For someone like me
The simple things
Like having toast or
Going to church are
Kept in one place.

Like having wine and cheese.
The parents of the town
Pissing elegantly escape knowledge
Once and for all. The
Snapdragons consumed in a wind
Of fire and rage far over
The streets as they end.

The casual purring of a donkey
Rouses me from my accounts:
What given, what gifts. The air
Stands straight up like a tail.

He spat on the flowers.

Also for someone
Like me the time flows round again
With things I did in it.
I wish to keep my differences
And to retain my kinship
To the rest. That is why
I raise these flowers all around.
They do not stand for flowers or
Anything pretty they are
Code names for the silence.

And just as it
Always keeps getting sorted out:
And there is still the same amount to do
I wish to remain happily among these islands
Of rabbit-cared leaved plants
And sand and lava rock

So this must be a hole
Of cloud
Mandate or trap
But here that exists
The milk of enchantment

Over the whole town,
Its scenery, whatever
Could be happening
Behind tall hedges
Of dark, tissued knowledge.

The brown lines persist
In explicit sex
Matters like these
No one can care about.
"None." That is I've said it
Before and no one
Remembers except that elf.

Around us are signposts
Painting to the past,
The old-fashioned, pointed
Wooden kind. And nothing directs
To the present that is
About to happen.

These traumas
That sped us on our way
Are to be linked with the invisible damage
Resulting in the future
From too much direction,
Too many coils
Of remembrance, too much arbitration.
And the sun shows
On all of it
Fairly and equitably.
It was a way of getting to see the world
That is so little tedious.
My way shall run from there
And not mind the pain
Of getting there. This is an outfit.

The last rains fed
Into the newly opened canal.

The dust blows in.
The disturbance is
Nonverbal communication:
Meaningless syllables that
Have a music of their own,
The music of sex, or any
Nameless event, something
That can only be taken as
Itself. This rules ideas
Of what else may be there,
Which regroup farther on,
Standing around looking at
The hole left by the great implosion.
It is they who carry news of it
To other places. Therefore
Are they not the event itself?

Especially since it persists
In dullness which isn’t even
A negative articulation—persists
And collapses into itself.

I had greatly admired
The shirt.
He looks fairly familiar.

The pancake
Is around in idea.
Today the wisteria is in league
With the Spanish minstrels.

At minimal cost and without
Risk
But it can no longer stand up to
That.

The fences are barrel staves
Surrounding, encroaching on
The pattern of the city,
The formula that once made sense to
A few of us until it became
The end.

The magic has left the
Drawings finally
They blow around the rest—tumbleweed
In a small western ghost town
That sometimes hits and sometimes misses.
That tower of lightning high over
The Sahara Desert could have missed you,
An experience
Unlike any other, leaching
Back into the lore of
The songs and sagas,
The warp of knowledge.
But now it’s
Come close
Strict identities form it,
Build it up like sheaves
Of nerves, articulate,
Defiant of itself.

The pose had seen them
Pass by like a caravan
In slow motion,
Elephants and wolves
Painted bright colors,
Hardly visible
Through the e stern of shade
Of a band held up to the eye.
Who come to your house
To serenade it
All or in part.

The windows are open again
The dust blows through
A diagram of a room.
This is where it all
Had to take place,
Around a drum of living,
The motion by which a life
May be known and recognized,
A shipwreck seen from the shore,
A puzzling column of figures.
The dark shirt dragged frequently
Through the bayou.

Your luggage
Is found
Upon the plane.

If I could plan how
To remember what had indeed once
Been there
Without reference to professions,
Medical school,
Etc.,
Being there indeed once
(Everyday occurrence),
We stopped at the Pacific Airport
To hear the rush of disguises
For the elegant truth, notwithstanding
Some in underwear stood around
Puddles in the darkened
Cement and sodium lights
Beyond the earthworks
Beyond the chain-link fence
Until dawn touched with her cool
Stab of grace nobody deserved (but
It's always that way isn't it)

Now that they are gone and
To be dreamed of
A new alertness changes
Into the look of things
Placed on the railing
Of this terrace:
The beheld with all the potential
Of the visible, acting
To release itself
Into the known
Dust under
The sky.

Hands where it took place
Moving over the nebulous
Keyboard: the loft
Now invisible, only the fragments
Of the echo are left
Intruding into the color,
How we remember them.

How quickly the years pass
To next year's sun
In the mountain family.

All the barriers are loaded
With fruit and flowers
At the same time.
The leaves stumble up to
Intercept the light one last time
Outnumbering the sheaves,
Even the ants on the anthill,
Black line leading to
The cake of disasters,
Leading outward to encircle the profit
Of laughter and ending of all the tales
In an explosion of surprise and marbled
Opinions as the sun closes in
Building darkness.