

# **INTIMACIES OF SOUND**



*Poems*

**David Jaffin**



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### *Hearing aid'*

s a symbol of  
the times  
Most every  
thing without  
brought into  
focus And  
what's near and  
intimate  
scarcely  
audible.

### *After the necessary time*

the police  
brought them  
back Her blood-  
ridden cloth  
es The ski-  
sticks that  
couldn't hold  
her back  
Her shoes that  
left the ground  
behind them  
And the skis  
that had their  
own story to  
tell All in a  
bundle of

death for the  
parents a 2<sup>nd</sup>  
burial but un  
placed bodi  
less.

### *Reinforcement*

If they  
only hear what  
they want to  
Then they've  
been listen  
ing to their  
own echoing-  
from voice.

### *Mountained cemetery*

Do these  
flowers cele  
brate  
such dancing  
colors where  
these trees  
have been  
stumped to a  
mute awareness  
in unsensed  
being.

*Silver distel's*

rough-  
edged thoughts  
chalice  
a shiny sense  
of moon-spo  
ken light.

*The one that got away*

Eye to  
slippery  
eye Nose to  
the nose of  
sensing death  
That strawberry  
bass on Lake  
Champlain  
that got away  
into its  
darkening  
realms  
And left me  
without a net  
and with those  
barren thought  
s of an em  
ptied hook.

## *Scarecrow*

I don't  
know who'll  
be afraid of  
this one if  
we aren't  
Dressed down  
to the appear  
ance of a  
policing  
stance He pro  
tects what  
shouldn't be  
stolen from  
the fruits of  
the fields as  
if he didn't  
have an appe  
tite for them  
himself stuck  
into the shal  
low earth of  
such menacing  
attitudes.



## *Hard-cut*

She was  
hard-cut  
Features an-  
gled-in Bomb  
ed out of her  
past She strode  
not with the  
fine and plea  
sing steps  
most women pre  
fer But with  
the certainty  
of a manly  
self-declining  
assurance.

## *The ripeness of fruit*

and the year  
ning thirst  
to flow it  
in to the  
taste of such  
consuming  
colors.

## *Love poem*

When I  
curve the  
roundness  
of your face  
into the mould  
ing hands of  
love's implor  
ing desires  
Your eyes in  
askance the  
way children  
who want to  
know and your  
hair brighten  
ed because I'  
m telling it  
so.

## *Changing colors*

These  
leaves keep  
changing  
the colors of  
my eyes  
falling through  
the light of  
autumn's  
early glow.

### *Resembles*

The dark  
resembles  
roses It  
grows out  
of a sense  
of being  
seen.

### *Morning moon*

and the  
day bright  
ened in for  
forgetful  
ness These  
trees spoken  
through  
their shadow  
less awaken  
ings.

### *Time-tabled*

We'  
ve often been  
time-tabled  
into trains  
that didn't

connect be  
yond where  
that reading-  
off blackboard  
would check  
us in for  
being there.

### *Children on display*

their clever  
nesses and  
specially tai  
lored talent  
s as a form  
of designing  
oneself for  
the guarantee  
of others.

### *Braunschweig: 4 paintings*

*a) The sacrifice (Lievens)*

knife at hand  
the sacrifi  
cial animal-  
ed Burning  
fires God's in

sistent wrath  
for the love  
of Abraham and  
his son Embra  
cing the Lord'  
s beneficent  
being.

*b) The Seduction (Vermeer)*

All was  
said with  
these two lit  
tle lemons The  
one as whole  
as that darken  
ing pictured  
face above her  
And the o  
ther cut the  
sperm enters  
its spiny way  
through the  
threads of  
her not-so-re-  
sistent flesh.

*c) The Fall (Parma da Vecchio)*

Adam  
too much in  
love Posed for  
the beauty of  
his bodied  
claims Eve  
sure-minded  
fruit of her  
insistent  
telling eye  
s.

*d) Adoration of the Shepherds (Jordaens)*

crowded into  
the crudeness  
of their fea-  
tures Humbled  
as they were  
even more by  
the smallness  
of the child  
But why that  
fashionably  
hatted woman  
Staring intent  
ly for an ap-  
propriate dis-  
tanced from  
view.

## *Leaves*

wind-mo  
ving sha  
dows.

## *Milkweed'*

s that tiny  
seed's sensing  
with so much  
of the wing's  
whiteness.

## *Could mean*

This sky  
more of the  
blue than  
our seeing  
eyes  
could mean.

## *Blown free*

Flowers  
blown free  
from their  
coloring-in  
flections.

*A good try*

He had  
a good try  
at life  
It was like  
that old tree  
in the back  
yard The higher  
those branches  
became the  
lesser his  
hands could  
hold.

*Poems in print*

black for  
white as those  
pianoed scale  
s keep es  
caping.

*Fall of man II*

*Parma da Vecchio Braunschweig*

Declaring  
fruit for the  
touch of un  
folding hand  
s and rea-



firming eye  
s of the  
poisoned na  
ture of death'  
s call naked  
ly espoused.

*Bird's ascending*

crops of  
cherries sha  
dowing in the  
ripeness  
of their fu  
gitive taste.

*Minnowing*

The glance  
d off of  
pearl-like  
inflec-  
tions Silver-  
streams  
minnowing.

## *Medieval symbols*

out-told  
from meaning  
Golden flaked  
with heaven  
ly assumption  
s Like find  
ing back to  
the where of  
where one  
wasn't.

## *Theme and Variations*

Mozart'  
s coquette  
childly chas  
ing in butter  
flies post  
humously  
change from  
direction  
s.

## *Quiet late summer days*

a mildness  
of less spo  
ken light  
and receiving  
shades that  
voice a per  
spective peace  
fully composed  
that even  
these random  
clouds rounding  
out in pillow  
ed leisure.

## *Withholding*

She  
lowered  
her voice  
to the sub  
tle shades of  
her hair And  
the wind par  
ting in lip  
s increasing  
ly withhold  
ing.

*Aristophanes: the birds (7)*

*a) flying away*

I would fear  
myself too  
If only we  
could fly a  
way from our  
blood-stain  
ed instinct  
s.

*The idol*

all of fla-  
ked gold  
Peeling at the  
edges of its  
Pre-Colum-  
bian habitat.

*b) Sacred and profane*

If they  
left that flight  
y poet to the  
heights of his  
bird-like flut

terings not  
even the laws  
could suit such  
sights to their  
down-to-earth  
paragraph  
ings.

*c) The sacrifice*

to hungry  
gods or the  
unfathomed  
needs of man  
or birds tran  
scending the  
flightly vir  
tues of this  
earthy realm.

*d) The heroic past*

and those bro-  
ken times bro-  
ken shells  
Calling us back  
to the myths  
of the sea  
and its time  
less urging  
s.

*A long time to thaw*

Some per  
sons need a  
long time  
to thaw  
As the fro  
zen rivers  
of the taiga  
they lie low  
in their win-  
tered crest  
of silence  
until touch  
ed with the  
warmth of stream-  
ing through  
desires.

*e) Unfeathered?*

You can't  
unfeather  
me from the  
higher flight  
of poetic sen  
sibilities  
or with tar  
and feather  
ed features

keeping me  
close to the  
reign of your  
own pre-form  
ing and post-  
Persianed in  
sistencies.

*f) The wall*

Can we  
wall our  
selves in from  
a world deep  
within the  
boundaries  
of our own  
self-compla  
cencies Higher  
than we can  
conceive the  
shadowing  
depths per  
soning our  
own every  
day searching  
sense from  
self.

*g) Flight LH 1900*

These  
sheets of  
sound strea  
king colors  
of steel  
illuminat  
ing self- en  
closing tran  
scient worlds  
below.

*A dialogue of aging lovers*

is like  
mostly co  
lored birds  
whispering  
the leaves  
anew from  
their fading  
sense in  
greenness.



### *Im-itating*

what you  
aren't is  
like selling  
your shadow  
ing promises  
at reduced  
rates.

### *Roads*

are more  
like distan  
cing thought'  
s smooth-sur  
facing the  
whereabout  
s of their  
finding  
from.

### *Sermoned*

You could  
have amended  
those flour  
ishing self-  
persuasions  
of his drafty  
sermon at least

3 times be  
fore he came  
down to the  
length of his  
eye-brow  
that least  
sanctified  
of all-end  
ing words.

### *Wall-papered*

most of her  
transient  
thoughts  
to those off-  
coloring de  
signs of  
distant ap  
preciation.

### *Joseph in the pit*

at the depth  
of fear And  
his brothers  
showing off  
their who'll  
bend for whom  
attitudes  
of wild ani

mal's blood of  
that innocent  
sacrificial  
foreboding  
in the redemp  
tion of Christ.

### *Achat*

cut to  
the heart of  
its flowing  
center's an  
ocean form  
ing through  
soundless  
expanding  
waves.

### *Hurrying too quick*

to conclu  
sions with the  
haste of grasp  
ing for shadow  
less perspec  
tives.

## *Of motionless longings*

These  
rains have  
dampened  
me down as  
these leaves-  
hanging branches heavy  
with the  
weight of motionless  
longings.

## *Too pretty*

Some  
times you're  
too pretty  
to be touched  
just right  
in that dress  
ed-like appearance  
more to be  
framed in  
painted cultivations.

## *Edgy feelings*

as off-tim  
ed conclu  
sions The ten  
sions of not  
so certain  
colors or Ce  
zanne's bowl  
of out-balan  
cing fruits.

## *Out-placed*

The cross  
in that Cal  
vinistic  
church be  
gan to sway  
uneasily out  
placed from  
its theolog  
ical attune  
ments.

*By saying less*

He told  
more by  
saying less  
Some thing  
of those di  
minishing  
eyes that  
held as hand  
s asking-  
in touch.

*Hypo Bank Expo/Munich Sept.04 (5)*

*a) Magritte: Sleep walker*

from the out  
side of that  
lanterned  
light to the  
inside of his  
morning chair  
s approach  
ing some phan  
tom image of  
where dark's  
revealing.

b) Klee: "Premonition" 1939

Those men  
oraed eyes  
tear-burning  
the synagogue'  
s ash of Is  
rael's wanting  
flesh.

c) Lembruck: "Standing woman" 1910

Can such a  
sensitive  
face attuned  
to the direc  
tions of fine-  
feelinged  
thought be  
felt from that  
largeness of  
such a  
bodied pose.

d) Jawlensky: Last Light 1925

of where  
you couldn'  
t tell for  
more of hol  
ding that

brush paraly  
zed formed its  
finalized  
light-needs  
coming through.

*e) Ancestor cult Papua-New Guinea*

If fear  
has eyes then  
only there  
spacing the  
dead past's  
listening  
now.

*This long line of books*

emptying  
my shelves  
with les  
sons that  
have been row  
ed to the  
dust of such  
gleaning-  
in post  
scripts.



*When she stopped being*

what she was  
but more of  
those shadow  
s clothed  
in the depth  
s of untouch  
ing forgetful  
ness.

*Without a cross in a Calvinistic church*

He prayed to  
a wall of  
closing-in  
stone's e  
choing back  
what death'  
s meant for.

*Why God chose*

David the  
adulterer  
and killer of  
his finer in  
stincts Instead  
of Jonathan  
that primed-  
for favorite  
as eldest son  
full of com  
passion even  
against the  
tides for his  
own self-se  
lection Only  
God knows why.

*Camus: L'étranger (5) (The stranger)*

a) *The sand*  
can keep  
slipping  
from under  
your feet with  
out the im  
pressions left  
of who

or where  
or any place  
from not be  
ing there.

*b) The sun*  
tells me  
more of my  
self by sha  
dowing what  
can't be held  
into that i  
mageless  
void.

*c) The rape*  
He didn'  
t do it But  
that over  
whelming  
caused  
in sun.

*d) The dog*  
So often  
beating  
that selved-

in fear to  
its over  
coming acceptance.

*e) The prison*  
Securing  
those steps  
to a mind  
self-imprisoned  
the length  
of where coming's  
a going to(o).

### *For my father*

He  
being more of  
himself than  
anyone I'd  
ever known  
Died in the  
shadows  
of where he  
wasn't  
from being.

## *Motives*

Those most  
suspicious  
of other'  
s motives  
Have a right  
of becoming  
more aware  
of their own.

## *Gieseeking concert New York in the 50s*

Can those  
almost magi  
cal musical  
tones Even of  
Mendelssohn's  
Songs without  
Words trans  
form into a  
forgetful  
ness of what's  
so blood-ap  
parently  
present.

*“Let’s put it all behind us”*

as if shadows  
could be dulled from  
their darkening  
presence.

*Late September*

the dark  
months are coming  
the nights getting  
cooler the shadows  
deepening into an  
uncertain fear  
of these times  
No where  
to know as the rivers  
clashing the light  
of their sharp-  
protruding rock-  
surfaced.

*Of knowing where*

The passing  
of time The  
slowness of  
these clouds  
These shifting  
meanings of  
words extend  
ing far be  
yond the reach  
of knowing  
where.

*A room at the top of the stairs*

As if these  
winding step  
s echoing in  
circling  
thoughts that  
find me back  
again to the  
where's of  
becoming.

*A quiet Sunday*

beyond the  
reach of these  
deepening  
shadows where  
words as the  
touch of silk  
seemed more  
sensed  
than spoken  
through the  
falling of  
leaves to  
after  
thoughts.

*Donatello's David*

He would  
have wanted  
to wear down  
to those  
smooth surfac-  
ings of an  
almost per-  
fectly polish-  
ed being.



*These houses*

seem cut-  
out from  
card-board  
perspective  
s Roof-lin  
ed to the  
cold vistas  
in window-  
framed  
light.

*First warnings*

and these  
flags search  
ed through  
from color  
The land bar  
ed down from  
its breath  
Even these  
houses seem  
dulled in  
to emptied  
reflection  
s.

## *Used up*

His time  
was used up  
Even that  
clock in the  
living room  
stopped tell  
ing him So  
he stared in  
to those em  
ptied space  
s that once  
his past  
could have  
been telling.

## *So slowly*

The heavens  
moving him  
so slowly in  
to that vast  
awareness  
of self-re  
deeming  
light.

## *Train conductor to Auschwitz*

I didn't  
set those  
dogs on them  
Or close the  
doors of those  
cattle-wagon  
s tight be  
hind I didn't  
hear their des  
perate cries  
or line them  
up for those  
prisoner's  
showers I  
didn't see  
but heard a  
bout later  
I simply took  
them there  
Daily trans  
port as any  
other train  
would have  
done.

## *Fulfilling*

If this  
tree could  
be hung with  
apples again  
It wouldn't  
look as sad  
ly as now  
For the fruit  
would be round and  
steady to  
be taken in  
glance.

## *Its own time*

Is this  
train telling  
its own time  
Continuous  
ly there  
along those  
straighten  
ing lines of  
tracks in its  
more of be  
coming.

## *Climbing*

Trees

consuming  
space breath

lessly

climbing.

## *In Plochingen*

Hundert

wasser's jin-  
gle-jangle

house as a  
half-horned

castrated  
calf's not

quite belong  
ing.

*With toy guns*

Shooting  
with toy guns  
at papered  
faces may be  
ripping blood-  
lines through  
your finger'  
s assuming-  
in flesh.

*Open sounds*

like early  
Haydn spac  
ing for  
wind.

*Yellow jacket's needl*

ed feet  
sharp in-  
cise sting'  
s – in blood'  
s prettied  
colorness.

## *Landscaped tragedy*

Little boy  
playing the  
big man  
ed tractor  
releasing  
control's  
over-running  
his infant  
brother and  
mother's  
helpless  
cries Bigger  
even than  
all those o  
ther's tear  
s could re  
deem back  
to life.

## *Karlsbad*

's over  
towered com  
mittment  
to lasting  
facade's  
that old  
world forget  
fulness  
from now.

*Sinking shadows*

as a ship  
lost from  
its wherea  
bouts and  
the waves  
calling it  
down from  
the deep.

*Opened out*

He felt  
as if open  
ed out  
As a house  
where the  
hollowing  
winds and  
those bro-  
ken-time  
windows  
wordless  
prevail.



*Distinct as a bird*

wingèd  
with rest  
less color  
ings.

*That house*

was where  
she wasn't  
Left behind  
that fear of  
her father  
And yet it  
drew her near  
er for being  
where she  
wasn't As if  
his death  
was still spea  
king aloud  
from those  
vacant walls  
of his.

*To the bottomlessness*

Chasms  
of wind-  
swept depth  
s their hun-  
gried fear  
s Discolor  
ing sound-  
beats to the  
bottomless  
ness of where'  
s diminish  
ing self.

*The romantic concerto'*

s more like  
an overly  
dressed-from  
woman with  
more than  
those perfumed  
colors about  
her than She  
could bring  
back to  
size again.

*Mozart K. 397*

as if  
in the inner  
flow of an  
unspeakable  
sadness  
barely touch  
ed to the  
surface of  
where sound  
s revealing.

*Encore as the bald*

ing conductor  
wringled him  
self danced-  
in snake for  
ming an appre-  
ciation of  
in-bodied  
sound.

*Her gentleness of voice*

as the gui  
ding of wave  
s over the  
surface of  
where sound  
s diminish  
through  
their star-  
like  
presence.

*Sabbath*

and your  
hands lit  
from the  
light of  
those candle'  
s voiced-  
through  
in still  
ness.

## *2 lithe squirrels*

the other  
side of where  
the other  
wasn't Cha  
sing in up  
telling ears  
that hidden  
sleekness  
of warming  
fur's distri  
butive mea  
nings.

## *Massively woodened-in*

Those rooms  
darkened  
and massive  
ly woodened-  
in with chests  
of drawers  
neither o  
pened nor  
closed from  
a time-stan  
ding walled

imperman  
ency of  
their daily  
and most-las  
ting concern  
s.

### *Blood-levelled*

All those  
clocks contra  
punctally  
Distancing  
the blood-  
levelled A  
rising tide  
s.

### *Choral night*

s sounding  
in darkness  
as through  
the rush  
of moon's  
watering  
times and those  
distantly  
in-proclaim  
ing stars.

*Sieneſe early 14<sup>th</sup> c.*

That ſlen  
der glance  
of hand-  
touched co  
lorings in-  
perceiving  
the what of  
iſn't there  
indiftinct  
ly.

*Rosemarie*

in the ſleep  
of ſtar-  
lit imagin  
ings.

*Room of hats* *Ambrogio Lorenzetti's "Investiture of St. Louis  
of Toulouse"*

A room of  
hats ſpeaking  
over the per  
ſons they  
repreſent  
ed there  
Sleekly in  
veſted in a

dignity be  
yond reproach  
able aside  
s.

*“St. George and the dragon” (Altdorfer, Munich)*

with those  
shimmering  
woods All  
dressed  
through trans  
cending light  
ness of more  
than that  
knight or any  
such armour  
could be re  
telling.

*Fredricke*

Her teeth  
tight-talk  
ing impress  
ively projec  
ting a tensed-  
in smiled un  
seen pleasure-



like flowers  
for their late  
autumn sun-ta  
kings.

### *Berries*

those  
rain-jewell  
ed remembran  
ces of why  
touch must  
be seen from/  
first.

### *Rooftops*

Spanish re  
miniscent  
of why those  
rough and a  
bandoned  
hills have  
been spaced  
down to an  
evenness  
from view.

*Those Duccio saints*

As if lif  
ted in light  
Those Duccio  
saints angeli  
cally calling  
the names of  
their choir  
ed assembl  
ings.

*At 67*

am I  
not the same  
even more in-  
tensely see  
ing in this  
outer shell  
pre-witness  
ing for death'  
s finalized  
stigma.

*At the zoo (9)*

*a) Alena was  
swinging*

like an angel  
And with the  
monkeys doing  
likewise I  
felt my hand's  
rhythmic  
urge holding  
her through  
for a 3 year  
old's semi-  
heightening  
bliss.

*b) The penguins*

hadn't quite  
made the grade  
Proudly bal  
ancing as  
Prussian  
officers between  
a benign self-  
certainty and  
the swimming  
effects of  
glass imagin  
ings.

*c) We missed the snakes this time*

with their  
self-entwining  
venomous ton-  
gued-in accen-  
tuaries And  
that slippery  
glance that  
had me toe-  
lightening  
it the night  
after.

*d) Some of those tropical birds*

elongating  
even my sense  
for poetic  
grace a thin-  
ness of foot-  
finding Airily  
and pleasur-  
ably self- at-  
taining.

*e) Wild-eyed animals*

I wonder  
what those  
wild-eyed

animals see  
ing me through  
to their caged-  
in praries  
Pressing from  
paws to im-  
print their  
trying instinct'  
s flesh-for  
ming.

*f) Oh*

for the  
ease of those  
giraff's lined-  
through a leaf  
iness of lip-  
ascending and  
presuming ce  
lestial plea  
sures.

*g) Below the surface*

of their  
sound-measur  
ing depths  
The swollen

features of  
shadow-a  
bandoning  
fish.

*h) At the bird's place*

All those  
slight-color  
ing bird'  
s choral en  
chantment  
of time-  
effusing  
sounds Wingèd  
to the height  
of their own  
foot-lengthen  
ed personal  
persua  
sions.

*i) The kangaroo*

with its un  
deciding  
jumps gave  
me the im  
pression of  
some-time  
politician

s neither co  
ming nor go  
ing either  
way.

*Being hurt*

was her  
way for fee  
ling more  
from herself  
As a doll  
dressed out  
brightly  
for conceal  
ing in  
tears.

*More resplendent*

That  
all color  
ing-over-in  
green frog  
seeming  
ly more re  
splendent

by just con  
templating  
itself for  
sitting  
there.

*This blurred vision*

of trees  
going faster  
than form  
can think.

*The mouse wiesel*

with its  
pungent  
smile might  
be stealing  
some of the  
encores minor  
actors take  
from unguard  
ed chicken  
coops.



## *Like*

This  
slight  
ness of cloud  
s like young  
girls through  
their self-  
appearing  
coloring  
from dress.

## *Formed*

As if  
hills could  
be told  
through  
their self-  
assurance  
of space- en  
closing  
formed.

*Sun-bleached colors*

as the after  
smiles of ask  
ing from  
too much  
apparent  
use.

*Looking back'*

s like tur  
ning around  
one's sense  
in direction  
The fear of  
what wasn't  
so present  
ly there  
As if time  
itself had  
stopped  
painfully  
aware.

### *The warning signs*

were there  
He didn't stop  
to see as  
a yellow light  
turning for  
red He went  
through at the  
risk of o  
pening roads  
and wide see  
ing through  
vistas.

### *Otherwise*

Was he  
otherwise  
than being  
now On the  
wrong track  
Time-tabell  
ed for where  
he wasn't in  
that train  
not taken  
didn't stop.

*For security sake*

It all  
came down to  
where a stran  
ded beach with  
a few despai  
ring trees  
for security  
sake of lone  
ly shipless  
harbors.

*Seeing for sky'*

s a way of  
looking  
those hill  
s up to  
where they'  
re forming  
impersoned  
below.

## *Numbers*

engraved  
in stone  
As if they  
could outlast  
the memories  
of those per  
sons buried  
to the depth  
of such in-  
telling si  
lences.

## *Evergreens*

as if  
persuading  
for a con  
tinuing re  
birth.

## *To be certain of*

False teeth  
hearing aids  
In-lensed  
eyes What'  
s left of  
me to be cer  
tain of.

### *Consensus*

These hills  
rowed in  
to a consen  
sus of where  
houses  
square-deep  
climbing in  
tentional  
ly from.

### *Singing itself in light*

For where  
the voice  
like a stream'  
s singing it  
self in  
light.

### *So distinctly hard*

Her fea  
tures so dis-  
tinctly hard  
the impressed  
clarity of  
a freshly min-  
ted coin.

*Young women sewing* (Georg Fredrick Kersting)

The space  
and darkness  
was more of  
your seeing  
there in  
to the light  
that fin  
ger's touch  
to breath.

*Street lights*

proclaim  
ing their si  
lent reach  
a darkness  
of glassed-  
in fear.

*Invisibly awake*

Windows  
at night  
seeing in  
visibly a  
wake As spirit

s haunted for  
their sound  
less past.

### *Lowering the shades*

with a quie  
tude of hand  
s in to those  
distancing  
realms  
for dream.

### *Animals*

wake me ac-  
tive Their  
quick sense  
in sensing  
As if color  
was intens-  
ed self-  
finding.



## *Love-making*

That  
heavy ground  
based turtle  
caught her  
posily dust  
treading up  
for love ma  
king If she  
could bear  
the weight  
of such heigh  
tened passion  
ed inertia.

## *2<sup>nd</sup> commandment (Moses)*

If man  
created God  
in his own  
image How  
godless  
can God become  
by not be  
ing created  
imageless.

*Elegiacally rehearsing*

Those stub-  
bled fields  
with the few  
despairing  
trees leafless  
from regrets  
And the wind  
s plaintive  
ly in annointed  
hymns elegia  
cally rehears  
ing.

*Animal imitations*

that exoti  
cally dressed  
up house  
with the mut  
ed cries of  
their stone-  
stilled inhabi  
tions.

*That slenderness (from the Chinese)*

of branch  
budding to  
the finger-  
tips of its  
increasing  
expectat  
ions.

*As a used coin*

He was  
as a used  
coin with its  
image fading  
from the hand  
s that touch  
ed it down  
until at the  
end with only  
that dulled-  
from glance  
hardly de  
cipherable  
for continu  
ing use.

## *Undoing history*

You can't  
undo history  
even your own  
by thinking it  
otherwise  
Because it'll  
catch up with  
you in the end  
Nor can you  
paper it o  
ver with good  
intentions  
as Christmas  
packages with  
added frills  
and ribbons  
for delight-  
occasioning  
eyes.

## *The grey of wanting color*

This sky  
impassive  
ly stilled  
The grey of  
wanting co

lor as some  
middle-aged  
ladies rehears  
ing routines  
of staid-in  
wintered  
clothes.

### *Abandoned houses*

remind me  
of lonely  
faces with  
eyes dulled  
in to the  
solitudes  
of too much  
loss.

### *Love is*

because you'  
re always  
there in be  
ing more for  
being mine.

*Those hills the war left behind*

Outside  
the cities  
Those hills  
the war left  
behind Buried  
deeper those  
fragments of  
houses and the  
last screams  
of the dying  
without sense  
of the why or  
wherefore  
from.

*Wolfgang*

He never  
came back  
As if flee  
ing from him  
self Mostly  
hunched over  
in diminish  
ing height  
self-depreci  
ating because  
He failed and

They all knew  
it with eyes  
that kept tell  
ing him further  
away from the  
coming back  
to.

*The house by the stream*

Her husband  
left her  
children  
too And she  
was left with  
a house e  
choing in the  
memories as  
that stream  
that ran be  
side it of  
passed but  
self-sustain  
ing silence  
s.

## *Slowed down*

They slow  
ed him down  
to a finish  
ing glaze cer  
amically  
turned for re  
peating appre  
ciations.

## *Scarecrow*

She was  
meant to  
frighten off  
those flut-  
tering a  
bout birds  
for an e  
qualizing  
taste without  
the temptat  
ions of ri  
sing above  
her statued-  
in form.



## *All over again*

If we  
had to do it  
all over a  
gain It would  
still be de  
ciding us  
those same  
ways Choice  
only seems  
so after  
having ful  
filled the length  
of its predeter  
mining ends.

## *Blackbird*

messaging  
in branch Why  
its claws  
have attained  
to such in-  
penetrating  
means.

*The dark*

is where  
touch can't  
be seen  
with words  
melting for  
sound.

*The rains*

as if in  
whisper  
ing for the  
dark's eva  
sively un  
touched.

*Truths*

too often  
told have out  
done the  
meaning of  
their cause.

*Beethoven 7<sup>th</sup>: 3<sup>rd</sup> mvt.*

As far off as  
it can be  
Rhythmically  
pulsed my  
riad of stone-  
stars  
Singing to  
some unheard  
awakening  
s from the  
soundless  
deep.

*H. G.*

In time  
they got  
used to each  
other though  
difficult  
at first Like  
that problem  
for some with  
foreign way  
s and means  
But they e

ven became  
self consol  
ing I mean  
she and those  
varieties of  
pain-problem  
s that kept  
them mostly  
for their  
home-sharing  
benefits.

### *Hartmut*

took rather  
late in life  
to flying  
Some felt it  
was his musi  
cal instinct  
s That lyri  
cal beyond the  
what's-left-  
below Where his  
prettied wife  
a singer her  
self couched-

down with a  
nother felt-  
for lover.

### *Too many times*

If you've  
seen the same  
things too  
many times  
They might e  
ven stop loo  
king back  
from you.

### *Thinning down*

Au  
tumn's thin  
ning down for  
more exposure  
Spaced-through  
the light of  
interchang  
ing mood-find  
s.

*Blank face*

blue eyes  
And I'm not  
certain if  
her feature  
s have mould  
ed-in to  
what charac  
ter means in  
looking out.

*Even keeled*

as that  
ship needed  
a steadied  
hand and those  
hardened fa  
cially cut-  
from features  
fixed into the  
winds of their  
expression  
less void.

*A room without windows*

only the  
sounds of  
what can't  
be seen pass  
ing me by as  
of shadows  
impersoned  
distantly  
aware.

*"I've been working on the railroad"*

in that same  
ness of non  
place Only the  
distances  
between and  
those spokes  
that keep tell  
ing my hand  
s awake.

*Of where we didn't start*

We were born  
in to the be  
ginning of  
where we weren'  
t Who chooses  
their parents  
and those de  
ciding birth-  
rights And yet  
I am in the  
otherness  
of not being  
so chosen.

*Snake-eyed*

he brother  
ed with a re  
coiling hate  
And those  
smiles snake-  
eyed invis  
ibly poison  
ed.



*Some masterpieces in the Kassel museum (5)*

a) *Asnath (from "Jacob's blessing" Rembrandt)*

almost sub  
missively  
thoughtful  
Ringed in the  
circling pen  
siveness where  
all those je  
wels seemed so  
subdued  
from touch.

b) *"Man with a hat" (Hals, 1660)*

Rough-  
edged hand  
s slouched  
hat Angled  
face between  
pose and a  
certitude  
in-glanced.

c) *Italian aristocrat (Titian, 1550)*

The dignity  
of man's triumph  
over primieval

forces Straight  
ened to a  
height of self-  
satisfying  
stance with an  
almost cosmic  
assurance  
Costumed thor  
ougly through  
in red.

*d) Jacob and the blessing (Rembrandt)*

The aged  
ness of Is  
rael's suffer  
ing selection  
And the bless  
ed youth al  
most angeli  
cally curled  
in to a bright  
ness for futur  
ing hopes.

*e) Elsbeth Tucker (Dürer, 1499)*

There were  
more pattern  
s about her

than that  
boned-in  
Eye-search  
ing view could  
possibly be  
signifying.

### *Marla*

She was  
so afraid  
of herself  
That she kept  
her prettied  
yellow bird  
caged-in  
for fear that  
she herself  
might be fly  
ing out.

### *City/sounds*

Lights pun-  
ctuating  
in-glowed  
reflection  
s city/  
sounds.

*A science to man*

If there'  
s a science  
to man it'  
s because we  
haven't found  
him out Yet  
the genes en  
liven that  
search Jugg  
ling for a  
human nature  
that nature  
can't claim  
for herself  
alone.

*To Chopin me*

They're  
still trying  
to Chopin me  
right back to  
my mother's  
flowering mis  
takes hearing  
through what  
ever bliss

those sensitivities could  
cling on in  
virtuostic  
rumblings.

*Nathaniel Pink at the piano*

tuning up  
to his finger's hearing aid  
s him for  
those fines  
ses of specializing intonations.

*The closed box*

Those  
littlenesses of bird  
s swirling  
in hungering

palpatation  
s air-lifting  
what they  
couldn't  
quite come  
down for.

*These dark*

October rain  
s And the  
night's grow  
ing deeper  
in to the  
realms for  
sleep As if  
from some dis  
tant shore  
Calling in  
tides through  
the eclip  
sing glow  
of lost and  
abandoning  
stars.

*Pictures from the past*

recalling  
as if from  
a lost sense  
for self.

*Worn thin*

to the touch  
of where  
hands reveal  
ing that in-  
stinct for  
boneless  
smiles.

*Rain-drop window*

these tiny-  
touched-  
sounds of  
that slight  
edged-in  
percept-  
ing.

*Of marbled purity*

The reach  
of the vine'  
s grasp in-to the  
touch and  
shine as of  
marbled  
purity.

*Clavigo (5) (Goethe)*

*a) Hamlet and Clavigo*

Hamlet  
couldn't de  
cide But Cla  
vigo did at  
both ends for  
him Conscience  
and fame fa  
ted to cancel  
out in a dy  
ing weakness  
from self.



*b) Time*

will catch  
up with our  
being caught  
in its net  
for future  
concerns.

*c) This early Faust*

so certain  
of his mark  
ed the other  
side of that  
other self  
Centered  
to the fruit  
s of its  
over-ripe  
fallings.

*d) Vengeance*

can seem just  
ly imperson  
ed in another  
Even if Hamlet  
refrained  
from such  
self-defying

uncertain  
ties.

*e) Marie*  
as Orphelia  
sensitive  
to where  
love and pain  
tear apart  
those last  
threads from  
self.

*For Rosemarie*

You'  
re the cir  
cling of my  
closing  
sense in be  
ing.

*This mist*

as a veil  
absorbing

cooled a  
wareness  
of where  
sound's in  
creasingly  
heard.

### *Deborah*

A ner-  
vous ripp-  
le of laugh-  
ter striped  
her dress  
from its chin-  
boned smile.

### *Depressively bared*

These au-  
tumn trees  
depressive-  
ly bared of  
all their pro-  
tective co-  
verings.

## *Suspendingly alive*

That sophis  
ticated nod  
implying a  
correctness  
of dress  
with a gold  
ened chain  
for the length  
of your see  
ing him or it  
suspending  
ly alive.

## *In Madeira*

at the  
bottom of  
the sea those  
black phan  
tomed fish sha  
dowed in the  
motionless  
ness of their  
own increas  
ingly pre  
sence.

*A glazed bowl*

circling  
the color of  
what your  
hands felt  
from telling.

*Presidential politics '04*

Ambition  
or calling  
Whatever'  
s more of their  
ever-present  
ly self.

*Craftsmanship* (for Charles Seliger)

It's  
the means  
exacting  
ly precise  
that keeps  
telling us  
so increasing  
ly so!

*“A minor paradise”*

He called  
it “a minor  
paradise”  
As if such  
seclusion  
wasn’t worthy  
of some dis-  
tant island’  
s whisper-  
ing shores.

*Bald-eyed practitioner*

out-selling  
from that  
last swell of  
promoting  
hair-smile  
s.

## *A sadness*

There'  
s a sadness  
about these  
late-color  
ed leaves  
falling  
through a  
softness of  
flight En  
circling now  
as children  
cast off from  
their mother'  
s womb.

## *Sunflower's lights*

gone out  
from its hid  
den source  
Bending now  
in self-depre  
ciating pre  
sence.

*The worm*

pulled at  
its bodied  
length As if  
hearing was  
only in those  
sounds mov  
ing in a  
way from.

*Nathaniel Pink*

duly astride  
and account  
ably self- as  
sured for his  
morning's  
equivalent-  
paced column  
ed increasing  
ly higher in  
such sky-  
searching out  
amenable in-  
finding  
thoughts.



*Spaciously releasing*

This dark'  
s following  
me through  
moon-eclip  
sing Clouds  
spacious  
ly rehear  
sing.

*At the end of the line*

He found  
himself at  
the end of  
the line Train-  
stationed  
as if that  
could house  
his emptied  
feelings No  
where in  
sight except  
the hollow  
ed wood of  
this long-  
left house'  
s echoing.

*Ponderously self-assuring*

The way  
that huge  
turtle climb  
ed upon his  
passively pre  
paring mate  
as if such  
instincts were  
so ponderous  
ly self-assur  
ing.

*These gathering shells*

Where  
these gather  
ing shells  
coloring in  
stinctual  
touch of the  
ocean's left  
over pre  
mises.

## *A Message*

That  
candle bur  
ning in its  
residual  
light a mess  
age but only  
vaguely to  
be heard in  
decipher  
ing.

## *A loneliness*

as if the  
heart was out  
of place  
Only that o  
pened space  
and the wind  
s singing  
through  
for voice.

## *Thereabouts*

His cane  
told him  
There was  
still life in  
his heart'  
s thumping  
through step-  
in stepped  
thereabout  
s.

## *Owl-like*

His eyes owl-  
like that I  
feared for  
their mid-  
night glar  
ing me down  
from his  
height of  
branched-  
in persua  
sions.

*Mozart at Herrnchiemsee*

She'  
s calming  
her piano'  
s visibly a  
wareness  
Like a cat  
curling in  
for the soun  
dings of  
where soul'  
s touching  
there  
for finger  
ing want  
s.

*Automatic doors*

quietly  
secretly go  
ing out lea  
ding back in  
the pacing  
lengths of  
no where to  
go from now.

*Birth-winds*

waves of  
spreading  
whiteness  
  
fine-lit  
leaf-sens  
  
ed.

*Laurentius*

He was so de  
scendingly  
long and thin  
  
ned from a  
smile that  
  
could have ta  
ken his hat  
  
off brimm-  
ing with po  
  
lite over  
tones.

*A little man*

with a big  
briefcase  
Heavier than  
the weight  
of his thought  
s could be  
carrying a  
bout.

*With moralizing eyes*

and a cream  
cheese smile  
She took him  
not so daint  
ily in the  
hands of her  
bettering  
and guiding  
through way  
s.

*To feel pity*

is like of  
a last leaf  
that keeps  
holding on  
sapless  
ly cling  
ing.

*Indone*

She bore  
the weight  
of pain  
darkly smil  
ed Until it  
told her  
more than she  
could fath  
om of.

*Tooth-paste smile*

cherry lip  
s and those  
asking-on  
eyes Adverti



sing why I'  
m no buy for  
timing me  
out.

### *Horses*

pastur  
ing these  
fields for  
their grass-  
down cropp  
ings Bald-  
face from the  
weight of  
time-consu  
ming need  
s.

### *Haloed*

He couldn'  
t take his  
words back  
Hanging so  
long there  
as smoke  
for a head-

from view  
ed angeli  
cally cir  
ling.

*Jerusalem coming down*

I can't  
imagine Jeru  
salem coming  
down again  
All bedecked  
with scarf-  
descending  
transpar  
encies It's  
more like  
some of these  
church-plac  
ed towns too  
settled to  
be moving  
from.

## *Buttoned up*

Nathaniel  
Pink important  
ed himself  
in to a self-  
gratifying  
assureness  
of being  
buttoned up  
for all and  
possible  
concerns.

## *Time-lengths*

These  
hills fol  
ding in  
phrases of  
out lasting  
time-length  
s.

*Open-eyed*

This city'  
s open-  
eyed Watch  
ing through  
starless  
nights A vast  
ness of in-  
breathing  
silence  
s.

*A land divided*

If  
America'  
s oceaned  
from its mid  
dle as a  
tree cut-off  
from the limb  
s of its ask  
ing St. Paul  
where or if  
its head  
could stand  
verifying  
ly there.

*Rules of the game'*

s another  
one than they  
play And even  
the field's  
drawn out so  
different  
ly Why chalk  
it in white  
when it's  
black-board  
ing us Inscri-  
bed in their  
hastening  
blood  
for danger.

*Just aired in*

poney-tail  
ed a refresh  
ingly there  
ness Where  
she was it  
became it'  
s becoming.

*Doctor's visit*

and the  
hospital  
floors seem  
ed just clean  
ed up for his  
whiteness  
of papered-  
in question  
ing a dis  
cerning if  
whiskety  
look.

*Mildly autumn*

and the  
lights still  
ed the ease  
of these faint  
ly falling  
leaves could  
be touched  
descending  
soundless  
ly there.

*For Gerlinde'*

s no one's  
quite as an  
gelled as  
their wingèd  
descending  
impress  
ions of a  
spaceless  
flight.

*Prayer place*

and the  
room's empt  
ied of all  
but in space  
less silence  
s.

*That droopy look*

She had  
that droopy  
look about  
her sullen-  
downed dog'  
s curling  
darkening  
indecision  
s.

*The stunning effect*

of her be  
ing so care  
fully groom  
ed with those  
eye-shades  
of lesser fee  
lings artifi  
cially-in  
cloning  
sounds.

*If*

you're too  
honest You  
may be less  
loved for it  
And if you'  
re too lov  
ing you may  
not be hon  
est enough.



*First snow*

and these  
winds relea  
sing touch  
ing sadness.

*Chimney smoke*

out last  
ing the length  
of its see  
ing from.

*A vacancy of sky*

mourning  
from where  
these leave  
s have gone.

### *Slow movements*

the intima  
cy of Haydn'  
s piano con  
certi as if  
keyed to  
where he was  
hearing him  
self aloud.

### *Accepting age*

is more  
like listen  
ing to what  
it's telling  
you.

### *In Dance*

Leaf  
less branch  
ed hands  
despairing  
ly crying  
out in dance.

*Emptied heart'*

s only the  
sounding out  
of vacant  
ly spaced  
distance  
s.

*Wheel-chaired rest*

though the  
wheels seem  
ed rounded  
highly for  
such solemn  
ed meditat  
ions She felt  
that leaf  
less day fall  
ing through  
afar of  
it's asking.

*Pedalled herself*

in to a pro  
foundly tur  
ning ness  
sense of why  
sitting still'  
s recreate  
s that other  
wise of gravi  
tational  
spheres.

*“Put on your Easter bonnet”*

is like the  
upstairs of  
his out-death  
ed climbing  
feature  
s a parade  
or those tra  
ditional flag  
s for such  
an ascend  
ing view.

*Les Adieux (Beethoven, slow parts)*

Holding back  
deepening  
down where  
the water's  
calmed to a  
tideless in-  
spoken pur  
ity of sound.

*"Getting to the bottom of things"*

as Joseph  
in that dried-  
down well e  
choing in  
stone-surroun  
ding's fear  
s.

*Too quick*

is like a  
dart that  
meets the  
mark by  
missing  
the rest.

*“Getting right to the point”*

as she  
said after 20  
minutes of  
getting there  
As a car off-  
driven from  
distances that  
weren't mapp  
ed in to that  
other-find of  
looking-out  
destination  
s.

*Mr. Everyday*

was  
more an at  
titude the  
appearance  
of what he  
wasn't if  
he was any  
thing other  
than that pee  
ring out for  
others to  
see.

*Brueghel: Return of the herd*

Swelling  
clouds threa  
tening cold  
immensing  
fear those  
blacken  
ed birds sit  
claw-front  
im-press  
ing.

*Rebecca*

was listen  
ing more with  
her dark in-  
telling eye  
s All of 9  
but as a but  
terfly scarce  
ly netted for  
its elusive  
sensibili  
tie's Color  
ing.

*In-realizing*

These  
white fine  
ly-sensed  
curtains  
And the dark  
of this con  
suming day  
As of con  
trasting per  
sons look  
ing out or  
in-realiz  
ing.

*Mussorgsky/Janacek'*

s rough-  
hued called-  
out music  
Veined from  
running  
stone's light-  
celebrat-  
ing.



*Out-lined*

Whisper  
ing in glass  
faintly  
touched as  
if out-li  
ned  
for word.

*The birth of a leaf (Mordecai Ardon)*

like a  
hand's in-  
veined fine-  
feelings  
for the light  
of where  
time's al  
ways change  
able.

*Taking a stand'*

s often a  
gainst one  
self Mount  
ing convic  
tions as a  
soul-render  
ing preacher  
too high for  
his lowering  
down to the  
eye-length  
of his aband  
oning parish  
ioners.

*Women enjoy*

in the self-  
embracing  
shine of ac  
cessories  
as if person  
ed in that  
adding touch  
for need.

### *Through*

He smiled  
led his telephone through  
where you  
couldn't look  
for seeing  
him out.

### *Keeping up with the time's*

the best  
way for out-  
timing your  
self.

### *A look around the corner*

He had  
a look around the corner  
about  
him That I  
didn't know  
which way

he was go  
ing side-  
streets in  
cluded And e  
ven his eye  
s didn't  
quite come to  
center upon  
my own.

### *Head-lined*

Rows of  
reading pa  
pers sitting  
them selves  
upright head-  
lined.

### *Small creatures*

instinc-  
tively a  
live Night-  
eyed  
glow.

## *Graveyard*

buried  
voices en  
cased in stone  
whatever  
thoughts left  
flowering  
for caring  
hands and  
decided then  
in-script  
ed.

## *Poisoned seed*

dead co  
lored flower  
s blossom  
ing in a  
scent distur-  
bingly ficti  
cious.

### *The train'*

s a symbol  
of where you  
aren't Focu  
sing for now  
before it'  
s gone past  
your reali  
zing where  
you're co  
ming out  
from.

### *Tailored from taste*

This a  
partment'  
s so new Tai  
lored from  
taste that e  
ven the wall  
s seem like  
suits put on  
just to be  
tried out.

## *Of untenable growth*

The shadows of these  
vines clinging to a wall  
of untenable growth.

## *Alsfeld*

Timber  
wood houses that seem  
unvoiced from their present  
needs Staring a past through  
these quiet  
ed streets  
as persons sensed but not  
seen echoing only  
imagining.

## *A glimpse only*

self-reflec  
ting of a  
rich Polish  
Jew at that  
ghettoed  
restaur  
ant Eating  
himself fine  
first course  
before his  
in-preparing  
first-class  
death.

## *Mirroring*

Trying  
to convince  
some one  
He's the way  
you are Is  
like mirror  
ing a world  
that hasn't  
quite become  
your own.



*A calling out for*

The word'  
s a calling  
out for As  
an open field  
windless  
ly unfound.

*This shell's outsung*

its voice  
Dried from  
the sea's  
out-telling  
imagining  
s.

*Thorned-rose*

clasped-  
in tensed  
from cold.

*Her nose*

kept get  
ting in the  
way of sec  
ing her to(o)  
prominent  
ly frontable  
as one of  
those old  
southern por  
ches but still  
not detach  
able as Gogol'  
s for freed  
breakfast  
findings.

*Something pained there*

where Christ  
touched me  
deeper than  
I could be  
forgiving  
forgetting.

*In a caged security*

Birds  
in a caged  
security  
of embracing  
colored  
finds.

*Light flooding*

as if the  
heavens were  
ages full  
of more than  
these times  
could hold.

*The ineffable'*

is what  
can't be  
said even  
whispered for a  
flame of  
disenchanted  
lips.

## *Eyes*

were like  
cross-fires  
they un-  
ease in line  
s of straight-  
seeing.

## *Rounded*

She  
was rounded  
to an all-  
encompass-  
ing smiled  
through.

## *Sadness (after hearing Schubert's A Minor Quartet)*

is where  
the leaves  
falling emp-  
tied sound  
s spaced in  
the depths  
of a hollow  
ed moon.

## *Stilled from voice*

It's  
not what  
words mean  
but why  
they're meant  
to mean  
What's un  
spoken  
ly stilled  
from voice.

## *Schubertian*

Time se  
quences as  
phases  
of the moon  
light-shift  
ing where sha  
dows trans  
parently  
shine.

*Nathaniel Pink*

and the modern way for  
simplifying  
life's not  
finding what  
one needs –  
All those knobs  
in the car  
turning the  
wrong things  
on and offed  
where they should  
be going Reading  
all those  
instructions  
backwards  
forwards – maybe  
I got the Greek  
instead 'til my  
eyes start blin-  
king and some  
things break  
ing when I need  
them mostly  
This modern way  
of life simpli-  
fying for my  
every day  
comforts.

### *Cake-maker*

His cheeks  
puffed out  
with creamy  
self-express  
ions And smile  
s that sugar  
ed the fancie  
s atop for  
delicate  
ly placed  
candle-ligh  
tings.

### *The Rhine'*

s flowing  
through  
those mem  
ories washed  
away from  
their uneven  
ed source  
into a myriad  
of celebra  
ting lights.

## *Facts and fi*

gures were  
the face of  
her papering  
over redefin  
ing thought  
s.

## *Waiting*

for the man  
who didn't  
come She cour  
sed her life  
as a boat  
steering  
but without  
a certainty  
from cause.



## *Off-set*

It's  
those poems  
that defy  
the correct  
ing words  
As a glance  
slightly off-  
set from its  
in-tending  
mark.

## *Roomed-in*

He was  
roomed in  
to a short  
ness of view  
where even  
his dreams  
seemed cut-  
off from  
their intend  
ed flow Wall  
ed in as he  
was from a  
comforting  
feel for  
rest.

## *The Fall*

His world  
tripped o  
ver his fal  
tering feet  
Down the stair  
s of continu  
ing business  
gains to where  
It stopped  
He and the  
blood that en  
circled from  
conscious  
ness.

## *His time*

was up  
but that  
clock of his  
kept tic-  
king a contin  
ual need  
for more.

## *Elsbeth*

wasn't born  
with such  
therapeu  
tic eyes But  
they kept  
growing out  
Bulging be  
yond that main  
taining rim  
glasses-in  
for clearer  
considera  
tions of why  
she kept a  
pencilled  
hand for sta  
bilizing re  
lationship  
s.

### *Word-finds*

as this shell  
shaped  
through my  
hands Why it  
keeps sing  
ing for re  
lease.

### *What lost horizons*

If the clock'  
s turning  
backwards  
but couldn't  
stop for  
finding where  
I wasn't What  
lost horizon  
s might be  
outgrowing  
in stinct  
ual lights.

## *Sensing in Lights*

Slowing the  
night's sen  
sing in As  
these boats  
harboured  
for the where  
of retelling  
waves.

## *Tunneled enclosures*

of light glim-  
mering that  
stoned-in  
listening  
the weight  
of muted  
time.

## *Dummy*

And if  
you're dress  
ed for a  
differing  
person All  
clothed in  
those uncer  
titudes of  
why you weren'  
t more of be  
ing other  
wise.

## *Out-of touch*

She got  
out-of-touch  
from those  
things that  
once told  
her for fin  
ding Now blind  
as a cane  
punctuating  
unrhymed  
steps-to-mea  
ning.

## *Van Goyen*

If your  
world's more  
clouds than  
peopled be  
low the hori-  
zon's stretch  
ing out those  
other waves  
telling of  
sea and imag-  
ined distan-  
cings.

## *“Sadistic”*

Could you  
call that sa-  
distic His  
way of dang-  
ling bait  
for a fish  
He knew would  
bite and be  
caught for  
his own en-  
meshed net-  
ting plans.

*So many sides*

He saw  
the same pro  
blem from so  
many sides  
that it be  
came many pro  
blems growing  
always bigger  
from bigger.

*That house*

They lived  
that they  
could outlive  
the other's  
claims on that  
house that  
died almost si  
multaneous  
ly for both  
their wood  
ened house  
in their wood  
ened-in  
coffins.



*Dead bird*

black and  
out-wingèd  
Glutting  
the pavement  
with the  
spoils of its  
ravenous  
appetites.

*That paleness*

I was  
afraid of that  
paleness  
She spoke out  
as a ghost  
Sheeted in the  
fear that  
morning could  
dissolve in  
her claims for  
such phantomed  
uncertain  
ties.

### *Hand shake*

with one  
finger cut-  
off grasping  
intently  
for a smile  
that could re  
gain the cer  
tainty for  
that loss.

### *Medieval attributes*

when birds  
and flowers  
became symbol  
s so realiz  
ing a  
world view  
ed in vanish  
ing detail.

*“He’s gone”*

he said  
as if death  
was simply  
an outside of  
Like leaving  
one’s house  
with the  
never to re  
turn of be  
ing there.

*Why*

does age  
child-like  
its sense  
in me That  
the moon  
wind-bound’  
s risen first  
time out as  
a kite caught  
into branch  
ed fears of  
some extend  
ing needs my  
fingers can’t  
quite tell for  
in touch.

*Blank page*

writing the  
night in  
to those  
lost distan  
ces where only  
stars could  
define.

*Routine*

is where  
these wall  
s stop think  
ing their  
lessened  
coloring  
s aloud.

*Meeting face to face*

may mean  
facing up  
to where  
your down  
ness of heart'  
s just set  
ting in.

*Seeing through*

the dark  
is more of  
my heart  
than its  
own.

*That urge*

for a voice  
that only  
your finger  
s can find.

*If Nietzsche*

created  
God in his  
own image  
How could there  
be any hea  
vens left  
for seeing  
him through.

*Help worker killed in Iraq*

She was  
nothing but  
helpful Ta  
king their  
needs in to  
a meaning  
for her own  
Married to  
one of their  
kind They kill  
ed her with  
out the pity  
that unleash  
ed the sudden  
ness of their  
wrath.

*Sign of*

If the  
wind's the  
sign of the  
Holy Spirit  
baring these  
trees of all  
their leafy  
protective  
ness.

### *Cubby-holed*

They  
cubby-hol  
ed me in-to  
a space  
that even  
cut my dream  
s off.

### *Political poems*

shouldn't  
take sides  
Or they'll be  
side-lined  
with a chang  
ing of the  
guards.

### *Atlantis found?*

at the bot  
tom of the  
ocean Platon  
ically sur  
veyed for

un  
discovered  
depths How dry  
can we keep  
our land from  
becoming a  
down-street  
for depths in  
newly discover  
ing destruct  
ions.

### *Sensed-in sounds*

Listening  
to the wind'  
s dried skele-  
tal leaves  
these ghost  
ly sensed-in  
sounds as the  
rattling from  
lung's break-  
ing off That  
snap to re  
lease.



## *Talk-shows and the like*

After  
they've ar  
gued all that  
self-reali  
sing substan  
ce away No  
thing's left  
except that  
dried Hemingway-  
like fish Bo-  
ned-in to  
its skeletal  
glare.

## *Kletzmer*

in falter  
ing lines  
almost walz  
ed in to the  
sweet and wa  
vy tones of  
the clarinet  
dog-watched  
death-march  
ed Now Kletz

mer's in and  
Wagner's out  
as those Jew  
s faintly  
missed but  
somehow be  
ing kept a  
live in tones  
soft and sweet  
ly reminis  
cent.

*The dilemma*

of ocean's a  
part drift  
ing away from  
traditions  
that couldn'  
keep their  
hold As a boat  
unanchored  
from past sur  
viving claim  
s May be we'  
ll soon Madagas  
car our own  
animal types  
Staring out  
such strange

enveloping  
eyes a desert  
less self-con  
templation.

### *Van Gogh*

s thirst  
for colors  
as leaf-  
driven depth  
s eclips  
ing.

### *Night animals*

looming  
in fear  
Eye-staring  
sounds of  
the moon'  
s watch-sen  
sing.

*“Taking stock of oneself”*

is like  
investing  
when the mar  
ket’s keeping  
you so low-  
down that  
there must be  
some rising-  
ups in co  
ming.

*Rembrandt-surfaced*

Color’  
s fading out  
here Washed  
down in these  
late autum  
nal rains Rem  
brandt-sur  
faced.

## *Pontius Pilate'*

s "what is the  
truth" as if  
it's only in  
varying per  
spectives  
Time condensed  
to what isn'  
t because it'  
s now But man'  
s simply an  
overseer of  
what he's gi  
ven The crea  
tion of what  
he's partaking  
The love he  
can't explain  
or create And  
the finality  
of death final  
izes all those  
Pilatian rela  
tivism.

*A more*

If there  
isn't a more  
Why have we  
become so  
much less in  
our self-pro  
claiming free  
dom from that  
spaced out  
transcend  
ental possibil  
ity of unknown  
worlds but di  
minishing  
in man's for  
lorn stature  
as if statued  
into his own  
stone-bearing  
image.

## *Hommage à Willa Cather*

All those  
frontiers were  
not so much  
of knowledge  
But of un-  
discovered  
plains and  
those dry de-  
sert lands  
fast adhering  
to stone'  
s far reach  
ing out as  
yet untold  
land whisper  
ing the way  
Indians heard  
it afoot E  
choing now  
plaintive  
ly recept  
ive.

*Names lost*

some  
where in the  
aging pro  
cess buried  
deeper than  
the mind can  
reveal Those  
blank moment  
s.

*This wind-driven snow*

as some  
without a  
where of be  
coming re  
lentless  
ly unfind  
ing.

*A small motion*

less cat  
in a bigger  
than wide  
field's thin  
king me in  
to an exposure  
of all but



possible un  
realized as  
sumptions.

*That night-like fox*

trailed  
to a streak  
ing unreflec  
ted redness  
the sideward  
lights of  
glanced-  
through ap  
parition  
s.

*Down to*

the raw  
bone of  
these out-  
wintered  
trees gasp-  
ing in for  
their voic  
ed soundless  
ness.

*“All spruced up”*

as if  
such self-  
accomplish  
ing trees  
would lower  
their branch  
ed awareness  
to such ex  
ercises in  
self-appreci  
ation.

*Sun-shine alley*

of this sky-  
bluing after  
noon's out do  
ing even that  
left over win-  
tered bird ply  
ing in time-  
sequenced  
colors.

## *Karlsruhe Art Gallery 6 masterpieces*

### *a) God father and Son (Rottweiler Master 1440)*

The Father  
paternally  
concerned  
in the blood-  
wounds of his  
son Holding a  
view of more  
than those re-  
ceiving pains  
could be tell-  
ing.

### *b) Crucifixion (Grünewald)*

It was  
more of Mary's  
in-folding  
of hands and  
loss than John's  
masculine  
straight-fin-  
ding assert-  
ions that took  
us in to the  
depths of His  
out-lasting  
pains.

*c) Self-portrait (Rembrandt, 1645)*

Those  
eyes may be  
watching  
us through  
all the side  
s of his and  
our light-  
darkening  
inflection  
s.

*d) Landscape (Jakob van Ruisdael)*

as if  
trees and  
clouds could  
be moulded  
in to that  
brooding  
depth of out-  
timed si-  
lences.

*e) Adoration of the Kings (Master of Messkirch)*

Jesus may  
have been tou-  
ching to the

gold But His  
eyes were mo  
ving through  
that old man'  
s so long a  
waiting bless  
edness.

*f) DeHooch's*

out-  
view of a  
scene that  
couldn't be  
kept for fee  
ling there  
Only light  
and spaced be  
yondness.

### *Strange characters*

as that one  
in Pforzheim  
hobbling  
through a pro  
fusion of tied-  
in identitie  
s that he

seemed more  
like a redun  
dant self-sell  
ing salesman.

*Cold winds*

chilled  
sounds na-  
kedly re  
hearsed.

*After Matisse*

Branch  
ed winds en  
circling  
what was  
called-for  
in dance.

*“The road not taken”*

is that  
one of Gau  
guin’s ascend  
ing to beyond  
the height  
of where see  
ing’s there.

*Sharper than the sword*

If the  
pen's shar-  
per than the  
sword's blee-  
ding me  
through in-  
delible  
ink.

*At the cross roads*

If words  
can cut  
both ways  
at the cross-  
roads of in-  
tensed  
thereness.

*Unfelt*

He saw  
more of me  
blind-touch  
ing eyes  
than I could  
in answer  
ing back.

### *Secret histories*

Their  
liking for  
secret histor  
ies Some  
where in the  
back yard  
whispering  
s where their  
neighbours  
might suspic  
iously be o  
ver hearing.

### *Her canary*

She kept  
her canary  
coloring  
at its dis  
tant span  
ned to her  
caged-in a  
wareness  
from voice.



## *A plant*

just placed  
indiffer  
ently color  
ed for gather  
ing this room  
about extend  
ing in leave  
s.

## *Why*

is this  
soften  
ing chair  
so comfort  
ably astute  
as my Uncle  
Irving look  
ing for why  
I should be  
seated in.

## *Falluja*

Those  
streets si-  
lent desolate  
ly winding  
the insides  
of my approach  
ing fears  
the dark  
uncertainty  
And that  
flash of pain  
sounding me  
right through  
to where these  
stone's bleed-  
ing aloud.

## *Desert flowers*

intensified  
in sun-  
glow stone-  
sensed a wild-  
erness of  
night's  
star-crea-  
ting.

*This wintered sun'*

s cold  
breath after  
shine's fin  
ishing glance  
touched  
through as  
of stone's  
a-lighting.

*Impulsing*

Listen  
ing in the  
silence of  
where breath'  
s wave-tell  
ing impulsing  
those un  
touched dark  
nesses  
through.

*So bright*

That winter  
sun's so  
bright even  
in its dis  
tant calling  
s That how  
ever much  
you might try  
in hearing  
nothing else.

*Pre-fabricated*

Houses  
pre-fabrica  
ted as if  
living in  
was in alway  
s a being  
there.

## *No looking back for Lot*

If there'  
s no look  
ing back for  
Lot Can we  
turn the o  
ther way round  
from a past  
that's no  
longer pass  
ing us  
through.

## *Compromise*

If we  
compromise  
too often  
They'll be  
little left  
of giving  
ourselve  
s away from.

## *Tolerance*

is what  
we expect  
from others  
Even decided  
ly more so.

## *Wellness*

is like  
bathing  
in the warm  
th of self-  
wishings.

## *Collecting stamps*

as if  
other part  
s of the  
world could  
be visuali  
zing his  
sense in  
touch.

*With bud-like pearls*

These  
tiny branch  
es with  
bud-like  
pearls Je  
welled as a  
woman to  
the light of  
her asking.

*Getting bad feelings*

is often  
because the  
other has  
felt you in  
to his own  
needs for  
not caring  
why.

*Tiny insects*

dancing  
to the last  
sun beam'  
s trans  
piring  
flames.

*Sanibel's down*

The unleash  
ing of these  
restless  
tides primie  
vally awake  
as phantoms  
of unfound  
ing caverns  
desparately  
in deep.



*Haydn: Baryton trios*

Through  
this fullness  
at the center  
brush-lines  
of in-sweep  
ing ever-  
glows.

*From lost causes*

A house  
that's lived  
out its time  
repainted  
As if  
make-up  
could rede  
fine from  
lost cause  
s.

## *Damascus*

A sudden  
ed light  
Dark switch  
ed out to  
where it can'  
t find  
back redee  
ming from  
self.

## *Homilius: the motets*

Where  
words sur  
rounding  
them  
selves from  
their inner  
meanings.

## *Seemed through*

The night  
seemed-  
through with  
snow's in-  
distant  
sensed from  
bright  
ness.

*Statue in the park*

nameless  
dateless  
But poised  
on a horse  
that keeps  
getting him  
there.

*In need of himself*

Man  
in need of  
himself  
as if blind  
beyond such  
touched assur  
ances It's  
the poverty  
of what isn'  
t there for  
being him.

*The worm'*

s in consu  
ming the  
length of it  
body's pull  
ing for for  
wards.

*The ladder*

The two  
upstairs at  
the cross  
But a ladde  
extending  
down for u  
only where  
the 2nd on  
spaced for  
a breath  
less climb  
ing.

*Do animals know*

more than  
we can tell  
The raven that  
fed Elijah'  
s hunger  
ed wants  
Or Jonah's  
whale of a  
household  
inhabiting  
a depth of  
some other  
and deeper  
under  
standing.

*Remote castle's*

a far off  
world that  
once replen  
tished it  
self Moat with  
out and a  
castled si  
lence so deep  
ly withdrawn

into those  
solid inter  
iors of decip  
hering stone.

### *Biographies*

If we  
can live our  
selves through  
the deeds and  
thoughts of  
their becom  
ing What o  
ther self  
could they i  
magine of  
our through-  
reading them.

### *Images*

arising  
out of the  
sea Or blown  
with your  
kite's ten  
ured hands  
And if the  
moon shal  
lowed to

that pebbled  
rush of tide  
s through  
the flow of  
your mind'  
s wanting  
in.

*Transparently awake*

This moon-  
shifting  
light and  
the shades  
of lost re-  
membrance  
s What the  
wind knows  
and seeing  
through  
transpar-  
ently a  
wake.

### *Softness of wind*

This  
dark's impen-  
etrable soft-  
ness of wind  
easing my  
mind to those  
rare glimpse  
s of star-  
revealing  
times.

### *Love*

is where  
I know  
You're the  
more of me  
encircl  
ing.

### *On and off*

The house  
at the o  
ther side win  
dowed-in-view  
switches per



sons on and  
off shadow  
ing from ap  
pearance.

*A display piece*

as if  
there wasn'  
t enough to  
touch for in  
cluding eye  
s and so per  
sonally per  
forming space  
d He sat  
the witness  
ing of why  
they were  
called in  
from view.

*Ive's marching bands*

may have Dan  
buried from  
place in  
those clash-  
ing promti

tudes of challen-  
ging-in dis  
parate co  
lors.

*Words that fail*

me now  
spaced off  
as a gaping  
hole Emptied  
of all those  
crying need  
s for these  
desolate  
winds.

*Ballroom scene (Guardi)*

The light  
s diffuse  
ly person  
ed a room  
imagined  
through  
glasses ap  
pearance  
s.

## *Over-stepped*

He ran  
until the  
finishing  
line over-  
stepped his  
own percei-  
ving inclina-  
tions.

## *Spelled-in meanings*

Wood  
that's in-  
tricate  
ly adhering  
the harden-  
ed outline  
s of its  
spelled-in  
meanings.

## *Eyes*

that were  
more asking  
the sadness  
of their find-  
ing-in ex-  
pression  
s.

## *Twelfth-night (Shakespeare) (5)*

*a) Islands apart*

Islands a  
part from our  
selves As if  
man could be  
dressed in  
to new mea-  
nings to re-  
discover  
what he wasn't  
t by playing  
that role  
out instead.

*b) The Epiphany*

These Magi  
have brought  
other gifts of  
dissimula  
tion As if  
they were king  
s instead  
and island  
to a world  
that wasn't  
theirs in the  
strangeness  
of its be  
coming.

*c) The anatomy of love*

as an incur  
able sick  
ness That can  
only be over  
come in those  
new and dis  
tant realm's  
self fulfill  
ing.

*d) And the Emmaus disciples*

unreali

sing the what

and who

of person

and place

But acting

out such self-

certaintie

s in a dia

logue of cau

sal misunder

standings.

*e) A free-for all*

of un

inhibited ob

livious

ness As if

man could only

recognize

himself

by acting it

all out.

*Alien to its own message*

When  
the church  
becomes a  
lien to its  
own message  
More the To  
mas of Christ-  
doubting Or  
the Pilate  
of other  
more timely  
truths.

*As well*

If  
children  
are cried out  
of their life-  
holding sup  
port Why dis  
pense with  
child-soldier  
s killing  
a dream of  
life which can'  
t be dreamed  
out as well.

## *Pfungstadt*

where Chaim  
Weizman once  
lived the  
Jewish house  
s left empty  
as if soul  
ed for some  
kind of remem  
brance after  
their stores  
had been plun  
dered by friend  
ly neighbor  
s Emptied to  
the bone As  
if dry skull  
s somewhere  
unfound voic  
ed to harsh  
winds of re  
tribution.



## *INRI*

They put  
it hesitant  
ly aware  
at first  
on the cross  
in yellow of  
all things  
As a star  
that hill-sur  
rounding Beth  
lehem had  
left so awk  
wardly be  
hind.

## *The "Cherry Orchard's"*

s growing it  
self back here  
Emptied house  
s dug down to  
the pits of  
their founda  
tion's left  
behind "Mod  
ern villas"  
furnished  
with all the

comforts of  
monied acces  
sories.

*“Are you better David”* (for W. W.)

the tur  
ning point  
where he tur  
ned my stop  
to where  
that untarred  
road direc  
tioned it  
self far off  
still wood  
ed in that  
density  
from view.

*Patience*

is only  
when we've  
no other  
choice by  
teaching  
us the length  
of its own  
diminish  
ing virtue  
s.

## *Israel*

condemn  
ed to soli  
tary confine  
ment as  
Jeremia  
feeding these  
vacant stone  
s from the  
grip of his  
own voice  
less tears.

## *Looking yourself young*

She  
looked her  
self young'  
s a way of  
thinking out  
loud color  
ed to cloth  
es that appre  
ciate such  
a self-appear  
ance.

*Nathaniel Pink's desirability routes*

Even though  
his green  
ish sweater  
ed color-blind  
ness wasn't  
so certain  
ly proudly  
worn in  
side out as  
his thought  
s kept get  
ting the out  
side in to  
wards his di-  
gesting di-  
rectionless  
self-appreci-  
ations.

*Cold way in for late*

November'  
s bowing its  
balding head  
Trees trim-  
med short from  
their lessen  
ing summer  
ed memories

And only  
blackening  
birds circ  
ling from this  
vacantness  
of sky.

*“Woman in a green Jacket” (Macke)*

Face  
less as the  
lake she’s  
reflecting  
in Her body  
as the tree  
s formed to  
a searching  
inner view  
of why she’  
s so alone  
from her  
self.

*“Woman in a green Jacket” II*

or it's  
these shadows darken  
ing her in  
to hands and  
hat as objects holding  
on to why  
she's become  
ing so still  
ed through.

*Ageless memories*

She remembers her father now  
So distinct  
ly while she's the age  
he died from  
Ageless memories of life's  
passing  
herself  
through.

*Unanswering questions (Ives)*

Lights  
glimmering  
this dark-  
bound city'  
s through  
of unanswer  
ing question  
s.

*His "laugh"*

was more  
like a chuck  
led hen re  
hearsing  
for keeping  
its feet  
so finely  
close-kept  
in.

*Whispered through grass*

seeded with  
the touch-  
buds of frost  
The delicate  
feet of this  
solitary  
bird's im-  
print in re  
frain whis  
pered through  
with wind.

*All look alike*

If  
buildings  
all look a  
like Maybe  
they'll be  
personed  
that way too  
Block houses  
block faces  
parcelled  
off from ex  
pression.



*So refined*

If light  
could be so  
refined  
transpar  
ently touch  
ed to the  
intimacy  
of these  
leaves.

## 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, 2003 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
- 16) **A voiced Awakening**, Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2004 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
- 17) **These Time-Shifting Thoughts** Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2005 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.



## David Jaffin

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.

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.

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