

Wanting to pray

I don't know how to run
Through this light;
Perhaps the crows and cardinals
Have an understanding.

The holiday fades, the song of ice
Missing itself, children breathing
The sleep of accordions
And loose change left
Upon a small table at five o'clock.

In the last days of the year
What is the meter of wind
Without mind or instrument.

Connected to an ancient book
Or a stone wheel buried
Beneath a dream or promise,
A single name fades on a wooden sign.

Dead men keep appearing, sitting
Atop the wall of the estate;
Their brothers drink at wide hotel windows
Imagining Da Vinci's math and lovers
Who trouble their joints and tendons.

Some would tell me not to speak
Of the three dark places;
Some would suggest I not use
The word, "dark."

I fiddle with my drawings
Of the universal crust
And the lost metropolis
Of the woman I love.

The nuances of silence come
Upon us as invisible flowers
That can only breathe for a day.

In the river shadow that cannot know a season
What voice can live beyond its vapor?

Essay on a holy day

In the rock there is a moaning,
A pair of arms stretching
In this ruin, the memory
Of the beautiful place
Must live beyond itself.

In the last minute , in the first minute
Of red wine at noon

In the respiration of livestock
The damned are ever ready to drive
To town for a good sermon.

When the last fact becomes the first

People may only see their faces
In winter puddles
Where the sacred is born.
Can you reach your own hand?

If you go walking
You need not wait for the music
To stutter your name.

Song of the ghost boy

To talk and breathe again
One would have to feel a shadow
Upon the neck
Reaching into one's second or third life.

Looking for nothing—not land
Nor violins nor infinity

Immersed in beautiful readings
I won't apologize
For my drunkenness,
Clinging to the isthmus of my tongue.

I am just another boy lost
In a northern European thicket
Watched over
By invisible mice and rabbits.

Another boy ghost picking flowers
From the edge of my mother's property.

If I find myself awakened
In the beautiful arctic of a dream,
I don't mind.
A torment is where we came from
And where we belong.

Gin at 4 p.m.

The ladies will have their gin
And trade observations, recordings
Of the strange cries of winter birds
Never heard before.

The train ride out of the city
After the funeral—for a day
Everyone feared being alive.

Each day does perfect work againg itself.
How many times have I missed
The perfect destructions
Upon my own face?

Why would two unnamable
Call to each other
In the middle of the cold
A mating call from another world?

Unnamable melodies die
And repeat, die and repeat
In order to disappear

In a conversation
Frosted upon windows and sipped
Glass to glass of gin
Served very cold.

Essay on a long walk through the village

It is raining and the trains are crowded.
People stay poor
And have bad dreams of Japan.
In the pantry hums a rose
Held in a dead man's fist.
The invisible barricades
Are the only ones worth defending;
At the imaginary walls
Bless us as we climb
Shouting for more beer.
How long must we wait
For the birth of new numbers
To bless us all.
Symphonies unravel in the parts
Of the mind we feared.
Take a long walk through the village
If you're in the mood for an attack.

A pile of burning rocks
Has been heaped upon the throne.
In the end, the queen
Chose her nothingness quite well.
In the end, the horses escaped
And most missions were abandoned
Or discussed over small fires
Until all designs disappeared.
The mind dreads its monstrous sleigh ride,
The misshapen hand that cleans
The dusty organ pipes,
The Icelandic flower.
I can never give this world
Enough of my madness.