

91. Berber City Poems

(For El Habib Louai)

*There are railway stars, shining near stations, which give out
more cold than other stars.*

- Ramon Gomez de la Serna

In the book of Berber, there may be an August nasturtium, a postcard garden, a walking salad and portrait of the young poet as José Lezama Lima ensuring his *alma no esta en un cenicero*. There would be a Hillman City hummingbird somewhere behind Desolation and the stolen word of the day might be *eggs* or *Amtrak*. Lenin aside, there would be homage almost everywhere you'd go in this leap, this certain Ripe Plum Moon moment this certain lack of asides, this tour of famous graves.

& you'd become a Berber too, you'd find rare Baranda epigraphs & etch them into dirt beyond anthills, wd try to find a stolen kind of taste & be content to plant the garden / wait to see what volunteers pop up in a year, what mambo steps the baby masters by next time, write your way through August, through postcards, past the last chair in the p-patch, always making new aside the ghost of Robin Blaser.

To be a Berber in the city means time, means blossoms, means the cat must mambo through the urban forest, means huckleberries slow the long slog up the Peak to where Jack's shack beckons, warming railway stars whose beams link Cascadia and cities named for saints, means the art of how a cherry tomato links the dark sounds of the dream & jiwa & J.J. Cale, all inside a blackness worn as a mask of fat. Reuben sandwiches and wasabi moments with Sam. Mu for you, but not for a Muslim.

Find yrself
as a city Berber for a
fortnight, how measure the vigil
keeps one irregular?

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