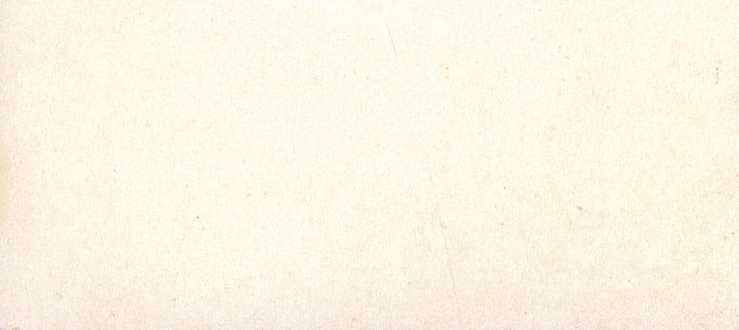
INTIMACIES OF SOUND



Poems

David Jaffin



Intimacies of Sound

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OF SOUND

Poems

David Jaffin

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Contents

[Hearing aid’s 11](#bookmark1)

[After the necessary time 11](#bookmark2)

[Reinforcement 12](#bookmark3)

[Mountained cemetery 12](#bookmark4)

[Silver distel’s 13](#bookmark5)

[The one that got away 13](#bookmark6)

[Scarecrow 14](#bookmark7)

[Hard-cut 15](#bookmark8)

[The ripeness of fruit 15](#bookmark9)

[Love poem 16](#bookmark10)

[Changing colors 16](#bookmark11)

[Resembles 17](#bookmark12)

[Morning moon 17](#bookmark13)

[Time-tabled 17](#bookmark14)

[Children on display 18](#bookmark15)

Braunschweig:

4 paintings 18

[Leaves 21](#bookmark17)

[Milkweed’s 21](#bookmark18)

[Could mean 21](#bookmark19)

[Blown free 21](#bookmark20)

[A good try 22](#bookmark21)

[Poems in print 22](#bookmark22)

Fall of man II Parma da Vecchio Braunschweig 22

[Bird’s ascending 23](#bookmark25)

[Minnowing 23](#bookmark26)

[Medieval symbols 24](#bookmark27)

[Theme and Variations 24](#bookmark28)

[Quiet late summer days 25](#bookmark29)

[Withholding 25](#bookmark30)

Aristophanes:

the birds (7) 26

[The idol 26](#bookmark32)

[A long time to thaw 28](#bookmark33)

A dialogue

of aging lovers 30

[Im-itating 31](#bookmark35)

[Roads 31](#bookmark36)

[Sermoned 31](#bookmark37)

[Wall-papered 32](#bookmark38)

[Joseph in the pit 32](#bookmark39)

[Achat 33](#bookmark40)

[Hurrying too quick 33](#bookmark41)

[Of motionless longings 34](#bookmark42)

[Too pretty 34](#bookmark43)

[Edgy feelings 35](#bookmark44)

[Out-placed 35](#bookmark45)

[By saying less 36](#bookmark46)

Hypo Bank Expo/

Munich Sept. 04 (5) 36

This long line of books 38

When she stopped being 39 Without a cross in a Calvinistic church 39

[Why God chose 40](#bookmark51)

Camus: L’etranger (5) 40

[For my father 42](#bookmark53)

[Motives 43](#bookmark54)

[Gieseking concert New York in the 50s 43](#bookmark55)

[“Let’s put it all behind us” 44](#bookmark50)

[Late September 44](#bookmark56)

[Of knowing where 45](#bookmark57)

A room at the

top of the stairs 45

[A quiet Sunday 46](#bookmark59)

[Donatello’s David 46](#bookmark60)

[These houses 47](#bookmark61)

[First warnings 47](#bookmark62)

[Used up 48](#bookmark63)

[So slowly 48](#bookmark64)

[Train conductor to Auschwitz 49](#bookmark65)

[Fulfilling 50](#bookmark66)

[Its own time 50](#bookmark67)

[Climbing 51](#bookmark68)

[In Plochingen 51](#bookmark69)

[With toy guns 52](#bookmark70)

[Open sounds 52](#bookmark71)

[Yellow jacket’s needled 52](#bookmark72)

[Landscaped tragedy 53](#bookmark73)

[Karlsbad 53](#bookmark74)

[Sinking shadows 54](#bookmark75)

[Opened out 54](#bookmark76)

[Distinct as a bird 55](#bookmark77)

[That house 55](#bookmark78)

[To the bottomlessness 56](#bookmark79)

The romantic concerto’s 56 Mozart K. 397 57

[Encore as the balding 57](#bookmark82)

[Her gentleness of voice 58](#bookmark83)

[Sabbath 58](#bookmark84)

[2 lithe squirrels 59](#bookmark85)

[Massively woodened-in 59](#bookmark86)

[Blood-levelled 60](#bookmark87)

[Choral night 60](#bookmark88)

[Sienese early 14th c. 61](#bookmark89)

[Rosemarie 61](#bookmark90)

Room of hats 61

“St. George and the dragon” 62

[Fredricke 62](#bookmark92)

[Berries 63](#bookmark93)

[Rooftops 63](#bookmark94)

[Those Duccio saints 64](#bookmark95)

[At 67 64](#bookmark96)

[At the zoo (9) 65](#bookmark97)

[Being hurt 69](#bookmark98)

[More resplendent 69](#bookmark99)

[This blurred vision 70](#bookmark100)

[The mouse wiesel 70](#bookmark101)

[Like 71](#bookmark102)

[Formed 71](#bookmark103)

[Sun-bleached colors 72](#bookmark104)

[Looking back’s 72](#bookmark105)

[The warning signs 73](#bookmark106)

[Otherwise 73](#bookmark107)

[For security sake 74](#bookmark108)

[Seeing for sky’s 74](#bookmark109)

[Numbers 75](#bookmark110)

[Evergreens 75](#bookmark111)

[To be certain ot 75](#bookmark112)

[Consensus 76](#bookmark113)

[Singing itself in light 76](#bookmark114)

[So distinctly hard 76](#bookmark115)

Young women sewing 77 Street lights 77

[Invisibly awake 77](#bookmark117)

[Lowering the shades 78](#bookmark118)

[Animals 78](#bookmark119)

[Love-making 79](#bookmark120)

[2nd commandment (Moses) 79](#bookmark121)

[Elegiacally rehearsing 80](#bookmark122)

[Animal imitations 80](#bookmark123)

That slenderness 81

[As a used coin 81](#bookmark124)

[Undoing history 82](#bookmark125)

The grey of

wanting color 82

[Abandoned houses 83](#bookmark127)

[Love is 83](#bookmark128)

[Those hills the war left behind 84](#bookmark129)

[Wolfgang 84](#bookmark130)

The house by the stream 85 Slowed down 86

[Scarecrow 86](#bookmark133)

[All over again 87](#bookmark134)

[Blackbird 87](#bookmark135)

[The dark 88](#bookmark136)

[The rains 88](#bookmark137)

Bald-eyed practitioner 108

[Truths 88](#bookmark138)

Beethoven 7th: 3rd mvt. 89 H. G. 89

[Hartmut 90](#bookmark141)

[Too many times 91](#bookmark142)

[Thinning down 91](#bookmark143)

[Blank face 92](#bookmark144)

[Even keeled 92](#bookmark145)

[A room without windows 93](#bookmark146)

[“Eve been working on the railroad” 93](#bookmark147)

Of where we didn’t start 94 Snake-eyed 94

[Some masterpieces in the Kassel museum (5) 95](#bookmark150)

[Marla 97](#bookmark151)

[City/sounds 97](#bookmark152)

[A science to man 98](#bookmark153)

[To Chopin me 98](#bookmark154)

[Nathaniel Pink at the piano 99](#bookmark155)

[The closed box 99](#bookmark156)

[These dark 100](#bookmark157)

[Pictures from the past 101](#bookmark158)

[Worn thin 101](#bookmark159)

[Rain-drop window 101](#bookmark160)

[Of marbled purity 102](#bookmark161)

[Clavigo (5) (Goethe) 102](#bookmark162)

[For Rosemarie 104](#bookmark163)

[This mist 104](#bookmark164)

[Deborah 105](#bookmark165)

[Depressively bared 105](#bookmark166)

[Suspendingly alive 106](#bookmark167)

[In Madeira 106](#bookmark168)

[A glazed bowl 107](#bookmark169)

Presidential politics ’04 107 Craftmanship 107

[“A minor paradise” 108](#bookmark171)

[A sadness 109](#bookmark173)

[Sunflower’s lights 109](#bookmark174)

[The worm 110](#bookmark175)

[Nathaniel Pink 110](#bookmark176)

[Spaciously releasing 111](#bookmark177)

[At the end of the line 111](#bookmark178)

Ponderously

self-assuring 112

These gathering shells 112 A Message 113

[A loneliness 113](#bookmark182)

[Thereabouts 114](#bookmark183)

Owl-like 114

Mozart at

Herrnchiemsee 115

[Automatic doors 115](#bookmark186)

[Birth-winds 116](#bookmark187)

Laurendus 116

[A little man 117](#bookmark189)

[With moralizing eyes 117](#bookmark190)

[To feel pity 118](#bookmark191)

[Indone 118](#bookmark192)

[Tooth-paste smile 118](#bookmark193)

[Horses 119](#bookmark194)

[Haloed 119](#bookmark195)

Jerusalem coming down 120 Buttoned up 121

[Time-lengths 121](#bookmark198)

[Open-eyed 122](#bookmark199)

[A land divided 122](#bookmark200)

Rules of the game’s 123 Just aired in 123

[Doctor’s visit 124](#bookmark203)

[Mildly autumn 124](#bookmark204)

[For Gerlinde’s 125](#bookmark205)

[Prayer place 125](#bookmark206)

[That droopy look 125](#bookmark207)

[The stunning effect 126](#bookmark208)

[If 126](#bookmark209)

[First snow 127](#bookmark210)

[Chimney smoke 127](#bookmark211)

[A vacancy of sky 127](#bookmark212)

[Slow movements 128](#bookmark213)

[Accepting age 128](#bookmark214)

[In Dance 128](#bookmark215)

[Emptied heart’s 129](#bookmark216)

[Wheel-chaired rest 129](#bookmark217)

[Pedalled herself 130](#bookmark218)

“Put on your

Easter bonnet” 130

Les Adieux

(Beethoven, slow parts) 131 “Getting to the bottom of things” 131

[Too quick 131](#bookmark222)

“Getting right

to the point” 132

[Mr. Everyday 132](#bookmark224)

[Brueghel: Return of the herd 133](#bookmark225)

[Rebecca 133](#bookmark226)

[In-realizing 134](#bookmark227)

[Mussorgsky/Janacek’s 134](#bookmark228)

[Out-lined 135](#bookmark229)

[The birth of a leaf (Mordecai Ardon) 135](#bookmark230)

[Taking a stand’s 136](#bookmark231)

[Women enjoy 136](#bookmark232)

[Through 137](#bookmark233)

[Keeping up with the time’s 137](#bookmark234)

[A look around the corner 137](#bookmark235)

[Head-lined 138](#bookmark236)

[Small creatures 138](#bookmark237)

[Graveyard 139](#bookmark238)

[Poisoned seed 139](#bookmark239)

[The train’s 140](#bookmark240)

[Tailored from taste 140](#bookmark241)

[Of untenable growth 141](#bookmark242)

Alsfeld " 141

[A glimpse only 142](#bookmark244)

[Mirroring 142](#bookmark245)

[A calling out for 143](#bookmark246)

[This shell’s outsung 143](#bookmark247)

[Thorned-rose 143](#bookmark248)

[Her nose 144](#bookmark249)

Something pained there 144 In a caged security 145

[Light flooding 145](#bookmark252)

[The ineffable’s 145](#bookmark253)

[Eyes 146](#bookmark254)

[Rounded 146](#bookmark255)

[Sadness (after hearing Schubert’s A Minor Quartet) 146](#bookmark256)

[Stilled from voice 147](#bookmark257)

[Schubertian 147](#bookmark258)

[Nathaniel Pink 148](#bookmark259)

[Cake-maker 149](#bookmark260)

[The Rhine’s 149](#bookmark261)

Facts and figures 150

[Waiting 150](#bookmark263)

[Off-set 151](#bookmark264)

[Roomed-in 151](#bookmark265)

[The Fall 152](#bookmark266)

[His time 152](#bookmark267)

[Elsbeth 153](#bookmark268)

[Word-finds 154](#bookmark270)

[What lost horizons 154](#bookmark271)

[Sensing in Lights 155](#bookmark272)

[Tunneled enclosures 155](#bookmark273)

[Dummy 156](#bookmark274)

[Out-of touch 156](#bookmark275)

[Van Goyen 157](#bookmark276)

[“Sadistic” 157](#bookmark277)

[So many sides 158](#bookmark278)

[That house 158](#bookmark279)

[Dead bird 159](#bookmark280)

[That paleness 159](#bookmark281)

[Hand shake 160](#bookmark282)

[Medieval attributes 160](#bookmark283)

[“He’s gone” 161](#bookmark284)

[Why 161](#bookmark285)

[Blank page 162](#bookmark286)

[Routine 162](#bookmark287)

[Meeting face to face 162](#bookmark288)

[Seeing through 163](#bookmark289)

[That urge 163](#bookmark290)

[If Nietzsche 163](#bookmark291)

Help worker

killed in Iraq 164

[Sign of 164](#bookmark293)

[Cubby-holed 165](#bookmark294)

[Political poems 165](#bookmark295)

[Atlantis found? 165](#bookmark296)

[Sensed-in sounds 166](#bookmark297)

Talk-shows and the like 167 Kletzmer 167

[The dilemma 168](#bookmark300)

[Van Gogh 169](#bookmark301)

[Night animals 169](#bookmark302)

“Taking stock

of oneself ’ 170

[Rembrandt-surfaced 170](#bookmark304)

[Pontius Pilate’s 171](#bookmark269)

A more 172

Hommage a

Willa Cather 173

[Names lost 174](#bookmark306)

This wind-driven snow 174 A small motion 174

[That night-like fox 175](#bookmark309)

[Down to 175](#bookmark310)

[“All spruced up” 176](#bookmark311)

[Sun-shine alley 176](#bookmark312)

[Karlsruhe Art Gallery 6 masterpieces 177](#bookmark313)

[Strange characters 179](#bookmark314)

[Cold winds 180](#bookmark315)

[After Matisse 180](#bookmark316)

[“The road not taken” 180](#bookmark317)

Sharper than the sword 181 At the cross roads 181

[Unfelt 181](#bookmark320)

[Secret histories 182](#bookmark321)

[Her canary 182](#bookmark322)

[A plant 183](#bookmark323)

[Why 183](#bookmark324)

[Falluja 184](#bookmark325)

[Desert flowers 184](#bookmark326)

[This wintered sun’s 185](#bookmark327)

[Impulsing 185](#bookmark328)

[So bright 186](#bookmark329)

[Pre-fabricated 186](#bookmark330)

No looking back for Lot 187 Compromise 187

[Tolerance 188](#bookmark333)

[Wellness 188](#bookmark334)

[Collecting stamps 188](#bookmark335)

[With bud-like pearls 189](#bookmark336)

[Getting bad feelings 189](#bookmark337)

[Tiny insects 190](#bookmark338)

[Sanibel’s down 190](#bookmark339)

[Haydn: Baryton trios 191](#bookmark340)

[From lost causes 191](#bookmark341)

[Damascus 192](#bookmark342)

[Homilius: the motets 192](#bookmark343)

[Seemed through 192](#bookmark344)

[Statue in the park 193](#bookmark345)

[In need of himself 193](#bookmark346)

[The worm’s 194](#bookmark347)

[The ladder 194](#bookmark348)

[Do animals know 195](#bookmark349)

[Remote castle’s 195](#bookmark350)

[Biographies 196](#bookmark351)

[Images 196](#bookmark352)

[Transparently awake 197](#bookmark353)

[Softness of wind 198](#bookmark354)

Love 198

[On and off 198](#bookmark356)

[A display piece 199](#bookmark357)

[Ive’s marching bands 199](#bookmark358)

[Words that fail 200](#bookmark359)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Ballroom scene |  |
| (Guardi) | 200 |
| Over-stepped | 201 |
| Spelled-in meanings | 201 |
| Eyes | 202 |
| Twelfth-night |  |
| (Shakespeare) (5) | 202 |
| Alien to its |  |
| own message | 205 |
| As well | 205 |
| Pfungstadt | 206 |
| INRI | 207 |
| The |  |
| “Cherry Orchard’s” | 207 |
| Are you better David | 208 |
| Patience | 208 |
| Israel | 209 |
| Looking yourself young 209 | |
| Nathaniel Pink’s |  |
| desirability routes | 210 |
| Cold way in for late | 210 |
| “Women in a green |  |
| jacket” (Macke) | 211 |
| “Women in a green |  |
| jacket” 11 | 212 |
| Ageless memories | 212 |
| Unanswering questions |  |
| (Ives) | 213 |
| His “laugh” | 213 |
| Whispered |  |
| through Grass | 214 |
| All look alike | 214 |
| So refined | 215 |

Hearing aid'

s a symbol of the times

Most every thing without

brought into focus And

what’s near and intimate

scarcely

audible.

After the necessary time

the police brought them

back Her blood- ridden cloth

es The ski- sticks that

couldn’t hold her back

Her shoes that left the ground

behind them And the skis

that had their own story to

tell All in a bundle of death for the parents a 2nd

burial but un placed bodi

less.

Reinforcement

If they

only hear what they want to

Then they’ve been listen

ing to their own echoing-

frorn voice.

Mountained cemetery

Do these

flowers celc brate

such dancing colors where

these trees have been

stumped to a mute awareness in unsensed being.

Silver distel’s

rough-

edged thoughts chalked

a shiny sense of moon-spo

ken light.

The one that got away

Eye to slippery

eye Nose to the nose of

sensing death That strawberry

bass on Lake Champlain

that got away into its

darkening

realms

And left me

without a net and with those

barren thought s of an em

ptied hook.

Scarecrow

I don’t

know who'll be afraid of

this one if we aren’t

Dressed down to the appear

ance ofa policing

stance He pro tects what

shouldn't be stolen from

the fruits of the fields as

ifhe didn’t have an appe

tite for them himself stuck

into the shal low earth of

such menacing attitudes.

Hard-cut

She was

hard-cut Features an-

gled-in Bomb ed out of her

past She strode not with the

fine and plea sing steps

most women pre fer But with

the certainty of a manly

self-declining

assurance.

The ripeness of fruit

and the year

ning thirst to flow it

in to the taste of sucli

consuming

colors.

Love poem

When I

curve the roundness

of your face into the mould

ing hands of love’s implor

ing desires Your eyes in

askance the way children

who want to know and your

hair brighten ed because 1’

m telling it so.

Changing colors

These

leaves keep changing

the colors of my eyes

falling through the light of autumn’s early glow.

Resembles

The dark

resembles roses It

grows out of a sense

ofbeing

seen.

Morning moon

and the

day bright cned in for

forge tlu 1 ness These

trees spoken through

their shadow less awaken

ings.

Time-tabled

We’

ve often been time-tabled

into trains that didn’t

connect be yond where

that reading- off blackboard

would check us in for

being there.

Children on display

their clever nesses and

specially tai lored talent

s as a form of designing

oneself for the guarantee

of others.

Braunschweig: 4 paintings

a) The sacrifice (Lievens)

knife at hand

the sacrifi cial animal-

ed Burning fires God’s in

sistent wrath for the love

of Abraham and his son Embra

cing the Lord’ s beneficent

being.

1. The Seduction (Vermeer)

All was

said with these two lit

tie lemons The one as whole

as that darken ing pictured

face above her And the o

ther cut the sperm enters

its spiny way through the

threads of her not-so-re-

sistent flesh.

1. The Fall (Parma da Vecchio) Adam

too much in love Posed for

the beauty of his bodied

claims Eve sure-minded

fruit of her insistent

telling eye s.

1. Adoration of the Shepherds (Jordaens)

crowded into the crudeness

ot their features Humbled

as they were even more by

the smallness of the child

But why that fashionably

hatted woman Staring intent

ly for an ap propriate dis

tanced from view.

Leaves

wind-mo

ving sha dows.

Milkweed’

s that tiny seed’s sensing

with so much of the wing’s

whiteness.

Could mean

This sky

more of the blue than

our seeing eyes

could mean.

Blown free

Flowers

blown free from their

coloring-in

flections.

A good try

He had

a good try at life

It was like that old tree

in the back yard The higher

those branches became the

lesser his hands could

hold.

Poems in print

black for white as those

pianoed scale s keep es

caping.

Fall of man II

Parma da Vecchio Braunschweig

Declaring

fruit for the touch of tin folding hand s and rea-

firming eye s of the

poisoned na ture of death’

s call naked ly espoused.

Bird’s ascending

crops ot cherries sha

dowing in the ripeness

of their fu gitive taste.

Minnowing

The glance

d off of pearl-like

inflections Silver-

streams

minnowing.

Medieval symbols

out-told

from meaning Golden flaked

with heaven ly assumption

s Like find ing back to

the where of where one

wasn’t.

Theme and Variations

Mozart'

s coquette childly chas

ing in butter flies post

humously change from

direction

s.

Quiet late summer days

a mildness of less spo

ken light and receiving

shades that voice a per

spective peace fully composed

that even these random

clouds rounding out in pillow

ed leisure.

Withholding

She

lowered her voice

to the sub tie shades of

her hair And the wind par

ting in lip s increasing

ly withhold ing.

Aristophanes: the birds (7)

1. flying away

I would fea

ther myself too If only we

could fly a way from our

blood-stain ed instinct

s.

The idol

all of flaked gold Peeling at the

edges of its Pre-Colum

bian habitat.

1. Sacred and profane If they

left that High ty poet to the

heights of his bird-like fh.it

terings not even the laws

could suit such sights to their

down-to-earth

paragraph

mgs-

1. The sacrifice

to hungry

gods or the unfathomed

needs of man or birds tran

scending the flightly vir

tues of this earthy realm.

1. The heroic past

and those broken times broken shells

Calling us back to the myths

of the sea and its time

less urging s.

A long time to thaw

Some per

sons need a long time

to thaw As the fro

zen rivers of the taiga

they lie low in their wintered crest of silence

until touch ed with the

warmth of streaming through

desires.

1. Unfeathered?

You can’t

unfeather me from the

higher flight of poetic sen

sibilitics or with tar

and feather ed features

keeping me close to the

reign of your own pre-form

ing and post- Persianed in

sistencies.

1. The wall

Can we

wall our selves in from

a world deep within the

boundaries of our own

self-compla cencies Higher

than we can conceive the

shadowing depths per

soiling our own every

day searching sense from

self.

g) Flight LH *1900*

These

sheets of: sound strea

king colors of steel

illuminat ing self- en

closing tran scient worlds

below.

A dialogue oj aging loners

is like

mostly co lored birds

whispering the leaves

anew from their fading

sense in

grceness.

I m-i fating

what you

aren’t is like selling

your shadow ing promises

at reduced rates.

Roads

are more like distan

cing thought’ s smooth-sur

facing the whereabout

s of their finding

from.

Sermoned

You could

have amened those flour

ishing selfpersuasions

of his drafty sermon at least

3 times be fore he came

down to the length of his

eye-browing that least

sanctified of all-end

ing words.

Wall-papered

most of her transient

thoughts to those off-

coloring de signs of

distant ap predation.

Joseph in the pit

at the depth of fear And

his brothers showing off

their who’ll bend for whom

attitudes of wild am

mal’s blood of that innocent

sacrificial

foreboding

in the redenip don of Christ.

Achat

cut to

the heart of its flowing

center’s an ocean form

ing through soundless

expansing

waves.

Hurrying too quick

to conclu

sions with the haste of grasp

ing for shadow less perspec

tives.

Of motionless longings

These

rains have dampened

me down as these leaves-

hanging bran ches heavy

with the weight of mo

tionless

longings.

Too pretty

Some

times you’ re too pretty

to be touch ed just right

in that dress ed-like ap

pearance more to be

framed in painted culti

vations.

Edgy feelings

as off-tim

cd conclu sions The ten

sions of not so certain

colors or Ce zanne’s bowl

of out-balan cing fruits.

Out-placed

The cross

in that Cal vinistic

church be gan to sway

uneasily out placed front

its theolog ical attune

ments.

By saying less

He told

more by saying less

Some thing of those di

minishing eyes that

held as hand s asking-

in touch.

Hypo Bank Expo/Munich Sept. 04 (5)

1. Magritte: Sleep walker

from the out side of that

lanterned light to the

inside of his morning chair

s approach ing some phan

tom image of where dark’s

revealing.

1. Klee: “Premonition" *1939*

Those men

oraed eyes tear-burning

the synagogue’ s ash of Is

rael’s wanting flesh.

1. Letnbruck: “Standing woman” *1910*

Can such a

sensitive face attuned

to the direc tions offine-

feelinged thought be

felt from that largeness of

such a

bodied pose.

1. Jawlensky: Last Light *1925*

of where

you couldn’ t tell for

more of hoi ding that

brush paralyzed formed its

finalized

light-needs

coming through.

1. Ancestor cult Papua-New Guinea If fear

has eyes then only there

spacing the dead past’s

listening

now.

emptying



my shelves with les

sons that have been row

ed to the dust of such

gleaning- m post

scripts.

When she stopped being

what she was but more of

those shadow s clothed

in the depth s ofuntouch

ing forgetful

ness.

Without a cross in a Cahinistic church

He prayed to

a wall of closing-in

stone’s e choing back

what death’ s meant for.

Why God chose

David the

adulterer and killer of

his finer in stincts Instead

ofjonathan that primed-

for favorite as eldest son

full of com passion even

against the tides for his

own self-se lection Only

God knows why.

Camus: L’etranger (5) (The stranger)

1. The sand

can keep

slipping from under

your feet with out the im

pressions left of who

or where or any place

from not be ing there.

1. The sun

tells me

more of my self by sha

dowing what can’t be held

into that i mageless

void.

1. The rape

He didn’

t do it But that over

whelming

caused

in sun.

1. The dog

So often

beating that selved-

in fear to its over

coming accept ance.

1. The prison

Securing

those step s to a mind

self-itnprison ed the length

of where co tiling's a

going to(o).

For my father

He

being more of himself than

anyone I’d ever known

Died in the shadows

of where he wasn’t

from being.

Motives

Those most

suspicious of other’

s motives Have a right

ofbecoming more aware

of their own.

Gieseking concert New York in the 50s

Can those

almost magi cal musical

tones Even of Mendelssohn’s

Songs without Words trans

form into a forgetful

ness of what’s so blood-ap

parently

present.

as if sha

*“Let’s put it all behind us”*

dows could be dulled from

their darken ing presence.

Late September

the dark

months are co ming the

nights get ting cooler

the shadows deepening

into an un certain fear

of these time s No where

to know as the rivers

clashing the light of their

sharp-protru ding rocksurfaced.

Of knowing where

The passing

of time The slowness of

these clouds These shifting

meanings of words extend

ing far be yond the reach

ofknowing where.

A room at the top of the stairs

As if these winding step

s echoing in circling

thoughts that find me back

again to the where’s of

becoming.

A quiet Sunday

beyond the

reach of these deepening

shadows where words as the

touch of silk seemed more

sensed than spoken

through the falling of

leaves to after

thoughts.

Donatello’s David

He would have wanted

to wear down to those

smooth surfa cings of an

almost per fectly polish

ed being.

These houses

seem cutout from card-board

perspective s Roof-lin

ed to the cold vistas

in windowframed

light.

First learnings

and these

flags search ed through

from color The land bar

ed down from its breath

Even these houses seem

dulled in to emptied

reflection

s.

Used up

His time

was used up Even that

clock in the living room

stopped tell ing him So

he stared in to those em

ptied space s that once

his past could have

been telling.

So slowly

The heavens

moving him so slowly in

to that vast awareness

of self-re deeming

light.

Train conductor to Auschwitz

I didn’t

set those dogs on them

Or close the doors of those

cattle-wagon s tight be

hind 1 didn’t hear their des

parate cries or line them

up for those prisoner’s

showers 1 didn’t see

but heard a bout later

I simply took them there

Daily trails port as any

other train would have

done.

Fulfilling

If this

tree could be hung with

apples again It wouldn’t

look as sad ly as now

For the fruit would be round and

steady to be taken in

glance.

Its own time

Is this

train telling its own time

Continuous ly there

along those straighten

ing lines of tracks in its

more of be coming.

Climbing

T rees

consuming space breath

lessly

climbing.

In Plochingeti

Hundert

wasser’s jin- gle-jangle

house as a half-horned

castrated calf s not

quite belong ing.

With toy guns

Shooting

with toy guns at papered

faces may be ripping bloodlines through your finger’

s assuming- in flesh.

Open sounds

like early

Haydn spac ing for

wind.

Yellow jacket’s needl

ed feet sharp incisive sting’ s — in blood’

s prettied colorness.

Landscaped tragedy

Little boy

playing the big maim

ed tractor releasing

control’s

over-running

his infant brother and

mother’s

helpless

cries Bigger even than

all those o ther’s tear

s could re deem back

to life.

Karlsbad

’s over

towered com mittment

to lasting

facade’s

that old world forget

fulness

from now.

Sinking shadows

as a ship

lost from its whcrea

bouts and the waves

calling it down from

the deep.

Opened out

He felt

as if open ed out

As a house where the

hollowing winds and

those broken-time

windows

wordless

prevail.

Distinct as a bird

winged with rest

less color mgs.

That house

was where

she wasn’t Left behind

that fear of her father

And yet it drew her near

er for being where she

wasn’t As if his death

was still spea king aloud

from those vacant walls

of his.

To the bottomlessness

Chasms

of windswept depth

s their hun gried fear

s Discolor ing sound-

beats to the bottomless

ness of where’ s diminish

ing self.

The romantic concerto ’

s more like

an overly dressed-from

woman with more than

those perfumed colors about

her than She could bring

back to size again.

Mozart K. 397

as it

in the inner flow ot an

unspeakable

sadness

barely touch ed to the

surface of where sound

s revealing.

Encore as the bald

ing conductor wringled him

self danced- in snake for

nring an appre ciation ot

in-bodied

sound.

Her gentleness of voice

as the gui

ding of wave s over the

surface of where sound

s diminish through

their star- like

presence.

Sabbath

and your hands lit

from the light of

those candle’ s voiced-

through in still

ness.

2 lithe squirrels

the other

side of where the other

wasn’t Cha sing in up

telling cars that hidden

sleekness of warming

fur’s distri butive mea

nings.

Massively woodened-in

Those rooms

darkened and massive

ly woodened- in with chests

of drawers neither o

pened nor closed from

a time-stan ding walled

imperman

cncy of

their daily and most-las

ting concern s.

Blood-levelled

All those

clocks contra punctally

Distancing the blood-

levelled A rising tide

s.

Choral night

s sounding in darkness

as through the rush

of moon’s watering

times and those distantly

in-proclaim ing stars.

Sienese early 14,h c.

That slen

der glance ofhand-

touched co lorings inperceiving the what of

isn’t there indistinct

iy-

Rosemarie

in the sleep of starlit imagin ings.

*Room of hatS* Ambrogio Lorenzetti’s “Investiture of St. Louis of Toulouse”

A room of hats speaking

over the per sons they

represent ed there

Sleekly in vested in a

dignity be yond reproach

able aside s.

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

with those shimmering

woods All dressed

through trails cending light

ness of more than that

knight or any such armour

could be re telling.

Fredricke

Her teeth

tight-talk ing impress

ively projec ting a tensed-

in smiled un seen pleasure-

like flowers for their late

autumn sun-ta kings.

Berries

those

rain-jewell ed remembran

ces of why touch must

be seen from/ first.

Rooftops

Spanish re

miniscent of why those

rough and a bandoned

hills have been spaced

down to an evenness

from view.

Those Duccio saints

As iflif

ted in light Those Duccio

saints angeli cally calling

the names of their choir

ed assenibl mgs.

At 67

am I

not the same even more intensely see ing in this

outer shell pre-witness

ing for death' s finalized

stigma.

At the zoo (9)

1. Alena was swinging

like an angel And with the

monkies doing likewise 1

felt my hand’s rhythmic

urge holding her through

for a 3 year old’s semi-

heightening

bliss.

1. The penguins

hadn’t quite made the grade

Proudly bal ancing as

Prussian officers between

a benign selfcertainty and

the swimming effects of

glass imagin ings.

1. We missed the snakes this time

with their self-entwining

venomous ton- gued-in accen

tuaries And that slippery

glance that had me toe-

lightening it the night

after.

1. Some of those tropical birds

elongating

even my sense for poetic

grace a thin ness of footfinding Airily and pleasur

ably self- at taining.

1. Wild-eyed animals

I wonder

what those wild-eyed

animals see ing me through

to their caged- in praries

Pressing from paws to imprint their trying instinct’

s flesh-for ming.

f) Oh

for the

ease of those giraff s lined-

through a leaf iness of lip-

ascending and presuming ce

lestial plea sures.

1. Below the surface

of their sound-measur

ing depths The swollen

features of shadow-a

bandonimj

fish.

It) At the bird’s place

All those

slight-color ing bird'

s choral en chantment

of time- effusing

sounds Winged to the height

of their own foot-lengthen

ed personal persua

sions.

i) The kangaroo

with its un

deciding jumps gave

me the im pression of

some-time

politician

s neither co rning nor go

ing either way.

Being hurt

was her

way for fee ling more

from herself As a doll

dressed out brightly

for conceal ing in

tears.

More resplendent

That

all color ing-over-in

green frog seeming

ly more re splendent

by just con templating

itself for sitting

there.

This blurred vision

of trees going faster

than form can think.

The mouse wiescl

with its pungent

smile might be stealing

some of the encores minor

actors take from unguard

ed chicken coops.

Like

This

slight

ness of cloud

s like young girls through

their self- appearing

coloring from dress.

Formed

As if

hills could be told

through their self-

assurance of space- en

closing

formed.

Sun-bleached colors

as the after smiles of ask

ing from too much

apparent

use.

Looking back ’

s like tur

ning around one’s sense

in direction The fear of

what wasn’t so present

ly there As if time

itself had stopped

painfully

aware.

The warning sigtis

were there He didn’t stop

to see as a yellow light

turning for red He went

through at the risk of o

pening roads and wide see

ing through vistas.

Otherwise

Was he

otherwise than being

now On the wrong track

Time-tabell ed for where

he wasn’t in that train

not taken didn’t stop.

For security sake

It all

came down to where a stran

ded beach with a few despai

ring trees for security

sake oflone ly shipless

harbors.

Seeing for sky ’

s a way of looking

those hill s up to

where they’ re forming

impersoned

below.

Numbers

engraved

in stone As if they

could outlast the memories

of those per sons buried

to the depth of such intelling si lenccs.

Evergreens

as if

persuading for a con

tinning re birth.

To be certain of

False teeth

hearing aids In-lensed

eyes What’ s left of

me to be ccr tain of.

Consensus

These hills

rowed in to a consen

sus of where houses

square-deep climbing in

tentional ly from.

Singing itself in light

For where

the voice like a stream’

s singing it self in

light.

So distinctly hard

Her fea

tures so distinctly hard

the impressed clarity of

a freshly minted coin.

*Young women sewing* (Georg Fredrick Kerstingj

The space

and darkness was more of

your seeing there in

to the light that fin

ger’s touch to breath.

Street lights

proclaim

ing their si lent reach

a darkness of glassed-

in fear.

Invisibly awake

Windows

at night seeing in

visibly a wake As spirit s haunted for their sound

less past.

Lowering the shades

with a quie

tude ofhand s in to those

distancing

realms

for dream.

Animals

wake me active Their quick sense

in sensing As if color

was interned self-

finding.

Love-making

That

heavy ground based turtle

caught her posily dust

treading up for love nia

king If she could bear

the weight of such heigh

tened passion ed inertia.

2nd commandment (Moses)

If man

created God in his own

image How godless

can God become by not be

ing created imageless.

Elegiacally rehearsing

Those stub-

bled fields with the few

despairing trees leafless

from regrets And the wind

s plaintive ly in annointed

hymns elegia cally rehears

ing.

Animal imitations

that exoti

cally dressed up house

with the nrut ed cries of

their stone- stilled inhabi

dons.

*That slenderness* (from the Chinese)

ofbranch budding to

the fingertips of its

increasing

expectat

ions.

As a used coin

He was

as a used coin with its

image fading from the hand

s that touch ed it down

until at the end with only

that dulled- from glance

hardly de cipherable

for continu ing use.

Undoing history

You can’t

undo history even your own

by thinking it otherwise

Because it’ll catch up with

you in the end Nor can you

paper it o ver with good

intentions as Christmas

packages with added frills

and ribbons for delight-

occasioning

eyes.

The grey of wanting color

This sky

impassive ly stilled

The grey of wanting co

lor as some middle-aged

ladies rehears mg routines

of staid-in wintered

clothes.

Abandoned houses

remind me oflonely

faces with eyes dulled

in to the solitudes

of too much

loss.

Love is

because you’ re always

there in be ing more for

being mine.

Those hills the war left behind

Outside

the cities Those hills

the war left behind Buried

deeper those fragments of

houses and the last screams

of the dying without sense

of the why or wherefore

from.

Wolfgang

He never

came back As if flee

ing from him self Mostly

hunched over in diminish

ing height self-depreci

ating because He failed and

They all knew it with eyes

that kept tell ing him further

away from the coming back

to.

The house by the stream

Her husband

left her children

too And she was left with

a house e choing in the

memories as that stream

that ran be side it of

passed but self-sustain

ing silence s.

Slowed down

They slow

ed him down to a finish

ing glaze cer amically

turned for re peating appre

ciations.

Scarecrow

She was

meant to frighten off

those fluttering a

bout birds for an e

qualizing taste without

the temptat ions of ri

sing above her statued-

in form.

All over again

If we

had to do it

all over a gain It would

still be de ciding us

those same ways Choice

only seems so after

having ful filled the length

of its predeter mining ends.

Blackbird

messaging

in branch Why its claws

have attained to such in-

penetrating

means.

The dark

is where

touch can’t be seen

with words melting for

sound.

The rains

as if in

whisper ing for the

dark’s eva sively un

touched.

Truths

too often

told have out done the

meaning of their cause.

Beethoven 7th: 3ni mvt.

As far off as it can be

Rhythmically pulsed my

riad of stone- stars

Singing to some unheard

awakening

s from the soundless

deep.

H. G.

In time

they got used to each

other though difficult

at first Like that problem

for some with foreign way

s and means But they e

veil became self consol

ing I mean she and those

varieties of pain-problem

s that kept them mostly

for their home-sharing

benefits.

Hartmut

took rather

late in life to flying

Some felt it was his musi

cal instinct s That lyri

cal beyond the what’s-left-

below Where Ins prettied wife

a singer her self couched- down with a nothcr felt—

for lover.

Too many times

If you’ve

seen the same things too

many times They might e

veil stop loo king back

from you.

Thinning down

Au

tumn’s thin ning down for

more exposure Spaced-through

the light of interchang

ing mood-find

s.

Blank face

blue eyes

And I’m not certain if

her feature s have mould

cd-in to what charac

ter means in looking out.

Even keeled

as that

ship needed a steadied

hand and those hardened fa

dally cut- from features

fixed into the winds of their

expression less void.

A room without windows

only the

sounds of what can’t

be seen pass ing me by as

of shadows impersoned

distantly

aware.

“I’ve been working on the railroad”

in that same ness of non

place Only the distances

between and those spokes

that keep tell ing my hand

s awake.

Of where we didn ’t start

We were born

in to the be ginning of

where we weren' t Who chooses

their parents and those de

ciding birthrights And yet

I am in the otherness

of not being so chosen.

Snake-eyed

he brother

ed with a re coiling hate

And those smiles snakeeyed invisi bly poison

ed.

Some masterpieces in the Kassel museum (5)

1. Asnath (from “Jacob’s blessing” Rembrandt)

almost sub

missively

thoughtful

Ringed in the circling pen

siveness where all those je

wels seemed so subdued

from touch.

1. “Man with a hat” (Hals, 1660)

Rough-

edged hand s slouched

hat Angled face between

pose and a certitude

in-glanced.

1. Italian aristocrat (Titian, 1550)

The dignity

of man’s triumph over primieval

forces Straight enedto a

height of self- satisfying

stance with an almost cosmic

assurance Costumed thor

ougly through m red.

1. Jacob and the blessing (Rembrandt)

The aged

ness of Is rael’s suffer

ing selection And the bless

ed youth al most angeli

eally curled in to a bright

ness for futur ing hopes.

1. Elsbeth Tucker (Diirer, 1499)

There were

more pattern s about her

than that boned-in

Eye-search ing view could

possibly be signifying.

Marla

She was

so afraid of herself

That she kept her prettied

yellow bird caged-in

for fear that she herself

might be fly ing out.

City/sounds

Lights punctuating in-glowed reflection s city/

sounds.

A science to man

If there’

s a science to man it’

s because we haven’t found

him out Yet

the genes en

liven that search Jugg

ling for a human nature

that nature can’t claim

for herself alone.

To Chopin me

They’re

still trying to Chopin me

right back to my mother’s

flowering mis takes hearing

through what ever bliss

those sensiti vities could

cling on in virtuostic

rumblings.

Nathaniel Pink at the piano

tuning up to his fin

ger’s hear ing aid

s him for those fines

ses of specia lizing intona

tions.

The closed box

Those

littleness es ofbird

s swirling in hungering

palpatation s air-lifting

what they couldn’t

quite come down for.

These dark

October rain s And the

night’s grow ing deeper

in to the realms for

sleep As if from some dis

taut shore Calling in

tides through the eclip

sing glow of lost and

abandoning

stars.

Pictures from the past

recalling

as if from a lost sense

for self.

Worn thin

to the touch of where

hands reveal ing that instinct for boneless

smiles.

Rain-drop window

these tiny-

touched- sounds of

that slight edged-in

percept-

mg.

Of marbled purity

The reach

of the vine’ s grasp in-to the

touch and shine as of

marbled

purity.

Clavigo (5) (Goethe)

1. Himilet and Clavigo

Hamlet

couldn’t de cide But Cla

vigo did at both ends for

him Conscience and fame fa

ted to cancel out in a dy

ing weakness from self.

1. Time

will catch

up with our being caught

in its net for future

concerns.

1. This early Faust

so certain of his mark

ed the other side of that

other self Centered

to the fruit s of its

over-ripe

fallings.

1. Vengeance

can seem just

ly imperson ed in another

Even if Hamlet refrained

from such self-defying

uncertain

ties.

1. Marie

as Orphelia sensiti

sed to where love and pain

tear apart those last

threads from self.

For Rosemarie

You’

re the cir cling of my

closing sense in be

mg.

This mist

as a veil absorbing

cooled a wareness

of where sound’s in

creasingly

heard.

Deborah

A nervous ripple of laugh-

ter striped her dress

from its chinboned smile.

Depressively bared

These au

tumn trees depressive

ly bared of all their pro

tective co verings.

Suspending alive

That sophis

ticated nod implying a

correctness of dress

with a gold ened chain

for the length of your see

ing him or it suspending

ly alive.

In Madeira

at the

bottom of the sea those

black phan tomed fish sha

dowed in the motionless

ness of their own increas

ingly pre

sencc.

A glazed bowl

circling

the color of what your

hands felt from telling.

Presidential politics ’04

Ambition

or calling Whatever’

s more of their ever-present

ly self.

*Craftsmanship* (for Charles Seliger) It’s

the means exacting

ly precise that keeps

telling us so increasing

“A minor paradise”

He called

it “a minor paradise”

As if such seclusion

wasn’t worthy of some dis

tant island’

s whisper mg shores.

Bald-eyed practitioner

out-selling

from that last swell of

promoting

hair-smile

s.

A sadness

There’

s a sadness about these

late-color ed leaves

falling through a

softness of flight En

circling now as children

cast off from their mother’

s womb.

Sunflower’s lights

gone out from its hid

den source Bending now

in self-depre dating pre

sence.

The worm

pulled at

its bodied length As if

hearing was only in those

sounds mov ing in a

way from.

Nathaniel Pink

duly astride

and account ably self- as

sured for his morning’s

equivalent- paced column

ed increasing ly higher in

such skysearching out

amenable in- fnding

thoughts.

Spaciously releasing

This dark’

s following me through

moon-eclip sing Clouds

spacious ly rehear

sing.

At the end of the line

He found

himself at the end of

the line Train- stationed

as if that could house

his emptied feelings No

where in sight except

the hollow ed wood of

this long- left house’

s echoing.

Ponderously self-assuring

The way

that huge turtle climb

ed upon his passively pre

paring mate as if such

instincts were so ponderous

ly self-assur ing.

These gathering shells

Where

these gather ing shells

coloring in stinctual

touch of the ocean’s left

over pre miscs.

A Message

That

candle bur ning in its

residual light a mess

age but only vaguely to

be heard in decipher

ing.

A loneliness

as if the

heart was out of place

Only that o pened space

and the wind s singing

through for voice.

Thereabouts

His cane

told him There was

still life in his heart’

s thumping through step-

in stepped thereabout

Oud-like

His eyes owllike that I feared for

their midnight glar

ing me down from his

height of branched-

in persua sions.

Mozart at Herrnchiemsee

She’

s calming her piano’

s visibly a wareness

Like a cat curling in

for the soun dings of

where soul’ s touching

there for finger

ing want s.

Automatic doors

quietly

secretly go ing out lea

ding back in the pacing

lengths of no where to

go from now.

Birth-winds

waves of

spreading

whiteness

fine-lit

leaf-sens

ed.

Laurent ins

He was so de

scendingly long and thin

ned from a smile that

could have ta ken his hat

offbrimm- ing with po

litc over tones.

A little man

with a big

briefcase Heavier than

the weight of his thought

s could be carrying a

bout.

With moralizing eyes

and a cream

cheese smile She took him

not so daint ily in the

hands ofher bettering

and guiding through way

s.

To feel pity

is like of

a last leaf that keeps

holding on sapless

ly cling ing.

Indone

She bore

the weight of pain

darkly smil ed Until it

told her more than she

could fath om of.

Tooth-paste smile

cherry lip s and those

asking-on eyes Adverti

sing why I’ m no buy for

timing me out.

Horses

pastur

ing these fields for

their grass- down cropp

ings Bald- face from the

weight of time-consu

ming need s.

Haloed

He couldn’

t take his words back

Hanging so long there as smoke for a head- from view ed angeli

cally eir ling.

Jerusalem coming down

I can’t

imagine Jeru Salem coming

down again All bedecked

with scarf- descending

transpar encies It’s

more like some of these

church-plac ed towns too

settled to be moving

from.

Buttoned up

Nathaniel

Pink importan ed himself

in to a self- gratifying

assureness

ofbeing

buttoned up for all and

possible

concerns.

Time-lengths

These

hills fol ding in

phrases of out lasting

time-length

s.

Open-eyed

This city’

s open- eyed Watch

mg through starless

nights A vast ness of inbreathing silence

s.

A land divided

if

America’ s oceaned

from its mid die as a

tree cut-off from the limb

s of its ask ing St. Paul

where or if its head could stand verifying

ly there.

Rules of the game’

s another

one than they play And even

the field’s drawn out so

different ly Why chalk

it in white when it’s

black-board ing us Inscribed in their hastening

blood for danger.

Just aired in

poney-tail

ed a refresh ingly there

ness Where she was it

became it’ s becoming.

Doctor’s visit

and the

hospital floors seem

ed just clean ed up for his

whiteness of papered-

in question ing a dis

cerning if whiskety

look.

Mildly autumn

and the

lights still

ed the ease

ot these faint ly falling

leaves could be touched

descending

soundless

ly there.

For Gerlinde’

s no one’s quite as an

gelled as their winged

descending

impress

ions of a spaceless

flight.

Prayer place

and the

room’s empt ied of all

but in space less silence

That droopy look

She had

that droopy look about

her sullen- downcd dog’

s curling darkening

indecision

The stunning effect

ofher be

mg so care fully groom

ed with those eye-shades

of lesser fee lings artifi

cially-in

cloning

sounds.

If

you’re too honest You

may be less loved for it

And if you’ re too lov

ing you may not be hon

est enough.

First snow

and these

winds relea sing touch

ing sadness.

Chimney smoke

out last

ing the length of its see

ing from.

A vacancy of sky

mourning

from where these leave

s have gone.

Slow movements

the intima

cy of Haydn’ s piano con

ccrti as it keyed to

where he was hearing him

self aloud.

Accepting age

is more

like listen ing to what

it’s telling you.

In Dance

Leaf

less branch ed hands

despairing ly crying

out in dance.

Emptied heart’

s only the

sounding out of vacant

ly spaced

distance

s.

Wheel-chaired rest

though the wheels seem

ed rounded highly for

such solemn ed meditat

ions She felt that leaf

less day fall ing through

afar of it’s asking.

Pedalled herself

in to a pro

foundly tur ning ness

sense of why sitting still’

s recreate s that other

wise of gravi tational

spheres.

“Put on your Easter bonnet”

is like the

upstairs of his out-death

ed climbing feature

s a parade or those tra

ditional flag s for such

an ascend ing view.

Les Adieux (Beethoven, slow parts)

Holding back

deepening down where

the water’s calmed to a

tidcless in- spoken pur

ity of sound.

“Getting to the bottom of things”

asjoseph

in that dried- down well e

choing in stone-surroun

ding’s fear s.

Too quick

is like a

dart that meets the

mark by missing

the rest.

“Getting right to the point ”

as she

said after 20 minutes of

getting there As a car off-

driven from distances that

weren’t mapp ed in to that

other-find of looking-out

destination

s.

Mr. Everyday

was

more an at titude the

appearance of what he

wasn’t if he was any

thing other than that pee

ring out for others to

Brueghel: Return of the herd

Swelling

clouds thrca tening cold

immensing fear those

blacken ed birds sit

claw-front

im-press

mg.

Rebecca

was listen

ing more with her dark intelling eye s All of 9

but as a but terfly scarce

ly netted for its elusive

sensibili tie’s Color

ing.

In-realizing

These

white fine ly-sensed

curtains And the dark

of this con suming day

As of con trusting per

sons look ing out or

in-realiz

ing.

Mussorgsky/Janacek’

s rough-

hued called- out music

Veined from running

stone’s light- celebrating.

Out-lined

Whisper

ing in glass faintly

touched as if out—li

ned

for word.

The birth of a leaf (Mordecai Ardon)

like a

hand’s in- veined fine-

feelings for the light

of where time’s al

ways change able.

Taking a stand’

s often a

gainst one self Mount

ing convic tions as a

soul-render

ing'preacher

too high for his lowering

down to the eye-length

of his aband oning parish

ioners.

Women enjoy

in the selfembracing shine of ac

cessorics as if person

ed in that adding touch

for need.

Through

He smi

led his tele phone through

where you couldn’t look

for seeing him out.

Keeping up with the time’s

the best way for out-

timing your self.

A look around the corner

He had

a look a round the cor

ner about him That I

didn’t know which way

he was go ing side-

streets in eluded And e

ven his eye s didn’t

quite come to center upon

my own.

Head-lined

Rows of

reading pa pers sitting

them selves upright headlined.

Small creatures

instinctively a live Nighteyed glow.

Graveyard

buried

voices en cased in stone

whatever thoughts left

flowering for caring

hands and decided then

in-script

cd.

Poisoned seed

dead co

lored flower s blossom

ing in a scent disturbingly ficti cious.

The train

s a symbol

of where you aren’t Focu

sing for now before it’

s gone past your reali

zing where you’re co

ming out from.

Tailored from taste

This a

partmenf s so new Tai

lored from taste that e

veil the wall s seem like

suits put on just to be

tried out.

Of untenable growth

The sha

dows of these vines cling

ing to a wall of untena

ble growth.

A Isfeld

Timber

wood house s that seem

unvoiced from their present

needs Staring a past through

these quiet ed streets

as persons sensed but not

seen echoing only imagin

ing.

A glimpse only

sclf-rcflcc

ting of a rich Polish

Jew at that ghettoed

restaur ant Eating

himself fine first course

before his in-preparing

first-class

death.

Mirroring

Trying

to convince some one

He’s the way you are Is

like mirror ing a world

that hasn’t quite become

your own.

A calling out for

The word’

s a calling out for As

an open field windless

ly unfound.

This shell’s outsung

its voice Dried from

the sea’s out-telling

imagining

s.

Thorned-rose

clasped-

in tensed from cold

Her nose

kept get

ting in the

way of see

ing her to(o) prominent

ly frontable as one of

those old southern por

ches but still not detach

able as Gogol' s for freed

breakfast

findings.

Something pained there

where Christ

touched me deeper than

I could be forgiving

forgetting.

In a caged security

Birds

in a caged security

of embrac ing colored

finds.

Light flooding

as if the

heavens were ages full

of more than these time

s could hold.

The ineffable’

s what

can’t be said even whis

pered for a flame of dis

enchanting

Eyes

were like cross-fires

they un ease in line

s of straight- seeing.

Rounded

She

was rounded to an all-

enconipass ing smiled

through.

Sadness (after hearing Schubert’s A Minor Quartet)

is where

the leaves falling emp

tied sound s spaced in

the depths of a hollo \v

cd moon.

Stilled from voice

It’s

not what words mean

but why they’re meant

to mean What’s un

spoken ly stilled

from voice.

Schubertian

Time se

quences as plrases

of the moon light-shift

ing where sha dows trans

parcntly

shine.

Nathaniel Pink

and the mod ern way for

simplifying life’s not

finding what one needs —

All those knob s in the car

turning the wrong things

on and offed where they should

be going Read ing all those

instruction s backwards

forwards — maybe 1 got the Greek

instead ’til my eyes start blinking and some things break

ing when I need them mostly

This modern way of life simpli

lying for my every day

comforts.

Cake-maker

His cheeks

puffed out with creamy

self-express ions And smile

s that sugar ed the fancie

s atop for delicate

ly placed candle-ligh

tings.

The Rhine’

s flowing

through those mem

ories washed away from

their uneven ed source

into a myriad of celebra

ting lights.

Facts andfi

gures were the face of

her papering over redefin

ing thought s.

Waiting

for the man who didn’t

come She cour sed her life

as a boat steering

but without a certainty

from cause.

Off-set

It’s

those poems that defy

the correct ing words

As a glance slightly offset from its in-tending

mark.

Roomed-in

He was

roomed in to a short

ness of view where even

his dreams seemed cutoff from their intend

ed flow Wall ed in as he

was from a comforting

feel for rest.

The Fall

His world

tripped o ver his fal

tering feet Down the stair

s of continu ing business

gains to where It stopped

He and the blood that en

circled from conscious

ness.

His time

was up but that

clock of his kept ticking a contin ual need

for more.

Elsbeth

wasn’t born

with such therapeu

tic eyes But they kept

growing out Bulging be

yond that main tabling rim

glassed-in

for clearer considera

tions of why she kept a

pencilled hand for sta

bilizing re lationship

s.

Word-finds

as this shell

shaped through my

hands Why it keeps sing

mg for re lease.

What lost horizons

If the clock’

s turning backwards

but couldn’t stop for

finding where 1 wasn’t What

lost horizon s might be

outgrowing in stinct

ual lights.

Sensing in Lights

Slowing the night’s sen

sing in As these boats

harboured for the where

of retelling

waves.

Tunneled enclosures

of light glimmering that

stoned-in

listening

the weight of muted

time.

Dummy

And if

you’re dress ed for a

differing person All

clothed in those uncer

titudcs of why you weren’

t more of be ing other

wise.

Out-of touch

She got

out-of-touch from those

things that once told

her for fin ding Now blind

as a cane punctuating

unrhymed

steps-to-mea

ning.

Van Goyen

If your

world’s more clouds than

peopled be low the hon

zon’s stretch ing out those

other waves telling of

sea and imag ined distan

cings.

"Sadistic”

Could you

call that sa distic His

way of dang ling bait

for a fish He knew would

bite and be caught for

his own en meshed netting plans.

So many sides

He saw

the same pro blem from so

many sides that It be

came many pro bleins growing

always bigger

from bigger.

That house

They lived

that they could outlive

the other’s claims on that

house that died almost si

multaneous ly for both

their wood ened house

in their wood ened-in

coffins.

Dead bird

black and out-winged

Glutting the pavement

with the spoils of its

ravenous

appetites.

That paleness

1 was

afraid of that paleness

She spoke out as a ghost

Sheeted in the fear that

morning could dissolve in

her claims for such phantomed

uncertain

tics.

Hand shake

with one finger cutoff grasping intently

for a smile that could re

gain the cer tainty for

that loss.

Medieval attributes

when birds and flowers

became symbol

s so realiz mg a

world view ed in vanish

ing detail.

“He’s gone”

he said as if death

was simply an outside of

Like leaving one’s house

with the never to re

turn of be ing there.

Why

does age child-like

its sense in me That

the moon wind-bound’

s risen first time out as

a kite caught into branch

cd fears of some extend

ing needs my fingers can’t

quite tell for in touch.

Blank page

writing the night in

to those lost distan

ces where only stars could

define.

Routine

is where

these wall s stop think

ing their lessened

coloring s aloud.

Meetingface to face

may mean facing up

to where your down

ness of heart’ s just set

ting in.

Seeing through

the dark is more of

my heart than its

own.

That urge

for a voice that only

your finger s can find.

If Nietzsche

created

God in his own image

How could there be any hea

veils left for seeing

him through.

Help worker killed in Iraq

She was

nothing but helpful Ta

king their needs in to

a meaning for her own

Married to one of their

kind They kill ed her with

out the pity that unleash

ed the sudden ness of their

wrath.

Sign of

If the

wind’s the sign of the

Holy Spirit baring these

trees of all their leafy

protective

ness.

Cubby-lwled

They

cubby-hol ed me in-to

a space that even

cut my dream s off.

Political poems

shouldn’t

take sides Or they'll be

side-lined with a chang

ing of the guards.

Atlantis found?

at the bot

tom of the ocean Platon

ically sur veyed for

un

discovered

depths How dry can we keep

our land from becoming a

down-street for depths in

newly discover mg destruct

ions.

Sensed-in sounds

Listening

to the wind’ s dried skeletal leaves these ghost

ly sensed-in sounds as the

rattling from lung’s breaking off That snap to re

lease.

Talk-shows and the like

After

they’ve ar gued all that

self-reali sing substan

ce away No thing’s left

except that dried Hemingway-

like fish Bo- ned-in to

its skeletal glare.

Kletzmer

in falter ing lines

almost walz ed in to the

sweet and wa vy tones of

the clarinet dog-watched

death-march ed Now Kletz

mer’s in and Wagner’s out

as those Jew s faintly

missed but somehow be

mg kept a live in tones

soft and sweet ly reminis

cent.

The dilemma

of ocean’s a part drift

ing away from traditions

that couldn’ keep their

hold As a boat unanchored

from past sur viving claim

s May be we’

11 soon Madagas

car our own animal types

Staring out such strange

enveloping eyes a desert

less self-con templation.

Van Gogh

s thirst

for colors as leaf-

driven depth s eclips

ing.

Night animals

looming

in fear Eye-staring

sounds of the moon’

s watch-sen sing.

“Taking stock of oneself”

is like

investing when the mar

ket’s keeping you so low-

down that there must be

some rising- ups in co

ming.

Rembrandt-surfaced

Color’

s fading out here Washed

down in these late autum

nal rains Rem brandt-sur

faced.

s “what is the truth” as if

*Pontius Pilate’*

it’s only in varying per

spectives Time condensed

to what isn’ t because it’

s now But man’ s simply an

overseer of what he’s gi

ven The crea tion of what

he’s partaking The love he

can’t explain or create And

the finality of death final

izes all those Pilatian rela

tivisms.

If there

A more

isn’t a more Why have we

become so much less in

our self-pro claiming free

dom from that spaced out

transcend ental possibil

ity of unknown worlds but di

minishing in man’s for

lorn stature as if statued

into his own stone-bearing

image.

Hommage a Willa Cather

All those

frontiers were not so much

of knowledge But of un

discovered plains and

those dry desert lands

fast adhering to stone’

s far reach ing out as

yet untold land whisper

ing the way Indians heard

it afoot E choing now

plaintive ly recept

ive.

Names lost

some

where in the aging pro

cess buried deeper than

the mind can reveal Those

blank moment s.

This wind-driven snow

as some without a

where of be coming re

lentless ly unfind

mg.

A small motion

less cat in a bigger

than wide

field’s thin king me in

to an exposure of all but

possible un realized as

sumptions.

That night-like fox

trailed

to a streak ing unreflec

ted redness the sideward

lights of glanced-

through ap parition

s.

Down to

the raw bone of

these out- wintered

trees gasping in for

their voic ed soundless

ness.

“All spruced up”

as if

such sclf-

accomplish ing trees

would lower their branch

ed awareness to such ex

ercises in self-appreci

ation.

Sun-shine alley

of this skybluing after noon’s out do

ing even that left over wintered bird ply ing in time-

sequenced

colors.

Karlsruhe Art Gallery 6 masterpieces

1. Godfather and Son (Rottweiler Master 1440)

The Father

paternally

concerned

in the blood- wounds of his

son Holding a view of more

than those re ceiving pains

could be tell ing.

1. Crucifixion (Griinewald) It was

more of Mary’ s in-folding

ofhands and loss than John’

s masculine straight-fin

ding assert ions that took

us in to the depths of His

out-lasting

pains.

1. Self-portrait (Rembrandt, 1645) Those eyes may be watching

us through all the side

s of his and our light-

darkening

inflection

s.

1. Landscape (Jakob van Ruisdael) as if

trees and

clouds could be moulded

in to that brooding

depth of out- timed si

lences.

1. Adoration of the Kings (Master of Messkirch)

Jesus may

have been tou thing to the

gold But His eyes were mo

ving through that old man’

s so long a waiting bless

edness.

j) DeHooch’s

out-

view of a scene that

couldn’t be kept for fee

ling there Only light

and spaced be yondness.

Strange characters

as that one

in Pforzheim hobbling

through a pro fusion of tied-

in identitie s that he seemed more like a redun

dant self-sell ing salesman.

Cold winds

chilled sounds nakedly re hearsed.

A fter Matisse

Branch

ed winds en circling

what was called-for

in dance.

“The road not taken”

is that

one of Gau guin’s ascend

ing to beyond the height

of where see ing’s there.

Sharper than the sword

If the

pen’s sharper than the

sword’s blee ding me

through indelible

ink.

At the cross roads

If words

can cut both ways

at the crossroads of in-

tensed

thereness.

Unfelt

He saw

more of me blind-touch

ing eyes than I could

in answer ing back.

Secret histones

Their

liking for secret histor

ies Some where in the

back yard whispering

s where their neighbours

might suspie iously be o

ver hearing.

Her canary

She kept

her canary coloring

at its dis tant span

ned to her caged-m a

wareness

from voice

A plant

just placed indiffer

ently color ed for gather

ing this room about extend

ing in leave

s.

Why

is this

soften ing chair

so comfort ably astute

as my Uncle Irving look

ing for why I should be

seated in.

Falluja

Those

streets si lent desolate

ly winding the insides

of my approac hing fears

the dark uncertainty

And that flash of pain

sounding me right through

to where these stone’s blee

ding aloud.

Desert flowers

interned

in sun- glow stone-

sensed a wil derness of

night’s

star-crea

tmg.

This wintered sun’

s cold

breath after shine’s fin

ishing glance touched

through as of stone’s

a-lighting.

Impulsing

Listen

ing in the silence of

where breath’ s wave-tell

ing impulsing those un

touched dark

nesses

through.

So bright

That winter sun’s so

bright even in its dis

tant calling s That how

ever much you might try

in hearing nothing else.

Pre-fabricated

Houses

pre-fabrica ted as if

living in was in alway

s a being there.

No looking back for Lot

If there’

s no look ing back for

Lot Can we turn the o

ther way round from a past

that’s no longer pass

ing us through.

Compromise

If we

compromise too often

They’ll be little left

of giving oursclve

s away from.

Tolerance

is what

we expect from others

Even decided ly more so.

Wellness

is like

bathing in the warm

th of self- wishings.

Collecting stamps

as if

other part s of the

world could be visuali

zing his sense in

touch.

With bud-like pearls

These

tiny branch es with

bud-like pearls Je

welled as a woman to

the light of her asking.

Getting badfeelings

is often

because the other has

felt you in to lhs own

needs for not caring

why.

Tiny insects

dancing

to the last sun beam’

s trans pinng

flames.

Sanibel’s down

The unleash

ing of these restless

tides primie vally awake

as phantoms of unfound

ing caverns desparately

in deep.

Haydn: Baryton trios

Through

this fullness at the center

brush-lines ot in-sweep

ing ever- glows.

From lost causes

A house

that’s lived out its time

repainted As if

make-up could rede

fine from lost cause

s.

Damascus

A sudden

ed light Dark switch

ed out to where it can’

t find back redee

tiling from self.

Homilius: the motets

Where

words sur rounding

them

selves from

their inner meanings.

Seemed through

The night

seemed- through with

snow’s in- distant

sensed from bright

ness.

Statue iu the park

nameless

dateless But poised

on a horse that keeps

getting him there.

In need of himself

Man

in need of himself

as if blind beyond such

touched assur ances It's

the poverty of what isn’

t there for being him.

The worm ’

s in consu

ming the length of it.

body’s pull mg for for

wards.

The ladder

The two

upstairs at the cross

But a ladde extending

down for u only where

the 2nd on spaced lor

a breath less climb

ing.

Do animals know

more than

we can tell The raven that

fed Elijah’ s hunger

ed wants Or Jonah’s

whale of a household

inhabiting a depth of

some other and deeper

under

standing.

Remote castle’s

a far off

world that once replen

tished it self Moat with

out and a castled si

lence so deep ly withdrawn

into those solid inter

iors of dccip hering stone.

Biographies

It we

can live our selves through

the deeds and thoughts of

their becorn ing What o

ther self could they i

magine of our through-

reading them.

Images

arising

out of the sea Or blown

with your kite’s ten

tired hands And if the moon shal lowed to

that pebbled rush of tide

s through the flow of

your mind’ s wanting

in.

Transparently awake

This moon-

shifting light and

the shades of lost re

membrance s What the

wind knows and seeing

through

transpar

ently a

wake.

Softness of wind

This

dark's impen ctrable soft

ness of wind easing my

mind to those rare glimpse

s of star- revealing

times.

Lone

is where

I know You’re the

more of me encircl

mg.

On and off

The house

at the o ther side win

dowed-in-vievv switches per

sons on and off shadow

ing from ap pearance.

A display piece

as if

there wasn ’ t enough to

touch for in eluding eye

s and so per sonally per

forming space d He sat

the witness ing of why

they were called in

from view.

he’s marching bands

may have Dan

buried from place in

those clashing promti

tudes of challcn- gmg-in dis

parate co lors.

Words that fail

me now spaced oft

as a gaping hole Emptied

of all those crying need

s for these desolate

winds.

Ballroom scene (Guardi)

The light

s diffuse ly person

ed a room imagined

through

glassed ap

pearance

Over-stepped

He ran

until the finishing

line overstepped his

own percei ving inclina

tions.

Spelled-in meanings

Wood

that’s intricate

ly adhering the hardened outline s of its

spelled-in

meanings.

Eyes

that were

more asking the sadness

of their fin ding-in ex

pression

s.

Twelfth-night (Shakespeare) (5)

1. Islands apart

Islands a

part from our selves As it

man could be dressed in

to new mea nings to re

discover what he wasn’

t by playing that role

out instead.

1. The Epiphany

These Magi

have brought other gifts of

dissimula tion As if

they were king s instead

and island to a world

that wasn’t theirs in the

strangeness of its be

coining.

1. The anatomy of love

as an incur

able sick ness That can

only be over come in those

new and dis tant realm’s

self fulfill ing.

1. And the Emtnaus disciples

unreali

sing the what and who

of person and place

But acting out such self-

certaintie s in a dia

logue of cau sal misunder

standings.

1. Afree-forall of un

inhibited ob

livious ness As if

man could only recognize

himself by acting it

all out.

Alien to its own message

When

the church becomes a

lien to its own message

More the To mas of Christ-

doubting Or the Pilate

of other more timely

truths.

As well

if

children are cried out

of their lifeholding sup

port Why dis pense with

child-soldier s killing

a dream of life which can’

t be dreamed out as well.

Pfungstadt

where Chaim Weizman once

lived the Jewish house

s left empty as if soul

ed for some kind of remem

brance after their stores

had been plun dered by friend

ly neighbor s Emptied to

the bone As if dry skull

s somewhere unfound voic

ed to harsh winds of re

tribution.

INRI

They put

it hesitant ly aware

at first on the cross

in yellow of all tilings

As a star that hill-sur

rounding Beth lehem had

left so awk wardly be

hind.

The “Cherry Orchard’s”

s growing it

self back here Emptied house

s dug down to the pits of

their founda tion's left

behind “Mod ern villas”

furnished with all the

comforts of monied acces

sories.

“Are you better David” (for w w.)

the tur

ning point where he tur

ned my stop to where

that untarred road direc

tioned it self far off

still wood ed in that

density from view.

Patience

is only when we’ve

no other choice by

teaching us the length

of its own diminish

ing virtue s.

Israel

condemn

ed to soli tary confinement as Jeremia

feeding these vacant stone

s from the grip of his

own voice less tears.

Looking yourself young

She

looked her self young’

s a way of thinking out

loud color ed to cloth

es that appre ciate such

a self-appear ance.

Nathaniel Pink’s desirability routes

Even though

his green ish sweater

ed color-blind ness wasn’t

so certain ly proudly

worn in side out as

his thought s kept get

ting the out side in to

wards his digesting di

rectionless

self-appreci

ations.

Cold way in for late

November’ s bowing its

balding head Trees trimmed short from their lessen

ing summer ed memories

And only blackening

birds circ ling from this

vacantness of sky.

“Woman in a green Jacket” (Macke)

Face

less as the lake she’s

reflecting in Her body

as the tree s formed to

a searching inner view

of why she’ s so alone

from her self.

“Woman in a green Jacket” II

or it’s

these sha dows darken

ing her in to hands and

hat as ob jects holding

on to why she’s becom

ing so still ed through.

Ageless memories

She remem bers her fa

ther now So distinct

ly while she’ s the age

he died from Ageless mem

ories of life’ s passing

herself

through.

Unanswering questions (Ives)

Lights

glimmering this dark-

bound city’ s through

of unanswer mg question

s.

His “laugh”

was more

like a chuck led hen re

hearsing for keeping

its feet so finely

close-kept

in.

Whispered through grass

seeded with the touch-

buds ot frost The delicate

feet of this solitary

bird’s imprint in re

train whis pered through

with wind.

All look alike

if

buildings all look a

like Maybe they’ll be

personed that way too

Block houses block faces

parcelled off from ex

pression.

So refined

If light

could be so refined

transpar ently touch

ed to the intimacy

of these leaves.

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New York, 1968, London 1970.

1. Emptied Spaces, with an illustration byjacques 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, 2003 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

1. A voiced Awakening, Shearsman, Exeter,

England, 2004 + Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

1. These Time-Shifting Thoughts Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2005 - Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

David Jaffin is a poet with his own particular manner of sensibility and with a method of construction issuing from his idiosyncratic preferences for manner of expression. This rightly implies that he is serious, inventive and independent, a poet given to quality and genuineness. If you add playfulness and profundity to the foregoing traits, you may have a good sense of his work.

The poems visited in this article are largely from his most recent Iwo books, "These Time-Shifting Thoughts" and "A Voiced Awakening," in which his spare and simply elegant style is brought to a consistently high level.

Most of his poems hang with charming mystery at that line between realization and "the not yet arisen." The realization itself is at the moment of clarity and the turning into the unexpected sense of it - like a near silent and enlightening epiphany with poetic surprise in the realm of intuition. r

Neil A. Chassman in Pulse April '05, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Jaffin's Through Lost Silences offers a rare display of manifold poetic variety. Succinct and challenging enforcers of new insights and deeper understanding, his poems soar in far higher realms than those of prosaic description and rational analysis. Their hall-mark, the unexpected, unnatural and natural sentence-, line- and word-breaks, disrupts habitual ways of thought, catches in the act of thinking as in the act of breathing, envisioning the variegated immediacies of higher meaning. There is sincerity and conviction in Jaffin's crisp, multi-sensory poeticisation of ideas. Existential and philosophical shapings of language, simple and complex at the same time, draw out the true nature and significance of his chosen subjects in an original way, overwhelming the faint echoes of older poetic traditions and leaving behind a profound aftertaste of experiences lived through for the first time. '

Edward Batley (University of London)