



Visions & Voices

RON BOGGS

Visions & Voices

RON BOGGS

CONTENTS

VISIONS

1. Earth's Eye
2. Give It All Away
3. Wisdom of the Turtle
4. Pine
5. Poem
6. Wombs Sprout
7. stoppers
8. In awe
9. That time of year
10. Innocence of Innocence
11. cheese
12. Rummaging
13. Time of Surveys
14. Fire or Ice
15. What Dark Night?
16. No metaphors
17. pebble
18. Hive
19. ditch times
20. the eyes of misery
21. how break
22. Joy blade
23. I found a leaf in my heart
24. History of the Never Told
25. Beautiful Ingot
26. Funnel

27. The voice
28. Five Alive, Fire Dead
29. wind of wind
30. Every day
31. The Coins
32. My ears are full
33. being wherever the flower is
34. I am night
35. eyes blink
36. moon rises
37. I wash my face
38. Composed Composition
39. Moon's View
40. I look up at blue sky
41. Songs of Embrace
42. Being alive is dangerous
43. Givens
44. Silk Shine
45. Snail Shell

VOICES

46. Gentle Silence
47. Clover of Hearts
48. Flat Veneer
49. Ancient Ways
50. Sweet Sweat
51. tears
52. 6 children
53. in the vein

54. how not move in such a world?
55. Crow on Shoulder
56. What world do we live in?
57. Without Vertigo
58. every single inch
59. Letter to Constanin Cavafy
60. Nail
61. ice
62. sky
63. No Matter the Chatter
64. The water falls through the ice
65. No Calendar Man
66. Gracie
67. Song of Jewels
68. Shells
69. Music
70. Meadow
71. Silence
72. I choose this dream
73. The Blaze
74. Music
75. Where is There to Fall to?
76. I've been with the birds
77. Crack!
78. Morning's Song
79. The Stain
80. The Shine
81. On the Streets
82. O!

83. Sun shines
84. The valley
85. Let the Underwear Tell the Tale
86. Picnic
87. Bluebird
88. One Snow
89. White Cloud
90. Song of the Raindrops
91. Silence's Appearances
92. Moons breeze
93. "Love is the Key to Madness"
94. Steep the night
95. axle grease and windowpane
96. a beauty
97. He cupped his hands
98. Grandfather's Watch
99. Death is not an event that happens
100. Barn
101. Enter Darkness
102. Snow
103. Breeze

VISIONS

EARTH'S EYE

Imperceptibly along the meadow's bottom
earth's eye opens with sail of sun wings
that reveals white frost and bear
of honey and berries with two cubs,
footprints of wolves, red winged blackbird
looks to your face: vision of loveliest scene
evokes the dark, like Psyche and Eros,
to walk among its drying dew to leave self
at boundary line, as scent of gliding lightness
shades hues of released humus of sufferings,
death, violence, murders, rapes,
pillage, unawed rage by the powerful
on the defenseless as walk defenseless
amidst the sheer terror of beauty,
as millions before and after have
written and imaged. And will.

The blanket of day just covers night,
the horrors of existence break through
winged walk through bottom's blight
that is not night, despite melted sight.
The ink is no stain, it is ingrained
undoes the weight to lightness
to relieve the grief that is inherent
out of the sheer gorgeousness
of the earth's eye that still makes us
to see beauty as what we see to be.

GIVE IT ALL AWAY

I was a hoarder, thinking poems
are in the body, like those animal people
whose life is boxes stacked all over the house,
who are living in unsanitary conditions
among 50 creatures, taking in every stray,
unable to properly care for animal people.
I thrashed everything, gave away everything,
nothing dangled from the shelves.
One does as one does for no reasons
other than burning down the house
to have no home to go to. Love held me to earth
as a buoy that let me live with shivers.
Yet I dawdle and dribble and dabble –
I grant you your impeccables, I no longer do.
No collars, no ropes, no bones: not free,
but a clearance of the garage, attic, cellar,
an estate sale without the last act, yet.
Mountains, tigers, cymbals, Shakespearian plays,
watermelon in graveyard, songs of the soul
can never be foretold: you must be willing
with the tightest of balls to your guts enter graveyard,
hoard nothing, be the song of the robin on the tombstone
at dawn and dusk, let it all flow out without regret,
and let be what is and come what may.
We're here to find how love works, how love is,
all other matters of life and death. Give it all away.

WISDOM OF THE TURTLE

Wisdom of the turtle
at the bottom of sea

is the wisdom of the tortoise
on the log in the sun

is the wisdom of the slow stretch
out of shell on land

gives all the worlds time to breath
gives all the bottom and top

of the guts of life between to float,
sink, swim, walk on bottom,

head puckered above surface
that only those with keen hearing

are able to see and be the churning.
The whole island is seen, covered

and lived, given the free sea
to release the elongated sweetness

of no home but never leaving the shell.
The turtle leaps and leaps still

wherever it goes in every inlet and ocean
can't be known but can be seen.

PINE

To Basho

Each patch of bark
of the pine displays
states you subtly enter
& leave, the pine smells
green, and cones
of speech image
out of the mouth
the universe you speak

The bark

like the scales of music
that dance you.

lives the light

of the roots of the soil

whose camouflage of pine

scale overlaps upon scale

tongue leaps arise.

The pine sings out of
the rhythm of the shine
no other than

like a flute plays each bark

as a raft that takes you

where you need to go &

leave the magnificence that

peers down at beginning's root

as uprush unknownables

and down drafts unprovables

as you seep in ever deeper

into its forest of the art

of the difficulty of germinated seeds
standing and being the very state
that speaks no name. You are
the being who's being spoken
 the deep of the free river
 light of the singing pine.

POEM

Poem poetries have mused poets with its laurel lyre
to tell in spells and spills the ills and thrills
what has been going on for thousands of years
with those thousands year old awe and gnaw antennas
as tunes of a wave length of dance of 300 years apart.
So spoken, so written. The 4,000 year old shaman
gave his initiation poem to his other, for he thought
that we would die, was dead, was not in the head,
reels of the thousands of years played on into night,
the bones strung tunes as arranged exactly
for they told him he was spirit, he was walking his bones
to his true Being, whom he was frightened of
and whose countenance he imagined as rough, dragon-
like, as the calluses and boulders of hill cliffs.
He went out in the canoes of the world,
met coyote, and brought back the new world
that showed how cure heat to forge bells,
how healing is 40,000 ears of years,
those tintinnabulations of our inheritance.
One just whizzed by chasing for Horace, Heraclitus,
Hermes, and Hamill. The journey is not a journey,
the sea not a sea, the eye not an eye.
Poems are the songs that fish in sea,
the eaten and eater thereof. We bless our catch
to swim the gift of the blessing to the world
by immersion in unheard music whose notes
are our existence that silence fades into nonexistence

lyres back with song of the rivers of fire
we call poem arranged out of ashes and clashes
and boiling stew into habitation as form of deliciousness
through searing tears the taste of the aroma worth
of the ever folding story of the tortoise's tongue
for what never happens always happens.
We are pleased to present to you the dance
for your enjoyment and your next meal.

WOMBS SPROUT

Coins in my pocket fall through a hole
burnt through curtain by long sun curtain.

The sculpture of this moment
That moves. You sweat
As you see like a ray of that shine

You are the art painting ourselves.
The shades of trees, train tracks,
the glint of brown leaf decay,
with tears melting reflections.

Slow airplane of sun glides horizon
On the inside of things
Where nothing is
Not heated as fire

Where the waters of the sun are
wombs sprout
no longer dug for as they've swelled,
rise to surface, just under moist moaned soil.

STOPPERS

stoppers they kept
they kept putting stoppers in my head
in my head stoppers stop drain
stop drain always stagnant water
water water & not a drop to drink
sold it, sold it as useless
as uselesssss as the sssunnnnnnn
the sun pulls stoppers
stoppers are pulled

rain is the opener and crevices
never last what lasts never lasts
as the night filled to unstop
to unstop the stopped
and the drain drained
down the drain the drain
at the waters slow swirl
tell the tales of drain and
the ad infinitums mmmmmmmms

IN AWE

In awe

rises as warmth

as absorb sun

radiance branches

round furrows

stretches ever on

The grandeur

of seeing through

a thousand eyes

able to be seen

what never visible

evaporates the always there

Very seeds

the reach is speech

that sees and hears

heart, our seed

yet to plant

THAT TIME OF YEAR

That time of year
bush leaves yellow
burnish with brown edge
burn of insect hole
you see through open
to other side of the earth
no different world
twenty too few
come back at you

Colors of spilled coffee
stains that change the colors
Cat's right nostril shakes bush
Presence
is what it is
as it is

Salmon back from ocean
up the falls and ridges
to be red with belly
of spawn Wait
Wait more Wait
more will come

If you can say what death is
swim upstream to the bush
If you can say what life is

empty fields will make meadow
and the grouse will be heard
Cat's eyes like the bushes
sound you for food as silence changes
the words to nothing to lose
The bush will become another leaf
and ask of the succulence a world
and will be given succulence

INNOCENCE OF INNOCENCE

“I can’t fault the lady.”

30 years of prison

moon covers Patagonia and Norway,
where geese always show you magnificence,
out of what games that people play,
the reward is the ice pick taken out
of the heart and its red brick
of walls of 30 years of sleeves
that cannot return the return.

The innocence of innocence has no
say in the court of law – the flaws
of mistake are what make or break
the very base of human into the snow
where no fault can be found, a treasure.

CHEESE

cheese whizzed in the face
laughed uproariously
until I couldn't stand up

RUMMAGING

Rummaging through old fields
going nowhere faster
the sprout first pushed through soil
there at the edge of the roots
see the whole earth's orbit wobble
held up for all to see
Do you see it?

TIME OF SURVEYS

The time of surveys was upon the earth,
each standing human a plot, six feet of bones,
each bone human through their plot
Surveyed gave them land rights
clear to the core of the earth
and division of blue and black
Not having other eyes than surveys
they wedged themselves into the plots

FIRE OR ICE

Fire or ice
It would be nice
If it were those choices
That the human voices

Silent and screams aloud
the foot of a mountain gorilla
the ivory of elephant
the clear cut munch of coal mines
and diamond mines and subdivisions
all for the glory of the human
to feed insatiable desire for slaughter
hidden as you will it's as plain as blood
the suds that helps the world economy
go round and round and declared sound
ingrained in religion, the very basis
of civilization, the killers the very ones
made heroes and elected to govern,
the wrong devolution.

Fire or ice
It would be dice

For we attribute it to selection
the detective has let off the hook
the murderers, and this poem,
as foretold for 40,000 years,

will not make a difference,
except we know the world will not

end in fire, ice, dice, or lice and never nice.
It has ended.

Humans have done the deed,
the living H-Bomb has gone off
and the civilizations of accomplishments,
any spiritual truth of illusion, any meaning
they form given to gratify lust, monster of
planet will do no good – they've ended
the world, cancelled themselves by wrong turn,
done daily, the hell they were they made others
be hell to elude the disease they compound
that they call medicine. The true virus
as parasite has killed its host.

What we see walking are ghosts
of photos of slow speed, illusions of illusions
that made of the divine energies given
as the whole universe they delude
to be the very bend in the history of the end.

The truth did not set the human free
For the truth it made was to enslave
With the unbelievable life as grave
As never ending horror without plea
Despairs to take away the last act,
Leaving humankind civilized in suicide pact.

WHAT DARK NIGHT?

Another one of those interminable notes
on the dark night of soul at 3 am, every night,
thanks to insight of F. Scott Fitzgerald.
The writer of this poem is the soul
and will have her say:

What dark night?

You strand soul out in the Mohave Desert
in the middle of summer and leave
to dangle perpendicular like shooting stars,
not an apt metaphor
for who soul is. And you wonder
why the dreg and your body is sick.
You've a psychic illness. Ego beagle
to your master, the dandelions, of mind.
What dark night, I say again,
To tell you to get to soul.

NO METAPHORS.

What isn't metaphor?

No no.

What isn't no?

No myths.

What isn't myth?

No go.

What doesn't go?

PEBBLE

pebble rests
at bottom of stream
jagged
is now smooth
other pebbles glisten
a pebble the water
does not touch

HIVE

Water came to me
at the turn in the Mississippi
just there
you know the place
you've been there
just beyond the bend
where everything happens
I haven't been heard from since
The stars and stalactites
of the pictures of heaven
that humans crave go out
and the stalagmites rise
like stars and earth walking
what you are startled into as a bee
in pollen to feed the whole hive

DITCH TIMES

ditch times of bodies
with first check with finesse
of mortician –
whether one of them
is you

THE EYES OF MISERY

the eyes of misery
yet the wind bent slant
cracks the ache like laughter

HOW BREAK

how break the cage of air
be wind, be bird
but it is spirit
that is the air
the cage, shit

JOY BLADE

Joy blade swishes over head
Then sad glade whirls by

Fingers of discontent the heart
Beats the day-night round

Being earth being, every peace
No end of discerned subtlety

Sorrows of the troubles finest
Of what we pearl a string

To end evil, suffering, and embrace
Cry griefs love never understood

I FOUND A LEAF IN MY HEART

I found a leaf in my heart
that sat my imagination wondering:
is it alive or dead? I said, "Broaden."
Imagination: Mind wants to know.
I retort, "Leave the leaf as is.
What is it?" Mind spoke up to ignore
the question. I go off, "The heart
is not a tree, the tree is not alive
or dead and not the mind's imagination."
It's all mind, I hear in echo.
To have the veins full of green
You must let the heart tell you.
"When has it spoken?" I ask.
When has it not, comes the reply
In timber that moves foundation
As a totem is the song of spirit
That is the forest that natives
Are spoken of the land.
That will give you a heart to whisper
the leaf is heart, step out as root.

HISTORY OF THE NEVER TOLD

Clothes of leaves, hat of wind,
legs of trees, gait of long grass,
a gallop of no horses runs through
the voice who feared killing me:
a kindness, even compassionate of mind
in the dream shine of this day
I appear in as the day seems
to be open to the shine through
every breath. Turn up soil
looking for bodies, drum beats signal
the catch of the day. Tangles
are the very brambles you are
in field in middle of Nebraska, middle of field
of corn, middle stalk, top cob, a tip
the yellow succulence swelling
in urgency waiting to feed everyone
and the history never told; silence
of the history of the never told.

BEAUTIFUL INGOT

Beautiful ingot, I hefted stone
in my hand a few times to gauge weight,
let the activity be the fullness.
It rolled down the hill when I missed once.
As I watch, it loosens other rocks
in an ecstasy of shattered delights
that leaves nothing behind, no smoke,
just the brilliant dark that teaches I must
be the light if I want to see. Trembles
are not fear, only the body being body.
I walk out of my skin, fluid of muscle,
and being released I am grease
for any gristle of rope around neck.
Why tremble, and no fear, for tongue
are the waterfalls of pure lightness.

FUNNEL

One day earth gave me a funnel
and disappeared. As the funnel
in the midst of swirling water of greed,
desperation, and affections of limbs
of anxious elaborations, the squawk
sworded thunderous noise,
clamored like building a city in a day,
and it collapsed like a civilization of centuries
in the instant that heard no echo from outer space.
As garbage went twirling down the drain
into the abyss, out the other bottom
of no bottom, as an ass is
and finds you sit on the ventricular bedrock.
We were the aliens that alienated echo.

THE VOICE

The voice that echoes
Back to you is the real you.

Lying on pillow, stars come into darkness,
A line of poetry jump starts tiger's leap.

Among night soil blooming flower
Rises with enfold as body not mine.

FIRE ALIVE, FIRE DEAD

It's raining in my heart.
The throbbing says, "I live."
The hit sprints, "You die."
The rain keeps silent sky inside
as the boy runs kicking the water
with his feet into glee
in the middle of the street,
he lets the rain fall
where it falls, and, unexpectedly,
the perfume of its long journey savors
as a sanctuary of wet freshness
that covers every inch and is the days
that display the air. Rain is sun.
How else can I say where I am,
in the heart, but by proclamations
of my intent and intensity to be
where they are and be as they are
and as old falling into youth
and as bold rising into ancients
in a day of no remembrances,
beyond description, script and crypt.
Fire alive, fire dead. Fire!

WIND OF WIND

shaken bush
sparrow beaks
the kaleidoscope of mountain

tunnels through rock
the blaze a full torch
see eye seeing

all with the flavor of yes
this is creation
with the boil of no

with the flavor the crane flies
never shaken
by the wind of wind

EVERY DAY

Every day
a different being
centuries and Paleolithic
the caves with images and
daylight animals
that move every day

every day
the thousand mile breakfasts
the headless tailspins
and plane crashes with no survivor
who survive another day

every day a wind whiplashes
small green plant the giant sloth
goads the turtle to change direction
as the ice cream melts into sugars
that rots the teeth of zoo animals

every day
lasts every time zone long
the sediments of shale, sandstones,
limestone rock, dirt mound,
river beds, boulders of the smoothed hearts
to roll every day into curves
of robbing not knowing how to take
directly from the treasury

every day
the ports are tales of commerce
and hidden woe, the transports
of slaves and children as ballast
in tow to heat the day
has smashed all ideals
of civilization and human value
that each day frays the thread on,
step to stop, to take the tatters
to roll up to a ball
the every day
awareness of the divide
cannot hide the kin you are in
let the fanatics be frantic
and the deplorable throw bombs
in the arena scattering the animals of love.
Stay the day and let the fullest
of each day show the true night
of the sightless and give breath &
breed to the truly mighty.

At the morning mirror, nothing reflects back.
Everyday has vanished – the ocean
of our lives has taken the trees of day
and turned them into the nothing

that shines that's never seen
as the buoyancy is the day
that lasts centuries and heart plants
one bunch at a time rice fields

THE COINS

The coins fell through the hole in the pocket.
As I felt the cold against flesh, the smile
Like dead leaves became relief,
And I farted. The emulsion
Of release freed me,
Yet the hole I wore through
I knew had consequences,
And they are this time not airplanes.

MY EARS ARE FULL

My ears are full
every thing I've ever needed I had
every joy I mind waits at the bend
every sadness I was lifts the wind

and make gentle the gargantuan
every temerity and tenacity that killed
has made me full of holes
light escapes

I write to fill light
as I look inside I see you
and all I've ever been
and done

even in the privacy of my home
in the secret vault of my dreams
where the whole matrix of civilization
appears and disappears

every idea and image that's passed
through me like food through intestines
I embrace and release and place
I am none

of these fictions
though I am a fiction I write

everyday everything that
catastrophe

blew out of me
I like a uruboros opening to see
My circular circle rolled down
the stones and smashed

into
the everpresent
uncomprehending
when I'm at it

every tick tock
no longer mocks me as I've stock
as worth the avenues as every road
I leave

every trail even path I leave
every name I let wash ashore
I've other ways to be
though

those ways I don't know
yet everything I do now
as I write you in song poems
we are

creation itself

here as singers lovers
for whatever we are stars
are too small

to contain the earth
and sun and moon
and clouds and air
do spin

feel the rumble through you
of the living creation of what is
all of existence creating
me as I write

and we sing for only your chorus
makes this poem worth doing
and only your love
and touch

of the finger of kindness
on the lip make it worth the universe
that is creating us
as we speak

and sing
Hear!
Tap!
Sway!

BEING WHEREVER THE FLOWER IS

I let the yellow thrive be
this flower walks on
at sea level at base of mountain
the whistles of the past valleys
shatter woods of home building
upstream I've left
downstream I let the full sheet
hang out to dry in the wind
and sun smell of fragrances
of being wherever the flower is

LET THE FLIES BE

let the flies be
they've been companions
asked for nothing
a little fear and commonality
a different universe

a horse's ass as I am
can be anything he wants
upside down hanging from tree
like poems and juices

skyscrapers keep being built
in imitation of beings
whose monstrous cities we live in
and think we live inside ourselves
a beast of many flavors, a cadaver

of laughters worth the music
so let the flies lighten you
and let the being be
what else to do in a world
from fly's view is not ours

ancient who knows
let the fly land
on the building
it will topple over

I AM NIGHT

I am night
no one sees me
as I troll the streets
with soul preparing me for her dance,
her embrace cannot be refused,
life calls from the void,
from the abyss of squeezed orange
with no further nurturance
to know what the night is
as it purrs up your body. You look –
nobody. You’ve the hiking skills
to enter and return
what’s no longer enemy territory.
Soul kisses you into the bliss
of the most intimate of birds.
Wings spread, ah! Heart flutters,
I am here, what night holds
I am willing to let the frying pan heat.

EYES BLINK

eyes blink lightning
16 translations to here
not a word
jasmine never leaves
as the cool of eyes
of owl ripple

MOON RISES

moon rises on my forefinger
with sky infinite
in an instant calls
the soul "time"
phases that I see
(for full moon you
must be moon)

I WASH MY FACE

I wash my face
like bird splashes
gets me here!

COMPOSED COMPOSITION

Honk! I heard
Before they composed themselves
Against the clouds
And flicked south

This hour I broke tether
Dropped to well bottom
Through the composed
Where echoes reigned satisfied

Act of mavericks and do again
What else started end of clock time
Rusted cars on abandoned farm
The ants have been busy with composition

Elastic gum bands of mind's cobwebs
Have the good fortune to have torn
With the silk maker what still is bounty
As well as live in the composition

MOON'S VIEW

I reached for the stars as humans do
caught clouds as power mongers do
for I obsessed to know how the world worked
the running of the human as machine,
as computer, as latest metaphor
of the whores of power.

The moon's view of the explosion
stopped the reaching
and let the compulsion
leak out and sink
forever into earth

I LOOK UP AT BLUE SKY

I look up at blue sky
no life, no death
whole yards of tapestry
wings the gravy sunk
deep in mashed potatoes

Under wood, the millions lives
a weave as subtle and intricate
as the grain of stone, the sane
of no blame and shame, the ignorant
vehement vehicle to score points
of oppression steps on the hierarchy
of cravings, desires amuck
you're stuck and fuck the others
the blue sky of life and death
as not this life and not this death

Apertures small to let in small
the space for hate to grow
the haste of marmalade tracked forever
caught on the foot of trail makers
the blind spot the divine –
keep the beam blue
and steam life and death
when at eye level you are blue
a way to be the sea deep
in the holes in the world left by

those who do and see it
in the vase of flower pitcher

SONGS OF EMBRACE

Wind tunnel of the voice
Harvester of the first harvest

Take the paintings of the world
Off you let crows caw at hawks

Flight no longer is your need,
The seed has bore you here
Where you may hear the voice
As you are no longer deep inside
The tree, no longer in the woods,

You no longer live in the abyss
You are the abyss that opens love,
Do not go by story or by horrors,
Intimate born of echoes

You are a different being every day.
Enjoy your solitude together in embrace
As the voice sings to you: Return, come
Back, you are welcome, you are always
Welcome.

Is no other than home, a space of no place
Gives to absence a taste that is grace,
voices of thousands freedom to be free
As they want to be for their lives

For themselves, don't you see
What you've become to see
What you see.

This voice out of the unheard bell
From the vastness heard as clear as water
Songs of embrace

BEING ALIVE IS DANGEROUS

Being alive is dangerous,
that's what being alive means,
there's no other meaning,
no other meaning necessary
for it takes extremis as norm,
norm as extremis, and if you want
it any other way you discover:
death in life.

Of course, this is a way of speaking of not getting out
of this living alive yet dying doesn't solve the life issues.

What do you do? How do it?
And know these questions are flown
here on wings of doves to pick you up
and plant you in a foreign country
where you see that country is home
of the entire field of the holograph.
To be alive is dangerous in a funny
kind of way that is the only way to be safe.

You see the train lights coming, bigger and bigger,
then, you hear the whistle, realize heard for years,
without hearing, smoke in nostrils.

How do you make life
through life that danger is you

and not the other people, a wound
that inflicted itself as a life? Never beginning,
never ending, eating own tail, to roll
the sheer drops off cloud cliffs
while the eyes that harbor eagles,
the anchorless life that at every moment
is the full field blended as light
form every bush, grass, tree, pheasant –
see the cries that are you, how you become food,
whole for the meal worth that dangerousness
of the teeth – the fear mists away
when you have it between your pearls
that if death is its deed it is not a care
as life reeds into you what it always is
right in front of you to live you
as dangerous as a catch of the breath
as dangerous as a watch of death.

GIVENS

I stand looking over hills and valleys,
see where all the givens of the world
are asundered with no monument
not riven, no buildings not clay, no tree dog,
no roosters to call the sun awake,
no clean sheets tell tales of useless slaughter times
of human givens burned into blood spilt
and the thrillers who make the givens
the axle grease drunk for breakfast.

The north and south poles of givens are not apart
as every inch of ground is whole,
is all the bird to branch, bounce, bound,
unbounded leaves the lance of givens,
behind the loss of gravity is celebration
enough for seeing the reality of the heart,
no longer a given, too, and riven.

That it is an invention, and love, inexplicably,
if you think now, a given, shows me the owl
of otherwise, and the nothingness of love
embraces the despair of abysmal depression
and neither givens are left when
you realize the molecules and quarks and quantum
are somehow translated for a given riven
that we are the translators, par excellence.

To us a love, we two drink thousand miles apart,
not knowing of our thousands years of heart
convergence as the very love that stirs gray day
bright that always gives and then no givens remain.

SILK SHINE

This silk you see shine
See through
The sight the woven
Spun to be weave
A spell of silk undone
That takes

SNAIL SHELL

snail along trail
I bent over and over
to be close to the swirl.
I fell into the inconceivable.

I've left the shell.

I make coffee and eat breakfast
as if I could let the ship
of utters take me where it will.

VOICES

GENTLE SILENCE

Shriveled into a nut,
“Why are we made this way?”
A gentle hand of no answer
gave the question new material
and more enclosures to explore.

The wind blows the heart apart
with, “You were not made this way.”
I’m fifty miles from the nearest human
by wind chime time. “Remember the voice.”
I do. “You didn’t realize that anything
is what you could have been, that’s how
you are always made. The shriveling you did.”

I didn’t believe the voice. “It’s not belief;
it’s trust in the universe that you are
that brought the being you call made
into existence that you name “echo”
when the gentle silence gives nothing
other than what you never could look for.”

CLOVER OF HEARTS

Turn off TV, stop buying papers,
no more movies – still blood
rivers in the streets of the city.
I sleep in, battlefields
and hell holes of deliberate
infliction of pain and agony,
as if that was what we were –
love comes into the streets
and I'm flabbergasted
without knowing what it is,
what to do and how
against the tyrannies of minds
that wrest the beating heart
out of you to see before you die
that they control your life.
I am not life, am not death.
I am soul of that love
that's blown to smithereens
the straw of ideas of utopias
and impotencies though of what love

I do not know – yet love
that lets the blood stain rancid and black
in streets and fields, impossible as it is
yet gives new life and death
a way to be in embrace the stench and
stain on concrete as true memorials,
as clover of heart sprouts in meadow
that cracks the soil under the streets.

FLAT VENEER

I look in the mirror
I see veneer
I'm not that
nor was 20 years ago
am not that skin
in the mirror
see I never was
flat veneer

Adhere yet doesn't cohere
a semblance a resemblance
that begins at birth
falling in love with your self
looking in the mirror with eyes
flat behind the veneer, nothing
holds with the shine of love
and says this is me
you don't see it is the mirror
is the love but never mistake love
for the mirror

ANCIENT WAYS

Grains of wood

the supply line of armies

like ants

of the world

work

clings

to suit and tie

now jeans

to charm

the unchanged

to splitting of wood

internal

rot

brass as amulets

glitters

eyes

of grain makers

narrow

slits of lines

send young to death

by

barbarians

orders and Hecate

Bothsides

now

no telling apart

a pie

made and eaten

a stew slobber

of minions

as wait patiently

for sword

to fall on

outstretched

necks

video

to warn “graphic”

First

discovery fowl

ancient ways

of being

SWEET SWEAT

Rolled ball of paper bounces off wall
into basket – my poem for the day,
delirious that the tree's hats and hair's leaves
are mating and the king and queen run naked
in the forest and the reports by Robert Duvall
go well without any say from me.

I see flashes begin how I am being written in a song,
comes out as live, take it up, cheer it up,
and gives me new sheet music I improvise:
how wonderful and I just go spinning cares and worries.

TEARS

tears on the wall belong to us
blisters when hit in mouth
droplets of life snail rivers
a salt wine drunk out of mines
into immersion in the immensity

6 CHILDREN

6 children to the Great Flu
In one year
They went on through
The Great War

IN THE VEIN

in the vein of the leaves
histories of the armadas
the shell designs of nimbus turtles
wafers that are said to be aphrodisiacs
let the harpooners go crazy
we'll ginger up the roots of the mandrake
to let the caterwaulers of knowledge congregate

HOW NOT MOVE IN SUCH A WORLD?

thrush notes warblers
fog hovers levity without bottom
burial spots give vivid breath
and we think the planet we are on
spins us around the sun
the way the temperature is in mid 50's
bird has flown off the branch
the trees' eyes the sky
how not move in such a world?

CROW ON SHOULDER

Crow on left shoulder
Tells you the truth,
Scaring you with its presence,
Its black shrug of clarity
That also unsticks
Like two crow's feet
On shoulder – still, stark,
Glaring.

So many drubbings,
Fouls, fulsome gaskets blown,
And no wedge to open door.
Either you do the work
Or be the labor and lie flat
On the earth, learning dirt,
Turn to crow.

What told cannot
Be told, can only be lived.

WHAT WORLD DO WE LIVE IN?

What world do we live in?

Harps play the army into battle.

David does the tango for Egyptian ways
to start the Sphinx boats. The laterals
are rehearsals for kingship and democratic visits
of a barking dog. The world of semaphores
is not the world of Ithaca is it Constantin
when the barbarians are here in the round house.
The plate glass industry prays for shrapnel and sonic
booms:

gives lip service to interests and ideas
where you sit. Percolators are the rage
and a world of intimacy of waste years
make feeling good the passage of time
the world tells by – as woods to toothpicks
the papers make up truth in ways
for us to believe them, and we have nothing
better to do or to think of ourselves
out of the shell shocked century
numb to dumb salvage world of hauling frigate
up from sea floor and pile the car in the junkyard.

What world are we living in?

Still the days go by and the heart
will not be denied, demands world
be its bidding that never is.

The world is not anything we know
as anguish of the barking dog of barbarian hearts.

WITHOUT VERTIGO

A brush of blue sky applied to trees
Roam, like Vincent Van Gogh's psyche,
The light in his eye of the unseen seer,
Who gives me these blue lines of joy
And swirls of sadness to clarify
The whole field as we appear,
And even suicide is an affirmation
Of the wrestle. The patient painter
Infinitely works the lowest speck of abyss
In the waves of blue, ocean a face
Of art on the wall of the endless,
Until you appear everywhere without vertigo.

EVERY SINGLE INCH

the shoelaces laughed uproariously
through the holes in the world
of the manufactured, just here,
nowhere else, where albatross and citizen
become full-fledged daffodils
that pulls the laces through like...what?
let's say a tickle that has
the strings rolling in the aisles
unable to continue odes and elegies
of still pre-scientific ways of being
the unutterably whole she-bang undone

and when you pull tight to walk don't forget
whose temperature you take and so the decanters
of wine all topple over as the shoes on the loose
stalk corn rows for harvest wine
that takes laughter as dance...
the party begins and the feet follow,
what other glories do the weavings go
and what more gems give complete
and concise the mouths upturned to the sky
and finding the tongue to speak the words
out of the Milky Way and darkness
and emptiness as the weather, as the whole she-
bang, holographed and mapped and remapped

that says: always new, birds born words,
and speech of laughter? For it has to be
every single of inch.

LETTER TO CONSTANTIN CAVAFY

The barbarians are the power.
Whose the enemy we know, now?
What nostrum will not work,
Clear cut to the bone, break the bones.

Balloons in the rafters
Air still larch trees
As the observer of what
Goes on beneath the canopy.
Everyone tallies, wine knows.

Opened all the drawers in the house:
Empty. Life wasn't there
In the way looked for.
It would not hold, fold;
Seemed cold, and trembled
In the drawers to get out
New cloths any day.

Arrive at the Great Silence, beyond words
And image, no center, no upside down,
Right side up, a song unlike any other
That penetrates like breeze breath,
Releases itself: what you've said
Was not said by you and your responsibility
For gratitude is to let the birds fly,

Like 100 starlings in the grass after monsoon,
Play with the blocks as you did as a child.

NAIL

Walking by the nail wailed into the walls centuries ago, burying its throb deeply in a fit of rage and paradise, like a coffin, so that it would hold, mold, and grow old in that space to make place for hung pictures, paintings, photos, pasts, and pastries of decorations. Head only was visible to the naked eye, seemly indelible.

Flat against the wall and arrowed into 2 by 4, no space existed for hammer's claw to pry it out.

The covering in the wall did not change the life underground. Destruction of the wall would reveal the rot of the wood. On its own one day, it popped out of unbent hole and soul.

ICE

ice thimble of sky
empty out with sparklers
shooting stars
into the snow of silence

SKY

sky is the eye
that shines out of us
tells us apart

NO MATTER THE CHATTER

Asian cherry's upraised bare branches
to wind, rain, sky, sun
does not hear the chatters of war
in the silence of the cold
melting ice that is not praise
for why praise what reveals what we are
in our meadow full of the music of sunshine
where everywhere war roots unforgiven land
that's so enamored of our own love of ourselves.
The soul of earth shakes out its unfailing nurture
that makes naked the ones who fear nakedness,
as it reveals the chatters matter more
to them than the upraised bare branches,
who do not praise, for that would be redundant,
in this scene of sun and moon, rain and snow,
the dripping silence of cold that shimmer
the roots to glimmer no matter the chatter.

THE WATER FALLS THROUGH THE ICE

The water falls through the ice
because thoughts are not thoughts,
even in art the frozen moment
out of the blue sky never ends
but in movement.

Drinks alone
though never wise is always partner
for whatever comes over the falls,
perhaps, never will, so clumsy
our shearings that hurt the grower.

The water has sprung free,
no thoughts can convey the real
as imagination is the bend in the falls
that to watch the dying not able
to do anything of use, to think of
thoughts that would salve to save.

Until you look into ice
melting and you see you and you know
you die but so ferocious the claw
you want to turn the fall to care
and love and some hold on to something
and you find there is nothing of substance
to hold on to only in the letting fall

and being with all the way down.

Can you, somehow, give succor and cherish
the unbelievable gift and joy
as you slowly dawn on yourself
with wood oboes around the rocky cliff
as inherent radiance inside the flute
makes hosts spiral ladders of jasmine
even in winter climbs the way
when you melody sounds as you really are.

NO CALENDAR MAN

I make a snowman
In exuberance over the fresh snow
Watch as its features melt away.

Starved Rock, slick and risky,
Still hangs for unwary travelers.

I take the clouds for a house of cards
And let the homes around here
Built in the usual fit of exuberance
Decay to excess to greed and no fortune
In the country made but by the outlaws
Whose savagery rules the buffalo.

Yet, the pickle is delicious even though
I know how it's made and where it's been:
Having been around the world to the place
Which every day as I drink the silences
That like the snowman that disappears
Is no place.

I sit, wait for dentists to fill the filling
That dropped out, drink coffee,
Make it my coffee, let this day go unnamed,
No longer a calendar man or world traveler.
I let the tree rings tree ring weather
And the snowman melts – though I might

As well be dancing so bursting is the heat
Of earth without bounds that welcomes loss
And lets it go.

GRACIE

Why doesn't sweetness last forever?
Are we mere corn-on-the-cob
eaten and discarded in the garbage?
Where can the sweetness come from
it would be the full body?
The light of the eyes shine
the unanswerable awareness
that is always what we are as star,
as it moves we move with no seeming
connection. One, and the sweetness
that shines through water and air, as
if not there, the act of sweetness
draws out sweetness by the love of eyes.

Where she lived emptiness,
I've entered as the presence
of what she was, her full pleasure
inside the mystery of her mysteries,
the presence of her absence
fills me as mourning that lives
each moment of my life of inhabitable sweetness
of her incredible beauty that walks
the land in recognition of the presence
that the absence gave though unseen during her life.
The emptiness of the indecipherable of love

embodied in me who lives with her as me,
a wholeness, a willow of sumptuous completeness,
without sentiment or false ardor, of what one is
for love shows us the passions of separation
that hollow out our being to be in embrace
of the being we share with her, and everyone,
and that revelation of absence,
that permanent separation of death
is our invitation that there are no borders,
no boundaries to encompass the full breadth
to honor her with gratitude for her sweetness, as
grief empties me of everything by the pitiless finality
of very being of love. In the end, I see there was no loss,
it all is one moment, and what she was I now am,
and I give you her sweetness to do as you will, and I pray
you use it well and share it with your loves.

SONG OF JEWELS

Every season's winds completes
what is dead living in us
through which seasons change
unlike the remnants of our original shine,
a radiant kiss whose whispers blossoms
its life, made as our life as the shine
that makes another's life for nothing
of what we truly are is ever lost.
That's the mystery of the song of jewels.
When we are clouds, we are fragile;
when we are sky, we are agile.

SHELLS

Born into a shell
Formed into a shell
That becomes living hell

Madness cracks the second shell
The first shell will shed
Still hell bells

Your life you shared was hell
You shook and rocked mountain
Out of these shells you share

You share the earth
Where here is no shell and no hell
It's love that does the hells

Work and continuous creation of paradise
Has every dust and orbit
Every glory and hoar frost

MUSIC

Music heard is silence
As song playing is you
When there is no difference
There is no you
And the unheard music
Plays as song as you

MEADOW

meadow tufts of grass
stomped flat
curl up with bounce

SILENCE

Silence did
What nothing else did.

Silence gave
What no other gave.

Silence ceded a space
Where none was all.

Silence held the balms of green
In the bower of the funeral pyre.

Silence winded a voice as skin
Grief & sadness tears were never lost.

Silence's loss sounds a leaky raft
Swim and sink in the big drink.

Silence's stillness held the cup
That the earth drank out of that made us.

Silence forms are still silence
all forms live to die plays life another say.

Silence says you are no form you know
You live life life lives the gift of you.

Silence's gift pour the universe
Into the paws of poems to dance silence.

Silence's silence profound clasp on awe
stream where the silence is water.

I CHOOSE THIS DREAM

I choose this dream
As it gives the love
By which I entered the world

That chose me
Why I don't know
But choose me it did

In this place
As strange a place
As any could imagine

Dime store sci-fi's,
Twilight zones, ufo's,
Aliens, other life forms
On other planets
This planet, don't begin
To be a sperm
Of our strange strangeness
And how we got here
How we got god here
As many stories as people

And we kill ourselves
Believe it's real
Tho it is and is not
Politics the failure of evolution

You may chose
Some other dream
My dream I give to you
As days and nights
Because it gave me love
A dream humans never could invent,
Never did imagine
Although they claim they made it up
And maybe they did
But for my part as in the dream
Nothing is apart from what we are
In the dream and that love that has
No space and no time
Wakes us to this strangest of places
As if in invitation to take the one
We are, love, with us

To make us the strangest of strange
Faces and who would ever be born,
Invent, live, and die in a world without love
And you say every day
Strangest of all in every way
For still there is love
And it is no dream

THE BLAZE

Every year I return to the site of the blaze.
Soot covered stones.

Every year green returns, a foothold,
A small round four petaled flower
With hints of blue and pink
And ants and a chipmunk, or two.

After many years return only one
Who knows the history could discern
Where the alchemy of ash, face of moon,
Because green of seasons and stones
Washed clear of the heat, cold to the touch.

A blaze was in this field, today, as given
As the spring and bird jumps in branches,
A silence that's still to silence,
As no past means anything as the gone
When moon's fingers no beginning and no end.

MUSIC

When words are music,
There is only music.

The dead body wracked with pain
Only a moment before still in radiance
Shines when your breath breathes music.

Merry go rounds of lost children
Are translucence into disappearance, here,
As magic plays tricks with the music.

The art on the museum walls dance
By the observer who forgets what's the art
And who's painting and what music plays
He sees the art come alive and dances.

The hills are ears
You give instruments to the dead
Who wake as music as breath is.

Neither gold nor silver ring the circumference
Of the sound inside every desire and grief
For the music never sleeps, always speaks.

For music notes the words so words are music
That's how life speaks what we can never say.

WHERE IS THERE TO FALL TO?

Walnuts, large and black, fell and rolled.
Not to be ignored, I pick one up.
I open the innards to the nut.
We want to be like this, answers
to the question, opening as metaphor
of a door that's strewn through our history
as a species, an arbitrary we've limited
ourselves into believing we are.

We're already open, born open.
That is the suffering.
A most agonizing footprint
Open and exposed in the round
That covers the earth, each one of us.
We never fell, we are the earth:
Where is there to fall to?

I'VE BEEN WITH THE BIRDS

I've been with the birds on the branch
for days, now, noting up and down scales,
the leaving no traces, except for a scratch
and a shit, the no straight path to anywhere
and how watching hearing I flew traceless.

CRACK!

Crack!

Cold splits bark.

MORNING'S SONG

Ah! Those valley hills I was this morning!
I still have its undulating pungencies and milkweed
stink,
even the mountain curves refuse uncurving,
the boulders gruff it out while the waterfall
of rocks chortle down into debris of struggles
in a loosening that sings sweet symphonies
of the sorrows of the sadness of love –
a song of life wakes us, a melancholy echo
can never please us yet is in the marrow
of the very morning, try as we might desire
to return after night and try as we might sense
the cold tear is in the uselessness of mist of sweetness
that is nothing life has words for, except we struggle
to hold the unholdable until we're empty
and out of the emptiness ready for the next morning's
song.

THE STAIN

A battlefield of unburied dead
Earth buries what human's slaughter
In embrace of the sword
Into the very air the barbarians
Who spit their vanities and proffered love
That death may be a love
So deep, so wide, so full, so erotic
You honor with throwing integrity away
As the stomping bow-legged brittle men
Use the wail of the fanning sword
To inspire the depths depravity takes of fear
And makes of it a mockery of intestinal logic
And flies lie. As on the battlefield
The dead of the slaughter lie unburied,
Unlivable , unforgivable a blood stain
Even Love can never wash clear.

THE SHINE

One moment, a presence in the shine
Of a body we've forgotten is us in mask,
A voice of the deep that speaks us,
As we're ears, songs of existence.

Next moment, an absence of the shine.
We've lost what we've identified as ourselves,
Forgetting how we live in the deepest bone
Of our life as lives as the absence,
An emptiness, searching for filling
As we forget and forget to remember
we are the very abundance of the fruits
of the empty field. It is our shine,
our dead shine, that makes day and night
for day is not day and night is not night.

The absence of life in breathing we see
As through a window we fear to break ourselves
And the emptiness of loss for the very being
We thought was present, was, but not the body.
We see our being without the mask,
Yet we are not the mask. The loss opens the truth
That grief is trying to stream us like drink into ocean.
We are that, too, and nothing we see
We are and yet everything we see we are.

This mourning, to enter the river, to immerse,

And feel the immensity we are without mask,
Without separation. As we died we live.
Here, in place, and unutterable grab
Of absence for presence when you look
Without the mask, absence to absence.
We deny death; death dances life; we are both.
The very air that breathes us as us
Gives the heart air, yet, nothing relieves the tender pain
That loss cuts rope and sets the boat adrift,
As we are born and die, absent of mask.

We take the rendings of love by absence
As the very binding that makes love like blue sky:
Whole, indivisible and we the dead
And so the living and as we one day
To be food worth the eating for the mask
We wore we never were
And what we are we always were
The dead to feed the living
And we know neither death nor life
Was what we were so profoundly as shine
Of the moon and sun shine of time
That is always now.

The sorrow is not in the grave, it's the leaving it.
Yet it's not our voice, it is the voice we are
Unable to image or word, in form and containment
What is unspeakable, without form

And, yet, we and the dead one are it
And it's expression. How do we fit the sun in an oak,
An unnamed bush whose leaves are waxed over
Into these lives that throw and tell their tales
By spread of seed and by growing? Imperceptible
To all but the naked eye we see
The dead that sun, like moon and rain,
Are in these things, if things they are,
If beings there be, as the dead is one in us
That we can give ourselves as you grieve the sadness
That is the universe that shines, too. We're not this skin,
This hill, this valley of death, though we are.
It is not we. We've taken the tears of the humans
That fell all the way to the sun and take death as life
To live what we truly are and gift the love
That grief breaks through the soil to feed the world.

We stand where she stood. It is what is,
As she is the very thing that is no thing
That is the boundless love that rises from the balls
Of our feet as we are manifestation of what is.
Just this – we stand where she stands unable to utter
A sound, a gift, a vision, an emotion. A mystery
It's been called, earth we stand upright
Never still, never moving, always never separate,
Never are we blessed in death as in life –
We do not do the blessing, life does
Though we've not the language to know it.
It's the music we play whose song is our glow

That dances the lights. We see it's always now.
We don't see her, what we saw we no longer see
And this absence we intake our breath as "breath,"
And see we aren't either, not really,
And we look with infinity's eyes, back and out,
That exists now and only now as shared being
That kisses this world with breath, wakes the sun.

ON THE STREETS

I went to the street with my dog and put the hat on the cement and huddled with authority, and waited, throwing money into the pot. A man, in a business suit, with his daughter threw \$5 in my hat that I never wear, it was my blind cup, and said, with a jaundiced wary eye of long experience of grants and gray, and to teach his daughter, "So you have nothing?" To which, imperiled as I was, a hollow empty tube of flesh that through cold became cold, I spoke: I have everything

I could possible want, already had. I'm here as wound to show that wounds are not wounds when revealed for what they are, not life rolled as a cold pavement rigid into fear and greed and having no seeds.

I gave the \$5 to the little girl. He grabbed it from her and tugged her hand into his hand, like an envelope, and went to live his life as he saw fit. I rearranged the hat,

fed the dog, and warmed my hands with a happiness I had never knew existed in this world of Egyptians of what dynasty I knew not, but fire of light and comfort truly did sprout out from my rubbing hands images of Anubis and Nut and Neferati and Tut as whirls of winds

down from Artic Circle. We moved to the next street.

I, later, heard this CEO did well by his generosity to

others
and to his daughter. I was relieved, knowing what still
lives
as I blow my nose for it was not about me.

O!

The way the world is & is put together
makes no sense, absolutely none,
to the rational mind, any mind.

I would never ever create a world
like this one; so strange & wacky & weird
& unpenetrable as being this
without an iota of anything, other than O!
Life and death, sky and earth, inside and outside
mind frozen like ice age coffins
that kill the embodied & the inhabitants.

SUN SHINES

Sun shines into tree, tree leafs
I hear its music, these words leaf

THE VALLEY

The valley between my ears
Blossom winds

LET THE UNDERWEAR TELL THE TALE

The mountain was fistfuls of hands
The snacks ballooned as the penguins arms flapped
Like flamingos in the Chicago Lincoln Park Zoo
Out of place as ambling pedestrians down
The broad boulevard of Rio de Janeiro
As Jesus just up and walked away
While in Chesapeake Bay the troll for shrimp and shells
And soft tissue hauls out of the Potomac River
The President who dredged the land
And made a blight of beauty
Traveling the land of Jack Kerouac
Whacked by the junk lives, death on a bun,
Mall dull, livid dandelion lives, school prisons,
And concrete egos, brains in cement,
Like the Hollywood Walk of Fame.
No wonder death is free upon the lands.
Then you ask: when has it not.
The whistles are ears, parakeets compete
Let the underwear tell the tale

PICNIC

An ant carries a morsel of Jupiter
On its head and back,
Follows the chemical scent line
That the tribe had lost in their battle
With the bigger prey – laid down
Back to the infinite home. Following
The trail uncovers 2, 20, 200, 2000,
20000, 200000, 2000000, 20000000 year old
buried bones that a forensic archeologist
Will determine the dates and death.
We picnickers see it is not a picnic
To the ants or of life to the dead,
Nor can we start over.

BLUEBIRD

Bluebird perches on its way north.
Bluebird between my ears.
Blue shell held by fingers of grass
That cat had climbed eight feet
Up an evergreen bush to open the nest
Like Chinese mountains that live right here.
Walt Whitman said yesterday, "Buster,
You got to get out more
where the universe whirls and you spin
Like a top. Aren't no sufferings
You're not kin to, so be kind,
And make a salad of everything you can find,
And, I know, even if we go without our loved ones,
It's all one salad."

Johnny Carson's bluebird of happiness
Wafts back into me from where it rested
In the silence for years, like a dream,
Where you've seen and been and were everyone
& everything & everywhere. You are now
Untying the knots of civil war and tribulations
With the vivid blue of the bird.

ONE SNOW

The snow fell, hard. The snow did not stop.
It snowed into whiteout and the world
was snow.

I saw the one flake, unique. I caught attention
of it and became it. Every snowflake I became.
There was no snow I did not become. I fell, hard.
I did not stop. I whiteouted the world.
I was snow.

The snow fell, hard, onto the ground.
The dark soil turned white with designs
that merged into riverulets, into islands,
continents, until all the world
was lain as snow. I was the snow.

Nothing was the world but the white of
interlacing architectures of the one snow
that snowed and in snowing merged
the world as one snowflake, unique
and universal, all in one, same
and different. And no word, no cause,
no explanation could conceive the one
snow that was the blizzard
that overtook the snowflakes
until the snow became all the reality
that walked & ran & dripped & winded

& howled & blew through and into it
so that snow became the thing
that snowed snow as artist of one snow.

WHITE CLOUD

White cloud holds the black wound
no one can see, as it suspends from release
what others cannot release
after a journey of 1000's of miles,
while those on earth wait like the homeless
for the cook to arrive so they can be fed
the very beauty of the drops filled of white clouds
as if only by disguise can it get here
at the edge where the myriad drops reflect
one white cloud that falls to evaporate.

The release when it comes is never what you expect,
did not see coming, takes you inside the cloud,
inside the water and the nerve that hangs there
to drop forever into nowhere, like the gravity
of nerve wound – gives and gives the earth subsistence
and you are released. You float as gratitude, itself,
without a word being spoken. You give yourself
away until nothing left to give. You give that, also.
The beauty of despair kisses the dirt, and the glow of
flower
will be spring and eternal. You sense the next release
is an offering, and it's you that is the offering.

SONG OF THE RAINDROPS

Patter, patter of no pattern steady beat on roof
Shifts my mind into raindrops, scattering the mind,
That falls miles to here by the millions,
Drops the sound into earth, beating is all that calls
Until sound itself is nothing heard,
Of millions of light years out to here, in to here
That has never had a name
To say how narrow our passions, how rigid our ideas,
How makeup of the face is false at any age,
How we were life itself and we did all in our power
Not to be the full embodiment of the erotic vibration
That is our body of raindrops oozing inches into earth,
To rest, to sprout, changing form by being song
That makes a new sound out of nothing
To the splendor of the music unheard playing
Into no steady beats that make rain, and me, appear.

SILENCE'S APPEARANCES

When silence first enters your universe
as a presence you've no idea
what or if it is and you don't know
until, finally, silence speaks, you think,
and you express it when in truth
it does not speak, it is you you speak
that you do not understand.

Silence appears to disappear
as you believe its presence has left you bereft
without a companion that really can never leave –
upon looking, you find it nowhere and write out
of remorse and loss, only to be told
as you speak, as you look for the other –
you see not in a mirror, not in the roots
until you become the silence that is not other.
The only way to speak silence is to be
the vastness of what speaks as you.

MOON BREEZE

Moon's breeze of jasmine trickles
Like soft caress of slow drips
Over the hang of rocks
Downwind of blackness streams inside
The taste of desires that call you
Until you've circled earth

“LOVE IS THE KEY TO MADNESS”

soul who once spoke to you
when in a mad embrace

when you look out, see the light
you do not see its darkness

when you peer within, dark engulfs
you cannot see its light

madness is when the love,
like Eros, encompasses all as you

with no experience of compassion
you are captive of the broken

light and dark you are
you're stuck in what you see

is light and refuse the dark
fused with light on what engulfs with dark

fused as light – unseeing the unseeing
not seeing you are not

and saying you are all
as the It

and in you fall into abyss
out of embrace of innocence

that knows you are conceived in the dark
and born into the light, die to night

that is the light the very creature
that is every day and night

STEEP THE NIGHT

Steep the night of cold fish bones
Sirens of broken twigs here alone
Mists kiss long cool mountain cliffs
That welcome me as a brother.
I'm at the source of the river,
Utterly stupendous falls and eyes.
I've no preference on where to live
And find it well rests in me yet the clamor
of sirens are the hardest to outlive.
Frogs croak that nothing is lost. Could not want
It any other way. Friends no longer find me
So untroubled are my ways. I let my hand
Be pulled by the gentle ripples of the stream.

AXLE GREASE AND WINDOWPANE

Axle grease and windowpane
without glass the work of plucking feathers,
nose hairs, and the foghorn are affairs
the transit let loose, crumble underfoot
or in hand as the ache of the drudgery
gives to dirt a cleansing.

A rubbing everyday. The graveyards
well kept, and each plot grass
over battlefield. Kindness of the shoveler
poured heart as dirt with each birth.
Can the litters of pups make the night.
Will we see dawn? Hundreds of dams
To reshape the land lost in the mist
That no one sees with, yet as mist
We see what we do not want to see.

A BEAUTY

a beauty undone until true beauty
truth undone to nothing won
nothing undone to the light
light undone to darkness
the dark undone one and none

HE CUPPED HIS HANDS

He cupped his hands
The cool wet from the spring
A thousand miles of breeze
Blew through the drinking man
Whose parched lips like the desert
From the inside out reworked the map
Lines of home and he drank
The camel went through the eye of the needle

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH

Someone across the valley
Looks at his grandfather's watch
That he's opened and a fish appears.

20 miles away in his mind
Rustles of feathers take him to his grand-
Father's face, as the train whistle
He did not hear
With the smoke of five year old child
Chugs along with tracks.

Learning how to be taught to think.

He blinks, stares into clouds,
The faint flick of smell of bubblegum
And chewing tobacco waft him
Through the closed window
From miles away that startles him
As he went through glass
That didn't break and he appears at desk
Beside his grandfather with the railroad
Calendar and pipe and room of memories,
Singed like a faded burning photo of all the family.

Aunt killed crossing four lane highway.
A million ways to oblivion says the under-

Taker and no one asks or seems to hear
The Algonquin Indian that was a wooden
Statue of beauty standing in town square
Proclaim his dream and what gave the dream
To the children of a thousand unwatched faces,
Alive, a sigh, and then the scream.

He never imagined that this is the way it would be
He looks for himself here, can't find himself,
Looks at his grandfather's watch to assure himself
That he is here, or that he is still here,
With a vague swath of hands that perhaps he's not.
Next moment, amazement, utter...sheer...a
Hundred mile valley of cliffs of roller coasters
Like airplane loops overhead he sees
That he is doing the loops, beats in his head,
Which is no longer a fish, nor twenty miles away,
Yet does not know where it is, at a party down the lane
Would be as good as any at this moment,
And he never saw the screen through which he walked
And through which he walks still.

The petals of bliss flower as rain
The miseries of the family and each one's disease
And each kissed by the petals
That everyone remembers as soft, pure,
Thin membrane like life, a skin of spring
Whose touch elicits longing
Like fire out of the oceans' volcanic depths

To blossom the blessing one is
Without erupting, as the softness
That opens his eyes each morning
Like the fish that closed the grandfather's watch.

DEATH IS NOT AN EVENT THAT HAPPENS

Wiggle as you will
there's no getting out of it:
We are it!

Death is earth's convenience,
as earth's children
what more could we want?

Refuse to budge our fears,
however, we tendril to make
tenebrous our miasma.

Nothing gives relief.
Who says it's grief? What
says there is an end?

Sit at the cusp of existence
and non-existence, the very flesh
tingles thrills at capacity of it all.

No more than this, this only,
soul digs up bones for mating.
Who you think a twig is a forest.

Death is not an event that happens.

BARN

Dark gray planks askew
clouds of peeling clouds, roof half gone,
the tobacco of advertisement of two generations ago,
graffiti faded to unreadable,
the weeds have weddings all day,
clatters of the loose boards contagious
as nothing to nowhere road ends
before it arrives. Strange memorial
as feral cats clash with every bird
and eyes of the owl of silence
askance camera angle off centers
like a well worn hat of a weathervane,
a feeble marble of murmurs
of wild flowers, lazy susans, bluebonnets, coneflowers
as box alders dance maples as fences
oozing globs of axle grease. The beauty of this scene
could never have been foretold
in these hands of uselessness, of ferocious futility
that grows everywhere, every which way
up down around through heart breaks and breaks
again. Do not light the match to burn everything.
All the questions run like piss down the leg
as it drips rain deeper into the decay,
a pool of water puddles with skippers
ring the field in white reflection, specks of beauty.

ENTER DARKNESS

A spring of birds hollow the day
As bombers drop their payload
On the children of the land
To which it is all offense,
As the spores of horror are the color
Of the day of life's rattle, a
Serenade through the graveyards of life,
Alive to the death, any waste
Immediately cleaned. No,
Not candle in the wind of night.
Night that holds the light, to be that light
We must see through the light, enter darkness.

SNOW

Snow on cheek
melts me

BREEZE

Breeze laughed into my heart,
asked do you want to open
The unopenable. Fool of fool
reverses west to east.
Let it do what breezes do,
lightness paints colors
that go under the door into
the open field where breezes
catches itself laughing, in wonder.