



COLLECTED POEMS

2000 - 2018

RICHARD DENNER

KAPALA  PRESS

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Quotation from “The Boy” by Luis Garcia, Mister Menu, Kayak Press, Berkeley, 1968.

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*FOR GINA, THEO, AND LU
AND IN MEMORY OF KIRSTEN*

*Morning opens
like a fan;
pressure of sunlight,
intricate silences.*

—Luis Garcia

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This compilation covers nearly two decades of my poetic energy. In 1998, I moved from Pagosa Springs, Colorado, where I had been practicing Tibetan Buddhism and managing a dharma store, to live with my elderly parents in Santa Rosa, California. Settling in as a care giver, I bought my first computer and input all my writings from 1961 onward. I had time to work on my poetry between cooking meals, running errands, and maintaining the property, which consisted of a mid-century suburban ranch-style home and lawns covering a double lot near a golf course. Santa Rosa is in wine country and is an old bohemian stomping ground. I took a part-time job at Sprint Copy Shop, in Sebastopol, which gave me a base for running off my D Press chapbooks. I fit right in. It was a fruitful time—publishing chapbooks for myself and my friends, giving readings, practicing meditation—and between projects, I worked on editing the Comrades Press edition of my *Collected Poems:1961-2000*.

My parents died peacefully in their beds, my father, Samuel, in 1999, at the age of 98, and my mother, Helen, in 2007, also at the age of 98. In 2008, having sold their property, with its country club-like atmosphere, I returned to Colorado where, instead of a house on the edge of a golf course and the society of family and fellow poets, I entered a stringent, traditional three-year retreat under the guidance of Lama Tsultrim Allione and Tulku Sang-ngag Rinpoche. My dwelling was a small cabin without electricity or running water, called Luminous Peak, located at 8,000 feet in the San Juan Mountains. I limited my writing activity to a two-hour period each day, so as not to interfere with my formal meditation practices. I promised Vajrasattva, my tutelary deity, I would not waste precious time on every “inspiration” that arose but to hold off until that part of the day designated my “art session.” A page per day becomes many pages at the end of the year, times three. Again, it was a fruitful time.

My life experiences have been diverse; my influences have been many; and my poetry, reflecting this, is a mixed bag. This bag is the magic knapsack I carry on my journey, offering me a map, a mirror, a candle, a whip, whatever I need.

Thanks to Joseph Powell, Xavier Cavazos, Katharine Whitcomb, Larry Kerschner, and Gail Chiarello who gave my manuscript a good read and offered valuable feedback. Belle Randall went the extra mile to find kind and insightful words for her introduction. I am blessed by their considerations.

I have revised a few of the poems, cleared a little haze, but mainly they are as they arrived. Now, they are yours.

Ellensburg, 2018

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The poems from *A Book from Luminous Peak*, were originally written in calligraphy and illustrated with drawings and watercolors in the spirit William Blake, Philip Whalen, and the Tibetan song form called “dowa.” There are examples online at Big Bridge and at my Kapala Press website:

www.bigbridge.org/BB17/editorschoice/poetry/Richard_Denner.html
www.kapalapress.net/ See also: www.dpress.net

This volume collects the poems found in the following chapbooks by Richard Denner along with his aliases, Jampa Dorje and Bouvard Pécuchet:

Wavetwisters, D Press, Sebastopol, 2000
Drinking from the Cancer Cup, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002
The Call, D Press, Sebastopol, 2001
Bad Ballerina, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002
Bad Ballerina Dances Against Violence, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002
Images of Staff, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002
Wheel of Time Mantra Blade, D Press, Sebastopol, 2002
Worship Dog, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003
Road to War, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003
Songs of Jampa Dorje, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003
Without Goggles, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003
Denner & Co., D Press, Sebastopol, 2003
What Zen Wisdom, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003
Red Wheelbarrow, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003
Imperfect Understanding, D Press, Sebastopol, 2004
All in the Draw, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005
Bouvard Pécuchet's Twenty-two All-Time Favorites, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2005
The Prologues, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005
Pinwheels, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005
These Proud Lovers, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005
Special Relativity, D Press, Sebastopol, 2005
And a Grecian rug to lay before the fire, Pink Rabbit Press, Sebastopol, 2006
Sparks, D Press, Sebastopol, 2006
If It, D Press, Sebastopol, 2007
The Dot Book, D Press, Sebastopol, 2007
Wild Turkey Pecking, Jampa Dorje, D Press, Pagosa Springs, 2009
Pink Fox Goes All the Way, Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010
A Book from Luminous Peak, Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2013
Le Sang d'un Poète Redux, Bouvard Pécuchet, Pink Rabbit Press, Ellensburg, 2016

BELLE RANDALL

THE EVERYDAY POEMS OF RICHARD DENNER

Richard Denner and I belong to a small circle of San Francisco bay area poet friends who have often given readings together and appeared in print together in at least one anthology, *Berkeley Daze*, (thanks to Richard in his publishing mode), and who, because of this, have sometimes wondered what to call ourselves. The answer does not come easily, for, aside from being friends—if it is possible to put aside such a significant thing—our methods as poets are very different. Today, writing this introduction to Richard’s second chunky volume of collected poems, I am calling Richard an “every day” poet, and his poems “every day” poems. What do I mean by this? First—and most obviously—that, Richard—Buddhist monk and maker of beautiful books, part Berkeley poet and part Ellensburg cowboy, he expresses his love of ordinary things in ordinary language, filling his poems with reflections on every day experience, talking to the reader in a conversational, sometimes self-deprecating, voice that is more likely to undercut the speaker’s romantic impulse than to embellish it. A poem that begins “Worms will devour us,” continues:

Everyone is busy, busy
getting and spending,
while the worms get
the job done
 (“Love Song”)

Without resort to rhetorical effects, with nary a flourish, this poem ends in flat statement: “I drink from the cancer cup.”

This flatness is no accident. Richard deliberately eradicates—or attempts to eradicate—the lyricism we almost inevitably associate with poetry: “I tried to murder the rose creeping/into the tower, but it returned with a vengeance” he writes (“At the Edge of Beyond”).

As a Buddhist *Drupla* (a lama who accomplished the dharma in a mountain retreat)—a title he has earned over many years of formal study at Tara Mandala, a Buddhist retreat center near Pagosa Springs in Colorado, hours, days and years spent in solitude, meditation, service and retreat—and, long before that, as a shopkeeper, (for decades the owner of Ellensburg’s preeminent book store, *The Four Winds*), a planter of trees, a lover, a father and friend—it is not the romantic, but the ordinary, his poems treasure, finding it to be the site of illumination, as well as a source of perpetual play. Like a good stand-up comic, Richard finds inspiration in the jeers of his hecklers:

If it makes one sentient being happy
I’ll upgrade my tech for hardware that’ll play an MP3
although I hear Ryokan laughing from celestial heights.
 (“A Reply to Yeshe”)

A shoulder-shrug tone and a seeming lack of intensity are not usually complimentary traits of a poet, but that they are deliberate is explicitly stated in the poems: “I am not projecting persona or emotion” Richard says in a poem called “Self Portrait.” Yet poetry is often defined as “heightened

language.” Indeed, according to T.S. Eliot, poetry is language “charged with the utmost possible meaning.” How, then, can it be casual? We can see why a poet might want to rid his work of the artificiality of traditional devices and conventional forms, but how, without such artifice, is “every day language” to acquire the intensity of poetry? For Richard—as widely read an autodidact as any I know—the problem becomes philosophical.

Once, after attending a poetry reading, one of my students recalled that, when he was a child, his father used to read aloud to him, adding that he could always tell if his dad was reading poetry, even if he couldn’t see the page, because “all at once, his voice got phony”— (these were, I think, his exact words). This was met with a laughter of recognition from the other students. We all knew what he meant. Hadn’t we just been talking about the curious affectation that caused poets at public readings to lift their voices at the end of each line as if it were a question? That special breathlessness that announces the presence of ego in all its vulnerability? Isn’t this self-consciousness the very thing that made Marianne Moore say of poetry, “I too dislike it.” To see what Marianne Moore dislikes is to see a problem posed poetry. If the language is casual and conversational, how to charge it with meaning? If the language is “charged with meaning,” how to avoid pretension? Poetry, it seems, is always either too naked or not naked enough.

In meditating on this, we find that Richard’s twin quests are really one. He is both a lama and an artist (I use the word *artist* instead of poet, for it is as a graphic designer of books, as well as the poems that fill them, that Richard’s talent finds its most complete expression). The poet is *both* an American cowboy and a Tibetan Buddhist monk:

In the plaza of Upper Pagosa, there’s a bronze statue
Of a cowboy riding a bucking bronc that I pass, thinking
“This is cowboy country. Love it or leave it.”
Then I see it with fresh eyes—the Sambhogakaya Buckaroo
Riding the Stallion of Emptiness with the Saddle of Compassion
Using the Spurs of Bodhicitta and the Crop of Great Perfection.
(“Sambhogakaya Buckaroo”)

In a later poem, Richard finds an image for what is meant by ego death:

There’s a parcel of space
that was an “I”—
now there’s just the sky.
(“City Market Poems”)

In moments of enlightenment and poetic inspiration, the speaker simultaneously attains grace and two left feet:

Awakening—
“This is it!”
And I spill
my cup of tea.
(“City Market Poems”)

As I suggested at the start, Richard's poetry is “every day poetry” in another way too. *The Collected Poems of Richard Denner: 2000-2018* is approximately 400 pages long. Most of the pages contain a couple of poems, and Richard was writing new poems even as this volume was being produced. Any way you figure, that’s a whole lot of poems. Richard, it seems, is visited by inspiration often, even every day—an achievement undertaken not as an exercise, a “poem starter,” such as a creative writing teacher might assign to loosen up students who feel blocked, but as something earned simply by doing what comes naturally, a practice developed over the course of a lifetime.

I have long admired the prolific aspect of Richard’s work, so different from my own rather slavish and sometimes undeniably constipated devotion to revision (there’s a poem I’ve tinkered with, off and on, for over forty years). Richard, with his love of the ordinary, seems to live in a state of perpetual windfall. Imagine a crowd of us, standing in an orchard under the trees, holding out our aprons to receive the joyful bounty, this steady stream of poetry—a gift that comes to Richard, astonishingly, every day or so.

Seattle WA
June, 2018

POEMS 2000-2008

SANTA ROSA & SEBASTOPOL

DARK MUSIC

Everything is here forever.

Where the poem begins
the soul speaks.

Narcissus
 cissus
 cissus

leaves Echo's lips unkissed.

Wayward Orpheus, torn and tossed
enters the flame.

What truth now links
temple, tree, and dance?

LOVE POEM

Worms will devour us.
We are daily warned.

Duncan remarks,
"One can write
for or against
the sun."

Everyone is busy, busy
getting and spending,
while the worms get

The job done,
undisturbed
by shadows.

There is the cup,
and there is the bomb.

I drink from the cancer cup.

SELF-PORTRAIT

I address you.
What you see is what you get,
in this case, my features
reflected in a mirror or a cup,
my eyes looking back at you.

A mystery here?
I am not projecting
persona or emotion.
What I give you
is the strangeness of my face.

ENERGY FOLLOWS CONSCIOUSNESS

I set out to find God.
It's a world in which people meet
obstacles, but I'm not going
to let a bad tooth stop me.

I believe there's a secret
turning in us that makes
everything turn. I believe
in a politics of peace—

hope to find this peace.

TERROR WITHIN, TERROR WITHOUT

*Carefully now will there be a grail or a bomb
which tears the heart out of things?*

—Jack Spicer, BOOK OF MERLIN

I. From Infinite Justice to Enduring Freedom

Cave dwellers plummet beyond what security can cinch
turn sleepy innocence to rabid rancor

Images of violent thrust propel my grief past midnight
froth the tough hours into a flotsam of words

In the time it takes to drink a latté
a rank mist curls over the earth

And an epoch of enforced disillusionment begins
where invisible fingers control the air

II. The Litany Continues

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves
for Airforce Master Sergeant Evander Andrews

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves
for each Afghan killed in this campaign

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves
for each soul crushed in the World Trade Center

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves
for those dying from sanctions and bombs in Iraq

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves
for all the Israelis who have been blown to bits

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves
for each Palestinian shot in the streets

I burn my best incense and release 10,000 doves
for Tony Blair & George Bush & Osama bin Laden

III. Praise and Blame, Loss and Gain

To be peace—empty, clear, compassionate in this
mad mix of good and evil and not escape through sleep
through normalcy, through wrapping myself in the flag

We erect a prayer tree in our town square
praying for war to disappear in this warm breeze
the leaves are prayers blowing in the deadly winds

IV. Fame and Shame, Pleasure and Pain

Everyone I see holds onto their face
What is behind these masks? these headlines?
 America attacked
 A weekend without games
 US girds for war to “Rid world of evil”
 US expands detention powers
 Spirits soar as Giants return to Pac Bell Park
 ‘Time is running out’ for the Taliban
 71 Barry Bonds 72 Smashing!
 Uzbekistan opens bases for US troops
 US attacks Afghanistan

V. Cowboy Rhetoric

“Slowly but surely we’re smoking al-Qaida
out of their caves so we can bring them to justice,”
says the Commander-in-chief

Caves where Jalaluddin Rumi was born
Rumi, who proclaimed, “No boundaries, no flags!”
Caves where Vajrasattva transmitted Dzogchen

Afghanistan—not a place
but a space, a vacuum created by conflict

VI. A New Geography Lesson

An AK 47 by a bookcase in bin Laden’s study
What is right, what is wrong with this picture?

George Bush smirks at the camera during a briefing
What is right, what is wrong with this attitude?

John Ashcroft says he needs more sweeping powers
What is right, what is wrong with his claim?

An Afghan man holds up a fistful of prayer beads

What is right, what is wrong with his demand?

From Cyrus II to Genghis Khan to Tamerlane to
The New World Order, the Great Game continues

VII. Manic Heanism

This is a barbarous age
Mani is skinned alive

VIII. All the Universe Is Laughing at Us

Opposition evolves so life can exist, opposition desires union
Overheard, "They don't believe in God; they believe in Allah."
Maybe we can reassemble Jerusalem in the Nevada desert
Pray for Buddha to pop a cap up Mars' ass

SAM SORRY

I'm looking for an exit
from this buddhadrama

an exit out
of the head

an exit in
to the heart

grasshoppers jump for joy
when the grass is liberated

GET DOWN, RINPOCHE

Night is a time for song and dance.
Tonight, the Gochen Tulku feels expansive
and dances the Warrior Dance of King Gesar,

While Ani Tsering translates the tulku's poem—
Black bird, big bird,

Vulture eating dead people
in the charnel ground.

Then, we all sing Blackbird Singing.

IT'S DARK OUT THERE

Surrounded by fire
encircled by bears
metallic hell beings
screeching in my ears
I'm an old dog with long hair
in a pair of old shorts
taking a pee in a SoBe bottle

On the inside of the cap, it says
"Who's lizard are you?"
I'm waking up—
who's lizard, indeed!

It's dark out there—
patterns consume me, so
I rest my attention
on my breath

IN THE GOMPA

In the gompa with the circular altar
silence pervades
except for the creaking of supports
the cackling of candle wax
and the woman next to me
who's into heavy vajra breathing

As the singing bowl rings
I experience an expression
of emptiness bliss

I make the best of this situation

PORTRAITS

Images arise in my mindstream—
Paloma and I eat pancakes
in the Dove Café along 666
the Highway of the Beast

.

Claire weeps in the garden—
searches for the sacred feminine
Rolfing her fingers
into the soil of my shoulders

.

Brian performs a TV commercial
a senile farmer selling discounted qi—
“If I can do it, you can do it.”
qi is his cosmic buddy

.

Mitzi, a bit scitzi
after what she’s set in motion
goes askew— still
she serves with metta

.

Brett searches for form
in content, content in form—
a tarp is refuge from the rain
a yawp is refuge from the pain

.

Marta parades on the path
in her mantram pedal pushers—
an OM *swinging behind*
her swinging behind

•

Reuben, blond Adonis
grounded, I'm glad
we're all connected—
he breaks down my tent

•

Frances builds a batch
of brownies from the ground up—
chocolate oozing into candy
candy smoozing into kisses

•

Aja writes in my notebook
Loving you loving me
Loving Tara
Loving we

•

Tracie writes haiku
with the dementia of a drug fiend—
her shitmonk series, in the tradition
of Gary's bearshit on the trail poems

•

I pass the torch to Josh
who's already on the job—
loading rock into his pickup
he's Mila's nynkypoo

•

An image of Jack
on the porch of his yurt
blowing the morning conch
stark naked

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

So many decisions, so much chance for derision—
the deadly wind of praise and blame.

Birget's luscious Tara statue stands before the throne,
but Tulku Sang-ngag says he would prefer it on the altar
with the mandala offering placed in a lower position.

He doesn't mention which direction
the Tara statue should stand on the altar.
Should it face the lama when he's teaching
or should it face the entrance?

I opt for Tara facing the throne—wrong.
Rinpoche gives a lion's roar of laughter
finding he must prostrate to Tara's butt.

BIG MAP

summer signing off with a scorcher
kids hit the water with a vengeance

at the city pool, parking places full
cars soaking up the sunshine

I'm sitting here, feeling transparent
and not particularly one way or another

maybe it's all this talk of war
the West Nile virus in our blood stream

or the battle about who's
going to pick up the garbage

how can I understand
when everything's the world?

A SIGN

I'm walking up a trail, deep in conversation with Debbie.
We are talking about *tigles*, tiny rainbow spheres,
when I see a flash of light shooting down the trail,
and a young chipmunk runs under my boot.

With its spine crushed, blood running from its mouth,
writhing in the dust, I tell Debbie to walk ahead.
She'll not want to watch what I am going to do.
I've lived on farms.
It's reasonable to put down a suffering animal.

A blow to the head with a rock, and the creature is still.
I dig a small hole, put in a few leaves to make a cushion,
and lay the body of the chipmunk in its grave.
I say a mantra.
I cover it with earth and place a cobble on top.

During one Dharma talk, the subject of killing comes up,
the difference between accidental and intentional acts of killing,
& I tell about my choice, and Adzom says my first act was accidental
& didn't involve me in the chipmunk's karma in a negative way,
but that my intentional act of "putting it out of its misery"
was more serious in its repercussions, that I should have left it
to "burn out its karma" without interfering in the process.

Such is the difference between the East and the West.
My chances of being reincarnated as a chipmunk are very good.

PROTECTOR OF THE BENT

a heart vowed to eradicate hells
if I don't help who will?

warrior of the byways

plunging into black chaos

into the unknown
into the matrix of the world

I watch where I step—

if it's green with whiskers
it's probably a Leprechaun

if it's soft and steamy
it's probably a cow pie

1-800-BUDDHAS

you have reached the offices
of Guru, Dharma & Sangha
this is a recorded message
if you have a touch-tone phone
press the appropriate button

having pure intention
and you want to take refuge
press 1 for Hinayana
press 2 for Mahayana
press 3 for Mantrayana
press 4 for Dzogchen

if you miss part of the transmission
it will repeat itself upon completion
if you have any questions
press the # key, and a Bodhisattva
will come on the line to assist you

for those with desire-attachment
or guests of karmic payments
we suggest dialing our new number
1-900-Distract

press 1 for a crazy-wisdom bitch
press 2 for yidams in leather
press 3 for assorted hindrances
press 4 to be listened to attentively

TARA-PEACH TRANSMISSION

Adzom wants to learn how to can peaches.
Tsultrim is telling him how, step by step.
Erik translates. Adzom takes notes,
while giving Tsultrim a short version of the Tara practice,
which he wants included at the end of the main text.
I sit outside the tent, chuckling to myself,
waiting for the text to emerge,
so that I can run off another edition of the book.

Adzom is transmitting it word by word.
Tsultrim writes down each word in phonetic Tibetan,
and Erik translates this into English.
Then, another step in the process of canning peaches,
and Erik translates that into Tibetan,
and Adzom writes it down in his notebook.
Then, another line of the Tara practice,
and Tsultrim writes that down, and Erik translates.

OM CHAG TSAL JETSUN TARE
OM Homage to Jetsun TARE Goddess
Wash jars, rinse. Place jars in hot water.
TU TA RA E YI DUNG WA KUNCHOB
TU TA RA E Save from all suffering
Pack the sliced peaches into hot jars.
TUGJE TOGMED TURE PALMO
Unimpeded compassion TURE Glorious One
Leave one finger of space at top of jar.
DAK LA DRUPCHOK TSOL CHIK SWA HA

GOOD QUESTION

Adzom asks me if I have an answer to his last question.
I tell him I finally understand, and I give a new answer.
Then, he asks me, “Where is your mind?”
And I say, “I don’t know, in my shoe?”

Adzom picks his nose and looks at me, fixedly.
Then, he asks if he can beat me. “Why?” I ask.
“What am I to do when I am angry with you?”
He is leading me somewhere with simple questions,
and I give answers that I don’t mean to give.

I am walking towards the stupa, when it hits me.

that presence
that is all
that is

given each
breath

Tears shoot out of my eyes— I can help it—
I have such gratitude for this revelation.
I lean my head against the upper part of the stupa.

A dakini comes around from the other side and asks me
what is wrong, and I say, “I just feel incredibly blessed.”
“Yes,” she says, “the stupa is a powerful, living entity,
giving off its blessings—it’s a good place to cry.”

CARRYING MY BONES

I’m walking above the pavement
skimming the surface

responding to the simplicity of rainbow body
while I dissolve into a welcome mystery

ahead of me, temptations pile up

IF I WHISTLED, WOULD SHE STOP?

My pleasure is a product of me.
I am a product of my pleasure.

DEUS LOCUS

all
over
all
over
all

•

here
there
where

on
at
in

•

Place is
a word for
God

IF I AM, I AM

if I am, I am
an armchair foot-soldier
looking out the window
with an old, farting dog at my feet

the curtain, the yellow curtain
is swaying in the breeze
coming from the open window
the branches, the leaves
are swaying in the same breeze

I command a partial view of the street
a section of asphalt
people walk along the sidewalk
truncated bodies among the trunks

not thinking
just looking

HARMONY

our meeting in the doctor's reception room
 seated on burgundy cushions
 Venetian blinds
creating horizontal bars on our laps

outside, drooping lines on a telegraph pole
 gray plane
 must be roof of a building
architecture of string music

in the background
 a speaker located behind a sculpture
 I can tell you are fun
you are a mystery

not enough time
 to hook up
 only a quick smile—&
you smile back

 leaving the room
charged

PICNIC NEXT TO THE PIER

lunch on a grassy green lake knoll
mustard on roast beef

a metal sign informs us

that the cutting down of trees
is good for the trees
Belle corrects the grammar
the other trees

the old, the young, babies, cripples
walk, hobble, run, are pushed along the path

there is a plastic bag by the lakeside
can't make out what's in it
probably contains someone's severed head

I don't want to know

AUTO BIOGRAPHY

A note on my windshield—
“Your right rear tire is flat.”

VIEW

I stand at the Golden Gate and meditate.
The water is anything but pacific, and the Wild
West is east of me.

HOMAGE TO No. 45 RUE BLOMET

Despair is great, and only humour noir helps to overcome it.
—André Breton

I. Give & Take of Beauty: I'm Given the Words

I am drinking from the cancer cup with my lips

and the lips of those who have suffered before me
all of us drinking from the BIG cancer cup
a larger suffering, these older voices, these other souls
speaking through my heart, speaking directly to yours
of energies that turn us again to earth and fertility
There's deeper tissue here than I've yet laid bare
I would feel a sharp object in my abdomen
cutting gently and with an aim at laying open
not reasoning out the unreasonable reality of death
Enter my cells through the immense, gaping door
of my perspective, welcome to the innards of my sex
Here is a doorknob, here is a broom
Take the broom and sweep aside the artifices
Come inward, a geography trip
to my heart, my dick and balls
and my prostate

II. Vanity of the Prostate

I am Prostate
I am like a cat presenting you with a gift
a mouse or a fluttering baby magpie
I'm a gland, a secretor of fluid
the size of a walnut, just below the bladder
I propel the semen through the urethra
a lubricator of soul, I'm the oil pump of the sex act
I am the second major cause of death in men
I am, when I metastasize
I enter your seminal vesicles, your bladder, your sphincter
your lymph nodes, your spinal column, your bones
cells run amuck

III. Wishing It Were Different

Allopathic treatments are radical prostatectomy
& brachytherapy, tiny radioactive seeds implanted

Possible side effects are urethral stricture, bleeding,
pulmonary embolism, incontinence, erectile dysfunction

a side effect of prostate surgery & brachytherapy
but, then, it's hard to get a hard-on when you're dead

IV. Emptiness Beyond Within

hit below the belt, a gut reaction
do this, do that, do nothing

implant me with seeds
I'll radiate—dangerous to set a baby near me

piss through a screen, collect my isotopic seeds
return them to the manufacturer

six months of radiation, radiating out, radiating in
radiating in ten directions

breathe in the bad, breathe out the good
breathing still

HANDOFF IN A MINDFIELD

<http://www.whitech/lowtech.net>
this url cannot be opened

a 1909 A.B. Dick Edison Mimeo #76
rests on a high shelf

a CANON 6050
spits out copy

a cloud stands on my roof
a shotgun blast in the face

I move inward
to shadow

darker than any hollow
connecting the dots

ONE WAY

I might
say

there is not
a war

tied
to human
nature

I might
yell

“zoo you bugaloo”
in the face
of every
stupid white man
I meet

I might
reveal the secret
of Keats

beauty & truth
or Blake’s

*When Gold and Gems adorn the plow
To peaceful Arts shall Envy bow*

or

A dog starved at his Master’s Gate

Predicts the ruin of the State

Michael Moore emails
Police Raid Shut Down My Booksigning in San Diego

it's a yellow
terror code
today

don't drink
don't drive
don't

SEXY LOVERS

kissed carefully by a thousand mirrors
my DNA on your lips

so close
to nonsense
we are very human

“The Atom Bomb is created and exploded in 1945
as a means of annihilating human lives on a mass scale.”

Lady, come and look out
the window at the wind we're
blowing

they will have to pry our lips apart

A WELCOME AWAITS HIM IN PARADISE

There—at the corner of the poem
is the world—the place
we live in, cordoned off by our words, by
what divides you from me, by what
also unites us

since what I say does not entail what I do

“don’t cry for me, but bury me with my brothers, the martyrs,
and visit my grave if you have time” sd Yusef

since what I do cannot explain what I mean
“pay the corner grocer the 25¢ I owe him”

since what I mean is not what I think
“I want my grave to be like the grave of Muhammad,
only not so big”

since the world is me, and I am the world
“I must, more than ever, try to uninvent myself”

since what is outside crushes me, and I can remember
the color of your eyes smiling at me

since

A SHIFT OCCURS

the spark
the suffering

“Love is the beginning of Time”

loose ingredients

running about
sending up smoke signals
telling the world of
your golden warmth and the magic of

sunlight
on your skin
nothing
as bright
as you

I won’t talk
to anyone
today, my last
words

were to you

I will say nothing

your beauty is dangerous
 god damn devastating,
but—I'm alive
to your trembling,
alight on bright wings

am I dead yet?

WITHOUT GOGGLES

seeing beauty, seeing
the grotesque—

the light on a leaf
insects eating the same leaf

a smartly-dressed woman
parading her charms

there are creases in her skirt
plaque on her teeth

she touches her mane
with a manicured hand

there's excrement
on the hair in her crack

all the same, a lingering smile
raises my heartbeat

and the tumor

FACELESS PRESENT

unborn
unbidden

the sunlight
fills the unlit

street, and
I suddenly

turn and smile
leaving the night wind

full of whispers

FALLING

off a horse
off a roof

out of a tree
out of a car

preparing to fall
removing my shoes

listening to your voice
knowing the pain

knowing what I owe
what I will do

left to right
left to write

my grief

FREEDOM AHEAD

I pray to the imps at the crossroads
where I clean a window to a broken promise
and my dusty feet are washed in the sea of beginning

the imps are writing dirges
on the bone bag we call spring
I keep speaking, and they keep writing

above me a plum tree rattles its branches—
staccato beats against this empty cage

the imps demand I give them a line of credit
I give them marks on a drum and a flag
but such answers never satisfy

the trick is to proceed without certainty

FOR EVERYONE

no floor
no walls
no ceiling

what did you expect?

a wanting heart
a burning mouth
tangled nerves?

there is a bell
and a mirror
and a lamp

as the bell rings
it cracks
the mirror reflects
a shadow
the lamp reveals
everyone has gone back

PROMETHEUS SINGS

uncertain
chained, yet

rocked
laughing in the rafters

starburst in his prime
splendid

rage mixed with joy
unsubdued

singing to be free
of his secrets

ALREADY EXTINCT

whatever
WHATever

CIRCLE

my memory of us in a lotus—
peacock feathers thick with poison
our lives jumbled together

you drop your fork and say it's time to go
then remember the show's not over
until the lama dances

CRETAN LYRE

addleheaded in Safeway
a tropical shower in the vegetables
transmits light to my inner idiot

coming before coming before
coming way before coming

beyond joy and woe
where I can do what I do
without having to lie

HARD

but I want to understand why
be mindful on this planet?

in this body
mind embodied

I feel like an atom
thinking of the Universe

the seven sisters doing a veil dance
near the moon, and

the little stars, big
so far away

SKIMMING

Deport, unfinished

Don't know who the president is
and don't give a damn

Just want to get laid

Raw, ridiculous

Jumping up
and leaping sideways

I cross my fingers

IN

a forest—an old
cannon in a tree
that could fall if
there was a breeze

later

a boy kisses a girl
and the cannon falls
or not, if no one's there

later

abnormal that
there is a forest at all
after those kisses

later

a sequence
of abstract pictures

placed
between
interruptions

CONTACT

a jumble makes a coherent whole
a confusion clears into order—
I follow a trail along a fence line

picking up discarded pizza boxes
stashing them near the base of a post
covering them with a tarp

someone I can't see is with me, has
gone ahead into a field, we are talking about litter
and I think of pigs—

I remember killing the runts in a pen
on a farm in Iowa when I was a boy
crushing their skulls with a hammer and
then standing in my bloody overalls
and asking forgiveness of the Universe

MIMIC IN THE MIST

when a mimic in white face and tattered tux
brushes by
I turn, he turns, my turn, our turn
doubles hide in every word

I walk on fallen leaves—

gravity's delight!

truth follows beauty around the lake

I WAIT

in this room of words
each moment advancing in the eternal

jumping up, leaping sideways
each foot ahead

putting each foot
up

each step a prayer
and the shadows letting themselves down

motionless, beyond doubt
seeing the shadows grow fainter

finding I am staring inward
and the night is there

and I ask, "Am I awake?"

and the darkness shakes
and leaves

MY WORDS

one at a time
each has gone
across

gone
in silence

without memory

with closed eyes
and little hope

trying to avoid
the mistakes
of their ancestors

already they are extinct

FOR PALOMA

C'est non poeme.

THEY'VE GOT ME ON GUILT INJECTIONS

it's spring in the meadow of noon
the rain is dropping negative Orgone energy
we're nestled in a rose, whispering

ciao, baby
ciao, flower, ah, creamy
ciao flower, silky ciao flower

I've become sentimental about every kiss

AFTER THE INVISIBLE

flipped over, turned around
winter sprawls in space
at everyone

flipped over, turned around
winter sprawls in space

at everyone

voice repeats
because ear retreats

flipped over, turned around
spring twinkling in the antipodes
does not care to speculate

flipped over, turned around
spring twinkling in the antipodes
does not care to speculate

voice repeats
because ear retreats

flipped over, turned around
blissful in uneasiness
hard to tell desire from distress

A CHICKEN LEG IS A RARE MEAL

Can you taste it now?
Good

Can you taste it now?

NEXUS OF ENTITIES

for Darrell Gray

Arrested by material reality
thrown forward into fantasy
knowing “I” is the subject
and “am” is the verb and

having no further to go

Let me relax and the occasion
take the wind out of suffering

AND HERE I AM

mistakes in my mind
but light in my heart

Ol’ Dog
dancing to a drum
with feathers on

“Look!”

I’m growing wings
I’m

falling in love

THE CALL

some
lead

and some
follow

or stand back
or hide

there are those that stay in bed
and those that run away

eyes that stare forward
and eyes that stare back

eyes that shift
eyes that are blind

to the light
we spin

LE PETIT SOLDIER DU JEAN LUC GODDARD

I have nothing
aside from the shape of my face
and the sound of my voice

you will never know what I am thinking
or where my voice comes from

already all is silence

RED HEARTS, WHITE ROCK

for Kimberly

You believe it all.
I believe none of it.
We hear thunder in The Bohemian Grove.
They're making war, you say.

You believe it all.
I believe none of it.

The reason you are here
is to help us in the flesh with the flesh.

I watch you dance a dance as old as space
while the world goes to the fat cats.
You believe it all.
I believe none of it.

AT CLUB FAB

An auditorium without an audience. Two women dancing. One dances in a white gown, and she moves with confident abandon—a performance addressed to emptiness. The other woman is on a swing, center stage. She wears black frilly briefs and a transparent tunic over a beige undershirt. Her black hip boots have spike heels. She fuses the cancan dancer to the gogo girl. The woman in white is Death. She is a piece of wedding cake with vanilla frosting being eaten by a man with dirty fingers. She has lost her shoes, and she looks for them, high and low. The cancan dancer fused to the gogo girl twists the ropes of her swing, winding and unwinding her body in languid arcs. She is Sleep, and she lies in the sand of dreams and feels the warm sun and the cool sea breeze. Both women have a secret. In these two secrets are all the other secrets.

ON STAGE

faces superimposed over a man running
the man running over rubble on the screen
ground zero, ground the square root of minus one
and a dancer in an Aztec headdress crooning to a clown
ckkkkkkkckkkkkkkcccccccc
a boy picks at his food
morose over a molecule of mayonnaise on his hotdog
ckkkCcccccccc ccccc
another man in a black suit
wearing a gas mask with a catcher's mitt for a hat
flaps his arms and asks,
"Us is America?"
"Iq is Iraq?"
ckkkkkkkkaa;ckkkkkkkkk

YOU, ME & A SOUND TECH

You dance, and I sing
to an empty auditorium
against an impenetrable
wall of sound

I have the book open
mouth the words
stand solidly on stage
and anchor silence

TOWARDS THE LIGHT

To make sense of the chaotic flux
the consuming patterns, and the puzzling utterances
I love

TEST

Test
test
test

One
two
three

This is
a test

Test
test
test

Dark clouds on the horizon
a burning beach

totter and howl
the party's not over
the mystery's only begun

SURFACES

Night comes, and moving
into the somnolent darkness I engage
in the slow seduction of a woman
who looks like Louise Brooks in *Pandora's Box*.

We are digging graves in the center of a road running
through the high, open fields on Umptanum Ridge,
going slow, a problem with rain and our will to dig.

Standing in a shed, looking through the drizzle,
telling her she can do it, not to leave, I look at figures dancing
inside a transparent moon.

She puts my hand under her shirt
and lets me kiss her.
I realize we are in a showcase window
and awake.

MADE OF CLAY

We are bones and sinew,
and it's bliss to join lips
and entwine limbs in abandon.

We are rampages of feeling,
heaps of hopes and fears,
tangled in thought webs.

What fun to challenge the gods
in the other worlds.

LOST LENORE

A girl in a car
with a container of coffee in her lap
whispers she knows where Lenore is

She asked around
questions direct and indirect
wondering if Hwy 10 goes to Alabama
no, she didn't want to go to New Orleans
and she was told Lenore was in Baltimore

Currently it's 93° there
humidity 33%
wind from the northwest at 10mph
visibility unlimited

I remember her wearing velvet pants—
respice and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore

THINKING WITH FEELINGS

Thinking with feelings
my voice comes from far away
from within a mirror
where phantoms whir

Friend, I see you
something in me
I fear

A power in us
the cruelty to kill

I have walked through hell
and eaten my bread
soaked in tears

I am numb

having seen the beautiful
faces of the dead

ONE SPIRIT, MANY FAITHS

acts of senseless terror
 intention directed against Satan
 years of domination, manipulation, shame
viciousness of attacks
 the weak versus the strong
 hitting symbolic targets, money and might
humanitarianism
 we ease our conscience
 while veiling our political motive
foreign policy
 can't leave the Gulf and live without oil
 or leave the Holy Land and lose control
freedom rings
 altruism tainted with self-interest
 hard not to have self-interest in survival
 self and enlightened self

THIS MORNING

I sat on a city bench
watching people pass

This world trembles and flows
grows younger by the second
as it dies and vanishes

“WE’LL ALWAYS HAVE PARIS”

At Le Belle Aurore
It's still the same old thing
as time goes by

WHEEL OF TIME MANTRA BLADE

for Joe

skull bowl memorial
in the charnel grounds
 life against death—
a dreadful dream

Tashi prays over your ashes, naked
 on her moon time
menstrual minstrel mistress
her pussy
 which you so loved—
speaking to your mind stream

you dead, gone to Bardo
busted in your beard
o, horror

.

is issuing from the brain
shinning upon us
to block our knock off
a pearl in wine
the web of life, and a worm
weaving deep in the earth
a wooden bowl
is being filled with blood
to make bread
as the cauldron boils
more gold and more gold
is issuing from the brain
white is holding a corpse
in the east of the brain
red is holding a banner
in the west of the brain
yellow is holding an arrow
in the south of the brain
black is holding a bowl

in the north of the brain
as the worm weaves

.

Tashi phoned me and asked if I would drive with her to Montrose, Colorado, and pick up Joe's truck and horse trailer, inventory things in his storage locker, then drive to Joe's ranch in Telluride to see if the house could be put on the market as a completed shell, check with the contractor, check with the lawyer, check with the realtor, stay in Montrose with Jack, at his brother's, deal with the mortician, where Joe's brother, Pierre, had left the truck and trailer after freaking out about hearing Joe willing everything to Tashi, had loaded the truck with stuff and left it with this dude who'd cremated Joe, who might be difficult to deal with, him being a debarred lawyer and used car salesman as well as a mortician, who might be holding the truck ransom for storage fees, hmmm, obstacles, Joe had been having problems with the crew working on the house, trouble getting his construction loan, all kinds of pressure, Tashi said she was afraid to live in a tent near a gang of ex-cons with Joe driving them hard to get the work done, and she'd gone back to Point Reyes Station, then, Joe flew to Venezuela to a Norbu retreat, and he had begun to drink, fallen off the wagon and got crushed under the wheels, and would I drive with her in a rented car and sort out this stuff
"Sure, why not?"

.

Tashi and I take the lonely highway
which is a lot of desert to cross

heading for a 40 acre spread
near Telluride, land between
the ranch of a movie star and that
of a retired four-star general

there's property, and then
there's land

Joe left

left this world
left a home half-built
a four-wheel drive truck
a four-horse horse trailer
three horses

and debts
spread to the ten directions

left half-finished yet, somehow

left

right

on time

.

Pony Espresso Deli
on the old Pony Express Trail

espresso coffee
in every small town in America, now

driving a diesel and a horse trailer
hehaw

the open sky— a part of me
turning

never returning, always rising
a thousand roses

practicing
Xitro, Chöd, Simhamukha on the way

rock 'n' roll
we're in the mandala

we are the mandala

.

Jack thought of him while he was circumambulating the Karmapa's stupa in Crestone and had driven to Telluride to see him, arriving on the day Joe died, found him laid out in his tent, surrounded by knives, knives stuck in the tent posts, in the ground, knives everywhere— Joe stabbing demons with his *purbas*, the autopsy said advanced stages of cirrhosis, liver failure aggravated by alcohol, no knowing

.

And could it be suicide?
a reckless act, a hopeless soul
headed to ultimate torment

Ooops

But what do we know?

A few pieces of the puzzle
fragments—mostly nothing

ignorant of your hopes and fears
your wishes

your epiphanies

•

we're on a longitude
on our way to a latitude
on our way to a kill box
flying around with hot ammo
intending to kill everything
or

we're rowing across a lake
getting nowhere fast
talking
about the causes of happiness

this is where
my mind stalls—there's a gulf
a war in all of us

•

on a mission for the khenpo—
a stupa mission

an energy generator
must draw negative energy
and transform it

needing to prime the pump
we searched for
a skull for the negativity chamber
blood from an accident
earth from a fresh grave
some weapons—
a gun from a gang killing
a switchblade
a rusty pistol from the Spanish American War
a hunting bow and arrows
a sword

“Maybe, we should listen to the police band
for an auto accident.”

“Just hang on, I’ll probably cut myself shaving.”

put the earth in a plastic bag and drove back
and at the turn by the red barn, a road kill
a porcupine—sans head

no head
still pondering that

.

in the ticking present—nothing
of consequence

don’t get attached, Joe
seeing us going through your stuff

no putting the petals
back on the stem
now the flower
is torn

.

your photo album—
a photo of Hem on a fishing boat
a photo of Coop in hunting gear
photos of The Stones stoned
you in bell bottoms
ice skating with Sun Valley snow bunnies

you laughing
your gentle, giving, forgiving laugh
your impish irreverence
your healing side, then
your quirky switch to macho
your 30.06 in the gun rack
your knives
and bear skins and drums

your skull bowl
your saber tooth tiger tooth
hint at who you were

.

I mourn the loss of my friend

the years taken
the stories untold
the

I mourn the loss of my friend

I bless him
I pray for his quick return
I

I mourn the loss of my friend
his spirit among the shades

.

God is crazy
God is a castrate
God is a blind eye

God wrecks havoc
on beauty

Violence, violate, vile

My friend is dead, ded
daid, died, done
gone BEYOND

both virtues and faults

.

I'm not sure
this is what you want
to be remembered for—

walking down Fall Street
you pick up a piece of dog poop and say
“Look what I almost stepped in!”

.

your shrink didn't know
your family and friends didn't know

and even if we did
what could we do about it

you kept drinking
and drinking and drinking

and now we say prayers
by the oven where you are cremated

and we did a puja in the gompa on a full moon night
Tashi heard your voice, it was raining through sunlight

two rainbows appeared, so she put flowers on the shrine
and Jack got a message, "What's up with the dead flowers?"

.

I tried to kill the rose
creeping into the tower
but it came back
with a vengeance

from your heart to
my heart

of you, part
to part, of me
now, healing

we are rampages of feeling
heaps of hopes and fears
tangled in thought webs

top, bottom
and at the edge
of beyond

suns
burn in you

clear light

GLITTER

s,e,q,u,e,n,t,i,a,l,e,v,e,n,t,s

MY DENTIST'S NIGHTMARE

Cover the bottom of an angel-food cake pan
with gumdrops.
Melt butter & marshmallows.
Mix this into popcorn and pour on the gumdrops.
Let sit until firm enough to eat.
Popcorn cake.

AT THE EDGE OF BEYOND

Visited the Big Island
got homesick and phoned you
no answer

A gecko jumped out of the coin return
I can still feel the adrenaline rush

DR. JENKEL & MR. BROWN

*Lately, I've become accustomed to the way
The ground opens up and envelopes me
Each time I go out to walk the dog.*

—Amiri Baraka

One man saw another man whisper into the ear
of the president as he was leaving his hotel
on his way to Air Force One.
Later, another man asked the president
if he knew what was going on in New York City,
and he replied, “Yes, I plan to do something about it.”

From these reports, another man assumed
the president knew something
about the events of 9/11
before the attack occurred, believes now that the attacks were
organized crimes underwritten by *Enron* and Mayor Willie Brown,
and that every official from *Enron* president Ken Lay
down to San Francisco’s dog catcher
has been covering up the trail.

I slept while this man cringed in the clutter of his mind.
I looked the other way
when the investigators came to ask for an explanation.
I showed them my identification,
but the cards were blank.

I wrapped myself in the flag
while angels had electrodes attached to their wings,
were disemboweled,
had their throats cut.

No wonder no one sings any more.

AS THOUGH I WAS A DOG

asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog
asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog
asthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadogasthoughIwereadog
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WORSHIP DOG

some serious fucking parts of my brain, missing
spastic

*streams of world sleepy mowing in harvest-time, sowing and reaping
for growing field green watch the dreams of dreams in doubtful riot
waves spent and wind dead— seems trouble where here quiet is the world*

worship Dog

I think I know what I'll do
I think I will decide
to be happy

sitting in my porcelain garden
hollyhocks sculpting my sight
while I try to poeticize reality
and win this war waged in my brain
to stop the war waged in my name

I'm a speck on the earth
the earth
 in turn, a speck in space—
objects in my hundred-mile gaze
pulling away from what I designate
a gazebo, where two teenage girls
 eat sandwiches on the steps

a pleasing visage of afternoon calm
also, a slap in the face

war begins with a slap in the face
a slap that has the precision of a jet plane
that can fire missiles into my front room
without disturbing the curtains

the slap begins with a broken promise
followed by harsh words, then a curse, then a blow
breaking my nose, blackening an eye
burning the car

as though I was a car

a car which would follow you anywhere
taking I 280 to 92 East
getting off on 1st
going down a long hill
past the high school
I hear

“Republicans are good—
for nothing.”

two men debate in anger
the new candidates
frustrating business, smells
of winter, sound of cars
a muffler blown, laughter of three girls

as though I was a girl

talking with two other girls
about taking a picture of themselves
pink, baby blue, white tank tops
heads together, deciding to go
for ice cream

a boy, fashion conscious
pants halfway down his ass
keeps tugging them up— ass and midriff adrift

splayed on the side of a passing truck
Cookies, Brownies, Coffee

followed by a CFL tanker and a USF Bestway
freight express

as though I was a train

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Cotton Belt

Cushion Ride

For Fragile Freight

Great Northern

Great Northern

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Cotton Belt

Auto Pak

Cotton Belt

Auto Pak

Cotton Belt

Auto Pak

Cotton Belt

Auto Pak

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

Milwaukee

more cars, more pedestrians
a dog chasing a ball— “Odie,
bring the ball! No, that’s
not right. Get the ball!”

as though I was a dog

contour of wind making earth designs
at my feet, this activity in clear sky
haze around Mt. Saint Helens
visible between the trees over the stop sign
by the police station, lawn mowing going on
a convict in orange shirt, Odie still not
getting the ball, the hollyhocks
in the face of what I see

as though I was a Stalinist

as though I was a Stalinist
now, there's a jump

but not really—
we're all Stalinists
when it comes to what we want

dictating our desires
as though I was true to form

it is this that
one means

it is this
that one
 does
it is
this nose, dazzling in profile
that one
 knows

Muriel Short was not short.
She was not tall, and she was not short.
She was about average height. A bit
overweight, but not overweight
in an unattractive way.
She was a mistress of Zeus.
Hera sent a demented plastic surgeon
to mess with her looks.
Homer called her swine-snouted.
A moon goddess, she wore
the three sacred colors, white, red, and black
symbolic of virgin, mother, and crone.

so, cremate me and spread my ashes—
by the JFK rose in the Berkeley Rose Garden
under a cedar tree at Deep Bay
at Luminous Peak at Tara Mandala
in the Yakima River, near Peoples' Pond
or not

if I'm drug off by a mountain lion
while I'm in retreat, leave me out there, if
my bones are found, use my thigh bones for trumpets
and my skull for a cup, tell them I was drugged off

a poetry junky
who likes Billy Collins, his sad humor
and his seriousness, his wish to instill
appreciation of this art

poetry goes right to the point, he says to
read a poem each day in school
read it aloud without any obligation
to study it, just listen to it and wonder

“All it takes is one poem to get you hooked.”

*I see the best minds of my generation
destroyed by madness, starving hysterical
naked, looking for an angry fix*

old, beggared poets reading poems in bathrooms
Anslinger’s prophesy come true
poets selling their nickel poems on street corners

///THIS IS A POEM FREE ZONE///

junk, that poem is junk

“Mommy, I read a poem today.
Do you think I’m hooked?”

The Salvation Army condemns the vice of poetry
Poetry Anonymous meetings in church basements

My name is...
I’m a poet

I have always wanted to write the perfect poem
Today I will write it

Beginning with the sun rising, the morning
Light creating the world

The morning light that I create
By raising the sun with my perfect poem
As though I was a god

WAVETWISTERS Y2K

just go to DevilDoc's chatroom
I can laugh
I can cry
I can swear
I can lie

—July

Please wait...connecting to server

Connected to server

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The chat topic is: share your poem. Artaud is host.

Welcome—poems first, chat second.

worm

mexlady

magdalena

“Jo Violent”

glitter

rads

fairygirl

sicseed

unknown

jabborwocky

missing

Dreamy

AFROdite

zin

jvisionaire

darkpoet

beatnikig, that's beatnik in disguise

FallenAngel

nannycate

rooster

pokadottie

Sculpture

we project a space with no floor, no walls

we exist but cannot rest

are watchful but have no shadows

Artaud: hello room

Magichex_g leads Art to the couch

Artaud: Thank you Magic

Magichex_g puts a laprobe over Art's knees

Artaud: all I need is my pipe

Magichex_g brings a pipe

Themis: a/s/l

Artaud: you won't turn me into a frog will you?

Magichex_g sits down next to Artaud

Artaud: middleaged male in a state of anxiety

Themis: lol

siouxsgirl: read us a poem, Artaud

Artaud: HEAR THEM BUZZZ

Artaud: With the gums gone the

Artaud: words within words, no kidding

Artaud: the birds chatting with other birds

Artaud: are barely heard.

Artaud: .

Artaud: And though the nose is

Artaud: green and blue,

Artaud: it's much too hot to twitch.

Artaud: Nothing

Artaud: .

Artaud: Stirs except a blue-bottle fly.

Artaud: The eye IN my head

Artaud: sees me coming toward the river,

Artaud: and a sound says,

Artaud: .

Artaud: "I will die outside your window."

Artaud ends

Dreamy: I like it, but I don't understand

the last line

Themis: That's beautiful!

siouxsgirl: my pants are wet

Magichex_g: mine are burning

siouxsgirl: i knew i was going to be enlightened

Riskybusiness: i know all that Bauhaus shit i

saw that movie with the razor slashing an eye

go ahead give me some lines from le chein andelou

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .

Artaud: .
Artaud: .
Riskybusiness: that doesn't look like something Artaud would say
Artaud: it's a silent movie
Riskybusiness: lol
devildoc: fuck, that's retarded
dengalis: be more repectful!!!
devildoc: i can say what i want
dengalis: you can at least haave some manners
devildoc: get screwed
Host Neon-Ratio kicks devildoc out of the chat room!
devildoc leaves the conversation
devildoc returns to the conversation
devildoc: whydya kick me out?
Neon-Ratio: rudeness
devildoc: i'll be good, i was just trying to stir things up
devildoc quivers in the corner
dengalis: where do you get off talking like that ?
Artaud: is this your first time here?
dengalis: yes
Artaud: go easy, dengalis, just poets at play here
Russianbeauties enters the conversation
Russianbeauties: hello Americans
Russianbeauties leaves the conversation
Artaud: someone go
sunshine: ok
sunshine: senseless banter, wicked words
sunshine: tear apart all esteem...
sunshine: from the outside looking in
sunshine: is it as real as it seems?

POET 2 POET

you know the drill
wings (host)
Artaud
page
tyme
WierdoWill

WierdoWill: i've got a poem, can i go
wings: sure, go ahead
WierdoWill: arguing into the early hours
WierdoWill: about the global economy
WierdoWill: and the greenhouse effect
WierdoWill: we solve the world's problems
WierdoWill: for another night

WierdoWill: while the stars shine down
WierdoWill: through the colander in the sky
WierdoWill: after you leave I continue to drink
WierdoWill: til I'm topped off and tipping over
WierdoWill: miserable fuck that I am
WierdoWill: I crawl across a gravel pit
WierdoWill: and down a culvert
WierdoWill: where I find a pinhole of firelight
WierdoWill: and I laugh and laugh and laugh
WierdoWill: happy to find light
WierdoWill: in the middle of the tunnel
WierdoWill: (end)

WierdoWill: well, what do you think, is this
a good poem? I think it sucks myself
wings: i thought it was very good
WierdoWill: i think it is one of my worst
Artaud: yes, if you cant tell your tent from a drainage ditch you are pretty messed up
and it shows you are an drooling alcoholic
with a gas mask fetish
tyme: ?
Artaud: if i wrote a poem like that i would go out and hang myself from the nearest tree
WierdoWill: i want to know what the rest of you think, not Art
tyme: I'm just a wallflower here
WierdoWill: page,tell me honestly
page: gosh i thought it was nice, but i did't unerstand the colander thing
WierdoWill: hmm, not sure I do either
Artaud: just a dumb reference to a medieval astrological concept
WierdoWill: shut up, Art, i want to know what people with real understanding think

WierdoWill: well, if no one is going to make
a comment, I guess I am going, thanks all, have fun Art!
WierdoWill leaves the conversation
wings: what was that all about?
Artaud: just devildoc messing with my head by reading memy own poem a poem that i posted at
poetrytonight.com
Artaud: he's just pissed i'm over here with you guys, i'm embarassed and flattered at the same
time
wings: you have poems published?
Artaud: a few but let's not go there ok here we're peers

DEVILDOC'S ROOM

the chat topic is: you know the deal
bring your poetry.....leave the rest

Jill-in-the-Box enters

TchKung enters
greyling enters
ds33 has entered
signa has entered
wings: fire in the lake
 darting over
 starting
 uber und deeiber
 de ober kats
signa has left

Disconnected from server. Please wait connecting to server...

chain..g: this be the flame in the cellar
 naked and wageless
 screaming in our cages
 whose got the power
 the mass or the few
 in this torn nation
 never give up
 just live up
 wd be spittn up
 rippin it up
 o my brother
 burning barefeet
 over blacktop
 fast as in fashion
 snapbacknecks
 (ends)

Artaud: once upon a time, old Ez sd we needed
alabaster for this accelerated age, not marble
—waferboard is what we're using now
and a chain saw

CREATE A CHAT

Join a Chat
Change Nickname
Help

D Press live
Code of Conduct

Artaud: a chain poem is created above and below the body
gypsy: in a pillar of soot
wings: and scrapings

sinkfoil: and it shivers

Artaud: Artaud: a chain poem is created above and below the body

gypsy: in a pillar of soot

wings: and scrapings

sinkfoil: and it shivers

gypsy: this is wild, artuad

glitterclot: i don't get it

Artaud: I am rejecting the notion that the subject matter is in the depth of the poem, here the main thing is the immediate situation, the energy, the accident of our situation in the room, the surface of the screen and the poem arising

glitterclot: it's wierd

Artaud: it's like a "candid camera" or a diary of our memories, our chats, our poems, our moofs

wings: go on with it, Art

Artaud: wings: the souls of anti-poets

sinkfoil: spring into moments like 666

wings: wipe that smile off your face

steeltrooper: what is this shit?

gypsy: shhhhh steel, art is reading

steeltrooper: dit don't make sense

gypsy: he's reading us reading

steeltrooper: sucks

Host wings kicks steeltrooper out!

steeltrooper leaves the conversation

steeltrooper enters the conversation

steeltrooper: Don't kick me out I'll just come back

Artaud: if you were a host would you kick me out?

steeltrooper: Would you make me host?

Artaud: will you be good"?

steeltrooper: Yes

Artaud makes steeltrooper host

Artaud: ok, does that satisfy you?

steeltrooper: thanks

Host steeltrooper kicks starache out!

starache leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks sinkfoil out!

sinkfoil leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks prose out!

prose leaves the conversation

Host steeltrooper kicks Olivia© out!

Olivia© leaves the conversation

Host: steeltrooper kicks Neon-Ratio out!

Neon-Ratio leaves the conversation
Host steeltrooper kicks macduff out!
macduff leaves the conversation
Artaud: bad call, bye all

ANOTHER ROOM

farmgirl
“the Shrew”
genius
“SongPump”
wynter
ZzZzZ
aura
macduff
niovi
Iris
princess-sunshine
tuesdaykisses
hotgirl99
ArcAinA79
4given
jupiter
BATTLEOFEVERMORE
microcosom
belle
Temperance
denise
Demonica
MaidenTsar, that’s Totenmaske
that’s TT that’s that
“SmartLady”

Miss Perfect enters the conversation

chain..g: drunk enough
and bored enough
shattered in a
wood coffin
on some boot hill
a young gun
screaming “howdy”
flashing cold steel
from his hip
like dark lightning

gypsy: the screen scrolled...

Artaud: you got moofied
lover899 enters
Artaud: hi lover, that's a powerful number
lover899: how so?
Artaud: it reduces to an 8, a number of power
lover899: i see
punkerpoet: Done in by love, lover o the one I despise
punkerpoet leaves
punkerpoet3 enters
punkerpoet3: minor threat, black flag, the
 dropkick murpheys, US Bombs
devildoc: get down punker
punkerpoet3: got disconnected and they changed my name damn them
glitterclot: go to options and change it bacvk
punkerpoet: arrested for punk in public
gypsy: do you know that you were put on auto hold for five minutes
glitterclot: not on my screen he wasn't
gypsy: this is strange
punkerpoet: put on hold by who?
gypsy: i didnt even know there was an automatic ignore, it said it was because you had sent

Artaud: push on wings
wings:..
wings:..
wings: here goes
 fire by the lake
 lightening on the hills
MaXiEgiRl enters
 our hearts in the waves arising
 pounding sense into the shore
MaXiEgiRl: Did you write this poem??
 who could know
MaXiEgiRl: sorry
 I'm losing my mind
MaXiEgiRl: Is this room just for typing in
 poetry or something?
wings: oh duh
Artaud enters the conversation
Artaud: I got moofied and landed in a Romance
 chat room and everyone was naked
wings: what did you do?
Artaud: I told them I was a poet and could I read them a poem
wings: what happened?
Artaud: I started to read, and they booted me out
wings: then read it for us art
prose: blood drain brain reels

Dreamy: I begin to see things begin
Totenmaske: □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
Neon-Ratio: tote, I can't read that, change yr font
Totenmaske: to turn in the room in the light
Neon-Ratio: tx
gypsy: crying out for the pain to stop
Neon-Ratio: wanting a spiritual path
mersault: without God mucking it up
Totenmaske: God as a cloudy vapor who
invents the world and leaves
DenymeLife enters the conversation
prose: or sleeps in a mummy cloth
Dreamy: howling in impotent agony
Totenmaske: while worms in putrid furrows wiggle with pagan glee
DenymeLife: Hello, I don't understand
mersault: wiggling and giggling
Neon-Ratio: we're chaining a poem deny, where are you from?
DenymeLife: Denmark in Alabama
Neon-Ratio: do you have a poem to share
DenymeLife: No, can I just watch?
Neon-Ratio: anyone else have a poem ready
Neon-Ratio: arty??
Artaud: y

Neon-Ratio dims the lights and adjusts the mic

prose: blood drain brain reels
Dreamy: I begin to see things begin
Totenmaske: το τυρν ιν τηε ροομ ιν τηε λιγητ
Neon-Ratio: tote, I can't read that, change yr font
Totenmaske: to turn in the room in the light
Neon-Ratio: tx
gypsy: crying out for the pain to stop
Neon-Ratio: wanting a spiritual path
mersault: without God mucking it up
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DenymeLife enters the conversation

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DenymeLife: Hello, I don't understand
mersault: wiggling and giggling
Neon-Ratio: we're chaining a poem deny, where are you from?

DenymeLife: Denmark in Alabama
Neon-Ratio: do you have a poem to share
DenymeLife: No, can I just watch?
Neon-Ratio: starache, how about you?
starache: i
gypsy: yes
starache: wanted to say
gypsy: yes
starache: goodbye
gypsy: oh, star
starache: i have to go, I can't come back
gypsy: bye star
wings: goodnight starache
gypsy: we'll see you tomorrow nite
starache: no
starache: i can't come back ever
gypsy: what??!
Artaud: what do you mean starache
starache: my mom is taking away the computer
gypsy: why?

willowtree enters the conversation

willowtree: hi, everyone
Artaud: hi willow
willowtree: how is everyone?
Artaud: starache is banned from her computer
willowtree: oh
gypsy: we are just saying goodbye
willowtree: oh
devildoc: your mom will probable relent
starache: if she ever does, i'm so afraid you will all be gone
gypsy: we'll be here starache, waiting
wings: yes, star, we won't forget you
starache: if you see sink
gypsy: yes
starache: tell him
gypsy: yes
wings: we will tell him starache
devildoc: oh god! shit fuck, this is unfair
devildoc writhes in the dirt pulling his hair
starache: i want you all to know
starache: that i love you all
gypsy: we love you too star
Artaud: starache, I am very glad we got to be friends I know you didn't trust me at first
starache: thank, you Art, i am glad too

willowtree: i want to say goodbye and that we will miss you
starache: ty
devildoc: you have contributed a lot here
starache: ty
starache: good bye everyone
gypsy: bye
wings: bye
devildoc: so long
starache leaves the conversation
willowtree: goodbye
willowtree: oh, i was too late
Artaud: it's ok willow, she knows
devildoc: i'm fucking depressed now that starache has left us for good
Artaud: i know
gypsy: i feel so sad
devildoc: well maybe her mother is right maybe
she spends too much time here and maybe we all should get real lives
sinkfoil enters the conversation
devildoc: hi sink, you just missed starache
gypsy: she was looking for you to say goodbye
sinkfoil: she was?
devildoc: she can't come back here
sinkfoil: she can't
gypsy: artaud?
Artaud: sinkfoil, starache's mom repossessed her harddrive
and won't allow her to come here
sinkfoil: she did
Artaud: starache said how much she would miss all of us but especially you
sinkfoil: i loved that woman
Artaud: I know, she was really sweet and she contributed a lot to the room,
we'll all miss her
sinkfoil: jeez, i dont feel so good
Artaud: well, we'll just have to carry on
sinkfoil: i guess
gypsy: it won't be the same
devildoc wipes away a tear
Artaud: come on, she'll probably get to come back before long,
does anyone have a poem?

ADDENDUM TO SUBSECTION TWO SECTION IV: that which is correct shall be correct unless it is wrong; line must sound like the before line or line must have green in it three times; that which contains a there where there is no where there will stay here

I'll poetry if I choose to stay in
I'll riot if I go out

oh betty so sweet i crave her
betty is a right little raver
sweet like a cherry lifesaver
yummmmm melts in your mouth
and tastes like cheese
jeeez this makes me sneeze
oh the lady will never die
the lady will never die
nay but she will often lie
in a patch of homespun webs
in a forum of horny plebs
 “bettyeggleton”
 SnowAngel
 paul
 aura
 kiek
 beatnic

DEAD POET SOCIETY

read your own or other poets and brief
discussions: Rilke is host

½rhymes
ANNI
Astaroth
auracle
brautigan
Dylan
flash65
iambic
infinite
Joshua
LadyE
mab
macduff
“MorriganWilde”
oneblonde
RomperStomper
Temperance
“thatguy”
twilightdreams
zin

Artaud enters the conversation
Artaud leaves the conversation

gypsy: I'm like a child in many ways
climb benches
hug trees
play with the sand
prefer to be in the water
than getting a tan
laugh like a houseful of hens
dance all night
and want more

gypsy: come here, next to me
gypsy: let me tell you something
gypsy: whisper
gypsy:.....I.....love.....
gypsy:.....you
rose: but I got disconnected
gypsy: we'll join to be so very merry
wings: and dance the night with elf and fairy
gypsy: and drink the red red dark berry
wings: and pick the stars until they're too
heavy to carry
gypsy: love's the moment and a ring's a thing
wings: a thing more binding is the song we sing
Artaud leads gypsy and wings to the rubber room

ABANDONED IN THE FIREY LAVA THE SISTERS DANCE TO A PAGAN SONG

and hold each other
et si arebus
until the young moon goes down
and lays upon a cloud rack
paratus et infinitum
in God's hands
sonnet leaves the conversation
and I walk in
covered with ash
carpagio et enigmas
and I walked
no one knows why
no
no one
no one
no
I did not lose my faith
and what I had to say was so sublime
that the mere utterance was music

oeuvhere enters the conversation

times I feel I shouldna been born
but here I am
I may yet find where I belong

oeuvhere leaves the conversation

WE WILL LIVE FOREVER IN BOLD LETTERS

TomZ
maxiesdad
44 in Bombay at 3 in the morning
GammaW
Bambi
ambrosia
1st Timer
starache, feeling a little sad

Cujo
brokenwing
mislead
bigbadbarfly
fishmonkeygirl aka Totenmaske
oldpinetree
diogeneslamp is now known as oscar
sinkfoil
Olivia©
negative_bullshit
ghosthusky
1 Sick Puppy
unicorn
cricket
o, cricket in Arizona
you've got me writing in emoticons

Dreamy: plunged
 into...from
 once free
 floating LIGHT
 and love into COLD
 choking screams
moody enters
devildoc: Holding on for dear life
 O Careless Love!
greyling has left
 raving in high fever

my skin hot f/yr touch
a delicious clenching of nerves
gypsy: two people in against the spin
cycle
MegatonBoy: cross-faded in my room
bass lines staggering
a madness anthem
“JoyceCarolOates”: our skin defences
turning to silk, texture of fleshy
airy surfaces scant as breaths
gypsy: sage sweetgrass and osha
no overcast no birds no bees
just me
hahahahaha
cementhead has joined
devildoc: what the fuck is going on with
sungwon?

pootzygirl
standing_in_the_rain
Teawhisk
puravida
NormalBoy
Akira
aura
zane
eclips33
Scorpion
4Play4Ever
disintegrate
milk_this
summer
orge
Kolorblue
2cool
Bonfire
scribe4rent
beauty
diogeneslamp
wiseowl in NJ
willow in Korea
alex in IL
Ethan in AL
}StUPidGirl{
Michaelangelo

In the room the poets come and go

2000/2018
Santa Rosa
Ellensburg

AND A GRECIAN RUG TO LAY BEFORE THE FIRE

And a Grecian rug to lay before the fire
Compiled 11/21/2006 6:42:21 PM GMT
fire. Artaud, Artaud said that actors
you can specify your search language in
(Silent confusion) Dear, my brow yoric tears

Maybe you and the spiders
Rodez asylum, circa 1943, Artaud, Artaud in
fire. Artaud, Artaud said that actors

to say something; I raise my voice
meets Bouvard meets Antonin
(Silent confusion) Dear, my brow yoric tears

own experience with geophysical filters
my sister may be involved in
fire. Artaud, Artaud said that actors

told the old and new workshop members
do you cut these out of your work, in
(Silent confusion) Dear, my brow yoric tears

with flowers
you can specify your search language in
fire. Artaud, Artaud said that actors
(Silent confusion) Dear, my brow yoric tears

PEBBLE

too much—
not enough

UNCERTAIN, CHAINED

rocked—laughing in the rafters—starburst—
sublime—rage mixed with joy—unsubdued

POIPU BLUES

I'm sitting on the beach at Poipu, daydreaming

Joan of Arc is cast out for, among other abominations, wearing men's clothing, her judges are determined to get her to change, condemned in much the same way Elder Bush condemned John Walker Lind for wearing his hair long, saying, I can think of no worse punishment than to bring him home and make him keep his hair like that

Dubya argues Axis of Evil and scraps six-hundred years of humanistic philosophy, says he will go the last mile, although going the extra mile is what we need—John Ashcroft holding onto his face, doesn't let his face slip, God has many faces, can his be one?

O ke ola no'ia o kia' a loko Look for the life within
Kiei ka'ula nano i ka makau
Peer towards Ka'ala, look at the wind
Ho'olono i ka halulu oka Maluakele (pa)
Heard is the roaring wind Maluakele

I watch an old man sweeping the sand with a metal detector, I'm wondering if he's found anything good, when he stops and stoops to sift for a quarter, a boy in red trunks faces him, fascinated with this mysterious operation, trickle-down economics

Maui e ka pua, uwe i ke' auu
Bruised is the flower, wailing in the wind
Maui e ka pua uwe i ke'am
Bruised is the flower, wailing in the cold

My reading, this morning, included Borges' "Zafir" where a man finds a coin that is one of the faces of God, or he might himself be one of the faces of God, or the static which whirs in his earphone while he searches the beach might be the face of God, or the face of God might be the boy, or the whales flipping their flippers right offshore

Ua Hana' ia ai pono a pololei
That which is done is true and correct
Ua haina'ia a kuno 'ia 'oe
That which is spoke stands before you

I'll make a cup of tea, put on sunscreen, and walk across town on my broken legs

INSTALLATION

for Gay

Turning off Fulton onto 12
maneuvering to the left
no, right

Different scripts
in the box with masking
tape, paint, brushes, pan
& roller tumbling to the floor

The doors to my senses
open—I see myself in the gallery—
eyes, ears, nose, mouth

Black rectangles the size of doors
painted on the interior walls
thin strips of black running parallel
to the black kick board

Using stick pins, black yarn, wire
neither nest nor web, a handful of fog
mirrors & masks
 wrapped thoughts

Boxed images
revealing the true phantom
speaks the truth

HISTORY TEACHES

I'm expanding my dominions
with might and right
 living on the pulse

expanding with axe, rifle, and plow
I'm expanding with mini nukes

I'm drowning in life's flow
 laughing at inertia

All for the stars of empire—

Throwing myself out there
according to the logic of history
 letting come what may

NOT REAL DEEP OR ANYTHING

In your face—
backing off

Look at this—
and worse

The glory, the ruin
the laughter and tears

What goes wrong
goes and goes

What goes right
just goes—

Walking through shit in
nice shoes

DUAL IN THE SUN

rise/fall
short/tall

high/low
fast/slow

good/bad
happy/sad

yellow/blue
false/true

matter/mind
loose/find

heaven/hell
buy/sell

O, pockmarked moon, I don't
 have anything to sell

WHAT ZEN WISDOM

Bouvard Pécuchet's poems to Joie Phenix

-----Original Message-----

From: Joie Phenix

To: Bouvard Pécuchet

Date: Monday, March 11, 2002 3:19 PM

Subject: **WHAT ZEN WISDOM**

What Zen wisdom can you offer on the topic of what to do when the heart
doesn't want to read traffic signs, especially ones that read: CAUTION?

buckle up crossing

the intersection

NO U
TURN

MY
WAY

I'm going
slowly

homewards
mindful

of
song

feeling
my way

.

slow children
at play

going nowhere
to get there

tin can
tied to

my
tail

I run
as fast

as I
can

.

not a through street
but a through and through
thoroughfare

where you
don't run away
through fear

but see it
through to where
it goes

.

I rise to check my email
feeling the electronic pulses
that connect us
my words are virtual lips
kissing your face
in another place

.

I want to talk with you all day
I want to talk with you after
we make love and while
we make love

I want to talk with you
before you fall
asleep and just after
you wake up

I want to talk with you until
talking turns into
full silence

.

What can I say
after cooking
in the cauldron
of your embrace?

What will heal
the blistering kisses
from your lips?

Now, you're jammin'
and I'm stammerin'

and everything's
sizzlin'

And I'm blinded
by the sweat in my eyes.

.

I have a substitute for sugar—amrita, nectar of the gods,
but I only use this in my perfect divinity,
and maybe you would like my recipe for apricot fold overs
or for my stuffed dates.

.

You are your own fold over
you are the key to yourself
and your polarity is in play

Cover yourself in meringue
and do the merengue
get down and howl
hitch your trailer to a cyclone
and blow

It's ok
to talk Greek to the gulls, but
when they start quoting Homer
I'd worry

.

Touching my tongue to my lip
I saw what I heard
and heard what I saw

I sniffed the air
and the thorn in my heart
plunged deeper

.

She's got hot springs
on her dune buggy.
She's left tread marks
on me head to foot.

She's got hot springs
on her dune buggy.
She's driving me
to the bridge.

She's looking through me
with her gamma ray eyes.

If I wasn't a bloated body
in the trunk of her car
I'd blush.

.

melting into lilac
I lie back

tangled
in your presence

I take gentle
pleasure

and make the early
angels blush

.

Who are these angels
early, late, or lingering
over our ambrosial repast?
will their curiosity be satiated
with a *do not disturb* sign?
can we hide our entangled limbs
beneath their radar's reach?

Archangel of aching desire
aching angle of arching thrust
arch eyebrow of forbidden lust
keens the furrow of passion plow
from a soft fingertip of lip touch
beyond the mustiness of grave hood
rockin' the notes of midnight

.

I chose the hammock
hoping you'd lie beside me

You didn't have to lie
in the hammock, but you did

From there, gravity pulled us together

2006
Santa Rosa

I DOUBT THIS

I doubt this
is a rose

It has the shape
It has thorns

It smells like
but I can't be sure

It is not a ladder
or a saw
or a violin

But is it a rose?

DAWN

I take this journey in morning light,
moving through love's landscape,
without finding the wind's source.
I am surrounded by a miracle of clouds,
and my heart is an azure tumult.

RACIAL DRIFT

I miss you, Jarra
our love is a failed religious war
It's the twenty-fifth anniversary of our love
although we were only together three years

I took a bus to University Village
I stopped by the Blue Star for a latté
dreaming of our failed republic

You are on your continent
me on mine
drifting

JANITOR

Gray-haired janitor
efficient to the n^{th} degree
limping between trash cans
never a wasted move

Step, step, step
twist-turn, lift, tie
step, step, step
twist-turn, lift, tie

Toss the bags in your cart
talking to yourself
o, graybeard
what's on your mind?

Maybe thinking of the voyage of Magellan

OMAN IN A BURQA

I walk straight ahead.
All I can see through my hijab is the horizon.
I know they want to see my ankles.

Last week a woman was shot in the leg.
A woman was burned with acid
for not following the dress code.

“We are asking Muslim women to wear the burqa,”
Mohammed Aftab Alam president of the Mumbai
Regional Muslim League’s youth wing told Reuters
on Monday, but he added: “We will not force anyone.”

Gloom envelopes everything.
Nothing moves any more.
Life is too—
I dare not say it.

I shop.
I look straight ahead.

HAND IN EMPTY HAND

In the early morning,
empty, empty, empty.
A gypsy walks the streets
holding a guitar as a banner
early in the morning.
Empty, Empty, Empty.

DA DA DA

Nothing exists—Beyond ruin, death dies
and Time is defeated
in every molecu-
le
in every instant

big &

small

RED WHEELBARROW

From a historical perspective, I assume William Carlos Williams' wheelbarrow event is formed by necessary and sufficient conditions, such that, say, the red wheelbarrow had been sitting there before the chickens arrived and the rain came, that day. As for how so much depends upon the red wheelbarrow, well, that is another matter. Kind of scary, really, like what if everything depended upon the red wheelbarrow?

Because the red wheelbarrow sat there, glazed in rain water beside the white chickens, and it sat there while it was raining, and it sits there now the rain has ceased and the chickens have emerged from whatever shelter to continue doing what chickens do in both rain and shine, I can determine a causal line as to why Williams saw the red wheelbarrow beside the chickens in their various conditions and make inferences as to their relationship.

It is the task of the historian and the physicist to describe and explain events in time and space, but for the poet, time-space must be placed in events. Historical method for a poet is an eloquent term for the self-created specific formulations of self-created objective facts.

There's an inside and an outside to this. The outside looks like a cheap theatrical prop. The inside is characterized by a "self" interpreting the "thing-in-itself." When I get close to the red wheelbarrow, I understand I am inventing the red wheelbarrow, and that the red wheelbarrow, also, invents me. This is why so much depends upon the red wheelbarrow.

The red wheelbarrow is the red wheelbarrow. That's its purpose—to be the red wheelbarrow. The purity of its state of being, the pending in it. I recognize in the red wheelbarrow the sanctity of an everyday thing. As Lu Garcia says, "You can bury it, but it will never rust."

An exposition of "The Red Wheelbarrow"

The opening lines set an ontological tone—a barnyard microcosm. In lines three and four, there is a sharp focus on the wheelbarrow, the intensity of the color red, its condition after the rain. The line breaks make each element come into sharp focus. As we begin to see the wheelbarrow, it suddenly appears fresh, even majestic, glazed with rain water.

In the final strokes of the picture, the white of the chickens contrasts dramatically with the

redness of the wheelbarrow, and the painting is complete. Much depends on the stress the reader gives each syllable, enabling us to experience the tactile qualities of the scene.

Red Wheelbarrow in the 2-value system

The proofs of the two-valued system of logic are based on the law of contradiction (*tollens datur*) which states that something is either something or nothing but not both. (If A is A, then A is not not A.) Also, something to be stated in contradiction to this logical system must be translated into this system.

This red wheelbarrow is the one and only red wheelbarrow, a poetic archetype, and it is, also, an everyday red wheelbarrow. Either the red wheelbarrow is a red wheelbarrow or it is not, and the red wheelbarrow is both a red wheelbarrow and it is not at the same time means that this red wheelbarrow can be glazed with rain water in our imagination, and this red wheelbarrow can be next to the white chickens, and if the red wheelbarrow is glazed with rain water, then, the white chickens, as David Bromige pointed out the other day, more than likely depend upon the red wheelbarrow because it contains the feed they eat and is also used when the farmer mucks out their coup.

The red wheelbarrow energy vortex

I beg of you, seek nothing behind the phenomena.

They constitute their own lesson.

—Goethe

The information transmitted in structures of language materials transcends the syntactic-semantic relationships. The word is an energy vortex, whether it is the word as an event we enter or the word, in and of itself, as an event.

A full account of the red wheelbarrow

Starting with some marks on the side of the red wheelbarrow, slight irregularities in the surface of the wheelbarrow—I connect the dots and discover another wheelbarrow beside two chickens. Now, being careful to stay inside the lines, I color the wheelbarrow a thick coat of barn red, and the chickens I make white with quick strokes of my brush, leaving the paper show through. Getting the rain water effect on the wheelbarrow requires a coating of glazing compound. Important, still, to stay within the lines, keep to the measure.

Nothing sentimental about this wheelbarrow

I came home drunk, and the next morning I punished myself by digging a trench across a gravel road for a culvert. Again, I used a red wheelbarrow.

Who listens to the music a red wheelbarrow makes? So, I stop and listen at this dumb thing in the barnyard. I stand next to it and chop the heads off the white chickens, and I hang their carcasses by their claws on a fence made of hog wire to let the blood drain. Other chickens peck at blood-soaked clods of earth, while the eyes of the dead chickens glaze over. No need for shellac.

Tech support for wheelbarrows

I was 19 when I read the poem by William Carlos Williams about a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens. I wanted one. A wheelbarrow. Not green. A bright red wheelbarrow. So, I finally bought one. Went to Home Depot tonight to pick up a wheelbarrow. It's red. It's in the back seat of my car, and like a good Chesterfield, I am unable to move it further in or take it back out. What should I do?

Unless they are welded on, the handles/poles and the rear stands/feet of the wheelbarrow should be attached with some form of bolt. Pull out your ratchet or wrench or large pliers and get to work. If they're welded on then you should look into removing the front axle assembly. That's probably just held in place with a few screws or another bolt or two. That should defiantly be able to come off (as you'll end up replacing the tire at some point). Otherwise, follow the engineering maxim of "There are very few problems that cannot be solved by a large hammer." Best of luck.

So much depends
upon
a bright red bar
held by
a square bolt.

Red Wheelbarrow in code

Each letter means the letter before it.
Tp nvdi efgoet
vspo
b sfe xiffmcbsspx
hmbafe xjui sbjo
xbufs
cftjef uif xijuf
dijdlfst.

Oscar night

Red Wheelbarrow was resplendent in an a black, single-breasted, one-button, shawl-collar tuxedo with black vest by Armani.

Accepting the award for his raw, explosive performance in *Spring and All*, he said, "Thank you, I don't know what to say. I feel such gratitude. Thank you."

Later, he confided to me that it is not easy to have anything like a private life being such a celebrity. It's difficult to move freely. The paparazzi are watching his every move.

Amazon Toys & Games: Red Wheelbarrow

Carter Back to Basics Toys—safe and sturdy, this red wheelbarrow steers easily with

smooth wooden handles, and rolls along on a steel tire with rubber treads.

Transformation

back to the thing-in-itself
it is the same red wheelbarrow in that it changes
the same changes
as one changes

More Red Wheelbarrow in Code

tp nvdi efgoet
vspo

b sfe xiffm
cbsspx

hmbafe xjui sbjo
xbufs

cftjef uif xijuf
dijdlfst

Red Wheelbarrow in Hell

Following the axiomatics of Łukasiewicz, where letters = sentences:
Hell is a sentence
when l is a sentence
and e is a sentence
followed by a sentence
and H is a sentence
followed by two sentences

Hell

Being imprisoned in language. Language is a sentence in the E-phenomenal sense that an object is related to existence.

Semiotics

Language, and the red wheelbarrow in particular, does not lose its semiotic character even when reduced to its elemental components or fragments of those components.

[Insert artwork]

So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.
So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.
So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.
So much depends upon a red wheelbarrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.

Why would anyone say such a thing?

Wheelbarrows within wheelbarrows

Starting with some marks on the side of the red wheelbarrow, slight irregularities in the surface—I connect the dots and discover another wheelbarrow beside some chickens. I color the wheelbarrow with a thick coat of barn red paint, and the chickens I make white with quick strokes of my brush, letting the paper show through. Getting the rain water effect on the wheelbarrow requires using a coat of shellac. Important, to say with the lines, keep to the measure, but, then who listens to the music a red wheelbarrow makes? I stop a moment in wonder. Then, I hook a couple of the chickens with a long wire and chop their heads off on the stump where I cut kindling. I hang them on the fence by their legs to drain. Other chickens peck at the blood-soaked earth, while the eyes in the decapitated heads of the chickens glaze over. There's no need for shellac.

Excerpt from the autobiography

Along with everything else, I was asked to teach poetry to high school students in Rutherford, but I wasn't sure I could manage this, as I had no experience teaching poetry. Returning on the train from a pediatric clinic in the city, I met an elementary school teacher, a woman, who had a lovely smile. When she smiled, tiny lines formed around her lips, which made me think she must smile a lot. Striking up a conversation, I told of my dilemma, and she gave me a couple of tips. First tip, don't let them think they are smarter than you. Second tip, if they do, you must argue all night to show them they're not. "I never let the little bastards get the better of me," were her exact words.

Her name was Margaret Brown, and she lived on a small farm with her parents just outside of Hackensack. We took a liking to one another, and she extended an invitation to visit if I was ever in the neighborhood. About a week later, after attending to a sick baby near the town of Lodi, I was driving down a country lane and spotted her working in her yard.

She wore bib overalls, and as it had been raining earlier, her clothes were caked with mud. I sensed something primitive about her, something actual and real,—what Cézanne might have called an energizing force. I stopped and waved. She was standing near a red wheelbarrow beside some white chickens, and she waved back. It made my heart Spring.

Reflections of a red wheelbarrow

So little is needed
so much is remanded
so little reaches the front
so much is pending.

Everything seems squeezed
 into a single
point, no place
for me.

Maybe it's the rain
water. Maybe
it's the American
way.

I think, maybe it's a joke,
but
somehow
I don't get it.

Oscar night

(Hollywood) Red Wheelbarrow was resplendent in a black, single-breasted, one-button, shawl-collar tuxedo with black vest by Emporio Armani. Accepting the award for his raw, explosive performance in *Spring and All*, he said, "Thank you, I don't know what to say. I feel such gratitude. Thank you."

Later, he confided to me that it is not easy to have much of a private life being such a celebrity. No way to move. The paparazzi are watching his every move, so he stays on his farm in upstate New Jersey.

Red, white & blue wheelbarrow

[The following is an excerpt of "Red" Wheelbarrow's testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee on October 20, 1947, as reported in the official Government Printing Office record ("Hearings Regarding Communist Infiltration of the American Literary Consciousness"). The Committee's chairman was J. Parnell Thomas, and Robert Stripling was Chief Investigator.]

Mr. [Robert] Stripling: I gather, then, from your analysis of this poem your personal criticism of it is that it overplayed the conditions that existed on the farm at the time the poem was made; is that correct?

Mr. ["Red"] Wheelbarrow: Well, the poem portrayed the animals in the barnyard in a better economic and social position than they occupied.

Mr. Stripling: And it would also leave the impression in the average mind that they were better able to resist the aggression of the German Army than they were in fact able to resist?

Mr. Wheelbarrow: Well, that was not in the poem. So far as the Russian war was concerned, nothing was shown about it.

The Chairman: Mr. Nixon.

Mr. [Richard] Nixon: No questions.

The Chairman: All right. The first witness tomorrow morning will be Ayn Rand.

Picture from Williams

—*for Jane*

she did a painting, which in
keeping with the spirit was to be
a red wheelbarrow
 rain-drenched
 with chickens
no fuss, straight up

finally, tore the sky
 into four pieces, each
 had a line of verse
and framed the botched wheelbarrow
and too bright interpretation of
chickens with sewn on feathers
by thumbtacking it to a stretcher bar

so much depends upon
that first cup of coffee

BOUVARD PÉCUCHE'T'S ALL-TIME FAVORITES

Bright, bright red bar held by a square bolt
Burning in the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

—WILLIAM BLAKE

No motion has the bright red bar held by a square bolt.
No force, neither hears or sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,

With rocks, and stones, and trees.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A bright red bar held by a square bolt decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Soon shall the bright red bar held by a square bolt
Hide all the peopled hills you see.
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail
In distant ages you and me.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: "A bright red bar held by a square bolt
Stands in the desert. Near it, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, and
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

When old age shall this generation waste
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"A bright red bar held by a square bolt,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—JOHN KEATS

Break, break, break,
Bright red bar held by a square bolt!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thought that arises in me.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Lo! A bright red bar held by a square bolt
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.

—EDGAR ALLAN POE

And that bright red bar held by a square bolt,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for it
As impotently moves as You or I.

—EDWARD FITZGERALD

That's my bright red bar held by a square bolt,
Looking as if it were alive. I call
The piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there it stands.

—ROBERT BROWNING

I am the poet of the bright red bar held by a square bolt,
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell
/are with me,
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter
/I translate into a new tongue.

—WALT WHITMAN

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the bright red bar held by a square bolt—
On the French coast the light
Glams and is gone.

—MATHEW ARNOLD

Francesco painted Hawaiians
with a great deal of complicated
interrelationships. Their natural color
included much from Arabia.

Laura rolled her hips and climbed
through cold forests
with ten thousand bells glistening
in the exact center.

In spring, a priest buried a dust devil
who had confessed only one word.
Somewhere between his lips
a scream at the sun upstairs.

Life was exciting for Laura.
She grew up in a part of Italy
where they used clam shells for money.
Her mother told her not to spend

More than 10 clam shells on anything.
She went barefoot to the mouth of the sea
while Francesco sat in the corner
telling himself not to be spiteful.

I look at them, and there's no question
about it, since they can still remember
childhood. Streams of rain shoot off.
She would never hurt her teddy bear.

I am often sullen, and when I am still
I sense them behind a velvet curtain
as the moments pass
making love.

By all accounts a real estate agent
has found a buyer for this flat.
Coyotes cry in the vacant lot out back.
"When do we eat?" they ask.

Paranoia breathes among myriad beings.
Orange blossoms in Laura's mouth
make the occasional flight to the theater
Francesco rented.

Laura's teeth scamper after God.

The doctor tells her to laugh
and decipher the hieroglyphics
on the gibbous moon in Tuscany.

A hunk of meat on a stick is a pleasure.
I gesture to the priest, "Relax, the wheel
is a way of linking suffering existence."
Coyote says, "Yum, sausage links."

Francesco has a developmental scheme
for what comes in and what goes out.
The mouth and the anus and so forth.
Laura prefers to take the bus to the zoo.

Her underwear was familiar. Last night's
storm clutched my hand, but I survived.
A street light dips way inside.
A big hammer would help.

So steep, the prophesy that chose
a hillside constructed of flames.
Too great for leaping into their minds,
fog horns keep them apart.

Dog tracks soil a limp flag.
A tooth in his ear
looks close at the other name.
He doesn't mind getting lost.

Now, see Love's pitying words
written over his afflicted heart
where beauty and the cops came
not to kill but to take him shopping.

He weeps because she lies in rubble.
His pride is what keeps him afloat.
Her disembodied spirit calculates
by all accounts he's a hardworking man.

From a few points, he tells himself
a city has inexplicable depths
filling the eternal with a well of magic.
He begins at once a song of day.

The next area is swollen with
everything she needed to do,

including each person
from beyond the barrier.

Francesco feeds his mind on thunder.
His curved voice draws Laura near.
He has fish to fry, and his gargoyle's
lips forget the space between things.

FRANCESCO IN HIS GARDEN

Coming home, hot and irritable
after a long day at the office,
I park on the wrong side of street
because it's close to my garden,
and the four o'clocks have closed.

My tie loose, my starched shirt sweaty,
I mingle with ghosts of myself on the path.
There's a desert between me and my martini,
and to survive the next few hours,
I must resort to magic.

In the middle of the night, I go outside
to find relief from a dream. Fascinated
by the Big Dipper, I piss on my bare foot.
I'm convinced there is a conspiracy
to change the color of the grass.

I hear what sounds like a bird imitating
a cat. I can't see this bird
because it's hidden by dense leaves,
but I'm sure if I saw it, it would be big.
Real big.

Big enough to carry me across the continent.
Terrific and inexhaustible.
Charged with the energy of a Death Star.
I stand in my back yard
awaiting obliteration.

Left no footprints.
No reflection.

No rustle.
No point in searching.
Poof. Gone.

A SUNDAY OUTING NEAR BAKER BEACH *for Claudia*

We sat on the rocky scarp, far from all demands.
The insistence of the breakers was remote,
and on the choppy waves gulls dipped and rolled.
We sat a long time without words,
while our minds' tangles reluctantly relaxed.

The sea, I don't know, seemed new to me, until
you pointed, "Isn't that a whale there on the beach?"
Sure enough, a beached whale with a broken jaw,
bloated, wrecked. "Must've been hit by a boat," I said.
"Near Nome, I saw kids use one for a trampoline."

The energy of its body depleted, yet powerful in presence—
a marvelous shadow from the deep.
Transfixed, you reluctantly confessed, "This is my first one."
Lucky to see a whale up close. I hoped it was a sign that whales
are about and not an indication of a struggling few.

FAR FROM THE SERAGLIO

Yes, I am Sultan Almansur
And I had three hundred wives, all pure.
I did everything I could contrive to keep
My brides satisfied. In this, with modest
Success, I took pride.

Some sultans first take the maiden head
And then cut off the maiden's head

When they are through. I can think of one
Of mine, or two, who deserved the blade
That my conscience forbade.

A new wife each night is both a curse
And a delight. I was careful not to
Favor one and incur the harem's spite.
With age, I turned my duties over
To my eldest son, and then

I lived my final days, grateful that
I could reflect and pray, and I thanked
The Great Progenitor for my many lays.
In lovemaking I was truly blessed
And lucky now to get some rest.

MY EYES WEEP TEARS

Reality soaked with tears, but should I define
reality? No, I'd rather watch *The Bachelorette*
on TV, reality TV, a really real show
showing you your reality can be ok.

You just have to be on TV to experience it.

Follows Andy Warhol's prediction
that everybody will be famous for 15 minutes.
But what did Andy know about reality?
For him a Campbell's soup can is art.

Today, I worked on this poem,
decided "reality" would be the first word,
thought I'd put everything in this poem,
decided I didn't care if I alienated the reader.

I know the best thing to do is nothing,
know I'm crippled by my assumption,
cursed by my desire for transcendence.

PLEASURE DONE

*I've lost my mind, but that's ok,
I'm a Dharma student.*

—Burnette G. Haskell

I'd rather not have an opium vision.

Want to avoid such mistakes.
That's why I'm here
rowing up River Syntax.

The visionary Haskell
took over the editorship of Truth
& told his friends to arm themselves
to the teeth.

Up ahead, in the future,
his shade
continues to plant seeds of radical
enlightenment.

Meanwhile, there's a dozen bush tits
in a tree
at the edge of the garden,
and I've forgotten my binoculars.

Still no man from Porlock.

WHAT COMES NEXT?

What comes next?
Betrayal, theft, disease,
some calamity.
Or what comes next might be
appetizing.
Make a cake.
Bob's birthday.
Bake him a spice cake
and decorate it with tiny army men.

He's into the army,
so into this war.
Flags everywhere.

I told him,
"Your American flag decal
is not going to get you into heaven."
He just stared and said,
"Well, my 'When Worlds Collide'
license plate holder might."
He's got a point.
Seems like worlds are colliding.

Saved by the bell
from another
Columbine massacre at Shaker Heights.
Kids with shotguns and dynamite.
That boy shot on the bus last week.
Another car bomb in the suburbs.
Another flight canceled.
Soon, we'll have to submit
a full profile to the airline
before boarding.

Metal detectors in pre-schools.
Lie detector tests.
"No, I'm not
supplying him with sugar.
How much television? Four hours,
no not more than four hours.
four hours, that's it."

Better to have the violence
on TV than on the streets.
That was Shakespeare's theory.
Show the blood.
Seemed a good idea, in theory.
Go ahead, gouge out Gloucester's eyes.

Peckinpah made the blood gush.
Pioneered those gadgets
that make blood shoot out
like the bullet hit an artery.
And Tarantino takes blood-letting
to the level of a bloody ballet.

Sights deceive us. Yesterday,
 a man with a trim beard
working at his laptop
 next to a younger man with a pony tail
sharpening old razors on a whetstone.
 The younger man
 asked the waiter for oil
and was brought a can of *3-in-1*,
 and the man at his computer
looked confused, does this coffeehouse serve oil?
 I have a thirst
 and keep coming to this cafe
to drink tea,
 and the man with the trim beard
surfs the web, and the other man sharpens a razor,
 whatever,
the world cruises along.

And, now, I'm sitting on this log
 by the creek, and the sap
in the vines rising,
 and I feel love
for strangers, feel loving kindness,
 so, I breathe the spring air,
knowing that the love I'm feeling
is real, and the "so"—a big word—means
volition, means cause and effect,
 means by the force of my argument
to change the effect and be the cause,
because
 I'm bound by my lifestyle,

and I can only be unbound by compassion,
 and the leaves turn,
 and the rain falls,
 and the creek fills,
and the homeless...

Bob will be home soon...

I'd better check the cake,
the cake,
 God,
 the cake,
and after that, what?

RENEWED DESTRUCTION

When I was young, I recognized language
written in verse.

I would melt at the hint of meter.

I hardly
remember myself,
but I remember the rhythms.

I believed and did not believe all of it.
Yes, half of me believed, and half of me
did not believe.

Now, I lay in
the thick grass of the difficult unknowable

Listening to things sing.

THE UNIVERSE

No there out there.

In the city,
trouble, always trouble.

In the cave,
no here in here.

SCATTERED PRAYER ANCHOR

Ah, mocking death
until the answer reaches the sky

until the dead rise
until this shade
& this
& this
reach up to cloud, sun, star

& I prostrate across the beach
& bow down in the surf
singing the whole of things.

SPRING GRASS

horses in wet blankets, fenced in a field—
“Good mornin’ ladies, survive the rain?”

view
all talents driven into one discipline

here I mean to separate the functions of metaphysics
from those of epistemology
recognize rational mind, intuitive mind
find ground for each

break down, deconstruct—
first, intuitive divination, not one, not two
secondly, rational, perceptive

two Canadian geese fly north

Close
near, intimate
shut, verb
secret, oppressive
path of English language driven by devils
non-rectification of names

words burn bright in the tunnel of delight

first, search for truth, second, struggle for status
raising bodhicitta with one hand
grappling for power with the other

Democracy
Athenian, Spartan
The Great Mexican War at end of Aztec Calendar
Bible Code, 3D tic tac toe
Rubic cube of history
Inner galaxy of data

Planetary alignment of consonants

Pythagorean view
3 as a structure of U
3 as an organizing principle

“Fill in the boxes; we’ll fix it later.”

ON IRWIN ROAD AND ABROAD

near Emerisa Gardens, I
found an amethyst, fractured, peered in
saw Arya Tara
and Coyote

I know just enough to know
I know enough to know
I just don’t know

So, I’ll only comment,
“I’ll let this go without comment.”

Heideggerian questions:
how to breathe? how to fuck? how to know?

The question is not how there’s something
rather than nothing, but how
there’s something that IS nothing.

On the Pine Ridge Rez
moving to the Sun Dance

moving to drum and wind
midnight visages under a Shinto moon
zephyr rustling the buffalo grass
my tent covered
with tarantulas
Medicine Man says, "This I've never seen."

.

Jesus Tantra—
purification
then, refuge
raise Bodhi

100 syllable prayer
mandala offering
guru yoga, manifest as Mary Magdalene

.

Al-Qaeda group finds martyrs
to remove radioactive material
from a dump in Uzbekistan and
hand it off to be transported
via container to another point—
a rough beast slouching towards US

.

3 kayas
6 realms
9 galaxies
5 families
100 deities

school
temple
home

.

Where in this mandala are you?
Can you see the glory? the temple
not built with human hands?

Tantra wants all your stuff, your baggage,

your neurosis, your psychosis, your passion
to transform into virtue

Sutra like Newton's physics
Tantra like Einstein's theory of relativity
Dzogchen like quantum mechanics
You = U

.

as above, so below

2 values
3 values
5 values

create unrest in the "self"
a carousel of bumper cars

.

Sane, seine
lots of holes in my mental net

Juice for neuro-anatomical re-programming

HOW WE GOT HERE

Lifetimes to find a Human form
to find the Dharma
to find my Guru

Tantra is all about stuff
uses everything to polish the buddha belly

It all boils down to
virtue and purification
uses every sense
common sense and nonsense

Turns your shit into compassion fertilizer
Spread it on the floor of samsara
dry it, cool it off, plow it into

intimate, confidential
compact
a juncture, a union
not deviating from the subject
short, near the surface
not deviating from the model or original
strictly logical
strict, searching, minute
end or conclusion
enclosure
narrow entry, alleyway
(British) a piece of property w/o buildings

Power of 3

Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva,
Creator, Sustainer, Destroyer
Father, Son, Holy Ghost
Dharmakaya, Sambhogakaya, Nirmanakaya
View, Path, Fruit
Body, Voice, Mind
Truth, Beauty, Goodness
Id, Ego, Superego
Inner, Outer, Secret
Inner secret secret

Adzom's immortality nectar
where'er he goes there's *dutsi*—jewels on the path

I'm a trust-fund Buddha in voluntary house arrest
"Voluntary house arrest has the stink of liberty."

Movies can be seen—
as Sambhogakaya
and meditation as virtual reality
an aesthetic experience
 pleasures, qualities, 2-D
the realm of the imagination
creative mythology
 Oscar Night
Scorsese and Eastwood shoot it out
The Passion of the Christ and *Hotel Rawanda*
go unnoticed
 "Didn't *The Passion of the Christ* get
the Oscar for best make-up?" "Yes, but I thought the flesh
could have looked a bit

more torn.”

Troy

Brad Pitt with tricky moves—
plenty clickity-clack of swords,
a funky horse, Paris was right,
they should have burned it,
but then,
there'd be a parallel sequel to *The Illiad*.

Aviator wins 5 Oscars

Million Dollar Baby wins 4

B movie in the gritty, old Warner Bros style
made in something like 6 weeks, fast and dirty
whereas Scorsese labored like a Renaissance painter

East coast movies

West coast movies

O, where are our Kansas movies?

Adhere to the samadhi of equanimity
when it comes to Beauty

BUT retain the option to weigh in
on any kind of dualistic analysis—

see Klein's *Meeting the Great Bliss Queen*
ontological/cognitive/evolutionary dualisms

It's easier to box than to throw rocks.

“box” means to categorize
aesthetic

vision _____

Allegory of quinine seed
as a path to samadhi

Sky walking with the dakinis
they help give shape to my world

“You need to have an ego
if you're going to get rid of it.”

Get rid of something
that doesn't exist

Point of it—
Point to it
To come to the point
 and integrate the personas

How get rid of it?
Take a chop at it
cut through
 leap over

Re-evaluations
Realizations
Visualizations
And mantras binges

Leibniz, monadology of self-reflecting selves
Spinoza, geometrical values of God as substance
Orpheus, orphic creation

Out of the tip of the branch, making buds
 moon spheres, mind spheres
 cyclic, samsaric
just say, “I’m sorry.”

Help others, so all may rest

Going to do that
so that
all my rest
 helps others
find the four boundless states

One man’s search for something enduring
by making some
thing out of the ordinary
 making something out
of the
ordinary
to keep love alive

“Elegant portrait of y’all
wrapped in myrtle,
leading us into this tale of
a relationship’s travails
and triumphs! A pure
pleasure to move through.”

Flatworm as a proof of God—
we inherited a predator's intelligence on the food chain
or we would have remained a sponge or coral

Arrive, May 19, in Newark
Return, May 28, to San Francisco

EXPLORE

explore
 leaving tracks on the moon
 and on the ocean's floor

“Like moons in water”

X-tian
I became a Blue Ragger, YMCA
at Camp Gualala, when I was 10, I
saw an angel in a hollow redwood tree

Surprise baptism when I was 14
in basement of High Street Presbyterian Church in Oakland
at 16, Bertrand Russell controversy at U.C. Berkeley
I bought *Why I'm Not a Christian* in a Sausalito bookstore
Atheism leads to Mysticism

“Like moons in water”

Like moons in water=adverbial phrase
Sights=subject, deceive=verb
Us=direct object

We of second clause=subject
forever roam=verb and adverb
in cyclic chains= prepositional phrase
modifying “we”

So=conditional clause
all may rest in their clear mindstreams
I/Raise/Bodhi
in 4 boundless states

“Like moons in water”

Base

Path

Fruit

two needs complete

Three views

Terminator

Matrix

Bladerunner

Dzogchen Presbyterianism

Passion as a Chöd Feast

Immortals, rainbow body, ascension

empty/exists

“Like moons in water”

Alchemy, chemical, elemental

Divination, intuitive mind

Yoga, union of mind-body

Karma cleared up with prajna

via dharma

slows the wheel

enough to step off

but not enough to be detached

“Like moons in water”

Monk stand-up routine

Monk can joke about death

Monk can deny existential dilemma

Monk can deny existence of creator

Monk can use dirty language

Form is an extension of content

Content is an extension of form

There is a war

There is not a war

Emptiness is form

Form is emptiness

Yogi and consort
enter Tantric path, drink Ambrosia
 Menstrual blood, semen
long life practice of Mandarava

“Why not fly off to Madagascar and pose for tsunami relief?”

Dog barking in the neighborhood
I’m reminded of a dog at our Longvale ranch
 overanxious sheep dog
 acts up during artificial insemination of old cows
 round-up
foreman shoots dog
 draws from the hip
 only wounds the mutt
Dad disgusted with Wild West behavior
 orders the vet to put the dog down

Dog mauling in general
 The Andalusian Dog in particular

THE GATES

such a monumental presentation, some see as a construction site,
23 miles of blessings for a mere 21 million dollars, oh, Cristo,
magician of special caliber, the saffron is the color, and the saffron
is Buddha’s compassion, the gates are portals to spring,
an environmental celebration in bleak winter, creating a birth-line
against a gray background, remembering the running fence,
how it delineated Sonoma’s landscape, the gates bring out the environs,
skyscrapers scream into heaven, saffron alive against the skyline at sunset,
brings the city to life

awaken, be playful, life is temporary, and so are the gates,
enjoy them while we have them—

gate, gate, paragate, parasamgate

REVEALED CORRESPONDENCES

Revealed correspondences
to understand the world

Divination
understand the world in Time

Act on both world and mind, 3-D
realm of Emptiness
realm of Imagination
realm of Ideas & Impressions

Mind's 3 ways to interpret
truth, goodness, beauty

Truth, to think either/or
both/and
relative truth
logical truth
Truth, meaning of U

Good acts
on/off

Beauty of graven images, *mimesis*—
invention, to rival nature
representation, praise nature
feeling the sap in the vine

Zab-lam sputterings on a spring day

THE SOLDIER'S PROLOGUE

*I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert.*

Back f/Bagdad
Gentleman knight
impressive at six-foot four

fought fifteen mortal battles
highly decorated, including
two Purple Hearts—
fought in hand to hand combat
and each time killed his man

Travels with his son,
doesn't want his son to go to war
 a forester, US Forest Service Inspector
on his way to becoming a District Supervisor

Father born in '41
grandfather killed by Japanese balloon bomb
 near Hanford Nuclear Plant
at the beginning of WWII

Votes on the far right—
 party of the Gun and Bible
conflicted around secular humanism
 fears possibility
of Darwin's *Origin of the Species*
and/or Einstein's *Special Theory of Relativity*
might be added to the Bible,
 stuck in there
before *The Book of Revelations* where it says
nothing can be added or subtracted

Blames the failure of the Democrats on the queers
not the Greens

Easy targets to machine gun
ducks on a pond

And now, a theocracy ascends, supported by
kleptocrats, a Protestant Reformation,
a revival of God in public space, a central
government at the helm of a religious
reformation of secular government,
the lights and orbs of the battle from the pulpits,
as the power flows through spiritual channels,
pulpits on every roadside, in every suburb, pulpits in
the laboratories and the schoolrooms

Says, "I'm not happy about this nasty
little war with Civilization, even if you call it a Holy War"

The fury of our Führer
the fragmentation of our collective psyche

“There must be some good,
some meaning
to this life”

THE POET’S PROLOGUE

Dzogchen and the art of poetry—

Writing equals Path
view of what is—vision, action, meditation

The Conduct, being a poet 24/7
View, vision

Winning out against the poem, outside, View of what is,
poem as a box, “follow the lineaments of desire,”
book as measure

Base of poetry, poetry is everything
“Try and buy the well
and it springs up somewhere else”

Poetry as experience, poetry as Path

Action equals writing, eye-mind-hand conceive, mind-lungs-voice,
sing speak, dick-gut-heart,
compose, Mind series

Space series, form/content
Pound: logopoeia, melopoeia, phanopoeia
Eliot: language intensely charged

Pith instruction: “After all’s said and done,
it’s the feelings that remain that matter”

Ego
in poetry
emptying one’s self to find the self

How we look @ world

illusion
material
virtual

WCW's
no ideas
but in things

Creeley's idea—
form being an extension of content

and maybe I'm shoveling intellectual bullshit
all the same

BASE

The Source
From whence comes the poem
"inspiration"
need to fulfill promise
result of a prayer, or
habit

Inspiration
flooding feeling, bliss
the Zone
vision-external-vision

Apocalyptic need
to write like crazy

PATH

Make the poem
"We've come to bring you metaphors for your poems."
mind treasure is a Ter
Chaucer as Garab Dorje
Shakespeare as
Guru Rinpoche

Build like a box
a Grail for Gail—a poem
for her birthday, an occasion
inside out

Subconscious, or natural

first word

best word

beauty

sheared in a pen,
and then you stamp it

Don't want you to miss
the point

"Capture
phrases
that
come to
mind"

The occasion arises
by the occurrence
then, you somehow write it:
"...from an antique land."

Stuff coming into life
that haunts you of
things I said
I shouldn't have
things said
I could have said better
things other people said

"It was a beautiful day, and I want to remember it."
"Misery comes from every direction."
"Whatever are we going to do about it,
we can't always be watching TV.?"

"I feel like a
blind man who
doesn't know
where he is"

Inner story
a séance
a poem
a book review
a skit

the voice of the Supreme Source
"Did you think
the Kali Yuga was going to be easy?"

Poetry of the mind
poetry of the voice

poetry of the body

Internet, reality tv—
am I forgetting anything?

My tale

THE WIFE'S PROLOGUE

Call her Her
her name was a pronoun

Her friends know her as
Vajratropa
 runs by with her little dog,
God dog god consort

Just because it's a little dog
doesn't mean it can't rip your crotch out
or tear out your juggler

Juggler
fool
Parsifal

Peaceful fool
belligerent fool
sarcastic fool

A clear day in autumn
clear as Vajratropa jogging with her dog
all ornament
 a Dzogchen blue sky day

Who Her was is the first beach to cross
 past the pill boxes

Serious enough to take downers

Her was her secret name. Margaret was her outer name, and her inner name was Norma. Her came from Normal, Illinois. Normal, here is a town that had a normal school, a college to teach teachers, and Her knew that this was not the path for her. I could tell by her tone, she was worried and a bit resentful. She was wearing pink, but enough about her clothes, let's get on with my tale.

THE REAL ESTATE LADY'S PROLOGUE

I have a photo of her sitting in the Morris Room
in the Doe Library at UC Berkeley. She's another one
who really wanted to be an actress,
but she knew it was economically infeasible,
so, she got a license to sell real estate

She liked houses

She read books on architecture in the library
and focused on the basics: mounds, fences, hearths, roofs.
She developed a theory on the variations of suburban ranch-style homes.
Swiss chalet, Spanish adobe, Japanese, Mediterranean, Classical Greek.

She believed the dictum: *Architecture is something to get into
out of the rain when you're gardening*

Balloon construction: farmhouse is the base,
East coast, Cape Cod style, Midwestern sod houses
better to be underground during a tornado
West coast mill towns, more wood, slabs of wood
2x4s bend better during an earthquake

She's got an environmental gripe
considers holding people's land in trust a wrong notion
better lands as farms, lands as utopian, country folk
would like to sell their farms and retire, subdivide
others would like to extend their pasture, hunt
 have a survivalist lifestyle, live on the last wild place
 in a mansion made with human hands

Last place on Earth that's
untouched by civilization:
go by plane, boat, horse,
 and rest of the way on foot

Drop materials from helicopter to this
location
location
location

Another glass of Merlot, yes, thank you

And now, my tale

THE DOCTOR'S PROLOGUE

If everyone lived to be 133, they'd shrink down to a handful of matter
and attain Rainbow Body
condensed Mara, liberated Bodhi

Talking about *tummo*, heat yoga
a byproduct of experience of bliss and emptiness
siddhi, blessing

Talking biology: "Frankenstein" released
after a bit of stem cell research goes haywire

Talking of Eastern medicine and the use of Astrology
expounding on relationship of allopathic, homeopathic
and holistic forms of curing

Discussing the AIDS plague
And the Year of Washing Hands

Some folks' attitude:
"Let the black man suffer; he's less than human."

Further discussion of the Five Sexes
and of the Holy Cross as seen from a top view

Dr. Bethune, while working on the battlefield
in Mao's Eighth Army,
"It's not the cough you cough that gets
you, it's the coffin they carry you out in."

"If I had it to do over,
I'd study with the Chödpas"

I'll expand on this noble theme in my tale

THE PROFESSOR'S PROLOGUE

I'm a doctor, too,
a Doctor of Philosophy
in Literature

and I have literary capital

“Literary capital”
sounds like code

Bring up Ol' Ez to testify—
“On Mussolini's radio,
what did you say?”

“Well, other than that the European conflict was not our concern,
not our war (read U.S. for ‘our’) and a few racist things about Jews,
I read from my Cantos and from the works of Joyce and Cummings.

It's just that the O.S.S. thought
it was coded messages.

The liberal bias of the media
news that was never new
blurs my tale.”

THE DENTIST'S PROLOGUE

I will do anything to live among those living
the American Dream.

If I can't buy into it, so I'll have to steal it,
and this leads to a complication in the social order.

The English are becoming more “American”
and the Americans more “English.”
Americans = open, inventive, friendly, and
English = repressed, insular, arrogant

Overheard on Main Street: “Get rid of those freaks and gays,
can’t tell them apart, anyway.”

Believing enlightenment is possible in this drunken darkness,
see Rumi, Kunley, Watts

I subscribe to having friends—noble souls who bear the shield
of lovingkindness, compassion, and patience

May I develop skillful activity that brings salvation to all

After the election, I’m praying, and I’m asking for a change of heart,
an ability to love my enemies

Usually when I’m praying, I see my enemies
before me in a pit, but today, they are on my level

Yesterday, I hated the fuckers. Last night,
I confessed I knew how impossible it is to agree with these idiots,
but that I wished I could be kind to them. I used magnetic letters
to write a slogan, so that every morning when I open the fridge
to get some milk, I read: “They know not what they do.”

“Did you hear about the terrorists
who took a group of lawyers hostage
and promised to release one every hour
until their demands were met?”

I should get on with my tale.

THE NUN’S PROLOGUE

I live in a mandala made of multi-dimensional consciousness,
divided into 10 directions,
5 bodies of experience, 6 realms of incarnation
with 3 intermediate states
between sleep, waking, and the mind stream

When you practice, you take on the work of the Buddhas,
along with the rest of your shitty life

I've undergone drastic interior decorating,
 an extreme makeover of the soul, done with broad strokes,
then the details,
 groups of 3s and 5s

A new Law of Contradictions—
 true if both/and, as well as neither/nor

In samsara, everyone is insular
 lots of armor, less and less amor

Can you hear the dogs at Dzogchen Monastery?

A word,
within a word
within a word.

We're being taken over by the reptilian brain.
Am I mistaken, or are there fewer reptiles
on the ground and more
 in the House of Representatives?

Do I believe in Platonic love?
Tantric love?
Erotic love?

Sacramental: for procreation,
for liberation, for recreation

Tantric Christianity

Jesus as Vajrasattva, Tantric Christianity complete
 with wrathful deities,
Sadhana of Judas Iscariot, Sadhana of Pontius Pilot,
Sadhana of The Thief on the Cross

Sadhana of the Trinity of the Mary

Wheels within wheels within wheels

THE PHYSICIST'S PROLOGUE

What are we sitting on?

chair, floor, concrete, soil, rock, magma, glowing

embers of a white spot,
the appropriate black hole, a source, a sea of being in a chair,
having a life on the street

A life in literature,
a parallel universe to teaching

Not sure I want to hear
the public organism speak in a single voice

There's a lot going on in the Universe that occurs in a nanosecond
and in minutes, months, years, eras, eons

Lesson: build a box out of wood
with the following tools: hammer, saw,
straight edge, pencil, drill gun, bits
Build: measure a board,
make a design, draw a line
Now build a poem, line by line
Get the words into your heart, like taking Jesus into your heart,
take the Lion's Throne, an esthetic experience is a religious experience
I knelt before an El Greco and wept

Sister Wendy spoke of Madam de Stael's
influence on Delacroix

“Jacob Wrestling with the Angel
is my favorite.”

The invisible form which speaks to me,
finds expression in painting, music & money combined

Caught by the spirit, the work—
space oracle of crystal sound

PINWHEELS

The smell of coffee awakens me
after a night of dim dreams and wild love.
I can hear to the busy boulevard

and the frogs of ripening spring.
I need something new to know.

Change the peptides: Bromige says,
“Don’t worry. Be happy. You pay.”

100 syllable mantra
X 100,000

The making of a poem
Poesis, to make
Orpheus sits on a hill
singing the sun up

Duncan: “To tell the truth the way the words lie.”

Olson: “What has he to say?”

He was completely without nouns.

Talks continuously about ducks
and death.

Contradictory of him.

LANDSCAPES

Hiking through Nirmanakaya
superego-powered

Harness the id and give yourself enhanced superego
When the moment is right, be ready

Steppin’ large

GO AHEAD
ride the blisswaves of

emptiness

Can you laugh
when the guards beat you?

SAMADHI SLAP DOWN ON MOUNT BAKER

The boss barked,
“Denner, are you planting trees or not?”
I told him, “I’ve run out of trees.”

MANDALA OF 3 KAYAS

Vertical would be will and ideas
 superego, ego, id
horizontal would be the confluence
of the perceiver with the object of perception
 the perceiver and the perceived
and a window into the sense of being dreamed

CHI OF LOVE & HATE

Thank you
blessings
good morning

Fuck off
get lost
eat shit

This is very unusual poetry

FORCE OF THE SOURCE

Walking in this garden of earthly delights,
Gabriela wants to be Eve in the garden, two wheels spinning,
guru and self, virtue and purification, a one-way funnel,

Tampering with the Theory of Relativity, Einstein's
face in the fire of Armageddon. Now, I'm tugging
the umbilical cord
of mantra.

The first and second spinning—
fireworks in Deer Park,
hanging ten off Vulture Peak

First, quit worrying
be of good cheer
take refuge

Take a volcanic roller coaster ride
thru the 100-syllable mantra, Ha Ha Ha Ha Ho—into outer space
in the guise of a fool laughing thru the five elements
towards an event horizon of clear light

Bardo consciousness
memory lapse
between visualizations

Hide me under the chair

ON VULTURE PEAK

3 vultures triangulate a dead doe
John DOA, Jane DOA, Baby DOA
and the listeners don't hear the Buddha

LU & I

We stand on the ditch bank
look across a vineyard

vines showing their first leaf
the vine supports cross
the field in rows of rows

“Look at our fallen brothers and sisters,” Lu says,
“Creeley’s dead, and the Pope is on display with symbols galore,
and they’re studying
Terri Shiavo’s brain to see if she was alive.”

A 3-ring circus,
a poet, a priest, and a pin-up for the right-to-lifers—
easy to make this gentle bodhisattva the butt of jokes

Really, there are no buddhas—this is
the era of collective consciousness

Our collective unconscious cries, “Let me die easy, oh Lord!”

LINE AGE

Stein
Pound
Williams

Olson
Duncan
Dorn

Ginsberg
Snyder
Whalen

Creeley
Spicer
McClure

Factions in the poetry wars, different tactics
but our strategy is the same

To have fun, take delight
and speak truth to power

FU BIRD MOTTO

You don't read the poem for the font
you read it for the fit.

TELLING THE SEXUAL TRUTH

Sins of commission
Sins of omission
Sins of emission

KEEPING UP WITH TINY ALICE

World of quantum physics, when I'm out with Leprechauns,
I act like a Leprechaun, down the rabbit hole I go
and back with a crock
the cup of gold of Irish legend
the Cup of Destiny

THE BOOK AS MEASURE

In poetry, we'd call it philosophy
In philosophy, we'd call it esthetics
In esthetics, we'd call it poetics
In psychology, we'd call it creative process
In biology, we'd call it intelligent design

Now, there's a concept!

AS THE EARTH FLATTENS

I asked, "What can I do?"
She sd, "Feed people."

Should a nun knee-deep in starving children
worry about a woman aborting her fetus?

The room is full,
and there's no end
of mouths to feed,
her choice, her motto—
"Bring 'em on in!"

TRINITY OF THE BRIDE

for Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven

As poetry doll
as poetry machine
as poetry muse

Voodoo, science, dada

The bride in the machine
The bride in the doll
The bride in the poem

Who was R. Mutt?

2005/2018

A BIT OF DANTE IN EVERY MOTHER'S SON

Wars reset the world order
sons and fathers debate the existence
of the gods

Paris wins the most beautiful woman
Achilles desecrates Apollo's temple

I have 100 peaceful & wrathful deities
I know they're my projections,
 but I have them for my protection

Plus, I have a Holy Ghost guy hanging around
with my finger in his wound for proof

If, it had been my choice, I would've chosen Athena

MANTRA CHAIN

Get wheel moving like a fun park carousel
throw a few brass rings, knock off some ducks
slow, then increase speed to Spider speed
quick tour of the House of Mystery
pick your siddhis, then
 ride the revolving teacup of samsara

ME, MYSELF & I

3 senses of self—
the sentence writer
the sentence thinker
the source of the sentence
 chemical-electrical memory synapses

Brazen Head: "Time is!"

INTERSUBJECTIVE PATRAMORPHIS

The invention of coded templates
For dPress poetry machine

Raise Solomon's sword
See what falls out

The Aleph
The Vermeer Notebook

He felt like a kiss
The day we die is particular

WHAT THE ^%^^&*\$\$@ DO I KNOW?

I've written some books, so
I should know something

I know a lot of words, so
I can talk myself out of trouble

Or into it

SIT AND BE

Relax
focus
watch

Mind eclipse awareness

Body unfettered by world
neither underwhelmed nor excited
timeless space
moment-to-moment

In the moment at hand

2005/2018

ADZOM ON SKYPE

“If I’m sick, I’m sick.
If I die, I die.
I’m happy either way.
Everything’s OK.”

“WHERE ARE YOU COMING FROM?”

This is (a diagram of) what
you are coming
from

LICENSE PLATE: O FAITH

Metaphysics— fruit
Epistemology— view
Methodology— path

The lamp boy looks for the light

SHRINKING

Living metaphorically, rather than literally,
psychologists are the paparazzi of the mind.

HANG ONTO THE LION THRONE

Einstein— stellar cosmos

Newton— planetary cosmos
Heisenberg— atomic cosmos

A sign over the entrance reads—
TRESPASSERS WILL BE EXCULPATED

TANTRIC TV: *THE MATRIX*

Neo, Keanu Reeves, as Vajrasattva
Carrie-Anne Moss, the dakini, *Trinity*
as Vajratropa

yab yum, a slight churning of nectars

bliss/emptiness
purification
bullet-time

IF I MAY BE SO BOLD

to raise a question, an old question—
“When the bill comes due, who’s going to pay it?
Them that has it, or them that don’t?”

re: Iraq?
re: Social Security?

In whose interest is Civilization—the people’s or the pirates’?

A PRIORI POEMS

From cause to effect before observation
 innate, direct, uncontrived
Spontaneous

To look, assay,
to weigh and find lacking

Or not
As () is

HA! GOOD LUCK

Luck, now there's a notion
Irish charm—a girl
at Office Depot scans my check, asks
“Why do you suppose it refuses to clear?”
“Ghost in the machine.”
“3 is the lucky charm.”
“If you're Irish.”
“And I am.”

THREE APPROACHES TO A THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE

Occult (signs)
correspondences
Mars retrograde in Cancer
Scientific (hypothesis)
order out of chaos
Harvey, circulation of blood
Literary (metaphor)
creative mythology
garden of ideas

Kant arriving at the café 11:59AM sharp
Descartes warming himself by the fire
Hume shooting pool in his nightgown

“It's the luck of the draw.”

Maybe I should specialize in crystal healing
& Babylonian musical modes

ENCODED POETRY MACHINE

A chunk of divine machinery
 "The book as measure"
mirror neurons and happy synapses

dPress is a limited partnership
of 3
me, myself and I

I don't give myself much hope
in me advocating
for myself

With me, me, me center stage

CHARLES LAUGHTON KNOWS ABOUT A HORSE

It's coarse
of course

And that's
all.

NO ONE IDEA

Reduce idea to nil

deconstruct
transform
leap over

3rd value interfaces w/virtual world

Relax
cut

2005/2018

IDES OF MARCH

On the first page of Spring
God separated M f/E
 matter & energy
 a purely æsthetic gesture

HA=M/E
AH ME
AH HA HA HA HA HA HO

“Dipping my napkin in Caesar’s blood”

ETHNOS

Hopi
Zuni
Apache

“There were Indians, once.”

ACHILLES HAD ALL THE MOVES

Don’t wake up
don’t wake down
don’t wake around

Stay in town

Attack
retreat
block

Make good use of your time

DAKINIS ON THE PATH

Old hag, candidate for nip ‘n tuck,
I can see her beauty hidden in her age
hanging there

Or ageless sixteen-year-old, pink-fleshed
lips, legs-up-to-her-ass blush

Salamanders living in the flames

PLATO'S ATOMS

Truth
Goodness
Beauty

But can virtue be taught?

HEAR MYSELF THINK

Got away—

got a time-share in Hawaii
all I had to decide on was
what to have for breakfast

Got away—

all I had to decide on
was form, formlessness,
or desire

DHARMA IS A CALLIOPE

I stared in awe—
 then, my root guru
fired me up
 sat me down and said,
 “This is middle C—
Now, play!”

SAD BUT SAFE

I would pin this man down with a simile,
but there is a lot I don't know about him.

SELF-POWER

Whether you're on the mean streets of the Big Apple
in the Badlands of South Dakota
or in a mountain retreat at the base of the Continental Divide

In the state
of transparent immediacy
does *rangwang* make right?

SWIMMING IN SAMBARA

Steve says, “That Machig, she's hot—
she's attained Rainbow Bootie”

Doug says, “Venus without some penis
is a day without sunshine”

David says, “I was at first surprised, even shocked
when I took up tennis, to find that love was nothing”

TIGLE & SOUL

Yogic subtle body virtual reality
natural state grace

Mind stream heart
intellect nous

Contradictory secrets of the senses
revealed in a contemplation of time and space—

The surprise of π in my face

2005/2018

HERE OUR DAYS ARE NUMBERLESS

Wearing my robes
 along Oak Tree Drive
free of everything but Dharma
 thinking of Philip Whalen
sprung loose from all moorings
 chatting with students
 on Fort Worden's commons

Echoes in my mindstream—
 spectacles glint *tigles* in the sunlight
 as he licks an ice cream
I thank him for his kind words
 "I wouldn't have said them
 if I didn't mean them," he gruffly replies
I'm awake—hit by the master's stick

LUCK, DETERMINATION, WILL

Inter-
 subject-

ive

I've maid
Eve mother
eave crone

Inter-
mission

Spies in the house
spies on the road
spies in the heart

“Satan can enter the 4th Garden”

TALL DHARMA TALES

Driving a stage to Tombstone,
The Sambhogakaya Cowboy cracks his whip,
 [creates a vacuum () emptiness]
gets Hayagriva's attention,
 spurs the ponies into action
puts the Pawnee on the warpath

YESHE TSOGYEL & HER TREASURES

The Princess of Kharchen hiked all over tarnation
planting treasures

Mind ters
earth ters, fire ters
ters as potent as mercury in the water

A month in Kennewick, 4 treasures
18 months in Yakima, 24 treasures
9 months in Spokane, 18 treasures
takes time to plant 84 million treasures

She had the time of her life in the outback

DAKINI HYPERTEXT

I'm invited into the treasure room—
Ah, Mother Muse, dishing out the scrolls!
Yeshe messin' with my mind?
You're my web mistress, talkin' html

CODED IN MY DNA

A comatose wisdom mind
a flat-lined wisdom mind
a flattened prostate
a prescription for impotency—

A monk wants his sex
to stay put, hard to stay celibate
if Jampa's is still jumpin'

My urologist tells me,
“If you don't use it, you'll lose it.
Most of my patients want Viagra,
but it'll never be like it was, again.”

“Is it ok if I let it go? won't fall off?”
“No, medically speaking, it's fine.”

MIDDLE WAY IN AMERICA

The Centralists come into the streets
and shout, “Be reasonable!”

Independence and equality
distinct from
a runaway congress
and an egomaniacal administration

The presidency no longer exists—
try to ignore it.

Metamorphosis of our Republic

far right and far left
middle is
not green, not blue, not red, not white
just full of bullshit

Breach of protocol
crossing the aisle
listening to others
to the harps
to the tambourines
to the sack horn

DOG READS MAN IS NEWS

Wrathful voices
ecstatic voices
peaceful voices

Commanding
chortling
cajoling

Dzogchen is news that stays news

YESHE, I GET IT

You, dancing on my prostate body
reflective, active
yab yum, ho
Madonna with your twilight language
“Blah!” you tease
dynamic denizen of Shang-shung
able to endure Abu Ghraib torture
humiliation, fear, degradation,

mutilation—
happy even in hell

Yeshe
took me into the treasury—
“Take what you need
BUT take care.”

Her eagle voice

PHAEDRA’S FRUSTRATION

Sex w/or w/out Love
winged antibodies
sprouting, moist
aching like the gums of a baby

Sex w/love
winged souls embodied
touching the beauty of the gods
pain and pleasure
w/or w/out
absence & presence of the loved one

Alone on the sea cliff

IN EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING

All marriages are born in the source
a marriage of marriages

Your marriage is consummated
in yab yum bliss

May your path be fruitful
and your love fulfilled

TUMMO

Cold back
cold front
cold heart

Making ice in Alaska in winter, in Ketchikan,
on cold storage swing shift, I walk into the warm snow

An important part of generating heat
is the relativity of what's cold

THE FIVE EXISTS

Either
or
both
neither
nor

Either/or
neither/nor
both/and
neither both/and
nor either/or

•

Both/and
may seem bogus
until

“Or”
collapses into
“either”

NEED NOT WANT

Body: food, clothing, shelter

Mind: 8 hours sleep, 8 hours work,
8 hours for gaining more Light

Energy: peaceful, wrathful, ecstatic

DEATH PENALTY

The Needle

first, you're prepped with an anesthetic
so, you should sleep through
the phosphate chloride hit in your blood
however, and this is important,
if you are not fully sedated
you are conscious
but unable to move
Hope your executioner is friendly

What is *humane*? What is *torture*?

Ronald Reagan said he had experience putting down a horse
believed the needle was humane—those that favor punishment
will choose to err on the side of cruel and unusual

3-D OF TORTURE

Dread
dependency
degradation

IS THE THREAT OF TORTURE TORTURE?

Donald Rumsfeld said he couldn't understand why

the prisoners were unable to stand all day, when he was on his feet working 15 hours every day. Yes, with snarling dogs snapping at his testicles.

What is known is that
what someone doesn't know
can't be extracted under torture.

SEEING TORTURE W/MY INNER EYE

Since history is written by the victors,
it's fair to ask, who are the barbarians?

A new commandment
Thou Shalt Not Torture

Hate to make this the subject of a poem

One thing to be punished as a civilian
one thing to be punished as a soldier
another thing to be punished as a terrorist

Pain inflicted trying to get out of the way
pain inflicted for pain inflicted
pain inflicted for knowledge gained
pain for your memory

As a spy for the Tutsi,
the Hutu would have tortured me

Hard to guess another's tolerance
for pain

In passing,
 "A penny for your pain."

PROJECT: MAKE A BOX

A box of Hell
a box of Heaven
wired with sound
 w/audible screams & harp music
 or mantras

A brass dial calibrated for each religion

Give a small talk
about rationalizing away the dogma
as though heavens & hells don't exist

WHILE YOU SLEEP YOUR HYPOTHALAMUS RESTS AND YOU DREAM

Ze was in a big space in a big city, and ze was moving on roller skates, or ze was on a big ball, and ze could move around easily. It was very quiet, and as ze moved about, ze struck attitudes. Ze recalled ze was wearing robes, white, ruffled, robes, and ze couldn't tell where they began or where they left off. No one seemed to notice zim zipping through Penn Station in white robes, and ze thought, "This is what it is like when you're dead—neutralized—and it seems this is happening more and more to me, while I'm alive."

EMPTINESS 1+1=1

High
high, fast
high, much faster

Slow
slower

Loud
quiet
quieter

Deep
deeper
higher

Audible

LIBERATION OLYMPICS

Shake those tail feathers of suffering

A pair of quail—
the female flies off the levy

The male follows

CHRIST AS GURU RINPOCHE

The Pope is pissed off about *The Da Vinci Code*
that Mary Magdalene bore a child, sired by Jesus

How's he going to feel about the revelation
the Tibetans have cooked up in Shambhala?

Odd to see the pontification of the mystery
Christ, the bridegroom & the Church
the bride as the reason
why women can't be buff

Quack quack quack
another duck

TRIKAYA

Up down sideways
in out center
here there
 where?

All the “bad stuff” is destiny

Less bio-diversity means it’s easier
to control harmony

Then, natural cycles can be manipulated to...?

Events-sequence

time is an accident
time is a coincidence
time is a plan

Relationship between
one’s self and one’s elf

Between

a distinct self
and the Divine Self

PAINTING THE SISTINE CHAPEL

A full complement of clouds—
cumulus locomotives above an open pit

Recognize that you’re on a work gang
mining titanium for TiO₂

Pigment color
Binder resin, glue, egg white
Solvent makes paint flow
vermillion in Middle Ages
 mercuric sulfate
ultramarine lapis lazuli

A full complement of moonlight

YOU ARE THE MOVIE

and the camera, the producer
is your mind
and the world's in charge of wardrobe and sets
so, get a grip

OLD MAN McCLINTOCK

Lived in a faraway cabin
west and north, lived alone
raised goats
had a jug of whiskey
hanging in the open window

Awoke in the morning
took a swig
grabbed his shotgun
and fired both barrels
at a red-tailed hawk
every morning of his life

THREE I'S OF SPY

Identifying the target
Initiating the contact
Infiltrating the network

I'm an agent in the field
in the shadow world of self

MINCING

David says, "Mincing down Camden Street

in my size 11 galoshes
 is a way I have of celebrating myself.
I can't go into the other ways, but mincing isn't bad."

"I really am the laziest person you can remember,
but I write about it, that's the thing."

NANCY'S MORNING

Slow, slow ragged start to this spring day,
a turkey stuck in a tree & its flock in the field

All helpless & surrounded by, of course
mad barking dogs

I am one hour behind physically
& two or more mentally—

this is a morning of rough nails
driven into the drum of my skull
& I'm only capable of moaning

My mother says I'm quite ineffectual

SANE DEATH

I linger and chant
Death's outlet song

Death and I, as companions
walking the other side of the mall

Past visions
past night
past heart-shaped leaves of lilac

A PITH INSTRUCTION

Osel's pet pug bit her on the tit
testing the perimeters of her paramitas

There's a little scar to prove this

MAYPOLE

"Let's dance and sing, it's Spring!"

It's a time of terror and promise—
as my world collapses
 into a molding leafiness

And the cities wretch up their lonely

The years pass
 huge, remote, eyes in the sky

SPARKS

The time is spring; the place, Berkeley. The Mediterranean Café on Telegraph Avenue. A woman and a man are seated at a square, marble table. He is a dandy. She is glossily beautiful, like a 40's sex movie star. They are in a pin-spot of light. Behind them looms a mural abounding with Greek gods and goddesses. They know each other well.

BOUVARD: You are the embodiment of wild desire. You'd look great even in pajamas. If I'd met you first, I'd be with you, but I'm with her, and she's the best for me.

ALMA: She's the best for you? You've got to have an edge to love? I'm not good at loving with third-party people. Have I been here before?

BOUVARD: We get caught up in our feelings when acting with other actors.

ALMA: Leave it alone, Bouvard, the geography between us is a shield. Don't cut yourself off from wild desire. I've done it.

BOUVARD: I'm faithful to love, but it's not going to control me, just because all things have sex. It's torture to worry about us cheating.

ALMA: Too stressful, to be honest. Too stressful to be honest.
I love this crush.

[*She takes a drink from a tall latte.*]

BOUVARD: Hard in this life, you've only one body.

ALMA: Only one flag, only one life, only one leaf. Good line, Bouvard.

BOUVARD: I want to coddle...I mean cuddle you, well, both, but I know you have a natural feminine, non-toxic, body-pure immunity to adultery.

ALMA: You're right, I am careful about hygiene. It's a thing with me, but [*unctuously*] if I was to be unfaithful, it would be with you.

BOUBARD: You, you, you...at least, you're not dumb. Blind, maybe, but not dumb.

[*He takes a sip from her glass.*]

ALMA: True love's an exotic club, that's for sure, and we've got the talent for it.

BOUVARD: [*He rises.*] True love is just a romantic notion.

[*She finishes the drink.*]

ALMA: Keep it up.

BOUVARD: Do you give heart? [*His line overlaps hers.*]

ALMA: I struggle to keep house. I do everything but cook. I can spend the whole day reading in bed. No reason to find someone else, besides me.

BOUVARD: And people have everything, including self-sabotage. [*He sits.*]

ALMA: Why are you fidgeting?

BOUVARD: [*straightening himself in his chair*] My pants are too tight in the crotch.

ALMA: If I had to choose between my survival and my dignity, I'd choose love.

BOUVARD: [*wistfully*] Yes, I miss the hungry years—but not too much. Then, you don't have time for love?

ALMA: No, but you encourage my wild side. [*half rising with excitement*] There's a charm in love affairs. Fun to be with you. Pure passion. Endless. Reckless.

BOUVARD: A kiss from you couldn't hurt, babe.

ALMA: With kisses come consequences. [*slumps*]

BOUVARD: I know you could cook my perfect omelet, too.

ALMA: [*ignoring him*] Once, I went on a date with a guy. Walked on the beach. I kissed him, but he didn't call. Wished he had. I took my blouse off. Had on a plaid skirt and boots. Took off one boot because he wanted to see if I had cankles.

BOUVARD: Cankles?

ALMA: He wanted to see if he could tell where my calves left off and my ankles began. I knew he didn't have balls.

BOUVARD: And I'm playing the part of a...I just feel intoxicated by my desire for you. I could kiss you all night. [*Nonchalant*] Just a physical fact.

ALMA: [*She puts both gloved hands over her ears.*] I can't hear a thing you're saying.

BOUVARD: It's nothing, but all the same, a kiss from you couldn't hurt, babe.

Lights dim. Sparks fly.

SPECIAL RELATIVITY

Einstein's first wife,
giving him colossal kisses
and tender corpuscular kisses,
called him Johnny.
He called her Dolly.

Einstein was a tertion,
a discoverer of mind treasures,
& Mileva Maric was his consort.

$E=MC^2$ is a mind ter
planted
by the great bliss queen,
Yeshe Tsogyel
while in her Wrathful Samantabhadri
aspect.

Why does a drop of water rise
in the channel of an inserted straw?

Where is gravity?

Nestled in a rose in the middle of midnight,
breathing against the pane,
he traced their initials in the window's fog.

Moonlight gleamed through, & though
the living wears down, they
found
a luminous, stubborn
joy.

They were playing without
a gameboard
both feet off the ground—
flying sideways.

Fire is water falling upward.

Entwined in yab yum
she observed, "The same
extension which constitutes the nature of a body
constitutes the nature of space."

Inner heat trumps
objective knowledge.

Theirs was a deep-seated
thermal happiness.

BUMBERSHOOT

A girl at my booth
peeked in my book & freaked

Tears shot out of her eyes
not weepy, more like a balloon burst

360-degree spin from bliss to stress
blew her mind—and, in the background

Miles Davis was blowing
at the book faire

Where my linoleum nudes & nasty words
simmered & shimmied

SUMMER AND ALL

Nothing depends upon
the luminous junk assemblage
resting on the rusty wheelbarrow
except its shadow on the dewy grass

ANCIENT EYES

I see through you
clear to the bone, those pins
in your Botticellian ankles
are ornaments from a nasty fall

I see through you because

I have ancient eyes, have
x-rays your gynecologist
will never see

DIALOGUE WITH N

If roses are roses, says g
roses are robust, says h
and make their point, says i
tulips would be lovely, says j
if you see a petulant petunia
says k, tell it to perk up
azaleas are lazy, says m
what do you say, n?

o for rObOts everywhere
p for Please don't work
anything into final form
q for Quick is not how
the hare won the race
r for what happened to Richard III?
s for Shredded wheat
and simple prints on t-shirts
t for Thankfully home safe
u for Unuf!

FAKES & CHEAP TRICKS

I'm a flame diving
into a reflection
in the sea

I suck air—
first breath, last breath

What you see is what you get
and what you get

Comes from the bottom of the deck

LU'S POEM

The poem is IF IT,
and it begins

If it ever is
as it was then,
it will be
as it has been

Which seems to me to
be the way it always is
and that is—never done

So, I'll just leave it as it is

WHAT IF A WORLD

Well, I'll just go out and get me one to
make a new exhibit in my tech museum

Reel to real with tripod—the perfect tripod
for my new ipod with telestar
is it AC or DC?

IF BE

Silence swallows me
like a cloudy day

I'm holding my words to my chest—
typing upside down

Labor requires contortion

and sometimes

Love and poems must be aborted
before they strangle the heart

IF XO

Nothing crossed
out is a something
an X and an O—
a kiss and a hug

IF I'M

Hey, there
wanna buy a
watch out
an echo might
bite you
a bad mitten
puck in
my guts &
on top of that
my vowels
are juiced

I'm going
to pot &
while I'm
cooking
two cloves
of garlic snug
huggle and kiss

IF SYNCRONICITY

What is she to do
Sweet Lakota Sue?
she sees a sign
she thinks divine

In every fire
on every pyre
on every tire
of every car

Of every lark
in every park
and if she stops
to avoid the cops

She'd better
feed the meter
or she'll meet up
with parking karma

IF A NOTE

“It seems we’ve had a small explosion,
perhaps we need a new...”

The note trailed off.
I saved it because it was so polite
kind of hinting at a disruption
nothing to be concerned with
just go out and buy a new...

A cup shattered,
blown to bits in the microwave

What was in it?
a smudge of brown—a taste of sugar
and instant tea—my mom’s concoction

When you forget the water, the sugar
melts to a corner of the cup and the heat
intensifies with the microwave energy

Electromagnetism is fun, but thermodynamics is the law

IF A DEAD MAN

Where are you, Liar?
Where do you brew up your truths?

Bright is the eye of the moon,
but you glide between sunbeams

You spread your wings and never
glance back at the frightful moon

All the poets I know have green hair
but you have green toes

IF ONLY

You gave me leave
to take the sense out of the sentence

If only I hadn't promised something cultural
like *As You Like It*

And, if only I wasn't fearful
I'd tell everyone to get screwed
and ask what I'm charged with

But now I'm doing time
for a double entendre—got
caught red handed with my tits in the till

O, what I could say about flowers

IF ASSURANCES

freezing yourself in ice, I think

I am ghost to you, and now
you're breathing, buddy, and believe me
we will try to catch you

Are you grieving or are you singing?

How do you solve a problem like this?
How can a punk ghost
call the police station tomorrow?

IF FLOW

A tad of infinity in a dream
a field of flotsam in a stream
call it junk or call it cargo
here, there's no embargo

Beyond reason, cosmic laws demand
that every monument be built in sand
a new angle of a ground level tangle
a river of debris flowing free

IF I

*I think people take way too much a direct
approach to their problem.*

—Kay Ryan

This is a poem that skips down the aisle
and kisses a tiny girl on her cheek

This is a poem that shakes the hand
of a man with a beard, dances around

The room and curls up in the corner
and goes to sleep

This is a poem that dreams statistics

IF STATISTICS

4 dead 16 wounded
9 dead 24 wounded
12 dead 63 wounded
8 dead 40 wounded

Exactly who do these numbers refer to?
and whose hand is this on the street?

THE DOT

don't
dot it
do it

84,000
dots

it dot is
it dot
it is

bring attention TO IT
Dot it
Dot

let me
lick your
dot

Dot

“head of a boil”
occurs once OE
16c small lump
clot, a minute
spot, speck, mark
1674 roundish mark

made w/pen 1748

dot

1858 point used
in punctuation; a little
child or creature 1859

dot

a woman's marriage portion
of which the annual income
is under her husband's control 1855

dot

mark w/dots 1816
scatter like dots or
specks

to dot down
to write down compendiously

dot

dot dot
de dot dot

dit dot dit dot
dot dit
what is more is code
is dash dot dot
dash dash dash
dash

dash is dash dot dot
dot dash
dot dot dot
dot dot dot dot

dot dash
dot de dash
de dot do da do it
dedowa

dot

pinning the head
on the
doting
ol' fool

dot

dotters
grand
dotters
& great
grand
dotters
Dot

president
Polk

a dot

Issued the first
Postage
Stamp

DOT

z
e
a
l
o
u
s

d
o
t
s

Zest —having to do
w/orange peel, as spice,
adds zest, zeal is zest
orange= red w/yellow

Poets knew it
No (tit for tat)ed
Knit (knew) it
Dotted it down

Fairbanks
1971

LE SANG D'UN POÈTE REDUX

*Poets shed not only the red blood of their hearts
/but the white blood of their souls.*
—Jean Cocteau.

PART I: HOW TO MAKE STAGE BLOOD

According to Eric Hart: “Essentially what you need is a thick, gooey base with a colorant added. The most basic recipe is corn syrup and red food coloring. This recipe is edible, which is good if the blood is used around an actor’s mouth, but since it is organic, it can attract insects and vermin and will rot after a time.”

Shootouts with blood flying—
usually, bullets go in, and no one sees anything,
maybe some seepage, because they go into flesh
but in the movies bullet holes gush blood

What works with violence on the screen is
our surprise that we’re just bags of liquid and air,
our sense of being contained, and then we’re leaking,
shocks us, gives us a thrill—
anything on the screen that moves IS the movie,
holds us in rapture

Old Movie Code—a gun is not to be pointed at an actor
and the actor be hit by a bullet in the same frame,
like I point the gun,
a frame of me shooting,
the smoke puffs out the barrel,

cut to someone falling

New styles of falling, being hit by bullets, and when they hit,
you're blown across the room
Tears the flesh, sears with heat, and you crumple,
then, the wound gets septic, and you lay there for days, thinking,
"It's fate."
Insert some sex, & you've got a movie.
"Oh, God, thank you for not making this the last frame."

PART II: THE PACIFIST

To be peace—empty, clear, compassionate
and not escape through sleep, through normalcy,
through wrapping myself in the flag

A prayer tree flutters in our town, the prayer for war to disappear,
the leaves are prayers blowing in the deadly winds

"Slowly we're smoking the Taliban out of their caves
that we can bring them to justice," sd the Commander-in-chief

Caves where Jelaluddin Rumi was born, Rumi, who proclaimed,
"No boundaries, no flags!" Where Vajrasattva transmitted Dzogchen

Opposition evolves so life can exist—opposition desires union
Overheard, "They don't believe in God—they believe in Allah."

Pray for Buddha to shoot a cap up Mars' ass.

PART III: THE JIHADIST

Since what I say does not entail what I do—
"Don't cry for me, but bury me with my brothers,
the martyrs and visit my grave if you have time."
Since what I do cannot explain what I mean—
"Pay the corner grocer the 25¢ I owe him."
Since what I mean is not what I think—
"I want my grave to be like Muhammad's, only not so big."
Since the world is me, and I am the world—
"I must, more than ever, try to uninvent myself."
Since what is outside crushes me—
"I remember the color of your eyes smiling at me."

PART IV: MARBLE SNOWBALLS

My mind is fixed
and with my mind, my eyes see
space dissolving into space

From every thought escaped,
everything, all my dimension
freed because of this condition

A printer's devil's devil
was Master Horace Hart
Hart's Rules still rule

found floating in a pond called Youlburg Lake
near Oxford, his gloves folded neatly on the bank

Water into water, dirt purified with dirt

Every blade of grass liberated—
“Don't say 'ditto' to me,
give me a proper answer”

“Since I am alive, I am going to die”
spin up/spin down
entangled thru space
separate
but not separate
in our effect on each other

a troubled and troubling site—
Bob Kaufman
on a downward spiral
broken only by his death
of emphysema

A vow of silence
taken after the assassination of JFK—
you were so quiet
over coffee at the Med

From this balcony he pissed into the crowd
from this balcony, he pissed from this balcony comma
he comma pissed from this balcony, into the crowd

and was never seen again

Santa Rosa
2008

POEMS: 2008-2018

TARA MANDALA, SANTA FE & ELLENSBURG

BLANK

NATURALLY ARISING SELF

What am I doing going into long retreat?
Bam! I'm out of here...no, just kidding

I bow to the feet of the Supreme Guru
pure object of refuge

Grant your blessings
that we may all be free of suffering

E ma ho!
time to fly off to Luminous Peak
my big bruiser of a Buddha mind
is determined this is best for me
wants me to abandon my friends
sweet worldly dakas and dakinis
for the more celestial kind
give up the easy life
store my red truck, oh, dear
says samsara is a fire pit
no more doing my own thing
give up clinging and attachments
cultivate enlightened mind
oh, dear, sounds boring
shut up, he says

Do the mantra of Vajrasattva
make many mandala offerings
do Guru Yoga until my toes drop off
overcome all obstacles
will the protectors like my tormas?

I'm such a clown, why can't I be serious?
my Buddha mind is right, need to get my shit
together before I die and turn into worm tsok

Leave praise and blame, fame and shame
and all such distractions, listen to my guru
get down on the yidam—oh, my
I mean that as a figure of speech

I've got the three jewels as my amigos
and I make this prayer in the spirit of Shabkar
May my meditation, and yours, flourish
And may we soon realize the trikaya

LETTER TO MICHAEL ROTHENBERG

I forgot to phone and say goodbye
I threw away my cell

My lama said to take one good book
to remember the dharma
so, I took *The Collected Poems of Philip Whalen*

No hell, no heaven
no meditation, no distraction, no hope, no fear

Still, I had to do the hat dance one last time

SINGING TO THE HEART IN LUMINOUS PEAK

This mind bound to no one thing.
—Saigyō

Scrub oak branch freed from snowpack
flings diamonds in the air

Driveway's gift—mud on my boots
pine bow's gift—snow on my neck

Passing cloud on a windy day—
a buffalo becoming an elephant
becoming a rhinoceros becoming
a bowl of mashed potatoes

Give up your desires for fancy teas—
Shabkar advises
put on your robes, your robes
and a pith instruction are all you need

I've been in retreat for three weeks
and I've eaten all the snacks—
Milarepa just shakes his head

Patterns of snow rise and drift
from tree to tree—

a dance to dazzle the eye
on a windy, winter's day

Little snowflake dakinis
U RU U RU RLLLLLLLLLU U SRU RU
hold me fast with your compassion

Snow and more snow—the plow guy says
“If it snows any more, I’ve got no place to put it.”

Laughter of dakinis skiing off Ekajati Peak—
if you don’t break a leg, gravity is fun

Moth dancing in the sunlight on the pine wood floor
stops at the shadow of my robes

Friends to date—a flock of jays, a pack rat
a spotted skunk, four wild turkeys, two leaf bugs
an unidentified beetle, the usual suspects

Ravens check me out, and a golden eagle gyring overhead—
I don’t count them as friends, as they don’t eat from my larder

Before I was sealed into retreat, my friend
Gail warned me, “Be careful. Tibetan practices
aren’t American.” Good advice—
these American demons are especially stubborn

Han Shan heard woodchoppers in the valley
below his hut—here, among the pines, I hear
a chainsaw in Hidden Valley

Ripped seam in my new chuba reveals
Made in Madagascar, discovered in Colorado
now, I wear my old robes—I like them better

Passing beauty—
tire tracks in the snow

Fresh snow covers the snowmobile tracks—
a return to wintery calm in Hidden Valley

Looking through the window in the lamp light
was that a ghost or the shadow of a prayer flag?
Add a coyote to my list of visitors

Sky, my teacher
Earth, my support
Sun and moon my companions

Billowing clouds obscure the sun as though impatient
for the day to end—in the realm of pure reaches
day time and night time are relative

My autobiography—I was born, I wrote, I died
and I had good friends

The most significant event in my life—the Atom Bomb
a clever way of destroying us all to prove
no one has a homeland

Machig dancing on a moon disc with voluptuous breasts
and blossoming vagina—pinup of the month, circa 1080 CE

Days without numbers—the snow pack melting—
I've learned Raven talk and a smattering of Chickadee

Moon, you look familiar—you have a lovely face
I know it's an old line, but haven't we met before?

Jupiter is over the hill, and you're still here with me—

do you play cards?

Moon, I saw you with that star—
now you're swollen with his seed

Moon, you never turn your other cheek
are you ashamed of some disfigurement?
Ok, a few pock marks—you're one of a kind
perfect, non-defiled

In my dream, I am the moon—
faces smile down on me

Moon, old friend, Dawn is close behind you
It's a bit early for a visit, but the tea water is hot

Tonight, the moon was full, and I saw the hare—
usually, I see the old man, but tonight, the hare was there
ears and all

Sleeping moon, I touch you with my finger—
are you real?

Crescent moonlight on new snow
thick fog pouring over Archuleta Ridge—
a trail of milky quartz

If a sentence is difficult to punctuate
it's probably the order of words at fault
so, you're off the hook

I erected my victory banner, my boundary
extends ten feet beyond my deck—
I'm overwhelmed by infinity and all I'll never see here

Chop wood, carry water, accumulate mantra

pick up a few jewels on the path, and my day is done

Quiet in the woodpile—
has the pack rat become something's dinner?
Motion discovers us—simple as time
we are lured to the offering

Profound pith instruction—
if the going gets tough, do more practice
a thought to turn the mind

To my right, Chimney Rock, to my left, the sertog
on the Tara Temple—ahead, a range of vidyadharas
within, bliss-void is my view

A solitary place full of empty sights and sounds—
Luminous Peak is a pure land taste of appearances

Complete, ineluctable, consummate, infallible
formless and without substance—
“Watch what you're doing and stir the oatmeal.”

In a day where the biggest complication is a prayer flag
tangled in a tree branch, I consider this is a pure land

If you have wealth, you worry what will become of it
if you don't have wealth, you worry how you'll get it
Either way, it's a hassle—Be happy, all beings who are sad

At first light, I lay the foundation for my day
with ngöndro prayers—I get so pure
I glow like snow in sunlight

Prayer flags flap, icicles drip, tap tap tap
I beat my drum—all sounds are mantram

Corn snow shower—
skiers must be happy on Wolf Creek Pass
me, snug in Luminous Peak

Few people pass my settlement, a new retreatant
now and again—it's mostly me and the wild folk
in the vast expanse

After a sprinkling of snow, there are new faces
in the landscape—a rock face becomes comedy
another, tragedy, and yab looks lovingly at yum

I don't have Ikkyu's libido—he was blessed
Love is blind—still, I enjoy a good blow job
even if it's only in my dreams

Choose one, I lose them all
choosing all, I lose the one
lucky having so many loves
now, relaxing having none

Awakened by the tiniest sound
an insect hitting the window pane—
how I wish it was his footstep

Our bodies wedded—up, now, together up
and, this one time, I swallow my gum

Her meeting Mom was a mistake
“She wears too much makeup.”
Yes, Mom, it's part of her trade

I needed one long-stemmed rose
I gave the others to a sailor, saying
“Just hope your girl doesn't count them.”

Her pimp whipped her with the rose

he'd set her up to turn tricks
and I'd stolen her heart

Two leaves blown together across the snow
one disappears over a precipice
the other returns the way it had come

Outside the door to class, she kissed him twice
and, now, she feels his fingers—
“Wake up, Miss, you're in Geometry!”

We made love on acid, and it was like a train
roared through the room—what was her name?

My first time, we did it on a bed
under the stars—she guided me in
and I lasted two fantastic seconds

She had the *Course of Miracles* pinned
around her room—it was weird
making love with the angels looking on

She wants to talk afterward—
what is there to say?
I have died and been reborn
but I'll recover

She climbed on me
while I was going 70 mph—
it was my first experience
of driving with clairvoyance

We did it standing at the kitchen sink
with her hubby glued to the TV—
I'll find her in a hot hell, and she'll call out
and I'll climb to her through the razor trees

I was young—what did I know?
I found a used condom in the barn
and it broke my heart

Phony dharma posturing—these robes
only for show—what am I going to do
when I'm put to the test?

I fly around, put my hand and butt prints
on rocks—come back later, nothing there
still, I'm amazed

Looking at visages of eternity
an idea that will finally pass away—
what will I dream of next?

A strange blue at dawn—
there's a miracle for you
not sure what to do
I pray to my guru

Asked the benefit of ngöndro —
“I feel as though I've been reborn in a lotus.”

Torn parts of a prayer flag
flutter like lovers kissing—
I've been up here too long

Rumi says, “Don't be disturbed by a speck of dust.”
Buddha says, “What speck?”

Frightened yet comforted—a face looms over me
says, “Close your eyes, and it will be tomorrow.”

The muse has me on the ropes—a swift upper cut
then, *le mot juste*, and a one-two combo

At Adzom's powa retreat, I said
"My mother doesn't want a fuss at her funeral."
Adzom said, "Who are you going to listen to
your mama or your lama?"

Guru Rinpoche tells Yeshe Tsogyel to go easy
on the mutilations to improve the feast—
stick to eating air and mystic heat

Aware that I am capable of murder, malice
and mayhem, I take refuge with the guru—
hold me fast with your compassion

I would have fit right in with Do Khentse's crew
a sangha of reformed marauders—
"Say the word, and I'll jump off a cliff."

Oppressed by suffering due to ignorance and karma
events seem hollow, but life is a hard act to follow

Clouds above, fog below—
for the buddha mind you seek
there's no clear path to Luminous Peak

Ideas flap like prayer flags—
one end tied to the cabin of confusion
and one end tied to the tree of desire

Do I get lonely in retreat? Actually
it's crowded living in tight quarters
with 100 peaceful and wrathful deities

A hole in my water jug from a bear's claw
as if to say— "Look what I can do."

Cloud letters—dakini script—hard to read

Maybe I need a consort—just on this one occasion

Laugh at me with contempt, or let tears
be your judgement—I follow the middle way

The Great Sea of Abyss—totally open oneness
be it winds, channels, lights, cells, molecules, or atoms

Faith begins where thinking leaves off
and sleeping begins where faith leaves off—
that I awake is the prodigy

To look at my complete being
requires renunciation—now a crystal
now a mirror, spontaneously, I just am

Pointless to wonder what if Shrisima
had followed Chenrezi's advice the first time—
an undetermined parallel universe of vast expanse

A roofless roof, a windowless window—
a meditation without meditating

Could, would, should—
no should—just do it

Stop grasping and you quit being a stupid buddha
all problems resolved in a priori nescience

Many times, between dusk and dawn,
Everness kissed Oblivion to make him stay
Now, Oblivion has gone his way,
And Everness, sans Oblivion, cannot exist

Looking at Nothing behind the thing in-itself—
Wow! What a view

The gods are quiet but they're still around—
amazing, we don't believe in them

When my practice lags, I think of Longchenpa
and the sack he slept in—I look at the luxury
of my digs and realize, I'm just a cave bug

Prostrations are a centrifuge to separate
the pure metal from the dross—
I feel the oneness of Buddha and guru

A day of long contrails—the wind
feathers a set into a white AH

“The path's a snap, if you're not picky.”
This insight is attributed to Bodhidharma

What I've learned after a kalpa of meditation—
Don't say much. Don't do much.

Take yourself off the clock and out of the mix—
you'll discover a self-evident pure land

Sit like a mountain, open to the sky—
what's the agenda? Nada, it's accomplished

What was it like hanging out with the dakinis
in the pure land during my three-year solo retreat?
It was an orgy with Jampa Dorje

Yeshe Tsogyel, sleeping on a slab of slate
oozing pus and blood, doing her prostrations—
me, all I've got going is a bruise and a zit

In a dream, I discovered fast walking
is a form of flying—just keep your feet close to the ground

When you eat, eat, and when you walk, walk
but when you talk, first think twice

I'm glad to gladden my guru's heart with my practice
OM AH HUM

Clouds of dakini script hard to decipher, like upside
down Tibetan— “Good, yogi, keeping your samayas.”

At 8:32 am, I achieved supreme release—
no, not that kind of release—and gone
in 1/32 of a second

A morning of mantra muddle, mudra mangle
and fuzzy yidam—then, I put paid to this condition
of frustration, confusion and pain with more practice

Vajra ground perfected, vidyadhara levels matured
four kays fully actualized—who's my lama now?

Once I cut a mean figure galloping on a chestnut mare
now, I ride a creaky crapper with my leaky bladder

Without wit, wisdom and grace, I'll just be another
old fart in stinky pajamas—the rose soon withers

The beginning time and the settling down, kaput—
now, the end game—and the dream that reoccurs

Sitting without moving, just me, myself, and I
and I think “me” is having a senior moment

I gaze at my reflection in the glass at my black hair
streaked with white, a reflection of and on my years

Winterwinterspringwinterspringwinterspring
that's the way it is in the mountains

Dr. Wind makes a house call, operates
on snowdrifts, removes empty water jugs
transplants the tarp from the woodpile

Enjoying the tree shade of my mountain home—
a nest of baby jays rant above my head

The loneliness of Luminous Peak—well,
jays do stop and eat the pure offerings

Still wintery stillness
spring'll spring soon

Sitting in Luminous Peak, letting my white beard grow
outside, a young chipmunk digs for scraps in spring snow

Spring come, spring go, now there's a foot of snow
goes to show what I know—why did I order a hoe?

Fresh snow on old snow
No trace of the road to town
Sitting among white clouds
“Just right,” I say

Thunder and lightning—the copper fire shield crackles
with juice—I sit in the middle of the room and pray

New birds from the south having a hard time of it—
“Go back to Santa Fe—Luminous Peak is not for you.”
All the same, I throw out some oats to tide them over

Tulips in the snow—frozen kisses

What am I doing on this mountain?
To view this as the way to an exalted result
is counter-productive

What am I doing taking refuge?
If I didn't know, I couldn't begin

Something/Nothing
holding this in mind
I get on with it

Most truth seekers don't want a guru because they know
if they accept this yoke, they'll have to work their asses off

As I finished my Vajrasattva mantras
the moon moved backwards across the heavens

I dawdle over these lines—the sun rises higher
and I have not finished my prostrations

If it's all one taste, all equal without blemish
then, you have true abundance

Another trip to the outhouse—
ah, emptiness and bliss

Why something rather than nothing?
I can reflect on this, or not

Nyima Ozer, rays of the sun, a palace of golden fire
All light from one source—inconceivable—
With nothing to hold onto, my grasping nature is reversed

Venus is up, light the fire
Make tea for Ekajati and me

At sunrise, the jays demand their pure offerings, then
they're off to the valley, and I continue my morning tun

A glorious mountain—and once there, I can fly—
the fall not severe, I awake on the floor by my bed

A blue sky day, clear, luminous, consummate—
I'm sitting here, kicked back, digging all the non-action

First, a chair, then a table, no telling where it ends—
you only need your ass and your lap and your hands

Build it, and they will come—but have you seen
the four-way inter-exchanges in South Dakota?
Once there, where do you go?

Two woodpeckers working on a tree
contrapuntal vibe, Bags Groove—
and raven notes Monkishly off key
thrush semitones, those would be Miles

Look, there's a buddha in glorious, resplendent light!
Oh, it's only a trash can reflecting noonday sun

Itchy asshole—it's awkward to scratch
when you've important guests present

Rejoice! This is a bright eon
where the Mantrayana is taught
to counter consumer confusion

The byways of the path are so labyrinthine that
without a guide, you'll be sidetracked for lifetimes

If you know where you are, what you're doing
and how it's done, without a timeframe—
the why is suchness

Lama G asked if my bronze of Shakespeare was Mao
“No,” I said, “That's the bard, Guru Rinpoche of poets.”

Prayer flags bright in afternoon light
as prayers set forth to heal the blight

Hey, leaf bug on the window pane, are you taking a walk
or wishing you were outside? Believe me, that's snow you see
door handle, door hinges, door glass, door lock, door frame
how will you make it through? Open the door, out you fly
out into the cold, blue gray sky—Is this a suicide attempt?

Sunset on the ridge, a lake of molten metals
Amitabha's heaven or one of the hot hells?

I've always liked prison flicks, *The Shawshank Redemption*
Cool Hand Luke—from samsara, I'm bustin' out with bodhicitta

The roar of a jet reminds me Guru Rinpoche prophesized
Buddhism would come to Colorado when the iron bird flew

The only regret I have is that I'll die before I have a chance
to finish writing my autobiography

Thanka painters' dialogue on the size of a yum's breasts—
“The manual says the size of a melon.”
“A cantaloupe, maybe, not a watermelon.”
“But I like them that size.”
“Yes, you have attachments.”

The world rests on an elephant and the elephant on a turtle.
“What does the turtle rest on?”
“It’s turtles all the way down,” says the lama.

Letters like leaves
Letting leaves lie
Me, just as I am

I sent my son a *tsa tsa* made
with some of his sister’s ashes
without a note. He wondered,
“Why did he send me this turd?”

My lama gave me a cape of majestic cut
now, doors open of their own accord
and candles light at my command

Like Shabkar—with my robes, my boots
and a couple of pith instructions, I’m all set

I follow the masters of meditation—
their bony fingers gesture, “Up here!”
Luckily, I’ve remembered my flashlight

Patrul Rinpoche said, “It’s hard to digest dharma
if you’re as dumb as a cow with only upper teeth.”

Anne is putting makeup on emptiness
I’m putting a shirt and tie on emptiness
We’re going out to eat some emptiness
I’ve got emptiness to tip the waiter

I’m staying put—if I rise, I’ll miss
the planet turning around the sun

Risk being the Self that is selfless—

one of these two is you

A note from Sky—

“Be Jampa, happy and free!”

Get over practice being like punishment and get
into it, like it’s theatre, and you’re the star—
Break a leg! (That’s the leg of a curtain, not your leg.)

Stop being a rube by throwing the brass ring
into the mouth of the clown for a free ride
on the merry-go-round of karma

Red ones, yellow ones, green, all apples
oranges, apples, bananas, pears, all fruit—
take your pick, but, damn it, pick

A shift towards equanimity, when I discover
Christmas fruit cake ain’t half bad

I’m glad I have an insensitive ass, or I’d not enjoy
the outhouse view on a frigid morning

Muse, I’m glad you’re in bed with me—I’m just
sorry there’s only room for one in this old fart bag

Six tuns a day, no time for play—
I offered it up to my guru, as my beard grew

I know that bear shouldn’t be here, Beth
but I’m not chasing him into the brush
banging on a pot with a pan

Cherokee-Irish maids from Arkansas
they’ll undo me every time—ecstatic dakini
of the heart drop, you’ve got all the moves—

my blood courses to the beat of your dancing feet

In the study of material things,
according to D.W. Thompson
number, order, and position
are the three-fold key to knowledge
Rock: Buddha, Dharma, Sangha
Paper: Dharma, Sangha, Buddha
Scissors: Sangha, Buddha, Dharma

Learn it straight, drunk, and stoned, so when
you're on stage, you can always perform

Last attachment on my way to retreat—
Summer Dawn paints a sun in my heart
as a parting pout adorns the goddess—
how can I return, if I've never left?

When the bear passed the yurt on his route
Tulku Sang-ngag said that once a bear gets his feed
that pretty much fills his need, whereas man
in his ignorance will destroy the world given half a chance

Musical notes in the rafters, as the wind runs the scales
creaking floorboards and the pop of a log in the fire—
my ears roam the room in the expanse of equanimity

Here I am in the uniformity of basic space
this thought I offer as a buddha realm—
herein, may all beings find a pure land

In a moment of despair, I asked Guru Rinpoche
“How did you do it?” And he answered in excellent English
“Don't talk so much—press on with your practice.”

Snow on the path, then mud—me snug, even smug
inside Luminous Peak—inside, I'm happy and free

In Jewel's domain, sniffing her shoes
and lingerie, reading her detective mags, I felt
the thrill of oncoming manhood—in no way is this
to be read in the context of the wish-fulfilling jewel
(File in the love section)

The morning star, the evening star, secretly dances
in rainbow light through all the afternoons that pass

The only sound, a whistling in the channel of my nose
the only light, a candle on my altar

Intellectual copyright! And what of it is original?
Philosophers worry, but poets scratch and tear, rip and pair
playing fast and loose with the facts

A pack mule fell into a ravine with a load of Longchenpa's
dialectical writings before they could be copied—I thought
bless our lucky stars, it's pleasant to think what makes sense

Growling sounds coming from the Tara Temple—
a dump truck in low gear or Dharmapalas on the warpath?

In a small rock is the universe, both insubstantial, both
empty—the one I hold in my hand, the other holds me

Blue sky day begins with a forlorn bird cry, a spider
and a white moth in combat, unseeking awareness

I, Jampa Dorje, and Luminous Peak
a cabin built for long retreat, have come together as one—
a profitable meeting, an auspicious summit

Warming to my practice, riding the thermals of mantra
on the waves of faith, I explore this solitary place

Two-pronged assault on my ego—the fabrications
of Anuyoga and the non-action of Dzogchen—
nibble at the carrot, focus on the stick

How to get off the grid—
Let it go, leave it, break free!
Be sure you have an accountant

Doing mandala offering is like playing in the sandbox—
an infinity of castles full of jewels

Afflatus without status

The unidentified beetle is a stink bug, well-camouflaged
to hide on bark, so well-camouflaged as to be
nearly invisible in my field guide

Dumpster diving with Longchenpa—all foods are pure
even if the dogs of Dzogchen Monastery won't eat it

Remembering Philip Whalen writing in his lookout that
“In the mountains, it's pancakes every morning of the world”
I've taken a liking to a leaf-footed bug—it eats my cooking

Snow during the night, not enough to close the trail
But enough for long johns and pancakes for breakfast
Leaf bug smelled that oil—on the spot with proboscis out

With an ear to the ground, I hear many sounds
sounds of different sizes, that's form
sounds which portend surprises
that's content

It's crazy sitting on this mountain, chanting in Tibetan
prostrating in the moonlight—but I'll do what it takes
to get every mother sentient being liberated

In high winds, Luminous Peak is like a ship tossing at sea—
with all hatches battened down, this is Flagship Mahayana

Sophia says,
“A devil sits
Under the ass
Of knowledge.”

“Rangwang”
Wrong wang?
There’s only
Win win

Fog—
White kata
Creating
Blest isles

Afternoon Sargasso Sea—
wind stops—birds give it up
in the distance, the tap of a woodpecker
then, nothing but my breathing

Buddha said, “if there was anything more
tempting than sex, I couldn’t have done it.”
Luckily, he didn’t smoke tobacco

4 Ss of camouflage
Shape, shine, silhouette, shadow
Look for the gopher snake

Tearingness of paper

So scared
I jumped out
of my shit

Now
There
Then

Lovelorn tom turkey gobbling for the girls—
such a sad tone of unfulfilled longing in his bold
proclamations, as well as his tender declarations

Tonight, on the sunset channel, the clouds have golden linings
That's the news, followed by a soap— "Beware of Beauty"

A sudden thaw—food going to rot
An opportunity to feast

While painting Dharmakaya tiges, I remember
where I learned to kiss—from a girl named Nancy French
and the French really know how to kiss

Ravens waltzing mid-air, doing it every which way
Look at that—a barrel role—bless their little aviator hearts

Last week she was resistant, this week she's more compliant
Ravens overhead, *pas de deux*—ah, love on the wing

Tsoknyi said, "The advertisements are so good
we could heat plastic."

"Miso, I don't get it, it's just like bouillon."
"Oh no, my dear, much more mysterious."

Empty
Empty
Empty
Give me something
To sink my teeth into

I chop a luscious leek for miso soup
Tofu and seaweed round it out
I think of Philip's "Food Opera"
When he was hungry, he was free
On Luminous Peak, there are no banks
No government, no wars, I'm free
To eat this delicious soup

When he was known as Flash Dorje
he poured marijuana on his cornflakes
Ex-rocker found religion—he had
Marshmallow Peeps for dessert today

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?
in Buddhism, as in biology, they are one
Which came first, the courtship or the copulation?
with a rooster, the courtship is very brief

Titles—A Monk's Marriage Manual
Meditation on My Mother's Corpse
The Divine Sea of Time and Space
You Can't Cheat on Bodhicitta

"Say It in Tibet"
"Seeking the Seeker"
"Like That, Just Rest"
"My Ego Is an Echo"

Overheard— "Got drunk and wrecked my motorcycle, but
I've slowed down, having been whipped by distraction."

A blue-green meteor crosses Archuleta Ridge—
Arya Tara, what are you up to?

The mating call of a woodpecker, continuous & discordant—
it's spring, but I wish he'd take his mantra to another tree

The moon is erratic and Venus, inconstant—
I brew my morning cup with Scorpio over Ekajati

Sticking a girl's pigtail into the inkwell
did I dream that or see it in a movie?
No, my school desk had an inkwell
and Dorothy Darling sat ahead of me

While harvesting the last of the ice
an angry tassel-eared squirrel set up a fuss
“Hey,” I said, “This road runs two ways, fella—
in and out.” There is no enlightenment.

Discussing with a hermit thrush my opposition
to her building in my corbel, her flute-like voice
may win me over—but, then, neither of us would be hermits

Padampa Sangye's visage in the woodwork—
just a knot and a pattern in the grain
but I can't shake this magical illusion of pure mind

And how to begin? The first step is the hardest
but where does the first step come from? If
from nowhere, how was it born? And, if
from somewhere, it's already been taken

Basic Buddhist numerology
I asked for 4 rolls; I got one
I asked for 2 rolls; I got none
I asked for 1 roll; again, none
This is not a poem—
This is a request for toilet paper
If I ask for 7 rolls, will I get 3?

I had my nihilist phase, and my response to everyone
“Go shit in your hat!” But I've moved beyond that
I had my eternalist phase, and my response to everyone
“Repent or be damned to hell!” Glad I've evolved here, as well

Hoping I'm not stuck where what goes around comes around
May all beings find happiness in the middle ground

My ego in an advanced stage of decomposition—
but by thorough examination, I now know something
about fish

Beautiful day in the neighborhood, Mr. Ratnasambhava
sun again, wild folk at work, I write in the morning light

Winter time, quiet time, inward time
and the outhouse doesn't stink

Gunshots in Hidden Valley
maybe not a good place to hide
Bang, bang, bang, did he hit it?
Bang—guess not

Do you long for high adventure—
Ulysses? Moll Flanders? Seven Years in Tibet?
Then, the *ngöndro* is made for you

Mandala offerings offer you an opportunity to explore
your past lives—king and queen, horse thief and harlot, even
the bard Ulysses spared—all beautify the Buddha realms

When my neighboring retreatant walked by
I stayed hidden and watched her pass
pulling a sled loaded with her groceries—
I heard her sigh, and in that sigh was her stress
along with the multitudinous worries of the world

My Yogi Moroccan spice tea bag tag says
“You are unlimited.” Yesterday, it said
“Your destiny is to merge with infinity.”
I'm not reassured by these messages

Emptiness, an expression of despair
and nausea and the absurd in the West
is solace and a release from the sickness
unto death to a philosopher of the East

About things arising from causes, Buddha
revealed their causes and related their cessation—
all the birds in these woods are singing love songs

A maid on the path behind a tree, who could it be?
She wails, “Get it out of me. I don’t want it.”
Could it be a tumor? A baby? Her ego?
Such anguish!

Hey, bee, I’m not a flower—
My robe is saffron-colored
But the only nectar I have to offer
Is the dharma

Inside of me, I was flying in a dream—
when I awoke, I was standing on my zafu

Diamonds glisten from waterdrops
hanging from the gutter of Luminous Peak—
now, to pay the rent

The view from my outhouse resembles
the backdrops in daVinci’s paintings—
how mystical can it get?

A ruby-throated hummingbird inspects the flowers
I painted on the lintel above the front door—
here’s a critic who knows his stuff

Sun going down, us going up, turning away
in space—a spray of prayer flags wag in the wind

Mid-morning, mid-summer, warm blue sky
mind stream full of song, I add melody to my mantra
and circumambulate my hut in hat and sandals

Marion Ford, go directly to Akanishta—
no dwelling in the god realms, Marion Ford, go
to the pure land, and hold a place near you for me

If there ever was a monk buster, it was you!
I'll join you in the pure land
after I make a pit stop in a hot hell

Books on my shelves, side by side—
what transpires behind these covers?
Words and letters, helter-skelter
making up their own stories

Precepts of psycho-cosmic real estate
happy to be here, happy to go—
happy wherever, happy wherever
happy wherever

Eat, sleep, sit, shit
do a few domestic chores
hang with my yidam
that's about it

A day much as yesterday, a full measure—
a flock of jaybirds choir the darkness on
while at my altar, I chant my evening prayers

Rishis rise before me, dakas and dakinis—
a hawk, a squirrel, a bobcat—no one who
has been to Luminous Peak will fall into lower realms

Fresh green beans, red-skinned potatoes
pieces of ham with spice simmered a second day—
I feel like I've eaten the billion-fold universe

Struggling to read in direct sunlight, I move the book
and then the words return—even this shadow is a gift

Waltzing with a grasshopper on my hat's brim—
a one and a two and a three—we're vibrating
outside the constraints of this world

Luminous Peak rests among the pines—
set down your burden, here you can skip
the light fandango with a grasshopper

Always worries—if I hadn't done this
or if I hadn't done that—I'm painting a portrait
of Guru Rinpoche who sees through the bullshit

Dark now—the cicadas make a blanket of sound
and I gather armloads of darkness from the shadowy foliage

These poems have been my companions in Luminous—
my world graced with light—for you their sound takes shape

I am the sun, the live one
I play with clouds
I live under a mountain
not feeling a photon of sadness

We owned land just west
of where Ishi had lived—
weird concept, owned land

Venus in conjunction with the moon
rising in sextile with Orion—
now, that's XXX-rated

Days in retreat mirror themselves—
my true nature, a dark blue hue—
am I being obvious?

Here I am at Luminous Peak, in Colorado,
on Planet Earth, taking a leak, trying
not to piss on an ant in this billion-fold universe—
Astonishing!

Thoreau would envy me—
I live in the Rockies, the west in his future—
a pretty walk from Walden Pond

An honor to be a member of Ellen's Vajra Dream Team
her rapping, "Ol' monk Jampa fills the hall with mantra."

Itchy armpit from a chigger bite—everything Ok
until this bug hatched—but anger doesn't help—
too much anger flying around

A long-horned cactus beetle hovers above my head
as a leaf-footed beetle sits on my toe—
love these insects for taking such an interest

Following in the tradition of hermits,
I told a spider, "I'm not much of a housekeeper"—
now, there's a huge web in the window

I hear the conch blow for Chöd practice—
I'm invited to the feast—not only an honored guest
I'm the main course

She ditched me and married
a guy who had won a Nobel Prize—
not bad being the runner up
winner of the Ignoble Prize

Of what use is a yogi?
Well, my butt helps melt snow

Slept all morning, while the day swept by
forward and reverse—Where's my cup of tea?
No answer

And what is there to fear?
Just my natural self—I write this
revealing a subtle pain

Fire puja at Luminous Peak—
Black Dampa flies over with a fighter escort
after the gegtor torma is taken out—
blessings descend on our plane

Yesterday, I found an arrowhead
Today a mountain lion visited
Days in retreat can be monotonous
Yet every day has its surprises

Panther motioned me to dance—
I think I'll sit this one out

If there's a Day of Reckoning where I
must breathe on my paintings and make
the images come to life—I'll just do that

A young bear charging downhill
surprised by me and me by him—
I try to rest in the interval
between appearance and concept
but my heart beats double time

When I'm lonely, my meditation dull
and the walls close in, I climb the hill
and lean against this hollow pine—
“What's up, Jampa?”

“Cabin fever, but I know what to do about it—
go for a walk, take the air, talk to a tree.”
And, then, back to practice

Baptized an agnostic and schooled in logical positivism
now, the only validity I find is in prayer and meditation

This fluttering of thrushes among the prayer flags
will produce a brood of baby buddha birds

“God does not roll dice,” said Einstein—
He does smoke a big cigar and enjoy a good hand of poker

Four extremes—exist, not exist, both, neither—
the verdict is still out on the meaning of meaninglessness

Old man basking in the sun
old man watching snow fall
old man listening to rain fall
old man masturbating to Brahms

I asked the old tree Tm Vrbm Glk
if “Tm” was his given or family name—
it was his location, he replied—trees
don’t need a self (or a masculine pronoun)

Sitting with Peggy on the temple porch
processing a classic case of meltdown—
just as we mention the lama, the lama
appears, looking for her shoes

I am always in awe of the moon—
there you are, full moon in morning light—
moving in the sky

You ask, “Is there sex after death?”
That’s all there is—bliss and emptiness

coming together

I have eaten supper and washed my dishes
I have eaten two cookies—I could not stop at one
I have read a poem by Borges on happiness
He says everything that happens happens for the first time
I rip a fart and relive Adam and Eve's surprise

I sit and eat my meal respecting the energy it brings
I sit and drink my tea listening to a thrush sing
I sit and contemplate the causes of suffering
I sit and sit and sit, and, then, I just sit

What should be done is done, nothing more to be done.
Here is the Sanskrit—*pacitlam yeva parinibbayati*
fully blown out within—I think I've gotten it right—
the typeface on this old page is worn—nothing more to add

Han Shan would laugh and laugh—
it only seems we've moved ahead—
chainsaws buzz, food delivered in cars
I've got two shelves of books, not one

This old monk appreciates your poetry—
Budbill, you can come by anytime and sit
and play your luminous flute

Chainsaw noise during morning session—
nothing to be done—open the window to let
the pristine sound emptiness in—oh, where
is yesterday's blissful meditation?

My lawyer who keeps people out of jail for being bad
wondered why I would do a three-year retreat—
I told her, "Because my karma is good."

I hear many sounds—sounds of various sizes—
sounds that portend surprises, and always a sweet voice singing

Below my cabin, a forest with clearings, no streets
no entanglements—my mind wanders everywhere

Birds chatter before they rest among the leaves—
I may see them yet in my dreams

Distant thunder, then light rain—prayer flag float
in a mild, damp breeze—everything peaceful
Rain stops, prayer flags, damp, droop on branches—
other happening of birds—it refuses to get dark

In the mud by the spring—a bear's tracks
big as my hand—I ring my bell and chant
hoping he'll be friendly, in a good way

A broom left by Han Shan or Shih Te
and a chair by Wang Fan-chih—
Luminous Peak, none the worse for wear
I sweep up a bit and have myself a sit

Unsure footing on these high slopes—
Han Shan's old sandals, worn out when he wore them
must get me through another season

Long periods without a reference point—
a plane leaves a contrail, headed west
at night, a distant light, a car moving
then, gone around a bend—I shadow dance
maybe, I've gone around a bend

Chinese hermits, a thousand years ago
heard woodchoppers in the valley
below their caves on Cold Mountain
I hear chainsaws buzz in Hidden Valley—
everything else, pretty much the same

Old monks taking joy in a simple toy
Kalu Rinpoche's favorite was a slinky
Jampa likes his magic sizzlers—
adult supervision is recommended

I've been shot, stabbed, beaten, and fucked up the ass—
that's Ok, no harm done—the suffering of beings is bodhicitta
I think of these actions as acts of love

My boundary is where the road forks—
the Four Kings are posted there
to keep my virtue in and my desire out

All this sagely poetry, what a load of crap—
still my grocery list is popular for the wild edible words

In the East, sacred wisdom that I can also find
far to the West, seeing the face of my lama in Tibet

Turning to the sunset channel
crescent moon, always sexy
a couple of stars show up
but they can't catch that lass

Following Borges into the library—
the labyrinth, the knife fight, the garden, circular time
and the dream

My meditation includes clouds and the chatter of birds—
when this grows tedious I make *tormas* and ring my bell

The mountain reduced to scree—
boulders to rocks, rocks to cobbles
cobbles to pebbles, pebbles to sand
sand to silt—no point of reference
except gravity

I'm just a stone thrown at me

The grass is greenest on this side of the fence
its scent, reliable, and every morning it's fresh
I have never seen grass this green, each blade
has its own being—may all the bodhisattvas
remain until the last blade attains liberation

A housefly crosses the window pane
I offer to help it find the outside
but it's having none of this—
I desist and rest in the here-and-now

Wind whistling under the door
“You are alone, alone, alone”
I shift my sight and observe
the woven splendor of Dharma

Photographs laying on my bed—
Chimney Rock in all weathers
a skunk, a chipmunk, a wild turkey
caught in light

Transmitting Dzogchen in a dream to
primatologist Roger Fouts and he,
in sign language, to Washoe and friends
on a stairway made of golden threads

Gone the prayer flags' color, bleached in the sun
gone the foxtail's plumes, to seed, gone—
summer here and gone in a meteor flash

LIGHT ON THE HORIZON

Light on the horizon—
sun's still burnin'
earth's still turnin'

moon's still hangin' out
my bowels work
I can see, hear, smell, taste, talk
I can still walk

As my daughter Kirsten, used to say
each morning when she awoke on her deathbed
“Yippie, I’m still alive!”

Makes me want to get on my cell
and phone all my friends and enemies
and say, “Thank you, thank you, I love you!”

THE RAT IS BACK

This rat is fat from eating tormas
at night, he makes music on my deck
running thru a labyrinth of cans and boxes
across springy boards, he romps and teases

Rat notes I know—
rat feet on wood
rat feet on tin
rat feet on canvas
rat feet in rain
rat feet in snow

allegro
staccato
pianissimo

NO POETRY HERE

No poetry here—
busy like the dickens
 no poetry here
 poetry here soon
 all is good
dance around the new year
 dance with the devil

wait for the year to cycle
to manifest light
change anything
nothing to change
more poetry soon
whatever that means

APPROACHING N+1

Approaching n+1
looking at a blue jay on top of a juniper
and seeing beyond the wall of our world
before anything and after everything
all spells cast, all potencies quiet
every star burned to ash and fumes
all atomic structures collapsed
all electromagnetic energy still
every bit of spin spun
no remainder, no residue
just clear light—

This is where GATE GATE PARAGATE PARASAGATE
kicks in, as the blue jay dives into this singularity

THE TULKU HAS GOPHERS

The tulku has gophers in his garden
a critter not easy for him to pardon
having given up ill will, what's a tulku to do?

Since he can't shoot them with a .22
he'll have to wait
for the Naga King to send a snake

I AWAKE TO A SNAKE

I kick awake to a snake entering my bed—
it's only a dream, but all day I'm cautious
could be around the corner
could be under the steps

It could just be my reptile brain
the old brain of survival—keeping one eye
on the job and one eye on the horizon

SUCH IS SUCHNESS AS IT IS

Tulku Urgen claimed his days seemed
mostly filled with food and sleep
and he was often distracted—indeed!

He had perfected discipline to rid himself
of clinging, binding his mind stream
to a true mode of right action

Kept attentive to his manners and mainly
cared for others—kept his cup clean
aware of what was put into it

His was no great awakening, no visions
or prophetic dreams—just steady on
toward the truth

RADICAL DZOGCHEN IN BERKELEY

By the time Leary proclaimed “Tune In, Turn On,
Drop Out,” I had already dropped out
And turned on to my own tune.

We had no discipline, but we had *l'espirit*.
We had no patience, but we had the grit.
Our mantra—sex, drugs, rock ‘n’ roll.

And power to the people.
We saw the body as a temple, and we abused
4:4 time until you couldn't march to it.

THE MERE SELF

The mere self, the dude
who says, "I'm going to the head,"
will be with you until you're dead.

The one to work on is the self
who plans to win the Nobel Prize
in both chemistry and literature

lover of movie stars and super models
receiving royalties from his best sellers
and patents for his inventions—

"Yes, it was a small rivet, small, but effective."
This is the self that should be liberated
before it runs for office.

REVISIONIST FAIRYTALE

Teaching Yudren English, using
"Jack and the Beanstalk" as a text,
she was not convinced Jack was a fool
for trading his cow for a single bean.

When she was young, in Tibet,
after the Chinese occupation
her parents had to sell a cow
to buy seed for next year's crop.

And in the Tibetan version, it's not a hen
that lays golden eggs, it's a mongoose
you squeeze for jewels.

TEN POEMS AFTER SAIGYO

So remote the mountains
time to call back my life
reflecting, contemplating—
all the doors are open

So remote the mountains
clear mind and hands
that reach for light
beyond the bog of duality

So remote the mountains
it's peaceful here
warm, motionless—
a raven abruptly caws

So remote the mountains
I can yell my head off—
acting like a madman
I make many transformations

So remote the mountains
tracks of a deer, a bobcat
a bear, and one old monk—
we share the same path

So remote the mountains
birds take flight at my approach
yet these are only images—
the birds come back after I've passed

So remote the mountains
chipmunks scramble on the deck
an ant treks the opposite way
both come from underground

So remote the mountains
I drew three plants today
goldenrod, golden clover, marigold
such riches found in solitude

So remote the mountains
under this pine tree there's shade
and shadowy secret places
so hot I take my robes off

So remote the mountains
after the rain, a dreary dusk
under heavy clouds
our lives are full of passing storms

AGE

I wanted to grow a beard
but my parents disapproved
my wife said it scratched
or I had to go before a judge
“We're not letting you out
of the hole until you shave
off that ridiculous red beard.”

In the '80s my hair was long
and my beard gloriously full
but when I was elected to be
Worshipful Master of Lodge 39
they said, “Tell him to cut off
that beard—he looks like Jesus.”

Looks like Jesus? Is that a crime?
Now, I'm a Tibetan monk in retreat
and it's *de rigueur* to let one's hair grow
and I see a reflection of my beard
and it's white.

SAMBHOGAKAYA BUCKAROO

In the plaza of Upper Pagosa, there's a bronze statue
Of a cowboy riding a bucking bronc that I pass, thinking
“This is cowboy country. Love it or leave it”

Then, I see it with fresh eyes, the Sambhogakaya Buckaroo
Riding the Stallion of Emptiness with the Saddle of Compassion
Using the Spurs of Bodhicitta and the Crop of Great Perfection

KEEPING IT SIMPLE

Keeping it simple—a fire in the Franklin stove
the door open, me drinking a cup of tea
by a simple fire with primordial shadows—
is that the head of my dear, departed dad?
is that an iron-headed yaska?
blue and gold flames, red and amber coals

Blue and gold flames, red and amber coals
...a football game...UC Berkeley vs Stanford '58
the only game that I attended with my dad
I had on a gray wool stadium coat, safe feeling
in that coat, as there were angry people wanting to win—
I think we won, Berkeley, but what did we win?
“Give us the ax, the ax, the ax!”

Later, walking along Grant Avenue in North Beach
in my stadium coat, thinking I was dressed wrong
to be a Beatnik, I encountered Karen
and my fashion consciousness was obliterated

APRIL FOOLS DAY

Moon glow under clouds to the south
false finger of dawn beyond Archuleta Ridge
reminds me of another April morning, preparing
to plant a garden when Mount Saint Helens erupted

Dark mid-morning day star, a sunset to the south?
And to the north? Refraction of light
off ominous black cloud, silver-white
on ragged ridge of Stuart Range
The heavens with a surprise April shower

Outside town, newborn colts in a pasture
 Colts frolicking, dams looking concerned
Electric air zig zag demiurge lightning tongue
 ///CAUTION: ARTIFICER AT WORK///
Flashy orange gloom thunder Vesuvius centerfold
 Splashing water on the windshield, the ash turned to clay
I thought, “My God, in Pompeii, this shit got deep!”

AFTER SHABKAR’S BEE SONG

A hummingbird entered Luminous Peak
and hummed while I sang
 HUM, your mantra
 Wisdom’s great mirror
 Revealing the infinite
 In the tiniest of things
Aloneness gone—
rainbow suddenly comes

THROUGH ANGER TOWARD LOVE

Surrounded by Ekajati, her sisters
as well as followers and lesser deities
some peaceful, some wrathful, some ecstatic
Luminous Peak is still standing, so far

Countless hands and feet
umbrellas made from human skin—
I don’t know quite what to do
and, so, boil water for tea

Horrible winds, a rain of blood
(the umbrellas come in handy)
later, after overcoming the last obstacle
I remembered your tender touch

THE OLD POET ADDRESSES THE ISSUE OF SOUL

for David Bromige

The old poet doesn't believe in the soul, the psyche,
or, as Jung would have it, the anima, although under
duress, he might acknowledge the muse.

Such a fuss is made, he feels he should have one,
so, he makes one from the rising steam of his tea
and a few dabs of liquid paper.

It resembles a lacy cloud and follows him as he goes
about his chores—or, rather it follows his shadow,
which has a more elevated status.

Now, the soul presses against the window pane,
gesturing to the poet to let it in, and the poet
is perturbed that his soul can't be self-sufficient.

Still, it's good to have a soul, the poet thinks,
although the constant humming
gets on his nerves.

A PLATE OF FRUIT

[the thing itself
a concave curl of porcelain
piled with orbs and parabolas of light]

bracket that

[a vitreous translucent ceramic body
circular, with circles within circles
and sufficiently filling the hollow
with the developed ovaries of various seed plants]

bracket that

[refracting bands of color
radiating from a celestial body]

the sun] [a cornucopia of photons]

WILD TURKEY PECKING

Wild turkey pecking
at his reflection in the glass—
 stupid bird

That's me, pecking
at my mind

Am I inside looking out
 or outside looking in?

STRIPPING TIME

for Lama Tsultrim

Stripping time to reset our internal spirits
and rekindle our battered clocks, on the solstice
I am god and a dead man, Adonis wounded by a boar
Osiris thrown by Set into the waters of the Nile

I'm Tammuz carried off to a far land, Baldar
slain by an arrow made of mistletoe—I am life in death

In Japan, I am a goddess secluded in a cave
In Finland, I travel in a car made of reindeer bones
to herald back the greenery on which the raid deer feed

This is the last day of the month of Azar, the first of Dey
the day of the sun, my day, the day of Ahura Mazda

In the Carolinas I'm called John Canoe
in the Bahamas, Junkanoo
in Sri Lanka, it is Sanghamitta Day

And I am honored as the Buddhist nun who brought
a branch of the Bodhi Tree, which has flourished 2,000 years

In Tibet, it is Dakini Day, a Tsok Day
and to combat the winter blues, we gather
to light candles, feast and chant and dance

Party down, Anasazi
AH LA LA HO

December 21, 2008

A THRUSH

Discussing with a hermit thrush
my opposition to her building, I said
her flute-like voice might win me over
but, then, neither of us would be hermits
She persisted. I wrote:

A serenade by a thrush—
gracious offering in morning light
I think the dakinis sing
just for me, Mr. Prufrock

But it came to pass that the thrushes nested
and I named them Bette and Chevy:

Thrushes nesting at Luminous Peak
Bette and Chevy have babies
You can see their tiny heads
I couldn't be prouder

Once the chicks hatched, it got noisy:

Bette and Chevy work their tails off—
the more they feed the chicks, the more
the chicks eat— “And how did we
two come together?” asks Bette

The thrush chicks are all mouths
“More, more, more,” they cry
When they aren't eating, they sit
in samadhi with their mouths open

Chevy thrush wants to dance
Bette batters him to the ground
“What are you thinking?
There are babies to be fed.”

Now fighting—sibling rivalry
can't you share the condo?
I just cleaned the deck

try not to make a mess

Sing me a song, Bette
something for eventide
a sunset serenade—you sing
and I'll play my damaru

Come on, you sing
Chevy'll do a bit of standup
I'll play my damaru—
we'll make an evening of it

A new rustling sound—stay tuned
either the chicks are ready for flight
or the nest to is too small
and the weakest will be booted out

Flapping wings, all quite natural
first one on deck, then another
it's a breeze, you fly in place
and the world moves under you

All gone—three young thrushes
up and about doing acrobatics
twice flying inside Luminous Peak
quiet now, only thunder

THE LAMA FINDS AN UNUSUAL ROCK

“What's this?”
“Looks like petrified wood.”
“What's that?”
“Wood that becomes rock.”

The lama checks his I-book and finds a Tibetan word
like “ridged with fear,” but not sourcing the Latin, *petra*,
for rock, nor explaining vegetable matter becoming minerals
under extreme pressure over geological time

I explain the magic.
“A tree wishes to remain a tree.
A rock wishes to remain a rock.
A tree that becomes a rock is a terrified tree.”

This pleases the lama.

SITTING ATOP A BLADE OF GRASS

Dampa and Jampa dined on tsampa
butter, barley, and a spot of tea.
“What is your teaching?” asked Dhampa.
“I teach what I am,” said Jampa—
 “I’m the Abbot of Emptiness.”

TRUTHSEEKER

Abbi Mary Mountain asks,
“How do I know I’m on my right path?”
The Abbot of Emptiness answers,
“When your heart opens and goes ‘AH.’”

DHARMA IN THE ANIMAL REALM

Squirrels in the branches
a young squirrel learning from an old one—
beginning mind, old chatter box
Squirrels in the branches
bees buzzing fore and aft—
I’m living, alive in Life!

Now, back to the grind.

YOGI RENT CONTROL

for Cady

With Luminous rent paid for the year
I continue to practice in a perfect space
of mind's clear light without any fear
of falling into the samsaric abyss

And, if the rent is raised
I won't be fazed
I'll gratefully dedicate it
to the accumulation of merit

A REPLY TO YESHE

If it makes one sentient being happy
I'll upgrade my tech for hardware that'll play an MP3
although I hear Ryokan laughing from celestial heights

ARTAUD'S TAKE

The Kabbalah of the Trinity is full of caka.
The biological trinity is mother, father, and child.
This trinity is nullified with the birth of twins.

NAMING

I have the time that rarely is
to build from dust and ashes
a face in shining water

An old man, whose name is Lore
and a girl, whose name
 no one seems to know
sit beside me

Their thoughts, my thoughts

and the wind
are light and shadow

When all was read and done
and the bards had departed
you appeared

Tell me your story

IN STEP WITH AN ANT

Hard to believe all the memories
feelings and perceptions
are emptiness and light
The pattern an ant makes
looking for whatever an ant looks for
if it “looks”
More like these blown words
rustling of leaves
distant lowing of cattle
rustling of cattle
russet leaves
the auspiciousness
of unborn nature present

present
present
present

Ok, I believe it—what’s not to believe?

NO REFERENCE POINT EXCEPT

[non-doing]

2018
Ellensburg

TURNING THE DARKNESS DOWN

"Little Boy" was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945

Hiroshima first, then Nagasaki
just so they know we know what we're doing

Shock and awe begun long ago
Carthage plowed under, the ground strewn with salt

Napalm the villages
defoliate the jungle

Shoot the buffalo
cut the life-sustaining links

What are we doing? How see Buddha mind
full of radiant knowing?

BEWARE

If the Buddha comes
hold your breath
stay under water
breathe thru your gills

INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES

"What's so bad about having to stand up?
I'm on my feet all day."
Yes, Mr. Secretary...standing up
with dogs snarling inches from your genitals
while you watch some goon shit on your bible

JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR EMPTINESS

Do your best and get it wrong
that's samsara

Luck out and get it right
that's nirvana

No right, no wrong
that's the way it is

IN HOMAGE

David,
I feel sluggish
my mouth
mouthing words
that can't say
the sadness I feel

As Lama Tsultrim is my spiritual mom
you were my spiritual dad
and like a son, although older than you
Scorpio and Leo, we'd bump heads
then work it out and be friends

Not an easy friendship
but if anything can be real
that was real

You could be a tough taskmaster
but when the work was done
and when you said it was good
I'd know it was good

You set the standard
on horseback or with a chöd drum

And you could dance
a soft side of a self
you seemed reticent to show
but you moved with winged feet

Go, now
liberated as they say
but come back soon

June 23, 2010

PEACE, CLARITY, JOY ARE GOOD SIGNS

Down below, I'm asked to do chores
makes my asshole bleed—not a good sign

Down below, I go to speak, and
“Fuck you, fools,” comes out—not a good sign

Better I stay at Luminous Peak
talk to the chickadees
sing songs to keep the sun on track

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Hard to get to the other side of the city on the streetcar named Desire
or on the streetcar named Envy or on the streetcar named Pride—
there's a train, Habitual Tendencies, expensive food on that one—
and a ship of fools, in fact, there's a whole fleet, a fleet of fools
bound for the Isle of Deception

.

Long strips of gossamer cloud—
the first stars step on stage
wearing halos and wire wings
I'm eager for the play to begin

.

Estragon: I don't understand why you can't say the name of that play
in the theatre—I said it, and everyone freaked out.

Vladimir: It's a traditional superstition—shows you're in the know—
but keep teasing them, and you'll be blamed for everything that goes wrong.
(The mere reference to “that play” sends a little ghost into hiding.)

PINK FOX GOES ALL THE WAY

for Kim Christoff

There is nothing surreal
about Pink Fox. Her color
is natural to one easily
embarrassed. If there's anything
surreal in her foxiness, it's
her fondness for French pastry.

Did I see a ghost, or was it
the shadow of prayer flags
dancing in the moonlight?

Pink Fox has Sky for a teacher
Earth for a home, and Sun
and Moon for companions.

Pink Fox asks Mouse
"On which leg should I wear my garter?"
Mouse is uncomfortable being pinned
down. There's more to this
than her nosy song. This Mouse thinks.

Pink Fox dreams
...they hadn't presented a cork in the door
screwed in backwards...

Pink Fox's legs move
as though she chases Mouse
...to rise and fall
presents
 a moment's letters...

Pink Fox barks a warning

...twine gold cup hiding
 the whirlpool gathers
to seize other fodder...

To complete the dream
Pink Fox enters Plato's cave

spits left, right, center, and yaps
“I have my own stuff to attend to.”

Some think Pink Fox is one of them,
but Pink Fox is no fool and belongs to
neither Red nor Blue. She is Pink.
That’s her code.

Light rays.
The open arms of the mountains welcome her.
She leaves behind barren poetry
for a language less fractured.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Times have changed since the protests
around China hosting the Olympics—
I’m ordering a Grand Slam at Denny’s
and the waiter says, “You guys are awesome!”
I’m checking into a Motel 6, and the clerk says,
“Can I do anything to help your people?” I’m taking
a leak at a rest stop, and the guy in the next stall goes,
“OM MANI PADME HUM”— Whoa, is this a flag?
I’m in line at City Market, and the man next to me asks,
“Do you beg for food?” “No,” I say, “but you can pay.”
The Dalai Lama made a big hit in Seattle—The Times
called it a “love fest”—Yes, it seems like times change,
but samsara is still the same.

IN THE GREAT ROUND

for the King of the May

April’s chill still clutches—
but sticky snows melt away
that we in May may romp and play
Allen Ginsberg says, “Wow!”

SINGLE TIME, SIMPLE SOLUTION

Cutting through to now between then past
and then future—mind at rest in the unborn present
briefest of moments, priceless—for everything else
there's the debit card

LETTER TO BETH IN THE YEAR OF THE HARE

I'll be der wid my mitt
and some tormas we can toss

Dis Buddha don't throw no junk
his fastball comes in at 108
so close, it'll knock you outdada box

Just as well der's no rabbits in yer stew
dey's made of iron this year, tough to chew

LUMINOUS AND CLEAR

There's a parcel of space that was an "I"—
now there's just the sky

THAT'S HIROSHIMA ON THE WINDOW SILL

What we see is surfaces
near and far, only on one plane
and the same with time

Look out this window—that distant ridge
is the Reindeer Age, that valley, Mesopotamia

those hills are Rome, and this stout juniper is
the conquest of Mexico—all on this pane of glass
Machig, Longchenpa, Do Khyentse,
me, you and the Buddha to be—
unified in zero-dimensional Dharmakaya
from whence metaphors pour forth for poetry
 Why did I write this down?

SPACE AND MOTION

A day of distraction when I become fixated on jet contrails over Ekajati Peak maras of
fascinating phenomena, planes coming and going in every direction with many crisscrossing
above my head

I draw a circle with a radius of 30-40 miles around my cabin, Chimney Rock to Pagosa Peak to
Archuleta ridge to the Continental Divide, and on Friday I count 42 planes and on Saturday, 58,
with 9 planes crossing paths in proximity

I draw straight lines on my map LAX to JFK, San Diego to O'Hare, SEA-TAC to Houston, SFO
to Miami, Denver to Phoenix, all passing over Luminous Peak a geographic vortex, something
from the old Cartesian theory of movement of cosmic matter about a center, the Twilight Zone,
the Bermuda Triangle of Terror Mandala, but the planes don't disappear—so, I take some
pictures

And then I think...when Ani Kunzang takes these pictures to be developed, they might wonder
why I'm interested in flight patterns of aircraft, shade of 911—"You say he wears robes. Does
he have a beard?"

I only became aware of this anomaly while sky gazing, after I was asked to pray for a girl,
named Emily, whose parachute failed to open, and now

 I've made a poem to put her ghost to rest.

April Fools' Day, 2011

CITY MARKET POEMS

Last week's poem, a long one
and pretentious
This week's short
and vacuous
Words can't cut it—is this
the same poet as before?

Been there done it, played the game
Had horses, houses, health, wealth, and fame
Playboy, businessman, side show freak
Now, I'm a hermit at Luminous Peak

Hunting for your Buddha nature
is like beating around a bush
for a rabbit that's in your hat.
Meanwhile, the Universe is on
a self-exploration trip, and you
are on board for the ride.

Then, one fine day, you come
face to face with your original face
and no matter which way you face
by an act of grace, this face stays in place

Tense and tension—not much clear about death
but when you die, the tension's gone, and when
you're a corpse, past tense, you're dead

You may ask—
“Don't I get another chance?”
Of course, as many as you need.
Every time you stub your toes
Every time you sneeze
Every cut and bruise
Can be construed as a hug and a kiss
An opportunity, another chance
To attain enlightenment—it may seem
The Universe is indifferent
Just a chain gang or a heartless food chain
And it's easy to despair—the poet said
“No one gets out of here alive,”—however
The compassion of the Primordial Ground

guarantees YOU DO GET OUT

There's no way to know whether
the Universe is upside down or not
but Earth is tilted—and samsara is seriously bent

After Kabir—

Who's that breathing
laughing and crying
inside my laughter and tears?
Do you think you've squatter's rights?
been grandfathered in? Thrush, nesting
sing your flute-like song
You're the guest

Healing and feeling—

If I felt this amount of pain
coming from my normal measure, I'd complain
but coming from where I stood
this amount of pain feels good

O, never always
would the mind let go—
even the grass will attain liberation

Jack, in Crestone, says—

“I've had bears and cougars
in my front yard, what more could you ask.”
“Not to have bears and cougars in your front yard?”

Root transgressions—

Some varmint ate the jade plant
uprooted the rose bush and snatched the single pink bulb
My mistake
can't blame my varmint sangha
or am I being too kind?
Now I'm doubting phenomenal purity
Better to repot the rose and bring it indoors
It's one big feast! Guard the grass!

Non-doing—

comes a place where there is nothing do
although a voice says you can't again do nothing do
I reply I can't not do nothing do

Route 108—

Bumpy road to nirvana
my vehicle running on empty

Bliss-emptiness is just a concept—
baby birds sing hymns of praise
bliss to a baby bird is having a full belly

We sit and drink tea—
our views of emptiness differ
still, we remain friends

In the spirit of Milarepa
dive off a cliff like an eagle
and receive the bliss-void of self

Awakening—

“This is it!”
And I spill
my cup of tea

Did I climb, or did I fall
into accomplishment?
Never happened—
primordial purity was reason enough

Not this bliss
nor that bliss
neither inside nor out
but tangled together

Sometimes I laugh, sometimes cry
I saw a movie once

“Why Did Bodhidharma Go East”
I liked it a lot

There’s a parcel of space
that was an “I”—
now there’s just the sky.

Devote yourself to your guru
and the benefit of all beings
Forget who and what you are
and whatever agenda you’ve cooked up

I send forth this jeweled mandala
to you, my Guru
awake in the unborn unborn

Spiraling in a great current
I rest with every step
to dedicate my merit

I entered retreat, vowing
to liberate my crazy concepts
and to cut through my fear
of the bear who lives in my outhouse

Natural view—
nectar to my eyes
Chimney Rock, Archuleta Ridge, and the Continental Divide
as exotic as Crete or a grotto on Molokai
I give my blues to the sky

