**David Jaffin**

Wind phrasings

For sixty-five years, Charles Seliger (American, b. 1926) has passionately pursued an inner world of organic abstraction, celebrating the structural complexities of natural forms. Like many artists of his generation, Seliger was deeply influenced by the surrealists’ use of automatism, and throughout his career, he has cultivated an eloquent and poetic style of abstraction that explores the dynamics of order and chaos animating the celestial, geographical, and biological realms. Attracted to the internal structures of plants, insects, and other natural objects and inspired by a wide range of reading in natural history, biology, and physics, Seliger’s abstractions pay homage to nature’s infinite variety. His paintings have been described as “microscopic views of the natural world,’’ and although the characterization is appropriate, his abstractions do not directly imitate nature so much as suggest its intrinsic structures.

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

By 1949, Seliger had his first major museum exhibition, at the de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco, and since then, he has had over forty-five solo exhibitions at prominent galleries in New York and abroad, including Galerie Lopes AG in Zurich. In 1986, Seliger was given his first retrospective exhibition, at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, which now holds the largest collection of his work. In addition to the Guggenheim, he is represented in numerous museum collections, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York; the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut; and the British Museum in London. In 2003, at age seventy-seven, Seliger received the Pollock-Krasncr Foundation’s Lee Krasner Award in recognition of his long and illustrious career in the arts. In 2005, the Morgan Library and Museum acquired his journals - 148 hand-written volumes produced between 1952 and the present. Scholars like Michelle DuBois - who is completing the first doctoral dissertation on Seliger, “The Structure of Becoming: “ Charles Seliger’s Complex Expressionism - now have access to his introspective writing, which cover a vast range of topics across the span of six decades.

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

To learn more about Charles Seliger and view works from his current exhibition, please visit Michael Roscnfeld Gallery at [www.michaelrosenfeldart.com](http://www.michaelrosenfeldart.com).

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

Wind phrasings

Poems

David Jaffin

[www.shearsman.com](http://www.shearsman.com)

[shearsman@macunlimitcd.net](mailto:shearsman@macunlimitcd.net)

Distributed for Shearsman Books in the U.S.A. by  
Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94710  
Email: [orders@spdbooks.org](mailto:orders@spdbooks.org)  
Website: h ttp://[www.spdbooks.org](http://www.spdbooks.org)

ISBN 978-1-84861-031-6 (Shearsman Books, UK)

ISBN 978-3-501-01619-0 (St.-Johannis-Druckerei, Germany)

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Title picture:

Painting by Charles Seliger (b. 1926)

“Night Blossoms”, 1964, oil on canvas, 19” x 15”, signed  
Credit Line: Courtesy of Michael Rosenfeld Gallery, LLC, New York, NY

Gesamtherstellung: St.-Johannis-Druckerei, Lahr/Schwarzwald  
Printed in Germany 37050/2008

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True-telling stones Utc

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Closer

Clarinet’s

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A need for more

He awoke each

day with a need for more

An emptiness at heart as

if his lake had been drain

ed of all its watering

sources and left him bare-

ground-aloned to the expos

ures of those nakedly inha

biting wind s.

Stepping out

to a no man’

s world before he knew the

where of his catching up

to himself as if shadow

s had been taught to lis

ten.

Always being there

He knew it

was coming (one sense

s such thing s at each

stop) as the train slow

ed to an ap pcarance of

it’s always being there.

That blindman’sgame

we played

as children helpless

ly numbed from that see-

touching-light we wander

cd through a darkened

world of never find

ing.

Coasting down

those snow-

sliding hill s with the

ease of not caring the

why or where of that al

ways reced ing from.

The touch of

A child fear

ful of the dark-spread

ing night he needed the

touch of some thing soft

and smooth to ease him

selfback to where light

could suffuse his very be

ing.

Origined

He learn

ed through touch to see

why words could be the

way they mean.

Before the mins

came we felt (somewhere

in those hidden irre

trievable places of

self)

a silence so

incomplete yet needing a

loud for those unheard va

cancies of touch.

A backwater place

of dark in

tendon s Water co

alesces here into the deep

of their under sensed mean

ings And their kind of laugh

ter hurts most impli

citly remind ing of hidden

recoiling

temptation

s.

Become lost

She had a

face about her as when

times become lost and

there’s no history

left for finding them

out.

At 5 %

The bank ere

dited him in to a lost

house and home and a

soul eaten out with the

pains of re gret face

lessly at

5 %.

Germany November 9

1. The wall

fell divid mg a people

from itself same day the

synagog ues burning

through the broken glass

of pain re fleeting

a day of fear and blood

dancing now in joyful

oneness.

1. Have these

fallen leave s forgott

cn with only the blood

stains left dried and

collected burned in to

sheaves of fire and

smoke.

1. No home

except in the need for

one a long ing for what

isn’t The Ger man-Jew once

called off the map here

neither really Ger

man nor Jew resettling

the buried hope s of what

once was call ed for home.

1. German youth

taugh t to re member what

they’d never known as if

history wasn’ t more than

being there now of then.

1. If the wall

fell did the Salomonian

curse fall with it A

people di vided from it

self now one with their

vvall-divid ing past.

The spider

sudden

ly there Bigger than

my eyes could sec him Black

er than his instinct

s could re veal my pain-

sensed fear ed through.

Somewhere deeper known

Do we per

son our voice Or is it

somewhere deeper known

the hollow echoing of

a drained- down well.

Barely sound-dense

When they

took those picture

s down room ed in for co

loring over a nakedness

barely sound- dense.

Brain washing

They call

ed him guilty long enough

with such a persuasive

guise of see ing him through

until he be came innocent

ly guilty of believing

what he wasn’ t.

Light-revealing

This cool

ed-down Oct oberday

with the for saken trees

stripped of much of their

meaning and the barren

stones touch ing so hard

as they could light-re

vealing.

Mrs. R.

She sat

there on a semi-harden

ed chair in tently list

ening Eyes and dress

thought-appar ent as a

close and cold winter

night star- studded ab

stractly de fining.

The mins

darken

mg in to a world of

muted flow ers that

touched a sadness

through though re

motely un heard.

The flight

The birds

mountain ed through

those long ing height

s of fear left in shad

ows behind almost weight

lessly en during.

Soul-sensed

After sea

son the swan s reclaim

ing a birth ed-through

whiteness of waves par

ting with the winds soul-

sensed.

Colored through

The rush

of flower s color

ed me through to those a

fter-scent

instinct

s for light.

Transcending

At a moment

not to be defined

in time or the space

lessly voice of the sea’

s transcend ing.

Early Rossini opera

with the

lovers test ing their

true but needless

ly self-find ing inclinat

ions melodio usly as uni

soned as bird s already

nesting in their pleasur

able pursuit s.

Toeing- the-line

may mean o

ver-stepping some of your

own thought s of no way

back Either side’s a dia

logue in selfdisguise.

Forbidden

and there

fore found The fruits of

man’s reach ing beyond the

length of his not know

ing why.

Of dual response

Does

language change what’

s seen Or do we see be

cause we need those

words for the meaning of

a dual re spouse.

In memory Nelly Sachs

So small

fragile and yet the

wounds knott ed in tight

ly there bleeding

through

light.

Telling of time

You can’

t turn time back reliv

ing what’s no more your

s or their s exclusive

ly past.

Grammar

out soul

cd the moon time of her

light-trail ing exposure

s to where ends meet

punctuat ing a ritual-

respons ive presence.

If only words could

fill his empti ness at heart

as the slipp cry well

Joseph confin ed to a

height high beyond his

lasting reach for

touch.

If all these dying

leaves were downed to that

piled forget ness of fire

flaming out quick and fast

light-devour

ing.

Game-plannedfrom

those straight- line Scars

dalian track s of right

school marr iage profess

ion that left him aloned

without right or rea

son derail ed.

Animal sounding

scream-gest

ured swaying compulsive

ly as a pray erless Litvak’

s “sound and fury sig

nifying” all that there

and then of his being.

Placid

His thought

s so placid as the lake’

s inreveal

ing clouds

shifting be yond the mo

ment of a doubt.

Of soundless voices

The rush of

soundless voices shad

ows of the mind’s echo

ing beyond the Hades of

secluded

shores.

I’ve grown old

with these

self-haunt ing images

that inhabit the more of

me than I can acquire

or even test through their

ground-thrust ing incurs

ions.

Trophy-hunting

Head-count

ing close-sha veil men Skull

ed me in to a delusion

of cannibal trophy-hunt

mg.

The horse

was dead lay on

the fields all

he had eaten away from it

Flesh and bone s accumulat

ing his deaden ed resolve

for life.

Out-faced

He sat

down square ly on that

problem un til its four-

sidedncss out-faced which

ever way he could be grasp

ing there from meaning.

A little too much

She was a

little too much of what

she wasn’t As those Eng

lish dessert s over-cream

ed from their benevolent

tasteless

ness.

Too quick

Those too

quick to blame other

s at that sudden appear

ance of where conscience

might be re calling them

back.

Stranded

emptied is

lands desert souls The moon

eclipsed from the tide

less wander ings of their

shadowless

searching

s Modern man vacantly haun

ted from his

ing loneli ness.

For Rosemarie

If there’

s no you from return Where

can I outlast this aching

loneliness from self.

Outlasting

Some town

s have outlast ed their time

s by building monuments

to what wasn’ t anymore

standing so forsaken

ly there.

Instinct for color

Is there’s

an instinct for color to(o)

The way some animals in

habit an a wareness of

seeing-eyed

darkness

es.

*No proof* in memory M. B.

but he was

there dream- felt pedestall

ed at a height even beyond

his living claims risen

prayer-risen with that smi

ling down so self-assur

mg transeen dental face

of his.

Passing the border

of fear

death-fear that boat of

no return ing silent

ly awake the way you touch

ed flower s once to

know their scent of fold

ing through so breathless

ly alive.

Christ has risen

the choirs

of heaven bright beyond

all that word s have known

Because He’ s no end or

beginning Christ has ri sen The thorn has bled the

rose through its resurr

ecting light.

The blank sun of Christmas

eve washed down with all

those unsett ling rains

bared from that immens

mg light that only a

star could touch out of

such cold and forsaken time

s as these.

They may have been

whatever they were name

less number ed or not

though giftbearing I’d

count myself among them

though fear ed at the

deathless sight of the

Living Lord bending my

knees I’d count myself among

them.

Outlived

She out

lived her time s The world a

bout her seem ed strange

ly new as if untouched from feeling she walked the

streets of passed memor

ies shadow ed as unanswer

ing ghosts as if all was

known for not being now.

3 Piano Trios

1. D minor trio (Glinka 1827)

wasn’t able

to place where the one

movement began theo

ther ended in a lost unity

of sensed persons trying

to dress them selves in

to phantom i mages of

what they were n’t.

1. C major trio (Haydn no. 21)

He took me

off as u sual from

whatever seat ed pcrspect

ive I could n’t hold for

long into a world’s in

volving re volving as a

caroussel changing —

lighted the always more

of its beco ming through.

1. Dinnky Trio (Dvorak)

slowed

down in to that weight

ed feeling of sound-felt

clarities thrown off a

rush of fleet ingly danc

ed.

Little bird

pretty color

ed in assent bling-for-fea

thers Why have you ask

ed yourself for being

there so branched still

ed in a world such as this.

The fortress at Coburg

so time lessly resol

ate-resist ing the on

slaught of those increas

ingly nonheroic time

s.

Train stations

criss-cross

ing the stand ing still’

s of pulsed awareness

es.



She sudden

ly rose into a resonat ing voice eye-keyed high beyond the assuring

shape of her in swelling

person.

Philosopher

He became

the answers himself as if

always there cushioned

upon a seat ed purpose

of high-light ed over-view.

Winter sunset

mirror

mg the cold light of re

fleeted si lcnces.

Cows

ponder

ously weight ed from their

numb-telling time’s hold

on grassed- down exposure

s.

These hills

in their rhy

thmic evolv ing in to a

sameness of sounding

through what always was in

their becoming now from

then.

The first snow

continu

ing in un touched si

lences falling so light-wav

ed through the shadows of

a dreamless sky.

Self-withholding

The house

s shadow ing more than

they could have possibly

known as some persons secret

ly unaware from those fath

omed depths of self-withhold

ing.

*Crucifixion* (Barlnch Marburg 1914—1917)

Christ not in

His suffer ing not even

a touch of that but far-

seeing through- feeling over

time and e ternity last

mgly there

Pink finds

living with himself can

be tiresome at times the

same answer s keep quest

toning back the other-side

ness of waving that across-

the-street smile unquest

ionably his.

Continuing on

The train

didn’t stop when it should

continu ing on to an

unseen future uneasing the

where-sense of his mind’

s tracking through.

On-looked

He look

ed me on as if I knew

the why of his think

ing so cen tered beyond

seeing me

through.

At that age

He was

more what he wasn’t

at that age of outused

remembran ces A long

ing for what’ s inescap

ably trans cending.

Sound-escaping

The rail

way kept running

through his mind sound-

escaping as if his were

tire tracks that kept

their purpose on the through

ness of course.

So stone-assuring

Have all

those fortress es so stone-

assuring been wrought in

defense of our own

through-cast led killer

instincts.

Self-revealing

Why must

wc measure ourselves

on others when the yard

stick can’ t extend be

yond in sell- revealing

length.

Wrinkles

on his skin’

s as time- cnclosmg as

the rings ot a tree’s

through-tell ing phrases.

*AddvkuS Wolf* (head of the East German spy agencies) a man

without a

face so im

peccably attired to

the insinua ting graces

of love-long ing secretaries’

political

depositor

ies.

Time-eluding

It rain

ed the wind s in to a

darkness of washed a

way moment s time-elud

ing.

A hide and seek

Writing’

s a hide and seek of where

it’s becom ing for

found.

The source

They found

the source the stream

quenching

through

rock at thirst of its undi

minishing

flow.

Out-lining

Not a word

too many As a tree

stripped

leaflessly

out-lining.

Moses

couldn’t

bring a word to place His

tongue tied and mind

quicken cd in the

flight of spiritu

ally abandon ing resolve.

On the Communist border

they took

my wallet passport with

Only a clos ed door uni

formed stand ing behind

from naked ly alone e

choings.

Mutely atoned

These

houses in los

ing their face s greyed to

a dulled same ness that e

ven the finer touch of words

left them still mute

ly aloned.

Waicd-through

The boat

slowly took to sea His

eyes follow ing soundless

ly out be yond where

he knew wav ed through

that sense of

no return.

Deah-confining

This assent

blage for bloss oming autumn

colors dried out a unity

so sparse ly death-con

fining.

Catullus

loved

through the hate that

flowered so poison

ed with his helpless

denials.

The Jews

target

ed again as if their

dried-down blood and ash

couldn’t be forgotten

for the need of fresh

leechings.

Schubert’s

2nd symphony

with its horse-trott

ing melodies thumping’

s “a much a do about no

thing’s” drama tically thoroughbred.

The blind seer’s

cane touch

ing in the e choing of

coming time s Eyed from

the darkness es’ approach

ing.

Young woman with white headdress (*Leibl)*

She knew

more than I could tell her

Eyes blunt ed with the

time-knott ing of that

green scarf around her nak

ed-glance time consuni

ing.

Die ungleiche Ehe *(Leibl)*

She young

shaped through his coarse

hand’s sly ly smiling

with the under cover of eye

s aged from self-use.

Dialogued

the white

of seeing my self looking

back from a house window

cd through its timeless

vacancies for place.

Night-lights

pulsing fear

through the glassed i

dentities of those con

Crete voice s soundless

ly awake.

Outplaced

The wind’

s blown my thoughts a

way and left steadied shin

ing stars in stead.

Wild animals

coming back

crows

crowding

from the blackness of

their wooded habitats

Night-

cities sleeping

restlessly aware the

glaring

eyes of strange

ly emerging creature

Climbing the cliffs

of remember ed touching

for Sisyphus’ hold on a

wearing down of a time

less pre scnce.

Darkness

becomes

It grows out of a sense

from being all that it

wasn’t slow ly prevading.

The wind’s

slowed to the

breath of out forming sha

dows increas ingly absorb

ing.

Like a guided hand

the waves re

ceding from a touched-

out presence unseen contin

ually through oncoming.

Questioning God

is like creat

ing yourself a world that

began before the beginning

of love’s e manating

needs from be ing.

The pidgeons

wired to a

string of less entici

mg thought s electrical

ly refined their sitting-

sensed from light.

Mysteriously

The doors o

pened with out the touch

of being seen Mysterious

ly as the night growing out

of its star s reaching

through.

Hosea

whored

to the cause of a faith

less people and a God

denying His choice by de

manding its all.

All these houses

rowed to a

sameness of lost i

dentity in terchange

ably non-per

soned.

Skin-awakening

He need

cd the feel of light rain

cooling those skinawakening moments as

buds in their color-mind

edness.

Flying foreign colors

Ships an

chored for port flying

foreign color s holding

tight against those so out

sending runn ing tides.

Those slow passing cloud

s of time less presence

of wordless meanings

as those out-going

tides in the night moon-

sense appear mg.

Of seeing-sensed

If those

wide-open eyes of child

ren could poem us back

to their way

of sensed

seeing.

Train stops

spaced- intervals time

d sequences that moment

ary being of not being for

moving through.

The thing itself

If the word’

s the thing itself Named

to a unity in being

even more than phras

ing so ex pressive

ly self-rcsol ving.

The timelessness of time Die Gnade derspaten Geburt *(Helmut Kohl)* Their time

it was not yours But what

if time had passed over

as a cloud concealing

why you could have done it

Those firing squads blood-

rehearsing.

This room

left behind

a time that wasn’t now

but theirs unknown self-

revealing.

Transforming

The rains

washed all those shadow

s away and left a trans

forming dark ness that

held the world breathless

from light.

Unseen forget fulness

There’

s even more to the bottom

ness of the ocean’s depth

than those dark memorie

s of unseen forgetful

ness.

Rock garden

as if

words were sprouting

from stone’ s self-reveal

ing color- shines.

3 Uncles

1. With Unde Julius

there was

something

slightly

faint and dis tant about

him perhaps to protect a

gainst his wife’ s challenging

assertions (those middle

age woman ly finger-find

ing needs) his humour an

swered subtlely but involving

I never got to the bottom of

his being (too young perhaps)

or because he always seem

cd so vaguely evasive.

1. Uncle Phil

a child’s fa

vorite imit ating all those

animal sound s as if the

Bronx Zoo had moved right in

to the strain s of his vo

cal cords “Jewish man of

the year” for those many wo

men Jewish or not whom he

frequented with his itin

erant wares always smil

ing right up to their needs for

his futuring

cause.

1. Uncle Irving

who always

answered those in need let a

lone this pain pered spoiled

brat of an 8 year old not

yet emerging poet who let

his helium ball oon loose rush

hour Grand Cen tral slowly

drifting to the top of Irving’s

surmise So good too good this

favorite of all uncles ladd

ercd it down with his usual

considerate care died a bro

ken man for all his goodness

the favorite of all uncles

funeralled with unbroken praise.

Unanswered

She couldn’

t answer to what she did

n’t know Men remained most

ly outside the sphere that

closed her in a silence of

protective

longing.

A rain-down day

for its quiet after

The space- viewed scent

of listen ing where only

a bird rccit ing in color

ed phrasing s.

Voiced

Even a

stone’s voiced cool

ing the round ed hands

of your inde ciphering

s.

Soft-furred

The cat

purred soft- furred sens

cd the eye s of steal

thy imagin ings.

Lithe-birch

dancer

s so slender ly time es

caping.

Violin Sonata (C. Franck P'mvt.)

cloudspaced at tuned a wind-

voicing

light

ness

from phrase.

“2nd guessing’s”

like inter

changing the choice

of instru ments when

the compos ers felt it

otherwise.

A light rain

so fine ly felt

through the

transpar encies from

touched a wakening

s.

St ill life with tulips *(Macke)*

The center’

s falling off Tuliped

in wayward ur ging color

His funeral

all prearr

anged the who s and what

s as if death itself was

his finali zed speak-

through.

For Rosemarie

Your voice

softens in my in

stinct for touch.

Behind the poem

The man be

hind the poem shadowed

in self-appar encies.

Herford’s

first night

of light- shallowing—appearan ces concrete

silences.

Waiter

so impecc

ably dress ed button

ed in to such a worth

while bend ing smile

that he could so mis

understand most every

thing I order ed for such

a palatial ly decorat

ing plate.

When the masks

fall so na

kedly true Imprinting

the image of their imi

tating self.

Moon-apparent

The woods

listening aloud voic

ed in a still ness moon-ap

parent.

Realizing

The night

realizing its own dark

ness Overco ming the depth

s of what it wasn’t space

lessly confin mg.

Rule-book teachers

They’re all

of a type rule-book

teachers

red-inked

eying the out- of-bounds

of their less assimilat

ing student s.

Alsheimer

She took

me for her grandmother

Not that wolf- cinderell

aed change ability but

out-timed

out-placed

cushioned higher than

those image less effusion

s could possi bly in meet

mg.

Dulled November

motion

lessly there spaceless

that al

ways of now

when even light seems

surpris ingly uninvol

ved.

Out-seasoned

The winter

never came The bears

didn’t sleep but hunger

ed for rest lessly clawimprinting what could

n’t hold to the mark of

season’s in dclible

cause.

Torah

A wall

it was word- strong A barr

ier against oneself ghett

oed in the need for gett

ing out It stood relent

lessly selfovershadow

ing.

A Itensteig

These Black

Forest town s falling

from their roofs land

sliding inner perspective

s and this one stream-

dividing in to numerous

voices running steadily

through.

Magda

nervous

like parrot s imitat

ing because there’s no

where else from being

Caged in little town

perspecti ves A flying

out could only mean in

fluttering

room-spend

in unquiet.

Little persons

with their

self-clutch ing faith a

feared of the outside that

might be hid ing in some

cob-webbed

uncleaned

corners of their shorten

ed mind.

Altensteig II

The strength

of these hill-command

ing houses Columned for

sun statuing a permanen

cy of facedesigning ap

pearances.

Sentinel

That lone

tree stand ing out a

gainst a vacantness

of sky’s land scaping its

inreveal ing stillness

from cause.

Her nervous laughter

the rust

ling of dried dead leave

s so slight Iy tinged with

their fallen- from color

If the words fail

a blankness

of mind as a landscape

mowed down to its inher

ent flat-find ingness.

For Rosemarie

without you

an empti ness as a

sea without its shore-send

ing self.

Your lips

parting the

waves of my sensing

through de sires.

Snow

in the wind

s increas ing these

tensions of soundless

ly through- forming.

Ash-scent

Fires

glowing the autumnal

ash-scent’ s stone-dis

tinct.

Romanesque

encase

ments of clos ing sound’

s in-dwell ing shadow

s of where prayer’s

darken ing their

self-seek ing through.

Schumann: symphonies Rougb- forced

rhythms Beet

hovian stanc ed the in

breathing softness of

lingering- phrased over

sights.

The door

stopped be

ing what it was Died from

tire touched return-alone

liness echo ing from.

The churches’ way

Doing it

good after what can’t

be undone’s the churches’

way of semi- righteous

self-apprecia

tions.

Was man

a mistake

Did God ere ate more than

he should have left it for

the blooming growth of

flowering field’s wild

scent of in stinctual

animall ed blood-

thirsting

That evil-eyed

dog barred

behind the bite of his

teething

glare.

Rilke’s “Carousel”

kept turn ing me about

in to the weavings

of a child’ s star-mind

ed goings front’s white

elephant’ s after

math.

Flat-shine

sun has bori

zoned from light the cropp

ed grass of even-timed

deepening fore bodings.

Slender woods

still na

kedly un touched

through their traits

parencies of spring-

timed rever ies.

Shostakovich

So many of

his theme’s off-set

sense a bout them e

lusivcly touch ing/in turn

ing out the center

remote ly unaware

s.

Winter birds

ground-

based their darken

ed instinct s land-hold

ing flight lessly in

shadow

ing.

Losing

the other

side of one self s like

being lost on a bridge

of neither way out.

Piously

money-mind

ed He pray ed that his

will be done the way he

wanted it on the dotted-

line of tear- decensions.

Shostakoviches’ (viola sonata)

fade-out

sonata pal ing for a

wordless sky remote

ly attuned a nothing

ness however distantly

from there.

By the eyes

She held

him tight by the eyes

so fine-feel ing as a dog

on the leash that kept

him at bay from his other

wising in stincts.

The telling of time

It couldn’

t happen be cause it

did Time’s more of us

than we can tell it form

s releases begins.

Church counsellor

His God

believed in him well-

meaning con scientious

ly upholding the pillars

of his self- supporting

faith.

Those romantic

last move meats

Too much too

long as a wo man overdress

ed beyond the needs of what

taste could confirm her selfdefining sense.

Shadow-boxing

a ghost

long since dead She

brought him a live again

to haunt her to the depth

from where he had

so strange ly risen.

Lights on

that sudden

artificial

glass-glowing

intensity of night’

s hollow ing sound

s.

Even levelled

Those sand-

surfacing

assurance

s of time’s cooling down

smoothed off even-levell

ed.

Trying to

catch up

Shadows seek ing for form’

s fullness the Hades of

his non-relin quishing

will.

Freshly known

Cut wood

freshly known the

first wants of snow and

stars heaven ly releas

>ng.

Cross carrying

Christ

left his first- chosen people

for more of the crosscarrying than even His

name could in voke.

What isn’t seen’

s the more

in being As the Lord

nameless ly darken

ed and the need for love

s far beyond all those

subtlely

word-finds.

Catullus’

love/hate

flamed so high that not

even his hardened will

could cool it down to a di

minishing

intent.

Where “to draw

the line” could only

limit those who feared

such far- reaching

steps.

Christmas cards

without

Christmas The way Christ

was so ob scurely born

But now by passed as

roads too worn from con

tinual use.

In memory Edith Stein

She was as

much a Jew the blood of

her very be ing as Christ

crying out in pained re

demption for His ir

resolate

people.



in the night

Blinking danger inde

cipherable as a child

tongue-tied

stuttering

inarticu late fears

that couldn’t in holding

back Signals remote ob

scured night- timed.

Da Capo arias *(Bach)* may

have been

heard other wise than

the time- lengths land

scaped a silently wait

ing world To day we’re

too closed- in Tensed for less

than that mess age could hold.

*O Magnam Mysterium’* (Thomas Luis de Victoria)

s depth of

space-concentr atcd stone-

soundings be yond the dark

of so inward ly voiced.

Extra Nos

Man’s at

the heart of his own

problem Ca ged in better

ways of gett ing out

Claws at the bars of his

own self-dc vouring in

stincts.

The Magi

Why it was

that reading the stars

through to their final

sense forbidden in God’s word

was their way for knowing

the why of a revolving

sky met for a child

in the straw- middle of such

a small in- lasting light.

1933

Einstein

wrote a never return

ticket 1 took at the risk

of history’ s never re

peating what some would

have taken for its final

course.

Twosome’s

the only

where of be ing at one

with myself.

Light-open

houses

revealing in awareness

of secret ly withhold

ing.

These December woods

naked

from shame Bared of

all intent Dried out an

unspoken fin ality

of voice.

Dried bark

the rough

age of wound ed times

bled through its sapped-

pulse endur ings.

The slightness

of a win

tered bird suddenly

there before it wasn’t

twig-defin ing in

stinctual

light.

After a Roman painting

The pastel

lightness of her flo

wer-gather ing steps

left nre following

in scent from their di

minishing ly-felt re

pose.

The “golden age of music”

(after listening to Tye)

should better

be called the inflow

ing purity of where

voice trails parently

refin

ing.

Outspreading

If snow’

s the color of sound

lessly appear ing dream

s through the night’s tin

heard out spreading dis

tances.

Steps in sand

not weight

ed for more than a mo

ment’s glance Yet marked

with the cer tainty of

having been told through.

*Bear poem* (in memory Bruno)

No one

knows the dis tances I

haven’t thought out

with the wind s climbing

my ears straight and the

tidy waters singing me

cooled in stinct my

way man a feared for the

cavernous winter drop-

downs.

My father

always

on the move Now wheeled a

bout the flo wer show

with a fa ding glance

that couldn’ t hold for

long color ing.

Holbein’s

gold weigh

er as I with words touch

ed through in-shine of their impli cit meaning

s to tip the balance

d aware ness.

Fishermen

calling the

silent wa ters to their

nets The moon afloat with

fish flash ing in

caught-through

colors.

Charles

germina

ting color

the seedl ings incess

antly call ing in grow

th.

The room

was where

she wasn’t A world left

behind tin changed those

outdated maps and books

thoughtless front dust

And 1 a stran ger for a

single night of irreconcil

able distan cings.

A marriage

of losses

Both depri ved of their

first-loves A unity in

sadness in tcrlocking

as trees sap lcssly in

tent.

Ghost writers

vanish

ing behind words that

weren’t their s underwritt

en from a plau sibly indis

tinct signa ture.

Madonna with the Master oj the Holy Veronica *(Cologne)*

Seeing may

be in believ ing But here

touch define s more of

where these trail spar

ent eyes of hers space

fully through- telling.

This day’s

hardly ri

sen above it self So clos

cd in clouds that even

words sha dow in their

sensed-for- meanings a

ship isolat ed from the

voiced wind s it’s pass

ing through.

The desert

heated inten

sides for the cold watch

of night sloping sand-

phrases a timeless

Iv never-for being.

Christmas poems ’06

1. A Christmas tree

so finely

dressed in the fragran

cc of lit i magining

s angelic calls and the

pearled light from touch-

receding

hands.

1. History of the birth of Christ (Schiitz)

Not even

candles can still to

the in-dwell ing purity

of this yearn ing through

the darkness of ages.

1. The rose

so person

ally expos ing naked

from light dried at the

yuletide’

s crumbling thorns.

1. The angel’s

song of a

peace only they as hea

venly messang ers could con

firm The war s continued

the blood of innocent child

ren a heaven ly message

we’re still for finding out.

c) Christmas ’06

Why this

sanctity of what is

n’t believ ed holy day

without His holied bless

mgs A child in the manger

of our own humanity

Faith and tears so dear

ly held for what isn’t His

but only our feelings

for.

f) The Christinas candles

once so in

flammed with hope

All burned down now to

the cold- touch of wax

ed-in silen

ces.

Women

with the

pains of birth-giving

rhythmic ally pulsing

through those draw

ing in cries the help

lessness of new-bearing

life.

The woods

threaten

ing prolong ing dark

only deepen ing in nowhere- out from see

ing through.

Schimpf’s owl

radiat

ing nightsensing

thoughts phrased through

the inglow of witness

ing eyes.

Words

are like

bridges They have to

cross them selves o

ver until two sides in

seeing from.

Alena at age 5

butterfli ed herself

back until flight—sitt

ing became a means of

coloring out to (

o).

She

so con fid

entally self- revealing

that I won dered the

what and where she was hid

ing herself from.

His face

an imagin

ery screen closing in

and out of the phases of

their trans parently

sensed-through

dreams.

Skier’s poem

Snow-

sounds the winds cur

ving with light down

to the deep- through

hilled si lenccs.

The walls

only felt

in shadow ing higher

than he knew that advanc

ing light calling him

however sound lessly

through.

Two worlds

that left

him ocean less between

a driftwood of sorts prob

ing the shift ing current

s of those restless

sands and the sweeping

winds that couldn't hold

him long e nough

for home.

Why punctuate

a silence

which can’t be held back

from its be coming irretriev

ably lost.

Moon-timed

Night

snow’s the blank window

s of where darkness

moon-timed.

2007

a new year

as if every day wasn’t

as unprepar ed for be

ing ours Pink polish

ed his creative

ly exploring shoes to

shine up this new year

for the glance of his selfimproving image.

The eyes

of my dead

father look ing past why

he never saw my waiting

for a same ness in

view.

A sacred mountain’s

untouch

able awareness of why it’s

climbing through all

our forsaken longings.

Plum blossoms

(follower of Wang Mian)

hard-crystal

rock-emerging

blossom’s

life-envelop

ing.

Plum blossoms *(Wang Mian)*

secret

ly confin ing why the

winds have spoken so

voiceless ly unheard.

She smiled

through

the phone s distan

ccs of his voiccd-in

response.

The pelican gliding

through streams of

airlit i magining.

Soft night

winds whis

poring star s alight

the palms brushed

through in moon’s

receding

glow.

The city

snowed to

a still stand of impecca

ble stars and the mystical

appearance of its in

seen through- silenced

purity.

Some wounds

heal

Hers didn’t fester

ed to the heart of

where hers open-placed a

thorn field wind-intens

cd.

The birth of a penguin

breaking

through the dark of

those sound less cnclos

tires to light life and the

pursuit ot fish-finding

delicacie

s.

Parrots

can claim

to be bird s She wasn’

t though fluttering

about caged in imitat

ing words colored al

most out to the wings

of it.

At the psychoanalytic conference

all those

restless ly uneased

tables out- rooted in

staring their earth-wombed

nakedness.

Spirit of the dead watching *(Gauguin ’92)*

because

you can’t see him with

out losing that life he’

s staring the open space

of your in retreating

eyes.

sill lightthinking why

*Flowers on a window*

the opening expanse of

cloud’s bud- reclaiming.

Death’s

a good

way of be coming known

again your hid den virtues

flowering

chastely

on tomb-ston ed appreciat

ions.

The snow

never came

the woods wordless

ly bared Thirsting

their naked needs to be

clothed in purifying

silences.

Appearance

Pre

senting one selfin

clothes thoughts and

looks may appear as a

thought less a

side in be ing dress

ed over.

In Realizing

That

not quite being sure

Thinking tilings down

to their first parts

Touching in the mea

ning of what it’s

slightest felt listen

ing through words to

their after sounds may

be then or where in

Realizing.

The Smallness of things

it

may be the small

ness of things that sligh

test touch in flower

a word that becomes of

meaning in its own sense

that appre ciable look

a 2nd time or more to

make certain one sees

what it really is in see

ing the inter vals of sound

looking through spa

ced moments from that

small

ness in thing s.

Transparency of

the

morning mist as a

lake’s dis appearing

sound’s trans parency.

Spider’s

wri

ting web in

that fineness designed more perfect

world’s

precision

for death.

Slow-down

Floridian

days that even thought

dulls in to remote

realms in distinct

ly shadow ing.

Slowing down

<3

his steps

weighted with more re

solve His mind closer

to the touch of things

that held him longer as

an object timeless

ly unremov ed.

Rules of the game

he never

learned list ening from a

a distance to measure

the depth of his own heart

a spectator far remov

ed as cloud s through

the winds of transform

ing lights.

Age of innocence *(Edith Wharton)*

1. The countess

(why she married

when she married whom she married)

that pre-myste ry of her

person Free to trap other men

Free to her dire needs for

protection The beauty of irre

concilable

desires.

1. Archer

took the bait

as a drowning fish landed

again into a relapse of prelearned val ues.

1. Archer’s wife

that Ibsen-

type puppet who knew more

than she want ed to know

Reconciled to her husband’

s unwanting fidelity.

1. Archer’s sen

the one I

always want ed to have

Living leisure ly his doubleset of selfconflicting

values.

1. Wharton’s

autobio

graphical

transformat

ions The my stery of wo

man and self The men all-

too- well known.

Ethel

little-dog-

lost patheti cally weak

tongue- tied from

placed sei zures that

shook at the realms of

her heartbreathing

source.

Southern

spelled

streets with those

eased palms strolling

the taste- tang of sea-

salted lightwaves.

These January

cool days

tide-flatt ened sands

withdraw ing in to the

echoed step s of out

lasting si lences.

His heart

went out

with the tides as the

fisherman’ s nets hold

ing tight the silvered

gleam’s

sound-search

ing.

Little guy

with his

more than down-cast

ing looks us back in

the eyes of our own fall

en from self.

Card players

feeling out

that tcntat ive touch of

untimely re lease as if

life itself (just then)

would be passing it

selfby.

Love poem for Rosemarie

His eyes

rested on her knowing

the flavour of his touch

mg folds of desirous

winds so in wardly held

their

closeness

in meeting.

The palm

curving

its crustbearing bark

to a stunt ed height

of where there’s no

more a co ming from.

Her

mildew

cd smile curtain

ed the fa ding color

s of where Southern-

in-softness

nostalgica

lly reclin mg.

Retiring

from life

to a Flor idian talk

taste and card culture

with that re dundant sun

still over sighting

some of his pre-tuned sha

dowing endeav ors.

Floating

on the cool

ing waters of that dream-

through expand ing sky Bird-

like she felt lengthen

ing in winged self-reconcil

iations.

Quick words

clipped

phrases sharp- sensed the

rough edge s of his

unevened

person.

Black boy

lost in a

forest of white man’

s staring him a darken

ed strange ness through.

No children

a womb’

s empti ness from

birth a star less night

voicing only cold re

flection

s.

Captiva Bay

The sky’

s escaping far beyond

the wind’s calling e

veil those va cant sound

s of birds circling

an unanswer ed depth of

sea.

March of the penguin’s

instinct

s for the hard truth

of a protect ive egg

warmed through the

huddling breath of

their chill

ed answer

ing life’s im perative

ly remind ing needs.

Bud talked him

self out repeating

breath u pon word the

syllable s of those

unrelinquish ing times

that held him to his

scanning view Tight with

out pretense ot answer.

Running

she was

to keep up with the breath

of her step s left behind

couldn’t im press their

mark not e ven for a mo

ment of place.

Thin-timed

Spots

of birds thin-timed

their touch of fleet

ing reflect ions.

The fish

glanced

through

scales of its

silver-edg cd death-

watch.

Upright

Man’s un

ique upright bearing of

ten belies a downright

poverty of truthful in

tendons.

Slippery railings

When all

the barriers arc down There’

s nothing left to hold on

to except the slippery

railings ot one’s own

self-dccept

ions.

Spann led

The sound

of these wave s so elusi

vely bright ened spawned

with the sun’ s creating

for light.

Deepening

When co

lors deepen in to the

sound-wave s or in—rc

ceding

thoughts.

Energy-drenched

You could

still sec him swimming his

inevitable laps hour on

hour until the sky left him

floating there so eased in

a coffin of light energy-

drenched.

Horse shoes

with their

sturdied a nimal eyes

ringed through coarse hand

s the cur rents of

these sand- describ

ing sound s.

The fear of losing

whom you most need Only a

blank would be left a

yearning for it not

being now A discoloring

from selfwounds that

can’t be heal ed seeping

through at the depth of

one’s own un known be

ing.

Numb-timed

When it’

s hard and cold Straighttouching you through a rail

ing ironed in the winter

ingsun of numb-timed

impressi

011s.

Signals

at sea

the light house tower

ed with un heard mess

ages deciph ering in

voiced-lit

continuity.

Stefan Lochner

too pretty

to be blem ished by any

tiling other than such self-

proclaim ing loveli

ness.

*Annunciation* (Fra Filippo Lippi)

Both angel

and Mary bend ing under the

grace of the Father’s hea

venly guid ance and that

flower of pur itv center

ed to the re Fined modes

ty of her in receiving

virginity.

At opposite sides

of the same

person as a dance circl

ing out to the changing

rhythms of that not be

ing found from.

Listened for Rudiger

He listen

ed so care fully intent

on each word that they be

canre aloud with those feel

ing-sounds of his silenc

ing after thoughts.

A museum

of emptied

shells pretty and pink so

nicely lit with that in

feeling of sandied re

minders of what once

lived so re motely en

closed ior the soft and

luscious taste of o

pen-preying

predators.

On lost time

Living on

lost time’s like a buglar

calling to battle when

peace is soo thing through

the intonat ions of his

fingering

needs.

An abyss

the depth

of hurt she wanted to

be known by not say

ing lips tight eye

s evasive ly consum

ing.

Rain birds

lowering

the sky’ s bending

with the wind’s circ

ling rhythm ic light.

A quiet place

just for sitting

your thought

s down with nothing to

hear except the inward

flow of these self-

quieting

moments.

Tracing the curve

of the palm s with the

thought- fingers ot

decipher ing in unev

ened touch- life’s e

volving

through

ness.

Slowed down

to the step

s of hearing himself

through.

Crocodiles

with their

pre-historic armour ly

ing low in subliman

al contemplat ion’s soft

swaying appea sing palm’s

mind-drift

mgs.

Gull

barbed

with the blood-hook

of its own decease

Eyes redden ed for that

last surge of its tight

oiling wing s.

Security man

The young

pale faced se curity man

with detach able beard

flowing out a confidence

mostly want ing from him

self Keys in hand awaken

in a real need for use.

Wrestling

in the sand

to the death of a moment

Crying for light-pain

through their muscled depth

of fictive meaning’s in

tensed.

The beach

at night

untouch ed but solemn

ly aware star-remind

ing The moon cold now na

kedly perform

ing.

Little girl

poney

tailed the sifting of

sand’s feel ing her fing

er’s flow ing through

imprecise ly abandon

ed.

Corkscrew swamp’s

a world of

vanish ing fantasie

s Wild birds circling

their selfenclosing

heights and we below in

the hidden depths of sub

liminal under surfacings.

That seldom bird

colored

to its in stinct for

flight Staling now as

a statue in moment

s ot time lessly there.

*Shell museum (Sanibel Island)*

with all

those shiny coloring left

over replica s of why

death’s so remotely

pretty.

Of new identities

Here’s

been a growth in green

those germinat ing islands

from the sea rock-sound

ing a stabil ity of new i

dentities

permanent

ly proclaim mg.

Floating memories

envelop

ing in sound s of distan

cing light- appearing

waves.

Beach pauses

Cooled

down beach pauses the

sand isolat ing sound

less in den ial of where

such steps have spent

their claim ing in from

thought.

*Howard’s End* (E. M. Forster)

1. Bast

The books

fell down on his aspirat

ions for be coming higher

than he could possibly at

tain.

1. The house symbol

ofBurkean England close

to the soil enriched

through its time-embodying

depth from mean ings.

1. Margaret’s

a reconcili

ation of the opposites

that need a center for

being.

1. Wilcox

Even he

must learn a gainst his

values that life is more

than money can buy.

1. Helen the wild

flame of ro man tic postinnocence birth of

a seedless myth.

1. Bast’s wife’s

body could

n’t hold the richness of

what will flo wer from the

depth of more than earthy de

sires.

2 claw-climbers

a) Racoon clawclimbing its noctur

nal instin ct for eyeglaring pen etration

s.

b) High-rise

Florida

panthers

claw-climb

ing in ra pid deploy

mentadvance against landgrabbing in terloper

s.

Mangrove

Indians

hidden in the cause of

their being land-locked

camouflag ing uphold

ing roots of their being

driven out.

Seminole Wars I and II

If you take

the breath from their be

ing Enclosure s of seclud

ed back wa ter’s snake-

inclined reson ances

rhythmic land- to-the touch

cd eye-witness ing.

Swamp lands

drained

from their murky brood

ing under co vering dark

nesses Alliga tors lying low

in pre-histor ic subterrain

ian instinct ual awareness

es.

Lulled in

by a voice

dark with whisper

ing innuen does magnet

ic as a

snake’s frogfixing.

Charlie Chaplin’s

early film

s left me walking in

side out ice-skating

the fanta sies of my

youth with the thievery

of pocket ing eyes pun

ctuating mo ment’s

quick-tcll ing hands.

Childless

but with a

spot of a sick dog re

scued from the cold al

ways close to her breast

childless.

Realms of silences

lost remem

brances as waves float

ing the sur faced winds

of light a way.

Michael

wall-stoned

line-backer

wrestler

law-enforce poemed late

in life to an inner-

touched his shelter

ed-from

soul.

There was

*Feelingness*

so much of the feeling

ness about her tender

ly ripened soul that

most of the fruits of

her forgiving couldn’t tighten to their core-sense

meanings.

of Rennaiss



ance Marian hymns as

those flowing designs of

Roger van der Weyden’s dress

ed-carcd touch of in-reveal

ing sanctity.

Officiating

These sand

s glimmer in cool re

liance for their prist

ine-touched

surfacing

Sleeked

that black cat in-to

the readied shine of its

claw-evinc ing densi

ties.

New friends

not yet

foot-mark ed impressed

to the mind ofauthen

tic time-se quences.

Nights

of soft

Southern winds the

palm-flow of gliding

pelican s a stream

with their leisuring

sound-touch

ings.

An affinity

between

what was said and what sen

sed wind- phrased land

scaping the growth of

where flow ers remained

the after math for co

lor-finds.

Trembling

waters

breezed be yond the i

mage of their self-deny

mg form.

Racoon’s

footprint

s clawed to the wood of

his nightexposing

eyes.

Apparitions

When distan

ces kept in creasing

his mind spell ed through

sound-light’ s apparit

ions.

Boned

The juice

is out Dried to a bone

less core De sert winds

laying the sands low

Nightmares wrapped in

pillowed

forms.

Hollywood-like

her blankfaced field s of ripen

ing corn a sweetness

of voiced i maginings.

Snow-dark

The night

snow-dark trees openspaced their leafless

ness of bir thed await

ings.

*Birth of a leaf* (Mordecai Ardon)

That light

touch-voic ed in the

green fluidi ty of life’s

in-forming

leaf.

Hedda Gabler *(Ibsen)*

1. Personally

there to be

ing what they always

arc Static All’s said in

so bcing- Greek.

1. Hcdda

only power’

s play with others Not be

ing where self should

Dictator of a small

man’s world.

1. Tesman

prisoner

of human smallness

in that “great cul

tural world” of Ibsen’s

implicit

disdain.

1. Livbourg

more of what

Tesman wasn’ t So Hedda’

s aim right where she

needed to kill centered from self.

1. Brack

the cynical

male match for her/his

cunning need to possess

at the void from his

through-emp tied person.

1. Livbourg’s

flutter

ing symbol of a society’

s unease to serve what

wasn’t left from person —

formless.

This dawn

so faint ly uneven

ed Faced for being more

than self could appear.

Late winter

there’s

light in the

air Space a

wakening the snow melt

ing touched through a time

less need in creasing.

A thaw

because

the air breath es through

a warmth we hadn’t touch

ed before bud-bringing

lip’s co loring find

s.

Ernest’s piano teacher *(1933)*

with thejew

s on the o ther side

after year s of friend

ship not a word more than

that street and its speech

less parallel divide.

Christ

took that long way to(o)

The Jew of J ews de

fenseless in a desert

of unending perils to de

feat the in visible and

still outfind ing enemy.

Images

shadow

ing my word less wander

ings as a moon cloudimmersing from.

Munich’s

medieval

facades lifting from

the weight that time’

s left them imitating

that once- could-have

been.

Airport

shining up

in “marble” and glass of

sound-ilium

ination’

s restless ly throughvoiced.

Sad adolescent

sitting

the far- watching of

a cat’s un derlying-

viewed per spective

The affinity

of many of

these poem s with the

scarce-fleet ing moments

of Mendelss ohn’s fine-

singing seller zi.

Masterpieces in Dresden

1. Jewish Graveyard (Ruisdael)

brooding

shadows the woods rest

lcssly instin cted rush

ing-silver ed water’s

moon-tensed

stones.

1. Woman reading letter (Vermeer)

That room as a world

of intell ing objects

the reflec ting space I

maged from her glassed-

through self s opened win

dow so deep ly closed

within.

1. *Tax tithe (Titian)*

parallel]

ed eyes and hands asking

out tempt ing implor

ing to the touch of a

single coin Caesar-fac

ed “godlike”.

1. *Fall of Man (Cranach)*

Adam with

his own fruit and equalled

need’s desir ing Eve’s

eyes the wis dom of a

single bite.

1. *Christ on the throne (Diirer)* of his self- creating word eternal light

and those thoughtful

wondering Jews between

monkied-less ened looks

and the faith fulness of a

little dog s self-attend

ingness.

j) Prodigal son’ (Rembrandt)

s self-port

rait of wine woman and

the sword of sclf-penetra

ting light-a

wareness

es.

My Max Brod

Where’

s my Max Brod to Kafka me

the pure- prin ted word of

residual meanings not

their loss to the flames

of so se initially

voic

ed.

*A minor slow mut.* (Bach violin concerto)

Tug boat

drugging the depth of

where the wa ter’s aligh

tening in sound remin

iscence

s.

A diminishing world

What I don’

t see I don’ t know an

old man’ s grasping

for a dimin ishing world

of receding self-assuran

ces.

Ascension

Jesus

left his dis ciples where

they were only the more

from knowing Him alone

in that out lasting cause

after-tim

ed.

Thomas’ complaint

that one

can’t ex plain Bach

through the printed ex

pertise of his papering

theology It all must be

heard to be lieving.

The question

of evil’

s more why most of us

don’t see ourselves

as Rembrandt did Christ-

crucify

ing.

Gardener

Fear’s

die root-bott om of the

spade’s sharp- edged cutt

ings to where Christ garden

ed Mary’s loss with more than

hopeless ness could e

ver endure.

Puzzled

The words

came quick cr than know

ing their place right

Poem’s a puzz le that of

ten puzzle s me even

more.

“Eye for eye tooth for tooth ”

that Christ

ian way for national re

demption While the for

saken Jews huddling in

their ghett oed corner

with more than cheeks to be

turned to their aggress

or’s wanton needs.

Can Iforgive

when sin is

denied even multiplied

Christ forgave once and al

most all but also at the

cross only for those bowing

and bending their deserv

ed grief.

Thinking through glass

I can’t

hear Think ing through

glass

winds calm

ed as those deeper under

sea silen ces.

Mean’s end

If the mean

s don’t meet the end

s It’s like being strang

ered to where you’ve al

ways been known.

“The rest is silence” (Shakespeare)

where words

have lost their saying-

it-power as a marriage

deadened from strife

Or his stage corpsed from

through-bleed ing survivor

s.

Bluebells

finer than

their sing ings could

be heard A choiring

scent even darker than

their sweet ness could in

finding.

An early Haydn’

s bare-o

pcncd sound s as a wood

wintered

through

spaced.

God’s eyes

This my

riad of star s God’s e

yes punctu ated in light

distant ly clear the

night through watching.

Blue and white

The sky’

s moving as softly as

these thought s blue and

white innocent ly transform

ing-

The cut-wood

of his dried

down thought s thirst

ing for the sap’s relin

quishing

strength.

Weird colors

witching

their way through sub

terranean passages of a

world’s be wildering

in glow.

Categories

can’t marry

persons to the inexpli

cit causes of such unknow

ing needs.

Jewels

cut to the

sensed precision of their inter nal glow.

Illmensee

in the quiet

surfacing glow of sha

dows spread ing their

fine treetouching re

flection’ s sun-harvest

ing.

Time’s miming out

as if the

sea could ever hear its voice

that way Shore less dried

down to the depth of

those motion less cycling

tides.

Each morning

the fear

at the heart of his not

being more

than just

sitting there as old men

do wordless ly exposed

to the dried wood of pal

ed-down con templat

ions.

PllilotaS ***(Lessing)***

killed the

shame with those sword-

blooded in stincts of

his father less soul A

retribut ion in kind

evening the score.

Prince Phi lotas’ *(Lessing)*

lonely

choice neith er of father

nor son A kingdom of

death’s self- surviving

instinct

s.

Shoes

remember

them best All those little

ones piled up as persons

in to heaps of

passed-tell ing impress

ions.

In becoming

At 7 he

still sylla bled words

in to their wholeness

for meaning’ s as the

sounds of the water’s

shoreless ly in becom

ing.

Needed love

She need ed love

more than she

could find it kept urging

her on horse and rider to

that bottom less abyss.

Eichendorff

the poet

of dark in wooded enclos

tires of the mind’s feel

ing-sense d moon’

s light- trails cending.

INRI

Who’s

been cruci Tied with

Christ if not the INRI of

His own inner- sourced blood-

revealing i dentity.

Cyclopian

onc-ey

ed worldview Time con

densed to not see

ing other wise than

what wasn’ t there.

Voicelessly

Rain was

tending the air voiceless

ly as a mo ther’s in

stinct born before the

birth of its childless

needs.

The Sermon on the Mount

towering

above all that mountain

ous air low ercd me to

the ground-base of my fleshfinding fault s.

Dated

If work

s become dated It’s

because they were

so much the thing

s of not being the

more for becoming

now.

A windowed view

of a world

calling back to why he

was looking out to see

ing through those trans

ient cloudforming mo

ments.

Of interior finds

When the

shallowed waters ston

ed to the bottom of

your feet-find ing thoughts

and there’ s a cooled

sense of in terior find

s.

Dark rains

the bird’

s song deep ened withdrawn

to the selfenclosing

tonality of the wood’s

mysterious ly darken

ing in.

Beethoven’s

Great Fugue

left me grie viously dis

turbcd at that unleashed

power so pri mitively ex

posing a na kedly re

sounding

through.

Haydn’s

Op. 76,1 slow movement

brought me back again to

a world so finely and

deeply order ed spaced

through a controlled

and so benefit cently exalt

ing beauty.

Preordained

If you list

en to what you’re told

to listen for’ s Music pre

ordained

pedestall

ed on a crit ic’s sounding-

you-through.

Rushing

the stair

s down as streaming

banners lightcoloring

their arrival s from more.

*The purity* (countertenor singingJosquin)

of that voic

ed angelic blessing In

tervalled be tween space

and its lightsensing ac

cords.

These dark days

so rain-

held petall ed in the

glimpse of spring-time

flowers re hearsing

for touch.

The bees

weren’t

there No one knows why

Housed in an emptiness

that could n’t flower

to its sens ed-from sweet

ness.

Bringing down

Do you

bring up a child or

should it be brought

down to the earth-need

s ofnot only his.

Sense and seem

A poem’

s sense and seem logic

ofwhy its phrasing’

s those untold routes through

and beyond the mind’s

need tor ask ing why.

Little Sammy’s

made more of

himself than lie should have

Flirting with two beauties

from the o ther sides of

his out-proport ioned figure

and hair thinn ing to a

middle-age re luctance

letting down at such oc

casions to what’s been

left to the top of his

own insinuat ing smiles.

T. S. Eliot

majored

in the length of completion

As if there could be a

wholeness to this world

even after Columbus dis

covered what he hadn’t

thought it was realiz

ing for.

After a portrait of Leonardo

If she isn’

t there Why do I see

her as more than she is

touching voicing me a

live to the presence

oi death s overcom

ing being.

Desert Poems (8)

1. Death-processing

The desert’

s silently creeping on

a predator instinctu

ally alive for the una

ware decor ative beauty

of its suffo eating prey.

h) The desert’

s flowing

through in waves of

wind-recurr ing sound

s.

1. A quiet

here so un

earthly close that

I wanted to touch your

breath flow ering alive.

1. Our steps

tenta

tively un certain

tracing the tar expanse

of a route less cause.

1. Beware

of those

hidden snake s buried in

the conceal ing depth ot

their dead ly eye-curl

ing glance.

J) Have stars

ever reveal

ed their shine so cold

and cruelly light-intens

g) Oasis

green was

never as pure as this

mind-enchant ing thewa

ter’s clean sing source

of cool-form ing touch.

Ii) Moses

called here

to that thorn cd bush of

ever-trans piring life.

ing’s

so hast

ily unsure in arrang

ing itself until flower

ing in to a

conscious

ness for be ing there.

These clouds

wandering

not answer ing so inno

cently

protective

Iy unheard the fears of

what may be coming or go

ing their ways from

mine.

These mountains

so immune

from the per ilous height

s ol man’ s self-impos

ing grandeur still slop

ing down from their

birth of the wind’s climb

ing touch ed those light-

enchanting

stars.

The birth of a leaf *(Mordecai Ardon)*

unfold

ing with the green of

its breathtouching

formed.

Wild growth

sun-down

flowers co lored more

in their thirsting

instinct s light-in

sensed.

The horses

mutely

standing out a stillness

as if in stat tied remem

brance.

Coloring’s

the scent

of a flow er’s through.

flowing i mage.

Qenevra de’ Bend (Leonardo)

’s tight

pride of face wounding-an

imalled eyes The curled de

ceiving poetry of hair and dissembl ing landscape

beauty —

How much of

her / Da Vin ci.

Shame’s

the dead-

sense of a dog’s hover

ing over its self.

concealing

wounds.

Secret marriage’s *(Cimamsa)*

usually

the endgame For him though

eloping came after the

fret of all those intwin

ing cat-cloth ed catch

ing Haydn esque re

prises.

Killing

that cat runn

mg right into my car’

s unstopping speed’s left

blood-stain s not only

where the road marked it

deeper down than off.

Rain-down

promises

as if the sky’s been out

starred of all its hope

ful bless ings.

Bet weened

They cut

their wind ows out of

my seeing from Back-

faces blank silence

s between cd.

Concrete city

the color

less shadow ing bird’s

stoned-remem brances of

what could have been

as if in flower

ing glad

ness.

Masterpieces in Munich

1. Kingjesus (Titian)

with a crown

of whipping- stick “thorn

s” cncircl ling the step

s to a mocked throne All breed

ing through a mysterious

dark and those strange lights

the evil means of fallen man’

s God-denying mockerie

s.

1. c) Those two Ditrer

portraits

hung to the two sides of

his seeing us through an i

dealized committ ment to person

and place And

TOO

the other so

directly un pretty that

we knew it was really

him the flesh and boned

of.

d) Masked ball (Guardi)

with those

unreal light s masking the

not being seen or known

outperson

ed.

1. St. George’s (Altdorfer)

landscape with those

light-shimmer ing leave

s George’s metallic

sword silver ed-in-shine.

*J) Bosclws’*

Manichaen

evil-eyed

creation’

s bedevill ing even The

Lord's bene volcnt redempt

ion.

Global wanning

in this sub

zero freeze An extra blank

et elect ric heat

ing us up to the dis

tant cosmic glow of its

in flowing warmth.

Suddenly

there its

black sleek ly alarming

glow of fea thers Facing

me so direct ly to a re

treat of feared fore

bodings.

Crocuses

and all the

colors

surfac

ing through their windreleasing gladness

es.

Check-listing

They call

ed from a cross the o

cean for a 7 point creat

ion’s check list of my

faith As I haven’t heard

since The Good Lord must have

checked out on me from

the sinner’ s claims for

His cross- ways route to

lasting salv ation.

Mixed breeding

Those early

time Haydn symphonic’

s mixed breed ing of style

s has pass ed my present

back to what’ s still toning

in childlike- sense through.

Time-intensed

This hard-

pressed grass worn down from

winter’s mem orie’s hold

mg tight time-in tens

cd.

Synonyms

The sleek on

comings of this lithely

black-streak ing squirrel’

s unravell ing such bran

ched uneven nesses to a

synonym for flight easy-

said and gnar lied aftered

thoughts.

The deal’s

been clos

cd his suit case smil

ed a handshaking nod

over writt cn the tight-

knit cloth ed pursuing

endeavor

s.

Sap-pulsing

These green-

bared bran ches sap-pul

sing stream’ s th rough -

craving hard ness of rock’

s flowing in felt desirous

ly beyond.

Pink’s two-mindedness

Follow

ing him self about

Nat Pink two- minded as to

where he was or wasn’t Go

ing with that self-pursu

ing smile of his trail

ing in or out of those

through-haunt ing denials.

A seeing-

rhythm of

your cobbl cd step’s

mind-proceed

mg.

Sensed-seen roses

scarce ly for touch

cd sound less words

can break through

sensed-

seen.

Rimmed

The filig

ree white ness of those

curtain s rimmed

her thought s in to fine

ly—felt touch eel appear an

ces.

An emptiness

of mind

like a tree leafless

ly wind-expos ing.

Sad eyes

He drank

his sad eye s in to

the stream s of float

ing rever ies.

Jesus at age 12 *(DiirerMunich)*

1. as high priest

eternally

lighting those need-

taking steps for the height

of His redeem ing cause.

1. The Jews

eyes all a

wake resound ing from that

scriptural depth of His

that left Christ a

loned from their forsak

en center.

1. Mary andJoseph

still not

finding them selves in

to where their son

would need more than a

family’s

safe-keep

mg.

1. Animalled instincts

That little dog humbly

bottom ed down sym

bo] of a faithful

ness that the outsideseeking mon key would es

trangc itself from.

Measure for measure *(Shakespeare)*

a) Not even

the blind

can see

themselves the way o

thers do.

1. If woman’s

chastity

can be pedest ailed even be

yond the realms of

person Then our times

have cleansed themselves

of all such purifying

means.

1. The duke

however

“learned” he remain

ed true to his own to (o)

lenient sense of self-app

lying justice.

1. Higher morality

pursued by

church and state must

mostly lower itself to a

lesser view of man’

self-reflec ting image.

1. Christ

may be

seen behind the scenes

as man’s need to be

freed from himself.

f) Life

doesn’t

end that way as man’

s his own self-deter

mining trag ic source.

Lady Macbeth’s

milkless

breasts Galled to her

resolute hardened will

ed with the blood of

hand-dagg ered night-

watching.

Again for Rosemarie

Sweet flow

ers with their lightness

of touched- color soften

ing this harsh and barr

en land of mine.

Grown young again

You’ve grown

this aging self of mine

young again as the seed

ed fields the dark rich

ness of their soil’s re

newing.

No way out

she became

there not knowing why

all the e xits seal

ed off a naked

ness of place.

Through-timed

Identi

cal twins i dentically

clothed in the thought

s of the o thcr’s love

for the same lady The one

died the o ther lived

his brother’ s through-

timed fail ing.

“Dark comedies ”

all the

more tragic because their

artificial endings can’

t surface o ver the real

wounds still bleed

ing below.

Concert in Munich *(March 16 07)*

1. Violin Sonata

half-deaf

could scarce ly hear

the violin in the upper

register Playing as a

phantom cd being voice

less ghosts of an imagin

ary past.

1. The opera glasses

finger

ing even where the most

delicate of arpeggios

couldn’t be seen beyond

the piano’ s hidden se

crets of vis ualizing

sounds.

1. Schumann’s A minor violin sonata

stormed

me passed in to a need

for revela tory conternplat

ion’s catching- in-breath of

where the mu sic couldn’t be

sounding me out for.

1. Ravel’s violin sonata

jazzing it

up in “content porary i

diom” seem ed to dull at

the edges of my less than

acquiescent soulcd (sold)

out.

1. Schumann piano quintet

at the end

death-march ed me in

to those grave feelings that

marked me off for a last

ditch effort of being mov

ed (away from).

1. “Wolfsponsor” (Helene Griniaud) The beauti

fied “wolf spoil ser” kept those

at home to tame her ro

mantic in stincts changed

from brunnette to blond (on

the cover) but that didn’t al

ter my own

classica lly space-in

herent sen sibilit

ies.

4 of the great portraits

1. Rembrandt’s Saskia (Kassel)

so imperson

ally intensed That even the

cloth’s speaking the artist’

s tight- fitting mind a

loud.

more the whercd

*b) Da Vinci’s Mona Lisa*

where site isn’t Mysti

cally land scaped.

even beyond the depth of

his self-in volving

person.

c) Bellini’s Doge

mind-abstract

ed unity of person

ed place.

1. Raphael’s

La Velata’

s eyes cloth ed in the

mystery of woman’s end

ced call ings.

These cold winds

rushing

through the abandon

ing color s of spring’

s reticent surface-

claiming

s.

Bluebells

lithe

ly escap ing my lip’

s soundsensing.

The fear

of what one

doesn’t know what to fear

A ship unan chored drift

ing through waves of not

finding

where.

Before he wasn ’t

He was

there be fore he wasn’

t waking from a dream

that hadn’t stopped tell

mg him self out.

Curtains

closing

in silence of being

drawn down the way of

stars felt through

for even mg-

Blossoms

cluster

ed from snow- petal fall.

Worn colors

where not

even touch could re

veal their full-toned

bareness

es.

The snow

so finely

rhymed its instinct

for sound be gan beyond

my knowing where.

Sugar-surfaced

Those little

girls so sweet ly dressed

through bro cated design

s of pastry sugar-surfac

cd.

Van Dyck’s

effemina

tcly elong ated my

sense for the finery

of aristocratic touch-through

surfacing

s.

Truth

was her

transient means self-

purposing

whatever

ends site would aspire

A woman’ s enticing

smile hold ittg others

at the grasp of her very

moment.

Distancing

the snow

spreading out beyond

the fields of his light-

shifting

thoughts.

Self-attaining

His suit

ed stance- demeanor

punctua ted adept

ly with that buttomed

smile of his so primely

self-attain

ing.

Chopinesque

1. Perfumed

that faint

salon scent dreamily ro

mantic Most ly for women’

s vaguely (but still re

wardingly)

abandoning

smiles.

1. Proud

ly self-as suming

that nation al guise

of uprear ing streng

th Horsed in saddle the

charge through those (most

ly still in nocent) bat

tie-keys.

the whims

ical beauty of those not

quite touch ing moon

lit moment s reminis

cently fad ing from.

Tchaikovsky 5th

A bcauti

fully tooth less woman

Robed in all the colors

that her barr cn nakedness

could allur ingly costume.

Mirrored

She mirror

ed another face than her

own search ing back as

if waves through-call

ing in voice less response.

Spacelessly

The snow

began as a touched-

wind so quietly tin

aware to that space

less void of night.

The blackbird

tracing

his shadow upon the dark

ening snow until night

left him win ged-through

the loncli ness silent

ly in flight.

*Funeral music* (Purcell Queen Mary)

Death chromat

ically ascend ing inter

vals of a lifeless

there after Its final pain

s of fear time-releas

ing.

For Rosemarie

Our love

thawed through its

soften ing flesh

melting now as snow

the lonely depth of win

ter’s darken ing grasp.

Purcell’s anthems

of such a

lonely pur ity tensed

the internal bleeding of

darkening

sorrows.

Twinned

Chopin

French or Polish Handel

German or the English of

one person semi-identi

cal twinned astride a

shoreless reach selffinding.

Moon-sensing

I heard

the snow falling

through the awaken

ing of dream’ s moon-sens

ing light.

Signs

and symbol

s those blink ing lights

we steadied through vista

s of impend ing aware

The overripe

fruit of

Amos’ vision bereft of

those harden ed daily sur

vival-needs As a woman’

s breast so softly milked

its child’ s taste runn

ing over in to those

stagnant streams of

wellness

culture.

That choice

There would

always be that choice

the original fruit still

hanging for us to decide

against the inner voice

calling us back at hand’

s length.

Either way

It could go

either way they said as

if “it” wasn’ t us at the

crossroad’ s stretch

ing out in unseen length

of hands rest lessly through-

voicing.

The train

started

from unseen hands

switched on its timetable route same-track-

continuity from not turn

ing back.

For our son Raphael

Some

thing more than blood-bind

s walking a lone at night

your steps e choing my dis

tant thought s The clouds

responding through their

tonalities

of cause we

listen the woods awaken

to our darken ing pulse

Something more than that

blood-binds.

Pidgeons

sitting out

their place rowed in to

a causality of chanceap

pearance

s.

The fields

of flowing clouds be

yond where even horizon

s of the mind’ s timeless

ly incrcas mg.

Poems from Klingenthal

a) Of awakening light

He slept

the snow down through

dreams of a wakening light

a boat unan chored re

ceding realm s from its a

bandoning

shores.

1. A lone bird

in an empt

ied and dried- from season

searching the sky for

winged re lease.

1. Sensitised

These cur

tains so fine ly spoken

light sensiti sed from

snow-clad

time-descend

ing hills.

1. Of tlw Germanies

Two nation

s at the his torical edge

of their de feated pride

Now reconfirm ed to a ti

nity of less than a strange

like same ness.

1. Timelessly exposing

Space

can’t be concealed e

veil through these reach

ing lull’s breathing

themselve s out time

lcssly ex posing.

I) This tired snow

still re

hearsing steps melt

ing away their im

pression less sound

s.

1. This room

inspoken

though lies itant in a

light of windless

transform

ings.

1. The moon

has created

another world from

here Sancti fied through

its descend ing phases

of snow.

1. Witnessing aloneness

These slen

der trees rhymed to the

wind-height s of witness

ing alone ness.

DcdCOn’s (Zwickau ca. 1500)

balance

between mind and

hands inhold ing a higher

cause face- formed re

ceiving.

Saxony’s

factories

defaced from view

scarred with their

running wounds blood

lessly wind- apparent.

Their motives

We’re assum

ing their mo tives as

our own as if a statue

could be re placed for

its living i mage.

Remotely

imaged in

that glass- moment of

where time translate

s its tin evened light

from form.

The rivet

glisten

ing from stone s flowing my

shallow in stincts to a

depth of far out sound

ings.

That castle

run down

from the use lessness

of time’s pro tective shield

Wind and wea ther tight

ened their mark on man’

s solitary claims for a

lasting re fuge.

For Rosemarie

The morn

ing kiss sunshines your

transient face in to

a gladness radiant

ly stilled.

Pink’s love-lost voice

Night only

appeared as Pink on the

doorsteps of his love-lost

voice with primed flow

ers and that artificial

shine of his summaried

yet courag eously self-

presentat

ion.

Requiem (Michael Haydn 1771)

Is Mozart

dying here 20 years ear

Her intoned in those fate

ful sounds of where his

grave’s been bringing him

down to a pro fessional of

sound-intent

Casket

lending.

Vision Js

the sccing-

grovvth 1 mage-intens

ed “moving of mount

ains’s” roughly impending a

wareness es through.

Start-day

The morning

s start-day still shadow

mg in dream a clouding

through pass ed remembr

anccs.

*Nl issba* 11 *in* (of Osnabruck)

defiant

lyjewish- starrcd Na

ked to the act of fruitbearing birth-den

ials.

Rachel

She cried

when she saw little children

smiling the way hers never

knew in a tub ofblood-

ending its lifeless

soundless

motherless

need for love.

To be first

He alway

s needed to be first That

incipient urge for the

where of where he wasn’

t Rushing time ahead of

itself until at the end

It finally caught him

down.

The earth

of my dark-

soil blood’ s deep-down

Cooled in the night of the

moon’s grasp ing hold on

shadows.

Pale-voiced

this shall

ow start of spring’s e

ven remote ly shadow

ing innuendo’ s touch-sens

ing.

Self- exp ress i oned

An almost

empty train soundless

ly cvolv ing through

these night s of self-

expression ed distan

ces.

Why then

not now

Why here not there

the wind’s savage-teeth

ed machete bleeding

the life- rings of the

wood’s o pening desol

ate sadness.

First colors

this land’

s sparse ly in need

of an appear ance-growth

surfacing where the

wind’s claim ing-finds.

*2nd Allegretto* (Beethoven trio op 70,2)

as partner

s lyrically voiced cir

cling a one ness of space-

toned inter vals.

The first blossoms

have fallen

so tender ly voiced that

even death couldn’t

stain through their white-

forsaken pur

ity-

D minor trio *(Schumann)*

Schumann’

s passions rushing

through all that’s left

behind until slowed to an

abyss of con tcmplative

silences.

Blossomed re mem bra nces

The land

strewn with white-blossom

ed remembran ces of why

life’s so short for its

holding on to.

The bee ’

s clasp

ing the per fumed scent

of its fligh ty desit

ings.

Colorings

Tile bird

sang because the tree

was bared for its voic

ed- in color ings.

The desert

looming

with the slithering

eyes of stone-awaken

ing tongue d enchant

ments.

Flemmish

15th century

masterpiece s so bright

ly ornament cd a near

ness to the now of rhymi

cally through- transpir

ings.

Faces

more like

those decor ative Venet

ian masks self-conceal

ing their time-lit ex

posnres.

That edgy feeling

that wants

where it isn’ t like crumb

ling space to its off-color

ed tension ed intangib

ly touched.

His hour had come

because He

knew it would only then when

death’s staling us right

in the face of where we’

ve no one to go magneti

cally call ed.

The day will come

when they’

11 outlaw God" s words and

ways as they did with You

forsaken from the laws

of Romans and Jews We’ll be

left as a bandoned as

your hang ing from the

length ot your nailed-

in Cross.

Vintage early 50s

These post

war houses put together

as a jig-saw puzzle that

doesn’t fit Chimneys

as over siz ed cows coloss

ally protrud ing in to

the thinness of air Roofs

that end down the wrong way

out All’s right here as

nothing’s pre cisioned

as before.

What he didn’t preach

He practi

sed what he didn’t preach

Where’s the worth of

knowing or doing Such

worlds re volving along

an axis of in tangible un

certaintie

s.

Our favorite uncle

too good

for being too weak too

late in stand ing up to

the full length of his own

need for peace fill reconcili

ations.

Cowing down to

Only if he

could preach himself to

where the o thers sat

could he come down from

that self-en closing pul

pit of his.

“How are things in Glaccamorra ”

(in memory Uncle living)

Even if he

didn't believe in God He

still needed a paradise of

unearthly

peaceful

ness A land flowering

in the time less repose

that this side of life had

n’t meted him out for.

O irl i ids

deeply co

lored from their strange

tropical or igin here a

world so re niotely pre-

existant.

Imitation

animals

so inquiet ly self-i

maged as if man could

tame his own steadfast

instincts for prey.

Time-flow

So near to

death and yet so close

ly attuned to life’s re

viewing where he sat through

years of con tinuous time-

flow.

Seymour

that shaggy

Bronx low- downer Ghett

oed-eyed

half-steady

stanced his way in to a

new kind of respect

able mon ied look.

Not knowing

but sensing what one

doesn’t know as the sha

dows of fear wind-blown

yet light-re sisting.



turtle slow

ing time down to an ac

quired pace of dust- bear

ing forti tudes.

“Put on your Easter bonnet

with all the

ribbons on it" so joyously

parading a city’s color

ing bright ness oflife

beyond life’ s upsound

ing beat of where your

bonnet’s sing ing in outlying ribbon ed phrasing

s through.

Cold shadows

stoned mo

ments un touching ex

posures.

Prayers for the dead

They sat

their time out until the

dead was bur ied to the

depth of their mind’

s last im pulse for

light.

Prevasively blue

The light

spring sky so prevas

ively blue that touch

ed your lighten

ed step through

the wind’ s transpar

ency find s.

Easter fires

at the Birnau

swelling light

streams of fire burned through

to the ash of winter’s with

ering hold.

A tensions to person

a balance

that must be held the

way little girls string

their puppet s to a hand-

evened sense.

Off

You could

n’t hold him back Off be

fore the count down be

gan running a race a

gainst where he wasn’t

breathless ly self-con

fining.

Old men

entranc

ed in leaf less desire

s couldn’t bloom beyond

the dried-in sap of win

ter’s resis ting claim

s.

Soundlessly voiced

The water

s parted in phras

ing beyond the wind

s soundless ly voiced.

Cat and mouse

more like

a children’ s game let

loose and run catch

quick hold tight till

the pains arc singing

through a dead-warrant

ed victim of your play

ful delight s.

*“I thirst”* (Haydn 7 Last words of Christ)

as Christ

s life-stream s drying

down the un broken bone

s impass ioned for re

lease.

Aron

at age 7

wiesel-slen dered his

lithe form

wherea bouts of

left behind s retrac

ing.

Crystalled-spoken

Do flower

s cool their intent down

to the moon- kept light of

evening’ s crystall

ed-spoken

touch.

Age

only part

ially in habits us

We’re more like a string

ed instru ment attun

ed to the changea

bility of what’s touch

ing our throughframed ap pearance

Atlantis-time

dream-swell

as the wa tcr’s under

currents shift ing in sand

to these lost pcrspect

ives of a world sinking

back m to the sea of

its birthed creation.

That snooping-

around-the-

corner type insinuat

ing beyond his nose

length Eyes full of those

betraying need s for the

all-clear

signall

ing in smil cd accommo

dations.

*Resurrection* (Rembrandt Munich 1640s)

Sitting it

out stone- tombed timc-

rcflccting as if death

hadn’t lost its hold on

his waiting for the angel

of light’ s time-redeem

ing.

The swan

season

ed for a whiteness

of wind-flow ing grace

fully through waters of un

attending

shores.

Slowing down

his thought

s as clouds accumulat

ing into a mass of less

than moment ary growth

wind-holding steps re

solving

through sound lessly.

The rooster

mostly red

in its clawed- in fixture

s steadily eonseienc

cd Peter’s alarmed- through den ials.

Out-timed sermons

can take us

askew off-bal anced as those

worn-accent uating steps

to a pulpit ofbared down

scripture

s.

“New born ”

(perhaps)

but old-tim ed featured

their low- lying sinner’

s breed wor thicd (only

then) for re demption.

*Beethoven’s 7th* (3rdmvt. Rattle)

rhythmi

cally dialog ued in to a

Haydnesque response of

trailing off shadow

ings.

Marked-off

she was with

a purpose ful sense in

direction as colors ac

centuating their depth

ed-for con tours.

Jewish transport

children

parent-alon ed in to the

darkness of a not-know

ing- where land closing

behind as drama’s death

scened no where now but

beginning.

Mozart’s

flowing

through the streams of

your hand-re fining lightvoiced.

For Rosemarie

Your lips

have open ed the birth

of my be ing moon-

sensed eye s dimly

receding.

Wii rzbu rg: Res idence

In the clois

tered halls of the resi

dence stone- silence

isolating walls protec

ting a time’ s vanish

ing in view.

Wurzburg Residence: The park

These tree

s artifi dally trim

med that one expected tin

soldiers par ading a manne

quin’s pretti ness from

view.

*Annunciation* (Herlin Rothenburg)

Such an

inner weav ing melodic

after find s as if that

angel was still in-flow

ing heaven ly grace.

Tony

there’s lot

s of you in mind of these

words imitat mg what

you’d be thinking of.

Rothenburg’s

still virgin-

medieval un touched as

Penelope by all those

suitors who would unveil

her self-re framing

dignity.

Rosemarie

I’ll awake

the youth back from you

if only be cause the

moon’s your trail spar

cntly mine,

Blank shadows

their face

s shallow ed to a

depth of sun less smile

A courtyard

window

ed in-to thought-

response

intermin

ably

asking.

“The handwriting's on the wall”

but now it’

s shimmer ing indistin

ctly as these leaves reflect

ing concrete silences

through.

Image of “The church ”

when the

roots have been torn

from their earth-renew

ing growth That tree so

proudly cm bellishcd

aspiring

heavenly

vistas sap lessly in

ert.

Riemensclmeider in Wurzburg (6)

1. Candelabra angels ca. 1505

escort

ing in the light of

transcen dental vi

sions.

1. Mary and John (the small one ca. 1520)

break

able hand- touched

hold of the dead Christ’

s together ness.

1. Eve’s 1492/93

hair How

ing down the depths of

her death' s realiz

ings.

d) St. Stephan’s

face cut-

form hand-re fleeting

ascension to the Christ

of his long ings.

e) St. Sebastian ca. 1515 That stead

ied gaze be yond the inbinding pain’ s light-bleed

ing.

J) St. Barbara ca. 1510

her hands

circling the womb

from its cha liccd blood-

light.

Mary’s church (WurzbuyO

although

statucd within worth

icd tradit ion lofty a

hove my sitt ing down from

those few pris tine yellow

flowers caught me at a

glance.

Skin-shedding

Snakes

shed their skins out

realising in self-re

vealing a newness

of what's been cast a

side.

Track-lines

as parall

died as my uneven

edthought s time-in

creasing,

Pink’s

early morn

ing blossom ing checks

the spring trees of his

flushing through co

lorings.

Spitzweg’s

gentle breath

of humour Hanging his

coloring un derwear on

that watch ful length of

cannon (per haps) reload

ing for its drying off

sponsors.

Spitzweg (II) for Ernst

may be hid

ing behind a gentleness

of touch ed appcaran

ces what is n’t seen but

implied as those roosted

chickens and lady’s stock

ings hung be hind the fire

s of his in tensing glow.

The psychoworld

left her

little time for self Sha

dowed as she was in the 1

mage of what once was for

being even now the more

so.



that dark un

known of the somewhere

else The bott omless ocean’

s sinking sounds in to

lost forget fulness The

death of where only

life can re deem itself.

*St. Margareta* (Cranach Munich 1520s)

Her hair

touched with the spontane

ous glow of where inno

cent eyes self-seek

ing.

Spitzwegean

birds wit

nessing what we wouldn'

t want seen flight-messan

gers voice lcssly expos

mg.

These corridors

sound

lessly lead ing either

way out of his self-im

prisoned

direction

less.

Buttered

She butter

cd her stale- face bread

to a dia logue of in

tricate

pleasuring

s.

Rain corning

the cloud

s dulled from usage

A closeness here sens

ed-waiting.

“Caught a cold”

as if cold

s could be caught upon

when you’ re caught

in draft' s cold-mind

edness.

Alice in Wonderland *(reread)*

1. She may

have out grown her

knowledge in to the

smallness of a lessen

ing world.

1. Nonsense

can make more sense

in the

upside-down

ness of our Old Father

William’s

world.

1. Wc all

at times dialogue

ourselves Even if the

speaking back’s only

the other side of that

somewhat o ther world.

1. Who's Alice

who are we in the possi

bility of more in those

other ways of realiz

ing.

Relentlessly holding

These

austere

mountain

s relentless ly holding

tor the still ness of time’

s sloping down phrase

s.

Reading

through

the eyes of others is

why glasses need be indi

vidually

prescrib

ed.

Corot’

s the

poet of si lent- voiced

sensibil ities the sha

dows of these lake- trails

cending

winds.

Illuminated manuscr

with their

individual letters so

finely addres scd as a cour

tier with flourishing

hat improvis ing beyond the

usage of such isolating

meanings.

Human

If the

Indians weren’ t human Were

those Spaniard s any more

so Or does human mean a

finishing

meanness

from design.

Nathaniel Pink

bought

the store out of sunflower

s and high standing color

ing balloons Trying to cur

ious the real sun out of its

paled appease mcnt policies

for some more of that real

shine that e ven

Pink couldn’t long attune with

those virtu ous smiles

of his.

Landmarks

some

where set in those o

pening field s with their

phrasing sense for

grass No word s only num

bers hardly decipher

able worn down from their

time-touch

direction

less viewed.

The dead

know better

than we so quietly

entombed in such peaceful

places with only the wind

to hear No tensions

no pains no fears And

only those overspread

ing trees protective

ly stilled.

Lost

she was

in a garden of over-bloom

ing flowers Coloring e

veil those nights through

with the wind s of choired

echoings.

The old windmill

turning

slowly

through sound

lcssly continu ing the way

s of the wa ter and the

wind’s word lessly found.

At sundown

the boats

soundless ly passing

through the flow of homecoming’s a sadness of

return motion lessly wave

d.

Byrd: Mass for 5 Voices

Ifthen’

s being Cath olio’s be

ing truer to Christ’s

suffering The mass of

upholding the signa

ture of that voiced-

through pur ity in faith.

Schumann op. 12

That piano

keyed for a larger hall

And she small or than the

music’s mean ing Overcoming

with eye-tell ing technique

much of the mood of Sell u

mann’s subtle ties from

sound.

*V\/blff>* S Spies (Head oj DDR secret police)

Bathseba-

like wormed their way in

to the flesh ed desire

s of their wanting Vic

tints for a cold truth

papered o ver but se

cretly inholding.

Formed

That

round ball coloring

her eyes through

for its touching

sense

from form.

True-telling stones

It's just the right

word strung to their co

loring find s A necklace

of true- telling

stones.

Ute

She was

too strong to let other

s decide An over

bearing tree shadowing

most deeply the depth of

her own self- persuasion

s.

Schiller: Joan of Arc

1. Docs

man still need God to

free him self from be

ing bound and tied to

his own in terests.

1. Joan was

the witch for England and

the Holy Saviour for France

Does God take sides in our

own national interests.

1. He saved

her from the pyre The

real flame s were God’

s burning de sire through

her for France’ s freedom.

1. Joan

sainted only 1920 in those

times of hope less despair

Has she risen again above

the meaning for her sin

gular message.

Autistically in mourning

She didn’

t know what death meant for a mother she rarely

saw More in a sadness

for her own unspeak

able self.

Isaac Babel

that Jew

ish Cossack horse-fear

ing his own trampling

down instincts.

The jewelled necklace

that she

touched

through

her finger ing needs

Articulate with the

shine of a smiled a

wareness.

Closer

Rain

sadness and quiet

spoken thoughts an

intimacy of nearing

you closer.

Clarinet’

s slow

streams deep water

s winding through the

flow from self-express

ing sound s.

Nathaniel Pink’

s lost his

athletic looks Shoul

tiers droop ing as a watch

less dog’s so eared out-peer

ing Glasses worn through

their respec tability

sake.

Drying up

This

earth’s dry ing up

cracking down to the

pores of where breath

ing’s no way of seeing

it through.

Unframing

There’

s still too much kept sc

cret here Old-timed

family picture s revealing

that he wasn’ t what he

was told to be AJew-kill

er unframing the antece

dents of his war- timed

heroic posing.

That vacancy of wind

His empti

ness of mind’s like

that vacancy of wind

blown field s with out

a resonance for voice.

Pity’

s where

one’s own nakedness

so readily on display.

Chagall’s Esther

so close

ly clothed in that in

stinct for un revealing

beauties just as she

was symbol of Israel’

s untouch able calling.

Commas

Small dip

ping birds skirting

die water’ s edge with

the commas between the

wind’s line s ont

breathing.

Heinz

had that

staid look of his butt

ed-out cigar swollen

stance and the pride of

smokcd-occas ioning relax

ations.

was smitten with a blindness

*Samson*

of seeing too much

Told as he was in-to

the secret confines of

a voice less dark.

Those quick-



stepped birds imprinting the less

of a mo ment’s

sound.

Evergreens

formed

with the self-delu

sions of al ways being

there

after.

Lake of Garda at Campione

Water

falls of fall ing stone

Abstract vistas reshaping the mind’s con

fluence of rock-

down surfa cings.

Implied

What she

said im plied for o

ther mean ings As if

words were less than

that chance movement

of her eye s or hand

s brushing down

for touch.

Twinned-feelings

Women

may dress to their in

tended sense for self

as if cloth cd to in

ternal wants for

such twinn cd-in

feeling

s.

For Rosemarie

Mild winds

that’s your thawing this

wintered heart of mine

to the sweetflowing of

its time-re hearsing

streams.

A quiet snow

like clos

ing the cur tain’s ask

ing for a voiced inti

macy of no where but

there.

Cloud-invoking

You voic

cd yourself softer

cloud-invo king wind

s from the mildness

of a south ern clime.

*The Bacchae* (Eurpides 4)

1. The enemie’

so far off

beyond the seas from the

north or east in the pasto

ral flow of mountain’

s so deeply designed to

that mirror ed image

from self.

1. Pentheus

with the

curiosity of Eve voiced

through the serpent’s

so cosmic cunning.

1. Wine

that delight

s the human heartless

ness overflowing in an

imalled sane tities.

1. Caravaggio’s Bacchus

feasting

on the in ner needs

from his own impassion

ed self-dest ruction.

Smoke-clouds

abandon

ing those lost thought

s of celes tial imitat

ions.

Menorah

with its

uplifting hand’s light-

embracing the wax-

blood’s see ping through.

A void

at the cen

ter Fear as if white

wasn’t a lapse from

being found.

Karl Marx City *(Chemnitz)*

with a

huge bust of his plasti

cally in the fullness of

prophetic

claims

still staring down Timeless

ly what should have

been but wasn’ t.

The Pharisee ’

s urging

Jesus’ answer

ing eye’ s coin-

invoking the Emperor’

s god-struck image.

Magritte’s

head on

balanc ing hat’

s unease s my squareframed sit ting in

from place.

Otherwise

I could

have been the other

wise from being now

These time s the tide

s of moon- sweeping stir

facings me away from.

Glassed remembrances

Strange

eyes watch ing him

through glassed re

membrance

s.

Of its speechless thoughts

This

trees’s sha ding itself

inwardly en closing the

shadows of its speech

less thought

Little old ladies

with their little old

worries of more-than-

finding word s as birds

scatter mg for their

incessant ly feed.

Wind-phrasing

The sur

face of this smooth

ed out sea So breathless

ly stilled only in

the soften ing touch of

word’s windphrasing.

Amputated

They cut

the limbs of tit is tree

to its sha dowed rest

away Out- armed sway

ing dull- pulsed rem

nants.

Rembrandt in the 40s

still form-

controlled

precision

ed metallic gleam

the cloth of touched

beyond ness for soulfinding Godsensing.

Incomplete

Man’s incom

plete created with a need

for more that emptiness

at the centre of self-ribbed

to the right woman to make

him whole but still incom

pletc against the claims

that death has sought so

constantly

securing.

Uni in i i ted possibil i ties

Abandon

ed houses flood-ridden

plains middle class down-

clutched to the bitter root

s ot their ere dit clauses

Only the dust bowl’s failing

us now in this land of unlimi

ted possibili ties.

June 22/08

This summer

day’s as end less as I

can imagine clouds un

spoken where the wind’

s timing for light and all

those unseen birds master

ing the voice s of their

through-shadow ing silen

ces.

Thunder

flashed

through his mind an appear

ance of naked ly reveal

mg-

The blank end

of what

he didn’t want to say

as a sea wind lessly a

drift.

Wind-aspiring

At the bott

om when there were no relic

s of the past to be earth

ed out A si lence came o

ver all that had been said

as clouds windaspiring.

A mythical power

Trees inhabit

a mythical power of their

own encompass ing ages of

transcend ing shadow

s.

After the rains

It cooled

after the rains that e

veil my voice became aware

of its shad owing phrase

s.

Too hot

to think a

loud even the shadow

s absorb ing in heat

I’m where I’m not

untelling.

Books

have black

and whiten cd me in

to their en visioned

sense for touch.

Waiting

for what wouldn’t

happen these time-toll

ing fears as if person

ed irresolu tely there.

That Monet for Ernst

it must

be a late one Not so

formed-flo wered feeling’

s out going scent But ab

stracting in light and

shade’s con tinuity of

that path’ s overhang

ing Voiced.

Wall-flowered

and what

of those not- so- pretty

women Wall- flowered a

loned for the touch of va

cant stones that won’t

be answer ing back.

Hemingway

as Cezanne masculin

cd his wo men As if the

softness of flesh could

n’t be but moulded into

their exter ior sense

d form ed.

Of inner intent

Language

was learned before it

became mean mg But with

out those words of in

ner intent How much ex

pression less void.

Alone

She sat

alone in a room of

shadows Only the

trees knew why and the

glass of inflecting

silence that told

more of her than she

could re veal to her

self.

Tensed

Words

even the unspoken

ones tens cd at the

finger’s

edge.

Insect’

s needled sting through

the skin’ s ripe

ness for blood-

taste.

Mary Poppins

umbrell

aed that flying wish

for dream’ s over wa

kings.

The piano man’s

a fake

Mute to the

needs of o thers Strip

ped of his untold i

dentity Fingers can’t

tell beyond the imita

tion of where they’

ve stopped for self-

performing.

Adrift

These

times a drift as so

many today cut loose

from their anchoring

cause far out upon a sea

of endless ly wind-shif

ting course.

Defiantly

Her defiant nature reminded me

of those cold stone

s you could n’t touch

deeply e nough echo

ing for re lease.

Predator

That

snake slow ly unwind

ing its bo died length

Tongued loud in veil

omous glare.

Janacek’s 2nd quartet

as a man

standing on both side

s of where he’s not go

ing from A unity inti

mately enchan ting in the

aged ness of post-war

traumas.

Quicker

It came

quicker than it

was over.

Fathered

He

fathered with that

quiet conten ance of his

self-contain ing words

That I felt as if har

boured from my own ri

sing in stinctual

tides.

ForS.L.

Red rose

s A portrait of his dead

wife on the piano of his

most inti mate thought

s fingering through

for lost re membrance

s.

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

Edward Lucie-Smith

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

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

“Mr. Jaffin uses words with a real fineness of diction which emphasizes a characteristic understatement of emotion. One recognizes a cultivated sensibility. He adopts a theme and mode which one cannot help but admire. He writes very well indeed.” the late Norman Holmes Pearson (Yale University)

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

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

[www.bogpriser.dk/Denmark](http://www.bogpriser.dk/Denmark) Denmark:

Om Dream Flow

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