

1.

I wasn't born yet.

I was only a vague idea in their minds that become clearer the more he walked her home.

2.

I'm just going to sit right here

You go on ahead

Without me

I'm fine

Thanks, no. I don't want a thing

I'll just stay where I am

Don't you worry about me

Everything's just fine

Really

Couldn't be better

I don't want to see a movie

I've seen a movie

Yes, the day looks gorgeous

Out the window

I must insist, though

Not another thing

Not another word

Everything is jake

All right by me

I'm just going to sit right here

3.

But I remember my cut of sky  
in the window of a Reseda, Cal. bedroom  
at which I long and often gazed-  
no dreaming-plain picturing  
just this-Méthoda Champenoise  
Still early in the summer

4.

Thee never made sway enormous  
When though-gutless-yet-lovely  
Thee put the music on  
And the young ones, of whose number  
You weren't, all danced the old dance

5.

She sights a bird-she chuckles-

She flattens-then she crawls-

She runs without the look of feet-

Her eyes increase to Balls-

6.

See, I carry the white shadows of the Other on my wings, and the banks of otherness on my forehead-weather. Therefore must I be wilderness in your knowledge, and destruction on your lips, But to your soul am I departure and walking home, and I am the arc of your peace with God above the clouds.

7.

My beloved is the mountains,  
The lovely wooded valleys,  
The strange islands,  
The roaring rivers,  
The whisper of the loving gales,  
The quiet night  
At the approach of the dawn,  
The silent music,  
The murmuring solitude,  
The supper which revives and kindles loved

8.  
It does not know it glitters  
It does not know it flies  
It does not know it is this not that

If only the stars contained me  
If only everything kept happening in such a way  
That the so-called world opposed the so-called flesh  
Were I at least not contradictory. Alas.



9.

Do not gaze into the pods of the past

Their corroded surface mirror

A face different from the one you expected

10.

There was no thing on earth I wanted to possess

I knew no one worth my envying him

Whatever evil I had suffered, I forgot.

To think that once I was the same man did not embarrass me

In my body I felt no pain.

When straightening up, I saw the blue sea and sails.

11.

Some came in chains

Unrepentant but tired

Too tired but to stumble

Thinking and fighting were finished

Thinking and fighting were finished

Retreating and hoping were finished

Cures thus a long campaign

Making death easy

12.

But what came out of the forest  
Was all part of the story  
Whatever died on the way  
or was named but no longer  
recognizable even  
what vanished out of the story  
finally day after day  
was becoming the story  
So that when there is no more  
story that will be our  
story when there is no  
forest that will be our forest

13.

Goodbye, he waved, entering the apple.

That red siren,

whose white flesh turns brown

with prolonged exposure to air,

opened her perfect checks to receive him.

She took him in.

The garden revolved

in her glossy patinas of skin.

Goodbye.

14.

For the taste of the fruit  
is the tongue's dream,  
& the apple's red  
is the passion of the eye.

15.

We used to meet

on this corner

in the same wind.

It tought us up the hill

to your house,

blew us in the door.

The elevator rose

on gusts of stale air

fed on ancient dinners.

Your room smelled

of roach spray and roses.

16.  
Because the black hair whorls on your belly  
because your knees are mountain ranges  
because my mouth is a valley of melting snow  
because your feet are the beginning & the beginning again  
because their soles tattoo the air  
because we are going we are going downward.



17.

The old poet  
with his face full of lines  
with iambs jumping in his hair like fleas,  
with all the revisions of his body  
unsaying him,  
walks to the podium.  
He is about to tell us  
how he came to this.

18.

It begins with emptiness  
where love begins.

It begins with love  
where emptiness  
begins.

19.

"You are not missed."

I am writing to say that I am leaving on the next train

No forwarding address.

20.

Do not talk to strangers  
Until you can be certain  
you have become one yourself

21.

All who see me read my eyes,  
star high with the market's gifts.  
Someday, perhaps, I'll learn  
how you found the right bank  
on this peasant's lake  
to hear that read voice, piping the hour  
when you might come into the first sun  
and find yourself alone.

22.

So the white sunday,  
when the real presence of love  
is possible, passes,  
and mud heat rises once again  
in the red hours,  
field hours, recalled  
in the faint trembling of cowbells.

23.

That morning, surely, your remember  
I reached into the brazier of my devotion  
for the fire I took to the cottonwood tapers,  
lit them, and lay down in the ultimate flare  
of a moment, when someone  
might have seen and dressed my spirit's  
naked body.

24.

Meet me at midnight  
in the forest of  
my dreams.

We'll make a fire  
and count the stars  
that shimmer  
above the trees.



25.

For the highs and lows  
and moments between,  
mountains and valleys,  
and rivers and streams,  
For where you are now and where you will go,  
For "I've always known"  
and "I told you so,"  
for "nothing is happening,"  
and "all has gone wrong,"  
it is here in this journey  
you will learn to be strong  
you will get where you're going,  
landing where you belong.

26.

I think I hit the point in life where,  
I'm just done.

I cried,  
I fought,  
I tired,

but everyting is crashing down.

My demons are screaming louder,  
trying to eat away the rest of me.

and this time,  
I'm not going to fight back.