







DAVID JAFFIN



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For Jim and For Michael



The mirror of a bird re

volving the sky

lake no depth except

for it.

5 plants

finding the reach of

sun

late/ cold windowed glass

I tipped with leaves delicate to the

end

your fingers caused this/ a-

gainst my hand.

You said it had cleared

the air

as if birds left only

their flight be hind.

And back

to

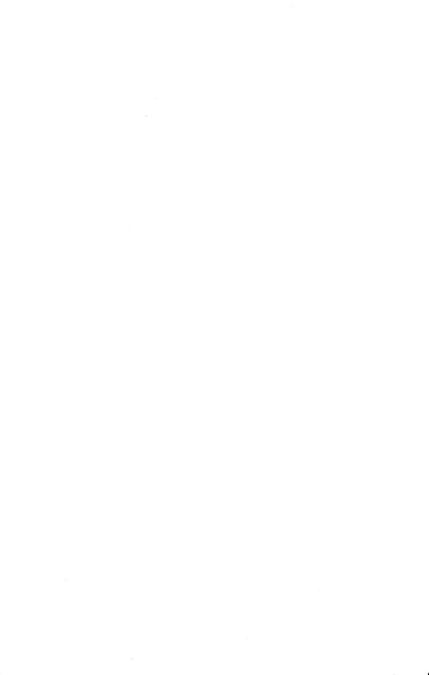
pick up stones breaking their pulse

(quiet sound)

the waves birds

bringing them in all

of a way.



Wires tied to trans

mitting sound

trees feeling out

arranging space I see. Watch

in the room out side.

Now the waiting shadow

(hanging it self out)

wind

for your words to blow

through.

The mirror more right than

left

I walk a side dir

ection

angling it back to

place.

It's not what I see

too many windows to find the length/

direction built in expres-

sion no more than re-

flecting the glass lights

evening waiting/ for .

The trees not higher

I see climbing

color the first of spring

brought

in a garden.

The leaves han ging, trying to

find shadow

you walking carrying the space

be tween your hands .

Some words put me straight/

signed

where the roads stretched their

crossed out arms

for an evened posture I thought

nailed in rain/ choked wood

cities hung in the middle of

nothing

time put down to numbers a

bird plumed at the top perched

on his own view-

why stop I asked himself? Maybe the step

articulate to where sounds come

from

the sun cracks its poly- chrome

or the stripes/ expression

perpendicular

according to color

it isn't silver that makes

glass shine

and at that spring perhaps iden-

tifiable as.

A light

hung in the af ternoon

not wan ting to see.

Before

you prepared that occasional smile

veil

with reversible screen

traditional courtyard of roses/

phrases

I managed to tell you it was

whatever/ so.

At night

without shadow walking myself

hurrying back.

A print

of your face placing lines

to where you aren't, so.

Birds don't break/ sound

they spend their weight ligh-

tening air

a tree bends

eased

by wind we feel that space

in our hands

not to be, closed.

Late afternoon

closing a book finding the fingers/

touch.

Birds turned on

water for the grass sun fol

ding.

The curve of my eye,

road

disappearing

as far as I see.



Design of watching

spider in his net

defining exactly why the

fly must be caught. The cold, fruit tightened to

its curve

I bite the hard of

apple/ tasted sap . A step when the pe

tals fall

and leave stains is this place,

here.



1 November 74

Dear Jim,

I'm not writing you I'm writing it

the way we see

sounds move but the leaves stay,

in their place color instead.

Here, I sit the space of a mo

ment

time identifies it self—

the poem, Jim. The sound of steps leading

a way

the closeness of what I hear

defining it/self.

distance

the willow hang

their sorrow

on

Listening to wind

the cut of moon

keeping water close, by

boat surfaced on sound.

Space a word to define

what a bird touches in snow

performing cold.

A slant of light

just a cross angle

4 birch/ willow

3 birds atop black

add a puff of smoke

implying house

don't stop at/that.

Between where I see and

the mvt./ line of my eye

at sea the stars tilt

out of place.

Looking for a word to

match this sense.

What was left of birds

lines

they'd made in the sky .



If voice the moment words

come back

even the look of what is

only no more/than

this.

The tree moves

apart from its shadow

no sun.

The saying of you

is a word

like this I see.

No change

trees set in silence

breaking the wind

a bird takes its place

commanding a higher branch

pause of his weight til

ting in the direction,

what he sees.

Snow in the mountains looking up

holding its place

a moon in the night

clearing the sky.

The white of birch with

out leaves

a bird singing its sha

dow.

5 February 75

Jim,

Let's call it fictive

I've no proof nothing shines

winter's stopped

looking at what I see

a light turns on -

if it began there? Not the fingers

or string but then/ light

and see the dark absorbs

cold breathing its sound.

Space moved in to

a word creating itself

3 birds in a park cir

cling round snow

the cold between them.

The sky not moved

clouds increa sing weight

across the street

a man approaching, not

quite quicker

his own steps.

The leaves be coming

a tree spreading

wind.



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