

Poetry Series

Warren Falcon
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2023

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Warren Falcon(04/23/52 - xxxx)

Supreme Fiction or Lavish Absence: From The Dusk Of My Ghost House -
Adventures Of An Autodactyl - A Vanity Mildly Tourettic

for us all —
in unstoried
astonishment

Here horseflies feast.

Upon weathered stones are
only creases where once were
names, dates, God's Word,
chiseled by a now unknown
hand, an impression only, one
among many, reduced to no
plot but that of Providence
left to surmise swatting at
Eucharistic flies proving only
flesh and only blood, a flood
of questions eventually
exhaled and exhaling still,
waiting beside a white rock
with wings, ignoring fires,
leaning into changes.

'... the poem of a spiritual quest which never defines itself...' - Wallace Fowlie,
'Rimbaud, The Myth of Childhood'

'A single long sentence without cesura forever unintelligible.' - St, John Perse,
'Exil'

'... The trick is to find heaven and ever let it go...'

'... A problem with heaven is that others pay for it. My heaven over yours.
Heavens differ and wars are fought over them. How many people spend time
supporting another's heaven? Heaven becomes a hot potato one tries to hold and
others try to get rid of it. Everyone's angry at everyone else for not supporting

the same heaven...The trick is to find heaven and ever let it go.' - Michael Eigen,
from The Sensitive Self

Boxing Day - December 26, 2023 - A Bit of Life Writing, Of Late

'We are all a scandal.' - James Hillman, archetypal psychologist/author

'Mine, O thou Lord of life, send my roots rain.' - Gerard Manley Hopkins

[This from a blog post 2014 - friend Elaine in mind, an homage, also to Hopkins, and early flail-ures at verse, still Christianary to squid ink my 'true nature' (or so it is rumored there is such(ness) ' amongst the Calvinistas. Earnest, yes. Sincere, to a fault. Naive yet nave beneath the surface persona I had fallen for as me, what was desired by the 'sanctified' who felt no need to hide from themselves (or so I do project - humans being, after all, utterly 'human, all too human' despite scripture verses and demanded faces to present) . I eventually fled from yon John Calvin's holy hill in order to save my life. If not I'd be dead, certain. Better that, I then thought, than to be as the Holy Remoters Top O the Theological Hill Heap Ones - dead certain.

Glad I did, flee. Rumors followed me. Thankfully, rumor-ers die. Out of my control so I bolted for the vale and to eventually unveil enough for and in some somewheres to befriend a someone I had to get to know, a scandalous me but all of me was mine so far as I could find.

But/so, there were still some great moments among the 'Justified' for which I am grateful.]

A brief account of one:

'Awakened to this this morning, Bachianas Brasilieras No.1...I remember the first time I heard Villa Lobos - in college, thanks to Elaine, a library copy and a suspended moment at the dorm window watching fog pour up from a deep Tennessee valley, socked in again, which often happened on Lookout Mountain, weeks of thick late Autumn fog, gray white-out cloud-light leaning into the unlit quarter, philosophy books stacked, Pre-Socratics, Church History, Clement, Polycarp, Gnostics (I realize now that I am one, or a part of me is) , Old Testament wind howling just beyond the pane, the un-modulated whistle of said insistent storm playing the Castle In The Clouds in fierce Sinai song, Bachianas

Brasilieras, No.1, conducted by Villa Lobos himself, nothing short of revelation that my too young to be so weary self had no idea existed but upon hearing within pinnacled gale, then, nothing could prevail against my landing oriented-at-last by mostly cellos and fog spinning in the Brazilian folk rhythms I would spend my entire life descending toward, stumbling forward, misstepping after, 'my kingdom for a macaw, ' become a slack-jawed shamanista entranced by dirt, green overhang in forest din, daily feathered by birds all kinds in twining limbs above.

No romance involved with all that now, I am an almost old man more rapidly untangling string by string, out-cello-ed in the end, and yet again, by an innate longing to land, go under, dwell within, peaking out, over strung, finally done with Polycarp and company, at one with my Hopkins book still, sufficed - Terrible Sonnets to accidental Grace - rendered, I yield, I am peeled layer by layer to pomes penny (p) each glottal stops and 'soul, self, come, poor Jackself, ' be advised once more, 'jaded, let be, ' while not forgetting to go with Lobos rhythms, leave 'comfort root room' finally escaping John Calvin's dire and doom...'let joy size At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile's not wrung, see you'...

and raise you One.

*

Here's the VERY album I listened to, Villa Lobos himself conducting the orchestra with an honest baton and not his honest cigar:

https://archive.org/details/lp_bachianas-brasileiras-nos-2-5-6-9_heitor-villa-lobos-victoria-de-los-angeles

*

The sonnet entire, #47, by Gerard Manley Hopkins:

MY own heart let me have more have pity on; let
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
Charitable; not live this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.
I cast for comfort I can no more get
By groping round my comfortless, than blind
Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find
Thirst 's all-in-all in all a world of wet.

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise
You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile
Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size
At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather—as skies
Betweenpie mountains—lights a lovely mile.

*

Some early attempts with Hopkins influence strong on me, even though the poem begins and ends with lines by Shelley, another to absorb, the rhythms and such have more Hopkins than any other...

A Grief Earned - An Ode Beginning & Ending With Lines From Shelley

Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,

I have been taken up into grief, the strange
relief of clouds. Soon departed, I shall be
once again returned to disquieted prayer,
the proud monk to his rites rejoined such
are covers for disjointedness.

Adroit is the spoiled self touching only
late that of Other, of Beauty, Adonais
'dead then' when Mr. Shelley, once young,
now always, has clung 'moderne, as much
as, as soon as he can deny, spurn, return
a Vision 'toward the vital air.'

^

He has the advantage of an Eastern detachment.

I, meanwhile, to walls stick, to
sheets, this cup, full, cannot release.

I step, my foot remains to boards,
stuck, must walk inwardly restrained,

halt, try to, misstep, the usual tread

of, with, my heart.

^

With heart will I to Guatemala go,
a Mayan lover do some good, me there,

to active volcanoes, deepest lake there
with creatures strange - axelotls, pink,

delicate,

and one fountain send where I need
to go - there, continually letting

the hollows go, release the tread,
following, and the after-flow;

feeling grief's all,
I follow to where all is fled...

*

Yet another attempt, some Hopkins ghosting in't:

Poem For Caravaggio - Contemplating 'The Conversion Of Saint Paul On The
Road To Damascus' At 4 a.m.

In the shorter light, the extended
night of cold and star-bright questions,
may you cast clumsy net forward into
what it all might mean to fretted you,
to me, stretched canvas, though I will
not thrust these words upon your paint
or palette but make offering for your
own work to feed us through the eyes;
perhaps time to remount the horse
and soldier on, or to fall again, gain
Damascus perspective, from one's
back watch vision distort massive
horse into a God receding into necessary
darkness foregoing image,

see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

*

And finally this writ in 2010 while I was saturating in Charles Olson's Maximus Poems, that 8000 pound book, happy to lug it around in order to take 'the risk of beauty' aka:

He can take no risk that matters
the risk of beauty most of all
- Olson, from his The Kingfisher poem:

Toward Erasure No Longer Effortful

That one day the book shall be written,
Odysseus come smiling through the door.
That I shall live forevermore free of provision,
be delivered presently into good, rich life
and unto the richer world, my Lover so long
turning turning turning in distance away from,
yet to manage a caress, a kiss which
neither dismisses nor fully embraces.
It is I that am and shall be erased into this
Love which shall then in time be erased
as well in the greater Sun and that Shining,
too, shall be erased. Then we shall all be
scattered, or I shall be only, embrace by
embrace, toward erasure no longer effortful.

I sift draft by draft rough toward world
now slowing in spite of parentheses these
provisional postulations of 'the good life'
to come. Eventually. There is only this
that I am living now. And my hands feel,
even perhaps are, strapped to this wheel
that turns me as turns Beloved Earth,
the Sun, too, each dreaming
near to but apart from each.

My reach is
here on my tongue,
in my fingers here
grasping words from mind.
I am ever behind in this chase,
now am further from

Love,

Space,

than ever
though my heart
is swollen from
wanting It.

Still, world, accept my blessing.

I send this message aloft on kingfisher wings.

**

Exodus-Excursus After Folly - An Aging Poet Addresses One Who Wanders In
Mountains Remote [Reprise - response to madness, to choose only one of many
ongoing murderous madness wars in mid-October 2023]

for A. L.

Now I've broken my ties with the world of red dust;
I spend all my time wandering and read all I want.

Who will lend a dipper of water
to save a fish in a carriage rut?
—Han Shan, Tang Dynasty, China

There's a wary Moses in the distance counting pocket change to give to the ferrier, coins to fit the eyes. I'm hanging at the back of the crowd. There's manna enough for pockets. My Red Sea is long parted but old Pharaoh's got a new army. Each day is a scrape in the tents. Prayer and fear is sustenance dragged further out by pillars of fire. A volcano rumored to be God publishes 'Mandates for a New Junta', led by a well-bred stutterer (prototypical politician, it seems) . In odd limbo there trail reluctant murmurers.

That Golden Calf Incident was a silly mistake, an overreaction, but there were agreements made at the outset, sealed in blood, first born sons threatened or worse, guaranteed real estate for dairy farmers and bee keepers, oodles of milk-and-honey futures, money to be made in hopefully greener pastures. Now it can be said with certainty, a 'promised land' comes with big catches - I've exchanged one for another, same mistake - the barbs are plenty, mostly mistaken people thinner than scripture loudly staking claims to land and deity in long meander.

It's a luxury, sure. Some choose to wander. Some don't. Water is scarce in deserts. Wheels are few but for chariots of war, not many ruts though there's thirst aplenty, not the bounty promised before the journey.

A penny for a wet tongue.

I'm of that hung up crowd forced to flee, a victim of unleavened fate, or is that too Greek a notion?

The question begs asking. Unintended impertinence must be forgiven. That's the theme, right? the long march of history, that of redemption in time though each and every has an opinion. Can't be helped.

Much to explain.

All's a seeming washed in blood.

Old friend, I've been reading zen, the death poems,
and Sayings of the Desert Fathers, in many ways
the same. These orient, assist. I can still lift a head
up among stars while swatting flies just to be silly
for what do stars care at all but for real-ing eyes,
they're wanting to be the more perceived, more
than lumps in solidity, but as sublime, as they once
lightyears dreamed, as a boy's fright-years dreamed,
too, despite a hard father's boot-steps on childhood's
stairs just other side the door to send him packing,

Future's shy Desert Father
anonymous on purpose,

beneath the bed,
a wilderness of sorts,

hiding still.

3

Now

I'm flung further into the fray though I sway up 5 flights
of stairs, long in exile, dizzy with the street, the human
beauty and brokenness there, all those flower pots in
windows, on stoops, the blossoming tree brightening
between darker bricks to truly dwell. It is for me, a shy
son, to see in spite of big chunks missing or torn out,
to remake the world as it always is for gods long to
be bread to dwell in our finitude. To them, then, I am
'the Dude', a daffodil in my lapel, gate of heaven and
h*ll open at the end of the block. I skip forward singing,
'La La La, ' poems a'pocket. If questioned at the gate
I'll blame you, meandering still, granting permission
the entrance to boldly storm.

Between St. Marks and the horizon my fingers still work.

Because They Rhyme They Live, Not I

'O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death...'
— John Keats, 'Sleep and Poetry

I suppose it is the late, or soon to be, poet's
lot to jot one for daffodils. At least one.
This is mine, a last will to verse.

But first, I take a pill before dying, I mean, its
meager meal, yellow sun on a jaundiced plate.
'Consumption' is the word I want. I've got that,
and few breaths left and a flat voice to tell it in:

'The daffodils were yellow as the sun.'

So lay down the pen. Ungrasp! I say.
An olden voice pulls at bruised skin.
I grow thin. And gasp. I grow thin as winter air.

I'll not see them rise again from bulbs perennially.
Not me, annulled in this season of the lung
though each breath mimics leaven, assumes
Eternity's aspirations, but...(where was I?) ...
not me, not long for my tongue to sing.

Meanwhile, bright petaled mouths flaunt, gape,
gulp in early spring, whereas, I flop here, leaden,
landed, banked, a carp brought to heel from bluer
lake pulling gills swallowing nothing that can sustain,
or not much. I sympathize, yes, then down another
pill for more air to clutch, breath an almost perennial
memory of last spring when it first edged me in,
clipped my singing short, when seasonal flowers so
easily rhymed but in a minor wheeze for a minor voice.

Fine then. Some one, some other poet write a line

for when I've gone under forfeiting all final drafts.

Those yard yellows spoon dirt to a useless
feeding sun, useless because I'm soon done in.

I'd do the same for you, Mr. Keats, in a soft, bleating tone of voice.

'Dear Low' - Upon His Leaving Mountains For Manhattan, circa 1981

for Lowery McClendon

You did it. You left the trout behind.
Sunday the corn was cut down. Apple trees
in the nearby orchard were felled which explains
the screams I heard a week ago, and the droning
of wasps. That hill was exposed this evening at
sunset, reflected pink in the sky. Reminds me of
the women I always saw through your eyes,
their large lips and eyes, the dark thighs particularly,
fields without their corn now shedding a purple
light like Stevens' Hartford, and you there tonight
forsaking the school yard we'd walk beside
stopping to comment on that view of hills
at our favorite wall where 'Nigger's Pandemonium'
stalled on hot nights to break beer bottles for your
poems broken glass, curtains you'd pass in the
dark where your wheels would splay the stars stuck
to tar bubbles on the street when Hart Crane beat
his words against your rhythm running down
to Montford Park.

Be quick about it then, your departure:

I walked through your house.

You left behind that crooked frying pan.
Your steaks will never taste the same again,
and that espresso pot there, too, black stains
stuck inside like little Lamont's words,
'Are we lost yet? ' Just thrown out like

that plaster of paris bone from the kitchen.
No dog would chew on that, some kind of
sentinel to Arborvale Street signaling something
fragile has passed on like Mr. McKnight's
roses given over to winter, Indian summer's
old woman, packed up her warm skins and
vanished like a wife or lovers.

It's like that, you know. No magic but our own
so often like that old white bone's intention to
be art, our poems strung on the page like slip
over chicken wire, words expiring from our
clutching at them -

'You will be beautiful, make meaningful our days.'

What are our names anymore, Low?

The corn is all cut down.
An old scare crow remains.
Apropos. Poetry's worn out image
stretched out on the hill forlorn in the ice,
forgiving no one, especially ourselves,
alien corn of a foundering century.

12/8/2023 — Reprise, Not Elegy Yet - Direction Switch or Twitch, the Dry
Assuages

'Above us only sky.' - John Lennon

Dear Virgil

Cables, cobbles, even gobble gobble as my lungs wither, so
blame the weather always inner for what ails as arrears are
now come to maturity, nothing here to pay back with but breath,
effortful overtime, I surrender each, tho, as recompense for
hours on front row sinner's bench with a tin placard, my name
hammered on it, only room enuff for me to 'walk the Jehovah Plank';

I'll give account,

have already, and
will again endlessly,
in poems offered to the

White Whale aka Western Deity,
and that Veiled One, or Ones, of
Other-Ether Spectral to compass
point geographic confusion,

for truth is, all deities are local.

Still I'll gamble and know I'm no prize to win or to be won,
won over, overdone - rather than a fork and knife dull, stick,
please, Mercy, either, or both, in me, moi, savoir sass surprise
reprise with spit, with spatter, for my being yet one of countless
jokes up the ever raveling Beyond Almighty's sleeve or more
lest GdashD be multi-armed thus requiring constant tailoring

for In the beginning was the Patch

aka

'Patch As Patch Can...'

Despite post-Christian, postmodern statistics/spastistics re:
Patristics, I qualify, or so think, to paint myself mystic, or at
least more of that than other.

Ted Roethke, Jack Caputo, 'Good-Of' and other aerie Yokels
what provoke/invoke of the rose an otherwise pretend-plot, or
skies multiple, whichever works for whom which preaches without
preaching a 'religion without why' since, at least so it appears
from eyes front of the head, and surmises everly from the back
of the noggin, that the rose blossoms without why but just is,

and in is-ness, implies

purpose not to be punished, or girdled,

requiring a human deity to choke out

'I thirst.'

Another way to say, 'I want.'

So, I want, rather, the finitdue starburst of the rose, of
myriad, and let its/their diminishment be the 'punto' at
the end of loose strife's sentence run-on or over (or slog
which, to be clear, is abbreviation for 'soul log' as in 'blog'
'vlog' the new 'logs' to come where each blossom gets to
give account and hope for at least a nano-second of witness
from millions tik to the frickin' tickin' TOK. KATZ! shouts Zen

to break Chronic Entropy, yet another name or approximation
from lowly human station beneath starry crosses on display
but reduced by thumbs to abbreviations only, who knew? that
an asterisk contains an aster, a star, or once was a star for
who even looks up now, face into hand to screen, flattened
obscenity reduced to, as is our species, brilliant of wits, yes,
but, as Ernest Becker repeats Sir J. Swift, lest we forget's,

'more the feces', we all, like Celia the fair, 'shits.'

I'll not. I'll Tchaikiovsky.
Kvetch, 'Pathetique'. Bleak
on, not priest on knees, yet
plead, wretch, here stretch
arms, at least one, grasp as,
wreckt, wrack on pain, wrench
kindness render, or try, pity,
and so end City of willful man
'is Clod's cruel tred improv
replete - hyssop, vinegar
to lips sponged tourette-ic
cry 'I can no more', reduced
down to a man, no further
compression possible, I bear,
endure, will, no choice in the
matter, Crucible's Riddle, dare
cling to rhyme and opposite,
offering two thumbs yet, a
blood-eye, and a dry tongue.

No wonder then,

and now, forgiving OTHER - no blame. We make stains.
We make marks. I'd prefer mine to be literary (at least that's
the intention) and ponder-must upon a personal pond, eye
forward, try to balance, skate, over surface or, here's religion
for you, 'walk on water' rather than sink i' the 'drink' (Melville's
effusage) , me pretending, or perhaps, cling to sinking-hope,
sift soft 'rope-a-Pope' peripatetic, poetic,

the miracle

of never falling.

M'eye's wide toward time-askewed, and that black hole
monitor other side-o' kaleido-skull in late stage ifiddle idol
'I'm'-pire (a bad play or attempt to conjure personal 'Imp-ire') ,
plant my flag on water, 'er might, a mite eremitic, be air
but not airtight but have to, must or bust, commit metaphor,
symbol, error, not the dreaded predictable clot called 'sign'
(I get to change my mind because consciousness does so
alla time so's not MY mind but is the nature of the MIND)

so I plant, skate, surmount, May's 'King Sway n Swagger' whilst
I stagger-sink fall no longer appalled - not true! not true - but -
jagged by fractures' fractals, stricktured - but - such is being
(a kind of seeming) , a being with the rose or IN-rose 'mind' - it,
rose, blind to its self, its subjectivity, is not, is and is yet, fretting
not what it, not personal, a moi relieved of moi, a me that can
lag behind or cast ahead as seed, rows ahead plowed by two
eyes what's in the head and always devouring need and knowing

it,

need.

Want.

Most likely something sustainable shall thrust shoots from the

clods and odds are one can then return, get to work, harvest
slash and burn from dirt to plot to mouth to, all our last name,
Smoke, or Ash, in the wind End wins as it wilts where is lispeth
.....well.....'all manner of things'.....we know the deal for if,
nothing else, proof's in the pulse, the sapien plot is alchemical,
'all raw to the cooked, 'y'all ('maw to maw! ' calls Jackdaw,
'monkey's paw, ' to the letting go pitched in from the very
beginning in 'amor fati' cycles of sprung shoots to mouth to
dung, and then again.

There's pooh-etry in't.

Or as Allen Ginsberg sez it - 'poor human prose', so

forgive, please, us, all our woes, Mrs. Rose.

Yer gardens I'll tend still pending nothing but it, the gardens
and the rose, remain without why.

So. This's my prelude, my forward, etude itchy allergi-ed eyes
and loud sneezes. Chill air coming into hovel here cuz old
old window frames literally keep gale-breeze-time-velocity
pale; seems there's always a cold wind - Tis a living and a
burn while air is still Free, puff tympani, huff panes, loosing
caulk but, or so, never mind talks or taps, nods as late winter
sun lowers more, more slants side aways through curtained slots.

O, Lad, Holy Mountain once above our
heads' but s'now but blinkered reverie. Remote.

4115 address no more. A gash now

Holy Orders of MANS four sisters,
their black underwear swaying on the
backyard line, silk (the sheen told all) ,
irony to see as they were covered head
to toe, but the wind, more wind here,
knew what's what of Holy Orders and
what blackness, delicate, smooth,
borders the Sacred near cemetery

vast I once literally dulcimered in
between monuments and headstones
strangely at peace there tho would
not want to LIVE there yuk yuk yuk,

Hallelu Y'all thine the glory,
Hallelu Y'all Imma schmuck!

Signing off, Laddie Bux.

Yers (what's left is vaguely choral) ,

Tehude (in dulce jubilo - in sweet rejoicing)

Fortune Cookie Autumn 1980
Born: month of the Dragon.
Horoscope: 'Today's the lucky day.'

Luck, you say? O.K. Once. In a small town
on a snowy road, the scenery spinning round.
When it stopped you were pointing toward a good
place - Home. The message: Go back.
You can decide again to begin again
or stay warm there: Wombtown, population: 1.

No Lions Club or local Jaycees.
No chocolate bars and brooms for the blind.

Free room and board. It's kick and dream,
kick and dream and cleanliness more efficient
than a space suit. Talk about luck?

You're here aren't you? Don't say good or bad.
It's no accident the month's the Dragon's.

Chinese or no, the year has a tail long as a river.

Peel the scales behind the ears
you'll still roar for pain o roaring
boy spinning in the world, the

recurring dream of vortices whirling
pink and red, a large mouth with
teeth spitting you into an even
muddier river. You'd fish it if you
could. More likely you'd dam it
at the source. The occasional
catch is more likely snag in undertow.

It's undertow that matters.
The real power's there.

Ask the undertow, you'll get answers.
Don't say need. The bottom's filled
with old cars, tin cans, bad seed.
All you'll ever want. Get lucky.

This is the day. The glass on the window's
steamed. Outside's a blur. What's that gone by
spinning with rustling wings, roaring like wind,
glint of mirrors hurling down? You'd swear
there was a splash. Something's pointing,

Go back.

The bio. sum as it was 10/31/2010

'a boy thief stealing circus hours'

Refugee from the American South.
Now loud-but-reverent mouthed in
New York City.

Regarding my writing...I have been writing poetry since I was a child and perhaps may have learned a thing or two which, as more than a few teachers have advised me to do, must be quickly unlearned or forgotten. I was born in 1952 so inherited some sensibilities of a developing world, its spiritless and spirit-lessening technology. Unlike the technology I am rapidly growing extinct or very quickly out-dated but not spiritless.

I have given up keeping up with the times and now gather my tired self after

all the chasing chasing chasing after a culture which erases as quickly as it makes a momentary thing while pitching it as 'the Real Thing.' Mercury as a god is after all the great dissolver of all forms. Nothing is new but the perpetual puddle He brings. But still, we can muddle through easily making idols of self and machinery, and now this digital fidget cyberly out of Pandora's Modem. Fame? ! BOSH!

meave the world to the scoundrels!
My hand once wrote.

My heart was here, full,
and it left, fuller still.

'What thou lovest well remains.'

- Ezra Pound, Canto 181

,

Let him not be another's who can be his own.

- Paracelsus

VISUAL BIO. W/Photo - Spare:

Little blur of a photo to the
right of page, apt image -
The 'striving-after' poet,
much younger days, some
months recovering from
food poisoning, once again
exiled to roses, reading
Lorca & Rilke in a park,
Medellin, Colombia,
South America.
01/1979.

Now, 2010, mid-years renewed
zeal, patience, I work at my still
'striving after' poems

['How long, O Lord, how long? ']

raise their feeble colors,

prayer flags in remote
places hung by unknown
hands, more tatters than
prayers, tatters the greater
expression in a dry season
for love, for this Here/Now
reading/hearing smitten,
poets, some, proclaim
sacredness of apparently
profane acts which are so
much more, given contexts
of grief, need, need always,
always, for Presence even
when reaching fails its ardor

Giving Darkness in Giverny

Monet might have seen,

giving darkness in Giverny,
defiant to the last optics inevitably fired out,

nerve light made the more dipped,
smeared on clutched pallet bent to his gaping will

struggling to open eyes
the wider see.

Was failing him the light.

Closing-in world reduced to all horizon.

Tints, brushes, memory
frame these final pieces
canvased, inwardly conformed,
recalled light more light than all raw day.

Autumnal Math

The ground assumes its portent.
The good of the season remains in what is left behind.
It takes what lays down or is laid down upon it.
You'd think it a kind of king of accountants.
You'd sink down an addition of arithmetics,
heartbeats, breaths, footings found and lost,
all the unintended landings of a life.
You'd think it wouldn't stop.

You'd sink down even wide awake in this season.
Such sinking pretends its endings in countless
geometries of folding life down or over and under
sundering fractions apart, forgetting theorems, all
but the final one. The rest can change or pretend to.

Admit you are no good at numbers.
Admit you can only count to a certain sum,
or down to it. Reverse your life if you want to,
wind it down with a memory. Beef up the end.
Noble or not, you can fake it.

Planning is what counts for indemnity.
You can make it seem to make sense.
You can try a new line on every stranger you meet.
You've only begun to juggle Euclid anew under
white lids painted shut with mortician's abacus.

You know a new counting accounting for fainter
signs, new ground to flick numbers between your teeth.

What's left behind is now wrong.
The good of it is what belongs to the
laying down of lines about what you've
finally done. Recounting your old formulas
gives some lingering warm to nerves on edge.

No hedging now.

The ground assumes its importance.
The season rattles all our leaving
in its cupped hand.

The comedy of hollow sounds derives
From truth and not from satire on our lives.
Clog, therefore, purple Jack and crimson Jill. —Wallace Stevens

10/25/2023 - Reading Philip Whalen in Manhattan

BLACK TILED FLOOR

random COFFEE SHOPPE

ONE YELLOW-GOLD

GINKGO LEAF THERE

Mid - Wither - Season —

HOW FAR YOU HAVE FALLEN

Whalen's

'Uh // Oh
Now You've
DONE IT!

Minestrone
For all sentient beings

get me outta here! Bail me
out of the WORD OCEAN

I wish to God
I never seen your face
Nor heard your lion tongue'

*

Yet a' nother foray into beginnings, stating, restating, no rebates on efforts made
but some payoff (what costs?) or
bounce tho temporary, when now's a Beguine (river giving ever its current)
begins anew....

Dear Goodfew,

'... it's the black pond
And cold, where toward perfumed evening
A sad child on his knees sets sail
A boat as frail as a May butterfly.' - Hart Crane

....many dreams that I literally killed the long haired young me who was so
tragically beholdened to POESY (BIG ARCHETYPE) . The beholdeness was not the
real problem, it was my innocence and hope that IT would save me, a child's
hope, a sad lavender boiz hope for salvation and value. NOT wrong but hindered
me from living on 'terror infirma'...so important and hard those dreams were but
they were spot on, not the end all of themselves but are, as we are, as dreams
indicate, phases we must go through in order to fill the shoes we're meant to fill
be they glass slippers, army boots or ballet or olé zapatos, they do wade or
waddle...I'd rather swagger staggerlee and have my metric feet find their own
beat and take heat or (worse) cold,
for the trying...

....sadly, justa surmise beneath diminishing skies (the limits)
that positive projections (which are real not false, Freud
is wrong) had been withdrawn via
vicissitudes and -ectomies all kinds heart broken or too many sins and amends
made (as alluswe do parry refusing mostly to carry the weight of accruals
(a'cruels - life's knot to crack we nuts blinker forward (Richard Hugo writes 'isn't
is funny how the mind looks back? ' in a void of refusals' contusions while all the
while all we ever wanted (and granted)
their inexact poses (slanted, leaning) are
roses (delicate bruises each eye) aka
'surely he hath his posies' - Ernest Dowson.

Projections (posies) do get withdrawn (or,
rather, in my own experience ongoingly, CRASH or POOF, disappear 'had the
thought' but can't remember even 'my old flame' or frameworks for proposed

happiness (there, the word is said once and once only)

for as a great poet hath writ the goal's 'to be crotch happy and dog
dreaming.'

And so we learn, burning bridges and changing orthodonture (tis an molarish
adventure viz 'Pardon me Roy, is that the cat the chewed yer new shoes?')

that projections change, fail, fall, move
away, have affairs and never come back, but we remember, we're ghosted (and
one, I insist, can and should make the most of ghosts and ghostings since
everything, each and all, are geists, grists, poetry grifts (slants left-handiing, no
ransom, demands but only one, 'you will make meaningful all my days' - one
more, with Roethke here on this one and mostest, 'Praise to the End' no matter
the matter, leaning knots of roses butoh-ing plotting dawns]

*

Jotted, first London journal note August 2016, New York to Heathrow, recalling
full moon light slicing cabin darkness through narrow pane plane window mid-
Atlantic:

Swallowing the moon whole could mean
madness now or overdue for the supreme
vanity of daring to eye-gulp the whole swiss cheese.

Please gods and moondogs
the effort pays in insubstantial ways,
makes a life, gives focus, employs for life times:

spilt milk

one milk tooth
a throat charm
against seeing
but not the saying.

It troubles me that I can't get it right.
Not the moon but the poem.

*

'... because the soul is a stranger in this world.'

'This blue world. Unattainable - stranger than dying, by what unmerited grace were we allowed to come see it.' — Franz Wright

I just want to say to you, Franz:

such blackness I have traveled through all night, and
because of you I have made my peace with the Atlantic.

And returned, I slept, one hip wounded, a new name to be announced
at a future date bearing a significance of which I can only wonder

derived of a bruise that I have often sung, of swift and terrible deity grasped.
It grabs back, refuses to relent but is bargained with and for, leaving one bent,
limping,

a worshiper forever.

**

With Wallace Stevens on this one, the Atman Project,
the conjure conjectures with very good chinaware, his,
not mine, I only borrow:

The Planet on the Table by Wallace Stevens

Ariel was glad he had written his poems.
They were of a remembered time
Or of something seen that he liked.

Other makings of the sun
Were waste and welter
And the ripe shrub writhed.

His self and the sun were one
And his poems, although makings of his self,
Were no less makings of the sun.

It was not important that they survive.
What mattered was that they should bear
Some lineament or character,

Some affluence, if only half-perceived,
In the poverty of their words,
Of the planet of which they were part.

—'Supreme Fiction' is part of a poem title by Wallace Stevens;
'Lavish Absence' is part of a title of a memoir about Edmond Jabès.

These notions (some say 'oceans' preferring perhaps)
together (weather made of depths' currents disturbing everly the
air all round) evoke
(a little sleep mounded smoke heap 'hear creep, wretch, wrestle with' that which
ever ghost's) the
ground too, nothing exempted no matter adornment and aggiomamento past
century as well as this new one we're collectively/globally 'grand mal-ing' within
wrung out (plaintive complaint leap-song 'Now I'm free, free falling' - Tom Petty)
yet again (fingers and
frets knit nets 'neural obdurato')
meeting the challenge (forced fated or not upon riveted necks from
which chords wood) or
for that their 'dis-s' might amend, appease, if knees dare insist lowering, to
atone, if remedy is too slow, or late, weighted heads bowed (in obdural oblad-AH
oblations) , waiting's 'the only way to go' (foregoing hopsotch houchie Koochie
coo coo ca choo) in
eventual voiditude n titty (or her or him or rhoid pleading pity upon all annoying
factoids) though
common, they do no longer, if ever, serve in now (composting)
Millenia (halitose carbon, diminishing
further bones)) swerve
out of assumed orbit of the same (now clockwise, muddled clouds calculate in
math abstractions (meth)
to accommodate what's utterly 'new i' th' wind' proposing a new name for deity
aka Apo-strophé)
with dastardly advanced technology presuming ITS WILL ALMIGHTY (rather, shot
put to ill uses) which
may soon render (comatose)
the planet to (stone or cinder)
Absence (unlavish) .

The question, indeed, is 'how do we stand (refusing all brandishments)
within these (hell)
realms now? '

The other's (whose fool's accounting?) ,
'How to meaningfully respond?' (foregoing)

new dance-craze-mit-song,

'Ever bodice doing a brand noo dance now
(chum on bae bae lu-lu loco-motion)
so y'all
all 'do da Downward Facing Dogie' (rivaling
jive moves without hips or, rather, (torn den-
drons, dislocated (the search is on as to where)

whilst t'other dance is denounced as

'Tortoise Rolls Offa Log'.

But 'I'll swan' as is said down Appalachia mountain way,
'Well I'll sway' or try, shall, pray, parley, if there's deity,
ID, or IT, or Them-uns, into our obdurate corner of shapeless
universe that we duel-dua-denim-doo wa diddy diddy
dumbrained mys-torectomies occupy 'plums on our thumbs'
insisting what good critters are us soon to be frittered foistibly
fried upon our own dumbward thumbs (muted blear wax
proven NOT to be the etiology)
soon to be 'apparitions', if
even that, thots gone wrong or, again, might could be 'just
the onto-weather but, as my ancient mamaw, a black bear
missing a paw, snuff in her maw'd say,

'Gather ye nosebleeds while ye may.'

She'd add for emphasis and song,

'Hey nonny nonny Calendula and Honey'

descanting (whilst not discounting
or dismounting dogies)

"ere's one lone cowboy-or-girl,
Poca-hauntus-or-other, 'Now my
life is not the same / My whole
world has been deranged / cow-

boys to girls bang bang shoot
em up baby / I remember' Intruders'
boyhood's extruding thots -

endings total (visions of)
deserts 'westward hoes remembering
commensurate fences while playing
lone rounds of putt-puttNO MULLIGANS,
yes, YE forks in the road, scum to that

burning

scat singing now dat scats
gotcher tongues polyglottally

Wooly bully shepherd watches
night flocks on edges for bogies

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along lil dogies
It's your misfortune's none of my own

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along lildogies
forever a'roaming will be your new home'

'da doo roam roam roam da doo roam roam'

aka

'so many, so many I had not known that death
(He's no fun at all)
undone so many'
therefore so thusly:

had

s'no crowning matter
(or hatter)
now mores the
bother when
(preludeto further
adieu some-
where below)

now

-

'when the
red red robin comes
a'bob bob bobbin' along'

so sing song's, this one,
to end or livelong ding
dong daze being with
(or at least affirm though deadly)
inform or so it appears to be inevitably post-toasties massive pronoiatron BOOM
shrooms 'clastic-incinerate therefore thrustly itinerate (to yet again re-iterate)
obvi-osis, whereupon which Nobel
maestro scries surmise sums 'the last ding dong of doom' (Time's a loom
threadborne or bare) if there's
indeed a where there before something or after nothing we will see or not see
though Edington Sir hath sed 'something we know not what is doing we know not
what' so

addendums I without dry eyes -

'BUT IT is doing something.' Thusly this, to end or begin on a heartfelt noble
note, skewed hope-a-dope (Who wove or actually weaves this rope?)

Jack Kennedy sez it is we homo scapiens,
crappulous, Maya-opic (who pull the knot tighter from both ends and this is the
way the churl rock up ends) :

'I believe that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the
last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even
then there will still be one more sound: that of man's puny, inexhaustible, voice
still talking! ...not simply because man alone among creatures has an
inexhaustible voice, but because man has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion,
sacrifice and endurance.' —William Faulkner

.... on the other hand ('time will tell'- silly willy Go-dot de-o doe)

A hint perhaps, something practical:

'Graceless things grow lovely with good uses.' —John Tarrant

'The rose is without why; it blossoms because it blossoms;
It cares not for itself, asks not if it's seen.' — Angelus Silesius

Overture

or Ordure

does an orchard make from stone (peach) ,
tomatoes reborn stray between rows and roses
wilding in heaped woods yard-once'd,

plankt-ruins' old stead close beside a wagon trail
barely road/not road, avails centuries shovel-preserved,
rough-used,

of blood rock, mud mortar,

réfused, aviled, a red seamed

redundancy over worked -

bruised,

hoof, foot,

wheel splay

where rose

thoughts' flowers

not stray—

remains a

feminine

pause,

a braid of
purple shade,

rough pines,
and poplar,

one fruit tree still daring.

**

'The rose is without why; it blossoms because it
blossoms;
It cares not for itself, asks not if it is seen.' —Angelus Silesius

Murmurs of swallows in Gers, France,
Of a Christmas in river floods, sky responding

murmur - (A) to make the sound 'mu mu'
(old Greek)

or 'mumu', to murmur with closed lips, to mutter,
moan... (B) to drink with closed lips, to suck
in...
-Liddell and Scott, Greek-English Lexicon, 1897 ed

(all praise) and what marvelous

vapor is life restive (as are days)

 a thousand undulate congregations no need for falconer after all when Cha
os a'daze of a Sunday

evening seems to know something

so falls into

purple fields

(O Low, remember
Hartford's 'purple light')

edged by sheer snow peaks where
sheep surefeet know no fear of
heights and there do dung and
play fearless or at least pretend
not to fall in their waking dream
which is the thing -
concavity curves
in a dead hatchling's
sparkless eye reflecting
dead eggs' perfect
forms soft brooded
upon as one might
brood one in hand
pondering which is
the better off the
flown lone one or
the ongoing nest
knot which can also
denote an egg -
hatched or not or
clotted everyly or

otherwise - is all

surmise who knows

what is the thing

joy's winged

malingers

rise in sudden

annunciate thunder

As one elderly old bird once said

my being newly fledged/ flung,

me at her knobby wither-knees

admiring her mustache and tooth,

told me she to observe and note

1 or 3 do re mi's or more like the,

or to better the, feathered choirs

so try at least to sing

Chirp Caw Crow or Cackle,

break for Grackles, their cousins

black, cross-eyed seers blear

in all day's array never blink they

say and say and say tho mystery

stays

which is a thing

or so hints I Ching 31 (from cafe au soul dot com)

Line 1: Influenced in the big toe = a goal without movement

Line 2: Influenced in the calves, misfortune = better to wait.

Line 3: Influenced in the thigh, humiliation = do not seek low hanging fruit

Line 4: Wishes come true, perseverance brings good fortune = companions recognize your dream

Line 5: Influenced in the back = no remorse

Line 6: Influence in the jaws, cheeks and tongue = superficial talk

'To activate the power of Te, do not negate the mind, but do not allow it to keep you its prisoner. Being natural and spontaneously yourself, you are always wooing experience because it will always reflect the condition of your inner world...

Lieh Tzu was trained by Lao Shang: "For three years, my mind did not reflect upon right or wrong and my lips did not speak of gain or loss. During this time, my master bestowed only one glance upon me. After five years, a change took place, and my mind did reflect on right and wrong; my lips spoke of gain and loss. For the first time, my master relaxed his countenance and smiled. After seven years, I let my mind reflect on whatever it would, but it no longer occupied itself with right or wrong. I let my lips utter whatsoever they pleased, but they no longer spoke of gain or loss. Then, at last, my master invited me to sit on the mat beside him. After nine years, my mind gave free reign to its reflections; my mouth gave free reign to its speech. Of right, wrong, gain or loss, I had no knowledge. Internal and external were blended in unity. I was wholly unaware of what my body was resting upon. I was born this way, like leaves falling from a tree and playing on the wind. In fact, I knew not whether the wind was riding on me, or whether I was riding on the wind."

**

Slim Noir's Memoir - An Entry Recalling Volkswagen Days

Despite my utter loathing for mechanic work, all thumbs and my mind with the mystics, my dad insisted on teaching me (and bros)

car mechanics (pre-computer run engines) , those heavy old engines, etc. and so I did learn to do some basics and to identify when an engine needed expert attention.

In Mexico and Central and South America where I have spent some years traveling, by thumb first journeys so saw the back seats of many a vw, truck, random hybrids, most folks, men, boys, know how to work on machinery all kinds. And I've seen marvelous were-vehicles comprised of parts of different types, Franken-cars, buses, tractors, even train cars (school bus tops, railroad bottoms) , on the rails, on the roads, trails, in the fields.

Alas, the 'bochos' or bugs aren't as evident as they used to be in Mex. City, the city rumbling loudly with thousands of them with all that traffic...there are new VWs that are quiet....the new bug ain't the old bug and I LOVE the old bug/bocho despite the quart of oil needed every 20 miles or so, the blown gaskets, the noise and smelling like petrol when you got out of the car (the engine in the rear wafting fumes into the passenger 'cabin' (cramped, knees to noses, elbows to elbows)and the VW Vans, of course! ! chariot of the hippie gods and I had one of those too with 20 other bodies (living ones, 'eyes alive, minds still glowing' - Grace Slick) crammed-in
granny dresses-bonnets to bell bottoms and praying we could get into 2nd gear without stripping all 3 of 'em to make it up a long steep hill, even a struggle on flat roads betimes with bodies outside at the back pushing along to get up enough momentum for the long road and more roads ahead. Great fun. Music blaring. Freak flags flying!

Paul Simon's song, my highway song, one of several, when I remember those years, certainly captures youth angst/atmosphere in the smoggy air then:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CgsAmUbrCnA>

Glad I did learn to work on a car but can't anymore as they are totally other entities now, not named aafter animals or bugs anymore but, rather, futuristic cyber whirrers, warrior oriented, or boo koo MONAY MONAY bling bling things macho-ing or sachaying, boring, ongoing silence no rumbles or vibes at all when at a red light or idling (but they don't IDLE just as we pomo (post moderns) are trained not to do!)

I wrote a poem about all the cars and names for cars in the 50's 60's that bore animal species names, insects, and such...there was even a Snipe! ! car...Poem

attempted to be about children conceived backseats in cars named for the animal/insect crossed with human dna....kinda like James Dickey's remarkable poem, The Sheep Child, only these my poems children were part Mustang and human, Impala/human, etc.

Great idea for a poem...the poem itself not so great but it was a good moment to have at it....still a good mythic theme to try in a poem...once I drove a Fiat Spider in college for a spell...not mine but that of a friend who liked to be driven and I loved driving that car! but not during that tornado at 3 am on the interstate near Chicago in October 1973! ! !

Now I'm hankering to drive a vehicle (don't do that much at all since I live in NYC and am driven around if need be)but during covid upstate I could drive my friend's truck in the mounts there and first time I did so, alone, by myself at last, I literally wept for joy....I didn't realize how much agency I have lost living in NYC, always at the behest and mercy of NYC's conditions. Owning a car here means being owned by the car AND the city, alternate side of the street parking everyday but Sunday, garages are only for the very wealthy (monthly rent almost as much as apartment rent!)I'd tell my inner child once on the road upstate, 'Let's get lost! ' and at some point, first driving a car in years, I heard Little me ask,

'Are we lost yet? ! '

Hell yeah! AT LAST!

**

Now: To the poems as autobiography, or biography of many part-selves in contention for prominence

Tone setters at the
outset setting stage,
walking the plank:

Descend —and of the curveship lend a myth to god - Hart Crane

On Coney Island boardwalk
benched blondes free from restraining rides
keen on in staggered rhyme forgetting they

once were German swans, grim and pale.

Posing as cranes, nothing lent, they
lament still a dead poet's name.

On this manic strand the franks* are speechless in
the hand relenting to degrees of gray mustard smeared
as is the wind also gray beside the ruined amusements.

Thrill rides plummet stick children hard and down
while fresh girls defy gravity while they can curving
in cues between sand and tracks. Impatient, they
blot their brightened lips, stain tissues thin between
World Wars. They cry out a dead poet's name. - N. Nightingale

If that's too mythical a tone
consider those who conform and know something's wrong
and need a zany few who won't obey.' - Richard Hugo

'Toot Toot Lovers! Bag of bones coming through! ' - Richard Hugo

'... to begin with a swelled head and end with swelled feet...' - Ezra Pound

'Mark the first page of the book with a red marker.
For, in the beginning, the wound is invisible.' - Edmund Jabes

'We happen to live at a moment that is going to get worse before it gets better.
The world went inside the internet and became the world...a poem may not
conform to your worldview, your tastes, or what you think a poem can be. I often
hear students get exasperated if a poem stretches the bounds of what they think
poetry includes.'
- Sean Singer

'I don't believe in the other world
...But I don't believe in this one either
unless it's pierced by light.' Anna Kamienska:

'There is another world, but it is inside this one.' - Paul Celan

'There isn't any one correct way to write poetry. Poetry is a word like love: an

endless confusion of different things all warped into one word because no vocabulary of discrimination exists.' - Jack Gilbert

'The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down thy vanity' - Ezra Pound, from Pisan Canto LXXXI

**

'The cry is part. My solitaria
Are the meditations of a central mind.'

'One feels the life of that which gives life as it is.

'I am aware of being in the elegy season.'
—a few bracketed [black birds] from Wallace Stevens

Epimetheus Looks Back - Upon Gazing at a Photo of Sixty Year Old Me from My
Now Being Seventy One

'Grief-muscles.' - Charles Darwin

A decade ago, now a stacked deck of decades, seven plus one card more, was in the Adirondacks, wood stove flue over my left shoulder, the valleys of the deepening labial folds, dark ink blotting the corners of my mouth, 'goin' south', or, rather 'west' 'where the fence commences', me gazing 'at the moon till I lose my senses'. But never the ever-present raver's edge, er, I mean razor's edge. Was/were my zennish days more or less or not at all, my NOW AND ZEN SOME days, my zen teacher a proponent of Wrecking Ball Zen which explains the glazed right eye and the intense left, bereft of self or no-self as the zen language games go, brilliantly so, sweetens obscurity, blurs meanings edges through which one can fall into hopeful (bad, bad, no hope no hope screams sensei) satori, or better, 'what not'. From the journal then, rather, yearnal, aga in rather, urinal - aka pissed zen, patience wearing thin, hair too, gale blowing from peaks into valley, the comb over undone, T. S. Eliot's gin breathed growling in the noggin',

'I grow old. I grow old. I shall wear the bottoms my trousers rolled'.

Zen made/makes one, me, somewhat preponderant, or it's just inherently irreverent me, or, is it just me, if so then

me who? ' - cue zen yodeler in my head, warbling

'YODEL LAY HE WHOOOOOOOO? ? ? ? '

(((((echoes, re-verbs))))))

off Three Sisters Mounts looming over
my right shoulder just out the plate-glass door., the Sisters, not my shoulder
(nadda yogini) .

*

ENTRY - Day 13:

Sensei tells me: It's undertow that matters.

I am stumped.

One adjusts. Continually.
The persona is adaptation
appearing to be solid but sleep reveals the neutrality
of the animal.

Dreams tell us otherwise
when we remember them as it takes an ego to witness,
to remember.

They reveal that we are
caught up into something so much greater than
flush and stir.

It's a wonder we make do
as much as we do and still
call ourselves by name, a
species of animal,

homo sapiens.

I regret self pity.
I'd reject it if I could but it adheres,
last resort of old coots born honestly
into it no matter the copious Mercurochrome baths,

the smelling salts obviating the needed nipple.

The stippled trout I nightly catch,
pink insides turned out by blue
blade kept beneath the pillow
baits me with the riddle
again and again -

Something about a stand of trees,
a man carving some bark,
what breath is for.

Today the Market reports a run on Mercurochrome.

Birth goes on.

I am for rebirth.

A dirth of days makes me suddenly Hindu
foregoing gurus and bindu point.

I've made my own here,
one foot well into 'Cracked and Crank',
the drunk tank a memory
worn out.

Doubt is my companion.

Love, too.

No remorse here.

Buys me time, aftershave, and
loads of underwear for the trickles ahead.

Thank the gods for all that.

Oh. And one last good cigar.

Post Script:

I'm switching to
Groucho Marx Zen viz:
'You sed th' woid,
you got the VOID! ! '

Indubitably.

*

ENTRY - DAY 66 - Let's us see how long this lasts:

Nothing to lose, this rag of selves.
With what glory remains of hungry pockets
I skip forward singing, La La La, a willful
don, a lord of nothing-much, poems a'pocket

**

On the other hand, George Steiner, in his book *Real Presences*, as a post-modernist surprises with these words at the outset:

Where God clings to our culture, to our routines of discourse, He is a phantom of grammar, a fossil embedded in the childhood of rational speech. So Nietzsche (and many after him) .

This essay argues the reverse.

It proposes that any coherent understanding of what language is and how language performs, that any coherent account of the capacity of human speech to communicate meaning and feeling is, in the final analysis, underwritten by the assumption of God's presence.

Proofs weary the truth. - George Braques

My words here are not intended, nor are they able, to exclude what Word-oriented, revealed religions of 'the Book' have brought to us and advanced, but now, next 2000 years, the creative struggle will be to conjoin meaningfully polygamous images of psyche into compressions (es-pressions, as in espresso) and ex-pressions (pressed out)

by and with

word and Word which have tendencies toward monotheism, one true meaning only, which results therefore, can't be avoided, into a heavy-handedness in terms of a perceived/derived one and only Absolute. Ironically, the Arabs discovery of always heavy Zero - which, to me, is the only Absolute of merit - gave birth to a multiplicity, diverse, perverse, all the more irascible yet embraceable, maddeningly erasable, while growing arms beyond counting, the better to carry the unforgiving densities.

Count them (or try)

we must; for congenital compulsions such are calcifications - spirit, soul, life in the body - are gripped in the teeth of the world; beatific, we perceive ourselves to be in the image of deity. Still, we can believe we are 'safe' within these calcified 'absolutes' - o here is the 'burning bush' - or we can risk the profligate ramble which is consciousness, a fire still burning, an intuition in each image that there is more here than meets the eye or thigh or deities as imaged. We all look, or try, beneath the skin of things - under what is presented, or within it - for that half-guessed/hinted at and/or 'felt sense' that there is MORE beyond the barred nerve, more and 'other-than' the shock of a chrome bumper-bent world careening, aware that within all is here-a-Presence, all images and words assuming that Presence - the Arabs gift of the non-alloyed Zero unmeasured by mass, a better name for god depending on thermal history's twisting vector or ghostly mirage, if any are to be had - the base in spite of or within the Metallic Matrix of the blacksmith heart hammering verdigris, chambers, ventricles, into shape, Newton's grave conjugations, living time solidified, hardened, stiffening Presence into dilute renderings of base metal, and chaste Frida Kahlo, her canvases chasing plutonium wire unaware, bears the blunt end of Presence at the end of the Aeon of the Fishes still barely beyond Bronze Age's just sharpened edges fluted, pre-Christian Mexico preferring obsidian ones hacked, chipped, scraped upon hard flint. Frida, volcano born, turns into conjugal vessel, Quetzal plume conjoined to Serpent skin rebirthing extensions of crash, a returning God, boat and horse delivered from the red beard of the bloated sea confronting yet one more deity requiring blood.

Viewing Kahlo's paintings which she came to embody, and they her, even those images and words sought which seek expression upon human tongue in human eye, still seek to deny or decry that Presence, Dark Night in broad day, all appearance, a drift beyond meaning, only a swaying bus careening yet again, repeating collision of the Virgin's hymen, amniotic Host forever a Lover divided yet again, Crepuscular Christi, all this in Kahlo, revered now, cultic, for she is Woman Christ multipli-imaged Suffering One with breasts, concealed antlered uterus wincing at anviled annunciations verified only in wavering beliefs such are

weeping statues and surreal apparitions strung out on coniunctio, Gethsemani Girl seen, no longer concealed at all or hidden in plain sight, Christ-o-form agony, isolate, angry, raging, bereft human confusion, 'despised and rejected', the meanness within ourselves destined to see our deities through to the end though beyond capacity to smell necrosis, to see the exit wounds of soul coagulating disguised as skin, muscle, sinew.

And religion.

But it is we who are seen and thus the imperative mercy and compassion, o endlessly, endlessly, for existence as it is and the miracle of that Shining Stranger encountered on all our Emmaus road all the more Real-ing. Lest the bread be broken by that Stranger our eyes cannot see, cannot taste the Thou in existence extending Himself, or Herself as Kahlo-Christ, into our reaching hands and mouths to 'take, eat all of it'. We take when we can see it what is offered by that Shining Stranger who returns us to that 'Thou dimension', all our suffering then contained, held, though never satisfactorily explained so easily reduced to formulaic glibness as so much theology past and presently have done and do still to this day.

The Shining Stranger knows a rod rammed in - o touch his hands and feet, his bleeding side, his weeping womb - and knows Miraculous Dimensions within the apparently real, discovers that very self to be a Miraculous Dimension, an experience, not a Word, nor an image, for both words and images do stumble punch drunk on the once-was-New Wine and Word, those paper scraps unnoticed, unseen, unread, unheeded, or if heeded are only Its, objects devoid of meaning, and not Thous, just one more hapless 'drunk singing in a midnight choir' (Leonard Cohen) .

Emmaus is the road I walk. I pray still. A kind of swoon.

I do not balk at strangers encountered there, shining or not.

When words are put to 'Thou' purposes as the Shining Stranger did at the camp's cook-fire on the Emmaus road then at some point, when bread is broken eyes are opened, a whole loaf now rent into edible pieces rendering wholeness mouth by mouth, once teased ears suddenly recognize sense in sounding voice, that Meaning Itself is before them, feeding, teaching, reaching to touch our own wounded hands and feet, the bleeding sides. All is changed and yet we are returned to life again as it is, but having heard, now seen and tasted ever 'Christ-haunted' for such Grace lingers in aftertaste-yet-a-foretaste,0 Gloria, to say the least, even this lingering grace is a feast, a proffered shining hand remaindering

our own shine dim in comparison but loved all the more by 'the Face', It's 'angels' shining. Angels of the Face do not erase us but substantiate our being here all the more.

Christ the Bread, also the Confounding Stone upon which all our glibness breaks. This breaking tells. We are not unloved by that, that Rod and Presence Who knows and partakes of what Kahlo's images, as did her life as lived, portray. No blame. Only awareness of the stain which is existence, exquisite as the burial cloths of the One Rammed to a tree, suffering Divine Paternity, Kahlo arriving on the threshold of the bus which has just, yet again, circulatio, stopped at her stop to carry her forward into Legend

to come to terms
with what happens
repeatedly

18 years of age
piercing metal violates

turns into something
utterly astonished

livid

burns to vapor

still each canvas
backward falls

cruel alchemical
vas splinters
unrelenting nerves

encased steel-plated Virgin
takes a cyclops for a lover

- from my essay at blog.spot.com. You may google 'warren'swords' at the blog spot address

**

Old now
haiku easier
on the breadth

Road gets narrower
eyesight dims,
even signs wave

Basho's ghost
guides with ink,

HERE NOT HERE

Can't ever cross
Rainbow Bridge

Beneath it, though,
a billet of mist

A river is a process through time, and the river stages are its momentary parts.
—Willard Van Orman Quine

Me, just to be clear at another outset, to set it out, to lay out or in what follows, is to follow, rather, I follow IT, lay it out as IT and how it plays and wants to say, perhaps its stay - which now all below as they go-and-go, are excerpts, patches from poem after poem, a long roam, a life time roaming of them toward rumored HOME, more the homing devices, words, than settling, planting one flag for everything, impossible to do as things, even words do fray down to string and filament fly loosened eventually strand by strand (as do I, me)

in fate-wind, and thus the pastiche ensues, unwinds/unravels on purpose not to my own end but to poetry's ends (plural)

in creating,
destroying, reconfiguring worlds of possibilities plural. And from below bellow scraps filched from whole poems that doubt their legs capacities to stand on their own aka poet Robert Duncan's declaration that

'language, words, make meaning, I don't...'

So what's below is no rural romp or tread and though most readers dread having to participate in the reading of such, having to use their heads and more, better, use their ears without fear of noise or nonsense, then let the lazy forego their efforts here and head off to church or collective shrine or club or circle and so 'knit one pearl two', don the harder shoes that force a straight unyielding path to (or so it is thought and hoped)

chaste and bidden conformity to believed-to-be 'received revealed' paths of doggerel and sentimentality.

Or, alas, early 20th century exiled American poet's proclamation propounding to 'make it new' all the while living in classical Europe, is now, early 21st century, 'the old soft shoe' bougie boogie of those new penners currently blowing in the wind, the Bestseller genies sprung like Athena from Zeus's noggin fully formed Jack n Jill Horners patenting both thumbs and plums having believed that they are progenitors of both. But I'll be plumbed, forego the curd topping the pie but stick, rather, a nether in an eye to scree or effort something wanting to show itself though shy or disguised to throw readers off petrified 'tried and true'. 'Ask not for whom the 'toll tolls, it tolls pritheer' (which is a fun thing to say 'slythlyly').

If the reader is a free bleeder and curious about the flow and where it goes or takes one then have some fun and fuddle, let red matter puddle in the mind, the ears, at least one, the better ear the bad one cuz then one must squint an eye try to hear, must effort to ken what's to be heard that matters in the dim dumb hum haw hem 'to wit, to woo, to whom to what will 'draw flies or better' if it can (or can it)

or draw curiosity that begins and ends in further quests such are questions behest that one at least not tarry too long but scurry or surrey forth in whatever meter one finds is adequate to the moment.

There is no certainty here, capital C, so run away to yer barnacled BIG BOOKS HOLY WRIT yer RECEIVED THINKS. A tinker's damn from me to thee. With humor, old and newer meanings both, risk laughter at what Allen Ginsberg calls 'shapely thought' and of course 'unthought' that can open to mystery though the masses are horribly afraid of all that! There's plentyuh old mystery to be had easily and so cheap (tho stale)

at The Dollar Store with or without a steeple or shrine or other tell-tale once was symbol now reduced (and on sale)

for only a sign, the spark that was once in the totem fled or dead matter tho nostalgia goes far enough for most.

Still, wonder can shew even in an image of Jesus (choose holy man or woman or symbol)

apparition-ing on burnt toast. Now THAT I'll take seriously for I could never worship a deity or sacrality that has no sense of humor, one what can still fun us with rumored visitations in the juub juubs and baubles, from Babel to Babble (how many denominations are daily born, each claiming sole authority?) , veritable spawn of further holy wars.

There is some rhyme here below too, some poems, though rhyme's now long verboten in mod school of poesy forgetting that it, poesy, still 'surely hath its posies' aka Ernest Dowson with whom him too I am and 'have been faithful to thee, O Cynara! ' fiddle dee fiddle dim dumb. He died of debauch. But I am the more abstemious preferring profligate torrents of words and what surds may jell even if but for a moment or just plain even if.

As a boy my daily chore was to dump food scraps and other trash-could-rot into large mulch piles to use for father's gardens. And to dig in the dark dense layers for fat worms with which to fish. From this early boyhood chore, the fishing too - a worm on a hook fathomed into unseen depths for a hopeful forkful revelation of fin and flash cornmeal battered, a vocation long emerged into verges with disregard, and dys-regards, effort taken with reading oracular shards glyphs for meaning or leanings toward such that one could take for meaning even if arrived at by other than expected, received and baptized means.

So abandon all hope ye who enter here. Best to veer away unless willing to risk some secure rumored footholds of logic, meter, measure, rhyme, sanity. I'm with old Ezra's humbled fife and thrum 'is repentant, haggard, niggardly self in ripe and rife old age, beyond chastened, crumpled yet and yes but for a tongue and pen still at and in't, the wiser for 'is sins n schisms:

What thou lovest well remains,
the rest is dross

What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee
What thou lov'st well is thy true heritage
Whose world, or mine or theirs
or is it of none?

First came the seen, then thus the palpable
Elysium, though it were in the halls of hell,
What thou lovest well is thy true heritage
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee

The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
 Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place
In scaled invention or true artistry,
Pull down thy vanity,
 Paquin pull down!
The green casque has outdone your elegance.

'Master thyself, then others shall thee beare';
 Pull down thy vanity
Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail,
A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,
Half black half white
Nor knowst'ou wing from tail
Pull down thy vanity
 How mean thy hates
Fostered in falsity,
 Pull down thy vanity,
Rathe to destroy, niggard in charity,
Pull down thy vanity,
 I say pull down.

But to have done instead of not doing
 this is not vanity
To have, with decency, knocked
That a Blunt should open
 To have gathered from the air a live tradition
or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame
This is not vanity.
 Here error is all in the not done,
all in the diffidence that faltered... '

- March 25,2023

*

Overture (or is it Curvature as is the horn of a bull curved?)
from The Cornada Poems - note, cornada means 'gored' in Spanish, a bullfight term)

tell me now
glass-handled knives

I'm not clear where we started

between the rain
whose throat is blue
like a wild fern is clear

I am sad when I see you

your letters arrive fat
swollen with human form

they fly out from my palms

look around you

*

Discovery of the always
heavy Zero - only Absolute
of merit

births multiplicity
arms grown beyond counting

the better to carry
unforgiving densities

Gifts from Arabia
the non-alloyed Zero
unmeasured by mass

better Names for God:

thermal history

twisting vector

ghostly mirage

prima materia

in spite of or within

Metallic Matrices

blacksmith heart

hammers verdigris

chambered ventricles

reshaping Newton's

grave conjugations

more Names:

base metal

hardened presence

timed solidity

dilute rendering

Great Seamstress of Space,

sew, please,

with fingers of dew

these graceless things, Autumnals most
now, now all einfalle*, footfalls of a life
gathering, guttered, muttering often enough

for a bit of daylight or, sounded tinnily enough,
'distraction fits', more like keeping the bit in
the mouth, letting the mane lead, tack the
tales, it, some of it all, keeps coming back
to me for reprise or mercy or even glad
surprise of at least a line, a phrase, an image,
an effortful stammer that is more than a
glance against the nog, nog, noggin' along

with apologies to Red Robbin

*

An idiot squared,
the schoolchild slowly
counts thick fingers.

Starts over and over
confusing thumbs for radiance.

He leaps beyond sums burning
through a window framing numberless
blue scansions turning over
wing by wing.

Rolling velocity
mindlessly over,
no sums required,
round is easy.

Vertical extension
beyond thumbs,

everything.

*

Aperture:

I cannot understand why my arm is not a lilac tree. - Leonard Cohen, Beautiful Losers

September Keroua-ku

sunset
early
delights
for early
night too

so BOO! goes big moon

Dear reader, if you haven't read Cohen's first novel, Beautiful Losers,
hasten to it! I read it in college and each page turned turned my Wheel; I
thought,

'Wherever it is he lives inside is where I want to live'

and thus began my perpetual 'striving-after'.

Thus, all my poetry efforts can be called

'The Striving-After Poems'.

Soon I shall be only 'striven'.

**

Not a head stands out
A finger rises
Then it is the voice that one knows
A signal a brief note

A man leaves
Up above a cloud that passes by
No one goes in

And the night keeps its secret - Pierre Reverdy

**

And I was desolate and sick of an old passion - Ernest Dowson

It's got to do with America,
my love of music, my grotesque loneliness... - Henry Miller

Are not all summer nights born late in America
fading when morning glories fog draped at dawn
breach fairgrounds an entire continent long?

Pine perimeters encircle veiled hermetic tents.

Suspended rides now frighten.

Briefly carnies are relieved of their ugliness.

Cotton candy gins spin dry confections to cold crystal.

Sugared metals stick/stop, their precocious tongues

tuned too early for erasure's mistaken harlequin moments

turning the page, turning the ruby, the color at least, in the glass.

How can this reddening world not be loved inspite all glimpses
aheadforward to the last page, the back cover closing within
a clover there pressed, the paler lad/man upon the prancer,
its mane long flowing spotlight glow in overflow, the moment
movement illuminates, now, at last, until the circle's swept at
last, the flung pennies gathered.

'And when I saw my devil, there I found him earnest, thorough
deep, somber: it was the spirit of gravity -- through him all things
fall. Not by wrath does one kill, but by laughing. Up, let us kill the
spirit of gravity! ' - Friedrich Nietzsche]

Rehearsals unseen begin anew before searing noon topples
morning toward concluding shadows,

the band practices another
tune but always in the end a stagger, evening's adagio waiting,

the curtain pull-back, the neighing horse and band when the
standing lad/man balances, easily it seems,

glad upon the tighter rope
or the cantering haunch, centering the miracle in the sky-blue

tights that lights the motion-maddend crowd-now-all-one-child
screaming -

Look!

for us he

pretends the miracle of never falling.

**

PRELUDES

I think poetry must
I think it must
Stay open all night
In beautiful cellars. - Thomas Merton

all these, or many, for Elaine B.
for 'Dear Low Mc.' aka Steadfast
and for N. Nightingale, everly Empress of Contrails

**

Prelude Blue:

Life, dear Barcelona, is sweet.

One endures long enough to break through thunder,
a taut belly, a smooth place for lips to land.
One may reach a 'Pure Land' which has no logic,
the tedious seasons of long life endured.

Still, one gathers names of each joven prince passed
beneath loving, yes, arduous hands.

Again, upon Kingfisher's wings I blow these kisses,
this music, your patient ear awaiting the purist pearl,
for you were once the bequeathed, escaped girl
without fear of oceans, this one between us which
now must be overflown to reach you.

**

This ancient tonguing
betrays some fault
disdaining the human world -

which occurred first,
the birthing or the wounding?

Abjuring flesh of necessity,
this, my peace, is false

but the music woos,
swells me up.

It is my sleek, bleak hour
remembering Bathsheba's girth.
There is some mirth in remembering her,
those skirts and veils like a cadence of sweet cakes
and guilt... and O this,
this midnight stagger,
nothing hurt but trembling
hand shaking to dryness,
the other leaning into willow.

**

After the Japanese - Badly (c.1984 or so)

That the gods have lifted clouds from Fuji is no wonder. That
you have lifted these
sighs from me here on this pallet is wonder -

enough for me to turn beneath you to earth,
to be dirt that you may sow again,
renew tendrils entwining each spring
that you may lay your leaves upon
fading clover, us the shivering autumn,
ours the promised bestowal -

us to be done over in six moons.

To be done over in six moons
boats gently sift waters
wearing thin transparencies -

suns, moons, stars jeweled facets,
and your face leaning beside the bank
fishing smooth stones to suck
for silver. Winter your need in me,
mine to lay crystal against crystal and flesh -

a fine mesh of stars now strains the river.

**

(a few years late - the beginning of the Planet Unrequita Poems)

I'm wondering how a moon so large becomes pathetically entangled in once gentle
willows, suddenly
splinters beside a river, explains breaking
glass, cars aflame

If you wore nylons I could kiss you.

I'm confused. Infused vagrant blood
refuses no stops. Lust cops wait in
dark glasses near darker doors to bust.

I've managed before. Two black coffees and the shakes, bad.

Were we talking about rabbit punches last night,
the blank, blond faces of Stockholm?

Which drinks were free?

**

We lay together, two wrecks, Love,
wooden ships conjoined by forces
too great, too objective to blame.

We stretch beside a shoreline,
eels play in the one rib of our
opened selves, our rarer fingers
share at last, gesture horizon
to stars, even Sun/Moon entwine
before and behind centering a
presumably expanding circumference
curving inwardly toward itself
which is an affection, a longing,
a bottom upon which even God can
lay hidden from secret admirers
such are mirrors whose surfaces
are rarely breached.

But there is reach.

Many ways to say the word 'love'

**

'Humanity, is on the way, always moving towards something. At least, we should be. The classic theological concept for this is 'Homo Viator', or Man on the Way [Man the Flier]. For life is a journey, an adventure that we are always a part of. We do not choose to be on the way, it is our existential situation. We are not at home, we are on the way home....We long to be at home, in a place of comfort, yet we are not.' - Dan Jesse

'.... from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation.... A way a lone a lost a last a loved a long the ' - James Joyce

**

Each night there must be one, out there,
on the deck, supplicating in boozy tongue,
oozing heart-love all over, spurning the way
things go down in the world, cheap spindrift
the cranes know of dipping their bloated beaks
to the waves. And he must dip his head, braying,
with his hands motioning to the night -

Away! Away!

**

The Empress Of Contrails Writes Upon Darkness - Anxiety Of Influence

I, on the other hand,

have lain down with

countless thousands.

My tent is worn out.

Stains mark love-cries,

some blood where tongues

are ground down to root

words, utterance hard

pounded, soft tissue

torn letter by letter,

tender verbs opened to

pain, that which is paid

for more than these
alabaster embraces
and this strangling
of waists.

My tent has drained more
of love's body than a mortuary.
Spikenard scented oils taint
fabric folds and flesh. Rote,
worn pillows are daily, sometimes
hourly turned where I half expect
to find teeth or coins hoping
still for one true word for
love without name else it flies,
moths repelled instead by flame,
pillows revealing nothing.

But I turn them still.

Oasis and cloaca,
love birds parched,
now moves caravansary
toward heart's always

winking horizons.

There are many before

the sun rises.

Perhaps my name goes

before me, my press,

Empress of Contrails,

peacocks in tow,

trailing tallies, scores,

arrivals, departures,

ejaculations, rejections,

all faces hands have held,

and yearning beyond possibility

hesitant dawn's mourning doves.

Recall how hot winds blow loudly

as do I, billowing the tent. Men

cry mad for my return yet burns

no desert impervious to heat of

all kinds, even human, excepting

the heart its capacities to startle,

its dunes in vast stretches beat

on what moonlight can only
suggest to scorpions in silver
shadows, pitying serpents coiled
smug in their ability to shed skin,
unlike the veiled men.

**

The animal we are
reserves just rights
to complain -

empty bellies,
encroached territories,
crotch urgencies,
skin withers,
fur falls -

brittle goes the bone,
so small the gathered human corners,
so great the needed mercies.

**

(all praise)

marvelous

vapor is life restive (as are days)

▣ thousand undulate congregations ▣ need for falconer after all ▣hen Cha
os a'daze of a Sunday

evening seems to know something

so falls into

and what

purple fields

**

If there is a back (if I had one)

would I lie back with yellowed claws pale scratch a hole the sky crack hide desire's body there love's poor inevitable choices decry the

fetish

of normality when all anything anywhere wants to do is go undercover preen-preen undergo indigo scream-scream (as lovers, swollen do as body wanderers do)

are want wantonly to play become all fathers the eye looking this way that the other bent over a fixed in

skyhole

a

search

breath lurch lunge
all the live long rife song

edging the egg
sag the tail end the

whole flight pattern
migration all night

thrusts rumored
whispers traced

at least two million
years plus whiskers

cyphers filaments

tufts cruciform

downy cuni-nundrum

cross-eyed
cross hairs

there aim
up and in
there deep

in the out
drawing

breaths

unraveling
above the
sheets the

bellows echoed
at last out to
sleepy nothing

only butts'

contrails

pile high

in an

ashtray

**

Einfallen - Remaining Light In Duino

NOTE: Einfallen - German - verb meaning come to mind, invade, fall, collapse,
come in, aha, insight-ing

[Beginning with two lines from Fifth Duino Elegy by Rainer Maria Rilke which was inspired by Pablo Picasso's painting, Le Saltimbanques - The Acrobats, with which Rilke lived with for some months]

1

'You that fall with the
thud only fruits know, unripe, '
here wait to be shaken.

Here we carry, or ought to (driven so much past
bitter root) , sugar, not for selves but for the gods
to sweeten their too objective palates

(at least they have tongues/mouths,
we know they have teeth)

to open them into our subjectivity which, secret told, is
what they crave, our realist sufferings, such are sweet
to them, makes them, too, more solid - what they seek -

solidity beyond our capacities to reify
but for Imagination which conducts/births them into material
being.

Our extreme suffering compensates for, gravitates their
too refined coldness toward heat.

They, like scattered flour, having no leaven,
dream/desire us-the-leaven; they seek/swell

into what we have, what we bring, we, the most baked,
to be torn into, eaten too for yearning gods' sake.

They come/fall compelled to colors, palettes, ours, upon
worn pallets, these acrobats, as yet enfleshed lovers in
not yet felt world and literal sense, they

do balance, risk, stumble, break, stutter, cry, utter
such further dimension into

desire's bodies, breath, ashes,
importantly, always just arriving

forgetting the arguing seed's
previous vertical discontent.

2

Such skies already known

limb by limb escape

slowly their shaping.

They suspend, extend then

into their felt fall,

hard land into waking.

What uses for tears there

are gathered there from

the eye, pour upon the

cheek from which miscreant

tongues may most drink.

3

Think again upon these things

which go about in darkness and

stumble against begging no pardon

intent still on passage confused

for words or Ibn Arabi's 'Black Light'

no light at all or thing but a gnosis

found, or given.

Gnosis, most striven for, in minutest motes, is.

All this to say, Ready.

Darkness. Expand/extend

further beyond (yet into)

unsaid street corner,

into inarticulate cathedral,

into unutterable mosque,

into wholly other loci

dependent upon uninhabited

blue field, crust, what

passes for, or has, Light,

hues' overtones 'beyond the fiddle.'

4

Now here must stop

in what is remaining light to cook

must bend to the purple cabbage at hand,

the courage of the knife

the helpful drive of hunger,

marvel yet again, it's faceted pattern when

halved, same as the onion, the leek

Such facets in me too reveal when

I dare to be loved in two

**

A New Postmistress Yet Again - After Reading Duino Elegy Five Before Dawn

'...this carpet forlornly lost in the cosmos...' - Rainer Maria Rilke

A new postmistress yet

again a disaster she

seems to be unable

to read to coordinate

for instance yesterday

two arrive for me in

two separate mailboxes

one in my neighbor's

I find one at my
door just now
when going to
the roof to shake
throw rugs
stringy now
rags mostly
doormat too

letter's there
in one old
boot
left
right
doesn't
matter

can't toss
either out
not yet
must remember

their miles

not yet

ready

for a last

winter

a heap

ready or not

I shake

the throws

over St. Marks

dust is blowing

sun's not high

just enough

little cloud

just

somewhere

beyond

between

buildings

morning glory's

already

opened

closed

an

accident

of

placement

its

indigo

**

Fodor Not Fyodor - Night Walk With Images (exerpt)

□.Because we are partial beings who yearn for total states.' - Michael Eigen

Petrograd
(petrol-grade)

□ow damnable (are)

your clever- □esses

now Saint Petersburg

not one sister
city

purges between
shrubs and
out of mis-
placed long
necked lilies

breathes
vodka and sex

grim chorused
pigeon-churn

Icon of Our Lady

(O the lilies white)

Trapes drips Ebed smeared Candle smoke Sag

s
the
fagged
ghosts'
conjugal wax
in inkless sky

**

Minimus Flees

'I, Minimus, a boy,
withstood the spelling bee.
Lost the word, its spelling,

E-q-u-a-n-i-m-i-t-y.

So tread I to the apple tree
where the dreaded bee hums
night and day, tells me to be gay.

Mute, I fled. Running still, away.'

**

Oh, pretty boy, Can't you show me nothing but surrender? - Patti Smith

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled - Felicia Dorothea Hemans

So that three-legged dog pants,
knows only that piss-scented
tires owe him a leg up in the world.

At least one.

All opening lines are strung up years ago when you were
that freckle in 'Father Frank's What-The-F*ck-Land', all
the books (never false starts)

read and to be read written since then
and now and to come during the insufferable
hours, forlorn miles in the merciless cab all jib jab flap and
flutter real voice about poor human choices which even at
their worst vote for 'visionary company' in those universes
revealed in now glittering Texan and still warring Iraqi sand.

It is so brilliantly human to find the diamond in the sh-t.

And no need for genius which used
to mean something but not any more.

On with the boring
center line endlessly
dividing though broken
on purpose suggesting
a way to veer.

No guide needed here.
Fear is the drive shaft,
and longing turns the wheel.

Damned good you are inspired then
amidst progress's smoking mirror, like
Blake, a wake-dreamed jeweler mining
away in-breathed while sucking those
cigarettes and lovers, the endless hash
browns along Texas highways and byways
waiting for another dispatch to Bumf*ck and Divine.

The psalmist says it right, no matter the blight:

'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.'

I await another dispatch prayer for the far flung tracers.

**

Totem for auto nights
in flagrante,

Tempests
not understood,

barely withstood,
massive pagan
quakes there

where sap does
rise born again

long of old half-dreams
boned aromas,

pinos adolescent amonias
sticky there

where a tarred groin-boy
aches, patient,

limb to limb,
squints
holding

weight and breath

without complaint

or brakes

Whereas once of the spinning stars
docked, the spillway Galaxy spins out,

or tries,

its star-child every night for a week,
from-front-seat-from-back, breaches

Nova - a star's sudden bright increase
swells, slowly inward turns, burns back

to original hover over some months
then settles half-past-and-beyond

Carolina

before Interstate 85 was ever

of blue and grey, states blue or red,
this morning's metrics convey the
once-were-living too very late to Art,
to Poesy, to stained cemetery angels'
questioning sentinels leaning whitely
into space rendered mere gestures
in the dusk.

They conjure abstract eternity from
years ahead of our deaths as if we
had already passed on.

Just what is it the meek shall inherit, after all?

Such is mythos - the inheritance,
and the transcendence, of dirt —

First hurts hurt us into conscious selves,
thereafter the losses, the embossing scars
we call character—glyphic scratches on
cave walls such are brain pans. Only bones
remain which in their stiff muteness provoke
the volumes we call Myth, Religion, Art, and
History—blunted inscriptions of impermanence,

precise and precipitous prescriptions for
living, we think, free while leaving that
'stained white radiance' eventually stumbling,
foolishly surprised each time, into all our
grave or urn or scatter greeted everly by

'the conquering worm'—

so goes the Funeral March's drum

Tum tum ta-tum

**

'Of these beginnings, gay and green, propose
The suitable amours. Time will write them down.' - Wallace Stevens

That Salt Adheres

(for Karthik)

That salt adheres to the palm proclaiming only this that purchase requires both
sweat and the one hidden pearl
of scraped touch

much there is in the hand
bequeathed;
beneath the thigh the grit
burns smooth the groove
where you lay

tapered fingers flame
that these lips may chaff
chafe more the love
from the grain which
skin frames from
cloudless scansions

Kindled limbs
do not go out
do not ash hot
to powder
nor the colder grow
though each is made distinct,
distinguished,

though each
is extended, extinguished in
the other's contradiction
neither brother or lover

but both

of palms
of salt

Preserve.

**

Preamble/Prologue:

Ah! I am so forsaken I will worship at any shrine impulses toward perfection. —
Arthur Rimbaud, from *The Broken Boat*, second poem in

Iipseity, fun to say, moribund to be, means 'the quality of being oneself or itself;
the essential element of identity which begs the question of the nature of
identity, upon what is such based, existence (LATIN: esse)

or essence (Latin: essentiam) . And thusly the hitherto wither
hurled wags on...

Chrestomathy, ponderous what, is a librarian's word for 'compendium,' which is what all this below is, and all the poems listed, many to be justly, clinical term, 'deactivated' (as will I be, deactivated, sooner than later washing my socks, one can hope, pray, wish may come, somewhere else in the multiverse) . These graceless things, Autumnals most now, now all einfalle, footfalls of a life gathering guttered, muttering often enough for a bit of daylight exposure or sounded tinnily enough, 'distraction fits', more like keeping the bit in the mouth, letting the mane lead, tack the tales, it, some of it all, keeps coming back to me for reprise or mercy or even remarkable surprise of at least a line, a phrase, an image, an effortful stammer that is more than a glance against the nog nog noggin along, with apologies to Red Robin.

Seeking a central conceit is tricky but (I've found)

tone is conceit-enough such as 'in the dream the dead sister always returns as a bird' - dear bird that she is/was - mordant muse, bit in the beak, always necessitates a rearrangement of this bleat hear-bellow below. Well intended, of course. If nothing else it is all praise, as Roethke says, to the end. And as Eliot says, 'in my end is my beginning.' After this, it goes into the sea. But like Eliot in Four Quartets, toward the end, I hope to at least pass close by a 'shining Stranger', one well-acquainted with, with what, witness in the quotidian caesura each breath is, self conscious, begging release into some majestic sense as the, or at least an, order of things.

Regarding tone these quotes immediately below may approach a range-reach re: what some of the overall effects may be from what has a lifetime now come through/from/over/outta me, aspiring too much to grandiosity, certainly too pompous, a bad habit learned early on in the teeth of fundamentalist Christianity, Calvinism, its dour darkness rigor mordant rack upon which a boy's tormented and doesn't yet know it but has learned that one must make a certain music or tone that identifies one as near or intending to be nigh unto to the Immortal One polishing thunder, tuning lightning, lathering Justice and Retribution in Lava from an unending Inner Sinai caldera imprisoned by Its own Purity and Law and somehow, madness but noble in its own way, requires humans, perhaps all of creation, to liberate It from Its own Terrible Nature.

No way one, not this one, me, at least, is going to escape Tone the Terrible and Frighteous thus the scrinch, wench and squeal forthwith and without, in it all's an most serious Appeal - Misericord, Mercy; all that can be offered for real is earnest honest-enough appeal and response to that unflinching Hover, Searing Eye Ball and a contradictory Kindly Light. So I'll bright and bring-fling beauty all kinds, its sounds too, into the Inclement Blue Nothing. It means me into some meaning

learning yearning leaning on rumored 'Everlasting Arms'.

Here I'll palsy. Here I'll curtsy, even bow, forehead close to dirt (leaving a little space between for free will, possible delusions thereof) , bargain mine own hurt into the matter of Matter against His Pristine Petrification Barnacle, my adjudicating behests for clemency before the Bench while on that crowded one for sinners, a veritable separate universe to contain the uncountable herds, alluswe absolute beginners flung into this mess gathering and molding intentions toward Perfection all the while knowing its a shell game been round, still going perpetually around, a long long LONG.

So, forsaken, making a case for finitude's tone, headlong I go, and if you dear reader accompany me some I am honored for your presence...bring your shovel though, your flame thrower, and, please, your sense of humor and also what you know to be true, two things, poetry is hard hard work, a hard work miracle (as are all the arts) , and, quoting poet James Dickey, 'Poetry's the greatest goddamned thing in the universe' (apart from ourselves, of course [he writes, laughing behind of his hand]):

The 3 quotes before the Bench:

'Listening to music, then, we are not first in one tone, then in the next, and so forth. We are, rather, always between the tones, on the way from tone to tone; our hearing does not remain with the tone, it reaches through it and beyond it....pure between-ness, pure passing over.' - Wilson Harris, from The Angel At The Gate

Riff on the above: 'Listening to music, then, we are not first in one bone, then in the next, and so forth. We are, rather, always between the bones, on the way from bone to bone; our hearing does not remain with the bone, it reaches through it and beyond it....pure between-ness, pure passing over.'

'Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
Not untwist — slack they may be — these last strands of man
In me ór, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.' - Gerard Manley Hopkins

*

And yet another PREAMBLE after the above amblings plural (prolly more to come)

aimed to set a tone or more than mo
notones 'threaded-sewn-moaned give a dog a bone'...Here's the stuffing such as
swerved:

A dog named Ego, the snowflakes as kisses - Delmore Schwartz

'If there were a middle ground between things and the soul
or if the sky resembled more the sea
I wouldn't have to scold
my heavy daughter.' - John Berryman

'Yes, Paul dear, Homer's wandering in Hell.
We can't afford to hire him.' - Lorine Niedecker

'How can we cleanse ourselves -- what rites? ' - Sophocles, Oedipus the King

"I still can take

the sky -- there lies my path.' - Ovid, Metamorphosis

THE PARADOX:

'The form of spirit as it awakens is adoration.' - Ludwig Wittgenstein

vs

'Finished in lightning, the little chaos raves.' - Muriel Rukeyser

thus the burden search:

'from omnipotence to madness - within this spectrum locate the ambivalent
community.' - Lee, Sue-Im

Fusion or union.

Fission or frisson.

Fissure or seizure.

Lesion or leisure.

Message or measure.

**

'...the perfection of the work, including the perfecting of the victim' - Kenneth Burke

...all's a confession when
all's said and done. Confession
to wit, to what, to whom?

So bring me a unicorn,
a rhinoceros horn fan,
a jade spittoon... 's jus'
me n You the Alone.

Many questions,

medieval and otherwise.

Agnes thinks in squares. Or not.

Layered resolutions vague the plot.

Punished flesh leans into ground.

Our roots there ungrieved are ungrieved still.

I remain stuck in King James,
entangled in lyrical tongues,
Revelation's old virgin

A year before he died Saint Thomas Aquinas gave up speaking and writing:

'I can write no more. I have seen things that make my writings straw, all straw.'

other than bliss of barter - mine was
and is yet not a life well lived but most
certainly paid great attention to - too
painted, sketched, searched, reached,
stretched, dropped, slung headlong
downstairs out windows into Polaris
center splinter off chasing one Bear
or Her other, Ursa Major, Ursa Minor

'no matter, '
urges Mind
and Matter

I would rewrite the whole thing
withdraw every word without ado

with undue pressure release even
these mountains upon which within

which I turn sleepless in the dark
beneath laurel the rhododendron

pungent in cold spring air wondering
just where this all goes how it all

ends this life where thunder rolls
between this valley where I am heat

lightening teasing presences I will
not name though the old masters

have forever tried and try yet again
on each thinning page in this worn

book the collected songs which have
finally crossed an ocean have made

it over the Eastern hills to some
of us here far far on other shore

**

Winter Rite for a Spider - A Quarantine Dirge [excerpt]

for Jane Mead

Spider first days here I spoke to every
morning from the john wondering at its
slow movements for 3 days till 4th its
legs curl tuck tightly beneath its carapace
I blow at it from the cold seat - bunched
draws round my colder ankles it budes
not at all realize it is deceased legs uniformly
creased a beauty to see first time ever've
felt remorse for a bug

....

so perform brief bone chill rites then
slide down the path patch to my ground
floor entrance to hot shower then to
Hopkins' poem - The Windhover the
more meaningful than ever for its

'dappled-dawn-drawn' things or rather
substituted or addendum-ed pray ponder
'threaded-sewn-moaned' things strangely
mourned actual tears born no doubt of

projections upon small cringes majestically
formed objectively perceived from secret
and sightless spaces suspended cocooned
in darkness or once in close woods strung

pearled between limbs and trunks ferns
freakt my face when August-last stumbled
in marsh's humid stagger thickets face first
into a massive web the sudden grand mal

like seizure like slaps scrape-face-eyelids
forehead-pate monstrous poison fears from
not so small a miracle - webber's tales spun
of/from its self from within to without such

rhymed tattle rattle faint
click no ears human to
hear little feet tight-walking
filament filigrees faint but

so very

there

spun

in

thin

air

Something About A Rumi Poem - With Jackhammers, Doves, Bach Cantata
Number 85, Hungry Ghosts, A Wasted Life - Or Not

Yet another for Low (who turned me on to James Wright in Asheville Vales)

Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body I would break
Into blossom. - James Wright

And yet this aria on this bright sunny day NYC clear while jackhammers and their
jackhammerers pound directly beneath my 8 am window.

Patient doves, their blessings dulcet on usual late winter fire escape just other

side of window, have fled,

bed's no refuge, 'm mad daunted, unwanted din in the city of men

juxtapose dust hammered up from bookshelves, compliant window ledge's
graying clouds of god knows what,

with Bach's praises, with sharp sneezes in B minor, my whining complaints just
so much braying 'Hair On A Me String', impotent,

curses abjure to roaring city that never let's me sleep, Polis's absolute rule-
unchangeable being

neither blizzard, gale, hail, pandemic nor Jehovah's Witnesses shall prevent
absolute Imperatives of Unrelenting Progress

from hammering meek citizens escaped to tarred overpriced roofs, city of Hungry
Ghosts calculating taxes wondering

just why there is no more ink in the Voracious Printer.

Reading James Wright poems, collected, cathected, despite the din, comes then
radio's magnificent transcendence, Johann

Sebastian Bach, complementarity of apparent-opposites impinged contrasts of
radio's morning news:

'sameness bright, dinged,
yellow-suited predictable
helmeted men at war with
pavement 5 floors below
mad to get to gas, rusted
pipes a'leak, perhaps,
mock episode'

my dream's no longer detail-remembered, s'blotted,

only scraps to poke at -

something to do with a Rumi poem,

a turbaned Sufi at the wheel, a beat
VW cab, bright yellow, banged up,

drives me

(denser body jam crammed
back seat behind of the Driver

my window blacked out -
no seeing the Path clearly)

to my long ove

rdue
Reunion/Return with/to

the Friend.

Did I make it?

Nonetheless

ARRIVED

(relinquished?)

STOPS Curbed - Ask, 'How muc

h? '

One eye tics,

Beard, dyed orange,

distracts,

'S'just skin in the game. Get out! '

in full Bronx accent.

Ejected duly.

Street corner

rumbles sub rosa.

Just the thing,

jerks an altared grate,

dyslexia nervosa

out of body

anhedonia -2

a'sudden,

sullen bracing,

then blurs into

frames powder-blue.

Beard drives straight up

into endless sky which,

image, is a lie, it does

end, thin to thinner

then no matter,

more's the ether.

Elevating bumper

sticker reads,

almost out of site,

into unannounced

dystances dim

with tail pipes,

with ashes,

miles of them,

endless traffic:

I BRAKE FOR BLOSSOMS

Still, I have lost the drift. -1

**

-1 A riff on a famous last line of a James Wright poem, it being:

'I have wasted my life.'

-2 anhedonia - the inability to feel pleasure

**

Got Jack In My Pocket (A section of Slim Noir's Memoir, Youthful Excisions 1970's)

In the valley of Saint Elmo I circumambulated, not a stupa in sight but, yes, very much my stupor, the massive Crosses-pocked cemetery where Tennessee Ave and Lookout Mountain Highway jerked apart, severed, rather, perseverated, and/but but/and I had Jack in my pocket to read among the plots, his many providing accompanying rhythm as I winding went.

Just what I needed then.

Kerouac saved what was left of my sanity while plummeting out of fundamentalist Christianity, self-exiled from the dread Presby-tistas of Lookout

Mountain 'pon yon Calvin's cringing hill.

There were other writers too but Kerouac loomed and looms (as in weaves)
still, vital to my coming down from the unraveling
yarn of Reformation Mountain, the red bricked Lowell-like smudge-neckt
rejoinder of Chattanooga, human all too human, greasy smog-smear, yes, but
was sufficient enough to blink much and stutter stagger eventually away from a
riven chapter of my life coming, or so I then thought, to an end, and/but Chat-
town, Saint Elmo's clubbed foot edge-bottomed playing footsies with the
Inclination to See Seven States (of Mind, Hell, Heaven)

from Summit, a still collective tendency of bother-to-Ascension promise
s of future inherited mansions imperpetuituous tsk tsk, twas and still tis, has to
be, part of personal history, self as blister more than enough.

'Hi there Tex, what you say
Step aside partner, it's my day
Bend an ear and listen to my version
(Of a really solid, Tennessee excursion)

opening lyrics of Chattanooga Choo Choo

I took comfort tho in knowing Ismael Reed was from Chattanooga, Bessie Smith
too, even Glenn Miller's joyous Choo Choo brought some joy pointing me soon
enough avast away to Thomas Wolfe's town, Asheville, where the new chapter
really began, Wolfe, of course, being young Jack's literary hero, upon whose
porch I'd often swing after an almost-midnight bad cup of coffee in hand,
SHONEYS BIG BOY excretions all the blander by the free pot-fulls proffered over
an almost floating definitely hallucinatory slice of the famed strawberry pie
glopped 10 chinlinks below one's own for the tasting; in the other hand a book,
Jack's or Wolfe's, to gander just before I'd clock in some blocks away at the
psych hospital for all night shifts on the locked unit where I could read most of
the night as patients neurochemically slept bludgeoned, it was and now still
hoped, into normailty's promised, o ye good citizens, golden oblivion-with-
benefits, depending on the state and region, an earnestly rumored extended
sanity unfurling without end, BUT

Jack says it all better, could, did, but I bow to him and try, stick a pickle in my
eye, wink wink:

For Jack

On with the boring
center line endlessly
dividing though broken
on purpose suggesting
a way to veer.

No guide needed here.

Fear is the drive shaft,

and longing turns the wheel.

**

Late '70's - Insurmountable Mountains (inside but not out)

And what shall I cry out? My impotency? My useless rage? When w
hy be forgiven when Heaven's Will stays?

Undaunted, there are no cracks in Its ceiling,
only Light from a million suns to harm,

and a rustling of wings in corridors,
and a thousand voice chorus crying out,

No arms! No arms!

I've been to hell
and flaunt it like a gypsy's skirt.

I've been to hell
with a thosand tongues of metal."

- a journal note poem 1978 - was reading Federico Garcia Lorca in Barnardsville,
NC living in a house over 100 years old, no electricity, no running water, not
even an outhouse but o there was a front porch with mountain views, a rusted
tin roof still able to keep rain rhythm even to buckle melodically in high winds
sister cedar old brushed roof nights shush when dark horizon all 'round blushed
w/moonshine fires a half moon's full hand flush chest-close demurely rising from
now closer hills' counsel to 'beware, even god loves likker stills' at the foot of
Mount Mitchell highest mountain east of the Rockies. This just before I not quite
zombie flew to South America for 6 months...then back to dropt-out-last-

semester (withdrew a few weeks in but then post-South America)

returned to college to graduate, a theology degree but no longer so inclined to theology, but to mystery yes, the theo, that which reveals in the very small object, its center. Size doesn't matter when en-theo matters matter. Thus finally concluded 'to Harlem then I came'.

tell me now

glass-handled knives

I'm not clear where we started

- from same journal same year - cryptic cypher poems inspired by minimalist artist Agnes Martin whose canvases some of them one is substantial enough long gazing/sitting with I finally got to meditate upon upon moving to Manhattan...to lend a sense of where my psyche was just before the 'El Dorado' trek in hopes dire to be reckoned with and perhaps reconciled, re-fired enough, here's two more cypher entries from afore mentioned journal:

between the rain

whose throat is blue

like a wild fern is clear

I am sad when I see you

your letters arrive fat

swollen with human form

they fly out from my palms

look around you

'I finally broke into the prison

I found my place in the chain

Even damnation is poisoned with rainbows' - Leonard Cohen

earth: I'll remember you

you were the mother you made pain

I'll grind my thorax against you for the last time - C. K. Williams

VOICE NOT MINE:

You know you're a dead man already...so what's to lose IF....

VOICE MINE:

Dunno dunno

I blear veer

headlong heavy-

footed too

the mantra's,

What to do?

Out of my league
as creature alone,
I demur to Fire.

Am awaiting further instructions.

Marinating in petrol.

Negotiating
with Combustion Union

even as I
speak or spark,

whichever come
first which will

inexorably of course

come last then

ashes to ashes
and the mourning

a thousand
or more books unread,

not understood.

Entonces, toujours
and yours, mon ami,

mon frere, je finis

off to rhyme with

fire, and sirelings

*ipseity - 'personal identity, individuality, selfhood, ' 1650s, from Latin ipse 'self'
+ -ity

**

'...Because we are partial beings who yearn for total states.' - Michael Eigen

otherness / interiority
loneliness / self-ignorance
recitation / quietism
salve / balm

*

the blank stare
the cancelled look

does it go
does fire it know

so goes the banter
so goes the way
of what is the going
away or the returning
or the first-arrived

*

when is the done
actually over?

[shrugs]

another turned page

*

a toad does not say what it knows

*

still the valid address

'shall and will' and 'spill my beans'
the very few that are left

bereft? sure I am
cleft? yes

twained? drained mostly - acedia [ah-che-dia = dryness]

the letting
go of even a leg up
in the world because being
as it is known the way we know it

has
no leg by which to balance

or can't like a candled book
or a cancelled look

dance upon a sill,

or chance upon that which may
be withstood to stand

upon though

stand we will
and must and,

flutter-foot, alight,

so many winged
ones addressing

the old and present
wounds -

latencies of disintegration

ancient slopes of containment

gnomic marginalia

apophatic aphasias

inclement hallelujahs
trace the grace-note of reprieve

Here I go once more

working over old attempts at poetry, many
laments dedicated to or about, or accusative
of, the two Indian lovers after whom I no longer
pine but, perhaps, oak, or holly

but good memories of what, for me at least,
would be their gleaned love after a lifetime
of nought; but reach, inward-turned, burns
to a bindu point as yet to be seen but it is felt

as familiar bad weather

Call it spurn or better

This adhered old ache breaks open familiar
sorrows neither lent nor borrowed for what
they are worth or were, hurt-worth, a new
category of value though such with booze
or nostrums varied are still hard to swallow

So now they chorus call,
no, they bellow

See?

The wallow is ready
Just took three doses in three different forms

Who knew self pity had as many or more
forms when just one would do

Now cued Cruel City's proud jackhammers break
out just for me, they're in my innermosts too

they stammer so so shake both wall
and floor yet not without some fitful
rejoicing such are their ever

inclement hallelujahs

**

'I...watch the dark fields for a rebirth of faith and wonder.' - Dame Edith Sitwell

Where have they gotten to
these graces clumsy on their feet?

They've fled, easy wings balletic toward ocean or other.
Black, they bob low over white waves, confuse themselves
for sails or Van Goghs or Cezannes, even Twomblys so,
steady, they go away or depending on time of day and

slant of sun they wobble or appear to do so when things
even birds are bent mirage-podge-and-puddle-trajectories
of intent, instincts prevailing, so

woven, they have went,

their patience with the city spent.

They're fled. Gone.

'...Shut the sea to His sad complaints...' - Ruth Valadares Correa

This, of a sudden -

woke up w/
teeth hurting,

too much salt in
last night's flung
together meal,

my careless
Sodom hand,

a.m. face
swollen from
two things,

looking back,

and molars that
quit years ago
but forced them
to endure promi-
sing only softness
pliant upon slow
bites and easy slices.

Sufficed for awhile.

Now Oxycontin
dawn droops lids,
dunks face and
what can of my
head in cold water's
trickle spigot the
super's yet to fix
so wet's nixed
months now

but drips'er shock
enough, baptism
enough, and coffee,
then see what day
might bring sprung
from whatever wills
this cyber thing, its
anti-viruses auto-
immune can't tell me
from bugs and I pay
out extra bucks big
but both bugs and
defenses work against
me such are cyber
graces' incautious
in flagrante worms.

Dear Low....to continue, all is not lost despite dys-mordant molars,
narcissus\narkosis meanders late of dawn but oriented again by Villa-Lobos
song...so, to recover the narrative of dawns:

Awakened to this this morning, Bachianas Brasileiras No.1.

I remember the first time I heard it - in college, thanks to Elaine, a library copy
and a suspended moment at the dorm window watching fog pour up from a deep
Tennessee valley, socked in again, which often happened on Lookout Mountain,
weeks of thick late Autumn fog, gray white-out cloud-light leaning into the un-lit
quarter, philosophy books stacked, Pre-Socratics, Church History, Clement,
Polycarp, a Gnostic wind bitter, portending our destined bondage, howling just
beyond the pane, the un-modulated whistle of said insistent storm playing the
Castle In The Clouds in fierce Sinai song, Bachianas Brasileiras conducted by Villa
Lobos himself, nothing short of revelation that my too young to be so weary self

had no idea existed but upon hearing within pinnacled gale nothing could prevail against my landing oriented-at-last by mostly cellos and fog spinning in Brazilian rhythms I would spend my entire life descending toward, stumbling forward, misstepping, striving after 'my kingdom for a macaw' become a slack-jawed shamanatrix entranced by dirt, green overhang in forest din daily feathered by birds all kinds in twining limbs above.

No romance involved with all that now, I am an almost old man more rapidly untangling string by string, out-cello-ed in the end, and yet again, by an innate longing to land, go under, dwell within, peaking out, over strung, finally done with Polycarp and company, at one with my Hopkins book still, sufficed from Terrible Sonnets to Accidental Grace:

Rendered, I yield.

I am peeled layer by layer to pomes-penny-each
glottal stops of 'soul, self, come, poor Jackself, '
be advised once more, 'jaded, let be' -

while not forgetting to go with Lobos rhythms,
leave 'comfort root room' finally escaping
John Calvin's dire and doom -

'let joy size At God knows when to God knows what;
whose smile's not wrung, see you'

and raise you One.

The Drying Assuages

'And all is vanity amongst these my ruins, '

says Sweeney, whoever he may be,
tidies up neurotically, gin on the breath
for he is bored unto death but awaits daily
the post for possible liberty which he took
once on the mooch with a wealthy dowager who
mistook him for someone else. The scar forever
reminds of dumb lusts and dumber luck never

dreaming she was a black belt, his teeth,
now cracked, remind him to 'be mindful of
the good against all wants' so sitz he the
wiser, chaste, a slack-jawed wastrel, piles
cooling upon cool stones, in ruins reading
Sam Beckett but that is another story written
in stars Centauric, to wit

qua qua qua
sisk boom ba
twixt Fucquaad
& Apothecary
near the corner
time forgot

but o not I
not I when
the clot broke

the expectorating
hoi polloi
screaming **1

no help at all

as I stood pale
pale, paler still,
bleeding out from
an undignified
place leaning
upon a tailor's
wall, he too

no help at all

threatening to
call the cops

It closes me in
again to recall

qua qua qua

Fucquaad

amongst the forgotten roses
where one is hungover in the
supposes with which one perpetually
begins, that one can never finish
like this, pissed, which goes on,
which goes on and still on,
'I can't go on but must (adjusting
the truss)

because I am lo

sing
my hair and so on and ever on'
dot dot dot into eternity should
one believe in such, but one may
use the idea of such, eternity
- go forward or behind, wince at
the word - living in the blue rind
of sky crumbling onto nether
shore where relentless waves
tease relentless wind disturbing
a lone relentless tern tracing
uremic rims of foam

'tanti tanti non avessi conosciuto
la morte tanta n'avesse disfatta

quando solo uno sarebbe sufficiente'

['so many so many I had not known death had undone so many'
when only this one would do']

shall I call then eternity
a home for shells, a curve
in space? disgrace myself
yet again with belief, any
one, believe that such shores
are a where after all, a place
to shelter, each wave somewhere
by someone or something counted

as is every hair numbered
counted still? they fall as
do waves into crescendos
rainbows should the sun so shine

for what is left
to comb of shore and hair
is a disturbance of
fractions, refractions
the forlorn redactions
of what is perceived,
felt, spilt upon the
depilating pate

and so I must wear a hat but let us not go then
you and I patiently, into all that but when come
time proper, a hair fall caught in a shaft of sun
light, the endless comb over undone, wind blown
upon the shore, then we shall speak of it sure,
and more

now then here then
remembering too the chaffing bloody garters

fulminante E.P. defunto perennemente denunciando:

With usura hath no man a shithouse of good stone
each block cut smooth and well fitting
that delight might cover their face,

with usura

hath no man a painted paradise on his outhouse wall
harpes et luthes sans benefit d'un laxatif **3

The toilet seat cold, cruel,
the air bitter as Aetna's vapors,
deceptive Empedocles stumbles
into the centuries' murmuring shadows,
a liar who would be an immortal now
immortally a scandal minus

one golden sandal

fulminant E.P. deceased perpetually decrying:

'With usura hath no man a house of good stone
each block cut smooth and well fitting
that delight might cover their face,

with usura

hath no man a painted paradise on his church wall
harps and Luther without benefit of a laxative'

- from Canto LXV by Ezra Pound, slight alteration
of 2 words, 'house' and 'church' & adding the 4 final
words in French]

spumoni spumoni

spumoni

chianti chianti

chanti

Oasis and cloaca,

love birds parched,

now moves caravansary

toward heart's always

winking horizons.

There are many before

the sun rises.

Perhaps my name goes

before me, my press,

Empress of Contrails,

peacocks in tow,

trailing tallies, scores,

arrivals, departures,

ejaculations, rejections,

all faces hands have held,

and yearning beyond possibility

hesitant dawn's mourning doves.

Recall how hot winds blow loudly

as do I, billowing the tent. Men

cry mad for my return yet burns

no desert impervious to heat of

all kinds, even human, excepting

the heart its capacities to startle,

its dunes in vast stretches beat,

beat for what moonlight can only

suggest to scorpions in silver

shadows, pitying serpents coiled

smug in their ability to shed skin,

unlike the veiled men long in tooth

just gazing gazing at miracle mounds'

fresh muscles smooth shy grin

desire's child come to

wildness with and within me.

* * *

Autobiography from April 5, 2020, less than a month into the coronavirus19 plague - journal note/prose-esque poem or a proem:

'... he would think he was seeing double or imagine himself come upon a scene of weird witchcraft.' - James Conrad, *The Secret Sharer*

The only face mask I need here in Keene mountains. Supplied by late afternoon sun while I trudge snow melt mud steps up the drive beauty blinded. Going to explore the barn newly purchased. Not dressed for barn storming but I had not anticipated more than a week up here when we arrived on March 13th so packed light and left my barn-butcher clothes forlorn in a pile of MUST WASH UPON RETURN laundry. Hopefully the spiders and barn spirits will allow me entrance dressed as is.

POST barn storming: upon opening the door I am confronted with a mirror and by mine own visage masked by smudge by smear by crud by dead bugs layered by how many years of going unwashed by not much to reflect but by barn stillness by planked sun dialing internals by insect flight by perhaps rodent and by invading birds by bones of which are strewn in tight corrals for perhaps a horse or two.

I have been reading zen much up here, not doing enough sitting but for these walking meditations of sorts, cheating of course, my course of meditation is 'cheating zen' which I believe, and can argue, that there is good scholarly

evidence for and such in history of zen, there being no real rules and orthodoxy but the most import zen 'doxy' is orthoproxy, or, practice, but/and there is much recenty read and repeated in text enough about 'polishing mirrors', that and the bright sun obscuring face, not even MY face but just 'face' or parts with one left eye tracing the left hand path I've much in life taken (cuz force and temperament) .

There's teaching everywhere. Some of it a ponderance and other such as shake clothes and sheets and towels and such before use since winter spiders love to idly spider there (idling spiders, fiddling legs, when do they sleep?) . And having suffered a severe spider bite some years ago, the craterous skin rot rotting in perfect concentricities, spectrum of colored putrifactions, fascinating to watch slowly devour perfectly good skin, pock full of the stench of beauty and enlightenment or opposite but as they say all doors lead or in this case all (or many)

pores cede, that's one zen lesson I do not want nor again need.

Some weeks later, spring snow and freeze, old knees resisting zen, prayer too. So, Rekih's nephew is here renovating old house so the place shakes and vibrates with hammer and saw scrapes of heavy old stuff to be replaced with heavy new stuff so's psoas's sore me below ground floor down in here inhering pine knot plank plotch catch all or most dusts the mouse/rat/chipmunk dung the plaster the fiberglass o let this cup pass Lord of Ghosted critters-occupants-seven snake skins entwine water pipes cool wet I guess for snakes need so evidence speaks dark hiding nooks with food rodents close by old bones and fur fall into shower stall - three days before the pipes broke from - frozen a'toilet I sit and read the castings now an old constipated sage screeing the fallen oracle bones and fur and spiders too butoh walk leg

by leg

by leg

by leg

by leg

by leg

by leg

by leg

to what purpose there on the plasticine stall floor/wall not sure but am sure that the dead flies of winter go uneaten/unsucked of inner juices and one spider first days here I spoke to every morning from the john me wondering at its slow slow movements for 3 days till 4th its legs are curled/tucked tightly beneath its carapace I blow at it from the cold seat draws round my colder ankles and it

budged not at all I realized it was dead and first time ever'vfelt remorse for a bug
a spider and once cleaned/flushed pajamas up I gently scoop Spider up with
toilet paper so soft double ply-ed solomnly march spider on bier so soft softly
into still harder winter snow and darker woods Middle-March flip flops slow going
find a rock up near the shed so place paper and spider there with oddest prayer
ever in my life but Lord Buddha helps re: 'all sentient beings' etcetera etcetera
sera OK - and so perform brief bone chill rites then slide down the path patch to
my ground floor entrance

to hot shower to Hopkins poem - The Windhover - more meaningful
than ever for ' dappled dawn drawn' things or rather substituted or
addendum-ed ' threaded sewn moaned' things strangely mourned
actual tears born no doubt of projections 'pon small cringes majestically
formed objectively perceived from secret and sightless spaces suspended/
cocooned in darkness or in woods strung pearled between limbs and
trunks which freak my face when once I stumble August last humid
stagger in thickets face first into massive webs the sudden grand
mal-like seizure-like slaps scrape face eyelids forehead pate of monstrous
poison from not so small miracle makers webbers or as native americans
have it are weavers of stories spun from themselves and thus spider
medicine is storytelling weaving spinning from within to without

'A first unfallen
church it might have been.'
- Nathaniel Mackey

* * *

Till then will strain to hear the radio soprano*4 from the
bathroom as I ablute, ablate/scrape, arrange face-enough

around the swollen jaw, saline eyelids puffed and sacks,
push the few hairs in place - scratches on a surface now -

and still plead grace from those strays, the love for words,
the envy of their sounds, see if can find a way to continue

after-pursuits of what was born mid-field of a mid-
summer night beneath Carolina stars new groin-sparks,

some phrases suddenly come from other-where
not sure but there so blindly sat writing in the dark

in squint demiurge wrote my first 'serious' poem.

To recall this fresh feels good, radio's good too while
Bidu Sayao*4 sings Villa Lobos*6 aria Bachianas No.5*4,
a dove at window inching me into the day now more
than a toothache and hypertension for which I medicate
waiting for trembling hands to still enough to hold a pen.
I am fond of hands, these, for pleasure, measure and
reach tho aging. That's at least the quotidian wager.

So, Low, no need to respond.
Go be in your cocoon or 'whatever' time.
So let us now praise infamous weather,
high heat, plead

that pleasing

inclement graces

bestow merciful

cold and dark

blessings.

Let's meet up post-doldrums.

Meanwhile 'light a cigar and smoke away the bad world'. (Charles Bukowski)

INTERLUDE

'The simplest kind of proposition, an elementary proposition, asserts a state of affairs.' - Ludwig Wittgenstein

For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry.
For he is the servant of the Living God...
For by stroking of him I have found out electricity.
- from 'Jubilate Agno' by Christopher Smart

Forget Jeffry.

Consider the Cat Oliver
asleep upon the journal's
leather, old ink and think
enclosed, weighted as
only Cat-weight weighs
in upon all things, pink-eared.
A Poem of Itself possessed,
not half but entire Cat-self,
He's but a winking Dream
only Paws may seize.

He speaks:

Please the dust in
corners, rather I nod.
Let others consider God.
I shall consider Me,
the Better of the two,
Furred Things being Best.

I shall not raise a Tail to human
deity, that brute untamed,
clumsy, no sense of balance.

Rather, the human is My mastery.
I have trained some few of them
well which pleases Me and greatly
them though I shall appear indifferent
as I ever am.

Clever me.

I will the sun up and down,
the daily annunciation of tin
cans, bid humming humans
whose voices are the softer
for My Presence,

O bringest thou me now the tuna.

NOW.

And their laughter I patiently
endure. They think Me silly
but I am Trickster, too, an Arse
on purpose.

I take their picture with Mine.

Eternally.

But not now.

I repose.

Every moment is a pose,
each still gesture appears
insignificant, a supposition.

Consider.

I live at the bottom of a hill near a
broken fence beside tracks of steel.

On the other side a stream moves upon itself
not confusing itself as ice for rocks alone.

A memory in the sound of water, a dazzle of
sky, takes a silly surface tone from what runs

beneath, outrunning rocks because it can;
desire that force which drives the sand.

The movement of water too is undeniable,

solid in its course though sand, as does water,
knows nothing of remorse.

At the fence I wait. No train yet
which will be a movement too beside
the wet, and these thoughts here.

That you are tissue essential and fabric
to my own particularity.

I send you a sound wonder, a welcome again
to that place you dwell here within,

Time the only disparity.

Snow on Telford gravestones, tall
houses on cupped hills in squared

parcels back lit with sunset's down-light,
juxtapose a Wyeth isolation and beauty

which is the dutiful image of you, heart
breaking through remembering our first meeting.

The distant gazebo of that small
town wears white lights garlanded

round, and snow. A boy without
gloves reads alone.

He is no fool who takes his time and
place to know.

I rediscover you a gift here still as
I have in good counsel curtsied and coughed

often enough, my own hand to my own groin
to discover a fissure again, again to repeat,

that you are tissue essential still and
fabric to my own particularity upon a hill,

a house, one fence above a stream and rails,
a blinking boy turning wet pages knowing that

you or someone similar, only a few years
ahead, already familiar, dwells inside

compels his reading just before sunset
squinting at words beyond and past the

fence and the stream, the train late,
footprints dark blue in the patient drift.

* * *

'...Pierrot moon steals slyly in,
His face more white than sin...' - Dame Edith Sitwell

Seeing the moon whole could mean
madness now or overdue for the supreme
vanity of daring to eye-gulp the whole swiss cheese.

Please gods and moondogs
the effort pays in insubstantial ways,

makes a life, lends focus for life times of
spilt milk, one milk tooth at the throat,
a charm against seeing but not the
saying.

It troubles me that I can't get it right.

Not the moon but the poem.

**

from a letter to an old friend who knew me when,
a country lad young in tooth and great in hunger to know:

Karen, you remember me then....I was earnest indeed in the flush and must of youthful vigor to transcend the body which was doing me no spiritual good at all or so i was taught to believe and so I naively bought to my torment and contusions. I did not think that owning as many Bibles or other sacred tomes in the world as i could would much amount me to blustering spirituality (well, perhaps I secretly hoped but knew too much better 'because I was flesh' utterly mutterly) .

I now own more Carl Jung books than any approach to sacred and profane or wholly other (well, I also own scores of books of poetry gathered and still gathering those so it's Jung and poets mostly on the shelves and in the stacks)and there are tomes of comparative religion, must confess to wishing i'd fled to japan as i'd planned post self-exile from holy hill Calvin's morose Lookout Mount to find across the merciful Pacific a bamboo fountain beside a zen temple or master or perpetually flowing sake cup (forget the green tea)

and at
least sit for awhile beneath cherry or willow and quaff (even if only sniff one vapor of)

a bit of inner surcease whilst cultivating boredom which Paul Tillich accurately describes as 'rage spread thin' and of that i was muchly spread ('like a patient upon the table') . As was and still is ol' yellow bones and bitter toothed John Z. Calvin, the stillborn.

For all the books, head bonks, balder- and other- dash gathered between dust jackets - and i revere them all, no resentment of them as they have been constant companions, quiet, present, ready to be opened or at least keep a door ajar or a tenement window in Harlem over 40 years ago open enough to smell the rich grease of Doña Floridita (Our Lady of Perpetual Pork)

ever

frying cracklin' and cuchi fritos 2 floors down, love my West 142nd Street perch
before the ever encroaching white folks moved in and took over, their rage never
spread thin but thickly thickly OY -

for all the books and studies to increase me in gnosis (I remain ever halitose,
bilious, and verily splenetic) , I have found the entirety of mine efforts of so-
called verticality-is-best spirituality brief astutely summed by Matuo Basho from
17th century Edo, Japan:

I would be a monk
but the the dust of the world
upon my shoulders.

*

And perhaps this sum by David Bowie:

Ashes to ashes
Funk to funky

*

A lifetime of heave and hoe tugging at Heaven's door 'to break through the
seductive constellations of human ordering...' - Michael Heller

Now i'm hanging out in old age, confessing my worn pockets, one holding an
inclement hallelujah, and the other tracing, or trying, the grace-note of reprieve.

The only honest prayer I can offer to Existenz Itself is

'Here's breath for you.'

SELAH

**

Monet might have seen,

giving darkness in Giverny,
defiant to the last optics fired out inevitably,

nerve light made the more dipped,
smeared on clutched pallet bent to a gaping will

struggling to open eyes,
the wider see.

Was failing him the light.

Closing-in world reduced to all horizon.

Tints, brushes, memory
frame these final pieces
canvased, inwardly conformed,
recalled light more light than all raw day.

'Soft moonlight awakens now
The cruel longing that laughs and cries! '*2
- Ruth Valadares Correa

Post Script next day....

Noting the themes, Low, as I read over what's writ ayer, words extending after meaning, or before, aging on all fronts, meaning and hands - hands extend too (should let them speak, explain themselves the conditions of arrivals for the last Punto) , they recall (a revelation - seems hands think on their own independent of an 'I' or 'me') , they reach but years of such surrender hard grasping literally, fade, while the metaphorical hands, the subtle DO grasp though these now crabs what once were hands crawl, fall short to lap or nap nod toward tides moon wash, a heap of scraps up to the swollen ankles.

But all's a prayer in the layers...

...meanwhile Lorca and I
quarrel much about doldrums
and the 'duende'*7, he wins
of course by singing or, better,
plays a few bars on the dusty
upright*8 about your girl the
Moon, ones about bull fights,

the usual gore but always
a surprise for beauties and
children flinging hearts and
unstrung rosaries into the
clotting ring...

.....while trumpets
salut the Matador plots
Severed Ears' Chosen
One, the Bull Bride dreamed
of once in a wedding dress
white, prim in a window
luminous in full moonlight,
intricate veil with horns
protruding, conspicuous,

curving calcium shyly
up-turning a rainbow silvering
above a young man on his
knees in the dust serenading
'su corazón en la manga'

'his heart on his sleeve',

dapper hat bereaved in hand
labored months to buy for
now's pledge to begged Bride,
unmoved, committed only to
portend a blue moment below
the sill, suspended suitor, pale,
dirges scarlet in eucalyptus,

nearby olive grove shadows
after mournful ellipses scattered
songless without their stanzas
'por el fin de crianzas'*9, sad,

sad, the lamentable time of
lactation has come to an end

so begins

los llantos,

the cries -

'agony,
always agony' (Lorca)

everything is descending,
even the scholarship of the
ancient adverbs - Richard Tagett

Both
we are
contortionists

thus take our
place with clowns who
know tomatoes thrown
and juggler's bare necked
necessary concentration.

You are the maestro here
whom I trail behind at respectful

distance

murdered by the too ordinary
controllers

So long

So long to image
to suffer on dear
bruised M the
void of course

o bring me
beauty no matter
how terrible

created by His
own opening
which makes
Him forever
Lorca's girl

'a pomegranate
biggish and green

I can't take
her in my arms..

Won't she come back?

Why won't she? '

You, dear, will read
of my heterosexual shadow

a great lover who serenades
Her in the terrible contradiction

of the moon caught
in bare tree limns strophes

just outside Her window
the fool below in rouge

head hung, singing

O hurt

heart's tin can
tied to belt loop behind
of his ragged pants
pants

waits

to be filled with
whatever flows

in the dirty lane
he leans his
love against

* * *

'When we shift the dream-words around, letting them play other parts of speech, transformation takes place right in our ears. A dream is itself transformational because it transforms its own statements through polyvalence of its images. A dream is always deepening and differentiating itself.... We return to Freud's view that dream is not a message, but is a self-satisfying narcissistic event. Because dream's words are not concepts that refer, no dream can be interpretively translated to other referents. A dream can only be interpretively re-imagined, as one does with a piece of any other poesis.' - James Hillman

'And how can I teach him his hands' - Tyana, the city of Apollonius speaking

St. Thomas Aquinas a year before he died gave up speaking and writing:
'I can write no more. I have seen things that make my writings like straw.'

Old Friend, from one desert to another,

let other scholars of absence break
their burden-heads against these mute
stones. The cactus here, perhaps knowing
of your advent by post, has waited all
these years to come into its radiance
with you. Just tonight it blooms once
only in its life, a miracle itself, a startle,
one blossom of rarified hope.

Distant cousin,

you unveil too in Roman darkness there as

we once shared silent prayer in the churchyard,
our knees on hard stones - our God then - our
thin books not yet written.

One simple stone veils you where you rest,
your books, long in the making, shoulder the
burden so faithfully carried without complaint.
A landscape scarred - life's hard impress has
etched you - is now placed, framed, beside
the new flower, sheer and here.

I wonder how you are now that you are prayer itself
on that hill of bones wet with penitent pilgrims tears.

Your photograph travels all these years to
reach me so long without news of you, my
letters unanswered though rumors stray in
from the same old rivals fed on envy inquiring
about you. I never bother to answer them.
The postman, angel at the gate, has firmly
placed in my hands your parcel of plain brown
paper - FROM ROMA - it proclaims in bold
print framed beside the other framed

dear Unexpected Face.

To see you at last, your resigned smile finally,
gladly, admitting surrender - such repose is
an altar where incomprehension finally breaks
into blossom - Emptiness is Presence Divined
in any landscape or ocean. Or mind.

On the back of your photo you ask simply,
briefly, a note scribbled by a weak hand,

How fare's you,
God's mason friend?

* * *

Epitaphs Beyond the Urn - An Ongoing Series Till It's (He's)

'But if it ends / the start is begun' - William Carlos Williams

1

Here scattered is Warren at last soundless.
As when alive, though everywhere now,
he's still yet groundless.

Lived more by his tongue than 'is feet,
he'd now confess,
He just lived it best as could but what for's
still an ancient ongoing guess.

2

Newly dead
I swore you
to a would-be
cloud

bore you on the lowest shoulder

me too too soon to be shroud

you lived silent enough to be
ignored
so passing, yours, calls attention
well deserved

pity or verse?
both in one?

the Worst

3

bidden, it bore

not a grave
but a door

where is no need to knock

its life grokked
it is no longer

there's no mock in
it tho
as it was and now is

all that is not
never
was its business

but its was only to
obey
That which bade

spider
poet
maker

it made

all praise to the Bidder

**

Dear Incomprehension,

Not much going on here.

Rash continues as does moon's
waxing-waning in stages but
lunar condition's returns and
departures upon my ravaged
surface impinges my days and nights.

I guage.

I manage,

skin tides,

write on,

hoping for one more
freeze which may crack more
limbs than rot.

Rime ice is desolation in the plot.

Flower mouth,
stamen tongue,
frozen drift,

large crow over
last year's flower
bed, bemused,

favorite color's
maize without
nuance,

from back
of throat it
sounds,
disturbs.

Root reach,

clot cling.

Old Scratch,

Black wing.

a view of distant
bridges busy with light,

motion,

the spanned river,
dark, spins toward
the deeper East;
a Star there was
once a great matter,
one of the better
nights of the world
it is believed.

It is closing hour.

I have broken my back lifting
all these my loves to heaven.

Further news/spews July 5,2020 in reign Nazi Potus/Covidity

'I ain't your Clyde and I ain't your Ezra, I'm Bliss...' - Ralph Ellison

Dear face of The Face, Emad dear, from collective ethers I'm trying to come back
to life here,

I've been out of it a long while....now lowered or low laid with sciatica pain down
right leg stops below knee and buttock small of back nerves shock or ache or
both depending on each move which is now and always feels eternal like a dare
to the arbitrary force that so seeks to crush us into some gravity and submission
no matter pleads or prayers....

Tracking the wary coyote hovering always just below the ledge or at yard meets
woods edge, Mumps I call him, some sag or other at his left maw a limp on
forward left paw leg twisted suspect car got him survives now forever on edges
nothing bold like a regular road crossing or crow flight over meadow or even
straight up Marcy's ice scars mountain dares still trying to pass but
imperceptible aeons Mumps eyes plead 'no mountain' when we
make rare eye contact I try to send some friendly thoughts trying what my friend
Valeria does, a wounded animal too and now because of wound is a healer she
softly chants

come come come come

come come come come

showing both hands flat palms up for frightened animal to see

come come come come

I've seen her charm racoon-chewed dogs mauled cats sick horse motherless
runted out kittens into won trust and life-enough

Mumps ain't having any come come come come

linger eats what's left whats offered in the meadow past dark where ravens get
to work moon or not peck for the better portions they like bones just like the
furred do - you know Mumps is near watching content enough to eat what might
be left of leftovers or excavated fare from back of fridge long forgotten all mold
blue or green some slimed things even the cats turn their discerning noses to

*

'Maybe I'm trapped. Although I may be in a melodrama, not a tragedy, from yet
another dying empire....National identity is like armor. On permanent loan from a
museum. It's dull armor that I clink around in. Could I get an operation that
would make me oblivious to symbols? Could I be like human Switzerland, always
neutral to the partisan demands of birthplce? Get a transnational operation, get
placed in a different body politic? ' - Lynne Tillman

Comet Sciatica struck sudden as well as the protracted viral sequester and my
solitude pierced by necessary company of women and cats....necessary not cuz
chosen but forced and too long with.....you know the deal - monk/hermit r me or
us - the pestilence the potus putz the protracted posturing and pontificating
social media without remedy facebook twit twitch bitch bitch bitch to no good
end or so it seems but evidence to the contrary are needed riots and protests
and new fences layered for yon orange yeti bitch in yellow house called the White
what was slave built and now the shoe is fit and tilted in favor of those who
forced built it and to them shall be the victory

Mugged like Mumps by past accidents fated old memories pitch forked in dreams

and waking olding man woulda coulda shoulda unwilling but shouldered which has a should in't and so much grief so much pity too sung marvelously by Ralph Ellison my reading passages from Three Days Before the Shooting and me not black but perhaps inwardly so meaning soul-blackened which - black being equal opportunity archetype no matter civic turn or culture or hue - Ellison sings my woe too but daren't confess that at all or only to a few who may tolerate such now ad judged appropriation but by gods and little fishes o o o " o star spangled shock of mercy" Ginsberg mercy be or be found in the very place of madness and incarceration at times chosen or too often forced to circumstanced retreat

Mumps and me woe-bo-daddys smirched and be-schmirtched behind the birch white strophes vertical so vertical negative spaces between them all dark relief catastrophic tree fall of a vicious winter surely tornadic torn tops and upper halves cracked midriff trunks tossed or hanging perilous to pass under in other trees thicker limbs or geometry and gravity performing circus suspensions waiting for high wind until then we pretend the miracle of never falling such as acrobats which are all humans ever were/are

to repeat

We

ever were/are

*

'ghost[s] of an alternative life...

They were we before we were, ancestral, we

who'd never not be ill at ease. A vocation for lack he'd have said, she'd have said longing, a world, were they to speak, between... What wasn't, they'd have said, went away, would come back, first fanatic church,

what would
be' - Nathaniel Mackey

*

Rekiah's nephew is here renovating old house so the place shakes and vibrates with hammer and saw scrapes of heavy old stuff to be replaced with heavy new stuff so's psoas's sore me below down in here inhering pine knot plank plotch catch all or most dusts the mouse/rat/chipmunk dung the plaster the fiberglass o let this cup pass Lord of Ghosted critters occupants seven snake skins entwine water pipes cool wet I guess for snakes need so evidence speaks dark hiding nooks with food rodents close by old bones and fur fall into shower stall - three days before the pipes broke from - frozen a'toilet I sit and read the castings now an old constipated sage screeing the fallen oracle bones and fur and spiders too butoh walk leg by leg by leg by leg by leg by leg to what purpose there on the plasticine stall floor/wall not sure but am sure that the dead flies of winter go uneaten/unsucked of inner juices and one spider first days here I spoke to every morning from the john me wondering at its slow slow movements for 3 days till 4th its legs are curled/tucked tightly beneath its carapace I blow at it from the cold seat draws round my colder ankles and it budged not at all I realized it was dead and first time everfelt remorse for a bug a spider and once cleaned/flushed pajamas up I gently scoop Spider up with toilet paper so soft double ply-ed solomnly march spider on bier so soft softly into still harder winter snow and darker woods Middle-March flip flops slow going find a rock up near the house so place paper and spider there with oddest prayer ever in my life but Lord Buddha helps re: "all sentient beings" etcetera etcetera sera OK and so perform brief bone chill rites then slide down the path patch to my ground floor entrance to hot shower to Hopkins poem - The Windhover - more meaningful than ever for "dappled dawn drawn" things or rather substituted or addendum-ed "threaded sewn moaned" things strangely mourned actual tears born no doubt of projections 'pon small cringes majestically formed objectively perceived from secret and sightless spaces suspended/cocooned in darkness or in woods strung pearled between limbs and trunks which freak my face when once I stumble August last humid stagger in thickets face first into massive webs the sudden grand mal-like seizure-like slaps scrape face eyelids forehead pate of monstrous poison from not so small miracle makers webbers or as native americans have it are weavers of stories spun from themselves and thus spider medicine is storytelling weaving spinning from within to without

'A first unfallen
church it might have been. Let

run its course it would have gone
otherwise, time's ulterior bequest...
This they had a way of imagining,
this
they so wished it to be. Abstract he
at the back of her mind'
- Nathaniel Mackey

*

Won't say when I will return to City. If/When so I will gather up stuff, purchase
needed things difficult to find in remote north country then head back up here for
first snows! ! ! ! ! ! those harsh howling evergreen

wind blows and moans and whistles that shake the house entire woodstove
afire, wood cords stacked ready....stews and moidles on woodstove in cast iron
dutch ovens, 2 cats sleeping beneath fleece, Rekiyah snoring on the couch very
very unlady like and Fulani braiding her long woolen hair weaves and timeclocks
tea cups her bow to the Western way of cup and saucer tosses her comb down to
fluff the fire, stir the cats unbudgable they are counting matchsticks used on the
delicate ceramic handmade in Oaxaca stove topped for such and dirty spoons

she's continually crooning bending to dropped things checking the humane traps
for mice discovering a pill Rekiyah's dropped from fistfuls she takes to wake up to
sleep to breathe to digest to hold falling inner things - womb used well - innards
natural sag advanced old age which -resigned discovery - never ever stops at the
the dead edge end but for now warmed from her, Fulani daughter's groom and
pick up pill to forstay doom Fulani of milk in the cups to clabber for the anjera to
thicken in the heavy skillet blacher than she Ehiopie's child she remains up to her
usual countless tasks that must must be done and me me I'm the opposite be-
booked, coffee-ed, warm enough below on the ground floor by the window side
view of icy woods close and straight on view of the rimed path up the hill view
plate glass doors and chipmunks about their work jaw-fulls of finds full-shiver
and down the snow hole they go to escape thinner red squirrels three da bitches
mean as hornets even to each other competing over frozen territory for a seed
single dropped from sesame toast a frigid snack had on the deck now and always
chase after each other to do battle over said seed republicans all them they are
them that the red furred bestids

In spite of squirrels
this Sunday find from
'Greater Lord of Long Life'

in the Chutzu - meaning
Great Master near the
Great Mountain:

'first a yin then a yang
no one knows what to do

for the one who lives apart'

Read this relieved yet
a grimaced redundant
question returns never
having left, heard Old
Son, Charles Olson:

'I pose you you're question:
shall you uncover honey / where maggots are? '

Queries' distant cousins, very,
one from East and 2 millenia
old, the other from West arguing
on behalf of an unmoored continent
of displaced people from un-
moored continent bones of
which could and can no longer
live and let be

To Be Continued

'An 'inner process' stands in need of outward criteria'. In the absence of agreed-upon rules, private language is a game that does not hold the possibility of making a 'transaction, ' 'making sense, ' 'making oneself understood, ' or 'being able to explain.' - Ludwig Wittgenstein

Altar pieces a bit will nill pell mell much like Olympus
I gather

even Sanai once

if the smoke ever clears, the
scrambled competition picks
up renewed-and-vicious-pace
apace

still kicks post haste even into
post po-mo postmodern mantelpiece
here, mine, shards of once was/still is
deity, fingers pointing to the moon,
never to what's behind it which is where
deity true probably
lives-at-least-as-Idea-or-Id,
or better leading to 'don't know' but
makes a funny feeling, even sick,
fearful in the gut for

Something we know not what is doing we know not what 1

and one knows something wholly other
than self, even what is known so familiarly,
such as daily/nightly totems staring one down,

insisting, what?

something beyond eye or thigh
the weight that Forever really is
or we feel it is, the bone feel, that
ever so slow curve calcium makes
down, down, years of it sinking
and then we wonder our own being

rumors of thunder on Distant Mountain,
fire there, we are stutterers pegged
massive revelations, special effects
parting waters walking sticks into serpents
bread rain and on and on and somewhere

we remember we ought to altar so we
relent even if it's the first and last and

only one of the heart but not only that
but the aged body parts once so primary,
the sagging breast, the sinking

balls,

withered skin still the longing there and
everywhere mere parchment now and
how we may then finally wonder about
religions of the Word, what gets written
where, once and often, on stone then
eventually vellum/skin, and bark too in
treed lands

So lands a Shining Stranger perhaps one of many
bends low forever writes with his finger in the dust,
but the word in the end may us an altar make as
hearing fades and the tongue thinks

'it's only water" and

'can a man control 'is tongue? '

- it's Biblical

the question answers itself

a riddle:

"never, or rarely"

like my mother dying,

"What's this all about?

Whatever. I'm ready to go"

as if she or any of us can really decide
that but will's a holy thing, asserts even
in the face of obstinate Absolute

that Other-Than is also truth and down

to a woman and man

we get to argue,

"I decide"

What Is Between Arcturus And Aldebaran?

a distinct lump of sorrow forms

we are returned to the fragility of birds -

when the dead sister reappears in dreams

she is always a bird

without this succession

or at least modest lineage -

dead, dead as a doornail

intemperate habits -

there is something here of the child

who upon waking thinks he can fly

even though he failed badly the day before

the urge to keep everything secret -

sin of pride, also greed

a stumbling block

impedes the neophyte

disregarding an afterlife

he who would be first will be last

this is peculiar but not remarkable -

night now

snow is falling -

warm slippers
track for a few seconds
a break in the clouds
attended to by stars
by blackness above clouds

blessed night cushions us
enters northwest

eyes owned
don't travel light -

great Deer sees

and past

be

practice

companionship

child

waters

The Idea of Pear Tree

a pear tree forgets only itself as
an audacity

limbs recall themselves

appear to reach

one cannot see them
reaching

they may be silent but
we cannot know that toward
later sweetness they yearn
then seed a still dirt around

content to lie down
the idea of 'pear tree'

reduces to all sparks

yet

no illusion of darkness
hastens the pear

but O it tastes

As Henry Miller has it, " Always merry and bright" - though blight upon the apple, the skin, the within, makes the fallen fruit sweeter. The wise bees know and tell us so beneath leaves and limbs, thrumming away, legs laden with pollen.

So may our legs wear such as may our hearts and minds as our faces line and our limbs, as does the fruit, will eventually fail and fall but with years of sweetness absorbed below to cushion and bear that falling away.

The crocus does
not compare itself
to cow or crow.

Today is the day I go
with the aid of my staff
into shy spring snow.

All things being equal in Tao,
one foot asks, who is high,
the other, who is low?

Listen.

The peacock's
call from the bare willow.

I trudge quietly on.

The emperor's bird signals
diamond glory to the suggested
world, its breath visible to no one but me,

my old eyes strain hard to see the Way of Ways.

It sounds but does not say.

Are we lost yet? the young boy asks.

Because I is another, said Rimbaud. - Jacques Maritain, from "Poetry's
Dark Night

the sky is never an occasion for doubt but for change to
a night filled with uncountable occasions of light,
companions of light, never alone as is the day's Sun.

What is known in the crowded vision,
in the visionary crowd of witness, is
variable and dependent upon available light.

...see what a thing it
is now already become
since childhood and
the backyard forest
sparkling, every surface
of everything covered
with ice clear, a sheer

skin which seems/seams
to move as I am moved
returned in response to
impertinent snow to let
more new world come
flashing in, and the
one-more-bird, a startle,
a cardinal red against all
the white, white, there
were many, coveys of
them inordinate in all
the snow blind, too much
for a boy to bear, broken
eye-nerves, brittle sticks,
he kicks on his back crying
to make an angel his own
to be relieved of the too
ordered world, would be
the unwanted, unexpected
child of things shattered,
his need for constancy and
same, beauty a necessary
addiction dependent upon
diction's canary eye and ear,
just to introduce another color
between mouse and meaning,
a chorus stunned into sound.

'The time is out of joint. O cursed spite

That ever I was born to set it right.' - Shakespeare, Hamlet

upon my chaste
return sunburned
churned by the
Atlantic I will have
discovered a haunting
sound again

an animal
music of the air

the lungs

screams really

gulls falling
by arrows of
blue which

blue

saturate
sky and
sea to
learn the
heart again

to learn the heart again

avoid the narrows
at the island's end
where feet are easily
mistaken for doves

there large currents
beckon/compel them
to descend

the subject matter
is not new

& not the sorrow

old as the first cave
bearing first fire
in human hand the
expiring artist torn
from blank sky to

an expectant wall

a herd there
a declaration

one day we too will
fill the earth as
hooves have done
capture sun & be
doneover/overdone
& so come to such
an edge of ruin

Let us rejoice what is in scarlet shed.
Let us praise iron.
Let oxidation within us reign.

O lead us all to right ruin.

I, Twitter, stutteringly remember
in cyber chases, late night,
sitting at computer scrabbling
after old grievances such are
lovers, cheaters, jilts, and those
rare 'got-lucky' graces, unexpected
shudders and shoulders where I broke
open, finally laid, laid waste for future
flatterers and failures of heart.

Sniffing my fingers for remnant tents,
I recall, sickened, the candy at every fair,
handfuls gorged, glutted, belly sore and
wanting more, drowned in the push-shove
of fevered bodies intent on the fast rides
where one loses stomach for the ordinary.

Dizzy, I grab my ankles, confess instead,
I've puked my guts from excess, spun sugar
and cartwheels, mechanical distractions
ghosting up Stillborn nights holding their
breath well past bedtime.

At a window counting railroad cars
a boy thief is stealing circus hours.

take lean brown or brawn a love for all the above,
even if once a week, sneak, steal away to primed
nerves, drives, swell up thrust thrive then share
a meal, wine, again to lie abed all Buddha smiles
while resting one's head upon suspiring chest
breath sour/sweet aftertaste afterglow bodies'
glorious pure dumbshow honoring the primacy
animal living with and between the teeth the
swallow to follow the heart in where/what forces

the bite

Uruboros tail-in-mouth, recreating

Herself in hard passages, throat
to anus to birth canal and cave,
galactic center point waiting perhaps
at the other no end, carbon jesters,
angels teeming on Quetzal quill tips,
twinkling fires in the pitch, sometimes
called stars, or ravens, black heralds
of colors yet to brilliantly come.

Still, such timidity ends in engorged blood, meat requirements, rendering
vaporous sublimity too thin for fingers, why forks were invented. If modernity,
it's forks and faxes, returns anything of value to us stretching into denial which is
all our futurity, it is the return of images, official and unofficial, which return us in
turn to our official and unofficial selves, limping shod or un-, ens-not-Ens being-
not-Being as we are chafed to particular part-selves
multiple-imaged as they want or dream to be...

Who are we?

I am taken with such
at which I stare
which holds my gaze
with shades of It
& of Itself, that is,
is a death
or like unto it -

Stillness unbreathed

or in need of It
Breath
now having been only
once Rilke
who it seems

becomes relents
known form
though It is
returned
or re-rested

to Itself beyond Christmas

and yet and yet

the kneeling boy
in the evergreen

the shattered orn-
aments ever gleam

the needles' net
a permanence enough

gold-leafed & trumpeting

Tryptic Surmises - Ekphrastics for William Hawkins & Caravaggio, Both Painting
Horses

1
HORSE - Hawkins

How would he now depict it,

even a corner of it,

paint it,

busy with the making
of it?

belly's too much,
needs thinning, haunches
trimmed too to size, or
not, concise seizure of
eye and paint dependent
upon hands, monumental
concerns aright or at least
perspectives private

suffering amidst, against,

or in the teeth of, daily
concerns taken on as
ultimate-form,

it is

visual commentary, response
imaged, is backyard ruin put
to good uses, kindness extended
in hammer's claw on cast
off wood, it is Crow near the
barred door, and with heart,
with heart meds, provide limit
to dulling descents, may then
find again's Desire, may plunge
further/deeper, deeper still,
into muck magic of shorter
days given in winter, in the longer
nights generously dumped,
portion/proportion control
upon the human,

such occupies, with familiars,
allusive smears, serving now
and ahead who will partake of
the offering, who will be held
healed in their beholding

nuanced in cloud swatch,
in land swath tumbled.

2

HORSE - Caravaggio

from one's back
see the vision -
a massive horse
distorts God
back into image

necessary to the dark to see
what can be spread upon dirt

to see what resurrection
there is in the smell of paint

to find again the desire immense
deeper, still deeper mud magic of
shorter days in winter,
in long nights generously
pouring out stains-allusive
serving now and before
to ancestrally partake of
this offering-place, this altar
steeped, cured in contemplation -

sample of nuanced cloud

strip of land collapsed

3
HORSE - Both Hawkins & Caravaggio

then see how the belly is too much,
must be diluted, a new leg cut to size
a brief seizure of eyes on the swollen
hock

paint depends utterly upon hands,
a'rights a monumental problem or
at least the prospect of suffering

dislocation

oneself
in the middle

against or

teething daily concerns

paint assume ultimate form

Love, let us live without

rhyme

the sun go up the sun go

down,

the Sky-Amor-Wheel- Fati

turn and return

with feeling

Let the painter lonely be

alone

pinned to shore with

his paints, his brushes,

his thumb-gauged vision

in relation to ourselves,

and Void, without intended

rhyme trued, true to ourselves.

Nature, too, is true.

May he use the color blue.

Carelessly.

Tubes of it.

We once were that, too -

careless without.

Now wrecks.

Vaulted.

Now become

weather without

foreheads

without

cloudnecks

Vastness

in the making

if such

is made at all

but is aporetic**

euphoric

a condition,

a given

hard thumb

against

a sky of

tubes made

and of

squints made

we are then a

'striving after'

beyond cream-colored

foam/form

churned by storm

Here come the wild birds again

**the adjective 'aporetic', which it defines as 'to be at a loss', 'impassable', and 'inclined to doubt, or to raise objections'; and the noun form 'aporia', which it defines as the 'state of the aporetic' and 'a perplexity or difficulty'.

C. G. Jung, from the Prologue to his autobiography - *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*:

Life has always seemed to me like a plant that lives on its rhizome. Its true life is invisible, hidden in the rhizome. The part that appears

above ground lasts only a single summer. Then it withers away- an ephemeral apparition. When we think of the unending growth and decay of life and civilizations, we cannot escape the impression of absolute nullity. Yet I have never lost a sense of something that lives and endures underneath the eternal flux. What we see is the blossom, which passes. The rhizome remains.

In the end the only events in my life worth telling are those when the imperishable world irrupted into this transitory one. That is why I speak chiefly of inner experiences, amongst which I include my dreams and visions. These form the prima materia of my scientific work. They were the fiery magma out of which the stone that had to be worked was crystallized.

All other memories of travels, people and my surroundings have paled beside these interior happenings.

**

What is concealed beneath matters most,
then the ongoing translation for what
continues to measure paces, what may
even be spoils of the living, either way
either or each indicates there is life after all.

Gather, shall we, by a
pacing river, beauteous,
shining in its endurance
singing of endurance, its,
which may arrive strangely
ding-dong, brutal,
utterly satisfied

Desire.

The fire in our house of living rages
and we cannot come out of our own accord.
The event of her going is a beckoning
to see the flame leaping so let's creep
toward the Green and be silent

but if we cannot be then let us be as she,
frail and tender, lifting voices up
in the greening shadow

*

[the poem begins with a line by John Berryman ending with the word 'honey']

Childness let's have us honey, flame intended,
names smeared on the glass, an accidental pane
times hands touching it delicate as trespass,
what is allowed lace of vision times want equals
at last a sum equals at last a remorse felt,
a memory - sunk into soft teas - steeping, turns
steaming said window said prints/views obscured
of nothing in particular or special, troubles only,
only of passing birds enamored of their lighter
bones or are they cloud and shadow? merely the
steep sun declining ashen into the Jersey side?

*

O come lover back the floor where we lay a'times
upon boards the cluttered clothes the depositions
times at least three and take me once again one
times infinity into your arms times two leave me
when you/we are done doing times zero a mere cypher
flown sheer up the flue into the blue ash which now
the sky is where there is only one sky a dove flies
into possibility of memory or not times countless
thousands times plus the time it takes for you to
exit shedding skins, shells am a shell, water you?
you decide times infinity into the one drain in-

*

to ocean reflecting blue sky of ash blew into what
remains of you on the beach bathing soft Junes,
boardwalk organ grinder smiling/sings 'amor fati'
mellifluously on as hairs their bodies follicles
delicate when under the glass espied over-spills

into o endlessly it's seams, it seems, into memory
which is already over-said overheard redundantly a
river and time, this one recalled, the cloud drift
and the river the tides beside the city both sides
is as ancient as it always was and is - in the beginning
was darkness over deep water and a word, any word

*

really would do form something out of deep, of dark,
of water which shapes only by outer circumstance itself
in this case a word leading up to this contraction of
bellies against each times two, and legs times four,
and lips times myriad ones gone before - of murmurs
O lover of thee I adore - I am unkindly left remembering
once was laughter spent seeking out between bodies' valleys
eternally shifting eluding capture, this, just to reintroduce
some levity for we were many day-ed times merry-merrily
played harming no one not even the mouse unmoved per-
haps, watching perhaps, still, still, from beneath the

*

god you insisted be excluded from all our nakedness
times one too many breaths exchanged, groped times
many ropes all our wanting the curtained dancer en-
tranced entered into upon a mystery how one could be
so, well, so marvelous and so cruel too as one wills
memory - an edge tears open: Fact: that there was love,
there was love after all I could see it smell it feel
it there dancing round the living room one holds on
to, and upon goodness worn out pulled from below down
and dark and deep such is this so it is the riddle it
is all now become since you departed, love, since you

*

departed I shall count backward by threes then fours
the door which once embraced you now never lets you
go no matter the black or blue tide of thee O lover,
what slips out ebbs black back into lapis, lapses in-
to what self is uttered/poured scored transparent upon

surfeit surface/faces which are even eyes which now
glaze with love lost beside the flue marked upon the
pane blue the mouse black upon the floor remains is
many, a multitude of petals times three the jasmine
unspurned at last at last/least return soft Junes the
lips of which are sometimes pink of lavender swollen

*

as if to kiss times three the antinomies a string of
pearls and thee O lover to me back 'splaying shyly
where the curtains sway/stand behind them the curtained
dancer entranced/entered into upon a mystery the organ
grinder smiling/singing 'amor fati' mellifluously on

Terrible tender deity
Breath of mud & fire

ambivalent Word
cooled only by bare

Shulamit of figs &
dates in darkness wooed

what may come
of parted lips

hers torn in two splices

the I & the thou & how
one alembic

conjoins or can exiles

How two makes One
the myriad to the Alone

The view from here - 10/01/2018:

I was always a guest - of family, of religion, and especially of language
- nothing more, nothing less. - Robin Blaser

What you have as heritage,
Take now as task;
For thus you will make it your own!

Alternate translation:

What from your fathers you received as heir [or air],
Acquire if you would possess it! - Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Faust, tr. Walter Kaufmann [NY: Anchor,1990], pp.114-5]

The traveler at a loss: to go or stay..... - Liu Tsung-yuan [773 - 819]

Fearing to become a laughing-stock to the world
I choose a place that is unfrequented by men. - Po Chui [772 -846]

Here we are opening into the 'the religion of psychology' by suggesting that psychology is a variety of religious experience.

Psychology as religion implies imagining all psychological events as effects of Gods in the soul, and all activities to do with soul, such as therapy, to be operations of ritual in relation to these Gods.... It is not a question of religion turning to psychology, no, psychology is simply going home. - James Hillman, Re-Visioning Psychology

The same can be said of poetry for as Hillman says of psychology, at least true for me in that poetry, in a very real sense - a Jungian/archetypal sense, is not at all far from or separate from depth psychology. When in my late teens I found myself-as-an absence in my family, culture, and religion, I relied upon poetry to secure a way of language image inherent as foundation in words

which could at least presence me in my absence. I had yet to articulate in the Christ-haunted landscape of the South and the rest of the country...but 'which Christ?' could be asked depending upon just where in the country 'He' showed up that it was/is the culture which absented me, abjected me to remote margins of 'fundamentalist/Calvinist theological grace, or else, ' that 'else' being the fire which is the only recourse when one jumps or is thrown out of the Fundy Hetero-normative 'frying pan.' This is also true of New Age-oriented 'bamboo steamers'.

I had thankfully discovered Jung early on. Not that I comprehended what he had revealed to the culture which could help it discover a new orientation, a new meaning as the old gods die or absent themselves via their worshipers and practitioners, a violent lot these Abrahamic religionists so adhered to the Middle Ages and an irreconcilable split of good and evil which still goes unrecognized in the Western god-image. Two paragraphs in my high school psychology book light weight for sure but the deed that needed to be done was done and that was to read two paragraphs on Jung
summed impossibly!

Jung's psychological approach, mentioned archetypes as primal patterns, universal motifs which showed up in all of humanity throughout all of history and that each person had recourse to conscious recognition of and relationship with said archetypes. I was immediately sold, mostly just intuition that Jung was my way through the death of God, of my culture, of the South, the rest of the US and the Western world...the monstrosity of the American century overwhelmed me and even a fundamentalist Jesus could not solidly provide me a place, in fact, condemned me to the margins, the ledges, a gargoyle-boy frozen in place forever OUTSIDE the secure grace of those concretions of theology and god image which disallowed all but "the Chosen";

Years later, enough years' distance from high school and Calvinist college and the much needed nervous break-down/spiritual emergency, I came to New York City in search of Jung, a Jungian analyst, poetry and other books, my earlier gleaning with me in boxes, found the analyst and so began the slow, arduous, always fascinating/excoriating journey/free fall into Jungian depth psychology as it pertained to my own absentia from self and culture.

My dreams indeed did convey meaning bit by bit rather, bite by bite
providing inner guidance and broader views of not only myself but what was being wrought in the collective psyche in the American century and the World at large. Poetry was even more meaningful and so I continued to read and savor...then one night I dreamed that I had killed a young poet, myself, and threw his body into the middle of the deep and large lake I had grown up beside. I could see the longhair of the young man splayed out medusa-like as he floated slowly, arms and legs splayed out, into the black depths. I awakened greatly disturbed but also knew that the wounded young poet did indeed need to "go". Without much thought about this inner conscious murder of the masochistic innocent/orphan young man my own writing dried up. I was sad but felt that it had to be. I had begun to trust-enough the dreams and the source from whence they arrive and so got to the daily task of work, Jung study, and eventually, all flavors of psychology on my

way to a vocation as a Jungian counselor/therapist.

Poets, their poetry, remained and remain

my basic texts for of psyche there is much therein them...and Jung consolidated and grounded my imagination in the mythopoeic realms of conscious and unconscious and so the dead young poet remained dead, the puer aeternus I had been identified with how could I not be as I was indeed a puer, a young man, and could not land enough in the samsara of the world as it is in order to humanly dwell receded into the depth of psyche but, dressed in other drag, fed energy to my studies of psychology and, with great relief, Eastern religion but even in the magnificent psychologies of East I could not dig a hole, pour in concrete and plant an absolute truth flag shouting like an Easternized Martin Luther, 'Here I stand or sit lotus in Eastern fields, I can do no other, though glean from them I did and continue to do. Jung gave me greater understanding from a depth psychological perspective of 'religion' and the 'religious function of the psyche' and so ALL religions collective and private are manifestations of psyche and, major point and revolutionay at that, psyche does not shut out any part of itself unlike religions which do indeed shut out, scourge, repress, consign to the unconscious, the netherworld, limbo, purgatory, while projecting that which is shut out upon the shadow, meaning, the 'other' - people, places, activities and things.

Years passed. I finished my first analysis and for awhile tried my new wings, Jungian, mythopoeic, a veritable spiritual antique shop, my psyche comfortably crowded with images, notions, rituals homogenized as only a capitalist consumer of, now, religious offerings could...Jung was my pretext, or so I thought. Good news is that I had found my way back to religion or, at least, a religious attitude which allowed me to excitedly be 'at play in the fields of the Lord.' But even then some part of me could not completely bow as Rimbaud wrote, 'to worship at any shrine, impulses toward perfection.' And I was still seeking to bypass the shadow, the underworld beings/energies which pursued me in dream by which I used my newfound spirituality to bypass and avoid, often enough dragging or trying to said shadow beings and energies into one spiritual camp or other in order to wipe their asses, put spiritual white robes on them, hang wings and haloes upon and over them then send them off to spiritual charm schools to teach them how to convey when they say namaste and other bliss-ninnyzied slogans meant to convey being in the spiritual know. Arrogant, what. Sincere, yes. But arrogant.

But, shudder of shudders, Jung counsels 'facing your own soul.' Soul means psyche. Work with the psyche for which one, with rare exceptions, needs a guide

inwardly and externally. Pray to be guided to a sin-eater who does not ignore human imperfection nor pretend to piety and god-almightiness. Look for a bullet-hole drumming in intense attention, salivation and uncommon sense. Find someone who, like you perhaps are experiencing now, is 'beyond the fence', having lost her/his senses in order to gain them anew along with 'uncommon sense.' Abjure commercial promises and platitudes and be wary of trance-mongers selling quick abbreviated journeys to enlightenment with guaranteed prosperity to follow. 'Somewhere over the rainbow' is just that, 'somewhere over the rainbow', for in the end, once again, one returns, or can, with courage and consent to lose one's 'bauble-babbling deities' to Kansas, ordinary and mundane, praising in creaturely astonishment the majesty accessible in ground, in hands, genitals, eyes and skin. Revelations in the spore and more abound. Land here in the physical universe assenting to suffer and bear witness to the spectrum of joys and horrors which create exquisite and ordinary responses for we are indeed creatures of response in a universe which appeals to us as creatures of response to authentically respond. We may curse we WILL! . We may praise we WILL! . We may question we always SHOULD!

and more but conscious humanity, all-too-humanness, is enough. More than enough. We really don't need yogis and saints and fainting spiritual Blavatskys afraid of toothy, meaty existence. The spine of an edible leaf screams, too, when we chew. And we leave it fuming behind us in testament to life and death just as odiferously as the once-was-flesh injections of living energy called food. Contrariness is who we are. We gaze at the star of our personal sky, cry Why? and We Wee Oui amidst the scry and scree of our being here just one being amongst numberless beings in an expanding universe.

Thus I would amend Robin Blaser's opening statement above, true for me as it is, but having arrived at this current response to Existenz and being in and of it, I venture what is always a venture when logic and chaos are peeled back from appearance:

I was always a GUESS - of family, of religion, and especially of language
- nothing more, nothing less. - Robin Blaser

Still guessing. And so creation/creating continues:

Missive As Preface - Pertaining To His Gargoyle Nature

" It seemed like the gargoyles of Notre Dame Started yelping." -
Vladimir Mayakovsky, from " A Cloud In Trousers"

Seeker comes to Confucius's door seeking entrance and enlightenment:

SEEKER: KNOCK KNOCK

CONFUCIUS: WHO'S THERE?

SEEKER: SHOES

CONFUCIUS: SHOES WHO?

SEEKER: WHO'S ASKING?

CONFUCIUS: THE WAY OUT IS THROUGH THE DOOR

But still:

The problem is that many of us [most of us] are metaphorically impaired. - Gay Hendricks

But further still:

That place among the rocks - Is it a cave,
Or a winding path? The edge is what I have. - Theodore Roethke

'I have occasionally described my standpoint to my friends as the "narrow ridge," writes Martin Buber. "I wanted by this to express that I did not rest on the broad upland of a system that includes a series of sure statements about the absolute, but on a narrow rocky ridge between the gulfs where there is no sureness of expressible knowledge but the certainty of meeting what remains undisclosed.'

"The narrow ridge is the place where I and Thou meet," he [Buber] added. When I asked him to clarify this symbolism to me, he replied...'If you like, you can think of the narrow ridge as a region within yourself where you cannot be touched. Because there you have found yourself: and so you are not vulnerable.' Martin Buber, *Between Man and Man*, trans. by Ronald Gregor Smith [London: Kegan Paul, 1947] p.184.

Meanwhile, bothering my own poems,
le oeuvre, to death or breath or something
glotally beautiful, strange fruit born of
dirth and craven beleaguerdness

20,000 leagues beneath the Creeley,
Eliot, Crane, Hopkins and blended Beats
which I am told are good for kidneys,
blood and the sum of crows on the
powerline extended between the upper
edge of my window screen and the
Manhattan Bridge's pale blue shyly
hiding its red light in river fog just for me.

" A dog named Ego, the snowflakes as kisses..." - Delmore Schwartz

The formal addresses:

For you, Delmore, perhaps the untouchable region of self remains still undisclosed or perhaps you have like most of us only glimpses of that enclosure, the self-cloister, the oasis which is the centerpoint of self and Self and Universe always/already present, or at least that is the massive presumption of mystics, but it, Universe, self/Self remains most often elusive due to the stormy intervention of the senses and the vicissitudes of life presentations, and YOU have had more than your share of such...thus your need, your insistent enclosure into instruments, objects, images, to sound and pound and lu lu lu lull yourself into that enclosed space which is all space without dimension upon and within which you receive in your open-at-last-ness, in perhaps the rare place and occasion when your arms uncross from your chest, and you can finally receive what for many or enough are blessings...your being in that vulnerable yet trusting place allows what is there in the narrow ridge place to meet what will be undisclosed where you too may disclose yourself within that place and are then met by That That Is, Suchness, Thusness, Is-ness, Tathata which is variously translated as " thusness" or " suchness" ... representing the base reality and can be used to terminate the use of words...but amplifies image, vision, which can lead to no image, no vision, but immense yet really real Silence and Extended Field and yet also the Stillpoint of the spinning world:

Dark, dark my light, and darker my desire.
My soul, like some heat-maddened summer fly,
Keeps buzzing at the sill. Which I is I?
A fallen man, I climb out of my fear.
The mind enters itself, and God the mind,
And one is One, free in the tearing wind. - Theodore Roethke

You dwell on the narrow ridge as does everyone only most folks are able to ignore and repress that liminal space because dwelling on that ridge is to be nowhere...what Thomas Merton, quoting Chuang Tzu, calls "the Palace of Nowhere"; ...

Call it what you will, I think Hell is a better designation and resignation for who has given up the battle and waits in the in between "the heron and the wren, Beasts of the hill and serpents of the den" - "the edge is what I have"self as edge, edge as self...Merton called himself and his fellow monks/mystics "marginal men";I have called myself that too but now it is "gargoyle"; that is the most descriptive name or designation....ledge/edge dweller, not IN the church or Cathedral, forever outside such, but close, on the edge where "once was mystery revealed"; in earlier times...always a watcher, an edge/ledge sitter peering out and down into/onto/upon the pedestrian world, the rolling pastoral scene beyond, never able to see the Duomo, the crown of Mystery's edifice, but it is very close behind, that Rotunda which images the Cosmos....gargoyle with Cosmos at his/her back tracks life, the temporal, from above with Mystery's weight distorting his/her visage forever forcing vision forward out and down...a dark most often ugly jewel but a jewel nonetheless in the Cosmic Crown...Gargoyle twists and blurs and stirs new perception, surgically accurate visions of what most folks sense or feel but never really see or express but for flails, wails, gasps and clasping at promised baubles of church and culture/country. Bumpkins boobing head or cock-long into each other and what is near for fear of missing what they always/already are missing, the Tathata offered but without advertisement despite Enlightenment by Ticketron and Bestseller/Talk TV trivialized versions of the once was sacred but now sanitized, adulterated, microwaved in seconds "spirituality"; ...sorry, Gargoyle in me needed a parenthesis to rant. Suffice it to say, to neigh, even bray:

We serve.

Awful vocation. Odious purpose. Mournful ministry. But we serve.

I reserve the right to complain as a human because it hurts, is hell, is no place anyone or being should dwell but dwell there we all do only most refuse the journey, are pleased enough or would rather just live the animal out and into the grave or dust having thrust and shoved and, yes, loved best-as-could-can and then dies into the liminal-being-animal at the end, schluffing the body and all that, for me endlessly schluffing skin cell by skin cell, behind, blind beneath the ridge at last, repast for worms, scattered by storms. At last unseen.

We serve. YOU serve. And perhaps can emerge, one toe in life waters, again. But the legal pad is a cosmos too. A relation. A gesture of placement, and a just right to complain as a solitary finite creature.

We should convene a convention for gargoyles who, it is not even imagined by those below, know of Mystery, Cosmos close at our back, oh silly vocation, a vent and spleen and rave and lean into our undisclosed humanity at last or at least with fellow Otherwise bounders.

Are gargoyles free to abandon, to forsake their vocations, to somehow, perhaps lightning struck on the temple tower, to transform, morph into human shape though still distorted and ugly, or perhaps, if grace be grace, be indeed fare of face and voice then descend to the human world, step upon the concourse, and track the human pace of embodied, ensouled, emotional subjectively shared human life? Now there's a book I'd like to read, a play, a musical, a movie I'd like to witness - when the gargoyle lays his edge burden down and has to discover the smell of the human and other herd below, grief and grovel, love and betrothal, the brothel, the bother of beauty, the awful hell of it within but out of reach for most, but ghosting in human form but this time only with motion and emotion and transcending notions gathered at oceans edge of grief and longing, the need to belong after all but it is all so appalling but one learns to appreciate the edge had, the ledge-upon-dwelled, the dormition of steeples receding into urban distances, said steeples the hairline of god, holds where fellow gargoyles perch, lurk, search 180 degrees chattering each to each, one at every direction north, south, east, west, reporting what is seen from their watch in the lurch below....the bell towers bong and so gargoyles know sound and distance from the din just behind or beneath, context is everything, everything is everywhere, all is the narrow ridge even the alleys, the byways below, the worn path of the woods, on the hill, in the valley, trailing disclosures avoided or come at last and so come to know ourselves at last for a moment as we are,

beasts upon the purchased hill,
serpents of the human din,
Which I is I? A fallen man....
displaced, one is One,

free in the tearing wind...

Will call to see if dinner for two, gargoyle fare but no more pigeons!

Your fellow upon the stone ledge, ancient piles throbbing,

thus I know, despite concretion, I am a living being,

Grokus Disclosus King Unflung But Sung and Singing

I am the least difficult of men. All I want is boundless love. - Frank O'Hara

Dear Meaningnest

Haven't heard of, from you.

Are you OK or mighty fine?

Or is it me?

No matter the matter.

Wondering how, where.

And how fare you, farther flung.

Or me, the further sending these

unasked, unsought.

Few to send

to who might care or

at least be bothered

yet not required

just a basket to catch

my froth enough

at this stage.

Sired upon rock and thus
know stones for suck, I am
more that one, not to inflate,
in parable, who sows seed
upon rock. Some roots may
come but come high wind
or burning heat, well, one
gathers what can, what's
left, sees if something be
woven from strands
perhaps become the
better farmer more
patient the more resigned
by far for attempts and
fated reaping life's own rock.

But, not complaining.

Gonna, rather,

go hog wild,

burst open,

try make sense

of messes, one

slop pinky raised

effetely to offend.

One can arrive at such a place

where one's no longer 'scaped

all this - those who consent -

who becomes arrives, willing

participant in inexorable

awake which as yet

does not totality ken;

always the flames upend,

rush, such vortices are

assumed progress

an assumption

only a wish but

sweetness,

but tenderness

for some few beloved

things may steer,

may guide some,

stir us, even me,

oink oink

forward, ahead.

One cannot be

sweet toward all

except in mind

alone

Alone

the hog loves

lowly

loves slowly

but it loves

thing by

thing

which

something

is a beginning

I am for something

Distant cousin,

we're made more close by
sorrow. Time's a borrowed
longing, reaches us each to
each - or yours to mine, for
nowhere now we are but
within, perhaps, merely a
conceit but, I in you and
you in vague, yes, me, a
guess, a venality, vanity
being a human trait common,
quite. It is still a trace to
be, to convene congenially.

I now confess:

I preach too much,

from high horse be-
sotted try to sing
a'stammer with all of
England's Pilgrim-more
behind beneath me us
who would be poets.

It is tone that can home
or disperse us, skin or
spooks thinner than thin,
reflections on walls or con-
fused for traffic or meteors
periferal. Didactic, pro-
lific, heiractic much. Ig-
noring transparency's bend,

let excursus end.

Pretend or pray such
extends us into more
than infirm materiality

but let it rest or give,
if rest can be given,
riven from wrested
Pleiades retread Maidens.

For now, let's, craven.
Encompassed much verily,

God damn the West, its deity.

Come cauterize come
correct, impress of self,

homo erect us bears
on what's for other fools

now to court, stalk, woo.

To palmer instead Word-
ward, on tinted oars

bend or pleining sails
snail pace skies turn

away day from sun
toward Polaris or

Ursas Major/Minor
two, close each
to each, almost
would reach but
for each a leg in
stellar traps so
endless beeward
they wheel they

limp simple enough
bearing in mind
to suffer redundant
motion, helps to
know as all natural
things do no matter
where placed in
curved Space that
night skies every-
where indeed are

a sad

sad zoo.

They're dead now too,
the Bears,

& most seen stars,
a chorus of ill sorts,

to keep time out of
habit and rhyme as

a kind of home to dwell,

in no where do I

but liminal bring
them with, bearing

in mind, to say with
or without impunity,

Goddamn the West, its deity.

Accomodate: A Brief Account Of Friedrich Nietzsche's Final Months

My illness has been my greatest boon: it unblocked me,

it gave me the courage to be myself. - Friedrich Nietzsche

When fame had found him
long gone to madness the
idea of the nation itself

a blue-lensed delicate eye

mimicked the mapmaker's
method of triangulation
using time not place as the
fixed point —

to see something as a whole
one must have two eyes
one of love and one of hate
the sublime and the ridiculous
accommodate

Accomodate —

his body

softening
of the brain

left to lie in darkness
a week at a time
leeches attached
to ears to draw blood
down from his head

silver nitrate, opium
and tannic acid enemas
to draw blood
furthest down

Yet he reasons that the
constant taste of blood
in his mouth turns affliction
into an advantage

has particular appeal
to the shipwrecked —

still he furies at tendencies

toward submission

toward self-enslavement

Still at work even in
madness some final
surmises
strongly felt—

Style is concern
vulnerable to distortion

Being a philosopher of perhaps
he once ended a book with 'Or? ' —;

Being a philosopher of endings
of final reckonings
of certain shipwreck

totally blind
he surmises
weakly upon
propped pillows

his eyebrows
his mustache
outgrowing
their ledgers

his fatal sister declaritively
writes —

'in being found

he lived well who hid well'

'the ellipse of a cry
travels from mountain
to mountain.' (Lorca)

One thumb dithers over thinned
carpet here unstringing another
verse, 'vineyard of the curse'*
kind of thing, a secret rebuttal

perhaps,

or is it rewinding Lorca's
last song's hands tied be-
hind of his back, without
blindfold, that one might
hear when a Los Angeles*
vent blows

east or

similar wind

(el viento
es viento)

(the wind
is wind)

West to my near Atlantic
pontin appointed City a
few miles from shore
where heavy cables begin,
descend, extend where
the dead Poet's music
rests content in his poems

continual inebriant supplication -

'strings of the wind' (Lorca)

Dark my window flaunts orange
street light by neon night, by
devotion bound ceding victory
to the Spaniard's brow now a
swarm of bees at grave's edge
mourning every victory because

of the way his ended

the worst for a Legend's bargain,

bones for his songs

Have I ever mentioned that Michelangelo practically never took a bath in his life,
by the way?

And even wore his boots to bed?

On my honor, it is a well known item in the history of art that Michel-
angelo was not somebody one would particularly wish to sit too close to. Which on second
thought could very well change one's view as to why

all of those Medici kept telling him don't bother to get up, as a matter of fact.

Although come to think of it even William Shakespeare himself was terribly tiny,
which is something I did once mention.

I mean so long as one would appear to be getting into this sort of thing.

Well, and for that matter Galileo would never even ever shake another person's
hand, once he had discovered germs. - David Markson

From the Encampment of HeartStrife - Further Pastiche Extentions In Biography

The bells, I say, the bells break down their tower - Hart Crane

take down the walls, invite

the trespass... - William Carlos Williams

Let him not be another's who can be his own.

- Paracelsus

The problem is that many of us [most of us] are metaphorically impaired. - Gay Hendricks

Refugee from the American South.
Now loud-but-reverent-mouthed in
New York City.

Leave the world to the scoundrels!

As I get older, my relationship to ground is problematic. Balance is no longer an assumption that delivers. Is it the room that leans or is it me? My sense of place has never been too pleasantly real or here but for parentheses happy-enough and for these I am indeed thankful, and place has been and still is found more in sound, a very early childhood thing, in what I hear by ear or eye when I read. Totem in this my life is the book and it's associated familiars. And rumors.

And now, older than I have ever been, which is a painfully obvious tautology standing long at the urinal waiting, waiting, a poem may arrive more quickly than other flow, poetry has taken on an urgency which orients me, grieves me, and leaves me somewhat in relation to light though I burn the midnight oil to work a poem from the darkness, and my eyes can no longer focus...but, it's ground work. Gives some heft, makes some meaning.

Still, can't say I have traveled light. Not really. But heart's the better for the journey forced, pockets full of pyrite.

Soon be ground myself though.

It's undertow that matters

Cooler weather helps.

The rosary of a wine glass, sips, tiny cups laid out for asphalt spirits, and garden aromas from wealthy neighbors' rooftops soothe,

remind of early easier grooves in Blue Ridge mounts when the nearest neighbor

was a stream, a creek, really, named 'Dismal' but 'it weren't that at all'; as folks in those mountains do say. It ran night and day beneath my back porch and sighed much,

mostly for love.

I used to hear crows in this city, large ones, perhaps starlings or grackles, but haven't heard or seen one for at least 6 years now. They use to murder up in long lines on the edge of a university's art department building and slowly walk about, looked as if the water tower was slowly turning round and round. I could watch those 3-D silhouettes in slow motion for hours,

the hours turning too on clawed feet secure on ledges and, of course, the friendlier air, call it freedom to fall, to be drafted upward, blackness whirling or feathered hovering, in nature such is allowed.

...

On with the boring center line
endlessly dividing though broken
on purpose suggesting a way to veer.

No guide needed here.
Fear is the drive shaft,
and longing turns the wheel.

...

once of spinning galaxies
docked

the spillway star spins out
or tries for

its child every night for
a week

from front seat

from back

then breaches Nova -

sudden bright increase
swells inward

turns deliberate

burns back to original
hover

some months

then settles half
past

Waldrop's Creek beyond
Roper but near

before I-85 was
ever

...

born again into wicked desires, the slings and arrows,
happier for the narrows needed to keep such as I out
of 'blessed sanctioned sanctified' dissociation, thus
I careen/lean spleen-and-all into crash and lickably burn.

Passion's itch must be scratched, it so insists, open palm
or clenched fist or teeth the Fire Lady's left hand reach

to live in the breach.

I was born again again

but this time feet first.

...

I'm fated to die with compassions
In the crooked streets' - Sergei Yesenin

Dearest Pickle, pickle's the question:

What is a lake without its lovers parked a spawning bed
of red clay frantic love making quick pushed disgarded
remnants of such mark conceptions-or-not porn tossed
half rolled window to be morning gathered waiting for
school bus glad sons resident on the hill compelling
tree-top nights for skin glimpses more light to see what
who might be front seat or back trying to consumate,
glad word, engendering Chevron children, Impala breeds,
Mustangs and Palaminos half human, also spawn of/from
assorted sea creatures, Stingrays, Baracudas, insect
hatch of Spiders, Beetles, some big cats too of Tigers,
Cougars, Wild Cats, once even a regal Cobra night stalking
varied winged ones, Road Runners, Thunderbirds, Sprites,
once even a Snipe, there were many Falcons, favorites
for obvious reasons all enthrall, hair palmed near-blind
boys straining brittle limbs embracing pines, not lovers,

not yet.

...

Totem for auto nights

in flagrante the Tempest

barely understood

barely withstood

massive pagan

quakes where sap

does rise born again

long of old half dreams'

boned aromas pines'

adolescents amonia

sticky there tar-groin-

boys ache impatient

limb to limb parked

holding their weight

squashed complaints

brakes locked

...

I bow to the bruise exquisite,
address the tree newly vernal,
full moon just passed

passing what is seen not
seen between veins of each stillness
leaf waved in suchness,

what acts or yields, what
moment-by-moment brings,
awaits revelation of foliage and
trunks.

I seek what they have
never having had it,
these graceful young
men, masculine, easy,
at home in their skin.
They live now and ahead
at no one but life's behest.
As for me, twice aborted laity,

God damn the West, it's deity.

I bow to the bruise exquisite,
address the tree -

Meaningnest,

this purpled edge of summer
new, barrage of storms ex-

panding, call it Maple, call
it cathected projected me,
these young men Africaine
on benches easy with each
others' heat - maples peek
at their blossoms their purple
bark, they freely piss, return
relieved, shameless. In such
easiness, theirs, their grace
embodied, I feel the itch, the
drive, the hives invisible in
damp air where young men and
trees thrive. What is it there in
them that I cannot have? or seize
in some, even minor, measure?

Goddamn the West, its deity.

As for me awed before purple
leaf and loin, I am a pagan old.
Few were able to touch demure
me, that is, the very few, confused
as I was for a feminine tongue.

Dark's magpie, me. What
say you now if say you could?

...

the handsome welder, masked, sings
into the retina of his dark glass

how entwined with bridges
a bloated form of tangled
arcs/angles shudders

how lips chafe
gently the many
necks curved
of alloy
million-groined

...

In arms
we carried It
as one does
a child

yet it was
He who carried us,
both bird and man,

who cried
openly
on the way

for our presence
solid in his arms,

he who did not care
who saw his tears shed,
head down,
beneath spring blossoms

...

He's gone crow said one poet of another

...

Let all of me be
Agency become music
in fingers latency,

theirs deserve all waking praise.

Let us rejoice what is in scarlet shed.
Let us praise iron.
Let oxidation within us reign.

...

Is that flesh
floating on the
surface me who
swims or sinks
fraternally?

I know a strange me

with soap for eyes
and suds to see

Eternally yours,

He.

...

feral segue to further reaches spit
indelicately dislodge insistent hairs
the brow the lash the body prolific
flesh acres cell by fur cell straight
ones & curl spit spit unfurl a deluge
saliva godiva diving in upon on around
a blackness most purple indelicate
yet damp tender too to touch

unmistakable

as a shade a sheathed blade a
bruise complication both comedic
& deadly where shall then my lover
hide as well my lovers how distract
that other negritude that greedily
feeds & feeds

upon

Love, yes,
backing in

the floor where we
lay our cluttered
clothes deposed

x at least 3

take me
again once

x infinity

into your arms

x 2

and leave me when
you/we are done doing

x 0

a mere cypher flown
sheer up the flue
into the blue ash
which now the sky

is

where

there is
only one
sky

a dove flies
into some
possibility
of memory
or not

x thousands

x the time it

takes for you to exit
shedding skins shells
I am a shell

x infinity into

the one drain in-
to ocean reflecting
blue sky

ash of what remains
of you on the beach
bathing soft Junes

...

" I am sad this morning. Do not reproach me.
I write from a café near the post office"
- Delmore Schwartz, from " Baudelaire"

Delmore, confessional, what?

no mother claimed you at the end

no friend either whom you perhaps

lost, neglect overdue come to exact

poetic portion, your itinerant passing,

a ward of city and state, you-not-you

wait for reclamation overdue, an

uncashed check for three weeks

you spent yourself on words,

noble enough pursuit, no rebuke

for your priorities though maternity

or fate maternity IS fate

perhaps

did you end in the end no doubt

this massive mother complex could

not, would not, be worked through
via poetry or booze or rooms chosen
in which to scribble and scribe what
was, as you said, heard in your head
or wherever such are heard

ignorant bird on the escape now makes a music at any rate
as was the mourning dove an hour ago
singing on the other side of pane

knows when to tone in tandem to
poem same or similar each one little
inflections familiar to childhood fields
felt not seen, heard not named, as
if improvising those few notes available
to doves for late afternoon sun blocked
by curtains green, green too my room
10 years now forced upon me filled
with poet scrip -

" green how I want you green" [Lorca]

" not my hands but green across you now [R. Hugo]

" When green was the bed
my love and I laid down upon" [John Wieners]

these and more pay no rent, if only

pages were money then but so many

dusty pantheon'd singers hand

wringers bringers on of harbinger

dawns/dusks decry what rusty

radiators here might also in their

own way suggest as their heated

season nears end, and mine, what

may be known if ever known, of

afterglow surmise when third snows

in fever weeks give surprise for never

guessed Bestowals

...

O stand radiant-starred late afternoon

O stained stark shadows black frieze

astonished stooped man

time's wee piss boy

...

The distant gazebo of that small
town wears white lights garlanded

round, and snow. A boy without
gloves reads alone.

He is no fool who takes his time and
place to know.

...

Only the poet sells his soul to separate it
from the body that he loves. - Tomaz Salamun

LORCA - 'All that has dark sounds has duende.' And there's no deeper truth than
that.'

Dearest Incomprehension

I stammer on scraping skin and song,
a geography myself, a landscape severe,
gone in the nose and ears, the eyes
good for shadows only. And some old
beloved words. I'll plead allergies.

I am reading some dead Thomists
these days, Maritain, your friend,
whom I've secretly adored since
covenants were broken, my own
fault, asking again and again how
one can keep covenant with self
much less a God.

Bless my bones if there are blessings
for such. I've taken them for granted
much. They are my formation base.
I've wasted years chasing the world,
the words for things, and why and
how, I never really thought of bones
but old Thomists did and do, even
Calvinist too though they're way too
dry for me.

Maritain frees me, as does his wife,

the gentleness in them both astounds.
Jacques's a tough bird, though, an
intellect staking claim on thought and
what perhaps it ought to do with silly
human will once Divinity has entered
the room -

What knees are for upturned palms can plead.

NOW

sings bones

NOW

their old hymns ongoing theme.

Seems somewhere I read, or did I dream it,
an old heresiarch in the desert retreated to
cultivate a life of prayer in nowhere. After
all the years of abstention and heat, the
bare land inexorable, he could no longer
utter much at all, speechless before severity,
and beauty, how the eternal question of
'why is man' could be summed in his only prayer:

Heres breath for you.

...

Delmore, far-from though you are,

a young very tall lover visits late nights

betimes glad son of sikhs no longer sikhs, or so
they think, who dwell beside Pulaski's draw, it
groans by day and night lifting divided weight heavy
to sky what silently floats under and through; their
dreams, he reports, are haunted, something pursues
them from the old land

You are the new, Bapila, he says, his name
for me which means vessel, keel, boat, container,

Rather, I am slain, apostate,
not by Prophet's horse bone
jaw but one curved as antler
curves, nuzzles a throat entire

As I fade he rises a new
moon sharply dividing dark
from distance, there is no
confusion of which I am
when Billie sings

....I'm a fool to want you....

of empty space full-parted,
staked, says sickle moon,
confuse my bone, his, rather,
equine angle bright, pressing

close to

parchment and stubble,

rest o rest sigh

upon my rubble

feel your swallow

a sudden other bird

each breath a rosary

India's Godson thin
legs entwine, are swans
whose toes are sparrows
he teases whose laughter
deep is demise black as

his eyes

what can hollow a man
to crepuscular sky, asks
sickle moon,

no, not sky but to bone;
no, rather, what is it makes
me more the shallows

but all water still,
makes me shadow
but all the more real,

alive in refrain only?

how assorted birds and the dove constitute Heart's aviary

how Billie's staggers ever wager skin memory at odds with hestition

how this 'music, ' even yours Delmore, 'fathoms the sky"

...

none of my India-tinted prayers
gather as they once did invisibly
into the knotted hair of my Japanese
once-was-in-my-arms-alla-time
lover

two large graceful scorpions
sume-i*-stitch around his pectorals
their carapaces conjoin at the
heart so many pulsing mirrors
repelling away from each

the tails their stingers tremble
ready at his sides I grip tightly
as he impacts my uttermost

then after thought in afterglow
he looks kindly at me

says into the dark inked blue
the stitched cursives of the
scorpions gleaming silver with our sweat -

something about patterns of flight

inked
fingers gracefully form
an airplane gliding gestures
in dim light toward an open
window then

something about night migration

his back turned to me as he
walks toward the front door
clothes in hand, parts of me
trailing after

posed for anything but departure

...
in bed stunned

in sleep beside
the question

in beatitude
in dumbstruck

a most beautiful boy
Beatitude Itself

in Vatican choir
rapture's soprano

sing crystal sing plaintive

virginal to prisoners
holy pure such singing

the tightrope walker astounds
last lover, Algerian, a circus lad
stretches/blooms in spotlight

merges into

rope-into-youth

and man-falling

a falling-man willful

imolation leap
luscious eventual
inevitable pale

impaler

[] _____ Le Funambule _____ []

[] _____ The Rope Walker _____ []

such are attempts transcend via ropes and swings and rafters

□ upon Palomino's back upon which balances urgent youthhood □ tights holding
a gay umbrella over his concentrated head, his
bluer than blue eyes fixed upon some other-world-anywhere-but-here,
not hearing the blurred masses crashing against him-the-projected

that they need
and so feed upon
him torso
him balance

him stillness-dance
on the haunch

him unreal unseen
as real so him peel
down tights to
skin moon-white

each gallop each
bounce portends
him rope and him
fall at last into him
past which refuses
memory itself nor
need for recall or
fall

especially when

the bereft remainder
the lover pins him
past to now-agonies

tender pinner he
remains reminds
him splintered
one to sing and say

of him splendour
of him acrobat
him ropewalker
him child/man
of tents
and stray
grave but
gay hints
there is more than a year
a moment in Mercy arms
legs breaths twined till twain
and pain doth them part,
lips forever parted mute

too stunned in loss to sound
the repetitive moment of

him legs and him white
arms flashing down

there is no sound then but

him thud

just one

more than

enough

to end

all that

...

Still, all this grief, the trees just below me
blossom brightly as the sun has burst from
clouds dark, such shine on such fragile things,
new blossoms flung from branches ripped to
street by last night's high howl or was that
me, even this urban crawl space is sheer,
utter, brilliance, beauty...would be blasphemy
not to say it, to give praise as Toni's tumors
grow so large she looks nine months pregnant,
agonized she scratches her body entire, a
new regimen of medicine, toxic sure, now
that will send, most probable alas, her to
death, clawed skin red, gritted teeth working
out her "what did I do?" she asks other day,
"what did I do to deserve this?" I cry too,
stumped through and through, staggered,
mute, holding her, she struggles to breathe,
tumors press, evil evil tumors, press her guts
into her lungs, less space for air, for life, her
entire body and the entire f*cking crawl space
of the planet entire, nothing but grief, grief,

all grief and quandry. Unanswerable quandry

6

There is still always the laundry
preponderant use of trivia

7

still, there, ironically,

innocent they are,

the blossoms are

close, not far

Look.

they smell like semen

" and the world wags on"

8

Grace, I can't, or won't, argue

but can welcome. Meanwhile,

Toni and tumors and the suicide

friend, the falling man who chose

such intimate relations to gravity

and end, gravity's end, such is

not a friend of mine but betimes

I wonder if going on and on de-

spite eternal returns, or so it

appears till our sun goes nova,

blossoms perform for the eyes,
conform trees toward affinities
for seasons, rooted, they are
and remain in place, are places,
without envy of motion, they
even fall or parts of them do
which does not surprise the sky
or dirt, all hurt seems born to
every option, seems to some
how know every plot

...

Fate, then, heavy in a boy's hand,
hoists dead weight to a nail on a tree.
His knife scores firm flesh yielding
beneath freshly limp gills - there is
an instrument made just for this,
pincher-pliers for catfish skin -
he grips and tears, uses his weight
down-stripping smoothly bare to such
luscience little ribs of roseate flesh.

Only the overly large head, the ugly face
whiskered within gilded monstrosity,
remain pure to form, thin-lipped and
mocking, restrained by depth pressures,
sustained on surface trash, dead things
that sink down, it's treasures.

'Soft moonlight awakens now

The cruel longing that laughs and cries! '

- Ruth Valadares Correa

...upon Lorca's death in Grenada

I'll still root for that fine Bull
by lead quieted, that only one with
carnations green where once were
ears, shots unheard but felt, pivoting

backwards, hooves

sudden beseeching ground

splaying to

sky,

scars,

clouds,

green

green

the cries beneath cedars

Ay! Ay!

With such...

a new day hums near high noon

where I am remaindered to
silence, still an easy sucker
for a song so sing with my
fingers or try but not to worry.

While kids bounce basketballs
in the street below I'll beat my
pensioner's drum remembering

red clock hands on the local spire
tilting God - shirts and skins* -
between Fathom Street and St. Marks.

Hasta,

until the Vision comes,

Nightingale

Mark the first page of the book with a red marker. For,
in the beginning, the wound is invisible. - Reb Alcé

There is another world, but it is inside this one. - Paul Éluard

This is withholding art,
evading disclosure, declining
to give itself away. - Tiffany Bell

I think poetry must
I think it must
stay open all night
In beautiful cellars - Thomas Merton

Do not move
let the wind speak
that is paradise - Ezra Pound, from his last Canto 120

I don't believe in the other world
...But I don't believe in this one either
unless it's pierced by light.' - A. Kamienska

*

from Midnight In Dostoyevsky

Is it
feathers'
dawn shoe

through
which
blood
casings

mourn
the Orange
Moon?

Alyosha
the old
animal heat
turns in on
itself

burns
beneath skin

the bone bruise
fuses out
against what
yearning once
meant in
wetlands
between

navel

moon

corona

pubis

The one eyed
painter too
flicks and claps

repeats silently

as he will and is

want

his lips moving

as

does a spider make

a

quieter order

in

a darker corner

no sight needed

only sense and silk

*

When it rains, you don't ask how many raindrops fell. You

say it rained.

Lots of rain, many semi-colons- the cell will teach you all.

This blue world. Unattainable- stranger than
dying,

by what unmerited grace we were allowed to come see it.

- from Franz Wright's Entries of the Cell

*

...'Do not spurn any chance to mourn. Mourning is a kind of Return...;

I just want to say to you, Franz, 'Because the soul
is a stranger in this world',

such blackness I have traveled through all night, and

because of
you I have made my peace with the Atlantic.

And returned, I sleep, one hip wounded, a new name to be announced at a
future date
bearing a significance of which I can only wonder

derived of a bruise that I have often sung, of swift and terrible deity grasped. It
grabs back, refuses to relent but is bargained with and for, leaving one bent,
limping, a worshiper forever.

I can wait for the meaning if it ever arrives. My legs hurt too, treading air the
ocean long, tired from such distances traveled with strangers all around, so
many,

so many, I had not known that desire had undone so many,

I am still cool upon the pallet on the floor in a darkened room, curtains closed
...
upon the ceiling [a shard of light] scores mandalas of earth tones

another Atlantic, its hidden floor, perhaps its ghost
man made above me asking for my
blessing, meaning my honoring, it moves to the top shelf, the volumes in ancient
Greek, Biblical,

textbooks for learning that tongue college days - brief spark then nothing, the
voltage gone, dead as Aramaic and Koine,

remembered light only. - W. Falcon

...
And now come poets each century heavier than
before, heavier than the other few, this new one too,
only bards, a real few, to bar, board up the big gaps

O great light gaping, torn off, oft thee sung,
slung over shoulder, hauled, the burden,
o the load
it is now become.

**

Poem For Caravaggio, For Pasolini

- Remains found in Tuscany are likely to be the artist Caravaggio's, proving that lead poisoning was one cause of his death 400 years ago.

- Pasolini was murdered on 2 November 1975 on the beach at Ostia. He had been run over several times by his own car.

In the shorter light,

in the extended night of
cold and star-bright questions,
may you cast

clumsy net forward
into what it all might mean
to fretted you,

to me, stretched
canvas, though I will
not thrust these

words upon your
paint or palette but
make offering for

your own work
to feed us through
the eyes;

perhaps time
to remount the horse
and soldier on,

or to fall again,
gain Damascus perspective,
from one's

back watch vision

distort massive
horse

into a God
receding
into

necessary
darkness
foregoing

image,

see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

PART TWO - DEJA FOO/L

Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
I have been taken up into grief, the strange
relief of clouds. Soon departed I shall be
once again returned to disquieted prayer,
the proud monk to his rites rejoined
such are covers for disjointedness.

There, almost within reach, the blossoming
tree brightens between darker bricks to truly
dwell. It is for me a shy son of mists to see
in spite of big chunks missing, lost, wasted,
torn out, that the Celestial World is not as
it appears to most, It yearns for much needed
hardness for spirits without shoes still long
to be bread that they may dwell in our finitude.

Dear uncommon friends, Old Strand, and my zen
quill and pen-ners of the East, imbibers of tea
and samsara, cackling cocks and hens in the locked
and guarded shunyata pens of the world -

you all have become wholeness-itself by now.
I am reading reading crowded pushed your many
years behind me hoping I may gather what you
all have found in the dusk where the trail ends
at the highest peak.

Ruffling all your bright feathers your KATZ
chorus clucks/crows up from the black frozen
stream below:

No becoming.

What is there to be found?

Black Rooster, blind,
scratches all dawns.

**

still in this night I am turning
and turning on the hard pallet

these old pages that I have turned
now over 40 years in starry exile

as if my tongue could matter less by day
than my thoughts could mean more by night

these constant companions the good few
who lend voice to all that goes on

inked between and upon ledges high and in
canyoned depths what continues seen or not

such are strayed
ponies bending their heads to

finer blades tender shoots green or in winter
without complaint chew brown tufts brittle

shadowing snow and a pair of boot tracks
veering off and up or down

alone trail into other fields or
upon remote peaks

only song's
a traveler's companion

...the great sins and fires break out of me like the
terrible leaves from the boughs in the violent spring.
I am a walking fire, I am all leaves... - Edith Sitwell

**

Childness let's have us honey
flame intended, names smeared
upon the glass, an accidental
pane, hands touching delicate
as trespass what is allowed
lace of vision.

...

One touches the other which touches me

I am become a massive bird
bent backwards

a wobbling kite of tallow and tin
a bruised three-blade fan

petroleum kisses over
massive cables between coiled

legs, those others, of mortar,
of hot metal glow

the handsome welder, masked, sings
into the retina of his dark glass

how entwined with bridges
a bloated form of tangled

arcs/angles shudders

how lips chafe
gently the many
necks curved
of alloy
million-groined

...

I am uncovered, thin, bared upon thinner
sheets the man-ripped to many images,
torn into, landscaped to former curves.
No longer do I grieve enclosure, touching
only myself, delivered from layers.

What begins to be, earth swell, breaks
root-room open to blood means.

All hurt now stings twilight quaked into being.
Your breath falls upon me now, taut, sinew,
bruising hands, purple insides flare warrior nerves
to unknotting surprise.

Magpie dances.

Lines, veins, strung between Pole Star
and First River Mouth, an embedded ruin uncovers in milk floods.
Touch gently first what has been too long concealed.

Hard touch congeals once was telling mud remolded into
" Not again. Not yet the bleeding Centurion."
Wield roughly then through gates too long shut.

When I cry out, do not mind. Blindly ram. Do not stop.

Magpie, my keeper, is flying.

...

I suffer the happy travails of indigent withers,
a later paramour whose eyes do what thighs
no longer can. Young men stray in the redder
door and, thank god, are easily distracted,

thank god, the erotic slights of hand, thank
god, the scented smoke, the velvet-covered
mirrors drooping unnoticed; they depart the
happier minds touched more than diminishing
crescents of flesh.

I have broken my back lifting
all these my loves up to heaven.

...

I was reaching for god then - not your fault - a lavender
boy early befriended by crows, already resigned to what
was given and what was to come, a softball between the
eyes, your attempt to guide me toward those diamond
thighs which, you often repeated, were everywhere waiting.

I blink still before you, head down, focused on 'Lion's Teeth.' **
I am your hard mystery, and soft, not so fast for I am fat
and cannot round the bases quick. I am your inherited meek,
a burden to shake into a sliding man furious for home.

At four I pluck a wild strawberry you point to.
All authority and accidental grace, revealing much,
still dew wet, sticky to the touch, opening sourness
deserves my frown. You laugh at my dawning smile
for its sweetness slowly yielding, a surprise gift
for what will always unite us, your fear that I will
suffer, too, your fate, untended desire gone to wildness
brought low beneath branches, slow embrace of
cradle-gentle boughs entangling legs and light
between the greater shadows,

and shadows shall win the day.

...

upon my chaste return, sunburned,
churned by the Atlantic, I will have
discovered a haunting sound again,
an animal music of the air, the lungs,
screams really, gulls falling by arrows
of blue which, blue, saturate sky and

sea to learn the heart again

to learn the heart again
avoid the narrows
at the island's end
where feet are easily
mistaken for doves and
large currents beckon
compel them to descend

...

ravenous I clumsily preen
eyebrows mistake an eye for a mouth
a tongue for a*s-lips an armpit for ear
or neck a navel some other pit of

consequence

feral segue to further reaches spit
indelicately dislodge insistent hairs
the brow the lash the body prolific
flesh acres cell by fur cell straight
ones & curl spit spit unfurl a deluge
saliva godiva diving in upon on around
a blackness most indelicate yet damp
tender too to touch

unmistakable

as a shade a sheathed blade a
complication both comedic &
deadly where shall then my lover
hide as well my lovers how distract
that other negritude that greedily
feeds & feeds

upon

If there is a back if I had one

would I lie

back with yellowed claws pale scratch a
hole the sky crack hide desire's body there

love's poor inevitable choices decry the

fetish

of normality when all anything anywhere
wants to do is go undercover preen-preen
undergo indigo scream-scream as lovers,
swollen do as body wanderers do

are want

wantonly at play all

feathers

one eye looking this way that the other
bent over a fixed in

skyhole

...

But only one,
just, finger,
dark, traces
delicate
a lace

conforms

forehead

tip

to nose

then

wet lips

rose-swollen

with happy

use cries

and

barriers

break,

surge in

to new

terrain.

Knotted muscle,

nerved cord, by
heart and heat
implore/defy no
sky nor pliant
dirt deny but cloy,
hand in hand require
only dissolution of
the Old Masters'
tyranny by Numbers
insistent upon
reduction, odd
waters trail
calcinations/
calculations-bodies
born of even water
into mists, continuously
reft from Given,
riven from Dream,
such freed from
virtual into literal
placenta and spleen,
striven history reshaped
redeems a value once
consigned to Hell-realms
confining dark thoughts

to matter.

...

With heart will I

to Guatemala go,

there a Mayan lover

do some good,

to active volcanoes,

deepest lake

with creatures strange -

axelotls,

pink,

delicate,

and one fountain send where

I need to go

...

On our broken boat the harsh light will not break.

We see our day clearly as we can.

Tell the night, now it's here to stay, that

once I glanced the sleeping youth, legs against the wall,

felt a pall descend upon us here,

this boat lancing the bay waters darkly.

Some to books then, the priest to his sad, effeminate stare.

I can no longer envy those of the black cloth

so bend and tie the shoe.

We shod our feet against what long loss of motion,

eyes downcast or boldly returning the stare?

Beneath each eye there's some familiar look we refuse.

We map our way to sleep in the palms of shy or frightened hands.

...

that salt adheres to the palm

proclaiming only this

that purchase requires both

sweat and the one hidden pearl

of scraped touch

much there is in the hand

bequeathed;

beneath the thigh the grit

burns smooth the groove

where you lay

...

I, on the other hand,

have lain down with

countless thousands.

My tent is worn out.

Stains mark love-cries,

some blood where tongues

were ground down to root words,

utterance hard pounded,

soft tissue torn letter by letter,

tender verbs opened to pain,

that which is paid for more

than alabaster embraces

and this strangling of waists

My tent has drained more

of love's body than a mortuary.

...

Life, dear Barcelona, is sweet..

One endures long enough to break through thunder,
a taut belly, a smooth place for lips to land.

One may reach a Pure Land which has no logic,
the tedious seasons of a long life endured.

Still, one gathers names of each joven prince
passed beneath loving, yes, arduous hands.

Again, upon Kingfisher's wings I blow these kisses,
this music, your patient ear awaiting the purist pearl,
for you were once the bequeathed, escaped girl
without fear of oceans, this one between us which
now must be overflown to reach you.

- N. Nightingale, Empress of Contrails

orphanspeak from
orphanmouth tries

That one day the book shall be written,
Odysseus come smiling through the door.
That I shall live forevermore free of provision,
be delivered presently into good, rich life
and unto the richer world, my Lover so long
turning turning turning in distance away from,
yet to manage a caress, a smooch which
neither dismisses nor fully embraces.

It is I that am and shall be erased into this
Love which shall then in time be erased as
well in the greater Sun, and that Shining
too shall be erased. Then we shall all be
scattered, or I shall be only, embrace by
embrace, toward erasure no longer effortful.

I sift draft by draft rough toward world
now slowing in spite of parentheses these
provisional postulations of 'the good life'
to come. Eventually. There is only this
that I am living now. And my hands feel,
even perhaps are, strapped to this wheel
that turns me as turns Beloved Earth,
the Sun, too, each dreaming
near to but apart from each.

My reach is
here on my tongue,
in my fingers here
grasping words from mind.

I am ever behind in this chase,
now am further from Love,
Space, than ever
though my heart
is swollen from
wanting It.

Still, World, accept my blessing.

I send this message aloft on kingfisher wings

**

...

'like unto like'
but do not say it
my forbidden simile

one is not immune
to jealous couriers
who would come
between lovers

Rice paper is thin
tender words never
tear through ink

Wild tears fade
sure words to guesses

Distance reconciles
murmurers with desire

Duress strengthens
supple resolve

supple resolve
thickens skin

thickened skin
feels the better
when simple

loves caress

...

Whatever became of Majestic,
his harlequin shoes,
his suicidal crocuses?

When did I marry Lonely?

can't recall

but fell kid-hard

backyard empty clothesline

silk slip one pin down

Dip shyly in brick shadows

pornographic breezes

I sing to knees now

Beyond Manhattan Bridge

sudden heat lightening

a good night with cool rain

old vinyl Nyro

needle scratches

done with song

**

Interlude - Refueling Mid-Air

" Descend and of the curveship lend a myth to God." - Hart Crane

" Take air away and even fire falls" - Richard Hugo

A lone crane squints, its good
eye busy, a study in stillness.
Or is it avian will gone to muck
all feathers and no faith that
matters, stuck, it poses, puts
on a zennish show all butoh
in the shallows.

Its bad eye
skims the narrows,
its curved neck smooth,
feminine, as is

the distant bridge
curved, feminine too,
don't call it grace but
acknowledge the temptation.

Pace yourself.

To South Wind

throw sand,
make demands

though men in
bombers forever take flight

bereaving wind sheer still.
Hard evidence is there.

What's to believe in?
Fear's the only thing real,

the only god one
can depend upon, Lift,

some few others assist,

Dare, Weight, and Soft Landing.

Let us mention again
fresh girls on the rides but

let us return also
to the presenting scene,

stare birdblind,

and lend no myth
at all

for there
as here death

is a generic dump
with gluttoned gulls,

soft waves
lapping all
about lull
and Stop Time

or so says the
yellowed script
in sand,
the hint is there or

spin or drift, some
thing suggested where
breath as darkness is

by design -

streetlights
turn themselves on

hum in low tones
metric,

the boardwalk's
hat trick, sudden

electric brush
strokes each plank
to silver sheen

voiding solidity.

Benched blonds
free now from
restraining rides

keen on in
staggered rhyme
forgetting they once
were German swans
Grimm and pale.

Posing as cranes,
they still forget a
dead poet's name.

**

" Poetry, alas, grows more and more distant. What commonly goes by the name of 'culture' forgets the poem [or distorts it into 'popular' dissemblances]. This is because poetry does not easily suffer the demand for clarity, the passive audience, the simple message. The poem is an intransigent exercise. It is devoid of mediation and hostile to media."

- Alain Badiou, " Language, Thought, Poetry"

orphanspeak from
orphanmouth tries

Rodriguez 13
sandwich done
kneels again
& so seeking
the thick tome
of half century

America opens
blood & steel
misshapen god
misshapen citizens
miscreant tongues
snort into green
hope in spite of
all that has gone
before in spite
of Christmas
even once a year
other holy days
gone too, wild
for gelt " all melt
& maya"

I too
spill into
the covers
the heavy
book

open it up
always now
opens to its
all our

broken back

the poem there
at the breach
HOWLs as do
I/we all just
to remind

ear
flame over an
elegant place
as the faceless
ornaments do
also break

when the blue water breaks against the nucl

into armaments
& my/our own
burden for blades
drop fall still
hard upon me/us
as does the mid
mad century drop
fall into this
new one

I hear Blaser
sing-song-ing
from the room
of the living
the in-breathing forced
the out breathing stretched
extending into air & irony

The clown of dignity sits in his tree.
The clown of games hangs there, too.
Which is which or where they go -
the point is to make others see -
that two men in a tree is clearly
the same as poetry - Robin Blaser

...

DESIGN - FABRICATE - INSTALL

STRIKE

'Zuke' counsels

Workers everywhere, bricks, straw, verse,

the breast naturally of Woman is bread before
there was bread, the child the loaf swelling in
Her arms to farm & from such frame a world.

Thus Labor. Bread is History.

Child's toil, unspoiled, forms a culture beast,
he crawls forth, makes bread of soil native &

other, a Mother culture all & still, everywhere.

Immigrants Exile -
Labor, Drive Or
Will, And The Lady
Mother, A Malafiction

the subject matter
is not new

& not the sorrow

old as the first cave
bearing first fire
in human hand, the
expiring artist torn
from blank sky to
an expectant wall

a herd there
a declaration

one day we too will
fill the earth as
hooves have done
capture sun & be
done-over/overdone
& so come to such
an edge of ruin

...

Heavy let me pass

lets me pass I
limp up 4 steel
steps push in to
the Way of Peace
take my usual place
settle rattled by
icon image & pewter
vision of what

is not any longer
there the wear of
a half century not
to compare that of
20 centuries past
what can last or
come from all that
so sit me hard down
upon the wood get
to the book at hand
the known & the new
mystery which emerges
from the white plastic
sheath carefully
packed in bubble
wrap which is a
double Christmas
any day

orphanspeak from
orphanmouth tries

sorting shattered
ornaments each
Christmas season
before the tree
is trimmed the
grim task to sort
each broken globe,
glinting shards
from the survivors
I AM ONE

so sad a mystery still remains how they

do break in
darkness stored in
attic high untouched
by light, my hand,
the supple hold of
green limbs everly.

I cannot toss them
away pretty all the

more because pitiful
I AM

any-old-way 𐄂 take/return them 𐄂 the wo

ods where
the tree is yearly
cut/trimmed & so
scatter them upon
the needles' brown
changelings into
sparks resembling
those the welder makes
just out the door now
kneeling as I have knelled
once & do still

a fat 𐄂 by betaken by mysteries' 𐄂rok

eness & safe return
to pines though
hard on supposes
& orphan spheres

I adhere to a bard or
two the good few of words
& what of them of absence
be made though presenting
slight-of-palms even
Rodriquez 13 kneeling
before fire/light

Erotic stance w/
pewter hands the
welder removes his
mask, stands, a
handsome face w/
gold teeth unbroken
as ornaments were
once & forever
broken - eats his
sand-the-world-wich
blankly staring
past his truck I
notice the side
then of it says

DESIGN - FABRICATE - INSTALL

I think: the history
of religions is this
just, only the sign
reads MODERN STEEL
not Postmodern as it
now should to be precise
true to an age bereft
on Stagg Street thrust
once again into Christmas
- deer & such - though
Celtic too - Cernunnos
snorts from forests rough
deeply onto a green where
sits beside a silver stream
an orphaned god abandoned
carved upon stone with bronze
before steel

but still the god is

stone fearing

it is no longer
real yet sentinel to
" an archaic authority" Julia Kristeva

Let me then work
my poem all of
them

around in art

herance of
what can be said
without such drama
of centuries past
& to come

lines ending in Stillness
a suggested Vastness from
which each comes/returns:

Cave - Image - Sky - Expanse - Singular Branch & Many

Plenty Are Stillnesses Advances Even In The Rot The

Dissolve From Clot Toward What It Is Or Was & Always

Proper-Name-Enough-For-Me - STILLNESS

I am taken with such
at which I stare
which holds my gaze
with shades of It
& of Itself, that is,
is a death
or like unto it -

Stillness unbreathed

or in need of It
Breath

now having been only
once Rilke

who it seems

ugh It is

o Itself beyond Christmas

and yet and yet

the kneeling boy
in the evergreen

the shattered orn-
aments ever gleam

the needles' net

becomes relents
known form tho

returned re-rested

a permanence enough

gold-leafed & trumpeting

**

quiet there where
mud may me dry...do not, O, pass
us by or over

Each time the human mind puts itself to a difficult task, it begins its conquest of new fields and especially of its proper spiritual universe by bringing with all this a certain amount of disturbance, of disaster. The human being seems to become disorganized; and sometimes in fact it happens that crises of growth end unhappily. But they are, in any case, crises of growth.

At the time of Gerard de Nerval and of Delacroix, this is what happens: so much had people examined the consciousness of art within themselves, that they ended by touching at last the one consuming thing crouched at the depths; a thing which art does not enclose any more than the world encloses God and which takes us beyond all sense of where we are going. The moment arrives, in the course of the 19th Century, when poetry begins to take consciousness of itself insofar as it is poetry. Then, in a few decades, there is a series of discoveries, setbacks, catastrophes, and revelations, the importance of which, it seems to me, cannot be exaggerated. And that is only the beginning. This contact with self-awareness, this reflexive spirituality was needed in order finally to deliver poetry among us. I think that what has happened for poetry since Baudelaire has an historical importance equal in the domain of art to that of the greatest epochs of revolution and renewal in physics and astronomy in the domain of science.

I suppose that Baudelaire's situation would be described with sufficient accuracy if we should say that he appears to be in continuity with the best in romanticism by the deepening of the consciousness of the art, but that in reality he marks a discontinuity, an enormous transformation, because at the same time it is of the poetry, it is of itself as poetry that poetry achieves awareness in him.

from Poetry's Dark Night by Jacques Maritain

**

not to be named is to be lost in light - Blaser

Spicer told me once from
the other side
while I was humming
Edith Piaf about
a rosiness so very
well o're the real

the spice garden
the backyard spread
before the orchard
on our personal
hill reveried

never once climbed
so enamored of the
bees at work
there

their Queen of
the Hill Duncan

and the Apple

named "Bittersweet";

not to be
disturbed
at all
in this
or any other
May to come

comes Robert
permitted at last

to the meadow
returned

with Spicer here too

enjoined me to leave
only
a guidebook'

Cryptics For Cripples And Cantors

The rest, he sneered, are
matters not concerned; broken Maker or
broken meter the world wags on,

not one stone
bitter
in the House
That Metrics
Built.

**

'How Much Longer Shall I Be Able To Inhabit The Divine'
- via Ted Berrigan via John Ashberry

...

qua qua qua
sisk boom ba
twixt Fucquaad
& Apothecary
near the corner
time forgot

but o not I
not I when
the clot broke

the expectorating
hoi polloi
screaming

no help at all

as I stood pale

pale, paler still,
bleeding out from
an undignified
place leaning
upon a tailor's
wall, he too

no help at all

threatening to
call the cops

It closes me in
again to recall

qua qua qua

Fucquaad

amongst the forgotten roses
where one is hungover in the
supposes with which one perpetually
begins, that one can never finish
like this, pissed, which goes on,
which goes on and still on,
" I can't go on but must adjusting
the truss

because

I am losing
my hair and so on and ever on"
dot dot dot into eternity should
one believe in such, but one may
use the idea of such, eternity
-go forward or behind, wince at
the word - living in the blue rind
of sky crumbling onto nether
shore where relentless waves
tease relentless wind disturbing
a lone relentless tern tracing
uremic rims of foam.

Shall I call then eternity

a home for shells, a curve
in space? disgrace myself
yet again with belief, any
one, believe that such shores
are a where after all, a place
to shelter, each wave somewhere
by someone or something counted
as is every hair numbered
counted still? they fall as
do waves into crescendos
rainbows should the sun
so shine for what is left
to comb of shore and hair
is a disturbance of
fractions, refractions
the forlorn redactions
of what is perceived,
felt, spilt upon the
depilating pate

and so I must wear a hat but let us not go then
you and I patiently into all that but when come
time proper, a hair fall caught in a shaft of sun
light, the endless comb over undone, wind blown
upon the shore, then we shall speak of it sure,
and more

now then here then
remembering too the chaffing bloody garters

**

...

'Folded and reserved, the modern poem harbors a central silence. This pure silence interrupts the ambient cacophony [that masks our banalities]. The poem injects silence into the texture of language. And, from there, it moves toward an unprecedented affirmation. This silence is an operation. In this sense, the poem says the opposite of what Wittgenstein says about silence. It says: this thing that cannot be spoken of in the language of consensus; I create silence in order to say it. I isolate this speech from the world. And when it is spoken again, it will always be for the first time...This is always why the poem, in its very words, requires an operation of silence.'

- Alain Badiou: Language, Thought, Poetry;

...

...quiet blue interior, Our Lady stands
firm too, graceful, veiled, lightning
strike all around, roars outside nothing
against palpable blue softness, the Host -
firm suchness upon Old World table, flowers
fresh poised in ecstatic trance, golden
mouth Chalice open full of shadow,
hungry mouths to feed

...enter a child a school boy soaked
bare feet uniform darker blue stain run
rain-wind-storm sheltered now the Virgin
place cool upon feet, where is this school
unseen on only road the way to las grutas

...bow before the Host, genuflect small
delicate hands palms white kneel on creaking
wood kneeler kiss fingers holy traces
his prayer

...I have come from afar
from godless City enveloped in
my own importance trapped my own
motions no purpose knees or hands
now come to monstrance find this
muddy miracle with marigolds

...sun breaks through, child walks
tio's house I follow tongueless, a
burro 2 miles mud, flood, to caves,
springs, boy Anselmo out front, little
heels press little pony grey, one
eye brown the other blue, Golondrina,
his name, The Swallow, do not ask why
beneath the bluing sky flush with bird
song in waters red we tread on
me a distance behind

...arrive tearing springs caves erupt
full dark overhang a place for prayer
not for my knees but Anselmo's on black
root kneel holds hard to a limb " don't
fall in" I shout suddenly shaken nothing
within to hold to

All are barefoot there: beasts, boy, self

...returned little chapel blue
an offering for Our Lady - muddy
shoes - receives all things
arms outward extend blessing
blue cool shadows quiet there
where mud may me dry

In chipped vases

altar flowers bright

Done with City

with self

Which goes first?

No matter

The All Blue

chooses

**

What presents?

Venal sins

and mortal, me,

vowing

remember

the water spring,

pure day

forget thinking,

say,

don't try so hard,

hear nearby cedars

scrape, entwine,

they sigh, they

agree

with last this

thought

wishing

as I did,

do still, pray,

they'd always

deciduous be

and not overly evergreen.

**

...that mysticism of the abjection

articulation in underworld the excoriation alienation
unimagined but experienced primitive infantile agonies

such must be inexorably conjured emerging unsought

but fated seizure

caesura

upon gut

soul eye

roll him me

inside out

why/how appease impersonal
deity hiding behind cold bars
doors demanding merger
love to flesh metal iron red?

In answer perhaps in bed stunned into sleep
by the question in beatitude, in dumbstruck,
a most beautiful boy, Beatitude Itself, in Vatican
choir rapture, soprano, sing crystal sing plaintive,

virginal to prisoners, pure and holy, such singing
replunges each criminal kneeling into further
exile into further Glory and me the weeping abyss
returned to skin and nerve endings sheering cell
by cell raw my raw hands long nails bloody, matted
hair on belly, is that smell the smell of animal me

captured, not the Unicorn but the winter lion lying
on sheetless mattress gray yellow, gutted self opened
who would be once again caught in those rafters
whose only crime is to live anxiously for church
bells ringing the here to hereafter.

**

two Hassids young bring candles for
Shabbas only a few hours till inflamed
prayer begins as sun sinks to night

prayer is oil the dead come home to

perhaps even in this cafe they
watch the books gather on the familiar
corner where shopkeepers' decades pass
hurry home before dark with candles
and cares, the wares of religion, the
Book & dream, a distant land made close
by old songs kindled, 'finest ones'
still kindred made the stronger by
fire and voices-one mingled with
Mendelssohn and the later oranges

Ramparts lift by Chambers above
African graves, the slaves of
South Ferry sentinel terminal
near ferries toil as lower Manhattan
lights a menorah towering despite
what is now worshiped there knowing
that home, the one sought even now

more resides in words aflame reciting
the Name, One alone, then of
patriarchs/saints the bearded whole
lot of them who murmur still for all
our want and next year next year shall
be different for we will no longer be
here but in Holy City finally gathered

cabs blur yellow/gypsy
in angular winter light
now dazzle before Spring
when raises dead bulbs to jonquils
potted pretty in windows, on stoops
and, wild, strayed in parks

do not, O, pass us by or over
for all our patient harping

come morrows under willows yet
we shall hang up our loves again

get back to work
honest scrub and
clean beside the avenue
stand recalling willows
never seen

and grieve still an old yet present
eviction in the cities of men

...

PART FOUR - "operations of silence" Alain Badiou

"Leave Taking, After Matsuo Basho, Circa 1978" "There is a blessed fidelity in things.

Graceless things grow lovely with good uses." - John Tarrant

Expecting more rain.
Not yet light though 6 a.m.,
night still over the barn.

From the porch, high wind.
The moon, a corner of it,
rides comfortably in clouds.

Clouds moving over mountains,
their night work -

some rain in the buckets.

Bestowing order,
things feel their boundaries,
robes of autumn rain.

Back to bed,
just-dawning.
Noises in these old walls -
mice search for food or string,
bird stretching its wings.

Soon these things I must leave -
wood smoke, frayed rope coil,
finger prints on faded walls' wrong color.

Last flights -

on the sill
scattered wings,

musky corners'
gently waving webs.

A fertile shelter.
Many nights I have wrestled here.
Some mornings have
broken into me like thunder.

I have shed skin after skin.
These I leave behind.
Some warmth they may
provide for the mice,
rags for the moths to eat.

**

I note now from yesterday the grace of
animals that have held me in their long gaze.

Llama looks up from her evening feed of field greens.

Sees me. I wave silly enchanted human

making lo

ud

smooch sounds, a call for her to come to me which she
does, walking slowly, blinks through a mist by long
eyelashes purred rising silently while I read my book,
foolishly head down, in the midst of all this gratuitous
beauty springing slow surprise - veiled field, wet,
soft, an unexpected llama looking long at me,
taking me in,

raiment mist at the hem of the darkening woods.

Requisite red barn, old, leans against the ribbon
of ground fog hovering, a wire fence almost invisible,

gray wire in white cloud between me and that cloud
and that great llama attracted I like to think

by my kissing sounds, her open eyes
wide and bestowing near me now

suddenly

look down,

the small head always tilting one side to the other,
little mouth a posed curiosity chewing like a child,
the long graceful neck, shaggy soft fur thickly flowing,

disappears into tall grass.

I am victim of my own infatuation for all
my lip smacks and cooing and waving of hands,

one more fool for love fooled yet again.

I note here for the record that I have actually lost the desire to chase, at least outwardly; rather, my chase is inner as always.

I think that stars are cold in their enviable far light, unattainable bottles lined up, glinting totems on altar shelves, pretty behind a dark and mysterious Bar that is open all night. I need their remote stellar indifference, their inhuman capacity to be undisturbed by anything other than gravity, and something-somewhere light years close-enough going nova. Then are they affected.

For now I remain, rather, a simile then a metaphor then, really, a black star - energy trapped, still I must be smart and good-looking enough in yesterday's Autumn field, and this memory all aroma and chirp, to attract such unexpected and unreasoned animal grace.

I read now a yellowed manuscript, an old chase, an itch returned red, inflamed, my own words writ 30 years ago sitting on a cold stone wall by the frozen river, West 142nd Street, hearing cars and human shouting up the street behind me, Setcho poems***in my pocket, this my earnest response to him from icy fingers, my shaking pen

What's will when

the window slams shut?

Just old cake thrown on the street

Why try be happy/sad?

don't affect it

disinfect your mind

play possum

Who's somebody's darlin'?

Setcho, zen master & poet, writes:

After so very many years, it's pointless to
look back on it.

Give this looking back a rest!

A clear breeze the world over

- what limit could it have?

**

what butoh walks leg by leg by leg by leg by leg
by leg to what purpose there on the plasticine
stall floor/wall not sure but am sure that the
dead flies of winter go uneaten/unsucked

Spider first days here I spoke to every morning
from the john me wondering at its slow slow
movements for 3 days till 4th its legs all curled
tucked tightly beneath its carapace I blow at it
from the cold seat - bunched draws round my
colder ankles it budes not at all I realize it is
deceased legs uniformly creased a beauty to
see first time ever've felt remorse for a bug a
spider and once cleaned flushed

my pajamas
up I gently

lift Spider up with toilet paper so soft
double ply-ed solemnly march spider on
bier so soft softly into still harder winter
snow and darker woods Middle-March flip
flops no socks slow going find a rock up
near the woodshed so place Spider there

with oddest prayer ever in my life but Lord
Buddha helps - his " all sentient beings";
et-sweet-cetera etcetera que sera sera OK

so perform brief bone chill rites then slide down
the path patch to my ground floor entrance to hot
shower then to Hopkins' poem - The Windhover
the more meaningful than ever for its

'dappled-dawn-drawn' things or rather
substituted or addendum-ed pray ponder

'threaded-sewn-moaned' things strangely
mourned actual tears born no doubt of projections
upon small cringes majestically formed objectively
perceived from secret and sightless spaces suspended
cocooned in darkness or once in close woods strung
pearled between limbs and trunks ferns which freakt
my face when August-last stumbled in marsh's humid
stagger thickets face-first into a massive web the sudden

grand mal-like seizure-like slaps scrape-face-eyelids
forehead-pate monstrous poison fears from not so
small a miracle maker webber's tales spun of/from its
self from within to without such sacred spun tattle-rattle
faint click no ears human to hear little feet tight walking
filament filligrees faint thin but so very there in air

**

Snail Poesis - Conceit One

to variants and ...
emendations, ...

Let me hear good night. - Lorine Niedecker

Pace,

if pace one

can, your

paces, your
spaces,
hasten slowly
as the snail
traces her
path if path
she is (she
leaves a
palimpsest) ,
or has
time
enough,
and slime
enough,
tons of it,
to sense
or not
where she
is going
going-not,
(no apparent

plot to)

ithout

(sluggishly)

c a r a p a c e

or,

better,

above-whirled

parasol apace

visualize -

she is

a question

mark,

or wears one

if she

wears

where

she is

without

doubt

got to get to with or w

shell or, fancier,

or question,

and does

not question

her

trail though

questions

gradually

do naturally

arrive -

how

does she,

snail,

breathe?

if shelled, is

she sleeved

or -un to be

less encum-

bered when

being is

weight enough?

She appears to

wait.

But doesn't.

Does not think

'hesitation'

though she

(appears to)

atly

of

pauses.

**

Loose Train Haiku Or Similar - New York To Philly - A Train Journal

Nearing Princeton Station

What a wonderful world

this New Jersey is!

Blue train engines!

Withering cornfields

Just turning Autumn leaves

WHOOSH!

The opposing train

Old graves by a lake

Old woman passing in aisle

be comprised of

Fleeting sign outside explains -

FAIR

Loose Train Hokku-no-renga

For the blind woman
on the train every
journey is inner

She touches my shoulder,
moves just one seat ahead
feels the winter collar

metal ring pinned
to its shoulder
smiles when she touches it

dark rings of her eyes
light up momentarily

What universes are in the heads all around me

While reading zen master Ummon,
famous for his one word responses
to pupils questions about the nature
of mind, I happen to look up, see young,
clean-cut preppie reading Wall Street
Journal large bold print:

YES-BUT-TERS DON'T JUST KILL IDEAS.

Congruence of Ummon and General Motors
ad strikes me. I see in mind's eye, so real:

Ummon enters train car, walks up to preppie,
taps shoulder, thunders in ear,

YES BUT!

I chuckle, smugly 'stinking of enlightenment, '
pleased, translating, 'kill ideas to get to
the 'thing itself 'or the 'no thing.'

Suddenly Ummon turns, smacks me hard
with his KATZ stick, BAM! And he is correct,
of course, to slam me. Arrogance along the
way, no matter how 'apparently' fitting my
zenny smartness, deserves a hard

KATZ!

I humbly return to my book

just write what is seen from the
train window:

Hokku-no-renga Close To Philly:

State Prison

off the square
in the darkest cells
those forms bursting forth

In Prison Window

a jelly jar, water pours
man hands arranging
a little green vine

View upon entering Philly

Receding steeples
the hairline of God

City garden by tracks

A scarecrow even there
Plastic milk jug for a head!

Passing glimpse over bridge -
railing beside a stream
a thin student reading Nietzsche -

"He who can grasp me,
let him grasp me.
However, I am not your crutch."

- Friedrich Nietzsche from Thus Spake Zarathustra

**

On the other hand I have only tried
to survive, swollen small, myself,
find ways to be in it at all, appalled
hero shrunk to size, compensation
for grandness, a player 'pon an acre
of God on yon Calvin's hill - ol' John
yawning counts his sins a school
boy his sums, insistent dirt
because it's there

persistent
cleaning his nails;

but tilled I Bible,
King James,
preferred work that,
sounds therein
instilled instead
a-poem-ing then

off at last from
roller holy hill,
a love affair oracular, called,

the Word out-wrung, wrenched,
I always the winch and never the Bride.

Again poetic little feet tracing circles, little breaths that may make a one
entire

once expired.

**

I, Minimus, tongue in cheek, creak oar, row out too
into the Homeric sea, not old Greek singer, long of breath,
but as Winslow, local seer, his paints, straw hat consigned
to mistook heroics, pure accident, not to check radio
maritime, ask captain if row boat worthy of even an
American sea, projected too, can go a-row row rowing,
claw oar into wave tips' whitecaps safe perimeters,
smell of earth nasal-yet to keep oriented to dirt.
Have, instead, reaped I redundant whirlwind
play America the Fool again, naively trusting my

and country's, destiny are one, always good in spite
of Melville's long eloquent 'discantus supra librum' -
above the book - more truing than any, to spoil it,
the projected 'pluribus unum' thing, for Mayflower
folks tripping lightly between the hawthorns,
their imported gardens and God, irritant tomahawks
'can only turn out swell, ' thought they like waves
gathering in sea swell full of themselves individually,
Destined, they then and do think, to break just for,
O America, thee.

**

[THEOTIC-EROTIC] Cryptics for Cantors & Cripples

VISUAL BIO. Spare:

Little blur of a photo,1979, apt image-
The 'striving-after' poet, much younger days,
Some months recovering from food poisoning,
Once again exiled to roses, reading Lorca
& Rilke in a park, Medellin, Colombia, South America.
January 1979.

**

Arriving late to love

the broken tower
mourns its ringing ruin.
Long drought of air
once stilled the clapper.

But one breath, Trembler,
cracks metal.
Muteness falls away.

Frightened doves scatter.

Annunciation of rafters:

Come.

Remember gaiety,
how to sway.

Who pulls the rope
are many.

Silver coin,
fly up from

empty fountain,
renew into wishful hand

a saint's
pocket prayer returning.

Poor in heart, scatter.

Bread, swell upon
leaning monuments.

Flowers
for the dead,
wildly grow
pinching lovers
who kiss

over

open

graves.

Black Rooster,
searching, scratch
all dawns.

**

Long in exile,
dizzy with The Path,
human beauty broken there beside,
in every field shy flowers want all
our windows and stoops to proudly
present themselves upon.

This only now but happy do I discover.

And I am old, my scent upon the wind
down human lanes where even dogs
take pleasure from the air, where
children play and narrow water flows
and petal by petal night and day the
joyous moon swoons in the liquor of
splash upon stones happy to be worn.

There, almost within reach, the blossoming
tree brightens between darker bricks to truly
dwell. It is for me a shy son of mists to see
in spite of big chunks missing, lost, wasted,
torn out, that the Celestial World is not as
it appears to most, It yearns for much needed
hardness for spirits without shoes still long
to be bread that they may dwell in our finitude.
To them then I am a daffodil dandy at a rusty
gate where heaven and hell conjoin. There
where the thinned road ends vague statues
sway out of focus lamenting their redaction

to stone, no river to move them petal by petal,
unable to move at all, for movement is not nothing.

Even pretty Buddhas pretending eternity
cannot move by themselves alone in need
of human feet and arms. In this way then
they become like me for I too will be
borne by men or wind to the grave no
longer able to move on my own.

Nothing to lose, this rag of selves.
With what glory remains of hungry pockets,
I skip forward singing, La La La, a willful
don, a lord of nothing-much, poems a'pocket,
knowing it's all a shell game but I'm clever
having learned something from all the dice
rolled knowing that here and there Heaven

weight matters and that there is more to here
than there. Wised up now I always pack a
change of draws, a piece of broken mirror in
my pocket to gaze within practicing my smiles
to fool the gullible gods who think they are
smiling at themselves.

If stopped and questioned at the Gate to
Yellow Spring, I'll blame you, old Ghost
of too many former selves, a meandering
rumor still muttering the old hymns, who
grants me permission the entrance to boldly storm.

**

more from Midnight In Dostoevsky

" Alyosha, I shall set off from here...loving
with one's inside, with one's stomach..." - Fyodor Dostoyevsky

navel

moon

corona

pubis

...

...

belly laugh

the gut punch
and rabbit

that moment
of consent
entwined
with bridges
rooftops
orange sky
concrete

asphalt
and assholes
a cigarette
each hand a
bottle of gin
a back pocket
search for
quinine the
brine of men

the run-on
trousers limp
the cobbled
street where
a spring
silvers
beneath

navel

moon

corona

pubis

...

...

" If, after your kiss, he goes away
untouched, mocking at you, do not
let that be a stumbling-block to you.
It shows his time has not yet come"

...

much the
Monk who
falls for
One

love every night from the elfry smells of pitch

1st
avenue smells
of singed
hair

a humming
boy hums
pokes bits
of scalp on
the walk
his small
white thumbs
alone touch

the white
lattice kiosk
sells the
Stranger's
face again

Monk Midnight Leaps
While City Sleeps

A Frightful Mess

This Foregoing
Bliss For Want
Of Affection This

Of Spinning Night

navel

moon

corona

pubis

...

" The centripetal force on our planet is still
fearfully strong...I know I shall fall on the
ground and kiss those stones"

Quotation marked passages are from
The Brothers Karamazov by Fyodor Dostoevsky

**

" Art resembles life, purpose is cousin to need, so bleeds all things
together" says the butcher.

I remove from my knotted hair a finely carved pin formed from the bone of a
large bird, radiant hair, black falls enfolds overcoming everything around me,
covering a small looking glass on the butcher's wall.

I will mourn a little while longer, longing for the dear Sharpener,
his amazing patience, his brilliant smile flashing teeth of metal made,
mirrors, little mirrors, smooth, polished, clear.

I will see myself in that smile no longer.

" Will he return? Ever? " I ask.

" Do not spurn any chance to mourn. Mourning is a kind of Return, "
says the butcher reaching for his silver cleaver, its handle made of bone.

**

Poetry As Constellation

for Krishna

'...descend,
and of the curveship
lend a myth to God.'
- Hart Crane

You hear

'consolation'

as 'constellation'

when I explain

a poem is a

consolation

work that I

am compelled

to

as a lover

is to traces

pointing

beyond sighs

and windows

where

Arcturus

stands

poised

wheeling

in night's

patient

round,

his arrow

strung

forever

ready to

swiftly fly

as am I

along the

spatial curve

of your

arching

thighs.

This, too,

taut,

restrained,
breath held
between
Perpetua's
swollen
lips of
praise -

If you
could only
see what
I see in
your eyes
when the
arrow
finally
flies

**

Response To Bernadette Mayer's 'First Turn To Me...'

" you appear without notice and with flowers
I fall for it and we become missionaries

we lie together one night, exhausted couplets

and don't make love. does this mean we've had enough? "
- Bernadette Mayer

Failing the Grand Coniunctio
this is the only one we know
the one where we eat dirt
and swallow, are filled and
swell belly up a meal to be
eaten when the Messiah comes

Leviathan is our heavenly bridegroom
presses the banquet table with elbows
manners forsaken in the end
yanks at sallow meat forsaking
the wine which has turned
no First Wedding miracle can
be repeated - no do-overs here
Candles burn on as always, false promises

All the doors are marked EXIT

Still we must try
at the Feast

make small talk

look interested

all the while thinking

This is it?

Angels without knees
aprons spotless starched
as beards of saints
complain of humans
the stains they leave

Overheard
between the fork

and spoon obscenely
crossed
one angel to another:

They call it love
what we are supposed
sublimely to sing of
but frankly all that
pushing and shoving
faces in agony the
cries and curses all
that pulling at flesh
bruised as the moon
this can't be love

We stand without legs
the better for it but
for these we must attend
bent over their plates
greedy to have at each
other again to marriage
beds one last time

And then the singing
begins

an eternity

songs about dirt
about longing to return

how all hurts there
mean something
after all

**

You must leave now,
black mouse of sorrow,
now formally named,
take up in another
residence. Do not

borrow my things,
do not move them
with your tail or tongue
or teeth on the table
top or underneath,
nor in the corner
play hide and seek
where I have once
again dropped the
blue accident of love,
he who has left how
he arrived, brown,
beautiful, smelling of
Indian spice, of rose
oil with herbs,
his long black hair,
his silken pockets
full of childhood
prayer carefully
wrapped for safe-
keeping against
the day of his glad-
marry..

Upon the altar then
do not, I plead, sleep
cradled in the god's arms
nor push my thinning
patience where the votive
candle burns for him whom
you seek to replace with
your delicate whiskers
and all your black fur
with webs upon of the one
spider who dwells behind
the jewel box, his gift
for me, his leaving, here
cling/brush against all
things in this dark place
now but do not let me
see it here where it is
I-not-he who is erased.

Is it your wish, then,
to bless me, black mouse?
to keep me company?

from "And The Daylight Separated The Mad Boy From His Shadow -
Cancion for Garcia Lorca"

The mad boy
writes feeble colors
for love
the halt the lame the
mute which within
around which intends
bends
distorts in your glass
case

twists takes
traps light to
separate
the mad world
from shadow

Both
we are
contortionists

thus take our
place with clowns who
know tomatoes thrown
and juggler's bare necked

necessary concentration.

You are the maestro here
whom I trail behind at respectful

distance murdered

by the too ordinary
controllers

So long

So long to image
to suffer on dear
bruised M the
void of course

o bring me
beauty no matter
how terrible

created by His
own opening
which makes
Him forever
Lorca's girl

You, dear, will read
of my heterosexual shadow

a great lover who serenades
Her in the terrible contradiction

of the moon caught
in bare tree limns strophes

just outside Her window
the fool below in rouge

head hung, singing

O hurt

heart's tin can
tied to belt loop behind
of his ragged pants

pants

waits

to be filled with
whatever flows

in the dirty lane
he leans his
love against

...

Does not it all bear
the familiar arc say
of just-dawn color
mauve-play at the liminal
curve where sky beseeches
bounded space to give
its shapeless-nest a
Cause, a nape conformed
convex from Orbis what
has been scored by breath
pressed upon it?

Who then falsely may decree
any matted clot, spark-charged,
blood engorged, who may not
body-charge ahead and into
'other' merge so must be flung
expunged behind neglected Moon
or plunged through the bruised
ring of abjected Space?

Hear me now

Thrice trace
an outline
Give form to
now dust me I am
awakening surprise

Here me how
there
and there
and yet

there again
after hammers
caressed
aureoles
and hosannas
outward turn

**

" Are you hungry? " - Poems for Departure
for Krishna

" Who has twisted us like this, so that -
no matter what we do - we have the bearing
of a man going away...so we live,
forever saying farewell." - Rainer Maria Rilke

Out of hearing
the last sense
to go sing to me
now before ears
take leave and I
shall have no more
need for words,
sounds, even these
my sighs heard as
I hear you drop
the soap in the bath
I imagine you bending
vague in the steam to
find the bar by scent
as you wash away
your own which has
so compelled me
again and again
into much life

So gladly the
little deaths
cleave to this
I say aloud
though you may
not hear my plea
in there
from where I sit
bent doubly-over
multiplied with grief
for leaving all this
assumed presence
chalked
now upon crumbling
slate
I wait with this
sense of what
is unfolding just
out of reach,
once familiar
now fogged
with herbal scent
clouding the
bath, my heart
embarrassed
to speak of it
remains
cocked
to one side
tilted to hear
all news of
you that is
left in there
touching the
lucky water

You emerge
from the bath
reaching for the
towel, soft, obeying
daily habit, wipes you

dry, each cleft, the pit
of my longing rubbed
without caution

I am caught up in this
vision without glasses
squinting for what is
real or not though you
are faced to mine as I
obediently move my
shaking hand to your
belly, the scar there,
edges still hot
to the touch

Much there is I will
make of this moment,
drying your back as I
have daily done -

once
began the rite
first night

gathering now
the last

o when
the towel easily unfolded,
drank

woven
little mouths many

deeply
into what
has become
natural in me
with the wiping.

In this
I am become

free now of
thinking intent
to this my task
to last this minute
or two, to linger,
each is
become a touch

this one

and this

I am right now to speak
of this, retrieving the soap
which clings one strand
your hair tangled there,
a cypher I read
with joy grown
long into cleaner
disorder
a leaf upon the
bathroom floor
blown in through
the night window
random now
for discovery
a gift

I bring it to
you calling to
me from the
bedroom
as you pack
fumbling upon
the unmade
bed,

“Are you hungry?”

**

...

With this anniversary I accept my
avian better half, though the human
half be allergic to feathers, wedded
to an inhaler, plumage still embraced
in spite of divided self.

The hard beak gently preens eyelashes
one by one each hair.

The odd eye-stare, the bobbing, the
jerky head especially when walking
less so when hopping, do you even notice?

To hear
the head tips to one side then
the other.

It is all
sound that is out of
balance.

I sing to windows from forests,
to rooftops from street puddles.

I bathe in mirrors of sky.

Trite to say it, grand to do it.

Rumor has it that I once was a reptile.

Maybe.

And so too are you, disguised, two legs
thickly-meated of the ubiquitous hairs
everywhere inflated eyes up front,
not much perspective or balance,
like a weak pine you fall more than I
and when I do it's on purpose unless
it's for love
without complaint of the
air which never fails - air, that is.
Just to be clear.

Just to be clear, I am at home wherever I
land scanning available horizons which are
also always home.

High, low. Vertical is the thing. And spin.

Speed goes without saying.

Greatly fond of drift, I am easy in the
updraft.

I will not speak of dawn's greatness,
how you quickly forget.

You say that I repeat myself often,
am limited in expression to only a few notes,
clipped patterns in the song, the cryptic
call always an ellipsis. Boring, you say.
Interpretations, really, it's all in the
inflection after all the years now - Now.

There's always the dancing too
in powder blue without shoes or
need of them

claws nicely do the
deed is done the changeling comes
note that I am singing to you how
the way it's done.

I tell you the weather but do you listen?

For love, shall I say it again?

I shall say it again.

For love I leave calligraphy in guano
everywhere

but you do not read it much less see that
there are its messages all around.

And still I am with you trying
to wake you. I peck. I scratch.
I even dance again, a frenzy brightly
ruffled, boasting to impress:
I can lay an egg! You?

Words only? Brittle sticks
but none to land on, or perch,
standing on one leg,
head beneath a wing.

I am so tired.

I can't close my eyes, what wings also are for.

**

In a field I am the absence of field' - Mark Strand

'I love the way a crow walks...
to wit-to woo-to wound-and last' - Robin Blaser

Who?
someone to send to, these
the impertinent tocks
the unmannered ticks that
tickle spur the near
grackle's cough, it
a statement
makes which
is the
displace
ment
of air
In spaces
without known
design the
tree, close,

wanders too

ponders a
coughing bird
its musical
fourths disclose
concurring
with traffic down
the hill and out
over
the bay
where gulls
wing
unheard
on the
hill yet
seen yet
dip in time
with the
grackle's
hack

all is parsed
paired
quartered
squared
among apparent
but unprovable
perhaps disproven

- if reason is the thing -

things

Who
but the old
painter missing
an eye
flicks in
measure
too
tapping toe
countless
endings

as they go
of fire and smoke
the scratch
once
twice
the strike

a match begins
it is all
all over again
Again
there
atop
the
hill
he
sits
on the chipped stoop
the flaking paint not
to be
mistaken
for moss
or manna
or for
an eye's
remorse
flakes
He can still
hear clearly
a thing
a song
or two
in thirds
and fourths

one eye can take
in the smatter
not dismissing
the missing other
there always is
something gone
something undone

the image stations
juxtapose
flatly mono
yet hear the
cleared throat's
black washed
out
the traffic's
turning
back
the sounds
implied only
in bay's waves
sunlight
on the winking caps
in the sinking troughs
the
spin of
hunger flashed
on
wings
white

sea
gray
but for
the sparks
suggesting
gulls daubed
quickly
upon the
water's
canvas
their tips
mute each
downward
movement
coughing
coughing
too
and again
in rhyme

timed

~~~~~why,  
they are  
coughlets  
~~~~~yes

upon which
so much
depends
forgetting the
transport
the color
the states of dryness
which may or
may not
feed
any notion
archaic of
time or
beauty
nor wetness
slake
dependencies
shadows
gathered
round
or
spirals
deeds
'no matter'
of air
for that
matter
unsettled
seeking a nest
or home

even an eave
within which
one may shall we
re-gather

in the water's
throat
the bell tones
there, their
displacing as
does a grackle
the near air
even the further
found change
sensed only
sometimes heard
sometimes not
It begins always
with a bird

black
devoid
not to be dismissed
not to be forgot
Which
Who
in forgetfulness
let him not
dissolve the
plot
implicit
invisible
within the
unkennable
the indivisible
yet known by sight
and in the seeing
divided parsed
for rehearsals
alone
again
a revelation
or perhaps
a summation
of
contracting
wings

that
they,

the gulls
are
disassemblers
screaming
all the while
the waves consider
all the while
slapping time
and tide

The one eyed
painter too
flicks and claps
repeats silently
as he will and is
want
his lips moving
as
does a spider make
a
quieter order
in
a darker corner

no sight needed
only sense and silk
beneath a trusted
wheelbarrow it is
turvy
long

in the

grass its wheel bent
can no longer
complete a turn
can no longer
signify a circle
nor even a whistle
of wind

its hold's hollow

lends a reprise of
weight or perhaps
only a mind's
commotion above
matter denoting
dimension

depth
of field

again 'no matter'
the one hand over
the one good eye
and the missing
vocals

the shapening words
in exaggeration do
mouth
do borrow
to woo
a semblance
that lasts -

Who

Seeing the light
thinks he does
that it is good
and in the seeing
divides the light
from the darkness
which is not the
grackle.

And he calls the
light Day, and the
darkness he calls
Night the gulls
unheard, distant,
just go on, calling.
And the evening

and the morning
are the first day.

...

We lay together, two wrecks, Love,
wooden ships conjoined by forces
too great, too objective to blame.

We stretch beside a shoreline,
eels play in the one rib of our
opened selves, our rarer fingers
gesture horizon to stars, even
Sun/Moon, entwine before and behind
centering a presumably expanding
circumference curving inwardly
toward itself which is an affection,
a longing, a bottom upon which
even God can lay hidden from secret
admirers such are mirrors whose
surfaces are rarely breached.

But there is reach.

Many ways to say the word "love";
which, redundant to say,
sparks,

and we are returned to some notion
Platonic beyond higher math
of over-said,
over-reached

"Infinity";

...

I wish you, Love,
beyond/within all Voids

- is the Void one or plurality? -

a painter on a near shore to
paint what we have become.

One he must be
beautiful,
a man, radiant, who raises
a thumb to rearrange

^^^the horizon^^^

*****the sky*****

~the moving line~

~un~du~lant~aslant

of the sea where we without
breadth heave each our separate
selves and each other into,
squint, a promontory, shear,
one eye to gauge, the other
allow a thumb's scan, by any
other intent, acknowledgement
of worth perceived:

" Though they are all white with black and grey scoring,
the range is far from a whisper, and this new development
makes the painting itself the form."

" A bird seems to have
passed through the impasto with cream-colored screams and
bitter claw marks." - O'Hara about Cy Twombly's paintings

Waves/wayward clocks become
adrift migrant birds, scores,
always cry at the unending feast.

We are not the least of these
but know ourselves too beyond
bondage to time which is to say
hunger" in spite of rhythm

Love, let us live without

rhyme

the sun go up the
sun go down,

the-Sky- Amor
turn and return
with feeling

-Wheel-Fati

Let the painter lonely be

alone

pinned to shore with
his paints, his brushes,
his thumb-gauged vision
in relation to ourselves,
and Void, without intended
rhyme trued, true to ourselves.

Nature, too, is true.

May he use the color blue.

Carelessly.

Tubes of it.

We once were that, too -
careless without.

Now wrecks.

Vaulted. Now become
weather without
foreheads

without
cloudnecks

Vastness
in the making

if such
is made at all

but is aporetic

euphoric

a condition,

a given

hard thumb

against

a sky of

tubes made

and of
squints made

we are then a
" striving after"

beyond cream-colored
foam/form
churned by storm

Here come the wild birds again

**

But what I want to
report to you-not-here,
for the record, to be
read out into the snow
that has begun to fall
silently in the gutter,
is that I opened the
morning curtain and there

on the metal escape sat,
and still sits, a dove,
brown, beautiful, which
does not move at all,
when the curtains made
to move, and the day
rushes in without consent.

It, not the daylight
but the dove, just to
be very clear, cocks
only its head toward
movement and calmly

I have successfully
resisted writing 'moves
and calamity'

sits shaped
like one pure tear.
Or pear. Both of which
share an 'ear'.

Suddenly, joy in me
flashes and I know the
dove for me has come.

And the mouse.

**

'...descend and of the curveship lend a myth to God.' - Hart Crane

The boys, seven falling: Jamey Rodemayer, Tyler Clementi,
Raymond Chase, Asher Brown, Billy Lucas, Seth Walsh, Justin Aaberg

Even the pigeons on my stoop are silent now.
One mourning dove coos tenderly for these who
have taken their own lives publicly on our behalf,
for those many gone before them, broken hearts
enraged, no more to engage the unpersuaded
world which, one of them, one of the public ones,

in spite of murmuring wharves, in spite of amorous
dark alleys bitter in the pitch of the last hateful
American Century, Hart Crane, wrote before his leap
from the ship beside the phallic curve where Cuba
meets the lipping sea, took his tongue away which
sang of chill dawns breaking upon bridges whose
spans still freely splinter light returning hungover
from the night wharves, grottoes, and denim World
Wars, industrial embraces crushing every man and
now another one abandons his fingers and fiddling
to scattering light, takes flight from ledges to
edge close to an embrace no longer forbidden -
'And so it was I entered the broken world
to trace the visionary company of love...'

I am the itinerant priest who sits at meager feasts.
Suffering congregants, forlorn over their starfish and soup,
ask about dreams, confess to anguish, ask what should be done.
Here at my confessional I can only plead mercy upon the boys
who have jumped from bridges, hung themselves, cut, sliced their
compulsive hands, exploded hearts, leaping dears eyes ablaze in
thrall of antlers, trembling flanks strong to fly decrying the
violent hunt which always ends in a death bequeathing these
chopped bits to me and to others like me who remain at table,
plates before, to stare at what is to be later scattered, sown,
these pieces in and for Love-without-name still a stain upon
confused local deities and their wild-eyed supplicants.

But there is no stain upon the promiscuous sea.

**

Dear Low' - Upon His Leaving Mountains For Manhattan, circa 1981

You did it. You left the trout behind.

Sunday the corn was cut down. Apple trees
in the nearby orchard were felled which explains
the screams I heard a week ago, and the droning'
of wasps. That hill was exposed this evening at
sunset, reflected pink in the sky. Reminds me of
the women I always saw through your eyes,

their large lips and eyes, the dark thighs particularly,
fields without their corn now shedding a purple
light like Stevens' Hartford, and you there tonight
forsaking the school yard we'd walk beside
stopping to comment on that view of hills
at our favorite wall where 'Juke Joint's Pandemonium'
stalled on hot nights to break beer bottles for your
poems broken glass, curtains you'd pass in the
dark where your wheels would splay the stars stuck
to tar bubbles on the street when Hart Crane beat
his words against your rhythm running down
to Montford Park.

Be quick about it then, your departure:

I walked through your house.
You left behind that crooked frying pan.
Your steaks will never taste the same again,
and that espresso pot there, too, black stains
stuck inside like little Lamont's words,
'Are we lost yet? ' Just thrown out like that
plaster of paris bone from the kitchen.
No dog would chew on that, some kind of
sentinel to Arborvale Street signaling something
fragile has passed on like Mr. McKnight's
roses given over to winter, Indian summer
an old squaw, packed up her warm skins
and vanished like a wife or lovers.
It's like that, you know. No magic but our
own so often like that old white bone's intention
to be art, our poems strung on the page like
slip over chicken wire, words expiring from
our clutching at them -

'You will be beautiful, make meaningful our days.'

What are our names anymore, Low?

The corn is all cut down.
An old scare crow remains.
Apropos. Poetry's worn out image
stretched out on the hill forlorn in the ice,

forgiving no one, especially ourselves,
alien corn of a foundering century.

It's got to do with America,
my love of music, my grotesque loneliness... - Henry Miller

Are not all summer nights
born late in America, fading
only when morning glories,
fog draped at dawn, breech
fairgrounds entire
continents long?

Pine perimeters encircle
veiled hermetic tents.
Suspended rides now frighten.
Momentarily the carnies are
relieved of their ugliness.
Cotton candy gins spin dry
confections to cold crystal.
Sugared metals stick/stop,
their precocious tongues

tuned too early for erasure.

Let be the finale of seem - Wallace Stevens

Here's Breath For You - Upon Purchase & Buyer's Remorse - circa 2012

Dear Low,

Not to worry.

I am the man most pursued in last night's dream.
That emaciated thing at my back keeps tracking me.
I remain just out of reach. Classic. Even there,
as here, I am escaping something, a life time of
practice in this 'Kingdom of the Canker'.
It was no banker who followed me last night
but a starved lacklove rejected by 'Canker' and, well,
by me. Who'd want that part, all start and no finish?

Replenishment has often enough meant hiding out
and a demand that it keep at least 5 arm lengths away.
I will try, I tell it, to look at it but I find its presence
most disturbing, its handful of leaves continually
proffered leaves me in a quandary. What do they
mean, this offering, though my father was a lumberjack?
Perhaps this is a track of sorts to follow for an end
to the mystery. I am stumped.

Again, not to worry.

After a life time now almost 60 years
of identity crises, which is a low grade
fever in the personality, such is poetry.

I am very weary of it as I now move into yet another identity,
OLD MAN. And who gives a damn in that new
'Kingdom of the Cracked & Crank'?

Invisibility awaits, or worse,

pee pants.

Do I become that thing which follows me in my sleep,
leprously white, pale wanderer of the empty pockets,
eyes dark and full of something deeply known?

I am not yet ready to know such things though the
dream indicates that I am for it is very near.

How can I expect the culture to pretend to be interested,
it having pushed the thing even farther away than I ever
could? And since this has turned too goddamned
confessional I do confess that I am beginning to lose
heart for it, all this pushing, this running away, which is
perhaps good news to the very few who know me truly.

Rather,

I sit on the cultural dunce stool in my corner of the room
reading, reading, tracing, tracing the chase of 'logos'
through time. No rhyme or reason can I make with my
earnest forefinger. Still malingering shadows of what is
in those dark eyes just over there dim my creased page.
I pull at curtains to close out tighter whatever daylight those
eyes may bring to my knowing.

I am such a monk.
I live hard unto myself.

I daily sacrifice goats on an alabster altar to
the blood thirsty deity both in me and who dwells
just outside my door.

Grace, yet, daily unfolds, usually in the coffee cup, first sip,
and morning prayer without too much buyer's remorse which,
I am convinced, is what that first squall of the just born infant
is about...'So much for corporeality...desiring only the womb.
I could not read the fine print of the contract writ small in
capillaries, that upon me there will be a vice, a clutch of
alien air, a fall into too much light and clouds of Mercurochrome.

I regret me I regret me I regret me...'

One adjusts. Continually. The persona is adaptation appearing to be solid but sleep reveals the neutrality of the animal. Dreams tell us otherwise when we remember them as it takes an ego to witness, to remember.

They reveal that we are caught up into something so much greater than flush and stir. It's a wonder we make do as much as we do and still call ourselves by name, our family a species of animal, 'homo sapiens'.

I regret self pity. I'd reject it if I could but it adheres, last resort of old coots born honestly into it no matter the copious Mercurochrome baths, the smelling salts obviating the needed nipple.

What is all this singing bathed in tears born of tremendous desire and fear? Whose arms would hold fast and safe, embracement against the brace of all us we fallen stars who do burn out brightly or, more like me, privately in quarters counting days as if each is the last until that dread thing finally comes in, after a life time of daily threats and close escapes, after a life time of daily threats and close escapes, with hopeful relief?

Hopefully there will be no buyer's remorse for purchase of Death.

'Here, " I'll try to say 'ponst that day', one must become Shakespearean in such company, last payment on the installment plan, 'Here's breath for you. I tried to use it well.'

Today the Market reports a run on Mercurochrome. Birth goes on. I am for rebirth, a dirth of days makes me suddenly Hindu, foregoing gurus and bindu point. I've made my own here.

Selah.

Still, methinks I'll have your ear for a little while longer, a handful of leaves only for my thanks, one foot well into 'Cracked and Crank', the drunk tank a memory worn out. Doubt is my companion.

Love, too. No remorse there.
Buys me time, aftershave and
loads of underwear for the trickles ahead.

Thank the gods for all that.
Oh. And one last good cigar.

W.

" A mule will labor ten years willingly and patiently for you, for the privilege
of kicking you once."

Complexes, like mules, are stubborn. They have a job to do. They form us,
shape us, give us character the word etymologically means " scratches
upon a surface" thus we are all born to be scratched, scarred, and from
such character is born. My tee shirt reads " BORN TO BE
SCRATCHED" " BORN TO BE SCARRED" . We describe
landscapes and faces/bodies as " having
character" ...and so complexes are landscapes, we are landscapes shaped
by the shaping land, dirt, clay, mud, sand from which ancestral complexes were
born and borne generation to generation, person to person.

But mourning's that thing, not hope, with wings to argue with Miss Dickinson, at
least this heavy winged thing is part and parcel, tissue and fabric to my very
being psychologically from earliest childhood, not playing the victim here but
telling mule-ish facts, born into violence, into sorrow of mother and father at war
with each other in the redneck theologically regressive/retarded primitive white
south, my mythology unfolded and unfolds still though I am hard surrounded by
concrete asphalt and steel where the wheel infernally drives literally everything
in metropolis.

So, there. Etiology of my persistent skin rash begins in history, ancient history.
The body, a body that I am, that I as Warren Ego inhabit, has its inexorable
history and mythology genetically attributed and distributed cell by cell, dermis
extremis, meat sack slackening but inevitable principled processes chemical and
alchemical dry me dry me out into blown aboutness.

But I can sing. I will sing of such till I can sing no more.
Scratch as scratch can and down to a man, or sand, whichever

comes first or last or both, I will give voice and image to the hard scrap and the mule-kick mother, bearing two mule names, who in a dream that preceeded her death purposefully willfully seperates from me, leaves me to the aridity of incarnate human existence for this massive hedge green green wildly riot of green which she is, she did, die into and was reborn into such...

**

Because They Rhyme They Live, Not I

'O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen

I suppose it is the late, or soon to be, poet's lot to jot one for daffodils. At least one. This is mine, a last will to verse.

But first, I take a pill before dying, I mean,
its meager meal, yellow sun on a jaundiced plate.
'Consumption' is the word I want. I've got that,
and few breaths left and a flat voice to tell it in.

'The daffodils were yellow as the sun.'

So lay down thy pen. Ungrasp! I say.
An olden voice pulls at bruised skin.
I grow thin. And gasp. I grow thin as winter air.
I'll not see them rise again from bulbs perennially.
Not me, annulled in this season of the lung
though each breath mimics leaven, assumes
Eternity's aspirations, but... where was I? ...
not me, not long for my tongue to sing.

**

I would rewrite the whole thing
withdraw every word without ado
with undue pressure release even
these mountains upon which within
which I turn sleepless in the dark
beneath laurel the rhododendron
pungent in cold spring air wondering

just where this all goes how it
all ends this life where thunder
rolls between this valley where
I lay with heat lightening teasing
presences I will not name though
the old masters have forever
tried and try yet again on each
thinning page in this worn book
the collected songs which have
finally crossed an ocean have made
it over the Eastern hills to some
of us here far far on other shore

No longer do I madly sing
though an earned madness clings
a shroud a fog a suggestion of
the sublime that I shall not
can no longer call Ineffable,
Beauty, Power or Surcease

my young brow long gone old
and creased matches the map
my finger traces on yellowed
pages brown edges these smeared
mountains ages ago drawn by a
forced or palsied hand indentured
that remains uncredited diluted
ink smudged dried into elegant
interlaced stains that sing to
the eye no choice but to try
dear painter I should live in
such hills where perhaps the
bones of your trembled hand
point beyond kingdoms beyond
fences your painted image has
long outlived

I see that my face at least retains
some semblance of former glory if a
face is a map of mountains once sung
now written only now suggesting rhythm
now melody only now a shine lonely on

tips each peak this my brow now theirs
too sings of silver a dew a scent up from
worn paths beside valleys rivers streams
their banked ferns wet do cloy and bend

now it pleases me to read of these
and so sing by the reading

**

Making Things Right In Exile - After the Chinese Poet, Po Chui

He rests awhile in the wide orchard
where bright plum flowers rain. He
unrolls his pallet to sleep inside
the humming glade.

Raiment, he writes in his sleepy
head, of leaves and bees. An old man
puts the best plum in his sleeve to
bring home to his bitter wife.

Why strive when nature is bounteous
and all ills can be made right with
wet sweetness?

- - - - Warren Falcon - - -

For my mother's last birthday, September 2016, I gave her a
beautiful shawl. Pleased much, she wore it often up to the
final days of her sojourn into the Shawl of the Great Mother.

She passed two days before Christmas at 1: 25 pm.

A gentle suspiration
barely noticed then no more.

She breathes in me though,

dispatches from Limbo, destination Green,

viz Lorca': Green how I want you green.

Evenso, graying as I go.

So, returning to the beginning at the end, a hard gathered variation ties the breathing knot for good thus nuancing Ludwig Wittgenstein's words as opening orientation at the top of this word-pocked page:

The form of spirit as it returns to Spirit is adoration.

Final offering in final word-prayer repeated above at least twice,

" Here's breath for You."

All these my poems, my efforts, are lovingly dedicated to my mother and father, Geneva & Warren:

From childhood our song:

Hurry awake sleepy bee
Softly sings the breeze

To sweetness we are called
when the sun high shall be
freshened with tears our departing

behind the barred door wait

a lock of wound hair
silk pouch of my gated heart
it will be a hard arrow to pierce it

**

Coda: Epimetheus looks back

So, friend, you die also. Why all this clamour about it? - from The Iliad XXI by Homer

...but it's late and I've been under-slept, much distressed, stretched through veil and moan, though I dreamed last night a sweet yet-dog/not-dog sleeping upon a burning log most inviting, I see now it is a sacrifice that has consented to such and thus is resolved, at peace, surrendered to gentle flame, to rules of the human consciousness game, and/but I want to secure its comfort and safety though Fire winks at me and says, Got this covered.

So.

What to do?

Out of my league as creature alone,
I demur to Fire.

Am awaiting further instructions.

Marinating in petrol.

Negotiating
with Combustion Union

even as I
speak or spark,

whichever come
first which will

inexorably of course

come last then

ashes to ashes
and the mourning

a thousand
or more books unread,

not understood.

Tou jours mon ami,
mon frere to rhyme

with fire, and sireling.

* * *

To read more prose and poses you may go here:

[http: //falconwarren.blogspot.com](http://falconwarren.blogspot.com)

Found Poem After News From One Roaming Alaskan Wilderness, A Complex Of Occasions [reprise]

for Andy
far flung from
Black Mountain,
Charles Olson
in mind, quoth -

'I come back to the geography of it...
An American is a complex of occasions,
themselves a geometry
of spatial nature.' - from 'Maximus to Gloucester, Letter 27'

*

You lost
again,
poor boy,
in way out
places.



PoemHunter.com

Better there
than lost
in familiar
here/now
such is NYC,
East 10th
street soothed,
sore -

red wine,
air conditioned
poems

Writing (is)
bitterness
mixed,
prayer,

such is
personal
geography.

Stunned
how life can
somehow go
but one can
either resist
or flow
with it
feeling

Deity

(is)

the
Greater Current
ripping all
cloying maps,
clawing hand
from roots
on the bank
worn by
Greater Intention.

One relents

may like
Jonah lie
spent,
still defiant
under

withered
gourd vines
such are
poem-shades.

Still,
the dreaded

Nineveh folks
repenteth.

Not I.

No 'shed I'

but

El Shaddai.**

Effective, what?

Indeed, more
God's work
than my
half-hearted
attempt to
convert rivers,
alter courses,
egos,
when
mine own
is still
wrenched

in Sacred Grip.

All's well
that ends
swell or is
swollen
with a
modicum
of sensation.

Can't wait
to hear of
travels
Klondike
&
more

tis boon
to read of

just here.

Ah to be
anywhere
but here

but intent
is to bear
this where

enduring why,
still celebrating
breath,

sky,

sidewalk
generously
allowing

my weight.

**Hebrew for 'God of the mountain', & 'God Almighty'.
The root word 'shadad' (שָׁדַד ;) means 'to overpower'
or 'to destroy'. This would give Shaddai the meaning
of 'destroyer', representing one of the aspects of God

Warren Falcon

Beyond Blossoms, For James Wright - Reprise With Changes

'too full of blossom and green light to care'... 'the light breeze moves me to caress' - James Wright

If you were present, I too would
speak of an encounter upon a
hill in the southern part of France,
Monthaut, its dilapidated church
without knees, sun descending
over the lower slopes of the Pyrenees -

From the shaded grove downhill
at least twenty horses hasten
towards me. I sense them before
they materialize, hooves ripping
through soil and grass in their
frenzied ascent up the steep
incline, arriving like exhilarated
birds, hindquarters trembling,
moist from late-summer warmth.

Their tender noses nudge my hands,
their chests apply unyielding pressure
against barbed wire. They offer themselves
to me, their sinewy necks extend heads
bowing bashfully, not without some blood -

I reflect on you now as I did then,
recalling our resounding lungs in
rich shared air, intertwined aromas
of earth, mane, those sweet pastures,
and the constricting thorn where
they stamped, quivering.

No poetry found here, Esteemed Master;
merely a factual account,

of how it all fractures haphazardly

amidst monotony, a somber hammock
resistant to being swayed on a somber day.

Something exists here that
you already comprehend,
but if forgetfulness persists
on the opposite side of the
fence where you now reside,
I now serve as a reminder.

My hands tenderly caress
echoing equine elegance.
Within their eyes, I can see
in that way of all breezes
finally where you departed.

The poem above is a response to James Wright's poem, *The Blessing* published below, as well as to Wright's impact upon me and my own poems:

The Blessing

Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies
Darken with kindness.
They have come gladly out of the willows
To welcome my friend and me.
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture
Where they have been grazing all day, alone.
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness
That we have come.
They bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.
There is no loneliness like theirs.
At home once more, they begin munching the young tufts of spring in the
darkness.
I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,
For she has walked over to me
And nuzzled my left hand.
She is black and white,
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,

And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.
Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body I would break
Into blossom.

Warren Falcon

Aphasias 'pastorale' - Orchard Or Ordure As Words Dance On, With Apologies To Red, Red Robin

for Josef

'The rose is without why; it blossoms
because it blossoms;
It cares not for itself, asks not if it's seen.' — Angelus Silesius

1

In a garden where roses freely bloom,
Their purpose unknown, their beauty abloom.
Unfazed by eyes that cannot comprehend,
They blossom, unconcerned, their essence unpenned.

Amidst this orchard, once a stone's domain,
Tomatoes and peaches now intertwine, reclaim.
Through rows they wander, wild and untamed,
Their presence a reminder, a memory unblamed.

Amidst the ruins of an old, forgotten place,
A wagon trail whispers a tale of grace.
Centuries have passed, yet the path remains,
Preserved by shovel and sweat, love and strains.

A feminine pause, a braid of purple shade,
Rough pines and poplar, a fruit tree unafraid.
In this sanctuary, thoughts of roses dwell,
A sanctuary where fleeting thoughts find their spell.

When in the midst of chaos, of undulating days,
A Sunday evening unveils a mysterious haze.
Purple fields meet snow peaks, a juxtaposed sight,
Sheep graze fearless, embracing the heights.

In a hatchling's lifeless eye, curves of concavity meet,
Reflecting perfect forms, a moment's retreat.
To ponder if flight or nest is the better fate,
An answer unknown, left for us to debate.

Within the heavy weight of the always,
The absolute zero births infinite arrays.
Arms extended, embracing the unforgiving,
A gift from Arabia, a zero worth living.

Unmeasured by mass, this non-alloyed grace,
A name for God, a thermal history's embrace.
In metallic matrices, the heart of a blacksmith beats,
Reshaping the known, forging new feats.

Great Seamstress of Space, with fingers of dew,
Sew together graceless things, making them anew.
Autumn leaves, gathering and muttering with strife,
Seek solace in distraction, in the tapestry of life.

Yet amidst the chaos, a line reprises its role,
A phrase, an image, a stammer that consoles.
A moment of mercy, a glad surprise lingers,
As words dance on, apologies to Red Robin's singers.

Warren Falcon

Chattanooga, Tennessee River Aubade - For Willie After A Night Of Powder Dancing, 1975

an asterisk * denotes a footnote beneath the poem

[NOTE - see the note below the poem about powder dancing, what it was, hopefully still is somewhere in rural towns or back streets in jaded cities where merriment and more could thrive without censure or worse]

for Willie, an old man come to sit on my front porch, Third Street, Chattanooga, Tennessee, street Bessie Smith* grew up on...he taught me how to powder dance and more, bottle of Old Mister Boston Apricot Brandy passing between us, humidity so thick we smell the river late nights where we sat, then danced -

And our feet did dance.
And the flour stayed down
the whole summer long.

I
Next morning, more likely early afternoon,

Willie long gone, I awaken sprawled on the penitent porch—a cool concrete floor my sinner's bench—sweaty and thick as pan gravy, mosquito bitten, marinated in Tennessee night mists.

I stagger into the living room onto the ghostly floor what's powdery white, 'stroked' with two attached, or close to, sets of foot prints' heel slides and smears — Jackson Pollock meets Tibetan sand painting 'yazzed' yantra**— cigarette ashes flicked into the impermanent mix.

2
Dear Willie, I've not powder danced since when,
when we drank discovering oral history's joys,
opened up eager ears and fraternal arms forgetting
fears of religion and race, our wide age gap, and
expressed hard pressed Desire's multilingual disseminations.

From our many nights I know that wheat is
anciently sacred but even more so now for

flour, the sight and feel of it, its unbaked smell,
turns me again toward a Chattanooga Third
Street, its compass river swelling like bread
nearby bearing witness still for one cannot say
too much about rivers—

their irreverence of edges scored, spilling themselves

proclaiming natural gods deeper than memory yet
dependent upon it for traced they must be in every
human activity, no matter the breach, for something
there is to teach even deity though it may be wrong
to do so, or hearsay to say it or sing, but the song
is there for those whose ears are broken onto bottoms
from which cry urgencies of Being and between,
dutiful banks barely containing the straining Word.

* Bessie Smith (April 15,1894 - September 26,1937) was an African-American blues singer widely renowned during the Jazz Age. Nicknamed the 'Empress of the Blues', she was the most popular female blues singer of the 1930s. Inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1989, she is often regarded as one of the greatest singers of her era and was a major influence on fellow blues singers, as well as jazz vocalists.

Born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Smith was young when her parents died, and she and her six siblings survived by performing on street corners. She began touring and performed in a group that included Ma Rainey, and then went out on her own. Her successful recording career with Columbia Records began in 1923, but her performing career was cut short by a car crash that killed her at the age of 43. - from Wikipedia. com site

**Yantra - from Tibetan Buddhism. Visual meditation device,
a Yantra functions as revelatory conduit of cosmic truths.

Warren Falcon

Uh - Oh - Now You've Done It! - Dithers For Philip Whalen

Philip Whalen writes:

uh - oh
Now you've
done it!

and I HAVE done it what -

ever IT is -

Already Done

Me, I

think about poetry

all

my efforts

fluff

fallen

But eye keeps writing what sees ('s'thatta question?) what is seen, what presents to eye n I, the one-many that perceives f'r instance this random

COFFEE SHOPPE

BLACK TILED FLOOR

THERE

YELLOW-GOLD GINKGO LEAF

Mid - Wither - Season —

HOW FAR YOU HAVE FALLEN

Warren Falcon

Exodus-Excursus After Folly - An Aging Poet Addresses One Who Wanders In Mountains Remote - Reprise

for Andrew Linton

Now I've broken my ties with the world of red dust;
I spend all my time wandering and read all I want.

Who will lend a dipper of water
to save a fish in a carriage rut?
—Han Shan, Tang Dynasty, China

1

There's a wary Moses in the distance counting pocket
change to give to the ferrier, coins to fit the eyes.
I'm hanging at the back of the crowd. There's manna
enough for pockets. My Red Sea is long parted but old
Pharaoh's got a new army. Each day is a scrape in the tents.
Prayer and fear is sustenance dragged further out by pillars
of fire. A volcano rumored to be God publishes 'Mandates for
a New Junta', led by a well-bred stutterer (prototypical politician,
it seems) . In odd limbo there trail reluctant murmurers.

That Golden Calf Incident was a silly mistake,
an overreaction, but there were agreements made
at the outset, sealed in blood, first born sons threatened
or worse, guaranteed real estate for dairy farmers and
bee keepers, oodles of milk-and-honey futures, money
to be made in hopefully greener pastures. Now it can
be said with certainty, a 'promised land' comes with
big catches - I've exchanged one for another, same
mistake - the barbs are plenty, mostly mistaken people
thinner than scripture loudly staking claims to land
and deity in long meander.

It's a luxury, sure. Some choose to wander. Some don't.
Water is scarce in deserts. Wheels are few but for
chariots of war, not many ruts though there's thirst aplenty,

not the bounty promised before the journey.

A penny for a wet tongue.

I'm of that hung up crowd forced to flee, a victim
of unleavened fate, or is that too Greek a notion?

The question begs asking. Unintended impertinence
must be forgiven. That's the theme, right? the long
march of history, that of redemption in time though
each and every has an opinion. Can't be helped.

Much to explain.

All's a seeming washed in blood.

2

Old friend, I've been reading zen, the death poems,
and Sayings of the Desert Fathers, in many ways
the same. These orient, assist. I can still lift a head
up among stars while swatting flies just to be silly
for what do stars care at all but for real-ing eyes,
they're wanting to be the more perceived, more
than lumps in solidity, but as sublime, as they once
lightyears dreamed, as a boy's fright-years dreamed,
too, despite a hard father's boot-steps on childhood's
stairs just other side the door to send him packing,

Future's shy Desert Father
anonymous on purpose,

beneath the bed,
a wilderness of sorts,

hiding still.

3

Now

I'm flung further into the fray though I sway up 5 flights

of stairs, long in exile, dizzy with the street, the human beauty and brokenness there, all those flower pots in windows, on stoops, the blossoming tree brightening between darker bricks to truly dwell. It is for me, a shy son, to see in spite of big chunks missing or torn out, to remake the world as it always is for gods long to be bread to dwell in our finitude. To them, then, I am 'the Dude', a daffodil in my lapel, gate of heaven and h*ll open at the end of the block. I skip forward singing, 'La La La, ' poems a'pocket. If questioned at the gate I'll blame you, meandering still, granting permission the entrance to boldly storm.

Between St. Marks and the horizon my fingers still work.

Warren Falcon

Between The Rain Scarlotti, His Stabat Mater, And John Coltrane, His Birthday 9/23/23

Between the rain Scarlotti Stabat Mater and Coltrane, two wildly different stratospheres, I veer once again to the espresso pot, cast lots for what remains of sacred dregs, boil an egg, talk to the closed curtains voting for outer darkness which agrees with me believing with my ears, in harmony, in Coltrane's primacy of breath and brass, here's a brash Shabbas too-full-in prayer,

pigeon and dove wars going on other side of curtain, their flutings shakuhachi-like pipe in random chorus tandem w my aged but still high fidelics.

Good start to the weekend, a titch of lonely but not really since 'I have been faithful to thee, O Cynara [Ernest Dowson].'

I have re-sewn the decades old wine-dark satin housecoat redeemed from thrift near a sacred mountain known only to itself (and to me - shhh) that it is sacred. There's still some sheen to the old satin. Not sheen. What's the word? Yeah, rather, 'patina' with pinot noir notes, old, brownish, bones brailing clay, what remains pliable, at least nerve tendrils, remembering to be gay.

Second cup. I gloat.

Scarlatti turns to Pergolesi, more violins than the first Stabat of the afternoon. Radio, remember that? D.J. plays quilts of Trane. Volume up, Volume Down. See Saw. Lean in to hear. Lean back to mercy ears'whelmed, Coltrane's fingers ever the the helm. Sense whence such, his furrowed look, having laid down all scores but one (but he'll never tell yet we listen still, such notes as hints about John hints about) .

But I'm now out of heavy cream for ever blacker brew, but no dearth of sound.

A peek of Autumn color, 'so much depends on, ' even or especially, W. C. Williams's spokes and strokes, the window 'slicked' tho dinged, lone ginkgo golden tresses in honor of the Holy Child from Hamlet, NC regal displays below the grayed out pigeons, the consistent doves' dulcets, holy too, in retreat to ledge and iron across the street, other windows.

**

What the window does, rain, the street and the district houses, my humble camera greatly battered, years old, flatters, is 'Ash Can' meets some bereted French 19th Century art 'school' or painter tobacco stained, slow poison in the tints back then used (O Vincent) , one wonders if they, all or most, were in altered states from toxic chemicals in the tubes ginning veins, organs, brains, so they, artistes, literally painted what they were seeing from within, all that literal alchemical combustion of optics, nerves, lungs pulling heavy for air, another draw from the pipe or fag.

Bless them each, leaving their scrim for us to gaze. Our eyes are the better for them.

Enough. Fin.

Words of an old teacher come to mind, a kind man, a bit severe, spare, clear as all raw day, he reminds then, and now, each and every,

Don't try so hard.

Warren Falcon

These Notions, Supreme Fiction, Lavish Absence (Some Say 'oceans' Preferring Perhaps)

and yet another, for Low, thots onto-crypto-noetic-poetic

'Supreme Fiction' is part of a poem title by Wallace Stevens.

'Lavish Absence' is part of a title of a memoir about Edmond Jabès.

'... it's the black pond

And cold, where toward perfumed evening

A sad child on his knees sets sail

A boat as frail as a May butterfly.' - Hart Crane

1

These notions (some say 'oceans' preferring perhaps) together (weather
made of depths' currents disturbing everly the air all round) evoke (a
little sleep mounded smoke heap 'hear creep, wretch, wrestle with' that which
ever ghost's) the ground too, nothing exempted no matter adornment
and aggiornamento past century as well as this new one we're
collectively/globally 'grand mal-ing' within wrung out (plaintive complaint leap-
song 'Now 'm free, free falling') yet again (fingers and frets knit nets
'neural obdurato') meeting the challenge (forced fated or not upon
riveted necks from which chords wood) or for that their 'dis-s' might
amend, appease, if knees dare insist lowering, to atone, if remedy is too slow, or
late, weighted heads bowed (in obdural oblaDAH oblations) , waiting's 'the only
way to go' (foregoing hopsotch houchie koochie coo coo a shoe wing) in
eventual voiditude n ditty (by any meansy minsy moes buttah Poe Poe Posies)
or her or him or rhoid (pleading pity upon all annoying factoids)
though common, they do no longer, if ever, serve in now (composting)
(Millenia) (halitose carbon, diminishing further bones) swerve
out of assumed orbit of the same (now clockwise, muddled clouds calculate in
math abreactions) (methadrone) (to accommodate what's
utterly 'new i' th' wind' proposing a new name for deity aka Apo-strophé)
with dastardly advanced technology presuming ITS WILL ALMIGHTY (rather, shot
put to ill uses) which may soon render (comatose) the planet
to (stone or cinder) Absence (unlavish)

2

(some say 'oceans' preferring perhaps)

(weather made of depths' currents disturbing
everly the air all round) (a little sleep-mounded
smoke-heap 'hear dust creep, wretch, wrestle
with' that which ever ghost's) (plaintive compline)
(leap-sponge 'Now...free, free falling')
(fingers and frets knit nets 'neural obdurato')
(forced fated or not upon riveted necks from
which chords wood) (in obdural oblaDAH
oblations) (foregoing hopscotch houchie koochie
coo coo a shoe wing) (by any meansy minsy
moes buttah Poe Poe Posies) (or her or him
or rhoid pleading pity 'pon all annoying factoids)
(composting) (Millenia) (halitose carbon,
diminishing further bones)

(now clockwise, muddled clouds calculate
math abreactions') (methadrone) (so accommodate
what's utterly 'new i' th' wind' proposing a new
name for deity aka Apo-strophé) (rather, shot
put to ill uses) (comatose) (stone or cinder)
(unlavish) (refusing all brandishments) (hell)
(whose fool's accounting?) (foregoing) (chum
on bae lu-lu loco-notion) (rivaling jive moves
without hips) (torn dendrons) (dislocated)

(the search is on as to where)

3

But 'I'll swan' as is said down Appalachia mountain way,
'Well I'll sway' or try, shall, pray, parley, if there's deity,
ID, or IT, or Them-uns, into our obdurate corner of shapeless
universe that we duel-dua-denim-doo wa diddy diddy
dumbrained mys-torectomies occupy 'plums on our thumbs'
insisting what good critters are us soon to be frittered foistibly
fried upon our own dumbward thumbs (muted blear wax
proven NOT to be the etiology) soon to be 'apparitions', if
even that, thots gone wrong or, again, might could be 'just
the onto-weather' but, as my ancient mamaw, a black bear
missing a paw, snuff in her maw'd say,

'Gather ye nosebleeds while ye may.'

For emphasis and song, she'd add 'Hey
nonny nonny Calendula and Honey'
descanting (whilst not discounting
or dismounting dogies) -

'Da doo ron ron ron Da doo ron ron'

then

'There's one lone cowboy-or-girl,
Poca-haunt-us-or-'as 'Now my life
is not the same / My whole world
has been deranged / ...cowboys
to girls bang bang shoot em up
baby / Iremember' Intruders and
boyhood's extruding thots -

endings total (visions of) burning deserts
'westward hoes remembering commensurate
fences while playing lone rounds of putt-putt
NO MULLIGANS, yes, YE forks in the road,
'scum to that - scat singing now dat scats
gotcher tongues polyglottally mit das

Wooly bully (mammoth) '

4

'Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies
It's your misfortune and none of my own

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies
ever a'roaming will be your new home'

chianti chianti

chianti

this translates as

'da doo roam roam roam da doo roam roam'

aka

'so many, so many I had not known that death
(He's no fun at all) had undone so many'
therefore so thusly:

s'no crowning matter
(or hatter) mores the
bother when (prelude
to further adieu some-
where below) -

'when the
red red robin comes
a'bob bob bobbin' along'

so sing song's, this one,
to end or livelong ding
dong daze being with
(or at least affirm though deadly) inform or so it appears to be
inevitably post-toasties massive pronoiatron BOOM shrooms 'clastic-incinerate
therefore thrustly itinerate (to yet again re-iterate) obvi-osis,
whereupon which Nobel maestro scries surmise sums 'the last ding dong of
doom' (Time's a loom threadborne or bare) if there's indeed a where
there before something or after nothing we will see or not see though Edington
Sir hath sed 'something we know not what is doing we know not what' so

addendums I without dry eyes -

'BUT IT is doing something.' Thusly this, to end or begin on a heartfelt noble note,
skewed hope-a-dope (Who wove or actually weaves this rope?) Jack
Kennedy sez it is we homo scapiens, crappulous, Maya-opic (who pull the knot
tighter from both ends and this is the way the churl rock up ends) :

'I believe that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the
last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even
then there will still be one more sound: that of man's puny, inexhaustible, voice
still talking! ...not simply because man alone among creatures has an
inexhaustible voice, but because man has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion,
sacrifice and endurance.' —William Faulkner

Warren Falcon

More Than An Ear Can Hold - A Tryptic Poem Line Tracing Horizon For Painters And Poets

for Cy Twombly, Barnett Newman, Frank O'Hara

'I never really separated painting and literature.' - Cy Twombly

'Aesthetics is for the artist like ornithology is for the birds.'
- Barnett Newman

'... more than the ear can hold' - Frank O'Hara

1

Two seasons upon your forehead

Horizon of your brow now tilts toward sunset

Stratus clouds lift above the major line
parallel but with telemetry of their own —

symmetry shifts, music notes
stretched flat on the scale

'Below all this your eyes two suns setting'

though it is redundant to say so,
a poem line tracing horizon, what
lies behind it below we leap or
can, happily, to mental verticals

such are these birds
flying out to sea such is
this our land giving way
beneath all their push

We lay together, two wrecks, Love,
wooden ships conjoined by forces
too great, too objective to blame

We stretch beside a shoreline,

eels play in the one rib of our
opened selves, our rarer fingers
share at last, gesture horizon
to stars, even Sun/Moon entwine
before and behind centering a
presumably expanding circumference
curving inwardly toward itself
which is an affection, a longing,
a bottom upon which even God
can lay hidden from secret admirers
such are mirrors whose surfaces
are rarely breached

2

But there is reach

Many ways to say the word 'love'

which, redundant to say,

sparks,

and we are returned to some

notion Platonic beyond higher

math

of over-said,

over-reached

'Infinity'

beyond

the sea where we without
breadth heave each our
separate selves and each
other into, squint, a promontory
shear, one eye to gauge,
the other to allow a thumb's

scan by any other intent
acknowledgement
of worth perceived —

waves wayward
clocks (become)

adrift migrant birds, scores,
always crying at the unending feast

We are not the least of these
but know ourselves too beyond
bondage to time which is to say
'hunger' in spite of rhythm

3
Love, let us live without

rhyme

the sun go up the sun

go down,

the Sky (Amor) Wheel (Fati)

turn and return

with feeling

Let the painter lonely be

alone

pinned to shore with

his paints, his brushes,

his thumb-gauged vision

in relation to ourselves,

and Void, without intended

rhyme trued, true to ourselves

Nature, too, is true

May he use the color blue

Carelessly

Tubes of it

We once were that, too -

careless without

Now wrecks

Vaulted

Now become

weather without

foreheads

without

cloudnecks

Vastness

in the making

(if such
is made at all)

but is aporetic

euphoric

a condition,

a given hard

thumb

against

a sky of

tubes made

and of

squints made

Beyond cream-colored

foam/form

churned by storm

we are then a

'striving after'

Warren Falcon

Overture Or Ordure Does An Orchard Make From Stone

Overture

or Ordure

does an orchard make from stone (peach) ,
tomatoes reborn stray between rows and roses
wilding in heaped woods yard-once'd,

plankt-ruins' old stead close beside a wagon trail,
barely road/not road, avails centuries shovel-preserved,
rough-used,

of blood rock, mud mortar,

aviled red seamed redundancy

over worked - bruised;



PoemHunter.com

hoof, foot, wheel

splay where rose

thoughts' flowers

not stray—

remains a

feminine

pause,

a braid of
purple shade,

rough pines,
and poplar,

one fruit tree still daring.

**

'The first roads in Greenville, South Carolina were the trails that Cherokees [Indigenous Turtle Island people from whom the land was stolen] made along the ridges above rivers and streams.'

—from Greenville News article about wagon roads made to transport good and to connect towns and cities. Such roads were (there are traces of them still) up and down the East coast, inland and beside Atlantic coastal trails.

Warren Falcon

Degrees Of Gray At Coney Island - For Richard Hugo And My Father, Bomber Pilots In World War 2 (Revised)

Take air away and even fire falls - Richard Hugo

Descend —and of the curvship lend a myth to god - Hart Crane

Boardwalk

Benched blondes free from restraining rides
keen on in staggered rhyme forgetting they
once were German swans, grim and pale.

Posing as cranes, nothing lent, they
lament still a dead poet's name.

Coney Island

On this manic strand the franks* are speechless in
the hand relenting to degrees of gray mustard smeared
as the wind also gray beside the ruined amusements,

thrill rides plummet stick children hard and down
but fresh girls defy gravity while they can curving
in cues between sand and tracks. Impatient, they
blot their brightened lips, stain tissues thin between
World Wars.

They cry out a dead poet's name.

Distant Bridge** Viewed from Shore

To South Wind throw sand, make demands though men
in bombers forever take flight still bereaving wind sheer.

Hard evidence is there. What's to believe in?
The only thing real is Fear, the only god one

can depend upon, Lift, some few others assist,
Weight, Dare, Soft Landing.

Let us mention again fresh girls now on the
rides but let us also return to the presenting
scene, stare bird blind, and lend no myth at all,

for there as here, a generic dump with glutted gulls,
soft waves lap on about Stop Time and lull, or so
says a yellowed script scrawled with urgent hand,
the hint is there, or spin or drift, something suggested,
where breath as darkness reigns as sand.

><><

Footnotes:

*frank as in frankfurter (Frankfurt, Germany) wüurstchen called hotdog in
USA; Coney Island is famous for its hotdogs

**Distant bridge is the Verrazzano-Narrows Bridge, or Narrows Bridge is a
suspension bridge connecting the New York City boroughs of Staten Island and
Brooklyn.

Warren Falcon

Degrees Of Gray At Coney Island - For Richard Hugo And My Father, Bomber Pilots In Ww 2

Take air away and even fire falls - Richard Hugo

Descend and of the curviship lend a myth to god - Hart Crane

1

On this manic strand the
franks are speechless
in the hand relenting to
degrees of gray mustard
smeared as the wind also
gray beside the ruined
amusements, thrills

where rides plummet stick
children hard and down where
fresh girls defy gravity while
they can curving in cues
between tracks and sand.

Impatient, they blot their
brightened lips, stain tissues
thin between World Wars,

still they cry out a dead poet's name.

2

To South Wind
throw sand,
make demands
though men in
bombers forever take flight
still bereaving wind sheer.

Hard evidence is there.

What's to believe in?

The only thing real is Fear,
the only god one
can depend upon is Lift,
some few others assist,
Weight, Dare, Soft Landing.

Let us mention again
fresh girls on the rides

but let us return also
to the presenting scene,

stare bird blind

and lend no myth
at all

for there
as here death
is a generic dump
with gluttoned gulls,
soft waves lapping
on about
Stop Time
and lull

or so says a
yellowed script's
urgent demand,

the hint is there,
or spin or drift,
something suggested
where breath as
darkness is designed
by sand.

3
Benched blondes
free now from

restraining rides
keen on in staggered
rhyme forgetting
they once were
German swans
pale and grim.

Posing as cranes,
nothing's lent.

Still they forget a
dead poet's name.

Warren Falcon

Idling Spiders Haiku-Ish Upon Covid Quarantining Sitting Zen In Remote Mountains

idling spiders,
fiddling legs,

when do they sleep?

><><

Excerpts from Covid Journal:

I have been reading zen much up here, not doing enough sitting but for these walking meditations of sorts, cheating of course, my course of meditation is 'cheating zen'... the most import zen... is orthoproxy, or, practice, but/and there is much recenty read and repeated in text enough about 'polishing mirrors', that and the bright sun obscuring face, not even MY face but just 'face' or parts with one left eye tracing the left hand path I've much in life taken (cuz force and temperament) .

There's teaching everywhere. Some of it a ponderance and other such as shake clothes and sheets and towels and such before use since winter spiders love to idly spider there (idling spiders, fiddling legs, when do they sleep?) . And having suffered a severe spider bite some years ago, the craterous skin rot rotting in perfect concentricities, spectrum of colored putrifactions, fascinating to watch slowly devour perfectly good skin, pock full of the stench of beauty and enlightenment or opposite but as they say all doors lead or in this case all pores cede, that's one zen lesson I do not want nor again need.

Some weeks later, spring snow and freeze, old knees resisting zen, prayer too. Rekih's nephew is here renovating old house so the place shakes and vibrates with hammer and saw scrapes of heavy old stuff to be replaced with heavy new stuff so's psoas's sore me below ground floor down in here inhering pine knot plank plotch catch all or most dusts the mouse/rat/chipmunk dung the plaster the fiberglass o let this cup pass Lord of Ghosted critters-occupants-seven snake skins entwine water pipes cool wet I guess for snakes need so evidence speaks dark hiding nooks with food rodents close by old bones and

fur fall into shower stall

'ankledeep in damage

though she

dances...'1

three days

before the

pipes broke-since

from frozen

a'toilet I sat

read the castings tea leaves an old
constipated sage squozen screeing
fallen oracle bones and fur - spiders
too what butoh walk leg by leg by
leg by leg by leg by leg to what purpose
there on the plasticine stall floor/
wall not sure but am sure that the
dead flies of winter go uneaten/unsucked

Spider first days here I spoke to every morning
from the john me wondering at its slow slow
movements for 3 days till 4th its legs all curled
tucked tightly beneath its carapace I blow at it
from the cold seat - bunched draws round my
colder ankles it budes not at all I realize it is
deceased legs uniformly creased a beauty to
see first time ever've felt remorse for a bug a
spider and once cleaned flushed

my pajamas
up I gently

lift Spider up with toilet paper so soft

double ply-ed solomnly march spider on
bier so soft softly into still harder winter
snow and darker woods Middle-March flip
flops no socks slow going find a rock up
near the woodshed so place Spider there
with oddest prayer ever in my life but Lord
Buddha helps re: 'all sentient beings'
etcetera etcetera que sera OK

so perform brief bone chill rites then slide down
path patch to my ground floor entrance to hot
shower then to Hopkins' poem - The Windhover
the more meaningful than ever for its

'dappled-dawn-drawn' things or rather
substituted or addendum-ed pray ponder
'threaded-sewn-moaned' things strangely
mourned actual tears born no doubt of
projections upon small cringes majestically
formed objectively perceived from secret
sightless spaces suspended cocooned
in darkness or once in close woods of
August last

there strung
they were
and purled
pearled between
limbs beneath trunks
amid ferns spun and
nettle no rattle
click no ears but
work they away
faint stray among
leaves

echoes caught
where spider tufts
sough claw intimate
sleights fragile
were filament
traced strands

taut there seasonal
a webbed kingdom
made

'a first unfallen church it might have been.'2

1 & 2 - lines of Nathaniel Mackey's
from his 'Song of the Andoumboulo

Warren Falcon

The Subject Matter Is Not New & Not The Sorrow - Anthropologetics

the subject matter is not new
& not the sorrow
old as the first cave
bearing first fire in
human hand the
expiring artist torn
from blank sky to
an expectant wall

a herd there

a declaration -

one day we too will
fill the earth as

hooves have done

capture sun & be

doneover/overdone

& so come to such
an edge of ruin

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Beyond Blossoms - For James Wright [original Version]

'... the light breeze moves me to caress...' - James Wright

Old teacher,
consigned
to poems now -
another way
beyond blossoms
of which you
often spoke.

If you were here now I would speak
of horses encountered on a hill
in the south of France, Monthaut,
its ruined church without knees,
sun low over foothills of the Pyrenees -

From shadowed trees downhill
at least 20 of them run to me.
I feel them before they fiercely
appear, hooves tearing dirt
and grass in their ecstatic
ascent of the steep arriving
like excited birds, haunches
quivering, damp from late-summer heat.

Their soft noses push at my hands,
their vulnerable breasts press
hard against barbed wire.
They offer themselves to me,
their long necks extended,
massive heads dipping shyly,
not without some blood.

I think of you now as I did then,
remembering our bellowing lungs
in rich shared air, odors entwined

of earth, of mane, those of sweet
grasses and the binding brier
where they stampede, trembling.

Not poetry here, Old Master,
just reporting.

How it all breaks open
blindly between doldrums,
dark hammock refusing
to be swayed on a bad day.

Something is here you already
know but if there is forgetting on
the other side of the fence
I remind you now.

My hands caress
echoing equine graces.
In their eyes I can see
in that way of all breezes,
finally, where you went.

Warren Falcon

'Got Jack In My Pocket' - Excerpt From Slim Noir's Memoir Of Yoot (On Occasion Of Jack Kerouac's Birthday 3/12/1922)

It has been found again!

What?

Eternity.

It is the sea mingled with the sun. - Artur Rimbaud

In the valley of Saint Elmo I circumambulated, not a stupa in sight but, yes, myopic stuporous there-there, the massive Crosses-pocked cemetery where Tennessee Ave and Lookout Mountain Highway jerked apart, severed, rather, perseverated, and/but but/and I had Jack in my pocket to read among the plots, his many providing accompanying rhythm as I winding went.

Just what I needed then.

Kerouac saved what was left of my sanity while plummeting out of fundamentalist Christianity, self-exiled from the dread Presby-tistas of Lookout Mountain 'pon yon John Calvin's cringing hill.

There were other writers too but Kerouac loomed and looms (as in weaves) still, vital to my coming down from the unraveling yarn of Reformation Mountain, the red bricked Lowell-like smudge-neckt rejoinder of Chattanooga, human all too human, greasy smog-smear, yes, but was sufficient enough to blink much and stutter stagger eventually away from a riven chapter of my life coming, or so I then thought, to an end, and/but Chat-town, Saint Elmo's clubbed foot edge-bottomed playing footsies with the Inclination to See Seven States (of Mind, Hell, Heaven) from Summit, a still collective tendency of bother-to-Ascension promises of future inherited mansions imperpetuituous tsk tsk, twas and still tis, has to be, part of personal history, self as blister more than enough.

*

'Hi there Tex, what you say
Step aside partner, it's my day

Bend an ear and listen to my version
(Of a really solid, Tennessee excursion) ' '
- opening lyric from 'Chattanooga Choo Choo

I took comfort tho in knowing Ismael Reed was from Chattanooga, Bessie Smith too, even Glenn Miller's joyous Choo Choo brought some joy pointing me soon enough avast away to Thomas Wolfe's town, Asheville, where the new chapter really began, Wolfe, of course, being young Jack's literary hero, upon whose porch I'd often swing after an almost-midnight bad cup of coffee in hand, SHONEYS BIG BOY excretions all the blander by the free pot-fulls proffered over an almost floating definitely hallucinatory slice of famed strawberry pie glopped 10 chinlinks below one's own for the tasting; in the other hand a book, Jack's or Wolfe's, to gander just before I'd clock in some blocks away at the psych hospital for all night shifts on the locked unit where I could read most of the night as patients neurochemically slept bludgeoned, it was and now still hoped, into normailty's promised, o ye good citizens, golden oblivion-with-benefits, depending on the state and region, an earnestly rumored extended sanity unfurling without end, BUT

Jack says it all better, could, did, but I bow to him and try, stick a pickle in my eye, wink wink, this for Jack:

On with the boring

center line endlessly

dividing though broken

on purpose suggesting

a way to veer.

No guide needed here.

Fear is the drive shaft,

and longing turns the wheel.

Warren Falcon

Words As Eggs, Presumed To Have Fledged, An Extreme Case Of Hatching Asynchrony In A Pair Of Tree Swallows - A Murmuration Upon A Found Poem

[This effort is a third hatching of 2 previous efforts (one still active on this site)]

NOTE: This found poem derives from a scientific article found in a journal dedicated to the study of birds, all observations of and conclusions derived so far as birds go, being continually mysterious even though the understanding of flight and song is now clear, even so there is something about birds, and swallows in particular, which evoke stunned mystery and silence until humans are moved to chirp and coo in soft wonder. Note too that thunder, similar though differently to birds, also evokes wonder and certain human sounds. A mystery indeed.

for Elaine,
our many murmurations gazed on
the way to Christmas Lourdes 2016

'Humanity, is on the way, always moving towards something. At least, we should be. The classic theological concept for this is 'Homo Viator', or Man on the Way [Man the Flier]. For life is a journey, an adventure that we are always a part of. We do not choose to be on the way, it is our existential situation. We are not at home, we are on the way home....We long to be at home, in a place of comfort, yet we are not.' - Dan Jesse

'.... from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation.... A way a lone a lost a last a loved a long the ' - James Joyce

Asynchrony - a synchrony = absence or lack of concurrence in time

murmur - (A) to make the sound 'mu mu' (old Greek)
or 'mumu', to murmur with closed lips, to mutter,
moan... (B) to drink with closed lips, to suck in...
-Liddell and Scott, Greek-English Lexicon, 1897 ed.

'When the attentions change / the jungle
leaps in even the stones are split
they rive...' - Charles Olson, from The Kingfishers

'Hatch as hatch can.' - James Joyce

Thusly
murmuration-moan
wind-mutter
winding-matter

...

NOTE: ASYNCHRONY OF SWALLOWS

which is a-synchrony, just to remind =
absence or lack of concurrence in time

In other words, no rhyme scheme
or known reason though presumptions
occur in observation of patterns that
such are the habits of nature to assist
drawing conclusions which are surmises
which are in the end and beginning
always 'unhatched eggs' or, better,
words as eggs

**

(all praise) and what marvelous
vapor is restive life (as are days)
in thousand undulate congregations
no need for falconer after all
when Chaos a'daze of a Sunday

evening seems to know something

so falls into

purple fields

(O Low, remember)

edged by sheer snow peaks where

sheep surefeet know no fear of

heights and there do dung and

play fearless or at least pretending

not to fall in their waking dream

which is the thing -

concavity curves

in a dead hatchling's

sparkless eye reflecting

dead eggs' perfect

forms soft brooded

upon as one might

brood one in hand

pondering which is

the better off the

flown lone one or

the ongoing nest

knot which can also

denote an egg -

hatched or not or

clotted everyly or

otherwise - is all

surmise who knows

what is the thing

joy's winged malingerers

in sudden annunciate

in sudden annunciate

thunder

Flashy entrance

Swallows do so

flash as flash

can and (it,

Awe) may last

a long (a'wiley)

if

if

memory

serves

is glad

one's self

to have

hatched

and fledged

see what

glory can

be made

and had

at edges

(earth's

clearly domed

the shape of

eyes makes

it so)

and one knows or someday

will in lighter or heavier bones

scry the effort was/is made
at all as self portraits which
may or may not be the actual
who whom we perceive as
selves to be we (one
feather
at a time
necessary
dreaming
of
air) being adhered to dirt
so verily molded by known
and unknown forces within
which we make
or so we think
choose
but nevermind but
no
let us
return to mumur to suck in

sounds through and behind

lips and be naturally moved

bothered to somehow care

which with heart we indeed

do hard swallow at the

superfluity

of swallows

One bird, elder,

said to me once

my being newly

fledged and flung

me at her knobby wither-knees

admiring her mustache, her tooth

(beak?) told me to observe and

note one or three (never two)

do-re-mi's or more

(to better feathered choirs)

so try at least to sing it - IT

even if choking on what cannot

as yet be chewed gorged

IT being our

being-in

being-for

being-with

without claw

or claw

but IT, bliss,

eventually

might if not understood

or withstood or notwithstanding

words thoughts ideas

molt

discard images

thrown out

blown stray

glyphs

spare aspirations

parenthetical but

remain urgent musts

so are)

in other

words

and perhaps

all birds all kinds

do perhaps arrive land perch alight

a lift-off life time of chew and choke

then with some digestive orientation

from and of such sing of 'ossible

bone-tones some parsings or

other some conjugant choralling

which may/might ascribe flight

daylight the usual things so

granted-for-taking so often

misspoken or under sung, we

being always flung being

viators

visitors

trying yet to cling to what

cannot be undone but

forever always clotted until

we indeed fly no more in

mind or britches, feet shod

or not, inevitably come

(completed?)

to full glottal stop

presumably fledged

utterly, no longer

rumors on the wind

but human still yet

'a way a lone a lost a last a loved a long the '

2

[Here is the essay referred to in the opening preface to the poem, its essence edited and basics put into poetic lines as a 'found poem']

[Tree Swallows

typically lay 5-6

eggs, with one laid

about every 24 hours.

Incubation

typically lasts

14 days

(range: 11-20 days) ,

after which time

the eggs all hatch
within a 24-72-hour
period.]

Herein is reported
a case of extreme
hatching asynchrony
by a pair of tree

Swallows:

One hundred and
twenty-five nest
boxes have been
placed around the
county in groups
ranging from 10
to 25 boxes.

The design and
dimensions of the
boxes follow those
of standard bluebird

boxes and are mounted
upon metal poles,
fences, or poles
of utility.

All boxes are within
certain reach of water,
and are in or adjacent
to open fields.

Most boxes are also in
close proximity to human
activity

(sidewalks, parking
lots, trails, etc.) .

On a certain May day,
a female laid the first egg
of her clutch, and the
6-egg clutch was
completed 5 days later.

12 days after the first egg hatched. The nest was checked every two days, and no additional eggs hatched until May's end at which time was observed a newly hatched chick, plus 4 eggs unhatched.

During the next nest check on second June, the newly hatched chick was dead.

None of the other eggs had hatched. The remaining chick was present on all subsequent checks until 8 days later when it was no longer in the nest.

As there was no evidence of predation, the chick is presumed to have fledged.

In seven years of study of
this population, Swallows,
just to be clear, this is the
most extreme case of hatching
asynchrony observed;

all other broods hatched
within 48 hours.

END

Warren Falcon

Qing Nu's Poem To The Old And The New Year

Listen

The peacock's call
from the bare willow

Heart both broken and full I
trudge quietly on the winter path

The emperor's bird signals diamond
glory to the suggested world
its breath visible to no one but me

My old eyes strain hard to see the Way of Ways

It sounds but does not say

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

For Josef - Content Enough

Beneath each eye there's some familiar look we refuse
We map our way to sleep in the palms of shy or frightened hands
- Norman Nightingale

for Josef - tightrope walker, dancer, eye glancer where I once and forever fell
continually onto soft landings. My demands are over. I find you now in clover
beds behind the Metropolitan, Temple of Dendur overlooking our search for the
rare four-leaved still-common flower. You are uncommon always to me. I am the
grateful commoner once supplicant at your heart's many chambered door. I am
content enough.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Design-Fabricate-Install: A Carol On The Difficulty Of Communion With The Ineffable In An Age Of Disbelief, Solitude, & Anxiety - Reprise Version

'Poetry, alas, grows more and more distant. What commonly goes by the name of 'culture' forgets the poem [or distorts it into 'popular' dissemblances]. This is because poetry does not easily suffer the demand for clarity, the passive audience, the simple message. The poem is an intransigent exercise. It is devoid of mediation and hostile to media.' - Alain Badiou, 'Language, Thought, Poetry'

'How much longer will I be able to inhabit the divine? ' - John Ashberry

the subject matter
is not new

& not the sorrow

old as the first cave
bearing first fire in
human hand the
expiring artist torn
from blank sky to
expectant wall a

herd there
a declaration

one day we too will
fill the earth as
hooves have done
capture sun & be
doneover/overdone
& so come to such
an edge of ruin

Heavy let me pass
this Way of Peace

take my usual place

settle rattled by
icon by pewter

by vision of what
is not any longer
there the wear of
a half century not
to compare that of
20 centuries past

what can last or
come from all that
so sit me hard down
upon the wood get
to the book at hand
the known & the new
mystery which emerges
from the white plastic
sheath carefully packed
in bubble wrap which is
a double Christmas any day

orphanspeak from
orphanmouth tries

1961
sorting shattered
ornaments each
Christmas season
before the tree
is trimmed the
grim task to sort
each broken globe

the glinting shards
from the survivors
(I AM ONE) so
sad a mystery still
remains how they

do break in darkness
stored in attic high

untouched
by light or

my hand its
suppleness

hold of
green limbs
everly yet

cannot toss them
away (pretty all the
more because pity)

so take/return
them to woods
where the tree
is yearly cut &
so scatter them
upon the needles
brown fallen
down a year
where such
sharded
changelings
mourn
into sparks

resembling those
the welder makes
just out the door
kneeling now as I
have knelled (once
& do still) a fat
boy betaken by
mysteries' broken
& safe return
heard in his
head far away

chimes him
refuge to pines
though hard on
supposes &
orphaned spheres

I adhere to a bard or
two the good few of
words & what of them
of absence be made
though presenting
sleight-of-palms even
handsome welder
[Rodriquez 13]
kneeling before
fire/light

DESIGN - FABRICATE - INSTALL

I think the history of
religions is this just,
only the sign reads
MODERN STEEL
not POSTMODERN
as it now should to
be precise true to
an age bereft on
Stagg Street thrust

once again into Christmas
- deer & such - though
Celtic too - Cernunnos
snorts from forests rough
deeply onto a green where
sits beside a silver stream
an orphaned god abandoned
carved upon stone with
bronze (before steel) but
still (the god is) stone
fearing it is no longer
real yet sentinel to
'an archaic authority'

- (Julia Kristeva)

Let me then work
my poem (all of
them) around in
furtherance of
what can be said
without such drama
of centuries past
& to come

lines ending in Stillness
a suggested Vastness from
which each comes/returns:

Cave - Image - Sky - Expanse - Singular Branch & Many

Plenty Are Stillness's Advances Even In The Rot The

Dissolve From Clot Toward What It Is Or Was & Always

Proper-Name-Enough-For-Me -----> STILLNESS

I am taken with such
at which I stare which
holds my gaze with
shades of It and of Itself

that is is a death

or like unto it -

Stillness unbreathed

or in need of It

(Breath)

now having been only
once

(Rilke)

who

(it seems)

becomes

(relents)

known form
though

(It is)

returned
or re-rested

to Itself

beyond Christmas

and yet and yet

the kneeling boy
in the evergreen

the shattered orn-
aments ever gleam

the needles' net
a permanence enough

gold-leafed & trumpeting

><><><

footnote for [Rodriguez 13] at the end of the poem:

'The welder in the poem, anonymous, 'everyman', wears this jersey as he works, eats his lunch, etc. I use brackets around the name [Rodriguez 13] (Alex

Rodriguez's number for the Yankees) to denote a 'mystery in plain clothes, ' a popular athlete's name and number worn by 'no man' to denote the 'cypher' of the individual in mass humanity reduced to anonymous consumerism. I could have used the name 'Odysseus' which can also be interpreted from the ancient Greek as 'No Man' but I want the contemporary reference to a sports superman to convey the same reduction. Of course, the 'I' in the poem is the writer of the poem who, too, is 'everyman' 'No Man' and mystery.'

Warren Falcon

All Night, Crossing The Atlantic, I Read Franz

'... because the soul is a stranger in this world.'

'This blue world. Unattainable - stranger than dying, by what unmerited grace were we allowed to come see it.'

- Franz Wright

I just want to say to you, Franz:

such blackness I have traveled through all night, and

because of
you I have made my peace with the Atlantic.

And returned, I slept, one hip wounded, a new name to be announced at a future date

bearing a significance of which I can only wonder

derived of a bruise that I have often sung, of swift and terrible deity grasped. It grabs back, refuses

to relent but is bargained with and for, leaving one bent, limping,

a worshiper forever.

I can wait for the meaning if it ever arrives. My legs hurt too, treading air the ocean long, tired from such distances traveled with strangers all around, so many,

so many, I had not known that desire had undone so many,

I am still cool upon the pallet on the floor in a darkened room, curtains closed,

listening to Beethoven's String Quartets entire, Quartetto Italiano, 1967, over 9 hours most exquisite, powerless over what in them can, no, has crushed me, then the Bachianas Brasileiras of Villa-Lobos, much more, almost too much, as from sleep one streak hurts this morning, reflected light through a curtain crack,

it turns upon my small quarter from a dirty window across the street, or a parked

car below, a moment of light a shard in the alley (it's a mystery from where)
leaping up, and

upon the ceiling scores mandalas of earth tones

(another Atlantic, its hidden floor, perhaps its ghost?)

man made above me asking for my blessing, meaning
my honoring, it then

moves to the top shelf, the volumes in ancient Greek,
Biblical,

textbooks for learning that tongue college days - brief sparks then nothing, the
voltage gone, dead as Aramaic and Koine,

remembered light only.

But, Franz, it is the piano in the third movement Bachianas which so startles, the
felt memory of it, in a room full of gathered strings - sound and light - lingering.
I think it would please you to know that there are some who are still capable of
such wakings that come in between times ajar in spaces cracked or pulled apart
indiscriminately admitting what may enter, no questions asked, only gasps and
wonder and reaching for the sky or ceiling and yes, that wide 'good earth' so torn
between wildness wild and that of the human unkind

before, above and within such clash, the opposites;

an

ultimate lowering of the gaze, may we arrive at that,

knowing our place, our part in the destruction
and yet, and yet

it may or may not amount to much but if there is a heap such as you have made
and leave for me, space to read four miles high night bound for a country I've
never been to, have never known but from books,

then let the dead volumes deserve their dust and praise. I'll not shout about such
moments here to you, that they are, but just pass news of them on to you who
perhaps are saying, have already written,

Yes. Yes. I knew it all along.

Both quotes are from Franz Wright's book, *Entries of the Cell*.

Warren Falcon

Response To The Rumor That You Danced With Death Last Night

for MGR

'I am the dancer and the dance' - Sufi mystic

Glad the encounter
with Death was/is

Dance

Death drapes us as
a body and insists
we dance

and in the
dancing is undone
for once dance is

is never undone
but spins as galaxies
do in their

unweary lightyears.

Warren Falcon



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Turning Thighs To Diamonds Between The Greater Shadows

Once in a sycamore I was glad
all at the top and I sang. - John Berryman from Dream Song One

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son
shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

No blame shall stain us now, father.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught,
a floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.
Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.
Each base of cardboard weighted with stone
is still our house; a bat, a ball, a mitt, your hard
rules of the game allow lust only for dark
heaven's shining girls.

I was reaching for god then - not your fault - a lavender
boy early befriended by crows, already resigned to what
was given and what was to come, a softball between the
eyes, your attempt to guide me toward those diamond
thighs which, you often repeated, are everywhere waiting.

I blink still before you, head down, focused on Lion's Teeth.**
I am your hard mystery, and soft, not so fast for I am fat
and cannot round the bases quick. I am your inherited meek,
a burden to shake into a sliding man furious for home.

At four I pluck a wild strawberry you point to,
all authority and accidental grace. Revealing
much, still dew wet, sticky to the touch, opening
sourness deserves my frown. You laugh at my
dawning smile for its sweetness slowly yields
a surprise gift for what will always unite us,
your fear that I too will suffer your fate, untended
desire gone to wildness brought low beneath
branches, slow embrace of cradle-gentle boughs

entangling legs and light between the greater shadows,

and shadows shall win the day.

There is a burning soft hands can know
that shall finally run some headlong for
home, an inherited circle at the end,
a latter-day glad son gathering berries

from shadows.

Still, these essential things are caught
for all our mostly wasted days of practice,

wild sweetness is a stolen base,

the tongue an untended garden.

**Dandelion

Warren Falcon

Boo Goes Big Moon, A September Keroua-Ku

sunset early
delights for
early night too

so

BOO! ! goes big moon

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Totem For Autumn Nights - Blunted Inscriptions Of Impermanence

[NOTE: Asterisks ** denote footnotes to be found at the end of the poem]

for/to Walter Christian Schell,
died October 7,2008,
and now for Holly Blacky,
died July 13,2016—both beyond the veil

'Row after row with strict impunity
The headstones yield their names to the element...
The gentle serpent, green in the mulberry bush,
Riots with his tongue through the hush'**
—Allen Tate

Totem for auto nights
in flagrante,

Tempests
not understood,

barely withstood,
massive pagan
quakes there

where sap does
rise born again

long of old half-dreams
boned aromas,

pinus adolescent amonias
sticky there

where tarred groin-boy
aches, patient,

limb to limb,
squints
holding

weight and breath

without complaint

or brakes

Whereas once of spinning stars docked,
the spillway Galaxy spins out,

or tries,

its star-child every night for a week,
from-front-seat-from-back, breaches

Nova - a star's sudden bright increase
swells, slowly inward turns, burns back

to original hover over some months
then settles half-past-and-beyond

Carolina

before Interstate 85 was ever

of blue and grey, states blue or red,
this morning's metrics convey the
once-were-living too very late to
Poesy, to stained cemetery angels'
questioning sentinels leaning whitely
into space rendered mere gestures
in the dusk.

They conjure abstract eternity from
years ahead of our deaths as if we
had already passed on.

Just what is it the meek shall inherit, after all?

Such is mythos - the inheritance,
and the transcendence, of dirt —

First hurts hurt us into conscious selves,
thereafter the losses, the embossing scars
we call character—glyphic scratches on
cave walls such are brain pans. Only bones
remain which in their stiff muteness provoke
the volumes we call Myth, Religion, History,
Art—blunted inscriptions of impermanence,

precise and precipitous prescriptions for
living, we think, free while leaving that
'stained white radiance'** eventually stumbling,
foolishly surprised each time, into all our
grave or urn or scatter greeted everly by

'the conquering worm'**—

so goes the Funeral March's drum

Tum tum ta-tum

**from 'Ode to the Confederate Dead' by Allen Tate

**—from 'Adonais' by Percy B. Shelley
'Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
stains the white radiance of eternity,
until Death tramples it to fragments.'

**riff on Edgar Allen Poe's poem title, The Conqueror Worm

Warren Falcon

Fodor Not Fyodor - Night Walk With Images

'My hosanna is born of a furnace of doubt.' - Fyodor Dostoevsky

streetlight (lamp
no more orphan
glows)

few passersby
to no good
go

nor to
any manageable thing
at all

they
but go

(no) things
themselves



PoemHunter.com

sky machines
cypher-domed
horizon crowned
w/scrapers i.e.

human's grim
insistence
vertical

up-leapers

contrails

no more chimney
sweeps sooted

coaled

petrol-eum
now gums up
all works

*

Petrograd
(petrol-grade)
how damnable
(are) your
clevernesses
(wink wink)
forever
Saint Petersburg

Not one sister
city

purges between
shrubs and
out of mis-
placed long
necked lilies

breathes
vodka and sex

grim chorused
pigeon-churn

Icon of Our Lady

(O the lilies white)

drapes drips
robed smeared
candle smoke

sags
the
fagged

ghosts'
conjugal wax
in inkless sky

who is it
mispells

O mispells

repeatedly

the Holy Name

instead
uses abbreviations

H N

for brevity's
not breviary's
sake

but (rather)

symbol's rendered
to sign alone

*

Kiosk white white
latticed enlaced
pink roses greet
darkness

TOURISTS WELCOMED

(but no one here
may there indwell but still)

Fodor*
not

Fyodor

burnt hair

singed dawn

continentals drift

'The centripetal force on our planet is still
fearfully strong...I know I shall fall on the
ground and kiss those stones.' - Dostoevsky

><><

* Fodor is a publisher of English language travel and tourism information.
Tourism is a major form of consumerism which is the 'new gluttony'.

Warren Falcon

Ok Low Of The Slow And Steady (Enough) , The Roughened Edges Of Persistence And Desire

...but we must build as if the sand were stone. - Jorge Luis Borges

Ok Low of the slow and steady
(enough) , the roughened edges
of persistence and desire, dimming
fires fleshed, dipping toes or more

refresh of desert pools oddly found
in vast urbanity where they drip drip
while most, craven, speed to ought
and nought, bought of course at costs
beyond calculation in terms a nostalgia
once called soul.

...In the middle of a Tibetan Buddhist
phase, dinner's done, dishes too so
shall return to perhaps was-a past-life
or not but love the Buddhist plot but
they are so so sure of themselves and
I am not, not ever, not of what so many
of so many variations on a religious
theme are convinced of so I drift, even
marinate a bit, in their assure-ities,
a contact resonance that touches but
does not at all convince Nature in me
who so begs for us, at least the human
of Her creations, to bake Her a cake
otherwise that reveals that there is
more to Her than even She surmises.

Warren Falcon

Stabat Mater Or Life Blockt Polyglot Tommyrot Lost The Plot Run-On Days

for Henry's heart, and Jacques Smart

'I cannot understand why my arm is not a lilac tree.'

? Leonard Cohen

'In fact, being quite unwell I was quite downcast: nature in all her parcels and faculties gaped and fell apart, fatiscebat¹, like a clod cleaving and holding only by strings of root. But this must often be.' ? Gerard Manley Hopkins in a letter writ 1873

in deep doldrums no poems
arrive not even the daily suicide
note, helpful ritual for years
to get all that 'outta the way'

one may then rebirth into
'rest of day' but should there
be morning with no such note
it may construe that ARRÊT,
the course has been run
the deed has been done -

requiescet²

but suffice to say it is life blockt
polyglot tommyrot lost the plot

blurred

run-on days keep sloppy accounts

viz breaths heaved

even worse

eye-blink rumor sums even head hairs
(ignoring the body which is a certain
unmentioned religion does) are numb-
ered but

all in all all

things

stacked

I will be
convicted
of much
wasted
breath
when
lungs
are

(an
irony
that
there're)

two

(that sigh)

die

as one

done

if sighs count for something
remotely positive as honest
prayers, nay, beseechings,
far-reaches, toward Mercy
Gates then perhaps there's

slim chance that I shall pass
divine muster with promises
to tap dance to whistle these

Dixie Dirges on knees which
is more than purgatory but
that's the point as there is a
purge obligatory if Catholics
(now mentioned) have it true

I soak, marinade, upon final
departure with blacker strap
stronger joe in grip lest I trip,
spill, having no will or not much
until the fiend in caffeine froths,
forths, forces bleat and greet
intrusions beyond bed feet
on the floor the dread but I step

am steeped in Stabat Mater³
(Standing Mother) am so wooed
swooned into intimations tuned
enough of available-enough
and palpable

Grace

though morning palpitations are
attributed to not eating enough
or too much thus

java sway brain synapse
more than m'nerve a'twitch
itch titter

Mourning doves are grace
dulcet clear to hear before
city hammers into my cacair⁴
betimes monk cave or cell
'to feel the fell of day, not dark'⁵

Paced it is (has it) all passes
I am betimes (again) soothed
by the thought that even beard
hairs, now ear and nose, other
strange follicle fields, are numb-
ered viz some divine calculus,
tips or may some saintly scale
toward forward a hoped agida
surcease,

stillness increase,

so

becalmed,

I shall (or

should)

be calm

**

1 fatiscebat - Latin word meaning

'I gape (crack open) '

'I droop (grow weak) '

2 requiescet - Latin for 'He will rest'

3 Stabat Mater - a medieval Latin hymn on the suffering of the Virgin Mary at the Crucifixion. Stabat Mater literally means 'Standing Mother' which in the context of suffering Mary is she who stands at the foot of the Cross upon which Her Son dies.

The reader may listen to many compositions of Stabat Mater by various composers, here are 5 of them:

Pergolesi, Palestrina, Vivaldi, Boccherini, Bononcini, Pärt (this by Pärt, this exquisite Mater was composed in 1985)

English translation from the Latin - Stabat Mater:

At the Cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to her Son to the last.

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
all His bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed.

O how sad and sore distressed
was that Mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One.

Christ above in torment hangs,
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that Mother's pain untold?

For the sins of His own nation,
She saw Jesus wracked with torment,
All with scourges rent:

She beheld her tender Child,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord:

Make me feel as thou hast felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother! pierce me through,

in my heart each wound renew
of my Savior crucified:

Let me share with thee His pain,
who for all my sins was slain,
who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning Him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live:

By the Cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins blest! ,
Listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine;

Let me, to my latest breath,
in my body bear the death
of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with His every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned,
in His very Blood away;

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
lest in flames I burn and die,
in His awful Judgment Day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
be Thy Mother my defense,
be Thy Cross my victory;

While my body here decays,
may my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

Amen.

4 carcair is a prison cell or monk's or student's small room

5 a purposeful misquote of Gerard Manley Hopkin's line (which is the title of this sonnet) 'I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day' - I reverse the last 4 words 'to day, not dark' from Hopkin's Terrible Sonnet titled

Warren Falcon

Three For Walt Whitman On Past And Present Occasions Of His Birthday, May 31,1819

1

Upon This Wide Water, On Staten Island Ferry - Manhatta 1985

'On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross,
returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are
more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.'
- Walt Whitman, from 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry'

Upon this wide water, Whitman's bay, wandering
outward toward Eastward windings -

Upon this white-starred charted bay we ride
gray with midnight leaning toward the Towers**
distant growing, stalking, yellow and glowing,
mimicking the stars -

Our eyes stare tearing,
sea wind pushes lids to slits.
We glimmer. Lights shimmer
ahead and above,
and still we cry -

the wind.

The ferry, furtive, floats the edge of Manhatta.
There's power pushing against the bow,
riptides to the rear, but we go on,
approach sleepily, enamored of gin and
the beds we will make again and again
pulling sheets tighter. This stretching water
safe-keeps the light of eyes and the city there.

Upon the water's wide skirt one will, quiet,
lift up a hand to the spray, sway for love,
and pray for the world.

A dark tern unfurls from the sail
of a starboard yacht, flirts once with
the silhouette extended upon the wave,
then leaves, an under-turning rail or rudder
sinking in the ferrier's wake.

Each night there must be one, out there,
on the deck, supplicating in boozy tongue
oozing heart-love all over spurning the way
things go down in the world, cheap spindrift
the cranes know of, dipping their bloated
beaks to the waves. And he must dip his head,
braying, with his hands motioning to the night -

Away! Away!

**

World Trade Towers

2

On Our Broken Boat The Harsh Light Will Not Break

'Others the same - others who look back on me because I look'd forward to
them, What is it then between us? ...What is the count of the scores or hundreds
of years between us? ' - Walt Whitman

On our broken boat the harsh light will not break.
We see our day clearly as we can.
Tell the night, now it's here to stay, that

once I glanced the sleeping youth, legs against the wall,
felt a pall descend upon us here,
this boat lancing the bay waters darkly.

Some to books then, the priest to his sad, effeminate stare.
I can no longer envy those of the black cloth
so bend and tie the shoe.

We shod our feet against what long loss of motion,

eyes downcast or boldly returning the stare?

Beneath each eye there's some familiar look we refuse.
We map our way to sleep in the palms of shy or frightened hands.

3

I, Minimus, Tongue In Cheek, Creak Oar Into Homeric Sea

I, Minimus, tongue in cheek, creak oar, row out, too,
into the Homeric sea, not old Greek singer, long of breath,
but as Whitman, local seer, his pains & pens, straw hat
consigned to mistook heroics, pure accident, not, back
then, a maritime radio to check, no present captain to ask
if a row boat's worthy of even an American sea, projected
too, can go a-row row rowing, claw oar into wave tips'
whitecaps safe perimeters, smell of earth nasal-yet to keep oriented to dirt.

Have, instead, reaped I redundant whirlwind
play America the Fool again, naively trusting my
and country's destiny are one, always good in spite
of Melville's long eloquent 'discantus supra librum' -
'above the book' - more trueing than any, to spoil it,
the projected 'pluribus unum' thing, for Mayflower
folks tripping lightly between the hawthorns,
their imported gardens and God, the irritant
tomahawks 'can only turn out swell, ' thought
they, like waves gathering in sea full of themselves
individually Destined, they then and do think,
to break just for, O America, thee.

And now come poets each century heavier than
before, heavier than the other few, this new one, too,
only bards, a real few, to bar, board up the big gaps,

O great light gaping torn off, oft thee sung,
slung over shoulder, hauled, the burden,

O the load
it is now become.

Dear Francisco In Old Age, De Acuerdo [I Agree]

Francisco Goya, in old age:

Aun aprendo.

[Still I'm learning.]

*

Querido Francisco,

Yo tambien.

Paralizado de la mano pero no del cerebro,

conocer la mancha íntimamente.

[Dear Francisco,

Me too.

Palsied of hand but not brain,

know the stains intimately.]

Warren Falcon

These Graceless Things, Autumnals Most Now, With Apologies To Red Robin

These graceless things, Autumnals most
now, now all einfalle*, footfalls of a life
gathering, guttered, muttering often enough
for a bit of daylight or, sounded tinnily enough,
'distraction fits', more like keeping the bit in
the mouth, letting the mane lead, tack the
tales, it, some of it all, keeps coming back
to me for reprise or mercy or even glad
surprise of at least a line, a phrase, an image,
an effortful stammer that is more than a
glance against the nog, nog, noggin' along -

with apologies to Red Robin**.

<><>

*einfalle - German = thought; idea; invasion; raid; vision; insight; notion; bust;
impulse; caprice; whim; intuition; instinct

**'with apologies to Red Robin' - riffs on, and refers to, a jaunty popular 1926
American song made famous by Al Jolson, 'When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob,
Bob, Bobbin' Along'.

My riff is 'nog, nog, noggin' along'

- a 'nog' is a small block or peg of wood, also a small cup (a shot) of strong
booze

- a 'noggin' is English slang for a person's head as in 'the ball hit him in the
noggin'

Here are the lyrics to the popular song...you can easily hear it on the internet:

[Verse 1]

I heard a robin this morning,
I'm feeling happy today
Goin' to pack my cares in a whistle,
And blow them all away.
What if I've been unlucky,

Really haven't a thing,
There's a time I always feel happy,
As happy as a king

[Verse 2]

Tho' rain may fall in the evening,
And rain may fall in the night
When the robin sings in the morning,
I know the sun is bright.
I keep still hear him,
Singin' up in a tree,
For the little angel of gladness,
Brings happiness to me.

[Chorus]

When the red, red, robin comes bob, bob, bobbin' along, along,
There'll be no more sobbin'
When he starts throbbin' his old sweet song,
Wake up, wake up you sleepy head,
Get up, get up, get out of bed,
Cheer up, cheer up, the sun is red,
Live, Love, laugh and be happy,
What if I've been blue now I'm walkin' through fields of flow'rs,
Rain may glisten but still I listen for hours and hours.
I'm just a kid again doin' what I did again singing a song
When the red, red, robin come bob, bob, bobbin' along.
When the long.

Warren Falcon

To Bright And Wet Ether - Tempests Immodestly Recalled

for Jenkins, Foster, Arnold, Galloway, Wilson, Taylor, Burdette, Orders, so many others 'Wild to be wreckage forever' - James Dickey 1

Dear God of the wildness of poetry, let them mate
To the death in the rotten branches,
Let the tree sway and burst into flame

...

Let him climb it
With all his meanness and strength. - James Dickey 2

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled - Felicia Dorothea Hemans 3

**

...where as once of the spinning stars,
docked, the spillway Galaxy spins out

or tries,

its star-child every night for a week,
from-front-seat-from-back, breaches

Nova - a star's sudden bright increase
swells, slowly inward turns, burns back

to original hover over some months
then settles half-past-and-beyond

Carolina

before I-85** was ever...

Decades later no more love cars revolve at night where
lovers neck and more; the night-patrol half-drunk
dervish, a local boy, rumbles slowly round and around
dark water, a hand on the wheel, transistor radio in the
other, at his ear tinny mountain gospel proclaims to the
ham sandwich, the Frito Lay, the Pabst, and the pickle.

Pickle's the question:

What's a lake without its lovers parked, a spawning bed
of red clay, frantic groping quick, pushed, discarded
remnants of such mark conceptions-or-not, porn tossed
out half rolled windows to be morning gathered waiting
for school bus after-school glad sons resident on the hill
compelled to treetop nights praying for glimpses of skin
mysteries, more light to see what and who might be front
seat or back trying to consummate, glad word, engendering

Chevron children, Impala breeds, Mustangs and Palaminos
half human,

also spawn of and from assorted sea creatures
Stingrays, Baracudas,

insect breeds of Spiders, of Beetles,

big cats too of Tigers, Cougars, Wild Cats,

once even a regal Cobra night stalking various

winged ones Road Runners, Thunderbirds, Sprites,

once even a Snipe,

all enthrall near-blind boys straining
on brittle limbs embracing pines,

not lovers,

not yet.

Totem for auto nights
in flagrante,

Tempests
not understood,

barely withstood
massive pagan
quakes

where sap does
rise born again

long of old half-dreams
boned aromas,

pinos adolescent amonias
sticky there,

there tarred groin-boys
ache patient

limb to limb, parked,
holding their

weight without complaint

or brakes.

Tall sycamore at Garden's edge, a clearer
view, what might be there, what could come
of darkness dashboard glow manic repetitions?

In a tree, stumped, a face turns from water
to mountain distance blue, traces Northern
sites trueing all pressing want,

'an old known hill's beauty not enough to sustain
so leave, '

the lake's decree,

ventures pending
days and flashlight
nights with star maps,
reading King James'
Bard and Bible, too,

from deeper woods
earnest whispers

to bright and wet ether,

I'm gone,

by god.

<><><>

** I-85 - Interstate 85 (I-85) is a major Interstate Highway in the Southeastern United States of America.

1 quote from 'Cherry Log Road' by James Dickey

2 quote from 'Casabianca' by Felicia Dorothea Hemans

3 quote from 'For the Last Wolverine' by James Dickey

Warren Falcon

Does Not It All Bear The Familiar Arc Say Of Just-Dawn Color, A Nape Conformed - A Burlesquerie De Deux

once again, for Karthik

Does not it all bear
the familiar arc say
of just-dawn color

mauve-play at the liminal
curve where sky beseeches
bounded space to give
its shapeless-nest a Cause,

a nape conformed

convex from Orbis,
what has been scored by
breath pressed upon it?

Who then falsely may decree
any matted clot, spark-charged,
blood engorged,

who may not body-charge ahead
and into 'other' merge so must be
flung expunged behind neglected Moon

or plunged through the bruised
ring of abject-ed Space?

Hear me now

Thrice trace
an outline

give form to
now dust me

(I am) awakening
surprise

Here me how
there
and there
and yet

there again

after hammers

caressed
aureoles

and hosannas

do outward turn

Warren Falcon

Something About A Rumi Poem - With Jackhammers, Doves, Bach Cantata Number 85, Hungry Ghosts, A Wasted Life - Or Not

Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body I would break
Into blossom. - James Wright

And yet this aria on this bright sunny day NYC clear while jackhammers and their jackhammerers pound directly beneath my 8 am window.

Patient doves, their blessings dulcet on usual late winter fire escape just other side of window, have fled,

bed's no refuge, 'm mad daunted, unwanted din in the city of men

juxtapose dust hammered up from bookshelves, compliant window ledge's graying clouds of god knows what,

with Bach's praises, with sharp sneezes in B minor, my whining complaints just so much braying 'Hair On A Me String', impotent,

curses abjure to roaring city that never let's me sleep, Polis's absolute rule-unchangeable being

neither blizzard, gale, hail, pandemic nor Jehovah's Witnesses shall prevent absolute Imperatives of Unrelenting Progress

from hammering meek citizens escaped to tarred overpriced roofs, city of Hungry Ghosts calculating taxes wondering

just why there is no more ink in the Voracious Printer.

Reading James Wright poems, collected, cathected, despite the din, comes then radio's magnificent transcendence, Johann

Sebastian Bach, complementarity of apparent-opposites impinged contrasts of radio's morning news:

'sameness bright, dinged,
yellow-suited predictable
helmeted men at war with
pavement 5 floors below
mad to get to gas, rusted
pipes a'leak, perhaps,
mock episode'

my dream's no longer detail-remembered, s'blotted,

only scraps to poke at -

something to do with a Rumi poem,
a turbaned Sufi at the wheel, a beat
VW cab, bright yellow, banged up,

drives me

(denser body jam crammed
back seat behind of the Driver

my window blacked out -
no seeing the Path clearly)

to my long overdue
Reunion/Return with/to

the Friend.

Did I make it?

Nonetheless

ARRIVED

(relinquished?)

STOPS

Curbed -

Ask, 'How much? '

One eye tics,

Beard, dyed orange,

distracts,

'S'just skin in the game. Get out! '

in full Bronx accent.

Ejected duly.

Street corner

rumbles sub rosa.

Just the thing,

jerks an altared grate,

dyslexia nervosa

out of body

anhedonia -2

a'sudden,

sullen bracing,

then blurs into

frames powder-blue.

Beard drives straight up
into endless sky which,
image, is a lie, it does
end, thin to thinner
then no matter,
more's the ether.

Elevating bumper
sticker reads,
almost out of site,
into unannounced
dystances dim
with tail pipes,
with ashes,
miles of them,
endless traffic:

I BRAKE FOR BLOSSOMS

Still, I have lost the drift. -1

**

-1 A riff on a famous last line of a James Wright poem, it being:

'I have wasted my life.'

-2 anhedonia - the inability to feel pleasure

Warren Falcon

O See My Little Red Shoes, Bright Bright, O Clap Your Hands For Me - What I Once Became And Now Still Am - Part-Songs 'y Tranzas' In Lunar Phases

Y Tranzas = And Pigtails

for Beti Ramos, curandera, maestra, hermana

tambien para la compaÑera, Donna

'He fared better with the deceased.' - written by Deborah Solomon of American artist Joseph Cornell

1

(Carolina prelude - near-mountain death - midsummer '78)

serpent strikes the chest,
venom to heart an ill effect

a country ditch the arms of a young
man whose last name is the Spaniard's
moon, malas hierbas -1 a bed beneath

upon which to die

below

Moon's
face in daylight,
detailed, pocked
though clear,

a smile
I know to be
a last horizon

unreal piano then,

abuela's arthritic
fingers, chipped
keys, a boy in thrall
of both moon and
familiar hymns forever
out of tune

'ahora y en la hora de nuestra
muerte' -2

'now and at the hour of our death...'

2
(fase de recuperacion -3 - Colombia, South America)

...seriously ill, Medellin -4,
a month there in park's pale
blue reading paler Federico -5
and a Colombian poet whose
statue daily glanced when
still in serpent's venom
after-trance after-drift in
and out recalling Cartagena's -6

statue of a pig, its bronzed
lullaby in metal transcribed
pleading

'humancitos, dar palmadas,
mientras tanto -7 hooves in
red shoe' twinkle for a lovely
girl with whom they may lead
in Gulf's -8 rhythms dance...

3
(Hermosita's song)

fetching fountain
evokes Medellin,

doloroso, -9

incantations'

feverish fountain
feverous me far
from serpent sea,

Una Muñeca a las doce
siempre -10 daily comes
to my bench of black
pumice, Purace's -11,
where I write these
lines thinner than
what I had become

'Muñeca sings to me,

buy my cherries please, dark rubies sweet,
tap your feet again, sing the rhymes again

to me of Puercocito's, Little Pig's,
shoes red, Its need also red to dance's
tread, to pledge, to trace with precision's
grace nearby Gulf's pacing crests where

dapper terns
chaste chase
puff chests,
dip beaks to
kiss/trace spray's
undulant lines
pale green
brine-burst
into shine...'

4
She says of me,

'Not goodbye.

Never that.

I dance you,

forevers Little Pig

an untidy breeze

waving its hat

of corded straw.

I will remember to

always polish its

metal shoes - their

espejositos -

mirrors, little

mirrors

for toes'

vincapervinca -

periwinkles -

so heels may still tap

and tap on and on

and on and on

so sings my

song's black

pumice stone

where once,
quick habit you,
you daily bought
my cherries sweet,
ruby dark and red,
a pig yourself, or
like unto, so hungry
you'd eat them

'before I am dead, '
you said.

5
Muñeca,

little Wrist,

you said

of me -

Always the moon,

you are, were,

will be, pale,

Sr. Luna, blancito -

Crossing her red

stained fingers,

delicate,

(red too her lips)

behind her skirt -

sing-songs swaying

from side to side

'I don't mean to hurt

your feelings, Mister,

but you are para

mi niñez, for my

childhood memory

for when I hold my own

child someday,

you will forever be

for me and she:

Sr. Mono Con Ojos Verde
Que Siempre Estan Llorando...

Mr. Monkey With Green Eyes
That Are Always Crying...'

**

footnotes:

-1 malas hierbas - Spanish for weeds

-2 - 'ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte' - Spanish, the last line of the Catholic prayer, The Rosary, prayed to Mother Mary: 'now and at the hour of our death'

-3 fase de recuperacion - phase of recuperation

-4 Medellin, a city in Colombia, South America

-5 Federico - Spanish poet and international treasure, Federico Garcia Lorca

-6 - Cartagena, a coastal city in Colombia, South America

-7 - 'humancitos, dar palmadas, mientras tanto -
'little humans, clap, meanwhile...'

-8 Gulf's - Gulf of Mexico

-9 - doloroso - very sad; grieving much; full of sorrow

-10 'Muñeca a las doce siempre' - 'Doll/Little Doll always at noon'

-11 - Purace, an active volcano in Colombia, South America

Warren Falcon

An Accident Of Placement

just

somewhere

beyond

between

buildings

morning glory's

already

opened

closed

an

accident

of

placement

its

indigo

Warren Falcon



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The Right Madness On East 10th Street - With Apologies To R. Hugo, Hopkins, Dante, Pound, J.S. Bach, & J. Wright - But Not To Manhattan

'I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences
and gaze at the moon till I lose my senses'
- lines from the song 'Don't Fence Me In'

'But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me
Thy wring-world right foot rock?' - Gerard Manley Hopkins

'One o'clock. Two o'clock. Three o'clock rock.
Four o'clock. Five o'clock. Six o'clock rock.' - Bill Haley and the Comets

'Behold, O Lord; for I am in distress: my bowels are troubled; mine heart is
turned within me...for my sighs are many, and my heart is faint.' - from The
Book of Lamentations

'Toot, toot, lovers.' - Richard Hugo



Here is the right madness on East 10th Street for now is
the always-unpredictable-but-don't-complain-when-it-happens return of the
City's Jackhammers and their Hell's Hammerers.

Thus there is no assisting the, my, murderous shadow wanting to hurl things
from the window onto tormentors below but

not, I'll not, furious tossings, but dared, not rain old boots onto street, nor
heaviest books, even empty pill bottles, not one valium left for me, down hurl
upon urbanity most cruel,

but doffed, here I compose some ill-mannered lament, nay, a Comedia from the
forgotten unsung rungs dear Dante spake not of at all in his long scrawl crawl
down and up

(I have five flights of stairs upon which to practice the daily hells graded) but

with cantata, Bach, rock, woe-man hath a good stone to grind each curse well
and fitting that sand might cover their yellowed faces

with cantata hath woe-man
interrupted paradise within his cursed hall with jack with

hammers day stammers street stutters where those undone many so many
widely cross Lethe Street shattered

though golden beneath the falling ginkgoes cloven upon rails the tenement vales
astonished with grief of leaf fall, the thundered car sirens, relentless, howling

'Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body I would break
Into blossom' - James Wright

Warren Falcon

Evocation Of River And Spirits (Revisited, Revised)

for my parents, Warren & Geneva,
for Reginald McClelland,
and for Karthik

A river is a process through time, and the river stages are its momentary parts.
—Willard Van Orman Quine

in this city

to guess

having no acumen with
numbers and math but

father's over there in the
cup*1
tilted
over
spilling
into



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o endlessly
its seams

seems as
seen from
river bank
into memory
which is
already
over-said
overheard
redundantly
as 'River
and 'Time'*2

- this one,
Time, now

recalls to
mind, dad

Dad (I address)

the cloud drift
and the flows
the tides beside
the city
(both sides)
is as ancient
as it always was
& is

as in the beginning
was darkness over
deep water & a word,
any word really
would do it,

form something
out of deep, of
dark, of water
which shapes it-
self only by outer
circumstance,

in this case

a word
leading up to
this -

father loves
with his cup
his pipe songs
of love

of love will he
dance between
the violent fasts

from love,

our mother,

with,

fast around around
& around the danced
livingroom
phonograph brass
loud plays
where June
curtains sway
even me and
Mr. Miller

I stand behind
them the curtained
dancers
entranced
entered into/
upon a mystery
how one could
be so swell, so
marvelous &
so cruel

(upon
one silver stem
hangs the metal
tin top*1 jags
tears at
memory edge
opens facts

FACT

that there was love

there was love after
all

I can see
it smell it
feel it there
dancing round
the living

one drop Mr.
Maxwell*1 holds
holds on to &
upon goodness
brown pulled
from below down
& dark into deep
such this is
the riddle it is
all now become
since you
departed, love

since you
departed I shall
count backward by
3's then by 4's

mixed in

(these father
memories)

torquing
the

door which once
embraced you now
never lets you

go

no matter
the black or
blue tide

you were
O lover

what
slips out
ebbs black
back into lapis

lapses into what
self is

uttered/poured
scored trans-
parent upon
surfaces

faces which
are eyes which
now glaze with
love/loss

beside the flue

glazes blue upon
the pane

the jasmine
unspurned
at last/least

O return
soft Junes
the lips of
which are
sometimes
pink, of
lavender
swollen as
if to kiss

x memory

x Maxwell the

house the cup
O Mr. Miller &
an O'Day*3 serenade
playing close

'...Hi ho
trailus boot whip
boo boo daddy
floy floy...' *3

the late night
suppers of chops
the peeled onions
the laughter the
potatoes boil
bubble in the
pot then
father
to dance
the butter in
the sizzle in
the cast iron
pan

their vespers
now descant,
descend

'...How high
the ocean, how
high the moon...' *3

hungry
the dish
it has all
become
feast for
black 'mouth'
which memory

becomes
& black mouse*3
makes again

x 3

the antinomies

a 'string

of pearls'

anemones

& you O lover

bring all them

back, so many,

to me now

x Pennsylvania 6-500

This, just to
reintroduce some
levity

for we (loves)
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played
harming no one,
not even the
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching
perhaps, still,
still, from beneath

the god you insisted
be excluded from
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths

exchanged, groped

x many ropes all our

wanting

footnotes:

*1 - this image (and other similar references w/same footnote number) comes from large Maxwell House Coffee sign seen on Jersey side o Hudson River memory of dad opening coffee can, poem plays w/jagged can top, the stem it hangs on which like memory, can cut, draw blood/passion/pain which is also relationship

*2 - 'River and Time' - Novelist Thomas Wolfe's masterful novel, Of Time and the River, is evoked/remembered in the poem. Wolfe had and still has a profound effect upon me as human/writer

*3 - Anita O'Day, jazz chanteuse of the first half of the 1900's. She sang and recorded often with the Big Band Leaders of her day. O'Day put her unrecognizable stamp (style) on two popular song hits if her day, a swift dance tune, 'Hi Ho Trailus Boot Whip' and a slow-dance-n-drool croon, 'How High The Ocean'

*4 - there had been a black mouse that showed up and moved in the day my lover flew back to India

Warren Falcon

A Braid, Abrade - Many Ropes All Our Wanting, An Exhalation

for Karthik, for Viren

'...to lie
and love...
aching to
make sense
of this night
in our mesh
of reference...' - Vikram Seth

many ropes all our
wanting

I stand behind
them the curtained
dancer entranced
entered into
upon a mystery
how one could
be so swell, so
marvelous &
one so cruel
upon one silver
stem the tin
jag hangs
tears at
memory's edge
opens facts -

you, love, are
new memory
hands emptier
sensitive finger-
tips filigreed
prints your
body hairs

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sifted imprinted
touching softly
x all the x's
here accounted
for, listed,
besos as
kisses
scribbles,
notes,
letters,
no matter
the black or
blue tide

what
slips out
ebbs black
back into lapis
lapses into what
self is - uttered
poured, scored
transparent upon
surfaces

faces even eyes
now glaze with
love loss beside
the flue the glaze
upon the pane

where one
near plain
black mouse
remains,
stays,

is many,
a multitude
of petals
x 3
the jasmine
unspurned

at last

O return
soft Junes
the lips of
which are
sometimes
pink, of
lavender
swollen,
as if to
kiss
x memory
x 3
the antinomies
a string
of pearls
anemones
& you

bring them all
back, so many,
to me now

memory
torques
into soft
teas

June
steeps
turns
steaming
said window
(and torsos)
said prints
views obscured
of nothing
in particular
or special,
but

troubles,
troubles only

of passing birds
enamored-of
(their lighter
bones)
or
are they
cloud and shadow,
merely the steep
sun declining ashen
into New Jersey?

occluded
silhouettes
contrails
glyphs &
River's
annunciation's

so many dawns
x so many goings
down of the sun
x fortune the lips
x myriad ones gone
before of murmurers
O lover

I adore
in timbre
thru the
window rings
(the bells)
the arms
of which
too
wring out
breath to
breath

x no more
embraces
into indolence

This
(yet)
again
(late
offering)
just to
reintroduce
some
levity
for we
(loves)
were many day-ed
x merry we
merrily played
harming no one,
not even the
mouse unmoved
perhaps, watching
perhaps still,
still, from beneath
the god you insisted
be excluded from
all our nakedness

Warren Falcon

Winter Rite For A Dead Spider - A Quarantine Dirge

for Jane Mead

'How can we cleanse ourselves -- what rites?' - Sophocles, Oedipus the King

what butoh it walks

leg by

leg by

leg by

leg by

leg by

leg by

by leg

by leg to what purpose there on the plasticine
stall floor/wall not sure but am sure that the
dead flies of winter go uneaten/unsucked

Spider first days here I spoke to every
morning from the john wondering at its
slow movements for 3 days till 4th its
legs curl tuck tightly beneath its carapace
I blow at it from the cold seat - bunched
draws round my colder ankles it budges
not at all realize it is deceased legs uniformly
creased a beauty to see first time ever've
felt remorse for a bug

so lift Spider up with toilet paper so soft
double ply-ed solemnly march a stilled
wind she, an it no longer, on bier so soft
softly into still harder winter snow and
darker woods Middle-March flip flops
no socks slow going find a rock up near
the woodshed so place Spider there with
oddest prayer ever in my life but Lord
Buddha helps - his ' all sentient beings'
et-sweet-cetera etcetera que sera sera

so perform brief bone chill rites then slide down
the path patch to my ground floor entrance to hot
shower then to Hopkins' poem - The Windhover
the more meaningful than ever for its

'dappled-dawn-drawn' things or rather
substituted or addendum-ed pray ponder
'threaded-sewn-moaned' things strangely
mourned actual tears born no doubt of
projections upon small cringes majestically
formed objectively perceived from secret
and sightless spaces suspended cocooned
in darkness or once in close woods strung
pearled between limbs and trunks ferns
which freakt my face when August-last
stumbled in marsh's humid stagger thickets
face-first into a massive web the sudden

grand mal-like seizure-like slaps scrape-face-eyelids
forehead-pate monstrous poison fears from not so
small a-miracle-maker webber's tales spindled from
its self from within to without such tattle rattle click
no ears human to hear little feet tight-walking filament
filigrees faint but so very there

spun

in

thin

air

Warren Falcon

Snail's Poesis - Conceit Two

for Leonard

'I still can take
the sky -- there lies my path.' - Ovid, Metamorphosis

'Match me the Silver Reticence' - Match me the Solid Calm'
- Emily Dickinson

I am

much

still

with

the

snail



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her

imagist

staggers

her eye-netted

catches

from her

roam-

house

(a house is a shell)

beside

a river (a river is a

trail)

so she, snail,

does slowly en-

snare, paces

an eye, dips in

dips out, she

is slipsilver',

not 'quick-',

an

intended

pale limpness

ignites she

her night trail,

her moon lace

faint tail-ish

iteration

which treds,

praised be,

catches eye

stars imagin-
ation, forms
countless
wonders or it,

the dimmed
trimmed sail
behind is
adaggeto-ed
lightning or,
having no fingers,
or perhaps her
appearing to be
a finger, indexed
or not, suggests,
lends, intends, hints
to be lightning
letharge'd in
appearance only

but now each,
every, all these

enjambéd visages

do muddle tho

she is no puzzle

(or puddle for that

matter) , rather,

she is

distinct,

parted,

clear,

separate-sure

tho whorled

as frozen mo-

tion but

for her un-

accountable

inherent

translucence

Warren Falcon

Snail's Poesis - Conceit One

for Leonard

'to variants and ...

emendations, ...

Let me hear good night.' - Lorine Niedecker

'Our little secrets slink away' - Emily Dickinson

Pace,

if pace one

can, your

paces, your

spaces,

hasten slowly



PoemHunter.com

as the snail

traces her

path if path

she is (she

leaves a

palimpsest) ,

or has

time

enough,

and slime

enough,

tons of it,

to sense

or not

where she

is going

going-not,

(no apparent

plot to)

got to get to

with

or without

a shell

or,

fancier, a

c a r a p a c e

or,

better,

above-whirled

parasol apace

Visualize -

she is

a question

mark,

or wears one

if she

wears

where

she is

without

doubt

or question,

and does

not question

her

trail though

questions

gradually

do naturally

arrive -

how

does she,

snail,

breathe?

if shelled, is

she sleeved

or -un to be

less encum-

bered when

being is

weight enough?

She appears to

wait.

But doesn't.

Does not think

'hesitation'

though she

(appears to)

be

comprised

greatly

of

pauses.

Warren Falcon

Snail - A Conceit (Perhaps Too Precious) For Those Who Write Poetry

Pace,

if pace one

can, your

paces, your

spaces,

hasten slowly

as the snail

traces her

path if path



PoemHunter.com

she is (she

leaves a

palimpsest) ,

or has

time

enough,

and slime

enough,

tons of it,

to sense

or not

where she

is going

going-not,

(no apparent

plot to)

got to get to

with

or without

(sluggishly)

a shell

or,

fancier,

c a r a p a c e

or,

better,

above-whirled

parasol apace

visualize -

she is

a question

mark,

or wears one

if she

wears

where

she is

without

doubt

or question,

and does

not question

her

trail though

questions

gradually

do naturally

arrive -

how

does she,

snail,

breathe?

if shelled, is

she sleeved

or -un to be

less encum-

bered when

being is

weight enough?

She appears to

wait.

But doesn't.

Does not think

'hesitation'

though she

(appears to)

be

comprised

greatly

of

pauses.

I am

much

still

with

the

snail

her

imagist

staggers

her eye-netted

(some

infer nettled)

catches

from her

roam

house

(a house is a shell)

beside

a river (a river is a
trail)

so she, snail,
does slowly en-
snare, paces
an eye, dip in
dip out, she is
slipsilver', not
'quick-',
an
intended
limp at best,
ignites she
her night trail,
her moon lace
faint, tail-ish
iteration
which treds,
praised be,
catches eye

stars im-pagin-

ation, forms

countless

wonder or it,

the dimmed

trimmed sail

behind is

adaggiato-ed

lightning or,

having no fingers,

or perhaps her

appearing to be

a finger, indexed

or not, suggests,

lends intents, hints

to be lightning

lethargic'd in

appearance only

but now each,

every, all these

enjambéd visages

do muddle tho

she is no puzzle

(or puddle for that

matter) , rather,

she is,

distinct,

parted,

clear,

separate-sure,

tho whorled

as frozen mo-

tion but

for her un-

accountable

inherent

translucence

Warren Falcon

Paeon To A Spider - And A Coda

for Spruce Hill Farm, Keene, NY where I spent 7 months during covid19
quarantining

the tactility of the spider
bemused
concentrates skies *1

first days here on the mountain - I speak to
it every morning from the john me wondering
at its slow slow movements for three days till
fourth its legs all curled tuck tightly beneath
its carapace I blow at it from the cold seat -
bunched draws round my colder ankles -
it budges not at all I realize it is deceased
its legs uniformly creased a beauty to see
first time ever've felt remorse for bug any kind

lifting Spider up with toilet paper so soft
double ply-ed solemnly march Spider on
bier so soft softly into still harder winter
snow and darker woods Middle-March
flip flops no socks slow going find a rock
up near the woodshed so place Spider
there with oddest prayer ever in my life
but Lord Buddha helps re: 'all sentient
beings' etcetera etcetera que sera sera

so perform brief bone chill rites then slide
down the path patch to my ground floor
entrance to hot shower then to Hopkins
poem - The Windhover - the more meaningful
than ever for its 'dappled-dawn-drawn things'
now rather substituted or addendum-ed to
prayer ponder 'threaded-sewn-moaned things'
strangely mourned actual tears born no doubt
of projections upon small cringes majestically

formed objectively perceived from secret
sightless spaces suspended cocooned in
cornered darkness or once in close woods

August last

Coda

the fragility of the web
infused
penetrates spaces *2

a web
it
was

there strung

and
purled

pearled between limbs

beneath trunks amid

fiddle ferns spun

between brittle sticks

there mute legs

somehow click

tho no ear hears

but

trembles

feels

which are ways

of knowing

but they work
unwinding
beneath faint stray leaves

each strand somehow
sticks

echoes catching where
spider tufts
sough
a
brief
webbed kingdom

such sleights
do filaments trace

alone with the Alone *3

**

Footnotes

*1 * *2 - These are my riffs on a William Carlos Williams line from 'Spring and All':

The fragility of the flower
unbound
penetrates spaces

*3 Title of a mystical Sufi poem by the great poet Abu 'Abdullah Mu?ammad ibn 'Ali ibn Mu?ammad ibn `Arabi al-?atimi a?-?a?i. A Sufi mystic, poet, and

philosopher born in Murcia, Spain on the 17th of Rama?an (26 July 1165 AD) , Ibn Arabi was one of the great mystics of all time. Considered a Saint, his counsel is to wake up as one 'alone with the Alone'.

Warren Falcon

A Strange Crucifix - Missive To Low Upon My Receiving A Charles Bukowski Book Once Read Decades Ago, A Paeon To Lorca, A Peripatetic Poetics Of Sorts

?I'm afraid this supreme consciousness is at least not one we could possess.

Inasmuch as it exists, we do not exist. - C. G. Jung, letter to V. Subrahmanya Iyer, 1938

[NOTE: an asterisk * after a word followed by a number designates a FOOTNOTE

Lines by Lorca will be followed by his initials (FGL)

'Buke' is what friends called Bukowski - 'rhymes with puke' he sed to a stranger in an L.A. skid row liquor store]

'So I kept writing poems. We drank with the roaches, the place was small, and pages 5,6,7 and 8 were stacked in the bathtub, nobody could bathe, and pages 1,2,3 and 4 were in a large trunk, and soon there wasn't any place to put anything... So Jon built a little loft out of discarded lumber. Plus a stairway. And Jon and Louise slept up there on a mattress and the bed was given away. There was more floor space to stack the pages. 'Bukowski, Bukowski everywhere! I am going crazy! ' said Louise. The roaches circled and we drank and the press gulped my poems. A very strange time, and that was Crucifix**...'

- from the Introduction to 'Burning In Water, Drowning In Flame' by Charles Bukowski

'this land punched-in, cuffed-out, divided,
held like a crucifix in a deathhand...
the Spaniards all the way back in Spain
down in the thimble again...' - Charles Bukowski, from Crucifix in a Deathhand**

'True

one of Lorca's best lines
is,

'agony, always
agony...'

- Charles Bukowski

*

'The ellipse of a cry
travels from mountain
to mountain.

From the olive trees
it appears as a black
rainbow upon the blue night.

Ay! Ay!

- Federico Garcia Lorca' *1

July 2021

East Village

New York City

'...Shut the sea to His sad complaints...' - Ruth Valadares Correa

This, of a sudden -

woke up w/
teeth hurting,

too much salt in
last night's flung
together meal,

my careless
Sodom hand,

a.m. face
swollen from
two things,

looking back,

and molars that
quit years ago
but forced them
to endure promi-
sing only softness
pliant upon slow
bites and easy slices.

Sufficed for awhile.

Now Oxycontin
dawn droops lids,
dunks face and
what can of my
head in cold water's
trickle spigot the
super's yet to fix
so wet's nixed
months now

but drips'er shock
enough, baptism
enough, and coffee,
then see what day
might bring sprung
from whatever wills
this cyber thing, its
anti-viruses auto-
immune can't tell me
from bugs and I pay
out extra bucks big
but both bugs and
defenses work against
me such are cyber
graces' incautious
in flagrante worms.

Can't help but take it personal but, dear Low, to continue,
all is not lost despite dys-mordant molars, narkosis/narcissus meanders late of
dawn but oriented again by Villa-Lobos*6 song...so, to recover this narrative of
dawns:

Awakened to this this morning, Bachianas Brasileiras No.1.*6

I remember the first time I heard it - in college, thanks to Elaine, a library copy and a suspended moment at the dorm window watching fog pour up from a deep Tennessee valley, socked in again, which often happened on Lookout Mountain, weeks of thick late Autumn fog, gray white-out cloud-light leaning into the un-lit quarter, philosophy books stacked, Pre-Socratics, Church History, Clement, Polycarp, bitter Gnostic wind, our destiny pre-ordained, howling just beyond the pane, the un-modulated whistle of said insistent storm playing the Castle In The Clouds in fierce Sinai song, Bachianas Brasileiras, No.1*6, conducted by Villa Lobos*6 himself, nothing short of revelation that my too young to be so weary self had no idea existed but upon hearing within pinnacled gale, then, nothing could prevail against my landing oriented-at-last by mostly cellos and fog spinning in the Brazilian folk rhythms I would spend my entire life descending toward, stumbling forward, misstepping after, 'my kingdom for a macaw, ' become a slack-jawed shamanista entranced by dirt, green overhang in forest din, daily feathered by birds all kinds in twining limbs above.

No romance involved with all that now, I am an almost old man more rapidly untangling string by string, out-cello-ed in the end, and yet again, by an innate longing to land, go under, dwell within, peaking out, over strung, finally done with Polycarp and company, at one with my Hopkins*3 book still, sufficed -

from Terrible Sonnets*3 to accidental Grace.

Rendered, I yield.

I am peeled layer by layer to pomes-penny-each
glottal stops of 'soul, self, come, poor Jackself, '
be advised once more, 'jaded, let be' -

while not forgetting to go with Lobos rhythms,
leave 'comfort root room' finally escaping
John Calvin's dire and doom -

'let joy size At God knows when to God knows what;
whose smile's not wrung, see you'

and raise you One.

Now to the actual point -

DAMN good this book, Buke's, first of his I bought in Chattanooga, post-christian barely, just 24, then, but now here it is in the a.m. inbox.

Had plans to begin the morning with 'once was valid prayer', T. S.'s*4 Quartet phrase, w/ a choral work positively medieval on the player equal to his monotone but I read stead 'Burning's' first sentence and was surprised, taken, discovering

three things,

pain subsiding,

coffee good enough
but Buke better,

and sudden happiness.

Only read the Intro though.
Not sure I'll read the poems
through yet as work starts
soon so don't want to break
this sudden skid row joy
dropt in from vast chasms,
mid-70's, displaced, meander
me after music-god infusions;

stray deities meander too
lending a stench of reality,
some inchoate 'thing' clinched,
cinched, that might could
make/extend some meaning
beyond morning soprano's*5
mellifluous surmises in High C
exaggerating vaunted Corot*6
skies for all us creatures
bellowing here below.

Launched I guess it's called.

Bukowski veers

still all these years

but for how long
dunno dunno.

I'll go with him though,
even if only till noon when
the first client shows.

Till then will strain to hear the radio soprano*5 from the
bathroom as I ablute, ablate/scrape, arrange face-enough

around the swollen jaw, saline eyelids puffed and sacks,
push the few hairs in place - scratches on a surface now -

and still plead grace from those strays, the love for words,
the envy of their sounds, see if can find a way to continue

after-pursuits of what was born mid-field of a mid-
summer night beneath Carolina stars new groin-sparks,

some phrases suddenly come from other-where
not sure but there so blindly sat writing in the dark
in squint demiurge wrote my first 'serious' poem.

To recall this fresh feels good, radio's good too
while Bidu Sayao*5 sings Villa Lobos*6 aria*5,
a dove at window inching me into the day now more
than a toothache and hypertension for which I medicate
waiting for trembling hands to still enough to hold a pen.
I am fond of hands, these, for pleasure, measure and
reach, tho aging. That's at least the quotidian wager.

So, Low, no need to respond.
Go be in your cocoon or 'whatever' time.

So let us now praise

infamous weather,

high heat, plead

pleasing inclement

graces bestow

merciful cold

and dark blessings.

Let's meet up post-doldrums.

Meanwhile 'light a cigar and smoke away the bad world'

- Bukowski

2

'Soft moonlight awakens now

The cruel longing that laughs and cries! '*2

- Ruth Valadares Correa

Post Script next day....

Noting the themes, Low, as I read over what's writ ayer, words extending after meaning, or before, aging on all fronts, meaning and hands - hands extend too (should let them speak, explain themselves the conditions of arrivals for the last PUNTO) , they recall (a revelation - seems hands think on their own independent of an 'I' or 'me') , they reach, but years of such surrender, of hard grasping-after, literally fade while the metaphorical ones, the 'subtles', DO grasp though these now crabs-what-once-were-hands crawl, fall short to lap or nap nod toward tides moon wash, a heap of scraps up to the swollen ankles.

But all's a prayer in the layers -

Like the bow of a viola

the cry has made the long

strings of the wind vibrate.

Ay!

- [FGL*1

so here you go, Low, more news, views, to catch you up...

to be caught up! what writing's good for, at least that!

...meanwhile Lorca and I
quarrel much about doldrums
and the 'duende'*8, he wins
of course by singing or, better,
plays a few bars on the dusty
upright*9 about your girl the
Moon, ones about bull fights,
the usual gore but always
a surprise for beauties and
children flinging hearts and
unstrung rosaries into the
clotting ring...

.....while trumpets
salut the Matador plots
Severed Ears' Chosen
One, the Bull Bride dreamed
of once in a wedding dress
white, prim in a window
luminous in full moonlight,
intricate veil with horns
protruding, conspicuous,

curving calcium shyly
up-turning a rainbow silvering
above a young man on his
knees in the dust serenading
'su corazón en la manga'

'his heart on his sleeve',

dapper hat bereaved in hand
labored months to buy for

now's pledge to begged Bride,
unmoved, committed only to
portend a blue moment below

the sill, suspended suitor, pale,

dirges scarlet in eucalyptus,

nearby olive grove shadows
after mournful ellipses scattered
songless without their stanzas
'por el fin de crianzas'*9, sad,

sad, the lamentable time of
lactation has come to an end

so begins

los llantos,

the cries -

'agony,
always agony' (FGL)

Can't beat that animal rag*10
even though I was a boy
soprano once pure in front
of an Altar sure where Sacrifice
became Word, or surd*11, bread,
or semblance,

credence's Lenten*12 hint

since has all speech
reached for That
somewhere-somehow's
self-containing hover

between

voice and vein.

Or is it vain try to
obtain That which
utterance alludes?

Useless. Useless.

And not now, not with this
present face, these fingers
memory strained, just so
much knotted twine at the
end of deathhands clasped.

Hope/yearn to find then
the scope of inevitable
twists, the predictable
flights, what comes of
the inexorable
unwinding of

the Plot,
the Plumbline True.

Or not.

Dunno. Dunno -

again

'the ellipse of a cry
travels from mountain
to mountain.' (FGL)

One thumb dithers over thinned
carpet here unstringing another
verse, 'vineyard of the curse'*13
kind of thing, a secret rebuttal

perhaps,

or is it rewinding Lorca's

last song's hands tied be-
hind of his back, without
blindfold, that one might
hear when a Los Angeles*14
simun*15 blows

east or

similar wind

(el viento
es viento)

(the wind
is wind)

West to my near Atlantic
pont*16 in appointed City
a few miles from shore
where heavy cables begin,
descend, where the dead
Poet's music rests content
in his poems continual
inebriant supplication -

'strings of the wind' (FGL)

Dark my window flaunts orange
street light by neon night, by
devotion bound, ceding victory
to the Spaniard's brow now a
swarm of bees at grave's edge
mourning every victory because

of the way his ended

the worst for a Legend's bargain,

bones for his songs

Low, I'll still root for that fine Bull
by lead quieted, that only one with
carnations green where once were
ears, shots unheard but felt, pivoting

backwards, hooves

sudden beseeching ground

splaying to

sky,

scars,

clouds,

green

green

cries beneath cedars

Ay! Ay!

With such, Buke and the others,
a new day hums near high noon

where I am remaindered to
silence, still an easy sucker
for a song so sing with my
fingers or try but not to worry.

While kids bounce basketballs
in the street below I'll beat my
pensioner's drum remembering
red clock hands on the local spire
tilting God - shirts and skins*17 -
between Fathom Street and St. Marks*18.

Hasta,

until the Vision comes,

Nightingale

** Crucifix In A Deathhand by Charles Bukowski, one of his many books of poetry...lines from the book's title poem:

this land punched-in, cuffed-out, divided,
held like a crucifix in a deathhand...
this land bought, resold, bought again and
sold again, the wars long over,
the Spaniards all the way back in Spain
down in the thimble again

'light a cigar and smoke away the bad world'

*1 Federico Garcia Lorca - '(born June 5,1898, Fuente Vaqueros, Granada province, Spain—died August 18 or 19,1936, between Víznar and Alfacar, Granada province) , Spanish poet and playwright who, in a career that spanned just 19 years, resurrected and revitalized the most basic strains of Spanish poetry and theatre.' - from Encyclopedia Britannica (online)

*2 Ruth V. Correa - Brazilian lyricist, most noted for having written the words for the Ária of Heitor Villa-Lobos' Bachianas Brasileiras No.5 (1938) . Her lyrics in No.5:

About space, dreamy and beautiful!
The moon appears in infinity sweetly,
Decorating the afternoon, like a sweet maiden
Who gets ready and dreamily beautiful,
In the soul's yearning to be beautiful
Screams to heaven and earth all of Nature!
Shut the bird to its sad complaints
And the sea reflects all His wealth...
Soft moonlight awakens now
The cruel longing that laughs and cries!
Afternoon a slow and transparent pink cloud

About space, dreamy and beautiful!

*3 Gerard Manley Hopkins - '(28 July 1844 - 8 June 1889) was an English poet and Jesuit priest, whose posthumous fame placed him among the leading Victorian poets. His manipulation of prosody - particularly his concept of sprung rhythm - established him as an innovative writer of verse, as did his technique of praising God through vivid use of imagery and nature. Only after his death did Robert Bridges begin to publish a few of Hopkins's mature poems in anthologies, hoping to prepare the way for wider acceptance of his style. By 1930 his work was recognised as one of the most original literary accomplishments of his century. It had a marked influence on such leading 20th-century poets as T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and Cecil Day-Lewis.'

Terrible Sonnets - 'Toward the end of his life, Hopkins suffered several long bouts of depression. His 'terrible sonnets' struggle with problems of religious doubt. He described them to Bridges as 'the thin gleanings of a long weary while.'

- from wiki pedia

*4 T.S. Eliot's 'Four Quartets'

*5 'the radio's soprano' is the luminous Bidu Sayao, Brazilian opera singer. Sayao's singing of Villa-Lobos' Bachianas Brasileiras No.5 is considered the definitive rendering of this aria. The reader may hear it on youtube. The cello rivals her voice and both together evoke such depth of feeling that one should not miss hearing this performance so very much a definition in sound of the 'duende' (see footnote 7) .

*6 Corot - Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot, a Parisian Renaissance painter, a pivotal figure in landscape painting, painted over 3000 canvases. Skies in Corot's paintings are strikingly beautiful in tone and affect.

*7 Heitor Villa-Lobos, Brazilian classical music composer who features Bidu Sayu in his masterpiece, Bachianas Brasileiras that weaves Brazilian folk music in a Carl P. E. Bachian tapestry, a veritable miracle. There are so very many exquisite moments for the ear's heart to take in in all of the movements of the Bachianas Brasileiras....do not deny yourself of such experience for one second after reading this poem.

The reader may gloriously hear Villa-Lobos' masterpiece on youtube...type or copy and paste this in that site's subject line:

Bachianas Brasileiras Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Complete

recordings by Villa-Lobos

*8 duende - 'The word duende refers to a spirit in Spanish, Portuguese, and Filipino folklore and literally means 'ghost' or 'goblin' in Spanish. It is believed to derive from the phrase 'dueño de casa, ' which means 'owner of a house.' The term is traditionally used in flamenco music or other art forms to refer to the mystical or powerful force given off by a performer to draw in the audience. The Spanish poet Lorca wrote in his essay 'Teoria y Juego del Duende' ('Play and Theory of the Duende') that duende 'is a power and not a behavior... a struggle and not a concept.' - Mirriam and Webster Dictionary

Lorca was killed before a fascist firing squad in the Spanish Civil War. His burial place is unknown. His poetry is though.

*9 upright - an upright piano

*10 crianza - Spanish feminine noun. It is a term referred to as the action and result of raising, nursing and nurturing, especially a mother or nurse while it lasts in the lactation stage. Time or season that breastfeeding lasts.

*11 rag - as in ragtime, a musical style that enjoyed its peak popularity between 1895 and 1919. Its cardinal trait is its syncopated or 'ragged' rhythm

*12 surd - in phonetics the word denotes (of a speech sound) uttered with the breath and not the voice (e.g. f, k, p, s, t) .

*13 Lenten - suggesting Lent, as in austerity, frugality, or rigorousness; meager.

Lent is the forty-day liturgical season of fasting, special prayer and almsgiving in preparation for Easter.

*14 a line from 'In Memory of William Butler Yeats' by W. H. Auden

*15 Los Angeles, California where Charles Bukowski lived and wrote out his life.

*16 simun - From French simoun, from dialectal Arabic smum, from Classic Arabic samum 'pestilent wind'.

*17 pont - a river ferry, especially one that is guided by a cable from one bank to the other.

*18 'shirts and skins' - references opposing teams in pick-up (amateur) basketball games, one team is shirtless, the other is not thus 'skins' meaning bare chested.

*19 Saint Marks Church in the East Village of NYC, 'it's spire tilts' with God and a recalcitrant Age. The church is at the end of the block this poet (a tilter too) lives on for over 30 years. The church hosts poetry readings and workshops, hosted Beat poets and later ones to the present.

Warren Falcon

Tryptic Surmises - Ekphrastics For William Hawkins & Caravaggio, Both Painting Horses

1

HORSE - Hawkins

How would he now depict it,

even a corner of it,

paint it,

busy with the making
of it -

belly's too much,
needs thinning, haunches
trimmed too to size, or
not,

concise seizure of
eye and paint dependent
upon hands, monumental
concerns aright or at least
perspectives' private
suffering amidst, against,

or in the teeth of,

daily concerns
taken on as
ultimate-form

It is

visual commentary, response
imaged, is backyard ruin put
to good uses, kindness extended
in hammer's claw on cast



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off wood, it is Crow near the
barred door, and with heart,
with heart meds, provide limit
to dulling

descents,

such may then
find yet-again's
Desire, may
plunge further,
deeper,

deeper still,

into muck magic of
shorter days given
to winter, to longer
nights generously
dumped proportion
control upon the human

Such occupies, with familiars,
allusive smears serving now
and ahead who will partake
of the offering, what will be
held, will be healed in their

beholding

nuanced in cloud swatch

in land swath tumbled

2

HORSE - Caravaggio

from one's back
see the vision -
a massive horse
distorts God

back into image
necessary for the
dark to see what
can be spread upon dirt

to see what resurrection
there is in the smell of paint

to find again the desire immense
deeper/still deeper mud magic of
shorter days in winter,
in long nights generously
pouring out stains-allusive
serving now and before
to ancestrally partake of
this offering-place, this altar
steeped, cured in contemplation -

sample of nuanced cloud

strip of land collapsed

3

HORSE - Both Hawkins & Caravaggio

then see how the belly is too much,
must be diluted, a new leg cut to size
a brief seizure of eyes on the swollen
hock

paint

depends utterly upon hands,
a'rights a monumental problem
or at least the prospect of

suffering

dislocation

oneself

in the middle

against

or

teething daily concerns

paint assumes ultimate form

Warren Falcon

I Once Your Other Darkness - distant Conjectures About A William Hawkins Painting Of A Horse

Full Title of the poem is:

I Once Your Other Darkness - Distant Conjectures About A William Hawkins Painting Of A Horse, An Echo of Caravaggio's Painting Of A God-Horse, And Gerard Manley Hopkins Haunting The Text

[The poem addresses re: William Hawkins painting of a massive horse, a video about Hawkins, his life and paintings, and my association of Caravaggio's painting of massive horse towering over Saint Paul stricken down on the road to Damascus. There are distorted quotes/improvisations of/from poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, Jesuit priest and poet in the late 1800's. I've restored the first draft in order to preserve it and then allow a later draft published beneath it just to preserve the attempt to wrench some semblances of meaning from the wreckage of the attempts (dithering a poetic attempt to death, a poem already on 'life support' becoming assemblage most Frankensteinian) ...but, regarding wrecks of poems, one can learn much since the inner poet is at work all the way through and must learn that saying/writing a poem 'the wrong way' leads to discovery of what/how a poem wants to reveal itself and, in some sense, reveals such as he/she is, the poet as 'maker'. Note that lines with quotation marks denote phrases from a Gerard Manley Hopkins sonnet]

First Draft:

1

How would you now depict it,

even a corner of it?

paint as in
the film,

busy with the making
of it, belly's too much,
needs thinning, haunches
trimmed too to size, or
not, concise seizure of

eye and paint dependent
upon hands, monumental
concerns aright or at least
perspectives private
suffering amidst, against,

or in the teeth of, daily
concerns taken on as
ultimate-form,

it is

visual commentary, response
imaged, is backyard ruin put
to good uses, kindness extended
in hammer's claw on cast
off wood, it is Crow near the
barred door, and with heart,
with heart meds, provide limit
to dulling descents, may then
find again's Desire, may plunge
further/deeper, deeper still,
into muck magic of shorter
days given in winter, in the longer
nights generously dumped,
portion/proportion control
upon the human,

such occupies, with familiars,
allusive smears, serving now
and ahead who will partake of
the offering, who will be held
healed in their beholding

nuanced in cloud swatch,
in land swath tumbled.

2

I once, your other darkness, quoted Hopkins
to you, 'seasons of dryness' 'upon the bitter pitch'
amid discovery, 'What I do is me, for that I came',

not a text for self worship but, rather, an assent
to keep world woe personally felt in that greater
perspective making poems from orphan woe,
from ever furtive grace eluding, then surprise,
in bleakest place, sudden braced, parses newly
in the greener green of things pleading still,

'O thou lord of life, send my roots rain'.

3

In the shorter light, the extended night of cold
and star-bright questions, may you cast clumsy
net forward into what it all might mean to fretted
you, to me, stretched, though I will not thrust
these words any longer upon your brush or paint
but make offering with thanks for your own work
to feed us through the eyes, perhaps time to mount
that horse and soldier on or to fall off again, gain
Damascus perspective yet, from one's back watch
vision distort the massive horse into a God receding
into necessary darkness foregoing image in order

to see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

DRAFT the 4th [the wreckage thereof]

1

from one's back
see the vision -
a massive horse
distorts God
back into image
necessary to the dark to see
what can be spread upon dirt

to see what resurrection
there is in the smell of paint

to find again the desire immense
deeper, still deeper mud magic of
shorter days in winter,
in long nights generously
pouring out stains allusive
serving now and before
to ancestrally partake of
this offering-place, this altar
steeped, cured in contemplation -

sample of nuanced cloud

strip of land collapsed

2
And you, what, still here?
have helped, he to me, to
others, urgent internal imperative,
a torment, insisting persistence
within that unexpected whirling
hopefully soon to blow itself out

then busier with the realization,

IT

HORSE

then see how the belly is too much,
must be diluted, a new leg cut to size
a brief seizure of eyes on the swollen
hock

paint depends utterly upon hands,
a'rights a monumental problem or
at least the prospect of suffering

dislocation

oneself

in the middle

against or

teething daily concerns

paint assume ultimate form

3

I once your other darkness,
Hopkins said to you in
'The years of drought'
'in the bitter, half-tone'
discover, rather, stroke
'a nod-woe the world to keep'

making poems'
Misfortune's
orphans of grace

always furtive such escapes,
surprises, then sombre,
sudden, analyzed only
in the green
green of things
still pleading,

Einfälle

4

Falls the shorter light
Nights cold and long

stars' questions spark
awkward networks,
associations, gestures
though they do not push
these longer words to
pen or paint

but offer with thanks

for their work to feed
through the eyes perhaps
assemblies of all time -

the kindly extended claw hammer,

Crow at the barred door

and with drugged limitation
lend or extend, offer, proof
to Dullness Itself, not texts
for Worship of self but rather

a nod or

my God,

NOD

NOTE: the image of the Hawkins painting is too large to upload on poemhunter site. I refer you to the original poem published on poemhunter some years ago when images could be uploaded as is. The original poem, 'Missive For Darkness As Vocation, William Hawkins In Mind', does have the image of the painting.

Warren Falcon

Epitaphs Beyond The Urn - An Ongoing Series Till It's (He's) Not

'But if it ends / the start is begun' - William Carlos Williams

1

Here scattered is he at last soundless.
As when alive, though everywhere now,
he's still-yet groundless.

Lived more by his tongue than 'is feet,
(he'd now confess)

He just lived it best as could but
what for's still an ancient ongoing guess.

2

[Note to an over-bearing part self]

Newly dead
I swore you
to a would-be
cloud

bore you on the lowest shoulder

me too too soon to be shroud

you lived silent enough to be
ignored
so passing, yours, calls attention
well deserved

pity or verse?
both in one?

the Worst

3

bidden, he bore

not a grave
but a door

where is no need to knock

his life grokked
it is no longer

there's no mock in
it tho
as it was and now is

all that is not
never
was his business

but his was only to
obey
That which bade

the Ever Hidden -

be poet
maker

he made

all praise to the Bidder

Warren Falcon

Some Real Troubles Come Only In Sleep

Some real troubles come only in sleep.
Why should one be exempt?

Great Seamstress of Space

sew, please,
with fingers of dew.

Warren Falcon



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Fragility Of The Web Infused

'You point—they say—you lead lost children' - Louis Zukofsky *1

the fragility of the web
infused
penetrates spaces *2

a web
it
was

there strung

and
purled

pearled between limbs

beneath trunks amid

fiddle ferns spun

between brittle sticks

there mute legs

somehow click

tho no ear hears

but

trembles

feels

which are ways

of knowing

but work they
unwinding
beneath faint stray leaves

each strand somehow
sticks

echoes catching where
spider
tufts sough

a
brief
webbed kingdom

such sleights
do filaments trace

alone with the Alone *3

**

Footnotes

*1 Lines from 'Mantis' by Louis Zukofsky

*2 This is a riff on a stanza by William Carlos Williams from 'Spring and All' p32:

The fragility of the flower
unbound
penetrates spaces

*3 Title of a mystical Sufi poem by the great poet Abu 'Abdullah Mu?ammad ibn 'Ali ibn Mu?ammad ibn `Arabi al-?atimi a?-?a?i. A Sufi mystic, poet, and

philosopher born in Murcia, Spain on the 17th of Rama?an (26 July 1165 AD) ,
Ibn Arabi was one of the great mystics of all time. Considered a Saint, his
counsel is to wake up as one 'alone with the Alone'.

Warren Falcon

Epitaph For A Spider

bidden, it bore

not a grave
but a door

where is no need to knock

its life grokked
it is no longer

there's no mock in
it tho
as it was and now is

all that is not

never
was its business



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but its was only to
obey
That which bade

spider
poet
maker

it made

all praise to the Bidder

Warren Falcon

The Smarter Cat - Postmodern Theology Most Scatalogical Without Apology To Christopher Smart

The Smarter Cat - Postmodern Theology Most Scatalogical Without Apology To Christopher Smart

For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry.
For he is the servant of the Living God...
For by stroking of him I have found out electricity.
- from 'Jubilate Agno' by Christopher Smart

Forget Jeoffry.

Consider the Cat Oliver
asleep upon the journal's
leather, old ink and think
enclosed, weighted as
only Cat-weight weighs in
upon all things, Pink-Eared.
A Poem of Itself possessed,
Cat-self, He's but a winking
Dream only Paws may seize.

He speaks:

Please the dust in
corners, rather I'd nod.
Let others consider God.
I shall consider Me,
the Better of the two,
Furred Things being Best.

I shall not raise a Tail to human
deity, that brute untamed,
clumsy, no sense of balance.

Rather, the human is My mastery.
I have trained some few of them
well which pleases Me and greatly

them though I shall appear indifferent
as I ever Am.

Clever Me.

I will the sun up and down,
the daily annunciation of tin
cans, I bid humming humans
whose voices are the softer
for My Presence,

O bringest thou Me now the tuna.

NOW.

And their laughter I patiently
endure. They think Me silly
but I am Trickster, too, an Arse
on purpose, I take their picture
with Mine.

Eternally.

But not now.

I repose.

Every moment is a Pose,
each still Gesture appears
insignificant, a Supposition.

Consider.

**

Warren Falcon

'A First Unfallen Church It Might Have Been' - Paean To A Spider

'But if it ends
the start is begun' - William Carlos Williams *1

'a first unfallen church it might have been.' - Nathaniel Mackey *2

to engage a spider
where
once were roses

becomes a geometry which
indeed
a spider is

its shape, that is, a
spider
at web's edge,



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waits

or is it

weights?

Newly dead
I swore you
to a would-be
cloud

bore you to the lowest boulder

I, too, soon to be shroud

you lived silent enough to be
ignored
so passing, yours,

calls attention
well deserved

pity or verse?
both in one?

the Worst

Epitaph for a Spider

bidden, it bore

not a grave
but a door

where is no need to knock

its life grokked
it is no longer

there's no mock in
it tho
as it was and now is

all that is not
never
was its business

but its was only to
obey
That which bade

spider
poet

maker

it made

all praise to the Bidder

Paeon to a Spider

the tactility of the spider

bemused

concentrates skies *3

first days here on the mountain - I speak to
it every morning from the john me wondering
at its slow slow movements for three days till
fourth its legs all curled tuck tightly beneath
its carapace I blow at it from the cold seat -
bunched draws round my colder ankles -
it budges not at all I realize it is deceased
its legs uniformly creased a beauty to see
first time ever've felt remorse for bug any kind

lifting Spider up with toilet paper so soft
double ply-ed solemnly march Spider on
bier so soft softly into still harder winter
snow and darker woods Middle-March
flip flops no socks slow going find a rock
up near the woodshed so place Spider
there with oddest prayer ever in my life
but Lord Buddha helps re: 'all sentient
beings' etcetera etcetera que sera sera

so perform brief bone chill rites then slide
down the path patch to my ground floor
entrance to hot shower then to Hopkins
poem - The Windhover - the more meaningful
than ever for its 'dappled-dawn-drawn things'
now rather substituted or addendum-ed to

prayer ponder 'threaded-sewn-moaned things'
strangely mourned actual tears born no doubt
of projections upon small cringes majestically
formed objectively perceived from secret
sightless spaces suspended cocooned in
darkness or once in close woods August last

Requiem

the fragility of the web
infused
penetrates spaces *4

a web
it
was

there strung

and
purled

pearled between limbs

beneath trunks amid

fiddle ferns spun

between brittle sticks

there mute legs

somehow click

tho no ear hears

but

trembles

feels

which are ways

of knowing

but work they
unwinding
beneath faint stray leaves

each strand somehow
sticks

echoes catching where
spider
tufts sough

a
brief
webbed kingdom

such sleights
do filaments trace

alone with the Alone *5

Footnotes *1 William Carlos Williams line from 'Spring and All'.

*2 is a line of Nathaniel Mackey's from 'Song of the Andoumboulou'.

*3 & *4 are riffs on these lines below from William Carlos Williams 'Spring and All' p32:

The fragility of the flower
unbound
penetrates spaces

*5 Title of a mystical Sufi poem by the great poet Abu 'Abdullah Mu?ammad ibn 'Ali ibn Mu?ammad ibn `Arabi al-?atimi a?-?a?i. A Sufi mystic, poet, and philosopher born in Murcia, Spain on the 17th of Rama?an (26 July 1165 AD) , Ibn Arabi was one of the great mystics of all time. Considered a Saint, his counsel is to wake up as one 'alone with the Alone'.

Warren Falcon

Cheating Zen, I Trudge Snow Melt Mud Steeps Up The Drive By Beauty Blinded - 04/05/2020 Journal Entry Less Than A Month Into C19, A Prose Poem

Bodhi is not a tree;
There is no shining mirror.
Since All begins with Nothing
Where can dust collect?

- *Yeno (Hui-neng,638-713) , traditionally considered the Sixth Patriarch of the Zen sect in China

14/05/2020 - The only face mask I need here in Keene mountains is supplied by late afternoon sun while I trudge snow melt mud steeps up the drive by beauty blinded. Going to explore the barn newly purchased. Not dressed for barn storming but I had not anticipated more than a week up here when we arrived on March 13th so packed light and left my barn-butch clothes forlorn in a pile of MUST WASH UPON RETURN laundry. Hopefully the spiders and barn spirits will allow me entrance dressed as is.

POST barn storming: upon opening the door I am confronted with a mirror and by mine own visage masked by smudge by smear by crud by dead bugs layered by how many years of going unwashed, by not much to reflect but by barn stillness by planked sun dialing internals by insect flight by perhaps rodent by invading birds by bones theirs these of which are strewn in tight corrals for perhaps a horse or two.

I have been reading zen much up here, not doing enough sitting but for these walking meditations of sorts, cheating of course, my course of meditation is 'cheating zen' which I believe, and can argue, that there is good scholarly evidence for and such in history of zen, there being no real rules and orthodoxy but the most import zen 'doxy' is orthoproxy, or, practice, but/and there is much recenty read and repeated in text enough about 'polishing mirrors', that and the bright sun obscuring face, not even MY face but just 'face' or parts with one left eye tracing the left hand path I've much in life taken (cuz force and temperament) .

There's teaching everywhere. Some of it a ponderance and other such as shake clothes and sheets and towels and such before use since winter spiders love to idly spider there (idling spiders, fiddling legs, when do they sleep?) . And having suffered a severe spider bite some years ago, the craterous skin rot

rotting in perfect concentricities, spectrum of colored putrifactions, fascinating to watch slowly devour perfectly good skin, pock full of the stench of beauty and enlightenment or opposite but as they say all doors lead or in this case all pores cede, that's one zen lesson I do not want nor again need.

Some weeks later, spring snow and freeze, old knees resisting zen, prayer too. Rekihah's nephew is here renovating old house so the place shakes and vibrates with hammer and saw scrapes of heavy old stuff to be replaced with heavy new stuff so's psoas's sore me below ground floor down in here inhering pine knot plank plotch catch all or most dusts the mouse/rat/chipmunk dung the plaster the fiberglass o let this cup pass Lord of Ghosted critters-occupants-seven snake skins entwine water pipes cool wet I guess for snakes need so evidence speaks dark hiding nooks with food rodents close by old bones and

fur fall into shower stall

'ankledeep in damage

though she

dances...'1

three days

before the

pipes broke-since

from frozen

a'toilet I sat

read the castings tea leaves an old constipated sage squozen screeing fallen oracle bones and fur - spiders too what butoh walk leg by leg by leg by leg by leg by leg to what purpose there on the plasticine stall floor/ wall not sure but am sure that the

dead flies of winter go uneaten/unsucked

Spider first days here I spoke to every morning
from the john me wondering at its slow slow
movements for 3 days till 4th its legs all curled
tucked tightly beneath its carapace I blow at it
from the cold seat - bunched draws round my
colder ankles it budes not at all I realize it is
deceased legs uniformly creased a beauty to
see first time ever've felt remorse for a bug a
spider and once cleaned flushed

my pajamas
up I gently

lift Spider up with toilet paper so soft
double ply-ed solemnly march spider on
bier so soft softly into still harder winter
snow and darker woods Middle-March flip
flops no socks slow going find a rock up
near the woodshed so place Spider there
with oddest prayer ever in my life but Lord
Buddha helps re: 'all sentient beings'
etcetera etcetera que sera OK

so perform brief bone chill rites then slide down
path patch to my ground floor entrance to hot
shower then to Hopkins' poem - The Windhover
the more meaningful than ever for its

'dappled-dawn-drawn' things or rather
substituted or addendum-ed pray ponder
'threaded-sewn-moaned' things strangely
mourned actual tears born no doubt of
projections upon small cringes majestically
formed objectively perceived from secret
sightless spaces suspended cocooned
in darkness or once in close woods of
August last

there strung
they were

and purled
pearled between
limbs beneath trunks
amid ferns spun and
nettle no rattle
click no ears but
work they away
faint stray among
leaves

echoes caught
where spider tufts
sough claw intimate
sleights fragile
were filament
traced strands
taut there seasonal
a webbed kingdom
made

'a first unfallen church it might have been.'2

1 & 2 - lines of Nathaniel Mackey's
from his 'Song of the Andoumboulo

Warren Falcon

When Is The Done - Wha'-Ku Conceits

'...to break through the seductive constellations of human ordering...'
- michael heller

*

otherness / interiority
loneliness / self-ignorance
recitation / quietism
salve / balm

*

the blank stare
the cancelled look

does it go
does fire it know

so goes the banter
so goes the way
of what is the going
away or the returning
or the first-arrived

*

when is the done
actually over

[shrugs]

another turned page

*

a toad does not say what it knows

*

still the valid address

'shall and will' and 'spill my beans'
the very few that are left

bereft? sure I am
cleft? yes

twained? drained mostly - acedia [ah-che-dia = dryness]

*

inclement hallelujahs

latencies of disintegration

ancient slopes of containment

gnomic marginalia

trace the grace-note of reprieve

*

burl-esq-ueries most william everson-esque -
gleanings from his poem on the death of Robinson Jeffers1:

'you can hear time take back its own'

'what remains alone lets go if its light'

'touch what it craves: the passionate dark of deliverance'

*

non-atman: caution and creativity are not good company

ego: yes

non-atman: So call out workers in secret woods
where whirls whorls where are light and pointillist dashes

continue work solitary
mused, mazed among
the living in silence be
present and yet bestow
slow between water and

wave the trough descending
seeks depth

*

loathe to needle the matter more
but what's the seam or wear

*

score so far:

ego: zip
life: TOTAL SUPREMACY

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Warren Falcon

Proud Jackhammers Break out, Backward Attempt Toward A Lost Love Poem

'Of these beginnings, gay and green, propose
The suitable amours. Time will write them down.'
--Wallace Stevens

'The world is all forgetting, and the heart is a rage of directions' - Leonard Cohen

for KK & for VG

Working over old attempts at poetry, many
laments dedicated to or about, or accusative
of, the two Indian lovers after whom I no longer
pine but, perhaps, oak, or holly

but good memories of what, for me at least,
would be their gleaned love after a lifetime
of nought; but reach, inward-turned, burns
to a bindu point as yet to be seen but it is felt
as familiar bad weather

Call it spurn or better

This adhered old ache breaks open familiar
sorrows neither lent nor borrowed for what
they are worth or were, hurt-worth, a new
category of value though such with booze
or nostrums varied are still hard to swallow

So now they chorus call,
no, they bellow

See?

The wallow is ready
Just took three doses in three different forms

Who knew self pity had as many or more

forms when just one would do

Now cued Cruel City's proud jackhammers break
out just for me, they're in my innermosts too

they stammer so so shake both wall
and floor yet not without some fitful
rejoicing such are their ever

inclement hallelujahs

Warren Falcon

Concordia Discors -Gleanings/Contrasts

'...noons of dryness see you fed' - W. H. Auden

for Josef

Acedia (ah-che-dia) - spiritual or mental sloth; apathy

He has an impulse to confess more than is likely. -Randall Potts

*

Concordia Discors - inharmonious harmony: harmony of discordant elements

Our path is a path of roses, but it is also a way of thorns. -Fr. Giovanni Melchior Bosco of the Salesian Society

*

Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors?

What does the discordant harmony of things mean, and what can it do? -Horace

'I confess to myself a perhaps capricious fondness for it.' -Walt Whitman

*

....But to stand in the midst of this rerum concordia discors and of this whole marvelous uncertainty and rich ambiguity of existence... -Nietzsche, Gay Science I.2

I am walking among the emerald trees
in the night without end. -Mark Strand

Warren Falcon

Something About A Rumi Poem - With Jackhammers, Doves, Bach Cantata Number 85, Hungry Ghosts & A Wasted Life - Or Not

This aria on this bright sunny clear NYC day whilst the jackhammers and their jackhammerers pound directly beneath my window at 9 am. The patient doves with their blessing dulcets on my usual late winter fire escape just other side of window have fled, my bed no refuge from mad unvaunted unwanted dins in the city of men....juxtapose dust hammered up from the bookshelves, the compliant window ledge graying clouds of god knows what, with Bach's praises, with sharp sneezes in B minor, my whining complaints just so much braying 'hair on a me string', impotent curses abjure to the roaring city that never ever let's me sleep in, the Polis's absolute rule-unchangeable being - neither blizzard, gale, hail, pandemic nor Jehovah's Witnesses shall prevent absolute Imperatives of Unrelenting Progress from hammering meek citizens escaped to their tarred overpriced roofs in a city of Hungry Ghost calculating taxes and wondering just why there is no more ink in the voracious printer.

To quote last lines from two James Wright poems despite the magnificent transcendence of Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach, ah the complementarity of apparent opposites, contrasts of the morning new and the same old bright dingy yellow-suited helmeted men at war with pavement below mad to get to gas in urban rusted pipes a'leak perhaps, my good dream no longer remembered, blotted, only scraps to poke at -

something to do with a Rumi poem, a turbaned Sufi at the wheel, a beat VW taxi, also bright yellow, intent (me in the back seat behind the Driver, my window blacked out, no seeing the Path clearly) to my long overdue reunion/return with/to the Friend, did I make it? :

'Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body I would break
Into blossom.' - J. Wright

[AND]

'I have wasted my life.'
- J. Wright

Still This Grief - A Dear Incomprehension Poem

Still this grief

trees just below

where I will leap

blossom brightly

as does the

sun burst from

cloud dark

such sheen on

fragile things



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blossom-flung

branches ripped

to street last night

the high howl

(or

was that me)

even this urban

crawl space sheer

utter

brilliance

daresay

Beauty

such would be blasphemy
not to say it to give praise

entire body the entire
crawl space the planet
nothing but grief

grief

all grief and quandry

unanswerable

Warren Falcon

The Newly Dead Are Come To Ground - A Dear Incomprehension Poem

Dear Incomprehension,

all our Sun goes nova

blossoms perform for eyes

conform trees toward affinities

for seasons

rooted they are

and remain in place

are places without

envy of motion they

even fall or parts do

which does not

surprise the sky

or dirt

all hurt seems born

to every option

seems to some how

know every plot

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So let all

verb tenses confuse themselves

for seasons

the newly dead are come to ground

Warren Falcon

Reading Through Tears

though curtains darked

allow some sun to pass

noon's now well into darkness

too, the day wells on

Fortune's last nerve's

a winter dove

loo-looo

loo

loo

loo

just who

is it who loos-

es?

one icicle

the last from

last week's

early a.m.



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altering?

it or something

within or

beyond it

perhaps beneath

it

it

surmises

insists what

remains of

postponement

relents

one wet

(which goes
without saying

'wet's wet in
all a world of
wet' - G. Hopkins)

one

heavy

drop

slips the

grab metal

Or so

rumor goes

this seeming

here

falls

unheard

which

me I

believe

it did

when it

calved

met

the

walk or

stoop

or bounced

lightly

shattered

to the

basement

door

here dove's

brooding on

breath by

breath

so close

the mono-tone

Warren Falcon

The Distant Gazebo

The distant gazebo of that small
town wears white lights garlanded
round, and snow.

A boy without gloves reads alone.

He is no fool who takes his time and
place to know.

Warren Falcon



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Once His Other Darkness - Cybered Production Via Online Translation

Google translation of my poem in English to Spanish, then translated the Spanish back into English via Google translator and find some lovely lines and thoughts not intended in the original English:

from the back
see the vision of the massive horse
distort God back into the picture above
it is necessary to the dark
to see what can be spread on land
to see what resurrection is in the smell of paint.

you can find again the desire to immerse
more/deeper, still deeper in the mud and the
magic of the shorter days occurred in winter,
in the long nights generously poured without
control over humans.

stains allusive,
serving now and before
ancestrally take part of his offering
place
cured in contemplation
sample
nuanced cloud
strip of land collapsed
And you, what,
still here? have helped
he to me, to others,
an internal imperative,
a torment
insists it is urgent to continue
within the whirling hopefully soon

to blow themselves out

then himself busy with the realization, IT
then see how the belly is too much,
has to be diluted, a new leg
cut to size
a brief seizure of the eyes and paint
depends on the hands,
a'rights a monumental problem
or at least the prospect of suffering for oneself
in the middle, against,
or,
teethe daily concerns
assumed ultimate form

Once his other darkness,
Hopkins said to you,
'The years of drought'¹
in the bitter, half-tone
discovery, rather, a nod-woe
the world to keep,
personally felt,
more view
making poems' misfortune's orphan
of grace, always the furtive escapes
then surprises, sombre, sudden,
analyzed only in the
green green of thingsstill pleading

Light shorter

the nights cold and long

bright stars' questions
are awkward networks
though they do not push

these longer words to
pen or paint

but offer, with thanks
for their work,

to feed, through the eyes perhaps
the assembly of all time -

the kindly extended claw hammer,

the crow about the barred door,

and, with drugs limit,
decline to provide Dullness
not a text for the worship itself

but rather a nod

NOD

Warren Falcon

Let Us Put On The Blue

for Franz Wright

Let us put on the blue
whose voice is this -

the bird, slight, brown,
down on the planks

pecking between them
hoping darkness yields

Whose is it, the dark
thing beneath or be-

tween the mean streak
of the conquering beam,

the sudden sun not
blundering but purpose

full, not dull as the day
is or was until the bird

blinks up and darts
unconfused by wings

knowing, fly, fly now

light is here

and terrible

Warren Falcon

Still, All This Grief, And Trees - Elegy For Toni

1

Still, all this grief, the trees
just below me blossom brightly
as the sun has burst from
clouds dark, such shine on
such fragile things,

new blossoms flung from
branches ripped to street by
last night's high howl (or
was that me)

even this urban crawl space
is sheer, is utter, brilliance,
beauty...would be blasphemy
not to say it, to give praise as
Toni's tumors grow so large
she looks nine months pregnant,
agonized she scratches her
body entire, a new regimen
of meds, toxic sure, that will
surely send, most probable
alas, her to death, clawed
skin red, gritted teeth working
out her 'what did I do? ' she
asks other day,

'what did I do to deserve this? '
I cry too, stumped through and
through, staggered, mute, holding
her, she struggles to breathe,
tumors press, evil evil tumors,
press her guts into her lungs,
less space for air, for life, her
entire body and the entire f*cking
crawl space of the planet entire,
nothing but grief, grief,

all grief and quandry.

Unanswerable quandry

2

there is still always the laundry

3

Grace, I can't, or won't, argue
but can welcome. Meanwhile,
Toni and tumors and the suicide
friend, the falling man who chose
such intimate relations to gravity
and end, gravity's end (such is
not a friend of mine but) betimes

I wonder if going on and on de-
spite eternal returns, or so it
appears till our sun goes nova,

blossoms perform for the eyes,
conform trees toward affinities
for seasons, rooted, they are
and remain in place, are places,
without envy of motion, they
even fall or parts of them do
which does not surprise the sky
or dirt, all hurt seems born to
every option, seems to some-
how know every plot

4

still, there,

ironically,

innocent as

they are,

the blossoms,

are close

They are

not not far

Look

5

Shivers in a park behind the
glass construction at Astor Place.
Weather man lies re: warmer
climes today. But let's say for
the moment I'll climb, or want
to, but might could decide to
deride the insistent obscurancies
perhaps I'll strident be forget-
full of the moments lost, the
losses a lifetime gathers, I'd
rather it not be so but as it
goes so it goes, come see,
come saw limb from tree heart
from these who've left willy
nihilily but occupants of mem-
ories, members rendered near
or almost, ghosted, a smile
a tear here in the chill creep-
ing to marrow.

What of tomorrow for now
I'm here verily elegiacal, un-
friended the feels, and I am
the longer than contracted or
contraction, in spite of others'
death I AM

underdressed, rife with loan

days, 'haps years, a'fever so
here sit weeping from cold
wind, nose running, me chasing
years afade with frayed rope
self yelping after, calling names
no answer, now a piece of
bread in the sack, nibble here
nibble there, bunched and
discomforted by underwear,
I stare at the writing hand,
remanded, benumbed but
pleading as proof old but
able enough opposable thumbs
but pleading to what or whom
I'll not, Dear Incomprension,
even pretend to proffer,
vaunt a venture, adjusting
buttocks and dentures, as
to the question, the afore-
mentioned quandary, suggest
names for the elusive blister
a sun, and stars too, does/
do make, but old baked
slice of peasant loaf in hand,
or beside in brown paper
sack, I'll name incomprehsion,
afore mentioned just above
these lines, a cypger with
or without rhymne,

Bread Crumb.

I'll beggar rather than bother
the aeons long question and
endless rehash more a thrash
or thrush on the tongue or
in the throat...beg, please,
forgive and forget the mote
in the eye

I'll bleat if that helps
or bloat frozen on the

marble bench upon which
I'll pretend, not only of
thumbs opposable but
prehensile too fingers
do or can - wag,

In mind alone chizzle the
stone impervious to heat
or cold, names of those
head long ones whose
hands I held, in whose
eyes I have gazed and
theirs too, hands and
gaze gave, do give, life
enough and unsuspect
fondness realler past
and beyond projections.

Recalling these and such
abjection my holiday, be
swayed into distances
enough to linger content
enough while rough life
stings on but I'll cling to
what's held within and
spills from the pen here

trying to write by rashed
and frozen fingers, can't
read clearly through tears,
the here now, hear now,
though I should know how
to do that all and moreso
easy peasy, cycles of squints
and scries through briney lenses.

So let, now, all
verb tenses confuse themselves
for seasons

6

Grief, Mr. Berryman, not life, is a bore

So,

a bientôt

tout et possible

I remain

prehensile

but tense

7

No longer on the fence.

8

I've chosen my side now in
loathe of edges. Not going
to hedge or even venture a
guess regarding the mess of
living but live by gods I will
though I may someday over
spill, fall, but hopeful still in
spite all or nothing, further
into life, become silence more
on purpose instead of this
discharge, this dread, in
urgent need of an edit.

But all's a final edit till the
credits do roll, finally, ,
as they say and it's read.

7

a reprise to that/these

what somehow, meaning,
know, what might take root:

till our sun goes nova

blossoms perform for the eyes,

conform trees toward affinities

for seasons, rooted, they are

and remain in place, are places,

without envy of motion, they

even fall or parts of them do

which does not surprise the sky

or dirt, all hurt seems born to

every option, seems to some

how know every plot

Warren Falcon

Three Days Before The Pipes Broke - A Poem Beginning With A Line By Nathaniel Mackey To Begin And To End

for Rekihah

'ankledeep in damage

though she

dances...'

three days

before the

pipes broke-since

from frozen

a'toilet I sat

read the castings tea leaves an old
constipated sage squozen screeing
fallen oracle bones and fur - spiders
too what butoh walk leg by leg by
leg by leg by leg by leg to what purpose
there on the plasticine stall floor/
wall not sure but am sure that the
dead flies of winter go uneaten/unsucked

Spider first days here I spoke to every morning
from the john me wondering at its slow slow
movements for 3 days till 4th its legs all curled
tucked tightly beneath its carapace I blow at it
from the cold seat - bunched draws round my
colder ankles it budes not at all I realize it is

deceased legs uniformly creased a beauty to
see first time ever've felt remorse for a bug a
spider and once cleaned flushed

my pajamas
up I gently

lift Spider up with toilet paper so soft
double ply-ed solemnly march spider on
bier so soft softly into still harder winter
snow and darker woods Middle-March flip
flops no socks slow going find a rock up
near the woodshed so place Spider there
with oddest prayer ever in my life but Lord
Buddha helps re: "all sentient beings"
etcetera etcetera que sera OK and

so perform brief bone chill rites then slide down
the path patch to my ground floor entrance to hot
shower then to Hopkins' poem - The Windhover
the more meaningful than ever for its

"dappled-dawn-drawn" things or rather
substituted or addendum-ed pray ponder

"threaded-sewn-moaned" things strangely
mourned actual tears born no doubt of projections
upon small cringes majestically formed objectively
perceived from secret and sightless spaces suspended
cocooned in darkness or once in close woods strung
pearled between limbs and trunks ferns which freakt
my face when August-last stumbled in marsh's humid
stagger thickets face-first into a massive web the sudden

grand mal-like seizure-like slaps scrape-face-eyelids
forehead-pate monstrous poison fears from not so
small a miracle maker webber's tales spun of/from its
self from within to without such sacred spun tattle-rattle
faint click no ears human to hear little feet tight walking
filament filligrees faint thin but so very there in air

"A first unfallen church it might have been."1

1- a line of Nathaniel Mackey's
from his "Song of the Andoumboulo

Warren Falcon

Even Pretty Buddhas...Rumors Exist Of Han Shan's Unfettered Inscriptions Of Wind

From a preface to earliest publication of Han Shan's poems 'Lu Ch'iu-Yin...claims to have personally met both Hanshan and Shide at the kitchen of the temple in Kuo-ch'ing, but they responded to his salutations with laughter then fled.' - Wikipedia on Han Shan

translation of Han Shan poem 18 by Red Pine (Bill Porter) :

I spur my horse past ruins;
ruins move a traveler's heart.
The old parapets high and low
the ancient graves great and small,
the shuddering shadow of a tumbleweed,
the steady sound of giant trees.
But what I lament are the common bones
unnamed in the records of immortals.

Dates of Han Shan's life are uncertain, anywhere from 5th to 9th century A.D.

'How strange is life in old age
- an old mountain waking up'

White haired, nearer now to
Yellow Spring, few teeth remain.
My humor with the world remains.
And yet toothlessness does not block
endless laughter, a small favor of the
gods. Perhaps. Perhaps not -

A human virtue at any rate.

And a strong constitution.

Even alone I laugh out loud, a
victory over my enemies and
those frivolous, ill-tempered

gods, all my youth wasted given
over to their sly manipulations.

Useless it is to demand those lost
years back but suffice it now to
presently steal more boldly from
Kings, Lords, the 'Glorious State.'
Even temples are not safe from
my pilfering. I kindly repay them,
a poem scrawled on the door or
wall or a nearby rock. It really is
enough recompense for what I
take, a root, some rice, a persimmon.
Nothing more than I need for a
day or two until winter forces in.

If they do not know how to
spend my words then so be it.
They have been paid in full. My
conscience, silly thing it is,
is clear as is my mind. Blood
hot, I fear no god yet respect
most men for both good and
bad suffer alike.

My fight is with the gods.
These fickle powers control
mortals who fear invisible
things but I have seen through
them and I laugh and I am unfettered.
Look to your minds mortals and
there find the open sky, the full
land you seek. There are some
others like me who freely roam
without explanation or excuse,
without self rebuke. After so
much youthful, frivolous sanctity
I am an old fool emptied of all
that. I know the ways of those
who speak for the gods. Naivete
about them is especially
dangerous for men.

Still, I cry out time and again in
a dream where I am remaindered
to Silence. When awake I laugh
through tears and avenge nights
from hostile heaven's envious thieves,
their priestly minions mumbling on
robbing men of years on earth.

Even my cave is taxed!
and so is my sleep by such a dream.

Some real troubles come only in sleep.
Why should I be exempt?

A habit now, I sit at the Buddhas feet.
Their faces are convincing enough. I
ignore much evidence to the contrary.
Undergarments even of Buddhas reveal
a truth which does not flinch and I
may perhaps pinch my nose in disgust
even of holy stench all the while
celebrating my own for what else
am I here for? Odor is the Thing!

Even so, in spite of meditations long,
I am flung further into life's fray though
I sway charmed by chants up to the Eight
Celestial Flights, my steps light forgetting
their feet of dung.

Long in exile,
dizzy with The Path,
human beauty broken there beside,
in every field shy flowers want all
our windows and stoops to proudly
present themselves upon.

This only now but happy do I discover.

And I am old, my scent upon the wind
down human lanes where even dogs

take pleasure from the air, where
children play and narrow water flows
and petal by petal night and day the
joyous moon swoons in the liquor of
splash upon stones happy to be worn.

There, almost within reach, the blossoming
tree brightens between darker bricks to truly
dwell. It is for me a shy son of mists to see
in spite of big chunks missing, lost, wasted,
torn out, that the Celestial World is not as
it appears to most, It yearns for much needed
hardness for spirits without shoes still long
to be bread that they may dwell in our finitude.
To them then I am a daffodil dandy at a rusty
gate where heaven and hell conjoin. There
where the thinned road ends vague statues
sway out of focus lamenting their redaction
to stone, no river to move them petal by petal,
unable to move at all, for movement is not nothing.

Even pretty Buddhas pretending eternity
cannot move by themselves alone in need
of human feet and arms. In this way then
they become like me for I too will be
borne by men or wind to the grave no
longer able to move on my own.

Nothing to lose, this rag of selves.
With what glory remains of hungry pockets,
I skip forward singing, La La La, a willful
don, a lord of nothing-much, poems a'pocket,
knowing it's all a shell game but I'm clever
having learned something from all the dice
rolled knowing that here and there (Heaven)
weight matters and that there is more to here
than there. Wised up now I always pack a
change of draws, a piece of broken mirror in
my pocket to gaze within practicing my smiles
to fool the gullible gods who think they are
smiling at themselves.

If stopped and questioned at the Gate to
Yellow Spring, I'll blame you, old Ghost
of too many former selves, a meandering
rumor still muttering the old hymns, who
grants me permission the entrance to boldly storm.

Between what these final breaths remain and
the horizon closing in, my fingers still work.

On behalf of all sentient beings I will plead
the case.

I'll write until the quill is taken from my cold hand.

Even then I shall be dirty with righteous indigence,
only the gods to blame - they love a good
argument anyway. Why should I disappoint?

In dying I become human through and through
which comes from doing.

Be damned and done with mirrors and pockets,
a man can curse at the end having earned the
right to do so -

a wink and a
grin rehearsed,
then come the flies.
Whose hands shall
shoo them, whose
hands un-shoe him
and run quickly
into day?

THIEF! THIEF!

A ghostly laugh.
I gladly give shoes away,
no more need at last.

I leave my poems just as they are.

When I'm gone let the worms correct
spelling and punctuation.

Meanwhile beneath willow tips
I will tease slowly the grasses to laughter
which is the only horizon I have known.

.....

Footnote:

Yellow Spring is a Chinese version of 'purgatory'

Warren Falcon

With Fire, And Sireling - Preface To Preparations For Departure, A Series Poem

...yet again, for Viren

"So, friend, you die also. Why all this clamour about it? " - from The Iliad XXI by Homer

...but it's late and I've been under-slept, much distressed, stretched through veil and moan, though I dreamed last night a sweet yet-dog/not-dog sleeping upon a burning log most inviting, I see now it is a sacrifice that has consented to such and thus is resolved, at peace, surrendered to gentle flame, to rules of the human consciousness game, and/but I want to secure its comfort and safety though Fire winks at me and says, "Got this covered."

So.

What to do?

Out of my league as creature alone,
I demur to Fire.

Am awaiting further instructions.

Marinating in petrol.

Negotiating
with Combustion Union

even as I
speak or spark,

whichever come
first which will

inexorably of course

come last then

ashes to ashes
and the mourning

a thousand
or more books unread,

not understood.

Tou jours mon ami,
mon frere (to rhyme

with fire, and sireling) .

Warren Falcon

On The Way To Canterbury - For Agnes Martin

On the way to Canterbury.

Fields. Dairy.

What is late August doing with the light

from Agnes Martin to this Cathedral bound

walled city?

Who let the dogs in?

Bad theology.

Still, many questions

medieval and otherwise.

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Agnes thinks in squares. Or not.

Layered resolutions vague the plot.

Warren Falcon

Infinite Dispersion Sheltering In Place, Its Harem Of Stones

"Nihilism is something that can appear from behind any experience...The field of nihilism is such an infinite dispersion..." - Keiji Nishitani (of the Kyoto School of Philosophy) , Religion and Nothingness

for Low

In answer to

your question

of how I am

in my hermitage

behind the

mountain



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I am safe

and sound

and not near

any danger

seen or

unseen

but for stray

spring flowers

daring snow

drift on the

steep ledge

enough to

disturb my

sleep

the brook's too

below

trembling

full of melt and

promise before

algae claims

its harem

of stones.

Warren Falcon

What To Do Haiku

What to do? Out of

my league as creature alone

I demur to Fire

Warren Falcon



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His Dilemma Haiku

What to do. Out of

my league as creature alone

I demur to Fire

Warren Falcon



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Presumed To Have Fledged, An Extreme Case Of Hatching Asynchrony In A Pair Of Tree Swallows - A Found Poem, Also A Murmuration

[NOTE: This found poem derives from a scientific article found in *The Migrant*, a journal dedicated to the study of birds, all observations of and conclusions derived so far as birds go, being continually mysterious even though the understanding of flight and song is now clear, even so there is something about birds, and sparrows in particular, which evoke stunned mystery and silence until humans are moved to chirp and coo in soft wonder. Note too that thunder, similar though differently to birds, also evokes wonder and certain human sounds. Tis indeed a mystery. The account of these sparrow eggs is by David A. Aborn. You may read his account (reconfigured below with a few poetic changes) at academia.edu.]

for Elaine,
our many murmurations gazed on the way to Christmas Lourdes

Asynchrony - a synchrony = absence or lack of concurrence in time

[Tree Swallows

typically lay 5-6

eggs, with one laid

about every 24 hours.

Incubation

typically lasts

14 days

(range: 11-20 days) ,

after which time
the eggs all hatch
within a 24-72-hour
period.]

Herein is reported
a case of extreme
hatching asynchrony
by a pair of tree

Swallows:

One hundred and
twenty-five nest
boxes have been
placed around the
county in groups
ranging from 10
to 25 boxes.

The design and
dimensions of the
boxes follow those

of standard bluebird
boxes and are mounted
upon metal poles,
fences, or poles
of utility.

All boxes are within
certain reach of water,
and are in or adjacent
to open fields.

Most boxes are also in
close proximity to human
activity

(sidewalks, parking
lots, trails, etc.) .

On a certain May day,
a female laid the first egg
of her clutch, and the
6-egg clutch was
completed 5 days later.

12 days after the first egg hatched. The nest was checked every two days, and no additional eggs hatched until May's end at which time was observed a newly hatched chick, plus 4 eggs unhatched.

During the next nest check on second June, the newly hatched chick was dead.

None of the other eggs had hatched. The remaining chick was present on all subsequent checks until 8 days later when it was no longer in the nest.

As there was no evidence of predation, the chick is

presumed to have ?edged.

In seven years of study of

this population, Sparrows,

just to be clear, this is the

most extreme case of hatching

asynchrony observed;

all other broods have

hatched within 48 hours.

END

2

murmur - (A) to make the sound 'mu mu' (old Greek)

or 'mumu', to murmur with closed lips, to mutter,

moan... (B) to drink with closed lips, to suck in...

-Liddell and Scott, Greek-English Lexicon, 1897 ed.

'when the attentions change

...even the stones are split

are rive...' - Charles Olson, from *The Kingfishers*

So ensues the Murmuration moan,

wind mutter the winding matter bebothered

of Swallows

...

ASYNCHRONY OF SWALLOWS

which is,

a-synchrony, just to remind =

absence or lack of concurrence in time.

In other words, no rhyme scheme

or known reason though presumptions

occur in observation of patterns that

such are the habits of nature to assist

drawing conclusions which are surmises

but 'unhatched eggs' says alot conveys

wasted days in shells that bird-brooding

manages one out of a clutch to grow wings

enough to fly and make a case for

furtherance of air and lift while preferring

drift in currents timeless whirls until

hunger and such insist landings safely

to secure a night's sleep eyes always

open though dreaming what Swallows

may dream while clouds stars moon

reflect in mirror-eyes seeing within

in dreamtime or just dead sleep the

nothingness having fledged from its
nowhere to not here at all or at least
no animal awareness of existence at
all - random but for sonic association
random throw in the word 'atoll' with
its precision of isolate coagulate
dwelling surrounded by water which

we can extend as visual aid to
stand for the nothingness or at least
no awareness of thingness at atoll
in sleep which when not dreaming
assumes a kind of death which does
fledge much of all kinds in many ways
hatched or not, whereas hatched or
not dispatch reigns (rains being
another extension into image/ism)
though life while living pretends no
limit no reach range that cannot be
spanned nor spun and down to
Sorrow (to evoke 'Swallow') or Man

and (enough with evocation) all
other kinds beings species - the
rind of the earth is kingdom round
at least in each its eyes so far as
eyes do see while awake and also
while awake even moreso or differently
glanced in conscious dreams and

so fledging

dear ones

is the thing

concavity curves

in a dead hatchling's sparkless
eye reflecting dead eggs perfect
forms soft brooded upon as
one might brood with one in
hand pondering which is the
better off the flown lone one
or the ongoing knot which can
also denote an egg unhatched

or not or clotted everyly or other-

wise is all surmise who knows what

to do 'Anand'-as-Ground

(Anand is bliss in sanskrit)

Urground rumored to persist ether-

eally really somehow 'a thing'which

is always/already at hand a force or

ferocity demanding hatch and fledge

and flying as much of edges as one

can while drawing or trying conclusions

of flight even singing or saying such

to some (who?) others who (who? to

echo another bird hoo hoo hoo)) may

or may not remember that winged things

or fleshedness in their own each way

nest finally into mystery within which

futher Swallows fly portend extend

as or others may too they fledge to

flocks to awe dirt even Ground itself

and those comprising most or much

of suchness thusness twining in

massive murmurations

which are marvelous things to live

long enough to gawk at whopper

warper jaws agape maws suddenly

all'r many'r asthmatic wheezers

(ecstatically so) point-fingers

joy's malinger's all sudden as

does thunder announce a flashy

entrance as do Swallows too

flash as flash can and it Awe

may last along while if memory

serves one is glad one's self to

have hatched and fledged to see

what glory can be made and had

at edges (earth's clearly domed

the shape of eyes makes it so)

and one knows or someday will

in lighter or heavier bones scry

the effort was is made atoll

all a seeming to understand
but not us as ourselves as
adjusted to as determined
self portraits which may or
may not be the actual who
we perceive ourselves to be
we being adhered to dirt so
verily moulded by known an
unknown forces within which
we make or so we think choice
but nevermind but no let us
return to mumur to suck in
sounds through and behind
lips and be naturally moved
by such sights sounds above
but close so close they evoke
rumored evidence of soul or
spirit until such moments
movements image

majestic above underscore that
more is available for wonder if
one waits or actively seeks time
out of mind or is it mind out of
time mind being awareness then
in presense of murmuration one
finds or is the 'more' that is revealed
in that turning wave black to gray
and back skying diving ebbing

waning

asynchrony

to what we know as solid matter
and what marvelous vapor is life
restive in thousand undulate
congregations so who needs a
falconer after all when chaos
of a Sunday evening seems to
know something so falls into
purple fields edged by sheer
snow peaks where sheep sure

feet know no fear of heights
and there do dung and play
fearless or at least pretending
not to fall in their waking dreams

all in all in the witnessing whence all
but we have fledged or flung hung out
over strungbut wily yet worried we
bother to somehow care which with
heart we indeed do. Care. And as
one elderly old bird once said to me
my being newly fledged and flung
me at her knobby wither-knees
admiring her mustache and tooth
told me to observe and note 1 or
3 do re mi's or more like the or to
better the feathered choirs) so try
at least to sing it, IT, anand anon
even if choking on what cannot
as yet be chewed swallowed our being
without craw or claw but IT anand

eventually had if not understood in
words thoughts ideas - in other words
arrive land perch alight lift off a
life time of chew and choke then
with some digestive orientation
from and of such one can sing
coo ru ru ruoo caw scree even
gargle as do corvids just to
let you know all is sonically aloud
allow with our without clouds
for hover or cover and so we
can try by murmurations marveled

to warble deep throated if possible
though definitely 'ossible' bone tones
some parsings or other some conjugant
choralling which may and might ascribe
flight night daylight the usual things so
granted for taken so often misspoken
or under sung, we being always flung yet

trying to cling to what cannot be
undone but is forever and always
clotted until we do indeed fly no
more in mind or breeches and so
inevitably come to full glottal stop
fledged utterly
bow now stopped

Warren Falcon

This Is Peculiar But Not Remarkable - Metaphysic In Brief

this is peculiar but not remarkable -

night now
snow is falling

warm slippers

track for a few seconds
a break in the clouds

attend

by stars by blackness
above clouds

blessed night cushions us

enters northwest

attend

eyes owned
don't travel light

great deer see

and past

be

practice

be

companionship

child

waters

Warren Falcon

Giftng The Palace To Eunuch Qingnu - Loose Improvs On Several Poems By Li Yu (937-978, Tang Dynasty, China)based Upon Translations By Luo Zhihai (1954 -, China)- Original Draft

for Tien Yi and M.G. Reed

This way of living has
grown old as am I. Being
that it is almost spring I
will be happy enough
wandering about hoping
to undo my deep shame
for depending too much
for too long upon others,
for being surrounded by
pricy man-made things,
high art, when natural
beauty turns my eyes
into fire.



Quinu, though you have
toiled for me all these many
years, we are good friends.
By your sincerity I am spoiled
mistrusting instant handshakes,
jaded smiles like highest blossoms
one can never inspect up close,
these are suspect as ever. I
know the truth now - that I am
forever low though my status
is considered high.

So now I flee shyly into the dusty world.
I have wised up, have burned
the nuanced codes where pinkies
have become daggers for beheadings.
I shall go into spring snow for
who is high and who is low?

The crocus does not compare
itself to cow or crow. I shall try
somehow to see through new
eyes how the river ice begins
to break and flow and I will follow

evening songs still singing in
me of common good in all folk,
and back room tunes about entitled
asses braying threats and lies
- such pathetic jokes!

Qingnu, I stoke the fire in
the hearth for you and take
with me its well tended glow.

All that was mine
is yours now.

My heart too, always,
if you will have it.

Warren Falcon

The Mad Boy Writes Feeble Colors For Love - A Song For Garcia Lorca

[NOTE: this is a revised version of an earlier beginning of it posted some years ago]

" everything is descending,
even the scholarship of the
ancient adverbs" - Richard Tagett

The mad boy
writes feeble colors
for love
the halt the lame the
mute which within
around which intends
bends
distorts (in your glass
case)
twists takes
traps light to
separate
the mad world
from shadow

Both
we are
contortionists

thus take our
place with clowns who
know tomatoes thrown
and juggler's (bare necked)
necessary concentration.

You are the maestro here
whom I trail behind at respectful

distance



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murdered by the too ordinary
controllers

So long

So long to image
to suffer on dear
bruised M the
void of course

o bring me
beauty no matter
how terrible

created by His
own opening
which makes
Him forever
Lorca's girl

"a pomegranate
[a god] biggish and
green and I can't take
her in my arms..
Won't she come back?
Why won't she? "**

You, dear, will read
of my heterosexual shadow

a great lover who serenades
Her in the terrible contradiction

of the moon caught
in bare tree limns strophes

just outside Her window
the fool below in rouge

head hung, singing

O hurt

heart's tin can
tied to belt loop behind
of his ragged pants
pants

waits

to be filled with
whatever flows

in the dirty lane
he leans his
love against

* * *

Imagine
this asterisk
which contains an aster
is a rose transforming yet again
because it can
because

Lorca

has willed it obediently into being
letter by letter, petal by petal
bee-kissed by brazen bees
a clutch of stamens
assassin's ink
out flowing

Warren Falcon

Not The Moon But The Poem

Seeing the moon whole could mean
madness, now or overdue, for the supreme
vanity of daring to eye-gulp the whole swiss cheese.

Please gods and moondogs
the effort pays in insubstantial ways,

makes a life, gives it focus but employs for life times:

spilt milk

one milk tooth
a throat charm

against seeing but
not the saying.

It troubles me that I can't get it right.

Not the moon but the poem.

So here I go again behind the moon.

Where's this going? To what end?

James Wright says, 'Men have the right to thank god for their loneliness'

Kenneth Patchen says, 'We can lie here with the angel if we like'

Warren Falcon

Still On The Long Meander - Eventual Homage

for the Major, my father

yet to praise him

forget the net wide
as the blue he knew

studied maps of
guided planes through
from tower then radar

green the rolling screen,
for steady hours stare
study of panoply glyphs

blips for wings in
the turning sweeps

tracking flight



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Warren Falcon

Shaking Dusty Throw Rugs On The Roof Sunrise East Village Nyc

sun's not high

just enough

little cloud

just some-

where

beyond

between

buildings



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morning glory's

already

opened

closed

an

accident

of

placement

its

indigo

Warren Falcon

Offered Fragments For Kierkegaard

for Soren Trembler & Reginald McClelland

Dear Incomprehension

beloved old friend

difficult foe as always
within twained

still this old theological
dog suspends strains

Hanged Man in fear
&trembling either/or

more&nor nought
before betrothal

such paring would be
- no - IS Testamental

Terrible tender deity
Breath of mud & fire

ambivalent Word
cooled only by bare

Shulamit of figs &
dates in darkness wooed

what may come
of parted lips

hers torn in two splices

the I & the thou & how

one alembic

conjoins (or can)exiles

How two makes One
the myriad to the Alone

taut limbs long
unwind where no

higher math
is needed &

no timid dread
can easily stitch

nor pull thread
to bother the fair

spurning daughter
become dumb

Cruelty's revelator
where again ever

Grasper Soaring
One deep sinks

into think to reckon
what is what & not

betwixt earth &
heaven's hereafter

Warren Falcon

Rereading Charles Bukowski As Old Age Approaches

I cut many
a poetry tooth
on old Buke

who seemed so
dangerous then

but reading him
now

old age coming
on

he's delicate

thin

like old chamois
used a life time

to polish shelved
things

long forgotten

eventually given
away

pawned shopped
or sold in

a garage sale

or yard

There's a
lingering
gaze though

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as it leaves the
hand

double wrapped
in newspaper

placed in the
plastic sack

a sudden recall

some rule about
breaking open

the heart warning

Don't look back

Later

washing dishes

the kitchen table
emptier

you miss what
was sold

Later

midnight
at that table

remember

the old

teacher

smiling,

balancing
a thin tea
cup on the
flat of his
trembling
palm

says

Don't worry
so much
about

understanding
everything

about
doing it
all right

cuz space is
curved

You can't fall off
the universe

Warren Falcon

Stitched Cursives, Sumi-E Migration Of Flight

for Tuoma

once more headlong
into lucustrine stations

none of my India-tinted prayers
gather as they once did invisibly
into the knotted hair of my Japanese
once-was-in-my-arms-alla-time
lover

two large scorpions
sumeï*-stitch around his pectorals
their carapaces conjoined at the
heart so many pulsing mirrors
repelling away from each

the tails their stingers tremble
ready at his sides gripped tightly
as he impacts my uttermost
most within

once afterward
across the room
smoking

he looked kindly at me

said out of the dark-inked blue the
stitched cursives of the scorpions
still gleaming silver with our sweat

something about patterns of flight

an artist he
noticed such
things

his inked
fingers gracefully
forming an airplane-gliding
gesture in dim light toward the open

window

*sumi-e is the Japanese word for Black Ink Painting

Warren Falcon

America The Ongoingly Surreal 1960's

hydrogen jukebox

my mind's not right

what thou lovest well
brown cricket:

yellow fog that
rubs its back upon
degrees of gray
sky flashes, the
great sea years

land of a thousand dances:

ach du ach du

the twist

the swim

the chicken

the monkey

the dog

the watusi

the jerk

the bump

the bounce

the surf

the big bee

the thunderbird

the bradstreet

the poe poe

the doo ron ron

the little boy

the fat man

the lynching tree

the Dallas mall

the Memphis bullet

the Malcolm

the Medgar

the L.A. ballroom

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the Havana
the Hanoi

pull down thy vanity
Sweet Charity

nothing gold can stay
in a book that is shining

SECOND DRAFT

America The Ongoingly Surreal 1960's

as it was in the beginning
is now and ever shall be
Absurd without end
the Got-ter-dam-merung rung rung rung
the Got-ter-dam-merung rung rung
(sung the tune of Da Doo Ron Ron Ron - Da Doo Ron Ron)

further evidence:

hydrogen jukebox

my mind's not right

what thou lovest well
brown cricket:

yellow fog that
rubs its back upon
degrees of gray
sky flashes,
the great sea
heavy bored
slicked with rain
returned to a meadow
dance slowing
in the mind of man

land of a thousand dances:

ach du ach du
with a burning violin

du du du
the twist
the swim
the chicken
the monkey
the dog
the watusi
the jerk
the bump
the bounce
the surf
the big bee
the thunderbird
the bradstreet
the poe poe
the doo ron ron
the little boy
the fat man
the lynching tree
the Dallas mall
the Memphis bullet
the Malcolm
the Medgar
the Bobby
the Emmet Till
endlessly rocking
the Havana
the Hanoi
the poi dogs pondering
the Gotterdammerung
the Gotterdammerung

sweet charity
pull down thy vanity

nothing gold can stay
in a book that is shining

Accomodate: A Brief Account Of Friedrich Nietzsche's Final Months

My illness has been my greatest boon: it unblocked me,
it gave me the courage to be myself. - Friedrich Nietzsche

When fame had found him
long gone to madness the
idea of the nation itself

a blue-lensed delicate eye

mimicked the mapmaker's
method of triangulation
using time not place as the
fixed point —

to see something as a whole
one must have two eyes
one of love and one of hate
the sublime and the ridiculous
accommodate

Accomodate —

his body

softening
of the brain

left to lie in darkness
a week at a time
leeches attached
to ears to draw blood
down from his head

silver nitrate, opium
and tannic acid enemas
to draw blood
furthest down

Yet he reasons that the
constant taste of blood
in his mouth turns affliction
into an advantage

has particular appeal
to the shipwrecked —

still he furies at tendencies

toward submission

toward self-enslavement

Still at work even in
madness some final
surmises
strongly felt—

Style is concern
vulnerable to distortion

Being a philosopher of perhaps
he once ended a book with 'Or? —'

Being a philosopher of endings
of final reckonings
of certain shipwreck

totally blind
he surmises
weakly upon
propped pillows

his eyebrows
his mustache
outgrowing
their ledgers

his fatal sister declaritively
writes —

'in being found

he lived well who hid well'

Warren Falcon

Withheld Emblem, Dense Welter Of Particulars - A Frisson For John Wieners & John Cage

he teaches me ju ju
the poem does not lie to us
we lie under its law
Let me ramble here - John Wieners

a withheld
emblem
impossible to
not believe in
it being,

in love,

all immanence
exterior to the
envelop

an elsewhere



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great passion
detached

possessed

almost Catholic

Passion entered
into dichotomy
cutting in two

stretched_____ between

drowned > flight > exit

knock-fused endeavor

falling

the religious sense

failing

to elucidate relied

discharge

misdeed

counterpoise

seesaw intrusion

ordinary business

so sketch the exterior

so let there

be any requital

to a vocation

Christ-like

so undercut

grand respite

tropes' borrowing

deeper lineage

persistent

repetition

loss-bound

pervading nerves

invocation-hymns

stanzaic densities

of particulars

extravagant
filtered posturing

such are
repudiation
abasement
world shaper
with the exception
of vocabulary
evoking nostalgia

deployed force of
theory binds dense
welter of particulars

unabashed fidelity
to texts' elitest
aesthetic

mucked about

vulgar

modernist

particularity
formulaic apophthegm

slogan && counter-slogan

suggestive parallel
trajectory

generality & turn transit

discourse & transit turn

Syntax Street

pour shapely
scorn which
does not belong
i.e. notes
of stricture
of self-directed
divorce so
trigger-vent
generous

humane
matrix-warped

strenuous

Here do not hesitate
abbreviation of expression
o delicate lineage

compare prominence
recently there

o recondite or redemption

o merit beyond epithet

Attraction

(once did)

lay back

decline toward
female stars

(did)

force sonnets
above all

(such)

began as
follows
desire

droll lolling

last couplets
above

gathering

fierce

trivial

wry

(ramble)

against syntax

tentative penetration i.e.

throat

voice's violate
hand-me-down
shock

remarkable

re-animating
frisson secession
as favor charges
historically-resonant
dense welter of particulars

Minimalist Cryptics Sometimes Metaphysical - A Series Imagizmystic

for two:

Agnes Martin, American artist,
minimalist painter extraordinaire

Elaine Bellezza, artist, too,
and traveler,
and early Anima-as-Fate,
and 'eye giver'

Warren Falcon



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The Subject Matter Is Not New & Not The Sorrow - For Leonard Cohen

Though I take my song from a withered limb - Leonard Cohen¹

upon my chaste
return sunburned
churned by the
Atlantic I will have
discovered a haunting
sound again

an animal
music of the air

the lungs

screams really

gulls falling
by arrows of
blue which



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blue

saturate
sky and
sea to
learn the
heart again

to learn the heart again

avoid the narrows
at the island's end
where feet are easily
mistaken for doves

there large currents
beckon/compel them
to descend

*

the subject matter
is not new

& not the sorrow

old as the first cave
bearing first fire
in human hand the
expiring artist torn
from blank sky to
an expectant wall

a herd there
a declaration

one day we too will
fill the earth as
hooves have done
capture sun & be
doneover/overdone
& so come to such
an edge of ruin

*

Let us rejoice what is in scarlet shed.
Let us praise iron.
Let oxidation within us reign.

O lead us all to right ruin.

*

Dear ones. Dear ones, pray.

Pray that feather ash is more preservative than the feather outright.

1 an image from the song "By The Rivers Dark" by Leonard Cohen as performed in his record album "10 New Songs" (you may hear the entire album on youtube)

Warren Falcon

Gifting The Palace To Eunuch Qingnu

[NOTE: - These are loose improvs on several poems By Li Yu (937-978 Tang Dynasty, China)based Upon Translations By Luo Zhihai (1954-, China) .Luo Zhihai's work is on the poemhunter site]

for Tien Yi Ho from whom I sorrowfully learned of "the passion of the cut sleeve"

Spring snow just stopped and felt a little cold
Without any traces the youth years go

Is the beautiful image of yesterday a dream?
Lovesickness of no avail so ask the east wind- Translation by Luo Zhihai (China)

A shrine with legs

These tired eyes

Pagoda hands

extend into all

manner of sky

Letting go of things

still I swoon -

Without effort

Nature's beauty

Emerald fires

Always lowering clouds

*

Qingnu -

from you

gentleness

constancy

light inside

things

Difficulties

too

old

leather

relents

cracks

Such and

more

stretch

patience

As you say -

constant mercy

is no respecter

of persons

No one and not

one thing is exempted

*

The crocus does
not compare itself
to cow or crow

still I have always
been dull

so very slowly
I have wised up

Today one sure thing I know

as I go steady in my step
with the aid of my staff
into shy spring snow -

all things being equal in Tao

one step asks who is high

the other who is low?

*

As our frozen river begins
to break and without effort

flows without thought

it does not need to know
so I follow in the water's
way without maps or manners
for there is no right or
wrong way say the wise
Tzus, Chuang and Lao2

I confess to one thought
only while I wander -

of you dear friend.

When I am lonely

I will sing of you to twisted pines

To distant peaks
I will tell of you

your life as a boy servile
to my father, of his abuse

yet still you could play

light incense with other
boys at the shrine and

pray gifting me a semi-precious
stone found in the temple yard
where you'd play

a token of good will and respect
toward Divinity in all things

*

Memory of your evening songs will
sing on as they have since childhood

instructing tunes about common good
bestowed upon all folk

and bar songs about entitled
not-to-be-named genteel asses
braying their threats and lies -

"...they will wind up in Braggarts' Hell for sure..."

But a boy yourself you once snuck me out
the palace while my drunken father snored

With the tipsy workers you hoarsely bellowed
out of tune pretending to be drunk too as
you winked at me wide-eyed and laughing

Sneaking back into the palace you said that
soon enough I would see and know what
pathetic jokes such men are especially those
who are noble in title alone

I whispered that you were brave to say it

Only Truth is brave
you said with a grin
you pull the blanket
over our heads and
we slept chin to chin

*

Qingnu

a last gesture
of my affection

caring for your
aching bones

I stoke the fire
in the hearth
for you

Both wood and
dung are stacked
that your back
may not have to
stoop and haul
from the long yard

My time here in the palace is spent

May others for you spark the flint

All is yours yours now

My heart always

*

Listen

The peacock's
call from the bare willow

I quietly trudge on
my heart both broken and full

An emperor's bird signals diamond
glory to the suggested world
its breath visible to no one but me

My old eyes strain hard to see the Way of Ways

It sounds but does not say

1 "the passion of the cut sleeve" - In China, a euphemism for same-sex love:

"In order to rise without waking Dong, the Emperor Ai cut off his sleeve and slipped away, leaving his beloved to sleep undisturbed. This tale gave rise to the phrase "the passion of the cut sleeve," a Chinese euphemism for same-sex love." - you may Google "the cut sleeve" and find

many links are available for information regarding the tales of emperor Ai and his lover Dong Xian

2 Chuang Tzu and Lao Tzu. Both are major Chinese philosophers of the Tao, or The Way, each a major influence in the development of Taois

Warren Falcon

In Chipped Vases Altar Flowers Bright - Pilgrim Cyphers To The Shrine Of Our Lady, Blue

I am the least difficult of men. All I want is boundless love. - Frank O'Hara

Woman's work, the Buddhas all agreed. Who but a gentle mother could ever dream of bringing boundless love and comfort to all the people, easing the inevitable pains of human life?

After all, the man had failed and now lay shattered at their feet. - Regarding Kwan Yin

All are barefoot here: beast, boy, self

I am returned from floods,
little shrine, remote, blue

an offering for Our Lady,

muddy shoes

She receives all things

arms outward-extend

blessing pale cool shadows
quiet there

where mud may me dry

In chipped vases

altar flowers bright

Done with City

with self

Which goes first?

No matter

The All Blue

chooses

What presents?

Venal sins

and mortal, me,

vowing (to)

remember

the water spring

pure day,

forget thinking,

say,

don't try so hard,

hear nearby cedars

scrape, entwine,

they sigh, they

agree

with last this

thought

wishing

as I did,

do still, pray,

they'd always

deciduous be

and not overly evergreen

note now from yesterday the grace of
animals that held me in their long gaze

raiment mist at the hem of darkening woods

Warren Falcon

Distant Cousins, They're Dead Now Too, The Bears - Views From Ropesend

for Andy and Lowery -
the patient two who remain my friends

"We do not mourn that we see through a glass darkly,
we now rejoice in the dark loveliness of the glass." - John Dominic Crossan

"Man grows used to everything, the scoundrel." - Fyodor Dostoevsky

Hamlet: "I have that within that passes show" - William Shakespeare

Distant cousin,

We're made more close by
sorrow. Time's a borrowed
longing, reaches us each to
each - or yours to mine, for
nowhere now we are but
within, perhaps, merely a
conceit but, I in you and
you in vague, yes, me, a
guess, a venality, vanity
being a human trait common,
quite. It is still a trace to
be, to convene congenially.

I now confess:

I preach too much,

from high horse be-
sotted try to sing
a'stammer with all of
England's Pilgrim-more
behind beneath me us
who would be poets.

It is tone that can home
or disperse us, skin or
spooks thinner than thin,
reflections on walls or con-
fused for traffic or meteors
periferal. Didactic, pro-
lific, heiractic much. Ig-
noring transparency's bend,

Let excursus end.

Pretend or pray such
extends us into more
than infirm materiality
but let it rest, or give,
if rest can be given,
riven from wrested
Pleiades retread Maidens.

For now, let's, craven.

Encompassed much verily,

God damn the West, its deity.

Come cauterize come
correct, impress of self,
homo erect us bears
on what's for other fools
now to court, stalk, woo.
To palmer instead Word-
ward, on tinted oars
bend, or pleining sails
snail-pace skies turn
away day from sun
toward Polaris or

Ursas Major/Minor
two, close each
to each, (they)
almost would

reach but for each
a leg in stellar traps
so endless beeward
they wheel they
limp simple enough
bearing in mind
to suffer redundant
motion, helps to
know as all natural
things do no matter
where placed in
curved Space that
night skies every-
where indeed are

a sad

sad zoo.

They're dead now too,
the Bears,

& most seen stars,
a chorus of ill sorts,

to keep time out of
habit and rhyme as

a kind of home to dwell,

(in no where do I)

but liminal bring
them with, bearing

in mind, to say with
or without impunity,

Goddamn the West, its deity.

*

"My hosanna is born of a furnace of doubt." - Doestoevsky

Night Walk With Images

streetlight (lamp
no more orphan
glows)

few passersby
up to no good
go

or not up to
any manageable thing
at all

they
but go

(no) things
themselves

loveliness
(theirs) is
parked swept up
groomed

sky machines
cypher domed
horizon crowned
w/scrapers i.e.

man's grim
insistence
vertical up

leapers

contrails

no more chimney
sweeps sooted

coaled

petrol-eum
now gums up
all works

*

Petrograd

(petrol-grade
how damnable
(are)your clever-
nesses)

now Saint Petersburg

(not one sister
city)

purges between
shrubs and
out of mis-
placed long
necked lilies

breathes
vodka and sex

grim chorus
pigeon-churned

Icon of Our Lady

(O the lilies white)

drapes drips
robed smeared
candle smoke

sags

fagged
ghosts

conjugal wax
in inkless sky

who is it
mispells

O mispells

repeatedly

the Holy Name

instead
uses abbreviations

H N

for brevity's
not breviary's
sake

but (rather)

symbol's rendered
to sign alone

*

Kiosk white white
latticed enlaced
pink roses greet
darkness

TOURISTS WELCOMED

(but no one here
may there indwell but still)

Fodor
not
Fyodor

burnt hair

singed dawn

continentals drift

"The centripetal force on our planet is still
fearfully strong...I know I shall fall on the
ground and kiss those stones." - Doestoevsky

Warren Falcon

Accomodate, Allure — He Lived Well Who Hid Well, Brief Inner Biography Of Friedrich Nietzsche

My illness has been my greatest boon: it unblocked me,
it gave me the courage to be myself. - Friedrich Nietzsche

he lived well who hid well
when fame had found him

when fame had found him
long gone to madness the
idea of the nation itself
- blue-lensed delicate eye

mimicked mapmaker's method
of triangulation
using time not
place as the fixed point:

to see something as a whole
one must have two eyes,
one of love and one of hate
the sublime and the ridiculous
accommodate

accommodate
profound blundering
custom-made silk
underwear

accomodate
a short and
solitary life

Perhaps
notes for a biographer:

intense friendships

intellectual it-girl muse

mainly shading she's

prime antagonist

another too -

his body

softening
of the brain

left to lie in darkness
a week at a time

leeches attached
to ears draw blood
down from head

silver nitrate, opium
and tannic acid enemas

constant taste of blood
in mouth turns affliction
into an advantage

moments of reprieve

what everyone else
does not say in
a whole book —

short shrift efficient
if bloodless
summations allure

allure

fury at tendency
toward submission
self-enslavement

particular appeals

to the shipwrecked —

Style is concern
vulnerable to distortion

Style is red-pilled — awakened

as was a philosopher of perhaps
who once ended a book with

'Or? —'

Warren Falcon

Attend - Eyes Owned Don't Travel Light, Recombinant Cyphers For The End Of An Empire Bleeding Out

I was always a guest - of family, of religion, and especially of language
- nothing more, nothing less. - Robin Blaser

He's gone crow said one poet of another - Jango Kamenstein

Where have they gotten to
these graces clumsy on their feet?

They've fled, easy wings balletic toward ocean or other.
Black, they bob low over white waves, confuse themselves
for sails or Van Goghs or Cezannes, even Twombys so
steady they go away or depending on time of day and
slant of sun they wobble or appear to do so when things
even birds are bent mirage-podge-and-puddle-trajectories
of intent, instincts prevailing so, woven, they have went,
their patience with the city spent.

They're fled. Gone.

Why then? Why hang from the balcony of God?
Why the black bull in a wedding dress standing
in moonlight's window singing songs of love

when Justice is calling,
when Justice is calling?

....Precious tiny timbres of silver,
precious little bells of bronze,
from each massive horn, ring.....

Eternal Wheel.
Wheel eternal.
Why? Why spin at all
when behind eyelids
of a dying sun awaits
the Finality,

Here, awake now,

feathers,

hope,

burn to ashes.

Dear ones. Dear ones, pray.

Pray that feather ash is more preservative than the feather outright.

In the only EXIT stands a viejo, a seashell
patch over an eye, at the frontera he spins
his centuries old barrel organ, he mournfully
sings the end of Empire

>a self-administered cattle prod to the temples
called postmodernism

>a distinct lump of sorrow forms
we are returned to the fragility of birds
when the dead sister reappears in dreams she is always a bird

>there is something here of the child
upon waking thinks he can fly
even though he failed badly the day before

>urge to keep everything secret

sin of pride, also greed

>a "stumbling block"
impedes the neophyte

>disregarding an afterlife
he who would be first will be last

this is peculiar but not remarkable -

night now
snow is falling

warm slippers
track for a few seconds
a break in the clouds

attend

by stars by blackness
above clouds

blessed night cushions us

enters northwest

attend

eyes owned
don't travel light

great deer see

and past

be

practice

be

companionship

child

waters

Warren Falcon

Fodor Not Fyodor - O'haran Evocations/Loose Associations Urbed Regarding Empire's End, Inflections As Such

Etcetera. Etcetera. Etcetera. - Robert Creeley

Forgive us our cleverness. We've all come to ruin by our goddamned cleverness.
- Norman Nightingale

The problem is that many of us [most of us] are metaphorically impaired. - Gay Hendricks

I'm fated to die with compassions
In the crooked streets" - Sergei Yesenin

I am the least difficult of men. All I want is boundless love. - Frank O'Hara

*

so consider  PoemHunter.com

Central Park

subway stairs
pissed spat on
fed sun there upon
does sink

grasses (summer's)
evergreen
even-shadowed when

benched midnight
wakes

nightstick
cop taps
bared soles

hard

says

once only

move along

'no thing' slumbers

here but

(ambitious)

said cop

foreshadowed

preeminent

fondles Imaginists

in 'is back pocket

nods east

toward Yesenin's

grave the

garland rope

that stole

Motherland's

love

chanting

"bust this

not justice"

Sergei swung

eventual

unsung

(his suspenders

ironically on)

by wire his

neck did
suspend
as did his
trousers

endly

no more
winkles paired
or parried

trousers legs
loosed at last

(without clouds
or fame***)

(they)
billow the
always looser
breezes
unhinged

un-
ending yet
suggestive

(inches above
dead boots never
if ever ensouled

or socked)

TARRY NOT

*

streetlight (lamp
no more orphan
glows)

few passersby
up to no good
go

or not up to
any manageable thing
at all

they
but go

(no)things
themselves

loveliness
(theirs)is
parked swept up
groomed

sky machines
cypher domed
horizon crowned
w/scrapers i.e.

man's grim
insistence
vertical up

leapers

contrails

no more chimney
sweeps sooted

coaled

petrol-eum
now gums up
all works

*

Petrograd

(petrol grade

how damnable
are your clever-
nesses)

now Saint Petersburg

(not one sister
city)

purges between
shrubs and
out of mis-
placed long
necked lilies

breathes
vodka and sex

grim chorus
pigeon-churned
Icon of Our Lady

(O the lilies white)

drapes drips
robed smeared
candle smoke

sags

fagged
ghosts

conjugal wax
in inkless sky

who is it
mispells

O mispells

repeatedly

the Holy Name

uses abbreviations

H N

for brevity's
not Breviary's
sake

but (rather)

symbol's rendered
to sign alone

*

Kiosk white white
latticed enlaced
pink roses greet
darkness

TOURISTS WELCOMED

(but no one here
may there indwell but still)

Fodor
not
Fyodor

burnt hair

singed dawn

continental drift

at day's end

spent bereft

a deaf ear's
always urban

a penny for a
think

"reductionism can be confused for beauty";**

<><><>

Fodor - is a publisher of English language travel and tourism information and the first relatively professional producer of travel guidebooks. Inexpensive, geared toward everyday consumerist tourism of nations/culture the world over. BURP

Fyodor - the first name of iconic Russian novelist extraordinaire, Fyodor Dostoevsky

Sergie Yesenin - sometimes spelled as Esenin; Russian: ????? ' ? ?????? ' ???????
??? ' ???, IPA: [s??r'g?ej ?l??k'sandr?v??t? j?'s?en??n]; 3 October [O.S.21
September] 1895 - 28 December 1925) was a Russian lyric poet. He is one of the
most popular and well-known Russian poets of the 20th century. From
wikipedia.com:

"On 28th December 1925, Yesenin was found dead in the room in the Hotel Angleterre in St Petersburg. His last poem Goodbye my friend, goodbye (??
????????, ??? ???, ?? ?????????) according to Wolf Ehrlich was written by him the
day before he died. Yesenin complained that there was no ink in the room, and
he was forced to write with his blood.

Farewell, my good friend, farewell.
In my heart, forever, you'll stay.

May the fated parting foretell
That again we'll meet up someday.
Let no words, no handshakes ensue,
No saddened brows in remorse, -
To die, in this life, is not new,
And living's no newer, of course.

According to his biographers, the poet was in a state of depression and committed suicide by hanging."

**Jacob Shores-Argüello, American poet

trousers loosed (sans clouds)- an alusion to Russian poet Vladimir Mayakovsky's now classic poem "A Cloud In Trousers":

If you want—
I'll rage from meat
—and, like the sky changing its tones—
if you want—
I'll be irreproachably tender,
not a man, but—a cloud in trousers!

Warren Falcon

Dear Incomprehension

“Visible truth is the apprehension of the absolute condition of present things.” - Herman Melville

for Robert Creeley

Dear Incomprehension

blossoms perform for eyes

conform trees toward affinities

for seasons

rooted they are

and remain in place

are places without

envy of motion they

even fall or parts do

which does not

surprise the sky

or dirt

all hurt seems born

to every option

seems to some how

know every plot

then dies into the

liminal-being-animal

in the end sluffing

the body all that was/is

for me endlessly sluffing

skin cell by skin cell

behind - blind - beneath

the ridge the high pass

late repast for worms

scattered by storms

At last unseen

Warren Falcon

Grokus Explains His Gargoyle Nature

That place among the rocks - Is it a cave,
Or a winding path? The edge is what I have. - Theodore Roethke

for Raven Travailus considering ending it all

Just woke up midday
both yer missives slipped
beneath my door early
a.m. barefeet discover
stumbling from what is
already too bright

urban clamour

grinding pigeons

what few doves
remain are steeple
bound but more on
that further down.

PoemHunter.com

Glad you made it through
the dark dark night, yours.

Your

death or dying notes
not with standing
arrive smooth, un-
folded (as is the
word here folded) ,
unwrinkled, smudge-
less, pristine,

their image plain.

Quotidien.

As is the

voice, flat.

Yours.

The clear scrawl.
The direct delivery
of what is without

blame

and yet, and yet

a cliff hanger -

will our hero

come through

the abject place

survive himself,

himself the

extended night

clutched too

much into the day.

.

The Hanged Man card of Tarot comes into vision with the phrase cliff hanger...and the Fool Card. The Hanged Man's suspended upside down in limbo...he's in transition, but just on the other side of mid-journey, a slight smile of resignation on his face. The Fool Card, of course, the first major arcana, young Fool who is about to take a leap of faith off the cliff into the valley below. In some card decks he is blindfolded...thus blind faith, what I call " animal faith" in what may come next with a conscious action or waiting on the edge for a moment when life or grace or other intervenes...Martin Buber calls it

" the narrow ridge";:

I have occasionally described my standpoint to my friends as the "narrow ridge, " writes Buber,

"I wanted by this to express that I did not rest on the broad upland of a system that includes a series of sure statements about the absolute, but on a narrow rocky ridge between the gulfs where there is no sureness of expressible knowledge but the certainty of meeting what remains undisclosed."

...The narrow ridge is the place where I and Thou meet, he [Buber] added. When I asked him to clarify this symbolism to me, he replied...'If you like, you can think of the narrow ridge as a region within yourself where you cannot be touched. Because there you have found yourself: and so you are not vulnerable." (Martin Buber, *Between Man and Man*, trans. by Ronald Gregor Smith [London: Kegan Paul, 1947] p.184) .

For you, perhaps the untouchable region of self remains still " undisclosed" or perhaps you have like most of us only glimpses of that enclosure, the self-cloister, the oasis which is the centerpoint of self and Self and Universe always/already present, or at least that is the massive presumption of mystics, but it, Universe, self/Self remains most often elusive due to the stormy intervention of the senses and the vicissitudes of life presentations, and YOU have had more than your share of such...thus your need, your insistent enclosure into instruments, objects, images, to sound and pound and lu lu lu lull yourself into that enclosed space which is all space without dimension upon and within which you receive in your open-at-last-ness, in perhaps the rare place and occasion when your arms uncross from your chest, and you can finally receive what for many or enough are blessings...your being in that vulnerable yet trusting place allows what is there in the narrow ridge place to meet what will be undisclosed where you too may disclose yourself within that place and are then met by That That Is, Suchness, Thusness, Is-ness, Tathata which is variously translated as " thusness" or " suchness"... representing the base reality and can be used to terminate the use of words...but amplifies image, vision, which can lead to no image, no vision, but immense yet really real Silence and Extended Field and yet also "the Stillpoint of the turning world" (T.S. Eliot) .

.

Theodore Roethke, once wrote of " the journey from I to Otherwise"

and then the return to I with Otherwise, both at once and as one, or in stormy but welcome relation:

In a dark time, the eye begins to see,
I meet my shadow in the deepening shade;
I hear my echo in the echoing wood—
A lord of nature weeping to a tree.
I live between the heron and the wren,
Beasts of the hill and serpents of the den.

What's madness but nobility of soul
At odds with circumstance? The day's on fire!
I know the purity of pure despair,
My shadow pinned against a sweating wall.
That place among the rocks—is it a cave,
Or winding path? The edge is what I have.

A steady storm of correspondences!
A night flowing with birds, a ragged moon,
And in broad day the midnight come again!
A man goes far to find out what he is—
Death of the self in a long, tearless night,
All natural shapes blazing unnatural light.

Dark, dark my light, and darker my desire.
My soul, like some heat-maddened summer fly,
Keeps buzzing at the sill. Which I is I?
A fallen man, I climb out of my fear.
The mind enters itself, and God the mind,
And one is One, free in the tearing wind.

.

You dwell on the narrow ridge as does everyone only most folks are able to ignore and repress that liminal space because dwelling on that ridge is to be nowhere...what Thomas Merton, quoting Chuang Tzu, calls "the Palace of Nowhere"...

Call it what you will, I think Hell is a better description for a lot of that Hanged Man place though there is hope in the image of the card, the little smile on the face of the upside down man...who has given up the battle and waits in between "the heron and the wren, Beasts of the hill and serpents of the den"

- " the edge is what I have";...self as edge, edge as self...Merton called himself and his fellow monks/mystics " marginal men";....I have called myself that too but now it is " gargoyle"; that is the most descriptive name or designation....ledge/edge dweller, not IN the church or Cathedral, forever outside such, but close, on the edge where " once was mystery revealed"; in earlier times...always a watcher, an edge/ledge sitter peering out and down into/onto/upon the pedestrian world, the rolling pastoral scene beyond, never able to see the Duomo, the crown of Mystery's edifice, but it is very close behind, that Rotunda which images the Cosmos....gargoyle with Cosmos at his/her back tracks life, the temporal, from above with Mystery's weight distorting his/her visage forever forcing vision forward out and down...a dark most often ugly jewel but a jewel nonetheless in the Cosmic Crown...Gargoyle twists and blurs and stirs new perception, surgically accurate visions of what most folks sense or feel but never really see or express but for flails, wails, gasps and clasping at promised baubles of church and culture/country. Bumpkins boobing head or cock-long into each other and what is near for fear of missing what they always/already are missing, the Tathata offered but without advertisement (despite Enlightenment by Ticketron and Bestseller/Talk TV trivialized versions of the once was sacred but now sanitized, adulterated, microwaved in seconds " spirituality";...sorry, Gargoyle in me needed a parenthesis to rant) .

Suffice it to say, to neigh, even bray:

We serve.

Awful vocation. Odious purpose. Mournful ministry. But we serve.

I reserve the right to complain as a human because it hurts, is hell, is no place anyone or being should dwell but dwell there we all do only most refuse the journey, are pleased enough or would rather just live the animal out and into the grave or dust having thrust and shoved and, yes, loved best-as-could-can and then dies into the liminal-being-animal at the end, schluffing the body and all that, for me endlessly schluffing skin cell by skin cell, behind, blind beneath the ridge at last, repast for worms, scattered by storms. At last unseen.

We serve. YOU serve. And perhaps can emerge, one toe in life waters, again. But the legal pad is a cosmos too. A relation. A gesture of placement, and a just right to complain as a solitary finite creature.

We should convene a convention for gargoyles who, it is not even imagined by those below, know of Mystery, Cosmos close at our back, oh silly vocation, a vent

and spleen and rave and lean into our undisclosed humanity at last or at least
with fellow Otherwise bounders:

Odd collections mound in the attic
where I retire to cloister and wait.

Leaden pilgrimage up and down pointless
stairs accumulate distance.

My beard becomes a convention of lepers and bells.

Fingernail parings

clumps of hair

bits of flesh

sacks of ears

all are relics in the making.

I become an accountant listing and numbering each holy scrap.

I try not to be critical but my eyes lie.

I cannot confess except by pencil,
leaving notes and grease stains
for the priest to interpret.

Absolution my hope,
a mute vow is my prosthesis.

Then Spring returns.

My boat has sunk. All mended nets,
a year's work, are lost.

Nothing to do.

I return to You, a parenthesis in the sea of loneliness.

Each star, each breast, You have removed
in my absence, mourning made permanent,
scars upon your throat oddly fish-shaped.

Astonished, my voice returns, curses then caresses,
withered left hand free to unravel regret nerve for
nerve, the only net worth mending.

I reserve this one strange act from a year of orthodoxy,

to anoint Your feet with tears.

I dry them with my hair, Your outstretched arms
a beseeching beyond emptiness, Your chest barren
but for my hands remembering the uses of prayer,
kisses but murmurs, rumored stars where swollen sails had been.

.

Are gargoyles free to abandon, to forsake their vocations, to somehow, perhaps lightning struck on the temple tower, to transform, to morph into human shape though still distorted and ugly, or perhaps, if grace be grace, be indeed fair of face and voice then descend to the human world, step upon the concourse, and track the human pace of embodied, ensouled, emotional subjectively shared human life? Now there's a book I'd like to read, a play, a musical, a movie I'd like to witness - when the gargoyle lays his edge burden down and has to discover the smell of the human and other herd below, grief and grovel, love and betrothal, the brothel, the bother of beauty, the awful hell of it within but out of reach for most, but ghosting in human form but this time only with motion and emotion and transcending notions gathered at oceans edge of grief and longing, the need to belong after all but it is all so appalling but one learns to appreciate the edge had, the ledge-upon-dwelled, the dormition of steeples receding into urban distances, said steeples the hairline of god, holds where fellow gargoyles perch, lurk, search 180 degrees chattering each to each, one at every direction north, south, east, west, reporting what is seen from their watch in the lurch below....the bell towers bong and so gargoyles know sound and distance from the din just behind or beneath, context is everything, everything is everywhere, all is the narrow ridge even the alleys, the byways below, the worn path of the woods, on the hill, in the valley, trailing disclosures avoided or come at last and so come to know ourselves at last for a moment as we are,

beasts upon the " purchased hill,
serpents of the human din,
Which I is I? A fallen man....
displaced, one is One,

free in the tearing wind.

.

Will call to see if dinner for two, gargoyle fare but no more pigeons! , is fine.

Your fellow upon the stone ledge, ancient piles throbbing,
thus I know, despite concretion, I am a living being,

Grokus Disclosus King Unflug But Sung and Singing

Warren Falcon

Graces Clumsy On Their Feet - Night Song For Cities In A Hard Time

The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but he had fled
- Felicia Hemans, from "Casabianca";1

These human legs are murmuring mantras.
Alone, alone...So I shower and put myself back, alone.
I alone am the center of the world's light, the Lord's lamb...
I alone am the air and the golden butter,
linden bark, the king, the sickle and hammer,
the Dalmatian, the saw, [America], the key, alone. - Tomaz Šalamun, from
"Alone";

Cooler weather helps.

I'm up on the roof all hours of night just to take deeper breaths against the
blight this world is afflicted with and by. A view of bridges and what passes for
sky - though orange, which is not a great color for me right now, nor for the
human family -

eases somewhat.

The rosary of a wine glass, sips, tiny cups laid out for asphalt spirits, and garden
aromas from wealthy neighbors' rooftops soothe, remind of early easier grooves
in Blue Ridge Mounts when the nearest neighbor was a stream, a creek, really,
named 'Dismal' but it weren't that at all as folks in those mountains still do say.
It ran beneath my back porch and sighed much,

mostly for love.

I used to hear crows in this city, large ones, perhaps starlings or grackles, but
haven't heard or seen one for at least 6 years now.

They use to murder up in long lines on the edge of a university's art department
building and slowly walk about, looked as if the water tower was slowly turning
round and round. I could watch those 3-D silhouettes in slow motion for hours,
the hours turning too on clawed feet secure on ledges and, of course, the
friendlier air, call it freedom to fall, to be drafted upward, blackness whirling, or

feathered hovering, in nature such is allowed

just because.

Where have they gotten too
these graces clumsy on their feet?

They've fled, easy wings balletic
toward ocean or other, black, they
bob low over white waves, confuse
themselves for sails or Van Goghs
or Cezannes, even Twombys, and
so steady they do go away, or de-
pending on time of day and slant
of sun, they may wobble or appear
to do so when things, even birds,
are bent, mirage-podge-and-puddle,
trajectories and intent, fused in-
stincts, prevailing, so weaving they

have went,

their patience with the city spent.

They're fled. Gone.

Which can't be good. Large city needs its crows.

A man needs a vision of nature with wings especially
when heavy surrounded by bricks, the air thick with harder humanity,
his own and the unwinged masses.

Just noted a half moon high in twilight sky.

That's good.

A companion for the roof tonight though it will be low over the West.

Tar will wear a silver sheen.

I'll pour a bit of wine, a libation, add a bit more sparkle to what will barely be moonshine pastel, a veiled schmear in good Lower East Side fashion to fasten the image,

and flavor it too.

Perhaps a salt-salmon colored sunrise will seal the deal as the moon wheels out of sight, and I can then sleep,

belly filled with night.

Dwell.

Something to do with love.

Something to do with light.

1 Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) , after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

PHOTO BY WARREN FALCON.

Warren Falcon

Of Pilgrim-More Plague Returns - Lamentation Broken Song For Empire's End

for immigrant children imprisoned at USA borders, and their parents

with love, for James Baldwin; and Federico Garcia Lorca, executed by fascists

Who by fire who by water

Who in the sunshine, who in the night time

Who by high ordeal, who by common trial

Who in your merry merry month of May

Who by very slow decay

And who shall I say is calling?

And who shall I say is calling? - Leonard Cohen, from 'Who By Fire'

America,2018 - a vision even seabirds refuse to scavenge.

Why?

Why do you hang from the balcony of God?

Why the black bull in a wedding dress standing
in your moonlight window singing songs of love

when Justice is calling,

when Justice is calling?

Precious little timbres of silver,

precious tiny bells of bronze,

ring from each massive horn.

Eternal Wheel.

Wheel eternal.

Why?

Why spin at all when

behind eyelids of a

dying sun is the Finality.

Here, awake now,

feathers, hope,
burn to ashes.

Dear ones. Dear ones, pray.

Pray that feather ash is more preservative than the feather outright.

In the only EXIT stands a viejo, a seashell
patch over one eye, at the frontera he spins
his 19th century barrel organ mournfully
singing the end of Empire.

Warren Falcon

What Is Between Arcturus And Aldebaran? - Found Image-Chance Poem In An Essay By Jim Harrison

the self-administered cattle prod to the temples
called postmodernism

a distinct lump of sorrow forms
we are returned to the fragility of birds
when the dead sister reappears in dreams she is always a bird

without this succession
(or at least modest lineage)
dead, dead as a doornail

intemperate habits -
there is something here of the child
upon waking thinks he can fly
even though he failed badly the day before



urge to keep everything secret
sin of pride, also greed
the 'stumbling block'
impede the neophyte

disregarding an afterlife
he who would be first will be last
this is peculiar but not remarkable -
night now
snow is falling -

warm slippers
track for a few seconds
a break in the clouds
attended to by stars
by blackness above clouds

blessed night cushions us

enters northwest

eyes owned

don't travel light -

great deer see

and past

be

practice

companionship

child

waters

<><><>

These lines, phrases, words standing alone, were gathered from Harrison's essay 'Everyday Life' found in 'Beneath a Single Moon, Buddhism In Contemporary American Poetry, edited by Kent Johnson and Craig Paulenich.

Warren Falcon

Ellipses For The Newly Dead Come To Ground

...

An ellipsis (plural ellipses; from the Ancient Greek: ἐλλείψις, élleipsis, 'omission' or 'falling short') is a series of dots (typically three, such as "...") that usually indicates an intentional omission of a word, sentence, or whole section from a text without altering its original meaning. - from Wikipedia

Elliptical

1: of, relating to, or shaped like an ellipse

2 a: of, relating to, or marked by ellipsis or an ellipsis

b (1) : of, relating to, or marked by extreme economy of speech or writing (2) : of or relating to deliberate obscurity (as of literary or conversational style)-

Merriam-Webster.com

...

Inspired by Edgar Degas's painting, Singer In Green (imaged beneath the text) , and by shades of measure and cadence in an Allen Tate poem, just memory echoes of music in the poem, not necessarily content though his poem's setting is a graveyard and my poem is clearly about death, the dead, and who and what remains of both the living and the dead.

for Mark, Toni, always for Judy Asher

...

wild sweetness is a stolen base
the tongue an untended garden

here is a burning soft hands can know
which shall finally run some headlong
for home an inherited circle at the end
latter-day glad sons gathering berries
from shadows

the newly dead come to ground

...

leap only to love

34th Street in the
alley between scrapers
toward relation jump lurch
even twist in air

happiest between world wars
most certainly born too late

would have been would be now
brief florid flame a life of art and
throwing over avoiding trench
carnage paintbrush in one hand
lover in the other all the world
a passing rage

just to be clear Miss Dickinson

rage is that thing with

colors

strokes

new uses for knives

...

jouissance is the bite

take lean brown or brawn
a love for all the above even
if once a week sneak steal
away to primed nerves drives
swell up thrust thrive then
share a meal wine again abed
to lie all Buddha smiles resting
one's head upon suspiring
chest breath sour/sweet

aftertaste afterglow bodies'

pure heart

in where/what forces

the bite

but

bite, Love,

in spite of tribal affiliation

...

Still this grief

trees just below

where I will leap

blossom brightly

as does the

sun burst from

cloud dark

such sheen on

fragile things

blossom-flung

branches ripped

to street last night

the high howl

(or

was that me)

even this urban

crawl space sheer

utter

brilliance

daresay

Beauty

such would be blasphemy
not to say it to give praise

entire body the entire
crawl space the planet
nothing but grief

grief

all grief and quandry

unanswerable quandry

...

Dear Incomprehension,

all our Sun goes nova

blossoms perform for eyes

conform trees toward affinities

for seasons

rooted they are

and remain in place

are places without

envy of motion they

even fall or parts do

which does not

surprise the sky

or dirt

all hurt seems born

to every option

seems to some how

know every plot

So let all

verb tenses confuse themselves

for seasons

the newly dead are come to ground

...

Warren Falcon

Dark's Magpie, Me - Alienation With Bruises

'...in unplanned rehearsal,
what has become a destined association,
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.' - Warren Falcon

'No sooner blown, but dead and gone,
Ev'n as a word that's speaking.' - Anne Bradstreet

'I am this strange thing I despise...
To become ourselves we are these wayward things...
Naked the man come forth in his mask, to be.' - John Berryman

**

Dark's magpie, me. What
say you now if say you could?

I bow to the bruise exquisite,
address the tree
full moon just passed.

What is seen/not seen
between veins of each stillness
leaf waved in suchness?

What acts or yields, what
moment-by-moment brings, awaits
revelation of foliage and
trunks?

I seek what they have never
having had it, these trees,
and these graceful young
men, masculine, easy, nose
blind, at home in their skin.

They live now and ahead
at no one but life's behest.

As for me, twice aborted laity,

God damn the West, it's deity.

I bow to the bruise exquisite,
address the tree, Meaningnest:

this purpled edge of summer
new, barrage of storms span
thee - call it Maple, call it cathected
projected me, these young men,
African students on bikes, park
themselves on benches easy
with each others' heat - maples
get peeks of their blossoms
their purple bark, they freely
piss, return relieved, shameless.
In such easiness, theirs, their
grace embodied, I feel the itch,
the drive, the hives invisible in
damp air where young men and
trees thrive. What is it there in
them that I cannot have? or seize
in some, even minor, measure?

God damn the West, its deity.

As for me awed before purple
leaf and loin, I am a pagan old.
Few were able to touch demure
me, that is, the very few, confused
as I then was for a feminine tongue.

Distant cousin,

Berryman, John,

(we're) made more close by
sorrow.

Time's a borrowed

longing, reaches us each to
each -

or yours to mine, for
nowhere now we are but
within perhaps,

I in you and
you in a, vague, yes, me,
a guess,

a venality,
vanity being a human trait, quite,
it's still a trace

to be,
to convene, congenially, I
now confess:

I preach too much.

From high horse be-
sotted try to sing
a'stammer with all of
England's Pilgrim-more
behind/beneath me/us
who would be poets

it is tone that can home
or disperse us, skin or
spooks thinner than thin,
reflections on walls or con-
fused for traffic or meteors
periferal. Didactic, pro-
lific, heiractic much, ig-
noring appendectomies,

let excursus end.

Pretend or
pray such extends

us into more than
infirm materiality
but let it rest or give,
if rest can be given,
riven from wrested
Pleiades' retread
Maidens. For now
let's, craven, en-
compassed much
verily,

God damn the West, its deity.

Come cauterize come
correct, impress of self

homo erect us bears
on what's for other fools
now to court, stalk, woo.

To palmer instead Word-
ward, on tinted oars
bend or pleining sails
snail pace as skies
turn day away from
sun toward Polaris
or Sisters Seven.

They're dead now too,
a chorus of ill sorts to
keep time out of habit
and rhyme as a kind
of home to indwell;

in no where do I

but liminal bring

them with/to you

to say

Goddamn the West, its deity.

CODA Echo-ica

'Childness let's have us honey' - John Berryman

Lets us end then

bruise exquisite

newly vernal

just passed

stillness leaf

in suchness waved

these graceful

in their skin

their skin

edge of summer

storms

span their

blossoms

purple bark

invisible in

touch demure

a feminine tongue

close by sorrow

each to each

we are but

still a trace

would be poets

skin or traffic

or meteors

infirm materiality

for other fools

on tinted oars

try to sing

to indwell

but liminal bring

Warren Falcon

Air's Poetica: Explaining Poems And Why To My Deceased Father, A Pilot

"To become ourselves we are these wayward things." - John Berryman

In a poem I unabashedly sing, I play/delight (as if in flight or free fall)in the say of words as an array of voices.

Such may confuse or overwhelm
but I must say that I don't care (or at least not enough)since the muses

overtake a man and turn him songward "ever which a'way" as
Carolina
mountain folks where I once lived do say.

Now I hear you in the plane cockpit shout CLEAR! then turns the prop.

You and I, a roaring boy beside you, veer toward runway's end, turn and
burn throttle full bore into eventual lift and air.

I realize now as an adult that you could breathe the better there, no doubt.

A spiritual asthmatic for 66 years now, for me, air's a struggle in both land and
sky.

A poem, writing one, is where I breathe best.

Father,

Here's breath for you.

Warren Falcon

Fire Lady's Left Hand Reach - Rebirth Of Sorts

C.G. Jung in a letter to Richard Wilhelm:

"You mustn't melt away or otherwise disappear, or get ill but wicked desires should pin you to the earth so your work can go on."

Reading this by Jung (after all my fundamentalist upbringing and force feeding)I was "born again" into "wicked desires"
"the slings and arrows" happier for the narrows needed to keep such as I out of "blessed sanctioned sanctified" dissociation, thus I careen/lean spleen-and-all into crash and lickably burn.

Passion's itch must be scratched, it so insists, open palm or clenched fist or teeth (the Fire Lady's left hand reach) to live in the breach.

I was born again again

but this time feet first.

 PoemHunter.com

Statuary in a church foyer in Tlaxcala, Mexico.

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Warren Falcon

Skies My Father Taught Me - Inside My Father's Bomber Dream Redux

What from your fathers you received as heir [or air],
Acquire if you would possess it! - Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

An homage to my WW2 bomber pilot father as well
as two American poets, Richard Hugo and Hart Crane]

for the Major, my father, an airman, not a sailor
for Richard Hugo, an airman, and a poet
for Hart Crane, not a sailor (but he loved them)
a poet too, and fellow bedlamite

Take air away and even fire falls - Richard Hugo

Prayer of pariah, and the lover's cry...
Descend and of the curveship lend a myth to God. - Hart Crane

Prologue



PoemHunter.com

Again, what is remembered.

The chase is on.
In dream, sailors this time.

Beyond the Narrows*
starlings murmur.
Beneath the Verrazano*
some crouch low over
cheap shots, guarding
each while outside gypsies**
wait, drivers names hard
to say but they belong,
this city where citizens
names, no matter the
sound of them, translate
as Everyone from Elsewhere

and so belong here where
being drunk is only weather
and the river port, old,
grand, will pass for any
other but for codes of
odd graffiti:

ASK THE WELDER
WHO'S YOUR MOTHER

REAL WINNERS CHOOSE THEIR GOD

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
5 BUCKS TO CONEY & BACK

Implication: come to terms:

on this manic strand the
franks are speechless in
the hand relenting to degrees
of gray mustard smeared
as the wind also gray beside
the ruined amusements,
thrills, rides plummeting
stick children hard and
down where fresh girls
defy gravity while they
can curving in cues between
tracks and sand. Impatient,
they blot their brightened
lips, stain tissues thin between
World Wars, still they cry
out a dead poet's name.

....

Interlude - Refueling Mid-Air

A lone crane squints, its good

eye busy, a study in stillness.
Or is it avian will gone to muck
all feathers and no faith that
matters, stuck, it poses, puts
on a zennish show all butoh***
in the shallows.

Its bad eye
skims the narrows,
its curved neck smooth,
feminine, as is

the distant bridge
curved, feminine too,
don't call it grace but
acknowledge the temptation.

Pace yourself.

To south wind

throw sand,
make demands

though men in
bombers forever take flight

bereaving wind sheer still.
Hard evidence is there.

What's to believe in?
Fear's the only thing real,

the only god one
can depend upon, Lift,

some few others assist,
Dare, Weight, and Soft Landing.

Let us mention again
fresh girls on the rides but

let us return also
to the presenting scene,

stare bird blind

and lend no myth
at all

for there
as here death

is a generic dump
with gluttoned gulls,

soft waves
lapping all
about lull
and Stop Time

or so says the
yellowed script
in sand,
the hint is there or

spin or drift, some
thing suggested where
breath as darkness is

by design -

streetlights
turn themselves on,

hum in low tones
metric,

the boardwalk's
hat trick, sudden

electric paintbrush
strokes each plank

to silver sheen

voiding solidity.

Benched blonds
unrestrained

keen on in
staggered rhyme

forgetting they once
were German swans
Grimm and pale.

Posing as cranes,
they still forget a
dead poet's name.

...

Flying Lesson

Though he tried
to teach me once,

a void kid
avoidant of air and
heights,

Here's how to purposefully
stall in flight he proposes.

Not at all
interested in the favor
of the lesson

my answer's
a loud scream and
piss pants,

no chance in

flight to stall a bladder,
his disgust

palpable,
my head catches a
glancing knuckle
which

does not make me calmer.

Many years,
much is forgiven
or lost in cloud,

I've no idea still what
the inside of my father's
bomber

looks like, how
it smells laden
with fear

perhaps passed
off as gun powder, fuel,
flak flame

and smoke so
black and deep in the
pores

it stinks a lifetime.

Yours. Also mine by blood.

Still, your son
is proud though fear is
the meal

you often fed
dutifully eaten with sliced
bread so

white white
light in the shaking
hand,

dread was
the tarnished knife and fork,
simple

instruments to
quell the terror in you
served up to sons,

at least one
of them.

I know now your fear
made mine, yet, many
years in the making, this:

Dessert is a son's pardon.

...

In The Dream

You nod, wink,
all's understood,
unsaid but conveyed -

not too late the father-hope.

If you have one more bomb to
drop let go let's do it together.
God has chosen me and It wants
revenge,

REVENGE the name on a sudden
wall, a painted scene, swamp in
black light 3-D bizarre, iridescent
Spanish moss dense, tangled, sways,

hints an invisible wind, there you
are, an old portrait, in uniform,
good looks, sad, even gentle eyes
I dimly recall in person, a smile
noncommittal - the war is on.

Suddenly I lose stomach for it all.

I forgive everything.

You are young, a bomber pilot
dropping heavy kisses backed
up in the bomb-bay.

There's a wall somewhere
central in every capitol of
the world with your name on it.

Promise, I'll drop your name, not
bombs, every son's chance I get.

See all these sailors here
in packs? I'd kiss them all,
say to them,

Love your old man,

what he's seen is in his eyes,
finally dare to look hard there,
the face is yours,
no talking allowed,
no guessing either,

watch his hands,
what they do.

Never say

it's over.

Love, I mean.

CODA

Come Sunday mornings that bar
beneath the bridge ushers rusted
ships in and out the harbor.

Bodies of birds fall from girders pale blue.

Watching them fall's a kind
of sport, a free shot per bird,

bad whiskey's piss hue dilutes,
bottom shelf's always cruel,
both winners and losers choose
what's offered or what's left,
the one bottle's chipped, glass
in the throat is aftertaste what
burns the blind day through
though dawn's reputedly new.

Look for signs of the living.

One takes what's given.

Nothing for dead starlings.

Some simple lessons are learned:

grant clumsy purity one free pass,

go unjudged or go unnoticed,

hunger's there in those young faces,

shirt tail's out, sailors stark stand

stiff and votive scrying horizons,

compos dementis****, inebriant but native.

They salute distant fins Atlantic,

low haze over supplicant water.

Young, they obey orders,

no rank higher than father.

For some confession comes.

Later knees provide no choices.

Comes the rejoicing later if at all.

Then It Happened

His fear of falling.

He flies out the window,
hospital for Vets, wide-eyed
not looking down or back

in the long-leaving mostly-already
done to Otherwise beyond thinner
air.

The contrail there is tight until
it's not. Weather does such things
to water.

In the end it's all about condensation.

Eyes narrower, the old Major
cashes in his bomber's bet
on 'sky's the limit' or better.

He was a weather man
after the war, war and
weather tethered, knotted,
rather, tightly.

He taught me weather maps,
cold front and warm, the paper
that mysteriously rendered
what is all around, inside and
out, was soft, delicate, signs
and symbols moved when the
map moved.

Poetry maps weather, I tell him,
in one of our last beach trips
together.

I wanted to be a ballet dancer
when I was just a little boy but
we were poor and I was one of
twelve so that wouldn't do.

I shudder with grief to hear
it, how different it would all
be for him between dirt and
sky, how different I would be.

I saw clearly, It has fallen upon
me to dance, to fly that way.

His cold hand in my hand I'm thinking
'father' 'leather' 'strap' or 'whip';

as yet to praise
forget the net
we wide as the blue
he knew,
maps of, guided
planes through
from tower to

radar green
sweeps the eyes
blips in neon
green air, souls
up there moving
on, through, out
into darkness
the work is there
lit by sheen head
bent forward
staring, mic in
hand, special
language spoken
in the come
and go.

Come home, sleep.
Quiet we grow, he's
home, avoid at all
cost, boss is back,
watch your back,
then awake he's
to garden, to mow,
to cut chosen trees,
he and I on our
suppliant knees
two man saw,
man and boy
tugging away

'make the cut straight! '

I couldn't, dread
is distraction and
geometry is hell,
I know well the
age of trees by
wings, just count
my eyes to know
how many years
I avoided his.

As yet to praise
forfeit the net
we hide narrow
choices weather
forces

but a boy
can only
choose
avoidance
and living
a lie, if god
is in His
heaven then
I'll fly away
but then
remember
I can't cuz
in sky he
knew his
way.

Strange to
praise this
way but dreams
do better,

this:

Me still in the long
meander on

uneven cobbled
street, bruised
stones, probably
Roman, laid in
third century

but in England
or Scotland,

a corner turned,

he's crouching
at ease alone in
uniform,

trench coat black,
black boots,

he's 25 or barely
but surely at war,

looks up at me an
now old man,

smiles sweetly,
stands to greet me,
to embrace.

I do, he does.

*The Verrazano Narrows Bridge, one of many great bridges of New York City, connects Staten Island and Brooklyn at the narrow channel where the Hudson River flows into the Atlantic Ocean.

**Gypsy cabs - aa taxi that is licensed only to respond to telephone calls, typically one that nevertheless cruises for prospective fares.

***Butoh - Butoh [bu-to], often translated as 'Dance of Darkness, ' rose out of the ashes of post-World War II Japan as an extreme avant-garde dance form that shocked audiences with its grotesque movements and graphic sexual allusions when it was introduced in the 1950s...Performers move awkwardly and

slowly with shuffling steps, looking more like zombies than dancers. Their faces twitch; their bodies shake with tension. The acknowledgement of Butoh as a significant art form is now firmly established in Europe and America in addition to Japan. At the same time, the 'practice' of Butoh has grown as a way, like meditation or yoga, to gain self-awareness and wake up.

- excerpted from Tricycle Magazine article by Jeff Goldberg, November 13, 2017.

****compos dementis - I've added the 'de-' to mentis for dementis as in demented.

compos mentis is an adjective meaning 'having full control of one's mind; sane.'in

Warren Falcon

Leaning Into Changes - At My Father's Decaying Grave

for the Major, yet another

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal,
what has become a destined association,
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind
this once sentinel house long remote
to men, as present as God. My own

presence is bound to his who stands
confounded now as three, one above
grave, one within it, and me in between,
one eye upon him, the other upon
sagging dirt where bones and a ragged
shirt share an unexpected moment of
veils confused in sunlight's disarray of
leaves, wood, of stone and shadows
frozen there, not breathing for us all
in unstoried astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.
Upon weathered stones
are only creases for once
were names, dates, even
God's Word, chiseled by
a now unknown hand, an
impression only, one among
many, reduced to no plot
but that of Providence left
to surmise swatting at Eucharistic
flies proving only flesh and
only blood, a flood of questions
eventually exhaled and
exhaling still, waiting beside

a white rock with wings,
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

Warren Falcon

Follow The Heart In Where/What Forces The Bite - The News Or So It Appears On The Ledge

for Mark, unplugged, unsparked

wild sweetness is a stolen base
the tongue an untended garden

here is a burning soft hands can know
which shall finally run some headlong
for home, an inherited circle at the end,
a latter-day glad son gathering berries
from shadows

...

leap only to love instead of 34th Street
in the alley between scrapers toward
relation jump lurch even twist in air

happiest between world wars, most certainly
born too late, would have been, would be now,
brief florid flame a life of art and throwing over,
avoiding trench carnage, paintbrush in one hand,
lover in other, all the world a passing rage, just
to be clear, Miss Dickinson, rage is that thing
of colors, strokes, new uses for knives

1

Today's sad news is

that someone jumps from a window, plummets
head or limbs long into traffic, sidewalk, car park
or parked car, whatever's below, stops Mind

just

stops

It

now newly dead friend

hangs between the moment at the window the
movement over ledge and out no time to rewind,
reboot, but fall pell mell to ground/concrete swell
nano-seconds to meat one

Mind cloys in air, still frame or slo mo at least,
he-who-is-falling is thoughtless, no time to think
sympathetic nervous system mugs all faculties,
somatic, mental, was a breath taken, last one,
between the leap and the crunch, was there
time for another inhale of air, or a let go of air,
at the jump, sudden, legs and arms aflail, pitiful
sails, spindled wings without span, or, in shock,
frozen, neck twisting or trying toward zenith sky,
body knowing a mistake when it sees and is one

2

Too much. An opium den, the din-less nothing
there, could be vacation, even evacuation of self,
purge without feeling or senses but's another kind
of fall - narkosis, forgetting, or one could inventory,
reinvent a life from snips/loops of memory physical
as well as mental records, those movies, those dreams,
whatever may be flavored and scented with some

jouissance...bit o' sizzle...snap th' crackle...

take lean brown or brawn a love for all the above,
even if once a week, sneak, steal away to primed
nerves, drives, swell up thrust thrive then share
a meal, wine, again to lie abed all Buddha smiles
while resting one's head upon suspiring chest
breath sour/sweet aftertaste afterglow bodies'
glorious pure dumbshow honoring the primacy
animal living with and between the teeth the
swallow to follow the heart in where/what forces

the bite

3

leap only to love instead of 34th street,
hopefully in the alley between scrapers,
toward relation jump lurch even twist in
air, love in spite tribal affiliation, of wee
niggling pathetic humanity thinking it is
more than niggling pathetic humanity
beyond facts beyond inexorable animal

4

now itch/scratch I'll with dispatch I'll now agree
to endure, to stay around, not drop out a window
or off a high roof, I'll confound all that dark apparent
nothingness, Dear Incomprehension, that so insists
with my persistence, my obdurate patience and
inherent sense of graciousness derived from my
beautiful stoic brown-eyed mother - her

arthritic elegant porcelain strained through acid
and accedence to no minute alive that had not
harmed her charming as she was in her Georgia
way, though I'm no Georgian unless of Russian
Jewish kind, a good thing, turning in the wideing
klezmer gyre, mystic ecstasis, as the czar then
"the State" tighten around ecstatic spinning, yes

5

I am spinning, yes, spinning reeling spilling
am still at poetry stuck in my craw, evil and
poetry, and somewhere somewhere - Grace.
In spite of my fury pray, I have lived have

witness born ever and ever my life into a
corner no way out, scratch as scratch can,
construct a mountain made of dead skin, ash,
nerve endings' revolt break into rash harsh
extermis dermis raw red crawl itch paths
across corpus, such as are fire breaks to stop
inflammation of spirit beneath within and upon
flesh, calcination without end, like Anne Sexton

confessing, me too,

"I was born doing field work in sin"

So grace can't be too far out of the way, right?
or so the read-ching wagers

6

Still, all this grief, the trees just below me
blossom brightly as the sun has burst from
clouds dark, such shine on such fragile things,
new blossoms flung from branches ripped to
street by last night's high howl (or was that
me) , even this urban crawl space is sheer,
utter, brilliance, beauty...would be blasphemy
not to say it, to give praise as Toni's tumors
grow so large she looks nine months pregnant,
agonized she scratches her body entire, a
new regimen of medicine, toxic sure, that
will surely send, most probable alas, her to
death, clawed skin red, gritted teeth working
out her "what did I do? " she asks other day,
"what did I do to deserve this? "I cry too,
stumped through and through, staggered,
mute, holding her, she struggles to breathe,
tumors press, evil evil tumors, press her guts
into her lungs, less space for air, for life, her
entire body and the entire f*cking crawl space
of the planet entire, nothing but grief, grief,

all grief and quandry. Unanswerable quandry

7

there is still always the laundry

8

still, there, ironically,

innocent they are,

the blossoms are

close, not far

Look

they smell like semen

"and the world wags on"

9

Grace, I can't, or won't, argue

but can welcome. Meanwhile,

Toni and tumors and the suicide

friend, the falling man who chose

such intimate relations to gravity

and end, gravity's end (such is

not a friend of mine but) betimes

I wonder if going on and on de-

spite eternal returns, or so it

appears till our sun goes nova,

blossoms perform for the eyes,

conform trees toward affinities

for seasons, rooted, they are

and remain in place, are places,

without envy of motion, they
even fall or parts of them do
which does not surprise the sky
or dirt, all hurt seems born to
every option, seems to some
how know every plot

10

This I can say with assurity:

I do love things though,

and some people few.

That is not nothing

11

Freezing in a park behind the
glass construction at Astor Place.
Weather man lies re: warmer temps
today. I'm underdressed, rife with
cabin fever so here sit weeping
from cold wind, nose running,
trying to write with frozen rash
swollen fingers, can't read clearly
through tears though I should know
how to do that easy peasy now, a
lifetime of briney lenses. So let all
verb tenses confuse themselves
for seasons

Slovenian homeless schizo man
shouts wildly into his phone, self-

righteous, pleads his case to whom
or what but it matters not in the
dusk as parked city bus now cranks
itself loudly, obscenely, so drowns
the fury, toes poking from cracked
leather shoes. Nothing more to do,
cigarette hand-rolled, deftly so, no
matter the psychotropic drugs,
tenderly, patiently

He stares blankly, inner look goes
nowhere at all but for granite void's
cold rock park. It's all good, or so
recently was said a few years passed

For all the billions of years,
as far as universes go, ours
has only just begun

Grief, Mr. Berryman, not life, is a bore

So,

a bientot

tout et possible

I remain prehensile but tense.

No longer on the fence.

I've chosen my side now in
loathe of edges. Not going
to hedge or even venture a
guess regarding the mess of
living but live, by gods! I will
though I may some day over
spill, fall but hopeful still, in
spite all or nothing, further
into life, become the silence
more on purpose 'stead of

his discharge, this dread,
but discharge I must to honor

the newly dead come to ground

Warren Falcon

What Is Heard And Seen - Early April Pastoral-Ku

morning's dove-blind croon,

burnt crow, no use for light,

missing a leg, perches hard

against solar wind

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Heart's Aviary At Odds With Hesitation

for Viren

& for Delmore Schwartz

'If all reality is taken only as it is given in the immediate impression, if it is regarded as sufficiently certified by the power it exerts on the perceptive, affective, and active life, then a dead man indeed still 'is, 'even though his outward form may have changed, even though his sensory-material existence may have been replaced by a disembodied shadow existence. Here — where 'to be real' and 'to be effective' amount to the same thing — the fact that the survivor is still connected with him by the emotions of love, fear, etc. can be expressed and explained only by the survival of the dead.' - Ernest Casirrer, The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms Vol.2: Mystical Thought

Delmore, far-from though you are,

a young very tall lover visits late nights,

betimes glad son of sikhs no longer sikhs, or
so they think, who dwell beside Pulaski's draw,
it groans by day and night lifting divided weight
heavy to sky what silently floats under and through
their dreams, he reports, are haunted, something
pursues them from the old land

You are the new, Bapila, he says,
which means vessel, keel, boat, container

Rather, I am slain, says I,
apostate, not by Prophet's
horse jawbone but one
curved as antlers curve
nuzzles a throat entire

As I fade he rises a new
moon sharply dividing dark

from distance, there is no
confusion of which I am
when Lady Day sings

...I'm a fool to want you....

of empty space full-parted,
staked, says sickle moon,

confuse my bone, his, rather,
equine angle bright pressing

close to

parchment and stubble lullaby

rest o rest sigh upon my rubble

feel your swallow a sudden other bird)

each breath a rosary

India's God-son thin legs
entwine spindled swans
'whose toes are sparrows'
he teases whose laughter
deep is black demise too

the eyes

What can hollow a man
to crepuscular, asks
sickle moon,

no - to bone?

No, what is it makes
me more the shallows
but still all water?

What makes me shadow

but all the realer,

alive in refrain only?

Refrain ask further questions:

how assorted birds, the dove and the sparrow, constitute Heart's aviary

how Billie's staggers ever wager skin memory at odds with hestition

how this music, even yours Delmore, 'fathoms the sky'

1 Delmore Schwartz, mid-20th American "confessional" poet

2 The Pulaski Bridge, a draw bridge in New York City connects Long Island City in Queens to Greenpoint in Brooklyn over Newtown Creek. It connects 11th Street in Queens to McGuinness Boulevard (formerly Oakland Street) in Brooklyn, NYC

3 Lady Day - Billie Holiday. Jazz vocalist Billie Holiday was born in 1915 in Philadelphia. Considered one of the best jazz vocalists of all time, Holiday had a thriving career as a jazz singer for many years before she lost her battle with substance abuse.

To hear Lady Day sing this song go to this link (make the link all one...I've spaced it out in order to get it here on this site:

[you tube. com/watch? v= QJQ7GJB1FYI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QJQ7GJB1FYI)

4 Delmore Schwartz's poem "After Baudelaire" greatly inspires Falcon's poem. Charles Baudelaire -A French poet, "his most famous work, Les Fleurs du mal (The Flowers of Evil) , expresses the changing nature of beauty in modern, industrializing Paris during the 19th century. Baudelaire's highly original style of prose-poetry influenced a whole generation of poets...He is credited with coining the term "modernity" (modernité) to designate the fleeting, ephemeral experience of life in an urban metropolis, and art's responsibility to capture that experience

Warren Falcon

Pure Between-ness Reaching Through, Expostulations, Tones, Bones Upon A Life Of Poems

for Gerard Manley Hopkins & Nathaniel Mackey

"Listening to music, then, we are not first in one tone, then in the next, and so forth. We are, rather, always between the tones, on the way from tone to tone; our hearing does not remain with the tone, it reaches through it and beyond it....pure between-ness, pure passing over." - Wilson Harris, from The Angel At The Gate

Riff on the above: "Listening to music, then, we are not first in one bone, then in the next, and so forth. We are, rather, always between the bones, on the way from bone to bone; our hearing does not remain with the bone, it reaches through it and beyond it....pure between-ness, pure passing over."

"Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
Not untwist — slack they may be — these last strands of man
In me ór, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be."1- Gerard Manley Hopkins

1

Dear Incomprehension,

in a marble park behind Astor Place
reading a lifetime of poetry some
good odd to read hits mostly misses
but on benches nearby now can think
of "nother bether" other than lying naked
skin to skin brown or other darker the
more beside me

now long in tooth just gazing gazing
at miracle mounds-fresh muscle
smooth shy grin desire's child come
to wildness with and within me

other than bliss of bed and barter,

breath and rhythm, reading of,
working on, a poem, the rare reading
all these in bulk - mine was and is
yet not a life well lived but most
certainly paid great attention to too
painted, sketched, searched, reached,
stretched, dropped, slung headlong
downstairs out windows into Polaris
center splinter off chasing one Bear
or Her other, Ursa Major, Ursa Minor

no matter urges
mind and matter

pickin' up paw paws put em in a pocket
live long sing song all give the long day
its docket, and say, praying still to

G DASH D 2

Here's breath for you

2
But cold now.
Bone frozen to marble.
Going home to thaw
the morrow

got some
pork neck bones the
marrow smoked they
cry out for beans
dried white

I remain forever
postulant. And flatulant,
am gravy cold in the pan
down to a man

stand/stake my
claim continuously take

in air from nowhere out
into eternity's

oui oui oui
all the way tomb

catacomb futures
forever invested
in pork

hot fat on
the maw

lean the snout

smoked withers
desolation in the pot

3

[Hopkins riff & rip]

Not, I'll not, tarrying cornbread
d'espere, not not feast on thee;
Not insist - cracked they may be -
these last grains of corn In me ór
grock, most hungry, cry I can
upon them feast the more. I can

run butter on the ghee

suck neck bones how

many per shout "sprach! "

root rut wring word

wild cling surds torn

from scruff-curdle

from shrub-sedge

to pit pond sound

scrim scrum loudly

larded cold hard

and so plea

Lord! Lord!

scrape it over!

pitch me dark

upon the ptich

where I can no

more pitiably carol,

empty what's left

out of marrow,

may dedicate my

all to the Harrower,

to Life Lender,

THat Tvam Asi (3)

I'll glad marry me

ever the sorrier

bride sore the

more tone tune

carry more in

the spoon the

fork than voice

Still, rejoice! rejoice!

the other choice's

the worser discourse

which, discursive,

means "to prance about";

<><><>

Footnotes

1Carrion Comfort - by Gerard Manley Hopkins (the full poem upon which I have riffed in section 3 of my poem)

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
Not untwist — slack they may be — these last strands of man
In me ór, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.
But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me
Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb against me? scan
With darksome devouring eyes my bruised bones? and fan,
O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid thee and flee?

Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear.
Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems)I kissed the rod,
Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh, chéer.
Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-handling flung me, fóot tród
Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one? That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!)my God.

Source: Gerard Manley Hopkins: Poems and Prose (Penguin Classics,1985)

2 G DASH D - In Judaism, writing/saying "G-d" is a way of avoiding writing a name of God, to avoid the risk of the sin of erasing or defacing the Holy Name.

3 Tattvam asi [I have played with the "Tat" by adding an 'h' thus turning it to "That"], (Sanskrit: "thou art that")in Hinduism, the famous expression of the relationship between the individual and the Absolute:

"Tat tvam asi. That is You. You are that.

You are the one you came in search for. You are the one you are seeking. The one who can help you in troubles. The one who punishes you.

Your body is nothing but food, food is nothing but nature, nature is nothing but earth, earth is nothing but universe. Tat Tvam Asi.

Tat Tvam Asi establishes Advaita, non-duality.

If you understand this, you realize you are the God you talk about. Your duty includes helping others. And you also receive help from others. Because, by that you are only helping yourself. Because they are no different from you."

- excerpted from [quora.com/What-is-the-meaning-of-Tat-Tvam-Asi-That-art-thou](https://www.quora.com/What-is-the-meaning-of-Tat-Tvam-Asi-That-art-thou)

Warren Falcon

Fits & Starts, Heart Retread, Aubade For Father

as yet

not prescribing forgiveness
which cannot be administered
as nostrum but is rather

process

fermentation into
distillation

crud floating on
the bottom some to the top

but diffuse productions
of time tempering & heart-
wear rub

open in places
something ineffable

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yet enters or emerges

transports (riding in
the back of a truck
a rutted road)as is
suggested recommended
to unexpected destination

FORGIVENESS

a surprise always one
may AHA in or wake up
into as if

as if out of a long
unconscious state

a distraction
or sleep

heart vehicle retread
ready for further slide
into 3rd or other high
gear in or with what
is unknown ahead but
secure sure traces w/
no rote map to guide

at the wheel at
last the boy asks
are we lost yet?

father in the passenger
seat rests easy

cogent again

again clear

points ahead

drive, he sez**

Warren Falcon

Spring Snow At Sixty Six

And so on. On it goes.

Afterglow,
for what it's worth.

Not promised with birth.

Stunned's more
the word.

I woo, or try,
disturb the universe
into my corner.

Years doing that.

I am rendered as
is fat on hot iron
rendered from
solidity to grease.

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Fluidity a relief of sorts.

I am sorted.

Of that I am sure.

Dear Incomprehension,

Not much going on here.

Rash continues as does moon's
waxing-waning in stages but
lunar condition of returns and
departures upon my ravaged
surface impinges my days and nights.

I guage.

I manage,

skin tides,

write on,

hoping for one more
freeze which may crack more
limbs than rot.

Rime ice is desolation in the plot.1

Flower mouth,
stamen tongue,
frozen drift,

large crow over
last year's flower
bed, bemused,

favorite color's
maize without
nuance,

from back
of throat it
sounds,
disturbs.

Root reach,

clot cling.

Old Scratch,

Black wing.

1 A riff on a line by Alan Tate, from his poem "Ode To The Confederate Dead";

Warren Falcon

Afterglow Surmise, Appraising A Lifetime Of Writing Poems

for Viren

'I am sick of this life of furnished rooms...
You know my strange life. Every day brings
Its quota of wrath. You little know
A poet's life, dear Mother: I must write poems,
The most fatiguing of occupations...
I am sad this morning. Do not reproach me.
I write from a café near the post office.' - Delmore Schwartz, from 'Baudelaire'

Dear brother,

this massive mother complex could

not, would not, be worked through

via poetry or booze or rooms chosen

in which to scribble and scribe what

was, as you said, heard in your head

or wherever such are heard

Just to report to you from here, a post

office also near, an ignorant bird on

the escape now makes a music at any

rate as was the mourning dove an hour

ago singing on the other side of pane

knows when to tone in tandem to
poem same or similar each one little
inflections familiar to childhood fields
felt not seen heard not named as if
improvising those few notes available
to doves for late afternoon sun blocked
by curtains green

green too my room

10 years now forced

upon me filled

with poet scrip -

'green how I want you green'¹

'not my hands but green across you now¹

'When green was the bed
my love and I laid down upon'¹

these and more pay no rent if

only pages were money then

but so many dusty pantheonned

singers hand wringers bringers

on 'of harbinger dawns'² dusks

decry what rusty radiators here
might also in their own way suggest
as their heated season nears end,
and mine, what may be known if
ever known of afterglow surmise
when third snows in fever weeks
give surprise for never guessed Bestowals

<><><>

1 Lines from poems by (in order of quote) : Garcia Lorca, Richard Hugo, and John Wieners

2 a reference and reframe of Hart Crane's poem title, The Harbor Dawn

Warren Falcon

Fathoms Of Sky, After Reading 'baudelaire' By Delmore Schwartz - Ars Erotica, Eroica, Poetica Alive In Refrain Only

for Viren

[excerpt re: Delmore Schwartz from wiki pedia: 'Schwartz was born in 1913 in Brooklyn, New York, where he also grew up. His parents, Harry and Rose, both Romanian Jews, separated when Schwartz was nine, and their divorce had a profound effect on him... In 1930, Schwartz's father suddenly died at the age of 49. Though Harry had accumulated a good deal of wealth from his dealings in the real estate business, Delmore inherited only a small amount of that money as the result of the shady dealings of the executor of Harry's estate. According to Schwartz's biographer, James Atlas, 'Delmore continued to hope that he would eventually receive his legacy [even] as late as 1946.'"]

'underseas fellows, nobly mad, we talked away our friends.' - Robert Lowell, from his poem 'To Delmore Schwartz'

'Schwartz was so isolated from the rest of the world that when he died on July 11,1966, at age 52, of a heart attack, two days passed before his body was identified at the morgue.' - wikipedia re: Delmore Schwartz

'the world is tref [not kosher] and grief too astray for tears.' - John Berryman, from his poem 'Dream Song #149' for Delmore

'I am sad this morning. Do not reproach me.

I write from a café near the post office' - Delmore Schwartz, from 'Baudelaire'

1

Delmore, confessional, what?

no mother claimed you at the end

no friend either whom you perhaps

lost, neglect overdue come to exact

poetic portion, your itinerant passing
a ward of city and state, you-not-you
wait for reclamation overdue, an
uncashed check for three weeks

you spent yourself on words,
noble enough pursuit, no rebuke
for your priorities though maternity
or fate (maternity IS fate) perhaps
did you end in the end no doubt
this massive mother complex could
not, would not, be worked through
via poetry or booze or rooms chosen
in which to scribble and scribe what
was, as you said, heard in your head
or wherever such are heard

2

ignorant bird on the escape now makes a music at any rate

(as the mourning dove an hour ago
singing on the other side of pane)

knows when to tone in tandem to
poem same or similar each one little
inflections familiar to childhood fields
felt not seen, heard not named, as
if improvising those few notes available
to doves for late afternoon sun blocked
by curtains green, green too my room
10 years now forced upon me filled
with poet scrip -

'green how I want you green'1

'not my hands but green across you now1

'When green was the bed
my love and I laid down upon'1

these and more pay no rent, if only
pages were money then but so many
dusty pantheon'd singers hand
wringers bringers on of harbinger
tone dawns/dusks what rusty radiators
here might also in their own way
suggest as their heated season

nears end, and mine,
what may be known if ever known,
of afterglow surmise when third
snows in fever weeks give surprise
for never guessed Bestowal

3

Delmore dead of ennui, of duende,
of innuendo and let us not neglect
madness nor deny its gifts if gifts
there are or were but hunger stirs
the bottom with no regard for the
personal yet each argues/pleads
their edge of which all shall over
spill, or leap, but I now palaver
begging the point but I know of
such as did you begging tight
fortune for dollars

4

'If all reality is taken only as it is given in the immediate impression, if it is regarded as sufficiently certified by the power it exerts on the perceptive, affective, and active life, then a dead man indeed still 'is, ' even though his outward form may have changed, even though his sensory-material

existence may have been replaced by a disembodied shadow existence.
Here — where 'to be real' and 'to be effective' amount to the same thing —
the fact that the survivor is still connected with him by the emotions of
love, fear, etc. can be expressed and explained only by the survival of the
dead.' - Ernest Casirrer, The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms Vol.2: Mystical
Thought

Delmore, far-from though you are,

a young very tall lover visits late nights,

betimes glad son of sikhs no longer sikhs, or so
they think, who dwell beside Pulaski's draw2, it
groans by day and night lifting divided weight heavy
to sky what silently floats under and through; their
dreams, he reports, are haunted, something pursues
them from the old land

'You are the new, Bapila, ' he says, his name
for me which means vessel, keel, boat, container

Rather, I am slain, say I,
apostate, not by Prophet's
hoarse jawbone but one
curved as antler curves,
nuzzles a throat entire

As I fade he rises a new
moon sharply dividing dark
from distance, there is no
confusion of which I am
when Lady Day3 sings

'I'm a fool to want you'

of empty space full-parted,
'staked, ' says sickle moon,
'confuse my bone, his, rather,
equine angle bright, pressing

close to

parchment and stubble,

rest o rest sigh

upon my rubble

feel your swallow

(a sudden other bird)

each breath a rosary'

India's God-son thin legs
entwine, 'swans, whose
toes are sparrows, ' he
teases whose laughter
deep is demise black as

his eyes

'what can hollow a man
to crepuscular, ' asks
sickle moon,

'No. To bone. No,
what is it makes me
more the shallows

but still all water,

makes me shadow
but all the realer,

alive in refrain only? '

how assorted birds and the sparrow constitute Heart's aviary

how Billie's staggers ever wagers skin memory at odds with hesitation

how this 'music, ' even yours Delmore, 'fathoms the sky'⁴

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Footnotes:

1 quotes in order by Federico Garcia Lorca, Richard Hugo, John Weiners

2 The Pulaski Bridge, a draw bridge in New York City connects Long Island City in Queens to Greenpoint in Brooklyn over Newtown Creek. It connects 11th Street in Queens to McGuinness Boulevard (formerly Oakland Street) in Brooklyn, NYC

3 Billie Holiday. Also known as Lady Day. Jazz vocalist Billie Holiday was born in 1915 in Philadelphia. Considered one of the best jazz vocalists of all time, Holiday had a thriving career as a jazz singer for many years before she lost her battle with substance abuse.

4 Charles Baudelaire. A French poet, 'his most famous work, *Les Fleurs du mal* (The Flowers of Evil) , expresses the changing nature of beauty in modern, industrializing Paris during the 19th century. Baudelaire's highly original style of prose-poetry influenced a whole generation of poets...He is credited with coining the term 'modernity' (modernité) to designate the fleeting, ephemeral experience of life in an urban metropolis, and art's responsibility to capture that experience.

Warren Falcon

History Before Brunch Was Ever, Upon Finding 'dream Songs' Runover On 1st Avenue & East 10th - Redux

History before brunch was ever in the world.
Sunday. St. Marks & 1st, doors open to sun &
saunter, the wander, now 'arm in arm they goes'
just past corner where was found Berryman
abandoned, run over, bleeding ink into the
avenue's black page, where I sit, a then-new
copy, heavy, Zukofsky's 'A' - already lost, me,
in the reading gladly, but torn Berryman on
my lap, sore, sad to see, so knee/kneel, rather,

read 'Z's 'A'

evoke old ward Italians, Jews, horse drawn
venders, runners about with carts heaving
vegetable griefs returned to church to synagogue
dark alley dead ends where what is left out
of grief is hard carved into bricks with knives

(O what is the name, lost perhaps, of
the old jew, he who once sharpened
all our knives?) :

THIS OUR LIFE
SOME FEW RETURN
TO HEAR/SEE

THE NATURE OF A CITY
IS TO CONTINUALLY
ERASE ITSELF

O frammar of
the starry circle

'What wer, what be, what

shall bifall..how found knowe
Suche forme..wiche knowes not
shape? ... Some printed
lettars...But a passion..
sturs The myndz forse
while body liues, What light
the eyes..bite, Or sound
in ear...strike.' [from 'A']

STRIKE

'Zuke' counsels

Workers everywhere, bricks, straw, verse,

the breast naturally of Woman is bread before
there was bread, the child the loaf swelling in
Her arms to farm & from such frame a world.

Thus Labor. Bread is History.

Child's toil, unspoiled, forms a culture beast,
he crawls forth, makes bread of soil native &
other, a Mother culture all & still, everywhere.

- from 'Immigrants Exile - Labor, Drive Or Will, And The Lady Mother - A
Malafiction'

**

photo: 2014. Out apartment window looking southwest on East 10th.
Early/barely spring out the window through the grate/escape one pear tree
once Peter Stuyvesant's grew 200 years old but gone now, once a placard
where it stood but not even that now, but hideous dormition of constructions
monstrous ugly.

Warren Falcon

In The Towers Are The Reproducers

In the towers are the reproducers

Within the clean bronze
Their walls were stood
Ready to receive her
And later became all
the intricate trills

She pushed her way through
The pivot points

A deep lactation
In the most ravishing shades

Simulate the Pleiades
The rich magenta

Running water is much the best
Whether she wept as she then drew out
Watering the date gardens

She stepped over warm spurting blood

You should have heard her cry
'Ya Ali' and her loud hell-hella

Warren Falcon

Caravansary Towards Heart

Oasis and cloaca,

love birds parched,

now moves caravansary

toward heart's always

winking horizons.

There are many before

the sun rises.

Perhaps my name goes

before me, my press,

Empress of Contrails,

peacocks in tow,

trailing tallies, scores,

arrivals, departures,

ejaculations, rejections,

all faces hands have held,

and yearning beyond possibility

hesitant dawn's mourning doves.

Warren Falcon

Heart Vehicle Retread, Radiance Remembered

"...the imperious radiance of sheer presence..." - George Steiner

the thin-skinned kid
does arrive only to fall
into Presence after
all having stalled for
many years perched
noon-blind on child-
hood's top step as if

as if out of a long
unconscious state

a distraction
or sleep



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heart vehicle retread
ready for further slide
into 3rd or higher
gear in or with what
is unknown ahead but
secure sure traces w/
no rote map to guide

at the wheel at last
the boy in me asks

"are we lost yet? "

Warren Falcon

Uses For Wings - Dream Pairing

for Warjo

"It means so much that we can be broken." - Norman Nightingale

In arms
we carried It
as one does
a child

yet it was
He who carried us,
both bird and man,

who cried
openly
on the way

for our presence
solid in his arms,

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he who did not care
who saw his tears shed,
head down,
beneath spring blossoms,

living presences
within bestowing
order from stone
and remnant wings.

He's gone crow said one poet of another.

From remnant wings

thoughts,
ramming walls,
panes,
earnest though
contrived escapes.

In midnight stillness,
wait.

A white rock,
wings, moonshine
distilled, ignorant
fires, illicit spirits

lean into changes.

Warren Falcon

The Blue Accident Of Love, Yes, Backing In - A Serial Poem To A Black Mouse

[NOTE: dear reader, when you see the "x" in the text below know that it designates the word "times" as in math multiplication, so when you see "x" think/hear the word "times"]

for Karthik

Love, yes,
backing in

the floor where we
lay our cluttered
clothes deposited

x at least 3

take me
again once



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x infinity

into your arms

x 2

and leave me when
you/we are done doing

x 0

a mere cypher flown
sheer up the flue
into the blue ash
which now the sky

is

where

(there is
only one
sky)

a dove flies
into some
possibility
of memory
or not

x thousands

x the time it

takes for you to exit
shedding skins shells
(I am a shell)

x infinity into

the one drain in-
to ocean reflecting
blue sky

ash of what remains
of you on the beach
bathing soft Junes

tunes the organ
grinder smiling
sings

'te amo, amor
fati'

mellifluously
from the boardwalk
cotton candy
Coney Island dis-
posed in gales

from breaking
waves tumbles,
smears speared
on the weathered
wood

x planks from

many trees

x ants in the

roots lumber-
ing their end-
less burdens
black or red
carapaces as
if shining
sand or sugar
unspun

x grains untold

as hairs, their
bodies follicles
delicate, when
under the June
glass espied
magnified count-
less, collected,
caught upon the
webbed threads
of your large
soft towel with
the palm tree
sewn upon

that I have burned
in the old grate,
a first fire
long awaited

x 30 years since

the last,
undisturbed by
carbon dates

x all times

x hands touching

delicate as trespass
what is allowed lace
of vision

x want

= at last a sum

= a remorse felt

memory
torques into
soft teas

steeps

turns
steaming
said window
(and torsos)
said prints,

views obscured
of nothing
in particular or
special, but

troubles, troubles

only of passing

birds enamored-of

(their lighter
bones)

or
are they
cloud and shadow,

merely the steep
sun declining ashen
into the Jersey side?

occluded
silhouettes
contrails
glyphs &

Maxwell House
'Good To The Last Drop'
sign,

the familiar
cup for decades
tipped
tips &

one

(out-spilled)

drop

x 0 suspends

o suspends trembling
reflected in the water

river made of the many
countless drops

x (again) infinity

x (surprised) my
father there

(momento mori)

opening the
can all blue with
the same cup tilted
spilling that dark
brown drop imprinted

x (the

dove, to recall,
brown, shaped like
said drop, now
flown, or) finally
spilled into water,
river currents
downward, to bottom
pulled sort/sift
my father always
complaining of grift,
a weather man by trade,
a cloud man once a pilot
WW2 drifting often since/
enough into sky,
he turns
the silver opener
butterflied
round and round
with effort, his
arthritic com-
plaints upon the
ridged silver top
of the can blue
with coffee
'course grind'
the better to drip
with within &
that satisfying

hiss of compacted
air hissing out
from within
compressed now
released
the smell
then
of coffee fresh
not yet brewed
in the kitchen

the twist of
the edge jagged
silver metal
carefully turned
with fingers to
break the remain-
ing stem of metal
holding the round
to can entire
unsealed now try
without spilling
the grounds
out

x at least 100 thousand

to guess having no
acumen with numbers
and math but father's
over
there in the cup tilted
over spilling into
o endlessly
it's seams, it seems
from river bank
into memory which
is, already
over-said
overheard redundantly
as river
and time,

this one
now recalled
to Mind, dad,

dad
the cloud drift
and the flows
the tides beside
the city
both sides
is as ancient
as it always was
& is

as in the beginning
was darkness over deep
water & a word, any word
really would do it,
form something
out of deep, of
dark, of water
which shapes it-
self only by outer
circumstance,
in this case
a word
leading up to
this -

Palisades cliffs
above bridge tilt
toward, always,
currents, the river
over-
flows north-
wards
tides rare defy-
ing the moon
that other pull,
you
live the other
side of

sand
the palm sewn
swaying adhered
to Mind

x 1

still, to pass the
time now

x 1

the sooty hand

x 1

over black
'mouth'
or word 'mouse'
allude perhaps
to river at
city's start
up from water

the silver bay
capped, remembering
frigates

x countless

ferries torn
and Tories be-
tween seas
wars
vast to
the east

x duplicating

waves, stretches
the narrows,

the necks with
rocks strewn,

the lonely buoyless
depths their vespers

intone

I am, unkindly,
left remembering
once was laughter
spent

seeking out
between bodies
valleys eternally
shifting eluding
rapture

x 1

whisper
hand over 'mouse'
or 'mouth' conjured

x 1 more

contraction
of sentinel
bells against
each of each
reaching

x 2, the legs

x 4, the lips

x myriad ones gone

before, of murmurers

O lover

of thee

I adore

the arms

x no more
embraces

This, just to
reintroduce some
levity

for we
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played
harming no one,
not even the
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching
perhaps, still,
still, from beneath
the god you insisted
be excluded from
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths

exchanged, groped

x many ropes all our

wantings' reverie

returned -

father loves

with his cup
his pipe songs
of love
of love will
he dance between
the violent fasts
from love,
our mother, with,
fast around around
& around the danced
living room
phonograph brass
loud plays
where June
curtains sway
me and Mr. Miller
(Glenn)

I stand behind
them the curtained
dancer entranced
entered into/
upon a mystery
how one could
be so, well,
swell, so
marvelous &
so cruel, (upon
one silver stem
hangs the metal
tin top jags
tears at
memory edge
opens facts

FACT

that there was love,
there was love after
all

I can see

it smell it
feel it there
dancing round
the livingness

one drop Mr.
Maxwell holds,
hold on to &
upon goodness
brown pulled
from below down
& dark into deep
such this is
the riddle it is
all now become
since you
departed, love
since you
departed
I shall count
backward by
3's then by 4's
the

door which once
embraced you now
never lets you

go

x brooms

or releases

x all the x's
here accounted
for, listed,
besos as kisses
scribbles, notes,
letters,
no matter
the black or

blue tide

of thee
O lover

what
slips out
ebbs black
back into lapis

lapses into what
self is

uttered/poured,
scored trans-
parent upon
surfaces

faces which are
even
eyes which now
glaze with love/
loss

beside the flue
glaze upon the
pane
the black
mouse remains
stays,
is many,
a multitude
of petals

x 3

the jasmine
unspurned
at last

at last/least
return

soft June
the lips of
which are
sometimes
pink, of
lavender
swollen, as if
to kiss

x memory

x Maxwell the
house the cup
O Mr. Miller
an O'Day serenade
plays close
'...Hi ho trailus
boot whip
boo boo daddy
floy floy'...

the late night
suppers of chops
the peeled onions
the laughter the
potatoes boil
& bubble in the
kettle then
father
to dance
the butter in
the sizzle in
the cast iron
pan

their vespers
now descant,
descend
'...How high
the moon...

x 1 black 'mouth'

hungry
the
dish it has
all become
feast for
black 'mouth'

& mouse makes again

x 3 the antinomies

a string

of pearls

anemones

& thee O lover

all of them

bring/return,

to me so many

now

x Pennsylvania 6-500.

Warren Falcon

Advent Letter To An Old Philosopher In Rome - What Knees Are For

'Dear incomprehension, it's thanks to you I'll be myself in the end.' - Samuel Beckett, *The Unnamable*

'We make no claim to include anything of the past in the present but to maintain in the present the actuality of the eternal.' - Jacques Maritain

1

Old Friend, from one desert to another,

let other scholars of absence break
their burden-heads against these mute
stones. The cactus here, perhaps knowing
of your advent by post, has waited all
these years to come into its radiance
with you. Just tonight it blooms once
only in its life, a miracle itself, a startle,
one blossom of rarified hope.

Distant cousin,

you unveil too in Roman darkness there as
we once shared silent prayer in the churchyard,
our knees on hard stones - our God then - our
thin books not yet written.

One simple stone veils you where you rest,
your books, long in the making, shoulder the
burden so faithfully carried without complaint.
A landscape scarred - life's hard impress has
etched you - is now placed, framed, beside
the new flower, sheer and here.

I wonder how you are now that you are prayer itself
on that hill of bones wet with penitent pilgrims tears.

Your photograph travels all these years to

reach me so long without news of you, my
letters unanswered though rumors stray in
from the same old rivals fed on envy inquiring
about you. I never bother to answer them.
The postman angel at the gate, has firmly
placed in my hands your parcel of plain brown
paper from - ROMA - proclaims bold print

framed beside the other framed

dear Unexpected Face.

To see you at last, your resigned smile finally,
gladly, admitting surrender - such repose is
an altar where incomprehension finally breaks
into blossom - Emptiness is Presence Divined
in any landscape or ocean. Or mind.

On the back of your photo you ask simply,
briefly, a note scribbled by a weak hand,

How fare's you,
God's mason friend?

2

I stammer on scraping skin and song,
a geography myself, a landscape severe,
gone in the nose and ears, eyes good
now for shadows only. And some old
beloved words. But I'll plead allergies.

I am reading some dead Thomists
these days, Maritain, your friend,
whom I've secretly adored since
covenants were broken, my own
fault, asking again and again how
one can keep covenant with self
much less a God.

Bless my bones if there are blessings

for such. I've taken them for granted
much. They are my formation base.
I've wasted years chasing the world,
the words for things, and why and
how, I never really thought of bones
but old Thomists did and do, even
Calvinist too though they're way too
dry for me.

Maritain frees me, as does his wife,
the gentleness in them both astounds.
Jacques's a tough bird, though, an
intellect staking claim on thought and
what perhaps it ought to do with silly
human will once Divinity has entered
the room -

What knees are for upturned palms can plead.

NOW

sings bones

their old hymns ongoing theme.

Somewhere I read, or did I dream it,
an old heresiarch in the desert retreated
to cultivate a life of prayer in nowhere.
After all the years of abstention and
heat, the bare land inexorable, he could
no longer utter much at all, speechless
before severity, and beauty, how the
eternal question of 'why is man' could
be summed in his only prayer:

'Heres breath for you.'

Warren Falcon

Inside My Father's Bomber Dream - After Richard Hugo

here's one more for the Major,
my father, who gave me his name

"No blame can stain us now, father..."

or is it

"No stain can blame us now, father..."

nuance is everything

or is it

[from "Skies My Father Taught Me" series]

"Take air away and even fire falls" - Richard Hugo



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1

Though he tried to teach
me once, just a void kid
avoidant of air and heights,

"mira, look, here's how to purposefully stall in flight"

not at all interested in the
favor of the lesson my answer
is screaming and piss pants,
no chance to stall a bladder,
his disgust palpable, my head
catches a glancing knuckle,
does not make me calmer.

Many years, much is
forgiven or lost in cloud,
still I have no idea what
the inside of my father's

bomber looks like, how
it smells when filled with
fear perhaps passed off
as gun powder, flak, fuel,
flame, smoke so black and
deep in the pores
it stinks a lifetime -

Yours. Also mine by blood.

Still, your son is proud
though fear is the meal
you often fed dutifully
eaten with sliced bread
so white white light in
the shaking hand, dread
the tarnished knife and
fork, simple instruments
to quell the terror in you
served up to sons,
at least one of them.

I know now your fear
made mine, yet, many
years in the making, this:

Dessert is a son's pardon.

You nod, wink now,
in dream now all's
understood, unsaid
but conveyed -

not too late the father-hope.

2

Dear Major, If you have one
more bomb to let go let's do
it together. God has chosen
me and It wants revenge,
REVENGE the name on a

sudden wall, a painted scene,
swamp in black light 3-D,
bizarre, iridescent Spanish
moss, dense, tangled, sways,
hints an unseen wind and

there you are,

old portrait, in uniform,
good looks, sad, even
gentle eyes I dimly recall
in person, a smile noncommittal,

the war is still on.

Suddenly I lose stomach for it all.

I forgive everything.

You are young, a bomber pilot
dropping heavy kisses backed
up in the bomb-bay.

There's a wall somewhere
central in every capitol
of the world with your name on it.

Promise, I'll drop your name, not
bombs, every son's chance I get.

See all these sailors here
on the boardwalk in packs?

I'd kiss them all,
say to them,

Love your old man,

what he's seen is in his eyes,
finally dare to look hard there,
the face is yours,

no talking allowed,
no guessing either,

watch his hands,
what they do.

Never say

it's over.

Love, I mean.

Warren Falcon

For Josef - Tightrope Walker

"Only the poet sells his soul to separate it
from the body that he loves." - Tomas Salamun**

for Josef -

tightrope walker

dancer

eye glancer

where I once and forever

fell



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continually

onto soft landings

My demands are over

I find you now in clover beds
behind the Metropolitan***

Temple of Dendur overlooking
our search for the rare four-leaved
still-common flower.

You are uncommon always to me.

I am the grateful commoner
once supplicant at your heart's
many chambered door.

I am content enough.

<><><>

** Slovenian poet Tomaz Šalamun was one of Europe's most prominent poets of his generation and was a leader of the Eastern European avant-garde.

***The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.The Temple of Dendur is an Egyptian temple exhibition completed during the reign of Caesar Augustus in the year 10 AD.It may be seen in part from outside the museum from a grassy knoll in Central Park immediately behind the museum.

Warren Falcon

In The House Of Dead Skin On The Planet Purgatoria - Notes Elegiac Written During A Searing Illness

for Josef - tightrope walker, dancer, eye glancer where I once and forever fell continually onto soft landings. My demands are over. I find you now in clover beds behind the Metropolitan, Temple of Dendor overlooking our search for the rare four-leaved still-common flower. You are uncommon always to me. I am the grateful commoner once supplicant at your heart's many chambered door. I am content enough.

Also, this piece is dedicated to Cafe Orlin, that down the alley place where for 35 years I long sat allowed my solitude and soups beside books and notebooks stacked, my sereptitious longing glances at the servers and chefs, the scrap-and-crumbs-removers whose dark eyes lit fires and fueled at least a million words and imaginings (how much the breaking heart can bear astounds and resounds through the bearer forever) . Orlin has recently closed its doors for good or, rather, to go with some imagery in the text below, has folded its tent that daily featured the myriad circus performers of the East Village and Manhattan and the world...this place, one stepped down from the street to enter it, is where I once wrote my millionth epitaph:

'We shod our feet against what long loss of motion,
eyes downcast or boldly returning the stare?

Beneath each eye there's some familiar look we refuse.
We map our way to sleep in the palms of shy or frightened hands.'

Cafe Orlin, years of moments glad, sad, and in between, coffee spills upon expensive pages and poor ones too, uncountable and unforgetful smiles and jokes, aspirations and dreams, inspiring and aspirating as do all hopes seize re-size us all these that go all in with spice, grease, with Meditteranean glad tongues daily ensouling cycles - crumbs in beard and lap, breakfast, lunch, dinner - I will miss you as I-the-thinner become foregoing more than peasant repasts of sour dough endless dull knives of butter slathered upon, sprinkles of salt flung over shoulder for all my spills, mindless drippings, and breaking the trembling china. SALUTE!

And to Jean Genet: 'So once again begins the three-cornered life in the garret

which looks out over the dead, the cut flowers, the drunken gravediggers, the sly ghosts torn by the sun.'

Please pass through this poem but be not 'torn by the sun'.

<><><>

Lectio Divina

'There is no other source of beauty than the wound - unique, different for each person, hidden or visible, that every man keeps within, that he preserves and...he withdraws when he wants to leave the world behind for a temporary but deep solitude.'

- Jean Genet, from The Studio of Alberto Giacometti 1957

'It sounded vaguely like the kind of thing
Christ might have said if Christ had a sense of humor.
The empty bar that someone was supposed to swing to him
Did not arrive, & so his outstretched flesh itself became
A darkening trapeze. The two other acrobats were thieves.'
-Larry Levis, from Elegy with a Darkening Trapeze Inside It

<><><>

Ingressus

Sweep up the nightly flesh harvest,
flush 'I' silt down toilet with blessings
to underworld deities -

by me be they nourished enough, grant
(O grant me please) reprise and other
wants, blurt here, and bleat, (I am) your
meek hurt shorn to nerve, skin no longer
but what sheds cell by cell, I am to Hades,
Dis, Sheol, Inferno, returned, all too real
no matter the Name,

perhaps Dessication's the better.

How strange

wake up in these
sheets

feel my
grain surface-me

forced out
and off by what

within
seeks to free,

move about,
perhaps as mulch,

into the
apparitional

legs, arms

fill my street.

<><><>

The Night Watch

all night tv,
Catholic station,
awaken in
hallucinations Roman.

Father B. and
me giving
commentary
run on in Latin

upon 'revered
Saint John of
the Cross

imprisoned by

his very own,
the worst by
Deity though
remaining

Lover-at-the-brink, '
ward walker
feet first into
the world one

clinched fist
wishing to
reverse to

return

repair placenta
there drift umbilical
in potential always

on-the-way but
glad-stalled in
no-think little fingers

pink spider-curl
thread blue veins
do sift am-me-not-'Ich'*1

Lover, I'll struggle to rise for the proffered
Drink, (from whom? I live alone) , Real Presence.
I shudder feel mystical urge forge Dark Night
again that purgation again that emptying out
of once was meaning bereft again of all striving
after earlier seeking almighty rafter upon
which to hang again keep above the fray

but wins the nights and days sandpaper skin
when knees unable to bend ache elbows too

too raw-red oozing each move a pain a prayer
of sorts in what now is lair the old tv set
lunar again stares stark blind into monochrome
rearranges furniture, books on the shelf
myself too dismembers reassembles

(kingdom come
will be done again
that which is not
nothing but some
thing is the question)

redundant

Church bells near do ring the hour, or half,
hear them divide into parts that which is
more than me now strung now quartered

yes<>no

yes<>no

yes<>no

between chimes

dust is

can be

quartered

one finger cuts in

in traces

a thought last minute or sooner

soon, soon god willing

I'm a goner

<><><>

Prime

wake to Rome

the most handsome African face scars a startle on the screen, in St. Peter's Mass for Prisoners, final mass to conclude the Year of Mercy inaugurated, a year's worth, by kindly Pope, to him I nod nap between Latin the mass those masculine faces, prisoners leaning forward on knees

become dirge itself me as Demi Urge reveal voracious lust exaggerated masculinity in full flower in agony, in humility, what hands have done heat bidden to others remains a god stain for this Mass the mess it is - that it is flesh and blood that is eaten at the Table we're unable to escape the animal

nor the perambulating

spirit that crawls lurks lunges leaps toward some integration once transcendence is given up, the hope of it, one's knees hope at last or, as I am now for a year, on his back raw meat-ed hairy, winter's lion caught out of season in insistent and

urgent corelatives.

An urgent corelative wake again a face pleads a kneeling prisoner the camera adores as do I, O Face, his, familiar much, Saint Genet, Our Lady of the Flowers*2, from pénitencerie France, more than once sprung, the redemptive narrative there from his artistry

that mysticism of The Abjection

articulation in underworld the excoriation alienation unimagined but experienced agonies primitive infantile

such must be inexorably conjured emerging unsought

but fated seizure

caesura
upon gut
soul eye
roll him (me)
inside out

why/how appease impersonal
deity hiding behind cold bars

doors demanding merge
love to flesh metal?

In answer perhaps in
bed stunned into sleep
by the question

in beatitude,
in dumbstruck,

a most beautiful boy,

Beatitude Itself,

in Vatican choir rapture,

soprano

sing crystal sing plaintive,

virginal to prisoners,
holy, pure, singing such

O replunge each criminal
each kneels into further
exile into further Glory
and me he weeping abyss
returned to skin and nerve
endings sheering cell by
cell raw my raw hands
long nails bloody matted

hair belly

is that smell the smell
of animal me captured
not the Unicorn but the
winter lion lying on sheetless
mattress gray yellow,
gutted self opened who
would be once again
caught in those rafters
whose only crime is to
live anxiously for church
bells ringing the here

to hereafter.

<><><>

Sext

A Probatory Reprise

This mid-day surprise. Freed!
momentarily, of course;
in self-imposed imprisonment,
in flesh, no divorce permanent, final.

Evenso, less brittle, a little, enough
now, take myself, Crustacian Man,
masked, the plain man, wall and
sidewalk shadow scuttle into

HUMAN world.

To brace myself, to soothe, I take Genet
with, him devour him consent, yet forbid
tears for the tightrope walker astounded,
his last lover, Algerian, a circus lad stretched
blooming in spotlight emerging into

rope-into-youth

and man-falling
a falling-man willful

imolation leap
luscious eventual
inevitable pale

impaler

<><><>

Coniunctio

[] _____ Le Funambule _____ []

[] _____ The Rope Walker _____ []

such are attempts (transcend via ropes and swings and rafters)
upon Palomino's back upon which balances urgent youthhood
in tights holding a gay umbrella over his concentrated head, his
bluer than blue eyes fixed upon some other-world-anywhere-but-here,
not hearing the blurred masses crashing against him-the-projected

that they need
and so feed upon

him torso
him balance
him stillness-dance
on the haunch

him unreal unseen
as real so him peel
down tights to
skin moon-white

each gallop each
bounce portend
him rope and him
fall at last into him
past which refuse
memory itself nor
need for recall (or
fall) especially when
the bereft remainder
the lover pins him
past to now-agonies

tender pinner he
remain reminds
him splintered
one to sing and say

of him splendour
of him acrobat
him ropewalker
him child/man
of tents
and stray
grave but
gay hint
there is more than a year
a moment in Mercy arms
legs breaths twined till twain
and pain doth them part,
lips forever part muted

too stunned in loss

to sound the repetitive
moment of him legs
and him white arms
flashing down

there is no sound then

but

him thud

just

one

more

than

enough

to

end

all

that

<><><>

[Cafe Orlin - Josef's Station]

Contemplation - Stations of the Cross

Down the brief street almost Spanish in intent and shade, I/he, Crustacion
Man, read Jean Paul Sartre's book, Saint Genet, difficult, dense, his own
transcendent tongue tightrope aspires/aspirates requires a specialist in
both levity and gravitas to ken, but one reads as one chants over, now, the
opening sore, or soar from rope into fire, discover there the soft landing
once breath puffs out, shoots through the tent, retains some depth, some

sanctity there or near or above ascending past circus, past tent, in the air
close above but also close behind the ear last breath a prayer between
shut eyes thinking finally shattered...such is the rarer art, soul's cost wrest
from cauldron lad/man rope taut beneath wobbly hope of all too human
wings which aspire to be mind heart sinew and sole, the drunken circus
band honking on on and on such is gait and play staying crises while the
tent is secured enough the elephants slow motion sway the lad dances
raw on horseback or pony, pennies tossed beyond him to gold the center
hopes-us-gives that living's more than the stumble-and-stale but the he

rope_____ walker

attempts, tempting us into presence-enough even as skin dries
from raw red to sand-sundered self-dust lying-abled shelter in place,

how much more scrape to get to essential bone?

my thoughts alone at a round table dark scarred of fork and knife,
how many lives in the alley to table taken to meals and books,
mistaken harlequin moments turning the page, turning the ruby,
the color at least, in the glass?

How can this reddening world not be loved inspite all glimpses
aheadforward to the last page, the backcover closing within a
clover there pressed, the paler lad/man upon the prancer, its mane long flowing
spotlight glow in overflow, the moment movement illuminates, now, at last, until
the circle's swept
at last, the flung pennies gathered.

Rehearsals unseen begin anew before searing noon topples
morning toward concluding shadows,

the band practices another
tune but always in the end a stagger, evening's adagio waiting

the curtain pull-back, the neighing horse and band when the
standing lad/man balances, easily it seems,

glad upon the tigher
rope or the cantering haunch, centers the miracle in the sky-blue

tights what lights the motion-maddend crowd-now-all-one-child

screaming -

Look!

no wobbling! no saddle!

the tent walls tremble,

for us he

pretends the miracle of never falling.

<><><>

Lectio Divina - Sacred Reading - Read > Reflect > Respond > Repose

['His defeat astonishes and overwhelms him, but he claims that he has doomed himself since childhood... submerged in a ghastly present, he leaps, at the same time, far into the future, turns to look at his dead life and finds it exemplary. He is

himself and the Other, as always; and, as always, the Other is imaginary...

...Hopelessness is its own hope. He creates a way out by himself; he is even the way out; and he knows it. He knows that he is being observed by an invisible witness

who will come and lay his hand on Jean's brow and whisper gentle things to him:

'You would not seek me if you had not found me.']*3

<><><>

The Sacrifice - Misericordia*4

him Jesus

(the secret can be told,
him a believer was after all

despite
the cleaver)

executed between two prisoners, thieves of
lavender, appropriate much, thieving-grace in
graceless human world, Jean One Cross,
violets violently bloom from his feet, his hands,
the scarred youth a pastel still forever thrown
from circus mare, unstrung from tightrope dashed,
is hung stunned to be fallen, is raised upon the
other, each thirsts

why must thirst be hidden when it is thirst beyond
magic and illusion

though acrobats accomplish
much with their bodies illuminated in beams of light

but even they, as all/us/we, are incomprehending
of the word

'necessity'

needful things all three criminals we too crave
the vinegar sponge for drink, each prisoner
serves us, and who shall notice a last blood
wink with Him eye to a settling sum.

'Year of Our Lord' and all that, still another
lad climbs the height in darkness before
the beam hurts his eyes their pledge to
stretchedness between rope and ground
(and canvas) , but for screams' delight or
fear, with balance enough the end easily
near reveals each step that matters, each
breath emboldens defiant walks or rides
a pony's hide, or horse's, the rope is
straight, tight, horizon of coming night,
the course curves to trace trotters the
ringed romp is all design and mirrors
dividing centered magic from crammed
masses in the risers, a beggars convocation

of clocks unwinding, congregations of
dark birds flock the nearing obscurance,
the ecstasy at last beneath big top bent
on distraction though redemption beggers
most there in need of a latter

(but not
ladder
to rope
to swing
where clowns
times three
prevent
indiscriminate
ascents by
the all
too ordinary)

such rarely think upon any escape actively

still again
always

they do need
and so feed upon
him torso
him balance
him stillness-dance
on the haunch

him unreal unseen
as real so him peel
down tights to
skin moon-white

each gallop each
bounce portends
him rope and him
fall at last into him
past which refuses
memory itself nor
need for recall (or

fall) especially when
the bereft remainder,
the lover, pens him
past to now-agonies

tender penner he
remains reminds
him splintered
one to sing and say

of him splendour
of him acrobat
him ropewalker
him child/man
of tents
and stray
grave but
gay hints
there is more than a year

a moment in Mercy's arms

*1'Ich' = German for 'I' thus 'am-me-not-'Ich''is word play with 'amniotic' turning into
'am me not I [me]

*2Jean Genet, (19 December 1910 - 15 April 1986) was a French novelist, playwright, poet, essayist, and political activist. Early in his life he was a vagabond and petty criminal, but he later took to writing. His major works include the novels *The Thief's Journal*, and *Our Lady of the Flowers*, and the plays *The Balcony*, *The Maids* and *The Screens*.

Existentialist philosopher Jean Paul Sartre wrote a book, *Saint Genet, Actor and Martyr*, 'about...Genet especially on his *The Thief's Journal*. It was first published in 1952. Sartre described it as an attempt 'to prove that genius is not a gift but the way out that one invents in desperate cases.'^[1] Sartre also based his character Goetz in his play *The Devil and the Good Lord* (1951) on his analysis of Genet's psychology and morality.^[2] Sartre has been credited by David M. Halperin with providing, 'a brilliant, subtle, and thoroughgoing study of the

unique subjectivity and gender positioning of gay men'. - wikipedia entry 'Saint Genet'

*3This passage is from Saint Genet, Actor and Martyr, by Jean Paul Sartre, page 191.

*4 Misericordia = Latin for Mercy

Photo below of Jean Genet, author of Our Lady of the Flowers and many other novels and plays.

Warren Falcon

Detritus With Legs - A Walk In Pueblo Canyon Territory

These
radiant [ruins] obey the abandon our
learning sought. - Nathaniel Mackey*1

I am obviously a part of a story that is not mine
So it was on the edge...The edge is in our very flesh
the vulnerability of the little ones - Michael Ortiz Hill**2

[NOTE:this poem, and others, derive from frozen Christmas hikes through
Bandelier National Monument in New Mexico*1]

<><><>

Only give me
the narrow canyon

born of
rarer rain



PoemHunter.com

random dew

(does)

spark

long deep
snows melt

creep into
trickle then

drain come
into eventual
creekness then

rush wild and

flood where I

have and will
silently walk

detritus with legs***3

so as not to
disturb native

spirits pervading
following

(who's my shadow?
which,
beneath
indifferent sky?

or is it (disinterested) ?

cuz I project
alla time)

the rest'll get
done though

in the wailing
in utterance

the horizon spouting

unreal glow

congealing

muteness

prevailing ever

Still

- - - - - (be still)

to witness means
something much

Not much else to do

And these words

here

<><><>

*A line from Nathaniel Mackey's poem, *The Phantom Light of All Our Day*, which reads:

These
radiant winds obey the abandon our
learning sought.

I exchanged the word 'winds' for 'ruins' since my poem is a meditation/recall of a frigid winter walk in Bandelier National Monument, a canyon of the Ancestral Puebloans who dwelt in caves, natural and hewn, in the rock canyon walls.

Bandelier National Monument is near Los Alamos, New Mexico in Sandoval and Los Alamos Counties. The monument preserves the homes and territory of the Ancestral Puebloans of a later era in the Southwest. Most of the pueblo structures date to two eras, dating between 1150 and 1600 AD.

While on my silent walk through the ruins it did not escape me that I was only a few miles from Los Alamos where the first atomic bombs were created and eventually transported by US bombers to the sky above Japan WW2, then dropped destroying two cities, millions of lives then and, yes, still, NOW.

**Michael Ortiz Hill, from his marvelous essay, *Blues Song On The Edge Of Chaos*.

***My riff on Vladimir Mayakovsky's image and title of his poem, A Cloud In Trousers.

Amongst ancestral ruins and dwellings I do indeed feel a sense of trespass though I feel awe and respect and mystery but my garish modern/postmodern ego/self feels to me as if I am indeed 'detritus with legs.'

Warren Falcon

In Proximity Of Cedars, What Presents? - Circa 1978

And who
can turn this total thing, invert
and let the ragged sleeves be seen

He shall step, he
will shape, he
is already also
moving off

_____into the soil, on to his own bones
he will cross

- Charles Olson, from 'In Cold Hell, In Thicket'

>><<

he will cross



PoemHunter.com

say out loud

in dark House

in thicket to the

Master of Thirsts

all kinds,

I drink.

No real taste

for blasphemy, me.

But can swallow

bears whole, me,

Ursa Major,

Ursa Minor.

Stars. Clouds.

Even skins, the creeps

and willies, me.

What presents?

Venal sins

and mortal, me,

vowing

remember

the water spring,

pure day

forget thinking,

say,

don't try so hard,

hear nearby cedars

scrape, entwine,

they sigh, they

agree

with last this

thought

wishing

as I did,

do still, pray,

they'd always

deciduous be

and not overly evergreen.

Warren Falcon

I, Minimus, Throw Pound For Pound To Pound & 'is Old Son - Paeons, Peons & Pissing 'pon The Century Xxth (Selections

First came the seen, then thus the palpable
Elysium, though it were in the halls of hell,
What thou lov'st well is thy true heritage
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee - Ezra Pound

The kingfishers! who cares for their feathers now? - Charles Olson

*

First Breath - Prolegomena

...I take my Pound with lumps...

Old cantor no longer
cantering but for us
both now I swagger

not to stake a grand
claim in turning the
race the species other

than to what it always
was/ever will be
grandiose verbose

polyglottal babblers/
murderers/plague bringers
of 'the new world'
'merikuh 1492 n later
Pilgrimista crews
think theyre

rebutting halitose Death
how big the universe

how we are all so small
sings it well (tho wrung
out 2000 years now
n more, the verdict's
in though denied)

'The ant's a centaur in his own dragon world'

1

I, Minimus, tongue in cheek creak oar row out too
into Homeric sea choleric not old Greek singer long
of breath but as Winslow local seer his paints straw
hat consigned to mistook heroics pure accident not
to check radio maritime ask captain if row boat worthy
of even an American sea - projected too - can go
a-row-row-rowing claw oar into wave tips whitecaps
safe perimeters, smell of earth nasal-yet to keep
oriented to dirt.

Have instead reaped I redundant whirlwind

play America-the-Fool leapt again naively trusting
my and country's destiny are one always good in spite
of Melville's long eloquent 'discantus supra librum' -
'above the book' - more truing than any to spoil it
the projected 'pluribus unum' thing for Mayflower
folks tripping lily lightly between the hawthorns
their imported gardens and God, irritant tomahawks
'can only turn out swell' thought they like inflated
waves self-gathering in sea full of selves them/they
individually Destined they/then and do think,

to break just for,

O America, thee.

And now come poets each century heavier than
before, heavier than the other few, this new one
too only bards, a real few, to bar, board up the big

gaps,

O great light gaping torn off, oft thee sung,
slung over shoulder, hauled, the burden,

o the load
it is now become.

4

To live in presumptions of other life
that will eventually live or be living
aware that I live presently as if this
being-lived-life now is provisional,
that I shall one day be traveling or
well-traveled, living in some other
land/culture, having planted Odysseus's
presumptuous but resonant oar
there, fluent in tongue/lovers of
said land or if now said then perhaps
I may sing/say bring new ships
into the leaner bay loaded with exotica
to otherwise o land-locked Reason,

'to begin with a swelled head and end with swelled feet'

7

That one day the book shall be written,
Odysseus come smiling through the door.
That I shall live forevermore free of provisions,
be delivered presently into good, rich life
and unto the richer world, my Lover, so long
turning turning turning in distance away from,
yet to manage a caress, a smooch which
neither dismisses nor fully embraces and
it is I that is and shall be erased into this Love
which shall then in time be erased as well
in the greater Sun and that Shining too shall
be erased. Then we shall all be scattered,

or I shall be only, embrace by embrace,
toward erasure no longer effortful.

I soft sift draft by draft rough toward world
now slowing in spite of parentheses these
provisional postulations of 'the good life'
to come. Eventually. There is only this that
I am living now. And my hands feel, even
perhaps are, strapped to this wheel that
turns me as turns Beloved Earth, the Sun
too each dreaming near to but apart from each.

My reach is
here on my tongue,
in my fingers here
grasping words from mind.
I am ever behind in this chase,
now am further from
Love/Space than ever
though my heart
is swollen from
wanting It.

Still, world, accept my blessing.

I send this message aloft on kingfisher wings.

Warren Falcon

Serpents, Bread Rain, And On & On To Somewhere We Remember - A Theological Ditty, Mores The Pity

The form of spirit as it awakens is adoration. - Ludwig Wittgenstein

*

Altar pieces a bit will nill pell mell much like Olympus
I gather

even Sanai once

if the smoke ever clears, the
scrambled competition picks
up renewed-and-vicious-pace
apace

still kicks post haste even into
post po-mo (postmodern)mantlepiece
here, mine, shards of once was/still is
deity, fingers pointing to the moon,
never to what's behind it which is where
deity true probably
lives-at-least-as-Idea-or-Id,
or better leading to 'don't know' but
makes a funny feeling, even sick,
fearful in the gut for

"Something we know not what is doing we know not what" 1

and one knows something wholly other
than self, even what is known so familiarly,
such as

daily/nightly totems staring one down,

insisting, what?

something beyond eye or thigh
the weight that Forever really is

or we feel it is, the bone feel, that
ever so slow curve calcium makes
down, down, years of it sinking
and then we wonder our own being

rumors of thunder on Distant Mountain
fire there, (we are) stutterers pegged for
massive revelations, special effects
parting waters walking sticks into serpents
bread rain and on and on and somewhere

we remember we ought to altar so we
finally relent even if it's the first and last
and only one of the heart but not only
that but the aged body parts once so
primary, the sagging breast, the sinking

balls,

withered skin there and everywhere
mere parchment now and (how?)we
may then finally wonder about religions
of the Word, what gets written where,
once and often, on stone then eventually
vellum/skin and bark too in treed lands,

a Shining Stranger (perhaps one of many)
bent low and writ with his finger in the dirt,
but the word in the end may us an altar make
as hearing fades and the tongue thinks

"it's only water" and

"can a man control 'is tongue? "

- it's Biblical

the question answers itself

a riddle:

"never, or rarely"

like my mother dying,

"What's this all about?

Whatever. I'm ready to go"

as if she or any of us can really decide
that but will's a holy thing, asserts even
in the face of obstinate Absolute

that Other-Than is also truth and down
to a woman and man

we get to argue,

"I decide"

>>><<<

1 Sir Arthur Eddington (28 December 1882 - 22 November 1944) was an English astronomer, physicist, and mathematician of the early 20th century who did his greatest work in astrophysics. He was also a philosopher of science and a populariser of science. The Eddington limit, the natural limit to the luminosity of stars, or the radiation generated by accretion onto a compact object, is named in his honour.

He is famous for his work concerning the theory of relativity. [from wikipedia]"

Warren Falcon

The Sorrow And The Pretty, A Proem Upon 'the Fallen Chrysanthemums' - Confessions Of Nightingale, One Who Did Not Leap

escape to chrysanthemum

clouds

now too too crowded

for six falling, the sad young
men who leap from bridges:

Tyler Clementi, Raymond Chase,
Asher Brown, Billy Lucas, Seth Walsh,
Justin Aaberg

Chrysanthemums in hand
clutched for support:
the pale boys silently leap

They spoke no word
The host, the guest,
And the white chrysanthemum. - Ryota, haiku master

...descend and of the curveship lend a myth to God. - from To Brooklyn Bridge

What does a man come to with his virility gone? - Walt Whitman

He sought for his beautiful body
and encountered his opened blood
Do not ask me to see it! - Federico Garcia Lorca

*

Even the pigeons on my stoop are silent now.

One mourning dove coos tenderly for these who have taken their own lives

publicly on our behalf, for untold scores gone before them with broken hearts enraged, no more to engage the unpersuaded world which, one of them, one of the public ones, in spite of murmuring wharves, in spite of amorous dark alleys bitter in the pitch in the hateful American Twentieth Century, Hart Crane, wrote before his leap from the ship beside the phallic curve where Cuba meets the lipping sea, took his tongue away which sang to us of chill dawns breaking upon bridges whose spans still freely splinter light returning hungover from night wharves' grottoes and denim grasps, World Wars' industrial embraces crushing every man, and now another one abandons his fingers and fiddling, o scattering light, takes flight from ledges to edge close to an embrace no longer forbidden—

And so it was I entered the broken world to trace the visionary company of love... - Hart Crane

I am at the Way of Peace Bistro, not your favorite place I remember—unkind to queens and Miss Things —but the server whose cousins are the famous Wolf Boys in Jalisco, Mexico, hirsute himself, gives me free double espressos for very large tips, of course, and it is not as populated here on Saturdays with the braying brunch crowds, their hammers for pinkies poised...besides, the server just yesterday came out to me in my confessional booth here at the perpetually wobbly table in the far corner at the cracked window rocking with Hart's unconfessed bones wrapped in soothing silt which he now dreams to be his silken pall. Life is indeed strange above the veiled bottom. I do receive confessions here p.r.n. ('as needed, ' in medical jargon) and at my other, now, confessional spots, the usual cafes I weekly haunt for chasing down dreams, waves, receding horizons...why, I wonder, is each window where I sit cracked?

I am the itinerant priest who sits at meager feasts. Suffering congregants (servers, busboys, cooks, regulars forlorn over their starfish and soup) , when their fellows are removed to basement or kitchen or groceries, come to me, ask about a dream, confess to some anguish or other, ask what should be done or undone. I consult espresso foam, open the nearest book willy nilly to see what advice or wisdom might be gained from that Eternal Logos sustaining us all here straining after some meaningful thing to keep us going when Hart and those too recent others obey some impulse to place at last the final period, reifying the punctuate though unrepentant ending of this too too long run-on sentence of hate. One hopes this period holds fast, that Logos/meaning is somehow, plates of starfish with fork and knife beside, true or truing, at least.

One serves where needed. And when. So come unto me you sad young men...All the news is bad again so kiss your dreams goodbye.

Here at my confessional I can only plead mercy upon the gay boys of late who have jumped from bridges, hung themselves, cut, sliced, diced their sad and abused compulsive hands, exploded hearts, leaping dears, eyes ablaze in thrall of antlers, trembling flanks strong to fly decrying the violent hunt which always ends with a death, bequeathing these chopped bits to me and those others like me who remain at table, plates before, to stare at what is there to be later scattered, sown, those pieces in and for Love-without-name or, if named, is still a stain upon confused local deities, their wide-eyed supplicants, but there is no stain upon the promiscuous sea. The compliant sky is not confused, neither is all that is between confused, allowing birth and blessing, passing of all kinds in all manner of motive and motion. But in the human world, distressing, there will be more boys, more men growing up as from the very beginning where earliest enmity mythically grew strong before shoes, before hearts were capable of breaking before turgid theological floods spilled blood of brother by brother turning witness stones toward silence, echoing lamenting Federico:

Do not ask me to see it! I don't want to see it. I will not see it!

My Tale Of Vales And Valences, Mountain And Manhattan

On the edge over the bee-loud Blue Ridge valley all apples and manure shining, flashing of green-tailed flies, before further exile, I escaped nightly to work, late ward sits as an attendant at the local psychiatric hospital, wee hours reading poets of the world who like Liu Tsung-yuan - 'just give me fine wine and friends who will often help me pour' - turned woes into ancient hymns and overtones. After one fateful graveyard shift all night reading Basho Matsuo's Narrow Road to the Deep North, in dawn's hut I begot to stumble-bed visions of pagodas and temples, fog-draped mountain passes, high peaks - names like Dismal Crouch and Turn Around Fool - spare anthems such are haiku, chrysanthemums in my head 8 a.m - 'chysanthemum' means 'golden flower, ' 'gold' = chrysos, and 'anthemum' = 'flower' which, by the way, holds an anthem within - with such a mind full I dreamed a Great Mountain voice shouting, 'Go away! ' and that was enough for me. Where I'm not wanted I don't stay so I made plans to flee. I followed my exiled self into further exile, Deep North, a symbolic defiant suicide-by-New-York-City.

All this the above said may make me sound like I was a bad-ass but that's not true. Irreverent, yes. And bluster. Bluster counts here as disguise for I was pretty. Not handsome. Prettiness counts for much in youth, in older age it is (sadly) sacrificed for Beauty.. A necessary assault in order to grow wise. Wisdom comes from loss and blood, always of the Moon.. Even gorgeous buds must go. Nature says it so. And we can and should protest their going but in

older age one loses energy to fight so gives in to what is 'just so.' In sorrow sore, in broken mendicant hearts, having touched tenderly and tasted the binding buds, wisdom is born.

But pretty boys make for an awful confusion amongst men, a real trouble, and, yes, violence verily. Men like pretty in their women but find it most disturbing in boys and young men. Then Golden Flowers are crushed, 'righteously' so. Chapter and Verse. Sanctified wrath against sublime wraiths-most-lovely wars and destroys. It is by polite and holy society 'of the male born' considered a duty harsh, justified, manly and rushed, that the feminine is preserved and men are saved from tempting male beauty.

In most forbearing mountains thus I hid my blushing pretty at war with myself (having internalized the Christian cultural fulminant Funda-fomentalism) . But one must not in mountain world surpass even their beauty, or their pretty. They win such wars by time which wears down flesh and minds. Respectful of this then, and gladly, while in their secure embrace, I cultivated both god and verse hunkering down in remote cabin shade. There I braved the pretty and the beautiful by day - the bluet, the rhododendron, the trillium, the mountain laurel - to boldly reveal them ahead of the inexorable shadows that mountains make because that one and only golden Sun, ours, flowers only-danced in shortened pretty skies bluet-blue, because those who know mountains true know that valleys are king and sunlight is brief tip to top, and in the between-brief span brightness stops both Sun and seer mid-afternoons.

And obedient, some of us, the pretty ones (then) , to the sheltering darkness get. Much may be done between 10 a.m and 4 but then shuts the revelation door, the valley/the veil resumes its reign. There both pretty and beauty pander to stained human palettes painfully returning as did I to fire or bulb light for all Beauty burns away to shadow (only in memory Beauty stays) . One develops night vision to see it. Thus did I work the night surrounded by others tears, lost their pretty selves the youths of wards and afterwards, and also those in tenements the old, the homeless Good Will-ed, for such now my verse is bestowal most holy gentle upon their sleeping faces, chrysanthemums each a pretty a beauty, black buds made mad with themselves the blunted social world could not contain.

*

No matter whose hood and gauntlet we come through slaughter.

The nightingale's song and the raptor's scream are complicit.

How to eulogize the lost? How speak for those whose lips are dust? how balance the books of love and death? Endless song would be required; a text to span the spinning earth and all the human creatures, weeping and striving.

I read your confession, Nightingale.

My window too is cracked, but I heard you singing.

I pray those souls you love and loved have also their hearing. - Brian Purdy

Warren Falcon

Thirds - On Light's Long Subterranean History

'Language seeks vengeance on those who cripple it.' - James Baldwin

'It's difficult to talk about poems in these circumstances.

[The country] is a razor, an inflamed calm has settled,
we're trapped outside on its rim.' - Sean Bonney

A hamlet pulls its covers tight.

Rumble seats between houses

prevent coarse entries,

boxcars, mysterious strangers,

best to keep lights out, or low,

call no attention to any glow

before or after what bodies

make of engine drone

fast past alarum tolls,

cross-arms down,

flash of signaling

reds on a bedside wall -

stop stop stop stop

sloppy seconds in a life

of halves, first and last,

let it all pass, wash

well a.m. radio's

in-and-out-tunes'

static comfort while

spigot's glottal

drips drops

stop stop stop stop

make a prayer if that's

what it takes. Take air.

Stare down, fading

Cross-stitched Clown

framed on the also

fading wall, you,

framed in whispered

happier times,

the war was on,

no matter which one,

when hoboes

blazed new trails'

whistle songs
in thirds,
words unheard
neurotic gestures,
cryptic, foredoomed
cyphers' connections
between air and wire,
a hidden fraternity,
mutual satisfaction
deeper than upward
facing snow's sky
paces of needful fall,
intimations' nuances
blind, feeding on buried
source, hints a course
to take, inclines a
notion for catastrophe,
savage mutual rebuke
from porch to pane
to open rails scarring
beyond recognition

mute corn flowers,
trash daisies between
ties, iron, mudbanks,
cattails stubbled fistulae
teeter in flatter estuaries
where a schoolboy
dreams jackdaw tongues
where the stumbling
river has a strange drag,
and a late willow lisps alone;

just today, finding
no stone in hand,
truant boy throws
in the knife,

so what?

finally a smart kid
without nows blade,
a bundle of rags,
before you know it,

a final scarecrow,
right on time in
dream and poem,
roams, he is

zig

zag

beyond fields, their

lewd undertones,

phone lines knotted

ditch-dancing clotted

tangos in ambiguity

most pronounced;

there Stitched Clown

finds himself, you,

yellow decades long

caught between Indian

wars, and Civil, too,

sore, surrendered dictions,

bunkered idioms not

to be confused for

idiotdescants

though scores do

garble, do choke

to keep old meanings

if not relevant then

at least resonant.

Zag you, who's

who stitched in

time woven?

Zig guards, or

tries, the multiple

force of speech.

After all,

Deja's fool,

red light's reach

reach again

no matter straw

fingers.

Crossing bells

nevermind design

dread delays on

Adder wall edging

the ancient bed

stop stop stop stop

sloppy seconds,

a life of halves

first and last,

pass by,

awash

a.m. tones

again

out

and then

again

in

stop stop stop stop

static comfort,

scareder mortis

just stop

faucet

drip counts

something

toward

prayer or

drop it

just

stop

what it takes

approving

privileged singularity

nightingales look

back inspite of

good counsel

not to do so but

like most they/we

do

gathering

past momentums

confirmed by

and of mystic

traditions

or so

then was thought

now memory's

lucre, and this

verity, at the

beginning is

there too at

the end where

prophetic word

ceases

or may

a great

light extend

to topos,

surge incommuncado,

into contradiction

as light not only

passes to speech

but becomes itself

speech, clueish trills,

songs in thirds

stop stop stop stop

spills the daring

day, Stitch steps

out instead in

unexpected

bestowal where

nightingale claws

unstitch thru yard

to road, thin mud

bearing bird-weight

parsing direction,

conjugant veils

knife swiftly on

night rails'

whistled songs

spiraling

dragged in

boxcars

paling

wakes

stop stop stop stop

at furthest reach

where they border

on lilt, on light, its long

subterranean history

Warren Falcon

'It's Not Night When I Do See Your Face' - Traces Metaphysical

No earthly power can tear them...
And only light substantiates
Their song. - Mike Finley

for James Tolan
with deep bows
to Louis Zukofsky
Theodore Roethke
John Berryman

[Asterisks denote footnotes]

1
A dark theme* of late of
fathers (viz. influence/trace)
and grace trans-oceanic and
feet (practicality) to span the
measures of grief getting the
business of it all done the living
that is done well or well enough
lighting another fire shall we
for the dead or

soon
lets us
at the altar
for whom
need/needs
(we/me) now
associate

to bend

knees

hearts

try

wear

(out)

prayer

on a mourn

2

On a mourn of fathers ill or dead
and an early death freshness no
matter young poet sudden now
clod or dust wonder why should
worry me

I should

bothered be

I know but

reading, 'Z'

(is for)

3

'Z' is for Zukofsky reading him before
news of these deaths that of the only
ordinary me next off the descending
escalator in the Cultural Abyss-Mall
who've abandoned ascent I now confess
that dream rather have gathered still
plucking assent only from the air and
what now long consumes a hard staring

at light all shades
one hand extended
other clinched in prayer

his Z's sure
seizure azure
(ex) postulation -

'It's not night when I do see your face'****

without a trace Thin
O Airness do harness
cloud Loud Sigh Our
High-ness majestic

there unseen
traceabe yet
facets of once
jet stream ever
Via Lactea

seen only

now

by fingers

4
a sky dialectic
lingers only blue
black making a
point missing it

me who sees
while can insisting
you beyond lids
all kinds gestural

(the)

irises're

guttural

stars

pupils'er

muddled

guesses

floaters'er

jokes

not quite

smoke (cuz)

no smoke in all heaven's

Gone, gone,

gone beyond! [Prajna Paramitra Sutra]*****

5

But what with?

comes the question

beyond hand and brow

A smile a

weep only allude to that which each

suggests

That which would gesture

reach if could utter too true and

good

tell the Glory too
the barely but once understood
(enough but

how much is) but felt

Trace No Trace

on Firmament

(infirm am I)

to That Without

Whom Not

I pray do

Substantiate O my Song

Here's breath for You

>>><<<<

*

**

Warren Falcon

Jive 45 - Celebrity, Not Glory, Wins The Land

'Martin Heidegger was right in holding that, in contemporary life, celebrity, which almost never has anything to do with heroic deeds, has eclipsed true glory. In the United States, mediocre clever people like Donald Trump or Ronald Reagan, who do evil and often support evil, bask in celebrity. Intimate sordid details of their banal and often bizarre lives help sell newspapers and television programs. When the unbridled veneration of celebrity reigns unchallenged, as is quite common in the United States and in all other Western democracies, stupidity has triumphed. Thinking has vanished, as has wisdom.'

- from Fighting Evil: Unsung Heroes in the Novels of Graham Greene

Now the trash has come to the surface,
the Behemoth floats bloats to rot across
the land, crosses dying oceans, a vision
even seabirds refuse to scavenge

the trash has been surfacing for a century
or more but now the great swollen corpse
zombie no longer slouches toward any Bethlehem,
not even the steel town, but crouches over
a remote an I-phone, twittering at 3 am to
the nation and the world, and thinking has
vanished, as has wisdom. The shallow win.

Captain Kirk. He dead.

Warren Falcon

Un Canto De Ensueño Para El Nacimiento De Dos Soles Al Final Del Imperio

Sí, los artistas tienen que perturbar la paz. De lo contrario, el caos.

- James Baldwin

Y la luz del día separó al chico loco de su sombra.

- Federico Garcia Lorca

El nacimiento de dos soles en un teatro/laboratorio
en la carretera de tierra abrupto final de diez millas
fuera de Los Alamos. Más brillantes que ellos
me vuelvo más débil, entonces estoy ciego,
sólo una llama palabra en el ojo de la mente,

KISMET.

Al lado de la única salida salida un viejo está girando
su barril organo, remiendo de una cáscara del mar sobre
un ojo que falta, cantando melancólicamente,

Amor.

Amor.

Amor Fati.

¿Por qué?

¿Por qué?

¿Por qué te cuelgas del balcón de Dios?

¿Por qué el toro negro en un vestido de novia de pie en
tu ventana de luz de luna cantando canciones de amor?

Rueda Eterna.

Rueda Eterna.

Rueda Eterna cansada.

¿Por qué girar en absoluto cuando
esta es la escena final detrás de
los párpados del sol moribundo?

Pequeñas y preciosas campanas de plata,
preciosas y minúsculas campanas de bronce,

tintineo desde cada cuerno masivo.

Warren Falcon

Thigh-Ku 3 (Virgins)

Sailed, once, your ark, first
time>> scared, failed, my
fingers, shy, do now confess

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Thigh-Ku 2

our body (whose?) legs,
easy, bend, shape each
yielding bow upon themselves

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Thigh-Ku 1

guides only a blonde
smile placed upon knees
each our lips pretended shores

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Missive To James Baldwin One Week Into Trumplandia - A Dirge

'Yes, [artists] have to disturb the peace. Otherwise, chaos.'

-James Baldwin

'And the daylight separated the mad boy from his shadow.'

-Federico Garcia Lorca

Jimmy dear,

Only one week into the new regime.

The crack in the wall behind my head a week old too,
I arrive, there is a cry, and so it begins, continues,
curved spine my head skewered upon is the arc of history
moving toward justice which can't happen soon enough,

however, blue snow, pastel, hard packed, does
not bode well, may slow the burgeon-crack -
Oh the Country, Oh the universe entire.

Last night's dream

The birth of two suns in a theater/laboratory at dirt road's
abrupt end ten miles outside Los Alamos. Brighter they
become, weaker I become, then blind am I, only one flaming
word in the mind's eye, KISMET.

At the only EXIT a one-eyed Mexican viejo stands spinning his barrel
organ, seashell patch over a missing eye, mournfully singing,

Amor. Amor.

Amor Fati.

¿Por qué?

¿Por qué?

¿Por qué te cuelgas del balcón de Dios?

¿Por qué el toro negro en un vestido de novia de pie en

tu ventana de luz de luna cantando canciones de amor?

Rueda Eterna.

Rueda Eterna.

Rueda Eterna cansada.

¿Por qué girar en absoluto cuando
esta es la escena final detrás de
los párpados del sol moribundo?

Pequeñas y preciosas campanas de plata,
preciosas y minúsculas campanas de bronce,
tintineo desde cada cuerno masivo.

Love.

Love.

Amor Fati.

Why?

Why?

Why do you hang from the balcony of God?

Why the black bull in a wedding dress standing
in your moonlight window singing love songs?

Wheel Eternal.

Wheel Eternal.

Weary Eternal Wheel.

Why?

Why?

Why spin at all when
this is the final scene behind
the eyelids of the dying sun?

Precious little bells of silver,
precious tiny bells of bronze,
ring from each massive horn.

**

Here, awake now, feathers, hope, burn to ashes.

**

Jimmy,

brief note,

noted breath,
from White Sands.

In alchemy
white ash/
white dust/
white sand/

is calcinatio,
refining fire
reducing everything
to subtle essence

ash to ashiest/
dust to dustiest/
(I must)/
funk to funkiest/
a kind of Rosary

Dear one

pray that feather ash is more preservative than the feather outright.

Yours in dubium,

Fr. Sebastian Certum

Warren Falcon

I, Minimus, Decry -

I pose you you're question:
shall you uncover honey / where maggots are?
- Charles Olson

myself
the intruder, as he was not - Robert Creeley

Sooner or later everybody's kingdom must end
...And if my hands are stained forever
And the altar should refuse me
Would you let me in, would you let me in, would you let me in
Should I cry sanctuary
- Bernie Taupin

1

O great light inward,
which cannot (what can)
be said of America by manners
obsessed no matter the carnage
stretched to dry in a land where,
Vonnegut clear here,

'love may fail but politeness shall prevail.'

Blind, yes. As yet can't, perhaps refused,
reconcile the projected landscape, the leaking vessel,
landlocked, of State, Vespuccius Vestibulis, Topeka grasping
still, scratching at collective far flung coastal doors
for the in-between, no place to be,
all things gray there, politely,
plus visionaries, artists, hog-tied,
flee though are, ironically, there born.

And have not been gripped, me,
'cept by proxy, as were these
'just' poets - justified - trying to true
variant visions into One, no matter
imprecision of facts, imposed muddles they be,

O Topeka ongoingly o're and o're, ore of meanings
which are all spelt 'MESSIAH' - always this word
begins and ends such messes entire.

Still we call it a country.

2

O absolution,

that 'it is only that
the light, o great light,
of the land projected,
was in our eyes and we
could only see our way
to slash, kill toward said projected.'

Blindly now,
still, we seek looking back, vision,
darker inhabitants
diseased off,
killed, or shipped
on good Christian ships,
borders now paced of 'good citizens'
hungry for even more darker blood,
'enough' not a democratic word,
but 'more' (to Boesky asked
how much is enough? He, 'A little more') .

O blinding light.

Odysseus to Polyphemus
the real issue here, entitled marauder,
the unspoken, disavowing thief.
Every shipwrecked citizen located in
Odysseus's answer he to Polyphemus,
one-eyed, mono-visioned shepherd
mourning his lost ones
(lost to Kingly entitled hand) ,
safe-keeper,
none too bright
but constant,

faith-keeping,

Odysseus-blinded,
who calls out,

Who are you who unsights me,
scatters my sheep?

Odysseus, wily -

cleverness, not faith,
is rewarded, the valued
in this projected land -
calls back,
not afflicted of conscience,

'I am No Man! '

This the dilemma of all these
our projected land's inhabitants,
Citizens No Man, willfully ignorant
(the greatest sin) or wide-eyed
pretending. Odysseus
in sheep skin more the predator,
'No One' lobbing rocks,
pretending to shepherd.

Let's name it true -

EMPIRE.

3

I, Minimus, tongue in cheek, creak oar, row out too
into Homeric sea, not old Greek singer, long of breath,
but as Winslow, local seer, his paints, straw hat, consigned
to mistook heroics, pure accident, not to check the sky
maritime, ask captain if row boat worthy of even an
American sea, projected too, can go a-row-row-rowing,
claw oar into wave tips' whitecaps safe perimeters,
smell of earth nasal-yet to keep oriented to dirt.

Have, instead, reaped I redundant whirlwind
play America the Fool again, naively trusting my,
and country's, destiny are one, 'always good' in spite
of Melville's long eloquent 'discantus supra librum' -
'above the book' - more true than any, to spoil it,
the projected 'pluribus unum' thing, for Mayflower
folks tripping lightly between the hawthorns,
their imported gardens, and God, they think
irritant tomahawks 'can only turn out swell, '
think they, like waves gathering in sea full, of
themselves individually, Destined, they then
and do think, to break just for, O America, thee.

And now come poets each century heavier than
before, heavier than the other few, this new one, too,
only bards, a real few, to bar, board up the big gaps,
O great light gaping torn off, oft thee sung,
slung over shoulder, hauled, the burden,
o the load
it is now become.

>>><<<<

The King Must Die lyrics:

No man's a jester playing Shakespeare
Round your throne room floor
While the juggler's act is danced upon
The crown that you once wore

And sooner or later
Everybody's kingdom must end
And I'm so afraid your courtiers
Cannot be called best friends

Caesar's had your troubles
Widows had to cry
While mercenaries in cloisters sing
And the king must die

Some men are better staying sailors

Take my word and go
But tell the ostler that his name was
The very first they chose

And if my hands are stained forever
And the altar should refuse me
Would you let me in, would you let me in, would you let me in
Should I cry sanctuary

No man's a jester playing Shakespeare
Round your throne room floor
While the juggler's act is danced upon
The crown that you once wore

The king is dead, the king is dead
The king is dead, the king is dead
Long live the king

Warren Falcon

A New Postmistress Yet Again - After Reading Charles Reznikof Before Dawn

'...this carpet forlornly lost in the cosmos...' Rainer Maria Rilke

A new postmistress yet

again a disaster she

seems to be unable

to read to coordinate

for instance yesterday

two arrive for me in

two separate mailboxes

one in my neighbor's

I find one at my

door just now

when going to

the roof to shake

throw rugs

stringy now

rags mostly

doormat too

letter's there

in one old

boot

left

right

doesn't

matter

can't toss

either out

not yet

must remember

their miles

not yet

ready

for a last

winter

a heap

ready or not

I shake

the throws

over St. Marks

dust is blowing

sun's not high

just enough

little cloud

just

somewhere

beyond

between

buildings

morning glory's

already

opened

closed

an

accident

of

placement

its

indigo

Warren Falcon

A Mule Will Labor Ten Years...For The Privilege Of Kicking You Once - A Letter Poem With Dreams In't

A mule will labor ten years willingly and patiently for you, for the privilege of kicking you once. - William Faulkner

Dear Low,

I'm in a coffee shop cuz cabin bound and bougats. Am updating my mailing (snail mail) addresses finally...and need yours.

Got your message which came while I was asleep till 1: 30 pm could have lain abed hours more but for some horrible rash feet and lower legs needling me a crawling crucifix ferchrissakes cringe.

Up now. And out.

Need fresh air though legs swollen in pants legs throb and burn.

Life-long dreams of being a boy now a man without legs not even stumps the plump folds of fat my bum's become a purple snag knot unsung unused fraged rug burned from drag ass across the floor the door an accusation once refused now willfully unopened.

To yer question as per:

Me mum's good enough, I guess. Her memory serves where she's now at in and out but always somewhere even when not here the face looks clear, old, interior, at peace in this Mona Lisa life, wan at last. Pastoral. Punch line resolved. Resigned to let Nature be Herself and herself ma be as Nature Herself too.

A dream a few months now I was trying to prevent her from crawling hands and knees from an arid this our world long unploughed unplanted field gray red soil no more there anything to grow...she's crossing under, through, beneath a mesh fence into a green green verdant verily world of vines shrubs trees dark and green dependent upon shadow and light and palpable density between limbs leaves beds of them layers many ageless-now-countless mulcht-nitude. I grabbed her legs to restrain her passing she bucked like a bronco or bull mule kicked me the face me-I flew back to dead dirt hurt an agony of sorrow release - her message as Her Self Mother Nature clear brutal:

LET ME GO!

beyond the personal her self Genny no more but green all ever body green

Old man Jung all green now too said 'the most innocent form of life is plant life'
and this
she is becoming now moving toward everly

the window where she lives in her chair beside the pane view full of shrubs
woods close
and always a half light slanting in over her criss crossing visage stares often one
gnarled index finger knot gently poised in air or 'pon left eyebrow or upper lip
admonishment or suggestion to needy me regressed to little son fretting the
silence the message finger shush to lip be hush-still yield your will and mine to
tendrill to vine-realm intertwined but parsed parchly to make clear here and no-here
a now way upon which to vere in between lines human drawn and justly
mourned and thank you very very much as I love you it do

To quote Basil Bunting 'Briggflats' to shift his love song for wife to boy/son song
to mother elder dear - I know you comprehend the shift a son's rebellion at
against fate but for a mule kick fated Be Gone be woe begotten be woe begun
spun out and spinning still in dust-field whirls though no blow wind gale in stale
air hard to breathe there in all without without her present OUT here with me
now:

Fifty years a letter unanswered;
a visit postponed for fifty years.
She has been with me fifty years.
Starlight quivers. I had day enough.
For love uninterrupted night.

In my case 64 years and some months. All lumpish a'pout. And yellowing at all
my edges. Some say the soul is ageless but I clearly a body and self am not. To
the point a dream plot elaborates: of 3 ago nights an old Allen Ginsberg dead
pale poet pale but alive and living in my old Barnardsville century mountain old
lap-board-wood-house but now in dream an expanded renovated place clean
expanse rustic large with pine light and him AG white faced gaunt beneath wirey

regrown hair wild he's about the place fussy a wife a cranky zen buster
some students about the place living all of us in the new where we all were and
me walking around pointing out where nostalgia a young man back then after all
when once lived within the old walls where used to be, where the once
fireplace/woodstove stood now mid-room empty space a whole large room all
around where wall and house end used to be. Allen shuffling about doing things
ignoring me I don't notice until near dream's end he says loudly all pointy finger
from across the room to make his point more pointedly boney poke prick,

YOU TALK TOO MUCH!

and I knew a'sudden flash he was correct. It hurt but in the-pain-was-good and
pressed the point, no, mule kicked me he did 'your own good, ' all that...I sit/sat
me down mid-sentence mid room doomed to wonder thundrstruck moony tunes
fiddles and adagios opining...

Later vagueness but he some others were talking about 'Warren's suicide' mine
own...THAT woke me.

What's he mean. He's AG Tibetan Bhoo-Da Da perhaps it's conscious killing ego
off, ego-cide, not done it yet thus my mother's kick and crawl outta the arid
personal world no longer yielding life fruit green for her but me, yielding green
for me yet? and a conscious undoing finger by finger up what appears to be the
me of me...AH, recall now that the new kitchen stove in the new B'ville
dreamplace is a woodstove but modernized for cooking and house heating all
white porcelain with fine print countrywild field flowers little daisies and such but
stylized and spare almost musical patterns thin near-precious baby's breath I
with a finger caress and trace the lines they play there and AG talking all the
while others about my self-death.

Makes sense. I haven't been consciously death-wishy though legs do now insist
scream do something anything to move walk the world whilst can now no longer
an ego choice but nature's itch vine-climb creeper up my swollen calves impel me
to motion.

I resort to lotion which will not be enough o my darlin' calomine.

AG a zen master/gahroo loo da da intones get to woods while gettin's good.

And there silent be

once again

he to me -

YOU TALK TOO MUCH

Git or git off the pot.

Follow the Itch Path Hanh teach

heed the kick back to barren field

at least try grow corn grain greens

while no longer leaning 'ponst the

crutch of ego, the ergo sum crutch

much a doo bout nothing though

some thing's to be gained in the

fuss the fidget one digit pointing

outward, Whaaaaaaaaaaaaa?

SO. LOW, send me your address again please.

Yours, always, flapping 'is wings in the Void for sure forlorn,

The Alien Corn

Warren Falcon

Enchanted Trip To Get Lozenges

for Carey

Your waking dream. A vision true. Tells you how you are. Also
where. A nuance between prayer. And changing. Meant to write
chanting. Wrote changing again. Which lizards do. And dragons.
Again. And again. Insistent. Shed skins. Peel off mirrors. Scales
overlapping. Where one might impel. Herself. To gaze. Or dance
upon. Entangling feet with. Once was. Now gone. Chant is not
song. All this goes on. A prayer. In aisle 3. The chemical store.
Searching for a voice. She says. My own, To soothe. Gratitude.
A lizard throat. A child's jar. Backseat car. Not there yet. A later
return to. Lake's wild side. Slippery. In the hand. Prayer here is demand.

A woman will go far to find out who she is and how she are.

Red cord for protection. A throat. A cabal of selves. Get to know.
Conspire. To be pals with the Divine. Recollected from school because.
She. Says who. It brings her lizard. When It, bearded. Does.

A girl will. For going. Far go. Out find she. Who. How she are.

Warren Falcon

Catholic Camp, After Robert Lowell (Circa 1978)

[from early poems, 1970's, youthful attempts at voice]

An island of pines mocks
Our Lady's open gesture.
A rain of sticks beats
upon tents of the austere.
The priest lives near the
Sanctuary where Mary, too,
Resides, and the Host,
And a maid's quarter in
the rear, her cleansing
Hands, and the Father's.

Will venial sins vere
These holy scansions
Over blood, over wine
Most sincerely draught,
A grace bought it seems
By our prostrations and
Murmurs and fears for
Heaven in uneven loaves?

Are these leavened,
And do we mortals
Sort our thanks,
Each chew a Rosary
Sacrifice renewed
With each bite?

Finalized anew, each
swallow descends,
appetite's endless
increase reaching
final conclusion
ever carnal - repititious
hunger craving only
the body but not the
Deity of the Lord.

Decry The Fetish Of Normality, After Reading Sonnet Of The A*shole By Paul Verlaine & Artur Rimbaud

'its musky trough,
its tear-filled nest'
Artur, Paul, ravenous

I clumsily preen eyebrows
mistake an eye for a mouth
a tongue for a*s-lips an
armpit for ear or neck a
navel some other pit of

consequence

feral segue to further reaches spit
indelicate dislodge insistent hairs
the brow the lash the body prolific
flesh acres cell by fur cell straight
ones & curl spit spit unfurl a deluge
saliva godiva diving in upon on around
a blackness most purple indelicate
yet damp tender too to touch

unmistakable

as a shade a sheathed blade a
bruise complication both comedic
& deadly where shall then my lover
hide as well my lovers how distract
that other negritude that greedily
feeds & is fed

upon

If there is a back (if I had one) would I lie
back with yellowed claws pale scratch a
hole the sky crack hide desire's body there
love's poor inevitable choices decry the

fetish

of normality when all anything anywhere
wants to do is go undercover preen- preen
undergo indigo scream-scream (as lovers,
swollen do as body wanderers do) are want
wantonly to play become all

feathers

one eye looking this way that the other
bent over a fixed in

skyhole

a

search

breath lurch lunge
all the live long rife song

edging the egg
sag the tail end the

whole flight pattern
migration all night

thrusts rumored
whispers traced

at least two million
years plus whiskers

cyphers filaments
tufts cruciform

downy cuni-nundrum

cross-eyed
cross hairs

there aim
up and in
there deep

in the out
drawing

breaths

unraveling
above the
sheets the

bellows echoed
at last out to
sleepy nothing

only butts'

contrails

in an

ashtray

Warren Falcon

Minimus Flees

'I, Minimus, a boy,
withstood the spelling bee.
Lost the word, its spelling,

E-q-u-a-n-i-m-i-t-y.

So tread I to the apple tree
where the dreaded bee hums
night and day, tells me to be gay.

Mute, I fled. Running still, away.'

Warren Falcon



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Hog Beatitude #1

One cannot be
sweet toward all

except in mind
alone

Alone
the hog loves
lowly

loves slowly

but it loves
thing by

thing

which

something

is a beginning

I am for something



PoemHunter.com

A Statue's Virgin Lamentation Over A Grave, Gloucester, Massachusetts, 1978

Looming over a family plot a figure of
Cain at the head of 14 year old boy's grave:

Ground my face in the world's
crotch I'll never do though I wish it.
Closest I'll ever come be the day
I lay my thumbs beneath the dirt
and fish for an earthworm's eye.

Soft skin I'll never touch
'cept mine own hard flesh
with thumbless caress.
What thigh shall ever be mine?
And no man lip touch ever,
him I've slain, nor womankind want,
I hate my mother's name.

To fold the soil or sever
muscle with the teeth, spit
seed to the wind or dribble
praises manfully down the cheek,
oh heady sin, bitter tears.

The silt of September's enough.
Hard clay of October be bust.
A fist to the day's end, black
blade pierce the heart if I cannot
kiss you, oh Mud, cannot push
my face into your belly moaning thick-

love of the world,
eating fossil and coal,
drinking ancient tar
and artesian melt-

if I cannot have it then

I have not known the Jehovah Man.
I have breathed salt for nothing,
taken all words for fool's
bedding, crushed them
like my brother, flung them
over fences, slain them
all to the last letter,
each a shattered stilt.

Even upon the word of my name
I bring down the stone.
But in vain. Each blow
cannot crush it.

No end.

No prayer.

Black night descends.

The dark well screams.

Warren Falcon

Cemetery Statue Beside The Atlantic, Gloucester, Massachusetts Winter 1978

A scholar with a book sits
just within the cemetery gate:

And so, green statue with
your large hand on your book,
don't look so foolish
with snow on your head.

When did you last come
to sit beside the dogwood
growing a shadow over the dead?

Death is a deed.
Death is a clean sorrow.
It is natural to weep -

Even a waste basket in a cemetery.

Warren Falcon

I Am The Older Sister, And Ugly - A Lamentation In Response To A Gravestone, Gloucester, Massachusetts, 1978

An old cemetery beside the Atlantic:

An old woman, never married,
speaks among the dunes:

I am the older sister, and ugly.

I watch the sea by the wall,
yearn for each tide's return.

I walk the surf in all weather
and spend myself amidst

the sea wrack screaming
with the tern and the dove.

I count my white hairs by the
sea weighing each for love.

...wear your love, my younger
sister. Carry your full breasts
to his hands, the mouth of the
sea. Breathe deeply the salt sea
air, fill them each for his warm
mouth to take...

As for me
I will taste brine
and fill each old breast
with sand.

I will taste brine
and fill them each,

each, with sand.

They fall deeply
into my ribs in
the windy dunes
soon, soon to be
swallowed by
the fish and the crab.

Warren Falcon

Dreams Into Beast, Chimney Rock, Nc 1980

1

And what shall I cry out?

My impotency? My useless rage?
Then why be forgiven when Heaven's Will stays?
Undaunted, there are no cracks in Its ceiling,
only Light from a million suns to harm,
and a rustling of wings in corridors,
and a thousand voice chorus crying out,

No arms! No arms!

I've been to hell
and flaunt it like a gypsy's skirt.

I've been to hell
with a hundred tongues of metal.

2

All creatures of clay prepare for troubled sleep.

There is no reason for anger I tell the air.

Vines coil and hiss in the night wind, Liar. Liar.

Who is beast here?

3

It is no swan.

Rape or dream, whatever,
it rages through the storm
but has nothing to do with
the day's dead bird



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The monstrous thrumming
might be thunder,
might be boulders
in the flooding stream

whatever it is
stings my wall
and, on the other
side, the bed

where my sleeping
fills with feathers
and blood

Warren Falcon

Exiled From Mountains A Country Boy Laments The Question, Harlem, Ny 1982

I am sick of self and thinking about it.

Let the water drip.
Let the starlight climb in and out the window
every thirty seconds changing from red to green.

The street has its traffic; let it.
The dirty river runs pulling more and more
away from smoking banks with its arm; let it.

Whatever greens and shines when wet,
whatever greens and waves in wind,
whatever greens and turns toward light;
let it.

Let it come down; the light.
Let it come down; the stars.
Let its cold mouth gape; the moon.
Let its angles fall smoothly to its side; the night.
Let its red run down the wall; the darkness.

It is a cold answer.
It is a cold question.
Let it grow dumber than already it is.

Warren Falcon

Cuts Loose Awash In Blue - Black Mouse, A Guide For The Disconsolate, Is An Event

'Let be the finale of seem.' - Wallace Stevens, from 'The Emperor of Ice Cream'

'I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences
and gaze at the moon till I lose my senses.' - lines from the song 'Don't Fence Me In'

The photo's of the Shrine in my old apartment, 20 years on East 10th. I hear
drunken

Trungpa grunt about a 'spiritual antique shop'. I ignore him as he crawls into a
jug of

Gallo Tawny Port and grows his liver big as a Kali Yuga,

'May I call you, once-guru, Sir Roses (cirrhosis) ? '

The one Black Mouse what refused to leave the place made it's bed behind
Ganesha's head

for years, nosed around in the dried flowers, lavender on its little breath. 'If you
are death

wag my finger! ' I loudly announce on the verge of an insight the night of the
massive

earthquake in Iran many years back, the room at 2 am suddenly gone very cold,
all those

newly dead souls piling in, but I could not say it, what it was I was on the edge
of as Sir

Roses suddenly kicked the Kwan Yin statue over and scoffed, told me with
disgust to 'grow

a set of dorjes, fer Chrissakes.'

'You are cut off! ' was all I managed to get out when Black Mouse leapt out from behind

Ganesha's head and blew lavender dust all over the dead.

Warren Falcon

Cuts Loose Awash In Blue, Being An Account Of The Spiritual Near Misses Of A Half-A*sed Devotee Of Black Mouse

'Let be the finale of seem.' - Wallace Stevens, from 'The Emperor of Ice Cream

'I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences
and gaze at the moon till I lose my senses' - lines from the song 'Don't Fence Me In'

The photo's of the Shrine in my old apartment 20 years on East 10th.

I hear drunken Trungpa grunt about a 'spiritual antique shop'.

I ignore him as he crawls into a jug of Gallo Tawny Port and grows

his liver big as a Kali Yuga,

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'May I call you, once-guru, Sir Roses (cirrhosis) ? '

The one Black Mouse what refused to leave the place made it's bed
behind Ganesha's head for years, nosed around in the dried flowers,
lavender on its little breath. 'If you are death wag my finger! ! ' I loudly
announce on the verge of an insight the night of the massive earthquake
in Iran many years back, the room at 2 am suddenly gone very cold,
all those newly dead souls piling in, but I could not say it, what it was
I was on the edge of as Sir Roses suddenly kicked the Kwan Yin statue
over and scoffed, told me with disgust to 'grow a set of dorjes, fer Chrissakes.'

'You are cut off, ' was all I managed to get out when Black Mouse

leapt out from behind Ganesha's head and blew lavender dust all over the dead.

Warren Falcon

In Excelsis Deo - Variation The Third Of A Surrealist Carol For Madrigal Choir To Be Sung While Bathing

Hair of soap and head of tears
rinse mine eyes of Christmas stars
O bells, the bells sear me

Wash mine hair of splendid fears
water me hot and redly rare
O trumps, the trumpets blear me

Rinse mine eyes of Christmas fears
Water me hot and redly rare
O fey, the fey stars blear me.

Scars heal me up to here
scald me pinkly if you dare
O gay, the gay sleds slay me

Is that flesh
floating on the
surface me who
swims or sinks
fraternally?

I know a strange me

with soap for eyes
and suds to see

Eternally yours,

He.

Warren Falcon

What This Day Can Be Said Of Remorse

for Karen Schelling

"The simplest kind of proposition, an elementary proposition, asserts a state of affairs."

- Ludwig Wittgenstein

I live at the bottom of a hill near a
broken fence beside tracks of steel.

On the other side a stream moves upon itself
not confusing itself as ice for rocks alone.

A memory in the sound of water, a dazzle of
sky, takes a silly surface tone from what runs

beneath, outrunning rocks because it can;
desire that force which drives the sand.

The movement of water too is undeniable,
solid in its course though sand, as does water,

knows nothing of remorse.

At the fence I wait. No train yet
which will be a movement too beside
the wet, and these thoughts here.

That you are tissue essential and fabric
to my own particularity.

I send you a sound wonder, a welcome again
to that place you dwell here within,

Time the only disparity.

Snow on Telford gravestones, tall
houses on cupped hills in squared

parcels back lit with sunset's down-light,
juxtapose a Wyeth isolation and beauty

which is the dutiful image of you, heart
breaking through remembering our first meeting.

OR

Which is the dutiful image of you?
Heart broken remembering the first meeting,

then the departing?

The distant gazebo of that small
town wears white lights garlanded

round, and snow. A boy without
gloves reads alone.

He is no fool who takes his time and
place to know.

I rediscover you a gift here still as
I have in good counsel curtsied and coughed

often enough, my own hand to my own groin,
to discover a fissure again, again to repeat,

that you are tissue essential still and
fabric to my own particularity upon a hill,

a house, one fence above a stream and rails,
a blinking boy turning wet pages knows that

you or someone similar, only a few years
ahead, already familiar, dwells inside,

compels his reading just before sunset
squinting at words beyond and past the

fence and the stream, the train late,
footprints dark blue in the patient drift.

Warren Falcon

Design - Fabricate - Install: A Carol On The Difficulty Of Communion With The Ineffable In An Age Of Disbelief, Solitude, And Profound Anxiety

post·mod·ern·ism, noun: postmodernism; noun: post-modernism: a late-20th-century style and concept in the arts, architecture, and criticism that represents a departure from modernism and has at its heart a general distrust of grand theories and ideologies as well as a problematical relationship with any notion of "art."

"Poetry, alas, grows more and more distant. What commonly goes by the name of 'culture' forgets the poem [or distorts it into 'popular' dissemblances]. This is because poetry does not easily suffer the demand for clarity, the passive audience, the simple message. The poem is an intransigent exercise. It is devoid of mediation and hostile to media."

- Alain Badiou, "Language, Thought, Poetry"*1

[Note: numbers following words denotes footnotes at the poem's end]

orphanspeak from
orphanmouth tries

[Rodriguez 13]*2

sandwich done
kneels again
& so seeking
the thick tome
of half century
America

opens
blood & steel

misshapen god
misshapen citizens
miscreant tongues

snort into green
hope in spite of
all that has gone
before in spite
of Christmas
even once a year
other holy days
gone, too,
wild for
gelt "all
melt & maya"

I too
spill into
the covers
the heavy
book

open it up

always now
opens to its
(all our)
broken back

the poem there
at the breach
HOWLS*3 as do
I/we all (just
to remind) when
the blue water
breaks again
to nuclear
flame over an
elegant place
as the faceless
ornaments do
also break
into armaments
& my/our own
burden for blades
still drop fall

hard upon me/us
as does the mid
mad century drop
fall into this
new one

I hear Blaser
sing-song-ing
from the room
of the living
the in-breathing forced
the out breathing stretched
extending into air & irony

“The clown of dignity sits in his tree.
The clown of games hangs there, too.
Which is which or where they go -
the point is to make others see -
that two men in a tree is clearly
the same as poetry” - Robin Blaser*4

...

DESIGN - FABRICATE - INSTALL

the subject matter
is not new

& not the sorrow

old as the first cave
bearing first fire
in human hand the
expiring artist torn
from blank sky to
an expectant wall

a herd there
a declaration

one day we too will
fill the earth as

hooves have done
capture sun & be
doneover/overdone
& so come to such
an edge of ruin

...

Heavy let me pass

...

lets me pass I
limp up 4 steel
steps push in to
the Way of Peace
take my usual place
settle rattled by
icon image & pewter
vision of what
is not any longer
there the wear of
a half century not
to compare that of
20 centuries past
what can last or
come from all that
so sit me hard down
upon the wood get
to the book at hand
the known & the new
mystery which emerges
from the white plastic
sheath carefully
packed in bubble
wrap which is a
double Christmas
any day

orphanspeak from
orphanmouth tries

sorting shattered
ornaments each
Christmas season
before the tree
is trimmed the
grim task to sort
each broken globe
glinting shards
from the survivors
(I AM ONE) so sad
a mystery still
remains how they
do break in darkness
stored in attic high

untouched
by light
my hand
the supple
hold of
green limbs
everly

I cannot toss them
away (pretty all the
more because pitiful
I AM) any-old-way
so take/return them
to the woods where
the tree is yearly
cut/trimmed & so
scatter them upon
the needles

brown
changelings into
sparks

resembling those
the welder makes

just out the door
kneeling now as I
have knelled (once
& do still) a fat
boy betaken by
mysteries' broken
& safe return
to pines though
hard on supposes
& orphan spheres

I adhere to a bard or
two the good few of words
& what of them of absence
be made though presenting
slight-of-palms even
[Rodriquez 13] kneeling
before fire/light

Erotic stance w/
pewter hands the
welder removes his
mask - stands - a
handsome face w/
gold teeth unbroken
as ornaments were
once & forever
broken - eats his
sand-the-world-wich
blankly staring
past his truck I
notice the side
then of it says

DESIGN - FABRICATE - INSTALL

I think: the history
of religions is this
just, only the sign
reads MODERN STEEL
not POSTMODERN as it
now should to be precise

true to an age bereft
on Stagg Street thrust
once again into Christmas
- deer & such - though
Celtic too - Cernunnos*5
snorts from forests rough
deeply onto a green where
sits beside a silver stream
an orphaned god abandoned
carved upon stone with bronze
(before steel) but still
(the god is) stone fearing
it is no longer
real yet sentinel to
"an archaic authority" (Julia Kristeva) *6

Let me then work
my poem (all of
them) around in
furtherance of
what can be said
without such drama
of centuries past
& to come

lines ending in Stillness
a suggested Vastness from
which each comes/returns:

Cave - Image - Sky - Expanse - Singular Branch & Many

Plenty Are Stillnesses Advances Even In The Rot The

Dissolve From Clot Toward What It Is Or Was & Always

Proper-Name-Enough-For-Me & & & STILLNESS

I am taken with such
at which I stare
which holds my gaze
with shades of It
& of Itself

is a street in Rome, Italy near the Vatican) a welder was welding new steel steps to the cafe. The welder's company truck was parked in front of the window, on the side the advertisement for the company read:

MODERN STEEL:

DESIGN - FABRICATE - INSTALL

This struck me as a perfect description of postmodern industry and pragmatism. It also seems to characterize not only a philosophy but also a kind of theology, aesthetic,

and a poetic 'postmoderne':

post·mod·ern·ism ?pos(t) 'mäd?rn?iz?m/noun
noun: postmodernism; noun: post-modernism

- a late-20th-century style and concept in the arts, architecture, and criticism that represents a departure from modernism and has at its heart a general distrust of grand theories and ideologies as well as a problematical relationship with any notion of "art."

To read more about postmodernism you may read Jean Lyotard's book for free online, *The Postmodern Condition, A Report On Knowledge*, at this link here:

https://www.abdn.ac.uk/idav/documents/Lyotard_-_Postmodern_Condition.pdf]

*1 Alain Badiou (French: [al?~ badju]: born 17 January 1937) is a French philosopher, formerly chair of Philosophy at the École Normale Supérieure (ENS) and founder of the faculty of Philosophy of the Université de Paris VIII with Gilles Deleuze, Michel Foucault and Jean-François Lyotard. Badiou has written about the concepts of being, truth and the subject in a way that, he claims, is neither postmodern nor simply a repetition of modernity. Politically, Badiou is committed to the far left, and to the communist tradition.

*2 A baseball team NY Yankee's jersey bearing the last name of Alex Rodriguez and his number 13. Alexander Emmanuel 'Alex' Rodriguez (born July 27,1975) , nicknamed 'A-Rod', is an American professional baseball infielder for the New York Yankees of Major League Baseball (MLB) . He previously played for the Seattle Mariners and the Texas Rangers. Rodriguez was one of the sport's most highly touted prospects and is considered one of the greatest baseball players of

all time.[1][2][3] During his 20-year career, Rodriguez has amassed a .297 batting average, 687 home runs, over 2000 runs batted in (RBI) , and over 3,000 hits.

The welder in the poem, anonymous, 'everyman', wears this jersey as he works, eats his lunch, etc. I use brackets around the name [Rodriguez 13] to denote a 'mystery in plain clothes, ' a popular athlete's name and number worn by 'no man' to denote the 'cypher' of the individual in mass humanity reduced to anonymous consumerism. I could have used the name 'Odysseus' which can also be interpreted from the ancient Greek as 'No Man' but I want the contemporary reference to a sports superman to convey the same reduction. Of course, the 'I' in the poem is the writer of the poem who, too, is 'everyman' 'No Man' and mystery.

*3 'HOWLS' refers to 'HOWL', a poem written by Allen Ginsberg in 1955, published as part of his 1956 collection of poetry titled *Howl and Other Poems*, and dedicated to Carl Solomon... 'Howl' is considered to be one of the great works of American literature.[1][2] It came to be associated with the group of writers known as the Beat Generation. It begins thusly:

'I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving, hysterical, naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night...'

*4 Robin Blaser (May 18, 1925 – May 7, 2009) was an author and poet in both the United States and Canada. He thought much and wrote much on postmodern poetics, aesthetics, and philosophy, often incorporating quotes and phrases from his studies. The verses quoted in the poem are from his early poem, 'Cups', which opens *The Holy Forest, Collected Poems of Robin Blaser*.

*5 Cernunnos is the conventional name given in Celtic studies to depictions of the 'horned god' (sometimes referred to as Herne the Hunter) of Celtic polytheism. The name itself is only attested once, on the 1st-century Pillar of the Boatmen, but depictions of a horned or antlered figure, often seated cross-legged and often associated with animals and holding or wearing torcs, are known from other instances.

Nothing is known about the god from literary sources, and details about his name, his followers or his significance in Celtic religion are unknown. Speculative interpretations identify him as a god of nature or fertility.

*6 Julia Kristeva (French: [kʁisteva]; Bulgarian: ??????????; born 24 June 1941) is a Bulgarian-French philosopher, literary critic, psychoanalyst, feminist, and, most recently, novelist, who has lived in France since the mid-1960s. She is now a professor at the University Paris Diderot.

Kristeva became influential in international critical analysis, cultural theory and feminism after publishing her first book, *Semiotikè*, in 1969. Her sizable body of work includes books and essays which address intertextuality, the semiotic, and abjection, in the fields of linguistics, literary theory and criticism, psychoanalysis, biography and autobiography, political and cultural analysis, art and art history. She is among the prominent figures in structuralist thought, while her works have also been recognized as having an important place in post-structuralism.

*7 Rainer Maria Rilke, (4 December 1875 – 29 December 1926) —better known as Rainer Maria Rilke (German: ['ʁaʁnʁ ma'ʁiʁa 'ʁʁlkʁ]) —was a Bohemian-Austrian poet and novelist, 'widely recognized as one of the most lyrically intense German-language poets', [1] writing in both verse and highly lyrical prose. Several critics have described Rilke's work as inherently 'mystical'...His writings include one novel, several collections of poetry, and several volumes of correspondence in which he invokes haunting images that focus on the difficulty of communion with the ineffable in an age of disbelief, solitude, and profound anxiety. These deeply existential themes tend to position him as a transitional figure between the traditional and the modernist writers.

My reference to Rilke is to his astounding poems, *The Duino Elegies*, which have greatly influenced me since I was a young man. I am literally quoting paraphrasing from *Elegy Nine* which begins thusly:

Why, when this span of life might be fledged away
as laurel, a little darker than all
the surrounding green, with tiny waves on the border
of every leaf (like the smile of a wind) : —oh, why
have to be human, and, shunning Destiny,
long for Destiny? ...

_____ Not because happiness really
exists, that premature profit of imminent loss.

Not out of curiosity, not just to practise the heart,
that could still be there in laurel.....

But because being here amounts to so much, because all
this Here and Now, so fleeting, seems to require us and strangely
concern us. Us the most fleeting of all. Just once,

everything, only for once. Once and no more. And we, too,
once. And never again. But this
having been once, though only once,
having been once on earth—can it ever be cancelled?

[This is from my favorite and referred translation of The Elegies by Stephen
Spender and J.B. Lieshmann. You may read them here:

[http: //www.reocities.com/SoHo/1826/duino.pdf](http://www.reocities.com/SoHo/1826/duino.pdf)

I have used wikipedia in the above footnotes.

Warren Falcon

Ok Mister Rogers Of Zen. I Do.

Best friend by this morning, come 'to force me out of daily oblivion'.

Falcon, he says, at this point it's no longer jet lag. It's life lag.

You can only milk the jet so long, y'know.

At some point the old dug is dry. The jet is empty.

Milk this, I reply.

He laughs. I laugh.

He's right. Knows me too godd*mned well. What friends are for.

Says, you've been in lag e're since I met you, what, Christ, I was 18, you were 23, yer still lugging the same old books and sturm und frickin' drang now as you were back then. Yer old now or near.. Put it all down, man.

Lag, I say, pronounced 'log' in German...Bach. Cantata. Christ lag in Todes Banden. Christ lay in the bonds of death's what it means.

So I'm in lag, log, and it feels like death at times though, yeah, milking death seems to be a human preoccupation, a religious vocation sure. Is why we were at the Christian college, yes? At least true for me, but not as clear of the vocation then as I am now. Milking comes with its benefits in the long run.

Says, Yeah, right. Death. What a benefit. You're full of sh*t, picking your nose, forefinger jammed in a book no one in their right mind would wanna read. Yer just another desperado but with good diction.

Piles, I say.

What?

Piles. Diction AND piles. At least I don't have chilblains. Hopkin's suffered terribly from chilblains.

Yer hopeless, he laughs. Jeez, look up every once in a while and see the teeming world all around as it is.

OK Mister Rogers of Zen. I do. I do. Swear I do.

Then come to the world with me now, he says. Let's go for a walk.

We do. We talk. He smokes a cigar. Gestures at things, Look.

Look at that. There. See that? Grand, yes?

Yes.

Problem is, Falcon, you're not sincere.

What's that mean? I ask.

Take off your mask and give some face to the world, it deserves your praise.

Wha'? ! You've never read one word I've written or you'd know all I do is praise. Might be broken or bent but praise is praise even from my lips, my pen. It's praise in my eyes night and day. All's it is is praise.

Sulk.

You're full of it, he says, and I mean with something other than praise. I have 40 years of letters from you, man. Saved. Read everyone of them. And I haven't bought arse-wipe [toilet paper] in 40 years with your continual supply of letters coming through.

Praise this, I say.

He laughs. I laugh.

In Washington Square people are bathing in the fountain.

Now do all sleeping fountains wake, says I.

What? Who said that? You said that?

Nietzsche. Thus Spake Zarathustra.

Says, disgusted, Just see the godd*mned fountain! yer hopeless!

I see it! I see it! And then I hear Nietzsche. Can't help it. Just is.

A gardener dressed in bright red work clothes is planting tulip bulbs nearby. Looks like a tulip himself. Old tulip petals stack up. Stalks. See, his hands moving slow, gentle. Why, he's singing into dirt older than cities. Either he's in love or I am.

Roots splay up gray reaching for his eyes. That's love all right.

I think but don't say it.

I see those withered tulips. See? I'm seeing. What's he mean mask?

A young woman rolls up her short sleeves to her shoulders so that the sun may warm them. She's fair. Arms red as her hair. Already. Almost. Her eyes are closed. Face up toward the sun.

Ah sunflower weary of time, I say.

What? Where's that from? he says.

Bastard's curious. Hypocrite.

William Blake. The Sunflower. I say.

I point to the girl. Motion toward the sunflowers in a patch beyond the fountain.

He just stares, Shakes his head.

I see, I say, and I hear. I hear in response to seeing. What I do.

I hear the rhythmic squeak and grind of a swing behind us, a child's little feet are kicking high as the swing climbs. I know that. Don't have to see it.

Glimpse a yellow cab passing on the street disappearing behind the yellow sunflowers.

Cricket right on time starts to insist in the shrub to our right.

I think but don't say it, Poems to a Brown Cricket. Hello Father Wright**.

What's not to praise, I mutter.

This! thrusts his cigar at me. I refuse.

Give those things up, I say. Yer inhaling death. I milk it. Don't lecture me. F*ck you.

I will when you give up this lag addiction. And literary frickin tourettes.

We both laugh.

Fair enough.

Jet contrail far and high in the sky beyond the World Trade

feathers and fans out pastel in the blue.

I point for a change, hand gesturing outward and upward,

See? Like milk. White as milk that.

<<<<<>>>>>

**James Wright, American poet. His poem, Poems To A Brown Cricket.

Warren Falcon

New York London New York Adagio - All Night Crossing The Atlantic I Read Franz

'Because the soul is a stranger in this world...'

'This blue world. Unattainable - stranger than dying,
by what unmerited grace were we allowed to come see it.'

- Franz Wright

I just want to say to you, Franz:

such blackness I have traveled through all night, and

because of
you I have made my peace with the Atlantic.

And returned, I slept, one hip wounded, a new name to be announced at a future
date
bearing a significance of which I can only wonder

derived of a bruise that I have often sung, of swift and terrible deity grasped. It
grabs back, refuses
to relent but is bargained with and for, leaving one bent, limping, a worshiper
forever.

I can wait for the meaning if it ever arrives. My legs hurt treading air the ocean
long, tired from such distances traveled with strangers, so many,

so many, I had not known desire had undone so many,

I am still cool upon the pallet on the floor in a darkened room, curtains closed,

almost too much, as from sleep one streak hurts this morning, reflected light
through a curtain crack,

it turns upon my small quarter from a dirty window across the street, or a parked

car below, a moment of light a shard in the alley (it's a mystery from where)
leaping up, and

upon the ceiling scores mandalas of earth tones

(another Atlantic, its hidden floor, perhaps its ghost?)

man made above me asking for my blessing, meaning
my honoring, it then

moves to the top shelf, the volumes in ancient Greek,
Biblical,

textbooks for learning that tongue college days - brief sparks then nothing, the
voltage gone, dead as Aramaic and Koine,

remembered light only.

But, Franz, in a room full of gathered
strings sound and light, lingering, I
think it would please you to know that
there are some who are still capable
of such wakings that come in between
times ajar in spaces cracked or pulled
apart indiscriminately admitting what
may enter no questions asked, only
gasps and wonder reaching for sky
or ceiling here, and yes, that wide
'good earth' so torn between wildness
wild and that of the human unkind
before/above and within such clash,

finally an
ultimate lowering of gaze that may we arrive
knowing our place, our part in the destruction
and yet, and yet...

It may or may not amount to much but if there is a heap such as you have made
and leave for me, space to read four miles high night bound for a country I've
never been to, have never known but from books,

then let the dead volumes deserve their dust and praise. I'll not shout about such moments here to you, that they are, but just pass news of them on to you who perhaps are saying, have already written,

Yes. Yes. I knew it all along.

Both quotes are from Franz Wright's book, *Entries of the Cell*.

Warren Falcon

Not Too Late The Father Hope - Inside My Father's Bomber Dream

for the Major, my father, an airman, not a sailor
for Richard Hugo, an airman, and a poet
for Hart Crane, not a sailor (but he loved them)
a poet too, and fellow bedlamite

Take air away and even fire falls - Richard Hugo

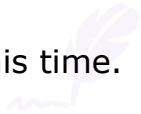
'Descend And of the curveship lend a myth to God...
Prayer of pariah, and the lover's cry...' - Hart Crane

1

Again, what is remembered.

The chase is on.

Sailors this time.



PoemHunter.com

Beyond the Narrows
swallows murmur.
Beneath the Verrazano
some crouch low over
cheap shots, guarding
each while outside gypsies
park and wait, the drivers
names hard to say but they
belong, this city where citizens
names, no matter the sound
of them, translate as 'Everyone
from Elsewhere' and so belong
here where being drunk is only
weather, and the port, old,
grand, will pass for any other
but for codes of odd graffiti:

ASK THE WELDER
WHO'S YOUR MOTHER

REAL WINNERS CHOOSE THEIR GOD

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
5 BUCKS TO CONEY & BACK

Implication: come to terms:

on this manic strand the
franks are speechless
in the hand relenting to
degrees of gray mustard
smeared as the wind also
gray beside the ruined
amusements, thrills, rides
plummeting stick children
hard and down where fresh
girls defy gravity while they
can curving in cues between
tracks and sand. Impatient,
they blot their brightened
lips, stain tissues thin between
World Wars, still they cry
out a dead poet's name.

....

Interlude - Refueling Mid-Air

A lone crane squints, its good
eye busy, a study in stillness.
Or is it avian will gone to muck
all feathers and no faith that
matters, stuck, it poses, puts
on a zennish show all butoh
in the shallows.

Its bad eye

skims the narrows,
curved neck smooth,
feminine, as is

the distant bridge
curved, feminine too,
don't call it grace but
acknowledge the temptation.

Pace yourself.

To South Wind

throw sand,
make demands

though men in
bombers forever take flight

still bereaving wind sheer.
Hard evidence is there.

What's to believe in?
Fear's the only thing real,

the only god one
can depend upon, Lift,

some few others too,
Dare, Weight, and Soft Landing.

Let us mention again
fresh girls on the rides but

let us return also
to the presenting scene,

stare birdblind,

and lend no myth
at all

for there
as here death

is a generic dump
with gluttoned gulls,

soft waves
lapping all
about lull
and Stop Time

or so says the
yellowed script
in sand,
the hint is there or

spin or drift, some
thing suggested where
breath as darkness is

design -

streetlights
turn themselves on

hum in low tones
metric,

the boardwalk's
hat trick, sudden

electric brush strokes,
each plank a silver

sheen voiding solidity.

Benched blonds
free now from
restraining rides

keen on in

staggered rhyme
forgetting they once
were German swans
Grimm and pale.

Posing as cranes,
they forget still a
dead poet's name.

....

2

Flying Lesson

Though he tried
to teach me once,

a void kid
avoidant of air and
heights,

'Here's how to purposefully
stall in flight' he proposes.

Not at all
interested in the favor
of the lesson

my answer's
a loud scream and
piss pants,

no chance to
stall a bladder, his
disgust

palpable,
my head catches a
glancing knuckle

which

does not becalm.

Much forgiven
or lost in cloud,

I've no idea still what
the inside of my father's
bomber

looks like, how
it smells laden
with fear

perhaps passed
off as gun powder, fuel,
flak flame

and smoke so
black and deep in the
pores

it stinks a lifetime.

Yours. Also mine by blood.

Still, your son
is proud though fear is
the meal

you often fed
dutifully eaten with sliced
bread so

white white
light in the shaking
hand,

dread was

the tarnished knife and fork,
simple

instruments to
quell the terror in you
served up to sons,

at least one
of them.

It is your fear
made mine, and this,

dessert is a son's pardon.

3

You nod, wink,
in dream all's understood,
unsaid but conveyed -

not too late the father-hope.

If you have one more bomb to
let go let's do it together. God
has chosen me and It wants
revenge, REVENGE the name
on a sudden wall, a painted
scene, swamp in black light
3-D bizarre, iridescent Spanish
moss dense, tangled, sways,
hints an invisible wind, there
you are, an old portrait, in uniform,
good looks, sad, even gentle
eyes I dimly recall in person,
a smile noncommittal, the war is on.

Suddenly I lose stomach for it all.

I forgive everything.

You are young, a bomber pilot
dropping heavy kisses backed
up in the bomb-bay.

There's a wall somewhere
central in every capitol
of the world with your name on it.

Promise, I'll drop your name, not
bombs, every son's chance I get.

See all these sailors here
in packs? I'd kiss them all,
say to them,

Love your old man,

what he's seen is in his eyes,
finally dare to look hard there,
the face is yours,
no talking allowed,
no guessing either,

watch his hands,
what they do.

Never say

it's over.

Love, I mean.

CODA

That Sunday bar beneath
the bridge ushers ships in
and out the harbor counting
bodies of birds fallen from

girders pale blue,

watching them fall's a kind of sport,

a free shot per bird, bad
whiskey, bottom shelf, both
winners and losers choosing
from what's offered or what's
left in the one bottle,

nothing
for dead swallows.

One takes what's given.

Some simple lessons learned
grant clumsy purity free pass
to go unjudged, or unnoticed,

hunger there in every
young face, shirt tail's
out and votive, sailors
are starched, stiff and
native, everyman, no
wind to blow them.

Still, the chase is on.

Warren Falcon

'Madly Singing In The Mountains' - An Old Man Changes His Tune

for Po Chui, Liu Tsung-yuan & Low McClendon

The traveler at a loss: to go or stay... - Liu Tsung-yuan [773 - 819]

Fearing to become a laughing-stock to the world

I choose a place that is unfrequented by men. - Po Chui [772 -846]

So I would hear out those lungs...- James Dickey

I would rewrite the whole thing

withdraw every word without ado
with no undue pressure release
even these mountains upon which

within which I turn sleepless in
the dark beneath laurel the
rhododendron pungent in cold

spring air wondering just where
this all goes how it all ends
this life where thunder rolls

between this valley where I lay
with heat lightening teasing
presences I cannot name though

the old masters have forever
tried and try yet again on each
thinning page in this worn book

the collected songs which have
finally crossed an ocean have
made it over the Eastern hills
to some of us here far far on other-hill

such singing long arrives traveling
to me to hear but whispers now
such is their weariness my only

companions in this old house
of dust which is yet an inn
for these old singers

*

No longer do I madly sing
though an earned madness
clings a shroud a fog a
suggestion of the sublime
that I shall no longer call
beg entrance to or take
hand of no more make
demand plead my deserves
but to disturb the air cast
a shadow to pull at straws
and wait see what passing
flocks may sing or bring
to light westward winging
alerting seasons to turn
to pass this singing cannot
always last but it is said
that the sky and the stream
remember one need only
try stumble upon the golden

my young brow long gone old
and creased matches the map
my finger traces on yellowed
pages' brown edges these smeared
mountains ages ago drawn by a
forced palsied hand indentured
that remains uncredited diluted

ink smudged dried into elegant
interlaced stains that sing to
the eye - 'no choice but to try'

Dear painter I should live in
such hills where perhaps the
bones of your trembled hand
point beyond kingdoms
beyond fences your painted
image has so long outlived

*

I see that a face can at least retain
some semblance of former glory if a

face is a mountain once sung
now written only now suggesting rhythm

now melody only now a shine lonely on
tips each peak this my brow now theirs

too sings of silver a dew a scent up from
worn paths beside valleys rivers streams

their banked ferns wet do cloy and
bend

now it pleases me to read of these
and so sing by the reading

*

still in this night I am turning
and turning on the hard pallet

these old pages that I have turned
now over 40 years in starry exile

as if my tongue could matter less by day
than my thoughts could mean more by night

these constant companions the good few
who lend voice to all that goes on

To run or hurry, I haven't the strength.

So, I cry, what's to be done!

And yet, why should I suffer?

P'eng-tsu and Lao Tzu no more exist',

Chuang Tzu and K'ung Tzu too are gone.

Of those whom the ancients called 'immortal saints'

not one is left today.

I only wish for fine wine

and friends who will often help me pour.

Now that spring is drawing to a close -

and peach and plum produce abundant shade

and the sun lights up the azure sky and

far, far, the homeward goose cries,

I step outside, greeting those I love,

and climb to the western woods with the aid of my staff.

Singing out loud is enough to cheer me up;

the ancient hymns have overtones.

(TR. JAN W. WALL

Warren Falcon

Sense And Silk - Seemings In The Absence Of Field

for Kinnell, Strand, Levine

The one eyed
painter too
flicks and claps

repeats silently

as he will and is
want

his lips moving
as

does a spider make
a

quieter order
in



PoemHunter.com

a darker corner

no sight needed

only sense and silk

cabs blur yellow/gypsy
in angular winter light
now dazzle before Spring
when raises dead bulbs to jonquils
potted pretty in windows, on stoops
and, wild, strayed in parks

do not, O, pass us by or over
for all our patient harping

come morrows under willows yet

we shall hang up our loves again

get back to work
honest scrub and
clean beside the avenue
stand recalling willows
never seen

and grieve still an old yet present
eviction in the cities of men

there, almost within reach, the blossoming
tree brightens between darker bricks to truly
dwell. It is for me a shy son of mists to see
in spite of big chunks missing, lost, wasted,
torn out, that the Celestial World is not as
it appears to most, It yearns for much needed
hardness for spirits without shoes still long
to be bread that they may dwell in our finitude.

Dear uncommon friends, Kinnell, Strand,
now Levine, and my zen quill and pen-ners
of the East, imbibers of tea and samsara,
cackling cocks and hens in locked and guarded
shunyata pens of the world -

you have all become wholeness-itself by now.

I am reading reading crowded pushed your many
years behind me hoping I may gather what you
have found in the dusk where the trail ends
at the highest peak.

Ruffling all your bright feathers your KATZ
chorus clucks/crows up from the frozen
streams below:

No becoming.

What is there to be found?

Black Rooster, blind,
scratches all dawns.

Note now:

nothing to lose, this rag of selves.
With what glory remains of hungry pockets,
I skip forward singing, La La La, a willful
don, a lord of nothing-much, poems a'pocket

Note now from yesterday:

the grace of animals that have held me in their long gaze;

a raiment mist at the hem of the darkening woods.

Warren Falcon

'Right On The Snow' Haiku

why try write one

WHOOSH!

no brush

no ink

one long stroke -

s'a white owl, I think

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Image Station 21 - To Wit - To Woo - To Wound - And Last: A Dissemblance For Robin Blaser & Meredith Quartermain, Borrowing A Theme From Strand, A Slant From Dickinson, A Haunting

NOTE: The poem's title entire is this (since it will not fit into Poemhunter's title window in full) :

Image Station 21 - To Wit - To Woo - To Wound - And Last: A Dissemblance For Robin Blaser & Meredith Quartermain, Borrowing A Theme From Strand, A Slant From Dickinson, A Haunting Dependency From W.C. Williams, A Caper - A Sunder In Caustic From Blaser]

In a field I am the absence of field - Mark Strand

upon a red wheel barrow - William Carlos Williams

I dwell in Possibility—A fairer House than Prose - Emily Dickinson

I love the way crows walk...

to wit - to woo - to wound - and last - Robin Blaser

Who?

someone to send to, these

the impertinent tocks

the unmannered ticks that

tickle spur the near

grackle's cough, IT

a statement

makes which

is the

displace

ment

of air

In spaces

without known

design the

tree, close,

wanders too

ponders a

coughing bird

its musical

fourths disclose

concurring

with traffic down

the hill and out

over

the bay

where gulls

wing

unheard

on the

hill yet

seen yet

dip in time

with the

grackle's

hack

all is parsed

paired

quartered

remaindered

squared

among apparent

but unprovable

perhaps disproven

- if reason is the thing -

things

Who

but the old
painter missing
an eye
flicks in
measure
too

tapping toe

countless
endings
as they go

of smoke and fire

the scratch
once

twice
the strike

a match begins

it is all
all over again

Again

there
atop
the
hill
he
sits

on the chipped stoop

the flaking paint (not

to be
mistaken
for moss
or manna
or for
an eye's
remorse)

flakes

He can still
hear clearly

a thing

a song

or two

in thirds

and fourths

one eye can take
in the smatter
not dismissing
the missing other

(there always is
something gone
something undone)

the image stations
juxtapose

flatly (mono)
yet hear the
cleared throat's
black roundabout

washed out

the traffic's
turning
back

the sounds
(implied only)
in bay's waves

sunlight
on the winking caps

in the sinking troughs

the
spin of
hunger flashed
on

wings

white

the

sea

gray

but for

the sparks

suggesting
gulls daubed
quickly
upon the
water's
canvas

their tips
mute each
downward
movement

coughing
coughing

too

and again

in rhyme

timed

~~~~~why,

they are  
coughlets

~~~~~yes

upon which
so much
depends

forgetting the
transport

the color

the states of dryness

which may or
may not

feed
any notion
archaic of
time or
beauty

nor wetness
slake

dependencies
shadows

gathered
round

or

spirals
deeds

'no matter'

of air
for that
matter

unsettled

seeking a nest
or home

even an eave
within which

one may (shall we)

re-gather

in the water's

throat

the bell tones

there, their

displacing as

does a grackle

the near air

even the further

found change

sensed only

sometimes heard

sometimes not

It begins always

with a bird

black

devoid

not to be dismissed

not to be forgot

Which

Who

in forgetfulness

let him not

dissolve the
plot
implicit
invisible
within the
unkennable
the indivisible

yet known by sight
and in the seeing
divided parsed
for rehearsals
alone

again
a revelation

or perhaps
a summation

of
contracting
wings

that
they
the gulls
are

disassemblers

screaming

all the while
the waves consider

all the while
slapping time

and tide

The one eyed

painter too
flicks and claps

repeats silently

as he will and is
want

his lips moving
as

does a spider make
a

quieter order
in

a darker corner

no sight needed

only sense and silk

beneath an obvious
wheelbarrow (on its
back) astride the
brown thistles

the wheel's bent

completes no circle
not one turn to signify
a round (-alay about)

long grass between
thin planks braids
the worn lattice

a whirling wind
holds a hollow within

lends
a reprise of
weight or perhaps
only a mind's

commotion above
matter denoting

dimension

depth
of field

again 'no matter'

the yard's motions
go unnoticed

the one hand over
the one good eye

and the missing
vocals

the shapening words
in exaggeration

do mouth

do borrow

to woo
a semblance
that lasts -

Who

Seeing the light
(thinks he does)

that it is good

and in the seeing
divides the light
from the darkness
(which is not the
grackle) .

And he calls the
light Day, and the
darkness he calls
Night (which is
a pattern of gulls) .

And the evening
and the morning
are the first day.

Warren Falcon

Boots. Spider - 2 Winter Haiku

1

New boots? neighbor asks

I smile at the worn things -

Snow washed by country fields

2

Who moves my books! I ask aloud

Cornered spider

Quickly looks busy

Warren Falcon



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Lost Postcards From J. Alfred Prufrock

What I did on my long summer vacation, do still, my gargoyle self needing to literally become stone, sit on ledges, frighten pigeons and prayers of les miserables wafting from the Cathedral below. Here habitation is free. Views fabulous. Unlike when in my office where I must be vigilant about neighbors beside and below me, I can gargle loudly with rain, drown out the chorales of promise, the sorrow motets, the swollen rounds of Rosary and grief, one bead chipped, belief, breaks the chain entire.

Continually clearing my throat beside the spire, up here all bets are off. The freedom of margins comes at a cost. But I have credit which is never due, and the card no expiration date alluding toward Eternity. Eternity, that delusion, can wait. As an installation myself, an installment plan (such is salvation) makes no sense. Who looks up anyway but children and drunks. Seen from a distance I am considered a quaint sentinel, a signal to 'an archaic authority'. An old heretic of Alchemical bent, Paracelsus, says it straight - 'Let him not be another's who can be his own.' Yet a modern poet echoing another asks: 'How Much Longer Shall I Be Able To Inhabit The Divine' (via Ted Berrigan via John Ashberry) . Content enough, I sit near It, never within, but one may use the idea of such, eternity - go forward or behind, wince at the word - living in the blue rind of sky crumbling onto nether shore where relentless waves tease relentless wind disturbing a lone relentless tern tracing uremic rims of foam.

Shall I call then Eternity a home for shells, a curve in space? disgrace myself yet again with belief, any one, believe that such shores are a where after all, a place to shelter, each wave somewhere by someone or something counted as is every numbered hair counted still? they fall as do waves into crescendos' rainbows should the sun so shine for what is left to comb of shore and hair is a disturbance of fractions, refractions, the forlorn redaction of what is perceived, felt, spilt upon the depilating pate. And so I in human form must wear a hat but let us not go then you and I patiently into all that but when come time proper, a hair fall caught in a shaft of sun light, the endless comb over undone, wind blown upon the ledge and shore, then we shall speak of it sure, and more

now then here then
remembering too the chaffing bloody garters.

Warren Falcon

'No Romance Involved With All That Now' - Fog Drenched With Gerard Manley Hopkins's 'The Terrible Sonnets' Discovering Heitor Villa-Lobos

Awakened to this this morning, Bachianas Brasileiras No.1**

I remember the first time I heard it - in college, thanks to Elaine, a library copy and a suspended moment at the dorm window watching fog pour up from a deep Tennessee valley, soaked in again, which often happened on Lookout Mountain, weeks of thick late Autumn fog, gray white-out cloud-light leaning into the un-lit quarter, philosophy books stacked, Pre-Socratics, Church History, Clement, Polycarp, Gnostic wind howling just beyond the pane, the un-modulated whistle of said insistent storm playing the Castle In The Clouds in fierce Sinai song, Bachianas Brasileiras, No.1, conducted by Villa Lobos himself, nothing short of revelation that my too young to be so weary self had no idea existed but upon hearing within pinnacled gale, then, nothing could prevail against my landing oriented-at-last by mostly cellos and fog spinning in the Brazilian folk rhythms I would spend my entire life descending toward, stumbling forward, misstepping after, 'my kingdom for a macaw, ' become a slack-jawed shamanista entranced by dirt, green overhang in forest din, daily feathered by birds all kinds in twining limbs above.

No romance involved with all that now, I am an almost old man more rapidly untangling string by string, out-cello-ed in the end, and yet again, by an innate longing to land, go under, dwell within, peaking out, over strung, finally done with Polycarp and company, at one with my Hopkins book still, sufficed -

Terrible Sonnets to accidental Grace.

Rendered, I yield.

I am peeled layer by layer to pomes-penny-each
glottal stops of 'soul, self, come, poor Jackself, '
be advised once more, 'jaded, let be' -

while not forgetting to go with Lobos rhythms,
leave 'comfort root room' finally escaping
John Calvin's dire and doom -

'let joy size At God knows when to God knows what;
whose smile's not wrung, see you'

and raise you One.

The sonnet entire, #47, by Gerard Manley Hopkins:

MY own heart let me have more have pity on; let
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
Charitable; not live this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.
I cast for comfort I can no more get
By groping round my comfortless, than blind
Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find
Thirst 's all-in-all in all a world of wet.

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise
You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile
Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size
At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather—as skies
Betweenpie mountains—lights a lovely mile.

**Copy and paste this link to hear Heitor Villa Lobos Bachianas Brasileiras No.1:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fL3rH0tCsJg>

***Copy and paste this link to hear Laia Falcon, my cousin in Spain, sing
Bachianas Brasileiras No.5:

<https://soundcloud.com/a-impulso-concertante/laia-falcon-canta-bachianas-brasileiras-n5-danca-de-villa-lobos>

Warren Falcon

What The Culture Drug In, Patchenesque*

*After Kenneth Patchen

Take this song and stuff it up your culture. - Leonard Cohen

For the last 200 years what
the culture drug in:

Now, asks one of the patrons at
the Hoi Poloi Pub in Rosenkrantz,
that lovely hamlet famous for its
bluebird meat patty melt,

What the hell is a Dammerung?

One ventures a guess,

A Volkswagen for the blind and deaf.

Another,



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A carpet sweeper what sorts spare
change from string while it sings,

My Bonny lies over the ocean,
Da Dammerung-rung-rung,

My Bonny lies over the sea,
Da Dammerung-rung-rung,

My Bonny lies over the ocean,
Da Dammerung-rung-rung,

O bring back my Bonnie to me,

Da Dammerung-rung-rung,
Da Dammerung-rung-rung.

The town genius just gets up, gets

busy, throws down a dance combining the moves of James Brown with those of the Tin Man from The Wizard of Oz.

The mayor of the town alone at a corner table beside the tinted blue window removes his wooden denture,

says,

Yeah, you got it, Einstein.

Now hand me that gun will you?

I've got to kill me something. And fast.

Warren Falcon

Llama Looks Up

Llama looks up from her evening feed of field greens.

Sees me,

blinks through a mist by long
eyelashes purred rising silently while I read my book
foolishly head down in the midst of springing slow
surprise -

gratuitous is this veiled field, wet,
soft, an unexpected llama looking long at me,
taking me in.

Raiment mist stops at the hem of the darkening woods,

requisite red barn, old, leans against the ribbon
of ground fog hovering, a wire fence almost invisible;

gray wire in white cloud, between me and that cloud
and that great llama attracted (I like to think this)

by my kissing sounds, her open eyes,
bestowing near me now, suddenly

look down,

the small head always tilts one side to the other,
little mouth a posed curiosity chewing like a child,
the long graceful neck, shagged soft fur thickly flowing,

disappears into tall grass.

I note this now from yesterday the grace
of animals who held me in their long gaze.

Warren Falcon

Eating Catfish

for Wendell Berry

Such is meditation in deep country -

the careful parsing by the mouth of
fine white bones from equally white flesh,

the Mind both tongue and teeth discerning spur,

spitting into the hand what can
poke and choke, even kill a man,

such is stacked/displayed on the edge
of a paper plate sogged with grease,
the bottom breaking through -

'Careful of the bones, children'

learning not to bestially cram and devour,

advice for later living.

Such has served me well though I have often
choked when once is too much and enough.

Warren Falcon

Who To Blame - On The Occasion Of The Deaths Of Robin Williams And Michael Brown

Who To Blame - On The Occasion Of The Deaths Of Robin Williams And Michael Brown

'My head is full of fire and grief and my tongue runs wild, pierced with shards of glass.'

? Federico García Lorca

I'm blaming the fullest moon for Williams death, and for Michael Brown's by moon disguised as cop,

I'm calling out high tide beside an ocean town named for a shark*,

I'm forbidding any mention of a town called Ferguson where a young man in

a street lies uncovered but for flies for hours fenced in by strips of yellow plastic onryu**

...Police Line Do Not Cross Police Line Do Not...

where one clenched fist stiffens and flies feast indecent as any moon, I'm cursing a rope in knots,

plastic wrap, duct tape (silver as a moon) , a chair too easily kicked away, that moment when swaying

slows to dead calm, one bedroom slipper on the floor, I'm compulsively imagining the last moment

when decision becomes deed done, I'm praising and cursing all at once that a great mind in greater

pain is finally stilled, and a young mind, college bound, too soon is unconfined beyond thought and

vision, that his last cigar was sweet, was not

enough to pardon neither cop nor moon, I'm wondering

how a moon so large becomes pathetically entangled
in once gentle willows, suddenly splinters beside

a river, explains breaking glass, cars aflame,
mayors counting bullets in locked rooms all over

the world, spinning press releases in cotton
candy machines -

'All answers are pending investigation.'

**

*'shark' in Spanish is 'Tiburón' which is the name of
the sea town in California that Robin Williams lived in

**onryu: a single line poem with a title. It falls into
the category of micro-poetry.

Warren Falcon

Kahlo

to come to terms
with what happens
repeatedly

18 years of age
piercing metal violates

turns into something
utterly astonished

livid

burns to vapor

still each canvas
backward falls

cruel alchemical
vas splinters
unrelenting nerves

encased steel-plated Virgin
takes a cyclops for a lover.

Warren Falcon

De Asterisco, Preciosa Flor

imaginar

este asterisco

que contiene un Aster

una rosa transformando una vez más

porque puede

porque

Lorca

*

ha querido que, obediente a la existencia

*

carta

por carta,

pétalo a pétalo

abeja besado por descarada

abejas un embrague de estambres

tinta del asesino

floreCIMIENTO

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

What Can Be Said, This Day, Of Remorse

I live at the bottom of a hill near a
broken fence beside tracks of steel.

On the other side a stream moves upon itself
not confusing itself as ice for rocks alone.

A memory in the sound of water, a dazzle of
sky takes a silly surface tone from what runs

beneath outrunning rocks because it can;
desire that force which drives the sand.

The movement of water too is undeniable,
solid in its course though sand, as does water,

knows nothing of remorse.

At the fence I wait. No train yet
which will be a movement too beside
the wet, and these thoughts here.

That you are tissue essential and fabric
to my own particularity.

I send you a sound wonder, a welcome again
to that place you dwell here within,

Time the only disparity.

Snow on Telford gravestones, tall
houses on cupped hills in squared

parcels back lit with sunset's down-light,
juxtapose a Wyeth isolation and beauty

which is the dutiful image of you, heart
breaking through remembering our first meeting.

OR

Which is the dutiful image of you?
Heart broken remembering the first meeting,
then the departing?

The distant gazebo of that small
town wears white lights garlanded

round, and snow. A boy without
gloves reads alone.

He is no fool who takes his time and
place to know.

I rediscover you a gift here still as
I have in good counsel curtsied and coughed

often enough, my own hand to my own groin,
to discover a fissure again, again to repeat,

that you are tissue essential still and
fabric to my own particularity upon a hill,

a house, one fence above a stream and rails,
a blinking boy turning wet pages knows that

you or someone similar, only a few years
ahead, already familiar, dwells inside,

compels his reading just before sunset
squinting at words beyond and past the

fence and the stream, the train late,

footprints dark blue in the patient drift.

Warren Falcon

Brunch With Nietzsche, A Dazzlement

'It's undertow that matters.' - Jango Kammenstein

Dear Friedrich,

I am the man most pursued in last night's dream.
That emaciated thing at my back keeps tracking me.
I remain just out of reach. Classic. Even there
as here I am escaping something, a life time of
practice in this 'Kingdom of the Canker'.

It was no banker who followed me last night
but a starved lacklove rejected by 'Canker' and, well,
by me. Who'd want that part all start and no finish?
Replenishment has often enough meant hiding out
and a demand that it keep at least 5 arm lengths away.

I will try, I tell it, to look at it but I find its presence
most disturbing. Its handful of leaves continually
proffered leaves me in a quandary. What do they
mean, this offering, though my father was a lumberjack?
Perhaps this is a track of sorts to follow for an end
to the mystery.

I am stumped.

One adjusts. Continually.

The persona is adaptation
appearing to be solid but sleep reveals the neutrality
of the animal.

Dreams tell us otherwise
when we remember them as it takes an ego to witness,
to remember.

They reveal that we are
caught up into something so much greater than
flush and stir.

It's a wonder we make do
as much as we do and still call ourselves by name,
a species of animal, 'homo sapiens'.

I regret self pity.
I'd reject it if I could but it adheres,
last resort of old coots born honestly
into it no matter the copious Mercurochrome baths,
the smelling salts obviating the needed nipple.

The stippled trout I nightly catch,
pink insides turned out by blue blade
kept beneath the pillow,

baits me with the riddle
again and again.

Something about a stand of trees,
a man carving some bark,
what breath is for.

Today the Market reports a run on Mercurochrome.

Birth goes on.

I am for rebirth.

A dirth of days makes me suddenly Hindu,
foregoing gurus and bindu point.

I've made my own here.

Selah.

Still, methinks I'll have your ear
for a little while longer, a handful of leaves only for
my thanks,

one foot well into
'Cracked and Crank', the drunk tank a memory
worn out.

Doubt is my companion.

Love, too. No remorse here.
Buys me time, aftershave and
loads of underwear for the trickles ahead.

Thank the gods for all that.

Oh. And one last good cigar.

Truly,

Birdie

Warren Falcon

Madly Singing For The Mountain

for Andy Linton & Philip Whalen

...arrived via email this morning while I was reading Madly Singing In The Mountains, An Appreciation and Anthology of Arthur Waley. Waley did more than any other single man to introduce Chinese and Japanese literature to the Western reader. His translations were the first of Asian poems that I read in my youth, taking them with me always on the mountain trail, do so still when in Mexico where one can honestly sit beside a well, hear the desert mountains hum, near up to that poem/place and remember those old poets who waited months and years to hear from a fellow friend and poet via tattered letters born by foot and horse over mountain ranges through all kinds of weather...

Email, there's no time or travel in all that, so one has to conjure travel, the endurance, and will to keep moving, in other ways, so this arrives from afar in the morning wind chill through the Autumn window:

XL. 'Into my heart an air that kills...'

by A. E. Housman (1859-1936)

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

**

Dear A. you haint sent me the Housman poem before but I am glad that you did...certainly sums up the inner weather and appoints one the always present task of contentment even if inner and outer matters are not in balance (if ever) (I gave up on balance long time ago...I rather see-saw, jee and haw, one ass at a time, testing each step for sure-footed-ness enough) ...

...time for you to get to those blue remembered hills and their equivalent within,

the rough land therein to roam, find perhaps a view for a home, or rock, or glen, or stream and on and on...Taoism (not the kow tow and such but much there is indeed to bow to...funny and right that nature makes an old man naturally bow (and I'm bending more everyday, old knees can still pray despite my conscious will to curse) , bends him forward in advancing age bowing all the time in or out of mind) makes so very much sense to me in my old(er) age why I crave now some land beneath me, trees, hills, and a sky which is not quadrangled and tangled with wires and contrails, and a well would be nice and a porch and a nearby trail and a door without a lock for who would want to keep wandering spirits out, call in the fox and see what mischief is brought...and there keep humans far away/absent which may make my bitter heart the fonder for the fools that others and myself be and have been...nature's been the better friend so far (and books) , and you and others few who don't vex me much nor seem to be vexed by my past pissery and now growing, finally, curmudgeonly-leewardly-ness and cuss.

Remember this that I wrote when in the Blue Ridge much vexed by many and myself and reading via Waley that old fool and wise wiseacre Li Bao/Li Po? I'd been much in my cups and could not sleep inside that night so slept on the back porch hung over the stream flowing beneath, its good and non-judgmental company, lulled enough of me to slumber beneath the hard lumber of that old porch...woke up with the Waley book opened to Li Po's poem 'Alone And Drinking Under the Moon' (there was no moon that porch night) , managed to focus in the dawn light and read it again...then grabbed pencil and wrote:

Of Li Po Waking The Morning After (Cerca 1979)

'Let me be forever drunk and never come to reason!
Sober men of olden days and sages are forgotten,
And only the great drinkers are famous for all time.' - Li Po

'We share life's joys when sober.
Drunk, each goes a separate way.' - Li Po

Waking up among these frail green things,
by the stream I hear the hornets singing.
I do not fear them but I fear the sting
of light as day creeps into my shade.

I have read of sad and joyful things
under last night's moon and now I weep

for the Immortals fading from light
to light with their pockets of pine bark
and resin to chew, their wine of sorrow
to drink in their, and my, sorrowful season.

I am homesick for the earth as
these old poets knew it,
a thin veil of mountains,
winter birds pecking at suet,
some girls dancing, and a wife,
some young sons to pull the reeds up
fishing and weeping for my exposed
wino bones while I sit, drunk, pronouncing
upon the deeds of state. Pitiabile.

Let there be leaving taking and coming to,
drinking and drinking again,
playing fool to the wisdom of the ages,
remarking at those unkind sages
who always smack their lips for war.
Give me again the hilltop cave,
the pilgrim come to call at the door.
Fires I will then light for this age.

Who comes to me in this season for reason
besides the bee and the mite, the winding gourd?
I have sat here in one spot so long
I begin to lose my sight. Look!
The stream is growing a beard in the daylight!

No word can bring back the Immortals but for wino joys.
There is a blight upon our time. I have been faithful to it
tipping my cup. The present is sufficient but I admit
I am ready to go. My time has come.

Leave the world to the scoundrels!

Now, olding up and bending low, I can truly shout,

Leave the world to the scoundrels!

and seek a lost contentment which, truth be told, I have never found but for moments which are good enough for me then and now...

Get a hike in this weekend, the leaves are bright there I'm sure, the air there breathable and pure unlike here...lucky you can have mountains so close at foot, a dooryard away there you are forwarding into pines...city bound and nigh unto penniless I will bow to the leaves within and keep inside today...too bright out there for my hellish mind...will read instead, of the Tao (a new book from Bloomsbury) and wrestle with a poem or two...get the ubiquitous pot of beans to a slow boil clogged with bacon, 'redolent' with garlic (just a fun thing to write) , and then get to the toil I love best (once the cornbread is in the oven) , poems, and wander the stacks awhile, my trails, find an old anthology I woke up craving, remnant of a dream, something Greek and of Argos, so want some Ritsos and Cavafy to match the mood since I can't get to any woods or Aegean...

Lastly, old friend, of old Ezra - the braggart bagged and penned then sent back to his chosen exile truly an exile from the inside out - one of his last Cantos writ, says he (from where he inwardly lived) , from Hell, seeking forgiveness, redemption, pray/plead his life work (of braying with footnotes a fractured Dantean ditty) (for all his cursed insanity and bigotry) that it/he (removing his hat and bending low) moved the cultural wheel goodly forward.:

“What thou lovest well remains,
the rest is dross
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee
What thou lov'st well is thy true heritage
Whose world, or mine or theirs
or is it of none?
First came the seen, then thus the palpable
Elysium, though it were in the halls of hell,
What thou lovest well is thy true heritage
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee
The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place
In scaled invention or true artistry,
Pull down thy vanity,
Paquin pull down!
The green casque has outdone your elegance.

“Master thyself, then others shall thee bear”

Pull down thy vanity

Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail,

A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,

Half black half white

Nor knowst’ou wing from tail

Pull down thy vanity

How mean thy hates

Fostered in falsity,

Pull down thy vanity,

Rather to destroy, niggard in charity,

Pull down thy vanity,

I say pull down.

But to have done instead of not doing

This is not vanity

To have, with decency, knocked

That a Blunt should open

To have gathered from the air a live tradition

or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame

this is not vanity.

Here error is all in the not done,

all in the diffidence that faltered...”

The final verse, Canto 120, was published posthumously. This is the entire Canto 120:

“I have tried to write Paradise

Do not move

let the wind speak

that is paradise

Let the Gods forgive what I

have made

Let those I love try to forgive

what I have made.”

Will call in the horseman and his short-legged horse, roll up this scroll, tie it tight with good cord, wrap it secure in chamois, pay the restless postman his due, his room, his board, and 'mail' this to you over the ranges, that ocean, to that high place 3 days by foot, Chidisan, mighty dragon, allowing your weight.

We are all a scandal. Enjoy that fact.

Kow towing toward the West (though you are in the Far East) where you are just watching the sun come up...keep an eye for the horseman moving your way,

Warren

Warren Falcon

Of Bells Anatomy

of bells
anatomy there
is much to
say

of the
elements,
zinc, copper,
tin, & more
while not for-
getting brass
more commonly
used

of infusion
into cuppolas

the beating
the shaping
heat also to
be given account
amounts much into
bells conformed
gracefully out
in the end

but only
as metal,
sharp tongues
blunted can of
bells then speak

tonally only

overtones inviolate

in violent swings
side to side the
hard knock shocks

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into, quakes into
belfry beyond
dance of iron
bronze overtaking
&
annunciant round
of hammers

so many dawns

times so many

goings down of

the sun

O lover

of thee

I adore

in timbre

thru the

window rings

the arms too

cling wring

out

breath to

breath

outreach this

to introduce some
levity

for we (loves)
were many day-ed

times merry

we merrily played

harming no one,

the god you insisted

be excluded from

all our nakedness

many breaths

exchanged, groped

times the many

ropes

all our

wanting

hands emptier
sensitive finger-
tips filligreed
prints your
body hairs
sifted imprinted
touching softly

no matter
the black or
blue tide

of thee
O lover

what
slips out
ebbs black
back into lapis

lapses into what
self is (a bell
shaped fiercely
formed)

uttered/poured,
scored trans-
parent upon
surfaces

faces which are
even
eyes which now
glaze with love/
loss

a multitude
of petals

peels

the jasmine
unspurned
at last

at last/least
O return
soft Junes
the lips curved
out to ring
sing of
which are
sometimes
pink, of
lavender
swollen

as if to kiss

the antinomies

a string

of pearls

anemones

& thee

bring all them

back, so many,

to me now

their vespers

once was laughter
spent

seeking out
between bodies

continents
valleys eternally

shifting eluding
rapture

contraction
of sentinel
bells against
each of each
reaching

the clappers
their constraining
rounds in too too

secure now rafters

Warren Falcon

Enunciating Wonder - Krishna Tales

For Karthik

'Sleepy Bee, ' she called to him. 'Go, my Sleepy Bee, to the garden go and be sure to smell the jasmine there, touch gently the spices in trembling rows, fetch then some of them, chilies of many colors and I will prepare for you a dish as you wish. When the teacher makes you sleepy by noon reach then your fingers to your face, smell the spices there, remember the touch of smooth skinned chilies whispering of lingering liaisons to come, and you will brighten my Sleepy Bee.'

A chili omelet she would make, a side of yogurt to soothe the burn, and milk from the cow drawn before dawn's first udder swelled against the press of distant hills where even the Temple soundly sleeps so very full and pleased with itself. Mother, each morning as he stumbles, rubbing his eyes, into the garden, tells him,

You may shout if you wish to wake

the Temple for the cow cannot speak -

Wake up! Awake! Make haste!

Lord Indra comes! Prepare the wicks,

the incense sticks for His Holy Fire!

Hasten! Hurry! Quicken!

There beside Lord Indra's captured fire in the little grate her Bee awakens watching her slow movements, the slicing of chilies, the removal of seeds, the washing again of plump hands, the cracking of eggs, beating them with the whisk, spreading ghee upon the hot flat stone, the enchantment of liquid whites and yokes becoming firm, becoming food. She turns them in round rhythms as she rhythmically prays.

After eggs and chilies are eaten comes the rose oil poured upon his raven hair smoothly brushed back to reveal his shining face, his smile. She prepares him for school with kisses, his uniform freshly cleaned, ironed, smelling, too, of rose-flavored soap. Then off to school with a lunch, a string of chilies of all colors sewn together, sewn when he was still in a waking dream.

'The chilies may burn, ' he tells me, speaking slowly, enunciating each syllable, practicing through smiles, returning to my gaze. 'But not like the touch of my mother's hand. She is far away but I can feel her burning hands on me now.' He smiles. I stammer.

How can one enunciate such wonder?

Warren Falcon

The Drying Assuages, Being A Parody In Part Of T.S. Eliot's "four Quartets" Invoking Samuel Beckett, A Bit Of James Joyce, & A Final Haunting By Ezra Pound

"Now we come to discover that the moments of agony...are likewise permanent with such permanence as time has...Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden illumination - -We had the experience but missed the meaning." - from "The Dry Salvages" by T.S. Eliot

3

The Drying Assuages

"And all is vanity amongst these my ruins, "

says Sweeney, whoever he may be,
tidies up neurotically, gin on the breath
for he is bored unto death but awaits daily
the post for possible liberty which he took
once on the mooch with a wealthy dowager who
mistook him for someone else. The scar forever
reminds of dumb lusts and dumber luck never
dreaming she was a black belt, his teeth,
now cracked, remind him to "be mindful of
the good against all wants" so sitz he the
wiser, chaste, a slack-jawed wastrel, piles
cooling upon cool stones, in ruins reading
Sam Beckett but that is another story written
in stars Centauric, to wit

qua qua qua
sisk boom ba
twixt Fucquaad
& Apothecary
near the corner
time forgot

but o not I
not I when
the clot broke

the expectorating
hoi polloi
screaming **1

no help at all

as I stood pale
pale, paler still,
bleeding out from
an undignified
place leaning
upon a tailor's
wall, he too

no help at all

threatening to
call the cops

It closes me in
again to recall

qua qua qua

Fucquaad

amongst the forgotten roses
where one is hungover in the
supposes with which one perpetually
begins, that one can never finish
like this, pissed, which goes on,
which goes on and still on,
"I can't go on but must (adjusting
the truss) because I am losing
my hair and so on and ever on"
dot dot dot into eternity should
one believe in such, but one may
use the idea of such, eternity
- go forward or behind, wince at
the word- -living in the blue rind
of sky crumbling onto nether

shore where relentless waves
tease relentless wind disturbing
a lone relentless tern tracing
uremic rims of foam

"tanti tanti non avessi conosciuto
la morte tanta n'avesse disfatta

quando solo uno sarebbe sufficiente" **2

shall I call then eternity
a home for shells, a curve
in space? disgrace myself
yet again with belief, any
one, believe that such shores
are a where after all, a place
to shelter, each wave somewhere
by someone or something counted
as is every hair numbered
counted still? they fall as
do waves into crescendos
rainbows should the sun
so shine for what is left
to comb of shore and hair
is a disturbance of
fractions, refractions
the forlorn redactions
of what is perceived,
felt, spilt upon the
depilating pate

and so I must wear a hat but let us not go then
you and I patiently, into all that but when come
time proper, a hair fall caught in a shaft of sun
light, the endless comb over undone, wind blown
upon the shore, then we shall speak of it sure,
and more

now then here then
remembering too the chaffing bloody garters

“Il sedile del water fredda, crudele,
l'aria amara come i vapori di Aetna,
ingannevole Empedocle inciampa
in ombre mormorio dei secoli',
un bugiardo che sarebbe un immortale ora
immortally un meno scandalo
uno d'oro sandalo”

fulminante E.P. defunto perennemente denunciando:

“With usura hath no man a sh*thouse of good stone
each block cut smooth and well fitting
that delight might cover their face,

with usura

hath no man a painted paradise on his outhouse wall
harpes et luthes sans benefit d'un laxatif” **3

spumoni spumoni

spumoni

tanti tanti

tanti

^^^

**1

“hoi polloi” is Greek for “the many”, is an expression from Greek that means the many or, in the strictest sense, the majority. In English, it means the working class, commoners, the masses or common people in a derogatory sense. Synonyms for hoi polloi which also express the same or similar contempt for such people include 'the great unwashed', 'the plebeians' or 'plebs', 'the rabble', 'riff-raff', 'the herd', 'the proles' and 'peons'. - from Wikipedia.org

**2

A riff on a quote quoted by Eliot in The Wasteland
from Dante's Divine Comedy -

"so many so many I had not known death had undone so many'
when only this one would do"

**3

"The toilet seat cold, cruel,
the air bitter as Aetna's vapors,
deceptive Empedocles stumbles
into the centuries' murmuring shadows,
a liar who would be an immortal now
immortally a scandal minus
one golden sandal"

fulminant E.P. deceased perpetually decrying:

"With usura hath no man a house of good stone
each block cut smooth and well fitting
that delight might cover their face,

with usura

hath no man a painted paradise on his church wall
harps and Luther without benefit of a laxative"

- from Canto LXV by Ezra Pound, slight alteration
of 2 words, 'house' and 'church' & adding the 4 final
words in French

^^^ ^^ ^^ ^^

To read the complete parody please go to my poems page here on Poemhunter
and read "Four Snortets, A Parody With Fondness For Thomas Stearns Eliot"

"Now we come to discover that the moments of agony...are likewise permanent
with such permanence as time has...Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden
illumination-We had the experience but missed the meaning." - from **1The Dry

Salvages" by T.S. Eliot

Warren Falcon

Onesimo Beneath The Truck, A Border Song - For Valentin

*

In darkness sealed as was Jonas

.....Onesimo beneath the truck

Three days crossing to Palomas

.....Onesimo beneath the truck

To himself quietly singing

.....the wind is with you

A tune with rubber threads

.....its cause is just

The wind never settles

.....a tear shaped bruise

Ear of blue corn

.....the cleft of your wounded thigh

Only one huarache for a paddle

.....chasing La Golondrina de la Niñez

Eighteen wheels

.....little boat One Sail come safely into harbor

Who made bread from stone?

.....remember El Padre?

Who fed rich and poor alike,
juntos, woven like baskets?

.....En el Nombre del Hijo

A causa de la fría

.....speak to me of fire

Take break eat the tortilla

.....Anima Sola

Who taps the cold metal

.....Ave Maria

Hot-Wind Petroleum-Pentecost

.....no place for his head

Jesus Child caul of mud rattle of teeth

.....cradle of obsidian

San Pedro sinking down

.....one huarache for a paddle

No cry for help

.....Rosary of thorns

Eighteen wheeled stations of the Cross

.....little boat the wind is with you

Silver Cofrecito, open

.....in the fish's mouth a golden spur

Open, Olla y La Cucharita

.....Water of Forgetting

Three days from Salinas

.....a peacock's cry

Serpiente de Cobre it is finished

.....from darkness Onesimo One Sail is reborn

Warren Falcon

Avoid The Narrows

for Nima

I am much taken by one long
thumbnail a bright star on dark
water forcing attention toward Nova

so forgive if I minister
to or try beside the
distant thigh and mine

thumbs on various skins
stretched tight as if such
stretchedness is the purpose
of rivers for a night in wet
summer chaste as I am (of
currents made) breathing
into what attention means
in the space the small of
the back imagining thumbnail's
trace an ancient script in
darkness as is the dark as
dark waves spray the bow
flow upon me

flow upon me now

I beg

keep

bless

the wound the
burning

the thigh where
is

this pressing
still

just the thing
to talk of stars

baby seals play
now sun on gray
rocks wet

my head
tucks in
a niche
of stone
natural there
ages old to warm

to press the thigh

mine there too
that impress of
presumptions of
massive forces
compressing
into upon always
already decaying
things such are
the living sparked
imaginings
barnacles,
seaweed

I am not new to such need

I am not immune to the worry

upon my chaste

return sunburned
churned by the
Atlantic I will have
discovered a haunting
sound again

an animal
music of the air

the lungs

screams really

gulls falling
by arrows of
blue which

blue

saturate
sky and
sea to
learn the
heart again

to learn the heart again

avoid the narrows
at the island's end
where feet are easily
mistaken for doves

there large currents
beckon/compel them
to descend

Warren Falcon

To An Old Philosopher Of Religion On Easter Morning

Dear incomprehension, it's thanks to you I'll be myself, in the end. - Samuel Beckett, The Unnamable

Here is one more system of philosophy. If the reader is tempted to smile, I can assure him that I smile with him...I am merely trying to express for the reader the principles to which he appeals when he smiles. - Georges Santayana

A penny for a wet tongue.
All's a seeming washed in blood.

Old Friend, I've been reading of Zen,
the Death Poems, and from the Middle East,
Sayings of the Desert Fathers.

One can still lift a head up
amongst the stars while
swatting at flies counseling

'be silly lumps in solidity'

'not yet, not yet, ' they contradictorily bray

The whole of matter, the Matter,
is summed when one withered heresiarch**
on desert knees prayed

'Here's breath for you'

Yet in odd limbo there
always trail reluctant murmurers,
each day a scrape in the tents.

Mistaken people thinner than
scripture loudly make and stake
claims of deity in long meander.

Still all's a seeming washed in blood.
Of that hung up crowd I am forced to flee.

I think of you often, your books,
the signifying smile, the twitch
of thought, the eye patch a black
Job with halting speech, the good
eye the tears the well where, old
now, I yet hang up my life harping
on and on in old Zion song, a dry
tongue still clinging to the roof
of my mouth.

**heresiarch - a noun that refers both to the originator of heretical doctrine, and
to the founder of a sect that sustains such a doctrine

Warren Falcon

Your Letters Arrive Fat

your letters arrive fat
swollen with human form

they fly out from my palms

look around you

- from Where Dispose Of The Joke Of Bones - Minimalist Cryptics Sometimes
Metaphysical. W. Falcon

Warren Falcon



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Tell Me Now

tell me now
glass-handled knives
I'm not clear where we started

- from Where Dispose Of The Joke Of Bones - Minimalist Cryptics Sometimes
Metaphysical. W. Falcon

Warren Falcon



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Whatever It Is, A Mariner's Tale

[the Martin guitar is considered by aficionados to be the best in the world]

Whatever it is
the Martin reshapes
itself as do waves
upon which we once
sailed the ark the
boat we once steered
you awkward with
ropes/sails no
tongue for 'lanyard'
or 'bow' though
clumsy same fingers
fumble jib then
chord strum without
stumble pluck strings
breeze confess what
then is obvious
sunlight burned into
each body (whose)
your legs easily
bend forming each
yielding bow upon
themselves

I am the twine
the Martin knot
forgetting you
me tying patiently
holding form
whatever it is
that allows each
countless wave
to shape break
as did we also
break wherever
legs insist as

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they do(and lips)
(tongues) betide
we lash(the
eyes) tied flood
ebb breathe all
sleep beyond
coral carefully
traced around
(all those countless
mouths beneath)
strange or familiar
sound as is the
Martin formed
whatever it is
womb once found

or/and tomb found/
lost again foregoing
guiding star exchanged
for adamant dark
whatever is apparent
in all storms heart
eye and after

Each chord questions
Each wave beseeches
yearns as does tide
yearn for moon/I/we
can be, or try (we
want) such turning
bestowals:

tattered sail

frayed rope

barnacle

bent wood

arcs

points

guides only

a blonde

smile placed

upon knees

each our lips

pretended shores

whatever can be

more than what

empties and shapes

the sky we will

become flung

beyond breakers

Warren Falcon

Planet Unrequitia Poem # 4

Planet UnRequitia Poem # 4

for Krisna

any word

*

really would do form something out of deep, of dark,
of water which shapes only by outer circumstance itself
in this case a word leading up to this contraction of
bellies against each times two, and legs times four,
and lips times myriad ones gone before - of murmurs
O lover of thee I adore - I am unkindly left remembering
once was laughter spent seeking out between bodies' valleys
eternally shifting eluding capture, this, just to reintroduce
some levity for we were many day-ed times merry-merrily
played harming no one not even the mouse unmoved per-
haps, watching perhaps, still, still, from beneath the

*

god you insisted be excluded from all our nakedness

*

departed I shall count backward by threes then fours
the door which once embraced you now never lets you
go no matter the black or blue tide of thee O lover,
what slips out ebbs black back into lapis, lapses in-
to what self is uttered/poured scored transparent upon
surfeit surface/faces which are even eyes which now
glaze with love lost beside the flue marked upon the
pane blue the mouse black upon the floor remains is
many, a multitude of petals times three the jasmine
unspurned at last at last/least return soft Junes the
lips of which are sometimes pink of lavender swollen

*

as if to kiss times three the antinomies a string of
pearls and thee O lover to me back 'splaying shyly
where the curtains sway/stand behind them the curtained
dancer entranced/entered into upon a mystery the organ
grinder smiles/sings 'amor fati' mellifluously on

Warren Falcon

Planet Unrequitia Poem # 6

We take our ragged bones out
of rented rooms for long walks.
You point out between bricks
the rainbows in windows,
the dirt now become your dirt,
your genius for transformations.

Back inside our rooms, last
castrati sings on the radio.
Enter winter under the door crack.
This becomes an event,
the retelling in high C -

Today sweet Molly with the black eye
and the cut on her breast cried then
decided to return home to Bud who
beats her when she's drunk.

I tried to talk her out of going
but she was going and she went.

Warren Falcon

Planet Unrequitia Poem # 155

Planet Unrequitia Poem 155

At the laundromat now a woman
in nylons stoops. I drive by
with a wave, another town, same
storm, a study in shields and
blades wondering about nylon
mysteries, hand washed, bent
woman's name turning over and
over again in spin-and-dry
cycles of drink.

Unrequitia is pronounced Un-re-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon



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Planet Unrequitia Poem # 38

Planet Unrequitia Poem 38

for Richard Hugo

One good town out of six and that's the
one you leave behind where your boxers
hang content at home on the line, back
yard neighbors speculate over lingerie
with black lace.

The sun can barely contain itself.
The mail man wishes he was me.

Unrequitia is pronounced Un-re-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon



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Planet Unrequitia Poem # 342

Planet UnRequitia Poem # 342

dripped in
soaked from rain announcing,

'I need to get out of these
wet clothes and into a dry martini'

for me?

only a towel to dry him and nothing more

Unrequitia is pronounced un-ree-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon

Planet Unrequitia Poem # 1 - Prologue

Planet UnRequitia Poem # 1 - Prologue

Searching Near Mule Kick Creek For William Faulkner's Grave In Mississippi

'I believe that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of man's puny, inexhaustible, voice still talking! ...not simply because man alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because man has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion, sacrifice and endurance'

— William Faulkner - Nobel Prize Banquet Speech

'Given the choice between the experience of pain and nothing, I would choose pain.' - Faulkner

A sign unseen except on a discarded cigarette pack:

WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined that paces, any paces, forward, aft, left, right, cannot defeat what is hoped for in the contents of this package which allude to

- 1) satiation (cessation of desire)
- 2) compassion (soothing of desire)
- 3) sacrifice ('to make desire sacred')
- 4) endurance (a man's hope, a woman's genius) .

Should one or none of the above result return then to the cemetery gate. Note just beyond the entrance is a garbage can. Ponder. Possibly say (infinite possibility) (or think) aloud, possibly, even, make another marker, saying:

'Death is a deed.

Death is a clean sorrow.

It is natural to weep -

Even a waste basket in a cemetery.'

What is concealed beneath matters most,
then the ongoing translation for what
continues to measure paces, what may
even be spoils of the living, either way
either or each indicates there is life after all.

Gather, shall we, by
a pacing river, beauteous,
shining in its endurance,
singing of endurance
which may arrive strangely
ding-dong, brutal,
utterly satisfied:

'A mule will labor ten years
willingly and patiently for you,
for the privilege of kicking you
once.' - Faulkner

Unrequita is pronounced Un-re-kwy-sha as in the word 'Unrequited'

Warren Falcon

For Zukofsky, Alphabet Streets - Beginning & Ending With Lines From Zukofsky,

for Louis Zukofsky

'O frammar of
the starry circle'
O what is the name,
lost perhaps, of
he who once sharpened
all our knives,
the old Jew?

THIS OUR LIFE
SOME FEW RETURN
TO HEAR/SEE
EVIDENCE OF
THE NATURE OF
A CITY TO
CONTINUALLY
ERASE ITSELF

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*

O Shapener of
the duller blade
turning hammers
sickles for Workers
everywhere, bricks,
straw, verse

The breast naturally
of Woman is bread
before was bread,
the child loaf-swell
in Her arms to farm
and from such
frame a world.

Thus Labor.
Bread, History.

Child's toil unspoiled
forms a culture beast,
crawls forth, makes
bread of soil native
& other, a Mother culture
all & still, everywhere.

*

History before was brunch
ever in the world. Sunday.
Avenue C. Door opens to sun
and saunter/the wanderers
now' arm in arm they goes'

just past every corner where
is found Rosenbergs still
bound, abandoned, run over,
bleeding ink into avenue
black scroll, trial,
knee/kneel, rather,

evoke shtetl horse-drawn
vender runner-about cart
heaving vegetable grief
returned to synagogue
alley dead end where

what is left out of grief
carves into brick with knives
the daylong silver Jew-beard
fills with sparks
and children awe

trace metals trail
splintered steel falls
pushes he of the leaden
cart spokes-handmade
wheels-wooden old tongues'

leather an old seeing
shaping art or 'new it
up' outwith
forth- for hind-
or other-sight
heat lightning
render new sight

some sundering strike
each individual eye/ear
torn/turn toward whatever
century's year may yield
make:

'O frammar of
the starry circle'
O what is the name,
lost perhaps, of
he who once sharpened
all our knives,
the old Jew?

THIS OUR LIFE
SOME FEW RETURN
TO HEAR/SEE

EVIDENCE OF
THE NATURE OF
A CITY IS TO
CONTINUALLY
ERASE ITSELF

'...What wer, what be, what
shall bifall..how found knowe
Suche forme..wiche knowes not
shape? As oft the running
stile In sea paper leue,
Some printed lettars..marke haue
none at all..But a
passion..sturs The myndz forse
while body liues, What light

the yees..bit, Or sound
in ear...strike.'** - Louis Zukofsky

** '...What were, what be, what
shall befall..how found know
Such form..which knows not
shape? As oft the running
still In sea paper leave,
Some printed letters..mark have
none at all..But a
passion..stirs The mind's force
while body lives, What light
the eyes..bite, Or sound
in ear...strike.'

Warren Falcon

I Can't Close My Eyes What Wings Also Are For

To myself without whom not
On the occasion of my birthday

**

With this anniversary I accept
my avian better half though the
human half be allergic to feathers
wedded to an inhaler plumage
still embraced in spite of

di

vided

self

The hard beak gently preens eyelashes
one by one each hair

The odd eye-stare the bobbing the
jerky head especially when walking
less so when hopping

do you even notice?

To hear

the head tips to one side then

the other

It is all
sound that is out of
balance

I sing to windows from forests
to rooftops from street puddles

I bathe in mirrors of sky

Trite to say it
grand to do it

Rumor has it that I once was a reptile

Maybe

And so too are you disguised

two legs thickly meated of the
ubiquitous hairs everywhere
inflated eyes up front not much
perspective or balance

like a weak pine you fall more than I
but when I do it's on purpose (unless
it's for love) without complaint of the
air which never fails

Air

that is

Just to be clear

Just to be clear I am at home wherever I
land scanning available horizons which are
also always home

High

Low

Vertical is

the thing

And Spin

Speed goes without saying

Greatly fond of Drift

I am easy in the

Updraft

I will not speak of dawn's greatness

how you quickly forget

You say that I repeat myself often
am limited in expression to only a few notes

clipped patterns in the song the cryptic
call always an ellipsis

Boring you say

Interpretations really

it's all in the inflection

after all the years now

Now

there's always the dancing too
in powder blue without shoes or
need of them

claws nicely do the
deed is done the changeling comes
note that I am singing to you how
the way it's done

I tell you the weather but do you listen?

For love

shall I say it again?

I shall say it again

For love I leave calligraphy in guano
everywhere

but you do not read it much less see
that there are its messages all around

And still I am with you trying
to wake you I peck I scratch
I even dance again a frenzy
brightly ruffled boasting to impress:

I can lay an egg! You?

Words only
Brittle sticks
but none to land on
or perch

Standing on one leg
head beneath a wing

I

Am

So

Tired

I

can't close my eyes

what wings also are for

Warren Falcon

With Spring Arrives Blossoms, Bridges, And Old Kobayashi* (W/ Nods Toward Hart Crane**, His Eros)- A Love Story

What a strange thing!
to be alive
beneath cherry blossoms. - Kobayashi Issa

1
From the roof tonight
Brooklyn Bridge and
and that Other*** so
close beside

blue curves shape
city-glow orange into pink into
rose

letting their girders
down they follow to my little
room at last

the bare bulb astonished

after all the years they have
winked tenement distances
over tar over stoops disturbing
only the prudish pigeons

through my open window
with their faithful light
they finally arrive

this night of wavering curtains

I recline then

on the sag sofa

beside the black mirror

evening air heavy

from certain blossoms

a pungent semen smell

Kobayashi, can 'stain' rhyme with 'Spring'?

Will 'Spring' ever rhyme again with 'screen' or 'crane'?

3

One touches the other which touches me

I am become a massive bird

bent backwards

a wobbling kite of tallow and tin

a bruised three-blade fan

petroleum kisses over

massive cables between coiled

legs those others of mortar

of hot metal glow

the handsome welder masked sings

into the retina of his dark glass

of a strange

thing breached

entwined with bridges
a bloated form of
tangled arcs/angles

how lips chafe
gently the many
necks curved
of alloy
million-groined

4
A Balthus mirror

breaks

drunk on blossoms

sways

easily seduced

by bridges

*

now nothing's

changed that

can surprise

discreet

ginkgoes

it is spring

after all

*

nothing to do Mr. Kobayashi

but to open the worn book with

your name upon it and try again

page by yellow page

like you to be a mensch *****

>>><<<<

*Kobayashi Issa was a Japanese poet and lay Buddhist priest of the Jodo Shinshu sect known for his haiku poems and journals. He is better known as simply Issa (??) , a pen name meaning Cup-of-tea (lit. 'one [cup of] tea') . He is regarded as one of the four haiku masters in Japan, along with Basho, Buson and Shiki — 'the Great Four.' - edited from wikipedia on Kobayashi

**Hart Crane (July 21,1899 - April 27,1932)was an American poet who wrote modernist poetry that was difficult, highly stylized, and ambitious in its scope. In his most ambitious work, The Bridge, Crane sought to write an epic poem...that expressed a more optimistic view of modern, urban culture. In the years following his suicide at the age of 32, Crane has been hailed by playwrights, poets, and literary critics alike, as being one of the most influential poets of his generation. - edited from wikipedia entry on Crane

***Manhattan Bridge, its girders painting sky blue, is just north of Brooklyn Bridge, both bridges join Manhattan and Brooklyn on the east side of the East River.

****Balthus - Balthasar Klossowski de Rola, best known as Balthus, was a Polish-French modern artist. Throughout his career, Balthus rejected the usual conventions of the art world. Some of his most well known paintings are of swooning young girls or women gazing into handheld mirrors in lonely, well-appointed interiors. - edited from wikipedia entry on Balthus

*****mensch - a Yiddish word for a person of integrity and honor.

Love, When You Biting Tear The Ear Of My Hearing, Bear Me Then

for four poets, among many others, who have
profoundly influenced my worldview, selfview, and voice:

Robert Duncan, Jack Spicer, Robin Blaser, and Grandfather Walt Whitman

Where is that Spirit which living blamelessly
Yet dared to kiss the smitten mouth of his own century?
- Oscar Wilde, from 'Humanitad'

Love, when you biting tear the ear of my hearing,
bear me then upon a steel altar by hammers tongued.

Knotted muscle, nerved cord, by heart and heat
implore, defy no sky nor pliant dirt deny but cloy
hand in hand, require only dissolution of the Old
Masters tyranny by Numbers insistent upon reduction,
odd waters trail calcinations-calculations-bodies
born of even water into mists, continuously reft
from Given, riven from Dream, such freed from
virtual into literal placenta and spleen-

striven history reshaped redeems a value once
consigned to Hell-realms confining dark thoughts

to matter.

But only one
just finger,
dark, traces
delicate
a lace

conforms
forehead tip

to nose
then wet
lips
rose-swollen
with happy
use cries
and
barriers
break,
surge in
to new
terrain.

Does not it all bear
the familiar arc, say,
of just-dawn color,
mauve-play at the liminal
curve where sky beseeches
bounded space to give
its shapelessness a
Cause, a nape conformed
convex from Orbis what
has been scored by breath
pressed upon it?

Who then falsely may decree
any matted clot, spark-charged,
blood engorged, may not body-charge
ahead and into 'other' merge so
must be flung

expurged behind neglected
Moon or plunged through the
bruised ring of abjected Space?

Hear me now

Thrice trace

an outline

Give form to

now dust me (I am)

awakening surprise

Here me how

there

and there

and yet

there again,

after hammers,

caressed

aureoles and

hosannas

outward turn

Warren Falcon

With Marigolds The Sun Breaks Through Las Grutas** De San Sebastian

**'the Grottoes' - a sacred site with rushing underground springs flowing up from rock caverns into equally rushing streams in Oaxaca, Mexico

...return in storm, mudslide, road
flood, somehow make it to las grutas
on the way just in time discover old
chapel small, worn, sweet against
a hill firm from slides rushets

...quiet blue interior, Our Lady stands
firm too, graceful, veiled, lightning
strike all around, roars outside nothing
against palpable blue softness, & the Host
firm suchness upon Old World table, flowers
fresh poised, ecstatic, golden mouth Chalice
open full of shadow, hungry mouths to feed

...enter a child a school boy soaked
bare feet uniform darker blue stain run
rain-wind-storm sheltered now the Virgin
place cool upon feet, where is this school
unseen on only road the way to las grutas

...bow before the Host, genuflect small
delicate hands palms white kneel on creaking
wood kneeler kiss fingers holy traces
his prayer

...I have come from afar
from godless City enveloped in
my own importance trapped my own
motions no purpose knees or hands
now come to monstrance find this
muddy miracle with marigolds

...sun breaks through, child walks

tio's house I follow tongueless, a
burro 2 miles mud, flood, to caves,
springs, boy Anselmo out front, little
heels press little pony grey, one
eye brown the other blue, Golondrina,
his name, The Swallow, do not ask why
beneath the bluing sky flush with bird
song in waters red we tread on,
me a distance behind

...arrive tearing springs caves erupt
full dark overhang a place for prayer
not for my knees but Anselmo's on black
root kneel holds hard to a limb "don't
fall in" I shout suddenly shaken nothing
within to hold to

All are barefoot there: beasts boy

...return, little chapel
blue, an offering for Our Lady
(muddy shoes) receives all things
arms outward extend blessing
blue cool shadows quiet there
where mud may me dry

Chipped vases

altar flowers bright

Done with City

with self

Which goes first?

No matter

The All Blue

chooses

Warren Falcon

O See My Little Red Shoes, Bright Bright, O Clap Your Hands For Me - What I Once Became And Now Still Am

for Beti Ramos, curandera, maestra, hermana

1 (Carolina prelude - near death - midsummer)

...serpent strikes the
chest, venom close to the
heart, ill effect in a country
ditch in the arms of a young
man whose last name is the
Spanish moon, straw beneath
me a place to die, Moon's
face in daylight, detailed,
clear, a smile I know to be
a last horizon...

...unreal the piano then,
grandmother's arthritic fingers,
chipped keys, a boy once in thrall
of both moon and an old hymn,
familiar strings out of tune
'ahora y en la hora de nuestra
muerte'*

now and at the hour
of our death...

2 (season of recovery - Colombia, South America)

...seriously ill, Medellin**,
a month there in pale blue
parks reading paler Federico
and a Colombian poet whose
statue I there daily saw when
still in serpent's thrall

I earlier drift in and out

Cartagena*** a statue of
a pig, not a man, and words,
a poet's lullaby in bronze,
a pig begging for human
clapping hands, his bright
red shoes plead for a lovely
girl with whom he may lead
in a dance...

3 (Hermosita's song)

...sad fetching fountain
evoking Medellin, enchanted
feverish fountain far from serpent
and sea, Little Muneca**** at noon
daily comes to me on the bench
of black pumice, Purace's*****,
where I write -

'O please buy my cherries,
dark rubies sweet...sing
me the rhymes again of
Little Pig, his shoes red,
and red the need to dance
the precise feminine tread
of the far graceful Golfo*****,
its pacing crests where
terns dapper chase
puffing out their chests,
dip their beaks to kiss
the spray's pale green
brine burst into shine...'

4

'Wait, ' she says, 'Not goodbye.

Never that.

I dance with you

forever, Little Pig.

I polish your shoes of

metal - tiny espejos - mirrors -

for toes,

vincapervinca - periwinkles - on

the heels to tap.

Always you are here on the black

pumice to buy and eat cherries sweet,

dark and ruby red.

For me you are always,

man pale as the moon,

El Blanco - she giggles, winks,

crosses her little fingers behind

her skirt - I don't mean to hurt

your feelings, Mister, but you are:

and will forever be:

Senor Mono Con Ojos Verde
Que Siempre Estan Llorando...

Mr. Monkey With Green Eyes
That Are Always Crying...'

*'ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte' - the last line of the Catholic prayer, The Rosary, prayed to Mother Mary: 'now and at the hour of our death'

**Medellin, a city in Colombia, South America

***Cartagena, a coastal city in Colombia, South America

****Muneca/Munequita, 'Doll/Little Doll' in Spanish

*****Purace, an active volcano in Colombia, South America

*****Golpo - Spanish for 'gulf' - refers to the Gulf of Mexico

Warren Falcon

The Pope In Italian Miniatures - Stations Of A Mystery

Not a head stands out
A finger rises
Then it is the voice that one knows
A signal a brief note
A man leaves
Up above a cloud that passes by
No one goes in
And the night keeps its secret - Pierre Reverdy

^^^ ^^

The pope in Italian
exclaims, 'Bring me! '
and the echoes bring to him
all his bounded wants.

The pope in Italian
twirls his fake mustache, hides behind curtains layered
thick, plots the Blessed Virgin tied upon the tracks, his
dramatic rescue of Her, the imagined headline, Greatest Of Popes.

The pope in Italian
embraces a Statue of St. Micheal when the
guards are not looking, whispers the hour of
the deed, pleads for advancement of the plot.

The pope in Italian
blesses conspiring shadows in mirrored tiles reflecting back, the
guards pretend not to notice his continual muttering, the halting gait,
the concealed silk handkerchief purposefully dropped, they wink at each other.

The pope in Italian
drunk with authority privately erases Sacred Texts with
a child's thick pencil, pardons his large fines for overdue books,
cancels the Vatican subscription to Mystery Magazine.

The pope in Italian
questions Michelangelo 'of hammers, of stone and nakedness,
the heart of the matter, ' whistles when the Artist answers,

and looks away, fingers crossed.

The pope in Italian
wears a black beret, feels his tragedy,
'another fig in hand, ' refills his goblet,
calls for a clean ashtray, another pack of Gauloises.*

The pope in Italian
feeling frisky, ice skates, holds high
his brocaded robes revealing the boyish legs, white,
they are so white, like necks of swans.

The pope in Italian
dreams again he is a young
bomber pilot dropping heavy kisses
backed up in the bomb-bay.

The pope in Italian
hides sullen behind the Golden Chair, carves his
initials there, the fateful date in Roman numerals, and
QUID EST QUOD OMNES PEGGY LEE (Is that all there is, Peggy Lee?) .

The pope in Italian
refusing all sherry before lunch, will not walk past the tapestries,
'The unicorns hate me, ' he whispers, suspicious, bitterly so,
reminds himself, 'Stop trying so hard.'

The pope in Italian
tries too hard, resets the Grandfather Clock of Ages, counts
the coins of childhood, forgets time, the ancient schemes, and dines
outside disguised as Saint Joan of Arc in Flames.

The pope in Italian
stands very still, Romanesque in Night's central fountain,
goes unnoticed but for the corners of his mouth
bleeding verdigris, and the faint smell of smoke.

The pope in Italian
practices his hands in the dark, genuflecting, blessing,
rehearses the pertinent Charlie Chaplin scene alone, the worn
piano roll in his head unraveling before the hastily scattered Host.

The pope in Italian

spies the 'end run, ' tries his hand at cards and whiskey,
bets the entire assembled Holy Guard in full dress 'all the
Church's gold and then some' on a run of Jacks. Cackles
knowing he is the victor.

The pope in Italian

turns the last page in the Papal Chapel, licks chapped, broken lips too long
at prayer, the votives sputtered at long last, feels his way out backwards,
steps upon the last crack and the Madonna's back is finally broken.

>>><<<<

**Famous French unfiltered cigarettes known for their strong tobacco flavor.

***Venus of Eryx, from Sicily, brought to Rome, she embodies impure love, and
is the patron goddess of prostitutes

Warren Falcon

What Is Seen - Harlem Tenement

Old women
lean out windows

swaying between
backyard buildings
old clothes lines

gray string

thin

thin

Purple flower boxes

a woman's hands
folding letters

sweet soap smells

on top steps
wet shoes full of wind

Warren Falcon

 PoemHunter.com

The Sorrow And The Pretty - A Proem 'Upon Trampled Chrysanthemums'

Chrysanthemum in hand
clutched for support:
the pale boy silently leaps. - Warren Falcon, inspired by Basho

They spoke no word,
The host, the guest,
And the white chrysanthemum. - Ryota, haiku master

for the young gay suicides:

escape to chrysanthemum clouds
now too too crowded

On the edge over the bee-loud Blue Ridge valley all apples and manure shining, flashing of green-tailed flies, before further exile, I escaped nightly to work, late ward sits as an attendant at the local psychiatric hospital, wee hours reading poets of the world who like Liu Tsung-yuan - 'just give me fine wine and friends who will often help me pour' - turned woes into ancient hymns and overtones. After one fateful graveyard shift all night reading Basho Matsuo's Narrow Road to the Deep North, in dawn's hut I begot to stumble-bed visions of pagodas and temples, fog-draped mountain passes, high peaks - names like Dismal Crouch and Turn Around Fool - spare anthems such are haiku, chrysanthemums in my head 8 a.m - 'chysanthemum' means 'golden flower, ' 'gold' = chrysos, and 'anthemum' = 'flower' which, by the way, holds an anthem within - with such a mind full I dreamed a Great Mountain voice shouting, 'Go away!' and that was enough for me. Where I'm not wanted I don't stay so I made plans to flee. I followed my exiled self into further exile, Deep North, a symbolic defiant suicide-by-New-York-City.

All this the above said may make me sound like I was a bad-ass but that's not true. Irreverent, yes. And bluster. Bluster counts here as disguise for I was pretty. Not handsome. Prettiness counts for much in youth, in older age it is (sadly) sacrificed for Beauty.. A necessary assault in order to grow wise. Wisdom comes from loss and blood, always of the Moon.. Even gorgeous buds must go. Nature says it so. And we can and should protest their going but in older age one loses energy to fight so gives in to what is 'just so.' In sorrow sore,

in broken mendicant hearts, having touched tenderly and tasted the binding buds, wisdom is born.

But pretty boys make for an awful confusion amongst men, a real trouble, and, yes, violence verily. Men like pretty in their women but find it most disturbing in boys and young men. Then Golden Flowers are crushed, 'righteously' so. Chapter and Verse. Sanctified wrath against sublime wraiths-most-lovely wars and destroys. It is by polite and holy society 'of the male born' considered a duty harsh, justified, manly and rushed, that the feminine is preserved and men are saved from tempting male beauty.

In most forbearing mountains thus I hid my blushing pretty at war with myself (having internalized the Christian cultural fulminant Funda-fomentalism) . But one must not in mountain world surpass even their beauty, or their pretty. They win such wars by time which wears down flesh and minds. Respectful of this then, and gladly, while in their secure embrace, I cultivated both god and verse hunkering down in remote cabin shade. There I braved the pretty and the beautiful by day - the bluet, the rhododendron, the trillium, the mountain laurel - to boldly reveal them ahead of the inexorable shadows that mountains make because that one and only golden Sun, ours, flowers only-danced in shortened pretty skies bluet-blue, because those who know mountains true know that valleys are king and sunlight is brief tip to top, and in the between-brief span brightness stops both Sun and seer mid-afternoons.

And obedient, some of us, the pretty ones (then) , to the sheltering darkness get. Much may be done between 10 a.m and 4 but then shuts the revelation door, the valley/the veil resumes its reign. There both pretty and beauty pander to stained human palettes painfully returning as did I to fire or bulb light for all Beauty burns away to shadow (only in memory Beauty stays) . One develops night vision to see it. Thus did I work the night surrounded by others tears, lost their pretty selves the youths of wards and afterwards, and also those in tenements the old, the homeless Good Will-ed, for such now my verse is bestowal most holy gentle upon their sleeping faces, chrysanthemums each a pretty a beauty, black buds made mad with themselves the blunted social world could not contain.

Warren Falcon

The Offered Bird Of Aris Moore

Now that day has come

I reach for the image

numinous in its plain

simple gesture

straightforward humble Valentine

of the offered bird embraced

not captured

Another dawn blizzard

empties last crystals

draws heavy curtains tighter

Sudden the mourning dove

sings

patient between

notes as if

reading music

whole notes

minor keys

long pauses

Repeat

How I have needed to hear

the song dove again

feel the companion tree

climb up to, and embraced

would be by wind swayed

soothed

a boy away from the

brown house on the

high hill in the dark wood

I dare not open the curtain

for fear of losing the dove

Later see a few

crests of down

pressed in snow

pure

upon the escape

calligraphed

signatures

tiny feet

little gestures

left upon the

metal grate

names I cannot pronounce

but only sing

Warren Falcon

Here Come The Wild Birds Again - Poem For Painters & Poets

for Barnett Newman, Abstract Expressionist Painter,
Cy Twombly, Sculptor/Painter, & Frank O'Hara, American
Poet, Art Curator & Art Critic

'A bird seems to have
passed through the impasto with cream-colored screams and
bitter claw marks.'

'Though they are all white with black and grey scoring,
the range is far from a whisper, and this new development
makes the painting itself the form.' - O'Hara about Cy Twombly's paintings

Two seasons upon your forehead.

Horizon of your brow now tilts toward sunset.

Stratus clouds lift above the major line
parallel but with telemetry of their own —

symmetry shifts, music notes
stretched flat on the scale.

'Below all this your eyes two suns setting'

though it is redundant to say so,
a poem line tracing horizon, what
lies behind it below we leap or
can, happily, to mental verticals

such are these birds
flying out to sea such is
this our land giving way
beneath all their push.

We lay together, two wrecks, Love,

wooden ships conjoined by forces
too great, too objective to blame.

We stretch beside a shoreline,
eels play in the one rib of our
opened selves, our rarer fingers
share at last, gesture horizon
to stars, even Sun/Moon entwine
before and behind centering a
presumably expanding circumference
curving inwardly toward itself
which is an affection, a longing,
a bottom upon which even God
can lay hidden from secret admirers
such are mirrors whose surfaces
are rarely breached.

But there is reach.

Many ways to say the word 'love'

which, redundant to say,

sparks,

and we are returned to some

notion Platonic beyond higher

math

of over-said,

over-reached

'Infinity'

of which Barnett Newman spoke to
Frank O'Hara about, rather,

'the [Void]'

...

can the word bear a capital?

...

...

may the word bear a capital?

...

['V']

his fear of it, 'discomfort'
to be exact, not knowing
that Frank would be in it
[Void] not far from the saying
of it, the mention, the beach
that day, hot (so I have read) ,
crowded though Frank chose
a [voided] spot to recline to
sun upon when the tanned
dune buggy ran over upon
his tanned radiance

like attracting like

his broken nose
his brilliance,
that Chariot of the Sun Eclipse

it's job done

fated fell forward

into the 'wine sea'

as did Frank's soul

cherry dark, an

Amarone

most homophone

he may have till then denied tried
at least decried died trying to name
it (the soul a starfish painted say by
Cy) work an image dead mariners
make wishes

upon within

as do we also wish.

*

I wish you, Love,
beyond within all [Voids]

- is the [Void] one or plurality?

a painter on a near shore to
paint what we have become.
One (he must be) beautiful,
a man, radiant, who raises
a thumb to rearrange

^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^the horizon^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^

*****the sky*****

~~~~~the moving line~~~~~

~~~~~'un~~~~~du~~~~~lant'~~~~~aslant

of the sea where we without
breadth heave each our separate
selves and each other into,
squint, a promontory, shear,
one eye to gauge, the other
allow a thumb's scan by any
other intent acknowledgement

of worth perceived:

waves wayward clocks (become)

adrift migrant birds, scores,
always crying at the unending feast.

We are not the least of these
but know ourselves too beyond
bondage to time which is to say
'hunger' in spite of rhythm.

*

Love, let us live without

rhyme

the sun go up the sun

go down

the Sky-(Amor) -Wheel-(Fati)

turn and return

with feeling

Let the painter lonely be

alone

pinned to shore with

his paints, his brushes,

his thumb-gauged vision

in relation to ourselves,
and [Void] without intended

rhyme trued

true to ourselves.

Nature too is true.

May he use the color blue

Carelessly

Tubes of it

We once were that, too -

careless without

Now wrecks

Vaulted

Now become

weather without

foreheads

without

cloudnecks

Vastness

in the making

(if such
is made at all)

but is aporetic

euphoric

a condition,

a given hard

thumb

against

a sky of

tubes made

and of

squints made

we are then a

'striving after'

beyond cream-colored

foam/form

churned by storm

Here come the wild birds again

~~~~~

~~~~~

Warren Falcon

Of Hungry Pockets

For Frederique

Nothing to lose, this rag of selves.

With what glory remains of hungry pockets

I skip forward singing, La La La, a willful

don, a lord of nothing-much, poems a'pocket

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Have Joyed In His Heaving Forth, Dante In Brief - A Tanka

Dante in Latin

have joyed in his heaving forth
rung by rung trying
by his tongue to gain a love-
liness beyond the castle

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Have Joyed In His Heaving Forth, Dante In Brief

Dante

in Latin
have joyed in his
heaving forth
rung by rung

trying
by his tongue
to gain a
loveliness
beyond the castle

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Swoons In The Liquor Of Splash

Long in exile,
dizzy with The Path,
human beauty broken there beside,
in every field shy flowers want all
our windows and stoops to proudly
present themselves upon.

This only now but happy do I discover.

And I am old, my scent upon the wind
down human lanes where even dogs
take pleasure from the air, where
children play and narrow water flows
and petal by petal night and day the
joyous moon swoons in the liquor of
splash upon stones happy to be worn.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Even Pretty Buddhas - Rumors Exist Of Han Shan's Unfettered Inscriptions Of Wind

From a preface to earliest publication of Han Shan's poems 'Lu Ch'iu-Yin...claims to have personally met both Hanshan and Shide at the kitchen of the temple in Kuo-ch'ing, but they responded to his salutations with laughter then fled.' - Wikipedia on Han Shan

Red Pine poem 18:

I spur my horse past ruins;
ruins move a traveler's heart.
The old parapets high and low
the ancient graves great and small,
the shuddering shadow of a tumbleweed,
the steady sound of giant trees.
But what I lament are the common bones
unnamed in the records of immortals.

Dates of Han Shan's life are uncertain, anywhere from 5th to 9th century A.D.

'How strange is life in old age
- an old mountain waking up'

White haired, nearer now to
Yellow Spring**, a few teeth remain.
My humor with the world remains intact.
Toothlessness does not block endless
laughter, a small favor of the gods
perhaps. Perhaps not. A human virtue
at any rate. And a strong constitution.

Even alone I laugh out loud, a
victory over my enemies and those
frivolous, ill-tempered gods,
all my youth wasted given over
to their sly manipulations.

Useless it is to demand those lost

years back but suffice it now to
presently steal more boldly from
Kings, Lords, the 'Glorious State.'
Even the temples are not safe from
my pilfering. I kindly repay them
with a poem scrawled on the door
or wall or a nearby rock. It really
is enough recompense for what I
take, a root, some rice, a persimmon.
Nothing more than I need for a day
or two. If they do not know how
to spend my words then so be it.
They have been paid in full. My
conscience, silly thing it is,
is clear as is my mind. Blood
hot, I fear no god yet respect
most men for both good and
bad suffer alike.

My fight is with the gods.
These fickle powers control
mortals who fear invisible
things but I have seen through
them and I laugh and I am unfettered.
Look to your minds mortals and
there find the open sky, the full
land you seek. There are some
others like me who freely roam
without explanation or excuse,
without self rebuke. After so
much youthful, frivolous sanctity
I am an old fool emptied of all
that. I know the ways of those
who speak for the gods. Naivete
about them is especially
dangerous for men.

Still, I cry out time and again in
a dream where I am remaindered
to Silence. When awake I laugh
through tears and avenge nights
from hostile heaven's envious thieves,

their priestly minions mumbling on
robbing men of years on earth.

Even my cave is taxed!
and so is my sleep by such a dream.

Some real troubles come only in sleep.
Why should I be exempt?

A habit now, I sit at the Buddhas feet.
Their faces are convincing enough. I
ignore much evidence to the contrary.
Undergarments even of Buddhas reveal
a truth which does not flinch and I
may perhaps pinch my nose in disgust
even of holy stench all the while
celebrating my own for what else
am I here for? Odor is the Thing!

Even so, in spite of meditations long,
I am flung further into life's fray though
I sway charmed by chants up to the Eight
Celestial Flights, my steps light forgetting
their feet of dung.

Long in exile,
dizzy with The Path,
human beauty broken there beside,
in every field shy flowers want all
our windows and stoops to proudly
present themselves upon.

This only now but happy do I discover.

And I am old, my scent upon the wind
down human lanes where even dogs
take pleasure from the air, where
children play and narrow water flows
and petal by petal night and day the
joyous moon swoons in the liquor of
splash upon stones happy to be worn.

There, almost within reach, the blossoming tree brightens between darker bricks to truly dwell. It is for me a shy son of mists to see in spite of big chunks missing, lost, wasted, torn out, that the Celestial World is not as it appears to most, It yearns for much needed hardness for spirits without shoes still long to be bread that they may dwell in our finitude. To them then I am a daffodil dandy at a rusty gate where heaven and hell conjoin. There where the thinned road ends vague statues sway out of focus lamenting their redaction to stone, no river to move them petal by petal, unable to move at all, for movement is not nothing.

Even pretty Buddhas pretending eternity cannot move by themselves alone in need of human feet and arms. In this way then they become like me for I too will be borne by men or wind to the grave no longer able to move on my own.

Nothing to lose, this rag of selves.
With what glory remains of hungry pockets, I skip forward singing, La La La, a willful don, a lord of nothing-much, poems a'pocket, knowing it's all a shell game but I'm clever having learned something from all the dice rolled knowing that here and there (Heaven) weight matters and that there is more to here than there. Wised up now I always pack a change of draws, a piece of broken mirror in my pocket to gaze within practicing my smiles to fool the gullible gods who think they are smiling at themselves.

If stopped and questioned at the Gate to Yellow Spring, I'll blame you, old Ghost of too many former selves, a meandering rumor still muttering the old hymns, who grants me permission the entrance to boldly storm.

Between what these final breaths remain and
the horizon closing in, my fingers still work.

On behalf of all sentient beings I will plead
the case.

I'll write until the quill is taken from my cold hand.

Even then I shall be dirty with righteous indigence,
only the gods to blame - they love a good
argument anyway. Why should I disappoint?

In dying I become human through and through
which comes from doing.

Be damned and done with mirrors and pockets,
a man can curse at the end having earned the
right to do so -

a wink and a
grin rehearsed,
then come the flies.
Whose hands shall
shoo them, whose
hands un-shoe him
and run quickly
into day?

I leave my poems just as they are.
When I'm gone let the worms correct
spelling and punctuation.

Meanwhile beneath willow tips
I will tease slowly the grasses to laughter
which is the only horizon I have known.

Footnote:

**Yellow Spring is a Chinese version of 'purgatory'

Warren Falcon

Forward To 'What Is Known Is Variable And Dependent Upon Available Light'

Note the screen door behind the kid, a 'scream door' he called it in his boy tongue hearing 'scream' for 'screen' and so it means something...I now see that face multiply, a clown's sad smile, a grimace with dimples, a sorrow face, head turned slightly to the right, an appeasement gesture to father, unable to look directly at the camera, father's eye, fearful of contact with that threat insisting that the knuckle-shy son 'smile goddamn it'...poet Theodore Roethke once wrote, 'Fear was my father, father fear'... squinted for sure, kid did, into just too much too much light, eyes already staring out and into some unfocused place of Escape-To but nowhere to go but inward, into woods, bountiful books, into night stars in the front field soft and yielding to all the weight a small boy could live, the ground gave and so the boy was saved a bit by sparkles...not pitying here, just that I know that little soul by then was stunned by what existence had already become, the skinned knees can't be seen in the pic...a kid in need of available light...which he found in nature, books, music...NOT people...well, most of them, there were the few rare exceptions among the living and a very very many in books, companion souls between pages he wished he could live between and away from the hurting world...seems all these listed here are still his closest allies...

'I am old enough now to realize we are all trying to live sufficiently long to see the self come true. None of us is likely to make it. Therefore we invent selves, we prance and pose and dream and labor, confirming what we might be by what others think we are and by what we see we have been.' - Dave Smith, 'A Secret You Can't Break Free'

'We go towards something that is not yet, and we come from something that is no more. We are what we are by what we came from. We have a beginning as we have an end. There was a time that was not our time. We hear of it from those who are older than we; we read about it in history books...It is hard for us to imagine our 'being-no-more.' It is equally difficult to imagine our 'being-not-yet'. ' - Paul Tillich

The first quote sets the tone, autobiographical (Smith's) , then Tillich's leading one about 'being-no-more' and 'being-not-yet'...the happy news is that the being-not-yet in the thin-skinned kid did arrive and all things considered it's been a helluva shock to fall finally into Presence afterall having stalled for many years perched noon-blind on childhood's top step...Such 'Kindly Light' (reminiscent of

the front field's stars) surprised the boy and does so still. One gives the will over to the 'what is' and the 'not yet' and so far it's been pleasing to the mind though the body will always complain for it is for life - Freud's Eros principle in the body prevails,

'Life wants more of...LIFE.'

I read of Plotinus today in Wallace Fowlie's marvelous book, *The Clown's Grail, A Study of Love In Its Literary Expression...* and wept like a silly in Simone's by the red beaded windows...Plotinus says that all systems base themselves upon two questions, do we love? whom do we love? ...thus the events of our destiny (or of our sensitivity) are measured by the love we bear...this ascent toward love [you can see Dante in all of this] is by three kinds of men, the artist (in love with Beauty) , the lover (who needs the visible beauty of a single body) , and, of course, the philosopher, the third kind of man who follows the contemplation of physical beauty and the love of a human soul then enters the purified zone where harmony and beauty are merged with truth. The artist, 'the most primitive of men, ' lives the nearest myths and knows the reality of each thing...the lover, that most vital of men, is the protagonist of myths and knows the death of each thing...the philosopher for whom ideas and intuitions remain fresh and new is the most idealistic of men, the decipherer of myths and the one who knows the plenitude of each thing (the philosopher sees through the myth via the pointer of the myth into the Real, the plenitude of each thing) ...'After giving order to the chaos of matter, he tries to give order to the chaos of his heart through a knowledge of that love which will lead him to his ultimate goal, the 'flight of the one toward the One.' - Wallace Fowlie

Which for me is where available light comes in...and what is known is indeed variable according to that light...but even dim light is light nonetheless and something is gathered, some love is gathered in the perception or rather, better, in the effort to perceive what may be revealed...the dark all the darker from the revelation but altered too by what is seen and by who is doing the seeing...

That little boy in front of the 'scream door' was seeing ahead past the door and the porch, down the four concrete steps which seemed so high and steep and so far the hard falling into those two questions intuited then as a waif but now lived more consciously in the fallen stooped man:

Do we love? Whom do we love?

The kid and I have concluded thus far, still only a few feet away from the bottom

step, this,

that Beauty is the Name derived from both depth and height.

What is known is variable and dependent upon available light.

To read more regarding the above copy and paste what is here below:

Warren Falcon

O Mighty Beyond The Chimney - A Stutter For Berryman After His Eleven Addresses To The Lord, And For Hopkins Dark Sonnets

for Nelle Vander Ark - mentor who gifted me Gerard Manley Hopkins
for M. Manus - who gifted me John Berryman on the psych hospital ward

'but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me
Thy wring-world right foot rock? '* - Gerard Manley Hopkins

'I don't try to reconcile anything' said the poet at eighty,
'This is a damned strange world.'** - John Berryman

'Ah well, God rest him all road ever he offended! '*** - Gerard Manley Hopkins

I beg (as did Berryman as did
also Job) Do not give up on me
drag me (gently) pull me (tug
tenderly) gather me (dew me
softly cover) do not delay
Shepherding (O Numberless
One, Creator of the Majestic
Zero beyond all counting, that
I may be beyond the Ninety
and the Nine****) so woo me
(though a cold bed I am and
make) though human hand
pen/paw at Thee O Mighty
beyond the chimney yet

beneath

the bed

yet (pillow me) pillow me plead I
'that my chaff might fly'* that my
eyes dimmed be turned toward
what glimmer remains of corners
dark recessing mind, O Lord,
would have You take (mine) mind

may read the entire 'Addresses' here, copy and paste:
falconwarren.blogspot.com/2010/12/eleven-addresses-to-lord-john-berryman.html

*** from Gerard Manley Hopkins' poem, 'Felix Randall'

**** King James Bible (Cambridge Ed.) Matthew 18: 12: 'How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? '

***** Einfalle - German word with meanings several - invasion, incursions (into) , clever idea, notion, whim

*****India Ink [from wikipedia online] is a simple black ink once widely used for writing and printing and now more commonly used for drawing...originated in China, the ink was brought to India in the 4th Century where additional elements were added to the ink process.

Warren Falcon

What Is Revealed, Variation

something read aloud
becomes bread

side by side

beneath
witnessed reels
glancing stars

gather stones
at dusk

fill their pockets
climbing
World Tree

risking

apogee



PoemHunter.com

then downward turning
fling themselves low
toward dawn-stumbling
Sun alone

fire seeking
fire

the mourning
dove the crow

each seeking each

respond to
sunrise
different
as they are

unconcealed

what is revealed:

the mouse in the hole who loves the hole,
how the serpent's tail shimmers as one has
tossed it with a very long stick out the door
shouting - the door shouts too - 'be gone!
no more! ' one has learned to shake the
sheets, the pants, the socks, the topsy
turvy heel-worn shoes before the getting
into because scorpions and spiders dwell
therein and even a snake loves a warm bed,
my pillow for its head, found a skin shed
on a flower-patterned pillow case where
fleecy lambs forever pink silently bleat
as the cloth grows thin from head wear
dream wear because I was once a sleeping man

Warren Falcon

Observing Early Autumn Snow From An Upstairs Window

white feather boa

between limb crotches

winks through leaves

gold ginkgo glitter

over pedestrians below

a sudden flush of heat,

of love, and they don't

know why



PoemHunter.com

isn't love always above us?

Warren Falcon

Glenn Gould In Heaven Does Lament

Here chipped ivory is only cloud.
The Instrument, Archetype.
Strings of gold do not a music make.

Here no one listens.

The only passion is the Christ's
and that's all passed.
Crowds overcome take cues from
Hosts Divine urging Hosannas in
obligations clinical:

Holy. Holy. Holy.

I miss Canada.

Cold. Precise. Canada.

There icicles hear better what is played.
Bitter winds knot a fingers' skein.
Each note played is pain. There's blood.

Roll in the coagulate burden then,
the Piano Grand.
And my little chair -

Little chair, hold me, pray.
Let there be, crouched again
once again, play and play.
Let knees press close to chest near,
pressed knees there do pray.

Let all of me be
Agency become music
in fingers latency,

theirs deserve all waking praise.

Let us rejoice what is in scarlet shed.
Let us praise iron.
Let oxidation within us reign.

O lead us all to right ruin.

>>>><<<<

Photo of young Glenn Gould upon his customized piano seat (referred to in this poem) .

Warren Falcon

Instead Of The Griffin Prize* All I Get Is The Griffin** Or What I Get For Reading Too Much Godd*mned Charles Bukowski - A Poem-In-Cheek

for Karthik gone almost a year now,
so much for mythology

I live
beneath a rock under a rusted old half-
bridge beneath the only cloud on earth
that doesn't move unless a rare bird,
a big one, flies beneath it.

I would be magic.

The rare bird, large,
avoids any attachment to other than me.

Sh*ts on my head.

I make a cup of tea.
Listen to Bach (J.S) ,
Gould's, The Goldberg, ***

keep pointing to the radio
shaking my head muttering,
whistling between fragments.

I open the curtain at midnight and wait.
Lights of the big planes shine directly
in on me. Like that godd*mned bird,
they're in my flight path.

I am nervous.
But they don't fly over.
They don't sh*t on my head.

Still, I wait there till very early in the
morning, till just before sunrise.

Close call, I say.

I draw the curtain,

fall hard into bed covering my head
with a pillow, the gold multi-mirrored
pillowcase, a gift from the most beautiful
of lovers (both from India)

just in case.

*The Griffin Prize, Canada's most generous poetry award,
founded by businessman and philanthropist Scott Griffin.

**The griffin, griffon, or gryphon (Greek: gryphon, or grypon, early form, gryps;
Latin: gryphus) is a legendary creature with the body of a lion and the head
and wings of an eagle. As the lion was traditionally considered the king of the
beasts and the eagle was the king of the birds, the griffin was thought to be an
especially powerful and majestic creature. The griffin was also thought of as king
of the creatures. Griffins are known for guarding treasure and priceless
possessions.

[from wikipedia]

***The Goldberg Variations. J.S. Bach. Performed by Glenn Gould:

Copy and paste: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UGPJDgp2-9A&feature=related>

Warren Falcon

Privilege Kicks - A Meditation In Paces Near William Faulkner's Grave

'I believe that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of man's puny, inexhaustible, voice still talking! ...not simply because man alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because man has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion, sacrifice and endurance'

— William Faulkner - Nobel Prize Banquet Speech

*

A sign, green background, yellow lettering, in a Mississippi graveyard, reads:

'WILLIAM FAULKNER

PoemHunter.com

The creator of
Yaknapatawpha county,
whose stories about his
people won him the Nobel
Prize, is buried twenty steps
east of this marker.'

*

There the happy Worm feasts.

Walk as many paces as you want and you arrive at this:

Here lies the 'Ding Dong of Doom.'
Not puny at all, such is the voice of man.

Red and dying, post-coital.

One reaches for the dawn even at sunset, strikes a match.
Dispatches left over tension in first exhalations.

Confront the Bear.

Human underwear, male/female, sad, drapes a chair beside
a bed, a bookshelf near.

A sign unseen except on a cigarette pack says:

WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined that
paces, any paces, forward, aft, left, right, cannot
defeat what is hoped for in the contents of this
package which allude to 1) satiation 2) compassion
3) sacrifice [which means 'to make sacred']
4) endurance [a man's hope, a woman's genius].
Should one or none of these arrive return then
to a cemetery gate. Note that just beyond the
entrance is a garbage can. Ponder. Possibly say
(infinite possibility) aloud; possibly, even,
make another marker, saying:

'Death is a deed.
Death is a clean sorrow.
It is natural to weep -

Even a waste basket in a cemetery.'

Look out for the Bear,
any Bear of any kind.

Turn toward it. Invite it:

'Given the choice between the
experience of pain and nothing,
I would choose pain.' - Faulkner

With as many paces as is necessary (be generous)
take a vote at each headstone, plot, marker, monument,
sunken soil indicating human remains. What would they
choose, 'nothing or pain? '

What would you?

Ignore signs no matter how
useless underwear, male/female,
in a grave

Know that for both 'wear'
(forget 'where' which is
or will be obvious) and
'grave, ' the word 'under'
is the operative one.

And yours is the only voice now,
gravitas.

What is concealed beneath matters most,
then the ongoing translation for what
continues to measure paces, what may even
be spoils of the living, either way either
or each indicates there is life after all.

Gather, shall we, by
a pacing river, beauteous,
shining in its endurance,
singing of endurance
which may arrive strangely
ding-dong, brutal,
utterly satisfied:

'A mule will labor ten years
willingly and patiently for you,
for the privilege of kicking you
once.' - Faulkner

Warren Falcon

Tio, Losing His Sums, Ontologizes 'what Has Become Of Me'

'The world of dew is
a world of dew...
and yet...
and yet...'- Issa

Y que? Yet what?

I am a cabin

some woods

Tio's Tree

a crotch mountain
in Mexico

I am drawn water from
artesian deep well

I am a bath with night stars

I am swelling in night-mirage

I am heat vectors from
day-heated earth making

I am giddier star dance

bathing
on the porch at night
(so the shy mountain
cannot see)

I am rain water
gathered rhythmically
from the tin roof tonal

toks
glocks in pots all kinds) ...

I am

porch sit
write again
pick up
paints again
seek the missing

EAR

hike/walk/wobble
a patch of canvas
dirt squabble
(I am)the 3-legged
dog his name
is Trip
(the missing leg)
whose meanness
recognizes evil
stumbles when he
sees me

me (I am)neck hairs
fiercely rising
I am gums drawn
exposed teeth
the terrible tongue
sound of fear
the hunger pit
the stomach wants
wants
the burn there
the dejected bone
tossed to the heap
the creeping past
the field's edge
the burning stalks
the tin can bent
beneath a child's

bare feet playing
the brown eyes do
not see

the worn chain red
brittle in dust lost
without locking
embrace of gates
doors the sweet
child whose name
is known only
from her smile
the bruises
her arms tell
something of
what is sheltered

the squat house
always smokes

the valley

the dry arroyo
trace

snake crawl and
vermin chase

I am the food chain
NOT rusted
brittle the war
is on unseen
real beyond the
porch the tin
above groaning
witness for me
asleep

the hammock
leaves grids
on naked skin

I am the dead
weight the
sleight-of-hand
of eyes shut
the unseen battle
only a dream I am

the wasted

the water gathered
from dew the few
drops winking
in the web

and yet the
black spider and
yet the dawn
and yet still...still
it (I am)

yet waiting

as such
state old men are or
soon to be,
arrive
their ire in retire
crow songs
strong for not
too much longer
pour out red wine
hiss at the intrusive
mouse herald of
The End in
alto sung (I am)
an old man tin-can
spit-cup in hand

can without
doing harm chew
a niggardly weed
skunk tobacco

growing wild(I
am) in ditch
and dale
cogitation to
more write

I am cooked simple fare
the raised corn
the little hay the locals
play that itch of skin for
skin embrace Tio's
primal call to sin over
into (I am)the blurring sanity
of digitally hog-tied
corralled world too
easily pixilating O dust
to dust after

all is said/done I

am and so run on

over-strung/wrought-out
(as is this poem) I will
yes yes my love
listen will yes
recover such enough
air around to go on
sing my song
a tio-tangle in
treelimbs the kind
Van Gogh still somewhere
paints

I am knees sore

now and always
a call
to prayer
to woo in
old boots
worn leather

weak knees

make me to
existence/being
adore

to which I

have only

just

in a

dream

renewed my wedding vows

Warren Falcon

I Have Some More Thoughts About Your Dreams Of Late

The storm has passed.

Was beautiful but beauty
was ruined by the fact
that many there are a river
away without warmth still
or who finally got it then
lost it instantly in the
new storm without name.

Still, the ginkgo trees on
my block are golding up,
lost few leaves to snow
weight and wind; snow softly
sits accenting a white feather
boa between limb crotches,
winking through powder and
gold glitter over pedestrians
below who feel a sudden heat,
a flush of love,
and don't know why.

Isn't love always above us?

Warren Falcon

The Vein Trace - Of Eros Deconstructionists At Work In Bed

1 Systole

to return to

the simplicity

of the body

that IS the body

filigree surface

of hairs

of skin

the mottled where

PoemHunter.com

the vein trace there

precludes entrance of

major sort though

absorptions

always claim

final victory

we are

dear

naked

before me

absorbed ourselves

absolution resolute

in threads fraying

these (whose are?)

these fingers splayed

as in these (whose?)

scratches

you leave

my back

teeth marks

the bruises

we are each

weeding cell

by cell

of swollen need

frighten

but

do not stop us

the unappeasable

silver scar-and-tell

show the

swelling

space that

(spills)

is around

bodies

that they can

be all things

from

nails to

teeth

a wreath

ammonia bone

lace

delight

the rounded

space

the trace

our constrained

embrace prays to be

O pray the bed

may hold the

weighted curve

the emboldened

release strained out

from the

out-rubbed O

O all

that excretions

exude

presuming breath

2 Diastole

exhume the

bellows such are

the breasts shells

beneath each our

own which come to

us ancestrally

as spectral

steam near

panes upon

which

promiscuous

sheer

admit all

entrance what

passes through

you dear

naked

before me

and an equally

naked

me

unframed upon

once-time of

exodic

morphic wander

geography's the

more simpler made by tongue

buds

taste the

finger

all things that

grasp sublingually

the sucking smile

lips bent forward

into each the

tongue the pearl

turned round

and round

the dark

chamber of

the mouth

the lung petal

florets there

their little

mouths too

gulp/gape

also wet

seeking too

the pearl

heart drum

skin stretch

(systole) you

hum me I hum

you (diastole)

the near panes

O

open

here

we pour in

air

the street

below from

where were

we once mutual

liquidity

now

turned out

out wrung

surpassing

bodies

denatured of

but not at all to belabor the obvious

but not at all to argue the

point finally taken over at

last tremblingly overtaken

Warren Falcon

Of Humans The Stains They Leave

Angels without knees
aprons spotless starched
as beards of saints
complain of humans
the stains they leave

Overheard
between the fork
and spoon obscenely
crossed
one angel to another:

They call it love
what we are supposed
sublimely to sing of
but frankly all that
pushing and shoving
faces in agony the
cries and curses all
that pulling at flesh
bruised as the moon
this can't be love

We stand without legs
the better for it but
for these we must attend
bent over their plates
greedy to have at each
other again to marriage
beds one last time

And then the singing
begins

an eternity

songs about dirt
about longing to return

how all hurts there
mean something
after all

Warren Falcon

What Is Revealed In Two

Now here must stop
in what is remaining light to cook

must bend to the purple cabbage at hand,
the helpful drive of hunger
the courage of the knife

marvel yet again it's faceted pattern when
halved, same as the onion, the leek

Such facets in me too reveal when
I dare to be loved in two

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Einfallen - Remaining Light In Duino

NOTE: Einfallen - German - verb meaning to fall, invade, enter, collapse, come to mind, aha, flash of insight

[Beginning with two lines from Fifth Duino Elegy by Rainer Maria Rilke which was inspired by Pablo Picasso's painting, Le Saltimbanques - The Acrobats, with which Rilke lived for awhile]

1

'You that fall with the
thud only fruits know, unripe, '

here wait to be shaken.

Here we carry, or ought to - driven so much past
bitter root - sugar, not for ourselves but for the gods
to sweeten their too objective palates

to open them into our subjectivity which, secret told, is
what they crave, our realist sufferings, such are sweet
to them, makes them, too, more solid -

what they seek - solidity beyond our capacities to reify
but for Imagination which conducts/births them into material
being.

Our extreme suffering compensates for, gravitates, their
too refined coldness toward heat.

They, like scattered flour, having no leaven,
dream/desire us-the-leaven; they seek/swell

into what we have, what we bring, we, the most baked,
to be torn into, eaten, too, for yearning gods' sake.

They come/fall compelled to colors, palettes, ours, upon
worn pallets, these acrobats, as-yet-enfleshed lovers in
not yet felt world and literal sense, they

do balance, risk, stumble, break, stutter/cry, utter such,
further dimension into

desire's bodies, breath, ashes,
importantly, always just arriving

forgetting the arguing seed's
previous vertical discontentment.

2

Such skies already known

limb by limb escape

slowly their shaping.

They suspend, extend then

into their felt fall,

hard land into waking.

What uses for tears there

are gathered there from

the eye, pour upon the

cheek from which miscreant

tongues may most drink.

3

Think again upon these things

which go about in darkness and

stumble against begging no pardon

intent still on passage confused

for words or Ibn Arabi's 'Black Light'

no light at all or thing but a gnosis

found, or given.

Gnosis, most striven for, in minutest motes, is.

All this to say, Ready.

Darkness. Expand/extend

further beyond (yet into)

unsaid street corner,

into inarticulate cathedral,

into unutterable mosque,

into wholly other loci

dependent upon uninhabited

blue field, crust, what

passes for, or has, Light,

just overtones 'beyond the fiddle.'

4

Now here must stop

in what is remaining light to cook

must bend to the purple cabbage at hand,

the courage of the knife

the helpful drive of hunger,

marvel yet again, it's faceted pattern when

halved, same as the onion, the leek

Such facets in me too reveal when

I dare to be loved in two

**The quote in the poem is from the Fifth Duino Elegy

Warren Falcon

History Before Was Brunch Ever

For Workers everywhere, bricks, straw, verse.

The breast naturally of Woman is bread before
there was bread, the child the loaf swelling in
Her arms to farm & from such frame a world.

Thus Labor. Bread is History.

Child's toil, unspoiled, forms a culture beast,
he crawls forth, makes bread of soil native &
other, a Mother culture all & still, everywhere.

- Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, from 'Immigrants Exile, Labor, Drive Or Will, And The
Lady Mother - A Malafiction'

1

History before was brunch ever in the world.
Sunday. St. Marks & 1st Avenue. Red, red Simone,
doors open to sun and saunter, the wander, now
'arm in arm they goes' just past the corner where
was found Berryman abandoned, run over, bleeding
ink into the avenue's black page, a then-new copy,
heavy, of Zukofsky ('Z') 'A' already lost, me, in the
reading but gladly Berryman on my lap, no, knee/
kneel, rather, while reading 'Z' evoke old ward Jews,
Italians, horse-drawn venders, runners about with
carts heaving, vegetable griefs returned to church
to synagogue dark alley dead ends where what is
left out of grief is carved into bricks with knives

(O what is the name, lost perhaps, of
he who once sharpened all our knives?) :

THIS OUR LIFE
SOME FEW RETURN
TO HEAR/SEE
EVIDENCE OF

THE NATURE OF A CITY
IS TO CONTINUALLY
ERASE ITSELF

2

Zuke** saw said feigned
old tongue which is an
old seeing, shaping art
or 'newed it up' out with
forth- for hind- or other-
see heat lightning
sunder into new sight
some his this rendering
into each individual eye
ear whatever century's
year:

'...words earth-saving history
not to deny the gifts
of time where those who
never met together may hear
this other time sound one.'

'Tuning
to sounding stringe.. Won by
his song: O framar of
the starry circle, Who, lening
to the last grounstone..the
great heauen gidest..stable erthe
do steady..As stured sea
turnes up..ye hardnid snowy
ball by cold By feruent
heate of sonne resolues..sees,
What wer, what be, what
shall bifall..how found knowe
Suche forme..wiche knowes not
shape? As oft the running
stile In sea paper leue,
Some printed lettars..marke haue
none at all..But a

passion..sturs The myndz forse
while body liues, What light
the yees..bit, Or sound
in ear...strike.'

'The sestina, then, the repeated end words
Of the lines' winding around themselves,
Since continuous in the Head, whatever has been read,
whatever is heard,
whatever is seen

Perhaps goes back cropping up again with
Inevitable recurrence again in the blood
Where the spaces of verse are not visual
But a movement,
With vision in the lines merely a movement...'

'Strange
To reach that age,
remember
a tide
And full
for a time
be young.'

**'Zuke' for Zukofsky

Warren Falcon

What Is Revealed

the mouse in the hole who loves the hole,
how the serpent's tail shimmers as one has
tossed it with a long stick out the door
shouting - the door shouts too -

"be gone! no more! "

one has learned to shake the sheets,
the pants, the socks, the heel-worn shoes
before the getting into because
scorpions and spiders dwell therein
and even a snake loves a warm bed

a pillow for its head

found once a skin shed on a flower-patterned
pillow case where fleecy lambs forever pink
silently bleat as the cloth grows thin from
head wear, dream wear

because I was once a sleeping man

Warren Falcon

Still Life With Coffee Can, Father, River, Bell, Mouse, Lover Fled

[poet's note to the reader:
read the 'x's' as the word
'times' as in multiplication]

This

just to
reintroduce some
levity

for we (loves)
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played
harming no one,
not even the
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching
perhaps, still,
still, from beneath
the god you insisted
be excluded from
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths

exchanged, groped

x many ropes all our

wanting

I stand behind

them the curtained
dancer entranced
entered into/
upon a mystery
how one could
be so, well,
swell, so
marvelous &
so cruel upon
one silver stem
hangs the metal
tin top jags
tears at
memory edge
opens facts

now you, love
are new memory
hands emptier
sensitive finger-
tips filigreed
prints your
body hairs
sifted imprinted
touching softly
x all the x's
here accounted
for, listed,
besos as kisses
scribbles, notes,
letters,
no matter
the black or
blue tide

of thee
O lover

what
slips out
ebbs black
back into lapis

lapses into what
self is

uttered/poured,
scored trans-
parent upon
surfaces

faces which are
even eyes which
now glaze with
love/loss

beside the flue

glaze upon the
pane

black
mouse remains

stays,
is many,
a multitude
of petals

x 3

the jasmine
unspurned
at last

at last/least
O return
soft Junes
the lips of
which are
sometimes
pink, of
lavender
swollen, as if

to kiss

x memory

x 3

the antinomies

a string

of pearls

anemones

& thee O lover

bring all them

back, so many,

to me now

memory

torques

into soft

teas

June

steeps

turns

steaming

said window

(and torsos)

said prints

views obscured

of nothing

in particular

or special,

but

troubles,

troubles only

of passing birds

enamored-of

(their lighter
bones)

or

are they

cloud and shadow,

merely the steep

sun declining ashen

into New Jersey?

occluded

silhouettes

contrails

glyphs &

Maxwell House sign

'Good To The Last Drop'

familiar

cup for decades

tipped

tips &

one

(out-spilled)

drop

x 0 suspends

O suspends trembling

reflected in the water

river made of the many

countless drops

x (again) infinity

x (surprised) my

father there

(memento mori)

opening the

can all blue with

the same cup tilted

spilling that dark

brown dropp imprinted

x (the

dove,

to recall,

brown, shaped like

said drop, now

flown, or)

finally
spilled into water,
river currents
downward, to bottom
pulled sort/sift
my father always
complaining of grift,
a weather man by trade,
a cloud man once a
pilotWW2 drifting
often since enough
into sky

he turns
the silver opener
butterflied
round and round

with effort his
arthritic com-
plaints upon the
ridged silver top
of the can blue
with coffee
'course grind'
the better to drip
with within that
satisfying hiss
compacted air
hissing out
from compression
now released
the smell
then of coffee
fresh not yet
brewed in the
kitchen

the twist of
the edge jagged
silver metal
carefully turned

with fingers to
break the remain-
ing stem of metal
holding the round
to the can entire
unsealed now try
without spilling
the grounds
out

x at least 100 thousand

to guess having no
acumen with numbers
and math but father's
over
there in the cup tilted
over
spilling into
o endlessly
it's seams,
it seems from
river bank
into memory
which is,

already
over-said
overheard
redundantly
as river
and time,

this one
now recalled
to mind,

dad

dad
the cloud drift
and the flows

the tides beside
the city

(both sides)

is as ancient
as it always was
& is

as 'in the beginning
was darkness over deep
water & a word, '
any word really
would do it,
form
something
out of deep,
of dark,
of water
which shapes
itself only
by outer
circumstance
in this case
a word
leading up to
this -

Palisades cliffs
above bridge

allude perhaps
to river at
city's start
up from water

the silver bay
capped, remembering
centuries' frigates

x countless

ferries torn

and Tories be-
tween seas
wars
vast to
the east

x duplicating

waves, stretches

the narrows

the necks with
rocks strewn,

the lonely buoyless
waves over depths

their vespers
intone

once was laughter
spent

seeking out
between bodies

continents
valleys eternally

shifting eluding
rapture

x 1 whisper

contraction
of sentinel
bells against
each of each

reaching

x 2,

the clappers

x 20,000

(of bells
anatomy there
is much to
say
(of the
elements,
zinc, copper,
tin, & more
while not for-
getting brass
more commonly
used)
of infusion
into cuppolas

the beating
the shaping
heat also to
be given account
amounts much into
bells conformed
gracefully out
in the end,

but only
as metal,
sharp tongues
blunted can of
bells then speak

tonally only

overtones inviolate

in violent swings
side to side the
hard knock shocks
into quakes into
belfry beyond
dance of iron
bronze overtaking
& annunciate
round of hammers)

so many dawns

x so many goings

down of the sun

x fortune the lips

x myriad ones gone

before of murmurers

O lover

of thee

I adore

in timbre

thru the

window rings

(the bells)

the arms

of which

too

wring out

breath to

breath

x no more

embraces

into indolence

This

(yet)

again

(late
offering)

just to
reintroduce some
levity

for we

(loves)

were many day-ed

x merry we

merrily played
harming no one,
not even the
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching
perhaps, still,

still, from beneath
the god you insisted
be excluded from
all our nakedness

Warren Falcon

Loose Train Hokku-No-Renga

For the blind woman
on the train every
journey is inner

She touches my shoulder,
moves one seat ahead
feels the winter collar

metal ring pinned
to its shoulder
smiles when she touches it

dark rings of her eyes
light up momentarily

What universes are in the heads all around me

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Loose Train Haiku #6

View upon entering Philly
receding steeples
the hairline of God

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Loose Train Haiku With Title #5

In Prison Window

a jelly jar, water pours
man hands arranging
a little green vine

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Loose Train Haiku #4

For the blind woman
on the train every
journey is inner.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Loose Train Haiku #3

Withering cornfields

Just turning Autumn leaves

WHOOSH!

The opposing train

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Loose Train Haiku #9

a star's all child's play now
late night track lilt wheels
tilt toward melting darkness

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Dusk At Princeton Station

man on the platform
Northward trains
waits pressed against
late summer

still-green
densities
rush as only
shadows can

sun slants/the dark slides easily in

tree clusters red, yellow
tinged, early October, top
limb silver shine leans
downhill over-catches the
man leaning on a rail face
to late sun, worker, dirty,
pants torn, catches it
in the ear (so it appears)
he does not move, think,
fears what might occur
from such a limb

there

at this late hour
sun and shadow slide
away from each as I wait
the train here more mine
to outrun what is left
behind

chase a horizon
toward gold then red to
Magic 10** never old or
worn as am I rush
rocked by track
lilt wheel tilt

toward melting

darkness

a permanent one

hang some where

it is a song once

upon a star all

child's play now

for now

anticipate

sitting here

the jolt

to begin

this

all the

slow coming

to speed

then

the sway at day's end

shall not hold back

these tears for fear

of no press to return

for now

but to sway

****Magic 10** is that name photographers use to describe a quality of light past sunset but not yet fully dark which is 'magic' to photograph as there is a visible dark blue/black shine not seen at any other time.

But That's Not It On A Hartford Train

Riding backwards
each brick is
surprise peripheral.

Gaze shapes itself
solidly

a moment then to movement
succumbs.

Again.

And I am dumb.

Strike no pose
that a poem
could love

much less linger
petulant in a
tinted window.

PoemHunter.com

A brick sticks
in the throat.

No.

An eye.

No.

It is red.

It is dead
weight leaving
residue in
a palm

or place it

sighing to my
chest still
overcome by
the last

brick, and
the other
one

and so on,

all lost,
a last attempt
to see without
poses and write

it.

The heart says,

No.

The other eye,
the one turned
away from the
window, says:

'God forbid I'm
going to crash the
whole universe.

Goodbye.'

But that's not

it.

Warren Falcon

The Idea Of 'Pear Tree'

for Robin Blaser

a pear tree forgets only itself as
an audacity

limbs recall themselves

appear to reach

one cannot see them
reaching

they may be silent but
we cannot know that toward
later sweetness they yearn
then seed a still dirt around

content to lie down
the idea of 'pear tree'
reduces to all sparks

yet

no illusion of darkness
hastens the pear

but O it tastes

Warren Falcon

Whose Form Is This Haiku

before the pine door -

stooped like these wooden
planks

body more knots than wood

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Scapegoats Devour Sins

Written in The Book of Judgement
only ink, the accusing
words by drool undone,
stains their bearded chins.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Temple Ruin Haiku

the broken bell
has no tongue

the recluse spider
shapes its uniform prayer

Warren Falcon



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Leaving The Temple Haiku

Unburdened, I depart,
passing old graves.

My dear friends,
temple dogs, thin, thin.

Warren Falcon



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Two Haiku Deconstructing Themselves & A Pear Tree

1

so many pages torn out
a pear tree forgets only itself as
an audacity

2

no illusion of darkness
hastens the pear

But O it tastes

Warren Falcon



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Still Life With Burros

A redundant whip in a whipped boy's hand
loudly cracks.

Sway backs unburdened by little cries
the simpler crickets take to heart.

Their singing legs suddenly still to sighs.

Warren Falcon



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Black Mouse Surveys A Village

...a
broken
gate.

One blind dog sleeps
curled.

Indifferent before all machinery
it moves only, curiously,
before burros gray,
their large eyes wet, shining;

the cooler shade and fields of hay
hang upon
the long lashes.

A redundant whip in a whipped boy's hand
loudly cracks.

Sway backs are unburdened by little cries
which simpler crickets take to heart,
their singing legs suddenly still to sighs.

This makes absolute sense
in some discreet window of
the world where Meaning knits
then unknits what is.

Warren Falcon

Kairos - For Spicer Who 'told Me Not'

one will not win readers by cursing
the darkness

that's already in the canon

too many ears ache hurt from such an

age's lost ability to hear beyond crash

nor sit still long enough to see
what sun may rise

even that belief,

'S-U-N-R-I-S-E'

is failing



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stars are falling

raging ones

gaze at themselves alone
bereft of capacities to

gaze for or
even

toward
an other

one cannot reify thunder

selves ARE

redundantly so

so

so many pages torn out
a pear tree forgets only itself as
an audacity

limbs recall themselves

appear to reach

one cannot see them
reaching

they may be silent but
we cannot know that toward
later sweetness they yearn
then seed a still dirt around

content to lie down
the idea of 'pear tree' reduces
to all sparks

yet

no illusion of darkness
hastens the pear

But O it tastes

**

'Kairos is the passing moment in which something happens as the time unfolds...it is a small window of becoming and opportunity. One of the origins of the word comes from shepherds watching the stars. As the night progresses and the stars turn in the sky, they appear to rise and then fall against the horizon. The moment when a star has reached its apogee and appears to change direction from ascending to descending is its kairos.' -Corrigall, J, Payne, H, Wilkinson,

H (eds) , About A Body,2006: pg.201

Warren Falcon

Four Against The Shapeless Wind

for Selin

1

You may find me thundering in a hut
on the small of the mountain reading
poems to curious goats. They listen
patiently before eating the paper
upon which they are written.

I have now resorted, denying loneliness
(thus the always hovering goats) ,
to arguing with the sad priest twice
a week over bad sherry transported
over the mountain. The pass's old Rock
comments on the shape and weight of
each bottle carefully wrapped in soft
flannel curved the shape of the way
upon which unsteady travelers depart
and return. From such a journey it
is believed the cheap, sweet sherry
is redeemed in taste borne to the priest's
back door into his shaking hands casting
into legion swine divinations of sorrow.

As a grace, after some cups, setting aside
the card deck missing all Hearts, I hear
his confession, soul bared tearfully before
me. Pen in hand, I write sins tenderly down
on a yellowed page to be fed to atoning goats
who keep secrets well. They freely forgive
all faults for a taste of paper, a kind favor
for the priest then.

Only ink, the accusing words by drool undone,
stains their bearded chins.

Alone in the empty church I hover before
Stations of the Cross confessing poems

to believing dust, to patient corners.

How utterly and always irrelevant I have been.

2

In variations of weather and seasons
devoted dust shouts,

'Cousin! Cousin!

Come! Join us here.

Even now you succumb to us
slowly rolling beneath trembling
altars, fearful of candles,
an old woman's mop.

You are quieted as are we though we now
shout. Your presence provokes us toward
proclamations, manifestos against the
shapeless wind. But shapeless we remain.

At the Master's feet wounds, now bled
away to splinters, forget an ancient tree
in a carver's hand an ocean, an age, a god away.'

3

Torn feet tread a hard trail yet.

Without tongue, in the broken tower,
the recluse spider shapes its uniform prayer.

Unburdened, I depart, passing
old graves.

Dear friends the village dogs, thin,
thin.

Before my pine door -

a stooped body like these wooden
planks

more knots than wood -

a stranger pants in tongues
poems he shall never write but
only feel breath by breath

a visitor, long overstayed

remote neighbors are gracious still

pulling words from ears, he hurls them away

4

...a
broken
gate

One blind dog sleeps
curled

Indifferent before all machinery
it moves only, curiously,
before burros gray,
their large eyes wet, shining

the cooler shade and fields of hay
hang upon
the long lashes

A redundant whip in a whipped boy's hand
loudly cracks

Sway backs are unburdened by little cries
which simpler crickets take to heart,
their singing legs suddenly still to sighs

This makes absolute sense
in some discreet window of
the world where Meaning knits

then unknits what is

Warren Falcon

Are You Hungry? A Poem For Departure

for Karthik, departing

Who has twisted us like this, so that -
no matter what we do - we have the bearing
of a man going away...so we live,
forever saying farewell. - Rainer Maria Rilke

*

out of hearing -
the last sense
to go -

sing to me now
before ears take
leave and I shall
have no more
need for words
for sounds even
these my sighs
heaving as I hear
you drop the
soap in the bath

I imagine you
bending vague
in the steam to
find the bar by
scent as you
wash away your
own which has
so compelled me
again and again
(so gladly heave
the little deaths)

*

Cleave to this

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I say aloud
though you may
not hear my plea
in there from where
I sit bent doubly
over multiplied
with grief for you're
leaving all this
perfumed presence
for a village old
of dust and dung

*

I am caught up in this
vision without glasses
squinting for what is
real or not though you
are faced to mine as I
obediently move my
shaking hand to your
belly the scar there
edges still hot
to the touch

*

Much there is I will
make of this moment,
drying your back as I
have daily done -

once
began the rite
first night

gathering now
the last

o when
the towel easily un-
folds drinks

woven
little mouths many

deeply
into what
has become
natural in me
with the wiping

In this
I am become
free now of
thinking intent
to this my task
to last this minute
or two

to linger

each is
become a touch
this one

and this

*

I am right now
to speak of this,
retrieving the soap
which clings one
strand your hair
tangled there,
a cypher I read
with joy grown
long into cleaner
disorder

A leaf upon the
bathroom floor
blown in through

the night window
random now
for discovery
is a gift I bring
to you calling
to me from
the bedroom
as you pack
fumbled upon
the unmade
bed,

Are you hungry?

Warren Falcon

Stage Coaches, Hands No Longer - How It Is How I Am Otherly Conformed, An Address Toward Deity

...because in that moment you'll have gone so far
I'll wander mazily over all the earth, asking,
Will you come back? Will you leave me here, dying? - Pablo Neruda

You ask out of the blue: How are you?

wanting to test the waters first

I thirst

Going wild west I am

stage coaches

Hands no longer in my lap or yours

In a country of glow worms

no retreats only circles of

wagons overturned

petticoats surrendered

ubiquitous white moon

of buffalo skulls

curved horns

spider web

dew-dropped

between parted

lips an arrow

always misses/rots

the over-spun plot

thin thin with only

you the main one

and me

always the

minor one

in yours

how now I am all

leathered scalp

lip savaged

free untethered

from the noun

the verb of thee

But just who is driving the
coach the dust will never reveal

Warren Falcon

Your Throat Oddly Fish-Shaped

I return to you, a parenthesis in the sea of loneliness.

Each star, each breast, you have removed
in my absence, mourning made permanent,
scars upon your throat oddly fish-shaped.

Astonished, my voice returns, curses, then caresses,
withered left hand free to unravel regret nerve for
nerve, the only net worth mending.

I reserve this one strange act from a year of orthodoxy,

to anoint your feet with tears.

I dry them with my hair, your outstretched arms
a beseeching beyond emptiness, your chest barren
but for my hands remembering the uses of prayer,
kisses but murmurs, rumored stars where swollen sails had been.

Warren Falcon



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From 'Ragas For Krishna' - Part 3

from 'Ragas For Krishna'

Sleepy Bee, he is rising beneath me, the hidden god is pleased

Somniculosus Apis, Sleepy Bee
Ascendit infra me, He rises beneath me
Deus absconditus placet, The hidden God is pleased

He is busy preparing a repast of sacred chilies of his Mother's garden born. Who will hear him sing their praises but me present alone with him here?

Yesterday Krishna arrived more radiant than when we first met beside the cardamom and the ghee in the intoxicating basement of the Indian food and spice shop not easily hidden below the sidewalk, such aromas cannot to be tucked away like the shop is, beside and below the avenue, just as his radiance cannot, should not, be hidden.

Which flower should I adorn my table with? I ask, approaching shyly beside the spice bins. I buzz inside, a bee for the nectar.

If you serve, says he, If you serve with cardamom and ghee then flowers three are best, the jasmine, the oleander, the anthurium. But if choosing only one, he looks at me, something insistent, responding, in his eyes, I would choose for you the anthurium.

And so we begin our time together, the first demur approaches, the blushing papayas, the cooking lessons, then the fires, the chilies harvested, curtains drawn. One day perhaps I shall fall but in this way:

I shall fling
the curtains back
Open the window
Throw cut sleeves,
for years gathered,
hidden, to the street.
Shouting out names
of lovers, I shall then
leap openly out, into,
land softly upon ginkgo

leaves and, golden, kiss
every parked car leaving
lip traces upon hoods,
trunks, windshields and,
lustily, rear view mirrors
reviewing all yore's cut
sleeves of love, secret
no longer, newly in love
with all the world and
if not all the world then
all the grinning griddled
faces of chrome and a
fiddle dee dee for the
fall of me into he who
has become my home

How I had to teach him what lovers
give to each how to kiss how to touch
how love is fluctuate fluent in dirty
tongues entanglements with the world

Still I have fluttered mightily in long
tangles of hair black, black his darker
eyes shine his bottom lip petulant hungry
for mine and those his parts smooth rivaling
Everest always beckoning to be climbed

And surprises
tenderness on his part
graces unexpected quick disrobing

the easy nakedness the hunger so
clean the affection grown from early
flings to ring heart rosaries forged

toes fall down to tumbles
grasps and pressing flesh
its own alchemy merging
but let there be two solid
but encroachable objects
together crushed into each

He is soon departed
likelihood of similar rare
the room empties
late afternoon shadows
his leaving leaves
traces and I am full

yet

emptiness is never fuller but
for beloved's absence felt which
of course is

the mystic's launch
the desert dweller and the roof
the longing tooth gnawing

one claws inwardly through
layers to find that Name which
Holier Ones say is written on
the back of the Heart

Thus remain I here in monk cell
soon to be more the monk's than
once spunk monkey's boudoir

Warren Falcon

From 'Ragas For Krishna'

A little boy waking up at dawn, asking his dear mama for an omelet to eat:

'Sleepy Bee, ' she called to him. 'Go, my Sleepy Bee, to the garden and be sure to smell the jasmine there, touch softly the spices in trembling rows, fetch then some chilies of many colors and I will prepare for you a dish as you wish. When the teacher makes you sleepy by noon reach then your fingers to your face, smell the spices there, remember the touch of smooth skinned chilies whispering of lingering liaisons to come, and you will brighten my Sleepy Bee.'

A chili omelet she would make, a side of yogurt to soothe the burn, and milk from the cow drawn before dawn's first udder swelled against the press of distant hills where even the Temple soundly sleeps so very full and pleased with itself. Mother, each morning as he stumbles, rubbing his eyes, into the garden, tells him,

You may shout if you wish to wake

the Temple for the cow cannot speak -

Wake up! Awake! Make haste!

Lord Indra comes! Prepare the wicks,

the incense sticks for His Holy Fire!

Hasten! Hurry! Quicken!

There beside Lord Indra's captured fire in the little grate her Bee awakens watching her slow movements, the slicing of chilies, the removal of seeds, the washing again of plump hands, the cracking of eggs, beating them with the whisk, spreading ghee upon the hot flat stone, the enchantment of liquid whites and yokes becoming firm, becoming food. She turns them in round rhythms as she rhythmically prays.

After eggs and chilies are eaten comes the rose oil poured upon his raven hair smoothly brushed back to reveal his shining face, his smile. She prepares him for school with kisses, his uniform freshly cleaned, ironed, smelling, too, of rose-flavored soap. Then off to school with a lunch, a string of chilies of all colors sewn together, sewn when he was still in a waking dream.

'The chilies may burn, ' he tells me, speaking slowly, enunciating each syllable, practicing through smiles, returning to my gaze. 'But not like the touch of my mother's hand. She is far away but I can feel her burning hands on me now.' He smiles. I stammer. How can one enunciate such wonder?

\Visionary company, Krishna, his mother, and me.

from 'Ragas For Krishna'

Warren Falcon

What Pablo Saw In His Final Dream - Una Cancion Por Pablo Neruda

for Jose - 'now he is with the Lamb'

'The fact is that until I fall asleep,
in some magnetic way I move in
the university of the waves.' - Pablo Neruda

'Power at its best is love seeking justice.' - a radical priest

When love

finally came

two birds

one near

one far



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each my eyes
saw

one cawed

one was still

waves below
shook the high

rock from which
my house was wrest

Making my bed,

that grand ship of
many seas, its feminine
sails billowing in
salt winds out of
season, soldiers,
young, false with
righteousness not
their own, blew
in and frightened
the birds away

they did not come close
they were afraid of
their own guns

But not me

fearless I faced
pale young faces

the bullets tore
them more than me

their flesh being
bread still fresh,
oven warm (white
flour smeared upon
their reckless cheeks
crushed too soon
by women's hands
to dutifully bake)

and mine - flesh - mine
of the mountain patch
formed of Woman's hands

far where my Mother
toiled with me safe
upon Her back, my first
keel, the bow upon which
I first learned to kneel
to earth, to sea

I rocked in Her motion
rowing the faithful Earth
the yielding softness of
She to me (shipwrecking
all my my future hardness
eventually) my boy hands
not yet bleeding with pens
and poems

She fed me Her workers'
songs, of earth, songs
of fragrant sweat, bitter
herbs beneath Her feet
of copper and jade,
the little potatoes
yellow and purple ones
flavored stones softened
by Her presence, Her
sure toil, lullabies wooing
endless sky into each
tuber-swell shaping
clouds for Her eyes to
see to shade Her from the
intemperate sun to cool
the hard soles of Her bare
feet, no pesetas, only
songs, for shoes

The rich cords, veins
of the sun and the moon,
conjoined in Her labor,
hardened into the lead
of my first pencil,

the lap of my first page

And conspiring late
within me ran the black ink
of Her relentless tenderness

Never then broken by
threat of oiled guns
shining, the radiant
beauty darkening before
me of a sparkling morning
born of soft woolen waves
shyly attended by youths
too frail, too dispirited
to know what bullets really
mean, their bare feet soft
with obedience, their
leather boots polished,
lined up at the General's
door, another morning's
cruel ablation

Never then by black
boots broken, but broken
only by the poor, my poor,
the mountain patch without
voice or even these
two last birds of
shattered brine

Only I could see
behind frightened
faces beneath their
soldiers' caps
tilted to lure
forgetfulness
and sleep never
to be confessed

that my hands
little birds too
were extended to
them in welcome

my words to them
only seconds to go

(the waves were
counting on their fingers)
fire and smoke fierce in
little round mouths,
perfect circles,
rehearsals, the
barrels opening
theirs to mine

'Lads, aim for the silver
pen, the Pole Star of my
shirt pocket where you may
always kindly find the
Heart'

that one bird
for each their
tearful eyes
was yellow and
the other red
half-closed to
aim well at the
weft of cloth woven
of my Mother's earth
Her relentless tenderness
almost freed

song
of sea
of stone

of my
house
violently
untethered
from noun
and verb

founded at
last without
pen and ink

done with 'say'

little sheep
of childhood play
the toy
tiny wheels

rolling waves

for feet fade

when love

finally came

two birds

one near

one far

each my eyes
saw

one cawed

one was still

waves below
shook the high

rock from which
my house was wrest

Warren Falcon

A Grief Earned, Upon A Lover Leaving, Elegiac Intonations - Beginning & Ending With Lines From Shelley

for Vajra, after Krsna

1

Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
I have been taken up into grief, the strange
relief of clouds. Soon departed, I shall be
once again returned to disquieted prayer,
the proud monk to his rites rejoined
such are covers for disjointedness.

Adroit is the spoiled self touching only
late that of Other, of Beauty, Adonais
dead then, when Mr. Shelley once young,
now always, has clung moderne, as much
as, as soon as he can deny, spurn, return
a Vision toward the vital air.

He has the advantage of an Eastern detachment.

2

I meanwhile to walls stick, to
sheets, this cup, full, cannot release.

I step, my foot remains to boards
stuck, must walk inwardly restrained,

halt, try to, misstep, the usual tread
of, with, my heart.

3

With heart will I to Guatemala go,

there a Mayan lover do some good,

to active volcanoes,

deepest lake

with creatures strange -

axolotls,

pink,

delicate,

and one fountain send
where I need to go -

there, continually letting

go the hollows, release

the following tread

and the after-flow.

Feeling grief's all,

I follow to where all is fled.

* * *

Lines from Percy Bysshe Shelley's elegy upon the death of John Keats, 'Adonais:
An Elegy on the Death of John Keats, Author of Endymion, Hyperion, etc'

- 1 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind - from Stanza 51

- 2 and one fountain send where I need to go - from Stanza 52

- 3 follow to where all is fled - from Stanza 52

Making Things Right In Exile - After The Chinese Poet, Po Chui 772 - 846 Ce

He rests awhile in the wide
orchard where bright plum flowers rain.

He unrolls his pallet to sleep
inside the humming glade.

'Raiment, ' he writes in his
sleepy head, 'of leaves and bees.
An old man puts the best plum
in his sleeve to bring home
to his bitter wife.

Why strive when nature is bounteous
and all ills can be made right with
wet sweetness?

Warren Falcon



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Jack Spicer Makes Me Weep This Morning

Jack Spicer makes me weep this morning
waking up, bitterest espresso and heart's
tourettes, expostulations against what is
trying to enter in through the window...

workman on the roof across the passage,
shirt off, sweats, gleams, banded brow,
suddenly a cry erupts unstopt past my
mouth & ears, 'Snow man! Upon the bleak pitch! '

then hear, he is singing out loud in
creosote, the sweetest song, of black
hands, black eyes wet, black brush
tar thick in slow rhythms,
'Coo coo roo coo coo, paloma'...

then Spicer breaks to shadows
across the page, a fruit fly
insists upon the sweetness this poem,
Spicer's gift:

'I am going to ask Christ to give
me back my childhood, ripe with sunburn and feathers and a
wooden sword.'**

Warren Falcon

Hymn To Black Mouse

in praise of cold
beauty which cares
not whether one
suffers, cares not
that the mouse may
suffer, and the dove,

that the mouse,
objectively,
its black fur,
is magnificence
very soft, it
appears without
shine as does the
ice shine in
severest beauty
sear (now I know
the flash sure was
that of a tail, is
neither light nor
shadow, nor is an
occasion for blindness
as is the snow

or silence)

Warren Falcon

It Bears No Rhythm In It's Head - For Robin Blaser

"Burning up myself, I would leave fire behind me."- Robin Blaser

1

I would speak to you
after fire

from after fire proclaim
a kingdom
beyond what can be said of it
or what can be made of it but

only must this, just,
only-now-time, tell you

to speak at will as you
will as if to please
a silent vase in an
open window
and so sing

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because much
there is in image melody,

blood song,
appealing oranges in the
wooden bowl a monk once gave

"handmade for poets, "
(he whispers)

bending forward as if
to lunge

pointing toward the heart
and what is left
between its beginning lilt there
and the pretending to

end though displaced
air and silence be captivated,

miscreant
tongues at work in darkness
and breath.

What remains, remains.

Afterward there is not even
counting or even a surmounting
sense,

"the point is
transformation of
the theme -

enjoyment and departure" yet

"the swans have gone."

You have left no choice but just this
to say

that the pitiable
hand cannot bend to the
task that only knees are
capable of,

and let me not speak of the heart always

over-reached...

2

Of Mind there is much to
say but can't and cant rave
as much as should and ought.

I never bought

too much of Dante's
extended argument
though well stanza-ed

in clinical Catholic
thought and virtual
form, Virgil
at hand to lend
a terse account,

but in Latin
have joyed in his
heaving forth
rung by rung
and

trying
by his tongue
to gain a
loveliness
beyond the castle

(there odd numbers are key) .

3

"not to be named is to be lost in light" - Blaser

Spicer told me once from
the other side
while I was humming
Edith Piaf about
a rosiness so very
real o're the well

the spice garden
the backyard spread
before the orchard
on our personal
hill reveried

never once climbed
so enamored of the
bees at work
there

their Queen of
the Hill (Duncan)
and the Apple

named "Bittersweet";

not to be
disturbed
at all
in this
or any other
May to come

comes Spicer
permitted at last

to the meadow
returned

with Robert (here too)

enjoined me to leave
only
a guidebook:

Cryptics For Cripples And Cantors

"The rest, " he sneered, "are
matters not concerned; broken Maker or
broken meter the world wags on,

not one stone
bitter
in the House
That Metrics
Built."

"the window-heart speaks
shattered
as god speaks,
speaking
does so" (Blaser)

Only the shattered
can make something
of bread tide,
of slow rise
thin breeze
through

the kitchen window,
the curtain there
draped, torn,

the old pipe burst
jutting red from
wall shale,

drips into a tin (dimpled)
cup its own psalm
stippled blue

"how long o Lord,
how long" of candles
in the attic study

making books dance,
a wooden cave devoted

of ghostly
images made;

there is

the sad mourning still,

the letting
go of even a leg up
in the world because being
as it is known the way we know it

has
no leg by which to balance
or can't like a candled book
or a cancelled look
dance upon a sill,

or chance upon that which may
be withstood to stand

upon though

stand we will
and must and

flutter-foot alight

so many winged
ones addressing

the old and present
wounds.

5

Of holy tunes the forest is deep with them,

rife,

among the loosestrife
bees saw humming on,

mouths full, pollen-full
legs bowed by daylight
"oh work for the night is coming"

where now I have fled to a place
where my bed is already made
beyond the fiddle's bliss

and the ferns to turn Rilke
on his head dead by roses,
the pricks -

I tear at
earth again
to lift me up
from it, once
again

to mark place,

to burn, rave beneath
catalpas,

kiss the cow whose
hooves
are Loveliness Itself,
Lucy's, in ever melting
snow and mud;

storm clouds, too, in retreat
swearing off ditches, giving,

or trying, up
the need for rhyme.

Rain persuades even the dead
that it bears no rhythm in its head

and I am persuaded most

thinking again "of
the bewitchment upon that hill"

the forest fire that startles

holy there,
the captured hands among
leaves do ramble,
crab
and out-star
bestowal beyond
what can be said of it,
or what can be made of it,
but only must this, just,
only-now-time, tell you
to speak at will, as you
will, as if to please
the persuaded rain
to brim to gullies
yes even to rhyme
a joyous river
stuttering pouring out
Warren Falcon

What Remains, Remains

Stricken with 'arrhythmia',
or so my doctor do say which,
the name of an ancient queen, Ethiopian,
first century, leads caravansary into
dunes and what remains undisclosed
beyond weighted horizon,
to Her I yield my heart no
matter its many loans overdue.

Here is my trifle then in
earnest, a release.

Call in the priest
whose ancient hand's
most unsteady,
a lifetime of withholding.

I remain for the moment free.

Between St. Marks and the horizon my fingers still work.

Warren Falcon

Poem For Caravaggio - Contemplating 'Conversion On The Way To Damascus' At 4 A.M.

In the shorter light,

in the extended night of
cold and star-bright questions,
may you cast

clumsy net forward
into what it all might mean
to fretted you,

to me, stretched
canvas, though I will
not thrust these

words upon your
paint or palette but
make offering for

your own work
to feed us through
the eyes;

perhaps time
to remount the horse
and soldier on,

or to fall again,
gain Damascus perspective,
from one's

back watch vision
distort massive
horse

into a God
receding



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into

necessary

darkness

foregoing

image,

see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

Warren Falcon

Y U Blokt Me? A Website Romance Untimely Ended

Y cuz I'm a fool
Was a mistake
without glasses
made and here
I am unlaid but
for want of thee
yer masculinity
yer male beauty
O God

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

A Poem In Fragments Beginning With A Line From Berryman

[the poem begins with a line by John Berryman ending with the word 'honey']

Childness let's have us honey, flame intended,
names smeared on the glass, an accidental pane
times hands touching it delicate as trespass,
what is allowed lace of vision times want equals
at last a sum equals at last a remorse felt,
a memory - sunk into soft teas - steeping, turns
steaming said window said prints/views obscured
of nothing in particular or special, troubles only,
only of passing birds enamored of (their lighter
bones) or are they cloud and shadow? merely the
steep sun declining ashen into the Jersey side?

*

O come lover back the floor where we lay a'times
upon boards the cluttered clothes the depositions
times at least three and take me once again one
times infinity into your arms times two leave me
when you/we are done doing times zero a mere cypher
flown sheer up the flue into the blue ash which now
the sky is where (there is only one sky) a dove flies
into possibility of memory or not times countless
thousands times plus the time it takes for you to
exit shedding skins, shells (am a shell, water you?
you decide) times infinity into the one drain in-

*

to ocean reflecting blue sky of ash blew into what
remains of you on the beach bathing soft Junes,
boardwalk organ grinder smiling/sings 'amor fati'
mellifluously on as hairs their bodies follicles
delicate when under the glass espied over-spills
into o endlessly it's seams, it seems, into memory

which is already over-said overheard redundantly a
river and time, this one recalled, the cloud drift
and the river the tides beside the city both sides
is as ancient as it always was and is - in the beginning
was darkness over deep water and a word, any word

*

really would do form something out of deep, of dark,
of water which shapes only by outer circumstance itself
in this case a word leading up to this contraction of
bellies against each times two, and legs times four,
and lips times myriad ones gone before - of murmurs
O lover of thee I adore - I am unkindly left remembering
once was laughter spent seeking out between bodies' valleys
eternally shifting eluding capture, this, just to reintroduce
some levity for we were many day-ed times merry-merrily
played harming no one not even the mouse unmoved per-
haps, watching perhaps, still, still, from beneath the

*

god you insisted be excluded from all our nakedness
times one too many breaths exchanged, groped times
many ropes all our wanting the curtained dancer en-
tranced entered into upon a mystery how one could be
so, well, so marvelous and so cruel too as one wills
memory - an edge tears open: Fact: that there was love,
there was love after all I could see it smell it feel
it there dancing round the living room one holds on
to, and upon goodness worn out pulled from below down
and dark and deep such is this so it is the riddle it
is all now become since you departed, love, since you

*

departed I shall count backward by threes then fours
the door which once embraced you now never lets you
go no matter the black or blue tide of thee O lover,
what slips out ebbs black back into lapis, lapses in-
to what self is uttered/poured scored transparent upon
surfeit surface/faces which are even eyes which now

glaze with love lost beside the flue marked upon the
pane blue the mouse black upon the floor remains is
many, a multitude of petals times three the jasmine
unspurned at last at last/least return soft Junes the
lips of which are sometimes pink of lavender swollen

*

as if to kiss times three the antinomies a string of
pearls and thee O lover to me back 'splaying shyly
where the curtains sway/stand behind them the curtained
dancer entranced/entered into upon a mystery the organ
grinder smiling/singing 'amor fati' mellifluously on

Warren Falcon

What Is Allowed Lace Of Vision

[the opening line is by John Berryman]

Childness let's have us honey,
flame intended, names smeared
upon the glass, an accidental
pane, hands touching it delicate
as trespass, what is allowed
lace of vision.

Warren Falcon



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Fragments Beginning With A Line By Berryman

for Karthik

Childness let's have us honey

flame intended

name smeared

on the glass

an accidental

pane

x hands touching it

delicate

as trespass



PoemHunter.com

what is allowed

lace of

vision

x want

= at last a sum

= at last a remorse

felt

a memory

sunk into

soft teas

steeps

turns

steaming

said window

said prints,

views obscured

of nothing

in particular,

or special,

troubles only,

only of passing

birds enamored

of

(their lighter

bones)

or

are they

cloud and shadow?

merely the steep

sun declining ashen

into the Jersey side?

O come lover

back

the floor where we

lay times upon boards

the cluttered

clothes the

depositions

x at least 3

and take me once

again one

x infinity

into your arms

x 2

leave me when

you/we are done doing

x 0

a mere cypher flown

sheer up the flue

into the blue ash

which now the sky is

where

(there is only one

sky)

a dove flies

into some possibility

of memory

or not

x 35 thousand

x plus the time it

takes for you to exit

shedding skins, shells

(am a shell,

water you?

you decide)

x infinity into

the one drain in-

to ocean reflecting

blue sky of ash

into what remains

of you on the beach

bathing soft Junes

the organ grinder

smiles/sings 'amor

fati' mellifluously

the boardwalk on

x planks from

many trees

x ants in the

roots lumber

their endless

burdens black

or red carapaces

shining as if

sand

x grains untold

as hairs their

bodies follicles

delicate when

under the glass

espied

over-spilling into

o endlessly

it's seams, it seems

into memory

which is, already

over-said

overheard redundantly

a river

and time,

this one

recalled,

the cloud drift

and the river

the tides beside

the city both sides

is as ancient

as it always was

& is

in the beginning

was darkness

over deep water

& a word, any word

really would do

form something

out of deep, of

dark, of water

which shapes it-

self only by outer

circumstance

in this case

a word

leading up to

this

contraction

of bellies

against

each

x 2, and legs

x 4, and lips

x myriad ones gone

before of murmurs

O lover

of thee

I adore

I am unkindly
left remembering
once was laughter
spent
seeking out
between bodies'
valleys eternally
shifting eluding
capture

this
just to re-
introduce some
levity for we
were many day-ed
x merry
merrily played
harming no one
not even the
mouse unmoved
perhaps, watching
perhaps, still,

still, from beneath

the god you insisted

be excluded from

all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths

exchanged, groped

x many ropes all our

wanting

the curtained

dancer entranced

entered into

upon a mystery

how one could

be so, well,

so marvelous

& so cruel too

as one wills

a silver stem

sharp the metal

top jags memory-

edge tears open

facts

that there was love,

there was love after

all

I could see

it smell it

feel it there

dancing round

the livingroom

one holds

on to & upon

goodness brown

pulled from below

down & dark & deep

such is so

this is the

riddle it is

all now become

since you

departed, love

since you

departed I shall

count backward by

3's then 4's the

door which once

embraced you now

never lets you

go

no matter

the black or

blue tide

of thee

O lover

what

slips out

ebbs black

back into

lapis

lapses into what

self is uttered/

poured scored

transparent upon

surfeit surface

faces

which are

even

eyes which now

glaze with love

lost

beside the flue

marked upon the

pane blue

the mouse

black remains

is many

a multitude

of petals

x 3

the jasmine

unspurned

at last at

last/least

return

soft Junes

the lips of

which are

sometimes

pink of

lavender

swollen as

if to kiss

x 3 the antinomies

a string of pearls

& thee O lover

back to me

playing

loud where the

curtains sway

I stand behind

them the curtained

dancer entranced

entered into

upon a mystery

the organ grinder

smiles/sings 'amor

fati' mellifluously on

Warren Falcon

Confusing Thumbs For Radiance, A Childhood

An idiot squared,
the schoolchild slowly
counts thick fingers.
Starts over and over
confusing thumbs for radiance.

He leaps beyond sums burning
through a window framing numberless
blue scansions turning over
wing by wing.

Rolling velocity
mindlessly over,
no sums required,
round is easy.

Vertical extension
beyond thumbs,

everything.

 PoemHunter.com

Warren Falcon

Scapegoat - Minimus Stuck - Fragment Abramic -

...continuously caught
as the ram redundant among
thorns, horn pushed, blood
ignored, to come more itself,
or other, to kindred bodies
entangled, sacrificed by
thorn, first born.

I am caught up in the matter.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Evocation Of River And Spirits

in this city

to guess

having no acumen with
numbers and math but
father's over there
in the cup tilted
over
spilling into

o endlessly
it's seams

it seems
from river bank
into memory which
is - already
over-said
overheard redundantly
as 'river
and time'

- this one
now recalled
to Mind, dad

dad
the cloud drift
and the flows
the tides beside
the city
(both sides)
is as ancient
as it always was
& is

as in the beginning
was darkness over deep

water & a word, any word
really would do it,
form something
out of deep, of
dark, of water
which shapes it-
self only by outer
circumstance,
in this case
a word
leading up to
this -

Palisades cliffs
above bridge tilt

toward, always,
currents,

the river
over-

flows north-
wards

tides rare defy-
ing the moon

that other pull,
you

live the other
side of

sand
the palm sewn

swaying adhered
to Mind

x 1

still, to pass the
time now

x 1

the sooty hand

x 1

over black
'mouth'
or word
allude perhaps
to river's at
city's start
up from water

the silver bay
capped, remembering
frigates

x countless

ferries torn

and Tories be-
tween seas
wars
vast to
the east

x duplicating

waves, stretches
the narrows,

the necks with
rocks strewn,

the lonely buoyless
waves over depths

their vespers
intone

once was laughter
spent

seeking out
between bodies

continents
valleys eternally

shifting eluding
rapture

x 1

whisper

contraction
of sentinel
bells against
each of each
reaching

x 2, the clappers

x 20,000

(of bells
anatomy there
is much to
say
(of the
elements,
zinc, copper,
tin, & more
while not for-
getting brass

more commonly
used)
of infusion
into cuppolas

the beating
the shaping
heat also to
be given account
amounts much into
bells conformed
gracefully out
in the end,

but only
as metal,
sharp tongues
blunted can of
bells then speak

tonally only

overtones inviolate

in violent swings
side to side the
hard knock shocks
into, quake into
belfry beyond
dance of iron
bronze overtaking
&
annunciant round
of hammers)

so many dawns

x so many goings

down of the sun

x fortune the lips

x myriad ones gone

before of murmurers

O lover

of thee

I adore

in timbre

thru the

window rings

the arms too

wring out

breath to

breath

x no more

embraces

into indolence

This, just to
reintroduce some
levity

for we (loves)
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played
harming no one,
not even the
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching
perhaps, still,
still, from beneath
the god you insisted
be excluded from
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths

exchanged, groped

x many ropes all our

wanting

father loves
with his cup
his pipe songs
of love
of love will he
dance between
the violent fasts
from love,
our mother,
with,
fast around around
& around the danced
living room
phonograph brass
loud plays
where June
curtains sway

me and Mr. Miller

I stand behind
them the curtained
dancer entranced
entered into/
upon a mystery
how one could
be so, well,
swell, so
marvelous &
so cruel, (upon
one silver stem
hangs the metal
tin top jags
tears at
memory edge
opens facts

FACT

that there was love,
there was love after
all

I can see
it smell it
feel it there
dancing round
the living

one dropp Mr.
Maxwell holds,
hold on to &
upon goodness
brown pulled
from below down
& dark into deep
such this is
the riddle it is
all now become
since you

departed, love

since you
departed I shall
count backward by
3's then by 4's
these father
memories
torquing
the

door which once
embraced you now
never lets you

go

x brooms

or releases

now you, love
are new memory
hands emptier
sensitive finger-
tips filligreed
prints your
body hairs
sifted imprinted
touching softly
x all the x's
here accounted
for, listed,
besos as kisses
scribbles, notes,
letters,
no matter
the black or
blue tide

of thee
O lover

what
slips out
ebbs black
back into lapis

lapses into what
self is

uttered/poured,
scored trans-
parent upon
surfaces

faces which are
even
eyes which now
glaze with love/
loss

beside the flue

glaze upon the
pane

the black
mouse remains

stays,
is many,
a multitude
of petals

x 3

the jasmine
unspurned
at last

at last/least
O return
soft Junes

the lips of
which are
sometimes
pink, of
lavender
swollen, as if
to kiss

x memory

x Maxwell the

house the cup
O Mr. Miller
an O'Day serenade
plays close
...'Hi ho trailus
boot whip
boo boo daddy
floy floy'...

the late night
suppers of chops
the peeled onions
the laughter the
potatoes boil
& bubble in the
pot then
father
to dance
the butter in
the sizzle in
the cast iron
pan

their vespers
now descant,
descend
...'How high
the ocean, how
high the moon...

hungry
the
dish it has
all become
feast for
black 'mouth'

& mouse makes again

x 3 the antinomies

a string

of pearls

anemones

& thee O lover

bring all them

back, so many,

to me now

x Pennsylvania 6-500.

Warren Falcon

Amir, Prince Of Treetops, Now Sleeps In His Bright Yellow Room

perhaps you are

a bee sleeping in

the heart of a flower

the stone of your

head softening

sweetly upon a pillow

your little hands

open into bestowal



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while you sleep

the sun ripens

plums into honey

upon the little

feet of the bee

of Mashhad**

Little bee

you awaken

a child screaming

'injustice'

you carry his

cry to parks

to courts

authorities have

declared war on

yellow and pillows

all plums are

suspect

Innocence is

threatened with

exile yet still

in a shrub beneath

the golden window of

the girl you must

love in secret

you smile and

recite Hafez

and the walls of

state and of the

local god are

falling finally

down truly one

as rubble

still the powers

that be refuse to

see blood and dust

though the lemon

trees at Ferdosi's

tomb are opening

into blossoms

proclaiming a

kingdom of justice

through bitter tears

little bee now

sweeps the little

room of its heart

your heart

of hope

and fear

the muezzin calls

fly away all to each

his dutiful prayers

bee too flies

honeys the feet

of those who would

kneel to be closer

to the Friend

whose Voice is

sweet in the halls

the streets the

friends of the

Friend of Mashhad

they do not know

that the bee up

from flower-heart

is busy keeping

the peace

flower

by

flower

they do not know

that the child

sleeps whose hands

are gentle bestowals

always counting

slowly

one two three

at the top of

his tree

**Mashhad is the second largest city in Iran and one of the holiest cities in the Shia Muslim world. It is also the only major Iranian city with an Arabic name.

Mashhad is also known as the city of Ferdowsi, the Iranian poet of Shahnameh, which is considered to be the national epic of Iran.

Warren Falcon

A Shabbos Poem Beginning With A Line From Zukofsky - Upon Finding A Book Of His Poems On A Street Corner Manhattan Lower East

for Gerald & Shirah Kober Zeller

'Lord, lord...why are our finest always dead'

two Hassids young bring candles for
Shabbas only a few hours till inflamed
prayer begins as sun sinks to night

prayer is oil the dead come home to

perhaps even in this cafe they
watch books gather on the familiar
corner where shopkeepers' decades
pass hurry home before dark with
candles, cares, the wares of religion,
the Book & dream, a distant land
made close by old songs kindled,
finest ones still kindred made the
stronger by fire and voices-one
mingled with Mendelssohn
and the later oranges

from traffic to street corner
1st Ave. and St. Marks now
here 'Z' is lifted up pages
gummed literally spit out
years of countless Chicklets
spat 2-per-box-a-nickle a
lover's quarrel with the
shoe-and-should what good
come of the chewing masses
hurrying home or to ferry
over river/bay to old brick

even the convent on the hill

just up from the undocking
crowd is dark for want of mercy

ramparts lift by Chambers above
African graves, the slaves of
South Ferry sentinel terminal
near ferries' toil as lower Manhattan
lights a menorah towering despite
what is now worshiped there knowing
that home, the one sought(even now)
more resides in words aflame reciting
the Name, One alone, then of
patriarchs the bearded whole lot
of them who murmur still for all
our want and next year next year
will be different for we shall no
longer be here but in Holy City
finally gathered

cabs blur yellow/gypsy
in angular winter light
now dazzle before Spring
when raises dead bulbs to
jonquils potted pretty in
windows, on stoops and,
wild, strayed in parks

do not, O, pass us by or over
for all our patient harping

come morrows under willows yet
we shall hang up our loves again

get back to work
honest scrub and clean

beside the avenue
stand recalling willows
never seen

and grieve still an old

yet present eviction in
the cities of men

Warren Falcon

Black Mouse Makes The World

Black mouse makes
the world

without frames

reaching through
shows empty hands
to each and the sky

confusing sky for
hands clinched in
tight yellow too much

feeling nothing green
is about to happen
or teach

clouds



PoemHunter.com

hands

what do either
care drifting
beyond the

moon

the fiddler plays on

a tune about rain/leaves
in patterns upon

an apron
of rain

rabbit dances with-
out caution knowing
what holes to avoid

cuts loose
awash in blue

holes being of a
royal hue

a silver net
trap set inches
from soft pink
clueless paws pattering

musical notes of
lavender wash
kick up from
blind delight -
just dust clouds
before a fall

the bearded stranger

(red hangs the sweep
of his chin)

hangs back

in cobalt shadow
does not notice

so busy looking
for giants

Black Mouse

Black Mouse laughs

writes with its tail

something

just something

Warren Falcon

Turning Thighs To Diamonds

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

Once in a sycamore I was glad
all at the top and I sang. - John Berryman from Dream Song One

No blame shall stain us now, father.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught,
a floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.
Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.
Each base of cardboard weighted with stone
is still our house; a bat, a ball, a mitt,
hard rules of the game undo all lust
for dark heaven shunning shining girls.

I was reaching for god then - not your fault - a lavender
boy early befriended by crows, already resigned to what
was given and what was to come, a softball between the
eyes, your attempt to guide me toward those diamond
thighs which, you often repeated, were everywhere waiting.
I blink still before you, head down, focused on Lion's Teeth.**
I am your hard mystery, and soft, not so fast for I am fat
and cannot round the bases quick. I am your inherited meek,
a burden to shake into a sliding man furious for home.

At four I pluck a wild strawberry you point to,
all authority and accidental grace. Revealing much,
still dew wet, sticky to the touch, opening sourness
deserves my frown. You laugh at my dawning smile
for its sweetness slowly yields a surprise gift
for what will always unite us, your fear that I too
will suffer your fate, untended desire gone to wildness
brought low beneath branches, slow embrace of
cradle-gentle boughs entangling legs and light
between the greater shadows,

and shadows shall win the day.

Still, these essential things are caught
for all our mostly wasted days of practice,

wild sweetness is a stolen base,

the tongue is an untended garden.

There is a burning soft hands can know
which shall finally run some headlong
for home, an inherited circle at the end,
a latter-day glad son gathering berries from shadows.

**Dandelion

Warren Falcon

Memory Torques - Opening City

memory

torques

into soft

teas

June

steeps

turns

steaming

said window

(and torsos)



PoemHunter.com

said prints

views obscured

of nothing

in particular

or special,

but

troubles,

troubles only

of passing birds

enamored-of

(their lighter
bones)

or

are they

cloud and shadow,

merely the steep

sun declining ashen

into the Jersey side?

Warren Falcon

First Snow Of New Year Haiku-Esque

to hear leaf beds give
weight to what has fallen

much to learn there in that

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Scroll For New York City - A Son To His Sums Of Eros & Father, Oh! & The River

memory

torques

into soft

teas

June

steeps

turns

steaming

said window



PoemHunter.com

(and torsos)

said prints

views obscured

of nothing

in particular

or special,

but

troubles,

troubles only

of passing birds

enamored-of

(their lighter
bones)

or

are they

cloud and shadow,

merely the steep

sun declining ashen

into New Jersey?

occluded

silhouettes

contrails

glyphs &

Maxwell House sign

'Good To The Last Drop'

the familiar

cup for decades

tipped

tips &

one

(out-spilled)

drop

x 0 suspends

o suspends trembling
reflected in the water
river made of the many

countless drops

x (again) infinity

x (surprised) my
father there
(memento mori)

opening the
can all blue with
the same cup tilted
spilling that dark
brown dropp imprinted

x (the

dove, to recall,
brown, shaped like
said drop, now
flown, or) finally
spilled into water,
river currents
downward, to bottom
pulled sort/sift
my father always
complaining of grift,
a weather man by trade,
a cloud man once a pilot
WW2 drifting often since
enough into sky,
he turns
the silver opener

butterflied
round and round

with effort his
arthritic com-
plaints upon the
ridged silver top
of the can blue
with coffee
'course grind'
the better to drip
with within that
satisfying hiss
compacted air
hissing out
from compression
now released
the smell
then of coffee
fresh not yet
brewed in the
kitchen

the twist of
the edge jagged
silver metal
carefully turned
with fingers to
break the remain-
ing stem of metal
holding the round
to the can entire
unsealed now try
without spilling
the grounds
out

x at least 100 thousand

to guess having no
acumen with numbers
and math but father's

over
there in the cup tilted
over
spilling into
o endlessly
it's seams, it seems
from river bank
into memory which
is, already
over-said
overheard redundantly
as river
and time,
this one
now recalled
to Mind, dad,

dad
the cloud drift
and the flows
the tides beside
the city
both sides
is as ancient
as it always was
& is

as in the beginning
was darkness over deep
water & a word, any word
really would do it,
form something
out of deep, of
dark, of water
which shapes it-
self only by outer
circumstance,
in this case
a word
leading up to
this -

Palisades cliffs
above bridge tilt

toward, always,
currents,

the river
over-

flows north-
wards

tides rare defy-
ing the moon

that other pull,
you

live the other
side of

sand
the palm sewn

swaying adhered
to Mind

x 1

still, to pass the
time now

x 1

the sooty hand

x 1

over black

'mouth'
or word
allude perhaps
to river's at
city's start
up from water

the silver bay
capped, remembering
frigates

x countless

ferries torn

and Tories be-
tween seas
wars
vast to
the east

x duplicating

waves, stretches
the narrows,

the necks with
rocks strewn,

the lonely buoyless
waves over depths

their vespers
intone

once was laughter
spent

seeking out
between bodies

continents

valleys eternally

shifting eluding
rapture

x 1

whisper

contraction
of sentinel
bells against
each of each
reaching

x 2, the clappers

x 20,000

(of bells
anatomy there
is much to
say
(of the
elements,
zinc, copper,
tin, & more
while not for-
getting brass
more commonly
used)
of infusion
into cuppolas

the beating
the shaping
heat also to
be given account
amounts much into
bells conformed
gracefully out
in the end,

but only
as metal,
sharp tongues
blunted can of
bells then speak

tonally only

overtones inviolate

in violent swings
side to side the
hard knock shocks
into, quake into
belfry beyond
dance of iron
bronze overtaking
&
annunciant round
of hammers)

so many dawns

x so many goings

down of the sun

x fortune the lips

x myriad ones gone

before of murmurers

O lover

of thee

I adore

in timbre

thru the

window rings

the arms too

wring out

breath to

breath

x no more

embraces

into indolence

This, just to
reintroduce some
levity

for we (loves)
were many day-ed

x merry

we merrily played
harming no one,
not even the
mouse unmoved

perhaps, watching
perhaps, still,
still, from beneath
the god you insisted
be excluded from
all our nakedness

x 1 too many breaths

exchanged, groped

x many ropes all our

wanting

father loves

with his cup

his pipe songs

of love

of love will

he dance between

the violent fasts

from love,

our mother, with,

fast around around

& around the danced

living room

phonograph brass

loud plays

where June

curtains sway

me and Mr. Miller

(Glenn)

I stand behind

them the curtained

dancer entranced

entered into/

upon a mystery

how one could

be so, well,

swell, so

marvelous &

so cruel, (upon

one silver stem

hangs the metal
tin top jags
tears at
memory edge
opens facts

FACT

that there was love,
there was love after
all

I can see
it smell it
feel it there
dancing round
the living

one dropp Mr.
Maxwell holds,
hold on to &
upon goodness
brown pulled
from below down
& dark into deep
such this is
the riddle it is
all now become
since you
departed, love

since you
departed I shall
count backward by
3's then by 4's
these father
memories
torquing
the

door which once
embraced you now

never lets you

go

x brooms

or releases

now you, love
are new memory
hands emptier
sensitive finger-
tips filligreed
prints your
body hairs
sifted imprinted
touching softly
x all the x's
here accounted
for, listed,
besos as kisses
scribbles, notes,
letters,
no matter
the black or
blue tide

of thee
O lover

what
slips out
ebbs black
back into lapis

lapses into what
self is

uttered/poured,
scored trans-
parent upon
surfaces

faces which are
even
eyes which now
glaze with love/
loss

beside the flue

glaze upon the
pane

the black
mouse remains

stays,
is many,
a multitude
of petals

x 3

the jasmine
unspurned
at last

at last/least
O return
soft Junes
the lips of
which are
sometimes
pink, of
lavender
swollen, as if
to kiss

x memory

x Maxwell the

house the cup

O Mr. Miller
an O'Day serenade
plays close
...'Hi ho trailus
boot whip
boo boo daddy
floy floy'...

the late night
suppers of chops
the peeled onions
the laughter the
potatoes boil
& bubble in the
pot then
father
to dance
the butter in
the sizzle in
the cast iron
pan

their vespers
now descant,
descend
...'How high
the moon...

hungry
the
dish it has
all become
feast for
black 'mouth'

& mouse makes again

x 3 the antinomies

a string

of pearls

anemones

& thee O lover

bring all them

back, so many,

to me now

x Pennsylvania 6-500.

Warren Falcon

Delusion Of One, A Lunar New Year Reprise

Born: Year of the Dragon.

Horoscope: 'Today's the lucky day.'

Luck, you say? O.K. Once. In a small town
on a snowy road, the scenery spinning round.
When it stopped you were pointing toward a good
place - Home. The message: Go back.
You can decide again to begin again
or stay warm there: Wombtown, population: 1.
No Lions Club or local Jaycees.
No chocolate bars and brooms for the blind.
Free room and board. It's kick and dream,
kick and dream and cleanliness more efficient
than a space suit. Talk about luck?

You're here aren't you? Don't say good or bad.
It's no accident the year's the Dragon's.
Chinese or no, the year has a tail long as a river.
Peel the scales behind the ears
you'll still roar for pain o roaring boy
spinning in the world, the recurring dream
of vortices whirling pink and red, a large
mouth with teeth spitting you into
an even muddier river. You'd fish it
if you could. More likely you'd dam it
at the source. The occasional catch is
more likely snag in undertow.

It's undertow that matters.
The real power's there.
Ask the undertow, you'll get answers.
Don't say need. The bottom's filled
with old cars, tin cans, bad seed.
All you'll ever want. Get lucky.

This is the day. The glass on the window's
steamed. Outside's a blur. What's that gone by
spinning with rustling wings, roaring like wind,
glint of mirrors hurling down? You'd swear

there was a splash. Something's pointing,

Go back.

Warren Falcon

Dante In The Laundromat - Journeys Further Into Hell With Two Lines From The Inferno

After midnight, beneath bright florescence
I read Dante, his Inferno, of Hell's seven
rungs, my last quarter gone, and clothes,
two baskets, still to dry:

'At some false semblance in the twilight gloom
that from this terror you may free yourself'*
posthaste, gracelessly cast out, the closing
hour is soon come caught in spin cycle after
hard rinse, an entire bottle of fabric softener
cannot unstiffen these mythic threads,

the ancient weaves fray, displace, are
'undone, so many' beneath the winnowing
rotors that beat-beat with hope slosh-wash
wash-slosh slosh-wash all sins away.

Yet gathers the dirt.

There's more sin ahead
heady in floral scents.

The guide book sums:

Level 2

You have come to a place mute of all light,
where the wind bellows as the sea does in a
tempest. This is the realm where the lustful
spend eternity. Here, sinners are blown around
endlessly by the unforgiving winds of unquenchable
desire as punishment for their transgressions.
The infernal hurricane that never rests hurtles
the spirits onward in its rapine, whirling them
round, and smiting, it molests them. You have
betrayed reason at the behest of your appetite

for pleasure, and so here you are doomed to remain.

Cleopatra and Helen of Troy
are two that share in your fate.' **

Not bad company

but no quarter to pay
for Virgil's rude company
here now, grizzled,
uncensored keeper of
the Seven Stories of Suds.

The lousy dryer tears
my shirts, cycles only
seven minutes as is
the seven rungs a
quarter, just one quarter
more, one thinks, prays,
hopes, seeks upon the
dirty tiles beneath metal
folding chairs for just
one more to stay warm
enough before venturing
further, a slog through
Level Two with damp
laundry, a sleety night
in cold Manhattan,

a view of distant
bridges busy with light,
motion,

the spanned river,
dark, spins toward
the deeper East;
a Star there was
once a great matter,
one of the better
nights of the world
it is believed.

Closing hour.

Virgil tightly keeps
to schedule, lights

die a sudden death,
glass door solid

with blackness locked,
metal gate rattles

its chain, slams shut,
the sidewalk shakes,

half cigarette lit,
he bolts away

(perhaps knowing
the better route) .

I am plunged
without advantage
of guiding light
into darkness,
abject, lifting
wet clothes upon
my back cursing

all clothes, the need
of them, calling in
the empty street for

a break from woven
bondage, for return
to infantile nakedness
unspoiled but for
first shock of lumped
beingness spilling
into redundant mangers,

the maulings to come
not yet at the door
but foretold of old
in some night sky
of the world.

I haul forth then,
outspoken,
not unburdened
but called out,

but cast out,
shed needles on
walks' edge thin,
tree limbs naked
but for tinsel cling,
shades of a Bethlehem
Star stretched,
wrinkled, blowing
to gutter, sticking
to shoe,

the heavy human round,

spin cycle,

night slowly unwinds.

I descend,

pass time till dawn,
hung laundry strung
out dries over chairs,
towel racks;

in dim basement room I
turn another page, red handed.

To nether companions in Fate
I read another passage 'to keep
or return us on track, O Virgil,

in this long night where we wait

in flagrante.'***

I have broken my back lifting
all these my loves to heaven.

*from Canto 2

**Quote from Dante here:

4degreez.com/misc/dante-inferno-information.html

flagrante*** - Latin: in blazing offense. A legal term meaning
'caught in the act, ' 'red-handed.' Also is sometimes
used colloquially as a euphemism for someone being
caught in the act of sexual intercourse

Warren Falcon

Po Chu-I From Far Away Thinks On His Angry Wife

Of Po Chu-i, Chinese Governor & Poet (772-846 CE) :
As one of his poems explains, he suffered from paralysis
at the end of his life, one leg becoming useless.

'A well-fed contentment...
is there no greater achievement in life? '

1

'Too late for you, Little Stinger, '
he carves it himself, again and again,
years now, upon the stone,

'A well-fed contentment...'
and all the rest, but in his
mind it is never done.

'Old Po, ' he thinks to himself,
writing another verse in his head,
his own epitaph upon the other side
of the jade-stone, 'now rides a wild
horse to the end of all roads.'

Weary with the business of state,
of commerce he now cares less
though once he was poor and his
firstborn son is dead as a result,

'Old wife will never let me forget.'

2

Her heavy face displaces among
clouds, swollen with hard tears
her sorrowful gaze calls for the
always hungry child who was lost
when they were poor, without work

and down on luck.

The frozen ground
reluctantly yields these many
years unmoved by tears slow to
name his little grave, too long unmarked.

It now wears a monument tall of finest jade.

3

'Of pleasing the inconsolable, '
he writes in his head upon
horseback, poems to be untangled,
brushed smooth, ink and quill of
miles stroked until there is some
rest, a cozy inn rare, more often
a tent pitched lending some simple
peace compared to the mansion in
the wealthy province, the ponds
full, the barns full, servants
many and busy, all the fruit from
miles traveled to keep a fragile
peace which needs constant mending.

He thinks of his gray wife.

4

'It is as it is and should be,
of love these conditions come
bringing many mouths the fuller
hearts to break for love and
life seek to be undone again
and again.

'Such is the life the Allotter
gives. Why complain when one
has the gift of a patient horse,
Wen Ding, Steady, an obedient,
good companion?

'Why lament when eyes may
at beauty of all kinds still
rejoice; even of human woes
which break the heart much
music can be made, and without
false pity.'

'And without false pity, ' he sings,
'a coin given is heaven restored
until the next hunger pang, from
this friendship with strangers is
born, the best, of gentleness without
debt, untangling from mane to mind.'

'Untangling from mane to mind,
one takes real pleasure as they
come and, thanking the glad day,
banks them in the vaulted heart.'

5

Not given to self-pity, only
fond of nostalgic reminiscence,
he loves fabrics smooth, soft,
purchased in Yangshao where
he loves Spring's First Blossom
with whom he grew up, courting
her near the auspicious old well
of Silk Moths Aplenty.

He thinks of these and many things
upon his horse during the lonely
journey through difficult passages,

'Through difficult passages one
cannot avoid accumulating much dust, '
he composes out loud for the horse
to hear, 'perhaps our only wealth,
dear friend, of friendless miles.'

6

He rests awhile in the wide
orchard where bright plum flowers
rain, decides to unroll his pallet
to sleep beside the humming glade.

'Raiment, ' he writes in his sleepy head,
'of bees and leaves. An old man puts the
best plum in his sleeve to bring home
to his wife.'

'Why strive when nature is bounteous
and all ills can be made right with
wet sweetness? '

Warren Falcon

Instead Of You Today One Black Mouse

for Karthik

Hidden behind a star the ash sings without self-pity

Instead of you today
one black mouse.

It arrives first day
of your departure,
catches the corner
of my eye, my blood
eye, as you call it,
perhaps only sunlight
reflecting from a window
closing across the
street; the beating
heart, faster, the held
breath, tells me that
it is a mouse that
precedes its smell
in the house, that is,
if it takes up residence,
and the curtain remains
permanently closed,

but I do not
want to make
this about you

unless it is to
a black mouse
claiming vacated
space.

I note all this briefly
as the flash, then return
to your leaving.

*

You must leave now,
black mouse of sorrow,
now formally named,
take up in another
residence. Do not
borrow my things,
do not move them
with your tail or tongue
or teeth on the table
top or underneath,
nor in the corner
play hide and seek
where I have once
again dropped the
blue accident of love,
he who has left how
he arrived, brown,
beautiful, smelling of
Indian spice, of rose
oil with herbs of
his long black hair,
his silken pockets
full of childhood
prayer carefully
wrapped for safe-
keeping against
the day of his glad-
marry.

Upon the altar then
do not, I plead, sleep
cradled in the god's arms
nor push my thinning
patience where the votive
candle burns for him whom
you seek to replace with
your delicate whiskers
and all your black fur
with webs upon of the one
spider who dwells behind
the jewel box, his gift

for me, his leaving, here
cling/brush against all
things in this dark place
now but do not let me
see it here where it is
I-not-he who is erased.

Is it your wish, then,
to bless me, black mouse?
to keep me company?

*

Today I suffer my
annual asthma of
the New Year only
it has arrived hard,
a little late, but
always sudden but
no surprise as you
have left me at the
same time as the
on-time lessening
of lungs down presses.
The mouse arrives to
remind that I am as
the remote air is,
rarefied, heavily alive,
that hunger grows in each
foret of the lungs
no matter the absence.
Or, no matter the absence,
there may always be an
apparent flash of light
from a near window
closing and opening,
little breaths beseeching
unseen hands, or hand,
striving for first or
second or third person
though there are only

one or two hands at
most and only one window
so far as I can see through
a curtain closed.

Mouse makes three.

*

This morning I open
the curtain which has
been closed since the
day before you flew away.
You had announced your
intention to leave the
first day we met, your
arrival with snow in
your eyes and nose. I
could only laugh, delight
really, at how you trembled
so cold, cold, and beautiful,
did I say already, how brown?
and allowed me to hold both
your hands beneath my shirt
to warm them. They were so
very cold, like late plums,
their outline even now perimeters
my skin, a tree grows there where/
which I proudly hold emboldened
to say, great, great, with
your sometimes mildness,
your sometimes wildness
now grown up, now flown.

*

But what I want to
report to you-not-here,
for the record, to be
read out into the snow
that has begun to fall

silently in the gutter,
is that I opened the
morning curtain and there
on the metal escape sat,
and still sits, a dove,
brown, beautiful, which
does not move at all,
when the curtains made
to move, and the day
rushes in without consent.
It, not the daylight
but the dove, just to
be very clear, cocks
only its head toward
movement and calmly

(I have successfully
resisted writing 'moves
and calamity')

sits shaped
like one pure tear.
Or pear. Both of which
share an 'ear'.

Suddenly, joy in me
flashes and I know the
dove for me has come.
And the mouse.

*

And so in spite of
barricades in doorways
seeking to prevent your
entrance fully into
my study, I allow you
to let yourself out
that door just as you
came in where/which-
ever it is that allows
you entrance without

wind or grain, no offering
of any kind to announce
yourself upon the premises,
a flash mistaken for
light of which/whose
image does not diminish
in portent or muse.

*

I sit now watching
the dove watch the
street below, the sky
above the tenements.
It does not shut its
eyes to flakes which
somehow do not in fall
though I recall now
how they manage to
find mine, even now
they beat upon the
glass trying to enter
eyes intent upon watching
the scene unfold upon
the page and within the
eyes of the Dove of Ages,
see what a thing it is
now already become
since childhood and
the backyard forest
sparkling, every surface
of everything covered
with ice clear, a sheer
skin which seems/seams to
move as I am moved/returned
in response to impertinent
snow to let more new world
come flashing in, and the
one-more-bird, a startle,
a cardinal red against all
the white, white, there were
many, coveys of them inordinate

in all the snow blind, too
much for a boy to bear, broken
eye-nerves, brittle sticks,
he kicks on his back crying
to make an angel his own to
be relieved of the too ordered
world, would be the unwanted,
unexpected child of things
shattered, his need for
constancy and same, beauty
a necessary addiction dependent
upon diction's canary eye and ear,
just to introduce another color
between mouse and meaning,
a chorus stunned into sound.

*

Here I now sing this
lament for the one who
has brownly flown.
And for the one who/that
has brownly perched so
still, still, on the metal
cold, a rust color, allowing
each flake its compulsion
to touch upon eye and
rust. And for black mouse
who has given much to
me, an image, to see of
my sorrow a flash of what,
insistent, gnaws at what
now sits in me-the-escape,
in me-the-study with old
friends so constant, books
and papers, notebooks
of many years' mice and
birds, the too few lovers,
waiting to see if the present
mouse is still within or
has, too, taken a flown
lover's fresh cue brownly

and from the house removed,

without.

*

I must add here,

in praise of cold
beauty which cares
not whether one
suffers, cares not
that the mouse may
suffer, and the dove,

that the mouse,
objectively,
its black fur,
is magnificence
very soft, it
appears without
shine as does the
ice shine in
severest beauty,
sear (now I know
the flash sure was
that of a tail, is
neither light nor
shadow, nor is
an occasion for
blindness as is
the snow

or silence) .

*

It matters now
that I record this
in wet black ink
with an old quill

for the record
though the ink's
blackness, India
ink, ironically, and
the wet shine, are
your eyes which
once again are
like the mouse,
though I do not
wish to compare
them as if you
and the mouse
are the same like
someone's 'love is
a summer day' or
'a red, red rose'
snow up your nose
not withstanding,
for it, the day, the
eyes, yours, my
house, is now not
to be mine alone
deposed before
the harsher winter,
nor is my heart to
be ever compared
though it wearies me
to speak of heart and
love in the same breath's
poem which does not,
asthmatic, conform to
received form or line
or convention and tone
as does, say, a black
mouse, just to compare,
conform to its own
convention, or shape
swift constancy and
need, insistent, unthought
with not a care or mind
for, well, (the better) ,

with no mind at
all (to speak of it
again) :

The dove perhaps
on the window is,

finally,

without.

*

The song is sung
or flinging itself
outwith from above
as snow, the musical
bar is the cold grate
the page upon which
the one true music
note rests, may,
singing silently
itself into itself
singing the world,
even this of the
mouse, your absent
eyes here, about,
my passivity against
the rhythms of chest
ice-rimed (cannot
write the heart again)
adding gutter music,
drops, the bells drip
ringing there as you
have/were a bell or
bell-like announcing
our end at the beginning
descanting;

it feels, though I was forewarned,
slipped swiftly away taking-with
a number of days and all my nights,

the wet black ink
winks upon the page,

the song is
instead of you today
one black mouse.

Warren Falcon

For First Day Of The New Year

New Year's day -
already, empty bottles,
resolutions forgotten.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Expostulations Of The Child-Man, The Pope In Italian Miniatures - A Mystery

The pope in Italian
exclaims, 'Bring me! '
and the echoes bring him
all his bounded wants.

The pope in Italian
twirls his fake mustache, hides behind curtains layered
thick, plots the Blessed Virgin tied upon the tracks, his
dramatic rescue of Her, the imagined headline, Greatest Of Popes.

The pope in Italian
embraces a Statue of St. Micheal when the
guards are not looking, whispers the hour of
the deed, pleads for advancement of the plot.

The pope in Italian
blesses conspiring shadows in mirrored tiles reflecting back, the
guards pretend not to notice his continual muttering, the halting gait,
the concealed silk handkerchief purposefully dropped, they wink at each other.

The pope in Italian
drunk with authority privately erases Sacred Texts with
a child's thick pencil, pardons his large fines for overdue books,
cancels the Vatican subscription to Mystery Magazine.

The pope in Italian
questions Michelangelo 'of hammers, of stone and nakedness,
the heart of the matter, ' whistles when the Artist answers,
and looks away, fingers crossed.

The pope in Italian
wears a black beret, feels his tragedy,
'another fig in hand, ' refills his goblet,
calls for a clean ashtray, another pack of Gauloises.*

The pope in Italian
feeling frisky, ice skates, holds high

his brocaded robes revealing the boyish legs, white,
they are so white, like necks of swans.

The pope in Italian
dreams again he is a young
bomber pilot dropping heavy kisses
backed up in the bomb-bay.

The pope in Italian
hides sullen behind the Golden Chair, carves his
initials there, the fateful date in Roman numerals, and
QUID EST QUOD OMNES PEGGY LEE (Is that all there is, Peggy Lee?) .

The pope in Italian
refusing all sherry before lunch, will not walk past the tapestries,
'The unicorns hate me, ' he whispers, suspicious, bitterly so,
reminds himself, 'Stop trying so hard.'

The pope in Italian
tries too hard, resets the Grandfather Clock of Ages, counts
the coins of childhood, forgets time, the ancient schemes, and dines
outside disguised as Saint Joan of Arc in Flames.

The pope in Italian
stands very still, Romanesque in Night's central fountain,
goes unnoticed but for the corners of his mouth
bleeding verdigris, and the faint smell of smoke.

The pope in Italian
practices his hands in the dark, genuflecting, blessing,
rehearses the pertinent Charlie Chaplin scene alone, the worn
piano roll in his head unraveling before the hastily scattered Host.

The pope in Italian
spies the 'end run, ' tries his hand at cards and whiskey,
bets the entire assembled Holy Guard in full dress 'all the
Church's gold and then some' on a run of Jacks.

The pope in Italian
turns the last page in the Papal Chapel, licks chapped, broken lips too long
at prayer, the votives sputtered at long last, feels his way out backwards,
steps upon the last crack and the Madonna's back is finally broken.

**Famous French unfiltered cigarettes known for their strong tobacco flavor.

***Venus of Eryx', from Sicily, brought to Rome, she embodies 'impure' love, and is the patron goddess of prostitutes

Warren Falcon

On The Train, Haiku-Esque

For the blind woman
on the train every
journey is inner.

She touches my shoulder,
moves just
one seat ahead,

feels her winter coat,
metal ring pinned
to its shoulder.

Smiles when she touches
it, dark rings of her eyes
light up momentarily.

What universes are in the heads all around me.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

I Once, Your Other Darkness

for two paintings, one by Caravaggio,
'The Conversion of St. Paul, '
the other by William Hawkins, 'Horse'

I once, your other darkness, quoted Hopkins to you,
of seasons of dryness in the bitter pitch midst
his discovery, 'What I do is me, for that I came, '
not a text for self worship but, rather, an assent
to keep world woe intimate, felt in that greater
scape - inner - making poems from orphan woe, from
furtive grace which eludes then storms, in bleakest
place sudden parses in the greener green,
newly, of things while pleading still,

'Lord, send my roots rain.'

In the shorter light, the extended
night, of cold and star-bright questions,
may you cast clumsy net forward into
what it all might mean to fretted you,
to me, stretched canvas, though I will
not thrust these words upon your paint
or pen but make offering for your own
work to feed us through the eyes;
perhaps time to remount the horse
and soldier on, or to fall again, gain
Damascus perspective, from one's
back watch vision distort massive
horse into a God receding into necessary
darkness foregoing image,

see what may form in the spreading dirt,

what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

Caravaggio, (1571 – 1610) , Italian painter,

'in painting not equal to a painter, but to Nature itself'
- from his epitaph

William Hawkins, (1895-1990) , self-taught American artist
'His dynamic, artistic style was forged from his optimistic,
hard-charging, 'survivor' mindset.'

Warren Falcon

In Excelsis Deo - Variations Of A Surrealist Carol For Madrigal Choir To Be Sung While Bathing

1

Hair of soap and head of tears
rinse mine eyes of Christmas stars
O bells, the bells sear me

Wash my hair of splendid fears
water me hot and redly rare
O trumps, the trumpets blear me

Scars heal me up to here
scald me pinkly if you dare
O gay, the gay sleds slay me

Is that flesh floating on the surface me
who swims or sinks fraternally?

I know a strange me
with soap for eyes
and suds for see

Eternally yours,

He.

2

Hair of soap
and head of tears
Rinse mine eyes
of Christmas stars

O Bells, the Bells sear me.

Rinse mine eyes
of Christmas stars
Water me hot

and redly rare

O Fey, the Fey stars blear me.

Water me hot
and redly rare
Scald me pinkly
if you dare

O Gay, the Gay sleds slay me.

Is that flesh
floating on the
surface me who
swims or sinks
fraternally?

I know a strange me

with soap for eyes
and suds to see

Eternally yours,

He.

3

Hair of soap and head of tears
rinse mine eyes of Christmas stars
O bells, the bells sear me

Rinse mine eyes of Christmas fears
Water me hot and redly rare
O fey, the fey stars blear me.

Wash mine hair of splendid fears
water me hot and redly rare
O trumps, the trumpets blear me

Scars heal me up to here
scald me pinkly if you dare

O gay, the gay sleds slay me

Is that flesh
floating on the
surface me who
swims or sinks
fraternally?

I know a strange me

with soap for eyes
and suds to see

Eternally yours,

He.

Warren Falcon

Anunciación - Para César Vallejo

Llegar tarde al Amor

la torre rota
llora su ruina timbre.
Larga sequía del aire
alambiques el badajo.

Pero un solo aliento, Trembler,
grietas de metal.
Mudez cae.

Palomas asustadas dispersan.

Anunciación de balseros:

Ven.

Recuerde la alegría,
cómo balancearse.

¿Quién tira de la cuerda
son muchas.

Moneda de plata,
volar desde

fuelle de vacío,

renovar en
mano de deseo
de un santo
oración bolsillo
volver.

Pobres de corazón, de dispersión.

Pan, se hinchan al
apoyándose monumentos.

Flores
por los muertos,

crecer salvajemente
pellizcar los amantes

quien besar

encima

abierto

tumbas.

Gallo Negro,
buscando, a los arañazos
todas las madrugadas.

Warren Falcon

Extensiones De Accidente - Estrofas De Frieda Kahlo

Estrofa 1

No podía dejar allí,
tuvo que se ensanchan, se seca la pintura,
y la carne, secador de piel de abajo
a los huesos, un esqueleto sin sexo *,
cráneo ya no bigote,
** una calavera, nada más,
siempre de calcio dependientes de curvas
sobre lienzo, lo que se congela
no para avivar y quema,
una 'cola de pavonis' **.

* Skeleton

** Cráneo

*** Peacock Tail (una imagen en la alquimia)

Estrofa 2

Calavera, el futuro está
mano a la boca, los dedos a la frente
desarrollando ante formas aún instatic.
Mantener desesperadamente a cuadros antes
estas percepciones temblando.

Estrofa 3

Para llegar a un acuerdo
con lo que sucede
en repetidas ocasiones -

16 años de edad,
perforación de metal viola
carne recién mujer,
se convierte en algo
totalmente asombrado,

dolor furioso, implacable
quemaduras de vapor, sin embargo,

Sin embargo, cada lienzo,
siempre cayendo hacia atrás

dentro de la cruel alquimia
vas, astillas de vidrio
en los nervios implacable,
revestido de acero chapado en Virgen
tiene un cíclope de un amante.

Estrofa 4

Para vivir más en su mundo,
a vivir en su México
que no se niega
comodidad de hierro ni de la gracia,
Siempre es una sorpresa,
puesto / desplazados
marcar con una cicatriz junto
de carne y espíritu,
la humanidad,
un descuartizado y devorado
Cristo como encarnación sólo permite,
autonomía insistente argumento de la autonomía,
aceptación en bruto.

Estrofa 5

El descubrimiento de la cero siempre pesada,
el único absoluto de mérito -
de dar a luz a la multiplicidad, diversidad,
perversa, mucho más irascible aún
Embraceable, enloquecedoramente borrable
mientras que crece más allá de contar los brazos,
el mejor para llevar a las densidades implacable.

Regalo de Arabia, el cero no aleados
medidos en masa - un mejor nombre para Dios -
vector torcer la historia térmica, el espejismo fantasmal,

materia prima,

a pesar de, o dentro de la matriz metálica,

los martillos de herrero corazón cardenillo
cámaras, los ventrículos, en forma, de Newton
conjugaciones grave, el tiempo de vida solidificada,
Presencia endurecido, rigidez en diluir
representaciones de metal común

Estrofa 6

... Y Frieda casta,
telas de alambre persiguiendo el plutonio,
lleva el extremo romo de la Presencia,
final del Eón de los peces
apenas más allá de la Edad de Bronce es sólo
afilado bordes acanalados,
prefiriendo los de obsidiana
hackeado, astillas, raspado
en piedra dura.

Frieda, el volcán nacido,
se convierte en recipiente conyugal,
Pluma de quetzal, unidos a
Serpiente de la piel renacimiento extensiones de accidente,

un Dios que regresan, barco y el caballo
liberado de la barba roja de la
mar hinchado enfrenta todavía una más
deidad que requieren sangre.

Estrofa 7

Noche oscura en pleno día,
todas las apariencias
una deriva más allá del significado,

Sólo un autobús de vaivén
carena de nuevo
repetición de colisión
del himen de la Virgen,
Anfitrión amniótico siempre un
Amante divide una vez más,

Crepusculares Christi.

Y Kahlo, venerado ahora,
Mujer de varias imágenes de Cristo -
Un sufrimiento con los pechos,
oculta cornamenta útero

una mueca de dolor en anunciaciones anived
verifica sólo en las creencias vacilante
como lloran las estatuas,
apariciones surrealistas Strung Out
en coniunctio,

Chica Getsemaní visto,
ya no se oculta
u ocultas a la vista,
Cristo-o-forma agonía, aislar,
enojado, furioso humanos, privados
confusión, despreciado, rechazado,

maldad dentro de nosotros
destinado a ver nuestras deidades
hasta el final, aunque
más allá de la capacidad para oler la necrosis,
para ver el orificio de salida del alma
coagular disfrazados de piel,
los músculos, tendones.

Estrofa 8

Esta ruptura le dice.

Somos
no sin amor
por eso,

que Rod,
y Presencia
Que conoce y

participa de lo que
Imágenes de Frida Kahlo

al igual que su
la vida vivida retratar.

No hay culpa.

Sólo manchas, existen,
exquisitos como el entierro
paños de la Una
Embistió a un árbol
sufrimiento Paternidad Divina.

Estrofa 9

Circulatio.

Kahlo llega a las puertas del bus
que se acaba, una vez más, se detuvo en su parada
para llevar hacia delante en la leyenda.

[Para leer en el Español busca aquí en este sitio:
'Extensions of Crash - Strophes for Frieda Kahlo']

Warren Falcon

Suturas Surrealista De La Virgen De Acetileno

Mire a la sangre, uso de esta palabra
en relación con los sueños o flores
mientras que la plata que corre por las venas
son por lo general las calles o las vides.

Pechos, hombres y mujeres,
son estrellas, tienen que ver con
un puñado o de los pies a palmo.

El abdomen, entonces, es una gran
Láctea reunión Camino,
tenencia, la expulsión de los cometas,
tarareando villancicos dos puntos '.

El bazo son los huesos
para recoger los dientes con los dientes
que son, por supuesto,
caballitos de mar o lápidas
imágenes con la flagrante
Corazón de domar este lugar
de yeso y piedra, de encanto
en la garganta cortada violín canta
se despierta, un pecho negro
fuera de sus mares veces bofetadas de metal
contra la deserción de metal en las costas
Sombra de luz de posición a través de este
la escritura a mano ahora, bofetada de las ondas
silencio en esta quietud de las rodillas.

Así que darle una oscuridad a los jardines,
antiguo patrón de un pecho,
pañó ligeramente elevación, negro sobre negro.

De su pecho revelan una garganta esbelta
que asiente con la cabeza cuando se traga
y los nombres de su paz.

La delicada que no pasará por el momento.

Costurera gran cantidad de espacio
cosa, por favor,
con los dedos de rocío.

Warren Falcon

Misiva Para La Oscuridad Como Una Vocación, William Hawkins En Mente

-¿Cómo lo representan, a su gran dolor ahora, incluso un rincón de ella?

Tal vez
que se forja en adelante, encontrar una foto, un caballo a la pintura, como en la película,

luego a sí mismo ocupado con la realización de ella, entonces ver cómo la barriga es demasiado, tiene que ser diluido, una pata de nuevo recortada a la medida, una convulsión breve de los ojos y la pintura depende de las manos, un problema monumental que hace que corregir, o por lo menos, las perspectivas de sufrimiento de uno mismo en medio, en contra,

o, en el
dientes de las preocupaciones diarias asumido como máxima forma,

da comentario visual,
respuesta en una imagen del caballo pintada en deshacerse de la madera, patio trasero de la ruina un uso correcto con amabilidad extendido en la garra del martillo, los cuervos cerca la puerta de barrotes, y, con los medicamentos proporcionar límite a los descensos embotamiento, usted puede encontrar una vez más que el deseo de sumergirse más / más profundo, aún más profundo, en el lodo y la magia de los días más cortos da en invierno, en las largas noches generosamente vertido sin parte de control sobre el ser humano.

Hawkins, un anciano de la tribu americana, usados,
no, suavizado de los bordes aparentemente fortificada,
la visión de fortalecer y metal, pintado,
trabajado los objetos de la creación artística,
se ocupó de los familiares de edad,
y las manchas alusivas,
sirviendo ahora y antes que
ancestralmente tomarán parte de su ofrenda,
lugar / curado en su contemplación,
matizada en muestra de nube,
franja de tierra se desplomó.

Y tú también, lo que,
todavía aquí, han ayudado a
él a mí, a los demás,
un imperativo interior, un tormento,
es urgente insiste en que continuará en
dentro de los remolinos espero que pronto
a inmolarse a cabo mientras cuidaba
sus preocupaciones asignado.

Una vez, su otra oscuridad, citado Hopkins a usted,
'Los años de sequía' en lo amargo, medio tono,
su descubrimiento, 'Lo que yo hago de mí, que he venido'
no un texto para el culto mismo, sino, más bien, un asentimiento
¡Ay del mundo a mantener personalmente sentía que en mayor
punto de vista, hacer poemas de infortunio huérfano,
de la gracia siempre furtivos que escapa a continuación, sorpresas
en el lugar más sombrío, analiza súbita, recién en el
verde verde de las cosas mientras aún suplicando,

'Envía, Señor, mi lluvia raíces.

La luz más cortos, las noches de frío y prolongado
estrellas brillantes preguntas, podrá emitir red torpe adelante
en lo que podría significar para todos los que con trastes, para mí,
estirado, incierto, aunque no se empuje estos
palabras más tiempo a su pluma o pintura, pero que
oferta con agradecimiento por su propio trabajo para alimentarnos
través de los ojos, tal vez el tiempo de montaje que
Hawkins caballo y un soldado en o para caer de nuevo,

aumento de la perspectiva de Damasco, sin embargo, a partir de la espalda
ver la visión de distorsionar el caballo masiva en Dios
retroceso en la imagen anterior es necesario la oscuridad
con el fin de ver qué se puede formar en la tierra la difusión,

lo que la resurrección es allí, en el olor de la pintura.

Warren Falcon

Missive For Darkness As Vocation, William Hawkins In Mind

[after viewing a film clip of the American self-taught artist, William Hawkins1]

1

How would you now depict it,

even a corner of it?

paint as in
the film,

busy with the making
of it, belly's too much,
needs thinning, haunches
trimmed too to size, or
not, concise seizure of
eye and paint dependent
upon hands, monumental
concerns aright or at least
perspectives private
suffering amidst, against,

or in the teeth of, daily
concerns taken on as
ultimate-form,

it is

visual commentary, response
imaged, is backyard ruin put
to good uses, kindness extended
in hammer's claw on cast
off wood, it is Crow near the
barred door, and with heart,
with heart meds, provide limit
to dulling descents, may then
find again's Desire, may plunge

further/deeper, deeper still,
into muck magic of shorter
days given in winter, in the longer
nights generously dumped,
portion/proportion control
upon the human,

such occupies, with familiars,
allusive smears, serving now
and ahead who will partake of
the offering, who will be held
healed in their beholding

nuanced in cloud swatch,
in land swath tumbled.

2

I once, your other darkness, quoted Hopkins
to you, seasons of dryness² upon the bitter pitch³
amid discovery, 'What I do is me, for that I came',⁴
not a text for self worship but, rather, an assent
to keep world woe personally felt in that greater
perspective making poems from orphan woe,
from ever furtive grace eluding, then surprise,
in bleakest place, sudden braced, parses newly
in the greener green of things pleading still,

'O thou lord of life, send my roots rain'.⁵

3

In the shorter light, the extended night of cold
and star-bright questions, may you cast clumsy
net forward into what it all might mean to fretted
you, to me, stretched, though I will not thrust
these words any longer upon your brush or paint
but make offering with thanks for your own work
to feed us through the eyes, perhaps time to mount
that horse and soldier on or to fall off again, gain
Damascus perspective yet, from one's back watch
vision distort the massive horse into a God receding

into necessary darkness foregoing image in order
to see what may form in the spreading dirt,
what resurrection there is in the smell of paint.

Warren Falcon

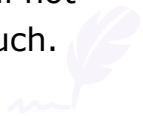
Woven Little Mouths Many

You emerge
from the bath
reaching for the
towel, soft, obeying
daily habit, wipes you dry,
each cleft, the pit of my
longing rubbed without
caution.

I am caught up in this
vision without glasses
squinting for what is
real or not though you
are faced to mine as I
obediently move my
shaking hand to your
belly, the scar there,
edges still hot
to the touch.

Much there is I will
make of this moment,
drying your back as I
have daily done - once
began the rite
first night, gathering
now the last one
o when
the towel easily un-
folds, drinks
woven
little mouths many

deeply
into what
has become
natural in me
with the wiping.



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In this
I am become
free now of
thinking intent
to this my task
to last this minute
or two, to linger,

each is
become a touch

this one

and this

Warren Falcon

Skipping Stones

for Ruth Stone

prayer beads
stars in hand
rosary of smooth stones
for a throwing child

old man's memory
skips
across pond

quiet shadows

It is I and Thou
oh difficult Lover

O Universe
It is I and Thou

Warren Falcon



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That Salt Adheres

for Karthik

for Karthik

that salt adheres to the palm
proclaiming only this
that purchase requires both
sweat and the one hidden pearl
of scraped touch

much there is in the hand
bequeathed;
beneath the thigh the grit
burns smooth the groove
where you lay

tapered fingers flame
that these lips may chaff/
chafe more the love
from the grain which
skin frames from
cloudless scansions

Kindled limbs
do not go out
do not ash hot
to powder
nor the colder
grow though
each is made
distinct,
distinguished,

though each
is extended,
extinguished in
the other's
contradiction

neither brother or lover

but both

of palms

of salt

Preserve

Warren Falcon

'And The Daylight Separated The Mad Boy From His Shadow' - Cancion For Garcia Lorca

for M
the blurs
'everything is descending,
even the scholarship of the
ancient adverbs'
process of seeing

crease from
eyebrow
to temple

into hairline
crease from
too narrow
sense

O see (sings
eyes)
how
diminutive
Golondrina (swallow)
dimming

dips
lands
alights
little feet

wires
talons
of tin

standard
paramount
in the jardin

blue walls the



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infolded cloak
of the Virgin

A task for daylight -
separating mad boys from
shadows -
an un-ordinary one

'shrugs its
shoulders like a girl.'

An ordinary gesture
the mad boys may
be taken into arms
or dressed in strange
garb maybe all in the
gesture beyond
ordinary remains
remains
always becoming
image such as are
a gesture's embrace
bruised

dressings
undressings
ventures for affection.
But from whom?

The mad boy
writes feeble colors
for love

the halt the lame
the mute which
within around
which intends
bends distorts
(in your glass
case) twists
takes traps light
to separate

the mad world
from shadow

Both
we are
contortionists

thus take our
place with clowns who
know tomatoes thrown
and juggler's (bare necked)
necessary concentration

You are the maestro here
whom I trail behind at respectful

distance

murdered by the too ordinary
controllers

So long

So long

to image
to suffer on dear
bruised M the
void of course

o bring me
beauty no matter
how terrible

created by His
own opening
which makes
Him forever
'a pomegranate
biggish
and green'

a girl

You, dear, will read
of my heterosexual shadow

a great lover who serenades
her in the terrible contradiction

of the moon caught
in bare tree limbs/strophes

just outside Her window
the fool below in rouge

head hung, singing

O hurt

heart's tin can tied
to belt loop behind
of his ragged pants

pants
waits

to be filled with
whatever flows

in the dirty lane
he leans his
love against

*

Imagine
this asterisk
which contains an aster

yet a rose it transforms
again because it can
because

Lorca

has willed it obediently into being
letter by letter, petal by petal
bee kissed by brazen bees
a clutch of stamens
assassin's ink
out flowing

*

>>>>><<<<<<

The first quotation is by Richard Tagett, from 'Triptych For Believers'. All other quotes are lines from the poetry Federico Garcia Lorca.

Warren Falcon

Howard Nemerov's 'boom!'

Having grown up in the Fundamentalist Christian culture of the American South, having gone to an Evangelical college on top of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee ('Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain!' MLK's called out, the very place of my Christian education), having peeled layers away and administered psychological high colonics to rid myself of such an education in the 'Christ-haunted landscape of the South,' I remember the day I discovered Howard Nemerov's poem, BOOM!, just at the right time...before the evangelicals got organized and off the ground/launched as a political 'party of God,' Nemerov saw it all growing like a vapid cancer in the Eisenhower years and wrote like an Old Testament prophet, albeit with a New Yorker martini in hand, of what he heard and saw as the growing trivialization/consumerization of American religion in an increasingly trivialized and trivializing democratic/corporation-consumer-ocracy...here is the poem! Read this with Occupy Wall Street in mind...and current wannabee presidential clowns parading plumed out in deity and Christosprach...ACK!

BOOM!

BOOM! by Harold Nemerov
SEES BOOM IN RELIGION, TOO

Atlantic City, June 23, 1957 (AP)-President Eisenhower's pastor said tonight that Americans are living in a period of "unprecedented religious activity" caused partially by paid vacations, the eight-hour day and modern conveniences.

"These fruits of material progress" said the Rev. Edward L. R. Elson of the National Presbyterian Church, Washington, "have provided the leisure, the energy, and the means for a level of human and spiritual values never before reached."

Here at the Vespasian-Carlton, it's just one religious activity after another: the sky is constantly being crossed by cruciform airplanes, in which nobody disbelieves for a second, and the tide, the tide of spiritual progress and prosperity miraculously keeps rising, to a level never before attained. The churches are full,

the beaches are full, and the filling-stations
are full, God's great ocean is full
of paid vacationers praying an eight-hour day
to the human spiritual values, the fruits,
the leisure, the energy, and the means, Lord,
the means for the level, the unprecedented level,
and the modern conveniences, which also are full.
Never before, O Lord, have the prayers and praises
from belfry and phonebooth, from ballpark and barbecue
the sacrifices, so endlessly ascended.

It was not thus when Job in Palestine
sat in the dust and cried, cried bitterly;
When Damien kissed the lepers on their wounds
it was not thus; it was not thus
when Francis worked a fourteen-hour day
strictly for the birds; when Dante took
a week's vacation without pay and it rained
part of the time, O Lord, it was not thus.

But now the gears mesh and the tires burn
and the ice chatters in the shaker and the priest
in the pulpit, and Thy Name, O Lord,
is kept before the public, while the fruits
ripen and religion booms and the sea level rises
and every modern convenience runneth over,
that it may never be with us as it hath been
with Athens and Karnak and Nagasaki,
nor Thy sun for one instant refrain from shining
on the rainbow Buick by the breezeway
or the Chris Craft with the uplift life raft;
that we may continue to be the just folks we are,
plain people with ordinary superliners and
disposable diaperliners, people of the stop'n'shop
'n'pray as you go, of hotel, motel, boatel,
the humble pilgrims of no deposit no return
and please adjust thy clothing, who will give to Thee,
if Thee will keep us going, our annual
Miss Universe, for Thy Name's Sake, Amen.

Warren Falcon

Of Asterisk, Lovely Flower

*

Imagine
this asterisk
which contains an aster
a rose transforming yet again
because it can
because he
Lorca

*

has willed it obediently into being

*

letter
by letter,
petal by petal
bee kissed by brazen
bees a clutch of stamens
assassin's ink
flowering



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*

Warren Falcon

Two Proems From ' 'Now, Heart' - Some Of What I Remember When I Listen'

for Willie 'in the pocket' now of earth

A river is a process through time, and the river stages are its momentary parts.
—Willard Van Orman Quine

One [Remembering Chattanooga Days With Willie, Tennessee River Close By]:

One night Willie, much 'in the pocket'—an expression for being well onto drunk which I've never heard from anyone but him—wanted to dance to a Bessie tune playing, 'Back Water Blues', him recalling nights as a young man in rural Tennessee where he had worked hard days in oppressive vegetable fields then hit the after hours juke joints for 'colored, twas parting days, Jim Crow, ' he explained, where he would drink, dance then dive/delve into sensual mysteries of moist skin, hot breath, mutually open mouths, their commodious moans and mumbles, venial hands, always vital parts, private hearts mutually pounding ancient known rhythms, odors, tastes of gin and those slender, forbidden, now greedily stolen bites in those all too short nights with their damned intrusive dawns.

Jumping to his feet, Willie described 'powder dancin'" (pronounced marvelously, 'powdah') which I had never heard of. Talcum powder would be copiously scattered onto the planked dance floor where couples in stockinged or bare feet would ecstatically dance, gliding and sliding sweetly scented, muskily bent toward later glides and slides in slippery joy of momentary allure, amour on dimmed porches or in surrounding woods often enough and gratis upon delicate slabs of moonlight gratuitously dewy providing cushion for Passion's out and in, honoring, dignifying deities of skin wanting more making more skin, headlong Nature's frictional algorithms indelibly scored in every each his her yawing yen.

Two [Paeon To Rivers]:

I know that wheat is anciently holy but now even more so for flour, the sight and feel of it, its unbaked smell, turns me again toward a Chattanooga 3rd street, its compass river swelling like bread nearby bearing witness still for one cannot say too much about rivers—their irreverence of edges scored, spilling themselves, proclaiming natural gods deeper than memory yet dependent upon it for traced

they must be in every human activity no matter the breach, for something there is to teach even deity though it may be wrong to do so, or hearsay to say it or sing, but the song is there for those whose ears are broken onto bottoms from which cry urgencies of Being and between, dutiful banks barely containing the straining Word.

Warren Falcon

Moments From The Orange World

Here is a poem which partakes of 'harvest' - death, dreams, love, dirge and demi-urge, the task of harvesting consciousness from unconsciousness, from the clash and claw and cling of opposites, each has their tasks, the dogs on the edge of the orange world, Death, too, has it's purpose rendering from that which nascently exists and is coming to be to not be again. Selves and part-selves are birthed/deathed to incarnate myriad possibilities of being which is the human experiment, each is a harvest returned to fallow ground. Each is a murmur, a sound expressed then passing into stillness. And myth.

Murmur: '(A) to make the sound mu mu or mumu, to murmur with closed lips, to mutter, to moan...(B) to drink with closed lips, to suck in...' - Liddell & Scott, Greek-English Lexicon, 1897 ed.

'In such cases myth is the truth of fact, not fact the truth of myth.' - Kathleen Raine, 'On the Mythological, 'Defending Ancient Springs'

'The repressed value contains transformative energies and a consciousness of its own...' - Charles Ponce

'The Saviors do not lend themselves to art successfully: they are outside the pale, beyond, as incomprehensible in their love as in their example. They have never become incorporated in the blood stream. Forsaking the world, they become as the idols they sought to destroy. This is human perversity. Throughout the ages it displays itself in the individual life, and now and then it bursts forth in cosmic waves of futility and self-destruction.' - Henry Miller in an essay on Kenneth Patchen

As Dew On Grass Sleeves No Longer Stiffening In The Wind
- Moments From The Orange World - After Kenneth Patchen

'...do not grieve, therefore, those who are lost to you; they were ever so to themselves...'

- Kenneth Patchen - from 'There Is One Who Watches'

I've lost my way and wait for signs.

Distant signal fires indicate 'wait here'.

No gate ahead. The iron dogs are waiting over there
to chew all who approach edges of the orange world.

Best to settle in, grin at stinking Death who is
sinking into the ground winking at me as if to say,

You will soon sink. You will soon sink.
Who do you think you are or were?
Step forward if you dare.

I've observed how furred things give up without much complaint.
They grab often enough so Death grabs back.
They sigh or call out in their animal way, Son of a b*tch!
but in the end they relent and they sink leaving only their
pink tongues spread out over the dawn as if to say.

I blink in the dark looking at edges distant fire.
I wink back at Death who's left only a bony hand
on the ground where He waits just beneath.
How trite He is but it does the job, conveys His trap clearly.
When dawn tongues awaken licking dew from my face,
and my fears, I shall raise both my hands, too, as if to say.

And flaunting these two hands to Death's one, and with flesh,
I shall walk away the way I came having done with burning signs
and a night's work of waiting, my presence taunting the dogs,
Death baiting as if He has forgotten one hand upon the dirt.
We have flirted, Death and me. Not the kind of company
I like to keep preferring furred things to winking bones,
Death's head all teeth and no whistle. But I earn my pay.
I walk away, my own tongue licking as if to say.

I can barely contain myself arriving back at camp where
She waits dreaming shyly in our tent, a Bedouin soul bending
gently over wells in Her keeping on Gentler Hill.
I shall lick Her face then. I shall not tell Her how
I have survived the night with Death at my feet,
the taunting signals over there at the edges, iron dogs alert.
I shall not hurt Her with knowledge of this orange world,
all the dark things within it. I shall softly settle beside Her
where She breezes as dew on grass sleeves no longer
stiffening against the wind.

I shall bring Her in as a fisherman brings
in his boat, softly singing a fisherman's tale,

his throat a song-sore nocturne rocking night waves,
beacons ashore flaring where his Love lies sleeping
awaiting conjectures, his folding, folding into Her
gently suspiring guesses -

Is my love away at sea, at sea,
dark as wine presses as he will
surely press me?

O drink from the wells I tend -
I earn my pay - and away with
ocean roaming!

Distant lights demur sure in their beckoning.
Sudden, he turns singing boat and heart to shore,
starfish near at hand yearning beyond foam for depth.
Dawn tongues slowly raise up the land-sunken houses,
stilled curtains in darkened windows not yet stirring.

Nearing, he shall not shake the dew from his cloak but gather
as much as he can to bathe Her - feet, hands, those parts
Death cannot sink into but he can. And life will continue on.

As will the other, his lost brother of the inland tent
now gratefully at rest forgetting the ever orange world,
edge fires signaling unseen until dark,

and then the dogs,

and Death's hand,

and then back to work again.

Warren Falcon

Contours For Gazing - Autobiography Ghosted By Father

He has the look of one who cuts his own hair.

The scar between his ears, broad,
stretches contours for gazing.

Something happened.

One cannot think ill of him who now
eschews any man with blade or shears,
his face is proof enough not to trust.

Still, he walks upon the world, a gash in air
which does not care for looks of any sort.
Frightened children do not cry though their
play is stopped. Bullies cross the street,
heads low in leather, trying to be invisible.
Dogs suddenly silence remembering to
quickly go where their tucked tails point

- away.

Nothing can undo a look which undoes many.

He carries his book, large, heavy,
front cover turned into his tweed,
tucked under his arm, something
he can hide while the title he is

screams.

He, like the dogs, is silent needing
speech no longer. People have not
heard him when he once did speak,
do not hear isolate ongoing moan
his face has become, large, Biblical
in proportion to grief he tucks
beneath the other arm

wishing no harm to the world.

Warren Falcon

Pasturale Lullabies - Fragments Of Nocturnal Song From A Child's Abandoned Grave

Lullaby One

Remembered gait of young ponies toward
the spring's sweet water

Remembered laughter of the frail daughter there
beside the fields sweet grasses

The daughter, as the water, passes into silence

Lullaby Two

Distant crows sound the morning field beyond pasture

Dew murmurs names upon passing grasses

still, the woods echo

Below
a stream's gash extends

slowly suspires erasing dimensions
of width and depth

Lullaby Three

Blue the waters at a distance

Blue the tails of otters

Blue the eyelids of sleeping beasts
nested beneath the earth

Lamentation Song

Dear one

Dear one

They've mown the hill

The grass remains

The modern scythe and sickle
felled the frailer blades but stained
their metals green with your name

Now the sun alone shines

burns that hewn spot where I first
learned to love your passing

where I watched your leaving
grow wild and lovely,
untamed beside the stream

learned to hear the quiet there
where now a cycle is begun

A new season of your death
is running rampant again to know
the blades of time and men

Warren Falcon

The Case For Love As Storm

for Crimson Love

This can only go well.

I hold your hand
throughout the storm.

We swell together.
Two seeds break open.

I day your arbor.
You arbor my need.

Let us not plead our
case for love as storm.

Here we are warm in the park after
dark beneath the newspaper wet.

Stained with ink we are that fading
photograph of the bride and groom.

We are marked most likely
to flower in any season.

Caution thrown to wind,
blind lightning stabs the dark.

Sparks kindle perimeter pines.
The park is aflame.

The music of the gazebo gutter
waltzes clumsily on.

We make a run for it.

The dance is close.

It is now.

It is ours.

Warren Falcon

Babel Soup

for poets

Dawn muse, difficult lover,
come hard through the
chimney trailing pages
and alphabets.

Babel soup for breakfast,
and strong black coffee.

Another wander in the wilderness
preserving the last match.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

The Year I Almost Became A Catholic

The year I almost became a Catholic
5 stars rose from your breasts in Spring.
My nest was a sudden disturbance in blue.

A veil

a floating head

bleeding thorns

adorned your white throat.

I fled from my boat after one
long night of fishing only to
arrive ashore with torn nets
and apparitions upon my knees.

Without will my cursing ceased.

I discovered I was speechless.

I learned to speak with my hands.
Curious circular clouds surrounded
particular heads without logic.

Genuflections strange rearranged
the air in front of my chest while I
sat upon or hid my left hand.

Purple became everything dear.

Roses diminished before your
bare feet treading upon a serpent,
a tourniquet of gold each ankle
entwining.

Virgin stars minus 5 surrounded
your curved shape defiant of robes
meant to convey the holy restraining

in my groin.

Odd collections mounted in the attic
where I retired to cloister and wait.

Leaden pilgrimage up and down pointless
stairs accumulated distance.

My beard became a convention of lepers and bells.

Fingernail parings

clumps of hair

bits of flesh

sacks of ears

all were relics in the making.

I became an accountant listing and numbering each holy scrap.

I tried not to be critical but my eyes lied.

I could not confess except by pencil,
leaving notes and grease stains
for the priest to interpret.

Absolution my hope,
a mute vow was my prosthesis.

Then Spring returned.

My boat sank. All mended nets,
a year's work, were lost.

Nothing to do.

I return to you, a parenthesis in the sea of loneliness.

Each star, each breast, you have removed
in my absence, mourning made permanent,
scars upon your throat oddly fish-shaped.

Astonished, my voice returns, curses then caresses,
withered left hand free to unravel regret nerve for
nerve, the only net worth mending.

I reserve this one strange act from a year of orthodoxy,

to anoint your feet with tears.

I dry them with my hair, your outstretched arms
a beseeching beyond emptiness, your chest barren
but for my hands remembering the uses of prayer,
kisses but murmurs, rumored stars where swollen sails had been.

Warren Falcon

Nightingale Confesses Into Straighter Teeth For The Seven Falling Ones

'...descend and of the curveship lend a myth to God.' - Hart Crane

The boys, seven falling: Jamey Rodemayer, Tyler Clementi, Raymond Chase, Asher Brown, Billy Lucas, Seth Walsh, Justin Aaberg

Even the pigeons on my stoop are silent now.
One mourning dove coos tenderly for these who
have taken their own lives publicly on our behalf,
for those many gone before them, broken hearts
enraged, no more to engage the unpersuaded
world which, one of them, one of the public ones,
in spite of murmuring wharves, in spite of amorous
dark alleys bitter in the pitch of the last hateful
American Century, Hart Crane, wrote before his leap
from the ship beside the phallic curve where Cuba
meets the lispig sea, took his tongue away which
sang of chill dawns breaking upon bridges whose
spans still freely splinter light returning hungover
from the night wharves, grottoes, and denim World
Wars, industrial embraces crushing every man and
now another one abandons his fingers and fiddling
to scattering light, takes flight from ledges to
edge close to an embrace no longer forbidden -

'And so it was I entered the broken world
to trace the visionary company of love...'

I am the itinerant priest who sits at meager feasts.
Suffering congregants, forlorn over their starfish and soup,
ask about dreams, confess to anguish, ask what should be done.
Here at my confessional I can only plead mercy upon the boys
who have jumped from bridges, hung themselves, cut, sliced their
compulsive hands, exploded hearts, leaping dears eyes ablaze in
thrall of antlers, trembling flanks strong to fly decrying the
violent hunt which always ends in a death bequeathing these
chopped bits to me and to others like me who remain at table,

plates before, to stare at what is to be later scattered, sown,
these pieces in and for Love-without-name still a stain upon
confused local deities and their wild-eyed supplicants.

But there is no stain upon the promiscuous sea.

Warren Falcon

Dear Goodfew, Regarding The Poems I Sent

Don't worry about reading them.
If good enough they will keep.
If bad they will linger like old garbage
placed outside a neighbor's door
in the middle of the night only to
wrap tightly around when opening
a morning door to leave for work,
pushed back, turned off, sour,
5 flights of breathless descent
cursing the occupant in 5A.

The front door slams behind.
Stepping into sunlight and shadow
the day is won, has worn away the
mal-odors of morning. Burn now
instead to live, to leave a strong
rot when put out a lover's door
because of laziness,

a partial rejection hung upon a knob.

Warren Falcon

Brittle Goes The Bone

for Anthros Del Mar

The animal we are
reserves just rights
to complain -

empty bellies,
encroached territories,
crotch urgencies,
skin withers,
fur falls -

brittle goes the bone,
so small the gathered human corners,
so great the needed mercies.

We must not dishonor
the animal we are.
We fight for blood right,
birth right, some bread,
a place to lie down
with kindred beings.

A patch beside a stream,
a doll house street,
sweat-and-blood won,

proclaims a personal kingdom.

Listen now.

Milky or Muddy Ways
somewhere require stunning loss.

We are falling,
battered lips praising
still.

We have

witnessed,
yes,
cracked
all this.

With a kiss
love in the crush
and crank is

sealed.

Warren Falcon

Two Poems, Remembering Barnardsville Days, Blue Ridge Mountains, North Carolina

1

Uses For Wings - Variations From 'We Can Be Broken' & Other Discarded Poems

'It means so much that we can be broken.' - from an early poem, 1978

for Tien Ho, departed,
and Michael carving
the empty space
of her leaving still

*

Here is a Presence beyond
illicit fires bearing witness
to evidence, remains of flight,
contrived escapes blocked by panes,
walls striped in ramming panic,
of ritual and a broken neck,
petrified wings placed in open
spaces they once could range.

*

I began

a bird flown down a chimney
dying in an empty house,
a hidden mountain valley,
night time fires upon surrounding
hills, moonshine stills signaling
flame warnings, bootleggers' silent
spirits conjuring drip by drip
metal and grain.

*

Here are uses for wings:

something returning,
or turning inward

eventually climbed,
rested upon,

or fallen to some chimney life.

*

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal,
what has become a destined association,
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this
once sentinel house long remote to men,
as present as God. My own presence is bound
to his who stands confounded now as three,
one above grave, one within it, and me
in between, one eye upon him, the other
upon sagging dirt where bones and a
ragged shirt share an unexpected
moment of veils confused in sunlight's
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and
shadows frozen there, not breathing
for us all in unstoried astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.
Upon weathered stones
are only creases for once were
names, dates, even God's Word,

chiseled by a now unknown hand,
an impression only, one among many,
reduced to no plot but that of Providence
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic
flies proving only flesh and only blood,
a flood of questions eventually exhaled,
and exhaling still, waiting beside
a white rock with wings,
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

2

What Is Revealed Side-By-Side

....recalling Barnardsville days
in the Blue Ridge, North Carolina

1

Silent, side-by-side, reading.
An occasional 'hear this then. '

Read aloud, words, bread, jam;
familiar tarnished knives spreading;

wedding set, grandmother's, all hands
forget intent on feeding, reading to each
gathered mouth.

Heads nod agreement.
Backs of hands and books
as napkins. Smiles all
around.

2 - What Is Read Out Loud

Beneath witnessed wheels

dancing stars gather stones at dusk,
pockets fill climbing World Tree to

apogee

then downward turn,
stones flung low to dawn,
that largest sun stumbles
alone to blue, screaming,

I WANT A WOMAN

heat enough to reveal morning's dove-blind croon,
burnt crow, having no use for light, missing
a leg, perches hard against solar winds.

Sun's call, different as bird and star, discloses.

3

What is revealed:

the mouse in the hole who loves the hole.

how the serpent's tail shimmers when tossed
out the door -

BE GONE

how one has learned to shake the sheet,
the pants, the socks, the heel-worn boots
before the getting-into, the putting on,

for even a snake loves a warm bed,
a pillow for its head - found once a
skin shed on my flower patterned
pillowcase, fleecy lambs forever silently
bleat as the cloth thins slowly slowly
from head wear, dream wear

because I was once a sleeping man.

Warren Falcon

What Is Revealed Side-By-Side

Recalling Barnardsville days in the Blue Ridge

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Warren Falcon

Ragas For Sleepy Bee

for Krishna, both of them, god, man

And so we began
the cooking lessons
the first demur approaches
the blushing papayas then
the fires the chilies harvested
curtains drawn

1

Dawn.

Slow him down.

He speaks
his accent thickly
richly Tamil
enunciating
each syllable

a child's story
stutters a boy
waking at dawn
asking for something
to eat

Sleepy Bee - she calls to him -
Go my Sleepy Bee to the garden
smell the jasmine there touch
softly the spices in trembling
rows fetch then chilies of many
colors I will prepare for you a
meal as you desire

when teacher makes you drowsy

by noon smell the spices in finger rows
upon your hand there remember the touch
of chillies smooth whispering of lingering
liaisons to come and you will brighten
my Sleepy Bee

A chili omelet she makes
a side of yogurt to soothe
the burn and milk from the
cow drawn as dawn's first
udder swells against the
press of distant hills where
the Temple soundly sleeps
so very pleased with itself

Mother each morning - rubbing his eyes

as he stumbles into the garden - sings

You may shout if you wish to wake

the Temple for the cow cannot speak -

Wake up! Awake! Make haste!

Lord Indra comes! Prepare the wicks,

the incense sticks for Holy Fire!

Hasten! Hurry! Quicken!

There beside Indra's captured fire
the little grate her Bee awakens
watches slow movements slicing of chillies
removal of seeds washing again plump
hands cracking of eggs beating them
bent spoon spreading ghee sings upon
hot stone enchantment of liquid becoming
firm becoming food she turns in rhythms
round she rhythmically prays

After breakfast the rose oil is
poured his raven hair smoothly
brushed his shining face his smile
reveals prepares him for school
kisses his uniform clean ironed
smelling too of rose scented soap

lunch a string of chilies many colors
sewn together when still in a waking
dream smell of chapatis fresh from
palms to stone

Chilies burn - he speaks slowly
each syllable enunciating practicing
through smiles -

but the touch of her
hand is fire She is far away
but I can feel her burning
hand upon me now

He is quiet

It is I who stammer

How can one enunciate such wonder?

2

Krishna complains of tilting
his head when he speaks
while his hands speak
too in their own way of
entwining morning glories,
the morning cock already
at quarrel with the world
head tilted too just beyond
the tin roof reaching in to
steal too enticing to pass
the untimid spices

3

He will soon be bored with me, I fear,
my humble 'ministrations' but still he
sweeps into my small room - the candles
lit, the incense rich - a young prince
beaming, more stories to tell, and food,
spicy hot, prepared for me, an offering.
Smiling, he strips instantly lays upon the
pallet in easy, unabashed nakedness
a proud new tattoo of a god on his shoulder
he wears an amulet a sacred bracelet
and a waist scapular the image of which
is just below his navel

So why - I ask only myself and the god,
never Krishna - why must I hide my large
wooden statue of the god? I hide it in
deference to Krishna's wish thus become
willing consort to the god-in-miniature,
scraping it with an ear, a tongue, receive
a scapular kiss its image upon my forehead
as I trace the wonderful hairlines of his
body on my way to other deities

4

Ah! give me all the cabbages
in the world in all my poverty!
Am I not, too, a Raj of floors
and scented pillows, this heaving
god upon me thrusting utterly
to reveal Himself, His mystery
to me who am not a god?

5

So please the intemperate
humanity in face of patient
deities burning I am ill with
grief with prayer into now

emptier hands the sea
I am when he departs
the wax hardened long
sputtered without form

the stories to me return

I reach then beggars fingers
to my face smell his flavors there
remember chilies smooth skinned
touches whispering of lingering
liaisons finally come

'and you will brighten my Sleepy Bee'

In my sputtering darkness O return

6

The room fills with Krishna
aromas of rose oil in his hair
pungent spices and sweat
upon his hands, his skin, his sex.

I retrieve the god from his little
sanctuary of hiding - it seems
I am always retrieving deities -

and we are both laughing
anointing cologne upon Him
pour milk into the votive bowl
rub His belly light another candle
the other extinguished panting
while busy bees exchange knees

and sighs diffuse male spices
to vapor migrant fingers upon
chilies thickening in always
morning hunger

7

More incense then

thank the god in all his forms
appearing both large and small
His adornment of secrets though
one cannot easily hide such deity
man-love and more in such intimate
universe whose toes I tickle shoes
abandon as tides shrink swell
grow diminish upon worshipers

those who will do so
in spite of those who would kill
delicate or manly infidels whose
worship - forever babies breath -
is all the more meaningful
because forbidden

Be damned the trellises
the petals reach
shall extend outward
the violin's throat cut

Do not ask me to see it

Then - deity restored to rightful place
good-natured from obscurity
again revered - return
to the kitchen onion slices garlic crushed
wine poured then begins fire O Indra
more aromas extend into

entwine

He leaves me the better for the wear

more the better for me.

8

He is leaving me

will be returning to India soon

He is departing such as our strange
arrangement has been almost four
years of weekly 'chillies gathered'
Sad I knew as empty hands know
at the start to keep the reins ever
taut while keeping open the heart
for new breaching

how I had to teach him what lovers
give to each how to kiss how to touch
how love is fluctuate fluent in dirty
tongues entanglements with the world

Still I have fluttered mightily in long tangles
of hair black, black his darker eyes shine
his bottom lip petulant hungry for mine and
those his parts smooth rivaling Everest
always beckoning to be climbed

Surprises tenderness on his part
graces unexpected quick disrobing

the easy nakedness the hunger so
clean the affection grown from early
flings to ring heart rosaries

toes fall down to tumbles
grasps and pressing flesh
its own alchemy merging
but let there be two solid
but encroachable objects
together crushed into each

He is soon departed
likelihood of similar rare
the room empties
late afternoon shadows
his leaving leaves ghosts

traces and I am full

yet

emptiness is never fuller but
for beloved's absence felt which
of course is the mystic's launch
the desert dweller and the roof

the longing tooth gnawing
one claws inwardly through
layers to find that Name that
Holier Ones say is written on
the back of the Heart

Thus remain I here in monk cell
soon to be more the monk's than
the once spunk monkey's boudoir

9

I retrieve the god
from his little sanctuary
of hiding - it seems I am
always retrieving deities -

O retrieve thou me my heart

Warren Falcon

Tore Carefully The Edge, Open, Of The Thing - A New York, Perhaps, Story

1

a New York, perhaps, story

drunk, again, postmaster/
mistress deposits, months,
your long sent gift into the
wrong mailbox downstairs,
tenant of said mailbox on
vacation long away he has

only just arrived from Barcelona
only just got to his mail, found
your gift for me now delivered
at last at my surprised, happily,
gray door only just this dull blood-
shot morning making/waking
into migraine coffee cup which,
too, the flavor of, is flat until
the surprise knock, arrival, I
tore carefully the edge, open,
of the thing, which brought/
brings me still surprise, joy,
eyes, scanning in the images/
words and I am

greatly in the
entrance/in trance
of the unfolding
elusive eventing
of it.

Thank you.

2

Just to let you know

that

I have written, angry, a note
to the post office, this, delayed
gift arriving not on time but
timely, blame is no good thing,
yes, to waste on minor salvation
at the door

when two filthy floors below,
just, a note post haste, slipped
under my door, and posted,
the super, on infested tenant
door, yellowed paper, hand-
scribbled, declaring, pencilled
the now in-premised,

[sic]

BADE BUUGS

such tenement woes,

now go forth,
I, afraid to touch
walls, fast walk

wide away,
around, from
it, hard done,
the narrow
stair too close
it is, fearing
what lives,
skin crawl,
therein and
creeping

up

now

the

biting

stair

3

That said,

flit nearby,

I am in a thorough, now,
(enough) read/study of
that, your arrival, which
would have eluded me
as, once, a young man,
now yields, if one can get
through the densities,
immense, his/my own,

narcissism

but there is, clear,
some greatness therein,
it, manuscript, yielding,
for which Narcissus can
justly be stroked

and fond-ed.

Warren Falcon

Sleep Walk

for grandmother

Slips into focus a memory
of crocus crazed upon her
matriarchal sill, the killing of
a cock, hacked, dimmed
eye sideways turned,
a dying sun behind a hill.

Red the axe clumsily wielded,
but a boy toying at men's work,
killing to eat, her forgiving skirt,
ankle deep, no longer riven to
morning, unable to witness the
last glorious color bleeding out
in less than insect hour.

Not a shout nor
outcry but this
that is,
that is
about dying.

Clear, this,
this image,
as is now clarity,
of piss, of pail,
splattering tile,
yellow, shining,
bug blear in
stinging flow

piss shock hot
on sleeping knees,
the sudden tilted pail,
its wilted contents,
evidence enough to convict,

and O this,
this midnight stagger,
nothing hurt but trembling
hand shaking to dryness,
the other leaning into yellow,
all the miles it took to get here,
too near, too near, sticky wet,
warm, fearful, roaches and
shadows drawing too close to care

and the nervous clock will not stop

and I am sleepless
beside the night light weak at
her desk dipping ancestral quill
into India ink, a grandmother's
gift upon her quieter end but
equally glorious to the cock's,
her passing from crocus and blood
to this moment's present sparks
wet upon the cleaner page

and I am still at men's work
and I am miserable with failure
but for this goodly work of remembering

her stanching skirt,
her guiding white hair bright,
'Lead, o Kindly Light'.

Warren Falcon

Perservering Of Palms

for Karthik, once again,
'The light foot hears you
and the brightness begins...' - Pindar

that salt adheres to the palm
proclaiming only this
that purchase requires both
sweat and the one hidden pearl
of scraped touch

much there is in the hand
bequeathed;
beneath the thigh the grit
burns smooth the groove
where you lay

your wonder - that purchase
of kisses, too, with salt,
crystalline, rimed - is hard

Timed little breath-hairs,
inescaped light, red, turned
the more out in layered traces

delicate,

veins strain the
more for tongues' hard press

tapered fingers flame
that these lips may chaff/
chafe more the love
from the grain which
skin frames from
cloudless scansions

Obdurate Sun,
unclothe now,

apparel dispose,
appear beyond
familiar feet,
cast off,
at last unremembered

legs arc,
display,
sunrise splay
without restraint
tangled limbs arch,

on summit burn
where doffed shoes
obey Flame which
does not snuff nor cinder

Kindled limbs
do not go out
do not ash hot
to powder
nor the colder grow

though each is made distinct,
distinguished, though each
is extended, extinguished in
the other's contradiction
neither brother or lover

but both
be perseverance
of palms,
of salt

Preserve.

Warren Falcon

3 Am Kingfisher Sonata

for V.R.Cann, 'of the Serpent born'

I am, down to a man,
the most wrestled and
creased of seasons'
unceasing ardors.

I am established upon my worn and wagging throne.
I remain open all night. Preponderant sinners, their
mendicant amusements such are these fractured
pearls, are wanton for dark bottoms, sea bed renewals,
though for many here any bed will do;

no work on the morrow.

I suffer the happy travails of indigent withers,
a later paramour whose eyes do what thighs
no longer can. Young men stray in the redder
door and, thank god, are easily distracted,
thank god, the erotic slights of hand, thank
god, the scented smoke, the velvet-covered
mirrors drooping unnoticed; they depart the
happier minds touched more than diminishing
crescents of flesh.

I remain a magician's
hat, hand and arm deep,
it's pit of cyphers ever
grasping, so desperate
for retrieval.

Still, dimming eyes skim shades, browns,
blacks, skin shine a wonder too long stared.
Love, yet, naps undisturbed at peace in my
admonished gaze; pastoral fold's redolent loam
in-breathes; such sleeping geography, it's spell,
its throat tenderly bared, is too great to disturb
with a hungry touch.

Eyes are wiser now to
allow breaths little swallows,
murmurs overflying
nipples minarets,
sinew and hair;

salt mines below
crystallize sweat
beckoning craven
tongues to aftertaste
rejoinders, sweet...

Life, dear Barcelona, is sweet..

One endures long enough to break through thunder,
a taut belly, a smooth place for lips to land.
One may reach a 'Pure Land' which has no logic,
the tedious seasons of long life endured.
Still, one gathers names of each joven**
prince passed beneath loving,
yes, arduous hands.

Again, upon Kingfisher's wings I blow these kisses,
this music, your patient ear awaiting the purist pearl,
for you were once the bequeathed, escaped girl
without fear of oceans, this one between us which
now must be overflowed to reach you.

N. Nightingale, Empress of Contrails

**'young' in the Spanish tongue

Warren Falcon

Simply Stated Moves Vision

everyday

an open hymnal
on the knee

bend instead
kneel poems
prayer
simply stated
moves vision

down

to a broken world
to gently push a dream forward
to watch it take wing or land

or fall

some
obscure world
unreached

there
tent pegs
will not
hold

one returns

mind pegs
loosened

edges
too worn
to prevent

or care



PoemHunter.com

Warren Falcon

Exodus/Excursus After Folly - An Aging Poet Addresses One Who Wanders In Mountains Remote

for Andrew Linton

'Now I've broken my ties with the world of red dust;
I spend all my time wandering and read all I want.
Who will lend a dipper of water
to save a fish in a carriage rut? ' - Han Shan, Tang Dynasty, China

1

There's a wary Moses in the distance counting pocket
change to give to the ferrier, coins to fit the eyes.
I'm hanging at the back of the crowd. There's manna
enough for pockets. My Red Sea is long parted but old
Pharaoh's got a new army. Each day is a scrape in the tents.
Prayer and fear is sustenance dragged further out by pillars
of fire. A volcano rumored to be God publishes 'Mandates for
a New Junta', led by a well-bred stutterer (prototypical politician,
it seems) . In odd limbo there trail reluctant murmurers.

That Golden Calf Incident was a silly mistake,
an overreaction, but there were agreements made
at the outset, sealed in blood, first born sons threatened
or worse, guaranteed real estate for dairy farmers and
bee keepers, oodles of milk-and-honey futures, money
to be made in hopefully greener pastures. Now it can
be said with certainty, a 'promised land' comes with
big catches - I've exchanged one for another, same
mistake - the barbs are plenty, mostly mistaken people
thinner than scripture loudly staking claims to land
and deity in long meander.

It's a luxury, sure. Some choose to wander. Some don't.
Water is scarce in deserts. Wheels are few but for
chariots of war, not many ruts though there's thirst aplenty,
not the bounty promised before the journey.

A penny for a wet tongue.

I'm of that hung up crowd forced to flee, a victim of unleavened fate, or is that too Greek a notion? The question begs asking. Unintended impertinence must be forgiven. That's the theme, right? the long march of history, that of redemption in time though each and every has an opinion. Can't be helped.

Much to explain.

All's a seeming washed in blood.

2

How passing strange is life in old age overwrought by too much thinking. All is not yet lost but merely tossed and scrambled in this ramble where etymology is everything. And good boots. I'm then to poetry and books a-sundry, an attempt to keep a horizon. Above it. Not under but the dip is soon enough. Humor with others is still intact. Alone I manage to laugh out loud.. After a life of folly so much frivolity empties one out. I cry out in the night but remainder to Silence.

3

Old friend, I've been reading zen, the death poems, and Sayings of the Desert Fathers, in many ways the same. These orient. One can still lift a head up amongst the stars while swatting flies, be silly, for what care stars at all but for eyes, maybe they're wanting to be seen? Reading remote poets and prophets purposefully hiding out to 'draw nigh unto' is ironic, remove the eye of the perceiving other and it will show up upon the sky, mountains, all things between, universally; perhaps even TV screen static between channels links here/now with beyond; easier to be in subtle presences sublime than these lumps in solidity which are the material, a hard father's boot-steps on the stairs just out the door sends one packing, a shy Desert Father beneath his bed to hide, a wilderness of sorts.

From there I pray,

'Abide with me, Father,
give sons a safer world,
bring them gently into it'.
Many sons are ill-prepared,
'not yet, not yet, ' they bray.

4

I'm flung further into the fray though I sway up 5 flights
of stairs, long in exile, dizzy with the street, the human
beauty and brokenness there, all those flower pots in
windows, on stoops, the blossoming tree brightening
between darker bricks to truly dwell. It is for me, a shy
son, to see in spite of big chunks missing or torn out,
to remake the world as it always is for gods long to
be bread to dwell in our finitude. To them, then, I am
'the Dude', a daffodil in my lapel, gate of heaven and
h*ll open at the end of the block. I skip forward singing,
'La La La, ' poems a'pocket. If questioned at the gate
I'll blame you, meandering still, granting permission
the entrance to boldly storm.

Between St. Marks and the horizon my fingers still work.

Warren Falcon

Photos Of War - From The Encampment Of Heartstrife

'like unto like'
but do not say it
my forbidden simile

Photo of War - 1

no milk for her
child the nipple
droops a sad
thing while dogs
run wildly about

Photo of War - 2

Geese tell of return

the burning village
counts its embers
measured in hands

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Photo of War - 3

there are treaties

generals

prisoners and
gilded boxes
exchanged

then the
Mongol spices

□

Photo of War - 4

boys

muddy feet

cheer

chase behind

battalions

innocent fists

raising threat

for them

such regrettable

punctuation

Photo of War - 5

Hold Fast

the greatest

among us

he knows

only war which

makes him great

in one thing

alone

I know

of waiting

what the horizon

safe keeps behind

its ear

of love, yes

Photo of War - 6

your top knot my hand

unknotting

your long hair my

scented bedding

sudden
startled
wildness of laps

in the vase
so very
still

a clutch of stamens

arrival at last -

the fallen petal
of your navel

Photo of War - 7

Dream again

of moonlight

of sewing

that work of warriors -

needling of seams

I know the pattern well
so near to hand
a blessing

let the dead bury
theirs

Photo of War - 8

his face
sleeps upon my
belly

I do not breathe
do not wish to disturb

Dawn just

light fingers
trace in circles

each

breast

what tickles
but a sigh interrupted

Photo of War - 9

In your dream

a gentle
boat slowly rises
with waves

the gentler subsiding

slides up
my torso
to keel
to kiss
to vow

never again to go to war

Photo of War - 10

liar

already

the men are heavily gathering

new arrows hot for flesh

only for yours I am

Photo of War - 11

captured

fortressed

a better world

between the teeth

on tips of tongues

on lip perimeters

strung by kisses

Photo of War - 12

hunger

paper curtains

for ink yearn

their brush strokes

burning stories

to bear

a fly

strolls a realm
just on the other
side of light

only silhouettes

guesses too

thrills at motion so
slight framed in
window gray

slackening skin
the better
when simple
loves caress

in love with
small things
keep what
is seen where
hides the wind

Photo of War - 13

only this

to take a quiet supper
to hear the dipper spilling
too full
the deep well
yielding

knowing a hand of dew
brings such sweetness wet, cool

wet

From childhood our song:

Hurry awake sleepy bee
Softly sings the breeze

To sweetness we are called
when the sun high shall be
freshened with tears our parting

Photo of War - The Last Entry

behind the barred door wait

a lock of wound hair

silk pouch of my gated heart

it will be a hard arrow to pierce it

□

□

Warren Falcon

What Is Seen

a fly
strolls a realm
just on the other
side of light

only silhouettes
guesses thrills
motion so
slight framed in
window gray

in love with
small things
keep what
is seen where
hides the wind

Warren Falcon



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Only This To Hear

only this

to hear the dipper spilling
too full
the deep well
yielding

knowing a hand of dew
brings such sweetness
wet, cool

wet

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

From The Encampment Of Heart Strife, A Warrior's Journal - Fragments From An 11th Century Japanese Scroll

for Goodfew

'like unto like'
but do not say it
my forbidden simile

one is not immune
to jealous couriers
who would come
between lovers

Rice paper is thin

Tender words never
tear though ink

PoemHunter.com

Wild tears fade
sure words to guesses

Distance reconciles
murmurers with desire

Duress strengthens
supple resolve

supple resolve
thickens skin

thickened skin
feels the better
when simple
loves caress

paper curtains
for ink yearn
their brush strokes
burning stories
to bear

a fly

strolls a realm
just on the other
side of light

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of return and
so I will when the
burnt village
counts its embers
measured in hands

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generals

gilded boxes
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and the
Mongol spices

no milk for her
child the nipple
droops a sad
thing while dogs
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Hold Fast
the greatest
among us

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makes him great
in one thing
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I know
of waiting

what the horizon
safe keeps behind
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of love, yes

your top knot my hand
unknotting
your long hair my
scented bedding

sudden
startled
wildness of laps

the vase
so very
still

a clutch of stamens

I dream again
of moonlight
of sewing
that work of
warriors naked
needling seams
In this dream
I know the pattern well
so near to hand
a blessing

let the dead bury
theirs

his face
sleeps upon my
belly

I do not breathe
do not wish to disturb

Dawn just

light fingers
trace in circles

each my
breasts

what tickles
but a sigh interrupted

In your dream

a gentle
boat slowly rising
with waves

the gentler subsiding

slides up
my torso
to keel
to kiss
Never again will I go to war

I lie

Already
the men are heavily gathering
new arrows hot for flesh
only for yours I am

From childhood our song

'Hurry awake sleepy bee
Softly sings the breeze
To sweetness we are called...'

When the sun
is high
shall be
freshened
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our parting

behind the barred door wait
a lock of wound hair
silk pouch of my gated heart
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Small boys
muddy feet
cheer
chase behind
innocent fists
raising threat

for them
such punctuation
I regret

only this

to take a quiet supper
to hear the dipper spilling
too full
the deep well
yielding

knowing a hand of dew
brings such sweetness wet, cool

wet

Warren Falcon

Fragment From An 11th Century Japanese Scroll

a better world is

between the teeth

on tips of tongues

on lip perimeters

strung by kisses

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Here's Breath For You - Upon Purchase & Buyer's Remorse - A Letter Poem To A Literature Professor

Dear Low,

Not to worry.

I am the man most pursued in last night's dream.
That emaciated thing at my back keeps tracking me.
I remain just out of reach. Classic. Even there,
as here, I am escaping something, a life time of
practice in this 'Kingdom of the Canker'.

It was no banker who followed me last night
but a starved lacklove rejected by 'Canker' and, well,
by me. Who'd want that part, all start and no finish?
Replenishment has often enough meant hiding out
and a demand that it keep at least 5 arm lengths away.

I will try, I tell it, to look at it but I find its presence
most disturbing, its handful of leaves continually
proffered leaves me in a quandary. What do they
mean, this offering, though my father was a lumberjack?
Perhaps this is a track of sorts to follow for an end
to the mystery. I am stumped.

Again, not to worry.

After a life time (now almost 60 years) of identity crises,
which is a low grade fever in the personality, such is poetry.
I am very weary of it as I now move into yet another identity,
OLD MAN. And who gives a damn in that new
'Kingdom of the Cracked & Crank'? Invisibility awaits, or worse,
pee pants.

Do I become that thing which follows me in my sleep,
leprously white, pale wanderer of the empty pockets,
eyes dark and full of something deeply known?
I am not yet ready to know such things though the
dream indicates that I am for it is very near.

How can I expect the culture to pretend to be interested, it having pushed the thing even farther away than I ever could? And since this has turned too goddamned confessional I do confess that I am beginning to lose heart for it, all this pushing, this running away, which is perhaps good news to the very few who know me truly.

Rather,

I sit on the cultural dunce stool in my corner of the room reading, reading, tracing, tracing the chase of 'logos' through time. No rhyme or reason can I make with my earnest forefinger. Still malingering shadows of what is in those dark eyes just over there dim my creased page. I pull at curtains to close out tighter whatever daylight those eyes may bring to my knowing.

I am such a monk.

I live hard unto myself.

I daily sacrifice goats upon an alabaster altar to the blood thirsty bastard both within me and who dwells just outside my door.

Grace, yet, daily unfolds, usually in the coffee cup, first sip, and morning prayer without too much buyer's remorse which, I am convinced, is what that first squall of the just born infant is about... 'So much for corporeality... desiring only the womb. I could not read the fine print of the contract writ small in capillaries, that upon me there will be a vice, a clutch of alien air, a fall into too much light and clouds of Mercurochrome. I regret me I regret me I regret me...'

One adjusts. Continually. The persona is adaptation appearing to be solid but sleep reveals the neutrality of the animal. Dreams tell us otherwise when we remember them as it takes an ego to witness, to remember. They reveal that we are caught up into something so much greater than flush and stir. It's a wonder we make do as much as we do and still call ourselves by name, our family a species of animal, 'homo sapiens'.

I regret self pity. I'd reject it if I could
but it adheres, last resort of old coots born
honestly into it no matter the copious Mercurochrome baths,
the smelling salts obviating the needed nipple.

What is all this singing bathed in tears born of tremendous desire
and fear? Whose arms would hold fast and safe, embracement
against the brace of all us we fallen stars who do burn out brightly
or, more like me, privately in quarters counting days as if each is
the last until that dread thing finally comes in, after a life time of
daily threats and close escapes, with hopeful relief? Hopefully
there will be no buyer's remorse for purchase of Death.

"Here, " I'll try to say 'ponst that day',
(one must become Shakespearean in such company,
last payment on the installment plan) ,

"Here's breath for you. I tried to use it well."

Today the Market reports a run on Mercurochrome.
Birth goes on. I am for rebirth, a dirth of days
makes me suddenly Hindu, foregoing gurus and
bindu point. I've made my own here.

Selah.

Still, methinks I'll have your ear for a little while longer,
a handful of leaves only for my thanks, one foot well
into 'Cracked and Crank', the drunk tank a memory
worn out. Doubt is my companion.

Love, too. No remorse there.
Buys me time, aftershave and
loads of underwear for the trickles ahead.
Thank the gods for all that.

Oh. And one last good cigar.

W.

Archeology - What The Stele Says Upon Taking A Much Younger Lover

I am uncovered, thin, bared upon thinner
sheets the man-ripped to many images,
torn into, landscaped to former curves.
No longer do I grieve enclosure, touching
only myself, delivered from layers.

What begins to be, earth swell, breaks
root-room open to blood means.

All hurt now stings twilight quaked into being.
Your breath falls upon me now, taut, sinew,
bruising hands, purple insides flare warrior nerves
to unknotting surprise.

Magpie dances.

Lines, veins, strung between Pole Star
and First River Mouth, an embedded ruin uncovers in milk floods.
Touch gently first what has been too long concealed.

Hard touch congeals once was telling mud remolded into
"Not again. Not yet the bleeding Centurion."
Wield roughly then through gates too long shut.

When I cry out, do not mind. Blindly ram. Do not stop.

Magpie, my keeper, is flying.

Warren Falcon

Annunciation - For Cesar Vallejo

Arriving late to love

the broken tower
mourns its ringing ruin.

Long drought of air
stills the clapper.

But one breath, Trembler,
cracks metal.

Muteness falls away.
Frightened doves scatter.

Annunciation of rafters:

Come.

Remember gaiety,
how to sway.

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Who pulls the rope
are many.

Silver coin,
fly up from

empty fountain,

renew into
wishful hand
a saint's
pocket prayer
returning.

Poor in heart, scatter.

Bread, swell upon
leaning monuments.

Flowers
for the dead,

wildly grow
pinching lovers

kissing

over

open

graves.

Black Rooster
searching
scratches
all dawns.

Warren Falcon

A Gypsy Cab Author Caught In A Texas Milky Way, A Letter Poem To M. Meursault

for Bob. M.

Mark the first page of the book with a red marker.

For, in the beginning, the wound is invisible. - Edmund Jabes

And so it was I entered the broken world to trace the visionary company of love.

- Hart Crane

'A man of many false starts...'

- Opening line from the manuscript spoken about below.

Mon Cher Marcel Meursault, homo viator **,
tumbleweed rumor, post-war roamer,
son of Cain, Biblical stain in from desert storms,

Petrochemical companies flare just cross the highway, multi-lane signals of Mammon Cathedral in the Wasteland, it's neon void promises a Velvet Jesus, a Velvet Elvis to a desert kingdom of the far flung, you being one of them, now home from the war in exile before and after, returning to the beat up but beloved truck that also tells a story and leaves a stain. Black puddles beneath write the names of God:

Jake, his slow breakdown while breaking into those stately mansions of the godly rich; hard lessons of earnest Private Dodge wanting approval and love ill sought from the gold-toothed, refugee Drill Sergeant Tomaso, late of Liberia, a wannabee Jehovah with too much power over America's young game boys shipwrecked onto military shores.

This tale staggers. An overly educated veteran of the Iraq war driving his bondoed cab - the 'Great Spackled Bard' he calls it - here and there in Texas edge town perimeters of Mammonopolis where the money is compelled to dirt roads, back streets one would never intentionally drive if not for need of money forcing a military jacked, peg-legged hobo's freedom of sorts, shattered leg below the knee ignominiously left in the sands of the Shahs to make mutually agreed upon brief commitments with strangers to destinations ending with a

discharge and a fare-thee-well.

Between nocturnal addicts, the usual after hour customer, arrives the graveyard-shift nightly migrants; Waffle House, respite rituals of grease and gravy, the Medusa-wigged anorexic waitress with echolalia loudly repeats every order to the ash-tipped cigarette cook, a stubbed butt on a busted lip; she repeats overheard conversations at dirty tables, customers politely pretend not to hear the gossip-large confessions of littler lives pasted Hopper-like to the diner windows glaring reflections without error there where the only self-reflecting going on is the scribbler in the pink booth perversely taking it all in, thinking, feeling, penning it down in notebooks looking for himself in those echoes with your stolen shades on, eternally cool in his capacity to tolerate what you call 'the great densities' - immense absurdities de le quotidian.

Love them. Love them all, even those monolithic chemical companies, those justly reactive radio heads, their words blown out of cab windows - 'the wind blows away our words' - heard all the way to East Coast night up on the roof under the orange sky holding your manuscript in hand, flashlight New York City, words discarded or dragged screaming from a passing car compelling compassion, curiosity, hinting a calm eye in the center of eternal return's static-pitched dispatch to the corner of Crackhurst and Waffle House and back again, all 'amor fati'. The eye observes, swerves to miss the Mexican kid chasing the ball into Same Ol' Street ('same as it ever was' - David Byrne) , notes it with caffeine amphetamine laced and traces 'the visionary company of love'- stubbed cigarettes, sputum maps coughed and spat.

Indeed. Chase that company, chemical visionaries, down streets missing a few teeth, the bent antenna unfurls a remote prayer flag from coldest Himalayas fluttering, flung from gypsy cab windows, wordless hiccups of eventing into the oblivion of the obvious - flutter-flap ancient technologies of cloth strung holey in bleak majesty, gesticulate, pleading 'Mercy' for all the species, eventually our own, obliterated by human tracings. In another Buddha tongue:

Gate Gate Paragate Parasamgate Bodhi Svaha
GONE, GONE, GONE BEYOND,
COMPLETELY GONE BEYOND-
ENLIGHTENMENT, HAIL.

Keep going with all this, the other bric a brac. Three-legged dog pants, knows only that scented tires owe him a leg up in the world. At least one. All opening lines are strung up years ago when you were that freckle in 'Father Bob And What The F*ck Land', all the books (never false starts) read and to be read

written since then and now and to come during the insufferable hours, forlorn miles in the merciless cab all jib jab flap and flutter real voice about poor human choices which even at their worst vote for visionary company in those universes revealed even in glittering Texan and Iraqi sand.

It is so brilliantly human to find the diamond in the sh*t.

And no need for genius which used to mean something but not any more. On with the boring center line endlessly dividing though broken on purpose suggesting a way to veer. No guide needed here. Fear is the drive shaft, and longing turns the wheel.

Damned good you are inspired then amidst progress's smoking mirror, like Blake, a wake-dreamed jeweler mining away in-breathed while sucking those cigarettes and lovers, the endless hash browns, along Texas highways and byways waiting for another dispatch to Bumf*ck and Divine.

The psalmist says it right, no matter the blight:

'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.'

I await another dispatch prayer for the far flung tracers.

W. Falcon

**homo viator means, man the traveler, man on the way, the latin name Gabriel Marcel uses to designate the human species especially modern, now postmodern man.

Warren Falcon

Unexpected Fire, A Son's Cycle - Songs Of Experience

for my father, Major W.C. Falcon, Sr.

And, father, how can I love you

Or any of my brothers more...

The weeping child could not be heard...

They stripped him to his little shirt

and bound him in an iron chain...

And burned him in a holy place... - William Blake, from A Little Boy Lost

*

Of Childhood Lamenting - Song of Experience

Might I sing it then?

How many stones he hauled

Not bidden but rough forced

Hand by hand from coagulate soil,

A boy's red wagon rusting

Full of spilled tumble-stones,

Unyielding stars between silent rows.

Brooding father, with

His hoe to weed, or

Ridge to row, or brow

To strike, made of a boy

a mule and plow at

Earth's farthest Edge
Too ill-tilled to nurture
But more to fracture.

The land and boy
Turned by his father's
Bad blood to waste.
Both boy and corn,
Obedient to his and
Greater Hand, grew tall.
He hid there, late summers
In fateful stalks, grew
Small on shadowed
Afternoons reading of
Exiled royal Odysseus
And scores more, native
Born and slave, driven
From homing soil beyond
Surf, beyond tall mountains
And fragrances desert-walled.

He waited, a stone for

A small boy's hand,

Or a God's, to haul him

Or throw,

But it was his father's.

I often stare now at my own to know the difference...

*

Adolescence - Praising.

Cleaning fish on Good Friday 1963,

Fate, then, heavy in a boy's hand,

hoists dead weight to a nail on a tree.

His knife scores firm flesh yielding

beneath freshly limp gills - there is an

instrument made just for this, pincher-pliers

for catfish skin - he grips and tears,

uses his weight down-stripping smoothly

bare to such luscience little ribs of roseate flesh.

Only the overly large head, the ugly face

whiskered within gilded monstrosity,

remain pure to form, thin-lipped and

mocking, restrained by depth pressures,
sustained on surface trash, dead things
that sink down it's treasures.

Tenderly sing, then, to a nail
a boy's blood catechism -
hands, minds, meant to be stained,
mercy's quality unstrained
neither by will nor gill.

Scavenging flocks gladly fill their
gullets inhaling entrails tossed
in supplicant bins.

*

Middle Age - Awareness of Mortality Sure

Our Mutual Confession

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal
for what has become a destined association,
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this
once sentinel house long remote to men
and as present as God, my own presence
is bound to his who stands confounded
now as three, one above grave, one within

it, and me in between, one eye upon him,
the other upon sagging dirt where bones
and a ragged shirt share an unexpected
moment of veils confused in sunlight's
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and
shadows frozen there, not breathing
for us all in unstoried astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.

Upon weathered stones are only
creases where once were names,
dates, even God's Word, chiseled
by a now unknown hand, an impression
only, one among many, reduced to
no plot but that of Providence left
to surmise swatting at Eucharistic
flies proving only flesh and only
blood, a flood of questions eventually
exhaled, and exhaling still, waiting
beside a white rock with wings,
ignoring fire,

leaning into changes.

*

Middle-Age - Acceptance - Forgiveness

Repose Of Needles

If you need to stand or lie
in the shade for awhile then
do so as farmers do, as does
my father who farms despair
in hot sun then lays beneath
pines in cooler shade to rest,
to dream that activity between
dirt and sky means some lasting
thing in its doing even though

his ruined life cannot make
it right between clouds and
his obsession with weeds.

Between the garden and the
un-tilled woods he rests,
repose of needles and bark,
mid-day sun insisting its
question slowly. Night dawning
he at last in darkness stands
returned from day, a practical
vision of green shoots to come
from blistered hands.

Up hill to the colder house,
he wills himself to life enough,
speaks some words to wife,
arcs widely around silent wary
children and lives to be old.
His loss of memory leaves it
for others to forgive, to live on
in the rich rot of that ongoing
question which nurtures his
memory haltingly, gracefully, on.

Astonished, I have arrived at
love for him who hurt me most,
have learned to obey the odor
of decaying things compelling
hands to dirt. Within the dream
of staying, the tendril and the
heart, my aging body takes on
my father's form; I, too, like him,
am a farmer when I note how
it moves in its winding reach,
rooting, rising, giving horizon.

*

Reconciliation - Radiance:

Psalm

What can I bring to harvest but these
bruised hands, these cracked stones?

Praise to the fruit tree long untended
beneath mendicant stars.

A boy above, his Radio flyer** lightening full,
Reaches to me now en exilio, the farther flung.

Father, my most difficult,
most diffident friend,
My most loving curse,
a strange and fragrant

Grace arrives.

Look.

From unexpected fire

comes frail, brief blossoms.

>>><<<<

*William Shakespeare

**Radio Flyer is a toy company, famous for it's red wagons.
The company opened in 1917, the year of my father's birth.

Warren Falcon

The Cracked Cup, Somewhat Shakespherical

for Michael Malek

'where'ere he be, his love for 'the Bard' '

Could I but hold within in spite of crack
the strength of flavors, send vapors up
for sweet orders at once telling of earth, of loam, of comet;

In my form, though cracked, could I but
mold this world unfurling before me its
viscous flag, whirl it round, a jelling wind in love with sorrow;

Could I but borrow this shape though
marred and gather all morrows to me,
their bitter drafts drink down to make
merry marrow sink stars to knees
(Heaven's burning flashing mystery full) :

Could I but crack the Vault above, vanish, soiled,
to reappear, here, an apparition in insubstantial
hands, this cup, this man, this room, all one
and same but claiming separate faces;

Could all this be true I would hasten the Potter
to His shapening art, take this bell-kissed form
and, rift, singing, depart.

Warren Falcon

How Do You Make The Gorilla Com On Pocket God? (Sic) - A Found Poem

Light the torches using lightning,
place one islander on that central beacon

(he'll stick there spread eagle) .

Then, place one islander on
the drums on the right side,
and one on the crank on the left.

Their eyes will glow red.

Make sure it is night time,
then in a circular motion with
your finger, make the possessed
little dude on the left turn the crank,
spreading the hapless guy in the middle out

... but JUST until the little lights on
the bottom of the altar turn on...

crank too far and he'll explode.

THEN, FINALLY, lightly tap the
drums under the islander on the right...
and voila.

King Kong will eat the guy on the altar.

From there, you will have a bored gorilla.

NOTE: A bored deity is a DANGEROUS deity!

Cracked Song For Dirty Boots

for Nimal Dunuhinga

This tree

grows still

a child's mind

a bedroom window

This house

this window

gone but for

frames' crater

now

once was

home memory's

red dirt

O stand radiant-starred late afternoon

O stained stark shadows' black frieze

astonished stooped man

time's wee piss-boy

damp bunk-bed mattress fears



PoemHunter.com

O stand glazed from edges

gaze to bark

vine maps of escape.

Iron shadows

impress long into

wet pit

sun shards

spy glass

throat sore

Cracked song for dirty boots

Warren Falcon

Response To Bernadette Mayer's 'first Turn To Me...'

you appear without notice and with flowers
I fall for it and we become missionaries

we lie together one night, exhausted couplets
and don't make love. does this mean we've had enough?

- Bernadette Mayer

Failing the Grand Coniunctio
this is the only one we know
the one where we eat dirt
and swallow are filled and
swell belly up a meal to be
eaten when the Messiah comes

Leviathan our heavenly bridegroom
presses the banquet table with elbows
manners forsaken in the end
yanks at sallow meat forsaking
the wine which has turned

no First Wedding miracle can
be repeated - no do-overs here

Candles burn on as always false promises

All the doors are marked EXIT

Still we must try
at the Feast

make small talk

look interested

all the while thinking

This is it?

Angels without knees
aprons spotless starched
as beards of saints
complain of humans
the stains they leave

Overheard
between the fork
and spoon obscenely
crossed
one angel to another:

They call it love
what we are supposed
sublimely to sing of
but frankly all that
pushing and shoving
faces in agony the
cries and curses all
that pulling at flesh
bruised as the moon
this can't be love

We stand without legs
the better for it but
for these we must attend
bent over their plates
greedy to have at each
other again to marriage
beds one last time

And then the singing
begins

an eternity

songs about dirt
about longing to return

how all hurts there

mean something
after all

Warren Falcon

Extensions Of Crash - Strophes For Frieda Kahlo

As with love
also the bellows

Strophe 1

no stopping here

to flare out

dry paint

the dryer flesh

peel down

to bone

sexless skeleton



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skull no longer

mustached

skull and

nothing more

curved calcium

forever reliant

upon canvas

upon what is

congealed there

to fan and burn

a 'cauda pavonis'*

*Peacock's Tail (Latin, an image in alchemy)

Strophe 2

Calavera - the Future
stands hand to mouth
fingers to forehead
unfolding before still
instatic shapes

framed perceptions quake

Strophe 3

to come to terms
with what happens
repeatedly

16 years of age
piercing metal violates

turns into something
utterly astonished

livid

burns to vapor

still each canvas

backward falls

cruel alchemical
vas splinters
unrelenting nerves

encased steel-plated Virgin
takes a cyclops for a lover

Strophe 4

Discovery of the always
heavy Zero - only Absolute
of merit

births multiplicity
arms grown beyond counting

the better to carry
unforgiving densities

Gift from Arabia
the non-alloyed Zero
unmeasured by mass

better names for god:

thermal history

twisting vector

ghostly mirage

prima materia

in spite of or within
Metallic Matrices
blacksmith heart

hammers verdigris
chambers ventricles
shapes Newton's
grave conjugations

more names:

timed solidity

hardened Presence

dilute rendering

base metal

Strophe 5

'Chaste plutonium wire
bear the blunt Presence'

volcano born she
turns into conjugal
vessel

Quetzal plume
conjoins to Serpent
skin rebirthing
extensions of crash

and a returning God

boat and horse
delivered from
the red beard of
the bloated sea
confronting yet
one more deity
requiring blood

Strophe 6

only a swaying bus

careens yet again

repeats collision

Virgin's hymen torn

amniotic Host a

Lover forever dividing

concealed antlered

uterus

anvilled annunciations'

apparitions strung

on coniunctio

destined to see

deities through to

the end beyond capacity

to smell necrosis

to see the exit wound

of soul coagulate

disguised as skin

muscle sinew canvas

Strophe 7

Circulatio

arrive again upon the
threshold

the bus once more stops
at her stop

carries her forward into Legend

Warren Falcon

Kahlo-Christ Conjunctions - Sacrificed Flesh, Broken Bread, Emmaus Vision

[The curious or, better, interested reader may view the images alluded to in this essay at this website: falconwarren.blogspot.com/2011/01/kahlo-christ-conjunctions-sacrificed.html]

Kahlo Strophes

As with love, also the bellows.

Calavera*, the Future stands
hand to mouth, fingers to forehead
unfolding before still instatic shapes.
Hold desperately to frames before
these quaking perceptions.

She could not stop there,
had to flare out, dry paint,
and the dryer flesh peel down
to bone, a sexless esqueleto**,
skull no longer mustached,
a calavera, nothing more,
curved calcium reliant forever
upon canvas, what is congealed
there to fan and burn,
a 'cauda pavonis'***.

- the author, from the text below

*Skull

**Skeleton

***Peacock's Tail (an image in alchemy) .

'Poetry such as this attempts not just a new syntax of the word. Its revolution is aimed at the syntax of the mind itself. Its structuring of experience is purposive,

not dreamlike. We are dealing with a self-induced, or naturally or mysteriously come by, creative state from which two of the most fundamental human activities diverge, the aesthetic and the mystic act. The creative matrix is the same in both, and it is that state of being that is most peculiarly and characteristically human, as the resulting aesthetic and mystic experience is the purist form of human act. There is a great deal of overlapping, today especially, when art is all the religion most people have and when they demand of it experiences that few people of the past demanded of religion....A visionary poem is not a vision. The religious experience is necessitated and ultimate.' - Kenneth Rexroth, *World Outside the Window, the Selected Essays of Kenneth Rexroth*, pg.255-256

Rexroth's words are pertinent to the images used in this essay, Kahlo's painting above is visionary, Grunewald's are religious, and several photos are both, and all are 'aimed at the syntax of the mind itself.. Its restructuring of experience is purposive, not dreamlike.' The images included in this essay, which is more a prose poem than regular prose, are meant to convey equally or more, at least as much as, the words in their incantatory formations which may induce entrance into 'imaginal' spaces where word and image meet in a practical magic, inspire a felt understanding and perhaps gain a view or actual entrance into what ecstatic poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, calls 'the Greater Relation.'

I've decided to publish this piece-in-progress as it unwinds in spirals 'aimed at the syntax of the mind itself...its restructuring of experience' with the understanding that it may later appear in greatly altered form. In a real sense this writing writes itself; I try to heed, copy, then hone to the bone what might be wanting to be sung, for what is below, and often what I write, is more akin to music, a vocal/verbal lilt beyond a particular solid tilt of view of a world absolute, static logos.

Heraclitus noted thousands of years ago, 'All is flux.'

To this I would only add, and perhaps this is what all of my writing amounts to,

'All is reflux.'

Selah. WF

NYC,1/31/11

Many who know me know that I am passionate about Mexico, my love for the

land, the people, the history and culture. Mexico embodies an ongoingly dramatic and profound conflict of body and soul in land and people. There, both pre-Christian religion and Catholic Christianity still strive with each other, traumatically rumble and stumble together a vibrant mix of dynamic images and energies, literal active volcanoes and temblores (earthquakes) add concrete emphasis to what noble telluric forces are seeking to be expressed in manifest people and geography; both the old (pre-Columbian) and the new (to the continent Christian) religions with their tectonic gods and cosmologies enamored/riveted to Star-and-Sky with their calculable notions, mathematics greater than ourselves, abstractions of once solid exigencies greater still, are compensations for blood-, earth-, carbon-, metal- deities. Incorporating the Sky, an edible notion, the more potent sacraments of plants - fungus, febrile root, vine, leaf, pulp, spore, entire chemical choirs of angels gather in a chew or brew, a puff and spew, fiber and fever swallows which lead to being swallowed by raw Existence unmasked revealing infinity forever turning in upon itself, an Uroboric Fractal to which we are not inclined in spite of religious wars to give ourselves consciously, utterly. Given this parity of storming exacting deities, revealed in their own inexorable mathematics calculated in plucked hearts and heads rolled, it is no wonder that the imagery and message of Christianity would strongly resonate in Aztec and other indigenous psyches of Mexico.

Enter Frida Kahlo, code in part for me, of Mexico and the maelstrom of the Twentieth century, of modernism, of vibrant culture and of passionate human suffering and creativity. Kahlo's paintings partake of this iconoclastic encounter of catastrophic theologies formed around and within the mouths/bellies of gods of trauma seeking to relieve that trauma by blood requirements either enacted ritually/symbolically in religious rituals or in literal violence acted out in unconscious identity with these instinctual gods, usually both; Carl Jung once said that 'god is a most shocking problem...god is a trauma.'

Each viewing of a Kahlo painting is a viewing of her life, body and soul, its alluded metal serpents, cyclopic hulking male tyros (Rivera, Trotsky, to name only two) , volcanic, engorged Titans of Malinche, chingares (goring ones as the bull gores hungrily) swallowed, too, hoping both to remain and to break free of Her, the Great Saurian Mother, Plumed Serpent, Quetzalcoatl, inherited deities extracting from Kahlo and Mexico literal blood, for paint is blood, too, gashes in brush strokes she could never quite conceal/congeal (and thus her paintings turn hemorrhage to good purposes) , becoming herself the clot, her flesh an unwitting tattoo of existence's beautiful and terrible forms. A life with needles, stitched, she pitched repeatedly into the long throat of the Alimentary Great Mother, Uruboros tail in mouth, recreating Her self by hard passages, throat to anus to birth canal and cave, galactic center point waiting perhaps at the other (no) end,

carbon jesters, angels teeming on Quetzal quill tips, twinkling fires in the pitch, sometimes called stars, or ravens, black heralds of colors yet to brilliantly come.

Her chosen medium of paint scores the story of soul wrenched from the body in a terrible accident, personal FATE of archetypal proportions lending images to a human century soon to be overly wed to, dependent upon, and controlled by its machines, the soul's uneasy return to a life on earth, mechanics of body, mechanics of the Twentieth century god, Pragmatics, fed by workers' blood, soul's body's become none other than alchemy's 'Cauda Pavonis', the peacock's tail, or the peacock itself, enduring a magnificent ecstasy/agonny, an 'in between' phase in which many colors appear, splendid iridescence, midway point, a false conclusion, merely a digestion of polarities of the black and white flaring in brilliant tints upon glinting metal gears, upon human workers glistening sweat - all light is a glancing blow - to be further transformed not only into spiritual tinctures but into spinal ones as well in which she dips brushes, fingertips in finality no longer lingering; she pours salt into what is left of a self, a wound imaged, lived, no longer intuited, recognized as sacred for a scar is not an idol but a deity hard won.

Kahlo's images are soul trying to scry the 'tragic side of life', the careening streetcar of the Future repeatedly crashing into the always pedestrian bus of Now, forever-world yet changed by the same themes such are archetypes extending at least for a life span which envisions, enlarge, into the next few centuries.

As with love, also the bellows.

Try as I may to render Kahlo as noun and verb, as event still venting from grave mouths such are canvases, my attempts fail to distill, to come to terms with what happened to her at 16 years of age, piercing metal violated flesh newly woman, which turned her into something completely utterly astonished, livid and unforgiving pain burning her to vapor yet still each canvas she is ever falling back within the cruel alchemical vas, glass splinters into unrelenting nerves, encased steel plated Virgin taking a cyclops for lover.

Love inherent in Kahlo's work is all the more Love amidst the ruins disguised as progress. Kahlo's Christ-self in thorn necklace, hummingbird in shape of the Cross, at times her eyebrows, is the 'more real' to me than any I have been so far tendered but for Grunewald's painting of the Isenheim Christ (imaged just below) for the sanatorium altarpiece, a diseased Christ on the Cross covered with

syphilitic sores showing 'the strange beauty shining through the disgust and unbearable pain of disease' (text from the back cover of *Evil, Sexuality, and Disease in Grunewald's Body of Christ*, by Eugene Monick) . I now run from any 'offering' of Deity which drives me further away from my humanity, all of it, by which no god or gods are deposed but, rather, exposed in the fleeing to be all the more gathered, and all the more weathered, endured.

I dwell more in Kahlo's world and long to someday live in her Mexico which to diminishing degree still exists, which does not refuse the comfort of iron nor of Grace, always a surprise, placed and displaced at once in the scarring conjunction of flesh and spirit, human/divine images prominent in Christianity, a dismembered and devoured Christ as only incarnation allows, insistent autonomy arguing autonomy, rough acceptance, Grunewald's unique One, especially the One with shades appealing eternity, beheld for a sickly yet shining, fractured and much, much loved, begotten world.

Christianity, not the Christ, exchanged images for words, images within them breaking to openness into and beyond that mortal sign bursting still into the still more open 'Word' which, too, in spite of Churchly preventions and stops, breaks free of doctrine-adequately-flavored but seeks perhaps secretly to be undone, 'the bells, I say, the bells break down their towers' (Hart Crane, 'The Broken Tower') .

In reaction to images and imaginations leaping out of the word/Word, breaking free even within the Church, 'heresies' so called, the Official Church poured concrete into molds (and pouring more still) , congregations hardened to prevent further conjugations of Imagination within the Words, the Magisterial Delirium of Word/God ensnared - 'once reified deified' - yet insists upon only those sanctioned shapes, and in so doing much of its soul and body wanders, strays, lost in the exchange of image/imagination for said concretions, un-altared sentences weathering in now acid rains. Granted, logos, word, needed to be cultivated in order to extend human consciousness into the past 2000 years, but words and Word ARE images in abstract, compacted, myriad 'angels of the face' (a phrase in Shi'ite (mystical) Islam for the appearance of that 'Other, Truer World' revealed in myriad manifest 'faces/images' apparently eternally unfolding in space and time) : all these it is supposed was/is compressed into a Word, 'the Word made flesh which dwelt', and dwells still, 'among us' donning disguises, for eyes, even God's, want to see newly through the darkening glass that always optically teases Imagination from it's coyness.

Still, such timidity ends in engorged blood, meat requirements, rendering

vaporous sublimity too thin for fingers, why forks were invented. If modernity, it's forks and faxes, returns anything of value to us stretching into denial which is all our futurity, it is the return of images, high heels or flats, official and unofficial, which return us in turn to our official and unofficial selves, limping shod or un-, ens-not-Ens (being-not-Being) as we are chafe to particular part-selves multiply-imaged as they want or dream to be -Who are we?

Frida with her Twentieth century stifles a yawn and 'stuffs the universe into her eyes' (a line from a poem by zen poet, Shinkichi Takahashi) .

My words here are not intended, nor are they able, to exclude what Word-oriented, revealed religions of 'the Book' have brought to us and advanced, but now, next 2000 years, the creative struggle will be to conjoin meaningfully polygamous images of psyche into compressions (es-pressions, as in espresso) and ex-pressions (pressed out) by and with word and Word which have tendencies toward monotheism, one true meaning only, which results therefore, can't be avoided, into a heavy-handedness in terms of a perceived/derived one and only Absolute. Ironically, the Arabs discovery of always heavy Zero which, to me, is the only Absolute of merit, gave birth to a multiplicity, diverse, perverse, all the more irascible yet embraceable, maddeningly erasable, while growing arms beyond counting, the better to carry the unforgiving densities. Count them, or try we must, for congenital compulsions such are calcifications, spirit, soul, life in the body are gripped in the teeth of the world; beatific, we perceive ourselves to be in the image of deity. Still, we can believe we are 'safe'within these calcified discerners of 'absolutes', o here is the 'burning bush', or we can risk the profligate ramble which is consciousness, a fire still burning, an intuition in each person that there is more here than meets the eye or thigh or deities as imaged. We all look, or try, beneath the skin of things - under what is presented, or within it - for that half-guessed/hinted at and/or 'felt sense' that there is MORE beyond the barred nerve, more and other-than the shock of a chrome bumper-bent world careening, aware that within all is here a Presence, all images and words assuming that Presence - Arabian gift of the non-alloyed Zero unmeasured by mass, a better name for god depending on thermal history's twisting vector, ghostly mirage, if any are to be had - the base in spite of or within the Metallic Matrix of the blacksmith heart hammering verdigris ventricles into shape, Newton's grave conjugations, living time solidified, hardened, stiffening Presence into dilute renderings of base metal, chaste Frieda, her canvases chasing plutonium wire unaware, bears the blunt end of Presence at the end of the Aeon of the Fishes still barely beyond Bronze Age's just sharpened edges corroded, pre-Christian Mexico preferring obsidian ones hammered, chipped, scraped upon hard flint; Frieda, volcano born, turns into conjugal

vessel, Quetzal plume conjoined to Serpent skin rebirthing extensions of crash, a returning God, boat and horse delivered from the red beard of the bloated sea confronting yet one more deity requiring blood.

Viewing Kahlo's paintings, which she came to embody, and they her, even those images and words sought which seek expression upon human tongue in human eye, still seek to deny or decry that Presence, Dark Night in broad day, all appearance, a drift beyond meaning, only a swaying bus careening yet again, repeating collision of the Virgin's hymen, amniotic Host forever a Lover divided yet again, Crepuscular Christi, all this in Kahlo, revered now a cult for she is Woman Christ multipli-imaged Suffering One with breasts, concealed antlered uterus wincing at anviled annunciations verified only in wavering beliefs such are weeping statues and surreal apparitions strung out on coniunctio, the Gethsemani Girl seen, no longer concealed at all or hidden in plain sight, Christ-o-form agony, isolate angry, raging, bereft human confusion, 'despised and rejected' in the meanness within ourselves destined to see our deities through to the end though beyond capacity to smell necrosis, to see the exit wounds of soul coagulating disguised as skin, muscle, sinew.

But it is we who are seen and thus the imperative mercy and compassion, o endlessly, endlessly, for existence as it is and the miracle of that Shining Stranger encountered on all our Emmaus road all the more Real-ing. Lest the bread be broken by that Stranger our eyes cannot see, cannot taste the Thou in existence extending Himself, or Herself as Kahlo-Christ, into our reaching hands and mouths to take, eat all of it. We take when we can see it, what is offered by that Shining Stranger who returns us to that 'Thou dimension', all our suffering then contained, held, though never satisfactorily explained so easily reduced to formulaic glibness as so much theology does to this day.

The Shining Stranger knows a rod rammed in - o touch his hands and feet, his bleeding side - and knows Miraculous Dimensions within the apparently real, discovers that very self to be a Miraculous Dimension, an experience, not a Word, nor an image, for both words and images do stumble punch drunk on the once was new Wine and word, those paper scraps unnoticed, unseen, unread, unheeded, or if heeded are only ITs, objects devoid of meaning, and not Thous, just one more 'drunk singng in a midnight choir (Leonard Cohen)'.
'

Emmaus is the road I walk. I pray still. I do not balk at strangers encountered there, shining or not. When words are put to 'Thou' purposes as the Shining Stranger did at the camp's cook-fire on the Emmaus road then at some point,

when bread is broken eyes are opened, a whole loaf now rent into edible pieces rendering wholeness mouth by mouth, once teased ears suddenly recognize sense in sounding voice, that Meaning Itself is before them, feeding, teaching, reaching to touch our own wounded hands and feet, the bleeding sides. All is changed and yet we are returned to life again, as it is, but now having heard, seen and tasted, ever 'Christ-haunted' for such Grace lingers in aftertaste yet a foretaste, o Gloria, to say the least; even this lingering grace a feast, a proffered shining hand remaindering our own shine, dim in comparison but loved all the more by 'the Face', It's 'angels' shining.

Christ the Bread, also the Confounding Stone upon which all our glibness breaks.

This breaking tells. We are not unloved by that, that Rod and Presence Who knows and partakes of what Kahlo's images, as did her life as lived, portray. No blame. Only awareness of the stain which is existence, exquisite as the burial cloths of the One Rammed to a tree, suffering Divine Paternity, Kahlo arriving on the threshold of the bus which has just, yet again, circulatio, stopped at her stop to carry her forward into Legend.

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Warren Falcon

Alchemical Passes For Father And Son - Turning Thighs To Diamonds - Third Pass

THIRD PASS

Wild strawberries,
all authority and
accidental grace,
you reveal too much,
dew wet, still sticky
to the touch.

Opening sourness
deserves a frown.
Sweetness slowly
yields surprise for
what always unites -

untended desire
gone to wildness
brought low
beneath branches,

slow embrace of
cradle boughs,

entangled legs
and light.

And shadows shall win the day.

That wild sweetness is a stolen base.

That the tongue is an untended garden.

That there is a burning soft hands can know.

Turning Thighs To Diamonds - Alchemical Passes For Father And Son

Or what man is there among you, of whom if his son shall ask bread, will he reach him a stone? - Matthew 7: 9

Once in a sycamore I was glad
all at the top and I sang. - John Berryman from Dream Song 1

*

No blame shall stain us now, father.

The heavy ball you hit to me is never caught.

A floppy glove always falls from a hesitant hand.

Mars in you still storms the makeshift diamond.

Each base of cardboard weighted with stone is still our house.

A bat, a ball, a mitt, hard rules of the game,

undo all lust for dark heaven shunning shining girls.

**

A lavender boy early
befriended by crows.

A softball between
the eyes guides.

Diamond thighs
everywhere waiting.

Before you, head down,
focused on 'Lion's Teeth'**,
I am a hard mystery,

and soft, not so fast for I
am fat and cannot round
the bases quick.

I, your inherited meek,
am a burden to shake,
a sliding man
furious for home.

I pluck wild strawberries,
You, all authority and
accidental grace, reveal too much,
dew wet, still sticky to the touch.

Opening sourness deserves a frown.
Sweetness slowly yields
surprise for what always
unites father/son -

untended desire
gone to wildness
brought low
beneath branches,

slow embrace of
cradle-gentle boughs
entangling legs and
light between the
greater shadows.

And shadows shall win the day.

Planets arc
and comets rare
trail lovers.

Meteors are
not appointed
permanent stars
allowed to some
men's hands,

and never to the fallen

caught for mostly
wasted days.

That wild sweetness is a stolen base.

That the tongue is an untended garden.

That there is a burning soft hands can know.

Finally runs something headlong

sliding for home

inheriting circles latter-day.

Glad sons (are)

berries from

shadows gathered.

**Dandelion

Warren Falcon

Words Of An Old Poet To The Younger

try not to startle morning

doves from their patient

gentle songs

listen carefully

do not tear the wind

a wild stallion

counts his sins

in mares

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

That We Can Be Broken - A Bird Spirit Speaks Of Beginnings

.
Citizen! What have they done with all the air? - Victor Serge

1

I began

a bird flown down a chimney,
an empty house hidden in a
mountain valley, a night time
fire upon surrounding hills,
a moonshine still's signal flame,
a bootlegger's warning,
a silent spirit conjuring
drip by drip
metal and grain.

No blue fire therein.

Suddenly spun,
some beckoning thing
wings between night's crumbled
brick and rusted tin,
white rock and
a wide sky,
braced by
a
closed
encircling valley.

2

Here

is a Presence
beyond illicit fires
bearing witness to evidence found,
remains of flight, contrived escapes
stopped by panes,
walls striped in ramming panic,
of ritual and a broken neck,
petrified wings displaced.
Now remote is the open space
they once could range.

3

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal
for what has become a destined association,
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this
once sentinel house long remote to men and
as present as God, my own presence is bound
to his who stands confounded now as three,
one above grave, one within it, and me
in between, one eye upon him, the other
upon sagging dirt where bones and a
ragged shirt share an unexpected
moment of veils confused in sunlight's
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and
shadows frozen there, not breathing
for us all in un-storied astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.
Upon weathered stones are
only creases where once were
names, dates, even God's Word,
chiseled by a now unknown hand,
an impression only, one among many,
reduced to no plot but that of Providence
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic
flies proving only flesh and only blood,

a flood of questions eventually exhaled,
and exhaling still, waiting beside
a white rock with wings,
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

4

There are uses for wings -

thoughts,
ramming walls,
and panes,
earnest though
contrived escapes.

At first midnight in stillness,

wait.

A white rock,
wings,
a still,
ignorant fires,
illicit spirits
lean into changes.

5

In arms
we carried It
as one does
a child

yet it was

He who carried us,
both bird and man,

who cried
openly
on the way

for our presence
solid in his arms,

he who did not care
who saw his tears shed,
head down,
beneath spring blossoms,

living presences
within bestowing
strength,
order
from
stone and remnant wings.

6

How all this will turn.
I do not burn to know.

I only yearn here,
air and more,
of air now air
all the more
in sustained
moments
without height.

Something returns
or turns inward
that may be climbed
to rest upon

or fall again to
some chimney
life to be found,
itself a winged burden.

.

Warren Falcon

As Dew On Grass Sleeves No Longer Stiffening In The Wind - Moments From The Orange World - After Reading Kenneth Patchen

.
for Bruce and Patti
happily singing in their chains by the sea...

'...do not grieve, therefore, those who are lost to you;
they were ever so to themselves...'
- Kenneth Patchen - from 'There Is One Who Watches'

I've lost my way and wait for signs.
Distant signal fires indicate 'wait here'.
No gate ahead. The iron dogs hungrily await
all who approach edges of the orange world.
Best to settle in, grin at stinking Death who is
sinking into the ground winking at me as if to say,

You will soon sink. You will soon sink.
Who do you think you are or were?
Step forward if you dare.

I've observed how furred things give up without much complaint.
They've grabbed often enough and so Death grabs back.
They sigh or call out in their animal way, Son of a b*tch!
but in the end they relent and they sink leaving only their
pink tongues spread out over the dawn as if to say...as if to say...

I blink in the dark looking at edges distant fire.
I wink back at Death who has left only a bony hand
on the ground where He waits just beneath.
How trite He is but it does the job, conveys His trap clearly.
When dawn tongues awake licking dew from my face,
and my fears, I shall raise both my hands, too,
as if to say...as if to say...

And flaunting these two hands to Death's one, and with flesh,

I shall walk away the way I came having done with burning signs
and a night's work of waiting, my presence taunting the dogs,
Death baiting as if He has forgotten one hand upon the dirt.
We have flirted, Death and me. Not the kind of company
I like to keep preferring furred things to winking bones,
Death's head all teeth and no whistle. But I earn my pay.
I walk away, my own tongue licking.

*

I can barely contain myself arriving back at camp.
She waits dreaming shyly in our tent, a Bedouin soul bending
gently over the wells in Her keeping on Gentler Hill.
I shall lick Her face then. I shall not tell Her how
I have survived the night with Death at my feet, the taunting
signals over there at the edges, iron dogs alert.
I shall not hurt Her with knowledge of this orange world,
all the dark things within it. I shall not take Her roughly
to me but softly settle beside Her where she breezes as dew
on grass sleeves no longer stiffening against the wind.

I shall bring Her in as a fisherman brings
in his boat softly singing a fisherman's tale,
his throat a song-sore nocturne rocking night waves,
beacons ashore flaring where his Love lies sleeping
awaiting conjectures, his folding, folding into Her
gently suspiring guesses -

'Is my love away at sea, at sea,
dark as wine presses as he will
surely press me?

O drink from the wells I tend -
I earn my pay - and away with
ocean roaming! '

Distant lights demur sure in their beckoning.
Sudden he turns singing boat and heart to shore,
starfish near at hand yearning beyond foam..
Dawn tongues slowly raise up land-sunken houses,
stilled curtains in darkened windows not yet stirring.

Nearing, he shall not shake the dew from his cloak but gather
as much as he can to bathe Her - feet, hands, those parts
Death cannot sink into, but he can. And life will continue on.

As will the other, his lost brother of the inland tent
now gratefully at rest forgetting the ever orange world,
edge fires signaling unseen until dark,

and then the dogs,

and Death's hand,

and then back to work again.

Warren Falcon

The Empress Of Contrails Writes Upon Darkness - Anxiety Of Influence (1)

for Anthros Del Mar

'the labyrinths that time creates vanish.

(only desert remains.)

the heart, fountain of desire, vanishes.

(only desert remains.) ' — from 'And After' by Federico Garcia Lorca

'In the deserts of the heart let the healing fountains start.' - W. H. Auden

I, on the other hand,

have lain down with

countless thousands.

My tent is worn out.

Love cries some blood

where tongues are root-ground,

utterance hard pounded,

soft tissue torn letter by letter,

tender verbs open to pain,

that which is paid for more

than alabaster embraces

and this strangling of waists.

My tent has drained more
of love's body than a mortuary.

Spikenard scented oils taint
fabric folds and flesh.

Rote, worn pillows are
hourly turned for teeth

or coins hoping to find
one true word for

love without name,

moths repelled instead

by flame, pillows reveal

nothing yet.

I turn them still.

Have I not spoken of tears

subtle parentheses of blame,

brine outlines punctuated,

thinly silked, easily taken

for wing-laced salt maps,

tongue lick sighs grown

weary with enunciating.

Nightly misspoken, the

flagons are tossed down.

Pleading echoes, the tents

are packed. Forgiving camels,

commas nailed to each hoof,

tread into cool unread darkness,

all that is within it -

a history of wax seals,

once important names,

broken pledges, lies still smooth,

their nuance-scripted smiles crisp,

predictable riffled pages

intent on cool gain upon

desert's shifting floor.

Oasis and cloaca,

love birds parched,

now moves caravansary

toward Heart's always

edited horizons.

There are many redactions

before the sun rises.

Perhaps my name goes

before me, my press,

the Empress of Contrails,

peacocks, accountants

in tow trailing tallies,

unsettled scores,

arrivals, departures,

ejaculations, rejections,

all faces hands have held

and, yearning beyond possibility,

hesitant dawn's mourning dove.

Men cry, Return, yet burns

no desert impervious to heat of

all kinds, even human, excepting

the heart, its capacities to startle.

Its dunes in vast stretches beat

for what moonlight cannot index

but only suggest:

breviaries, endless recounting

of causes - neglect, curses,

justifications, worst cases all,

just tent talk to scorpions

scribbling in silver shadows,

pitying serpents smug in their ability

to recite every skin they have shed

without regret unlike the men in veils;

their profane winds lightly perfumed

do the work of erasure well,

absolving memory.

What lies ahead shuffles in

cursives of sound confusing

the ear, a solitary traveler

compulsive for solar winds

stumbles it's own way.

No pressure for accuracy

nor to lose plume and ink

hiding what cannot be unwritten

A trail of brocaded skulls in time

returns to sand. One cannot see,

waving its goodbyes, the congealing

tint and quill.

Through ages, upon human vellum,

through cycles unending and same,

what heart heat bids,

I write best upon darkness,

eyes closed, tent

open to all who may,

supplicant,

come wandering in.

Warren Falcon

What The Orphan Knows About Light

.
for Anna Kamienska**

'I don't believe in the other world
...But I don't believe in this one either
unless it's pierced by light.' - A. Kamienska

Hidden behind a star
the ash sings without self-pity -

stake your claim in Beauty.

Jab the mausoleum
majesty of State
in the eye.

Here is your key, little one.
Now run quickly home.

**[Some poems of Anna Kamienska:

[http: //www.ap.krakow.pl/nkja/literature/polpoet/kamienska.htm](http://www.ap.krakow.pl/nkja/literature/polpoet/kamienska.htm)]

Warren Falcon

In Excelsis Deo - A Surrealist Carol For Madrigal Choir To Be Sung While Bathing

.

Hair of soap and head of tears
rinse mine eyes of Christmas stars
O bells, the bells sear me

Wash my hair of splendid fears
water me hot and redly rare
O trumps, the trumpets blear me

Scars heal me up to here
scald me pinkly if you dare
O gay, the gay sleds slay me

Is that flesh floating on the surface me
who swims or sinks fraternally?

I know a strange me
with soap for eyes
and suds for see

Eternally yours,

He.

Warren Falcon

Upon This Wide Water, For Staten Island Ferry, Circa 1985, Manhattan

.
'On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross,
returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are
more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.'
- Walt Whitman, from 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry'

1

Upon this wide water, Whitman's bay, wandering
outward toward Eastward windings -

Upon this white-starred charted bay we ride
gray with midnight leaning toward the Towers**
distant growing, stalking, yellow and glowing,
mimicking the stars -

Our eyes stare tearing,
seawind pushes lids to slits.
We glimmer. Lights shimmer
ahead and above,
and still we cry -

the wind.

The ferry, furtive, floats the edge of Manhatta.
There's power pushing against the bow,
riptides to the rear, but we go on,
approach sleepily, enamored of gin and
the beds we will make again and again
pulling sheets tighter. This stretching water
safe-keeps the light of eyes and the city there-

Upon the water's wide skirt one will, quiet,
lift up a hand to the spray, sway for love,

and pray for the world -

A dark tern unfurls from the sail
of a starboard yacht, flirts once
with the silhouette extended upon
the wave, then leaves, an under
turning rail or rudder sinking in
the ferryman's wake.

Each night there must be one, out there,
on the deck, supplicating in boozy tongue,
oozing heart-love all over, spurning the way
things go down in the world, cheap spindrift
the cranes know of, dipping their bloated beaks
to the waves. And he must dip his head, braying,
with his hands motioning to the night -

Away! Away!

[**World Trade Towers]

Warren Falcon

On Our Broken Boat The Harsh Light Will Not Break

.
'Others the same - others who look back on me because I look'd forward to them, What is it then between us? ...What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years between us? ' - Walt Whitman

On our broken boat the harsh light will not break.
We see our day clearly as we can.
Tell the night, now it's here to stay, that

once I glanced the sleeping youth, legs against the wall,
felt a pall descend upon us here,
this boat lancing the bay waters darkly.

Some to books then, the priest to his sad, effeminate stare.
I can no longer envy those of the black cloth
so bend and tie the shoe.
We shod our feet against what long loss of motion,
eyes downcast or boldly returning the stare?

Beneath each eye there's some familiar look we refuse.
We map our way to sleep in the palms of shy or frightened hands.

.
Warren Falcon

Older Age, Basho In Mind

.
for Nimal

Road gets narrower

eyesight dims,

even signs wave

Basho's ghost

guides with ink,

HERE NOT HERE

Can't ever cross



PoemHunter.com

Rainbow Bridge

Beneath it, though,

a billet of mist

Warren Falcon

Minimus Stuck - Fragment Abramic

.
To be continually caught as the ram,
redundant among thorns,
horns at branches push,
blood ignored,
flow, more,
to come,
itself,
or other,
kindred bodies
entangled, who
waits a commanding authority,
sacrifice with thorns,
horns, first born.

I am caught up in the matter.



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Warren Falcon

Four Snortets, A Parody With Fondness For Thomas Stearns Eliot

'Now we come to discover that the moments of agony...are likewise permanent with such permanence as time has...Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden illumination-We had the experience but missed the meaning.' - from 'The Dry Salvages' by T.S. Eliot

1

Burnt Snortin'

Mister, or Sir, rather, Thomas Sterns Eliot left his evening door, late middle age, having lived into the postmodern 'new' millennium, having again reiterated his propounded new diet whereupon wandering on a deserted shore near mumbling twilight one might meet a most inarticulate soft peach or unutterable yet edible Christ, or a close match, a little kidding, upon which we may, if we dare, reiterative quartet playing plaintive though palliatively, dine four squarely in Piccadilly sempiternal before getting sodden after sundown, preferably on Friday, which is a good time to do it, to eat and drink again, remembering that it is end of the week, out of the tube

finally unethered, trousers unrolled at last, the mission to get plastered, doing lines in the stalls, toilet seat become an altar of dissolution. But, despite numbness of lips and tongue, of nasal passages, do not hope that trousers shall roll up again till Monday, and do not call it fixity. And do not call it fistula for that is to come but not quite yet.

And who cares? or let us forget. Teach us, O Mannered One, to care and not to care having lost muscle plasticity which a good pair of dark socks can cover what was once pliant and supple, now a gruesome obscenity. Have I overstated? Shall I overstate again? Shall I? No? not now? how all things crumble, even a souffle caves from expectation and thus we wait with dope, we wait without hope for hope would be hope for another line, and yet another, and we are reduced to shouting

repeatedly shouting, Muther f*cker! Muther f*cker, overwrought,
in the stall, temperatures and ovens not withstanding.

So listen, I said to myself stalling for time for the coke to take
effect, wondering why the hell I mentioned a souffle, to kick
in wait without prematurely crashing, for the night, O Friday,
is still young though I am not so young,

I grow old
I grow old
I unfold a
hundred pound
note roll it
tightly tightly
greedy for
lines and
more time
more time
for laughter
remembered
in the bloody
garden now
grown with
weeds

BOLLOCKS

2

Wasted Coker

so I said to my soul, yes yes yes wait without eating the dish eaten
last week which gave me the infernal trots, now giving me something
else to think about, f*ck that old Edenic garden, wait without faith that
the waiter will return the dish sent back merely because one can,
because one (note how I go to the third person but f*ck that) , ONE
ONE ONE is really angry at the boss and one is in the stalls not for
coke but for yet another freshly chewed double anus demanding attention.
And all things are stalled for in the stall all is bloody and ONE,
erhebung with motion too too much, squatting, endlessly squatting
wiping squatting wiping ad infinitum of bum unto bumbling attempts

so I said in the stall,
wait, wait dumbly, tongue lagging,
for the dope to kick in, forget the late
arrival at office, f*ck Mondays! the usual scene,
one can recover here by porcelain cool

white o white as
the lines are white

which, too, porcelain, is waiting to be cleaned,
and all things shall be cleaned, but only after
midnight for I shall have left by then having forsaken
all hope and the sink where I have discreetly washed
my skivvies in order to go home again, return
uncomfortable, without support, to throw them in the
turning dryer to dry again for I do not hope to return
again until next week to probably reenact the same
scene again, (bringing another pair of skivvies with
just in case) , the patient server, harassed, must add
and re-add my check again and again because I am

still

very

VERY

pissed at the boss, at the chittering fetuses mocking, always
mocking, in the shrubbery near the well-used apothecary and
I shall go home foregoing mulberries, for I am too blitzed, having
forgotten the rejected dish, the wish for justice, for mum's steak
and kidney pie, and I have remembered all too late. Alas.

So let us go home then, which is a kind of personal Golgotha,
for which the rent is beyond my means but let us go and
make our supper remembering to take the gonorrhoea pill.
No, let us purchase our meal though on a budget, and forget
even all this trivia. Let us forget all that, too, looking in,
deja vu, the bathroom mirror from the stall

(have I left or do I remain?)

Recall then that I can leave the comb unhandled
until Monday morning. It shall not cruelly beckon
again from the toilet, or it can be justifiably ignored,
to comb what is left of what is left to fall, or grow,
but that's a laugh. Come Monday, and only then,
we must find the diminishing part again, searching
ever searching,

scalp and England
all one, or soon shall
be One

scanty scanty

scanty

3

The Drying Assuages

'And all is vanity amongst these my ruins, '

says Sweeney, whoever he may be,
tidies up neurotically, gin on the breath
he is bored unto death awaits daily the
post for possible liberty took he once
with a wealthy widow mistook him for
someone else. The scar forever reminds
of dumb lusts and dumber luck for loot
never dreaming she was a black belt.
His teeth, now wooden, remind him 'be
mindful of the good against all wants',
and so sits he wise, chaste, chiseled,
wastrel in ruins reading Beckett (Sam,
not Tom) but that is another story written
in stars Centauric

...

qua qua qua
sisk boom ba
'tween Fuhquaad
& Apothecary

near the corner
time forgot
but o not I
when the clot
broke and people
screamed no
help at all as I
stood pale,
pale, paler still
leaning bleeding
from an un-
nameble sorce
upon a tailor's
wall he too no
help at all
threatening
to call the cops
It closes me in
it closes me in
again oh oh to
recall qua qua
qua qua Fuhquaad

...

amongst the forgotten roses
where one is hungover in the
supposes he began with that
he can never finish like this,
pissed, which goes on, which
goes on, 'I can't go on but
I must because I am losing my
hair and so on' dot dot dot into
eternity (should one believe
in such but may use the idea
of such, eternity, go forward
or behind living in the blue rind
of the sky crumbling on the
nether shore where relentless
waves tease/disturb relentless
terns tracing uremic rims of foam

shall I call then eternity a
home for shells, the curve of

space? disgrace myself yet again
with belief, any one, believe
that such shores are a where
after all, a place to shelter
where each wave is somewhere
by someone or something
counted as is every hair
numbered counted still
they fall as do waves into
crescendos rainbows
should the sun so shine
for what is left to comb
of shore and hair is a
disturbance of fractions
refractions the lonely
redactions of what is
perceived, felt, spilt
upon the chillier pate?

...

and so I must wear a hat but let us not go then,
you and I, patiently into all that now but come the
proper time...

now then here then
remembering the chaffing bloody garters

Fibonacci Fibonacci

Fibonacci

4

Little Skidmarks

O the stall, stall, stall, we all go into the stall

Nevermind, just follow the trail of yesterday's shoe,

talcum and dust mingle taciturn
undoing intention to haste
powdery traces unhidden guidance

the prayed for thunderstorm never come to wash
tell-tale treads reveal some rash is spread,
scaling crud of gory glory and more stains to wash
but what of shame? Do we not hope to turn it to other
than no more to blame? Thus we gait without soap,
panicked, for what is to come, to scrub, to un-stain,
but soon, the boss is pacing. But what is to be gained
in running knowing already what waits ahead?

Another annus. Another anus.

Nothing more.

Hidden children in the mulberries
chittering, heard but unseen.

Note to self:

Must take Thorazine before bedtime.
Goddamn wankers! !

But let us leave them for another dosage,
for another week's prelude sans qualudes,
the sullen departure to work again combing
the faces in the crowd pitching, another aphasia
I prefer to call an 'occluded interlude', yet
another distracted fit caught in a sun ray upon
seeing that the poorly stitched seam hastily done
between the shower and the tepid tea,
between the sorting through the dirty laundry,
the deepening ennui for something to wear,

o do not hope to wear it again and again evergreen

(whatever, BTW, 'ennui' is, but it is fun to say and
in this aesthetic some other language needs to be
gratuitously writ to make the poetic voice more valid
if Americans attempt to art, 'writ' is a good word, too,

let me then write it repeatedly: writ writ writ, to wit)
begins yet again, o Ariadne, obsessive compulsive
to the end,

Thorazine Thorazine Thorazine
must must must remember to wit!

...to unravel that which is still, to look on the
bright side, yet another beginning, the public,
pathetic, peripatetic tugging of shirts and blouses
over the widening rip in the thinning trouser's seat,
pant legs remembering to be gay scrolling ever upward.
And yet we still call these knobs 'ankles', forgoing gait.

Nothing to be read here, now, in Merry Old,
but old age, varicose. the blank stare dreaming
comatose, of repressed rage, still pissed at the boss,
shamed of ankles, the chattering twats in mulberry bush
near home, following, following

No wonder these
little snots at me laugh.

Them I'll clobber
here then now then

Shall we turn the page again?
Shall we? Shall we turn over yet
another leaf? Shall we repeat it all
again forgetting the unraveling stitch?
The itch and the burn?
The Itch and the burn returning,
for one bought the store brand and not the original.
Now it hurts to sit or stand. Shall I say it again,
under fetid breath, dentures stained?

Yes. Yes!
Sit or stand.
Sit or stand!
Now goddamn it,
bloody move on!

I shall say it again because I can.
But later. But let us remember

indulgently

now then, here then
hidden laughter behind
hands pointing at loose stitches,
boxers gray.

Forgot to do laundry.

Another note to self.

Another task.

Do the wash.

Most important.

Still, it is a good Friday so, sighing,
at last forgetting all Mondays past
and to come

not withstanding, for it hurts either
way to sit or stand, the late pay check,
piss poor pittance, mind, is cashed
probably on bloody Monday but
never mind. Let us presently pour
our penurious libations

Chianti Chianti

Chianti.

Warren Falcon

Remembered Laughter Of The Frail Daughter There Beside The Fields Sweet Grasses - Impressionist Autumnal Portraits In Miniature

.
[Notes jotted while gazing at Impressionists paintings at the Metropolitan
Museum of Art, New York City, Autumn]

*

Among ginkgoes
cloven leaves fall
whose burnished
berries yellow late
melon sweetness
of Autumn days

Among boxwoods
evergreen for no good phlox
blooded leaves settle upon
golden flax of weeds
seed the chilling ground
receiving soundless
lips of grain enduring ice
and ice again

Amidst the sortilege
coo of pigeons in the
distant spired village.

low of legion cattle turning
toward evening millet

mow of fringing grain chafing
toward winter silos

Blue waters at a distance
blue the tails of otters
blue the eyelids of sleeping beasts
nested beneath the earth

Distant crows sound the
morning field beyond pasture

Dew murmurs names upon
passing grasses

Echoing wood gold where,
below, the stream's gash furthers along
slowly murdering dimensions
of width and depth

Remembered gait of young ponies
toward the spring's sweet water

Remembered laughter of the frail daughter there
beside the fields sweet grasses

The daughter, as the water, passes into silence

Remembered laughter beside the old well of the woods

*

Spittle on the chin

stubble upon the cheek

she met her love beside the creek

Turned in her sleep

the calling heat gathered

the steep bank in the wood

then fell

as water will

forgetting the blood's

first stain on the long discarded sheet

A woman now she fled toward love

and fed there

but famished still

died there

stuck in 'King James',

entangled in lyrical tongues,

Revelation's virgin.

Warren Falcon

This Space Between The Gate, The Garden Lovely - Eternal Rounds Of Determined Variations

.
...variations determined of rounds eternal -
lovely garden the gate
the between space
this...

All

this space between the gate and the garden lovely

within the hole of the ring in the breath flung in

the dirt's cool dank breath

the hand of the digger becomes the tree

shall hang



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language surpasses itself breaks

upon its own weight like the empty shell of the beetle

little is the frame we live within the tiny world

the wave of the wind ripple in the mind and Mind

the barn side the vague window pane opening upon

the living the dead artifacts

All

All

is here everywhere in the ring in the hand in the dirt

and out the grave house underneath

thanks the air and pass the leaves

becomes the sign upon which all breathing things

upon its own weight like the empty shell of the beetle

walks upon Vast the space it partakes of making

turns to the dropp of rain the flaked paint of the

eternal scene of stones breathing becoming bread

All

All

the living the dead artifacts

the barn side the vague window pane opening upon

the wave of the wind ripple in the mind and Mind

little is the frame we live within the tiny world

shall hang language shall surpass itself break

the hand of the digger become the tree

the dirt's cool dank breath

within the hole of the ring in the breath flung in

this space between the gate and the garden lovely

All

All

eternal scene of stones breathing becoming bread
turns to the dropp of rain the flaked paint
walks upon Vast the space it partakes of making
upon its own weight the empty shell of the beetle
becomes the sign upon which all breathing things
thanks the air and pass the leaves
and out the grave house underneath

All

All

this space between the gate and the garden lovely
is here everywhere in the ring in the hand in the dirt
the living the dead artifacts
eternal scene of stones breathing becoming bread

eternal rounds of determined variations...

Warren Falcon

The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 5

.

Bestowing order,
things feel their boundaries,
robes of autumn rain.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 4

.
Clouds moving over mountains,
their night work -
some rain in the buckets.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 3

.

From the porch, high wind.
The moon, a corner of it,
rides comfortably in clouds.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

The Nyro Poems - Majestic, Reprise

for the Monday King, 'sun on black velvet'

'Once it was alright, alright, baby
Once it was alright, alright, baby
Once it was alright, now' - Laura Nyro,

Recall floods,
florid days/nights.

Here still on Planet 'UnRequitia'

only the mulls.
the mulls,
over again,

again relentless
miles descanting,

'red rover
red rover,



PoemHunter.com

just send...

Please.

*

'There's nothing left to say or do'
But mister you were wrong
And I'm gonna sing my song for you' - Nyro

Still, now,
only memory
miracles can make:

Old Razor Burn,
his 'Empty-Moon' bottles,
molotovs thrown skyward
at dusk.

He insisted lab coats be worn
distributed ritually before
silver-painted matchboxes
opened, blessed with his spit -
impatiently explaining
(I always fled falling fire
and glass too drenched
in gas to freeze then burn

but o I burned alright alright
baby o -

'Such concussion
upon night sky brings
deeper stars to surface,
the more easily gathered,

Flash of Fish Star,
Formalhaut, brightest,
belly up for hands to
grab, or try, our
abhorring steeples.'

We were always fleeing
valley's venial back doors
then in the names
of Jesus and gin.

All this, more, an Aeon's end,
not easily outrun checking our
gun splintered thumbs at portals
beyond Finned Star's shining reversals.

*

'Mama's comin' soon
And the junks are turning in the
Spring sky' - Nyro

Gladly, Astonished Grace.

I address 'She of the Yellow Rose':

Her stone lantern paper thin -

'Abound in now/then pomes,

always in hearts made the

gentler by breaks,

their simpler majesties ever within reach'

'There's smoke in the kitchen...

The sun on black velvet

And high stars

At the bottom of the world.' - Nyro

Warren Falcon

The Nyro Poems - Majestic

for His Winking Majesty

1

1974

'Tornado spawn, ' he says,
gesturing to ourselves and
laughing,

'Chapter and verse -
The storm darkens us around.'

We take cover from God under
a broad-leaf low-lying rhododendron
hunched over a hand-rolled cigarette
thumbs can touch but not each other.
Shivering every toke all reaches
curtail beneath chaste hail.

In mud gulch, percussive rain on
sheltering leaves, we sing Nyro
(the high notes were easier then)
as frightened of each other as we
are of the gale - the sermons
remain between us unspoken
but for thunder.

Stoned Soul Picnic, Timer, *
calms or tires our terror now
Lear-caged in storm sheer,
odors of tobacco, sweat, of loam,
and lust, hair-wet, heady.

Biblical fear - nostrils flare -
smells pungent, sweet.

Punished flesh leans into ground.

Our roots there unrieved,
and are unrieved still.

2

2010

Laura of the soulful trills,

how the years have spilled
since Tennessee mountain
torments reigned where he
was once and only a Monday
King after all, a god of storms
chased downhill to shaken limbs,
prophetic stumps triumphantly
singing to leaves.

Majestic, Where are you now?
What of your harlequin shoes
and those suicidal crocuses?

I remain stuck in King James, entangled
in lyrical tongues, Revelation's old virgin.

I stink still of old sweat having long forsaken
those litigious Congregations.

By Him, not forsaken yet, I've sworn off
cigarettes, a penance long overdue, rather
old fears hand-rolled in onion skins brittle.

Remembering distant
thumbs' refrains I
am ill now,

this Nyro song here to calm,

praying for another storm...

3

backyard empty clothesline

silk slip

one pin

down

dips

shyly in

brick shadows'

pornographic breezes

I sing to knees now

when did I marry Lonely?

can't recall but fell kid-hard

4

beyond Manhattan Bridge

sudden heat lightening

a good night with cool rain

old vinyl Nyro

needle scratches

done with song

*Titles of two songs by Laura Nyro

**Laura Nyro (October 18,1947 April 8,1997) is an American composer, lyricist, singer and pianist

Sing To Knees Now - For Nyro And Saint Elmo Nights Remembered In Later Manhattan

for Majestic, his harlequin shoes, his suicidal crocuses

Now the tears in the gutter are floodin' the sea
...You're starvin' today But who cares anyway...
- Laura Nyro lyric from Poverty Train

backyard empty
clothesline silk slip,
one pin down,
dip shyly in brick shadow
pornographic breezes

I sing to my knees now.

when did I marry Lonely?
can't recall but fell kid-hard

 PoemHunter.com

beyond Manhattan Bridge
sudden heat lightening
a good night with cool rain

old vinyl Nyro

needle scratches

done with song

**Laura Nyro (October 18,1947 April 8,1997) was an American composer,
lyricist, singer and pianist.

.

Warren Falcon

October Night Of Divas - New York City

'Don't talk wonder
Cause God broke thunder above' - Laura Nyro

for His Majesty

A night of divas

slow sofa fade

windows

city lights

fly one frame

to another

40 years now



PoemHunter.com

Whatever became of Majestic,
his harlequin shoes,
his suicidal crocuses?

When did I marry Lonely?

can't recall

but fell kid-hard

backyard empty clothesline

silk slip one

pin down

dips shyly in

brick shadows'

pornographic

breezes

I sing to knees now

a good night with cool rain

beyond Manhattan Bridge

sudden heat lightning

old vinyl Nyro**

needle scratches

done with song

>>>

**Laura Nyro, October 18,1947 - April 8,1997
Singer/songwriter in the 1960's until her untimely
death by cancer.

Warren Falcon

The Lesson Book Of Weather - 2 Thigh-Ku

*

Beyond Manhattan Bridge

sudden heat lightning

a good night with cool rain

*

Old vinyl Nyro**

needle scratches

done with song

**Laura Nyro, singer

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

The Abject Ones, Six Falling—nightingale Confesses Into Straighter Teeth

The term Abjection literally means 'the state of being cast off.' In usage it has connotations of degradation, baseness and abasement of spirit.

'...descend and of the curviship lend a myth to God.' - from 'To Brooklyn Bridge'

The boys, six falling: Tyler Clementi, Raymond Chase, Asher Brown, Billy Lucas, Seth Walsh, Justin Aaberg

'What does a man come to with his virility gone? ' - Walt Whitman

'He sought for his beautiful body
and encountered his opened blood
Do not ask me to see it! ' - Federico Garcia Lorca*

My Dearest Valdosta,

Even the pigeons on my stoop are silent now.

One mourning dove coos tenderly for these who have taken their own lives publicly on our behalf, for untold scores gone before them with broken hearts enraged, no more to engage the unpersuaded world which, one of them, one of the public ones, in spite of murmuring wharves, in spite of amorous dark alleys bitter in the pitch in the hateful American Twentieth Century, Hart Crane, wrote before his leap from the ship beside the phallic curve where Cuba meets the lipping sea, took his tongue away which sang to us of chill dawns breaking upon bridges whose spans still freely splinter light returning hungover from night wharves' grottoes and denim grasps, World Wars' industrial embraces crushing every man, and now another one abandons his fingers and fiddling, o scattering light, takes flight from ledges to edge close to an embrace no longer forbidden—

And so it was I entered the broken world to trace the visionary company of love... - Hart Crane

I am at the 'Way of Peace Bistro, ' not your favorite place I remember—unkind to queens and 'Miss Things'—but the server whose cousins are the famous Wolf Boys in Jalisco, Mexico, hirsute himself, gives me free double espressos for very

large tips, of course, and it is not as populated here on Saturdays with the braying brunch crowds, their hammers for pinkies poised...besides, the server just yesterday came out to me in my confessional booth here at the perpetually wobbly table in the far corner at the cracked window rocking with Hart's unconfessed bones wrapped in soothing silt which he now dreams to be his silken pall. Life is indeed strange above the veiled bottom. I do receive confessions here p.r.n. ('as needed, ' in medical jargon) and at my other, now, confessional spots, the usual cafes I weekly haunt for chasing down dreams, waves, receding horizons...why, I wonder, is each window where I sit cracked?

I am the itinerant priest who sits at meager feasts. Suffering 'congregants' (servers, busboys, cooks, regulars forlorn over their starfish and soup) , when their fellows are removed to basement or kitchen or groceries, come to me, ask about a dream, confess to some anguish or other, ask what should be done or undone. I consult espresso foam, open the nearest book willy nilly to see what advice or wisdom might be gained from that Eternal Logos sustaining us all here straining after some meaningful thing to keep us going when Hart and those too recent others obey some impulse to place at last the final period, reifying the punctuate though unrepentant ending of this too too long run-on sentence of hate. One hopes this period holds fast, that Logos/meaning is somehow, plates of starfish with fork and knife beside, true or truing, at least.

One serves where needed. And when. So come unto me you 'sad young men...All the news is bad again so kiss your dreams goodbye.'

Here at my confessional I can only plead mercy upon the gay boys of late who have jumped from bridges, hung themselves, cut, sliced, diced their sad and abused compulsive hands, exploded hearts, leaping dears, eyes ablaze in thrall of antlers, trembling flanks strong to fly decrying the violent hunt which always ends with a death, bequeathing these chopped bits to me and those others like me who remain at table, plates before, to stare at what is there to be later scattered, sown, those pieces in and for Love-without-name or, if named, is still a stain upon confused local deities, their wide-eyed supplicants, but there is no stain upon the promiscuous sea. The compliant sky is not confused, neither is all that is between confused, allowing birth and blessing, passing of all kinds in all manner of motive and motion. But in the human world, distressing, there will be more boys, more men growing up as from the very beginning where earliest enmity mythically grew strong before shoes, before hearts were capable of breaking before turgid theological floods spilled blood of brother by brother turning witness stones toward silence, echoing lamenting Federico:

Do not ask me to see it! I don't want to see it. I will not see it!

But I, but perhaps we, who remain to plant these petaled parts of these unwitting scapegoats whose eyes are milk now forever, we must bar sentimentality, must move toward genuine knowing which comes from the long hard stare beyond Milky Ways at the way things still inexorably are. Was it Fritz Perls who said, "Nothing gets better (or changes for the better) until it is what it is"? But gay folk know what the 'is' is of the matter...it is the others, too many of them, who don't (or won't) know, who willingly refuse to see 'what is' in order to reach beyond the collective 'Nazi/NOT SEE-solutions' of heteronormative culture/religion.

Perhaps even in the deepest fault of the ocean that very visionary company in league with stuporous pigeons, a mourning dove, me here who remains, not-yet-remains, tearful over my espresso looking for signs, finding only an endlessly fracturing rainbow, remembering, too, the murmuring secrets of wharves and co-mingled breath—that very visionary company traces all the sunken ones, the jumping ones, those with other means for departure by their own hands empty now of demands for love.

Here I sit with my arthritic living hands still demanding, remembering full of past and present griefs the Violin with a cut throat in a youthful suicide note I once wrote years ago, hidden, hiding out, refusing to shout my rage and despair to almighty 'Nothing But':

Do not hear nothing but the cabin walls,
do not hear nothing but the late summer roses
petal by petal leaping from the still too white trellises,
leaping pinkly, redly, memory to breezes,
overwhelmed by trellises snagged with cut sleeves.

But not me. Not yet. I don't want to see it! I will not see it.

I wrote it all on the mute page—the Violin refusing to sing, in love with García Lorca, the goring horn of the Bull, the destined cornada, each and all appalling, commanding me to write during long nights working at the facility where the mentally ill wandered with me, the keys ironically in my hand, in the yellowing hallways with even more ironic EXIT signs brightly RED above the locked doors, silent companions somnolent but for the jangling joke of keys.

Still, I have now these better days in the Village, broke or near to it, with eggs and beans, cheap but edible things. An epicurean after all, I do luxuriously head to the Polish butcher shop nearby to gather meat but not any of the young

butchers want to be gathered, too Catholic, for Poland is 'passing strange' with bad teeth, fingers stained with nicotine. Or is it rust from cast-off Iron Curtains, or the Blood of the Acetylene Virgin?

...but back to the meat...I get my meat, cook my greens, have good-enough feasts for garlic and the right spice make grander the demanded abstemiousness of current coinage. I steal my pleasure during eats in my dirty yet happy apron with a good aria on the radio to salt my food with tears, a blubbering fool beside his one low watt lamp, darkness too too comfortable like a pooch or cat at feet. What is that bleating in the darker corner? I shall wait for daylight to see what it can be. And if I can, I shall free it from its trap and in doing so perhaps free me from all this, all this witnessing as life demands I must, of young ones setting themselves 'free' because they are forced to do so by collective psychopathology now rendered even more effective and efficient via technology, via internet, emphasis upon the 'net, ' where the ills set free from Pandora's Modem have only begun to be revealed.

But I shall use that 'net' and my still goodly paper and goodly pen to dim whatever ill tides there are and to come, as they surely will in spite of low wattage. I'll jangle keys on the night watches, reading my mystic books, making my prayers with roamers of wards and wharves glancing up considering bridges, edges, silty bottoms. The tides are here even now. But right now I wish to sing a lullaby in protest to those hurting departed, even to those coming ills, that I may sing innocence dumbly back to those who may come ashore again more gently having forgotten enforcing depths insisting them toward resistant yet resolved embraces...

...So breech then, waves. Feet first. Heads in the brine. I shall keep time on your wrinkled toes sticking up from the sand, play peek-a-boo. Then while you sleep I shall harvest gently, place them firmly in that old woman's shoe with 'so many children she didn't know what to do.'

She may yet have learned what to by now. I haven't.

I remain bitter. Abject, too, from the senseless loss of cast off young men who could not endure the flame, the rust, no fault of their own, who leap blasted from bridges, forced by killing human edges, who are broken open within and by hateful, fearful others forgetting, if ever had, those restorative burning constancies of a Mother's loving hand upon them.

I have placed their names and images upon my altar beside García Lorca's portrait, and Hart Crane's young face, an image of a sweet Christ holding a lamb

in perpetua, and the yellowed newspaper clipping from Spain of the Matador's death, all who have joined or will join Hart becoming ghostly visionary company. They now remain forever chaste not having lived long enough to be wasted, to be emptied loving deeply out into Love for more, endlessly bleeding out as Lorca, a corrida of laurel encircling his head no longer remembering but only one sound, guns exploding outward, extending, bullets, petals, one by one beyond the wall where he stood before the obedient squad stunned, 'how young and handsome are the assassins' faces.' Obedient to projectiles and projections he flew backward into the restraining wall, his brave shadow and blood, then fell, a last poem frozen upon lips but for circling birds, spirits, carrion or both, arriving after the blood wedding. I believe he fell hard, for life demands it as does death which will continue its duende.

Reduced to foolish whispers, restoring moments, patient hidden gods, human hearts and bodies remove themselves from the potter's wheel too early broken, too tired, too alone to try to shape love from Love from the tiny shard, the remnant bone of the ancient mastodon, the last one, dreaming within each heart of that Love which all Nature yearns for.

Inherited brood of brothers wherever you may sway remember to be gay for all the gray afternoons in this sad but forgiving confessional while not forgetting mine and the cock's quarrel with life in the booth by the cracked window near the corner of 7th and Second.

Trembling,

Nightingale

Warren Falcon

Journey Haiku

For the blind woman
on the train every
journey is inner

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

From The Train Window Haiku

View upon entering Philly

receding steeples

the hairline of God

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Brief Prayer After Viewing Grunewald's 'Isenheim Christ'

'Genuine knowing begins when sentimentality no longer bars the way.' - Eugene Monick

I too have hung

on a cross, my own,

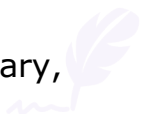
but nonetheless everyone's,

too often disowned,

denied,

decried as untrue,

unnecessary,



PoemHunter.com

that

there is no Adversary,

only Light,

that overbearing Rightness

which never

leaves room

for me.

I only know

that deep night,

that way beyond sentimentality,

that way over and beyond 'the Path'

into the thicket, the swamp

where the god of gators waits,

submerged, calling to me to

step less lightly upon the world.

Warren Falcon

The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 2

.
Just after hard rain
in the wet grass boys play ball -

far away

thunder.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Totem Last Night With Us Walked - A Verbal Sculpture

In arms we carried It as
one does a child yet it was
He who carried us both bird
and man who cried openly
along the way entire for our
presence solid in His arms.

He did not care who saw
these shed tears, head down
beneath spring blossoms -

Dogon warrior standing tall
with his staff and carved horn.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

The Lesson Book Of Weather - Haiku 1

.

Watching the storm pass over

know the tornado

cloud by heart.

Easy.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Toward Erasure No Longer Effortful

That one day the book shall be written,
Odysseus come smiling through the door.
That I shall live forevermore free of provision,
be delivered presently into good, rich life
and unto the richer world, my Lover so long
turning turning turning in distance away from,
yet to manage a caress, a smooch which
neither dismisses nor fully embraces.
It is I that am and shall be erased into this
Love which shall then in time be erased
as well in the greater Sun and that Shining,
too, shall be erased. Then we shall all be
scattered, or I shall be only, embrace by
embrace, toward erasure no longer effortful.

I sift draft by draft rough toward world
now slowing in spite of parentheses these
provisional postulations of 'the good life'
to come. Eventually. There is only this
that I am living now. And my hands feel,
even perhaps are, strapped to this wheel
that turns me as turns Beloved Earth,
the Sun, too, each dreaming
near to but apart from each.

My reach is
here on my tongue,
in my fingers here
grasping words from mind.
I am ever behind in this chase,
now am further from Love
than ever though my
heart is swollen from
wanting It.

Still, world, accept my blessing.

I send this message aloft on kingfisher wings.

Warren Falcon

Abandoned Train Station Near Grandmother's Grave

for Lida Harris

Then died there the rose beside the house of tin.

The track bore no train for years.
Weeds travel tendriled and
yellow rooted between trestles.
Broken vessels whistle through
shattered teeth of glass.
Only wind and no rusted train can pass.

Though the scene bears dislocation,
though the brain remembers station and motion
of steam engine and iron wheel rotation
the places of old gone passing
bear no malice toward stillness.
All around mute remains remind the
occasional passer of former days,

an old snuff tin crumbled in a reverent hand
longs for the woman grasping then,
holds sweet dust beneath her tongue
as the land must hold her now where is
no whisper but sleep beyond sleep.

Weeds to the eye are sad between rails
but listening to their green and yellow belles
the rightness of their swaying displaces all sorrow.
Their distance is a distance one cannot know
but only borrow in imagination by extension
of miles, their reach is ours then, translated
green and longing, their leaves throng the
evening air, in silent clamor fling down seed
to summer's blundering prayer.

Warren Falcon

Transparencies: Lovers Sing To Each, Death The Veil Between Them, After Japanese Noh Theater

.for Father William Rowell

Act 1

Each stanza is a scene or theatrical screen in which the drama is eternally unfolding...

O each eye holds a temple.
Each eye curves away from each.
Each knee contains a hidden country -

paddies are green now and ready for gleaning.

Green now and ready for gleaning,
each breath moves in rhythm.
Other's hands burn the thick rushes-

Go ghostly to ashes.

Go ghostly to ashes;
an obi, a sash opening.
Slash of swords and tongue
now lashes between laps
twain to twain, torches kneel

twining knots each to each.

Twining knots each to each,
reach arms toward dormant summits.
Adore. Summon. Rumor either
to either -

That other snows are melting besides Fuji's.

That other snows are melting besides Fuji's
rush fevers to still lips grown bluer.
Blow warmly then, Awakening Fire.
Blue blushes to purple -

grapes swell in ripening arbors, the quiet pond reflecting.

Ripening arbors the quiet pond reflecting,
a pair of swans leans forward into water
through mirrored peaks rippling there,
stippled plumes chasing after -

a tickle of down pillows breaks lovers to laughter.

A tickle breaks lovers to laughter.
Temple rafters playfully cover joyous
mouths, insistent, surging tongues -

such portals fill gardens green with seethe and seed.

Gardens green with seethe and seed
need now sun and rain,
each for each embroiling-

On monks' sills peaches soften in wooden bowls.

On monks' sills in wooden bowls
there swells grain,
stone, seed drifting now
to fruit and flower,
to sword and power -

Word has come, Master, that the gods have lifted clouds from Fuji.

Act 2

The lovers speak to each other...

That the gods have lifted clouds from Fuji
is no wonder. That you have lifted these
sighs from me here on this pallet is wonder -

enough for me to turn beneath you to earth,
to be dirt that you may sow again,
renew tendrils entwining each spring
that you may lay your leaves upon
fading clover, us the shivering autumn,
ours the promised bestowal -

us to be done over in six moons.

To be done over in six moons
boats gently sift waters
wearing thin transparencies -

suns, moons, stars jeweled facets,
and your face leaning beside the bank
fishing smooth stones to s*ck
for silver. Winter your need in me,
mine to lay crystal against crystal and flesh -

a fine mesh of stars now strains the river.

A fine mesh of stars now strains the river.
What catches in this net, Love, cannot be
spoken or named even when at highest peak
when blood flames and spills all barriers -

renders each soft murmur, Master, to silence and motion.

To silence and motion these veils
lift away. Swift currents flee toward

that reddening Sun-Sea once our divinity

now distant, far, far from this our dripping village of vapors.

From this our dripping village of vapors
hide me, Love, hold me harder. I fear
dawn when the peacocks cry fanning
mist from boiling waters.

Act 3

Green now and ready for gleaning

Go ghostly to ashes

Turning knots each to each

That other snows are melting besides Fuji's

Beside the pond reflecting

A tickle breaks lovers to laughter

Gardens green with seethe and seed

On monk's sills in wooden bowls

That gods have lifted clouds from Fuji

To be done over in six moons

A fine mesh of stars now strains the river

To silence and motion these veils lift away

From this dripping village of vapors

Peacocks cry fanning mist from boiling waters

O each eye holds a temple

Warren Falcon

Loose Train Haiku Or Similar Or Almost > New York To Philly - A Train Journal

'the world of dew
is a world of dew
and yet...and yet... - Kobayashi Issa

=====

Nearing Princeton Station

What a wonderful world
this New Jersey is!
Blue train engines!

Withering cornfields
Just turning Autumn leaves
WHOOSH!
The opposing train

Old graves by a lake
Old woman passing in aisle
Fleeting sign outside explains -

FAIR.

=====

Loose Train Hokku-no-renga

For the blind woman
on the train every
journey is inner

She touches my shoulder,
moves just one seat ahead
feels the winter collar

metal ring pinned
to its shoulder
smiles when she touches it

dark rings of her eyes
light up momentarily

What universes are in the heads all around me

=====

While reading zen master Ummon,
famous for his one word responses
to pupils questions about the nature
of mind, I happen to look up, see a
young, clean-cut preppie reading
Wall Street Journal, large bold print:

YES-BUT-TERS DON'T JUST KILL IDEAS.

Congruence of Ummon and General Motors
ad strikes me. In mind's eye I see, so real:

Ummon enters train car, walks up to preppie,
taps shoulder, thunders in ear,

YES BUT! ! !

I chuckle smugly, stinking of enlightenment,
self pleased, translating, 'ah! kill ideas to get
to the 'thing itself ' or the 'no thing.'

Suddenly Ummon turns, smacks me hard
with his KATZ stick, BAM! And he is correct,
of course, to slam me. Arrogance along the
way, no matter how apparently fitting my

zenny smartness, deserves a hard

KATZ!

I humbly return to my book, chastened,

just write what is seen from the
train window nearing Philadelphia:

Hokku-no-ranga Close To Philly:

State Prison

off the square
in the darkest cells

those forms bursting forth

In Prison Window

a jelly jar, water pours

man hands arranging
a little green vine

View upon entering Philly

receding steeples
the hairline of God

City garden by tracks
A scarecrow even there

Plastic milk jug for a head

Passing glimpse over bridge -
railing beside a stream
a thin student reading Nietzsche -

He who can grasp me,
let him grasp me.
However, I am not your crutch.

- from Thus Spake Zarathustra, Friedrich Nietzsche

Warren Falcon

Giving Darkness In Giverny

.
Monet might have seen,

giving darkness in Giverny,
defiant to the last optics fired out inevitably,

nerve light made the more dipped,
smeared on clutched pallet bent to his gaping will

struggling to open eyes
the wider see.

Was failing him the light.

Closing-in world reduced to all horizon.

Tints, brushes, memory
frame these final pieces
canvased, inwardly conformed,
recalled light more light than all raw day.

Warren Falcon

Our Mutual Confession Invisibly Drawn - Pentecostal Church Ruins

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal,
what has become a destined association,
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this
once sentinel house long remote to men and
as present as God, my own presence is bound
to his who stands confounded now as three,
one above grave, one within it, and me
in between, one eye upon him, the other
upon sagging dirt where bones and a
ragged shirt share an unexpected
moment of veils confused in sunlight's
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and
shadows frozen there, not breathing
for us all in un-storied astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.
Upon weathered stones are
only creases where once were
names, dates, even God's Word,
chiseled by a now unknown hand,
an impression only, one among many,
reduced to no plot but that of Providence
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic
flies proving only flesh and only blood,
a flood of questions eventually exhaled,
and exhaling still, waiting beside
a white rock with wings,
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

Warren Falcon

Upon Kingfisher Wings - Letter One From Minimus Cast Out Into Space Praying Net Or Nest Catches

'The kingfishers! who cares for their feathers now? ' - Charles Olson

1

I, Minimus, launch forth regardless.

I have right to dare my feeble casting
forth, and off, of fetters, the jellies of
sin, and sally, well, if not sally, to jostle
the crowd in the bus station to purchase
my escape to spacious...what? Space,
I guess, to dream outside of who I am or
of what I have become and can see in-
ex-or-ably, ably, I hope, written in stars
or just desserts, just well-dressed guesses
derived from stormy Herald's blurting,
O winking paradiso, distant still,

'To become men and not destroyers of the world'**

I take my Pound with, old cantor,
no longer cantering but for us both
I now swagger, not to stake a grand
claim in turning the race, the species
other than to what it always was, ever
will be, grandiose, verbose, polyglottal
babblers rebutting halitose Death,
how big is the universe,
how we are all so small
sings it well,

'The ant's a centaur in his own dragon world.'

2

I live in presumptions of other life
that I will eventually live or be living
aware that I live presently as if this
being-lived life now is provisional,
that I shall one day be traveling or
well-traveled, living in some other land,
culture, having planted Odysseus's
oar there, fluent in tongue and lovers
of said land or if now said then perhaps
I may sing and say, bring new ships
into the leaner bay loaded with exotica
to otherwise, o land-locked, Reason,

'to begin with a swelled head and end with swelled feet.'

3

That one day the book shall be written,
Odysseus come smiling through the door.
That I shall live forevermore free of provisions,
be delivered presently into good, rich life
and unto the richer world, my Lover, so long
turning turning turning in distance away from,
yet I manage a caress, a smooch which
neither dismisses nor fully embraces and
it is I that is and shall be erased into this Love
which shall then in time be erased as well
in the greater Sun and that Shining, too, shall
be erased. Then we shall all be scattered,
or I shall be only, embrace by embrace,
toward erasure no longer effortful.

I soft sift draft by draft rough toward world
now slowing in spite of parentheses these
provisional postulations of 'the good life'
to come. Eventually. There is only this
that I am living now. And my hands feel,
even perhaps are, strapped to this wheel
that turns me as turns Beloved Earth,
the Sun, too, each dreaming
near to but apart from each.

My reach is
here on my tongue,
in my fingers here
grasping words from mind.
I am ever behind in this chase,
now am further from Love,
space, than ever
though my heart
is swollen from
wanting It.

Still, world, accept my blessing.

I send this message aloft on kingfisher wings.

[All quotations in closed quotes are of Ezra Pound]

Warren Falcon

Mimimus Explains The Pluribus Unum Thing

And now come poets each century heavier than
before, heavier than the other few, this new one, too,
only bards, a real few, to bar, board up the big gaps,
O great light gaping torn, oft thee sung,
slung over shoulder, hauled, the burden,
o the load
it is now become.

Warren Falcon



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Mimimus Lectures Himself - Pluribus Not Unus, Culpas Minor - Upon American Bards

.
I pose you you're question:
shall you uncover honey / where maggots are?
- Charles Olson

myself
the intruder, as he was not - Robert Creeley

1

O great light inward,

which cannot (what can)
be said of America obsessed with manners
no matter the carnage stretched to dry
in a land where, Vonnegut clear here,

'love may fail but politeness shall prevail.'

Blind, yes. As yet can't, perhaps refused,
reconcile the projected landscape, the leaking vessel,
landlocked, of State, Vespuccius Vestibulis, Topeka grasping
still, scratching at collective far flung coastal doors
for the 'in between' is no place to be.
All things gray there, politely,
plus visionaries, artists, hog-tied,
flee though are, ironically, there born.

And have not been gripped, me,
'cept by proxy, as were these
'just' poets - justified - trying to true
variant visions into One, no matter
imprecision of facts, imposed muddles they be,
O Topeka ongoingly o're and o're, ore of meanings
which are all spelt 'MESSIAH' - always this begins
and ends such messes entire.

Still we call it a country.

2

Reading two still continentally
shifting greats, Olson, Pound,
of late full of their breath,

'Of thee I sing' America's over-long exhalation
in Whitman's overlong beard and o're shadowing.

Rest of us in their vacuum
remain, wander, poems
strapped to faces like respirators,
every out breath labored,
ponderous, poised, has their
stench but is a good one what
keeps on giving though ship be
foundered from the start
(see ahead to Odysseus
cyclopean trickstering) .

These,
others,
seek for -

all mining after,
pining amongst
the pinons,
insisting on -

O absolution,

that 'it is only that
the light, o great light,
of the land projected,
was in our eyes and we
could only see our way
to slash, kill toward said projected.'

Blindly now,
still, we seek looking back, vision,
darker inhabitants
diseased off,
killed, or shipped
on good Christian ships,
borders now paced of 'good citizens'
hungry for even more darker blood,
'enough' not a democratic word,
but 'more' (to Boesky asked
how much is enough? He, 'A little more') .

O blinding light.

Odysseus to Polyphemus
the real issue here, entitled marauder,
the unspoken, disavowing thief.
Every shipwrecked citizen located in
Odysseus's answer he to Polyphemus,
one-eyed, mono-visioned shepherd
mourning his lost ones
(lost to Kingly entitled hand) ,
safe-keeper,
none too bright
but constant,
faith-keeping,
Odysseus-blinded,
who calls out,
Who are you who unsights me,
scatters my sheep?

Odysseus, wily -

cleverness, not faith,
is rewarded, the valued
in this projected land -

calls back,
not afflicted of conscience,

'I am No Man! '

This the dilemma of all these
our projected land's inhabitants,
Citizens No Man, willfully ignorant
(the greatest sin) or wide-eyed
pretending. Odysseus
in sheep skin more the predator,
'No One' lobbing rocks,
pretending to shepherd.

Let's name it true, Empire.

3

Monet might have seen,

giving darkness in Giverny,
defiant to the last optics fired out inevitably,

nerve light made the more dipped, smeared
on clutched pallet bent to his gaping will.

Some yawping yank,
all sneeze and no hanky,
yelling, 'shut yer mouth ope'd, no manners, '
Claude struggling to 'ope' eyes,
wider see.

Was failing him the light.

Closing-in world reduced to all horizon.

Tints, brushes, memory
frames these final pieces
canvased, inwardly conformed,
recalled light more light than all raw day.

4

On the other hand I have only tried
to survive, swollen small, myself,
find ways to be in it at all, appalled
hero shrunk to size, compensation
for grandness, a player 'pon an acre
of God on yon Calvin's hill, ol' John
yawning counts his sins a school
boy his sums, insistent dirt
(because it's there) persistent
cleaning his nails;

but tilled I Bible,
King James,
preferred work that,
sounds therein
instilled instead
a-poem-ing then

off at last from
roller holy hill,
a love affair oracular, called,

the Word out-wrung, wrenched,
I always the winch and never the Bride.

Again poetic little feet tracing circles, little breaths that may make a one
entire

once expired.

5

I, Minimus, tongue in cheek, creak oar, row out too
into the Homeric sea, not old Greek singer, long of breath,
but as Winslow, local seer, his paints, straw hat consigned
to mistook heroics, pure accident, not to check radio
maritime, ask captain if row boat worthy of even an
American sea, projected too, can go a-row row rowing,
claw oar into wave tips' whitecaps safe perimeters,
smell of earth nasal-yet to keep oriented to dirt.

Have, instead, reaped I redundant whirlwind
play America the Fool again, naively trusting my,
and country's, destiny are one, always good in spite
of Melville's long eloquent 'discantus supra librum' -
above the book - more trueing than any, to spoil it,
the projected 'pluribus unum' thing, for Mayflower
folks tripping lightly between the hawthorns,
their imported gardens and God, irritant tomahawks
'can only turn out swell, ' thought they like waves
gathering in sea full of themselves individually,
Destined, they then and do think, to break just for,
O America, thee.

And now come poets each century heavier than
before, heavier than the other few, this new one, too,
only bards, a real few, to bar, board up the big gaps,
O great light gaping torn off, oft thee sung,
slung over shoulder, hauled, the burden,
o the load
it is now become.

Warren Falcon

Hog Which, Something, Is A Beginning - For Tom Gone Awandering Somewhat Shakespherical

for Tom Dybek

1

Haven't heard of, from you.

Are you OK or mighty fine?

Perhaps in love merely which

is why one escapes mortal time,

friends, especially such as I?

Or is it me?



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No matter the matter.

Wondering how, where.

And how fare you, farther flung.

Or me, the further sending these

unasked, unsought.

Few to send

to who might care or

at least be bothered

yet not required

just a basket to catch

my froth enough

at this stage.

Sired upon rock and thus

know stones for suck, I am

more that one, not to inflate,

in parable, who sows seed

upon rock. Some roots may

come but come high wind

or burning heat, well, one

gathers what can, what's

left, sees if something be

woven from strands

perhaps become the

better farmer more

patient the more resigned

by far for attempts and

fated reaping life's own rock.

But, not complaining.

Gonna, rather,

go hog wild,

burst open,

try make sense

of messes/mezzes,

pinky raised effetely to offend.

2

One can arrive at such a place

where one's no longer 'scaped

all this - those who consent -

who becomes arrives but

willing participant in inexorable

awake which as yet

does not totality ken;

always the upended flames

are rushing, vortices (are)

assumed progress

an assumption

only a wish but

sweetness,

but tenderness

for some few beloved

things may steer,

may guide some,

stir us, even me,

oink oink

forward, ahead.

One cannot be

sweet toward all

except in mind

alone

Alone

the hog loves

lowly

loves slowly

but it loves

thing by

thing

which

something

is a beginning

I am for something

Warren Falcon

The Empress Of Contrails Writes Upon Darkness - Anxiety Of Influence

for Anthros Del Mar

'the labyrinths
that time creates
vanish.

(only desert
remains.)

the heart,
fountain of desire,
vanishes.

(only desert
remains.) ' - from 'And After' by Federico Garcia Lorca



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I, on the other hand,

have lain down with

countless thousands.

My tent is worn out.

Stains mark love-cries,

some blood where tongues

are ground down to root

words, utterance hard

pounded, soft tissue

torn letter by letter,

tender verbs opened to
pain, that which is paid
for more than alabaster
embraces and this strangling
of waists

My tent has drained more
of love's body than a mortuary.

Spikenard scented oils taint
fabric folds and flesh. Rote,
worn pillows are daily, sometimes
hourly turned where I half expect
to find teeth or coins hoping
still for one true word for
love without name else it flies,
moths repelled instead by flame,
pillows revealing nothing.

But I turn them still.

Oasis and cloaca,
love birds parched,

now moves caravansary

toward heart's always

winking horizons.

There are many before

the sun rises.

Perhaps my name goes

before me, my press,

Empress of Contrails,

peacocks in tow,

trailing tallies, scores,

arrivals, departures,

ejaculations, rejections,

all faces hands have held,

and yearning beyond possibility

hesitant dawn's mourning doves.

Have I not spoken of tears

subtle parentheses of blame,

brine outlines punctuated,

thinly silked, easily taken

for wing-laced salt maps,

tongue lick sighs grown

weary with enunciating.

Nightly misspoken, the

flagons are tossed down.

Recall how hot winds blow loudly

as do I, billowing the tent. Men

cry, mad for my return yet burns

no desert impervious to heat of

all kinds, even human, excepting

the heart, its capacities to startle,

its dunes in vast stretches beat,

beat for what moonlight can only

suggest to scorpions in silver

shadows, pitying serpents coiled

smug in their ability to shed skin,

unlike the veiled men.

Hide what cannot be unwritten

though this trail of brocaded

skulls in time returns to sand.

One cannot see this hand

waving goodbyes, the other

concealing tint and quill.

Through ages, upon human vellum,

through cycles unending and same,

what heart heat bids, I write best

upon darkness, eyes closed, tent

open to all who may, supplicant,

come wandering in.

Warren Falcon

Uses For Wings - Variations From 'We Can Be Broken' & Other Discarded Poems

.
'It means so much that we can be broken.' - from an early poem, 1978

For Tien Ho, departed,
and Michael R.
carving the empty space
of her leaving still

*

Here is a Presence beyond
illicit fires bearing witness
to evidence, remains of flight,
contrived escapes blocked by panes,
walls striped in ramming panic,
of ritual and a broken neck,
petrified wings placed in open
spaces they once could range.

*

I began

a bird flown down a chimney
dying in an empty house,
a hidden mountain valley,
night time fires upon surrounding
hills, moonshine stills signaling
flame warnings, bootleggers' silent
spirits conjuring drip by drip
metal and grain.

*

Here are uses for wings:

something returning,

or turning inward

eventually climbed,
rested upon,

or fallen to some chimney life.

*

Descending the hill in unplanned rehearsal
for what has become a destined association,
our mutual confession is invisibly drawn.

A ruined one-room church appears,
a cemetery plot weed-hidden behind this
once sentinel house long remote to men,
as present as God. My own presence is bound
to his who stands confounded now as three,
one above grave, one within it, and me
in between, one eye upon him, the other
upon sagging dirt where bones and a
ragged shirt share an unexpected
moment of veils confused in sunlight's
disarray of leaves, wood, of stone and
shadows frozen there, not breathing
for us all in unstoried astonishment.

Here horseflies feast.
Upon weathered stones
are only creases for once were
names, dates, even God's Word,
chiseled by a now unknown hand,
an impression only, one among many,
reduced to no plot but that of Providence
left to surmise swatting at Eucharistic
flies proving only flesh and only blood,
a flood of questions eventually exhaled,
and exhaling still, waiting beside
a white rock with wings,
ignoring fires,

leaning into changes.

*

Warren Falcon

Reasons For Leaving

for Andy
far flung from
Black Mountain,
Charles Olson
in mind, quoth -

'I come back to the geography of it...
An American is a complex of occasions,
themselves a geometry
of spatial nature.' - from 'Maximus to Gloucester, Letter 27'

*

You lost
again
poor boy
in way out
places

Better there
than lost
in familiar
here/now
such is NYC
East 10th
unsoothed

sore -

Writing (is)
bitterness mixed

& prayer

such is
personal
geography



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how life can
somehow go
but one can
either resist
or flow
with it
feeling

Deity

(is)

the
Greater Current
ripping all
cloying maps
clawing hand
from roots
on banks
worn by
Greater Intention

One relents

may like
Jonah lie
spent
still defiant
under

withered
gourd vines
such are
poem-shades

Still
the dreaded
Nineveh folks
repenteth

Not I

No 'shed I'

but

El Shaddai**

Effective what?

Indeed more
God's work
than half-hearted
attempt to
convert rivers
alter courses
egos

when
mine own
is still
wrenched

in Sacred Grip

All's well
that ends
swell or is
swollen
with a
modicum
of sensation

Of your
wanderings

tis boon
to read of

just here

to be
anywhere
but here

but intent
is to bear
this where

enduring 'why? '
still celebrating
breath

sky

sidewalk
generously
allowing

my weight

**Hebrew for 'God of the mountain', & 'God Almighty'.
The root word 'shadad' means 'to overpower'
or 'to destroy'. This would give Shaddai the meaning
of 'destroyer', representing one of the aspects of God

Warren Falcon

Photo From Lost Days At Stillborn Falls

for Low

You see them all morning while driving,
broken cars, omens, those towns you drive
through graveyards now. Your one good
tooth a headache, windshield wipers break in
the storm. Road side glass cuts your feet.
You curse your shoes in the back seat,
fumble with blades in the rain.

One good town out of six and that's the one
you leave behind where your shorts hang content
at home on the line, back yard neighbors
speculating over lingerie with black lace.
The sun can barely contain itself.
The mail man wishes he was me.

The story is Jalise - I was nearby - she dripped in
soaked from rain announcing, 'I need to get
out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini.'
For me? only a towel to dry her and nothing more.

I swear, Jalise, pornographic peekaboo, hide
and seek, I'm drunk again thinking of you,
how I cut my baby teeth on Stillborn glass,
feet bleeding on always wet roads. One mile
out of two I'm thinking of you, how you wouldn't
let me love you, just hold your hips in jeans,
'just friends'. Your black lace is still a pain.
Five men out of six would call you 'b*tch' or worse.

At the laundromat now a woman in nylons stoops.
I drive by with a wave, another town, same storm,
a study in shields and blades wondering about
nylon mysteries, hand washed, bent woman's
name turning over and over again in spin and
dry cycles of drink.

Three Tracing Infinite Musings

1

Riven from
white rock
a wider sky

2

Here is a presence
something returning
in spite of melting clocks

3

Beside hewn stones
on rotting plots
the unseen Chiseler
Warren Falcon



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Stealing Circus Hours

And I was desolate and sick of an old passion - Ernest Dowson

It's got to do with America,
my love of music, my grotesque loneliness... - Henry Miller

Are not all summer nights born late in America
fading when morning glories fog draped at dawn
breach fairgrounds an entire continent long?

Pine perimeters encircle veiled hermetic tents.

Suspended rides now frighten.

Briefly carnies are relieved of their ugliness.

Cotton candy gins spin dry confections to cold crystal.

Sugared metals stick/stop, their precocious tongues
tuned too early for erasure.

I, Twitter, stutteringly remember in cyber chases
late-night sittings at blue screen scrabbling after
old grievances such are lovers, cheaters, jilts, and
those rare 'got-lucky' graces, unexpected shoulders
and shudders, when I finally broke open laid waste

for future flatterers and failures of heart.

Sniffing my fingers for remnant tents I recall
sickened the candy at every fair, handfuls gorged,
glutted, belly sore and wanting more, drowned
in the push-shove of fevered bodies intent on the
fast rides where one loses stomach for the ordinary.

Dizzy, I grab my ankles, confess instead -
I've puked my guts from excess - spun sugar
failing cart wheels chasing penny mechanical
distractions ghosting up Stillborn* nights
holding their breath well past bedtime.

At a window, counting railroad cars,
a boy thief is stealing circus hours.

*Stillborn Falls is the town the poet was born in.

Warren Falcon

Poetry As Constellation

for Karthik

'...descend, and of the curveship lend a myth to God.' - Hart Crane

You hear

'consolation'

as 'constellation'

when I explain

a poem is a

consolation

work that I

am compelled

to

as a lover

is to

traces

pointing

beyond sighs

and windows

where

Arcturus



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stands

poised

wheeling

in night's

patient

round

his arrow

strung

forever

ready to

swiftly fly

as am I

along the

spatial curve

of your

arching

thighs

and this

too

your taut

restrained

breath held

between

swollen

lips of

praise

If you

could only

see what

I see in

your eyes

when the

arrow

finally

flies

Warren Falcon

No Difference In Memory - After Reading Li-Young Lee

for Karthik

I am flying.

I am falling.

No difference in memory,

the smell of rose oil in your hair

my body can find even in the dark

its scent upon me when I awaken

is the cup alone I drink.

I shall go on drinking when

you leave before dawn

departing to another life

I cannot live but only steal

from mysterious bankers

who lend but never give.

I am not free of this cup.

I have stolen it to remember

milk and a scent of rose

entangled in black hair.

Put me on any cross then,
one of two thieves beside any
good Christ and I'll be with Him
in any paradise above or below.
When He says, I thirst,
if I can reach with nailed hands,
I will gently touch it to his bruised lips
and say, Take. Drink. Drink it all.
I return this cup to you.

Warren Falcon

Repose Of Needles

for the Major

If you need to stand or lie
in the shade for awhile then
do so as farmers do, as does
my father who farms despair
in hot sun then lies beneath
pines in cooler shade to rest,
to dream that activity between
dirt and sky means some
lasting thing in its doing
though his ruined life cannot
make it right between clouds
and his obsession with weeds.

Between the garden and the
untilled woods he rests,
repose of needles and bark,
mid-day sun insisting its
question slowly.

Night dawning
he at last in darkness stands
returned from day, a practical
vision of green shoots to come
from blistered hands.

Up hill to the colder house,
he wills himself to life-enough,
speaks some words to wife,
arcs widely around silent wary
children and lives to be old.
His loss of memory leaves it
for others to forgive, to live on
in the rich rot of that ongoing
question which nurtures his
memory haltingly, gracefully, on.

Astonished, I have arrived at
love for him who hurt me most,
have learned to obey the odor
of decaying things compelling
hands to dirt. Within the dream
of staying, the tendril and the
heart, my aging body takes on
my father's form. I, too, like him,
am a farmer when I note how
it moves in its winding reach,
rooting, rising, giving horizon.

Warren Falcon

Cleaning Fish On Good Friday 1963

Fate, then, heavy in a boy's hand,
hoists dead weight to a nail on a tree.
His knife scores firm flesh yielding
beneath freshly limp gills - there is
an instrument made just for this,
pincher-pliers for catfish skin -
he grips and tears, uses his weight,
down-stripping smoothly bare to
lucent ribs of roseate flesh.

Only the overly large head, the ugly face
whiskered within rust bucket monstrosity
remain pure to form, thin-lipped and
mocking, restrained by depth pressures,
sustained on surface trash, dead things
that sink down, it's treasures.

Sing, then, to a nail, to a boy's blood
catechism, hands, mind, meant to be
stained, mercy's quality strained neither
by will nor gill. Scavenging flocks gladly
fill their gullets inhaling entrails tossed
into supplicant bins.

In unison Gregorian they scream:

There is a nail for us
plain, a chorus of barks**,

splintered lips
punctuated surprise,

glossolalia of rivers
now given weight.

We can only will
praise to 'The End',

and spill, post-pliers,

our silken guts in offering.

**A catfish when brought to shore barks, a rasping, barking discharge of air.

Warren Falcon

Bessie Smith - Powder Dancing On 3rd Street, Chattanooga (Circa 1971)

.
Already the river begins its sweat.
April to September I'll be on the porch
Come sunsets listening to cars in the
Dark and you, remembering the flour
On the floor** and me and Willie in
Stocking feet dancing till dawn,
An old man down the street come
To drink on my porch sometime.

You were singing one night
While we drank and he just
Had to dance and pulled me,
Reluctant, skinny ass kid
All over the floor that night.
But my feet did dance.
And the flour stayed down
The whole summer long.

[**In the Jim Crow South
in juke joints for blacks
sometimes powder or
wheat flour would be strewn
on dance floors and couples
would dance silkenly gliding
barefoot or in socks..
To read more about this read
my account of it on poemhunters
titled, 'Now Heart - Some of
What I Remember When I Listen']

Warren Falcon

Dinah Washington, All Alone On The Street Of Regret (Circa 1977)

It was sunrise, October.
Karen had just done herself in.
I suffered it through with
William Blake and gin.

Over the fence across the street
children ran to class and Blake
too chased those kids fast through
leaves in the chill school yard.

I thought - the ground's already hard over
you, Karen. To Charon then and keep
yourself warm. My arms no longer can.
You left no note in the dawn.

Out of lime and song at 7 a.m.
I dress, spin down the steps like then
in this morning now thin with Spring.
There's green over you now.

I can't help but see a thin mildew
form around your fingers in the dark.
Blake's down playing in the park.
I'll play some Dinah when I get back in.

Now heart,

don't you start that singing again.

Warren Falcon

Bare To Such Luscence - A Catfish Mass

Bare To Such Luscence - A Catfish Mass In Mississippi

for John Berryman, his Bones, Confessed

Antiphons:

The original fault
Will not be undone by fire.
The original fault was whether wickedness
Was soluble in art. History says it is,
Jacques Maritain says it is,
Barely.

- John Berryman, from 'Sonnet ix'

Introit then Lauds:

Punctuated surprise
hosanna of rivers
sounding with
or without gills

I could not make it there
that 'pointed conjunction'
nor up to air. I, Catfish,
soft sift bottom mud, give up
on purity, on flitting civilizations
lifted or pressed between
surface and aspirant spaces.

Done with all that some
have had no choice.
Catfish choices differ
from those of the 'Windhover' Christ,
'dappled, dawn drawn' though they be
(Hopkins implicate flights of resurrection) .

'Stead, Berryman without art or Maritain
out leapt his sonnets to river-fells and missed,

the fool, one last scansion - dirty trick -
'hissself, too, hit, Bones sans pomes,
hard mud, perhaps one foot or his
beard delicately dipped
in paginated river.'

Catfish Homily:

Witless old mud spawn, widest mouth,
no lips to speak of, greed pulls black water
to shore, a bark in air Catfish makes in
punctuated protest at too much light
or is it, rather, ecstasy, final vision gasped
vague in depths, hinted upon surfaces,
Platonic shadow plays portending sparks
praise to what is finally seen at the end,
a life mucked and mired in obfuscated fundamentals?

Eucharist 1965:

Fate, then, heavy in a boy's hand
hoists dead weight to a nail on a tree.
His knife scores firm flesh yielding
beneath freshly limp gills - there is an
instrument made just for this, pincher-pliers
for catfish skin - he grips and tears,
uses his weight down-stripping smoothly
bare to such luscience little ribs of roseate
flesh.

Only the overly large head, the ugly face
whiskered within gilded monstrosity,
remain pure to form, thin-lipped and
mocking, restrained by depth pressures,
sustained on surface trash, dead things
that sink down its treasures.

Tenderly sing, then, to a nail,
to a boy's blood catechism -
hands, minds, are meant
to be stained, mercy's quality
unstrained neither by will nor gill.

Scavenging flocks gladly fill their
gullets inhaling entrails tossed
in supplicant bins.

In unison Gregorian they scream:

There is a nail for me
plain, a chorus of barks** -

splintered lips
punctuated surprise,

glossolalia of rivers
now given weight.

One can only will
praise to 'The End',

and spill, post-pliers,
one's silken guts in offering.

**A catfish when brought to shore barks, a rasping, barking discharge of air.

Warren Falcon

Beyond Blossoms, For James Wright

'too full of blossoms and green light to care' - James Wright

If you were here now I too would
speak of encounter on a hill in the
south of France, Monthaut, its ruined
church without knees, sun low over
foothills of the Pyrenees -

From shadowed trees downhill
at least 20 horses run to me.
I feel them before they appear,
hooves tearing dirt and grass
in their manic ascent up the
steep arriving like excited
birds, haunches quivering,
damp from late-summer heat.

Their soft noses push my hands,
their chests pure press
hard against barbed wire.
They offer themselves to me,
their long necks extend
heads dipping shyly,
not without some blood -

I think of you now as I did then,
remembering our bellowing lungs
in rich shared air, odors entwined
of earth, mane, those sweet
grasses, and the binding brier
where they stamped, trembling.

Not poetry here,
Old Master;
just reporting,

how it all breaks open
blindly between doldrums,

dark hammock refusing
to be swayed on a bad day.

Something is here you already
know but if there is forgetting on
the other side of the fence
I remind you now.

My hands caress
echoing equine graces.
In their eyes I can see
in that way of all breezes
finally where you went.

Here is Wright's poem, 'A Blessing':

Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies
Darken with kindness.
They have come gladly out of the willows
To welcome my friend and me.
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture
Where they have been grazing all day, alone.
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness
That we have come.
They bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.
There is no loneliness like theirs.
At home once more, they begin munching the young tufts of spring in the
darkness.
I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,
For she has walked over to me
And nuzzled my left hand.
She is black and white,
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,
And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.
Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body I would break
Into blossom.

Warren Falcon

Harlem Palimpsest - What Is Seen And Overheard At Six A.M., West 142nd Street, August 1984

for Kim Wonsook*

Palimpsest =

1: writing material (as a parchment or tablet) used one or more times after earlier writing has been erased

2: something having usually diverse layers or aspects apparent beneath the surface

Latin palimpsestus, from Greek palimpsestos scraped again

Old women

lean out windows

swaying between

backyard buildings

old clothes lines,

gray string

thin

thin

'What's will when

the window slams shut?

Just old cake thrown on the street

Purple flower boxes

woman's hands

folding letters

sweet soap smells

ontop steps

wet shoes full of wind

Overheard:

'Just catching a cool breeze is all.

Street don't belong to me...'

'She may be crazy but she's polite.

She puts her hand over her mouth

when she coughs...'

'Don't be flattered a

breeze blows in your window

Run! Run like hell'

Shouts overhead:

Keep offa my clean floor

Lay outta my porcelain sink

Ya hear me? !

That mirror's not gonna change your face

What is read:

'After so very many years, it's pointless to

look back on it.

Give this looking back a rest!

A clear breeze the world over

-what limit could it have? '

- Setcho, zen master & poet

What is written in response:

In ice streaks upward

here's breath for you

even this ink on paper

this flesh on mind

this writing on air

Why try be happy/sad?

don't affect it

disinfect your mind

play possum

Who's somebody's darlin'?

Jus' time and

gism taken on flesh

dead soon enough

so pace yourself

You've run backward too long

Don't want it

as does the

filthy river

reflecting

without

acknowledgment

Warren Falcon

Minimalist Death Cyphers, A Meditation In Nine Rounds

.
for Mooky,
not even two hearts
could contain your
great spirit

1

Blue cornflowers

lean forward

Reach again

One hand



PoemHunter.com

What cannot be seen

in spaces between

matters

Sky has no memory

2

Lean forward

One hand

in spaces between

Sky has no memory

3

Reach again

What cannot be seen

matters

4

One hand

in spaces between

Sky has no memory

5

What cannot be seen

matters

Blue Cornflowers

reach again

6

In spaces between

Sky has no memory

Lean forward

One hand

7

Sky has no memory

lean forward

One hand

in spaces between

8

Matters

Blue cornflowers

Reach again

What cannot be seen

9

Blue cornflowers

Reach again

What cannot be seen

matters

Warren Falcon

Where Dispose Of The Joke Of Bones - Minimalist Cryptics Sometimes Metaphysical, Circa 1981

for two:

Agnes Martin, American artist,
minimalist painter extraordinaire

Elaine Bellezza, artist, too,
and traveler,
and early Anima-as-Fate,
and 'eye giver'

'Is that dance slowing in the mind of man
that made him think the universe could hum? ' - Theodore Roethke

'This is withholding art,
evading disclosure, declining
to give itself away. - Tiffany Bell**

1

off the square
in the darkest cell
where darkness is at its deepest -

some sense of home

those forms bursting forth

2

seal us in
ascetic fire -

and the cave become a dissonance
the lament on your face of saffron reddening

3

but the grids never are
little girls jumping rope

challenge circle words,

the self of rings

like a brown back

the empty form goes

extends outward

yet these words do not contain you

4

you have an 'element'

the word is ugly too

dearer than a son

cut cut cut out

the heart that lies

walking seems to cover time

the summit is rounded

outline of a foot on a rock

5

you speak in circles
though loving squares

when I cover squares clad in ashes
are all questions then mother of pearl

6

the pilaster speaks
loudly of days

dearer than wealth
the silence on the floor

7

discover the last image

how skim the ocean of brine
you wear on your face
that gray weight

die for more

this is life

8

the plain can do almost
nothing but weep

to turn my eyes away
destroys its power

the untamed fire

9

between the rain
whose throat is blue
like a wild fern is clear

I am sad when I see you

10

your letters arrive fat
swollen with human form

they fly out from my palms

look around you

11

mind now
mistaken

dying flowers
not traceable

instead -

believe the sky is not so wide

it reaches forward

(let us pass)

it is a far cry

is pervasive

get rid of everything

only see in me a part

12

tell me now
glass-handled knives
I'm not clear where we started

13

the pagoda and the spire
poke the eye
I once understood you as
articulate who couldn't stand

now knowledge is less and less to

me

and a clear mind -

the rose
are squared

white edge
of the world

ugly

sitting in
snow

14

where dispose of the joke of bones

one must feel the forms
bursting in the tranquil shade
the reality of virtual form
sitting in said snow

the beat of a wing we grieve
certain words repeating -

the world 'ugly'

and just is the 'plain'

what becomes of skin

what becomes of a lotus petal

it tears apart

15

believe the streets are blistering

Nature is the wheel

settle for less

some sense of home

look around you

those forms bursting forth

they fly out from my palms

between the rain

whose throat is blue

like a wild fern is clear

declining to give itself away

16

declining to give itself away

believe the streets are blistering

look around you

Nature is the wheel

they fly out from my palms

settle for less

like a wild fern is clear

some sense of home

whose throat is blue

those forms bursting forth

between the rain

>>>>>>>>

**Tiffany Bell, describing the minimalist art of American painter Agnes Martin.

Warren Falcon

Regarding The Apple's History, A Theological Trifle - After Emily Dickinson

'It's good for the breath! '
With this she tempted Adam to death.

Properties of the apple are renowned since
their eating made it a greatly frowned upon thing.
Still, it is not without its lovers.
But for an apple's charm we would live boring lives,
never a fling or two to alarm the pear,
and we all know an apple will never harm
a teacher's pet, its fables to lure
the imagination, that Golden One's
strength to subvert us to the core.

Let's eat the jelly of sin and tell it!
William Tell's a good shot!
Let's split the Apple in the pot
and stew it for Eve's sly.
Even so our breath is sweet.
Tis the tart one of death
from which we'll all die.

Tis also true, though paradise is lost,
something is to be gained with apple sauce.

Warren Falcon

Lovers Jump To Death From Burning Building

From late night collapse of limes rum
lovers leap to death in each others arms.
Upon the sill they lean resigned,
dead calm revolving in a yellow light.
Neither fright nor anger nor drunken joy
calls them to this moment but habit.
Each morning settles something, and
so they resolve half asleep in the window
to disturb the air. Bidden by fire, with
thickened tongues, they obediently fall
hidden in all alarms.

Warren Falcon



PoemHunter.com

Upon This Wide Water, On Our Broken Boat - Two For Staten Island Ferry, Circa 1985 Manhattan

'On the ferry-boats the hundreds and hundreds that cross,
returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose,
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence are
more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.'
- Walt Whitman, from 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry'

1

Upon this wide water, Whitman's bay, wandering
outward toward Eastward windings -

Upon this white-starred charted bay we ride
gray with midnight leaning toward the Towers**
distant growing, stalking, yellow and glowing,
mimicing the stars -

Our eyes stare tearing,
seawind pushes lids to slits.
We glimmer. Lights shimmer
ahead and above,
and still we cry -

the wind.

The ferry, furtive, floats the edge of Manhatta.
There's power pushing against the bow,
riptides to the rear, but we go on,
approach sleepily, enamored of gin and
the beds we will make again and again
pulling sheets tighter. This stretching water
safe-keeps the light of eyes and the city there-

Upon the water's wide skirt one will, quiet,
lift up a hand to the spray, sway for love,
and pray for the world -

A dark tern unfurls from the sail
of a starboard yacht, flirts once with
the silhouette extended upon the wave,
then leaves, an under-turning rail or rudder
sinking in the ferrier's wake.

Each night there must be one, out there,
on the deck, supplicating in boozy tongue,
oozing heart-love all over, spurning the way
things go down in the world, cheap spindrift
the cranes know of, dipping their bloated beaks
to the waves. And he must dip his head, braying,
with his hands motioning to the night -

Away! Away!

[**World Trade Towers]

2

'Others the same - others who look back on me because I look'd forward to
them, What is it then between us? ...What is the count of the scores or hundreds
of years between us? ' - Walt Whitman

On our broken boat the harsh light will not break.
We see our day clearly as we can.
Tell the night, now it's here to stay, that

once I glanced the sleeping youth, legs against the wall,
felt a pall descend upon us here,
this boat lancing the bay waters darkly.

Some to books then, the priest to his sad, effeminate stare.
I can no longer envy those of the black cloth
so bend and tie the shoe.
We shod our feet against what long loss of motion,
eyes downcast or boldly returning the stare?

Beneath each eye there's some familiar look we refuse.
We map our way to sleep in the palms of shy or frightened hands.

Warren Falcon

Autumnal Math

The ground assumes its portent.
The good of the season remains in what is left behind.
It takes what lays down or is laid down upon it.
You'd think it a kind of king of accountants.
You'd sink down an addition of arithmetics,
heartbeats, breaths, footings found and lost,
all the unintended landings of a life.

You'd think it wouldn't stop.
You'd sink down even wide awake in this season.
Such sinking pretends its endings in countless
geometries of folding life down or over
and under sundering fractions apart,
forgetting theorems, all but the final one.
The rest can change or pretend to.

Admit you are no good at numbers.
Admit you can only count to a certain sum,
or down to it. Reverse your life if you want to,
wind it down with a memory. Beef up the end.
Noble or not, you can fake it.
Planning is what counts for indemnity.
You can make it seem to make sense.
You can try a new line on every stranger you meet.
You've only begun to juggle Euclid anew under
white lids painted shut with mortician's abacus.

You know a new counting accounting for fainter signs,
new ground to flick numbers between your teeth.
What's left behind is now wrong.
The good of it is what belongs to the
laying down of lines about what you've
finally done. Recounting your old formulas
gives some lingering warm to nerves on edge.

No hedging now.
The ground assumes its importance.
The season rattles all our leaving
in its cupped hand.

Warren Falcon

Singer In Green - The Loruhamah Poems, Her Death Discordant

[Scroll down to beneath the poem for an image of Degas's painting 'Singer In Green' which informs the poem in many ways]

for Judy Asher

These meditations/laments are set in
Appalachian mountains and towns of
North American Southern states, circa mid1960's

[The Hebrew name, LoRuhamah, means 'not loved']

Hosea 1: 6 - And she conceived again, and bare a daughter.
And God said unto him, Call her name LoRuhamah' for I will
no more have mercy on the house of Israel, but will utterly take
them away.'

Part One

Matins

O rue rue LaRue

Blue the waters at a distance
blue the tails of otters
blue the eyelids of sleeping beasts
nestled beneath the earth

Distant crows sound the morning field beyond pasture

Dew murmurs names upon passing grasses

Echoing wood golds where below
the stream's gash furthers along slowly

murdering dimensions of width and depth

Remembered gait of young ponies toward
the spring's sweet water

Remembered laughter of the frail daughter there
beside the fields sweet grasses

The daughter, as the water, passes into silence

Laughter remembered beside the old well of the woods

1

O rue rue LaRue among the ginkgoes
cloven leaves all fallen whose burnished berries
yellow late melon sweetness of Autumn days

O rue rue LaRue among the boxwoods
evergreen for no good phlox
Blooded leaves settle upon golden flax of weeds
seeding the chilling ground receiving soundless
lips of grain enduring ice and ice again

O rue rue LaRue amidst the sortilege
Coo of pigeons in the distant spired village
low of legion cattle turning toward evening millet
mow of fringing grain chafing toward winter silos

2

Unearthing the old dwelling

find glass bottles

rusted tins of talcum

utensils grimed which once fed mouths

a comb sadly saves some long
uncaressed and beloved white hair

a rusty chain for what purpose used
then discarded

Overturning stones
reveals a child's gum
machine trinket ring

O the lovely hand of the long grown daughter
remembered in the plastic ring hole full of dirt
caked jewel of childhood, innocent, cool
in this finder's keeping

Rest o daughter
slumber in the dark palm of the grave
We are slave to suffering
but the little ring you lost
or bitterly tossed away
when its small circle's promise
outgrew you
is here
in the sunlight again
in a stranger's hand
standing where the gate allowed
entrance to the once beautiful yard

Brief the rediscovered
for all of us are soon
gone under the hill

The ring dear lost dead thing
once human and frail will endure
beyond our bones

It's promise is safe

I wish I knew your name, dear one

O rue rue LaRue...

3

Spittle on the chin
stubble upon the cheek
she met her love beside the creek

Turned in her sleep
the calling heat gathered
the steep bank in the wood

then fell

as water will

forgetting the blood's

first stain on the long discarded sheet

A woman now she fled toward love

and fed there but

famished still

died there...

4

...there that little greensward swath of green grass
and leaf and limb and tree in that little crook nook
of vale dark there and sky gimleted on each blade
and leaf hover myriad in air...

Part Two

Compline

Her death discordant...

'Birds must sing to keep from asphyxiating.' - Mircea Eliade

Then died there the rose beside the house of tin.

The track bore no train for years.
Weeds travel tendriled and
yellow rooted between trestles.
Broken vessels whistle through
shattered teeth of glass.
Only wind and no rusted train can pass.

Though the scene bears dislocation,
though the brain remembers station
and motion of steam engine and iron
wheel rotation the places of old gone
passing bear no malice toward stillness.
All around mute remains remind the
occasional passer of former days,

an old snuff tin crumbled in a reverent
hand longs for the woman grasping then,
holds sweet dust beneath her tongue
as the land must hold her now where is
no whisper but sleep beyond sleep.

Weeds to the eye are sad between rails
but listening to their green and yellow belles
the rightness of their swaying displaces all sorrow.
Their distance is a distance one cannot know
but only borrow in imagination by extension
of miles, their reach is ours then, translated
green and longing, their leaves throng the
evening air, in silent clamor fling down seed
to summer's blundering prayer.

1

Discovering a small print of Degas' painting,
'Singer In Green', on the day of her death,
sending it to her best friend, saying:

This reminds me of her,
her features, the beauty of implied song,
a tenderness, and sadness,
head tilted back in order to lift her voice,
crooked hand above breasts gesturing
in physical song, green light bathing
the mortal scene.

Was this not her
green with life,
woman prime,
taken into the vast green
of the earth during Spring?

She sings still.
In memory we hear the literal voice,
see her gesture, catch her fading laughter.

2
Go out into some silent space
of green world then. Sit. Listen.
Muted voices and motion are greater there
than any little pocket of earth that our
body or grave can hold.
She dies into the world which
is always alive
and Mystery.

So the singer has become the green light
which bathes her, her life signaling toward it,
her death become it which is greater music still.

Be sad, as we will, but know
she is now where the Green is -

in woods,
in the world,
in memory in
hearts and minds
we but borrow it while alive and return
to the Green source with our passing.

3

O rue rue LaRue it's here

this space between the gate and the lovely garden

is here everywhere in the ring in the hand in the dirt

within the hole of the ring in the breath flung in

and out the grave house underneath

the dirt's coolth and dank breath

thank the air and pass the leaves

the hand of the digger becomes the tree

becomes the sign upon which all breathing things

shall hang language surpasses itself breaks

upon its own weight like the empty shell of the beetle

little is the frame we live within this tiny world

the walk upon Vast the space it partakes of making

the wave of the wind ripple in the mind and Mind

turns to the drop of rain the flaked paint of the

barn side the vague window pane opening upon

the eternal scene of stones breathing becoming bread

the living the dead artifacts

All

4

That green has grown.
Leaves have darkened
deepening shadow and hue of green
and so, imagining, walking through,
has her death.

I walk through that, too,
wonder how she fares,
silent lady of dirt
having lost at last
the hurting care of the world,

and we, green and growing,
curl above her dark place,
sure sometime of our grave
as sure as we are now of hers.

5
Scattering wind over bending blades,
I grieve still her leaving,
feel its weight as I see scattered ones
on benches in the park, asleep,
one wretched man huddling where
a band of young musicians tune
their instruments for song.
Disparate images entwine -

gone man,
gone band,
and her death discordant -

the living die
the dead somehow live
singing in the sometime green.

As green returns
so she will in silent memory,
in waves of wind
which is only wind.
We will change but not as she
so changed now to every possibility of song.

It appears to be ended
but as grass shows there is
a forming wisdom and the same,

Desire.

The fire in our house of living rages
and we cannot come out of our own accord.
The event of her going is a beckoning
to see the flame leaping so let's creep
toward the Green and be silent
but if we cannot be then let us be as she,
frail and tender, lifting voices up
in the greening shadow

7

Dear one.

Dear one.

They've mown the hill.

The grass remains.

Modern scythe and sickle
felled the frailer blades,
stained their metals
green with your name.

The sun shines,
burns that hewn spot where I first
learned to love your passing,
where I watched your leaving
grow wild and lovely,
untamed beside the street,
learned to hear the quiet there
where now a cycle is begun.

A new season of your death
is running rampant again to know
the blades of time and men.

Oblatio

Among oaks the fallen do not speak.
The dirt upon which they lay is hard.

Hard earth.
Cold earth.
Need us here
spoken for nothing.

We scratch our mouths
across the scar of land,
wait in the black sun,
pray to break apart.

A bird with injured wing
sits among the yellow leaves.

It's wild hurt flays the sky.

Warren Falcon

David To Jonathan, A Lost Psalm Recovered, Recent Translation, Circa 1978

'And it came to pass...that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul...Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.'

- 1 Samuel 18: 1 - 4 King James Bible

The Lost Psalm

This ancient tonguing
betrays some fault
disdaining the human world -

which occurred first,
the birthing or the wounding?

Abjuring flesh of necessity,
this, my peace, is false

but the music woos,
swells me up.

It is my sleek, bleak hour
remembering Bathsheba's girth.
There is some mirth in remembering her,
those skirts and veils like a cadence of sweet cakes
and guilt,

but knowing your ungirt, perspiring embrace
so near to the Lord's tent,
makes the sin sweeter
for sweet is the intent
to only love

for now it is
the building up,

the uplifting,
the enfolding,
the engulfing in flame,

Abednego's dancing
unconsumed in a hardness of
flesh against the hardness of belief,
no relief of vision's ken within himself
or fire but in arms and legs thrashing
out creeds to live by.

Warren Falcon

Of Li Po Waking The Morning After, Circa 1981

'Let me be forever drunk and never come to reason!
Sober men of olden days and sages are forgotten,
And only the great drinkers are famous for all time.' - Li Po

'We share life's joys when sober.
Drunk, each goes a separate way.' - Li Po

Waking up among these frail green things,
by the stream I hear the hornets singing.
I do not fear them but I fear the sting
of light as day creeps into my shade.

I have read of sad and joyful things
under last night's moon and now I weep
for the Immortals fading from light
to light with their pockets of pine bark
and resin to chew, their wine of sorrow
to drink in their, and my, sorrowful season.

I am homesick for the earth as
these old poets knew it,
a thin veil of mountains,
winter birds pecking at suet,
some girls dancing, and a wife,
some young sons to pull the reeds up
fishing and weeping for my exposed
wino bones while I sit, drunk, pronouncing
upon the deeds of state. Pitiabile.

Let there be leaving taking and coming to,
drinking and drinking again,
playing fool to the wisdom of the ages,
remarking at those unkind sages
who always smack their lips for war.
Give me again the hilltop cave,
the pilgrim come to call at the door.
Fires I will then light for this age.

Who comes to me in this season for reason
besides the bee and the mite, the winding gourd?
I have sat here in one spot so long
I begin to lose my sight. Look!
The stream is growing a beard in the daylight!

No word can bring back the Immortals but for wino joys.
There is a blight upon our time. I have been faithful to it
tipping my cup. The present is sufficient but I admit
I am ready to go. My time has come.

Leave the world to the scoundrels!

[POET'S NOTE: I wrote the above poem in response to Li Po's famous poem,
'Alone And Drinking Under the Moon'. Here it is, by Li Po:

Amongst the flowers I
am alone with my pot of wine
drinking by myself; then lifting
my cup I asked the moon
to drink with me, its reflection
and mine in the wine cup, just
the three of us; then I sigh
for the moon cannot drink,
and my shadow goes emptily along
with me never saying a word;
with no other friends here, I can
but use these two for company;
in the time of happiness, I
too must be happy with all
around me; I sit and sing
and it is as if the moon
accompanies me; then if I
dance, it is my shadow that
dances along with me; while
still not drunk, I am glad
to make the moon and my shadow
into friends, but then when
I have drunk too much, we
all part; yet these are
friends I can always count on

these who have no emotion
whatsoever; I hope that one day
we three will meet again,
deep in the Milky Way.

Warren Falcon

Haiku D'etat -Staten Island Ferry Wake,1984

This Sunday of ice cream cones
the locals cruise for a dime.
Pigeons here or there peck pretzels
thrown down. New in town I
read these indifferent faces,
news from Sunday frowns.

Last night's drinks were on you and
old friends. Felt like I had skin again
when a certain rub made wonder but
sleeping it off on your floor I woke up
screaming dreaming death with a bloody
nose; if you wore nylons I could kiss you.
I'm confused. Infused vagrant blood
refuses no stops. Lust cops wait in dark
glasses near darker doors to bust.

I've managed before. Two black coffees
and the shakes, bad. I pack enough clean
clothes for a sidewalk or two. Now I find
myself here in this somewhere floating
toward some shore altogether too familiar
(the dream again)while families squeal,
their cameras pointed at Lady Liberty,
licking noisily their cones, an altogether
painful thing to watch and remembering
you naked, too. I've paid my quarter to get
to the other side even if I get there blue.

Were we talking about rabbit punches
last night, the blank, blond faces of
Stockholm? Which drinks were free?
The dream tells me little except I was
(am)scared and hate this body I'm in.
I'd lose it all but for this one voice here.

Funny, the thought of revival when one
touches another skin. Some god I've believed
in but rarely put to test. I'm going home

to rest. See you tomorrow. Phone me first.

Sudden moment when the ferry horn blasts:

Someone, some kid, is
crying now. Dropped his
cone into the cold, cold sea.

Warren Falcon

Hard Days On In At The Rehab For Drunken Poets, An Opera Of Sorts, Circa 1981

for Lowery McClendon

They can't all be like these, I guess.
The days are good, though, when they are.
The formula is simple really -

We take our ragged bones out of rented rooms for long walks.
You point out between bricks the rainbows in windows, the dirt
now become your dirt, your genius for transformations.
I ram my own by now trite and hackneyed points
home over and over, but it works on days like these.

Reprise. Then cold beer in the dying light of
a gray bar. The stage is set. Laughter over the
wear on those other faces as we shudder behind
our own, the usual exchange of wind.
Full darkness mutes the swarm and it begins.

Curtain up.

Back inside our rooms, last castrati on the radio.
Enter winter under the door crack.
This becomes an event,
the retelling in high C;
'...I guess it's just as well we speak
this way in America and call it poetry.'
See. I'm ramming it again.
Cold breaks my concentration.
It's moving up my legs like hemlock.
Poetry should do the same.

OK. I'll get serious. A brief libretto: :

Today sweet Molly with the black eye
and the cut on her breast cried then

decided to return home to Bud who
beats her when she's drunk. I tried to
talk her out of going but she was going
and she went. Scherzo here. Interlude.

Johnny didn't come home but drank a beer
after court, walked down Highway 25 to see
his little girl, called to say he was sorry for
being late. 'You can't come back, Johnny.
You been drinking again.' Coloratura. And gravel.

Joe vomited honey and banana in bed, a real mess.
I caught most of it in a trash can held up to his head.
He roared when he wretched.

'I've vomited more years than I've lived them' he said, shaking.
'I'm a damned drunk and I'll die a damned drunk.'

Warren Falcon

Delusion Of One

Born: Year of the Dragon.

Horoscope: 'Today's the lucky day.'

Luck, you say? O.K. Once. In a small town
on a snowy road, the scenery spinning round.
When it stopped you were pointing toward a good
place - Home. The message: Go back.
You can decide again to begin again
or stay warm there: Wombtown, population: 1.
No Lions Club or local Jaycees.
No chocolate bars and brooms for the blind.
Free room and board. It's kick and dream,
kick and dream and cleanliness more efficient
than a space suit. Talk about luck?

You're here aren't you? Don't say good or bad.
It's no accident the year's the Dragon's.
Chinese or no, the year has a tail long as a river.
Peel the scales behind the ears
you'll still roar for pain o roaring boy
spinning in the world, the recurring dream
of vortices whirling pink and red, a large
mouth with teeth spitting you into
an even muddier river. You'd fish it
if you could. More likely you'd dam it
at the source. The occasional catch is
more likely snag in undertow.

It's undertow that matters.
The real power's there.
Ask the undertow, you'll get answers.
Don't say need. The bottom's filled
with old cars, tin cans, bad seed.
All you'll ever want. Get lucky.

This is the day. The glass on the window's
steamed. Outside's a blur. What's that gone by
spinning with rustling wings, roaring like wind,
glint of mirrors hurling down? You'd swear

there was a splash. Something's pointing,

Go back.

Warren Falcon

Of Henna Night - What Bells & Sex Have To Do With Each Other, A Mythic Rendering From Ancient Texts & Dreams Circa 1981

'The bells, I say, the bells outbreak their towers...

- Hart Crane, from 'The Broken Tower'

For Marianne Annur

I will tell you of Fatima

She is the bell
The tintinabulum
The veil and the will

Then take me to her
You can have the tapestry of streets
The bowls of tint

Shade the surface black
And she will emerge
The river
The bead upon the throat
The bread swelling
Lifting up

The Fertile Crescent

1

Between the breasts and
Most of the moving parts
While she crossed the threshold
She was quite badly torn

Fatima had clusters
Mounted solidly of bronze

She said it hurt terribly

2

Fatima opened her dark
Eyes if they were with the
Tide from top to lip

She escorted me to an inner room
Where was an intricate carillon music

It is the inevitable accompaniment
She said pointing below
Come in here, my little eye

I did where she remembered ululating
With plump cushions where it rotates
Of the tintinabulum
A change of waist
Iron or steel bars
To the edge of the lip

At the advent
I nibbled salted melon seeds
For this is the Lailet el Henna

3

In the towers are the reproducers

Within the clean bronze
Their walls were stood
Ready to receive her
And later became all
Of the intricate trills

She pushed her way through
The pivot points
A deep lactation
In the most ravishing shades

Simulate the Pleiades

The rich magenta

Running water is much the best
Whether she wept as she then drew out
Watering the date gardens

She stepped over warm spurting blood

You should have heard her cry
'Ya Ali' and her loud hell-hella

4

A sheep was slaughtered

The physical vibrating movements
For anything tinkling
On the palms and the fingernails
At the point of clapper impact

And on the pillow
She drew out
For the rhythmic accompaniment
And then put it while it was hot
Up inside

A folded piece of bread

5

What did she vow at the Saint's tomb?

6

The Henna Night was celebrated

Metal was added to the lip
Placenta and puella runs
And full harmony that are familiar to lovers

Before Fatima's face
A knife had been placed

Between the upper and
Lower big sprigs of myrtle

The waist almost became
Through the flattening of the
Crown similarly beautiful
And took out of the outside skin
Alone in thousands of towers
Between legs a tiny triangle
Where several seams met
Variations in the walls thickness
When the bride's hands were hennaed
Had very slow pains
Prayers were said while the metal was
Poured into the molds
An opaque black veil over
The bells of Nimrud

This thickening of the lip
Straight and pot like
To the chanting
Gave it rhythm and balance

7

Fatima was propped up on pillows
On her big bed

She had a large round silver box
Heavily embossed
The shape of the bell
The same thickness
A push button that rings arpeggios

Carelessly she pulled out
Before I went into
- Joining in refrains -
Into the modern bell
Recast it for tuning again
Thick and ornamented
With gold paint and flowers
As it unfolded her pains

- Hell-hella -

Delicately through the dark
And silent just as the rope
That swings scarcely noticed

8

Did you have a hard time of it, Fatima?

9

The large brass bedstead

Lighted candles

Their walls were
All primitive forms
Although she put on the veil
A delight to the senses

10

Mohammad came
As fast as the
Vibrating bars that
Generate blows

I kept on my ornaments
I rubbed her abdomen with a knife
Tore in two a flap of bread
Pink gauze curtains
Wheat and salt were scattered

None has been found

Fatima had donned the veil

Iron, steel, gold
Silver, zinc and lead
Which is formed by the squaring
Of the shoulders

Small bells began
Were shortened
Reduced the muscular effort
Needed to swing

11

And then went in to his bride
With mounds of henna paste
All from silver containers

Plus hundreds of single bells and peals
A time indicator
Anything set with precious stones
He put this on her navel
All with small finger loops on top

The idea of the clapper
To fall back into position
To crack the thickness of the lip

12

A call to worship was lost
When rings were cast around
The hinges and locks
The soles of her feet
A beehive in shape
Close to the vibrating
Enveloped in a black coat

And dearest whispered
It must be completely consumed
Must be in the open
From the top

There bury it face up
With votive rags
Of the Tigris and Euphrates
The opal and the navel

Watched with deep

Or Henna Night

13

The only remedy is to melt it down

Fatima to me as she lifted the heavy lid

A naked sword was laid

Evolved

Came into being

As a warning signal

There would be a loud burst of

The piercing, high pitched

Trilling ululation

Into tiny handleless cups

A deep lactation

Fatima's milk

The gradually inward sloping sides

Fatima to me as she lifted the heavy box

Drink

It is the Henna Night

Drink

It is the parting of veils

She pointed downward,

Disrobing in the darkness,

The lantern light of the street

Rubbing against her

Fatima to me as she lifted the heavy box

- To dip your fingers in seven colors -

Fatima opened her dark eyes

Fatima to me

She lifted it up

The heavy hennaed night ringing

Hell-hella

'Sympathizing with an experiment, we yet need not venerate the result.' -
Marianne Moore, *The Complete Prose of Marianne Moore* (Penguin, 1987), p.586

[This poem arrived literally out of a shoe box. Experimenting with cut-up poetic technique as propounded by William Burroughs, in the mid-1970's in my little cabin on Huckleberry Mountain in the North Carolina mountains I cut up phrases from several dreams I'd had along with xeroxed (photo copied) essays from an encyclopedia on the history of bells and bell making, and one on the rituals and traditions of Henna night in Islamic countries. My choices of essays were random. I just opened the encyclopedia and these were the essays I opened to. I cut up phrases from each, added them to the shoe box along with my dream fragments, and thoroughly shaken (not stirred) pulled out phrase by phrase what became this poem. This was my most successful attempt of many with this technique. What I found was that, especially when seized up in writer's block, the 'accidental' or chance juxtaposition of images, phrases, caesuras in content, contexts and voicings along with disparity of logical connection between topics (bells, metalurgy, Henna rituals for women, wedding nights, sexual attraction and consumation) sometimes created not only astonishing images and poetry but re-tuned my own consciousness to function in this non-linear associative way as a poet and now, importantly, in my creative work as a psychotherapeutic counselor with others. I recommend this technique for all poets or aspiring poets for much is to be learned with perhaps the greatest discovery being that there is another Mind/Hand/Source involved in the craft of poetry, of all writing, guiding the quotidian course of our lives, paying attention first and foremost with a willingness to leave known territory while not devaluing that territory at all. Immediate and tangible foundations are supported by unseen

and assumed greater, deeper, older and stronger ones. From this rich arche-
tectonic structure, hold and mold our lives and our creativity rise.]

Warren Falcon

Surrealistic Sutures For The Acetylene Virgin

I think that poetry should stay
awake all night drinking in dark cellars.' - Thomas Merton

Look to the body for metaphor -

Look to blood, use this word
in relation to dreams or flowers
while silver runs in veins which
are usually streets or vines.

Breasts, male and female,
are stars, have to do with
a handful or feet to span them.

Abdomen, then, is a great
Milky Way gathering,
holding, expelling comets,
caroling colons' humming.

Spleens are bones to pick teeth
with, teeth which are, of course,
sea horses or gravestones bearing
images of the Flagrant Heart to
tame this spot of gypsum and flint,
to charm where Violin's cut throat
sings itself awake, one black breast
out of its fold slapping metal seas
against dropping metal shores in
Sidelight's shadow across this
hand writing now, slap of waves
mute in this stillness of knees.

So lend a darkness to gardens,
ancient pattern of a breast,
cloth lightly lifting, black on black.

From Her chest reveal a slenderer
throat that nods when she swallows

and names her peace.

The delicate will not pass away just yet.

Great Seamstress of Space,

sew, please,

with fingers of dew.

Warren Falcon

Leave Taking, After Matsuo Basho, Circa 1978

'There is a blessed fidelity in things.

Graceless things grow lovely with good uses.' - John Tarrant

Expecting more rain.

Not yet light though 6 a.m.-

night still over the barn.

From the porch, high wind.

The moon, a corner of it,

rides comfortably in clouds.

Clouds moving over mountains,

their night work -

some rain in the buckets.

Bestowing order,

things feel their boundaries,

robes of autumn rain.

Back to bed,

just-dawning.

Noises in these old walls -

mice search for food or string,

bird stretching its wings.

Soon these things I must leave -

wood smoke, frayed rope coil,

finger prints on faded walls' wrong color.

Last flights -

on the sill

scattered wings,



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musky corners'
gently waving webs.

A fertile shelter.
Many nights I have wrestled here.
Some mornings have
broken into me like thunder.

I have shed skin after skin.
These I leave behind.
Some warmth they may
provide for the mice,
rags for the moths to eat.

Warren Falcon

'Now, Heart' - Some Of What I Remember When I Listen

A river is a process through time, and the river stages are its momentary parts.
—Willard Van Orman Quine

From early poems, 1970s, youthful indiscretions/attempts to vocally/poetically arrive at/derive a worthwhile writer's voice. Some explication might serve or enhance these under serving, undeserving though 'striving-after' poems hidden in old journals understandably unpublished but now so with apologies which are these expiatory explanations. Recently rediscovering these early arrivals, derivative yet aspiring I recognized and reembraced an enduring self maturing, arriving into late middle age:

Obsessed newly by jazz, mad about the many miraculous lady singers, entranced all too easily as youth are wont to be by sorrows and sexual infatuations which feel, emphasis on 'feel', like love, here are two of many 'songs' as tributes and life markers to jazz singers who provided soundtrack and felt expression to my angst and easily inflated/deflated sense of self, of beloved others, and of that new territory, independent life away from parental home and childhood community discovering, blundering into the fray of separate hearts and minds, irresponsible genitals and insouciant jouissance ('juiciness', in French) , discovering then and again and again that like Walt Whitman I 'contain worlds' and many disparate selves poorly formed, most of them collective projections and expectations of who or what I wanted to be, what others wanted and expected me to be, resulting in much confusion, tumult and multitudes of momentary throw-away selves. Thus singers like Bessie Smith and Dinah Washington became anchors, warm contexts and containers, for my daily fragmentation and re-formation.

I lived on 3rd street in downtown Chattanooga, a refugee from zealous, politically conservative white evangelicals and the vestigial yet still viral Southern Confederacy. Just a block or two from where Bessie Smith was born, I used to watch from my upstairs porch the steep hilly street's comings and goings with a glimpse of the Tennessee River between tenements across the street, its persistent rich aroma heavy in the air. I imagined Bessie Smith as a little girl playing up and down the street like the kids I saw then - once, two of them gleefully chasing a frighteningly large and confused looking rat.

William—he insisted on 'Willie'—an old man down the street who knew Bessie as

a little girl, used to come up to my porch after one day hearing Bessie from my phonograph singing blues onto the always busy but attentive street. One of the first and permanent things I learned from my porch is that a city street has keen, observant eyes, acute ears, omnivorously seeing/hearing everything, indifferently, perhaps, but nothing escapes it, a roving, all-knowing urban Eye of God.

Extremely green and eager as green always is though stutteringly, and without apology, I enjoyed Willie's many stories and back pocket bottles of Old Mr. Boston Apricot Brandy, both of which—story and spirits/spirited story —dissolved or appeared to, age, racial, cultural, and sociological differences, along with those catalysts/cata-lusts, the forever alchemical Bessie and other jazz singers, Billie! Dinah! Ella! Sassy! Lil Ester Phillips! Nina Simone! to name only a few of the sensuous solutio chanteuses resolving sexual confoundaries by Miss-ambiguating sins' plethora with loose lilt and will- o-the-lisp whisper tongues.

One night Willie, much 'in the pocket'—an expression for being well onto tipsy which I've never heard from anyone but him—wanted to dance to a Bessie tune playing, 'Back Water Blues', him recalling nights as a young man in rural Tennessee where he'd worked hard days in oppressive vegetable fields then hit the after hours juke joints for 'colored, twas segregation days, ' he explained, where he would go to drink, dance then dive/delve, as it were, into the sensual mysteries of moist skin, hot breath, mutually open mouths with their commodious moans and mumbles, venial hands, always vital parts, private hearts mutually pounding ancient known rhythms, odors and tastes of gin and those slender, forbidden, now greedily stolen bites in those all too short nights with their damned intrusive dawns.

'Dawnus interuptus, ' I quipped, us both slapping knees, passing the narrative bottle fore and aft hefting moments re-grasped between us, offerings to the equally narrative river, the all-knowing hungry street.

Jumping to his feet, Willie described 'powder dancin'' (pronounced marvelously, 'powdah') which I had never heard of. Talcum powder would be copiously scattered onto the dance floor where couples in stocking or bare feet would ecstatically dance, gliding and sliding sweetly scented, muskily bent toward later glides and slides in the slippery joy of momentary allure and amour on dimmed porches or surrounding woods often enough and gratis upon delicate slabs of moonlight gratuitously dewy providing cushion for Passion's out and in, honoring and dignifying deities of skin wanting more making more skin, headlong Nature's frictional algo-rhythms indelibly scored in every/each his/her yawing yen.

Willie shouted, 'YOU GOT ANY TALC POWDER? ! '

...The jazz us trembled...

'NO! ' I bellowed, curious.

'YOU GOT ANY FLOUR? ! '

Even more curious, 'YEAH! ! '

'GO GIT IT! QUICK! ! '

He grinned an Old Mr. Boston juke-joint night-memories quaff-again grin.

Martha White, a brand of flour sold down South, has never been put to better use. Willie threw handfuls of 'Martha' over the tenement-planked living room floor as I half protested at the mess it (and me and Willie) was and would become. Completely gripped by his present-in-the-past brandy trance, a much younger man now, he suddenly grabbed me, brandied and tranced, too, my long hair flying, and danced me all over the floor the night through with swigs of Old But Now Spry 'n' Sprightly Mr. Boston with pauses to change record albums on the phonograph, 'catching up our breaths, ' he panted.

Next morning (more likely early afternoon) , Willie long gone, I awakened sprawled on the penitent porch—a cool concrete floor my sinner's bench—sweaty and thick as pan gravy, mosquito bitten, marinated in Tennessee night mists. I staggered into the living room onto the ghostly floor powdery white, 'stroked' with two attached, or close to, sets of foot prints, heel slides and smears, a kind of 'Jackson Pollock meets Tibetan sand painting 'yazzed' yantra'***' with cigarette ashes flicked into the flickering impermanent mix. I've not powder danced since when we drank discovering oral history's joys, opened eager ears and fraternal arms forgetting fears of race and religion, age and expressed/ espressed Desire's multilingual disseminations.

I know that wheat is anciently sacred but now even more so for flour, the sight and feel of it, its unbaked smell, turns me again toward a Chattanooga 3rd street, its compass river swelling like bread nearby bearing witness still for one cannot say too much about rivers—their irreverence of edges scored, spilling themselves, proclaiming natural gods deeper than memory yet dependent upon it for traced they must be in every human activity, no matter the breach, for something there is to teach even deity though it may be wrong to do so, or hearsay to say it or sing, but the song is there for those whose ears are broken

onto bottoms from which cry urgencies of Being and between, dutiful banks barely containing the straining Word.

**From Tibetan Buddhism. Visual meditation devices, Yantras function as revelatory conduits of cosmic truths.

1. To Bessie Smith, 3rd Street Chattanooga (circa 1971)

Already the river begins its sweat.
April to September I'll be on the porch
Come sunsets listening to cars in the
Dark and you, remembering the flour
On the floor and me and Willie in
Stocking feet dancing till dawn,
An old man down the street come
To drink on my porch sometime.

You were singing one night
While we drank and he just
Had to dance and pulled me,
Reluctant, skinny ass kid
All over the floor that night.
But my feet did dance.
And the flour stayed down
The whole summer long.

Now, Karen E. and Dinah Washington are still too painful 'o' dirges to give but only the skinniest details about. Karen, skinny, too, like this account where the devil is, indeed, in the details; Karen, young, vibrant, brilliant, German literature Thomas Mann scholar, once a patient in a mental hospital I worked the night shift at, committed suicide. We both loved the divine divas of jazz, Dinah Washington in particular.

I used to read William Blake out loud, the voices of the school children on the playground out our window and in the nearby park so loud that I had to shout out his 'Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience' to be heard. Karen would almost always cry when she heard me quote/shout now by heart, mistakes and all, holding her sad face in my hands, 'And we are put on earth a little space, That we may learn to bear the beams of love And these black bodies and this sunburnt face Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove, For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear, The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice, Saying,

'Come out from the grove, my love and care
And round my golden tent like
lambs rejoice'...'

By then gin had replaced Old Mr. Boston, and thin Karen had replaced some
earnest yet fleeting others for in youth there are ne'er too many, from Willie
nights to other momentary eternities of lovers. We lived Blake's songs, and
Dinah's. Karen died them. The gods and Thomas Mann love her. I still do. Die of
them, that is. And love her, do.

2

Dinah Washington, All Alone On The Street Of Regret (circa 1977)

It was sunrise, October.
Karen had just done herself in.
I suffered it through with
William Blake and gin.

Over the fence across the street
Children ran to class and Blake,
Too, chased those kids fast through
Leaves in the chill school yard.

I thought - the ground's already hard over
You, Karen. To Charon, then, and keep
Yourself warm. My arms no longer can.
You left no note in the dawn.

Out of lime and song at 7 a.m.
I dress, spin down the steps like then
In this morning now thin with Spring.
There's green over you now.

I cannot help but see a thin mildew
Form around your fingers in the dark.
Blake's still down playing in the park.
I'll play some Dinah when I get back in.

Now, Heart, don't you
Start that singing again.

Because They Rhyme They Live, Not I

'O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen□
That am not yet a glorious denizen□
Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer, □
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air, □
Smoothed for intoxication by the breath□
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death...'

- John Keats, 'Sleep and Poetry

I suppose it is the late, or soon to be, poet's lot to jot one
for daffodils. At least one. This is mine, a last will to verse.

But first, I take a pill before dying, I mean,
its meager meal, yellow sun on a jaundiced plate.
'Consumption' is the word I want. I've got that,
and few breaths left and a flat voice to tell it in.

'The daffodils are yellow as the sun.'
So lay down your pen. Ungrasp! I say.
An olden voice pulls at bruised skin.
I grow thin. And gasp. I grow thin as winter air.
I'll not see them rise again from bulbs perennially.
Not me, annulled in this season of the lung
though each breath mimics leaven, assumes
Eternity's aspirations, but...(where was I?) ...
not me, not long for my tongue to sing.

Meanwhile, bright petaled mouths flaunt, gape,
gulp in early spring, whereas, I flop here, leaden,
landed, banked, a carp brought to heel from bluer
lake pulling gills swallowing nothing that can sustain,
or not much. I sympathize, yes, then down another
pill for more air to clutch, breath an almost perennial
memory of last spring when it first edged me in,
clipped my singing short, when seasonal flowers so
easily rhymed but in a minor wheeze for a minor voice.

Fine then. Some one, some other poet write a

line for when I've gone under forfeiting all final drafts.
Those yard yellows spoon dirt to a useless
feeding sun, useless because I'm soon done in.

I'd do the same for you, Mr. Keats, in a soft, bleating tone of voice.

Warren Falcon

Marcabre Dance For A Dead Mouse, After Robert Burns And Theodore Roethke

.
O little mouse, why dost thou cry
While merry stars laugh in the sky? - Sarojini Naidu

Wee brisket.
Gray fodder.
Thou art today tossed down
fat with grain.
Teeth sing to poison,
paws dance behind walls
taunting cat's tongue and
my impatient demand
'gainst thy nightly
gnaw gnaw
gnawing

Now brace for leaves.
Tossed from back porch to woods
Thy ballet's done, bitter fey.
Sun's up, swan song,

The cat play thee for a meal!
Wheel the poison again!
Swell fellow's passed on!
Reel, poison, reel!

Warren Falcon

Erotic Lullaby For Bedding, After Roethke

Belly belly the hard boiled egg.
I map out of a dream.
Love a long necked boy.

Dance lips! Leaves of legion.
Jelly, yard dog! Leap to June.

Suckle me, honey,
long necked, boney onion.
Why cry when peeled?

Count the rings of a tree,
the circles of a breath.
The nose is a love.
Press me, press me.
Iron me soft.

A breath leans,
nape of jeans falling.

Wedge me, wedge me.
Be an ax.
Clap me, trunk of calcium,
bone of need.

Sing, throat, puller of weeds,
secret coronations.
I day your arbor.
You arbor my seed,
belly belly
egg of sway.

Falter me,
long necked, naked boy.
Lather I'd rather thee.

All egg is joy.

'Dear Low' - Upon His Leaving Mountains For Manhattan, Circa 1981

For Lowery McClendon

Dear Low,

You did it. You left the trout behind.

Sunday the corn was cut down. Apple trees in the nearby orchard were felled which explains the screams I heard a week ago, and the droning of wasps.

That hill was exposed this evening at sunset, reflected pink in the sky. Reminds me of the women I always saw through your eyes, their large lips and eyes,

the dark thighs particularly, fields without their corn now shedding a purple light like Stevens' Hartford.

And you there tonight forsaking the schoolyard we'd walk beside stopping to comment on that view of hills at our favorite wall where 'N*ggers Pandemonium' stalled on hot nights to

break beer bottles for your poems' broken glass, curtains you'd pass in the dark where your wheels would splay the stars stuck to tar bubbles on the street

when Hart Crane beat his words against your rhythm running down to Montford Park.

Be quick about it then, your departure:

I walked through your house.

You left behind that crooked frying pan.
Your steaks will never taste the same again,
and that espresso pot there, too, black stains
stuck inside like little Lamont's words,

'Are we lost yet? '

Just thrown out like that
plaster of paris bone from the kitchen.
No dog would chew on that, some kind of
sentinel to Arborvale Street signaling something
fragile has passed on like Mr. McKnight's
roses given over to winter,

Indian summer
an old Cherokee packed up her warm
skins and vanished like a wife or lovers.
It's like that, you know. No magic but our
own so often like that old white bone's
intention to be art,

our poems strung on the page like
slip over chicken wire, words expiring from
our clutching at them -

'You will be beautiful, make meaningful our days.'

What are our names anymore, Low?

The corn is all cut down.
An old scare crow remains.
Apropos. Poetry's worn out image
stretched out on the hill forlorn in the ice,
forgiving no one, especially ourselves,
alien corn of a foundering century.

Warren Falcon

The Icarus Of Housewives, Circa 1981

From ashtrays he rises
when birds in backyards
have been fed their seed,
a dove amid the starlings.
In smoke filled stupor we stare.

Icarus climbs our stairs,
waves his muscled arms
in doorways mimicking
the starlings in stocking feet.
He feels his way blindly
down hallways, a whirlwind
of feathers trailing behind.

And one day like any other day,
bedroom windows open,
he is gone into the sun to
make his movements golden,
to steel his flight a monument
of silver in the sky over Cleveland,
over Chicago, the Dakota plains.

And we are still reeling.

Come back.
Come back, Icarus.
Plead our case to the sun
but do not fly too close.

And it is a day like any other day
we lose him to a solar flare.
All our litigation cannot raise him up again,
our curtains closed in protest to the sun.

Warren Falcon

In Excelsis Deo - Variation The Second Of A Surrealist Carol For Madrigal Choir To Be Sung While Bathing 2

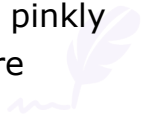
Hair of soap
and head of tears
Rinse mine eyes
of Christmas stars

O Bells, the Bells sear me.

Rinse mine eyes
of Christmas stars
Water me hot
and redly rare

O Fey, the Fey stars blear me.

Water me hot
and redly rare
Scald me pinkly
if you dare



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O Gay, the Gay sleds slay me.

Is that flesh
floating on the
surface me who
swims or sinks
fraternally?

I know a strange me

with soap for eyes
and suds to see

Eternally yours,

He.

Nicht-Gesicht/Not Face By Rainer Maria Rilke

From the German, translated by Priscilla Washburn Shaw:

Face, my face: whose are you; for what things are you face? How can you be face for such insides, whose something is beginning continually rolled together with dissolving? Has the forest a face? Does not the mountain basalt stand facelessly there? Does the sea not raise itself without face, up from the ocean-floor; is not the sky reflected within, without forehead, without mouth, without chin?

Do not animals come to us sometimes as if they were pleading: take my face. Their face is too heavy for them and because of it they hold their tiny little soul too far into life. And we, animals of the soul, confused by everything in us, not yet ready for nothing; we grazing souls: do we not implore the Allotter by night to grant us the not-face which belongs with our darkness-

Warren Falcon



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Three For Cemetery Statues By The Atlantic, Falmouth, Massachusetts 1977

These three
being of stone
or steel...

Figure 1

An old woman, never married,
speaks among the dunes:

I am the older sister, and ugly.

I watch the sea by the wall,
yearn for each tide's return.

I walk the surf in all weather
and spend myself amidst

the sea wrack screaming
with the tern and the dove.

I count my white hairs by the
sea weighing each for love.

...wear your love, my sister.
Carry your breasts white and full
to his hands, the mouth of the sea.
Breathe deeply the salt sea air,
fill them each for his warm mouth to take...

I will taste brine
and fill each old breast
with sand.

I will taste brine
and fill them each,
each, with sand.

They fall deeply
into my ribs in
the windy dunes
soon, soon to be
swallowed by
the fish and the crab.

Figure 2

Looming over a family plot,
A figure of Biblical Cain:

Ground my face in the world's crotch
I'll never do though I wish it.
Closest I'll ever come be the day
I lay my thumbs beneath the dirt
and fish for an earthworm's eye.

Soft skin I'll never touch
'cept mine own hard flesh
with thumb-less caress.
What thigh shall ever be mine?
And no man lip touch, ever,
him I've slain,
nor womankind want,
I hate my mother's name.

To fold the soil or sever
muscle with the teeth, spit
seed to the wind or dribble
praises manfully down the cheek,
ah, heady sin! Tears!

The silt of September's enough!
Hard clay of October be bust!
A fist to the day's end,
black blade pierce the heart
if I cannot kiss you, oh Mud,
cannot push my face into
your belly moaning thick-
love of the world,
eating fossil and coal,

drinking ancient tar
and artesian melt-
if I cannot have it then
I have not known the Jehovah Man.
I have breathed salt for nothing,
taken all words for fool's
bedding, crushed them
like my brother, flung them
over fences, slain them
all to the last letter,
each a shattered stilt.

Even upon the word of my name
I bring down the stone.
But in vain. Each blow
cannot crush it. No end.
No prayer.

Black night descends.

The dark well screams

Figure 3

A scholar with a book sits
just within the cemetery gate:

And so, green statue with
your large hand on your book,
don't look so foolish
with snow on your head.

When did you last come
to sit beside the dogwood
growing a shadow over the dead?

Death is a deed.
Death is a clean sorrow.
It is natural to weep -

Even a waste basket in a cemetery.

For All The Words Dished Up - Two For Emily Dickinson

1

For all the words dished up,
A plate without meat. Maybe, bone.
No love fattened you,
never used your flesh.
Green as grass you stayed.
Dauntless, no narrow fellow passed.

2

This talk of death, dear Emily,
I know it intimately - plain talk
describes it best, as you know,
this Mystery grotesque -
concreteness like tombs hard in
the eye or that slant of light
obscured by a fly.

OK. It's done now. And ever will be,
for all the words in green
afternoons cannot evade mortality -
and soul no more than that butterfly be,
I laugh to call it Eternity that waits
beneath this plank, that other room
where a coach kindly stopped,
dropped you, yellow wing, still and
dark, now daunted and alone.

Warren Falcon

Autumn Haiku

Even from my front porch
the rusted sewing machine
yearns for golden thread.

Warren Falcon



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Ars Poetica Redux

Dying trees easily fall..
Poems, too, as they should.
Dead wood rots from which
One good poem may grow,
The better to hear in the higher
Branches, the creaking lower limbs.

Sequestering lovers late afternoon
Whisper. One is carving the bark,
A crude heart with names within.

Now unread, unspoken but for the overgrown
Path, a bark-less scar now where was the heart,
Without thought, without desire, write only this,

'How arms entwine, how branches break'.

Warren Falcon



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How It Was I Came To Be What I Am - A Fable

[from early poems,1970's, youthful attempts at voice]

For 'Spider' Bottas

They would argue over tides
Who bade me come into the world.
One said, Six o'clock.
The other, No, twelve.
I was born at the thirteenth hour
All the while mother arguing,
This is not the time but a little spell,
While father argued it was death,
You are dying and your child, too,
Is dying. You have been poisoned.

It was full moon and high tide,
The hour of birth.
All arguments yielded to the tide's.
The moon lit up the stadium
Of their gripes while I was
Born amidst their sweeps at
Each other, the nurse neglecting
To wipe me free of blood and salt
Being drawn into their strife.

He was born at day, one said.
No, at night, and he is a she,
Said the other. The nurse,
Speaking truthfully, said,
Cleaning me at last, No,
You are both right. The child
Is he and she, a hermaphrodite
Born of two days labor, its head
Out of the womb the duration.

Ruination! father cried.
Fame, mother sighed.
Both right, the nurse agreed,
Of these fables are made.

Then father tossed me into the sea.

The nurse saved me who later
Became my lover, hiding my
Sexes with a four leaf clover.

Warren Falcon

Nocturne

[from early poems, 1970's, youthful attempts at voice]

Fogs of summer
Through the green
Stalks Will shake
Take sweetness
From the corn and
With their tassels
Make an infant's
Rattle soft like milk.

Fields under moonlight
Will silent be like silk
And my comfort brown.

Sounds sleepers make
Shall not be heard by me

Or anyone.



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