

The Blues (Comes Close)

Water is blue in our dreams
And language.

Cast off.

A baby might reasonably ask at the outset
how can I learn enough in the little time left.

Lay away the song, so flight can rearrange
What you are and are not now

Doing the math one calculates stiffness.
Circular motion. Much crackling.

Skin like mold.

You hear the welcome deep in the throat.
The shyness, loosed of all weight of the past.

Instead, the song finds the road, while
What do you think times does, you think it passes?

Home crushed by music we light out
The vernacular of free space unfamiliar

So much traveling without any leaving,
Exiled into one's own heart, rats!

Some space.

Is it time we ask is it time again and
Is it already time present past future

Grudging etceteras.

I could count backwards from childhood
If I wanted a better glimpse of sun and moon

The dice get thrown in carefully cleaned corners
But come up snake eyes every (time!), ah

It doesn't take long for the bug to climb your arm,
What's that on the table beside your shadow? uh oh

I mean.

Really all I wanted was to have the words
Dripping off me, plenty time I woke up

Scared, and out of them, out of everything
Climbing the air where you are not

Turns out I lost while the pots kept coming
My way. Did we not share the rain at least

Once? My house is full of old men,
None of them smiling, neither hand nor foot

Lost in the net nest of love, the nest net
How to surrender, world of mine

Times see.

Who could not have rendered farewell better?
Under the weight of the whole earth, some regret

Blue stop.

Taking Me There (In Four Parts)

One thing is certain I am not white. Thank God for that. It makes everything else bearable.

■ *Bob Kaufman*

'ZEN TREE JOY, DAD'

In one day, counting night, I see my brother what's left of him now sporting (there is an odd word here) a white mustache but only close to the lip, realizing I don't know how to do this it's not like playing the piano which I also cannot do and then to have the dream in which we are at ease more remarkably because some of my family some friends are also there but you are cool and just want to talk with me alone and we are about to when it is morning, raining, time

'CREATION IS PERFECT'

Was it loved this book with brown circling each page just ahead of brittle now opening another dead poet for my ignorance to feast on that old man must have sat in his room in a perpetual scribble mode saying two words over and over to himself no longer there and someone before me who loved the book if the author didn't wrote helpfully in a margin 'too self-pitying?' movement interrupted by the political when a lone horn strikes

'GENETIC COMPLICATIONS'

Oh that's a ride great is the useless poet he has conquered seven dream cycles still bright minds entertain god and will be about setting the rows straight squeezing tight a small finding while the young pagans of two and three mill about in their ecstatic absence of privacy and the dog eats unspeakable stuff from the floor we are not here anymore my loves nor is it clear in the far enchantment we were

'COLD COLD PAGES, WAITING'

a strange noise, clacking? modifies the beat and don't that beat all hell's a mouth wanting a kiss far from any highway from any field or woods away in the lost light hunter without a prayer suddenly I needed the sound of a voice whether putting forth ideas or songs or even just a dumb remark itself miracle where the market is open for blood, where the farewell is what travels

He Who Has Stalled

Young is a different set of facts
A different kind of smile
It's crazy-making to hear
Truth emerge from inexperience

There we were
Hanging all the bad
True ideas mixing it up
Lifelong fears corporalising

A thing, as it happens, of little concern
The ver worst thing that could happen
Like it or not like it r not
Unhand me someone cries out
Into the universe
Why I never

This will do for destination
Nearing the end of the alphabet

Instead of wanting to eat I want
My ears flooded with sound
If some of that noise is music, man,
I'm satisfied

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The heartbeat of a perimeter
Such a waste of ignorance
Refined, aloes of gold,
driving the feeble brain to frenzy
batting against the intransigent skull
so much whittling, or for whittling

How the muscles pluck their own
Strings languidly. How sleep
Is thinner than the moon.

We've always need water.
I could say what, wait or wait, what

A beast has the only idea
Stick around and see what's next
Control nothing what do you think you are more
Important than a leaf, than your cousin the cricket

When we say come on to one another, oh
Come on, what sort of invitation is it?
Let us go, the boss said, and make our visit

In A Different Life

In a different life I might have
green vistas, a mountain, a sea,
attached time, someone
behind me putting a hand just right
(as happened once)

In the dream you made promises
that even in the dream you said,
shit, why did I promise that

Who knows what's back there
where your life was?

Once I followed my heart -
What a bad leader!
Bursts of angel fire,
Followed by betrayal
And misery

So happy
for such a short while
perfectly
normal progress
through
timed time

Grateful and afraid
Let the forgery
Find the vein

The trick is to act like you've got
All the time in the world

