



The Other Side
of Self

Poems

DAVID JAFFIN

Throughout his career, **Charles Seliger** (American, 1926–2009) pursued an inner world of organic abstraction, celebrating the structural complexities of natural forms. Inspired by a wide range of literature in natural history, biology, and physics, he cultivated a poetic style of abstraction that explored the dynamics of order and chaos animating the celestial, geographical, and biological realms. Seliger paid homage to nature’s infinite variety and his paintings have been described as “microscopic views of the natural world”.

Born in New York City but raised in Jersey City, Seliger never completed high school or received formal art training. In 1943, he befriended artist 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 the groundbreaking 67 Gallery exhibition *A Problem for Critics*, and had his first solo show at Guggenheim’s Art of This Century gallery. At the 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). In 1950, Seliger obtained representation from Willard Gallery, forming close friendships with 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 lifetime, his art was celebrated in over forty-five solo shows at prominent galleries in New York and Europe. 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 public institutions 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 organized the traveling exhibition *Seeing the World Within: Charles Seliger in the 1940s*.

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First published in the United Kingdom in 2012 by
Shearsman Books
50 Westons Hill Drive
Emersons Green
Bristol BS16 7DF

Shearsman Books Ltd Registered Office
30–31 St. James Place, Mangotsfield, Bristol BS16 9JB
(this address not for correspondence)

www.shearsman.com

ISBN 978-1-84861-287-7

Distributed for Shearsman Books in the U. S. A.
by Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94710
E-Mail orders@spdbooks.org
www.spdbooks.org

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Production, composition & cover design: Edition Wortschatz, an imprint of
Neufeld Verlag, Schwarzenfeld/Germany
E-Mail info@edition-wortschatz.de

Title picture:
Charles Seliger (1926–2009)
Wind Blown (detail), 1958
oil on canvas
16" x 22", signed and dated
Courtesy of Michael Rosenfield Gallery, LLC, New York, NY
www.michaelrosenfeldart.com

Printed in Germany

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Thanks to
Marina Moisel
for her continued help
with these poetic manuscripts

I've been often asked why I break words between lines. As Lenore, one of my most perceptive readers said, "You don't really break words between lines, but place them within the entire rhythmic flow of the poem.

As my poems are extremely condensed I don't want words, especially the longer ones, to be "hanging out", therefore this very musical need for such a continuing on. Word-break, if one wants to call it that, means that these words must be put back together again, almost as if they've become recreated, newly realized.

David Jaffin

Prepared?

Can one be
prepared for
death Or is
it prepar
ing for us
the secret un
known of its
secluded si
lences.

Only one

theme left
as when Dürer
encircled
the exact
place of where
the pain was
taking the
life out of
him.

Birth-pained

Do these
branch
ed-flower
s color at
the pain of
sudden
ly birth
ed.

Flat-earth

If the earth
became as
flat as we
thought it
out then we'
d always be
moving away
from undefin
ably distan
cing the never
finding back
to self a
gain.

Even in Giorgione

that black-
blank back
drop where
Christ birth
s a world out
of the dark
nesses of our
timeless
ly impend
ing fear
s.

And sudden

ly there
That snake
black emp
ty-eyed
(if he had
any) star
ing out the
impenetrab
le void of
my mooned-
cold shin
ing fear
s.

Snow-dream (7)

s with only
the winds
as those un
touchab
ly-vanish
ing remind
ers.

a) Ever

greens stand
ing out their
own way of
taming the
season's change
able identity.

b) Flash

ing color
s the sea
in unrest dark
ly disturb
ed repeating
unheard sig
nalling
s.

c) What

children re
member leave
their parent
s oft una
ware of o
ther eyes and
sensing through
their own self-
limiting ex
posures.

d) Two sides

If there are
two sides to
every story
Why does his
tory recount
such a time
less variety
of ongoing
possibili
ties.

e) Chemistry

They call it
“chemistry”
but we’ve
never found
the true mean-
ing of love
ready-prescrib-
ed for exper-
imental test-
tubes.

f) First impressions

If first im-
pression
s merge in
to subtler
realisat-
ions It’s per-
haps because
we’ve been less
ened down to
our own self-
refining per-
spective
s.

g) Squirrelled

You can't
squirrel
me in-to
those branch
ed decept
ive length-
running
s.

Helmut

Years ago
when death
at first took
its stead
ied aim at
him a marks
man precision
ed for blood
It hit a
side though
he remained
resilient
ly time-endur
ing.

For Rosemarie I

Only when
you're there
This house
seems as if
a oneness
of place
All that time-
resolving
word alive
to what wasn'
t even said
before.

He was the

type who took
the easy way
s the usual
ly prescrib
ed routes
until mapp
ed-out dead-
ended to a
nowhere
s that could
n't find him
back again.

Future

planning
Man's way of
satisfy
ing his own
sense of
what isn't
his to de
cide.

Helmut's end

Death had sig
nalled its
coming often-
enough before
it arrived
at the side
door unheard
expected
ly there.

For Rosemarie II

receptive
ly-mild as
when the wind
s turn south
wards and
touch warm
s even more
than the
light-refrain
of your voice-
concealing
smile.

Humanism (Luther's relics)

How can I
believe in
"man" when
I can't be-
lieve in my
self's be-
ing better
than he
really is.

Trakl'

s melancho
ly word-col
oring heav
ily what'
s wanting
for flow.

Death'

s transcend
ing beauty
only in au
tumn the leave
s realize
their truly
annointed
color's
transform
the depth of
scent-silen
ces.

Leaf

pattern
s a mosaic
of transcend
ing light-co
loring
s.

Autumn

feels a
far-off
incomplete
foreboding
released
in touch-
scented dis
tancing
s.

At the ceme

tery those
post-war
stones ris
ing ever-high
er the length
of their
life-long
shadow
ings.

“Major poem

s” (as Eliot
called them)
oft too-import
ant to clothe
those “minor”
incident
s of a life-
breath scarce
ly record
ed.

Oft have I

heard that at
life's critical
moments

It was those
who helped the
most from whom
we had good
reason to expect
the least.

The Creed

left God-
father as
only the Creator
or devoid of
His all-encompassing
biblical plan.

INRI

That water
of Christ
may
have cleansed
me in

Christ's celebrating
purifying though
it was only
the sacramental
blood that
jeweled me to
His ultimate
time-exhausting
presence.

For Lot and

his wife looking
back meant the
death of a
new-beginning
Is that
why time's
continually
closing
so many chapters
to our
insufficiently
evolving
newwards.

“To thine own

self be true”

Two problem
s hearing Polon

ius’ advice mirr
oring a blemish

ed source What’s
true may not re

main so as the
right train

newly rerout
ed along a

nother a
vailable

track.

“Serving two masters” (Mozart/Goldoni)

What remain
ed unfinish
ed in the
score replent
ished with
change
able identi
ties masking
an ensemble
of self-de
ception
s unaccount
ably Mozart.

Walking

well-placed
steps those re
flective e
choings
left him
closer-tight
thought-in
tensed.

Chandelier' (for H. B.)

s intricate
ly intertwin
ing a light-
sceptre of
lyrical in
terlude
s.

Chopin (Concerto 1, slow mvt.)

dream
ily touch
ing through
the heart-
reach of lyri
cal express
iveness.

Donatello

at times
fiercely
pagan
though with
visionary
prophet
ic eye-depth.

Is

life
a picture-
book the way
children
learn to
read-out
those unfam-
iliar paged-
faces.

Donatello

(however var-
ied those
person')
s marbled to
the exclus-
ive realm
s (so strong-
ly conceived)
of self-vin-
tage.

He wrote

himself in
to the morn
ing's tenta
tively self-
conceiving
though in
creasing
ly light.

Self-control

can also mean
that hold
ing-back form-
defining its
thorough
ly inherent
cause.

Escape routes

When there'
s no other
way than that
turning in
narrow
medieval es
cape route

s breathless
ly self-en
closing.

Flower

s lose their
colors shad
owing on stone'
s death-i
mage of man'
s unlimited
self-resolve.

Sick-time

when that
room (in
herently
there) now
becomes act
ively known
drawing its
colors into
an indescrib
able timed-
oneness.

If you look

at a rounded-
ripe apple
long enough
you may be
drawing its
taste out of
your inquisi-
tive eye-
length
s.

Madonna of the Clouds (Donatello)

poetical
ly releas-
ing into
stream-
s of heaven
ly gladness
es.

Aphorisms (12)

a) *Our enemies*
s may mean
more of us
than our own
self-mirr-
oring apprai-
sals.

b) Time took
its own self-
disguising
routes until
we realized
we'd been
timed-out.

c) In autumn
the leaves
change color
s whereas
man leaves
the same im-
pression sea-
sonlessly
adept.

d) The frog
hops the squir-
rel springs
from branch
to branch
The birds fly
over the
heights of
mountain
ness shadow
ings And I

sit here only
wordfully-
admiring.

e) For Rosemarie

without you
more than a
rib taken out
of the center-
of-self would
be failing.

f) I am not

(answering Descartes)
because I

think but be
cause I was
thought-out
long before
my birthed-
beginning.

g) Those who

are lonely
should real
ize how the
smallest
of flower

s opens-out
its very-per
son to the
insistent
callings of
light.

h) The church-
bells sound
ing out a
heavenly
brightness
but few came
to realize
why.

i) "Painter
ly qualitie
s" may have
minded the
most of pre
sent histor
ians But the
artists them
selves oft
express
ing how vis
ually-alive
their faith
had become.

j) Really-seen

He looked at
what he thought
was The-Jew-
in-me Money-
minded danger
ously clever
But then he
looked a 2nd
time to see
what he'd
really-seen.

k) She put on

a special
ly decorat
ing hat for
the christen
ing But still
her thought
s remained
heavily
earth-bound.

1) *Noah's ark*
through the
floods follows
a mapless
route Israel
in the desert
without a
compass to
direct its un
disclosing
ways And we
godlessly a
lone.

This morn

ing's green e
volving slow
ly into
the true-full
ness of his
mind's recall
ing response.

Dream

became so
much the more
of his time
lessly a
float a
silent boat
drifting
stilled-wa
ters.

If Goethe

and Schiller
became the
spring-time
summer-
fulfilling
poets What be
came of their
death-evok
ing winter
ing thought
s.

Sin'

s become so
prevalent
ly always-
there that
one can't
find that
word-for-it
anymore.

Even gold

of the pur
est kind'
s packed in
the dross of
its unclean
sed appear
ance.

These tree

s holding as
a mother would
shadowing
leafed-silen
ces.

These knot

s blemish
ing the 1938
wood Wounds
that only
blood could
fully real
ize.

Bach 2nd Violin Concerto (slow mvt.)

That tug
boat of
slow-moving
push-sound
s its ex
clusive right-
of-way.

That sound

less elevat
or stopped
him to a
nowhere'
s place high
above that
depthed

feeling
self-enclos
ed.

Date-time

If we knew
the exact
date-time of
our own death
Would life
(its half-bro
ther) keep us
closer-yet
to its deny
ing pulse.

Consisten (for Warren)

cy of the
same-usage
may deny the
right of
each poem to
decide its
own undivid
ed facial
ly-adept
appearance.

Classically defying

Beethoven
even more
than Schubert
sized-out
forms beyond
their amen
of only here-
for-now.

The fogs

as a maiden'
s chaste-mod
esty only
lifted her
skirts at the
timely-right
to expose an
almost untouch
ably beauti
fied presen
ce.

Why I pre

fer Macbeth
to Hamlet
because
it says-it-
all so pre
cisely classi
cally-con
densed.

The light-con

tinuity of a
circular
3rd floor win
dow kept the
night awake
by circling
it into its
expression
less void.

Thomas Bernhard's

“Wittgenstein
’s Nephew” left
him circling
round its con-
tinuously
repetitive style
until (for
fear of los-
ing ground-
touch) stopp-
ed page 45.

Dream

s are those
silently un-
answering
voices a
float upon the
sea’s spa-
ciously al-
ways-inbecom-
ing.

Are dream

s the shad
owings of
what never-
could-have-
been time
lessly re
peating.

After-phrasings

It rained
the night
through his
quietly re
vealed after-
phrasing
s.

“Make-believe”

as if we
couldn't shad
ow our child
hood's world
into its
eye-closing
make-believe.

Taste

Is taste
of most-any-
kind what
we've been
taught to
see-believe
Or is it in
trinsic to
our own self-
realizing in
tuition
s.

Foot-prints

Why are our
steps-in-
sand so close
ly realized
though all-
too-soon
impression
lessly wash
ed-over Where
as those on
stone leave

nothing more
than need
less faint
ly-sought
echoing
s.

For Rosemarie

Only you
and the poem
have become
my constant
ly-now in
these age-de
termining
times of ir
retrievab
le loss.

Robert

may have left
all-that be
hind that
never-again
Scarsdale
that formed
him to his
own denial
of nothing
less than
his still-sha
dowing self.

“It-had-to-be”

why as if
that pre-deter
mining “it”
more person
ed than the
flesh-and-
blood’s answer
ing that all-
its-own.

At 74

the days no
longer num
bered now
as those oc
casional
clouds flow
ing into
a unity of
timeless
ly therea
bout
s.

When the

star (however
bright it
might have
appeared)
grew into
those feared-
impending
darkness
es of death.

Used

Those who
let themsel
ves be used
will soon be
come used-
out as coin
s with only
that dulled-
inprint left.

Romanze (Karl Stamitz, 2nd Cello Concerto)

The full-flush
of coloring-
sentiment o
verflowing the
cello's bright-
hued time-en
trancing
s.

Marriage Portrait (Van Eyck)

Van Eyck'
s jewelled
colors
satiating
even more
than that
lady's awaken
ing prepared
ness.

Matthias (for Thomas)

Claudius'
home-bred ly
rics modest
ly assuming
those every-
day little
things that
fashion life
within our
own pri
vate day-for-
day.

The ink

may have
dried-down
from its all-
inhabiting
flow But life
kept recall
ing him back
to its phas
ed but never
fully satiat
ed appearan
ces.

2nd Commandment (Moses)

The god of
only-love may
have breath
ed-out the es
sence of its
very-being
when death
guilt and suffer
ing call for
a holiness well-
beyond what

man has so deft
ly re-created
to his own
self-design
ing image.

The slow

movement
of Shostako
viches' 2nd
Piano Concerto
so romanti
cally conceiv
ed that I
wondered
what he was
hiding him
self from.

Trouble

s bring more
of the same
They multiply
as other liv
ing things
do until sat
iated with
their lust
for much of
life's eager
undoing
s.

And even

its own people
as with David
pursued by
Saul's king
ly power Or
of The Christ
crucified
for their
willing-to-
sell-him-out
Now Israel
with its own

Bruteses'
daggered
for those
fateful spoil
s.

When the

winds stopped

that autumn
could take

on its own re
luctantly

beautify
ing colors

Marked as the
Jewish star

with that in
herent stigma

for death.

They said

he loved child
ren because
of their in
nocence as
if they weren'
t as spite
ful as those
grown to a
need for such
innocent
ly self-e
vading long
ings.

That self-re

ording pict
ure of Hein
rich Himmler
smiling death
ly-seated in
his SS 1 car
receiving
the records of
an aging starr
ed-Jew Lodz-
ghettoed me
into a Jewish
past that'

s become irre
concilably
a part of
my own.

Half-half

That orient
al half-smile
almost-laugh
half-embarr
assing half-
conceal
ing from whom
of us both
half-half.

“Right to the point”

He came
“right-to-
the-point”
ed edge a
bloodless
dart that
marked him
out tight
ly shadow
ing.

At the heart

of fear of
an impotent
voiced-out
Nothing to
say that had
n't been bett
er said be
fore.

The inner

and the out
er world of
vision and
of fancy as
Van Eyck's
surfacing
a new-found
beauty so
visually
self-appar
ent.

Scholar

ly eyes no
wheres-else
than those in
tricate pap
ering detail
s of a recon
ceiving past
that left him
sourced to a
nother sensed-
from-being.

The word

“glad” can
take on a
smiling
form if it'
s more than
just a lip-
evoking
sound.

Out-timed

When color
s fade out-
timed as
thought
s that could
n't hold
their prim
ary bright
ness-call.

He knew

those dark
ly animal-
sides that in
habited the
depth of his
own being
kept him life-
long on that
fugitive
scent for wo
manly prey.

For the need

s of his ag
ing Grasp
that coldly
designed rail
ing his hand-
length balanc
ing those
claims from
his slowly de
scending
cause.

Quick in

sights from
a nowhere'
s-his press
ing for its
sudden word-
response.

That penetrat

ing fear of
winter stream
ing through
his heart'
s rock-bott
omed source.

Dementia

She couldn'
t relocate
herself Knew
all the sign
s and stop
s but routed-
wrong from a
far-off
All reclaim
ing source.

Hommage à Eichendorff

When he entered the woods as if approaching another sense of being darkened his self-felt shadow
s to a voiceless though all-consuming silence.

A vacant room

bared wall
s with only the sound of shadows in habiting
their scarcely seen presence.

Do leave

s realize
their impend
ing fall'
s color
ing tones
so beautify
ing the final
ity of their
deathly re
lease.

The glory of English

If Shakes
peare had been
born into
another lan
guage He
wouldn't
have been
Shakespeare
Language
makes the most
of us and
this langu
age most-of-
all.

Proud

The way she
dressed prin
cess-like
the super
iority of her
self-assuming
dignity while
selling roll
s Proud but of
what remained
to be seen
of that
not thor
oughly known.

Funeral

Why so many
guards offic
ially attend
ing Death's
regular half-
hour's inter
val's careful
ly selected
words the
preacher'
s assuming

gravity that
solemn approa
ch to the o
pen grave
swallow
ing up the
last of time'
s thorough
ly rehearsed
performan
ce.

Autumn

al sunrise
lifting the
transpar
ent spell of
its silent
darkness
es to the
moonless
morning'
s breath-
in.

Secluded

garden
s walled-
in sound
lessly flow
ering their
unseen though
chastely-
bright color
ings.

“New lands”

they called
it as a wo
man always
s in wait
ing to be re
claimed from
her anxious
readiness.

“On the brink”

of an unknown
though scarce
ly defining
fall into
the consuming
abyss of
those cold
and ashened
remains.

If life’

s need
of poem’
s revealing
a sanctuary
of delicate
ly refin
ing beauty.

Each word'

s not only
shaped to its
inherent
self but part
of a phras
ing sound-
sense intuit
ively rebirth
ed.

A letter

from my high
school day
s as if I
could still
find myself
out-closed
from that
cold-imper
sonal build
ing that
left me much
as it self
remained.

“The best”

They always
s meant “the
best” for me
Though as
most usual
parents that
“best” mirror
ed more of
themselves
s than of
my own o
therwise
person
ed.

Clarinet Concerto (Mozart, slow mvt.)

Dark wind
s the beauty
of a sadness
encompass
ing the more
of us than
we could poss
ibly realize.

Te Deum (Haydn)

The majesty
of the Creator
or celestial
ly proclaim
ing his all-
consuming
light-source.

Abusing history

Some cultures
are adept at
using history
in their own
way to change
the course of
“what really
happened”.

Can music

of the most
intimate
kind so con-
vincing
ly achieve
a unity of
selfless re-
sponse.

Commemora

tive poems
of the poet-
laureate
kind more a
display of
their own
word-enchant-
ing design
s.

Nonsense

makes more
sense in a
world de
ceptively
escaping
from its
intend
ed orbit.

The real

protest a
gainst our-
times should
not only pro
tect nature
but more-so
protect
us from the
sovereign
domain's of
human-nature.

After 30

years of marriage and 6 children She simply packed up and left a free woman with no more claims on her finding anything or anyone except her life-enthralling self.

The feel of things

One could just call it the-feel-of-things not where or why but simply answering one's unspoken but al

ways inherent
ly self-re
flecting
needs.

Early 1945

Rosemaire
on the wood
ed-run from
those low-
flying plane
s that would
have taken
her rest
less blood as
a souvenir
of accurate
killing
s.

Bigger-better

those late
19th century'
s big symphon
ies as loud
as their own
dimension
s would re
quire Or those
big canvass
es dripping-
down effus
ions of pulsat
ing readi
nesses.

Mystery-man

We knew he'
d been a spy
behind the
German line
s Radio-Free
Europe run-
down in the
bright day
light of 5th
Avenue New
York An ex

pert on the
brush-stroke
s of the old
masters met
iculously
in life-long
love of a wo
man married
to his best
friend.

After Cézanne

A still-life
bowl-of-fruit
held silent
ly by its
self-enclos
ing surface
s in the
subtle balan
cing eye-
sense.

Leaving the

past behind
as Lot and
his wife or
those so-many
German Jew
s remain
ed to the
fires heat
ing up their
quest for a
no-where's-
else.

Sitting

waiting for no
thing to happ
en The den
sity of a
moment's
space-breath
ing.

Falling as

leep's like
silently de
scending
untouch
able step
s into the
depths of
darknesses'
all-encom
passing
quietly en
visioned
realms.

A medieval

town submerg
ed in the en
veloping
mist of a
timeless
ly evoking
past.

Make-up

models enti
cingly illum
inating paper-
covering'
s their glim
mering eyes
and most es
pecially
those white-
creamed teeth
of their
s.

Matthias Claudius' (for Thomas)

everyday
ed me to an
especially
close-feel
sense of those
daily little-
things that
reclaimed
more of our
unrealiz
ing intima
cies.

The soft

breath of
wind caress
ing the au
turnn's re
ceptive
leaves to a
love-death
cycle of fall
ing color-
finds.

Swan's song

if it real
ly became
the last and
only beauti
fying voice
that even
these self-re
hearsing wave
s soften
ing-down to
an accumulat
ing gladness
of response.

Chopin

without my
mother's
more than
occasion
al mistake
s left me
with a child
hood feel
ing his mus
ic (however
correctly e
volving)
could never
become quite-
the-same.

For Rosemarie

Our voice
s soften
ing as the
lowering
of light
s to a self-
finding to
gether
ness.

These late

September
leaves spread
ing out a
soundless
mosaic-ex
panse of
self-protect
ive reassur
ing enclos
ures.

Woman 1940 (de Kooning)

Her eyes mis
placed from
thought-
stream's wind
owed blue
ness through-
fading.

Copied

Some are so
inhabited
with what
they've
learned to

see think and
feel that
they appear
more like a
copy of that
lost-origin
al.

Lesser-self

When he could
n't anymore
in a room
of self-chosen
picture
s staring
out the vacancies
of his impending
lesser-self.

They turn

ed their eyes
away from
what they
knew they
shouldn't

as if see
ing could blem
ish their o
therwise “in
nocent” re
sponse.

Autumn

's decept
ive bright
ness as a wo
man sparse
ly dressed
to keep one
at those allur
ing interval
s of hand'
s length-a
way.

One word a

lone bracing
the whole
ness of that
newly “en
lightened”
poem-sense.

Satisfied

Few are truly
satisfied
as if that
“untouch-
able” fruit
had awaken-
ed the linger-
ing taste
for an always-
more.

Why do some

birds (and
not other
s) feel that
urging irre-
sistible
need for flight
over the moun-
tain’s entomb-
ed-grasp-
ing stillness
es.

Berries

spare and
cool color
ed to be
touched
classical
ly confin
ing.

Harvesting (2)

a) *Hot-blood*
ed and cold-
hearted Many
of Schnitzler'
s personae
landscap
ing those o
pen plains ani
mated with the
instinct
s of their
lonely harvest
ings.

b) The last
of the sun
flowers Too
cold to har
vest more
light from
those aband
oning time
ly cut-down
fields.

For Rosemarie

when marr
iage still
becomes
after 50
years that
one-timed
room inti
mately held-
through
these touch
ed-silen
ces of
ours.

Questioning Schnitzler

Can one be
come a some
time moral
ist by mir
roring through
others one's
own helpless
ly forsaken
sense for
those lost
but still
possibly
meaning
ful value
s.

Zelenka'

s Christmas
Mass bright
ly alive to
that unearth
ly light focus
ing this dark-
down shadow
ing world of
ours.

Upended

Putting “one’s
best foot
forward” as
if those un-
seen slipp-
ery surface
s could so
easily upend
our less-fo-
cused though
timely approa-
ches.

Escape-routes

In-it be-
fore a way-
out as Alice
in Wonderland
when life’s
s become more
a labyrin-
th of intan-
gible escape-
routes.

The magic of words

Even if he'
s got noth
ing to say
He says it
in such a
way disguis
ing its mean
ing-more.

What seem

ed the “every
day” may
change with
us its chamel
eon-like col
ors that we e
merge as from
a magic wood
secretly-
sensed sur
prising
ly renewed.

He lost

his fear of
death by
living life
more persuas
ively.

Utrecht Te Deum (Händel)

Händel rare
ly angeli
cally light
but power
fully strength
ened my sense
of God's creat
ing vastness.

When foot

notes start
walking their
own sense-of-
direction
leaving pre-
formed impress
ions to a pa
pering contin
uity.

Erntedankfest (Thanksgiving)

A windless
Sunday morn
ing The field
s barren and
bared to their
inherent naked
ness Nothing
left to be
offered now
except the
reach of this
foreboding
stillness
silently a
ware.

The Great

Divide as if
the New Coven
ant birthed-
of-itself
left the old
one as these
barren devot
ionless field
s earthed-
down.

Dried-out

dead-crumbly
ed leave
s me with
that end-of-
war-image
Life-deform
ed corpses
piling high
those untell
ing guilt-re
sidues.

Händel'

s many-voic
ed strength
as straight-
forward as
a marching
cavalry re
claiming
nothing less
than the vi
tality of
its pre-deter
mining source.

When Händel

turns his
voice with
in lyrical
ly refrain
ed to those
hushed-silences of an al
mosty other
worldly devotion.

“The law”

spiritual
ly fulfilled
by Christ
Stone-faced
for Paul
kept my people spirit
ually alive
those almost
two thousand
years of ex-
cuse God works
wonders
darkly unimagined.

Sun-instinct

ive insect'
s light-in
fusing mid-
day vision
ary tract
s.

The river

slow-stream
ed into
those soft
ly felt cur
ves of time
less forget
fulness.

Händel

and Holbein
German or Eng
lish as if
transform
ing their re
newed sense-
for-identity.

At 74

When the day
s of the week
have lost
their name-
sense to a
scarcely re
claiming i
dentity as
if time-it
self evening
out tideless
ly obscur
ing.

To be old

and alone
when winter
has kept one
tightly with
in its bare
and barren
grasping
the little
left of those
lost and bright
ly adorned
imagining
s.

Some succeed

as those self-
attuned grand
mas and grand
pas through
the wide-awaken
ing child-
eyes and fear
s without es
caping the loss
of their own
needs for a
time-redeem
ing past.

Händel

left me
littled-down
by the grand
eur of his
space-amass
ing self-as
surance
s.

Getting a

head must
leave o
thers behind
alone self-
applauding
at that un
timely finish
ing line.

Only-now

But a faint
reflect
ion of what
had been so
long forgott
en as if
time had dimm
ed to this
moment of be
ing only-
Now.

October

morning The
trees search
ing through
their impend
ing loss of
leaves me al
most bared-
felt the co
loring depth
of their na
kedly impend
ing source.

Händel and

Milton faith-
cousins bright-
darkly sourc
ed from The
Creator'
s epic maj
esty.

Butter

flies tilt
ing their ex
pressive
ly color
ing flower'
s instinct.

Remembering (3)

a) *Writing it*
all-out or
even all-
off an im
perfect
guide to re
membering
those less-
explicit pap
ering after
thought
s.

b) If one no
longer remem
bers even
while recall
ing only
those blank
pages It ceas
es (however
much) from
being.

c) One-way streets
What other
s remember
and I've long-
since forgott
en as that u
sual tandem
between par
ents and chil
dren's recurr
ing needs for
a one-way
street.

Shaded en

closure
s in the
coolness
of that clos
ed-in garden
that he could
almost hear
the breath-i
mage of his
own voice
less silence
s.

For Rosemarie

It's only
when love be
comes a keep-
sake intimate
ly attuned
to its own
sense-of-be
ing.

Mendels

sohn's Scott
ish dance as
Dvořák's In
dian one may
have taken
them (for
just a beguil
ing moment)
off their
firmly-set
seated compo
sures.

At the end

of the road
that didn'
t endless
ly blue a
no-where'
s-more.

It's only

when dance
rhythms us
to the thriv
ing pulse of
its self-acti
vating blood-
enthusing
s.

Mendels

sohn at his
best fine-
sensing its
sourced-
through trans
parent awaken
ings.

Should a

preacher ad
here to the
needs of his
self-reali
zing parish
Or should he
stand above
both God-
tending His
imperisha
ble word-flesh
ed birthed-
designs.

This room

(the poet's)
has its own
way of draw
ing me in
to its dark
ly composed
pre-ordain
ed silenc
ings.

Does the

poet write
for his most
ly unknown
audience
Or must he
himself be
poemed-
through
for that
word's (as
yet) inde
scriba
ble need
s.

3rd Quartet (Shostakovich)

That mock-in
nocence of
his circular
theme's a
lonely voice
walled-into
its no-ways-
out.

Op 18,6 Quartet (Beethoven)

A rhythmic
dialogue
as Haydn (his
master) had
done But an
almost off-bal
anced intens
ing that melan
choly slow-
voiced flow.

Weather

talk's not
small but a
heavenly
reaching-
down to cloud
our mood'
s self-com
posing still
nesses.

À la Schnitzler (2)

a) Flower-calls

When women be
come for some
a self-satis
fying urge
An untouch
ed landscape
seeded with
one's own
self illumin
ating flower-
calls.

b) Those bee'

s wander-
routes perfum
ing their
daily round
s with empty-
scented flow
erings.

The Sandras

Those as
Sandra who
know what
they want
pressing to
have it now
ever-sooner
losing it
as a butter
fly netted
to its own
need for
flight.

By chance? (Answering J. B. Bury)

They may have
been seeming
ly chance-
ways that led
us either
here or e
ven their side-
routes But
only at the
end when
time has evened-
out we came
to realize

it's always
s having been
meant just-
that-way.

Time-being

Life phase
s us (how
ever obscure
ly sensed)
into its
own perspec
tived time-
being.

Those hidd

en faces Mask
ed as in a
Greek tragedy
that couldn'
t see how far
we'd been search
ing them
through.

Disguised

Do we all
live disguis
ed most-near
ly from our
selves that
hide and seek
through
blind-fold
ing inreveal
ing darkness
es.

Aloned

Those who
live alone
Roomed to
those four-
walled-in si
lences rare
ly answer
ing back.

Dark room

s hollowed
sound thump
ing at the
heart-beat
of her fear
ed-exposure
s.

Bright-eyed

Her bright-
eyed “I
know some
thing you
don’t know”
as if my in
knowing eye
s could brigh
ten-out that
way too.

Talk-shows

talking out
those indwell
ing silenc
es like hang
ing old cloth
es out to be
dried from
extra use.

He squeezed

the last drop
out of that
orange nectar
until his
hands harden
ed to an in
sufficient
clawed-
thereness.

October'

s dark sun
s when the
rains have
left but a
wishful re
minder of sum
mer's illum
inating dis
tancing
s.

Identical

twins (des
pite appearan
ces) not so
much the same
if raised
and felt in
to a differ
ing world'
s self-reali
zing.

Differently

He heard it
different
ly this time
Had he chang
ed or was it
the music in
terpreted
another way
Or what was
performed be
fore or af
ter his hear
ing it diff
erently.

You just

can't erase
that ever-
present
blackboard
from Miss
Dudley's un
apprecia
ble smile
Mistakes

should stay
right there
eyes-up keep
ing you
long-time a
ware!

Weathering

A rain-wash
ed Saturday
away from
its usual
free-time
appearan
ces weather
ing in o
ver-expos
ed monoton
ed wetness
es.

Eb Mass (Schubert D. 950)

That fright
ening last
movement of
Schubert's
last mass
fatefully
rehearsing
his own Day
of Judgment
The calling
of all flesh
from the depth
of their voice
less alone
liness.

Answering (Wallace Stevens)

The poem
isn't God-
like If so-
seen an em
pty idol of
ungodly self-
expressive
ness.

Dark silen

ces only the
word can re
veal those
vastly un
touchable
distanc
es.

The impress (for Neil)

ionists could
only pretti
fy the mysti
cally masked-
depths of
the snow'
s awakening
light.

Brueghel

alone help
ed us real
ize why the
seasons deter
mine so much
of time's un
touchable
awareness
es.

The American

dream (at
times closer
to a night
mare) waken
ing up now
to its lost
identity.

Those haunt

ed images of
her past
(however
hard she
tried) could

n't simply be
cleansed away
kept return
ing as dust
accumulating
its own sense-
for-being.

It rained

so long it
seemed as if
the autumned
flowers had
been washed-
out of all
their color
ing's paled
from scent
and touch.

Van Eyck'

s portrait
s closer to
a still-
life inward
ly self-in
voking.

October

moon increa
sing the in
tensity of
night's ex
posing dark
nesses.

When his eye

s simulat
ing that ap
parent dark
ness as a
cat's light-
awakening.

Trees in

visibly grow
ing the dark
through the
height of
its shadow
ing appear
ances.

Poets (to the memory of Wordsworth)

who don't
love child
ren become
sourced-out
from their in
nate life-ap
pealing
growth-in
stinct
s.

The mind a

lone is like
a kite aloft
tensing hand
s without
that flow-feel
of unspoken
winds-adrift.

Scientist

s home in
their artifi
cial labora
tories with
the exactness
of papered e
quations
Whereas a
poet
breathes the
life of un
explored
sense-feel
ings.

Her voice

seemed to
float not
really earthy-
grounded but
as if life
was really
where it
wasn't an
other place
perhaps e
ven another
timed.

Temptation

's that Adam
and Eve's given-
too-much for
wanting that
otherwise
more off-bound'
s self-appeal
ing.

Explained away

Poems often
endanger
ed from their
becoming ex
plained a
way from their
mysterious
untouchable
appearan
ce.

The ideal

of beauty
continuous
ly chang
ing color
s But still
standing-up
to its time
lessly self-
expressing.

It's one of

those dark-
dismal day
s so-much-
so that e
ven words
seem used-
out before
they inescap
ably come-
to-mind.

The how-one-

says-it's e
ven more so
of the what
of being'
s said.

Night cease

lessly incom
ing as dark
waves shored
from their
restless
ly uneasing
rhythmic-
flow.

This harvest

moon bright
er than the
mind can real
ize awaken
ing those pre
voiced rest
less tide
s of mine.

If love'

s the mea
sure and mean
ing of all
things Then
Christ was cru
cified as its
most intimate
ly self-reveal
ing.

At the end

he aged in
to the dark
ness of night'
s unrequit
ing all-envel
oping time-
flow.

"The rest is silence" (Shakespeare)

a return to
what isn't
by always
s being
there.

Händel

may have chang
ed with the
musical fash
ions of the
time however
opportune
It still real
ized his
unmistak
able voice.

Sounds-sensing (for S. L.)

Does a pian
ist finger
that music
to life Or
is it the
music finger
ing him in
to its tonal
ities of sound-
sensing.

That unlimited sense

It's that un
limited sense
that can size
us down over
stepping those
bounds from
what-should-
have-been.

Secret diplom

acy's more
the way we
talk inside
ourselve
s so incon
clusive
ly overhear
ing.

Free will? (answering Schnitzler)

If there'
s a no-turn
ing-back
(who can be
certain of
that) Why
not route it
otherwise
it's forcing
you (fully a
wares) to-
the-brink.

Traitors

The real trait
ors are those
who sell-out
on themself
es Not real
ly turn-
coats but as
nakedly in
clined as
Adam and Eve.

He's the type

who couldn'
t recognize
his own pic
ture look
ing back at
a touch
ed empty-
eyedness.

A poet

doesn't re
cord new i
deas But he
idea's word
fully inre
vealing.

Dark-day

s that child-
like fear of
the unseen
unknown per
meating
the depths
of his very-
being.

These over-

satiated
green leave
s as person
s who've seen
too much of
life fear
ing death by
holding on
to what's be
come only
less secure
ly known.

It's easier

to advise
from the min
inister's self-
adorning ped
estal than
taking that
lesson for one
self as if im
mune to those
down-below
back-staired
problem
s.

My dear

Rosemarie
pillowed
in the soft
ening cloud-
flow of most
ly angelic
dreams.

Glenn Gould (Goldberg Variations)

realizing
that music'
s a dialogue
of more than
fingers have
known hum
ing back to
Bach's inter
ior-spacial
sense-of-mean
ing.

Reading bet

ween-the-line

s as if scan
ning a face

that says
more than

it appear
s to mean.

Yellow

ing leave
s as those

time-lost
wrinkles

that age
by one's

just look
ing at.

Nothing

starts from
the begin
ing's alway
s imperfect
ly pre-ordain
ed the final
form self-
creating
anew beginn
ing.

The "idea of

progress" still
inhabits our
own cultural
preception
s The new (as
with Beethoven)
not a better-be
yond the classi
cal Haydn and
Mozart but a
differing
aesthetic
only to be
measured by
its own self-
calling.

Still-stand

If time could
stand-still
as an appre-
ciable monu-
ment What
would become
of our own
timeful
ly evolving.

“Of two minds”

He may have
been of “two
minds” but the
other-one del-
icately re-
fined to those
scarcely touch-
ed snow-felt
moment
s.

That cool

mid-autumn
al lit
Pink in
to one of
his rarif
ied secret
ly enlighten
ed self-encom
passing mo
ments.

Is autumn's

but a soul
less premoni
tion of win
ter's death-
haunting si
lences Or a
beautified
summer's
longing
s colorful
ly describ
ing.

Sweet

thought
s and ten
der leave
s gardened
in spring
left him re
motely Schu
bertian brac
ing for the
cold winter'
s death-
spell.

Of all month

s only Octob
er realize
s that hard-
touched berr
ied claims to
a classi
cal trans
parency.

John Sadowsky

I remember
him still as
the first
who found his
way to my un-
touchable
sensitivity
Opened its
blood-vessel
mercilessly
time-enthused.

Novalis

realmed
the night's
brooding
stillness
beautifying
its unfathom-
able distancing
light-source.

Mozart'

s Queen of
the Night
voiced with
all our light-
threaten
ing unresolv
ing darkness
es within.

The truth

may hurt e
ven blood-re
leasing
But if it is
n't love-
sourced it
can't justi
fy its own
self-decid
ing aim
s.

Pink

fashion
ed that
bright Oct
ober day se
cured in his
own sense of
self-import
ance braided-
colored de
signs of his
knightly cost
uming claim
s.

Rowing (for Ingo)

those even-
handed rhyth
mic claim-
routes for a
still undecid
ing though
self-emerg
ing finish
ing line
s.

Question

ing whate
ver one will
revive the i
mage of that
scarcely un
known source.

Does art

at its best
change the
taste of the
time Or is
it a reflect
ion of that
transpar
ent image on
water or
glass.

A little

top-of-a-
tree bird
listening
to the still
ness of its
own si
lently c
choing
voice.

...

but that
small child
balancing
her bicycle'
s eye-awared
to a stead
ily for
wards-ahead.

Dark room

night-inhabited so that
even touch
seems silences
awake
moon-intent.

Night wind

s softly immersing the
darkness
of time-spell.

Contrasts (2)

a) *Haydn's*
adagios
so intimately spoken
and yet distancing us
from the true source
of its creative timelessness.

b) Beethoven
at the storm'
s center so
closely per
soned that
we seem
totally un
able (even un
willing) to
loosen his
grasp for
getting us
out.

Morning

mysterious
ly awaken
ing its mut
ed light-be
coming pre
sence.

Van Eyck

with his
(at time
s) wing

èdless an
gel's earth-
bound beauty
heavenly-
jewelled.

Seeing

(as Shakes
peare) with
"the mind"
s eye" reveal
ing even more
of those un
spoken si
lences.

"I believe

(Lord) help
my unbeliev
ing self"
As if faith
had become
momentar
ily losing its
hold on the
needs for our
self-renewing.

Abraham M. Bartholdy

(Félix Mendelssohn's father)

Changing
names as if
your "higher
culture" en-
abled you to
deny your low-
ly Jewish-
ness The Hit-
lers will find
you out what's
behind the
name hiding
from that o-
ther-side-of
self.

Art only

becomes arti-
ficial as
self-anoint-
ed flowers
when the scent'
s been taken
out of their
color's per-
meating phras-
es.

They lower

ed the light
s until those
dark water
s began slow
ly rising
through the
tideless
waves of our
mind's in
coming depth.

Sterile

Nothing'
s more ster
ile than a
clinic chos
en with arti
ficial flower
s and their
accomodat
ing self-fash
ioning smile.

Ours an

agnostic
age assuming
a superior
ity of earth
ly claims
yet vaguely
mirroring
only that
pale image of
a lost-pur
suing faith.

Heart-beat

he rarely
heard it
speaking a
loud but then
suddenly real
izing its on
going not
quite time
lessly life-
conceiving
presence.

Ship-of-fools

They could
hardly remem
ber that final
on-board call
ing them to
a common i
tinerary'
s manned-full
flying its
own porten
tuous flag
ged skull and
bones.

2nd Commandment (Moses)

Those parent
s creating
their child
ren in their
own unfulfill
ing image of
a differ
ing age and
personed o
therwise
than they
could scarce
ly find-them-
out.

Guide-lines

as there were

no guide-
lines left

(not even the
10 command

ments) e
manicipated

from all
but their

self-pursu
ing aim's crea

ting an all-
surrounding

and yet inde
finable lone

liness last
ly from self.

Goethe' (Urfaust, Faust I)

s Gretchen
though puppet-like
too naïve to
be more than
a child-like
symbol outgrew
her growing
up lost from
a self she'
d never real
ly become.

If Catherine

in Hemingway'
s A Farewell
to Arms was
really his
first love
secretly fem
inine-seclud
ed Why were
his afterward
s-women only
of those sporty
superfi
cially mascu
line-type.

The Great Gatsby

It's those
specially
sensed plac
es that peo
ple longer
and lasting
ly like Jay
Gatsby's glass
palace or
that dead-end
no-place of
death and se
duction.

The bright

coloring
s of these
death-confi
ing leave
s but a mir
ror of these
sun-exposing
days darkly
self-conceal
ing.

This train'

s moving a
head while
leaving be
hind as if
time's two-
direction
ing its us
ually uncer
tain future.

Everything

about her im
plied a dull
ed sense-of-
being more
there than any
where else
still-stand
ed.

Long stret

ches of sound
less street

s that one
could almost

hear that dis
tant echoing

of feared pre
monition

s.

Uneasy

sleep as if

those unremem
bered dream

s living a
live his phan

tom escape-
routes.

October

cool clear
and cleans
ing its vast
ly color
ing-down ap
partition
s.

The poem

that only-es
cape in a sha
dowless money-
minded world
of facts and
figures that
don't even
add-up right.

Some per

sons seem to
look through
me to that
other-side
of self-de
ception.

Two-levelled

Are we (then)
two-levelled
person
s The one
streeted to
surfacing
artificial
inclinat
ions while
the other
most-al
ways im
mersed in
substrated
self-dia
loguing
s.

This night'

s beyond its
depth of see
ing where
so encompass
ing that e
ven dream
s have lost
their own
sense-of-feel.

Dark night'

s shadow
less presence
as if we'
d become en
veloped in
to the depth
s of a per
sonless self.

Lights on

suddenly
across the
way before the
morning's
dawn awared
me to how ar
tificial
our own sense-
of being'
s become.

Winter's

streams dy
ing-down to
that untouch
able pulse
of where si
lence reign
s.

Cliché

s that thought
less process
of levell
ing words down
to that bar
ed image of
their once
minted-value.

There may

be other plan
ets out beyond
the reach of
our knowing
where But this
one's so myster
iously guiding

my eyes through
its undiscov
ered darkened-
phrasing
s.

Through

those darken
ing tree
s he heard
a seldom un
seen bird
coloring
its chosen
sense-in-
song.

This morn

ing's slow
ly spread
ing itself
out as a
spider webb
ed in the
realms of
its own en
compassing
self.

Dance-form

These soft
wind-express
ive branch
es interweav
ing the leave'
s forgotten
memories.

Parallel tracks

These always
s parallel
tracks beyond
the length of
seeing where
distance
s would be
defining them
selves out.

Window

s lining
these va
cant street'
s frontal
view of al
ways self
lessly watch
ing.

Fogs

clouding
his sense-
from-view my
sterious
ly time-en
closing.

Inbetweened

Man or woman
she or he
seemed some
where inbet
weened two-
sided possi
bly self-creat
ing.

These fog

s so untouch
ably measur
ing the depth
of those un
seen distan
ces of our
s.

When in

the secrecy
of night's
prevailing
darkness
did those
first fresh
ly-October
frosts reaff
irm the beauty
of death's
unrelent
ing source-
claims.

A long dis

tant view of
a lone per
son spreading
his shadow a
cross a field
of seed-down
harvesting
s.

The train

started as
if from it
self sound
lessly ahead
to a nowhere
s of last
ly finding-
out.

And what if

they didn't
reappear Per
ennials bloom
ing each year
same place col
oring a rout
ine of un
changeable
thereness.

Two identities

that should
have merged
at the center
Christian
and Jew the
one speak
ing through
those blood-
streamed a
wareness
es The o
ther all-of-
a-person'
s more-than-
that unrecon
ciling.

If "the pen

speaks louder
than the sword" It
must be a
skillfully adept
sharpened
to a time-
less sense-
of-meaning
Inked even
deeper than
that blood-
soaked free-
flow.

These autumn

fallen trees
rising to the
silent heights
of their
mysterious
ly light-awakenings.

He inhabit

ed an official
look about his
well-groomed
cloth-through
smiled an off-
hand though
all-the-more
steadfast
appear
ance.

That little

dog's outstand
ing ear's
thoughtful
ly self-atten
ding.

Rachael'

s eyes diamond-
crystal allur
ing Jacob'
s soundless
ly fathom
ed depth.

He believed

what he want
ed to believe
usually the
best of a sit
uation But he
could become
so critical
ly intent that
I couldn't
believe it was
the same father
who tried most
unsuccess
fully to grow-
me-up in like-
manner.

Rain incom

ing thought
s however
distant
clouding o
ver that feel
of unresolv
ing quietude
s.

Late autumn

the sweet
smell of smoke
as this fading
moon's remembrance
of what can't
quite be
brought-
back-to-
mind.

Where do

those over-
reaching black
birds die
ominously circling
the
sky within
their time-
forsaking
deathly
premonitions.

Desk-light

woodened
touch of an
elusive
poem felt-
down to
form its pre-
given size.

Stone-sensed

city absorb
ing the per-
cussive
sounds of
shadow
ing sensi-
bilitie
s.

For Rosemarie

If beauty'
s become its
only proof
speaking for
itself a wo
man must prove
that worth
of chaste-
modesty ap
pealing to
the density of
its truly
intrinsic
form.

Can the

night real
ize its own
successive
waves of
darkness
es within.

Carmen

voiced from
a differ
ing culture
and time-a
wareness
sang herself
into those
remote dream
s of my fath
er's longing
for a peace
able rest.

Can one

hide as Adam
and Eve from
the naked
life-source
of one's own
shadowing
being.

No one else

How much can
one take Not
wanted but al
ways return
ing to a lady
who didn't
need her until
there was no
one else.

Swallow

ing one's
pride heav
ier even than
lumped-cereal
causing a
residual
blockage of
the main
streams of
one's tenta
tively reviv
ing sense-
from-being.

Praying

for one's e
nemies as
Christ slow
ly shadow
ing those hid
den depths
of one's own
alter-ego.

"Foolish

consisten
cies" implic
s a self-con
cealing gramm
ar of one'
s own less-sel
ective being.

Mirroring

Only the i
mage of him
self mirror
ing back a
no-way-
through
those glass
facades as
if he'd
become only
an image
of where he
wasn't.

Whisper

ing secret
ly under-brea
th as shadow
less smoke e
vading the
form of its
very-being.

Sabbath

The candle
s' lit an in
ner unbespok
en darkness
as if some
thing more
than silence
indwelling
there.

The piano

attuned to
the needs of
her finger
ing a word
less depth of
self-discover
ings.

Do we all

need a pro
tecting an
gel often a
gainst our
own will Wing
èd from the
realms of a
higher sense-
for-being.

Only after

the wind
ing ways of
a rivered
self-becom
ing could he
realize an
unseen forc
ing the now
of a not-o
therwise-be
ing.

Audiences

Was Haydn's
London more
sophisti-
cated to his
oft-self-iron-
ical wit
than that
star-studded
one-of-our
long-winded
to finger-
feelings and
emotional
over-lease.

If

"no man's an
island" why
do we so
long for an
island-se-
clusion
from a world
that still re-
mains outside

the realms
of our pre-
describing
landing-
rights.

Haydnesque

as he realiz
ed that
theme's intri
cacies from e
very end
playing it
so deftly
self-conceal
ing that it
seemed even-
the-more anony
mously his.

Flower

s so soft
that even
touch melt
ed into
streams of
dreamful
coloring
s.

Dark beginn

ings as the
eyes become
accustom
ed to what
they can hard
ly envision
reaching-out
that seldom
void of space
less silen
ces.

Answering Tolstoy (5)

a) *The meaning*

of art's deeper
view of life'

s realizing
the always known

as it wasn't
quite just-

that-way be
fore.

b) *The later*

Tolstoy oft

religion
ed his art

beyond that
invisible

line of self-
expressive

ness.

c) *It's of*
not-so-much
what one
has-to-say
but more
that way of
saying it'
s rightly-
true.

d) *"L'état c'est moi"*

Dictator
s create
their own
people in
to a self-siz
ed kingdom
as Tolstoy
dimension
ed his later
art beyond
the bounds of
it's own real
izing where.

e) Turgenev (1882)

with his
smaller yet
precisely
sensitive
self-suffi
cient art
would have
death-bedded
the greater
Tolstoy to
a vow of
much-the-same
hardly again
realized.

For Rosemarie

Love is be
cause there'
s a continu
ity of time-
changing
always that
intimate
sameness
of becoming
ours.

If the blind

could only
dream in col
oring those
musical tone
s escaping
tenuous
ly through
their near
ing flow.

Puffed-up

Exceeding
oneself as
a blowfish
puffed up to
its ever-expand
ing self-in
habiting con
cerns.

Clouded

She didn't
know which
way out or e
ven if there
was an out
of her cloud
ed no-other
place of be
ing there-
now.

Géricault

at the face
of a mad-
killer could
n't eye-
through his
own self-re
flecting
thereabout
s.

On Chinese Art (for Neil) (5)

a) *The fine*

ness of a
Chinese

bird slenderly
touch

ed to its
coloring-

finds.

b) *Chinese*

landscape

space-revealing
not only

the seen
but its in

dwelling trans-
parencie

s.

c) Nudes
often meant
to glorify
man's almost
celestial
beauty Where
as the Chin
ese pre-dress
ed ever-so-
chastely-
time-felt
man's decora
ting ever-
daily being.

d) When the
poet color
lessly paint
s and the
painter word
lessly in
scribing a
sense-unity
of timeless
appearan
ces.

e) An elite-
aristocrat
ic communal
art that rare
ly discern
s the street-
levels of
the poor and
hopeless
ly dispos-
essed.

Wheel-chaired

Holding on
to the wheel
chaired
her thought
s around until
she was grasp-
ing on to
more than
space could
possibly al-
low.

Crutches

walk us
their own
rhythmi-
cally adept
at sound
ing the floor
s out dir-
ection-wise.

As Macbeth

realized
the woods merg-
ing into
their dark
ly foreboding-
nearness as
if time it
self had been
calling them
successive-
ly forth.

This clinic

on the Starn
bergersee
a house of
out-used
body-parts
as skeletal
bones renewing
their claim
s of an arti
ficial life-
renewing
wellness.

It was death

they couldn'
t face on its
own terms
Tolstoy Goethe
and the o
ther-such un
willing to
cede their
living-claim
s for a
vast sense
of self-super
iority.

Aging per

sons heavy-
down with
their thought

less memor
ies of an ir

retriev
able past

forming dee
per shadow

s than their
lessening

life-feel
could bare

ly support.

Only love

and faith
not fame and
renown can

redeem a
timeless

sense of
life's in

creasing
ly self-ful

fillment.

“Making

God his part
ner” (the
last on a
long list of
business as
sociates)
left God
little choice
but to bless
his daily
deeds money-
wise.

Sleep over

comes as death
darkness
ing even dec
per than
time can
possibly
realize.

Morning

fog a ghost
ly world phan
toming un
touchable
silence
s.

This over

flow of leave
s immensing
colored de
signs of
all-encom
passing sound-
depths.

Dual-identity

as a poet
for the sel
ective few
of mind and
more than com
mon sensibil
ity As a priest
bending to
Christ's love

for all and
any who have
been called
to His redeem
ing word.

Lost

in the crowd
until he be
came as the
others indis
tinctly sha
dowing a
voiceless
sense-from-
being.

That late

October
light-invok
ing moon
mirroring
the tides of
a darkly dis
tant shore.

“On the wrong side”

She got “on
his wrong
side” as if
he had be-
come room-
ed-through
all those
many door-
s that may
have left
him vacant-
ly center-
less.

A lingering fear

(perhaps once
dreamed
through a
moonless
night)
that he’d
found the
wrong way
out and could
n’t realize
the where of
having-been-
lost.

Time-touch

When the fish
dead-float
ing their sur
facing color
s and the de
sert sound
lessly increa
sing its ster
ile advance
He may have
looked twice
in the mirror
realizing
his own a
ging time-
touch.

On Chinese Art (2)

a) as if
each flower
however common
ly distinct
scenting
an inner
life of its
own.

b) an art
without shadowing or
mirroring
and yet so
poetically refining
a pre-given
landscape
in one's
most intimate
interior
perception
s.

Light-blue

times finely
dressed in
wind-transcending
appearance
s.

Prevorst

He didn't
know that
town had been
haunted But
as they drove
nearer a
strange fear
overcame
him as if
there would
n't be a way
for getting-
out.

Writing

in the dark
though the
lights hadn'
t gone out
of these poems'
inwardly form
ing their
self-quiet
ing reflect
ions.

Warren

why should
I write on
poem when
poems rights
(writes) it
self out.

Through

the morning'
s late dark
ness these
shadowless
trees slow
ly merging
into their
silent a
wareness
es.

Sleep'

s imagin
ary world
voiceless
ly a live
to those sun

ken realm
s of ship'
s abandon
ing treas
ures.

Family-tree

The day they
cut down his
family-tree
to its stump
ed bottom
ness He felt
that lonely
branchless
personing
its own self-
being.

Do the blind

feel the touch
of color
ing through
their own dark
ly apparent
presence.

That slow-

down time-of-
life measur
ing even the
length of our
indwelling
moods though
always reali
zing those
slow-timed
musical
ly spirit
ual depth
s.

For Franz (4)

a) Allegri's Miserere
as if the
need for
givenness ans
wering it
self heaven
ly-attuned.

b) Piano Concerto 2

(Shostakovich slow mvt.)

A change of
time even of
person Shosta
kovich assum
ing an unlike
ly pose of
long-outdat
ed romantic
purtie
s.

c) Air (Bach, Goldberg Variations)

Glen Gould
out of his
deeper/dark
er instinct
s for touch
ing an almost
numbed voice
humming re
sponsive ac
cords.

d) Romance in F (Beethoven)

The “roman
tic Beethoven”
(heroics a
side) attuned
his violin
to an almost
longing sweet
ness heaven
ly aspiring.

Autumnal

moon darkly
voiced through
those forest-
depths of im
pending self-
denial.

Those self-

secluded morn
ing fogs my
sterious
ly awaken
ing their
hidden in-be
coming light-
voices.

November

trees half-
nakedly assembling the
rest of their
death-taint
ed leaves
as a broken
army retreating from its
down-fallen
loss.

Writing

out of the
darkness
words lighting-
forming as
these trees
as sunken in
reverie
as of dream-
contemplation.

Our jovial

face-find
ing doctor
smiling a
transcient
cause of his
own self-find
ing satisfact
ions.

Something a

bout her depth-
imploring eye
s insist
ing a message
not yet quite
self-reveal
ing.

For Rosemarie

Those most hidden of all
treasures may be found
in the depths of our own
self-revealing love.

“Words of wisdom”

are most likely those we've realized
too late for living-them-live.

Honesty

can only fully realize itself
when love's at the true-source
of its very-being.

The dead

should be
seen as if
they're still
living no better
or worse
Otherwise
we're simply
writing our
own inscriptions
on their uninhabited
dead-down stones.

Faith

may be following
some as a stray dog
without a master
oft wordlessly
unseen
but then suddenly
reappearing
when we thought
he'd lost track
on us.

Dream

boat's water
s casing one
silently in
to the wave
s of time
less forget
fullness.

Piano Quartets (Mozart)

The piano
so intimate
ly voicing
Mozart's own
lyrical soul
fullness.

Medicin

al rooms as
artificial
ly sterile as
mannequin'
s clean-teeth
ed touchless
smiles.

A hard night

she had of
it pain-shot
through mem
ories of an
ice-down fall'
s long past a
wareness
es.

Light-impress

ive clouds
streaming
the horizon
s across morn
ing's short-
leased appear
ances.

Curtain'

s transpar
encies moon-
dimmed into
their seclud
ed interior
realms.

Such a beau

teous death
these sound
less color
ing's infold
ing quiet
udes so gent
ly death-re
leasing.

Too late

We came too
late (time
often off-
sets our own
self-plann
ing scheme
s) Dead at
the bottom
of stairs
not a word
left only
that blood
less self-ac
comodat
ing smile.

Sleepless

nights as a
boat drift
ing from its
moorings with
only a pale
moon to light
its unknown
course time
lessly recurr
ing.

After his

wife's pro
tracted dy
ing He too
left all be
hind except
an indistin
ct but alway
s plaguing
sense-of-
guilt.

When Christ

died at the
cross a dark
ness over
came that
land that
no one ex
cept Christ
himself
could fathom
the depth of
its unseen
cause.

Feelings

Some as El
Greco ecstat
ically answer
ing a special
need within
their own o
verwrought
psyché Or the
late 19th cen
tury bombast
over-felt with
its special
display for

feeling
ness I per
sonally pre
fer controll
ed feeling
s turned in
ward spirit
ually space-
invoking.

That

small size
spider hung
to the wind
dow's finely
woven
hours-on-end
time-holding
his invisib
ly-apparent
appetite.

Shakespeare

the best of
us after turn
ing life from
the ups to
the downs in
versely so
retired to
his little
hometown an
honored citi
zen in a world
quietly same
d and for him
(perhaps)
seductive
ly too real
to be true.

40 rooms

in rows-of-
four black-
wooded to a
sameness
of view as
if the pat
ient's pain-

length had
also adapted
to such par
allel intent
ions.

Down to the

depth of that
soundless
deep a dark
so complete
that only
those strange
ly light-in
habited fish
could reveal
the close
ness of one'
s own touch-
sense.

The dream

of a house
that could
fulfill their
loving needs
for a future
togetherness
After
years of planning
and hard
work It finished
them
off that empty
house and
their love
emptied of all
future meanings.

When Vladimir

Putin a KGB
man kissed
those sacred
icons even the
heavenly
flamed
candle
s blushed-
for-shame
at the very-sight.

Klee's

child-mind
ed color
ings as if
its world a
play-thing of
possible
future em
bellishing
retreat
s.

Romance

(Carl Stamitz, 2nd Cello Concerto, slow mvt.)

Some melodie
s carry us a
long as stream-
expressing
currents of
their far-off
continuous
ly sound-call
ings.

November 7

This day
standing
motionless
there The
trees half-na
ked blemish
ed at their
coloring
source Time
itself rest
lessly still
ed.

Keeping a

live remembran
ces with re
curring half-
forgotten i
mages of the
dead lively re
newed.

The way a

snake with
its cruel and
watchful eye
s stares an
innocent
frog in its
tracks So does
the fear of
death claim
that all of
what we are
or could
possibly be
come.

We've not

the least of
a chance a
gainst that
immortal e
nemy of our
s timeless
ly prepared
to strike at
now or any
other tenta
tively with

holding those
lasting mo-
ments of our
s.

His invis

ibly time was
up That clock
stopped o-
ver night
couldn't be
rewound for
even a soli-
tary moment
left him help-
lessly alone.

Only one

chance left
the power of
love and faith
transcend-
ing the utter
darkness of
death's blind-
ing claims
on us.

Love and death

in the trag
ic theatre
almost as i
dential
twins perhap
s (also) be
cause love
must kill our
lone sense-of-
identity.

When

what one most
ly wants to
say over-bear
ing the mean
s of say
ing it poem
s out-of-
reach.

Those mount

ains ring us
with their im
movable archa
ic sense of
a pre-history
not ours but
their dead-a
lively
ness.

Does the

fine light-
transpar
encies of im
pression
ism reflect
the true na
ture of French
sensibil
ity Or was it
above all
sourced by
Monet's a
cutely aware
eye-sense.

At the Queen (2)

a) *Elizabeth*

(Sissy) hotel
in Feldafing

heavenly four-
starred admira

bly silver-
set an almost

enchanted pre
sence The wait

ers dressed e
ven finer than

their Sunday
best keeping

watchful eye
s on every dish

as if a sacred
offering from

their hidden
but apparent

ly elabor
ate god-send.

b) an almost
unspeak
ably chosen
place for the
selective
few candle
s whisper
ing a world
that isn't
anymore its
still rarely
attired mo
ments-of-now.

Autumn

brightly
thinning
down that na
ked appear
ance of lost
children
(those ash
ened fire
s) that
couldn't be
called back
Homed.

Haydn's Sun

rise quartet's
1st movement
as if the morn
ing's light a
process of on
comings until
at the last
fully claimed.

A behind-the-

counter girl
who could
only think in
dollars and
cents When she
heard that
pleasing ring
ing up of a
nother sale
She mostly
smiled some
where deeply
inside but
scarcely no
ticeable
for other
s.

If Shakespeare's

plays (the
best of them)
are timeless
ly always-now
Why bring them
up-to-a-dat
ed one-sided
rehearsal
of minor pre
sent day pro
blems.

Händel

so robustly
self-assured
sturdily
striding a
length of
never-a-doubt
of saying it
otherwise
Rightly!

Händel

needs no in-
tro-duction
He's there
fully-so e-
ven before
the begin-
ning arouse
s a sense of
total complet-
ion.

Dual-image

That pain-
felt picture
with Ardon or
Ernest waiting
behind the clos-
ed-door as an
errant child
sternly to be
audienced at
my father's
law office
Whereas I
(just for a
moment) my
father's only

son really
proud of what
I didn't e
ver become.

M. S.

warned "you
don't have to
say every
thing" But
when I did
It hurt the-
most those
closest to
my self-en
deavouring
tongue.

Forbidden

fruits as
with Aesop'
s fox too
high for-the-
reaching Or
those tasti
est Faust and
Gretchen to
an eternal
loss-at-self.

The stranger

It's often
the stranger
who realize
s the most
DeTocqueville
that French-
aristocrat
's deepest A
merican guide
Händel the tru
ly "English"
Purcell-succ
essor Or as
I've become
in mind as in
spirit "The
last of the
German-Jew
s".

The yacht

(though not
the most-mod
ern-best)
still luxur
iated their
smaller dis
tanced need

s for wave-
freed thought-
excursions
Until one night
they return
ed a bit pre-
timed to find
another fancier-
full had taken
their always
docking-place.

Does

(as they say)
“grass real
ly grows o
ver” the blood-
ruins of per
sons and pla
ces still haunt
ed with a depth
of unrealiz
ing life-view.

Night-of-crystals

the beginn
ing of the
end a warn
ing to get
out even if
they couldn'
t stay either
A brilliant-
bright late
autumn day
with the
leaves burn
ing aflame
higher than
even death
could poss
ibly record.

Living-low

the time
s more than
apparent
not a word
too many as
they'd find
him out so
secretly
that he'd al
most lost
that named-birth
ed sense-to
self.

The lost hotel (at Feldafing)

a strange
wood-terra
ced window
ed house six
storied a
late 19th
century
time-escap
ing enclosur
ed view.

Full moon

through half-
barren tree
s mirror
ing a depth
of express
ive loneli
ness.

An off-center type

He was an
off-center
type One had
to rebalance
one's own
sense-for-
view to dis
cover a
straight
ness about
his walk-
thought
s or what
ever he could
n't be direct
ly exposed.

Some women

must be care
fully watch
ed-over
(if not ex
actly caged-
in) because
their feminine-
softness may
seem inviting
ly-malleable
for other men'
s use She was
a singer be
queathed with
more inward vi
brations than
most could ac
quire in a
life-time But
it was sure
ly her vast
ly alluding
eyes that kept
her off-track
to a mostly
unaware hus
band.

Answering Adorno

If the Ausch
witz fire
s have still
ed the poetic-
beautifying
ones as well
That hate and
fear remain un
answered in a
world that
needs more than
ever beauty
prayer and a
truth be
yond that
evil encom
passing Ausch
witz one.

Holbein

Junior's Self-
portrait at
45 looking
us past its
self-conscious
willful strength
fully self-
acquired that

certainty
of future on-
coming succ
esses.

Why that

need to de
fend (as with
Klee's self-
satisfying
middle-class
bourgeois
life-style)
True artist
s (not those
so-success
ful posing
ones) aren't
outside the
scope of trad
itional value
s but inside
the hypocri
ses and incon
sistencie
s of their
own fabled o
therwise
ness.

Phantom car-

lights cruising through
a deepening fog mysteriously awakening those forgotten realms of sunken pre-historic silences.

So many

today (not only in America) with blank characterless faces as a tree without its ringed-growth deeply embedded Earthed!

Change-of-guard

It's only
when life isn'
t ours for-
the-hold
ing unknown
hand of o
thers as
those flesh-
blooded sur
geons watch
ing ever-so-
carefully
the continu
ously for
eign life-
streams.

Hans Holbein jr.

His work so
steady-securing
form articulating
person and the
symbolic continuity of
place But as
Caravaggio
passionately alert
quick with the
knife blood-
arousing.

After season

on the lake
the silent
shore listening
to our
very-steps
as if echoing
its
timeless resolve
continuing.

Anonymous

Some person
s will always
s remain anon
ymously sha
dows of them
selves out-of-
reach untouch
ably sound
less.

Hurt-pride

wounded to
that untouch
able source
Swelling a
pain inward
ly unresolv
ing.

Some last

ing moment
s persistent
ly-there sur
facing those
deeper water'
s restless
ly wave-in
tent.

Moralist

s asserting
a protect
ive word-pow
er Walled a
gainst their
latent adulter
ous instinct
s.

If it's

all-been-said
before It lose
s its said-
for-being as
cloth weared
down to a
thread-bare
ness Those al
ways-truths
to be true to
themselves
must reword
the feel of
their being-
so anew.

Catharsis?

Boxing the
body out of
its animal-
led instinct
s only in
tenses those
war-killing
desires.

For them (the Dürers, Holbeins, DaVincis)

penetrat
ing the blood
and mind of
man sourced
in the image
of their crea
tor's will.

"It all comes back to (haunt) us" (Strindberg)

those ghost
s of the un
written past
November
ed through
the fogs of in
decipher
able day's e
lusively re
creating.

Vacant

sounds spac
ing the depth
of these
wind-open
ing times.

Fog-night

ghostly appar
ent that e
ven our most
chosen and
intimate
words hollow
ing out touch
evasive
ly unreali
zing.

That unrecorded past

Does even the
unrecorded
past retain
a presence
of its own
as these used
clothes my
father gave
for me Are
they unknown
to him inhab
iting that
unrecorded
and mostly
forgotten
past of his.

Life-blood

If life's in
the blood-trans
fusions a
soulful part
of my self-
being Have I
exchanged per
sons secret
ly reclaim
ing the i
dentity of
another.

Holbein'

s self-portrait
at 45 tight
ly hard-boned
visaged one
just as ready
to the knife
as the paint
er's intent
ly self-defin
ing.

Holbein'

s Erasmus from
Rotterdam
closely
mind-eyed
the touch-
feel of that
scholar'
s invisible
awareness.

Minister's house (Malmsheim)

When we mov
ed into our
half-millennium
old wood-up
holding rever
end's house
fully alive to
our own presen
ce as it
took-us-in
(as it had
so many be
fore) to its
centuries of
time-recurr
ing faith-
needs.

The nightly return (Pforr 1809)

A mysterious
silence o
vercomes
the darkness
of that night
ly scene while
a single can
dle awakens a
brighten
ed recognit
ion of his un
expected re
turn.

On those

highest of
mountain
s where the
snow never
melts an in
visible time
lessness has
taken perman
ent hold even
of our hand'
s scarce

ly touching
for their
forgotten
warmth.

“Falling asleep”

or is it a
distant but
scarcely
heard call
ing that
sleeps us in
to those
realmed a
wareness
es at that
vacant other-
end of self.

Dialogued

The portrait
ist as the
therapist
rarely real
ize that im
pending space
between what'
s seen and
that unknown
looking in
sisting
ly back
through
them.

Unexpected

ed tiny flow
ers touched-
in-blue part
ly hidden as
if unrecon
ciled to a
gardened dom
estic indwell
ing.

It was on

an unmarked
deserted
road that a
one-eyed
stranger
caned to the
rhythm of time-
telling him
through to a
fear sudden
ly there
that left him
soundless
ly behind.

One friend left

Only one friend
left but he
became more
than a soul-
keeper as
willing al
ways to hear
to comfort
a voice that

reflected
the depth of
her own self-
pity.

On portraiture (3)

a) *It isn't*
so much those
objects defin
ing one's pro
fessional inter
ests or even
symbolic
inner accord
s But the
eye-depth
the hand's
touching ex
pressive
ness that
source those
deeper realm
s-for-being.

b) *The best*
portrait
s are not
those abstract-
distancing
ones at fear
of exposing
too much of
one's own
self-express
iveness.

c) *When a pict*
ures start
talking back
– She must
have thought
her late 19th
century hat
could impress
my smiling
at her time-
hidden but
so-seen pre
sence.

Personalized (2)

a) *Good novel*

ists can so
personal
ize the his
torical back
ground become
s “true-to-
life”.

b) *Vermeer*

personal
ized those
objects of
every day
living
that they be
came as the
facial fea
tures of that
not-so-direct
ly observed.

S. S.

at sweet-six
teen pretty
bright Jewish
and somewhat
richly endowed
with an alcoh
olic once play
time mother
She knew what
she wanted Him
who happen
ed to be Me
a "lot-of-
fun" kind-of-
life child
less but es
pecially money-
sound.

Poems of remembrance (4)

a) *Holding on*
that tight-
grasp of a mo-
mentary self-
assurance
The boat over
flowing with
unknown per-
sons twice-
changed dir-
ections from
a most-certain
death if ever
turning back.

b) *Danger a*
head he could
feel that
rousing
blood though
those warn-
signals so
distinct
ly written
in a strange
ly foreign
tongue.

c) Firmly
stanced at
our back
those shad
owing figure'
s cruel in
tentions
We kept on
shovelling
the soft-down
earth the
depth of our
own warmth-
blooded impend
ing death.

d) That speech
less train
slowly mov
ing through
the fog-flood
ing night-
rhythmed
through our
always-now
impending
fears.

The fear of winter

Winter's closing
in our no-way-out the
days shorter
the nights darker
imprisoning in an iron-
clad fear ever tightening
its grip on
our flesh-warmed
and soothing
softness
es.

A no man'

s elevator
that seemed
empty of where
we were going as if it
had been pre-planned and
we soundlessly ascending
a vastly unknown past.

Those still

unexpected
moment
when time
slows to the
very-pulse
of our self-
intending
quietude
s.

The corridor

At first
the corridor
seemed short
but strange
ly enough
the further
we went the
longer it be-
came as a
snake wind-
ing itself
out.

For Rosemarie

You'll always
continue to
charm me with
those softly
melting
though less-
revealing
touching eye
s of yours.

Some leave

s not crumb
led and dried-
down to an
exhausted
life-sense
have kept
their color
ings bright
ly flowing
through the
wind's soft
ly evoking
silence
s.

Does (as they say)

“grass real
ly grows o
ver” the blood-
ruins of per
sons and pla
ces still haunt
ed with a depth
of unreali
zing life-
view.

Life goes on

but death as
well that end
less cycle of
time’s irre
versible
sense-flow.

As we live

on through
the memories
of others who
die out that
lasting linger
ing moment of
our self-in
habiting
sense-for-be
ing.

You can't

bury those
innocent
corpses deep
enough They
all keep co
ming back un
earthed to
haunt your
very-being.

Her puppet

finely dress
ed up to but
a transient
image of her
mirroring
self But when
it stopped
talking back
a mute silence
permeated
all her very-
thought
s and wish
es.

Only once

did he real
ize those hate-
your- enemy-
psalms When
those self-de
fying words
mirroring
the depth of
his very-be
ing.

Big-stoned little stones

When those
little Jewish
stones gather
ing a parish
of collect
ive memorie
s of the Big-
stoned dead
inscribed
with less life
fully decid
ing words.

Some of

those perfum
ed sweet-smell
ing stores
left him with
that ethereal
feeling of im
itating sugar
ed light-wing
ed angels.

The sound

s of waiting
alert to each
telling mo
ment so dense
as if color-
appearing.

A double-life

She led a
double-life
as if the
one wasn't e
nough for
the other
A two-sided
street runn
ing through
her every
thoughts in
counter-dir
ection
s.

She conform

ed so much
to her hus
band's other
wise taste
that one won
dered if she
continued
to hear her
self listen
ing aloud.

He was dress

ed to his own
sense-of-import
ance that brief-
cased certain
ed smile of
previous (and
most assuredly)
coming accom
plishment
s.

Child-sold

icers (some e
ven seven)
learning
to kill out
the meaning
of their
own having-
been.

Kafka

so personal
ized the depth
of his own
being hidden
behind those
shadowing
self-decept
ive façade
s of his.

All genuine

artists (the
uncommon few)
suffer through
the imperfect
ions of their
own limited
sense-for-be
ing.

Last Sunday in the church year (6)

a) *The tree*
s bared naked
ly exposed
to that no
wheres to
hide-from
the depth of
our overcom
ing shame The
leaves down
as these un
spoken words
fallen from
their very-
source.

b) Today

Death reign
s supreme
worshipped
with the flo
wering hope
s and remem
brances at
its speech
less altars
of enduring
stone.

c) Death'

s that most
perfected
form of demo
cracy Daily
magnetical
ly pressing
good and bad
rich and poor
to its eter
nally stone-
bred silen
ces.

d) Is death
then the
true source
of these night-
mared fear
s That naked
untold loneli
ness mirror
ing our face
less final-
end.

e) Without
prayer there'
s no hope
left Christ
lived but to
die at the
crossway
s of his
death-over
coming bless
ing.

f) For Christ
ians the loss
of a close-
one signall
ing two comple
mentary dir
ections The
one facing back
to what we'
ve shared of
life's common-
ground The o
ther Christ
wards heaven
ly calling.

Kafka out

fathered
me His loom
ing ever
stronger a
bove those
faint shadow
ings of his
son's guilty
self-apprais
als.

The last defense

The fear that
words the last
defense had
failed him
in the center
of an unspok
en void the
nowheres
of not-being-
there.

Family roll-call (7)

a) *Two sisters*
She took the
upstairs-way
as Kafka to
a roomed-in-
world only
hers but hard
ly shelter
ed against
that other
world down be
low bottom
ed to her un
timely fears.

*b) She read so
much of the
best Henry
James Jane
Austen that
her aloneness-
world revolved
around a soc
ial setting
foreign to
her very-na
ture.*

*c) Uncle Morton
that Esau-of-
a-man big-
strong-hair
y-wooded-hun
ter always
on the prowl
but daily
dentified
to his do
mestic in
habiting
domicile.*

d) Aunt Sylvia

Morton's unwoman

ly aggressive
darkly-beauti

fyng wife
so competit

ive even on
her death-

bed as if
she'd been

born only-yes
terday.

e) Barry

their only

son quarter
backed his

high-school
team as a

woman-wanter
cat-inebriat

ing his al
ways shadow

ing-selved
mother.

f) Grandpa Barney

our self-made-
man brought
up his New-
World child
ren on a King
Lear's diet of
do-what-your-
father-wants
or he'll do-
you-in-and-
out thorough
ly.

g) Etta

his wife so
soundly-pack
ed with do
mestic goose
rocking and
rolling it
down the ais
les of Elvis
Presley's new
est hits.

Poems are

not those
press-the-
button kind-
of-thing
These dry per
iods expose
one's sap-
down word-re
surfacing
needs.

Rosemarie

I'll still re
member that
starless
late-autum
nal night
The lake
more the out
side of dark
ness extend
ing even be
yond its out
lasting reach-
for-sound.

The deep

sleep that
leaves me
soundless
ly awake to
recurring
(though soon
dissolving)
images.

That window

ed light a
cross the
way sudden
ly realized
voiceless
though e
ver-watching
through the
vanishing
night's last
moments of
immens
ing dark
ness.

Colorings

That tiny
bird branch-
holding its
fragile touch
ing my through-
coloring
s.

Cain

too marked-
off but pro
tected from
an alien
world mask
ing his own
While we Jew
s long ex
iled return
ed to the
distant land
of our fear-
felt call
ings.

Reattuned?

Is happiness
(a true sense
of fulfill
ment) a blem
ish from this
self-suffer
ing world of
ours Must we
suffer then
into the very-
grammar of
our self-sus
taining love-
attune
ments.

This land

dried-down
its very-sub
stance The
trees thinn
ed to their
leafless shad
owings Only
the holding-
touch of love

can help re
claim this
sapless
land of our
s.

Those stain

s the fallen
leaves us
with moment
s of a blood
less regret.

Stone-by-stone

When the
city bombed-
down to its
very-being
Nothing left
but our bare
hands rebuild
ing its ex
hausted-na
ked frame
stone-by-
stone.

After his illness (for Ingo)

only a dim-
light left
But even
that-enough
to realize
the faint
touching
s of an al
ways new be
ginning.

Is time run

ning out on
us as a ri
ver dry-sea
soned its
bared-down
currents
breath
lessly step-
finding.

A seculari

zed Kafka
daily plagued
with the fear
s of his own
insuffi
cience
s but lost
from his my
sterious
longing for
that always be
yondness-
light.

He walked

his late-after
noon shadow
increasing
ly the more-
becoming of
his always
lessening
self.

Those unex

plored region
s of the soul
as vastly
darkening
as the deep
est breadth of
these late-au
tumnal night
s.

That silent

one all-be
coming shame
of one's na
kedly exposed
bodied the
fear of death'
s all-inclus
ive claims
on us.

This late

November
day as a Span
ish galleon
lost-down
to its sunk
en silenc
es.

Buxtehude'

s Christ-bod
ied passion
as Rubens'
exclusive
ly flesh-orien
ted crucifix
ion the in
carnation of
His one-of-
us death-o
vercoming.

Exploring

the heaven
s for lost-
possible plan
ets expose
s the more
of our earth-
bound God-
insufficien
ces.

Frozen

moments the
tight-close
ness of those
feared but
unspeak
able word
s.

A higher church (official) I

They'd like
to be known
as tolerant
peace-maker
s popular
ly smiling
their own in
sufficient
need of a
cause the
slight soft
ness of their
indwelling
cheeks more
than that
steadiness
of claiming
outside the
closed-in
circle of
their own
self-appre-
ciation
s.

Human zoos (for Michael)

Are those
caged-in
prisons
really noth
ing more
than human
zoos protect
ing the ani
mal-in-us
from those
fierce in
stincts
that might
flare-up
the impending
night-light
s of our own
indelible
fears.

A higher church (official) II

That harm
less post-
christian
smile of his
always pleas
ant well-
meaning
salvation-
wishes
taming all
of the dead
ly instinct
s that led
Christ to
the cross.

Attacked

She was at
tacked in
bright day
light help
lessly a
lone Only the
mute stone
s cried out
her need as
many passed
by attend

ing to their
own daily
wants and
wishes.

The German

church after
closing its
doors to the
suffering
Jews has now
discover
ed that Christ
was one-of-
them-Ours not
theirs those
un-Christian
Israelis.

The creed

It's that com
mittment to
a "holy
church"es'
centuries
of Jewish
(Jesus)
hate that un
holies most
of those "dev
ilish" in
stincts of
mine.

A warning

If Christ'
s words and
deeds are da
ted then the
spirit-of-the-
times become
s holier than
the-spirit-
of-His time
less word-en
compassing
being.

Songs without words (Mendelssohn) I

at time
s so intimate
ly voiced
that we could
hear our own
breath rhy
med to those
self-enchant
ing moment
s of his.

Songs without words II

At other
times his
voice over
came its own
descript
ive nearness
and left us
clichéd to
romantic
ally over-
flavour
ed senti
ment
s.

Waiting

for what did
n't happen
as this bar
ed-down late
November
landscap
ing a receipt
ive need for
the first
snow's time-
enhancing
complete
ness.

Unwanted advice (to a Nobel Prize poet)

It's only
when words
so seldom re
fined that
they realize
their own in
herent i
dentity.

“Dawned on him”

It “dawned
on him” as
a subdued
candle light
ing the en
tire scope
of that room’
s inner dark
nesses.

Abbreviations

In this
strangely
foreign world
of unknown
letter-ap
pearance
s We must
blindly touch-
our-way to
a nowhere
s of find
ing those
not-words
out.

For Rosemarie I

It's only in
this aging
world of a
peaceful to
getherness
that we've
realized the
intimate
voice of a
timeless u
nity.

For Rosemarie II

Those prett
ily designed
dresses of
your hung-
up to their
most intimate
ly creative
calling
s.

Ode à Rogier van der Weyden

when space
and the fa
bric of sound
realize a
world of un
touchable
purity.

Contrasts (2)

a) Van Eyck
may have de
tailed that
freshly-seen
for its own
sake quiet
ing an appre
ciably spaced
still-life.

b) Whereas
Van der Wey
den surface
d a sense
of God's hid
den but my
sterious
ly aware-pre
sence.

Christian

Lehnert'
s poems
keep-close
to a person
ally sound
less obser
vance.

When the

"always-now"
had become
an always-
then as if
time's contin
uity washed
upon strange

and uncertain
ed shore
s.

On Kafka (4)

a) That-way

If what al
ways seemed
so unreal in
Kafka's word-
aware vision
ary mind act
ually happen
ed Or was
what he de
scribed
only real
ly so because
he realized
it no-other-
way than his
own.

b) Wider-framed

It's often
that deep
ly personal
subjective
view of a
world wider-
framed than
our own.

c) Kafka'

s so Jewish
ly idealized
view of marr
iage only be
came most tru
ly his own
while writing
out his self-
causing un
fulfillment'
s sake.

d) If Angst'
s at the
heart of mod
ern man It
realmed Kafka
firmly-first
in its pro
phetical
ly tentacl
ed grasp.

The law

God's ulti
mate domain
evilly usurp
ed as with
Kleist's
Michael Kohl
haas closed-
out always be
yond man's
unreacha
ble cause.

Saying

what one
should isn'
t saying
at all
Silence how
ever remote
ly speaks
louder than
such words.

Rain

drops touch
ing the loss
of leaves im
itating col
orless
ly why.

That chair

in his office
curved and elegantly arm-
holding him
into a dignity of self-
assuming importance.

How many

men use “the
best years”
of their wives
as a guarantee for
their own self-satisfaction
appearing as
clothes freshly exhibit
ed fashionably display
ed until worn-down for
closeted-forgetfulness.

Those ghost

ly fogs phant
oming the
wood's dark
ly reclusive
ness.

A lone Decem

ber apple hang
ing hard
for the cold
taste of wint
ter's aspir
ing claim
s.

For Rosemarie

The warmth-
softness
of your hand
infolding
the depth of
my very-be
ing as a
rose sound
lessly color
ing.

Does the

tonality of
our speak
ing voice its
inner rhy
thmic accord
s imply cer
tain charact
er traits
Or have we
learned all-
to-well to
simulate
the appeal
of our voic
ed-toned ap
pearance
s.

He heard

only what
he wanted to
hear So as
his world
grew ever-dark
er and left
him a no-way-
out he began
to hear noth
ing at all.

Cornered

He forced
a no-way-out
on his long-
time friend
Cornered
him to those
speechless
darkness
es within.

After her

husband
left her and
the children
grown-away
into their
own life-sense
She started a
new as if
life itself
was an ex
changeable
item She
tried to real
ize to-the-
full its re
newable down-
payment
s.

Morning

street-light
s still stran
gely awake
to some scar
cely decipher
able dark-
time message.

Christianed

When life
started closing-
down on that
many-roomed
house of his
light-by-light
space upon
his space
less need for
a never-relin
quishing hea
venly-more.

Interval

s of sound
as the eye-
levels of
your thought
ful voice
spaceful
ly within.

No secret

s kept ex
cept those
of these
timeless
waves origin
ed from a con
tinuing un
known source.

Special e

vents as our
“golden anniv
ersary” may
mark time out
as those num
bered stone
s that often

seem misplac
ed in an o
pen field of
increasing
forgetful
ness.

For Christian Lehnert

Listen
ing to the
inner voice

(as if we
could hear
what isn't
ours to
know) the
image of those
soundless
ly inert sha
dowing
s.

Mood-

poems as atmos
pheric paint
ings realiz
ing those in
effably spac
ed-interior
s of our
own self-
searching
s.

A rabbit'

s pre-deter
mining taste-
awareness
of a carrot'
s self-defin
ed calling
s.

The dangl

ing and still
recurring i
mage of that
tree-snake'
s taste-in

volving a
predator
bird's in
creasing
appetite'
s-fill.

Sourced (in memory Charles Seliger)

Is color
sourced in
the visual-
mind's need
for inher
ent touch-
finds.

Recallings

The sapless
cause of
these naked
ly defining
trees as ag
ing men's de
sires for a
spring's re
calling.

Knight-devil-death (Dürer)

Only then
did he realize
Lost in
a wood of
all-surround
ing fears
without e
ven the slightest
light-sense
to finding
a way out.

Mirroring

That distant
panoramic
view of the
heavens be
ing swallow
ed up in
to black-in
mersing void
s that left
a shallow
ing depth
somewhere
in his heart'
s contract
ing range.

“Copycat”

I don't
really know
what cats
might be copy
ing perhaps
those almost
soundless
secretive
paw-ways that
echo ever-so-
slightly
its repet
itively approach
ing nearness
es.

Outsourced

She felt the
fields flow
ing her a
way beyond
the grasp of
holding those
elusive mo
ments secure
ly-tight.

1st Quartet (Bartók)

From the
stilled and
intimate to
the continu
ous over
flowing of
waves immens
ing their un
realizing
height
s.

Op 76,5 (Haydn quartet, last mvt.)

Tongue-in-
cheek All-
starts-at-once
circusing
life's puls
ing-interlude
's through-
moment
s.

Op. 76,5 (Haydn, slow mvt.)

If heaven
could be
told earth
ly-bound
then here a
transform
ing beauty
landscap
ing unimagin
ably peace
ful quiet
udes.

Renaming

what doesn'
t change
what's al
ways been
there before
word-disguis
ing their re
newing sense-
appeals.

Buber's

“spiritual
Israel” im
plying a state
beyond the
state’s al
ways-need to
secure the
real border
s of its
very-being.

The poem

continu
ously dialog
ing that inn
er inescap
able world at
the darken
ed-depthed o
ther-side-of
self.

Late fall'

s quietly de
ceptive warm
th as some
persons we'
ve known mask
ing a pleas
antry of arti
ficial appre
citation
s.

Dr. Wallner'

s Freudian
over-shadow
ings silen
ced me in
to the dead-
dream-fears
of his no-
answering
length-of-
being.

I only re

member Dr.
Lander's
slight limp
and the God-
like picture
of Sigmund
Freud domin-
ating much of
his lesser
presence.

Two Flemish masters (2)

a) *Van der Wey*
den's lyri-
cally dress-
ed-color-
ings the in-
terior world
of each and
every self-
designing
personed-ex-
pressive
ness.

b) The brilliant
ly perform
ing stillness
es of Van Eyck'
s surfacing
realms of
self-contem
plation.

He follow

ed his own
lesser (but
still prevail
ing) instinct
s as a dog
leashed to
the scent of
its elusive
self-find
ings.

Too much

King David
given too
much of his
wanting-for-
more over-
stepped that
invisible
line out
side even
the expand
ing claim
s of his pre-
Messianic
kingdom.

That half-

moon focus
ing the early
winter heaven
s but still
signify
ing the blind-
dark-side to
our own sense-
of-being.

Gryphius

poet of the
30-years-war
reclaimed
his life's re
newing source
in the tight
ly committ
ed sonnet-form
and through
a faith tower
ing above that
daily rhythm
of death's con
tinuous har
vesting
s.

There

We were there
to be ignored
as desolate
ly alone as
the island
of their choice
Delos rock-
stone and
barren-space.

Weimar and Buchenwald

so physical
ly near but
spiritual
ly distanc
ing two world
s of the mind
and spirit
and that of
hate and viol
ence But near
er than ever-
realized The
young Goethe
("Prometheus")
emancipated
man from God
setting those
other spirit
s loose Man
as the mea
sure-of-all
things that
then measured
out the cruel
ty of his
own very-
being.

Pioneer days (in memory Willa Cather) (2)

a) the unlimit

ed call of
all those un
fathomed land
s soiled to
the very
close-sense-
feel of our
most intimate
being.

b) Pioneer

days when
sun moon and
stars so a
lone in their
heavenly
escape ur
ging a prim
eval light
upon our
first-sens
ed time-rou
tes.

Question

ing Goethe
For your
love and
nature have
replaced the
need of a
God whose es
sence is love
and whose nat
ure is the
creating
source of
all that's be
ing.

This dried-

down fall
as some per
sons so emaci
ated that e
ven a boned
handshake
echoing
through
what was left
of their life-
reclaiming
person.

Why moral

ists are a
dultery-
prone Because
they position
themselve
s so as a
word-wall pro
tecting a
gainst their
instinct
ual other
wiseness.

The right-rev

crend P. seld
om right in
his wife's
pre-order
ing eyes re
dressing those
half self-bal
ancing words
of his into
a tottering
Moses-like
stutter.

String-Quartet (Ravel)

Light-sense
stream
ing shadow'
s banners
of sound
less express
ion.

Clarinet Quintet (Brahms 1st mvt.)

A flow
ing express
iveness
silver-sens
ed escaping e
ven time's im
ploring sha
dows.

The viola'

s mostly lost-
in-the-midd
le enchant
ing-seductive
ly calling us
to its renew

ing harmon
ic pleasure

s.

Op 64,2 (Haydn's Quartet – finale)

Haydn's presto-

finales each

voice redis

covering its
own express

ing a togeth
ernes as a

shimmer of
light's just-

revealing.

On Brahms'

Clarinet Quin

tet's incolor
ing harmon

ies as juicy-
delectable

as the taste
of ripen

ing fruit's in
herent touch-

values.

Light-fan

tasies faint
ly through
these still
ed shadow
ings time'
s recreat
ing oneness-
accords.

2nd Advent

Winter'
s cool rain-
invoking
shadowing
s of those
summer-bird'
s coloring-
renewal
s.

Rebuild

ing after-the-
war's almost
total ruin
s down to
those very-
depths of a
vanquish
ed evil-em
pire.

“Egged-on”

They “egg
ed him on”
perhaps be
cause he was
the immovable
“hard-boil
ed” type or
because they’
d “chicken
ed” him now
surely “egg
ed-on” for
signs of cour
ageous be
havior.

Between 2 worlds (4)

a) *An interior-*
poetic world
freshly re
vealing sound
image and
thought and
the "real"
world that
holds me
tight to its
always ground-
based fear
s.

b) *The Jew*
in my endanger
ed look-out
Towering
those ghett
oed breach
ing walls
And the Christ
ian Church
in what re
mains close-now
to my very-
being.

c) between

the truly
invisible

church con-
cealing its

Christ-chosen-
ness And that

physical-
ly exterior

one walled-
high against

its callen-
message.

d) between

the Herbert-
ian culture-

designing
conflict And

the word be-
yond the

word's time-
less remote

ly-calling
s.

Judging

through
the half-blind
eyes and
sense of o
thers Or the
cycloptic
focus of one'
s own very
self-reveal
ing.

Unchangeable

We knew
they'd never
change-course
Holding-on to
what's always
s-there while
intently look
ing for what
daily isn'
t.

This wind'

s darkly in
visible mess
age as the
flow of wave'
s unknown
but always-
intended
course.

In memory C. S.

He kept
his secret
ly paper
ed impress
ions (where
I may become
more found-
out) in a
safely-secur
ing relia
ble place.

When a poem

becomes
those alter
nate route
s of unrecon
ciled dis
tancing
s.

A money-thinker

She was from
childhood
on a money-
thinker evalu
ating person
s and purchas
es in dollar
s and cents
Even check
ing out gift
s she'd re
ceived not ac
cording to
taste or
choice but to
their very-re
levant value.

It rained

so hard so
long that we
could hard
ly decipher
our own voice
retreating
into the
shadows of
those unheard
silence
s.

“We Three Kings of Orient are”

a hymn of
such distant-
longings
that even
“the field
s and fount
ains” sustain
ing their e
ver-search
ing for the
star-anoint
ed king.

Karl Stamitz

es' pre-Mozart
ean clarinet
concerti al
most as se
ductively
fluent and
yet pre-dat
ing its epi
gonal sound-
describ
ing presen
ce.

"Its our

turn now"
she said
(as the eld
est of their
ever-lesse
ing family)
Her mother bur
ied from the
sovereign
age of time'
s always but
ever-slowly pro
ceeding
s.

“O come all

ye faithful”
's resound
ing call to
the ends of
time and of
the earth'
s expanding
spheres
for life the
real-life
of Christ'
s now-becom
ing invis
ible king
dom.

The Jewish-

Christ mark
ed with the
Star-of-David
His people'
s oncoming
death-blood
of their se
cretly with
holding re
demption.

The Call (4)

a) through
the night'
s compelling
darkness
es that watch-
eyed train
tracked to
its sensed-
distanc
ing sound
s.

b) That finger'
s boned but
voiceless
ly pointing
its no-where
s-else than
at his so in
nocently-ap
pearing there
ness.

c) The calling of St. Matthew (Caravaggio)

Even that
room (symbol
of a rest
lessly await
ing world)
closed-in to
its no-ways-
out from Christ'
s magnetic
calling.

d) L'appel (Gauguin)

Was it her
hands or
those intell
ing eyes
time-evoking
still un
folding
distance
s.

Too explicit

What become
s too expli
cit as a mor
alizing sermon
or a Lessing-
inspired
play leaves its
word-bound
audience too
small below
such over-an
swering height
s.

Exposing (3)

a) *Love'*
s insist
ent need
s for an in
spoken near
ness through
those ag
ing years of
occasion
ed time-sitt
ing loneli
ness.

b) From secretly exposing

That sudden-
eyed fear of
being read-
through what
ever safely
enclosed her
from se
cretly expos
ing.

c) St. Anthony (Grünewald)

exposed to a
wilderness
of fears in
devilled with
more than his
lessening
cause could
hold.

Alone

with the per
soned dark
ness of that
night-consum
ing house.

He felt

the quiet
ing foot
steps of his
nearing that
elusive
self-image.

The land

breath
lessly still
waiting for
the gentle
ly consuming
touch of
that first
enlighten
ing snow.

Seldom

even in that
16th century
parish house
could he
sense an a
wareness of
all-those-o

thers who'
d lived-this-
house-through.

Prodigal Son? (for M. S.)

His mother in
vested more
of her self
less love
than the mea
ger returns of
her son's so
otherwise-
personed.

Faith

is not that
kind of a
possess
ive thing
As love it
must be con
tinually re
born to satis
fy its tenta
tively real
izing claim
s.

It

was never
outspoken
ly said but
always se
cretly im
plied as
if knowing
had become
the more of
a speech
lessly there.

Kafka'

s light-o
pening door
but always
closed from
entrance
Not-only an
unapproach
able God
but even bet
ween us you-
and-me.

Over

night in a
strange house
an always-
closed behind-
glass book
case But the
more I asked
the less they
could find
of that al
ways-lost
key.

Those eye

s their glar
ing-stare turn
ed me off a
round a cor
ner until my
feet could re
find their
correspond
ing time-ac
cords.

9th Plague in Egypt (Händel)

“A darkness
came over the
land” as if
the Pharaoh
and his peo-
ple would be
plagued with
the depths of
their own self-
shadowing
s.

Those andante

s of Mozart
that continue
a flow of
never-ceas-
ing stream-
like sensibil-
ities.

Come-on

It was a com
mon come-on
that ad for
a penniless
safe and e
asy way of im
proving ...
as those kind
s of indraw
ing spider-
webbed look
s caught in
their no-ways
of possibly
getting-out.

Short-timed

Little boy
s with those
freshly-a
warded look
s self-remind
ing me as
if time had
been condens
ed to that
short-distan
ce between.

Being watched

They knew
they were be
ing watched
through
that narr
ow light of
their from-es
caping step
s.

German portraiture ca. 1500

(Munich, December 2011) (11)

a) discovering
the true beauty
of man's reali
zing his God-
created like
ness.

b) *Woman with a Bonnet*

(Augsburg 1517)

a lyrical port
rait pre-dating
Corot's young
lady embedded
in herself-en
closing quiet
tudes of light
colors open
spaces reflect
ing what only
her withhold
ing thought
s could real
ize.

c) *Holbein's Jane Seymour*

so vastly de
corated that
even her eye
s seemed-like
jewelled-in
flection
s.

d) Holbein's
famed "double-
portrait" so o
ver-filling
that room
with symbol
ic object
s that more
than-define
the depth of
their posed-
from-being.

e) Diirer'
s "Wohlgemuth"
unrelentless
ly unveil
ing the blem
ished face of
his aging
thereness
so unbeauti
fyingly true-
for-us-all.

f) *Diirer's portrait of
Jakob Muffal (1526)*

at once so
realistic
ally room-
near expos
ing the inner
realms of
those abstract
silences of
his.

g) *Furtenagel
("The painter Burkmaier and his wife")*

a great master
piece from a
little known
"minor art
ist" reflect
ing the mirror
ed sameness
in life as in
death of the
oneness of
true-marriage.

h) Why did
Dürer three-
finger his
father's
not quite
cloth-enclos
ing appear
ance.

i) Wolf Huber'
s all-sided
studies of the
same person
ing him to a
unity of self-
being or sim
ply implying
the many per
sons beyond his
outward appear
ances.

j) Portraiture
Are the sym
bols of their
outstanding
position
more of those

personing
hands and
face or paint
erly attribut
es excessive
ly self-de
fining.

k) Seeing and
after-see
ing as if
those port
raits were be
coming a con
tinuing part
of my own
self-reveal
ing.

Time-eluding

The room
not enter
ed by still
being there
time-elud
ing.

She had

the look of
once-being-
young Dressed
that cause in
to an express
ive time-simu-
lating remem-
brance.

Listening

through
those bare
and shadow
less sound
s of a lone
but branch-
defining
bird's com-
pelling an
almost
echoless re-
sponse.

Mozart'

s violin con
certi between
the virtuos
ity of sound-
sensing and
those most
intimate ac
cords of self-
composure.

Schubert'

s 5th as if
“I’ve-heard-
it-before”
and the melod
ic flow of
time-forget
fulness.

Heavy

snow weight
ing my thought
s down to
their earth-
sustaining
whiteness
es.

Pink'

s hung his
longest
through-flow
ing self-en-
veloping
stocking
while Christ
masing his
own apple-
red prepara-
tion-check
s.

These fount

ained parks
summerly

dressed-in
their usual

pleasur
able green

ness Now
dried-down

vacant
ly haunt

ed wind-si
lences.

“Count your

blessing
s” Pink merr

ily adding
them all-up

that side-
winding smile

of his long-
dated type

writing e
ver so care

fully-chosen
blue-ribbon

ed.

For Rosemarie

Those love
ly designed
prettily
dressing me
into the
more of that
always-you.

For H. B.

A room at
the top of
the stair'
s each up
wards prolong
ing steps e
choing 35
years of
time's recept
ive thought
fulness.

Is life then

an upwards-
way of reali-
zing a dimin-
ishing sense
of timeful
completion.

High school

reunion
s however
time-recall
ing my having-
been-left to
the usual out
side of those
always self-
reserving in
tuition
s.

Otherwise

What I still
remember
of those o
therwise
high school
days were
those long-
extending
corridor
s even be
yond my own
self-increa
sing shadow
ings.

Marked-off or down (4)

a) A 2nd start
as if that
almost life-
consuming
one could sim
ply be c
rased as that
3rd grade black
board water
ed-down with
out even a
trace of its

chalk-mark
ed remind
ers.

b) Lot's wife
as so many
German Jews
marked even
with the star
ever-holding
to the enti
cing richness
of Sodom
and Gemorrah'
s time-decay
ing calling
s.

c) Boundaries
He sensed
the boundar
ies of his
pre-given
and limited
domain as if
one step be
yond that
still unmark

ed line could
release all
those haunting
fears inhabi
ting the depth
s of his
very-being.

d) The Lord'
s biblical
time-scheme
can't be plac
ed in man'
s marked-down
time-ensuing
calendar
s It's more
like cross-
word puzzl
ing all those
darkened
closed-off
non-answer
ings.

Humanism?

If man's
not the master
of himself
still
plagued with
those recurring
vices
of lust hate
and power-in-
tent How could
he then be
come the last
ing measure-
of-all-things.
s.

Karl Stamitz (born 1743)

caught right
in the middle
between
Haydn and Mozart
blending
his own lyrically
concerto-
voice and peppy
Haydnesque
finales with
a symphonic

assurance
only a true-
master could
claim.

3 Romances oboe and piano (Schumann op. 94)

Music with
an unknown
message deep
ly shadow
ing its ex
pressive
time-invok
ing loneli
ness.

Pruning a

tree however
finely-finish
ed is like
cutting
these poem
s down to
their source-
growth a
wakening
s.

The sub

way here in
Munich cloth
ed in strange
and foreign
dialect
s inhabit
ing (each
his own) separ
ately uncag
ed moments
of this multi-
cultural zoo-
park.

Looking a

way from
what one
shouldn't
see Tensing
the moment
s of this
always-now
presence.

White

house-paled
impression
s faintly re
vealing this
winter's color
ing bareness
es.

Portrait of a Young Man (*Hans Süß von Kulmbach 1520*)

A sadness as
a web spread
ing from his
eyes and in
concealing
face to the
fineness
of his cloth-
felt self-in
habiting ap
pearance.

His dream

s left him
soundless
ly landscap
ing a famil
iar but yet
untoucha
ble sense-
from-being.

For Norman

terminal
ly sick yet
without a
self-expir
ing date He
lives each
day as a
marked-man
as those Jew
s starred
to the final
ity of life'
s ultimate
exposure.

Dürer'

s best portrait
s so secur
ing a self-
assurance
of pose and
person that
(however much
one tried)
it couldn'
t have been
otherwise
duely-felt.

Death'

s always
been so se
cretly self-
conceal
ing-shy (e
ven hidden
from its own
intent) to
meet one's
nearing-end
face-to-face
or even more
directly-so
eye-to-eye.

Baldung Grien

3 years im
pressed with
the unmistake
able stamp of
Dürer's so-
directly no-
ways-out
took to
the side-ef
fects of re-
editing those
most fam
iliar scene
s so unfore
seeably and
strangely un
known.

4 *Thought-poems*

(December 15, for Ingo and Solvey)

a) *Music*

(the how of
its being

heard)
more than the
conductor-
performance

Or his own
night-causing

transient
mood But the

before and
after of its

own self-re
vealing sound-

length

s.

b) *Should we*

judge a poli

tician by
what he'll be

come in those
always-chang

ing histori
cal tide

s Or by his
closer-felt
Now and no-
where-else.

c) Those epoch
s of great
art with its
inter-play of
more-than-one
depend on a
master-teach
er or else
they'll soon
time-themsel
ves out.

d) Friends
with an a
genda or
caused by a
common togeth
erness Friend
ships rarely
sail under an
unchange
able flag-de
signs.

Lonely face

s (mainly men)
Hopper-like
staring their
vacant thought
s through the
glass reflect
ions of long-
lost irretrie
vable time
s.

His motive

s were main
ly masked e
ven from him
self as if
dialogued
from an ever-
present though
apparent
ly otherwise-
self.

The black

bird left its
vaguely dis
tinct impress
ions on these
snow-felt
fields of
wind-breed
ing forget
fulness.

Purifying needs (3)

a) *After Auschwitz*
the world
needs even
more a beauti
fying poetry
sound-sensing
the wind's mo
mentary time-
touching ex
pressive
ness.

b) a light
snow scarce
ly purify
ing our need
for a Christ
mas of Christ'
s always be
coming.

c) Keat's
timeless
truth of
beauty's re
curing need
s to purify
the depthed-
interior
s of our
mostly dar
kening self.

Alena'

s lost friend
s at such
an early age
unquieting
the very-be

ing of her
most-inward
self-imagin
ings.

Grammar (for Warren)

as the choice
of dresses re
mains naked
ly uninhabi
ted until re
dressed in a
personing
self-dialog
ue.

Her way

As she al
ways had to
have it her
way's like a
one-way
dead-ended
street.

She

always need
ed to tell
you “the
truth” as if
she’d become
totally in
habited with
what couldn’t
have be
come other
wise.

Händel’s Messiah (last mvt.)

slow amen-
fugue as pil
grims ascend
ing securely be
yond the final
ity of this
world’s only
ground-level
ed short-time
ed truth
s.

“I know that my redeemer liveth” (Messiah-Job)

intimate
ly so person
ally-express
ing Christ’s
universal
triumph over
those self-de
termining forc
es of sin evil
and even
death.

Cranach’

s portrait
s lacking the
spiritual
ly intense-
realism of
Dürer while
poetizing
the touch of
hair-flow
and land
scaping
those inter
ior worlds of
personed-
place.

One doesn'

t speak bad
ly of the
dead because
they may still
be listen
ing in for
the after
time's un
easing rebut
tal.

So-much-of answering (Robert Frost)

The ambigu
ity of lang
uage opens
out those so-
many road
s (even the
dusty-obscur
ed ones) in
habiting the
many I's we'
re becoming
so much a
part of.

Many-flagged

Friend
ship's differ
ing flags
hoisting a
loft the chang
ing color
s of our so
many person
ed selved-be
ing.

When

the mind run
s quicker
than the word'
s catching
up on its
self-reali
zing phrase
s.

The eas

ing snow
felt-down
soft remem
brance
s of a
time scarce
ly brought-
to-mind.

Symphony HB 44 (Haydn last mvt.)

It began by
being voiced
for an oncom
ing rush of
repeated
through-find
ings excess
ively there-
abouts.

Piano Concerto 9 (Mozart k. 271, slow mvt.)

as sadly
transform
ing as a
snow-touch
ed world
at the depth
of its heart-
levelling
pulse.

Those uncommon

ly strange
sound
s of religious-
medieval music
bringing back-
to-mind a
world turn
ing about its
own far-away
but religious
ly nearly-
felt axis.

Those bright-

resounding
sun-snow re
flecting ac
cords of win
ter's more
gracious
ly sensed-at
tuning inter
ludes.

Living a

self-appeal
ing night-
life of c
qually attun
ed artifi
cial light
s went out
to those
inner dark
nesses of
time-fore
boding fear
s.

Children's games (Brueghel)

as if they
could winter-
down from its
death-threat
ening pulse
to their own
gameful
ly prepared
pleasantry
ies.

Suddenly

in late Oct
ober snowed-
into those
endless fields
of time'
s accumulating
thought
s.

Identities

The Jew-in-
me histori-
cally bound
to that his-
tory of
high-rise
ghettoed
fears While
my-Christian-
being remade
through Christ'
s personal
guide-
star.

This bare

ly touching
grasp-of-snow
as the light-
fragrance
of firstly-
felt spring
flower
s.

Space only

realize
s its own-
true-self
while con
cealing
those oft
unspoken
thought
s of our
s.

This house

at dark voice
lessly alive
to its shadow
ed self-be
coming near
ness.

So many

Renaiss
ance artist
s have por
traited Jacob
Fugger the
rich that he'
s become rich
ly endowed
with those
many facets
of his all-
too-familiar
facially-
tensed self-
certainty.

This winter

ed dawn
raised from
the very-depth
s of these
snow-accumu
lating still
nesses.

Some key

s while flee
ing for their
very-life
are better
lost or at
least no long
er fit for
their refind
ing lock.

Early morn

ing snow re
flecting
those untouch
ed moon-felt
silence
s.

They were

perhaps married
to another cause
less love-binding
but more separately
self-satisfying
realms of
each-his-own.

Why gift

s when He has
given all
Even those
ornamentally exposing
“gifts”
of the oriental
“kings”
only symbolic
of the long
ing forgiveness
ness of His
kingly-priestly
realm.

The Lord's

all-knowing
will and our
less-sublime
freedom of
choice Two
roads with
only the one
invisibly
marked-off.

Snow

the child
hood of our
time-awaken
ing dream
s.

Light-sensings (Advent poems) (2)

a) *Night-*
snow field
ing the wind
s impercept
ively light-
sensing.

b) *Winter*
ed snow-se
cluding dis
tances light-
sensing him
transpar
ently through.

Oboe Quartets (Vanhal)

If music
can so de
light enchant
ing even the
lesser train
ed ears with
its appeal
ing-persuas
ive fluenc
ies Why must
it also be
considered
“important”.

Gracean

apollonic
beauty refin
ing man to
his god-like
light-conceiv
ing origin
s.

He wanted so

much to say
what he want
ed to say
that at the
end only si
lence could
answer that
self-plead
ing unquiet
ing voice
of his.

If after

years of soli
tary conceal
ing at a
sudden al
most unheard
moment of
what she al
ways knew
but never
dared touch
the blood-
streams of
his very-be
ing.

Is the still

life silence
prevading Van
Eyck's paint
ings inward
ly contemplat
ing a newly-
seen fully
realizing
world or be
cause God'
s holy but

also unseen
presence
can only be
answered
in reveren
ce of his
humanly un
fathomable
being.

His unfind

ing future
wife needn'
t assemble
the inquiet
ing beauty
of a woman
ly warmth-
poise but
created more
out of the i
mage of his
mother's
word-rush
ing emotion
ally inhabit
ing idea-
sense.

Advent-Christmas poems (5)

a) Has Christ

ianity really
changed the
world Only the
few his true
disciple
s and their
mapped-out
world His se
cretly-known
encompass
ing plans.

b) The world'

s still at
war with it
self Even "The
Church" consum
ed by world
ly lust In
justice reign
s now as al
ways before
Yet there'
s a hope as
singular as
that single
star that
guided those

foreign “king
s” to a new
and always
becoming.

c) It's only
because we'
ve failed
as Jews as
Christian
s that
that single
star the e
ternal light
of this world
in a heaven
s full of
our over
coming dark
nesses.

d) *If “the*
sun also rise
s” it’s be
cause this
self-enclos
ing darkness
has been clos
ed-off as
that original
chaos tamed
to its limit
ed hold on
all our self-
embracing
sins and weak
nesses.

e) *Our always-now*
It’s only
when that
Christmas
becomes our
always-now
that we can
celebrate
that Christ
mas through

Christ's
timeless
ly self-re-
vealing.

When

“the church”
no longer
triumphant
ly brought-
down-to-size
realizing
the Jewish
ness of Christ’s
calling to
a world (e-
ven its own)
foreign to
His very-
cause.

Some Christ

ians so heaven
ly climbing
the daily hold
of that Jacob'
s ladder that
each private
joy might
disconcert
them from
that final
so opportune
goal.

He wrote

that inner-
tensing si
lence out
in-to word
s delineat
ing their
truly calm
ing source.

The Marian

purity of
most medieval
Christmas

songs Where
as Christ (e

ven in en
fant-human

form) untouch
ably holy

almost un
reachably

beyond man'
s earth-bound

but ascend
ing light-

tonalit
ies.

Some women

so dominate

their domestic
ally caged-

in husband
s that even

the appropri
ate key couldn'

t quite fit
just-right

for all their
emancipat
ing endeavor
s.

These pearl-

like rain
drops shin
ing na
kedly-held
trees to a
shimmer
ing remem
brance of
their first
ly-felt leaf
ed-touching
s.

If we deny

beauty an empti
ness will soon
overcome our
inward being
realized
in light and
purity and
sense.

A silence

before Christ
mas withhold
ing what could
n't be said
as if our
words could
imitate a my
stery of div
inely-felt
calling
s.

Christmas Oratorio (Bach) (5)

a) *Bright*
ly-recurr
ing heaven
ly-aspiring
faith-intona
tions but
then with soft
ening voice
s a unity of
God's purify
ing glory and
mildly in
voking human
spirit.

b) How often
must these
arias insist
on repeat
ing a message
we've long
since become
fully intoned
for.

c) For Bach
father of
20 children
exploring
a mother's
inward
ly caress
ing gentle
ness more
than the fin
est of music
al-phrasing
s.

d) The choral
s answering
with one
voice for and

with us that
inexpress
ible mystery
of The Lord'
s flesh-and-
child-like be
comings.

e) Each instru
ment individ
ually invok
ing its own
musical
faith-tonali
ties.

Her penetrat

ing look
ed right
through the
flesh and
bone of his
very-being
louder express
ed than any
words could
possibly
realize.

“We’re all a

like” he meant
cultural

ly liberal
Jews espous

ing mainly
social caus

es with a
feeling for

the poor
though per

sonally
mostly rich

ly endowed
We’re all

that-alike
he meant

I wasn’t.

Christmas

the birth of
the “new family” in Christ
now more beholden to
that old same-fleshed families’
drifting slowly apart.

At sea

They’d never
been at sea
before with
those wide vistas of
wave and wind
but now-felt
the changing tides of
their directionless
course.

Christmas Story (Heinrich Schütz)

es' simplici
ty purity and
biblical word-
closeness
of this mid-
30-years-war
s longing for
a lasting
peace only with
in the true
realms of
Christ's birth
ed-through
redeeming pre
sence.

Israel

survived
centurie
s of Christ
ian misuse
only because
“The stone
death-breed
ing Law” kept
it perpetual
ly alive to
the hopes of
a messian
ic return.

That bare-

open space
windowed
a winter
ed empti
ness of
light-touch
ing precept
ions.

The Jewish-

Christian
s (Book of
Acts) insist
ed on “The
death-bring
ing law” for
pagans to
firstly be
come Jews
foreseeing
centurie
s of Jew-
hate again
st the basis
of their own
life-renew
ing faith.

Israel

fashion
ably replac
ing those out-
used forms of
impending
Jew-hate “The
Church” again

on the wrong
side of its
world-redeem-
ing message.

The Adultrous

They kept
their dis-
tance but
with stone-
eyed revenge
against their
own illicit-
desiring
s of their
law-defying
ends.

“Sticks and

stones can break
my bones but
words” eyed
with evil-in-
tent can strike
even deeper
to the heart
of our own
very-being.

Christmas Eve

Night-beginn
ing days (in
the biblical
sense) can
birth a light
even intens
er than the
morning'
s self-reveal
ing bright
nesses.

O Magnum Mysterium

Victoria'
s richness
of sound-
depth wave-
encompass
ing spirit
ual here-be
yondness.

Weelkes'

s highly color
ed spirit
ual music mad

rigal-like
interchange
ably through-
pulsing har
monic accord
s.

Christmas

alone inhab
ited by an un
fulfilling
though self-
encompass
ing past mer
ging into
the future
now if no-
wheres-else.

Raphael

our retard
ed son rare
ly focus
ing a music
al intensity
of voiced-
through pre
sence.

This old

wood 1938
knotted with
the pained-
scars of its
freshly cut-
through
blood-scent.

This Christmas tree (for my Rosemarie)

personal
ly no-where-
other than
ours ornament
ing a touch
ed-precision
of intimate
light-aware
ness.

Candle

s forming
the inward
flow of her
hands muted
in light-as
cending pre
sence.

“When the

saints go march
ing in” left
me through
a very unsaint
ly if milit
ary impress
ion of I’ll
keep my dis
tant-waiting
for the quiet
of His soli
tary call.

“O come all ye faithful”

A multi-cult
ural credo-
hymn calling
together
what’s un-
known even
to itself
their Bethle-
hem-longing
s.

At the zoo (9)

a) Flamingo’
s long-length
preception
s feet-fine
ly aspir-
ing.

b) Tropical
ly multicol-
oring fish
swimming
through a
soundless
sense-of-
ease.

c) *Kangaroo*

s hop-jump
ing an earth-
like touch-
and-go.

d) *Lady-lion*

ess' eye-o
pening her
comfort
able winter-
sleep.

f) *The "wise-old-*

owl's constant
ly look-out
appearan
ces.

g) *Penguin*

s astute
ly form-em
bracing
their mili
tary-like
upholding as
signment
s.

h) The tiger
rhythmic
ally prowl
ing the stripe
s-length of
his instinct
ive forebod
ings.

i) Giraff^o
s measur
ing those a
bandoning
heights of
my untold si
lences with
in.

j) The broad-
sided expos
ing rhinocer
os like re-
reading those
hidden page
s of ancient
history.

More

Man knows
that he need
s more Some
where beyond
his mind's
steadfast
grasping
through
those last
ing tonalit
ies of mood-
persuasion
s.

Thought-

poems need to
be clothed in
the rhythmic
coloring
s of their
self-evas
ive but un
denying ex
posure
s.

These day'

s increas
ing bright
ness of win
ter's finali
zing death-
calls.

That lone

street-light
dream-flow
ing through
its fathom
less being.

These naked

winter branch
es dead-a
live to their
timeless-breed
ing light-call
ings.

A lone

lithe bird
branch-touch
ing its wing
èd coloring
light-sourc
es.

These out

seeing in win
dows reclaim
ing time's
voiceless
release.

Not even

this less-in
voking celes
tial moon
could dare en
lighten these
down-bred win
ter's immers
ing dream
s.

Learning

the lesson
s of history
is like re
reading its
used-out
yellow page
s.

Can one o

vercome gen
eration
s of recycl
ing other
wise exper
iences.

Aron

wording him
self back
with that lithe
ness of foot-
from those
years of va
cant express
ionness.

Alena

at 10 color
ing in those
phases of
life-see
ing what's
becoming
that elus
ively-now.

A Raphael

Madonna so
softly and
secretly inre
vealing His
many facial
certainty
of that way
and no o
ther.

He

was a
one-place
one-time
kind of per
son no extra
s or expend
able aside
s as a wo
man without
frills or rib
bons but as
much herself
by simply be
ing there.

Checked-out

A poem must
be diligent
ly checked-
out its col
ored shadow
ings the
pulse of its
rhythmic ap
peal and if
the way of
saying it'

s no other
wise than
that.

“Keeping up appearances”

so much thor
oughly so un
til she began
to appear o
therwise
than that
keeping-up-
for.

Car light

s sudden
ly illumin
ating these
tidal realm
s of dark
ness.

Playing with fire

Most children should know that playing with fire's a forbidden game for those burning needs of self-finding.

Night

only happens to help in tensely describe the origins of light's persistent calling.

Still-standing

So dark that
I couldn't
appear the
house across-
the-way must
have been
there's no
proof still-
standing?

Unnamed person

She forgot
his name but
remember
ed so distin
ctly as if
it was yester
day still
more about
his unnamed
person.

Timelessly

Recalling
what happened then
(those years of childhood's forgotten memories)
As if time had forgotten
as well self-releasing its timelessly-now.

Caught-

fish's brilliantly designing the surface of the face of its darkening deep.

New Year (3)

s celebrat
ing the e
ver-more of
those lost
and irretriev
able time'
s past.

New Year

s and termin
ably ill
(aren't we
all) a
feared his
time was
running it
self out.

New Year

s still too
young to e
ven realize
the full-leng
th of a year'
s becoming
as those blank-

opening page
s indelib
ly marked
to their
only-now.

He

neither
game nor
friend-orient
ted never
fully realiz
ed those child
hood year
s roman
tized for
his child
ren's hard
ly growing
out to a world
(much to that
other-side-
of self)
s really being
s.

My father'

s "long
long trail a
winding" in
to the Ameri
can dreamed
out without e
ver really
facing-up
to those un
mirroring
self-inclin
ing persuas
ions of his.

How often

so many good-
wishing par
ents living
through
their child
ren's so o
therwise
ness from
their-own.

A bleak

December
day's flurr
ied-snow
neither here
nor there
as some duly-
awared child
ren quick to
their so-be
ing other
wise.

He

always had
to be the-
best But
when he
failed his
driver's
test a third
time They
found him at
the bottom
less pit of
that stoned-
down quarry.

The snow

birthed
through
those silent-
distant cloud
s leaving be
hind only
realms of
their untouch
able remembr
ances.

A snow-

certain day
brightly ass
uring its
time-holding
presence.

These

slight bird-
like impress
ions in snow
barely deciph
ering their
own sense-for-
touch.

It's those

fore-felt
feelings of
what's not
certain
ly known that
awaken world
s of imagin
ary sound-dis
tancing
s.

Some friend

s (however
distan
ing in time
or even space)
remain close
to their al
ways having-
been while
still-being
there.

Meeting

them the first
(and perhaps) last time
more like changing trains
at mid-stop
to those currents of differing direction
s.

Only pain

can consume
the more of us than we
could possibly have
realized before.

Re-creat

ing in mind
of those pla
ces we've
been no more
moods a ton
ality of dis
tant express
iveness.

A. B. '

s shut-
down world
of self-ex
clusive
ly withhold
ing.

A house

freshly pain
ted either
realizes
its once-
sense-of-be

ing or cover
s over more
than it
could right
ly clarify.

The snow con

tinuing its
deepening
life-breath
ed silence
s.

There

He was there
in the back
of the car
because he'
d been there
for almost a
week But now
only by sha
dowing some
still darken
ing paths of
my self-con
cealing past.

Snow

breeds a self-
creating si-
lence the way
of first flow-
erings as
if time had
just discover-
ed its true
blossoming
s here.

Blood-cries

It was the
poor humble
disinherit-
ed that they
crucified
with Christ
Have their
blood-cries
been heard on
the way for
Israel's com-
ing redempt-
ion.

The rain

s came o
ver night
washed the
last remnant
s of snow a
way those
lost memorie
s of an un
told ever-dis
tancing time-
sense.

It's too

late now for
The Church
to cleanse
itself of a
guilt gnawing
at the very-
basis of its
own sense-for-
being.

Time-alert

Sunrise
January 1
2012 not a
sound left
in sight he'
d slept
through
those soft
pillows com
forting a
lingering
fear always
there but now
time-alert.

How much

(or little)
do facial ex
pression
s person an
unseen (but
rarely account
able) past.

A lost poem

(perhaps one
amongst many)
either part
ly conceiv
ed but never
written-
through or
lost in a
crowd of o
thers (as
many of us)
trying in
vain to find-
back that spec
ially attuned
voice-of-its
own.

How many

interchange
able faces
however separ
ately color
ed can we
claim as
our-own gen
uinely person
ed.

Talk shows

talk them
selves out
until words
become as
cheaply sover
eign as a
monarch sell
ing his king
dom for a
single horse.

“A cheap forgiveness” (Bonhoeffer)

The ever-
smiling church
always well-
wishing attun
ed to a common
place forgive
ness at the
cost of its
own unreconcil
ing guilt.

Smiles (5)

a) *Those a*
siatics
smiling their
self-conceal
ing secret-
access.

b) *Those prepar*
ed papering-
smiles she
brought to
the threshold
of her await
ing client
s.

c) *Smiling as*
a seductive
means of en
ticing their
more or less
innocent
prey.

d) The natural
and good smile
of present
ing oneself
pleasing
ly there.

e) Smiling at
being amused
but not quite
to those swell
ing boundar
ies of hearty-
laughter.

Cello Concerto 1 (Karl Stamitz slow mvt.)

The emptied
well depthed
with more
than that un
speakable
sadness
could hold.

A moon

less night
irretriev
ably dens
ed as a for
est held-within
the scope of
its self-en
closing dark
nesses.

Can I

freshly ex
perience
those flesh-
enduring Ren
oirs or Degas'
finely-felt
dance step
s knowing now
their anti-semet
ic anti-Dreyfus
antipathie
s.

Some

thing miss
ing as a
cross-word
puzzling a
vacant-empti
ness or a
room with
out your be
ing at the o
ther-side of
feeling my
self complete
ly there.

Lois at 78

from all
sides lessen
ed from her
tenuous hold-
on-life Loss
of friend
s and health'
s declin
ing certain
ties.

Doris

at the age
of Lee's death
(81) widow
ed to a glass
house of self-
reflect
ing loneli
ness.

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.
 26. **Light Paths**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2011 and Edition Wortschatz, Schwarzenfeld, Germany.
 27. **Always Now**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Bristol, England 2012 and Edition Wortschatz, Schwarzenfeld, Germany.
 28. **Labyrinthed**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Bristol, England 2012 and Edition Wortschatz, Schwarzenfeld, Germany.
- 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 nor less."

Edward Lucie-Smith

"David Jaffin's *Preceptions* is a fine book. Jaffin's poem, 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 Sewance 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."

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"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 profound aftertaste of experiences lived through for the first time."

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"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 '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

ISBN 978-1-84861-287-7



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