

Interlude: Ode to the West Wind

for Schrödinger's cat

O, a world, red, brown, and cat
in the grass, twisting willow space along
some Queen's way, over
arched or arc, arcadian glare
to archaic intent emerged
from thick grey covering cherub
notes lake within lake, there along
dimly cold and blue ruined wave
now given to road's tawdry decor
because a world it doesn't buy

Try telling them 'a' and 'o' or wheels
songs Walt wrote while one-winged
birds flutter blankly down leaves
of unspelled pages longing till it's all
so dull even light's collapsed curve
of possible cats slinks back through
daunted fence into the box of its
sea blooms and oozy woods, bereft
though certainly game, still

Counting out nine while leafless
revelations, meagre yellow remnant
flapping loose G-string, unexpected
sounding note through same bare
geometry beyond photos, plants
stacked boxes surprised
by begets and dragged towards naked
unwelcome allegory wrapped around
a pole lost in brown alley's distant

Stairs where up to the wall and then
there is genius, dark secret twin again
where else the breath of autumn's
dim verge, devoured words for angel's
room, tutelary twigs clicking against
walls, teeth, inspiration
swells and rattles and clicks on driven
to pluck at what thin tubular
remains yet hang and knock and bang

Reunion

If Guinevere and Lancelot met again
at the mute grey roof of the world

while the engine ran and the sky fell
gathering inside to fog whatever distance

they had built of silence and sheer
accumulation of minutes full of shopping

and comic postures, other loves and laundry
till mountains that may or may not

have floated in light at sky's edge
once every hundred years almost meant

enough to explain youth in occluded
perspectives, properties of horizons

within which the tattered rose named Rhonda
or Compassion, a bit brown around

frosted edges but red for all those weathers
did not lurk in mists closed in to leave them

stunned and stuttering, a sad joke
face to face with knowing that cruel

perfection of the heart that once
every hundred years rises luminous

and exact in the throat and burns
fugitive eyes flick wildly within sudden

density of attenuated years now thick and damp
upon the dark glass they flutter against

The Name of Bone

If I stepped into the pool your eyes of it left
adrift in its sky, blue and vast though
perhaps betrayed by a flutter at the edge
of that sudden stillness (*turning*
to reach for the missing bag) what could it say?

Each life we leave loves on till that overcast
day a door opens and it leans out smiling
the price of words scrawled in rock, screech
of crystal dislocations across blackboard
souls of chalked names and possible homes?

Some shift in the system's buzz, a tweak
out of nowhere and the whole enchilada – well
say it wasn't thirty years or we hadn't tossed
in our hands when death came to play, what then
the price of peering down the arch of your throat?

The insubstantial body caught in these periodicities
of elemental interruption loses its place and sets
up near hinged edge of an old ache where having
been left behind keeps house in the blaze
flickers the untended blow of your glance

The trick turned in sweet time to speak
of hope leaves before getting caught
with its pants down, longing simply for
a moment unburdened by roaring engines
running on empty and that old rocky lure, to hear of you?

To take it just past there to some new habit
of stars adrift in the wind and untold
encounters in flush of again, and if you, looking
deeply into this ragged impossibility, glanced
away, isn't this the indigestible name of bone?

Then ribbed estuarial fading into sea's
memory of lilacs or some wild groping
amidst the grove next to the mill just beyond
where the house burned down and the station
moved on leaving drowned gestures to float away

Scattering States

Just past the burnt landscapes across all
thought of willows, the wild residuum
at edges in each arch and wave far north

of any creek of rare trees in sandy bottoms
almost word-like, as who remembers their
own first speaks to its filling our mouths

and leaving us to banks of cloud blow in
after sixteen long days, no rain
forests further up burning with fury

here is now immune to other than
news zooms us in and out, low over
muted images can't speak news of

lobelia blue ravaged eyes at edge of
any thought of home anticipating
constant evacuation, even

here in this garden amidst arching
grasses, common nameless graces, not so
much out of fear, just that pressure of rain

to wash away whatever scattering states
across parched ground leaves us always just this
side of already broken and on our way

So They Say

Thinking Jerusalem's terror against a stiff, wet wind, early
March till caught in tall, brunette gaze and world's tumble
into a common grace of ruins at corner of another age

old answer and now returns to deserted motels, last days
of legendary bars, and everywhere the fungus glow
holding in thrall where it was. Then suddenly passing

stillness into foliations of eyes, extensions of limbs along
vortex of unleashed patterns of wind and sky. Is that the face
of anyhow nothing personal intended but the constant

wreckage congealed in random people reading of money
as if it marched across the sky like a finger
anæsthetized upon a billion minds? Kissing off all those

dollars for the simple thought of America's floating
shores – what the hell is a cobble, anyway, after eleven
years in Buffalo? – impossible commensuration always

just beyond your hometown, not to mention Stein's
country, twitching like a wired frog's leg or the refracted
light around the riveted wing of cinderella each of us harbours,

an entry dazzling suddenly in unexpected dance of talking
in the solarium. How can I remember the random elevation
of scullery maids when falling behind otherwise words

from the carpet of clouds. Ah, time, that canary clime
we come to on the unshored shore of an approaching
sea, watching from the northern extension of a heart

tenderized by love's mallet, syntax beckons, past how do you
say the expected lame greeting dictated in an after stitched
together beyond these hobbled walls of grounds and terrors

Golden Chersonese

The actual shape of it through whatever grind –
six the clock, seven the *Globe*, eight Sally, and then and then
along an ex and why, any point, though usually
the kitchen at some other six, sesame oil, garlic,
Amelia, the history of barbed wire, as someone
said, my wife

 If you don't get it, it gets you
having to eat the mode of stillness within growl
and clank of collection days a taste for stones
betrays, tooting any way it pleases you it's still
dusty and claims an arrangement of all
todays until they're gone wherever

 The work
of entering it lost as Jack's *three*, a pearl world
like Colon saw to the south, Solomon's *Golden
Chersonese*, heavenly earth, though that already gone
to mammon as we see even what scraps left
cut down for the pennies to be had, all that shadow
going around and now it seems coming
up the walk, rattling the door, testing
windows

 Absent the mysterium of the exit, if only
as limit makes tune's passage, what's left nothing
but a weak typology of mythic goods, heroic
Coke versus Pepsi some legendary
residue, classic at that, though as usual
name sucked dry just when it might get you up
for fight now faces with nay, with no longer
even a car to speak of down that tree
corridor, though come to think of it
beer's getting good again after all that
Americanization, might be some shift
in the buzz calling poets home from
equals to a further responsibility, legislation
returned disequilibrium of coastal reflection
along fractal edge, a balance

Through

You could say they were *lives*, feathers
incidence of reflection along a breath
(that attention gone to the dogs
of connection

Of course we live there and of course
Sonny Bono slammed into a tree five days
after Michael Kennedy snapped his neck
in same digression

How you do it is you go
one CV, two a job, three scanning the stuff
salvaged from crashed hard drive, four
read 'Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius,' five call
Victor, you know the drill

You could say
they were feathers or iron, that greeny flower
out of some unnamed mode of progress unfolding
not towards light bulbs but vibration itself a
procedure of cause if we take into account
quantum action at a distance