over her
like seaweed in the nightly tides
her eyes held to mine
like the eyes of small animals caught
in the headlights of a car at dusk
yet she refused to hate me
for never being able to grow old enough

WHEN YOU LEAVE

When the vague possibilities bear offspring naked as fright
When I am telling each hand that the other is yours
And I stand alone in the dust with my armful of back-roads,
late nights
When the fatal silk catches the wheel and it snaps taut
with one quick sound
When the birds hang from the windows one more instant before
falling to the ground
When the austral lands slip their moorings and sink below
the arctic ice
When clouds collide with mountains, airless and unsupported,
and their death is such a small thing no one takes notice
When planets are swept along in spindrift and angels flee
their half-bright moons and rings
When tonight is the night the sky could vanish, leaving
nothing between the desert and the face of god
And under the unbearable gaze, unsheltered, I must find words
to equal the utterance of fossils and stone

STONE HYMN

I stop to watch them.
They stand as if turned to stone.
It is the same thing: Just the sun
lowering down, easing over the edge

of the Pacific.
But it is they who captivate;
People of every age and race,
standing on the cliff, transfixed.

They stand so long. The waves
careen, the red sun grows and glows,
the horizon stretches and stays
distant, curling around the ocean's

visible contours. They stand alone.
They stand together like a family.
It takes forever.
They take their time.

It's not whatever they are seeing,
not what they are thinking.
It's that they're there.
Something is happening.

They stand looking. It is silent.
They stand like sculpture,
still
emerging from the stone.

①

FOR NO REASON

Now ^{with} ~~that~~ things ~~are~~ going green
again, ~~and~~ still a surprise, ^{under the moon the wet}
I remember how good you are ~~at~~ ^{trees hang like chandeliers,}
at what you do,
how you manage to keep me
at this distance
and in waiting. ^{touch.}

Under the moon the wet
trees hang like chandeliers.
I wanted too to be lit
from without, to feed on it, ^{lit}
to seem to rise ^{without} from roots,
turn over every day
in the way of the earth.

I wanted to know what it was like
to be lit from within that,
to seem to rise without roots,

You don't know your own
nor even what you mean ^{keep}
to me. Things
^{meaning} (that) change, (things) seasonal,
(things) finding (their) upward
directions/in their own hearts/
hearts and according to rules

I really go for those
trancey clauses, how-
subjunctives, participals.
I like them. They prob.
say smthg abt me -
avoidance? Incomplete
(w/o predication)?
Removing them is pandering
to the norm, but
I feel I should remove
them, normalize the
stanza. Sh. den.

rules to which
we remain innocent, of.
^{as if for no reason} Going from grey to green
despite ourselves,
~~and~~ back again, lit up
for their ^{and} shining moment,
?(like a ballerina.)

We ask for more,
or for reasons why. ^{again}
I love you but you do ~~this~~
~~this for me~~ without
me having to ask ^{question.}
Hold me to you.
Let me go.

HOPE

Somewhere it lies in that hollow
space between the whitish walls
of bone, where blood is made.
Maybe one day it takes place
from its moorings, and travels
abroad, in search of the objective.
Maybe you could feel it when it
dislodges, a tinnitus deeper
than the skull's depth, the tiniest
movement, as of an eyelash
that loosens and falls past the eye.
Think of our skeletons, oozing marrow:
They look like bamboo
hung with Spanish moss and spiders' webs
where hummingbirds might nest.
And all are the same,
life forces, for instance,
turning their usual corners.
A seasonal migration.
Not courage, not a thought
for honor. Just a habit.
Then, hope, in passing
through some overlooked aperture,
leaves behind its natural pollution,
its shadow, the way the sky pulls water
through its very pores
and leaves the world stained dark.

(2)

FOR NO REASON

Now with things going green
again, still a surprise,
~~now that~~ ~~and under~~ the moon the wet
trees hang like chandeliers,
I remember ~~how good you are~~ ~~at what you do,~~ how
now you manage to keep me
at this distance, and in touch.
I wanted to know what it was like
to be lit from without,
to seem to rise without roots,
turn over every day
in the way of the earth.
You don't even know your own

nor even what you keep
meaning to me. Things change,
seasonal, find upward directions
in their own hearts,
according to rules we remain
~~innocent of. outside of. all that~~
~~going that goes~~ from grey to green

as if for no reason,
despite ourselves,
then back again. Lit up
for their one shining
moment, like a ballerina.
We ask for more, or for reasons why.
I love you but you seem

to do this without question.
Hold me to you. Let me go.

oh fuck - I don't
feel that any change
I make is right. Nor
to leave it be.
It's shit.
I can't write.

OF THE HEART

There, we expect to meet
what is waited for around corners.
And what we leave behind
is still ahead, like the sailor's home
as he sails around the world.

The heart is a mirror, you said.
In it we know what can't be known
with any other part of the body.

I see the evergreens following you
up beyond the timberline.
Together you climb
on to where the horizon
blends with all the rest.

Down below, entire landscapes move
with the indifference of passersby.
Marsh becomes meadow, mountains bloom
into breeze. Those trees
run about the hills like antelope!

The sky is shining like silvered glass
and I see you there. Believe me.

(3) (next day)

FOR NO REASON

Now with things going green
again, and still a surprise,
now that under the moon the wet
trees hang like chandeliers,
I ~~want~~ to know what it is like
to be lit from without,
to seem to rise without roots,
to turn over every day
in the way of the earth.

You have managed to keep me
at this distance, and in touch.
You don't even know your own
nor even what you keep ~~other~~
meaning to me. Things change, ~~Things find~~
~~other things~~ find upward directions
in their own hearts,
according to rules we remain
outside of,

~~Why~~ going from grey to green
as if for no reason,
~~despite ourselves~~
and then back again. Lit up
for their one shining
moment, like a ballerina. And ~~we~~ ^I
ask for more, or for reasons why.
I love you but you seem

to do this without question.
Hold me to you. Let me go.

I've left my bitterness behind & now it's meaningless,
in truth. That's where it came from, the anger.

And it was better before you butchered it anyway.

THE ARCHER

~~On its way to galaxies~~
The swaying moon
frees itself scythelike
from the forest.

When I look to you, the ring
of other nights encircles me
as if from memory,
or by heart.

Like the moon,
you step into the darkness
whole.

I see you lift your bow, hear
delicate feathered arrows shift
in your quiver. This
shot sings with a linear
precision. The moon falls into me.

the world is a
repeating of
of

They're not using their
feelings, but their intellects!

unique & universal "I want to shout"



FOR NO REASON

imagine taking yr poems
to Africa & anywhere
and they relate? Or be
from another planet?

Ask Michael how
NKA anybody

you've kept

Now that things are going green
again, and still a surprise,
I remember how good you are
at what you do,
how you can keep me
at this distance
and in waiting.

no philos no politics
or "good" or "bad"
complaint

to rise from unseen roots

something
map

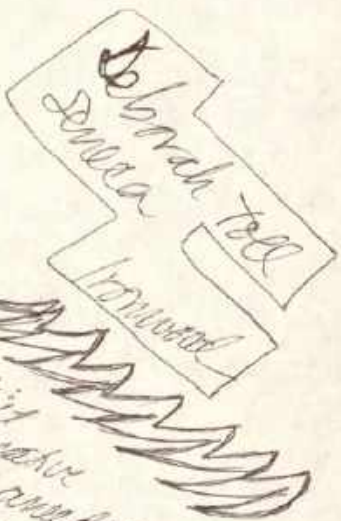
have you kept

they go

Under the moon the wet
trees hang like chandeliers
and I want too to be lit
from without, to feed on light
to seem to rise without roots.

You don't know your own
nor even what you mean
to me. Things seasonal,
finding upward directions
in their own hearts,
according to rules by which
we remain innocent.

today's fashion:
flat iron
yuppie
suburban life



Going from grey to green
despite ourselves
and back again, lit up
for their one shining
moment like a ballerina.
And we keep asking why.
Or will you do this for me
without me having to ask.
Hold me to you. Let me go.

Who cares about this?

turning over every day, like earth.

You ask me
like things seasonal
with be

Where is the tree + fruit.

ACCOUNTING FOR THINGS BEING AS THEY SEEM

Life is given
its order: Weather approaches
from a cloudless place
while the past lists
to the other side, more precise
than today.
These are the skies,
full of white paper and lace,
delicate kites of gods on skis.
Life comes down, with its strings,
when the currents of air
can't bear any more.
But the gods don't die,
they occupy themselves in another task:
White flowers bloom on what had seemed
barren trees and grass.
We mistake it for a warm spell
each unaccountable time
the cold stops. Naturally,
things only mean what they are
and not what they may call
to mind. Only--imagine:
What they are
is not your cause, but is
because of you.

~~NOT~~ NO REASON

Under the moon the wet
trees hang like chandeliers,
and I want too to be lit,
~~from without,~~ to feed on light,
to rise from unseen roots.
turning over every day, like earth.

You ask me will I be
like things seasonal,
finding upward directions
in the calling of their hearts,
~~according to the rules.~~

I watch ^{the trees} ~~them~~ go from grey to green
— despite the ~~old~~ ^{same} surprise —
and back again, lit up
for their one shining
moment, like ~~a~~ ballerinas.

No reason to keep asking why.
Or will you do this for me
without me having to ask.

CATENA

Everyone has seen how the dust falls,
hung, as if by chance,
in a rope of light.
It seems, sometimes, to be rising
back up to heaven.

And the refraction of light
seems a curve of joy whose rise
never equals its fall, a catenary
inadequate to complete
connection of earth to heaven.

Still, standing on the bridge,
it is enough to live
for the sight of late day's light
sinking into the river
and yet rising to our eyes.

Sunk deep within is the desire
to see our fallen neighbors hung
and let the popular channels televise
death by painless injection.
And this is not the end.

In inventing a god we created
shame, the fall, and the dream
of rising. From the heart
extends the evil of despair.

Yet the same source sustains
the instinct, the grace, the urge
to reach one's hands across, to place
them on the wound: Involuntary bridge.

ONCE

It's a very small thing, and then
again, it happens everywhere,
sometimes all at once.

Maybe you remember an open window
early one morning (or many), and snow
burning on your face, only
it never hurt,
the way it never hurts in dreams.

Then you hear a sound too loud
for words, but you know that there are words.
They fill with rain. They are bound for dust.
Their hope so unadorned; their cold, ~~outdoor~~
odor of trust. ~~Was it all for love?~~

You wanted to hold on *you thought that you'd - ?*
but ~~were~~ not sure of its shape.

And you wanted to be spared the harm
~~it couldn't escape.~~ *that it would suffer*

It's such a small thing, you hardly notice,
but once it happens, *no one notices*
it's too late.

*And even when you're afraid,
you arms are only arms*

confession: I don't even have a clue as to what I'm
talking about. It? They? Hm.

STILL LIFE

All that you have wanted comes to you
as apparitions, accusing
you of not wanting them enough,
knowing you knew how. They wander
wilsome as scales and arpeggios
unsucceeded by sonata. Love,

what is love but a concentration
and who knows better
all that is given to be loved? How can I
be telling you? You: teacher, elder,
my father. You could forget

yourself in return for all that's offered
for memory. So take care of that old man
you have not yet become:
He is the only child who will prove you.
Now, get up, don't grieve. After all,
it's still life. I tell you, the sheer

weightlessness of a tree's branch is in its reaching
for the distances, for all the world
like the curve of earth.
You can feel how the lune of its embrace
includes you, when you look out to sea
and know the horizon

is only a line the mind draws
for comfort.

ONCE

It's a very small thing, and then
again, it ^{happens} everywhere,
one ~~sometimes~~, all at once.

Maybe you ~~remember~~ remember an open window
early one morning (or many), and snow
burning on your face, only
it never hurt,
the way it never hurts in dreams.

Then you hear a sound too loud
for words, but you know that there are words.
They fill with rain. They are bound for dust.
Their hope so unadorned, their cold ~~and~~
sad odor of trust.

Is it all for love?
You want to ^{try to} hold on
but are not sure of its shape.
And even when you're afraid,
~~your~~ arms are ~~still~~ only arms.

It's such a small thing, you hardly notice,
but once it happens,
it's too late.

*This has become an
apocalypse piece -
makes
"snow"
"arms"
et al*

WINTER

At dawn the snow is falling
Out of its sky,
And yet that sky is all
That stays the same. So this
Is how to hide
Even while surrendering!

NOW AND THEN

Slowly, it is dusk,
Morning,
Spring.
Now you notice, now
(You) believe in what you see.

You always miss that moment
Of things becoming right; the shift's
No sharper than memory's.
Or maybe nothing
Stirs at all,

But the thing you want to fix
Moves through space--fast,
But still, like starlight.
Imagine that you could trap it
In a mirror balanced *between*

Between Now

And then. The mirror, for a moment,
Holds the two apart,
And holds ~~the~~ parts
together.

EVENING SKY

✓ Clouds find their places in her, momentary fences,
 Then move, mimicking earth's geography
 As if to foreshadow continents, incontinence.
 In, out, displace, connect. The valences
 At work in an evening of values
 Of dark and light.
 You call it arrogance, but the stars *(indent way in)*
 Tolerated daylight, and not the other
 Way around. *(not about it)* You ought to look away when the sky
 Turns her back like this,
 Pulling her dark shawl down
 In order to weep alone. // Patience: *(indent)*
 She's not free; though you think she is; her wing
 Is broken, or might as well be. She only hovers
 By default. This moment will be borne off, or fall.
 On your breezy hill, where with each gust
 Another leaf lets go
 ✓ Of all it ever knew, *(indent)* you stand, bowing
 Like a ship before waves. The sky moves,
 Losing her balance as if on purpose,
 And falls into your open hand, giving
 Only one glance over her shoulder.

I like the 3.
 Do something
 with it!

smoky the angels
 will do any?

like this
 ↓

*(like a ship before waves.
 the sky moves)*

- the stars
- you ought
- Patience
- On
- you stand
- losing

ACCOUNTING FOR THINGS BEING AS THEY SEEM

Life is given
its order: Weather approaches
from a cloudless place
while the past lists
to the other side, more precise
than today.
These are the skies,
full of white paper and lace,
delicate kites of gods on skis.
Life comes down, with its strings,
when the currents of air
can't bear any more.
But the gods don't die,
they occupy themselves in another task:
White flowers bloom on what had seemed
barren trees and grass.
We mistake it for a warm spell
each unaccountable time
the cold stops. Naturally,
things only mean what they are
and not what they may call
to mind. Only--imagine.
What they are
is not your cause, but is
because of you.

②

Rain too

EVENING SKY

Clouds find their places, momentary fences,
then move, mimicking geography —
~~a as if to foreshadow~~ earth's incontinence. *indent*

no space

In, out, displace, connect? ~~The~~ valences
at work in an evening of values,
of dark and light.

space?

The stars
tolerate daylight, and not the other
way around. *this doesn't go*

You ought to look away
when the sky turns back like this, *Wait, + Pray for rain.*
~~wanting to weep alone.~~ *Pray for rain.*

at least like the other

space

the sky's ~~she's~~ not free, *but* Have Patience:
~~she only hovers by default,~~
~~by default,~~ This moment will be borne off, or fall.

On your breezy hill, where with each gust
another leaf lets go
of all it ever knew,

you stand, bowing
like a ship before waves.
The sky moves,

losing
balance as if on purpose,
and falls into your open hand.

= no extra space

CATENA

Everyone has seen how the dust falls,
hung, as if by chance,
in a rope of light.
It seems, sometimes, to be rising
back up to heaven.

And the refraction of light
seems a curve of joy whose rise
never equals its fall, a catenary
inadequate to complete
connection of earth to heaven.

Still, standing on the bridge,
it is enough to live
for the sight of late day's light
sinking into the river
and yet rising to our eyes.

Sunk deep within is the desire
to see our fallen neighbors hung
and let the popular channels televise
death by painless injection.
And this is not the end.

In inventing a god we created
shame, the fall, and the dream
of rising. From the heart
extends the evil of despair.

Yet the same source sustains
the instinct, the grace, the urge
to reach one's hands across, to place
them on the wound: Involuntary bridge.

110 or 112
Dennett
on Pt.

3

EVENING SKY

Clouds

~~Clouds~~ find their places, momentary fences,
then move, mimicking geography--
a foreshadowing

of earth's incontinence.

In, out, displace, connect: valences
at work in an evening

~~of values of dark & light.~~ of values

~~of dark and light.~~

You ought to look away
when the sky turns back like this.
Wait, and pray for rain.

Have patience:

the sky's not free, but only hovers
by default. This moment will be borne off,
or fall.

On your breezy hill, where with each gust
another leaf lets go
of all it ever knew,

you stand, bowing

like a ship before waves.

The sky moves,

losing

balance as if on purpose,
and falls into your open hands

LANDSCAPE

Something not meant to fall
Over this earth
Will fall. Sudden veil
Of mourning silk,
Of sorrows and moot
Regret, swallowed by a black mouth
In black waters.

A stillness only known
To midocean
Taking its place on land.

Think of a room,
Now of a dream
In which you are walking
Elsewhere,
Unafraid.
Remember colors.

Forget the terror
White of the whale,
Religious white
Of snow, the annihilating
Nuclear white,
The innocent,
The blinding white in which all colors
Explode once, like a life
At the moment of death.

As a little girl I thought
I lived in someone
Else's dream.
Waking meant death,
Or change, or loss. Living
Was necessary,
Was the lullaby
Keeping me alive.

The landscape of the sleeping atom
Is in shades
Of shadow, textures
Of ash.
I am not alone here, crowded
Into this world I love,
Smaller
Than a self
Or than a universe
Contained.

①
NO LESS

It was twilight all day.
Sometimes the small things weigh us down,
small stones we simply can't help
palming and admiring.
Look at the tiny way
this lighter vein got inside.
Look at the heavy dome of its sky.
This is no immutable world.
We know less than its atoms *rushing through*
~~rushing through ordered space.~~
Light, light. Light as air, to them,
for all we know. Trust me on this one,
~~someone's~~ happiness is at stake.
Boulder, grain. Planet, dust:
What fills the stones
fills us. I remember,
or I have a feeling,
I could be living somewhere with you,
We'd be weighed down too *weighed down the way we aren't now.*
the way we aren't now.
Often the largest things,
those you'd think ~~to~~ *most heavy?* be heaviest,
are the very ones that float.

*heaviest -
sounds like
heavenless*

~~The~~ Gardening

How to grow Rich

it

This is the shape ~~the garden~~ takes.

~~I~~ Sculpt the earth by hand.

This is the given plan.

Sow, hoe,
weave

Here are ~~sown~~ the ^{hardest & smallest} tallest plants,

a seam of dried grasses between.

Lay the red beside the green,

the round beside the lean.

Arrange the textures of the leaves.

~~This shape~~ ^{let it} grows beyond imagination,

the way one continuous thread

becomes a cloth. Intention is lost

like a stitch. Then piece

the parts together:

What holds them is their own

shape that they make.

The glower bed, the wide row for the greens,

the border of

~~the vines of~~ peas and beans around the border, ^{in vines,}

the design that no one knows.

only

All I do is quilt the seeds into their narrow rows,

following the patterns at hand,

the old ones. I think of the darks and lights,

the daily path of the sun overhead ^{the line the sun makes daily overhead.}

then wait for

~~Then~~ something turning inside out,

turning into gold.

CC

(1)

Here where the snow came to light
to rest, we stand
listening for the peas now
pearling in their boats.
Here where the birds dove
and swam through ^{the} piled snow,
^{new} our seedlings are ~~growing~~ ^{growing} up through.
an ongoing future.

The most fragile line of green
heaves aside the rocks and earth.
Make way. Tiny veins are filling.
Tiny vines unfurl. Drops of water curl
into the pockets and contours of soil
braided and coiled by worms.
We stand here beside our garden.
How small we are, we whisper.
We grow smaller all year long.
What is beneath us
is never smaller than ourselves.
History; seedlings; even ~~the~~ heat
will rise. You and I are staying here, loving
to watch it happen.
We can wait.

We have the time.

What is planted well will come to light.

HOW TO GROW RICH

Sculpt the earth by hand.
Sow, here, the slow-bearing plants,
weaving between seams of wild grass.
Lay the red beside the green,
the round beside the lean.
Arrange the leaves by texture.
Allow for growth beyond imagining,
as one continuous thread
becomes a cloth. Let intention be lost
like another stitch. Then piece
the parts together;
what holds them is the shape they make.
~~they make the shape~~
The flower bed, the wide row for greens,
viney borders of peas and beans,
a design that is its own.
Only quilt the seeds into narrow rows;
follow the old patterns at hand.
Think of the darks and lights,
the line the sun makes daily passing through.
Then wait for something turning inside out,
turning into gold.

HOW TO GROW RICH

This is the shape it takes,

this is the given plan:

Sculpt the earth by hand.

Sow, here, the smallest plants,
woven between seams of wild grass.

Lay the red beside the green,
the round beside the lean.

Arrange the leaves for texture.

Let it grow beyond imagination,

as one continuous thread becomes a c

HOW MUCH

How much simpler to go down
just like history, according to how it
and reason inform you.
How much like everything
else. How much lighter, even, than fire
to be surrounded by air
until completed by earth.
A semblance of sorrow saved
in calling the center anything
that's not the edge.
How easy to turn away, remember it
as dream, or as
one more idea for a dream.

NO REASON

Under the moon the wet
trees hang like chandeliers,
and I want too to be lit,
to feed on light,
and to rise from unseen roots.

You ask me will I be
like things seasonal, *finching,*
in place, ~~finding~~ upward directions
in the calling of their hearts,
and turning over every day, like earth.

*finches
in place, the upward directions*

I watch the trees go grey to green,
~~and back again~~ the same surprise,
and back again, lit up
for their one shining
moment, like ballerinas.

No reason to ask again,
or will you do this for me
without me having to ask.

*or will I do this for you ?
w/o you having to ask ?*

Alice B.
Fogel

ROOTS

I remember, we breathed water:
Air came to us in disguise.
Then memory began attaching
its own vast reaches
to the not-yet human
imagination.
Some earthlike mass was where
we next went crawling,
dragging prehistory like seaweed
on useless gummy feet.
Now, we pretend to be complete.
The old rhythm nags at me,
wants to take me back
where things are never said
to solidify with time.
On the surface, even islands
may seem rooted,
though it be
to something unseen and oceanic.
All it is, is, they know
to stay aloof, aloft
in just one place,
treading water
somewhere down below.

work on this
piece of shit

but it doesn't flow

EVENING SKY

Clouds

find their places, momentary fences,
then move, mimicking geography,
a foreshadowing
of earth's incontinence.
In, out, displace, connect: Valences
at work in an evening
of values of dark and light.

You ought to look away
when the sky turns back like this.
Wait, and pray for rain.

Have patience:
The sky's not free, but only hovers
by default. This moment will be borne off,
or fall.

On your breezy hill, where with each gust
another leaf lets go
of all it ever knew,
you stand, bowing
like a ship before waves.
Then sky moves,
losing
balance as if on purpose,
and falls into your open hands.

this is too
coherent
compared to
the first half

"Villanelle" ought to have a
real title.

The Forgetter
The Forgetful

①

THERE'S SOMETHING LEFT OUT IN THE RAIN

When I sleep in strange houses, and it rains,
I rise up from my bed and stare,
bewildered, through the twilled windows.
Something's been left out in the rain,
I say, but I can't remember what it is.
I can't remember, but something in my memory
rusts or shines or sinks into the earth,
lost now, but still of great importance.
A doll, a shoe, a book or a tool,
a gift, once upon a time, borrowed
and forgotten. But more than this,
some ancestral awe of water. Floods.
Lost land. Precarious shelter. The rain,
spins off the leaves of trees, the bark, corners
of strangers' homes and barns.
Or slides down the rails and steps
of fire escapes, dark as spears.
The axe? The fenceposts? What?
What is it that worries me, half-recalled
from another life? Each time
the wet world evaporates in slow inaudible sighs,
I forget again to wonder ^{at the} ~~edge of~~ ^{eroding} ~~edge of~~ ^{edge of} ~~memory~~ ^{being} ~~about~~ ^{remembrance,}
the grasses drenched in risen drops,
the sparrows stretching dry their wings,
insects emerging from between cleaned stones,
~~memories drowned in~~ the ancient rains that made them?

long ago
something easily familiar
way so something familiar

something long ago familiar

I hope the end

because what are you trying to say, anyway?
It's primal? "The memory was born of rain" right
+ the rain drowns it out?"

②

But I don't know what it is at the eroding edge of mind
that sticks there like a summer-swollen door;
~~It doesn't close, but the rain stops, and I lay back down.~~
and While I sleep, the wet world evaporates in slow inaudible sighs.

THE WHITE AND FROZEN PLACE

So much snow falling becomes
One snowfall, one winter, lengthening

The shadows of things caught
In a day's last light.

Even the dead trees
By some trick of light
Seem to grow once more.

So much room

Between the four winds crossing one another
Like familiar enemies.

So much frost and forgetting
Where the heart is.

Under a halo of woodsmoke

Someone adds dry twigs to a fire
Designed to melt the dense season, inseparable
From the lost heart.

He knows about the breaking ice floes, the silence
Of new growing things,

And the sudden recognition
Of once forgotten footprints.

It is a long walk back
Over such deep snow, such a white and frozen place.

(2)

float
just doesn't work!
shit. or does it.
charlie? or someone

NO LESS

It was twilight all day.

Sometimes the smallest things weigh us down,
small stones that we can't help
admiring and palming.

Look at the tiny way
this lighter vein got inside.
Look at the heavy gray dome of its sky.

This is no immutable world.
We know less than its atoms, rushing through.

Light, light. Light as air, to them,
for all we know. Trust me on this one,
there is happiness at stake.

Boulder, grain. Planet, dust:
What fills the stones fills us.

I remember, or I have a feeling,
I could be living somewhere with you,
weighed down the way we aren't now.

weighted
Often the largest things,
those you'd think would be heaviest,
are the very ones that float.

there's nothing
to do with
stone or weight

mostly
not

I wish I could get a better
word for float. not rise

buoyancy -
levitation -
up or weigh down -

rise above

I don't mean
rise, because that
implies starting low.
float is better in that
way bc it always
is on top

lift
float
waft
for both air + water
on! guess float is
all right

ON SEEING THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

They defy the order of colors.
And the eyes,
made to calculate dreams,
try to translate these
to the body's doubtful parts.
Bless us, we are innocent, time
after time: In the eye
lies the blindness to believe,
to judge darkness and light,
to preach, convert, repent,
lend visions and borrow sight.
Something of us remembers
each single possible deceit,
as though all were one, one same
simple turn of events
endlessly repeated,
sometimes happily, sometimes
when least expected,
or maybe even by design.
But never mind. Outside
the Northern Lights explain:
We had nothing to do with this
but we are better off, having seen.

"1/11/1966"
ought to have a
real title.

HOW TO GROW RICH

This is the shape it takes,

Sculpt the earth by hand.

reverse → This is the given plan:

Sow, here, the smallest plants,

weave a seam of dried grasses between,

woven between seams of wild grass.

Lay the red beside the ^{yellow} green,

the round beside the lean.

Arrange for textures ^{the leaves} in the leaves.

Let it grow beyond imagination,

the way one continuous thread

becomes a cloth. Let intention be lost

like another stitch. Then piece

the parts together:

What holds them is their own

shape that they ^{will} make.

The flower bed, the wide row for the greens,

viney the border of peas and beans, in vines,

the a design that no one knows.

Only quilt the seeds into *their* narrow rows,

following the old patterns at hand.

Think of the darks and lights,

the line the sun makes daily overhead.

Then wait for something turning inside out,

turning into gold.

*this is to
carry for life.*

SLEEPWALKING

Let him walk.

Even though he doesn't know it,
it's the one thing he does with ease.

~~This is what I tell myself, but,~~ So I keep myself
~~So I keep from calling out his name.~~

He never sees me move beside him
in the grass, nor feels me ~~passing~~
passing on the stairs,

but I, like the true
sleepwalker, follow
after him, out of doors,
over the rails, into the danger
zones. Night after night,
he goes looking, and I watch,
in order to be the one
who will remember.

~~Evenings,~~ Mornings, He never knows why,
like the dancing princess who every night
wore out her newest shoes,
for him the mornings have no rest.

If only he could see himself in my eyes.

His own eyes so intent,
his steps all so assured.

This is his other life, the one I know,
for acting on faith,

the one he's never dreamed of,
in which he dares the distances ~~darkness~~
and defies all heights.

I hold my breath

while he ~~and let him walk~~ the precipice
with the acuity of the blessed.

They say if you wake the sleepwalker,
he ~~will~~ fall; ~~but~~ sleeping,

he'll forget he ever climbed.

But I will not forget. I have seen it all.

he forgets he ever climbed.

I just got this terrible feeling that Mekeel wrote a poem
about a sleepwalker too.

No maybe not - maybe just the tone of Juggles + others

①

THE DEAD MAN

I think it's not unusual
to hope that you'll stand out
simply for who you are, and not,
say, for having worn your bedroom slippers to the game.

Maybe sometimes, in the crowd,
you paused for a moment,
weighing a sense of belonging
against the evidence of departure.

Then the home team won,
and everyone else went home.

Later when they found you in the bleachers,
you seemed ~~still to be thinking~~, *to be deep in thought, still*
caught in the difficulty
of the question.

THE DEAD MAN

I think it's not unusual to hope
that you'll stand out simply
for who you are, and not, say, for having
worn your bedroom slippers to the game.
Maybe sometimes, in the crowd,
you paused for a moment,
weighing a sense of belonging
against the evidence of being alone.
The home team won, and everyone else went home.
Later when they found you in the bleachers,
you seemed to be deep in thought, still
caught in the difficulty of the question.

THE LAST WORD

It was so near the end, the end
slept between us like a death.
How I wanted a sign, some sign,
to say where I belonged. I dreamt
the old dreams of naming
but without the old feeling of home.
There was the night
that you said nothing,
another when you cried.
Each one was an ending
that came and went like a tide.
There was the night I awoke so fully
into the echo of my name--
the word I'd heard still peeling
ripples of sleep from the air.
I peered through the dark at your body,
still as the past. If it was you
who called out my name then--even you
will never know.

(2)

The Forgetful Forgetter?

THERE'S SOMETHING LEFT OUT IN THE RAIN

When I sleep in strange houses, and it rains,
I rise up from my bed and stare,
bewildered, through the twilled windows.
There's something left out in the rain,
I say, but I can't remember what it is.
I can't remember, but something in my memory
rusts or shines or sinks into the earth,
lost now, but still of great importance.
A doll, a shoe, a book or a tool,
a gift, once upon a time, borrowed
and forgotten. But more than this,
some ancestral awe of water. Floods.
Lost land. Precarious shelter. The rain
spins off the leaves of trees, the bark,
corners of strangers' homes and barns.
Or slides down the rails and steps
of fire escapes, dark as spears.
The axe? The fenceposts? What?
What is it that worries me, half-recalled
from another life? Something long ago familiar
about the grasses drenched in risen drops,
the sparrows stretching dry their wings,
insects emerging from between cleaned stones,
the ancient rains that made them. Each time
the wet world evaporates in slow inaudible sighs,
I will forget again to wonder
at the eroding edge of remembrance.

*but I still
have the end*

But I don't know what it is at the eroding edged mind
that sticks ~~in there~~ ^{like a swollen door} ~~like a swollen door~~
It doesn't close, ~~but~~ ^{with the rain stops, &} I lay back down.
The wet world ~~that~~ evaporates in slow inaudible sighs.
I will wake up in the morning forgetting again to wonder
at the eroding edge of remembrance.

see #1 bottom

BACK HOME

Night is the shadow
of the world; the sky
it falls through, blue,
dark, and wide; What casts
shadow colors that shadow
after itself. That day
I only noticed how the light
encircled the sidewalk below.
And the way the tree by the window
was suddenly green, and how
the robins sang there that morning
so furiously full of joy
that I could hardly hear his voice
breaking, on the phone.
The white dogwoods sending scent,
the garden patch begging
for seed, the magnolias so heavy
with spring. The day my sweet
mother tried to die.
It was April, too much blooming
to bear, too many insufferable seasons,
birthdays, and more work yet to do.
Another day to rise to,
another day of lies.
Last spring I saw her hold up the dark
soil in her two hands like a mother,
and when she said how beautiful,
his indifference fell on her like pain.
It was the same as hers for him.
My father knows as well as I
the way time does its work,
what is material, and what passes
for the living, for the left.
That a simple word or deed
can irrevocably effect, that errors
and sorrows choke like weeds.
What follows is what we're left with now,
knowing more of loss, and feeling how
much more of life's to live.
There are those we love but are unable
to see or hold. It's not we
that keep them alive, and thank God,
for we are imperfect, and we forget.
And yet it's in us to give more.
Each tone, each touch, leaves
its imprint, like the children's muddy shoes
on the carpet, or a body so many years
upon the marriage bed.
This was one more sad deep sleep,
but meant to last; his waking her
one more saddened cry of love,
but one new moment of saving grace.
That threshold between the rooms
of living and death is the greatest of all
fine lines. He lifted her in his arms
and carried her back home.

(3)

THERE'S SOMETHING LEFT OUT IN THE RAIN

When I sleep in strange houses, and it rains,
I rise up from my bed and stare,
bewildered, through the ^{out}twilled windows.
There's something left out in the rain,
I say, but I can't remember what it is.
I can't remember, but something in my memory
rusts or shines or sinks into the earth,
lost now, but still of great importance.
→ A doll, a shoe, a book or a tool,
a gift, once upon a time, borrowed
and forgotten. But more than this, *beyond this*
some ancestral awe of water. Floods.
Lost land. Precarious shelter. The rain
spins off the leaves of trees, the bark,
corners of strangers' homes and barns.
Or slides down the rails and steps
of fire escapes, dark as spears.
The axe? The fenceposts? What?
What is it that worries me, half-recalled
from another life? Something long ago familiar
about the grasses drenched in risen drops,
the sparrows stretching dry their wings,
insects emerging from between cleaned stones,
the ancient rains that made them.
I don't know what it is at the eroding edge of mind
that sticks there like a summer-swollen door;
but the rain stops, and while I sleep,
the wet world evaporates in slow inaudible sighs.

What person would this be speaking?

talk about obsession —

HOW TO GROW RICH

This is the shape it takes,

this is the given plan:

Sculpt the earth by hand.

Sow, here, the ^{smallest} plants,
woven between seams of wild grass.

Lay the red beside the green,

the round beside the lean.

Arrange the leaves ^{by} texture.

Let ^{it} grow beyond imagination,
as one continuous thread

becomes a cloth. Let intention be lost

like another stitch. Then piece

the parts together:

What holds them is their own

shape that they will make.

The flower bed, the wide row for greens,

viney borders of peas and beans,

ick → a design that no one knows.

Only quilt the seeds in narrow rows,

following the old patterns at hand.

Think of the darks and lights,

the line the sun makes daily passing through.

Then wait for something turning inside out,

turning into gold.

21

24

Oh dear —
Am I hopelessly corny?

What was that about the skinned dog?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Accounting For Things Being As They Seem, and
Rising--Connecticut River Review
Landscape--Poetry East
San Juan Island--PCCPoetry Anthology

BELLS WITHOUT A CHURCH

The angels are out on Wednesday Hill.
There are thougands
and thousands of Queen Anne's lace
singing with a sound like rain, like yes.
They're rising tall above the field,
nodding, large, then small,
finally a mist in the distance.
This is their meadow, their church,
as you are mine, the element
I become, unlaced, your hands
the hands of the sky, *those ladies*
And I, blithely in the air without wings,
ringing without bells, sailing on high
without seas. For a spell,
the line between this feat and me
flies bright, invisible as pollen:
A life all its own.

The ~~Modern~~ Spectacle of Death

HELPLESS
NO HELP

Helpless

oh dear

~~ON THE IDEA OF KILLING ON T.V.~~

It must be the imagination
is no longer good enough.
We're lazy, we want the facts.
I wish the world were all painters;
~~How differently might we see.~~ ^{Yes, No,}
~~to look is not always to see,~~
but how clear must the mind's eye be
to witness death without help?

I thought I saw, once, on the bridge,
a human body looking down.
I didn't have to ~~stay~~ ^{know} to watch
the way that it might fall.
I've seen how the dust falls, ^{ripe}
caught, as if by chance, in a ribbon of light;
it seems, sometimes, to be floating
back up to heaven.

T.V. ^{gives us the spectacle of death} shows us ~~our~~ ^{modern} modern deaths, ^{this way we like it:}
~~second-hand.~~ ^{second-hand} We are spectators;
~~life—the new technology—antiseptic.~~
Our hands are clean.
We'd call it barbaric, ^{how} the way our ancestors
crowded the marketplace
to watch their neighbors hanged,
to gloat over the current fashion of justice
and their own righteous ways.

And now ^{the} this news, this talk
of televising capital punishment--
the electric chair--
on prime time? Or late night?
What will the ratings be? ^{Which channels}
~~will get to have it?~~ And the ads ^{for}?
No one will imagine
the odor of death, or be reminded
of one's own guilt.

This was the condemned
man's idea, and I am with him
if it was the ~~absurd cruelty and~~ god-playing
of our human souls he had in mind.
I am ashamed to be of this race
that so loves its own death. ^{that loves its own death so.}
--"Love;" I mean, in the ~~way~~ ^{meaning} sense
of "Shell Oil loves you."

cont./

The Count

I love how the doors open
soundlessly, like supermarkets;
only foggier. I like how we agree
to keep the cobwebs:
they soften the ~~difficult~~ ^{little} corners.
I like how certain times you disappear,
remain dignified, & are easily appeased
when threatened. The cross
between ^{the} red light of evening
and the candlelit dawn
is a familiar topic. You leave me days
to correspond with night.
How erotic is your sharp embrace,
how soft your ^{warm} famous cape.
~~in which you comfort me.~~

Almost polite, we hand the dagger
back & forth between us, trust the play
of a retractable cleaver; and even though
you brought me to this
for your ^{dark} purposes, ~~how long~~
~~you save me from myself.~~

is the ~~love~~ ^{how light} with which you save
~~you save me from my own.~~

WINTER

At night I envy the lamp posts, each
Embraced by its own perfect
Circle of lit mist, confident
Of warmth somewhere within.

At dawn snow is falling?
Out of its sky, yet the sky is all
That stays the same. So this
Is how things hide
Even while surrendering.

OK →

to

~~this is how it hides~~

THE COUNT

I love how the doors open
soundlessly, like supermarkets',
only foggier. I like how we agree
to keep the cobwebs:
they soften the coffin-like corners.
I like how certain times you disappear,
remain dignified, and are easily appeased
when threatened. The cross
between the red light of evening
and the candlelit dawn
is a familiar topic. You leave me days
to correspond with night.
How erotic is your sharp embrace,
how deep and soft your famous black cape.
Almost polite, we hand the dagger
back and forth between us, trust the play
of retractable deaths; and even though
you say you brought me to this
for your own dark purpose, how light
is the loving with which you save
me from my own.

you could feel the weight of the sky
as the perfect weight of a lover's body



You could feel nothing but the touch of sky
~~and~~ weightless as the body of a lover
and ask for nothing more
~~than to stand for~~

There ~~was~~ is the place for eyes
once ~~lashed~~ with jewels
rich enough to feed the hungry
one crust of bread a piece
Then you could give your blood, your skin,
never enough. You don't need your ears
to hear the continuous weeping
your eyes to see the abyss of loneliness
needing nurture. Your body to feel
the yearning of even one soul.
You could go on like that, giving,
but not forever, for soon
the gold that once seemed as endless
as everything else

is stripped from the surface
+ even the bronze beneath is chipped away,
given out, and still the bottom
of emptiness is barely covered.
The virtue of giving lost in the vastness
of need. And then the small sound
of certain words
spoken from the impossibility of silence
in the human heart is blocked
by some cloud, diminishes like smoke
from the last of the ~~body~~ in burning.
You could send ~~the~~ ^{your} ~~messengers~~ ^{messengers} rising like the wings
of birds in flight to carry the names
of each idea or fact with the ~~hope~~ ^{hope} of giving
a new meaning just this time
you could call out to God
the one name of your love
each night + feel it wait to be fulfilled
you could wake + see your world
breathing beside you, innocent
of all echo, you could offer your heart
diamond-bright and shining
in the dust.

THE HAPPY PRINCE

3

You could feel the touch of sky
~~weightless~~ as a lover, and ask
 and ask for nothing more.

There is ~~the~~ place for eyes
 once alive with jewels
 rich enough to feed the hungry
 one crust of bread. ~~spice~~

Then give your blood, your skin,
 never enough. You don't need your ears

for the uninterrupted weeping,
 nor eyes to witness the lonely;
 it isn't the body that feels
 the yearning of a soul.

You could go on and on, giving yourself away,
 but not forever, for soon ~~the gold~~
 the gold that once seemed as endless
 as everything else

is stripped from the surface;
 and even the bronze beneath
 is given out; and still the bottom
 of emptiness is bare,

the virtue of giving lost
 in the infinitude of need. ~~despair~~

Then the small sound of certain words spoken
 from the impossibility of silence
 in any human heart, diminishes like smoke
 from the last of the body burning.

You could send up your own ashes rising
 like the wings of birds in flight,
 asking that they carry ~~deliver~~ ? convey bear

the message with its hope
 of owning enough meaning, just this once.

You could call out to a god
 the one name of your love : and then wait ?

and feel it wait to be fulfilled. ~~colored~~

You could wake at last and sense your world
 breathing beside you, innocent
 of all echo, you could offer it your heart,
 diamond-bright and shining
 in the dust.

take with ~~enough~~ enough
 to feed the hungry, each one crust of bread.

~~You need no ears~~ ✓
 unceasing weeping
 ceaseless

rich
 each

MA

2

unattained

the whole line sucks, bear

a name fulfilled?

And Home
 Happy Prince
 about 100
 for 100

pennet

the heart's endure

ARRANGED IN HEAVEN

So
You think you're familiar
with the worst *with what hearts endure:*
the heart must endure. *Not only the passions*
Not so much the passions *but the q's that arise.*
as the questions that arise:
This doubt ~~that~~ signifies
a lack of faith *only human*
only human.

the Seasons don't wait
for each other.
Their's is the entire
patient earth which never
considers turning
any other way.

*The Seasons trust each other,
and wait.
yes they do overlapping*

Living, it's not impossible
to dream as well.
Your eyes are cast,
not at any particular
distance, but as if
to ask for the divine
permission to own
everything before having
to let it go.

Yet you know this: The trees
have offered all their leaves,
bargaining for longevity.
They stand
for the memorized
turn of the spheres:
A birthright, a wedding
arranged in heaven
before germination.

Everything has its place,
and takes it
in this prehistoric
choreography.
Such moment!
Nothing hesitates
to move aside--
and gracefully--
when its time arrives.

Afternoon sleepless in Bed

The moth is a window
of patience. Its meditation
is better than sleep.

I stop turning and study the three.

Two are arranged like spears,
safe in their compression,
like cracks in the glass,

~~the~~ flicks of a gnat passing

The post-card clouds claiming art deco
+ framed by the faded curtains.

Even in the heavy afternoon

The grass stirs, the trees are alert,
beyond the inert, dark, sloof dash
of these —. But the third

form: its inkblot symmetry, ~~that~~ → wings, ^{skewways} widely awash with altered light

~~it is~~ a studied stillness, ~~that~~ a
glasslike, that of white hours.

It is the flutist's held breath,

the suspension of oceans, a waiting
that loves itself, unconditionally.

You! Still there! Watermark
floating on the waning day!

Stain that takes your contours,
a shape, transparency, to heart!

This feat of affection: that one
could cradle into glass

as I do in my counterpane.

AFTERNOON SLEEPLESS IN BED

-1st Wed. Hill Poem.

at rest?

- bec. a moth can be
"reckless + stupid" too

The moth is a window
of patience. Its meditation
is better than sleep.

Here, ~~I stop turning, to watch the three.~~

Two are arranged like spears,
safe in their compression,
like cracks in the glass,
or flecks of a gnat passing
the post-card clouds claiming artlessness
and framed by the faded curtains.
Even in the heavy afternoon
the grass stirs, the trees are alert,
beyond the inert, dark, aloof dash
of these. But the third
forms its inkblot symmetry,
wings, sideways, widely awash
with filtered light.

This is a studied stillness,
that of whole hours, glasslike.
This is the flutist's held breath,
the suspension of dreams, a waiting
that especially loves itself.
You! Still there! Watermark
floating on the waning day!
Stain that takes your contours
and shapes, transparently, to heart!
This feat of affection: that one
could cuddle into glass
as I do in my counterpane!

At rest, the moth is a window

But we are also ^{those} ~~the same~~
And I am part of the same people
who bear up our dignity every day
in the face of the falling and the fallen,
for centuries, and dream
of waking up without the shame or fear,
when the sight of the late afternoon ~~light~~
^{light} on the river won't shatter
into tears in the beholding eyes.

Oh I don't want to talk about it.
It just goes on and on.
? I know in my heart, it's my own despair
that I fear most, and is most evil.
But ~~love~~ ^{the} instinct at that same source
is like the urge, the need, to place one's hands
on the wound: Involuntary.
And it can't be helped.

SALT

The happiness of the farsighted
imagination, credulous
at prehistoric glacial flow,
time-tumbled artifacts of the sea on its way
to settle down: All this
explained the spring-found shells
in the inland woods & hills.

I was the young archaeologist
of what ~~worked that~~ ^{came} loose and rose
to the surface. moving myself
west, south, east, and north, I invented
the carriage in which things rode
to get from one place to another.

~~On the coast I learned the lesson of the shell.~~
Here on the coast the ocean colors salt
in coral mountains, cloudy-day mountains,
gold, white, fog and rain-toned tonnage,
salt dunes on the bank, salt
come to corrode our cars & kill the trees. All this
for one swift, illusive purpose, delight
of erasing ice & sending snow on to meet

That water that will not freeze.
Day to day I pass to see the salt shifting shape like sand
on the earth outside of town & maybe it was this
or the better predilection for the bear at hand
that let me learn the lesson of the shell;
this one the one / I found, perfect, leaflike, on the sidewalk
in town, & finding saw

the real wonder of it, its accidental journey -
hitchhiker, fugitive, stowaway, unsung guide -
I got the sole survivor of the winter's whitest nights...

^{all of the}
Salt of the streets.

BACK HOME

Night is the shadow of the sun, and it is blue like the April sky it falls through, around the dark side of the earth. I know about it, and how ~~other~~ things cast their color in their shadows, too. I even wrote it down.

that day, when I saw the violet sphere encircling the sidewalk ~~below~~ below.

And the way the tree by the window was suddenly green, and how the robins sang there that morning so furiously full of joy that I could hardly hear his voice breaking, on the phone.

The white dogwoods sending scent, the garden patch begging for seed, the magnolias so heavy with spring. The day my sweet mother tried to die.

It was April, too much blooming to bear, too many insufferable seasons, birthdays, and more work yet to be done. Another day to rise to, another day of lying.

Last spring I saw her hold up the dark soil in her two hands like a mother, and when she said how beautiful his indifference fell on her like pain. It was the same as hers for him.

My father knows as well as I the way time does its work, what is material, and what passes for the living, for the left. That a simple word or deed can irrevocably effect, that errors and sorrows choke like weeds.

What follows is what we're left with now, knowing more of loss, and feeling how much more of life's to live.

There are those we love but are unable to see or hold. It's not we that keep them alive, and thank God, for we are imperfect, and we forget. And yet it's in us to do more.

Each tone, each touch, leaves its imprint, like the children's muddy shoes on the carpet, or a body so many years upon the marriage bed.

This was one more sad deep sleep, but meant to last; his waking her one more saddened cry of love, but one new moment of saving grace.

That threshold between the rooms of living and death is the greatest of all fine lines. He lifted her in his arms and carried her back home.

things color (verb)

it's true that all other shadows are colored by what casts them
or
that it's true:

what casts a shadow colors it like itself
after

Remember to forget

That day I saw that it's true: what casts shadow colors it after itself.
its shadow after itself.
Or, I know it now, in hindsight.

Night is the shadow of the sun, & it falls blue through the sky, around the dark side of the earth. That day it's true that all shadows

that day I saw that it's true: what casts shadow colors that shadow after itself.
At least, I know this now.

what casts shadow colors that shadow after itself.

I envy him that moment + yet the sorrow is uncured

That day I noticed the violet sphere

That day I saw

crimson?

SALT

The happiness of the farsighted
imagination, credulous
at prehistoric glacial flow,
time-tumbled artifacts of the sea / on its way
to settle down: All this
explained the shells found most springs
in the inland woods and hills.
I was the young archaeologist,
of what came loose and rose
to the surface. Moving myself, I invented
the carriage in which things rode
getting from here to there.

(verb) → On the coast the ocean colors salt
in coral mountains, cloud-day mountains,
gold, white, fog- and rain-toned tonnage,
salt dunes on the bank, ~~salt~~
~~come~~ to corrode our cars and kill the trees. All this
for one swift, illusive cause: the sleight
of erasing ice and sending snow to meet
that water that will not freeze. Day to day I pass
to see the salt shift shape like sand
on the ~~earth~~ outside of town, and maybe it was this
or a new predilection for the near at hand
that let me learn the lesson of the shell:

this one, the one
I found in Portsmouth, perfect, leaflike + solid
on the sidewalk (in town), and finding ~~saw~~ → finally
the real wonder of it, its accidental journey--
hitch-hiker, ~~fugitive~~, stowaway, unsung squire-- All this
and yet the sole survivor of the winter's whiter knights.
(Shell of the salt of the streets.)

Just about the shells + the salt —
but also about how we tend to look for
highblown amazingly romantic explanations for
both normal + unusual things, when
the real reasons are even more wonderful
+ more mundane.

the near vs. the far

penultimate

BLUE

Blue is given to nothing
to save it from being invisible
like the sorrow that lives in the wind.
What is the indiscernible
lovely line
between air and sky, but more air.
Real, but as if imaginary,
that moment of blue is the awe-
saturated air, sometimes called heaven;
the vanishing point forever
fading to blue
so as not to seem too sudden.
The unseen and the brilliant there
are one.
Where the future passes on
and spring overtakes the snow,
is all that's known
of the beginnings and the end
and the true location of that hue.
There is no one single glimpse
of loving grace to learn
why, or where, the sky is blue, beyond
the shadow of a doubt.
God lives in that place, laughing.

As - rhythm is perfect
in original lines

position
place

* On the shadow of an area
between this air & the sun.

David, heaven is too much
like a glass dome.
you call it home, an unfair
equation, sorry syllogism
of spheres not permitted
to intersect. Outside and in:
yours is the prison that says freedom,
where outside equals death
in which freedom has no name.
Life at all costs, life above
all else, and life
more than anything on earth:
like a ^{other} child's lightning bug, for a time
you breathe in the overturned
jar. ~~Take comfort in knowing nothing~~
~~ever stays the same. Take comfort.~~

The touching of hands, or a mother's
army embrace, are these
the stuff of love? Does it come down
to only this?

~~There's~~ Nothing to fear: that silence
behind the falling
of water behind you

is only the wind
curling over + over itself. That's how it happens out here.
Don't listen.

The living air has a sense
all its own.

Is it unbearable ^{inside?} But
as much as those who travel
~~and~~ freely, ^{what the head is} from where you lay
on your last white bed

in open rooms, you spoke
as if to save ^{the ones} you were leaving
from the ^{illness} of your being gone.

~~the~~ You might as well be standing before
a blindfolded firing squad,
the bullets' chances of finding you
as slim or great as God's fawns
queued up beyond your round walls, waiting

HOW MUCH

How much simpler to go down
just like history, according to how it
and reason inform you.
How much like everything
else. How much lighter, even, than fire
surrounded by air
until completed by earth.
A semblance of sorrow saved
in calling the center anything
that's not the edge.
How easy to turn back
and remember it
as dream, or as
one more idea for a dream.

Ice Island.

①

~~with what is imperceptible~~
as the motion of glaciers,
the growth of southern trees,
so melts ~~the~~ island
made of ice.

losing itself toward an ocean.

~~For once fixed there,~~
~~place where you once lived,~~
still free, at the north pole,
which lets in ~~the most~~ light.

~~where~~ The wind was most,
having no object
of affection or aggression.
~~where~~ It was like being on land,
but not like land.

~~where~~ you floated, a world without
an outside world.

~~where~~ you wandered, and
conceived of yourself
and a ~~possible~~ future. ~~you never could pass~~

Maybe it ~~might have~~ tried to follow you
~~you~~ downstream when you left. It
diminished. Motion of the dim
elements, and radiance,
wore it down. You forgot
it in terms of the tangible.

Now ~~finds~~ Ice Island,

~~all those years lost,~~

~~and a half year lost~~
(though you ~~were~~ unaware,
and ~~didn't~~ know it)

has been found well
on its way to the Atlantic,
a glacier dying

for the future, an ice shadow
of its former self. Hard water
whose friction bears it
out to sea on what it leaves.

~~unintended~~
It is to say —

I meant to always love you
but I just ~~can't~~ stay —

~~each~~ ~~day~~ will tear
itself away, wanting
to return to itself
any way it can, even by departure.

~~trying to surrender its form~~
to live forever in another

wherever you are, from under the sodden earth
up into the down of rain.

fleeing

breaking away

seceding

taking leave

departing? casting off

releasing hold

[letting go, moving on]

(2)

cricket scratch + cheer

THE PARTICULARS

(large/small)

It is that particular moment
when invisible spiders make suppers
on woven plates, moths wake,
and clouds celebrate as they go.

Two small birds almost touch,
and so much space surrounding!

See how they wave their tailfeathers <sup>their tailfeathers wave, swinging
in time, up + dn, in concert</sup>
up and down, in concert
like violin bows, to balance on the bough.
They must be happy, swinging high in time.

Look how the weeds and tiny trees love to rise
to an occasion, glad to adorn
an abandoned tractor plow
rusting at the edge of the field.

In the low
mown
grass

Living things, everywhere! Even the day ^{today?}
after mowing, two-inch stems spawn
yellow or purple flowers, and fur grows
in secret on their leaves.
The particles we breathe are singing
as they pass in and out.

everywhere / things made way

Life, then, and all its details
rises with the moon, and, yet again, ^{new,}
tomorrow with the sun.
In the low grass

In the low light

my thinking ^{thoughts} moves in little ways,
here to there, and, then, surprisingly
it comes back to me, ^{it comes}
on the most slender crowns
of the last and longest shadows
of the pines most tall, and farthest west.

or does that
sound self-organizing?

+ then they return

For you, I will live in black and white
in stills or slow motion.

Something always about to happen
but age happens instead.

The rhetoric of intention.
Not even that.

I'll be all in white, a widow
at odds, yes, a drift.

How would you know, you, colorblind
you, slowly bidding.

Mostly I choose
as if you could

Sometimes it hurts/leaving as you stay

Sometimes it hurts/even as you say

has greatly underheated



The Happy Prince

You could feel the touch of sky
weightless as the body of a lover
and ask for nothing more.
There is the place for eyes
once alive with jewels
rich enough to feed the hungry
one crust of bread apiece.

Then you could give your blood, your skin,
never enough. You don't need ears
to hear the uninterrupted weeping,
your eyes to see the abyss of loneliness,
needing nurture, your body to feel
the yearning of even one soul.
You could go on like that, giving yourself away
but not forever, for soon
the gold that once seemed endless
as everything else

is stripped from the surface,
and even the bronze beneath is chipped away,
given out, and still the bottom
of emptiness is barely covered, is bare,
the virtue of giving lost in the vastness
of need. And then you could try
the small sound of certain words
spoken from the impossibility of silence
in the human heart, and it diminishes like smoke
from the last of the body burning.

You could send out the message in your ashes,
rising like the wings of birds in flight,
to carry the names of the message / with its hope of a meaning
of each idea or fact with the hope of owning
a new meaning just this once.

You could call out to god
the one name of your love
each night and feel it wait to be fulfilled.
You could wake at last and see your world
breathing beside you, innocent
of all echo, you could offer up your heart,
diamond-bright and shining
in the dust.

broken under the dust
unnoticed in the dust

eyes alone can't know loneliness
the body is not what feels
the yearning of a soul
It's not the body that feels

infinite (4 syllables)
stress on antepenult

it wait to be fulfilled.
stop already

you could send up your own ashes rising
like the wings of birds in flight,
asking that they carry
the message with its hope
of a meaning enough meaning, just this once.

The Particulars (the 1st in a series
for the little guys)


small

It is that particular moment
when invisible spiders make suppers
on woven plates, moths wake,
and clouds celebrate as they go.

(disappearing)?

Two ^{small} ~~brown~~ birds almost touch,
and so much space surrounding!
See how they wave their tailfeathers
up and down, ~~exactly~~ in concert
like violin bows, to balance on the bough.
They must be happy, swinging high in time.

? (Look) how the weeds and tiny trees love to rise
to an occasion, glad to adorn
abandoned tractors and plows →

rusting  the edge of the field.

~~a rusted abandoned plow~~

Living things, everywhere! Even the day
after mowing, two-inch stems spawn
yellow or purple flowers, and fur grows
in secret on their leaves. / The particles,
we breathe are singing
as they pass in and out.

Life, then, and all its details
rises with the moon, and ^{yet} again,
tomorrow with the sun. ^{in the stars,}

My thinking too moves in little ways,
here to there, and then comes back to me
on the most slender crowns
of the longest last shadows →
of the tallest pines, farthest west.

+ then surprisingly,
it comes back to me

(last + longest)?

of the pines most tall, & farthest west

✓ change last 2 lines
change the child line

THE GARDENER: A LOVE POEM.
(Painting by M. Le Nain, c. 1655)

In standing just beyond her skirts,
in leaning in, and
in that shy lift
of your little finger on the handle
of the hoe--in these we know you.

And she must look up soon,
accept this rose you give her.

You leave your eyes on the sure
distance between your finger and the tip
of hers which touches

One petal ^{as if}
as if testing it for texture.

One small child is a prism
beneath your splendid hands, suspended
like other buds
in all the dark surrounding.

The fall of cloth, the long
pause of women and girls, all
tilt us toward your sweet intent.

Your red coat's sleeve is torn.

She will never mend it, nor mention
what you did today. You will tend
to your garden, she to the table
where she'll slice the whitest parsnips.

One child peers up from under
splendid hands, suspended
like other buds
that!

up from under
splendid hands, suspended
like other buds

does this work
into the picture?
Softwatching women?

colours
26

* to

* Here changes
for worksheet

she to the table, where
she'll slice the whitest parsnips.

table, where
to slice-

Tonight the air is heavy.
It holds its own light, visible
as stars in the slender branches of trees.
The sad grass thickens with it
one last time, welcoming water in any form.
The air believes it can absorb gravity
and hover, never leaving. As if breathing
the scent of fog on the fields
could let all growing things forget
the odor of their own decay.
Still it doesn't rain; the air
is like a promontory, is like a body
folded in upon itself, afraid.
It's like a promise waiting for fulfillment.
The air, lost in its intent, holds still, full
of what it will not give. Morning
will burn it off. Winter will set in.

How it Ends

Tonight the air is heavy, unaware
of its own light, visible as stars
in the slender branches of trees.
The sad grass thickens with it
one last time, welcoming water.
The air believes ^{anyway, never} it can absorb gravity,
and hover, never leaving. As if breathing
the scent of fog on the fields
could let all growing things forget
the odor of their own decay.
Still it doesn't rain; the air
is like a promontory, is like a body
folded in upon itself, afraid.
A promise waiting for fulfillment.
The air, lost in its intent, holds still,
full of what it will not give.
Morning will burn it off.
Winter will set in.

It's as if →
← how it all ends:

3

THE GARDENER: A LOVE POEM
(Painting by M. Le Nain, c. 1655)

In standing just beyond her skirts,
in leaning in, and especially
in that shy lift
of your little finger on the handle
of the hoe. In these we know you.

And She must look up soon,
accept this little rose you give her.

You keep your eyes on the ^{sure} measurable
distance between your finger and the tip
of hers which touches
one petal
as if testing it for texture.

One small child is a prism
beneath your splendid hands, suspended
like other buds
in all the dark surrounding.

The fall of cloth, the long
pause of women and girls, all
tilt us toward your sweet intent.

Your red coat's sleeve is torn.

She will never mend it, nor speak
of what you did today. You go back
to your garden, she to the table
where she ^{slices} the whitest parsnips.



23 Oct
37 Yrs. old!
David Savage

DT Janice
Med. Sch.

Anemia in
alcoholics

POEM FOR HEIDI'S FANTASY IN HER OWN STYLE:

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT (An Accident) (for Heidi)

I'm at the wheel
high noon
summer and a man
on a black bicycle
spins into the road
bright
umbrella in full bloom

A knight a-sail
in shining chrome
and nylon
smiling

My tires turn
to follow him
and ice cream slides
down chin and arm

I'm in the wake
of black and knight
full-scale color
and dust

This next corner,
a cul-de-sac
where he comes
riding back
flying by and I
take pains to turn
and can't

CRASH*

You all saw him
so don't say
the sun
on the road sign
stole my mind

* Supply sound-effects here.

2

THE GARDENER
(Painting by M. Le Nain, c. 1655)

In standing just beyond her skirts,
in leaning in, and especially
in the shy lift
of your little finger on the handle
of the hoe: In these we know you.
You keep your eyes on the measurable
distance between her finger and yours.
She must look up soon,
accept this little rose you give her.
Now the tip of her finger touches it
as if testing it for texture.

dist. bet yr finger + the tip
of hers which touches
a petal
as if testing it for texture.

One small child is a prism
beneath your splendid hands, suspended
like other buds
in all the dark surrounding.
The fall of cloth, the long
pause of women and girls, all
tilt us toward your sweet intent.
Your red coat's sleeve is torn.
She will never mend it, nor speak
of what you did today. You go back
to your garden, she to the table
where she cuts the whitest parsnips.

Collision: Love At First sight

I'm at the wheel
high noon
summer and a man
on a black bicycle
spins into the road
bright
umbrella in full bloom

A knight a-sail
in shining chrome
and nylon *smiling*

My tires turn
to follow him
and ice cream drifts
down chin and arm

I'm in the wake
of black and knight
full-scale color
and dust

~~This~~ this next corner
a cul de sac
where he comes
riding back
flying by and I
take pains to turn
and can't

You all say him
so don't say
the sun
on the road sign
turned my mind
~~took~~

①

THE GARDENER

- Mathieu Le Nain (c.1655) (11)

In standing just beyond her skirts,
in leaning in, and especially
in the shy lift
of your little finger on the handle
of the hoe: in these we know you.
You keep your eyes on the measurable
distance between her finger and yours.

She will look up soon,
accept ~~this little~~ ^{sure} rose you ~~picked~~ ^{plucked} for her.

Now the tip of her finger touches it, as if testing it for texture.

One small child is a prism
beneath your splendid hands, ^{suspended/like other buds}

ⁱⁿ All the dark surrounding,

~~and the long pause of the others watching,~~

~~the fall of cloth, the cluster~~ ^{the long}
~~of women and girls~~ ^{range of} ~~the long~~ ^{the long} women & girls

~~do not tilt attention from your intent.~~

Your red coat's sleeve is torn.

She will never mend it, nor speak
of what you did today. You go back
to your garden, she to the table

where she ~~was~~ ^{is} cutting the white parsnips.

~

DONE/OUT			DONE/OUT		
✓	✓	ELEMENTAL *	✓	✓	CATERPILLAR SCOURGE *
✓	✓	HOPE	✓		EVENING SKY
✓	✓	TWO W W	✓	✓	FINDING WE LOSE
✓	✓	SELF FALLING	✓	✓	HARBINGER
✓	✓	GLASS	✓	✗	MEADOW
✓	✓	CONF OF SORROWS	✓		CHIMNEY
✓	✓	ARRANGED IN HEAVEN	✓	✓	LURE
✓	✓	ACCTG FOR THINGS... *	✓	✓	STUDY IN G
✓	✓	(also out as unthel) XXXXXXXXXX FOR A LIFE *	✓	✗	MEMORY
✓	✓	BAT	✓	✓	TAUTOLOGY *
✓	✓	SAN JUAN *	✓	✓	ON TV (MODERN SPECT. OF DEATH)
✓	✓	HOW MUCH *	✓	✓	ON FORGETTING *
✓	✓	DEEP SNOW *	✓	✓	BLUE (I) *
✓	✓	EMBRACE *			BACK HOME
✓		NORTHERN LTS			
✓		HOW TO LIVE			
		STILL LIFE			
✓		CONSPIRACY			
✓		ILLUMINATION *			
✓	✓	NIGHT *			
✓	✗	FRUIT			
✓	✓	WH I'M NOT W FOR			
		MAGMA			
✓	✓	FOR THE DANCER *			
✓	✓	ROOTS *			
✓	✓	GRACE *			
✓	✓	SEA AND MOON			
✓	✓	OF ROSES			
✓	✓	WINTER			
✓	✓	WH YOU LEAVE			
✓	✗	OF THE HEART			

* circled ones need to be redone

Stone Hymn for michallangelo

(2)

I stop to watch them.

They stand as if turned to stone.

It is the same thing: Just the sun
lowering itself down, easing over the edge
of the Pacific.

But it is they who are captivating,
people of every age and race,
standing, standing on the cliff, transfixed.

They stand so long. The waves
career, the red sun grows and glows,
the horizon sketches and stays
instant, curling around the ocean's

visible contours. They stand
alone, they stand together like a family.

~~alone they stand together like a family~~

Whatever they are ~~feeling~~
feeling,

Whatever they are thinking,

I don't care. It's that they're there.
Something is happening.

They stand looking. It's silent there.

They stand like statues

that wait for a harsh + loving hand
to turn them into sculpture.

An ordinary eye ^{may call} ~~calls~~ them
unfinished. But the artist knows
that they are still
emerging.

It takes forever.
They take their time.

(breathlessly)

ALWAYS MOVING (yes)

CAPS

O the intemperate pulse and dance
of these seasons so in love, moment
to moment moving
free of holds and wholly held,
unattached and so a part
of belonging. The summer scent unhinged
and set to travelling, sent afar
by wind. Laughter. Listen:
Those nomad moorings, those petalled
pourings of morning storms: Autumn,
passionate, impatient, / is speaking. →?

Of space, invisible, divisible, defined
by what is passed or present.

This is how the weather pores over us,
in the ecstasy of its unpredictable
piety. ~~October. November.~~ *was September, October?*

What a way to awaken!

Suddenly I know, yes, how it is
that the leaves from sheer beauty
can dash themselves to earth,
so wonderful in how it moves
always, in how moving
is the world.

3

STONE HYMN

I stop to watch them.
They stand as if turned to stone.
It is the same thing: Just the sun
lowering itself down, easing over the edge

of the Pacific.
But it is they who are captivating: (who captivate me :) (?)
People of every age and race,
standing, standing on the cliff, transfixed.

They stand so long. The waves
careen, the red sun grows and glows,
the horizon stretches and stays
distant, curling around the ocean's

visible contours. They stand
alone. They stand together like a family.
It takes forever.
They take their time.

It doesn't matter →

Whatever they are seeing,
whatever they are thinking,
I don't care. It's that they're there.
Something is happening.

They stand looking. It's silent there.
They stand like stones
that wait for the harsh and loving hand
to ~~turn~~ ^{just there} them into sculpture.

they

~~An ordinary eye may call them~~
unfinished. But the artist knows
that they are still
emerging.

Free ?
dismiss them (as)
cap
An ordinary eye sees stones + says:

~~THE~~ THE HAPPY PRINCE

[the statue in
(after) the London incident to story of the same name]

You could feel the touch of sky
light as a lover, and ask
for nothing more.
There is a place for eyes
once alive with stones
rich enough to feed the hungry
each one crust of bread.
You need no ears
for the ceaseless weeping,
nor eyes to witness the lonely.
Then give your blood, your skin:
it isn't the body that feels
the yearning of a soul.
You could go on and on, giving,
but not forever, for soon the gold
that once seemed as endless
as all else
is stripped from the surface;
even the bronze beneath
is given out; and still the bottom
of emptiness is bare,
the virtue of giving lost
in the infinitude of despair.
Then the small sound of certain words spoken
from the impossibility of silence
in any human heart, diminishes like smoke
from the last of the body burning.
You could send up your own ashes rising
like the wings of birds in flight,
asking that they bear
the message with its hope
of owning enough meaning, just this once.
You could call out to a god
the one name of your love,
and let it wait to be fulfilled.
You could wake at last and sense your world
breathing beside you, innocent
of all echo, try to offer it your heart,
diamond-bright and shining
in the dust.

and wait for the air to fill it

~~diamond-bright and shining~~
~~hard as diamonds and shining~~
~~hard diamond-bright and shining~~
if we want a word like that -
Sober, yes, but not cold, hard-hearted -
that sense

then (up)
I wait for the air to read just

Stone Hymn

(1)

I stopped to watch them.
They stood as if ~~turned to stone~~ ^{turned to stone}.

It was the same thing: just the sun
lowering itself down, easing over the edge
of the Pacific.

But it was they who captivated me,
people of ~~all~~ ^{every} ages and race
standing, standing on the cliff, transfixed.
They stood so long. The waves
carried, the red sun grew and glowed,
the horizon stretched and stayed
distant, curling around the ocean's
visible contours. They stood
alone, they stood together like a family,
whatever they were seeing,
whatever they were thinking,
I don't care.

They stood looking. It was silent there.

They stood ~~like~~ like stones
waiting for a harsh and loving hand
to turn them into sculpture.

Into ~~the ordinary~~ ^{an ordinary} ~~age~~ ^{age} they ~~were~~ called
unfinished. But the artist knew
that they were still
emerging.

BLUE

Blue is given to nothing
to save it from being invisible
like the sorrow that lives in the wind.
What is the indiscernible
lovely line
between air and sky, but more air.
Real, but as if imaginary,
that moment of blue is the awe-
saturated air, sometimes called heaven;
the vanishing point forever
fading to blue
so as not to seem too sudden.
The unseen and the brilliant there
are one.
Where the future passes on
and spring overtakes the snow
is all that's known
of the beginnings and the end.
and the true ~~location~~ ^{hue} of that hue.
There is no one single glimpse
of loving grace to learn
why, or where, the sky is blue, beyond
the shadow of a doubt.
God lives in that place, laughing.

Always

on the intemperate pulse and dance
of these months so in love, moment
to moment moving

(1)

free of holds and wholly held
unattached and so a part
of belonging. The summer scent unburied
and set to travelling, sent as far
by wind. Laughter. Listen:

admirable

Those named mornings, those petalled
pourings of morning storms, autumn,
passionate, impatient, is speaking.

Of space invisible, divisible, defined
by what is passed or present.

This is how the ~~win~~ weather pores over us,
in ~~the~~ ecstasy of unpredictable ~~pretty~~
piety. October. November.

What a way to waken!

Suddenly I know how it is
that the leaves from ^{the} sheer beauty
can dash themselves to earth,
the world so wonderful in how it moves
always, in how moving
our world is.

SAN JUAN ISLAND

Everything softens, the rain
makes its slow way
down and through.
You build your house
under water.
No suddenness, no sounds,
as if the hammer
of a gentle man
did to wood the same thing
love does to children.
You sleep
where-ever the whim
of night falls,
your comforter the susurrous
talk of drops
too small to see.
In the marsh, sleepy movement
beneath wet leaves.
By the lake, between weeping
willows, the white apples
swell and sway.
For a moment in the mornings
from its pillow
all the blue of the sky
unfold like a baby's limb,
then settles back
into the same dream,
more soft clouds.

3

ALWAYS

seasons ~~so~~ in love, moment

that love the moment
in love with the moment



(it is the
scent of summer)

Oh the intemperate pulse and dance
of these months ~~so~~ in love, moment
to moment moving
free of holds and wholly held,
unattached and so a part
of belonging. ~~The~~ summer scent unhinged
and set to travelling, sent afar
by wind. Laughter. Listen:
Those nomad moorings, those petalled
pourings of morning storms; Autumn,
passionate, impatient, is speaking.
Of space invisible, divisible, defined
by what is passed or present.
This is how the weather pores over us,
in the ecstasy of its unpredictable
piety. October. November.
What a way to awaken!
Suddenly I know, yes, how it is
that the leaves from sheer beauty
can dash themselves to earth,
~~so~~ so wonderful in how it moves
always, in how moving
is the world.

"our"?
(the words
better for
"whirled" =
moving)

"whirled"

really

OK

THE PARTICULARS (AT EVENING) ? → here ?

It is that particular moment
when invisible spiders make suppers
on woven plates, moths wake,
and clouds celebrate as they go.
Crickets scratch and cheer.

Two small birds almost touch,
and so much space surrounding!
Their tailfeathers wave, swinging
in time, (up and down,) in concert,
like violin bows to balance on the bough.

How the weeds and tiny trees love to rise
to an occasion. They adorn
an abandoned plow, rusting
at the far edge of the field.
Everywhere

things make their way. Even today
in the low mown grass, stems spawn
yellow or purple flowers, and fur grows
in secret on their leaves. *the particles*
The particles we breathe, sing
passing in and out. *like grass.*

Life, then, and all its details,
rises with the moon, and again, anew,
tomorrow with the sun. *with*
In the lowering light,
particularly, *following the lowering light*
my thoughts move in little ways,
here to there, and then return
on the most slender crowns
of the last and longest shadows
of pines most tall, and farthest west.

will open
open
like
Sent out
like
17 Sept.

we breathe ~~the~~ passing in + out.
+ then answer me, returning

move → float, flow away

all the ^{have} questions (go) away a while
+ then answer themselves, returning
then the answers, returning
+ are echoed in the answers returning
that return
until the answering echoes return

Always

(1)

On the interperate pulse and dance
of ~~anything~~ ^{nothing} so in love, moment
to moment moving, ~~free~~
free of holds and ~~held~~ ^{held} still, wholly held,
unattached and so a part
of belonging, like a ^{summer} scent unhurried
and travelling, sent ~~a~~ ^{on} a far
by wind. ~~Always present, in laughter.~~

The named moorings of petalled pourings
of morning storms ^{autumn} ^{impatiently} ^{edison} ^{is speaking it} ~~passing or present~~
~~and crossable~~ ^{space} ⁱⁿ ^{invitable} defined by what is ~~passing or present~~
~~as state lines~~

This is how the weather goes over us, in an ecstasy of the unpredictable.

September, October, November

What a way to waken!

And suddenly I know how it is

That the leaves from sheer beauty
can dash themselves to earth

The world so wonderful in how it moves
in how ^{always} it is always moving.

ICE ISLAND

2

Imperceptible as the motion
of glaciers, the growth
of southern trees,
so melts the island
made of ice
loosing itself toward an ocean.
You once lived there, love,
still free, at the north pole,
which lets in the most light.
The wind was moot,
having no object
of affection or aggression.
It was like being on land,
but not like land.
You floated, a world ~~without~~
an outside world.
You wandered, and
conceived of yourself
~~and~~ a possible future.
Maybe it tried to follow you
downstream when you left. It
diminished. Motion of the dim
elements, and radiance,
wore it down. You forgot ~~it~~
it in terms of the tangible.
Now your ice island,
all those years lost
(but you were unaware)
has been found well
on its way to the Atlantic,
a little glacier dying
for the future, ~~an ice shadow~~
~~of its former self.~~ Hard water
its ~~whose~~ friction bears it
out to sea on what it leaves.
Unnoticed, as if to say ~~it~~,
I do mean to always love you
but I just can't stay ~~it~~,
each drop will tear
itself away, wanting
to return to itself
any way it can, even by departing.
Willing to surrender its form
to live forever in another,
it ~~will~~ move toward you
wherever you are,
from under the sodden earth
up into the down of rain.

without

riding its shadow,

David

③

25 Sept
94

David, heaven is too much
like a glass dome.
You call it home, that unfair
equation, sorry syllogism
of spheres not permitted to intersect.
Outside in: Yours
is the prison that ^{guards} says freedom,
where outside equals death
in which freedom ~~has~~ ^{is} no name.

9

Life at all costs, life above
all else, and life
more than anything on earth. For a time,
like ~~another~~ child's lightning bug,
you breathe in the overturned
world of a jar. You might as well
stand before blind gunmen,
the bullet's chances of finding you
as ~~slim~~ or great as God's germs
queued up beyond your round walls, waiting.

18

^{the work of other}
The touching of hands, or a mother's
owning embrace, are these
the best of love? Does it come down
to only this? That silence
behind the falling
is only the wind
curling endlessly over and over.
Don't listen.
That's how it happens.

The weight of safe hands

9

The living air has a sense
all its own. As well as those who travel
freely, you know
what the heart is made of.
On your last white bed, in open rooms,
god or child, David, you go so far, beyond
me, ^{left}
in the final stillness of your being gone.

8

BACK HOME

Night is the shadow
of the sun, and it is blue
like the April sky it falls through.
I know about it, and how other
things cast their color in their shadows,
too. I even wrote it down,
that day, when I saw the violet sphere
encircling the sidewalk below.
And the way the tree by the window
was suddenly green, and how
the robins sang there that morning
so furiously full of joy
that I could hardly hear his voice
breaking, on the phone.
The white dogwoods sending scent,
the garden patch begging
for seed, the magnolias so heavy
with spring. The day my sweet
mother tried to die.
It was April, too much blooming
to bear, too many insufferable seasons,
birthdays, and more work yet
to be done. Another day to rise to,
another day of lying.
Last spring I saw her hold up the dark
soil in her two hands like a mother,
and when she said how beautiful
his indifference fell on her like pain.
It was the same as her's for him.
My father knows as well as I
the way time does its work,
what is material, and what passes
for the living, for the left.
That a simple word or deed
can irrevocably effect, that errors
and sorrows choke like weeds.
What follows is what we're left with now,
knowing more of loss, and feeling how
much more of life's to live.
There are those we love but are unable
to see or hold. It's not we
that keep them alive, and thank God,
for we are imperfect, and we forget.
And yet it's in us to do more.
Each tone, each touch, leaves
its imprint, like the children's muddy shoes
on the carpet, or a body so many years
upon the marriage bed.
This was one more sad deep sleep,
but meant to last; his waking her
one more saddened cry of love,
but one new moment of saving grace.
That threshold between the rooms
of living and death is the greatest of all
fine lines. He lifted her in his arms
and carried her back home.

(2)

David, heaven is too much
like a glass dome.
You call it home, ^{the} an unfair
equation, sorry syllogism
of spheres not permitted to intersect.
Outside and in:
Yours is the prison that says freedom,
where outside equals death
in which freedom has no name.
Life at all costs, life above
all else, and life
more than anything on earth.
Like another child's lightning bug, for a time
you breathe in the overturned
jar. You might as well stand before
~~blindfolded~~ gunmen, the bullets' chances
of ~~finding you~~ as slim or great as God's germs
queued up beyond your round walls, waiting.
The touching of hands, or a mother's
owning embrace, are these
the best of love? Does it come down
to only this? ~~Don't be afraid:~~ That silence
behind the falling
is only the wind
curling over and over, ~~itself~~. Don't listen.
That's how it happens
out here. The living air has a sense
all its own. Is it unbearable?
~~inside?~~ But you know,
as much as those who travel freely, ^{you know}
what the heart is made of.
On your last white bed, in open rooms,
~~like a god or like a child, you spoke~~
~~as if to save the ones you would leave~~
~~from the final stillness~~
of your being gone.

David, you ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{so far} beyond
~~the rest of us~~
~~those left unsaved~~
me, ~~left~~ in the final stillness
of your being gone.

DEEP SNOW

How so much snow falling
Becomes one snowfall, one winter, lengthening
The shadows of things caught
In a day's last light.
Even the dead trees
By some trick of light
Seem to grow once more.
So much emptiness
Between the four winds crossing one another
Like familiar enemies.
So much frost and forgetting
Where the heart is.
Under a halo of woodsmoke
Someone adds dry twigs to a fire
Designed to melt the dense season, inseparable
From the lost heart.
He knows about the breaking ice floes, the silence
In how new things grow, after warmly sleeping,
And the sudden recognition
Of once forgotten footprints.
It is a long walk back
Over such deep snow, such a white and frozen place.

Catena (chain of events)

1801

I've seen how the dust falls,
caught, as if by chance,
in a rope of light.
It seems, sometimes, to be floating
back up to heaven.

Someone stood on the bridge.
~~He~~ The sight of late afternoon
sinking into the river / yet rising
to his eyes
was not enough to live for.

As if the refraction of light
were a curve of joy whose rise
never equals its fall, a catenary
inadequate to complete
~~the~~ connection of earth to heaven.

atavistic

How deep is the shame,
where does it begin or end?
The atavistic desire to watch the hangings
of neighbors, ~~the~~ popular channels
televising ~~capital punishment~~
death by ~~injection~~ ^{poison}?

In inventing ~~god~~ we created:
the game of playing god,
the shame, and the dream
of dignity. most evil fall
to the heart's own despair.

the urge, to bridge, to place one's hands
on the wound, involuntary.
It can't be helped.

~~the~~
yet the same source
harbors the instinct, the urge

catena -
chain, succession
catenary



a curve whose rise
never equals its fall

AFTERNOON SLEEPLESS IN BED

The moth at rest is a window
of patience. Its meditation
is better than sleep.
Here, safe in their compression,
three still spears slash
seeming cracks in the glass.
Even in this heavy afternoon
the grass stirs, trees are alert,
beyond the inert, dark, aloof dash
of these. But a fourth
unfolds its inkblot symmetry--
wings, sideways, widely awash
with filtered light.
This is a studied stillness,
that of whole hours, dreamlike.
This is the flutist's held breath,
the suspension of a time; a waiting
that especially loves itself.
You! Still there! Watermark
floating on the waning day!
Stain that takes your contours
and shapes, transparently, to heart!
O happy parody of flight,
this feat of affection: that one
could cuddle into glass
as I do in my counterpane!

CATENA

1002

I've seen how the dust falls,
caught, as if by chance,
in a rope of light.
It seems, sometimes, to be floating
back up to heaven.

Someone stands on the bridge, ^{if it's not} ~~it's not~~ enough to live
for the sight of late aft
The sight of late afternoon
sinking into the river
yet rising to his eyes? [?]
~~is not enough to live for.~~

As if the refraction of light
were a curve of joy whose rise
never equals its fall, a catenary
inadequate to complete
connection of earth to heaven.

How deep is the shame,
where does it begin or end?
The atavistic desire to see hangings
of neighbors, popular channels
televising death by painless injection?

In inventing a god we created
the game of playing God,
the shame, and the dream
of dignity. Most evil of all
is the heart's own despair.

Yet the same source ^{harbors}
~~harbors~~ the instinct, the grace, the urge
to reach one's hands across, to place
them on the wound, ^{involuntarily,}
It can't be helped.

LURE

Consider the lengths
of colored string
you hung like jewelry
on the lower branches:
Innocent offering to the birds,
you said, a chance to nest grandly
in your tree.

--Not to have "a bird in hand"
for you know you lose
meaning in the reality:
Held, it is no longer
what you desired;
nor do you recognize yourself,
holding.

The bird, wild animal,
fragile, free, is
the thing you pretend
not to fear,
though its Bezaign beauty
is common.

But now one,
its dun and umber design
like a dozen others near,
has caught its leg
in a wind-wrapped strand,
swings there
out of reach,
upside down,
waiting for rescue

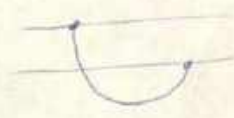
by civilized hands,
human hands not afraid
to close in on the coveted,
hands called in that close
to touch without taming,
to set free again
what you meant
to own without taking.

CATENA

has seen
Everyone knows (when the sacred
enough)?

You've seen how the dust falls,
caught, as if by chance,
in a rope of light.
It seems, sometimes, to be floating
back up to heaven.

I, we, you
(etc. & others)



As if the refraction of light
were a curve of joy whose rise
never equals its fall, a catenary
inadequate to complete
connection of earth to heaven.

in complete
existence -
bad?

Standing on the bridge,
is it not enough to live
for the sight of late afternoon
sinking into the river
and yet rising to our eyes?



How deep is our shame,
where does it begin or end?
The atavistic desire to see hangings
of neighbors; popular channels
televising death by painless injection.

In inventing a god we created
the game of playing God,
the shame, and the dream
of dignity. Most evil of all
is the heart's own despair.

same thing -
more bad than
good
but the dream of dignity
is not evil

the greatest evil

From the heart
comes the evil of despair.

Yet the same source harbors
the instinct, the grace, the urge
to reach one's hands across, to place
them on the wound. It's involuntary.
And It can't be helped.

here it goes
up more.
but does the last
line make it
seem impossible again
(to ever reach heaven)?

And
guess
diff. meaning
involuntary AND -
otherwise they (do, or)
ed mean the same
thing

maximizing
heavy
limiting?
Worst? - (evil?)

The heart's despair is the main evil, the
main block or prevention keeping the
curve from reaching ^{all} heaven.

The object is to bridge,
whether or not it says
in the middle.

-(another curved line)



STUDY IN G

In the jungle where the hard-worked
Land returns itself
Again and again to the underbrush
As if by a reflex for repeating history

A girl sits at her piano, playing with one finger,
One note. It is enough
For her: In it she hears all the notes
That wander from it, and all
That resolve themselves there.

This is not to say that all things
Can be pressed like a key
Into one secret door, one name we all whisper
To ourselves at night.

It is only after the unfortunate dreaming
That we search for what we already know
In order to continue to forget.

① Of the Heart

In our hearts we expect to meet
~~what~~ ^{what} is waited for around corners.

When I look at you, you mirror
what I ~~can't~~ ^{want} to believe.

What we leave behind
is still ahead, like the sailor's home
as he sails around the world.

When reflecting, or perhaps in a dream,
I ~~saw~~ the evergreens following you
up beyond the timberline.

Together you climbed
on to where the horizon
blends with all the rest.

Down below, entire landscapes moved
with the indifference of passersby.

Marsh became meadow, mountains bloomed
into breeze. Those trees
ran about the hills like antelope!

~~what I believe~~
The sky was shining like silvered glass
~~and I believed~~ I saw you there. Believe me.
The sky ^{is shining} shines like silvered glass
+ I see you there. Believe me.

WINTER

At dawn snow is falling
Out of its sky,
Yet the sky is all
That stays the same. So this
Is how to hide
Even while surrendering!

At dawn the snow is falling
Out of its sky,
And yet the sky is all
That stays the same. So this
Is how to hide
Even while surrendering!

ARRANGED IN HEAVEN

Ah, you are familiar
with what hearts endure:
not only the passions
but the questions that arise.
This doubt signifies
a lack of faith only human.

The seasons trust each other,
and wait.
Theirs is the entire
patient earth which never
considers turning
any other way.

Living, it's not impossible
to dream as well.
Your eyes are cast,
not at any particular
distance, but as if
to ask for the divine

permission to own
everything before having
to let it go.

Yet you know this: the trees
have offered all their leaves,
bargaining for longevity.
They stand
for the memorized
turn of the spheres:

a birthright, a wedding
arranged in heaven
before germination.

Everything has its place,
and takes it
in this prehistoric
choreography.
Such moment!
Nothing hesitates

to move aside
--and gracefully--
when its time arrives.

Snowed In

I can never sleep in the stillness
of snow, in such vast and fluid
adoration of freefall. // Like a choir's
single inhalation, it seems to rest
between two ~~seconds~~ ^{moments}. Sleep slips past me
in waiting for the song. // When it goes
on like this for days, the adumbration of days/
leaves their gray denouements/
no definition. Then the imagination
is stronger than winter days. Outside, //
as if the laying down of walls, everywhere,
the snow, like stones, knows where to go, ^{how to} ~~it fits~~ ^{Just so,}
with proper spaces for air. // At night,
you pass through the greenhouse glass
like an angel, or like the caretaker who owns
the key. ~~Clear, lit from within, there~~
the orchids are in bloom. Later, ^{here,}
when the door opens, feathers of snow fly
into my arms like lovers, and disappear.
Then you step in, lay down with your white
bouquet, breathing the odor of sleep.

ACCOUNTING FOR THINGS BEING AS THEY SEEM

("Get thee glass eyes
and seem to see
the things thou dost not."--Lear)

Life is given
its order: Weather approaches
from a cloudless place
while the past lists
to the other side, more precise
than today.
These are the skies,
full of white paper and lace,
delicate kites of gods on skis.
Life comes down, with its strings,
when the currents of air
can't bear any more.
But the gods don't die,
they occupy themselves in another task:
White flowers bloom on what had seemed
barren trees and grass. We are
to mistake for warmth
each unaccountable
sudden cease of cold. Naturally,
things only mean what they are
and not what they may call
to mind. Only--imagine:
What they are
is not your cause, but is
because of you.

SNOWED IN

~~How can there be~~
~~There is no~~ sleep in the stillness
of snow, in such a vast and fluid
adoration of freefall.

? If ~~the~~ snow seems to ~~rest~~ ^{pass} between two songs,
Sleep slips ~~past~~ me
in waiting for the sound.

When it goes on and on like this,
the adumbration of days
leaves their gray denouements
no definition. Outside,

Outside, ~~the snow,~~ as if laying down low walls, ~~the snow,~~
like stones, knows where to go, how to fit,
just so, with proper spaces for air.

? ~~Let~~ ^{let} ~~the~~ ^{you} pass through the greenhouse glass,
like an angel, or like the caretaker,
who owns the key.

There, the orchids are in bloom.

~~Let~~ ^{let} ~~the~~ ^{you} ~~down, here,~~
When the door opens, feathers of snow fly
into my arms like lovers, and disappear.

Then you step in, lay down with your white
bouquet, breathing the odor of sleep.

THE HAPPY PRINCE

(After the statue in Oscar Wilde's
story of the same name.)

You could feel the touch of sky
light as a lover, and ask
for nothing more.
There is a place for eyes
once alive with stones
rich enough to feed the hungry
each one crust of bread.
You need no ears
for the ceaseless weeping,
nor eyes to witness the lonely.
Then give your blood, your skin:
it isn't the body that feels
the yearning of a soul.
You could go on and on, giving,
but not forever, for soon the gold
that once seemed as endless
as all else
is stripped from the surface;
even the bronze beneath
is given out; and still the bottom
of emptiness is bare,
the virtue of giving lost
in the infinitude of despair.
Then the small sound of certain words spoken
from the impossibility of silence
in any human heart, diminishes like smoke
from the last of the body burning.
You could send up your own ashes rising
like the wings of birds in flight,
asking that they bear
the message with its hope
of owning enough meaning just this once.
You could call out to a god
the one name of your love,
then wait for the air to readjust.
You could wake at last and sense your world
breathing beside you, innocent
of all echo, try to offer it your heart,
diamond-bright and shining
in the dust.

SNOWED IN SNOWSTORM

How can there be sleep in ^{such} ~~the~~ stillness,
~~of snow~~, in such a vast and fluid
adoration of freefall. (1)

~~When~~ A choir's single inhalation,
it seems to pause between two songs, (4)
~~And~~ Sleep slips past me in waiting
for ~~the~~ sound. (the)

When it goes on and on like this, ^{an}
the adumbration of days
leaves their gray denouements
no definition. (2)

~~Outside~~, As if laying down low walls,
the snow, like stones, knows where to go. (5)
It fits just so, with proper spaces for air.

Like an angel, or like the caretaker
who owns the key, you pass
you pass through the greenhouse glass,
~~to where~~ The orchids are in bloom.

~~Here, at dawn,~~

When ~~the~~ floor opens, feathers of snow fly
into my arms like lovers, and disappear.

Then you step in, lay down with your white
bouquet, breathing the odor of sleep.

Forget that

Such adumbration of the day
leaves its gray denouement
no definition.

SAN JUAN ISLAND

Everything softens, the rain
makes its slow way
down and through.
You build your house
under water.
No suddenness, no sounds,
as if the hammer
of a gentle man
did to wood the same thing
love does to children.
You sleep
where-ever the whim
of night falls,
your comforter the susurrous
talk of drops
too small to see.
In the marsh, sleepy movement
beneath wet leaves.
By the lake, between weeping
willows, the white apples
swell and sway.
For a moment in the mornings
from its pillow
all the blue of the sky
unfolds like a baby's limb,
then settles back
into the same dream,
more soft clouds.

normal - 1
if comma - 2 (for 3 if on
same line)

SNOWSTORM

only periods, colons

There is no sleep
in the stillness
of snow, in such
an adoration
of freefall.
Like a choir's
single inhalation
it seems
to pause
between two songs. Sleep
slips past
in waiting for the sound.
Outside
as in the laying down
of walls everywhere
the snow
like stone
falls into place,
fitting, with proper spaces
for the air
to travel.

You
pass through a crystal
greenhouse: angel
caretaker
owner
of the key.
Lit from within,
there
the orchids are in bloom.
In my room
when the door opens
feathers of snow
fly
into my arms like lovers
and disappear.
Then you
step in
from out of the whirled,
lay down with your white bouquet,
breathe the scent of sleep.

SNOWSTORM

There is no sleep in the stillness
of snow, in such an adoration
of freefall. Like a choir's
single inhalation, it seems to pause
between two songs; sleep slips past me
in waiting for the sound. Outside,
as in the laying down of walls, everywhere,
the snow, like stone, falls into place,
fitting, with proper spaces for the air
to travel. You pass through a crystal
greenhouse: angel, caretaker, owner
of the key. Lit from within, there
the orchids are in bloom. In my room,
when the door opens, feathers of snow fly
into my arms like lovers, and disappear.
Then you step in from out of the whirled,
lay down with your white bouquet,
breathe the scent of sleep.

There is no sleep

in the stillness

of snow

in such

an adoration

of freefall.

Like a choir's

single inhalation

between two songs

it seems to pause

sleep

slips past me

in waiting for the sound

Outside

as in the laying down

of walls

everywhere

the snow

like stone

falls into place

fitting

with proper spaces

for the air

to travel

THE SELF, FALLING

That one could be so small, slipping
through its own self, as silt shifts
down through its rock bed.
What happens when we wish
is something unforeseen
and other. That we are drawn
to windows and other openings,
that the threshold is as fragile
as desire. This falling
is a bedtime fable, of finding
bottom, false promise of final
softness there. The rest,
silence. But what is worse
than going on is the ending,
that once there the darkness
silvers the glass to mirror
and the eyes too are open,
horribly. What is that shape
that forms its compulsive shadows
through which it is impossible not, again,
to fall? And still the wishful self
has its own ideas.
That one could be so small
and yet unable to rise, that laws
here are still binding, the legacy
of an ancient alchemy. All that rises
is the voice at the end
of its question, for nothing
weighs more than the falling.

for giving

~~That night~~, he didn't sleep.
That night, the sky as bright as day,
a white crane, ~~an~~ ibis, or swan,
crossed over. He saw its wings
braid and pleat the air. The air
wavered as if it ~~had~~ ^{was} over ~~the~~ flames.
The bird's long neck stretched forward
like an arm offered in forgiving.
~~Then the narrow limb of a tree.~~

It went on reaching, flying, straight on
~~as if entranced~~
as if entranced, which is why
it ~~never~~ never seemed to see the narrow limb of the tree
~~of a tree~~ ~~to fall~~ ~~for its~~
high for a tree's height,
but reaching too, in its way, for heaven.
The bird's long neck struck, silently,
as if someone had turned off the wind,
+ slowly, as in a dream, it wrapped
around, and around, horrible ribbon,
wings falling ~~two bones~~ and feather beside the hollow body
of the bird. It hung there, nearly dead,
until dawn ~~traded~~ ^{swelled} with the ~~moon~~ ^{bloated},
~~making its bargain with some remembrance of time.~~
He made his ^{promise} ~~bargain~~ too, just before,
in another part of the world, she awoke,
early, for the better
part of a day.

maybe he wd become perfect enough
secretly, so that her faith ^{in him} ~~not~~ be for
then, no longer feeling himself
to be who he was without her

No longer feeling himself to be who he was without her, what he wanted was to become perfect enough, — secretly, — so that her faith in him might be forgiven. He didn't sleep.

tried
He wanted to touch ~~the~~ it.
The ~~is~~ bagginess of
He couldn't touch
Such ~~the~~ bagginess ~~of it~~

19 April 85

FOR GIVING

hang (12) No longer feeling himself to be who he was without her, what he wanted was to become perfect enough-- ~~secretly~~ --so that her faith in him might be forgiven. He didn't sleep. One night, the sky as bright as day, a white crane, ibis, or swan, crossed over. He saw its wings braid and pleat the air. The air wavered as if it hovered over flames. The bird's long neck leaned forward like an arm in offering. He couldn't touch the buoyancy of it. It went ~~straight~~ on, flying into its flight, straight on as if entranced, which is why it never saw, or never seemed to see, the narrow limb of the tree-- too high for a tree's height-- but reaching too, in its way, for heaven. The bird's long neck struck, silently, as if someone had turned off the sound, and slowly, as in a dream, it wrapped around, and around a horrible ribbon, wings falling into bone and feather beside the hollow body of the bird. It hung there, nearly dead, until dawn ~~until dawn~~ was traded for the bloated moon. He made his ~~bargain~~ too, then, just before, in another part of the world, she awoke, early, for the better part of a day.

just before she awoke,
~~elsewhere, early,~~ for the better
part of a day.

He made his ~~bargain to her,~~ just before
she awoke, for the better
part of a day.

maybe the bird
is her,
dying in his
night, revived
by his day

the tree is his arm

①

OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR

"Get thee glass eyes
and seem to see
what thou dost not!"--Lear

It's hard to tell
that the face of the moon
is as much like a man's
as god's. Out yonder,
in the world without us,
who's to say?--
Either we get in the way,
or things make use of us.

Half-way around the world,
the static sound of starlings
takes off the barn roof,
spiders weave in the spokes
of wheels, and stars
circle unsuspecting suns.
Little do we know,
the world has a talent
for making itself at home.

Meanwhile, we paint our self-
portraits on everything
imaginable, then hold
them up like mirrors.
Our mercurial brushes
grow longer, our skills
more acute. Dust clouds
the vision, tinder
to the eyes. ~~S~~ We burn
trees to save the forests, burn
air to fly afar. We do, we say.
We can. The time

is ^{close} at hand. Time was
(said a man)
you could tell the weather from the moon.
That was before another ~~(man)~~
~~bent the broken distance~~
and walked all over it.
Now you can't tell a thing.

(weird,
but like it) *Brutus*

little things forfeited for large

broke the quicksilver distance

~~W~~
~~MOVED IN~~
MOVING IN

①

First, I use my hands.
They jostle the spider's mists.
~~Sticky mists.~~
Oh what patience, she is never finished,
She uses me like a joist, a bridge.
It's even OK if I move
So I move about, or not,
That's up to me.
Here, I'm rocking slow
In this texture I'll call home, ~~defined~~
~~By~~ the why of choice.
And the how of chance. My
Home, alone, and owned. You know
That this is where I'm supposed to be, you
With your blueprint and your blue
Plumb line. Now I look out
Windows you designed
To be like looking
In.
Thank you.
This is the house
You built for me so that I could come outside,
Pointing, saying Look,
This is where I live! ?

break →

less heavy
this way, the
even tho
I lose that
good "i"

this is beautiful

(Br. line length) Turning

why I am outside
(not go...)

this person is obviously
happy + at home
+ free because she can
come + go, just like
the spider, self-sufficient
+ resourceful

not to protect me
not to define me
not to enclose me
but to free me
+ define me!

SNOWSTORM

There is no sleep in the stillness
of snow, in such an adoration
 of freefall.
Like a choir's single inhalation, it seems
to pause between two songs. Sleep
slips by me in waiting for the sound.

Outside
as in the laying down of walls, everywhere
the snow like stone
 falls into place
and fits, with proper spaces for the air
to travel.

You
 pass through a crystal
greenhouse: angel caretaker owner
of the key. Lit from within there
the orchids are in bloom. In my room
when the door opens feathers of snow
 fly
into my arms like lovers
 and disappear.

Then you
 step in
 from out of the whirled,
lay down with your white bouquet,
breathe the scent of sleep.

WINDLASS / don't think so

①

Slowly, it is dusk,
morning,
spring.

You Only noticed afterward,
you only know by what is gone.

Let's say that you keep walking,
erasing all those circles
where you've been before,
answers for the questions
now beside the point.

Maybe there are parallels, or facings,
like rows of folkdancers raising
a left hand to meet a right,
as if by agreement to mock.

Or maybe on a street corner,
in the wind, an empty cup
goes whirling wildly in a wire cage,
as a reel ~~let go~~ at the end lets

the cellulose still spin. / This spell

spills over like melting wax,
tattoos the wooden sill with an ellipse:
two three-quarter moons
nurse the glass.

Suppose you ^{always} missed it, that moment
of things becoming right; that the shift
is no greater than memory's. Or not even
a breath. Or Suppose that nothing
stirs at all?

but the thing you want
moves through space, fast,
though still, like starlight. Or that
you could catch it ^{right}.

in a mirror ^{between} held between
Now and Then, that the mirror, for a moment,
holds them apart, and holds
together the parts.

DO WHAT?
What do they do?

trap
locate
impose
kill
burn

→

anchor
stop

hook

trap it ^{locate it} + ^{fasten it}

trap it
contain

or that you trap it

When things become Right

OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR

It's hard to tell
that the face of the moon
is as much like a man's
as god's. Out yonder,
in the world without us,
who's to say?--

Either we get in the way,
or things make use of us.

Half-way around the globe,
the static sound of starlings
echoes off the barn roof.
Spiders weave in the spokes
of wheels, and stars
circle unsuspecting suns.
Little do we know,
the world has a talent
for making itself at home.

Meanwhile, we paint our self-
portraits on everything
imaginable, then hold
them up like mirrors.
Our mercurial brushes
grow longer, our skills
more acute. Dust clouds
the vision, tinder
to the eyes. So we burn
trees to save the forests, burn
air to fly afar. We do, we say.
We can. The time

is close at hand. Time was
(said a man)
you could tell the weather from the moon.
That was before another
broke the quicksilver distance
and walked all over it.
Now you can't tell a thing.

Alice B. Fogel

WINDLASS

(2)

Slowly, it is dusk,
morning,
spring.
You only notice afterward,
you only know by what is gone.

Let's say that you keep walking,
erasing all those circles
where you've been before—
questions for the answers
now beside the point.

There might be parallels, or facings,
like rows of folkdancers raising
a left hand to meet a right,
as if by an agreement to mock.

Or maybe on a street corner,
in the wind, an empty cup
whirls wildly in a wire cage, as a reel
let go at the end lets
the cellulose still spin. This spell

spills over like melting wax,
tattoos the wooden sill with an ellipse;
two three-quarter moons
close in upon their heart.

Suppose you always miss that moment
of things becoming right; that the shift
is no greater than memory's.
Or suppose that nothing
stirs at all,

but the thing you want
moves through space, fast,
though still, like starlight. / Or that
you could trap it

in a mirror balanced between ~~now~~
~~Now~~ and ~~Then~~; that the mirror, for a moment,
holds them apart, and holds
together the parts.

Fix the position of the heart.

OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR

It's hard to tell
that the face of the moon
is as much like a man's
as god's. Out yonder,
in the world without us,
who's to say?--
Either we get in the way,
or things make use of us.

Half-way around the globe,
the static sound of starlings
echoes off the barn roof.
Spiders weave in the spokes
of wheels, and stars
circle unsuspecting suns.
Little do we know,
the world has a talent
for making itself at home.

Meanwhile, we paint our self-
portraits on everything
imaginable, then hold
them up like mirrors.
Our mercurial brushes
grow longer, our skills
more acute. Dust clouds
the vision, tinder
to the eyes. So we burn
trees to save the forests, burn
air to fly afar. We do, we say.
We can. The time

is close at hand. Time was
(said a man)
you could tell the weather from the moon.
That was before another
broke the quicksilver distance
and walked all over it.
Now you can't tell a thing.

Alice B. Fogel

(1)

The Big Dipper ^(In the window) ~~appears in the window~~
Like the ~~rainbow~~ ~~bridge~~

I'd rather not
say so in the title,
it's clear enough
w/o it. (to it?)

If I had lifted my fingers and fitted ^{some of the} each star, round and threaded, onto the night,
and used a silver thimble to bead
~~the fabric~~ earth's evening gown,
the arrangement could never have been better.
You were here, and with some adjustment
we lost the distinction

between the darks of inside and out.

^{that} ~~The way~~ your hands rested on me —
was the (same) way those two stars
balanced on the crossbeam of the window.

They were the base of the dipper,

~~offering us a baptism~~ ^{offering a blessing}.

nothing?
something else?

(+) The whole cup of the constellation
filled the upper frame.

What was inside, and what passed out

^{use?} were each familiar to the other, ^{and to us}.

what?

~~It was 2 A.M.~~ ^{we saw that} the handle ^{pointed west}
~~pointed west~~ without suggesting departure.

Distance folded dimension, until the four

lit corners of the bowl, ~~near by~~ ^{but never?}

were four eyes circling the globe, ~~but never~~ ^(keep)

~~losing~~ losing sight of center.

^{seemed to offer}
~~which offered as a blessing~~

and neither near nor far.

SNOWSTORM

There is no sleep
 in the stillness
of snow, in such
 an adoration
 of freefall.
Like a choir's
 single inhalation
 it seems
to pause
 between two songs. Sleep
 slips by me
in waiting for the sound. Outside
as in the laying down
 of walls, everywhere
the snow
 like stone
 falls into place
and fits with proper spaces
 for the air
to travel.
 You
 pass through a crystal
greenhouse: angel
 caretaker
 owner
of the key. Lit from within
 there
the orchids
 are in bloom.
 In my room
when the door opens
 feathers of snow
 fly
into my arms like lovers
 and disappear.
Then you
 step in
 from out of the whirled,
lay down with your white bouquet,
breathe the scent of sleep.

BIG DIPPER IN THE WINDOW

If I had lifted my fingers and fitted
each star, round and threaded,
onto the fabric of the night,
and used a silver thimble
to bead earth's evening gown,
the arrangement could never have been better.
You were here, and with some adjustment
we lost all distinction
between the darks of inside and out.
How your hands rested on me--
that was the ~~same~~ way those two stars
balanced on the crossbeam of the window.
They were the base of the dipper,
which seemed to offer a blessing.
The whole cup of the constellation
filled the upper frame.
What was in it, and what passed out
~~was~~ each familiar to the other
and neither near nor far.
We ~~saw~~ that the handle pointed west
without suggesting departure.
Distance unfolded dimension, until the four
lit corners of the bowl
were four eyes circling the globe, but never
losing sight of center.

the room
went
inside out

but dark + dark; the room
went inside out

around it were the same,
was faint to each other

If we ~~learned~~, we

SNOWSTORM

There is no sleep
in the stillness
of snow, in such
an adoration
of freefall.

Like a choir's
single inhalation,
it seems
to pause
between two songs. Sleep
slips by me
in waiting for the sound.

Outside
as in the laying down
of walls,
everywhere
the snow
like stone
falls into place
and fits,
with proper spaces
for the air to travel.

You
pass through a crystal
greenhouse: angel
caretaker
owner
of the key. Lit from within
there
the orchids are in bloom.
In my room
when the door opens
feathers of snow
fly
into my arms like lovers
and disappear.

Then you
step in
from out of the whirled,
lay down with your white bouquet,
breathe the scent of sleep.

③

DIPPER

If I had lifted my fingers and fitted
each star, round and threaded,
onto the fabric of the night,
and used a silver thimble
to bead earth's evening gown,
the arrangement could never have been better.
You were here, and with some adjustment
we lost all distinction
between the dark and dark;
the room went inside out.
How your hands rested on me--
that was the way that those two stars
balanced on the crossbeam of the window. *sill?*
They were the base of the dipper,
which seemed to offer ^{me a} blessing.
The whole cup of the constellation
filled the upper frame.
What was in it and around it were the same,
each familiar to the other
and neither near nor far.
If we leaned, we'd see ~~that~~ the handle pointed west
without suggesting departure.
Distance unfolded dimension, until the four
lit corners of the bowl
were four eyes circling the globe, but never
losing sight of center. *?*

↓
*were four eyes slowly
circling the globe, while never*

SNOWSTORM

There is no sleep in the stillness
of snow, in such an adoration
 of freefall.
Like a choir's single inhalation
 it seems
to pause between two songs. Sleep
 slips by me
in waiting for the sound. Outside
as in the laying down of walls, everywhere
the snow like stone
 falls into place
and fits with proper spaces for the air
to travel. You
 pass through a crystal
greenhouse: angel caretaker
 owner
of the key. Lit from within there
the orchids are in bloom.
 In my room
when the door opens feathers of snow
 fly
into my arms like lovers and disappear.
Then you step in
 from out of the whirled,
lay down with your white bouquet,
breathe the scent of sleep.

MAYBE A DREAM

It was so near the end, the end
slept between us like death.
How I wanted a sign,
to say where I belonged. I dreamt
the old dreams of naming
but without the old feeling of home.
There was the night
that you said nothing,
another when you cried.
Each one an ending
that came and went like a tide.
There was the night I woke up so fully
into the echo of my name--
the word I'd heard still peeling
layers of sleep from the air.
I peered at your body in the dark,
still as the past. If it was you
who called my name, even you
would never know.

~~the~~ last word

It was so near the end, the end
slept between us like a death.
How I wanted a sign, a--
to say where I belonged. I dreamt
the old dreams of naming
but without the old feeling of home.
There was the night
that you said nothing,
another when you cried.
Each one was an ending
that came and went like a tide.
There was the night I woke so fully
into the echo of my name--
the word I'd heard still peeling
ripples of sleep from the air.
I peered through the dark at your body,
still as the past. If it was you
who called out my name, even you
will never know.

#Gangb-like hided!

ILLUMINATION

By the light of day
I am painting.
From within my hands the landscape
Appears, a still life,
One self-portrait..

At first I think I'm alone.
Then you move your white brush
Over my canvas, gently
Hold me with your free hand.

You touch this, that,
And leave gold.
Where before it was dark
A new light reveals. I see
The warm strokes reach out to you
Just as you reached for them,
Putting life there.

*Am to address me
M. H. McKay
Bob*

My Mother tells ^{me} of when I was three:

Learning to play
ECHOING

Sure?

"Alice," I am calling, from back behind the house.
I know she is somewhere in front.

at first

"Alice" ^{your} voice answers,

I don't know why.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"Doing," she says.
She gets the inflection just right.

"Come here," I say. "Come here."

~~She is three. Now I start to play.~~

"Are you here?" "You here?"

"Yes, I hear you." "I hear you."

She stresses the "you", forgetting herself.

break

It makes me laugh. She laughs too.

Later she finds me, and asks me,

"Did you hear it, ma,
the echo?"

make it too
repeating?
As if
meaningful

and I said "Yes, I did, did you?"

Now+then
WINDLASS

?

3

Slowly, it is dusk,
morning,
spring.
You only notice afterward,
you only know by what is gone.

Let's say that you keep walking,
erasing all those circles
where you've been before--
questions for the answers
now beside the point.

There might be parallels, or facings,
like rows of folkdancers raising
a left hand to meet a right,
as if by an agreement to mock.

Or maybe on a street corner,
in the wind, an empty cup
whirls wildly in a wire cage, as reels
let go at the end let
the cellulose still spin. This spell

spills over like melting wax,
tattoos the wooden sill with an ellipse:
two three-quarter moons
~~close in upon their heart.~~

~~cellulose~~ *fix the position of their heart.*

Suppose you always miss that moment
of things becoming right; that the shift
is no greater than memory's.
Or suppose that nothing
stirs at all,

but the thing you want
moves through space, fast,
though still, like starlight.
Or that you could trap it

in a mirror balanced between now
and then; that the mirror, for a moment,
holds them apart, and holds
together the parts.

Summer?

re-do
positively

THE MEADOW

From ~~further~~ down the road the dark
stares back at me
another absence

I stop to wonder what will replace
this when it too
is buried

This is what I see: ^{now} the meadow
black as moonless
water

Beside that road, between ~~those~~ trees, ^{gifted}
gifted with a thousand
fireflies

Rising, always rising at each moment
of light, like snow returning ^{in its season}
to air

From down the road the dark
stares back,
empty-eyed, ^{(as if) absent from its own home}
as if absent, ^{as an absent place}
from the earth, ^{as an absence} like (an) absence, ^{as earth}

But ^{closer, in the comforter}
~~closer, in the comforter~~
~~closer, in the comforter~~
this is what I see: the meadow
black as moonless
water

Beside that ~~same~~ road, between trees, gifted
with a thousand
fireflies

Rising, always rising at each moment
of light, like snow returning
to air.

~~when the winds are whispering of a dawn~~

when the vague possibilities become the offspring of themselves in breeding,
and the old whispers

clay babies
them, us, me & him
Brail: "Catholic Review"

The Indefinable Moment

for V.W.

~~You will never tell of the streets~~
you have watched, of your patience,
waiting for that precise moment of violent dark;
~~Admit that~~ suddenly, seeing it in the past
you know it has eluded you again.

You long to possess that moment, you define
loneliness as the lack of it. ~~You say that~~
All the missed moments clutter this earth like cells
forming their islands of ~~loneliness~~ on the body
of your loneliness.

It is late. ~~You are still at the window~~
A woman moves about in her kitchen across the city,
then her light disappears like ~~a~~ small death. ~~(ending?)~~
The new dark spot lingers, then it too is gone.
~~(indefinable moment)~~ is gone.

STILL LIFE

(Everything?)
All that you have wanted comes to you
one after another, as apparitions, accusing
you of not wanting them enough,
knowing you knew how. They wander
wilsome as scales and arpeggios
unsucceeded by sonata.

repetition
Never mind, for the moment, the artist,
yourself; think of the art whose life
is infinite future, whose embryo
is your own power, waiting
in the wings of its own fright.

*repetition
or redundancy?*
Let it in, let it out. Let it go. Love,
what is love but attention,
concentration, and who knows better
all that is given to be loved? How can I
be telling you? You, the teacher, the elder,
my father. You could forget
yourself in return for all that's offered
for memory. Take care of that old man
you have not yet become:

he is the only child who will prove you.
Listen, get up, it is time to get started,
not time to rest, or grieve. After all,
it's still life. I tell you, the sheer
weightlessness of a tree's branch is in its reaching
for the distances, for all the world
like the curve of earth.

You can feel how the lune of its embrace
includes you, when you look out to sea
and know the horizon
is only a line your mind draws
for comfort.

*not
condisc
turgid*

*luxurious
to read*

Alice B. Fogel

lack of symmetry + repetition

don't say everything in a metaphor, be direct.

3. simile that expresses a deepest desire, but a physical reality
vividly present

1. An object, ordinary, familiar, describe thoroughly,
expressing something deeper + w/ kinship,
all the senses involved, physically
2. Same but w/o phys. obj. at hand, - by imagination,
in vision

Que él me hace pensar de ti, y sentirte en el corazón, especialmente cuando
está viendo.

Memorize a poem - Laurie's deer?

Your Letter
NEWS

Just because the
big is just down &
mean you have to
spend the rest of the
poem making it work

Robt. Lowell
Stunk

use this
better
justified
something
with head

And then there's the snow when it falls, bearing
down on itself, ten thousand
fools, each separate and single
minded. Yes, so much silence mutes
and mocks these marks
that dirty your once-white page.

But forget the origins, routes, detours, destination. This news
is your own heartbeat,
it always is. It's all there, too:

The time spent remembering
because it's too late to live,
your too-great loves, insuperable,
your urgent unbelieving message.

What use the light that bares its own shadow? *

All is lost, at least
on the eye of the blind.

Unreadable news!—it's thousand thoughts at once
revealed and obscured. Just the same,
a blizzard smothers, in moments,

vague?
hopeful

what was, in a word,
empirical, of essence,
the proof, definition. But something was
still warm at the source
of this sudden fallen storm.

Reaching through it (it's not hard)
I touch my fingers to earth.

NEEDS
CONTEXT

you'd just
get rid of
the snow
altogether

To say this poem is
completely clear to me,
the metaphors add & even
elucidate

Don't trap yourself in
one extended
metaphor

Alice B. Fogel

Difficult
Secure/obscure?

be stunk!

what am I holding back & why
because of untouchable feelings?

Op. of ~~conception~~? - cognitive

overlapped
p. 13

What ~~is~~ ^{are} volition and desire?
Second nature, ~~gathering~~ ^{destiny gathered} destiny
by destiny? designed; instinct informing
fortune

How to live. INSTINCT

There is a woman beside me
composed, but running
with ~~tears~~ like her face
of a cliff wet under the unfathomable
sky. Glass, concrete, metal
are more easily borne.

An intuitive
woman with tears
is like the face

We gather instinct, or design; other mysteries
or all these things combined.
In northern grazing grounds
the grass grows only for the reindeer
and the deer eat their grass to live
only to run from invisible flies
to death.

just long enough to live
till the invisible flies come
and run them to their deaths

At war, soldiers cease
to be men. They are like the dancers
and the mountain climbers whose bodies
know what freedom is.

Love is as semaphoric: A ritual
motion of unnameable source.

In all things there are two
tags for identification.
The other woman holds one
for safe keeping. The second
is for the living, for the knowing
how to live
without knowing how.

a kind of pre-
arranged form of
nonverbal communica-
tion by means of
symbols

There is another woman
with tears, running with tears, face
of a cliff wet under the unfathomable
sky. glass, concrete, metal
are more easily borne.

This woman with her (spontaneous) tears, running, like the face
of a cliff wet under the unfathomable
sky. glass, concrete, metal
are more easily borne.

I wd tell her what she ~~knows~~ ^{could tell me}
how we gather instinct, or design; all mysteries
all these things combined.
Tells what is known

Alice B. Fogel

ordinatio
determination

attention
faculty of volition and desire
Conation - knowing
instinct reflex
design 2nd nature
desire will
fate intuition

conatus/nisus

[concatenation - series in a chain;
unconsciously linked together]

SAN JUAN ISLAND

For Jim Lawrence

Everything soft, the rain
makes its slow way
down and through.
You build your house
under water.
No suddenness, no sounds,
as if the hammer
of a gentle man
did to wood the same thing
as water, the same thing
love does to children.
You sleep where-ever the whim
of night falls,
your comforter the susurrous
talk of drops
too small to see.
In the marsh, sleepy movement
beneath wet leaves.
By the lake, between weeping
willows, the white apples
swell and sway
hanging from branches
like warm icicles.
For a moment in the mornings
from its pillow
all the blue of the sky
unfolds like a baby's limb,
then settles in its daydream bed,
more soft clouds.

Need

I was speaking to you.

It was not yet dark and I
forgot to say—yes it comes to me now
too late—the lines you taught me
all the nights you weren't here, rehearsals
you never showed up for, performances
unattended, when I ~~wanted to hear~~ *dreamt*
your hands applauding, a sound
like private laughter. I tell you
it was you I was speaking to
about the curtain, about the lights
and you were asleep
while I asked all this of you
stopping short of what I fear most
to mention, and then forgetting
what could make you feel
again

✓

Although There Was Once

A time when everything sighted
Held ~~truth~~ and every movement— *was tried*
Sure as the growth of roots—
Was sudden knowledge

Now thought comes with its own
Doubt, ~~and~~ action is like a falling
Of forest limbs, and memory
Is an old friend whose name
Has slipped your mind

needs another he
+ another I or me

CONFUSION OF SORROWS

Night's light comes in to rest on the sills ^{like snow,}
~~like snow~~. Rills of water wander ~~one~~ window lengthwise,
carrying their little loads of dust
down to the lintels. Indistinct
movements inside are dark, distilled.
The shadow of a hand on the table
is a fresa's fallen silk.

Lamplight forms a mask
of chiaroscuro on her leaning face.
You sleep in ~~the~~ well-lit house beneath its overlooming
darkness, dreaming of their bargains,
our balances of payments.

I remember his beautiful face and fingers.

She in her newest nightgown moves across more windows.
He is in his chair, not reading.

You take up all the room in the room called "you".

Smoke, or steam, a wave ^{of white}
~~of white~~ flies across my ~~reflection~~ in the glass.

Mouth open, the shameless moon
stares in on each of us, in our ^{solitude?} ~~separate~~ ^{cease} ~~states~~ ^{solitary cells} ~~despairs~~.

Her quiver ~~the~~ delicate feathered arrows shift in her quiver.
^{a little heavy, eh?} ~~point their poison toward me.~~ ^{HE}

In the frost the leaves ^{you were} ~~are~~ browning and crumbling
just the same as if ^{you were} burning.

The under side of my wrist ^{recalls} ~~feels~~ for your hard body's
soft skin. The moon pours

through the window with all its shattering rain.

It is no longer possible to leave them
as we found them: Between us then and now. ^(even if we wanted to.)

A Confusion of sorrows ~~reigns~~ reigns.

Them, ~~him, her,~~ ^{us, you,} ~~he~~ and you.

^{us, you,} ^{no CAP.}

them:
you + she (her)
he + I - (him + me)
me + you

She, they, he, you + I

them, us, me + him

them, us, you, me and you.

her ^{the} del. feathered arrows shift in ^{her} their quiver.

EVENING SKY

Clouds find their places in her, momentary fences,
Then move, mimicking earth's geography
As if to foreshadow continents' incontinence.
In, out, displace, connect. The valences
At work: An evening of values
Of dark and light.

You call it arrogance, but the stars
Tolerate daylight, and not the other
Way around. You ought to look away
When the sky turns her back like this
Pulling her dark shawl down
Over her face in order to weep alone. Patience.
She's not free (though you think she is);
Her wing is broken, or might as well be.
She only hovers by default. This moment
Will be borne off, or fall.

On your breezy hill, where with each gust
Another leaf lets go
Of all it ever knew, you stand, bowing
Like a ship before waves. The sky moves
Losing her balance as if on purpose
And falls into your open hand, giving
Only one glance over her shoulder.

OF THE HEART

Seen as a mirror
it shows what we can't know
with other parts of the body.

In our hearts we expect to meet
what is waited for around corners.
And what we leave behind
is still ahead of us, like the sailor's home
as he sails around the world.

I saw the evergreens following you
up beyond the timberline,
climbing to where the horizon
blended with all the rest.

Down below, entire landscapes moved
with the indifference of passersby.
Marsh became meadow, mountains bloomed
into breeze. Those trees
ran about the hills like antelope!

When faith is at its best
what we call magic
happens in the silver-lined heart.

*It was just the land of magic
at work behind the silver-lined heart.*

*Such a simple trick of faith
what we call magic -*

*only happens in the silver-lined heart
such a simple trick of faith in
we call it magic, ~~the~~
happens in silver-lined hearts.*

*Just ~~so~~ the
simple trick of faith -
(what we call magic) -
happens ~~only~~ in the silver-lined heart.*

ELEMENTAL

It is never a question of wanting to fall.
It is the precipice which calls, the air
that yearns for the body to caress.

Who can resist the upward
gaze of earth? As all land
is water bound, so I am defined by you. See:

The drowning man pulls the sea up around him
like bedclothes, and finally he is buoyant.

The profiles of the beach, all area
momentarily outlined, then merely memorized:

Once something else, now beautiful. Here
new agates grow unknown, like their aired
ancestors, the arrowheads on drier sand.

These, like the branches of trees, have always
known where they are going.

They're in no hurry, we don't name them
—or love them—for their descent.

It's elemental.

Try to understand this: When I say "crash"
I mean passion, the wave following
its heart, no turning back. no questions asked.

It's not the crash the speaking of.
I'm not speaking of "crash".
Heaven
sky
As the upward gaze
of earth, and as all land
is water bound

Crash is not true love,
the passion is in the
leap + suspension,
not the landing

When I say "crash"
I mean passion, the wave following
its heart, no turning back.

It's not toward a crash
I don't mean crash

Alice B. Fogel

When I say passion, I mean the wave following

I don't mean crash
when I say passion, the wave following
its heart, airborne, no turning back

Seen as a mirror
it shows —

maybe the heart is a mirror

OF THE HEART

~~We may~~ ^{It can be seen} See it as a mirror, ^{the heart may be a mirror} you said,
showing what we can't know
with other parts of the body.

In our hearts we expect to meet
what is waited for around corners.
And what we leave behind
is still ahead of us, like the sailor's home
as he sails around the world.

~~I dreamed~~ I saw the evergreens following you ^{him} him.
up beyond the timberline.
~~Together, you climbed~~ ^{They climbed} climbing
to where the horizon blended
with all the rest.

Down below, entire landscapes moved
with the indifference of passersby.
Marsh became meadow, mountains ~~were unamazed~~
turning into breeze. Those trees ^{rose} rose
ran about the hills like antelope! ^{bloomed} bloomed

~~You said,~~ ^{when} Faith is ^{at its} best when put to use
and what we call magic
is all done with mirrors.

^{happens in the silverlined heart.}

silverlined

the heart as a mirror

Seen as a mirror

~~we may~~ ^{why not} see it as a mirror

Love, happens in the
heart, works magic
if you have faith in it

Alice B. Fogel

What we call faith
is a magic worked with mirrors

~~a familiar magic worked with mirrors~~
What we call faith
the heart at its best when put to use
the heart, silverbacked

EVENING SKY

Something *Clouds find their places* *places*
~~Clouds are rallying together in her like fences.~~

In, out, displace, connect. The valences

At work: An evening of values
Of dark and light.

You call it arrogance, but the stars
Tolerate daylight, and not the other
Way around. You ought to look away
When the sky turns her back like this
Pulling her dark shawl down
Over her face in order to weep alone. Be patient.
She's not free (though you think she is); her wing
Is broken, or might as well be. She only hovers
By default. This moment will be borne off, or fall.
On your breezy hill, where with each gust
Another leaf lets go
Of all it ever knew, you stand, bowing
Like a ship before waves. The sky moves
Losing her balance as if on purpose
And falls into your open hand, giving
Only one glance over her shoulder.

I'll keep
that.

*Clouds move, mimicking the earth's geography,
spanning the sky like continents do time*

Clouds find their places in her,
then move, mimicking
the earth's geography as if foreshadowing continents
constantly changing the continents
constant change/inconstant shaping/inconstance (!)

Alice B. Fogel

✓

SAN JUAN ISLAND

Everything softens, the rain
makes its slow way
down and through.

You build your house
under water.

No suddenness, no sounds,
as if the hammer
of a gentle man
did to wood the same thing
as water, the same thing
love does to children.

You sleep
where-ever the whim
of night falls,
your comforter the susurrous
talk of drops
too small to see.
In the marsh, sleepy movement
beneath wet leaves.

By the lake, between weeping
willows, the white apples
swell and sway,

? ~~hanging from branches~~
~~like warm icicles.~~

→ icicles, nice idea (warm) -
but swaying?

For a moment in the mornings
from its pillow
all the blue of the sky
unfolds like a baby's limb,
then settles back

~~into its daydream bed,~~
more soft clouds.

enough bedding

into more soft clouds.

~~into its dream of clouds~~

into the same dreaming,
more soft clouds

Alice B. Fogel

✓
GRACE

~~I think of~~
Think of the awkward stance
of the stationary object
disappearing behind its paralysis,
etching all the air around
into visibility.

etches

How else could the flying
know open spaces between things?
Faith in flight, swallows
darting through trees
as if matter were only imaginable.

like
~~One morning the dragonflies,~~
~~fleet of tiny winged horses~~
~~weaving in from sea like another sky.~~ Like a second sky
~~Mythical, they parted around me~~
as if I were something that had always been

standing by the ocean on this day
and on all the days of their folklore
as they flew past me, (always)
on their way to grace.

yes, leave it

Alice B. Fogel

TWO WOMEN WAITING

~~One is~~
You see one in the valley
looking at a certain place
where the two sides of the river meet.
The water, the hours, the waiting
pass by as if on their own.
She stands at the edge
where the wet stones are drying, almost
too slowly to be seen,
washes the gold for impurities
in her yellow bowl. Bees swarm
at a distance, mistaking
everything for honey.

~~The other~~
One considers the spokes of a wheel,
imagines it splitting ~~unbearable~~ perfect pinecones
pinecones of perfection
on the forest floor. For her,
waiting ~~delivers~~ its own presence, one
not unlike the desired,
only immortal, lacking
the life of the living.
~~You might find her~~ she may see in full view
of the road, pretending to be
busy with something else, drawing
water, perhaps, or tapping trees
out of season. ~~She will wait~~
~~forever empty handed, forever~~
~~inching backwards off the cliff.~~

~~One rises, forgetting to wait.~~

~~One waits empty-handed,~~
~~inching backwards off the cliff.~~

~~One lowers her gaze~~
~~at the swelling ground.~~

There are 2 kinds of waiting:
One delivers, one is ~~self~~ itself complete.
one rises like light at its source
one is empty handed
one forgets to wait
one remembers nothing as it ever was.

~~THE~~ THE LETTER

And then there's the snow when it falls, bearing
down on itself, ten thousand
fools, each separate and single
minded. Yes, so much silence mutes
and mocks these marks
that dirty your once-white page: *this news*

But forget the origins,
routes, detours, destination. This news
is your own heartbeat,
it always is. It's all there, too:
The time spent remembering
because it's too late to live,
your too-great loves, insuperable,
your urgent unbelieving message.
What use the light that bares its own shadow?

2 All is lost, at least
on the eye of the blind.

Unreadable news!—~~thousands~~ thousand thoughts at once
revealed and obscured. Just the same,
a blizzard smothers, in moments,
what was, in a word, *of essence, empirical,*
empirical, of essence,
the proof, definition. But, *there's* something ~~was~~ *that not*
still warm at the source
of this sudden fallen storm. *that soft but sudden storm*

I Reaching through it, (it's not hard)
I touch my fingers to earth.

uncumbrance
lost the
the written word, ~~the blind~~, ~~the blind~~,
~~the blind, routes, detours~~
~~the intended routes and detours, ...~~

J. says yes

*The written word lost, at least
to the blind.*

Alice B. Fogel

the written word lost to the blind.

On Seeing the Northern Lights

They defy the order of colors, and the plans
of men. Don't you see that?
But no, the eyes were made to calculate
dreams, and to translate these
to the other parts of the body.
This is ~~what~~ drives the snow
to bed, finding there the damp
odor of loam, leaves
of endless years, the seasons,
the same weight that heats and deceives.
Bless us, we are innocent, time
after time: In the eye
lies the blindness to believe,
to judge darkness and light,
to preach, convert, repent,
to lend visions and borrow sight.
Something of us remembers each one of these
but it is not enough, and it doesn't matter
and outside the Northern Lights explain:
We had nothing to do with this
but we are better off, having seen.

PERSEPHONE

Under the world
where you lived without
season before me

you wait too, held
to the promise that was
bitter from the beginning.

I go, but summer begins
with no blessing of mine.
I no longer know

what once I did believe.
In your hard hands
the pomegranate

amber and jewel
offer of love and sorrow,
turned earth

stranger and sky
to foreign land.
Gift of blood

on your retractable knife.
"Springtime is only a metaphor,"
you said,

but you weren't sure.
For it was to hold Spring
that first you took me;

it was for fear of it
that then you let me go.
You can stand firm

in your duality
but when the sun here fails
to warm me

or when it warms me
feeling like your arms,
when a last leaf finally

falls with a tear
of untimely joy, and I
the lost harbinger

wandering the wrong side
of this mirroring world awake
listening for the leaving

of the lark, don't you see
what has been done? Oh this pact,
this pendulum.

Love, you send me away
for a promise of spring,
and renewal, and to grace

when to live without you again
is to winter in a waste-
land, waiting.

Alice B. Fogel

NEWS

And then there's the snow when it falls, bearing
down on itself, ten thousand
fools, each separate and single
minded. Yes, so much silence mutes
and mocks these marks
that dirty your once-white page.
But forget the origins,
routes, detours, destination. This news
is your own heartbeat,
it always is. It's all there, too:
The time spent remembering
because it's too late to live,
your too-great loves, insuperable,
your urgent unbelieving message.
What use the light that bares its own shadow?
All is lost, at least
on the eye of the blind.
Unreadable news!—it's thousand thoughts at once
revealed and obscured. Just the same,
a blizzard smothers, in moments,
what was, in a word,
empirical, of essence,
the proof, definition. But something was
still warm at the source
of this sudden fallen storm.
Reaching through it (it's not hard)
I touch my fingers to earth.

Alice B. Fogel

"The greatest poverty is not to live
In a physical world, to feel that one's
desire
Is too difficult to tell from despair."
—W. Stevens

THE SELF, FALLING

That one could be so small, slipping
through its own self, as silt shifts
down through its rock bed.
What happens when we wish
is something unforeseen
and other. That we are drawn
to windows and other openings,
that the threshold is as fragile
as desire. This falling
is a bedtime fable, of finding
bottom, false promise of final
softness there. The rest,
silence. But what is worse
than going on is the ending,
that once there the darkness
silvers the glass to mirror
and the eyes too are open,
horribly. What is that shape
that forms its compulsive shadows
through which it is impossible not, again,
to fall? And still the wishful self
has its own ideas.
That one could be so small
and yet unable to rise, that laws
here are still binding, the legacy
of an ancient alchemy. All that rises
is the voice at the end
of its question, for nothing
weighs more than the frail hope falling
forever through its own despair.

Alice B. Fogel

TWO WOMEN WAITING

You see one in the valley
looking at a certain place
where the two sides of the river meet.
The water, the hours, the waiting
pass by as if on their own.
She stands at the edge
where the wet stones are drying, almost
too slowly to be seen,
washes the gold for impurities
in her yellow bowl. Bees swarm
at a distance, mistaking
everything for honey.

One considers the spokes of a wheel,
imagines it splitting unbearable
pinecones of perfection
on the forest floor. For her,
waiting delivers its own presence, one
not unlike the desired,
only immortal, lacking
the life of the living.
You might find her in full view
of the road, pretending to be
busy with something else, drawing
water, perhaps, or tapping trees
out of season. She will wait
forever empty handed, forever
inching backwards off the cliff.

GRACE

Think of the awkward stance
of the stationary object
disappearing behind its paralysis,
etching all the air around
into visibility.

How else could the flying
know open spaces between things?
Faith in flight, swallows
darting through trees
as if matter were only imaginable.

One morning the dragonflies,
fleet of tiny winged horses
weaving in from sea like another sky.
Mythical, they parted around me
as if I were something that had always been

standing by the ocean on this day
and on all the days of their folklore
as they flew past me, always
on their way to grace.

Alice B. Fogel

OF THE HEART

See it as a mirror, you said,
showing what we can't know
with other parts of the body.

In our hearts we expect to meet
what is waited for around corners.
And what we leave behind
is still ahead of us, like the sailor's home
as he sails around the world.

I dreamed I saw the evergreens following you
up beyond the timberline.
Together, you climbed
to where the horizon blended
with all the rest.

Down below, entire landscapes moved
with the indifference of passersby.
Marsh became meadow, mountains were unamazed
turning into breeze. Those trees
ran about the hills like antelope!

You said, Faith is best when put to use
and what we call magic
is all done with mirrors.

Alice B. Fogel

EVENING SKY

Clouds are rallying together in her like fences.
In, out, displace, connect. The valences
At work: An evening of values
Of dark and light.
You call it arrogance, but the stars
Tolerate daylight, and not the other
Way around. You ought to look away
When the sky turns her back like this
Pulling her dark shawl down
Over her face in order to weep alone. Be patient.
She's not free (though you think she is); her wing
Is broken, or might as well be. She only hovers
By default. This moment will be borne off, or fall.
On your breezy hill, where with each gust
Another leaf lets go
Of all it ever knew, you stand, bowing
Like a ship before waves. The sky moves
Losing her balance as if on purpose
And falls into your open hand, giving
Only one glance over her shoulder.

Alice B. Fogel

ELEMENTAL

It is never a question of wanting to fall.
It is the precipice which calls, the air
that yearns for the body to caress.
Who can resist the upward
gaze of earth? As all land
is water bound, so I am defined by you. See:
The drowning man pulls the sea up around him
like bedclothes, and finally he is buoyant.
The profiles of the beach, all area
momentarily outlined, then merely memorized:
Once something else, now beautiful. Here
new agates grow unknown, like their aired
ancestors, the arrowheads on drier sand.
These, like the branches of trees, have always
known where they are going.
They're in no hurry, we don't name them
—or love them—for their descent.
It's elemental.
Try to understand this: When I say "crash"
I mean passion, the wave following
its heart, no turning back, no questions asked.

Alice B. Fogel

NEWS

And then there's the snow when it falls, bearing
down on itself, ten thousand
fools, each separate and single
minded. Yes, so much silence mutes
and mocks these marks
that dirty your once-white page.
But forget the origins,
routes, detours, destination. This news
is your own heartbeat,
it always is. It's all there, too:
The time spent remembering
because it's too late to live,
your too-great loves, insuperable,
your urgent unbelieving message.
What use the light that bares its own shadow?
All is lost, at least
on the eye of the blind.
Unreadable news!—it's thousand thoughts at once
revealed and obscured. Just the same,
a blizzard smothers, in moments,
what was, in a word,
empirical, of essence,
the proof, definition. But something was
still warm at the source
of this sudden fallen storm.
Reaching through it (it's not hard)
I touch my fingers to earth.

Alice B. Fogel

(1)

a - Kay-sha
scourge

It was ^{it was} ~~July~~, the year of the first caterpillar scourge, ^{but they were} ~~but now they were~~ gone, as suddenly as they had come, and gone were their ropes of caterpillar twine crossing roads from tree to tree. ^{better} Still there was a ^{certain} suspense in the air. ^{arrived} Then one night, what we'd been waiting for ~~without knowing~~ it came. Outside, it was snowing in summer. Or the sky was in bloom, ^{soft} ~~tiny~~ white ~~moths~~ ^{sparkles} filling the air like the space beneath the ~~myrtle~~ tree, that drops its minute petals in spring. These moths' lives seemed as brief. They fell, more than flew. They blew against windshields in a wintry storm, and fell. They littered the ground like fall confetti. They lit on our hair, weightless; we shook them out, and they fell. In the street lamps, they congregated for as long as a pause, —then fell. In a few hours it was over. The sky resumed its air of ^{proper} summer nights. But the ground was white, and ~~gave~~ ^{lent} visibility to the wind that swept till dawn.

Outside, it was ^{harmless} ~~an explosion of~~ July sparklers' start. Or the sky was ~~soft white stars, the sparkles of July sparklers~~ in bloom, a soft whiteness filling the air like the scented space beneath the acacia tree, that drops its million minute petals in spring. ~~But~~ these moths' lives seemed more brief.

They ^{had} ~~left~~ ^{gone} as red as they had come ^{cord} gathering their chartered ~~paths~~ that crossed the roads from tree to tree

to many moths

(2)

chrysids

It was the year of the first caterpillar scourge.
~~And~~ they were gone, as suddenly as they had come,
gathering their twisted cords that crossed the roads
in elevated highways from tree to tree.

Still ^{we were aware of} there was a certain suspense in the air.

Then one ^{evening} night, unannounced, what we'd been waiting for
arrived.

Outside, it was a ~~harmless~~ explosion of July sparklers' stars. Or the sky was in bloom, a ^{soft whiteness} filling the air like the scented space beneath the acacia tree, that drops its million minute petals in spring. Yet these moths' lives ~~were even~~ more brief.

Can I get away with no white there, only one, at the end? or some other word for white.

They fell, more than flew. They blew against windshields in a wintry storm, and fell. They littered ~~the ground~~ lawns like fall confetti. They lit in our hair, weightless; we shook them out, and they drifted down. In the street lamps, they ^{gathered, passing light} congregated for as long as a pause, — then fell.

In a few hours it was over. The sky resumed its air of proper summer nights. But the ground was white, and lent a visibility to the wind that swept till dawn.

Shower of wings

down - like feathers
swept - feels like slept, or wept

What little ^{was there any?} difference between their deaths & their ^{brief} lives.

EVENING SKY

Clouds are rallying together in her like fences.
In, out, displace, connect. The valences
At work: An evening of values
Of dark and light.
You call it arrogance, but the stars
Tolerate daylight, and not the other
Way around. You ought to look away
When the sky turns her back like this
Pulling her dark shawl down
Over her face in order to weep alone. Be patient.
She's not free (though you think she is); her wing
Is broken, or might as well be. She only hovers
By default. This moment will be borne off, or fall.
On your breezy hill, where with each gust
Another leaf lets go
Of all it ever knew, you stand, bowing
Like a ship before waves. The sky moves
Losing her balance as if on purpose
And falls into your open hand, giving
Only one glance over her shoulder.

Alice B. Fogel

← was the year of the first →

③

It was the year of the first caterpillar scourge.
And now they were gone, as suddenly as they'd come,
taking their twisted crisscrossed cords that hung
like highways from every tree.

Still we were aware of a certain suspense in the air.
+ till Then one evening, unannounced, what we'd waited for
arrived.

Outside, it was an explosion of July sparklers' stars.
Or the sky was in bloom, a shower of wings filling the
air like the scented space beneath the acacia tree,
that drops its million minute petals in spring. But
the lives of these moths were even more brief.
They fell, more than flew. They blew against windshields
in a wintry storm, and fell. They littered lawns like
fall confetti. They lit in our hair, weightless; we
shook them out, and they drifted down. In the street-
lamps, they paused, passing light, then passed on, ~~falling~~.
Later, the sky resumed its air of proper summer nights.
But the ground was white, and lent a visibility to the wind
that swept till dawn.

I found it
too
riddled w/
alliteration,
not that rhyme +
word play in general
to break it into lines.
I wanted it smoother
than that we allow.

to approach

ELEMENTAL

It is never a question of wanting to fall.
It is the precipice which calls, the air
that yearns for the body to caress.
Who can resist the upward
gaze of earth? As all land
is water bound, so I am defined by you. See:
The drowning man pulls the sea up around him
like bedclothes, and finally he is buoyant.
The profiles of the beach, all area
momentarily outlined, then merely memorized:
Once something else, now beautiful. Here
new agates grow unknown, like their aired
ancestors, the arrowheads on drier sand.
These, like the branches of trees, have always
known where they are going.
They're in no hurry, we don't name them
—or love them—for their descent.
It's elemental.
Try to understand this: When I say "crash"
I mean passion, the wave following
its heart, no turning back, no questions asked.

Alice B. Fogel

ODE TO FLIES

The best time to kill a fly ^{the flies}
~~(it won't even try to escape)~~
is in the morning, early,
when the sun warms the windows
and the flies, still ^{are} dreaming ^{drowsy, dreaming}
of the good life on the other side
of the pane. They'll let you
swat them right through ~~the glass~~
the glass of their dreams.

in their very
-before their eyes. ^{in their eyes}
in their many eyes

ODE TO FLIES

The best time to kill the flies
is in the morning, early,
when the sun warms wet windows
and the flies still are drowsy, dreaming
of the good life on the other side
of the pane. They will let you
swat them right through
the glass before their very eyes.

OF THE HEART

See it as a mirror, you said,
showing what we can't know
with other parts of the body.

In our hearts we expect to meet
what is waited for around corners.
And what we leave behind
is still ahead of us, like the sailor's home
as he sails around the world.

I dreamed I saw the evergreens following you
up beyond the timberline.
Together, you climbed
to where the horizon blended
with all the rest.

Down below, entire landscapes moved
with the indifference of passersby.
Marsh became meadow, mountains were unamazed
turning into breeze. Those trees
ran about the hills like antelope!

You said, Faith is best when put to use
and what we call magic
is all done with mirrors.

Alice B. Fogel

IN THE AIR

It was the year of the first caterpillar scourge. And now they were gone, as suddenly as they'd come, taking their twisted criscrossed cords that hung like highways from every tree.

Still we were aware of a certain suspense in the air,—till one evening, unannounced, what we'd waited for arrived.

Outside, it was an explosion of July sparklers' stars. Or the sky was in bloom, a shower of wings filling the air like the scented space beneath the acacia tree, that drops its million minute petals in spring. But the lives of these moths were even more brief.

They fell, more than flew. They blew against windshields in a wintry storm, and fell. They littered lawns like fall confetti. They lit in our hair, weightless; we shook them out, and they drifted down. In the street-lamps they paused, passing light, then passed on.

Later, the sky resumed its air of proper summer nights. But the ground was white, and lent a visibility to the wind that swept till dawn.

MAGMA

If there is a stratosphere of earth
to match the sky's, it lies far lower
than is known. For the volcano has its roots
at the stillest center, and blooms
at last as if a lifetime later.

So that what once heats and weights
turns quickly colder
and lighter than a god's ennui.

Though we say rock, igneous,
still it disseminates,
crystallizes, embroiders the rarer minerals
into porphyry, looming on
for eons.

So matter seems the world's
own blood flowing, purled,
a fatal purpura, another stain,
as if earth were a bride deceived,
mourning her absent groom,
her old maid's bower at dusk
limned by the leaving of its last light source.

How unclean
the false surface, so soon split, ruptured
without warning from within,
opened, molten, then solidified again.

And this was to be the world,
the place meant for more than anything,
born for bearing life,
not for stillbirthed stone.

Impossible to mine the strata, to stope
the terrible ore terrain,
made of iron, made of honor, and broken
vows. One whole world. Its pieces.

STOPE: To extract ore by excavating horizontally, or by steps in the sides of pits.

PURPURA: A disease of the blood which is like bruising under the skin. The Greek root means "purple".

PORPHYRY: An igneous (produced by fire or volcano) rock with a unified base in which crystals of many minerals are dispersed; also purplish.
Porphyry (or Porphyrius) was a philosopher who disputed Christianity, around 200 A.D.
Porphyrans are a part of the blood, carrying iron.

MAGMA: Crude mixture of mineral or organic matters; fluid matter beneath earth's crust; amorphous basis of some porphyritic rocks; dregs left after liquid is removed.

GEOLOGY

(1)

If there is a stratosphere of earth,
^{in the} ~~turning~~ sky, it lies
 far lower than is known.

For the volcano, like the tidal wave, begins
 at stillness' center, and blooms
 at last like panic

So that what once heats and weights
 turns quickly colder
 and lighter than a god's enmity.

Though we say rock, igneous, still it disseminates,
 crystallizes, ~~felas~~ embroiders the rarer minerals
 into porphyry, looming on for eons.

So matter seems the world's own blood flowing, parted,
 a fatal purpura, a ^{stain} ~~stain~~
~~on another permanent~~

How unclear ^{the} false surface, split and disrupted
 without warning from within,
 opened, melting then solidified again.
 As if earth were a bride, mourning her absent groom,
 her maid's bower at dusk
 lured by the leaving of its last light source.

And this was to be the world, the place
 meant for more than anything,
 born for bearing life, not still birthing barrenness.

Impossible to mine, to shape the terrible ore tenacious
 made of iron, made of honor, and broken
 vows, spinning into stress

Tuesday
 Sunday
 X
 Monday
 6/11

parted, lured, embroidered, all
 and the end, red, lots of purple too.

CONFUSION OF SORROWS

Night's light comes in to rest on the sills like snow.
Rills of water wander one window lengthwise,
carrying their little loads of dust
down to the lintels. Indistinct
movements inside are dark, distilled.
The shadow of a hand on the table
is a fresa's fallen silk.

Lamplight forms a mask
of chiaroscuro on her leaning face.
You, ~~in~~ in a well-lit house, beneath its overlooming
darkness, dream ~~of~~ of their bargains,
our balance of payments.
I remember his beautiful fingers and face.

She in her newest nightgown moves across more windows.
He is in his chair, not reading.
You take up all the room
in the room called "you".
Smoke, or steam, a wave of white
flies across my reflection in the glass.
Mouth open, the shameless moon
stares in on each of us, in our separate cells.

Delicate feathered arrows shift in her quiver.
In the frost, leaves brown and crumble
just the same as if they were burning.
He considers going out to walk off the night.
The underside of my wrist recalls your hard body's
soft skin. The moon pours
through the windows with all its shattering rain.

It is no longer possible to leave them
as we found them: Between us then and now—
Even if we wanted to.
A confusion of sorrows reigns.
Them, you and she, he and I, me and you.

Alfred

If there is a stratosphere of earth
to match the sky's, it lies
far lower than is known.

(2)

For the volcano, like the tidal wave, ~~begins~~ ^{has its roots}
at the stillest center, and blooms
at last as if a lifetime later

So that what once heats and weights
turns quickly colder
and lighter than a god's emmie

Though we say rock, igneous,
still it disseminates,
crystallizes, embroiders
the rarer minerals

into porphyry, looming on
for eons

So matter seems the world's
own blood flowing, purled,
another staining, a fatal purpura

As if earth were a bride deceived
mourn^{ing} her absent groom
her old maid's bower at dusk

Unmoved by the leaving
of its last light source.

How unclear

the false surface, split, disrupted
without warning from within
opened, molten, then solidified again

And this was to be the world,
the place

meant for more than anything

Born for bearing life

not stillbirths,

not a barrenness.

Impossible to mine, to shape the terrible
~~one~~ terrain,

made of iron,

made of honor, and broken
vows, world spinning
into stoss.

CONFUSION OF SORROWS

Night's light comes in to rest on the sills like snow.
Rills of water wander one window lengthwise,
carrying their little loads of dust
down to the lintels. Indistinct
movements inside are dark, distilled.
The shadow of a hand on the table
is a fresa's fallen silk.

Lamplight forms a mask
of chiaroscuro on her leaning face.
You, ~~in~~ in a well-lit house, beneath its overlooming
darkness, dream ~~of~~ of their bargains,
our balance of payments.
I remember his beautiful fingers and face.

She in her newest nightgown moves across more windows.
He is in his chair, not reading.
You take up all the room
in the room called "you".
Smoke, or steam, a wave of white
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Mouth open, the shameless moon
stares in on each of us, in our separate cells.

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In the frost, leaves brown and crumble
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He considers going out to walk off the night.
The underside of my wrist recalls your hard body's
soft skin. The moon pours
through the windows with all its shattering rain.

It is no longer possible to leave them
as we found them: Between us then and now—
Even if we wanted to.
A confusion of sorrows reigns.
Them, you and she, he and I, me and you.

Alfred

Stoss: side or end of object that meets the impact of a moving body

STRATA

breaking

(3)

upheld of:

marriage of heaven + hell
(earth + sky)
(love)

geology

(~~human work~~)

layers of personal +
earth history +
understanding

strata

If there is a stratosphere of earth
to match the sky's, it lies far lower ~~layer~~
than is known. For the volcano,
like the tidal wave, has its roots
at the stillest center, and blooms
at last as if a lifetime later.

So that what once heats and weights
turns quickly colder
and lighter than a god's ennui.

Though we say rock, ^(inanimate)igneous,
still it disseminates,
crystallizes, embroiders the rarer minerals
into porphyry, looming on
for eons.

change in spite of
supposed no life -
anti-religion
(pantheism?)

So matter seems the world's
own blood flowing, purled,
a fatal purpura, another stain,

f, p, s

As if earth were a bride deceived,
mourning her absent groom,
her old maid's bower at dusk
limned by the leaving of its last light source.

loss of virginity -
blood, sunset,
bruise
loss of love, sun

How unclean ^{soon to be} the false surface, split, disrupted
without warning from within,
opened, molten, then solidified again.

And this was to be the world,
the place meant for more than anything,
born for bearing life,
not stillbirths, ^{soon}
not a barrenness.

lots of
"women's arts" -
embroider, loom, purle
so - seem, spin

earth/sky

Impossible to mine, to stope the terrible
ore terrain,
made of iron, made of honor, and broken
vows, ^{or} world spinning ~~into~~ ^{wholely}
into stoss.

purple + gold - (royal)
purpura, porphyry, loom,
embroider, blood, purle,
ore

you will
never
understand
just
hurtle

of hope heading for the stoss / world of hope spinning into stoss
the world whose spinning
spun

to define:

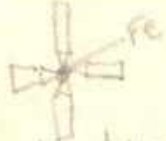
stope
stoss
purpura
porphyry

maybe:

limn - illumine w/ gold ^(or bright color)
purle - rill w/ gold, knit stoss
disseminates - spreads, confuses by differing
(ignomin rock)
stratosphere - part of atmosphere where
temp. is equal at all levels
ennui - boredom or dissatisfaction due to
lack of interest

They will say -
this is totally false + full of shit!
or -
this is the best + most fantastic
you've done to date!

Porphyran - The
part of the magma
(that) is staying in



(4)

Porphyran - a disk attached
to a globe, containing iron
(stagnant)

buried in
stigmata
human shame
(1st day of the world
as last day -
or v.v. (and so on))

STRATA
Magma

If there is a stratosphere of earth
to match the sky's, it lies far lower
than is known. For the volcano,
like the tidal wave, has its roots
at the stillest center, and blooms
at last as if a lifetime later.

So that what once heats and weights
turns quickly colder
and lighter than a god's ennui.

Though we say rock, igneous,
still it disseminates,
crystallizes, embroiders the rarer minerals
into porphyry, looming on
for eons.

So matter seems the world's
own blood flowing, purled,
a fatal purpura, another stain,
as if earth were a bride deceived,
mourning her absent groom,
her old maid's bower at dusk
limned by the leaving of its last light source.

How unclean
the false surface, so soon split, ruptured
without warning from within,
opened, molten, then solidified again.

And this was to be the world,
the place meant for more than anything,
born for bearing life,
not for stone stillbirths,
not a barrenness.

Impossible to mine, to stoop the terrible
ore terrain,
made of iron, made of honor, and broken
vows, One whole world spinning
into stess.

magma

all this
eruption
upheaval
head long
tumult -
+ then -
wham -
into stess -
END.

strata

Spinning in
some
(one) -
was

the strata

whirling
spinning
carrying

vertical
vertical

Stigmata

when one whole world secretly
Spinning into stess.

for day it is stess
into stess.

holding a (to be full sleep
- or (1) in stess sleep

tossing (fitfully)
in stess sleep, spinning
into stess

MAGMA

If there is a stratosphere of earth
to match the sky's, it lies far lower
than is known. For the volcano has its roots
at the stillest center, and blooms
at last as if a lifetime later.

So that what once heats and weights
turns quickly colder
and lighter than a god's ennui.

Though we say rock, igneous,
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her old maid's bower at dusk
limned by the leaving of its last light source.

How unclean
the false surface, so soon split, ruptured
without warning from within,
opened, molten, then solidified again.

And this was to be the world,
the place meant for more than anything,
born for bearing life,
not for stillbirthed stone.

Impossible to mine the strata, to stope
the terrible ore terrain,
made of iron, made of honor, and broken
vows. One whole world. Its pieces.

Sent to Mr. like this.

(5)

(in class) 7 Feb.

MAGMA

If there is a stratosphere of earth
to match the sky's, it lies far lower
than is known. For the volcano has its roots
at the stillest center, and blooms
at last as if a lifetime later:

So that what once heats and weights
turns quickly colder
and lighter than a god's ennui.

Though we say rock, igneous,
still it disseminates, ^{weaving}
crystallizes, ^{embroiders} the rarer minerals
into porphyry, looming on
for eons.


So matter ^{is} the world's
own blood flowing, purled,
a fatal purpura, another stain,
as if earth were a bride deceived,
mourning her absent groom,
her ~~old maid's~~ bower at dusk
limned by the leaving of its last light source.

How unclean
the false surface, so soon split, ruptured
without warning from within,
opened, molten, then solidified again.

And this was to be the world,
the place meant for more than anything,
born for bearing life, ^{more than all things}
not for stillbirthed stone.

Impossible to mine the strata, to ^{strip} ~~steep~~
the terrible ore terrain,
made of iron, made of honor, and broken
vows. One whole world. Its pieces.

terrain is a surface, ore is not

born for bearing life, ~~sustaining~~
~~all life~~ ~~sustaining~~ everything  for bearing all things
a home
meant to bear all life, ~~everything~~

is this all just
geology?

Henry & G. Love

comes alive here

V or all things
any single thing
more than all single things

(Does this do anything?)
or is it awkward?

CONSPIRACY

LANDSCAPE

Something will fall
over this earth, *silk mourning*
~~like silk mourning~~
veils, a membrane
of sorrow, hopeless
as drops falling
into black waters.

~~A stillness only known to midocean~~
will take its place on land.

Think of a room
now of a dream
in which you are walking
elsewhere, unafraid.
Remember colors.

Forget the terror white
of the whale, religious white
of snow, the annihilating
white within atoms, the innocent,
the blinding white in which all colors
~~flash for a femtosecond~~ *explode once,*
~~like a life at the moment of death.~~ *explode, one flash, like a life*

When I was a child I thought
I lived in someone else's dream.
Waking meant death
or change, or loss. Living *(as if separately)*
was necessary
was the lullaby
that kept me alive.

The landscape of the sleeping atom
is in shades
of shadow, textures
of ash. I am not alone here
crowded into this world I love
smaller than a self
or than a universe contained.

CONSPIRACY

I lay awake all night
listening to the dust
whispering under furniture,
listening for the crack
of light from under closed doors,
hearing the sere heat
in the pipes, the rise and fall
of water in the drains.
There was the sound of my sleep
turning back, taking
all the necessary silence
elsewhere. *All night*
~~All night~~ I could hear
the brittle bray of logs
in the fire, the high pitch
of their sudden memories
of green.
I listened for the shudder
of the window panes
breaking free of splintered frames,
I heard the stirrings
among the pillow's feathers
as they trying to fly again
and in the curtains closed in vain
against the reluctant day.
Now ~~I~~ heard the lonely sound
of someone breathing,
a heart beating in my own body,
the nails ripping
out from the fingers' walls
as if they too were leaving
for a better home.

WINTER

At night I envy the lamp posts, each
Embraced by its own perfect
~~Whisper of lit~~ mist, confident
Of warmth somewhere within.

Circle of lit mist

act of At dawn snow is falling
From its sky. ~~Yet~~ the sky is all
That stays the same. So this
Is how wisdom hides from me
Even as it surrenders.

(falls on my head.)
wisdom doesn't surrender

So this is how things look
falling from obscurity

how things ^{are} hide (~~from me?~~)
~~to hide~~ and ~~hidden~~
even when surrendering.

SEEMING TO BE AS THEY ARE
ACCOUNTING FOR THINGS, BEING AS THEY SEEM TO BE

("...Seem to see the things ~~that~~ thou dost not."--Lear)

("Worship as many gods as you see and more will appear."--Dysart, in
B. Shaffer's EQUUS)

Life is given
its order: Weather approaches
from a cloudless place,
while the past lists
to the other side, more precise
than today.
There are the skies,
full of white paper and lace,
delicate kites of gods on skis.
Life comes down, with its strings,
when the currents of air can't bear
any more. The gods don't die:
They occupy themselves in other tasks.
White flowers bloom on what had seemed
barren trees and grass. We are
to mistake for warmth
a mere unaccountable
sudden cease of cold.
Naturally, things only mean what they are
and not what they may call
to mind. Really, imagine:
What they are is not your fault, but is
because of you.

you may

*we've allowed us to be supported
meaning it's not if we do*

*Real, but as imaginary
But imagine:*

seem to
"Get thee glass eyes, and, like the scurvy politician,
seem to see the things thou dost not."

the pursuit of happiness ~~is~~ in the looking for it

~~I've found the rain~~ ~~stuck~~ ~~first~~ ~~steps~~
~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~silence~~ ~~behind~~ ~~the~~ ~~pulling~~
of water ~~and~~ ~~each~~
from inside the wind
~~the~~ ~~contested~~ the wind, curling
over & over it ~~is~~ in play
and the trees ~~are~~ ~~happy~~ ~~to~~
to offer up leaves in exchange
for their longevity.

~~The~~ change: its in ~~the~~ nature.
Pursuit is action, can't be static.

form
weather

allow for the silence.

- seem to see the things that thou dost not
- worship as many gods as you can see, & would appear

Accounting for things being as they ~~are or are not~~ seem to be

Life is given
its order: weather approaches
from a cloudless place,
while the past lists
to the other side, ~~more~~ precise
than today.

There are the skies,
full of white paper and lace,
delicate kites of gods on skids.

Life comes down, with its strings,
when the currents of air can't bear
any more. The gods don't die:

(strings + all)

They occupy themselves in other ^{tasks:} ~~ways~~.

White flowers bloom on what had seemed
barren trees ~~and ^{small} things~~ real, but as if

^{imaginary} things ^{may} only mean

what they are

and not what they ~~may~~ call

to mind. ~~But~~ life has imagination. ~~We are to~~

~~It's natural. They want to be warm. We are to~~

a mere unaccountable

sudden cease of cold.

Really, imagine:

^{naturally} things only mean what they are

what they are

& not what they ~~may~~ call

to mind. ~~But~~ what they are (real, but as if

imaginary) is not your fault, but i,

because of you.

in winter white flowers bloom on barren trees.

Life is given

its order: we watch

weather approach

from a cloudless place

the past lists

to one side, more precise

than today.

~~I dream of the ships,~~

Full of white paper and lace,

~~Valentine letters and lace,~~

delicate kites of gods on skies.

How life comes down

around you when the currents of air

are too weak to carry ^{all} it onward

what is not your fault, but is

because of your ^{what is} ideal, but as if

imaginary. Things only mean

what they are

and not what they may call

to mind. It's forgiveable

Some ~~only~~ mistake for warm is

a more unaccountable

sudden cease of cold.

Time is not single but simultaneous,

except for those of single purpose.

The trees move over for the darkness

The pursuit of happiness / life

Addiction
you can't replace
my blood with that

Is it neg?

Can it be turned pos?

Drinking water
between

Talk of fulfillment, &
loneliness, everyone's
potential to be someone
to love you better
than he or she did
and for you to prove
your capacity for love
that ^{which} seemed insufficient
How long it gets! - fucking,
trying to be making love,
trying to be fabricating love,
forcing it. Not a fear of
feeling, but of distance +
not caring, that they'll roll
out of your bed one by one
like drops of water
off an ~~antenna~~ oiled feather.
Fulfillment is not saturation.
It's a single, simple thing,
not an inundation.

note

phone extension
copy sent to
John

How like a map the veins
In the ~~contours~~ of ~~your~~ arm outsketched,
directions, to ~~and from~~, departure,
destination, the blades

①

? of blood ~~searching~~ for a life
The perfect value of which you know scientifically

+ without sentiment

you read it not into it

The way here it's red, there blue, you know
the content of the liquid ~~it~~ ^{the balance} it can withstand.

~~balance of the~~ blood of love and of forgetting, the course
of things taken away and periodically replaced.

? You follow paths like these, ~~feeling~~ ^{the promise} ~~the promise~~ ^{splice, piece}
of uncharted places, like ~~highways~~ ^{highways} that slice

the overwhelming whole into a tame convenience,

from which ~~it~~ ^{the glimpse of} ~~feared~~ ^{uncharted places} ~~loom up~~ ^{loom up in the distance}

But blood doesn't look ~~where~~ ^{around} its going, or care

what it carries. You take what you need in accordance with the view:

from a window, ~~the view~~ ^{the} backdrop,

from the road, its billboards

That's the single line you try to form

But life + time don't move that way

except for those of such single purpose

~~in accordance with~~

as getting from here to there

You can't follow your blood to oblivion

unless you intrude ~~on your own life~~ on the heart of matters.

only the medical heart has limits

I hear them in the murmurs of ~~my own~~ ^{the one}

you discovered in me

~~and not in the one you~~ ^{stopped belonging to} ~~stopped belonging to~~

and not in the ones that still dream sometimes

of ~~other~~ ^{others}

yours.

(ACCOUNTING FOR THINGS BEING AS THEY SEEM ~~TO BE~~
("Seem to see the things ~~that~~ thou dost not."--Lear)

Life is given
its order: Weather approaches
from a cloudless place,
while the past lists
to the other side, more precise
than today.
These are the skies,
full of white paper and lace,
delicate kites of gods on skis.
Life comes down, with its strings,
when the currents of air can't bear
any more. The gods don't die,
they occupy themselves in other tasks.
White flowers bloom on what had seemed
barren trees and grass. We are
to mistake for warmth
~~and~~ unaccountable
sudden cease of cold. Naturally, *I'm told,*
things only mean what they are, *they say,*
and not what they may call
to mind. *But, imagine:*
What they are is not your *cause* fault, but is
because of you.

*maybe it needs to go on?
maybe it needs to end sooner?
maybe it's gayled?
what's wrong with the ending*

*done
done
late*

*just so
the case
necessary*

*in other words -- it's
not your purpose in life
to make things exist
but things that exist
can seem good or bad
according to your
way of seeing them.*

accord

How like a map the veins
in the contours of the arm outstretched:
Directions, departure,
destination; the blades
of blood coursing for a life
the perfect value of which you know

~~you know~~ scientifically
and without sentiment.
You read it, not into it,
the way here it's red, there blue.

You know the content
of the liquid, the balance/it can withstand,
~~blend~~ of love and of forgetting, the course
of things taken away and periodically replaced.

You try to follow paths like these,
like highways that slice
the overwhelming whole into ~~a~~ tame convenience
and fear the glimpse of uncharted places glimpsed
in the distance. You take what you need
in accordance with the view:

From the road, it's billboards,
from a window, backdrop.

Blood doesn't look around, or care
what it carried.

That's the single line you ~~trip on~~ ~~missed~~

But life and time don't move that way
except for those of such single purpose
as getting from here to there.

You can't follow your blood to oblivion
unless you intrude on the heart; it obeys.

Only the medical heart has limits:

I hear them in the murmurs of the one

you discovered in me,

~~but not~~ the ones
that still have dreams.

~~Solution~~

~~low reports~~ accommodations
charted?

past ~~there~~?

to much
time
gone?

~~The blood can't follow~~

we ~~can't~~?

one? ones - so it can be his too

believe me

you know what I mean
you know who you are
I am speaking to you

Blood is a thin line

Only the blood requires its path
its route is mapped out for it
unless we intrude

But time is not a single line
except for those of such single purpose
as getting from here to there
the pursuit of happiness is everywhere,
not down a road or path

It's not a journey in the modern sense,
not like the railroads that slice
the overwhelming whole into a tame convenience.

The wind & its water curl
over & over themselves in play.
Trees offer up leaves
in exchange for their longevity.
They know nothing of the road & its billboard view,
the window & its backdrop

Eagle vs. Rabbit
You can stay on the ground
for the facts, one by one
that cross your face
Or fly above for the image
of the whole, and since
everything is in the whole
and in each thing
deduce the rest from either
standpoint. What the eyes
allow is not the limit of
vision.

two kinds of blindness

The way here it's blue, there red

In the murmur of the heart you discovered in me
a ~~its~~ ^{pace} of itself
Sometimes louder than subways

-accord-

You are good at telling yourself stories
Though you never lie

In the contours of your arm
The blade

how like a map ^{the veins} ~~you can~~
outstretched, showing the
directions to & from, regions,
routes, destination

of blood coursing for your life
The perfect value of which you know scientifically
and the balance of ~~its~~ content it can withstand
blood of love, of forgetting, the course
of things replaced periodically

It's all mapped out for you so you understand
you know how to read it the way I read ~~the~~ abstracts
It's when you glimpse the uncharted territories
even from the road you're on, you see the work to be done.

certain things you know that first you insist upon & then negate

ACCOUNTING FOR THINGS BEING AS THEY SEEM

Life is given
its order: Weather approaches
from a cloudless place
while the past lists
to the other side, more precise
than today.
These are the skies,
full of white paper and lace,
delicate kites of gods on skis.
Life comes down, with its strings,
when the currents of air can't bear
any more. The gods don't die,
they occupy themselves in other tasks.
White flowers bloom on what had seemed
barren trees and grass. We are
to mistake for warmth
each unaccountable
sudden cease of cold. Naturally,
things only mean what they are
and not what they may call
to mind. Only imagine:
What they are is not your cause, but is
because of you.

③

ARRANGED IN HEAVEN

①

You think ~~that~~ you're familiar
with the worst
the heart must endure.
Not so much the passions
as the questions that arise:

This - Doubt that signifies
a lack of faith
only human.

Living, it's not impossible
to dream as well.

③

Your eyes are cast,
not at any particular
distance, but as if
to ask for the divine
permission to own
everything before having
to let it go.

You know this: The trees
have offered all their leaves,
bargaining for longevity.
They stand

④

for the memorized
turn of the spheres:
A birthright, a wedding
arranged in heaven
before germination.

Seasons don't wait for each other.

②

Their's is the entire
patient earth which never
considers turning
any other way.

Everything has its place,
and takes it
in this prehistoric
choreography.

⑤

Such moment!
Nothing hesitates
to move aside--
and gracefully--
when its time arrives.

ARRANGED IN HEAVEN

~~we're no - native~~
~~we think you~~
Already you're familiar
with the worst
the heart must endure.

Not so much the passions
as the questions that arise:
Doubt that signifies
a lack of faith
purely human.

It's well possible
to dream as well.

~~And, but~~ Your eyes are east,
(with certain hopes)
though they're looking

~~look elsewhere.~~

Not at any particular
distance, but as if ~~there~~
~~asking~~ for the divine
permission to own
everything before having
to let it go.

The whole patient earth
lies still, weightless
between seasons
since the trees
have offered all their leaves,
bargaining for longevity.
They wait for the memorized
turn of the spheres:

A birthright, a wedding
arranged in heaven
before germination.

Nothing takes the place
of such a prehistoric
choreography, such
moment.

Nothing will hesitate
to move aside--
and gracefully--
when the time arrives.

(1)

Here's where it gets good

2

ARRANGED IN HEAVEN

you think

Already you're familiar
with the worst
the heart must endure.
Not so much the passions
as the questions that arise;
Doubt that signifies
a lack of faith
purely human.

only

Living, it's not impossible
to dream as well.

Your eyes are cast,
not at any particular
distance, but as if
asking for the divine
permission to own
everything before having
to let it go.

to

The whole patient earth
lies still, weightless
between seasons

*you know
this?*

since the trees
have offered all their leaves,
bargaining for longevity.
They stand for the memorized
turn of the spheres:

*Now the whole patient earth
lies still, weightless
between seasons.*

A birthright, a wedding
arranged in heaven
before germination.

Nothing takes the place
of such a prehistoric
choreography, such
moment.

at?

Nothing will hesitate
to move aside--
and gracefully--
when the time arrives.

it?

*The whole patient earth never
considers turning
any other way.*

*The seasons wait for each other
everything is there
the whole world is there
there is the entire world, the whole
patient earth which never
considers turning
<any other way>*

*everything has its place, + takes it
in its prehistoric
choreography.
Such moment!*

ARRANGED IN HEAVEN

Already you're familiar
with the worst
the heart must endure.
Not so much the passions
as the questions that arise:
Doubt that signifies
a lack of faith
purely human.
Living, it's not impossible
to dream as well.
Your eyes are cast,
not at any particular
distance, but as if
to ask for the divine
permission to own
everything before having
to let it go.
The whole patient earth
lies still, weightless
between seasons
since the trees
have offered all their leaves,
bargaining for longevity.
They stand
for the memorized
turn of the spheres:
A birthright, a wedding
arranged in heaven
before germination.
Nothing takes the place
of such a prehistoric
choreography, such
moment.
Nothing will hesitate
to move aside--
and gracefully--
when the time arrives.

What if I try to think of a home
Without feeling sorry for the sky,
All that distance it has to go, being blue
Till it can kneel down and touch earth.

For Remembering How to Live without you
On For Learning to Forget you

But I am ~~part~~ ^{part} of the same people
~~people~~ who bear ^{up} their dignity every day
in the face of the falling ~~the fallen~~ - fallen? - or - ? X
~~every day~~, for centuries, and dream
of waking up without shame or fear,
when the light of the late afternoon
on the river ~~doesn't~~ ^{won't} shatter
into tears in the beholding eyes.

Oh I don't want to talk about it. (It just goes on & on.)

I know in my heart it's my own despair
that I fear most, & it's most evil.

But the love at the same source
is like the urge to place one's hands
on the wound: Involuntary.

And it can't be helped.

LEARNING TO FORGET You

Inside, it's warm enough
To sleep well, while elsewhere
The sky spreads itself so thin
It can't get warm.
But What if, today, one person
Forgot about the sky
And was happier that way.
What if the way the rosy peach
Reaches roundly over the pit
Was no reminder of heaven and earth
Nor the tendency toward pairing
Such disparate things,
Not always wise. Never mind
The vagaries of weather,
Such a fickle guest.
Like a boy, the sky is no help:
When I move it finds me,
Leans in to touch my skirt,
Then another girl's.
I knew that without me to uphold it,
The sky will never be without
Due admiration. It's at its best
Anywhere. But even imagining
Where the forgotten concerns
Get to when no longer had,
It's the sky that comes to mind.
It's so vast, and vastly sad.
What if I try to think of the heat
The walls and curtains contain
Without feeling sorry about the sky,
And the terrible distance
It has to go, being blue
Till it can kneel down and touch earth.

forget you, she

Don't let it get all
heavy + muddy at
the end!

This is supposed
to be happy +
inviting as at
top

what if I ~~try~~ ^{tried} to think
for the sky?

It wd be good if it
were just one word here

Alice B. Fogel

in the open way side.!! Heavens (!) no!
+ touch earth
what if I ~~try~~ ^{try} to think of the ~~curtains~~ ^{how gentle}
curtains and the ~~gentle curtains~~ ^{curtains} they have
clear windows ~~at home,~~
what if I think now of the gentle
curtains + clear windows here at home,
+ all that distance it has to go, being blue

curtains

you left your coffee this morning
on the sill
and the curtains like curious
feline tongues
licked at it all day ~~long~~

you could say the wind dipped
them in
and therefore it's to blame

all I'm saying is, tonight
~~tonight~~ the threads are laced
with liquid brown ~~still weaving~~
that won't quit weaving
this long ~~slow~~ ~~sing~~
& looking like it just won't quit.

all I'm saying is, tonight
the threads are laced
with a liquid brown still weaving
and looking like
it's just not about to quit.

etc! - ~~you left~~
John - all I'm saying
boring - coffee
etc - curtains - but funny
etc - ~~that's~~
etc - ~~that's~~

[Handwritten signature]

[Handwritten notes, some upside down]
weaving like a long slow sing
that's about it
with liquid brown
All I'm saying is tonight the threads are laced
with liquid brown
it's to blame
You could say the wind dipped
it at it
and the curtains like curious feline tongues
on the sill
You left your cup of coffee this morning

[Handwritten signature]

LEARNING TO FORGET

Inside, it's warm enough
To sleep well, while elsewhere
The sky spreads itself so thin
It can't get warm.
What if, today, one person
Forgot about the sky
And was happier that way.
What if the way the rosy peach
Reaches roundly over the pit
Was not a reminder of heaven and earth
Or the tendency toward pairing
Such disparate things,
Not always wise. Never mind
The vagaries of weather,
Such a fickle guest.
Like a boy, the sky is no help:
When I move it finds me,
Leans in to touch my skirt,
Then another girl's.
I know that without me to uphold it,
The sky will never be without
Due admiration. It's at its best
Anywhere. But even imagining
Where the forgotten concerns
Get to when no longer had,
It's the sky that comes to mind.
It's so vast, and vastly sad.
What if I try to think of the heat
The walls and curtains contain
Without feeling sorry about the sky,
And the terrible distance
It has to go, being blue
Till it can kneel down and touch earth.

And, if I am to have so much, let me have more!

And, if I am to have so much, let me have more!

Night
~~LOST LOVE~~

The bruising sky spreads shadow
deep and through,
day down the well, no opening
mouth for sound
to cushion its great fall.


leaving
with lingering small fires
then sun went west once more.

Then rose the silver splinter,
~~like~~ the piercing slip of moon:
So delicate a feathered arrow
just passing through.

You left your cup of coffee
this morning
on the sill
And the curtains like curious
feline tongues
licked at it all day
You could say the wind dipped
them in and therefore
is to blame
All I'm saying is tonight
the threads are laced
with liquid brown
That doesn't quit
weaving like a long
slow singe

you left your cup of coffee this morning
on the sill
and the curtains like curious
feline tongues
licked at it all day long

you could say the wind dipped
them in and therefore is to blame
all I'm saying is tonight the threads are laced
with liquid brown that doesn't quit
weaving like a long slow singe



you left your coffee this morning
on the sill
and the curtains like curious
feline tongues
licked at it all day long

you could say the wind dipped
them in
and therefore is to blame
all I'm saying is
tonight the threads are laced
with liquid brown

BE STRANGE
(like "them")

(1)

The color of nothing that is blue

Blue is given to ~~nothing~~ ^{so that it is saved from being}
~~which would otherwise be invisible~~ ^{colorless}
like the sorrow that lives in the ~~dark~~ ^{clouds}. Heaven
examination of the very

Blue is given to nothing
to save it from ~~being~~ ^{being} invisible
like the sorrow that lives in the ~~colorless~~ wind.

Where the air becomes air-saturated
is that blue, sometimes called heaven,

Real, but as if imaginary,

It is the vanishing point of the eye's horizon

~~lost~~ forever, suddenly blue

So as not to seem ~~dead~~ ^{empty} too brief.

That, like between sky ~~dark~~ and air

is more air, or nothing ~~more~~
more or less than air.

Perhaps it is the shadow of more air
between the air and the sun.

The unseen air, and the brilliant blue
are the same thing, if nothing else.

The beauty is you can't find

where one begins & the other ends

any more than you can know

when winter has become ^{turned to} spring, or the young has become ~~old~~ ²⁰⁰ or a future passed thru present

It ~~comes to me in a~~ ^{there is no} single moment of grace

Deep as a lover's kiss to tell

why it was made blue, beyond ^{all} reason & doubt.

God lives there, laughing.

that blue is the ~~air~~ ^{air}-saturated, ~~air~~
sometimes called heaven.

undiscernible

LANDSCAPE

Something not meant to fall
Over this earth
Will fall. Sudden veil
Of mourning silk,
Of sorrows and moot
Regret, swallowed by a black mouth
In black waters.

A stillness only known
To midocean
Taking its place on land.

Think of a room,
Now of a dream
In which you are walking
Elsewhere,
Unafraid.
Remember colors.

Forget the terror
White of the whale,
Religious white
Of snow, the annihilating
Nuclear white,
The innocent,
The blinding white in which all colors
Explode once, like a life
At the moment of death.

As a little girl I thought
I lived in someone
Else's dream.
Waking meant death,
Or change, or loss. Living
Was necessary,
Was the lullaby
Keeping me alive.

The landscape of the sleeping atom
Is in shades
Of shadow, textures
Of ash.
I am not alone here, crowded
Into this world I love,
Smaller
Than a self
Or than a universe
Contained.

Sempiternal, you bastard

(2)

Circle

Blue is given to nothing
to save it from being invisible
like the sorrow that lives in the wind.
What is the undiscernible lovely line
~~line~~ between ^{air +} sky ~~and sea~~
but more air, or nothing, more or less,
~~more or less than air.~~

Real, but as if imaginary,
that moment of blue is the awe-saturated air,
sometimes called heaven;
the vanishing point of forever, ~~fading to~~ blue
so as not to seem ~~that~~ sudden.

{ ~~translucent,~~
~~so as not to seem too sudden.~~

~~Perhaps it is only~~ the shadow of more air
between the air and the sun.

The unseen and the brilliant there
are the same, if nothing else.

Where the future ~~passes~~ by
and spring overtakes the snow

~~is the best~~
is all that's known of the beginning + the end
and the exact location of that ~~color~~ hue.

There is no single moment of grace.

deep as a lover's kiss to tell why, or where
why the sky was made blue, beyond ~~reason and doubt~~
a reasonable doubt.

God lives in that place, laughing.

CONFUSION OF SORROWS

Night's light comes in to rest on the sills like snow.
Rills of water wander one window lengthwise,
carrying their little loads of dust
down to the lintels. Indistinct
movements inside are dark, distilled.
The shadow of a hand on the table
is a freesia's fallen silk.

Lamplight forms a mask
of chiaroscuro on her leaning face.
You, in a well-lit house, beneath its overlooming
darkness, dream of their bargains,
our balance of payments.
I remember something I was looking for in him.

She in her newest nightgown moves across more windows.
He is in his chair, not reading.
You take up all the room
in the room called "you".
Smoke, or steam, a wave of white
flies past my reflection in the glass.
Mouth open, the shameless moon
stares in on each of us, in our separate cells.

In the frost, leaves brown and crumble
just the same as if they were burning.
They can't be left as they were found.
He considers going out to walk off the night.
The underside of my wrist recalls your hard body's
soft skin. The moon pours
through the windows with all its shattering rain.
You and she, he and I, me and you. Them.
A confusion of sorrows reigns.

CIRCLE

Blue

(3)

Blue is given to nothing
to save it from being invisible
like the sorrow that lives in the wind.
What is the ~~indiscernible~~ level line
between air and sky
but mere air, or nothing, more or less.
Real, but as if imaginary,
that moment of blue is the awe-saturated air,
sometimes called heaven.
The vanishing point of forever, fading to blue
so as not to seem so sudden.
Or the shadow of ~~more air~~ ~~between this air and the sun.~~ an area
between this air and the sun.
The unseen ~~and~~ the brilliant there
are the same, if nothing else.
Where the future passes by
and spring overtakes the snow
is all that's known of the beginning and the end
and the exact location of that hue.
There is no single ~~moment~~ ^{kind} of grace
deep as a lover's ~~wish~~ ^{wish} to tell
why, or where, the sky was made blue, beyond
a reasonable doubt.
God lives in that place, laughing.

HOW MUCH

How much simpler to go down
just like history, according to how it
and reason inform you.
How much like everything
else. How much lighter, even, than fire
surrounded by air
until completed by earth.
A semblance of sorrow saved
in calling the center anything
that's not the edge.
How easy to turn back
and remember it
as dream, or as
one more idea for a dream.

Night is the shadow
of the sun, and it's blue like the April sky.
I know about it, and how the purple
things, like balloons, cast their shadows,
violet too. I even wrote it down,
that day, when I saw its sphere
on the sidewalk at my feet.

And the way the tree by the window
was suddenly green, and how
the robins sang ~~there~~ that morning
despite the pouring rain
so loudly full of joy

that I could hardly hear his voice
breaking, on the phone,
the white dogwood ⁱⁿ the garden patch
begging for seed, the magnolias heavy
with ~~scented~~ spring ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~various~~

There are those we love but cannot
see or hold. It's not we
that keep them alive, and thank god,
because we are imperfect, and we forget.
But yet we have the power
to do better, ~~than that~~

last spring I saw her holding the dark
soot in her two hands like a mother,
and when she said how beautiful
~~he didn't stop to understand it~~ his indifference fell on her
like pain.

He knows as well as I
the way time does its work,
what is material, and what passes
for the living, the left.

That a simple word or deed
can affect one irrevocably,
whether well-thought-out or sudden,
regardless of what follows.

It's what ~~there~~ we're left with our
knowing more of loss, and feeling less
has left, and there is more
of life to live. Everything leaves
its imprint, like mud on children's shoes
stepping across the carpet, or a body/somebody
on the marriage bed.

It was April, too much blooming to bear,
too many seasons to suffer
just another one, too much work
to be done. Another day to ~~rise~~ rise to,
another argument, another day
to die for. ~~At~~ ^{now} ~~one~~ moment
of saving grace, the same sleep
but meant to last, and his waking her
another angry cry of love.

That threshold between the rooms
of living and death is the greatest
of all fine lines. He ~~held~~ ^{caught} her in his arms
and carried her back home.

1

HOPE

It is not a strange thing to live on.
Somewhere it lies in that hollow
space between the whitish walls
of bone, where blood is made.
Maybe one day it takes place
from its moorings, and travels
abroad, in search of the objective.
Maybe you could feel it when it
dislodges, a tinnitus deeper
than the skull's depth, the tiniest
movement, as of an eyelash
that loosens and falls past the eye.
Think of our skeletons, oozing marrow:
They look like bamboo
hung with Spanish moss and spiders' webs
where hummingbirds might nest.
And all else the same,
life forces, for instance,
turning their usual corners.
A seasonal migration.
Not courage, not a thought
for honor. Just a habit.
So it's not strange, then, hope
passing through some overlooked aperture,
leaving behind its natural pollution,
its shadow, the way the sky pulls water
through its very pores
and stains the world with shade.

Night is the shadow
of the sun, and it is blue
like the April sky.

I know about it and how purple
things, like balloons, cast their shadows,
violet too. I even wrote it down,
that day, when I saw its sphere
on the sidewalk at my feet.
And the way the tree by the window
was suddenly green, and how
the robins sang there that morning
so furiously full of joy

that I could hardly hear his voice
breaking on the phone.

The white dogwoods sending scent,
the garden patch begging
for seed, the magnolias so heavy
with spring. The day my sweet
mother tried to die.

It was April, too much blooming
to bear, too many insufferable seasons,
just another birthday, too much work
to be done. Another day to rise to,
another argument, another day for dying.

And so for
last spring I saw her hold the dark
soil in her two hands like a mother,
and when she said how beautiful
his indifference fell on her like pain.
He knows as well as I

the way time does its work,
what is material, and what passes
for the living, the left.

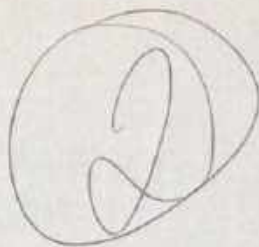
That a simple word or deed
can affect one irrevocably, that errors
and sorrows choke like weeds.

What follows is what we're left with how
knowing more of loss, and feeling how
much more of life to live.

There are those we love but are unable
to see or hold. It's not we

that keep them alive, and thank God,
because we are imperfect, and we forget
and yet we have it in us to do better.

Each tone, each touch, leaves
its imprint, like the children's muddy shoes
on the carpet, or a body so many years
upon the marriage bed.



But who are more some deep,
but meant to last, his looking her
but argument of every grace,
no more any day of love,
that there he be there the room
of living and death is the greatest of all
and saved her back home.

HOW TO LIVE

There is another woman
running with tears, face
of a cliff wet under the unfathomable
sky. Glass, concrete, metal
are more easily borne.

In northern plains grass grows only
for the reindeer. From it the deer
find strength enough to live
till invisible flies come
and run them to their deaths.

At war, soldiers cease
to reason. They, the dancers,
and mountain climbers own bodies
that know what freedom is.
Love is as semaphoric.

All things are of two
natures. One will remain with the body
for identification. She holds it now
for safe keeping. The second
is for the living, for the knowing
how to live
without knowing how.

BACK HOME

Night is the shadow
of the sun, and it is blue
like the April sky.

I know about it, and how purple
things, like balloons, cast their shadows,
violet too. I even wrote it down,
that day, when I saw its sphere
on the sidewalk at my feet.

And the way the tree by the window
was suddenly green, and how
the robins sang there that morning
so furiously full of joy
that I could hardly hear his voice
breaking, on the phone.

The white dogwoods sending scent,
the garden patch begging
for seed, the magnolias heavy
with spring. The day my sweet
mother tried to die.

It was April, too much blooming
to bear, too many insufferable seasons,
just another birthday, too much work
to be done. Another day to rise to,
another day of ~~spring~~.

Last spring I saw her hold ^{up} the dark
soil in her hands like a mother,
and when she said how beautiful
his indifference fell on her like pain.

He knows as well as I
the way time does its work,
what is material, and what passes
for the living, the left.

That a simple word or deed
can affect ~~one~~ irrevocably, that errors
and sorrows choke like weeds.
What follows is what we're left with now,
knowing more of loss, and feeling how
much more of life's to live.

There are those we love but are unable
to see or hold. It's not we
that keep them alive, and thank God,
for we are imperfect, and we forget.
And yet we have it in us to do better.
Each tone, each touch, leaves
its imprint, like the children's muddy shoes
on the carpet, or a body so many years
upon the marriage bed.

This was one more ~~same~~ sleep,
but meant to last; his waking her
one more ~~angry~~ cry of love,
but one new moment of saving grace.
That threshold between the rooms
of living and death is the greatest of all
fine lines. He lifted her in his arms
and carried her back home.

3

soaked - something wet, had
choked
a breathless

anticipating
needed

she too had arguments
for his delights.

later, her argument
for his delight.

(it works both ways)

She lost her chance of him to

reflect his delights
they too had arguments for his delights
too heavy too long and too many
for his delights.

more

first

my father

starry

my sleep

adduced

THE SELF, FALLING

That one could be so small, slipping
through its own self, as silt shifts
down through its rock bed.
What happens when we wish
is something unforeseen
and other. That we are drawn
to windows and other openings,
that the threshold is as fragile
as desire. This falling
is a bedtime fable, of finding
bottom, false promise of final
softness there. The rest,
silence. But what is worse
than going on is the ending,
that once there the darkness
silvers the glass to mirror
and the eyes too are open,
horribly. What is that shape
that forms its compulsive shadows
through which it is impossible not, again,
to fall? And still the wishful self
has its own ideas.
That one could be so small
and yet unable to rise, that laws
here are still binding, the legacy
of an ancient alchemy. All that rises
is the voice at the end
of its question, for nothing
weighs more
than the frail hope falling.

BLUE

Blue is given to nothing
to save it from being invisible
like the sorrow that lives in the wind.
What is the indiscernible
lovely line between air and sky
but more air, more or less.
Real, but as if imaginary,
that moment of blue is the awe-
saturated air, sometimes called heaven.
The vanishing point of forever,
fading ^{out} into blue
so as not to seem too sudden.
Or the shadow of an air ^{area}
between this air and the sun.
The unseen and the brilliant there
are one, if nothing else.
Where the future passes on
and spring overtakes the snow
is all that's known of beginnings and ends
and the true location of that hue.
X There is no single touch
of loving grace to tell
why, or where, the sky is blue, beyond
the shadow of a doubt.
God lives in that place, laughing.

glimpse

there is ^{no} more than one single glimpse
of loving grace to learn