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A Voiced Awakening

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A VOICED AWAKENING

Poems

David Jaffin

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AWAKENING**

Poems

David Jaffin

First published in Great Britain in 2004 by
Shearsman Books,
58 Velwell Road, Exeter EX4 4LD
and in Germany by
St.-Johannis-Druckerei, Lahr/Schwarzwald

www.shearsman.com
shearsman@macunlimited.net

Distributed for Shearsman Books in the U.S.A. by
Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94710
Email: orders@spdbooks.org
Website: <http://www.spdbooks.org>

ISBN 0-907562-57-4 (Shearsman Books, UK)
ISBN 3-501-01499-6 (St.-Johannis-Druckerei, Germany)

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Gesamtherstellung: St.-Johannis-Druckerei, Lahr/Schwarzwald
Printed in Germany 34847/2004

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That first snow

is more in
the tensions
releasing
now that
depth
from sky.

Of unspoken touch

That
no where
time of
now in the
fragrance
of flower'
s unspoken
touch.

Holy Communion

If
it was only
the knees
that bent
their will
under the
weight of
being too
much in
self.

At the Window's edge

Flowers
at the win-
dow's edge
Being clo
sed in to a
room of
self-told
thoughts.

The Season for War

September
not the song
of a last-
felt longing
But the season
for war
That need for
blood ri
sing to its
own account
s as these
leaves turn
for color and
the nights
take in their
cold breath
strange
ly apparent.

Planning

What

we've planned
isn't

what's planning
us

The general's
astute

eyed-in
time-less

glanced of the
where death'

s where he
isn't Fields

of blood at
tuned from

his paper
less smile.

Paradox

If

war doesn't
solve

but creates
new field

s in uncertainty
There

may still be
a time

when to re
treat simply
postpones
the date of
that encounter
Man's at
war with him
self and can'
t solve what
he can't create
even in the
undoing of
himself.

Preemptive Strike

If
we attack
the danger
before It
endanger
s us as in
the writhing
of a snake'
s coiled stance
We may cut
it through to
the steel-
ed edge of

our own ex
pectation
s by doubling
the strength
of its re
coiled attack.

Hot days, cold nights

and it's
hard to keep
the balance
intact Where
the moon's
decisive
glow appro
priates more
of my person
than fears
can speak a
loud And the
afternoon'
s sun flour
ishes an a
bundance
of superflu
ous light.

Flemmish, 15th century

The pur
ity of these
Marian hymns
The clear
lines of ex
pressing
the unity of
phrasing What
we aren't
she became
for us.

Blow fish

bigger than
he felt he
could possi
bly be In
flated as
Balloon's
rounding
readi
ness.

Strange birds

wingèd with
imagined
colors Staring
out silent
repeating wa
ters.

Mother Goose rhymes (5)

a) *“Diddle, diddle
dumpling My son
John’ ...”*

s an on and
off sort of
poem The way
we tend to
be As if
moods could
be interchange
able with those
shoes and
day dreams
were kept for
night’s sleep
ing in.

b) *“There was a little
girl, she had a
little curl ...”*

I don't know
at the middle
of what For
she was either
/or ing it
As the blink
ing of an
eye's nasty/
prettied look.

c) *“O, the grand old
Duke of York ...”*

We're still
marching our
soldiers a
round Even if
practice
can still
make Perfect
ly disconten
ed.

d) *“Little Miss Muffit
sat on a puffit ...”*

Sofas can still
sink us in
to those twi
light zones
of tasty
unease.

e) *“The king was in
his parlour
counting out his
money ...”*

A plea
surable pur
suit for those
who can af
ford it And
the honey
might taste
even sweeter
than her all-
presuming
smiles.

A lightness

These
sands color the light
ness of the
sky's transparently
blue.

Pretty

a word for a
woman dressed
in a light-
defining
blue Rimmed
in the white
ness of where
scarcely
clouds almost
touched to
the horizon
edge.

Kayaks

parting the
water's edge

with a re
clining case

for touching
those proba

bilities of
distancing

in spaced.

Making person

If

making mon
ey's making

person Why
haven't we ac

quired a pa
pered face

then.

With the deaf congregation I

All those
waving wild
ness of hand
s sig
nalled- in
sense and at-
tributes of
mind Taking on
the meaning
of what
words have fin
ally come to
imply.

Hardened

bone-felt
hand
speaks
of a life
without e
ven an eye-
touched
glimmer.

“The way I see it”

If it's
the way I see
it What hap
pens when I
can't see
anything
anymore.

With the deaf Congregation II

For
words were
for them as
the soundless
speakings of
the ocean's
depths They
heard that
they knew.

Cadences of sound

like the fal
ling of wa
ter's light
impression
ably still
ed.

Small talk

Talking
about What
one talks a
bout
Like the chat-
ter of bird
s activa
ting with
out bringing
those leave
s back to
life.

Poems about poem (2)

a) A single word
may cleanse
the meaning
of that
phrased-in
sense.

b) To reclaim language

is like
weeding a
garden from
its over
grown usage.

Late-down flowers

and their
color's fray
ed like the
cloth of
to(o)-seen
clothes
worn for ap
pearance
of that
daily smile
one's be
come too
accustomed
to(o).

Learning

One
doesn't
learn to
write One
writes by
learning
how.

Pawed

That
cat pawed
its secre
tive in
stincts to
those step
s of see
ing eyes.

Realizing

If
children's
thoughts
seem bigger
than they can
see It's be
cause they'

re/bigger
than they
them selves
Realizing.

In the quiet

It's only
in the quiet
of where
we come back
to ourselve
s that this
room's be
coming per
soned.

Awakening

Leaves
folding in
the wind a
voiced a
wakening.

Subtractions

He
denied more
of himself
than he could
find back
to.

For heavenly recline

Clouds
continuing
their own
way Shadow
ing the earth'
s moments for
heavenly re
cline.

Hardy – Return of the native (4)

a) *Eustasia Vye*
She was some
thing more
than person A
beauty be
yond the claim

s of what
beauty can mean
to the heath'
s ever present
thereness
being more
than what She
was or even
of that where
that couldn'
t hold her.

b) Reddleman

The
eyes that
watch over us
can be per
soned as well
Not from a
bove or even
within But at
a distance Claim
ing that near
ness for.

c) Heath people

A
part of that
whereness
superstitious
ly alive to
truths beyond
the mind's
seeing
Timeless as
the heath'
s Breeding
in that al
ways there
ness of.

d) Clym's mother and that closed door

Why
that door
was closed
Because we
can't see be
yond what has
happened A
finality of
sense A brood

ing truth as
the heath it
self Closing
us out by
Taking us in.

Card Players (Cezanne)

These
cards have
touched them
selves to
their fin-
gered needs
that complete
in eyed-
from certain
ties.

The poem, the way it is

Some
thing gro
wing within
myself May be
the way the
earth in

spring feels
itself coming
through to
bloom in flo-
wered color
s.

Listening

to the move
ments of his
thoughts
on this stone-
felt sur-
face Upset
him as
colors
didn't quite
match this
sense of
seeing A
slight un-
easiness
crept
through his
untried veins.

Lessened

Saying
it less is
meaning it
more And
what's un
said con
tinues to
think.

Non-Heritage

Jesus
couldn't
prove that
he wasn't
Jewish
But the
church has
often given
proof of
its non-
heritage.

Borderline

She
crouched
in defiance
of herself
The lioness
defending
what She
could only
devour.

For Ernst

Listening
may be a
part of
why the poem'
s the way
It is.

Viktor Frankl April 1945

To
lose all
is to know
all We need
to know.

Isaac

He
knew His
father knew
the cause
the love
the where
ness of
his being
Bound/
there to
the fear in
his help
less cries
at the stake
the fire of
God's burning
justness.

Recognition

Looking
through glass
May be the
same person
If he sees
the way
I'm seeing
him in.

Night's voices

To
the whisper
ing of moon's
lightèd
thoughts And
those voice
s through
unanswer
ing stars.

Arm chairs

in a certi-
tude of
self-assur-
ance Cir-
cling last
night's con-

versations
Holding in/
there
for voice.

Snails and others

maintain
a household
in self-
protective
seclusion
But man walls
himself in
to systems
of self-de
termina
tion.

Inspoken

Looking
herself
down to
her son's
telling eye
s may have
spoken her
years younger.

Incessantly so

Chatter
ed on in-
cessant
ly so Like
birds chea-
ting for
the crumbs
of lesser
pleasure
s.

Dream-for songs

My
father sang
his dream-
for-songs Trai
ling his fee
lings to
beyond
long-lost
desires.

Concealing in

Night
came
through the
slow wind
s of con
cealing in
depths of
hidden
darkness.

Nathaniel Pink: in retrospect

He was
so exact
in precis-ing
his culti-
vated ends
Taking the
meanings to
the length of
their long-
desired-in-
tentions That
his world
seemed made-
over
for the glit-

tering win
ding paths
of where
those stars
could be
turned in or
out at the
ease of his
elongated
whispering
s.

Thaw

One
can only
really know
what that
soft ness
means After
the hard-
cold of con-
tracting
to the mus-
cles and
bones of our
restrain-
ed desires
Melting.

Just for a moment

the buds
of touch
ing his fin-
ger's wants
for light.

Brueghel: 2 Paintings

a) The Blind following the blind

I'm
not certain
If there
may be a
cliff hanging
down some
where that
empty
feeling in
the depths of
my hollow
ed in
thoughts.

b) The Tower of Babel

Such
heights
may blind us

to a view of
ourselves
Taking stone
instead of
the pulse
of where
flesh speak
s aloud
that stone-
touched
in death.

Concert goers

Most
were listen
ing to what
They were told
to listen for
Like catch
ing an undis
covered mouse
because the
traps were set-
in their cor
rectly baited
fashion.

Such Witnesses

All these
windows loo
king out
through their
glass-reflec-
ting eyes
Witnesses
to this speech
less void of
our blinding
times.

Whiteness of

As swans
shadow their
whiteness
in the cool
awareness
of their
passing
through these
upturned
waves.

Surprised awakenings

In
those sur
prised awaken
ings as flo
wers un
earthed
from being
kept cold
and dark so
long.

Workman

His
hands rough
ed to the
numbness
in this win-
tered cold
Spading
this half-
frozen earth
to an indel-
ible warmth
his hands
had long since
been telling.

A logic to faith?

If
there's a
logic to faith
it's because
what I think
can't think
me beyond the
bounds of my
pre-determin
ed person Love
less as such
and in the
eyes of death
helpless
as well.

The Liberal creed

believes in a
man better
ed than I've
come to know
And the pro
gress of a
progressive
ly dismal
world I'd be
a liberal

If I didn't
know myself
Better than
that!

On the Alert

alarming co-
lors melting
into a flow
of imagined
thoughts
Upsetting
whatever ba-
lance I
could ease out
from there.

This last berried touch

to its har-
dened co-
lored sense
of There-l-
am regained
for this mea-
ning to tell.

A Door

could go either way
But if you're alone
That touch of its used-
in presence
is like Asking your
self Why you're coming back
to what isn't there.

This ground's

frozen into its times of
forgetfulness Like some
animals who take their winter
sleep in those urging
s for a depth of silence
quiet-held in

that
overfelt flow
for stars.

A rabbit's Softness

i felt
into a flow
ing warmness
of why It
needed to
jump As a poem
that couldn'
t stay still
in its accept
ance of be
ing there.

Innocent continuity

This
snow's in
nocent contin
uity As if
All the world
could be told
through the
whiteness
of its always
s coming
times.

Opened Piano

O
pened The
keys in
black for
white
running their
length to a
presuppos
ed sense for
sound.

Emptied waiting room

Rows
of seat
less person
s having
been where
they aren't
now A lone
liness of
watching spo
ken shadow
s emptied
of their
voices
through.

“Giving in to oneself”

but who's
giving and
what's re-
ceiving And
are we two
selves in a
dialogue
between the
one as o-
ther Or would
giving out
from be a bet-
ter method
for pleasing,
so to say,
the “real
self”.

*“Don't trouble trouble
unless trouble troubles you”*

but some
people seek
trouble by not
troubling a-
bout what
could possi-

bly be Unpre
pared in their
defense of
Habitual mid-
streamers
without know
ing where the
other side
might bring
them in for.

“Scatter-brained”

because
she scatter
ed her
thoughts and
doings out
beyond the
range of
bringing them
back in
again.

That “stiff upper lip”

might har-
den even those
sensitive
realms of where
a kiss could
flow into real
izing unend
ing streams
those melting
winds
through desire.

“Finding oneself”

is like
a game of
hide and seek
Wherever you
are isn't
what you're
looking for
And where
you aren't
is still to
be found
out.

Jungle-jim

But
in a jungle
You can't
get to the
heights of
Entangled
in the over
growth of
finding your
self in
for out.

Making meanings

One
word may
make the mea
ning of a
poem As
a bird ten-
tatively
grasped-in
branch even
more than it
could conceive
then.

Two ways

a) what is
isn't what

it seems
to be be

cause I
tell it in

my way And
it implie

s that other
wise sense

for being.

b) It

may not be
the way

We see
things But

how They'
re seeing

us.

A tree without leaves

naked to
the out-

lines of
its being

seen through.

Fossils

are
where me-
mories can
only be
touched
from.

Carpet

woven in
to its pre-
determined
design Co-
lors itself
as a man
readied in
smiles that
speak increa-
singly a-
loud.

Night-time shadows

less dark
as the shade
s of previous
thoughts But
only slight
ly touched-
Awakened
in view.

In losing scent

Roses
wither-
ed to their
dryness
in losing
scent.

Advent: wisemen from afar

What
they saw in
that felt-
distance
from a cer-

tained star
through the
longings of
those fol
ding field'
s increa
sing hopes
to that mo-
ment-felt in
the nearing
light of an
eternal
truth.

Of false expectations

Some
threads can
take the
fabric out
of its in-
tended de-
signs dis-
colored from
misuse And
worn down as
the range
of these pro
mising hill

s from the
breadth of
such false
expectat
ions.

If Croce

was fat
dictatorial
and distaste
ful for all
that's seen
and heard Where
does his History
of Freedom
bring him
in.

Outgrown

my
high school
days Though
the weeds
of their en
during sense

Would have
choked this
pre-intended
bloom.

Chest of drawers ca. 1900

Wood carved
in a glass-
telling view
of a world
long since de-
ciphered
As words
written to be
privately
kept through
those touch-
telling mo-
ments of a
vanishing
time.

Preparing for

what we
don't know
will be
That tense pres-

sured blood
Tight-clas-
ped-in Tim-
ed of not
yet where.

Killing Christ

They
tried to
kill him
then to(o)
That time
in the blood
of infant's
cries But now
through the
dissimula
ting word that
created Him
in the revela
tion of the
Holy Spirit.

Washed out

This
land's wash
ed out
of whatever
meaning It
could have
held through
that blood-
letting time
Soaked in the
depths of
where con
science lost
its feeling
for
in the trivi
alities of
Changing
truths
shifting mea
nings And the
High priest
of Baal's
rhythmic
urge for a
lesser self.

Holy night

It
was so quiet
in that
night That he
could almost
hear it thin
king out
through space
to where A
choir of star
s singing
in their
brightness
enchanted
his mind with
some thing
like a peace
Angelically
distanced
but yet ra
diantly
near.

Israel

Being
chosen
selected
specially
from all the
peoples of
the earth
to deny their
own heritage
that the hea
then might be
told-in the
truth of that
ever-lasting
love.

The Shepherds

the chosen
are the least
apparent
not in their
Way But in
His desire
s to touch
them in the
truth of His
explicit
ly near.

The Manger

no place
to be for one
of human-kind
They eyed His
presence An
intruder or
their creator
As human-
kind would eye
him a bit
later.

Sectarian

Only
they seemed
to know
but ex-
actly the
meaning of
God's will
and word
Dressed in
the piety of
their thor-
oughly self-
satisfy
ing instinct
s.

Sectarian II

That
room had too
many closed-
in window
s about it
and their fa
ding but
still angelic
apprecia
tive smiles
As of the child-
like in their
early 80s Ex
pecting the
wings of their
own saving-
through
Grace.

Shyness

may be
a tenta
tive uncer
tainty of fee
ling in to
the where

of your own
imagining
self.

That sofa

display
ing the embro
deries of
its newly
dressed pre
sence As a middle-
aged woman
eying-in
the wherea
bouts for her
self-seem
ed sense.

“Getting down to business”

may imply
that you're
up somewhere
else and per
haps need
those circui
tous stairs
to wind your

self back
down again Or
is that laz
iness biding
your time a
way from the
busi ness
of where You
should be
down to(o).

Who's measuring who?

If
the times
are the mea-
sure of
God's word
Why did He
measure us
out through
the timeless
ness of His
knowing
wisdom.

That static landscape

standing up
to itself
as far as the
seeing its
flat-length
ed coldness
in view.

Colored rolling

Ball's co-
lored roll
ing through
the hands
of its round
edness
from.

Aron at age three

activa
ting more
than he can
keep from
quieting his
thoughts
back to.

Shutter's

closed from
their seeing
out to a
world of
darkness
prevading
eye's view.

Conceit

may lower
the estimate
to your
stuck-up
self
Where comb
ing it back
down may
not please
the delicacy
for your
finger's
grace.

Self-importance

implies that
there's a
self to be
important a
bout But he
judged other
s with the
standards
He'd set for
himself As if
those other
s were there
to answer for
what He hadn't
made known
of their un-
tried wan-
tings.

Airport

Lights
set up
to stand
witness
ing in dark
The nowhere
out of here

that wasn't
there Barbed-
wired.

Downed

It rained
my memories
down Like
leaves fall
ing through
those over-
crowding
nights.

Nathaniel Pink's mid-morning

Those
beauties smi
ling back at
him to clean
his teeth
a bit harder
Shining up
for that mid-
morning's inquis
itively mir-
rored glance

for the assur
ance that
He's coming
well along for
a belated stroll
with his ne
glecting dog.

Waking from snow

its cool
light increa
sing aware
ness in that
feeling-
through- dark
of why those
stars have
out told their
last glimmer
ing sensed
for night.

Snow melting this hill down

in the phrase
s of refinding
curves and
shapes of its
shaped for.

If that's progress

we learn by
losing what

we learned
by using

But not for
an out las

ting sense.

We never know

if it's the
last time

A call that
left her dy

ing beside
that unused

bed. A house
lived in

through us
But not re

turned to
But what we

never know
may be know

ing us now.

For Rosemarie

It's
because you'
re always
there That I
can find my
way back to
what I've
always want
ed to be –
You make the
most of me.

Unleft

The
birds have
taken all
their colors
away And left
me to the
bareness of
these winter-
ing wants.

21 Oik Lane

The
whiteness
of that castle-
like-house
seemed less so
after this
light powder
and snow had re-
pressed its
cause for stan-
ding still
so long.

Early morning swim

The
needed the
cool of tou-
ching through
the feel
of his bo-
died claims
And that fresh-
ness of think-
ing those
early morning
thoughts a-
live.

These sleepless winds

restless
with un
dreamed
thoughts
and of the
waves sear
ching for
morning'
s light.

Those palms

in the soft
ness of
their flow
ing winds
have swayed
my thought
s in sleep.

Of lasting time

Morning
and these wave
s have been
calmed
coming in as

the woven
thoughts of
lasting time.

Out at sea

Ships
far out at
sea dis
tancing me
from myself.

Living up your faith alone

may be more
yours than His
who created
you and Not
you Him in the
image of your
own devotion.

Have you ever asked

why these
roads extend
two direc
tions by claim
ing the one
or even the
other It's
like Christ'
s spreading
out His arms
so far
as that un
foreseen He
knew but
these roads
seem at time
s motionless
in their
just being
passed by.

Hunger's

the rage
of these cliff
s torn from
every self-

satisfying
view these
tourists have
tucked in their
hand- guides
Steeped down
to that fin-
alized fear
ed-in depth
s.

For our children's sake

What
ever our
parents made
of us
may have out
lasted its
meaning
for our
children'
s sake.

Freed

She smiled
her wrin-
kles free
to a child-
like meaning
an eager
ness for eyes
speaking
loud again.

Jonah and the Storm

Jonah
couldn't
sleep his
conscience
clean as
Jesus' dis-
ciples in
the garden
of His fear
s We often
deny Him by
just being
the way we
are.

“He’s not quite himself”

implies that
that “he’s”
and that “self”
complement
each other as
one But what
of that o
ther self that
seems like whis
pering from
the shadowed
realms of other
wiseness Or
those in-bal
anced sensiti
vities that
hold to their
own way of
finding from
self out.

Holbein the Younger’s “Last Supper” (Basel)

Nothing
on that table
was the way
It was meant
to be – Pass

over seemed
here to be
passed over
from its sym-
bolic intent
And Judas slouch-
ed into an
ever-presence
otherwise-
ness of
“Judaic
cunning”.

Country dining with Ingo and Solvay

Somewhere
from that near-
ness of Ven-
etian over-
present price-
s And those
refuged shadow-
s that still
plague from its
past Here in the
country side
where breathing
really takes

the air in
And taste is
opulently
enchanced
from view.

Of re-seeming eyes

Watching
little crea
tures in the
wood with the
respecta
bility of re-
seeming eye
s our own
inner notion
s of word
in sense.

Romanesque

Thicken
ed protective
walls Assum
ing a lesser
height for
closed-
in prayers

to the dark
of an in-
revealing God
surrounding
himself with
penitance de-
votions.

Up stream

As
fish swee-
ping the cur-
rents with
their flash-
for-scaling
fins He tried
to force him-
self against
those inner
tides to his
improbably
found-for-
self.

Low tide

That
long flat
tened line
of beached-
in steps Calm
ing the wave
s in to that
smoothed sur
face
evening out
the length to
my own clear
ing through
thought
s.

Sea-side houses

These
houses
framed to
the voice of
the sea's
listening
to their loo
king out Con
stantly ap
pearing.

Train stops

starting
again after
the signals
have changed
As if that
train hadn't
all along
been taking
its stations
in Albany
New York in
that night-
glasses image
of seeing my
child's eye
s through the
windows of that
unseen dark'
s not reali
zing myself
from where.

Outlasted

That
house out
lasted its
time Where
others moved

we stayed
When others
would have
built anew
That house re-
peated its wan-
ting claims on
becoming
through us
Am I (then)
that house
that didn't re-
main?

Can you familiarize stone

by looking a-
cross the lake
to those dis-
tance-seen
cities Where
the hills glad-
ly take them
up embracing
time in place.

Moving on

This
lake's moving
on as a guide
book for know-
ing where But
with the wind's
transparent
meanings and
where swans re-
creating through
their whiteness
that silent
flow from be-
ing there.

At 65

there's more
of sleep
becoming of
me Cocooned
in a closed-
in-silence
of butter-
fly's
dreams.

Ice-cream man

changed song
But not flavour.
Always
the same repeating them
that he sleeps to the taste
of the sound's flavour.

Than this

It
can't get
much colder
than this
down here
where Florida's
buried in
the heat of
warmed up desires
And
winds chilled
by evening
thoughts.

Dolphins

presuming
another sense

of world
Between sea

and air see
king out

that language
for words.

Blue Marlin'

s sanctity
in color

Only the sea
can tell

the streaming
length of its

callings and
the plungings

of its deepen
ing finds.

Pre-established presence

At the top

of these pole'
s pre-estab

lished pre
sence of birds

staring out
their unscen

in-knowing
stillness.

Osprey

Too big fish
might weigh

them down
So they must

choose their
appetites

for somewhat
smaller ta

kings As a
modest poet'

s for just
the rightly

weighted
words.

Can we tame the sea

manicured
in that touch
of shell
with domesti
cating sails
Whitening
its expanse
with our own
pleasuring
needs Fished
down to the
bottom of where
these appetite
s dwell.

Sand Piper's

smallness
in quicken-
ing feet's
touching
the surfac
ed imprint-
ing moment'
s needs.

Australian pines

rising
me up to
their shaded
height's
growth from
silenced
sway.

Dead pelican

head
buried in the
sand from
the heights
of his climb
ing wings and
gliding sha
dows surveying
for fish tee
ming in their
surfaced glance
Now head's
turned in
that shallow
reach for
sand.

What man means by freedom

as the square
ness of that
pool defining
in the even-
armed of those
stroking
lengths a cer-
tained and
guaranteed
course of
self- dir-
ection.

Curls

The
curls of his
hair indis-
tinguished
from less-
oriented
thought
s Hanging loose
sun-glassed
perspec-
tives.

When her grandmother died

the one whose
heart was
bigger than
the place where
It was meant
to be The flo
wers were
crying And
that little
girl almost
6 or 7 lost
more of her
self than any
little ness
could pos
sibly have
known.

Writing myself wake

in the in
delible
ink of
person and
page.

Seeing it straight

as an arrow
Quivered
in its mark.

Starting a poem'

s like beginn
ing yourself
All over a
gain.

"Felt it that way"

You may have
felt it
that way But
does the
page reveal
the same.

Criminals

If
you don't let
them be pu-
nished They'
ll punish
you more with
their unre-
solved guilt.

A strange bird

not yet map
ped out to
my sense of
name Appearing
to a nearness
of finding
me something
more.

Because he wasn't flying

that small
blue heron's
thinness in
feet Angled
an uncertain
impression
from place.

What secrets

have these
sands buried
deeper than
the knowing it

can tell These
broken hopes
as shells wash
ed up from
their dried-
down claim
s.

Morning streetlights

as if the
dark was still
turned on
Breeding an
unseen fear
Reaching
through those
silent depth
s for night.

The slightness of this pen

can only
touch the out
lines of what
I'm meaning
for.

This blue shell

ringed with
the circles It
couldn't con-
tain A round
ness that told
for the sea'
s voice per-
fectly still
ed.

Helen's romantic urge (in Howards End)

to fulfill
her self- deny
ing self The
way flower
s deem their
light for a
desert
setting.

Border states

All
states border
on others
or a state of
mind that

can't quite
place its
whereabouts
from.

Self-imagined

To believe
in God's be-
lieving in
you isn't al-
ways the
same.

Horseshoes

aimed
with the eye
or hands
tightly
taught to
find in spac-
ed between.

Mr. Wilcocks (in Howards End)

To
own up to
what will find
you out The
hide and
seek of life'
s perform
ing game.

Handyman

Whatever
went wrong
He fixed it
back to place
Agile with
hands eye-
minded/de-
tailed But his
life was
out of
place Couldn'
t come to grip
s to where
His
eyes seemed
helpless
ly insecure.

The Besses (in Howards End)

She
caged him
in As a parrot
celebrating
colors She
fed with her
eyes and bo
died kept
in.

Phil

He had a
trucker's
strength but
mild hands
toned down
voice
quick to a
word glimmer-
ing his eyes
into eager-
ed presence.

Tempting a smile

in that shy
ness of an
incomplet
ed self-
sense As if
touch could
signify its
own rights
Brighten
ing you in
to that mir
rored glance.

Falling with Snow

These
mountains
falling with
snow the
last impres
sions from
their winter'
s weighted
silence.

Taking a Measure by myself (Hommage à Wordsworth)

I've sat
under this same
tree 30 odd
years now
with much of
myself be
tween As this
lake measur
ing out the
distance to
where these
trees comb the
otherside in
And the same
birds or re
lated off
spring retell
ing their mea
ning for con
tinuing song
That time melt
s rather than
measuring in
to my sitting
myself out
once again.

Becoming aware

is like
those colors
coloring
me Or the hesi-
tant pull of
shadows
inside/from.

Melting down

This
snow's fa-
ding out
Melting sha-
dows down
to those
deep tree-
lines dark
ly exposed con-
tinuing
growth.

Spitzweg: Hunter in the Woods

Why
did that deer
happen to
happen Right
there with
his al
most smiling ar
ticulation
When the hun
ter's mouth
stuffed with
the sausaged
taste of wood
ly enclosure
s And the nec
essary wine
to finish off
the length of
such pro
ceedings.

Spitzweg: The Butterfly Chaser

It couldn'
t possibly
be that big
His eyes bul
ging with wing

èd intent
But this net
smaller than
the confines
of his irretrie-
able hopes
That the butter
fly stood con-
templating
for a long while
the indigenous
designs of
his own secur-
ing leisure.

“Pouring one’s heart out”

The problem
with pouring
one’s heart
out is that
even those rein-
forced damns
might break-
through with
too much
flooding.

Your collared suit

but
newly starched
in with
reinforced
conclusions.

Narrowed

That squirrel
the one
in black
narrowing
the branch
to his slender
ness of feet-
finding.

Through emptied branches

a bird sings
flowing songs
Awakening
greenness
through those
unfolding
leaves.

Perspectived

He
was told
from various
sides As a
tailor pin-
ning down for
performance.

Dream-felt

Houses
passing
through me
mories of
having been
trans
parencies
in thought
dream-felt.

Soundless voice

Crystall
ed sha
dows snow-
flaked sound
less voice.

Only the outside now

You're
only the out
side now for
my having been
there White co
lunned to those
pre-establish
ed heights
in holding me
up from the
red brick bright
ening my return
s into those
interior claims
drawing me
through a close
ness of that
familiarily
known's only
the outside now
passing me by
unredeemed hope
s of your long
forgotten
claims on my
having been
there in leav
ing you now
as in then.

This wording of

Have
the times
changed this
wording of
Or do we
sense and
feel the same
but need fresh
claims in the
retelling for.

Borderline

He was
there for Be
wildering
the inside
out of others
Until that car
hit him down
to those be
wildering
pains through
his self's
meaning.

Winding a clock

up to im-
pulsing his
hands with
life-like.

Would/would??

If
she stood up
to his ta-
king her down
Fist-minded
pains Would he
be smaller
still Backing
off frighten-
ed through her
woman's deter-
mining stance
Or would he
hit her down
again through
those freely-
found instinct
s from the
strength of
prisoning
walls.

Murky persons

inhabiting
the lower levels
as in the
sea depth's
dark of where
light's re-
fracted from
its clarify-
ing/glan-
ced.

Of secret, untold meanings

Carrying
down to the
sea The
gleam of
these Venetian
palaces'
unspoken
truths
cleansed of
fears and
Their secret
untold mean-
ings.

Enthroned Madonna and Saints

(Bellini, 1505, S. Zaccaria)

As if
there's
nothing left
to be said
in this im-
movable
perfection
of person
and place
The harmonies
of color
and sound a-
live to that
stillness
of always be-
ing there.

Afterall

Spring
may afterall
only be
flowered
because
there's more
lightness
of mind.

Like other ships

Friend
ship's
like other
ships Sail
ing an un-
certain
course Some
times quic-
kened for
wind or les-
sened in
that lei-
sured
for seeking
more If there'
s a harbour
here then
Why are the
anchors so
short to
reach.

Too white

These walls
too white
to be tell
ing anything
new.

Broken out nut-shell

as if
words could
only live
when not
fully ex
posed.

Listening

for the
sounds of
flowers
growing.

Taking leave

Funerals'

a ta

king leave

not of the
dead But of

our living
memories

of where He
could be

told back

from.

A thirst for words

There's

a thirst
for words

Like
the need for

splitting
wood to that

coldness
of fore-

telling

hands.

Rowers for Ingo

The rough-
ness of that
wood could
only be mea-
sured to
their ensu-
ring hands-
of Boats gli
ding past
all expecta
tions.

Unquiets

We are
all those
who read us
in differ
ing ways
The poem un
quiets
in its
stilled-from
presence.

Strung

Those
rain-beads
budding in
their last-
told message
as the pur-
ity of pearl
strung
from its
self-enclos
ed meaning.

Displayed-in item

He
was so fas-
tidious
ly groomed
to a cele
brated appear
ance That
it was like
china not
to be touch
ed or even
turned a
bout

those phases
illumina
ting light
But just
there to be
seen as a
permanent
ly display
ed-in item.

Nathaniel Pink on the world situation

This
world may
be turning a
bout in its
pre-described
fashions un-
settling all
that ease of
my warm-
bathed inclu-
sions – Did
you hear it
then, there,
or any
where Now

Coloring my
semantic
thoughts
That little
ness of bird
just fit
for its dis-
cerning
moment.

Dresden: 5 paintings

a) Cranach: Paradise

What
God created
for man
took his
own way out
leaving those
animals all
alone to
people his
forelorn
hopes.

b) Cranach: Fall of Man

Equal
rights
for Adam
His own fruit
ed touch
ed the naked
ness of
death's loom
ing call.

c) Titian: Paying taxes to Caesar

You
can divide
a coin
that way
The Emperor'
s godly per
manence
more than
touching the
surface
to Jesus'
undivided re
ply.

d/e) Rembrandt's Saskia and Rubens Portrait of a lady

There's
a beauty of
the flesh
so sensu
ously recrea
ting in that
deepening
teint for
color And the
glowing-gold
of her hair'
s spelled-
in promise
But there's
also a beauty
beyond defin
ing itself
in her ligh-
ted eyes
to some
thing more
than just
seeing there.

Child's eyes

He
sees me
bigger than
I am
What I know
he knows
more by not
knowing yet
the open
color of his
eyes re
colors my
sense for see
ing so.

Wheel-chaired

to her help
less fin
ding feet'
s Eyes rest
lessly a
bandoned their
permanent
ly ground-
place.

Angelic

“Getting
out of hand”

may imply
that your

feet aren’
t always on

the ground.

Our background

keeps get
ting to the

forefront
of our reali

zing in
now.

After glow

When

color
melts in

to sound
And the stone’

s bright
with moon’

s after

glow.

“Thinking positively”

may negate
more of
what thin
king’s
all about.

Free

to do and
saying en-
tangled with
in his sha
dowed-for
self.

Over voiced

That
music over
voiced his
trying to
listen
in.

Unsettled

It's be
cause of
these small
changes that
often un-
settle us
The older we
become The
more aware of
our body's need
s It's like
noticing a
bird for the
first time
Exactly where
it sits E
ven the ex
tent of its
song The co
loring of
its being
there And when
it starts
to fly That'
s where
We're most un-
certain for

our own ba-
lancing mea-
sure of
things.

Passah Haggadah (Passover)

It
may be that
This day is
like any o
ther day
But asking
it anew may
change the
certitude of
its being
there
It's the
asking it that
matters Not
that day at
all Freedom'
s the aware
ness of time'
s changing
And that's

where God
fulfills the
meaning of
himself.

Plain talk's

the mid-
western e
vener Not
where moun
tains or even
hills acquire
a beyond-it
of a certain
sameness
where even
these flowing
fields wind-
bound to the
breadth of un
defined
spaced one
ness
that plain
ness
for speech.

Obscuring

These
nights ob
scuring
where I can
find my
self
back to.

At the Psychoanalysts

Dr. W.

sat listen
ing.

Dr. W.
longer than
his look
could appear
sedately self-
encompassing
sat listen
ing.

Dr. W.
attempting
a smile that
could quite
break out
from the ser
iousness of
the situation

arose The way
Gluck's heroes
do in a semi-
operatic sit
uation.

Self-defining

She
cut out
the odds and
ends of
making those
flowers
look pretty
again.

Caroline

Face
puppet-round
voice a shal
lowed sweet
ness She wore
half-bright
ened color
s and fear
ed the depth

s in dark
ness Child-
like or child
ish her 46
year old
worn-from
keeping
smile.

“Baldunug Grien’s Crucifixion” (Basel)

As if
Jesus’ side
was only
pierced
through for
Thomas to
feel to the
wounds of
his own self-
wanting
spirit.

Awakening

Spring
may have
brightened
his voice
from a sha
dowless
dream.

Cross-word puzzles

may have
crossed his
mind's sha
dowing con
templa
tions.

Illmensee's

combed
through the
wave-length
of her re
ticent ducks
And a slight
wind sur-

facing the an-
xieties of
these uncertain
times Wind en
closed Woods
beheld The
Easter time's
blessing
from light.

Rembrandt's "Resurrection" (Munich)

Jesus
sitting off
the sleep
He knew was
more than
death And the
Angel of the
Lord light-
bound that emp
tiness of
those rock's
encompassing
claims.

On the Way to Emmaus

Have we
taken that
road to(o)
Telling the
Lord what He
didn't know
of His own
salvation
Roads can be
dark and un
certain And
we enlighten
ed with the
certainties
of our own
self-justi
fied meaning
s.

Painting over

gave her a
feeling of
freshened
cleanness
as of clothes
hanging dry
in the indel-
ible sun.

Waking through dream

as if the
sea's envel
oping a tide
less forget
fulness sur
rounded in
self as a
forelorn boat
without a
guiding star
to find.

Of promising colors

It
rained
All my ex
pectation
s away And
those fears
that tension
s find And
left a rain-
bowed ring a
bout of pro
mising co
lors.

Of untold meanings

The
way you look
ed beyond
yourself as
waves shifting
through the
tides of un
told mea
nings.

In colored

It
rained so
slightly
that you
could still
hear the in
tentions of
butterfly
wings and that
after-view in
colored.

“Justitia”

She
claimed a
self-assur
ance
High to its
non-beautified
final callings
She taught
bound through
the stature
of self-
certainty.

Neil

I found
you back a
gain Where
ever you
were is be
ing retold
for now.

Piano Lesson's

a French im
provising
theme
for those
eyed-in
touching
where
sounds.

Nathaniel Pink unearthed

That ripened
smell of some
what cloister
ed flowers un
earthed some
of his finest
feelings so
much that his
finger's
branched out
to that ne
cessity
of performing
in leafless
dance.

Overwording

If
it can't be
put down to
to where
down is Then
over wording'
s like an
gelic a
floats.

Prettiness

may pretend
to decorate
what shouldn'
t be touch
ed dee
per As a
woman orna
mented in the
cold stones
of their na
tural light.

Sleep

wakes me a
light Candles
of impercep
tible quie
tude as waves
woven in
to a time
less shore.

Beautifying

Flowers
may attract
bees to their
love-find
nectar Just by
beautifying
in their pre-
established
presence.

The example

believers
should set is
of our lost
soul The wan
derings of a
vacant mind
As of Abraham
through
those desert
s of yet
unreclaimed
land.

For my dead father, in dialogue

I knew
you knew
the stirring
of our blood'
s needs for
an indetermin
ed there
Was it that
driving uncase
from our ghet
toed past

or The Lord's
unrelinquished
ed claims for
finding us
home.

Something to hide

We
all have some
thing to hide
Most always
from our
self and if
the Neighbour
s know it's
coming closer
edging in on
us Hide and
seek's life'
s game of un
founded mea
nings.

The Holy of holies

or that fruit
beyond man's
reach which we
took for death'
s pleading
call's God's
way of telling
us the un
told mysteries
He's reclaim
ed for our
beyond reach.

Trying to be humane's

a pulling a
gainst man'
s evil nature
And if he
pulls too fast
too far
there may be
little of
himself left
for helping.

Saddam's palaces

gleamed in
the gold of

his sun-
set smiles

And the dark
of those tor-
ture chamber'
s deep in the

depth of his
unfathomed

will for power
in ruins now

Classically-
cat-oriented

that ancient
culture robbed

of the ar-
tifacts of

what's past
passed.

Making us mild

Some
days make
us mild Like
that innocent
look of child-
like uncer-
tainty whether
it's I or it's
breezy
light's
prevading.

Roller-Coaster

Even
if its lan-
guage may
slip from
our grasp to
those rising
stars over
heard in plun-
ging feeling
s of where
we aren't
returning
round for.

Mozart's Flute

running
through where
birds disperse
in awareness
azur the
of contem
plating in
water's
stillness.

Figurative houses

climbing
from pre-estab
lished hills
to a finished
stance of
gathering-in
familiar
ity.

Iraq or that Humpty-Dumpty syndrom

Taking
the language
a part's only
a part of put
ting it back

together a
gain It's that
Humpty-Dumpty
syndrom that
poets can per
form While mili
tary means
have mostly
failed.

For the ordering of things

If
The Lord cre
ated chaos
for the order
ing of thing
s to becom
ing They're
might be a
slight glimpse
of that left
for my teen
age daughter.

Schwabian Alb for H. E.

What
kind of
massive sleep
have you a
toned-through
This waiting
brooding si
lence Rock-
held Trees-
thought in
Climbing the
reverence
of what's past
by being
overheard.

Isaac

Son
of your father
Father of
your son That
transitional
nature of
man's non-
selective
meaning.

Meditations on Vermeer

She
may have placed the objects of her world in just the way She saw and touched them
But if others did likewise It may not have been her world anymore.

22 Oak Lane

No going back
The house of those first sightings out and knowings somewhere deep

Sold to stran
gers as if
It could be
taken away
from my gar
dened hopes
and where the
sky still re
mains in sum
mered view.

That bird

would have
died in the
thicket of
its hopeless
pleading
cries If its
voice wasn't
lifted through
those saving
hands to the
in-felt warm
th of re
gaining flight.

Birch-felt

The fineness
of these
leaves birch-
felt in moun-
tain's protec-
tive shadow
ings.

These bells

through
solemned
clouds
shining out
sun-told.

Samuel

quick-
faced child
Explicit
ly blond
As the shar-
pened con-
tours of re-
fining rock'
s certain
ed edge.

Grammar

is mine
to express
not its laws
But in the
expressive
ness of i-
mage crea
tings.

Outgrown

She out
grew herself
into the
shadows
of seclu
ded silence.

Until the Fox came

She was
as helpless
as that much-
loved furred
rabbit Caged
in the satis
factions

of an ordinary
life His mun-
chings on car
rots and salads
much as her
distribution
of finding
friends to keep
her in from
finding out her
helpless lone
liness Until
one night The
Fox came His
eyes staring
as the moon's
brightening
glow His jewel-
in-teeth Broke
the wirings
that held her
in that help
lessness She
couldn't get
out from.

Milkweed

floating
an occas
ional sound-
lift.

Held fast

It's
your beauty
that holds
me fast
Despite wea
kenings in
an aging
heart.

If

a butterfly
could straigh
ten its
thoughts out
It wouldn't
be as humane
as we are.

Rivered

He read
himself
through the
river's tee-
ming chances
of stone-
bred light-
ning caus-
ed.

Self-Protective

Most
women want
to be cloth-
ed to a na-
kedness from
themselves
The liturgi-
cal church
wrapped in its
own self-pro-
tective
tradition
s.

Rained away

It
rained that
heat away
to a cool
ness of
somewhat
self-content
ment.

Directionless

These
tracks may
be running
still But the
trains don'
t come direct
ionless like
intently wait
ing for news
that's already
past happen
ing.

Dart game

He
threw dart
s to count
his points
to their
needled in-
sistent hand
s quiver-
ing in length.

So many doors

that he
couldn't find
the where of
finding out
the coming
back in
to.

No one to know

living in
that room
where the
clock never
theless tur-
ning its

time around in
visibly de
ciphered.

The Trenches (World War I)

Dug
in to the
depths of
time-number
ed deaths
imperson
ally await
ing.

“To make the most of it”

implies
that the most
isn't most
ly what we're
making it
for.

That piano

reverent
ly polished
to those in
toned en
closures of
self-suffi
cient
stillness.

Candles

burned down
to their co
loring length
Renewing in
formed-re
flection.

A part of her

He
was a part
of her
being her
self As an
outer face
from being
confined
within.

Adam stripe bass fishing

This
mid-night
flood of
tide's moon-
eclipsing
their striped
through run-
gleaming-
fast.

So lived in

That room
was so lived
in That it
stopped spea
king for
itself.

Aloneness

He
inhabited
himself
in that
room of still
ed but dis
tant
houses.

Lesser Mark

Trying
to impress o
thers may
have left a
lesser mark
on himself.

Sylvia's way

Butter
flies flut
tering in
their ribbon
ed estua
ries Landing
in on
sounds.

Leafed

This
green of
having been
finally form
ed for wind'
s chanced-
through
pleasures.

Of darkening

Pulling
the shade
s down'
s another
way of darken
ing your own
sense for
night's self
enclosing
claims.

Scented

Rose
s darken
ing in the
rain Leaves
spreading
out that
scent of fal
len shadow
s.

Out blossomed

That
tree out
blossomed
itself to a
fragrance
in being
heard.

Bigger

That
car was
bigger than
she could
find of her
self sit
ting in.

After rain

there's a
fragrance
to touch
and the quiet
of moon-
spell time.

5 Masterpieces in the Alte Pinakothek, Munich

a) Resurrected Christ (Rembrandt)

Lonely
sitting
through that
waiting corner
of death'
s reviving
to the light
of the Lord'
s angelic
callings.

b) Wedding Portrait (Rubens)

You
dressed her
all up to
that shining
splendour
of a pose
Your poetic
love-felt de
sires could
only seem-
in telling as
Her touching
hand from
yours.

c) Annunciation (Bouts)

That clo
sed book
kept more of
my eyes than
what that annunci
ating angel
and Mary could
commune of an
unopened my
stery together
ed in-told.

d) Vanity (Titian)

Her
beauty held-
in more
of your self-
admiration
than even
those jewels
could mirror
through a
timeless
truth.

e) Self-Portrait (Dürer as Christ)

Those

Four Apostles e
pically I

talianite a
cross the way

from your in-
tense longing

to face in-
to Christ's fea

tures of
timeless

beauty.

A Pastel Afternoon

with fee
lings muted

in the soft
ness of not

even thinking
the why

or wherefore
of.

At the Proms

two dogs
Boston bull
black flec
ked in-
stepped a
wareness
Sequenced
their approa
ching feet.

Of marbled stone

The
cold touch
of this mar-
bled stone
permea
ting sight
through
transpar
ent vein
s Awaken
ing joy!

Historical length

These
times over
reaching
themselves
into a now
of only just
realizing
that then.

Could mean

Thinking
flowers
smaller than
the speaking
of touch
could mean.

Black Cat

in garden'
s staring
my eyes in
to its strange
ness seeing
through.

Its sense from darkness

Bird's co
lored song
in-tuned from
the wood'
s awaken
ing through
its sense
for dark
ness.

A quiet place

where wa
ters reflec
ting in the
stillness
of trans
parent
thoughts.

With Corot

This in
tending blue
cloud-
touched the
nearness of

distance
s time
lessly ap
parent.

Mass graves

That un
seen hate
Wild fears
shot into
the blood
realizing
death's un
buried from
their time
less grave
s.

Hate

screams
impassion
ed shadow
s.

Out spreading

Sha
dows spread
ing this
summer gar
den's depth
in silenced
through.

Swing

suspend
ed to the
height of ba
lancing-
in timed
aware
ness.

Cocktail Party

If
everyone'
s out to
impress

the impress
ion that's
left –
Floating
shadows.

Dream conscious

If
this climate
changes our
attitudes
That heat and
sun perpetu
ate their las
ting caused
shadow less
dream
conscious.

Chagalls "The desperate Job"

He's
bigger than
his problems
could make
him out to
be Self-im
posed The

weight of
relentless
ly untold.

Nathaniel Pink untangled

You
were more than
what was sit
ting there
Fashioned in
that pliant chair
of self-as
suming comfort
s Nat, let's
up it with me
as butterfly's
secret ways in
changing color
s You might have
been caught
through a tan-
gle of less-
prescribing
nets.

Van der Weyden's "Annunciation" (Munich)

Her
fear from
hand withheld

But the way
she said yes

as the cloth
of her fine

ly-told dress
touched to

that of the
angel's where

her purity-
white in the

lily enclos
ed seemed just

quite right.

After rain

and we
sensed our

selves nearer
to where

touch could
mean the sha

dow of a
glance and

that cool
light reflec
ting in-jewell
ed through.

On Shostakovich Preludes and Fugues op 87

If
there's a
range to be
ing left a
lone to in-
tone your own
whereabout
s through
No public
No protests
but only the
keys of dif
ferenti
ated in-touch
ed dwelling
there Soun
ded out by
hearing in.

Tolerance

is because
However much
I know
to believe
knows more
than my
knowing it.

If

there's no
longing left
That need
to be more
of what
one wasn't
The world'
s lost its
shadowing
s in.

A Form of presence

Light'
s a form
of presence
Performing
these trees

into a spo
ken awareness
of being
formed from
leafed-in'
s awaiting.

Muted now

Don't
speak too
loud now of
the dead
Because their
presence'
s muted now
through
lifeless a
wareness.

Flowered

Have
you been
flowered by
being dress
ed Awaken

ing through
in scent
for color.

Familiarity

The older
one is The
more familiar
ity recognize
s our aging-
through need
s. It might
be the lesser
self that
deeds it so
Or because
our times are
failing out.

Bach dancing

to the tune
s of his rhy
thmic free-spell
ing Impulsed
that slender
ness of less

weighted
thoughts for
merly column
ed in the
strength of
when The Lord
might defend
His chosen
in need.

Master of himself

If
man's the
master of him
self Why isn'
t he more
of what
he isn't.

Bach

may have
built on pre-
establish
ed forms
to hold their
meanings in
Castled
thorough

ly equipped a
gainst those
winds in wea
thering
times.

To be pleased's

the way lips
assume in
smile And eye
s have told
through in
finishing
form.

Through never more (variations on a Goethian theme)

Butter
flies over
water's reflec
ting glance
d them in
to that tide
less sway
ed through
never
more.

Nathaniel Pink's exposures

If
you can't but-
ton your
shirt in ei-
ther direction
And those co-
lors may not
even match to
correct
able proce-
dures Why
bring your
sensibili-
ties into play
like Hilary Clin-
ton's autobio-
graphing her
make-for
tears.

4 Squared

My glass-fram-
ed desk
adhering
its cut-from
spaced de-
fining.

Revolving doors

While
the going in
s a going
out And he
couldn't cen
ter himself
to a balanced
thereness
As if the
world was
rounded to
circling
spheres cosmi
cally rede
fining.

Solemned

This
heat weighs
heavy upon
my thought
s The clouds
closing in
to a timeless
ly now Even
the trees

breathing down
immovably
solemned.

After taste

Has
this grass
been cut to
my instinct
for light and
left a refresh
ingly after
taste as that
lightness
of butter
fly's random
ly rehears
ings.

Because

If
there's a
weight to
shadow It'
s because I'
m sitting so
heavily
now.

A white horse in a green field

flowing
through the
grace of
where He's
standing to
the beauty of
his timely
statured.

Seamed

Moun
tains skirting
their rimm-
ed-find dis
tances as the
seam of a
dressed- in
awareness
This immobil
ity for place.

Macbeth – Anatomy of a happy marriage

One heart
one soul

one hand
Their works fur

thered by a
common goal

What marriage
could equal this

for such a u
nity of purpose

They strived be
yond their weak

ness to that
daring goal In

life as in
death a oneness

our Stratfordian
bard has told

so picturesque
ly unfolding

the details of
their common
mould.

Macbeth at Burnham Woods

These
woods closing
in on me En
compassing
the depths of
such a telling
darkness The
fears of a death
I told to un
certain hands
and heart coming
back at me to
the beats of
their drums sa
tisfying in
claims against
my failing
works.

Hamlet's Stagefright

was that common
cause that kept
him from doing
the works his
father's death
demanded of

his tenderness
of mind and
mostly frigh
tened soul
That fear of
standing to
the facts Out
right upon a
stage higher
than his fear
ing feet
would climb.

Erasing memories

is like
walking on
sand in
the falling
of rain's
telling.

Of what isn't mine

Living
the room of
what isn't
mine left
after death
in being Dia
logued be

yond my sense
for seeing
speaks imperson-
ally untold.

Colored carpets

uplifting
why the loo-
king down'
s can't re-
main
for place.

Lee's house

An
aesthetic
of light
in glassed-
through space-
defining that
outer glance
in garden.

An awayness

There
was an a
wayness of
his trying
to tell me
for true
Hand-look
somewhere a
side from
his glanced-
inward tell
ing eyes.

Horse and Rider

The
horse Carr
ying his pride
upon a hand-
topped hat
And the trott
ing echo of
feet assem
bling the thum
ping sounds
of pre-estab
lished heart
beats.

With the speed of listening by

This
train with
the speed of
listening
by as stars
flourishing
to the time-
turning of
heaven's in
volving
heights.

Agèd with the faith

tiredly
worn from
fingered-
down prayer
books The
pulse in an
other life
vaguely
touched
through in
meaning.

In rhythmic variations

This
bird's song
repeated in
rhythmic variations
might be a
way of reminding
himself of what
he's reminding
himself for.

Beethoven Quartet op 59 No. 2

Was it that tension
Or space-creating form
Or a Shakespearean
self-told dialogue
But controlled to
where meanings
stand straight to
their being permanent
ly upheld.

Mendelssohn Quartet op 12

(1st Mvt. first and recurring theme)

An inner
sadness trans
parently
withheld but
repeating
in almost whis
pering need
s As if tou
ching through
to that some
where from
your distan
cing self.

A fly

It
isn't what
it is But
what we've ta
ken it to
mean to be
It sits there
windowed
for a light
exposing my
view of where

I see it less
than what
it's sensing
out.

Insisting

These
rains keep
coming down
Insisting on
whatever
they keep tell
ing for Like
some persons
getting more
out of them
selves than we
would want to
be taking
in.

Thoughts On Sophocle's Oedipus Rex (6)

*a) If the blind
know*

because
we're blind in

our own see
ing out See

ing is the be
lieving in

what we can
only know

less of.

b) Seeing-eye dog

Can I (then)
scent his

world for the
length of

my own.

c) If the God's

have pre-conceiv
ed And I

am only what
they knew more

of Then why
have these Greeks made

their own un
fathomed Gods

into what is
so humanly
formed.

d) The Greek "fates" a Christian answer

Faith
love and hope
have outgathered
All the pre-
conceivensness
of my not be-
ing more than
the I
I was told
to mean.

e) If Christ's

the before
knowing of All
that's Follow-
ing Him is
the where I'
m not for mine
lessening
in step.

f) Too long ending

Why not

end it where
it should

without such
pathos

Pain speak
s more in its

saying less.

5 Masterpieces in Berlin

a) Guardi

That al

most unreal
faceless

world where
only light

consumes the
image of its

coming through
Waves rest

lessly uncer
tained/Sensed.

b) Canaletto

As if
Venice wasn't
floating upon
the waves of a
dreamed-
through sur-
face You es-
tablished co-
lums of self-
assuring
heights and the
respect in mean-
ingful archi-
tectural claim
s.

c) Cranach's Fall of man

Who wasn'
t was it the
snake's whis-
per or that
overbrooding
height of his
cosmic urge
for 2 fruits
2 deaths
through the

taste of their
wanting for
more.

d) e) Vermeer and DeHooch

facing each
other though

Telling in op
posite direc

tions The one
clarifying in

light the ob
jects for

touching her
personed-

through The o
ther where

door and win
dows leading

out to a space
lessness in

All consuming
light-timed.

Numbered

His
house num
bered to his
seeing in
there As if
such a sign
could relate
to where
Steps irrever
sibly stand.

Quieted down

Age
should have
quieted him
down to that
pillowed clo
sure in rest
Or where bird
s circling
in winds of
timeless
ly passed.

Baldung Grien's Crucifixion

You always
had another way
with it/Cross-
barked to where
It split at His
imploring
feet's e
longating the
weeping Maria'
s sense of our
timeless
ly told-for
sadness.

Cynthia

She
never grew
out of her
little girl'
s tears Self-
pitying why
she hadn't been
loved for more
of her own
forsaken
self.

Chagall's Crucifixions

As if

It was only
we He died

for Flesh of
His flesh

Bone of his
not being

able to be
broken through

Paschal Lamb'
s freeing

in-pained.

“Fated”?

He

couldn't help
being what

he was
helplessly

more of.

Chagall's Jeremia

Clothed
for those
blackened-in
tears Stone
formed to re
place that
broken-down
temple He sat
the ageless
ness of Israel'
s suffering
calls.

Words

are too many
of them
selves Like
these plural
ities of fish
Minnowing
to surface
claims Silver-
sensed.

Diplomatically cool

the clothes
for indecis
ive words
Those double-
meanings in
stinctive
ly formed to
that lipped-
in presence of
implied com
munication
s.

Where/who

Do
I sleep in
the night
Or does that
night sleep
through me
in the darken
ing waves en
compassing
And silence
that keeps

speaking back
into sound
less words
of dream.

Continuing on

Period
s may seek
out their
own ending
s But the
sense of
this continu
ing on.

Rising above

But
there would
be a voice
Rising above
that other
wise of lis
tening down
Where
shells out
spoken now
Conformed to

sand And those
gulls repea
ting their sha
dows of lost
moments in
the returning
seas but Now
shallowed for
touch.

For Rosemarie in Dallas, Texas

When
you aren't
there I can't
fill that space
with poem.

Looking old's

a question
of attitude
Time takes
its full if we
let it wrin-
kle us in to
a submission
of You take
I'm taken
as flowers

withered
from being
looked at
to(o) much.

So hard

He
pressed
the point so
hard 'til
it broke
off.

Trusting

Why
we trust o
thers is
because We
can't quite
find the
same in our
selves.

Open Spaces after a 14th century Chinese master

etched-
in to that
fineness
of detailed
design
What could
n't be answer
ed Listening
out.

“Reality therapy”

He de-
tailed his own
sense for that
being here for
now in the lis
ting of those
wantings and
weakening
s diminish
ing to where
He sat and some
where outside
a bird as yet
indecipher
able as to form

and color
sang.

Two persons? for O. B.

Have you
made two per
sons of me:
poet and priest
Can the word
be divided
then as word
and (or)
word But through
the word was
the flesh of
His being
And the word
(the other or samed)
creates a lan
guage of its
own smaller
yet but as I
try in the
love of His
creating
hand.

On his high horse again

the sky's
the route Claim
ing his heroic
stance Saddl
ed in self-
important bus
iness closing
s And I
felt myself
littler than
that looking
up for.

Chassid

His
beard's rhetor
ically gathering
us in for the
flow of ri
vering sounds
through the
clear wants
of his brood
ing eyes to
be boating us
somewhere in
the distant

realms of a
dreamed for
past.

Such stability

Those
heavy wooded
chest of dra
wers Inherited
to be kept a
live by loo
king at Such
stability as
if the past
couldn't be re
moved from
now.

Unlit candle'

s proper
sense for
propriety
slender
ly waxed
as these lif
ting cheru

big voices
to a light
that's angel
ically im
plied.

“Carrying your heart on your shirt sleeve”

may seem too
heavy there
weighed down
in so much
self-content
ment.

Too large

That
space was
too large to
belong them
selves in
Only possible
with an in
crease of self-
meaning.

Are these plants

but dan
cing figura
tively in
twining a
space-loved
looked.

Over-punctuated

He
over-puncu
ated his
life More stop
s and half-
felt starts
That he began
stuttering-
in truths
Moses-like.

Scholared

He scholar
ed himself
into a care-
fully kept

(Almost meticulous-
lousy-
minded way
of self-pro-
tective
efficiency.)

Cooled off

for a
plastic sense
reshaping
the depth
in shadow.

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**, English/Hebrew, Massada Publishers, Givatyim, Israel, 1982.
- 11) **The Telling of Time**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2000 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
- 12) **That Sense for Meaning**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2001 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
- 13) **Into the timeless Deep**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2002 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
- 14) **A Birth in Seeing**, Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2003 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
- 15) **Through Lost Silences**, Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2004 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

David Jaffin

Poems

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, on *Emptied Spaces*

David Jaffin's poems are very impressive; there is a real economy of language combined with a subtle evocativeness.

David Marshall, *Yale University*

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*

Everything about these books underlines the classical nature of Jaffin's art. Language is here refined, pared down an irreducible minimum; each word carries its precise weight in the line ... This is not easy poetry: it is the product of American energy and a Judaic sensibility, it is intelligent and demanding, and it deserves to be read.

Michael Butler (*University of Birmingham*)

in *Samphire* on *In the Glass of Winter* and *As One*



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A Voiced Awakening
Used, Very Good

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