

PARTICULAR (*for stars*)

If “this particular
emotion
is red” because he said so
in the blue tent filled with roses

(there was a small oriental-looking carpet in one corner
candelabrum of metal roses and a mirror with fringe
a few golden wall mosaics)

then the Seine will awaken in me Tunisia.
What else he told me there didn't stick in my mind only
the red inside that blue

And now I wonder how far was
that red from sun
from blue
in the blue tent where the man had invited me to write
beside his mirror.

I must have seen
kaleidoscopic movement on green
near water
bright ships outside us there
beyond the white
(pages?)

waiting
for the vast skyness
of night I must have.

reclining against my side insistingly
Your voice inside my ear when you phoned from Sweden –
your red laser voice
high above the memory of our river
I feel you so close I can draw you there

IN MEMORY OF THE UNCLAIMED

Against this strong afternoon light I remember a bird
elongated

then quickly foreshortened as if I had
watched it through some distorting
pane of sun hot glass

as if by design
a design of bird
flat and black
the birdness removed

from its primordial living and dying circle;
yet a life is as linear
as is possible in flight

where the bird becomes
the flight star the direction

like an object
against the sky
NO
in the sky and not an object
a mass of lines defining motion
and with its motion life

Each life a bird our sky day song and order
as recorded in each book of written down life

This summer the sky has dropped its birds
and doesn't know them anymore

Enormous
tomorrow
with this unknowing sky and less air*

* Some 15,000 people died in France during the heat wave of August 2003; several hundred bodies were unclaimed by their next of kin.

PARTICULAR (*for sunrays*)

The foreground races blurred while the horizon
is as still as rock The clouds
hang there stuck in a painting I think I remember
turning violet in front of my eyes

If the sun were to shine just one day
again for you
and for me how lucky *a little longer*
we would be in our daisy fields One spoonful
for Mommy
one for Daddy
for Jack
and for Grandma but snap
it's the end of January and all gone far away
somersaulting out
of that yellow light in our daisy daisy fields

When
was this particular knowledge going to be given
to me? To any of us?
What are they hiding
in their exquisite box of
inlaid Japanese lacquer – the lid so loose now
I can sometimes glimpse inside, and inside
is where we need to go
isn't it?

Our seasons stopped one summer
now distance grows in the dark

I discover my personal compartment
inside the music where the poems go –
where they run with the river alongside me
when night is low, the destination clear.

SPRING'S SUDDEN THIS YEAR AND THINGS CHANGE

Everything I think of is autumnal
Colours seem wrong and the light somewhat startles
the creation of atmosphere and mood as crows
settling on old branches distort the sunset for me
from my angle near the water

This is eye training for my mind
I imagine countries in the distance like hills

Try not to bump into anyone standing there
clumsy so I stumble
and hear: *Carrowmore Carrowmore*
now through Neolithic landscapes of
awakening and wonder stone after stone

circumference of stones

Death I'm not interested in
what I know about it –
cold and still like a book on a table

But surely our bones
retain a memory of living: of clouds
of things like jasmine
or milkweed;
a foot sliding into a shoe on a
grey and rainy (again) day;
of places that were dark and cold, or places
one should have never been told to leave

For those bodies lying there in ashes centuries buried
my thoughts still untitled in my notebook

return to their stones:

Strange shining words on water

words flashing across stone towards the water

