

80. Ian Boyden's Bear Dream Bird Dream

(For Ian on his 102nd Birthday)

The sea is the oldest rotary press in the world, incessantly printing in retrogravure The Daily Wave.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

In the dance to understand what a man is he made his head out of bird seed, dreaming head cast of seed in yellow with black bits *let me pick your brain* they might say if they could say something beyond *tweet* if they could beat the feast spread out for raccoons, cats, ants, slugs. Instead of your name (mis-spelled) adorning a calle some day, here he wd watch his head cast in seed be eaten by a bunch of birds or a dancing bear who'd paw it and lick it and mix it maybe with berries he'd found a man's head so impermanent & what is left but bear shit or bird shit & some ghostly resonances on the walls some descendant or poet of the future picks up in waves or an inspired bit of metaphor.

& here he cd he cd make his head of concrete, ape the acts of those who'd seek to be immortal & pigeon roosts & pitch it in the rushing spring river for 100 meters of rapids to render it nest stuff for salmon beds, 100 meters all she needs, she who is permeable, she who gathers armies of compassion this water bodhisattva so soft so ready to surrender & eat Ian's concrete head in 100 rushing meters.

In the dance to understand what a man is (in one last dance) he'd stock a pond w/ carp & more concrete heads of his, fish food in eye holes & nose holes & mouth - carp as visiting immortals he thinks -- swam here from Penglai -- (ichthiomorphism) fish-centric & if we could fool the immortals for a moment, what wisdom wd they have for us? & if we could see paradise as our highest/deepest wish. & if the fish could wish & kiss & whisper what would our concrete head hear & wonder & what wd be left, & what would that have to say?

In the dance to understand
what a man is how
does he treat women, how
do animals/children dance
to the sound of his name.

9:17A - 2.16.13

