

The Half-Deep-Fat-Fried Ship-Towed Long-Range Acoustic Detection System

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January 1, 2017

Reading How To Survive the Night

like last year a cold night
for the first day
unlike last year we face
the demise of our country
who would have thought
we could become an archipelago
of sense in one year

January 2, 2017

Day Two

now that I've proven
my work is useless
time to take a vacation

January 3, 2017

Longing

the light crumbles
leaves fallen brown like dirt
mixed with dirt
I remember walking through our woods
finding a stream running fast
some snow along its sides
I sat under barren maples
birches I was surprised to find
a strong hill pulling water down
I had never seen it before
never heard about it
I sat for hours
until I beat oblivion to the punch

January 4, 2017

Authority

we should turn our backs
we should write more poems
we should shun the uncompassionate
we should deplore the haters
we should block every move
I've picked mine
pick yours

January 5, 2017

Ocean View

oceans are absurd
big / always moving
heavy as anything
pulling the land down into themselves
the vast across
lonely on one side
sunrise on the other

January 6, 2017

They Go Away

why do they all disappear
close friends gone
never email / never Skype
some say to keep the distance
some just are suddenly not there
I just go along
maybe I'm too inner
something from my mother
something from the farm too dark and distant

January 7, 2017

Pilgrim Congregational Church

what struck me about the church
was it was struck by lightning
I was twelve / splinters and shards
blasting across the road
larger pieces through the roof where a choir
rehearsed / rehearsing during lightning storm
they praised the Lord and kept it up
until I graduated and probably
long after

January 8, 2017

Soar

look outside at rain
watch trees bend away from it
bird in hedges fluffed and puffed
against the rapid water
walking into the woods
after
the drops conceal the sounds
of life opening up again

January 9, 2017

Lingo Bingo

last night I wrote a rant
spelling out disquiet
about our land
later today I thought of
fresh raccoon turds

January 10, 2017

Outside Trucks

outside trucks bump by
loaded cargo packing down the streets
where once only the poor and donkeys walked
heavy walls shaking just this much
chandeliers and forks rattle in their places
upstairs a great woman naps
she will wake wanting an americano
we will nibble on pastry
we will watch trucks

January 11, 2017

Who Needs Forever

hard to move forward
when your country is ruled
by unrelenting evil

January 12, 2017

Fear Is Like a Hat

the tide is low
the river's banks have shrunk
like the lips on one long dead
the revealed riverbed is strange black
a thick mud
as if the water had not been sawing
back and forth for centuries

I am standing close by this bank
I cannot step one inch closer

January 13, 2017

Merrimac Blueberries

little path to blueberry bushes
hard imagine how many
some in a little meadow
some in a dry swamp / these tall
outside oblivion
cows made this possible
the farm lives
paradise of soil

January 14, 2017

I Love the Land

I want to see things work
I though am weary
I need an inspiration
something to deep on
my friends maybe
where are they now?

January 15, 2017

Don't Bother Trying to Find Her

the leaves are hardly rustling
my view of reasoning is slipping on black ice
after a hard storm with a warm center
I promised one thing too many
a promise to promise
I just noticed
leaves frozen under ice on the road
to a green bridge

January 16, 2017

All Along

like learning to write a good story
learning to live a good life
takes some talking from a good guy
the key fact is that everyone has their own script
and it isn't the same one for all

January 17, 2017

Farm Land

if you've ever had land
you can not survive without any
you will dream of walking in the woods
along stone walls
among blueberry bushes
no place else will matter
but that land you once had

January 18, 2017

End of the Road

twenty people looking for roads
to take them to every valley
in a near flat plain
they can do only one thing
fail like hell

January 19, 2017

Trumpistan

my last night in an exceptional country
tomorrow we become crap
only our scientists artists and thinkers can remain on top
our leaders will have nothing to do with them
or me

January 20, 2017

Fearful Sleep

trying to find a reason tonight
to write
I will try to sleep tonight
afraid of what could happen to me
my friends / what little I have of a family

January 21, 2017

Dawn of a Dark Age

today many protests
scientists copied data files to Europe
in case we have another Alexandria Library thing
how far should such fear go
do we need to safeguard public art
will books be confiscated
will there be in actuality
again dark ages

January 22, 2017

Of Stories

the two of them cutting trees to make a new house
one driving the homemade tractor / the other manning the scoop
to dig foundation / digging a well by hand
putting in a small road deep into our woods
tending the cows chicken all of it
maybe something like a love / or worship
gratitude of one for the other
all that in my altering memory
my mind is made up

January 23, 2017

Poems One Day

remember Australia 2010
my mental breakdown
I am entering one again
I want to pull out of it
feel like I can't
for one thing
I can't stay in front of a computer
because my main one is not working
why is it always like this

January 24, 2017

Some Aren't

on my walk
the little stream under the hill road
was flowing clear / fast
little streams here / there
one after three weeks of heavy rain
maybe eight inches
some things are efficient

January 25, 2017

Scared of My Country

I drift along roads near places
that would hate me if they knew
I can pretend to be a hater myself
many have lived in countries ruled by hate
I hope to be a survivor

January 26, 2017

Remember This

I was never a great student
nor thinker
I drifted in rare streams though
met important people
lots of them
made friends by I'm not sure what
now my name is known
not many know why
now if only I could walk tremendous
down my old farm road
I'd earn a place in my own esteem

January 27, 2017

Lifting Out

a week of sadness
more soon
limited to reading
tired and contemplative
I am like the river at rest
between tides

January 28, 2017

Beavers Better Us

we can imagine beavers
in their den on cold nights
in Merrimac / repairing their dams
by night / keeping warm by gathering
they need not face insanity
as we do / their countryside is not
lost to morality

January 29, 2017

Trump's Version

"Keep your tired, your stinking poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Keep these, the homeless, tempest-tost, from me,
I hide my lamp behind the golden door!"

January 30, 2017

Still Can't

I will learn to adapt
I suppose
from the insanity of government
to my own small problems
on way to adapt
is to stop

January 31, 2017

Russian Dream

soon the world might fold up
one thing I won't do is rhyme in couplets
frozen drizzle under streetlights watching
over the town all night
a long night
when all folds up little pockets of people
might find their ways into gaps
maybe the world will form there
in pockets
once more

February 1, 2017

Wander Mind

many ways to travel
through the desert maybe
the heat / the cold
that military kind of green
hard animals under brush and overhangs
they say good writers can do anything
with language / I know some who say no

February 2, 2017

So It's Figured

some days rattle too loud
sharp blue sky
blades green of grass
feels like lighter fluid today
tonight the ink blue rattle

February 3, 2017

Ink Well Knows Nothing Like Nobody Else

wrote a program to assign emotions
to words / ejaculation is joy
so is to gargle / waking up is angry
technophobia disgust
brownout is a sort of sadness
it can't be right all the time
so I cried with relief when
a breach of trust with fraudulent intent
showed trust / but the one that showed
that computers know what's right
was when 0 meant anticipation

February 4, 2017

Lots to Live

long for a sweet dose of wet
I will write even on the day I die
I hope
interesting to live while my country dies
asylum maybe is in the cards
now who has the crazy leader

February 5, 2017

Go Pats

my team won
I am happy for that
sad for everything else

February 6, 2017

Tom Lux RIP

Tom Lux died yesterday
my long-time poetry teacher
he stayed close with many students
not with me
no one does
he tried his best
but nothing doing I guess
he said I write a mighty fine prose sentence
the best he could do
the best I could do
feels empty now

February 7, 2017

JMC

McCarthy cried when he had no friends
no one to share his successes with
he died not knowing who he had been
if he had it like that
why would my fate be better

February 8, 2017

Libroscope

the libroscope swapping disk
as tall as a short woman
many platters / it suffered
a head crash on one of the disks
we used that disk as a coffee table

February 9, 2017

Sail Away

pix of the lab
none of me
perhaps forgotten
never noticed
unimportant
negligible

February 10, 2017

Incohesive

days slip
I see only one scene
the river
the bridge
cold flows
warm days
if the scene were a street
women in backward high heels
would wheel past beggars
they would point to my camera
then wrong colored streetlights

February 11, 2017

A Goddess Told Me

they say cemeteries eat the living
some already just dead
but some still living
the meal is small
a chomp clearing a couple days of your life
off / if you feel drawn to a stone
run or get bit

February 12, 2017

Baz

bugs / lots of them
too much to do
unraveling

February 13, 2017

Stonewall Rock

I have a rock on my desk
from where I used to climb around
the apple tree / the old apple
that had only small apples then
a rock from the stonewall
with a little culvert under it
for waste / one start of Cobbler's Brook
now it's by my side as no part
of that life still is
no more they say
old men cry for things like this

February 14, 2017

Merrimac High School

connection with an old teacher
sixth grade
Mr Shaw
his daughter-in-law says
he remembers me well
odd

February 15, 2017

Ceia and Brine

in a coastal town restaurants
open and diners wander in
what once was a town of poor food
now is gourmet though I'm sure that's the wrong word
fancy women sit at tables not
realizing they have disturbed reality
they eat shucked oysters
men pretend it's normal
they admire the mercantile style of the bar and chairs
then I walk in

February 16, 2017

Laing in Sawyer Hill Burying Grounds

reserved a place not far from the river
from the ocean
from his hometown
from his library
buried him under a slate stone fresh and sharp carved
a special favor
to a man of history
narrowly construed

February 17, 2017

Warren Wilson Frustration

I tried to learn to write
several teachers tried hard to teach me
they couldn't understand why I couldn't understand
they heard I was smart / but how stupid I seemed
they passed me I think
because I could pay the tuition on time
or even a little early

February 18, 2017

Deep Noticing

when you are a certain type of blind
other types leak in
because I can't see well
I don't notice so good

February 19, 2017

On The Coast

today at Pigeon Point
Mt Washington-like winds
a very hard driven but light rain
I wanted to walk to the overlook to the ocean
but couldn't / a person has wants
nature says no

February 20, 2017

Hillbilly

I tell them to listen harder
they often in response
sneeze as if allergic
I'm sitting in a corner with a book on the floor
my abilities slowly drain out
some new innovation is percolating
in my blood

February 21, 2017

For Fear

do you remember the fear
each night alone on the farm
when everyone but you was away
for the weekend
those Clutter murders on your mind
the long distance between farms
between houses / phone lines easily cut
house made from hemlock creaking all night
lights on downstairs / afraid to go out
into the garage / every door locked
the sharpest knife on your bedside table
you were / you are
a coward

February 22, 2017

An Old Fear

many days sitting by the river
the river is never the same
did my mother come here
who has watched me here
I love it
I fear it

February 23, 2017

Stop at Lunch

is regret just sad + angry
a simple interpolation
are there only five emotions
all derived from them
with simple arithmetic
is mathematics that dogmatic

February 24, 2017

Sorry

I fear traveling anywhere
because the insane in my country
elected a hateful spiteful twerp
every night I pray that I won't pray
for his demise

February 25, 2017

Still Do

even as a kid

I would sometimes shape myself into a ball
on a bed and play out all the bad angles
then sleep for hours in afternoon until twilight
where the rising dark of ambiguous time
would play its part in my forgetting

February 26, 2017

How Sweet

heard of great restaurants back near home
some places are loud I've heard
places hard to find parking for so
I plan to park across the river
and like a dedicated mermaid
swim part underwater part above
to a meal of Eastern seafood

February 27, 2017

Jimmy M

Jimmy was my first friend
retarded maybe / deaf instead
he didn't speak like any of us
I translated him to his mother
everyone beat him
boys had sex with him
things were wrong for him / with him
he died fleeing cops
I was not a good friend

February 28, 2017

Deep in Love

a clever style
the padding of clawed feet on packed pine needles
wet leaves gripping the forest floor after rain
birches their bark softened a little by that rain
I made a small camp by a smaller stream
started a fire under a bough canopy
I intend to eat warmly
I am far from here but close to home
tomorrow I will find that boulder and climb it
feel a sun on my face

March 1, 2017

Field Works

an old garbage pile
way back of the back field
in the woods by a little
cans / jars / an old car / tires
it took effort to get it that far
I looked / never thought

March 2, 2017

Told Over

part of someone's story
a small part
watched perhaps in secret
the story wandering further from fact
each telling / each year
decades later I am magnificent
or in jail where I deserve
as long as I am in there
I am here

March 3, 2017

I Remember the Blue

one time the snow
was almost up to the roofline
I was just home from the hospital
eye operation so I wore shades
1960 / I remember being sad
to not be able to play in the snow
I was ten and the path of my life
never crossed

March 4, 2017

Lost In Piece

the farm slowly cut apart
I was too lazy to notice
later when I was alive
I cried over loss
reminds me of the rock whose most
is below ground
and seems like a good place
for a woodchuck burrow

March 5, 2017

Wayne Melville

kids from my school
grew up knowing how to live
for example how to find good restaurants
in the area where they live
I just go to the same ones
over and over
exploration I guess
they all think I'm brilliant
I learned to laugh good though

March 6, 2017

Fear Then Fear

the world watches in fear
as the most powerful country in the world
is led by nuts
I grew up taught our country was great
for great freedoms and how we worked together
it was not great because of money

March 7, 2017

William Pierce

soon we will come to a place of ending
a difficult visit for distance and place
Cousin William never to bother us again
you can see the problem right there
a hard drive and uncertain interactions
we will stand by his grave
and listen to a reluctant prayer

March 8, 2017

Avast

where are the sweet treats
which we find next trails
we're lost on
no where else to be found
like us / non treats

March 9, 2017

Walter Pierce

we learned today
that even the cruelest heart
can once or maybe more
feel tenderness

March 10, 2017

William Pierce

some details always escape
a bedroom for example
he was robbed silly
year by year
said he wanted to die year after year
then one year he stopped saying that
and asked her to take care of him
when he couldn't

March 11, 2017

City of Lights

streetlights / office lights
cars down streets / windows dark
but diners looking with love at each other
if it's a little rainy all the better
steady lights / blinking lights
flashing lights / we hurry down the sidewalk
on our way to something to remember
and talk about into the long nights
years on

March 12, 2017

This Land Is Your Land

the writers have all stopped
the artists are resting their materials
we are all surprised that a place that loves us
can turn to hate so quick

March 13, 2017

Until Dawn

they say big snow tonight back home
couple of feet / 50mph winds
might happen / forecasts are like lies
if I were there I'd get out my pup tent
and heavy sleeping bag / the thin air mattress
set them up under a tall pine digging down
to needles / I'd build a fire just outside
and cook a meal of heavy meat and stew
then fall asleep as the heavy snow
whispers down on my tent's fly

March 14, 2017

Be Alone

the big snow came
high winds
poles down on Plum Island Turnpike
which is just a two lane
my pup tent would have lashed all night
sleeping would be hard
electricity out all around
would mean nothing to my tent
I'd make hot cocoa
a meal of cream of wheat
or maybe sofkee if I had some meat
the whispers would shout all night

March 15, 2017

I Can Never Win

roads narrowed by snow piled up by plows
only webwork bridges stay wide
sunny and blue snow
memory or real who knows
there is no place to stop
so I drive / maybe to the coast

March 16, 2017

All The Way

my young ideas of love
girls / they were girls
I remember not noticing
believing them full women
I tried to lure them
poor ideas impoverish

March 17, 2017

Frozen Time

some of the best days
in the fields
by blueberries
walking down narrow roads
I talked and listened
some thought me weak minded
maybe so
the air was different
maybe smokey
the sky was smaller
and lower
I remember half drowsing
for hours
for years

March 18, 2017

Fear of Flying

I begin the fear
I feel always of traveling
especially now that the country
has gone authoritarian
will I get back
will I end up jailed

March 19, 2017

Down Merrimack

no one feels the nostalgia
while it's happening
only when reasons for it are past
who really cares about roads
broken and breaking
when rivers flow
and water is fresh
the riverbed is not far down
it's rocks mostly and when the tide is out
it seems you could walk across on them
without moisture gathering on your soles
this is your road you see
beautiful and evil by turns

March 20, 2017

Wrap Around Your Dreams

1975

driving up Arastradero to the Lab
September listening to Stevie Nicks
dreaming / the eucalyptus so tall
so over the top of the road
their smell / the tarweed
the dust of California
I became a new
never left

March 21, 2017

Time Dilation

everything that wants to live
is gathering for their big entrance
to them all at once
to us it's Spring

March 22, 2017

Fill Her Up

I will sit under a tree
watch the woods line on the far
side of the field
eat a burger
eat Suzie Qs
then drive to the river for a nap
or to Hodgie's for ice cream
or around the loop to the farm
my memory repacking

March 23, 2017

Raining

they all watch me fade
wither / move slowly away
I reluctantly keep working
I need help letting go

March 24, 2017

Lineman

from the hands of my friend
one of my first friends
we abandoned each other over a love spat
then regrouped after twenty years
to have lost so much / so much memory
I want to explain to me
where I was wrong

March 25, 2017

Alice Says

he was a strong man and
he was a strong man and
he chose to be strong
three years and
three years have been
taken care of
the mascot was always healed
he was a good man and
he always wanted to take a good
look at all the angles

March 26, 2017

Alice Says Some More

the love of them was a hat
to not be considered
both of them were too good and
they were no longer
it was a difficult time that
I couldn't make it but
I couldn't make it but
I couldn't make it feel
like I couldn't make it

March 27, 2017

Potsdam For One

statues in tall boxes all over
Parc Sanssouci / fish in indoor
keeping ponds / statues hung from eaves
chiseled off for repair
the opposite of lively is deadly
the trains move in strange new ways

March 28, 2017

Trains

need to pack for a tough trip
train to somewhere on the Baltic
might be fun there but no net
tired too

March 29, 2017

Got It

berm or dike
levee we sleep in dark rooms
by the sea or see of zee or sea
will it come for me
like Skull Island / Kong
what is over there
will it come for me
Baltic you see

March 30, 2017

Chris Says

he told us all
that for the women
he did them a favor
by getting t-shirts
one size bigger

March 31, 2017

The Beautiful Girl

the beautiful girl says
all men are young enough
she lifts her shoes to the sky
the beautiful girl admits
her boyfriend's a hipster
shows us his photo
man bun and all
the beautiful girl one day
will not be either
instead a dry place
telling her tales

April 1, 2017

Passed

we are here and we
are beautiful
we kiss the shore
walking past and toward beasts
cold and sparrows
we linger on a path
or many paths
I see the future standing
right in front of me
it stares past

April 2, 2017

A Bird On The Ground

birds here are like
birds everywhere
fly / hop / nest
all that / diagonal-like
I wrote a song and sang it
to them and they hop-hopped away
soon I found a swallow's nest
under an eave and thought
someone who can't imagine
is right here imagining
the future

April 3, 2017

Aspirin?

fatigue / it is killing me
legs / back / arms / neck
all hurt / I need sleep
something

April 4, 2017

Today on Train

girl nervous on the train
picking at her nails
brushing debris away

April 5, 2017

Near St. Catherine

my back aches
my shoulders
my hips
why
my bed is stiff and I sleep heavy
there is a light across the way

April 6, 2017

Across the Way

feeling alone looking out
the Ibis window
old facades across the way
about to pack but the fear is strong
things will go astray
through a window I see a picture
framed on the wall with a big white
border / curtains drawn
who will walk past

April 7, 2017

Fear of Flying

I hope to be home soon
today by the calendar
I always fill with fear
before such strips
sleep then weep
sleep all weekend

April 8, 2017

Interacto

home and resting
I confessed a fetish
regretting it
I am slowing
catching up
slowing down

April 9, 2017

A Terrible Woman

so being tired
eyes not focusing well
pictures boring as usual
looking for good spelling lists
always can't find any good ones
meanwhile a song plays that makes
me want to stop

April 10, 2017

Broken Down

me career ends on a low note
failures throughout
I think my mother was right
about being feeble
in the mind

April 11, 2017

Broken Up

humiliation
shame
yet they ask for more
I need to look forward
to writing all day
finally
hard as it might be
I need those words
pretty in a train
one by one

April 12, 2017

Killing the Beast

I am so wrong most of the time
I don't appreciate enough
I won't be able to afford things
I will rot here
I wanted to go home this year
maybe never again

April 13, 2017

Quit

in disgrace
I leave the field
of battle

April 14, 2017

Alone with Words

soon I will be writing all the time
I won't participate in much outside
it is time to be no one
to be alone
to concentrate on myself and my stories and poems
no one will call
no one will bother me
I will snub all snubbers

April 15, 2017

Lossage

trying to find a way
to accept defeat
I did well with small beginnings
I will one day feel ok

April 16, 2017

Staying Out

well it's so much crying time
being alone
people to call / I hate it
I want to run away
run awry
when I doze by the river next time
I'll be recalling failure
I hope they issue from distraction
and not laziness
but who shall judge

April 17, 2017

By A Flow

sitting
I hear the water whisper past
flowing fast but not lapping
I notice twigs and leaves
coming from springtime
upriver
probably from NH
it's a long way to go
one end to the other
like a metaphor
broken in half

April 18, 2017

Report

all of a sudden. . .
I've decided to marry her
the same company as the same company
I've been so happy that I've had a very happy time
to tell the people that I've ever met
we will take a wedding at the altar of coming soon
if you would like to take a look at the spring for the spring
I'm sorry to inform you
that you haven't been able to contact me directly.
thank you for your long life
ladies and gentlemen

April 19, 2017

If You Want to Hang Out

the great cooks gather
in great cities
maximizing something I suppose
they strive to outdo
to put together the never put
I find them
usually on a rainy night
I order the most common
unless there is duck
I read a book while waiting
read a book before dessert
always alone except for all the words
stories made up make up my evening
and pomegranate sauce with morels

April 20, 2017

Waiting For You

what I don't notice
is that in restaurants
when eating alone
I watch others incessantly
I read a bit
but the movements and eye scans of others
capture me over words
no one though
seems intent the other way
it's like the times I walk cemeteries
no eyes are on me there
though a lady I know says
they all feed on me
there

April 21, 2017

Sleepy Peace

the pines / the maples
the wind / light rain
a bit of sleep and worry
white snow / black dog
depression and sublimity
long ago in another era

April 22, 2017

Healthy Bird

I wish one day to no
longer resent the companies
that fired me / I really
made my career outside
my employers / my
most important contribution
was to be the bright
tail feathers on the corporate
peacock

April 23, 2017

Srays

my life is a need
I weep at times under beech
trees / I rent space here
on earth / I fear quick thaws
today I learned a friend's mother
died / she is devastated
I wish I could be more

April 24, 2017

So I Age

some days rub me wrong
I wince over long layovers
when we age we drop dead
even though the river can
never be the same it
sure looks like it
is

April 25, 2017

Up and Away

filled with crazy sadness
I get ready to board another plane
to Vancouver
I have no enthusiasm for it
I will hunker down to it
language is no good

April 26, 2017

In Vancouver

they wear flared coats
they wear dark leggings or pants
they flow black hair
I got to walk behind one for three blocks
I got to see movement and expression
I flare black longing

April 27, 2017

Read Aloud

I wrote words and now
I'll shout them
along streets in foreign cities
I am ready for hard work
and sore throats
I hope some ears will hurt
some ears will liquify their
associated brains

April 28, 2017

I Love More

my little place is shrinking
water draining out
I start the shutdown
the rest of my life
will be spent with Kalyna

April 29, 2017

Washing Woman

waking before full dawn
walking through the village of huts
by the Baltic / mist or fog
rising from the ground
each roof made of grass and weeds
heavy board and batten construction
aged to grey / over the levee
the Baltic roars / illuminated by the shape of the land
the six inch waves crash from south to north
in a nearby cabin the woman who was too
shy to ask to be photo-ed with me
is washing her hair for the day ahead

April 30, 2017

Living with Translation Dementia

I'm listening to the talk
of the way you talk to me

there is a great man in Nara
at the end of the last year of the last year
he said that he had heard from him
in the metropolitan area
(in the metropolitan area)
if that's what you're gonna do you'll have to
I would have been convinced of that

we'll be in touch soon
the first time we've met / January
the usual / the end of the story
(is the end of the story)
when I heard a story
I had more interest in your activities
and then I had to take a month

and a month

I was planted this year
the cleaner came out at last

May 1, 2017

Living with Translation Dementia Some More

in the first half of the new society
to the new social people who had just become a new social man:
welcome to the new society

in the latter half of the 13th year
of the 13th year of the 13th year of the 13th century
the science of the children's science and
the future of the children's science and the future
(at present)
science of the child in the release of the child science may
be able to play an artificial intelligence program
and you can play with the artificial intelligence program
too

May 2, 2017

This Beauty Across the River

the small piano room
in winter as cold as anything
I'd start the little furnace
play while it all warmed
a phone hanging off the wall
next to the step-down door

before Christmas I watched
Chanel commercials / believed what
a great gift
never bought any / high school
too young / fear
I'd decide to call her

I'd light the furnace
play piano
turn to the phone / turn back
to the keys
turn off the furnace
go up to bed
year after year

May 3, 2017

How We Walk It

we'd walk the mile and a half or so
to Peter Walls'
small store with ice cream
maybe four aisles
just essentials
modest cost
the walking for exercise
my father and I
half a dozen times
a year

May 4, 2017

Hatred of Them

it thrills to see how fast
a great country can be brought down
Paul Ryan / go to hell

May 5, 2017

Wind Amen

tonight the wind is nuts
things can't be as bad as they seem
the house rattles from the wind
turbulence around walls and chimneys
I need focus for a few days
soon I will relax

May 6, 2017

All Day

sleeping late in a misty morning
near the Baltic / early Spring
in a cabin rough board and batten made
thin mattress and not much pillow
cold / so cold / I awaited breakfast
nearby in another cabin the beautiful woman
has already washed her hair and is preparing
for the day / for the meals ahead
when I've made myself up and opened my door
she is waiting and watching / hoping
to hear something intelligent
then we laugh

May 7, 2017

Watching Movies

on a small hill golden of dry straw
with the sun starting to set enriching
the colors / behind
green leaves resistant to the dry
a great woman lies looking up to
the whitening blue / she is waiting
for a man / someone like me
to interrupt this life and propose
another / how wonderful / how fabulous
nothing like this has ever happened
to me

May 8, 2017

RVB

an extremely important
an extremely bizarre bridge
nearly / every span is a unique form of truss bridge
spans built three different dates
unique and striking appearance
west to east
riveted Pennsylvania through truss / 1895
riveted, double-intersection Warren pony truss / 1883
a through truss swing span / 1883
riveted Pratt pony truss / 1914
riveted Pennsylvania through truss / 1914
riveted Pratt pony truss / 1914
five unique spans / only the riveted Pratt pony spans
are the same

May 9, 2017

Didn't

Tuesdays I'd ride to West Newbury
leave around 10am / maybe six miles
up and down some small hills
across that bridge
I'd ride no hands the whole way
summers I mean / any weather
I'd want to see her but rarely would
her brothers / Kurkjian / whiffle ball
rode home when it was time for them to eat
my mother and my father didn't much care
looking back / I don't either

May 10, 2017

Recall

my mother born over
100 years ago
she'd be 101 now
I know little of her
less of my father
I still wander
my mind ill focused
a dark and winding road

May 11, 2017

Guns Oh My

we got the gun at JM Fields
ten bucks
6.5 X 52mm Carcano Model 91/38 infantry rifle
same as Oswald
we set up a barrier / five feet of wood
mostly oak logs
we put a saw horse 25 feet away
the target ammo went through it all
I once went hunting pheasants with it
thank God not a one appeared

May 12, 2017

Will to Live

I heard the cries
and thought
I feel those too
I was watching the Next Generation
Sarek episode / cries of feeling
from the aging Vulcan voiced through Picard
I was there
with those feelings

May 13, 2017

So Long

I wish I wasn't in constant fear
I wonder how my father felt near
his end / did he fear
I have no ambition but to read and write
I will plead for those

May 14, 2017

Happening?

people crossing the street illegally
a webcam catches them
the sodium lights are orange in the feed
I am watching thousands of miles away
is it happening
is anything happening

May 15, 2017

Cam on Me

today I am on clear liquids
each encounter with medicals
gives me the bad news of aging
I sometimes tear up with fear
is this what happened
to my mother fourteen years ago

May 16, 2017

Free World

I am ready to begin
being no one
perhaps not for long
perhaps for writing time

May 17, 2017

Up Helly Aa Bill

from the edge of the world
to your head and heart
I listen to the woman who has just kissed me
there are many ways to keep warm
she said / you know where I sleep

May 18, 2017

Merrimac

a warm day
a slow river
a light breeze
lobster roll
maple walnut ice cream
suzie qs
driving all around

May 19, 2017

All The Oyotsu and Sensei

I was really in Kobe
I was in the middle of a mystery
holiday celebrates music

May 20, 2017

Helen

what made my mother tick
is way beyond
most still alive don't feel bad
about telling me how much
they disliked her
I know only I disappointed
was I that little
did she expect that much

May 21, 2017

The Day's Last Light Reddens the Leaves of the Copper Beech

the beech was small when my mother bought the plot
I remember touring alternatives with her
age 14 or 15
not tiny but its fate were not yet settled
one on a small rise and she had me go down
stand by her parents' small headstone two hundred yards away
so she could see whether she could see it
when it was her turn
I remember it was expensive / headstones near
were large and distinct / nothing like the small wedge
her father had and now her mother too
the leaves were red and I didn't know its name
a copper beech / it would take more than fifty years
for me to know what the setting sun
would do to the color of its leaves

May 22, 2017

More About It

the rain blurs the cams
viewing wet street deep into the night
by the ocean / by the river
near roads that lead near where I grew up
that's the place where all my confusion
and bad thinking began
where it will end

May 23, 2017

I'm On Fire

at night I'd read one of my
Tom Corbett books
lying on my side in bed with the window cranked open
rain on the roof / in the maples
beyond the yard
at night a cool wind slowly coming in
reading those books was all I was
all I could be / dream

May 24, 2017

Simple Fear

simple things / that's the past
now I fear every thing
big or little / thunderous fear
like when the sky turns green
the bottom of clouds you know
like when tornados pick up green stuff

May 25, 2017

Rate This Translation

the summer of Tokyo is hot
no no / it's hot!
4096 times more interesting
than the interns / this program
the future makes myself
seriously
come on

May 26, 2017

I Yi Yi

I sit and fidget
legs hurt sometimes
I have read many book this Spring
I feel like I'm in a strange loop
I have been programming some
just around the corner
are my current fears

May 27, 2017

In Somerville

they attend a wedding
the families are tight
together for the day
their own marriage like a fairy tale to me
mine / you see
after a tuneful beginning decades ago
the many roads they chose among
their walk turning to run
I was stuck at the starting line
they envy the start
I the end

May 28, 2017

What's It For?

I spend an hour every day
planning the music for my funeral
what poems people will read
who will speak and who listen
I can never remember vividly enough
that no one will be there
for it

May 29, 2017

Encounter

she was in the distance
on the other side of the street
nearing the intersection
I thought I knew her
her hair / how she walked
when I caught up to her
she stopped when I called her name
when she turned she was strange
I was too

May 30, 2017

River Street

we have switched
from making things better
to looking out for ourselves
ourselves doesn't mean all of us
just some / and of those some
none we know ourselves

May 31, 2017

Small Shed

they make a sweet fudge in Massachusetts
Essex County of course
takes a bit to drive there
I never know how much to buy
less each year
to the north I eat some parked by pine needles
near the beavermade pond
trips there perhaps more rare in the future
saving money / all that goes with stopping it all
tears to be shed

June 1, 2017

To Death

parents away for the weekend
alone in the house on the old farm
every light on most of the night
fear coming like heat off my head and skin
I carried a sharp knife with me throughout
I locked every door before dark
I would not go to the basement
I was afraid to tears
I was scared of what could happen
who could do it
I never went out at night
I slept with the knife under my pillow
all the lights on downstairs
I listened very

June 2, 2017

How To Win In The End

what is there is
an afterlife
and I'm asked to justify the lesser
what if I am required to remember
all those / maybe others
what if I'm asked to tell my story
in real time / years on years
minute by minute
if this is what is asked
who gave the warning

June 3, 2017

Whimsy

he called them squirkles
really squirrels
now I learn
squirkle = square + circle
is this what he meant

June 4, 2017

Years

our anniversary
eight years married
twenty-five together
does it seem like it
was it easy
is life really something worth living
alone / does our fear
prevent us from being solitary
can anyone said to be living
who lives completely
alone

June 5, 2017

Bye Bye

memorial today for Danny
had the career I wished for
but worked on things I would have passed up
more a company man
didn't like to write
liked science / technology
appreciated some culture and art
still / pretty close

June 6, 2017

In No Hurry

we found the road
accident really
followed it long by ditches and cottonwoods
past streams and ponds
it led to a wheat field
we paused there to reflect
then to mourn
a fresh pile of dirt
a recently covered grave
we didn't leave

June 7, 2017

All Over

we fit three
cars in a two
car garage
angling two of them
the third was a buick
two Vdubs
I didn't think much
of it then
now seems
like daddy

June 8, 2017

Hopi

we stood round the car
three dogs circling us
and everything
in Hopi
I asked do
these dogs have names
wind picked up
we watched the gravel
we looked up at the mesa to the West
three dogs circling
yes they do

June 9, 2017

Losing is Easy

evidence of declining skill
I worry and weep
each though is a wrong reliance
I can fix it I think
help

June 10, 2017

Plants

the Steeles planted geraniums
today at their grave
she would be 101
I am slowly getting ready to write
retire / relax
they did for many years with less
I have hope

June 11, 2017

Though

the streets are dark
only headlights sting the silence
street lamps are cautious
nearby the river sneaks to the ocean
past bank rocks and small islands
if the cam had a mic
I might hear a dog
a woman laughing
they teach us young that women are proper
I look at them

June 12, 2017

Frame Up

a door winks open
making no sense
I lift my head from the couch
now it does

June 13, 2017

Down to the River

I traced the river
from Franklin to Newburyport
on the screen map
dams / bridges / falls
old factories relying once
on water power
some structures beneath
places to sit on banks
lies remind me

June 14, 2017

Wonder

fabric of sorrow
heavy as royal drapes
like the lid of a coffin
placed over me / over my line of sight
the river might seem deep
but the rocks skim the surface
from space you can see the wander of it
like avoidance of a heaving sorrow

June 15, 2017

Home From Work

the worst thing
being the killer
of another's dreams
by pursuing your own
then a whole life of disillusion
because you wanted what you wanted
and skipped all else

June 16, 2017

And Brain

a rude translation
of sacred thoughts
are mind and memory the same
how can I recall sadness
while happy
perhaps I can't
perhaps I won't
perhaps the memory is out of its mind
perhaps the mind forgets

June 17, 2017

Those Losers

hm I am ready to give up
a mental model no one can get
I'll have to fix it with documentation

June 18, 2017

Tolstoy

he read to her in bed
she was dying slowly
he started War and Peace
she died near the end
is this story true
is the world without her
gloom and darkness

June 19, 2017

Writer Again

people still tweet about me
I am off to write and ruminate
too many have forgotten though
but they will wonder about some smiles
I put out / not many
just sit here
keep typing
keep saving

June 20, 2017

Rain Duck

it's a heavy rain
some of the rain is so innocent
it's like a human being

June 21, 2017

Lerwick

foggy night
far to the north
still light a bit at 3
I need a shade or mask
to sleep
to not rise to read
sea birds still don't get it
that it's night
a boat with a tall mast
that mast sways a smidge
reminding me of moving water
though notice else is

June 22, 2017

I Was Thinking

it's really nice to meet you
I recommend it

June 23, 2017

Hope Is A Good Thing

soon I hope all reminders
will drop off
I am kind of tired
of counting down
I worked as hard as I could stomach
for most of my time
now I hope all will remember

June 24, 2017

Time When

a good wind / a gentle one
smell of the sea is on us
a little wetness to the wind
all around the sound of it
with luck it will be a day
like this / a good day
a gentle day

June 25, 2017

Downstream

so we say goodbye
long time pass
river just a place
mountain just a place
am I just a place

June 26, 2017

Teacher Looks Fun ~!!

no
I was in Houston for a week
it's a handful of people
as long as my old friend is already old
I would like to do so
so let's go and eat the prime rib
at the taste of Texas
enjoying a moment in Texas
for the first time
he was forced to put a red Nell
Texas too!
so for a while
the black-Lacquered Jaguar XJ 8L Driver
for a while
this is also Texas
and running

June 27, 2017

Lingeringable

eating small along the river
my hope is to perish by it
I want something foolishly simple
something with tomatoes
simple like a bread
perhaps the sky will turn green
such a storm
my life was lived backward

June 28, 2017

Upon Arrival

I will wander as usual
trying not to panic
I will eat my fill
slurp up memories
all sorts of idioms come to mind
near the water though
will be important
I will doze
I will write

June 29, 2017

On This

heavy fog over the ridge hills
the ocean dropped its temperature
last night / this morning it's a carpet
of white rolling and descending
in a small room a woman wakes
she draws up her prickly blanket
decides to sleep until she feels
the warmth return and the fog
flies up and away
she and the birds agree

June 30, 2017

In Between

my strengths are someone else's
weakness / I am not expert
at many things / being lazy
does that / my mother being right
knew this / tried to shield me
sometimes I heard her laughing
when I walked into the room
she would look somber
sometimes say never mind

July 1, 2017

Beauty as Shame

I don't like the process of big change
thinking too far ahead or deep
traces in sand / what my mind is thinking
what it's doing / new thoughts fly by
a little fog / displays of falling asleep
I hate change / filling new things up
fixing the broken / shame

July 2, 2017

Destinations

nothing happens
the light not up
the water in the reach moves little
some gold in the sky
some grey blue smeared clouds
the curtain in the bedroom window is dark
someone is having a dream
of a sister and brother exchanging by mouth
the brother becomes a dog and the sister pets him
pulling back though
nothing happens
the ferry is hours away
ferry from
ferry to

July 3, 2017

We See

seagulls flying here to there
harbor is flat / no wind
5:30 in the morning
not much happens
that bedroom window
shame behind it
then beauty
it's biology makes it run
we expect shadows
little clouds
stone houses but pavement
Shetland you see

July 4, 2017

Fourth From Japan

today's night
was a future word
for the wrong
of the community
a very nice future statue
and a word

July 5, 2017

Nothing Much

sweet cakes line the counter
people point to them
one by one
a slice here
a pie there
by noon they're gone
coffee is brewed
milk poured and sugar
sweetness on the counter
a long line
out the door

July 6, 2017

How Does Anything Arrive?

pictures of old stores
sprinkled in forlorn spots
the stores I mean
old guys with white handlebars
small candies in bins
cans of corn / peas / tomatoes
sardines in tins
flour in sealed bags
a glass case with better candy sealed within
everyone walked there
from houses not seeable
how do the supplies arrive

July 7, 2017

Near Cimarron

so driving west on 50
I spot a tall coffee pot in the sky
maybe 10 / 20 miles ahead
shimmering in the lowering sun
on both sides wheat and grains
elevators in the rearview
there's a bed waiting
I hope I say to myself
a steak and the local news

July 8, 2017

I Like There Corn Dogs

Richie's Cafe has the best
chicken fried steak I have ever had
I was traveling through from Texas
have been staying nearby for a job install
we're so glad we stopped in
the chicken fried steak is hand-battered
and fried / it is so well cooked / all
you need is a fork to cut it apart
the meal comes with a side salad, green beans
Texas toast / french fries / mashed potatoes / tatar tots
all home-made / all delicious
recommend this hole-in the wall

if you don't want to cook
order from here
it will stop your stomach from growling
and it's decent / would be better
if the staff gave a crap

the donuts is delicious

July 9, 2017

A Charger Is Generally Common

I've been saying
that it's hard to say
it's a lot of money
but I've been in a whisper
but I've been trying to give you a charger
but I think it's been a long time
but it's just a couple of weeks later
you wanted to die

July 10, 2017

Pier / Peer

the cam flutters
scene to scene
spends effort focusing
many windows in the night
no one up
water is calm / sky stormed
the harbor / the pier
the yellow lights
who else watches

July 11, 2017

Biblical Texture

...rebuked the unclean spirit and he cried unto the children
of the day and he took the blood of the covenant that he made
with you and that ye shall not go up unto them upon the altar
of gold and of precious...

...were diseased and them that had escaped out of thine hand
in the cave and went on their way by the which the lord thy wife
shall have a place of their own way and the lord answered
the man of thine whom...

...place where he talked with them and a great multitude
of cattle and carried away all the fat thereof and the borders thereof
round about and the captains of hundreds and brought it out of all the holy things
until he have destroyed...

...these did the priests and of all things that god had sworn
with all their transgressions but i will lie with him that he may cause
the weary to drink and anointed them with the sword he shall not come
into thy righteousness...

...for they shall not see the death of his father
or the nakedness of the land that the waters of judah which come to you in egypt
and thou shalt put it in a fruitful field and the man asked us straitly...

July 12, 2017

Begin (Living)

an embarrassing question
hope someone asks it
it would show how poor thinking goes
at companies / but I don't really care
I am free to live out my life

July 13, 2017

Plum Island

sand bar new from winter storms
a small lagoon formed with no currents within
we can put our sand chairs into the shallows
read our books / drink our coffee
grand summer out of the grim winter

July 14, 2017

Lovely Lonely

when the cold comes after a hot day
the skin cleans and dries
water flows slower
dark peels from the sky
if there is love somewhere
it throws itself into the ring
cold after hot

July 15, 2017

Twilight And A Half

tonight past an old fence
behind some trees and bushes
a grey green sky
pink porcelain cloud
right above
the sort I'd picture
when picturing youthful love
and a long ride home

July 16, 2017

Because I Could Not

Emily what was she like
our image is of silence
through poetry
but she must have been more
they decided to bury her
in a green cemetery because
her real one now too dry
her headstone now is not the first
she was alone I think

July 17, 2017

Nervousness

lovely cool evening
wind moving through the house
I am nervous for life
running out of place to sleep

July 18, 2017

Emily's Woes

the little car came by today
stopped to ask was I ok
I should joyful ring to tell him
it was not death
for who is

July 19, 2017

Fixer Downer

always something more to fix
but slowly I do it
how many are good
how many care

July 20, 2017

Top Sadness

hard to keep up a solid front
I am ready to toss it in
I have to figure out too many things
I am done

July 21, 2017

Mr Ayube

finding people from college
some I can some I can't
some of them faded
Kenneth J. Ayube became a physics professor at Northeastern
so says a story about his handball championships
Ken Ayube / he didn't win all the time
but was one of the northeast's best
Frank Becker / found him once
why look

July 22, 2017

Allerton

the mansion / the pond
the hill / the statues
the gardens / the porcelains
the books for color / the southern grand staircase
the dining room / the stalls
the fu dogs / the chinese musicians
all a comfortable past

July 23, 2017

Chewing Scenery

I plan to zone / to chill
become no one big time
learn to be invisible
with my upside down career
what else could be

July 24, 2017

All's Fair

many people these days
hating / turns out
I hate them

July 25, 2017

Old Sparky

what life that's left
half this / half that
not much it feels like
maybe something will
spark later

July 26, 2017

Kansas Probably

sitting on a poor stonewall
looking over a field of wheat
near me and behind me the heat / the wet
far away and in front dark clouds
with shards / deep throat clearing
suddenly the clouds are green
fingers dangling down
I think it's cold over there
on the other side

July 27, 2017

Thank You Mr President

wealth and wisdom
I watch my country slide from great
to who? in the space of six months
like the dream of my life
the dream of this country
is down the drain

July 28, 2017

Stone Words

the book is on our shelves now
we used to find books this way
now in virtual places
what we imagined in 1968
some true some gubbish
words though like old worn stones
at the bottom of mountain streams
are what we imagined
what they imagined

July 29, 2017

Pink House

by an old river near Plum Island
mosquitos abundant and buzzing
a high wind sometimes
or cold and dry
runs them off
hard to see when the sea fume blows
across into your eyes
someone told me of the pink house
how a divorced man ordered to replicate
his married home built it in the salt marsh
near the old river

July 30, 2017

Reunion 50

fudge Kurkjian said to buy
something that doesn't wither for chilling
not lose taste for time
I expect to be welcomed
then ignored as what I have in common
dwindles in their estimates
we will stare at each other
and wonder what the hell happened
I will leave sadder than when I arrived

July 31, 2017

Flipped Sight

sometimes you look at the negative space
in a city landscape
pretend it's in black and white
and a beauty pops out
no matter how hard the developers
tried to save money
they made their part without
the rest with

August 1, 2017

Like a Fear

now fully alone
no safety net
need to conserve
I am filled with fear
poor sleep
cautious eating
so to spend little
how did my parents do it
for thirty years

August 2, 2017

Sad Girl Gone

sad girl is gone
white washed by the Dairy
Queen / no doubt cowed
by the comparison
I one day will walk past her old
place and down jagged street joints
to one of the quais
or the rushing water
where I'll find I'm sure
another

August 3, 2017

Soon and Warm

soon the warm New England air
the sentimental thoughts and drives
the bad for you food and ice cream
beach pizza / Skip's suzie Qs
I expect to doze by the river
watch for beaver
hike up and down hills
walk the night fabulous
I am what I was meant to be

August 4, 2017

First Day

many roads under repair
unexpected delays
humid and almost hot
the smell a familiar home
had all my favorites
tomorrow the reunion
of people less than thrilled
I wait for courage

August 5, 2017

Reunion Too

a calm day at the reunion
some people remembered me
they talked to me
large house but humid
not much food
all that was missing
was a pink to blue sky near sunset
with storm clouds backing the frame

August 6, 2017

Why We Are Not Great

a mother hopes
whose daughter was gunned
down by Constitutional exercise
after the final sermon
to hear two things one day
well done faithful servant
hi mom

August 7, 2017

A Day

teaching all day
hot chinese for dinner
toilet not bolted
for years now
dream songs down

August 8, 2017

Storm At Sunset

the water surfs downstream
the pink behind the blueback cloud
reveals intentions for dark
soon the downpour covers everything

I saw a woman under an umbrella
tight patterned skirt stretched
across her backside
could the world have been different

August 9, 2017

Amesbury at Night

Norman and Richard
eating good and telling stories
rich Italian at Molise's
we were friends only in Elementary School
now we speak warmly every twenty years

August 10, 2017

Stone White

in Linwood Cemetery
they cleaned many old headstones
especially those of white stone
all the writing clearly revealed
and the white stone has blue streaks
how they looked in early 1800s
when stones like this were trendy
and death was the habit of youth

August 11, 2017

C Major C Minor

completely pure
its character is
innocence simplicity naïvety children's talk
declaration of love
and at the same time
the lament of unhappy love
all languishing longing sighing
of the love-sick soul lies
in this key

August 12, 2017

The Ds

a leering key
degenerating into grief
and rapture / it cannot laugh but
it can smile / it cannot howl but
it can at least grimace its crying
consequently only unusual characters
and feelings can be brought out in
this key

the key of triumph / of hallejuahs
of war-cries / of victory-rejoicing
thus the inviting symphonies
the marches / holiday songs
heaven-rejoicing choruses are set
in this key

melancholy womanliness
the spleen and humors brood

feelings of the anxiety
of the soul's deepest distress
of brooding despair
of blackest depression
of the most gloomy condition of the soul
every fear / every hesitation of the shuddering heart
breathes out of this horrible key
if ghosts could speak
their speech would approximate
this key

August 13, 2017

The Es

the key of love
of devotion
of intimate conversation
with God / noisy shouts of joy
laughing pleasure
not yet complete
full delight lies in
this key

August 14, 2017

The Fs

complaisance and calm
deep depression / funereal lament
groans of misery and longing
for the grave

triumph over difficulty
free sigh of relief uttered
when hurdles are surmounted
echo of a soul which has fiercely struggled
and finally conquered lies
in all uses of this key.

a gloomy key
it tugs at passion as a dog
biting a dress
resentment and discontent
are its language

August 15, 2017

The Gs

everything rustic
idyllic and lyrical
every calm and satisfied passion
every tender gratitude
for true friendship
and faithful love
in a word every gentle
and peaceful emotion of the heart
is correctly expressed
by this key

discontent / uneasiness / worry
about a failed scheme
bad-tempered gnashing of teeth
in a word
resentment and dislike

August 16, 2017

The As

key of the grave
death / grave / putrefaction / judgment / eternity
lie in its radius

grumbler / heart squeezed
until it suffocates
wailing lament / difficult struggle
in a word
the color of this key
is everything
struggling with difficulty

this key includes declarations
of innocent love / satisfaction
with one's state of affairs
hope of seeing one's beloved
again when parting
youthful cheerfulness
trust in God

pious womanliness
tenderness of character

August 17, 2017

The Bs

cheerful love / clear conscience
hope aspiration for a better world

a quaint creature
often dressed in the garment
of night
it is somewhat surly
and very seldom takes on
a pleasant countenance
mocking God and the world
discontented with itself
and with everything
preparation for suicide sounds
in this key

strongly colored
announcing wild passions
composed from the most glaring colors
anger / rage / jealousy / fury / despair
and every burden of the heart
lies in its sphere

this is as it were
the key of patience
of calm awaiting one's fate
and of submission
to divine dispensation

August 18, 2017

Included Self

the smell / the sounds
the wind even feels different
sitting by the river
reading / dozing
something I could do
every day until

August 19, 2017

Cobbler Brook

a quiet place
in the woods
a trail leads there
one lower dam
enabling the higher one
a large pond with deep water
and deep bullfrog grunts
a large lodge in the center
covered in green as life grows
both on top and inside
this little planet
could be cozy

August 20, 2017

Linwood Cleaned

they cleaned the headstones
old ones
what once was just white
now white and blue
what and brown
a fitting start
for an end

August 21, 2017

Beaver Mansion

the pond is huge
beavers needed two dams to make it
their lodge is a mansion
covered in green
upstream are more
it is alive
many are alive there
trees in the middle though
killed from too much root water
hawk nests / bullfrogs / insects
mink / martin
it is an affair
lily pads / algae
bases of tree trunks
truncated as if on potters' wheels
it is there right now
I am not

August 22, 2017

Carmel Routine

sitting / waiting
for the ladies to finish
browsing in odd stores
role of the passive man
people watching
man in waiting

August 23, 2017

Almost Almost

what is an approximation
a guess / a flakey calculation
like putting a glass down
approximately on a table
maybe a little not really over it
good enough / the definition
depends

August 24, 2017

Lost

I lost my will to live
nothing makes me happy
I still work hard
but get paid nothing
I am ready to just
pass

August 25, 2017

Away We Go

we can approach the shore
big waves keep us alert
we can lay out a picnic blanket
but keep away from the waves
we are lucky nothing's gone rogue
yet
we realized the waves contained
a special pattern of heights
these heights spell doom
sometimes

August 26, 2017

Clash

there is no one I want to see
reunion with the rest of the class
it was hard enough with the ones
who wanted to reunite
I doubt it would improve
I worked hard to get a paper
into a symposium that ends
the day of the reunion
too much everything

August 27, 2017

Rivering

the water in a beautiful rush
to cycle and circle
heat breathes down my neck
it's a long ride there
and sometimes they don't come back
they will find me
after I have finished
sleeping

August 28, 2017

Facetiously

we make of it what we can
the songs / the silly stories
why do we hear them
how do we make them
is there a way to make so many of them
that the great musicians and writers
give up and go back to sleep

August 29, 2017

Delusion In All Sizes

the real news
is in crazy books
in crazy stories
fake news is science
facts / things in front of us
truth is revealed by a greater
power / don't you know that
or at least believe it

August 30, 2017

Against Me

here's a thing I mean
when there is no power left
critiques and pouts feel better
for less restraint
it's time to take advantage
of the patience to not speak
say something
shut up

August 31, 2017

Never Notice

there are few places
I still wish to visit
my life a leaky bucket
I have to learn how
a far away island group
a cold flock of waves
breaking far out
seagulls everywhere
but we never notice

September 1, 2017

Cotton Batting

I find the road tiring
but I drive without stop
full tank drained
I eat only pancakes and butter
drink only a harsh coffee
brewed in percolator pots
served by big women
I don't stop many places
but diners with giant coffee pots on stilts
win my brakes
at night its a cotton batting sleeping bag
I found in an attic
on a tarp on the ground off an off-off highway road
I prefer fields
I find it all tiring
this is life's metaphor

September 2, 2017

Hot Heat

the heat stains my shirts
sweat drain down and gathers
I really have come to the end of my line
I am ready to cave
I must decide what shape it will take

September 3, 2017

Read It Over

too many small typos
sometimes it's the spelling corrector
sometimes it's changes I don't make thoroughly
I fear for my mind
I worry and I worry

September 4, 2017

Farm Roads

our farm had several roads
most ended in the middle of a stand of pine
were there buildings once
did they lead between fields
were they part of the town
I wandered them though they were all short
overgrown in places
but with deep ruts in most
imagine / a farm big enough for roads
small enough for a boy

September 5, 2017

Another Baz

cool and dark
a long day
always some bad news
and then trololo

September 6, 2017

Bus Ride

I sat on the bus
one late afternoon
heading for a jazz bar
on the lower side
a woman ahead of me wearing
red lipstick in thick swaths
was reading a difficult book
carrying a loaded bag
of groceries / I liked her
immediately / so when
she got off the bus I
did too / we walked staggered
then beside each other
today I buried her
next to my mother
with space left over
for our children

September 7, 2017

Sad Girl Again

vexed and lying on a rough couch
fan on high cooling as it might
watching a video of Pink Floyd in Gdansk
I was paying no
attention to the woman waiting in the next room
waiting for me to love her
I don't mean that
I mean only the feeling
to have it / but the real gal
with the red sad lips painted
on the side of a brick building
she's gone / so they all are

September 8, 2017

Loser With The Broken Heart

one of the ways to lose
is to run into the loss
run hard / emerge as if from a lavender bath
goop like grease and failure
dripping from every hilarious orifice

September 9, 2017

Eke a Mouse

the barn / the loft
we sat on bales of hay
jumped into piles of it
we one day would
forget all this
think only of our sustenance
of how many years we can eke out
living you see
but just barely

September 10, 2017

Goner

my team a goner
a hot day again
I fear for lots / for everything
I work hard for not much
I want something
but what is it

September 11, 2017

Down on the Merrimack

pretty boats up and down the river
a woman on a paddle board
standing up in her bikini
one paddle / going down river
I was parked at a pull-out
I watched her come toward me
nearly across from me she turned around
the tide turned too
upriver floating and paddling
what a sight

September 12, 2017

Alost

scared as usual
ready to duck under anything
I am treated like a child
I want to be something more
but I have nothing to offer
really not even good writing

September 13, 2017

Solemn Day

I live in a top floor flat
in a city that doesn't glow
at night / it's a somber simmer instead
when streets are quiet I can hear
laughter and clinking glasses
a window creaking open
bed springs / all the things a glowing
city keeps to itself

September 14, 2017

Remarkable

I sometimes write beautifully
remarkably eloquent some have said
what they don't know
is I write well only in blue light
supplied however
or after dark has just settled
but not yet settled in
mornings never work
I sleep and oh those dreams
like candlelight at the bottom
of a deep well

September 15, 2017

iWonder

the deluge of news
always bad
liars in power telling us to quake
or buy the new iphone
one day someone reading this poem
will wonder what sort of misspelling that is
iphone / just think if I spelled it the right way
iPhone

September 16, 2017

Everything Sucks

gift for Takashi lost
I will need to find something else
unless the delivery people find it tomorrow
don't feel like writing anything great
tonight

September 17, 2017

Last Words

unexpected deadline
short deadline / one day tops
can be hours
unalterable deadline
short piece of writing
must be totally accurate
must paint a wonderful picture
important topics sometimes unfamiliar

September 18, 2017

Bad Movies

consider love
in the form of sexual congress
consider two animals
not close in biological terms
but able to present on one hand
and take advantage of what's presented on the other
can it work
reproduction cannot but love
can it work

September 19, 2017

E. Lilly Lost

photo of her is just dark on light
little detail anywhere in her hair
her clothes / it's clear
she's sitting perhaps at a beach
her clothes too
are just a black / no contrast to show substance
but she has a half smile that reveals
only her upper teeth
puts creases just before her cheek bones
her eyes / you can't see them
but everything about that smile says
your life has value / live it / I will help

September 20, 2017

Lineman

I listen over and over
prairie gothic someone told me
that blue collar man working a hard job under the sun
he is not a poet / his thoughts
are extraordinary / the days repeat
over and over

September 21, 2017

Essential

a recluse on an island
but it's Maui
he reclaims forests and writes poems
he is a great man they say
many people say
well at least
he says so

September 22, 2017

I

travel is not my friend
I like being places
I hate getting there
even driving
alone and relying only on my smarts and experience
I pause / I tremble
I slowly move on

September 23, 2017

Joe

how to answer a son
whose mail is confusing
states as facts things
you've never heard
he asks nothing
implies a lot but
you can't figure it
can he

September 24, 2017

Around Here

travel fear grips me
feels like anxiety and sadness
I want to stop everything like this
if only the farm were still around
I could walk the farm roads we had
visit the streams / the little ponds
and big puddles / but no
nothing like that

September 25, 2017

Shrine Prayer

in Kamakura the ladies walk fine
down the laden street to the shrine
where we washed our hands and mouths
ceremoniously before entering where
we tossed small yen coins into a receptacle
and made our wish that Trump would cease

September 26, 2017

Worker

today it was the white cashmere mini skirt
on a woman whose black hair was dyed red
with a slut lace top that made me think
how she makes a living in a dull part
of a dull Japanese city like this one

September 27, 2017

Atmosphere

in a rural Japanese university
cool wind blowing into the classroom
smell of dope being smoked below
our second story window
strange words / ideas floating
a hippie kind of school
odd bird sounds / light smoke filled
I am wishing for a quiet passage

September 28, 2017

Word-Life

we find our way with words
the way is a line
a line that wandering
fills a page
fill a book
fills maybe many
with words
our lives

September 29, 2017

Unfolding Process

the light dampened by the wet
the ways we find our way through
from top to ground surprise
the dickens out of us
the shape of our legs
the range of our thinking
the light that falls on us
or not

September 30, 2017

In An Office Building In Tokyo

a woman on orange stilts
it seemed like
black short flaring skirt
dark very dark blouse
but they were stilettos
and I followed her
I thought except
she was leading

October 1, 2017

Plato's Heaven

in Hakone women honeymoon with their men
the women are dressed carefully
have an appeal and a shimmy
the men are dorks like computer
nerds and programmers
is this the best they can do
or are they wiser than Socrates

October 2, 2017

Smoothed

the violinist started up
on the first floor of the Venetian Glass Museum
I went upstairs and down some corridors to a turret
shaped display room
his violin reverted softly but with force
a quiet onslaught
so much better than his locally amplified
over vibrato

October 3, 2017

All J

tonight the restaurant was all Japan
not a word of English anywhere
I used google translate to try to get it
but it told me funny things like random
pickles of the day
but the waitresses / what a word / all
wanted a google translate too

October 4, 2017

Today's Work

the world is becoming
hollowed out
the strong eat the weak
the stronger weak taste better
the strong make rules
that making ok eating the weak
the strong like to laugh about this
the weakest weak are just skin
and what's left of their bones

October 5, 2017

Road Well Taken

at the end of life you take
a right hand turn
the past is not left behind
but left alone
one of these paths is a siding
one is the road well taken

October 6, 2017

Blyth

we walked past the tomb
of the great haiku translator
and didn't know it
a great man introducing
one art to another world
we might have loved him
had we known

October 7, 2017

Shokozan Tokei-ji

the beautiful path
simple gardens in a steep narrow valley
leads to a cemetery clustered in groves
simple and covered in moss
the shrines are perfectly
quiet / at the temple
of Shokozan Tokei-ji

October 8, 2017

Toksuda Blues

I walk as carefully as I can
yet I mis-step frequently
the death of me will be
the death of me

October 9, 2017

Leonardo

a genius died long ago
we haven't been able
to make another one since

October 10, 2017

They Laughed

a woman stole my bag
in Yokohama Station
ran away with it
I told the police
short / female / black hair
shoulder length

October 11, 2017

Duende

back from Japan
tired as hell
facing the difficult
I sleep poorly now and work
like hell to catch up
irregular in every way
I must re-learn duende

October 12, 2017

Duende V2

things slowly getting back
to normal but I sleep like
someone not used to sleeping
work is work / I need surgery
life is a chaos / death and
before life is order
somewhere near the boundaries
is where the heat of living
lives

October 13, 2017

Remains

in the garden
stone shrines to individuals
some famous
who rest in the green canopy
of maples and bamboo
the moss on all sides
the small rectangles
just right for ashes
we are not far from tracks
but the sound is cupped
by the narrow deep valley
the reds and yellows are just
popping a bit / there is nothing
here but peace

October 14, 2017

On The Line

I of course responded
with sighs
the question is how to balance
working on projects
with the loss of esteem
soon the forgetting will be
too powerful for all
I'll be on the other side

October 15, 2017

Muse Boat

trying to live with new I hate
the paths that line the river
little walkways lead down to docks
to the water
I was thinking of my muse
you think she was a lover
she was just a place to send poems
I wrote outside her language
I thought she had a boat near her home
that she had a walkway that led to a dock
where her boat was tied
to the water which was the river
that didn't connect us
that connection was the web
a jealous spider abandoned

October 16, 2017

Untango

the picture
two of them in tango
his back to the lens
a broad back
some white in his short hair
but she
her eyes are closed or
she's looking down
her head on his cheek
the edge of a soft slow smile
just past his collar
her hand / her five fingers resting
on his back

somewhere there once
was a woman like this waiting
for me / my roads went elsewhere
I went elsewhere
she went elsewhere
she is perfect

October 17, 2017

She Somewhere

somewhere a woman who was perfect
for me lives differently from fate
but her place was not mine
her time was her own
the food of her life was unfamiliar to me
I think of her when certain pictures
are brought up or when I'm by the river
waiting for the tide to turn
I think of her when I roll over
wide awake in the night

October 18, 2017

Fiftieth

our reunion is soon
and so it begins
remembering the insults and angst
being fed it as if time were null
one in five gone already
for good and noble
for bad and criminal reasons
I was so unaware
my memories are clear

October 19, 2017

Broken Some More

silly or stupid
hard to tell which
my abilities of repair
fail / fault
the little bits
fall apart

October 20, 2017

Psalm 139

off a road on Maui
not far from many poems
a man is buried who made a name
but loved the warm sea
it's down a path made of dust
is not beautiful and not ugly
it is before both
after both

October 21, 2017

Dinner Natch

Hawksworth hotel and restaurant
refined and pricey
filled to the ceiling with spectacular
women dressed for the coming cold
on Georgia Street in Vancouver
north / sure
west / sure
our food was small but exquisite
flavors all nouveau and odd ingredients
from far from here
on the way to the hotel
the cathedral was dripping wet

October 22, 2017

crap

tonight was low on the hog
all they had were hamburgers
and a thousand different beers
I found out later the specification was
lots of beer / it was far away
loud / stinky / unpleasant
even with the woman playing the uke
I taxied back to the hotel
rest / rest

October 23, 2017

Vancouver

cool with mist
long walks to coffee / food
I watch all the women sway and go
long strides / ready for winter
they are cool in every way
they have designs on many
of us sidling by

October 24, 2017

Ay?

a clear day
to see far and away
mountains and bays
now some sleep / hooray

October 25, 2017

Downstairs

the passion of thought
takes a back seat to passion
reflecting taste errant
I could have said hello
instead I chose the yawn

October 26, 2017

In The Lobby

a complicated bun
hair blonde white on the outside
black inside
long tight black leggings
I found her
for a few seconds
then life reasserted

October 27, 2017

Still On The Line

after the war we began
we've come the long way
as with all trips ours has seen loss
how we slouch forward depends on our haste
sometimes we wait for rain / sometimes for strain
the last time we saw each other
we were departing in all directions
like the fish of legend we are returning
to seek our final and small limits

October 28, 2017

Mirror Merchant

S. R. once said:
fifty years passed
and all of their seasons changed
with their overtones of death
and their explosions of life
but on that winter's night
with the frosted stillness outside
and the warmth of his life within
he looked into the small mirror
on the wall of his room
a face stared back
a warm face yet distant
sculpted by time
and the artistry of both
happiness and sorrow

October 29, 2017

Mirror

fifty years passed and all their seasons changed with their overtones of death and their explosions of life but on t

October 30, 2017

On The Line

tonight I am selecting
my funeral music
the list is short
so far only lineman
because it refers
to loneliness
which the only emotion
I've had and it means
no hope

October 31, 2017

Prune Face

I was born 68 years ago
as of the very minute I am writing this
a long labor / forceps birth
cold and drizzly as the paper reported
I was not the only one
prune face my mother called her
Halloween / what a day
I had a quiet day today
looking forward in small ways
looking backward all ways

November 1, 2017

Skip's

if it were summer right now
and I was back in Merrimac
I would be sitting at an outside picnic
table looking north across the wide field
where cruise nights are held
watching clouds slip by
eating the suzie Qs first
then the double meat burger
some sparrows would stop by for a snack
it would be warm but approaching dark
I would have no worries
because I'd be close to home
the only home I ever had

November 2, 2017

System or Tunnel

the sound my amp makes
when the strings are bent
when they scrape on the frets
on the way up / when the up and down
of a strong but slow vibrato take
hold of women's hearts while they
dance like caricatures of natives
is the meaning of life
but all the academics insist
it should be the formalization of love
in a first-order system

November 3, 2017

Walk Away

thinking of nights on the farm
clouds low / sun long gone
to the west the sun lit the sky pink
pewter / then black
my nights were small
I read / I listened to a single
song obsessively while looking at yearbook pictures
play a bit the piano
then the books / a sweet snack
outside the cold became a damp cold
my world was small
it should have stayed that way

November 4, 2017

1936

Rocks Village now just a clump
of suburb but a century ago
it was a town / a village
with a hotel and shops
homes up the hill behind / now
the trees are tall / thick
in old fields / the ladies
who live there are fashionable
but down to earth / all
very sparse and strung out
once the river had flooded it all
1936

November 5, 2017

Hadley Road

in the dark night I
walked up and down our road
the one in the middle
of our farm
narrow / rain wet
I suppose I should have been afraid
walking alone
the dark shallow woods on either side
the pond / where did it come from
we skated there
nothing about all that
seems fair now

November 6, 2017

Twilightning

dark comes early
I sit quietly by the window
the line of trees across the field
black against distant red
the field in shadow
I imagine woodchucks and porcupines there
or pretend I do
our bookshelf is small
I flip through the books over and over
rarely read / hardly see words
I believe I'm educated after
the trees across the field know the truth
they try to hide the red sky

November 7, 2017

We Feed The Planet Japan

thanks to all of your support
for your support
the wftp has successfully finished
when we get ready
we have made efforts to manage
this program for 4 days

to be honest
it was more fun than I imagined

a young food player in Asia
is not supposed to gather in Kobe
but it's fun when we get together

we all think about the future of bright food
each of them has the ability to share and share it
with everyone
each one goes home to his homeland
yeah / definitely an impact

I didn't see the workshop at the base
but I can't forget the last time I'm happy

(I'm sorry to have stopped working)

November 8, 2017

When It's Dark

when it's dark
all things seem possible
walking worn down sidewalks
crossing streets
unseeable city
it seems like
when it's dark
all things seem impossible
outcomes reverse
down each side alley a beast
of many fangs waits
for people like me to stumble
by

November 9, 2017

Tripping

are we ready for the trip
will I be kept from my wandering
will I eat my favorites
should I take many photos
who should I visit
I must prepare
by reading up on people
reunion remember
it will be a sad trip

November 10, 2017

50

the past hurts
our memories lag behind
I found my way through folly
what did people say / think
when I was walking away
the beautiful and merely pretty
Pam / Jill / Joyce / Meredith
they all are on the scrap pile
it's best the day be dark and cold
when we meet again
who would ever want to meet again

November 11, 2017

Cold Union

cold / it will be cold
reunion / Haverhill
mistakes in my gift
people ask
why / they hate you
you hate them
it will be cold / cold

November 12, 2017

Each Other

today a cold day
we ate with my son
then worked with him on
my parents' grave
his grandparents' grave
we told some stories
it was a cold day
but we warmed

November 13, 2017

Baz on Reunions

so we all met
some were not all there
speaking with them was
well hard speaking
nonsense and repeats
no one could recognize me
thank you
the one man band was one man
too many
booklet a letdown

November 14, 2017

Cobbler Brook

the beaver dam
the princess pines
the woodpecker
the small hawk
cold walk
big pond
thin ice

November 15, 2017

Kings

we are all who are left
our greatest lame or gone
we walk limping toward a quiet
place to lie down
to give all up
we are only those left
the diminished
the no ones
nobody but
us

November 16, 2017

Fabeets

tonight / only
a concert of early 1960s dance music
by Joe Fabeets
featuring his fabulous guitar
and the virtuosity visited upon it
by Joe Fabeets
also tonight
the Pentucket Class of 1967
reunion

November 17, 2017

The Captain

woman on a beach
lying on her side
her hips / her shoulders level
behind her the gray brown sky
over the reflecting water
aims its wrath at me
if I could see under her hair
dripping to the sand
I'd drop to my knees and pray
for the hard beauty to never
repeat

November 18, 2017

Too Long Ago

the girl of my dreams slid
by one day years ago I suspect
today she would be stroking my head
as the light in me dims
she doesn't know what she did
but the twilight those days
filled us both with lapses
of vision / I mourn us

November 19, 2017

How We Lived Once

our farm / our land
not long before fields but now
young scrub trees and swamps
a couple of pine stands / no underbrush
fields irregularly placed
the occasional boulder / large granite chunks
meteorites in the stone walls
a cranberry bog / a milk cooling well
an orchard of pears
some apple trees scattered
grapevines rising wild into trees
a grove of cherry trees
shagbark hickories / we could live here
for years / cows / pigs / chickens
turkeys / a few horses
barns and coops scattered around
places to store hay
strange farm equipment designed for horses
adapted to a we—made-it tractor
everything here designed for self-sufficiency
I could have lived there birth to death
the only home I ever knew

November 20, 2017

Another Day to Wait

what if we saw only the light and the dark
what if our senses were shut off from the quick
what if there were only language and no things
nothing that could be something else the way
“water” can be water and not the way
we ask for water / what if Cormac McCarthy
were not the best writer but someone never
heard from before or after were
what if even light was suspicious
and our unconscious went on strike
what would we make of this
“the Merrimack River in Merrimac Massachusetts”
and the bridge above it

November 21, 2017

Warm Blood

the family said the book glorified the killers
that the Clutters were cardboard
I say the family wanted them painted as pure
as whiter than the whitest clouds
in the brightest sunlight / cardboard
when I read the book all
I see are the Clutters / real and human
loving and loved / slicing their ways
through the cold white night that divides
the before from the after
I go to them / to no one else

November 22, 2017

The Elm Lane

the Chinese elms have passed away
the lane is no longer tremendous
the corridor is a plain
the wind never stops before the lane
maybe ten remain
the years have chopped them up
the way no one ever forgets

November 23, 2017

Drive On

hot day before thanksgiving
talking and reflecting
the drive here was crazy
the traffic / tomorrow the return
oh crap

November 24, 2017

Heart

too far into a sadness
the sky behind is a set
of shades of blue
with clouds making some gray
I am sinking / help me sink

November 25, 2017

High School

the high school faced the street
the cemetery a ways back behind it
I think / it's not on any map I can find
the kids are facing north
all from the smallest evidence
looking at the photos / the drawings
I weep and relish what it must have been like

November 26, 2017

Tried So Hard To Keep

love always starts strong
excitement all 'round
love always ends at some point
the hollowed out self
unceremoniously revealed
that's why / I cry

November 27, 2017

Cra-ku 1

a winter fountain
I inhale
winter bright and clear

my mother's back
an egg's warmth
someone's voice

November 28, 2017

Self As Fiction

suppose I wrote a long history
of self and found out it was fiction
perhaps a magazine would unearth facts
that show I'm not me / never was
kind of like the dream I had last
night about being questioned by authorities
who were certain I was someone else
while all my friends watched
waiting for it all to be over so
they could have lunch

November 29, 2017

Cra-Ku 2

shadowless
shrine maiden
so voluptuous!

departing spring
half-closed eyes, mountains and rivers,
a water pillow

birds migrating,
an old man
the floating waterfowl

a religious dispute—
an inchworm
with pupils like stars

November 30, 2017

A Small Vacation

I wonder how often I'll
sit by the river as the sun
gets low / the slight salt smell
of the river being pushed uphill
how many more times
a sweet taste / a new photo
perhaps they will find me there at dawn
they will wonder who then why
then / I really hope
why not

December 1, 2017

Lifting

a heavy day
tried and sweating while pruning trees
cool outside but not used to that sort
of effort I flagged a bit
the trees though will thrive
next year for this / a good day
for them / a not so good one
for me

December 2, 2017

Sad Goodbyes

many of the beauties languish
while waiting for the rights
sitting in cafes
walking along famous rivers
seen from the back in silhouette
they are like time slipping away
or like a train that's just left the station
and on the rails it wiggles
just a bit

December 3, 2017

Chanel No 5

near Christmas I'd watch the ads
what to give a girl I loved
who didn't love back

a rose and jasmine base of Rallet No 1
but cleaner / more daring / pristine polar freshness

chocolates / jewelry
private clothing
a fur / a hat
but small

Rose E. B. and notes derived from
a new jasmine source / commercial Jasophore
ramped up quantities of orris-iris-root
natural musks

Ali McGraw / her wide-eyed
It-Girl beauty brought the fragrance
to the youth
no rich aunts now nor never

aldehydes / organic
compounds / carbon / oxygen / hydrogen
manipulated at crucial stages
the process arrests / isolates the scent
aldehydes are seasonings / aroma boosters
a clean note of the arctic
a melting winter note

knowing nothing
it seemed perfect
but how
to get / to send
knowing nothing
no plan

legend has it that this wondrous concoction
was the inadvertent result
of a laboratory mishap

Coco chose concoction number five
everything for her = number five
the girl / number zero

December 4, 2017

Her Heart

the beaver pond
can be reached only
by the lost
mostly the hopelessly lost
around it the trees are so dense
it takes a week to see past the first one
in the trees dead left standing
raptor nests abandoned abound
something we all need resides there
in the den perhaps
what I need is a tree cut pretty down
by a buck beaver intent on damming
I found the pond once
perhaps I left

December 5, 2017

Couple

it goes without saying
someone was just saying

December 6, 2017

Tragedy Befalls You

like leaves moving haphazardly
down the road my memories
switchbacked away down the high
bank road down to the river
and over the green bridge that separates
the past from the remote past

December 7, 2017

To Your Heart

the door to hell's motel
opened to my knock
I went to the sink perched
in the corner attached on two sides
in the mirror I saw her on her fours
and was more striking the broad
butterfly on her chest below her blueblack hair
or her dark nipples pointing the direction
my soul would take
must take

December 8, 2017

Open Doors

when the world is made well
we don't tear it down
it ages before us
the heavy beams / the falling
off stucco / yellows you see
light browns and underneath concrete
colored bricks / damaged red
window frames / old glass windows
tile roofs / inside a vestibule
a creche of mother and child
as if believing this is why those old
parts of the city still live

December 9, 2017

Mother's Stories

the big flood of '36
twenty feet up above flood stage
people rowing down Merrimack Street
90 years later some floors still damp
the city then was like a city
now a big village / all the grand buildings
torn down to make way for new ones / good ones
except there are none
my mother remembered that flood
then her father killed the next year
what did it mean / nothing / it meant nothing
it's just history you know

December 10, 2017

Boxcar Life

we broke down outside town
flat plain type place
past midnight but we could see grain
elevators miles away
beside us tracks and on them
a train at rest
boxcar doors open as if waiting
as if welcoming
on a siding I thought
dim light inside one
it took a while but we smelled smoke
a meal cooking then
we saw a small fire and men sitting 'round it
a woman or two too
we looked off to the side
and the town rose up as much as that town
could rise up with lights some neon
everything around us broken one
way or another even our dreams
that night reclining in the boxcar

December 11, 2017

Those Smells

on my veranda late
drizzle and some fog
my tea still warm almost
hot / footsteps down the street
it's a small town
no more than three houses a block
maples and oaks / hemlock there used
to be and hickory
then a pair of voices
him and her
their words important for them
for me just a drizzle in sound
footsteps behind me in the house

December 12, 2017

Snow Capes

out my window tonight
every flat place under inches of snow
mailbox / branches / crossbeams on poles
on fences / if it were dark the streetlights
would show these as yellow tufts like dried wheat
in fields / or maybe it's all memory
and what I see is long ago
perhaps the wind won't stop blowing
what if the one I loved then
loved me now / how deep would the snow
capes be

December 13, 2017

Unsolved Love

in 1967 I had an unsolved love
something that happens to the unloveds
others maybe resolved to unsolve them
unresolved is how I feel
I remember visiting her in Hartford once
I think she might have noticed me
I walked ten feet behind her talking to her brother
who later was my best man / unrelated

December 14, 2017

November in DDR

in DDR in 1985 the colors
were all off / cobbled streets
cars made of tar paper
piles of half-made charcoal piled
at the dead ends of streets
a haze or smoke over it all
buildings still broken from the old war
people not realizing life is still broken
churches empty but not forgotten
people carrying charcoal back to their homes
with ceramic stoves in the middle of them
I know people who grew up there
they don't smile much

December 15, 2017

Less Is More

at the workshop on the Baltic
I sat in a comfy chair reading
late afternoon / spring
near Dahme on an east coast of Germany
then I heard the waves crashing
on the other side of a berm
huge waves it sounded
like a storm in the Baltic / how strange
eventually I wanted to know how
large they were
I walked across the road and over
the berm to see them crashing
six inches / maybe less

December 16, 2017

Slow

tonight some random hacking
on the messy rhyme code
still not right and will never be
too many special cases of words
from random texts
people believe it can be learned
fast

December 17, 2017

The Receptivity of the Female

the appeal of well-wrapped
worthless gifts is universal
even beyond Homo sapiens
some male spiders
Paratrechalea ornata to arachnologists
“fuzzy brown ones” to the rest of us
give food gifts to prospective mates
gifts that are nutritionally worthless
but wrapped ornately in the silk produced by their bodies

imagine giving your beloved a chicken
nugget meticulously wrapped in beautiful fabric

for spiders and humans
it's the wrapping that counts
because the worthlessness of the gift
inside does not affect
the receptivity of the female

December 18, 2017

Everest

a man dies high on a cold mountain
his body freezes and mummifies
lots of money can bring him back
I mean bring his body home
they might say he died doing what he loved
I say he died

December 19, 2017

Euro Chick

when I was on the Baltic
the woman in the next cabin over
dropped all night and in the morning
she would look at me over her shoulder
over the berm the waves crashed
a slight murmur
the roofs of our cabins were natural plots
grass and some weeds
sleeping with the window open
the Baltic air moved inside
she dropped still

December 20, 2017

LIX

the question of roman numerals arises
is it reasonable to pronounce a word
that looks like a roman numeral
as a roman numeral
I imagine ancient romans laugh

December 21, 2017

To My Heart

I drive by it every year
many times
the stone wall along the road
has been poached
the gracious brown grass in winter
has been flattened
where Snooks was buried is now not
in a hidden far back field
but in an open meadow someone made
with chainsaws
where is the old tractor
the side delivery / the old mower
the old plow / what cure is
left to us shuddering off

December 22, 2017

My Road

narrow road to the lab
large very large eucalyptus trees lining it
smell of gum trees and tar weed
summer near the lab
I thought I was not much
but squeezing by
I was not much
I squeezed by

December 23, 2017

Happy Anniversary

every now and then
I learn more about
the ways people dislike me
even ones I'm married to

December 24, 2017

Christmas Eve for Many Years

I was a sap for Christmas
I think I didn't think
there was a Santa but maybe I did
I knew there would be more presents
under the tree the next morning than tonight
our tree we got it in Merrimac Town Forest
a spruce of some sort carried back
on our toboggan down the Town Forest Road
to Sam's woods then over to our swampy area
near the big boulder then home into our backyard
no one could see us though the tracks
were a giveaway / I never can remember
decorating the tree but I must have seen it
or even helped / we were not rich
I usually didn't get much

December 25, 2017

Our Holiday

we come in fresh and cold from the winter woods
there are informal roads all through them
they are our woods and our roads
they seem to lead nowhere just an interesting spot
blueberry patch down one branch
a swampy blueberry patch down another
on the other side of the town road the branches just go
to small fields some sandy or to groves to cut down
for building and framing we are poor
the fire we have going is in a cellar wood stove
it heats the whole house two stories
heating oil too expensive and Christmas today

December 26, 2017

Admiration

winter / claim your thoughts or lose them
when you feel the cold drill through
when the dark leaps onto your lids
when the songs all sound in minor keys
then you will wake and interpret the words ringing down the hall
so find a bridge that terrifies you
climb on it / walk to the part that terrifies you
if you are true to winter the trains upriver will halt
sound their halt horns / you will over-admire
the words others say / others write
look / an open road

December 27, 2017

To My Head

so the year ends
I am tired and work slowly
cold outside and all over they say
my brain must be going slowly they say
I knew the bug was in the parallel part
but it took hours to find
I needed a four leaf clover but had only a three

December 28, 2017

Oy

the ocean of course does
not care who stands
on its shores
to say hello
it just waves

December 29, 2017

She Is On The Line

stories of love or movies of love
move in strange directions
there is always the tearing off scene
the tearing up scene
the teeing off scene
none expects the scene where the laconic cowboy
on his high horse in the mountains near Taos
answers his mobile

December 30, 2017

Ploughgate

a young lady meets
an old farm
and cows love her milking them
making european style cultured butter
fresh from moo to you

December 31, 2017

Tonight Tonight

tonight a last night
cold tonight and full moon I think
all over people celebrate
I plug along and welcome the long nights
the books and words I love
next year might be my last
what a way to think
fear and love / those two things