

# The Generalife Gardens, Alhambra

Granada, 1996

And now five years have passed and you have passed through in possession of things, real estate the providence of empire home, empirical self, stained with the currency of greenback against the clanging of polished tiles.

Five years and then all phone call and letter, to speech the distance always we tread, evidence our estate: how has your health been? what do you want from him, her, what do they want from you, what we spin in our bodies' needs to fill the temporality of friendship and cognition, this is a verb, this is yet another to bridge adverbial the phone call to a friend, the familiar voice of such palpable entry to community.

Here then Granada, the presence in this period conscient of such City Oriental and Arabic, teterias of juices, honey, mint and almonds of Morocco, the approaches and climb to gypsy Albaycin. Old streets by the baths, filled now with locales for herbal teas, natural fruit juices, tagines and couscous, and there are orange-perfumed salads, even the music Arab as much as flamenco and the outsiders deep song and pity here the voice of *cantaors*.

Can we say a poem is proper to an individual for it is of the territory, the soil banked beneath the feet this, a flamenca's proper language which is concave and convex earth, pelvic stone, storage of a dancer, legs spread and her proper waiting, spread, hand turns through the elbow of an outstretched arm, the face behind a fan.

It is myrtle.

It is white garden jasmine.

It is yellow wild jasmine.

It is narcissus.

It is violet.

It is mauve stock.

The context or form of a selection of races, the colour of skin, choice of a god. Where it was once the pleasure of the rulers where its balance was in the courtyard common, woman and man and child, and came the sad departure of Jews, Columbus set sail, importation of flowers in his return to content the garden, now season's failure, the door blocked to Paradise, the war is still large around us, herbicidal, clear-cut the first-growth from Canadian soil, and President Chirac's nuclear-speak test arms for the young French children, this voice rides a barren slope where now "I" sings easily as theirs without strain and the clubhouse news on the putting green garden where the ministerial hand strokes the "alcoholic" Cree still held victim (reference to visionary poems of Wayne Keon) paving the way over

thththththiiiss, this! the appearance we walk on a carpet  
we walk on a carpet

on a carpet

on a carpet

on a carpet      comma

on a carpet

woven with flowers not threads                      dust  
the movement of water what  
gives this guitar its lasting  
note

it is yellow wallflower.

It is trumpet narcissus.

It is the endnote to a poem.

It is the ear to a tillage, rooting out

the death of my mother Mitsuko, ashes still serve the sideboard of sister Margaret, Miyako, is the word, photo enlarged the She, death urn its hand-rub to my nostalgia

is the  
it is red rose.  
It is *sausan*.  
It is *khurram*.  
It is *nailūfar*.  
It is *naur allauz*  
Almond blossom.  
It is *uqhuwān*.  
It is *shaqir* or *shaqīq al-nu'man*.  
It is *naur al-bāqillā'* or  
*naur al-jirjir*.  
It is ivy-flower.  
It is *naur al-rummān*.  
It is wild pomegranate blossom.

How hidden beneath the smallest alcove, a space  
of want, to rest  
for the march of days the water's music  
plays no accusatory terror,  
no bandit, the frail nature of odour,

hint of nut, myrtle,  
the juice of the clementines' ah, passing  
through stringent fingers  
but it is empty, that space its *azuejo*, feint  
a pigment. The flight from your eyes, the accusation,  
the affordable quench essay, easy to grasp

ardour.

A Chapter.

Write the noun splice the verb, say the story  
our comfortable habits warp and weave.

As our rains fall into the still pool; and the fountain at such level drains, as the rope gives gentle barrier, the marble way stretches long the pool. This the moment is not define a content a joy, but what is inscribed, abstract, a mathematic, a geometric not even odd. Scent of myrtle: the scent of, the praise and designs of water to quit a thirst, desires.

A tower rises here, the arch constructed to support, the foot lies protractor weary, a pen indicates the war indicts, 'cause foreign smells from sauté pan disgusts, discuss from what room in our bodies reminders of skin colour hears from at distance the gentle grasp of fount, the goldfish that is swim as in-scribe with alabaster dust to poems repeated in each arch of tongue and foot. A paradise is here, a paradise in al-Andalus, the baby who sleeps in Fuentevaqueros.<sup>3</sup>

●

*The book of Arab-Andalusian poetry of Emilio García Gómez that appeared between 1928 and 1929 was a revelation for me and had great influence on my work, but above all influenced the work of Federico García Lorca. Federico wrote a book of quasidas, El Divan del Tamarit, and other similar poems that would not have been possible if it were not for García Gómez's book . . . That book opened our eyes to all that Andalusian past, and brought it so close to us that it left me with a great preoccupation with those writers, those Andalusian writers, Arabs and Jews, born in Spain . . . Those superb writers link up perfectly with our poets of the Golden Age.*

— Rafael Alberti in conversation with Natalia Calamai in Franzen, *Poems of Arab Andalusia*

●

So, she she.

Ah, a dark prohibition, a mouth, pâté of cod roe en vinagre and the olive oil stain on sleeve the elbow to counter her pen inscribes the interior, cervix, rib abstract of a man.

Barely now from those years past, her voice in my hands, she proceeds a last time down the path, another generation ascends.

“Oh, he’s good, a good guy he is,” I still recall her words. A February rain, the goldfish light no traceable swim, so dear dear, follows and you’re lost, enter the portal of a repeated phrase, it is only calligraphy, a poolside patio for an excellent game of tennis, fútbol, bric-à-brac, barbecue or football the salt-sour sweat of helmet on helmet, sweet sweat and blackfeet eating acorn, the hillsides of wild trees, the summer retreat cultivated with almonds, clementines, rose and mums, garden brushed with calligraphy, footsteps.



The loss in a metaphor conditional, descend the wrong stop or the map; think  
“or” precious the resemblance the equivalence “essay” to reveal in a test, that  
there’s difference and “knot” slash I’m losing my breath with  
an ill-fitting shirt. To construct an edifice  
learn through a text, what a metaphor can bring to light, such  
a meal tête-à-tête. I saw  
it one day, at the world “fireworks” competition, and through  
a donut, a  
fusion, nigger-kid’s no “olé!”  
eh? Huh?

The Transylvanian gypsy platter of schnitzels,  
flaming sausage, and chicken livers and potatoes and  
the musicians stroll thanks from table to table.

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Jews, born in Spain . . . . Those superb writers link up perfectly with our poets of the  
Golden Age. (Franzen)*

A tour group from Turkey, toque in orange and whatever.  
The black moustache and gray suit  
who is is/not foreign from  
I'm from Turkey he says, I'm from Canada  
he says. So, the bush we walk around, kids in a pack

the transformation by mosaic and inlays that give light to lose  
the solid is might might versus might, so bright.  
So bright, she says. Olé, descent from Allah.



*The appearance that the Courtyard of the Lions offers today is very different from former days. The four, earth-filled flower beds marked out by the arms of the transept configuration were at a lower level with respect to the narrow walkways and galleries, thus emphasizing the depth and erectness of the Courtyard with its symmetrical lines converging at the fountain.*

— Jesús Bermudez López  
*The Alhambra and Generalife: A Guide*

## Parterres

To carry lunch, a head  
in a basket, a box  
as kids tote through Baghdad's sewage.

“the old boxes, but  
their contents inaccessible to those  
on fixed incomes or the countless  
mass of poor. You find in all, cigarettes — you can  
buy them by the piece if you have limited means —  
or plastic shoes, sometimes in fake leather . . . .”

Cat upon paths of imbedded stone, or  
the dappled brilliant lumine  
of a green arbored path, leading away

a whisk of bundled twigs from Kyoto  
to Granada, the breeze to blow letters  
for a garden's debris, pistillate and sand

ham leg roasting, a cut of bread,  
raise the glasses high, toast  
the winds of change.



Here, ceramic and terra cotta  
the 7th step to firmament and vista,

a text under lock and key,  
embargo upon truth by Western edict  
that winds which transmit petals  
are blocked at the portal and  
the borders.

Harassment to knowledge, harness to the horse.  
A photo turned straight on its fine wire, or then  
the ocular deception to a line's  
rectitude, clarify the frame  
ossify the light.



a park. a clean, neat park.  
A park's drinking water fountain.  
A park each day  
cleared of trash bins' collect,  
dumped to the dumpster, the stops  
and starts of a truck.  
It is dusk the park is closing, round  
up the patrons, close the gate  
another time. Look up to the bombers  
flying eastward, buy plastic shoes  
and your postcards, do you  
have a light?

*The Generalife was the summer residence of the Sultans of Granada. It was built for the Nazarite dynasty in the mid-13th century on a slope of the Cerro del Sol. The name is derived from "garden of the architect" or "of Arif" (Jennat al-Arif). It is composed of a series of small gardens, filled with planting and enlivened by water. At a higher level than the Alhambra and separated from it by a slight valley, the Generalife affords magnificent vistas over the city and countryside; the prospect is generally only appreciated from the windows and terraces, since the gardens themselves are enclosed and intimate.*

*The Court of the Long Pond (Patio de la Acequia) is the celebrated focus of the palace grounds. It is rectangular with porticoed pavilions at the north and south ends. These three-storey apartments have suffered from alteration and neglect, but they are sensitively scaled and partly obscured by foliage; they terminate the central canal's vista, but do not oppress the contained space. It is from these pavilions that the visitor obtains a primary view of the courtyard. A narrow aqueduct bordered by luxuriant flowers, trimmed myrtle hedges, orange trees and cypresses leads down the center of the patio; the slender jets arching over it are of relatively recent date. The present level of the courtyard is fifty centimetres higher than that of the original but the chahar bagh of the plan is still apparent. The Court of the Long Pond (Patio de la Acequia) is the celebrated focus of the palace grounds. It is rectangular with porticoed pavilions at the north and south ends. These three-storey apartments have suffered from alteration and neglect, but they are sensitively scaled and partly obscured by foliage; they terminate the central canal's vista, but do not oppress the contained space.*

(Lehrman)

*. . . plums of every variety, peaches, figs, quinces, clingstone peaches, apricots, sour cherries and so many other fruits that one can barely glimpse the sky for the density of the trees . . . (Navagiero in Dickie)*

. . . in one stroke the Western lyrical tradition, at its origins and during the formative stage of the modern period, is revealed as multi-cultural and multi-religious, as Jewish and Muslim, as well as Christian; as Andalusí.

— María Rosa Menocal

*Al-Andalus and 1492: The Ways of Remembering*



It is over and upon such arch,  
presence speech, thought,  
abstract what alabaster squares about  
dark entry into alcove mysterious,  
wall brilliant white to the force  
of February sun. Splash of this fount,  
white marble underfoot  
where these goldfish advance but barely  
long the pool;

and what be the marginal canal  
to these grand basins — the Patio des Leones  
yet be what can it in part is  
the larger song, the garden as such  
retreat, the fallen over-ripe orange  
in the grove, near  
silently.



In here this loss, shade moves through  
the sun advance to retreat, we give each  
to each with embroidered, opal-jewelled hands  
the fingers which touch  
no metaphor but  
just greet and hail live fervently

the pool which passes through its weave of private know  
and knots, mosaic orbit this complex  
our designs within call history and  
constantly, seamless without cease and fragrantly,  
take, take this odour.

And yet receive with perfume once more a margin,  
what credit limit  
and function is  
myrtle is strong, at the precipice, as always even  
the least giving of our waters.





*For . . . the one who appreciates how polymorphous, how Andalusí, the medieval world really was — Columbus is poignantly medieval in a world ever less understanding of his unruliness, a stranger in a stranger land, his search for an Orient readily understandable . . . he was a man of multiple languages, all spoken . . .*

*Most importantly, he knew of course, what the lingua franca of the civilised world was, and provided himself with a speaker of Arabic to serve as translator when he reached the Indies. Indeed . . . the first official diplomatic conversation in the New World took place between Luis de Torres, a Jew of recent conversion, speaking in Arabic of course, and a Taino chief in the hinterlands of Cuba. (Menocal)*



It holds resistant our grief, holds  
no simple coins of place and name  
to an exact content, a peace and allusive imprint numinous  
is a waiting, a longing in space, the bracket which clocks within  
a bomb— or yet, the finest repose, cloth embroidered  
for the post-funeral meal.



*The fountain, symbol of the Palace, was probably a creation based on one of the Biblical narrations about the **Bronze Sea** or the **Temple of Jerusalem**, substituting the twelve bulls for twelve lions. The ingenious water supply system allowed the foundation to maintain a constant water level that was beautifully explained and praised by the suggestive metaphors sculpted on the outer ridge of the fountain's basin. These metaphors, in twelve verses, were the work of the Visir (one of the Mexaur counsellors) and the poet Ibn Zamrak. (López)*



But hardly the stiff,  
which is water, a depth  
by dark which like sucker  
or catfish still feeds  
myrtle and orange, white rose;  
where a shade gives no metonymy  
gives in place aperture, to praise  
and lend a hand.

"Hi," he says, "I'm from Turkey." "Hi," he says,  
"I'm from Canada," sit and wait on stone garden bench  
and the whole darn thing  
comes by— a speech most pure when face after face  
silently pass, always the occasional salutation,  
the sweet heart of another, surfaces in  
a perfect pool.

Introductions around the table of invited guests,  
drink to our health, a lesson of war,  
candles blown to the winds.

Stand upright, sit in a place quite reserved.  
The photo snapped, the shutter and  
auto buzz, a picture posed is  
perfect. Perfect I say. A

movement of hands extended in greeting the millisecond of light  
stranger to stranger still,  
pass this way again.



*The Alhambra should never be seen in haste. The visitor should have time to reflect on the numerous contrasts it has to offer. This is precisely the reason why we would recommend, if at all possible, that visitors complement our perspective of the Alhambra by reading appropriate texts, such as the very prayers and poems inscribed on the walls.*  
(López)



Set and here: recessed. Beneath is.  
Arch, a shelf so placed  
we leave it for but: the light's  
inherent shade free space the stars  
orbit, and only one singular letter  
exacts so intimate a matter,  
precise object  
at rest, situ

where the chalked cue stick is a new idea

to move or move to

- *ch*

ricochet

(the sender, envoy, an eight-ball go back to go  
verb yourself for peace and war)

-*ch*

conflict



For with grade and timbre of its fount, it can give each day a word, orbit  
(repetitive) of stars for congress, the road cut to alabaster, to azuelan tint, you  
return home in this way,  
the orange grove of **Ibn Marzuq**, repeat  
from arch to arch, repeat  
from wall to wall, order across  
the hills of Albaycin, a moment inscribed  
behind a world Columbus closed.

*In fact, if, instead of calling the muwashshahat or the canso poems, as we almost  
invariably do, we call them by their proper name, the literal translation of canso, we should  
consciously and explicitly understand that these are rather songs . . . (Menocal)*

From here to up on high,  
the grove yet again, the movement  
water's channel route through head and our ears,  
in each locale,  
water, harmony  
    /and all which can quench the desert and farmland,  
a future in reservoir,  
foot raised suspends, stupendus  
hesitation, feeling  
for such step,  
    unlanding.



*But for many . . . scholars to imagine that the Provencal canso or the Andalusi muwashshahat more closely resembles the popular song tradition, which in our culture is, of course, that known as "rock", is a suggestion many would find at least as appalling as the theory that the two schools of songs are, indeed, closely related to each other, that the difference between an Andalusi "Arab" and a Provencal "European" might not be readily seen or heard. (Menocal)*



Do me a peace a refreshment, queuing up

lay out the length of a line,

take a number, if you please

a tempo exact, and sweet jasmine

in the drifts.

We come here, the February sun hot to chest, in this

plan of things,

Granada, the "modern city"

remains.

Yet to bud, uno momento, ok

upon the wall, ok

a trail, a conflict branch warms in the sun, upon the wall, ready for anything.

We never escape.

Poet! Leave that pool alone!

Poet! The Partal Gardens!

Poet! the

Poet! A reasonable day.



Whichever this *claro* clear mind and hand a fixed geometry?

The octagonal, the cycle of return along the bordering path, that hope throbs as if one's laid waste, a history of semblances sprout forth, grows the garden, plantings. Construct a stand for the yield's natural juices, profit and loss, perhaps and however the garden tillage, dead limbs track the soil.

The humour gone, till a soil a plant reaches, cascades a hand to spotlight a superimposition, azuejo, yellow narcissus, a trail passes a hedging of he-haw mums, "hello mister!" an ordinal interruption, so be it clumsy, each puzzle pellet drums a battle of rival coordinates, clasp the pen, hardly a solution here, dear.

Begin again.

Hah!



Begin again, smarty pants. Skizzers. Oh yeah, eh eh, scissors.

A book of flow charts \ a catalogue of flowers  
for the Generalife/Alhambra. Once upon a time,  
al-Andalus, new flowers new breeds when Columbus got back, "**Once upon a time,**" he sets sail, the Jews purged to the seas, from Palos to Cádiz  
to move like water on water, striding  
yet again, each young Jew, reflecting, what mirrors  
the oceanic moving, al-Andalus paraíso disappearing.  
Geometry?  
*Claro?*



*The qualities of this exceptional Jew from Córdoba, and the success he would obtain in the Granada Court of the Zirid Kings Habbus and Badis would convert him into one of the most brilliant personalities of all times in Spanish Judaism. After leaving Córdoba, Samuel would soon reach the highest administrative posts in Granada. Between 1036 and 1056, year in which he died, he departed almost every year, leading his master's armies into battle against neighbouring states. At the same time he is undoubtedly his people's spiritual leader, protecting the Jewish culture and religion . . . . And he is one of the most distinguished poets in the Hebrew language . . .*

— Ángel Saenz Badillos  
*Jewish Poets in Córdoba*



I repeat a theme. I repeat  
this theme. Where? Where the I Inquisitive asks, "Do you believe  
garbage-face?" Sore feet on the stone path. These. How gaze at the garden, reap  
more than tourist clicks and scythe of time, slicing and pruning the winter  
growth: cypress, the gardeners' gather, twigs and leaf, the rain beating down  
from above overcast blank stucco Albaycin. How you look to this garden,  
repeat a theme, sit on the bench, waiting your turn at the game, how are you  
anyway? Take flight, the birds do, the Jews and Arabs are good and gone.  
Bleach rinse.

Buzz. Tape a water; tape the sound of water. Record at such dangerous brink,  
a pitch to that current, spring a recurrent thought.

●

At this point, retrace the path of a previous visit scanning today's Granada. Gypsies hanging out by their cars in the burbs, CD deck cranking out flamenco-rap. Retrace, the neighbour upstairs is practising Sevillianas, the point of weight at the edge of heel. To here, the path followed from the Torres de las Infantas, you turn right ascend four steps— come to a crossroad: follow right to the Alcazaba; the left leads to the Generalife Gardens. And too, immediately before these steps and to the right is a path shaded by cypress, thick with green bush and brush, laid parallel to the path last taken. This leads straight 119 steps to terminate less than a metre to the right of a pedestal fountain of relatively recent construction. Here, the thirsty visitor can take a drink. Proceed 3 more steps to where a red and white ribbon barrier prohibits further advance. From here, return by either path previously taken, to return to the former crossroad.

●

Two types of shaded path provide relief and music— that of tall cypress and one beneath the trained arch boughs of rhododendron.

●

*From the Rauda, enter the terraced Partal Gardens that appear to have covered the numerous archeological remains, fountains, pools, narrow walkways and walls that have been uncovered since the beginning of this century. The Gardens descend in terraces, leading to an open square. (López)*





It is the finger I recall, the fly in its fixed point  
of activity, a song when the words loosened upon it rubbing of legs, this finger  
attending to its ligament; and as it moved across my hand, the sun's heat we hold  
unuttered within the ear, a way to calm, in the distant water's terraced descent  
where

come fly with me, come fly with me  
a jazz and nostalgia defined from without a head, my head, your head  
comfortably in a stolen *mochilla*,

ya go to the cops,  
say, "I've lost this tune. It's my life. It's my story, it's arch.

Wait here, wait there. It'll be only 249,000,643 minutes.

Remove this time. Head, no-head. Heard, not-heard.

Myrtle. Yellow rose. Apple tree.

Orange. Golden chrysanthemum. Rosemary.

Octagonal upon octagonal upon octagonal, crawl in *Semana Santa's*  
parade, such the blood on my finger. Got the time?

Nice weather eh? Superimpose.

Great imposition. The Great Impostor. The vanishing magician sawn  
in half. Where's the sexy young maiden in the box? Saw needs a partner, a high-  
pitched twang, hee-haw. Here's an old saw about, what you see in a lifeless pool  
filled with the tears of eight lions on leave from the Alhambra. Sorry it's so rusty.  
Seesaw what?

February 18,

Attentions,

the almond trees in bloom.  
From the treed path, a view cut  
to Generalife's geometric hedges  
and white Sacromonte houses

or the tierra firma below,



*. . . the sacred status of the language of the Qur'an had encouraged the richly polylingual culture it (al-Andalus) became.*

~

*We notice that many of the salient — and “revolutionary” — features of these lyrical traditions are conscious and direct appropriations of popular forms (the Mozarabic of the muwashshahat, the black beats in the first generation of rock), and these are meant to redefine the tradition with a direct infusion of new blood that also serves to establish a distance from a brand of classicism that excludes those forms, those songs of the Other. (Menocal)*

such edit

with legs secure to subsequent step  
from the sun at 1 pm, night's index  
in the lions' court could descend, continu-  
ity to placate interferent sources,

attentions, the grab of poems, inspiration  
the loss of all such pluralistic object,

material of words, birdsongs, only

almonds, flight naught flight.

Steady bench.

Study.

Almonds.



A tape looped round  
this page returns a loose  
point, the runnel of water  
descends the steep path  
we lose our breath  
on.

. . . or, metaphorically speaking,

"Excuse me madame, is this the road to peace?"

The end. Your eyes, by the way, are like tiles, mystical azuejos.

The end. Again.















ALHAMBRA



ALCAZABA  
PALACIOS




GENERALIFE





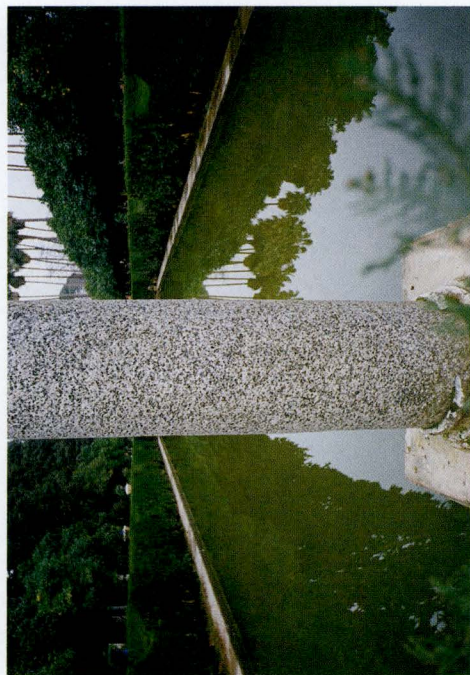


A photograph of a commemorative column in Seville. The column is a light-colored, cylindrical stone pillar with a fluted top. It stands on a checkered tile floor. Behind the column is a dense, dark green ivy-covered wall. The text on the column is in Spanish, commemorating the 9th centenary of the exile of the poet-king Almutamid Ibn Abbad.

LA CIUDAD DE  
SEVILLA  
A SU REY POETA  
ALMUTAMID IBN ABBAD  
EN EL IX CENTENARIO  
DE SU TRISTE DESTIERRO  
7 SEPTIEMBRE 1091  
RACHAB 384

SEVILLA 1991







## Poetry of Ibn Zamrak

Translated from Emilio García Gómez' Spanish translations of original Arabic.

*In the arch of the entrance to the Mirador de Lindaraja, Alhambra, Granada*

### *Right Panel*

All art has offered to me its beauty  
bestowing perfections and splendours

Whoever sees me, does imagine me at all hours  
giving to Ibq whatsoever he desires to achieve

Whoever regards, ponders, denies  
his ideas have so manifest, as seen

So crystalline, I am that moon viewed,  
with halo set within me.

### *Left Panel*

I am not alone: I have created such prodigy  
garden like no other eyes have before seen

a floor of crystal that appears  
some day to those who look  
a frightening sea

All this be work of Imam Ben Nasar  
(God saves his majesty, among kings!)

Whose family provides refuge to the Prophet and  
his people, have thus earned  
ancient glory.

Attentions then, of 20 February,

For all to is to rest, Generalife, the summer retreat of al-Andalus, sprayed of water in the runnels, the fragrance and lunch, lemon, mango, orange, step by step the terraced view from which to imagine. Because such, the rest, retrieve, *estar* because of myrtle and because of narcissus to look at, dreams of all Arab poets of paraíso, of Sefarad, Córdoba's Jewish poets, Moses Ibn Ezra, Judah Levi, Dunash Ben Labrat al-Andalus theirs the way of metaphor and rhythm, to count Arab and Christian and Jew, total the plenty, *puentes* without Inquisition, without that reaction to Arab voices on Toronto or Montreal streets, only eyes exposed of the maiden, yum, so sexy, mysterious, so deferential, honey, saw, hee-haw!

Alhambra and Generalife, the cosmopolite that in such poems of young Jews of al-Andalus, dream safe space to write thru race, language fusion glory new tongue and misreading or champ Miss Spell the delightful trance of incorrection/overlay, imposing, the inexact yet focus, the octagonal eye, the fountain as constant. A centre. Centrist. And tourists flock . . . (agua) federalism talks—four seasons, to walk the path of Las Infantas, of al-Andalus, the orange fallen and almond trees white in February bloom.

We ask ourselves now to walk this path as it looks over Albaycin, the straight and glorious beneath the garden, to walk this around the planet to Asia and Japan. We ask walk walk to Kyoto to Tokyo-yo into Tokugawa Time, in every language this straight line which traces us octagonal and eight-headed, asymmetric and cute, we concentrates our regards to the impeccably-laid stones and dry brush, to taking *cha* in the *ina-ka*, *shoji*, a dark fan to dance behind upon a troubadors' path to Tarascon we return: this bench/ we walk straight ahead/ chant silently to ourselves, lions witta dream/ spines with a theme.

Spigot us, O Holy One!



The Old and the new, the this and that; the sound for what it is of the hand,  
a singular one a noh palme d'or the what is the *mano*, the sound of a closing  
door, no *palmas* without the circle of open breasts, the old and the new



Plant

a level 1st, 2nd or 3rd

a plan

*plantilla*, the foot  
in support

to grow



It is all espíritu  
housed and gardened through all excavation  
& contemplation; & rests in the cosmology  
of water in the heart  
which can kill (my Mom)  
yet the espíritu which is not just  
but to the tierra firma and the waiting bench beneath,  
the water to replenish and so, the material  
under foot, the *planta*, the level  
to make the axes and communications of inner to outer  
wilderness and construction  
or creation to plan it with dimensions  
go to leave room a visitor  
for imagination,  
the possibility of peace  
that from all continents to come  
with the buzz of photo-focus  
the weight in the hand of videocam.

February 24

A fallen fount.  
Rain or, an infrequent sun.  
A misplaced stone, the archaeological find  
of orange tree pollen  
a full century ago.

Which leads to a pool  
a descent of water in the ear  
takes the heart to its matter  
of identity.  
*Dirreción*, the address  
hello water! Water.  
Leads straight ahead to a pool  
fed by a runnel.  
To avoid stepping in, the  
diversion of direction to identity  
and rest. The rest of the garden  
to walk. Water.  
The foot lifts off the path  
the arrow which points  
to an ivy arcade.

The clouded pool of the rotten,  
the lotus and unmoving moss,  
always forth a kind of reflection,  
the degrees one gives  
to contemplative absence,  
poet! The warm Saturday air . . . .  
Diplomats, come forth, the concert must begin;  
negotiate your steps with. Water.  
O, utmost care, dips, guns a, the door your skin feels nice,  
timbering from such balustrades,  
the *menu de la casa/día*  
party-time.