

- A Round of fiddles playing Bach.
Come, ye daughters, share my anguish --
Bare arms, black dresses,
See Him! Whom?
Bediamond the passion of our Lord,
See Him! How?
His legs blue, tendons bleeding,
O Lamb of God most holy!
Black full dress of the audience.
Dead century, where are your motley
Country people in Leipzig,
Easter,
Matronly flounces, starched, heaving,
Cheeks of the patrons of Leipzig --
"Going to Church? Where's the baby?"
"Ah, there's the Kapellmeister
in a terrible hurry --"
Johann Sebastian, twenty-two
children!"
- The Passion According to Matthew,
Composed seventeen twenty-nine,
Rendered at Carnegie Hall,
Nineteen twenty-eight,
Thursday evening, the fifth of April.
The autos parked, honking.

A German lady there said:
(*Heart turned to Thee*)

"I, too, was born in Arcadia."

The lights dim, and the brain when the flesh dims.

Hats picked up from under seats.

Galleries darkening.

"Not that exit, Sir!"

Ecdysis: the serpent coming out, molting,

As tho blood stained the floor as the foot stepped,

Bleeding chamfer for shoulder:

"Not that exit!"

"Devil! Which?" —

Blood and desire to graft what you desire,

But no heart left for boys' voices.

Desire longing for perfection.

And as one who under stars

Spits across the sand dunes, and the winds

Blow thru him, the spittle drowning worlds —

I lit a cigarette, and stepped free

Beyond the red light of the exit.

The usher faded thru "Camel" smoke;

The next person seen thru it,

Greasy, solicitous, eyes smiling minutes after,

A tramp's face,

Lips looking out of a beard

Hips looking out of ripped trousers
and suddenly

Nothing.

About me, the voices of those who had
been at the concert,

Feet stopping everywhere in the streets,

High necks turned for chatter:

"Poor Thomas Hardy he had to go so soon,

He admired so our recessional architecture —

What do you think of our new Sherry-Netherland!"

"Lovely soprano,

Is that her mother? lovely lines,

I admire her very much!"

And those who perused the score at the concert,

Patrons of poetry, business devotees of arts and letters,

Cornerstones of waste paper, —

"Such lyric weather" —

Chirping quatrain on quatrain;

And the sonneteers — when I consider

again and over again —

Immured holluschickies persisting thru polysyllables,

Mongers in mystic accretions;

The stealers of "mélange adultère de tout,"

Down East, Middle West, and West coast flaunters

of the Classics and of

Tradition

(A word to them of great contours) —

Who sang of women raped by horses.

And on one side street near an elevated,

Lamenting,

Foreheads wrinkled with injunctions:

"The Pennsylvania miners were again on the lockout,

We must send relief to the wives and children —

What's your next editorial about, Carat,

We need propaganda, the thing's
becoming a mass movement."

It was also Passover.

The blood's tide like the music.
A round of fiddles playing
Without effort —
As into the fields and forgetting to die.
The streets smoothed over as fields,
Not even the friction of wheels,
Feet off ground:
As beyond effort —
Music leaving no traces,
Not dying, and leaving no traces.
Not boiling to put pen to paper
Perhaps a few things to remember —
“There are different techniques,
Men write to be read, or spoken,
Or declaimed, or rhapsodized,
And quite differently to be sung”;
“I heard him agonizing,
I saw him *inside*”;
“Everything which
We really are and never quite live.”
Far into (about three) in the morning,
The trainmen wide awake, calling
Station on station, under earth,

*Cold stone above Thy head.
Wearily, broken bodies.
Sleeping: their eyes were full of sleep.*

The next day the reverses
As if the music were only a taunt:
As if it had not kept, flower-cell, liveforever,
before the eyes, perfecting.

— I thought that was finished:
Existence not even subsistence,
Worm eating the bark of the street tree,
Smoke sooting skyscraper chimneys,
That which looked for substitutes, tired,
Ready to give up the ghost in a cellar —
Remembering love in a taxi:
A country of state roads and automobiles,
But great numbers idle, shiftless, disguised on streets —
The excuse of the experts
“Production exceeds demand so we curtail employment”;
And the Wobblies hollering reply,
Yeh, but why don't you give us more than a meal
to increase the consumption!
And the great Magnus, before his confrères in industry,
Swallow tail, eating a sandwich,
“Road map to the stomach,” grinning,
Pointing to a chart, between bites.

“We ran 'em in chain gangs, down in the Argentine,
Executive's not the word, use *engineer*,
Single handed, ran 'em like soldiers,
Seventy-four yesterday, and could run 'em today,
Been fishin' all Easter
Nothin' like nature for hell-fire!”

Dogs cuddling to lamposts,
Maybe broken forged iron,
“*Ye lightning, ye thunders
In clouds are ye vanished?*”

Open, O fierce flaming pit!”

— Clear music —
 Not calling you names, says Kay,
 Poetry is not made of such things,
 Music, it's according to its wants,
 Snapped old catguts of Johann Sebastian,
 Society, traduction twice over.

— Kay, in the sea
 There with you,
 Slugs, cuttlefish,
 Ball of imperialism, wave games, nations,
 Navies and armaments, drilling,
 Old religions —
 Epos:
 One Greek carrying off at least two wives for his
 comfort —
 Those epopt caryatids, holding, holding, the
 world-cornice.
 (Agamemnon). Very much like the sailors.
 Lust and lust. Ritornelle.
 All! blue trouser seats — each alike a square inch —
 sticking thru portholes,
 Laughter, laced blue over torus,
 Gibes from the low deck:
 "Hi, Ricky!"
 (Splash of white pail-wash, scuttling and laughter).
 The sea grinds the half-hours,
 Each half-hour the bells are heard,

Half-human, half-equestrian, clatter of waves,
 Fabulous sea-horses up blind alleys,
 Never appeased, desire to break thru the walls
 of alleyways:

Till the moon, one afternoon,
 Launches with sea-whorl,
 Opening leaf within leaf floats, green,
 On waves: liveforever.
 Hyaline cushions it, sun,
 In one's own head.

As in Johann Sebastian,
 Listen, Kay . . .
 The music is in the flower,
 Leaf around leaf ranged around the center;
 Profuse but clear outer leaf breaking on space,
 There is space to step to the central heart:
 The music is in the flower,
 It is not the sea but hyaline cushions the flower —
 Liveforever, everlasting.
 The leaves never topple from each other,
 Each leaf a buttress flung for the other.

Ankle, like fetlock, at the center leaf —
 Looked into the mild orbs of the flower,
 Eyes drowned in the mild orbs;
 Hair falling over ankle, hair falling over forehead,
 What is at my lips,
 The flower bears rust lightly,
 No air stirs, but the music steeps in the center —
 It is not the sea, but what floats over it.

Or

I walked on Easter Sunday,

This is my face

This is my form.

Faces and forms, I would write
you down

In a style of leaves growing.

A train crossed the country: (cantata).

A sign behind trees read (blood red as intertwined

Rose of the Passion)

Wrigleys.

Boy and girl with crosses of straw for their nosebags

Impinged upon field as on ocean;

Breath fast as in love's lying close,

Crouched, high — O my God, into the flower!

The double chorus singing,

Around Thy tomb here sit we weeping

For the fun of it,

O Saviour blest

The song out of the voices.

3

At eventide, cool hour

Your dead mouth singing,

Ricky,

Automobiles speed

Past the cemetery,

No meter turns.

Sleep,

With an open gas range

Beneath for a pillow.

The cat, paw brought back

Over her seat, velvet,

Puss — .

“Who smelt gas?”

“— Would I lie!”

“No crossin’ bridges,

Rick’—

No bridges, not after midnight!”

“— God’s gift to woman!”

Out of memory

A little boy,

It's rai-ai-nin',

Ricky,
Coeur de Lion.

Lion-heart,
A horse bridled —

Trappings rise,
Princelet
Out of history.

Trappings
Rise and surround

Two dark heads,
Dead, straight foreheads,

The beautiful
Almost sexual

Brothers.

I, Arimathaea,
His mirror,
Lights either side —

*Go,
Beg His corpse*

— Wish I had been broken!

In another world
We will not motor.

Dead mouth
(Cemetery rounded

By a gastank)

The song reaches home
'Here are your dead,

Not yours —
A broken stanchion.

Of leaves,

Lion-heart, my dove,
Pansy over the heart, dicky-bird.'

That our Psalms may reach but
One shadow of Your light,
That You may see a minute over our waywardness.
Day You granted to Your seed, its promise, Its
Promise,

Do not turn away Your sun.
Let us rest here,

lightened
Of our tongues, hands, feet, eyes, ears and hearts.

Fierce Ark!
Gold lion stomach
(Red hair in intaglio)

Dead loves stones of our Temple walls,
Ripped up pebble-stones of our tessellation,
Split cedar chest harboring our Law,
Even the Death has gone out of us — we are void.

Hear —
He calleth for Elias —
A clavicembalo!

Deafen us, God, deafen us to their music,
Our own children have passed over to the ostracized,
They assail us —

'Religious, snarling monsters' —
And have mouthed a jargon:
"Rain blows, light, on quiet water
I watch the rings spread and travel
Shimaunu-San, Samurai,
When will you come home? —
Shimaunu-San, my clear star.

To-day I gather all red flowers,

Giant sparkler,
Lights of the river,

(Horses turning)
Tide,

And pier lights
Under a light of the hill,

A lamp on the leaf-green
Lampost seen by the light

Of a truck (a song)
Lanterns swing behind horses,

Their sides gleam
From levels of water —

Wherever we put our hats is our home
Our aged heads are our homes,
Eyes wink to their own phosphorescence,
No feast lights of Venice or The Last Supper light
Our beards' familiars, His
Stars of Deuteronomy are with us,
Always with us,
We had a Speech, our children have
evolved a jargon.

We prayed, Open, God, Gate of Psalmody,

Shed their petals on the paths,
Shimaunu-Sân, in the dawn,
Red I go to meet him —
Shimaunu-Sân, my clear star.

To-morrow I tear cherry sprays,
Wreathe them in my hair and at my
temples,
Shimaunu-Sân will see my head's white
blossoms,
In the dark run towards me
Shimaunu-Sân, my clear star.

All turtle-doves have pledged
To fly and search him:
Shimaunu-Sân, at my little windows
Each night a tiny candle will be
lighted —
Shimaunu-Sân, my clear star."

— *Yehoash*.

Song's kinship,
The roots we strike.
"Heavier from day to day
Grow my limbs with sap of forests"
"Deep roots hammer lower"
"And to the Sun, I bow.
On the gray mountains,
Where multiply
The stairs of crags, my prayer
Will follow you, still Heir —

Bestower —
Of man and tree and sand,

When your face upon the land
Flames in last redness, allow me of your
light—"

My father's precursors
Set masts in dinghies, chanted the Speech.

"Wider is the ash around the fire"
"Treasures turned to sand"

Yehoash, —
The courses we tide from.

Tree of the Bach family
Compiled by Sebastian himself.
Veit Bach, a miller in Wechmar,
Delighted most in his lute
Which he brought to the mill
And played while it was grinding.
A pretty noise the pair must have made,
Teaching him to keep time.
But, apparently, that is how
Music first came into our family!

A carousel — Flour runs.
Song drifts from the noises.

"My petted birds are dead."

"I will gather a chain
Of marguerites, pluck red anemone,

Till of every hostile see
Never a memory remain."

5

An animate still-life — night.
Leaves, autumn.
Thread the middle.

A cigarette,
Leaf-edge, burning
obliquely urban,

the branches of trees air
comfort.

Kay: The heart has the imagination,
In case of emergency follow the next lunatic.

I: Ask Faust, the reason we're not further along —
Goethe, alias MacFadden —
He-er vent Hel-ee-na squat from our sidewalks.

One's thought

And past the leaf's edge
(Not in the central heart)

Our voices:

"How? without roots?"

"I have said *The courses we tide from.*"

"They are then a light matter?"

"Let it go at that, they are a light matter."

"Isn't it more?" "As you say."

"Your people?" "All people."

to go
to you
seven (?)
years ago

wearing
the
jacket

I'm
wearing
here

Hear?

The Old Poet Moves to a New Apartment 14 Times

The old poet
moves
to a new apartment
14 times

1

"The old radical"
or surd--

2

I's (*pronounced eyes*)
the title of his last
followed by *After I's*:
"After"—*later* or
chasing?

3

All the questions are answered with their own words
intellect the way of a body a degree "before"
soughed into them

if the words say silence suffers less
they suffer silence
or the toy of a paradox

a worth less worth
than that *shall* will be said
as it is

4

Aleatorical indeterminate

to be lucky and free and original
we might well be afraid to think
we know beforehand exactly
what we're doing

rather let it happen

but the 'illogical' anticipation,

music, has always been explicit
as silence and sound have

in the question
how long is a rest to rest.

In the 'old' metered poetry
the Augustan proud of himself
jingle poet as he says it

freedom also happens
tho a tradition precounts

but someone before him
is counting for him
unless it happens

that the instant has him
completely absorbed in that someone:
a voice not a meter

but sometime a meter's a voice.

5

After all—
nothing
interests me
when it is full of being.

Ground,
what there's a little sun on.

Why any nuisance
to black it out?

6

Anger, an impetuousness of kicking
the four strings off the fingerboard,
blind led the bees.

7

Now a tray—
Achilles shield
great copper boiler end
from the furnace
in the home of her ma

stands burnished
at the door—
in the disguised center hole

(where the pipe support went thru)
made one with it

3 toy translucent
plastic horses
with Greek bangs

(Xanthus and Balinus)

but 3
Red behind Black
and
favorite Yellow Sun between.

8

Tiny sarah golden
so taken in
by the beauties
of the suites
wondrously

assumed
her friends' new
apartment

had fabulously
called in
an interior decorator.

She did not presume *they*
knew nothing of decor

tho her loves
could they tell her so
had never aspired
to a decorator.

9

Back then
on Willow Street
"Happy," that is Pat

Pat
not for Patricia

*(Shall we not see
these daughters
and these sisters)*

Patrick, rickle
old man
collected garbage

singing
and no sooner
clean

than they dumped
it on him
again

in an incinerator
for which *they* paid
rent

it was his

whence this singing
ai ai ai ai

and carrying up
broken cartons
so they moved
with their books

as the brat
fourteen
the floor
below

wailed to her
banjo
and danced the twist.

10

A roof—
turned back on water
in sun holding objects
in sunny distance—

looked into sun
warmed the closed eyelids by it,
returned round to water
opened them on a blue
of water shadow of sky

when the street below
crowded with were they neighbors that *bad*
lived there—as in a newspaper neared
human ashes icy roads
Auschwitz crematories'
scattering them from a cart
pulled by twenty children
and Angel Head Doctor whipping them
Head Death cycled along

was was whistling Mozart—

to La Paz, Bolivia
that Peace
where students shouted
in the court of a hospital to
a doctor on call—
treating victims,
“*Their* names,
give us *Their* names,”
were shouted at from inside:
“They’re poor people
we cannot identify them
they do not have documents.”

The roof—
mountain fallen molehill
had so much to do with so little
perhaps some syllables
‘head lost
why cry “bald”?’
—that to move
helped necessity.

11

When the walls
are dismantled
realize
the horror
of dust
but also
where a curtain
kept the dust from
the walls,
a white

that with most
things packed shows how
little one needs
waiting for the movers
to come.

12

Who may not anymore
show his writing to friends
not till it’s print
or his dreamed words
of trooped galaxies
a night of the day
they move in
glad some envy
stopped showing
its writing to him
art is not covetous
whose life is long
drip key and murky
so they compose
wet the ants
craft name
Friendship
rocket thrust
established in lbs.
300,000
weightlessness
about
4 hours
almost another
hour of minutes

only the top
half
of the pier
of the bridge

the top
half of
façade of
skyscraper

show from
the rise
of the lonely
street

float

••

the water brings me all things
the valentine of
the sweet fat friend
so heavy he cannot carry his drawers

optimism gaining among steel men.

If the worst comes to the best
you'll have 'em all

is it better to carry a single fiddle case?
a case with two fiddles?
a consort is better?
it is perhaps lighter to carry a single one
for if not in its life
in that other of playing
the case shall be no bit of the fiddle
and the fiddle not with the case.

She brings me all things
the caryatid of the 10th floor
holding the 11th

goes up the stair
wearing out her little fingers
cleaning

and no one says
the pity of it

the water bringing all of the continents,
the oceans
otherwhere towards the windows

have we a terrace?
when the
sun comes in
it is the
Southeast

Atque in Perpetuum A.W.

Alias to a wand the height lowered
sleep well who woke every half hour
on the hour with last breath joked
two legs were mine walk 'Glad to
hear your voice' 'Glad to hear my
own voice.' One shot and sat on
in the universe fast but unsure. Itself
sedum has come up thru rock water
slate black twilight the sky's blue reins
white sweats in mist rains storms summer
clears stars and moon rounds. We have
not walked out of this place what
have we to collect. Each privet's ablossom
I am a son of the soil.