

OLD CODGER'S RANTS AND REVERIES

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**Metambesen
Annandale-on-Hudson
2014**

MOON NOW

late night
diner people
IN from their lives

discoursing
over
bible and potatoes
results of their latest
cerebrations

the moon in bed of pearl
not full yet

Do people thinking the same thing
swim in the same lake?

Shallow thoughts or deep—
a thousand minnows panicking.

When the bombworks or fireworks
fall on the town
is it the same town?

Is your time the same one as mine now?

Is Now not just like a moon
come out of its bed of pearl

all clean and shiny
but with the recollection of ancient Nows
written in its markings?

Are all Nows the moon was
gathered in the one Now
it is Now?

Alone in his shiny skull
eyes all focused
sharp
on the brink of the moment—

as the next one performs its *whatness*—

Now the light
comes up from the river
—the inevitability of the following day
sending the worry of it
ahead with the first dawn rays.

Where was I when the first word
blossomed: where when the edge
of its opening syllable
abutted its Now;
where when it first knew what word it was to be
gliding forth on the intimate thought flesh
the whole phrase
preparing itself
to bridge the vanishing interval
between its setting out and its cadenced close?

THE SUN

all the bodies
have come out of their huts or condos
and do they have no raingear?
and are they not oblivious
to the territoriality of sunlight?

red vortices and gold
storming the solar surface
with vast electromagnetic flares and spasms
colors far beyond the visible
submerging the terrestrial pebble
with a periodicity recently estimable

and the people are not naked
exactly —
they take no note of the proximity of skin to atmosphere
feel nothing but the texture
of their garments themselves.

They stand on a field in a line.
I forget why.
I'll have to return to the initiation of this discourse
and check it out.

“All the bodies
have come out of their huts or condos.”
Actually I hesitated
at these lexical choices.
What came to mind was caves.
But they are not caves

except to say they are hollows
larger than the garments
that cover them
if they are primordially naked, if now
without contiguity with the sun
and its flaring emergencies.

2

We need a proliferation of articulations
for our situations, that's why.

There is no contiguity at all
on a happy level general to the species —
touch twist skin and air (thought and sun)
abstracted from our current
phenomenologies;

Therefore, the continuity of that which transpires
within the flesh —
its breathing across its covering —
is not so easily
re-uncovered.

Inside my body there never was a soul —
there was always just more body —

the soul *contains*
the topology
that models the flesh — if you disappear
and reappear
across a vanishing cinematograph
of temporal manifestation,
in what exactly do you say your matter consists

but an electromagnetic miasma, flashing
vortices of sun-force
thoughts
that mimic
the sun?

Try this on
for garment size:

Thought is periodicity, orbit and rotation: two modes.

You circle about the thing you think to think about
or spin on a dime
until some new thought stops one

and the blue planet manifests
its magnetic moment

and orbits the father-mother sun.

That sun was a male for all the Greeks but he had daughters
in attendance
who played significant parts
in certain narratives
important for me:

That they told Old Helios Hyperion of the sailors' consumption
of the sun cows; hence mediating the demise
of Odysseus' men; but they lead Old Parmenides
up to the gates beyond
the tracks of day and night

and therefore it makes no sense to say that the goddess
towards which they conducted

Young Parmenides
was Proserpina, unless she too were conceived
as an affinitant of The Sun – Only the Sun
saw
her abduction
and delivered the news.

The point of all this, Charlie? The Point?

That if you wish to uncover the “One
Continuous”
as unfolding Being itself
you had better uncover as well
your contiguity with the sun.

One Thought Thinks All:

Rubric: *It doesn't matter what the wise ones believe.*

1

The branch
crashed
from the rotting
tree
onto the road that flows both ways.
Which ways?
“Up and down
are one and same,” The Dark One uttered
and left the missive
at the goddess' foot.

Next day,

she gave a talk
about the gaseous multitude
of stellar things
beyond the clouds
to an eager mob
whose minds grew prolifically
and our thoughts
took fire.

We woke up early
and climbed the hill.

We saw the sun
and had a thrill.

The clouds were flowing
against the wind.

The fish were swimming
two ways at once.

A long long time ago
does not exist
but in the mind
I'll make a list
of objects and occasions
of notable probity.

Rays shoot out from the sun
and activate our memory.

A long long time ago
shines like the sun.

2

It matters, against the rubric, what
the wise ones believe
because of a certain perversity
statistically estimable
pertaining to publicity's
cognitive capacity:

If the moon thinks it
you can bet "the news" will rue it.

3

Happy she who lives on the sun
where evolutes don't rule the day.

The day has a certain credibility.

Compare the moon
that blocks the sun

and the night keeps.

4

The community of stellar objects
is fantastically disbursed.

One hundred billion siblings share
each galactic spiral.

One hundred billion spirals twirl their hydrogens.

Memory of the spasm
that sent their plasmas forth towards stellar birth
is problematic for the stellar entities.

There are traces, but no images,
for earlier than their core eventuation
time was not.

Good thing the mind
is not in time,

was never forced
from celestial forges
into the black arena
where the gasses radiate.

What substance matches the cosmos?
What blackness?

There where space
and time were not:

One thought thinks all.

Okeanos and The Frog: An Unfinished Instancy

1

There are frogs
that wait on the edge

when I wish it
things that are true
why should you trust me?

My frogs are adventitious images
but they are also

viscous nodes
in a regulative set-up that can switch
the register
of identities
for whole classes of cognitive concerns
as they squat there
in luminous oblivion
on the edge
of time's great sea.

What are you disguising
master karlstein
under this terminological misadventure,
this mindfully buttressed configuration of oddly cognized
riparians?

Do clam up and listen.

If I were a frog
I'd not have to *learn*
how to sing, would I?

Try for instance to identify the exact articulation of the
"ATTACK"
at the first instant
of a big frog's croak.

The sound and its now
obliterates
the mystagogy of nowness
and shifts one's concern
to the color of the sound,
its time beswallowing sonic globule,

put your question to that, oh almost-to-be septuagenarian

put your mind
inside
the round brown sound.

2

If I am frog sound
cognitive and wary

I do not wish to be separated
even for a moment
from the intention
to realize
my true nature

the entire vocation
to poetry
must rediscover its patency
with this concern

the entire
probity
of thought

come to rest
or come to irritation
thereupon.

3

What if the sky
were a neutral molecule
ensconced in neurobiology

till jungle tangle glitter with brown riparians
in the South American interstices of night?

OLD CODGER'S SUNSET SONG

Nothing matters but the quality of the affection.

Ezra Pound

1

black space
 after
 the quiet sun
vanishes
in its subtle
 scarlets and grays

2

Einstein called
his infinite multiplicity
of reference frames

The Mollusc!

But don't you only live
inside your own skin?

Wish I could *believe* that.

The other day
old friend John Beaulieu
started talking up
microtubule non-locality:

Inside every neuron little tubules
and their particles
are linked to little particles
on the other side of the observable cosmos and beyond
possibly;

so no, you are not squat
inside your own skin, particularly, you are ubiquitously
distributed
among everything that has ever been or will ever take up
existence yet

everything linked
from before the plasma cooled sufficiently – a time when there
were no particles
only hotness
compressed
waiting for its spasm;

therefore everyone is co-implicated
in the singular criminality

of existence itself.
Don't legalize marijuana for chrissake!
Don't you prize
your estate
outside the law?

Muse, do you exist? Does the world
in which the poet addresses a goddess at the start of his song
exist? did it? ever? are there laws
that don't change
when you finally find them out?
did microbes known to be here now
have their being then
when no one knew they were everywhere
coating doornobs with previously unanticipated hazardous
exigencies
if you stop washing your hands
for even a moment
the possibility of your becoming colonized
is statistical
there are estimates for each eventuality
nothing whatsoever is ruled out
insanity is inescapable
you are already crazy
by caring
about anything
and seeking the means
to avoid the hazardous outcome
produce the desired result
insanity rages as the inescapability of normal
existence threaded
by terror and desire

3

can you write poetry if you're too sweaty to think?

4

bang on the keys with learned fingers (I mean piano keys)
in a very precisely tailored random fashion
and listen to what sounds interesting

then practice *that*

5

the setting sun
is aware in your music —

it wants to help!
but's too polite

6

o muse
be the setting sun in all my music
subtly scarlet and variously gray
help me resonate
the quality of affection
that matters

who is listening?
ever?
but

the setting sun?

A Rant on Image, Magic, and Quantity

1

Mutually aggregated image miasmas:

boehme's *ungrund*
ever accessed

the beings just behind the screen of speech, or music's beings

dark jungle jumble
green fuse
noise

the fingers
fidget
on the keys

actively
furiously

with proto-patterns
excerpt
from music

the timbres scramble
in a great sonic miasma

out of which the earmind

quietly

sues
for songs
to come

worlds
to come

2

Abraham Abulafia
and his patterned godname letters
iterated
intricate intonations

what did it actually sound like?

I learned to intone
the godnames
privately
in the hotel room
of the head of B.O.T.A.
in New York City
circa 1963 — e - ei - hei - iei

uncanny intensity, tightening
the vocal apparatus

armoring
against
the fantastic force
called into the circle.

The body must be armored
not to shatter

when the Hot White Light

a mouth
of the deity

flashing

rises
on mind's intent —

banishing rituals with dagger and ferocious gesture
stabbing
the center of the pentagrams
for each direction
behind which the archangels
behind which
the godnames

How to disabuse the universe
of its own forces?

Obviously the Hot White Light
is a joke
if the heat is incalculable or rather
actually calculable
now that astronomers' cosmology
occupies

newsday

its cooling

down

is responsible literally

for everything, according to newsday —

where does the Great Voice

sing from

if it sing

hotter

than one hundred billion times one hundred billion

suns? —

no armoring sufficient

to resume this

3

“the magician on the tarot mountain top”

what is the appropriate analog

for the Infinite?

the Infinite itself expressed an excess that in its effect

is actually smaller than the specifiable

finites

of forces

proposed to spell out

just how much force there must have been

how hot it must have been

mandrake the magician
snuffed out
by an eenyweeny modicum
of it

the entire imagery
quite quaint

mephistopheles
snuffed out

satan
iblis

snuffed

in cosmic
snicker

imagination itself
snuffed

4

It is significant that cosmology
floods the news
on a daily basis

fabulous kitsch colorized nebulae,
striped and spotted exoplanets

and giant rocks
with rings
and giant planets
orbiting far far
away

but orbiting *our* sun

not somebody else's

not the war among galaxies
or the hunger of monstrous vacua

distance itself
zooms
erratically
from news item to news item

how big IS Big?

just so long as the money
flows
to NASA's enterprise
and now that corporations
participate in explorations

(they always did, didn't they, Isabella, say

the universe itself
an imagination of the State – without the State
of the State
there'd be no cosmological imagination
to consume

the particular
energies
of mandrake
or mephistopheles

but in such a prospect
even the State
is eenyweeny

so I'm of two minds about it

in this rhetoric

for I do argue
that imagination
would do well to provision itself with an armamentarium
sufficient to de-evolve
the annihilating enormities

it is not sufficient to blink

“Here comes the Cosmos –
Don't just stand there looking dumb –
stick out your thumb.”

That was Ed Dorn's attitude
some forty odd years ago.

Charles Olson did not approve the humor of it.
But disapprobation itself
is insufficient
response
to the matter of scale.

If what comes next is too much abstraction for you – phooey.
I'll dump it into a footnote.

objects blacken
into number's maw

do you care
if quantity
defragilates your imagery,
manifests a world
that only dwells indoors?

Footnote:

Just how serious is it – that quantity
wipes out imagery?

Imagination
powers up
on infinity
but Big obeys no limits
and ruins form

for the Infinite lives
in the smallest spaces
also

and undermines the positivities
of Quantity

and it is Quantity itself that regurgitates
both State and Cosmology

so I call on mandrake and mephistopholes
to energize
the onto=phano=poiesis of the Infinite

imagination that tears itself loose
from the happiest mendacities of newsday

as just what we require
to make Quantity
and its monetary avatar
diminish

and as such
disappear

INFORMATION RANT
for Sparrow

(written to be read ((and indeed read))
at the reading for Chelsea Manning and Edward Snowden
in Woodstock, September 12, 2013)

All the information ever generated anywhere at any time is
here

now?

inside the mind hole? this scrap
on which is written
all things knowable? HA!

everything is secret

even the button-hole device
by which all news

is timely writ

from the womb of being
untimely ripped?

an ancient
inscription that cannot
be encoded, decoded, observed

it cannot be observed —

If it cannot be observed, it cannot exist, say you? HA!

false. Nothing awake in its awakesness is observed can be
observed
can be uperved
to data banks and services. This flips the freakout undead
reality
of information
utterly

nothing you know truly in awakesness

is observed

your little evening on the lake
when the eagle swooped
to fish
so near you were terrified

but the great blue heaven
with its churning clouds
its misty rouge apparencies
its changing faces
over the water
those cloudy holes are eyes
but they only see
because they are *your* eyes
thrown up into blue cloudy heaven

it is the great blue heron

as seen by you
and through which seeing you found yourself awake

in the midst of exact phenomena

that awakesness cannot be seen
by the eagle drones
sent to observe

that which you actually are
in your exact awakesness

cannot be observed
by eagles
drone or otherwise

there are data banks
of another kind
that are not data banks
but heavenly memories
blue realms
infinitely continuous

not encrypted or relieved
as information depots

your awakesness is no information
depot

the surveillance state and its operatives, its concepts and
machines
are the dark dim blank insidious horror mouth that constitutes
the impossible
otherside
of everything that is real

the blank heads
only the zombies of philosophy
and their infinitely elaborate conspiracies observable

creep in the night
and create
delusory explosions of fake awakesness

there is a sleep
deeper than rocks

called information narcolepsy

it is the universe encrypted in the thought
that only information

is real —

Step aside

all jokes aside

everything encoded
in one blot

the blot

on a single blotter —

throw it into the absolute quantum loop gravity timeless
spaceless nothing
made out of little wiggly things ineffable

they are not ineffable

I just effed them

Well, F them!

Let their cosmos recede

let the actual world
no information ever eats or gathers

reappear

*to bring what is present in its presencing
forward into shining ... (Martin Heidegger)*

Oh let us bring the crows
lined up on the light
into further presencing.

Let black glint
against the glimmering lawns
as the mists haul up in the sun.

Let us call the crows from out of their business
to speak with us
and say what each crow knows
of the hidden histories implicate in the weathers —

How each crow lives in intimacy with mists
and wafting odors of the newly dead
across the glimmering roads —

What the crow says — IS —

Hear it in the streak across eye-sight
as panic seizes —
(Yet with what dark reluctance does the crow
abandon the road kill when your car approaches).

You cannot catch your crow in photographs —
the crow knows
and leaps into flight
before your camera sites him.

But with mirrors held in hidden hands
reflecting other mirrors
out of the bent of sight one time you'll have him —

by twos
in avenues overhead
 above the bending road

or landing claws extended on some bough . . .

On The Weirdness of Dead Things

What does it mean to have an idea?

Step outside of that.

Everything is weird.

To have an idea means
 to stop the weirdness of things.

Any thought, and we're all back in High School.

We know who our fathers are
 and what a father is.

Mr. Solomon has hung himself
Hortense said
because he lost his businesses.

And his daughters suddenly seem sort of weird.

Lois Cadin was run over on her bicycle
and her father bought a big dog
and came around to visit everyone
and he seemed sort of weird.

No ideas
about death
dispel the weird
little aura that contaminates
the intimate
survivors.

My mother was afraid of cats.

But before she died
she allowed
a little white one
to come in and live with us.

She died. And I
seemed weird
to my own
perusal. Something tightened
in the light.
Eyes
without hairs.

*

Would you rather live when
paradigms are breaking down
or
when

new theories
 burgeoning
 with broad predictive powers
all seem confirmed?

The feeling that we "know" what's going on

 then
the loss of that.

So Newton, Aristotle, whomever

 proved wrong
 on basic points.

Zoroaster, Buddha
contradicted
 anywhere
 but never "wrong"
in that sense

the weirdness
 programmed
 in
to the root
of the doctrine
 such
that the doctrine's loss
 confirms

rather than denies
the essential point in it.

Whole peoples — seem a little weird — now that that
idea — the one that moved the blood in them —
has been reft from them.

Think of the welcome of the White Men as old gods returning
— not only the hideous irony of the consequence
but see those people standing on the shore
pervaded by an aura
whose true portent
remained concealed from them.

You can taste the chill.

Being doesn't die.

And you who
are not
as you seem —
but Being alone is all that *Is* in you —

the residue — the oddness
of existence itself —
the glow
still fading
after
the flame's out.

In the woods – these
sugar maples, aspens, ash, or oak—
they are not trees
if addressed
from near enough to know the work
of texture, habitat, root clutch stone.

Names
restrain themselves
before the fabulous intimacy
of contact ever deepening

the weirdness resolved in intimacy, not idea —
the surge of Being in *being with* without termination
in positings of the known
but journeyings along itself
through itself

micro-world and body-depth
redounding
in ever-subtler, self-instructed motion

toward

Continuum