**David Jaffin**

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A VOICED AWAKENING

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AWAKENING

Poems

David Jaffin

First published in Great Britain in 2004 by
Shearsman Books,

58 Velwell Road, Exeter EX4 4LD
and in Germany by

St.-Johannis-Druckerei, Lahr/Schwarzwald

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

shearsman@macunlimited.net

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

ISBN 0-907562-57-4 (Shearsman Books, UK)

ISBN 3-501-01499-6 (St.-Johannis-Druckerei, Germany)

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

Contents

[That first snow 11](#bookmark2)

[Of unspoken touch 11](#bookmark3)

[Holy Communion 11](#bookmark4)

[At the Window’s edge 12](#bookmark5)

[The Season for War 12](#bookmark6)

[Planning 13](#bookmark7)

[Paradox 13](#bookmark8)

[Preemptive Strike 14](#bookmark9)

[Hot days, cold nights 15](#bookmark10)

Flemmish, 15th century 16 Blow fish 16

[Strange birds 17](#bookmark13)

[Mother Goose rhymes (5) 17](#bookmark14)

[A lightness 20](#bookmark15)

[Pretty 20](#bookmark16)

[Kayaks 21](#bookmark17)

[Making person 21](#bookmark18)

With the deaf

congregation I 22

[Hardened 22](#bookmark20)

[“The way I see it’’ 23](#bookmark21)

With the deaf

Congregation II 23

[Cadences of sound 23](#bookmark23)

[Small talk 24](#bookmark24)

[Poems about poem (2) 24](#bookmark25)

[Late-down flowers 25](#bookmark26)

[Learning 26](#bookmark27)

[Pawed 26](#bookmark28)

[Realizing 26](#bookmark29)

[In the quiet 27](#bookmark30)

[Awakening 27](#bookmark31)

[Subtractions 28](#bookmark32)

[For heavenly recline 28](#bookmark33)

[Hardy - Return of the native (4) 28](#bookmark34)

Card Players 31

The poem, the way it is 31 Listening 32

[Lessened 33](#bookmark38)

[Non-Heritage 33](#bookmark39)

[Borderline 34](#bookmark40)

[For Ernst 34](#bookmark41)

Viktor Frankl 35

[Isaac 35](#bookmark43)

[Recognition 36](#bookmark44)

[Night’s voices 36](#bookmark45)

[Arm chairs 36](#bookmark46)

[Snails and others 37](#bookmark47)

[Inspoken 37](#bookmark48)

[Incessantly so 38](#bookmark49)

[Dream-for songs 38](#bookmark50)

[Concealing in 39](#bookmark51)

[Nathaniel Pink: in retrospect 39](#bookmark52)

[Thaw 40](#bookmark53)

[Just for a moment 41](#bookmark54)

Brueghel: 2 Paintings 41 Concert goers 42

[Such Witnesses 43](#bookmark57)

[Whiteness of 43](#bookmark58)

Surprised awakenings 44 Workman 44

[A logic to faith? 45](#bookmark61)

[The Liberal creed 45](#bookmark62)

[On the Alert 46](#bookmark63)

[This last berried touch 46 A Door 47](#bookmark64)

[This ground’s 47](#bookmark66)

[A rabbit’s Softness 48](#bookmark67)

[Innocent continuity 48](#bookmark68)

[Opened Piano 49](#bookmark69)

Emptied waiting room 49

[“Giving in to oneself’ 50](#bookmark71)

[“Don’t trouble trouble unless trouble troubles you” 50](#bookmark72)

[“Scatter-brained” 51](#bookmark73)

[That “stiff upper lip” 52](#bookmark74)

[“Finding oneself’ 52](#bookmark75)

[Jungle-jim 53](#bookmark76)

[Making meanings 53](#bookmark77)

[Two ways 54](#bookmark78)

[A tree without leaves 54](#bookmark79)

[Fossils 55](#bookmark80)

[Carpet 55](#bookmark81)

[Night-time shadows 56](#bookmark82)

[In losing scent 56](#bookmark83)

[Advent: wisemen from afar 56](#bookmark84)

[Of false expectations 57](#bookmark85)

[If Croce 58](#bookmark86)

[Outgrown 58](#bookmark87)

[Chest of drawers ca. 1900 59](#bookmark88)

Preparing for 59

[Killing Christ 60](#bookmark89)

[Washed out 61](#bookmark90)

[Floly night 62](#bookmark91)

[Israel 63](#bookmark92)

[The Shepherds 63](#bookmark93)

[The Manger 64](#bookmark94)

[Sectarian 64](#bookmark95)

[Sectarian II 65](#bookmark96)

Shyness 65

[That sofa 66](#bookmark97)

[Getting down to business 66](#bookmark98)

[Who’s measuring who? 67](#bookmark99)

[That static landscape 68](#bookmark100)

[Colored rolling 68](#bookmark101)

[Aron at age three 68](#bookmark102)

[Shutter’s 69](#bookmark103)

[Conceit 69](#bookmark104)

[Self importance 7 0](#bookmark105)

[Airport 70](#bookmark106)

[Downed 71](#bookmark107)

[Nathaniel Pink’s midmorning 71](#bookmark108)

[Waking from snow 72](#bookmark109)

[Snow melting this hill down 72](#bookmark110)

[If that’s progress 73](#bookmark111)

[We never know 73](#bookmark112)

[For Rosemarie 74](#bookmark113)

[Unleft 74](#bookmark114)

[21 Oak Lane 75](#bookmark115)

[Early morning swim 75](#bookmark116)

[The sleepless winds 76](#bookmark117)

[Those palms 76](#bookmark118)

[Of lasting time 76](#bookmark119)

[Out at sea 77](#bookmark120)

[Living up your faith alone 77](#bookmark121)

[Have you ever asked 78](#bookmark122)

[Hunger’s 78](#bookmark123)

[For our children’s sake 79](#bookmark124)

[Freed 80](#bookmark125)

[Jonah and the Storm 80](#bookmark126)

“He’s not quite himself’ 81 Holbein the Younger’s “Last Supper” 81

[Country dining with Ingo and Solvay 82](#bookmark129)

[Of re-seeming eyes 83](#bookmark130)

[Romanesque 83](#bookmark131)

[Up stream 84](#bookmark132)

[Low tide 85](#bookmark133)

[Sea-side houses 85](#bookmark134)

[Train stops 86](#bookmark135)

[Outlasted 86](#bookmark136)

[Can you familiarize stone 87](#bookmark137)

[Moving on 88](#bookmark138)

[At 65 88](#bookmark139)

[Ice-cream man 89](#bookmark140)

[Than this 89](#bookmark141)

[Dolphins 90](#bookmark142)

[Blue Marlin’ 90](#bookmark143)

[Pre-established presence 90 Osprey 91](#bookmark144)

[Can we tame the sea 92](#bookmark146)

[Sand Piper’s 92](#bookmark147)

[Australian pines 93](#bookmark148)

[Dead pelican 93](#bookmark149)

[What man means by freedom 94](#bookmark150)

[Curls 94](#bookmark151)

[When her grandmother died 95](#bookmark152)

[Writing myself wake 95](#bookmark153)

[Seeing it straight 96](#bookmark154)

[Starting a poem’ 96](#bookmark155)

[“Felt it that way” 96](#bookmark156)

[Criminals 96](#bookmark157)

[A strange bird 97](#bookmark158)

[Because he wasn't flying 97](#bookmark159)

[What secrets 97](#bookmark160)

[Morning streetlights 98](#bookmark161)

[The slightness of this pen 98](#bookmark162)

[This blue shell 99](#bookmark163)

Helen’s romantic urge 99 Border states 99

[Self-imaged 100](#bookmark166)

[Horseshoes 100](#bookmark167)

Mr. Wilcocks 101

[Handyman 101](#bookmark168)

The Basses 102

[Phil 102](#bookmark169)

[Tempting a smile 103](#bookmark170)

[Falling with Snow 103](#bookmark171)

Taking a Measure by myself 104

[Becoming aware 105](#bookmark173)

[Melting down 105](#bookmark174)

[Spitzweg: Hunter in the Woods 106](#bookmark175)

[Spitzweg: The Butterfly Chaser 106](#bookmark176)

[“Pouring one’s heart out” 107](#bookmark177)

[Your collared suit 108](#bookmark178)

[Narrowed 108](#bookmark179)

[Through emptied branches 108](#bookmark180)

[Perspectived 109](#bookmark181)

[Dream-felt 109](#bookmark182)

[Soundless voice 109](#bookmark183)

Only the outside now 110

[This wording of 111](#bookmark185)

[Borderline 111](#bookmark186)

[Winding a clock 112](#bookmark187)

[Would/would?? 112](#bookmark188)

[Murky persons 113](#bookmark189)

[Of secret, untold meanings 113](#bookmark190)

[Enthroned Madonna and Saints 114](#bookmark191)

[Afterall 114](#bookmark192)

[Like other ships 115](#bookmark193)

[Too white 116](#bookmark196)

[Broken out nut-shell 116](#bookmark197)

[Listening 116](#bookmark198)

[Taking leave 117](#bookmark199)

[A thirst for words 117](#bookmark200)

Rowers 118

[Unquiets 118](#bookmark201)

[Strung 119](#bookmark194)

Displayed-in item 119

[Nathaniel Pink on the world situation 120](#bookmark202)

[Dresden: 5 paintings 121](#bookmark203)

[Child’s eyes 124](#bookmark204)

[Wheel-chaired 124](#bookmark205)

[Angelic 125](#bookmark206)

[Our background 125](#bookmark207)

[After glow 125](#bookmark208)

[“Thinking positively” 126 Free 126](#bookmark195)

[Over voiced 126](#bookmark210)

[Unsettled 127](#bookmark211)

Passah Haggadah 128

[Plain talk’s 129](#bookmark213)

[Obscuring 130](#bookmark214)

At the Psychoanalysts 130 Self-defining 131

[Caroline 131](#bookmark217)

[“Baldung Grien’s Crucifixion” 132](#bookmark218)

[Awakening 133](#bookmark219)

[Cross-word puzzles 133](#bookmark220)

[Illmensee’s 133](#bookmark221)

Rembrandt’s

“Resurrection” 134

On the Way to

Emmaus 135

[Painting over 135](#bookmark224)

Waking through dream 136 Of promising colors 136

[Of untold meaning 137](#bookmark227)

[In colored 137](#bookmark228)

[“Justitia” 138](#bookmark229)

[Neil 138](#bookmark230)

[Piano Lesson’s 139](#bookmark231)

[Nathaniel Pink unearthed 139](#bookmark232)

[Overwording 140](#bookmark233)

[Prettiness 140](#bookmark234)

[Sleep 141](#bookmark235)

[Beautifying 141](#bookmark236)

[The example 142](#bookmark237)

[For my dead father, in dialogue 142](#bookmark238)

[Something to hide 143](#bookmark239)

[The Holy of holies 144](#bookmark240)

Trying to be humane’s 144 Saddam’s palaces 145

[Making us mild 146](#bookmark245)

[Roller-Coaster 146](#bookmark246)

[Mozart’s Flute 147](#bookmark247)

[Figurative houses 147](#bookmark248)

[Iraq or that Humpty- Dumpty syndrom 147](#bookmark249)

For the ordering of things 148

Schwabian Alb 149

[Isaac 149](#bookmark251)

[Meditations on Vermeer 150](#bookmark243)

[22 Oak Lane 150](#bookmark252)

[That bird 151](#bookmark253)

[Birch-felt 152](#bookmark254)

[These bells 152](#bookmark255)

[Samuel 152](#bookmark256)

[Grammar 153](#bookmark257)

[Outgrown 153](#bookmark258)

[Until the Fox came 153](#bookmark259)

[Milkweed 155](#bookmark260)

[Field fast 155](#bookmark261)

If 155

Rivered 156

[Self-Protective 156](#bookmark263)

[Rained away 157](#bookmark264)

[Directionless 157](#bookmark265)

[Dart game 158](#bookmark266)

[So many doors 158](#bookmark267)

[No one to know 158](#bookmark268)

The Trenches 159

[“To make the most of it” 159](#bookmark269)

[That piano 160](#bookmark270)

[Candles 160](#bookmark271)

[A part of her 160](#bookmark272)

[Adam stripe bass fishing 161](#bookmark273)

[So lived in 161](#bookmark274)

[Aloneness 161](#bookmark275)

[Lesser Mark 162](#bookmark276)

[Sylvia’s way 162](#bookmark277)

[Leafed 162](#bookmark278)

[Of darkening 163](#bookmark279)

[Scented 163](#bookmark280)

[Out blossomed 164](#bookmark281)

[Bigger 164](#bookmark282)

[After rain 164](#bookmark283)

[5 Masterpieces in the Alte Pinakothek 165](#bookmark284)

[A Pastel Afternoon 167](#bookmark285)

[At the Proms 168](#bookmark286)

[Of marbled stone 168](#bookmark287)

[Historical length 169](#bookmark288)

[Could mean 169](#bookmark289)

[Black Cat 169](#bookmark290)

Its sense from darkness 170 A quiet place 170

[With Corot 170](#bookmark293)

[Mass graves 171](#bookmark294)

[Hate 171](#bookmark295)

[Out spreading 172](#bookmark296)

[Swing 172](#bookmark297)

[Cocktail Party 172](#bookmark298)

[Dream conscious 173](#bookmark299)

[Chagalls “The desparate Job” 173](#bookmark300)

[Nathaniel Pink untangled 174](#bookmark301)

Van der Weyden’s

“Annunciation” 175

[After rain 175](#bookmark303)

[On Shostakovich Preludes and Fugues 176](#bookmark304)

[Tolerance 177](#bookmark305)

If 177

[A Form of presence 177](#bookmark306)

[Muted now 178](#bookmark307)

[Flowered 178](#bookmark308)

[Familiarity 179](#bookmark309)

[Bach dancing 179](#bookmark310)

[Master of himself 180](#bookmark311)

[Bach 180](#bookmark312)

[To be pleased’s 181](#bookmark313)

Through never more 181

[Nathaniel Pink’s exposures 182](#bookmark314)

[4 Squared 182](#bookmark315)

[Revolving doors 183](#bookmark316)

[Solemned 183](#bookmark317)

[After taste 184](#bookmark318)

[Because 184](#bookmark319)

[A white horse in a green field 185](#bookmark320)

[Seamed 185](#bookmark321)

[Macbeth — Anatomy of a happy marriage 186](#bookmark322)

[Macbeth at Burnham Woods 187](#bookmark244)

[Hamlet Stagefright 187](#bookmark323)

[Erasing memories 188](#bookmark324)

[Of what isn’t mine 188](#bookmark325)

[Colored carpets 189](#bookmark326)

[Lee’s house 189](#bookmark327)

[An awayness 190](#bookmark328)

[Horse and Rider 190](#bookmark329)

[With the speed of listening by 191](#bookmark330)

[Aged with the faith 191](#bookmark331)

[In rhythmic variations 192](#bookmark332)

[Beethoven Quartet op 59 No. 2 192](#bookmark333)

[Mendelssohn Quartet op 12 193](#bookmark334)

A fly 193

[Insisting 194](#bookmark335)

[Thoughts On Sophocle’s Oedipus Rex (6) 195](#bookmark336)

[5 Masterpieces in Berlin 197](#bookmark337)

[Numbered 200](#bookmark338)

[Quieted down 200](#bookmark339)

[Baldung’s Grien’s Crucifixion 201](#bookmark340)

Cynthia 201

Chagall’s Crucifixions 202 “Fated”? 202

[Chagall’sjeremia 203](#bookmark343)

[Words 203](#bookmark344)

[Diplomatically cool 204](#bookmark345)

[Where/who 204](#bookmark346)

[Continuing on 205](#bookmark347)

[Rising above 205](#bookmark348)

[For Rosemarie in Dallas, Texas 206](#bookmark349)

[Looking old’s 206](#bookmark350)

So hard 207

[Trusting 207](#bookmark352)

Open Spaces 208

[“Reality therapy” 208](#bookmark353)

Two persons? 209

[On his high horse again 210](#bookmark355)

[Chassid 210](#bookmark356)

[Such stability 211](#bookmark357)

[Unlit candle’ 211](#bookmark358)

[“Carrying your heart on your shirt sleeve” 212](#bookmark359)

[Too large 212](#bookmark360)

[Are these plants 213](#bookmark361)

[Over-punctuated 213](#bookmark362)

[Scholared 213](#bookmark363)

[Cooled ott 214](#bookmark364)

That first snow

is more in the tensions

releasing now that

depth front sky.

Of unspoken touch

That

no where time of

now in the fragrance

of flower’ s unspoken

touch.

Holy Communion

if

it was only the knees

that bent their will

under the weight of

being too much in

self.

At the Window’s edge

Flowers

at the window’s edge

Being clo

sed in to a room of

self-told

thoughts.

The Season for War

September

not the song of a last-

felt longing But the season

for war That need for

blood ri sing to its

own account s as these

leaves turn for color and

the nights take in their cold breath strange

ly apparent.

Planning

What

we’ve plann ed isn’t

what’s plan ning us

The general’ s astute

eyed-in

time-less

glanced of the where death’

s where he isn’t Fields

of blood at tuned from

his paper less smile.

Paradox

if

war doesn’ t solve

but create s new field

s in uncer tainty There

may still be a time

when to re treat simply

postpones the date of

that encounter Man’s at

war with him self and can’

t solve what he can’t create

even in the undoing of

himself.

Preemptive Strike

if

we attack the danger

before It endanger

s us as in the writhing

of a snake’ s coiled stance

We may cut it through to

the steeled edge of

our own ex pectation

s by doubling the strength

of its re coiled attack.

Hot days, cold nights

and it’s hard to keep

the balance intact Where

the moon’s decisive

glow appro priates more

of my person than fears

can speak a loud And the

afternoon’ s sun Hour

ishes an a bundance

of superflu

ous light.

Flemmish, 15 th century

The pur

ity of these Marian hymns

The clear lines of ex

pressing the unity of

phrasing What we aren’t

she became

for us.

Blow fish

bigger than he felt he

could possi bly be In

flated as Balloon’s

rounding

readi

ness.

Strange birds

winged with imagined

colors Staring out silent

repeating wa ters.

Mother Goose rhymes (5)

1. “Diddle, diddle dumpling My son John’...”

s an on and off sort of

poem The way we tend to

be As if moods could

be interchange able with those

shoes and day dreams

were kept for night’s sleep

ing in.

1. “There was a little girl, she had a little curl...”

1 don’t know at the middle

of what For she was either

/or ing it As the blink

ing of an eye’s nasty/

prettied look.

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

We’re still

marching our soldiers a

round Even if practice

can still make Perfect

ly disconten ed.

1. “Little Miss Muffit sat on a *puffit...”*

Sofas can still

sink us in to those twi

light zones of tasty

unease.

1. “The king was in his parlour counting out his money ...”

A plea

surable pur suit for those

who can af ford it And

the honey might taste

even sweeter than her all-

presuming

smiles.

A lightness

These

sands co lor the light

ness of the sky’s trans

parently

blue.

Pretty

a word for a woman dressed

in a light- defining

blue Rimmed in the white

ness of where scarcely

clouds almost touched to

the horizon ed edge.

Kayaks

parting the water’s edge

with a re dining ease

for touching those proba

bilities of distancing

in spaced.

Making person

if

making mon ey’s making

person Why haven’t we ac

quired a pa pered face

then.

With the deaf congregation I

All those waving wild

ness of hand ssig

nailed- in

sense and attributes of mind Taking on

the meaning of what

words have fin ally come to

imply.

Hardened

bone-felt

hand

speaks

of a life

without e

ven an eye-

touched

glimmer.

“The way I see it”

If it’s

the way I see it What hap

pens when I can’t see

anything

anymore.

With the deaf Congregation II

For

words were for them as

the soundless speakings ot

the ocean’s depths They

heard that they knew.

Cadences of sound

like the fal ling of wa

ter’s light impression

ably still ed.

Small talk

Talking

about What one talks a

bout

Like the chatter of bird s activa

ting with out bringing

those leave s back to

life.

Poems about poem (2)

1. A single word

may cleanse the meaning

of that phrased-in

sense.

1. To reclaim language

is like weeding a

garden from its over

grown usage.

Late-doum flowers

and their color’s fray

ed like the cloth of

to(o)-seen

clothes

worn for ap pearance

of that daily smile

one’s be come too

accustomed

to(o).

Learning

One

doesn’t learn to

write One writes by

learning

how.

Pawed

That

cat pawed its secre

tive in stincts to

those step s of see

ing eyes.

Realizing

if

children’s

thoughts

seem bigger than they can

see It’s be cause they’

re/bigger

than they them selves

Realizing.

In the quiet

It’s only

in the quiet of where

we come back to ourselve

s that this room’s be

coming per soned.

Awakening

Leaves

folding m the wind a

voiced a

wakening.

Subtractions

He

denied more of himself

than he could find back

to.

For heavenly recline

Clouds

continuing their own

way Shadow ing the earth’

s moments for heavenly re

dine.

Hardy - Return of the native (4)

1. Eustasia Vye

She was some thing more

than person A beauty be

yond the claim

s of what

beauty can mean

to the heath’ s ever present

thereness being more

than what She was or even

of that where that couldn’

t hold her.

b) Rcddleimii The

eyes that watch over us

can be per soned as well

Not from a bove or even

within But at a distance Claim

ing that near ness for.

1. Heath people A

part of that whereness

superstitious ly alive to

truths beyond the mind’s

seeing Timeless as

the heath’ s Breeding

in that al ways there

ness of.

1. Clym’s mother and that closed door

Why

that door was closed

Because we can’t see be

yond what has happened A

finality of sense A brood

mg truth as the heath it

self Closing us out by

Taking us in.

Card Players *(Cezanne)*

These

cards have touched them

selves to their fingered needs that complete

in eyed- from certain

ties.

The poem, the way it is

Some thing gro

wing within myself May be

the way the earth in

spring feels itself coming

through to bloom in flowered color s.

Listening

to the move

ments of his thoughts

on this stone- felt sur

face Upset

him as colors

didn’t quite match this

sense of seeing A

slight uneasiness

crept

through his untried veins.

Lessened

Saying

it less is meaning it

more And what’s un

said con tinues to

think.

Non-Heritage

Jesus

couldn’t prove that

he wasn’t Jewish

But the church has

often given proof of

its nonheritage.

Borderline

She

crouched in defiance

of herself The lioness

defending what She

could only

devour.

For Ernst

Listening

may be a part of

why the poem’ s the way

It is.

Viktor Frnnkl April *1945*

To

lose all is to know

all We need to know.

Isaac

He

knew His father knew

the cause the love

the where ness of

his being

Bound/

there to the fear in

his help less cries

at the stake the fire of

God’s burning justness.

Recognition

Looking

through glass May be the

same person If he sees

the way I’m seeing

him in.

Night’s voices

To

the whisper

ing of moon’ s lighted

thoughts And those voice

s through unanswer

ing stars.

Arm chairs

in a certitude of

self-assur ance Cir

cling last night’s con

versations Holding in/

there

for voice.

Snails and others

maintain

a household in self-

protective

seclusion

But man walls himself in

to systems of self-de

termina

tion.

Inspoken

Looking

herself down to

her son’s telling eye

s may have spoken her

years younger.

Incessantly so

Chatter ed on incessant ly so Like

birds cheating for

the crumbs of lesser

pleasure

s.

Dream-for songs

My

father sang his dream-

for-songs Trai ling his fee

lings to

beyond

long-lost

desires.

Concealing in

Night

came

through the

slow wind s of con

cealing in depths of

hidden

darkness.

Nathaniel Pink: in retrospect

He was

so exact in precising

his culti vated ends

Taking the meanings to

the length of their long-

desired-in tendons That

his world seemed made-

over

for the glit—

tering win ding paths

of where those stars

could be turned in or

out at the

ease of his

elongated

whispering

s.

Thaw

One

can only really know

what that soft ness

means After the hard-

cold of contracting

to the muscles and

bones of our restrained desires Melting.

Just for a moment

the buds

of touch ing his finger’s wants for light.

Brueghel: 2 Paintings

1. The Blindfollowing the blind I’m

not certain If there

may be a cliff hanging

down some where that

empty feeling in

the depths of my hollow

ed in thoughts.

1. The Tower of Babel

Such

heights may blind us

to a view of ourselves

Taking stone instead of

the pulse of where

flesh speak s aloud

that stone- touched

in death.

Concert goers

Most

were listen ing to what

They were told to listen for

Like catch ing an undis

covered mouse because the

traps were set- in their cor

rectly baited fashion.

Such Witnesses

All these windows loo

king out through their

glass-reflecting eyes

Witnesses to this speech

less void of our blinding

times.

Whiteness of

As swans shadow their

whiteness in the cool

awareness of their

passing through these

upturned

waves.

Surprised awakenings

in

those sur prised awaken

ings as flo wers un

earthed from being

kept cold and dark so

long.

Workman

His

hands rough ed to the

numbness in this wintered cold Spading

this half- frozen earth

to an indelible warmth

his hands had long since

been telling.

A logic to faith?

if

there’s a logic to faith

it’s because what I think

can’t think me beyond the

bounds of my pre-detcrmin

ed person Love less as such

and in the eyes of death

helpless

as well.

The Liberal creed

believes in a man better

ed than I’ve come to know

And the pro

gress of a

progressive ly dismal

world I’d be a liberal

If I didn’t know myself

Better than

that!

On the Alert

alarming colors melting into a flow

of imagined thoughts

Upsetting

whatever ba lance I

could ease out from there.

This last berried touch

to its hardened colored sense of There-I-

am regained for this mea

ning to tell.

A Door

could go ei ther way

But if you’ re alone

That touch of its used-

in presence is like Asking your self Why you’

re coming back to what

isn’t there.

This ground’s

frozen into its times of

forgetful ness Like some

animals who take their winter sleep in those urging

s for a depth of silence

quiet- held in

that

overfelt flow for stars.

A rabbit’s Softness

i felt

into a flow

ing warmness of why It

needed to jump As a poem

that couldn’ t stay still

in its accept ance of be

ing there.

Innocent continuity

This

snow’s in nocent contin

uity As if All the world

could be told through the

whiteness of its alway

s coming

times.

Opened Piano

o

pened The

keys in black for

white

running their length to a

presuppos ed sense for

sound.

Emptied waiting room

Rows

of seat less person

s having been where

they aren’t now A lone

liness of watching spo

ken shadow s emptied

of their

voices

through.

“Giving iti to oneself’’

but who’s giving and

what’s re ceiving And

are we two selves in a

dialogue between the

one as o ther Or would

giving out from be a better method for pleasing,

so to say, the “real

self’.

“Don’t trouble trouble unless trouble troubles you

but some people seek

trouble by not troubling a

bout what could possi

bly be Unpre pared in their

defense of Habitual mid-

streamers without know

mg where the other side

might bring them in for.

“Scatter-brained”

because she scatter ed her

thoughts and

doings out beyond the

range of bringing them

back in

again.

That “stiff upper lip”

might harden even those

sensitive realms of where

a kiss could How into real

izing unend ing streams

those melting

winds

through desire.

“Finding oneself”

is like a game of

hide and seek Wherever you

are isn’t what you’re

looking for And where

you aren’t is still to

be found

out.

Jungle-jim

But

in a jungle You can’t

get to the heights of

Entangled in the over

growth of finding your

self in

for out.

Making meanings

One

word may make the mea

ning of a poem As

a bird tentatively grasped-in

branch even more than it

could conceive then.

Two ways

1. what is isn’t what

it seems to be be

cause I tell it in

my way And it implie

s that other

wise sense

for being.

1. It

may not be the way

We see things But

how They’ re seeing

us.

A tree without leaves

naked to the outlines of its being

seen through.

Fossils

are

where me mories can

only be touched

from.

Carpet

woven in

to its pre determined

design Colors itself

as a man readied in

smiles that speak increa

singly a-

loud.

Night-time shadows

less dark as the shade

s of previous thoughts But

only slight ly touched-

Awakened

in view.

In losing scent

Roses

withered to their

dryness in losing

scent.

Advent: unsemen from afar

What

they saw in that felt-

distance from a cer-

taint’d star through the

longings of those fol

ding field’ s increa

sing hopes to that moment-felt in the nearing

light of an eternal

truth.

Of false expectations

Some

threads can take the

fabric out of its intended designs discolored from misuse And

worn down as the range

of these pro mising hill

s from the breadth of

such false expectat

ions.

If Croce

was fat dictatorial

and distaste ful for all

that’s seen and heard Where

does his History of Freedom

bring him

in.

Outgrown

my

high school

days Though the weeds

of then en during sense

Would have choked this

pre-intended

bloom.

Chest of drawers ca. 1900

Wood carved in a glass-

telling view of a world

long since deciphered

As words written to be

privately kept through

those touchtelling mo

ments of a vanishing

time.

what we don’t know

will be

That tense pres-

sured blood Tight-clas-

ped-in Timed of not

yet where.

Killing Christ

They

tried to kill him

then to(o) That time

in the blood of infant’s

cries But now through the

dissimula ting word that

created Him in the revela

tion of the

Holy Spirit.

Washed out

This

land’s wash ed out

of whatever meaning It

could have held through

that bloodletting time

Soaked in the depths of

where con science lost

its feeling for

in the trivi allties of

Changing

truths

shifting mea nings And the

High priest of Baal’s

rhythmic urge for a

lesser self.

Holy night

it

was so quiet in that

night That he could almost

hear it thin king out

through space to where A

choir of star s singing

in their brightness

enchanted his mind with

some thing like a peace

Angelically

distanced

but yet ra diantly

near.

Israel

Being

chosen

selected

specially from all the

peoples of the earth

to deny their own heritage

that the hea then might be

told-in the truth of that

ever-lasting

love.

The Shepherds

the chosen

are the least apparent

not in their Way But in

His desire s to touch

them in the truth of His

explicit ly near.

The Manger

no place to be for one

of human-kind They eyed His

presence An intruder or

their creator As humankind would eye him a bit

later.

Sectarian

Only

they seemed to know

but exactly the meaning of

God’s will and word

Dressed in the piety of

their thor oughly self-

satisfy ing instinct

s.

Sectarian II

That

room had too many closed-

in window s about it

and their fa

ding but still angelic

apprecia tive smiles

As of the childlike in their

early 80s Ex peering the

wings of their own saving-

through

Grace.

may be a tenta

tive uncer tainty of fee

ling in to the where

of your own imagining

self.

That sofa

display

ing the ernbro deries of its newly dressed pre

sence As a middle- aged woman

eymg-in the wherea bouts for her self-seem

ed sense.

“Getting down to business’’

may imply that you’re

up somewhere else and per

haps need those circui

tous stairs to wind your

selfback down again Or

is chat laz iness biding

your time a way from the

busi ness of where You

should be down to(o).

Who’s measuring who?

if

the times are the measure of God’s word

Why did He measure us

out through the timeless

ness of His knowing

wisdom.

That static landscape

standing up to itself

as far as the

seeing its flat-length

ed coldness

in view.

Colored rolling

Ball's colored roll ing through

the hands of its round

edness

from.

Aron at age three

activa

ting more than he can

keep from quieting his

thoughts

back to.

Shutter’s

closed from

their seeing out to a

world of darkness

prevading eye’s view.

Conceit

may lower the estimate

to your stuck-up

self

Where comb

ing it back down may

not please the delicacy

for your finger’s

grace.

Self-importance

implies that there’s a

self to be important a

bout But he judged other

s with the standards

He’d set for himself As if

those other s were there

to answer for what He hadn’t

made known of their un

tried wan-

tings.

A irport

Lights

set up to stand

witness ing in dark

The nowhere out of here

that wasn’t there Barbed-

wired.

Downed

It rained

my memories down Like

leaves fall ing through

those overcrowding nights.

Nathaniel Pink’s mid-morning

Those

beauties smi ling back at

him to clean his teeth

a bit harder Shining up

for that mid- morning’s inquis

itively mirrored glance

for the assur ance that

He’s coming well along for

a belated stroll with his ne

glecting dog.

Waking from snow

its cool light increa

sing aware ness in that

feeling- through- dark

of why those stars have

out told their last glimmer

mg sensed for night.

Snow melting this hill down

in the phrase s of refunding

curves and shapes of its

shaped for.

If hat’s progress

we learn by losing what

we learned by using

But not for an out las

ting sense.

V\e never know

if it’s the last time

A call that left her dy

ing beside that unused

bed. A house lived in

through us But not re

turned to But what we

never know may be know

ing us now.

For Rosemarie

It’s

because you’ re always

there That I can find my

way back to what I’ve

always want ed to be -

You make the most of me.

Unleft

The

birds have taken all

their colors away And left

me to the bareness of

these wintering wants.

21 Oik Lane

'"he

vhiteness if that castle-

ike-house eemed less so

fter this ight powder

d snow had re Iressed its

ause for stan ling still

o long.

Early morning swim

de

teeded the ool of tou

hing through he feel

)f his bo- lied claims

\nd that fresh- tess of think

ng tliose :arly morning

houghts a-

live.

These sleepless winds

restless with un

dreamed

thoughts

and of the waves sear

ching for morning’

s light.

Those palms

in the soft ness of

their flow ing winds

have swayed my thought

s in sleep.

Of lasting time

Morning

and these wave s have been

calmed coming in as

the woven thoughts of

lasting time.

Out at sea

Ships

far out at sea dis

tancing me

from myself.

Living up your faith alone

may be more yours than His

who created you and Not

you Him in the image of your

own devotion.

Have you ever asked

why these roads extend

two direc tions by claim

ing the one or even the

other It’s like Christ’

s spreading out His arms

so far as that un

foreseen He knew but

these roads seem at time

s motionless in their

just being

passed by.

Hunger’s

the rage of these cliff

s torn from every self-

satisfying view these

tourists have tucked in their

hand- guides Steeped down

to that finalized fear

ed-in depth

s.

For our children’s sake

What

ever our parents made

of us

may have out

lasted its meaning

for our children’

s sake.

Freed

She smiled her wrinkles free to a childlike meaning an eager

ness for eyes speaking

loud again.

Jonah and the Storm

Jonah

couldn’t sleep his

conscience clean as

Jesus’ dis ciples in

the garden of His fear

s We often deny Him by

just being the way we

are.

“He's not quite himself ”

implies that that “he’s”

and that “self” complement

each other as one But what

ot that o ther self that

seems like whis pering from

the shadowed realms of other

wiseness Or those in-bal

anced sensiti vines that

hold to their own way of

finding from self out.

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

Nothing

on that table was the way

It was meant to be — Pass

over seemed here to be

passed over from its sym

bolic intent Andjudas slouch

cd into an ever-prcsence

otherwise ness of

“Judaic

cunning”.

Country dining with Ingo and Solvay

Somewhere

from that near ness of Ven

etian overpresent price

s And those refuged shadow

s that still plague from its

past Here in the country side

where breathing really takes

the air in And taste is

opulently

enchanced

from view.

Of re-seeming eyes

Watching

little crca turcs in the

wood with the respecta

bility of re- seeming eye

s our own inner notion

s of word

in sense.

Romanesque

Thicken

ed protective walls Assn in

mg a lesser height for closed- in prayers

to the dark of an in-

revealing God surrounding

himself with penitant de

votions.

*Up stream*

As

fish swee ping the currents with their flash-

for-scaling fins He tried

to force him self against

those inner tides to his

improbably

found-for

self.

Low tide

That

long flat tcned line

ofbeached- in steps Calm

ing the wave s in to that

smoothed sur

face

evening out the length to

my own clear ing through

thought

s.

Seaside houses

These

houses framed to

the voice of the sea’s

listening to their loo

king out Con stantly ap

pearing.

Train stops

starting

again after the signals

have changed As if that

train hadn’t all along

been taking its stations

in Albany New York in

that night- glassed image

of seeing my child’s eye

s through the windows of that

unseen dark’ s not reali

zing myself

from where.

Outlasted

That

house out lasted its time Where others moved

wc stayed When others

would have built anew

That house re peated its wan

ting claims on becoming

through us Am I (then)

that house that didn’t re

main?

*Can you familiarize stone*

by looking a cross the lake

to those distance-seen

cities Where the hills glad

ly take them up embracing

time in place.

Moving on

This

lake’s moving on as a guide

book for kno wing where But

with the wind’ s transparent

meanings and where swans re

creating through their whiteness

that silent flow from be

ing there.

At 65

there’s more of sleep

becoming of me Cocooned

in a closcd- in-silence

ofbuttcr

fly’s

dreams.

*Ice-cream man*

changed song But not fla

vours Always the same re

peating them that he sleep

s to the taste of the sound’

s flavour.

*Than this*

it

can’t get much colder

than this down here

where Florida’ s buried in

the heat of warmed up de

sires And winds chilled

by evening

thoughts.

*Dolphins*

presuming another sense

of world Between sea

and air see king out

that language for words.

*Blue Marlin’*

s sanctity in color

Only the sea can tell

the streaming length of its

callings and the plungings

of its deepen ing finds.

*Pre-established presence*

At the top

of these pole’ s pre-estab

lishcd prc scncc ofbirds

staring out their unseen

in-knowing

stillness.

Osprey

Too big fish might weigh

them down So they must

choose their appetites

for somewhat smaller ta

kings Asa modest poet’

s for just the righdy

weighted

words.

*Can we tame the sea*

manicured in that touch

of shell with domesti

eating sails Whitening

its expanse with our own

pleasuring needs Fished

down to the bottom of where

these appetite s dwell.

*Sand Piper’s*

smallness in quickening feet’s touching

the surfac ed imprinting moment’ s needs.

*Australian pines*

rising

me up to their shaded

height’s growth from

silenced

sway.

*Dead pelican*

head

buried in the sand from

the heights of his climb

ing wings and gliding sha

dows surveying for fish tee

ming in their surfaced glance

Now head’s turned in

that shallow reach for

sand.

I*What man means by freedom*

as the square ness of that

pool defining in the even-

armed of those stroking

lengths a cer tained and

guaranteed course of

self- dir ection.

*(Cmrls*

The

curls of his hair indis

tinguished from less-

oriented

thought

s Hanging loose sun-glassed

pcrspec

tives.

When her grandmother died

the otic whose heart was

bigger than the place where

It was meant to be The flo

wers were crying And

that little girl almost

6 or 7 lost more of her

self than any little ness

could pos sibly have

known.

Writing myself wake

in the in delible

ink of person and

page.

Seeing it straight

as an arrow Quivered

in its mark.

Starting a poem ’

s like beginn ing yourself

All over a gain.

“Felt it that way”

You may have felt it

that way But

does the

page reveal the same.

Criminals

if

you don’t let them be punished They’

11 punish

you more with their unrc

solved guilt.

A strange bird

not yet map ped out to

my sense of name Appearing

to a nearness of finding

me something

more.

Because he wasn ’tflying

that small blue heron’s

thinness in feet Angled

an uncertain impression

from place.

What secrets

have these sands buried

deeper than the knowing it

can tell These broken hopes

as shells wash ed up from

their dried- down claim

s.

Moming streetlights

as it the dark was still

turned on Breeding an

unseen fear Reaching

through those silent depth

s tor night.

The slightness of this pen

can only touch the out lines ot what I’m meaning

tor.

This blue shell

ringed with the circles It

couldn’t con tain A round

ness that told for the sea’

s voice per fectly still

ed.

Helen’s romantic urge *(in Howards End)*

to fulfill

her self- deny

ing self The way flower

s deem their light for a

desert

setting.

Border states

All

states border on others or a state of mind that

can’t quite place its

whereabouts

from.

Self-imaged

To believe

in God’s be lieving in

you isn’t al ways the

same.

Horseshoes

aimed

with the eye or hands

tightly taught to

find in spaced between.

*Mr. Wilcocks* (in Howards End) To

own up to what will find

you out The hide and

seek of life’ s perform

mg game.

Handyman

Whatever

went wrong He fixed it

back to place Agile with

hands eye- minded/de-

tailed But his life was

out of

place Couldn’

t come to grip s to where

His

eyes seemed

helpless ly insecure.

*The Basses* (in Howards End) She

caged him in As a parrot

celebrating colors She

fed with her eyes and bo

died kept in.

Phil

He had a

trucker’s strength but

mild hands toned down

voice quick to a

word glimmering his eyes

into eager- ed presence.

Tempting a smile

in that shy

ness of an

incomplet ed selfsense As if touch could

(

signify its own rights

Brighten ing you in

to that mir rored glance.

Falling with Snow

These

mountains falling with

snow the last impres

sions from their winter’

s weighted

silence.

Taking a Measure by myself (Hommagea Wordsworth)

I’ve sat

under this same

tree 30 odd years now

with much of myselfbe

tween As this lake measur

ing out the distance to

where these trees comb the

otherside in And the same

birds or re lated off

spring retell ing their mea

ning for con tinuing song

That time melt s rather than

measuring in to my sitting

myself out

once again.

Becoming aware

is like

those colors

coloring me Or the hesitant pull of shadows

inside/from.

Melting down

This

snow’s fa ding out

Melting sha dows down

to those deep treelines dark ly exposed con

tinuing growth.

Spitzweg: Hunter in the Woods

Why

did that deer happen to

happen Right there with

his al

most smiling ar

ticulation When the hun

ter’s mouth stuffed with

the sausaged taste of wood

ly enclosure s And the nec

essary wine to finish off

the length of such pro

ceedings.

Spitzweg: The Butterfly Chaser

It couldn’

t possibly be that big

His eyes bul ging with wing

ed intent But this net

smaller than the confines

of his irretrie able hopes

That the butter fly stood con

templadng for a long while

the indigenous designs of

his own secur ing leisure.

“Pouring one’s heart out”

The problem

with pouring one’s heart

out is that even those reinforced damns might breakthrough with too much

flooding.

Your collared suit

but

newly starched in with

reinforced

conclusions.

Narrowed

That squirrel

the one in black

narrowing the branch

to his slender ness of feet-

finding.

Through emptied branches

a bird sings flowing songs

Awakening

greeness through those

unfolding

leaves.

Perspectived

He

was told from various

sides As a tailor pinning down for performance.

Dream-felt

Houses

passing through me

nrories of having been

trans

parencies

in thought

dream-felt.

Soundless voice

Crystall

ed sha dows snow-

flaked sound less voice.

Only the outside now

You’re

only the out side now for

my having been there White co

lumned to those pre-establish

ed heights in holding me

up from the red brick bright

ening my return s into those

interior claims drawing me

through a close ness ot that

familiarly known’s only

the outside now passing me by

unredeemed hope s of your long

forgotten claims on my

having been there in leav

ing you now as in then.

This wording of

Have

the times changed this

wording of Or do we

sense and feel the same

but need fresh claims in the

retelling for.

Borderline

He was

there for Be wildering

the inside out of others

Until that car hit him down

to those be wildering

pains through his self’s

meaning.

Winding a clock

up to impulsing his

hands with life-like.

Would/would??

If

she stood up to his taking her down Fist-minded

pains Would he be smaller

still Backing off frightened through her woman’s deter

mining stance Or would he

hit her down again through

those freely- found instinct

s from the strength of

prisoning

walls.

Murky persons

inhabiting the lower le

vels as in the sea depth’s

dark of where light’s re

fracted from its clarify

ing/glan

ced.

Of secret, untold meanings

Carrying

down to the sea The

gleam of these Venetian

palaces’

unspoken

truths

cleansed of

fears and Their secret

untold mean

mgs.

Enthroned Madonna and Saints

(Bellini, 1505, S. Zaccaria)

As if

there’s nothing left

to be said m this im

movable

perfection

of person and place

The harmonies of color

and sound a- live to that

stillness of always be

ing there.

Afterall

Spring

may afterall only be

flowered

because

there’s more lightness

of mind.

Like other ships

Friend

ship’s like other

ships Sail mg an uncertain course Some

times quickened for

wind or les sened in

that lei sured

for seeking more If there’

s a harbour here then

Why are the anchors so

short to

reach.

Too white

These walls too white

to be tell ing anything

new.

Broken out nut-shell

as if

words could

only live when not

fully ex

posed.

Listening

for the sounds of

flowers

growing.

Taking leave

Funerals’ a ta

king leave

not of the dead But of

our living memories

of where He could be

told back

from.

A thirst for words

There’s

a thirst for words

Like

the need for

splitting wood to that

coldness of foretelling hands.

*Rowers* for Ingo

The roughness of that

wood could only be measured to their ensuring hands- of Boats gli

ding past all expecta

dons.

Unquiets

We are

all those who read us

in differ ing ways

The poem un quiets

m its

stilled-from

presence.

Those

*Strung*

rain-beads

budding in their last-

told message as the purity of pearl strung

from its self-enclos

ed meaning.

He

was so fastidious

ly groomed to a cele

brated appear ance That

it was like china not

to be touch ed or even

turned a bout

those phases illumina

ting light Butjust

there to be seen as a

permanent ly display

ed-in item.

Nathaniel Pink on the world situation

This

world may be turning a

bout in its pre-described

fashions unsettling all

that ease of my warm-

bathed inclusions — Did

you hear it then, there,

or any where Now

Coloring my semantic

thoughts That little

ness of bird just fit

for its discerning

moment.

Dresden: 5paintings

1. Cranach: Paradise What

God created for man

took his own way out

leaving those animals all

alone to people his

forelorn

hopes.

1. Cranach: Fall of Man

Equal

rights for Adam

His own fruit ed touch

ed the naked ness of

death’s loom ing call.

1. Titian: Paying taxes to Caesar You

can divide a coin

that way The Emperor’

s godly per manence

more than touching the

surface to Jesus’

undivided re ply.

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

a beauty of the flesh

so sensu ously recrea

ting in that deepening

temt for color And the

glowing-gold of her hair’

s spelled- in promise

But there’s also a beauty

beyond defin ing itself

in her lighted eyes

to some thing more

than just seeing there.

Child’s eyes

He

sees me bigger than

I am

What I know

he knows more by not

knowing yet the open

color of his

eyes re

colors my sense for see

ing so.

Wheel-chaired

to her help less fin

ding feet’ s Eyes rest

lessly a

bandoned their

permanent ly ground-

place.

Angelic

“Getting out ofhand”

may imply that your

feet aren' t always on

the ground.

Our background

keeps get ting to the

forefront of our reali

zing in now.

Afterglow

When

color melts in

to sound And the stone’

s bright with moon’

s after

glow.

may negate more of

*“Thinking positively”*

what thin king’s

all about.

Free

to do and saying entangled with in his sha

dowed-for

self.

Over voiced

That

music over voiced his

trying to listen

in.

Unsettled

It’s be

cause of these small

changes that often unsettle us The older we

become The more aware of

our body’s need s It’s like

noticing a bird for the

first time Exactly where

it sits E ven the ex

tent of its song The co

loring of its being

there And when it starts

to fly That’ s where

We’re most uncertain for

our own balancing measure of things.

Passah Haggadah *(Passover)* It

may be that This day is

like any o ther day

But asking it anew may

change the certitude of

its being there

It’s the

asking it that matters Not

that day at all Freedom’

s the aware ness of time’

s changing And that’s

where God fulfills the

meaning of

himself.

Plain talk's

the mid- western e

vener Not where moun

tains or even hills acquire

a beyond-it

of a certain sameness

where even these flowing

fields wind- bound to the

breadth of un defined

spaced one ness

that plain

ness

for speech.

Obscuring

These

nights ob souring

where I can find my

self

back to.

At the Psychoanalysts

Dr. W.

sat listen ing.

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

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

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

Self-defining

She

cut out the odds and

ends of making those

flowers look pretty

again.

Caroline

Face

puppet-round voice a shal

lowed sweet ness She wore

half-bright ened color s and fear ed the depth

s in dark ness Childlike or child ish her 46

year old worn-from

keeping

smile.

“Baldunug Grien’s Crucifixion” (Basel)

As if

Jesus’ side was only

pierced through for

Thomas to feel to the

wounds of his own self-

wanting

spirit.

*Awakening*

Spring

may have brightened

his voice from a sha

dowless

dream.

Cross-word puzzles

may have crossed his

mind’s sha dowing con

templa

tions.

Illmensee’s

combed through the

wave-length of her re ticent ducks And a slight

wind sur-

facing the anxieties of these uncertain

times Wind en closed Woods

beheld The Easter time’s

blessing

from light.

Rembrandt’s “Resurrection” (Munich)

Jesus

sitting off the sleep

He knew was more than

death And the Angel of the

Lord light- bound that emp

tiness of those rock’s

encompassing

claims.

On the Way to Emmaus

Have we

taken that road to(o)

Telling the Lord what He

didn’t know of His own

salvation Roads can be

dark and un certain And

we enlighten ed with the

certainties of our own

self-justi fled meaning

s.

Painting over

gave her a feeling of

freshened

cleanness

as of clothes hanging dry

in the indelible sun.

Waking through dream

as if the sea’s envel

oping a tide less forget

fulness sur

rounded in self as a

forelorn boat without a

guiding star

to find.

Ofpromising colors

it

rained All my ex

pectation s away And

those fears that tension

s find And left a rain-

bowed ring a bout of pro

mising co

lors.

Of untold meanings

The

way you look ed beyond

yourself as

waves shifting through the

tides of un told mea

nings.

In colored

it

rained so slightly

that you could still

hear the in tendons of

butterfly wings and that

after-view in

colored.

“Justitia ”

She

claimed a self-assur

ance

High to its

non-beautified final callings

She taught bound through

the stature of selfcertainty.

Neil

I found you back a

gain Where ever you

were is be ing retold

for now.

Piano Lesson’s

a French im provising

theme for those

eyed-in

touching

where

sounds.

Nathaniel Pink unearthed

That ripened smell of some

what cloister ed flowers un

earthed some of his Finest

feelings so much that his

Finger’s branched out

to that ne cessity

oF performing in leafless

dance.

Overwording

if

it can’t be put down to

to where down is Then

over wording’ s like an

gelic a

floats.

Prettiness

may pretend to decorate

what shouldn’ t be touch

ed dee per As a

woman orna mented in the

cold stones of their na

tural light.

Sleep

wakes me a light Candles

of impercep tible quie

tilde as waves woven in

to a time less shore.

Beautifying

Flowers

may attract bees to their

love-find nectar Just by

beautifying in their pre-

established

presence.

The example

believers should set is

of our lost soul The wan

derings of a vacant mind

As of Abraham through

those desert s of yet

unreclaimed

land.

For my dead father, in dialogue

1 knew

you knew the stirring

of our blood’ s needs for

an indetermin ed there

Was it that driving unease

front our ghet toed past

or The Lord’s unrelinguished

ed claims for finding us

home.

Something to hide

We

all have some thing to hide

Most always from our

self and if the Neighbour

s know it’s coming closer

edging in on us Hide and

seek’s life’ s game of un

founded mea nings.

The Holy of holies

or that fruit beyond man’s

reach which we took for death’

s pleading call’s God’s

way of telling us the un

told mysteries He’s reclaim

ed for our beyond reach.

Trying to be humane’s

a pulling a gainst man’

s evil nature And if he

pulls too fast too far

there may be little of

himself left for helping.

Saddam’s palaces

gleamed in the gold of

his sunset smiles

And the dark of those torture chamber’ s deep in the

depth of his unfathomed

will for power in ruins now

Classically-

cat-oriented

that ancient culture robbed

of the artifacts of

what’s past

passed.

Making us mild

Some

days make us mild Like

that innocent look of childlike uncer tainty whether

it’s I or it’s breezy

light’s

prevading.

Roller-Coaster

Even

if its lan guage may

slip from our grasp to

those rising stars over

heard in plun ging feeling

s of where we aren’t

returning round for.

Mozart’s Flute

running through where

birds disperse in awareness

azur the

of contem plating in

water’s

stillness.

Figurative houses

climbing from pre-estab

lished hills to a finished

stance of gathering-in

familiar

lty.

Iraq or that Humpty-Dumpty syndrom

Taking

the language a part’s only

a part of put ting it back

together a gain It’s that

Humpty-Dumpty syndrom that

poets can per form While mili

tary means have mostly

foiled.

If

The Lord ere ated chaos

for the order ing of thing

s to becom ing They’re

might be a slight glimpse

of that left for my teen

age daughter.

Schwabian Alb *for h. e.*

What

kind of massive sleep

have you a toned-through

This waiting brooding si

lence Rock- held Trees-

thought in Climbing the

reverence of what’s past

by being

overheard.

Isaac

Son

of your father Father of

your son That transitional

nature of man’s non-

selective

meaning.

She

*Meditations on Vermeer*

may have pla ced the ob

jects of her world in just

the way She saw and touch

ed them But if o

thers did like wise It may

not have been her world

anymore.

22 Oak Lane

No go

ing back The

house of those first

seeings out and knowings

somewhere

deep

Sold to stran

gers as if It could be

taken away from my gar

dened hopes and where the

sky still re mains in sum

rnered view.

That bird

would have died in the

thicket of its hopeless

pleading cries If its

voice wasn’t lifted through

those saving hands to the

in-felt warm th of re

gaining flight.

Birch-felt

The fineness of these

leaves birch- felt in moun

tain’s protec tive shadow

mgs.

These bells

through

solemned

clouds

shining out sun-told.

Samuel

quickfaced child Explicit

ly blond As the sharpened contours of refining rock’ s certain

ed edge.

Grammar

is mine to express

not its laws But in the

expressive ness of i-

mage crea tings.

Outgrown

She out

grew herself into the

shadows of seclu

ded silence.

Until the Fox came

She was

as helpless as that muchloved furried rabbit Caged

in the satis factions

of an ordinary life His mun-

chings on car rots and salads

much as her distribution

of finding friends to keep

her in from finding out her

helpless lone liness Until

one night The

Fox came His

eyes staring as the moon’s

brightening glow His jewell-

in-teeth Broke the wirings

that held her in that help

lessness She couldn’t get

out from.

Milkweed

floating an occas ional sound- lift.

Held fast

It’s

your beauty that holds

me fast Despite wea

kenings in an aging

heart.

a butterfly could straigh

ten its

thoughts out

It wouldn’t be as humane

as we are.

R i vc red

He read

himself through the

river’s tee ming chances

of stone- bred lightning caused.

Self-Protective

Most

women want to be cloth

ed to a na kedness from

themselves The liturgi

cal church wrapped in its

own self-pro tective

tradition

s.

Rained away

it

rained that heat away

to a cool ness of

somewhat

self-content

ment.

Directionless

These

tracks may be running

still But the trains don’

t come direct ionless like

intently wait ing for news

that’s already past happen

ing.

Dart game

He

threw dart s to count

his points to their

needled insistent hand

s quivering in length.

So many doors

that he couldn’t find

the where of finding out

the coming back in

to.

No one to know

living in that room

where the clock never

theless tur ning its

time around in visibly de

ciphered.

*The Trenches* (World War i)

Dug

in to the depths of

time-number ed deaths

unperson ally await

mg.

“To make the most of it”

implies that the most

isn’t most ly what we’re

making it for.

That piano

reverent ly polished

to those in

toned en closures of

self-suffi

cient

stillness.

Candles

burned down to their co

loring length Renewing in

formed-re

flection.

A part of her

He

was a part of her

being her self As an

outer face from being

confined

within.

Adam stripe bass fishing

This

mid-night flood of

tide’s moon- eclipsing

their striped through run-

gleaming-

fast.

So lined in

That room

was so lived in That it

stopped spea king for

itself.

Aloneness

He

inhabited

himself

in that room of still ed but dis tant

houses.

Lesser Mark

Trying

to impress o thers may

have left a lesser mark

on himself.

Sylvia’s way

Butter

flies flut tering in

their ribbon ed estua

ries Landing in on

sounds.

Leafed

This

green of having been

finally form ed for wind’ s chanced- through

pleasures.

Of darkening

Pulling

the shade s down’

s another way of darken

ing your own sense for

night’s self enclosing

claims.

Scented

Rose

s darken ing in the

rain Leaves spreading

out that scent of fal

len shadow s.

Out blossomed

That

tree out blossomed

itself to a fragrance

in being

heard.

Bigger

That

car was bigger than

she could find of her

self sit

ting in.

After rain

there’s a fragrance

to touch and the quiet

of moon- spell time.

5 Masterpieces in the Alte Pinakothek,

a) Resurrected Christ (Rembrandt)

*Munich*

Lonely

sitting

through that

waiting corner of death’

s reviving to the light

of the Lord’ s angelic

callings.

1. Wedding Portrait (Rubens) You

dressed her all up to

that shining splendour

of a pose Your poetic

love-felt de sires could

only secni- in telling as

Her touching hand from

yours.

1. Annunciation (Bouts)

That do

sed book kept more of

my eyes than what that annunci

ating angel and Mary could

commune of an unopened my

stery together ed in- told.

1. Vanity (Titian) Her

beauty held- in more

of your selfadmiration

than even those jewels

could mirror through a

timeless

truth.

1. Self-Portrait (Diirer as Christ) Those

Four Apostels e pically I

talianite a cross the way

from your intense longing

to face into Christ’s fea

tures of timeless

beauty.

Pastel Afternoon

with fee lings muted

in the soft ness of not

even thinking the why or wherefore of.

At the Proms

two dogs

Boston bull black flee

ked in- stepped a

wareness

Sequenced

their approa ching feet.

Of marbled stone

The

cold touch of this marbled stone perinea

ting sight through

transpar ent vein

s Awaken ingjoy!

Historical length

These

times over reaching

themselves into a now

of only just realizing

that then.

Could mean

Thinking

flowers smaller than

the speaking of touch

could mean.

Black Cat

in garden’ s staring

my eyes in to its strange

ness seeing

through.

Its sense from darkness

Bird’s co lored song

in-tuned from the wood’

s awaken ing through

its sense for dark

ness.

A quiet place

where wa ters reflec

ting in the stillness

of trans parent

thoughts.

With Corot

This in

tending blue cloud-

touched the nearness of

distance s time

lessly ap

parent.

Mass graves

That un

seen hate Wild fears

shot into the blood

realizing death’s un

buried from their time

less grave

s.

Hate

screams

impassion

ed shadow

s.

Out spreading

Sha

dows spread ing this

summer gar den’s depth

in silenced

through.

Swing

suspend ed to the

height of ba lancing-

in timed aware

ness.

Cocktail Party

if

everyone’ s out to

impress

the impress ion that’s

left —

Floating

shadows.

Dream conscious

if

this climate changes our

attitudes That heat and

sun perpetu ate their las

ting caused shadow less

dream

conscious.

Chagalls “The desparateJob”

He’s

bigger than his problems

could make him out to

be Self-im posed The

weight of relentless

ly untold.

Nathaniel Pink untangled

You

were more than what was sit

ting there Fashioned in

that pliant chair of self-as

suming comfort s Nat, let’s

up it with me as butterfly’s

secret ways in changing color

s You might have been caught

through a tangle of less-

prescribing

nets.

Van der Weyden’s “Annunciation” (Munich)

Her

fear from hand withheld

But the way she said yes

as the cloth of her fine

ly-told dress touched to

that of the angel’s where

her purity- white in the

lily enclos sed seemedjust

quite right.

After rain

and we sensed our

selves nearer to where

touch could mean the sha

dow of a glance and

that cool light reflec

ting in-jewell cd through.

On Shostakovich Preludes and Fugues op 87

if

there’s a range to be

ing left a lone to intone your own whereabout

s through No public

No protests but only the

keys of dif ferenti

ated in-touch ed dwelling

there Soun ded out by

hearing in.

Tolerance

is because However much

I know to believe

knows more than my

knowing it.

there’s no longing left

That need to be more

of what one wasn’t

The world’ s lost its

shadowing

s in.

A Form of presence

Light’

s a form of presence

Performing these trees

into a spo ken awareness

of being formed from

leafed-in’ s awaiting.

Muted now

Don’t

speak too loud now of

the dead Because their

presence’ s muted now

through lifeless a

wareness.

Flowered

Have

you been flowered by

being dress ed Awaken

ing through in scent

for color.

Familiarity

The older

one is The more familiar

ity recognize s our aging-

through need s. It might

be the lesser self that

deeds it so Or because

our times are failing out.

Bach dancing

to the tune s of his rhy

thrnic free-spell ing Impulsed that slender ness of less

weighted thoughts for

merly column ed in the

strength of when The Lord

might defend His chosen

in need.

Master of himself

if

man’s the master of him

self Why isn’ t he more

of what he isn’t.

Bach

may have built on pre-

establish ed forms

to hold their meanings in

Castled

thorough

ly equipped a gainst those

winds in wea thering

times.

To be pleased’s

the way lips assume in

smile And eye s have told

through in finishing

form.

*Through never more* (variations on a Coethian theme)

Butter

flies over water’s reflec

ting glance d them in

to that tide less sway

ed through never

more.

Nathaniel Pink’s exposures

if

you can’t button your

shirt in ei ther direction

And those co lors may not

even match to correct

able proce dures Why

bring your sensibili

ties into play like Hilary Clin

ton’s autobio graphing her

make-for

tears.

4 Squared

My glass-framed desk

adhering its cut-from spaced defining.

Revolving doors

While

the going in s a going

out And he couldn’t cen

ter himself to a balanced

thereness As if the

world was rounded to

circling spheres cosmi

cally rede

fining.

Solemned

This

heat weighs heavy upon

my thought s The clouds

closing in to a timeless ly now Even the trees

breathing down immovably

solemned.

After taste

Has

this grass been cut to

my instinct for light and

left a refresh ingly after

taste as that lightness

ofbutter fly’s random

ly rehears

mgs.

Because

if

there’s a weight to

shadow It’ s because 1'

m sitting so heavily

now.

A white horse in a green field

flowing through the

grace of where He’s

standing to the beauty of

his timely

statured.

Seamed

Moun

tains skirting their rimm-

ed-find dis tances as the

seam of a dressed- in

awareness This immobil

ity for place.

Macbeth — Anatomy of a happy marriage

One heart one soul

one hand Their works fur

thered by a common goal

What marriage could equal this

for such a u nity of purpose

They strived be yond their weak

ness to that daring goal In

life as in death a oneness

our Stratfordian bard has told

so picturesque ly unfolding

the details of their common

mould.

These

*Macbeth at Burnham Woods*

woods closing in on me En

compassing the depths of

such a telling darkness The

fears of a death I told to un

certain hands and heart coming

back at me to the beats of

their drums sa tisfying in

claims against my failing

works.

Hamlet’s Stagefright

was that common cause that kept

him from doing the works his

father’s death demanded of

his tenderness of mind and

mostly frigh tened soul

That fear of standing to

the facts Out right upon a

stage higher than his fear

ing feet would climb.

Erasing memories

is like walking on

sand in the falling

of rain’s

telling.

Of what isn’t mine

Living

the room of what isn't

mine left at lei death in being Dia logued be

yond my sense for seeing

speaks imperson ally untold.

Colored carpets

uplifting why the loo

king down’ s can’t re

main

for place.

Lee’s house

An

aesthetic of light

in glassed- through spacedefining that outer glance

in garden.

A n awayness

There

was an a wayness of

his trying to tell me

for true

Hand-look somewhere a

side from his glanced-

inward tell

ing eyes.

Horse and Rider

The

horse Carr ying his pride

upon a hand- topped hat

And the trott ing echo of

feet assem bling the thum

ping sounds of pre-estab lished heart beats.

With the speed of listening by

This

train with the speed of

listening by as stars

flourishing to the timeturning of heaven’s in

volving

heights.

Aged with the faith

tiredly worn from

fingered- down prayer

books The pulse in an

other life vaguely

touched through in

meaning.

In rhythmic variations

This

bird’s song repeated in

rhythmic var iations

might be a way of re

minding him self of what

he’s remind ing him

self for.

Beethoven Quartet op 59 No. 2

Was it that tension Or space-

creating form Or a Shakespear

ian self-told dialogue But

controlled to where mea

nings stand straight to

their being permanent

ly upheld.

Mendelssohn Quartet op 12

(1st Mut.first and recurring theme)

An inner

sadness trans parently

withheld but repeating

in almost whis pering need

s As if tou ching through

to that some where from

your distan cing self.

It

isn’t what it is But

what we’ve ta ken it to

mean to be It sits there

windowed for a light

exposing my view of where

I see it less than what

it’s sensing

out.

Insisting

These

rains keep coming down

Insisting on whatever

they keep tell ing for Like

some persons getting more

out of them selves than we

would want to be taking

in.

Thoughts On *Sophocle’s* Oedipus Rex (6)

a) If the blind know

because we’re blind in

our own see ing out See

ing is the be lieving in

what we can only know

less of.

b) Seeing-eye dog

Can I (then) scent his

world for the length of

my own.

1. If the God’s

have pre-conceiv ed And I

am only what they knew more

ot Then why

have these Greeks made

their own un fathomed Gods

into what is so humanly

formed.

1. The Greek “fates” a Christian answer Faith

love and hope

have outgather cd All the pre

conceiveness of my not be

ing more than the I

I was told to mean.

1. If Christ’s

the before knowing of All

that’s Follow ing Fhm is

the where F m not for mine

lessening

in step.

1. Too long ending

Why not

end it where it should

without such pathos

Pain speak s more in its

saying less.

5 Masterpieces in Berlin

a) Guardi

That al

most unreal faceless

world where only light

consumes the image of its

coming through Waves rest

lessly uncer tained/Sensed.

b) Canaletto As if

Venice wasn’t floating upon

the waves of a dreamed-

through sur

face You established co lumns of self-

assuring heights and the

respect in mean ingful archi

tectural claim

s.

1. Cranach’s Fall of man

Who wasn’ t was it the

snake’s whis per or that

overbrooding height of his

cosmic urge for 2 fruits

2 deaths through the

taste of their wanting for

more.

1. e) Vermeer and DeHooch

facing each other though

Telling in op posite direc

tions The one clarifying in

light the ob jects for

touching her personed-

through The o ther where

door and win dows leading

out to a space lessness in

All consuming light-timed.

Numbered

His

house num bered to his

seeing in there As if

such a sign could relate

to where Steps irrever

sibly stand.

Quieted down

Age

should have quieted him

down to that pillowed clo

sure in rest Or where bird

s circling in winds of

timeless ly passed.

Baldung Grien’s Crucifixion

You always

had another way with lt/Cross-

barked to where It split at His

imploring

feet’s e

longating the weeping Maria’

s sense of our timeless

ly told-for

sadness.

She

never grew out of her

little girl’ s tears Self-

pitying why she hadn’t been

loved for more of her own

forsaken

self.

C/*1*aga IVs Crucifixions

As if

It was only we He died

for Flesh of His flesh

Bone of his not being

able to be broken through

Paschal Lamb’ s freeing

in-pained.

“Fated”?

He

couldn’t help being what

lie was helplessly

more ot.

Chagall’s Jeremia

Clothed

for those blacked-in

tears Stone formed to re

place that broken-down

temple He sat the ageless

ness of Israel’ s suffering

calls.

Words

are too many of them

selves Like these plural

ities of fish Minnowing

to surface claims Silver-

sensed.

Diplomatically cool

the clothes for indecis

ive words Those doublemeanings in stinctive

ly formed to that lipped-

in presence of implied com

munication

s.

Where/who

Do

I sleep in the night

Or does that night sleep

through me in the darken

ing waves en compassing

And silence that keeps

speaking back into sound

less words

of dream.

Continuing on

Period

s may seek out their

own ending s But the

sense of this continu

ing on.

Rising above

But

there would be a voice

Rising above that other

wise oflis tening down

Where shells out

spoken now Conformed to

sand And those gulls repea

ting their sha dows of lost

moments in the returning

seas but Now shallowed for

touch.

For Rosemarie in Dallas, Texas

When

you aren’t there 1 can’t

fill that space

with poem.

Looking old’s

a question of attitude

Time takes its full if we

let it wrinkle us in to

a submission of You take

I’m taken as flowers

withered from being

looked at to(o) much.

5a hard

He

pressed the point so

hard ’til it broke

off.

Trusting

Why

we trust o thers is

because We can’t quite

find the same in our

selves.

*Open Spaces* after a 14th century Chinese master

etched-

m to that fineness

of detailed design

What could n’t be answer

ed Listening

out.

“Reality therapy”

He detailed his own sense for that

being here for now in the lis

ting of those warnings and

weakening s diminish

ing to where He sat and some

where outside a bird as yet

indecipher able as to form

and color sang.

Two persons? ***forO. b.***

Have you made two per

sons of me: poet and priest

Can the word be divided

then as word and (or)

word But through the word was

the flesh of His being

And the word (the other or samed)

creates a lan

guage of its own smaller

yet but as I try in the

love of His creating

hand.

On his high horse again

the sky’s

the route Claim

ing his heroic stance Saddl

ed in self- important bus

iness closing s And I

felt myself littler than

that looking up for.

Chassid

His

beard's rhetor ically gathering

us in for the flow of ri

vering sounds through the

clear wants of his brood

ing eyes to be boating us

somewhere in the distant

realms of a dreamed for

past.

Such stability

Those

heavy wooded chest of dra

wers Inherited to be kept a

live by loo king at Such

stability as if the past

couldn’t be re moved from

now.

Unlit candle’

s proper

sense for propriety

slender ly waxed

as these lif ting cheru

bic voices to a light

that’s angel ically im

plied.

“Carrying your heart on your shirt sleeve”

may seem too heavy there

weighed down in so much

self-content

ment.

Too large

That

space was too large to

belong them selves in

Only possible with an in

crease of self- meaning.

Are these plants

but dan cing figura

tively in twining a

space-loved

looked.

Over-punctuated

He

over-puncu ated his

life More stop s and halffelt starts That he began

stuttering- in truths

Moses-like.

Scholared

He scholar ed himself

into a carefully kept

(Almost meticu loulsy-

mindedway of self-pro

tective

efficiency.)

Cooled off

for a

plastic sense

reshaping the depth

in shadow.

Poetry books by David Jaffin

1. Conformed to Stone, Abelard-Schuman,

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1. Emptied Spaces, with an illustration by Jacques Lipschitz, Abelard-Schuman, London 1972.
2. In the Glass of Winter, Abelard-Schuman,

London 1975, with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon.

1. As One, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1975.
2. The Half of a Circle, The Elizabeth Press,

New Rochelle, N. Y. 1977.

1. Space of, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1978.
2. Preceptions, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle,

N. Y. 1979.

1. For the Finger’s Want of Sound, Shearsman Plymouth, England, 1982.
2. The Density for Color, Shearsman Plymouth,

England, 1982.

1. Selected Poems, English/Hebrew,

Massada Publishers, Givatyim, Israel, 1982.

1. The Telling of Time, Shearsman, Kentisbeare,

England, 2000 +Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

1. That Sense for Meaning, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2001 +Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
2. Into the timeless Deep, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2002 +Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
3. A Birth in Seeing, Shearsman, Exeter,

England, 2003 +Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

1. Through Lost Silences, Shearsman, Exeter,

England, 2004 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

David Jaffin

**Poems**

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

Edward Lucie Smith, on Emptied Spaces

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

David Marshall, Yale University

*>*

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

Victor Terras, *Brown University*

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

Michael Butler *(University of Birmingham)* in *Samphire* on *In the Glass of Winter* and As *One*

BK17708854