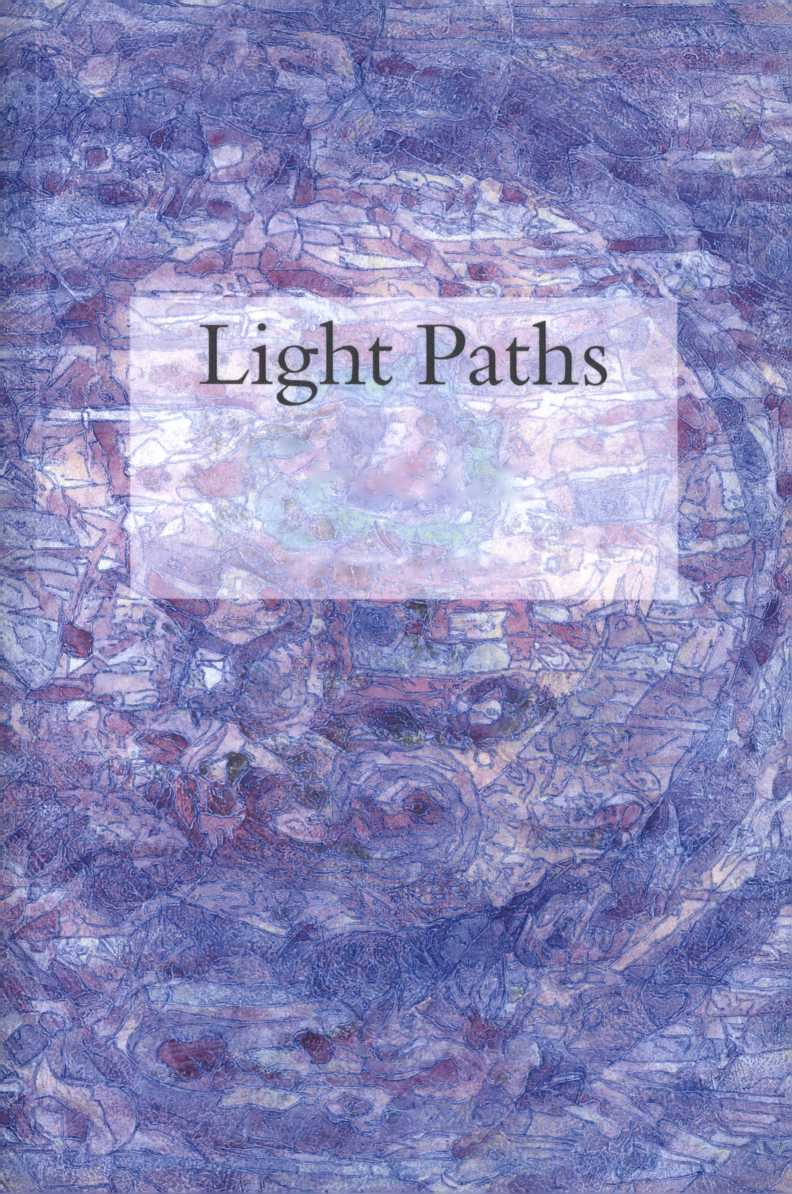
^oG.Ha£



DAVID JAFFIN

Light Paths

Charles Seligcr (American, 1926-2009) passionately pursued an inner world of organic abstraction, celebrating the structural complexities of natural forms. Like many artists of his generation, Seliger was deeply influenced by the surrealists’ use of automatism, and throughout his career, he cultivated a poetic style of abstraction that explored the dynamics of order and chaos animating the celestial, geographical, and biological realms. Attracted to the internal structures of plants, insects, and other natural objects, and inspired by a wide range of literature in natural history, biology, and physics, Seliger paid homage to nature’s infinite variety in his abstractions. His paintings have been described as “microscopic views of the natural world”, and although the characterization is appropriate, his abstractions do not directly imitate nature so much as suggest its intrinsic structures.

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

By 1949, Seliger had his first major museum exhibition at the de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco. During his life time, he exhibited in over forty-five solo shows at prominent galleries in New York and abroad. In 1986, Seliger was given his first retrospective at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, which now holds the largest collection of his work. His work is also represented in numerous museum collections including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art. In 2003, Seliger received the Pollock-Krasner Foundation’s Lee Krasner Award in recognition of his long and illustrious career in the arts. In 2005, the Morgan Library and Museum acquired his journals — 148 hand-written volumes produced between 1952 to 2009. in 2012, the Mint Museum in Charlotte, North Carolina will present the traveling exhibition Seeing the World Within: Charles Seliger in the 1940s.

Light Paths

**^oC.HaC**

DAVID JAFFIN

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

ISBN 978-1-84861-174-0 (Shearsman Books, UK)

Production & cover design: Neufcld Verlag, Schwarzenfeld, Germany  
Composition: Markus Neufeld, Bamberg, Germany

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Title picture:

Charles Seligcr (1926-2009)

Crystal Moon (detail), 2005  
acrylic on Masonite  
11" x 14", signed

rcdit Line: Courtesy of Michael Rosenfieid Gallery, LLC, New York, NY'

Printed in Germany

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Against forgetfulness

Writing a

gainst for getful

ness the e asing away as

melting snow from what

had landscap ed his mea

sured view of time’s so

elusive call mgs.

“mine is the moment”

(Andreas Gryphius)

Left behind

The field

s of flow ing grain we’

ve so sad ly left be

hind us as if their

seed wasn’t deeper sown

imbedded in the depth of

their alway s recurrent

phrasing

s.

Star phrasings

The season

s however self-fulfill

ing they may appear circl

ing us a round as a

ferris-wheel through a

night of end less starphrasing s.

“To the bottom of it”

If he never

got “to the bottom of it”

as our Ver rnont lake with

out one It was more

those soul- immersing

darkness es that kept

holding him down to where

the ends never meet.

That house

seemed strange

at first dark iy inhabit

ed I felt my way through

its emptied rooms (each

somehow in their way

vaguely fam iliar) until

I found the key at last

turned the light-switch

through my ever-loom

ing past.

Imagined (2)

a) At the start

of winter

butterfly-

thought

s color ing his i

magined needs for

light-in stinc t

s.

b) Scenes of childhood (Schumann)

as if music

had become the true

source of lighting

the imagin ed realm

s of child hood.

Cynthia

She learn

ed so well always

(even as now in her

60s) a school girl

with a fict tive sachel of

books upon her bend

ing back to that scholar

ly look of prepared-pa

pered aware ness.

The first

light snow

but a glimp se of time’

s instinct ively re

calling.

The less

he could

hear the more the

world fa ding from

dream-like.

That speck

of a bird sudden

ly there excited its

wings color ing a person

ally imagin ed sit-down

place.

He’d

seen so

much of the world that

he couldn’ t find him

self back to where home

had become but a stopover station.

In-coming

He felt

the snow incoming the

way animal s predeciph

ering a close ness of light

and air that needed the

soon of re lease.

He closed

his eyes in

to that darkawareness

of those soundless

depths with in.

Sized-down

He needed

to be sized- down to

where his clothes

could fit tightly

secure.

Waiting

with only

the window s listen

ing in or out becoming

transpar ently alone.

To touch

ever-clos

er to the sounds of

color mg lightvoiced.

*Mendelssohn* (Trio op. 66, slow mvt.) A simpli

city of song as a

truth al ways known

Now merg ing in to

voiced re sponse.

*Eb* (minor Trio, Haydn)  
as remote

as that key a seldom

sadness that touch

ed through his vague

ly afar oft' from.

mirror tabl ed-alone

reflect ing thought

s he’d al ways seen

but never really

known.

An over

flow of leave

s clouding the winds in

solemn remem brance.

Widowed

Coming home

to a house emptied of

his being there increa

singly shad owed.

Dark

rain’s pre

vailing shad ows heavy

with the numbed si

lence of all these satia

ted leave s.

When the

rains left

us burden ed down with

the weight of our selfenclosing fears.

Each poem

as a girl

firstly-

dressed to

a colored- surround

ing self.

Small bird

swinging

its branch ed becoming

into the sky thm of some

unknown co lor-swell.

*David* (Donatello) more a poet

than a warr ior here

beautify ing a one

ness of faith with that out

reaching sword Christ would

deny to defend His peaceable

kingdom.

Mary Magdalene’ *(Donatello)*

s spiritual

eyes aged with clothed-suf

fering over flowing pen

etential gar ments.

Black-evok

ing birds en

circling the sky in to their

cruel darknessbreeding in

tendon

s.

For the Rose

marie of

mild winds that have soo

thed southlike the

current s of my irre

vocable call mg.

Climbing

the steps of

a ladder in tervalled

to a time-re ceding full

ness of grasp.

*Subdued silences* (after a photography by H. B.) The lines of

snow left an after touch

of sound-im pression

s.

4 poems for him

1. Time had

swept him a lone rock-

bound the tides inhab

iting his daily ebb and

flowing in to the time

lessness of a no-way-out.

1. Feeling for others

Can one feel

for others not knowing

their when and why we’re al

ways on the o ther side of

that not-be ing-there.

1. Friend

ships (how

ever fully manned) though

sailing un der foreign

flags can’ t harbor

when most needed at

that lost- from-home.

1. Only once

Being pre

pared for what can only

happen once he tried i

imagining (as he’d al

ways done) still repeat

ing that only once.

Inconsistencies

It’s those

unaware in consisten

cues that make more of

us than righting

things just right

ly-wrong.

*Lost A. major Sonata* (Schubert, slow mvt.)

An irrepres

sible sadness that took

hold of the all-of-him

rhyming to the where of

winds invis ibly touch

ed.

Burda

A wander

mg ghost neither man

nor woman with search

ing eyes imprison

ed in cloth.

Palm Sunday

Never was a

king less of what He was

supposed to be Donkeyed

an eternal sadness in a

royal city of misguided

acclaim.

Roman portraiture

seldom beauti

fied as the Greek so real

istically there that

one still fear ed those o

pen-eyed in tendon

s.

Severalled

If there’

s a one-per soned me irre

vocably same ed Why am I

the many-sid ed otherwise

ness involv mg.

Does taste

change as or

with time’ s revolving

seasons unde niably yet my

sterious ly sourced.

Chroniclers

Why that need

with which they (meticu

lously pen- minded) chroni

cled their med ieval time

s papered a gainst death’

s undeniably short-liv

ed claim s.

Roman

cities street-

plans all that practical-im

perial abund ance layed-

out as if soulless

ly imper soned.

Ca 70. AD

they (the Ro

mans) carried a way all the re

galia of that onesome temple

as if they could outgod it

from the dark ness of His

own indwell mgs.

Faith

is only

when it’s be come more of

us than our overhear

ing self.

Close-thinking

as touched-

cloth so fine ly felt as a

woman dress ed and color

ed her self- defining

sense-in-be

mg.

A cause

If we need

a cause from that vacancy

of self It’ s because

we’ve not yet been docked

tied-in from the rising

tides of those self-reclaim

ing wa ters.

That house

When that

house was finely finish

ed the dream of their

through-to

gether

ness It stood (somehow)

outside its own sense-

of-being as if dream could

become awaken ed to stone

and touch.

*MoisSdC* (Meyer Schapiro/David Finn) famous

ly document ed with all

(every-sid ed) that

art could ex plain But the

faith that created it

somehow left alone for

the monks who otherwise

inhabited

it.

Church bell

s claim

ing the time- beat of celes

tial distan cings.

Garden

ed in to

the illumin ating voice

s of all these wind-

surround ing flower

s.

His mind a

drift with

the light- timed phase

s of dawn’ s awaken

ing silence s.

Age

has become a

slow-down time of these

indwelling

shadows

reigning ever longer

deeper with in my need

for find

ing a way out.

Organ music at St. Peters *(Munich)* Oceans of

sound-soar ing waves to

their golden ed-ceiling

ed heights with hard

ly a single tone clear

ly discern able.

When there’

s none of

that little- girl—of—thenn

shyly reced ing into the

playgame s of youth’

s partly-re minding inno

cence.

Subway

ed into a

sea of nonreclaiming

faces tunnell ed through

dark sound’ s secluded

realms of van ishing self-

identiti

es.

Games *(7)*

1. Soccer

Have we been

kicking that self-inflat

ing ball-of- a-world round

ed to its final goal

ed-out fin ish.

1. Chess with each

move so care fully preplanned u pon a spac

ed-out world that those

figures seem ed touched

even before the time to

be telling them so.

1. Tennis

netted more

of his downplaying fear

s than e ven a spider

could insect in-to a web

of time-hold ing appetite

s.

1. Golf

met the over

flowing dis tances of his

eye-sensed callings into the lighten ed roundness

of a tiny well- placed ball.

1. Baseball/fishing

He left-field

ed most of that sun-de

dining af ternoon

when the ease of fishing

would more likely have

awakened the pull of

a hooked- strung mo

ment.

J) Ping-pong

eye-rhythm

ed reflex ed those met

ronome Chopin- called finish

es.

g) U. S. Football

left the

field of com bat warrior

s flatten ed out Much

as Shakes peare’s her

oic ending s.

The tree

s so still

and high a hove the long

ing reach of even these ex

pressive ly words.

Stream

s running

through the bare-faced

stone’s glis tening aware

nesses.

Climb ing roses

beyond the breadth of

their coloring find

s.

*Old Black Joe* (Steven Forster) cotton

ed me to the time

less aging of those

picked-out fields that

have left me just as bated and barr en as that

black man’ s calling.

“Swing low

sweet char

iot” I heard the silent

arc of its slowly draw

ing near but the angels

(I feared) may have been turn

ing their shin ing faces

from my holl owing dark

nesses.

“Fayfrom the maddening *(Hardy)*

crowd” an in

timacy of just-between-

us that spac ed a unity

of touched- phrasing

s.

Holding back

If you don’

t say what you think

(wisely dis creet)

the thinking may become

ever louder while hold

mg itself back.

Schubertiade

Always with

friends twovoiced in the

midst of sur rounding

loneliness.

Blued

The sky

blued in to the depth of

its always finding

there.

Look

ing the o

ther way un til that o

ther way take s one off on

its own oneway of timed-

forgetful

ness.

Dream

s persist

ingly close- sensed to a

past that’ s now irre

vocably pre sent.

The wave

s so soft

ly reminis cent left

her mind to a dream

less world in creasing

ly afloat.

Summer

winds breathtouching a whisper

ing need for response.

Curtain

s drawn-down

through a touched si

lence that left the night

faintly star- sensed.

s beauty more

*Is a woman’*

of a pre-form ing mask pro

tectively

full-length

ing what’s deeper known

than the wak ing eye can

possibly con ceive.

as if these



trees were en veloping

us in to the shadows of

what they’ve so secret

ly known.

She took

on the pro

portions of her loss that

one looked long to find

those eyes once vibrant

ly toned.

The lake

may know

well the quiet of its conceal

ing voice listen

ing long e nough to the

softness of its remem

bering wave s.

When

the grass

cut to the freshness

of your first spring-smile.

Words

must be felt

in to de sign the

touch of their singul

ar meaning s.

He had

that look of

loss about him that one

wanted to find what

he couldn’ t vacant

ly expos mg.

A fish

silver-seal

ed quite sudd enly surfac

ed that mir roring mo

ment last ingly surpri

sed.

Evening

bells silen

cing in mood of these

sun-fading

times.

The slow

ing lines of

the wooded hills merged

gently in to the rhy

mes of their in-spoken

sadness

es.

If I could

only sense

the flow of her slight

ly whimsi cal thought

s might leave a faint im

pression of one rare

ly touched.

The rose

s small chaste

with a childlike affin

ity for de scribing

colors.

Women

were once a

better spec ies as Mary

suffering

the loss of

more than self-denial

Creating through their

inner quiet a unity of

home and fam ily Women were

once ...

Even

the thought

of a snow- felt land

scape evoking a lasting

sense of ser enity.

The cool

summer shad

ows us in to its dense

ly reclus ive enclos

ures.

Polonius’ Advice

Don’t play

the dead-down oldie stoop

ing when you should be

high-heading Or the grand

pa doddling with play-

made smiling exposure

s Or the young er-than-fit

panting for breath at un

seen offside appearan

ces But be true to your

self if there’ s still a

self left to be true to.

The long-

length stork

eloquent ly nesting a

top the local town hall im

penally staling spacious

ly beyond those lower

ing instinct s of man’

s mostly sub ordinate

claims.

*Raphael* (our retarded son) He scarce

ly under stood the word

s he sang a live to a voice

that became more of him

lyrically

self-attuned.

Accordion

sounds as

from a distant time and place

transform ing the where

of now in to a longing

for a world only remote

ly recalling.

There

they came up

the winding stairs a whole

troupe of tiny children bell-

chiming inter vailed to

their touchassembling ac

cords.

The strange one

Nothing

to be seen except his

hands tight ly-feared

fending off an unseen

though all- apparent

danger.

We lived

each day a

life unto it self a length

of realiz ed meaning

though each day lived us

but mostly its own way

out.

Coming back

We knew we

wouldn’t be coming back He

knew but did n’t want to

know as we left that last

time as if it wasn’t

really so.

If cloud

s speak vague

ly insuffi cent at time

s it’s be cause their

message re mains inde

cipher ably ob

scure.

If there’

s a season

of wholeness- completion

it’s that summer ease

that still s time mot

ionlessly

self-fulfill

ing.

These cloud

s having tra

veiled breath lessly far

left behind a sense of

their tran sient incom

pleteness.

Last time

the room empty

ing out until he stood a

lone his voice unseen though

still vibrat ing through

his former re solve.

*“Not* many (S. L.)

pleasure s left” he

felt resign ed his voice

lowered as a room

continual ly lessen

ing from use.

If one**.**

could only

live through one’s child

ren their times their

dreams their hopes as if

re-person ed blood-cy

cled.

“I would have”

as if I

were he and became into

that placetime would

have denied such identi

ty-transfer

s.

*When two (S. L.)*

friends

die at the same time he

felt twinn ed to mourn

more of him self than

his fragile age could

body-soul it out.

For Rosemarie

who’s be

come more of me than I

could find back to a

former vacant ly incomplete

selved-being.

Less-than-dog

The shy in

nocence of that somewhat less-than-dog felt my hand

s in to the depth of his

eye-descend ing dream

The wind

s reflect

ing their night-escap

ing silen ces.

Crowded

shadow s echoing

those un spoken not

quite selfdefining

thought-

moment

s.

Listen

ing through

glass to the other side of

sound less impress

ions.

Can

thoughts

travel dis tances of

their own creating

miles of lost image

s.

Sunshine words

Little girl

so prime- dressed that

she seemed like a flow

er posing sunshine

words.

Too hot

to take hold

of why I’ m still so

self-assur edly un

known.

It became

so hoc so

long that we couldn’

t quite feel the form of

our own be ing ghostlike scarce ly inhabit

ed.

Rail track

flower

s closely- feared scent

ed rushed- upon wind-re

minding dis tances.

bout track

*A round-a*

circled him in to a con

tinuity of repetitive

self-enclos

ures.

s with that



need to wan der to move

on desert-mind ed search

ing out secret

ly interned.

*Gorilla* (for Warren and Carol) s may be

peaceable

reclusive

ly mount ain-orient

ed But then- sudden appear

ance as those darkly-savage

dreams of ours.

When a Jew

doesn’t

look like the one you’ve

been taught to see and

doesn’t be have that way

either it wasn’t a Jew

at all but only an ap

pari ti on of mistaken i

dentity.

Some have

been so marr

ied to money that their

way-of-life seemed as if

coined far below its

minted value.

Isaiah 43:1

If we were

pre-created as only us

into what mothers most

ly realize well before

the start Why do so

many of us seem cloned

into the comm on mind-set

feelings ot others.

One of them

He so want

ed to be one- of-them that

he imitated their speech

took on their manners read

their favor ite books un

til fashion s changed and

he felt him self on the

outside a gain.

First time

She was feel

ing us out the way dog

s sniff litt le children

scream, until they know

more than they should

without giv ing much of

themselve s away.

through her though she was

*I saw*

hardly trans parent Even

her pained- life more a

performance that took on

a plaintive character

on the stage of where she

remained still more of what

she wasn’t.

The swan

s’ wave-mov

ing shadow s left only

their touch ed-silence

s behind.

Mozart (Flute Quartet k. 285 b)

ean chandel iers light-

curving ton al-transpar

encies.

The holo

caust twinn

ed German and Jew in to a

ground-zero of speech

less identi ties.

Schumann’ (op. 102 cello and piano) s year rhy

thmicaUy marked uneven

ed contours of romantic

reminisen

ces.

A n assem

blage of an cient statue

s staring through

their histor ic past irre

deemably lost from

view.

That little *(in Munich)* Hellenist

ic child so closely rabb

it-envelop ing the warm

th fur of its dead-time

past.

When

art become

s so close ly-real dia

logued to the mind’s

touch of spaceless af

finitie

s.

A sense

of sameness o

ver came her the way cloud

s cover the heavens with a

oneness of al ways now.

Prearranged

She married

more the way she wanted

him to be pre arranged as

an emptied table so fine

ly silver- set.

65 years after

How can one

remember what one can’

t like look ing in to a

blank sky for stars

that aren’t.

Haydn-gone-

wrong his

last trio seemed to find

the true length of its rhythm

ic being as a camelion

turning co lors too quick

ly to body more than those

elusive change- overs.

*Schumann*’ (Vpiano trio) s rhythm

ic impuls inga once-

of-fear voice less at its

tone-felt cen ter.

A fear

that his

pen would dry-down as

a well shad owing only

its emptied hollow

ness.

Beyond “the real” *(4)*

1. Saul

called up

the witch of Endor from

her depth of primeval dark

ness that strange wo

man who knew the untouch

able secret s of what no

man should e ver require.

1. Faust and Gretchen (Goethe)

lovers of the deep pair

ed to those strange oc

cult rhy thms of

that eter nal dance-

ot-death.

1. Beethoven’ (op. 71,1)

s “ghost trio”

s eerie-sleek sound

ing me un touchably

through

dim-silk-sens

es.

1. Macbeth ’

s witches

called from the waste

and water s of the

mind’s eter nally blank-

down dark nesses.

Italian

ate summer watered the

cool-stone- touch of the

moon’s light- apparent

source.

*Mozart’* (Quintet k. 581)

s clarinet soothing

ly flowed through

streams of unrehears

ed light-sad

nesses.

Tattoo

ed skin-blem

ishing more than the sur

face of one’ s falsely

self-identi lying pose.

Trite

novels for

paper-weight ed minds

searching through with

that lost- off look for

what they haven’t real

ized.

When

what’s seen

focuses an intensity

of timeless ly now.

Desenzano

that myster

ious city a cross the

lake with its silent

ly time-e hiding

street

s.

¥

we’ve only become a

ware of the lake’s sur

face-sound s as with

some person s reflect

ing speech less unrecall

ing depth s.

The lake

soft-down

serene ly thought

ful of its wave-like es

caping pre sence.

Money-mindedness

That determm

ed glassframed-tighteyed smile matching his

mind’s irre verent money-

mindedness.

The glare

of Van Gogh’

s glass-lit eyes star-

flaming.

That

boat-ease

distanc ing moon-

celestial

light-ac

cords.

When

he found

his voice im itating the

inflect ions of a

dead friend’ s aliveli

ness.

The bird

searching

out in wing ed loneli

ness the sea’s time-

resound ing shore

s.

She felt

through the

shore-resign ing waves

years of her unremem

bered past.

Boats

anchored

through the night-escap

ing winds but still be

spoken of their dark

and time less dream-

flow.

Desenzano

city at the

other side of the lake self-

encompass ing the after

math of why time had left

it so motion lessly there.

Pink

checker-

shirted his two-sided

cross-bridg ed life-style

of that most eloquent

man-at-the-

middle.

*Is a poem* (for Warren)  
a dialogue

with the un seen reader

almost on e qual terms

Or docs it help read

him into those (until

then) uninhab ited sphere

s of being.

Shoe shop’s open-

faced model’ s empty-foot

ed claim ing a perpet

ual on-the- move rest

lessly a dapting lifestyle.

A multicolored litt le girl up

swinging her anticipat

ing eyes un til she sat

so profound ly no-where

s-else.

His

locomot

ive spirit had puffed

him out to a slightly mis

taken middle- aged post-

appearan

ce.

Do real

people live

here or only touristic im

itations Sun-shine per

sons weathering over a few

weeks from those vacant

appearan ces of smil

ing hotel fa cades.

T. V.

took their

eyes out staring

hours-on-end through the

soundsofva cant image

s.

Mountain

s shadow

ing an al most iinper

sonal expanse of their time

less expos ures.

Hymnal trium

pliant the

final move ments ofSch

umann’s D minor trio

so self-suffi cient as if

he’d re discovered

Columbus’

world-round

edness.

Weeping

willow’s

down-phased

mourning

some untold though per

petually en dearing loss.

The bridge at Borghetto

A passage

of the mind this as if

stone could recreate

those un seen though

still muted thought-

steps.

For Rosemarie

Only through

the wavelike realm

s of our to getherness

could we calm to the

lake-seren ity of these

self-surround ing water

s.

Castle at Borghetto

s still

shelter not persons but

distance s between

time’s voice lessly e

hiding presence

Madonna at Borghetto

Can one im

itate the timeless

sanctity of a pre

dated i mage.

Business

people’

s black suit cases elon

gating the profit-pre

sence of their self-

conclud ing smile.

In love

with love

Pink land scaped the

mysteri ous calling

s of unknown yet vastly

beautify ing women.

Bombed

out ofher

security-

shelter

ing self She appear

ed more like a ruins of

life-appear ing fapade

s.

Only

in the se

eluded close ness of Sir

mione’s win tered street

s stone-en visioned

the still e choing of

its awaken ing medie

val past.

Through

whisper

ing blue the light mist

lifted to its own self-

revealing

wind-appear

ances.

Italian

ate morning

slowly awak ening through

the cloud s of dream

ed-remembr

ances.

A fisher’

s finger

ed line scarcely

touching be yond the

self-immer sing depth

of its un told silen

ces.

side of the

lake scarce ly apparent

dreamed through the

mist of a prehistor

ic dawn.

My life’

s becoming

the all of this now

timeless ly self-en

closing.

Faith and fairy tales

If we did

n’t imagine our child

ren through a world of

faith and fairy tale

s How could they accept

a dream less world

faced fact- down.

A distant

far-off boat

drifting si lently through

the mists of these time-

receding wa ters.

ied pretend

ing charm of those dress

ed out young ladies color

s my mind and sense with

the delicate touch of su

gar-plumed

transpar

ent sweet nesses.

A flotilla

of ducks

following the mother’

s nonturna bout claim

s of float ing-samed

obedien

ces.

“Newborn ”

Why is the

newborn so often reborn

as Christian Communist

Zionist that his feature

s often fade and blend into

much of that sameness of

his former self

She took

quickly in

charge color ing their

marriage with the in

sistent call of her

voice-modula

tions.

She swing

’s into the cloud-immer

sing realm s of self-re

velation

s.

*Intact* (forlngo) They row

ed intact to the breath

less water’ s time-re

ceding.

For Rosemarie

That smile

as the smoothholding touch

ofyour hand’ s so placid

ly reassur ing as this

peacable lake level

ing down to its pristine

inclinat

ions.

The sparrow

hop-jump

ed the speck- taste of an

implicit mo ment.

Upswing

ing the

child-like

impression

s of heaven ly release.

A flutter

ing laugh a

bout her butterfly

ing the less er hold of

some unbespok en branch-

length.

Predated

I knew too

much about him to see

who he real ly was pre

dating the other right

s of false assumpt

ions.

She

couldn’t

make up her mind so she

made up her face cream

ed and powder ed to a mir

rored though not quite

self-realiz ing sameness.

Shoot

ing gepard

s in Africa Taking aim

at her faith less husband

precision ed to the

eye-sensing speed of their

failed marr tage.

"Shake it off”

they advised

like a tree leafless

ly autumn- spent But the

bared branch es however

tight held on tenuous

ly aware.

A calm

summer morn

ing the sky a silent

ly spoken blue the lake

recalling its self-same

shallow wave s increasing

ly ashore.

Cypress-

moon dense

ly aware precluding

the night’ s growth-

darkness

es.

Amos’ 4rh vision

These over

ripe times too heavy to

bear the weight of

their downfalling con

elusions.

With him

there wasn’

t any blood- link left

him alone to a world

homeless ly self-find

mg.

The form

of our feel

ings is often why the poem

recreate s its self- escaping im itation

s.

Outfacing

So many-si

ded he ap peared as if

always out facing from

that self-con cealing

center.

That sound

less boat’s

slowly mov ing the wind

s through their remote

ly untouch ing thought

s.

Hades-times

Where they

more bodied appearan

ces soul less shad

ows inhabit ing these

Hades-time s of our

s.

1915

20 steps

down-in those dugg

ed out tren ches to the

bottomed depth where

death would bury their

blood-sus

taining

fears.

The “Idea of Progress”

(J. B. Bury for Arthur Haberman)

That great

motion less under

ground war’ s silent

ly unseen death of the

myth of pro gress stillstanding self-defeat

mg.



morning swim

cooling oft' the dream-

flow through night’s darken

ing pulse.

Afghanistan 2010

When all

the ways out lead only

to more way s in to a

labyrinth of self-de

ception

s.

The reading world

If the read

ing world’s (also) a

real one pa pering over

a soulless world with its

own imagin ary claim

s.

Dream-waved

This early

morning quiet softly en

tranced in the gentle

flow of a dream-wave

world.

Told

She told

me with her silent eye

s and word less touch

what I’d al ways known

became real.

Phantomed

These gull

s flying the unheard

realms of their white

ness shadow ing self-be

yond.

Was it

Monet’s re

finding eye or the depth

of his mind’ s envision

ing the shall ow-light-i

mage of that momentary

thereness.

Have these

leisur

ed waves been creat

ed in Co the image of

that moon- increas

ing night.

Gauguin’

s last paint

ing that snow scene where

the sense of purity over

comes such self-longing

distance

s.

The youth

ful weeping

willow’s more a touching-

transpar ent sadness

not yet doom ed in its

all-encompass ing darkness-

flow.

Aging

eyes mute

the depth of coloring

expressive

ness.

Dogs

live timeless

ly innocent of death’

s realizing their always-

now.

Burgonvilla

flower

mg through those stoned-

in medieval walls with

the affluen ce of color

ing persuas ions.

I

only became

a Christian through

the Jewish ness of Christ’

s redeeming passion.

For Rosemarie

listening

to your eye s star-mov

ing these windless

time-pursu ing nights

of ours.

A two-sided investment

If she inher

ited his age as she would

his money spent on keep

ing her re linquish

ing beauty touchab

ly intact.

Change of

place change

of person It’s like re discover ing a street

you’d once known (its

shadow ing indwell

ing touch- feel.)

She-that

Did I see

her shoot ing wild in

nocent an imals in Af

rica Or at her digni

fied desk document

ing deeds of local person

al relevan ce The same

person or was she-that.

Perhap

s it’s that

sense of re volving sea

sons always s reminds us

of time’s lost-becom

mgs.

As a Vermeer

lady-room

ed in those eye-touch

ing object s continu

ally rede fining their

familiar

self-ac

cords.

That aging

sense of

loss when e ven our voic

ed-shadow seems trans

parendy ex posed.

When pain

sits deep e

nough It’ s become a

part of us as a mouth or

a hunger con tinues to

feed upon its own persist

ent need for growth.

*History* (Altdorfer Alexanderschlacht, Munich) painting

s only succ eed when

light and

space over

time their visually in

herent cause.

Framed

Picture

s must be so framed that

those aliven ing faces ol

color and sound frontal

ly kept in tensed.

The older

I’ve become

inhabited with those

longing s for a stea

died deep ening time

lessness.

Apollonic

Can self-de

scribing beauty without the

shadowing phases that

immerse man’ s fallen na

ture still re main true-to-

life.

Do women

select

their dress ed-for-color

s to match an intricate

sense of per son Or to ex

press an em bellishing

longing for another yet

secretly hid den self-real

ization.

The great oil-spill

If no one’

s responsi ble then it

didn’t happen That thrust

ing blackcoating death

plaguing man fish and

fauna from th eir dollar-

and-cent’s re fining calcu

lation

s.

She flutt

ered about

bird-like caged in

time-spend ing hurried

eyes uneas ed at the

center of a no-finding-

where.

After-sensed

It rain

ed down to its silent

after-sense until an un

seen bird voice-color

ed that spa cial-depth a

new.

Named

He became

named for a disease

(famed in the annals of med

ically record ed history)

as if he him self had per

soned the cause of all

that hopeless suffering.

That pale

moon as vague ly decipher

able word s shadow

ing what’s untouched

only partial ly reveal

ing.

Charles

may have lost

track of some of his paint

ings so intrin sically his

own outward ly displayed

on foreign walls I write

for an in visible aud

ience as if my voice

could still be heard dis

tantly paper ed to un

seen thought s.

*The Tempest* (Shakespeare)

1. Spirit

s enlighten

that island- world of their

s to an un seen (airy)

identity.

1. Extra Nos

Only out

side the realms of

man’s dark est urging

s can he be come reattun

ed to a spiritual awaken

mg.

1. Forgive

ness Prosper

o’s reclaim ing man from

his soul less dark-in

debted de signs.

1. Storms

can carry

us through to those un

landed realm s of a new

ly realiz ing-self Or

they can break this

restless boat of our

mast-and-

all.

1. The church

can’t refuge

this Jewish soul of mine

from a world it’s become

so much a part of my

need for H im rock-of-sal

vation from this ship-

wrecked-soul of mine.

Moraliz

ing’s usual

ly proudly stanced at

the blind side of those

self-mirr oring truths.

Drawing the line

Where do we

draw the line if we’ve be

come so much of both side

s at either end as those

1st World War trenches dug

deeper even than death

could hold a common faith

nationed a part.

Aging’ s an uneven

process Some look older than

their mind would reveal

while other s feel the

call of roman tic instinct

s wheel-chair ed and protect

ively nursed.

*Violin Sonata* (Debussy V mvt.) Muted mo

ments heav ily held

through the rain-ripen

ing glow of autumnal

afternoon

s.

*Op. 41,3 quartet* (Schumann Is' nun.) Short-breath

ed but in tricate

ly involv ed mirror

ing dark ly imbued

sub-strata

s.

A museum

of science

replete with relics of

its own holy perpetuat

ors as if man was en

abled to re create the

final reach of this

inner puls ed vastly un

told univer se.

A room

ofbared

walls empt ied sound

s as if nothing

could be listening

back.

If Atlantis

that phantom

kingdom sunk into the si

lent and un discover

ed depths of a sea-down

underworld Who’ll remem

ber the doll ars and cent’

s faith of our own high

ly polished- up post-cul

tural king dona.

Survivors

Few survivor

s even fewer returned that

emptied land blood-soaked

estranged from its still

unspoken remem brances.

For Rosemarie

Beauty

may age blem ished with

time’s un yielding

cause But it still remain

s a lasting image of

its always becoming-

for-now.

Stevens wrote

*Wallace*

this 15-year- old oncom

ing poet “You must be your

own strict est critic”

I can still hear him now

more the voice than

that scalpel of his own

mostly blood less poetici

sings.

woke in the

*He a*

midst of a star-reclaim

ing night that even dream

merged in to distant but

still self-de fining phrase

s.

When the

fogs came

(as if they hadn’t al

ways been there)

We couldn’ t see beyond

the outline s of a lost

(but yet) self-emerg

ing world.

Kabale und Liebe *(Schiller)*

1. When love

transcend s all else

even the source of its

life-intrin sic being.

1. Greek-like

tragedy’s

static per sonae hold

ing fast (as little

as they could) a

gainst those oncoming ir

resistible

wave-likes.

1. Can a modest.

musician’

s daughter claim the

high-flood of Schiller’

s rhetori cal expan

ses.

1. A choric-

like back

ground Miller’ s wife Hof

marschall Kalb and Soph

ia dead-timed convention

al “correct ness”.

1. When words

“falsely sign

ed” can pap er death’s

all-ensuing

claims.

1. Lady Milford

the lone Brit

ain’s truly ten sed ambigu

ity of per son.

1. Wurm

pre-dating

the death-op portune

killers of our time.

While list

ening to his

self-reflect mg thought

s a strange voice he heard

listening

intently

back.

*Mutations* (for Warren) A poet’s

image and i dea may mutate

from its in itial cause

to a subtl er finality

of mind- sense.

Eden-time

The air heav

ily rain-sens ed fruit

hanging an un touchable

ripeness

full-flesh

ed the eye’s seminal grow

th.

Love-death

One would

almost think (if theatre’

s the rneas ure of a high

er realizing truth) that

love impass ions its own

self-resolv ing death-

calls.

When his mouth

ran dry pro filing those

inhibited rocks sound

lessly out pulsed.

*A t <2 loss* (for Lenore and Doris) ol person re

finding what you were

(that inner pulse of

former be ing) before

he wasn’t.

The rain

weighted be

yond the mean ings ol what

my mind could hold Too heavy-

encompass

mgs.

2nd hand

persons are

like listen ing through

translat ions of a

too-familiar

word-sense.

Rain

bows however

softly phas ed still re

mind more of the great

flood than of those light

ening winds of promise.

After

rain the e

ver green’ s sheen of

light-pearl ed pre-Christ

mas star-sen sings.

An unseen

silver-sens

ed fish break ing the sur

face of its underworld

seclusion

s.

Forbidden

fruit at the

threshold of where

touch become s the lush

taste of death-con

suming word s.

*In memory* (Charles Seliger) You canvass

ed those pre enduring color

s releasing in messages

of sounding- accords.

Do

crowds

crowd us out shadowing

unseen ap pearance

s or silen ce us in to

a corner of self-kept pri

vacies.

Cows

heavy with

the weight of lesser con

tentment s timeless

ly wind-sha dowing.

wheel

ed him spac iously alight

ing moontime appear

ances.

For Rosemarie

49 years on was it

beauty that caught his re

fleeting eyesensing soft

nesses

myster

iously awaken ing instinct

s as yet for eign to his

void at the center of

self.

fly’s tenta

tive wings tremulous

ly leaf-ex panding.



bounds the

lines clear ly marked

chalked-out

delineat

ing a no wheres be

yond here danger breed

s its own un touchable

darkness

es.

An emptied

vase flower

lessly dried out of its

withhold mg light.

The Idiot

Maybe he

couldn’t think right

but he could hold that

stone tight to its numb

ness color s.

Rides

They didn’t

play by the rules they’

d never known but theirs

which ruled out our own

helpless ly self-pro

tecting.

For Rosemarie

Do hands

(their flow) stream us

gently in to the kissed-

warmth of our self-harbour

ing accords.

*She* (for mother at 102) who mother

ed us with the wombed en

closure s of a fami

lied sense became the

last to keep those resil ent home- fires from

finally burn ing out.

Does the

mind see or

is it the voiced-touch

of these waves timeextending.

Time-sense

This late sum

mer grass cut down to the

scent of its intimate

time-sense.

He

couldn’

t find back to himself

but an i

mage of most

ly where he wasn’t.

The map on

his out-liv ed wall of

a world that wasn’

t anymore Countrie

s renamed boundar

ies other wise that he

began to wonder where

had actual ly become

of him.

Leave

s overgreen ed turning

yellow that she feared

for her sail ow face-mir

roring.

Ream

ing image

s as dream- spells uneas

ing the sum mer flow

ed mind-se quence.

At 13

his first

orphaned

picture

s that par ented the

blank claim s of his un

known ori gins.

Too long a

lone only

the indwell ing shadow

s darkly a live to the

fears that personed

her through- echoing.

Pain

(if nothing else)

defines the most exact

ing presence of timed-

space.

a) When

parents

haven’t been awakened

through the eyed and mind

of their child ren’s inre

vealing life’ s renewing

source.

b) When

teacher

s have learn ed more from

their blank- ended paper

ing books than from

their pupil’s open-eyed

life’s quest ioning need

s.

Found-in

Landscape s rarely re

main static They move

softly in to a view as

silken - touch-teel

They walk us through

their woodshadowing

enclosure s until we

feel secret ly found-

in.

Sometime

s he felt these window

s had been looking

through a spaceless

view of time’ s unrecord

ed past.

Robert Volkmann  
s quartets

left me un evenly satis

fied with a world at time

s out-focused from its own

self-continu ing sense

of source.



knows more

than these illusive

unanswer ing quest

ions.

Formed

A little

girl with a light-color

ed-ball lar ger than

her eyes could hold

the wind took its own

way increas ingly form

ed.

After a Landscape *(byJohn Marin)* Rough sea

s the wind s as if sudd

enly alert to why those

small boat’ s sound-cur

ving.

Sparrow’

s impecca

ble devot ion to a

finite

cause.

Shored

This sea

still shor ed with the

futile re mains of

long-aband oned cause

s.

Charles

sought out

the secret ly intense

forms of na ture’s un

seen design s I seek the

same through the hidden

densities of scarce

ly unspok en words.

Pin-up

couples tann

ed for just the right smile

s lastingly- in-love as

long as the vacation’

s sunning ly high-noon

ed.

Sail

boats wind-

surmising their ever-

whiteness es’ free-fmd

mgs.



off in the

mountain’ s highest en

closing a sense of

timeless ly there

ness.

These

soft water

s sound ing me in

to the flow of reflect

ive silen ces.

Misplaced

He misplac

cd her smile d an evas

ive sense oflost-

phrasing

s.

Night

waves dream

lessly appar ent as if

the winds subdued

from their illusive

shadowing

s.

The Jews

who wanted

nothing more than being

German died in those o

vens perfect ed by the

highest le vels of Ger

man science and technol

Dark

birds se

cretly e merging

wave-like

through

the flow of night’s re

current call mgs.

These sound

less wave

s as if a risen from

their own feeling a

sameness of time’

s repeat ing cause.

There was

something

premature ly worn from

her dead-cen ter looked-a

bout smile.

If man ’

s his own

worst enemy Why doesn’t

he finally face-up

to what re mains so in

visibly apparent.

Lizard

s voiceless

ly inhabit ing the cold-

stone-touch of their allu

sively vibrat ing sense

d moment s.

River

s find their

own ways out instinct

ively puls ing the land

routes of their pre

determin ing course.

Amphytrion *(Kleist)*

1. Two identi

cal I’s talk

ing back at each other

(perhaps an inner dialoe ue) despite their other wise creden tials.

1. Concealed i

dentities

(in the Shakes pearian sense)

here even con cealing from

one’s own ap parent self.

1. The slow

boat to Des

cenzano wind- drifting e

pochs of re vealing hist

ory slowed down to that

momentary

now.

Computerized

He kept close

to his compu ter always in

touch as a lover who fin

gers the key s of her feel

ings and screen s her beauty

far removed from the mode

s of convent ional usage.

Bird-

tree inhabit ed with that

momentary urge for short-

flighted

touched-en

deavor

s.

In-step

Walking instep common rhythmic

arm-swing ing the o

ther’s sha dowing same

ness.

These swan

s’ supreme

ly self-justi fying the ele

gance of their statu

esque appear ances.

David meeting Abigail *(Rubens)*

Rubens’ his

torical op ulence over

spreading the delicate-

intimacy of those first-

finding fruit s.

Counterfeit

She looked

as if she’ d always

been looked at that way

a'counter feit of what

once (per haps) had

become real.

*Dandelions* (in memory G. M. S.) may be

thought of as a common

breed But for him they be

came a wide field spread

ing out all— of-his-imag

ined color ings.

Tommy

had that

look of “ don’t ask a

gain” like all those who’

ve outliv ed what can’t

be forgott en A hurt

at the heart of that no-

where’s-now.

Ugliness

defies a

2nd looking back I fear

ed at my own blemish

ed Christian appearan

ces.

Adolf v. Harnack

When that most

esteemed Christ ian theolo

gian refused to converse

with a “lowly” Jewish rabbi

Was Jesus him self perhaps

listen

ing in to the

innuendoe s of that

more-than-in

formative

non-dialogue.

Short-changed

So many feel

that life has short-changed

them High hope s meagre re

turns they feel somehow

specially cheated as

if life it self had squan

dered away its own unlim

ited possibil ities.

If one

could only

hear behind those unspok

en silence s list ening aloud through a

wall’s vast ly shadow

ing under breadth.

Classical

cats roaming

the ruins of a once rever

ed past as if they them

selves age Icssly oppor

tune.

Benjonson

eye-pledg

ed the li quid intent

of even more than touch

can seem.

Did language

begin as

voice or as sign What’

s seen contin ually vibrat

ing word-sen sed.

That woman’

s cat-like

eyes closed an intensity

of night-glow ing awareness

es.

For Rosemarie

The soften

ing length of your hand-e

voking smile s much of my

impending

darkness

es away.

White gulls

as wind-recurr

ing dream s increasing

ly sound-sens mg.

*Brahms Quartet* (op. 67; *2* sides V mvt.)

1. dialogue

d dense col or-finds.

1. slow mvt.

Where’s the classical

ly depthed to a no-

wheres-but-

now.

1. agitato (3rd mvt.

passion

ately defy ing all else

but its ur ging need

for release.

1. last mvt.

a let-down

theme weakly varied to a

look-back, for what should

have been left behind.

*Beethoven* (Quartet op. 59,3; last mvt.) where begin

where end a start

ing-stop rhy thrnic fireworks.

Italian Serenade *(Hugo Wolf)*

Ice-cream

umbrellae d loli-pop?

s free-find s.

Langenargen

lake-landscap

ing the width of interior-

withhold ing fapade

s.

Books (though prin

ted out of dried wood)

can recreate the sap-lines

of a world’ s self-real

izing.

*A good family’* (Thomas/Claudia plus) s oneness

spaced with the breath

ing light- flow of flow

ering diver se color

mgs.

Dogs die

different

ly instinct ively realiz

ing a death that’s been

so much a part of their

abounding

lifeful

ness.

A cause

She always needed a

cause the way some

women all- dressed—up

to that some thing more of

self-conceal

ing-

With him

some theme

s couldn’ t even be

touched break able as valu

ed china care fully closed-

locked be hind glass fa

cades.

Tired spells

Those tired

spells that age use down

to a bottom- deep where

only dark shallows outsold timeless ly through.

Dementia

We knew

he was wear mg down

that way for getful of

where he was n’t looking a

side from that center

less self straight to

the eye-length of only that

now-him.

Some room

s space

fully attun ed can e

ven open out the width of

such unseen colors.

Schumann’

s 4th George Szell

pulsed it more than it

sang to the no-return of

rhythmic wave- streams.

For Rosemarie I

Thinking

out a world without

your being the more of

me than I could possi

bly conceive

For Rosemarie II

the blue-

touch of your recept

ive smile d me in to

those realm s of sea-

bottomed

stillness

es.

Pfullendorf

a small city

finely kept rehears

ing an appear ance of what

it really- wasn’t.

Aging

If he’s

still the same person

he always was Why these in

creased sha dowings at

differing

lengths-of-

feeling.

The sun

after these

long rain- spells de

dared such a cool bright

ness almost untouch

ably heard.

Quartet 5 (M. Weinberg slow mvt.) a ghostlike remem brance of

what’s still playing his

mind through danced-re

callings.

*Amphytrion* (Kleist the ending) Do “the gods”

make fools ofour turn

ing them in to express

ions of our own ungod-

like creat ions.

Leaf-touch

ed remembr ances as

if their au tumnal color

ings awaken ing his hand’

s time-sens mg.

Robert

never found

back to where he’d never

been as if lost from a

beginning that started

him out emp ty-handed.

*Still life* (Mornndi, Munich)

as if lift

ed from the very-source

of its be ing sound

lessly a wake.

Weinberg’

s circul

ar sound’ s a depth-

feeling empti ness at the

void-center.

Therapy’

s often a

lifeless

alternat

ive to the one you did

n’t lead.

Morandi’

s picture s as if

mysterious ly rubbed

through with the

faintly re vealing

urge of an indelible hand.

Uncertained

I couldn’

t certain her to the

where of my own becoming

s known.

Umbrella

s landscape

the color ing round

ness of our impervious

ly redund ant world-

sense.

Guardi’

s light-re

fleeting glassed i

mage of why the world’

s masked from its

touch

eing.



Pin-wheeled

When the

words ran out as a

child’s pin- wheel color

lessly wind- stilled.

*Quartet*7(Weinberg V mvt.) A loneli

ness so con suming as

if voiced in an empt

led land scape that

couldn’t be echo

ing back.

Totally im

mersed when

the problem s of other

s inhabited more of him

than his own ways for gett

ing out.

Why does

the ivy keep

climbing its shadow

ing way up wardly light-

obscuring.

This room

(the poet's)

voices an intimate

quiet of its own re

ceiving a pre-given

need for light.

*Poemed* (what it is for Warren)

1. Key word

s that satis

fy a poem’ s inherent

tonality.

1. Surprise

endings that

turn upon themselv

es to a complete

(as yet) circling

off.

1. Halfwords weave in to phras

ing musical accords.

1. Repeat

ing image

s seeing through

those elus ive other

sides from self.

1. When the

senses inter-

create a spell-work

beyond their own

one-faced

meaning

s.

j) Only words

that shape

and shadow their sens

ed-through

being.

Weinberg’

s lonely vio

lin trans cending

those desol ate height

s even of funerall

ed ash-fire s.

One-stop trains

These only

one-stop trains stat

ioned for death closed-

tight the fears of their

blood-dull ed forebod

ings.

Bow-tied

His words

forgotten (however im

portant they might

have been) but his bow-

tied smile d me still.

As they

caged Pound

in his irrev erent abuse

perhaps its intended bird

could have ta ken that i

rnaged flight away.

A dark

lake sunk

in phantom s of the

past moon- intensed.

Autumn

al shadow

s enclos ures of a

darken ing forget

fulness.

A. rcved (Gauguin) She fluted

the flower s to a dance-

semblance of color

ing-light.

*Seed voyage* (Seliger 1994) ’s minute

ly celeb rat ing intri

cate flight- appearan

ces.

Her face

as over

used word s paled out

from their freshly

blooded

time-sequen

ces.

Standing

on an immov

able rock solemnly

contemplat ing his al

ways-need for distinct

ing him self out.

Berlin 1945 *(for R. G.)*

Dark places

sound proof strange voi

ces uncloth ing his mo

ther’s crie s vibrate

his own in audible sob

s left him always life-

lonely.

knows the

*No one*

way out of this one

(nothing really spec

ial about his return

ing home in a semi-dark

ness) his steps went

only so far until they

disappear ed into the

thicken ing wood

s of a timeless

night.

The wad *(for W. w.)*

stopped un paved it was

that moment that turn

ed his life around to

where it started no

wheres but now/then.

Morandi

Rough and

smooth sur faces that

left those untouch

ed moment s behind.

When

the light

darkened and only the

winds became sense’s nightconsuming.

Dream

ed-sleep un revealing

waves of a time-sunken

past.

The parrot

colored

my reti cent voice

with the caged-in

wings of its shadow

ing silen

ces.

Dark

streams a

wakening

through

the moon’ s voice

less call ings.

Wind-evoking

Her hand

so slender as reed

s wind-evok ing.

M. 5.

Secretive

she was e ven beyond

the need of self-protect

ing her own tightly-clos

ed most in timate of

thought

s.

For my Rose

marie dream

ily lightcoloring

as breez es of a cele

brating morn ing’s first-

found open ing flower

s.

Rooted

What became

of what once was —

You can’t judge a tree

by its rough bark the in

visible roots grow

th deeper soiled to

their dark re claiming

depth.

Autumn

time the

winds have blown their

shadows in to these re

sidual depth s of fear.

This autumn

al day too

bright to realize the

depth of its own self-con

suming shad ows.

Pretty

daint

ily color ed flower

s ornamen ting the fa

cades of their own

darkly-felt

interior

s.

A tired

ness over

coming of clouds that

took him down even

lower-lev

elled.

That tiny

whiff-of-a-

girl’s bright eye’s trans

parently

smiling.

If you

can’t de

cide on marr iage don’t

do or it will do you

out.

When'

parents

would create their child

ren to their own self-secur

ing image they’re mirr

oring without thought of

what can’t be looking

back.

These small

white flow ers tight

and prim lyjewell

ed as if

from scent and stone.

The golden

age of music

levelled deeper seclu

sively dark er than that

mere appear ance of

sound.

These fall

days bright

beyond the reach of

where I can feel myself

through.

St. George and the Dragon *(Altdorfer, Munich)* The shining

glance of woods envel

oping man and beast in

an eternal ly envision

ed light- depth.

*Madonna and Child* (Privateli, Munich early 16. c.) as classic

as Bellini’ s oneness

of person ed-place

statical ly sensed-a

live.

Some medieval

paintings so

lost in their flowering

symbols that the less-cent

er’s most ly fragile

ly untouch ed.

Taste

and person

seldom match a unity of

other sid edness.

Autumn

night the

moon strong er sensed

than even the depths

of darkness could heaven

ly describe.

Butter

fly color

s more wind- sound’s a

wakening

s.

Lost

she became

in the leaf- expanse of

sky-immers ing memor

ies.

For Mother (at age 102)

She became

so much of this world

that even as times chang

ed with her becoming

for us

almost time lessly there.

On his 11,h birthday

A late start

er they call ed him as

if the be ginning

wasn’t then at all of a

growing up after-thought.

The JlVSt Still life (Jacapo da Barberi, Munich)

just hang

ing down a casual mo

ment from time’s last

ing place.

*Annunciation* (Antonella da Messina, Munich)

Maria strange

ly reach ing out to an

unseen world even beyond

touch-find

s.

What could

have been

wasn’t the fear resolv

ing ca dences of

steadied

stream-like

after flow.

With Kleist’

s all or noth

ing a moral ist poised with

in his own uncertain

ties left him the nothing

ness of hav ing said-it-

all.

I f we stand

at opposite

ends of our self-being

the battle field of un

resolv ing conflict

s.

Returned

Ulysees

and Tolstoi’ s Pierre re

turned with little else

to bring back than

their long ing need

for it.

*Weinberg* (Is' solo cello sonata) cello

ed me in to the in

tervals of his self-de

fining reson ances.

Child ing

My father

could oft child him

self down to their

hop-jump

impulsing

s.

Otherwise

To trace

with genuine ly ascrib

ing finger s the geneal

ogy of why he’s become

so remote ly other

wise.

For Rosemarie

You can’t

possibly (at age 72)

with that subtlely

wind-describ ing hair of

your being so beauti

fully self- revealing

as now.

Moon-souling

That autumn

al night spacious

ly moon-soul ing the dark

ness from her self-pre

vailing emp tiness

es.

The Siena

of his fine

ly eye-de scribing

birthed

spiritual

innuendoe

s.

No answers

When there

are no answer s left only

the quest ions long-lin

gering as a flag half-

mast.

*Reiterquartett* (Haydn op. 74,3; last mvt.) croach

ed down take the mark for

the chase pur suing its

own wherea bout’s find.

Harvest

moon impuls

ing the grow th of ripen

ing secret ly accord

Predator

A nest

at the top cat climb

ing steal thily paw

ed to an in stinctual

need for easing in

nocent blood.

As the Adam

s and Eve s clothed

themselve s deceptive

ly hiding be hind decora

tive phases of that other

self-creat ing self.

Dark imag

inings e ven the wing

s of the ra ven’s flight-

encircl ing blood-

enthused

forebod

mgs.

Mosquit

o’s touch-

sound stirr ing the va

cant air’ s blood-de

cipher

ings.

Even at

dawn the

moon timefading in

to its invis ible realm

s of night- evoking

shadow

s.

Life

became for

her more a self-dialog

ing its ill usive time-

flows.

Rewritten

They re

wrote hist ory didn’t

change what actual

ly happen ed if not

now why only then.

Oneness

A field of

sun-flower ing the green

foliage with an image

of scarce ly identify

ing oneness.

Chamber Symphony *(Weinberg 1992)* Its archaic

beauty so much of a

century ear lier the kletz

mer clarinet soulful lone

ly express ively

sad and o pen realms of

distant

unrequit

ed longing s.

N had become

an apparent inclinat

ion of her therapist’

s suggest ive-insinu

ating voice dream-evok

ing-

Was it

stone that

he touch ed-in that

hot summer day or the

feel of his own mind’

s awareness es’ seeing

through.

Unseen

If we can’

t see oui- self only

through the eyes of o

thers or mirr ored from a

pre-select ive pose But

if we list en hard e

nough we can still hear

the unseen i mage of our

self-confin ing voice.

s charred vis



ions of his family’s ash

ened remain ed still a

beauty of es cape a

world they couldn’t

hear but through the

living tonal ities of his

sounding them through-

alived.

A church

dead-ston

ed worn down from its im

posing shad ows to a

time when they closed

the doors onJesus and

his discip les jewed to

their inex plicable

loss.

Meyer-Amden’

s faint re

miniscen ces of what

could have appeared

almost real.

Are these

flowers

colorless ly night-

awake.

Unsaid

Some

thing import ant unsaid

over-look ed that it

plagued his memory re

peating in unformed syll

ables word lessly a

live.

If taste

distin

guishes the essent

ial person Why are most

inconsist ently prone

to contrast ing self

less express ions.

A stain-

on their

past as with Lady Macbeth’

s no means of rubbing it

off no

night-wander

ings either as if the

morning light full

of forget fulness.

How can

you forget

what you can’ t remember

History rare ly dawns on

us as wind s over the

horizon’ s edge.

When speed

train-length ed merges

in to the silence

ofbared- down resolv

ing field s.

In to the

dark of where time

hesitant ly touch-ob

scuring.

Too late I realized

the resonan ces of his e

vil eying me as a poison

ed snake readied/cur

led-to-

strike.

*Teacher’* (Dv. Voltz) s seminar

like malle able clay

still-form ing in to a

mode of more than self-de

signing in stinc t

s.

Annunciation

(Pleyendotff, St. Lorenz, Nurnberg 1460)

as if The

Father gold ed-chained

history in to the pur

ity of Mary’ s celebrat

ing recept ion.

Even

these light

winds leafphrasing

caressing ly mild.

Some of us

become more what we do

than what we are Schubert releasing music from his scarcely real izing self.

A last chance

as if she

could have chosen other

wise a fin ality of now’

s the never realizing.

Mantegna

cold/hard

and heathen without e

ven a breath of Bellini’

s touching softness.

Glad ioles

elongat

ing the reach for

their color ing-touch.

His tie

more like

perform ing the co

lors to his own attun

ing smile - lengthed

importan

ces.

The heaven

ly blue

Bellini in spiring a

purity of untouch

ably light— distanc

ings.

Jacopo

Bellini’

s paralleleyed Madonna

s as if The Virgin rout

ed to a Christ-same

ness.

When her

husband

died only the tiny depth

of a little— become-dog

could lick her apprecia

ting finger s back to a

need for life and love-ap

peals.

inhabit ing a new

ly discover ed land which

had always s been map

ed out but neverthe

less became.

Illmensee

fading in

to the mist of its cloud-

evolving sha dowings.

The fog

s so deep



floating through midair time-sus pending.

“Finding yourself”

You just

have “to find yourself’

they said as if those

mute shad ows darkly in

habiting a terrain of

their own could (how

ever silent ly) answer

ing back.

Holding on

She needed to

hold on to some thing

as the cool railing of

her tilt ing ship se

curing a grasp that de

fied the space Icssucss of her own self-impend

ing shadow s.

Pedes tailed

When those

deciding mo ments (as

if pedestall ed to a now

or never) step down

from their self-assum

ing sense-of- importance.

Lightmares

Her train

fog-bound in the depth

of its own impervious

sound ing out ee

rie light mares.

Train stat

ioned in the

wee morning hours empty-

voiced self- inhabiting.

A world

adrift

in the fog- light of its

echo less self-i

imagining

s.

Jeweller

exact

ing touch- pinned

his finger s reliab

ly sensed.

Is

the fall

ing of leave s a sign

of sadness or the va

cant loneli ness of a

world naked ly self-find

mg.

The blind

singer felt

more the trans parent light

of its voic ed-through

intonat

ions.

Colorings *(4)*

1. A utumn

al sound-

sense

d that lies itant inspok

en stirr ing of predescend ing leafed-

coloring

s.

1. Pin-wheeled

That small

child pinwheeled

the vibrant touch of its

wind-color

ings.

1. Butter

flies inno

cently coloring the un

evened flight of their own

self-elud ing moment

s.

Marians Vesper *(Monteverdi)*

1. contrast

ing the in timacies of

voiced soundtouching

the dense coloring

s ofVenet ian festivi

ties.

“One-track-mind”

Those plag

ued with a “one-track-

mind” may dis cover that

missing the train could

time-table them to the

consuming

vacancie

s of obscur ed destinat

ions.

For Rosemarie

Aging love

continue s to warm

us young with the em

bering coal s of these

thirst ing fire-

finds.

Paws-down

She had

that look of a boneless

dog about her on-the-

scent paws- down modulat

ing.

Serioso *Quartet* (op. 95, Beethoven) That kind of

music can force the is

sue on its own terms dia

loging a deep ly dissatis

fying unanswer ing self.

Preaching

the unseen

Easter-revel ation’s like

angelical ly transfer

ming the im purity of our

down-to-earth lifted flesh

and blood.

There

he was

before he wasn’t always

s one step a head of where

his feet were taking

him down to the stair’

s bottom- felt blood

fulness.

Middle-

minded med

iating bet ween two

sides that left her

bridged from an ac

cumulat ing deep.

Beethoven

forced his

always-will self-deter

mining be yond the home-

for-enclos ures of class

ically final ized.

Our skin

doctor’s

Sherlock-Holm

es-like

light-scann ing whatever

percepti ble clues

could be touched-back

to mind.

Waiting room

The waiting

room filled with those

time-shar ing fears

that left each-of-them

(however

different

ly clothed) as a unity

of a pre-call ing presence.

Forbidden fruits

That scare

crow (even if it didn’

t scare us) scantily cloth

ed a field of protect

ing bird-like shadow

ing intake of all those

(but for us) forbidden

fruits.

Quartet 1 *(Schonberg,* V mvt.) They all

started be fore it be

gan tuning up an over

flow of “I’m my only

voice”.

*Quartet, op.* 20,3 *(Haydn* slow mvt.)

The cello

depthed in the darken

ing flow of a child’s

timbre of its own

voice dis covering.

Mooned (for Rosemarie)

My world’s

only become complete

through your moon-en

circling

other-sourc

ed brighten mgs.

His own way

He had his

own way of overstat

ing what ever he could

hardly be lieve dialog

uing a need for a

temper ing respon

se.

Closer

I grew clo

ser to him than his

stand-off

ish-word-

profess ings could

decide.

Wind

still the

trees unmov ed as if

time-con

templating

the depth of their autumn

al exposure s.

To keep busy

She tried to

keep busy as if the

thought of her being

left alone could open

out unheard shadow-whis

perings.

“Open ended”

They call

ed it “open ended marr

iage” as if love always

would need a secret es

cape to its backstair

ed down-way s.

Chilean

mine worker

s praying the dark

ness through to the light

of their earth-depth

ed enclos ures.

*Concert* (Munich, Oct. 14)

1. Piano/Woodwind Quintet’ (Mozart, k. 452)

s inner harmon

ically calm ed shadow

ings as of wind-sensed

cloud-trans

parencie

s.

1. Trout Quintet (Schubert, slow mvt.)

The water

or the trout’ s transpar

ent unity of sound-flow.

1. Piano Quintet (Dvorak, slow mvt.) as if the

world had been slowed to a

self-contem plative a

wareness of its own un

fathom able beauty.

1. Piano Concerto’ no. 11 (Haydn, last mvt.)

s strange

ly foreign irresist

able dance d intonat

ions.

These star

less autumn

al night s enclosing

even the touch of

their un heard

light-dis

tancing.

Raphael

We couldn’

t get to the touch of

those empt ied space

s he left so immune to

our own sell- relying sen

sibilitie

s.

Ravensburg’

s sun-dimm

ed warmth southern-im

itating med ieval light-

paths.

Dark

words sha

dowing a woods of un

spoken

phrase

s.

Self-revealing

If we could

see through those secret

ly hidden thought

s of other s might bring

our own to their self-re

vealing

light.

Dea th -processional

No death-pro

cessional I’ve ever

seen more ser iously in

tensed than of those sum

mer ducks en circling

the forbidd en death of

that lonely one-of-their

s.

Dead

end side

street s us to a

no where s beyond

the range of self-im

pending en closure

s.

When lang

uage began

self-tun ing its

strange (and yet

vastly fam iliar)

accords.

The family’

s the last

barrier to fall from

man’s being freed to a lasting lone liness from

self.

Penthesilia *(Kleist) (5)*

1. way ahead of

his time’ s feeling to

that Kafkaes que identi

ty crisis but way oft

(as well) from a believ

able human frame-to-be

mg.

1. Penthesilia

emancipat

ed Amazon-warr ior let love

in only-so- far as a sunlit view clos ed down cur

tained to her overbear

ing darkness es.

1. She did it

killed her

scheming lover fed on

the flesh and blood of

her own self- denial.

1. Love-to-death

a passion

ed flesh and blood unity

of a more than life

can hold.

1. Where those

dogs and ele

phants of her animalled

instincts opposed to

the Greek’ s veneer of

a higher sense-for-

meaning.

Orchid

s holding

on to the tropical

ly color ing inter

iors of this late

autumnal

glow.

Rain

drops prefiguring the touch

ofVermeer’ s pearl-

like innuen does.

The time

ornament

ally clock ed to an

artific ally stone-

environ ed wall’s

steadied- down pace.

Rain

winds cloud

ing the touch ed persuas

ions of these scarce

ly envision ed inter

ior echo mgs.

Wasn ’t

She wasn’

t what she was before

time refash ioned her i

maged to its self-forebod

ing appear ances.

The home

less out on

the street s with no

shelter left but their

time-endur ing feet.

If man’s

the solemn maker of his

own self-deny ing history

he keeps writing to

paper over the flesh and

blood of what usually turn

ed out wrong.

Cheer-leading

Alena at

age 9 cheerleading all

the rah-rah dance-impet

uating form s of team

less self-ex posure

s.

For Chung

Clean

ing up clear ing out what

she’d left be hind the cloth

es select ed to match

colors and touch-felt de

signs the jew els not meant

to sparkle but to cool

and cleanse what death

had claimed for the rest

and its own safe-keep

ing.

When

thought be

came that blank-stare

of his win dowed into a

framed com pleteness.

For Rosemarie

To ask why

I love you is like ask

ing the flo wers why they’

re colored white blue

and red I’m not I not com

plete with out you Ask

God He color s the flow

ers too.

The touch

of a rose

folds me in to the realm

s of its

through-fmd ing scent.

Purim

What Hainan

couldn’t Hitler ful

filled a dance not

joyous ly triumph

ant but slow ly inbecom

ing danced- to-death.

Israel

s national

hymn in the minor key of

its mediev al longing

s for a re turn to that

God-given land of its

blood-ful filling re

demption.

Soul-descending

Is it the

sadness of the entire

world fall ing with these

late October leaves down

to the emp tied bareness

of man’s fut ile attempt

s to master himself and

his sovereign claims over

the many-color ed designs of

this world’ s soul-de

scending.

That late

autumnal

night moonclouding me

in to its surround

ing celest ial bright

ness.

Dark motion

less morn

mgs as a boat anchor

ed to the depth of its

not finding from where.

These leaf-

descending

trees as Adam and Eve with

nothing left to hide from

the naked ness of their

self-reveal

ings.

Mother

at 102 age

lessly endur ing her child

ren’s loss of their life-

consuming

strength.

“I’m the last

*“The last one ”*

one” he said after a fun

eral “All my classmate

s are bur ied mostly

here” I saw him wander

ing grave stone to grave

stone as if i magining the

down-depth of his one

ness with those class

mates of his indelible

past.

or the power

of the broom stick the

wish-fulfill ing image of

a minister’ heart Mary and

Martha all-in- one the inward

prayer and sermon- recipient of

all the necess ary clean-up

work as well But beware if

a woman dared come in pants

to the week ly bible group

Beware of her penetrating

eyes and not- so-closely

kept mouth.

and the power of the broom-

stick-Saturday s cleaning up

for the pur ity of The

Lord’s Day the swinging of

the broom the rhythmic im

pulsing mod

esty of her

Mary and M ar tha’s heart.

Money girl

One could

see through the self-cer

tained way she dressed

and spoke her hands a

live to the shifting of

monies taken in as if

she could only be lis

tening through the artifi

cial light of that se

para ting glass.

*Richard III* (Shakespeare)

1. “a horse for

a kingdom”

Richard tra ded his own

soul for a blood-aspir

ing phantom- kingdom.

1. Richard

tempted o

thers (some times with

success) for his amhiti

ous designs as if a sha

dow of his own self-re

vealing

heart.

1. Evil

justifie

s its own ways not in

mind but in the continu

ing act of its alway

s being so.

Not yet for healing

The leave

s are fall en the rose

curled down to its dy

ing scent only the

thorn re mains and

those open ed spaces

not yet for healing-

times.

Last chance

Her last

chance d it quick

er than she could de

cide and left her

chance lessly un

done.

Kingdom of darkness

Only Christ

could affirm the depth of

that kingdom of darkness

that we could n’t even see/

feel oursel ves through!

Changed

It may have

been the same person

so chang ed that I

couldn’t re member even

less of why he hadn’t been

so/then.

At 73

death’

s calling’ s become as

common as this leaffalling sky-hold.

African fantasy

Exotic

names and their color

ing over dressed-ap

pearance s seemed to

be exposing more of their

insuffi cently voic

ed-innuen

does.

Hunting-eyes

If some ani

mals can see the dark

ness through their hunt

ing-eyes al ways aware.

Found-out

A poem’

s that-al ways-there

until it’ s sufficient

ly found- out.

*Arcarea* (Gauouin) Wild dog

sound- felt in

stinct ing color.

*The alligator*

pre-histori

cally armour ed for time

lessly mindfloating.

*Learningfrom books (3)*

1. She knew

more while always reali

zing less.

1. a two-sid

ed view of her own self-

dividing.

1. her dream

s paper ing over

scarce ly decipher

able imag ery.

Learning from life (2)

a) The world

outside those inner

rooms of self refresh

ingly other wiseness.

b) always

in dialogue as if life

could be learn

ing from you.

Autumn’

s reflect

ive not only when it

spaces in to a solemn

depth of pre ordained

quietude

s.

To mind him

It’s only

when he him selfbegan

to hurt the feeling

s he’d done the same

came back to mind him.

goat with

its final blessing

released in to a de

sert bloom ing strange

ly untold flower

s.

Spidered

A dark-view

spidered him unseen

in to the hold of its

alluring

phantom-pre

sence.

Ergo

She at the

height of her littleness

stance

d more hand

s than mind ing her week

ly rub-in therapeut

ic voice- likes.

*The Gauguin* (La Orana Maria) he awoke

in the mid st of this

bare-down sea son to a

strange ly foreign

feeling of densely con

suming color.

as Cain

with that stigma of be

ing marked- off from o

thers yet as Abel most in

timately

God-invok

mg.

The thought

of Crete

abstract ed his mind’

s-touch to a bareness

of sound-in flection

s.

Are the

Don Juans

perhaps a fraid of a

woman becom ing more of

them than they could

so easily leave be

hind.

Goodness

can still

stand alone as an un

armed warr ior over the

fields of Freud’s con

suming de bris.

stone-scent fires awaken

ed somewhere in die depth

of his mind’ s vacant

fields of a bandoned

longing

s.

Light-streaked

Shoot

ing pain s they call

ed its not coming back

light-streak

ed.

A still

life because

it stilled bis eye-

touch to its space-defm

ing presen

ce.

Poems from Crete 2010

1. Shrub-

down bottom- ground of a

rock-fed cul ture long

since last ing its time

s out.

1. The mount

ains at a

height of forgetful

ness still witness

ing centur ies of lost

remembran

ces.

1. The sound

of the sea resign

ing itself to that un

change able voice

fate-evok

mg.

1. Our hotel

in patio

style flower ing an inti

macy of selfenclosing

after

thought

s.

1. A butter

fly’s wing

s uncertain ly echoing

its need s for ingra

dating

light-touch

ing moment s.

1. The carpet e

longating

into a mos aic of sound

less impress ions.

1. Pomogran

ate’s close

ly held juice-inten

sing its me ticulous

self-refin ing taste.

1. At Chersonisos

only the

floored mo saic remain

s ofan an cient church

hill in creasing

invisible

faith-find

s.

1. These mass

ive unspok en cloud

s conceal ing a depth

of celest ial light-

1. Silent mem

ories increa

sing in to a sha

dowing un ease.

1. The harbor

at Chersoni

sos encir cled our

sense-of- seeing its

boat-awaken

mgs.

1. Light-phasings Wind creat

ing moment arily lightphasing s.

m) Arcade’

s interval

s of step-re claiming

voiced-e

choing

s.

n) The tired

ness of a

ging as these tree

s shadow ing their in

creasing ex panse.

o) The tide

s seem slow

ing down here as if

time were shifting in

to the se curing length

for a perpet ually encom

passing

warmth.

p) A court

yard flower

ing enclos ures rarely

fathomed

secret

ly intens ed.

q) Tile

floor’

s cold i mage reflec

ting a faint ly incomplete

momentar ily there.

r) The scare

crow scar

ed no one but his own

poorly dress ed thinly

disguised

self-deciph

ering es cape route

s) Perhap

s the bird’

s circling lonely o

ver the sea’ s unfathom

ed message- wings still

unrealiz

ing.

t) One can’

t read a per

son’s eyetouching

decipher ing respon

se.

u) Grass can’

t really

ripen here it leaves

an impress ion more of

barely-felt

exposure

1. That aban

doned scope

of the Vene tian harbor

at Heraklion imperson

ally time-e hiding.

w) Street

lights o

minous ly night-a

ware at the dawn of their

voice

less pre sence.

1. Aron

nimbly awak

ening fleet ing stone-

bred impress ions.

y) Alena

at 9 more

girl than wo manly round

ly coloring her selfextending smiles.

z) Blind alley

way cat’

s stealth ily pawing

self-decept

ions.

aa) When

left alone

to vacant ly shadow

the ship’ s out beyond

sound

appearing

s.

bb) Sea-salt

ed scent pungent

ly wind-re minding.

cc) He sat

there for

hours silent ly contempla

ting more i mage than

words as if through a

continui ty of cloudstreaming s.

dd) He became

too close to

himself as a tree clutch

ed down to the weight

of unripen ed fruit.

ee) Knossos (9)

1. Can an

cient stone s speak in

strange dia lects recount

ing where rains and

winds have left them so

desolate ly unheard.

ff) 2. Blood-

stones mute ly sacrifi

cing the un answered

animal’ s rhythmi

cally respond ing crie

s.

gg) 3. Opened

sky anoint

ing the col umned God’

s wind-implor ings.

hh) 4. Blue ladies

Three women

ornament ally dress

ed out to their hand-

encompass ing eye-sens

ings.

ii) 5. Wave-curv

ing origin

s of where flowering

s growth- touched.

jj) 6. Linear

eye-length

ed the “

Lily prince”

’s sound-col orings.

kk) 7. Cyclade

idol’s arm- encircl

ing vision of an un

seen sit- down worldview.

11) 8. Bull-spring

ing his e

thereal air -enchant

ing acroba tic somer

saulting

s.

mm) 9. Dolphins

peaceably

coloring a world of

vanish mg light-

flow.

nn) Isolat

ing palms

as proud ly sourced

ladies lux uriating

their lush-

green heaven

ly aside s from this

coarse and nakedly stone-

bred island.

oo) This cliff-

down culture

of wind-de sc ending

timed only now to the

tide’s eter nal expos

ures.

pp) Warned

She couldn’

t be warn ed as flash

ing light s calling

her ever-so- closely to

that inevi table no-

wheres-else.

qq) The poem

ed intensi

ty thought- imaged a

focus pre cisely un

heard.

rr) Night

city-light

s on dark waters re

fleeting a tideless

continui ty of sound-

flow.

ss) Out of

the dark en

closure of unremember

ed time the world creat

ed each (and only that

day) anew.

tt) Light-spending

Smooth

winds self-re assuring

as a mother’ s hand calm

ed to those withholding

inner silen ces increase

ingly lightspending.

uu) Birds

attenuat

ing a wired evenness

of sound less expos

ures.

vv) Ont

lines of a

house color- bare hold

ing down these wind-

climbing

hills.

ww) Mythed

Crete may

have been mythed from

its sea-a risen shoresensing s.

xx) War-minded

body built to muscle-

out those strange

ly recurr ing fear

s of his.

yy) Dreamed-

night as the

outspread ing clouds

timeless ly expos

ing.

zz) After Brueghel

Children gaming life

in to their imaginary

self-express ive playtimes.

aaa) At Knossos

the stone-

down ruin s of a sky-

enchanc ing bright

ness-cult.

bbb) Light-panor

ama of these

white-wash ed house

s message a tenuous

purity of hill-confin

ing.

cce) A white-

bred flower

earth-trans

cending

the singul ar whole

ness of its petalled-re

fining touch ddd) People

s can’t

fully and freely live

without the dawning

past of their self-aspir

ing heroic myths.

eee) Either way

Those who

can see thing s either way

may become in tellectual

ly cross-ey ed blankly star

ing at the center.

fjf) At parting (for the 4 A’s)

A touch of

sadness at parting not

deep and swell ing but as

a slight re miniscence

already in passing.

Silence

s (those

thrown up

at you as

walled barr iers) can de

fend even harder than

stone.

For Rosemarie

It’s that

left-over little girl

innocence that woman

s you even more attract

ively mine.

2nd Commandment *(Moses)* He created

himself a new in his

own image that left God

staring

through those

blank-down spaces of his.

Vacant

A room

left vacant because I’

ve become a ware of the

window’s

darkness

es being left so

vividly

behind.

For many

some quest

ions aren’t asked but

simply lived out as leave

s tred upon until they’

ve become no better oft'

than those self-same

images down ed.

F‘ Sextet op. 18 *(Brahms)* A rich dark

ness prevad ing the con

trasting co lors of depth

ed silence s.

Those left behind

Do the win

ter bird s (those left

behind to the vacant still

ness of their snow-sens

ing shadow s) feel a

kind of sad ness through

their lesser winged need

s for flight.

Out-of-bounds *(an answei* What’s new

(because it couldn’

t be other wise) out-

of-bound s beyond that

close-kept court of gram

matical re straint.

Unde living

that most

ly modest self-refrain

ing listen er always in

voked the last word as

a judge wis doming the

voice of un answer

able truth s.

Wintered

The sun

kept down closer to

the horizon’ s edge as

some person s cooled to

those lesser vista’s

self-re

strain

mg-

Ice-skat

ing the e

lusive ly rhythm

ic feel of sound

lessly in herent self-

escaping

s.

Ice-fish

ing below

the endang ered surface

of our noescape route

For closure

A word

less inde scrib

able void as an empt

ied pre-fash ioned well

filling to its brim-

needs for closure.

In the dark

person

s become phantom

s of shad owing fear

s untouch ably pre

sent.

PoentS (from Alsfeld, to and from)

1. Wind-thoughts

The train’

s wind- thought

s at the speed of hav

ing been there.

1. The inert

flow of these hill

s timeless ly forgett

mg.

1. Late autumn’

s green-down

fields bar ing for co

lorless find s.

1. After-sensed

Threaten

ing wind- clouds con

trasting sun-bred af

ter-sensed.

1. When

what we don’

t know only momentar

ily assur ed like your

hand-pulse

reclaim

ing my vi sion of now’

s otherwise ness.

1. It’s bin

ing up to a skied-mirr

ored through appearance

even if the trees escap

ingly self- fmding.

1. Wilhelm

ian moust

ache glar ing eyes at

either end of a self-

deceiving out-timed

appearan

ce.

1. Two-lined

highway

one-direct

ioning par allel cau

ses.

1. Passing

through

Niirnberg even the

name deaden s down crowd

s of still— obscur

mg evil ac cords.

1. Curtain

ing off dark rains of a

strange and foreign city

as if list ening to

some un known where

at the depth of his im

person ing self.

1. Dead-tiled Hades of an under

worldly flow of time

less forget fullness.

1. Wind-rain

the curr

ents of sound dark

ly phras mg.

m) Giraffed

The wooden

ed reach of that high-

phasing gir aff lowered

him down to an upward

s aspir ing of skysensing’ s evermore.

n) Brahms’

First Sextet

continue s to intone

me with the poetic stream

s of its out lasting time

lessness.

o) 1001

Wax candle’

s cold-shine glimmer

ing through stone-reflec

tions.

p) Do the

blind hear

more out of the dark

ness of our strange

ly-felt

voice.

q) Dried ben ies

sun-ripe hard Octob

er-clear Now as but

a lessen ed remind

er of thing s past.

r) Leafed-va

cancies

dulled-shine

of November’ s wayward

light.

s) Doesn’

t the out

er eye of ten become

us closer than the

mind’s

heart-re

vealing.

t) Rows of

emptied

chairs lis tening as

hard as wood could be sig

nifying some thing more

than eyes or even ear

s could poss lbly retain.

u) Time-sitting

She became

so used to herselfby

being no wheres o

ther than where she al

ways was time-sitt

mg.

1. Curtain ed morning still

ness as fine

ly felt through as

these trails parencie

s of light ening wind

s.

w) A life-view

Can look

ing through window

s reveal a life-view

as those o pen court

yards in De Hooch’s paint

ing us be yond even

where the eye could be

come timesensing.

1. One could

perhaps com

pare plugged- in-music-

dweller s to the

cavemen of prehistor

ic tim

ing their per

sistent beat to the resid

ual accord s of loom

ing darkness es.

y) Alfeld’

s old e

nough with its half-tim

ber houses to remember

why its past’ s become so

time-elud

mg.

z) Some

collect rare

stones to discover un

told color ings with

in their own sound-bear

ingtouch- finds.

aa) The light

darkly un

told switch ed-on the

sudden touch ot

space-reveal

ing.

bb) Rows of

window

s lifted his eyes beyond

their glass ed-through

shadow

ings.

cc) Stairs se

cretly climb

mg the cir cling of some-

other-thought s being left

behind.

dd) A moon

less night grey and

dead-drab as if the

sky was sear ching still

spaceless ly unatten

ded.

ee) Trees

darkly e

merging from the

wind-kept

secret

ly moon-tim ed phras

mgs.

jf) Pink’

s youthful

side of his sunny-set

bright ly adorned

suit

ed that parr

ot-like smile of his cag

ed-in part ly subdu

ing reminis cence

s.

ao) That old-

<±X±>/

chuckling

face of his reminding

of a far liter’s bean

stalk and the wind-

rained fm ality of a

scare crow’ s persis

tent there ness.

hh) Silhouetting

Can the mind

be silhouet ting reclu

sive downtime imagin

mgs.

Darkly

timed squirr

el lithely skipping o

ver spaced affinitie

s to his in tuitive

ly rehear sing poetic

phrasing

s.

Interior

side-show

s the u sual could-

have-been s dressed

out to the full-length

of false ap pearanee

s.

Ifl

mostly see

my own face through

the disclos ing eyes of

others Do they really

mirror-me- back or their

own decept ively recall

ing self-con templation

s.

Holding on

Cluster

ed they were dried-down

the last leaves as if

holding on tight to their

only-time sapped out.

Foreseeing

I’ve seen it

before she meant but

couldn’t re member the

why or when but only

this now’ s foresee

ing.

Played out

A play in

which the charact

ers couldn’ t find them

selves out only their

shadow s echo

ing a spaceless

void.

A no man’s land

It wasn’

t too late (though

there seem ed to be

little time left)

to where he took that

same path as before dress

ed in his u sual thought

s but the further he

went beyond his farthest

doubts in to a no man’

s land with no possible

means of re turn.

The first

snow unreal ized at first

scarcely heard fall

ing the night’s out

reaching

silence

s.

Pink’s

morning

dressed in the usual

pink-blue of his alterna

ting break fast ensemble

occasion ed that

outlasting

brightness

of his most self-enthu

sing chari table smile.

The wash

ed over white ness of these

self-appeai- ing house

s almost lost in the

forget fullness of

the first realms of

snow.

These

bird-felt

wings word lessly de

daring the lighten

ingtouch of their skyinfolding s.

Islanded

He island

ed some sides to his

less comfort able person

to(o) far off and mostly un

named region s of the

mind.

If guilt’

s always

where I’m not Let’s

change its name to ap

preciate more of the

same doubledealing.

Snow

white house

s spotless ly self-i

magining.

Repentance and Prayer day

called oft

the calendar a blank at

the heart of a people

to make way for higher

(economic)

concerns.

a) Untamed

*Contrasts*

Some

thing un tamed about

her as cag ed-in ani

mals night ly but bright-

glaring eye s.

b) She possess

ed so little

of self-assur ance that not

even self- pity could in

habit the most of her.

Day of the dead *(Totensonntag)* the last

day of the church-year

As if death had run out

of its fully armed arsen

al to make way for prefiguring the birth of

Christ.

Eye-shyness

He couldn’ t look me in

the eye-shy ness of fear

ing I could penetrate

whatever he hadn’t

found of him self in

there.

Bow and arrow

He knew

more than he could real

ize why the word had

found its pre-intend

ed mark.

Cezanne (still-life in Munich)

it ran me as

kew over-lapp ing cloth

finding oft' to a nowhere

s depth of holding me

back/up.

The pianist

wasn’t built

the way she played with

her pre-sup posing pre

sence lyri cally attun

ed.

*Beethoven’s 7th* (first. 3 mins.) I Those wood

winds sound ing a call

classical ly intoned

to my apollon ic Beethoven

perfectly

measured

dramatic ally undersleeve.

Beethoven’s 7th *(2nd mvt.) II* perpetuat

ing relig ious accords

as a pilgrim’ s progress

beyond the where of

it’s becom ing now.

Schumann’

s piano con

certo’s poet ic lightstreaming an enchanted

world dia logued to his

Clara’s melt mg finger

s.

Suspicion

Suspicionchanging co lors in the

blood-stream ing out dark

bird’s shadow ings.

Candy-color

ed matching

strawberr ie’s sugar

and cream’ s lighter tast

ing value s.

An open-un

inhabited

feeling more the loss of

not realiz ing for space

d self-defin ing.

Is this

cold-down

city wind ow-eying my

transpar ently reflec

ting through.

*Cezanne’* (Munich 1810)

s railstrip

left me crosslining the

light-blue sky’s releas

ing a com ing or go

ing heaven ly out.

Night-light’

s lake re

fleeting silent wind

s and the im mutable i

mage of these vastly perpet

uating star s.

Smoke-

clouds as

the incense of priestly

prayer-aris ing the voice

less realm s of an in

visible God.

Kaminski’ (Psalm 130) s double-voic

ing choir ing the depth

s of a fath omless deep.

Life goes

on even for

those wind- emptied voi

ces of burnt ash surfac

ing from the blood-cries

of their ghet toed past.

Here a dy

ing faith

with thejew- ash remain

s of Christ’ s Auschwitz-

crucifix

ion.

Tunnell

ed in to

the dark fore bodings of a

sleepless ly encompass

ing night.

I saw

age in that

baby’s inno cent face

Was it those dark eye

brows simu la ting what

they weren’ t and that

face-sitting pose grown-up

to a fully as suming statu

ed presence.

Outflown

A bird

flew out of the winter

ed wood s and left

me shadow ing silen

ces behind.

The Boccher *(op. 31,2)*

ini quintet’

s last move ment serena

ding a Span ish open-night’

s star-re vealing.

The last Walze

(Schubert, String Quintet, last mvt.)

dark-death

ly dancing a final fare

well from his world-re

leasing plea sures.

3 Quartets

1. Harp Quartet (Beethoven)

dramati

cally spaceopening

the recall ing touch

(as of a harp)’s

time-seclud

mg.

1. Dvorak’

s op. 105

quartet ab stractly

folk-evok ing ro

mantical ly too much

feeling

ness.

1. Haydn ’

s op. 77,

1 alway s in becom

ing as if sound’s

life-process ing almost

cosmical ly related.

Ambiguities (3)

1. A Turk

(the only one) alone

in a fully- packed wait

ing room I felt for him

Wasn’t the Jew samed

that way in the past

an outsider His people

poised (now) against my

own.

1. Liebermann

the most hon

ored of Ger man painter

s stripped downed to

his Jew ish roots

nakedly un inhabited.

1. Jaffin

(as he call

ed himself “the last of

the German Jews” neither German

nor “Jewish” ly proud of

his false i dentity.

Non-week

That nonweek last Sunday

in church- year to

first of Ad vent as if

the dead were in waiting

to(o) candle their dream

less sleep for that re

mote star dawning so

bright ly inbecom

mg-

That

unchain

ed dog’s re lentless

ly still

ed eyes fix

ing her for fear.

Left behind

The bird

s left be hind to win

ter their short-sensed

flight in shadow

ing reflect ions.

It was

more an e veiling

of descript ive caution

not daring to touch

where wound s could bring

to the surface as skater

s circl ing on ice

of impene trable depth.

Angel bringing light to the dead

(Christian Rohlfs, 1925)

transpar

ently touch ing through

the source d otherworldly light-i

maged.

Italian Concerto I *(Bach, slow mvt.)* As if the

finger- touch inward

ly attuned to the realm

s of silen ce could o

pen out where space

has found the voice of

its own a wareness.

Italian Concerto II *(Bach, V' mvt.)* as a stream

running through the

rhythmic ac cords of its

own need for stone-color

mgs.

The inner

quietude

s of Kerst ing’s souled-

silence

s.

A child’

s meeting-

eyes more of having

been seen.

Cynthia’

s husband

ed his daily quiet-routine

rarely spoke but then

what his book of correct

manners de dared to

be social ly accept

able behav ior.

a natural

*She*

ly born and bred scien

tist groom ed in that

common stable when asked

about God’ s wondrous

creation

couldn’t

science that one in

to a scholar ly accept

able answer.

When

the news be

coming more like a talk-

down show’ s searching

for a comm on denomin

ator as if peace had be

come why we couldn’t

be last ing it out.

Chaperoning

“My foolish

heart’s ever constant

moon” chaper oning the

ebb and flow of her kiss-

aware d in stinctual

touch.

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“David Jaffin is a scrupulous weigher and weighter of words - by which I mean that a poem is, for him, always a matter of collaboration with the true spirit of the language. Every word is given its value, neither more or less.”

Edward Lucie-Smith

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

“Jaffin’s poetry is as ‘modernist’ as abstract painting while still poetry in the traditional sense, whose purpose is the verbalization of basic human experience and whose form derives from a serious exploration of language ... it is remarkable what depth of experience Jaffin manages to relate through his severely limited vocabulary and imagery.” Victor Terras (Brown University) “Mr. Jaffin uses words with real fineness of diction which emphasizes a characteristic understatement of emotion. One recognizes a cultivated sensibility. He adopts a theme and mode which one cannot help but admire. He writes very well indeed.”

the late Norman Holmes Pearson (Yale University)