



# Wind phrasings

*Poems*

DAVID JAFFIN

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

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

By 1949, Seliger had his first major museum exhibition, at the de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco, and since then, he has had over forty-five solo exhibitions at prominent galleries in New York and abroad, including Galerie Lopes AG in Zürich. In 1986, Seliger was given his first retrospective exhibition, at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, which now holds the largest collection of his work. In addition to the Guggenheim, he is represented in numerous museum collections, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York; the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut; and the British Museum in London. In 2003, at age seventy-seven, Seliger received the Pollock-Krasner Foundation's Lee Krasner Award in recognition of his long and illustrious career in the arts. In 2005, the Morgan Library and Museum acquired his journals – 148 hand-written volumes produced between 1952 and the present. Scholars like Michelle DuBois – who is completing the first doctoral dissertation on Seliger, "*The Structure of Becoming: Charles Seliger's Complex Expressionism*" – now have access to his introspective writing, which cover a vast range of topics across the span of six decades.

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

To learn more about Charles Seliger and view works from his current exhibition, please visit Michael Rosenfeld Gallery at [www.michaelrosenfeldart.com](http://www.michaelrosenfeldart.com).

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

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Title picture:

Painting by Charles Seliger (b. 1926)

“Night Blossoms”, 1964, oil on canvas, 19” x 15”, signed

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| c) <i>We all</i>                     | 309 | Rembrandt in the 40s              | 338 |
| d) <i>Who's Alice</i>                | 309 | Incomplete                        | 339 |
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| a) <i>Does</i>                       | 319 | The piano man's                   | 348 |
| b) <i>Joan was</i>                   | 319 | Adrift                            | 349 |
| c) <i>He saved</i>                   | 320 | Defiantly                         | 349 |
| d) <i>Joan</i>                       | 320 | Predator                          | 350 |
| Autistically in mourning             | 320 | Janacek's 2 <sup>nd</sup> quartet | 350 |
| Isaac Babel                          | 321 | Quicker                           | 351 |
| The jewelled necklace                | 321 | Fathered                          | 351 |
| Closer                               | 322 | For S. L.                         | 352 |
| Clarinet's                           | 322 |                                   |     |
| Nathaniel Pink's                     | 323 |                                   |     |
| Drying up                            | 323 |                                   |     |
| Unframing                            | 324 |                                   |     |
| That vacancy of wind                 | 324 |                                   |     |
| Pity's                               | 325 |                                   |     |
| Chagall's Esther                     | 325 |                                   |     |
| Commas                               | 325 |                                   |     |
| Heinz                                | 326 |                                   |     |

## *A need for more*

He awoke each  
day with a  
need for more

An emptiness  
at heart as  
if his lake  
had been drain  
ed of all its  
watering

sources and  
left him bare-  
ground-aloned  
to the expos  
ures of those  
nakedly inha  
biting wind  
s.

## *Stepping out*

to a no man'  
s world before  
he knew the  
where of his  
catching up  
to himself  
as if shadow  
s had been  
taught to lis  
ten.

*Always being there*

He knew it  
was coming  
(one sense  
such things  
at each  
stop) as  
the train slow  
ed to an ap  
pearance of  
it's always  
being there.

*That blindman's game*

we played  
as children  
helpless  
ly numbed  
from that see-  
touching-light  
we wander  
ed through a  
darkened  
world of  
never find  
ing.

## *Coasting down*

those snow-  
sliding hills  
with the  
ease of not  
caring the  
why or where  
of that all  
ways reced-  
ing from.

## *The touch of*

A child fear-  
ful of the  
dark-spread-  
ing night he  
needed the  
touch of some  
thing soft  
and smooth  
to ease him-  
self back to  
where light  
could suffuse  
his very be-  
ing.

## *Originated*

He learn  
ed through  
touch to see  
why words  
could be the  
way they  
mean.

## *Before the rains*

came we felt  
(somewhere  
in those  
hidden irre-  
trievable  
places of  
self)  
a silence so  
incomplete  
yet needing a  
loud for those  
unheard va-  
cancies of  
touch.

*A backwater place*

of dark in  
tention  
s Water co  
alesces here  
into the deep  
of their under  
sensed mean  
ings And their  
kind of laugh  
ter hurts  
most impli  
citly remind  
ing of hidden  
recoiling  
temptation  
s.

*Become lost*

She had a  
face about  
her as when  
times become  
lost and  
there's no  
history  
left for  
finding them  
out.

## *At 5 %*

The bank cre  
dited him in  
to a lost  
house and  
home and a  
soul eaten  
out with the  
pains of re  
gret face  
lessly at  
5 %.

## *Germany November 9*

*a) The wall*  
fell divid  
ing a people  
from itself  
same day the  
synagog  
ues burning  
through the  
broken glass  
of pain re  
flecting  
a day of fear  
and blood

dancing now  
in joyful  
oneness.

*b) Have these*  
fallen leave  
s forgott  
en with only  
the blood  
stains left  
dried and  
collected  
burned in to  
sheaves of  
fire and  
smoke.

*c) No home*  
except in the  
need for  
one a long  
ing for what  
isn't The Ger  
man-Jew once  
called off  
the map here  
neither  
really Ger

man nor Jew  
resettling  
the buried hope  
s of what  
once was call  
ed for home.

*d) German youth*

taught to re  
member what  
they'd never  
known as if  
history wasn'  
t more than  
being there  
now of then.

*e) If the wall*

fell did the  
Salomonian  
curse fall  
with it A  
people di  
vided from it  
self now  
one with their  
wall-divid  
ing past.

## *The spider*

sudden  
ly there  
Bigger than  
my eyes could  
see him Black  
er than his  
instinct  
s could re  
veal my pain-  
sensed fear  
ed through.

## *Somewhere deeper known*

Do we per  
son our voice  
Or is it  
somewhere  
deeper known  
the hollow  
echoing of  
a drained-  
down well.

### *Barely sound-dense*

When they  
took those  
picture  
s down room  
ed in for co  
loring over  
a nakedness  
barely sound-  
dense.

### *Brain washing*

They call  
ed him guilty  
long enough  
with such a  
persuasive  
guise of see  
ing him through  
until he be  
came innocent  
ly guilty of  
believing  
what he wasn'  
t.

## *Light-revealing*

This cool  
ed-down Oct  
ober day  
with the for  
saken trees  
stripped of  
much of their  
meaning and  
the barren  
stones touch  
ing so hard  
as they could  
light-re  
vealing.

## *Mrs. R.*

She sat  
there on a  
semi-harden  
ed chair in  
tently list  
ening Eyes  
and dress  
thought-appar  
ent as a

close and  
cold winter  
night star-  
studded ab  
stractly de  
fining.

### *The rains*

darken  
ing in to a  
world of  
muted flow  
ers that  
touched a  
sadness  
through  
though re  
motely un  
heard.

## *The flight*

The birds  
mountain  
ed through  
those long  
ing height  
s of fear  
left in shad  
ows behind  
almost weight  
lessly en  
during.

## *Soul-sensed*

After sea  
son the swan  
s reclaim  
ing a birth  
ed-through  
whiteness  
of waves par  
ting with the  
winds soul-  
sensed.

## *Colored through*

The rush  
of flower  
s color  
ed me through  
to those a  
fter-scent  
instinct  
s for light.

## *Transcending*

At a moment  
not to be  
defined  
in time or  
the space  
lessly voice  
of the sea'  
s transcend  
ing.

## *Early Rossini opera*

with the  
lovers test  
ing their  
true but  
needless  
ly self-find  
ing inclinat  
ions melodio  
usly as uni  
soned as bird  
s already  
nesting in  
their pleasur  
able pursuit  
s.

## *Toeing-the-line*

may mean o  
ver-stepping  
some of your  
own thought  
s of no way  
back Either  
side's a dia  
logue in self-  
disguise.

## *Forbidden*

and there  
fore found  
The fruits of  
man's reach  
ing beyond the  
length of  
his not know  
ing why.

## *Of dual response*

Does  
language  
change what'  
s seen Or do  
we see be  
cause we  
need those  
words for the  
meaning of  
a dual re  
sponse.

*In memory Nelly Sachs*

So small  
fragile  
and yet the  
wounds knott  
ed in tight  
ly there  
bleeding  
through  
light.

*Telling of time*

You can'  
t turn time  
back reliv  
ing what's  
no more your  
s or their  
s exclusive  
ly past.

## *Grammar*

out soul  
ed the moon  
time of her  
light-trail  
ing exposure  
s to where  
ends meet  
punctuat  
ing a ritual-  
respons  
ive presence.

## *If only words could*

fill his empti  
ness at heart  
as the slipp  
ery well  
Joseph confin  
ed to a  
height high  
beyond his  
lasting  
reach for  
touch.

*If all these dying*

leaves were  
downed to that

piled forget  
ness of fire

flaming out  
quick and fast

light-devour  
ing.

*Game-planned from*

those straight-  
line Scars

dalian track  
s of right

school marr  
iage profess

ion that left  
him aloned

without  
right or rea

son derail  
ed.

## *Animal sounding*

scream-gest  
ured swaying  
compulsive  
ly as a pray  
erless Litvak'  
s "sound  
and fury sig  
nifying" all  
that there  
and then of  
his being.

## *Placid*

His thought  
s so placid  
as the lake'  
s inreveal  
ing clouds  
shifting be  
yond the mo  
ment of a  
doubt.

*Of soundless voices*

The rush of  
soundless  
voices shad  
ows of the  
mind's echo  
ing beyond  
the Hades of  
secluded  
shores.

*I've grown old*

with these  
self-haunt  
ing images  
that inhabit  
the more of  
me than I  
can acquire  
or even test  
through their  
ground-thrust  
ing incurs  
ions.

## *Trophy-hunting*

Head-count  
ing close-sha  
ven men Skull  
ed me in to  
a delusion  
of cannibal  
trophy-hunt  
ing.

## *The horse*

was dead  
lay on  
the fields all  
he had eaten  
away from it  
Flesh and bone  
s accumulat  
ing his deaden  
ed resolve  
for life.

## *Out-faced*

He sat  
down square  
ly on that  
problem un-  
til its four-  
sidedness  
out-faced which  
ever way he  
could be grasp  
ing there  
from meaning.

## *A little too much*

She was a  
little too  
much of what  
she wasn't  
As those Eng-  
lish dessert  
s over-cream  
ed from their  
benevolent  
tasteless  
ness.

## *Too quick*

Those too  
quick to  
blame other  
s at that  
sudden appear  
ance of where  
conscience  
might be re  
calling them  
back.

## *Stranded*

emptied is  
lands desert  
souls The moon  
eclipsed from  
the tide  
less wander  
ings of their  
shadowless  
searching  
s Modern man  
vacantly haun  
ted from his  
self-fulfill  
ing loneli  
ness.

## *For Rosemarie*

If there'  
s no you from  
return Where  
can I outlast  
this aching  
loneliness  
from self.

## *Outlasting*

Some town  
s have outlast  
ed their time  
s by building  
monuments  
to what wasn'  
t anymore  
standing so  
forsaken  
ly there.

*Instinct for color*

Is there's  
an instinct  
for color to(o)  
The way some  
animals in  
habit an a  
wareness of  
seeing-eyed  
darkness  
es.

*No proof in memory M. B.*

but he was  
there dream-  
felt pedestall  
ed at a height  
even beyond  
his living  
claims risen  
prayer-risen  
with that smi  
ling down so  
self-assur  
ing transcen  
dental face  
of his.

## *Passing the border*

of fear  
death-fear  
that boat of  
no return  
ing silent  
ly awake the  
way you touch  
ed flower  
s once to  
know their  
scent of fold  
ing through  
so breathless  
ly alive.

## *Christ has risen*

the choirs  
of heaven  
bright beyond  
all that word  
s have known  
Because He'  
s no end or  
beginning  
Christ has ri  
sen The thorn  
has bled the

rose through  
its resurr  
ecting light.

*The blank sun of Christmas*

eve washed  
down with all  
  
those unsett  
ling rains  
  
bared from  
that immens  
  
ing light  
that only a  
  
star could  
touch out of  
  
such cold and  
forsaken time  
  
s as these.

## *They may have been*

whatever they  
were name  
less number  
ed or not  
though gift-  
bearing I'd  
count myself  
among them  
though fear  
ed at the  
deathless  
sight of the  
Living Lord  
bending my  
knees I'd count  
myself among  
them.

## *Outlived*

She out  
lived her time  
s The world a  
bout her seem  
ed strange  
ly new as if  
untouched

from feeling  
she walked the  
streets of  
passed memor  
ies shadow  
ed as unanswer  
ing ghosts as  
if all was  
known for not  
being now.

### *3 Piano Trios*

*a) D minor trio (Glinka 1827)*

wasn't able  
to place  
where the one  
movement  
began the o  
ther ended in  
a lost unity  
of sensed  
persons trying  
to dress them  
selves in  
to phantom i  
mages of  
what they were  
n't.

*b) C major trio (Haydn no. 27)*

He took me  
off as usual from  
whatever seated  
perspective I could  
n't hold for  
long into a  
world's involving  
revolving as a  
carroussel  
changing –  
lighted the  
always more  
of its becoming  
through.

*c) Dumky Trio (Dvorak)*

slowed  
down in to  
that weighted  
feeling  
of sound-felt  
clarities  
thrown off a  
rush of fleet  
ingly danced.  
ed.

### *Little bird*

pretty color  
ed in assem  
bling-for-fea  
thers Why  
have you ask  
ed yourself  
for being  
there so  
branched still  
ed in a world  
such as this.

### *The fortress at Coburg*

so time  
lessly resol  
ate-resist  
ing the on  
slaught of  
those increas  
ingly non-  
heroic time  
s.

## *Train stations*

criss-cross  
ing the stand  
ing still?  
s of pulsed  
awareness  
es.

## *Eye-keyed*

She sudden  
ly rose into  
a resonat  
ing voice  
eye-keyed  
high beyond  
the assuring  
shape of her  
in swelling  
person.

## *Philosopher*

He became  
the answers  
himself as if  
always there  
cushioned  
upon a seat  
ed purpose  
of high-light  
ed over-view.

## *Winter sunset*

mirror  
ing the cold  
light of re  
flected si  
lences.

## *Cows*

ponder  
ously weight  
ed from their  
numb-telling  
time's hold  
on grassed-  
down exposure  
s.

*These hills*

in their rhy  
thmic evolv  
ing in to a  
sameness of  
sounding  
through what  
always was in  
their becoming  
now from  
then.

*The first snow*

continu  
ing in un  
touched si  
lences falling  
so light-wav  
ed through the  
shadows of  
a dreamless  
sky.

## *Self-withholding*

The house  
s shadow  
ing more than  
they could  
have possibly  
known as some  
persons secret  
ly unaware  
from those fath  
omed depths of  
self-withhold  
ing.

## *Crucifixion* (Barlach Marburg 1914–1917)

Christ not in  
His suffer  
ing not even  
a touch of  
that but far-  
seeing through-  
feeling over  
time and e  
ternity last  
ingly there.

## *Pink finds*

living with  
himself can  
be tiresome  
at times the  
same answer  
s keep quest  
ioning back  
the other-side  
ness of waving  
that across-  
the-street  
smile unquest  
ionably his.

## *Continuing on*

The train  
didn't stop  
when it should  
continu  
ing on to an  
unseen future  
uneasing the  
where-sense  
of his mind'  
s tracking  
through.

*On-looked*

He look  
ed me on  
as if I knew  
the why of  
his think  
ing so cen  
tered beyond  
seeing me  
through.

*At that age*

He was  
more what  
he wasn't  
at that age  
of outused  
remembran  
ces A long  
ing for what'  
s inescap  
ably trans  
cending.

## *Sound-escaping*

The rail  
way kept  
running  
through his  
mind sound-  
escaping as  
if his were  
the tracks  
that kept  
their purpose  
on the through-  
ness of course.

## *So stone-assuring*

Have all  
those fortress  
es so stone-  
assuring been  
wrought in  
defense of  
our own  
through-cast  
led killer  
instincts.

## *Self-revealing*

Why must  
we measure  
ourselves  
on others  
when the yard  
stick can't  
extend be-  
yond in self-  
revealing  
length.

## *Wrinkles*

on his skin'  
s as time-  
enclosing as  
the rings of  
a tree's  
through-tell-  
ing phrases.

*Markus Wolf (head of the East German spy agencies)*

a man  
without a  
face so im  
peccably  
attired to  
the insinua  
ting graces  
of love-long  
ing secretaries'  
political  
depositor  
ies.

*Time-eluding*

It rain  
ed the wind  
s in to a  
darkness  
of washed a  
way moment  
s time-elud  
ing.

*A hide and seek*

Writing'  
s a hide and  
seek of where  
it's becom  
ing for  
found.

*The source*

They found  
the source  
the stream  
quenching  
through  
rock at thirst  
of its undi  
minishing  
flow.

## *Out-lining*

Not a word  
too many  
As a tree  
stripped  
leaflessly  
out-lining.

## *Moses*

couldn't  
bring a word  
to place His  
tongue tied  
and mind  
quicken  
ed in the  
flight of  
spiritu  
ally abandon  
ing resolve.

*On the Communist border*

they took  
my wallet  
passport with  
Only a closed door  
uniformed standing  
behind  
from naked  
ly alone  
choings.

*Mutely aloned*

These  
houses in losing  
their faces  
greyed to  
a dulled sameness  
that even the finer  
touch of words  
left them  
still mute  
ly aloned.

## *Wæed-through*

The boat  
slowly took  
to sea His  
eyes follow  
ing soundless  
ly out be  
yond where  
he knew wav  
ed through  
that sense of  
no return.

## *Deah-confining*

This assem  
blage for bloss  
oming autumn  
colors dried  
out a unity  
so sparse  
ly death-con  
fining.

## *Catullus*

loved  
through  
the hate that  
flowered  
so poison  
ed with his  
helpless  
denials.

## *The Jews*

target  
ed again as  
if their  
dried-down  
blood and ash  
couldn't be  
forgotten  
for the need  
of fresh  
leechings.

## *Schubert's*

2<sup>nd</sup> symphony  
with its  
horse-trott  
ing melodies  
thumping'  
s "a much a  
do about no  
thing's" drama  
tically thorough-  
bred.

## *The blind seer's*

cane touch  
ing in the e  
choing of  
coming time  
s Eyed from  
the darkness  
es' approach  
ing.

*Young woman with white headdress (Leibl)*

She knew  
more than I  
could tell her  
Eyes blunt  
ed with the  
time-knott  
ing of that  
green scarf  
around her nak  
ed-glance  
time consum  
ing.

*Die ungleiche Ehe (Leibl)*

She young  
shaped through  
his coarse  
hand's sly  
ly smiling  
with the under  
cover of eye  
s agèd from  
self-use.

## *Dialogued*

the white  
of seeing my  
self looking  
back from a  
house window  
ed through  
its timeless  
vacancies  
for place.

## *Night-lights*

pulsing fear  
through the  
glassed i  
dentities  
of those con  
crete voice  
s soundless  
ly awake.

## *Outplaced*

The wind'  
s blown my  
thoughts a  
way and left  
steadied shin  
ing stars in  
stead.

## *Wild animals*

coming back  
crows  
crowding  
from the  
blackness of  
their wooded  
habitats  
Night-  
cities sleeping  
restlessly  
aware the  
glaring  
eyes of strange  
ly emerging  
creature  
s.

## *Climbing the cliffs*

of remember  
ed touching  
for Sisyphus'  
hold on a  
wearing down  
of a time  
less pre  
sence.

## *Darkness*

becomes  
It grows out  
of a sense  
from being  
all that it  
wasn't slow  
ly prevading.

## *The wind's*

slowed to the  
breath of out  
forming sha  
dows increas  
ingly absorb  
ing.

*Like a guided hand*

the waves re  
ceding from  
a touched-  
out presence  
unseen contin  
ually through  
oncoming.

*Questioning God*

is like creat  
ing yourself  
a world that  
began before  
the beginning  
of love's e  
manating  
needs from be  
ing.

## *The pigeons*

wired to a  
string of  
less enticing  
thoughts  
electrical  
ly refined  
their sitting-  
sensed from  
light.

## *Mysteriously*

The doors o  
pened with  
out the touch  
of being seen  
Mysteriously  
ly as the night  
grows out  
of its stars  
reaching  
through.

## *Hosea*

whored  
to the cause  
of a faith  
less people  
and a God  
denying His  
choice by de  
manding its  
all.

## *All these houses*

rowed to a  
sameness  
of lost i  
dentity in  
terchange  
ably non-per  
soned.

## *Skin-awakening*

He need  
ed the feel  
of light rain  
cooling  
those skin-  
awakening  
moments as  
buds in their  
color-mind  
edness.

## *Flying foreign colors*

Ships an  
chored for  
port flying  
foreign color  
s holding  
tight against  
those so out  
sending runn  
ing tides.

*Those slow passing cloud*

s of time  
less presence  
of wordless  
meanings  
as those  
out-going  
tides in the  
night moon-  
sense appear  
ing.

*Of seeing-sensed*

If those  
wide-open  
eyes of child  
ren could  
poem us back  
to their way  
of sensed  
seeing.

## *Train stops*

spaced-  
intervals time  
d sequences  
that moment  
ary being of  
not being for  
moving through.

## *The thing itself*

If the word'  
s the thing  
itself Named  
to a unity  
in being  
even more  
than phras  
ing so ex  
pressive  
ly self-resol  
ving.

*The timelessness of time*

*Die Gnade der späten Geburt (Helmut Kohl)*

Their time  
it was not  
yours But what  
if time had  
passed over  
as a cloud  
concealing  
why you could  
have done it  
Those firing  
squads blood-  
rehearsing.

*This room*

left behind  
a time that  
wasn't now  
but theirs  
unknown self-  
revealing.

## *Transforming*

The rains  
washed all  
those shadows  
away and  
left a trans-  
forming dark-  
ness that  
held the world  
breathless  
from light.

## *Unseen forgetfulness*

There's  
even more  
to the bottom-  
ness of the  
ocean's depth  
than those  
dark memories  
of unseen  
forgetfulness.  
ness.

## *Rock garden*

as if  
words were  
sprouting  
from stone'  
s self-reveal  
ing color-  
shines.

## *3 Uncles*

### *a) With Uncle Julius*

there was  
something  
slightly  
faint and dis  
tant about  
him perhaps  
to protect a  
gainst his wife'  
s challenging  
assertions  
(those middle  
age woman  
ly finger-find  
ing needs)  
his humour an  
swered subtly  
but involving

I never got to  
the bottom of  
his being (too  
young perhaps)  
or because he  
always seem  
ed so vaguely  
evasive.

*b) Uncle Phil*

a child's fa  
vorite imit  
ating all those  
animal sound  
s as if the  
Bronx Zoo had  
moved right in  
to the strain  
s of his vo  
cal cords  
“Jewish man of  
the year” for  
those many wo  
men Jewish or  
not whom he

frequented  
with his itin  
erant wares  
always smil  
ing right up to  
their needs for  
his futuring  
cause.

*c) Uncle Irving*  
who always  
answered those  
in need let a  
lone this pam  
pered spoiled  
brat of an 8  
year old not  
yet emerging  
poet who let  
his helium ball  
oon loose rush  
hour Grand Cen  
tral slowly  
drifting to the  
top of Irving's  
surmise So good  
too good this  
favorite of  
all uncles ladd

ered it down  
with his usual  
considerate  
care died a bro  
ken man for all  
his goodness  
the favorite  
of all uncles  
funeralled with  
unbroken praise.

### *Unanswered*

She couldn'  
t answer to  
what she did  
n't know Men  
remained most  
ly outside  
the sphere that  
closed her in  
a silence of  
protective  
longing.

*A rain-down day*

for its  
quiet after  
The space-  
viewed scent  
of listen  
ing where only  
a bird recit  
ing in color  
ed phrasing  
s.

*Voiced*

Even a  
stone's  
voiced cool  
ing the round  
ed hands  
of your inde  
ciphering  
s.

*Soft-furred*

The cat  
purred soft-  
furred sens  
ed the eye  
s of steal  
thy imagin  
ings.

*Lithe-birch*

dancer  
s so slender  
ly time es  
caping.

*Violin Sonata (C. Franck 1<sup>st</sup> mvt.)*

cloud-  
spaced at  
tuned a wind-  
voicing  
light  
ness  
from phrase.

*“2<sup>nd</sup> guessing’s”*

like inter  
changing  
the choice  
of instru  
ments when  
the compos  
ers felt it  
otherwise.

*A light rain*

so fine  
ly felt  
through the  
transpar  
encies from  
touched a  
wakening  
s.

*Still life with tulips (Macke)*

The center'  
s falling  
off Tuliped  
in wayward ur  
ging color  
s.

*His funeral*

all prearr  
anged the who  
s and what  
s as if death  
itself was  
his finali  
zed speak-  
through.

*For Rosemarie*

Your voice  
softens  
in my in  
stinct  
for touch.

*Behind the poem*

The man be  
hind the poem  
shadowed  
in self-appear  
encies.

*Herford's*

first night  
of light-  
shallow-  
ing-appearan  
ces concrete  
silences.

*Waiter*

so impecc  
ably dress  
ed button  
ed in to  
such a worth  
while bend  
ing smile  
that he  
could so mis

understand  
most every  
thing I order  
ed for such  
a palatial  
ly decorat  
ing plate.

### *When the masks*

fall so na  
kedly true  
Imprinting  
the image of  
their imi  
tating self.

### *Moon-apparent*

The woods  
listening  
aloud voic  
ed in a still  
ness moon-ap  
parent.

## *Realizing*

The night  
realizing  
its own dark  
ness Overco  
ming the depth  
s of what it  
wasn't space  
lessly confin  
ing.

## *Rule-book teachers*

They're all  
of a type  
rule-book  
teachers  
red-inked  
eying the out-  
of-bounds  
of their less  
assimilat  
ing student  
s.

## *Alzheimer*

She took  
me for her  
grandmother  
Not that wolf-  
cinderell  
aed change  
ability but  
out-timed  
out-placed  
cushioned  
higher than  
those image  
less effusion  
s could possi-  
bly in meet  
ing.

## *Dulled November*

motion  
lessly there  
spaceless  
that al  
ways of now  
when even  
light seems  
surpris-  
ingly uninvol-  
ved.

## *Out-seasoned*

The winter  
never came  
The bears  
didn't sleep  
but hunger  
ed for rest  
lessly claw-  
imprinting  
what could  
n't hold to  
the mark of  
season's in  
delible  
cause.

## *Torah*

A wall  
it was word-  
strong A barr  
ier against  
oneself ghett  
oed in the  
need for gett  
ing out It  
stood relent  
lessly self-  
overshadow  
ing.

## *Altensteig*

These Black  
Forest town  
s falling  
from their  
roofs land  
sliding inner  
perspective  
s and this  
one stream-  
dividing in  
to numerous  
voices running  
steadily  
through.

## *Magda*

nervous  
like parrot  
s imitat  
ing because  
there's no  
where else  
from being  
Caged in  
little town

perspecti  
ves A flying  
out could  
only mean in  
fluttering  
room-spend  
in unquiet.

*Little persons*

with their  
self-clutch  
ing faith a  
feared of the  
outside that  
might be hid  
ing in some  
cob-webbed  
uncleaned  
corners of  
their shorten  
ed mind.

## *Altensteig II*

The strength  
of these  
hill-command  
ing houses  
Columned for  
sun statuing  
a permanen  
cy of face-  
designing ap  
pearances.

## *Sentinel*

That lone  
tree stand  
ing out a  
gainst a  
vacantness  
of sky's land  
scaping its  
inreveal  
ing stillness  
from cause.

*Her nervous laughter*

the rust  
ling of dried  
dead leave  
s so slight  
ly tinged with  
their fallen-  
from color  
s.

*If the words fail*

a blankness  
of mind as  
a landscape  
mowed down  
to its inher  
ent flat-find  
ingness.

*For Rosemarie*

without you  
an empti  
ness as a  
sea without  
its shore-send  
ing self.

*Your lips*

parting the  
waves of my  
sensing  
through de  
sires.

*Snow*

in the wind  
s increas  
ing these  
tensions of  
soundless  
ly through-  
forming.

## *Ash-scent*

Fires  
glowing the  
autumnal  
ash-scent'  
s stone-dis  
tinct.

## *Romanesque*

encase  
ments of clos  
ing sound'  
s in-dwell  
ing shadow  
s of where  
prayer's  
darken  
ing their  
self-seek  
ing through.

## *Schumann: symphonies*

Rough-  
forced  
rhythms Beet  
hovian stanc  
ed the in  
breathing  
softness of  
lingering-  
phrased over  
sights.

## *The door*

stopped be  
ing what it  
was Died from  
the touched  
return-alone  
liness echo  
ing from.

*The churches' way*

Doing it  
good after  
what can't  
be undone's  
the churches'  
way of semi-  
righteous  
self-apprecia  
tions.

*Was man*

a mistake  
Did God cre  
ate more than  
he should have  
left it for  
the blooming  
growth of  
flowering  
field's wild  
scent of in  
stinctual  
animall  
ed blood-  
thirsting  
s.

*That evil-eyed*

dog barred  
behind the  
bite of his  
teething  
glare.

*Rilke's "Carousel"*

kept turn  
ing me about  
in to the  
weavings  
of a child's  
star-mind  
ed goings  
from's white  
elephant's  
after  
math.

## *Flat-shine*

sun has hori  
zoned from  
light the cropp  
ed grass of  
even-timed  
deepening fore  
bodings.

## *Slender woods*

still na  
kedly un  
touched  
through  
their trans  
parencies  
of spring-  
timed rever  
ies.

## *Shostakovich*

So many of  
his theme's  
off-set  
sense a  
bout them e  
lusively touch  
ing/in turn  
ing out  
the center  
remote  
ly unaware  
s.

## *Winter birds*

ground-  
based their  
darken  
ed instinct  
s land-hold  
ing flight  
lessly in  
shadow  
ing.

## *Losing*

the other  
side of one  
self's like  
being lost  
on a bridge  
of neither  
way out.

## *Piously*

money-mind  
ed He pray  
ed that his  
will be done  
the way he  
wanted it on  
the dotted-  
line of tear-  
decisions.

*Shostakoviches' (viola sonata)*

fade-out  
sonata pal  
ing for a  
wordless  
sky remote  
ly attuned  
a nothing  
ness however  
distantly  
from there.

*By the eyes*

She held  
him tight by  
the eyes  
so fine-feel  
ing as a dog  
on the leash  
that kept  
him at bay  
from his other  
wising in  
stincts.

## *The telling of time*

It couldn't  
happen because  
it was  
Time's  
more of us  
than we can  
tell it forms  
releases  
begins.

## *Church counsellor*

His God  
believed  
in him well-  
meaning con-  
scientious  
ly upholding  
the pillars  
of his self-  
supporting  
faith.

## *Those romantic*

last move

ments

Too much too

long as a wo

man overdress

ed beyond the

needs of what

taste could

confirm her self-

defining

sense.

## *Shadow-boxing*

a ghost

long since

dead She

brought him a

live again

to haunt her

to the depth

from where

he had

so strange

ly risen.

## *Lights on*

that sudden  
artificial  
glass-glowing  
intensity  
of night'  
s hollow  
ing sound  
s.

## *Even levelled*

Those sand-  
surfacing  
assurance  
s of time's  
cooling down  
smoothed off  
even-levelled.  
ed.

## *Trying to*

catch up  
Shadows seek  
ing for form'  
s fullness  
the Hades of  
his non-relin  
quishing  
will.

## *Freshly known*

Cut wood  
freshly  
known the  
first wants  
of snow and  
stars heaven  
ly releas  
ing.

## *Cross carrying*

Christ  
left his first-  
chosen people

for more of  
the cross-  
carrying  
than even His  
name could in  
voke.

*What isn't seen'*

s the more  
in being  
As the Lord  
nameless  
ly darken  
ed and the  
need for love  
s far beyond  
all those  
subtly  
word-finds.

*Catullus'*

love/hate  
flamed so  
high that not  
even his har-  
dened will

could cool it  
down to a di  
minishing  
intent.

*Where "to draw*

the line"  
could only  
limit those  
who feared  
such far-  
reaching  
steps.

*Christmas cards*

without  
Christmas  
The way Christ  
was so ob  
scurely born  
But now by  
passed as  
roads too  
worn from con  
tinual use.

## *In memory Edith Stein*

She was as  
much a Jew  
the blood of  
her very be  
ing as Christ  
crying out  
in pained re  
demption  
for His ir  
resolute  
people.

## *Signals*

in the night  
Blinking  
danger inde  
cipherable  
as a child  
tongue-tied  
stuttering  
inarticu  
late fears  
that couldn't  
in holding  
back Signals  
remote ob  
scured night-  
timed.

*Da Capo arias (Bach)*

may  
have been  
heard other  
wise than  
the time-  
lengths land  
scaped a  
silently wait  
ing world To  
day we're  
too closed- in  
Tensed for less  
than that mess  
age could hold.

*O Magnam Mysterium' (Thomas Luis de Victoria)*

s depth of  
space-concentr  
ated stone-  
soundings be  
yond the dark  
of so inward  
ly voiced.

## *Extra Nos*

Man's at  
the heart  
of his own  
problem Ca  
ged in better  
ways of gett  
ing out  
Claws at the  
bars of his  
own self-de  
vouring in  
stincts.

## *The Magi*

Why it was  
that reading  
the stars  
through to  
their final  
sense forbidden  
in God's word  
was their way  
for knowing  
the why of  
a revolving  
sky met  
for a child

in the straw-  
middle of such  
a small in-  
lasting light.

*1933*

Einstein  
wrote a  
never return  
ticket I took  
at the risk  
of history'  
s never re  
peating what  
some would  
have taken  
for its final  
course.

*Twosome's*

the only  
where of be  
ing at one  
with myself.

*Light-open*

houses  
revealing  
in awareness  
of secret  
ly withhold  
ing.

*These December woods*

naked  
from shame  
Bared of  
all intent  
Dried out an  
unspoken fin  
ality  
of voice.

*Dried bark*

the rough  
age of wound  
ed times  
bled through  
its sapped-  
pulse endur  
ings.

*The slightness*

of a win  
tered bird  
suddenly  
there before  
it wasn't  
twig-defin  
ing in  
stinctual  
light.

*After a Roman painting*

The pastel  
lightness  
of her flo  
wer-gather  
ing steps  
left me  
following  
in scent  
from their di  
minishing  
ly-felt re  
pose.

*The “golden age of music”*  
*(after listening to Tye)*

should better  
be called  
the inflow  
ing purity  
of where  
voice trans  
parently  
refin  
ing.

*Outspreading*

If snow'  
s the color  
of sound  
lessly appear  
ing dream  
s through the  
night's un  
heard out  
spreading dis  
tances.

*Steps in sand*

not weight  
ed for more  
than a mo  
ment's glance  
Yet marked  
with the cer  
tainty of  
having been  
told through.

*Bear poem (in memory Bruno)*

No one  
knows the dis  
tances I  
haven't  
thought out  
with the wind  
s climbing  
my ears straight  
and the  
tidy waters  
singing me  
cooled in  
stinct my  
way man a  
feared for the

cavernous  
winter drop-  
downs.

### *My father*

always  
on the move  
Now wheeled a  
bout the flo  
wer show  
with a fa  
ding glance  
that couldn'  
t hold for  
long color  
ing.

### *Holbein's*

gold weigh  
er as I with  
words touch  
ed through  
in-shine of  
their impli  
cit meaning

s to tip the  
balance  
d aware  
ness.

### *Fishermen*

calling the  
silent wa  
ters to their  
nets The moon  
afloat with  
fish flash  
ing in  
caught-through  
colors.

### *Charles*

germina  
ting color  
the seedl  
ings incess  
antly call  
ing in grow  
th.

## *The room*

was where  
she wasn't  
A world left  
behind un  
changed those  
outdated  
maps and books  
thoughtless  
from dust  
And I a stran  
ger for a  
single night  
of irreconcil  
able distan  
cings.

## *A marriage*

of losses  
Both depri  
ved of their  
first-loves  
A unity in  
sadness in  
terlocking  
as trees sap  
lessly in  
tent.

*Ghost writers*

vanish  
ing behind  
words that  
weren't their  
s underwritt  
en from a plau  
sibly indis  
tinct signa  
ture.

*Madonna with the Master  
of the Holy Veronica (Cologne)*

Seeing may  
be in believ  
ing But here  
touch define  
s more of  
where these  
transpar  
ent eyes of  
hers space  
fully through-  
telling.

*This day's*

hardly risen above itself  
So closed in clouds  
that even words shadow  
in their sensed-for-meanings  
a ship isolated from the  
voiced winds it's passing  
through.

*The desert*

heated intensities for  
the cold watch of night  
sloping sand-phrases  
a timeless ly never-for  
being.

## *Christmas poems '06*

### *a) A Christmas tree*

so finely  
dressed in  
the fragran  
ce of lit i  
magining  
s angelic  
calls and the  
pearled light  
from touch-  
receding  
hands.

### *b) History of the birth of Christ (Schütz)*

Not even  
candles  
can still to  
the in-dwell  
ing purity  
of this yearn  
ing through  
the darkness  
of ages.

*c) The rose*  
so person  
ally expos  
ing naked  
from light  
dried at the  
yuletide'  
s crumbling  
thorns.

*d) The angel's*  
song of a  
peace only  
they as hea  
venly messang  
ers could con  
firm The war  
s continued  
the blood of  
innocent child  
ren a heaven  
ly message  
we're still for  
finding out.

*e) Christmas '06*

Why this  
sanctity  
of what is  
n't believ  
ed holy day  
without His  
holied bless  
ings A child  
in the manger  
of our own  
humanity  
Faith and  
tears so dear  
ly held for  
what isn't His  
but only our  
feelings  
for.

*f) The Christmas candles*

once so in  
flammed  
with hope  
All burned  
down now to  
the cold-  
touch of wax  
ed-in silen  
ces.

## *Women*

with the  
pains of  
birth-giving  
rhythmic  
ally pulsing  
through  
those draw  
ing in cries  
the help  
lessness of  
new-bearing  
life.

## *The woods*

threaten  
ing prolong  
ing dark  
only deepen  
ing in no-  
where- out  
from see  
ing through.

## *Schimpf's owl*

radiat  
ing night-  
sensing  
thoughts  
phrased through  
the inglow  
of witness  
ing eyes.

## *Words*

are like  
bridges  
They have to  
cross them  
selves o  
ver until  
two sides in  
seeing from.

*Alena at age 5*

butterfli  
ed herself  
back until  
flight-sitt  
ing became  
a means of  
coloring  
out to (  
o).

*She*

so confid  
entially self-  
revealing  
that I won  
dered the  
what and where  
she was hid  
ing herself  
from.

## *His face*

an imagin  
ery screen  
closing in  
and out of  
the phases of  
their trans  
parently  
sensed-through  
dreams.

## *Skier's poem*

Snow-  
sounds the  
winds cur  
ving with  
light down  
to the deep-  
through  
hilled si  
lences.

## *The walls*

only felt  
in shadow  
ing higher  
than he knew  
that advanc  
ing light  
calling him  
however sound  
lessly  
through.

## *Two worlds*

that left  
him ocean  
less between  
a driftwood  
of sorts prob  
ing the shift  
ing current  
s of those  
restless  
sands and the  
sweeping  
winds that  
couldn't hold  
him long e  
nough  
for home.

## *Why punctuate*

a silence  
which can't  
be held back  
from its be  
coming irretriev  
ably lost.

## *Moon-timed*

Night  
snow's the  
blank window  
s of where  
darkness  
moon-timed.

## *2007*

a new year  
as if every  
day wasn't  
as unprepar  
ed for be  
ing ours  
Pink polish

ed his  
creative  
ly exploring  
shoes to  
shine up  
this new year  
for the glance  
of his self-  
improving  
image.

### *The eyes*

of my dead  
father look  
ing past why  
he never saw  
my waiting  
for a same  
ness in  
view.

*A sacred mountain's*

untouch  
able awareness  
of why it's  
climbing  
through all  
our forsaken  
longings.

*Plum blossoms*

*(follower of Wang Mian)*

hard-crystal  
rock-emerging  
blossom's  
life-envelop  
ing.

*Plum blossoms (Wang Mian)*

secret  
ly confin  
ing why the  
winds have  
spoken so  
voiceless  
ly unheard.

*She smiled*

through  
the phone'  
s distan  
ces of his  
voiced-in  
response.

*The pelican gliding*

through  
streams of  
airlit i  
magining.

*Soft night*

winds whis  
pering star  
s alight  
the palms  
brushed  
through  
in moon's  
receding  
glow.

*The city*

snowed to  
a still stand  
of impecca  
ble stars and  
the mystical  
appearance  
of its in  
seen through-  
silenced  
purity.

*Some wounds*

heal  
Hers didn't  
fester  
ed to the  
heart of  
where hers  
open-placed a  
thorn field  
wind-intens  
ed.

## *The birth of a penguin*

breaking  
through the  
dark of  
those sound  
less enclos  
ures to light  
life and the  
pursuit of  
fish-finding  
delicacie  
s.

## *Parrots*

can claim  
to be bird  
s She wasn'  
t though  
fluttering  
about caged  
in imitat  
ing words  
colored al  
most out to  
the wings  
of it.

*At the psychoanalytic conference*

all those  
restless  
ly unceasing  
tables out-  
rooted in  
staring their  
earth-wombed  
nakedness.

*Spirit of the dead watching (Gauguin '92)*

because  
you can't  
see him with  
out losing  
that life he'  
s staring  
the open space  
of your in  
retreating  
eyes.

*Flowers on a window*

sill light-  
thinking why  
the opening  
expanse of  
cloud's bud-  
reclaiming.

*Death's*

a good  
way of be  
coming known  
again your hid  
den virtues  
flowering  
chastely  
on tomb-ston  
ed appreciat  
ions.

## *The snow*

never came  
the woods  
wordless  
ly bared  
Thirsting  
their naked  
needs to be  
clothed in  
purifying  
silences.

## *Appearance*

Pre  
sented one  
self in  
clothes  
thoughts and  
looks may  
appear as a  
thought  
less a  
side in be  
ing dress  
ed over.

## *In Realizing*

That  
not quite  
being sure  
Thinking  
things down  
to their  
first parts  
Touching  
in the mea  
ning of  
what it's  
slightest  
felt listen  
ing through  
words to  
their after  
sounds may  
be then or  
where in  
Realizing.

## *The Smallness of things*

It  
may be the  
small  
ness of things  
that sligh  
test touch  
in flower  
a word that  
becomes of  
meaning in  
its own sense  
that appre  
ciable look  
a 2<sup>nd</sup> time  
or more to  
make certain  
one sees  
what it really  
is in see  
ing the inter  
vals of sound  
looking  
through spa  
ced moments  
from that  
small  
ness in thing  
s.

*Transparency of*

the  
morning  
mist as a  
lake's dis  
appearing  
sound's trans  
parency.

*Spider's*

wri  
ting  
web in  
that fine-  
ness de-  
signed more  
perfect  
world's  
precision  
for death.

## *Slow-down*

Floridian  
days that  
even thought  
dulls in  
to remote  
realms in  
distinct  
ly shadow  
ing.

## *Slowing down*

his steps  
weighted  
with more re  
solve His  
mind closer  
to the touch  
of things  
that held  
him longer as  
an object  
timeless  
ly unremov  
ed.

*Rules of the game*

he never  
learned list  
ening from a  
a distance  
to measure  
the depth of  
his own heart  
a spectator  
far remov  
ed as cloud  
s through  
the winds of  
transform  
ing lights.

*Age of innocence (Edith Wharton)*

a) *The countess*  
(why she married  
when she married  
whom she married)  
that pre-myste  
ry of her  
person Free to  
trap other men  
Free to her  
dire needs for

protection The  
beauty of irre-  
concilable  
desires.

*b) Archer*

took the bait  
as a drowning  
fish landed  
again into a  
relapse of pre-  
learned val-  
ues.

*c) Archer's wife*

that Ibsen-  
type puppet  
who knew more  
than she want-  
ed to know  
Reconciled  
to her husband'  
s unwanting  
fidelity.

d) *Archer's son*  
the one I  
always want  
ed to have  
Living leisure  
ly his double-  
set of self-  
conflicting  
values.

e) *Wharton's*  
autobio  
graphical  
transformat  
ions The my  
stery of wo  
man and self  
The men all-  
too- well  
known.

## *Ethel*

little-dog-  
lost patheti-  
cally weak  
tongue-  
tied from  
placed sei-  
zures that  
shook at the  
realms of  
her heart-  
breathing  
source.

## *Southern*

spelled  
streets  
with those  
eased palms  
strolling  
the taste-  
tang of sea-  
salted light-  
waves.

*These January*

cool days  
tide-flatt  
ened sands  
withdraw  
ing in to the  
echoed step  
s of out  
lasting si  
lences.

*His heart*

went out  
with the  
tides as the  
fisherman'  
s nets hold  
ing tight the  
silvered  
gleam's  
sound-search  
ing.

*Little guy*

with his  
more than  
down-cast  
ing looks  
us back in  
the eyes of  
our own fall  
en from self.

*Card players*

feeling out  
that tentat  
ive touch of  
untimely re  
lease as if  
life itself  
(just then)  
would be  
passing it  
self by.

*Love poem for Rosemarie*

His eyes  
rested on  
her knowing  
the flavour  
of his touch  
ing folds of  
desirous  
winds so in  
wardly held  
their  
closeness  
in meeting.

*The palm*

curving  
its crust-  
bearing bark  
to a stunt  
ed height  
of where  
there's no  
more a co  
ming from.

## *Her*

mildew  
ed smile  
curtain  
ed the fa  
ding color  
s of where  
Southern-  
in-softness  
nostalgica  
lly reclin  
ing.

## *Retiring*

from life  
to a Flor  
idian talk  
taste and  
card culture  
with that re  
dundant sun  
still over  
sighting  
some of his  
pre-tuned sha  
dowing endeav  
ors.

## *Floating*

on the cool  
ing waters  
of that dream-  
through expand  
ing sky Bird-  
like she felt  
lengthen  
ing in wingèd  
self-reconcil  
iations.

## *Quick words*

clipped  
phrases sharp-  
sensed the  
rough edge  
s of his  
unevened  
person.

*Black boy*

lost in a  
forest of  
white man'  
s staring  
him a darken  
ed strange  
ness through.

*No children*

a womb'  
s empti  
ness from  
birth a star  
less night  
voicing  
only cold re  
flection  
s.

## *Captiva Bay*

The sky'  
s escaping  
far beyond  
the wind's  
calling e  
ven those va  
cant sound  
s of birds  
circling  
an unanswer  
ed depth of  
sea.

## *March of the penguin's*

instinct  
s for the  
hard truth  
of a protect  
ive egg  
warmed  
through the  
huddling  
breath of  
their chill  
ed answer

ing life's im  
perative

ly remind  
ing needs.

*Bud talked him*

self out  
repeating

breath u  
pon word the

syllable  
s of those

unrelinquish  
ing times

that held  
him to his

scanning view  
Tight with

out pretense  
of answer.

## *Running*

she was  
to keep up  
with the breath  
of her step  
s left behind  
couldn't im  
press their  
mark not e  
ven for a mo  
ment of place.

## *Thin-timed*

Spots  
of birds  
thin-timed  
their touch  
of fleet  
ing reflect  
ions.

## *The fish*

glanced  
through  
scales of its  
silver-edg  
ed death-  
watch.

## *Upright*

Man's un  
ique upright  
bearing of  
ten belies a  
downright  
poverty of  
truthful in  
tentions.

## *Slippery railings*

When all  
the barriers  
are down There'  
s nothing left  
to hold on

to except  
the slippery  
railings of  
one's own  
self-decept  
ions.

### *Spawned*

The sound  
of these wave  
s so elusi  
vely bright  
ened spawned  
with the sun'  
s creating  
for light.

### *Deepening*

When co  
lors deepen  
in to the  
sound-wave  
s of in-re  
ceding  
thoughts.

## *Energy-drenched*

You could  
still see him  
swimming his  
inevitable  
laps hour on  
hour until the  
sky left him  
floating there  
so eased in  
a coffin of  
light energy-  
drenched.

## *Horse shoes*

with their  
sturdied a  
nimal eyes  
ringed through  
coarse hand  
s the cur  
rents of  
these sand-  
describ  
ing sound  
s.

## *The fear of losing*

whom you most  
need Only a  
blank would  
be left a  
yearning  
for it not  
being now A  
discoloring  
from self-  
wounds that  
can't be heal  
ed seeping  
through at  
the depth of  
one's own un  
known be  
ing.

## *Numb-timed*

When it'  
s hard and  
cold Straight-  
touching you  
through a rail  
ing ironed in  
the winter

ing sun of  
numb-timed  
impressi  
ons.

### *Signals*

at sea  
the light  
house tower  
ed with un  
heard mess  
ages deciph  
ering in  
voiced-lit  
continuity.

### *Stefan Lochner*

too pretty  
to be blem  
ished by any  
thing other  
than such self-  
proclaim  
ing loveli  
ness.

*Annunciation (Fra Filippo Lippi)*

Both angel  
and Mary bend  
ing under the  
grace of the  
Father's hea  
venly guid  
ance and that  
flower of pur  
ity center  
ed to the re  
fined modes  
ty of her in  
receiving  
virginity.

*At opposite sides*

of the same  
person as a  
dance circl  
ing out to  
the changing  
rhythms of  
that not be  
ing found  
from.

## *Listened for Rudiger*

He listen  
ed so care  
fully intent  
on each word  
that they be  
came aloud  
with those feel  
ing-sounds of  
his silenc  
ing after  
thoughts.

## *A museum*

of emptied  
shells pretty  
and pink so  
nicely lit  
with that in  
feeling of  
sanded re  
minders of  
what once  
lived so re  
motely en  
closed for  
the soft and

luscious  
taste of o  
pen-preying  
predators.

### *On lost time*

Living on  
lost time's  
like a buglar  
calling to  
battle when  
peace is soo  
thing through  
the intonat  
ions of his  
fingering  
needs.

### *An abyss*

the depth  
of hurt she  
wanted to  
be known  
by not say  
ing lips  
tight eye

s evasive  
ly consum  
ing.

### *Rain birds*

lowering  
the sky'  
s bending  
with the  
wind's circ  
ling rhythm  
ic light.

### *A quiet place*

just for  
sitting  
your thought  
s down with  
nothing to  
hear except  
the inward  
flow of  
these self-  
quieting  
moments.

*Tracing the curve*

of the palm  
s with the  
thought-  
fingers of  
decipher  
ing in uneven  
ened touch-  
life's e  
volving  
through  
ness.

*Slowed down*

to the step  
s of hearing  
himself  
through.

## *Crocodiles*

with their  
pre-historic  
armour ly  
ing low in  
subliman  
al contempl  
ion's soft  
swaying appea  
sing palm's  
mind-drift  
ings.

## *Gull*

barbed  
with the  
blood-hook  
of its own  
decease  
Eyes redden  
ed for that  
last surge  
of its tight  
ening wing  
s.

## *Security man*

The young  
pale faced se  
curity man  
with detach  
able beard  
flowing out  
a confidence  
mostly want  
ing from him  
self Keys in  
hand awaken  
in a real  
need for use.

## *Wrestling*

in the sand  
to the death  
of a moment  
Crying for  
light-pain  
through their  
muscled depth  
of fictive  
meaning's in  
tensed.

## *The beach*

at night  
untouch  
ed but solemn  
ly aware  
star-remind  
ing The moon  
cold now na  
kedly perform  
ing.

## *Little girl*

poney  
tailed the  
sifting of  
sand's feel  
ing her fing  
er's flow  
ing through  
imprecise  
ly abandon  
ed.

*Corkscrew swamp's*

a world of  
vanish  
ing fantasie  
s Wild birds  
circling  
their self-  
enclosing  
heights and  
we below in  
the hidden  
depths of sub  
liminal under  
surfacing.

*That seldom bird*

colored  
to its in  
stinct for  
flight Star  
ing now as  
a statue in  
moment  
s of time  
lessly there.

*Shell museum (Sanibel Island)*

with all  
those shiny  
coloring left  
over replica  
s of why  
death's so  
remotely  
pretty.

*Of new identities*

Here's  
been a growth  
in green  
those germinat  
ing islands  
from the sea  
rock-sound  
ing a stabil  
ity of new i  
dentities  
permanent  
ly proclaim  
ing.

## *Floating memories*

envelop  
ing in sound  
s of distan  
cing light-  
appearing  
waves.

## *Beach pauses*

Cooled  
down beach  
pauses the  
sand isolat  
ing sound  
less in den  
ial of where  
such steps  
have spent  
their claim  
ing in from  
thought.

*Howard's End* (E. M. Forster)

*a) Bast*

The books  
fell down on  
his aspirat  
ions for be  
coming higher  
than he could  
possibly at  
tain.

*b) The house symbol*

of Burkean  
England close  
to the soil  
enriched  
through its  
time-embodying  
depth from mean  
ings.

*c) Margaret's*

a reconcili  
ation of the  
opposites  
that need a  
center for  
being.

*d) Wilcox*

Even he  
must learn a  
gainst his  
values that  
life is more  
than money  
can buy.

*e) Helen*

the wild  
flame of ro-  
mantic post-  
innocence  
birth of  
a seedless  
myth.

*f) Bast's wife's*

body could  
n't hold the  
richness of  
what will flo-  
wer from the  
depth of more  
than earthy de-  
sires.

## 2 *claw-climbers*

a) *Raccoon*

claw-

climbing

its noctur

nal instin

ct for eye-

glaring pen

etration

s.

b) *High-rise*

Florida

panthers

claw-climb

ing in ra

pid deploy

ment advance

against land-

grabbing in

terloper

s.

## *Mangrove*

Indians  
hidden in the  
cause of  
their being  
land-locked  
camouflag  
ing uphold  
ing roots of  
their being  
driven out.

## *Seminole Wars I and II*

If you take  
the breath  
from their be  
ing Enclosure  
s of seclud  
ed back wa  
ter's snake-  
inclined reson  
ances  
rhythmic land-  
to-the touch  
ed eye-witness  
ing.

## *Swamp lands*

drained  
from their  
murky brood  
ing under co  
vering dark  
nesses Alliga  
tors lying low  
in pre-histor  
ic subterrain  
ian instinct  
ual awareness  
es.

## *Lulled in*

by a voice  
dark with  
whisper  
ing innuen  
does magnet  
ic as a  
snake's frog-  
fixing.

## *Charlie Chaplin's*

early film  
s left me  
walking in  
side out  
ice-skating  
the fanta  
sies of my  
youth with  
the thievery  
of pocket  
ing eyes pun  
ctuating mo  
ment's  
quick-tell  
ing hands.

## *Childless*

but with a  
spot of a  
sick dog re  
scued from  
the cold al  
ways close  
to her breast  
childless.

## *Realms of silences*

lost remem  
brances as  
waves float  
ing the sur  
faced winds  
of light a  
way.

## *Michael*

wall-stoned  
line-backer  
wrestler  
law-enforce  
poemed late  
in life to  
an inner-  
touched  
his shelter  
ed-from  
soul.

## *Feelingness*

There was  
so much of  
the feeling  
ness about  
her tender  
ly ripened  
soul that  
most of the  
fruits of  
her forgiving  
couldn't tight-  
ten to their  
core-sense  
meanings.

## *The purity*

of Rennais  
ance Marian  
hymns as  
those flowing  
designs of  
Roger van der  
Weyden's dress  
ed-cared touch  
of in-reveal  
ing sanctity.

## *Officiating*

These sand  
s glimmer  
in cool re  
liance for  
their prist  
ine-touched  
surfacing  
s.

## *Sleeked*

that black  
cat in-to  
the readied  
shine of its  
claw-evinc  
ing densi  
ties.

## *New friends*

not yet  
foot-mark  
ed impressed  
to the mind  
of authen  
tic time-se  
quences.

## *Nights*

of soft  
Southern  
winds the  
palm-flow  
of gliding  
pelican  
s a stream  
with their  
leisuring  
sound-touch  
ings.

## *An affinity*

between  
what was said  
and what sen  
sed wind-  
phrased land  
scaping the  
growth of  
where flow  
ers remained  
the after  
math for co  
lor-finds.

## *Trembling*

waters  
breezed be  
yond the i  
mage of their  
self-deny  
ing form.

## *Racoon's*

footprint  
s clawed to  
the wood of  
his night-  
exposing  
eyes.

## *Apparitions*

When distan  
ces kept in  
creasing  
his mind spell  
ed through  
sound-light'  
s apparit  
ions.

## *Boned*

The juice  
is out Dried  
to a bone  
less core De  
sert winds  
laying the  
sands low  
Nightmares  
wrapped in  
pillowed  
forms.

## *Hollywood-like*

her blank-  
faced field  
s of ripen  
ing corn a  
sweetness  
of voiced i  
maginings.

## *Snow-dark*

The night  
snow-dark  
trees open-  
spaced their  
leafless  
ness of bir  
thed await  
ings.

## *Birth of a leaf (Mordecai Ardon)*

That light  
touch-voic  
ed in the  
green fluidi  
ty of life's  
in-forming  
leaf.

## *Hedda Gabler (Ibsen)*

a) *Personally*  
there to be  
ing what  
they always

are Static  
All's said in  
so being-  
Greek.

*b) Hedda*  
only power'  
s play with  
others Not be  
ing where  
self should  
Dictator  
of a small  
man's world.

*c) Tesman*  
prisoner  
of human  
smallness  
in that  
“great cul  
tural world”  
of Ibsen's  
implicit  
disdain.

d) *Livbourg*

more of what

Tesman wasn't  
So Hedda'

s aim right  
where she

needed to  
kill cen-

tered  
from self.

e) *Brack*

the cynical

male match  
for her/his

cunning need  
to possess

at the void  
from his

through-emp  
tied person.

f) *Livbourg's*

flutter

ing symbol  
of a society'

s unease to  
serve what

wasn't left  
from person –  
formless.

*This dawn*

so faint  
ly uneven  
ed Faced for  
being more  
than self  
could appear.

*Late winter*

there's  
light in the  
air Space a  
wakening  
the snow melt  
ing touched  
through a time  
less need in  
creasing.

*A thaw*

because  
the air breath  
es through  
a warmth we  
hadn't touch  
ed before  
bud-bringing  
lip's co  
loring find  
s.

*Ernest's piano teacher (1933)*

with the Jew  
s on the o  
ther side  
after year  
s of friend  
ship not a  
word more than  
that street  
and its speech  
less parallel  
divide.

## *Christ*

took that  
long way to(o)

The Jew of  
Jews de

fenseless  
in a desert

of unending  
perils to de

feat the in  
visible and

still outfind  
ing enemy.

## *Images*

shadow

ing my word  
less wander

ings as a  
moon cloud-

immersing  
from.

## *Munich's*

medieval  
facades  
lifting from  
the weight  
that time'  
s left them  
imitating  
that once-  
could-have  
been.

## *Airport*

shining up  
in "marble"  
and glass of  
sound-illum  
ination'  
s restless  
ly through-  
voiced.

*Sad adolescent*

sitting  
the far-  
watching of  
a cat's un-  
derlying-  
viewed per-  
spective  
s.

*The affinity*

of many of  
these poem  
s with the  
scarce-fleet  
ing moments  
of Mendels-  
ohn's fine-  
singing scher-  
zi.

## *Masterpieces in Dresden*

### *a) Jewish Graveyard (Ruisdael)*

brooding

shadows the  
woods rest

lessly instin  
cted rush

ing-silver  
ed water's

moon-tensed  
stones.

### *b) Woman reading letter (Vermeer)*

That room  
as a world

of intell  
ing objects

the reflec  
ting space I

maged from  
her glassed-

through self  
s opened win

dow so deep  
ly closed

within.

*c) Tax tittle (Titian)*

parallell  
ed eyes and  
hands asking  
  
out tempt  
ing implor  
  
ing to the  
touch of a  
  
single coin  
Caesar-fac  
ed “godlike”.

*d) Fall of Man (Cranach)*

Adam with  
  
his own fruit  
and equalled  
  
need’s desir  
ing Eve’s  
  
eyes the wis  
dom of a  
  
single bite.

*e) Christ on the throne (Dürer)*

of his self-  
  
creating word  
eternal light  
  
and those  
thoughtful

wondering  
Jews between  
monkied-less  
ened looks  
and the faith  
fulness of a  
little dog  
s self-attend  
ingness.

*f) Prodigal son' (Rembrandt)*

s self-port  
rait of wine  
woman and  
the sword of  
self-penetra  
ting light-a  
wareness  
es.

## *My Max Brod*

Where'  
s my Max Brod  
to Kafka me  
the pure- prin  
ted word of

residual  
meanings not  
their loss to  
the flames  
of so se  
minally  
voic  
ed.

*A minor slow mvt. (Bach violin concerto)*

Tug boat  
trugging  
the depth of  
where the wa  
ter's aligh  
tening in  
sound remin  
iscence  
s.

*A diminishing world*

What I don'  
t see I don'  
t know an  
old man'  
s grasping

for a dimin  
ishing world  
of receding  
self-assuran  
ces.

### *Ascension*

Jesus  
left his dis  
ciples where  
they were  
only the more  
from knowing  
Him alone  
in that out  
lasting cause  
after-tim  
ed.

### *Thomas' complaint*

that one  
can't ex  
plain Bach  
through the  
printed ex  
pertise of  
his papering

theology It  
all must be  
heard to be  
believing.

### *The question*

of evil'  
s more why  
most of us  
don't see  
ourselves  
as Rembrandt  
did Christ-  
crucify  
ing.

### *Gardener*

Fear's  
the root-bott  
om of the  
spade's sharp-  
edged cutt  
ings to where  
Christ garden  
ed Mary's loss  
with more than

hopeless  
ness could e  
ver endure.

### *Puzzled*

The words  
came quick  
er than know  
ing their  
place right  
Poem's a puzz  
le that of  
ten puzzle  
s me even  
more.

### *"Eye for eye tooth for tooth"*

that Christ  
ian way for  
national re  
demption  
While the for  
saken Jews  
huddling in  
their ghett  
oed corner

with more than  
cheeks to be  
turned to  
their aggress  
or's wanton  
needs.

*Can I forgive*

when sin is  
denied even  
multiplied  
Christ forgave  
once and al  
most all but  
also at the  
cross only for  
those bowing  
and bending  
their deserv  
èd grief.

## *Thinking through glass*

I can't  
hear Think  
ing through  
glass  
winds calm  
ed as those  
deeper under  
sea silen  
ces.

## *Mean's end*

If the mean  
s don't  
meet the end  
s It's like  
being strang  
ered to where  
you've al  
ways been  
known.

*“The rest is silence” (Shakespeare)*

where words  
have lost  
their saying-  
it-power as a  
marriage  
deadened  
from strife  
Or his stage  
corpsed from  
through-bleed  
ing survivor  
s.

*Bluebells*

finer than  
their sing  
ings could  
be heard  
A choiring  
scent even  
darker than  
their sweet  
ness could in  
finding.

*An early Haydn'*

s bare-o  
pened sound  
s as a wood  
wintered  
through  
spaced.

*God's eyes*

This my  
riad of star  
s God's e  
yes punctu  
ated in light  
distant  
ly clear the  
night through  
watching.

*Blue and white*

The sky'  
s moving as  
softly as  
these thought  
s blue and  
white innocent  
ly transform  
ing.

*The cut-wood*

of his dried  
down thought  
s thirst  
ing for the  
sap's relin  
quishing  
strength.

## *Weird colors*

witching  
their way  
through sub  
terranean  
passages of a  
world's be  
wildering  
in glow.

## *Categories*

can't marry  
persons to  
the inexpli  
cit causes  
of such unknow  
ing needs.

## *Jewels*

cut to the  
sensed pre-  
cision of  
their inter  
nal glow.

*Illmensee*

in the quiet  
surfacing  
glow of sha  
dows spread  
ing their  
fine tree-  
touching re  
flection'  
s sun-harvest  
ing.

*Time's running out*

as if the  
sea could ever  
hear its voice  
that way Shore  
less dried  
down to the  
depth of  
those motion  
less cycling  
tides.

*Each morning*

the fear  
at the heart  
of his not  
being more  
than just  
sitting there  
as old men  
do wordless  
ly exposed  
to the dried  
wood of pal  
ed-down con  
templat  
ions.

*Philotas (Lessing)*

killed the  
shame with  
those sword-  
blooded in  
stincts of  
his father  
less soul A  
retribut  
ion in kind  
evening  
the score.

*Prince Philotas' (Lessing)*

lonely  
choice neither  
of father  
nor son A  
kingdom of  
death's self-  
surviving  
instinct  
s.

*Shoes*

remember  
them best All  
those little  
ones piled up  
as persons  
in to  
heaps of  
passed-tell  
ing impressions.  
ions.

## *In becoming*

At 7 he  
still syllabed words  
in to their wholeness  
for meaning's as the  
sounds of the water's  
shoreless  
ly in becoming.  
ing.

## *Needed love*

She needed love  
more than she  
could find it  
kept urging  
her on horse  
and rider to  
that bottomless  
abyss.

## *Eichendorff*

the poet  
of dark in  
wooded enclos  
ures of the  
mind's feel  
ing-sense  
d moon'  
s light- trans  
cending.

## *INRI*

Who's  
been cruci  
fied with  
Christ if not  
the INRI of  
His own inner-  
sourced blood-  
revealing i  
dentity.

## *Cyclopián*

one-ey  
ed world-  
view Time con  
densed to  
not see  
ing other  
wise than  
what wasn'  
t there.

## *Voicelessly*

Rain was  
tending the  
air voiceless  
ly as a mo  
ther's in  
stinct born  
before the  
birth of its  
childless  
needs.

## *The Sermon on the Mount*

towering  
above all  
that mountain  
ous air low  
ered me to  
the ground-base  
of my flesh-  
finding fault  
s.

## *Dated*

If work  
s become  
dated It's  
because  
they were  
so much  
the thing  
s of not  
being the  
more for  
becoming  
now.

*A windowed view*

of a world  
calling back  
to why he  
was looking  
out to see  
ing through  
those trans  
ient cloud-  
forming mo  
ments.

*Of interior finds*

When the  
shallowed  
waters ston  
ed to the  
bottom of  
your feet-find  
ing thoughts  
and there'  
s a cooled  
sense of in  
terior find  
s.

## *Dark rains*

the bird'  
s song deep  
ened withdrawn  
to the self-  
enclosing  
tonality of  
the wood's  
mysterious  
ly darken  
ing in.

## *Beethoven's*

Great Fugue  
left me grie-  
vously dis-  
turbed at that  
unleashed  
power so pri-  
mitively ex-  
posing a na-  
kedly re-  
sounding  
through.

## *Haydn's*

Op. 76,1  
slow movement

brought me  
back again to

a world so  
finely and

deeply order  
ed spaced

through a  
controlled

and so benefi  
cently exalt

ing beauty.

## *Preordained*

If you list

en to what  
you're told

to listen for'  
s Music pre

ordained  
pedestall

ed on a crit  
ic's sounding-

you-through.

## *Rushing*

the stair  
s down as  
streaming  
banners light-  
coloring  
their arrival  
s from more.

## *The purity* (countertenor singing Josquin)

of that voic  
ed angelic  
blessing In  
tervalled be  
tween space  
and its light-  
sensing ac  
cords.

*These dark days*

so rain-  
held petal  
ed in the  
glimpse of  
spring-time  
flowers re  
hearsing  
for touch.

*The bees*

weren't  
there No one  
knows why  
Housed in an  
emptiness  
that could  
n't flower  
to its sens  
ed-from sweet  
ness.

## *Bringing down*

Do you  
bring up a  
child or  
should it  
be brought  
down to the  
earth-need  
s of not  
only his.

## *Sense and seem*

A poem'  
s sense and  
seem logic  
of why its  
phrasing'  
s those untold  
routes through  
and beyond  
the mind's  
need for ask  
ing why.

*Little Sammy's*

made more of  
himself than  
he should have  
Flirting with  
two beauties  
from the o  
ther sides of  
his out-proport  
ioned figure  
and hair thinn  
ing to a  
middle-age re  
luctance  
letting down  
at such oc  
casions to  
what's been  
left to the  
top of his  
own insinuat  
ing smiles.

*T. S. Eliot*

majored  
in the length  
of completion  
As if there  
could be a  
wholeness  
to this world  
even after  
Columbus dis  
covered what  
he hadn't  
thought it  
was realiz  
ing for.

*After a portrait of Leonardo*

If she isn'  
t there Why  
do I see  
her as more  
than she is  
touching  
voicing me a  
live to the  
presence  
of death'  
s overcom  
ing being.

## *Desert Poems (8)*

### *a) Death-processing*

The desert'  
s silently  
creeping on  
a predator  
instinctu  
ally alive  
for the una  
ware decor  
ative beauty  
of its suffo  
cating prey.

### *b) The desert'*

s flowing  
through in  
waves of  
wind-recurr  
ing sound  
s.

### *c) A quiet*

here so un  
earthly  
close that  
I wanted to  
touch your  
breath flow  
ering alive.

*d) Our steps*

tenta

tively un  
certain

tracing the  
far expanse

of a route  
less cause.

*e) Beware*

of those

hidden snake  
s buried in

the conceal  
ing depth of

their dead  
ly eye-curl

ing glance.

*f) Have stars*

ever reveal

ed their  
shine so cold

and cruelly  
light-intens

ing.

*g) Oasis*

green was  
never as  
pure as this  
mind-enchant  
ing the wa  
ter's clean  
sing source  
of cool-form  
ing touch.

*h) Moses*

called here  
to that thorn  
ed bush of  
ever-trans  
piring life.

*Spring's*

so hast  
ily unsure  
in arrang  
ing itself  
until flower  
ing in to a  
conscious  
ness for be  
ing there.

*These clouds*

wandering  
not answer  
ing so inno  
cently  
protective  
ly unheard  
the fears of  
what may be  
coming or go  
ing their  
ways from  
mine.

*These mountains*

so immune  
from the per  
ilous height  
s of man'  
s self-impos  
ing grandeur  
still slop  
ing down  
from their  
birth of the  
wind's climb

ing touch  
ed those light-  
enchancing  
stars.

*The birth of a leaf* (Mordecai Ardon)

unfold  
ing with the  
green of  
its breath-  
touching  
formed.

*Wild growth*

sun-down  
flowers co  
lored more  
in their  
thirsting  
instinct  
s light-in  
sensed.

*The horses*

mutely  
standing out  
a stillness  
as if in stat  
ued remem  
brance.

*Coloring's*

the scent  
of a flow  
er's through.  
flowing i  
mage.

*Genevra de' Benci (Leonardo)*

's tight  
pride of face  
wounding-an  
imalled eyes  
The curled de  
ceiving poetry  
of hair and  
dissembl  
ing landscape

beauty –  
How much of  
her / Da Vin  
ci.

### *Shame's*

the dead-  
sense of a  
dog's hover  
ing over  
its self.  
concealing  
wounds.

### *Secret marriage's (Cimarosa)*

usually  
the endgame  
For him though  
eloping came  
after the  
fact of all  
those intwin  
ing cat-cloth  
ed catch  
ing Haydn  
esque re  
prises.

## *Killing*

that cat runn  
ing right in-  
to my car'  
s unstopping  
speed's left  
blood-stain  
s not only  
where the  
road marked it  
deeper down  
than off.

## *Rain-down*

promises  
as if the  
sky's been out  
starred of  
all its hope  
ful bless  
ings.

## *Betweened*

They cut  
their wind  
ows out of  
my seeing  
from Back-  
faces blank  
silence  
s between  
ed.

## *Concrete city*

the color  
less shadow  
ing bird's  
stoned-remem  
brances of  
what could  
have been  
as if in  
flower  
ing glad  
ness.

## *Masterpieces in Munich*

*a) King Jesus (Titian)*

with a crown  
of whipping-  
stick “thorn  
s” encircl  
ling the step  
s to a mocked  
throne All breed  
ing through a  
mysterious  
dark and those  
strange lights  
the evil means  
of fallen man’  
s God-denying  
mockerie  
s.

*b) c) Those two Dürer*

portraits  
hung to the  
two sides of  
his seeing us  
through an i  
dealized committ  
ment to person  
and place And

the other so  
directly un  
pretty that  
we knew it  
was really  
him the flesh  
and boned  
of.

*d) Masked ball (Guardi)*

with those  
unreal light  
s masking the  
not being  
seen or known  
outperson  
ed.

*e) St. George's (Altdorfer)*

landscape  
with those  
light-shimmer  
ing leave  
s George's  
metallic  
sword silver  
ed-in-shine.

f) *Bosches'*  
Manichaen  
evil-eyed  
creation'  
s bedevill  
ing even The  
Lord's bene  
volent redempt  
ion.

### *Global warming*

in this sub  
zero freeze  
An extra blank  
et elect  
ric heat  
ing us up  
to the dis  
tant cosmic  
glow of its  
in flowing  
warmth.

## *Suddenly*

there its  
black sleek  
ly alarming  
glow of fea  
thers Facing  
me so direct  
ly to a re  
treat of  
feared fore  
bodings.

## *Crocuses*

and all the  
colors  
surfac  
ing through  
their wind-  
releasing  
gladness  
es.

### *Check-listing*

They call  
ed from a  
cross the o  
cean for a  
7 point creat  
ion's check  
list of my  
faith As I  
haven't heard  
since The Good  
Lord must have  
checked out  
on me from  
the sinner's  
claims for  
His cross-  
ways route to  
lasting salv  
ation.

### *Mixed breeding*

Those early  
time Haydn  
symphonie'  
s mixed breed  
ing of style

s has pass  
ed my present  
back to what'  
s still toning  
in childlike-  
sense through.

### *Time-intensed*

This hard-  
pressed grass  
worn down from  
winter's mem  
orie's hold  
ing tight  
time-intens  
ed.

### *Synonyms*

The sleek on  
comings of  
this lithely  
black-streak  
ing squirrel'  
s unravell  
ing such bran

ched uneven  
nesses to a  
synonym for  
flight easy-  
said and gnar  
lled aftered  
thoughts.

### *The deal's*

been clos  
ed his suit  
case smil  
ed a hand-  
shaking nod  
over writt  
en the tight-  
knit cloth  
ed pursuing  
endeavor  
s.

### *Sap-pulsing*

These green-  
bared bran  
ches sap-pul

sing stream'  
s through-  
craving hard  
ness of rock'  
s flowing in  
felt desirous  
ly beyond.

*Pink's two-mindedness*

Follow  
ing him  
self about  
Nat Pink two-  
minded as to  
where he was  
or wasn't Go  
ing with that  
self-pursu  
ing smile of  
his trail  
ing in or out  
of those  
through-haunt  
ing denials.

*A seeing-*

rhythm of  
your cobbl  
ed step's  
mind-proceed  
ing.

*Sensed-seen roses*

scarce  
ly for touch  
ed sound  
less words  
can break  
through  
sensed-  
seen.

*Rimmed*

The filig  
ree white  
ness of those  
curtain  
s rimmed  
her thought  
s in to fine  
ly-felt touch  
ed appearan  
ces.

*An emptiness*

of mind  
like a tree  
leafless  
ly wind-expos  
ing.

*Sad eyes*

He drank  
his sad eye  
s in to  
the stream  
s of float  
ing rever  
ies.

*Jesus at age 12 (Dürer Munich)*

*a) as high priest*  
eternally  
lighting  
those need-  
taking steps  
for the height  
of His redeem  
ing cause.

*b) The Jews*

eyes all a  
wake resound  
ing from that  
scriptural  
depth of His  
that left  
Christ a  
loned from  
their forsak  
en center.

*c) Mary and Joseph*

still not  
finding them  
selves in  
to where  
their son  
would need  
more than a  
family's  
safe-keep  
ing.

*d) Animalled instincts*

That little dog  
humbly  
bottom  
ed down sym

bol of a  
faithful  
ness that  
the outside-  
seeking mon  
key would es  
trange itself  
from.

*Measure for measure (Shakespeare)*

*a) Not even*

the blind  
can see  
themselves  
the way o  
thers do.

*b) If woman's*

chastity  
can be pedest  
alled even be  
yond the  
realms of  
person Then  
our times  
have cleansed  
themselves

of all such  
purifying  
means.

*c) The duke*

however  
“learned”  
he remain  
ed true to  
his own to (o)  
lenient sense  
of self-app  
lying justice.

*d) Higher morality*

pursued by  
church and  
state must  
mostly lower  
itself to a  
lesser view  
of man’  
self-reflec  
ting image.

*e) Christ*

may be  
seen behind  
the scenes

as man's  
need to be  
freed from  
himself.

*f) Life*

doesn't  
end that  
way as man'  
s his own  
self-deter  
mining trag  
ic source.

*Lady Macbeth's*

milkless  
breasts  
Galled to her  
resolute har-  
dened will  
ed with the  
blood of  
hand-dagg  
ered night-  
watching.

*Again for Rosemarie*

Sweet flow  
ers with their  
lightness  
of touched-  
color soften  
ing this  
harsh and barr  
en land of  
mine.

*Grown young again*

You've grown  
this aging  
self of mine  
young again  
as the seed  
ed fields the  
dark rich  
ness of their  
soil's re  
newing.

## *No way out*

she became  
there not  
knowing why  
all the e  
xits seal  
ed off  
a naked  
ness of  
place.

## *Through-timed*

Identi  
cal twins i  
dentically  
clothed in  
the thought  
s of the o  
ther's love  
for the same  
lady The one  
died the o  
ther lived  
his brother'  
s through-  
timed fail  
ing.

*“Dark comedies”*

all the  
more tragic  
because their  
artificial  
endings can'  
t surface o  
ver the real  
wounds  
still bleed  
ing below.

*Concert in Munich (March 16 07)*

a) *Violin Sonata*  
half-deaf  
could scarce  
ly hear  
the violin  
in the upper  
register  
Playing as a  
phantom  
ed being voice  
less ghosts  
of an imagin  
ary past.

b) *The opera glasses*

finger

ing even

where the most

delicate of

arpeggios

couldn't be

seen beyond

the piano'

s hidden se

crets of vis

ualizing

sounds.

c) *Schumann's A minor violin sonata*

stormed

me passed in

to a need

for revela

tory contemplat

ion's catching-

in-breath of

where the mu

sic couldn't be

sounding me

out for.

*d) Ravel's violin sonata*

jazzing it  
up in “contem-  
porary i-  
diom” seem-  
ed to dull at  
the edges of  
my less than  
acquiescent  
souled (sold)  
out.

*e) Schumann piano quintet*

at the end  
death-march  
ed me in  
to those grave  
feelings that  
marked me off  
for a last  
ditch effort  
of being mov-  
ed (away from).

*f) “Wolf sponsor” (Hélène Grimaud)*

The beauti-  
fied “wolf spon-  
ser” kept those

at home to  
tame her ro  
mantic in  
stincts changed  
from Brunette  
to blond (on  
the cover) but  
that didn't al  
ter my own  
classica  
lly space-in  
herent sen  
sibilit  
ies.

#### *4 of the great portraits*

*a) Rembrandt's Saskia (Kassel)*

so imperson  
ally intened  
That even the  
cloth's speaking  
the artist'  
s tight-  
fitting mind a  
loud.

*b) Da Vinci's Mona Lisa*

more the  
where'd  
where she  
isn't Mysti  
cally land  
scaped.  
even beyond  
the depth of  
his self-in  
volving  
person.

*c) Bellini's Doge*

mind-abstract  
ed unity  
of person  
ed place.

*d) Raphael's*

La Velata'  
s eyes cloth  
ed in the  
mystery of  
woman's enti  
ced call  
ings.

*These cold winds*

rushing  
through the  
abandon  
ing color  
s of spring'  
s reticent  
surface-  
claiming  
s.

*Bluebells*

lithe  
ly escap  
ing my lip'  
s sound-  
sensing.

*The fear*

of what one  
doesn't know  
what to fear  
A ship unan  
chored drift  
ing through  
waves of not  
finding  
where.

## *Before he wasn't*

He was  
there be  
fore he wasn'  
t waking  
from a dream  
that hadn't  
stopped tell  
ing him  
self out.

## *Curtains*

closing  
in silence  
of being  
drawn down  
the way of  
stars felt  
through  
for even  
ing.

## *Blossoms*

cluster  
ed from snow-  
petal fall.

### *Worn colors*

where not  
even touch  
could reveal  
their full-toned  
bareness  
exists.

### *The snow*

so finely  
rhymed its  
instinct  
for sound began  
beyond  
my knowing  
where.

### *Sugar-surfaced*

Those little  
girls so sweetly  
dressed  
through brocaded  
designs  
of pastry  
sugar-surfaced.  
ed.

## *Van Dyck's*

effemina  
tely elong  
ated my  
sense for  
the finery  
of aristocratic  
touch-through  
surfacing  
s.

## *Truth*

was her  
transient  
means self –  
purposing  
whatever  
ends she  
would aspire  
A woman'  
s enticing  
smile hold  
ing others  
at the grasp  
of her very  
moment.

## *Distancing*

the snow  
spreading  
out beyond  
the fields  
of his light-  
shifting  
thoughts.

## *Self-attaining*

His suit  
ed stance-  
demeanor  
punctua  
ted adept  
ly with that  
bottomed  
smile of his  
so primely  
self-attain  
ing.

## *Chopinesque*

### *a) Perfumed*

that faint  
salon scent  
dreamily ro  
mantic Most  
ly for women'  
s vaguely  
(but still re  
wardingly)  
abandoning  
smiles.

### *b) Proud*

ly self-as  
suming  
that nation  
al guise  
of uprear  
ing streng  
th Horsed in  
saddle the  
charge through  
those (most  
ly still in  
nocent) bat  
tie-keys.

*c) alas*

the whims  
ical beauty  
of those not  
quite touch  
ing moon  
lit moment  
s reminis  
cently fad  
ing from.

*Tchaikovsky 5<sup>th</sup>*

A beauti  
fully tooth  
less woman  
Robed in all  
the colors  
that her barr  
en nakedness  
could allur  
ingly costume.

## *Mirrored*

She mirror  
ed another  
face than her  
own search  
ing back as  
if waves  
through-call  
ing in voice  
less response.

## *Spacelessly*

The snow  
began as a  
touched-  
wind so  
quietly un  
aware to  
that space  
less void  
of night.

*The blackbird*

tracing  
his shadow  
upon the dark  
ening snow  
until night  
left him win  
gèd-through  
the loneli  
ness silent  
ly in flight.

*Funeral music (Purcell Queen Mary)*

Death chromat  
ically ascend  
ing inter  
vals of a  
lifeless  
there after  
Its final pain  
s of fear  
time-releas  
ing.

*For Rosemarie*

Our love  
thawed  
through its  
soften  
ing flesh  
melting now  
as snow  
the lonely  
depth of win  
ter's darken  
ing grasp.

*Purcell's anthems*

of such a  
lonely pur  
ity tensed  
the internal  
bleeding of  
darkening  
sorrows.

## *Twinned*

Chopin

French or  
Polish Händel

German or the  
English of

one person  
semi-identi

cal twinned  
astride a

shoreless  
reach self-

finding.

## *Moon-sensing*

I heard

the snow  
falling

through  
the awaken

ing of dream'  
s moon-sens

ing light.

## *Signs*

and symbol  
s those blink  
ing lights  
we steadied  
through vista  
s of impend  
ing aware  
ness.

## *The overripe*

fruit of  
Amos' vision  
bereft of  
those harden  
ed daily sur  
vival-needs  
As a woman'  
s breast so  
softly milked  
its child'  
s taste runn  
ing over in  
to those  
stagnant  
streams of  
wellness  
culture.

## *That choice*

There would  
always be  
that choice  
the original  
fruit still  
hanging for  
us to decide  
against the  
inner voice  
calling us  
back at hand'  
s length.

## *Either way*

It could go  
either way  
they said as  
if "it" wasn'  
t us at the  
crossroad'  
s stretch  
ing out in  
unseen length  
of hands rest  
lessly through-  
voicing.

*The train*

started  
from unseen  
hands  
switched on  
its time-  
table route  
same-track-  
continuity  
from not turn  
ing back.

*For our son Raphael*

Some  
thing more  
than blood-bind  
s walking a  
lone at night  
your steps e  
choing my dis  
tant thought  
s The clouds  
responding  
through their  
tonalities  
of cause we  
listen the  
woods awaken

to our darken  
ing pulse  
Something  
more than that  
blood-binds.

### *Pidgeons*

sitting out  
their place  
rowed in to  
a causality  
of chance ap  
pearance  
s.

### *The fields*

of flowing  
clouds be  
yond where  
even horizon  
s of the mind'  
s timeless  
ly increas  
ing.

## *Poems from Klingenthal*

### *a) Of awakening light*

He slept  
the snow  
down through  
dreams of a  
wakening light  
a boat unan-  
chored re-  
ceding realm  
s from its a-  
bandoning  
shores.

### *b) A lone bird*

in an empt  
ied and dried-  
from season  
searching  
the sky for  
wingèd re-  
lease.

### *c) Sensitised*

These cur-  
tains so fine  
ly spoken  
light sensiti-  
sed from

snow-clad  
time-descend  
ing hills.

*d) Of the Germanies*

Two nation  
s at the his  
torical edge  
of their de  
feated pride  
Now reconfirm  
ed to a u  
nity of less  
than a strange  
like same  
ness.

*e) Timelessly exposing*

Space  
can't be  
concealed e  
ven through  
these reach  
ing hill's  
breathing  
themselve  
s out time  
lessly ex  
posing.

*f) This tired snow*

still re

hearsing  
steps melt

ing away  
their im

pression  
less sound

s.

*g) This room*

inspoken

though hes  
itant in a

light of  
windless

transform  
ings.

*h) The moon*

has created

another  
world from

here Sancti  
fied through

its descend  
ing phases  
of snow.

*i) Witnessing aloneness*

These slen  
der trees  
rhymed to the  
wind-height  
s of witness  
ing alone  
ness.

*Deacon's (Zwickau ca. 1500)*

balance  
between  
mind and  
hands inhold  
ing a higher  
cause face-  
formed re  
ceiving.

## *Saxony's*

factories  
defaced  
from view  
scarred  
with their  
running  
wounds blood  
lessly wind-  
apparent.

## *Their motives*

We're assum  
ing their mo  
tives as  
our own as  
if a statue  
could be re  
placed for  
its living i  
mage.

## *Remotely*

imaged in  
that glass-  
moment of  
where time  
translate  
s its un-  
evened light  
from form.

## *The river*

glisten  
ing from stone  
s flowing my  
shallow in  
stincts to a  
depth of far  
out sound  
ings.

*That castle*

run down  
from the use  
lessness  
of time's pro  
tective shield  
Wind and wea  
ther tight  
ened their  
mark on man'  
s solitary  
claims for a  
lasting re  
fuge.

*For Rosemarie*

The morn  
ing kiss sun-  
shines your  
transient  
face in to  
a gladness  
radiant  
ly stilled.

*Pink's love-lost voice*

Night only  
appeared as  
Pink on the  
doorsteps of  
his love-lost  
voice with  
primed flow  
ers and that  
artificial  
shine of his  
summaried  
yet courag  
eously self-  
presentat  
ion.

*Requiem (Michael Haydn 1771)*

Is Mozart  
dying here  
20 years ear  
lier intoned  
in those fate  
ful sounds  
of where his  
grave's been  
bringing him

down to a pro  
fessional of  
sound-intent  
Casket-  
lending.

### *Vision's*

the seeing-  
growth i  
mage-intens  
ed "moving  
of mount  
ains's" rough-  
ly impending a  
wareness  
es through.

### *Start-day*

The morning  
s start-day  
still shadow  
ing in dream  
a clouding  
through pass  
ed remembr  
ances.

*Nussbaum (of Osnabrück)*

defiant  
ly Jewish-  
starred Na  
ked to the  
act of fruit-  
bearing  
birth-den  
ials.

*Rachel*

She cried  
when she saw  
little children  
smiling the  
way hers never  
knew in a  
tub of blood-  
ending its  
lifeless  
soundless  
motherless  
need for love.

## *To be first*

He always  
s needed to  
be first That  
incipient  
urge for the  
where of  
where he wasn'  
t Rushing  
time ahead of  
itself until  
at the end  
It finally  
caught him  
down.

## *The earth*

of my dark-  
soil blood'  
s deep-down  
Cooled in the  
night of the  
moon's grasp  
ing hold on  
shadows.

## *Pale-voiced*

this shall  
ow start of  
spring's e  
ven remote  
ly shadow  
ing innuendo'  
s touch-sens  
ing.

## *Self-expressioned*

An almost  
empty train  
soundless  
ly evolv  
ing through  
these night  
s of self-  
expression  
ed distan  
ces.

## *Why then*

not now  
Why here  
not there  
the wind's  
savage-teeth  
ed machete  
bleeding  
the life-  
rings of the  
wood's o  
pening desol  
ate sadness.

## *First colors*

this land'  
s sparse  
ly in need  
of an appear  
ance-growth  
surfacing  
where the  
wind's claim  
ing-finds.

*2<sup>nd</sup> Allegretto (Beethoven trio op 70,2)*

as partner  
s lyrically  
voiced cir  
cling a one  
ness of space-  
toned inter  
vals.

*The first blossoms*

have fallen  
so tender  
ly voiced that  
even death  
couldn't  
stain through  
their white-  
forsaken pur  
ity.

*D minor trio (Schumann)*

Schumann'  
s passions  
rushing  
through all  
that's left

behind until  
slowed to an  
abyss of con-  
templative  
silences.

*Blossomed remembrances*

The land  
strewn with  
white-blossom  
ed remembran-  
ces of why  
life's so  
short for its  
holding on  
to.

*The bee'*

s clasp  
ing the per-  
fumed scent  
of its fligh-  
ty desir-  
ings.

## *Colorings*

The bird  
sang because  
the tree  
was bared  
for its voic  
ed- in color  
ings.

## *The desert*

looming  
with the  
slithering  
eyes of  
stone-awaken  
ing tongue  
d enchant  
ments.

## *Flemmish*

15<sup>th</sup> century  
masterpiece  
s so bright  
ly ornament  
ed a near

ness to the  
now of rhymi  
cally through-  
transpir  
ings.

### *Faces*

more like  
those decor  
ative Venet  
ian masks  
self-conceal  
ing their  
time-lit ex  
posures.

### *That edgy feeling*

that wants  
where it isn'  
t like crumb  
ling space to  
its off-color  
ed tension  
ed intangib  
ly touched.

*His hour had come*

because He  
knew it would  
only then when  
death's star  
ing us right  
in the face  
of where we'  
ve no one  
to go magneti  
cally call  
ed.

*The day will come*

when they'  
ll outlaw God'  
s words and  
ways as they  
did with You  
forsaken  
from the laws  
of Romans and  
Jews We'll be  
left as a  
bandoned as  
your hang  
ing from the

length of  
your nailed-  
in Cross.

*Vintage early 50s*

These post  
war houses  
put together  
as a jig-saw  
puzzle that  
doesn't fit  
Chimneys  
as over siz  
ed cows coloss  
ally protrud  
ing in to  
the thinness  
of air Roofs  
that end down  
the wrong way  
out All's  
right here as  
nothing's pre  
cisioned  
as before.

*What he didn't preach*

He practi  
sed what he  
didn't preach  
Where's the  
worth of  
knowing or  
doing Such  
worlds re  
volving along  
an axis of in  
tangible un  
certaintie  
s.

*Our favorite uncle*

too good  
for being  
too weak too  
late in stand  
ing up to  
the full length  
of his own  
need for peace  
ful reconcili  
ations.

*Coming down to*

Only if he  
could preach  
himself to  
where the o  
thers sat  
could he come  
down from  
that self-en  
closing pul  
pit of his.

*“How are things in Glaccamorra”*  
*(in memory Uncle Irving)*

Even if he  
didn't believe  
in God He  
still needed  
a paradise of  
unearthly  
peaceful  
ness A land  
flowering  
in the time  
less repose  
that this side  
of life had  
n't meted him  
out for.

## *Orchids*

deeply colored from  
their strange  
tropical origin here a  
world so remotely pre-  
existent.

## *Imitation*

animals  
so inquietly self-  
maged as if  
man could  
tame his own  
steadfast  
instincts  
for prey.

## *Time-flow*

So near to  
death and  
yet so close  
ly attuned  
to life's re  
viewing where  
he sat through  
years of con  
tinuous time-  
flow.

## *Seymour*

that shaggy  
Bronx low-  
downer Ghatt  
oed-eyed  
half-steady  
stanced his  
way in to a  
new kind of  
respect  
able mon  
ied look.

*Not knowing*

but sensing  
what one  
doesn't know  
as the shadows  
of fear  
wind-blown  
yet light-resisting.

*The long-lived*

turtle slow  
ing time down  
to an acquired  
pace  
of dust-bearing  
fortitudes.

*“Put on your Easter bonnet*

with all the  
ribbons on it”  
so joyously  
parading a  
city’s color  
ing bright  
ness of life  
beyond life’  
s upsound  
ing beat of  
where your  
bonnet’s sing  
ing in out-  
lying ribbon  
ed phrasing  
s through.

*Cold shadows*

stoned mo  
ments un  
touching ex  
posures.

## *Prayers for the dead*

They sat  
their time  
out until the  
dead was bur  
ied to the  
depth of  
their mind'  
s last im  
pulse for  
light.

## *Prevasively blue*

The light  
spring sky  
so prevas  
ively blue  
that touch  
ed your  
lighten  
ed step  
through  
the wind'  
s transpar  
ency find  
s.

*Easter fires*

at the Birnau  
swelling light  
streams of fire  
burned through  
to the ash of  
winter's with  
ering hold.

*A tensions to person*

a balance  
that must be  
held the  
way little  
girls string  
their puppet  
s to a hand-  
evened sense.

## *Off*

You could  
n't hold him  
back Off be  
fore the  
count down be  
gan running  
a race a  
gainst where  
he wasn't  
breathless  
ly self-con  
fining.

## *Old men*

entranc  
ed in leaf  
less desire  
s couldn't  
bloom beyond  
the dried-in  
sap of win  
ter's resis  
ting claim  
s.

*Soundlessly voiced*

The water  
s parted  
in phras  
ing beyond  
the wind  
s soundless  
ly voiced.

*Cat and mouse*

more like  
a children'  
s game let  
loose and  
run catch  
quick hold  
tight till  
the pains  
are singing  
through a  
dead-warrant  
ed victim  
of your play  
ful delight  
s.

*“I thirst” (Haydn 7 Last words of Christ)*

as Christ  
s life-stream  
s drying  
down the un  
broken bone  
s impass  
ioned for re  
lease.

*Aron*

at age 7  
wiesel-slen  
dered his  
lithe form  
wherea  
bouts of  
left behind  
s retrac  
ing.

## *Crystalled-spoken*

Do flower  
s cool their  
intent down  
to the moon-  
kept light of  
evening'  
s crystall  
ed-spoken  
touch.

## *Age*

only part  
ially in  
habits us  
We're more  
like a string  
ed instru  
ment attun  
ed to the  
changea  
bility of  
what's touch  
ing our  
through-  
framed ap  
pearance  
s.

## *Atlantis-time*

dream-swell  
as the wa  
ter's under  
currents shift  
ing in sand  
to these lost  
perspect  
ives of a  
world sinking  
back in to  
the sea of  
its birthed  
creation.

## *That snooping-*

around-the-  
corner type  
insinuat  
ing beyond  
his nose  
length Eyes  
full of those  
betraying need  
s for the  
all-clear  
signall

ing in smil  
ed accommo  
dations.

*Resurrection* (Rembrandt Munich 1640s)

Sitting it  
out stone-  
tomed time-  
reflecting  
as if death  
hadn't lost  
its hold on  
his waiting  
for the angel  
of light'  
s time-redeem  
ing.

*The swan*

season  
ed for a  
whiteness  
of wind-flow  
ing grace

fully through  
waters of un  
attending  
shores.

### *Slowing down*

his thought  
s as clouds  
accumulat  
ing into a  
mass of less  
than moment  
ary growth  
wind-holding  
steps re  
solving  
through sound  
lessly.

### *The rooster*

mostly red  
in its clawed-  
in fixture  
s steadily  
conscienc

ed Peter's  
alarmed-  
through den  
ials.

### *Out-timed sermons*

can take us  
askew off-bal  
anced as those  
worn-accent  
uating steps  
to a pulpit  
of bared down  
scripture  
s.

### *“New born”*

(perhaps)  
but old-tim  
ed featured  
their low-  
lying sinner'  
s breed wor  
thied (only  
then) for re  
demption.

*Beethoven's 7<sup>th</sup> (3rd mvt. Rattle)*

rhythmi  
cally dialog  
ued in to a  
Haydnesque  
response of  
trailing  
off shadow  
ings.

*Marked-off*

she was with  
a purpose  
ful sense in  
direction  
as colors ac  
centuating  
their depth  
ed-for con  
tours.

## *Jewish transport*

children  
parent-alon  
ed in to the  
darkness of  
a not-know  
ing- where  
land closing  
behind as  
drama's death  
scened no  
where now but  
beginning.

## *Mozart's*

flowing  
through the  
streams of  
your hand-re  
fining light-  
voiced.

*For Rosemarie*

Your lips  
have open  
ed the birth  
of my be  
ing moon-  
sensed eye  
s dimly  
receding.

*Würzburg: Residence*

In the clois  
tered halls  
of the resi  
dence stone-  
silence  
isolating  
walls protec  
ting a time'  
s vanish  
ing in view.

*Würzburg Residence: The park*

These tree  
s artifi  
cially trim  
med that one  
expected tin  
soldiers par  
ading a manne  
quin's pretti  
ness from  
view.

*Annunciation (Herlin Rothenburg)*

Such an  
inner weav  
ing melodic  
after find  
s as if that  
angel was  
still in-flow  
ing heaven  
ly grace.

## *Tony*

there's lot  
s of you in  
mind of these  
words imitat  
ing what  
you'd be  
thinking of.

## *Rothenburg's*

still virgin-  
medieval un  
touched as  
Penelope by  
all those  
suitors who  
would unveil  
her self-re  
fraining  
dignity.

*Rosemarie*

I'll awake  
the youth  
back from you  
if only be  
cause the  
moon's your  
transpar  
ently mine.

*Blank shadows*

their face  
s shallow  
ed to a  
depth of sun  
less smile  
s.

*A courtyard*

window  
ed in-to  
thought-  
response  
intermin  
ably  
asking.

*“The handwriting’s on the wall”*

but now it'  
s shimmer  
ing indistin  
ctly as these  
leaves reflect  
ing concrete  
silences  
through.

*Image of “The church”*

when the  
roots have  
been torn  
from their  
earth-renew  
ing growth  
That tree so  
proudly em  
bellished  
aspiring  
heavenly  
vistas sap  
lessly in  
ert.

*Riemenschneider in Würzburg (6)*

*a) Candelabra angels ca. 1505*

escort

ing in the  
light of

transcen  
dental vi

sions.

*b) Mary and John (the small one ca. 1520)*

break

able hand-  
touched

hold of the  
dead Christ'

s together  
ness.

*c) Eve's 1492/93*

hair flow

ing down the  
depths of

her death'  
s realiz

ings.

*d) St. Stephan's*

face cut-  
form hand-re  
flecting  
ascension  
to the Christ  
of his long  
ings.

*e) St. Sebastian ca. 1515*

That stead  
ied gaze be  
yond the in-  
binding pain'  
s light-bleed  
ing.

*f) St. Barbara ca. 1510*

her hands  
circling  
the womb  
from its cha  
liced blood-  
light.

*Mary's church (Würzburg)*

although  
statued  
within worth  
ied tradit  
ion lofty a  
bove my sitt  
ing down from  
those few pris  
tine yellow  
flowers caught  
me at a  
glance.

*Skin-shedding*

Snakes  
shed their  
skins out  
realising  
in self-re  
vealing a  
newness  
of what's  
been cast a  
side.

### *Track-lines*

as parall  
elled as  
my uneven  
ed thought  
s time-in  
creasing.

### *Pink's*

early morn  
ing blossom  
ing cheeks  
the spring  
trees of his  
flushing  
through co  
lorings.

### *Spitzweg's*

gentle breath  
of humour  
Hanging his  
coloring un  
derwear on

that watch  
ful length of  
cannon (per  
haps) reload  
ing for its  
drying off  
sponsors.

*Spitzweg (II) for Ernst*

may be hid  
ing behind a  
gentleness  
of touch  
ed appearan  
ces what is  
n't seen but  
implied as  
those roosted  
chickens and  
lady's stock  
ings hung be  
hind the fire  
s of his in  
tensing glow.

## *The psychoworld*

left her  
little time  
for self Sha  
dowed as she  
was in the i  
mage of what  
once was for  
being even  
now the more  
so.

## *Sleep*

that dark un  
known of the  
somewhere  
else The bott  
omless ocean'  
s sinking  
sounds in to  
lost forget  
fulness The  
death of  
where only  
life can re  
deem itself.

*St. Margareta (Cranach Munich 1520s)*

Her hair  
touched with  
the spontane  
ous glow of  
where inno  
cent eyes  
self-seek  
ing.

*Spitzwegean*

birds wit  
nessing what  
we wouldn'  
t want seen  
flight-messan  
gers voice  
lessly expos  
ing.

*These corridors*

sound  
lessly lead  
ing either  
way out of  
his self-im  
prisoned  
direction  
less.

*Buttered*

She butter  
ed her stale-  
face bread  
to a dia  
logue of in  
tricate  
pleasuring  
s.

*Rain coming*

the cloud  
s dulled  
from usage  
A closeness  
here sens  
ed-waiting.

*“Caught a cold”*

as if cold  
s could be  
caught upon  
when you’  
re caught  
in draft’  
s cold-mind  
edness.

*Alice in Wonderland (reread)*

a) *She may*  
have out  
grown her  
knowledge  
in to the

smallness  
of a lessen  
ing world.

*b) Nonsense*

can make  
more sense  
in the  
upside-down  
ness of our  
Old Father  
William's  
world.

*c) We all*

at times  
dialogue  
ourselves  
Even if the  
speaking  
back's only  
the other  
side of that  
somewhat o  
ther world.

*d) Who's Alice*

who are we  
in the possi  
bility of  
more in those

other ways  
of realiz  
ing.

### *Relentlessly holding*

These  
austere  
mountain  
s relentless  
ly holding  
for the still  
ness of time'  
s sloping  
down phrase  
s.

### *Reading*

through  
the eyes of  
others is  
why glasses  
need be indi  
vidually  
prescrib  
ed.

## *Corot'*

s the  
poet of si  
lent- voiced  
sensibil  
ities the sha  
dows of these  
lake- trans  
cending  
winds.

## *Illuminated manuscripts*

with their  
individual  
letters so  
finely addres  
sed as a cour  
tier with  
flourishing  
hat improvis  
ing beyond the  
usage of such  
isolating  
meanings.

## *Human*

If the  
Indians weren'  
t human Were  
those Spaniard  
s any more  
so Or does  
human mean a  
finishing  
meanness  
from design.

## *Nathaniel Pink*

bought  
the store out  
of sunflower  
s and high  
standing color  
ing balloons  
Trying to cur  
ious the real  
sun out of its  
paled appease  
ment policies  
for some more  
of that real  
shine that e  
ven

Pink couldn't long  
attune with  
those virtu  
ous smiles  
of his.

### *Landmarks*

some  
where set  
in those o  
pening field  
s with their  
phrasing  
sense for  
grass No word  
s only num  
bers hardly  
decipher  
able worn down  
from their  
time-touch  
direction  
less viewed.

## *The dead*

know better  
than we  
so quietly  
entombed in  
such peaceful  
places with  
only the wind  
to hear  
No tensions  
no pains  
no fears And  
only those  
overspread  
ing trees  
protective  
ly stilled.

## *Lost*

she was  
in a garden  
of over-bloom  
ing flowers  
Coloring e  
ven those  
nights through  
with the wind  
s of choired  
echoings.

*The old windmill*

turning  
slowly  
through sound  
lessly continu  
ing the way  
s of the wa  
ter and the  
wind's word  
lessly found.

*At sundown*

the boats  
soundless  
ly passing  
through the  
flow of home-  
coming's a  
sadness of  
return motion  
lessly wave  
d.

*Byrd: Mass for 5 Voices*

If then'  
s being Cath  
olic's be  
ing truer  
to Christ's  
suffering  
The mass of  
upholding  
the signa  
ture of that  
voiced-  
through pur  
ity in faith.

*Schumann op. 12*

That piano  
keyed for a  
larger hall  
And she small  
er than the  
music's mean  
ing Overcoming  
with eye-tell  
ing technique  
much of the  
mood of Schu

mann's subtle  
ties from  
sound.

*Wolff's spies (Head of DDR secret police)*

Bathseba-  
like wormed  
their way in  
to the flesh  
ed desire  
s of their  
wanting Vic  
tims for a  
cold truth  
papered o  
ver but se  
cretly in-  
holding.

*Formed*

That  
round ball  
coloring  
her eyes  
through

for its  
touching  
sense  
from form.

### *True-telling stones*

It's just  
the right  
word strung  
to their co  
loring find  
s A necklace  
of true-  
telling  
stones.

### *Ute*

She was  
too strong  
to let other  
s decide  
An over  
bearing tree  
shadowing  
most deeply  
the depth of

her own self-  
persuasion

s.

### *Schiller: Joan of Arc*

*a) Does*

man still  
need God to

free him  
self from be

ing bound  
and tied to

his own in  
terests.

*b) Joan was*

the witch for  
England and

the Holy Saviour  
for France

Does God take  
sides in our

own national  
interests.

*c) He saved*  
her from the  
pyre The  
real flame  
s were God'  
s burning de  
sire through  
her for France'  
s freedom.

*d) Joan*  
sainted only  
1920 in those  
times of hope  
less despair  
Has she risen  
again above  
the meaning  
for her sin  
gular message.

### *Autistically in mourning*

She didn'  
t know what  
death meant  
for a mother  
she rarely

saw More in  
a sadness  
for her own  
unspeak  
able self.

*Isaac Babel*

that Jew  
ish Cossack  
horse-fear  
ing his own  
trampling  
down instin-  
cts.

*The jewelled necklace*

that she  
touched  
through  
her finger  
ing needs  
Articulate  
with the  
shine of  
a smiled a  
wareness.

## *Closer*

Rain  
sadness  
and quiet  
spoken  
thoughts an  
intimacy  
of nearing  
you closer.

## *Clarinet'*

s slow  
streams  
deep water  
s winding  
through the  
flow from  
self-express  
ing sound  
s.

## *Nathaniel Pink'*

s lost his  
athletic  
looks Should  
ders droop  
ing as a watch  
less dog's so  
eared out-peer  
ing Glasses  
worn through  
their respec  
tability  
sake.

## *Drying up*

This  
earth's dry  
ing up  
cracking  
down to the  
pores of  
where breath  
ing's no way  
of seeing  
it through.

## *Unframing*

There'  
s still too  
much kept se  
cret here  
Old-timed  
family picture  
s revealing  
that he wasn'  
t what he  
was told to  
be A Jew-kill  
er unframing  
the antece  
dents of his  
war- timed  
heroic posing.

## *That vacancy of wind*

His empti  
ness of  
mind's like  
that vacancy  
of wind  
blown field  
s with out  
a resonance  
for voice.

## *Pity'*

s where  
one's own  
nakedness  
so readily  
on display.

## *Chagall's Esther*

so close  
ly clothed  
in that in  
stinct for un  
revealing  
beauties  
just as she  
was symbol  
of Israel'  
s untouch  
able calling.

## *Commas*

Small dip  
ping birds  
skirting

the water'  
s edge with  
the commas  
between the  
wind's line  
s out  
breathing.

*Heinz*

had that  
staid look  
of his butt  
ed-out cigar  
swollen  
stance and  
the pride of  
smoked-occas  
ioning relax  
ations.

## *Samson*

was smit-  
ten with a  
blindness  
of seeing  
too much  
Told as he  
was in-to  
the secret  
confines of  
a voice  
less dark.

## *Quick-stepped*

Those quick-  
stepped  
birds im-  
printing  
the less  
of a mo-  
ment's  
sound.

## *Evergreens*

formed  
with the  
self-delu  
sions of al  
ways being  
there  
after.

## *Lake of Garda at Campione*

Water  
falls of fall  
ing stone  
Abstract  
vistas re-  
shaping the  
mind's con  
fluence  
of rock-  
down surfa  
cings.

## *Implied*

What she  
said im  
plied for o

ther mean  
ings As if  
words were  
less than  
that chance  
movement  
of her eye  
s or hand  
s brushing  
down  
for touch.

### *Twinned-feelings*

Women  
may dress  
to their in  
tended sense  
for self  
as if cloth  
ed to in  
ternal  
wants for  
such twinn  
ed-in  
feeling  
s.

*For Rosemarie*

Mild winds  
that's your  
thawing this  
wintered  
heart of mine  
to the sweet-  
flowing of  
its time-re-  
hearsing  
streams.

*A quiet snow*

like clos  
ing the cur  
tain's ask  
ing for a  
voiced inti  
macy of no  
where but  
there.

## *Cloud-invoking*

You voice  
ed yourself  
softer  
cloud-invo  
king wind  
s from the  
mildness  
of a south  
ern clime.

## *The Bacchae (Eurpides 4)*

a) *The enemie'*  
so far off  
beyond the  
seas from the  
north or east  
in the pasto  
ral flow of  
mountain'  
s so deeply  
designed to  
that mirror  
ed image  
from self.

*b) Pentheus*  
with the  
curiosity  
of Eve voiced  
through the  
serpent's  
so cosmic  
cunning.

*c) Wine*  
that delight  
s the human  
heartless  
ness over-  
flowing in an  
imalled sanc  
tities.

*d) Caravaggio's Bacchus*  
feasting  
on the in  
ner needs  
from his own  
impassion  
ed self-dest  
ruction.

## *Smoke-clouds*

abandon  
ing those  
lost thought  
s of celes  
tial imitat  
ions.

## *Menorah*

with its  
uplifting  
hand's light-  
embracing  
the wax-  
blood's see  
ping through.

*A void*  
at the cen  
ter Fear as  
if white  
wasn't a  
lapse from  
being found.

*Karl Marx City (Chemnitz)*

with a  
huge bust  
of his plasti  
cally in the  
fullness of  
prophetic  
claims  
still staring  
down Timeless  
ly what  
should have  
been but wasn'  
t.

### *The Pharisee'*

s urging  
Jesus' answer  
ing eye'  
s coin-  
invoking  
the Emperor'  
s god-struck  
image.

### *Magritte's*

head on  
balanc  
ing hat'  
s unease  
s my square-  
framed sit  
ting in  
from place.

### *Otherwise*

I could  
have been  
the other  
wise from  
being now

These time  
s the tide  
s of moon-  
sweeping sur  
facings me  
away from.

*Glassed remembrances*

Strange  
eyes watch  
ing him  
through  
glassed re  
*membrance*  
s.

*Of its speechless thoughts*

This  
trees's sha  
ding itself  
inwardly en  
closing the  
shadows of  
its speech  
less thought  
s.

### *Little old ladies*

with their  
little old  
worries of  
more-than-  
finding word  
s as birds  
scatter  
ing for their  
incessant  
ly feed.

### *Wind-phrasing*

The sur  
face of  
this smooth  
ed out sea  
So breathless  
ly stilled  
only in  
the soften  
ing touch of  
word's wind-  
phrasing.

## *Amputated*

They cut  
the limbs  
of this tree  
  
to its sha-  
dowed rest  
  
away Out-  
armed sway  
  
ing dull-  
pulsed rem-  
  
nants.

## *Rembrandt in the 40s*

still form-  
  
controlled  
precision  
  
ed me-  
tallic gleam  
  
the cloth of  
touched  
  
beyond  
ness for soul-  
  
finding God-  
sensing.

## *Incomplete*

Man's incom-  
plete created  
with a need  
for more that  
emptiness  
at the centre  
of self-ribbed  
to the right  
woman to make  
him whole but  
still incom-  
plete against  
the claims  
that death  
has sought so  
constantly  
securing.

## *Unlimited possibilities*

Abandon  
ed houses  
flood-ridden  
plains middle  
class down-  
clutched to  
the bitter root

s of their cre  
dit clauses  
Only the dust  
bowl's failing  
us now in this  
land of unlimi  
ted possibili  
ties.

*June 22/08*

This summer  
day's as end  
less as I  
can imagine  
clouds un  
spoken where  
the wind'  
s timing for  
light and all  
those unseen  
birds master  
ing the voice  
s of their  
through-shadow  
ing silen  
ces.

## *Thunder*

flashed  
through his  
mind an appear  
ance of naked  
ly reveal  
ing.

## *The blank end*

of what  
he didn't  
want to say  
as a sea wind  
lessly a  
drift.

## *Wind-aspiring*

At the bott  
om when there  
were no relic  
s of the past  
to be earth  
ed out A si  
lence came o

ver all that  
had been said  
as clouds wind-  
aspiring.

*A mythical power*

Trees inhabit  
a mythical  
power of their  
own encompass  
ing ages of  
transcend  
ing shadow  
s.

*After the rains*

It cooled  
after the  
rains that e  
ven my voice  
became aware  
of its shad  
owing phrase  
s.

## *Too hot*

to think a  
loud even  
the shadow  
s absorb  
ing in heat  
I'm where  
I'm not  
untelling.

## *Books*

have black  
and whiten  
ed me in  
to their en  
visioned  
sense  
for touch.

## *Waiting*

for what  
wouldn't  
happen these  
time-tell

ing fears  
as if person  
ed irresolu  
tely there.

*That Monet for Ernst*

it must  
be a late  
one Not so  
formed-flo  
wered feeling'  
s out going  
scent But ab  
stracting  
in light and  
shade's con  
tinuity of  
that path'  
s overhang  
ing Voiced.

## *Wall-flowered*

and what  
of those not-  
so- pretty  
women Wall-  
flowered a  
loned for the  
touch of va  
cant stones  
that won't  
be answer  
ing back.

## *Hemingway*

as Cezanne  
masculin  
ed his wo  
men As if the  
softness  
of flesh could  
n't be but  
moulded into  
their exter  
ior sense  
d form  
ed.

## *Of inner intent*

Language  
was learned  
before it  
became mean-  
ing But with  
out those  
words of in-  
ner intent  
How much ex-  
pression  
less void.

## *Alone*

She sat  
alone in a  
room of  
shadows  
Only the  
trees knew  
why and the  
glass of in-  
flecting  
silence  
that told  
more of her  
than she

could re  
veal to her  
self.

### *Tensed*

Words  
even the  
unspoken  
ones tens  
ed at the  
finger's  
edge.

### *Insect'*

s needl-  
ed sting  
through  
the skin'  
s ripe  
ness for  
blood-  
taste.

*Mary Poppins*

umbrell  
aed that  
flying wish  
for dream'  
s over wa  
kings.

*The piano man's*

a fake  
Mute to the  
needs of o  
thers Strip  
ped of his  
untold i  
dentity  
Fingers can't  
tell beyond  
the imita  
tion of  
where they'  
ve stopped  
for self-  
performing.

## *Adrift*

These  
times a  
drift as so  
many today  
cut loose  
from their  
anchoring  
cause far out  
upon a sea  
of endless  
ly wind-shif  
ting course.

## *Defiantly*

Her de-  
fiant nature  
reminded me  
of those  
cold stone  
s you could  
n't touch  
deeply e  
nough echo  
ing for re  
lease.

*Predator*

That  
snake slowly  
unwind  
ing its bodied  
length  
Tongued  
loud in ven  
omous glare.

*Janacek's 2<sup>nd</sup> quartet*

as a man  
standing  
on both side  
s of where  
he's not go  
ing from A  
unity inti  
mately enchan  
ting in the  
agedness  
of post-war  
traumas.

## *Quicker*

It came  
quicker  
than it  
was over.

## *Fathered*

He  
fathered  
with that  
quiet conten  
ance of his  
self-contain  
ing words  
That I felt  
as if har  
boured from  
my own ri  
sing in  
stinctual  
tides.

*For S.L.*

Red rose  
s A portrait  
of his dead  
wife on the  
piano of his  
most inti  
mate thought  
s fingering  
through  
for lost re  
membrance  
s.

## *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**, English/Hebrew, Massada Publishers, Givatyim, Israel 1982.
11. **The Telling of Time**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2000 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
12. **That Sense for Meaning**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2001 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
13. **Into the timeless Deep**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2002 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
14. **A Birth in Seeing**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
15. **Through Lost Silences**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
16. **A voiced Awakening**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2004 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
17. **These Time-Shifting Thoughts**, 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.

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

*Edward Lucie-Smith*

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

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

*Victor Terras (Brown University)*

"Mr. Jaffin uses words with a real fineness of diction which emphasizes a characteristic understatement of emotion. One recognizes a cultivated sensibility. He adopts a theme and mode which one cannot help but admire. He writes very well indeed."

*the late Norman Holmes Pearson (Yale University)*

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

*Edward Batley (University of London)*

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

*The Library Journal on Conformed to Stone*

www.bogpriser.dk/Denmark Denmark:

Om Dream Flow

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