



Wind phrasings

Poems

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 Putzel's 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 Willard Gallery, owned by Marian Willard. While exhibiting there, he formed close friendships with several of her other artists, including Mark Tobey, Lyonel 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 Zürich. 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-Krasner 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 Rosenfeld Gallery at www.michaelrosenfeldart.com.

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

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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
pearance of
it's always
being there.

That blindman's game

we played
as children
helpless
ly numbed
from that see-
touching-light
we wander
ed through a
darkened
world of
never find
ing.

Coasting down

those snow-
sliding hills
with the
ease of not
caring the
why or where
of that all
ways receding
from.

The touch of

A child fearful
of the
dark-spread
ing night he
needed the
touch of some
thing soft
and smooth
to ease him
self back to
where light
could suffuse
his very being.

Originated

He learned
through
touch to see
why words
could be the
way they
mean.

Before the rains

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
tention
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 cre
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

a) The wall
fell divid
ing a people
from itself
same day the
synagog
ues burning
through the
broken glass
of pain re
flecting
a day of fear
and blood

dancing now
in joyful
oneness.

b) Have these
fallen leaves
forgotten
with only
the blood
stains left
dried and
collected
burned in to
sheaves of
fire and
smoke.

c) 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.

d) German youth

taught to re
member what
they'd never
known as if
history wasn'
t more than
being there
now of then.

e) If the wall

fell did the
Salomonian
curse fall
with it A
people di
vided from it
self now
one with their
wall-divid
ing past.

The spider

sudden
ly there
Bigger than
my eyes could
see 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
ober day
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 rains

darken
ing 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 self-
disguise.

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
sponse.

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
ed 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
ery 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-planned from

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 shades
the shores of the
mind's echo
ringing beyond
the Hades of
secluded
shores.

I've grown old

with these
self-haunting
images
that inhabit
the more of
me than I
can acquire
or even test
through their
ground-thrusting
incursions.

Trophy-hunting

Head-count
ing close-sha
ven men Skull
ed me in to
a delusion
of cannibal
trophy-hunt
ing.

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-
sidedness
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
self-fulfill
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
ing transcen
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

ing 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 gift-
bearing 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

a) D minor trio (Glinka 1827)

wasn't able
to place
where the one
movement
began the o
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.

b) C major trio (Haydn no. 27)

He took me
off as usual from
whatever seated
perspective I could
hold for long into a
world's involving re-
volving as a
carroussel
changing –
lighted the
always more
of its becoming through.

c) Dumky Trio (Dvorak)

slowed
down in to
that weighted
feeling of sound-felt
clarities
thrown off a
rush of fleetly
danced.

Little bird

pretty color
ed in assem
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 non-
heroic time
s.

Train stations

criss-cross
ing the stand
ing still'
s of pulsed
awareness
es.

Eye-keyed

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
ing the cold
light of re
flected si
lences.

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 (Barlach 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
ingly there.

Pink finds

living with
himself can
be tiresome
at times the
same answer
s keep quest
ioning 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
the 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
we measure
ourselves
on others
when the yard
stick can't
extend be
yond in self-
revealing
length.

Wrinkles

on his skin'
s as time-
enclosing as
the rings of
a tree's
through-tell
ing phrases.

Markus 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
ed in the
flight of
spiritu
ally abandon
ing resolve.

On the Communist border

they took
my wallet
passport with
Only a closed door
formed standing behind
from naked
ly alone
choings.

Mutely aloned

These
houses in losing
their faces
greyed to
a dulled sameness
that even the
finer touch of words
left them
still mute
ly aloned.

Waved-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.

Death-confining

This assem
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 thorough-
bred.

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 consum
ing.

Die ungleiche Ehe (Leibl)

She young
shaped through
his coarse
hand's sly
ly smiling
with the under
cover of eye
s agèd from
self-use.

Dialogued

the white
of seeing my
self looking
back from a
house window
ed through
its timeless
vacancies
for place.

Night-lights

pulsing fear
through the
glassed i
dentities
of those con
crete voice
s soundless
ly awake.

● *utplaced*

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
s.

Climbing the cliffs

of remember
ed touching
for Sisyphus'
hold on a
wearing down
of a time
less pre
sence.

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 pigeons

wired to a
string of
less entic-
ing 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
ed the feel
of light rain
cooling
those skin-
awakening
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
ing.

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-resol
ving.

The timelessness of time
Die Gnade der späten 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 shadows
away and
left a trans-
forming dark-
ness that
held the world
breathless
from light.

Unseen forgetfulness

There'
s even more
to the bottom-
ness of the
ocean's depth
than those
dark memories
of unseen
forgetful-
ness.

Rock garden

as if
words were
sprouting
from stone'
s self-reveal
ing color-
shines.

3 Uncles

a) With Uncle 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 subtly
but involving

I never got to
the bottom of
his being (too
young perhaps)
or because he
always seem
ed so vaguely
evasive.

b) 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
crant wares
always smil
ing right up to
their needs for
his futuring
cause.

c) Uncle Irving
who always
answered those
in need let a
lone this pam
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

ered 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 recit
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
ed the eye
s of steal
thy imagin
ings.

Lithe-birch

dancer
s so slender
ly time es
caping.

Violin Sonata (C. Franck 1st mvt.)

cloud-
spaced 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.

Stille life with tulips (Macke)

The center'
s falling
off Tuliped
in wayward ur
ging color
s.

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-appear
encies.

Herford's

first night
of light-
shallow-
ing-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
ing.

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.

Alzheimer

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
ing.

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 claw-
imprinting
what could
n't hold to
the mark of
season's in
delible
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 self-
overshadow
ing.

Altensteig

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 face-
designing 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
ly tinged with
their fallen-
from color
s.

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

Rough-
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
the 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 cre
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
s.

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
from's white
elephant'
s after
math.

Flat-shine

sun has hori
zoned from
light the cropp
ed grass of
even-timed
deepening fore
bodings.

Slender woods

still na
kedly un
touched
through
their trans
parencies
of spring-
timed rever
ies.

Shostakovich

So many of
his theme's
off-set
sense a
bout them e
lusively 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

ments

Too much too

long as a wo

man overdress

ed beyond the

needs of what

taste could

confirm her self-

defining

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-levelled.
ed.

Trying to

catch up
Shadows seeking
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-
ing.

Cross carrying

Christ
left his first-
chosen people

for more of
the cross-
carrying
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
subtly
word-finds.

Catullus'

love/hate
flamed so
high that not
even his har-
dened 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-
resolute
people.

Signals

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
ated 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-de
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 I 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 me
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 trans
parently

refin
ing.

Outspreading

If snow’

s the color
of sound

lessly appear
ing dream

s through the
night’s un

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 un
changed those
outdated
maps and books
thoughtless
from dust
And I 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
terlocking
as trees sap
lessly 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 of the Holy Veronica (Cologne)

Seeing may
be in believ
ing But here
touch define
s more of
where these
transpar
ent eyes of
hers space
fully through-
telling.

This day's

hardly risen above itself
So closed in clouds
that even words shadow
in their sensed-for-meanings
a ship isolated from the
voiced winds its passing
through.

The desert

heated intensities for
the cold watch of night
sloping sand-phrases
a timeless ly never-for
being.

Christmas poems '06

a) A Christmas tree

so finely
dressed in
the fragran
ce of lit i
magining
s angelic
calls and the
pearled light
from touch-
receding
hands.

b) History of the birth of Christ (Schütz)

Not even
candles
can still to
the in-dwell
ing purity
of this yearn
ing through
the darkness
of ages.

c) The rose
so person
ally expos
ing naked
from light
dried at the
yuletide'
s crumbling
thorns.

d) 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.

e) Christmas '06

Why this
sanctity
of what is
n't believ
ed holy day
without His
holied bless
ings 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 Christmas 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 no-
where- out
from see
ing through.

Schimpf's owl

radiat
ing night-
sensing
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).
o).

She

so confid
entially self-
revealing
that I won
dered the
what and where
she was hid
ing herself
from.

His face

an imagin
cry 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
lences.

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 self-
improving
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
distant
tones of his
voiced-in
response.

The pelican gliding

through
streams of
airlit
imagining.

Soft night

winds whispering
stars 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
ed.

The birth of a penguin

breaking
through the
dark of
those sound
less enclos
ures to light
life and the
pursuit of
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 unceasing
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.

Flowers on a window

sill light-
thinking why
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
self in
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
things 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 fine-
ness de-
signed 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

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)

a) *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.

b) Archer

took the bait
as a drowning
fish landed
again into a
relapse of pre-
learned val-
ues.

c) Archer's wife

that Ibsen-
type puppet
who knew more
than she want-
ed to know
Reconciled
to her husband'
s unwanted
fidelity.

d) Archer's son

the one I
always wanted to have
Living leisurely his double-
set of self-
conflicting
values.

e) Wharton's

autobio-
graphical
transformations The mystery of
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 heart-
breathing
source.

Southern

spelled
streets
with those
eased palms
strolling
the taste-
tang of sea-
salted light-
waves.

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 tentat
ive touch of
untimely re
lease as if
life itself
(just then)
would be
passing it
self by.

Love poem for Rosemarie

His eyes
rested on
her knowing
the flavour
of his touch
ing folds of
desirous
winds so in
wardly held
their
closeness
in meeting.

The palm

curving
its crust-
bearing bark
to a stunt
ed height
of where
there's no
more a co
ming from.

Her

mildew
ed smile
curtain
ed the fa
ding color
s of where
Southern-
in-softness
nostalgica
lly reclin
ing.

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 wingèd
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
ven 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
warned
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
of 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
ed death-
watch.

Upright

Man's un
ique upright
bearing of
ten belies a
downright
poverty of
truthful in
tentions.

Slippery railings

When all
the barriers
are down There'
s nothing left
to hold on

to except
the slippery
railings of
one's own
self-decept
ions.

Spawned

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 of in-re
ceding
thoughts.

Energy-drenched

You could
still see 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 self-
wounds 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 Straight-
touching you
through a rail
ing ironed in
the winter

ing sun of
numb-timed
impressi
ons.

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
thing other
than such self-
proclaim
ing loveli
ness.

Annunciation (Eni Filippo Lippi)

Both angel
and Mary bend
ing under the
grace of the
Father's hea
venly guid
ance and that
flower of pur
ity 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
came 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
sanded re
minders of
what once
lived so re
motely en
closed for
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 of
decipher
ing in uneven
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
ings.

Gull

barbed
with the
blood-hook
of its own
decease
Eyes reddened
ed for that
last surge
of its tight
ening 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 self-
enclosing
heights and
we below in
the hidden
depths of sub
liminal under
surfacing.

That seldom bird

colored
to its in
stinct for
flight Star
ing now as
a statue in
moment
s of 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
ing.

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)

a) Bast

The books
fell down on
his aspirat
ions for be
coming higher
than he could
possibly at
tain.

b) The house symbol

of Burkean
England close
to the soil
enriched
through its
time-embodiment
depth from mean
ings.

c) Margaret's

a reconcili
ation of the
opposites
that need a
center for
being.

d) Wilcox

Even he
must learn a
gainst his
values that
life is more
than money
can buy.

e) Helen

the wild
flame of ro-
mantic post-
innocence
birth of
a seedless
myth.

f) 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) *Raccoon*

claw-

climbing

its noctur

nal instin

ct for eye-

glaring pen

etration

s.

b) *High-rise*

Florida

panthers

claw-climb

ing in ra

pid deploy

ment advance

against land-

grabbing 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
ed 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 frog-
fixing.

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
tuating mo
ment's
quick-tell
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.

Feelingness

There was
so much of
the feeling
ness about
her tender
ly ripened
soul that
most of the
fruits of
her forgiving
couldn't tigh-
ten to their
core-sense
meanings.

The purity

of Renaiss
ance Marian
hymns as
those flowing
designs of
Roger van der
Weyden's dress
ed-cared touch
of in-reveal
ing sanctity.

Officiating

These sand
s glimmer
in cool re
liance for
their prist
ine-touched
surfacing
s.

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
of authen
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
ing form.

Racoon's

footprint
s clawed to
the wood of
his night-
exposing
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 blank-
faced field
s of ripen
ing corn a
sweetness
of voiced i
maginings.

Snow-dark

The night
snow-dark
trees open-
spaced 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)

a) *Personally*
there to be
ing what
they always

are Static
All's said in
so being-
Greek.

b) Hedda
only power'
s play with
others Not be
ing where
self should
Dictator
of a small
man's world.

c) Tesman
prisoner
of human
smallness
in that
"great cul
tural world"
of Ibsen's
implicit
disdain.

d) *Livbourg*

more of what
Tesman wasn't
So Hedda's
aim right
where she
needed to
kill cen-
tered
from self.

e) *Brack*

the cynical
male match
for her/his
cunning need
to possess
at the void
from his
through-emp
tied person.

f) *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 the Jew
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
Jews 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 cloud-

immersing
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-illum-
ination'
s restless
ly through-
voiced.

Sad adolescent

sitting
the far-
watching of
a cat's un-
derlying-
viewed per-
spective
s.

The affinity

of many of
these poem
s with the
scarce-fleet
ing moments
of Mendels-
ohn's fine-
singing scher-
zi.

Masterpieces in Dresden

a) Jewish Graveyard (Ruisdael)

brooding

shadows the
woods rest

lessly instin
cted rush

ing-silver
ed water's

moon-tensed
stones.

b) 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.

c) Tax tithes (Titian)

parallel
ed eyes and
hands asking

out tempt
ing implor
ing to the
touch of a
single coin
Caesar-fac
ed “godlike”.

d) 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.

e) Christ on the throne (Dürer)

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.

f) Prodigal son' (Rembrandt)

s self-port
rait of wine
woman and
the sword of
self-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
minally
voic
ed.

A minor slow mvt. (Bach violin concerto)

Tug boat
trugging
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
believing.

The question

of evil'
s more why
most of us
don't see
ourselves
as Rembrandt
did Christ-
crucify
ing.

Gardener

Fear's
the 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
er 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
checks to be
turned to
their aggress
or's wanton
needs.

Can I forgive

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
èd 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
pened 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 pre-
cision of
their inter
nal glow.

Illmensee

in the quiet
surfacing
glow of sha
dows spread
ing their
fine tree-
touching re
flection'
s sun-harvest
ing.

Time's running 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.

Philotas (Lessing)

killed the
shame with
those sword-
blooded in
stincts of
his father
less soul A
retribut
ion in kind
evening
the score.

Prince Philotas' (Lessing)

lonely
choice neither
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 syllabed words
in to their
wholeness
for meaning's
as the
sounds of
the water's
shoreless
ly in becoming.
ing.

Needed love

She needed
love
more than she
could find it
kept urging
her on horse
and rider to
that bottomless
abyss.

Eichendorff

the poet
of dark in
wooded enclos
ures of the
mind's feel
ing-sense
d moon'
s light- trans
cending.

INRI

Who's
been cruci
fied with
Christ if not
the INRI of
His own inner-
sourced blood-
revealing i
dentity.

Cyclopi

one-ey
ed world-
view 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
ered me to
the ground-base
of my flesh-
finding 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 cloud-
forming 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 self-
enclosing
tonality of
the wood's
mysterious
ly darken
ing in.

Beethoven's

Great Fugue
left me grie-
vously dis-
turbed 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 benefi
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 light-
coloring
their arrival
s from more.

The purity (countertenor singing Josquin)

of that voic
ed angelic
blessing In
tervalled be
tween space
and its light-
sensing ac
cords.

These dark days

so rain-
held petal
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 of not
only his.

Sense and seem

A poem'
s sense and
seem logic
of why its
phrasing'
s those untold
routes through
and beyond
the mind's
need for ask
ing why.

Little Sammy's

made more of
himself than
he 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
of death'
s overcom
ing being.

Desert Poems (8)

a) Death-processing

The desert'
s silently
creeping on
a predator
instinctu
ally alive
for the una
ware decor
ative beauty
of its suffo
cating prey.

b) The desert'

s flowing
through in
waves of
wind-recurr
ing sound
s.

c) A quiet

here so un
earthly
close that
I wanted to
touch your
breath flow
ering alive.

d) *Our steps*

tenta

tively un
certain

tracing the
far expanse

of a route
less cause.

e) *Beware*

of those

hidden snake
s buried in

the conceal
ing depth of

their dead
ly eye-curl

ing glance.

f) *Have stars*

ever reveal

ed their
shine so cold

and cruelly
light-intens

ing.

g) Oasis

green was
never as
pure as this
mind-enchant
ing the wa
ter's clean
sing source
of cool-form
ing touch.

h) Moses

called here
to that thorn
ed bush of
ever-trans
piring life.

Spring'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
ly 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 of man'
s self-impos
ing grandeur
still slop
ing down
from their
birth of the
wind's climb

ing touch
ed those light-
enchancing
stars.

The birth of a leaf (Mordecai Anton)

unfold
ing with the
green of
its breath-
touching
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
ued remem
brance.

Coloring's

the scent
of a flow
er's through.
flowing i
mage.

Genevra de' Benci (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 (Cimarosa)

usually
the endgame
For him though
eloping came
after the
fact of all
those intwin
ing cat-cloth
ed catch
ing Haydn
esque re
prises.

Killing

that cat runn
ing right in-
to 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.

Betweened

They cut
their wind
ows out of
my seeing
from Back-
faces blank
silence
s between
ed.

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

a) King Jesus (Titian)

with a crown
of whipping-
stick "thorn
s" encircl
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.

b) c) Those two Dürer

portraits
hung to the
two sides of
his seeing us
through an i
dealized committ
ment to person
and place And

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.

e) St. George's (Aldorfer)

landscape
with those
light-shimmer
ing leave
s George's
metallic
sword silver
ed-in-shine.

f) *Bosches'*
Manichaen
evil-eyed
creation'
s bedevill
ing even The
Lord's bene
volent redempt
ion.

Global warming

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
surfác
ing through
their wind-
releasing
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
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
ing tight
time-intens
ed.

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
lled aftered
thoughts.

The deal's

been clos
ed his suit
case smil
ed a hand-
shaking nod
over writt
en the tight-
knit cloth
ed pursuing
endeavor
s.

Sap-pulsing

These green-
bared bran
ches sap-pul

sing stream'
s through-
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
ed step's
mind-proceed
ing.

Sensed-seen roses

scarce
ly for touch
ed 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
ed appearan
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 (Dürer Munich)

a) as high priest
eternally
lighting
those need-
taking steps
for the height
of His redeem
ing cause.

b) The Jews

eyes all a
wake resound
ing from that
scriptural
depth of His
that left
Christ a
loned from
their forsak
en center.

c) Mary and Joseph

still not
finding them
selves in
to where
their son
would need
more than a
family's
safe-keep
ing.

d) Animalled instincts

That little dog
humbly
bottom
ed down sym

bol of a
faithful
ness that
the outside-
seeking mon
key would es
trange itself
from.

Measure for measure (Shakespeare)

a) Not even

the blind
can see
themselves
the way o
thers do.

b) If woman's

chastity
can be pedest
alled even be
yond the
realms of
person Then
our times
have cleansed
themselves

of all such
purifying
means.

c) The duke

however
“learned”
he remain
ed true to
his own to (o)
lenient sense
of self-app
lying justice.

d) Higher morality

pursued by
church and
state must
mostly lower
itself to a
lesser view
of man’
self-reflec
ting image.

e) 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 har-
dened 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
ther'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)

a) Violin Sonata

half-deaf
could scarce
ly hear
the violin
in the upper
register
Playing as a
phantom
ed being voice
less ghosts
of an imagin
ary past.

b) 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.

c) Schumann's A minor violin sonata

stormed

me passed in

to a need

for revela

tory contemplat

ion's catching-

in-breath of

where the mu

sic couldn't be

sounding me

out for.

d) Ravel's violin sonata

jazzing it
up in “contem-
porary i-
diom” seem-
ed to dull at
the edges of
my less than
acquiescent
souled (sold)
out.

e) 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).

f) “Wolf sponsor” (Hélène Grimaud)

The beauti-
fied “wolf spon-
ser” kept those

at home to
tame her ro
mantic in
stincts changed
from Brunette
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

a) Rembrandt's Saskia (Kassel)

so imperson
ally intened
That even the
cloth's speaking
the artist'
s tight-
fitting mind a
loud.

b) Da Vinci's Mona Lisa

more the
where'd
where she
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.

d) Raphael's

La Velata'
s eyes cloth
ed in the
mystery of
woman's enti
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 sound-
sensing.

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
ing him
self out.

Curtains

closing
in silence
of being
drawn down
the way of
stars felt
through
for even
ing.

Blossoms

cluster
ed from snow-
petal fall.

Worn colors

where not
even touch
could reveal
their
full-toned
boreness
essence.

The snow

so finely
rhymed its
instinct
for sound began
beyond
my knowing
where.

Sugar-surfaced

Those little
girls so sweetly
dressed
through brocaded
designs
of pastry
sugar-surfaced.
ed.

Van Dyck's

effemina
tely elong
ated my
sense for
the finery
of aristocratic
touch-through
surfacing
s.

Truth

was her
transient
means self –
purposing
whatever
ends she
would aspire
A woman'
s enticing
smile hold
ing 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
buttoned
smile of his
so primely
self-attain
ing.

Chopinesque

a) Perfumed

that faint
salon scent
dreamily ro
mantic Most
ly for women'
s vaguely
(but still re
wardingly)
abandoning
smiles.

b) 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.

c) alas

the whims
ical beauty
of those not
quite touch
ing moon
lit moment
s reminis
cently fad
ing from.

Tchaikovsky 5th

A beauti
fully tooth
less woman
Robed in all
the colors
that her barr
en 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 un
aware to
that space
less void
of night.

The blackbird

tracing
his shadow
upon the dark
ening snow
until night
left him win
gèd-through
the loneli
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 Händel

German or the
English of

one person
semi-identi

cal twinned
astride a

shoreless
reach self-

finding.

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
ness.

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 time-
table 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 chance ap
pearance
s.

The fields

of flowing
clouds be
yond where
even horizon
s of the mind'
s timeless
ly increas
ing.

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.

b) A lone bird

in an empt
ied and dried-
from season
searching
the sky for
winged re
lease.

c) Sensitised

These cur
tains so fine
ly spoken
light sensiti
sed from

snow-clad
time-descend
ing hills.

d) Of the Germanies

Two nation
s at the his
torical edge
of their de
feated pride
Now reconfirm
ed to a u
nity of less
than a strange
like same
ness.

e) Timelessly exposing

Space
can't be
concealed e
ven through
these reach
ing hill's
breathing
themselve
s out time
lessly ex
posing.

f) This tired snow

still re

hearsing
steps melt

ing away
their im

pression
less sound

s.

g) This room

inspoken

though hes
itant in a

light of
windless

transform
ings.

h) The moon

has created

another
world from

here Sancti
fied through

its descend
ing phases
of snow.

i) Witnessing aloneness

These slen
der trees
rhymed to the
wind-height
s of witness
ing alone
ness.

Deacon'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 un-
evened light
from form.

The river

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 sun-
shines 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 car
lier 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's

the seeing-
growth i
mage-intens
ed "moving
of mount
ains's" rough-
ly impending a
wareness
es through.

Start-day

The morning
s start-day
still shadow
ing in dream
a clouding
through pass
ed remembr
ances.

Nussbaum (of Osnabrück)

defiant
ly Jewish-
starred Na
ked to the
act of fruit-
bearing
birth-den
ials.

Rachel

She cried
when she saw
little children
smiling the
way hers never
knew in a
tub of blood-
ending its
lifeless
soundless
motherless
need for love.

To be first

He always
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-expressioned

An almost
empty train
soundless
ly evolv
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-
templative
silences.

Blossomed remembrances

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 desir-
ings.

Colorings

The 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
ed 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
posures.

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 star
ing us right
in the face
of where we'
ve no one
to go magneti
cally call
ed.

The day will come

when they'
ll 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 of
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
ful reconcili

ations.

Coming 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 Irving)

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.

Orchids

deeply colored from
their strange
tropical origin here a
world so remotely pre-
existent.

Imitation

animals
so inquietly self-
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 Ghatt
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 shadows
of fear
wind-blown
yet light-resisting.

The long-lived

turtle slow
moving time down
to an acquired
pace
of dust-bearing
fortitudes.

“Put on your Easter bonnet

with all the
ribbons on it”
so joyously
parading a
city’s color
ing bright
ness of life
beyond life’s
upsound
ing beat of
where your
bonnet’s sing
ing in out-
lying 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
are 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
through-
framed ap
pearance
s.

Atlantis-time

dream-swell
as the wa
ter's under
currents shift
ing in sand
to these lost
perspect
ives of a
world sinking
back in 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 smile
ed accommo
dations.

Resurrection (Rembrandt Munich 1640s)

Sitting it
out stone-
tombbed time-
reflecting
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
conscienc

ed 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
of bared down
scripture
s.

"New born"

(perhaps)
but old-tim
ed featured
their low-
lying sinner'
s breed wor
thied (only
then) for re
demption.

Beethoven's 7th (3rd mvt. 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 light-
voiced.

For Rosemarie

Your lips
have open
ed the birth
of my be
ing moon-
sensed eye
s dimly
receding.

Würzburg: Residence

In the clois
tered halls
of the resi
dence stone-
silence
isolating
walls protec
ting a time'
s vanish
ing in view.

Würzburg Residence: The park

These tree
s artifi
cially trim
med that one
expected tin
soldiers par
ading a manne
quin's pretti
ness from
view.

Annunciation (Heilin 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
ing 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
fraining
dignity.

Rosemarie

I'll awake
the youth
back from you
if only be
cause the
moon's your
transpar
ently mine.

Blank shadows

their face
s shallow
ed to a
depth of sun
less smile
s.

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 em
bellished
aspiring
heavenly
vistas sap
lessly in
ert.

Riemenschneider in Würzburg (6)

a) Candelabra angels ca. 1505

escort

ing in the
light of

transcen
dental vi

sions.

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

break

able hand-
touched

hold of the
dead Christ'

s together
ness.

c) Eve's 1492/93

hair flow

ing down the
depths of

her death'
s realiz

ings.

d) St. Stephan's

face cut-
form hand-re
flecting
ascension
to the Christ
of his long
ings.

e) St. Sebastian ca. 1515

That stead
ied gaze be
yond the in-
binding pain'
s light-bleed
ing.

f) St. Barbara ca. 1510

her hands
circling
the womb
from its cha
liced blood-
light.

Mary's church (Würzburg)

although
statued
within worth
ied tradit
ion lofty a
bove 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
elled as
my uneven
ed thought
s time-in
creasing.

Pink's

early morn
ing blossom
ing cheeks
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 appearan
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 i
mage of what
once was for
being even
now the more
so.

Sleep

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
lessly expos
ing.

These corridors

sound
lessly lead
ing either
way out of
his self-in
prisoned
direction
less.

Buttered

She butter
ed her stale-
face bread
to a dia
logue of in
tricate
pleasuring
s.

Rain coming

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)

a) *She may*
have out
grown her
knowledge
in to the

smallness
of a lessen
ing world.

b) Nonsense

can make
more sense
in the
upside-down
ness of our
Old Father
William's
world.

c) We all

at times
dialogue
ourselves
Even if the
speaking
back's only
the other
side of that
somewhat o
ther world.

d) 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
for 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- trans
cending
winds.

Illuminated manuscripts

with their
individual
letters so
finely addres
sed 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
ment policies
for some more
of that real
shine that c
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
ven those
nights through
with the wind
s of choired
echoings.

The old windmill

turning
slowly
through sound
lessly 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 home-
coming's a
sadness of
return motion
lessly wave
d.

Byrd: Mass for 5 Voices

If then'
s being Cath
olic'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
er than the
music's mean
ing Overcoming
with eye-tell
ing technique
much of the
mood of Schu

mann's subtle
ties from
sound.

Wolff's spies (Head of DDR secret police)

Bathseba-
like wormed
their way in
to the flesh
ed desire
s of their
wanting Vic
tims for a
cold truth
papered o
ver but se
cretly in-
holding.

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

a) Does

man still
need God to

free him
self from be

ing bound
and tied to

his own in
terests.

b) Joan was

the witch for
England and

the Holy Saviour
for France

Does God take
sides in our

own national
interests.

c) He saved
her from the
pyre The
real flame
s were God'
s burning de
sire through
her for France'
s freedom.

d) 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 instin-
cts.

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
ders 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 se
cret here
Old-timed
family picture
s revealing
that he wasn'
t what he
was told to
be A Jew-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

the water'
s edge with
the commas
between the
wind's line
s out
breathing.

Heinz

had that
staid look
of his butt
ed-out cigar
swollen
stance and
the pride of
smoked-occas
ioning relax
ations.

Samson

was smit-
ten with a
blindness
of seeing
too much
Told as he
was in-to
the secret
confines of
a voice
less dark.

Quick-stepped

Those quick-
stepped
birds im-
printing
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 re-
shaping 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
fôr touch.

Twinned-feelings

Women
may dress
to their in
tended sense
for self
as if cloth
ed to in
ternal
wants for
such twinn
ed-in
feeling
s.

For Rosemarie

Mild winds
that's your
thawing this
wintered
heart of mine
to the sweet-
flowing 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 voice
ed yourself
softer
cloud-invo
king wind
s from the
mildness
of a south
ern clime.

The Bacchae (Eurpides 4)

a) *The enemy'*
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.

b) Pentheus
with the
curiosity
of Eve voiced
through the
serpent's
so cosmic
cunning.

c) Wine
that delight
s the human
heartless
ness over-
flowing in an
imalled sanc
tities.

d) 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 square-
framed 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 sur
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
s.

Little old ladies

with their
little old
worries of
more-than-
finding word
s as birds
scatter
ing 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 wind-
phrasing.

Amputated

They cut
the limbs
of this tree
to its sha-
dowed rest
away Out-
armed sway
ing dull-
pulsed rem-
nants.

Rembrandt in the 40s

still form-
controlled
precision
ed me-
tallic gleam
the cloth of
touched
beyond
ness for soul-
finding God-
sensing.

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-
plete against
the claims
that death
has sought so
constantly
securing.

Unlimited possibilities

Abandon
ed houses
flood-ridden
plains middle
class down-
clutched to
the bitter root

s of their cre
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
ing.

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 wind-
aspiring.

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
ven 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
ed me in
to their en
visioned
sense
for touch.

Waiting

for what
wouldn't
happen these
time-tell

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
ed 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-
ing 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 in-
flecting
silence
that told
more of her
than she

could re
veal to her
self.

Tensed

Words
even the
unspoken
ones tens
ed at the
finger's
edge.

Insect'

s needl-
ed 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 de-
fiant nature
reminded me
of those
cold stone
s you could
n't touch
deeply e
nough echo
ing for re
lease.

Predator

That
snake slowly
unwind
ing its bodied
length
Tongued
loud in ven
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
agedness
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.

For S.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.

Poetry books by David Jaffin

1. **Conformed to Stone**, Abelard-Schuman, New York 1968, London 1970.
2. **Emptied Spaces**, with an illustration by Jacques Lipschitz, Abelard-Schuman, London 1972.
3. **In the Glass of Winter**, Abelard-Schuman, London 1975, with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon.
4. **As One**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1975.
5. **The Half of a Circle**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1977.
6. **Space of**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1978.
7. **Preceptions**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1979.
8. **For the Finger's Want of Sound**, Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
9. **The Density for Color**, Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
10. **Selected Poems**, English/Hebrew, Massada Publishers, Givatyim, Israel 1982.
11. **The Telling of Time**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2000 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
12. **That Sense for Meaning**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2001 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
13. **Into the timeless Deep**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2002 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
14. **A Birth in Seeing**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
15. **Through Lost Silences**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
16. **A voiced Awakening**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2004 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
17. **These Time-Shifting Thoughts**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
18. **Intimacies of Sound**, Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
19. **Dream Flow** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2006 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
20. **Sunstreams** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2007 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
21. **Thought Colors** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2008 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
22. **Eye-Sensing**, ahadada, Tokyo, Japan and Toronto, Canada 2008.

"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 Jaffin'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 Jaffin's crisp, multi-sensory poeticisation of ideas. Existential and philosophical shapings of language, simple and complex at the same time, draw out the true nature 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 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 excerptation; 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."