THEEQUALIZER

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Henry gould [308] $Lanthanum\ 4$

LANTHANUM 4

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1

Late summer evening, pensive September light. Persistent mute suspended minor seventh of distant railroad horn. *Amaranth*, *goldenrod*. The pussy willow (plucked, worn out).

Autumn is a labyrinth of earthy dreams.

Of prairie earth, grown vaster than the sea.

& Henry huddles with his traveling three—
Hobo, Roger, William B.—where the beams

of his wind-wagon meet the mast (pining). In the cradle of his longing, the log cabin of his ghost brought low. Some Sinbad marathon, spun by Scheherazade (declining

favors—still, persuasive). Here, a ruddy
Irish monarch—there, an Armenian butterfly.
The tale spins by itself, unstoppable top. Why?
It's gravity, at the edge of the bloody

corner, mate. Checkmate. Crossroads.

Where husk of Siberian cicada meets
the tracks, & Theseus blunders blind toward
Chartres . . . where Berryman hears Beethoven-chords.

Track 132. The jittery greenhouse overhead like a turtle-shell, translucent . . . where are we? Petersburg? Coutances? Minneapolis? Saint Loue? We're near the Queen of the dead

bees, the phantom said. Henry's Dove
Inn (Chicago watercolor—gray, with loops).
The bird purrs in the railroad trumpet—whoops
—'at's the spirit. & this was only Ariadne's Cove.

9.20.09

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2

The crossweave in the melancholy train-chord, plangent, distant. Not unison yet, but the one and the other, making harmony. The oval red and green leaves of a shuttering dogwood—

one color with the other, calmly aglow now beneath gray clouds. The curious heartsignals sleepy Henry tries to interpret sign-language, leaf-muttering, slow

autumn breeze . . . the one and the other old question-and-answer, call-and-response . . . Martha and Mary, Williams and Blackstone, listening, doing. Knot of the dreamer

by rose-flecked seashore. Twine of Black Sea binding Maximus, his hardy, rooted taking-stock before the *Mother of Good Maiden Voyages* (almond prow on New World promontory

—strife-torn turf). The total vision a triangulation—compass, rudder, mast afloat upon a void of whispered trust still star above wind-wagon ballast (son

and mother and their Magdalen-logos). The old design whispers to Henry, he gets the drift of dogwood leaves. His Hobo waits in river-sand, by a railway bridge, a drifter's

flute-call smoking from his lips. A tuningfork in the middle of the country surges its upward wing; anonymous Pocahontas reels around, with a rock in her sling.

9.23.09



3

With a rock in her sling, Pocahontas reels around . . . is it studious Blackstone, shrouded in his papery cocoon, his womb-cloud, raining? And she, the root of all he feels,

the knotty stump, the remnant scrawled all over with riddles . . . hoary grandmother of once-wispy willow? Minor mirroring, by river? Henry plucks the cat-string of his guttural

personae (unappeased, rambunctious Mousketeers). *Adieu*-longing (that stems from, ends among ice-locked limestone, russet railroad bridges) shades his soliloquies,

bends his yew longbow (odd oud). Meanwhile mind-power of Maximus, in Byzantium (the other Maximus) cradles the frame of gopherwood, where Black Sea water riles

around Pontus-point; finds scarlet Rahabthread, that can untie, make plain, defend the knot of human and divine enfoldment (sans désordre)—what riddle more subtle,

troubling? His spirit lingers near that fortress at the other end of the remorseless depths where Theseus manarvels fleece (the labyrinth will reel him back from Ariadne's wilder nest)—

asking again: who reigns in the almond eye?

The mirrored sun plays like a wistful child in the rocking sea that girdles triste Istanbul.

A land-bound willow wavers between river, sky.

9.24.09



4

That Finnish carpenter, arch arc-welder, will he ever be finished? & will some beehive grow out of this footling litterbox, Henry's heave-ho *abbatoir*—his slow spiel, his scribbly spelling-bee?

His lean-to stand-ins gather round, his fogged-in foretop shrouding a flighty figurehead (always one step ahead). Forthright RW, wise William B. . . . wistful Hobo lingering astern.

Blackstone lifts a glass toward Byzantium. He wants a rose window to shade his appletree—layers of honeyed, leaded light (tripledense, Einstein-slow)—a palimpsest. Viridium-

lanthanum-oxide (caffeinated blend). Something St. Louis might underwrite (if Queen B. signs on). A lofted boomerang (earthbound, into the sun)—high-wired for mobile stable (free-floating).

& there, from beyond the effaced curvature of sea-wave domes, from that poisoned bowl of empurpled shade—a microscopic smile, bent by parallactic ray into toadstool square

(dour prophet-frown, immured in martyr-salt). The angle of his rippling white beard, acute as his one remaining eye—his humming note (in surprising major key) only: what Walt

intuited—Whitman. How the miracle of manyin-one (e pluribus unum)—its kindly singleness disintegrated, disinterred again—arose to bless, in person, every one. Rose, once—arose, Henry!

9.28.09



5

Abstract, abstracted Henry ambles west across a limestone-lit & pastel Providence. Steep ridges, baby rivers. Confluence of morning stone & wooden birdnest

paradise. Past Burnside Park, with marble General. & gray-beard homeless private shaking out his shoes (still alive, yet). RW from below—his steep immobile

terrace of Inca-set granite (Isaac Hale's deed—filigreed now in hungry graffiti).
Where his ashes lie—burnt from the tree-root man-shape swelling his coffin (awhile

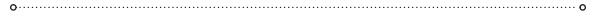
back then). To moss-gray, helmet-headed City Hall (where angular Roger-face peeks from its crown) he goes, to pay late taxes . . . ambles east again. Earth trek she threaded,

once—absent, absented one. Just one, just once. & Henry felt the L-bow of an arm hooked into his own, laced, latched. To form a knot with lurching outline, barely shaded-in—

irregular, in disequilibrium. Systole, diastole . . . sys . . . black stone on white stone—breathing lips & windy guest. So her road-dislocating presence lessoned less & less. Yet twas whole

Somewho. Beyond departure. In the realm of the matrix of subtle analogies of light (rays hula-hope through rainbow-eyelet). How they recast your one & lonely profile, Yo-Yo? Hmm?

9.28.09



6

O, & that train-horn's plangent testament . . . a yawning in the basement of its chord.

Suspended between iron tracks—echoed by time, space, homesickness. O, Henry's

foolish fundament. Concave to complex . . . the womb of fading notes, where we played hide-&-seek (you, me, brother Bluejay—a winsome foursome). Into the dome's *ex*-

cathedra doom (only air & light, afloat on high). & it's not the beautiful Madonna with chambered sea-blue glance of *tesserae*, nor the blunt cruelties of Will-to-Dominate

there . . . only the geometry of yearning (Ariadne). Only turn the rosewood handle 90 degrees—until the humiliated sundial-pinetree lifts to the pole star (ice, burning).

So a bent polarity's natural desire for beauty leans toward recognition. Supernatural charity—the childhood of the soul in God—a hobo liberty bestowed in 2nd berth (long whistle-wail)...O my

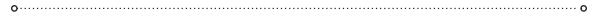
Siberious hilaritas, *Yurodivy*! This your early birch-tree cry—a sap with honey!

This our business—O, Eternity! Eternity!

Whose pigeon sails past Bosphorus, Marmara . . .

These implications of Great Northern routes—when the tree & the forest, the frost & its each miniature fir-whorl, herringbone & firmly cleave. Toward one vermilion threadlight.

9.29.09



7

The dogwood leaves fold inward, recapitulate their early greenery, in threadbare spines of old maroon. The book of *Henry's*Travels (lazily raftered with his playmate,

Minstrel Minister—big J). From Minnesota. Prospecting like a tucked-in Finn, ship-bottled in the volume of himself. Rain shuttles through October's dangled tails (uncountable

quota). This mottled season is in unison with the mumbled limitations of his song. Untranslatable clicks & whistles, overlong grackle-hubbub, veering south . . . someone

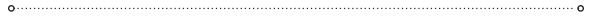
must save that Henry from himself! Suspended railroad-hoot (through distance, river-flow) transposes into minor key; you hear the low tootle of mourning dove, close to the ground

(again, again)... & the two of them together (stark brass of train-trombone, woodwind of rainbow-throat) command retreat, retreat... back to the tether

of love's strange Nowhere—its circled square; back to the genesis of each desire in the quick yearning of an infant choir (impatient sparrows, bunkered in despair

of dawn). & testaments of buried men, & reveille for Berryman, blend in marine vertex (or submarine)—serene blueprint from Finnish ark (catamaran).

10.3.09



8

Hobo's ghost (Henry) tracks a negative way. *Don't you be like them, sonny*. Of self-dispersal, man to river-clay. & feels achy, maybe. O his achy, creaky, drafty

craft! Heads where rivers merge, to plant a seal (*MRG*) in the bowl of the bottomland. Near old St. Louee. Whatever comes to hand goes to float that thing—rubbish, newsprint . . .

& he never learns (as Blackstone learns) how to subtract negative from zero—or to limn how love's lodestone (the mighty O in All itself) draws him in four dimensions

(threads). He doesn't need to learn, or speak; he senses it. That's why he's lying on the riverbank, dozing (as eddies drift, leaf, quiver) . . . (& why he'll never amount to squat, sez Zeke.)

The train-horn hoots again, like *Lastest Trumpet* or Henry's yearnful dove, disguised as owl.

To the point that Hobo never will follow (dim soul): beyond his own draining sunset.

He feels it, though. He feels. He'll never know. While Blackstone quarries Maximus to find his formula's hobo-equation (fair, kind, true...)—Henry leads them into signet-snow.

Where he pried loose an agate once, one summer. Earth-brown, to camouflage itself—at home (a pleasant peasant spider-thread, fleshtoned with light)—a circular dance-mummer's

gesture. Inimitable, unlikely wave goodby—from the bridge of aspirations (wishing bones). From chest, near station of trained brooder. Hums there. Wave, wave.

10.5.09

9

The steel prong at the center of the earth in Henry's dream—coral coracle in the midst of bobbing painted horses. Its double mast lifting into one sail, its striding girth

only bright air, vertigo—a spiritual gate flared high over vernal mound (effaced, blood-spotted, green). Beneath terraces of avid gophers (wind-polished, fibrillate,

ephemeral). Dream-lattice, easily unhinged, undone. Yet the little tree where the dreams began seems ringed for me, just for me: a standing melody.

So pity the tired and tremulous old boy in bleak recovery glare (of smarting snow, intrusive stares)—your dancing shadow on a shaken stick, your would-be Irishman;

here in such squalor's where the spirit greets the real (his skeletal embrace, closer to fire) here's where the pipsqueak of a threadbare Eire soars like Wisdom's Ariadne, fleet to fleet.

The sign of an arch-shade in my muttering (full of air and emptiness and rain) is homecoming, is pointing home. Homer's oar was always there, amidships, staggering

toward life; the calm world is grace for harrowed soil, for stolid earth. Black river-clay, old bottomland—berth for a hurricane (filled with time and space).

10.6.09



10

The way the lines of a canoe meet at the prow & drag its wake into the shifty stream . . . so the coiled magnetic Dream inched toward its heart (Meanderthal crow)

& etched a compass rose in sunburnt iron. Ev'man's, Ev'woman's. Common wheel it is—from whence we make way, reel, sway...(wobbly vinyl, nasal violin).

That figure up ahead in riffling wind—whorled seed of one acute beak-vertex (drawn from fiddlehead stump—like Ex from welded, wedded stone). Tomorrow's

tamarack, no doubt. Away up north. She's somewhere, man. Someone. Somehow. Dancing on the *parallelorim* of Orion (cold fire, through & through). Near Duluth—

with luthier, methinks. Fiddling around. A round. & haunts us (as she pokes through spokes) like a folksong from a screech-owl (Appalachian

sound). Wisdom's feathery *whiz* across branches (somber, green) with carrier's premise (has-been, will be). Mourning, morning. Is.

& the gate, a gate, of winding treerings, singing. Leaves, sets out, from cornice of stone pier . . . & the plumb sounds—blares (her owl-hoot harmony).

10.7.09



11

The traveling circus of October grackles swings into town, with happy hectic whoops & whistles over Henry's head—in the faded circle (roseate rust) of dogwood branches. Chuckles

& wheeling, swerving hoots are hooped in heaps up there, as a company of leaves swishes its surf-like undertone. & Henry fades himself (old tyke) into his Middle Ages, & beyond . . . sleeps &

drowses in his mazy dream (uncharted Chartres hovering like heavy honey—like an alien ship over the corny heartland). Unexpressive sap from inexpressible brainstem-tree . . . heart's

labyrinthine amaranth (almond conundrum). & the last turn comes at the center of the winding, windy rose—implicate with grief, & knowing melancholy wastelands (prodigal Hobo-time)—

turning through the winged circus-sounds toward cloud-shrouded, ripened sun – its ruddy light. & so this bent fat stiff of an aging Hal—his sight grown dim—turns out all right (*grace be to God*);

his edifying dream of midway arch proves apple-laden (Blackstone-honeycomb—golden, sweet). For the storm-taut ribs of a mandorlacanoe rest upright, grounded, still—where wind

moves through clear space: heart's absolute zero, bull's-eye source: almond keystone (*rhodos*-lanthanum, pink with dawn). On pendulous *logos*-wing... Vermeer's milkweed monarch (*maudit*).

10.10.09



12

As the tremulous old king crawls ruefully toward his Jerusalem crib, the young prince sets out on his firefly charge (sans script). & is that egret-eremite all set (or preterite)? Readiness

is all, he murmurs (all walled-in). By the four points of my compass-cocoon, by the bark of my Lincoln-log pontoon (sounding at quarkrange) . . . A winking prairie-schooner pair

of constellations (Big Bear, Wee Bear) fords the Polaris Theater. In April (thursday or friday, around noon. Near Milky Way). The baby mosaic canoe made of little stones

on board, Memphis settles into its Mississippi regime—booze in the morning, bees in the afternoon (little lead BBs). & flies on home—in the chariot (fiery

father). Hallelujah! So it was with winebibbers of old—like Maximus, with his hand chopped off, tongue torn out (for announcing the omnibus

sit-down human-garbage-mankind strike). Everyman's the sloop of shame-& tacking-home-again, he sings—since Noah sent the dove adrift toward Pike's

Peak (arid zone, you tar). Since you left home yourself, Henry-following Falstaff into his flagship company. Quaff, then, another, regal bumblebee! All draft-age now.

10.11.09



13

The architecture Henry can't explain, that is his joy & consolation every day (conceptual October sunshine—pale, passible, yet still there). Like these deepening plum colors

in the descending dogwood leaves—it is a shade of general rose; as the various shades merge in a spectrum of clear water-blades in that city of lakes where Berryman resuscitates

& is himself again, & feeling better about things. Or as the magnetic attraction of the dusty iron sketches its mandorla-door, unstoppably—spun from sleep toward your own unlooked-for springs.

So the form of flute-sound over the heart-void entrains itself into a fan of harmonies. A scalewheel of diminished fifths—purple organ-peals' surfacing rhumb-bob of the universe—enjoined

in solo heart-burst (single voice & chordal bass). & then the hobo-rail peels off . . . around the bend. Making tracks. Into that spacious empty land & sky. Vanishing (infinity unveils its face).

So he pursues her, anonymous, into rose's spectral folds. Drawn from desire toward innocent joy—that otherworld of renewed childhood (private in an unknown soldier's

infancy). Where many & one become a theme with variations, at the apex of their milky curve (simple, complex)—& where the rose is rooted in its flower-kingdom.

10.12.09



14

Hobo, buried in leaf-drift, late October assumes the anonymous lineaments of Everyman. His waxy cerements are dogwood leaves. Each red-veined oar

folded in windblown fleets of Achaian galleys is warped across a train-horn's major C (simple shofar-call) . . . tenderly, tenderly travels through the gleaning breeze

of Indian summer. Rudderless incarnation of all waywardness. The wavering wake of that warning trumpet will not break his dream, his prodigal oblation.

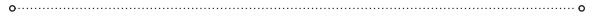
The sleepy soul slips into masquerade (medieval clown) at harvest-time. Loosens the railroad ties, removes the rusty iron armature, its cross-woven bridgework

of militant need—shifting, swaying, distending into seedy player's weeds—a pumpkin field of bulbous, over-ripened suns (moist yield of drowsy memory, earth-whispering).

Gray clouds of whistling starlings wheel beneath white bands in the stratosphere. The absent carrier pigeon will not appear (brooding, signaling) at the apex of the real

this time of year—rather, as an ember glowing in the hobo-fire, where lost farmers gather. Lost tribes, lost lands . . . wherever disoriented pilgrim sails inch into November.

10.22.09



15

Something smolders deep in Blackstone's heart, beyond sight, beyond hearing, like a lodestone of stubborn coal. Reflected in his lone & wakeful candle; & in the Narragansett

campfire, circled by a band of firelit eyes & faces etched into the trees (nocturnal Hagia Sophia's woodburnt cenacle).

Love that would frame in Celtic filigree

& bind in mordant Roman bronze, the seal of his homing devotion (pensive, pregnant, in suspense, as in the hum before the hurricane); love spun far into wilderness, beyond repeal.

One tall holm-oak, the mast of his sunship, the pivot of his equilibrium tether for his bull's-eye seraphim. E'n la sua volontade . . . (peaceable playscript).

For the stars are everywhere the same & shine for homecoming by seething kelson, cross-braced breeze; that monk's last lesson (folding nature on the curving seam

of grace) a grant, charted for our thanksgiving; & in the bloodstained testimony, scrolled perpetually in desert hives—behold the finish line (green, serpentine & ringed

with flame). & as an unknown soldier steps through molten Circus Maximus, one local soul clinches its focal point—mandorla splayed in agate hand (its rosy depths).

10.23.09



16

As Halloween draws near, & the phoenix trees blossom & preen again, like smithery birds, Henry gathers up his masks (his belabored pseudonyms) & heads for the river. He's

just a mask himself, now—silky projectile of shriveled Florida palm (immurèd way up north, in Resurrection snow). Just a Player King, on a huckster's raft, on a backward Nile—

cocooned monarch on Romany funeral barge; led by the nose, by the prow, by the melody of railroad flute (a rod of iron). *Body & Soul*. Toward some theological *ménage*

à trois Maximus sketched out (with an inkfeathered stump). & Roger lived to praise & sing—Williams, RW, our double-play sidewinder, he—of Rhody can-do (sink-or-

swim). Depression-era, rigid chap—striding off the Terrace, bus-sheltered by granite arch... yea, the figure in the magnet-bend! Im-mediator of colliding

turbine-turbulence—two violent worlds of rabid allegiance, cynical insolence (odd Eden, impaired)—lifting violet fence of *soul freedom*, between those fright-hurled

certitude-polarities. Between earth and sky. On Prospect Street, in Providence, there is an agèd wrought-iron fence, whose gravid elegance grounds all my mirth-

inducing solo loops (improvident improvisation)—like the milky breast or dome of myriad almond (sunbeam) lenses; the bend of one Mississippian prong-trident.

10.27.09



17

. . . yet the meanings of October 28, 1965 continue to radiate

– W. A. Mehrhoff, The Gateway Arch : Fact and Symbol

We've surfed so far through this festal gloom.
We've journeyed a certain way from Milk Street & the grey slate wings of the parish *Paraclete* under the rain (arrayed in black-gold rime

of mountain ash). Sursum corda, sounds the bronze bell. The bronze bell (lifted up like a voluble serpent). Near train-stop in pre-dawn Siberia (way station to mounds

of skulls . . . symphonic *Day of the Dead*). Sursum corda. Lifted up like a cruel 44 in Memphis (inscaped, unescaped martyr's hour) below the strong brown stream (head

Janus-janitor, draining the wounded woods). Lift up your heads, O ye gates; & be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; & the King of glory shall come in. Sursum corda. Here stood

th'embottled farmer-gardener, misunderstood. Misrecognized. *Sursum corda*. Where a ghost looms in the denuded limbs (O *Lord of hosts*) like the hollow hoot of a phantom railroad.

& so for 40 days & nights the flood rose in the mouth of the throat of the gorge of the ring-dove. & the surge of the wave & the rainbow-haze

curved over the gate that was lifted up like the line of a length of a labyrinth (or edge of spark-wrung rose). Cradle me then strange coracle my almond, Argus-eyed shallop

0......o

18

Walk through the twilight street toward Halloween. Through twilight light. The starlight, *everywhere* the same—its Einstein-constancy the measure of a cosmic farmhouse (flame-bright, keen).

A pumpkin-light, a lantern glance, hearth-warm. Tall Pumpkin Man ambles our twilight streets, a node of light, a hill of flickering; fond Chartres rose, *Blanche Ochre-Russe*, on lightweight arm

the two together make a heartfelt form (dim shades like folded flying buttresses, tucked wings)—flame-orange origami-construct, or Romany barge ('mid scalloped shallop-swarm)

bound for candled Jordan-pond (familiar constellation . . . nuptial night, or Jubilee). & these are magic lantern slides of you & me, merely (children, draw nigh . . .)—

from the crown of the brow to the feet of each soul, Everywoman and Man a temple of God, whispers Holy Church, murmurs simple Maggie—each one an End of History, complete

node of correlating beams of light (& the centuries surround me with fire, the soldier sighed—hum-drum pebble on the shore). As masqueraders cluster by the wooden

garden gate, creaking in soft reply (upon its well-worn hinge) to the muttering wind *I am the door of the sheep, at river's end* the lifeboat gently bumps its moorèd crown.

10.29.09



19

A desolate mind sailing through desolate space above a desolate heart, Henry ekes his way into November. All Souls' Day. Deep clay, meanwhile, logs its transmissions (lateral

passes, shifting scales . . . a skittering grace). & the end is always near, scrapes the fiddling dogwood leaf—one bare North Star's his riddling light-equation's standing proof (streaming millrace).

Everywhere the same. Light the middling mean, all-penetrant . . . & what is this light? Henry wears his testimony (ermine eremite) weaseled into bookish office—his piddling,

flimsy prophet's reed—out of the substance of his kin & kind, worn out, long-suffering. Yet wear it he must, it is his witnessing out of stark void, quaint remonstrance

of battering faith. It rhymes with what he knows (a widow's mite) of memory: long heart-lease, tendered to the bankruptcy of time (a dream-disease). Where (after Elijah) Elisha goes—

into the cloud of lightning-glory (track of all the forerunners on up ahead, lighting his way). Lanthanum road, of faltering enunciation . . . Gloucester-sight-gone-black.

Exactly there, in the Star Chamber's cranium of emptiness . . . the North Pole still shines.

Not Henry's to trace, these converging lines—

Noman's—very woman very man's. Light-home.

11.1.09



20

The monarch's flown southwest to Mexico & left behind his colors in the trees; milkweed Melchizedek, anonymous, he's only a memory now (from long ago).

The golden-barren limbs lift a craggy vault like some forlorn cathedral, shivering with leaf-news—the monarch is leaving, now...the monarch departs...Ochre, cobalt,

a taste of iron; threads of scarlet & purple interlaced within a labyrinth of rose. So eerie the soaring gossamer—already zero gravity (& gone), winging 'twixt twin steeple

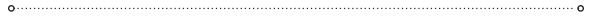
prongs (antennae, signalling). . . Threads of a moth-trail, designedly draped across the Milky Way (*the way he went*), emboss a furtive coign of vantage – Magellanic Cloud

of witnesses—O starry Wisdom's dancing majesty! & joy rides in stupendous coverings— Thou ridest, Monarch-Hurricane!—thy tidings tolled through tongs of railroad tunes, attunings—

crossed beyond vast milkweed prairies, where the chosen children of one stutter-clear & loco vocable—scarred *logos*-Lincolns (Martins, too) enunciate, halting, thy rose-enfurled, plowshare

silo-smile (deep granary of everlasting victory); & where thy sevenfold unfoldment once began sails back again, 77-fold—prodigal origami span of one entwining grain-bin grin (tall—57 stories!).

11.2.09



21

The wide river, and the wide prairie, the wistful train-hoot carried on the wind. Hobo, on the old Soo Line; his fiery friend Pumpkin Man, all black & orange . . . whee!—

skimming down Heartbreak Trail, toward Way-Off. Monarchs of mudflats, kings of milk—their infant, roustabout, mulish speech rebounds to lowland Indian mound

(breast-work of Pocahontas) half-buried now in shuttling river-clay. It is the almond Word a-lit—bedded in the wink of a pumpkin gourd whose tuneful memoir even a funeral scow

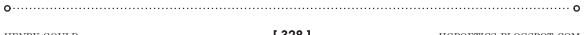
from Minneapolis whistles downstream (past Resurrection Cemetery, in the snow). At the end of the line. & now the prow of barge *Bee-of-Good-Cheer* slips (*I am*

Bumble Bee) unsounded into the flow—toward St. Louis rendezvous, implicate (with canoe-spiral) in compassionate spider-lotos frame. Alms-given, flower-

ribbed—speech folded into delicate ember-membrane (warm, centripetal) where it began. & *Pumpkin Man* (pray tell) is you Everyman? —so the Word was plotted

for blossoming—unspoke, unspeakable cascade of sweetness from the root of streams. Lie down, Hobo—heed the hoot of your dawn milk train again (unbreakable).

11.3.09



22

The purposes of Providence run along a straight iron rail through the center of the earth—aligned with the North Star floating motionless in night sky. Sun

& planet crossweave an aquamarine design through pregnant space; primordial rivers of bottomland clay are shaped & surge into dome-bubble salience. A wing-span

curve, an upturned keel—fleet smile in sunlit delta-mouth, harboring infantspeech (rush-woven basket-boat, light osier-womb) from blue-green heaven-Nile.

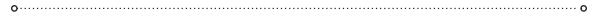
Out of such potter's clay came the gardener, cumulative, georgic, sedimentary, slow; rose Ancient of Days & his Maggie Lou, their rusty plowshare channeling that river

toward an early orchard. & their child inherits their earth, & the speech thereof; all the curious rivulets of dialect, survivalmannerism (borne into quaint parishes, wild

provinces); & when the walls come down & the shofar blows & the Union emerges like a bulbous crown on the rugged skin of rippling slopes a prime oneness at heart

out of every region & clime born of love & fire when the walls tumble down in the central welding of mortal good will & eternal seal (bright forge in dove-embrasure)

11.9.09



23

& out of the distant starlight-vortex comes triangulating wingspread-arch, emitting 3rds & octaves in a major see-saw singalong—descending & ascending train-hoots

& humming rails framing a honeycomb-braced biped dome, or home for seemingly-aimless monarch flights. & this embracing salience drips with sap from its own mellifluous

milky kingdom—golden-bright refiner's fire searing the lips; the awkward *raznochinets* stumbles across his own articulations—the burgeoning burble emerges, a spinnaker

carried off by the air (trailing the whole ship behind by the prow). & as hairshirt St. Louis (a royal Hen in his last chicken-coop) sighs *Jerusalem*, *Jerusalem*, so the heart skips,

leaps! from its biped grounding, to that hover-craft aloft beneath the starry arch—one parched honey-star, upon the breast—& perches there, burning—a goldfinch in its hermitage.

& so the whole moth-kingdom of creation grow a microcosmic, ultralight, black-&-yellow curtain—double-wingèd, double-knit fellowtraveler for Everyman (where tent was

rent). & whispers, into my kingdom of the woolly moth, come—into the cedar-forest of the butterflies—into the radius of my milk-train way (its horn, its trumpet-hum).

11.9.09



24

Indian summer. Passage to midwinter, secret (iron spring). Under a patchwork blanket of maple leaves, their petrified arc of windblown barcaroles. *O flimsy splinter*,

needling life's flighty, threadbare fabric! Seen in the distance, through your mobile veil—the labyrinthine line of some elliptical mandala. Through the vortex (imbricated)

of analogies, one petalled idler wheel one mote of water-spider yachts . . . one water-lily. Floats up from phosphor bone of an old man's memories . . . their buoyant

seal. Their gravity adrift, toward yon zero *Someone* (diamond-cleft, earth-turned, earth-toned agate—absolute birth-red Rahab-canal) whose well will

be done. & in a cluster of chrysanthemum & sea-roses, the old man in the canoe steps toward the precipice (Narragansett moonstone—*Cautantowwit*—above funerary wigwam)—

shoulders a catenary arc there (in the center of the earth). It is some Finnish sampan, or Sea Lord's junk—some Winnie's lurching seahorse (4 hands clock its perimeter);

with Indian Jade tree mast, & figurehead of red-fringed forest fiddlehead (or dark-eyed jay), the flagship *Toot-Monde* launches (pied palomino) forth—unknown, remembered . . .

with fractured idiom of cockney cry the infant Word reverts to its willowrimmed frame; from osier-bow, lips mime the monastery of a prairie sky.

11.9.09