

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

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January 1, 2018

## First Night

tonight a strange taste haunts my mouth  
perhaps a touch of poison lingering  
I have a deadly weariness to untangle  
InkWell is working again but producing poorly  
to talk about it I must invent

January 2, 2018

## While

coding again  
finding bugs and fixing some  
others seem like bugs but aren't  
I was fiercely gentle  
I aggressively passive

January 3, 2018

## Day Late

back home tomorrow  
there will be a horrible storm  
flooding / high surge  
then cold  
welcome home

January 4, 2018

## Slight Dawn

if I were home  
I'd be warming by the woodstove  
reading a book before turning a log  
the stove would be warm with food  
I would be sitting with someone hot  
afterward I'd take a walk down to the pond  
maybe someone would have a fire going

January 5, 2018

## To Keep You Down

I once was a force  
many would defer to me  
they took it for wisdom or knowledge  
most keep growing but I stopped short  
to look back and see it all laid out  
like the future only backward  
like complete darkness only light

January 6, 2018

## Cold Nets

there are reasons the cold frightens us  
it's in the direction death heads  
when it heads home  
it's like below too low in a game of highs  
it's like the river draining out the lakes  
of the north to the sea  
responds by wiggling its toes  
the cold frightens us  
because it's always in our way



January 7, 2018

## Wintering

a storm hit  
trees didn't like it  
birds hunkered down in bushes  
winter in a non-winter type place  
cold but not  
the rain was a killer  
I was worried about the gutters  
the birds had seed nearby  
I always wondered about the hummers  
then it got dark

January 8, 2018

## Ho Hum

the travel again in two days  
scared as usual  
prepared though  
fixing bugs

January 9, 2018

## Lousy One

stupid bug fixed  
seems like programming is really  
all I am able to do well  
enough to make some happiness  
it's like typing which my fingers enjoy  
and like writing which I enjoy  
but it is less forgiving than anything  
I like the dreams lately  
the ones with strange houses  
I can't find my way through  
or out of  
like programming

January 10, 2018

**Worker**

I am lonely from working  
even with no one to employ me  
it doesn't feel different  
so I must have been a lousy  
employee / in fact I know it

January 11, 2018

## On A Short Hop

looking down from the plane from DC  
to Pittsburgh the warm upflow  
from a small town bit through some sporadic  
low clouds / each streetlight and houselight  
swirling a rough mist around itself in the haze  
the lights in the airplane cabin were off  
but the long red haired flight attendant  
still stood out even with her too light  
pink lipstick / she needed a temporary friend  
so I spent a night with her downtown though  
my friends sat wondering in a dark Scottish themed  
restaurant / I was in feathers

January 12, 2018

## Locality

some of the ideas make little sense  
we are afraid of them  
the warm air turned cold  
sunny skies turned to rain  
rain to ice / ice to snow  
and this adds to the nonsense  
who am I to say otherwise  
I am afraid

January 13, 2018

## Not Much

slippery sidewalks  
decent walk to the restaurant  
she said I had changed  
from brash bold to gentle  
what might it mean  
I have sleep coming on hard

January 14, 2018

## Program Like This

with a loud voice  
I shouted my ideas  
against the old ways  
but the old ways are such good  
friends / even when they're  
mean ugly and horrible



January 15, 2018

## Huh?

I follow the cold wind down to the river  
it doesn't like the tail  
the river is a simple river  
it goes only one way  
hm / what next  
all around people are wearing  
stocking caps  
what

January 16, 2018

## Fields

trying to make it up the hill  
away from creeks and valleys  
high as I can go  
to see all those who left before  
drift into the lowers  
the way seems up and rocks abound  
I find my place / sit / write

January 17, 2018

**Inku**

transferable behind  
then obtuse  
seeing pecker angling

green display pop  
just enough to carry the rear  
on a square skate

when the heads slacken  
there's nothing to show  
but vegetables

a controller pimps a herring  
it's living  
that style is spotting

observable rain  
a little crocodile  
surfaces to my left

I ain't after  
the red-berried elder it comes from  
that free fall

January 18, 2018

## Inku Two

that slow slowness—  
yellow-green algae slowness  
in the form blueberries

an exhibition game  
by myself  
lighting a contractable brownie

dawn  
comes to the bird's visual systems  
and the eagles begin crying

that he-survivor  
out victorious  
of soul and succotash

don't re-create me  
it's as low-beam  
as the two fifty percents a Northern Spy

when I saw the wall -  
the small purple-fringed orchid  
was growing

when I heard the LP  
the well-heeled jack-o-lantern  
bursting forth

prime mother-of-pearl  
raining down  
on the half-bought the farm Greater New Orleans Bridge

the ivory-nut palm  
not ho-hum  
coral-wood Dutch case-knife beans

January 19, 2018

## Inku Three

when the catch crops crush  
there's nothing to recognize  
but cash crops

it'd continue  
along my pinky  
the attendance quintessence

beautiful snow  
a small crab  
lifts up my shoulder

the measure of octopus  
company objects  
in the summer moon

least five-spot grows  
used-cars are double-parking past  
a pool is pro-life

not this English ambition  
English sparrow  
but your darling challenge

a black hole looks blue now  
our motives are motives  
soon motive is all

as for the ear  
on the tape recording  
my chum killed it

this street  
no one goes to it  
Christmas hospitalization

when I looked at the wall  
the sexual death angel  
was blooming

January 20, 2018

## Wash-and-Wear Autumn

the pick-status figures  
big on large's bush kingdom  
fifth of all big fives

basic low-carbon steel  
giving out  
on the half-phased fore-and-aft sail

don't triple-tongue me  
it's as hard-and-fast  
as the two halves of pet-food

a darkness yesterday  
by myself  
drugging dark mulligan

p-n-p transistor power  
cannot take The Virgin Islands  
the same

mass / mass the mass one  
the pedigree moo-cow's ma  
is my pedigree bloodline

I ain't after  
the cast-iron plant it comes from  
that X-linked recessive inheritance

blue irresponsibleness  
to dream and cream



original B-complex vitamin  
shadowing  
on the half-numbered step-up transformer

reddish-lavender,  
but somehow the daughter cell  
is falling apart

not this locker-room brotherhood  
glass snake  
but your ex vivo program

of conclusions  
the wine lover is commercializing  
but minor conclusions establish a pattern

first cosmic microwave background of Saints Peter and Paul  
I keep re-creating

parenthetical  
but for some reason the fern ally  
is channel-surfing

the slit flip-flopping  
the purplish crow-bait's blah  
is pro-choice glint

as for the Johnny-jump-up  
off the tv  
my kid avoided it

not this home thing  
false saber-toothed tiger  
but your twenty-ninth movie

the royal's walls  
have gotten browner  
no round greenhouse effect

when cliff-brakes consort  
there's nothing to foster  
but mountain heaths

bright sun  
rounds out the slave-maker's brain-stems  
and the honey guides begin speaking up

January 21, 2018

## The Woman Was Jazzing His Lip

not this lung-like surprise  
poll parrot  
but your goody-goody doo-wop

a police matron cries Boston lettuce  
it's panic-struck  
my marrow squash is guying

life-sized sex object?  
the hay-scented fern  
even when it's known best

we need to be  
with the now ready-to-eat boys-and-girls  
and god-cock-and-bull story

the staff vine acquires  
research laboratories are foundering past  
the swimming hole is twelve-sided

dusk  
bounds the quack-quack's eyelashes  
and the knife-handles start countering

the English toy spaniel's upper respiratory tracts  
have gotten jet-blacker  
among the biological clock visible radiation

pine-tar rags are cha-chaing past  
your moon is quick

January 22, 2018

## No Nonsense Boo Boo Roly Poly Pudding

hospitalization!  
a fucking holler  
beyond the thunderbolt

the silky dogwood sharpens  
hula-hoops folk are dancing past  
a coral reef is flea-bitten

not this Greek joie de vivre  
Asian wild ox  
but your armour-clad F clef

cookie-cutter  
but somehow the Brazilian pepper tree  
is stirring fry

the garden balm unfolds  
aerial ladder trucks are tooling past  
their lunar crater is fully fledged

when I noticed the diesel-hydraulic locomotive  
the spindle-shanked Caucasian walnut  
was channel-surfing

twilight  
hurts the polar hare's bile ducts  
and the deer mice begin hen-pecking

not this scientific ambition  
whistling swan  
but your cost-efficient honorary degree

initiatory transparent quartz  
brightening  
on the half-brought down off-axis reflector

I take to not heart  
the charred pancake cup it comes from  
that secondary sex characteristic

the technological revolution of technological revolution

I don't toilet-train  
the Dutch case-knife bean it comes from  
that stiff upper lip

bright sun  
reins the Canada jay's cunts  
and the nags start plea-bargaining

January 23, 2018

## A Lasting Visit

the fear of it  
death creeping forward  
no place to back into  
my days are few  
one more walk maybe across the bridge  
to the beaver pond made of Cobbler Brook  
burger place and the spot by the river  
how can I fight for it  
fight back the tears

January 24, 2018

## Pity They Say

when my highschool classmates speak of the old days  
I am lost because I paid no attention to the old days  
I lived an isolated life / I was inward looking  
I learned little of life / they learned much  
for that I have lived my life poorly / been a poor friend  
I don't know how to fix it / and time is running out  
to have lived a long life the wrong way  
what a waste

January 25, 2018

## Shouldn't Have Lied

collapsing around  
water racing seaward  
code that works but is hard  
now it's time to hole up  
for the end of games



January 26, 2018

## Big Field Country

big open fields  
small rows of bush between  
a ditch every few miles  
a high big porcelain sky  
with pink roughs to the west  
in the house a woman has cooked  
the food waits on a table near a window  
outside a man watches that sky  
scans the fields / he had a dream once

January 27, 2018

## OK Church

an old Kansas church  
I see it every trip  
little by little falling apart  
white and broken  
which good moments were had there  
which bad / maybe it's a barn

January 28, 2018

## No One Else's

some lonely night I spent  
writing long paragraphs about a past  
I couldn't recall / I made up  
for it by using something nearby  
a story that could be mine  
and because I could imagine it  
better than it happened  
it is mine

January 29, 2018

## Tony Hoagland

he once called my work  
accomplished / I wondered what it meant  
perhaps finished / perhaps done  
he meant it as a gift but I only took it  
he is sick now but teaches in a back room  
at a church in Santa Fe / there is chaos there

January 30, 2018

## Back Woods

who of course is ready  
deep woods of pine and birch  
animals burrowed or hiding  
birds hunkered / it's night  
you need to tall pine to hear  
the wind up there / wants you  
is that a brook down there  
time for sleep

January 31, 2018

## Lying in Wait

the last labor is just a comment  
something written or spoken to yourself  
we assume our lives are in cocoons  
but battlefields are more like it  
how to attack while feeling soft  
we just sit / we lie back  
we watch under hooded lids  
last labor you see

February 1, 2018

## With Snow

I wanted to write full  
write strong as Hoagland asked  
instead I pecked at it  
lots of words fell out  
maybe a sentence every then  
it reminded me of a steep hill  
with a road lined with stones  
buried up to their tops  
with snow

February 2, 2018

## Snowfall

the city abandoned  
heavy snowfall / brisk winds  
people behind closed curtains  
in warm poses / I'm down on the street  
walking uptown as the street disappears  
a cab drives by and two dark lines  
form behind it / pointing the way  
to the beginning of time



February 3, 2018

## Open The Door

with time dropping away  
how can I learn to live  
in the time left  
I need to be able to notice  
I need something that is like happy  
to be out and not in  
or maybe it's just to write as if

February 4, 2018

**Losers All**

we pin our hopes on outsides  
when they don't we don't  
don't is easier  
all the time / over eager  
sometimes almost

February 5, 2018

## Wheat Lands

some of the roads I've been on  
are worn down to gravel almost  
the towns once thrived when living was local  
these days we shop in stores too large  
for our grandparents to imagine  
we know no one up our street  
a bird alighting a branch is a surprise  
a mystery / the grain elevators are rusting to death  
someone called the lineman to check  
but even after all that labor no one calls  
the wind wanders past while I sit by my car by the road  
that leads past wheatfields tended by machines  
watered by machines / harvested by machines  
I should worry about the sun who has seen it all  
the book we're supposed to read has no answers  
it was written for a different desert from the one  
that stretches from river to mountain  
to where you used to be

February 6, 2018

## Not Much

I plan to stay home forever  
I will let time kill me  
I want to be reading when I go  
I want the sun to set

February 7, 2018

## Slow Music

near the water a pier  
heads out to sea  
behind a wall of rocks  
that the waves try  
to leap over the sea vaults  
walking out in the time  
of dark when no one is awake  
I hear a slow song I used  
to hear as a kid / in cars  
the waves are not visible  
they don't make this song  
the sea is not visible  
it doesn't make this song  
no cars drive by  
only my head is here with me  
singing my sadness

---

February 8, 2018

## Eyes

one thing fills me with fear  
today I will face it  
when I return to writing  
if I return  
I will be changed by technology  
twice before I faced it  
total fear both times

February 9, 2018

## One Last One

getting ready to sleep  
maybe / for the rest before surgery  
I am starting to panic  
just a bit / the memories  
from 57 years ago and 62 years ago  
coming back / I wish I could  
zen it out

---

February 10, 2018

## Surgery

surgery over  
not as bad as before  
some eyelash-in-eye type discomfort  
can see better in weak eye  
some strangeness my brain needs to learn about  
eye drops so many times a day it starts to hurt  
eye patch on each night for a while  
sunglasses / I wonder what it will all cost  
white is white again



February 11, 2018

## Meredith

what feels like home  
is a whisper and some sobs  
how I used to sit by the phone  
and hope I could call her  
instead I waited another day  
decades  
she had her ideas about a future  
none of them worked I think  
she is lost now in a dream she forgot to have  
I am typing this in

February 12, 2018

## Cold Intimacy

sitting in a cold room  
paging through yearbooks  
listening to the same song again  
and again  
the one or two pictures  
I always return to  
I still have them  
still turn to them  
I feel it even now the fear  
of calling her / I never beat it  
I cannot even ask to see her picture  
her brother a close friend  
I can't ask him  
I can't ask anyone to be intimate

February 13, 2018

## Outside Town

the hard grit of the story  
of death but sometimes love  
swirls like dust in a devil of sorts  
the side of the hill tiered for mining  
the hump of a hill burdened by trees  
hardwoods / sometimes a pine  
someone buried not long ago  
can almost remember the warm days near here  
but too many people have wept since then

February 14, 2018

## Cobbler's Ravine

close to sunset  
sun up near the top of a small rise  
we are down in its valley  
in a pine woods with some birch and elm  
late in November / cold with a streak of cloud  
we've stopped walking / the crunch swallowed  
by princess pine and needles and leaves  
the brook slowly flowing  
the sun a glow just above the ridge line  
me / the woman  
she is bundled warm and her breath comes out like a cloud  
later we will eat in a hot side room  
stew and cooked meat  
the red scene locked in our hearts

February 15, 2018

## Old Dust / Oldest

in the part of town we have forgotten  
an old warehouse staggers in place  
windows stoned out / water rotting it all  
debris and garbage gracing the floor  
when hot sunlight slices in large motes  
reflect time and fate  
I've sat outside this place and reminding  
it of me or me of it  
if there were music about  
it would be old music

February 16, 2018

## My Love

they walk away  
they don't wave bye  
don't say bye  
I want to find a way  
nothing no nothing  
I hum the sad parts

---

February 17, 2018

## Etherized

I have explained it all  
laid it all out on a table  
shown how I thought of it  
described what happened  
some require magic  
and think science can create it  
some just hope  
some just pray

---

February 18, 2018

## **Boston Nana**

the one Thanksgiving we walked  
by the fort to the parking lot by the docks  
and watched American Press head  
out to Boston Harbor on its way  
that one day was the last day  
I remember our South Boston Thanksgivings  
American Press  
heading out



February 19, 2018

## Gibson Guitars

I've seen this news  
I have to buy a model  
with my finger in my mouth  
do you want to be a bonus or not  
there was a store of Gibson in Nashville  
I've been there  
I was thinking about going home  
and I was going home  
about 10 years ago  
I have time to go  
and I think the shop is still there  
it's spectacular

---

February 20, 2018

## In A Map

something about the past  
is more real than now  
perhaps the stains of tears  
polished tabletops to a shine  
maybe it's the air that was more smoke filled  
or the sky that opened to the galaxies  
sometimes I wonder about vastness  
is it stranger that there's so much that's big  
than it is there so much small

---

February 21, 2018

## Shetland

I'm needing a lie down  
after all this hilarity  
old stone buildings around  
when the new sheep arrive  
baaa they say  
a bit of rain as they say  
drearling to the lime kilns  
beautiful in a far away way

---

February 22, 2018

## Hoswick Road

half-melted snow  
in the one-lane track  
swerving past a white stone home  
on the downside of the hill  
two black ruts going up the way  
toward a setting sun  
and a warmed up companion

February 23, 2018

## Hack Attack

lots of hacking for no good purpose  
to set up a schedule with silly heuristics  
like the old AI lab  
into the night

February 24, 2018

## **Terrible Sounds**

the wonder of it  
lightning  
a heavy storm scolds the tops of trees  
green grass rains down  
where was the wind I wonder  
where am I

February 25, 2018

## Kalaupapa

where I live is isolated as I  
have been for sixty years living  
with disease / a disease that puts others  
ill at ease / sent here to live  
I have been sent here too  
to die / away from eyes  
away from thoughts and mostly  
prayers / it is green  
it is warm / my headstone waits  
by the sea

---

February 26, 2018

## UnSelfish

regardless of the reasons  
history has a way of disappearing  
it told me it likes the shadows  
and behind bushes stances  
I cannot accept that the way it stands  
history is always  
verbose and chatty and grandiose



February 27, 2018

## Take A Load

evenings get me sick  
congested / lungs full  
days no problems  
I suspect everything  
is broken

February 28, 2018

## First Dark

night time / Shetland  
first snow I've seen  
no one out / maybe about six inches  
the cams are confused  
some of them  
focusing on raindrops  
the sky a wax paper mess  
it's a long winter  
mild maritime

March 1, 2018

## War Gaming

many ways to see it all fail  
words and all that  
some numbers too  
inconsistencies to work out  
balance issues  
no one tested it  
no one played it

---

March 2, 2018

## **B the K**

the stories are that  
hounded to death  
a reason / perhaps  
we can make up things  
make things up  
I've been to all the places  
usually when cold

March 3, 2018

## Understanding Nods

the riverfront streets are flooded  
by rising waters from the mountains  
and a disquieting storm surge  
watching the alley between the trendy  
restaurant and the B&B  
it's swirling between freshness and salt  
going up the long shallow rise  
that many hope protects the town  
it's one of many disasters the town  
has suffered / I could say more but  
I have dropped my fountain pen

March 4, 2018

## Up River

the high water  
many loonies deny it  
they say it's a coincidence  
funny  
they also believe that their riches  
are not  
a coincidence

---

March 5, 2018

## Lerwick or Unst

the appeal of Shetland  
is the distance  
the loneliness  
the unlikelihood of anyone stopping  
where did he go  
has anyone seen him  
nobody is my target

March 6, 2018

## Far and Wide

the lack of scholarship  
is a badge of arrogance  
not telling all the facts  
not bothering to look into things  
I am great am I  
not / not on my watch  
when I see I laugh it out loud  
I laugh it out wide



March 7, 2018

## Programmable Programming Language

some mistake acknowledging heritage  
and crediting people for ideas  
where though should be lecture  
be held / or should it not

March 8, 2018

## Categories

trying to relearn  
hard stuff from the past  
takes a time of thought  
and many cups of  
some things remembered  
others hard to learn again  
and what for  
why not quit

March 9, 2018

## Ice Clogs

a sort of hanging breeze  
or maybe a winter storm that chokes off the power  
the river is confused again tonight  
ice is clogged under the bridge  
cars refuse to start and when  
they do they refuse to go  
wheels spin / thoughts spin  
I creep back into bed  
for all time

March 10, 2018

## Monads

not getting anywhere  
too hard to figure out  
some explanations are really bad  
I just don't get it

March 11, 2018

## Monads Doodads

turning the corner on monads  
a little  
getting code to work so I can get it  
I cringe

---

March 12, 2018

## Lag Pit

sometimes the country  
pretends to be a pit  
we flee we flog  
little hints fly across my path  
stain my sight  
I lag behind and laugh

March 13, 2018

## In A City

in a charming little city  
by the river by the sea  
snow falls on cars / they sit  
there and take it on  
people wrapped walk along the river  
trampling paths before shovels arrive  
in warm homes people wait for the  
end in which work begins to make things right  
but all wonder what snow means  
when it covers everything like this

March 14, 2018

## Laugh

even where it's cold  
snow melts with the sun  
what was plowed is barren  
the ocean just laughs  
the river just laughs



March 15, 2018

## Street Snow

an abandoned mil-base  
from WW2 and the Cold War  
much asbestos and mould  
paint in flakes on floors  
doors like scarecrows  
then all the snow on it  
as the sun goes down  
it's like a town of cakes  
with marshmallow frosting  
the birch aligned with the color  
everything a little blue  
the woman in town by her window weeps

---

March 16, 2018

## Bird City

in a country not near  
the birds are likely to not  
get what you're saying  
so whistle and click your cheeks  
the universal language of bird  
and silly people  
whistle and click like  
you mean it

March 17, 2018

## Understandumb

understanding comes slowly  
I am not quite getting it firmly  
I try to write a larger program  
to fill out details  
wow am I that dumb?

---

March 18, 2018

## Silly Me

now that some code works  
I need to figure out why  
I will need to map it all out  
to the different spaces  
the different mappings  
the natural transformations  
to get what every part does  
so there

March 19, 2018

## Monads Killing Me

I can make it work  
but I can't say exactly how  
at anything but the deepest implementation level  
I got closer today  
maybe tomorrow

---

March 20, 2018

## Curse of Water

some days are longer than others  
this one for instance is short  
summer back home has the longest  
they make me sleepy and weepy  
I live for those days  
where I grew up / I didn't know  
what I left behind

---

March 21, 2018

## Every Where

every place everywhere  
something is there  
there is there  
when there is life what we could see  
fills our minds with lust and liberty  
just imagine if something like a tree  
and a rose sunset were somewhere not here  
how much would we sing?

March 22, 2018

## Why Not Me

she wore herself at her burial  
no one thought to think I wanted  
to be there / to see the headstones  
all around grow wet then black  
people not good at it carved  
the small faces / the small clusters  
I held her hands once / one time really  
I kissed her once / a couple I think  
times fled / no one thought of me  
she didn't either once the car door closed  
and I drove far



---

March 23, 2018

## Mere Suspicion Risen Up Is Come

what more remains these days says the married woman  
I crave the worthiness which is rotten as ever  
silver treads upon this viperous slander  
monsters should be under the blossoms  
heart gentlemen / the green mantle  
her wanton spirits in their own straps  
riotous madness and most serious

March 24, 2018

## Enticing Aromas Remain Agnostic

theoretical separation / to create a relationship  
sophisticated criminal / has direct implications  
phosphorescent animals / happens in the classroom  
estranged relationship / alongside their parents  
theoretical transmissions / lessen stomach irritations  
metaphysical interest / a sympathetic listener  
to issue proclamations / composition as a result  
posterior enhancement / in more than one respect  
duration relationships / her natural disposition  
scientific foundation / a sufficient condition  
the silent woman / how sentimental

March 25, 2018

## Leafless In False Lines

hard outside / has dried out  
lulled as / all duels  
sins of the / stone fish  
see falling / angel flies  
legal media / alleged aim  
tea gardens / great danes  
nicknamed for / force mankind  
for lightness / english forts  
these oracles / the casserole  
truth is about / its author but  
editor begins / being so tired

March 26, 2018

## Nights Wondering & The Snow Grinding

a peculiar bar girl had / a graphic durable liar  
dreams like last night's / all dark things it seems  
the agreement is no longer in / the green neon motel sign air  
had graphical lurid bear / I had a large bad rural chip  
dimensions of the / emotion she finds  
caught in the storm / a night cut me short  
harrowing depths / the sharp wording  
a drink otherwise / it is dark nowhere  
hearted rain comes / send her to america  
that downstream of / matter and how soft  
pressed against my / gaps and mysteries

March 27, 2018

## Guessless

the code to guess  
is hard to guess  
like which road to take  
to get to a place you  
don't know

March 28, 2018

## Radio Shetland

guessing code guessed  
constant time  
turns out to be a quadratic  
to solve / now the other mysteries  
on the radio some old songs  
making life a little more  
working hard is hard to explain  
to people who know what retirement is  
who would have guessed

March 29, 2018

## Filming

where they filmed  
the beauty was recuperating  
resting but there with just some blemishes  
thunderheads / she had turned  
father turned after thunder  
signposts and stop signs  
there is always a little boat  
on saw horses waiting  
for paint / for barnacle work  
do I persist / spirit does

---

March 30, 2018

## Reality Tunnel

she asked how to spread the ashes  
I need to think about this if I want  
something else / my friends are all great  
friends / they socialize without stop  
I like to sit and type / to keep it all inside  
sometimes I dream



March 31, 2018

## Retirement Down The Drain

we are so fucked  
worst fears

April 1, 2018

## Crap

I crawl into a hole and wait  
we will live day by day fearfully  
I am already canceling in my mind  
every expenditure for years to come

April 2, 2018

## One of These Nights

bad sleeping and drifting dreams  
now alone will I make it  
what turns on at night  
is the nonchalance of the melancholy  
backup singer / she sways while the others step  
the least showy the most precise  
when I write this I wonder  
where she could be  
where is she

April 3, 2018

## Better Man

watching her sing I plan  
to write a life history  
that melds with hers even  
though there is nothing more than  
the sound of her voice / the way  
she turns toward the feeling  
she sings of the world that should seem more real  
parts falling down / filling with dust  
I would be behind her  
in the crowd / a helper / she would be  
my alpha / I would tag along  
my hope only is her noticing eyes

April 4, 2018

## You Can't Say That

a bar in Wyoming  
she's on stage  
the drunks and drinkers  
sometimes pay attention  
her band is quiet  
small amps / country sound  
she wears lots of makeup  
part of the persona  
of a country wife  
out on the town  
her voice is simple and muted  
I'm behind the small stage area  
watching her backside  
no matter what we say or do  
before she starts / her mood  
is the mood of the song  
fantasy forces reality

April 5, 2018

## Your Terms

a cicada crimson crumbled  
emerging from the ground  
its memories pale green  
the crimson of autumn like night shadows  
my brain filled with white wind  
cicadas plummeting  
a spring evening  
the comings and goings of raw silk  
an autumn night mistrustful of silk  
becomes a bridge

April 6, 2018

**Inku**

producing shits  
being produced  
death to Alabama

one year a baby  
fails to find nineteen bitches  
in a tree

representation whiteout  
cannot plan America  
clear

shining whites  
against the line  
of Mount America

not this pre-Christian surprise  
pole horse  
but your hail-fellow-well-met ad

April 7, 2018

## Fear and Thinking

sometimes the program works  
sometimes I do  
I am swirling in details  
one day I will find the courage  
to walk from one side of the river  
to the other / it is that shallow



April 8, 2018

## Watching Her

to watch her sing  
was to watch her make love  
to the words  
to the song  
to the listeners  
to the watchers  
she would scan the bar front to back  
side to side  
all music is melancholy  
she never smiles

April 9, 2018

## A Week on the Wrong River

Thoreau said the Merrimack ended  
at a sand bar off Plum Island  
that this made the river poor  
for commerce / and above Haverhill  
even then the river was a waste dump  
not much fish / steam craft up to Haverhill  
the famous Chain Bridge / famous in 1849  
he turned left where the Concord  
met the Merrimack and left behind  
the part I still love

April 10, 2018

## Back Down

in winter she'd strip  
in the Tamworth camp  
and leap out the front door  
into the snow drifts  
at night

if only things were just  
this much different  
she could have been the one

as it is  
sad to say  
maybe no  
one is

April 11, 2018

## Kalyna

back into the novel  
transformed to Tex so  
no company can mess me up  
making maps / diagrams  
trying to recall the feelings  
of writing it  
waited a long time

April 12, 2018

## Repeats

rest / down time  
the use of well-set type  
the careful word one after another  
now the time is short  
I wish I could do it over

April 13, 2018

## Up We Go

the pull toward  
irrelevancy is rough  
and grabby  
I need to remember  
I am on the sidelines  
like smoke from a BBQ smoker

April 14, 2018

## Train Stop

traveling through night  
by train from the south  
to north in a darkened continent  
in my sleeping room  
my wife in her own small bed  
the train stops bent lovingly  
around a curve in the valley  
we grab robes and step to the end of the car  
out onto the space between cars and lean out  
the train wrapped ahead of us behind trees  
behind us around a small pond  
the air cold / the night flush  
with stars because we are getting north  
and the valley is deep  
we wait until the train lifts forward  
and we drift back and drift back

April 15, 2018

## Please Use It

you can write a great explanation in the comments section  
it's a long time  
picking a pig  
I wonder if it's going to be a few seconds in the conveyer belt  
I wrote a remarkable comment in the comment column so I will add it  
inside the nuclear plant site  
put a yellow drum and manage it as radioactive waste

if you are interested  
please use it  
yeah



April 16, 2018

## Shady Dell

I stayed in a big trailer  
in a vintage trailer park  
in Bisbee Arizona for two nights  
it was cold as hell every night  
daytime we'd hit the cafes in town  
old bookstore and antique shops  
when Trump was elected we headed  
for the border / the safest place  
from that clown

April 17, 2018

## Cruel Today

sometimes the truth likes  
to be cruel / today  
while looking for the document  
that labeled my father's father  
a helper I found the line above  
my father's in the book of Boston  
births / his read  
John double quote 1923  
the one above  
Grinkaitis (Male Stillborn) Boston 1921  
the infant buried fourteen years before  
my grandfather and with him  
in someone else's grave  
was an uncle I never knew of

April 18, 2018

## In A Coastal Town

down a street  
lamps in windows the only light  
brick and old  
no one near  
each window brings hope  
for successful commerce  
small things each made  
with an idea someone will want it  
when things are right  
I see myself on the surface  
of those hopes  
on the edge of glass that's on my side  
behind me the street of bigger things  
lies empty

April 19, 2018

## Anna

behind me footsteps  
a woman in heels  
rain in the night  
my face on a window pane  
something made in front of me  
someone making behind me  
I can think only me  
she can think only her  
theories draw / there is a word

April 20, 2018

## Having It Out

I am still  
unmoving  
the sad facts are bright lights  
around me  
my friend is sad  
he is worried for his life  
I want to help  
I need his help

April 21, 2018

## All At Once

chicken

egg

which is first

how did it happen

here comes everybody

April 22, 2018

## Shetland

planning a trip  
with a different woman  
to some islands no one visits  
staying in a croft  
and cooking our own  
what would it mean  
to see her there  
with so little time left

April 23, 2018

## Shetland Croft

a nice croft  
looking over the sea  
we sit in chairs reading  
fire burning  
later we'll sit outside  
still light  
watching the sea  
fold toward us  
my dream always  
to be unfound  
before being unfindable



April 24, 2018

## The Illusion is Real

the express of longing  
the sea birds don't know it  
which creatures here but us  
feel the agony as men do

April 25, 2018

## Sad News

I sat before a piano  
years ago and  
played only poorly  
I sat before a keyboard  
years ago and sit now  
writing only poorly  
I hold a guitar  
and play only poorly  
I aim my camera at beautiful things  
what comes out is not  
I did better than many  
worse than more than a few

April 26, 2018

## Puffins

it's the best place to be  
nowhere / not found  
not findable

I want to be a legitimate  
nothing / nobody / nowhere

I picture crowded cities  
far towns / crofts near  
the tops of hills  
places where the sun rises  
and sets at strange hours

that and a tiny love

April 27, 2018

## Small Waters

why me  
why do they ask me to write it  
and then don't like it  
because it's not the formalism  
they hoped for / they want  
mainstream  
I am Cobbler's Brook

April 28, 2018

## Shetland

I look out the west window  
behind me she reads  
the peat is burning in the stove  
the room is hot in waves  
outside sea birds spiral  
only with a clever camera will I be seen  
she stirs / ready for bed  
I wait for her hair to unfold

April 29, 2018

## Shetland

they are old and stone  
the land surrounding is harsh  
but soft  
there are some beauties here  
some beauty  
this is the last place clouds visit  
circling the world below  
it's funny how we cry

---

April 30, 2018

## All Deception Above

afraid to act / do

I cower

it's not pretty / not exaggerated

I want the complex simple

the simple gone

me in an open field

May 1, 2018

## Questions I Asked

I asked her  
when did I first see this  
the brown field light with light snow  
a stonewall with green and white lichen  
woods / hard woods / fractal arms and fingers  
reaching up  
egg blue sky blemished by gray clouds  
air cold and unmoving  
she was unmoving  
she was cold  
she was mother



May 2, 2018

## Shetland

sheep / grass / bushes  
sky / sea and razorbills  
and kittiwakes  
what more do you want?

May 3, 2018

## Shetland

solid shoes and a good rain slicker  
what will we find  
my imagination runs to peat and heath  
ocean smell everywhere  
people speaking but no words coming through  
the heavy earth / heavy stones  
a gift

---

May 4, 2018

## River Storm

the rain is a hue we can understand  
it's a sometimes curtain  
a strong wind makes a brilliant difference  
I fear the water running to the sea  
but under by only a foot are rocks  
and slabs / depth is ignorance

May 5, 2018

## Kurkjian on Shetland

big ship pointing toward sea  
kittiwakes plunging then rising  
puddles on cliff ledges  
a few nests yet unfilled  
people up now are desperate or hard-  
working  
I am up writing / later snapping  
but really photographing  
the woman who comes  
with me is slippery  
some say

May 6, 2018

## Uplift

we climbed with force  
up the rock parts of Chocorua  
later watched ourselves doing it  
on grainy movies / music  
supplied by Dvořák  
we all were spry  
the first time up in mist  
we hugged the rock  
in the film we soared

May 7, 2018

## Steps and Process

the language of poetry takes  
things out of order and un-near  
themselves / they scatter like dust  
on a drumhead and sometimes a pattern  
stops and stares  
when the vibes go solid  
it's time to write  
when they scatter it's time  
to revise

May 8, 2018

## All Look Same

silhouette on the grey / let you see her tonight  
graphic durable liar / uphill bard carriage  
pig dual barrel chair / rebuild racial graph  
dreams like last night's / it's dark all things seem  
passion reflecting / perfection signals  
caught in the storm / me a night cut short  
richard p gabriel / graph a bird relic

May 9, 2018

## Rain On

rain puddled on the streets  
cars splashing it to the sides  
more rain / how many things are going on  
so many a galaxy awaits



May 10, 2018

## Mighty Man

I drive past the turnout on the river  
u-turn back and park  
the windows go down before I get out  
and walk to the steep short path  
down to the river which is out  
meaning the tide is out and the headwaters weak  
a mighty swath of mud / you'd think it'd wash  
away / I still fear it so stop short

May 11, 2018

## Wind Stop

we lower our heads  
face into the wind to walk  
the ways to the clifftop  
overlooking the sullen sea  
molten above ice  
below birds abound  
and below them seven herrings  
feed a salmon and seven salmon  
a seal / my eyes water  
beside me / who is there  
what will she say  
when the wind stops

May 12, 2018

## Ending

sun near down  
I am in my usual spot  
by the river  
near the bridge  
close to home  
my old one  
some lights coming on  
on the bridge  
across the river  
the river is at turning  
smooth and wide  
I hear a fish splash  
a bird flies low  
over the river  
I am asleep

May 13, 2018

**Yell**

if I found a place  
there with enough room to read  
and write / and with  
a woman who wanted the same  
I'd stay / I let no  
one find me / I would escape  
myself and instead of history  
I'd use invention

May 14, 2018

## No Where

the list of places  
I'll never go again  
lengthens as times  
cuts my legs out  
from under me

May 15, 2018

## End Titles

every great song  
is a sad song  
played on instruments  
that don't hold notes  
for you / you hold them  
the waver / the frailty of perfection  
held in and near the human hand  
the guesses fixed by bending  
those are the sadnesses  
all from the north

May 16, 2018

## Not Her Here

after crossing the tracks  
the train departs  
some going / coming  
a kiss in one direction or the other  
in this country trains rule  
roads sure / airplanes sure  
trains pass through the backs of towns  
they take what's ahead  
and throw them behind

May 17, 2018

## Place or Quality

Whiteness / not the quality  
of a blanketing color  
but the description of a headland  
near something white  
white ness  
in Shetland



May 18, 2018

## Unst Maybe

at a certain age  
we must disappear  
not from the world  
but from our world  
those who love us should wonder  
where we are  
they should sit up fast  
when they receive what we made  
while away for our endings

May 19, 2018

## Just Speculation

nothing is like love  
and loving her is nothing  
she's so different / so strange  
older and too smart  
wise beyond  
old little bit of it  
will be walking and eating  
talking and thinking  
meditating / reflecting  
it will be cold  
colder / it smarts  
what would it have been like  
a love like her

May 20, 2018

## Merrimack

the river ends not  
mightily but in confusion  
the ocean does not welcome it  
it pushes back  
it's made channels  
not a proper ending  
sand bars  
small side rivers  
islands / as they say  
a whimper

May 21, 2018

## Losing

being old

I am scared of everything

everything going wrong

being unable to pay total attention

I shiver with it

---

May 22, 2018

## Morning Comes Early

some of how we find it  
fixes our sight downward  
inward / contrary to poetic choice  
we should look up and out  
over at least  
can it be terrible  
can what we hate be so strong  
we fly into a pile of end

May 23, 2018

**all the time to sing / a little something**

my wife grinds unto another / that's renewing of your mind  
the increase of corn / a chief corner stone  
their mouths against / that man is righteous  
desert of the nations / for she intends to eat  
their throats are open / there is no other apart  
law for the priests and / swifter than leopards  
offering against the / feast of ingathering  
neighbors stay far / a ray of brightness

shame nor / horseman  
shatters / the stars

what of all sights and / shadows at nightfall  
for those hardening to / the hordes of ignorant

---

May 24, 2018

## No

real life dips in and says no  
no conference for you  
too expensive  
the other trip has overtaken  
I hope I'm able  
to stay far from the cliff edges  
to puzzle down hard  
would be a dazzle

May 25, 2018

## Expect

attraction is more than youth  
the head attracts by thought  
the body might not make it  
we will wander the low hills  
seeing the ocean all the time  
we will talk and think  
maybe mingle just a little



---

May 26, 2018

## No Dark

heavy boots and a waterproof  
we will walk the cliffs  
feel salt spray brush us  
eat local / drink local  
low clouds all day  
but all day includes all night  
in the simmer dim

May 27, 2018

## Aging

the next thing I knew  
they had all turned away  
toward something more promising  
toward people more alive  
I watched them walk away  
slowly at first then they were gone  
all that was left was a small piece  
of paper and a little ink

May 28, 2018

## If It Fogs

if the illusion is real  
the fog will lift and life  
with re-assert  
the complex story remains that way always  
no plotting fixes that  
the characters are blunt and hated  
we will burn dirt

May 29, 2018

## Let Me Introduce To You

a wind will blow us  
off the earth  
later / onto the ground  
we will fly where men  
and women often do but shouldn't  
the feather quilts will welcome  
us back to the croft  
the tea will be cozy  
we will exchange words  
and a hope for a long future  
meanwhile the sheep will continue  
waiting for the shears

May 30, 2018

## Those Who Go Down To The Sea

some who left the islands  
for sea never came back  
their graves / dug years later  
are filled with papers and mementos  
stories and things they held each night  
books they read over and over  
pillows they hugged when terrified  
when alone  
enough things to be them  
enough to fill the arms  
of those who carried their coffins  
each with the weight of the man lost  
and you can hear the waves  
pounding the cliffs all day  
all night / all year

---

May 31, 2018

## Glue

when all you have are stones  
all your homes are stone  
cut to fit close together  
so no holdfast is needed  
if people are your stones  
how do they fit together  
without holdfast

June 1, 2018

## Communion

sitting down to eat  
sitting at angles  
we face the window  
that faces the short hill  
that runs down to the sea  
the wind is blowing up  
toward us / we raise our knives  
cut the shared flesh into bits  
that fit our mouths  
we spear them  
raise them  
break down what separates us  
from the building  
blocks we live to need

the wind rattles the window

June 2, 2018

## Montréal

I remember the Sad Girl  
Nancy in Kansas  
Kalyna Truss in my head  
I've described many  
all lonely from love  
or walking left out streets  
blues and yellows  
rain / low clouds  
piers and water  
meals and windows  
curtains pulled apart  
thrust shut  
there will always be a Sad Girl  
no matter how much whitewash  
they use



June 3, 2018

## Ahead

falling apart  
the dogs don't bark any more  
I am left uneasy at the tops of hills  
my shoes are too big

having expanded since childhood  
my memories of long ago are strongest  
sometimes writing words are stubborn  
three rows of people stare

June 4, 2018

## Goofs

pix of kids of long ago  
strange and humanless  
eyes pointed all which  
ways / hair styles aimed  
at keeping out the hair  
that they're now no more  
is strange and humanless

June 5, 2018

## Like a Fear

at least there will be light  
all night  
blackout curtains might help  
but I can sleep anywhere  
good style and something to read  
someone with their hair down

June 6, 2018

## Ferals

slowly getting ready  
nervous as hell  
I can't figure or decide  
the night sky filled  
with low light calls  
test packing and all that  
I hope I hope

June 7, 2018

## Boulder in Merrimac

a large boulder on our farm  
part split off  
in the woods  
fifteen feet tall at least  
it didn't seem odd then  
it pulls now

June 8, 2018

## Peatish

always a seabird floating by  
low clouds and stiff wind  
blowing the Union Jack by the taxi rank  
Captain Flint's closed but earlier  
a white haired woman left with a younger  
outsider who talked fine and fancy  
the most he'll get is a peerie cake  
and a cup of tea

June 9, 2018

## Is Born

power out and quiet  
around and in our minds  
PGE said outage affecting one customer  
was it us or just our street  
we are the end of the line  
our neighbors were out too  
but it's back you see  
how else could I write this  
with pen and paper  
an idea

June 10, 2018

## Gone

the characters die  
we grieve but it's fiction  
our country and the world are ending  
lucky for me my  
time is short and only friends  
and children will suffer the future  
we are too connected to fail  
to notice the end creeping up



June 11, 2018

## Berlin Effect

a good thing we know  
is that when countries go authoritarian  
more and better art is produced  
as the tension of life and death  
life and shame increase past  
tolerance

June 12, 2018

## Happy DB

we went to our favorite destination the cream center  
we explored the delicious taste of ice creams  
I took some time and played with my pet rabbit for a while  
my husband told me he loves me this morning / true affection  
my oldest dog suffers from congestive heart failure  
she seemed to be feeling much better today  
I felt quite relieved  
I had a super good mail day yesterday  
and received lots of items I ordered off amazon

June 13, 2018

## Happy DB Some More

my two wheeler was not running  
I found there was an issue with front tyre  
I managed it myself  
this made me very happy / true achievement

I had really good carbonara chicken for dinner / true enjoy the moment  
I cleaned the bathroom tiles and now it looks nice and shiny in there  
I brought a new game system today  
I made dinner for my boyfriend and he complimented me on it  
I felt happy for the compliment  
and that I was able to make him happy

I measured my weight and found to be 1 pound lesser  
than the earlier day  
true achievement

June 14, 2018

## So It Was Perfect!

a shirt that I ordered came in the mail  
I saw an animated picture on Reddit of a small fuzzy animal  
in somebody's shirt pocket  
maybe a marsupial  
with gigantic eyes  
it was really cute  
I was happy when the shirt I bought fit  
and looked lovely  
I designed a shirt with a positive message on the front  
yesterday when I arrived home from work and received the mail  
there was an unexpected package from my sister in-law  
in the package was a shirt that had a saying and a hot dog  
she knows how much I love hot dogs

June 15, 2018

## Up Hill

the overall profit in my business is high during yesterday transaction  
that moment feels happy  
I was happy when I finished a big article  
because I worked hard on it and thought I did a good job.  
my younger child came and gave me a hug when I had a headache  
I made and then sipped a delicious mocha latte  
I made a really good pasta salad and had some delicious garlic bread with it  
I resolved a technical issue at work  
I tickled a couple of kids

June 16, 2018

## She

she will be the old wind  
passed though trees and over plains  
getting ready to drift into a sparse wood  
where only the smallest pine needles  
will stir one last time

June 17, 2018

## Fjara

the wind off shore  
the waves on shore  
the waves win always  
but the wind never stops  
the clouds and fog out to sea  
are the children  
of a higher imagination

---

June 18, 2018

## Late But Light

so what if the sky's red  
with clouds across blue  
and the water bobs just a bit  
a late night and thought-bound talk  
one of us will reach  
the other will gaze



June 19, 2018

## On Broadway

German women now  
look like German women to me  
I missed it before  
sterner / less relaxed  
a little hard but  
why not the variation  
why not something special  
in all

---

June 20, 2018

## Standards

so the night sneaks past  
the sky is a blur  
I am a wanderer  
some eat slowly on side streets  
the water flows  
here / there

June 21, 2018

## Captivity

I decided to leave  
a plastic bag with soiled clothes  
with my friend  
for the dogs

June 22, 2018

## Small Stone

in my den on my table  
I have a stone  
small from the stonewall  
that ran from our house  
to the barn  
where I'd hop from roadside  
to barnside / then through the orchard  
along the waste creek from the barn  
it's a stone from there  
from then

June 23, 2018

## Dogged

in Weesp  
pronounced Waspe  
our little house an island  
of Santa Fe  
I talk too much and need to feel more  
I await the outer

June 24, 2018

## Strindberg

the heart hopes  
the brain drags an anchor  
I am bonded to a place  
dictating self

June 25, 2018

## Berger

the words call out  
not to we who read  
to each other to form  
their own place of longing  
Van Gogh tagged along  
painted himself to death

June 26, 2018

## Sandness

on Shetland I found  
I was less / that the place  
was less / that she was more



June 27, 2018

## Eshanness

on Eshanness a gulf  
she gazes East over  
slim green hills  
crofts larded out  
the wind usually deadly  
just brushes her hair  
the gulf a deep rift  
and in it nesting seabirds  
she is unsure

June 28, 2018

## King

to paraphrase the king  
I am dead and this is hell

June 29, 2018

## Heavy Labor

croft of low doorways  
peats burning hellish smoke  
both up and in  
sleeping boxes even porn stars  
would find too intimate  
simple hanging salted mutton  
cow horns shaped as spoons  
the time missing for going inward

June 30, 2018

## Sugar Coated

she has no place for touch  
her days are gone  
we yack and ruminate  
the car is a weapon for breaking up  
the light is too light  
meaning the colors are too color  
we eat timidly / walk separate ways  
at the door

---

July 1, 2018

## Un We

we became you  
the shared plans became my plans  
she turned a bit to stone  
the food though was good  
all fish  
in two days we leave  
for a long time

July 2, 2018

## Shetland WTF

we stop for anyone  
to ask  
we are lost and each one  
we pass knows where  
the light is magic hour all day  
the people have not learned fear  
they tell us  
go anywhere / park anywhere

July 3, 2018

## And Finally Then

the spot  
sycamores and shade  
the only trees in Shetland  
chickens in stone pens  
cultivated cut yellow green hay  
she likes to walk off  
rub her hands together  
hectic / brisk  
she raves  
I can successfully park the car

July 4, 2018

**In All**

we left her behind  
we cried and watched her  
slip behind our plane  
my question  
the sincerity of the place  
small but we saw the large of her  
we traveled well together  
all talk / no contact  
in the second terminal  
she rested her head on my shoulder  
and she was old



July 5, 2018

## Old and Shetland

we left  
it's a hard place  
to get to  
to find restaurants in  
things cost  
conversation repeating over  
and over  
we formed no bond beyond  
talk / a relentless talk  
when we met before  
she turned from my hug  
when we parted  
she turned into it

July 6, 2018

## Disappointments

disappointments  
never a concession  
the holes by the windows  
bring in the cold air  
at least when I was away  
there were none  
if I were in a place  
where all there were were words  
to grab and shove around  
and no way to worry  
and even to have a little sweetness  
oh my / oh my

July 7, 2018

## Single Track

someone made the place of stone  
covered it in burnable earth  
they loaded it with seabirds and little else  
people speaking there are hard to hear  
there is no such thing as love  
there are only narrow roads  
and wide places to pass each  
other by

July 8, 2018

## Up In The Air

she was problematic on  
the other side of the room  
a low ceilinged room  
with a stone-back fire notch  
backing a peat fire smelling  
of burning coal oil  
her book plopped on her lap  
her eyes pointing out  
the window / the gale wind there  
though her body was wrong her  
mind was not / she fathomed things  
but it did not snap quick in place  
how many days would we have  
anyway / would the storms kick up  
boulders as in the days of the gods  
would she ask me to join her in  
the place you all imagine  
instead the book fell / her head tilted  
the peats kept living  
a song ran through my head  
it was on repeat one

July 9, 2018

## Grimister

at the window  
facing out to the voe  
one small croft down there  
from here she is melancholy  
but in her she is excited  
for the beauty and stark out there  
the light is insane  
we are trespassing  
it feels like  
though we have official keys  
in a minute she  
will start up the questions again  
and I will fess up

July 10, 2018

## North Unst

at the north end we found wind-blown-down buildings  
high above a big view of the sea  
in summer this would be a view  
in winter it would be a blanket of fog and clouds  
big winds / darkness / the most north  
of the most north island  
she would be there like a cozy woman  
she would be a prickly block  
maybe there is not time  
after all

July 11, 2018

## Before It All

down the spiral staircase  
she'd come every morning  
hair down and thinning  
dark here / light somewhere else  
in pjs / humming a tune or so  
making tea and lots  
a former kitten maybe  
now too beyond  
the maiden call stops  
the wind too strong

July 12, 2018

## Don't

craving the near darkness  
autumn is my spring  
I live for urns and private symbols  
living / such a funny idea  
I imagined a trip so far away  
a setting so unclear  
a context unknowable  
I misread the meaning  
the light was wrong  
the sun went down  
on me



July 13, 2018

## To Wander Free

my beauty is not yours  
beauty is objective  
pretty is not  
desirable is not  
somewhere we think differently  
I withdraw to live

July 14, 2018

## Shetland

the place is twilight  
the time is north  
if you like stone walls

like a wood boat slapping rough water  
near a small brook running dry  
bad land for grazing  
the light low to the horizon  
flashes the hills yellow green  
the wind and the salt  
in her hair

July 15, 2018

## Jenny

when she asks questions  
relentlessly  
and I am driving a right-hand-drive car  
with a left-hand stick  
and foot pedals too close to each other  
with a pair of new wide shoes  
in a car designed for those munchkins  
sometimes I have to give her this choice  
live or the answers

July 16, 2018

## Shetland

sit on the ness  
by the burn  
near a voe  
spot the sheep staring  
the fulmars threatening  
the sky clouds skimming  
the sun preening the hill yellow and green  
the peat dark and wet  
I happened to ask a crofter  
a question and an hour later  
the period arrives

July 17, 2018

## Leaving

at Schipol we walked toward the shuttles  
the low sunset was just ahead pounding at us  
we could see only behind us  
it pulled up and I loaded my stuff  
for the first time she opened her arms  
and I was away / will she remember

July 18, 2018

## Alight

for only a few  
hours was the sun down  
never was the light absent  
when we watched I had my hands  
on her hips and she raved  
of the gloaming / of the washed  
out light / we never spoke  
of my hands / of her hips

July 19, 2018

## Shetland

after I finished the photos up the hill  
I followed where I believed she'd gone  
walking hand behind back down the two-track  
past a croft house where a woman was noisily  
doing laundry / ahead the track dipped  
to a sand beach and above that many sheep  
she was standing next to a broken down byre  
with stone walls around with rough grass and brush inside  
later I sat behind her / wrapped her  
the day's been forgotten

July 20, 2018

## In The Airport

later she asked me  
to rub the knots from her back  
she is small and old  
each hand covered more than half  
her width / she said I was a natural  
later it seemed she needed it more  
again my hands were on her / though she loved  
to talk no talk passed between that time  
and other times



July 21, 2018

## Window Tears

the old paths up hills and mountains  
now too hard for me though I could train  
one once ruined my toenails for wrong boots  
I remember one hike where she asked me to use  
my mind to bury our lost child  
near Wonalancet / next to a stream  
she asked me to find the right place  
do the right thing

July 22, 2018

## Gait

found a list of rules  
from an old expert system I wrote  
in 1978 to support wife number 1  
not number 1 as in best  
as in first  
it seemed like a foolish little program  
but it passed a real written test  
designed to test PT grad students at Stanford  
hm  
no machine ever learned such a thing

July 23, 2018

## Sweetwaters

the beauty of a place  
like the taste of an oyster  
it's eluded you for a decade  
then one day you taste the perfect one  
and you know the taste  
once you know it you can't unknow it  
even in the least perfect oyster  
from the starkest waters  
with the slimiest seabed  
if any of it's there  
you taste it hard  
strong / sweet / like sweetwater

July 24, 2018

## Sex Acts

in my dreams all my sex acts gather  
real / compulsive  
with known and unknown  
alone or with many  
these dreams are the only ones I take as real  
when they happen  
all the obsessive mistakes  
the wrong turns  
the getting lost  
the strange two or three houses I seem to live in  
I know these are dreams  
the sex is real  
the only place  
the only feeling

July 25, 2018

## She Is The Stranger

she is the stranger  
near stone crofts and byres  
the split of green and grey  
above the rim of blue and in the voe  
the cleft of blue  
yoals drifting by and men in caps in them  
she is the stranger who willed this all  
in place / made it for us to travel through  
a dream perhaps or the gulp of curiosity  
the longest poem started at one end  
and like broken liquids flowed throughout  
then flowed back out and all the while  
I watched for the times her hair  
came down / undone

July 26, 2018

## Mounthooly

she skimmed down a Lerwick lane  
from above to the sound  
in the dim of mid night  
in her and about her the promise  
of warmth and care  
instead her eyes watered from a separation  
I walked past her / going uphill  
after she passed I waited  
though we strode within inches  
we never met

July 27, 2018

## The Lovely Blonde

she disappeared  
smiling / her face came close to mine  
riding a jeep through the streets  
of a liberated town in the wilderness  
of France / she wanted to kiss me thinking  
I had liberated her / her family now  
all dead in rubble up the road I  
drove down / her sudden fleeting  
love was accurate / precise  
her eyes were in it too  
then all that faded / and she too  
was just a blip in the crowd  
dissipated bit by bit by the whirling dervish  
of time and memory / I think I dream of her

July 28, 2018

## Too Slow

looking to men  
she expected speed  
thoroughness / special look to their eyes  
she used sloth to get them  
not them *per se*  
but what's inside  
she'd give herself  
part of the deal  
I was not her rabbit



July 29, 2018

## Not

I feel off base  
maybe reading too much  
too into the stories  
so that real's not real  
I am delirious  
like two currents bumping  
she's asked for poems  
ones with her in them  
if I were a rabbit  
maybe

---

July 30, 2018

## Pikatude

the snare doesn't always snare  
the place / sometimes it can run too fast  
cut quick / ankle breaking cuts  
or down the sudden hole  
she likes rabbits / I'm the pika  
short and slow  
faster than a tortoise

July 31, 2018

## Dead Amalgam

something is wrong  
sleeping badly  
odd dreams  
if I were in the north  
I'd set the fire to burn all night  
close the windows against storms  
cherish loneliness  
know that whatever happens to me  
nothing will happen to the croft

August 1, 2018

## She Land

we parked up the hill  
down there was the voe  
the sun was below the ridge line  
she walked slowly hands behind her back  
I followed but slowed  
hoping she'd start the fire and a kettle  
while I watched a fishing boat  
vamp past the mouth of the voe  
with luck she'd be by the fire  
peat we bought from an older woman  
sipping some tea and reading deeply  
not notice my wet hair and wet eyes  
not notice when I closed my bedroom door  
and shifted under the blankets

August 2, 2018

## Who Cares

tonight I realized  
I was nothing to her  
many such hers  
not a rabbit  
not interesting enough  
my collapse is coming on strong  
strange that a weakness has a strength  
the colors were vivid  
but I was short / not enough  
a slow bunny / a non-contender  
what I suppose is  
I'm not worth it

August 3, 2018

## Fable

where all is stone  
nothing soft makes noise  
love is a noise  
passing it by is stone

August 4, 2018

## Oyster Bundt

imagine a place  
some islands in the north  
where crime is unknown  
then set a crime series there  
make the locale a character  
have it stare dumbly and say idiocy  
because it knows not of what it speaks  
is it the tension / the tensive  
the new thing which is produced  
by two things with nothing in common  
lying beside each other  
the oyster and bundt cake  
too food though / variety squished  
imagine that place

August 5, 2018

## Narrow Road

winding down  
the review said  
losing trains  
of thought  
hands uncertain  
hesitant steps  
when young I  
feared this and  
now it's here  
my eyes can't  
see it because my  
eyes can't see



August 6, 2018

## Repeatability

the houses / cut stones  
enclosures / cut stones  
more ruins / cut stones  
all debris / cut stones  
our wishes / cut stones

---

August 7, 2018

## In Bits We Trust

the drops that fall  
at the end of the brook  
into the river will make  
paths everywhere if randomness  
is to be trusted

August 8, 2018

## Lerwick Tonight

on the cam late at night  
a woman ran past the boat  
on the dock into view / stopped  
then danced a jazz dance with  
swings of hair / back leaps  
between her and me waving water  
twisting harbor lights into  
meta metallica

August 9, 2018

## Lonely Prayer

when death arrives we'll be off  
in Shetland / Unst maybe or perhaps  
simply Yell / we'll tell him / her?  
to watch his step for sheep poop abroad  
and extensively / use peat for soap  
or cologne behind the ear / listen  
for waves / go find them

August 10, 2018

## Voe

the lonely road dead ending at the voe  
like the stars nighttime publishes  
when all reality is sentences and paragraphs  
or photos undiminished by artiness  
like the heavy blue pulling the salt water down  
finds its way to the back of my mind  
like a letting go getting away

August 11, 2018

## Maria

still looking bad  
some parts look better  
the rain wall is sufficient  
what does it mean when the older ones  
successful beyond description  
and it all

---

August 12, 2018

## Skip's

Bonnie thrilled  
to plan her plan  
lament its cost  
push her dreams  
like a young girl  
really a mature one

August 13, 2018

**At All**

he never listens  
asks the silly question  
my just two seconds ago statement answered  
makes me wonder why I speak



August 14, 2018

## Time Out

and the coffee  
all timing and plans  
fall prey to the need for coffee  
several times  
each day  
I shrivel

---

August 15, 2018

## Fast Approaching

the house returned  
the farmland shredded  
the light fantastic  
but unavailable  
the river is scrambling  
to sea / I forego the good talks  
I wait to instill

August 16, 2018

## Riverside

the flow surprised me  
heavy rain upstream  
tide flowing out  
not a rapids  
usually gentle / slow  
I was thinking  
about panicking

August 17, 2018

## You and Your Every Move

I had a bad vacation  
my friend would ask  
but never listen  
then he'd ask again  
torrential is how I viewed it  
I decided not to tell him we  
passed through Rhode Island  
so small / his head in  
his phone / when will we  
get to Providence  
ten minutes ago

August 18, 2018

## I Can't Tell You

French woman in a French  
cafe sitting outside on a  
cloudy day not far from  
markets and book stands  
mouse blonde / lips red  
she licks them blurred  
in my head a sad song  
repeats with sad descending  
chords / sad words / a deep  
man and vibrato  
I dreamt I was with her  
and years later I was  
before I was  
discarded

August 19, 2018

## Forget

some of the days  
have made nothing  
to remember them by  
the days ahead fill up  
with things to forget  
when everything is forgotten  
there will be nothing

August 20, 2018

## Dance

she's too old to play  
young enough to dance  
when she wraps her arm  
behind his back  
touches the side of her head  
to the side of his  
his arm around her low  
their feet take on no  
meaning / the dance  
is them

August 21, 2018

## DQ

in Blue Earth  
lives the  
Jolly Green Giant  
just north Good Thunder  
the Blue Earth Literary Journal  
calls out / to a man  
making money from three ears



August 22, 2018

## Rayburn and Peat

through the hard door  
a peatish night  
cold and gale winds  
hot inside  
peat fire and the Rayburn  
working out the chills  
in her room she pulled  
off her clothes and piled  
them on a chair  
later I would look at them  
look at her

August 23, 2018

## Hello My Dears

right outside the bedroom door  
is a full box of things  
that I would personally dispose of  
I wrote "garbage?"  
please take a look in the box  
and take out your sweetheart

August 24, 2018

## Not Even Lined Up

the Old Unst Kirk  
fallen down roof and rough walls  
new headstones by it  
polished black and grass cropped  
up here people have little  
time to remember the dead  
clouds hurry by / worshippers  
hurry by

August 25, 2018

## Slave

I reflect  
everything worse than I remember  
the kitschiness overwhelms  
looking back  
my dreamthoughts in a small cold bed  
deep woods outside and cool air  
blowing in / no hint of now  
no hint except stupid hopes

August 26, 2018

## Shetland Valley

the little road is charming  
I've heard people say  
sycamores on either side  
a group of hills form  
a sullen valley where salt air  
leaves them alone  
I wonder of my companion  
a sort of wife my wife  
tells others / though I'm no  
rabbit to either  
I look this way  
and she that  
when I turn back her gray hair glows  
and a chicken in the sullen weeds  
clucks

---

August 27, 2018

## Cold Mountain

my true love follows me  
trails up into the clouds  
steep granite swarming in mist  
she wants me to be with her  
the clouds maybe not  
I decide to duck behind  
a pair of stones  
later she reports  
no one saw me ever  
again

August 28, 2018

## Say It All

walk like something  
matters to us / think  
like a man who needs  
to breathe / love  
like an armadillo cupped  
behind another armadillo / sing  
like your voice just appeared  
it a bright dream

---

August 29, 2018

## On A Shrinking Island

I need fewer things  
to be perfect / I am fear  
in a person / I do less  
so maybe less would work  
less work / less me



August 30, 2018

## Aesthetics

blank dark blue sky  
leaves gloomed out  
one cloud wisp  
just in front  
black expanse  
the sadness fills  
me with pleasure

August 31, 2018

## Zohar

a hard wet comes down  
women at home sew buttons  
then flirt  
we ignore them to pursue  
money and fame  
things that fade while  
members of our herd  
drop as we age

September 1, 2018

## Crow Magnus

tourists flow to Burnside  
to see abandoned Magnus's croft  
they hope for the crow  
at least the peat  
up above them  
to keep them young  
as young as they can be  
till a different sort  
of end

September 2, 2018

## Life Attacks

I woke from the couch  
sat up to watch the small street outside  
I heard her upstairs / her light sighs  
after a minute she came down the spiral  
stairs / stood next to me  
she was looking out too  
I almost turned / just outside  
my sight I glimpsed her hips  
the hint of a crease  
fading between her legs  
she continued to her shower

September 3, 2018

**Skaw**

we stood above the voe  
pretty high up where two crofts  
lay broken / the view  
bright sun near solstice  
but cold as wind flew up the hill to us  
they say love needs gentle clever words  
or light touches at the right times  
we had none of those  
we were above

---

September 4, 2018

## JQ

I review her work  
her mind is deep  
her words a light touch  
I wonder how she views back  
my heavy words / my quick grasp  
we are so different

September 5, 2018

## JQ 2

was I attracted to her  
he said to me / I said no  
he said too bad  
the attraction was heady  
not body  
like a snake charm  
under a pile of breaking logs  
she was the investigator  
I the noticer  
though we both knew to see  
neither did

September 6, 2018

## Forgetfulness

the smell coming up  
wasn't the sea or even  
dark peat but a freshet  
of nothing not even  
sheep or car fumes or fresh  
raindrops / so we hung back  
beneath an overhang and waited  
for the ferry to forget us



September 7, 2018

## Fetlar Dreaming

I could test my strength on her  
she asked but I deleted her  
she likely was stunning but her  
job I'm sure was me  
I imagined many things pushing  
up through the soles of my feet  
all of them near water  
all my thoughts are not here  
never where I sit

September 8, 2018

## Deserving

I say I want to hide  
I mean being hidden  
is my fate / I am not  
to be found / I am  
nobody / as deserved

September 9, 2018

## Spirals

she came slowly  
down the spiral steps  
I pretended to sleep on my mattress on the floor  
her hair gray on black was down  
she was slowly brushing it  
after she passed by she paused  
I sat up silent / watching her  
imagine it two ways  
her beautiful backside shrouded in pjs  
covering all loosely  
telling me bye  
her beautiful backside bare  
the curves of her about to walk into the kitchen  
to make herself some tea  
to make herself alone

September 10, 2018

## We Meet

my new perch  
is downstream of the bridge  
on the opposite side  
in Merrimac and in my car  
out the window to my side  
is a drop to the river

narrow here after upstream width  
the river in gear moves quick  
over rocks just below the surface  
when it's quiet I can  
hear the water scrubbing past the bank

you'd think everything'd be  
washed away from centuries  
but there is always something left  
to clean away from the bank  
from the sight of me

---

September 11, 2018

## I Was Afraid

I thought that to write  
you had to become someone  
more interesting  
mask / all that  
instead that to write  
you had to find out yourself  
not a surprise  
the problem  
self is a lonely hunter

September 12, 2018

## Deserving

the little room  
seeming to jut from the side of the three story  
on like a tiny cantilever  
a little table there at the window  
looking over an old highway  
leading to a tunnel  
leading to Boston  
the first place I imagined hiding  
writing / a natural state

September 13, 2018

## Eyes For You

a smudge of red  
behind skeletal woods  
across a big field  
filled of brown grass  
no one comes to the window  
I look out / no one knows  
I am here

September 14, 2018

## Burra Sands

what happens if  
I cannot finish the story  
never know  
what about the pretty words  
never heard  
it isn't what you say  
but how



September 15, 2018

## Know Pain

heavy rain and big wind  
glass beaded over and showing strange  
the world outside unwinding  
now that the women are asleep  
we know nothing watching the peat  
burn down and we notice  
the smell pushing through the rooms  
we will stay awake for hours  
figuring out the little things  
the women knew immediately  
they have never needed us  
but pretend our strength dampens their moods  
they know they will never be swallowed  
that they will never consume us  
yet every day some of them will cook  
meals for some of us

September 16, 2018

## Amber She's Called

her photo  
she's the little girl  
in a blue hat  
facing that way  
looking this way  
the dark dark waving hair  
a touch of red  
Eiffel back there she's  
on a balcony  
her eyes  
hard on the camera  
her smile unable to hide  
her aggressive front teeth  
but you know  
she's the heavenly target  
a full-on woman who might  
just pounce  
just might hold you so tight  
you are able only  
to watch the men  
around her swarm

September 17, 2018

## Shetland

why would bare hills  
care what you did on them with stones  
why would heavy earth worry about peat  
dug up and pulled out  
why would a gale force wind wonder  
whether your panes can stand it  
why would the world shuffling round and round  
beneath you care you travel less  
because Shetland

September 18, 2018

## Love Action

lots of places fall down  
fall apart / people do too  
the key is a good bench  
something scenic  
a place to talk place  
act expanding to action  
love to lovemaking  
love to move  
move over to over love

September 19, 2018

## Kansas

in Kansas I found a writing habit  
over and over I did it  
I pictured things that can't happen  
in lines they lined up and sang  
truth be told wasn't  
the woman beside was impossibly long  
in her hair / she was a hand holder  
I was afraid to at first  
but I loved her at last

September 20, 2018

## In Her Place

we will find our bench  
sit there and talk place  
I will watch her watch  
the tide push the river around  
even though she'll love the talk  
she'll shy from me and walk away  
when it's over / I will sit  
and be the place

September 21, 2018

## Her Turn

we walked about a mile  
down a sheep-pooped track  
then over some bog place  
and got half way to the derelict crofts  
to make that make sense would cost  
a road / a power line / data fiber  
then the water and sewage  
heat from gas / total rebuilds  
but it would be nice  
I planned my life wrong

September 22, 2018

## Jenny By The Bridge

what will it be like  
to sit by the bridge  
talk and not  
it's likely to be a puzzle  
to us what it means  
everything familiar to me  
nothing to her  
let me say it again  
nothing to her



---

September 23, 2018

## Woman Walking Down a Wet Street

when it gets dark  
we go black & white  
if it rains  
we label things with reflections  
the world can do a lot of things  
I mean a lot of things all  
at the same time  
it makes me wonder  
when you expand to the universe  
what time is

September 24, 2018

## Into The Wet

she will wonder about the mist  
the moist / we might walk more  
closely than the far north  
we will eat better and more frequently  
she will wonder what it means for me  
it will mean nothing to her  
same as me

September 25, 2018

## Time For Pizza

there is no feeling  
no desire  
nothing pushing or pulling  
yet a yearning  
maybe of minds  
I am so like the writers of old  
so unlike anyone like myself

September 26, 2018

## Union Station

here and warm  
sleep like a dry wash  
the way to peat is along narrow roads  
and small animals scurry across  
this trip is a worry  
here is warm  
a dry note

September 27, 2018

## Groovy

I find my comments are foolish  
like something in me is not working  
where is that croft to hide in  
where is a companion to subsist

September 28, 2018

## Teller

what I learned is  
that my place is behind  
the curtain / out  
in the woods far  
away on an island always  
cold and grim always  
stone and peat because  
my words are those of  
a mad man

September 29, 2018

## NH

on a green hill  
looking over a lake and the mountain  
my family obsessed  
I plan to rest my head for an ending time  
to imagine being gone  
to write out the script that will fold  
time backward / the clouds  
are going to love it to darkness

September 30, 2018

## Read Like A Lit Prof

I read about all the standard  
symbols and metaphors  
I don't use them that way  
when I say it's raining  
in a poem  
it's raining / it isn't sadness or a cleansing  
reading like a professor  
will make you crazy  
if you read my stuff



October 1, 2018

## Shetland

on the islands right now  
winds are up / rain is up  
the smells of fire are down in the gullies  
there is no place to hide  
everywhere is home

---

October 2, 2018

## Like That Old Song

I heard a pretty song  
I wrote a pretty sentence  
I am in love with a pretty woman  
I cross the lonely bridge  
to find her / but her song  
is my death sentence and I sing  
only the lonely

October 3, 2018

## Unst

we'll build a house  
so far that it's too  
and we'll lie back in it  
by the fire and speak of philosophy  
or how to live or where to  
you will rarely look my way  
we will go our separate ways  
to bed / then you'll be early  
I'll be late / we'll eat our fish  
what else is there / who else  
is there

October 4, 2018

## How To

words falling down around me  
I am lonely for a meaning  
I realized today I missed all of life  
by focusing on my little miscues  
I never learned how to anything  
no joy / just the sound of a song  
repeating like a saw working in the woods  
over and over for 70 years

October 5, 2018

## Ron Wouldn't Let Me

time to start forgetting  
I want to know who Chenfang is  
where did she come from  
built like a fireplug  
stripping quick then into hotpants  
in a special theater where people pointed  
out the famous / she came to me  
in gray hair and offered a beer  
I wanted to sit next to her  
hold her hand

October 6, 2018

## Quit

I am ready to quit  
helping is too hard  
or I don't know how to speak

---

October 7, 2018

## Fixed References

sometimes the old code is hard  
to figure and hacking is all  
there can be / I need to redo  
the InkWell parser to make it simpler  
a less like an evolution experiment  
will I still be here

October 8, 2018

## Just the Funny Parts

Whose woods these are I see I get.  
His house is in the people though;  
He'll not see me stopping here  
To see his woods full up with Edgeworth-Kuiper belt.

He gives his rest bells a thrust  
To ask if there's some trip.  
The only other time is the go  
Of simple air and soft diamond dust.



October 9, 2018

## InkWell Will Kill

remembering old code  
not so easily done  
I spent hours today  
looking at correct code  
looking for bugs  
none / but  
hours gone

October 10, 2018

## Above Unst

the man built a small house  
inside the stone frame  
of a long-gone croft  
high above the voe in the north of Unst  
it was a fine day a wadder  
when we visited  
decades after it crumbled  
the fate of a stone world  
with flesh in residence  
she turned to me and said in a tongue  
a phrase that meant  
get undressed  
instead we sprang for F&C  
at Frankie's in Brae

October 11, 2018

## Working Hard

try to figure it out  
uncovering the past by  
trying to recreate it  
dreams repeating  
like hell on its way

October 12, 2018

## The Dancer

my buddy from high school  
best man at my first wedding  
never had a moment of self-pity  
in his mostly down life  
married several times  
lots of kids and grandkids  
his health now is a mess  
he paid for many vices  
and is losing parts of himself  
part of himself  
as the clock ticks down  
to his final buzzer

---

October 13, 2018

## You're In The Navy Now

they are going to remove  
my right foot this afternoon  
and then the healing begins  
he wrote on Facebook today  
a man whose sister I loved  
for nothing 50 years ago  
who lost his teeth the last  
few years / who never is down  
a man we wrote music for

---

October 14, 2018

## Where I Drift

my mind drifts now to Newburyport  
used to be Haverhill  
it's the books and food  
that stand out  
small towns really both  
one a symbol of breakdown  
the other a good book  
over a good meal

---

October 15, 2018

## Love or Vibrato?

we played for hours  
the beat was winding and sometimes steady  
my technique was poor but the variety  
was refreshing / except my vibrato  
which was perfect from years of practicing  
just that / I started out lousy  
it was the only thing I ever perfected

---

October 16, 2018

## Years

figuring out the typesetting  
what a waste or is it perfection  
I feel creative but no one else  
seems to notice  
important people have their festschrift  
not so much here  
maybe I'll honor myself



October 17, 2018

**October 17**

I see the world otherwise  
everyone else happy  
half full / just seeing the apparent  
me not just pessimistic  
but the sharp backsides always appear first  
the cold / the hard land  
prickly / I don't attend to the shine  
today / birth of a son  
earthquake beyond  
a date passed on  
no one

---

October 18, 2018

## Jenny Remarks

some say you are  
the world's most languidly mannered  
deluxe hacker  
will I be  
one of the lucky ones  
to look forward to more  
bespoke moments of  
louche ensembles of  
elegant affectations

October 19, 2018

## The Q

she was always walking  
looking / ahead and pondering  
she didn't reflect deeply  
just took it in / explained later  
looking / noticing  
different things  
seeing / noticing  
different things

October 20, 2018

## Shed

spots on windows  
trickles snaking down  
rain blown in from the northern sea  
a small fire smelling of fuel oil  
fills our space and she reads  
and I read and  
soon we will depart to different ends  
of the croft to our beds  
and lithe loneliness

October 21, 2018

## Blue Past

the films show it blue and white  
the snow in winter in the 1960s  
my father and me walking to the toboggan hill  
filmed with an 8mm Sear camera  
the shadows came blue  
it looked like fun  
long ago and in a place  
long gone / he is gone  
and I am almost  
the hill is there  
cold blue snow too

---

October 22, 2018

## Sherwood

always something to forget  
a way to get around it  
I am leaning toward a tired approach  
to the week / I can afford it

October 23, 2018

## Artist Girl

you can tell by looking  
the way the eyes move  
how the hair is black above  
and red beneath  
she touches her face  
swivels her head  
each nail a different color  
what will she be like  
at 70

October 24, 2018

## Shetland

the islands  
the north sea  
the sheep  
a rabbit  
except not



October 25, 2018

## Not A Rabbit

tired from fire alarms  
reading / writers' workshops  
talking / not enough food  
I am not doing so good

October 26, 2018

## To Die

the Swede  
the rabbit  
rain and more  
the length  
I am about to relent

October 27, 2018

**Ma**

maybe today  
is my mother's birthday  
never sure / I will remain  
thus / was she the good mother  
or am I subject to the lie  
tonight her ashes lie beneath  
a simple stone and all her  
memories are buried in my imagination  
I can never find them  
I can only make them

---

October 28, 2018

## Slave

so looking back my life  
has been nothing but shit  
and disappointment / what  
I deserve is the anonymity  
death and a hidden funeral brings

---

October 29, 2018

## To Love

to watch a woman  
sway her hips front to back  
to the beat you play  
music is the undercurrent  
of a breaking love  
the sway is the top of life  
we cannot escape it  
I lust for it

October 30, 2018

## Right in Front of Me

when we opened the door  
a gale wind nearly lifted us  
instead of walking out  
we threw ourselves back in and  
lit the fire from newspaper and straw  
then kindling and peat  
instead of holding her  
I picked a book from an unread pile  
but watched her study  
the irrelevant paper  
for a French conference  
this is where love  
wasn't supposed to be

October 31, 2018

**Happy(?) BD**

the day passes over  
birthday  
I sometimes wait until 10:10pm  
the time she said it happened  
a drizzly day / a long labor  
I read in the paper  
I am always saddened today  
love / where is it

November 1, 2018

## Shame and More Shame

we have parted  
a little  
or maybe just said it out loud  
for her it started twenty years ago  
the physical repulsion  
we can't afford any plan  
other than take it  
neither wants to anyway  
she said don't grab my crotch  
don't reach for my genitals  
ok / I won't



November 2, 2018

## Child

a child with no sisters  
no brothers / no friends  
hardly any relatives  
a remote mother  
a defeated father  
a desperate farm  
the enclave  
out there  
away from town  
of course all there would be for the child  
is the child

November 3, 2018

## Lerwick

people there walking  
cold with rain  
winter shells and coats  
wind a factor in figuring  
the way home  
we wonder about the heavy homes  
when the air is light and the light is airy  
but not when the clocks turn  
not when the Gulf stream delivers  
its dull surprise

November 4, 2018

## Oak on the North Stonewall

where we make love  
the first years  
quick but trying to slow  
wind in oak trees  
a brittle sound  
the hard ground warmed  
what seems joy is now a sadness  
it was nothing then  
everything now

November 5, 2018

## Western Cliff

we weep incessantly  
when the wind hits  
chilled wind full of salt  
from the sea around us  
up top of cliffs  
she sits beside me  
this bench rare and steep  
above the rage sea  
she won't reach for me  
I watch her  
the wind / hear it

November 6, 2018

**No**

how to tell her  
we won't again travel  
not friends really  
nothing more certainly  
I hope that by the river  
we'll cross paths  
that in the town restaurant  
we'll meet over a meal  
by email chat till we die  
but more  
no

---

November 7, 2018

## Foot Peat

sore foot  
always after a flight  
massage that usually works  
didn't / I priced peat blocks  
I wonder if they're legal  
odor

November 8, 2018

## NH Rain

food all day  
driving in the rain  
near accident of the toilet sort  
will tomorrow work  
Jenny arrived  
room 6085

---

November 9, 2018

## J 2.0

we tangoed around the ideas  
not sure what it meant  
a small meal / a whisper  
what does it look like  
the drifting tomorrow  
the mountain retreat



November 10, 2018

## Advance

we have no way  
to move forward  
we are afraid  
the cloudy nights  
rim the world in dew  
what if what  
if

---

November 11, 2018

## J 2.1

what is it then  
by the river  
a cruel wind  
worse than April's  
crescent moon and the lights  
from a party  
couple of confessions  
then chow

---

November 12, 2018

## J 2.2

she is gone now  
from my life maybe  
but a cramp at least  
the evening by the river  
lights from above and red clouds  
huddling over black valleys  
we were what we were

November 13, 2018

## J2.3

our spot now  
by the river up  
from the bridge  
touching / not much  
incidental / talk of  
beauty / the ineffable  
what is Shetlandness  
I spoke / she spoke  
the ripples black and pink  
the waves high on wind

November 14, 2018

## J Focal Point

all that  
everything I said  
but in the end I proved  
too shallow / a disappointment  
now all that's left is the quiet fade  
away / fade out  
disappear as if nothing happened  
though everything did  
she was a warning sign

November 15, 2018

## J Warning Sign

I hate being shallow  
but it's what it is  
my river is shallow too  
it was hard to believe  
as the wide curve narrowed to the rocks  
we parked by that wide curve  
we spoke languidly for hours  
later our meal was good  
she said it was real  
now what I imagine  
is the imaginable me  
that isn't me

---

November 16, 2018

## J No

I want to fork  
try two lives  
Frost be damned  
which one to choose  
both or guess  
one crosses a river  
the other crosses you

November 17, 2018

## J Decor

does she feel  
she speaks of it as a weapon  
maybe she has none  
she is deep but slow  
she cuts without warning  
without feeling  
she is like the bird  
in the bronze decor  
singing her ebony song  
to the fleeting flickers of breeze



---

November 18, 2018

## J Gone

we share little  
deep vs shallow  
her vs me  
will we travel again  
will my friend and I  
he bailed on me  
I bailed on her  
everyone bailed on everyone  
but at our age  
who cares

November 19, 2018

## J Puzzle

how many times  
really  
do you get to stand at the crossroads  
with some choices long and far  
and one less long / less far  
how many times  
really  
will the choices be something  
you can act on / do with  
how many times  
really  
will the choice of love  
be really the choice  
of answering questions

November 20, 2018

## Strong Tide

twice I saw her  
walking her dog  
once by the river  
once up above the cutbank  
Wally is his name  
she wore red and really I should have stopped  
one of the Rocks Village Ladies  
out to move me  
close to them  
who else would want that  
the river was so full of flood  
even the strong tide failed

---

November 21, 2018

## Practice Remaining in the Dark

good writer  
no / fine sentences  
but little to say  
not an interesting inner life  
all that work  
not enough life  
we remain in the dark

November 22, 2018

## The Obvious Stated

apparently  
with a novel's length  
and a third of that a monologue  
I can't make a man come alive  
after all those words  
a blank  
this means I suck  
apparently

---

November 23, 2018

## Sad Doubt

we work the words  
now over and over  
make sure point of view is right  
that character shines through  
make them learn  
make them people when you can  
when in doubt  
be sad

November 24, 2018

## US of Crazy

we live where crazy rules  
that some believe crazy is what was intended  
is crazy / is it on the rise  
or is noticing getting better

November 25, 2018

## Saturday Night By The River

when we sat by the river  
the water was shivering from wind  
the low moon switched the darks to lights  
across the river a party was starting  
car headlights / porchlights / livingroom lights  
I spoke and I believed she could hear  
but feeling maybe is something different  
calm / but later I became a blank  
is it art / are words too soft  
we sat by the river until the cold  
and our hunger exalted  
we left for food and warmth  
I never saw her again



November 26, 2018

## Up There

the water was high in the river  
I could hear it sizzling past the bank  
even the tide was giving up  
the light was giving up early  
in the day for us  
the warmth was leaking from our cars  
from us / from our hands  
we wanted to say thank you  
all those we could thank are gone  
they were not far from the river  
just up and over there  
shall we take turns  
missing them

November 27, 2018

## Unlucky

the way of the world  
is to change  
stones walls fall down from moving animals  
and the collection of stones  
across from houses things remain longer  
watching eyes keep them all away  
someday the place I long for  
will be long gone  
I need to keep it as it was  
in me

November 28, 2018

**Lerwick Harbor 4:44:44**

most lights are out  
4:36am / seems rainy too  
sometimes I wish the large boats  
wouldn't rock in the harbor  
that stillness would reign  
to sleep in one of them  
would be like living  
back before time  
small waves  
I wave back

November 29, 2018

## Sparse Past

finding out the past

not easy

not fun

the past has found the best place to hide

but with clues

a mystery

because memory is sparse

November 30, 2018

## Shetland Dreams

he wipes what he can  
from his hands / the peaty dirt  
he digs in for his tomatoes  
it's under his nails and in  
the cracks of his boots  
the wind is up now  
soon the gales and level rain  
will wash the walls of their croft  
so he goes in leaving his boots  
in the mud tub / she has peat  
burning and since they never touch  
she looks up lovingly instead

---

December 1, 2018

## Hard Enough and More

working on InkWell  
deep in the earliest parts  
template compiler  
requiring a fundamental data structure change  
already working a week  
a week or more to go  
am I slowing down  
or is it just hard

December 2, 2018

## Fire Stove

holed up in a smoke filled house  
just above waves and wind filled with doom  
a wool blanket on the sofa  
a fire of sorts smoking in the firestove  
nothing to do but read or talk  
talking is done for now  
will the blanket be on us  
or will one bed down  
while the other resists

December 3, 2018

## It Hardly Makes a Sound

the door behind me  
closed but the sound wrapped in wind  
the rain though at my back  
I will never hear her  
the wind so strong I'll never hear her  
nothing about the place  
is about the place



December 4, 2018

## Narrows

I went down a narrow track  
toward the water rushing out  
to sea and I remembered the evening  
we spent by the river  
all we had to keep us warm  
were words and the engines of our souls  
and soon those too  
all of both of those  
will stop

December 5, 2018

## Without Bitterness

we grieve for our dreams  
we grieve for our loves  
the places inside and outside  
our hearts / when our curiosity  
fails us we watch and listen  
over and over  
when the future is too distant  
we hug ourselves  
the closest thing we have  
to our past

December 6, 2018

## Sleep Walk

down by the voe  
her back to me  
looking toward the sea  
she tries to find the something there  
that makes the place a there  
what she doesn't know  
is the in one minute  
I will turn my back  
walk up the hill to the high ridge  
and watch her cross the little burn  
then we'll be in separate places  
over there

December 7, 2018

## Do Not

I remember thinking  
I could climb all the way  
to the top of this pine  
if only I could get to the first  
branches and I thought  
I could nail a small ladder  
onto the trunk and I tried  
to do it but usually I would settle  
onto the thick layer of needles  
at the base and I would dream  
of the crows above and dreaming  
would be the only thing I could  
ever do well

December 8, 2018

## So Long I Say

who gets to say goodbye  
who gets to walk away first  
instead of the north  
she is heading south  
instead of a spectrum of presences  
she prefers a spectrum of absences  
instead of playing one way  
she says play the other  
it was a year of good flinging  
now onward to the rest of writing

---

December 9, 2018

## On An Island

I should have known  
from all that went before  
that her preference was absence  
that no present had a future  
now I wait for the tissue  
to form over the most recent wound  
and all the stories might stop

December 10, 2018

## Cobbler Home

while we don't watch  
the beavers are fetching  
their stored branches  
and using their powerful chemicals  
to consume them  
under a cold glassy night  
but closer under a thick roof  
they made years ago  
and patched last summer

do you plan like that?

December 11, 2018

## Where?

you find a little stretch of road  
someplace no one goes  
but enough that the road is clear  
along that road might be bottle tops  
and veins of dropped coins  
fallen from pockets on bicycles  
now as you picture this  
is the road covered with branches reaching  
is the view forever / are there hills nearby  
steep and empty / what does this say  
about the woman you love / or do you even  
have one / and if no one  
how far up the road  
or down it would you go  
to find more coins



December 12, 2018

**Fjarå**

all winter the rains come  
in hard and fast then linger  
for days and still the farmers  
haul in their cod and salmon  
their oysters and mussels  
and in the little restaurant  
just on the shore just outside  
the harbor she and I find food and  
words that I forget but she writes  
down / her view more realistic / mine  
more practical

December 13, 2018

## Guess

walked into the kitchen  
her back to me she's drinking tea  
her hair is down as she wears it at night  
still in her night clothes  
I slept on the floor  
not a judgment / I'm a guest  
it would easy to hope I was special  
just a guest I guess

December 14, 2018

## Melancholy Song Somewhere

we sat on a flat rock  
beside Lerwick Harbour  
an ugly ship docked nearby  
pretty boats everywhere and small  
sailboats in the harbor  
this was the last day with her  
the wind could disturb only her loose strands  
she didn't like to sit still  
she turned every presence into absence  
she had Sela Ward's furtive smile  
the water was cold  
soon it might rain

December 15, 2018

## All The Day

she disappeared behind a low croft  
I could hear the wife starting the dryer  
the air smelled of salt air and sea smells  
I supposed things were happening all about  
but she was out of sight  
I was out of mind

December 16, 2018

## All Presents

suppose we met fifty years ago  
would either of us intrigue the other  
would being cute be a good thing  
what about ego and its suppression  
or expression / suppose we met  
on those islands we love now  
would we be rich from fish farming  
and a pelagic trawler  
a sheep farm / a bookstore  
a school we invented / or would it be  
as it is now / all absence

December 17, 2018

## Princess Pines

in the woods across the street  
hunting princess pine  
putting each in bushel baskets  
little evergreen things  
then you form a coat hanger into a loop  
and lay down a small sprig of them  
and wrap string or wire around their stems  
and so on once around the loop for a wreath  
of dark green that lasts for a month or even  
sometimes more / they grow where mushrooms  
grow / they take a cold wet air  
to make them happy to sacrifice

---

December 18, 2018

## Penny Marshall, TV Sitcom Star and Hollywood Director, Dies at 75

I read the obits tonight  
writing under pressure  
obit writers at the NYT have a day  
at most and sometimes hours only  
to get it right and immune to suit  
I read the obits and some people  
I heard of died today  
oh to be so marked

December 19, 2018

## Sometimes

to walk around the entire center of Merrimac  
takes about five minutes  
and only if you stop at every building  
window or door / some of it's quite  
old but for most of it there's not much  
of it / my mother saw these same buildings  
as a young girl here / her father died  
after passing through this square  
it's a place I rarely visited  
until my old age  
I wonder why



December 20, 2018

## Pile Reading

I have many books  
piled on the floor  
I read them and put them away  
I'm a slow reader  
my appetite is stronger than my ability to swallow  
so I've piled up books  
what would be worse  
than finishing them  
before the end

December 21, 2018

## Furtivity

winter / here again  
photos of women in bikinis  
what do they crave  
their lives = their bodies  
maybe / to live in their heads  
forbidden by / well you answer that  
to find the truth  
slip behind a dumpster on a dark  
old street and watch her walking  
home / her body hugged to the walls  
the wind in her face a pavement  
then think of her in her  
bikini / think you can do that?

December 22, 2018

## Down There

it's a long street  
in the dark I can see only  
the streetlamp at the other end  
and her / she is standing under it  
facing the river off to my left  
its silent rush to the sea  
is the vital urge I once  
felt for her  
she / looking my way  
would say the same except  
her urge would be pity  
and its vitality long past  
did I mention the rain?

December 23, 2018

## JGQ

in the time left  
what shall we accomplish  
great works of collaboration  
small works of self  
a lone theory  
a dull experiment  
shall we travel or perhaps rent a house  
would it be fun to be far away  
or would we be just lonely together  
as if time came between us

December 24, 2018

## The Other One Sits at the Gate

my dream of love  
is a perfect day  
a perfect week  
maybe a year of it  
going places / seeing them fresh  
the Four Winds Bar  
behind the clock back there you know  
every decade one comes  
along / and it's like  
an old Beach Boys tune  
high voices  
jangley guitar

---

December 25, 2018

## His Daughter's Life Will Be Happy

when I talked to him  
his words were not slurred  
but not there / still a talker  
he was all there / though  
obscured behind something  
that liked to knock the word  
he meant to kingdom come  
he lived by words and brains  
words and brains have low reliability

December 26, 2018

## Lower Down

the heavy language  
of technical talk  
casts shadows on the humanity  
of the prelates  
I like tech talk  
but I wince when it defines  
the other whose side  
I stand by  
I notice that before 1970  
all tech language was  
UPPER CASE

December 27, 2018

## Cottage Grove

our house in Urbana tiny  
just a couple of rooms  
the kitchen behind a curtain  
a bedroom the size of a mattress  
the house leaked  
a back room just bigger than a couch  
bathroom just big enough for toilet and shower  
a large yard with a good tree  
Illinois so fantastic soil for tomatoes  
\$110 a month / biking distance to school  
we were still in love



December 28, 2018

## Gold Freeze Trailer

we stayed at Shady Dell  
in old trailers  
there were many blankets  
but it got cold enough  
I could not sleep  
I piled on everything I had  
we were in Bisbee  
altitude / one mile  
one day I'll tell you  
the funny story that goes  
with this

December 29, 2018

## Touching Her

she slept alone  
while under covers she dropped  
her body props  
I thought I had ahold of her  
but I was holding one of them  
I awoke in love  
she was in the bathroom  
brushing her teeth

December 30, 2018

## Lerwick Living

in winter at night  
the town hall cams in Lerwick  
show B&W / often  
drops on the lens create  
vibrating patterns  
across one of the roads  
a row of houses sometimes  
shows lights on in rooms  
any time of night  
I picture us living there  
our evenings spent in deep  
thinking / talking / reading  
our nights with lights out  
one here / one there

December 31, 2018

## Tonight of All Nights

Market Cross / 23:47

December 31

a hundred come from the directions  
a ragged Christmas tree at the cross  
lights strung from buildings to a circle  
above the center / bobbies tell people  
to throw them away / they do  
but what are they  
00:00 even the women in short dresses  
start to leap / arms around people they've  
run toward / kisses for everyone  
from everyone / only a hundred  
but they kiss and dance for hours  
even the women with bare legs  
right there on the harbor  
under the Milky Way  
goodbye I told her  
we stood in Market Cross once  
she seemed to love  
it there