A BIRTH IN SEEING

Poems

David Jaffin

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Eye Opener

if

love makes us blind

Why do you open

your eyes in me.

Vanitas

Beauty

May be in the eyes

of the be holder

But you seem more

beholden unto your

in-self

ed view.

That Pier again

That

pier sends me off from

my thought s Out into

the sea of possible un

certain

ties.

Mysteriously

The

night my sterious

ly awake in stars.

E Major

Key

words as Hindemith’

s harmonic now Accords

to being at one in

oneself.

Titles

Klee’s

wife named them for

more than the eye could

be seen-words imparting

in their fur thered

sense.

Isn ’t

At

some time less time

There isn’t any more

what always was Contin

uing now without

being for.

Soothed

The

cool winds soothed

his thoughts of after

noon and The lapping

waters from the lake

coming in to as if

All was here and There

could be no thing more.

Afar out

Your looking a far out

Isn’t to see more

than a quiet sense You haven’t quite be

come certain of, yet.

Ephemeral

If

it’s ex­actly the

way it is May be

you aren’t.

For holding still

if

we could hold to

where This sun sets

the sea a- flame Burning

still our wants trans

pire.

Flattened off

Set off

from a dis tance of seeing Flat plains

creating a oneness of

view even ed off from

there and further

more.

Seem

The

fisherman may be fee

ling a way to its un

seen deep Where his

hands hold and the

waves rest lessly

seem.

Sculptor

It’s

the form to find

where Hands mould their

sense into finish

ing light.

Modulations

As these

waves nei ther coming

to going Flue tuations

ofknowing less for now

or Schubert’ s magically

dissimu lating where

it wasn’t but here.

Siesta

And

flowing into un

certain

ties of mind

watching

Where stars haven’t

found their

time out

yet.

Alludes

But where it wasn’t

alludes us as a familiar

voiced-in promise We

can’t quite place un

certainly

for.

Too easily

All

too easily

the way Time

spreading out into days

unremem bered now

And chil dren feel

their Sundays and Mondays

tideless,

in

distinct.

Is more

The

mystery of God

is more than where

He means us to know.

Placed

i

write to find a

place for being

there.

Janacek

That

white flash in

winged

bird’s

where it was

wasn’t.

Throwing Breadfor the Fish

Wheel -

chaired

Mind-roll

to watering his

thoughts

down

deep.

Grouped

Birds

grouped to follow

ing them selves for

sha dow.

Tug Boats through the East River

It’s

the tight weight That

taut strength of being

towed to an in completed

aim Against that vision

of lights And the star

ing down of over seeing

building’s heights.

To That Instinct

There’

s that in­stinct to

write The way fish co

lor them selves to

the water’ s same

ness of be ing there

Not known but now.

Painted

so much of himself

He hangs there 311

years later in a room

He never saw

that changes in eye seen

to where He should have

been.

Critical Spirit

The

critical spirit May

have nothing left to

criticize but itself

And if there’ s nothing

more to be lieve in

Why believe in it.

Impersoned

These

Mountains

abstract

their sense in stone

Imperson a time less

stance that never chan

ging now of where God

spelled out his eternal

command

ments.

Nearing for Home

These

days are closing in

on them selves as

the hills a cross the

lake Called closer to

view Summer’ s at its

height almost speechless

ly still But we’re near

ing for home A restless

pull on our blood tells

me the way these birds

cross for flight ex

tending time in

wings.

Light-dance

What

these reeds wish

to sing trans parently

in the vibran

cy of light- dance.

Cross puzzled

Cross

word puz zle seems to

have puzzled him through

his own cross- rowed contra­dictions.

Depths of

Where

are the depths of

Perhaps

through the stones these seas breath less

have taken in.

For Good

How

much must we unlearn

to know What we’ve

learned for good.

How many Prisons

How

many prisons must we

build Barred with pre-

establish ed conclu

sions to free man

from him self.

If only

if

only man could let

be What he couldn’t

create him self and

garden his hopes in the

beauty of re ceiving what

has been given But did

n’t deserve for that.

Higher

He

pressed the cold

touch of steel to in­stinct that light

higher.

Message

These

waves urge their mea

ning in sounds in

cessant ly told.

The Idiot

grasped in the

touch of

Pulsed rhy thins

not know mg

meaning

where.

Looking back

What

we saw And didn’t

want to see by looking

aside is looking back

at us now.

Ideologies

The

problem with buil

ding houses is that

They often stand up

to us.

He wanted

to get

so much That he got

what wasn’t there.

Worms: The Synagogue

Rebuilt

for non-use Where Rashi

re-thought in God’s e

ternal word And the flames

of hate de­stroyed

Tourist told

now recollec ting steps e

choed in to that

density for stone.

Worms: The Jewish Graveyard

No one

left now Only these

time- told stones and

the Hebraic words inde­libly lost of sense for

those who didn’t know

Stones of re membrance

to (o) partake of a time

we couldn’ t tell again

listening

for.

Marseilles, April 2002

Synagogues

again on fire As if

recreating God’s eternal

flames in the image of man’

s hate of His law to

protect us from our own

refuting

selves.

Escaped?

If

you think your selves

safe You may be flee

ing from a ghost of

the shadow of the past

Realizing.

Over shadowed

He

was so pas sionatcly

concerned with what

He wanted to say Over

shadowed in the say

ingit

to(o).

Daily lives, little concerns

*Out*

daily lives and little

concerns as these fine-

sensed win dows of appre

ciable light and the cur

tains that touch in

telling

time.

Ease of

The case of not wanting

to see more than what’s see ing there.

More than this

Even

as the night was called

out from its cool refuge

to space the heavens in

glittering stars He knew

there was some thing even

more than Beyond all

that he knew or the wise

men have claimed to

have ever known before.

Strassburg: Synagogia

if

beauty means that dark

ened inward

place of not knowing more

than the un knowing God.

Strassburg: Ecclesia

This vie tory could

be a sign of defeat

where The church reigned

and not He as if Christ

was at

their mercy and not we

at His. The Chosen are those con­quered by

The Lord.

Taken in

He

was too much taken in

by himself

to find a way out a

gain.

Perspectives

The

horizon may be filled

with stars But is there

enough ground under your

own feet.

Its voice

1 may hear its

voice again in dreams

that flow into the waves

of outlas ting time.

Poems from the Chinese ***(for Chung)*** Spring blossoms

The bios

soms touch their deli

cate light A birth

in seeing.

For Echo

That

slight

rain

whis

pered

for echo.

Colored

A

bird’s

color

found

in flight.

Distant Snow

The distant

snow and that cool

ness for

touch.

Awakened

Leaves

that wa ken in

wind.

The Form of Mountains

Moun

tains

formed in

the falling heights

cas

cading deep down.

★ ★ ★

Portents

Wind s claim

their birth As butter

flies secret ly bright

Portents in the deep

ening folds for night.

Witches

An other

worldly po wer seen in

the eyes they told to

see their way Burned out at

the stake of their de­sires or of ours Bur­ning still.

Shrewd Wisdom

Shrewd

wisdom is like a

dried out prune with a

pit harden­ing its

inner core.

Darkened

But

the deep red of this rose has darken ed my sense

for touch.

Language

If there’

s a common sensibil

ity Why are languages

so uncommon ly different.

Two different ways

If some learn love

And others receive it

Is that

love two dif

ferent ways of be

ing.

Countertenor

Has

the child­like re

attuned to fancies

and plea sures above

the deepen ed ground

Like picking flowers out

of previous delight

s.

Aging

Is

age more a narrow

ing down of self to its

only possible being Like

clearing one s house of

all those ad ded acces

sories Or is it a wisdom

that knows more by being

less The width of a world

that keeps looking

larger.

Common

Just a sea

gull like so many others

Nothing special from color

and exotic pre tensions tou

ching for sand and to

where the waves would

meet his wings sound

ing in song and the ri

sing of hopes Some where

beyond that common

ness of being only what

he was.

Too sure

To be too sure Is to know

much less of what

couldn’t

be.

Gryphius

To

know the end is

to start the begin

ning again.

Outsurfaced

This

lake’s lost its hold

on where its depth

could be Surfaced out

winged-

light-shim-

mer un easily a

wake.

Back to place

Putting

this world back to

place Pick -up-sticks

for an a- cute eye-

sense Over seeing its

fallen parts back

again.

The

Nathaniel Pink’s estimates

weather may be What

it wasn’t there for

He saw through it

all to Where those star­singing dreams And the moon

belies its secrets

still.

Prayer

Prayer

is where I’ ve lower

ed my thoughts

to a less er glow

ofbeing

there.

To seed

Winds

take

these words

away to seed in

light and expecting

Dawn.

Uneven Divide

Or where that un

even divide between

As stars horizon

ed from.

Into the Rose

Into the Rose Where fin

ding the ocean’s deep-

touch in that scent of

taking in.

Dick andJane

First reading

s picture word peopled

on page that increas

ed where the seeing

was.

Untold

Branched

for leaves

extending beyond their

own sense of longing.

Grasshopper

jumped

to jump The after

wards in coming on.

Chandelier

You

hung some thing that

we weren’t any more

High above

person ally formed

for light

Fixtures of time The way

The Lord crea ted that fir

mament of stars artifi

cally lit a world We could

n’t think out

or above.

Unease of

Middle of the lake

more sides to see

than I could

have imag

ined that un ease of not

finding where the where

could possi bly have

been.

At Center

As a magnet

sensing its meanings in

eyes that love-hold

Out of the Dark again.

Seeded grain

Where

the flesh ran deep

into fields of his wants

seeded grain Singing of

stars That all persua

sive moon

time.

Arm-chaired Posture

As a

story told for an arm-

chaired pos ture Waiting

to hear Why night’s co

ming down from words.

Well meaning

Well mea

ning may have no meaning

Unless there’ s some thing more for that.

Open minded

Open

minded may be minding

nothing else Than

being open to.

Too much Goodness

Too

much good ness is Like

a cake over doing it

self.

Decidingfor

She could n’t decide

What to do But thought

long about

deciding for.

Finding oneself

Finding one selfis

often being found out.

Faith

is where You stopped

being too big for

yourself.

Hide and Seek

Where

ever You weren’t

couldn’t be found

out.

Peace

The

only peace That man knows

is His Ion ging for.

Childhood

What I

left But hasn’t left

me behind.

Out walked

He

walked him self off

until There was still

more of him than that

Going had been meant.

Ode to the Manatee

It’s

like the Chinese Earth

Spirit’s dis proportion

ate sense of weight Or

Ruben’s women enticing double -

chinned plea sures.

Haydn, Symphony 102 (slow mvt.

The

tensions of unreliev

ed sound deepening

in space d of hearing.

Less explicit

Vaguely

tempting a smile

not too loud still

over co

ming.

Timeless Thoughts

Even as the first leaves

tinged for yellow And

swans could be imagined in

that wide open lake floating

on timeless

thoughts.

Slow sway

That

slow sway as if of

the mother’s rhyme for

sleep or branches at

tuned out for unseen

wind.

In touch

A quiet

through the field’s calm

As wings of where

birds passing a flee

ting moment, untold

touch.

Drifted away

How far

our worlds have drifted

away The making of new

islands out of a sea-

in-remen brance Taking

form Holding in.

New Book

New book

covered to keep close

Intentions within those

unevened

thoughts

time-line

The image of taking

Pulse in.

Belittled?

Iflife’s

these little things Does

that belittle us the moods

that come to go As clouds

seeking out their range of

knowing where Or the feel

a little girl knows dressed

for some thing bigger

than herself That inbetween

sense of things not fully

managed out to be just

the way we sup posed little/

belittled or just by

change or chance Life’s

more of it

Self s be ing.

Unlearned

If

I could unlearn

this poem this song

It would be come less

of me But then some

thing more of itself.

Pale Yellow

Pale

yellow’s fading of

hopes into that quietness

of self re flective

flower’s fra­grance sub

dued from other source

in light.

For Raphael

What

he knew We couldn’t

between him self some

times told without as­suming words, on.

Glanced-through

Like precious stones meant

to be touch­ed Glanced

through

surface.

Mirror

The gliding

of birds mirror

ed their

voice.

Exposed

There

was a ten­sion that

kept that house dark

Even the candles lit

that silver touch

finding in

Exposed.

That Density

His hopes

blotted out as the swelling

for clouds That density

from wind­blown.

Of touched-in fear

That

cold grasp for stars

the steel­ed light

of touched- in fear.

Bridge

Where

ever it led to coming

back Like ex changing

looks without that need

for more of Echoing in

wave span.

Statue

If

that statue could grow

old I would believe in

its beauty.

Meant for

A fear

being stung to

know What pain’s meant

for.

Shadowless afternoon

From

a shadow less after

noon Made him fear for

being

in himself.

Haydn Symphony Nr. 18 (2nd mvt.)

Trying

to catch up to where It

wasn’t been Dancing that

out of breath lessly Rhy

thmed.

For Meaning

As if

stars grew in my

sense for

meaning.

***Klee Impressions*** (5) Baiingen, Sept. *2001*

To be

exact in explicit

iy.

Where

lines

color

them

selves

out.

Where

sky

from woods

darken ing in

Density.

A

voice that waits

to hear itself

speak.

Shines

When the deep

of dark shines

still!

★ ★ ★

Bearing for Birth

Like a

woman bearing

for birth Blank faced

of not

telling Where from.

A distance

to where from un

heard boats open in

waves this length to

seeing

through.

Swiss Landscape

Fields

phrased

A bird’s song’s aware

ness in coming.

September 11, 2001 ***(15 Poems)***

If the End is Coming

if

the end is coming

It was al ways seen be

fore Nothing to stop

where It be gan to this

corning again.

How small man

How

small man has made him

self so big To the hope

less ness of not kno

wing where or why

But rising a bove it all

to that height of

thoughtful

despair.

However lost

if

there’s no God There’

s only end Where coming

from can’t mean a coming

to However lost beyond

that realm to star-

seeing.

After

time

continues because It

knows no other time

than that Sadness

blood and what ever else

may be left to stain

our fast for gotten me

mories.

Luther’s Apple tree

Luthers’s

apple tree may not

bring to fruit either per

petual life or a higher

wisdom than Man can think

himself for But those ap

pies will ri­pen too, some

sour others sweet to that

quickened taste of be

ing for here and now

Refreshing ly so!

Elegy for the unknown thousands

They died

because they didn’t know

What they couldn’t know

Doing the same things they’

d always done better or

wrongly If man is as

helpess as that So am

Don’t ask why

Don’t

ask me why Like that

little boy with his gas-

colored balloon sky bound

I simply hold to the bottom

end.

NYC

It was a

home I’d left Imper

sonally sha dowed for

glass and the echoes in un

seen persons I hardly knew

or cared less about But

now Their blood at the

bottom real izes me.

World Trade Towers

Whatever

the world changing

In the sha dow of man’

s strength- for-height All

that little ness now be ing bared Neither to

looking up nor to fee

ling down Unshadowed

protected where He can’

t see But should know

from.

Back to Business

Back

to business may be That

business is getting back

at us All those papers

meant as persons trampe-

led to the dust of no

where home.

Aftermath

Higher

than glass can tell a

rising sun Lifted up

from the steps of ha

ving been found out to

here He sits Calculating

an improbable future.

Of a distant Truth

if

light could be spent into

a grieving si lence Where

the quietness of wind as­sumes for the blue of a

distant truth.

To kill Glass

They

may have really wanted

most of all

to kill glass Symbols re

flections of a life

less overto wering threat

But squashed as blood, per

sons and life

The death in

their own life lessly a

,bandoned glass- imaged soul.

Where to feel Safe

Where

to feel safe As if we

ever were from our own wanton will But now the

shadowy threat of some un

known instinct impersoned

from blood.

No one

Atta

would have suspected him

quiet clean shaven soft

spoken good student His

Professor

wouldn’t

couldn’t be lieve it For

it was an it-believing

not a him.

★ ★ ★

Spider’s Web

Caught

between those fine

lines delin eating space

flew in that web

of entangled meanings Stung

to the mo­ment of

It’s being

there.

Cellist

He was

more what he played

than What he was A dia

logue of where to find

that impulse in sound Some

where deep he felt

his fingers

told.

Untuned

it

was the day to day

that untuned his response

a no

where in not coming

found.

Barnaba da Modena Madonna and Child (Frankfurt)

Looking in by looking

out the lines of a

mystery Clothed of her

dress unravel ling Eyes not

quite certain to his Hand-

touch.

St.John mourning the Death of Christ

(Deodate di Orlando, ca 1300, Frankfurt)

There

was so much sadness

there That it took the

place of him That he wasn’

t more than that Mourning

a loss which was more of

him than He could ever

tell.

Listening

He

listened for a bird’

s singing to open his

sky

in song.

Graveyard

Stones

speaking here

A congrega don of deaf

voices whis pering far

past into their time

less deep.

But it was

They

all said I said The

world won’t be the same But

it was Nothing told me other

wise Neither the seasons run

ning their times irregu

larly as u sual As rivers

circulating an uncertain

sense of from in to Or the

Cat’s secre tive look un

telling what It didn’t know

And those flo wers all loo

king so pretty in appropriate

times as This one was different

as it always

would be. not the same.

Landscaped

This

depth of fall colors

Taking in a seclu

sion of time- stone

aspirations And the ri

ver wanting its way

Reflecting in from

more.

Tunnels

These

tunnels echo me

in to that dead light

of nothing

where.

Swan’s way

Where

does the swan find its

purpose upon Floating the

ease through its time

less sway.

Of instinct

There

must be a secret

instinct to color or

touch Why your eyes

think me a- light.

Stone-facing

Houses

stone-fa cing Where

that sun could mean

in light.

Of Star-swayed nights

These

shadows closing me

in for dar kening of

star-swayed

nights.

Out of the Mist

Out

of the mist Houses search

ing from soul

These woods

emptied of sound as

Birds flying through a

wind in va cant light.

To Glassed-in now

Imag

ed-sound

window tight view

church stee pies up

ping me down to that

glassed-in

now.

***A longitlgjor*** (reminding of Schubert) A

longing for

But never quite real

ized some thing of that

sad ness re leases sound

Voiced to the always be

ginning of never really

there.

To lose

if

to lose is to remen

her What it really was

Like feeling these waves

coming in sound upon

sounding through Where I wasn’t

but thought to be.

Made up

She

was made up to seeing

that faced- out-person-

ed stare from what

wasn’t to.

Low

hanging clouds over these

mountain’s

perpetual

grasp for strength

diffused si lcnce as of

not being told Trying hard

to listen

for.

A Repetition of themselves

Some

persons are simply a repetit

ion of them selves How

ever seen Sta

tued to a confidence of

denying another place or in

time.

For George Herbert

It was

that saying less that drew

me more to you A closed

world self- contained as

in prayer The image that’s

become the mea ning to itself

So “fresh and clean are (your)

returns for me.”

At the Height of

At

the height of where that

town seems quieted from

view dis tancing it

self or

those telling lights

Here ab­stracted

in time.

Thinking things

out

of being mov ed slowly in

a rhythm of coming

back in

to.

For Emily Dickinson

Not

quite to be taken in

hand As a bird more co

lors for flight Always

by being in being, so.

Over-sermoned

that left

me looking for some thing

fine unob served a little

light a little hope diminish

ed to where seeing in had

that feel of being true.

Veined-in-sight

Snow

clinging down the moun

tain’s edge

to my veined-in­sight.

That rare Mountain flower

That

rare moun tain flower

Not yet pic­ked off

its secluded light

of man’s

urge to sat­isfy his own

wanton taste.

A Shadow to himself

Sha

dow to him

self His steps echoed

more distant than close-

to-hear

when he touched

another’s hand couldn’t

feel his pulse for certain

But only what the other

tried to tell his own.

4 Persons

1. Umbrellaed

Holding on a

bright-color ed umbrella

ed light ness that de­fied even gra vitational

laws.

1. It was like

a dress didn’t match

She fitted in the way

she was used to wasn’t

used to be ing that way.

any more.

1. Not quite Herself

’always felt She was

not quite herself

like a

vacant house

trying to be peopled.

1. Too loved She

loved too much to be loved

Was more of love than

that meaning could hold

Like a can­dle all wax

ed through even when

that flame was dried

out.

Glimpse of Creation

The

breath of seeing in

where Stars have been

let out from a voi

ced silence.

To their Height of

Why

do branches always seem

out To the height of

where leaves falling

in from.

Berwald

c major trio 1845

Up

side down side rarely

letting in Rhythmic no

stops glimpse of where

happened Talcing off

seldom e vened out

find.

Seeing

He

got so used to seeing

the things the way he

got used to seeing That

he stopped see ing those

things at all And saw

only himself seeing.

Opened out

Open ed out

in himself The endless

blue of not knowing more

than where He wasn’t or

couldn’t pos sibly be,

there.

Illmensee in autumn

This

lake returns to its own

sense of be ing there

self-enclosed The silent

fisher man’ s wait drif

ting from the surface of

where its thoughts cir

cling out that momen

tary unease of perhaps

These woods bearing

witness to what They have

n’t seen.

The Poem

The poem

is its way of telling

the times in As if the

moon could hold its tides

to a moment of that con

tinues to

remain.

Unseasonable

Un sea

son able isn’t just

this slow warmth of

October’s

why I’ve been slowed to(o)

contempla ting where sha

dows should have been

drawn deeper in.

Running-down flowers

Punctu­ated in that slight-

felt pulse of flowers

Running the green down

their brea thing-in-

light.

Over heard

if

you listen in this quiet

Where even lis tening

seems louder than

it could want to be.

Barbara

She

was dying too long

to know what life

could have told her

Holding on

for.

Bicycled

That hi

cycle turned my thought

s around to

where Moving became time

in receding.

Time Tables

That

train began moving my

thoughts even before I got

to its Time tables tou

ching the place my fingers

learn from.

What’s for who

Is

language there for us

Or we for it Giving its

takings in to an outside

position of

seldom finds.

Out waited

I

waited my self out

Until there was no more

of waiting

left.

Taking time off

Taking

time off is as if Time

could take it self off

Stop for a while in the leisure of Where the sun

seems still ed for Birds

singing the e cho of where

Their hearing

finds.

We

all need some thing

Because those needs are a

part of not being ourself.

Manifest Destiny

The ri

vers curve this land

out Rock- bare to the

claims of their irresi

stible time- spell.

Facing

houses face them selves

into that blank stare

of being seen

from.

Train-view

The

speed of where it wasn’

t more than where it

came from

to.

wasn’t

He

wanted to be more than

what he was Until what he was wasn’t.

Evolves

The

sky e volves as

waves of un born meaning/

reflecting.

Snake

curled

into the venom of

eyeless

dreams.

Claims

Clouds

amassed for claiming

more of my being

shadowed

in.

Mirroring in

Living

through the lives of

others is like Mirror

ing yourself into what’

s looking

back.

For Dawn

Dark

ness dissol ving as

dew into the coming of

light’s aware ness in.

What we hear

Why

do we hear What we hear

not the same

Music defines itselfBut

perhaps we do to(o) in

letting it in rede­fining us.

Colored-find

At

the end of the voice

is a listen ing back

As the flo wer tipped

in colored-

find.

Educating yourself

Learning to see

what other’

s see

Even if you

don’t see it that way

Anymore.

Surface-thought

Not

quite shad ed to inner

meanings Where stars

became farther than his eyes

could seem

to seek.

To sensitise Meanings

To

sensitise

meanings

is like the wind Hea

ring to in

voice.

Crow

Over

sized wings out placed

heights It stands symbol

izing some thing like

primitive

fears.

Landscaped

The flow of these out-

reaching hills escaping rhy

thms of tou ched through

and the form’ s finding

in.

Loosened

As these

leaves loosen their last-

felt colors to far-

flung realms for flight.

Bothered with Angels

It bothered him with an

gels Too much flying about

to take his own thoughts

down.

Touched to leaf

That

touch to leaf not finding

more than veined-in

meaning why’

s green.

Too Sweet

Too

sweet The smell

of flowers having out

done their

time.

Bleached

Bleached

wooded­

grained

felt pain deeped-in

bone.

In the Vineyards I

Grapes clustered in

their intensity for sweet

ness

moon cool ed a

night of sending stars.

In the Vineyards II

These

hills

swollen with

the taste of un touch

ed nectar Assuming a

height in freshened

poise.

Bellini’s Burials of Christ

Which

way did He mean it

as the lines of a ladder

going up or down or

going down for coming up

again The angels poised

as if the one was the

other for/

meant.

Jacob’s Blessingfrom the Angel ***(Rembrandt, Berlin)*** Did

the Lord really lose

by giving him self up in

love Embra cing what He

could only give by be

ing received.

On Durer’s best Portraits

Seeing

exactly seen The mind’s

clarity in view So per

soned that flesh tran

scends it self to that

God-find

in man.

These

cliffs have climbed my

thoughts from afar Their

rugged stance d intervals

of where to

in from.

Industrial Landscape

after Charles Scheeler

Rising the use

fulness of aesthetic

gleamed-in

structures.

Branched

A

bird

branched to its length in song.

Over telling

Where

the moon over

telling

night’s

claims.

Curtains

closed into the

still of night’s

hands

unseen

voiced

in.

Impressioned

Pret­tied faces printed

the impres­sion of make­shift be­lief.

fear myself Because I

must die

In the life

ofbe

coming

more.

Wind kept

Down in the deep

October night rest

less for stars

wind kept.

Horizonedfrom Light

Hori

zoned from light

Wild birds streak in

leave’s

yellowed-

fathomed

fall.

Looking for answers

Looking

for answers is not

answering your self

enough.

Willow

The

willow

wants

for sad ness remem

bering.

Dowland

A

sadness in trying

for sound ing out

Where the mind’s sha

dow

re appears.

Imitating

He

all to(o) be came in

shadow of what he

wasn’t.

Seeing through rain

Seeing

through rain is like

words in the transpar

ency of af ter sound.

Prayer and poem

Prayer

and the poem’s be

ing at one encircling

from self.

Space

Space

is the be tween of

touch and echo

felt.

Rain passing

Rain

passing

shimmer of moon si

lenced out This fra

grance in scent

flower-find.

Still Life

A

still life May have

stilled me down to a

quietude from sitting

in.

Hunger

Hunger

rampant

colors

outraged barren cliff

s hanging

down.

To the center

This

weather’ s holding

its same cool and damp

uncertain ty with the

first design s of spring’

s other truth

slightly felt but deep

ly colored in­tensity ques tioning

what is past in coming And

so let ns find our way

to the center of things

that love

by being

more than.

Why then this gnawing fear

Why

then this gnawing fear

as at the roots of

autumn’ s bareness

Exposing the naked

ness of our designs and

leaving but solemned

stars to dis tance the hea vens from our grasp Are we

not fleshed from the stuff

that makes life from Is

not our God creating the

realms of will to overcome.

The Prince returns

(Simone Martini)

Bright lines rhythmi

cally in- phrased

Horse for

man heeding those out-

waves hill’ s length

Castled for home re

turns.

Always learning

if

life’s al

ways learning

Maybe it knows

more about me than

I can tell.

Surrounded

Which

every way he turned

He couldn’ t corner

himself in.

The End that means

if

there are no words left

for what’ s been seen

and said Then this is the

end that

means.

In Reflecting

In reflec

ting there may be more

truth of the moment/

than.

Gatsby’s Place

Too

many windows being aware

of

All those lights shi

ning from glassed

through

waves.

Something Soft

There

was some thing soft

about that dark ness

With the branches sway

ing in from depth.

Floating

Swans

leaving the appear

ance of What they’

ve left be

hind.

Painted Houses

Painted

houses over doing

too much

used phras es.

Webern

Interval

s of sound implying

what they haven’t

for

heard.

Open wounds

Like o pen wounds

that only close in

winter’s

hardened

glance.

Abandoned meanings *(Shylock)* if

you can weigh a pound

or two of flesh Why not

put words on that same i

magined scale to de­cide in a bandon

ed meaning

s.

***Krommer*** (Mozart’s contemporary)

Too

light to bear that

weight in silence

But to the

surface

with the

ease of

being written over trans

parencies

for sound.

Ingebourg

Too much of self

about her She took her

will as at tainable truth

She knew what she knew

And that’s what matter

ed even for the extent of

wanting in

others.

Around the Bend

When

the train took its

round about in from the

distance for a timing

need less ly felt

curves

to where It indistinct

ly merged that cool

dark ness for woods.

Houses personed

Houses

may be your facade

for putting in front

what was long painted since

peeling a way the time-

from-weather.

Something of softness

There was some

thing of soft

ness in the snow’s being

waiting to be

touched u pon.

Outgiven

She needed so much to

be loved That she over

gave of all those wants

and left Nothing but

shadows

behind.

Intricately felt

This

light rimmed with snow

and leaves these branch

ed intricate­ly felt.

Mind-glance

Does that

paper his face to

a pre-de- termined

glance as Bill boards

meant to be washed o

ver.

For Hands

He

always had to eat

when others ate a pro

fusion for

hands.

Bereaved

An empti ness of soul

when all

the leaves downed to a

bottom ness of fallen lights

and the winds bereave

whatever their voice can’

t be heard

for.

Of spreading Fields

Even

in the dark of spreading

fields and the no where

of finding out a dis

tance increa singly

from.

2 Birds

Why

did they have to touch

to the tips of that tell

ing tree a slender

ness

singing in.

Echoed-find

A

light-touch of snow

still left for our hands echoed- find.

The Little Hopes

The

big poem’ s bigger

than words can find

But it’s the little hopes

that bear light to

their mean

ings.

Spaced-silence

There’s

too much spaced-

silence to find

my shadow

in.

Balance-felt

Fading

in to

sun’s left behind

hills

causing out

balance-

felt.

Transparently

Trains

keep

running

through my thoughts-

in-speed’s

listen

ing out.

From

Where

have all these colors

gone

When I can

only think of si

lence a

loud.

Gone out of

As a

mother of home-sense- children Gone out of her needing for more.

Faith

There’s

a beauty of the flesh

and a beauty of the mind

and a beauty that beauti

fies both.

Monotoned

When

the day doesn’t be

come more than what

it started out

to be.

Dog against Storm (Goya)

That

darkness

gather

ing him up to a human

sized di

lemma.

Renoir’s “Dance”

Her

dress fol ding in

to the length of his own

desires.

Echo

Thinking

aloud

What wasn’

t heard from being.

there.

Blessing

Church

enclosed town brin

ging the houses in

for prayer.

Clouded by

This

morning’ s hesi

tant for seeing

through.

Drifting

as the

snow through unseen sounds

into a space less night.

Stewardess

put her smile on

the way One does with

glasses,

but for a limited range

in effect.

Landing

No look

no seen cloud-

spelled landing for

lights.

Dulled in

Dulled

in no- sound-light

Ducks solemn ly image

less.

Self Portrait (Rembrandt, 1661)

Staring

into the sound of em

ptied self re flee

tion.

Indistinct

’can feel leaves

falling through me

mories of not yet

heard.

Clicked

Cleansed

too often to a po­lished same ness.

Unseen where

Lights

pulsing this dark

through an unseen

where.

“Mary adores the

Infant Jesus ”

(Master Francke, Hamburg)

As this

brightness all aglow

in the orna ments of

heavens and the dark deep

downed from its pre­historic longings.

“Early Snow in Woods”

(C. D. Friedrich, Hamburg)

touch

ed in cold at edge

of where

woods re ceiving

a moon seldom

in light.

Changing Directions

to where

these thin ned out

woods seem es excused

from direc tionless

intent

ions.

More of

Dressed

to a dig­nity that

made him feel more

of in

himself.

Dog

catching up’s in

stincf s rhythmic

breath.

Branched

Tight-

tense-sounds Bird’s cry

black-claw­

ed-branch.

Icicledfear

Icicled-

fear.

piercing

sword-

blood-

cold.

City of Lights

City

of lights Dark’s dream ing through steps of

where He heard him

self hesi tantly appro

ching.

Set loose

This

wind’s out doing it

self Set

loose a fire flaming

in thirst

more.

Lessened?

if

I can’t re member Does

it stop be ing Or am

1 lessen ed by its

not being

for now.

Poet’s Dialogue

if

you know the way it

is How to form to sense

Or if It takes on

its own sense by being

there from you.

Might not happen

If

nothing moves Time may not

happen

Standing

still as a night from

gathering

stars in.

Ezekiel’s Wagon

if

trains cross at

either side And we’re

standing still Maybe

we’re really leaving both

directions at once.

Timeless

If

a kiss is time

less waves flowed in.

Bird’s House

But

nothing flew

in to es tablish those

premises for

feathers.

Into a silent land

Long roads into a si

lent land Vacant sky

untouch

ed waters And a bird

poised to seeing nothing

more than be ing there.

Wakened

Can

stone waken to the call

of early morning’s

light still cooled in

touch.

Categories

Closed to involving

doors turned their mind’s

caroussel- led fiction

of where Stars could

only see

less.

With its cry­stalled sense The

snow’s crea ting silence

out of the darkened

pre-morning

stillness

with its cry­stalled

awakening

sense.

In Memory Klaus R.

We

were like trains on par

allel tracks Each being

guided by that unseen

Switch to where moving

on in oppo site directions

farther out

apart.

For Living beyond *(for h. r.)* You

became so much his wife

that became so much in you

After his death He not

you there instead re

placed for living

beyond.

Accentuated

Accentu­ated her

mark Im­pressed

steps that couldn’t

thaw out of a gleaming

light but cold, taken

in.

Nathaniel Pink’s reflections Why

these slight birds ever-

quicken ing shadows

stayed on for winter’s grip­ping cold He contempla

ted the war ming effects

settling down in Africa

with a sun- kissed smile

benevolent ly adding

electric

heaters and his

toes shi­vering war

med-in water.

An end?

Is

there a bottom to

this cold ness A bitter

end that stops where

no more is As the end

of space spaceless

ly there Where it is

by not be ing.

Who decides

if

it gets so cold that

you can’t feel how

much cold ness is

Who decides then.

After 40 years of marriage

We

became more by being

what the o ther wasn’t

us Like hoi ding hands

and knowing that the

warmth there isn’t really

mine.

Giving up

Giving

up maybe a giving in

to And what if the “up”

could raise me higher

still.

First Seen

To re

discover the first

seen is to re mem ber

a dream that couldn’

t be told

simply felt.

***Where it is*** with thanks to Viktor Frankl

Where

it is That where of

I more than what I’ve

been taught to see

think and feel. Even

the genes can’t put me

together as now. Before

the I the He invisi

bly God.

Kafka and the Chassidic

Theatre group 1910

Like

feeling in to the flow

in river’ s rhythmic

sense Rock- creviced

light Source of being

being.

What the Church

made of Christ

You

took the throb out of

His fear that pained

Jewishness The never be

ing world that couldn’

t contain Your denial

of Him into your

own image Some thing

other.

That Now of You

(of our retarded son, Raphael)

It’s

that now of you

in the less of person

ed routines More a fee

ling through than some

what words could know.

Labyrinth of Life

There’s

only a way out if there’

s a way in But we’re de

nicd both Being born be

fore we’re asked and lo

sing breath in the grips of

death’s last call. Do we

then turn a round an axis

of self appre ciation Caged

in our unful filling de

sires.

The Meaning of Christ

Extra nos

It’s the outside of

where we’re in that this

key can be kept It turns

its own combin ation of love

in death and deals us out

of this lock­ed in poverty

from self.

Steps in Sand

So

many steps in sand

voice

less now as

a moon fa ding in

night’s con suming

dark.

Unanswered Voice

As if

the sea sings meaning

less in con tinuing

voice across the patterns

of man’s land­locked mind.

Closerfound

At a

distance These birds

looked like dots solemn

ly small But closer found

punctuated

rhythmic

cally in

light ness.

Some distant place

He

saw so a- cutely

what he didn’t see

That I

knew He was

abstract­ing some dis

tant place

in thought.

This shorter Sense of things

Do we only have a shorter sense

of things The line cut down

to its moment’ s life Is truth

no more for us than where it

was not being known As a wind

closeted to our own tentative

longings for a time that

could spread be yond as the

searching waves from the sea’s

deepened breath Are we only

what we are for a moment in

hesitant light as a whisper

but rarely found and seen Do we

only have this shorter sense

of things.

Of Woman’s Beauty

A woman’

s beauty She does not own

It grows upon her like flo

wers from a garden’s bed

It’s not the lasting part

of her And yet most women dis

play them selves as such

beautifying their longing

for a true

sense in self.

Church Meeting USA

Too much

friendli ness there

to making friends Too

much concern with what

doesn’t really concern

them I’d prefer my own

image-brea thing sense

for words that edge a

bit nearer to what they

mean.

Standing high

He

stood him self high

to a pulpit of self im

portance isn’t found

those go ings down more

difficult in step

to step.

Jeremiah’s Situation

if

you lose because you

know you should - the

fault was ours, not

theirs — Then even in de

feat you’ve won over

your lost

self.

Sunday hope

If

I could only bear

my weak nesses with

a little

more patience

Tolerant in a steadfast

ness to not changing

them.

To understand

To under

stand is a word that

denies my reach There’

s some thing “under” about

it than stand ing firm

for place If it’s of

the mind Then where do

I feel that for And of

the heart Then it may beat its

own pulse re ceiving less

for an an

swer.

Freed

You

have freed me from my

self — There was too much

passion there to control its

wanting sense and drive it

to its inner deeper truths

What is chaste in you I’ll

never bend my will to be

But by re ceiving its

after claims You’ll have

freed me in

myself.

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