

TWO POEMS BY HANK LAZER

DUNCAN FARM NOVEMBER MEDITATION

1

what died with father
what died with mother
there was more i wanted to know
say again the names of distant places
russia lithuania ukraine
harbin yokohama san jose
tell it all now
invisible as you are
there was more
i wanted to hear
you are not your body
you are not your mind
who were you
& where do we come from

2

one by one
they go away

mystery repeats itself

the equal loneliness
of each soul

here & there

3

small dance of wind
from cedar to oak

mind & its own instants
this

is called thinking
sometimes

at play sometimes
answering to

an invisible
summoning

small dance of wind
beginning

with a distant
pine

4

wild wildly disordered as it happens clouds moment twisted
disappearing chronology of a human life ample in complexity
beyond any telling of it

why not a tree's or a dog's experience of time
what lies beyond the limits of our attention
sit with eyes open wide

5

who is with you

from all that was

6

piety kept quiet
& the clouds were revelation

this
is where it all appears

because
nothing in the whole world

is hidden
later that night he found

skunks
in the hay barn

yes
turn the light inward

7

he had the fire then & hardly anyone noticed that is the
nature of this exacting path so as you go it will shape you
as needed along the way self-pity & disappointment burn
away

hold the ember dear it is the given gem

8

farm at night
thin line
of dim light

along the horizon
like the implicit
gap between
blocks of color
in a Rothko painting
my oldest boykin Walt
buried nearby up the way
this morning halfway
up the hillside
just beyond
the cedar tree i find
a large silver wrench
some words
have nothing to do
with our five
or six senses

9

in & out of morning

clouds

i sit in the cross-hairs

of the window pane

10

his joy
was more than others
could accept
so too his sorrow

soon
it
will be light

each
has an instrument
idiosyncratic
played
or simply listened to

be still
& listen

From *The New Spirit* (Singing Horse Press 2005)

8

(in transit)

three little words *teshuvah* turn toward you no more

dramatic than this car moving in & out of

shadows i love you & i have chosen wrong

live with it three little words when the saints

when something great bags & trane in that number

turn & turn felt a sharp turn at 49

*

son at sea lab cut the squid open found
the ink sac

slowly we learn to work alone
& with each other

three little words

adonai *baruch atab*

love what is

& where you are

take

dictation

or quit altogether

user pays connection fee

drove

south thinking about this or that lush southern sound

*

gateway i'm here *shma yisroel adonai* three word suite

hear o israel versus nervous be-bop soul attentive to

its own amusements play it loud lord our god

through whatever horn breathe & shape heavenly blue legacy

golden fall light drove me down the river delta

ghostly sax tilted back succession then when the saints

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