

DREAM FLOW

POEMS

DAVID JAFFIN



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Poems

David Jaffin

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Charles

it's that
held-in
density
color
ing out
As a spi
der's web
intensely
aware.

Dream flow

and the
stars in-
telling with
the current
s of sound
less appear
ing's wave-
washed And
how high the
moon's be
coming voic
ed.

In coming

Where
the line be
gan he
became only
there as
moving sha
dows direct
ionless
ly timed to
an unknown
cause perpet
uating a rhy
thm which
wasn't his
continu
ally in co
ming.

New Orleans: Requiem for a city

August 2005

a) The damns

have broken
The snakes are
out poisoning
the waters
with their
winding through

instinctual
dance for a
city afloat
with its French
cuisine and Dixie
land jazz
No where but
water here
It's that
"as-long-as
it-isn't-us"
As an arrow
bull's-eyed
to the heart
center-
ed-in-sin.

b) The water

s more of
my house than
I can con
ceive Its ri
sing this
window's depth
from viewed
enclosing
most all of
time's out
lasting spell.

c) Under

water city
as if lost
from its own
shadows a
float o
ver unspoken
houses that
cease to
think aloud
here only the
silences of
snakes and
rats plying
their unchar
tered water
s.

d) lost city

washed a
way off-map
ped as Pom
pei Napoleon'
s "center
of the world"
he sold off
cut down now
from this womb-
bred earth

to a sleep
less depth
Holding down
for its noth
ing ness
call.

e) as their
world's
sinking a
way slow
ly in that
doomed
after light
as the lower
ing of a
coffin's
time-em
bedded
ness.

f) They
wouldn't
return to
their city
washed-out
burned-down

plundered
to the heart
of its last
meanings
On they went
as Lot
from being
felt-in
the vacan
cies of what
they'd left
behind.

g) Why
that storm
so sweetly
feminine named
turned from
the other
side as if
Aiming for
the dyck's
holding so
fast for the
grace
of life.

h) Not only
people die
but houses

too in a
unity of

death's ri
sing water

ed claimed-
fulfilling

these in-
bred height

s from fear.

A blind visitor

a) Darkness
wasn't dark
for him

The always
being of what

he always was
Day and night

Not the dark
of knowing

us through.

b) The space
of his sens
sing out
Where he knew
as with the
width of what
was telling
him more.

c) He needed
that out of
himself for
blindness
numbs at the
heart Even
the cane press
ed to its
in-timed min
ute hands.

When

does sleep
begin through
the thought
s of these
dream-spread
ing tide
s.

d) The seeing-eye-dog

eyed her
way beyond
the tapping
of that cane'
s echoing
in for voi
ced reced
ings.

*e) His blind
ness*

opened out
those clo
sing from
spaces listen
ing for.

*f) That waiting
chair'*

s a person
of itself
4 footed
arm-length
s curving a
focus for
sitting down'
s transpir
ing.

g) If
he couldn'
t see color'
s feeling
out anxie
ties That rest
less blood'
s the red
of flowing
through
for warmth.

h) He's looking
straight
beyond my
face As if
space couldn'
t be kept
between us
An intimacy
of not
being there.

i) Born dead

to the

not seeing
of what it

is but what
it isn't.

j) If our eyes

are telling

to(o) many
ways The cen

ter for touch
may be lost.

k) Self apparent

He was help

lessly self-
apparent

Holding on
but guiding

still the
message for

a far off
calling.

The lute

appealing
to those
touched mo
ments of hear
ing itself
through.

Deafness

as at
the bottom
of the sea'
s creating
for tide
less word
s.

This cold'

s holding
tight As a
hand eyed-
in to where
the length
of these
veins still
ed.

Dressing out

your window
with a promen
ade of sport
ing colors
some of those
sun-warmed ex
pression
s.

For colorings

A little
ness of bird'
s emptied
branches'
sense for co
lorings.

The moon

hasn't
been dis
covered be
cause we'
ve landed
there Touch
ed its sur

face Explor
ed parts of
its feature
s Its tides
are still a
wakened Seeth
ing the night
through with a
mysterious
glow the magic
of unheard
distances
Listening
farther than
even the in
ner pulse of
man's being.

Unsettled

Her hat
looks more
frighten
ed than her
face un
settled
smaller than
she could
keep her eye

s from see
ing out.

Anonymous

building'
s stone-
felt eyes
imperson
ally untouch
ed.

Icided

winter'
s intensing
blood'
s cold
of A world
defined in
the glass
of mirror
ed shine.

3 *Biblical Persons*

a) *Isaac*

why so

complacent
ly normal

After your
father would

have sacrific-
ed you alive

Didn't need
a therapist

for those non-
afflicting

wounds.

b) *Blood tears*

Jeremiah'

s blood-tear
s of a city

and his
people at the

mercy of
their self-

doomed destruc-
tion.

c) Ezekiel

hard as

his stone-
bracing word'

s command
ing a fear

less pose of
his people'

s all-consu
ming loss.

Innocent

If

children
were only as

innocent
as their ap

pearing i
mage of our

own self-re
flecting

s.

Hommage à Viktor Frankl

I don't
look for ex
cuses
God created
me no ex
cuses aside
in the flesh
and blood
of His ask
ing me out.

Haydn's 99th (last mvt. fausse reprise)

You had
me stop
to(o) cold
to my breath'
s keyed un
ease Tension
ed a final
ity of not-
thereness.

Pussy willow

can I
feel the
snow melt
ing through
your furr
ed escap
ing climb
s.

Stuttgart: Landesmuseum (3)

a) Pieta (Vesperbild, 1471)

Mary
matronly
strong sprea
ding out her
pain in to
the death-
pulse of his
hand's wood
ened hold.

*b) Mary Cleophas and Alphaeus
(Riemenschneider 1505–1510)*

The words

She was
holding so

self-in
clined Cloth

ed to an
adhering face

d timeless
repose.

c) Mummied portrait Eirene 40/50 A. D.

over-

eyed her ear
ring gaze

where
death's beau

tified in at
tending

glance.

Romeo and Juliet (5) (Shakespeare)

Romeo and Juliet (the audience)

the audience

old to aging

The love-
struck lovers

in the teens

of their re

membrance

Some yearning

back to that

passionate

antitode to

daily pains

and needs O

thers perhaps

smiling at the

strangeness

of such an ill

ness without

much hope of

a remedial

cure.

Romeo and Juliet (the means and the needs)

Those days
young lovers
needed balconies
of an accessible height
to elude the watching eyes
of parental cares
And men capable of climbing
to the upper heights of
their impassioned needs
Today other less or
nate ways can be so arranged
And for some love itself
seems so old fashionably
incurable.

Romeo and Juliet (the sacrifice)

Ancient ani
mosities one
would think
have found a
possible cure
here Exemplified
in the common
deaths of ro
mantic upstart
s In biblical
times animals
were sacrific
ed instead But
man means it
most in self-
immolation.

Romeo and Juliet (the pharmacist)

the pharmacist
at odds
with himself
Money without
justified
means The Re
naissance of
the modern
man's poison
ous eluding

eyes turned
in to where
that method
can be best
found.

Romeo and Juliet (the parents)

the parent's
choice for a
suitable
mate of class
wealth and breed
ing their daugh
ter to the i
mage
of their own
self-inter
ests.

Silver-shined

An apple
cut to the
skin of the
knife's pee
ling blade
silver-shin
ed.

Freeing

Man's
freeing
himself
from all
But that na-
kedness to
self.

A brilliance

The sun'
s calling
through a brill
iance of ra
diating
Now-snow.

Seeing

has less
to do with
the eyes
than with
that focus
ing in
for.

Ghettoed

Window
high The
ghetto wall
ed her in to
a world of
stone shadow
s cold glare
of a sun
almost dis
tantly appar
itioned.

Spanish poems

a) On the way to Valencia

This
land's as
sparsely felt
as the cold
winds that in
habit its bar-
ren thought
s Moon-telling
echoing in for
a stoneless
void.

b) Seafont at Alicante

Pictured

more for the
winds and the

sailing light
s aglow with

those spacious
bounds of in-

telling enclo-
sures city-

found Rock-con-
sumed.

c) Spain after the Inquisition

The honor

and purity of
their warrior

faith Struck
to the blood-

lines of their
vanishing

strength Cen-
turies of lost

souls Quixot-
ically aghast

Shadowed in
those desolate

windmills of
self-tilting

purposes.

d) Mezquita (Cordoba)

This
hollowing
out of sound
Columns of
triumphal
silence
Distances
of eternal
rest time-con
quering.

e) Goya: dog half-buried (Madrid)

More dis
tance than
dog That fail
ing of strength
consumed in
the depths of
a helpless
plea to be
heard from a
world that
wasn't lasting
much longer
in its not
being
for there.

f) *Velasquez: The Pope's barber (Madrid)*

You may
have met him
around the cor
ner More you
than his
position
would define
Likeable in
his experien
ced looks
Modestly just
being there
as much as
he could for
being only
himself.

g) *Velasquez: Crucifixion (Madrid)*

Jesus alone
on the cross
A Catholic
tradition
and Protest
ant dogma
But with His
hair over co
ming that al

most half of
his inbending
face The human
part of Him
or the mystery
of unveiling
godly designs.

h) Murillo: Elieser and Rebecca at the well (Madrid)

The flowing
water of pur
ity and life
But a cistern
broken through
from its pre
serving de-
sign From age
or meaning
ful use Or per
haps where Re
becca would o
pen her womb
of the infant
Jacob.

i) Autodafé (Toledo)

That
square's
more press
ed down now
by concern
ing shoes
crossing their
daily use
Than by the
blood that'
s levelled
deep there And
those cries
of faith re
sounding in
to a speech
less void.

j) Bullfights

Is there a
beauty in
blood The glid
ing glance of
man's sover
eign artistry
of killing in

to his own
brute instinct
s for a plea
sing crowd.

k) Pentecostal preacher near Madrid

Right down
the middle
A performance
that would
have had all
those dancing
if room pro
vided for Bring
ing that roof
down to his
60-year-old-
toe-tops and
beneficent
contagious
smiling hand-
claps Whopping
it all up
in holy
spirits.

l) Ode à Thomas Luis de Victoria

Intervals

of spaced
silence

As cathedral'
s stones van

ishing in the
vaults of un

reclaim
ing height

s.

m) Spain: another view

There'

s more land
here than can

people this
place The rough

contours as if
cut in-to

their tight fea
tures passion

ately distinct
a self-per

forming sense.

n) Scarlatti and Boccherini

and Spain
still as Euro
pean as its
courtly decay
would imply Im
porting musi
cal tradition
s as the Eng
lish to revive
a deadening
spirit for the
heightened
meaning of a
cultured
sense.

o) Arriaga

Only Mendels
sohn could have
achieved such
a highly classi
cal sense at
such a youth
ful age
Dead at 20
on Mozart's
birthday The
end of why

Spain receded
into its folk
loristic
subordinate
culture.

p) Stones of remembrance

If there are
almost no Jew
s left Why am
I now leaving
stones of re
membrance
for what I
can't envis
ion Out-timed
from their
suffering A
stranger to
their custom
s A living re
membrance
to what I haven'
t even for
gotten.

q) Judah Halevi (of Toledo)

Struck

dead at the
gates of Jeru

salem Outside
his own vision

of return The
poet of love

and eternal
love Where

Christ died too
outplaced as

He was from
his own longing

s in time.

r) A question of temperament

Always

quick to that
blood-urge

of hastening
words As if

the horse was
already sad-

dled in pre-
determin

ing ven-
tures.

Chess-board situations

She
always had an
answer Knew
how to place
persons and sit
uations in
proper perspe
ctive Life for
her like a
game depend
ing on the
right moves
that she most
ly made for
others but rare
ly for her
self.

A single rose

They left
me a single
rose in a
room other
wise lifeless
from view
But that rose

delicate
ly defined
by touch
took on in
color my
sense for be
ing there.

A sense of protection

He needed
a sense of
protection
A house a
wardrobe Some
thing to keep
him out of
that feeling
for shame
(his thought
s nakedly o
pen to view)
As a cat
stealth
ily creeping
beyond the
where of its
viewing it
self back.

A Humpty-Dumpty

There'
s too much
of me to put
it all back
together a
gain A Humpty-
Dumpty of my
own wall-sitt
ing's falling
from self.

Dummies

They may
look human But
they're soul
less Dressed
up for shop
pers to de
cide on dress
ing themselve
s in But if
clothes make
people Then
those dummie
s are reliv
ing themsel
ves through
us.

Frozen landscape

teeth-
cold white
pressed in-
to perman
ent silence
s Here even
the earth numb
ed from voice.

Nathaniel Pink's confessions

Yes, he did
grab that sur
realistic
broom-stick
from the chim
ney sweep'
s startling
hands and pro
pagating e
yes Plunging
forward to
where his three-
year-old son
had just drop
ped his new
shoe into the
depth of that

lake's seem
ing stillness
with settled e
yes and chanc
ed demeanor
waiting as swan
s do to float
upon the ease
of such long
ing expectat
ions.

My mother at 95

There was
so much of
the little
girl about
her Even if
she could han
dle pain and
the loss of
what was clo
sest-deared
She still li
ked happy end
ings Knowing
they mostly
didn't come a

bout that way
And prayed to
the Lord I
imagine much
as she did
90 years before
That little
girl of my dear
est mother.

Theodore

He looked
too official
to be true
Upright stead
fast A bit
of the Prussian
sanctity of
service about
his well-groom
ed manners
And I never
doubted that
almost private
nod of his im
plied the
quality of
his coming
deeds.

Melody

They called
her “Melody”
but most of
her phrases
ran rather a
bruptly in-to
punctuated
precisions
of her teacher
ly look that
kept holding
her hands
tight in met-
ronomic accou-
stics.

Hades

If the
world of the
dead is a
shadow
ed world
without sub-
stance of
form and
flesh floa-
ting through
unreal

thoughts
of a tide
less never-
for-being
there.

Growing old'

s becoming
less Friends
die and there'
s an empti
ness left
there as a
house grie
ving for loss
We close the
shutters
in to an in
timate wan
ting for more
Even the moon
fading from
its apparent
glow as we
touch from the
last of flo
wers seeming
there our own
sense
for loss.

Origins

That
bird didn'
t know its
own colors
But owned up
to flut-
tering pre-
ceptions.

White houses

melting
through
snow the i-
mage of their
standing out
there
so long.

Where ever

we sat
last night'
s thinking
itself a
loud still re

hearsing
what hasn't
been said.

Scare-crowed

poled in
a ground
frozen from
such self-
assuming as
surances
windless
ly unfelt.

Horses

statued
in snow
hill-bound
Speechless
ly unmoved.

For Michael

His father'
s train stop
ped where he
knew that he'
d be land
scaping more
persons than
places A mapp
ed-in sensi
bility for
words-wants
that touch
to the accords
of person While
that whistl
ing train
could be so
easily pass
ing by station
ed for more
distancing
needs.

Undertoned

There
was an un
touched un

dertone a
bout her se
cret que
tudes as a
bird's spe
cially in
volving.

Low grade

film'
s facial pla
titude's
lifeless i
mitation
s As glass
ed out butter
flies caught
up in their
own motion
lessness.

Impulsed

Words have
their own im
pulse as
stars light-
creating a

universe of
space-sensed
intuition
s.

Two sides

a) a growing-
older-sus
spicious
look as wood
s contagious
ly afield
Poisoned in
depth some
where from the
flow of its
childly fa
ced calm.

b) an inno
cent sur
prised look
some thing
black and
genuine a
bout this

As if good
nature was a
part of that
living nature
itself.

Poems from Dallas (for Neil)

a) *At daybreak*
moon-
dulled light
fading through
an enclosing
response
of distant
ly sullen
clouds.

b) *Dallas*
It could
have been
a reverie
of lights
candle-felt
Columned in
those stoned
encasement
s of up-lif

ting prayer
But it was
a strangely
overheard
at night in
the birth of
a myriad of
out-sending
stars.

c) Ives American

with the
courtyard'
s flying
their patri
otic sensi
bilities
low-lined
now at war
with those
faltering
myths of far-
finding and
disenchant
ing dreams.

Dallas Art museum 4 Americans
d) *Prodigal son (Thomas Hart Benton 1940)*

The house
as ruin
ed as that
dead-boned
life brought
back to a
broken-down
car and a
hill of slan
ting past re
membrance
s.

e) *Emma in a blue dress (Bellows 1920s)*

neuro
tic color
ed blueed-
down chair
ed exposure
s.

f) Song of the nightingale (Joseph Stella 1917)

as a

song of space-
retrieving

light imply
ing.

g) Lighthouse hill (Hopper 1927)

Those threa

tening hills
cross-section

ed inherent
fears Light hou

sed as a man
standing a

lone than his
breath

could speak.

h) Dallas'

a bi-po

lar city
Glassy

sky-scraper'
s reading

through the
earth's wound
ded fields
bleeding
from their
having been
fears.

i) City dawn

s evasive
ly and per
meating As
a father
reading
through his
child's story-
telling e
yes.

j) Bereft

That lamp
soulless
ly just
sitting
the night
through As
a dead-born

child bereft
of its mo
ther's encom
passing
needs.

k) "What's in a name" (Shakespeare)

as the far
out reach of
ship's ply
ing the wa
ter's sound
lessly alive'
s not the
same its be
ing there.

l) Death

takes its
time It know
s what it
wants never
missing its
aim as an
archer with
bow-quiver
ing for place

It decides
and not we
Exacting the
when and where
of.

m) Dallas sunrise

This city'
s rising
out of the
darkness
of its be
ing lifted
from the
weight of
unseen hand
s.

n) Bi-passed

these day
s the center
of where it
isn't circu
itously
out-reaching
as from the

river's own
self-abandon
ing uncertain
ties.

o) The only language

she knew
Money As if
persons were
bills to be
slipped in
to her eye-
slot's accoun
tability and
weighed there
according to
size and vene
rable appli
cations.

p) Flat city

framed
an horizon
ed view out-
spreading
desert vis
tas Indian-

timed under
the hoofs of
long-pass
ed rhythmic
dried-earth
awakening
s.

q) Turning the page

over's like
a wave's un
folding to
where it
wasn't expec
ted in be
ing.

r) The flag'

s waning
low despair
ing of the
dead far off
s releasing
in blood of
where even
winds can't

tell its color
loring high
again.

s) Survivor
denying
a God who
didn't deny
you in the
night of
death's har-
vesting plea-
sures Demoni-
cally aware
His grasp-
ing claims
to the depths
of your
out-rooted
self.

t) Transpiring
The elm's
shelter-
ing arms over
the concrete
silence's
shadowing
down deeper

than where
words can be
touched trans-
piring.

u) Dark light

s
in the city'
s vast innum-
erable star'
s loneliness
of being so
out-spac-
ed.

v) Where words

fail Struck
to the stare
Anguishly
uncertain
ed.

w) *Over-smiling*

his deficiencies with a
wealth of
bodied
thought
s.

x) *Nameless*

Diagnosed
as person
Or branded
hot-ironed
for a nameless
death.

y) *City of light*

whisper
ing through
glass the unheard
voice of its
in-dwelling
darkness.

z) *Airport*'
s witness
ing a world
that wasn'
t theirs to
hold As a
mother in
fant in arm
s out-cir
cling his un
imagining
thought
s.

aa) *All keyed up*
for his
rooms open
ing out to
those word
s of trans
piring view.

bb) *As the look of*
This wi
thering heat'
s desert

grassed-out
city as the
look of a
ging uncer
tainties.

cc) The innocence

of that
small dog
with his soft
and helpless
look touch
ed more than
touching
can reveal.

dd) Another realm

Where
has this
dark envel
oping another
realm's dis
appearing
as at sea
cast-off
from star's
absorbing
light.

His

was that
better know
ing kind of
personed
squeezed-in
eyes and an
amplitude
of self-in
voking satis
fying conclu
sions.

A child'

s eyes
knows more
of what
he hasn't
seen expres
sively awa
kened.

That house

bigger than
why the wind
s were let
in to its
chandelier

s breathed
with the cold
of winterèd
stars could be
shining There
its curtains
so immense
ly blown from
their person
ed touch
ed nothing
but emptied
spaces of his
mind's emptied
view That
wind's final
ity of voice.

Two ways

Trying
to walk
two ways
in both di
rection
s is the
still-stand
ing of con
fiding
thought
s.

Home-coming 1945

with
out a home
to finding
a lost place
hollowed
out from re
trieving e
choes.

Chalk-lines (Tolstoi)

parallel
to the track
s of train
lights in that
glaring flood
of night's war
ning for
the beyond of
not being
there.

Timed out

The
times over
took her

As a race
that left

behind for
catching up

Until she
was timed out

from breath.

Sylvius Weiss'

lute 's

like the
voice of an

unborn child
strung to

the accords
of moon-

like awaken
ings.

Violin Concerto (Beethoven slow mvmt.)

a dialogue
of each

lonely
in sense

but answer
ing that call

to a same
ness in re
sponse.

Melting

If

the snow
could melt

these word
s away dif

fusely e
choing.

Fragile line

s
of inter

twining
thoughts A

slender
ness of bran
ched design
s.

Proud

She was
proud still
A German of
the old school
Her face mis
placed from
its histori
cal sense
And her mind
buried in de
cades of grie
ving for a
lost past.

St. Bernard

survey
ed more the
wave-line
of his out
sending
thoughts
than those
of the lake
he didn't
see for be
ing there.

Nathaniel Pink'

s eyes were
where he
wasn't at the
top of the
stairs of to
morrow's self-
illuminating
pristine va
lues with his
favorite mor
ning bird's
voiced-in
modulating
colors.

Two drinks were enough

Does one
talk to the
minister
before the
burial of such
Two drinks
were enough
for his young
wife's enti
cing prepar
ations Now that

flowing in-fold
ding call of
haunted flesh
to the body
of the earth'
s all-con
suming need
s.

That twelve-year-old

who couldn'
t trust his
own feelings
Isolated
from the warm
th of others
and left from
his mother
to sweeten his
loneward ways
with a hand
full of dollar
bills for buy
ing back his
lost sense
from self.

Of self-sufficiency

He took to
money His
younger wife
to other men
A marriage
of self-suffi
ciency a
cake of con
tinuing sweet
ness for their
two seductive
daughters as
a trimming
for when the
candles dis
creetly lit
could silent
ly be blown
to rest.

For Rosemarie

Just
looking at
your sitting
as you u
sually do
with those
light-teinted

dream-lined
thoughts of
yours Awakens
in the near
ness of my
sense a close
ness so rare
ly refined.

The same fish

What
ever came
up the same
fish Head-pop
ping for
catch Like
some persons
always hook
ed on those
same lines
for repeating
thoughts.

Stasi (DDR secret police)

Being
watched be
cause you'
re the one
they're

finding out
Secret eyes
switched
from confi
ding—for voi
ces Even those
stolid build
ings window
ed through
the height of
their eye-
seeing you
out.

Schubert (A minor Sonata d 845)

providing
your Viennese
classical cre
dentials
Those short mo
tives taken
inside or out
Haydnesque
without the long
ing beauty of
your wave-fold
ing melodic
flowing through

untold per
spectives
sound-sen
sing.

Divorced

parents
and that
small child
more like a
train re-
routed for
the same co
ming and back
stations.

Some Brahms

is too
heavy for my
taste Like
forcing word
s to come out
the way they
should
A touch
of Mendels
sohnian light
ness a deft

clarity of
glanced-in
moments as
possible anti
dotes.

Man on crutches

one-
legged
Swinging
for an air
ed-in
sense
for loss.

“The Jews

were getting
out of hand”
then As I
was told
Which hand
the one that
clenched
them to the
deadly grip
of their fin-
gering bone?

Helmut

He came
back years
later because
he'd never
really left
What makes
us is where
we start
from The rest
are off-shoot
s as branch
es from an in-
rooted tree
He returned
to where
he'd always
s been.

A farewell

Last day
here The
winds sailing
in the light
ness of their
breezed-
through
thoughts The
gulls perpet

uating in
dive-catch
response and
I time-chang
ing because
there's no
otherwise
than that.

My mother

She was
only my mo
ther not your
s And your
mother not
mine Mother
s are most
ly indivis
ibly other
wise.

Antigone à la Brecht

If Kreon
becomes a law
less dictator
Standing on
the firmness

of his own
self-equating
statutes
And Antigone
pleads for
the brother
ly peace of
those God-in
sisting claim
s What's left
of Sophocle'
s two-sided
tensions.

New Orleans (a postlude)

Why re
turn to those
wood-stricken
poverty
houses a
city of rape
and plunder –
Weimar was once
Goethe's but
now that too-
close near
ness to Buchen
wald.

Wallace Stevens at the YMHA (early 50s)

Some
times we
meet oursel
ves through
the voice of
others He
told me my
beginning
Realizing
his grasp
for words the
image of those
elusive
sounds par
ting from the
place
that time.

What of Frankl's first wife

whored
as she cer
tainly was
from the SS
to the last
bone of her
out-humaned
cries Was she
the sacrifice

for his re
birth in mean
ing.

Caravaggio

knifed
him-self
in-to the
blood need
s of Christ'
s redemp
tion.

Philemon and Baucis (for Rosemarie)

If we
two could be
treed to
gether Hold
ing through
with branch
es Life-puls
ing our lo
ving hands
Swaying with
the winds a
timeless
ly in accord.

Otherwise

He awoke to
a world that
wasn't his
Strangely
lighted
Nameless
ly there
The birds
flowing sound
lessly by
as fish wa
tered for
their turn
ing in Wave-
sensed And
he without a
certainty
of place
and person
ed somewhere
otherwise.

Untouched

What her
grandfather
did each day
Grasping her
down to the

depth of her
childlike
cries could
n't take her
soul away
Fleshed and
feared as
she was Frozen
to the core
of her being
childlike
still remain
ed Untouch
ed even from
his dirt-
bred hands.

Swings

hung in
the silence
mid-aired
holding
tight in-bal
anced wait
ing.

Cows

ponderous
ly shadow
ed in their
reclining
shapes of the
deepening
hills so
soundless
ly unaware.

Cranach's "Adultrous" (Fulda 1512)

Two-sided
men in judgment The one
claiming for
her almost
physically
wanting The o
ther reflectively mirror
ing their own
impurity
And she
calmly frightened with
Jesus alone

guiding her
through the
pains that
death wouldn'
t provide.

Fool that I am

under
writing my
own decease
Those moment
s pained
as if time
were clocked
only in their
way of no
way for turn
ing back
Quick to un
do myself
knotted in
just there.

Walking backwards

retrac
ing those
vanishing
imprints of
why our way'
s have be
come so lost
from sight.

Snow late

train'
s levelling-
off my thought
s to par
allel find
s.

Hermited

He shut
life down on
him Hermited
in self con
solation
No one left
to criticize

Aloned in
desolate
self-fulfill
ness.

Chinese fish

over siz
ed self-with
holding
As if only
those smooth
ed-in water
s could be
telling the
meanings of
their reluct
ant and slow
ed down rhy
thmic moving
s.

Vermeer study

Can ear
ring's oval-
shaped eyes
brighten
the appear

ance of where
the inner
glow in re
ceding find
s.

Necklace

The sub
tleties of
a wordless
necklace
strung lithe
ly to the
whims of in
ternal ac
cords.

Touch-finds

Could
you speak
with the les
sening pulse
of where
words could
only be
heard in
their touch-
finds.

If Macke

had lived
through the
war Would it
have imbal
anced his co
lored through
ness for form
That inner
harmony of
space despite
those bleeding
cries and the
guns laying
bare fields
of desolate
forelorn
ness.

Non-judgmental

as a throne
without
the feet to
secure a
pose of self-
imperson
ed responsi
bility.

So much

He talked
so much a
bout himself
that at the
end there
was much
more talk
than self a
bout him.

Wooded height

s
that keep
climbing
my thought
s distant
ly approach
ing.

Hunter's scent

clawed
in snow
tightly
pressed
rifle's
shine in the

light of
their pursu
ing eyes.

St. Francis preaching to the birds (Giotto)

Why did
those birds
come down to
earth assem
bling in choir
ed congrega
tions when St.

Francis was
preaching
such a heaven
ly message

Breathing new
life into

the creating
words of our

Lord's eternal
blessings.

Vertigo

She
lost the
ground that
her feet
had been tell
ing behind
Floating
as clouds
dream-like
without place
for holding
farther
as only
there.

Nielsen on his 4th

If
music is
the only life-
telling art
The pulse and
light of it
self without
need of sym
bol imagery
and all those
other "as if"

s” It’s the
only there of
always be
coming.

Compromising

much of
his life’
s away as
shadow’s fuss
ied in dis-
tinctness
Until there
was little
more to be
telling the
why’s out
from him.

The fox’s

nightly
glare of
eying-in
star-glance.

Nathaniel Pink'

s change of
clothes in
to imperson
ating a due
sense of respec
tibility
Those indigen
ous colors
flashed his
smiles alive
pocketed
in hand-
assuring
health-stride
s.

A professional lady'

s more cloth-
ed-in look
than a minis
ter's apolo
getic smile'
s robe-encom
passing.

Thorned branch

as the call
of wild
birds Grasp-
ing for
sun's reflec-
ting light.

King David'

s too much
of having
been given
Overcame
the too lit-
tle of his
wanting
for more.

Grown old

This
snow's grown
old from
it's too
much of be-
ing seen.

Lake reed

s
with the
watering
touch of
bird's wing
èd from re
lease.

What is or isn't

There'
s still some
thing of a
little girl
in most women
A continuity
of person
or finding
back to an
attitude that'
s always
there as a
bird claiming
its own right
s for the
same branch
Or is it more
of what isn't
as a reminder

lingering on
so hopefully.

“Who knew not Joseph”

Another
pharao
pledged to
the store-
houses of
his own want
s Time-resis-
ting the
blood-length
of his pre
decessor’
s needs.

Suspending

These
trains keep
riding my
nights through
Flashing light
s and wheel
less sounds
Suspending
upon a sea

of wind-re
solving
dreams.

Out sized

His
clothes tai-
lored larger
than a per-
manent fit
making
more of him
than he was
cut out to
mean.

Darkening shadows

The
snow crea-
tes darken-
ing shadow
s growing
the night'
s depth
ed indensity
for fear.

Icicle-tensed

Branch
ed shiver-
ing cold
icicled-
tensed.

Waiting for death'

s like
holding to
the light
of a candle
until it'
s soundless
ly waxed
through.

Blood steps

The coming
back's
blood steps
We know that
stones are
the echoes
that time

tells as church
bells ringing
the rites of
the resurrect
ed Christ These
stones plaster
ed over with
the cries of
my desolated
people and these
blood steps I
take can only
in remember
ing Nothing
more than
inbeing that.

Flat seeing

train e
clipsed
where these
grasses
find in
their meanings
from green.

No big theme

s
left as a
child's eye
s bigger
than his
gassed ball
oon could
hold the van
ity of man'
s self-be
lief heaven
ly loosed.

Chalked- in meanings

Rains
wash pass
ed times a
way as a
blackboard
erased from
the syl
lables of
its chalked-
in meaning
s.

Emmanuel Kant'

s Perpetual
Peace Those
high ideal
s of man
thinking him
self beyond
the life and
blood of his
indelible
fall.

Only Christ

knew the
meaning of
Auschwitz
As he cried
over His peo
ple from the
hills of Jer
usalem's tear-
descending
infinities.

Luther's unfailing voice

reminds us
that man's a
gainst him
self Lined up
for perpet
ual shooting
games and de
vastating
the fertility
crops of his
aids-in wo
men When will
he find again
the where of
where he
isn't.

In-purposed

Fruit
still small
and hard
Hand-clasp
ed to an i
dentity in-
purposed.

When Goethe

slowed down
in the flow
of his tear
descending
s And wasn't
saddled so
high in the
importance
of being
what he was
Then a trans
cending clar
ity formed
and through-
sensed.

John 21

Why Peter
at his fish
ed-from lake
caught no
thing except
a lessening
of his own
expectat
ions Netted
as he should
have been

in some dee
per and far-
finding
catch-from
s.

Worked up

to the speed
of his own
conviction
s As an oil
ed machine
fast-run
ning to its
dried out
and final
ed ends.

The slow sway

of these
trees as
some danced-
through
remem
brance
s of soft-

light music
and the
moon so haun-
tingly a
live
in glow.

Those falling-down stairs

He never
gave in to
age until It
caught up
with him on
those falling-
down stairs
star-lit
but vague-
ly assured.

Rock-privileged

If
there's a
purity of
sound the
clear birth
as of fresh
water's run-
ning rock-pri-
vileged to

its aspir
ing hear
says.

Off-racing

He shot
the gun off-
racing with
out a pack
from behind
ing him.

Here

in the
Black Forest
she killed
herself
Where the
trees were
threatening
down to the
gullies of
her mind's
fear Those
distant cloud
s somberly

atoned roll
ing in to
cover the
corpse as if
she was only
sleeping her
self away.

From its other sides

If you
can't see a
sculpture
from its o
ther side'
s rounding
in beauti
fying inclin
ations why
have we
been touch
ed through
with these
tacit value
s for
thought.

For Rosemarie

always
in that soft
blue that
lightens
the sky for
my seeing
you in the
warmth of
what times
us so near.

Dart game'

s the eye
of a single
concern That
quivering
sense of ar-
rowed-in
Sebastian'
s blood-
feathers
framed.

Hosea

whored
into the im-
purities
of Israel's
itinerant
love for
a one-seeking
God.

On his high horse

feet sad
dled as if
air-bound
Statued
in perman-
ent ascend-
ancy.

The final good

If life's
the final
good Why was
Christ born
to die all

those deaths
that life
couldn't
bear in hold
ing.

For Chloe Levine (age 4 1/2, first poem)

When
eyes see
more than lang
uage can ex
press There's
a growing in
to the word
that makes
us feel a
wholeness
of sense.

Sibelius

depthed
in the for
ests of his
dark-timed
meanings
But always
s light-edged

to those
running stream
s of in-
finding sensi-
bilities.

Hommage à Homer

The blind
minstral'
s opening
eyes to those
stringed ac-
cords of his
Brighten
ing out
through the
tides of dis-
tancing
shores.

“The Calling of Matthew” (Caravaggio)

No room
could be
less spaced
than this
drawn in the

calling
of a single
moment.

*Nathaniel Pink's
moralizing acquisitions*

Nathaniel
Pink sported
himself in
daily accessories Like his
fluorescent
tie that tied
him down to
a self-impos
ing shininess
of shining up
sun-glanced
for future and
most certain
moralizing
acquisition
s.

Nathaniel Pink settled down

to the confi
dences of his
perfumed tea'
s uplifting
in scent a
spiritual
residue of the
light and ease
of his break
fast mint's
after flavor
ings.

Actor

He took
the stage
with him So
steadfast
ly certain in
stance that
foreign eyes
vacated their
withdrawal
symptoms.

Chinese garden's (for Chung)

contempla
ting moment
s reflect
ing shiny
fish the im
pulses of
far-felt
moon-light
ings.

Outlived

She out
lived much
of herself
Couldn't
come back to
the feeling
s of times
passing her
through.

Don't waken

the morning
from its sur
faced dreams
Guardi-like
These over

flowing bird
s touching
down to their
instincts
for flight And
the lake's
still unheard
memoried
from its si
lent deep.

Bunched flowers

closed
hands
light-
in sens
ing.

We got here first

more a stat
ue's claim
of holding
on for a
permanen
cy of pre
establish
ed position
ing.

Of wingèd uncertainties

This
train's ra
cing in to
an oblivious
night of
star-find
ing accords
as if wheel
ed on a hope
lessness of
wingèd uncer
tainties.

Shadow boxing

Being for
good against
evil I won
dered just
how much of
myself was
shadow-box
ing that
walled-in
apparition.

Black and white

We knew
the depth of
that deprivation
shackled
and chained
from enduring
hopes We
marched with
you the South
ern route
Blood for your
blood But now
you've shut
us off from
not being
oppressed.

Heavy persons

are less of
the dangerous
types
So weighted
down in
their ponderous
urge for
gravitational
affinities.

First

He always
thought of
himself first
So self-en-
closed he was
in his in-
dwelling
world of
shifting sha-
dows and out-
standing
needs that
kept oppres-
sing him
with their o-
ver-stanced-
in-readi-
nesses.

Buried with his bones

“The bad’s
been buried
with his
bones” she
said As if
the hurts he
caused weren’t
still pain-

ing those
who carried

the imprint
of his self-

exposing
stigma.

Only once

I remember
him standing
up to him
self to see
ing things
as they weren'
t because
he needed to
live that
way at peace
with a stea
died conscience
smoothed o
ver as waves
being stilled
from view.

Magritte's world (October '05 Beyerle,
Riehen/Switzerland)

a) *If what is*
what isn't
Words decep
tively shadow
ing symbol
s of Birds
floating the
spaceless
ness through
where they
aren't.

b) *Advertising man*
posters
papering o
ver why the
world's other
wiseness
seeming
ly through.

c) *The wants*
of the flesh
Apple-sized
Roomed be

yond the taste
of touchless
desires.

d) Night visions

restless
dreams
Those dark
distant wa
ters tide
lessly self-
awakening.

e) "The Tomb of the Wrestlers"

wrapped
in the arm
s of where
lifeless flo
wers in death-
disturbing
scent.

f) "The Month of the Grape-harvest"

All so
different
ly alike
Staring ex
pression

lessly their
ominous u
nity through
purpose.

g) *"The Seducer II"*

Sailing
the waters
of its own
color-re
leasing time
lessly sk
ied through.

h) *"The Dominion of Light"*

Only the
dark in the
intensity
of its o
ver sprea
ding power
s can keep
such light
s artifi
cially con-
fined.

After sense

If words
can be caught
in their af
ter sense
As a child
running for
the leave'
s vacant
ness
from sky.

These flower

s
glowing
the night
through its
moon-spend
ing force.

That white house

across the
street where
It's dissemb
ling color
less time
s.

Requiem for the Jews of Poland

Weep

ing wind
s and the

sorrow
ing leave

s such quiet
and withhold

ing thought
s for a world

that isn't.

Gatsby land

along the

railway stripe
Gawky birds

scratching
the black

ness out of
their trig-

gering claw
ed straight

nesses star
ing in.

Wider

Her eyes
wider than
her short-
lengthed
thought
s could o
pen out.

Solo part

Acting her
self out as
a solo vio
lin ranged
for space-
stops turn
ing timeless
ly about
their axis-o
riented.

Circling

He could
n't find his
way back to
as a bird cir
cling the

timeless
ness of unre
solving
flight.

Rope jumping

Running
off from him
self The
way girl'
s rope-jump
their gravi
tational
pull.

Holbein's Last Supper

in Basel
with bread
and all the
wrong dish
es illustra
ting how un
Jewish Christ
and His dis
ciples had be
come As if
Passover

had really
been passed
over here.

Hung out

He hung
so many pic
tures on the
wall that
that room fill
ed with so
much of his
not being
there.

“Can’t quite place”

If you
can’t quite
place it’
s because
it’s sitting
out there
Cat-like
self-in
tent.

A tough way

He had
a tough way
of looking at
you Grasping
your hand to
its boned
edge Consum
ing more than
he could real
ize in such
out-telling
means.

A cause

She alway
s had a
cause some
thing to be
lieve in
for the o
thers who
hadn't yet
realized
the unbend
ing length of
her own un
fullfill
ing desire
s.

Their marriage

was like
a house re
furnished
with renewa
ble painting
s over those
blemish
ed conceal
ing marks of
theirs As if
it couldn't
hold from its
own being'
s simply
there.

Rosemarie

you're
that pause
in blue
for me The
wakening
of unreveal
ed world'
s touched
for those mo
ments in be
ing now.

Cramped

His room
cramped in
to such short-
findings That
even those
windows
looking more
in than
out.

Pink

un-ner
ved with that
out-balan
cing fly'
s irritat
ing the co
lors of his
finely spo
ken suit
ed his hand
s grasping
even deeper
Furthering
in for pur
pose.

“Don’t let it get you down”

to where
those slimy
walls Joseph
couldn’t climb
Abandoned
from the depth
of their own
cunning self-
caused his
helpless
ly unheard.

These bud

s finely
touched to
the tips of
their finger
ing wants.

Revealing through

The min
ute hands
of the clock
stopped
thinking my

way of re
vealing
through time-
presence.

Pain

took her
longer than
She could
hold it out
bearing self-
hurts time
lessly in
despairing.

Phantomed

He didn'
t bother to
look his face
in the eyes
of where see
ing a phan
tom unknown
from being.

After a painting (by Tobey)

All those
commas run-
ning the
starts pun-
ctuating
in danced re-
flection
s.

Silver-shine

Swans
drifting
the silver-
shine of
time's reflec-
ting.

Tensions

Train
late ten-
sions in
blood That
pull the
sounds of
where we'

re not go
ing getting
there.

“Finding oneself”

is more
like that
game of hide
and seek
Wherever
you are
isn't always
s in being
there.

For Rosemarie

You flow
the source
of me in
to a melt
ing of word
less color
s.

Halloween

with cut-
witching
eyes and glar-
ing feared-
from flame'
s this tense
October
night's search
ing through
timeless
ly aware.

Deaf

to the word
She listen
ed by simply
being there
Housed in a
faith of
wordless
ly communal
prayer.

Retribution (for Manfred Siebald)

If the
prodigal son'
s brother was
always true to
his father'
s claims But
denying a
grace that
such justice
would redeem
Why have we
meted him out
such a harsh
punishment
when grace and
love should
have spoken a
sweetness
of another
kind.

So many

artificial
lights rehear
sing the
Christmas
season That

whatever
star may have
been as invis-
ible to most
Now as pro-
bably then.

Revealed

Why the
other re-
vealed
Him in a
nother way
than our own
doesn't mean
that The Lord
isn't always
the same
in His being
so.

Two-sided self

Woman
in those day-
s lived a
two-sided
self The one

with inner
needs for the
flesh And the
other clothed
over in re
spectable
distancing
s.

Annunciation (Fra Angelico, Florence)

If the flesh-
in-being of
Christ was
beyond man'
s comprehen
sion Why was
that annuncia
ting angel cho
sen to report
such a humane
deed When the
sinful nature
of man was
beyond the li
mits of its
own unfallen
purity.

Moving in to dream

is like a
boat with
speechless
waves And all
those glan-
cing stars
heavens above
from their
telling
through
these time
s of receiv
ing winds.

Watering the

windowed
plants with
the urge for
light that
colors more
than your
sensing-from-
dress could
be telling.

The other side of

his sneaky
looking ar
ound the cor
ner way
some person
s whisper
in deceit.

Berries

that last in-
tensed touch
for color
ed harden-
ed soundless
ly obscured.

Jeremiah's lamentations

flowering
from stone
Chaliced
the inque
tudes of where
breath had
ceased
for light.

Nürnberg

no
where more
than here
Cut down to
the middle
of where my
faith affirm
s/divides
Dürer Stoss
and Streicher
street
s the imprint
of an implor
ing describ
ing faith
faithless
ly trampled
on/denied.

For Rosemarie

I need
a woman's
voice no one
but yours
to tell me
that your
hair has been

stroked to the
fineness of
receding gold
and your eye
s somewhere
deeper than
I could have
known in re
ceiving.

Nassauer Keller (the restaurant)

down
below
medieval
vaults
claiming
for stone
I sit
closed off
in the lone
liness of
being timed
in from
here.

Mary (Angel's greeting, Veit Stoss, Nürnberg)

That
breath of
air encir
cling for
voiced an
gelic accord
s Hands and
eyes of your
s plastic
ally acclaim
ing for the
words of not
knowing why.

The Angel (Angel's greeting, Veit Stoss)

commit
ted to the
cross while
proclaiming
a birth of
heavenly
finds A pur
ity of unremem
bered glance
not fallen
but raised
to this God-
telling at

tunement
flowing
through his
unfolding
words of
their time
less mean
ings.

Down below

a world
under sun-
level man-
made enclo-
sures of sha-
dowing wall
ed silence
s in.

St. Sebastian

pained
with
question
ing meaning
s pierced
through a-
rows of re-
deeming
faith.

Out-used

This
room's out
used from
its child
hood remem
brances E
ven the ca
lendar's pa
pered over
from pre
vious thought
s I dreamed
that night
silently
at sea and
only the
stars to a
waken their
gathering
in of un
heard whis
perings.

Obliqued

view
ed scarci
ty of light
for bird'
s flight
soundless
ly aware.

The right words

She knew
all the right
words for
selling her
brand of
the faith Mar-
keted one
would hope
with an ex
piring date
clearly visi
ble for all
those uncon
cerned.

Through

Cars
on an emp
tied road
Miles of in
expressi
ble thought
s smoothed
down to space
and light and
invisible a
wareness
through.

Ghostlike

A city
ghostlike
withheld
in the mist
of its not
quite out
lining imper
ceptibly.

“Hodie Christus natus est” (Sweelinck)

as if

Joy could
be heard

through the
heavenly light

of their chan
ting out Cen

turies of fear
and dark Here

and now
only then.

Florida white

those waving

sands and accumu
lating breadth

of houses
Angelically

appraising
why man's

been cast off
for such

distancing
shores.

A 2nd life

down there
through
those out
spreading
palms and the
soft winds
of gentle de
sires calm
ing the waves
in as dreams
that ease
through to
a satisfac
tion from
self.

Elegy for Ed

Can I lis
ten to that
same music now
for the way
I felt it
would be sen
sing you
through A
death apart

but still
those same re
vealing sound
s.

Closing in

The cold'
s closing
in for the
singular
whiteness
of that
across-the-
way house.

Old pictures

fading
from their
being too
often seen.

To blame?

Am I
to blame The
fault I couldn'
t have reali
zed then

Who knows
what we don't

And if He
does Am I

(then) to
blame because

He's reali
zing my undis
covered guilt.

What's familiar

even pain
becomes a place

of our own
As if pre-

establish
ed Until it

leaves us
less from be
ing there.

3 Kings (Guislibertus, Autumn)

A sin-

gle touch
placed that

star-awak
ening eye.

Quiet poem

s the way
birds touch
for snow im
pression
less form
ing.

Good marriages

are like
double por
traits In
time they
come to look
that same
way.

Scholarship

like most o
ther ships
outdates it
self in time
Worn from use
its high-fly
ing flags at

the last pull
ed down to
half-mast.

J. B. Bury (for A. H.)

If the idea
of progress
was reduced
to a nothing
ness in chance
Your eyes
seem as smok
ed in as
Napolean'
s at Borodino
on his splendid
horse command
ing high o
ver an un
seen view.

Humanism

without a
faith in man'
s tempering
his nature'
s like be

lieving that
stuffed once-
wild-animal
s could a
gain inhabit
our own in-
natured fear
s.

Hotspur'

on the scent
of where his
horses can't
be holding
themselves
back Sniff
ing their
used-for pow
derkeg Noth
ing's the
more of do
ing it now.

At the zoo (4)

a) The lion

stolid in
the certain
ty of his
calling The
Grand Rabbi
defending
land and law
He sits im
perially
profound.

b) The giant turtle to the slow

steps of his
post-viennese
waltz carried
along with
pre-prepared
long-timed
rental hous
ing.

c) The brown bear

stumbling
the stones
of his bod
ily sancti
tudes Weight
ed to a shy
and essenti
ally self-
withdrawn
appearance.

d) The giraff

with a dig
nity that only
such height
s could en
vision Envel
oping leaves
from their
delicacy of
long-tongued
apprecia
tions.

Why they didn't bomb Auschwitz

when they
could and they
knew Jewish
life's cheap
these days Not
even a fence
to defend and
perhaps worth
a little clean
sing soap and
those left o
ver shoes you
wouldn't even
want to fit
for your own.

Vermeer

knew only
that room
Its enclosed
soundings
for a portrai
ture of place
and that odd
touch of thing
s But it

was a world
big enough
to be telling
all of him
self through.

A kaleidoscope

can turn
the meanings
of its world
around until
you're touch
ing into the
timeless
ness of where
space continue
s to sound
out signals
of its las
ting fragmen
tary design
s.

The need to spite him

She had
the need to
spite him
As a spit-
ting stone

the venomous
eyes of a
snake's re
coiling glance
That stung to
the heart of
her bleed
ing wounds.

Darkness

Can I see
darkness or
seeing through
it sees me
Spaces increa
ses into a
sense of feel
ing as if a
live the way
the sea sing
s Darkness en
compasses
releases
transparent
ly.

Passacaglia (Ravel's piano trio *Beaux Arts Trio*)

I was
waiting to
be moved
Eyes prepared
to close Hands
almost feeling
for their folded
ness But first
that alighting
surprise Press
ler calling out
the first move
ment as if It
was why we were
there for be
ing Light-shim-
mering unexpect
ted Those un
known depths of
why forests have
always been
calling us in
for.

28 years later

It still
hangs there
28 years later
The warrant of
their own de
cease A parish
dying without
the youth they
wrote off
through their
own moralizing
terms Papered
instead of
personed Self-
justifying word
s engraved in
to those last
ing tomb-ston
ed silences.

Old farmer with young woman (Leibl, Frankfurt)

an unequal
pair an ag
ing theme
with hands
caused from
work and eye
s curving in

to that same
superior
sense of what'
s achieved
at the other'
s cost through
an ageless u
nity of de-
sign.

David playing the harp for Saul

(Rembrandt, Frankfurt)

Two kings
from the same
hands annoint
ed The one at
tuned to the
music of his
soul Finger
s touching
in to the
light of sound
s increasing
ly felt The o
ther fixed on
his spear Face
intent to the
evil of his
deadly de-
signs.

On the first article of faith

Do you suppose
The Lord completed
his creating
work to let
it all run
on its own
As a train racing through
an unfathomed
darkness
uncharted
conductor
less while unlimitedly
endangered.

Moralizing

is a way
of thinking
oneself
better than
one is.

*Portrait of a lady with
a dog (Pontormo)*

He was
most afraid
of himself
The death of
him he saw
mirrored
in her un
timely pos
ed.

Nathaniel Pink'

s day off
from himself
Second Tuesday
from the depth
of such pre-
supposing dis
tances Beach
slippers sil
ver threaded
and night-fish
ing hat in
supportive
roles Combing
the beach for
altruent shell

s and those
clasping
sounds of ener-
gising rock-
surface's free
ing.

Emily Dickinson

obscure
ly closet
ed-in sur
prising
thoughts as
flowers pick
ed from their
undue bright
ness wan
ting for word
s.

Off-keyed sense

That off-
keyed sense
Oblique
ly as fin-
gers inde
termina
bly defin
ing.

Danger signs

On-the-look-
out Danger
signs As the
imprinting
blackness
of claws
on her snow-
whiteness
of mind.

Vague

ly trans
piring
Smoke air-
sensed.

Frost

from the
glance
of stars
crystall-
ed.

After

sounds
of the wind
and the
snow's see
king for
likeness.

Suspicion

hardened
into fact
As that small
uncolored
fish in those
dark and
murky water
s aimed its
poisonous

tongue right
at where
you immova
bly couldn'
t get away
helpless
ly staring
there for
the needs for
safety.

Plato

kept his
poetic self
out of his
own kingdom
in the dark
of that
cave's pro
longing
depth.

Pompous

is when
those cushions
are seated higher
than your
own indulging
self.

The golden rule

Even if
the golden
rule could
span as a
bridge We'd
need to walk
backwards
in finding
ourselves
there.

Silence from self

That mystic
silence
from self
comes only
when listening's
harder.

Obsessed

Fear
took ahold
of where
he wanted
for seeing
Gasp
ing sounds
as a ship
guttled from
landing
rights.

Reversed roles (in memory K. R.)

We rever
sed roles
As a train
on parallel
tracks with
its never
crossing-o
ver endless
ly distanc
ed to find
ourselves
where the
other had
started
out from.

Crippled

She was crippled
to a
chair of listening
through
for the purity
of unspoken
sounds.

Proprieties

He was
mostly dressed
in with
a collared
whiteness
for the proprieties
of being
so seen.

For loss

Sadness
framed his
face for
loss The lines
are broken

through his
holding back
as if stagger
ing from his
child's death
down those
deepening
hills that
couldn't hold
her back.
for him.

For being voiced (e. s.)

Can you
play those
tones back
fingering
to their
first sen
sed- in mea
nings of
why you're
reclaiming
a timeless
ness for be
ing voiced.

Determined look

of having
outlast
ed what
ever his
hands were
clutching
so tight-
tensed for.

In-feared

The out
side of that
house so of
ten curtain
ed with fear
s of seeing
in to Where
it might be
looking back
from us.

Wallace Stevens' blackbird

There's
Wallace Steven
s' blackbird
staring
through the
cedar limbs
A conviction
of irrepres
sible self-
certainty.

Diffusely lightening

The snow'
s diffuse
ly lighten
ing why she
needed brigh
ter clothes
for telling
it all
through.

Margot

Her husband
died sudden
ly Injected
with contras
ting colors
as she be
came a contrast
to herself
a re
plica of him
High-
horsed Saddl
ed in mount
ing political
conviction
s.

Tightly lit

Are these
stars tight-
ly lit fro-
zen down
As a candle
turned cold
from incess-
ant convic-
tions.

For hunger finds

Imprinted
in the rook'
s claw
that density
for hunger-
finds.

Nathaniel Pink

cold down
to that boot
ed iced
underpath
of such re
dundant mean
ings He chose
in his u
sual refined
manner a tie
to match His
smile beguil
ing that pleni
tude of land
scaping per
spective
s.

Nathaniel Pink

branched
through a
profusion
of entang
ling thought
s Bird encom
passing
contempla
tive dance-
perspective
s with the moon
shadowing
all that pre-
supposing
night through.

Denial?

She
tried look
ing away
from what
she was thin
king in Al
most retell
ing the out
side's of
seeing there.

A wildness

in his
glaring
two-sided
eyes couldn'
t touch to
a center
ness there.

Samuel's

choice of
two evils
Himself caught
in the cross-
currents of
sin A king
that Israel
shouldn't
bear or his
disobedient
sons for ta
king his di
vine place
Only prayer
brought him
back to the
answering
God.

An unevened pair

from the op
posite sides
of where
they met
As those Dan
bury bands
of Ives' youth
Clashing in
bronzed aware
ness Polyton
ed shining
the sun's up
wards for
a self-deter
mining glan
ced.

Disengaged

from herself
She was more
like that
blackness
of bird's
seeking for
its far-off
shadowing
s.

Blind-folded

as if
the dark
was seeing
her through
for touch
ing it back
in view of
realizing
spaced.

Such heights

Maybe
the devil
knows more
of his self-
deceiving
heights
Where we can
only stutter
out in awe
of such trans
cending tempta
tions without
The Christ
clothed in
his clouds of
purifying
deeds.

Cartesian

He questioned every
thing except
himself
As a house
bared of all
its furnishings
with but
a single light
shadowed
within its
own persisting
glow.

Some kind of doctor

They blooded his
unborn baby
with his girlfriend's
patent
thetic cries
for life
So he took
to doing it
better Antiseptically
precision-
ed in pain.

October moon

alarmed
in light
The density
of unheard
silences
Deep in the
wooded glow
of bestial
eye's through-
finding.

Burying the past

Can one
bury the past
with the bone
s of unrecon-
ciled guilt
Those flesh
ed out cries
and that high-
booted stanc
ed in super
ior pose.

Jericho walls

Israel
ghettoed
in with the
hands of its
own making
Jericho walls
to be blast
ed down at
those shrill
cries of the
trumpet'
s final call.

Susan

You could
see she was
stronger
felt than
those sweeten
ed implying
eyes would re
veal As an
arm-chair
cushioned for its
intrinsic
cally soften
ing effect
s.

Thaw

gracious
ly mild
As wind's softening flesh
and touch
that could
hear itself a
gain perceptively
awakened.

"He had his day"

they said
But the night
seemed longer than that
And those
dreams as pre-
historic creatures ascend
ing from a
never-to-be
finding sea.

Timelessly aware

Images re
main Even the
voiced si
lence of her
face Smiling
as if time
lessly a
ware.

The other side

of where
he wasn't
Fenced for
a touching
view bare
ly distin
guished.

Jewish graveyard (Worms)

Those
stones long
worn down
from the look
of in-deciph

ering hands
Touching to
the lasting
depth of
their protec
tive silence.

At the end of the track

It was
at the end
of the track
Standing
his own length
for a train
that couldn'
t be telling
more.

At the Christmas time

trans
parancies
of snow
healing the
wounds of
this naked
ly-kept-land

Concealing
where even
the pains
have touched
deeper down
than
that tense
cold could
reveal.

To be grieved

with those
same mistake
s that keep
reminding
as wounds
re-opened
blood-in
censed.

Shadowing in

If you
look to see
what other
s see of
your shadow
ing in
from self.

Plague ship 1349

a drift

without

waves to

verify its

course 312

dead cover

ing the realm

s of its

lifeless

body Rats at

the helm

teethed in-

to putrify

ing flesh

Harbouring

manlessly

a drift with

out any length

of cause.

in sight.

Andersch: Sansibar or that last meaning (6)

a) Gregor

If there's
nothing left to
believe in It'
s that "nothing
left" that frees
us to witness
why life itself
s worth believ
ing.

b) The priest

If there's
only a distant
inscrutable
God and the
words left be
hind fast in
Satan's fateful
grasp Why did
Christ envelope
all that near
ness to Him
at the cross
As forsaken
and destitute
as we all are
without.

c) The youngster

stopped
and turned

back from all
his dreams

When he could
have gone on

to save a
nother who

couldn't dream
at all.

d) Judith Levin

God

delivers those
he chose

ven out of the
lion's mouth

or the nets
of Satan's all

seemingly
scope.

e) *Knudsen*

redeemed

by a love
that held him

even tighter
than that

coarse wooden
ed boat could

conceive.

f) *Barlach's "Cloister student"*

not in the
image of God

but The one
who wanders with

his people of
The Book out

side the realm
s of what

sanctuaries
can hold.

Beyond his seeing why

As a fisher
man's watch
for a pre-
supposing
fish And those
waves gliding
so ever soft
ly beyond his
range for
seeing why.

Deeper in

There's
too much of
my father
in me Looking
back from his
death As I
shovelled
those last
stones in dee-
per than I
could be call-
ing him
back from.

Hieronymus Bosch

deviled
the holy stor
ies with the
myth of a pre-
established
evil Transcen
ding in whis
pering words
a lordless
creation.

Seymour

his glasses
fit him small
er Pressing
to the lesser
print of im-
personed
beings.

The heaviest

What
weighes the
heaviest on
filial affec
tions is

seeing one's
own weaknesses
living down the
ways of one's
children.

False modesty's like

most always
sitting in
the last row
Hair bound to
a knotted o-
bedience
Hands fold-
ing something
more of self
than of prayer
She sat just
that way with
her most al-
ways know-
ingly nod-
ding approval.

Intrinsic merits

Checking
the cost of
presents is
like valuing
a gift on
the intrinsic
merits
of money-
minded
ness.

Hearse

black smart
and sleekly
moving to
a long-shap
ing look
of inward be
nevolence.

Christmas

with al
most all
its white
ness wash
ed away and

leaving us
almost na
kedly un
told.

Some kinds

of sweet
ness have a
sting about
them As those
honey-flavor
ed bees And
your over-
done smile'
s blemish
ed that way
to(o).

How few

were pun
ished who
punished the
innocence
of others
Firing-squad
tribunals

now turned
in to those
peace-abiding
Mengele trac-
tors clearing
blood-ridden
fields for the
fresh smell
of plowed-
through wheat
and the smil-
ing graces of
distribu-
ting family
morning break
fasts.

Phased out

Cities
of white
houses Sand-
stretching
illumina-
tions of
Why these im-
prints in
sand so quick-
ly phased
out
from sight.

Premonitions

most al
ways deep and
darkening
through Fore
bodings of
why those
birds harvest
ed in the
black of cir
ling an un
seen aware
ness of.

That last remnant

of snow
As a bird'
s voice
may be left
for listen
ing hesitant
ly aware.

Empty-shelled

Doors
may signi
fy a house

Shiny knob
bed cleansed-
in wood grain
ed oriented
for a touch
ed silence
to the no
where yet of
opening out
Empty-shell
ed.

Old-age home'

s shadow
s speaking
louder Christ
mas-time'
s lights over
heard their
nearness
for loss.

Joseph'

s being
married to
a Madonna
must have

sainted
his inner
urgings
to(o).

Händel's God

fashion
ed out of
imperish
able stone
Has much of
those lordly
claims in
spiring a
genuine fear
of His all-
assuming
judgment.

The Apostles at Albi (Georges de la Tour)

If you
left nature
behind You
told us
more of what
it implies
in the sparse

ness of man'
s deline
ting uncer
tainties.

Blurred

window
view of an
after
thought
indistin
ct forms
what we
thought might
be wasn't.

Closed in

She
was closed
in her out
wanting self
That even
the doors
locked be
hind in sha
dowed aware
ness.

Awakenings

Snow
through
the night dri
fting star
s and the
dreams of
timeless
awakening
s.

It's

those
surprising
uncertain
ties that un
balances
us back
for place.

That tidal wave

heighten
ed well be
yond the com
forts of such
tropical

shores With
those soft
breezy winds
so self-assur
ing calming
all of our
outer needs
It came
as a giant
struggling
for death
Goya-like
from the fir-
ed furnaces
of its all-
consuming
wanting greed.

Bi-cycling inclined

A man
turning a
round his bi
cycling in
clined
thoughts
Until the
snow eases
him back
from view.

Moralizing'

s that self-
portrait
You've fram
ed just
right for a
nother With
your own out-
featuring
Such glowing-
through self
appearan
ces.

By growing

The night
stood word
lessly there
Stripped of
all its mean
ings windless
timeless
growing for
its instinct
in stars.

New Years Eve

in Times
Square riotous
ly lit
pulveriz
ing effect
s War-crack-
ling candles
stacatto
ed in-to
dawn-phas
ing silence
s.

Nathaniel Pink's no where safe to be here

floods e
ruptions
Sea animals
abound
trying to get
away mirror
ing from
in a pre-
meditated
dawn And where
have all those
stars been lif
ting out from.

“reading, writing ’rithmetic”

but Miss Dudley’s strictly

facing it
my way all

the number
s wrong Eye-

balled me
to smaller

spellings-
stut-

tered at her
immaculate

glance back-
treading.

Georges de la Tour (3 paintings)

a) That Nativity

Never

was a light
as still as

this And a
voice so quiet

ly told through
those hands

of in-reced
ing darkness.

b) Mary Magdalene

A skull
touched-
from-view
mirror re-
flecting
where your
eyes had once
sought for the
beauty of
hair-fold
ing phrase
s And that
sensed-envel
oping dark
ness.

c) Gypsy sounds

Her eyes
turned the o-
ther way
round of in-
side out'
s appearing
touch dissemb-
ling as if
through cloth-
spokening
s.

Word-switch

signall
ed light
knife glanc
ing star'
s edge.

Hommage à Celan

Words
cut-stone
fissures
Breath un
spoken irri
descent.

Flowing

The soft
ness of
your cheeks
as the moun
tain's white
nesses flowing
in to the
valleys
of my hand.

Relinquished

if I
heard my
self in a
nother's
voice those
sound-cur-
rents of re-
versible i-
dentities.

Tsunami

The sea
bursting
through its
depth of
bottomness
A vulture
hungry for
boned-
in-frame
Ribbed be-
yond those
fleshy wave
s pulsing
through
in blood.

Buddha

untouch
ed from his
contempla
ting the no
thingness
as of cloud
s self-trans
forming.

Hopper'

s silence
speak
ing louder
Intensing
space That
even wood'
s soundless
ly apparent.

Village of Scarsdale

at dawn'
s lifting al
most weight
lessly from
the shadow

s of its in
clining
ease.

Over-friendly

that door
man's pro
truding smile
d his arms
into obses
sively ges-
tured.

Iraq 2004/05

In
side the hor
net's nest
Head-out
appearing in
stinging
brightness.

Across the way

from 50 Pop
ham so many
windows loo
king out
transforming
views That it
must have
been Noah'
s ark out
there animal
ed with such
transpiring
awareness
es.

Where

do we go
from not be
ing here
Yet those san
died virtue
s of smooth
ed under
currents.

Revolving doors

She
got out the
front door
Gestapo
through the
back A house
may prove
such a depth
of distan
cing revolv
ing door
s.

Open lands

not yet
growth by
more than
shrub
and scent'
s touch of
just those
ground-root'
s emerg
ing.

Stewardess

rolling
out carbona
ted smile
s Pretzel
snaps up-sea
ting edged-
in taste.

Free floating

spiri
tuality
as clouds
horizon
ed out
from view.

Translating

You
can't trans
late a bridge
across to the o
ther side
Both ends
only meet if
the middle'
s redefin
ing.

A lioness

protec
ting her
grown-up
child Was
she of stone
guarding the
entrance
to what
might hurt
her in him.

No exit

If
there's no
exit a labyr
inth of lost
possibili
ties As the
blind sear
ching for
where
eyes can't be
finding in
even out.

Mellowed

She'
d mellowed
as Adam and
Eve's apple'
s outgrown
its or
iginal fla
vour.

Outbloomed

Flowers
outbloom
ed to this
darkened
morning'
s search for
a fading
light as a
dead child
wanting
for the love
of increa
sing grow
th.

Slow Movement

(Carl Maria v. Weber Clarinet Quintet op 34)

as if
the clarinet
could lower
its embrac
ing tone
to the out
going of the
tide's search
ing sunset
s a time
barely touch
ed unvoiced
from the
depth of its
lasting still
ness.

Enticing

Her jewell
ed presence
Enticing
the glow of
distant
stars.

Palmed shadows

surfacing
ing a
depth
in water
ed aware
ness.

At the water's edge

Small
birds at the
water's
edge
their touch
ed-in gathering
ing for the
whiteness
of shells.

Skin-breath

Florian
dian winds
surfacing
for sound'
s skin-
breath.

Quieted

Those pain
tings walled
in the dark
of their sleep
less nights
quieted now
subdued
through the
waking tide
s for dawn.

Those waves

reaching
in for shore
as if drawn
through
from unseen
hands distant
ly voiced.

Man with conical hat

He stood
at the top
of his see
ing out A
man with his
conical hat
Praising up

for such pro
mising view

s.

Nathaniel Pink

would have
said yes
to why the
whiteness
of those birds
kept flut-
tering him a
bout that e
ven his shirt
sleeves un
easied palpi
tating in the
rhythmic
urge of
sun-bred
choirs.

After a painting of Odilon Redon

Far
off hori
zoned from view
The voiced
sails dis

tantly con
fining Where
the boat's
only a word
for its tide
less flowing
through for
sound.

As alone as

He sat
for his wife
less chair
as alone as
the thinness
of his boned-
in frame'
s staring
out from.

Of fish-lighting eyes

The tide
s of this
bottom
less sea
Where dark'
s the all

night aware
ness of fish-
lighting
eyes.

Holocaust

blocked
her from
understand
ing her na
tive tongue
Only the
shells of
words couldn'
t speak her
aloud again.

An incident

She was
only an in
cident
for his re
membering
of her hair-
felt color
s and a coy

smile her
lips of self-
sensing ex
pressive
ness.

The tongues we speak

Are the
tongues we
speak the
voices our
parents have
told us-imi-
tating Or
the inflec-
tions of our
landscaping
instincts
for sounds.

Stewardess

ran out
of smiles
Too many
handouts
to keep her
automati-
cally machine-

liked face
from coming
out for more.

Denials

We all
need den
ials against
ourselves It
could be the
outer walls
of a city
Or the inner
protective
stability
of standing
up to(o) And
when that'
s all broken
down we're as
nakedly left
The tsunami'
s claims flood
ing through
the heart and
sense of such
self-imposing
denials.

Bi-cyling

the flat
ness of the
sands to those
smoothed
touched-in
self-appear
ances.

That

little
ness of bird
flutter-
ing for wing
s as if re
creating
in color
ed sound
s.

Philosopher'

s not see
ing what he'
s looking
out for Star
ing a time
less imper
manency As

if the sea'
s but mir
roring his
own sense
from view.

Advancing on

He was a
fraid of the
life he kept
advancing
on Strident
ly self-assur
ing as a
conqueror
with all those
troops he
could amass
for the final
overcoming
from the realm
s of self.

For Rosemarie at 66

She loved me
out of my
self air-
bound as if

the heaven
s were trans
parently
ours.

What relates

Culture
is not what
begins but
what relates
Shakespeare
needed his
sources to(o)
But what if
this sky
stopped see
ing me back
Or roses bled
from to(o)
much inter
nal meaning
s.

Heaped on

She
heaped on
so much fat
tinesses
As mounds of

sand-waving
persuasion
s With those
in-dwelling
of eyes as
'potomuss'
twinkling
ear-resonan
ces.

King David

Even
a king need
s to learn
what he can'
t Proclaim
ing a justice
beyond his
own instinct
ual needs
the law and
that of The
Lord's a li
mit to his
limitless
wantings
for more.

Out-jumped

He out
jumped him
self as a
frog that
would be get
ting himself
there even be
fore his
feet could
find their
going's out
from.

Wind-sensing

Those
space
less out
findings of
where the
pelican'
s wings and
through-
sound's wind-
sensing.

The sense of

taste sub
tly enhan
cing a rich
ness beyond
those del
ving inade
quencies
of word.

A room

of artifi
cial flower
s That what
she touched
wasn't an
swering back
Her finger
s faded from
pulse and
her face
dried to the
surface of
such impervi
ous appear
ances.

The honeyed

bee per
fumed with
desiring
colors.

What's sensed

is more
than one
thinks As a
child's a
loneli
ness from the
encircling
voice of its
mother's felt-
out for
nearness.

It's the tide

s
that'
s created
the marlin's
sweeping
sounds The

· blue of its
plunging
phrasing
depths and
the moon
creative
ly alive to
its light
ning strength.

In your own image

If Jesus
was created
in our own
image: German
French black
and even the
route to a
nother gender
What would be
left of the
Jew and the
biblical as
surance of
His messian
ic promise
s.

Crucifixion (Stefan Lochner, Cologne)

beauti
fying the
poetry of
person Each
with the sym
bol of his
own meaning
And Christ a
lone on the
cross almost
too pretty
to be blem
ished through
with blood.

So slightly sensed

These
flowers
so slight
ly sensed
the yellow
of their out
bringing
colors.

Pirouetting

Like a
ballerina
pirouet
ting a light
ness of touch
ed toe's ex
tending for
the world's
lengthed-
in meaning
s.

Carl

from Ohio
had that far
out view of
things Bi
nocular
ed eyes where
the ships
were sea-high
from view
as if record
ing his past
to an intense
closeness
in percept
ion.

With self-imposing silence

The out
going sun'
s drawing
the sea in
with its tide
s of emptied
response
left the beach
es bare and
flatly lit
As if person
ed in with
self-imposing
silence.

Moon-sensed

Are these
palms 'wake
in the night
Brushed by
the darkness
es of wind'
s flowing
in for dis
tant waves
moon-sensed.

The snake

revell
ed in vene
mous glance
its cold in-
stinct
for pain.

City of lights

glass-
felt wave
s distan
cing boats
gliding in
soundless
ly aware.

Of tidal origins

where
the fish in
this wondrous
night moon-
brighten
ing alive
rhythmi
cally sens
ed.

After a painting of C. D. Friedrich

On the rock
s standing
to that sea'
s witness
ing the ri
sing of the
moon as if
lifted from
the depth of
their own
in-telling
darknesses.

Crab-clawed

Too close
to be shell
ed in for
safety Crab-
clawed from
that other'
s out-try
ing voice.

Watching me down

Some
times I think
these stars
are watching
me down As a
candle lit
in its mel
ting in
for wax.

Gambling ships

three mile
limit As if
some of us
weren't
landed in
with that
same sort
of problem.

Free-styling world

The square
of that pool
tropically
palmed de
fined in stroke
his so always
s free-sty
lying world.

“The world’s out of joint” (Shakespeare)

This
world’s be
coming the
way it wasn’
t Disorien
ted from the
axis of its
revolving
spheres And
we’re pulled
out from its
center Fall
ing off as
the setting
sun from its
horizoned
view.

Tsunami

There’
s a voice at
the bottom of
the sea Darker
even than me
mory can re
cord Hidden
from the depth
s of its own

despondent
longings Un
til split o-
pen the midst
of those tropi
cal winds Cry
ing out for the
blood of all
those vanquish
ing victims.

Boats on shore

still feel
ing out
where the
rhythms of
the sea'
s sailing
through.

Händel

must have
been a proud
man with stee-
ping convic-
tions and ly-
rical quie

tudes embra
cing moment
s solemn
ly esteem
ed.

Sitting out

Joe
was busy sit
ting out his
life Slouch
ed over time-
receding
thoughts Sun-
drenched in the
Floridian
waves of time-
tending year
s.

Those suspicious

of others
usually have
some thing
to conceal
from them
selves It'

s like those
gulls always
s looking a
round protec
ting their
catch from o
thers they'
ve stolen
from before.

Dream poem

The train
stopped
where I wasn'
t Empty-hand
ed as if
filled with
the ghost-
like person
s moving
on.

Other voiced

The stair
s so close
that I couldn'

t hear my
steps coming
down as if
other-voiced
from those
shadowing
sounds so per
ceptively
near.

Pelican portrait

The peli
can's face
sad for the
catch of
fish so as
tutely in
clined.

The flute

intuned to
the bright
ness of your
fingering-
through
sounds.

Duccio: Madonna's realizing

those fine
lines from
her robe'
s rhythmi
cally aware
of such tou
ching pulse-
sensing
s.

Backwaters

where
you become
silently a
ware of those
boats swaying
so tideless
ly to the
soft winds
gently rehear
sing as word
s whispering
in silent
ly unheard.

Only the two of us

but that
room inti
mately invol
ved in un
touchable
silence What
listens re
flects as
this glass
through wai
ting phrases
of our eye
s inwardly
withheld.

Time-telling scars

This
palm's still
reaching sky
wardly expos
ing its rough
bark's time-
telling scar
s.

Obituaries

Most would
like to read
their own o
bituaries
with self-
satisfy
ing eyes and
phrases that
assuage their
innermost
feelings
I've imagin
ed the tear
s of some
for so much
loving and
lasting of
forgotten
care.

That house of theirs

You couldn't
see through
that house of
theirs Face
lessly untell
ing As if e
choing some

unseen truth
hollowing
out spaced-
silent whis
perings.

Out-directioned

He was
rounded more
in to the in
timacies
of self An
off-stage
theatre man
behind the
scenes as if
life was where
you weren't
looking at-
out-direct
ioned.

To(o) detailed

Her face
to(o) detail
ed to take
in more than
an outer

glanced uncen-
sored lips
and eyes im-
perceptive
ly if fine
ly exposing.

That crab

clawed in
its obtuse
vision The
side-ward
ness of in-
direct ex-
pression.

Those clouds

creating
in metamor-
phoses of in-
volving revel-
ation's dream-
flow.

“A drifter”

as she said
a ghost of
where he
wasn't Sudden
ly there
knife in hand
Bleeding her
to the depth
of his own
feel-from
self.

Mud-slides

plaguing
the Califor
nian coast
As if we
weren't all
some thing
of those
small house
s below Sit
uated for an
outside of
that oceaned
view.

Tsunami

and her
house only
that marking-
off of where
others
weren't
A space of
out-lived
passing.

Buying ice-cream

He only
went to buy
ice cream
for wife and
3 children
just before
Those hills un
rolled their
own appetites
enveloping
in taste for
the timeless
cries of the
dead spent.

Horse-trotting scherzi (Beethoven)

with that
up-beat
of stamped-
through im-
pressions dus
ting off all
those remem
brance's time-
escaping.

That 3rd grade chalk

Who
stole that
3rd grade chalk
until we were
teachered-
in to our
confession
al selves And
the black
board washed
down of all
such aspiring
guilt.

6th grade sinners

and we
on the wood
ed scent to
those leaf-
bared pre-
adolescent
exposing
s.

All the answers

If you
have all the
answers You
may not be
asking the
right kind
of quest
ions.

3 English cathedrals

a) Wells
as if
flowing in
to the harmon
ious accords
of those out
lasting
sounds.

b) Ely

risen from

the sea
from the of

ferings of
forelorn

prayers more
ancient

now than e
ven time

can remem
ber.

c) Salisbury (after Constable)

The lithe

ness of that
spire trans

cending even
the inner

realms of
gardened

pleasuring
s.

In-breeding family sense

There was
some thing
homely a
bout their
in-breeding
family sense
Storied with

the accents
that only a

distant dia
lect of time

s once told
could compre

hend the chron
icles of

their being
alived

for now.

Going out with me

The tide'
s going out
with me and'

s left those
bared place

s as unheal
ed remembran

ces that I
hadn't found
somewhere
deep-downed
myself be
fore.

Balancing act

Life's be
coming more
of a balanc
cing act
from me As
the aging bal
lerina but
still toed-
on to its
lasting sense.

The meaning for poem'

s as elusive
as why birds
find in the
winds their
colorings
for flight.

Mozart's pauper grave

No one's
ever explored the
depth of Mozart's pauper
grave But they say it
becomes more bottomless
the longer you keep loo-
king it down.

Golden rule

If other's pain
s could pain
me as much
as my own
Then I could
love my neighbor
as myself.

The stranger

You
wouldn't
want to look
at him Each
step was more
than a mile
away He grasp-
ed for place
Eyes holding
on to where
he wasn't
No where
else than
that moment'
s being
there.

Suffering

brings a
dignity
to man Take
s that care
lessness
from his face
less feature
s away Dee
pens in to

its sense
for loss.

Sunday

has its
own sense
for feel It'
s like when
the mind e
ases your
breath and
there's
that soft
ness of touch
as of bud's
first real
izing.

Pillars

standing
out to the
sun as those
of ancient
Greece ab
stractly de
fining a
gainst the
sea's tide-
swelling depth

and the wind'
s in-reveal
ing darkness
es.

Dying down

She'
s been dy
ing down to
where death'
s the only
answer left
The rib ta-
ken from A
dam's living
needs now
fleshless
ly outsung.

City of Blood

They'
ll bomb us
back to the
desolation
of their own
God-thirst
ing needs City

of blood
melting from
their recoil
ing hate to
the warmth
of speechless
stone moon-
reflecting
its outtaken
light.

When his wife died

a thinness
took her place
Standing as
high as he
could for a
diminish
ing sense
from there.

Poet being

She became
a poet as her
hair flowing
into those

longings of be
ing more than
what she
wasn't.

Half-made promises

what you
said but
didn't really
mean is like
a moon only
partially
visible by
hiding the o
ther side of
its darken
ing face.

Her not yet

eyes as co
lors vaguely
unmatched
elusive
ly there for
not being
touched.

The Barnabas/St. Paul syndrom

Some
poems have to
be written
out with the
most patient
ly cared for
not being quite
good enough
Because some
where around
that unseen
corner's a
nother priming
in for place.

The upstairs

If the
upstair's where
the comings
down for poem
Why do my
thoughts keep
climbing high
er than I can
hold them
back from.

That slight

girl's father's
standing high
er up than
the holding
of his hand
could be tel
ling for her
eye's out
ward finding
glance.

John Marin'

s sea-sur
fing sails
inclin
ing for
that co
lored rough
ness of
wave.

Nathaniel Pink

in an atti
tude of pole
sitting pro
cession
ally about

his ceremon
iously hori
zoned in-
depth Sun-set
ting innate
claims for
sitting so pre
stigious
ly down.

To(o) distinctly told

She was
to(o) dis-
tinctly
told as if
over-heard
Out-lined
rather than
softening
in.

Hand-in-sense

Those
shutters
coming down
hand-in-sense
Until he only

heard what
night could be
seeing back
from.

Catullo's Grotto (Sirmione)

steeped
down this
space of
years High
ground where
I stand to
those stone-
listening
shadows of
his voice
Phrasing
in out-
searching wave
s for the
far of being
so down
below.

Homestead Act

s staking
out their
place for a
plot of land
As if per
sons could
only hold for
meaning in
that then
and there of
measuring
it out for
the assur
ance of the
deed.

Far-fetching

Little
dogs trot-
ting an ap
preciation
of why their
feet keep
thinking-out
such far-fetch
ing conclu
sions.

Victory garden

She tended
her little
patch of a
victory gar-
den with its
vegetable sense
in growth Cul-
tivating the
needs of her
hands and the
spirit of a much-
fearing mind
Until the enemy
came and
claimed her
land on a re-
newable long-
term basis.

In-ter-locking

The chain-of-
command's
so in-ter-loc-
king that it
tightened
his scope
from view.

Too

Some per
sons were too
understand
ing to under
stand why
He preferred
being left a
lone.

Corkscrew Sanctuary

Shadow
ings enclo
sures the in
ner sanctu
aries of self-
Light reflec
ting un-seen
sound's hid
den voices.

Encircling

The ibis
curved his
beak right a
round my
straight
thinking'
s out encir
cling.

A snake

caught in
the hawk's
dangling
clawed-eyed
taste wig
gling as a
feather
less bird
aired
through.

Swamp night

alligator
s buried
deep below

the watering
surfaces of
our rising
fears Wild
cries as of
dried leave
s rustling
time-like
through the
wind's sterile
after thought
s.

Hommage aux deux Rousseau

Ancient
forests now
lost from
man's primi-
tively lit in-
stincts And
all those
untimely fears
night-bound
dream-enligh-
tened.

Born out of wedlock (Hommage à Tolstoi, Bellini ...)

of two un
evened halves
As some arti
ficial agricul
tural bi-pro
ducts not of
sufficient
marketing
value But re
claiming for
the depth of
self-orient
ed finding
ness.

For Rosemarie

Some
beauty out
lives the fa
ding breath
of its winter
ing light And
shines that
darkness
through The way
curved
moon's night-
brighten
ing.

Sisyphus

keeps
rolling that
big stone
up the rhythmic hands
of his immediate needs
the bottomness of where
I'm starved atop the
persuasions of another's continuing task.

"Playboy of the Western world" (Synge)

It may
be Northwest
Irish to heroes
oneself with
the blood of
parental failures
Whiskey-danced
stampeding

out the hor
sing of those
barren hill'
s resonat
ing the
vigour of song
and dance act
s.

Double-visioned

looking o
ver his shoul
der's shadow
s closing
deeper increa
sing a see
ing length
from his own.

Librarian

She was
modestly so
inwardly
self-assur
ing lending
out books and

personed
taste That I
wondered if
I might take
her off one
of those
specialty-
viewed shel
ves.

Sweetened?

Being
born with a
silver spoon
in your mouth
doesn't al
ways sweet
en such remem
brances.

Harvesting

You
don't find
dead birds
on these swim
ming beaches
Somewhere in

land in those
tropically
crowding bush
es they're
harvesting
from fear.

A stab in the back

It would
have been a
stab in the
back If he
had anything
left to stab
with But his
daggers had
all been thrown
otherwise
And the stain
s were drying
deep some
where unsuspect
ingly through
his own wrink-
ling sleeves.

Two-faced

Talking be
hind your back'
s not a fa
cing up to
what wouldn'
t be there
for the after
math.

Gossip'

s like a
lynx with too
many trail
s to scent
its coming
s back from.

Owl collection (for Walter)

His owl col
lection was so
replete with
out-staring
eyes That he
must have felt
woodlessly
hollowed
through.

Chicago'

s back
drop of se
cular build
ings Amassing
the sky's vi
sage for its
own earthy-
claimed pre
dominance.

Through others

Living
your life
through o
ther's like
a dog trail
ing the scent
of his own
shadow.

Almost lost

So much snow
here now
That even a
snowman

would feel
almost lost

from the same
ness of such

serene surround-
ings.

Chicago

cited me

into another
kind of shiny

brightness
Overtower

ing in where
abouts

lost.

Jonah

might have

been a whale
of a person

Only in the
protecting

darkness
from his own

runaway
self.

Peter

trying
to be warm
ed by that
fire of de
ceptive i
dentities.

That pink dress

for a three-
year-old
girl's hang
ing there
as if she
could be so
neatly as
signed.

Religious parking lots

That kind
of rabbi's
parking lot
imagined in in
numerable
designs for
the high holi

days of paid
per-seated
Cars duly re
clined.

*“It was snowing and
it was going to snow” (Wallace Stevens)*

as if
there’s a con
tinuity a
timeless
sense of be
ing As wave
s the endless
sounds of
bringing them
back in
voiced.

Signpost

small
of stone
numbered
No where to
be other
wise than in
the midst of

a field
Outlasting
its sense
in meaning.

*That ancient
Jewish graveyard in Worms*

not a soul
of their kind
left to re
member All ex
posed to a
“final solu
tion” that
left but this
ancient field
of stones moss
ed over fa
ding even for
touch-Rehear
sing the his
tory of a once
homeless
people.

Seeing

We see
so much
what we see
That we can't
see why
others don't
see it.
that way
as well.

Ugliness (da Vinci)

has its
own claim
s on the
beauty of
its being
the other
wiseness
of man's self-
distorting
nature Dwarf
ed or hide
ously une
vened the full
range of his
own accentu
ating fall.

Hieronymus Bosch

and where
did the de
vil get his
start Did God
push him off
from the top
Or was he al
ways demoni
cally there
devouring
for the re
mains of
all those
holy epistle
s.

The Merchant of Venice: A Jewish tragedy (5) (Shakespeare)

a) *Shylock*
left a
lone En
circled from
the world
that made him
what he was
Their pound of
spirit bled
from his no

way out of
being what
he is.

b) Jessica'
s treach
erous beauty
To win the
world at the
cost of her
own infamous
soul.

c) The rialto
at sea
with the
waves of mer
cantile
goods floa
ting out gall
ies of slave
s still
bending the
cause of
their profit
able gain.

d) The Music

of moon
light and
the waves
of where a
timeless
heaven'
s phrasing
beyond the
soul's in-
lighting
for stars.

e) The ending

at least
three amen
s before
the curtain
decided to
come down
on a Jewish
tragedy in
the name of
Christian
mercy.

Internal tides

He felt
so much
his feeling
s through
A river
pre-destin
ed to the
flow of in
ternal tide
s.

Growing old

together
As if I
could sha
dow you
in mine.

Rhymed differently

We were
rhymed dif
ferently
But even if
those ends

didn't meet
just as we
like Parting
a together
ness in.

Darkens

If
the snow
darkens be
cause night'
s reflec
ting in the
earth's out
growing
from.

It's

like thinking
deeper Draw
ing down to
where form
must form it
self around
the such con
trolling con
templation
s.

Haydn: G minor Sonata (HB 44, András Schiff)

The sad
ness of that
key kept
over com
ing Driven on
a passionate
need for
hearing it
self out.

Early spring 1945

when only
the ash that
sweetened
smell of burnt
flesh remains
And the o
vens cooled of
their perspir
ing wants Not
even the dead
liest of men
Cain-like
blood-drenched
as they were
would linger
to remain
Haunted through

those deepest
forests of
their surviv
ing fears.

Mozart and Monet

Women
mostly love
Mozart and
Monet's flow
ing from
form in to
the fields
of distan
cing through
flesh-find
ing sensibil
ities.

Sistine Madonna' (Raphael)

s choco-
angels with
those sur
rounding
self-impos
ing witness
es And a

Madonna star
ing out dis
tances that
He not she
would be cross-
bound to take.

Dufay's songs

with their
strange melif
luous sweet
ness harmon
izing through
time's over
telling truth
s.

Too pretty

She was
too pretty
to be more
than for her
self As a
picture
hung on the
wall to be
looked at

She posed
her face in
to a self
expression
less void.

Star-finding dreams

Some
thing soft
and gentle
about this
snow As a
child layed
deep to rest
Blanketed
in the depth
of his star-
finding
dreams.

Prevorst

That place e
stranged
me from a
distance
As eyes

more from
their moon-
ed-in-glow
ing fears
of ghostly
habitat
ions.

Fox

His
eyes dart-
ed the im-
print of
feared-in
perspec
tives.

A parish

left 10
years be
hind As
a ship tide
lessly pre
sent Shored
in from har
bouring
views.

Poems from the Chinese (5) for Chung

a) The reed

s if where
water's
slender
ing out.

b) A bird

color-
touched
position
ing tree.

c) A

spurt of
bird'
s after-
coloring'
s rest.

d) Static land

scape in
snowed a
wareness
tree con
fining.

e) *Fish e*
yed-in
glass per
spective
s.

Piano man

There'
s a blank-
down bottom
where it
means most
Name and i
dentity lost
No proof of be
ing there ex
cept as he
was The piano
man with only
his finger
s and their
out-felt
conscience
to tell the
where of
his being
his for.

Possessed

She was
possessed
with a pair
of tried-to-
be-interest
ing eyes Like
looking through
a lengthened
telescope
visioned with
a carefully
felt blue hat
atop that
may-have-been
concealing
some down
town thought
s below.

Daisy (The Great Gatsby)

as a flo
wer too of
ten picked
Beautify
ing an empti
ness from
such emula
ting phrase
s.

The spirit of the times

spirited
him out
lonely flag
ed into the
more of free
finding wa
ters.

If white'

s all the
colors told
down into
these snowy
eclipses

Why this
samed unity
lessening
express
ioned.

In the circusing act

Squirrel'
s in the
circusing
act-ing
out where
his free
finding tail
ing off the
returns from
nuttetd-in
pleasure
s.

The Spain

of hill
ed-out pro
pensitie
s Barren ti

med the lo
sing of its
former tenu
ous grasp.

Father's ring

marked
with the in-
itials of
that time
Gold-stamp-
ed indeli-
bly engrav-
ed his named-
fingers fitt
ing just
right for
mine.

Beaked

The
bird's bea-
ked eye
d him through
Nakedly ex-
posed.

Uncertained

She was
so uncer
tained for
being lost
That even her
feather
ed hat seem
ed un-pluck-
ed from where
its wings
might be co
ming in
from.

Even song

The lake'
s quieted
back to sleep
as a child
being layed
to rest for
what the
stars would
be telling
The boats an
chored to
their unseen
depth And

those hills a
cross the
lake encom
passing in
waves of on
coming night
as a book be
ing closed
wordless
ly out
touched.

“ONE REASON WHY WE READ POEMS is because they refresh the language, because they bring words alive, and rub off the tarnish which accumulates in daily usage. This cleansing function is one of the most important the poet can exercise, though it is not necessarily the one which will make his work immediately popular. David Jaffin’s characteristic spareness and economy make the reader particularly keenly aware of his concern for good language, which means fresh and immediate language. He deserves to be read because he improves and extends the instrument he uses.”

Edward Lucie-Smith

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. Their hall-mark, the unexpected, unnatural and natural sentence-, line- and word-breaks, disrupts habitual ways of thought, catches in the act of thinking as in the act of breathing, envisioning the variegated immediacies of higher meaning. 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 and significance 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 POET with his own particular manner of sensibility and with a method of construction issuing from his idiosyncratic preferences for manner of expression. This rightly implies that he is serious, inventive and independent, a poet given to quality and genuineness. If you add playfulness and profundity to the foregoing traits, you may have a good sense of his work.

The poems visited in this article are largely from his most recent two books, “These Time-Shifting Thoughts” and “A Voiced Awakening,” in which his spare and simply elegant style is brought to a consistently high level.

Most of his poems hang with charming mystery at that line between realization and “the not yet arisen.” The realization itself is at the moment of clarity and the turning into the unexpected sense of it – like a near silent and enlightening epiphany with poetic surprise in the realm of intuition.

Neil A. Chassman in “Pulse” April ’05, Poughkeepsie, New York.

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