

accepting his spirit back out of time  
there  
the ground itself

always led back from the sleep of will  
the Temple falling over and over  
that in our time the Temple  
rebuilt  
into the world of melody  
a finite music  
progression of chord after chord to a fixed  
time  
led back: reduced to the ground itself

and if they tell  
you he is in the desert  
the beaches of salt: the sea itself swallowed  
do not go out  
or in the chamber  
inside: not in the air: ceaseless study of names  
do not go in  
and he is not there but here  
not out of the hand's grasp  
it rains: it gets wet  
this crumbling house our present God.

## POEM FOR THE JEWS

The candles of the Jews are ignited  
tallow and paraffin stand tall in the darkness of Friday

In the sabbath lights are created and the Jews regard one another  
and their eyes are like rockdoves moving from light to light

The fingers of the Jews dapple in fat from the lovefeast  
their fingers are white and immaculate stiff with the tendon of  
kashruth

The gentile walks among them  
his heart filled with tolerance and his belly with spoiled meat  
his eyes beg for the beginnings of love and dinners  
beg for the cup of impossible seders for the endless givings of Jews  
beg for the cleansing knife and the merciless gestures of fingers

Jews wake up in the sabbath and their stomachs are empty  
and there is not a sound of music and they polish their cars  
and drive twelve sabbath journeys in sandals to the mountains

Jews rush along highways and see the fields but their eyes look  
ahead  
towards the green lawns and tennis courts and white dresses  
the ease of men walking the earth in the cool of the evening

In the sabbaths lights flicker on candles  
Jews move quietly through mountains and across lakes

and over bridges and carefully through small streams  
and their hands have given everything away and still keep moving  
*And if you love me take with both hands*

At every second the Jews are created  
at every second they are newborn and their eyes are filled with wings  
and their hands have given everything away.

## THE POOR LAND OF TIROL

And the horses growing out of the red soil  
their black backs crushed a hill is crushing them  
a dagger from the sky cuts open the red houses and poor  
wooden kitchens with doors springing off cabinets  
dust falling from ceilings emptied of spiders  
shelves hanging from nails and lentils sliding one by one to the  
floor  
as if earth had a trachea and was swallowing  
the baked sun and the splintering sky of the poor land of Tirol

The haft of the dagger is in another country  
a country no one in the poor land of Tirol knows  
the bishop with his red neck has forgotten its anthem  
the clerks of the municipality have misplaced it in  
their file cabinets full of dust but they never  
stop sifting through to find it again poor brave clerks  
the apothecary cannot exhibit it in his huge red bottles  
the birdcatcher caught a glimpse of it rising between two fields  
even though the spiders were taken away they didn't know  
and what do spiders know they know nothing of all this  
o poor land of Tirol o poor cardboard horses  
stamping and rearing in the dirty straw o poor  
land of cabbage leaves under foot and mountains looking down  
and no one left to walk suddenly into your houses o poor  
clerks and poor bishop who have lost in your dossiers and bulls  
all those poor people who came to doze in God's darkness  
and sneeze at new roses in the public garden

all ancient lights and birdbaths and shrines whatsoever  
solemnly and in good faith of oxen and owls  
that the mountains give us nothing to eat neither  
be called upon explicitly under terms of this horse  
to dung these clouds for cauliflower purple and white  
hectares of winter wheat nor among such heirs as  
rabbits tearing down the walls of their hutch  
in the person of chicken scratching for grain whichever is  
running very fast nor running very fast nor into the land  
of the dagger

And it is possible that the horses contend  
lift their stiff legs for a lump of sugar  
here is a lump of sugar  
divided into two hemispheres north by east they will never be  
fitted together  
divided into three hours of earth  
the hour of the unicorn asleep under the crossroads  
the hour of the express that passes through with dark windows  
the hour of the lump of sugar stuck in the dry throat  
in the lump of sugar each grain is in motion a lump of sugar  
a dead insect engulfed by thousands of barely visible white ants  
and it divides the hour of hunger into minutes and seconds  
and earth goes on swallowing all day long.

## SUN OF THE CENTER

a man divided into animal  
biting down through burrows with its teeth  
into animal pressed into earth  
a different shape  
the five arrows of his motion  
fly out into the structured world and are lost  
the stone arrowheads enter the house of the wind  
the reed shafts burn in the sky the lightning is random  
proceeding from the north the black lightning out of a clear sky

into the shape of a man  
who walks out with flowering skull and starfish fingers  
and clay runs out of his nostrils  
and his hips are still covered with bark  
who makes patterns on the walls, his five fingers spread  
who twists his hands together folding the fingers together  
the true gesture of sunrise, the flower delivered from earth  
who knows that empty horizons come from an open hand  
who holds tight, who breathes on his own hands some cold  
morning  
imperially able to make suns rise by being there and being himself  
spread out in a blossoming cross against the black sky  
into yellow flowers and the spell is lost things keep growing  
a circular motion between earth and flower that must be plucked  
that must be pulled out of earth and held in the hand  
and what stays in the earth is brittle and breaks open