

SALT POINT



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In the Aftermath of The World-Trade-Center Tragedy

I

What point all our tears
all follow the same cold road
salt point oh salt point

II

Black and white movie
Turns suddenly to color
Then the reel goes blank

III

Rogue planes two scalpels
Trepan twin towers' steel skulls
stave poor human hulls

IV

Bite "till you draw blood
Taste our sad saline ocean
From our pulse flowers

V

couple holding hands
leaps from the divorced tower
the world trade center

VI

This sadness now one
Without cure or boundary
Systole diastole

VII

Ticker tape parade
of unaccounted for souls
the world trade center

VIII

The rain of bodies
Falling like Hitchcock's birds
Or Magritte's dark hats

IX

One tooth and braces
An arm a wrist a Rolex
The world trade center

X

Children flee day cares
Look up! The birds are burning!
The world trade center

XI

Eight molars capped
Porcelain on enamel
Tell the truth dentists

XII

Each our own hero
Of each our own odyssey
Pray for victory

XIII

Fly trapped in honey
September an accomplice
Small wings tremble

XIV

Sound of fox's paw
Stirs field's reciprocal web
Frightened mouse freezes

XV

To forget a gift
Breakdown of all broken down
To recall is to die

XVI

Elbows on my desk
My punishment no Disney
No Davey Crockett

XVII

The swift bee's mirror
Your eyes stalking the fleabane
To the vanishing point

XVIII

Rain on the gutters
On the leaves on the shutters
Falling all falling

XIX

Concatenations
Firelight's incantations
Moth at my windows

XX

Neither sad nor glad
cows fettered to hillside sun
their eternal now

XXI

Old man swimming
More a sinking than a swimming
Me swimming to me

XXII

Once the glass was full
Now it's broken all shards
My mother on the floor

XXIII

Seeing my own blood
Realizing I cut myself
The red butcher block

XXIV

Newspapers a forest
Of conjecture and cold facts
Best for starting fires

XXV

In all the corners
Spiders continue to spin
Not knowing the news

XXVI

The geese sleep floating
In the moon's white reflection
Black trees on night's shore

XXVII

Plague walks among us
Plague we can not recognize
No vaccination

XXVIII

four squares of moonlight
enter the room silently
instant the night light's off

XXVIX

Wobble of the world
The first sickening drift off
Its rotten axis

XXX

But a squeaking shoe
The sun dries my leather hide
Cow in the warm sun

XXXI

Infinite nearness
Of proximity we know
We think we know

XXXII

Wanda placed the chair
Here on this flea market field
Here the warm sun feels

XXXIII

Spirituality
Those gone dead watch over us
The world trade center

XXXIV

Emotionality
Don't fall back into your caves
The world trade center

XXXV

Business and commerce
Dull friends bought back by vision
The world trade center

XXXVI

Grasshoppers flying
Brown angels of gold autumn
Their wings hold the sun

XXXVII

Avoiding shadows
Rest in the tall purple grass
Part of fall's wardrobe

XXXVIII

Out of range it seems
Now I can only call her
With my heart's beatings

XXXIX

Picking up basho
Putting my note pad aside
Saw the cricket hide

XL

Nature will heal it
Or end it in its own way
Small reason to pray

XLI

Top of the skull
Wearing an ashen toupee
The world trade center

XLII

Now in the white void
The white ash makes all things ghosts
The world trade center

XLIII

Inside the stations
People betraying no fear
The world trade center

XLIV

Autumn nature walk
Through desolation valley
The world trade center

XLV

Near the gone towers
Dusk wind bends the fall marsh grass
the world trade center

XLVI

Bridges now different
Structures approach an absence
The world trade center

XLVII

They ran out of flags
People started painting them
The world trade center

XLVIII

Two three days after
Interviewing architects
The world trade center

XLIX

Surely we would die
If we could comprehend it
the world trade center

L

No eyes examined
for dread of truly seeing
the world trade center

LI

Cyclist a bomber?
All we have is the now
The world trade center

LII

The salt of the earth
Elevated to heroes
The world trade center

LIII

Those forgotten rise
From the fire and the blood
The world trade center

LIV

Worry about war
The newspapers black with it
The world trade center

LV

Be the only one
After thousands on thousands
Voice completely free

LVI

I had forgotten
always do the vagaries
Of the fall sky

LVII

The intricacies
Of autumn's embroidery
Finely stitched goodbye

LVIII

Just be here and paint
A grotesque imitation of the
Hands of gods clouds

LIX

We have our heron
Three barns and most of our time
No bosses not one

LX

One could be richer
Monetarily speaking
Seen the sky today?

LXI

The low purples
And strikes of green yellow green
Rise up oh orange sun

LXII

The trees silhouettes
the sharp diamonds in velvet
Blue starlight blue night

LXIII

Death isn't a poem
It's a crow's caw a sharp knife
The world trade center

LXIV

Everything bows down
There's a reason they call it fall
Pulled back to the earth

LXV

The light of her arms
Created a glow in me
Sun through red maples

LXVI

The train of thought
Through mountains and tunnels
Ending in light

LXVII

Squirrels edgy frantic
Burying food for winter
Contending their nests

LXVIII

As more leaves fall
Hidden white house across the field
Makes an appearance

LXIX

Mirrors to the mind
Weather and landscape
Bring light to the eye

LXX

Frog of frogs contest
They didn't have a banjo
They invented it

LXXI

Wasps heavy with fall
Flying low to the grass tops
Nesting in rafters

LXXII

The poison ivy
Outshining itself in death
Burnish of rust

LXXIII

The green translucence
Of a low lying sun
Migrant bird traffic

LXXIV

Woodpeckers active
Red white and black upside down
Searching for fat grubs

LXXV

Beauty must be stalked
Wonder in perishing light
Gently quietly

LXXVII

The geese greet the day
with applause of their wings
And some minor honkings

LXXVIII

They're having at it
Banana on farm fence post
Ants already

LXXIX

Thought they were falcons
Circling up to crescent moon
They were rows at play

LXXX

It's solid
Yeah, but its solid fat
Haiku U

LXXXI

The light on the fence
Trembles in time with the leaves
Colors vibrating

LXXXII

Green to red to gold
Spiral descent and wobble
Fall

LXXXIII

The ailanthus
Bad reputation for great tree
Leaves green as angel wings

LXXXIV

The sheets are cold now
When I get back from a pee
Old January

LXXXV

Ants and woodpecker
The suspense of the white pine
Detective story

LXXXVI

Now the nuthatch
Flying carpet of yellow
Surveys the red barn

LXXXVII

The birds voracious
Maniacally active
Winter waiting

LXXXVIII

Small voices crying
Poetry's eternal voice
Say yes again yes

XC

Statistics not reported
Numbers escaped those who got out
Number of children

XCI

Have great thoughts
In your darkest hour they
They will sustain you

XCII

Cumuluous sailing
big masses of white on blue
Faces in these clouds

XCIII

Painting with the eye
The inner landscape outered
Outer shining in

XCIV

Light's daily balance
A metronome for the eye
Block with no numbers

XCV

In all the corners
Spiders continue to spin
not knowing the news

XCVI

Newspapers a forest
of conjecture and facts
for starting fires

XCVII

Military base
The red October leaves fall
The world trade center

XCVIII

Melted steel landscape
Smell of burnt asbestos brake drums
The world trade center

XCIX

Babies' feet still small
Cool and pink warmed by dads' hands
The world trade center

C

Babies' in strollers
Still pulling socks off their feet
The world trade center

CI

Overhead monitors
Drop from the sky being watched
New insecurities

CII

The sun misses them
Their red windows shattered
The world trade center

CIII

The sun misses them
light plays on their lost windows
The world trade center

CIV

Dragon flies patrol
The seam of the trees' shadows
The planets near mere gnats

CV

Younger I wanted
Everywhere but here and now
Now here is fine now

CVI

Japanese lantern
Sun signs through the deaf hillside
Autumn oranges

CVII

Geese doing role calls
Settling down for the cold night
For the long south flight

CVIII

Could they be “talking”
Reviewing their journey’s map
Geese on out pond a.m.

CIX

Anthrax envelopes
Those with no return garbage
The world trade center

CX

Little red squirrel
Red in the red-tail’s talons
little heart still beats

CXI

Wearing striped sweaters
Brown and black caterpillars
Very Ivy League

CXII

One year draught so bad
Farmers ask to cut fields free
To feed their goat herd

CXIII

Shadows on old glass
In the setting afternoon
Winds blowing gold leaves

CXIV

Swans low to blue waters
Silver refinery tanks
Oak leaves on fire

CXV

Sunlight through maples
The ground persimmon and gold
Your smile's bright warmth

CXVII

Enraged by our rage
Enraged and raging against rage
What source the red seas

CXVIII

Blue jays on the wings
See their full swoop of blue flight
A long gentle arc

CXIX

Somber old locusts
Cranky crooked broken twists
Tall enough to fly

CXX

This tree this maple
This red and gold October
This falling leaf i

CXXI

The leaves are turning
Red with anthrax in the mail
The world trade center

CXXII

Clouds cover the sun
The crow calls attention to it
Black crickets still crawls

CXXIII

The hum of insects
An acoustic ground cover
Feeding hungry earth

CXXIV

Walking to gaia
Every strip on sacred ground
Waking in sunlight

CXXV

Red on red on red
The geometries of barns
Red shadows red planes

CXXVI

Abstraction of leaves
Memory and abstractions
Red and white barn sides

CXXVII

Pity is my name
Those with no return garbage
The world's story book

CXXVIII

Telephone wires
A musical moving score
Notes hills on far shore

CXXIX

Come to judge himself
The grand inquisitor
Djuna Barnes on Joyce

CXXX

I can be honey
I can be the buzzing bee
I can be bees' wax

CXXXI

The pilgrimages
To ground zero continue
The world trade center

CXXXII

Souls from bodies blown
melted steel crushed glass
The world trade center

CXXXIII

The escape of sleep
Windows wide open night air
The world trade center

CXXXIV

Tenderness rising
In unexpected places
The world trade center

CXXXV

The prison warden
Has throw open the prison doors
The world trade center

CXXXVI

Migration of souls
People flap wings they don't own
The world trade center

CXXXVII

Anthrax envelopes
It's not bills we're afraid of
The world trade center

CXXXVIII

To talk or not to
Either way a tragedy
The world trade center

CXXXIX

Returning to prayer
People who haven't for years
The world trade center

CXL

Newborns interest
In Middle East politics
The world trade center

CXLI

Dark angels wrestling
Demons of terror and fear
The world trade center

CXLII

Is this the end how?
Is this where the subway stops
Is this the end now?

CXLIII

Pillows exploding
Snowflakes like feathers coming down
Sole train light on tracks

CXLIV

Sundials in snow
Their round caps like laborers'
Bending to the storm

CXLV

Slate mackerel sky
Moon emerges like a glint
On dark fish's side

CXLVI

From out of the mud
To sing the proud night away
And drown the loud stars

CXLVII

Coyotes howling

Bring the pond to a dead stop

Even the peepers pause

CXLVIII

A thunder of frogs

Delicate as tea water

Urgent mating songs