

## THE ORIGINAL FOUNDATION

When they are emptied, old houses  
turn up a remnant they've all hid  
beneath a built-in's disavowal;  
footprint of some unsatisfied  
moment with the original,

done over.

Left-in linoleum justified  
only as flooring in a storage closet,  
or, un-removed, the jelly-ripe  
colors stomped to creosote,

once paved over in new  
flooring rolled up and moved,  
now cope in even older dowdiness  
back in the open.

The real ghosts specified,

particular  
as we were, too  
taken out.

That moment unsatisfied within  
the original born to always begin.

## MUTABLE POINT OF AXIS

Submerged leaves in the invisible flow  
over the settlements of the stream bed,  
as smooth a counter-cross of movement as aircraft  
seen passing below the altitude we're at,

forward but sideways and seen faster than they are,  
as in a maelstrom of motions, they're almost  
pinned to spin on an axis of our passing:  
crossing over the intersecting craft below

throws it around behind you before it goes under  
and disappears. When we placed the gods overhead  
it didn't occur this is where they'd see from, that point  
where from above, moving directions appear nonsense.

Just as here, that isn't newspaper either  
rolling across the park lawn, it's a garbage of gulls  
well above ground level but below  
the view from these upper floors, blown

gray wings the day editions, pages  
I didn't go down to pick up at the stand  
that now fly by out of my hands  
as beyond my grasp as those scheduled

crossings of planes as of the gods'  
crossing of plains  
of war or of lovers' stars.

## MUTABLE POINT OF ACCESS

Above a certain floor I think we pay  
a few dollars more for the exalted  
view.

It's just a block square lawn bordered  
with trees  
then a square mile of undeveloped re:  
development, razed, failed; an open  
walled  
by a major thruway in, against the wall  
of the city.

It doesn't matter from the ground  
you can't see it, we who do imagine  
no more  
than its openness a paradise  
we look down on from.

## ENSEMBLE: AMBIENT INVADED MUSIC

A speeding Shore Drive motorcycle  
hums along underneath earpods full  
speed  
of Glass, Dance VIII and I can't make  
the distinction *played* or *ambient*  
in the music.

Gould and Thelonious  
used to sing along too. Ambulances  
bend sopranos off the lane of their key:

the present makes the electronically  
permanent momentousness pull over.

Airplane traffic brings a deep church organ  
texture not there in the score down from

thirty-seven thousand to a ground note:  
Nothing is as it's written or sounds.

The sprung and rusted screen door spring,  
its twang  
picked up by the mockingbirds swings in out  
of the yard,

winds up from across the street  
and lets loose that tipped off arrival that greets

you look up confused that the doorway says air  
that that 's all it is

that a song is.