

Christ was born  
in a hay barn among the warm cows and the  
donkeys kneeling down: with Him divinity  
swept into the flesh  
and made it real.

### Identity

- 1) An individual spider web  
identifies a species:

an order of instinct prevails  
through all accidents of circumstance,  
though possibility is  
high along the peripheries of  
spider

webs:  
you can go all  
around the fringing attachments

and find  
disorder ripe,  
entropy rich, high levels of random,  
numerous occasions of accident:

- 2) the possible settings  
of a web are infinite:

how does  
the spider keep  
identity  
while creating the web  
in a particular place?

how and to what extent  
and by what modes of chemistry  
and control?

it is  
wonderful

how things work: I will tell you  
about it  
because

it is interesting  
and because whatever is  
moves in weeds  
and stars and spider webs  
and known

is loved:  
in that love,  
each of us knowing it,  
I love you,

for it moves within and beyond us,  
sizzles in  
winter grasses, darts and hangs with bumblebees  
by summer windowsills:

I will show you  
the underlying that takes no image to itself,  
cannot be shown or said,  
but weaves in and out of moons and bladderweeds,  
is all and  
beyond destruction  
because created fully in no  
particular form:

if the web were perfectly pre-set,  
the spider could  
never find  
a perfect place to set it in: and

if the web were  
perfectly adaptable,  
if freedom and possibility were without limit,  
the web would  
lose its special identity:

the row-strung garden web  
keeps order at the center

where space is freest (interesting that the freest  
"medium" should  
accept the firmest order)

and that  
order

diminishes toward the  
periphery  
allowing at the points of contact  
entropy equal to entropy.

## Motion

The word is  
 not the thing:  
 is  
 a construction of,  
 a tag for,  
 the thing: the  
 word in  
 no way  
 resembles  
 the thing, except  
 as sound  
 resembles,  
 as in *whirr*,  
 sound:  
 the relation  
 between what this  
 as words  
 is  
 and what is  
 is tenuous: we  
 agree upon  
 this as the net to  
 cast on what  
 is: the finger  
 to  
 point with: the  
 method of  
 distinguishing,  
 defining, limiting:  
 poems  
 are fingers, methods,  
 nets,  
 not what is or  
 was:  
 but the music  
 in poems  
 is different,  
 points to nothing,

traps no  
 realities, takes  
 no game, but  
 by the motion of  
 its motion  
 resembles  
 what, moving, is—  
 the wind  
 underleaf white against  
 the tree.

## WCW

I turned in  
 by the bayshore  
 and parked,  
 the crosswind  
 hitting me hard  
 side the head,  
 the bay scrappy  
 and working:  
 what a  
 way to read  
 Williams! till  
 a woman came  
 and turned  
 her red dog loose  
 to sniff  
 (and piss  
 on)  
 the dead horseshoe  
 crabs.

## Corsons Inlet

I went for a walk over the dunes again this morning  
 to the sea,

the kind of thing one, after four days penned up, is grateful to say and hear: I quote now to enrich the mix, to improve my stew from the refrigerator of timeless ingredients:

"A large number of the inhabitants of a mud flat will be worms. It is hard to develop enthusiasm for worms, but it took nature more than a billion years to develop a good worm—meaning one that has specialized organs for digestion, respiration, circulation of the blood and excretion of wastes. All organisms perform these functions—amoebas, flagellates, bacteria or even filterable viruses; but the worms—at least the higher worms—do all these things better. They also developed segmentation or reduplication of parts, permitting increase in size with completely coordinated function. Contemporary architects call this modular construction. It is found in man in the spinal column, in the segmental arrangement of spinal nerves, and in some other features that are especially prominent during embryonic development."

*The Sea* by Robert C. Miller. Random House. New York, 1966. p. 165.

"We may sum up. Carbohydrates, fats, proteins, nucleic acids, and their various derivatives, together with water and other inorganic materials, plus numerous additional compounds found specifically in particular types of living matter—these are the molecular bricks out of which living matter is made. To be sure, a mere random pile of such bricks does not make a living structure, any more than a mere pile of real bricks makes a house. First and foremost, if the whole is to be living, the molecular components must be organized into a specific variety of larger microscopic bodies; and these in turn, into actual, appropriately structured cells."

*The Science of Botany* by Paul B. Weisz and Melvin S. Fuller. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1962. p. 48.

poems are verbal  
symbols for these organizations: they imprint upon the mind  
examples of integration in which the energy flows with maximum

effect and economy between the high levels of oneness and the numerous subordinations and divisions of diversity: it is simply good to have the mind exposed to and reflected by such examples:

it firms the mind, organizes its energy, and lets the controlled flows occur: that is simple good in itself: I can't stress that enough: it is not good for something else—although of course

it is good for infinite things else: so my point is that the poem is the symbolical representation of the ideal organization, whether the cell, the body politic, the business, the religious

group, the university, computer, or whatever: I used to wonder why, when they are so little met and understood, poems are taught in schools: they are taught because they are convenient examples

of the supreme functioning of one and many in an organization of cooperation and subordination: young minds, if they are to "take their place in society" need to learn patience—that oneness is

not useful when easily derived, that manyness is not truthful when thinly selective—assent, that the part can, while insisting on its own identity, contribute to the whole, that the whole can

sustain and give meaning to the part: and when these things are beautifully—that is, well—done, pleasure is a bonus truth-functioning allows: that is why art is valuable: it is

extremely valuable: also, in its changing, it pictures how organizations can change, incorporate innovation, deal with accident and surprise, and maintain their purpose—increasing the means and

assuring the probability of survival: the point of change, though, brings me to a consideration of the adequacy of the transcendental vegetative analogy: the analogy is so appealing, so swept with

conviction, that I hardly ever have the strength to question it: I've often said that a poem in becoming generates the laws of its own becoming: that certainly sounds like a tree, growing up with

no purpose but to become itself (regardless of the fact that many