

Lighthouse.
House of gull

by day.
Gull house.
House of light
by night.

Four, five, blank six ...
keep it going just for kicks.
Seven, eight, you know nine ...
what's that phrase?—a stitch in time.

SITUS

The coffee comes in red mugs
with little white anchors on them.
Everyone in line at the pumps.
I'd gladly be a railroad tie.

Tired of persecution,
they went down into the catacombs.

Take back one mistake
and she might've lived to be an old woman.
Christine, keep growing.

Dying coals—the low beam of a log—
rips and holes in the mind screen.
By the time I burn all the dead wood,
the next generation dies.

This morning a Chilean observatory
reports the discovery of 70 “exo-planets”
beyond our solar system. Black
infantry boots on my civilian feet
in the aisle with the corn nuts.

JARRED

By not avoiding suffering (and so by not assign-
ing it
any unnatural value; i.e., something to avoid),
it naturally diminishes or goes away,
because less of what we then encounter
measures up to our idea of suffering.

In the process, we increase that aspect of life
that can be handled without grief—
such good advice that must've been intended
for someone else, pursuing suffering as I do.

Salvation ... to salvage .. save ... make safe ...
a salve for woe ... oh, a storm gust jars me off-
balance,
as I lunge at the whipped-around clothesline in
the last

of the dusk for Aunt Julia's gifted blanket that's
been
washed and dried for my father's day room at
the V.A.

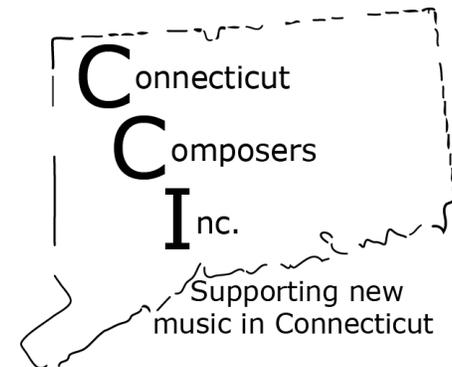
He comes to dinner after his death,
longing for the taste of food,
just as I'm longing for him to sit with me again.

The indeterminate force of him
sways the core of me. Then the energy
loses its center, and we're drawn out
of each other, like a draft in reverse,
while the table of food goes cold.

*(Only a portion of JARRED is set, but the entire poem in-
spired the song, so is reprinted here in its complete form)*



CCI Composers Night Out



Thursday, May 14th 2015
7:30 PM

Universalist Church of
West Hartford

and please silence all noise making devices (cell phones, watches, pagers) Thanks!

Lithuanian Lieders:

Translation by Gerhard and Elizabeth

Austin

1. THE JURA (December 15, 1958)

Flowing water
full there at the wood,
undertowing,
white and cold from headwaters
full of summer.
Now at midday
lightly upon the surface
flashing, brilliantly turning,
the fish, an age-old
robber. He reverses
under the moon. And he scurries not as the otter
wild
in his tangle of roots,
deeply enmeshed, a sound in the dark.
In the widening silence
I come to you,
lovely brother of forests, of hillsides, my river.
In the stillness of early morn,
a thicket of fruit
I walk the sandpath. My boat follows your heart-
beat, the ever rushing turbulent hiss
under the coolness.
Brookside willow, bitter scent,
a green made of mist
and the dew. The overgrown slopes conceal, hud-
dling in the brush
a graybeard with clammy fingers,
he paints your redness, your green, the foreign
blueness, the silver'y sound.
Once
a great river god emerged,
a monster,
horrid face. Over the forest edge stood he
in the blackness of sacrifice, glis-t'ning from fat,
saw in the meadows the reddish ore, and the
springs
rushing up, sandy traces
from his stare.
Who ignites the fires
late in the year, where the river Nemona strides,
it screams with broad lungs before the ice, fall-
ing downward? It comes plunging from o-pen
heavens, a yellow smoky plume before.

2. THE LITHUANIAN WELL

My path made of sand, the heavens over the
willow bush.
Fountain wood, lift the pail.

let me drink earth now.
Lark, for hours, your song
is circling the falcon.
The sower hears you,
the reaper does not remember.
Looks at the plow'd-up field,
the wagons are coming, the wind howls. Water
goddess, lean into light.
Sing 'til your mouth pales.

3. HORSES

Laying down your hand on his hide: Feel the
life-source-
Over his back,
he quivers, blood, a wave
surging to you.
When the steppes were living: the summer's full-
ness flowing, time is made out of wind,
huge with the heavens, thirsty breezes, air has
sunken
with arid mouth on the lake -
when the steppes were living:
under the whirl of the stars,
their wheels rattling with
noise, and the stillness
destroyed it. Night and lightless dawn, cold-
when the steppes were living:
never home, the forests rising raw, we moved on
away from them -

4. FROM THE EAST

All of my dreams
move 'cross the plains, blow through the
untrampled forests, bright winds to meet them,
cold and desolate rivers, from far away one hears
resounding
calls of old boatmen -
There is all of the singing without end, in the
slightest thing danger lurks, ambiguous, not
to be captured with this or that name: those
pastures,
moor, and a gorge, it plunges down, just as
doom, stays, avoided, there in the lower foothills,
trails are fleeing away.
then you appeared as
Horse, as prisoner, dark,
reborn in your beauty, the wilderness dream, -
the quiv'ring, the wave of blood ran across you,
into the hand of him who called you, who
emerged from the cave, hunter, behind him the
feathered
walls, fireshine. Smoke
erased your image.
Words matter not,
just a stroking, greetings, lightning in darken-
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and in the breast this great pull; stronger still than embracing.
Traders come from afar. They live among us as strangers. They move uncertainly, asking, aimlessly following, always hanging on ferries and bridges- they need reassuring.
We know one another with ease. All of our talk arises from the deep common source, and in eternal yearning lives our heart.

Water Sonnets:

What The River Said

O am I then to be undivided
by your touch? Am I then to be
forgetful & unscarred?

As the Lethean tide annuls the landed fish,
should I sudden flood the fissure
you have left? Let slip into the lipless air
the path of your last sounding?

This is not the closing of a curtain.
This is not the healing of a wound.
How do I take this hole into my body
where once your body parted me in two?

How do I slake the memory of your heart's
prick inside me? How do I make
flesh close upon this penetrating thing?

Poem (in the style of Lu Yu)

Riding my bicycle down
hill.

mouth akimbo arms agape, I ...

gulp.

Just caught
the moth the mockingbird

chased.

As that peppery flame flicks
down

my long throat,

I conclude:

Surely love
is just a stumble of
accidental delicacies.

Of the Music of Water Falling into its Vessel

& yet words, "the fluid needful to
understand men," betray us. Beginning with
our first children's dictionary, each word less
than its picture: apple - elephant - fox - kettle.

Instead of redwing balancing on a fire pond
cattail,
this unfinished sonnet caught, worm in his
throat.

You ask what it is that makes me love you.
as if I could say simply "apple" or "kettle,"
as if one word could silt the very flow of you,
as if if I cannot name it, you cannot believe.

But I am wordless as the redwing's air,
the music of water falling into its vessel.

A Page Out of Zen:

A PAGE OUT OF ZEN

At the edge of the garden
there is the suggestion of a waterfall.
The real water is in the nearby lake

where groomed islands model the shape
of the Chinese ideogram for "heart,"
which also means "mind"—such
an economy of terms that can save someone

from a lifetime of bullshit. The suggestion
is equally real. Three beats equal eternal har-
mony;
moonlight in the heart of the wave.

LINEKIN

One, two, blank three ...
mind on the blink too.
We're no longer of the troubadour's time
when to discover and the treasure itself
sprung from the same word,
and was lived and performed as such;

trope and composer,
inseparable in the act
until diagnosed in separation—Oh—

that silent code of light and its absence—lo!
Watch out for rocks or shoals.

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