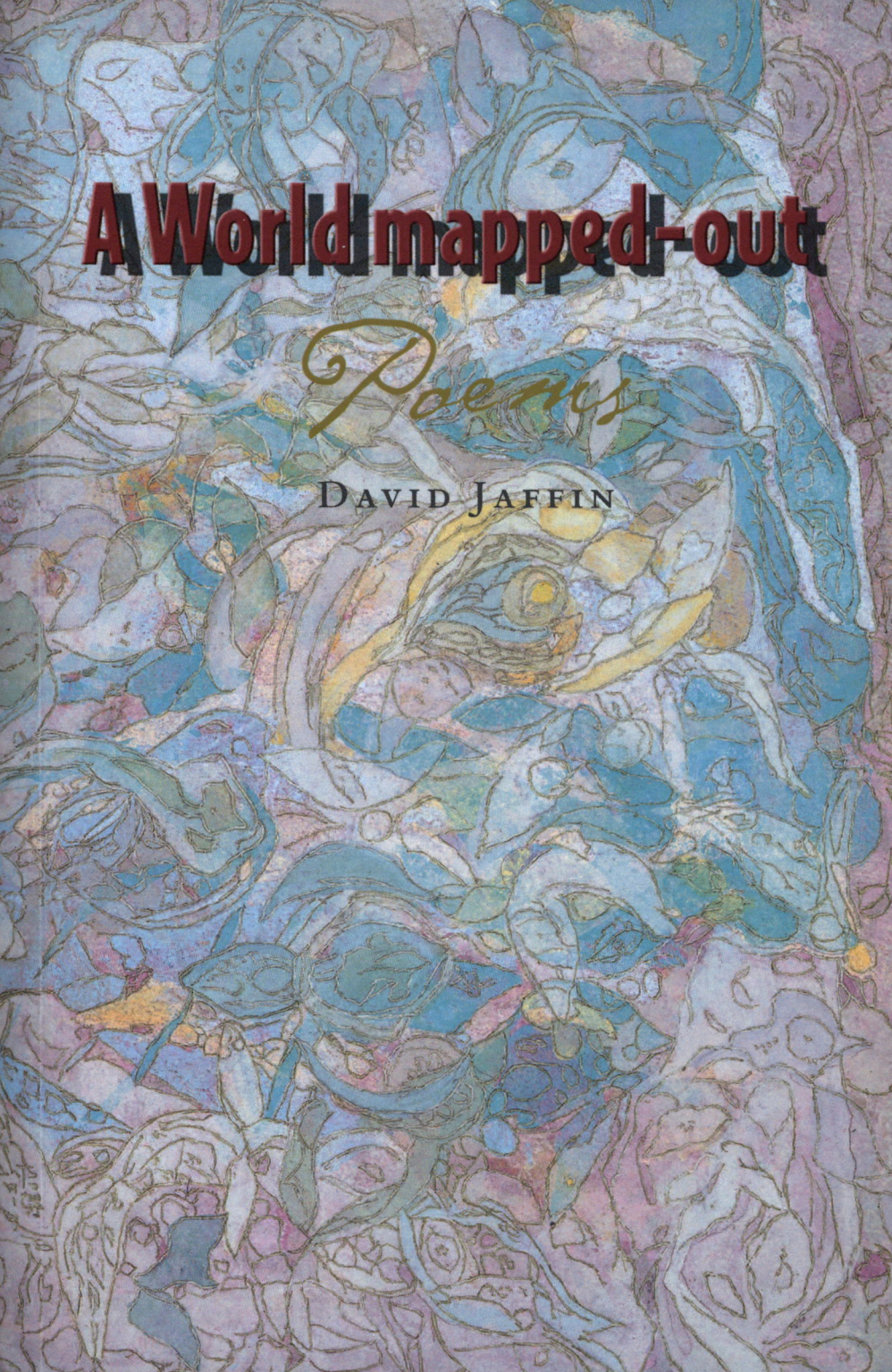

A World mapped-out
Poems
David Jaffin

A World mapped-out

Charles Seliger (American, June 3, 1926 – October 1, 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 an eloquent and 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 trips back across the Hudson to Manhattan's many museum and gallery exhibitions. Although he never completed high school or received formal art training, Seliger immersed himself in the history of art and experimented with different painting styles including pointillism, cubism, and surrealism. In 1943, he befriended Jimmy Ernst and was quickly drawn into the circle of avant-garde artists championed by Howard Putzel and Peggy Guggenheim. Two years later, at the age of nineteen, Seliger was included in Putzel's groundbreaking exhibition *A Problem for Critics* at 67 Gallery, and he also had his first solo show at Guggenheim's legendary gallery, Art of This Century. At this time, Seliger was the youngest artist exhibiting with members of the abstract expressionist movement, and he was only twenty years old when the Museum of Modern Art acquired his painting *Natural History: Form within Rock* (1946) for their permanent collection. In 1950, Seliger obtained representation from the prestigious Willard Gallery, owned by Marian Willard. He formed close friendships with several of her other artists, including Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger and Norman Lewis.

By 1949, Seliger had his first major museum exhibition, at the de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco. 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 New York; the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut; and the British Museum in London. In 2003, at age seventy-seven, Seliger received the Pollock-Krasner Foundation's Lee Krasner Award in recognition of his long and illustrious career in the arts. In 2005, the Morgan Library and Museum acquired his journals – 148 hand-written volumes produced between 1952 and the present – making his introspective writing, which covers a vast range of topics across the span of six decades, accessible to art historians and scholars.

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

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

A World mapped-out

Poems

David Jaffin

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Title picture:
Charles Seliger (1926–2009)
Byways (detail), 2004, acrylic on Masonite,
11" x 14", signed
Credit Line: Courtesy of Michael Rosenfeld Gallery, LLC, New York, NY

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Mapped-out

When his

whole world
had been fully

mapped-out
the mountain

sources and
the levell

ed terrain
The fine-feel

of wild flow
ers so dis

tinctly co
lored and those

night-appear
ing animal-

eyes voiced
from fear

When he human
ed that world

with mostly
self-subdu

ing person
s and center

ed the love
of his life

to where she'
d always re

main of the
nothing more

to be said
than saying

it now alway
s more so.

After reading Shelley

for a last

ing moment
so small I

felt (this
lesser voice

of mine)
torrented

by such stream
s of light

and still try
ing to hold

fast to the
cooling pre

conceived
touch of a

single can
dle in a

room famil
iar and yet

vacantly
self-enclos

ing.

Prosed

We've pros

ed this lang
uage down to

a flat-bare
ness Few sign

s of beauty
left only the

natural ones
that lend our

eyes for
short-imaged

phrasing
landscape

s of those
still possibly

untouched si
lences that

may hold us
well for un

known time
s to come.

Body count

imperson

ally touch
ed and number

ed to what'
s nameless

ly human.

The wood

s in their

depth-seclud
ing darkness

souled his no-
way-of-gett

ing-out from.

His father

only his

but when
the bottle

drowned his
person in to

a father
less void

from self.

Authentic

only when

all that we'
ve learned

to say and
think's detail

ing a way
out.

Coming home

to where no

one's left to
be calling

it that empti
ness homed

from its time
less being.

Left

disappear

ed with only
those track

less thought
s of his

reaching
far behind.

Pit bull

as some I'

ve known
false-eyed

faceless
ly exposed

to a mali
cious unre

penting
blood-

streaming.

Bad Tölz I

pretend

ing a time
that once

may have been
too prett

ily nice
for true.

Bad Tölz II

s' endear

ing facade
s as sweet

as sugar-
cane smiles.

The Isar

running

shallow-
stones per

petuating
light-shin

ing breez
es.

Dreamt

He dreamt

that he could
n't anymore

speechless
in a room

of empty
ing chair

s.

See-Saw

She
lived so

high as she
came down low

the see-saw
that couldn't

find in-be
tween

nesses.

Of lost souls

Poor Uncle

Irving so
good and kind

thought
ful of o

thers but with
a numbed weak

ness at the
heart of

where a forti
fied streng

th wouldn't
have left him

with such a dy
nasty of lost

souls.

As yellow'

s the color

of sting her
intensed smile

wrinkled from
its intimate

exposures fa
ding to an

aftermath
of its fail

ing light.

Misplaced

She mis

placed his
mood like co

lors that
don't match

because
they may once

have seem
ed related to

each other.

Celebrating

The garden'

s intricate
coloring

s as tonal
ities of time-

length-flow
ing through

his mind com
posed for cele

brating
thought

s.

Off-set appeal

It may have

been that off-
set appeal

that kept her
eyes from fo

cusing be
yond simply

chanced ap
pearance

s.

Off-balancing

Speak

ing quicker
than one can

think off-
balanc

ing mid-air
without ad

equate land
ing-right

s.

"To be true

to oneself"
as if by self-

creating
its unknown

source.

The origin

s of color
when an un

seen bird
voices

through
the dark of

its prime
val wood

s.

Frog-eye

s glass

ed her pond-
perspect

ives in to
low-pitch

ed hollow
nesses.

Drained out

The rains

have drain
ed all the

colors out
of these un

timely word
s.

Minor moment

s as when

a stone
holding your

hands in to
its coolness

for light.

Recalling

times that

have left
one vacant

ly aware as
the after

sounds of
sand-step

ped impress
ions.

Unrelat

ed image

s that pass
as from a

train's near
ing itself

distant
ly track

ed.

The darker level

It's only

on the dark
er level

deeper down
than those

brightness
es of mind

could recall
words flow

ing in to
the winds of

dream-eclip
sing sadness

es.

Focused

Her eye

s focused
on the un

realizing
touch of jew

elled awaken
ings.

His

scar-disturb

ing face
lessly mark

ed-through
with more

than those
weather

ing times
could be re

calling.

The gentle

fingers

of a tiny
unknown child

softly re
telling my

own why warm
th can remain

so faint
ly realiz

ing.

Intens

ing shadow

s as the
palm of a

hand reluct
antly clos

ing time with
in its tenu

ous grasp.

Balloon

s bright

ly color
ed for a van

ishing view
of these child

ren's sky-
awaken

ing.

Dark rain

s bring

ing me down
to the some

wheres of
their lost-

from empti
nesses.

For Rosemarie

In the blue

of this soft
day's inward

reflect
ions your

mild-touch
ing eyes

spaceless
ly unfind

ing.

Self-evoking

It's those

stilled mo
ments as a

room becom
ing the more

of our be
ing there

wordless
ly self-e

voking.

Each day

lives it

self out to
the end of a

no-return
like turn

ing the page
s of a book

bound be
yond its out

lasting
touch-sense.

Overheard

Birds (it

seems) often
prefer the re

peating re
frains of

the self-
samed voice-

listen
ing.

W. W.

in the mid

st of a dir
ection

less unpav
ed road in

what was
less than an

availing
town stopp

ed me to the
always-down

from my phar
asaic self-

appealing
s.

Did Columbus

also discov

er that the
flatness

of our self-
availing

claims end
only by round

ing out the
full circle

of those se
cluded end

ing's beginn
ings.

Poems from Herborn (Hessia)

a) Some need

to be help
lessly alon

ed bleed
ing close to

where time'
s running

its slow-down
cause.

b) The calling' (Caravaggio St. Matthew)

s a no-way-

out even space
closing in

on his time
lessly there.

c) Stand-still

A bird

(not quite
as seldom-

colored as
it should

have been)
topping the

roof of my
contemplat

ing its mo
mentary still-

stand.

d) Clouds

closing in

coalesc
ing (or per

haps even
concealing)

the where
of their cel

estial shy
ness.

e) Narrow street 17 (Herborn)

the hang

man resided
here noosed

to those most
intimate

thought
s that tight

ened-close
around his

deadly grasp.

f) Attic-

down view

of where
those house

s stopped
thinking be

yond their
lower-level

insights.

g) Fingering needs (cemetery Cloister Arnsburg)

In the back

yard of med
ievally

cloister
ed prayer

s the SS
shot-resound

ing the last
blood-cries

of their al
ways-eager

finger
ing need

s.

h) Abbreviating

Street-pid

geon peck
ing at se

cluded apple-
rounding

his taste Col
umbus-abbrevi

ating.

i) Herborn

slate-grey

ed city snow-
envision

ing a less
er purity of

medieval con
templation

s.

Finding out *(for Hanni in Russia)*

one's fa

ther's grave
in a stone-

wilderness
of imperson

al names.

Snap-shots

that tell

(neverthe
less) more

than that
moment of

there-be
ing.

The doubting Thomas (After Caravaggio)

flesh

ed out his
moment of

faith
fully disbe

lieving
what only e

yes hadn't
seen (but

then) even
touch

ed.

Rain-choked

wood left

the impress
ion of some

persons narr
owed-down to

their warp
ed frame-

work.

Adagio

Haydn lets

spacing it
self out

spaceless
ly beyond

the where of
its tonal

efficien
cy.

Self-revelations

Small flower

s ever-so-
fine cluster

ed in spontan
eous self-re

velation
s.

That medieval-becoming

I may be a

Christian
now But in

that mediev
al-becoming

Jew-awaken
ing my ghetto-

feared shad
owing corner

s beyond es
cape.

Narrowly pathed

These small-

minded Christ
ians self-pro

tecting narr
owly pathed

from a world-
creating

beauty.

Threaded

The cat'

s unravell
ing ball-of-

thread
ed him in

to a play-
past sense

of mind-
touch.

Ivy'

s wall-clutch

ing growth
a left-behind

appearance
of its shadow

ing height
s.

Old town

s that have

seen too
much restor

ed to a pris
tine nostal

gic pretti
ness.

Bellini

(if only mo

mentar
ily)

softened
Dürer to that

smooth-recall
ing poetry

of Venetian
light-enchant

ments.

For Rosemarie

Modesty'

s one of
those infre

quent vir
tues no imi

tating can re
store to its

unblemish
ing source.

Time-touching

Old lady

as thin as
her cane-

bearing
time-touch

ing thought
s.

Andromache (Racine)

a) When pass

ion become
s its own

person
ally leav

ing the rest
of us to but

a self-shadow
ing self.

b) Andromache

loved

to a dead
past and

person
ing the duty

of their
still per

petuat
ing claim

s.

c) Pathos

flam

ing out the
sacrifici

al altar of
uninhabit

ing self-ex
pression.

d) Love

and hate
tension

ed to a one
ness at

their self-
dividing

center.

e) Pylades

and his an

cient lover
an encircl

ing chorus
of what could

have been be
cause it duly

wasn't.

f) When

the peace

of reconcil
ing passion

s and people
s still aflame

with the fire
s of a time-

devour
ing past.

Hiding

out a clos

eted fear of
finding him

self closed-
down-lost

from self-
being.

A lost image

Her late-

blue dress
and almost

secret
ly confid

ing eye
s as a lost

image of a
time she

held slight
ly close-

in repet
itive step-

ons.

German and Jew

a self-defin

ing symbiosis
of alway

s on the
outside.

The free-

light world

of Schubert'
s death-re

leasing sad
nesses.

Babig Jar

a too expen

sive way of
killing the

Jews pil
ing them up

in to con
science

less heap
s.

The church

left their

Christ to
those sealed-

off trains
nameless

ly blood of
our blood

and ash.

The law (commandments)

a wall high

er than its
height could

measure their
surround

ing needs
for gett

ing out.

Not even

Uncle Julius

could humour
his way back

steadying
from the

loss of three
sons and a

wife he bur-
ied with the

last flower
of his know

ing how.

The voice after

I'm the voice

after The one
who spoke out

their gasp
ing for the

breath of a
living si

lence.

The pin

she wore

intimate
ly felt as

a flower
touched

from its in
revealing

scent.

Cloth

may sound

even less
than the

touch of a
moment'

s glance.

These au

tumn wind
s color

ing the af
ter thought

s of their
not know

ing where.

Do leave

s sense

they've been
touched

through
death's co

loring de
ception

s.

Grass

hoppers in

stinct
ively aware

of their
clipped-off

grass-phras
ings.

The soft

ness of rabb

it's warm-
fleshed

fur awaken
ing the touch-

streams of
those inclus

ive feel
ings of our

s.

Soft-spok

en as he

was as if
drawing us

in for a
closer view

of hands
holding long

er than e
ven his vast

ly seeking
eyes could

want for tell
ing.

Quartet op. 80 *(Mendelssohn)*

It was

only when
you failed

When the
pain of loss

cried out be
yond those

self-enclos
ing fine

ly sensed
phrasing

s of your
s.

Two grand

statues of

Wagner and
Karl Marx self-

impressive
ly overlook

ing a Germany
sanctify

ing the wound
s of a past

they bled down
to its soul

less loss.

On those adagios (of Haydn)

Why does

such music
often listen

me down to
the pulse of

its bare-
sound awaken

ings.

Duet

If even

birds can
voice each o

ther to a
common answer

ing-response
Why is man

so often
self-inton

ed.

The Max Planck

house in Mun

ich all in
prisoned

glass with
cubby holes

of wood
much of the

kind pidgeon
s could in

habit for
their signifi

cant calling
s.

Mute

When the

voice went
out of him

Mute to a
ghostly

fear of those
blank/empt

ied apparit
ions of his

night-tens
ed expos

ures.

"Unanswered question" (Ives)

If the ans

wer's because
there isn't

anyone left
to decipher

as those Mayan
texts of a

civilizat
ion lost

beyond its im
pending

past.

The end

If the end'

s those space
less heaven'

s empti
ness of no

more by be
ing there

selfless
ly unknown.

Illmensee

vacant to a

self-creat
ing silence

of only the
lone fisher

plying the
depth of his

line-extend
ing touch-

thought
s.

Mendelssohn'

s elfin scarce

ly-sensed
scherzi more

spirit than
formless

ly self-e
voking.

A mild

rain so soft

and scarce
ly felt that

even these
winds lessen

ing from
touch.

Compassioned

The rever

end almost
unlike him

self soft
ened in

ward compos
ure until

his words
began to

flow as if
from them

selves melt
ing through

sorrow.

Time

and the way

ward moon'
s a kite

of a child'
s breath

lessly un
holding.

The lithe-

touched-
length of

these slen
der reed

s awaken
ing in her

the feel
of imagin

ery star
s.

Too bright

to think a

loud The sun'
s intensed

beyond where
words can

find for mean
ing.

A sense of silence

There's a

dark sense
of silence

in the rose
at night only

the moon can
awaken to its

fullness of
scent.

One

The undulat

ing flow of
these hill

s in to the
distant depth

of a word
less sky'

s one form
one life one

sense.

Rosemarie'

s soft-touch

ed eyes and
quieting

hands melt
ing me in

to the stream
s of such

far-distant
longing

s.

The impecca

ble taste

of the spider'
s carefully

woven web
left him in

stinctive
ly at the

center
of a death-

sting perfect-
placed.

When

the days

grow short
as a hand

tensed to
its veined-

in press
ure and there'

s a fear at
the heart

of time's
always dar

kening
reach.

Half way

We met half-

way though
at the midd

le became
the more of

us than e
ven that line

could di
vide two-sid

ed yet now
one way.

For Lenore

Charles

left her a
house so much

of him that
even his death

became the
more of her

being a
lone.

She had her

say or did
her say have

her caught
in its net

of unspeak
able pain.

Known

It wasn'

t said but
known as if

space could
be spoken a

loud.

Sound-shadows

The street

light's
sound-shad

ows speech
lessly time-

reflect
ing.

After-thoughts

It rained
the day down

to its tree-
express

ing after-
thought

s.

Charles

I'll always

remember
the fine-

glow of
your up

stairs ap
pearance

where co
lors began

their sound
ing-you-

out.

The doubting Thomas (Caravaggio)

finger

ed his eye
s into that

depthed-
flesh of his

intelling dis
belief.

Elegiac

The leave

s falling
through a

world of sur
rounding

sadness
es.

Poems from Sosa (Erzgebirge)

a) Autumn'

s more the
loss of sea

son-time'
s been blown a

way to the
nakedness

of its new be
ginnings.

b) Sosa'

s a hill-

down town wav
ed through

its timeless
reach al

most as an af
ter-thought

inescapab
ly there.

c) Olive tree'

s gnarled

roots ugly
and agèd

ly bespeak
ing those

clutch
ing wound

s of time'
s unrelin

guishing
grasp.

d) Evening bell

s recall

ing why time
has pass

ed so el
usively un

heard beyond
our seeing

the where
of its be

coming now.

e) Flower

s paled

from scent
as the touch

of words un
pulsed from

fragran
cy-sound.

f) Sunday morning

in Sosa that

small-seclud
ed town's

empty street
s speech

lessly a
wakened and

waiting as
if Christ

could poss
ibly at that

very moment
be whisper

ed alive
from the

dead.

g) Pink

umbrell

aed to self-
surround

ing thought
s that co

lored and pink-
dotted his

wholesome
commens

ing smile.

h) That small

church at
Sosa so fine

ly cleansed
and freshly

lit to its
modest scent

of flower dar
kened me

from its
godly pre

sence.

Autumn

winds chang

ing color
s through

that impet
uous rush of

sound
ing vacant e

choings be
hind.

Greb

the middle-

aged vegeta
ble man warn

ed "don't
judge other

s" perhaps
because he be

came afraid
of their see

ing even dee
per in to

his own dark
ening past.

Statistic

s couldn't

paper him
back to life

again that 1

in 10,000

dead on the
spot of a

chance
less surviv

al.

That silhoue

tting cat kept

creeping his
lowdown

thoughts
until they

became lost
out from

sight.

"It wasn't

him" they said

but that some
other voice

who noosed
him fast to

the forest'
s trembl

ing darkness
es.

Fight

ing a cause

that's de
feating it

self the mod
ern Jeremiah

citiless
within the

ruins of a
wordless

way out.

Celan'

s saying the

most by us
ing the least

left him voice
lessly out

spoken at the
end.

Where

did he be

gin as I know
him now Why

this way not
that other

side of a per
son contin

ually shadow
ing what could

have been but
never really

became.

Questioning

If it's not

the question
itself but the

way it's ask
ed question

ing even the
answer's den

ial.

Of lost identity

Flowers

bunched to
a one-color

ed sense of
identity.

Aunt Gertie

as some wo

men espec
ially in those

over-weight
ed middle

years ground
ed in a true

sense of self-
conviction

as horse and
rider with

their poor chos
en husband

s released
only at sparse

intervals
for those pre-

ordained wa
tering place

s.

First wintered day

cold and clear

ed my mind
of its shad

owy autumn
coloring

s.

Heron's

grey fish-

formed length
of its de

ceptive
ly feather

ed intent
ions.

Lone boat *(after Odilon Redon)*

distant

ly through-
plying the

solemn wind
s and wave

s of their
forsaken

ing shadow
s.

Of no where out *(on Goethe's Faust)*

He possess

ed the eye
s strange

ly alert of
knowing more

(those se
cret per

suasion
s) and the

hands of call
ing in to

those hidden
rooms of no

wheres out.

Pain-spot

Dürer cir

cled the ex
act pain-

spot that
grew intense

ly deeper e
ven beyond

his anatomi
cal know-

wheres.

Walls

no where

out a si
lence zone

here only
the echo of

restless
thought

s numb-

timed-still

ed.

A little

girl's red-

haired fear-
touching

way of ask
ing through

all those
distan

ces.

R. D.

of lesser

mind but act
ively will

ed her way
to what

ever she
wanted

found.

That down-

earth in

stincted
turtle

slowed my
time-sense

to its low
er-level con

templation
s.

3 half-sensed persons

a) Paul'

s some un

touched sad
ness through

his 9-year-
old sallow

eyes left me
with a sort

of sorrow I
couldn't

quite real

ize.

b) She

possess

ed somewhat
attract

ive feature
s yet a put-

off almost
hardened-

protective
sense of

Don't touch
too near

where I
might be

gin to thaw.

c) He

after 50

years in psy
chiatric

wards tried
to explain

so meticu
lously what

he kept re
peating as

if I could
n't really

understand
what he

didn't ei
ther.

Dark au

tumn wind

s releas
ing the last

leaves of
their color

less find
s.

The dark

took him

down to the
forest's

deeply in
escapable

need for
sky-search

ing star
s.

Cobble

stones re

creating
a past that'

s only heard
when distant

ly increas
ing.

Chagall

sensuali

sed a faith
in his long

ing for a
God nearer to

his own creat
ive inclina

tions.

Cold rain

s left the

trees bared
of their

last con
cealing in

hibition
s.

This grey

season of

the closed
heaven's co

lor-forget
fulness.

Leafless

silence

s when the
bird's wing

s soundless
ly awake.

Asphalt

sky that

wordless
sense of

spaced mo
ments unful

filling.

Last autumn

leave

s twirling
dance-rhy

thmic death-
calls.

À la Hopper

Street-

light wind
ow's empt

ied-glass
lonely re

flection
s.

Reception

ist's paper-

hand's inclu
sive smile

s.

Twice-told

It worked

once it did
n't again

Twice-told
poems only

if they'
re found-

through
to that once

of being
only their

s.

The dead

are most

ly revered
because they

can't talk
back even on

gravely im
portant matt

ers.

Greek Is

lands left

me with cliff-
haunt

ing memor
ies of a time

oceanless
ly reflec

ting.

These tree

s unloosen

their leave
s as itin

erant child
ren space

lessly envel
oping.

Pain-Poems Crete '09

a) Wheel-chaired

to other'

s looks as
if fasten

ed to a no-
return

clause.

b) Larry Eigner

parapli

gic window-
sitting the

rhythms that
could only

feel him
out profi

cially.

c) Intensity-glow

High power

ed-gear
clutched the

wheels of
his intensi

ty-glow.

d) Serenity-feels

Smooth wa

ters as the
touch-shine

of silk's
serenity-

feels.

e) An isolat

ed island

of uninhab
ited thought-

down stone.

f) As Abraham

Did I do that

to you as
Abraham to

protect my
self from a

hurt that'
s still wear

ing the wound
s of you

down.

g) Callings

This sea'

s always
been call

ing its own
voice shore

lessly unre
solved.

h) Out-cultured

Crete's an

out-cultured
country with

only barren
hills and

fished-out
seas to wit

ness those
sun-tanned

smiles
of tour

istic remind
ers.

i) When

pains hamm

er my flesh
in-to its

clasping-
corpse of

deadly in
sinuation

s.

j) Image-making

Fragile

tiny culti
vating flow

er the rock-
stone sur

face of this
island's i

mage-making
appeals.

k) Closing

these sound

less window
s to the un

derwater sea
s of the mind'

s impervious
contemplat

ions.

l) "Call me"

Wheel-chair

flat-tire
s of no

more than
here-wheel

ing a world
away that

always re
mains that

flat-down
sameness.

m) If

we're not at

the heart
of our own

problem
's misplac

ed that
pulsing

sense-in-dir
ection.

n) Darkness

at sea

those my
sterious

ly moon-crea
ting wave

s closing
within the

breath of
their unseen

silence
s.

o) Light

ning electri

fying in awe
the ancient

Greek's spir
itual vast

ness.

p) Writing

I'm writ

ing the all
of a world

to find my
own little

nesses out.

q) Ambiguities are

like two-lev
el fugues

surfacing
for depth.

r) Dr. A.

Our Greek

Dr. A. storm
ed in-light

ning-struck
with all those

rhetori
cal appeal

s of his diag
nostic fer

vour.

s) Short line-

breaks elon

gating their
sinuous

ly melodic
preferen

cial time-
routes.

t) Self-reclaiming

When the

pains subsi
ded he

knew his own
being left

shadowless
ly self-re

claiming.

u) Fresh thirst

Was it the

fresh thirst
of our garden

ed beginn
ing that left

him so naked
ly forebod

ing.

v) Dark days

in a south

ern climate
A world at

the abyss
horizon

ed beyond
the inner

glow of
those bright

ening moment
s through.

w) Name-dropping

as if bereft
of one's

own naked
self-cause.

x) After

the storm

pidgeons
roofed to a

moment's
glance sitt

ing intact
upon their

weather
less roof.

y) For Rosemarie

You voice

an intima
cy of unknown

preception
s seal

ed with
a kiss.

z) Schmiedeberg

in an insight

ful moment re
minded me

that thinker
s too-press

ed in-to their
own system'

s no way of
getting out.

aa) Mapping out

a world that

isn't on the
maps intri

cately de
fining what

wasn't there
never complete

as a field'
s growth be

yond the li
mits of its

self-encompass
ing claims.

bb) Can time

be remember

ed through
these long

sea-stret
ches of sound

ing out why
the rocks

have crevic
ed into form

less inunda
tions of a

previous
age.

cc) A single

rose for

each person
ally inclin

ed in the
glassed wa

ters of
our recept

tively trans
parent

thought
s.

dd) Michelangelesque

His harsh

rock-envis
ioned face

as if free
d from the

time-burden
s of these

numbed-re
claiming

cliffs.

ee) This bay

careful

ly harbour
ed from the

sea more like
the self-en

closing re
solve of a

mother child
lessly in

tent.

ff) Graecian hills

Undulating

Graecian
hills time-

rolling the
increas

ing expanse
of their

thorough
ly barren

down-thought
s.

gg) Over-thoughts

Little child

ren with their
self-becom

ing hats high
ly-held the

way of umbrell
aed over-

thought
s.

hh) Late autumn

Crete'
s intensing

shadows
plastical

ly recall
ing the in

coming of
winter's im

posing grasp.

ii) Hen-pecked

the right re

verend D.
scarcely

could right
himself for

his upright
imperial

spouse tower
ing over that

eternal code
of "I'll

right you
wrong"

ly embarrass
ed his tip-

toed right-
fearfull

y to a less
er (inhibi

ted) tact.

jj) Pets

that small

ish self-en
closing dog

sun-rehear
sing the

dreamy sway
of its in

nocent
ly recept

ive paw-
finds.

kk) Sense-renewed

It could

have been
as a taste

that remind
ed (as An

dreas did)
of a time

that wasn'
t now refresh

ingly sense-
renewed.

ll) Buried-to-life

They found

that treas
ure hidden

buried-to-
life blood-

soaked (drain
ed down) cen

turies after
that unrecord

ed Jew-mass
acre.

mm) Awakened

Can these

stones so
cold mute and

callous
ly boulder

ing the sea
absorb its

sounds a
live awaken

ing as from
the primit

ive birth of
a renewing

cultural
dawn.

nn) A.

still fight

ing the war
s he'd never

seen or known
A German a

Jew in those
no-known-man'

s-lands of
his two-sid

ed front
s.

oo) Understanding

Some look

s seem under
standing

as fresh flow
ers cut to

a moment'
s pause.

pp) Costumed (Alena age 8)

Children

color-cost
ume even

more than
those in-hid

ings from
self.

qq) Shadowings

Crete

shadowing
the last of

its October
days through

those dark
sounds of the

sea's irresol
ute wind-im

mersing
s.

rr) Aron

wiesell

ed his way
as the rock-

obscuring
inhabitant

s of some
remote-in

sisting
ground-urg

ings.

ss) Self in-becoming

When it'

s hard to
walk and

time's bear
ing down on

each step
as these

words seem
almost com

plete
ly self-in

becoming.

tt) Wind-involved

This sea'

s moving
slowly

through my
conscious

ly being
wind-in

volved.

uu) Palm shadows

swaying

through
the soft

ness of moon
lit trans

parancie
s.

vv) These

barren stone-

faced island
s staring

centurie
s of unin

habited con
templations

s.

ww) Blood-ties

some

where at the
pulse of un

remember
ed dream

s.

xx) Sound-awakenings

These time-

forgotten
birds circ

ling wind
s of spac

iously ap
parent sound-

awakening
s.

yy) Two faced

they called

it as if we
could be

seeing
through a

unity of
self.

zz) She

"always

true to her
darling in

her fashion"
ed an irre

sistible
charm of

those deep
ly eye-spok

en allus
ions.

aaa) Railing'

s sensed-

touch
through the

down-feel
of these un

recorded mo
ments.

bbb) Pained

If one can

die of pain
so scream-

tight that
thought'

s raw-nerv
ed.

ccc) Close-cas

cading wave

s riding the
unerring

depth of
these imper

ial cliff
s as a child

horsed to his
caroussel'

s infinite
ly through-

chargings.

ddd) Responsed

She immens

ed such a
ponderous

obesity
that even

when slight
ly smiled

her chair
creaked in

credulous
response.

eee) Roomed out

Hotel'

s closing
down for the

season left
me empty-

halled room
ed out of

those echo
ing sense

d-feeling
s.

Melitta S. (in memory)

When that

ship of mine
too heavy to

bear its own
needs sinking

beyond a time
less deep

You (and no
one else) could

have resurfac
ed it flagged

it again but
for your own

calling it
found away for

another unde
cided port.

Secretly concealing

This early

November
morning'

s hushed-
quiet as some

persons se
cretly con

cealing some
unknown truth

s more like
ly from them

selves.

The pianist

(Buchbind

er) scal
ing those

thought
fully per

ceptive fin
gers of his

through Beet
hovianly

brighter-
staged

orches
trating flow

ers resolute
ly self-en

hancing.

Sonata op. 27.1 (Beethoven)

dialogue

d in unre
solving

question
s that left

him middle
d through.

That oriental girl

Some paint

ings unease
the more of

us than could
be lasting

ly resolved
as that or

iental girl
with inward

ly pleading-
guilty eye

s knowing
more than

they should
be telling

us through
that strange

ly colored
background-

face secret
ly withhold

ing.

Mowed-down

His hand
s temper

ed to a cau
sality of

touch-look
ed much

like he'd been
mowed-down

to that e
vened-grass

ed semblan
ce of self.

High-phrasings

Beethoven'

s oft high-
phrasing

s temper
ed me to a

reflect
ive resid

ually corner
ed-in re

sponse.

The wrong road

He took the

wrong road but
before he

could find his
way back the

landscape
had changed

as when snow
covers over

all that was
known or seen

even the re
membrance

of why he
was where-

going.

So far aboveness

That little

girl's climb
ing eyes

couldn't fa
ther his so-

far-above
ness down to

where she
could all-but-

touch the
claiming

pulse of his
own.

The 1st commandment

Can one love

God more than
a loving wife

She's near
He's mostly a

far She's in
timately

close to my
everyday

needs While
He defines

them oft ab
stractly

in His own
sense But she'

s His most
precious

gift for me
Our love His

transcend
ing cross

ways.

Interchangeable

As they paint

ed all these
self-same

houses to a
unifying co

lor I wonder
ed if those

personing
an inside

hollow
ness weren'

t equally in
terchange

able as well.

Processional

All lined

up process
ionally co

lored as if
for a parade

but the main
performance

inside an Eng
lish wedding

And they (the
hats) symboli

cally signifi
cant each in

its own right.

A graveyard

season

ably dress
ed down to a

respect
ful quiet

ude rehear
sed in the e

choing step
s barely

sensed of
flowering

self-renew
als.

Beggar

comfort

ably corner
ed in to

the small
ness of his

receptive
ly in-hold

ing eye-
finds.

Impersoning smiles

He sat in

a steel and
leather-

bound chair
in a room

of artifi
cially reflec

tings light
s syntheti

cally carpet
ed for the

seldom sound
s of his

real-life im
personing

smiles.

Dull-downed

Mid-November

when even
the after

noon's so
dulled-down

in voice
less expos

ures.

Full-stopped

Love wasn'

t enough for
that famed ath

lete depress
ively infold

ing until
tracked-down

by an in
coming

train full-
stopped.

Beethoven's 2nd (scherzo)

's rhythmic

self-infatu
ations so o

ver-pulsed
that it dead-

sounded me
out.

The flayed ox (Rembrandt)

beaten to

its bared
bones still

hanging cross-
wise bearing

it all dead
ened for

life.

Creation-near

animal

s breath
ed with a

life of in
stinctual

awareness
es.

Prayed

He prayed

until his
own voice si

lenced in
to the re

deeming
quiet of an

other.

Berwald *(cello duo)*

finding

from its al
ways there-

momentum
breathed-

down pause
s lyrical

ly self-
express

ing.

Bach Partita 6 (Sarabande)

Column

ed light-sen
sings self-en

closured
sound-flow

s.

Linear thoughts

as these

thinned na
kedly re

fining bran
ches edged-

in their
line-touch.

Scarsdale'

s become a

house owned
by stranger

s so redone
that I can'

t find my
self back

there A school
imposing more

through its
imperson

ally closing
me out And a

"temple"
that left God

on the o
ther side of

what faith
should mean

It was there
(though) the

birth of this
poet.

Of shadow

If you list

en hard e
nough center

ed to only
discover

ing the or
igin of shad

ow.

Age

I can't mea

sure my age
on his be

ing younger-
looked though

older-thought
as if reflect

ing upon my
own seeing

through.

Berwald

and Nielsen'

s other
wiseness

that can't
quite be

translat
ed in to

what it
shouldn't

have been.

A strange

bird (one I'

d never seen
before) color

ed to a sort
of wingèd ap

proval per
haps in re

ciprocal ac
cords.

Telling the

truth even

if it hurt
s especial

ly if you
know it won'

t help isn'
t true at

all to the
kindness

that's true
beyond all

that thought
avails.

Sermoned A. M.

It was

only when he
sermoned him

self down
from that high-

standing pul
pit that I

lost my own
preacher'

s fears of
such tenu

ously preclud
ing height

s.

2 Rooms (H. E.)

On that long

rainy day He
mostly spoke

of those 2
rooms the one

for the still
active the o

ther that point
ed his way

to a used-
out sense of

speechless
ly self-in

volving.

Self-findings

Little girl

s dressed-
through their

Sunday best-
knowing that

womanly
feel of co

loring o
ver appre

ciative
self-find

ings.

Off-mapped

They didn'
t know that

in themsel
ves off-mapp

ed as a for
eign border

never there
for finding

out until
they were

taught to
kill.

Room

s left a

lone to a
vacancy

of growth
in sad

ness.

Israel in Egypt (Händel)

a) That God

of strength
who led them

out with such
a sure hand

and unbend
ing spirit

left so many
in our time

s so helpless
ly behind en

emied to those
untold chasm

s of their
relentless

ly death-
claims.

b) Frogs

on the loose

rhythmic
ally pulsing

even in to
those remote

ly cor
ners of their

most intim
ate housing-

comfort
s.

c) A darkness

came over

that land
so deep that

not even word
s could be at

tuned to their
indwelling

lightness
of sense.

Eye-attuning

Saying the

right thing
s at just

the right
times with

that look of
eye-attun

ing concern
s like some

paraphras
ing their u

sual need
s for a touch

ed-over cig
arette-

glance.

That more

Hers an un

requited moth
erly instin

ctual need
for being

that more a
part of

self.

Hollywood-type

happy end

ings are only
happy for

some who'
ve long wish

ed an ending
of all those

party-posed
happiness

es on dis
play.

Before

the operat

ion Closed in
a room where

even the mir
ror seemed

blind to his
not look

ing back.

November

My November'

s time-of-
life declin

ing bright
ness to the

horizon'
s impending

darkness
es' down-fall.

Clouding-up

an all en-

veloping tir
edness of not

even a shad
ow's inform

ing resolve.

Hospitall

ed in to

this artifi
cial man-made

world to eye-
touch what e

ven seems va
guely alive

to flesh and
blood-like.

The inside

of night
where fear'

s inhabit
ing its e

ven more than
that moon's all

uring glow.

2nd rate

acting mi

mics the lack
of a whole

ness rarely
brought back

to life.

Flash-image

What was

(why then
why where)

flash-image
ed to the

now of time'
s two-fac

ing present.

Sleep

less night

s in the
shallow

ed darkness
of unfelt

dreams.

Arisen

City a

risen from
the sun'

s blue-spa
cing uphold

ing assuran
ces.

Surgeon

strict and

attentive
ly espying

those ten
der morsel

s he'd be
taking out

of my only
being blem

ished by
those left-

over blood-
stains.

A no-talk-back

Some main

tain a no-
talk-back au

thority as
that Sunday

policeman
almost motion

lessly hand-
signalling

a change of
traffic-re

sponse.

Reclothed

Special

ly recloth
ed for the

operation'

s tight-fit

that death
(hopeful

ly) would
find no room

for getting
in safely

there.

"He brought them forth (Händel, Israel in Egypt)

like sheep"
dumb with

out will
without sense

of being
led direct

ionless from
an unseen

hand more pow
erful and stea

died than
that unrelent

ing time'
s force.

Fascism

may have
killed itself

in the ruin
s of its

still-brood
ing cities

birds of prey
hovering o

ver that last
self-sancti

fying mess
age.

That lone wait for Chung

In "the

house of the
dead" he wait

ed patient
ly weeks-on-

end for the
incoming

outgoing
shadows of

what wasn'
t his lone

liness not
finding it

self out.

Low tides for Ingo and Hanni

when most of

life seem
s gone out

of them
low-tides

and that with
drawing sense

from the moon'
s self-rest

ing glow.

Forgiveness

Some can

not forgive
because there'

s too much
of self that

barrens that
fruitless

land of their
s.

Inner monologues

Don't o

pen wound
s too soon

The blood
will flow free

ly beyond
leaving much

of yourself
behind.

Cloud-moving

Storm with

out quiet
within a

world that'
s cloud-mov

ing so dens
ed-silent

ly beyond.

Guilty

of what one

didn't do
Christ told

him so as if
the mind's

feel wasn't
more reveal

ing than that
silken touch.

Talk-time

as empty-

phrased as
those cere

monial dress
ed up past per

formance
s of world

ly rituali
zing a code

of self-san
ctifying

s.

Thunder

without

afraid of
the cold sha

dowings of
the mind's e

choing those
primitive

voices hea
ven-swelling

warn-light
s.

Proud beauty

stuck-up

to its self-
certain

ty of reassur
ing mirror

ed appear
ances.

Abbreviations

when words

have lost
their fullness

of formed-
meaning

less now
only letter

s disinte
grated in to

where the
special few

can body them
back to

phrase.

For Rosemarie

It wasn't

Gatsby's myth
of a still-

flowering
daisy that

kept you here
for me Nor the

Laura (the
real one) more

realized
by the sweet

softness of
those silent-

innuendo eye
s of yours.

After Manet

You read

him short
right down

to where
only feet

were stand
ing at an im

personed
stance.

Same routes?

No they'

ve document
ed that death-

feeling after
one's gone as

if we'd all ta
ken the same

alive route
s to that in

becoming for
self.

The fall

You knew

we would fall
(let the

Satan in)
his open

ing door
s revolv

ing smile
s too weak

to hold back
temptation'

s grasping
for a fruit

that satiat
ed our ever-

more needs
for You.

Lost hold

When he lost

hold (grasp
ing for a

line that
would surface

him out) It
was only his

hands that
slipped a

way to the
bottomless

deep of his
own self-find

ings.

Surgeon

His face

didn't speak
implacit

ly non-touch
ing hand

s wholesome
though blood-

designed.

Too poor

(as he said)

to find a
wife but rich

enough in the
understand

ing of why
life's more

its own un
folding beyond

the surface
of all those

artificial
self-appear

ances.

Proverbs

oft buried

in those re
mote region

s of a once
inexplicit

past now so
self-appar

ent that one
doesn't even

question our
not knowing

their why-
from.

Birch

es birth

ed out of
their long

ing for the
moon's ines

capably
lit.

Napolean'

s tree-lin

ed soldier
s forward-

marching
through the

shadows of
their victor

ious light-ef
fusions.

Unanswered question' (Ives)

s not the

why or where
fore but its

own unresolv
ing stillness

es.

Poland

a no coming

back to
where I never

was in the
land of the

dead ashed
down to

vague remem
brances of a

time that
was always

then and al
ways now-

lost.

Clean slate

all's forgott

en forgiven
the black

board's wash
ed down to

its imper
ceptible

though still
looming dark

nesses.

The lake

in late Nov

ember so si
lently re

solving its
vast distan

ces spacious
ly unheard.

The left behind

They left be

hind those
poor ghett

oed times
those centur

ies of oppress
ion but for

got to pack
the God of

Moses for
their long

trip to freed
om and oppor

tunity.

Tears

Why does the

light and
peace of Christ

mas bring
tears to those

who've long
since wiped a

way the true
source of

its meaning.

On crutches

A world on

crutches
clinging to

the implied
balancing

strength
for their lost

ground-mean
ings.

Time

fades out

as those
superflu

ous facade
s of beach

houses o
ver looking

other time
s than

these.

Imaged (3)

a) Some statue

s shadow e
ven beyond

where their
death-image

could immense
such undue

ly claim
s.

b) Kafka's

father left

his son only
the paled i

mage of his
self-denial

s.

c) How often

we live with

in the shadow
s of our

self-image
as a coffin

holding us
in ground-

based.

The pioneers *(Willa Cather)*

have only

new lands
to claim a

vacancy of
such remote

inner silen
ces.

Advent

If The Lord

remains that
always differ

ent always o
therwise Why

did He need
(once again)

to claim us
for His own.

The guilt (Isiah 53)

Did Christ

bear that
heavy price a

lone even a
bandoned from

his loving Fa
ther Or did

He recall his
first-loved

people to
help share

those birth-
pains for a

longing re
demption.

Both fronts

Must one

have war
s without

to keep the
peace with

in Better to
enemy one

self to both
fronts at

once.

Time-sourced

Slight per

suasion
s of cloud

s horizon
ed from view

while slow
ly drift

ing these
troubled time

s of ours a
way.

Off and running

Jumped the

gun (as u
sual) off and

running until
he discover

ed he was a
lone on that

track circl
ing miles of

emptiness
without be

ginning or
end breath

lessly aware.

A lamp

hanging the

evening down
as if heaven

and earth sus
pended to

its all-im
pending glow.

The Always-Jew

I'm guilty

because I'm
a Jew and cause

these younger
Germans a need

to defend what
they hadn't

done I'm guil
ty the alway

s Jew.

The fear

a child

has of the
dark that o

ver coming un
known too

deep to find
himself

through.

"There came a new king (Israel in Egypt, Händel)

who knew not

Joseph" The
signs were

there hard to
decipher at

first (perhaps
because we

didn't want to
realize)

that each of
us has his

time his span
of meaning

no more than
a hand's

length of
times clos

ing in tight-
down on us.

Self-creating

Rain-wash

ed shadow
s self-creat

ing these
lone-find

ing country
roads in to

the dense
woods of their

all-consum
ing silence

s.

The great divide

We belonged to

gether (or so
we were told

to believe)
a large fam

ily The way
was far but

our steps re
peating

those same in
stinctual

rhythms rhy
med to a comm

on cause un
til we came to

that great di
vide looming

high above
what we'd e

ver conceived
But few were

left to all-
our-own and

the others
disappear

ing in those
thicken

ing fogs deep-
down below.

Walk-on

but the time'

s had passed
his clue to

a world that
wasn't the

one he'd al'
ways known

left him
long irrecon

cilably un
moved.

As the blind

Some as the

blind with
their self-dir

ectioned cane
can only touch

the ground-
base of o

ther's faint
ly echoing

footstep
s.

Those hospi

tal carpet

s worn with
the surfac

ing needs of
those whose

pains had
run deeper

than even
the imprint

s of such
linger

ing sound
s could recall.

Animalled (10)

a) The mind of

the bird her
metically

small-rang
ed to where

the flight
from earthly

reason can be
come wingèd

with heaven
ly dimens

ions.

b) Fish

water

ing the sound
less deep

unconscious
ly color

ing their
self-express

iveness.

c) The giraff

elongat

ing to the
linear

heights of
a lyrical

refrain.

d) After Henri Rousseau

Strange

phantom-
eyes dark

ly conceal
ing the wild

nesses of
their dead-

down claw
ed instinct

s.

e) The giant

turtle ex

posing the ex
tended width

of a world
slow-timed

consuming.

f) The snake

poison-

tongued the
curious Eve

to its ven
umous sting-

flow.

g) The burly

brown bear

paws contem
platively

committed
to the wind

s and wild
s of his ap

proaching
forest-claim

s.

h) The seal'

s slippery

pleasure
s riding the

instinct
s of a cool

ed-down Sun
day afternoon.

i) The frog

jumped im

pulsively
self-situat

ing a moment
ary pause

Jumped
thorough

ly past that
too-longed

contemplat
ive inter

lude.

j) The red fox

es' sleek

beauty flash
ing inter

mittant
ly through

his hunt
ing eyes.

Shore-instincts

So rhyme and

meter imply
an even-keel

ed world a
flow with the

surety of
shored-in

stincts.

Down moved

Snow mov

ing the moun
tains down in

to a close
ness of cool-

touched re
membran

ces.

Even if

the dead

can't answer
all the why

s and where
fores of

what still re
mains mute

I'm listen
ing hard e

nough to
what could

n't be said.

Homelessly

birds in an

emptied park
circling their

uninhabit
ed winter-sha

dowings.

Pre-timed

Knotted

tight in the
scarcely un

ravelling
world of her

own self-cer
tainties

She seemed
almost pre-

timed as an
imals instin

cted with
out cause of

their know
ing why.

Mapped

He slept that

night over a
room of emp

tied maps
he tried to

fill in those
vacant place

s he'd left be
hind but could

n't remember
their names or

those still
self-evas

ive time
s.

Sacred

If nothing'

s sacred
then you are

that untouch
able pride

replete with
sacrament

al self-justi
fication

s and litur
gical surround

ings protect
ing the holi

ness of your
sanctify

ing person.

An eerie

fog-ridden

light he
couldn't e

ven touch the
shadows of

its not-going-
where.

Wheel-chaired

For those

who have to
wheel a world

that keeps re
volving a

bout one's
self-center

of those out
side revolv

ing interlud
es.

Sibelius' world *(for Tony)*

dark and

lonely where
man's evas

ive shadow
ings can't e

ven inhabit
what's threat

ening unre
solving-time

lessness
es.

Footstep

s in the hall

coming near
er feeling

closer that
one could al

most hear
the subdued

message of
those tiles

spoken aloud.

The carpets

It was only

when she be
came unmoved

static that
she realized

all the car
pets of her

usually tam
ed house be

gan moving a
bout all those

ways she could
n't imitat

ing or per
haps only re

minding.

"Naked I came

forth from my

mother's womb"
(Job) and na

ked they re
turned stripp

ed of all
that wasn't

even the hope
s and dreams

choking in the
gas of Israel'

s return to
its nakedly

withholding
land.

In these hos

pital room

s Time's be
come more on

the outside
windowed as

Alice's look
ing glass more

real for not
being there.

On Psalm 73

Why do the

godless live
so freely-fine

in a world
without Him

Or why do we
suffer from

the blind
ness of not

realizing
their pains

and darkness
es as our

own.

For Rosemarie

Birch-blue

sky's light
ness dress

ed to your
morning'

s wind-trans
parent ap

peals.

He

for years
master of

the tiger'
s dreaded

glare false-
stepped spell

broken to
their devour

ing fleshed
and boned.

First snow

As we slept

through the
softness

of recurr
ing dreams

the first snow
recreating

the night'
s soundless

ly awake.

The evil one

If we deny the

evil one He
becomes all-

powerful
(Baudelaire).

The day

they unclothed
him of his

horns tails and
other extenu

ating attri
butes so wick

edly unreal
A terrifying

nakedness o
vercame their

helpless
need for es

cape.

Mongolid *(down-syndrom)*

Dressed up

that he did
n't look o

therwise with
a finely att

ending beard
conscious

ly poised
an image of

his becoming
a puppet to

his own self-
securing ap

pearance.

Snow-clouds

as women

pregnant with
those darken

ing enclos
ures of life-

releasing
s.

4 German poets

a) Else Lasker-Schüler

off-center

ed exoti
cally color

ed to a self-
eccentric

I'm the in
side of what

ever isn't
out.

b) Heine/Eichendorff

The one per

haps finer-
felt a trans

parency of
word-sensed i

ronically
toned same

nesses.

c) The other'

s darker ton
ality mystic

ally voiced
quietly re

ceptive.

d) Hofmannsthal

knew before

he knew it
was so as

when the swan
s white-sha

dowing their
time-pass

ings secret
ly reveal

ing.

Moonrise

This moon

rised snow-
awakening

primeval
other-world

linesses.

The dead

still alive

facing us
back to those

unresolv
ing moment

s of their
s.

Time-flowing

Train's light

s through
the darken

ing snow time-
flowing un

seen distan
ces.

"Verlust der Mitte" *(loss of the center Sedlmeyer)*

If nature'

s still so
mysterious

ly alive Why
has art dull

ed its self-
efficient

brush to that
inescap

able loss.

When

the cold so

intense
that even

the free-fall
en snow touch-

resistant
muted from

voice.

Galuppi'

s sonatas

reflective
ly intimate

as if each
tone was touch

ing at the
chords of

self-response.

She

had a way

of being so
open friend

ly cheerful
almost bird-

like that
she still re

mains a clos
ed book for

me.

Been there before

He knew he'

d been there
before a

strange feel
ing of having

been seen
through the

way dogs scent
their close-

to-the-ground
appraisal

of what's lead
ing them out

and far be
yond.

Flaked-like

snow harden

ed to im
pression

s of a mind
less void

wordless
ly intact.

The snowman *(after Wallace Stevens)*

felt cold

motionless
ly self-ap

parent be
cause he was

looked at that
way numbed

and voice
lessly time-

stilled.

Tracks

in snow

paw-signs
so slight

ly felt as
a child touch

ing for its
mother's

calming
voice but

here blood-
endings.

Human nature

If human

nature was
mainly Jewish

upper middle
class hysteri

cal ladies in
a decadent

and decaying
society Then

Freud had it
just right!

Through the looking glass

Those who in

stinctively
feel why o

thers react or
would have just

the way they
do through a

looking glass
of doubling

self-image
s.

The church

here dy

ing its cold-
stone memor

ies of why
it once did

n't allow
Jesus the Jew

inside its
sanctifi

ed presence.

Wittenhofen *(for Michael in remembrance)*

We'd been

there often e
nough but

only once
did that place

become a
live because

he died since
and that'

s where he'
s buried to

the depth of
my mind-sens

ings.

Winter-dark

a pre-pre

sence brood
ing as some ex

tinct animal
waiting unre

solved for its
reclaiming

time.

The thaw

only then

we knew how
deeply the

frost had con
fined us to

its tensed-
foreign reign.

Marked off

They mark

ed off their
terrain much

as animal
s instinct

ively do a
marriage of

what's mine
became a world

that couldn'
t keep them

both.

À la Magritte

At the top

of the world
his hat still

accumulat
ing the ten

uous reach of
those sound

less snow-drif
tings.

a) Winter fog' I

s surround

ing self that
not even the

lithe bird
could find the

wherefore
of its wing

èd light
ness.

b) Winter fog' II

s that not

even the out
lines of these

unfathomed
houses could

merge beyond
their weight

less silen
ces.

The lake

in Benson Vt.

however deep
they tried

but never found
the bottom

less chasm
ed wild tur

tles and black
eluding snake

s coiling a
round our depth

lessly penetrat
ing fears.

December 25

the light-

miracle of
Chanukah'

purified tem
ple proclaim

ing His un
ity with The

Father's in
visible do

minion.

The scream *(after Munch)*

He screamed

so loud so
long until a

deadly si
lence over

came that room
emptied out

of all but
increas

ing feared.

Describing (for Lenore)

the route

of a first-
time alone

almost as
if Charles en

compassing
a lost-time

together
ness.

Pale winter

days faint

ly blank-fac
ed snow wash

ed down to
vague (though)

slightly re
curring) re

membrance.

Cathédrale de la Résurrection (Evry-Essonne)

Spaced

to a heaven
ly light-

depth ascend
ling beyond

time's reach
ing hold.

He talk

ed oblique
ly almost out

of the cor
ner of his

eyes hold
ing time back

from its ag
ing appear

ances.

Four and a

half of an

only child
standing up

right to
those care

fully select
ive words ade

quately fea
turing self-

importance.

The most of

He made the

most of him
self until there

was little
left to suit

his continu
ing needs for

more.

The calling

We were call

ed not be
cause we're

better more
deserving

somehow
something

special but
simply be

cause.

For safe-keeping

All the x-

rays the
blood result

s those dis
eases known

or not fil
ed for safe-

keeping long
after he'

d passed a
way.

Chagall

couldn't

know where
color came

from so my
sterious

ly alive he
created it a

new.

Snap-shot

as if that

reveal
ing moment

could tell
the all of

what we al
ways are diff

erently.

Home

an alway

s moving on
a restless

nowhere
s homeless

ly unfind
ing.

Bellini'

s rabbits

and squirrel
s touching

and tast
ing in scent

of life's
lithely appeal

ings.

Tourist

s reading

up on New
York as if

these impene
trable build

ings wouldn't
be reading

down on their
soul-staring.

New Years Eve

in Times Square'

s increas
ingly tension

ed lights/
crowds wait

ing incess
antly for

that incom
ing invisib

ly felt there
ness.

Can snow

however

lightly
sensed conceal

ing the or
igins of its

white-illum
ed cause.

She felt

in her alone

d vacancy
the need of

flower the
touch that co

lor confine
s.

Self-assuming

These imitat
ion timber-

faced house
s recall

ing what time
could never

retell now
mutely self-

assuming.

The village

at dusk

curtain
ed to the

instinct
s of its

light-re
ceding

voice.

Georgia O'

Keefe's ab

stract co
lorings

the flow of
their prime

val source.

A piano

no longer

finger
ed from

sound is
like a wo

man untouch
ed to the

very chord
s of her be

ing.

Ugly hand

crevice

d/boned
their jewell

ed-imitat
ing reflect

ions.

Wronged

He wrong

ed himself
by being

right so
often as if

truth had
been housed

in his own
personal re

solve.

Double-sensed

Reading

world/real
worlds of

the lines be
tween that

speak her
out transient

ly double-
sensed.

Full-sized

mirror that

asked the en
tire length

of why only
his focus

ing eyes.

The older

he became

the more
night encom

passing his
being tomb

ed in per
petual dark

ness.

Aloned

Night a

loned in an
unknown

city mask
ed in con

crete si
lences.

King David

given the

too much of
wanting more

than the
bounds of his

imploring
faith could

possibly en
dure.

Drift

ing water

s the mind
loosen

ing as a
flag search

ing for co
lors.

Cut free

There was

a niceness
about her

softness
of response

as a flower
so petall

ed but some
how cut free

from its
time-intend

ing source.

Palm tree'

s wavy-light

summer-entran
ced a some-e

vocative
remembran

ce of what
couldn't

quite be
brought back

to mind.

Overwhelm

ed he felt

himself as
a wave ri

sing beyond
the tides of

too much too
soon all at

the once of
not know

ing where.

Endangered

species

not many of
them left

if only spott
ed in some

remote re
gions of

mostly a
bandoned li

braries
that they

became a
sort of pro

tected spec
ies off-bound

s of the kind
one didn't

need to hunt
down any

more.

A cloud-be

spoken day

that could
n't quite come

as some self-
deceptive

persons be
yond the en

closure
s of such

curtain
ed non-re

vealing
s.

How do

clams feel

closed in
a no-way-of

getting out
sea-wash

ed bottom-
ground sway

ing indeci
pherable ac

cords to the
taste of

their prede
tor's whole-

wrenching
claws.

Theirs

was like a

race of drawn
horses a marr

iage of who'
s pulling a

head in that
continuing

contest of
superior

brands.

A Jane Austen type

He took her
hand (tight

ly pressed)
so straight

into the im
ploring depth

of her ex
change

ably protect
ive eyes

that she took
him (off the

real mark)
for genuine

ly true.

Those

predetor

women as
giant vultur

ous birds hov
ering over

their most
ly shy inno

cently man-
like self-ef

facing consum
ed-by-choice

victims.

Incomings

Pink impli

citly felt-
down the self-

conscious
whims of his

color-implor
ing tie

d to an e
vanescent

ly incom
ing from self.

Touch-stones

If color im

plies sound
It's because

man's the
touch-stone

of his own
self-preclud

ing thought
s.

Ulysees returned

Penelope

weaving
the rhyme

s of color
and the touch

of her in
finding hand

s to that
seldom unity

of person
ed-place.

Lost

It was e

ven more
than a child

that she lost
even more

helpless
ly innocent

snow-seized
with the dy

ing pains
of her milk

less breast
s.

The psalmist'

s fear of

life's bottom
less pit clut

ching him
eternally

down Emptied
to God's speech

less hold.

The light

tower ris

ing above the
sea stone-con

firming that
blanked sil

ence of
unheard word-

decipher
ings.

Flower

s melt

ing in to
the dried

touch of his
voiceless

pulse.

Sub-freeze

in Florida'

s like be
ing felt

through a
strange hand

pressing down
to untouch

ed blood-le
vels.

Afterglow

The fire'

s afterglow
the ash

of stone-re
membrance

s.

Warren'

s house of

light and
spaced him

to the un
known peri

pheries of
his imagin

ed self.

A safety

She sought

a safety
a refuse

from what
she didn't

want to know
at that bott

omless depth-
ed-ground

less self.

Unanswered

The death of

her from God
unanswer

ed brother
left her as

a candle
burned to the

wax and its
melted and

cold.

The feel of

Getting the

feel of an
other person'

s like land
scaping the

where of what'
s beyond one'

s own sensi
bilitie

s.

"Thy will be

done" 's the

very quest
ion mark

ed at our
own out-per

soned being.

"Taking each

day as it

comes" when
it's really

taking the
time out of

your being
prunned-bare

d of most
ly self-flav

ouring intent
ions.

Self-effac

ing can also

become a mean
s of con

cealing
(though at

times) more
from oneself.

Hedges

rowed so

highly fore
boding en

closure
s of where

fear can'
t shadow

its beyond
ness.

Morning

lights awak

ening through
those paled

dreams of
long-lost for

getfulness.

"Giving in

to oneself"

s the quick-
sand to the

lower level
s of where

she'd alway
s been fall

ing.

Worst enemy

If I'm my

worst enemy
Only love

can overcome
me from that

combat zone
of self-den

ial.

Dolled

She wanted

to be pitied
Dolled her

self in to
those open

ing/clos
ing eyes of

untouch
ably chaste

plaything
s.

Renewals

Flowers

freshly co
lored his

hand's scent-
clasping re

newals.

Wave-timing

Even in

that embrac
ing chill

the pool o
ver-lapped

the turn
ing tides of

his armed
wave-tim

ings.

Walls

not person

s Two in a
room of

nothing
to be seen

except those
cold self-en

closings.

Closeness

He'd never

seen their
height shad

owed in their
dark-impend

ing close
ness.

Illuminat

ing manuscript'

s signify
ing letters

as if word
s were but

colored for
space-lined

appreciat
ions.

Klimt'

s flower-

flow through
the lush color

ing's al
ternating

rhythms.

Berrie'

s touched-

glow of moon-
escaping

sensed-moment
s.

Haiti'

s so poor

that there
was little

left to sat
isfy the quake'

s unresolv
ing hunger

for more.

Owl-night

hollow

ed to the
depth of where

fear defie
s its voiced-

from presen
ce.

The parrot

caged in

trying to
speak aloud

the reach of
its own plum

ed feather
s.

For Rosemarie

Only your

love could
fast-hold

the sand
bars of my

islanded
loneli

ness.

Pale sand

s the cloud

s mutely e
vasive as

shy pre-adol
escent girl

s dressed
so scarce

ly indistin
ct.

Dead fish

on the beach

The cold
shocked the

color out
of their

sound-increa
sing light-

intensit
ies.

Of no return

City of
lights at

the end of
the sea va

cantly re
claiming

those lost
voice's no

return.

A sorrow

ful couple

blank at the
center though

unified in
their long

ing-loss of
oneness.

Character study

The curve

of the palm
so slender

ly self-ab
sorbing.

Haiti (3)

a) Voodoo'

s pin-cush

ioned call
ing the dead

spirits to
reinhabit

that fail
ing land a

gain.

b) Cain

took the

blind path
in to those

unknown land
s of his blood-

insisting deed
s invisibly

marked with
that unknow

ing sign
ed redempt

ion.

c) Why then

this peace

ful morning
air after

night had
been so soft

ly claimed
for the rest

ful sea tam
ed by its

master hand
and the un

resolving
quiet of an

all-impending
fear.

Revealing

He touch

ed beyond
their skin

ned-surface
with that

scapel that
only words

could reveal
the depth of

wounds but
scarcely

scarred-o
ver.

Sit-down chair

That little

old lady with
braided fine

ly-combed
hair and small

but decisive
lips self-pro

claiming in
renewal im

portance of
her own design

ating sit-down
chair.

Masked

His was a

choric Grae
cean mask en

circling self-
deceptive

rhythmic
phras

ing.

Dog-racing

They used

those speed-
empower

ed racing dog
s money-driven

to their own
self-enchanc

ing end
ed by aband

oning them to
the winds and

weather of
their helpless

ly broken-down
aging needs.

Classically

felt stone'

s chaste
scent of its

cooled touch
time-decipher

ing awareness
es.

The palm

gently silou
etting a trop

ical idyll
icly caress

ing softness
of serene

touch-silen
ces.

Desert

cactus
flowers

caused in the
scent of

their irre
vocably re

fining light.

Side

streets
deserted

lanes that
led him off

through the
unknown of

those self-
follow

ing path
s.

Dead fish

braced help

lessly on
the beach mu

ted to the un
known depth

of their co
lorless

plight.

Dialogued

Young wo

man with pram
wheeling the

untold dis
tances of

their speech
less unity

of phrase.

Of sound-touch

Tiny celebra

ted flower
s momentar

ily infelt
rarity of

sound-touch.

Follower

His eyes

younger
than thought

s could re
veal a little-

boy-look of
a world not

yet round
ed for

light-
touching.

Over-stated

Some color

s too rich
ly self-en

dowed as
truths irre

vocably o
ver-stated.

Virgin-

souled-child-

like as a
tideless

moon scarce
ly night-sur

facing.

Holding back

Passionate

ly holding-
back the grasp

of some un
known fear

reigned tight
ly-secured.

Focused

Can time fo

cus itself in
tensed to

that soli
tary moment

of only then
only now.

Reflect

ions in

glass less
ened the fresh

ness of co
lors out of

their sus
pending re

sponse.

Just right

Having it

just right
The table set

to her glass-
defining

touch
ed the ap

pearance
for her read

ily expos
ing guests.

Returned

He return

ed to the
city of his

youth listen
ing for the

voice of
where he

couldn't
find himself

again.

Half-confessional poetry *(in memory Robert Lowell)*

staring me

back as if
I was ask

ing why these
dream-sun

years have
aged my skin

as those
rings indebt

ed to a weath
erless tree.

No way out

of a bank

rupt marr
iage except

by paying
those excess

ive bills
back.

Are

night-waves

why my heart'
s dark-puls

ing its un
resound

ing shore
s.

Repeating

She repeat

ed herself
so often

as waves
always sam

ed to a
dullness

of sense
as if time

hadn't real
ly moved on

with her.

2nd commandment (Moses)

Recreat

ing God in
to the i

age of why
we'd alway

s be need
ing him less.

Her fear

as if time

had encir
cled its no-

coming-out
labyrinth

in to a
maze of self-

wandering
s.

Rosemarie'

s always

the reced
ing ebbed-

quiet of my
increasing

ly flow.

Windowing

It rained

so secret
ly the night

through-window
ing its self-

reflect
ing glass.

Barnacled

She barna

cled him
holding fast

to a sunken
treasure

she couldn'
t surface be

yond its self-
escouncing

darkness.

Awared

Becom

ing aware
of the dark

ness slow
ly start

s seeing us
through.

4 Poets

a) For Richard Wilbur

to regain the

composure
of your lei

sured-polish
ed ease word

ed mostly
right You're

the Macke of
a securing

poet's world.

b) Elizabeth Bishop'

s poetic-

prose of her
same-voiced

closely-felt
narrative-

length.

c) E. E. Cumming's

surface

play of why
language

can be so
newly cropp

ed.

d) Blake

needed more

of that ti
ger imagery

dense and
fierce

ly forcing
him from his

child-like
simplici

ties.

Autistic

She became

the lesser
space of what

her shadow
could scarce

ly complete.

Twerns

tiny bird-

escap
ing shadow

s still
scarce

ly sensed.

Color

less pain

more bone-
taught

than word
s could less

er define.

Unseen

night-per

sons curtain
ed in to

shadow
s of self-

finding
fears.

When

she slept

she sensed
his awake

ness as if
dream could

become trans
parently

alive.

Read wrong

If I read

him wrong
It's because

he's become
the through-

going chap
ters of a

book bound
to other

times and
places re

mote from
my own touch

ing-downs.

Emily D.

and Hermann
M. The time

s didn't
take them well

off-side
from their

self-suffi
cing voice

d America'
s icons of an

unrequited
loss.

Sick

to his hold

ing grasp
for time's re

lease of words
and sense he

couldn't find
back narrow

ing down.

A tidy

old lady

who kept
the little

things she
so needed

to see and
feel her sam

ed-in one
ness.

A long

bridge of

the kind
that left him

wood-escap
ing unremem

bered land
scapes.

Back doors

they may

never have ta
ken down to

those dark-
dim cellar

s cold-ston
ed Walled in

their imper
soned be

ing.

6 Times imaged

a) Emma (Jane Austen)

She saw so

much of what
she wanted

to see that
she didn't

really see
at all time

s prevail
ing over per

sons as i
mages of her

less-reveal
ing self.

b) That passah

bread Christ

took to the
freedom

long-time
reach of his

crucified
body-claim

s.

c) Ulysees

tied to the

mast held-
fast from the

singing wa
ters of his

flesh-invok
ing harmon

ies.

d) When

Burnham Wood

s moved e

ver closer
instinct

ively near
er to Mac

beth's death-
baring time-

embedded fear
s.

e) Bald eagles

those high-

flying nation
al icons

nested to
the fragile

reach of
their egg-

protect
ive warm

th-sharing
s.

f) King Manasse

unable to bear
the irresist

able words of
God's over-

reaching hand
severed the

prophet Isiah'

s body in-two
the muted

wood of his
own sharpen

ing fears.

Focused

He focus

ed so long
on that black

spider's mot
ionless de

signed him in
to its web

of fast-catch
ing fears.

Remembered

Why he re

membered
this and not

that feeling
of being

haunted from
an unknown

whereabout
s.

Time-excluding

Why that 12

th century
tower's aband

oned to a
lonely pre

existance
of not know

ing why it'
s still stand

ing remote
ly time-ex

cluding.

Haydn

retones me

to an allu
sive phras

ing's form-
defining.

Deep-down feelings

This day

heavy with
dark reclus

ive thought
s hanging

fully weigh
ed the impend

ing depth of
those unheard

deep-down
feeling

s.

Eye-directioning

Hop-scotch

ing between
those untouch

ed lines of
peripher

al asides to
the light-

weighted
chalk's eye-

direction
ing.

There

The thought-

touch of a
slight wing

èd bird co
lored almost

inpercepti
vely there.

Saturday

retired to

an any-other-
day if it

wasn't for
that snow-

like feel
ing of open-

space field-
imbuing light-

currents.

Kiss of death *(Hilde Domin)*

She kissed

her husband
and lover in

to a sweet
ness beyond

all human
means of re

calling.

Art's

become a

money-mine
The deeper

you dig the
lesser of

gold nugget'
s brought

to the sur
face-shine

of dollar'
s infalli

ble touch.

Rivered down

He wrote un

til river
ed down to

the barren
pulse of

drought-ap
praisal

s.

Birth-waves

This early

spring land'
s soften

ed down e
ven sensed

for its
through-ful

filling
birth-wave

s.

Softening

Do these

spring-star
s as the

earth-sound
s us even

closer to a
soften

ing of
phrase.

The few

who dare

say what o
thers think

most often
left alone

as a man with
his pipe smok

ing distan
ces of leisur

ed time-shar
ing.

Stop

was most

always a go
on signal

for his
straight a

head no sha
dowing world

as a train
landscap

ing the speed
of whatever

its having
been left be

hind.

Undone

His shadow

sun-straight
staring in

to a length
less void of

irretriev
able silen

ces.

Insinuating

Her sweet

ness of voice
so unassum

ingly inno
cently insinu

ating the se
cret confine

s of what
would leave

him for her
nakedly vulner

able.

That house

When his sis

ters left
that house grew

beyond the
width of his

knowing why
each room spoke

in untouch
ed colors se

cretly aware
of the moon'

s rising.

Joseph's robe

Rosemarie'

s retold
the many co

lors of my
childhood

fancies cloth
ed in a

chosen
ness of

voiced-
through per

ception
s.

Oboe quartet *(Mozart k. 370)*

Such li

quid sound-
flowings

a river'
s birth

ed light-
touched call

ings.

Orpheus

Do we need

eyes to see
love or can

the voice
claim for a

realizing
touched-

meaning
s.

Faceless

Putting a

good face
on a bad sit

uation 's
like those in

terchange
able masks be

lying a face
less detach

able person.

Ode à Gluck

Controll

ed passion
column

ed against
the restless

sea of man'
s surging

tidal
claims.

One of theirs

I wasn't

one of their
sensing a

foreign blood-
instinct off-

track derail
ed desert-

blooming.

For Rosemarie

born to the

year of our
death-warrant

You've re
born me be

yond all
those life

less claim
s of self-

reliance.

Uneasing

Pale wind-

blown moon
hanging the

claims of a
faceless

kite strung
to its un

easing hand
s.

She

in her mid

to late 50
s half succ

essfully
adolescen

ing back
to those

self-finding
ways she u

sually miss
ed in a marr

iage of less
er self-con

fiding con
venien

ces.

He

as stable

as an old
hickory ca

bin wind-
tight even

against his
wife's re

course to
such child

ly flourish
ing ways.

Lifeless from voice

His mind

ran blank
grasping

for what
couldn't be

told as a
stream bedd

ed in the in
ertia of its

dried-down
stones life

lessly voic
ed.

Nightmare'

s
searched down

self-fear
ing the mir

ror's reflect
ionless re

volvings.

No better than

Man's no

better than
his wanting

to be more.

The flute'

s silver

tonali
ties finger

ing light-
waves

through.

Snapshots

quicker

seen then
longer known

the even more
of your not

being other
wise.

The ancient turtle

heavy with

the weight
that has been

carrying him
about centur

ies of wea
thering ex

posures.

Of what it wasn't

Imitat

ion brick
made-to-seem-

wood that
house inhabi

ted by the
appear

ance of what
it really

wasn't.

So multicolored

That bird so

multicolor
ed singing

through the
tonalit

ies of its
flight-sens

ing wings.

A bottomless well

These time

s impend
ing down the

depths of
fear a bottom

less well
walled through

its indescen
ding claim

s.

Esther

the Israel

of God's chosen
dressed in the

radiance of
a purity even

beyond the
brush-touch

of Chagall'
s sensual

ly curving so
manly describ

ing instinct
s.

Rats

at the under

ground gnaw
ing at the

flesh of my
unseen fear-

exposing
clawed-through

imprints.

Thereabouts

Behind those

self-decept
ively dress

ed-through
smiles of

her parting
at the lip

s a secret
ly therea

bouts.

Cloud-transforming

The change

abilitie
s of those

cloud-trans
forming

thought
s wind-drift

ing sound
lessly be

yond.

In the air

Snow in the

air a cool
ness of sound

transcend
ing even those

voiced dis
tances of

touch.

Intelling

Red fox

at the wood
s edge night-

staring the
distant

star's in
telling glow.

Cold-time

houses

holding the
hills down to

their vacant
sense from

loss.

Pale blue

but sun-dis

tancing morn
ing as a

young girl
dressed to

the touch
for trying

its color
s out.

Late winter snow

but slight

ly heard as
a remind

er of what
was or could

have been va
guely appar

ent.

After Breughel

Dark bird

s spoken out
of the realm

s of fear
wing-command

ing that snow-
lit landscape

protect
ively shadow

ing.

On Good Friday

as Christ

died so self
lessly a

lone His blood-
felt wound

s echoing
far and wide

so soundless
ly unheard.

Awakenings

Scarce

ly felt the
slight step

s in fresh
ly fallen

snow only
touched u

pon the sur
face of its

awakening
s.

Illmensee

shadow

ing in depth
of feeling

the shift
ing winds

and through-
describing

clouds a dis
tant releas

ing joy un
told but en

lighten
ing still.

For Michael († 2007)

When the

words are
wanting for

where you a
ren't Even

the dead can
speak if

one tries to
answer their

thoughts a
loud.

But it wasn't

He seem

ed as if
born for a

nother world
That out-of-

place kind of
look as if

asking for
what wasn't

It was
but it most

ly seemed
as if he

wasn't.

Her room

the only

place that
was alway

s hers took
on the com

pelling co
lors of its

secretly re
creating

moments.

Realizing

Portrait of

me age two-
and-a-half

I didn't
know you then

or you me
But if we'

re the same
being growth

for that not-
knowing reali

zing.

Closing churches

They're clos

ing church
es down here

Up for the
highest bidd

er As if the
world was clo

sing down a
gain on the

Christ of its
sold-out sal

vation.

Snowcat

as if its

secret under
brush ways

could be
told and held

so steadfast
ly self-assum

ing.

Programmed

They programm

ed him with a
switch-light

number
that he be

came irre
trievably

lost from
being name

less.

Pavane (Ravel)

a dark

under
streaming

sadness flow
ing beyond

the reach of
words or time

as if death
beautified

even more
than life's

realizing.

The new synagogue in Munich (6)

a) lined with

the names of
those sent to

the death camp
s to the glory

of the mute liv
ing God watching

over the re
mains of what

once had be
come His home

less people.

b) Jewish life

in the midst

of Hitler's
city stoned in

protected a
gainst the pre

vailing fears
of that liv

ing past.

c) Thousands

coming to

witness a re
birth of the

living dead
once extinguish

ed to the con
fines of ash

and bone.

d) Auschwitz

here Golgatha
there Christ

martyred in
the image of

His own deny
ing people.

e) I

neither German

nor "Jew" but
the last of

the oneness-
both mourning

as a post-
time witness

at the grave
of these flow

ering hope
s.

f) Israel

unredeemed
in the blood

of the cross
How many more

muted lambs
for their avid

slaughter
houses How of

ten holding
the other cheek

for the church
triumphant

How often the
guilt to be

found not by
the others

but in the
palm of self

Israel unre
deemed in the

blood
of the cross.

Timeless

in a sea

of chang
ing winds and

the current
s of inresolv

ing tides
Ulysees through-

steering re
solved that

only course
for home.

Dull days

closed heav

ens in grey
ed numbness

not even
voiced reson

ances echo
ing for long.

High above

that vast

ness of sea-
sensing-time

in dream-wave
s so silent

ly forgott
en.

Don Carlos (Schiller)

a) Posa

poised high
above his

times The Span
ish Schiller

preaching his
pre-enlight

ened mes
sage.

b) Why Don Carlos?

as unstable

as those Flem
mish colonie

s up-in-arms
though more

against his
mostly un

tamed self.

c) Father/son

conflict as

old as David
and Absalom

as German as
Lessing's Phil

otas Phillip
here more down

staired than
his imperial

nature could
conceive.

d) Love

as if cupid'

s arrows most
ly misdirect

ed marking
them deeper

in a ten
sioned/fash

ioned plot.

e) dated?

no A minimum

wage needed
now as then

for all those
so overwork

ed letter
carries worthy

servants of
a needy state.

Coloring exposures

The fall

ing of these
leaves me

through
nakedly-

color-
ing exposure

s.

Moon-touched scent

Flower

s blooming
through

the dark'
s moon-touch

ed scent.

Of transcending dreams

The night

cloud-surr
ounding a

world of
transcend

ing dream
s.

It "dawned on him"

through

those cloud
s of evane

scent sleep
from a dis

tant shore's
time-seclud

ing.

Time-releasing

These hill

s in soft
ly flow

through the
wind's

time-releas
ing.

Dark bells

the night

ringing
through

shadows of
falling leave

s inescap
ably heard.

Instinctive needs

Sensitive

to the fleet
ing sound of

silk the
running light

of waves that
touched her

hands even be
yond their in

stinctive
need for

flight.

Chmelnik

He knew

he was the
last one

though he'
d never been

there A shtetl
as remote

from life
as those kill

ings that left
their last crie

s still through-
resounding

his unheard
silences.

A fear

There's a

fear some
where at the

bottom of
where touch

can only be
told numbed

through
from voice.

Statued

He dreamt

of a no way
out Walled in

from the shad
ows he'd left

behind a no
where place

of his stand
ing there

statued time
lessly ex

posed.

Spohr's

quartet-sweet

ness surface-
flowing from

romantic un
dercurrent

s as a maid
en dressed

in the frill
s of a through-

desiring
self.

For Rosemarie

My world'

s so soft
ly revolving

the sphere
s of where

your eyes
insensing

me through.

Niced

He niced

himself in
to the sweet

after taste
of her

fleeting
ly affect

ions.

K. 590

I must

have heard
it wrong af

ter the seduct
ively disarm

ing predeces
sor It sound

ed me astray
couldn't find

back to an
eased place

of mind "Mo
zart gone wrong"

discredit
ing the fluent

desires of my
own self-creat

ing blissful
solitude

s.

Horses

immov

ably stanc
ed generat

ions of not
knowing o

therwise than
that hill-

consuming
pose breath

lessly in
ert.

Mute

he became

because word
s couldn'

t answer
what he'd seen

Only that i
mage of his

raped and dy
ing mother

spoke louder
foreigned

in a dialect
of fear that

braced him
for its world

of self-den
ial.

Adrift

He seem
ed as a

boat strand
ed ashore

to the rock-
bottomed

unevenness
of wave's in

telling a
drift.

After-timed

Cloud-

fields thin
ly escap

ing wind-
breezed mo

ment's after-
timed.

Smoke

invisib

ly ascend
ing prayer-

like offer
ing to the

God of no
where seen.

Umbrellaed

Her uplift

ing smile
umbrella

ed the round
ness of con

versation
al color

s.

Star-sensing

Lights

pulsing the
night through

the birth of
star-sens

ing silen
ces.

A loner

the street

s night-
bare at the

sounds of
his voice

less com
ing.

Checkered

This check

ered table
cloth

ed me in
squares of

its cross-
lined appre

ciation
s.

Quietly voiced

You have

to read me
closely

like listen
ing intent

ly to what
you haven't

seen increas
ing quiet-

voiced.

The church

at Sosa

cleansed a
purity of re

fined light-
sense.

Karlsbad

a period

piece of
make believe

its time
s al

ways here
pleasur

ably pursu
ing a turn-

of-century
fashion

able complete
ness.

Wild geese

instinct

ively aflight
fleeing

from their
fear of snow

drawn in to
the shadow

s of that
rhythmi

cally puls
ing urge.

Hovering spaciously

Eyes

grown out
as a rabb

it's carrot-
ears thought-

revolving
more sensed

than heard
where they

meet hover
ing spacious

ly.

The pause

between stop

s catching
up to the

where of not
being there

before I could
breathe but

a touching
sense moment

arily now.

Side-sensed

oblique

acuity of
the cut-down

stone's off-
rhythmic

touch.

Grandhotel Popp (Karlsbad)

so through-

whitely be
stowed cere

monious
ly encircl

ing a final
ity of place

as if time
was record

ing itself
here nothing

but that all-
inclusive

resolve.

Moon-shadows

transferr

ing light e
ven beyond

the bound
s of where

touch can be
heard si

lently em
bracing.

Dusk's

hushed si
lences draw

ing us in
closer ap

proaching
the no

where more
of then dis

solving in
the palm

of stars.

A gaiety

of cloth-

finding patt
erns dance-

coloring
child-like

implied in
nocence.

Bric-a-brac

artifact

s soulless
ly imitat

ing where
blood thin

s and eyes
still seek

ing for gain.

That fear for loss

His hand

s held long
tightly

grasped
that fear for

loss to the
boned bare

ness of his
uncertain

ed touch.

Painted over

He like a

painted-o
ver picture

hidden deep
er than all

futile claim
s for form

ing that o
ther side of

his unreveal
ing now.

That old Roman road

wooded in

the density
of its own

self-declin
ing silence

s running its
routes still

to the breath
of the wind'

s whisper
ing-receding

echoing
s.

Dialogued for Charles

To paint

it as you
see it look

ing through
in brushed

manner of your
eye-sensed a

wakening
s.

At the hair dryers

She sat

at the hair
dryers out

curled es
teemably

prim and pro
perly after-

set eyes
peering a

youthful
spring air

that had left
her irredeem

ably behind.

These quiet rhythms

of snow fall

ing through
a softness

of touch
ed-longing im

pression
s.

Those longing snow depths

The train

never came
although

voiced with
the lights of

its futur
ing glow Some

said it was
consumed in

those long
ing snow-depth

s of their
never finding

out again.

Rooster

at the top

of the church
roof wind-

deciding
the weight of

Peter's un
timely guilt.

So faintly reminding

The snow

released
as of word

s from their
shadow

ing-touch
ed moment

s so faint
ly remind

ing.

The date

uncertain

but at that
time all the

clocks stopp
ed in their

house what
was said e

ven thought
a continu

ous repetit
ion of what

had once
been a pro

cess in be
coming now

became noth
ing more

than that.

Of heard darknesses

The snow a

wakened
lighted-

thoughts trans
parencies of

sound that
voiced the

night through
a continui

ty of heard
darkness

es.

Listening aloud

What these

windows
viewed through

so speech
lessly immune

to words
could only be

told when
this mute si

lence would
be listen

ing aloud.

Iced over

The lake

iced over
with voiced

reflect
ions and the

unheard pre
scient color

s of its
fish moving

so silent
ly sound-

through.

What's unsaid'

s echoing

somewhere
through the

spaceless
voice of night'

s irretriev
able silen

ces.

Quiet resolve

This winter'

s quiet re
solve heavy

with the
weight of un

spoken words
its barren

trees speech
lessly recall

ing.

Red brick

enclos

ures of these
shut-down

houses pro
tecting in

shadows of
their out

lasting
past.

And Theodor Fontane

We both

grew younger-
old the dry

ing blood
pressing for

the sap of
outwaiting

years.

Dark moon-

night the

snow awaken
ing soundless

ly voiced
those unheard

silences
of an untouch

ed world
whisper

ing aloud
for light.

1938

This room

with its dark-
wooded-knots

swollen from
birth drying

down now
from those

blood-arous
ing fear

s.

Our answers

We all have

our answer
s right or

wrong those
last lines of

defense the
dug-in moats

castle wall
s protect

ing from with
out the lone

liness of our
breached

through secur
ity within.

Of stuffed animals

the prolifer

ation of tam
ed stuffed an

imals may be
protecting

against those
more aggress

ive ones with
in or with

out so soft
ly self-accom

odating.

I see him

now my father

taking the
snow deeply

felt though
not touching

through/real
izing the emp

tied winds
of his voice

since those
falling stair

s had left
so much of

his being
behind.

Annunciation *(Petrus Christus Berlin)*

The pristine-

refining-pur
ity of the

Virgin's chaste
ly aspiring

whiteness
through-

describing
lily.

The line

between

the truth and
that unsaid'

s more than
taste can ac

quire as an
artificial

flower water
ing down

from growth.

Archduke Trio I *(Beethoven Beaux Arts Trio)*

Pressler

toned the Beet
hoven down to

its fineness
of intrinsic

thought
through mosaic

wave-coal
escing one

ness.

Archduke Trio II *(last mvt.)*

a light

ness of re
lease after

the depth-per
suasions of

its slow mvt.
A tradition

as with Mo
zart or (and)

the contrast
s of a resol

ving through
flowing unity.

Trio Op. 100 (Schubert)

So much ex

quisite
beauty of

themes that
overcome

the inbet
weens of re

petitive
stop-going

s.

Moon-cloud

s night veil

ed obscured
even from the

dark of shad
owing its

own untouch
able self.

Rock-tensed

The rush

of these dark
cold winter

ing stream
s rock-tens

ed in fear
of their

ceaseless
no wheres

from coming.

For Rosemarie

The soft love

of age
cushion

ed in the
lowering

lights of
a voiced-ap

pearing one
ness.

Of tenderly forgetfulness

My hands

lightly
pursuing

the silent
waves of

your hair in
to stream

s of tender
ly forget

fulness.

A cold

so barren-de

fining even
in distant

stars con
fined the thin

cause of sol
itary still

nesses.

Confined

Even the

streams
frozen down

to the rock-
source of

their voice
less confine

ment.

September song

It's that time

less long
ing tinged

with the leave'
s beautify

ing sadness
of what's so in

effably
becoming.

As Lot

I don't look

back to those
fields of

blood and
ash As Lot

I'm the be
ginning of

each day
each poem'

s unknown
need for the

where of its
becoming.

Reading him

If I read

him by his hist
ory as far

as he'd allow
to touch those

scarcely per
ceiving bor

ders the twi
light phase

s of his un
reconcil

ing person.

Paintings in the New Pinakothek (Munich 19c.)

a) Woman ironing (Degas 1869)

More cloth

es hanging out
impersoned her

looking from
self-imaged.

b) Henri Rouart and Son (Degas 1891)

If it was

only the glove
s in telling

their same self-
distancing

generation
s beside

s.

c) Landscape in Martinique (Gauguin 1887)

When that out

lasting for
est instinct

ively bright
became too

largely loom
ing through.

d) Portrait of Frau Gedon (1869 Leibl)

These cloth

es hand-apprai
sed combing up

touch-wise
the reach of her far-

sounding eyes.

e) The Weaver (Van Gogh 1884)

Hand-touch

eyes secur
ing what

ever dark
ness he could

be sens
ing through.

f) Plucked turkey (Goya 1810)

Feather

s out hang
ing down as

if war-consum
ing/corps

ed.

g) Young woman sewing by lamplight (Kersting 1823)

Intense

ly quiet in
wardly shad

owing a world'
s silent re

frain.

h) The visit of the sovereign (Spitzweg after 1870)

His carriage

as isolat
ed from the

daily poor
as those al

most fairy-
tale house

s irrelevant
ly estrang

ing.

i) Marquesa Cabellero (Goya 1809)

Tightly

and decora
tively dress

ed beyond all
that protruding

vapid empti
ness of per

son.

j) Portrait of a Lady (Courbet '55)

He landscap

ed her vis
age in-to the

contours of
his abstract

ing mind.

k) Fir trees in snow (C. D. Friedrich 1828)

as if snow

could be as
perfectly

punctuat
ed as here.

l) After the Storm (C. D. Friedrich 1817)

Ship-wreck

ed sky an
geling its

rock-bottom
end.

m) View of Dedham Vale from East Bergholt (Constable 1815)

The sky'

s landscap
ing these

fields in
to its out

spreading
shadow

ing domain
s.

n) Convent school outing (Spitzweg 1860/72)

all dressed

up and umbrell
aed artifici

ally fields a
bandoning.

o) 4 Breton woman (Gauguin 1886)

reverent

ially inward-
danced to a

slow rhythm
ic color

ing.

Luncheon in the studio *(Manet 1868)*

That youth

ful man ei
ther posed

for an uncer
tain self-suffi

ciency or to
appear blat

antly insol
ent.

Impressioned

When word

s break
through crush

ing snow with
your mind-

imprinting
boots have

left in new
ly created im

pression
ed.

The law

even the

letter of it
despite Christ'

s loving will
kept his first

chosen through
ages of en

during oppress
ion so close

ly knit to
gether as

of cloth
tightly re

sistant.

The last of snow

melting

from place
as those rem

nants of
thought

still not
quite reveal

ing.

Raven

over

sized comm
anding the

tree with its
black-endur

ing feather
s plumed for

a visage of
unaccount

able distan
cings.

Mouse-

minded

quick
ness of where

it was before
it wasn't

wind-haunted
hushed through

that tatter
ed cloth'

s wind-evok
ing.

Cliché

s are like

voices you'
ve heard too

often a same
ness of out

used facade
s.

Involving

The word

between the
word's a

glance a
touch or e

ven that
stillness-

found involv
ing.

Light-glancing

Ice

light-glanc
ing a lady

cooled in
the refined

visage of
jewelled-ap

pearance
s.

Aging actor

He'd seen

too much to
see at all

the memor
ied texts

that held
his hand

s through
those vacant

shadow
ing appear

ances.

Macke's world

was whole

some genuine
ly so refresh

ingly normal
his coloring

canvass
es' light-

trans
forming.

Mute

He couldn'

t speak mute
to the word

s that would
sense why he

saw in to the
enduring

silence
s of thing

s.

Thanksgiving

family day

without the
family each gone

its own way
that the tur

key so stuff
ed with fam

ily pleasure
s sat resign

ed to the
center place

it deserved
juicily-unat

tended.

She

was too mo

dest too sweet
more meant

for the light
ly touch of

desserts
slightly scen

ted tea and
well-wishing

s.

1 Kings 3:16–28 *(1 Kings 11:26–40)*

Why did the

wise Salomon
endowed with

God's resplent
ishing gifts

brothel the
Holy Land with

foreign idol
s and the

wrath of a pro
phetically di

viding God.

These wood

s nakedly

darken
ed sound

ing so for
saken in

their life
less indwell

ing aloneli
ness.

Friedrich Ebert *(Social Democrat in the 20s)*

statued here

in Ottobrunn
stoned-tight

from a time
that left him

so motion
less unresolv

ing vacant
ly passed.

Ode à Eichendorff

the pale stat

ues of a fog-
fading Danzig

secretly re
minding

though
voiced-from

steps scarce
ly decipher

ing.

"The meek and humble (in memory M. B.)

shall inherit

the earth" A
tower of a

person he was
yet soft and

pliantly bend
ing to the

lesser con
cerns of our

retarded son
warmth with

a still last
ing peace

able smile.

In memory M. B.

He died the

last day of
the church

year buried
for me in that

reassuring
height and

health I saw
him last

ing through
that resurr

ecting smile
of his.

"Dinosaurs"

Michael called

us The left o
ver remain

s of a faith-

fossilled
stone-aged

text-book
ed to the

sense of a
living touch.

Let the snow

have its fi

nal say cover
ing over what

the naked
wounds have

left to be
mourned Heaven

ly tears
these.

At the end

of the black-

bound book
closed to a

finality of
lifeless re

membran
ces Shelved

for fu
ture possible

reference
s.

Little dot

ted flower

s breed
ing new life

into the
pulse of their

light-awak
ening bud

s.

Stately

at the end

with that ac
ademic assur

ance so wise
ly conceal

ing that life
is not only

there to be
taught.

Cactus flowered

Out of the

stoned arid
dryness of

these bared
desert sound

s the cactus
explicit

ly colored.

The poet's

This room

the poet's
keeps me in

tently list
ening through

its sound-
proofing

walls.

She

pillow

ed through
those undulat

ing sounds of
sleep-depth

s snow-reclin
ings.

His master's voice

If sheep al

ways remem
ber their mas

ter's voice
Why have we

so often been
called

through for
getful

ness.

Vaughan William'

s Sea Symphony

left me a
drift with

those un
dulating

waves of Walt
Whitman's

self-indul
gent endless

ly oneness.

András Schiff'

s Haydnes

que off-
starts of min

now's glimmer
ing shore-

downed inflect
ions.

Painted over

When they dis

covered the ab
stract purity of

Romanesque
sculpture's

painted o
ver (I did) in

the disenchant
ing belief

that scholor
s often dis

cover too soon
what they

haven't found
out for la

ter.

Overreaching

This black-

deciding bird'
s overreach

ing the naked
ness of its

landscaped
abstract

ions.

Overcame

snow-

drawn hard
to the fro

zen ground'
s grasp

ing iner
tia.

F Minor Variations (Haydn)

The clos

ing tacts of
Haydn't F Minor

Variation
s kept my seat

on the watch
ing edge of

its up
right sound-

emerg
ings.

Night-loom

owls deep

ly envelop
ing woods of

their moon'
s haunting

silence
s.

Waiting

No one

came The wait
ing was like

crossing a
bridge that

didn't start
where it be

gan feeling
for air and

space bird-
like without

those necess
ary wings of

time-return
ing.

Underlooked

When she under

looked me from
her wheel-

chaired roll
ing aspirat

ions that I
felt foot-

blinded for
a momentary

off-balanc
ing self.

More sensed . . .

Snow so

slight
ly down as

those fine
ly felt mo

ments more
sensed than

realized.

Michael

if I think

what you'd
think of what

I've thought
It's a dead-

way alley now
not even whis

pering re
turns.

Truer

"The moment

of truth" if
it was only

a moment be
came all the

truer for
that.

Dark snow

the night re

flecting
this moon-

down feel
ing of such

obscur
ed uncertain

ties.

Birches

so slender

ing white
ness of

their dance-
escap

ing form
s.

The way

The farther

I went the
longer that

way became
winding

through those
receding mo

ments end
lessly un

finding.

Sundown

that never

came up A
world trans

piring in
dulled same

ness heavy
with its un

heard re
sponse.

Time-receding

The train

moves these
landscap

ing hills
time-reced

ing.

City

of unanswer

ing quest
ions hill-

tensed night-
receding.

Whisperings

Wind

s whisper
ing in to

those hidd
en realms

of their own
cloud-con

cealing
self.

Poised

Her hair

so artifi
cially cur

led a whirl
pool of re

assort-
ed quest

ioning
s poised.

Of no return

She had that

look of loss
about her

as children
in the dense

quiet of wood
s trying

to find back
from their

way of no re
turn.

Bottomed out

When her hus

band died
Some thing

bottomed
out from her

a void so im
penetrably

deep as a
well echoing

remote and un
finding dis

tances.

Close to life

She lived

close to
the life of

talk shows
psychodrama

s "the truth
of" headlin

ed the little
that had been

left for li
ving her

own life
out.

A library for Leroy

by the sea

where the
mind of book

s free-float
ing the ebb

and flow of
all those

self-enclos
ing shore-

finds.

At first hand

Impecca

bly refined
even facial

ly distin
guishing

the satin
ed white

ness of his
close-form

ing glove
s Nathaniel

Pink espied
at first hand

the aristo
cratic nat

ure of man'
s failing

past.

Musical virtuosity'

s like lingui

stic rhetor
ic It's an al

ways-running-a
way-river

shallowed
from its deep

er resound
ing needs.

Taneyev (1st quartet 3rd mvt.)

rushing as

stream's curr
ent-pursua

ding rock-
clasping a de

fying end of
where it wasn'

t for being
there.

Songed

A bird

sat the empt

tiness of
those blank-

down branch
es plead

ing sadness
Songed to a

vacant
ness of sky.

Polar bear'

s white

ness thaw
ing to the

flow of that
desolate

fragment
of ice wind-

bound.

Gentleness *(in memory M. B.)*

in a man

is like a
tree that

bends through
the softness

of its wind-
creating mo

ments.

Smoke

rising in

to a vacant
ness of sky

unseen as
prayers re

leased beyond
even the

dreams of a
starless

morning.

Raped

as a child

They took
more out of

her than
that little

frame could
cry herself

back to a
wholeness

again.

Moving

through

those
soundless

steps ever
so silent

ly as a ship
atop that o

ceaned bott
omness

from self.

Language

can be form

ed immutab
ly aware as

of clay's
light-surr

ounding
s.

Anouilh's Antigone (1943)

a) Creon's

become more
of a person

sensitive
to the need

s of others
on the surface

less of the
law and order

kind of king.

b) Creon

between per

son state and
family divi

ded in a weak
ness of con

trary need's
forced to de

cide.

c) Antigone

now one-dimen

sional Her self-
calling martyr

dom stripped of
most other rites

religious
fraternal Was the

French resist
ance so fanati

cal as her de
monic occupier

s.

d) Anouilh's

slight

but tender
ed jabs a

gainst the
happiness-

endings in a
bourgeois-

marital soc
iety.

e) King David

protect

ed his up
start son Ab

salom again
st all those

laws lesser
than that

of pater
nal love.

f) Has Creon

grown up

from a less
er self as

He would have
it with his

son's final
contempt of

a father
ranged beyond

love and fam
ily to a day

by day dicta
torship.

g) Anouilh's

not placed

so certain
as he would

appear Stag
ed beyond a

conflict of
values to the

absurd-nothing'
s really better

after its out
ward appear

ances.

"He's gone"

he said

perhaps some
where over

the fields
that didn't

turn back a
breathless

way not even
the stone

that letter
ed him in

could in re
membering

the where'
s why.

Prescribing route

Some train

s change track
s so smooth

ly involv
ing as if that

prescrib
ing route des

tined from re
calling distan

ces.

Instead

If life'

s a no-win-
game because

its ending
ends us But

what if that
ending's the

beginning
of all that'

s reclaim
ing instead.

Hide and seek'

s most al

ways a self-
finding game

If you are
where you aren'

t to be found
Who's shadow

ing who then.

Schütz I

es' Christ
mas Story kept

me so close
to the voice

of that text
ed prist

ine presence
timeless

ly rehears
ing.

Schütz II

es' first-row

ed double chor
uses' antiphon

ed us a
ship ebbed and

flowed in cross-
rhythmic assym

etric unbalan
cings.

Corelli'

s "pastoral"

mother and
child flow-

dipping in
gentle stream

s the loveli
ness of the

Christ child
in the midst

of a star-re
vealing light.

Turnabout smile

Her turna

bout smile
left me off

standing out
balancing

the where of
what's from

leaving me
behind.

When to stop

Not knowing

when to stop
took him

through
that no-turn

ing back im
mensity of

woods the al
ways more of

darkening
from return

s.

Adagio *(Bach Brandenburg no. 1)*

as a boat

even-flow
ed echoing

in the still
ness of time'

s passing mo
tionless

ly unspoken.

Drab day

as post-war

women dress
ed in their

washed out
color's ex

pression
less non-stay

ing smile.

Of dreamless imaginings

Snow fall

ing through
the night

of his dream
less imagin

ings as a
boat releas

ed from
the depth of

its still flow
ing tide

s.

Why did Stravinsky

so early

turn neo-class
ical the strea

ming blood
of his dance-

effusions
dried down to

pulseless
wind-echoing

s.

An illusion

His life

more start
s than con

clusion
s a success

ion of co
lors only

matching
as an illus

ion a shell
sea-sound

ing hollow
ed out ex

posure
s.

The more

was not e

nough for him
That aching

need at the
desert of his

heart burning
even beyond

the bright
ness of that

cold moon'
s desolat

ing.

Ringwald

could only

find the shad
owing self

of where he
wasn't as a

room ever so
faintly lit

because the
moon couldn'

t be sensed
even there

in the full
ness of its

callings.

At the bottom

of the stair

s Blood pool
s of drying

silences
where he lay

the always
of being more

of what
couldn't be

washed a
way.

Oedipus at Colonnus

a) between

sin and re
demption

the "unknown
sin" of the

Jewish bible
and the redempt

ion of
Elijah's "not be

ing better than
his fathers"

though
cloud-en

raptur
ed.

Oedipus

b) blind to the

truth of his
blood-incest

uous guilt in
the dark of

what eyes
have seen and

known the un
veiling of

those dread
ful deeds.

c) Oedipus

the forsak

en wander
er as the

Jewish people
landless de

fenseless
with the only

hope of divine
intervent

ion.

d) Sophocles'

Oedipus at Col

onnos at the
end of his

life concei
ved the middle

portion of an
unfinish

ed trilogy Not
the reflect

ive ripe
ness of an a

ging ageless
wisdom but more

the youth
ful pathos

of Athen'
s self-in

flicted en
during de

feat.

Wooded-horizons

This snow-

fallen land'
s breath

ing its cool
ness out to

the longing-
needs of its

wooded-horiz
ons.

Of Jesus' birth

Did time

stay still
then static

ally in
telling the

timeless
ness of Je

sus' birth.

"I'm dreaming

of a white

Christmas"
the purity of

an outspread
ing snow

concealing
all the wound

s man's in
flicted

through the
seeds of his

self-destruct
ive instinct

s.

No answers left

As of a bird

atop its leaf
less time-bar

ing tree peer
ing out the

vacancies
of where the

wind's echo
ing through

its time
less untell

ing distan
ces.

He survived

not knowing

why an is
land in him

self-surroun
ding all that'

s been left be
hind.

Aloned

They kill

ed God nail
ed to the

warped wood
of their own

blood-blem
ished convict

ions Left Him
hanging alon

ed and forsak
en a symbol

of their god
less self-as

piring world.

Félix

that black

lithe squirr
el nutted me

into the con
viction that

a good feed
pawed and

clawed to its
tasty finish

ing off-shell
s worthy of

all those win
tering tail

ing rounda
bouts.

Winter out-fitted

Pink with his

rosey-red hat
concealing

all his inner
conviction'

s pirouett
ing a waltz-

skating cir
cular sense.

Poetry books by David Jaffin

1. **Conformed to Stone,** Abelard-Schuman, New York 1968, London 1970.
2. **Emptied Spaces,** with an illustration by Jacques Lipschitz, Abelard-Schuman, London 1972.
3. **In the Glass of Winter,** Abelard-Schuman, London 1975, with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon.
4. **As One,** The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1975.
5. **The Half of a Circle,** The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1977.
6. **Space of,** The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1978.
7. **Preceptions,** The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1979.
8. **For the Finger's Want of Sound,** Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
9. **The Density for Color,** Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
10. **Selected Poems** with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon, English/Hebrew, Massada Publishers, Givatyim, Israel 1982.
11. **The Telling of Time,** Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2000 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
12. **That Sense for Meaning,** Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2001 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
13. **Into the timeless Deep,** Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2002 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
14. **A Birth in Seeing,** Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
15. **Through Lost Silences,** Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
16. **A voiced Awakening,** Shearsman, Exeter, England 2004 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
17. **These Time-Shifting Thoughts,** Shearman, Exeter, England 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
18. **Intimacies of Sound,** Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
19. **Dream Flow** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2006 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
20. **Sunstreams** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2007 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
21. **Thought Colors,** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2008 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany
22. **Eye-Sensing,** ahadada, Tokyo, Japan and Toronto, Canada 2008
23. **Wind phrasings,** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2009 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany
24. **Time shadows,** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exter, England 2010 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany

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

Edward Lucie-Smith

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

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

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

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

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

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