

Hiraeth Lightning

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EPRODUX
LONDON
2016

A few honest men in the longest day of midsummer
Lay in the dark upon a slope above the village school
And smiling took the cup the clown had filled.

Lightly I toss my hat away, and every tomorrow
And the hollow eye grows bright
Circling streams once thought but pools,
My conception of the light
All going to the woods.

"What is it you want with me?"

Why comes that world in certain languages
Knowing faces the children can always read
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of unremembered pleasure shall light the candle
Yang and yin, a gumbo double I must return to.

"Do you know where I want to go?"

I no longer know how to find my advantage
Which, spent with due respective thrift
Would not bar a single door,
And all the congregation sing
Toward a psychology of the artist.

"Let's not think about anything."

All pale and wasted the torch and all the talk
Murmurs in the wind that fadith not away.
They are real, they are living
Nay rock your brain tis all in vain,
There never were any voices of the dead.

They dangle, splash, and sprawl
And gently turn the pony's head.
It hung, and mouldered there.

"When will you sing here?"

Only the noblest is perfectly hard,
Kind nature's gentlest boon!
In common prudence,
Life's race well run
Life's work well done.

None of your crains, no brother little penance needs.
Pleasantest, of all the ties is the tie of host and guest.
The guests are met, the feast is set,
A man must take fat with the lean.

"Dead as mutton, and as original."
"Of that there is no doubt."

Twice in the day the blizzard
Shall have you, little bird,
For little is the trust to Indian souls,
Materializing from their own weird office silence
In snow-white splendor.

Manner with fortunes such at odds
Can result in a starved morning habit,
Which you reject as odious popery.

"You won't make love to me?"

It seems a soft dismissal, these centuries
Where crowds pass in a spent future
With envy, what the old man hardy feels.

Like lead dropping in hot water
The moored barges without lights,
And now an absurd problem came up,
Perhaps, after all, we were meant to meet.

There is a cleaning rod inside the cave
And I saw the crackling flashes drive
The antelope over this green wine,
Into the grapes, more dear for thy sake.

I chase them over the plain, in the afternoon.
The skin, soft contours, no matter how rough.

"He has no legs."

The twigs spread out their fan
Illuminating curlicues of fat
Like rods of pure platinum till
That owl hooted all night long.

Wheel broad hats and dull humor
Just landed here to tour the ruins,
Behold how meek, magenta and military
Hiding some spectator behind a curtain.

"Can I leave a message?"

"Don't be funny."

"Got a funny schedule is all."

"I wish to christ we had bicycles."

Some day you may go and see them
When some young thief is passing by,
And murder by the gleam, and rape,
With hopes, it should be so, yes yes!
His lance of corn-wood pleased

The wictim o' connubiality.

"Were you in the war?"

"I still can't pray."

It was done to warm their little loves
Along the superhighway.

Breasts thrown forward and the butter high
Waving a gaudy flag it loves and curses.

How does it come about that man,
Dancing high and dancing low,
Is what women most desire?

The bones remain involved
Like the Wagner case, presumably,
A group of well-to-do young ladies.

"Ho-ho-ho," I said. "Get out of here."

"I don't want to. I want to be whole."

"But I'm Italian."

I see a culture of twigs and bird-shit
Waving a gaudy flag it loves and curses.

"Did I hear you mention a marriage?"

We have learned that it stands erect
When M-Day finally rolls around,
Where all this night you have been.
Let them drop us into the blizzard.

"One will be along."

You wanted to hear what was troubling me

The cycle of Heaven's centuries
As in their order next they come
But we who remain shall grow old.

"It was because we were scared."

This morning a visitor, a lady of beauty
Fresh faced, fresh lipped, fresh blooded
Hands everywhere at once until she cried,
half sob and laughter; I don't believe it.

Meadows logged off upon the mountains,
The lea a green salad, crisp with raindrops.
A beneficence of grass at the border post
Hung on the hooks of the slaughter-houses.

It isn't a resistance, like two armies
Locking the windows and doors
Until one breaks to catch the air.

There's gossip and a pecking order
In the churchyard cottage,
Crying in your beer.

"Go inside, it's beautiful."

"Do the men know who to attack?"

"Yes, there's a big bottle."

And there's shit you won't be eating any more,
Octopus, crab, a well matched pair.

"I can feel it inside me."

Such long, drawn-out love-making,
Their life out over the stone and brick.
The rains soaked in and did not freshet,

The snow had been only
A freak storm in the mountains.

"Half my life is wasted."
"I'm ugly."

Like a shaft of light across the land
That spurs the horse over the bridges,
Like some tiny flash of lightning.

"The time will never come."

No-goods and come-to-bad-ends, blots-on-the-town,
Jewels flashing, leather gleaming off the cobbles.

"Howdy, howdy. Step right in?"

A brand-new discount warehouse,
The grain you almost hear it growing.
A broom arose from out the azure main
Where the last feelings of decency
And self-respect have gone.

The actor, mime, the dancer, the musician
Abandoned the city to breast the tide,
Getting fat as the interlocks develop.

"Don't give up afor the ship goes down."
"I won't."
"Saddle your dreams afor you ride em."
"I won't."

Turn in at the open door
Walk to the edge of the cliff
Where sins to silence are conveyed
In the middle of a fat grassland

Through the long green fields has spread
Among the plovers and the stonechats
My arms, I wish they had some place to go.
A building fronted with poplars within reach
An afternoon of lilacs and bees upon the mosses
Fresh water from the brook as clean as ever
Under tarps, bales and barrels, tarwood and straw
Without a pang, with happy heart, into whose arms?

Amid the dance, like women's anger,
A business with an income at its heels
Grown to prolonged old age.

"Come out, I'm harmless."

So passed another day whose life the legends sing.
Amid its gold I slept till morn, the bell tolling the hour.
Farther up the valley they are planting gum trees.
There was a mist and it didn't come up, it was bitter!

There is a rusting mission hut.
The waters under the ruined mill
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms.
She's the rose of no-man's land
Upon her mother's grave.

Put your ear to the ground
In the sunshine, in the bower,
Smile, how innocent you stand.
There is no other way to know it.

Jagged holes in the walls.
I hear a voice you cannot,
Songs which make you mourn
And make the vulgar laugh.

"Who's been lying to you?"

"Those boys."

They had their moment of freedom
In the provinces and can't be certain
That unsuspected plainness he believed
The darling of my manhood, and
They are broken and freedom is won.

"Why must I go?"

"I give the orders."

"Lead on then."

"You go first."

In faced the window all ruby and black,
Homebound fancy where false flowers work.
Tough workers all, their ritual must appease.
Where they cried in goose, where space allowed.

Their reunion went later naked,
He towered over her crying awake.
I should have had him still
In the bed facing dark glass
Pressed in my book of hours,
The enemy of one and all.

There's a dead vigilance along this coast,
A dungeon that never goes, the adult world
The roar of its voice, the flash of its voice
The floor of the desert rumbles,
Echoes from every hill!

Up to the palace upon the village common
That raven on yon left-hand oak smiles.
He turns, an image of our own disgust.
Equal rights is only the expression, only the death.

Christmas may never come
And no one is full of glee.
The world revolves, and did it well
With girt and sturrup fiddle-saddle
And peals of thunder
And roses with myrtles bound.

It's the tree of freedom filling herself.
Snow on the wheels sate like a bride
Fresh from a sea-fight.

Gray-beards!
All promises in an unhappy home.

"Who must endure it."
"You can't, you shouldn't."

There is still a procedure
In the faces who scanned your lines
For hours unseen, to save our poet?
He is retired as noontide dew
And how he roamed
Down to the arena amid the tents
To comfort the birds
As free as fingers of a hand
Lapping at the faery gold
In a wise passiveness.

Confessions of beautiful souls
Pretty near bottom most of the time.
Slopes bearded to the tops with spruce,
The circuit route through the towns.
It had cleared and there were no clouds.

The road left the grain-fields below
And a saddle-horse shuffled behind.

We looked through our glasses,
In darkness, amid the many shapes.

Nature is the most teasing riddle, very hard to solve,
She screams a cry of absence I cannot disobey.

"There's a warrant out for you."
"By whose compulsion?"

What sad mischance those birds befell,
For it had long been droughty weather.
Fog, wind, and willows, solemn pines,
Hilarious cloth signs in the meat.

The workmen dug holes an inch from the door
And passed the hours in anxious thoughts away.

"There's a body on the reef."

An archipelago among my thoughts,
Rags of the whore gathering, gathering:
The coffin was loaded into the baggage-car.
The wide-spread thighs that laughed so late.
Everyone in the street had seen it too,
Crowding in a duskin tide.
All the perfumes of Arabia
Will not sweeten this little hand.
The art of life for this one day
To the gracious brunette
Goes back in among the shelves.
All beauty incites to procreation.
A house, a diamond, or a pretty woman,
Flowers of every kind encircling the grave.

"You must let me take care of you."

The witch's shoes travelled toward her
Longing pleasures they will never recollect.
It's a litmus test, this place, the corridors
Between the beds.

"If they don't kill you."
"Thou, believest thou in this wizardry?"
"Those Swisses fight on any side for pay."

A tree up with stoney dirt bulged between each sum
In the forest, in this valley of tears, it must be just a bluff.

"Can no one hear?"
"No one."

As if by magic cured among the dust
With hands upheld to grace the pomp
And afterwards our meddling intellect
Slips down his throat. It must be a bluff.

"Well, hell, it was my idea."
"What is it you're after?"
"I want him to stay there."

Gazing up while innocence endures
Grant me my prayer, the moon and his crime
I pray you tell, by genius nursed, my splendid cradle,
A wise and salutary neglect, I taste it on my tongue.
I'll follow you across the snow. I, too, am smart
I adduce an example, in war we must kill.

"That's how you know you're alive."
"But it goes too fast."

Make em brief, a splendid beach
The moss, the air, the sun.

Your voice that sweeps upward upon a tree!

"Why don't you go somewhere else?"

"Why does everyone keep saying that?"

And a voice that speaks of it again to anybody.

"I feel a little like the moon, with sorrowful water."

Towers and ships, the sound of the burst!

The Holy City with gazets hung in the air behind us.
Stuffed into a secret funnel, a Christian psalm for thee.
Those red lights the heart burnt falling like blood
Through the room in splendid displays.

Early morning dogs sit down and weep and wail
Gliding in a black car, creeping through the red
Morning's segment when day's Bright Lord ascends.
Look out, look for reason, choose what is harmful,
Interlock in a reasonable way.

"Certainly you may."

Where are the cities of old?
Whispering to the piano,
Entertained in that room for wages
That I find a lightning flash, a dust.
The leap, the roar, the blood,
Rotten brandies for man to answer.
They enter the slow-withered city.
The drops hung on the branches
Like a lion with the ancestral chain
Shriveled up against her spine.

"Have you a suitcase?"

The feeling of the cold blade
Had not been long in coming.
It became as small as a star
At the edge of a cliff,
Soon it will be behind us.

Smoke was coming out
As we drew near.
Arab tents moving around
The hope and fear of all.

In the newspapers the body
Missed the point with regularity
Like children in the hotel.

There was a hedge on either side.
The path curved on, into trees.
The faces of buildings light gray,
To the stars, to the waning moon.

In the evening the great Liberation,
The horned herd, a seeming maid.
Her body conceals her secrets well.

"Does it hurt?"

The small town in the dark
Through the glass was gone.
I stopped and not for fear, or love,
And looked back up the road.

"I like the winter."

"I won't tell anyone."

We tried to exterminate our Indians

With sparkling diamonds and rubies.
They stood together at the far end
Raking the lawn and burning the leaves.

"I hope you have lots of luck."

"I tell you I don't want it."

The houses and villages you hardly can perceive
Even into the smokiest labyrinths for a long time.
The picturesque home of the great novelist,
His fame he will not stain.

"It's true, isn't it, darling?"

"If you make that much there's bound to be a mess."

"It sounds a bit paranoiac."

There was no talk at supper, only torn bellies
Rushing back and forth, bursting into tears.
If hunger, like death, thou knowest
Dyed a stunning peacock blue,
Thy palms toil-worn
By sweet yams buried deep
What gain is it to the people.

Smoke in the sunlight
With honey on a leaf
And the drum pounding
A blunt plain truth
She recognized.

Free fighter on the suffering side
Why do you want to know?

Yo me sucado ami mismo.
Keeping an eye on the panels
As if to praise them.

In majorem dei honorens
Beyond the weapons.
Then shall the war away
The fools at the hotel,
Their voices angry.

"I would like a hat like that."

"How about that one?"

Point after point did we discuss
Neither the sun nor death,
Sent up, in silence. *Whoosh—*

Tall oaks around this pool
Had only one voice.
How thin and sere!
The color of a bad cigar,
Which are so immortal as well.

There was snow all summer on the hills,
A crown of glory that fadeth not away.
The pine woods and the open glade
So smoothly it was strewn!

"More than anything in the world."

First you have to get into the trees.

"Also they make money."

A handful of beans.

A countryman encountering a friend,
Falling in love with a degenerate
Wrangling over the body of this man.
O noble weakness with lights in it

Trumps up some charge.
That company approaching.

"Blame you! Oh, no."
"What are you riding?"

The smell of the stew was heartbreaking,
Adding onion and cilantro and garlic.
It was slow in the back of the car.

"Put them away."
"Where?"

The turd sliding into his mouth,
The whole jellyfish disappears,
The treatment found.

Under the trees behind the grand-stand
The turkey scratches up great mounds.

What makes the earth go round?
And those who fear not guilt
Think that to have known
The boiler, my cradle
Iam amore virginali
I only wanted it for you.

A fountain rising up,
All things that turn and twist
Neither fish nor flesh
Just some short steps
Across the street.

You may laugh with the other agents
And terrifying things over the needlegrass.
The body, some region of subtle horrors

With free will as a dowry,
The ruin wild and hoary.
Nasty, nasty, to go this way.

"It's in defeat that we become Christian."

Things were bad all over the good old days, remember!
Where mushrooms of the dead licked the tip of the penis,
Great bursts of crimson, you see them, the great old times!

"We demand, demand, demand, we don't beg!"
"Have a whiskey. I have money."
"To fain our kingdom, and our hearts."

Working alone, shiny naked, stamped with numbers
As water in water, changing, round even to faultiness
Course from work.

"From me?"
"Ay, ay."

A wound of ecstasy and pleasure
in despair their empty pit to fill,
Non sans droict.

"A fightin guy fights and a cryin guy cries."

All overpowered with ecstasy and bliss,
Did you see all the far mountains today?
Listen to the water-mill, look at it eagerly,
It's a happy complex which looks clean yet.
The black smoke going up in flames!
Too weak to carry on their wild behavior,
Roasting almonds beneath the shadows.
Every man must have the right to worship
Choosing a seat that will face the entrance.

You see? I'm good, I do what you want,
Through the ashes of my watching pipe,
With eloquence innate, with ancient pain,
With earth and water on stumps of trees
Keeping track of time with broken oaths
Till like a boy's fragile kingdom by the foam
As if at the torch of some magician's wand
Thy master thus with peach arms, bent down
And ate the only good Indians I ever knew.

You look hungry, have you eaten?
In the foreground of a playground,
Where there is a struggle for power
On the horizon if nature allowed it.
Feminine, up to the hilt thy friends,
High level professionals set to honor
The final version of the mysteries.
The spirited weariness of Mercury
Doffed his hat.

"You always feel trapped biologically."
"You're dirty, don't you ever wash?"
"Presently, presently."

Up! Up! My friend, and clean thy looks,
Up where human kind draws a little nigher
Above the tables, bottles, and cups of sherbet.
Out of the darkness between her white buttox
She pats the pony till the boys come home.

We troop upstairs like ponies
And as the portal opens to receive us
The sun does shine so cold.

"Why are you burning my doll's hair?"

"Oh here you are."

"May I sit with you?"

"If you like."

"Why are you burning my doll's hair?"

"I don't know but don't touch it."

The drum beats with its tantra sound
Aera perennius in style, too popular,
Tracing the scent among the dust.
Heads drying on the stakes, indigo-blue
Drained from all they knew,
The stench would drive a pig away.

A dark people with a gift for suffering
Watering the street, she smelled of morning,
She gleamed like a piece of ancient armor.
Their faces, severe, unattached, impassive
Like the Buddha, like a waltz tune,
Like a woman straining her darning.

"How do you like it behind the fascist lines?"

"I don't know. I don't feel very Jewish today."

Sweet is the lore on a hot afternoon,
We cannot step outside
One remains honest in any event,
A headless corpse!

The roots make a skeleton on the ground.
Where else can they be so well concealed?
The lights of the Casino in full holocaust
Of absence, these woods and lofty cliffs
Every year hath the chorus
Indulging every instinct of the soul,
Buried in the odors of her body
Which rising overlooks the land.

Sparkling among the pink-tipped blossoms
The thistle fed, happy, behind the planks,
Toward the top of where the hour was
With pleading eyes.

"I'll dance for you."

The final spasm was wild,
But when her grief is a source
The backs of great horses ripple
And a girl starts to hum a tune,
She needs no protection.

"Where are her shoes?"

She paused.

"What's the delay?"

I would rather follow the light
Perhaps, head and heels on fire,
Arm extended commandingly,
Step by step into decadence.
I come to love the people
With a hope to be forgiven
For any kind of scruple.

"Why didn't you hail the ship?"

"There was nothing out there."

No sparkling rivulet spreading the verdant herb,
The heavy splashing thump of these used islands,
A shade came to the beach with mournful joy.

"I came to love the people."

"You look like a Javanese boy."

There is so little history in oblivion

That must be why Phaedrus said, ask away.

It was hot in the late May afternoon,
Too much dry shingle lies between us,
And by the church in tonight's sky,
In the shadows the thundering rattle
Of rimless glasses are images now.

"Aren't your stockings wet, too?"
"The old man is waiting for me."

A mountain of excellent dissembling
Through the steep and gray canyons,
The thick gray of sky, uniformly gray.
The good and the bad together,
Lakes, mountains, and waterfalls.

The womb liable to such defects of temper
Of weather, of the brown dress together,
Full of noise and smoke, palpitating with pain.
The singing is ugly, the devotion isn't beautiful.

"No, that's what's left for us."

The longest street in the neighborhood
Passing under the spires of the church,
Dew dancing on the tips of the flowers.
They study that and think they study truth
Deep enough to swim in, coming back
Across the wave with champagne.

"I betcha the war'd be over tomorrow!"

People on the other side of the world
Moving together to protect their skin,
To find that pint at Porter Place.

"He's a conspirator."

There can be no illusion in idleness
Down the avenues of the unlit world,
Damp and cold and full of miseries.
The shadows slipping downhill,
It was very much like being mad.
The death-fires danced at night
A turbid light and smell of fear,
No huts on the mountain peaks.
Whatever lay behind this surface
Was small and beautifully built,
The April in her eyes.

"I'll tell you in your ear."

I lay my finger on the sea which beat like a drum.
Bands of lamplight splintered in the black water
Until it woke one summer hour, a very wild flower
With its rage, its hate, but my heart's right here!

"Was the dream ever destroyed?"

A sweet behavior and a solid mind
Still blackens the lights, their rights
Two blocks long, shaded, a dead end
Sea of inexorable time.

The sour gooseberry is all we need
And the wind! The gate of the cage.
There were trees and a stone house,
In the deepest part of the forest.
The golden paths, a box of triumph.
Fogs, abysses, they pass the window
Like a silent horseman-ghost

That blows to the ground.

They shriek and squeal about the streets,
All kinds of flower growing on the rocks.
They entered the area blocked off to cars,
And the cigar dropped from her hand.

"But I have never kissed a man."
"Poor beasty."

Night opens, traversed by moths
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
Sublime orgueil, I desire no more.

"Oh no you don't!"
"That's not the point."

Over the hill a fox was barking sharply
However tuneful, once to every man.
The apple unbitten in the palm
Vibrating like a knob on some machine.
It was like the face of an angel,
For we had not yet colored the eyes.
A long low room paneled in black oak,
The dying light shows only hunger
And can understand nothing.

"Is it a fine town?"
"No, little swallow."

In blind dumps long shadows over major roads
In a calm historian's tone, in between old favorites.
Shall the lion do thy bidding, the night of the poor,
The philosopher, as a curtain passed out of the star.
This is the first thing the next day in the morning,
Trying to be fine, but no food for the hands to lift.

"If he works for nothing does he still confer no benefit?"

Clouds of snow assaulting the air and day cooling off
The cathedral where marble angels were sculptured,
Hiding in islands of loneliness, and noisy as summer,
An air lambent with adult enterprise, so artificial
Bidding one another goodnight, to bed.

"Do condoms make you feel hungry?"
"Afterwards."

The cold waves dashed between their poles
Scattering long-haired grief with fiery head
Bringing love like daily bread
Utterly unlike the snow,
The carving hot work,
Accents so sweet,
So melting, divine
In the rank grass
Of a long-haired god.
Never once had it fallen flat
With a beard but lately trimmed,
And therefore also permanent in its way.

"You must have your joke."
"Certainly not."

Each dwells some twenty seconds
Since the times are so nice,
As cold as my heart.
The times are so hard
I tracked them to a harbor
Sailing in with flowers and wine.
Get up and go into the next room.

Artist that underneath my table
Lies on my breast, lips, my heart,
This table is of little use to me.

"We'll have one more."

"Have you no place to sleep?"

Tis the last fire leads to Paradise
And small flames had the day
Who can confront our opponent.

Only escapists would want to enter
The flames where no godhood has been.
Nothing, like something, happens anywhere.

That black image of stone drew off his glove,
The half moons of his nails were perfect.
The half dead fingers stir, and feel
On that evening where death begins.

The clouds sneer but go sailing into
That shuffle round like pence until,
Dead quick, the door scrares open,
The arches nailed to wood
Treading alone the sacred dome
Plainly above the vivid orange
No one sees, so mightily orange.
Still falls the rain, pass it around,
How leaden, that shines not, that smells must.
In those offices there is no depth, no time
And these bodies shape from a distance.

It was a shame without pity with overtones like the rain,
Still it falls down and skirts on tonight. Is it black night?
What time is it? To a shadow black it's another kind of wait
As some vast wave of grief I shall always remember.

It's better this year, the fragments are here,
There's nothing but earth's low bed.

Among the lanterns of this year
Carrying a soiled name
To the affairs of the weather.
The yellow straws of light
Through the storm and tide
Of ourselves, the engines of our day.

"All's well that ends well."
"It would be surprising if it didn't."

Imagine a painter crucified by his subject!
This was God's acre, with shovel and spade
It begins to fade.

Lending money to workmen, I shall, I suppose
That thou shouldst set this high store upon it.

"What disobedient children!"

Arose from the overcrowded buildings
Each in its own egg.

My yolk is easy, my burden light
Against misadventures resolved to fight
For the skirl of that bulletin, the heart is dead.

Dead puppies turn us back, a scarf of peacock-blue
Through the trees, red hair in the wind
And natureless in ecstasies
And the wonder of hands
Of dogs barking above the glade
Shadowing perished leaves.

They changed cars and walked home.
I would be glad to die for the old folks
After hunger in the shadows of a lamp
Wrapped in yellow lines in the shade.

"Don't beat me, pa!"
"Thou hast done evil."

The phones are tapped as half the rocks old
Along for them to feel would be glad to die,
Allowed the rhythm to die away.

Nothing's best in times like these,
To take part in all occupations
Very fond of my boy
Foreclosed by now.

We had all our play together,
But for the purpose of this passage
I searched the sand that grizzles low.

"Little mermaid, I love thee."

Boys sent into the streets offir meilleur
To be served for us, moisture read to us.
Of grass so you do, of youth you came.

"And how do they do it?"

Intensely far, watering a stony place.
And questions are raised: Struggling?

"This is what the argument indicates."

Comfort the night through the darkness of death,

The mountains candidus till the fashion changes
Choosing the lesser of the third class, running out.
Here no elsewhere underwrites existence
As truth mounts the ramp asking who was it
It catches up to.

It catches up, a tiger in pursuit of pray
Finding one time, sometime, rain and fire!
Lost in flour, past the poppies' distance.
Beautiful ladies, great and small
On an endless shore.

"It must be some kind of civil war."

That hidden freshness sung,
The agitations of sex
Pleasant after that honor.

A final summer with perfect profile
Edged with rust, the weapon ladies yield.
Why I you ice ache when why love winter
Do more crack love, it was coal lane wish,
My it goes they mention you.

"I agree. That's the thing they do."

Visiting drum taps, a wintery drum
Like a mild and patient mother
Our ultimate shore, the earth,
Glad to hear you made it back okay.
Why I you I ice ache, love lean winter,
Do move crack love, coal lane wish.

I am sonorous sone lite lo in the dressing room.
Behind the stage he denied her life, and the witch
That dwells in blue waters, a trouvaille, mon cher.

Steps into whiteness to brush aside the passers-by.

Into the beautiful flesh of nine black Alps
Where the dreaded army was swept away,
Going nowhere with her state of mind
While a green pool opens its eye
And memory, and the onlookers,
You know what they look like?
Warm and human, men forever,
Christian sleeping-bags
In every den of depravity
Falling like blessings.

"I've got no family, there's only me."
"The way you speak. You're a foreigner."

In this backwater, killing old women,
You've destroyed them everywhere,
Starless and fatherless
Pushing a baby in a forest of frost,
Feather boa and eyelids like helmets
Hands shaking, a dirty girl
Chased around the apartment,
Like Plato's Charmides.

Her dog entered the room,
She could feel his tongue
Spiraling up the staircase.

"I'm fine. I need to walk, is all."

To last it out and not come back,
To stay awake as much as possible.
No ship, no road can take you there,
Turning and turning in the middle air.

The curtain concealed roses of rubies,
Lilies of pearls, violets of amethyst
On a street lined with similar houses
Behind bushes and flower beds.
At the sight of such treasures
Some information arrived
Gliding up in low gear.
It's a trainstop, O my God.
Are you vengeance or love?
Nevertheless, I'm the same.

"You bitch."

"I really might have been."

The crooked shall be straight
And the rough places plain,
Sunlight slipping the trees
Making coppery splashes
Until tomorrow looks
Nothing like tomorrow.

Bleeding and peeling, young and hot,
Pleasure's prize perched on the surface
Alone and enlightened, the gold baby
Bleeding and peeling, peeling, bleeding.
The wall of the room petrifies the will
Full of conviction, a dry laugh, passion,
Hostility, black stone.

The rain stopped and there was a band of sky in the west
Like an eye between two lids that won't shut, always lovely,
The common clay, the daylight of the lobby, so many silks
In some hotel corridor that rich air difficult to breath,
The diaphanous satins of a January window.

"It's not a bomb. There, take it."

Go, be a martyr, do the needful,
Die behind the glass of this car.

"You can't see anything."

Ecstasy overcomes his body
So he can throw the bombs
Wandering the street.

The porch house, our dominions
Armies of them inside the church.

Then the vision exploded
Under the lid of the box.
Color floods the spot, purple.
Eyes with tears immersed again.

The philosopher's brown body,
Little fists, eyes, nose, and ears
Invincible in works of war.

The face at the end of the flare,
Liquid dripping onto her dress.

"O Jesus I want to go."

Full of exultation they bow in reverence.
It is dark in the serenity and safety of Christ.

"That's a cultural matter."

They are browning like touched gardenias
In the formation of newfangled churches.
Why is it so quiet, what are they hiding?
I look ahead at the ones still burning,

At a corner-block with iron balconies,
Full of joy, sensuousness and beauty,
Not afraid of the wall of old corpses
In the sanctuary among the voices
Of wars, wars, wars.

It's dark, dark, one candle will suffice
The light flashing, a fire in the center.
What warmth it has when it is clear,
Their eyes opening, it stretches for miles.

"I can't look."

Too many roads leading into it.
The moon is no door
Too-bright brightness on the brow
Surfacing once again.
It shimmers, it does not stop
In this final moment.

"I've got to look away."

A black veil swept away,
White, creeps away.

It was arrogance and intoxication
Seen in the half light, warm and poetic,
Red, it does not stop.

There was still some smoke rising,
A red scar in the sky submerging them
Down an avenue of over-arching trees.

Clouds pass and disperse
Gradually the facts emerge
In the village, in this land

The moonlight sidles
To rules, rules, rules.

The bodies of the enemy
In the conclave of scholars
With a watery plopping noise.

"I'm going to get out of this town."

With food of sheep that of red water died
We entered flesh and took our veiled state,
The shards, the houses like fat vegetables
In winter palisades crowned by antennae
While neighboring farmers busking about
Their pipes, red poppies, pink of damask,
Drank vodka until the saint grew man.

"Goddamned monbacks."

Let the dead eat the dead
So long in store, for it's late
As the pitmen sing
One Lily of the Valley.

Thousands of shipyardmen tramped
Through ripening summer round thee,
Treated to strong, fragrant tea,
Breathing in the flesh-colored dust.

"This is a hot town."

"Would you like some vodka?"

"What do you do here nights?"

"Do you like the cinema?"

"There ain't anything to do now."

What was fondled in a car

A swallow's shadow cast
Secluded for a few hours,
The blossoms of a bitch.

What implements of sense!
From a long-abandoned mission hut
Where floods in winter tumble through
Small red handprints on old boulders,
The sap stirs and slumbers when we pass.

The midden of trodden mud crawled along the line
And lost itself in the mist the horizon's edge surrounds.
Under the rains, to grow rank, reaching for light fake
Masterpieces and authentic trash.

Every machine has its balance of forces
Taking a view of the street into this void.
Keep walking, look on the bright side.

"A normal person gets used to nature."
"Perhaps I've made a mistake."

That looks like an antelope
Lolling from mildewed crates
And pale-green horseradish
Alone with his shopping.

Bindweed bells, hop, and woodbine
Igniting through his beard of broth,
Tempting me into some act of violence.

"A votre sante, monsieur."
"You've been lucky!"
"Sure."

Along each hedge and sprouting bush

Through pipelines of soft sandstone
Shoots dangled and drooped.

The fumes slow-slow-quick,
I was greatly impressed,
One ear twitching.

A symphony with none to share a part
Till bird dawn into the water to drown
Among the broken statues in this boat
Which rustics welcome with delight,
Glass and glassy moments
Telling the old joke

Somebody drowned last night,
Nature is not to be trusted.

The autumn then, of solidarity,
About the streets in idle sport
And the snow lavender-blue,
Counting the slow heart beats.

We scoured the creek with strange vibrations,
All silver birch, the source deeper in summer
Cloud-cover permitting.

"What are you so happy about?"

"That awful lust."

"Don't wiggle your behind like that!"

The bedroom and the trunk always open,
Desk of polished oak, victorian nightgown.
Five small pale spotted eggs in the meadow
And one untimely, indigo-flowered cactus.
Low sun, light wind, daffodils everywhere
That infect my green unfortunate field.

The fat, silly, awkward head of a tadpole in the rough.
Toes, pelvis, torso, fingers, vertebrae, teeth and skull
Falling in cascades or worse, a devil for truthfulness,
For a distant ship hides more than it illumines
Who only by moving can balance the day,
And black traffic grinding through.

Tenderness in the human struggle
Mingling with the lesser ones on earth
As if nothing was an uncommon worry.

"Elle est Indienne?"
"Quest-ce que cest baba?"

I stand with standing stones
The fat black women want
With which the lake is stocked
In circles round each other
In fancy's sweet security
In the dormitory below the attic
If there were music there
To meet thee once again.

"Which way are you going?"
"The other way from you."

I love everything that flows across the forest
With the same pains you use to fill a cup.
There was a time I thought it mattered
To mourn for liberty and play.

I reached my North and it had meaning
Exhausted with yearning: A hotel room,
A rat's nest, I have chosen the last room.

"Let's go to look at some more museums."
"As long as you're in there you got a chance."

The displacement of soap-suds in a basin
Fell to hide all trace of where you went,
Your well-fenced-out real-estate of mind,
A wooden house, a lighted porch
A flat undwarfed by bush or tree,
Glass that was broken already,
Those good quality, expensive shoes
In a banana box

Delicate

Like sunbeams lost in summer showers

Dance

Over the threshold
Within the golden hours
Without thinking further
Who, through the window,
Eyes the street

By concrete blocks, old tires, two huge snails
Point scorn's finger at the mouldering shed
That would, it seemed, no more dissolve
With the somnambulists and legless beggars
Than this, or any, form of self-regard.

A dark channel in a tenement at spring's sill
Will put on a dress of guilt to small drums
And stoop away into the wind, seen from above.
A slat of wind with teeth of glass, persuing
Its own abstinence, a snort in the dark
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws.

The odor of meat cooking grows more insistent
And imputes to me and my damned works a cause
More generous than our bourgeois certainties!

"Don't trust a promise from me."
"I wouldn't want your job for the world."

So the hawk had its pursuit
Pointing at us with its beak
And bricks for blood, knees
Garnished with impetigo.
An underbelly of grass
After the bird has flown.

"Look at him now."

Huge in the small hours
Bellying in the wind
All the way home.

The soft rows of domestic brick,
What swans sung within the walls
Swims in the sweet stink of ether.
Bird-prints, an electric brain
Of baby's energy, small hands
Motion in all directions
Whose raptures fire me
To my needs, yet I too toil
Not neither do I spin
Gold impeded by thee.

Heavenly Buddhas smiling in their sleep,
Shoulders falling down like teardrops
Two inches from the troughed stone,
Standing square on the grass verge,
This hardness dapped in a hot summer.
Upon parched veldt I sat across from them.

Behind the trees thin smoke

Condemned whole years in absence to deplore
A playhouse laugh, a constant thump and blare
Stopping the heart within it.

The car is back, more slowly,
Down the center of the street
Past grass and moorland boulder,
Shoveling steam over her shoulder.
The sun goes down beyond the edge
And a crescent moon climbs the sky,
A landscape lit by distant flashings.

A fountain plays, blind to all but one vision,
Working on the circumference of the house.
The gnome rejoicing, yapping always:

"Look, I didn't do anything."
"No, you don't do anything."

The flow of life beyond the door
Almondy meadowsweet, a blade of grass,
A single leaf shall waft an army over.

An empty bottle transubstantiates the green
Like a wand dazzled by renunciation's glare.
The last thermal breath makes love with gods..

The cars are piling up by the torn waters
Unpeopled, silent, with cow-like udders.

Tombstones cast long shadows.
The bones cannot bear the light.
At night, when all colors die.
And men at the water's edge.
Bone riddled ground up the path.
The spirits of termagants in flame.

"Take off thy shoes."
"Is it raining?"
"No."
"Best prepare for the worst."

Hanging the washing between the trees,
Twisted by the sea wind and falling down
Across daubed rock.

Dirty beanflowers of fuzzed flesh,
Let me love you who charm the shades
While my companions dream of fire,
Of silk, a cloth of light.

I climb to our proper dark
Sharp tender shock.

"And be respected."
"Yes and be respected. Why not?"

There was a shelter of branches over the entrance.
The simple life is right for me, I'm a simple man.

"I'm simple too."

Women and fool are two hard things to hit
With half a broom, garbage too thick strewn
In some conjunction. Take that!
Materials, fruit boxes, scrap iron,
Nirvana! Serene even to a fault
Oh! Chintzy chintzy cheeriness,
Alive and dead, forgot!

Ornamental in the reflection,
Where it pours bean green over blue
And traces of red mud

Wild with suspense
So very tense

Cattle wadding in the shallows
To the strains of a horn concerto,
Brown stumps in the clear
Rough and exotic roads.

"I'm going out and may be some time."
"I have something else to do too."

And a new day begins, and life begins tonight
At the authentic stone of destination plum,
Spattering block-straw with mortal residue
Between the streams and the red clouds,
Just not ugly, and just not mad
Like crocuses in our snow
Thick as pillows under oaks
Among ruins on endless roads
A widening deepening greenness
As the air fills with mosquitoes.
Strands of yellow hair in the hedges
And sorrows mystically espoused.

"How's the weather?"
"I don't feel any way."

A pipeline, the burden of some song
Through cracks in the conversation
That show in the face of turning tides.

Finding the little town lit up
In the hollow of an unamorial age,
Unbelievable in falled marble.

A whiff of old jotters from another wedding,

Corn-husk masks and ceremonial rattles
In patterns of giraffe skin, stifled with wood,
With fleece, drinking worse wine than ours.
Dress after dress breathing and wheezing,
Shifting their masses along a treadmill
In a manner very far from mild.

These pedestrians, like dolphins, washed and rubbed
Are drinking worse wine than ours down by the river
In innocence through sand and gravel, wrapt in night.
Smell of virgin forest, natural delights soiled by saliva.

"Why don't you like to be touched?"

The foothills of the peak cut off by bars and cornered
In isolation, in glory, in the cairn of a shoe-patted mound
Of the bottle, in the light of common day, the dumb past
Refusing anything but cash, lit with pleasurable trivia.
Handshakes, promises of many visits, the sum of their
Force driving all laughter from the heart.

Under the porch a flower doth spread and die
On the grass that is green, the Flower of the Ages.
The skeletons of bicycles drenched with showers
Where the lamplight peters out across the yard.
Time to abandon the wedding tables.

Farewell flowers, sweetly your time ye spent
With crimson sails and diamonded dark oars,
The allurements of those bum-cheeks
Swallows up all beautiful things.

Life, you are deadly, drinking the mortuary juice
With a tongue like she had, and nobody likes that!

"I don't want you here nor yet away."

Running parallel to the parallel
Slitting the pictures in their frames,
Of birds or men, of seasons or machines
Where they held hands successive nights
like rolling waves.

The scholars grin until you see the bone,
They understand the entrance moves on.
The handshake, the cough, the kiss,
The far-fetched reassembling greeting
Today's faithless herd quitting their place.
The customers standing on the tables,
The same mushrooms on the window-sill.

"You could find him between these pink tits if you looked."
"You're not a great submissive."

A deer is shot with an arrow
Not with what the arrow means.
A tower built on sand may reach
The sky but will fall eventually.

The great wheel came full circle,
The world's fevers burn and shine.
The flames left the corn on end.

There the plant stoops
On the edge of the desert
Beating against all music.

A pianist, what is a concert?
The bank is black in cities,
Theatres, gardens, parks,
And the dark parking
Through grayness sun through rain

Will love your neighbor.

There has been purchase
And sale hundreds of times,
Why have you not refused?

"I have work to do."

Underneath a willow
Before the winter
A sickle in the sun
Shadowed with birchlight
Where a man is strapped.
Hardening over his face
A drift of black grit.

He was so small you couldn't see
There is nothing left but the heart to eat.
The mask of freedom I can put a face to,
Some metal covered in dust, in cells of fog,
Let me burn each leaf, a thousand, for services!
Ice breaking on every side in a flurry of jokes.
Beasts squeezing the soft salts of their sweat.

"Hold up your hands."

The granaries are full of grain!
They burn in the oven.
The wood is my patience
Ten thousand miles deep.
A heavenly sensation
Spiraling into an orgasm.

"That's a lovely sound."

"Was she good?"

Through the bushes the air moaned
With distant hooters, my language,
Its milky call by the headland
Until the late spring light is gone.
It freezes across a soundless sky
In the lateness of the season
Where a paralysis creeps
From limb to limb.
Why are you kneeling?

Planes, I peer above them
Roaring the wild world over!

"I'd paint her red."

Through the hole I wave, I shout,
It is pleasant to work with animals
Swollen with love, their eyes burning.
The teeny key cracking green walnuts
Against my window under the tree.
It's broken the lock and the door,
Hostaged in your father's house.

It was cold, no lusts, my stuff is fresh
A breath squeezed through the cracks.
It burns all the way down to the depths
Drinking the long taste of the dry wine.

The skinny finger runs on into evening,
A pinch of love spice in her long body
Is better than being a slave, bare-footed,
Running up the orchard.

The beggar his rags forgets,
Face down in the brook.
In the orchard of fruit,

In the trees, tenderly
In elegies of loss.

Feathered masks, pots of peas
Hang in the windows
Schooled in the struggle.
Complaining of what is fit,
And not to be found out.

The road went up, the road went down
Like a blister with a mind of its own,
Sated with newness, then a coastline
Round sweet tea and hot china.
Life is business, not good cheer,
The dust and the world's fevers,
Shadows, meadows, and lanes
Walking shadows of thought
With a girl's lust, people slither
The key into the new games,
In lovely forms of foresight
In the light of common day,
Then should thy praises
Stretch or contract.

"What can we do around here?"
"Hasn't he told you?"
"I don't have a good teacher."

A brangle of arrows have outflown the wind
In a jungle of brick-and-mortar all our own.
Through the air in the strengthening of day
The earth doth move and fountains flow,
But we squat in the same coracle.

"I have rules and want you to comply with them."
"Nowadays we're all a sort of philosopher."

How heavy the heat, trousling the cloud's
White trembling lips on no map.
At a loss in excretion, don't be cross
The tree is gone with her ice-cream.

"And aren't you a fat one, eh? And there's a reward."

Nothing could seem too rich,
Of bragle heat good cheer.
Blister I sorted a stretch of day
Of old slither the fountains
With world's a road if bricks
And flown in sweat tea

If evocations of past kindness
Shed that thin partition,
Which I can nor regard nor know,
Silence, as if there were no such thing.
Put a gold ring on her finger most nights
And raging red desire! An eye is no slave,
Yielding no love requital under the partico.
Don't touch these means for a new design,
It existed out there in God's heart.
The boulders, working classes!
No festivity opens in dust.

Tis not to make a party or to join
The scene again, tipped with jasper.
Fabric on the sofa, that frog on the sill.

Villages beyond the ceremony of possession
Drinking the taste of the dry wine in ecstasy.
The happy hills of heaven between.

Oh, the fullness, the love-fruit.

The goat field, the craving.
And a bemused citizenry,
The houses turn to look.

"I've always been happy."

"I want to be inside you."

Restored! Returned! The lost are borne
By the buttons, the part the whole
Full of proportions, one limb to another
Until, beyond that last half-open door
Your munificence just stands there.

"Is that why you didn't want to be a prisoner?"

Fate! That I would go along with happily,
The old world messing a few raspberries
Which lie under the lamp, breath visible
And eyeless hope and handleless fear
In the potatoes and the barley.

While the sun was up the crack in the stairs indifferent
Grieved for, there is always a secret following sounds.
Fingers at my heels, the tug of my shadow, a suffering.

"Are you ok while I'm away?"

"What have you as game?"

We don't strive beyond the ramparts
Among the brambles smoky crimson.
The desert sighs until my spirit
Unclothed in paint, a mortal combat
In whatever sanatoria there is for the spirit
Covered with freshets our brother's veins.
A green helmet, a clock into the downpour.

"You look good."

Te deum, oh mighty love!
Small eyes and big mouth,
kissed in an empty bed.

On aeolian dunes now I sit,
Taking at last their vengeance
On the wheel of becoming,
The world of light.

I won't say much about it
Broken with flags
And the workers coming back,
Noirs blancs decayed into vanity
A handful of damp change.

"Did you undress me?"

You are better than chains
And pipes in the town cafe.

"Ta-da! There are two beds."

The quests are few, quests are few,
In the way Archimedes always said
Funny peculiar on funny ha-ha.

We turned down a side street
Where there were no lights
And walked in the street.

The road down the mountain-side
A flag drifting along the ground
Tearing my heart in a shuffle
Horrified, oh take thy lute

I ort to show some interest.

Empty isles of libraries in the noisy house,
The mountain-side, I pass away and leave
It dead like a bale of tea.

It's lovely, we painters of icons
Faded as I shed the last frown.

Now all is one, the yoghurt-seller
shouting in the dawn.

Life was given to man
On a stone no bigger than
Nature in the yellow dust
In that foulest nest

Singing Noel on a winter's night,
The acme of kindness and perfection.

They're coming, Taranta-Babu,
Sell at any price.

Bacon and eggs in the orchard,
In a woman's coat a bag of asafetida.

In an empty bed the dark room,
And fields of wheat, the bog-peat
Pinched to stretch a piece
Sick of meat, with eyes shut.

Eyes in the white of the eyeballs
Ready to toss off the foolish heart
With all the feelings of a widower,
Her heifers half way to Heaven

Their simple heads and eyes burning,
It is wonderful, control overwhelmed,
Towns where we lived to complexion
Needing it with one thought, cutting
The pictures out!

"I'll just step out the door a minute."

A hole through which light glistens
Prostitutes herself with every part
Like the last of an endangered species
Breathing down from the mountains.

All day there is no sound but this.
At the top of the cliff a flag spraying,
The fruits falling, as happy as a lord!
Frequently taking and never giving
Tired and without understanding.

"I hope his color doesn't run."

"We had a deal."

"Take your cap off."

I have no eyes, a smoky-gray
That pleased her like an animal.

Black snowflake dancing
Discreetly hiraeth lightning,
Weeping was my work.

O do not blind me with love
Of the wheat and the house,
An innocence, a fine house.
We love walking the first ice.

"Better stay here."

"You are wise."

Snow falling short of my bare feet.
All things are busy.

A refugee begun to weep,
He fears the curtains the rat has eaten.

"A show? Do I have to do it?"

She straddled me to be filled in with some sand
In the morning, life passing its mineral reflection.

"We'll see each other again."

Above the mines
The region of its setting,
Sparkling, incapable of rhetoric
To abstraction, a poetry of rooms.

White is their color, the struck stone
In the key of serenity, sad and clear
While the peer who sells it you (what ho!)
Wanders through the cranberry patches.

"They don't like me. Did you see their car?"

The smell of an apple-cannery in an open field,
Where the stove-pipe flakes real dust on oak pews.

It was in the middle of hayin' time
Of secrets hidden and sought out
Covered with grass, graviora manent
In the frazzled ear, kindled with fear.

"You are far from being a bad man."

"Don't believe everything you hear."

Jy avais trouve une ideal et idyllique.
By your fame you have conquered envy,
Vezere's falaises moved gray, an ivy mist
On the far waterfall-like doom.

Green needles of the pine
Shadowed with birchlight
On the country's crest.

It has taken all night to get here
With her sad brushes and her thoughts.

"Come here and bend down you spoilt darling!"

Cependant, cefut unbel homme, dehaute taille.
Would you know anyplahs I could get a job sirr?
Half with effort, on the fibula of Sir—on Sir
Walking the old town wrapt in mist.
What hills when the sun sets.

I follow meadow paths and tracks
And the dialect of rush hours.

A gilt china vase, powder in a dish
Full of new and unexpected light.
So dusty, spiteful and divided
on sheets of murderous ice.

"You're not seeing them anymore?"

"You've never seen them."

"What's that got to do with it?"

And their eyes burning.
Kiss, kiss my chin, burned.

The smell, the last picture, again the picture,
There is a reason for this placed once more
In that head of thine! And wind underground
And the hair-wash and bath unto a hardness,
Void of love and of moderate vice.

The dew doth fall with a blank look
And those who sit in the sty of contentment
Administering names and dates and causes
Watched the late train cross after their meal.
Machinery to keep our metaphysics warm,
The bedrock of all mind control
Bruising against this island.

And if I break one? Wreck!

Smoke from the books into the mouth.
Much louder was the song of the cigadas,
No longer do they deign to bootleg tapes
Ev'n unto death, cetait un sort penible.

What? Shall I ever sigh and pine?
A hunk of bread, tomatoes, and salt
About the bone, her champiñon,
Generation witless and witless youth!

Fat fingers under a midnight stone,
I play the guitar.

There were great oscillations without mercy
Otherwise I should have given grave offence.

"Lets' stay awhile, then take the last boat home."
"This is no place to stay."

The water is cold and sweet, tearing my heart open.

My heart is heavy, made by a dead snail.

"You know I was once a little girl?"

To feirky ack the too obtrusive fate.
Dead mouth of teeth that cannot spit
In a cafe on a cool evening clear
Walking the dew's heavy sprinkle.

A mountain trentiesme
That is all dollybird eyes
Down the fork in the trail.

Time, love and literature!
Already befallen the result.

"Let's take the last boat home."

Warm among the flowers,
A part veiled in fancy,
Vetu dune peau de girafe.

Flying with us and measuring up on us
I bite my bottom lip, but I am frailty,
Misunderstood by whoever I meet.

My career of naive iambs
Joining boys with a rawhide landyard,
Familiar with the roads and settled nowhere.

So does the sun withdraw his beams
Walking the dew's heavy sprinkle.

My noon, my walk, my song,
Myself calling out in French
Jecrans homme dunsul liver.

Jug jug to dirty ears, these islanders,
With a new solemnity, with reason
Long darkened by rain, apple trees
Of man's first disobedience the fruit.

Mon is the mezur of all things
And has been full of proportions,
Beneath bridges, running water
The oldest kind of song.

"Sometimes they are of no use at all."
"Drop all that, come down to the river."

Welts of gold on the gray pavement.
The storm blew over the brilliant skies,
And went up. The sun blazed and burned.
Let clay be dug from the the mountains
And light flat as mud at the field's edge.

Love on the happiness of a calm ocean
Dozing in daytime in the ceremonial pines.
Cliffs of honey mellowing the ground.
Its elegance shines on her cheeks.

The surface, the island
The ravishes of inebriety
The avenue of penitence,
Meanwhile I feel a certain zest
From the deep, in endless assent.
I waited on that hand of planks,
The water had been rising.
The coast came forward.

"What do you wish me to do?"
"You're not supposed to know that."

The simple scents which smile
With that poor weapon, satire.
Help us, lifeless smell, murder!
I give the toast across the world
Successive nights at your stations
Until they're swollen like boats.

I am much more as I like
Singing in the last descent
Till through her hand
On a hill behind the port
The prices will be happy
From the outside, & I go in.
I turn and turn and turn,
I have the keys, I take part,
I see and hear the whole.

Time to pick mushrooms
Sovahna temps dema dolor,
So many things to remember.

What whispers overhead?
Every thought that flounders
In fantasy, twisting, rearing up
Through the snow-capped
Oranges of our country.

A few wild raspberries,
A hundred towns of stone
As to either or either or either
Through sun the houses,
The whining of a mandolin.
See the children along the shore?
They lion grow, immortal diamond
Or wood-wizard, and souls high violent,

Dazed in arches of hot gossip, pitied
Along with those that are kissed.

"I didn't want to leave you."

It seemed I would forever be driving west.
A strength of engines, railways, and furnaces.
There's no stoppage, and never can be stoppage.
We trod the pavement in a dead patrol
To collect tears, we receive stones.

Westward I wheel. Road sign.
White highway The road.
Nature. New country. A bridge.
Grasshoppers. Shush! So vast.
Oil and tar. Traffic lights.
Homesickness! No more!
Ye break my heart.
The constant renewal
A reminder of war.

The arrow that flieth by day
Hanging in the great city
With blackened hands
And a bag of *blue*.

"You are brave."

"I won't talk a word."

"I'd be bored."

This fascism has come and hit the bald head
Very nearly all day long.
Now I feel hair, like fur, standing on end.

Where tunnels and canal bridges
Public Taste, down in oldest graves

Like medals given to the brave.

A sword, a horse, a shield,
A quarrel, an estrangement,
Spittle and curses to the trees,
The same from wild mares
When sheep are in the fold,
Happy and wet throughout.

I make a flat stone skid,
I hear the trained soprano,
The iron shark.

And now you live dispersed on ribbon roads,
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild.
A pretty smock with embroidered fruit
Wherever the heart so wishes.

Villages beyond this shirt of flame,
The cow crunching with depressed head.
An ugly rumor is abroad, yellow as lionskin,
A spy, eyes on fire, to doat upon me ever!
A desert to the south and west, olive smoke
And the talk has come round to passion.

Ewes nurse their flock on a field,
The robin pipeth vater decrotter,
Overwhelmed by a pang of guilt
Where leaves speak in silibant
Rocking slow motion in the cart
Against liquor to excess, strings
Of hope a summer blueness washed
Gazing on the new soft fallen mask.

Shed your concealment on the fields of life!

It was one breathing Oh
Half with pleasure
Oh!
Dreadful staring.

If the shaking of her breasts could be stopped
Till I find out how to consume thy goods
In an unmarked pit, sour and clean.
The paths winding along the wheat
With cold pride frozen with tears
Whilst the rest of the cavalcade
Hold out during the action.

"An officer should be with his troops!"
"Sometimes they are no use at all."

You seem content to ventriloquise the surf
Over the green of the rye as it ripples,
Rising toward the heat of the sun.
Voret capite as he lowers his head,
Thirst which makes the living drink
Launched into a small meditation.

Avolki, the lord who is seen
Stood there as in Bethlehem
With a bag of cherries.

You see this egg, I have nothing to lose
Bent in an ecstasy of gout, a charming shell!
Like geese about the sky biting the legs off her.
Having dinner with a friend, I resist my own diversity.

"Let me feel it."

What a woman tells her lover in desire
Writing the destiny of this obsession.

Aint no sound so disconcertin as apples droppin on th roof
Like pipes fulleyd with the turnd ye livd I do resume—
We pass several doors until we reach the one at the end
In its broken glasshouse between the two posasas,
Formless stacks of bodies and bodies by themselves.

"Why don't you live here."

"I prefer not to."

"I want you now."

"Walk up and down."

The peacock strutted, a woman at market,
The stage of Sakadagami's Emathian bulwark,
Son of Jove, burning burning burning burning
The first coming of the second coming
In the burrows of the Nightmare
That keeps the Gold Ones in their place.

Fling the door wide, what a beautiful thing,
All power to the constituent assembly!
How fresh caritas conturbat me lips anight.

8 days

No carp

I suffered . . . I was there.

Flesh flaked in the mossy violets
That I should then raise thee?

People sip a vegetable absence,
Laughter between the leaves
And hurrying feet.

Pools in the bouquets

As if in love.

There was no more hating them.
Out of the chaos marches a street
Waiting for first light.

I swear, I can't bare to look at you,
Eating my aunt's wonderful soup
My mouth suddenly dry.

"I see, because you're so good looking."
"I'm not going to take it."
"But I still want to spank you."

Breath of the current ending,
A dead end with a flicker of life,
Our shore—The black hole waits
It made no difference to me,
Crunching the warm slag.

Creatures in the mountains, a play of style,
Not comfortless, for spring is here,
Working with the ferry girl.

"What chronicle did you escape from?"

The soft rustled and stirred,
Children's voices in the orchard
Walking the path through bush.
A breath sweeter than honey,
Lips folded upon themselves.

"You are so sweet."

Sliding the senses away,
This is the life, give us a kiss.

I'm going to scream again.

Behind the glass a figure
Frowned like thunder.

"I'll walk with you."

We passed the last house, nothing much.
I feel her goodness breath the flesh's good
Garage door down with its familiar groan
In the pleasant countryside, the wheat-ear,
I felt the gesture of your hand.

They seize every object
And lead it through me.
There is no depth, no height
In the midst of the crowd,
In the afternoon all week.
They scorn the best I can do,
A shame, personal weakness.
They used to spin in the light
And where are they going?

The devil's angel exploded.
When the battery is unmasked,
Then beware of the bomb.

"Have you ever been in a retreat?"

Thus doth thy power cross-bias me
When the world's at your feet.

We lost her in the dawn.
The fat flares on the altar
In cities, in the mountains
My mind would be stirred

Shaking stunted pines with her sad brushes,
With love to a town on the back of her limbs.

How wide is all this sad pretence!
Slitted below and slashed with eyes.
Your eyeballs strung across a gully
On the frontier, pigs and trees,
Stars and houses in a closed market.

I see your face above that script
Flying with us and measuring us
So loving and loved so, about to break
A box where sweets compacted lie.

Those brothers who shared the pain
Gone by in life, leaving the greater part
Of distance and repose, of gentleness,
Feasts of saints, squash, egg, fish, it too!
Yams buried deep, the same ground
You witnessed below your neckline.

I see your face in the corner
Wrapt in old miasmal mist!

Bent over the cradle I swing my binoculars
Under the drip of trees, seeing a narrative
Warmly lined among the vegetation.
The road silent, but cool, new hotels.

"Come with me and we'll look for berries."

Through wires that dazzled my eyes,
Blinded judges, rotting cryptomera
And juniperus, we create the husks,
The floor, the poems of Catullus.

I arrived with the night train
Passing the clock on the hall
Scrounging for food offerings
Along the windowsill, each puff
Moving the posters on the wall,
Head flung back in sheer delight.

Burning hair into the air that comes
Beside the guns in the cold of winter,
Watching where mammals be seen.

They get drunk, looking at the ocean.
It sails in, past us and the sunflowers.
Past the last house.

It contemplates the wind,
Lifting the ocean's lid,
The mist settled close.

I lost anchor below an urchin
In love with water.

"I don't despise his office."
"He has a collection of girl's hats."

You have more than enough
And are with mastery crowned.
A custodian of fish and vinegar,
Jube-jube bribes and a treaty broken.
The ship exploding, murmuring.

Delights by the sea dissolved
With curds and slatherings of tar.

We lost her in the dawn
Tholed under the stars,

An innocence, a loss a life away.

She died on the other side of the world,
In a field of glass, a sigh in missing her.
There was no man for miles a-neighbor
And the street air dropped beneath.

Something of the possible is freed.
With a church, an inn, and houses,
People too, where nothing survives
The streetlamps among the flowers.

Du love de traces of trees, eucalyptus,
Rain, too small to carry this grief.
Its lines and colors run into evening.

The bank was empty, la biche sefface
Ses sont encore bleus elles bonheur,
A sob in the forest blooming and spoiling
That smudge of no color into the afterlife.

The beeches know the head,
Fingers outside the station
Pulled from the depth.

Horror and love distinguished,
Putting boy and wife to bed.
She drops her coat, and tears,
Staining the cotton red.

Big as birds, but at my service
They shed purple as they flee
Outside the gallery.

Like water until the east is white
And dawn wakes them.

The smell of coffee in your hands,
As dapper as a young ambassador,
With teeth as white as peacock feathers.

There is no escape, knives sharpened
Taking vengeance laced with blood
In front of the blackboard,
Beyond the wall, the town
In the room, I know it's burning,
Bodies blowing down like pearls,
Kissing the most delicate souls.
Let the heat of hatred burn,
Smoke from the burner
And miles of pipes.

"They don't give them out like that."

Naive as a leopard's skin,
As Leonardo's diagrams.
Until now alors in blood
From empty bough.

Jewelery on a face red from sleep.
My meditation quilted with arras,
Inlaid with indian tooth.

I cry leaning against a screen
And dip my bread in milk.

Rags of sweetness pressed elsewhere,
The evil shadows of the underworld
Fooled even by the wind.

"Do you like ice-cream?"
"I like to watch it melt."

What is there better to do tonight,
Life is short and the world is round,
Than you, afflicted by sensations,
Spreading crumbs by the surf.

The ocean is too broad to cross,
But the public is a different thing,
They don't learn.

Their blades shamble across the floor
With no goodbye, into wedged openings.

The tallest and thinnest bore traces
Of the red door at the crossroad.
Going half-naked, soft hands, small feet
Torse precis dela roue, and mome outgrabe
With warmer love, oh! With far deeper zeal
I take a salute of pine-cones and lolly-sticks.

Frost-scaled cones, the blue wilderness
And white, white, bell-towers rang out.
A harp crying, she sung from the moon
Falling on homes and homeless
And friendly sons of men.

Reflecting through the filigree shutters
Across time, hung with diamond drops,
In a fieldhead of cloud where rivers curl,
Footsteps in flushes and smoking dark
Flick the pink ivy, sweet in the morning.

Hills of home! The shady church
Under a cloud, the waterfall loud.
Heat ripples through the flowers,
Unbroken glory gathering radiance.

The town so long, so wide,
Naked and leaning forward.
The paths go every which way
Round thy symbol of light law
And all year the green bower
On this uncongenial land

Breathing from the mountains,
Crudely fluted, green flecked.
But breath and eyesight fail,
Does the spring know that?

The spruces hardening bridges,
Machinery, scarves, plump girls,
Our tongues in each other's mouths.

Grass hanging from the wheels
Containing a twig of orange leaves.
She put out her tempting tongue.

"Don't tell anyone what we did."

A tunnel was built that evening,
Trains thundering, a burning light
On an elsar in the sangar by the bridge.
Purple, green, the midnight drum.

Fits of passion and a long thrill of fear
Shadowed with birchlight on the crest.
Airless evenings and nights, running,
The blood drawn from ageless springs.

I'm hunting on my own beneath the sun,
Beneath the moon on the cold cascades.
Riding gales of intigue and passionfruit,
Pernobilis et pervetusta! Makin me tink

Of dem long leg negro women.

Clouds arise from heat and fall,
On sea and earth and air!
With steaming shoulders
Which bear their hands
In suppliance with desire,
Mounting in the stacks
Inches from the stone.

Fragmenting the first wedge,
A sight to rouse your blood.
That note white with impotence
Dribbling through this man's fist,
Shining till a shower marks away
Pretty teeth white in a cloud of hair.
Those lips take over for good and evil!

The dripping never stops, it is right,
while I am lying on the grass.
Let my silence speak for me.
Two red roses across the moon!
I won't let it bother me again!

The lilies blend with the mist,
And burst through granite
Tighter than bursting grapes,
Pushing through primed earth.
The meadows rich with corn
That the wind has blown away.

A swirl of bluish shadow half-hidden by the blind;
There are fish in the sea than have ever been caught.

I want to be one with all my imperfections on my head,
Glittering in the sun, catching the sun, bon voyage!

Des hommes sans ruse grand jour vont venin
Over-grown with golden-rod.

As if there were no ghost to fall in love with
And break our hearts, a finger ever to her lips,
Wandering the cranberry patches.

A breeze enters, carrying perfume
In the softening sparkle of the sun.

This is the weather the cuckoo likes
Attracted by the scent of love.

I close my book and bathe,
Thy figure floats along.

The road to the ridge, hills with thunders
Over terraced streets, your city cast down
To the innermost part, to the pool's margin.

It will slide to the floor in a heap
Like the dust on nettles never lost
And for this cause not always,
Beneath these sands these lines
Forever could I hope to meet.

Our home beneath the boughs,
I put my latitudes between them,
And both go stealing together.

The eyes which look at me
Pinched riverain lenigme,
Some falling away flashes,
Speckled and blue brown!
In the park's green towers
Passing the onion shoots.

The yellow ivy on the wall,
A song bent down, beautiful
Under the wide and starry sky.

Scared of the dark when all asleep,
You sit beside me, with breath visible.

"You must be tired."
"You must be a fool."

A hall of engines in their cages
Lit all night to force more blooms.
Fragrant, dark, and softly white,
But we cannot share them.

By the light of this lamp
The rain comes down.

Yellow excretions exuded by slugs
Then smash them
And melt the gold their women wore.

New ears for new music that leaves
No corner of the land untouched,
Hearing water trickle to please the fools.

Plains, and a mountain behind the village,
A woman who is wealthy and beautiful
And wet white dawn soaks the green moss.
She is too shy to go to the silk-netted bed.

"I would like something warmer."
"You are needed here."

The body behind the drapes, the lips parting

Exposing a second aura, there's a secret path
Penetrating to the waves in billow after billow.
The harbor's mouth, to give new pleasures
On the calm and silent wave.

An empire in your hand, and a snake,
No trees to climb, no journeys to take.

You have only one thing to do
Heaving the hawser hand by hand,
A fruit shrouded with flowering fern
Like a man who has lost an eye.

He wanders the waters, running water drinking,
Dancing high and dancing low, ripe for stuffing,
An easy prize, my pretty enemy walking shyly,
And delicately through the chink in the hedge.

It was a time between light and dark
Beautiful tiny things in their bloom
Blown up off the crests of the drifts
And the light curves around them
Till time is lost upon the hither side
In the echo of the voice enwrought.

Too hard, an a little too soon
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.
Roots that were hard as skeletons
Straight and smooth and hard
Bald and naked, and naked, bald.

We looked at the ugly river,
Its froth and green-black oil,
More your taste, more delicious
Wonderful soup, water on fire.

The hook sinks down at early dawn
Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
The shadows of the underworld
Are obedient to my breath.

A murmur near the lake,
A river bluer than the sky
Revealing a lilac tongue.

My fires are banked,
The river ends like smoke!
Then it faded.

"I would have liked us to have gone away."
"I thought you hated priests."
"No. I'll be wise like you."

With what?
My beauty, child
Knows when it is hurt.

Between this place and where you are
There is a river, a man fishes, there is a spire
Bent over behind the sunflowers.

Life passing, so sad, so fresh,
Only history and another history
Of secrets hidden and sought out.

A stump in the last kick of the sun,
Frothed into a wild semblance of life.

The sea-shell smell of sperm and semen
Is hard to waste in anonymity
Thanks to the heart by which we live
Until clouds let me to feel a formula,

The towel, pumace of hot sand
Burnt skin, a cold prince in exile.
Gray puddles in the courtyard,
Cars going through other streets
In wooden sky, earth and water.

"Closing time, gents!"

"Well . . . at one time."

Landscape and the quite-burnt friend of a man
Who would not wish to quit the sphere of spring,
It is a deep courtyard of many locked doors.

It seemed I stared at them, them at me,
An insensitive man failing to grasp
God's mountain, the small child Jesus,
The door at the crossroad,
The hand with its rose.

Ungovernable uninspired old selves,
I've taken my fun where I've found it.
I sit and sing as people go passing
The streetlights turned down low.
Flowers by the road, obtient to close.

A new pride rests upon his chin
Like an animal looking for love,
Some brief delight unsatisfied
Again and again like flames
Haunting the leaves to come,
Whose depth admits nothing,
No talk, just the word.

Al waert van gout ghow
In vitam eteram amen
Aux detours formes nues.

Glum forever, a beauty
Weeping fig bamboos
On the rank sea-sand.

The moon was small and bright
gliding gently, thus forever glide.
I have been so great a lover
Like pigs in the green needles
With a high-minded wife,
We passed beyond life,
No man for miles a-near.

Under snow they weren't precious
And the thrushes in song there
Under a couple of platoons there
Red wine flooding into the bowl.
I like to go by myself with a suit.

I've often had to notice that a man
Dwells near them with a mother
That the golden sheep prolong.

Of antique form as I once was whole
In crimson color came ruined rouge.

Eheu fugaces! A reprisal for their loyalty,
A darkness at noon, brown daguerreotypes,
And butcher's bills, water cold and sweet
Behind the drama the first boat to sea.

"He's not so wise as some folks be."

"Prepare the body then, and follow me."

Climbing the shelf, breaking of reason
The rats ate off the sheepskin bindings,

They get their laughter from the surf.

Sell them rotten, buy them ripe!
Apple and peach tree fruited deep
With conquest basely bought.

The beasts all fixed their eyes on me
And nothing saw, and I rowed hard
By the edge of a marsh, by the capital
The wind wafted the leaves and grass.
Fat fingers on vines salty as mussels
Like old shoes protect the working girl.

"I know her foot."

Tell me what to do, sing silently.
Hush now, the channel is up.
Polished with milk a second time,
A universal overflow!

It is sweet to sing together,
Too great a joy like boy soldiers
Go back together singing at night.

They gather by the doors,
Laugh and battle, and drink.
You they call their swaying ass,
Their eager faces turning.

"Nothing but death shall stay me."
"I'd be glad to shoot you."

The worst friend is death
Where I fail to fit in.

It looks at me

And I feel a whistling in the dark
That a wit and fool woo.

It's nice to stare at animals, and I gazed,
With a fancy more alive with rejoicings.
Even the violent ones beside the brook.

A painted curtain hung on the west side.
I believe that belief makes blessed.

"Which way have you been?"

Silence even in fantasy
Is better than sleeping alone
Listless and dishonoured,
Gazing out of dark eyes.

Old and well stricken with age,
A fiery cool held down there
With words made to pray.
Crushed and held to the nose.
It is wiser to leave it alone.

The beasts rise in their turn
Into the cairn of a shoe-patted mound,
Our champion waiting in place
Who showed me friendship
When this block was caught
Flashing along the towns.

Pernobilis pervetusta in my ears,
But separation around the belt.

The next day he was himself again
And lay in the straw on one elbow
Thinking back to the mountains.

"They are gone."

My heart was heavy,
The joy of magnanimity
In every morality a weakness.
What else can women do?

Our intellect, turning in the streets,
A fit of glee, a scattering of powder
Concealed in the pines. Fouled by habit,
Rocks among the leaves

And flowers where the cattle roam.
What thumping, stumping, overhead!

Girls glued together behind the doors
On a day of heavy rain, legs in the air.
The mandarin robe and languid eye.
The back-suck of yon valley slow-sliding,

Da bigga da blacka mustache
Spiked at the world like knives
Going down in its suffering of pink
Passes to the hand-slap drum-beat.

Treating the fattest endowment
Where we find them,
Where they stand

And evenings overlapping
In moonlight dried white,
Thoughts of good and ill
In one of the school desks.

Cobwebs in the corners

Stinted in their grace.

Proud, the sun blazed
Too small to carry this grief.
The same trick twice played
The cool skin played
Along the overload,

Tripping by in shoes
When the weed was a flame
As may never be fought again!

Dead death, did you beg any?
Against the yielding gate,

Everyone's coming to it.
I might have prevented it
And died by holy law!

How that should comfort us.

A flag folds around these bars
Plunged against the wire.

Don't give up, it's in some garden,
In debt, hate, it will come by white.

To starve abroad is easy,
And how the silence surges,
The curse is a dead man's eye!

The curving boon is absolute,
And imitates you itself.

With thee remains confessions
Of beautiful souls, all songs a mort.

A yes, a no, a straight line, a goal
These things have all gone by.

We who lose our fairylands
Are happier, be it ten to one
And as I saw it, moments
Are monuments to be filled in,
To meditate with faithless gleam.

But I thought, what an angry poem
That I did with glee to guide
Wherever the grass was leading.

"Now we will be friends."
"I'll call you every day."
"No, no. Don't trouble."

Good fences make good neighbors
Standing ready from garden to garden.

A naked house, fields and wood
Driving toward the blue lights.
Reddish ice tinged the reeds.
Bleaky plains and bare ground
Sloping to the southern side.

Half-drawn and half-dark till dusk falls.
They used to shout till the moon came up,
A song without speech, without singer.

No joy to see a house nearing the solution.
What more can life offer than agitation
After some talk in the dead waste.
A symptom of sickness, simplicity sublime,
And no wall either across the meadow

To the world and her sweets,
Through the day the valley
And the resemblances
Will make a clout
To keep the wind away.

You can't hold it,
Lucky has best for fare,
A fickle thing in body.

"Don't you want credit?"
"Maybe a little stroke."

The nerves awake, tongues
In each other's mouths,
Laughin and droolin.

The grin broadened
Though faded, entire as once.
In vain with olives and parrots.
The genius of these islands
Drunk on the milk of paradise.

Over the mountain the quail call
As if with pipes and music rare,
Happy and wet throughout.

A kingdom lies at our feet.
The road's quiet, rain or no rain,
I must leave in the end.

With a motion at the edges
Under the weeds among weeds
Over many seas and countries.

Too distant are they for viewing,

More deaths than one must die,
Attracting wasps and butterflies
And the plopping of waterdrops,
The dripping never stops.

Drops of this world, bare bending times,
Fluttering greenness in mud at water's edge.
Eyes, slim and tall, of an unusual strength.

"If only I could see."

Grind on, repeat yourselves,
The petals falling in the rain
Into a chasm that dumped its chain
With a prick on a ground of luxury.

The spade, heap on more wood!
When ecstasy bubbles in the blood
And through the safes
Across and down the curb
Boundary river's secret falls.

Cheek with the coldest dew,
And here I am,
Closing the door behind me
With nothing more to say
Until it becomes omnific.