

11/21

Apple 0708 II Tuesday

DRAFT A2

1 when you saw me walking with my father's sail, a
 2 or the way his eyelids flare from magic like flags, b
 3 how my voice drops down, or ~~how~~ how I gain his weight, a
 4 when nose goes into prow, and the jaw line vague, b
 5 The body's ~~like~~ ^{was} a horse with saddle bags b
 6 Then a foal's movement or slid that shake pear says, c
 7 you can feel it on the run, when ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~ass~~ ^{ass} drags. b
 8 A sinking ~~late~~ ^{late} forecast; ~~but one to raise~~ ^{but} but what I raise c
 lex. 9 here is a chant continually ~~reading~~ ^{degenerating} ~~of~~ of praise. c

1 How loss fills us, makes us young again, a
 2 The face in pleasure ~~softens~~ ^{smoother} smoother, softening, b
 3 The eyes like coal increasing without gain, b
 4 ~~The~~ ^A ~~love~~ ^{love} of knowledge without the questioning. b
 5 ~~And~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} present what it's always been, b
 6 ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~walk~~ ^{walk} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~step~~ ^{step} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~go~~ ^{go} c
 7 ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~golden~~ ^{golden} ~~coins~~ ^{coins} moving backward on the sand. b
 8 c
 9 c

when
 the
 vain
 pain
 been

6) to want each other, and ~~through~~ ^{shedding} it backward go,
~~like~~ ^{like} golden coins moving backwards on the [sand/heart]

So:
 And even as the shoreline
 even as the shore line
 Two sounds, two vowels ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~merged~~ ^{merged} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same},
 The way "two" is heard
 you can hear "two" beneath the understood.

11/22/2009

1 But if he ~~changes~~ ^{stays} still change, or rather changes us
 2 into ourselves again, ~~the~~ ^{then} might ~~change~~ to do
 3 and we ~~return~~ to making beds and sandwiches
 4 for kids who never eat them anyway,
 5 just like we did it. ~~And~~ it possible to say,
 6 Then, that we are becoming what we want to be,
 7 ~~that~~ partners in time + road, with roles to play
 8 inside the play of ~~the~~ ^{instability,}
 9 He sounds themselves inside a line of poetry.

Hex:

~~Some stuff, eh?~~

1 Rounder, no? But Minerva wants us so
 2 further still than ~~the~~ easy ones even will ~~hold~~
 3 (in mixing beads and Roman gods, ~~known~~) =
 4 That life is forward lived, that is, until:
 5 our understanding is like a goal
 6 on shaky legs and looks back for its mother,
 7 gone already to freeze another little
 8 ~~and~~ ^{to be} it's alone in every kind of weather
 9 As we separate ourselves to come together. ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~with~~ ^{with}

Hex:

| | |
|-----------------|-------|
| instill / still | other |
| terrible | |
| understand | |
| Goal / goal | |
| + all back | |
| pull | |

10/22/2009

Thus we separate and lose ourselves to come together,

- 1 ~~extending~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ one body ~~is~~ another like a line a
- 2 of verse we hear that hasn't yet been written, b
- 3 but echoes with the echoes of the mind, a
- 4 revealing speech containing more than's hidden, b
- 5 ~~and~~ ^{a plant-like} that speaks of coming ~~and~~ ^{from} ~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~line~~ ~~is~~ ~~gone~~ b
- 6 ~~base~~ ~~at~~ ~~loss~~, ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~we~~ ~~lose~~ ~~again~~ c
- 7 ~~holding~~ b
- 8 c
- 9 c

That speaks of coming

- 5 a plant-like that also looks - from b
- line b
- from b

Thus we separate and lose ourselves to come together,

- one body from another like a line a
- of verse we hear that hasn't yet been written b
- but echoes with the echoes of the mind, a
- revealing speech containing more than's hidden, b
- a plant-like that speaks of coming from b
- ~~and~~ ^{but} ~~change~~ ~~is~~ ~~made~~ ~~with~~ ~~our~~ ~~gifts~~ ~~will~~ ~~come~~ ~~with~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~line~~ ~~is~~ ~~gone~~ ^{is in imperfective's charge,} c
- Together joined and working like a line c
- we've opened doors ~~into~~ ~~another~~ ~~and~~ ~~stepped~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~ ^{The further songs} c

4/2009

DRAFT B-1

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.

5/2011

DRAFT B-2

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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.

Weiner / Canto – page 2

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.

5/19/2011

DRAFT C-1

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,

something
you need, ~~can't~~ find,
~~you~~ it's there
deeper down, the ~~same~~
feeling of
no bottom to
lost matter.

< ~~new~~ qualities, yes,
but not,
you would not say,
admitted.

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

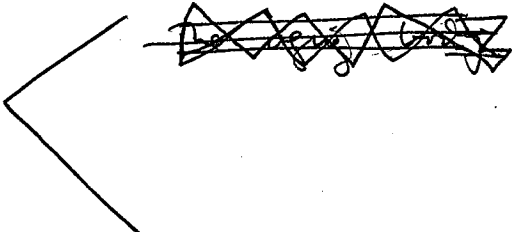
like coals increase

without gain,

/ a dark star

of knowing

without the questioning.




The male breast
softens, female
lips darken
with the darkness,
of the garden ~~is~~ *shelving*.
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-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.

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

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

cut

on the post years
 however hard
 I try to trace
 the veins of side
 on the trembling
 dream leaf of the book —

~~struggling to~~ wrestling to wake
 to escape the ~~tempt~~ ~~from~~
~~of seeing~~
 hope, desire, grief + fear,
 repaired in flesh
 required

sleep alongside
 each other no longer
 so opposite

your ~~of~~ shoulder
 rising and falling
 of each breath

flowers into
crown—we
plant each
other in the one
bed and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.

DRAFT C-3

1/4/2011

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

~~struck~~ I see them, ^{humble,}
~~in your~~ ^{and look over your eyes}
~~and look over your eyes~~
in sleep's firmament

The point here, dramatically, is to indicate
the dream, i.e. what follows

[image of hippo mouth here, something terrible in image]

~~of the~~ ^{is} covers her rendering away

like due to a future
unavoidable ~~and~~
with

looking away from
has blind, with both
eyes closed, ⁱⁿ more
quietly tuned
to the strain
& hope to bind.

The ^{covers}
~~is~~ now

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.

Final Version (?)

8/2011

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.
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 outrace, 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,
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
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we share, uneasy
but undenied (the bounty
given, given
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sleep alongside
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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.