

PERMISSION BY THE HORNS



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"It's true, as Duncan used to say,
We need permission for what we do
Next we must grab permission by the horns & hang on

It isn't just a rant, a gift, a boon. Grab it and run
Before they change their minds"

--Philip Whalen
Treading Water 1978

I

The mocking bird nearby is perfectly replicating the quail's
three note descending call

Time to move the ashes
back to the main house
Bits of my friends, Nancy, Philip, and quite
remorselessly, ashes I can no longer identify.
Planning to put them in the ground
under a large rock. Which isn't here yet.

Writing poems, at the beginning, was a place to put
some untidy emotions. Until I realized
nobody wanted to read about them

Can you imagine, this sounds
like a simple improvisation?
But actually it's all written Down.

To the cemetery on the Day of the Dead with marigolds
One for each grave that we know, and one for the old old ones.

AT&T says they do not comment on matters of National Security
when asked about citizen's telephone surveillance.

The last president of Mexico says in his memoir that George Bush
walks like he has a watermelon under each arm.

Sunday morning rain, oil spill still moving, along the shore.

"European Parliament last week proposed
turning the poppy crop in Afghanistan
into legal opium based painkillers."

--Guardian Weekly

Impatient with the young local's posturing of 'entitlement'.

II

Red Breasted Sap Sucker in front of the last red apple

Narcissus time
A long heady wiff
after a patient opening wait
So Pure

December 25 the Christmas
Amaryllis is now just opening

Vow to do it everyday, or almost...
Spend daily time in the littoral zone
'Sit'

Quail love the new grass
green from last night's rain

"This class will be for the doggedly empirical
and free from literary flourishes."

"The ability to believe in an internal invisible 'god'
vastly improves people's capacity of abstraction.

Two legal opinions written about the power
of the executive branch to conduct coercive interrogations.
Overly broad, legally flawed.

"And this story is growing like a young tree
which is flowering for the first time.
And now this story is a proper tall tree for the first time.
And the story is becoming a large tree now with many branches."

Plum blossoms
fly down
almost like snow
petal in chickadee's mouth

Humor is a leveler
"Art is a Joke"

III

In the poet's hut
a cool lay back
watching the red current bloom
gracefully

recumbent

Dreams of umbrellas made of bandannas
Looking for a walking stick
in a building of vague academia
with Bob and Bobbie Creeley

RESILIENCE

as key to the bounce
smooth but unexpected

in Dale Smith's 'Susquehanna'
"dream this, dear dead thing"

Fox. I know those two little piles of shit left on the outdoor table
were yours.

Manipulative capitalism under the guise of 'public works'.
Disappear into the memory hole.

When she was only 18
she understood that obstacles could be removed
if their illusory state was recognized
as of the moment.

Circle of seven men standing, outdoors, all eating asparagus.

Thank god I don't write Everything down.

Easy to mock with a calculatedly caustic tone
his aspirations as he became
so sexually and emotionally open.

There
It would have been So
much better
if you were not there
at all. Not there.

The stupider I thought you were
the more I had to learn

Formulas, prayers, and rituals passed down
by word of mouth
5,000 years ago
to know what you know

Everything gone, changed, unfamiliar
This is a dreadful nightmare
Where is my round table, my little white desk

We already miss you
eight days later

It's true that hope causes pain.

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