

The Art of the Heart



RON BOGGS

Contents

1. Crossroads
2. The Sieve
3. Word World
4. Acid
5. Fire Starter, Red Fur
6. Lover Going Far
7. dew
8. pine needles
9. Red Fox's Body
10. Bee Buzz
11. Goodbyes
12. Old Faithful
13. Grasshopper
14. Erased
15. inhale, uninhales
16. I see no beauty
17. Ceremony of Leaves
18. Jar
19. Stars
20. Never Assume
21. Pebble
22. The Cup
23. Pulling Nails
24. Night Laughter
25. Chant II
26. Ligament of Fire
27. "Did you see yourself go by?"
28. Skin Poems

29. Light of Life
30. Manufactured People
31. To Constanin Cavafy
32. Letter to Stephen Dunn
33. Snowflakes
34. bluebird flash
35. I wasn't here a moment ago
36. Ardor
37. Beast Hearts
38. In the Spin I'm In
39. Seed and Heart
40. Twigs
41. Under leaves
42. wing midair
43. now, you know
44. No Obstruction
45. Sand on Sand
46. Mystery of the Night
47. salt
48. Fire Breathing Silence
49. Leap
50. Sunspots
51. Philosopher's Stone
52. Purple August
53. coo
54. Eastern Tiger Swallowtail
55. Songs of Life
56. Cut Off the Heart
57. cleaning windows

58. Footprints
59. Gentle Breeze
60. Long Voyage
61. Abstract Poem
62. thin reed
63. steaming
64. the bathers
65. I scream!
66. Bag Rag of Reason
67. "Starry Night"
68. Spirit of the River, Healing Songs
69. bending beams
70. I hear the buzzes
71. wolves circle
72. Screwdrivers
73. Behind Movement
74. Bridge to Infinity
75. Jack and Jill
76. two woodpeckers
77. hummingbird
78. salt from shaker
79. grass flutes
80. stone
81. Soul
82. The bones are walking
83. Lost Art of Surcease
84. Monet's Garden

86. You can't swim
87. Wishing Well
88. True You

CROSSROADS

Still point

in the spring

eddies mountain to sea

Still point

top soil slides

green into bed flow

Still point

never found

finds you

Still point

when you are the flow

is you and you

Still point

the never ending calm

of the center of quivers

Still point

no center as you center

to the flow

Still point

never found

finds you

Still point

frozen freezes

breezes

Still point

the earth quakes

tip balances

Still point

flowing beyond

always here

Still point

the eternal moment

that always is

Still point

always is

goes everywhere

Still point

still point

still point

THE SIEVE

I squeezed to fall
through the holes
I lived so small
though looked like walls
reached to cling
to the iron mask
ached to fling
my face always smashed

Later, couldn't fall through
stuck as by glue
I lived so large
I was the barge
cooked on own coals
thinking I was gold sieve
left to rot
my heart was not the spot

Went naked in the shade
able to melt the belt
went shaken in the mixer
drained the searing pain
all the way through
the dribble made me quibble
until the blast that lasts
careened me through space

Being water flow

the sieve catches glow

I throw back

the being is the caught

I reenter the sieve

that I went through free

for the net is not the catch

it's to glean what goes through

WORD WORLD

word world
a difference of "I"
and so the same: love
created this moment, out of
these words, worlds,
out of these worlds,
words -- the trick
be the creation, then beyond
and to the next world of word
that is word world

ACID

The acid acted as questions
of tortured doubt
whose very existence
built calliope birds
among the woods of lark and buttercup
the lazy susan of hazy days
until eaten through the apple
to undo the golden sparks

by being acid through and through
no honey, no dew

the beauty out of acid
leaves little desire -- don't
go that way:

acid to acid
to lessen the fires walk through.
Go that way: use fire to burst
every question's heart startler.

FIRESTARTER, RED FUR

As we talked and kept warm
in our cabin, brightly lit
by logs and kerosene lamps,
we believed ourselves secure
from invasion by intruders
by the sturdiness of wood
and hardened mud and, of course,
by the brilliance of our blueprint.
Little did we know red fox
was not waylaid in his delight
at our plight of security
and all the shadows of moving fears
as fire suddenly thrust in our face
as he burst open the door
breaking up the stifled life
with, "Compadres, mucho gusto,
como estes usted? I give you me,
the fire starter, who gives you blood
to the surface. I'm your surprise
wrecking havoc on your life for
when trickster steals, stories,
and stays around no good happens.
Way I fly, you forget me; yet, I'm lightning rod
for what inhabits you. Ride the passions!
Why ideas urge me out tonight
with the bear outside the cabin
wanting his turn to take a swipe

at the tingling faiths of all doubt
as you flounder with the trees
who you do not understand. I do.”

He takes out a staff: “Just like souls
that you embody. Dwell, embody red fox,
be red fox, the night’s light
burns fingers and hands. Phew!”

“Take the staff, add to your red fur,
we are communicators of the boundless
in the boundary of territory you sniff
to decipher. Please yourself!
Red fox is pleased for you to be yourself
to lose yourself in the forest
you know red fox has keys of opening.”

“Water holes, hiding alcoves, mate
spots, chancery of the lamplight.
You become like me, disappear more often,
unseen to yourself, suck and become soil
toil deepened in and let soak imagination
that awes incomprehensibility of who
you are, none more glorious than red fox.
You perspire, we build no caves,
and you are right in your plight,
I’m worth the open bottle as Mercurius --
boundless, soundless and not seeking
sound by hearing, as that mocks the brave.

You listen intuitively as from my den
as you are the red fox that speaks you.
Appearance of the appearance wedge through
the window. 'Let in!' To stay what never
stays, cannot stay, to hold what is un-
holdable. Human beings," red fox leaps,
"have the melodies to play. What notes
will you compose to play out red fox,
hear outside your door, with you all
cozying together for safety when there's none.
Are you the music from Germany of the 30's,
the Nile of Ramses II, the flute
of lone poet in mountains in China
of a millennial ago, here today as you."

"I go, leave you with this boast:
keep red fox fur with you, you've full blood.
Your soul has freed you from dread;
your fear you no longer fear eating you.
Red fox gives you tools, skills
you cannot receive in other ways
even in dreams for I'm the world beater
that plows the furrows of the garden
of soul so you can seed and breed."

Bear enters. We bark, back up. "Bear,
you know; nothing to feed, now,
you feed yourself. Bear asks your permission
to stay close to the cabin, as of old,

out of tree, that he may take your harmony
along where your songs have not yet gone.”
My fellows say no -- I say, “Yes!”

Red fox: done. I'll return to you alone.
You are me. The very thing that destroyed
you, healed you, and conjured red fur fox.
Now, you can heal bear
as you've been given eyes to do it
and patiently carved the hearts
with a fine scalpel that opens forests.
Red fox welcomes you into the truth
of this cabin and our red fur.

LOVER GOING FAR

I don't know where I'm going
all I know is I'm going
I'm going to have the time of my life going
going I know not where
or when and do not care
a lick a spit on stems
of flowers in the meadow all here
I'm going standing still
I'm going writing
I'm going sleeping
I'm going in feathers
I'm going with soul
how that happened is amazing
enough to defy gravity
I'm going with blessings
by one who never knew how to bless
I'm going beyond the imaginable
boulders you see and ignore on the way
to someplace else where you never know
never knew existed and didn't believe
what you say -- I love it, I simply
am the earth dancing alive to drum
beats I hear, each plant poem walking
with words forward, each song tree river
the harmony of the cosmos as tuning fork
the magnet of a star I'm going.

Oh, yes, I'm going though I know not where
I've no fear where I'm going
for the going has walked me here
to tell me, you, here we are going
when we go there's no stopping the going
so enchanted the scarf of deliciousness
tastes the live sprouts living
from their warmth, the pen, our hearts
for I know our going is path of hearts
that never can part for the going
never goes, never comes, is always
and we are always going.

Signed, Lover Going Far
7/17/07

DEW

dew blade of grass
insect desiccates
world upon worlds
evaporates

PINE NEEDLES

pine needles
not waiting
to be stepped upon

RED FOX'S BODY

Slipped in my wooded walk.
Red fox whispered, his whiskers tickling,
“Why climb here, near clouds.
You’ve heat of decisions. Mine’s
no pouring concrete to cement brains
for red fox has this wooded greenest
as a haven against your incursion.
You are too solicitous, act like lawyer
for hire; give it up; shit here
in the dark, you know little
the meaning of being here, as a haven.”

“I sympathize, I play your games
for I know no games, no rules,
boundless, but we must commune
to shorn the moon of its hair
if I am to get out of red fox den
with my life.”

“You’ve not your life to worry about,”
red fox trots, climbs tree, springs
in a boing to boulder, “You’ve changed,
you’re less a dangerous self,
no longer dynamite of TNT, To Not Think.
It makes my work easier, I’ve a boundary
here so it appears we are real and give
our play out into the world you’ve made up.

You are known by what you make up. I spur
your words and animal spurts that run
sentences and paragraphs as outfits
and goblets for those you invite to drink
and drink they will as you've weathered
yourself through rainy and desert season
that nostrils the shakers with letting go
to do their damndest, they cannot madden
you as they are inhabited."

"What darkness comes in this woods
in size and sides that tumble to unwrap
the always lurking gullies and follies.
You are the appearance of my efforts
to untie the knots from the scarf
and take the rope from around the neck."

"Oh, you perceive well," he jumps,
leaps, bounds around from stone to stone,
prances and smiles a smile of devilishness,
"I'm here because of the way you fell
into here, and what you dragged with you.
So let them here steer a wider berth,
for you've more mirth able to give birth,
and red fox delights in your red fur
and now your coming into full animal body."

BEE BUZZ

I want bee buzzing

you know who's there
at least you believe
until no longer there

I desire inside out

hook pulls stevedore
out of hull skin burns
until realize it's me

I cling because I must

like Linus' blanket
breaks my spear throw
without helpers here

I taste everything I touch

opera eyes of hells
opened book I flew out
gardens into paradise

The bird sings faintly

I'm there warble out
mouth as song moves
light vibrates eons

GOODBYES

Exhausted but replenished, we arrive home late. I hear the “goodbyes” as “you’ll remember today” of hammocks and flock of birds flew out of you. You were all you ever were. What else was there to want?

As you turn on the lights of the house, the cars move gravel leaving skid marks on the heart used by familiars to pull you deeper into the surrounding night like the wings of a cicada. You thought the candle in the dark needed protection from the winds of the world. I walked out of the house with sleeping bag, spent the night in the shack in the dark in the woods, built by teens for adventure to explore what they didn’t know they were. I realized all that I will ever be is as encompassing as the night, boundless as the tiger that leapt out of this night into the orange of what before never perceived and could never conceive. I sprinkled water to wake my face to melt darkness into goodbyes.

OLD FAITHFUL

I didn't like the way that I was living:
thoughts bumped me into images
with horns, shit, dragon's tails, lustful women. I couldn't
get out of the box,
out of the prison I was in
that I felt I was in, didn't know how
I got in, even inklings of glimpses
that I had done it to myself
raged me to eruption like Old Faithful...
that land time forgot, I was never told I was.
The expanse, back country, unknown, explorer,
horror, civil unrests, the mountains
and moraines and the plateaus of sheer grandeur that
had vulcanized out of the land
whose hot springs had poisons that opened
into the bowels of earth of no prison.

GRASSHOPPER

green, antennas, four legs,
two lightnings for leaps
crawling, honed in on me
on the other side of the glass
2 feelers on the side of its mouth
move, asking me, "Am I edible?"
I answer back, "Am I!"
It felt its way slowly along
what it saw yet couldn't get to
though it got to me
I felt like a grasshopper
then I didn't
Nothing is forgotten
I leap with my intuition
spell out of my mouth
the transparent world as I explore
for more, always for more
always leap to get to
what otherwise couldn't get to

ERASED

Turkey buzzards nest high in dead tree
Chalkboard erased of formulas
of the universe the clang
of the fire engines and choo-choos
while grandpa plans the farm for fast time
to sell to real estate developers
split the inheritance to the kids
to bind the unbindable
to make death behave
as everything else he was able to do
to hold fast against any blast
to crawl onto any sandbar
that someone seems to have maliciously

erased on us
in monumental waste of the secrets
lived inside of us the boundaries
that fool our boundlessness
into being a creek dweller, salamander,
who cannot see beyond the creek bed.

INHALE, AM INHALED

3 feet at the end of the branch
neck waves knocked up and down
swayed the risk
sheer urgency of pungency
taken in every minute
though in nonchalance
as if it could not be bent,
break, speak, in a moment of havoc
and wrench the branch back bare
of the honing of roots
against odds of gravity
against the surge of roots
impossible yearn to be next branch
limb of a limb thinner and thinner
fuller and fuller spine and lines
being the showing shoots
against all odds
it is exquisite world
a perfume of feathers
to the edge of wing
buoy with no water
spine of the root mind
tingles out unquenchable glory
inhale, am inhaled

I SEE NO BEAUTY

I see no beauty
strip away the soot
still no shining stars

How far to go
will take you to beauty's shop
that is no beauty work

You load the gun
before we start I'd rather
part and step on darts

You do what you do
you'll never find beauty
you can only see what you are

Heard that farthing argument
as a desperate play to be coy
for the lost beauty of hearts

Hearts are not beautiful
as art is not useful
as stars are not truth

You make as you unshade
give as you are given because
you've been riven

Again, dart away, elusive
can't raise the dawn don't trust
Then nothing to give you

by my beauty that I see which is you
though you need to take compassion
I give away a continent, you want a plot

Oh, you are smart as dust (what's
this thing about darts) I'll concede
you plead be bold as it leaks today

Myth of Psyche and Eros gleams the dark
that is always to today It is the
beauty born from dark by which light sees

and you must be the dark and be
it's teachings in order to be
the word burning you smell The fire

you have lights does not warm I see
vision and ships, and the beauty
heart rings out the song of the dawn

CEREMONY OF LEAVES

the maples, oak, pine, larch, bur acorn
cataract as their death
clouds the season of profusion
for the variegated islands
the magellanic endless sea voyages
their leaves know no confusion
the autumn burn only confounds
the fire starters and alarms
the acute detectives who smell human
as all the delight of children
in a waterfall into the leaves of life
into deepening backyards of hearts
that frighten the screaming hidiers
under the tarantulas of leaves
play hide and seek and ghost
leaps out to break the spell of smoke
for no scholars come to pick them up
to take them to the ceremony of leaves
that leaves no one unturned, unburned,
and, as color vanishes, undead

JAR

What's inside the jar?

Treasure, say nothing.

Can't be much, small jar?

Something living. Brains and hearts.

Inside?

No, outside. Fog inside.

Stop being a sophist.

What is, not thinking.

Don't beat around bush.

Close!

What's that mean?

Doesn't mean.

Words, words, liar!

Yes, but meanings have no words, too.

What are you driving at?

No metaphor. Just watch people talk.

What are you doing?

Nothing.

Stop it!

Nothing to stop.

Stop confusing me.

Confusion confesses.

What?

What you can't stop.

Okay, I keep on asking?

Ask away.

To, for what?

Delicious meal.

Nonsense!

Yes and no.

Further nonsense.

Yes and no.

I give up@#^*!

You got it.

Got what?

What you can't get. You have.

Have what?

What you're lacking.

I'm not lacking.

Then, you've got it.

The jar's the thing!?

No, it's not.

What are you talking about?

That's what I'm talking about.

Gibberish?

Can be, isn't.

Entails what?

What you see you are.

Heard before, nothing new.

Nothing new, always.

Don't twirl the top.

All twirls.

Alive or dead?

Yes.

You're impossible?

Yes.

Unfathomable?
Yes.

I give up?

We are inside the jar.

What do you mean, inside the jar?

You've entered and exited.

Oh, I truly give up.

Been out of the bottle.

Of course, you are crazy.

Of course, you are welcome to stay and play.

Crazy as a loon's call in dead of winter.

Stay and play yourself.

Outside, I will.

You're free to join in.

I've more important business.

Isn't any more important business.

Clear as fog to me.

Ah, that's the point.

STARS

Stars among the sea creatures
a wonder of marmalade as giraffes
and the hothouse gangs comb

NYC for lost penguins
while stars cluster on leopards
transpose the glow of perspiration

as the drip
of the way
of the emperor of canopies
though clarity of man o'war
electric eels and mantees
roam round their keep

no one to catch the clarity out of
which this world wrote itself to paint
in speech itself
as the water deep
of rivers of elephants give stars
startling movement
holding each other's trunks, or uroboric dna,

Indra's net
of the whole that creates the display
you see I am as I write...
 what, this inspiration

that is eternal
that is juice everywhere
as unquenchable earth
called life

that discourses in
paintings
sculptures
mathematical music
to be the spring
that garners

as the furrows to furrows to furrows

that go on into infinity,

to here,

where we are,

where picking and choosing

is unwise,

as the whale watches human boats,
of what

stars have followed the heart
into the fabric of caves
as they etch
against vast space and vertigo

NEVER ASSUME

A huge stag lies dead, I heft its weight
onto my shoulders, stagger, its bulk
heaves me in a flip over deer's body
by my body, and I am impaled by the antlers
through my stomach and out into cold air.
Soul destroyed my life, saving it.
Soul never dies, is not me, is free,
will not be coerced into any bid
though its binding call is hard.
Never assume anything on the ground of soul
as the love soul pulls out of your garden
only ripens when you are living soul.
Carrying around the mortal wound the air
is brisk, a breeze of sneezes, a cacophony
joist that swings the world like you
on the antlers. Free is not the delight,
it is the weight, the very flag of mortality
that moves you as you stand still,
loving soul, you know how and give all.

PEBBLE

Pebble still
in churning flow
worn stones
whose shape rounds
deeply carved edges

THE CUP

The cup pursed
to her lucid lips
poured rapture
out in delicate
deliciousness
honey waterfalls
of paradise so erotic
heat flowed like wine
another state of divine
drunk by the unfolding
in time lapse release
of entire membrane
of double delight rose

PULLING NAILS

bending the nails back out of the woodwork
jerks me out of myself
worries clutter the floor
littered with calamities
I let the deluge pull and fall in full
of bent body pummels
of rotting wood of little use as
so many nails hauled out of the wall
over the edge of the stairs and bounce down
bent yet like life lost songs
dance the tumble down mumbles round
rolling balls all over
as if gravity is not its vice
it is rolling
into a ball game

NIGHT LAUGHTER

pegs ground dense tents
insect secretes universe
sleepers open stars laughter
among the peak
crawling with you:
lizards, too, flap
agitators of long distance
conversations communed by earth --
nests without occupants
sleepers without pegs
pulled out during the night
flapping wings to fly

CHANT II

If not now, when

the “A” in Zukofsky keeps
me awake at night living his life
when I’m at dinner we do
not show up with Robert Duncan
whose there in spirit but
that never happens always
and when it does the four of us
sing the praises of the news
you can’t use as it is using you

If not now, when

the inhabitants of Lithuania
never release the boulders
that perch astride earthquake land
skiers flee to the botany of silence
the patrols of the cold bands
of brethen who circles dynamite
all in their path so that in spring
the snow of skull pillows will not be
the dreaming world of children
assassinated because they dreamt
of who they wanted to be, a poet

If not now, when

the baseball diaries' ways relieves
anxieties' blades the athlete's feet
and mouth diseases to say don't worry
no incurability drama to execute you
exists though see Shakespeare's hand
no hearing to hit you as you run
the bases with circus of diamond road
looking for far lands and free food

If not now, when

you are appearing as you appear to be
whatever else there is it is now
and never can be any other
even when you think its any other
taken a millennia to haul hand over hand
like barbed combat what you were before
you appeared and its appearance
means you are the creature whose whole
appearance cannot be other than
what you appeared on earth to be

LIGAMENT OF FIRE

world wobbles
every so often

to a tune I'd
never danced to

I learn new songs
jump out of the way

of debris give up
let it be the

ligament of fire
that water frees

“DID YOU SEE YOURSELF GO BY?”

“Did you see yourself go by?” Panther growls, trembles the mellifluous terrors, as crow speaks: Night bleeds glass and its itchy with games of nautical dread. As I turn to retort, a blast of peregrine falcon on the prow hunts me down, lifts me in her talons raw with dangling loose 20 layers of the claws of consciousness and awareness as if I were song, pure, unadulterated sound, a flash point for a life of filter dams never letting in the purity of the OM itself that rings. Dropped like from a stork, “Yes, you will die more times in hell and blasts that you created,” as wind wails up as I dive through me, midair.

SKIN POEMS

Surfacing from under water
the drowned years of many beers
I have that leery look
that the burnt have who dive
into the water to extinguish
the fire as singes thistle
the steam of desires and cries.
I risked all. Now, open bones
to the marrow that they may sinew
life of which poems are skin.

LIGHT OF LIFE

Picasso drew the outline of a Minotaur
as the long exposure of an opened lens
of the camera traced the animal as light
like the weaving basket of psyche's opened eye that sees
the effervescence of the contour
that opens the empty inside of the mandala
of the invisible fathomless fresco
freezing in midair the flow that flows
through suspension of art of creation
that we are at each moment of the breathing life
that frees the incredible inedibility
that we never grasp in its vanishing hooves
that glow lingers in the long exposure.

The exposure explodes the myth
that opening will free you, centuries
in the making of lens of lengths of light
for the amoeba or for the nebula
for constant sufferers and for desires the light
by which we with pen and eye trace the outlines
of what we appear to be, do not want to be,
and never want to see yet the picture
that never appears out of opened eyes
that peace and wrathful end of wrath,
that grafts, and so draws a gentle breeze
that holds open the shutter
free to paint the painting

before you or the painting inside
of you and the painting
painting you ablaze with light of life

MANUFACTURED PEOPLE

The manufactured people
live in manufactured paradise
work in manufactured jobs
with manufactured work coffee
with manufactured passions
locked in manufactured ideas
of who they are steel girded
into tombs of manufactured streets
full of children delivered by
manufacturing process to be next output
on the treadmill of manufactured life
by manufacturing what they must do
and can't get loose of
in the manufactured death
that manufactures art passing
as smart, sassy, lassy, manufactured
into TV and radio of manufactured
mouths and talking sheds of vitriol
and manufactured impassioned plans
of one more rat-a-tat-tat of machine
gun living in manufactured ghettos
of the mind, a poverty of poverty
that no wealth can cure so inured
the load of manufacturing that reaches
out manufactured hands of charity
truth from fiction manufactured
manufacturing truth out of existence

of rootless, bottles, suits
look at themselves manufactured naked
in manufactured sex with manufactured
label on the clothes to prove existence
real when they do not know any other thing
than the manufacturing fantasy and manu-
factured child who never are able
to deliver the milk and the manufactured
rack of which there is no lock, as the
manufacturers take no prisoners, give no
quarters to democracies, as so much
manufactured hair coiffured
in manufactured look
with the manufactured crook of a
smile with the manufactured hat
of silicone brains of manufactured beauty
through manufactured eyes by manufacturing
readers of genre and spy thrillers gripped
by the manufactured plastic bottles of
tap water from manufactured reservoirs
eating manufactured meals off manufactured
plates with manufactured utensils arms
of plastic people so as to throw away
disposable manufactured garden of
earthly delights assembly lined out
of manufactured bankrupts with manufactured
love of manufactured movies from moguls
who manufacture desire and manufactured
western of the ultimate manufacturer,

the loner, a bouncer of the manufacture
never able to see other than what it is
the manufactured life lived being shot
out of the American manufactured gun.

TO CONSTANTIN CAVAFY

Ithaca did not disappoint,
what brought me to that point did.
Continents of cities contend
to emblem flag of Poseidon knots
of dazzling display of the mind
that locks itself in its mask.
The very idea of Ithaca
washes into sea of truth
that nothing is eternal
with waves another Ithaca
and the valleys the peaks
made of the undertow of disasters
that are very bitter seeds
that, inextricably, the island
rose of beauty, a delicious infinite
forever of the original grape.

LETTER TO STEPHEN DUNN

Of all the thousands and thousands
of human people I've lived in,
skin to skin, and outside in,
poured inside out, a cherished art,
I've taken the poets' advice:
this being poetry throws overboard
that poetry is not life,
the imagination is life of many guises.
Yes, the way of living many journeys
human or a squirrel hunting for acorn –
one is aesthetic distance
that portrays the passion dispassionately,
is a carry away art that gives muscle
to what we've been told we are, art.

Zoom -

Caves-shamans-chants-testimony
Picasso, Michelangelo allure
opened them to circulate the poems
of poets who've written me letters
like Dante, Rilke, Neruda.
I enter the store, rocks sing.
I'm the swallow owl that sees in the dark
what light hides that soul demands
by terror life, if necessary,
the needles to disassemble you

until the dreams are naked
you leap from 30,000 feet up without parachute carrying
armful of boxes of eggs
while see below jaguars, mountain lions,
wolves, fox, rattlers all around, waiting
the terror out like intestine brains
of never ending turmoil made worse
by being no known human way to save yourself
with no one to save you or care to fall
with you to be your guide and parachute.

Every laceration of onrushing wind
carries my voice that I love your plea
and its delivery though at a distance
does not remove the taste from the mouth
that rushes rattling up nostrils.

To see the trail behind me is a virtue;
I've given up virtue for no trail
as poetries of the gut life
feet and arms will not let be stillborn
the streaming galaxies that ecstasy
with the kiss of earth up electric body
subtle in the ways of human flesh
the waste of distance for the fresh
clamor for a petal rhythm, the 1,000
poetic forms that bridge us here
the more than the river of fireworks
to get the Oh's and Ah's of irony
to draw blood while the shackles

of the heart, and true my scree and plea
have little pull on the skin open
to expose the rot at the core,
the very corn of life yet tenders marvel
of marvels out of shackles poetry greases, shakes, then
breaks without a plea
and not at a distance.

How can I say I'm sorry more than by
the reach over our distance and embrace
the cold air that keeps both of us awake
and spin the knots of distance art
into intimacy of the most intimate kind.
I've been both, died from one, live art
of the thousands. Love.

SNOWFLAKES

snowflakes on tongue--
melt me, only tongue
of earth around

BLUEBIRD FLASH

bluebird flash
moment vastness
leaves a continent
I've never visited
to which I'll fly

I WASN'T HERE A MOMENT AGO

I wasn't here a moment ago
silk threads

I won't be in a moment
threads silk

In this moment threading me
as silk I enter everyone I imagine

soul weaves the thread
as its bed of calling

gives threads as wings of bridge bird
to light the burdens of our moment

to truly see how we weave silk
as silt clears to bottom

ARDOR

For Zbigniew Herbert

I look at bush, say “Teach me patience.
You seem to peer into wart.”

“Look, again, hardy ardor tips my branches. Can’t wait to
seed, breed, lead,
speed my antenna.”

As I sit down as companion,
“Transmit is what do,” is a voice I hear,
“Silence is an ear, too, at the edge
of existence and non-existence.”
Both, neither, beyond turn the sail
of the bush to ally our mutual ground.

A fox comes out, pierces into me,
approves, goes back into the trees.

Skeptic runs up, agitated, “Another day,
another life.” I pray without praying
as I look at the bush look at me,
touch the green in envy

visceral my green in imagination
see how we both are made
and why we both are inside.

I am the one who needs shade
see ardor's pulse push desires to do.
I bind with wind to adore ardor.

BEAST HEARTS

I fall from the sky,
naked,
straight down,
lose all of myself
somewhere
in my life hurtling
in gasps of air
of life returned
banquet and bouquets
for the bounty unbounded
though I see death's rush
to greet me
forgetting I do
the sheer terror of impact
stripped my life bare
every iota of battlements,
armors
of steel with lances
and horses
and maidens for fancies, face
of the television turned off,
shoelaces untied,
skin wrinkled
into crush of no supports

for balls, brawn, brains
no stop can be put to its coming
as I descend all

given away
with nothing left to give

I am not any of the gifts I've lived
yet
this final gift the most demanding gift
realize the life you lived
and that lived you,
miserably and well,

at a distant and one,
as utter torture and complete bliss, is the gift
that cannot be given away,

I am one with this gift
given to me to be in fullest rush
as heartbeat,

shake the rhythms
of the universe, you see is,
in its way,
one heart,
that you are blessed to see
to be the drum dance of its waves

and the sheer bliss
of being a gift

free to give

what yields beasts hearts.

IN THE SPIN I'M IN

day and night
night and day
earth spins around the sun

the way to know how it is
to be earth as human

When I spin I get dizzy
lose my grip on balance,
cannot tell black from white,
sun and moon, with queasiness

I see nothing to lose
no day and night
no night and day
I am the spin I'm in

SEED AND HEART

seed and heart wear the same shape
a marvel of compacted ingredients
double binding expansive unwinding
roots like deep probes of intestines
miles of propitious time to exfoliate
from compounds of complexities
into formulas for being not seed
not heart in flowing bud of appearance
out of the root of the whole world

you appear as how much of the seed
your heart loves and imagines
and as how much seed loves heart
to unbind the binding mind

TWIGS

The twigs in dove's mouth
are words of a world of meaning
nests as image into passion
cushion against raw power
when the twigs weave
nests into word pyramids
that cat's leap the stories
to read the meaning New twigs
new words same meaning
weaves the same story

UNDER LEAVES

under leaves

no frog

no silence

WING MIDAIR

wing midair

flying with the other wing

both happening at the same time

art and appearance

NOW, YOU KNOW

this time fox is gnawing leg
off caught in trap
I reach to open iron vise
feel being pinched shut
searing into bronchial tubes
Red fox rises, winks into my eyes,
and bounds off, picking weeds
between his teeth, carousels
the daises: now, you know.

NO OBSTRUCTION

Standing before the gigantic figure
with skulls of wounds, the red and dread
released from the underworld
for the first time in my life, where
I had been held enthralled as balls
of my feet on the coals of fire walking
forever, a shiver runs up my leg,
like piss would run down my legs,
released by the fire of the wound
that no longer was living me
with its slinging wraths turned balms
bathing a creature who has seen,
able to hold the blood, let it live,
realize the second grip, and the chill
of the breath of the opening, always
oh, yes, always there, releases the
fervid heat that eases by bare walk.
I see without obstruction: here, below,
above. To say anymore would be obstruction.

SAND ON SAND

sand on sand
what holds it: nothing
what molds it: wind
water time
take the sand away: more sand
add more sand
all of a piece
each sand pebble
each grain
a world
sand: what lives or does not live
each grain of sand is all the sand
and all the sand cannot be sand
unless are together in this moment

MYSTERY OF THE NIGHT

night looks at me
always has

I stand search
the dark expanse of disappearance

always appears

sings my mind is not a brain
and the stars are not stars

night looks at me
always has
I now look back beyond blue
I let the lovemaking in moonlight
whose passionate lips of dark
roll up my back as my lover
makes me one ashiver

as I disappear appear
a heart brain that minds
the shooting stars are me
I appeared to enter darkness
to disappear into the light
that is the mystery of the night

SALT

they are serving everything for dinner
tonight,
come join the festivities,

even I will be there, from every ends
of the earth
I have drawn up the ball

and hailed a cab to take to the meal
of a lifetime
that's always being served

always being eaten, always
being unseen, unbelievable

our gourmand's gourd, a smile turns
the heart is a rose

of impulsive unstitching lovers
everything you ate all

of the years are how much
of each of the fullness

of the eating comes out
of every pore

that feeds the hungry poetries
that say: love this earth

in and out of every sense
and be worth the earth

season desire with salt
for remembrance to vanish fog

FIRE BREATHING SILENCE

Tiger takes to woods
eagles make the sky
language is not in words
Everything speaks
though who hears, who
vibrates balloons of meaning
that rush down erotic gorges
in coldness conveys the heat of day
as dragon rises with tiger and eagle
to ride the fire breathing silence

LEAP

I saw a leaf leap free of oak tree.
Cycle what roots flow
in green spells to word:
you're still part of the roots
still the greener
lying in the arms of the grass
as on funeral pyre curled by sun fire
still alight with chlorophyll
of embodiment, a still plain
traveling into the depths of space
to bring back nothing
other than what it was
that was not what I thought
or imagined or rooted in yearn
to flow into.

It leapt
and in leaping taught me leaf,
when the moment calls for leaving,
forget myself whose never leapt,
be the one who leaps for nothing's left
to do, having done it all.
The music plays, I dance.
The music stops, I sit down.
So what did I see as the leaf leapt—

a star, a beetle, a waterfall,
an embracing harbor leaf,
proving nothing, nothing's proved,
whatever it is, though it changes all
the being when roots are the leap.

SUNSPOTS

I walk into sunspots
in the woods, see lilies
by the light emanating
from me. I turn around,
look around, I am the woods
I'm in, being in the thick
of fur that winded me here.

PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

Rub off the shadows
muck to ruckus to bucket
at the bottom of looking up
Mercurius eyes spiral fire
until you are ash
the fountain springs steel
as lead of the dead you burn
away the waste of limestone
in boulder to stone smooth
creation of stone of experience
that wears you to a pebble
on silt of philosophy, lead
was the door, gold drew you in,
until you realized grief was gold
and were lost beyond grief
you were born within vessel
transformed black to white to red
waters that flows like quicksilver
spontaneously through the world

as one who has been everywhere
and knows how to draw boundaries
and lives in the boundlessness
of the very origin of life
you crawl out of the primal sea
creating the art of the heart
out of awakening to the reality

of what could not be seen
by the light of naked eye
by which the worthless becomes precious.

You are the stone of alchemical fire
that unburies the divinity out of the head
into the bed of the heart voice
that is the philosopher who knows
but speaks a language our arrogance
reeks as useless to transmute lead to gold,
what is water and flows, the never known.

Purple August
two feet of spine grasses
foothills of the Colorado
with sway of flowers
at the tip of nothing wasted
let air be wine mountain

COO

coo > coooo

coo, coo... release

the dove -- nothing

to be heard. Levitate.

EASTERN TIGER SWALLOWTAIL

Luminous streams
of the aurora borealis fans
the yellow chords of silent notes
to the tips of piano keys
held tiger stripes
frieze hangs as a cliff
on stones to be sprayed
by the beat of the spring
fountain. Journey of a thousand miles
in one night, plays the colors
of Mississippi, Missouri, Columbia,
Lake Michigan, appears as day and night,
winged sun, lights of the Starship Enterprise into warp
10, delicate flute fans
curve infinity visible.

SONGS OF LIFE

The baking bread
of the hills
around the home
of everyday
sings life
from the nooks
and crannies of the notched
catch, moss, spider webs,
mounds of wonder, like dandelion
withered, seeds unstuck, new notes,
new music out of the throat
of the earth where the peripatetic soul
breaths in deep river valley
where rays of sun seldom rest,
over mountain range of vast nearness,
and different muses in the deserts
where broad expanse of life spawn
arms that can embrace the passion.

CUT OFF THE HEART

First, cut off the heart
those are the stones

Second, he who is without sin
everyone is without sin

Third argument of morality:
procrustean rack stretch

of the true for beliefs spike
of the inquisitional heart

you can smell miles away
for true whores are those

roped to the green flesh
of tyrannical coldness

asphalt of blood praised
as the vise of fortune

CLEANING WINDOWS

She rinsed the terry cloth
in the soap and stream of water,
sopped the windows to clear
the grim of insects and dirty rain.
No matter how hard she rubbed
the sadness could not be wiped away,
the soap could never clean
whether hard or abrasive or rhythmically
to cold clarity. She let sun dry,
yet sadness indelibly held her
in the streaks, even in the rubbings.
She did not linger, no bitterness
gutted her for she had for many years
never turned away the sadness
at the door, even though the door
refused to open. Her web of sadness
carried to the nest of existence
into the core of the bite.

She stopped cleaning, finished rubbing,
unhooked the webs, emptied the bucket.

FOOTPRINTS

I scattered among the forest
when I looked before me,
saw the footprints whose look
attracted me. I stepped into
the footprints. They were mine.
I have never been this way before.
I looked behind me: no footprints
trailed me as far as the eyes could see.
I stood open-mouthed in wonder
and shaking my body, the last hairs
attached to my head fluttered,
like small brown birds unsilenced,
ordinary, everywhere that everyone overlooks who fly in
every direction of the earth.
The marvel I saw I marvel I am,
whose footprints don't tell
much of anything, except emptiness
was the mystery the marvel filled out
with nothing other than small brown birds.

GENTLE BREEZE

gentle breeze
no horizons
sky and water
occasional winged
swallowtails
gyroscope
nothing else
but gentle breeze
so gently
forget breeze
leave gentle

LONG VOYAGE

How turn vessel into vehicle?
Bird flaps wings in bath
Tongues length moon and back
Camphor ears eye the claims
Of the caravans the itinerant's brew
When the axle grease moves outward
And you hear the spray of stuck.
In the mud as it hits your face --
Where are you?

How transport vehicle into wings?
Ask Neruda? I have.
Go to the sea, walk in;
It's you with no clang, clang, clang
Of fire engines as the petty pities
Lose protuberances until one day you see
Wheels are wings and vessels, too.
You learn you are never far
From what you are though
Never seen for peering into....
The change of change ever changing.
You and you and you until you learn
The true you.

How turn wings into fire?
Listen as fishes hear
Hear the chords of seahorse

Flip over with jelly fish
Sting and never extract
The sting and go in the clam
As the host of river waters.

ABSTRACT POEM

Ant

Ants

gnats

gnat

pants

dance

THIN RED

thin reed of
wind needles flew
out of me

STREAMING

steaming out of the soup
strode forth the nine horses

tiger's black and orange
hold up gorge walls of thousands

rivers flood mud
out of clarity of fin

swim feet on sea floor
the eye peers unseen

THE BATHERS

the bather stepped with left foot
into the Atlantic Ocean
with his right foot
he stepped ashore
on the land known as China

I SCREAM!

I scream! I won't be here!

I laugh...I'm here....

Aren't I?

BAG RAG OF REASON

When the bag of reason refused to open,
the bag suffocated the dark world.
The rag of reason seemed golden and new
by the heart, not the one that beats,
the one that lights nights, lakes,
arms and legs to embrace reason
so reason can thread silk out of the dark
to call the wind soul bowls
so all lost is never lost
and those ropes that bound reason
as treason of tyranny knows
the blood bottled heart beats
heat for all seasons and staggers
the circular heart, oars that wander
the universe looking for what
never has been found, never known
by reason, as the dance of head
and true heart swings around the earth
in rhythm or as the slaughters of dearth.

“STARRY NIGHT”

The word
is red
this word
is blue
this word is
yellow black
follow
the word paint of
starry night's Van Gogh
that brushes ocean swirls
into you as red, blue, yellow, black
solid ground into spinning earth
spin the yellow spin the black
dark lost footing
don't know where you are
the word colors
you as you are each quintessence
of shine and absorbent prime
as the canvas photographs
in speeds of invisible you
appears as you appear to be
at this moment into eternal moment

No one's every scene, I know
you're there. I lived lifetimes
in Starry Nights, walked out
of the painting as a sculpture

into films moved to key me alive,
dance images before the light
when I thought distance of the stars
would give me the light I fought.
The light sought me, inexplicably,
profoundly opened my breast bone,
thrice, how many stars you have,
my dear Vincent, to see what lives
and gives and flies and guises
into what is and what always is.

How do you color the iridescence of tragedies with this
word of words, Vincent's ear:
you see it in the spiral
that yellows blue with silent voices
that sing with vivid vivacity
of Vincent's shimmerings that glimmer
with what he painted that painted him,
a touch of how to leave his being,
to be what truly art portrays
we frame as madness with our
philosophies, thickness cleared
into vision of the primal world,
what we emerge out of every moment
yet impossible moment to live long.
Yes, Vincent, beauty has no home,
unless we are willing to discover
what beauty is: the very being
that lights our muscles to dance

in the painting of “Starry Night.”

As you who’ve accepted the frame
of the art, take down the curtains.
The words are a start though they
are not what you see you are:
the lights of nature that speaks
your new name, all the color to paint
who you really are, a brush tasted
with perfumes of blues and yellows
and hues of the glorious lover,
a moving and a shining art.

See: he painted, she clumped soul
in her hands as he spoke:
we math you to this meadow spot
the first human to trod this plot:
to get here, the complexities
of the chemical client has exposed
the whaleness of the charnel grass:
you plant your garden -- the fence,
the leopard, the ingot, the grotesque,
and bean you’ve kept at the doorstep.

SPIRIT OF THE RIVER, HEALING SONGS

He had a hard cracked clay face
of the Colorado basin, river lines
aura with cough of mortality
skull bones map the petroglyphs
that appear of our living
for the spirit of the river
we have come for healing songs,
here, where what is looking out
is looking in as we can be
no other than the source of life
as we eddy into spirals
of the Colorado where the muddy bottom
silts the clouds to make new
a clear blue sky that can see forever.

BENDING BEAMS

bending beams
of sun and river
roots of tall greens
touch the sky

I HEAR BUZZES

I hear the buzzes
too quick for names
I stop swatting
as the refusals flee
let the awareness
wake me being here
hear as appear

WOLVES CIRCLE

wolves circle

with snarls

of needles

and red gums

with flesh tears

of wounded prey's

calm demeanor

with growl

of slow yawn of

existence

with gleam of tear

of white rapid eyes

snow wishes away

with silence

of the vanished

silence never vanishes

with snow

of the famished

SCREWDRIVERS

Screwdrivers said the skies
were pilots of the perturbation
that you watch for every squeak
of unoiled door.

The screwdriver never rests in bushes,
flies precariously south on realization
how a lifetime is and is paddle winds
with the turning that takes out of sky
all the gods once put there by humans
in gold inlaid, making a frozen time.

Those resistance winds of centuries
gives way to perfumes to attract lovers
so you'll give all that you prize
and surprise yourself with no patterns
of no designs, of chaos of movement
that springs ever resourceful new pine.

You will see the light
by which you shine,
green consolation touch
can sing the healing songs.

BEHIND MOVEMENT

Behind the oak
another spruce, another pine,
leaves behind the tree, moves!
bird? imagination? squirrel?
Tree with wings?
Yes, and behind the weight
lifted up all, here, now.
You ask for no more, give away
everything there is to give
so behind the tree behind
movement

BRIDGE TO INFINITY

The bridge to infinity, do you want to cross
the intricate seamlessness of leaves
that fly out green veins as the marsh reed
with redwing blackbird bolds on sideways
with both feet and legs?

Tulips are the planets round.

Dragonfly's four wings zip eons.

We've had our nuclear winter –
the very ape who flies
backwards into the future.

A bubble gum life of suburbia throws
away the jewels.

I've been here centuries
and will be centuries of longing
that we cannot fly by. Do you experience
what it is to have stream stand up
and river you, turn you around?

We've life living us who that
sacreds us as song of earth
as we refuse to be but nuclear winter –
blocks our way, draws us in, or
paints us as carrion.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water.

Jack fell down
and Jill came tumbling after.
They were the water.

TWO WOODPECKERS

two woodpeckers leap
bark river into
bark mountain into me

HUMMINGBIRDS

hummingbird at petunias

a blaze of yellow

pen at page

no haze of bitterness

vibrates the pollen

fans striations away

succulence of the

impossible flight

beak of delight

for every sight

SALT FROM SHAKER

salt from shaker
every day

pepper sneezes
every night

spill blood
spells flood

yet see the salt
sprinkle down

feel the pepper
ingested stew you

hear every heartbeat
as the earth

GRASS FLUTES

grass flutes

bush clarinets

tree violins

wind horn

bird conducts

out of everywhere

STONE

stone million years
exposed
my sixty years
housed
whose the lucky one

as soon exposure
will wear away
the rough edge to smooth
lines
white with the light
the stone
shines

SOUL

Are you one whose munificence
is fit reply
in the spirit of embrace
without trace
of fences and guides
to find how each being speaks,
story the soul
to tell the true reality
you unfold?
Be bold.

Give cosmos
what only human being can
offer to fertility
beauty as seeds
to shock free,
a vine of terror
to new display
of soul's love as clay.

THE BONES ARE WALKING

The bones are walking
no one sees.

We'll call them human,
rearrange the shaman,
derange the algorithm.

Nothing works.

One bone honed against bone,
call what is what isn't,
the tail the dog follows
the cattle skull called hubris
filled with catatonic bone
devices they fly decries
empty sky. Bones are walking
no one here to see.

LOST ART OF SURCEASE

Monkeys fly everywhere
without phones and press releases.
The marble walked upon another
disdain and dutiful rubbing in.
We don't give a damn about anything
but the clutch of geese who cross
the street, traffic whizzing by.
A harp derriere frowns
commodiously with opera singer,
the cantaloupe canyon contours
that flummox the maker who makes
the engine cake. The delta
takes them all for a ride, hit men
are the symphony as gun runs
out of bullets that pump the heart
beats like a fleet of limousines
in for shore leave, for liberty
we fret and wait. You struggle. Un-
tangles. The veteran petrified city
dwellers survive the flamingo, reporters
on sun acrobats of lost art of surcease
without any Rube Goldberg to put back
together out of the landfills where
they threw their treasure in hopes
beyond hopes no one would notice.
No one cared. I am here to report.

MONET'S GARDEN

Pounding heard in the museums
as the thieves tried to break into
Claude Monet's garden
of the dandelion blown beauties
of the colors of passion present
as a present to you, a boater,
no doubt, for how but sail
in the painting softly,
as a blossom's kiss in the garden
of eternal magnets you believe
you have to steal to enjoy,
when Monet, dear friend,
gives it to you freely
as a meal of glorious purples,
shimmer shampoos over red petals
by millions of loving through tragedy
of your being bursting just there,
outside the canvas, where you live,
invites you welcome, come in
and be beauty that Rilke's terror
magnet against magnet drew out
of the canvas as blossoms to art.
You are that – the epistle of epochs
as well as the swell of the loon,
swan necks along armature swan,
forgetting, as Rilke did not, the awkward
of our passions, ecstasies and lovers,

did not the earth's beauty magnet
as star energies to art luxurious gardens
of every color and form you appear to be.
So, turn inside out, enjoy Monet's rings
of the treasure, let the purples love you.

YOU CAN'T SWIM

You can't swim
when words are anchors,
a fin is used by dolomites
to hinder passage
while the octopus
can take you down
easier than shark or whale

You can't swim
when anchors are words,
the tumbling out of yourself
to see what gets spoken
in you that you've never seen
lain in the bottomless ocean
for the occasion of your delirious
deliveries out of the bends of the deep,
but the shore lined with watchers
that you were who did not know how to lift
as they never learned the art of gift
that turns anchors into buoys,
loosening you to swim around and around.

You can swim
without anchor of words,
underseas cable tunnels
the truth in bits and pieces
whole and the whole is

the swim that waves you in heaves
as an anchor when light as seagull
you fly and swim in the words.

WISHING WELL

I drop coins down my body,
wait for the water plop:
youth: a second to sink, kurplunk
middle age: few seconds drop, swish
50: 30 seconds, echo
60: 2 minutes, rumblings
today: no sound, no wish, no wait

TRUE YOU

I hear soft flutes
through windblown trees
as the air of horns
that tap clouds with robust
dancing hills

I turn around to face the music:
Ah! ... am the song,
the song goes on without me...
free...

here, take this song
to the dance with you
make a music to free you
into beauty beyond belief
into a love beyond true
and bring back music
of the spheres so we
may see the song
of you being sung
and we'll know what we see
will be the true you