

## ***Mappe Munde***

if poetry is a *mappe munde*  
how then to chart the rivers  
running through it?

freed from its banks, flood-tide,  
marks a desire of its own crossing,  
an excess & an absence

each crossing enters us  
into the ancient newness  
of old beginnings

in order to be claimed  
the world must be mapped  
tracing the flow of rivers

the poem is the continual  
excess & absence of words

### Poem for John Roche

war, ultimately, is an administrative  
function, used by those who attempt  
to understand the exterior of the word

by bringing the performative,  
to a declarative, concealing  
the idea in ideology

Homer knew this intuitively & traced  
the narrative of islands like Greek diners  
in the wine-dark night of New Jersey

words are a performance,  
& war is the continuation  
of poetics, by other means

but it is the work of poets,  
and ought to remain so

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## **Walking the Dog, after Creeley**

Why do I want to walk with you, into a sunset morning, into a question I asked myself, of  
myself, knowing your dark eyes returned them to me, covering and uncovering our own  
solitude, our selves, damp leaves after a spring storm.

You will go on. I must go on, carrying you're dark eyes, widening and narrowing my path.

Walking with you, wherever we go, we go wherever, walking with and without you. Your dark  
eyes resemble a path, a song a mockingbird sang of Sunday afternoons, once, and only once,  
and then flew away into the blue sticky-wicket of sky.

A poem is like you, in so many courteous ways. You address me by name. I am you, sir, with a  
gentle laughter, almost a touch on the skin of becoming, a park without a presence, the oaks  
full-green this time of year.

I walk, walking on. The dog, happily, grows tired with each step.

