

LOOSE RENDITIONS

Poems 2006–2007

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Moon white & orange poppies
glow across the way
baring themselves
to the newly minted sun

Better take a break
in case Sean Wilsey
with whom I've been spending
the past two
horribly inclement days
wants to say
a few words

of dedicated angry savagery.
Can you resist him? Am I getting suckered
into believing these social parodies
exist as material for the end of a dick
fighting for a soul?

It's on my mind how the old man died
in Mill Valley Wednesday at night
when mud
oozed over him in the rain
as he tried to fix the drainage
behind his house

I was out in boots too
hoisting books in the shed
off the floor
in case flood
made poetry a sodden remnant

As mud rises over the ankles
try and cut some Good Friday slack
for your guests

April 13, 2006

“Are You One of Those Revolutionary Poets?”

A small bundle of Lilies of the Valley
marks Worker’s Day in Europe

A day when even Patrick Buchanan
gives a sensible stay away
approach to foreign policy
in Iran

I’m sorry the Renku rules
were so hard to grasp
I almost threw
them away

This doesn’t happen easily, does it?

Slight wind blown
tiny white petal
on the ground

May 1, 2006
to Pat Nolan

“Your soul is being slowly coated in rat saliva”
—Mark Morford

Where are the two newly born fawns hiding?
Probably where wisdom hides,
because it’s so secret

And you are too stupid

read too many New Yorkers
to find out what is
really going on
in a number defying world

You aren’t really ‘anywhere’
are you
gazing from the cliff down
at the low tide reef
and wishing you were instantly

‘there’ to somehow swallow
the whole panorama and become it

no, you can’t, you lonesome dog, can you?

May 30, 2006

Pomegranate Syrup

There's hardly a breeze
moving today
a day when electricity is gone

from this part of the country
one can hear
the Duxbury foghorn
and the internal

combustion engine going down
Elm Road

as the breath runs out of Lebanon
like a vast sigh

Like a vast sigh
the radio is silent
only a plane

overhead
sounds ominous

Fifteen feet up
a bamboo top
now bends in a slight wind
This could be

a moment of 'trust'
in a time that spells
an arrogant landing
of hellbent despair

Power 'may' be restored
in an hour or two

So try this tangy sweet taste
of pomegranate
to wake up seeds that spring

from the newly born
then torn apart body
of our old and awesome friend Dionysus

whose blood allows these seeds to grow
fruit red and split open like a wound

To resurrect against
'the humiliation and infringement of a sovereignty' *

use *Punica granatum*,
a solid wild hedge
for a border.

August 2006

Written for Soheyl Dahi's Sore Dove Press

* UN speech Kofi Annan

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I'm trying to find my mother in the gift shop
It's not that I like her very much
but it's my obligation
and besides I don't want to be left behind

January 4, 2007

6

The assiduous comments of an angry inch of quails.
Cleaning up the Christmas tree's furry needles
It all becomes Saturday after history

Lost in a book, away into someone else's family
and landscape absorbed in the sun behind
the eucalyptus attentive waves through the window

Is it all even now? The way time spends time?

January 6, 2007

The preparation is mostly mental
 An inside acrobatics of temperature
 It doesn't take long to fall
 from a place near the sunset

Meanwhile in Bill Berkson's salon I shake out
 the evening's blankets

and explain to him that his first wife
 had moments of sharp clarity
 in her poetry — which she never wrote

Whereupon she immediately emails from Mexico
 to thank me

“out in the open
 everywhere to go”

Past the Sunday accident on the top
 of 13 curves

to the tradition of pithy insults which one adores
 even from robins having a sparring match
 with each other
 the most gracefully dangerous
 dance they can do

Last night I murmur Om Ah Hum
 to try to explain
 where syllables
 are located in the body

Someone pours beer over themselves

“Your God is a lump of clay, mine is a meteorite”

A conversation ensues
 eternally grateful

January 20, 2007

Third Morning Train

It's very ordinary

A group of Sacramento thuggies
stand on the tracks

halt the train

hospitalize the engineer

It's very ordinary

angry

domination

makes everyone angry

April 23, 2007
for Micah Ballard

ELEGANT SIMPLICITY

or an unrefined step

about entering into an agreement
with the page of the moment

Demons are more or less human in appearance
Monsters are more animal like

The first soul or spirit
that resides in a person is immortal.

The second soul is the animal spirit
you acquire at birth
with a real counterpart
animal spirit
roving around in the world.

If it dies, you die.
That's it

May 22, 2007

Roof's Off Today

Angel that is with you when you come into the world

has nothing to do with your parents, ok forget them

but it's the anniversary of your mother's birthday

She'd be 101 years

I'm unhappy with her,

and often forgiving

June 12, 2007

Monday's Belief

When you look ahead
into a century

the time behind seems solid and finite
and perhaps 'knowable'

I could have stamped my feet with fury

to find all so thusly crammed
into a human head
of knowledge
which allows such shambles
of articulation

to be cut short. Don't answer the phone
We are not at home.

June 18, 2007

A NOT SO SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF ENORMOUS
PILES OF BOOKS UPON THE GOLD CHINESE RUG

Their contents are very private

It's only the memory of poetry
that lets you see
the bright line of planets
over the new moon in the northwest
of last night's early sky

June 18, 2007

Summer Solstice

“I have to go downtown now
because the buckeye blossoms
are in my eye
making me cry”

We have six buildings in our compound
The tallest and oldest
is the ‘headquarters’
It has the plumbing

Much more restless
when I moved to this spot
36 years ago
never thought
it would be so pleasant
& stable to hear crows
battle in the closest pine
tomorrow

September 21, 2007

LEFT OF THE BLACK LINE

One, two, three, four, five, six

Sifting the ashes of the household
incense burners

“May incense fragrance benefit us all”
How could that be?
Respect and honor for the deity

that sniffs the fumes above
“Ah they’re thinking of me”

As smoke rises
one looks up with gratitude
at a new roof

although it was a pain in the ass
all that time spent
on doodles of the domestic
where else would you dwell?

Under a government umbrella?

“What we call American Democracy
will likely be the casualty

of the ‘war on terror’.*

August 25, 2007

*Henry Potter, Guardian Weekly

A deitific enounter
with Gonzalo Rubalcaba

Goodbye Owein
I hope it's amazing

Friend that speaks only with enlightened self interest
Friend that speaks only flirtatiously or stubbornly

How much global space does emotion take?

“American policy in Iraq
is emotionally bankrupt”

says a British General
in a much quoted statement

“We need to get another party girl
besides Joanne”
says Robert Duncan
from the back of the cab

Why don't YOU try and be profound
with instant mashed potatoes
for a solitary dinner

Try reading poetry for \$10 a minute
when you know that being born,
you're already dying

How I'd like to see
the diseased pines
cut down for free

Read “September”
for Gwenn's funeral
at the Bolinas Cemetery
on Wednesday

September 2007