



Light Paths

Poems

DAVID JAFFIN

Light Paths

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

Born in New York City but raised in Jersey City, Seliger spent his teenage years making frequent trips to Manhattan's many museum and gallery exhibitions. Although he never completed high school or received formal art training, Seliger immersed himself in the history of art and experimented with different painting styles including pointillism, cubism, and surrealism. In 1943, he befriended Jimmy Ernst and was quickly drawn into the circle of avant-garde artists championed by Howard Putzel and Peggy Guggenheim. Two years later, at the age of nineteen, Seliger was included in Putzel's groundbreaking exhibition *A Problem for Critics* at 67 Gallery, and he also had his first solo show at Guggenheim's Art of This Century gallery. At this time, Seliger was the youngest artist exhibiting with members of the abstract expressionist movement, and he was only twenty years old when the Museum of Modern Art acquired his painting *Natural History: Form within Rock* (1946) for their permanent collection. In 1950, Seliger obtained representation from the prestigious Willard Gallery, forming close friendships with gallery artists 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 2003, Seliger received the Pollock-Krasner Foundation's Lee Krasner Award in recognition of his long and illustrious career in the arts. In 2005, the Morgan Library and Museum acquired his journals – 148 hand-written volumes produced between 1952 to 2009. In 2012, the Mint Museum in Charlotte, North Carolina will present the traveling exhibition *Seeing the World Within: Charles Seliger in the 1940s*.

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Charles Seliger (1926–2009)
Crystal Moon (detail), 2005
acrylic on Masonite
11" x 14", signed

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“mine is the moment”
(Andreas Gryphius)

Against forgetfulness

Writing a
gainst for
getful
ness the e
asing away as
melting snow
from what
had landscap
ed his mea
sured view
of time’s so
elusive call
ings.

Left behind

The field
s of flow
ing grain we'
ve so sad
ly left be
hind us as
if their
seed wasn't
deeper sown
imbedded in
the depth of
their always
s recurrent
phrasing
s.

Star phrasings

The season
s however
self-fulfill
ing they may
appear circl
ing us a
round as a
ferris-wheel
through a

night of end
less star-
phrasing
s.

“To the bottom of it”

If he never
got “to the
bottom of it”
as our Ver
mont lake with
out one
It was more
those soul-
immersing
darkness
es that kept
holding him
down to where
the ends
never meet.

That house

seemed strange
at first dark
ly inhabit
ed I felt my
way through
its emptied
rooms (each
somehow in
their way
vaguely fam
iliar) until
I found the
key at last
turned the
light-switch
through my
ever-loom
ing past.

Imagined (2)

a) *At the start*

of winter

butterfly-
thought

s color
ing his i

magined
needs for

light-in
stinct

s.

b) *Scenes of childhood (Schumann)*

as if music

had become
the true

source of
lighting

the imagin
ed realm

s of child
hood.

Cynthia

She learn
ed so well
always
(even as
now in her
60s) a
school girl
with a fict
tive sachel of
books upon
her bend
ing back to
that scholar
ly look of
prepared-pa
pered aware
ness.

The first

light snow
but a glimp
se of time,
s instinct
ively re
calling.

The less

he could
hear the
more the
world fa
ding from
dream-like.

That speck

of a bird
sudden
ly there
excited its
wings color
ing a person
ally imagin
ed sit-down
place.

He'd

seen so
much of the
world that
he couldn'
t find him
self back to
where home

had become
but a stop-
over station.

In-coming

He felt
the snow in-
coming the
way animal
s predeciph
ering a close
ness of light
and air that
needed the
soon of re
lease.

He closed

his eyes in
to that dark-
awareness
of those
soundless
depths with
in.

Sized-down

He needed
to be sized-
down to
where his
clothes
could fit
tightly
secure.

Waiting

with only
the window
s listen
ing in or out
becoming
transpar
ently alone.

To touch

ever-clos
er to the
sounds of
color
ing light-
voiced.

Mendelssohn (Trio op. 66, slow movt.)

A simpli
city of
song as a
truth al
ways known
Now merg
ing in to
voiced re
sponse.

Eb (minor Trio, Haydn)

as remote
as that key
a seldom
sadness
that touch
ed through
his vague
ly afar off
from.

A standup

mirror tabl
ed-alone
reflect
ing thought
s he'd al
ways seen
but never
really
known.

An over

flow of leave
s clouding
the winds in
solemn remem
brance.

Widowed

Coming home
to a house
emptied of
his being
there increa
singly shad
owed.

Dark

rain's pre
vailing shad
ows heavy
with the
numbed si
lence of all
these satia
ted leave
s.

When the

rains left
us burden
ed down with
the weight
of our self-
enclosing
fears.

Each poem

as a girl
firstly-
dressed to
a colored-
surround
ing self.

Small bird

swinging
its branch
ed becoming
into the sky
thm of some
unknown co
lor-swell.

David (Donatello)

more a poet
than a warr
ior here
beautify
ing a one
ness of faith
with that out
reaching sword
Christ would
deny to defend
His peaceable
kingdom.

Mary Magdalene' (Donatello)

s spiritual
eyes agèd with
clothed-suf
fering over
flowing pen
etential gar
ments.

Black-evok

ing birds en
circling the
sky in to their
cruel darkness-
breeding in
tention
s.

For the Rose

marie of
mild winds
that have soo
thed south-
like the
current
s of my irre
vocable call
ing.

Climbing

the steps of
a ladder in
tervalled
to a time-re
ceding full
ness of
grasp.

Subdued silences (after a photography by H. B.)

The lines of
snow left an
after touch
of sound-im
pression
s.

4 poems for him

a) Time had

swept him a
lone rock-
bound the
tides inhab
iting his
daily ebb and
flowing in
to the time
lessness of a
no-way-out.

b) Feeling for others

Can one feel
for others
not knowing
their when and
why we're al
ways on the o
ther side of
that not-be
ing-there.

c) Friend

ships (how
ever fully
manned) though
sailing un
der foreign
flags can'
t harbor
when most
needed at
that lost-
from-home.

d) Only once

Being pre
pared for
what can only
happen once
he tried i
magining
(as he'd al
ways done)
still repeat
ing that only
once.

Inconsistencies

It's those
unaware in
consisten
cies that
make more of
us than
righting
things just
right
ly-wrong.

Last A major Sonata (Schubert, slow mvt.)

An irrepres
sible sadness
that took
hold of the
all-of-him
rhyming to
the where of
winds invis
ibly touch
ed.

Burda

A wander
ing ghost
neither man
nor woman
with search
ing eyes
imprison
ed in cloth.

Palm Sunday

Never was a
king less of
what He was
supposed to
be Donkeyed to
an eternal
sadness in a
royal city
of misguided
acclaim.

Roman portraiture

seldom beauti
fied as the
Greek so real
istically
there that
one still fear
ed those o
pen-eyed in
tention
s.

Severalled

If there'
s a one-per
soned me irre
vocably same
ed Why am I
the many-sid
ed otherwise
ness involv
ing.

Does taste

change as or
with time'
s revolving
seasons unde
niably yet my
sterious
ly sourced.

Chroniclers

Why that need
with which
they (meticu
lously pen-
minded) chroni
cled their med
ieval time
s papered a
gainst death'
s undeniably
short-liv
ed claim
s.

Roman

cities street-
plans all that
practical-im
perial abund
ance layed-
out as if
soulless
ly imper
soned.

Ca 70. AD

they (the Ro
mans) carried a
way all the re
galia of that
onesome temple
as if they
could outgod it
from the dark
ness of His
own indwell
ings.

Faith

is only
when it's be
come more of
us than our
overhear
ing self.

Close-thinking

as touched-
cloth so fine
ly felt as a
woman dress
ed and color
ed her self-
defining
sense-in-be
ing.

A cause

If we need
a cause from
that vacancy
of self It'
s because
we've not yet
been docked

tied-in from
the rising
tides of those
self-reclaim
ing wa
ters.

That house

When that
house was
finely finish
ed the dream
of their
through-to
gether
ness It stood
(somehow)
outside its
own sense-
of-being as
if dream could
become awaken
ed to stone
and touch.

Moissac (Meyer Schapiro/David Finn)

famous
ly document
ed with all
(every-sid
ed) that
art could ex
plain But the
faith that
created it
somehow left
alone for
the monks who
otherwise
inhabited
it.

Church bell

s claim
ing the time-
beat of celes
tial distan
cings.

Garden

ed in to
the illumin
ating voice
s of all
these wind-
surround
ing flower
s.

His mind a

drift with
the light-
timed phase
s of dawn'
s awaken
ing silence
s.

Age

has become a
slow-down
time of these
indwelling
shadows
reigning
ever longer
deeper with
in my need
for find
ing a way
out.

Organ music at St. Peters (Munich)

Oceans of
sound-soar
ing waves to
their golden
ed-ceiling
ed heights
with hard
ly a single
tone clear
ly discern
able.

When there'

s none of
that little-
girl-of-them
shyly reced
ing into the
playgame
s of youth'
s partly-re
minding inno
cence.

Subway

ed into a
sea of non-
reclaiming
faces tunnell
ed through
dark sound'
s secluded
realms of van
ishing self-
identiti
es.

Games (7)

a) Soccer

Have we been
kicking that
self-inflat
ing ball-of-
a-world round
ed to its
final goal
ed-out fin
ish.

b) Chess

with each
move so care
fully pre-
planned u
pon a spac
ed-out world
that those
figures seem
ed touched
even before
the time to
be telling
them so.

c) Tennis

netted more
of his down-
playing fear
s than e
ven a spider
could insect
in-to a web
of time-hold
ing appetite
s.

d) Golf

met the over
flowing dis
tances of his
eye-sensed
callings in-
to the lighten
ed roundness
of a tiny well-
placed ball.

e) *Baseball/fishing*

He left-field

ed most of
that sun-de

clining af
ternoon

when the ease
of fishing

would more
likely have

awakened
the pull of

a hooked-
strung mo

ment.

f) *Ping-pong*

eye-rhythm

ed reflex
ed those met

ronome Chopin-
called finish

es.

g) U. S. Football

left the
field of com
bat warrior
s flatten
ed out Much
as Shakes
peare's her
oic ending
s.

The tree

s so still
and high a
bove the long
ing reach of
even these ex
pressive
ly words.

Stream

s running
through the
bare-faced
stone's glis
tening aware
nesses.

Climb

ing roses
beyond the
breadth of
their color
ing find
s.

Old Black Joe (Steven Forster)

cotton
ed me to
the time
less aging
of those
picked-out
fields that
have left me
just as bar
ed and barr
en as that
black man'
s calling.

“Swing low

sweet char
iot” I heard
the silent
arc of its
slowly draw
ing near but
the angels
(I feared) may
have been turn
ing their shin
ing faces
from my holl
owing dark
nesses.

“Far from the maddening (Hardy)

crowd” an in
timacy of
just-between-
us that spac
ed a unity
of touched-
phrasing
s.

Holding back

If you don't
say what
you think
(wisely dis-
creet)
the thinking
may become
ever louder
while hold-
ing itself
back.

Schubertiade

Always with
friends two-
voiced in the
midst of sur-
rounding
loneliness.

Blued

The sky
blued in to
the depth of
its always
finding
there.

Look

ing the o
ther way un
til that o
ther way take
s one off on
its own one-
way of timed-
forgetful
ness.

Dream

s persist
ingly close-
sensed to a
past that'
s now irre
vocably pre
sent.

The wave

s so soft
ly reminis
cent left
her mind to
a dream
less world in
creasing
ly afloat.

Summer

winds breath-
touching a
whisper
ing need for
response.

Curtain

s drawn-down
through a
touched si
lence that
left the night
faintly star-
sensed.

Is a woman'

s beauty more
of a pre-form
ing mask pro
tectively
full-length
ing what's
deeper known
than the wak
ing eye can
possibly con
ceive.

Shading

as if these
trees were en
veloping
us in to the
shadows of
what they've
so secret
ly known.

She took

on the pro
portions of
her loss that
one looked
long to find
those eyes
once vibrant
ly toned.

The lake

may know
well the quiet
of its conceal
ing voice
listen
ing long e
nough to the
softness
of its remem
bering wave
s.

When

the grass
cut to the
freshness
of your first
spring-smile.

Words

must be felt
in to de
sign the
touch of
their singul
ar meaning
s.

He had

that look of
loss about
him that one
wanted to
find what
he couldn'
t vacant
ly expos
ing.

A fish

silver-scal
ed quite sudd
enly surfac
ed that mir
roring mo
ment last
ingly surpri
sed.

Evening

bells silen
cing in mood
of these
sun-fading
times.

The slow

ing lines of
the wooded
hills merged
gently in
to the rhy
mes of their
in-spoken
sadness
es.

If I could

only sense
the flow of
her slight
ly whimsi-
cal thought
s might leave
a faint im-
pression of
one rare
ly touched.

The rose

s small chaste
with a child-
like affin-
ity for de-
scribing
colors.

Women

were once a
better spec-
ies as Mary
suffering
the loss of

more than
self-denial
Creating
through their
inner quiet
a unity of
home and fam
ily Women were
once ...

Even

the thought
of a snow-
felt land
scape evoking
a lasting
sense of ser
enity.

The cool

summer shad
ows us in
to its dense
ly reclus
ive enclos
ures.

Polonius' Advice

Don't play
the dead-down
oldie stoop
ing when you
should be
high-heading
Or the grand
pa doddling
with play-
made smiling
exposure
s Or the young
er-than-fit
panting for
breath at un
seen offside
appearan
ces But be
true to your
self if there'
s still a
self left to
be true to.

The long-

length stork
eloquent
ly nesting a
top the local
town hall im
perially star
ing spacious
ly beyond
those lower
ing instinct
s of man'
s mostly sub
ordinate
claims.

Raphael (our retarded son)

He scarce
ly under
stood the word
s he sang a
live to a voice
that became
more of him
lyrically
self-attuned.

Accordion

sounds as
from a distant
time and place
transform
ing the where
of now in
to a longing
for a world
only remote
ly recalling.

There

they came up
the winding
stairs a whole
troupe of tiny
children bell-
chiming inter-
valled to
their touch-
assembling ac-
cords.

The strange one

Nothing
to be seen
except his
hands tight
ly-feared
fending off
an unseen
though all-
apparent
danger.

We lived

each day a
life unto it
self a length
of realiz
ed meaning
though each
day lived us
but mostly
its own way
out.

Coming back

We knew we
wouldn't be
coming back He
knew but did
n't want to
know as we
left that last
time as if
it wasn't
really so.

If cloud

s speak vague
ly insuffi
cent at time
s it's be
cause their
message re
mains inde
cipher
ably ob
scure.

If there'

s a season
of wholeness-
completion
it's that
summer ease
that still
s time mot
ionlessly
self-fulfill
ing.

These cloud

s having tra
velled breath
lessly far
left behind
a sense of
their tran
sient incom
pleteness.

Last time

the room empty
ing out until
he stood a
lone his voice
unseen though
still vibrat
ing through
his former re
solve.

“Not many (S. L.)

pleasure
s left” he
felt resign
ed his voice
lowered
as a room
continual
ly lessen
ing from use.

If one .

could only
live through
one's child
ren their
times their
dreams their
hopes as if
re-person
ed blood-cy
cled.

"I would have"

as if I
were he and
became into
that place-
time would
have denied
such identi
ty-transfer
s.

When two (S. L.)

friends
die at the
same time he
felt twinn
ed to mourn
more of him
self than
his fragile
age could
body-soul it
out.

For Rosemarie

who's be
come more of
me than I
could find
back to a
former vacant
ly incomplete
selved-being.

Less-than-dog

The shy in
nocence of
that somewhat
less-than-dog
felt my hand
s in to the
depth of his
eye-descend
ing dream
s.

The wind

s reflect
ing their
night-escap
ing silen
ces.

Crowded

shadow
s echoing
those un
spoken not
quite self-
defining
thought-
moment
s.

Listen

ing through
glass to the
other side of
sound
less impress
ions.

Can

thoughts
travel dis
tances of
their own
creating
miles of
lost image
s.

Sunshine words

Little girl
so prime-
dressed that
she seemed
like a flow
er posing
sunshine
words.

Too hot

to take hold
of why I'
m still so
self-assur
edly un
known.

It became

so hot so
long that
we couldn'
t quite feel
the form of
our own be-
ing ghost-
like scarce-
ly inhabit-
ed.

Rail track

flower
s closely-
feared scent
ed rushed-
upon wind-re-
minding dis-
tances.

A round-a

bout track
circled him
in to a con
tinuity of
repetitive
self-enclos
ures.

Aborigine

s with that
need to wan
der to move
on desert-mind
ed search
ing out
secret
ly intensified.

Gorilla (for Warren and Carol)

s may be
peaceable
reclusive
ly mount
ain-orient
ed But their
sudden appear
ance as those
darkly-savage
dreams of
ours.

When a Jew

doesn't
look like the
one you've
been taught
to see and
doesn't be
have that way
either it
wasn't a Jew
at all but
only an ap
parition of
mistaken i
dentity.

Some have

been so married
to money
that their
way-of-life
seemed as if
coined far
below its
minted value.

Isaiah 43:1

If we were
pre-created
as only us
into what
mothers most
ly realize
well before
the start
Why do so
many of us
seem cloned
into the common
mind-set
feelings of
others.

One of them

He so want
ed to be one-
of-them that
he imitated
their speech
took on their
manners read
their favor
ite books un
til fashion
s changed and
he felt him
self on the
outside a
gain.

First time

She was feel
ing us out
the way dog
s sniff litt
le children
scream until
they know
more than
they should

without giving
much of
themselves
away.

I saw

through her
though she was
hardly transparent
Even
her pained-
life more a
performance
that took on
a plaintive
character
on the stage
of where she
remained still
more of what
she wasn't.

The swan

s' wave-mov
ing shadow
s left only
their touch
ed-silence
s behind.

Mozart (Flute Quartet k. 285 b)

ean chandel
iers light-
curving ton
al-transpar
encies.

The holo

caust twinn
ed German and
Jew in to a
ground-zero
of speech
less identi
ties.

Schumann' (op. 102 cello and piano)

s year rhy
thmically
marked uneven
ed contours
of romantic
reminisen
ces.

An assem

blage of an
cient statue
s staring
through
their histor
ic past irre
deemably
lost from
view.

That little (in Munich)

Hellenist
ic child so
closely rabb
it-envelop
ing the warm
th fur of
its dead-time
past.

When

art become
s so close
ly-real dia
logued to
the mind's
touch of
spaceless af
finitie
s.

A sense

of sameness o
ver came her
the way cloud
s cover the
heavens with a
oneness of al
ways now.

Prearranged

She married
more the way
she wanted
him to be pre
arranged as
an emptied
table so fine
ly silver-
set.

65 years after

How can one
remember
what one can'
t like look
ing in to a
blank sky
for stars
that aren't.

Haydn-gone-

wrong his
last trio
seemed to find
the true length
of its rhythm
ic being as
a camelion
turning co
lors too quick
ly to body
more than those
elusive change-
overs.

Schumann' (1st piano trio)

s rhythm
ic impuls
ing a once-
of-fear voice
less at its
tone-felt cen
ter.

A fear

that his
pen would
dry-down as
a well shad
owing only
its emptied
hollow
ness.

Beyond "the real" (4)

a) *Saul*

called up

the witch of
Endor from

her depth of
primeval dark

ness that
strange wo

man who knew
the untouch

able secret
s of what no

man should e
ver require.

b) *Faust and Gretchen (Goethe)*

lovers of
the deep pair

ed to those
strange oc

cult rhy
thms of

that eter
nal dance-
of-death.

c) *Beethoven'* (op. 71,1)

s "ghost trio"

s eerie-sleek
sound

ing me un
touchably

through
dim-silk-sens

es.

d) *Macbeth'*

s witches

called from
the waste

and water
s of the

mind's eter
nally blank-

down dark
nesses.

Italian

ate summer
watered the
cool-stone-
touch of the
moon's light-
apparent
source.

Mozart' (Quintet k. 581)

s clarinet
soothing
ly flowed
through
streams of
unrehears
ed light-sad
nesses.

Tattoo

ed skin-blem
ishing more
than the sur
face of one'
s falsely
self-identi
fying pose.

Trite

novels for
paper-weight
ed minds
searching
through with
that lost-
off look for
what they
haven't real
ized.

When

what's seen
focuses an
intensity
of timeless
ly now.

Desenzano

that myster
ious city a
cross the
lake with
its silent
ly time-e
luding
street
s.

If

we've only
become a
ware of the
lake's sur
face-sound
s as with
some person
s reflect
ing speech
less unrecall
ing depth
s.

The lake

soft-down
serene
ly thought
ful of its
wave-like es
caping pre
sence.

Money-mindedness

That determin
ed glass-
framed-tight-
eyed smile
matching his
mind's irre
verent money-
mindedness.

The glare

of Van Gogh'
s glass-lit
eyes star-
flaming.

That

boat-ease
distan-
cing moon-
celestial
light-ac
cords.

When

he found
his voice im-
itating the
inflect-
ions of a
dead friend'
s aliveli-
ness.

The bird

searching
out in wing
èd loneli-
ness the
sea's time-
resound-
ing shore
s.

She felt

through the
shore-resign
ing waves
years of her
unremem
bered past.

Boats

anchored
through the
night-escap
ing winds
but still be
spoken of
their dark
and time
less dream-
flow.

Desenzano

city at the
other side of
the lake self-
encompass
ing the after

math of why
time had left
it so motion
lessly there.

Pink

checker-
shirted his
two-sided
cross-bridg
ed life-style
of that most
eloquent
man-at-the-
middle.

Is a poem (for Warren)

a dialogue
with the un
seen reader
almost on e
qual terms
Or does it
help read
him into
those (until

then) uninhab
ited sphere
s of being.

Shoe

shop's open-
faced model'
s empty-foot
ed claim
ing a perpet
ual on-the-
move rest
lessly a
dapting life-
style.

A multi-

colored litt
le girl up
swinging her
anticipat
ing eyes un
til she sat
so profound
ly no-where
s-else.

His

locomot
ive spirit
had puffed
him out to
a slightly mis
taken middle-
aged post-
appearan
ce.

Do real

people live
here or only
touristic im
itations
Sun-shine per
sons weather
ing over a few
weeks from
those vacant
appearan
ces of smil
ing hotel fa
cades.

T. V.

took their
eyes out
staring
hours-on-end
through the
sounds of va
cant image
s.

Mountain

s shadow
ing an al
most imper
sonal expanse
of their time
less expos
ures.

Hymnal trium

phant the
final move
ments of Sch
umann's D
minor trio
so self-suffi
cient as if

he'd re
discovered
Columbus'
world-round
edness.

Weeping

willow's
down-phased
mourning
some untold
though per
petually en
dearing loss.

The bridge at Borghetto

A passage
of the mind
this as if
stone could
recreate
those un
seen though
still muted
thought-
steps.

For Rosemarie

Only through
the wave-
like realm
s of our to
getherness
could we
calm to the
lake-seren
ity of these
self-surround
ing water
s.

Castle at Borghetto'

s still
shelter not
persons but
distance
s between
time's voice
lessly e
luding presence.

Madonna at Borghetto

Can one im
itate the
timeless
sanctity
of a pre
dated i
mage.

Business

people'
s black suit
cases elon
gating the
profit-pre
sence of
their self-
conclud
ing smile.

In love

with love
Pink land
scaped the
mysteri
ous calling
s of unknown
yet vastly
beautify
ing women.

Bombed

out of her
security-
shelter
ing self
She appear
ed more like
a ruins of
life-appear
ing façade
s.

Only

in the se
cluded close
ness of Sir
mione's win
tered street
s stone-en
visioned
the still e
choing of
its awaken
ing medie
val past.

Through

whisper
ing blue the
light mist
lifted to its
own self-
revealing
wind-appear
ances.

Italian

ate morning
slowly awak
ening through
the cloud
s of dream
ed-remembr
ances.

A fisher'

s finger
ed line
scarcely
touching be
yond the
self-immer
sing depth
of its un
told silen
ces.

The other

side of the
lake scarce
ly apparent
dreamed
through the
mist of a
prehistor
ic dawn.

My life'

s becoming
the all of
this now
timeless
ly self-en
closing.

Faith and fairy tales

If we did
n't imagine
our child
ren through
a world of
faith and
fairy tale
s How could
they accept
a dream
less world
faced fact-
down.

A distant

far-off boat
drifting si-
lently through
the mists of
these time-
receding wa-
ters.

The prett

ied pretend
ing charm of
those dress
ed out young
ladies color
s my mind and
sense with
the delicate
touch of su
gar-plumed
transpar
ent sweet
nesses.

A flotilla

of ducks
following
the mother'
s nonturna
bout claim
s of float
ing-samed
obedien
ces.

“Newborn”

Why is the
newborn so
often reborn
as Christian
Communist
Zionist that
his feature
s often fade
and blend into
much of that
sameness of
his former
self.

She took

quickly in
charge color
ing their
marriage
with the in
sistent
call of her
voice-modula
tions.

She swing

's into the
cloud-immer
sing realm
s of self-re
velation
s.

Intact (for Ingo)

They row
ed intact
to the breath
less water'
s time-re
ceding.

For Rosemarie

That smile
as the smooth-
holding touch
of your hand'
s so placid
ly reassur
ing as this
peacable
lake level

ing down to
its pristine
inclinat
ions.

The sparrow

hop-jump
ed the speck-
taste of an
implicit mo
ment.

Upswing

ing the
child-like
impression
s of heaven
ly release.

A flutter

ing laugh a
bout her
butterfly
ing the less
er hold of
some unbespok
en branch-
length.

Predated

I knew too
much about
him to see
who he real
ly was pre
dating the
other right
s of false
assumpt
ions.

She

couldn't
make up her
mind so she
made up her
face cream
ed and powder
ed to a mir
rored though
not quite
self-realiz
ing sameness.

Shoot

ing gepard
s in Africa
Taking aim
at her faith
less husband
precision
ed to the
eye-sensing
speed of their
failed marr
iage.

“Shake it off”

they advised
like a tree
leafless
ly autumn-
spent But the
bared branch
es however
tight held
on tenuous
ly aware.

A calm

summer morn
ing the sky
a silent
ly spoken
blue the lake
recalling
its self-same
shallow wave
s increasing
ly ashore.

Cypress-

moon dense
ly aware
precluding
the night'
s growth-
darkness
es.

Amos' 4th vision

These over
ripe times
too heavy to
bear the
weight of
their down-
falling con-
clusions.

With him

there wasn't
any blood-
link left
him alone
to a world
homeless
ly self-find
ing.

The form

of our feel
ings is often
why the poem
recreate
s its self-
escaping im
itation
s.

Outfacing

So many-si
ded he ap
peared as if
always out
facing from
that self-con
cealing
center.

That sound

less boat's
slowly mov
ing the wind
s through
their remote
ly untouch
ing thought
s.

♦

Hades-times

Where they
more bodied
appearan
ces soul
less shad
ows inhabit
ing these
Hades-time
s of our
s.

1915

20 steps
down-in
those dugg
ed out tren
ches to the
bottomed
depth where
death would
bury their
blood-sus
taining
fears.

The "Idea of Progress"

(J. B. Bury for Arthur Haberman)

That great
motion
less under
ground war'
s silent
ly unseen
death of the
myth of pro
gress still-
standing
self-defeat
ing.

Early

morning swim
cooling off
the dream-
flow through
night's darken
ing pulse.

Afghanistan 2010

When all
the ways
out lead only
to more way
s in to a
labyrinth
of self-de
ception
s.

The reading world

If the read
ing world's
(also) a
real one pa
pering over
a soulless
world with its
own imagin
ary claim
s.

Dream-waved

This early
morning quiet
softly en
tranced in
the gentle
flow of a
dream-wave
world.

Told

She told
me with her
silent eye
s and word
less touch
what I'd al
ways known
became real.

Phantomed

These gulls
flying the
unheard
realms of
their white-
ness shadow
ing self-be-
yond.

Was it

Monet's re-
finding eye
or the depth
of his mind's
envision
ing the shall-
ow-light-
image of that
momentary
thereness.

Have these

leisur
ed waves
been creat
ed in to the
image of
that moon-
increas
ing night.

Gauguin'

s last paint
ing that snow
scene where
the sense of
purity over
comes such
self-longing
distance
s.

The youth

ful weeping
willow's more
a touching-
transpar
ent sadness
not yet doom
ed in its
all-encompass
ing darkness-
flow.

Aging

eyes mute
the depth of
coloring
expressive
ness.

Dogs

live timeless
ly innocent
of death'
s realizing
their always-
now.

Burgonvilla

flower
ing through
those stoned-
in medieval
walls with
the affluen
ce of color
ing persuas
ions.

I

only became
a Christian
through
the Jewish
ness of Christ'
s redeeming
passion.

For Rosemarie

listening
to your eye
s star-mov
ing these
windless
time-pursu
ing nights
of ours.

A two-sided investment

If she inher
ited his age
as she would
his money
spent on keep
ing her re
linquish
ing beauty
touchab
ly intact.

Change of

place change
of person
It's like re-
discover-
ing a street
you'd once
known (its
shadow
ing indwell-
ing touch-
feel.)

She-that

Did I see
her shoot-
ing wild in
nocent an-
imals in Af-
rica Or at
her digni-
fied desk
document-
ing deeds of
local person-
al relevan-
ce The same
person or was
she-that.

Perhap

s it's that
sense of re
volving sea
sons always
s reminds us
of time's
lost-becom
ings.

As a Vermeer

lady-room
ed in those
eye-touch
ing object
s continu
ally rede
fining their
familiar
self-ac
cords.

That aging

sense of
loss when e
ven our voic
ed-shadow
seems trans
parently ex
posed.

When pain

sits deep e
nough It'
s become a
part of us
as a mouth or
a hunger con
tinues to
feed upon its
own persist
ent need for
growth.

History (Altdorfer Alexanderschlacht, Munich)

painting
s only succ
eed when
light and
space over
time their
visually in
herent cause.

Framed

Picture
s must be so
framed that
those aliven
ing faces of
color and
sound frontal
ly kept in
tensed.

The older

I've become
inhabited
with those
longing
s for a stea
died deep
ening time
lessness.

Apollonic

Can self-de
scribing beauty
without the
shadowing
phases that
immerse man'
s fallen na
ture still re
main true-to-
life.

Do women

select
their dress
ed-for-color
s to match
an intricate
sense of per
son Or to ex
press an em
bellishing
longing for
another yet
secretly hid
den self-real
ization.

The great oil-spill

If no one'
s responsi
ble then it
didn't happen
That thrust
ing black-
coating death
plaguing
man fish and
fauna from
their dollar-

and-cent's re
fining calcu
lation
s.

She flutt

ered about
bird-like
caged in
time-spend
ing hurried
eyes uneas
ed at the
center of a
no-finding-
where.

After-sensed

It rain
ed down to
its silent
after-sense
until an un
seen bird
voice-color
ed that spa
cial-depth a
new.

Named

He became
named for a
disease
(famed in the
annals of med
ically record
ed history)
as if he him
self had per
soned the
cause of all
that hopeless
suffering.

That pale

moon as vague
ly decipher
able word
s shadow
ing what's
untouched
only partial
ly reveal
ing.

Charles

may have lost
track of some
of his paint
ings so intrin
sically his
own outward
ly displayed
on foreign
walls I write
for an in
visible aud
ience as if
my voice
could still
be heard dis
tantly paper
ed to un
seen thought
s.

The Tempest (Shakespeare)

a) *Spirit*
s enlighten
that island-
world of their
s to an un
seen (airy)
identity.

b) Extra Nos

Only out
side the
realms of
man's dark
est urging
s can he be
come reattun
ed to a spir
itual awaken
ing.

c) Forgive

ness Prosper
o's reclaim
ing man from
his soul
less dark-in
debted de
signs.

d) Storms

can carry
us through
to those un-
landed realm
s of a new
ly realiz-
ing-self Or
they can
break this
restless
boat of our
mast-and-
all.

e) The church

can't refuge
this Jewish
soul of mine
from a world
it's become
so much a
part of my
need for Him
rock-of-sal-
vation from
this ship-
wrecked-soul
of mine.

Moraliz

ing's usual
ly proudly
stanced at
the blind
side of those
self-mirr
oring truths.

Drawing the line

Where do we
draw the line
if we've be
come so much
of both side
s at either
end as those
1st World War
trenches dug
deeper even
than death
could hold a
common faith
nationed a
part.

Aging'

s an uneven
process Some
look older than
their mind
would reveal
while other
s feel the
call of roman
tic instinct
s wheel-chair
ed and protect
ively nursed.

Violin Sonata (Debussy 1st mvnt.)

· Muted mo
ments heav
ily held
through the
rain-ripen
ing glow of
autumnal
afternoon
s.

Op. 41,3 quartet (Schumann 1st mvt.)

Short-breath
ed but in
tricate
ly involv
ed mirror
ing dark
ly imbued
sub-strata
s.

A museum

of science
replete with
relics of
its own holy
perpetuat
ors as if
man was en
abled to re
create the
final reach
of this
inner puls
ed vastly un
told univer
se.

A room

of bared
walls empt
ied sound
s as if
nothing
could be
listening
back.

If Atlantis

that phantom
kingdom sunk
into the si
lent and un
discover
ed depths of
a sea-down
underworld
Who'll remem
ber the doll
ars and cent'
s faith of
our own high
ly polished-
up post-cul
tural king
dom.

Survivors

Few survivor
s even fewer
returned that
emptied land
blood-soaked
estranged
from its still
unspoken remem
brances.

For Rosemarie

Beauty
may age blem
ished with
time's un
yielding
cause But it
still remain
s a lasting
image of
its always
becoming-
for-now.

Wallace

Stevens wrote
this 15-year-
old oncom
ing poet “You
must be your
own strict
est critic”
I can still
hear him now
more the
voice than
that scalpel
of his own
mostly blood
less poetici
sings.

He a

woke in the
midst of a
star-reclaim
ing night
that even dream
merged in to
distant but
still self-de
fining phrase
s.

When the

fogs came
(as if they
hadn't al
ways been
there)
We couldn'
t see beyond
the outline
s of a lost
(but yet)
self-emerg
ing world.

Kabale und Liebe (Schiller)

a) *When love*
transcend
s all else
even the
source of its
life-intrin
sic being.

b) *Greek-like*

tragedy's

static per
sonae hold

ing fast
(as little

as they
could) a

gainst those
oncoming ir

resistible
wave-likes.

c) *Can a modest*

musician'

s daughter
claim the

high-flood
of Schiller'

s rhetori
cal expan

ses.

d) A choric-
like back
ground Miller'
s wife Hof
marschall
Kalb and Soph
ia dead-timed
convention
al "correct
ness".

e) When words
"falsely sign
ed" can pap
er death's
all-ensuing
claims.

f) Lady Milford
the lone Brit
ain's truly ten
sed ambigu
ity of per
son.

g) Wurm
pre-dating
the death-op
portune
killers of
our time.

While list

ening to his
self-reflect
ing thought
s a strange
voice he heard
listening
intently
back.

Mutations (for Warren)

A poet's
image and i
dea may mutate
from its in
itial cause
to a subtl
er finality
of mind-
sense.

Eden-time

The air heav
ily rain-sens
ed fruit
hanging an un
touchable
ripeness
full-flesh
ed the eye's
seminal grow
th.

Love-death

One would
almost think
(if theatre'
s the meas
ure of a high
er realizing
truth) that
love impass
ions its own
self-resolv
ing death-
calls.

When

his mouth
ran dry pro
filing those
inhibited
rocks sound
lessly out
pulsed.

At a loss (for Lenore and Doris)

of person re
finding what
you were
(that inner
pulse of
former be
ing) before
he wasn't.

The rain

weighted be
yond the mean
ings of what
my mind could
hold Too heavy-
encompass
ings.

2nd hand

persons are
like listen
ing through
translat
ions of a
too-familiar
word-sense.

Rain

bows however
softly phas
ed still re
mind more of
the great
flood than
of those light
ening winds
of promise.

After

rain the e
ver green'
s sheen of
light-pearl
ed pre-Christ
mas star-sen
sings.

An unseen

silver-sens
ed fish break
ing the sur
face of its
underworld
seclusion
s.

Forbidden

fruit at the
threshold
of where
touch become
s the lush
taste of
death-con
suming word
s.

In memory (Charles Seliger)

You canvass
ed those pre
enduring color
s releasing
in messages
of sounding-
accords.

Do

crowds
crowd us out
shadowing
unseen ap
pearance
s or silen
ce us in to
a corner of
self-kept pri
vacies.

Cows

heavy with
the weight
of lesser con
tentment
s timeless
ly wind-sha
dowing.

The ferris

wheel
ed him spac
iously alight
ing moon-
time appear
ances.

For Rosemarie

49 years on
was it
beauty that
caught his re
flecting eye-
sensing soft
nesses
myster
iously awaken
ing instinct
s as yet for
eign to his
void at the
center of
self.

The butter

fly's tenta
tive wings
tremulous
ly leaf-ex
panding.

Off

bounds the
lines clear
ly marked
chalked-out
delineat
ing a no
wheres be
yond here
danger breed
s its own un
touchable
darkness
es.

An emptied

vase flower
lessly dried
out of its
withhold
ing light.

The Idiot

Maybe he
couldn't
think right
but he could
hold that
stone tight
to its numb
ness color
s.

Rules

They didn't
play by the
rules they'
d never known
but theirs
which ruled
out our own

helpless
ly self-pro
tecting.

For Rosemarie

Do hands
(their flow)
stream us
gently in to
the kissed-
warmth of our
self-harbour
ing accords.

She (for mother at 102)

who mother
ed us with
the wombed en
closure
s of a fami
lied sense
became the
last to keep
those resil
ent home-
fires from
finally burn
ing out.

Does the

mind see or
is it the
voiced-touch
of these
waves time-
extending.

Time-sense

This late sum
mer grass cut
down to the
scent of its
intimate
time-sense.

He

couldn't
find back
to himself
but an i
mage of most
ly where he
wasn't.

Where

The map on
his out-liv
ed wall of
a world
that wasn'
t anymore
Countrie
s renamed
boundar
ies other
wise that he
began to
wonder where
had actual
ly become
of him.

Leave

s overgreen
ed turning
yellow that
she feared
for her sall
ow face-mir
roring.

Recurr

ing image
s as dream-
spells uneas
ing the sum
mer flow
ed mind-se
quence.

At 13

his first
orphaned
picture
s that par
ented the
blank claim
s of his un
known ori
gins.

Too long a

lone only
the indwell
ing shadow
s darkly a
live to the
fears that
personed
her through-
echoing.

Pain

(if nothing
else)
defines the
most exact
ing presence
of timed-
space.

When (2)

a) When

parents
haven't been
awakened
through the
eyed and mind
of their child
ren's inre
vealing life'
s renewing
source.

b) When

teacher
s have learn
ed more from
their blank-
ended paper
ing books
than from
their pupil's
open-eyed
life's quest
ioning need
s.

Found-in

Landscape
s rarely re
main static
They move
softly in
to a view as
silken-
touch-feel
They walk us
through
their wood-
shadowing
enclosure
s until we
feel secret
ly found-
in.

Sometime

s he felt
these window
s had been
looking
through a
spaceless
view of time'
s unrecord
ed past.

Robert Volkmann'

s quartets
left me un
evenly satis
fied with a
world at time
s out-focused
from its own
self-continu
ing sense
of source.

Only love

knows more
than these
illusive
unanswer
ing quest
ions.

Formed

A little
girl with a
light-color
ed-ball lar
ger than

her eyes
could hold
the wind
took its own
way increas
ingly form
ed.

After a Landscape (by John Marin)

Rough sea
s the wind
s as if sudd
enly alert
to why those
small boat'
s sound-cur
ving.

Sparrow'

s impecca
ble devot
ion to a
finite
cause.

Shored

This sea
still shor
ed with the
futile re
mains of
long-aband
oned cause
s.

Charles

sought out
the secret
ly intense
forms of na
ture's un
seen design
s I seek the
same through
the hidden
densities
of scarce
ly unspok
en words.

Pin-up

couples tann
ed for just
the right smile
s lastingly-
in-love as
long as the
vacation'
s sunning
ly high-noon
ed.

Sail

boats wind-
surmising
their ever-
whiteness
es' free-find
ings.

Snow far

off in the
mountain'
s highest en
closing
a sense of
timeless
ly there
ness.

These

soft water
s sound
ing me in
to the flow
of reflect
ive silen
ces.

Misplaced

He misplac
ed her smile
d an evas
ive sense
of lost-
phrasing
s.

Night

waves dream
lessly appar
ent as if
the winds
subdued
from their
illusive
shadowing
s.

The Jews

who wanted
nothing more
than being
German died
in those o
vens perfect
ed by the
highest le
vels of Ger
man science
and technol
ogy.

Dark

birds se
cretly e
merging
wave-like
through
the flow of
night's re
current call
ings.

These sound

less wave
s as if a
risen from
their own
feeling a
sameness
of time'
s repeat
ing cause.

There was

something
premature
ly worn from
her dead-cen
ter looked-a
bout smile.

If man'

s his own
worst enemy
Why doesn't
he finally
face-up
to what re
mains so in
visibly appar
ent.

Lizard

s voiceless
ly inhabit
ing the cold-
stone-touch
of their allu
sively vibrat
ing sense
d moment
s.

River

s find their
own ways out
instinct
ively puls
ing the land
routes of
their pre
determin
ing course.

Amphytrion (Kleist)

a) *Two identi*

cal I's talk

ing back at
each other

(perhaps an
inner dialog

ue) despite
their other

wise creden
tials.

b) *Concealed i*

dentities

(in the Shakes
pearian sense)

here even con
cealing from

one's own ap
parent self.

c) The slow
boat to Des
cenzano wind-
drifting e
pochs of re
vealing hist
ory slowed
down to that
momentary
now.

Computerized

He kept close
to his compu
ter always in
touch as a
lover who fin
gers the key
s of her feel
ings and screen
s her beauty
far removed
from the mode
s of convent
ional usage.

Bird-

tree inhabit
ed with that
momentary
urge for short-
flighted
touched-en
deavor
s.

In-step

Walking in-
step common
rhythmic
arm-swing
ing the o
ther's sha
dowing same
ness.

These swan

s' supreme
ly self-justi-
fying the ele-
gance of
their statu-
esque appear-
ances.

David meeting Abigail (Rubens)

Rubens' his-
torical op-
ulence over-
spreading
the delicate-
intimacy
of those first-
finding fruit-
s.

Counterfeit

She looked
as if she'
d always
been looked
at that way
a counter
feit of what
once (per
haps) had
become real.

Dandelions (in memory G. M. S.)

may be
thought of
as a common
breed But for
him they be
came a wide
field spread
ing out all-
of-his-imag
ined color
ings.

Tommy

had that
look of “
don’t ask a
gain” like
all those who’
ve outliv
ed what can’t
be forgott
en A hurt
at the heart
of that no-
where’s-now.

Ugliness

defies a
2nd looking
back I fear
ed at my own
blemish
ed Christian
appearan
ces.

Adolf v. Harnack

When that most
esteemed Christ
ian theolo
gian refused
to converse
with a “lowly”
Jewish rabbi
Was Jesus him
self perhaps
listen
ing in to the
innuendoe
s of that
more-than-in
formative
non-dialogue.

Short-changed

So many feel
that life has
short-changed
them High hope
s meagre re
turns they
feel somehow
specially
cheated as

if life it
self had squan
dered away
its own unlim
ited possibil
ities.

If one

could only
hear behind
those unspok
en silence
s list
ening aloud
through a
wall's vast
ly shadow
ing under
breadth.

Classical

cats roaming
the ruins of
a once rever
ed past as
if they them
selves age
lessly oppor
tune.

Ben Jonson

eye-pledg
ed the li
quid intent
of even more
than touch
can seem.

Did language

begin as
voice or as
sign What'
s seen contin
ually vibrat
ing word-sen
sed.

That woman'

s cat-like
eyes closed
an intensity
of night-glow
ing awareness
es.

For Rosemarie

The soften
ing length of
your hand-e
voking smile
s much of my
impending
darkness
es away.

White gulls

as wind-recurr
ing dream
s increasing
ly sound-sens
ing.

Brahms Quartet (op. 67; 2 sides 1st mvt.)

a) dialogue
d dense col
or-finds.

b) slow mvt.

Where's the
classical
ly depthed
to a no-
wheres-but-
now.

c) agitato (3rd mvt.)

passion
ately defy
ing all else
but its ur
ging need
for release.

d) last mvt.

a let-down
theme weakly
varied to a
look-back for
what should
have been
left behind.

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

where begin
where end
a start
ing-stop rhy
thmic fire-
works.

Italian Serenade (Hugo Wolf)

Ice-cream
umbrellae
d loli-pop'
s free-find
s.

Langenargen

lake-landscap
ing the width
of interior-
withhold
ing façade
s.

Books

(though printed
out of dried wood)
can recreate
the sap-lines
of a world's
self-realizing.

A good family' (Thomas/Claudia plus)

soneness
spaced with
the breath
ing light-
flow of flow
ering diverse
colorings.

Dogs die

different
ly instinct
ively realiz
ing a death
that's been
so much a
part of their
abounding
lifelife
ness.

A cause

She always
needed a
cause the
way some
women all-
dressed-up
to that some
thing more of
self-conceal
ing.

With him

some theme
s couldn'
t even be
touched break
able as valu
ed china care
fully closed-
locked be
hind glass fa
çades.

Tired spells

Those tired
spells that
age use down
to a bottom-
deep where
only dark
shallows our
soul timeless
ly through.

Dementia

We knew
he was wear
ing down
that way for
getful of
where he was
n't looking a
side from
that center
less self
straight to
the eye-length
of only that
now-him.

Some room

s space
fully attun
ed can e
ven open out
the width of
such unseen
colors.

Schumann'

s 4th George Szell
pulsed it
more than it
sang to the
no-return of
rhythmic wave-
streams.

For Rosemarie I

Thinking
out a world
without
your being
the more of
me than I
could possi-
bly conceive.

For Rosemarie II

the blue-
touch of
your receipt
ive smile
d me in to
those realm
s of sea-
bottomed
stillness
es.

Pfullendorf

a small city
finely kept
rehears
ing an appear
ance of what
it really-
wasn't.

Aging

If he's
still the
same person
he always was
Why these in

creased sha
dowings at
differing
lengths-of-
feeling.

The sun

after these
long rain-
spells de
clared such
a cool bright
ness almost
untouch
ably heard.

Quartet 5 (M. Weinberg slow mvt.)

a ghost-
like remem
brance of
what's still
playing his
mind through
danced-re
callings.

Amphytrion (Kleist the ending)

Do “the gods”
make fools
of our turn
ing them in
to express
ions of our
own ungod-
like creat
ions.

Leaf-touch

ed remembr
ances as
if their au
tumnal color
ings awaken
ing his hand’
s time-sens
ing.

Robert

never found
back to where
he'd never
been as if
lost from a
beginning
that started
him out emp
ty-handed.

Still life (Morandi, Munich)

as if lift
ed from the
very-source
of its be
ing sound
lessly a
wake.

Weinberg'

s circul
ar sound'
s a depth-
feeling empti
ness at the
void-center.

Therapy'

s often a
lifeless
alternat
ive to the
one you did
n't lead.

Morandi'

s picture
s as if
mysterious
ly rubbed
through
with the
faintly re
vealing
urge of an
indelible hand.

Uncertained

I couldn't
t certain
her to the
where of my
own becoming
s known.

Umbrella

s landscape
the color
ing round
ness of our
impervious
ly redund
ant world-
sense.

Guardi'

s light-re
flecting
glasses i
mage of why
the world'
s masked
from its
very touch
ed being.

Pin-wheeled

When the
words ran
out as a
child's pin-
wheel color
lessly wind-
stilled.

Quartet 7 (Weinberg 1st mvt.)

A loneli
ness so con
suming as
if voiced
in an empt
ied land
scape that
couldn't
be echo
ing back.

Totally im

mersed when
the problem
s of other
s inhabited
more of him
than his own
ways for gett
ing out.

Why does

the ivy keep
climbing
its shadow
ing way up
wardly light-
obscuring.

This room

(the poet's)
voices an
intimate
quiet of
its own re
ceiving
a pre-given
need
for light.

Poemed (what it is for Warren)

a) *Key word*
s that satis
fy a poem'
s inherent
tonality.

b) *Surprise*
endings that
turn upon
themselv
es to a
complete
(as yet)
circling
off.

c) *Half-*

words weave
in to phras
ing musical
accords.

d) *Repeat*

ing image
s seeing
through
those elus
ive other
sides from
self.

e) *When the*

senses inter-
create a
spell-work
beyond
their own
one-faced
meaning
s.

f) Only words
that shape
and shadow
their sens
ed-through
being.

Weinberg'

s lonely vio
lin trans
cending
those desol
ate height
s even of
funerall
ed ash-fire
s.

One-stop trains

These only
one-stop
trains stat
ioned for
death closed-
tight the
fears of their
blood-dull
ed forebod
ings.

Bow-tied

His words
forgotten
(however im
portant
they might
have been)
but his bow-
tied smile
d me still.

As they

caged Pound
in his irreverent abuse
perhaps its intended bird
could have taken that imagined flight
away.

A dark

lake sunk
in phantoms of the
past moon-intensed.

Autumn

al shadow
s enclosures of a
darkening forgetfulness.

Arcrea (Gauguin)

She fluted
the flower
s to a dance-
semblance
of color
ing-light.

Seed voyage (Seliger 1994)

's minute
ly celebrat
ing intri
cate flight-
appearan
ces.

Her face

as over
used word
s paled out
from their
freshly
blooded
time-sequen
ces.

Standing

on an immov
able rock
solemnly
contemplat
ing his al
ways-need
for distinct
ing him
self out.

Berlin 1945 (for R. G.)

Dark places
sound proof
strange voi
ces uncloth
ing his mo
ther's crie
s vibrate
his own in
audible sob
s left him
always life-
lonely.

No one

knows the
way out of
this one
(nothing
really spec
ial about
his return
ing home in
a semi-dark
ness) his
steps went
only so far
until they
disappear
ed into the
thicken
ing wood
s of a
timeless
night.

The road (for W. W.)

stopped un
paved it was
that moment
that turn
ed his life
around to
where it
started no
wheres but
now/then.

Morandi

Rough and
smooth sur
faces that
left those
untouch
ed moment
s behind.

When

the light
darkened
and only the
winds became
sense's night-
consuming.

Dream

ed-sleep un
revealing
waves of a
time-sunken
past.

The parrot

colored
my reti
cent voice
with the
caged-in
wings of
its shadow
ing silen
ces.

Dark

streams a
wakening
through
the moon'
s voice
less call
ings.

Wind-evoking

Her hand
so slender
as reed
s wind-evok
ing.

M. S.

Secretive
she was e
ven beyond
the need of
self-protect
ing her own
tightly-clos
ed most in
timate of
thought
s.

For my Rose

marie dream
ily light-
coloring
as breez
es of a cele
brating morn
ing's first-
found open
ing flower
s.

Rooted

What became
of what
once was —
You can't
judge a tree
by its rough
bark the in
visible
roots grow
th deeper
soiled to
their dark re
claiming
depth.

Autumn

time the
winds have
blown their
shadows in
to these re
sidual depth
s of fear.

This autumn

al day too
bright to
realize the
depth of its
own self-con
suming shad
ows.

Pretty

daint
ily color
ed flower
s ornamen
ting the fa
çades of
their own
darkly-felt
interior
s.

A tired

ness over
coming of
clouds that
took him
down even
lower-levelled.

That tiny

whiff-of-a-
girl's bright
eye's trans-
parently
smiling.

If you

can't de-
cide on marriage don't
do or it
will do you
out.

When

parents
would create
their child
ren to their
own self-secur
ing image
they're mirr
oring without
thought of
what can't
be looking
back.

These small

white flow
ers tight
and prim
ly jewell
ed as if
from scent and
stone.

The golden

age of music
levelled
deeper seclu
sively dark
er than that
mere appear
ance of
sound.

These fall

days bright
beyond the
reach of
where I can
feel myself
through.

St. George and the Dragon (Altdorfer, Munich)

The shining
glance of
woods envel
oping man
and beast in
an eternal
ly envision
ed light-
depth.

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

as classic
as Bellini'
s oneness
of person
ed-place
statical
ly sensed-a
live.

Some medieval

paintings so
lost in their
flowering
symbols that
the less-cent
er's most
ly fragile
ly untouch
ed.

Taste

and person
seldom match
a unity of
othersid
edness.

Autumn

night the
moon strong
er sensed
than even
the depths
of darkness
could heaven
ly describe.

Butter

fly color
s more wind-
sound's a
wakening
s.

Lost

she became
in the leaf-
expanse of
sky-immers
ing memor
ies.

For Mother (at age 102)

She became
so much of
this world
that even as
times chang
ed with her
becoming
for us
almost time
lessly there.

On his 11th birthday

A late start
er they call
ed him as
if the be
ginning
wasn't then
at all of a
growing up
after-thought.

The first still life (Jacopo da Barberi, Munich)

just hang
ing down a
casual mo
ment from
time's last
ing place.

Annunciation (Antonella da Messina, Munich)

Maria strange
ly reach
ing out to an
unseen world
even beyond
touch-find
s.

What could

have been
wasn't the
fear resolv
ing ca
dences of
steadied
stream-like
after flow.

With Kleist'

s all or noth
ing a moral
ist poised with
in his own
uncertain
ties left him
the nothing
ness of hav
ing said-it-
all.

If we stand

at opposite
ends of our
self-being
the battle
field of un
resolv
ing conflict
s.

Returned

Ulysees
and Tolstoi'
s Pierre re
turned with
little else
to bring
back than
their long
ing need
for it.

Weinberg (1st solo cello sonata)

cello

ed me in
to the in

tervals of
his self-de

fining reson
ances.

Childing

My father

could oft
child him

self down
to their

hop-jump
impulsing

s.

Otherwise

To trace
with genuine
ly ascrib
ing finger
s the geneal
ogy of why
he's become
so remote
ly other
wise.

For Rosemarie

You can't
possibly
(at age 72)
with that
subtly
wind-describ
ing hair of
your being
so beauti
fully self-
revealing
as now.

Moon-souling

That autumn
al night
spacious
ly moon-soul
ing the dark
ness from
her self-pre
vailing emp
tiness
es.

The Siena

of his fine
ly eye-de
scribing
birthed
spiritual
innuendoe
s.

No answers

When there
are no answer
s left only
the quest
ions long-lin
gering as a
flag half-
mast.

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

croach
ed down take
the mark for
the chase pur
suing its
own wherea
bout's find.

Harvest

moon impuls
ing the grow
th of ripen
ing secret
ly accord
s.

Predator

A nest
at the top
cat climb
ing steal
thily paw
ed to an in
stinctual
need for
easing in
nocent blood.

As the Adam

s and Eve
s clothed
themselve
s deceptive
ly hiding be
hind decora
tive phases
of that other
self-creat
ing self.

Dark imag

inings e
ven the wing
s of the ra
ven's flight-
encircl
ing blood-
enthused
forebod
ings.

Mosquit

o's touch-
sound stirr
ing the va
cant air'
s blood-de
cipher
ings.

Even at

dawn the
moon time-
fading in
to its invis-
ible realm
s of night-
evoking
shadow
s.

Life

became for
her more a
self-dialog
ing its ill-
usive time-
flows.

Rewritten

They re
wrote hist
ory didn't
change
what actual
ly happen
ed if not
now why
only then.

Oneness

A field of
sun-flower
ing the green
foliage with
an image
of scarce
ly identify
ing oneness.

Chamber Symphony (Weinberg 1992)

Its archaic
beauty so
much of a
century ear
lier the kletz
mer clarinet
soulful lone
ly express
ively
sad and o
pen realms of
distant
unrequit
ed longing
s.

N

had become
an apparent
inclinat
ion of her
therapist'
s suggest
ive-insinu
ating voice
dream-evok
ing.

Was it

stone that
he touch
ed-in that
hot summer
day or the
feel of his
own mind'
s awareness
es' seeing
through.

Unseen

If we can'
t see our
self only
through the
eyes of o
thers or mirr
ored from a
pre-select
ive pose But
if we list
en hard e
nough we can
still hear

the unseen i
mage of our
self-confin
ing voice.

Weinberg'

s charred vis
ions of his
family's ash
ened remain
ed still a
beauty of es
cape a
world they
couldn't
hear but
through the
living tonal
ities of his
sounding
them through-
alived.

A church

dead-ston
ed worn down
from its im
posing shad
ows to a
time when
they closed
the doors
on Jesus and
his discip
les jewed to
their inex
plicable
loss.

Meyer-Amden'

s faint re
miniscen
ces of what
could have
appeared
almost real.

Are these

flowers
colorless
ly night-
awake.

Unsaid

Some
thing import
ant unsaid
over-look
ed that it
plagued his
memory re
peating in
unformed syll
ables word
lessly a
live.

If taste

distin
guishes
the essent
ial person
Why are most
inconsist
ently prone
to contrast
ing self
less express
ions.

A stain

on their
past as with
Lady Macbeth'
s no means of
rubbing it
off no
night-wander
ings either
as if the
morning
light full
of forget
fulness.

How can

you forget
what you can't
remember
History rarely
dawns on
us as winds
over the
horizon's
edge.

When speed

train-length
ed merges
in to the
silence
of bared-
down resolv-
ing fields.
s.

In to the

dark of
where time
hesitant-
ly touch-ob-
scuring.

Too late I

realized
the resonan
ces of his e
vil eying me
as a poison
ed snake
readied/cur
led-to-
strike.

Teacher' (Dr. Voltz)

s seminar
like malle
able clay
still-form
ing in to a
mode of more
than self-de
signing in
stinct
s.

Annunciation

(Pleyendorff, St. Lorenz, Nürnberg 1460)

as if The
Father gold
ed-chained
history in
to the pur
ity of Mary'
s celebrat
ing recept
ion.

Even

these light
winds leaf-
phrasing
caressing
ly mild.

Some of us

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

A last chance

as if she
could have
chosen other
wise a fin
ality of now'
s the never
realizing.

Mantegna

cold/hard
and heathen
without e
ven a breath
of Bellini'
s touching
softness.

Gladioles

elongat
ing the
reach for
their color
ing-touch.

His tie

more like
perform
ing the co
lors to his
own attun
ing smile-
lengthed
importan
ces.

The heaven

ly blue
Bellini in
spiring a
purity of
untouch
ably light-
distanc
ings.

Jacopo

Bellini'
s parallel-
eyed Madonna
s as if The
Virgin rout
ed to a
Christ-same
ness.

When her

husband
died only
the tiny depth
of a little-
become-dog
could lick
her apprecia
ting finger
s back to a
need for life
and love-ap
peals.

Age

inhabit
ing a new
ly discover
ed land which
had always
s been map
ed out but
neverthe
less became.

Illmensee

fading in
to the mist
of its cloud-
evolving sha
dowings.

The fog

s so deep
the ships
seemed like
floating
through mid-
air time-sus
pending.

“Finding yourself”

You just
have “to find
yourself”
they said
as if those
mute shad
ows darkly in
habiting a
terrain of
their own
could (how
ever silent
ly) answer
ing back.

Holding on

She needed to
hold on to
some thing
as the cool
railing of
her tilt
ing ship se
curing a
grasp that de
fied the space
lessness

of her own
self-impending
shadow
s.

Pedestalled

When those
deciding moments (as
if pedestalled to a now
or never)
step down
from their
self-assuming
sense-of-
importance.

Lightmares

Her train
fog-bound
in the depth
of its own
impervious
sounding
out eerie
light
mares.

Train stat

ioned in the
wee morning
hours empty-
voiced self-
inhabiting.

A world

adrift
in the fog-
light of its
echo
less self-i
magining
s.

Jeweller

exact
ing touch-
pinned
his finger
s reliab
ly sensed.

Is

the fall
ing of leave
s a sign
of sadness
or the va
cant loneli
ness of a
world naked
ly self-find
ing.

The blind

singer felt
more the trans
parent light
of its voic
ed-through
intonat
ions.

Colorings (4)

a) Autumn

al sound-
sense
d that hes
itant inspok
en stirr
ing of pre-
descend
ing leafed-
coloring
s.

b) Pin-wheeled

That small
child pin-
wheeled
the vibrant
touch of its
wind-color
ings.

c) Butter
flies inno
cently color
ing the un
evened flight
of their own
self-elud
ing moment
s.

Marians Vesper (Monteverdi)

d) contrast
ing the in
timacies of
voiced sound-
touching
the dense
coloring
s of Venet
ian festivi
ties.

“One-track-mind”

Those plag
ued with a
“one-track-
mind” may dis
cover that
missing the
train could
time-table
them to the
consuming
vacancie
s of obscur
ed destinat
ions.

For Rosemarie

Aging love
continue
s to warm
us young
with the em
bering coal
s of these
thirst
ing fire-
finds.

Paws-down

She had
that look of
a boneless
dog about
her on-the-
scent paws-
down modulat
ing.

Serioso Quartet (op. 95, Beethoven)

That kind of
music can
force the is
sue on its
own terms dia
loging a deep
ly dissatis
fying unanswer
ing self.

Preaching

the unseen
Easter-revel
ation's like
angelical
ly transfor
ming the im
purity of our
down-to-earth
lifted flesh
and blood.

There

he was
before he
wasn't always
s one step a
head of where
his feet
were taking
him down to
the stair'
s bottom-
felt blood
fulness.

Middle-

minded med
iating bet
ween two
sides that
left her
bridged
from an ac
cumulat
ing deep.

Beethoven

forced his
always-will
self-deter
mining be
yond the home-
for-enclos
ures of class
ically final
ized.

Our skin

doctor's
Sherlock-Holm
es-like
light-scann
ing whatever
percepti
ble clues
could be
touched-back
to mind.

Waiting room

The waiting
room filled
with those
time-shar
ing fears
that left
each-of-them
(however
different
ly clothed)
as a unity
of a pre-call
ing presence.

Forbidden fruits

That scare
crow (even
if it didn'
t scare us)
scantily cloth
ed a field
of protect
ing bird-like
shadow
ing intake
of all those
(but for us)
forbidden
fruits.

Quartet 1 (Schönberg, 1st mvt.)

They all
started be
fore it be
gan tuning
up an over
flow of
“I’m my only
voice”.

Quartet op. 20, 3 (Haydn slow mvnt.)

The cello
depthed in
the darken
ing flow of
a child's
timbre of
its own
voice dis
covering.

Mooned (for Rosemarie)

My world's
only become
complete
through
your moon-en
circling
other-sourc
ed brighten
ings.

His own way

He had his
own way of
overstat
ing what
ever he could
hardly be
lieve dialog
uing a
need for a
temper
ing respon
se.

Closer

I grew clo
ser to him
than his
stand-off
ish-word-
profess
ings could
decide.

Wind

still the
trees unmov
ed as if
time-con
templating
the depth of
their autumn
al exposure
s.

To keep busy

She tried to
keep busy
as if the
thought of
her being
left alone
could open
out unheard
shadow-whis
perings.

“Open ended”

They call
ed it “open
ended marr
iage” as if
love always
would need a
secret es
cape to its
backstair
ed down-way
s.

Chilean

mine worker
s praying
the dark
ness through
to the light
of their
earth-depth
ed enclos
ures.

Concert (Munich, Oct. 14)

a) Piano/Woodwind Quintet' (Mozart, k. 452)

s inner harmon

ically calm

ed shadow

ings as of
wind-sensed

cloud-trans
parencie

s.

b) Trout Quintet (Schubert, slow mvt.)

The water

or the trout'

s transpar

ent unity of
sound-flow.

c) Piano Quintet (Dvorak, slow mvt.)

as if the

world had been

slowed to a

self-contem
plative a

wareness of
its own un

fathom

able beauty.

d) *Piano Concerto' no. 11 (Haydn, last mvt.)*

s strange

ly foreign

irresist

able dance

d intonat

ions.

These star

less autumn

al night

s enclosing

even the

touch of

their un

heard

light-dis

tancing.

Raphael

We couldn'
t get to
the touch of
those empt
ied space
s he left
so immune to
our own self-
relying sen
sibilitie
s.

Ravensburg'

s sun-dimm
ed warmth
southern-im
itating med
ieval light-
paths.

Dark

words sha
dowing a
woods of un
spoken
phrase
s.

Self-revealing

If we could
see through
those secret
ly hidden
thought
s of other
s might bring
our own to
their self-re
vealing
light.

Death-processional

No death-pro
cessional
I've ever
seen more ser
iously in
tensed than
of those sum
mer ducks en
circling
the forbidd
en death of
that lonely
one-of-their
s.

Dead

end side
street
s us to a
no where
s beyond
the range
of self-im
pending en
closure
s.

When lang

uage began
self-tun
ing its
strange
(and yet
vastly fam
iliar)
accords.

The family'

s the last
barrier to
fall from
man's being
freed to a
lasting lone
liness from
self.

Penthesilia (Kleist) (5)

a) way ahead of
his time'
s feeling to
that Kafkaes
que identi
ty crisis
but way off
(as well)
from a believ
able human
frame-to-be
ing.

b) *Penthesilia*
emancipat
ed Amazon-warr
ior let love
in only-so-
far as a sun-
lit view clos
ed down cur
tained to
her overbear
ing darkness
es.

c) She did it
killed her
scheming
lover fed on
the flesh
and blood of
her own self-
denial.

d) Love-to-death
a passion
ed flesh and
blood unity
of a more
than life
can hold.

e) Where those
dogs and ele
phants of her
animalled
instincts
opposed to
the Greek'
s veneer of
a higher
sense-for-
meaning.

Orchid

s holding
on to the
tropical
ly color
ing inter
iors of
this late
autumnal
glow.

Rain

drops pre-
figuring
the touch
of Vermeer's
pearl-
like innuendo
does.

The time

ornament
ally clock
ed to an
artific
ally stone-
environ
ed wall's
steadied-
down pace.

Rain

winds cloud
ing the touch
ed persuas
ions of
these scarce
ly envision
ed inter
ior echo
ings.

Wasn't

She wasn'
t what she
was before
time refash
ioned her i
maged to its
self-forebod
ing appear
ances.

The home

less out on
the street
s with no
shelter left
but their
time-endur
ing feet.

If man's

the solemn
maker of his
own self-deny
ing history
he keeps
writing to
paper over
the flesh and
blood of what
usually turn
ed out wrong.

Cheer-leading

Alena at
age 9 cheer-
leading all
the rah-rah
dance-impet
uating form
s of team
less self-ex
posure
s.

For Chung

Clean
ing up clear
ing out what
she'd left be
hind the cloth
es select
ed to match
colors and
touch-felt de
signs the jew
els not meant
to sparkle
but to cool
and cleanse
what death
had claimed
for the rest
and its own
safe-keep
ing.

When

thought be
came that
blank-stare
of his win
dowed into a
framed com
pleteness.

For Rosemarie

To ask why
I love you
is like ask
ing the flo
wers why they'
re colored
white blue
and red I'm
not I not com
plete with
out you Ask
God He color
s the flow
ers too.

The touch

of a rose
folds me in
to the realm
s of its
through-find
ing scent.

Purim

What Haman
couldn't
Hitler ful
filled a
dance not
joyous
ly triumph
ant but slow
ly inbecom
ing danced-
to-death.

Israel'

s national
hymn in the
minor key of
its mediev
al longing
s for a re
turn to that
God-given
land of its
blood-ful
filling re
demption.

Soul-descending

Is it the
sadness of
the entire
world fall
ing with these
late October
leaves down
to the emp
tied bareness
of man's fut
ile attempt
s to master
himself and

his sovereign
claims over
the many-color
ed designs of
this world'
s soul-de
scending.

That late

autumnal
night moon-
clouding me
in to its
surround
ing celest
ial bright
ness.

Dark motion

less morn
ings as a
boat anchor
ed to the
depth of its
not finding
from where.

These leaf-

descending
trees as Adam
and Eve with
nothing left
to hide from
the naked
ness of their
self-reveal
ings.

Mother

at 102 age
lessly endur
ing her child
ren's loss of
their life-
consuming
strength.

“The last one”

“I’m the last
one” he said
after a fun-
eral “All my
classmate-
s are bur-
ied mostly
here” I saw
him wander-
ing grave-
stone to grave-
stone as if i-
magining the
down-depth of
his one-
ness with
those class-
mates of his
indelible
past.

Wilhelmina I

or the power
of the broom
stick the
wish-fulfill
ing image of
a minister'
heart Mary and
Martha all-in-
one the inward
prayer and sermon-
recipient of
all the necess
ary clean-up
work as well
But beware if
a woman dared
come in pants
to the week
ly bible group
Beware of her
penetrating
eyes and not-
so-closely
kept mouth.

Wilhelmina II

and the power
of the broom-
stick-Saturday
s cleaning up
for the pur
ity of The
Lord's Day
the swinging of
the broom the
rhythmic im
pulsing mod
esty of her
Mary and Mar
tha's heart.

Money girl

One could
see through
the self-cer
tained way
she dressed
and spoke
her hands a
live to the
shifting of
monies taken
in as if
she could
only be lis

tening through
the artifi
cial light
of that se
parating
glass.

Richard III (Shakespeare)

a) “a horse for
a kingdom”
Richard tra
ded his own
soul for a
blood-aspir
ing phantom-
kingdom.

b) *Richard*
tempted o
thers (some
times with
success) for
his ambiti
ous designs
as if a sha
dow of his
own self-re
vealing
heart.

c) Evil
justify
s its own
ways not in
mind but in
the continu
ing act of
its always
s being so.

Not yet for healing

The leaves
are fallen
on the rose
curled down
to its dying
scent
only the
thorn re-
mains and
those open
spaces
not yet for
healing-
times.

Last chance

Her last
chance
d it quick
er than she
could de
cide and
left her
chance
lessly un
done.

Kingdom of darkness

Only Christ
could affirm
the depth of
that kingdom
of darkness
that we could
n't even see/
feel oursel
ves through!

Changed

It may have
been the
same person
so chang
ed that I
couldn't re
member even
less of why
he hadn't been
so/then.

At 73

death'
s calling'
s become as
common as
this leaf-
falling
sky-hold.

African fantasy

Exotic
names and
their color
ing over
dressed-ap

pearance
s seemed to
be exposing
more of their
insuffi
cently voic
ed-innuen
does.

Hunting-eyes

If some ani
mals can see
the dark
ness through
their hunt
ing-eyes al
ways aware.

Found-out

A poem'
s that-al
ways-there
until it'
s sufficient
ly found-
out.

Arcarea (Gauguin)

Wild dog
sound-
felt in
stinct
ing color.

The alligator

pre-histori
cally armour
ed for time
lessly mind-
floating.

Learning from books (3)

a) *She knew*
more while
always reali
zing less.

b) *a two-sid*
ed view of
her own self-
dividing.

c) her dream
s paper
ing over
scarce
ly decipher
able imag
ery.

Learning from life (2)

a) The world
outside
those inner
rooms of
self refresh
ingly other
wiseness.

b) always
in dialogue
as if life
could be
learn
ing from
you.

Autumn'

s reflect
ive not only
when it
spaces in
to a solemn
depth of pre
ordained
quietude
s.

To mind him

It's only
when he him
self began
to hurt
the feeling
s he'd done
the same
came back to
mind him.

The scape

goat with
its final
blessing
released
in to a de
sert bloom
ing strange
ly untold
flower
s.

Spidered

A dark-view
spidered
him unseen
in to the
hold of its
alluring
phantom-pre
sence.

Ergo

She at the
height of her
littleness
stance
d more hand
s than mind
ing her week
ly rub-in
therapeut
ic voice-
likes.

The Gauguin (La Orana Maria)

he awoke
in the mid
st of this
bare-down sea
son to a
strange
ly foreign
feeling of
densely con
suming color.

The Jew

as Cain
with that
stigma of be
ing marked-
off from o
thers yet as
Abel most in
timately
God-invok
ing.

The thought

of Crete
abstract
ed his mind'
s-touch to
a bareness
of sound-in
flection
s.

Are the

Don Juans
perhaps a
fraid of a
woman becom
ing more of
them than
they could
so easily
leave be
hind.

Goodness

can still
stand alone
as an un
armed warr
ior over the
fields of
Freud's con
suming dé
bris.

The distant

stone-scent
fires awaken
ed somewhere
in the depth
of his mind'
s vacant
fields of a
bandoned
longing
s.

Light-streaked

Shoot
ing pain
s they call
ed its not
coming back
light-streak
ed.

A still

life because
it stilled
his eye-
touch to its
space-defin
ing presen
ce.

Poems from Crete 2010

a) *Shrub-*
down bottom-
ground of a
rock-fed cul
ture long
since last
ing its time
s out.

b) The mount

ains at a
height of
forgetful
ness still
witness
ing centur
ies of lost
remembran
ces.

c) The sound

of the sea
resign
ing itself
to that un
change
able voice
fate-evok
ing.

d) Our hotel
in patio
style flower
ing an inti
macy of self-
enclosing
after
thought
s.

e) A butter
fly's wing
s uncertain
ly echoing
its need
s for ingra
tiating
light-touch
ing moment
s.

f) The carpet e
longating
into a mos
aic of sound
less impress
ions.

g) Pomogran
ate's close
ly held
juice-inten
sing its me
ticulous
self-refin
ing taste.

h) At Chersonisos
only the
floored mo
saic remain
s of an an
cient church
hill in
creasing
invisible
faith-find
s.

i) These mass
ive unspok
en cloud
s conceal
ing a depth
of celest
ial light-
births.

*j) Silent mem
ories increa
sing in
to a sha
dowing un
ease.*

*k) The harbor
at Chersoni
sos encir
cled our
sense-of-
seeing its
boat-awaken
ings.*

*l) Light-phasings
Wind creat
ing moment
arily light-
phasing
s.*

m) Arcade'
s interval
s of step-re
claiming
voiced-e
choing
s.

n) The tired
ness of a
ging as
these tree
s shadow
ing their in
creasing ex
panse.

o) The tide
s seem slow
ing down
here as if
time were
shifting in
to the se
curing length
for a perpet
ually encom
passing
warmth.

p) A court
yard flower
ing enclos
ures rarely
fathomed
secret
ly intens
ed.

q) Tile
floor'
s cold i
mage reflec
ting a faint
ly incomplete
momentar
ily there.

r) The scare
crow scar
ed no one
but his own
poorly dress
ed thinly
disguised
self-deciph
ering es
cape route
s.

s) *Perhaps*
s the bird'
s circling
lonely o
ver the sea'
s unfathom
ed message-
wings still
unrealiz
ing.

t) *One can'*
t read a per
son's eye-
touching
decipher
ing respon
se.

u) *Grass can'*
t really
ripen here
it leaves
an impress
ion more of
barely-felt
exposure
s.

v) *That aban*
doned scope
of the Vene
tian harbor
at Heraklion
imperson
ally time-e
luding.

w) *Street*
lights o
minous
ly night-a
ware at the
dawn of their
voice
less pre
sence.

x) *Aron*
nimble awak
ening fleet
ing stone-
bred impress
ions.

y) *Alena*
at 9 more
girl than wo
manly round
ly color
ing her self-
extending
smiles.

z) *Blind alley*
way cat'
s stealth
ily pawing
self-decept
ions.

aa) *When*
left alone
to vacant
ly shadow
the ship'
s out beyond
sound-
appearing
s.

bb) Sea-salt

ed scent
pungent
ly wind-re
minding.

cc) He sat

there for
hours silent
ly contempla
ting more i
mage than
words as if
through a
continui
ty of cloud-
streaming
s.

dd) He became

too close to
himself as a
tree clutch
ed down to
the weight
of unripen
ed fruit.

ee) Knossos (9)

1. Can an
cient stone
s speak in
strange dia
lects recount
ing where
rains and
winds have
left them so
desolate
ly unheard.

ff) 2. Blood-
stones mute
ly sacrifi
cing the un
answered
animal'
s rhythmi
cally respond
ing crie
s.

gg) 3. *Opened*
sky anoint
ing the col
umned God'
s wind-implor
ings.

hh) 4. *Blue ladies*
Three women
ornament
ally dress
ed out to
their hand-
encompass
ing eye-sens
ings.

ii) 5. *Wave-curv*
ing origin
s of where
flowering
s growth-
touched.

jj) 6. Linear
eye-length
ed the “
Lily prince”
's sound-col
orings.

kk) 7. Cyclade
idol's arm-
encircl
ing vision
of an un
seen sit-
down world-
view.

ll) 8. Bull-spring
ing his e
thereal air
-enchant
ing acroba
tic somer
saulting
s.

mm) 9. Dolphins

peaceably
coloring
a world of
vanish
ing light-
flow.

nn) Isolat

ing palms
as proud
ly sourced
ladies lux
uriating
their lush-
green heaven
ly aside
s from this
coarse and
nakedly stone-
bred island.

oo) This cliff-
down culture
of wind-de
scending
timed only
now to the
tide's eter
nal expos
ures.

pp) Warned
She couldn'
t be warn
ed as flash
ing light
s calling
her ever-so-
closely to
that inevi
table no-
wheres-else.

qq) The poem
ed intensi
ty thought-
imaged a
focus pre
cisely un
heard.

rr) Night
city-light
s on dark
waters re
flecting
a tideless
continui
ty of sound-
flow.

ss) Out of
the dark en
closure of
unremember
ed time the
world creat
ed each (and
only that
day) anew.

tt) Light-spending

Smooth
winds self-re
assuring
as a mother'
s hand calm
ed to those
withholding
inner silen
ces increase
ingly light-
spending.

uu) Birds

attenuat
ing a wired
evenness
of sound
less expos
ures.

vv) Out

lines of a
house color-
bare hold
ing down
these wind-
climbing
hills.

wv) Mythed
Crete may
have been
mythed from
its sea-a
risen shore-
sensing
s.

xx) War-minded
body built
to muscle-
out those
strange
ly recurr
ing fear
s of his.

yy) Dreamed-
night as the
outspread
ing clouds
timeless
ly expos
ing.

zz) *After Brueghel*

Children
gaming life

in to their
imaginary

self-express
ive play-

times.

aaa) *At Knossos*

the stone-

down ruin
s of a sky-

enchanc
ing bright

ness-cult.

bbb) *Light-panor*

ama of these

white-wash
ed house

s message
a tenuous

purity of
hill-confin

ing.

ccc) A white-
bred flower
earth-trans
cending
the singul
ar whole
ness of its
petalled-re
fining touch.

ddd) People
s can't
fully and
freely live
without
the dawning-
past of their
self-aspir
ing heroic
myths.

eee) Either way

Those who
can see thing
s either way
may become in
tellectual
ly cross-ey
ed blankly star
ing at the
center.

.fff) At parting (for the 4 A's)

A touch of
sadness at
parting not
deep and swell
ing but as
a slight re
miniscence
already in
passing.

Silence

s (those
thrown up
at you as
walled barr
iers) can de
fend even
harder than
stone.

For Rosemarie

It's that
left-over
little girl
innocence
that woman
s you even
more attract
ively mine.

2nd Commandment (Moses)

He created
himself a
new in his
own image
that left God
staring
through those
blank-down
spaces of his.

Vacant

A room
left vacant
because I'
ve become a
ware of the
window's
darkness
es being
left so
vividly
behind.

For many

some quest
ions aren't
asked but
simply lived
out as leave
s tread upon
until they'
ve become no
better off
than those
self-same
images down
ed.

1st Sextet op. 18 (Brahms)

A rich dark
ness prevad
ing the con
trasting co
lors of depth
ed silence
s.

Those left behind

Do the win
ter bird
s (those left
behind to the
vacant still
ness of their
snow-sens
ing shadow
s) feel a
kind of sad
ness through
their lesser
winged need
s for flight.

Out-of-bounds (an answer)

What's new
(because
it couldn'
t be other
wise) out-
of-bound
s beyond that
close-kept
court of gram
matical re
straint.

Uncle Irving

that most
ly modest
self-refrain
ing listen
er always in
voked the
last word as
a judge wis
doming the
voice of un
answer
able truth
s.

Wintered

The sun
kept down
closer to
the horizon'
s edge as
some person
s cooled to
those lesser
vista's
self-re
strain
ing.

Ice-skat

ing the e
lusive
ly rhythm
ic feel of
sound
lessly in
herent self-
escaping
s.

Ice-fish

ing below
the endang
ered surface
of our no-
escape route
s.

For closure

A word
less inde
scrib
able void
as an empt
ied pre-fash
ioned well
filling to
its brim-
needs for
closure.

In the dark

person
s become
phantom
s of shad
owing fear
s untouch
ably pre
sent.

Poems (from Alsfeld, to and from)

a) Wind-thoughts

The train'
s wind-
thought
s at the
speed of hav
ing been
there.

b) The inert

flow of
these hill
s timeless
ly forgett
ing.

c) Late autumn'

s green-down
fields bar
ing for co
lorless find
s.

d) After-sensed

Threaten
ing wind-
clouds con
trasting
sun-bred af
ter-sensed.

e) When

what we don'
t know only
momentar
ily assur
ed like your
hand-pulse
reclaim
ing my vi
sion of now'
s otherwise
ness.

f) It's blu

ing up to
a skied-mirr
ored through
appearance
even if the
trees escap
ingly self-
finding.

g) Wilhelm

ian moust
ache glar
ing eyes at
either end
of a self-
deceiving
out-timed
appearan
ce.

h) Two-lined

highway
one-direct
ioning par
allel cau
ses.

i) Passing
through
Nürnberg
even the
name deaden
s down crowd
s of still-
obscur
ing evil ac
cords.

j) Curtain
ing off dark
rains of a
strange and
foreign city
as if list
ening to
some un
known where
at the depth
of his im
person
ing self.

k) Dead-tir

ed Hades of
an under
worldly flow
of time
less forget
fullness.

l) Wind-rain

the curr
ents of
sound dark
ly phras
ing.

m) Giraffed

The wooden
ed reach of
that high-
phasing gir
aff lowered
him down to
an upward
s aspir
ing of sky-
sensing'
s evermore.

n) Brahms'
First Sextet
continue
s to intone
me with the
poetic stream
s of its out
lasting time
lessness.

o) 1001
Wax candle'
s cold-shine
glimmer
ing through
stone-reflec
tions.

p) Do the
blind hear
more out
of the dark
ness of our
strange
ly-felt
voice.

q) Dried berr
ies
sun-ripe
hard Octob
er-clear
Now as but
a lessen
ed remind
er of thing
s past.

r) Leafed-va
cancies
dulled-shine
of November'
s wayward
light.

s) Doesn'
t the out
er eye of
ten become
us closer
than the
mind's
heart-re
vealing.

t) Rows of
emptied
chairs listening as
hard as wood
could be signifying some
thing more
than eyes
or even ears could possibly retain.

u) Time-sitting
She became
so used to herself by
being nowhere other than
where she always was
time-sitting.

v) Curtain
ed morning
still
ness as fine
ly felt
through as
these trans
parencie
s of light
ening wind
s.

w) A life-view
Can look
ing through
window
s reveal a
life-view
as those o
pen court
yards in De
Hooch's paint
ing us be
yond even
where the
eye could be
come time-
sensing.

x) *One could*
perhaps com
pare plugged-
in-music-
dweller
s to the
cavemen of
prehistor
ic tim
ing their per
sistent beat
to the resid
ual accord
s of loom
ing darkness
es.

γ) *Alfeld'*
s old e
nough with
its half-tim
ber houses
to remember
why its past'
s become so
time-elud
ing.

z) *Some*

collect rare

stones to
discover un

told color
ings with

in their own
sound-bear

ing touch-
finds.

aa) *The light*

darkly un

told switch
ed-on the

sudden
touch of

space-reveal
ing.

bb) *Rows of*

window

s lifted his
eyes beyond

their glass
ed-through

shadow
ings.

cc) Stairs se
cretly climb
ing the cir
cling of some-
other-thought
s being left
behind.

dd) A moon
less night
grey and
dead-drab
as if the
sky was sear
ching still
spaceless
ly unatten
ded.

ee) Trees
darkly e
merging
from the
wind-kept
secret
ly moon-tim
ed phras
ings.

ff) Pink'

s youthful
side of his
sunny-set
bright
ly adorned
suit
ed that parr
ot-like smile
of his cag
ed-in part
ly subdu
ing reminis
cence
s.

gg) That old-

chuckling
face of his
reminding
of a far
mer's bean
stalk and
the wind-
rained fin
ality of a
scare crow'
s persis
tent there
ness.

hh) Silhouetting

Can the mind

be silhouet
ting reclu

sive down-
time imagin

ings.

Darkly

timed squirr

el lithely
skipping o

ver spaced
affinitie

s to his in
tuitive

ly rehear
sing poetic

phrasing
s.

Interior

side-show
s the u
sual could-
have-been
s dressed
out to the
full-length
of false ap
pearance
s.

If I

mostly see
my own face
through
the disclos
ing eyes of
others Do
they really
mirror-me-
back or their
own decept
ively recall
ing self-con
templation
s.

Holding on

Cluster
ed they were
dried-down
the last
leaves as if
holding on
tight to their
only-time
sapped out.

Foreseeing

I've seen it
before she
meant but
couldn't re
member the
why or when
but only
this now'
s foresee
ing.

Played out

A play in
which the
charact
ers couldn'
t find them
selves out
only their
shadow
s echo
ing a
spaceless
void.

A no man's land

It wasn'
t too late
(though
there seem
ed to be
little time
left)
to where he
took that
same path as
before dress
ed in his u
sual thought

s but the
further he
went beyond
his farthest
doubts in
to a no man'
s land with
no possible
means of re
turn.

The first

snow unreal
ized at first
scarcely
heard fall
ing the
night's out
reaching
silence
s.

Pink's

morning
dressed in
the usual
pink-blue of
his alterna
ting break
fast ensemble
occasion
ed that
outlasting
brightness
of his most
self-enthu
sing chari
table smile.

The wash

ed over white
ness of these
self-appear
ing house
s almost
lost in the
forget
fullness of
the first
realms of
snow.

These

bird-felt
wings word
lessly de
claring
the lighten
ing touch
of their sky-
infolding
s.

Islanded

He island
ed some
sides to his
less comfort
able person
to(o) far off
and mostly un
named region
s of the
mind.

If guilt'

s always
where I'm
not Let's
change its
name to ap
preciate
more of the
same double-
dealing.

Snow

white house
s spotless
ly self-i
magining.

Repentance and Prayer day

called off
the calendar
a blank at
the heart
of a people
to make way
for higher
(economic)
concerns.

Contrasts

a) Untamed

Some
thing un
tamed about
her as cag
ed-in ani
mals night
ly but bright-
glaring eye
s.

b) She possess

ed so little
of self-assur
ance that not
even self-
pity could in
habit the
most of her.

Day of the dead (Totensonntag)

the last
day of the
church-year
As if death
had run out
of its fully
armed arsen-
al to make
way for pre-
figuring
the birth of
Christ.

Eye-shyness

He couldn'
t look me in
the eye-shy
ness of fear
ing I could
penetrate
whatever
he hadn't
found of him
self in
there.

Bow and arrow

He knew
more than
he could real
ize why the
word had
found its
pre-intend
ed mark.

Cezanne (still-life in Munich)

It ran me as
kew over-lapp
ing cloth
finding off
to a nowhere
s depth of
holding me
back/up.

The pianist

wasn't built
the way she
played with
her pre-sup
posing pre
sence lyri
cally attun
ed.

Beethoven's 7th (first 3 mvts.) I

Those wood
winds sound
ing a call
classical
ly intoned
to my apollon
ic Beethoven
perfectly
measured
dramatic
ally under-
sleeve.

Beethoven's 7th (2nd mvt.) II

perpetuat
ing relig
ious accords
as a pilgrim'
s progress
beyond the
where of
it's becom
ing now.

Schumann'

s piano con
certo's poet
ic light-
streaming an
enchanted
world dia
logued to his
Clara's melt
ing finger
s.

Suspicion

Suspicion-
changing co
lors in the
blood-stream
ing out dark
bird's shadow
ings.

Candy-color

ed matching
strawberr
ie's sugar
and cream'
s lighter tast
ing value
s.

An open-un

inhabited
feeling more
the loss of
not realiz
ing for space
d self-defin
ing.

Is this

cold-down
city wind
ow-eying my
transpar
ently reflec
ting through.

Cezanne' (Munich 1870)

s railstrip
left me cross-
lining the
light-blue
sky's releas
ing a com
ing or go
ing heaven
ly out.

Night-light'

s lake re
flecting
silent wind
s and the im
mutable i
mage of these
vastly perpet
uating star
s.

Smoke-

clouds as
the incense of
priestly
prayer-aris
ing the voice
less realm
s of an in
visible God.

Kaminski' (Psalm 130)

s double-voic
ing choir
ing the depth
s of a fath
omless deep.

Life goes

on even for
those wind-
emptied voi-
ces of burnt
ash surfac-
ing from the
blood-cries
of their ghet-
toed past.

Here a dy

ing faith
with the Jew-
ash remain-
s of Christ'
s Auschwitz-
crucifix
ion.

Tunnell

ed in to
the dark fore-
bodings of a
sleepless
ly encompass-
ing night.

I saw

age in that
baby's inno
cent face
Was it those
dark eye
brows simu
lating what
they weren'
t and that
face-sitting
pose grown-up
to a fully as
suming statu
ed presence.

Outflown

A bird
flew out of
the winter
ed wood
s and left
me shadow
ing silen
ces behind.

The Boccher (op. 31,2)

ini quintet'
s last move
ment serena
ding a Span
ish open-night'
s star-re
vealing.

The last Walze

(Schubert, String Quintet, last mvt.)

dark-death
ly dancing a
final fare
well from
his world-re
leasing plea
sures.

3 Quartets

a) *Harp Quartet (Beethoven)*

dramati

cally space-
opening

the recall
ing touch

(as of a
harp)'s

time-seclud
ing.

b) *Dvorak'*

s op. 105

quartet ab
stractly

folk-evok
ing ro

mantical
ly too much

feeling
ness.

c) *Haydn*'
s op. 77,
1 always
s in becom
ing as if
sound's
life-process
ing almost
cosmical
ly related.

Ambiguities (3)

a) *A Turk*
(the only
one) alone
in a fully-
packed wait
ing room I
felt for him
Wasn't the
Jew samed
that way in
the past
an outsider
His people
poised (now)
against my
own.

b) *Liebermann*
the most hon
ored of Ger
man painter
s stripped
downed to
his Jew
ish roots
nakedly un
inhabited.

c) *Jaffin*
(as he call
ed himself
“the last of
the German Jews”
neither German
nor “Jewish”
ly proud of
his false i
dentity.

Non-week

That non-
week last
Sunday
in church-
year to
first of Ad
vent as if
the dead were
in waiting
to(o) candle
their dream
less sleep
for that re
mote star
dawning so
bright
ly inbecom
ing.

That

unchain
ed dog's re
lentless
ly still
ed eyes fix
ing her for
fear.

Left behind

The bird
s left be
hind to win
ter their
short-sensed
flight in
shadow
ing reflect
ions.

It was

more an e
vening
of descript
ive caution
not daring
to touch
where wound
s could bring
to the surface
as skater
s circl
ing on ice
of impene
trable depth.

Angel bringing light to the dead

(Christian Rohlf's, 1925)

transpar
ently touch
ing through
the source
d other-
worldly
light-i
maged.

Italian Concerto I (Bach, slow mvt.)

As if the
finger-
touch inward
ly attuned
to the realm
s of silen
ce could o
pen out
where space
has found
the voice of
its own a
wareness.

Italian Concerto II (Bach, 1st mvt.)

as a stream
running
through the
rhythmic ac
cords of its
own need for
stone-color
ings.

The inner

quietude
s of Kerst
ing's souled-
silence
s.

A child'

s meeting-
eyes more
of having
been seen.

Cynthia'

s husband
ed his daily
quiet-routine
rarely spoke
but then
what his book
of correct
manners de
clared to
be social
ly accept
able behav
ior.

She

a natural
ly born and
bred scien
tist groom
ed in that
common stable
when asked
about God'
s wondrous
creation
couldn't
science
that one in
to a scholar
ly accept
able answer.

When

the news be
coming more
like a talk-
down show'
s searching
for a comm
on denomin
ator as if
peace had be
come why we
couldn't
be last
ing it out.

Chaperoning

"My foolish
heart's ever
constant
moon" chaper
oning the
ebb and flow
of her kiss-
awared in
stinctual
touch.

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 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
14. **A Birth in Seeing**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

15. **Through Lost Silences**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
16. **A voiced Awakening**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2004 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
17. **These Time-Shifting Thoughts**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
18. **Intimacies of Sound**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
19. **Dream Flow** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2006 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
20. **Sunstreams** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2007 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
21. **Thought Colors**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2008 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
22. **Eye-Sensing**, Ahadada, Tokyo, Japan and Toronto, Canada 2008.
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, Exeter, England 2009 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
25. **A World mapped-out**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2010.

Book on David Jaffin's poetry: Warren Fulton, Poemed on a beach, Ahadada, Tokyo, Japan and Toronto, Canada 2010.

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

Edward Lucie-Smith

“David Jaffin’s *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 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)