4/20/2009

Here was that.

When you saw me walking, I'm sure the scene in front of me was not the same. The way you explained the world to me, with a hand on my shoulder, was a light for me and a weight. I

Pray. Pray.
when you saw me walking with my bothers said,

in the way his explanatory glance from under his brow,

how my voice keeps down or how I gain his weight,

when more grew into place, and the join line vogue,

the body is taken care with sensible

Then a feeling woman is said that Shakespeare says;

you can feel it on the new, when it changes

A mimic of forecast ; look over to wave but what wave

here is a change continually meditating on praise.

How less fills us, more in young again.

The face in pleasure, the ears; in sorrow, suffering;

the eyes like cold winking without focus

The love knowledge without the questioning;

which the friend when it's always been,

to meet cold it's stepping so we go

like golden caskets moving backward on the sand.


1. But if he changes, still changes, or rather changes us,
2. with ourselves again, the night changes to day
3. and we return to make up beds and sandwiches,
4. for kids who never got them anyway,
5. just like we didn't. Although it possible to say,
6. They may not be becoming what we want it to be,
7. there's partners in this turmoil with not to play
8. inside the play of
9. themselves with a line of poetry.
Then we separate and lose ourselves to come together.

and echoes mingle with the echoes of the mind.

A reading speech containing more. That's hidden in a plentitude of words. I carry and give away.

we separate and lose ourselves to come together.

One body from another (The One) is a

\[ \text{Plentitude of words.} \]

\[ \text{Carry and give away.} \]

Together joined and working like a rise,

we've opened doors, entered and stepped into the

\[ \text{Further song.} \]
Cantos

There was that time in the orchard when you reached
Your mother's hand to pick a blushing pear,
Or her shoulders tensed while frantically you searched
For something in your bag that wasn't there;
There was that time I saw you in her hair,
You saw her too, and how it bothered you
Into wariness of what you were aware,
A knowledge we reluctantly grew into,
Our bodies aging into bodies that we knew.

When you saw me walking with my father's gait,
Or the way his eyebrows flare from mine like flags,
How my voice drops down, or how I gain his weight,
When nose grows into prow, and the jaw line vagues,
The body's more a horse with saddlebags
Than a fading mansion, or shit that Shakespeare says,
I feel it on the run when my lumpy ass drags.
A sinking late forecast. But what I raise
Here is a change continually deserving praise.

How Eros fills us, makes us young again,
The face in pleasure smoother, softening,
The eyes like coals increasing without gain,
A love of knowledge without the questioning.
He makes the present what it's always been,
To want each other, shedding as we go,
Like fiddler crab moving backward on the sand.
Two sounds, two vowels merging in stereo,
The way you can hear "two" inside the undertow.

But if he stalls change, or rather changes us
Into ourselves again, night turns to day
And we to making beds and sandwiches
For kids who never eat them anyway,
Just like we didn't. Is it possible to say,
Then, that we're becoming what we want to be?
Partners in time-travel, with roles to play
In the changing play of mutability,
Or the muted sounds you hear in a line of poetry.
Romantic, no? But Minerva makes us go
Further still than easy Eros ever will
(I’m mixing Greek and Roman gods, I know)—
That life is forward lived, that is, until
Our understanding rises like a foal
On shaky legs and looks back for its mother
Gone already to graze another hill,
To be alone in every kind of weather;
Thus we separate and lose ourselves to come together,

One body from another like a line
Of verse we hear that hasn’t yet been written
But echoes with the echoes of the mind,
Revealing speech containing more that’s hidden,
A plentitude that speaks of coming famine.
But perfection hides in imperfection’s change,
And gifts imply another thing that’s given.
Together joined and moving like a hinge
We’ll open doors, step out, into the further range.
Canto

There was that time in the orchard when you reached
Your mother's hand to pick a blushing pear,
Or her shoulders tensed while frantically you searched
For something in your bag that wasn't there—
There was that time I saw you, in her hair,
—And you saw her too: how it bothered you,
The wariness of what you were aware,
A knowledge like a body we grew into,
Our bodies aging into bodies that we knew.

When you saw me walking with my father's gait,
Or the way his brows unfurl from mine like flags,
How my voice drops down, or how I gain his weight;
When nose grows into prow, and the jaw line vagues,
The body’s more a horse with saddlebags
Than a fading mansion, whatever Shakespeare says,
I feel it on the run when my lumpy ass drags,
A penultimate forecast. But in its place
I pose a change continually deserving praise.

How Eros fills us, makes us young again,
The face in pleasure smoother, softening,
The eyes like coals increasing without gain,
dark star of knowledge without the questioning.
He makes the present what it’s always been,
To want each other, shedding as we go,
Like fiddler crabs moving backward on the sand.
Two sounds, two vowels merging in stereo,
The way you can hear “two” inside the undertow.

But if he stalls change (or rather changes us
Into ourselves again), night turns to day,
And we turn to making beds and sandwiches
For kids who never eat them anyway,
Just as we didn’t. Is it possible to say,
Then, that we’re becoming what we want to be?
Partners in time-travel, with roles to play
In the changing play of mutability,
Or the muted sounds caressing a line of poetry.

Romantic, no? But Minerva makes us go
Further still than easy Eros ever will
(I’m mixing Greek and Roman gods, I know)—
That life is forward lived, that is until
Our understanding rises like a foal
On shaky legs and looks back for its mother
Gone already to graze another hill,
To stand alone in every kind of weather.
Thus we separate and lose ourselves to come together,

One body from another like a line
Of verse you hear that hasn’t yet been written
But echoes with the echoes of the mind,
Revealing speech containing more that’s hidden,
A plentitude that speaks of final famine.

Can perfection hide in imperfection’s change,
And gifts imply another thing that’s given?
With bodies joined and moving like a hinge
May we open doors, to step out to the further range.
Canto

In the orchard
when you reached
your mother's hand
to pick a blushing
pear, or
her shoulders
tensed—you, searching
[for something in] your bag,

When you caught me
having gained
my father's
gait, voice-drop,
nose-prow, or
his weight:

such knowledge
like a body
we grow into,
bodies aging
into bodies that—we knew. No

fading mansion

as Shakespeare says,
our bodies

like our comprehension

one day will
rise like a foal
on shaky legs
and look back for its mother
gone already
to graze another hill,
to stand alone
in every kind of weather.

Is it thus we separate

—and lose ourselves
to come together?

Perfection
cannot hide
in imperfection’s
change, or the eyes
like coals increase
without gain,

a dark star
of knowing
without the questioning.
The male breast
softens, female
lips darken
with the darkness
of the garden’s shadows.
No longer so
opposite, a new
merging into
dominant governing
growth, breath-
logos the final
refreshment as
grass becomes grain
becomes bread becomes
host; as wood
turns to flame
into light; as blossom
flowers into
crown—we
plant each
other in the one
bed and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.
Canto

In the orchard
when you reached
your mother’s hand
to pick
a blushing pear, or
her shoulder
tensed—you, searching
for something in your bag,
something you need,
deeper down.
When you caught me
having gained
my father’s
gait, voice-drôp,
nose-prow, or
his weight:
new belongings!
—Such knowledge
like a body
we grow into,
bodies aging
into bodies
we knew.
No fading mansion
as Shakespeare says
our bodies
like our comprehension
one day will rise
like a foal on shaky legs
and look back
for its mother
gone already
to graze another
hill, to stand alone
in every kind of weather.
Is this how
we lose ourselves
to come together?
Perfection
cannot hide
in imperfection's
change, nor eyes
like coals
increase without gain,
dark stars of knowing
without the questioning.
(So Ta-Urt,
the hippo, lion, woman, croc
who swallows
the dead
is submerged
"painted over"
and cannot be
viewed directly,
though you can see
she holds the ankh
or is it a knife
she pulls from the sheath
approaching slipping
behind my vision for
the anti-aubade—
I feel her in
the male breast
softening, as female
lips darken
with garden shade,
her hot humus
breath an assurance
we share (bounty
given, given
back) who now §4m
are no longer so
opposite, a new
merging into
governing growth, breath
[wholeness] final
refreshment as
grass becomes grain
becomes bread becomes
host; as wood
turns to flame
into light; as blossom
flowers into
crown—we
plant each
other in the one
bed and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.
Canto

In the orchard
when you reached
your mother's hand
to pick
a blushing pear, or
her shoulder
tensed—you, searching
your bag for
something you need
down there
somewhere.
When you caught me
having gained
my father's
gait, voice-drop,
nose-prow, or
his weight:
new belongings!
—Such knowledge
like a body
we grow into,
bodies aging
into bodies
we knew.
No fading mansion
as Shakespeare says
our bodies
like our comprehension
one day will rise
like a foal on shaky legs
and look back
for its mother
gone already
to graze another
hill, to stand alone
in every kind of weather.
Is this how we lose ourselves to come together? Perfection cannot hide in imperfection's change, nor eyes like coals increase without gain, dark stars of knowing without the questioning. (How they shake in sleep's firmament!) So Ta-Urt, the hippo, lion, woman, croc who devours the dead is submerged on the papyrus "painted over" and cannot be viewed directly however I strain to trace the vein of ink on the trembling dream leaf of the book—though you can see she holds the ankh or is it a knife she pulls from the sheath approaching slipping behind my vision for the anti-aubade I can't shake, wrestling to wake to escape, no to embrace even as I rouse: hope, desire, belief, & fear in flesh refined, in sleep passing from age to age faster than we sense the day stream past—I feel her in
the male breast
softening, as female
lips darken
with garden shade,
her hot humus
breath an assurance
we share, uneasy
but undenied (the bounty
given, given
back) who still
sleep alongside
each other
no longer so
opposite, a new
merging into
governing growth,
your shoulder now
with its singular mark
rising & falling
like a white feathered
shag on a swell, riding
the ebb tide, and below
the surface of things
another nourishment
where nothing’s
loosely spent, as
grass becomes grain
becomes bread becomes
host; as wood
turns to flame
into light; as blossom
flowers into
crown—we plant
each other
in the one bed
and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.
Canto

In the orchard
when you reached
your mother's hand
to pick
a blushing pear, or
her shoulder
tensed—you, searching
your bag for
something you need
down there
somewhere.
When you caught me
having gained
my father's
gait, voice-drop,
nose-prow, or
his weight:
new belongings!
—Such knowledge
like a body
we grow into,
bodies aging
into bodies
we knew.
No fainting mansion
as Shakespeare says
our bodies
like our comprehension
one day will rise
like a foal on shaky legs
and look back
for its mother
gone already
to graze another
hill, to stand alone
in every kind of weather.
Is this how
we lose ourselves
to come together?
Perfection
cannot hide
in imperfection’s
change, nor eyes
like coals
increase without gain,
dark stars of knowing
without the questioning.
I see them kindle,
your eyes, in sleep’s
firmament
like clues to a future
unreadable until
looking away
I am less blind, more
quickly tuned
to the strain
I hope to find,
to outtrace, un-bind.
So Ta-Urt,
the hippo, lion, woman, croc
who devours
the dead
with encompassing
rendering maw
& tits drained
by endless providing
is submerged
on the papyrus
“painted over”
and cannot be
viewed directly
however I twist
to trace the vein
of ink on the trembling
dream leaf of the book—
though you can see
she holds the ankh
or is it a knife
she pulls from the sheath
approaching slipping
behind my vision for
the anti-aubade
I can’t shake,
wrangling to wake
to escape, no
to embrace even
as I rouse:
希望, desire, belief, fear
in flesh refined,
in sleep
passing from age
to age faster
than we sense
the day stream past—
I feel her in
the male breast
softening, as female
lips darken
with garden shade,
her hot humus
breath an assurance
we share, uneasy
but undeniable (the bounty
given, given
back) who still
sleep alongside
each other
no longer so
opposite, a new
merging into
governing growth,
your shoulder now
with its singular mark
rising & falling
like a white feathered
shag on a swell, riding
the ebb tide, and below
the surface of things
another nourishment
where nothing's
loosely spent, as
grain becomes bread
becomes host; as wood
turns to flame
into light; as blossom
flowers into
crown—we plant
each other
in the one bed
and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.