

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.