

RON BOGGGS



One Dream



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Contents

1. I rest along quiescent waters
2. Rain
3. fire scorches black grooves
4. echoes
5. write what you are
6. homeless hills of
7. with jasmine in her voice
8. reached timberline
9. leaves wolves prints on clouds
10. I spent the day of beauty
11. my fingernails soul
12. sand clouds
13. autumn clouds
14. I sail
15. oil tanker explodes
16. I'm going to die
17. The man in the suit stood in front
18. Life is cheap
19. earth's rain moistened
20. stuck by honey
21. bush violins
22. winds ash grief away
23. Thunder balls rolled me
24. The world was Alice in Wonderland
25. maskmind
26. ducks paddle
27. leaf butterflies

28. geese honk
29. blue jays bullet
30. She did not want to go round the bend
31. a million flies of lies
32. the flute notes rise
33. the cloud that was the bird
34. my ears were full
35. leaves kite
36. bird bends branch
37. light and shade
38. Last time I touched the sky
39. magic
40. liver flutters
41. Why so few break?
42. cloud collisions roared over the canopy
43. He had a thunderclap for a face
44. This tiny fuzz ball of grass
45. Grass that year stood silent
46. This is poetry?
47. Someone in my ravings X's my heart
48. Whoa! Yes, a thousand voices
49. ladybug opens wings
50. Someone put a clock in my brain
51. A vibration rises through your feet
52. scattered
53. The wood along its grain
54. arc of the branch
55. like hydrant to dog
56. clouds on the placid waters

57. clouds today trees tomorrow
58. poems sail down the river
59. Back from million mile journey
60. Icarus falls into the sea
61. apples in autumn
62. I hear taps
63. In withered leaf
64. squirrels search
65. Can you see?
66. take grosbeak for instance
67. Out, midstream, man goes by
68. These rattles sound like death
69. kangaroos in these parts
70. What ocean do you hear?
71. crows raucous shouts
72. dream caves
73. gray clouds, death leaves
74. golden leaves
75. ripples
76. my affairs of state
77. Ants maul some creature
78. Each winter is winter
79. walk around the eyes
80. Spindle winds hit my back
81. I still have debts to pay
82. Those stars arrayed as awe
83. When young, I made a pipe to catch the wind
84. water mists evaporate
85. how you get through

86. raincoats of no use
87. round the tree
88. Stakes pounded deeply resound

I REST ALONG QUIESCENT WATERS

I rest along quiescent waters
run my hand through its body
not meeting my hand
nor feel where my hand is,
as buoyancy sways, currency plays.
I've capacity to sink.

When I return from my maiden voyage
into the cobweb smoke of waters,
I have a little clearing absorbed
than when I dipped my hand
into the still waters. I circle
back around ever center of ever circling
into light of silence as the hand
of my hand passes friends of hands.

RAIN

Rain salts the caves
Soils weep the sun
yet the kudzu clings
 canopies of no kelp
the heel spurs are horseshoes
for the durango sauce
the charms the harbor master
soaks the sponge release gas
is not the worst to be done

when you've looked around
the prowl never to break
what's won and what's lost
winter blossoms a paradise
 frost cantilvers penguins
while sun weeps sun weeps soil

FIRE SCORCHES BLACK GROOVES

fire scorches black grooves
along the grain of the wood

we call it heart
for lack of words

as we watch fascinated by burnings
and burns and when we ask ourselves

do not have a clue about what went on
and how to touch

what has never been touched
we watch the willow shake soul

to shape we momentarily see a vision
that is always out of reach

ECHOES

echoes
taken for hearts
sink in the lake
you took for life

next day
hearts
taken for echoes
rise in the mist
life took as you

following
no echoes
no followers
life let you lead

new day
life leads you
to echo silence
the hearts sings
the echoless song

WRITE WHAT YOU ARE

write what you are
to be what you see
see what you are
to write what you are

HOMELESS HILLS OF

homeless hills of
vegetable stew of
potatoes, celery, carrots,
meats rumble on the bottom
where I soup up
horseradish dash
with exotic places to travel
the jokester of the day
has played on those
who can never learn

such a lovely day
a waste of beauty
in a glut of memory

I'll roll it up sleep on
as a lover even loving
an ecstasy of exquisite tongues
that every bird in these parts
tries to drink from
I let them and jig away

let the rolling hills
take what they can
as I don't look back nothing
to look back to nothing here

WITH JASMINE IN HER VOICE

with jasmine in her voice
our circle of the earth
enamored green to remain
green on forest of our bodies

REACHED TIMBERLINE

reached timberline
the beach scattered
with seashells
whale sounds
migrations north

LEAVES WOLVES PRINTS ON CLOUDS

leaves wolves prints on clouds
the blue only if you fly the globe
as prairie dogs watch generations pass

I SPENT THE DAY OF BEAUTY

I spent the day of beauty
inside a grape
wined into sky's drink

MY FINGERNAILS SOUL

my fingernails soul
uses for shovels to turn over soil
wait for propitious river
to waterfall over
for soul has a hardness
centuries of skin has shown weakness
living in
in the flesh

SAND CLOUDS

sand clouds
earthquakes rattle cattle
the fences pop out of the post
listen to the snakes
would have predicted
the cloud would disperse
the sand would cover prints

AUTUMN CLOUDS

autumn clouds
make no distinctions

I SAIL

I sail
never to return
glad to sail
sail to never return

I am sailed
never return
not sad to sail
not glad to return

I go out
am wind today
the air carries me
I let be taken

I sing out
sail returns
no return today
not sad to not return

no mooring
the land forgot
return never thought
a host of sails

OIL TANKER EXPLODES

oil tanker explodes
rolls over embankment
across country

the news news the cynicism
of corporate greed, faulty
maintenance, devil may care laws
to free the corporation without
legislators blame, as laws
of new chains

my training kicks in: never believe
the news, never true, never verified,
a belief system of dead catacombs,
empirical evidence would reveal a man
who did everything right, followed
the rules, that mythology of gold
that rigidifies that if I become
the rules I will succeed when all you get
is stratification and early death seating.

Then, you probe more.

There are no accidents.
Randomness does not tell you human things,
yet it raises the gully for flash floods -
human reason becomes chains and blames

and shames and chains the mind of children
that is the name that culture becomes
grist for the mill, bowing down to powers
that be for a paycheck which is a
paycheck out of life.

A being, a world, a universe died
in a cataclysmic fire he was unprepared for
having worked all his adult life at the job
to feed his family, what he cherished most
in this one and only life and never had time
or inclination to ponder on armchair
who drove or what drove his life
and his armchair and he were one and move it did.

Yet, the entirety of his angers
and blasphemes on the crusted dearth of hearths and
garbage of nothingness of open road
that rendered waste of the full beauty
and glory and magnitude of the mountain
roads and Rockies he was on when he died.
The nothingness that makes us laugh at ourselves that
we've organized our life on falsity, mythologies of facts
and figures that lie
and worse, reach out like minders,
cool psyche operators that they breed.

What that man was, what he did in that valley the flood
brought the hillside into and clogged
with logs of how in lanes of efficiency uselessness
unfolds unnaturally.

Then you probe.

Here is no unnatural thing except the human
and some of its customs and sinister make ups. The
man will not be remembered, the obit
the bare facts, the funeral of few at grave of
American suburbia, stretched out to thinness. Yet, he
accomplished what we all accomplish
our life in all of it whether we want to or not for so
relentless is life
culture's hands to tame it
screws it and sets off
ongoing psychic alarms
and the rest is wilderness.

That was the man's dream -- to live
the wilderness, yet he was told
it was inhabited by savages, beasts,
horrors, monsters, pure lost madness:
all of which were of the culture
not of the wilderness. He went to his grave
as one who wanted to live his wilderness dream-
to leave home and town and land and live wild, for his
inner voice said to him:

you are one to open the lands and explore them.
Do so, we implore you, we the voices
that woke you up to wake us up, fully.

His life gave off no lights, those lights
accord to cultural artifact are orbited
to orbit around the breakfast tables' Wheaties.
His life gave the dark a glow, an enclave
of gloom his doom depresses the dressers
of society; his death gave light
but it is his life of dark
that has the grip of moon.

The dark is where the real workers are
and where voices that guide true as touchstones
for cold is the underworld and every night
when you feel the breeze slightly
against your neck and like a scarf
lovingly brushing your skin as if you were real
as the breeze, his life will be you,
your death will be of your choosing
but while you left fog the chill that wafts
through your entire body is the whole meadow
warming to what life brings and what life ends
when you can be dark and wait and empty
and echo and resound until silence
the speech of the dark becomes your life's
explosions. What do you do about it?

I'M GOING TO DIE

I'm going to die
let's eat the sky
impossible
nothing less will do
if I'm going to die
something big enough
to be as splendorous
as the sun
and as penetrating
to take with me
where we go
that nobody knows
so let's open

Let's fly the Adirondacks
impossible
what less can we do
when we die and we
barter our life in fear
when death is big enough
to elevate life
to where we can conceive
of going and forget it
and go where
without fear we go
into the impossible
and we open

Alhambras Abhidharmas exotica
erotica impossible
into the intricate labyrinth
of our impossibility
so full of earth our river bed
down from nose to mouth
tells us yes we can do
the impossible

Impossible is what death does,
look at your imagination to tell you.
If it won't, you are impossible.
We're after the inconceivable,
and we are it. That's the impossible.

THE MAN IN THE SUIT STOOD IN FRONT

The man in the suit stood in front of the Full Monty Man. “I don’t believe in magic.” “Neither do I,” said the con. Gray, flabby, double chinned with a vermeer of wealth could not hide he was magical being for he did not have a clue how he got here, where his life went, and the waste of his marriage and kids, and he didn’t realize he was about to be taken by himself again, never once seeing the fool, the dour dangles from the rope and circus. Magical beings cannot be conned.

LIFE IS CHEAP

Life is cheap
gets cheaper by the day
the courts award money
as mathematics of exchange
of soul for soul
formulas for numberless
as the globe self-destructs
in exchange for petty vices
that live in the houses
guarded by dogs of the rich
and the glamorous lust
to get some of that skin:
why did he win, she not me,
the carrion call goes on auditions
though never getting the point
as pick up the quarters and dimes
on the street, leave the Lincolns
as not worth much any more,
better to be a whore for hire,
a consultant, than a voice
who sees truly the weather
of living in cheap life, gets cheaper
as satirists and ironists
define a new age of sluttery
sitting in the high chairs
thinking they blemish the crud
with crude of the rude, crowd

rule is alligator times along
the banks of Potomac, the houses
of Twain who knew it better than any
as the kids are taking their b-b guns
and stolen hand guns and shooting every
bird as they migrate from vanishing land
to cheap land, bland make over
into models of Nosferatu, the same every
where, more celluloid void than real,
of junk life. Dishes need doing,
do the dishes, cracked and all,
thrown into the trash, disappears
tomorrow, with the life of life
that once was lived by those who
breathed free and knew shit
when they smelled it and would spell
it for you so you could smell it too.

EARTH'S RAIN MOISTENED

earth's rain moistened
I lay down to soak myself
do not change my wet clothes
though fears of cold retrieve
the moisture to be the plow

STUCK BY HONEY

stuck by honey
words deeds creeds
starve the bee

BUSH VIOLINS

bush violins
heard in the next
county seat

WINDS ASH GRIEF AWAY

winds ash grief away
frees to appear as am
as always knew was
never knew how to get to
what the real was
was told was other things
and being of the world
when the grief's breath opens
air through to see what am
as all that is inside of me
when was afraid
to look and now look
and that inside is all
there was and appear to be
as cracked thirsty lips
with the teeth of grief

THUNDER BALLS ROLLED ME

Thunder balls rolled me,
lightning would strike

at any minute, I feared.
Years and years of earthwork
deep in the initiation pit
of our ancestors I went
to be bent straight to walk
as human being around the water cooler
that attracted lightning,
everyone stayed away.
I nursed the lightning strikes
and depicted them in several direct hits.
Fried me as you would expect
though taught me Shakespeare's lesson
of Sonnet LIII, and after years of talks
on beds, in toilet, in rooms,
the thunder I've attuned to knows
where lightning strikes
is the shadows of elaborate arrows
of each and every crisp heart.
Nothing is safe, no place to hide
from your fears. So take the lightest
thing you can and hand it up to the sky.
What I've released you see here laid out
for your eyes to watch. The sky turns blue.
Show me your lightest.

THE WORLD WAS ALICE IN WONDERLAND

The world was Alice in Wonderland
flipped over, upside right down
through three times x 3 times
which equals 11, the dirt men
was president veep of kadiddlehoppers
of skeletons of x-rays tubes put
like art of the wall to be read
by the dead and the boulevard
of asparagus that emitted to ozone
to deplete the Halls of Congress
who wore gas masks, each with flagpin
to tell them apart, and the secret clavi-
chords had towns of Mad Hatter Haters
as I sat like the Cheshire Cat waiting,
no one arrived, when he did,
I gave no grin, so they could take the smile
with them to the county fairs where
nothing natural grew and the naked women
had wine in the backrooms of state legislators
who ruled the toilet bowls with an iron fist.

MASKMIND

maskmind

moves to no groove I know
stay, I waaaanntt you, cann't have you
your contours call self soul
how do you move when still
as you are not other
or otter nor beaver
a bird, eagle perhaps –

I sing

soul says when you are all
you'll have the power to see
and weave the sheer existence
of monstrous and beauteous bounty
when unbounded the split rock
gives water makes mask mind move

DUCKS PADDLE

ducks paddle
in moonless night
without sound
not even the feet

LEAF BUTTERFLIES

leaf butterflies

silence

earthquake

vanishes

GEESE HONK

geese honk
this time I listen

BLUE JAYS BULLET

blue jays bullet
one another branch
to branch, the long tails
of smoke leave perfume

SHE DID NOT WANT TO GO ROUND THE BEND

She did not want to go round the bend
for fear of demons. He did wend.

I asked them, “Did you ever encounter
a demon in all the time you went around
corners?”

Man said, “Never!” Woman: Once, a nasty faced
man
who slobbered in his beard spit at me.”

“That was a troll,” I say, “They come
when you ignore demons.” Love the demon,
you’ll be the troll for others. You’ll
need to wear root skin that knows
ways it bends like a snake.

A MILLION FLIES OF LIES

a million flies of lies
eat of the gourd well
sufferings of the mushroom clouds
buzz the last red meat
from the bones. in the midst
of mist and lists of dead
clocked by frocked figures
of sleuth and loose truth,
i live in this age.

but those who never lied
whose suffering are told true
of how to free the flies
of lies and let the bee
of truth sting you to die
revives as whole meadow
perfumes pulse passion
for all to see how works beauty
and how the skills you need
to wince through you go to
see bones rise as heat rises
from the meadow as you,
the flies buzz, never land.

THE FLUTE NOTES RISE

the flute notes rise
among the clouds in valley
the seashells wash ashore
as tortoise under sea
with kelp plays the reef
as the music climbs mountain
walks the cities blues and blacks
the abandoned farm, the earth dump,
the lumps of coal that are not wishes
to endless river oceans as the water
falls from the mountain I, the I
that no one's ever seen
that was the mountain,
like I saw in so many
over the years,
 that is now life's music
played without story,
as an imaginal hymn
 without glory and gory,
as if I'm released
into true music.

THE CLOUD THAT WAS THE BIRD

the cloud that was the bird
still and moving
pristine verve around
where it shimmered
a shiver never again
yet always and never
and so love uncontainable brushes
the clouds on my cheeks
with the kiss never having missed
a thing in this world,
and it never mattered.
Now, that I call glory.
What's your name? I listen.

MY EARS WERE FULL

My ears were full
no wind tonight
moon's bell hung suspended
ants scurried in the dark
owl flitted mouse
this oar went deep
into the waters hive
of silence poured out honey
no wind can make
voices of the night
told tales in silence
silence that knew
no boundaries of land
until empty of night
carried by unknown mysteries
that only silence can signify
the deafness of words, blindness
of images as the ear's pour out
honey, pour in water

LEAVES KITE

leaves kite
a horse apples
while belly frogs
a way along saturated land
worms dance birds flower
walnuts roll down hill
human's Ah! too small
alive in water mountains
years with no clues
wet debris
cicadas all over the hump
of soil and no one to set
it right or care –
how wonderful!

BIRDS BENDS BRANCH

bird bends branch

human bends bird

no more

LIGHT AND SHADE

light and shade
blue then white jay
cloud, shade, dark
gradients of sun
the same either way
movements of
imperceptibility
feathers of unbelievability

LAST TIME I TOUCHED THE SKY

Last time I touched the sky,
they declared me mad.
This time saw through blue,
I'm back crazy with sky.
I touched, too, and I don't fly.

MAGIC

magic: birth death

In between: people who say
there are magicians, you look
they are not magicians, how
can they say there are
magicians unless they are one

To take up time: people who say
there are no magicians
is true, too, for no magicians
would invent the conjuring
of the stick and no stick
between birth & death

LIVER FLUTTERS

liver flutters
as straw waves
away with winds
coughs from cats
colds from poker

WHY SO FEW BREAK?

Why so few break?

Our backs are made of earth.

Why so many break?

Our earth is made of backs.

CLLOUD COLLISIONS ROARED OVER THE CANOPY

cloud collisions roared over the canopy
rifle blasts scaled the spine
along the human eternal dance
that stilled the film of the moment,
no known interval restarts a new film
in slow motion, frame by frame

out of the corner of my eyes,
a glint of gold shone into
green words of the world
as the millennia of burst dam
cluttered the ground, ironing
whatever stood, irreparable rend
beyond repair that had clogged open.

Sun and moon had such difficulty getting out
world ran amok on red ink battlefields
as infinity unfolds into light
clouds and canopy holds or releases
or kills for lack of infinity skills,
and we are the light lost.

HE HAD A THUNDERCLAP FOR A FACE

He had a thunderclap for a face
that was his most distinguishing mark,
except for the oceans that tided
from his mouth with such eloquence
words became enthralled and tangled in
their own deliciousness that he
was known as the dolphin poet,
who lived no one knew where
although the pictures, like Emily's pictures, do not do
justice, they do
truth that justice's phrases maim
and mar lightning that magnets earth
where they lived and still live
no one having gone into the ground,
except the recorded seismic shiver.
They're stay unburied as a rhyme.

THIS TINY FUZZ BALL OF GRASS

This tiny fuzz ball of grass
is the dance
to which I may return
at any time
for I never leave
for we will never be as we were
can never be but other
than what we are --
bird song of day's sun
flutters through each hair
string of the universe

GRASS THAT YEAR STOOD SILENT

Grass that year stood silent
as like ancestors gathered
around the campfire of the light
vibes that spun tops of centuries
of rivers of the blade of water

when grass that year
had no ear for sayings
it just gave what grass gives
everything everywhere
unable to avoid its quiet
and not of desperation
it is without fear without peer
in the inkling of the inclination
of going around freely giving in ways
like water rushing the bottom of the falls
you did not know to stay wet,
stay present, be as rooted and silent,
be as stemmed and bending and swaying
be as simple thrashed out complexities
like wax on a whistle.

That year is over
though it never is over
for I've needed to silence
the words you see, the green
that can't be told, be foretold,

be root of grass that grew me
into the whole world in words
that aren't spoken. Living is a long language.

THIS IS POETRY?

When the badger won't let you flee
the impossibility happening
that has no reason that reason can reason,

that ornery creature takes your art
and throws you against the wall
and demands life, more strife

you ooze down and refuse until the light
in that cantankerous eye holds you
to be bold to weather cold and the told

of what is so tortuous to tell
how you let yourself swindle you
away from life.

One's who went their own way, like Neruda,
I love them the more deeply
for I hosted ghosts of artifices

that made artificial walls and halls
that choked and broke me
so that art

did not live me.

I lived into art, crawled out of cave
of fingernails for brushes and pens.

Each time I wrote the poetry
wanted to go this way when I wanted to go that and only
life

I could get into the poems
I had to river and let let be
what was and follow currents, go upstream

to grab life and say, "I've found you
after lifetimes of death poems,
I'll not leave

if you don't leave me
as I am feeble to be all of the joy I embody."
That has freed the gnawing rat,

burnt the treadmill, thrown away
the dime ideas of crime stories.
I shake as I am shaken, shaking

all the world out of me, I never knew,
I never knew....
I watch the life and death ooze and flow.

I see what's me and what's not,
what's true and what's blue,
what pain of breath is life,

what glorious light reality truly is.
I see, plea, free, embrace, congregate
more than I can say

for I've not yet fully swallowed whole
what truly sings the song that's singing me
that you see shaking here, near you.

SOMEONE IN MY RAVING X'S MY HEART

Someone in my ravings X's my heart.
I see the slaughterhouse of The Jungle,
as I walk the city streets, fear
the fall through the water puddle
coming out in grotesque China,
that slaughterhouse five,
all the literature of greatness
grown small, diminished with
the blood stained streaks
of walls and hails of Taxi Drivers.
I see as I walk the highways
those thin membranes of monorail time
to nowhere destination made up
for the tourists of the world.
The streets i walk burn bleakly
all the green of two wars,
build skyscrapers of skulls and bones
along avenues of bloodthirsty veep
elected to train to kill us
and bleat out a destruction of a country
without remorse, without care. So.
A hideous waste of seven generations,
left in a cloud of dust and hi ho Silver,
who was that masked man?

WHOA! YES, A THOUSAND VOICES

Whoa! Yes, a thousand voices
I keep hearing
(I am those I promised I am)
the wails overwhelm,
pain exhausts the lost,
tremble, eviscerate,
yet take one step on one step
take it with you (as I promised)
a coloring of blood for true skin
for its not your body (it's a thousand)
the songs come 3,000 miles around
like moon and sun, a cloud
and rivers -- the instruments here
amplify the bare voices.

I must open my heart wider and deeper and broader
like LST on D-Day if I am to risk the beach.

LADYBUG OPENS WINGS

ladybug opens wings
flew to eat aphids
that had sucked every leaf
yellow into brittle bush
while the sun after dark years
was a shine so beautiful
the day had wings, how else
describe what went into and out of me
that never knew was me...
like the first day of creation
and the creation walks you
over the nothing, opens its wings
as you realize that it is you,
created you and blessed you
until you overflowed not knowing how
flew with so fragile wings of frailty
into the wings of the world
that made new that day
and now every day and in every way...
can there be poetry of profuse resilience
whose resplendence tells what is not a tale
and what cannot be said with words,
only with the wings of the shimmer
of a day of a beauty of a million
that's in the ladybug, forever. I saw her.

SOMEONE PUT A CLOCK IN MY BRAIN

Someone put a clock in my brain.
Don't worry, I'm taking it out.
Let the springs boing loose!
I just love its kick, its squeeze
of balls twang the hands
going round and round that madhatter
chases around and around,
not knowing where he's going,
but with track to go
the rail to nowhereville.
Once it's all out, I'll put
something useful in its place.
What do you suggest?
I'm taking suggestions as I've found
that while the uses of empty spaces
are phenomenal with endless ways of play
that works time is of little use.

I rise some mornings
30 worlds whirl
scenes like tops spinning
around the rooms of home

I HAVE TO OPEN THE DOORS

I have to open the doors
and let the worlds join world.
I am pried out of distant stars
and I feel like 100,000
years old. I look over
at squirrel add a few
and strain to stretch
the full loaded ancient bones
whose inner light tailwind dreams
in a smile waiting on nothing
as the air leaks out of the tire
of the world's world.
Where is there to go but here
where the life that's gifted me
as gift imagines with a
crack of bones as I stretch out
into those distance stars
that brings me here
who I've never been
grows me every morning
as art grows out of worlds
unleashed beyond compare
along every hair whose wayward strands
stand straight up at the thrill
of all this loose and juice.

A VIBRATION RISES THROUGH YOUR FEET

A vibration rises through your feet
to the canopy of trees that touch blue,
the distance of heart's kiss that's earth's sun.
The embodiment of this light's vibration
flowers the sun out of the root soil
in smooth variegated tangle that flows
out where Sun River is Earth Shine
and it's mine. Can I say ours? Is not
my call as I haven't vibrated that far.
What is your call? This hologram of the whole
sees others through air wells
as sun shines out, in varied degrees,
depending on how well we've tilled the ground, but all
are equal in combustible love.
How else spray out this elasticity of sprinkles
that holds you together as a mountain.

SCATTERED

scattered

withered curled shriveled burnt brown

spot holes hole spots

dry leaves of deadly heat.

A necklace
of the skulls
dance as eyes
drink you in
through you
as through straw
impossible to resist.

This autumnal ritual's closeness
Of the withered attracted you
for the trials of death last night left
you in the mood for true old world,
a way to be the leaves the leaves cannot be
the dying, the dead, dread is all around
no symmetry, without harmony, a randomness
of rainbows of leaves are my light that shines
the leaves as they are.

Someday, you'll see yourself as you are

for you will have answered the question
you posed to yourself last evening:
how do I tell you what's in my heart
without traveling a thousand miles?

THE WOOD ALONG ITS GRAINS

The wood along its grains
ants thrive
clouds with blue hang on edges
dew dried
leaves soft mark for my
finger yields
to it -- rivers to oceans
beyond the immensity
of the seasons of making grains.

ARC OF THE BRANCH

arc of the branch
sun on its day's run
never the same
even when runs as one

LIKE HYDRANT TO DOG

like hydrant to dog
are we to desires
very hard to move hydrant
easier to train the dog

CLOUDS ON THE PLACID WATERS

clouds on the placid waters
I dive in, clouds disappear
I rise next to a frog -- we
look warily at one another.

CLOUDS TODAY TREES TOMORROW

clouds today trees tomorrow
goose mouth every leaf
earth a heart flower
never seen,
you and ant go up
together in
cloud of the forest

POEMS SAIL DOWN THE RIVER

poems sail down the river
icebreaker through long steep ice
with snap and scrap that rend
still freezable air --
songs already
you know not how:

so this is love
unfrozen, undone,
look, see what's looking
a whistle out of pipes
the ride of lifetimes.

BACK FROM MILLION MILE JOURNEY

Back from million mile journey
the ship lost at sea,
the crew mutinied, all of them,
gangplanked into full fathom five,
a life of myriad creatures,
the vents of earth open and pours lava,
where nobody was safe, sharks circled,
the fish out of water was spirit
left out to dry

every inch a buoy
lightens lumber to float up,
as amazed can do what never did,
leave the floor for doors to other lands,
the very hands doors from graves,
the grains of humans like sediments
in rocks of sand we throw overboard
as hope for the imagination shapes
the very things we've risen from the dead
to plead that what we make of fire
does not burn the earth to ash
as all the creation of humans on this earth
display that work today in wonder
of the million year journey

ICARUS FALLS INTO THE SEA

(for W. H. Auden)

Icarus falls into the sea
in the picture, you invade
the space seeking out the ones
who ignore the fall to tell them.
That never changes. Icarus' fate
is to fall to the sea, never changes -
hubris? No, our very existence!
A day in the life of all of us,
who at the limits of our fright
we burn ourselves and sight
we refuse as we walk a curse
on this earth that we lose
for mythology's we ignore,
thinking it is not about us,
the real us, the one who lives
vertical in desperate flight,
led by communal gossip of our plight
to each wing foes of ourselves
as the adamant hammer anvils
our sun mad dash to escape our existence.

Into the sea, outside the frame
our lives are given to the fates
as we ignore the mythology living us
by drowning in the toilet we flush,

as the reasoning mind makes and masks
the fate it creates and denies accusing
its curse onto other's to nurse.

Outside the mythology, outside
where we are alive, where know no curse,
no limits as we create our own undoing
of self-inflicted wounds of human fate
that is the mate that destroys existence
by what we make, not the human condition.
The hubris is not our wings nor inherency,
it is the state of reason without season
that never threads the spiral seashell
for Daedalus did using ants,
out of the very clay that molded humans
as the thread of the labyrinth. Any less
distress of relief of being thread
following the scent of what in us
in not-human in order to pull through
to the other sky, not the blue hue.

APPLES IN AUTUMN

apples in autumn -
seeds stay silent
even when bitten into
for answers, more apples

I HEAR TAPS

I hear taps

I look out, nothing

I look in, nothing

I tap, nothing

IN WITHERED LEAF

In withered leaf
sky
diamond so common
walking over
to other leaves
unseen

SQUIRRELS SEARCH

squirrels search
for what they've buried --
can't even open my mouth
to say how many how deep
even where how when

the bird in beak carried
one day that life away
and brought back the life
buried in me I never knew
existed in this existence

CAN YOU SEE?

Can't you see?

These lines are those trees
midstream they move and lure
out, change to other things

Can't you see?

The disguises are what live us
without our knowing flow or
swim, masks resist or desist...
in the middle a new delicacy
with new subject winds

Can't you see?

It comes out poetry, it sings
all of it its tale to tell,
do you enter the story and hell
or is it life, its arrow shaft
of writing on clouds of dry ink

Can't you see?

Not be the same person
wired by wood to what appears
that's imaged, already speaks

full blown...then drifts
off...returns with two stitches
from other plays

Can't you see?

Already, speaks soft squeezed voice
of delicious vegetable and stews
others take to be traffic
to appear and disappear onto same plank
with lightning strike charge
Can't you see

It never stops for the enjambments
of the see that can't be seen, image
what can't be imaged until the pain
has dared to lose yourself so far in
that your face with no mask
spurs onward with its neon

Can't you see...

the played music, let poem be
as the way which is to see
what otherwise would never dare appear
to be can't you see those trees
are these lines free
and these poems are not poems
as life is not life

Can't you

see death is not death, nothing holds,
nothing stays... can't see... be in-
side the lines in white with fright,
take delight, here, where trees line
eat carrots and cavort in the summer
grass. What else lasts

Can't

primordial fire sings lame Hephaestus
to not be the fire by being forger
so give a gift that now withers life
for we mask with our fright what kills
us in what we cannot see...

Can

torn slaughter. each a big bang
expanding into what we call the universe
you are, so make trees and lines
that are here and disappear and
let them be as they are what they are
can they poetry you as song
and the songs never stop... even after
quantum so far apart without detection
yet when trees moves lines move

when lines move night moves

TAKE GROSBEAK FOR INSTANCE

take grosbeak for instance
it set me loose
never went back to lake
to see if I could find
in heat the elusive bird

OUT, MIDSTREAM, MAN GOES BY

Out, midstream, man goes by.
I look to see that it is not me
Never can be sure.

THESE RATTLES SOUND LIKE DEATH

These rattles sound like death,
are supposed to sound like, maybe --
the inside of castanets I made.

KANGAROOS IN THESE PARTS

kangaroos in these parts
not as rare as humans --
so beaches go own way

WHAT OCEAN DO YOU HEAR?

What ocean do you hear?

Hot breath steams of the cold moon.

A shout of glee levels mountains

as two dance the valley legs

akimbo in chords that hold up sky

the tuna drinks at the violin heart

while a soul of elderberry in wine ocean.

They never cease this ocean of mine

of the seven seas, rivers beyond number

from every continent, sand land, islands,

still hands like no ocean you've ever heard

with winter a way to clear track roads

that disappear into the light of the moon.

CROWS RAUCOUS SHOUTS

crows raucous shouts
cacophony hawk to fly
into the silence of words

DREAM CAVES

dream caves

our Paleolithic ancestors
paint buffalo, spears, stags,
electric man
tonight

scattered souls alive

live us living them
so many as one
draws the dark mark
light

sound cave alive

reverberates veneration
howl vowels OM
drum the heart up
to sight

GRAY CLOUDS, DEAD LEAVES

gray clouds, dead leaves
cats sniff every wind
agitation gales
grab a tree
no anchors

GOLDEN LEAVES

golden leaves
aimlessly eye
downstream --
who will see them?
what will leaves see!

RIPPLES

ripples
so do I!

MY AFFAIRS OF STATE

my affairs of state
were fully great
today numberless bumblebees
busied themselves around me
to my greatest of glee

ANTS MAUL SOME CREATURE

Ants maul some creature
I've no name for green
that is always green
light not absorbed by plant
what am I looking at with no name?

Pain is also a voice of life
a treasure no less than love
though love is pain some would say
twins that are never shed
whether in grassless fire bed
or in mauled heart or headless,
until the day the grasses of pain
that led their independent lives
the day I had had no name
could not absorb the green
glowed with sheer awe of light
while absorbed as much of life
as the thin reed can bare,
stand out in field like hare.

EACH WINTER IS WINTER

(For Basho and Issa)

Each winter is winter
every autumn, just fall
the summer that summers
spring springs only spring

Yet, as each do not become each other,
each is every other; spring is
autumn, a winter, summer.

WALK AROUND THE EYES

Walk around the eyes
of the branches,
each time I touch an eye
I branch.

SPINDLE WINDS HIT MY BACK

Spindle winds hit my back
like long fought bullets of wars
human projectiles of mind powder
as fireworks -- life as war,
hiding in canteens searching for water
holes that the enemy keeps drying up,
exposing the avarice cradle of the heart
silence of earth's speech down battlefields
and cattle prods as the circle of earth
wears these, our, scars twisted knots.

I STILL HAVE DEBTS TO PAY

I still have debts to pay
I've not yet the right to die

I've not beyond measure salted remembrance
to vanish fog that when the shovel of dirt
of "is that all" lifts weight of air,
the gratitude, sheer everlasting joy,
will repay any shrivel with inconceivable gifts
that is the heart's bursting its bonds
to give away every square inch
of everything lost, didn't know, sung
in the lungs in words never heard
by a world that believed poetry
was words and images were poems,
a shaken of a billion beads of sweat
of decade's long dances all night
into the first glimmer of light
over the crescent heart, scooping you out,
like you were mud clay, muddy to no hope,
to break the vessel to the very bedrock
that life unfailing flails to fling you
in the river I am indebted to to be.

THOSE STARS ARRAYED AS AWE

Those stars arrayed as awe
are there to tell you dreams
come from light years breaking
sound barriers to get here
over threshold in reverberations and light
that records in ways beyond
belief, imagining, and time
and so the eyes of darkness
plays you out as the creature
created in night, who has the quintessence
of light, not just of life,
of as far beyond imagining that you can see
whose conceiving opens your eyes,
walking out of you strange, mysterious,
glorious glows, unknowns, unknowables
ciphered as dream, as the one
you are that is the star,
that tells you that this
is what you are
with no discern hold
no matter what happens, doesn't happen
to wake up to the dream
to free the night
to wake up the light
as you are real free sea.

WHEN YOUNG, I MADE A PIPE TO CATCH THE WIND

When young, I made a pipe to catch the wind
whose music I played, occasionally,
desultorily, to gain fame and fortune.

Gaining not a whistle, out of a tree
I hewn a musical instrument of middle years
to catch the suffering winds as well as
blow the pipes of strife and cannibal wars
through the airwaves of the world.

Now, I see that I played songs too small
and had instruments not freshly hewn
in order hear the tears fears and cheers
of the world. As wind, I blew away.

Here am love that makes the music
and newly wrought instrument for every song
to display on the stage of pipes as large
as the harmonies and ceremonies as wind.

WATER MISTS EXAPORATE

water mists evaporate
into transparent you

HOW YOU GET THROUGH

how you get through
millions of years, a drop --
do, always do

RAINCOATS OF NO USE

raincoats of no use
soaked through and through
want to go through again
be kissed all the time
and know you can

ROUND THE TREE

round the tree
to meet thimble earth
and our round human
over bark so mammoth
to get round the tree
the journey of lifetimes
that life gives not for roundness
as that you are
for soundness hearing the tree tree
and let it be
as its fuel fragrances' roundness
inside the canopy spirals

STAKES POUNDED DEEPLY RESOUND

Stakes pounded deeply resound
among mountain valley
like night water pounds
arrow to the heart
to release grief to the blackness
that nothing holds
that marvels through pound of pain
with life's grease to be
each sound heard everywhere
as arrow pounds into valley