



A World mapped-out

Poems

DAVID JAFFIN

A World mapped-out

Charles Seliger (American, June 3, 1926 – October 1, 2009) passionately pursued an innerworld of organic abstraction, celebrating the structural complexities of natural forms. Like many artists of his generation, Seliger was deeply influenced by the surrealists' use of automatism, and throughout his career, he cultivated an eloquent and poetic style of abstraction that explored the dynamics of order and chaos animating the celestial, geographical, and biological realms. Attracted to the internal structures of plants, insects, and other natural objects, and inspired by a wide range of literature in natural history, biology, and physics, Seliger paid homage to nature's infinite variety in his abstractions. His paintings have been described as "microscopic views of the natural world," and although the characterization is appropriate, his abstractions do not directly imitate nature so much as suggest its intrinsic structures.

Born in New York City but raised in Jersey City, Seliger spent his teenage years making frequent trips back across the Hudson to Manhattan's many museum and gallery exhibitions. Although he never completed high school or received formal art training, Seliger immersed himself in the history of art and experimented with different painting styles including pointillism, cubism, and surrealism. In 1943, he befriended Jimmy Ernst and was quickly drawn into the circle of avant-garde artists championed by Howard Putzel and Peggy Guggenheim. Two years later, at the age of nineteen, Seliger was included in Putzel's groundbreaking exhibition *A Problem for Critics* at 67 Gallery, and he also had his first solo show at Guggenheim's legendary gallery, Art of This Century. At this time, Seliger was the youngest artist exhibiting with members of the abstract expressionist movement, and he was only twenty years old when the Museum of Modern Art acquired his painting *Natural History: Form within Rock* (1946) for their permanent collection. In 1950, Seliger obtained representation from the prestigious Willard Gallery, owned by Marian Willard. He formed close friendships with several of her other artists, including Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger and Norman Lewis.

By 1949, Seliger had his first major museum exhibition, at the de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco. During his life time, he exhibited in over forty-five solo shows at prominent galleries in New York and abroad. In 1986, Seliger was given his first retrospective, at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, which now holds the largest collection of his work. His work is also represented in numerous museum collections, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York; the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut; and the British Museum in London. In 2003, at age seventy-seven, Seliger received the Pollock-Krasner Foundation's Lee Krasner Award in recognition of his long and illustrious career in the arts. In 2005, the Morgan Library and Museum acquired his journals – 148 hand-written volumes produced between 1952 and the present – making his introspective writing, which covers a vast range of topics across the span of six decades, accessible to art historians and scholars.

Seliger was best known for his meticulously detailed, small-scale abstractions as well as the techniques he invented and used to cover the surfaces of his Masonite panels – building up layers of acrylic paint, often sanding or scraping each layer to create texture, and then delineating the forms embedded in the layers of pigment with a fine brush or pen. This labor-intensive technique results in ethereal paintings that give expression to aspects of nature hidden from or invisible to the unaided eye. His talent and generous spirit will be missed.

Since 1990, Michael Rosenfeld Gallery, LLC, has been the exclusive representative of Charles Seliger.

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Title picture:

Charles Seliger (1926–2009)

Byways (detail), 2004, acrylic on Masonite,
11" x 14", signed

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Mapped-out

When his
whole world
had been fully
mapped-out
the mountain
sources and
the levell
ed terrain
The fine-feel
of wild flow
ers so dis
tinctly co
lored and those
night-appear
ing animal-
eyes voiced
from fear
When he human
ed that world
with mostly
self-subdu
ing person
s and center
ed the love
of his life
to where she'
d always re
main of the
nothing more

to be said
than saying
it now always
is more so.

After reading Shelley

for a last
ing moment
so small I
felt (this
lesser voice
of mine)
tormented
by such stream
s of light
and still try
ing to hold
fast to the
cooling pre
conceived
touch of a
single can
dle in a
room famil
iar and yet
vacantly
self-enclos
ing.

Prosed

We've pros
ed this lang
uage down to
a flat-bare
ness Few sign
s of beauty
left only the
natural ones
that lend our
eyes for
short-imaged
phrasing
landscape
s of those
still possibly
untouched si
lences that
may hold us
well for un
known time
s to come.

Body count

imperson
ally touch
ed and number
ed to what'
s nameless
ly human.

The wood

s in their
depth-seclud
ing darkness
souled his no-
way-of-gett
ing-out from.

His father

only his
but when
the bottle
drowned his
person in to
a father
less void
from self.

Authentic

only when
all that we'
ve learned
to say and
think's detail
ing a way
out.

Coming home

to where no
one's left to
be calling
it that empti
ness homed
from its time
less being.

Left

disappear
ed with only
those track
less thought
s of his
reaching
far behind.

Pit bull

as some I'
ve known
false-eyed
faceless
ly exposed
to a mali
cious unre
penting
blood-
streaming.

Bad Tölz I

pretend
ing a time
that once
may have been
too prett
ily nice
for true.

Bad Tölz II

s' endear
ing façade
s as sweet
as sugar-
cane smiles.

The Isar

running
shallow-
stones per
petuating
light-shin
ing breez
es.

Dreamt

He dreamt
that he could
n't anymore
speechless
in a room
of empty
ing chair
s.

See-Saw

She
lived so
high as she
came down low
the see-saw
that couldn't

find in-be
tween
nesses.

Of lost souls

Poor Uncle
Irving so
good and kind
thought
ful of o
thers but with
a numbed weak
ness at the
heart of
where a forti
fied streng
th wouldn't
have left him
with such a dy
nasty of lost
souls.

As yellow'

s the color
of sting her
intensed smile
wrinkled from
its intimate
exposures fa
ding to an
aftermath
of its fail
ing light.

Misplaced

She mis
placed his
mood like co
lors that
don't match
because
they may once
have seem
ed related to
each other.

Celebrating

The garden'
s intricate
coloring
s as tonal
ities of time-
length-flow
ing through
his mind com
posed for cele
brating
thought
s.

Off-set appeal

It may have
been that off-
set appeal
that kept her
eyes from fo
cusing be
yond simply
chanced ap
pearance
s.

Off-balancing

Speak
ing quicker
than one can
think off-
balanc
ing mid-air
without ad
equate land
ing-right
s.

“To be true

to oneself”
as if by self-
creating
its unknown
source.

The origin

s of color
when an un
seen bird
voices
through
the dark of
its prime
val wood
s.

Frog-eye

s glass
ed her pond-
perspect
ives in to
low-pitch
ed hollow
nesses.

Drained out

The rains
have drain
ed all the
colors out
of these un
timely word
s.

Minor moment

s as when
a stone
holding your
hands in to
its coolness
for light.

Recalling

times that
have left
one vacant
ly aware as
the after
sounds of
sand-step
ped impress
ions.

Unrelat

ed image
s that pass
as from a
train's near
ing itself
distant
ly track
ed.

The darker level

It's only
on the dark
er level
deeper down
than those
brightness
es of mind
could recall
words flow
ing in to
the winds of
dream-eclip
sing sadness
es.

Focused

Her eye
s focused
on the un
realizing
touch of jew
elled awaken
ings.

His

scar-disturb
ing face
lessly mark
ed-through
with more
than those
weather
ing times
could be re
calling.

The gentle

fingers
of a tiny
unknown child
softly re
telling my
own why warm
th can remain
so faint
ly realiz
ing.

Intens

ing shadow
s as the
palm of a
hand reluct
antly clos
ing time with
in its tenu
ous grasp.

Balloon

s bright
ly color
ed for a van
ishing view
of these child
ren's sky-
awaken
ing.

Dark rain

s bring
ing me down
to the some
wheres of
their lost-
from empti
nesses.

For Rosemarie

In the blue
of this soft
day's inward
reflect
ions your
mild-touch
ing eyes
spaceless
ly unfind
ing.

Self-evoking

It's those
stilled mo-
ments as a
room becom-
ing the more
of our be-
ing there
wordless
ly self-e-
voking.

Each day

lives it
self out to
the end of a
no-return
like turn
ing the page
s of a book
bound be-
yond its out-
lasting
touch-sense.

Overheard

Birds (it
seems) often
prefer the re-
peating re-
frains of
the self-
samed voice-
listen
ing.

W. W.

in the mid-
st of a dir-
ection
less unpav-
ed road in
what was
less than an
availing
town stopp-
ed me to the
always-down
from my phar-
asaic self-
appealing
s.

Did Columbus

also discov
er that the
flatness
of our self-
availing
claims end
only by round
ing out the
full circle
of those se
cluded end
ing's beginn
ings.

Poems from Herborn (Hessia)

a) Some need
to be help
lessly alon
ed bleed
ing close to
where time'
s running
its slow-down
cause.

b) *The calling' (Caravaggio St. Matthew)*

s a no-way-
out even space
closing in
on his time
lessly there.

c) *Stand-still*

A bird
(not quite
as seldom-
colored as
it should
have been)
topping the
roof of my
contemplat
ing its mo
mentary still-
stand.

d) Clouds

closing in
coalesc
ing (or per
haps even
concealing)
the where
of their cel
estial shy
ness.

e) Narrow street 17 (Herborn)

the hang
man resided
here noosed
to those most
intimate
thought
s that tight
ened-close
around his
deadly grasp.

f) *Attic-*

down view
of where
those house
s stopped
thinking be
yond their
lower-level
insights.

g) *Fingering needs (cemetery Cloister Amsburg)*

In the back
yard of med
ievally
cloister
ed prayer
s the SS
shot-resound
ing the last
blood-cries
of their al
ways-eager
finger
ing need
s.

h) Abbreviating

Street-pid
geon peck
ing at se
cluded apple-
rounding
his taste Col
umbus-abbrevi
ating.

i) Herborn

slate-grey
ed city snow-
envision
ing a less
er purity of
medieval con
templation
s.

Finding out (for Hanni in Russia)

one's fa
ther's grave
in a stone-
wilderness
of imperson
al names.

Snap-shots

that tell
(neverthe
less) more
than that
moment of
there-be
ing.

The doubting Thomas (After Caravaggio)

flesh
ed out his
moment of
faith
fully disbe
lieving
what only e
yes hadn't
seen (but
then) even
touch
ed.

Rain-choked

wood left
the impress
ion of some
persons narr
owed-down to
their warp
ed frame-
work.

Adagio

Haydn lets
spacing it
self out
spaceless
ly beyond
the where of
its tonal
efficien
cy.

Self-revelations

Small flower
s ever-so-
fine cluster
ed in spontan
eous self-re
velation
s.

That medieval-becoming

I may be a
Christian
now But in
that mediev
al-becoming
Jew-awaken
ing my ghetto-
feared shad
owing corner
s beyond es
cape.

Narrowly pathed

These small-
minded Christ
ians self-pro
tecting narr
owly pathed
from a world-
creating
beauty.

Threaded

The cat'
s unravell
ing ball-of-
thread
ed him in
to a play-
past sense
of mind-
touch.

Ivy'

s wall-clutch
ing growth
a left-behind
appearance
of its shadow
ing height
s.

Old town

s that have
seen too
much restor
ed to a pris
tine nostalg
ic pretti
ness.

Bellini

(if only mo
mentar
ily)
softened
Dürer to that
smooth-recall
ing poetry

of Venetian
light-enchants.
ments.

For Rosemarie

Modesty'
s one of
those infre-
quent vir-
tues no imi-
tating can re-
store to its
unblemish-
ing source.

Time-touching

Old lady
as thin as
her cane-
bearing
time-touch-
ing thought
s.

Andromache (Racine)

a) *When pass*

ion become
s its own

person
ally leav

ing the rest
of us to but

a self-shadow
ing self.

b) *Andromache*

loved

to a dead
past and

person
ing the duty

of their
still per

petuat
ing claim

s.

c) *Pathos*

flam

ing out the
sacrifici

al altar of
uninhabit

ing self-ex
pression.

d) *Love*

and hate
tension

ed to a one
ness at

their self-
dividing

center.

e) *Pylades*

and his an

cient lover
an encircl

ing chorus
of what could

have been be
cause it duly

wasn't.

f) When

the peace
of reconcil
ing passion
s and people
s still aflame
with the fire
s of a time-
devour
ing past.

Hiding

out a clos
eted fear of
finding him
self closed-
down-lost
from self-
being.

A lost image

Her late-
blue dress
and almost
secret
ly confid

ing eye
s as a lost
image of a
time she
held slight
ly close-
in repet
itive step-
ons.

German and Jew

a self-defin
ing symbiosis
of alway
s on the
outside.

The free-

light world
of Schubert'
s death-re
leasing sad
nesses.

Babig Jar

a too expen
sive way of
killing the
Jews pil
ing them up
in to con
science
less heap
s.

The church

left their
Christ to
those sealed-
off trains
nameless
ly blood of
our blood
and ash.

The law (commandments)

a wall high
er than its
height could
measure their
surround
ing needs
for gett
ing out.

Not even

Uncle Julius
could humour
his way back
steadying
from the
loss of three
sons and a
wife he bur-
ied with the
last flower
of his know
ing how.

The voice after

I'm the voice
after The one
who spoke out
their gasp
ing for the
breath of a
living si
lence.

The pin

she wore
intimate
ly felt as
a flower
touched
from its in
revealing
scent.

Cloth

may sound
even less
than the
touch of a
moment'
s glance.

These au

tumn wind
s color
ing the af
ter thought
s of their
not know
ing where.

Do leave

s sense
they've been
touched
through
death's co
loring de
ception
s.

Grass

hoppers in
stinct
ively aware
of their
clipped-off
grass-phras
ings.

The soft

ness of rabb
it's warm-
fleshed
fur awaken
ing the touch-
streams of
those inclus
ive feel
ings of our
s.

Soft-spok

en as he
was as if
drawing us
in for a
closer view
of hands
holding long
er than e
ven his vast
ly seeking
eyes could
want for tell
ing.

Quartet op. 80 (Mendelssohn)

It was
only when
you failed
When the
pain of loss
cried out be
yond those
self-enclos
ing fine
ly sensed
phrasing
s of your
s.

Two grand

statues of
Wagner and
Karl Marx self-
impressive
ly overlook
ing a Germany
sanctify
ing the wound
s of a past
they bled down
to its soul
less loss.

On those adagios (of Haydn)

Why does
such music
often listen
me down to
the pulse of
its bare-
sound awaken
ings.

Duet

If even
birds can
voice each o
ther to a
common answer
ing-response
Why is man
so often
self-inton
ed.

The Max Planck

house in Mun
ich all in
prisoned
glass with
cubby holes
of wood
much of the
kind pidgeon
s could in
habit for
their signifi
cant calling
s.

Mute

When the
voice went
out of him
Mute to a
ghostly
fear of those
blank/empt
ied apparit
ions of his
night-tens
ed expos
ures.

“Unanswered question” (Ives)

If the ans
wer's because
there isn't
anyone left
to decipher
as those Mayan
texts of a
civilizat
ion lost
beyond its im
pending
past.

The end

If the end'
s those space
less heaven'
s empti
ness of no
more by be
ing there
selfless
ly unknown.

Illmensee

vacant to a
self-creat
ing silence
of only the
lone fisher
plying the
depth of his
line-extend
ing touch-
thought
s.

Mendelssohn'

s elfin scarce
ly-sensed
scherzi more
spirit than
formless
ly self-e
voking.

A mild

rain so soft
and scarce
ly felt that
even these
winds lessen
ing from
touch.

Compassioned

The rever
end almost
unlike him
self soft
ened in
ward compos
ure until

his words
began to
flow as if
from them
selves melt
ing through
sorrow.

Time

and the way
ward moon'
s a kite
of a child'
s breath
lessly un
holding.

The lithe-

touched-
length of
these slen
der reed
s awaken
ing in her
the feel
of imagin
ery star
s.

Too bright

to think a
loud The sun'
s intensed
beyond where
words can
find for mean
ing.

A sense of silence

There's a
dark sense
of silence
in the rose
at night only
the moon can
awaken to its
fullness of
scent.

One

The undulating
flow of
these hills
leads in to the
distant depths
of a wordless
sky'
is one form
one life one
sense.

Rosemarie'

is soft-touch
ed eyes and
quieting
hands melting
me in
to the streams
of such
far-distant
longing
s.

The impecca

ble taste
of the spider's
s carefully
woven web
left him in
stinctive
ly at the
center
of a death-
sting perfect-
placed.

When

the days
grow short
as a hand
tensed to
its veined-
in press
ure and there'
s a fear at
the heart
of time's
always dar
kening
reach.

Half way

We met half-
way though
at the midd
le became
the more of
us than e
ven that line
could di
vide two-sid
ed yet now
one way.

For Lenore

Charles
left her a
house so much
of him that
even his death
became the
more of her
being a
lone.

She had her

say or did
her say have
her caught
in its net
of unspeak
able pain.

Known

It wasn'
t said but
known as if
space could
be spoken a
loud.

Sound-shadows

The street
light's
sound-shad
ows speech
lessly time-
reflect
ing.

After-thoughts

It rained
the day down

to its tree-
express

ing after-
thought

s.

Charles

I'll always

remember
the fine-

glow of
your up

stairs ap-
pearance

where co-
lors began

their sound
ing-you-

out.

The doubting Thomas (Caravaggio)

finger
ed his eye
s into that
depthed-
flesh of his
intelling dis
belief.

Elegiac

The leave
s falling
through a
world of sur
rounding
sadness
es.

Poems from Sosa (Erzgebirge)

a) *Autumn*'
s more the
loss of sea
son-time'
s been blown a
way to the
nakedness
of its new be
ginnings.

b) Sosa'
s a hill-
down town wav
ed through
its timeless
reach al
most as an af
ter-thought
inescapab
ly there.

c) Olive tree'
s gnarled
roots ugly
and agèd
ly bespeak
ing those
clutch
ing wound
s of time'
s unrelin
guishing
grasp.

d) Evening bell

s recall
ing why time
has pass
ed so el
usively un
heard beyond
our seeing
the where
of its be
coming now.

e) Flower

s paled
from scent
as the touch
of words un
pulsed from
fragran
cy-sound.

f) Sunday morning

in Sosa that
small-seclud
ed town's
empty street
s speech

lessly a
wakened and
waiting as
if Christ
could poss
ibly at that
very moment
be whisper
ed alive
from the
dead.

g) Pink
umbrell
aed to self-
surround
ing thought
s that co
lored and pink-
dotted his
wholesome
commens
ing smile.

h) That small

church at
Sosa so fine
ly cleansed
and freshly
lit to its
modest scent
of flower dar
kened me
from its
godly pre
sence.

Autumn

winds chang
ing color
s through
that impet
uous rush of
sound
ing vacant e
choings be
hind.

Greb

the middle-
aged vegeta
ble man warn
ed “don’t
judge other
s” perhaps
because he be
came afraid
of their see
ing even dee
per in to
his own dark
ening past.

Statistic

s couldn’t
paper him
back to life
again that 1
in 10,000
dead on the
spot of a
chance
less surviv
al.

That silhoue

ttling cat kept
creeping his
lowdown
thoughts
until they
became lost
out from
sight.

“It wasn’t

him” they said
but that some
other voice
who noosed
him fast to
the forest’
s trembl
ing darkness
es.

Fight

ing a cause
that's de
feating it
self the mod
ern Jeremiah
citiless
within the
ruins of a
wordless
way out.

Celan'

s saying the
most by us
ing the least
left him voice
lessly out
spoken at the
end.

Where

did he be
gin as I know
him now Why
this way not
that other
side of a per
son contin
ually shadow
ing what could
have been but
never really
became.

Questioning

If it's not
the question
itself but the
way it's ask
ed question
ing even the
answer's den
ial.

Of lost identity

Flowers
bunched to
a one-color
ed sense of
identity.

Aunt Gertie

as some wo
men espec
ially in those
over-weight
ed middle
years ground
ed in a true
sense of self-
conviction
as horse and
rider with
their poor chos
en husband
s released
only at sparse
intervals
for those pre-
ordained wa
tering place
s.

First wintered day

cold and clear
ed my mind
of its shad
owy autumn
coloring
s.

Heron's

grey fish-
formed length
of its de
ceptive
ly feather
ed intent
ions.

Lone boat (after Odilon Redon)

distant
ly through-
plying the
solemn wind
s and wave
s of their
forsaken
ing shadow
s.

Of no where out (on Goethe's Faust)

He possess
ed the eye
s strange
ly alert of
knowing more
(those se
cret per
suasion
s) and the
hands of call
ing in to
those hidden
rooms of no
wheres out.

Pain-spot

Dürer cir
cled the ex
act pain-
spot that
grew intense
ly deeper e
ven beyond
his anatomi
cal know-
wheres.

Walls

no where
out a si
lence zone

here only
the echo of

restless
thought

s numb-
timed-still

ed.

A little

girl's red-
haired fear-
touching

way of ask
ing through

all those
distan

ces.

R. D.

of lesser
mind but act
ively will
ed her way
to what
ever she
wanted
found.

That down-

earth in
stincted
turtle
slowed my
time-sense
to its low
er-level con
templation
s.

3 half-sensed persons

a) *Paul'*
s some un
touched sad
ness through

his 9-year-
old sallow
eyes left me
with a sort
of sorrow I
couldn't
quite real-
ize.

b) She

possess
ed somewhat
attract
ive feature
s yet a put-
off almost
hardened-
protective
sense of
Don't touch
too near
where I
might be
gin to thaw.

c) He
after 50
years in psy
chiatric
wards tried
to explain
so meticu
lously what
he kept re
peating as
if I could
n't really
understand
what he
didn't ei
ther.

Dark au

tumn wind
s releas
ing the last
leaves of
their color
less find
s.

The dark

took him
down to the
forest's
deeply in
escapable
need for
sky-search
ing star
s.

Cobble

stones re
creating
a past that'
s only heard
when distant
ly increas
ing.

Chagall

sensuali
sed a faith
in his long
ing for a
God nearer to
his own creat
ive inclina
tions.

Cold rain

s left the
trees bared
of their
last con
cealing in
hibition
s.

This grey

season of
the closed
heaven's co
lor-forget
fulness.

Leafless

silence
s when the
bird's wing
s soundless
ly awake.

Asphalt

sky that
wordless
sense of
spaced mo
ments unful
filling.

Last autumn

leave
s twirling
dance-rhy
thmic death-
calls.

À la Hopper

Street-
light wind
ow's empt
ied-glass
lonely re
flection
s.

Reception

ist's paper-
hand's inclu
sive smile
s.

Twice-told

It worked
once it did
n't again
Twice-told
poems only
if they'
re found-
through
to that once

of being
only their
s.

The dead

are most
ly revered
because they
can't talk
back even on
gravely im-
portant matt-
ers.

Greek Is

lands left
me with cliff-
haunt
ing memor-
ies of a time
oceanless
ly reflec-
ting.

These tree

s unloosen
their leave
s as itin
erant child
ren space
lessly envel
oping.

Pain-Poems Crete '09

a) Wheel-chaired

to other'
s looks as
if fasten
ed to a no-
return
clause.

b) Larry Eigner

parapli
gic window-
sitting the
rhythms that
could only
feel him
out profi
cially.

c) Intensity-glow

High power
ed-gear
clutched the
wheels of
his intensi
ty-glow.

d) Serenity-feels

Smooth wa
ters as the
touch-shine
of silk's
serenity-
feels.

e) An isolat

ed island
of uninhab
ited thought-
down stone.

f) As Abraham

Did I do that
to you as
Abraham to
protect my
self from a
hurt that'
s still wear
ing the wound
s of you
down.

g) Callings

This sea'
s always
been call
ing its own
voice shore
lessly unre
solved.

h) Out-cultured

Crete's an
out-cultured
country with
only barren
hills and

fished-out
seas to wit
ness those
sun-tanned
smiles
of tour
istic remind
ers.

i) When
pains hamm
er my flesh
in-to its
clasping-
corpse of
deadly in
situation
s.

j) Image-making
Fragile
tiny culti
vating flow
er the rock-
stone sur
face of this
island's i

mage-making
appeals.

k) Closing

these sound
less window
s to the un
derwater sea
s of the mind'
s impervious
contemplat
ions.

l) "Call me"

Wheel-chair
flat-tire
s of no
more than
here-wheel
ing a world
away that
always re
mains that
flat-down
sameness.

m) If

we're not at
the heart
of our own
problem
's misplac
ed that
pulsing
sense-in-dir
ection.

n) Darkness

at sea
those my
sterious
ly moon-crea
ting wave
s closing
within the
breath of
their unseen
silence
s.

o) Light
ning electri
fying in awe
the ancient
Greek's spir
itual vast
ness.

p) Writing
I'm writ
ing the all
of a world
to find my
own little
nesses out.

q) Ambiguities are
like two-lev
el fugues
surfacing
for depth.

r) *Dr. A.*

Our Greek

Dr. A. storm
ed in-light

ning-struck
with all those

rhetori
cal appeal

s of his diag
nostic fer

vous.

s) *Short line-*

breaks elon

gating their
sinuous

ly melodic
preferen

cial time-
routes.

t) *Self-reclaiming*

When the

pains subsi
ded he

knew his own
being left

shadowless
ly self-re
claiming.

u) Fresh thirst

Was it the
fresh thirst
of our garden
ed beginn
ing that left
him so naked
ly forebod
ing.

v) Dark days

in a south
ern climate
A world at
the abyss
horizon
ed beyond
the inner
glow of
those bright
ening moment
s through.

w) *Name-dropping*

as if bereft
of one's
own naked
self-cause.

x) *After*

the storm
pidgeons
roofed to a
moment's
glance sitt
ing intact
upon their
weather
less roof.

y) *For Rosemarie*

You voice
an intima
cy of unknown
preception
s seal
ed with
a kiss.

z) *Schmiedeberg*

in an insight
ful moment re
minded me
that thinker
s too-press
ed in-to their
own system'
s no way of
getting out.

aa) *Mapping out*

a world that
isn't on the
maps intri
cately de
fining what
wasn't there
never complete
as a field'
s growth be
yond the li
mits of its
self-encompass
ing claims.

bb) Can time

be remember

ed through
these long

sea-stret
ches of sound

ing out why
the rocks

have crevic
ed into form

less inunda
tions of a

previous
age.

cc) A single

rose for

each person
ally inclin

ed in the
glassed wa

ters of
our recept

tively trans
parent

thought
s.

dd) Michelangesque

His harsh
rock-envisioned face
as if freed from the
time-burdens of these
numbed-reclaiming
cliffs.

ee) This bay

carefully harboured from the
sea more like the self-en-
closing resolve of a
mother childlessly in
tent.

ff) Graecian hills

Undulating

Graecian
hills time-

rolling the
increas

ing expanse
of their

thorough
ly barren

down-thought
s.

gg) Over-thoughts

Little child

ren with their
self-becom

ing hats high
ly-held the

way of umbrell
aed over-

thought
s.

hi) Late autumn

Crete'
s intensing
shadows
plastical
ly recall
ing the in
coming of
winter's im
posing grasp.

ii) Hen-pecked

the right re
verend D.
scarcely
could right
himself for
his upright
imperial
spouse tower
ing over that
eternal code
of "I'll
right you
wrong"
ly embarrass
ed his tip-
toed right-
fearfull

y to a less
er (inhibi
ted) tact.

jj) Pets

that small
ish self-en
closing dog
sun-rehear
sing the
dreamy sway
of its in
nocent
ly recept
ive paw-
finds.

kk) Sense-renewed

It could
have been
as a taste
that remind
ed (as An
dreas did)
of a time
that wasn'
t now refresh
ingly sense-
renewed.

ll) Buried-to-life

They found
that treasure hidden
buried-to-
life blood-
soaked (drained down) centuries after
that unrecorded Jew-massacre.

mm) Awakened

Can these
stones so
cold mute and
callously bouldering the sea
absorb its
sounds alive awaken
ing as from the primitive birth of
a renewing
cultural dawn.

nn) A.

still fight

ing the war

s he'd never

seen or known

A German a

Jew in those

no-known-man'

s-lands of

his two-sid

ed front

s.

oo) Understanding

Some look

s seem under

standing

as fresh flow

ers cut to

a moment'

s pause.

pp) Costumed (Alena age 8)

Children

color-cost
ume even

more than
those in-hid

ings from
self.

qq) Shadowings

Crete

shadowing
the last of

its October
days through

those dark
sounds of the

sea's irresol
ute wind-im

mersing
s.

rr) Aron

wiesell

ed his way
as the rock-

obscuring
inhabitant

s of some
remote-in
sisting
ground-urg
ings.

ss) Self-in-becoming

When it'
s hard to
walk and
time's bear
ing down on
each step
as these
words seem
almost com
plete
ly self-in
becoming.

tt) Wind-involved

This sea'
s moving
slowly
through my
conscious

ly being
wind-in
volved.

uu) Palm shadows

swaying
through
the soft
ness of moon
lit trans
parancie
s.

vv) These

barren stone-
faced island
s staring
centurie
s of unin
habited con
templations
s.

ww) Blood-ties

some
where at the
pulse of un

remember
ed dream

s.

xx) Sound-awakenings

These time-

forgotten
birds circ

ling wind
s of spac

iously ap
parent sound-

awakening
s.

yy) Two faced

they called

it as if we
could be

seeing
through a

unity of
self.

zz) *She*
“always
true to her
darling in
her fashion”
ed an irre-
sistible
charm of
those deep
ly eye-spok-
en allus-
ions.

aaa) *Railing'*
s sensed-
touch
through the
down-feel
of these un-
recorded mo-
ments.

bbb) *Pained*
If one can
die of pain
so scream-

tight that
thought'

s raw-nerv
ed.

ccc) Close-cas
cading wave
s riding the
unerring
depth of
these imper
ial cliff
s as a child
horsed to his
caroussel'
s infinite
ly through-
chargings.

ddd) Responded
She immens
ed such a
ponderous
obesity
that even
when slight
ly smiled

her chair
creaked in
credulous
response.

eee) Roomed out

Hotel'
s closing
down for the
season left
me empty-
halled room
ed out of
those echo
ing sense
d-feeling
s.

Melitta S. (in memory)

When that
ship of mine
too heavy to
bear its own
needs sinking
beyond a time
less deep

You (and no
one else) could
have resurfac
ed it flagged
it again but
for your own
calling it
found away for
another unde
cided port.

Secretly concealing

This early
November
morning'
s hushed-
quiet as some
persons se
cretly con
cealing some
unknown truth
s more like
ly from them
selves.

The pianist

(Buchbind
er) scal
ing those
thought
fully per
ceptive fin
gers of his
through Beet
hovianly
brighter-
staged
orches
trating flow
ers resolute
ly self-en
hancing.

Sonata op. 27.1 (Beethoven)

dialogue
d in unre
solving
question
s that left
him middle
d through.

That oriental girl

Some paint
ings unease
the more of
us than could
be lasting
ly resolved
as that or
iental girl
with inward
ly pleading-
guilty eye
s knowing
more than
they should
be telling
us through
that strange
ly colored
background-
face secret
ly withhold
ing.

Mowed-down

His hand
s temper
ed to a cau
sality of
touch-look
ed much
like he'd been
mowed-down
to that e
vened-grass
ed semblan
ce of self.

High-phrasings

Beethoven'
s oft high-
phrasing
s temper
ed me to a
reflect
ive resid
ually corner
ed-in re
sponse.

The wrong road

He took the
wrong road but
before he
could find his
way back the
landscape
had changed
as when snow
covers over
all that was
known or seen
even the re-
membrance
of why he
was where-
going.

So far aboveness

That little
girl's climb-
ing eyes
couldn't fa-
ther his so-
far-above
ness down to
where she
could all-but-

touch the
claiming
pulse of his
own.

The 1st commandment

Can one love
God more than
a loving wife
She's near
He's mostly a
far She's in
timately
close to my
everyday
needs While
He defines
them oft ab
stractly
in His own
sense But she'
s His most
precious
gift for me
Our love His
transcend
ing cross
ways.

Interchangeable

As they paint
ed all these
self-same
houses to a
unifying co
lor I wonder
ed if those
personing
an inside
hollow
ness weren'
t equally in
terchange
able as well.

Processional

All lined
up process
ionally co
lored as if
for a parade
but the main
performance
inside an Eng
lish wedding
And they (the
hats) symboli

cally signifi
cant each in
its own right.

A graveyard

season
ably dress
ed down to a
respect
ful quiet
ude rehear
sed in the e
choing step
s barely
sensed of
flowering
self-renew
als.

Beggar

comfort
ably corner
ed in to
the small
ness of his
receptive
ly in-hold

ing eye-
finds.

Impersonating smiles

He sat in
a steel and
leather-
bound chair
in a room
of artifi-
cially reflec-
tings light
s syntheti-
cally carpet-
ed for the
seldom sound
s of his
real-life im-
personating
smiles.

Dull-downed

Mid-November

when even
the after

noon's so
dulled-down

in voice
less expos

ures.

Full-stopped

Love wasn't

enough for
that famed ath

lete depress
ively infold

ing until
tracked-down

by an in
coming

train full-
stopped.

Beethoven's 2nd (scherzo)

's rhythmic
self-infatua-
tions so o-
ver-pulsed
that it dead-
sounded me
out.

The flayed ox (Rembrandt)

beaten to
its bared
bones still
hanging cross-
wise bearing
it all dead-
ened for
life.

Creation-near

animal
s breath
ed with a
life of in-
stinctual
awareness
es.

Prayed

He prayed
until his
own voice si-
lenced in
to the re-
deeming
quiet of an
other.

Berwald (cello duo)

finding
from its al-
ways there-
momentum
breathed-
down pause
s lyrical
ly self-
express
ing.

Bach Partita 6 (Sarabande)

Column
ed light-sen
sings self-en
closed
sound-flow
s.

Linear thoughts

as these
thinned na
kedly re
fining bran
ches edged-
in their
line-touch.

Scarsdale'

s become a
house owned
by stranger
s so redone
that I can'
t find my
self back

there A school
imposing more
through its
imperson
ally closing
me out And a
“temple”
that left God
on the o
ther side of
what faith
should mean
It was there
(though) the
birth of this
poet.

Of shadow

If you list
en hard e
nough center
ed to only
discover
ing the or
igin of shad
ow.

Age

I can't mea
sure my age
on his be
ing younger-
looked though
older-thought
as if reflect
ing upon my
own seeing
through.

Berwald

and Nielsen'
s other
wiseness
that can't
quite be
translat
ed in to
what it
shouldn't
have been.

A strange

bird (one I'
d never seen
before) color
ed to a sort
of wingèd ap
proval per
haps in re
ciprocal ac
cords.

Telling the

truth even
if it hurt
s especial
ly if you
know it won'
t help isn'
t true at
all to the
kindness
that's true
beyond all
that thought
avails.

Sermoned A. M.

It was
only when he
sermoned him
self down
from that high-
standing pul-
pit that I
lost my own
preacher'
s fears of
such tenu-
ously preclud-
ing height
s.

2 Rooms (H. E.)

On that long
rainy day He
mostly spoke
of those 2
rooms the one
for the still
active the o-
ther that point-
ed his way
to a used-
out sense of

speechless
ly self-in
volving.

Self-findings

Little girl
s dressed-
through their
Sunday best-
knowing that
womanly
feel of co
loring o
ver appre
ciative
self-find
ings.

Off-mapped

They didn'
t know that
in themsel
ves off-mapp
ed as a for
eign border
never there
for finding

out until
they were
taught to
kill.

Room

s left a
lone to a
vacancy
of growth
in sad
ness.

Israel in Egypt (Händel)

a) That God
of strength
who led them
out with such
a sure hand
and unbend
ing spirit
left so many
in our time
s so helpless
ly behind en
emied to those
untold chasm

s of their
relentless
ly death-
claims.

b) Frogs
on the loose
rhythmic
ally pulsing
even in to
those remote
ly cor
ners of their
most intim
ate housing-
comfort
s.

c) A darkness
came over
that land
so deep that
not even word
s could be at
tuned to their
indwelling
lightness
of sense.

Eye-attuning

Saying the
right thing
s at just
the right
times with
that look of
eye-attun
ing concern
s like some
paraphras
ing their u
sual need
s for a touch
ed-over cig
arette-
glance.

That more

Hers an un
requited moth
erly instin
ctual need
for being
that more a
part of
self.

Hollywood-type

happy end
ings are only
happy for
some who'
ve long wish
ed an ending
of all those
party-posed
happiness
es on dis
play.

Before

the operat
ion Closed in
a room where
even the mir
ror seemed
blind to his
not look
ing back.

November

My November'
s time-of-
life declin

ing bright
ness to the
horizon'
s impending
darkness
es' down-fall.

Clouding-up

an all en-
veloping tir-
edness of not
even a shad-
ow's inform-
ing resolve.

Hospitall

ed in to
this artifi-
cial man-made
world to eye-
touch what e-
ven seems va-
guely alive
to flesh and
blood-like.

The inside

of night
where fear'
s inhabit
ing its e
ven more than
that moon's all
uring glow.

2nd rate

acting mi
mics the lack
of a whole
ness rarely
brought back
to life.

Flash-image

What was
(why then
why where)
flash-image
ed to the
now of time'
s two-fac
ing present.

Sleep

less night
s in the
shallow
ed darkness
of unfelt
dreams.

Arisen

City a
risen from
the sun'
s blue-spa
cing uphold
ing assuran
ces.

Surgeon

strict and
attentive
ly espying
those ten
der morsel
s he'd be
taking out

of my only
being blem
ished by
those left-
over blood-
stains.

A no-talk-back

Some main
tain a no-
talk-back au
thority as
that Sunday
policeman
almost motion
lessly hand-
signalling
a change of
traffic-re
sponse.

Reclothed

Special
ly recloth
ed for the
operation'

s tight-fit
that death
(hopeful
ly) would
find no room
for getting
in safely
there.

“He brought them forth (Händel, Israel in Egypt)

like sheep”
dumb with
out will
without sense
of being
led direct
ionless from
an unseen
hand more pow
erful and stea
died than
that unrelent
ing time’
s force.

Fascism

may have
killed itself

in the ruin
s of its

still-brood
ing cities

birds of prey
hovering o

ver that last
self-sancti

fying mess
age.

That lone wait for Chung

In “the
house of the
dead” he wait

ed patient
ly weeks-on-

end for the
incoming

outgoing
shadows of

what wasn’
t his lone

liness not
finding it

self out.

Low tides for Ingo and Hanni

when most of
life seem
s gone out
of them
low-tides
and that with
drawing sense
from the moon'
s self-rest
ing glow.

Forgiveness

Some can
not forgive
because there'
s too much
of self that
barrens that
fruitless
land of their
s.

Inner monologues

Don't o
pen wound
s too soon
The blood
will flow free
ly beyond
leaving much
of yourself
behind.

Cloud-moving

Storm with
out quiet
within a
world that'
s cloud-mov
ing so dens
ed-silent
ly beyond.

Guilty

of what one
didn't do
Christ told
him so as if
the mind's
feel wasn't
more reveal
ing than that
silken touch.

Talk-time

as empty-
phrased as
those cere
monial dress
ed up past per
formance
s of world
ly rituali
zing a code
of self-san
ctifying
s.

Thunder

without
afraid of
the cold sha
dowings of
the mind's e
choing those
primitive
voices hea
ven-swelling
warn-light
s.

Proud beauty

stuck-up
to its self-
certain
ty of reassur
ing mirror
ed appear
ances.

Abbreviations

when words
have lost
their fullness
of formed-
meaning
less now
only letter
s disinte-
grated in to
where the
special few
can body them
back to
phrase.

For Rosemarie

It wasn't
Gatsby's myth
of a still-
flowering
daisy that
kept you here
for me Nor the
Laura (the
real one) more
realized
by the sweet

softness of
those silent-
innuendo eye
s of yours.

After Manet

You read
him short
right down
to where
only feet
were stand
ing at an im
personed
stance.

Same routes?

No they'
ve document
ed that death-
feeling after
one's gone as
if we'd all ta
ken the same
alive route
s to that in
becoming for
self.

The fall

You knew
we would fall
(let the
Satan in)
his open
ing door
s revolv
ing smile
s too weak
to hold back
temptation'
s grasping
for a fruit
that satiat
ed our ever-
more needs
for You.

Lost hold

When he lost
hold (grasp
ing for a
line that
would surface
him out) It
was only his
hands that
slipped a

way to the
bottomless
deep of his
own self-find
ings.

Surgeon

His face
didn't speak
implacit
ly non-touch
ing hand
s wholesome
though blood-
designed.

Too poor

(as he said)
to find a
wife but rich
enough in the
understand
ing of why
life's more
its own un
folding beyond

the surface
of all those
artificial
self-appear
ances.

Proverbs

oft buried
in those re
mote region
s of a once
inexplicit
past now so
self-appar
ent that one
doesn't even
question our
not knowing
their why-
from.

Birch

es birth
ed out of
their long
ing for the
moon's ines
capably
lit.

Napolean'

s tree-lin
ed soldier
s forward-
marching
through the
shadows of
their victor
ious light-ef
fusions.

Unanswered question' (Ives)

s not the
why or where
fore but its
own unresolv
ing stillness
es.

Poland

a no coming
back to
where I never
was in the
land of the

dead ashed
down to
vague remem
brances of a
time that
was always
then and al
ways now-
lost.

Clean slate

all's forgott
en forgiven
the black
board's wash
ed down to
its imper
ceptible
though still
looming dark
nesses.

The lake

in late Nov
ember so si
lently re
solving its
vast distan
ces spacious
ly unheard.

The left behind

They left be
hind those
poor ghett
oed times
those centur
ies of oppress
ion but for
got to pack
the God of
Moses for
their long
trip to freed
om and oppor
tunity.

Tears

Why does the
light and
peace of Christ
mas bring
tears to those
who've long
since wiped a
way the true
source of
its meaning.

On crutches

A world on
crutches
clinging to
the implied
balancing
strength
for their lost
ground-mean
ings.

Time

fades out
as those
superflu
ous facade
s of beach
houses o
ver looking
other time
s than
these.

Imaged (3)

a) Some statue
s shadow e
ven beyond
where their
death-image
could immense
such undue
ly claim
s.

b) Kafka's
father left
his son only
the paled i
mage of his
self-denial
s.

c) How often
we live with
in the shadow
s of our
self-image
as a coffin
holding us
in ground-
based.

The pioneers (Willa Cather)

have only
new lands
to claim a
vacancy of
such remote
inner silen
ces.

Advent

If The Lord
remains that
always differ
ent always o
therwise Why
did He need
(once again)
to claim us
for His own.

The guilt (Isiah 53)

Did Christ
bear that
heavy price a
lone even a
bandoned from
his loving Fa
ther Or did
He recall his
first-loved
people to
help share
those birth-
pains for a
longing re
demption.

Both fronts

Must one
have war
s without
to keep the
peace with
in Better to
enemy one
self to both
fronts at
once.

Time-sourced

Slight per
suasion
s of cloud
s horizon
ed from view
while slow
ly drift
ing these
troubled time
s of ours a
way.

Off and running

Jumped the
gun (as u
sual) off and
running until
he discover
ed he was a
lone on that
track circl
ing miles of
emptiness
without be
ginning or
end breath
lessly aware.

A lamp

hanging the
evening down
as if heaven
and earth sus
pended to
its all-in
pending glow.

The Always-Jew

I'm guilty
because I'm
a Jew and cause
these younger
Germans a need
to defend what
they hadn't
done I'm guil
ty the alway
s Jew.

The fear

a child
has of the
dark that o
ver coming un
known too
deep to find
himself
through.

“There came a new king (Israel in Egypt, Händel)

who knew not
Joseph” The
signs were
there hard to
decipher at
first (perhaps
because we
didn’t want to
realize)
that each of
us has his
time his span
of meaning
no more than
a hand’s
length of
times clos
ing in tight-
down on us.

Self-creating

Rain-wash
ed shadow
s self-creat
ing these
lone-find
ing country
roads in to

the dense
woods of their
all-consum
ing silence
s.

The great divide

We belonged to
gether (or so
we were told
to believe)
a large fam
ily The way
was far but
our steps re
peating
those same in
stinctual
rhythms rhy
med to a comm
on cause un
til we came to
that great di
vide looming
high above
what we'd e
ver conceived
But few were

left to all-
our-own and
the others
disappear
ing in those
thicken
ing fogs deep-
down below.

Walk-on

but the time'
s had passed
his clue to
a world that
wasn't the
one he'd al'
ways known
left him
long irrecon
cilably un
moved.

As the blind

Some as the
blind with
their self-dir
ectioned cane
can only touch
the ground-
base of o
ther's faint
ly echoing
footstep
s.

Those hospi

tal carpet
s worn with
the surfac
ing needs of
those whose
pains had
run deeper
than even
the imprint
s of such
linger
ing sound
s could recall.

Animalled (10)

a) The mind of

the bird her
metically

small-rang
ed to where

the flight
from earthly

reason can be
come wingèd

with heaven
ly dimens

ions.

b) Fish

water

ing the sound
less deep

unconscious
ly color

ing their
self-express

iveness.

c) The giraff

elongat

ing to the
linear

heights of
a lyrical

refrain.

d) After Henri Rousseau

Strange

phantom-
eyes dark

ly conceal
ing the wild

nesses of
their dead-

down claw
ed instinct

s.

e) The giant

turtle ex

posing the ex
tended width

of a world
slow-timed

consuming.

f) The snake
poison-
tongued the
curious Eve
to its ven-
omous sting-
flow.

g) The burly
brown bear
paws contem-
platively
committed
to the wind
s and wild
s of his ap-
proaching
forest-claim
s.

h) The seal'
s slippery
pleasure
s riding the
instinct
s of a cool
ed-down Sun-
day afternoon.

i) The frog

jumped im

pulsively
self-situat

ing a moment
ary pause

Jumped
thorough

ly past that
too-longed

contemplat
ive inter

lude.

j) The red fox

es' sleek

beauty flash
ing inter

mittant
ly through

his hunt
ing eyes.

Shore-instincts

So rhyme and
meter imply
an even-keel
ed world a
flow with the
surety of
shored-in
stincts.

Down moved

Snow mov
ing the moun
tains down in
to a close
ness of cool-
touched re
membran
ces.

Even if

the dead
can't answer
all the why
s and where
fores of
what still re
mains mute
I'm listen
ing hard e
nough to
what could
n't be said.

Homelessly

birds in an
emptied park
circling their
uninhabit
ed winter-sha
dowings.

Pre-timed

Knotted
tight in the
scarcely un
ravelling
world of her
own self-cer
tainities
She seemed
almost pre-
timed as an
imals instin
cted with
out cause of
their know
ing why.

Mapped

He slept that
night over a
room of emp
tied maps
he tried to
fill in those
vacant place
s he'd left be
hind but could
n't remember
their names or

those still
self-evas
ive time
s.

Sacred

If nothing'
s sacred
then you are
that untouch
able pride
replete with
sacrament
al self-justi
fication
s and litur
gical surround
ings protect
ing the holi
ness of your
sanctify
ing person.

An eerie

fog-ridden
light he
couldn't e
ven touch the
shadows of
its not-going-
where.

Wheel-chaired

For those
who have to
wheel a world
that keeps re
volving a
bout one's
self-center
of those out
side revolv
ing interlud
es.

Sibelius' world (for Tony)

dark and
lonely where
man's evas
ive shadow
ings can't e
ven inhabit
what's threat
ening unre
solving-time
lessness
es.

Footstep

s in the hall
coming near
er feeling
closer that
one could al
most hear
the subdued
message of
those tiles
spoken aloud.

The carpets

It was only
when she be
came unmoved
static that
she realized
all the car
pets of her
usually tam
ed house be
gan moving a
bout all those
ways she could
n't imitat
ing or per
haps only re
minding.

"Naked I came

forth from my
mother's womb"
(Job) and na
ked they re
turned stripp
ed of all
that wasn't
even the hope
s and dreams

choking in the
gas of Israel'
s return to
its nakedly
withholding
land.

In these hos

pital room
s Time's be
come more on
the outside
windowed as
Alice's look
ing glass more
real for not
being there.

On Psalm 73

Why do the
godless live
so freely-fine
in a world
without Him
Or why do we
suffer from

the blind
ness of not
realizing
their pains
and darkness
es as our
own.

For Rosemarie

Birch-blue
sky's light
ness dress
ed to your
morning'
s wind-trans
parent ap
peals.

He

for years
master of
the tiger'
s dreaded
glare false-
stepped spell
broken to
their devour
ing fleshed
and boned.

First snow

As we slept
through the
softness
of recurr
ing dreams
the first snow
recreating
the night'
s soundless
ly awake.

The evil one

If we deny the
evil one He
becomes all-
powerful
(Baudelaire).

The day

they unclothed
him of his
horns tails and
other extenu
ating attri
butes so wick

edly unreal
A terrifying
nakedness o
vercame their
helpless
need for es
cape.

Mongolid (down-syndrom)

Dressed up
that he did
n't look o
therwise with
a finely att
ending beard
conscious
ly poised
an image of
his becoming
a puppet to
his own self-
securing ap
pearance.

Snow-clouds

as women
pregnant with
those darken
ing enclos
ures of life-
releasing
s.

4 German poets

a) Else Lasker-Schüler

off-center
ed exoti
cally color
ed to a self-
eccentric
I'm the in
side of what
ever isn't
out.

b) Heine/Eichendorff

The one per
haps finer-
felt a trans
parency of
word-sensed i

ronically
toned same
nesses.

c) The other'

s darker ton
ality mystic
ally voiced
quietly re
ceptive.

d) Hofmannsthal

knew before
he knew it
was so as
when the swan
s white-sha
dowing their
time-pass
ings secret
ly reveal
ing.

Moonrise

This moon
rised snow-
awakening
primeval
other-world
linesses.

The dead

still alive
facing us
back to those
unresolv
ing moment
s of their
s.

Time-flowing

Train's light
s through
the darken
ing snow time-
flowing un
seen distan
ces.

“Verlust der Mitte” (loss of the center Sedlmeyer)

If nature'
s still so
mysterious
ly alive Why
has art dull
ed its self-
efficient
brush to that
inescap
able loss.

When

the cold so
intense
that even
the free-fall
en snow touch-
resistant
muted from
voice.

Galuppi'

s sonatas
reflective
ly intimate
as if each
tone was touch
ing at the
chords of
self-response.

She

had a way
of being so
open friend
ly cheerful
almost bird-
like that
she still re
mains a clos
ed book for
me.

Been there before

He knew he'
d been there
before a
strange feel
ing of having
been seen
through the
way dogs scent
their close-
to-the-ground
appraisal
of what's lead
ing them out
and far be
yond.

Flaked-like

snow harden
ed to im
pression
s of a mind
less void
wordless
ly intact.

The snowman (after Wallace Stevens)

felt cold
motionless
ly self-ap
parent be
cause he was
looked at that
way numbed
and voice
lessly time-
stilled.

Tracks

in snow
paw-signs
so slight
ly felt as
a child touch
ing for its
mother's
calming
voice but
here blood-
endings.

Human nature

If human
nature was
mainly Jewish
upper middle
class hysteri-
cal ladies in
a decadent
and decaying
society Then
Freud had it
just right!

Through the looking glass

Those who in-
stinctively
feel why o-
thers react or
would have just
the way they
do through a
looking glass
of doubling
self-image
s.

The church

here dy
ing its cold-
stone memor
ies of why
it once did
n't allow
Jesus the Jew
inside its
sanctifi
ed presence.

Wittenhofen (for Michael in remembrance)

We'd been
there often e
nough but
only once
did that place
become a
live because
he died since
and that'
s where he'
s buried to
the depth of
my mind-sens
ings.

Winter-dark

a pre-pre
sence brood
ing as some ex
tinct animal
waiting unre
solved for its
reclaiming
time.

The thaw

only then
we knew how
deeply the
frost had con
fined us to
its tensed-
foreign reign.

Marked off

They mark
ed off their
terrain much
as animal
s instinct

ively do a
marriage of
what's mine
became a world
that couldn'
t keep them
both.

À la Magritte

At the top
of the world
his hat still
accumulat
ing the ten
uous reach of
those sound
less snow-drif
tings.

a) Winter fog' I
s surround
ing self that
not even the
lithe bird
could find the
wherefore
of its wing

èd light
ness.

b) Winter fog' II

s that not
even the out
lines of these
unfathomed
houses could
merge beyond
their weight
less silen
ces.

The lake

in Benson Vt.
however deep
they tried
but never found
the bottom
less chasm
ed wild tur
tles and black
eluding snake
s coiling a
round our depth
lessly penetrat
ing fears.

December 25

the light-
miracle of
Chanukah'
purified tem
ple proclaim
ing His un
ity with The
Father's in
visible do
minion.

The scream (after Munch)

He screamed
so loud so
long until a
deadly si
lence over
came that room
emptied out
of all but
increas
ing feared.

Describing (for Lenore)

the route
of a first-
time alone
almost as
if Charles en
compassing
a lost-time
together
ness.

Pale winter

days faint
ly blank-fac
ed snow wash
ed down to
vague (though)
slightly re
curring) re
membrance.

Cathédrale de la Résurrection (Evry-Essonne)

Spaced
to a heaven
ly light-
depth ascend
ling beyond
time's reach
ing hold.

He talk

ed oblique
ly almost out
of the cor
ner of his
eyes hold
ing time back
from its ag
ing appear
ances.

Four and a

half of an
only child
standing up
right to
those care

fully select
ive words ade
quately fea
turing self-
importance.

The most of

He made the
most of him
self until there
was little
left to suit
his continu
ing needs for
more.

The calling

We were call
ed not be
cause we're
better more
deserving
somehow
something
special but
simply be
cause.

For safe-keeping

All the x-
rays the
blood result
s those dis
eases known
or not fil
ed for safe-
keeping long
after he'
d passed a
way.

Chagall

couldn't
know where
color came
from so my
sterious
ly alive he
created it a
new.

Snap-shot

as if that
reveal
ing moment
could tell
the all of
what we al
ways are diff
erently.

Home

an always
s moving on
a restless
nowhere
s homeless
ly unfind
ing.

Bellini'

s rabbits
and squirrel
s touching
and tast
ing in scent

of life's
lithely appeal
ings.

Tourist

s reading
up on New
York as if
these impene
trable build
ings wouldn't
be reading
down on their
soul-staring.

New Years Eve

in Times Square'
s increas
ingly tension
ed lights/
crowds wait
ing incess
antly for
that incom
ing invisib
ly felt there
ness.

Can snow

however
lightly
sensed conceal
ing the or
igins of its
white-illum
ed cause.

She felt

in her alone
d vacancy
the need of
flower the
touch that co
lor confine
s.

Self-assuming

These imitat
ion timber-
faced house
s recall
ing what time
could never
retell now
mutely self-
assuming.

The village

at dusk
curtain
ed to the
instinct
s of its
light-re
ceding
voice.

Georgia O'

Keefe's ab
stract co
lorings
the flow of
their prime
val source.

A piano

no longer
finger
ed from
sound is
like a wo
man untouch
ed to the

very chord
s of her be
ing.

Ugly hand

crevice
d/boned
their jewell
ed-imitat
ing reflect
ions.

Wronged

He wrong
ed himself
by being
right so
often as if
truth had
been housed
in his own
personal re
solve.

Double-sensed

Reading
world/real
worlds of
the lines be
tween that
speak her
out transient
ly double-
sensed.

Full-sized

mirror that
asked the en
tire length
of why only
his focus
ing eyes.

The older

he became
the more
night encom
passing his
being tomb

ed in per
petual dark
ness.

Aloned

Night a
loned in an
unknown
city mask
ed in con
crete si
lences.

King David

given the
too much of
wanting more
than the
bounds of his
imploring
faith could
possibly en
dure.

Drift

ing water
s the mind
loosen
ing as a
flag search
ing for co
lors.

Cut free

There was
a niceness
about her
softness
of response
as a flower
so petall
ed but some
how cut free
from its
time-intend
ing source.

Palm tree'

s wavy-light
summer-entranced
a some-e
vocative
remembrance
of what
couldn't
quite be
brought back
to mind.

Overwhelm

ed he felt
himself as
a wave riding
beyond
the tides of
too much too
soon all at
the once of
not knowing
where.

Endangered

species

not many of
them left

if only spotted
in some

remote re-
gions of

mostly a
bandoned li-

braries
that they

became a
sort of pro-

tected spec-
ies off-bound

s of the kind
one didn't

need to hunt
down any

more.

A cloud-be

spoken day

that could
n't quite come

as some self-
deceptive

persons be
yond the en
closure
s of such
curtain
ed non-re
vealing
s.

How do

clams feel
closed in
a no-way-of
getting out
sea-wash
ed bottom-
ground sway
ing indeci
pherable ac
cords to the
taste of
their prede
tor's whole-
wrenching
claws.

Theirs

was like a
race of drawn
horses a marriage
of who's
pulling a
head in that
continuing
contest of
superior
brands.

A Jane Austen type

He took her
hand (tightly
pressed)
so straight
into the imploring
depth
of her exchange
ably protective
eyes
that she took
him (off the
real mark)
for genuinely
true.

Those

predator
women as
giant vultur
ous birds hov
ering over
their most
ly shy inno
cently man-
like self-ef
facing consum
ed-by-choice
victims.

Incomings

Pink impli
citly felt-
down the self-
conscious
whims of his
color-implor
ing tie
d to an e
vanescent
ly incom
ing from self.

Touch-stones

If color im
plies sound
It's because
man's the
touch-stone
of his own
self-preclud
ing thought
s.

Ulysees returned

Penelope
weaving
the rhyme
s of color
and the touch
of her in
finding hand
s to that
seldom unity
of person
ed-place.

Lost

It was e
ven more
than a child
that she lost
even more
helpless
ly innocent
snow-seized
with the dy
ing pains
of her milk
less breast
s.

The psalmist'

s fear of
life's bottom
less pit clut
ching him
eternally
down Emptied
to God's speech
less hold.

The light

tower ris
ing above the
sea stone-con
firming that
blanked sil
ence of
unheard word-
decipher
ings.

Flower

s melt
ing in to
the dried
touch of his
voiceless
pulse.

Sub-freeze

in Florida'
s like be
ing felt
through a
strange hand

pressing down
to untouch
ed blood-le
vels.

Afterglow

The fire'
s afterglow
the ash
of stone-re
membrance
s.

Warren'

s house of
light and
spaced him
to the un
known peri
pheries of
his imagin
ed self.

A safety

She sought
a safety
a refuse
from what
she didn't
want to know
at that bott
omless depth-
ed-ground
less self.

Unanswered

The death of
her from God
unanswer
ed brother
left her as
a candle
burned to the
wax and its
melted and
cold.

The feel of

Getting the
feel of an
other person'
s like land
scaping the
where of what'
s beyond one'
s own sensi
bilitie
s.

“Thy will be

done” ’s the
very quest
ion mark
ed at our
own out-per
soned being.

“Taking each

day as it
comes” when
it’s really
taking the
time out of

your being
pruned-bare
d of most
ly self-flav
ouring intent
ions.

Self-effac

ing can also
become a mean
s of con
cealing
(though at
times) more
from oneself.

Hedges

rowed so
highly fore
boding en
closure
s of where
fear can'
t shadow
its beyond
ness.

Morning

lights awak
ening through
those paled
dreams of
long-lost for
getfulness.

“Giving in

to oneself”
s the quick-
sand to the
lower level
s of where
she’d always
been fall
ing.

Worst enemy

If I’m my
worst enemy
Only love
can overcome
me from that
combat zone
of self-den
ial.

Dolled

She wanted
to be pitied
Dolled her
self in to
those open
ing/clos
ing eyes of
untouch
ably chaste
plaything
s.

Renewals

Flowers
freshly co
lored his
hand's scent-
clasping re
newals.

Wave-timing

Even in
that embrac
ing chill

the pool o
ver-lapped
the turn
ing tides of
his armed
wave-tim
ings.

Walls

not person
s Two in a
room of
nothing
to be seen
except those
cold self-en
closings.

Closeness

He'd never
seen their
height shad
owed in their
dark-impend
ing close
ness.

Illuminat

ing manuscript'

s signify
ing letters

as if word
s were but

colored for
space-lined

appreciat
ions.

Klimt'

s flower-

flow through
the lush color

ing's al
ternating

rhythms.

Berrie'

s touched-

glow of moon-
escaping

sensed-moment
s.

Haiti'

s so poor
that there
was little
left to sat-
isfy the quake'
s unresolv-
ing hunger
for more.

Owl-night

hollow
ed to the
depth of where
fear defie
s its voiced-
from presen-
ce.

The parrot

caged in
trying to
speak aloud
the reach of
its own plum-
ed feather
s.

For Rosemarie

Only your
love could
fast-hold
the sand
bars of my
islanded
loneli
ness.

Pale sand

s the cloud
s mutely e
vasive as
shy pre-adol
escent girl
s dressed
so scarce
ly indistin
ct.

Dead fish

on the beach

The cold
shocked the

color out
of their

sound-increa
sing light-

intensit
ies.

Of no return

City of
lights at

the end of
the sea va

cantly re
claiming

those lost
voice's no

return.

A sorrow

ful couple
blank at the
center though
unified in
their long
ing-loss of
oneness.

Character study

The curve
of the palm
so slender
ly self-ab
sorbing.

Haiti (3)

a) *Voodoo'*
s pin-cush
ioned call
ing the dead
spirits to
reinhabit
that fail
ing land a
gain.

b) Cain

took the
blind path
in to those
unknown land
s of his blood-
insisting deed
s invisibly
marked with
that unknow
ing sign
ed redempt
ion.

c) Why then

this peace
ful morning
air after
night had
been so soft
ly claimed
for the rest
ful sea tam
ed by its
master hand
and the un
resolving
quiet of an
all-impending
fear.

Revealing

He touch
ed beyond
their skin
ned-surface
with that
scapel that
only words
could reveal
the depth of
wounds but
scarcely
scarred-o
ver.

Sit-down chair

That little
old lady with
braided fine
ly-combed
hair and small
but decisive
lips self-pro
claiming in
renewal im
portance of
her own design
ating sit-down
chair.

Masked

His was a
choric Grae
cean mask en
circling self-
deceptive
rhythmic
phras
ing.

Dog-racing

They used
those speed-
empower
ed racing dog
s money-driven
to their own
self-enchanc
ing end
ed by aband
oning them to
the winds and
weather of
their helpless
ly broken-down
aging needs.

Classically

felt stone'
s chaste
scent of its
cooled touch
time-decipher
ing awareness
es.

The palm

gently silou
etting a trop
ical idyll
icly caress
ing softness
of serene
touch-silen
ces.

Desert

cactus
flowers
caused in the
scent of
their irre
vocably re
fining light.

Side

streets
deserted

lanes that
led him off

through the
unknown of

those self-
follow

ing path
s.

Dead fish

braced help

lessly on
the beach mu

ted to the un
known depth

of their co
lorless

plight.

Dialogued

Young wo
man with pram
wheeling the
untold dis
tances of
their speech
less unity
of phrase.

Of sound-touch

Tiny celebra
ted flower
s momentar
ily infelt
rarity of
sound-touch.

Follower

His eyes
younger
than thought
s could re
veal a little-
boy-look of
a world not

yet round
ed for
light-
touching.

Over-stated

Some color
s too rich
ly self-en
dowed as
truths irre
vocably o
ver-stated.

Virgin-

souled-child-
like as a
tideless
moon scarce
ly night-sur
facing.

Holding back

Passionate
ly holding-
back the grasp
of some un-
known fear
reigned tight-
ly-secured.

Focused

Can time fo-
cus itself in-
tensed to
that soli-
tary moment
of only then
only now.

Reflect

ions in
glass less
ened the fresh-
ness of co-
lors out of
their sus-
pending re-
sponse.

Just right

Having it
just right
The table set
to her glass-
defining
touch
ed the ap-
pearance
for her read-
ily expos-
ing guests.

Returned

He return-
ed to the
city of his
youth listen-
ing for the
voice of
where he
couldn't
find himself
again.

Half-confessional poetry (in memory Robert Lowell)

staring me
back as if
I was ask
ing why these
dream-sun
years have
aged my skin
as those
rings indebt
ed to a weath
erless tree.

No way out

of a bank
rupt marr
iage except
by paying
those excess
ive bills
back.

Are

night-waves
why my heart'
s dark-puls
ing its un
resound
ing shore
s.

Repeating

She repeat
ed herself
so often
as waves
always sam
ed to a
dullness
of sense
as if time
hadn't real
ly moved on
with her.

2nd commandment (Moses)

Recreat
ing God in
to the i
age of why
we'd alway
s be need
ing him less.

Her fear

as if time
had encir
cled its no-
coming-out
labyrinth
in to a
maze of self-
wandering
s.

Rosemarie'

s always
the reced
ing ebbed-
quiet of my
increasing
ly flow.

Windowing

It rained
so secret
ly the night
through-window
ing its self-
reflect
ing glass.

Barnacled

She barna
cled him
holding fast
to a sunken
treasure
she couldn'
t surface be
yond its self-
escouncing
darkness.

Awared

Becom
ing aware
of the dark
ness slow
ly start
s seeing us
through.

4 Poets

a) For Richard Wilbur

to regain the
composure
of your lei
sured-polish
ed ease word
ed mostly
right You're
the Macke of
a securing
poet's world.

b) Elizabeth Bishop'

s poetic-
prose of her
same-voiced
closely-felt
narrative-
length.

c) E. E. Cumming's

surface
play of why
language
can be so
newly cropp
ed.

d) Blake

needed more
of that ti
ger imagery
dense and
fierce
ly forcing
him from his
child-like
simplici
ties.

Autistic

She became
the lesser
space of what
her shadow
could scarce
ly complete.

Twerns

tiny bird-
escap
ing shadow
s still
scarce
ly sensed.

Color

less pain
more bone-
taught
than word
s could less
er define.

Unseen

night-per
sons curtain
ed in to
shadow
s of self-
finding
fears.

When

she slept
she sensed
his awake
ness as if
dream could
become trans
parently
alive.

Read wrong

If I read
him wrong
It's because
he's become
the through-
going chap
ters of a
book bound
to other

times and
places re
mote from
my own touch
ing-downs.

Emily D.

and Hermann
M. The time
s didn't
take them well
off-side
from their
self-suffi
cing voice
d America'
s icons of an
unrequited
loss.

Sick

to his hold
ing grasp
for time's re
lease of words
and sense he
couldn't find
back narrow
ing down.

A tidy

old lady
who kept
the little
things she
so needed
to see and
feel her sam
ed-in one
ness.

A long

bridge of
the kind
that left him
wood-escap
ing unremem
bered land
scapes.

Back doors

they may
never have ta
ken down to
those dark-
dim cellar

s cold-ston
ed Walled in
their imper
soned be
ing.

6 *Times imaged*

a) *Emma (Jane Austen)*

She saw so
much of what
she wanted
to see that
she didn't
really see
at all time
s prevail
ing over per
sons as i
mages of her
less-reveal
ing self.

b) *That passah*

bread Christ
took to the
freedom

long-time
reach of his
crucified
body-claim
s.

c) Ulysees
tied to the
mast held-
fast from the
singing wa-
ters of his
flesh-invo-
king harmon-
ies.

d) When
Burnham Wood
s moved e-
ver closer
instinct
ively near
er to Mac-
beth's death-
barring time-
embedded fear
s.

e) Bald eagles
those high-
flying nation
al icons
nested to
the fragile
reach of
their egg-
protect
ive warm
th-sharing
s.

f) King Manasse
unable to bear
the irresist
able words of
God's over-
reaching hand
severed the
prophet Isiah'
s body in-two
the muted
wood of his
own sharpen
ing fears.

Focused

He focus
ed so long
on that black
spider's mot
ionless de
signed him in
to its web
of fast-catch
ing fears.

Remembered

Why he re
membered
this and not
that feeling
of being
haunted from
an unknown
whereabout
s.

Time-excluding

Why that 12
th century
tower's aband
oned to a
lonely pre

existence
of not know
ing why it'
s still stand
ing remote
ly time-ex
cluding.

Haydn

retones me
to an allu
sive phras
ing's form-
defining.

Deep-down feelings

This day
heavy with
dark reclus
ive thought
s hanging
fully weigh
ed the impend
ing depth of
those unheard
deep-down
feeling
s.

Eye-directioning

Hop-scotch
ing between
those untouch
ed lines of
peripher
al asides to
the light-
weighted
chalk's eye-
direction
ing.

There

The thought-
touch of a
slight wing
èd bird co
lored almost
inpercepti
vely there.

Saturday

retired to
an any-other-
day if it
wasn't for
that snow-
like feel
ing of open-
space field-
imbuing light-
currents.

Kiss of death (Hilde Domin)

She kissed
her husband
and lover in
to a sweet
ness beyond
all human
means of re
calling.

Art's

become a
money-mine
The deeper
you dig the
lesser of
gold nugget'
s brought
to the sur
face-shine
of dollar'
s infalli
ble touch.

Rivered down

He wrote un
til river
ed down to
the barren
pulse of
drought-ap
praisal
s.

Birth-waves

This early
spring land'
s soften
ed down e
ven sensed
for its
through-ful
filling
birth-wave
s.

Softening

Do these
spring-star
s as the
earth-sound
s us even
closer to a
soften
ing of
phrase.

The few

who dare
say what o
thers think
most often
left alone
as a man with
his pipe smok
ing distan
ces ofleisur
ed time-shar
ing.

Stop

was most
always a go
on signal
for his
straight a
head no sha
dowing world
as a train
landscap
ing the speed
of whatever
its having
been left be
hind.

Undone

His shadow
sun-straight
staring in
to a length
less void of
irretriev
able silen
ces.

Insinuating

Her sweet
ness of voice
so unassum
ingly inno
cently insinu
ating the se
cret confine
s of what
would leave
him for her
nakedly vulner
able.

That house

When his sisters left
that house grew
beyond the
width of his
knowing why
each room spoke
in untouch
ed colors secretly aware
of the moon's
rising.

Joseph's robe

Rosemarie's
retold
the many colors of my
childhood
fancies clothed in a
chosen
ness of
voiced-through
perception
s.

Oboe quartet (Mozart k. 370)

Such li
quid sound-
flowings
a river'
s birth
ed light-
touched call
ings.

Orpheus

Do we need
eyes to see
love or can
the voice
claim for a
realizing
touched-
meaning
s.

Faceless

Putting a
good face
on a bad sit
uation 's
like those in
terchange
able masks be
lying a face
less detach
able person.

Ode à Gluck

Controll
ed passion
column
ed against
the restless
sea of man'
s surging
tidal
claims.

One of theirs

I wasn't
one of their
sensing a
foreign blood-
instinct off-
track derail
ed desert-
blooming.

For Rosemarie

born to the
year of our
death-warrant
You've re-
born me be-
yond all
those life-
less claim-
s of self-
reliance.

Uneasing

Pale wind-
blown moon
hanging the
claims of a
faceless
kite strung
to its un-
easing hand
s.

She

in her mid-
dle to late 50
s half succ-
essfully
adolescen-
ting back
to those
self-finding
ways she u-
sually miss-
ed in a marr-
iage of less-
er self-con-
fiding con-
venien-
ces.

He

as stable
as an old
hickory ca
bin wind-
tight even
against his
wife's re
course to
such child
ly flourish
ing ways.

Lifeless from voice

His mind
ran blank
grasping
for what
couldn't be
told as a
stream bedd
ed in the in
ertia of its
dried-down
stones life
lessly voic
ed.

Nightmare'

s
searched down
self-fear
ing the mir
ror's reflect
ionless re
volvings.

No better than

Man's no
better than
his wanting
to be more.

The flute'

s silver
tonali
ties finger
ing light-
waves
through.

Snapshots

quicker
seen then
longer known
the even more
of your not
being other
wise.

The ancient turtle

heavy with
the weight
that has been
carrying him
about centur
ies of wea
thering ex
posures.

Of what it wasn't

Imitat
ion brick
made-to-seem-
wood that
house inhabi

ted by the
appear
ance of what
it really
wasn't.

So multicolored

That bird so
multicolor
ed singing
through the
tonalit
ies of its
flight-sens
ing wings.

A bottomless well

These time
s impend
ing down the
depths of
fear a bottom
less well
walled through
its indescen
ding claim
s.

Esther

the Israel
of God's chosen
dressed in the
radiance of
a purity even
beyond the
brush-touch
of Chagall'
s sensual
ly curving so
manly describ
ing instinct
s.

Rats

at the under
ground gnaw
ing at the
flesh of my
unseen fear-
exposing
clawed-through
imprints.

Thereabouts

Behind those
self-decept
ively dress
ed-through
smiles of
her parting
at the lip
s a secret
ly therea
bouts.

Cloud-transforming

The change
abilitie
s of those
cloud-trans
forming
thought
s wind-drift
ing sound
lessly be
yond.

In the air

Snow in the
air a cool
ness of sound
transcend
ing even those
voiced dis
tances of
touch.

Intelling

Red fox
at the wood
s edge night-
staring the
distant
star's in
telling glow.

Cold-time

houses
holding the
hills down to
their vacant
sense from
loss.

Pale blue

but sun-dis
tancing morn
ing as a
young girl
dressed to
the touch
for trying
its color
s out.

Late winter snow

but slight
ly heard as
a remind
er of what
was or could
have been va
guely appar
ent.

After Breughel

Dark bird
s spoken out
of the realm
s of fear
wing-command
ing that snow-
lit landscape
protect
ively shadow
ing.

On Good Friday

as Christ
died so self
lessly a
lone His blood-
felt wound
s echoing
far and wide
so soundless
ly unheard.

Awakenings

Scarce
ly felt the
slight step
s in fresh
ly fallen
snow only
touched u
pon the sur
face of its
awakening
s.

Illmensee

shadow
ing in depth
of feeling
the shift
ing winds
and through-
describing
clouds a dis
tant releas
ing joy un
told but en
lighten
ing still.

For Michael († 2007)

When the
words are
wanting for
where you a
ren't Even
the dead can
speak if
one tries to
answer their
thoughts a
loud.

But it wasn't

He seem
ed as if
born for a
nother world
That out-of-
place kind of
look as if
asking for
what wasn't
It was
but it most
ly seemed
as if he
wasn't.

Her room

the only
place that
was always
hers took
on the com-
pelling col-
ors of its
secretly re-
creating
moments.

Realizing

Portrait of
me age two-
and-a-half
I didn't
know you then
or you me
But if we'
re the same
being growth
for that not-
knowing reali-
zing.

Closing churches

They're closing churches
down here
Up for the highest bidder
As if the world was closing
down a gain on the
Christ of its sold-out salvation.

Snowcat

as if its secret underbrush
ways could be told and held
so steadfastly self-assuming.

Programmed

They programm
ed him with a
switch-light
number
that he be
came irre
trievably
lost from
being name
less.

Pavane (Ravel)

a dark
under
streaming
sadness flow
ing beyond
the reach of
words or time
as if death
beautified
even more
than life's
realizing.

The new synagogue in Munich (6)

a) lined with

the names of
those sent to
the death camp
s to the glory
of the mute liv
ing God watching
over the re
mains of what
once had be
come His home
less people.

b) Jewish life

in the midst
of Hitler's
city stoned in
protected a
gainst the pre
vailing fears
of that liv
ing past.

c) Thousands
coming to
witness a re
birth of the
living dead
once extinguish
ed to the con
fines of ash
and bone.

d) Auschwitz
here Golgatha
there Christ
martyred in
the image of
His own deny
ing people.

e) I
neither German
nor "Jew" but
the last of
the oneness-
both mourning
as a post-
time witness

at the grave
of these flow
ering hope
s.

f) Israel

unredeemed
in the blood
of the cross
How many more
muted lambs
for their avid
slaughter
houses How of
ten holding
the other cheek
for the church
triumphant
How often the
guilt to be
found not by
the others
but in the
palm of self
Israel unre
deemed in the
blood
of the cross.

Timeless

in a sea
of chang
ing winds and
the current
s of irresolv
ing tides
Ulysees through-
steering re
solved that
only course
for home.

Dull days

closed heav
ens in grey
ed numbness
not even
voiced reson
ances echo
ing for long.

High above

that vast
ness of sea-
sensing-time
in dream-wave
s so silent
ly forgott
en.

Don Carlos (Schiller)

a) Posa

poised high
above his
times The Span
ish Schiller
preaching his
pre-enlight
ened mes
sage.

b) Why Don Carlos?

as unstable
as those Flem
mish colonie
s up-in-arms
though more

against his
mostly un
tamed self.

c) Father/son

conflict as
old as David
and Absalom
as German as
Lessing's Phil
otas Phillip
here more down
staird than
his imperial
nature could
conceive.

d) Love

as if cupid'
s arrows most
ly misdirect
ed marking
them deeper
in a ten
sioned/fash
ioned plot.

e) dated?

no A minimum

wage needed

now as then

for all those

so overwork

ed letter

carries worthy

servants of

a needy state.

Coloring exposures

The fall

ing of these

leaves me

through

nakedly-

color-

ing exposure

s.

Moon-touched scent

Flower

s blooming

through

the dark'

s moon-touch

ed scent.

Of transcending dreams

The night
cloud-surr
ounding a
world of
transcend
ing dream
s.

It “dawned on him”

through
those cloud
s of evane
scent sleep
from a dis
tant shore’s
time-seclud
ing.

Time-releasing

These hill
s in soft
ly flow
through the
wind’s
time-releas
ing.

Dark bells

the night
ringing
through
shadows of
falling leave
s inescap
ably heard.

Instinctive needs

Sensitive
to the fleet
ing sound of
silk the
running light
of waves that
touched her
hands even be
yond their in
stinctive
need for
flight.

Chmelnik

He knew
he was the
last one
though he'
d never been
there A shtetl
as remote
from life
as those kill
ings that left
their last crie
s still through-
resounding
his unheard
silences.

A fear

There's a
fear some
where at the
bottom of
where touch
can only be
told numbed
through
from voice.

Statued

He dreamt
of a no way
out Walled in
from the shad
ows he'd left
behind a no
where place
of his stand
ing there
statued time
lessly ex
posed.

Spohr's

quartet-sweet
ness surface-
flowing from
romantic un
dercurrent
s as a maid
en dressed
in the frill
s of a through-
desiring
self.

For Rosemarie

My world'
s so soft
ly revolving
the sphere
s of where
your eyes
insensing
me through.

Niced

He niced
himself in
to the sweet
after taste
of her
fleeting
ly affect
ions.

K. 590

I must
have heard
it wrong af
ter the seduct
ively disarm

ing predeces
sor It sound
ed me astray
couldn't find
back to an
eased place
of mind "Mo
zart gone wrong"
discredit
ing the fluent
desires of my
own self-creat
ing blissful
solitude
s.

Horses

immov
ably stanc
ed generat
ions of not
knowing o
therwise than
that hill-
consuming
pose breath
lessly in
ert.

Mute

he became
because words
couldn't
answer
what he'd seen
Only that image
of his
raped and dying
mother
spoke louder
foreigned
in a dialect
of fear that
braced him
for its world
of self-denial.

Adrift

He seemed
as a
boat stranded
ashore
to the rock-
bottomed
unevenness
of waves in
telling a
drift.

After-timed

Cloud-
fields thin
ly escap
ing wind-
breezed mo
ment's after-
timed.

Smoke

invisib
ly ascend
ing prayer-
like offer
ing to the
God of no
where seen.

Umbrellaed

Her uplift
ing smile
umbrella
ed the round
ness of con
versation
al color
s.

Star-sensing

Lights
pulsing the
night through
the birth of
star-sens
ing silen
ces.

A loner

the street
s night-
bare at the
sounds of
his voice
less com
ing.

Checkered

This check
ered table
cloth
ed me in
squares of
its cross-
lined appre
ciation
s.

Quietly voiced

You have
to read me
closely
like listen
ing intent
ly to what
you haven't
seen increas
ing quiet-
voiced.

The church

at Sosa
cleansed a
purity of re
fined light-
sense.

Karlsbad

a period
piece of
make believe
its time
s al
ways here
pleasur

ably pursu
ing a turn-
of-century
fashion
able complete
ness.

Wild geese

instinct
ively aflight
fleeing
from their
fear of snow
drawn in to
the shadow
s of that
rhythmi
cally puls
ing urge.

Hovering spaciously

Eyes
grown out
as a rabb
it's carrot-
ears thought-
revolving
more sensed

than heard
where they
meet hover
ing spacious
ly.

The pause

between stop
s catching
up to the
where of not
being there
before I could
breathe but
a touching
sense moment
arily now.

Side-sensed

oblique
acuity of
the cut-down
stone's off-
rhythmic
touch.

Grandhotel Popp (Karlsbad)

so through-
whitely be
stowed cere
monious
ly encircl
ing a final
ity of place
as if time
was record
ing itself
here nothing
but that all-
inclusive
resolve.

Moon-shadows

transferr
ing light e
ven beyond
the bound
s of where
touch can be
heard si
lently em
bracing.

Dusk's

hushed si
lences draw

ing us in
closer ap

proaching
the no

where more
of then dis

solving in
the palm

of stars.

A gaiety

of cloth-

finding patt
erns dance-

coloring
child-like

implied in
nocence.

Bric-a-brac

artifact
s soulless
ly imitat
ing where
blood thin
s and eyes
still seek
ing for gain.

That fear for loss

His hand
s held long
tightly
grasped
that fear for
loss to the
boned bare
ness of his
uncertain
ed touch.

Painted over

He like a
painted-o
ver picture
hidden deep
er than all
futile claim
s for form
ing that o
ther side of
his unreveal
ing now.

That old Roman road

wooded in
the density
of its own
self-declin
ing silence
s running its
routes still
to the breath
of the wind'
s whisper
ing-receding
echoing
s.

Dialogued for Charles

To paint
it as you
see it look
ing through
in brushed
manner of your
eye-sensed a
wakening
s.

At the hair dryers

She sat
at the hair
dryers out
curled es
teemably
prim and pro
perly after-
set eyes
peering a
youthful
spring air
that had left
her irredeem
ably behind.

These quiet rhythms

of snow fall
ing through
a softness
of touch
ed-longing im
pression
s.

Those longing snow depths

The train
never came
although
voiced with
the lights of
its futur
ing glow Some
said it was
consumed in
those long
ing snow-depth
s of their
never finding
out again.

Rooster

at the top
of the church
roof wind-
deciding
the weight of
Peter's un
timely guilt.

So faintly reminding

The snow
released
as of word
s from their
shadow
ing-touch
ed moment
s so faint
ly remind
ing.

The date

uncertain
but at that
time all the
clocks stopp
ed in their

house what
was said e
ven thought
a continu
ous repetit
ion of what
had once
been a pro
cess in be
coming now
became noth
ing more
than that.

Of heard darknesses

The snow a
wakened
lighted-
thoughts trans
parencies of
sound that
voiced the
night through
a continui
ty of heard
darkness
es.

Listening aloud

What these
windows
viewed through
so speech
lessly immune
to words
could only be
told when
this mute si-
lence would
be listen-
ing aloud.

Iced over

The lake
iced over
with voiced
reflect-
ions and the
unheard pre-
scent color
s of its
fish moving
so silent-
ly sound-
through.

What's unsaid'

s echoing
somewhere
through the
spaceless
voice of night'
s irretriev
able silen
ces.

Quiet resolve

This winter'
s quiet re
solve heavy
with the
weight of un
spoken words
its barren
trees speech
lessly recall
ing.

Red brick

enclos
ures of these
shut-down
houses pro
tecting in

shadows of
their out
lasting
past.

And Theodor Fontane

We both
grew younger-
old the dry
ing blood
pressing for
the sap of
outwaiting
years.

Dark moon-

night the
snow awaken
ing soundless
ly voiced
those unheard
silences
of an untouch
ed world
whisper
ing aloud
for light.

1938

This room
with its dark-
wooded-knots
swollen from
birth drying
down now
from those
blood-arous
ing fear
s.

Our answers

We all have
our answer
s right or
wrong those
last lines of
defense the
dug-in moats
castle wall
s protect
ing from with
out the lone
liness of our
breached
through secur
ity within.

Of stuffed animals

the prolifer
ation of tam
ed stuffed an
imals may be
protecting
against those
more aggress
ive ones with
in or with
out so soft
ly self-accom
odating.

I see him

now my father
taking the
snow deeply
felt though
not touching
through/real
izing the emp
tied winds
of his voice
since those
falling stair
s had left
so much of

his being
behind.

Annunciation (Petrus Christus Berlin)

The pristine-
refining-pur
ity of the
Virgin's chaste
ly aspiring
whiteness
through-
describing
lily.

The line

between
the truth and
that unsaid'
s more than
taste can ac
quire as an
artificial
flower water
ing down
from growth.

Archduke Trio I (Beethoven Beaux Arts Trio)

Pressler
toned the Beet
hoven down to
its fineness
of intrinsic
thought
through mosaic
wave-coal
escing one
ness.

Archduke Trio II (last mvt.)

a light
ness of re
lease after
the depth-per
suasions of
its slow mvt.
A tradition
as with Mo
zart or (and)
the contrast
s of a resol
ving through
flowing unity.

Trio Op. 100 (Schubert)

So much exquisite
beauty of
themes that
overcome
the inbetweens of
petitive
stop-going
s.

Moon-cloud

s night veiled
obscured
even from the
dark of shadowing
its
own untouchable
self.

Rock-tensed

The rush
of these dark
cold winter
ing streams
s rock-tens

ed in fear
of their
ceaseless
no wheres
from coming.

For Rosemarie

The soft love
of age
cushion
ed in the
lowering
lights of
a voiced-ap
pearing one
ness.

Of tenderly forgetfulness

My hands
lightly
pursuing
the silent
waves of
your hair in
to stream
s of tender
ly forget
fulness.

A cold

so barren-de
fining even
in distant
stars con
fined the thin
cause of sol
itary still
nesses.

Confined

Even the
streams
frozen down
to the rock-
source of
their voice
less confine
ment.

September song

It's that time
less long
ing tinged
with the leave'
s beautify
ing sadness
of what's so in
effably
becoming.

As Lot

I don't look
back to those
fields of
blood and
ash As Lot
I'm the be
ginning of
each day
each poem'
s unknown
need for the
where of its
becoming.

Reading him

If I read
him by his history as far
as he'd allow to touch those
scarcely perceiving borders the twilight phase
s of his unreconciling person.

*Paintings in the
New Pinakothek (Munich 19c.)*

a) Woman ironing (Degas 1869)

More clothes hanging out
impersonated her
looking from self-imagined.

b) *Henri Rouart and Son (Degas 1891)*

If it was
only the glove
s in telling
their same self-
distancing
generation
s beside
s.

c) *Landscape in Martinique (Gauguin 1887)*

When that out
lasting for
est instinct
ively bright
became too
largely loom
ing through.

d) *Portrait of Frau Gedon (1869 Leibl)*

These cloth
es hand-apprai
sed combing up
touch-wise
the reach of her far-
sounding eyes.

e) *The Weaver (Van Gogh 1884)*

Hand-touch

eyes secur
ing what

ever dark
ness he could

be sens
ing through.

f) *Plucked turkey (Goya 1810)*

Feather

s out hang
ing down as

if war-consum
ing/corps

ed.

g) *Young woman sewing by lamplight (Kersting 1823)*

Intense

ly quiet in
wardly shad

owing a world'
s silent re

frain.

h) The visit of the sovereign (Spitzweg after 1870)

His carriage

as isolat
ed from the

daily poor
as those al

most fairy-
tale house

s irrelevant
ly estrang

ing.

i) Marquesa Cabellero (Goya 1809)

Tightly

and decora
tively dress

ed beyond all
that protruding

vapid empti
ness of per

son.

j) Portrait of a Lady (Courbet '55)

He landscap

ed her vis
age in-to the

contours of
his abstract

ing mind.

k) Fir trees in snow (C. D. Friedrich 1828)

as if snow
could be as
perfectly
punctuat
ed as here.

l) After the Storm (C. D. Friedrich 1817)

Ship-wreck
ed sky an
geling its
rock-bottom
end.

*m) View of Dedham Vale from East Bergholt
(Constable 1815)*

The sky'
s landscap
ing these
fields in
to its out
spreading
shadow
ing domain
s.

n) Convent school outing (Spitzweg 1860/72)

all dressed
up and umbrell
aed artifici
ally fields a
bandoning.

o) 4 Breton woman (Gauguin 1886)

reverent
ially inward-
danced to a
slow rhythm
ic color
ing.

Luncheon in the studio (Manet 1868)

That youth
ful man ei
ther posed
for an uncer
tain self-suffi
ciency or to
appear blat
antly insol
ent.

Impressioned

When words
break
through crushing
snow with
your mind-
imprinting
boots have
left in newly
created im-
pression
ed.

The law

even the
letter of it
despite Christ's
loving will
kept his first
chosen through
ages of en-
during oppression
so close
ly knit to-
gether as
of cloth
tightly re-
sistant.

The last of snow

melting
from place
as those rem
nants of
thought
still not
quite reveal
ing.

Raven

over
sized comm
anding the
tree with its
black-endur
ing feather
s plumed for
a visage of
unaccount
able distan
cings.

Mouse-

minded
quick
ness of where
it was before
it wasn't
wind-haunted
hushed through
that tatter
ed cloth'
s wind-evok
ing.

Cliché

s are like
voices you'
ve heard too
often a same
ness of out
used facade
s.

Involving

The word
between the
word's a
glance a
touch or e

ven that
stillness-
found involv
ing.

Light-glancing

Ice
light-glanc
ing a lady
cooled in
the refined
visage of
jewelled-ap
pearance
s.

Aging actor

He'd seen
too much to
see at all
the memor
ied texts
that held
his hand
s through
those vacant
shadow
ing appear
ances.

Macke's world

was whole
some genuine
ly so refresh
ingly normal
his coloring
canvasses'
light-
trans
forming.

Mute

He couldn'
t speak mute
to the word
s that would
sense why he
saw in to the
enduring
silence
s of thing
s.

Thanksgiving

family day
without the
family each gone
its own way
that the tur
key so stuff
ed with fam
ily pleasure
s sat resign
ed to the
center place
it deserved
juicily-unat
tended.

She

was too mo
dest too sweet
more meant
for the light
ly touch of
desserts
slightly scen
ted tea and
well-wishing
s.

1 Kings 3:16–28 (1 Kings 11:26–40)

Why did the
wise Salomon
endowed with
God's resplendent
gifts
brother the
Holy Land with
foreign idols
and the
wrath of a prophetic
dividing God.

These words

spoken
darkened
sound
ing so for
saken in
their life
less indwell
ing loneliness.

Friedrich Ebert (Social Democrat in the 20s)

statued here
in Ottobrunn
stoned-tight
from a time
that left him
so motion
less unresolv
ing vacant
ly passed.

Ode à Eichendorff

the pale stat
ues of a fog-
fading Danzig
secretly re
minding
though
voiced-from
steps scarce
ly decipher
ing.

“The meek and humble (in memory M. B.)

shall inherit
the earth” A
tower of a
person he was
yet soft and
pliantly bend
ing to the
lesser con
cerns of our
retarded son
warmth with
a still last
ing peace
able smile.

In memory M. B.

He died the
last day of
the church
year buried
for me in that
reassuring
height and
health I saw
him last
ing through
that resurr

ecting smile
of his.

“Dinosaurs”

Michael called
us The left o
ver remain
s of a faith-
fossilied
stone-aged
text-book
ed to the
sense of a
living touch.

Let the snow

have its fi
nal say cover
ing over what
the naked
wounds have
left to be
mourned Heaven
ly tears
these.

At the end

of the black-
bound book
closed to a
finality of
lifeless re
membran
ces Shelved
for fu
ture possible
reference
s.

Little dot

ted flower
s breed
ing new life
into the
pulse of their
light-awak
ening bud
s.

Stately

at the end
with that ac
ademic assur
ance so wise
ly conceal
ing that life
is not only
there to be
taught.

Cactus flowered

Out of the
stoned arid
dryness of
these bared
desert sound
s the cactus
explicit
ly colored.

The poet's

This room
the poet's
keeps me in-
tently list-
ening through
its sound-
proofing
walls.

She

pillow
ed through
those undulat-
ing sounds of
sleep-depth
s snow-reclin-
ings.

His master's voice

If sheep al-
ways remem-
ber their mas-
ter's voice
Why have we
so often been
called

through for
getful
ness.

Vaughan William'

s Sea Symphony
left me a
drift with
those un
dulating
waves of Walt
Whitman's
self-indul
gent endless
ly oneness.

András Schiff

s Haydnes
que off-
starts of min
now's glimmer
ing shore-
downed inflect
ions.

Painted over

When they dis
covered the ab
stract purity of
Romanesque
sculpture's
painted o
ver (I did) in
the disenchant
ing belief
that scholar
s often dis
cover too soon
what they
haven't found
out for la
ter.

Overreaching

This black-
deciding bird'
s overreach
ing the naked
ness of its
landscaped
abstract
ions.

Overcame

snow-
drawn hard
to the fro
zen ground'
s grasp
ing iner
tia.

F Minor Variations (Haydn)

The clos
ing tacts of
Haydn't F Minor
Variation
s kept my seat
on the watch
ing edge of
its up
right sound-
emerg
ings.

Night-loom

owls deep
ly envelop
ing woods of
their moon'
s haunting
silence
s.

Waiting

No one
came The wait
ing was like
crossing a
bridge that
didn't start
where it be
gan feeling
for air and
space bird-
like without
those necess
ary wings of
time-return
ing.

Underlooked

When she under
looked me from
her wheel-
chaired roll
ing aspirat
ions that I
felt foot-
blinded for
a momentary
off-balanc
ing self.

More sensed . . .

Snow so
slight
ly down as
those fine
ly felt mo
ments more
sensed than
realized.

Michael

if I think
what you'd
think of what
I've thought
It's a dead-
way alley now
not even whis
pering re
turns.

Truer

“The moment
of truth” if
it was only
a moment be
came all the
truer for
that.

Dark snow

the night re
flecting
this moon-
down feel
ing of such
obscur
ed uncertain
ties.

Birches

so slender
ing white
ness of
their dance-
escap
ing form
s.

The way

The farther
I went the
longer that
way became
winding
through those
receding mo
ments end
lessly un
finding.

Sundown

that never
came up A
world trans
piring in
dulled same
ness heavy
with its un
heard re
sponse.

Time-receding

The train
moves these
landscap
ing hills
time-reced
ing.

City

of unanswer
ing quest
ions hill-
tensed night-
receding.

Whisperings

Wind
s whisper
ing in to
those hidd
en realms
of their own
cloud-con
cealing
self.

Poised

Her hair
so arti-
ficially cur-
led a whirl-
pool of re-
assort-
ed quest-
ioning
s poised.

Of no return

She had that
look of loss
about her
as children
in the dense
quiet of wood-
s trying
to find back
from their
way of no re-
turn.

Bottomed out

When her husband
died
Some thing
bottomed
out from her
a void so impenetrably
deep as a well echoing
remote and unfindings
distances.

Close to life

She lived
close to
the life of
talk shows
psychodramas
“the truth of” headlines
the little
that had been
left for living
her
own life
out.

A library for Leroy

by the sea
where the
mind of book
s free-float
ing the ebb
and flow of
all those
self-enclos
ing shore-
finds.

At first hand

Impecca
bly refined
even facial
ly distin
guishing
the satin
ed white
ness of his
close-form
ing glove
s Nathaniel
Pink espied
at first hand
the aristo
cratic nat

ure of man'
s failing
past.

Musical virtuosity'

s like lingui
stic rhetor
ic It's an al
ways-running-a
way-river
shallowed
from its deep
er resound
ing needs.

Taneyev (1st quartet 3rd mvt.)

rushing as
stream's curr
ent-pursua
ding rock-
clasping a de
fying end of
where it wasn'
t for being
there.

Songed

A bird
sat the empt
tiness of
those blank-
down branch
es plead
ing sadness
Songed to a
vacant
ness of sky.

Polar bear'

s white
ness thaw
ing to the
flow of that
desolate
fragment
of ice wind-
bound.

Gentleness (in memory M. B.)

in a man
is like a
tree that
bends through
the softness
of its wind-
creating mo-
ments.

Smoke

rising in
to a vacant
ness of sky
unseen as
prayers re-
leased beyond
even the
dreams of a
starless
morning.

Raped

as a child
They took
more out of
her than
that little

frame could
cry herself
back to a
wholeness
again.

Moving

through
those
soundless
steps ever
so silent
ly as a ship
atop that o
ceaned bott
omness
from self.

Language

can be form
ed immutab
ly aware as
of clay's
light-surr
ounding
s.

Anouilh's Antigone (1943)

a) Creon's

become more
of a person

sensitive
to the need

s of others
on the surface

less of the
law and order

kind of king.

b) Creon

between per

son state and
family divi

ded in a weak
ness of con

trary need's
forced to de

cide.

c) Antigone

now one-dimen

sional Her self-
calling martyr

dom stripped of
most other rites

religious
fraternal Was the
French resist
ance so fanati
cal as her de
monic occupier
s.

d) *Anouilh's*
slight
but tender
ed jabs a
gainst the
happiness-
endings in a
bourgeois-
marital soc
iety.

e) *King David*
protect
ed his up
start son Ab
salom again
st all those
laws lesser
than that
of pater
nal love.

f) Has Creon

grown up

from a less
er self as

He would have
it with his

son's final
contempt of

a father
ranged beyond

love and fam
ily to a day

by day dicta
torship.

g) Anouilh's

not placed

so certain
as he would

appear Stag
ed beyond a

conflict of
values to the

absurd-nothing'
s really better

after its out
ward appear

ances.

“He’s gone”

he said
perhaps some
where over
the fields
that didn’t
turn back a
breathless
way not even
the stone
that letter
ed him in
could in re
membering
the where’
s why.

Prescribing route

Some train
s change track
s so smooth
ly involv
ing as if that
prescrib
ing route des
tined from re
calling distan
ces.

Instead

If life'
s a no-win-
game because
its ending
ends us But
what if that
ending's the
beginning
of all that'
s reclaim
ing instead.

Hide and seek'

s most al
ways a self-
finding game
If you are
where you aren',
t to be found
Who's shadow
ing who then.

Schütz I

es' Christ
mas Story kept
me so close
to the voice
of that text
ed prist
ine presence
timeless
ly rehears
ing.

Schütz II

es' first-row
ed double chor
uses' antiphon
ed us a
ship ebbed and
flowed in cross-
rhythmic assym
etric unbalan
cings.

Corelli'

s "pastoral"
mother and
child flow-
dipping in
gentle stream
s the loveli
ness of the
Christ child
in the midst
of a star-re
vealing light.

Turnabout smile

Her turna
bout smile
left me off
standing out
balancing
the where of
what's from
leaving me
behind.

When to stop

Not knowing
when to stop
took him
through
that no-turn
ing back im
mensity of
woods the al
ways more of
darkening
from return
s.

Adagio (Bach Brandenburg no. 1)

as a boat
even-flow
ed echoing
in the still
ness of time'
s passing mo
tionless
ly unspoken.

Drab day

as post-war
women dress
ed in their
washed out
color's ex
pression
less non-stay
ing smile.

Of dreamless imaginings

Snow fall
ing through
the night
of his dream
less imagin
ings as a
boat releas
ed from
the depth of
its still flow
ing tide
s.

Why did Stravinsky

so early
turn neo-class
ical the strea
ming blood
of his dance-
effusions
dried down to
pulseless
wind-echoing
s.

An illusion

His life
more start
s than con
clusion
s a success
ion of co
lors only
matching
as an illus
ion a shell
sea-sound
ing hollow
ed out ex
posure
s.

The more

was not e
nough for him
That aching
need at the
desert of his
heart burning
even beyond
the bright
ness of that
cold moon'
s desolat
ing.

Ringwald

could only
find the shad
owing self
of where he
wasn't as a
room ever so
faintly lit
because the
moon couldn'
t be sensed
even there
in the full
ness of its
callings.

At the bottom

of the stair
s Blood pool
s of drying
silences
where he lay
the always
of being more
of what
couldn't be
washed a
way.

Oedipus at Colonnus

a) between
sin and re
demption
the "unknown
sin" of the
Jewish bible
and the redempt
ion of
Elijah's "not be
ing better than
his fathers"
though
cloud-en
raptur
ed.

Oedipus

b) blind to the
truth of his
blood-incest
uous guilt in
the dark of
what eyes
have seen and
known the un
veiling of
those dread
ful deeds.

c) Oedipus
the forsak
en wander
er as the
Jewish people
landless de
fenseless
with the only
hope of divine
intervent
ion.

d) *Sophocles'*

Oedipus at Col

onnos at the
end of his

life concei
ved the middle

portion of an
unfinish

ed trilogy Not
the reflect

ive ripe
ness of an a

ging ageless
wisdom but more

the youth
ful pathos

of Athen'
s self-in

flicted en
during de

feat.

Wooded-horizons

This snow-
fallen land'
s breath
ing its cool
ness out to
the longing-
needs of its
wooded-horiz
ons.

Of Jesus' birth

Did time
stay still
then static
ally in
telling the
timeless
ness of Je
sus' birth.

"I'm dreaming

of a white
Christmas"
the purity of
an outspread
ing snow

concealing
all the wound

s man's in
flicted

through the
seeds of his

self-destruct
ive instinct

s.

No answers left

As of a bird
atop its leaf
less time-bar

ing tree peer
ing out the

vacancies
of where the

wind's echo
ing through

its time
less untell

ing distan
ces.

He survived

not knowing
why an is
land in him
self-surroun
ding all that'
s been left be
hind.

Aloned

They kill
ed God nail
ed to the
warped wood
of their own
blood-blem
ished convict
ions Left Him
hanging alon
ed and forsak
en a symbol
of their god
less self-as
piring world.

Félix

that black
lithe squirr
el nutted me
into the con
viction that
a good feed
pawed and
clawed to its
tasty finish
ing off-shell
s worthy of
all those win
tering tail
ing rounda
bouts.

Winter out-fitted

Pink with his
rosey-red hat
concealing
all his inner
conviction'
s pirouett
ing a waltz-
skating cir
cular sense.

Poetry books by David Jaffin

1. **Conformed to Stone**, Abelard-Schuman, New York 1968, London 1970.
2. **Emptied Spaces**, with an illustration by Jacques Lipschitz, Abelard-Schuman, London 1972.
3. **In the Glass of Winter**, Abelard-Schuman, London 1975, with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon.
4. **As One**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1975.
5. **The Half of a Circle**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1977.
6. **Space of**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1978.
7. **Preceptions**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1979.
8. **For the Finger's Want of Sound**, Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
9. **The Density for Color**, Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
10. **Selected Poems** with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon, English/Hebrew, Massada Publishers, Givatyim, Israel 1982.
11. **The Telling of Time**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2000 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
12. **That Sense for Meaning**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2001 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
13. **Into the timeless Deep**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2002 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
14. **A Birth in Seeing**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
15. **Through Lost Silences**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
16. **A voiced Awakening**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2004 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
17. **These Time-Shifting Thoughts**, Shearman, Exeter, England 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
18. **Intimacies of Sound**, Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
19. **Dream Flow** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2006 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
20. **Sunstreams** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2007 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
21. **Thought Colors**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2008 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
22. **Eye-Sensing**, ahadada, Tokyo, Japan and Toronto, Canada 2008
23. **Wind phrasings**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2009 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany
24. **Time shadows**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2010 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany

"David Jaffin is a scrupulous weigher and weighter of words – by which I mean that a poem is, for him, always a matter of collaboration with the true spirit of the language. Every word is given its value, neither more nor less."

Edward Lucie-Smith

"David Jaffin's *Preceptions* is a fine book. Jaffin's poems, slight on the page, entice, engage, amuse. Yet their brief touchings often reach wholeness, and they are poems of philosophical consequence out of keeping with much of modern poetics. The poems catch perceptions in the act of happening, to be, the short-line verse appropriate to what becomes." *Paul Ramsey, The Sewanee Review*

"Jaffin's poetry is as "modernist" as abstract painting while still poetry in the traditional sense, whose purpose is the verbalization of basic human experience and whose form derives from a serious exploration of language ... it is remarkable what depth of experience Jaffin manages to relate through his severely limited vocabulary and imagery."

Victor Terras (Brown University)

"Mr. Jaffin uses words with a real fineness of diction which emphasizes a characteristic understatement of emotion. One recognizes a cultivated sensibility. He adopts a theme and mode which one cannot help but admire. He writes very well indeed."

the late Norman Holmes Pearson (Yale University)

"Jaffin's *Through Lost Silences* offers a rare display of manifold poetic variety. Succinct and challenging enforcers of new insights and deeper understanding, his poems soar in far higher realms than those of prosaic description and rational analysis ... There is sincerity and conviction in Jaffin's crisp, multi-sensory poeticisation of ideas. Existential and philosophical shapings of language, simple and complex at the same time, draw out the true nature of his chosen subjects in an original way overwhelming the faint echoes of older poetic traditions and leaving behind a profound aftertaste of experiences lived through for the first time."

Edward Batley (University of London)

"David Jaffin is a master of the restrained but purposeful statement. If his poems do not have quite the briefness of the haiku, they have a good deal of its light-dark inflection and rounded perfection of form ... Jaffin's poems almost always give an impression of "light reflecting light". The fact is, that if one wants restraint and elegance, he will find it in abundance here. Jaffin's subtleties are, in short, dazzling."

The Library Journal on Conformed to Stone

www.bogpriser.dk/Denmark Denmark:

Om Dream Flow

"David Jaffin is a prolific American poet whose work uses the minimum possible means of expression in order to reach for the essentials in his subject matter ... The limpid texture of his work resists quotation or excerption; his deceptively simple surfaces use the tensions inherent in the vocabulary to open up new horizons. Delicate creations, his poems tend to be wonderfully light lyrics."