

DONG LI

**THE WOMAN IN THE BLUE DRESS SINGS A
BLUE LULLABY
BILLY THE KID, TAKE ME HOME
WERNER HERZOG FLIES BACK TO A PICTURE
OF DIETER DENGLER'S**

THE WOMAN IN THE BLUE DRESS SINGS A BLUE LULLABY

that feels like a blur as everything blows evenly.
Everything rushes to its own mindful.
Not of choice, not of what whom or want.
She goes where the blue goes.
A pebble in water. Some threads left loose.
Her friend immobile after an accident hit in the spine.
Only pale eyeballs moved.
What ripped through bones and purpled joints.
Is blue the universal love.
Film director Derek Jarman was pulled in before a blue screen.
Going blind, dying of AIDS.
Voice-over.
What was disappearing in the yonder blue.
Dear friends whispered in the roaring water.
Was it a dream or a flood.
Before sinking to depthless blue, Wittgenstein remarked on color.
A re-statement of the color blue.
Is it Eros or Puritanism once again.
Ghostly palm-trees, light-flattened boulevards.
Drive through, report from the field.
East of Borneo, west of the desert.
Bowerbirds chant in the midst of blue.
Lover in bed, who stood watching a blue tarp on a roof.
Shake everything as everything shakes underneath.
Leave everything as everything leaves slowly.
Watch out for your own good.

Doctor William Carlos Williams tired of fuzzy trees from his window.
Do you see the ugliness of love, warns Da Vinci the encyclopedist.
The all-knowing William Gass penetrates being blue.
Is blue a mirror you cannot face.
Losing sight to think clearly, Oedipus and Milton.
Do you poke into those sockets for the sensation if you cannot see blue.
Solitude bruised.
Servant of sadness, rings of Saturn in the Milky Way.
Look for beauty.
What dampens and smears and rinses off the brightness of glass beads.
Does blue ever light.
Klein Blue, small blue, mountainously drunken in inebriated mountains.
The Prince of Blue the lover the man with a tattoo snake.
Valley of the Moon, who cuts down whose trees on the trail.
Why does that green turn so irritably blue.
What livens in the mind's eye.
The woman in the blue dress sings a blue lullaby.
Seeking bluet romance.
Crowless night.
The deepest blue.
"I wept until I aged myself," you say.
Finger the days, feelings won't change or derange.
There's a cyanometer to measure the sky blue.
Fifty-three shades of blue, whatever goes clear.
The Prince in his famous blue raincoat.
Does clear vision take you melancholy-bound to hell.
Further down, you look to Goethe in his everlasting sorrow.
Shrouded in colors, what can be seen in the fingerless dark.
Pull Virginia Woolf out of the River Ouse.

Take the blue heads off, let Lady sing the blues.
What stays stronger than love.
The Oblivion Seeker seeks the far-off blue places.
Bright ridge of the earth.
Ragged surface of the Moon.
A good life saved by Plato's Pharmakons.
Colors abandoned, poets ousted from the city.
A hard pressing rain in the head.
Lots of rain, lots of space.
Vacate the field.
Does Nietzsche make you stronger.
Snakes killed under heated light.
The Prince moved on another trail to another snake another woman.
Dead of longing.
What is still contained in Cezanne's blue.
Gatherers never own.
Skate away on a frozen river in your blue dress.
After Tantalus what holds even.
The immaculate sky.
You have to stand there, in the garden.
You have to stand there in the dark.
The debris of an unknown beauty.
Celebration, bottomless.
Mallarmé replaced le ciel with l'Azur.
Almost dead, reflection in the water.
Words written in blue ink.
The ink rinses.
The snake runs clear of water.
Not of light.

BILLY THE KID, TAKE ME HOME

Standing with a gun pointing to the sky, his hand on the head of the gun
A picture taken while he was sleepy and dreaming of his new escape
Some say he was the Robin Hood for the disenfranchised
Some say he was man of violence and man of passion
Fame and infamy in abundance
The Wild West, the prairie open
Against the setting sun, he was riding on and on
Escaped from the Irish famine, hailed from New York City
His mother brought him across the sea
Hardships brought them to take a chance on the West
Irish songs crossing the vast open, he learned to read and write
On the Santa Fe Trail, mingled with darker peoples and their ancient civilization
Exotic country, violence and rusty beauty go hand in hand
Hispanic culture embraced and graced a perennial smile on the face
Settled in a silver town, mother died from tuberculosis
World off leash, trouble-bound
In the Pinos Altos Opera House revolving cast of strangers and vagabonds
At the age of sixteen, a wanted man
Five-by-eight cell, barred window threw in some light for deception
Out the chimney, escaped to a fresh start in neighboring Arizona
No horse no gun no water no food what a trick to stay alive
In the desert country, everybody was against you
A quick learner, seasoned outlaws taught him to steal horses
An orange scarf around neck, a flower in the lapel
It took a windy bully a night to die
The Kid killed the man

He had no chance, fugitive on the fast run
Outlawry settled into permanent role, there was no turning back
The Kid turned back to New Mexico
Sometimes the heart rules, *I'll hang onto her ears until I get used to it*, said the Kid
Running after the end of the Civil War, glory was not far
Empire of Greed, cattle ranching no dollar spent on the vast land
The Irish ruled, the House in the center of Lincoln County
A Brit came to rival for fair competition
The House ruled, not the law
The Kid captured by the Brit, who offered him a job instead
Loyalty-bound among cowboys on the rise
Drifting outsiders now forming company now scraping a living together
Under the stars, stories told in boots and bullets
The House was in a rage on fettered land
The Brit shot, his horse shot, lying as if napping together, what a meaningless mean joke
Cowboys armed up for justice and called themselves The Regulators
Loyalty and revenge, evening scores spiraled into War
Everybody wanted to kill somebody, body counts grew
Fight for the dead, gun down the land robbers and county thieves
Fight for justice, bloodshed unabated
President intervened, full pardon refused
The Kid was a Kid, the Kid was a Nobody
So he slipped away and ran for a living
In the end the living rotted in desert wind
Face smeared, name defamed, animals ran out of barns
Scarred, battled, still dreaming for a family for a home
Her teeth a tunnel, her eyes need a boat
Cornered in Stinky Spring, horse shot by the doorway
No food no water no fire he walked out laughing, hands in air

At the age of twenty-one, the school Kid was a dead man walking
Icon of outlawry, his clear blue eyes
The Kid escaped, riding out of town singing
Refused to leave, the mind's invisible blackout
Felled at the doorway by a sheriff who feared flowers more than men
Brain reeled across the lady's house as oranges tumbled through red grass
Framed in moonlight, he was one of us, one of ours
Sunset on New Mexico, old pals under the same rock
Billy the Kid, Doc Holliday, Jesse James, Charlie Bowdre
The House faded from memory, the alias endured tumbleweeds
Ballads-bound, *I will be with the world till she dies*
Hello Kid, ride on

WERNER HERZOG FLIES BACK TO A PICTURE OF DIETER DENGLER'S

He was born in the Bavarian capital to a German father and a Croatian mother.
They moved to a Dorf, a village nestled in the Alps.
The Bombing Raid destroyed their neighbor's house.
It was the close of World War II.
Dresden was in rubble. Cologne was in blue.
Wallpapers were peeled off for the glue stew.
Nutrients on the lid, at the bottom of a pot.
The family moved back to the city.
He refused to sing and got started on an entry of filmmaking.
Then he stole a camera and stayed to move pictures around.
Picture-in-motion.
Exotic places figured in far away fingers.
Wrath of God, Wings of Hope.
Shot by a rifle during filming.
"It is not a significant bullet," he said.
Was he to make it new.
Der film ist tot. The film is dead, says Fassbinder and Wenders
Wir glauben an den neuen. We believe in the new, says Schlöndorff and Margarethe von
Trotta.
Is it a matter of belief, after migration from image to life and backward.
Back after a land of fallen men women children animals and trees.
Flattened ground, that's where to begin.
Is Herzog the duke a bear, a swift or jellyfish dressed in a blue dress.
Stealing permitted, immigration on the go.
The New Wave breaking the borders from France to Germany.
Encore.

He lived not far from the Bavarian capital.
He lived in a Dorf, a village not far from Sachrang in the Alps.
Bombing Air Raid.
Warplane flew by attic windows.
The pilot was so close that he made eye contact.
A split second in the mind's eye.
Who's looking forward.
No one needs you to fly.
Little Dieter needs to fly.
Over the ocean passing through islands.
Potatoes peeled, going to college on the West Coast.
Vietnam far below, fire flowers lit some dark corners.
Some objects came to the forefront.
Do you hear the music, Tristan und Isolde.
“Love shall, for once, find utter repletion.” says Wagner.
Was he ready to crash land in Laotian jungles.
Did he hear the Star Spangled Banner with the American flag wave at the end of it all.
Oceans and foreign shores.
Barefoot through jungle.
Leeches sucking on soft spots.
Friendship built on mud, blood and rotating tennis shoe.
Raft before waterfall.
Was death the only friend.
The tortures went on.
Grandfather was named.
He refused to say Heil Hilter.
Clock building apprentice years were re-called.
Some hard beating some passing outs.
Was he looking forward.

Open some doors in the walls or paint a few.
Stack up rice, honey, flour under your floor.
Below that thin or thick skin.
Some lines are crossed.
Some lights turned off.
Some left pooling.
In the whole mess of living.
Are you looking forward.
Island of planes, land of dreamscapes.
There's an enormous door.
Horses flying upward.
Beyond that door, dear friend, what do you say.