



### **WHO ARE YOU**

*Who are you, who am I  
Miracles in time and space  
Opening each other's eyes*

*Who are you, who am I  
Sorcerers of light and grace  
Feeling this magic rise*

*Love is an artist  
She has no time and no age  
I'm the drawing, you're the page*

*Who are you who am I  
Dancers in an unknown place  
Listening to our surprise*

*Who are you and who am I  
Miracles, face to face  
Harmonies in paradise*

*So love me, my artist  
Beyond time, beyond age  
Love's our drawing, life's our page.*

## **WHAT IS IT THAT REALLY**

*What is it that really makes the world  
A brighter place, a home of wonder,  
This tender sphere of green and blue  
Dancing through its fold in space?*

*What is it that really brings us grace,  
Clears the shadows from the day,  
All those petty obstacles; and leaves no trace  
Of doubt or anger in our way?*

*And what is it that makes us truly shine  
In all we touch and say and do,  
And makes us reach beyond ourselves, beyond  
What's known, what's yours or mine?*

*What is it that really lights my way?  
It's love, and it's you, and it's knowing  
A place of joy, beyond the fretting of listless days.*

*You  
Awoke, slowly, this morning, you stirred and turned  
Into my arms. Then the light  
Flowed in through the curtains, and through me.  
You light the world, so that even when we are apart  
It is a brighter world, a world of  
And beyond wonder.*

*Fierce clarity of love.*

## **TO A CHILD**

*Some say that to experience  
is to forget  
all the dreams we knew*

*and now that we've experienced  
shall we not sometimes long  
to remember all those forgotten things*

*what flying was like  
before we discovered our wings?*

## **JACKDAWS**

*The cookies on my laptop screen keep telling me  
About things I must do or buy or play  
And my wife on the sofa over there keeps nagging me  
About where I was yesterday.  
My laptop will remind me tomorrow, but she demands answers right away.  
There's no respite. It's beyond belief. What is there*

*In the crisp chill of facts that can reboot suspicion's hard stare?  
What kind of hug will silence a nagging algorithm,*

*Can software console a heart, will the cookies acknowledge my frown?  
No answer comes. Cyberspace is pinning me down,  
Without backup or excuse, and  
So is she. What story, what planet is this trying to be?*

*Brutal binary honesty, equations lyrical in their indifference,  
Feelings that won't be calculated or backspaced away.  
Sulk, reboot, delete or apologise,  
What choice do I have?  
My wife is clamouring for proof,  
My laptop greets me with a smile every day,  
The jackdaws in the garden are splitting their sides.*

## **AN OLD, OLD POEM**

*I saw, at a lawn's bright end,  
Young roses grow; beauty  
Whose thorns I could not touch.*

*Through your eyes, I see by the sun  
A passing cloud stoop and cast  
Its cold shadow across a far hill;  
On the bleak lawn, the shudder  
Of the roses' wilted husks, on stalks of bone.*

*Through these eyes, I pass  
Into that sudden winter mirror of understanding –  
I see, but cannot look.*

## **HALF LIFE**

*You said: being apart from you is like a half life;  
So it feels for me too. But which half?*

*Without you, I am independent, confident, strong,  
With you I am clumsy, displaced, petulant sometimes,  
Like a child, struggling with what's new –  
Trying to make a new whole out of two.*

*Living without you is free, simple, secure,  
A half life without challenge; being with you  
Is unknown, unsettling, never quite sure.*

*You miss me and I miss you. What  
Do we miss? It's this chance  
To believe more than our selves;  
To wonder, to be both yes and no, to be half new.*

*More than peace, or even eternity, I would rather be torn  
Each day between being and becoming,  
Between what I am and what I might be –*

*For half way between you and being free  
Is the place where I feel  
That I am half the lock and you are half the key  
To the fragile, open heart in me*

*- with a nod to Yevgeny Yevtushenko*

## **WE, THE SKY, AUTUMN**

*Autumn will catch us clowning again,  
The blue sky shredded in our hair  
And no true prayer on our lips –  
Another year's turnip motion, time's deep draught  
Uproots another acre of our hearts.  
Fooled again in this paradise,  
Heaven's blessed and only unloving sons,  
The sky in shreds, and autumn prowling  
Blindfold among us.*

## **WHERE THE WORLD UNFOLDS**

*Beware, my love, of these heartbeats soaring  
Like white doves in some magic sky*

*Take heed, my love, of ancient yearnings  
In this your rush to fly.*

*Wait yet a while, my lover,  
Stay, watch, keep hold on your heart  
Until the whole healed world tells you  
That you need no more compass or turnings;  
And that the fickle days will not,  
Not this time, tear two apart.*

*See clear, my lover, until even your skin  
Can no longer deny  
That this is where the journey really starts.*

*Then dare to cross eternity,  
Dance the dance of mortality, and roam  
This endless sky;*

*You and I –  
This, then, is where the world unfolds  
And shows us why*

## **IL N'Y A PAS LE TEMPS**

*Il n'ya pas le temps  
Pour se servir de cette vie  
Ni le temps de s'en passer  
moi  
toi  
l'eternite  
Il n'y a pas le temps  
Pour en rire  
Ni pour souffrir  
Il n'y a que le temps de jouir,  
Courir, danser.  
Et oui parfois j'ai peur  
Mais je n'ai pas le temps  
D'y penser*

### **NIRVANA SIXTY THREE**

*Here on the edge of time  
We give a damn so lightly  
You eat my soul every time you look at me.  
Every day we change our minds  
Our words all bend just slightly  
None of this makes sense until we break free*

*And if truth could grow on trees  
Or lies fly on the breeze  
Samsara's in Nirvana  
And Nirvana's in room 63*

*If I love you another day  
There'll be blindfolds on the skyline  
Seeing you never gets you to seeing me.  
And if I let you go away  
There'll be darkness in the daytime  
This is as good as it gets, and as damned as it's free*

*And if hell should start to freeze  
Or if thank you could be please  
Samsara's in Nirvana  
And Nirvana's in room number 63*

*And when heaven is on her knees  
And truth is growing on trees  
Samsara's in Nirvana  
And Nirvana, she's in room 63  
She's in 63.*

*(Or is it 64 ..)*

### **CHILD**

*I don't have the time  
And I don't have the peace of mind  
Nor very much wisdom at all  
And try as I may, every day I mould  
You and hold you to me again  
And show you how to grieve*

*See these child's eyes  
Open wide again  
To receive*

## **ASIA MY LOVE**

*Sitting in this Asian town  
Wondering where I'm bound, I don't know.  
Shuffling my life around,  
Tell me my love, do you know  
Where's an answer to be found  
Why do these voices make no sound  
Why's your face a different brown  
Each time I turn around?*

*All these faces don't say why,  
They watch, they smile, both yes and no.  
Wondering as my life slides by,  
My love, tell me before you go  
Why this beauty gets me down  
Why's my ticket homeward bound  
Why's your face a different brown  
Each time I turn around?*

*Asia my love*

*I touch your face, I see you sigh,  
It's you who spread my wings, does it show?  
Another bird that flew too high,  
Tell me, my love, I have to know  
Why this loving gets me down  
Why these voices make no sound  
Why's your face a different brown  
Each time, each time I turn around*

*Asia my love!*

*Why am I still in this town  
Why do these voices make no sound  
Why's your face a different brown  
Each time, each time, each time I turn around?*

## **RED WATER**

*Red water swirls among the fish-eyes,  
Gulls swoop down to wrangle  
On the mangled harbour wall.  
You who fish, do not try to understand  
That tangle of tar, or the salt wind's rage,  
Or the wide-eyed fish-heads  
Dancing, dancing through red water.*

## **ONCE UPON A RHYME**

*Once upon a rhyme  
I came across a woman playing  
Who dreamed, and raged, and laughed  
Just like me; yet in her own way and time,  
As I had always dreamed of,  
More lovely than any dream of mine.*

*For love is not all it seems,  
It's a place one can't define  
Where there's no perfect rhyme, for perfect  
Is music of a lesser kind.  
Here I belong. Now, at last  
It's time to shine.*

*Once upon a time  
That woman left me, playing;  
I still dance, and rage, and laugh, just like her,  
But in my own way and time  
And all my life is new again  
And all the world is mine*

*So, love's not all it seems  
It's a place one can't define  
Where there is no perfect rhyme, for perfect  
Is a world of a different kind.  
Here I belong. Now, again  
It's time to shine.*

*Now that she's gone, I have to start again  
Sad that she's gone, but the world will still turn again  
Now that she's gone, still it's time to shine.*

## **YOU LIT A MATCH**

*You lit a match and held it up  
And we watched the wood burn down,  
The small flame die. A last wisp of smoke  
Drifted away and was gone,  
Far beyond our eyes.  
And we sat a long while, gazing into our coffee,  
Then quickly reached to drink –  
But there was left  
Only the bittersweet taste of our yesterdays,  
The bit of black wood dead in your cupped hands.*

**NO BETTER, NO LESS**

*Quod verum, meum – Seneca*

*Who are we? Just two  
With some love, some joys, and  
All the usual mess.  
Nothing special, really,  
Two people, no better, no less,  
But of course, we're  
Not like all the rest.*

*Perhaps only fools say this,  
But this knowing, be it truth or lie,  
Will do;  
What is truth? My lover,  
Truth is mine  
And my truth is you*

**TO HOWARD, † 05.03.2013**

*Somewhere inside the pain  
There's a little room called peace;  
I'm sure it's very hard to find.*

*That little room has two windows,  
From the one we see eternity,  
From the other we see tomorrow.*

*One, just one*

*Day at a time, one week, one month,  
It's all we have anyway;  
You're blessed to know it better than I.  
Somewhere inside this room*

*There's no more fear of becoming,  
For we already are, we have been, we know,  
We see, we feel, we love.*

*Somewhere inside the pain  
There's peace. Always.  
My friend, now you're gone.  
Somewhere within us there's a little pain;  
Always was, always will be.*

## **WRITING ON THE WALL**

*My fading lover,  
You know it too;  
We cannot retake the turning,  
We cannot recant, nor undo  
The spell of learning.  
And if this trial brings us another, tomorrow,  
Where will we go to hide our sorrow?  
Damned either way,  
Which bluff to call,  
Which way to fall? If  
One denial, if at all – if only  
The writing had been on the wall !*

## **MEND MY HEART**

*How many times have you said you're leaving  
Break my heart, and then relieve me  
How many times will I see you go  
Out through that door, and just not know?*

*How many times will you say it's through  
And tell me there's nothing, nothing I can do  
To make you change your restless mind  
And turn, and stay - one more time?*

*I know I'm wrong, I know you're right  
And I can't help it, but oh my love  
I didn't want to fight*

*How many times will you say you love me  
And make me thank all the stars above me  
How many times must we be apart  
Oh my love, how many times will you break my heart?*

*There's no wrong, and there's no right  
And we can't help it, but oh my love  
We didn't need to fight*

*How many times will you say you love me  
How many times will we make a new start  
Oh my love, how many times  
Will you mend my heart?*

*Vi satt og prata  
Om ditt og datt  
Og om det vi gjør du og meg om dagen:  
Plutselig så du på meg og smilte  
– Du er trist i dag, sa du.  
Det skar rett gjennom, jeg  
Brøt ned og gråta.*

*Gråte, det er noe som menn ikke gjør, som oftest,  
Og ikke på Sinsenterrassen i alle fall.  
Det gjør menn da ikke. Vi forblir  
Fastlåst i vår styrke, vår mangel på  
Ambivalens; med all vår svakhet stuet inne.*

*Du så min svakhet, dette vil si  
min styrke, og  
Ga meg svakhet igjen: din egen, vår egen, min*

*Tanker som disse avslutter bare sånn, tror jeg, uavgjort  
Det trengs ikke noen kloke avslutninger  
I en svakere, sterkere verden  
I utvikling, utvikling*

**RUN**

*Your loveliness is all undone –  
Love comes in like a storm  
And like summer rain now has left us  
Young and green again*

*Remember, all those nights and days  
We thought we were in love,  
We played on and on  
Not heedful of eternity.*

*Love comes in like a storm  
And like a summer rain has left us  
Young and green  
Again I run from your arms.*

## **WAITING**

*Outside my winter window  
Still the snow is falling.  
I long for you;  
Waiting is a bitter, sweet pill, a game  
That two can play, but not fulfil –*

*Restless heart, impatient this art  
Of loving.*

*This being both one and two,  
Both warp and weft, this patterning  
Frame that we call our lives;  
The days that we recall, and also the ones we  
Resign to forgetting.  
I've loved them all, but none  
Have I loved more than now, than you.  
Being apart is a bitter-sweet pill;  
Waiting; impatient  
Is the game of becoming.  
When are you coming, when?  
Snow, hours, minutes fall;  
There's no belonging  
Until you're in my arms again.*

## **WONDER**

*We read wishes  
Into each other's smiles*

*We miss each other  
By miles*

*We know – and we wonder  
What love is*

*This*

## **OR SHALL WE TRY**

*Far out at sea, I listen  
To the thrashing of the waves.  
I know, there is scant pity, or praise of love  
Here between heaven and the ocean floor,  
Only this needy dance  
Of parasites, flash of sharks' jaws  
When we are not watchful.  
Sometimes, my friend,  
It seems that all of us must drown  
Beneath the surface of our own forgetting –  
We breathe, we float, neither deep nor high,  
Tracked in wayward currents,  
Enmeshed in the eddy of our own histories – we  
Awake too late, and there is no recall.*

*Or shall we try  
To resist, rebel, defy this rise and fall?  
Listen!  
... there comes no answer.  
But listen, closer,  
Feel the tides of our own hearts, and see  
The beauty, the thrashing of the storm. It carries on  
As it must, and as must we.  
No; no-one can condemn us all  
To evanescent form, nor to fall asleep  
On the surface of our dreams. Listen, awake  
To these rhythms – we are  
The waves and we are more.  
This, this is our storm  
Here between heaven and the ocean floor.*

*--with a nod to Alain Badiou*

## **LUISA**

*I should feel sad  
now that you're gone*

*but if the world is round  
then it must surely  
bring you back to me*

## **MAIS SI**

*Et si c'était vrai  
Qu'en mil neuf cent quatre vingt six l'avenir  
Sera venu  
Et si c'était vrai  
Qu'en mil neuf cent quatre vingt dix  
Je ne t'aimerai plus  
Et si, c'était un mot  
Trop long, car nous ne pouvions pas nous changer  
Nous ne pouvions plus nous aimer  
Et si  
Nous avons raison  
Et oui nous avons raison  
Mais si  
Mais si*

## **WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?**

*Where have you gone? My heart is dying,  
Silent, far, you leave me in this horrid dark.  
There are so many good reasons  
To love each other, you and I, to forgive;  
And so many smaller reasons why not to.*

*Why have you gone? Wrong words reveal,  
And scars I don't know are aching  
And yet others, older, only time may heal.  
There are so many ways of misunderstanding,  
So few to say what we really feel.*

*When will you return? Or is all this now no more  
Than a wisp of hope, a cloud of not knowing?  
Yet that  
Is all we have; the fickle flowing of love's seasons.  
I say I love you; it's beyond silences and reasons.  
There's courage in an open heart, and there's pain.  
I don't know where, or why you have gone,  
Will you  
Find your way back again?*

## **ALPHA HEART, ALPHA SOUL**

*Before we met, I knew  
There was a time for becoming*

*Before we touched,  
A space for learning  
Before we kissed,  
A place of knowing*

*Before we fought,  
A way of forgiving*

*No, of course we cannot be sure.  
But I haven't been afraid  
To fly, nor to fall  
And there's no need to run  
From it. Not now, not at all.*

## **A MONTH APART**

*A month apart! Your face, your touch, memory fades,  
Tastes so sweet that all other memories fade too  
Till none other seem to matter, none  
But you.*

*Internet, credit cards and airport trains  
Separate we two. Runways, clouds and skies  
Of the earth, and of the heart and mind,  
Take me, please, return me soon  
To a life that's waiting, impatient, new.*

*Vistas of becoming -  
This new place that I've believed in for ever.  
Sorting, packing, changing address,  
Closing one life to open another;  
One month is long  
For two who belong together.*

*And when we meet again, will your arms  
Feel strange for a minute? But then  
You'll flow into me anew  
As the memories turn into seeing:  
How love can be.  
Here, now, soon,  
Moving skies, longing, this  
Earth, these runways of being.*

## **ISPAGNAC**

*Ces lits d'hotel  
Aucun oubli  
Ces ressorts qui s'escagassent  
Car c'était fini*

*Tant de souvenirs s'entassent*

*Les montagnes nous entourent  
La riviere nous avale  
Pendant que les gosses jouent,  
Chantent, au soleil, balacent,  
Sur l'herbe, la-bas, se lancent,  
Tombent et retombent*

*Tant de souvenirs s'arrachent,  
Les montagnes nous avalent,  
La riviere nous entoure  
Ah oui je me souviens*

*Je me suis perdu dans ton corps*

*--pour Uli*

## **A FLING OF SEED**

*In the valley's womb, a fling of seed,  
Spring resurrected the wheat fields to the sun.  
Wind waves bow their heads down,  
The scythes of autumn whisper in the skies.  
And seed to be born, to be flung again,  
To surge up out of winter, out of the wind.*

## **EACH STAR**

*I walk around these days  
With starlight in my eyes.  
But you're whispering in my ear,  
I'm much too clever. So,  
What should I try? Already  
I know you'll answer – you're joking,  
You're half joking,  
You're forever hiding half the truth,  
You're half the lies, you  
Are much too clever.  
Our signs don't meet, it's a joke.  
But wait – this joke's on us, for  
Here we are.  
Surprise.  
You were hiding, like laughter, in my eyes,  
You're a star, have you forgotten?  
And if I didn't say I love you,  
I must have been joking then too.  
Should I say it? Now at least I've tried.  
And if it's said for ever, but still doesn't rhyme  
Then it's not me, it's the joke that's clever,  
Each star will find its own heaven –  
It was obvious all the time!*

## **THROUGH THIS DOOR**

*Again the same theme,  
Summer is turning –  
My heart is heavy  
And rejoicing  
As the leaves  
Again I see through this door,  
Summer's almost gone,  
The world is turning  
Time is falling, all around me,  
There is a changing  
And I must go –  
Again a chapter's closing,  
Another road is ending,  
Another rebirth is awaiting,  
My heart sings  
As I go*

## **TO A FRIEND**

*How many changes we live, and survive  
Though summers rage and turn upon us,  
Or is it we who turned against the sun –  
Today again, the windows of your world  
Wash over with rain, images blur and fade,  
And you wish not to be seen, nor to see  
This summer's raging. And you know  
You have to wait, until you can see  
The world's eye clearly again and go through it.*

*I wish I could help to share your sadness,  
I know it helps, in a blindfold way. Come,  
Lean on me – yet we know  
You aren't leaning on me really,  
It's just a trickster's way to lean less hard  
On oneself – you know what I mean.*

*In the genetic light, children are playing,  
Playing near their mothers, look, so close –  
Sooner or later laughing they all leave,  
Creation hurts sometimes.  
Now summer overturns and strikes you blind,  
The joker in the thunder  
Deals his swift, savage hand.  
Lightning wakes you, shaking, in a hard land,  
Hearing the soft footfall of genes  
On this map of clay.  
Seasons are turning,  
The world is sharing a little joke with you,  
I know this hurt and I know this glory.  
Autumn is nearly here, with tones of fire  
That recall spring, but it is next year they are calling.  
In this storm is the seed  
And it rages at being born.  
Still I wish I could stay to share your waiting.*

*--with a nod to Marty Balin*

### **ANOTHER MISSED BIRTHDAY CARD**

*I have come to care little for these things,  
Birthdays and cards and rings  
Telling too often of crowded shopping malls  
At Christmas, and other shrines of packaged greed  
And the rush for more and more bling  
That we're told we need.*

*I care little for these things  
Even though many people do,  
Christenings, handshakes and weddings  
Filled too often with small talk and jostle  
And the rattle of false feelings  
Not at all like those I have for you.*

*I care little for these masquerading times  
Tasting too often of social trappings  
The reel of social fishing lines  
And hearts reduced to pantomimes.  
You know all that, but you're different too;  
I don't care much for cards and wrappings  
But you do  
So here is one, just to say I love you*

### **NESSUNA SCELTA**

*Siamo qui una volta solamente  
Siamo qui un tempo  
E il paradiso e per loro que furano qui  
Una volta solamente  
Quando la terra decline in l'alba,  
Quando senti il sole  
Soffiare sul tuo viso levante  
Stendi le tue mani,  
Accogli nelle tue braccia  
Questo landa di cielo e nube  
Prigionieri della terra  
Gioisce, e fa festa  
Non abbiamo nessuna scelta  
Prigionieri della terra*

*... per te Milvia Vincenzini*

### **3 A.M. MONDAY MORNING**

*All joy is earthbound; all sorrow memory.  
My lover; you and I, we  
Know these covenants. The lingering night  
Describes the fell descent of time,  
Not minding the dull footfall  
Of fate on her twilight journey. Thus*

*Is all earth; brief elegy of joy,  
This time to celebrate and be gone,  
The dawn in your eyes and in mine –  
The touching of our hands, as we discover  
How close this seems, how real;  
Two, here together – and  
For a moment – almost one.*

### **1978, TENDRESSE, POUSSIÈRE**

*Partout les oiseaux de paradis, cet été,  
Dessinent au ciel ces arcs qui nous entourent  
De douleur, de joie, et de la paix qui est née  
De nos amours et de nos rêves éventrés.  
Parfois la vie nous saccage, la solitude  
Nous écorche vivant, nous montre  
La vide au sein de l'âme. A d'autres  
Elle nous recouvre  
De lumière, de l'immense certitude de l'espoir.*

*Et alors, s'il ne nous reste que ceci,  
Cet espace qui nous sépare, cette vide que nous  
Remplissons, en bref défi, de notre haine et de notre amour,  
Cette tendresse de poussière, notre empreinte ineffaçable sur le néant;  
Alors tiens-moi la main,  
Entre toi et moi se forme l'esquisse de l'infini,  
Je ne sais pas où l'univers a sa fin  
Mais il commence ici.*

## **A TOAST TO GA, 09.09.2015**

*She lived, as we all do, once upon a time,  
Then she left, and left all of us behind  
And when she went, we cried, and looked around  
And all that we loved seemed lost; until we found –  
As she would want us to –*

*Another place, with much less sorrow,  
Another world, the lovely one that's called  
Tomorrow.*

*And if we can live even half as well as she  
Then tomorrow will be a weird, funny, wonderful place to be.*

*All stories start once upon a time,  
All lives seem to end like a sudden, dissonant, broken rhyme.  
But her life's a tale that should really always end with laughter,  
So let's just say: she died, and lived happily ever after.*

## **TERRIBLE IS THE SOUND**

*homage to Ferlinghetti*

*oh  
you know the sound a tree makes  
when you've sawn the trunk almost right through  
and it starts to tear itself away from the sky  
shudder  
lean  
slow  
groaning  
down  
fall  
to the hard  
cold  
earth*

*oh woman  
you know the sound a man makes  
when you've ...*

### **FROGS IN THE POND**

*Watch us leap from leaf to leaf  
Often we meet, sometimes it's brief  
Frogs don't care if they get wet  
Hop skip splash and no regret*

*See us jump from here to there,  
In the water, through the air,  
Here we are, and there's no other  
Pond where life can be discovered*

*So hop skip splash and no regret  
We don't care if we get wet  
Love is daring, life is brief  
Watch us leap from leaf to leaf*

### **SOMETIMES THE TAO PISSES ME OFF**

*Am I in the flow? Does this  
Really feel like the way to go?  
It's hard to know.  
Did it just happen, or did I decide?  
I'm sure it, or I, tried.  
(Having studied the Tao, and being proud, it's  
Hard to say that out loud).  
And what was the task?  
Did I answer the question, did I pass,  
And by the way, did it even tell me to ask?  
Or does the former precede the latter,  
And, in the end, does it matter?*

*... and finally a*

### **FEMINIST BUMPER STICKER**

*homage to Sir John Suckling, c.1633*

*Why such haste and rage, man driver  
Get the fuck off my tail  
D' you really think that horny driving  
Makes you a gorgeous male?  
Get the fuck off my tail*

*(Why so pale and wan, fond lover  
Prithee, why so pale?  
Will, if looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee, why so pale?)*