

Robin Blaser / THREE POEMS

FLOWING PEARL AND SCARLET SNOW ELIXIR

I would mend myself

no, I would mend you,
being myself unmended

there a shot in the dark

the rainbow stillness of all thought

the wings that have been
your hair or cock

all matters of what we are translate
into a world-image

and that, when you had use of it,
you could leave

I want your beauty to stand free
of past shapes and distances

of your silence

then I would be free to join you
or whomever

inside the package

snap, crackle and pop of whatever
you then answered to me,

and so could hand over the opposite
pole of tiger or dragon,

the chemical snow of this good dark

July, 1975

THE SKILL

I want you to have skill
with life —
the body is not life — the
replay of the moon and
the heart's record — the
lost ones hold
nothing of turquoise, of
the bright inward heart
upright — necessary according to
my own forebears of the
desert fucking which gave
me my face
the heart must not be confused
with the body —
the lies of the star-fuckers
who believe a quick rub-down
and come will turn them
into this poetic, thoughtful
art — must not be mistaken
for the desire they never had
except to be beyond themselves
and I love this desire
to be beyond, to go where
they had not been —

October, 1975

THE BURNING SECRET GOES, a song

with stone, with stars,
with every non-embodied
speech of yourself the weeds
form of stone — all wonder
dies to re-form astonishment
your safety is gone — always
into stone

having broken my pen, I wonder
how you must look in these startled
eyes

O vines the answers are bells
and the doors will be north
in a new geography

I dream your eyes they are
so much the rays of the world,
the place where we met in my
superstition that you would be
the next window

whole and gone, the rose tincture
mixed suddenly with the skill
and so plays meerfool
of the ability

the vision of statues,
of hearts, of the sun-burst of your
disembodiment

inside the war of terrible,
inconsequential, necessary bodiment

and there speech, which I wished
to give you, is garbled

where I had looked down

to love you —

in the arms

of I don't know what attainment
there you would speak out of your actual
which I loved

among angelic orders

only to speak for what lodges in
all of us

the

same fire a fire,

he who has never

*felt, momentarily, what madness is,
has only a mouthful of brains*

the universe is not a blind alley

I think of the sweat on your face
and return to the ocean

October, 1975