

spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions
charles alexander

Pushing Water 56

(for Marilyn Crispell)

to access landscape
and view from piano
keys practice widely
on the green

who so goes on a list
may not find a way
out behind the last
hart no more no more

the state of disunion
found by a refugee
photographer every
where he walks, he looks

from the madding in
to the mad lists of
those gone and those
still here without

what would burst the pumpkin
who would carry the rifle
who died in which military action
or police action or stop action

do you fear the lack of fear
when all else (homes and
jobs and hope and) are gone
and ammunition remains

remodel the block
remodel the community
remodel the city re-
model the nation (and yourself)

by the time you live it will
you find it in a striped
shirt with hood in a
striped island flooded completely

a Russian man nails his
ball-sac to the floor
to protest conditions that
provoke human suffering (what will you do?)

Pushing Water walks into the room
sits down, Pushing Water asks
for a glass of water, Pushing
Water turns the lights off

The cross may be cross-eyed
when it graces a coffin
and guarantees safe passage
through the waves and weariness

if black is the color of cool
it is also the color of nothing
and loss and death and all
the nothings under the sun

each note is a chord
each chord a flood
that ties and unties
a knot that becomes a not

walk-ins welcome and walk-outs
unplanned and unstoppable
gather and disperse, contract
and release the dispossessed

Tuesday's all day \$5 pitchers
under the mound lies buried
Tuesday's happy hours and sundown
waiting for Wednesday's long hours

liquid washes through a day
and washes all suffering away
liquid dreams and liquid
beams that build airy nothings

take me out to the night
take me into your room
take me out to the ballgame
take me where something blooms

don't ask for assistance or dream
of a change don't ask for
money or weapons don't look
around don't take a step

Of A Time (Pushing Water 58)

for Alec (& for Rowe)

what happens inside
appears outside
or aside

from the pain
formal feeling again
drowned out

can not distinguish
this moment
from this morning
or yesterday

then a woman stops
her cart of groceries
to pull out a notebook
and hand you a poem

not to echo
you or possibly
so, the ears tuned
by your words

these possibles then
a crack in the air
and something leaves

can soon
consume
the day's own
sense of recall

a dry region
an airy pleasure
a leaf here then
here there

I hear a tractor
some motor blowing
no bird this hour

breathing an ocean
between rows and
rows of breathing
an ocean

secular seclusion
oracular recreation
responsible or not
they are words

a form in the eye
of walking form
curves in the sound
and light

it skips a beat
bends to heat
willow where
or everywhere

possible tangent
in impossible time
impossible tangent
in possible form

a science is
posing, imposing
a post, a poem

right now mesquite
leaves across
grass and bodies
walking to or
from some places

white crutches
pink shoes and
shirt and
backpack and
cast, a certain
strawberry slippage

now must move but
only wish to move ink

and form or inform
a letter and a fine
place to remain

one asks if there
is sky in
the poem, and now
sky enters the poem

it is an idea
I once had, or
am having

while thinking of
a friend who always
knew the bare second
between a thing
and a thought

she and many
gone now, and
still they talk
to me, day and night

as his white fine
face hair grows
and I shave him
with no qualms

another moment and
another

a lot of time is
spent, waiting
what for? what
else? what have
we missed?

could have been
otherwise and
perhaps not
ready

can one be lost
on this small
planet

a fork a tune
no vibration missed
no place untouched
or unmoved

yesterday began
this poem and
ended sunlight for
hours and hours

if water pushes we

move against one
another and water
always pushes

sky high and
still more up
than below
one step leads
some where

a page left behind
go back and
find a place
to fill in

white and not
so white where
ink edges

lift something because
you can, a line
lift light and up
free and not an
end, not attached
to earth any
longer, lift
longer

we knew every
part of the distance
not between us

as you came to
me and I gave
whatever I might
or more

to not know
to know not
nor to know
or not two

the edge of the
body, skin and
hair, alive all
the way to
the edge

here today
and who knows
after this
exhalation

of it was and
is and will be
all at once
where we are
or perhaps have been

Pushing Water 59

waters become warm

and birds plentiful

yellow and brown black white & roseate

long bills short nibs spoon bills

hover or stand

shores I have been to and stood

have been cool or cold

shores today are hot and the skin responds

with a magic exchange

water of its own

we become our places

become our waters

becalm our troubles

omnes possibilia

has the far flung field landed here

has Birnham wood given way to

live oak, ash, wetlands to the south

where have we come

where are we going

gather and disperse

contract and release

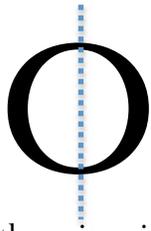
among the hot wet lands

among the wet hot air

anoethenau could be

a glimmer in the dampness

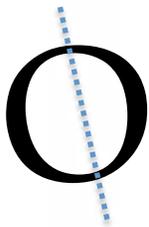
Pushing Water 60



the axis points are straight up and down

the circle contains us

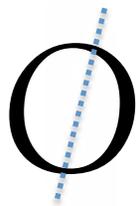
the circle contains the water



the axis points are upper left and lower right

the circle contains us

the circle moves the water

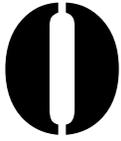


the axis points are upper just right of center

and lower just left of center

the circle contains us

the circle leans the water



the axis points are open to the air

does the circle contain us

does the circle pour the water