



Time shadows

Poems

DAVID JAFFIN

*For our dear friends of Ft. Myers Beach:
Warren and Carol,
Helen and George,
Michael and Rebecca,
Rudiger and Maria
and for Leroy and Linda*

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Those fail

ed moment
s recurr
ing as dark
dreams what
one said or
didn't say too
much of self
intruding
shadows o
ver others
now speech
lessly left a
lone to that
dire empti
ness.

Ghostly envisioned

Are we all
(then) plag
ued with shad
ows of the
past old men
ghostly en
visioned
left voice
lessly a
lone.

The antagonist

Is life it
self the anta
gonist call
ing us through
its beauties
and needs to
realize that
more of self
that death its
half-brother
will claim at
the end for its
own sake.

The final answer (for Rosemarie and for Christ)

Is love (then)
the final ans
wer redeem
ing self from
its own sake
as this late
fallen snow
through the
night cleans
ing those raw
wounds that
time has ta
ken of us.

That hidden voice

not heard but
known-conceal
ing invisib
ly clothed
calling us out
to that naked
self of death'
s lasting
imperium.

Is evil

the with
out of God
as empty as
long-time ser
mons Or is it
because it'
s created yet
self-creat
ing intensity
of dire con
sequenc
es.

Freed

Man freed him
self from all
that would
have kept him
within to pro
tect to guide
and sense a
loneliness
as vast as
these star
less heaven
s.

No turning back

If there'
s no turn
ing back Why
have we come
this far to
the cliffs
of the blind
follow
ing the blind
ly rhythmed
for the depth
s of a blind
less deep.

Time's up

the motion
less silence
of what wasn'
t turning a
round breath
lessly.

"No words for it"

If there
are "no word
s for it"
may be archa
ically self-
resounding
as those bare-
blank wind
s shoreless
ly confin
ing.

As those old men

dead branch

ed articul
ately veined

routes of
their sapless

ly withhold
ing desire

s.

Euripides

other than

Sophocles
couldn't find

that tensed
closure of

meaning only
in the word

s the inter
play of act

ing itself
out.

Autumn'

s left be
hind a feel
ing of fa
ding scent
touching be
yond our
knowing the
where or
why of.

The choice

He had the
choice but
he chose what
he would have
done again
as those bird
s instinct
ively prepar
ing for the
same flight
same route num
bered to that
very date.

“Nothing left to be said”

If “there’s no
thing left to
be said” why
have words
reached so dee
ply in to
those failing
realms of no
where no now.

“The end of the line” (Celan)

and the more
he looked a
lone to a
trackless
world away
s behind
in leaving.

For Rosemarie

dressed to
a lightness
of phrase
that even
her eyes wind-
confiding.

The aftermath

I've been wit-
nessing the af-
termath after
the blood and
ash resolved
for earth's re-
claiming need
s Where spring
flowers unasham-
ed for their
prettied re-
hearsings
of what's still
being told dee-
per down unre-
conciling.

Answering Celan

Does life
owe us any
thing except
its being
there to de-
cide our own
claims no
where but
now.

Poems from Aue (Saxony)

a) The night through

It rained
the night
through his
dream's awaken-
ing sadness
as if dark-
ness itself
listening
aloud.

b) Cooling phrases

When that
wall distant
ly touched
through the
sense in
stone's cool
ing phrases.

c) Aue

Some
thing remote
about this
town as if
seeking be
yond the li
mits of its
knowing it
self where.

d) Sight-taken

A slight in
different
colored bird
took my
sight to its
momentar
ily-touch
ed.

e) These stones

have their
muted way of
recalling
thoughts
still touch
ing aloud for
being heard.

f) Rembrandt's Saskia (Kassel)

held to an
infolding
moment of
where cloth
becomes eye-
sensings.

g) This room'

s becoming
my untouch
able shadow
ing what I
sense though
without find
ing itself
through.

h) Obscured

Faced be
hind those
dark reflect
ions of glass
as a voice fa
ding wordless
ly obscured.

i) After

the words
have been
told a sense
of empti
ness as leave
s fallen
from their
wind-trans
forming
lightness.

j) The apples

cluster

ed to their
over-weight

ed branch
ed down a

depth of un
telling ripe

ness.

k) The smoke

left a vague

image of
having been

scarce
ly touch

ed.

l) Hommage à Hopper

Alone

the table
sat with the

diminish
ing light of

her fading
thoughts

faceless
ly conceal

ing.

*Portrait of Hedwig Berend in a pink
morning gown (Corinth, Chemnitz 1916)*

Some eye
s have seen
too much to
bear in
their express
ively sad
ness.

*Self portrait with fur coat and hat
(Corinth Chemnitz 1916)*

an introspec
tive compos
ure imply
ing more than
could be self-
certained.

Darkness

drawn down
that we could
feel those
numbed stone
s sensing
from night.

Rained out

It rained
the day out
as some per
sons with lost-
from-finding
identit
ies.

Quasthoff's bodiless

voice as a
bird more
branched
from the sky'
s free-flow
ing cloud
s than where
its claws
could take
fast resound
ing.

The turtle

slow and ap
preciative
of why time
keeps increa
sing in foot-
steadied and
less than cer
ebral pro
cession
s.

Testament

She's left
with the dog
the house he
built of
glass images
that keep look
ing back an
emptiness
of view.

After Auschwitz/Israel

“nothing
changed” for
those face-
value Christ
ians a static
god as those
of ancient Egypt
staring out
a phantom
world time
lessly inert.

Crete

fished down
to its bare
ness of ston
ed fiction
ing a recre
ated world
lost from the
depth of its
harbour
ing colour
s.

When you're slow

in dying-
times rest
ing those
cool sheets
of your touch
ing each day
back to a
life of its
own voicing.

In the God

we trust
will fashion
more bills
that we can
believe once
again in the
immensity
of his bank
ing value
s.

Poems from Crete '08

a) Clouds

shadow
ing the sea
in to is
lands of dee
pening
thought.

b) Tamed

thicket
s and coarse-
sounding
woods as if
tamed with
nothing wild
to fear its
night-sens
ing eyes.

c) These waves

calming
through un
told remem
brances still
reminding

the vastness
of their dis
tantly vacant
shores.

d) This dead sea

fished out
of life
shellless
ly bared
shores inhab
iting only
an echoing
resolve.

e) Lifelessly imitating

These stone-
embedded shore
s lifeless
ly imitat
ing what once
was created
for the breath
of shell-de
signings.

f) Bearing witness

Uninhabit
ed mount
ain's stone-
facing climb
s bearing wit
ness to cen
turies of un
used voiced-
recalling
s.

g) The origins

of culture
left behind
here to the
haunting re
mains of in
decipher
ing footprint
s soundless
ly unheard.

h) Riders on the beach (after Gauguin)

impress
ing in rhythm
ic repetit
ions of wave-
like counter-
currents.

i) Culture shock

on the Illin
ois river
those robust
high-flying
Chinese
carp left
the lesser Am
erican ones
to suck for
a bottom
less growth.

j) The life guard

almost as
a god-like
figure perch
ed on a chair
highly above
his duly-mark
ed pre-estab
lishing posi
tioned a
watch out o
ver a motion
less sound-im
mensing sea.

k) A Jew

among Christ
ians a Christ
ian among
Jews as if
that choice
wasn't God'
s and not
only his
heart of the
other side.

l) Mountain divide

That mount
ain divide
left this is
land as two
persons down
the middle of
not realis
ing the o
ther side of
self.

m) In silent resolve

The bird'
s shadow
crossing the
mountain'
s winds e
choing in si
lent resolve.

n) Colored stones

spawned
from the rest
less sea of
where touch
meets a glad
ness in sight.

o) Left cruelly behind

This sparse
ly-felt is
land inhabi
ted with the
remains of
what history
barren-
faced had
left so cruel
ly behind.

p) Swinging

A child
swinging
through
dreams space
lessly up
lifting.

q) Etching out

These mount
ains however
indecisive
ly etching
out route
s of unex
plored remem
brances.

r) Touristic shirts

Trying to de
cipher to de
code the
hyroglyph
ics of tour
istic shirt
s where lang
uage has be
come inexpli
citly self-de
luding.

s) Chicken

s on the
feed scratch
ing the numb
ed-through
earth of its
in-grained
promising
s.

t) Rock-sourced

Dead for
ests wit
nessing what
isn't there
not even the
touch of stran
gely remote
eyes secret
ly aware of
man's clean
sing the creat
ion to its
sterile rock-
source.

u) Topplitz Gorge

dropp
ed me down
to the unin
habited depth
of where
fear takes
this bottom
ness out of
me.

v) On the way

to Paleochora
centuries
of coast-
swelling
lines these a
bandoned
shores with
not even a
bare smile to
brighten
them up.

w) Soft sand

beaches

when time e

ases in to

those wave

s of unremem

bered summer

winds bare

ly touched

and scarce

ly listen

ing from view.

x) Remembrance

of person

s no longer

there as if

time could

be retell

ing itself

and there's

a pain at

the loss of

not know

ing where.

y) Up to the caves (St. Sophia)

The repeat
ing sameness
of these
steps worn
thin with
man's need
for those high
er realms of
being far be
yond where
he could find
himself from
coming back.

z) When

do thought
s merge in
to dream
and dream in
to those
first claim
s of death
as clouds
coalescing
through
their tran
sient one
ness.

aa) This island'

s interior
speaking a
sameness of
language
scrubbed and
coarse-ston
ed through
its sky-sour
cing strength.

bb) Chappedled

Crete
chappel
ed with a
faith that
hill-topp
ed over all
those centur
ies of down-
swelling blood-
occupation
s.

cc) The Roman emperors

headless
ly (though
proudly) pre
senting their
short-term
ed godliness.

dd) Gorty's

ancient law
inscribed
in a stoned-
permanency
that not e
ven the wind
s and brazen
weather
would wash a
way their in
ternalized
meanings.

ee) Faistos'

many door

s opening
to the wind

s of cool
ed sound-

sensing

s.

ff) Faistos'

labyrinth

a no where
of what'

s forming
within sun-

searching
stoned-down

affinitie

s.

gg) Discus

The round

ness of Faist
os' famed dis

cus musical
ly surround

ing a choric
tragical

ly insensed.

lh) Stella

She knew

all the an
swers she'd

been taught
at school

which didn'
t answer

her beyond an
assurance

of lesser
meanings she

clutched on-
to with the

persistence
of a dog-

leashed in
supremely

tighten
ed.

ii) Caves at Matalla

stone-ages
of darkness
of the
kind Saul slept
by David's temptations
Armed to the blood
of the German
occupation
Flowered with
the hippie's
life-perfuming
denials Stone-
aged readied
for repeating
use.

jj) Colored stones

claim
ing their
birth from
the sunless
depth of this
unerring sea
where only
dark distinguishes its
timelessness
of hold.

kk) Half-crippled

Her son
half-crippled
ed to her
needs for
holding on
not letting
go of her
other half
from self.

ll) Dried-out

She'd been
dried out
of the co
lors that
kept her a
live to
that instin
ct for light.

mm) Sun-hungried

These bare-
boned mount
ains sun-hun
gried to their
taste for ri
sing a depth
of sea to
the height
of their lon
ed empti
ness birth
ed.

nn) Phrasings

If you
phrase it
his way (e
ven now that
he's dead)
a part of
his living-
you remind
ing.

oo) Lonesome

sea as a
mother lost
in the si
lent rever
ies of what
she didn't
bring to
life.

pp) At dusk

this beach a
bandoned
to an after
math of tree
s the spell
of increas
ing darkness
listening
out.

qq) Adrift

He lost

his soul in
the far out

sea of wan
dering mind

s that left
him shore

lessly a
drift.

rr) The wandering Jew

One couldn'

t quite place
his sorrow-

shifting eye
s of being

nowhere at
home of the

many places
that couldn'

t hold him.

ss) No cause left

except liv
ing life as
if life wasn'
t living us
out to the
last breath
of its self-
abandon
ing cause.

tt) A colorless flag

They hoist
ed a color
less flag un
marked though
wind-deciph
ering its
direction
less course.

uu) As the winds

Let the dead
sleep their
times have

passed as the
winds that
know no o
ther place
than inhabit
ing a far
off from.

vv) Enveloping

Even if
these mount
ains could
speak their
voice would
echo in the
winds and the
tides of night'
s darkness
es' envelop
ing.

ww) Argus-eyed

he envision
ed the all
at once light-
frighten
ing as a my
riad of rest
less star
s.

xx) *Ash*

He's ash

now some
where spread

ing his meti
culously

kept garden
s with noth

ing more
than that.

yy) *Voicelessly exposing*

What he'

s seeing
staring out

a distance
of time

voiceless
ly expos

ing.

zz) *Luther got it wrong*

the image
is primary
to the word
God first i
maged then
spoke.

aaa) *That snail*

efficient
ly housed
without the
5 % credit
clause
d him to be
kept down
closer to
that dearly
ground-base.

bbb) When the words

start com

ing in as
waves incess

antly there
I'll shore my

self thought-
down listen

ing.

ccc) "Sentimental journey" (for Rebecca)

"Gonna take

the sentimen
tal journey"

slow-train
ed around the

bends of what'
s been leav

ing one be
hind to a

feeling so
filled with

loss that e
ven that stat

ion's become
nameless

ly passed.

ddd) Pidgeon-holed

Even pidg

cons here
cubby-holed

to an umbrell
aed top

ped ice-cream
ed all com

plete with
those sun-ab

sorbing smile
s.

eee) Too much

He'd seen

too much to
see at all

His eyes
weren't

thinking how
ever dream-

like they
may have

seemed dull
ed and cur

tained down.

fff) Child-eyed

If I could
be child-
eyed to the
first touch
of shell and
sea's instin
ct for a wi
der and yet
finely appar
ent-world.

Economic crises '08

Nothing'
s the way
it was as if
our planet'
s circling
through un
known sphere
s of spacial
darkness
es.

To be trusted

Who's to be
trusted if one
can't trust
oneself a world
phantomed
even beyond
those tenta
tive realms
of disbelief.

When the fogs

lifted after
days of not
knowing the
where of be
ing now It
wasn't e
ven the same
likeness mirr
ored to a
mute strange
ness from
self.

Hommage à Chirico

When the clock
s stopped as
time began
shifting back
wards through
strangely
unknown re
solves field
s of inert
likeness of
the dead ris
ing as the
brush of wind'
s transpar
ent shadow
ings.

These October

nights so
dark and fear
ed that not
even words
could touch to
a semblance
of the moon'
s recurring
needs for
light.

In living truth

Theolog
ians however
astute can'
t word them
selves back
to where Christ
invisible
but known
through in
living truth
s.

Awakenings

When it
rained
through the
night the i
mage of dawn
awakening
the touch
of its ap
parent sha
dowings.

Apples

heavy with
the thirst
of their un
wanting
claims now
fallen even
beyond the
touch of Eve'
s self-aspir
ing hopes.

For knowing why

He listen
ed so inex
plicitly
near to
where he
toned his eye
s in to an
unmistake
able need
for knowing
why.

Childless women

reclaiming
the ripe
ness of those
low-hanging
apples from
the weight
of their in
tending
fall.

Aface

Even if
the sky'
s called mir
roring this
lake's still
aface from
its own
pensively
time-rehear
sing.

The white

of the birch
so lithe
and grace
fully refin
ing its decept
ively stead
fast near
ness.

A lone fisher

on the lake
plying its
cold and dar
kening deep
with those mo
mentary
windless
thoughts
of his.

What's said

keeps remind
ing me a
slightness
of pain deep
ening the

way dream
s overflow
ing our pro
tective
nakedness.

These mild

October day
s faint
ly remind
ing as a
moon fading
to its less ap
parent light.

The late Corot

so still
ed poetical
ly recall
ing a word
less sense im
mutably trans
forming.

Rosemarie'

s quiet ways
that hold me
almost tenta
tively in
need for find
ing the more
of.

Talking to one's puppet

If as I read
talking to one'
s puppet's a
sign of men
tal liability
I'll inform A
lena's to whis
per back only
when the night'
s too dark
to hear.

Blood stains

Leaf stain
s blood-mark
ing the quiet
descent of
what was dried
to the edge
of its sap
less being.

The way we do it

That's the
way we do it
First as with
Jonah the ball
ast until we
find ourselve
s so naked
ly alone death-
present.

Don't look

a dog to its
dead-dumb e
yes at that
dream-place a
lert to the
dangerèd
inself.

Pre-poemed

These wind-
open field
s of my mind'
s land-search
ings.

Fading out

This fa
ding out green
as promis
es worn from
their oft-re
peating.

Hand-enclosing

These fog
s have short
ened my mind'
s length as
if time was
being held
here hand-en
closing.

Self-entrancing

Critics
may conform
to their rules-
of-thumb but
my fingers
spreading
out the fine
ness of a spi
der's web
self-entranc
ing.

The voice

unknown or
seen risen
from the dark-
depths of the
sea as a bird'
s unfolding
to wings.

Shamed

If naked
ness no long
er shames us
Death naked
beyond all re
call should
prettify
our sense-
in-beauty.

Precision'

s as e
lusive as
holding a
bird tight
to the vein

s of its in-
trembling
wings.

Pumpkin-time

as if fear
could be cut-
out with the
eyes of flam
ing candle
s.

The remains

Once they'
d buried
the remains
of those
bombed-down
cities in
to hills of
sufficient
forgetful
ness.

Those voiceless

houses the
Jews left be
hind a fear
of their be
ing secret
ly retold.

The burial preacher

with his
100 merci
fully descend
ing down-to-
earth life's
summary for
its non-
renewable
claims.

For Rosemarie'

s more of
the bright
side of my o
ther-moon'
s night-shini
ness.

He dreamed

of leaves
falling the
night through
to where they
found him at
the very bott
om of his en
raptur
ed being.

Your ring

clasping
to the red
of its tiny
celebrat
ing stone
s.

Mild autumn days

These mild
autumn day
s as if there
could be a
sweetness
to why death'
s reaching

through
its bareness
of sound-
sending.

Holding on

she was noth
ing more than
that tilt
ing of a
boat that
couldn't
come to even
keel.

Can

the dead
still be lis
tening in
the ash and
dust of their
futile remem
brances.

When he died

that house
of glass he
built for a
transpar
ency of view
and the room
s that could
only speak of
their intima
cy of voice
left her lone
ly through.

Feared

She fear
ed for her
self not quite
certain of
that imbalan
ce for be
ing the more
uneased they
tried to con
sole.

Wild strawberries (Ingmar Bergmann)

through
woods upon
woods of self-
shadow
ing's
incoming
of his through-
finding
ness.

Closer in

Room
s echoing
his thought
s closer in
soundless
ly resonant.

"Forgotten"

If what he
forgot didn'
t forget him
but kept re
turning its
voiceless
presence.

A flat Sonata (Haydn slow mvt.)

as if space
increasing
ly more than
even sound
could be sens
ing through.

Slightly touched

Was it the
flicker
ing of leave
s slight
ly touched
or of a tiny
restless
bird's color
ing sound
s.

Sound-awakenings

The breath
of color'
s so trans
parently
touched as
the feel of
silk's sound-
awakening
s.

Gretchen's (Goethe Faust)

innocent
child-like
ness of
a fairy-tale
womanly
espoused to
the dark-inre
vealings of
sin.

Who've known it all

That down
bearing look
of aging
women who've
known it all
but still cur
iously heavy
as wine un
spokenly
full.

Ever-so-slightly

Wind-dried
leaves as
scarce
ly heard as
the whimper
of when death'
s ever-so
slightly a
live.

The dark voice

s of late
autumn muted
ed from all
their color
s washed down
soundless
ly inert.

Gudrun

though less
blessed with
the gifts of
the mind held
on fast with
all she knew
how claim
ing tighten
ing securing
as a predator
instinct
ive for prey.

Her house

once trans
parently
glass-bright
now buried
in the dark
of her non-
reclaiming
loss.

Revealing loss

Do these
leafless
branches feel
ing a sense
of shame
the naked
ness of time'
s reveal
ing loss.

Seen before

He looked
like I'd seen
him before
he came closer
to a mind-
scanning
want for person.
son.

Moods

as the troubled
seas unearthing
the depth
less wave's
sound-currents.

The swings

opened her a
light to the
colors of
her dress
flowing even

beyond where
thoughts
wingedly es-
caping.

Late autumn nights

These late
autumn night
s deeper and
darker even
beyond the
unheard depth
s of my surr-
ounding fear
s.

Dreamed

The night
darkly trans-
parent dream
ed me beyond
those time
less wind
s of know-
ingly where.

Heard

That house
lit the
night through
the vacant in
tensity of
its unfind
ing loneli
ness heard.

In the train

with the
fogs fathom
ed far off
from house
s passing
themselve
s by as of
ghost's self-
concealing.

Poems from Alsfeld

a) Early Saturday morning

Alsfeld'

s medieval
streets a

lone and a
bandoned

to its past
as if now

was the then
awakening

through the
muted phase

s of dawn.

b) They mourn

the Jews with

that distant
regret they

sent off pack
aged for an

emptied-handed
no return

of what they've
so self-satis

fyingly sit
uated them

selves in.

c) Dead-growth

Time to for
get as if
these silent
streets weren'
t watching a
loud witness
ing a rebirth
of that oft-
forgotten
dead-growth.

d) Faith streets

historic
town's tim
ber-worked
inscript
ions of a re
deeming be
lief indeci
pherably
rain-warp
ed.

e) Empty-street feeling

A sadly tun
ed violin
ist evoking
that empty-
street feel
ing of what
wasn't for
being now.

f) Wind-vacancies

Glass-reflec
ting silen
ces mirror
ing (how
ever remote
ly) those in
touched va
cancies of
wind.

g) City of darkness

windows
that can't
see beyond
themselves
as if some
one was listening here
breathing
in centuries
of forgetfulness.

h) Lost imaginings

This winter
sun's light so
distantly
cold that
freezes the
woods deep-
down to their
lost imaginings.

Spirits

Emptied
streets the
moon-down dark
ness of dried
leaves hush
ed through
what won't
be listen
ing as spirit
s of a night-
world inhab
iting itself
anew.

Young Russian Jews

holocaust'
s untouch
ed memorie
s for a new
start even
without a
reverence
for the old
as if time.
stopped tell
ing them so.

Wind-sourced

If the more
isn't here we
seek as the
birds for the
instinct
ual flight to
the other
realms that
touch us down
again wind-
sourced.

Those dark voice

s of late au
tumn's solemn
dirge for the
naked remain
s of all the
summer's adorn
ing beauty
now rain-bared
barren and
only in e
choing voic
ed.

Listening

to the rain'
s repeat
ing that in
ner voice of
time's alway
s being as
the sound of
the sea's
desolate
ly abandon
ed shores.

Not quite right

If it wasn'
t just quite
right as Pink
with his per
forming flower
s off-color
ed from the
flush of his
rosey-red
smilings.

A no-getting-away-from

Times there
are of a no-
getting-away-
from as a
loss that
keeps repeat
ing its al
ways being
there Or when
disease awak
ens so bright
ly fluent
with the first
pains of mor
ning's fresh
ness.

That never came through

Children
sailing
their self-em
ulating flag-
aspiring
boats under
those dark
ly rounding-
down bridge

s of first
one out that
never came
through.

Full meaning

One only
knows the
full meaning
of love
when it's be
come a lost
vacancy
from self.

Only in

Christ can
one find a
bottom
ness to
fear's hold
on our un
relinquish
ing time-
grasp.

This room'

s larger than
its sound
s could pre
vail as if
words were as
cending stair
s of unseen
thoughts to
the height
s of their in
dwelling dis
tancing
s.

Piano Concerto no. 4 (Beethoven slow mvt.)

a quiet re
treat from
the always
threaten
ing world to
that self-en
closing inner
pulsed voice-
source.

La Chasse (Haydn sym. 73 last mvt.)

Horses

horns and all
those activa

ting dogs
chanting ac

cords for wild
gain in the

theatre-wood
s of their

make-for cos
tumes.

Mozart in a minor key

so implor

ingly sad
that even the

fountain
s of spring

tear-flower
ing through

those last
ing moment

s of regret.

First

on the train
first off
hurried as
those back-
timing wind
s drawing
him ever near
er to what
had become
inexpli
citly there.

Shore-bound

Holding on
grasp
ing the
shadows of
these wind
less curr
ents helpless
ly shore-
bound.

1945

when the Russ
ians came
blood-hound
s wanting for
a woman's
taste help
lessly breath
ed cellar-
down depthed-
fears.

"She's only asleep" (Jesus said of a dead girl)

Sleeping'
s that under
water sense
of not find
ing back imm
ersed in the
overcoming
of self's
bottomness
down to the
deep of not-
for-surfac
ing.

Reformation day

now that
Luther's word
s have less
ened their
grasp on our
needs for an
swering what
we've long stopp
ed question
ing for know
ing why.

Dark times

behind that
cross-way
window when
the night
turns on in
light of a
single voice
feared for
listening.

Untouched silences

The glimmer
of candles
on stone re
flecting in
that cold
light the un
touched si
lences of
faith.

Argus-eyed

He saw e
verything
at once
that he could
n't see at
all escaping
ly adrift a
midst a my
riad of stars
increasing
ly lost.

Burnt offerings

as if man
himself fir
ed through
stone to
that bitter
taste of re
morse.

The dark side

of the moon'
s those un
reachable
truths we'd
rather have
left behind
still shadow
ing even when
the moon'
s at its
brightest.

Home

I'm home
wherever
you are
Home's not a
place for me
but a per
son And if
she should
die I'd be
come as home
less as those
who've left
their past
and place
far behind
them.

As a Turk

he felt him
self here in
Germany
And in the
Turkey of his
childhood
also self-ex
iled Two per
sons but di

vided while
crossing
through those
interior line
s of self.

Last stop

he knew
it by name
even after
years in a
foreign land
Last stop
he heard
that distant
echoing
through the
time-sequen
ces of his
voiced instin
cts Last stop
but the train
(despite him
self) con
tinuing on.

Too late

after the
killers buried
peace
fully in the
violent earth
of their blood-
lettings Too
late to con-
front them
to let just
ice reign as
those dead-
born statue
s Too late
too late as
if there e-
ver was a
too late.

A privileged life at almost 72

I've led a priv-
ileged life
the silver spoon
the fair maid
the gifted pen
the Lord's call
ing but at the

root of it all
the bitter
finds of what
wasn't mine to
know Guilty of
not being
plagued as
those buried
deeper than
blood and ash
could conceal.

Resolved

The fear
of what
doesn't happ
en only re
solves when
the doesn't
happen's fear
ed long e
nough.

Isiah 43:1

Why it was
that we've be
come from ei
ther side
or those who
stamped their
own image u
pon the reti
cent needs
of our still
unforming
self Or was
it a voice
some
where with
in or even
without call
ing us to
be unchange
ably His.

Of equalled response

Reading be
tween the
lines (as
finding a fam
ilarity of
face) only al
lows for a
space of e
qualled re
sponse.

On some early Elizabethan poets

Love
may pain to
the bottom
of their soul
But self-pity'
s too lowly to
reach even be
yond the cause
of their un
requiting de
sirings.

A tension

However
quiet the
world with
out even in
the midst of
summer's
free-floating
dreams A ten
sion took
hold of him
that wouldn'
t release but
kept to its
prey as a
fish tighten
ed to the
pull of that
ever-shorten
ing line.

A blemish

he couldn't
rub out
however
hard he'd
thought it
away as those
leaf-stain
s discolor
ing the depth
of autumn's
loss.

Forgiving

She could
only forgive
not because
of him (the
still linger
ing pains he
left her from
that void of
promise) be
cause she
could only then
become really
whole.

The unspoken

what's im
plied though
never said
becomes a
voice of its
own silent
ly protect
ive as a
backstore
room alway
s closed but
without a
key to meet
that rustied
lock.

Why

God dreams
some of us
through that
there's no
choice but
His only there
while others
never so va
cantly ex
posed.

Returning home

to an empt
ied house
with the ash
of her hus
band garden
ing the win
tered flower
beds worn down
from ageless
use to a
glass view of
nothing but
Now.

Facelessly reflecting

I never saw
them only
the turning
of lights
on and off
the voice
s of wind be
tween our wind
ows face
lessly re
flecting.

Death and the Maiden (Schubert 1st mvt.)

Even if
the other move
ments more
perfect
ly time-un
isoned This
one as strange
voices of un
known person
s kept repeat
ing myster
iously awaken
ed.

For Israel's detractors (1948)

If they re
write a his
tory of what
didn't happen
(only in their
fleshless
mind's view)
as a bird of
prey intent
ly circling
his appetite

s repeated
ly wanting for
the cause of
what couldn't
be found.

Bottom-ground

They shovell
ed their own
grave deeper
than they e
ver realized
it could be
taking them
down No one
to shoot this
time not even
watching until
they finally
touched bottom-
ground.

The flush

of lighting
this late au
tumn expanse
when even
the blacken
ing birds
can't reign
through
their estran
ged moment
s of fear.

Cooled

The touch of
those pre
cious stone
s cooled in
to the co
lors of her
reticently
retain
ing hand
s.

Of the clarinet'

s sweet and
consoling
tones as
gulls in
their sway-
gliding dis
tancing
ashores.

Dead fox

all that
redness
a-glowed
streaking
in-glanced
now staid
and steadied
for its ly
ing stillness
es there.

A single boat

white-sail
ed a small
ness of its
lake's lone
ly-through
timed-soli
tudes.

Skipping the water's edge

These
fine-sens
ed sound
s of tinied
fish skipp
ing the wa
ter's edge
as young
girls light-
dressed
through
spring-ti
med breeze
s.

In the 1950s

with grand
ma's of their
ghettoed past
rowed in time
less attune
ments those
park bench
es deaf and
numbed sit
ting in the
Central Park
of their
melting-
through sha
dows.

Land-locked horse'

s sudden e
ruption
s hoof-tell
ing rhythmi
cally the
why of where
they can't be
getting out.

Lute Sonatas (Weiss)

reflec
ting in the
quietude
s of rain
those inner
solitude
s spaceless
in-percei
ving.

For Rosemarie

Soft days
mild wind
s and the
touch of
your face cir
cling my
stream's a
waken
ings.

His aim with me

He had his
aims with me
Faced to sooth
ing express
ions of an un

touched smile
that only came
to word when
he said what
he'd always
set to mean.

No more

only now
Time's stopp
ed breath
ing beyond
those moment
s only real
izing.

Unsaid

It's what
we didn't
say that un
quiets us
now that un
easy feel
ing for more
than those
words could
have said a
void at the

center as
waves ever-
reaching to
the depth of
a foundless
shore.

Alfred Adler

so small as
he seemed
stood steadily
to the
height of his
inferior
ity feeling'
s psycholog
ically better
armoured
than those
troops mass
ed for the
depths of
their name
less grave
s.

C. G. Jung

mystical
ly alive to
a god he
didn't be
lieve in di
versified
cultures
timeless
ly sourced
to his own
sub-conscious
imagining
s.

At 8

he saw his
own image
less death
mirrored
in the fear
s of not
seeing out
from.

Parable of the rich fool (Lukas 12:13–21)

Self-satis
faction seat
ed on those
higher cushion
s of a deser
ving repose
as a king with
out a kingdom
though crown
ed with the
ease of an un
timely fall.

How much

of ourselve
s can we leave
behind irre
trievably
lost and yet
retrace those
steps snow-
melting
through.

A state of mind

isn't a king
sitting in
counsel but
why so oft
these winds
unchange
ably lost
from view.

Video

Hearing him
self speak
ing back he
wanted to
answer what
should have
been said No
playbacks
though life'
s answer
ing himself
through all
that time.

Of its all prevailing night

If he could
only lessen
his blood-
pulsed in
instincts
as Munch'
s "Cry" re
sounding
the empti
ness of its
all prevail
ing night.

More colored than real

A single
vase in an
emptied room
more color
ed than real
as if flo
wers could
find here
their instin
ct for light.

The fogs

listening
aloud for
why he could
n't find him
self through.

For standing there

The stage
lights and
that room so
thorough
ly peopled
left him a
lone for
standing
there.

Denials

Age has stiff
ened my sin
ewed flesh'
s word-har
dening den
ials.

Voicing higher

The mind of
a child is
where the co
lorings of
its self-fash
ioned kite
voicing high
er than e
ven his fin
gers could
hold.

For Rosemarie

Love is be
cause I sense
the distan
ces of your
dreamy-eyed
wandering
s through
those ripen
ing fields
of finding
me in to
the more of
mine.

Sky-surfacing

cloud-field

s spaceless

ly trans

cending

where the

winds search

ing through

from birth.

This small lake

the reverie

s of circl

ing sound-en

closures

until our

thoughts

settled down

instinct

ively still

ed.

Watch-claims

That trans
forming
source of a
bird high-
held to his
darkly trans
piring watch-
claims.

At dusk

these hills
swollen down
receding to
their prehis-
toric density
in looming a
wareness.

A procession

of swans
illustri-
ously cele-
brating their
inborne gra-
ciousness
of wave-flow.

Night-sensed

Street
lights arti
ficially a
wake as glass-
illumina
tings eyes
night-sensed.

Mind-eclipse

A black
out of sound
encapsul
ed in those
subterranean
region
s of mind-e
clipse.

La Valse (Ravel 1920)

Ghostly sha
dows the death-
sceptre of
a time that
had danced
itself out.

Faintly forgotten

This small
lake obscur
ed through
shifting
shadows sur
facing the
lesser sense
of faint
ly forgott
en remembr
ances.

Leaf-bared

Lithe bran
ches leaf-
bared shadow
s lighter e
ven than
sound could
reveal.

Gothic'

s light-as
piring prayer-
visions ...
Cologne's
cathedral'
s massive
ly proclaim
ing a solemn
God's majes
tic forebod
ings.

Dying

She knows
she's dy
ing but can'
t believe
what she's
never known
or realiz
ing.

Madonna with the violet (Stefan Lochner Cologne)

A thin-
lip refine
ment of
invoiced
humility
phrased to
where that
violet could
be heard
through its
symbolic
meanings.

Breezed through

The night
breezed
through its
solitary
dawn the
sounds of in
dwelling si
lences.

Quinten quartet (Haydn Op. 76, 2 minuet)

Cross-
sound's
pained-close
ness if dan
ced then
death-tim
ed.

Op 10 quartet (Debussy slow mvt.)

placid
while undu
lating waved-
subduely en
tranced.

Piano quintet (Dvorak)

where
moods swell
into flower
s sudden
ly blooming-
restrain
ed.

At the concert

couldn't
read the too-
agedness
of his face
crouched
as it was
open-eared
attending.

Ray Poggenburg

No I wasn't
asleep (age 8
or 9) (Schroon
Lake Camp) 1945
"Should you keep
it secret or
tell your girl
friend you'
re Jewish"
Night never
could have been
deeper then at
that moment/
time where it
in becoming
my blood through
and ash.

Awoke

as a child
on the way
to camp
when night
surround
ing my dream
s to a
dead-felt
city star
ing through
that child
less of
having been.

Dark rains

It couldn'
t be said be
cause words
can only trans
late when it'
s deeper sens
ed as these
dark rains
and forests
of a no
where out.

Light rains

These light
rains steadily remind
ing of what
always was in
creasingly now.

Looking through

The empty
morning
of this late
autumn day
looking
through a
spaceless
ness for not
finding
where.

Debussy (to Chausson)

realiz
ing that
music's its
own source
as these rain
s loosed from
the height
s of their
invisibly
creating
clouds.

For Rosemarie

And if you
weren't there
in that room
at that mo
ment of not
knowing you
were waiting
for me How
could I have
known through
those emptied
silences of
having been
always then.

So little left

With little
in the back-
storage and
time running
him down to a
thin-haired
aged dry-felt
his oncoming
for taking
the more of
what was litt
le left.

Close-mindedness

Rubbed-in
wood Hand-
veins of in
decipher
ing close-
minded
ness.

Smoke-sensings

Wistful song
s that remem
ber you from
that faint
distant glow
of autumn's
smoke-sens
ings.

Coloring-self

That art mu
seum left him
rooms of
coloring-
self spacious
ly alive.

Recalling

Lights on
a vacant
room recall
ing why wait
ing's as
soundless
as those wall
s can con
fine.

Drifting apart

They drift
ed apart un
spoken at
first as
boats told-
through with
the tides
of their own
forsaken long
ings.

Hurt-self

She follow
ed her hurt-
self in to
the pride-tear
s of mirror
ed shadow
ings.

Time-shadows

No place
could have
kept him for
long He was
always the
there of mo
ving on as if
such time-
shadows could
be hurting
still.

Only

a single
bird on a va
cant branch
could know
why the far-
reaching moon'
s still so
solitary
for light.

For why

He couldn'
t realize
the color
for white un
til the dark
overcame
his looking
for why.

Phantomed

Those night-
lost clouds
phantomed
in moon-i
magery
wondrous be
yond belief.

Chosen

The Lord
may have chos
en beyond our
meaning for
knowing why
He still hold
s (however re
motely intend
ing) to His
darkening
resolve.

Night-time

poems tense
ly lit in-
to their glass-
imaged break
able sound.

Differently

Birds co
lor differ
ently in the
winter of
cooled-space
involving.

Breath-touch

Emptied
sounds the
winds cool
ed down to
their trans
piring breath-
touch.

Self-finding

Why was he
called and
not the o
ther around
the corner
of finding
himself
there.

A chair (van Gogh)

square-mind
ed angled-
off tension
ed unease.

Tennis

with those
rounding
balls return
ed in tens
ed-rhythmic
phrasing
the pulse-
sounds in
wardly re
calling.

Matisse'

s decora
tive art
phrasing the
surface of why
color's so
persuasive
ly self-sat
isfying.

When November'

s at its
birth-down
bareness
of out-color
ed stillness
es.

Op 1 no. 3 (Beethoven trio)

Beethoven
realiz
ing early
his intensi
ty-drive pul
sing a
tragic a
loneness.

Columned

That angel
ically smil
ing cellist
should better
have been co
lumnated for
the churches'
future refer
ences.

Wintering in dawn

The stone-
cold height
s of this
looming city'
s winter
ing in dawn.

Snow tension

s the not
yet coming
of those bare-
blank moment
s.

Off-timed

Slate-sound
ing cities ob
liquely off-
timed from
their pre-des
tined self-en
closure
s.

Biblical heroes (6)

The fall

a) King David

wanted more
than he was

given all
those gift

s that tarnish
ed at the

scope of his
grasping Bath

seba-hand
s.

b) King Salomon

the wise

divided his
own kingdom

not only that
tenuously

whore-held
child with the

cults of their
strangely de

meaning o
ther gods.

c) Moses

only distant
ly espied the
land of his
calling at
that barren
length devoid
of the milk
and honey
that could
have satiated
his spirit
ual longing
s.

d) Abraham

sister
ed his beaut
eous wife to
protect un
touched his
own blemish
ed safety-need
s.

e) Jacob

mother

ed by her un
seemly mean

s blinded
his own fa

ther from the
truth of his

godly bless
ings.

g) Peter

back at the

lake caught no
thing but a

fishless net
ted in his

own subordin
ate concerns

for being what
he shouldn't

have been
not even

recogniz
ing the Christ

of his call
ing.

So vividly alive

My parent
s never spoke
aloud of death
but inaudible
whispers that
touched even
closer than
those claim
ing sounds of
words I fear
ed what I
didn't (could
n't know)
so vivid
ly alive.

Ominously

Dark cloud
s ominous
ly encompass
ing those
lost voices
of the wood'
s interior
exposure
s.

Dark-down

city artifi
cially lit in
the secret
spell of
dream-evok
ing silence
s.

Windows

as emptied
voices con
stantly va
cant from
views.

Self-enclosing

Abandon
ed houses a
live to what
wasn't there
intensifying
self-enclos
ures.

Reassuring smile

Her reassur
ing smile
d the round
ness of a
cake sweet
fully embra
cing.

Seeing in

to faces for
eign unknown
left him but
a blank sense
of his own
darkly mirr
oring.

Fashioned

for thought
like a wo
man dressed
to the co
lors that
sensed her
just right.

The ease of

clouds summer-
dayed to
their remote
stillness
es.

Frost-winter day

has chang
ed the co
lor of my
mind's awaken
ing the wind
s tighter
than even
touch
could form.

Voiced-remembrance

The snow'
s a voiced-
remembran
ce of time
s increasing
ly lost.

A some-time thing

Aging's
a some-time
thing like
pressing your
feet to the
depth of snow'
s revealing
only a faint
image of what'
s been left.

Masterpieces in Karlsruhe (5)

a) Persons at the blue lake (Macke '13)

faceless
as if co
lor could re
place those
unseen
thought
s of their
s.

b) Rembrandt
Self-Portrait ca. 1650

all side
s of search
ing me out
self-find
ing.

c) DeHooch
In the bedroom

Roomed be
yond where
light and
space person
ing unspoken
silences.

d) Manet
Le petite Lange

more pose
than person
ed instead-
finding com
posure.

e) Cranach
Mother and child 1518

If only
the winds
could be as
delicate
ly touch
ed transpar
ently veil
ing the fine
ness of your
free-flow
ing hair and
the soft child-
embracing
s.

*f) 3 Kings
Master of Sigmaringen*

That old
man bend
ing centur
ies of wait
ing for those
child's eye
s search
ing beyond
his finger-
touching
gold.

The cold

as of want
ing stone
hardens us
down to our
resolute
ly boned-in
denials.

A softness

The snow
left a soft
ness as when
the mind's
feeling for
soundless
words.

Reminding

The worn
wrinkles
of her ag
ing skin re
minded of
dried leave
s winter
ed through.

So free

as the wind
s to find
all those
time-search
ing shores
left her to
a lonely va
cantness
at heart.

Settling down

The snow
softly felt
settling
his mind
down to where
white's cho
sen for bright
ness.

Sight-seeing

3 little girls
singing so
heaven
ly intoned
that even the
angels with
their bright-
eyed smiles
coming down
sight-see
ing.

Snow-night

shadow
ing in se
cluded bright
ness.

Standing up to

He couldn't
stand up
to his shad
ows so dark
ly self-in
volving.

For my own

Too much of
my father'
s shadow
ing over
what little
space I could
have called
for my own.

Waiting

for what did
n't come as
those spaced-
silences so
long window
ed from view.

Yardsticks

Why measure
yourself on
others when
it's the
length of
your yard
stick not
theirs.

Pink

with his
flowering
urge for arti-
culate pre-
sentation
s so fastid-
iously manner-
ed that even
his nails
toed to their
resilient
claims for soft-
shine after
thoughts.

Of unseen depths

My eyes
see what o-
thers see of
me as a pond
light-reflect
ing the dark
of unseen
depths.

2 sides to Brahms

a) Quartet op 67 3rd mvt.

under

surfacing
current

s of light-
fields hesi

tantly self-
finding.

b) Opus 67 Quartet last mvt.

When wa

ters run low
a sweetness

blooms flow
ers more

scent than
light.

Dvorak: Quartet op 51 slow mvt.

A time
beyond where
time flow
ing its un
seen stead
ily light.

If dinosaurs

could awaken
again man's
prehistor
ic instinct
s roaming
millions of
years before
the beast in
him timeless
ly evolving.

Seen-revealing

Can these arti
ficial concert
halls so eye-
impending ab
sorb the beauty
of their sound'
s seen-reveal
ing.

Baal

when woman
ceases to be
person but
only allur
ing object to
heat the blood'
s pulsing
claims of those
stone-built
self-shadow
ing temple
s of theirs.

Rat-nest

They found
that rat-nest
with their
dead-born
children
deeply clos
ed in the
cellars of
our once un
touchable
walled-con
fines.

A minor quartet (Schubert minuet)

The call
as with Gau
guin “L’appel”
a distant call
almost an e
cho’s fate
ful-finding
what’s only
to be found
out.

Advent

This land'
s tensed and
waiting the
trees bran
ched to their
leafless
grasp The sun
distancing
a reclaiming
truth the ad
vent of the
2nd coming of
Christ.

Master of Ceremony

When the min
ister's becom
ing a ceremon
ial master of
smiled-christen
ings with the
camera's blink
ing their flash
ed-for appro
val while
Christ's hidden

somewhere
in one of
those abandon
ed side-street
s out of bound
s for such
dressed-down ap
pearances.

Even for us

He came be
cause we did
n't want Him
that way All
prepared and
yet denied
a suffering
we shared with
out knowing
why He came
even for us.

Air on the G string (Bach)

Is it time
that's strok
ing the wheel
s of fate's an
swering that
void of
space turn
ing itself
round-stop
s.

Too elusive

She was too
elusive to
be smiled
back
to place.

Snow-shadowing

A pure white
cat snow-sha
dowing its
own stealthy
image.

Houses

left be
hind squatt
ing from sea
sonal change
their sit-
down posit
ion's stoic
ally self-en
hancing.

Self-defeating

They gave
more of them
selves a
way compro
mising at
their very
substance
of being a
nation ur
ging for peace
fully self-
defeating.

Snowed-through

A snowed-
through land
scape neither
purified for
pre-angelic
minds nor the
naked terrify
ing Melville-
white But al
most self-e
luding immat
erial beyond
ness.

Didn't open

It didn'
t open the
door latch
ed-closed
him in a
world of
self-find
ing fear
s.

Invisibly heard

The snow be
gan with
out knowing
where it be
came invis
ibly heard.

Abyss

Looking
down in to
the heart
of nothing
where eye
s penetrate
their liv
ing-death
of rock
unsourced
barren-tim
ed.

As secret voices

Car light
s in the dar
kening snow
slowly mov
ing as se
cret voices
impenetra
bly unfind
ing.

Wind-voicing

The tree
s sway
ing so soft
ly felt the
way a mother
cradles her
child wind-
voicing.

How deep

can one bury
blood and
ash They keep
surfacing
back as wound
s timeless
ly expos
ing.

Time's

the contin
uous rain
scarcely
felt its al
ways oncom
ing same
ness.

Outspreading

The expanse
of sky word
lessly out
spreading
distance
s of even
more than
time can re
call.

In-revealing

Her garden
so care
fully kept
finger
ed to phrase
each flower
a touched-
moment of
her in-reveal
ing life.

Bright-light

snow shin
ing up Pink'
s shoe-time
smile's pos
itively per
forming de
meanor.

Surfacing claims

No one
knows what
he doesn't
know about
himself mir
roring only
touches for
surfacing
claims.

Graveyard

in snow
with its
freshened
memory
of flower
s reclaim
ing in life
less scent.

Ice-skaters

so smooth
ly grace
fully sur
facing a
bove the
invisible
dark of its
penetrat
ing deep.

Fear-sounds

Boston bull
chained
tight to the
subway of
his unrelent
ing fear-
sounds.

Small feed

for little
minds peer
ing intent
ly with their
dulled-in
sense-for-
view rimmed
glass reading
s of life'
s other
wise futile
tragedie
s from their
own home-
page daily ex
posures.

Train-stop

s flow of si
lent voice
s in to the
stream of
time's self-
abandon
ing cause
s.

“Everything’s

up to date
in (the) Kan
sas City” of
sky-scraping
Babylon to
wers majesti
cally unfold
ing the less
er instinct
s of what’
s so low-down-
to-earth hu
man.

No one

lasted long
by him They
came and went
as a door con
tinuously
revolving
from his high-
level of self-
competence.

For getting out

He took her
down to the
lowering voice
of his conde
scending tone
that she be
gan to flutt
er as birds
caged in their
needs for gett
ing out.

Wintered city

soundless
ly abstract
ed in the
cold of its
face-finding
facades and
windows va
cantly una
ware of the
why of look
ing out.

Feared death

My father
feared death'
s otherwise
strangeness
because life
was so much
filled with
his being
more of it
than anyone
I'd ever
known.

Closed off

The window
shades went
down through
the unseen
hands of
night be
ing closed
off from
their realiz
ing why.

What is left

if there'
s nothing
more than that
No one to bring
it all in A
harvester
of what life'
s left behind
An answer be
yond death'
s final word
lessness.

Dream-world

My father'
s dream-world
beyond the mon
ied flavour
of his insis
ting daily
claims the al
ways more of
what it really
wasn't untouch
ably purer.

Angel holding a bough of an olive-tree
(Memling, Paris)

Some eyes
have seen
what's only to
be touch
ed to the
heart of be
ing where the
bough of an
Olive-tree'
s prayer-a
wakening.

Hurt

She was so
hurt at the
loved-center
that the blee
ding paled
her down ghost-
like after-
timed.

Train-sensed

speed-light'
s sounds
evening dark
nesses approa
ching.

Ulm cathedral

spired a
slender
height of
clouds trans
cending.

A land-lost

seagull
surfacing
the flowing
fields as if
waves of its
self-find
ing instinct
s.

Hard bent

When it
came to mon
ey she was
hard bent
a look that
took the
length of
you right
down to the
corner's
edge.

Penelope'

s weaving
and unwea
ving the time
s of her
waiting as
if the pre
sent was al
ways there
fingering
for its mo
ments
of thread.

That owl

with the
sunken eye
s cerami
cally lower
ing the
woods to
its moon-
lit glance.

That horse

staring a
motionless
distance
statued in
his numbed-
through
stance.

Cats

cause me
suspiciou
sly aware
d eyes
looming
brighter
secretly
intent.

Getting too close

the voice
raised a
pitch too
high the hand'
s pressing
closer than
its re-
vealing cause
as a bird
ruffled by
the wind's
so seeking
there inten-
sed from view.

The Black Forest

urged her
fears in-to
a tightness
of a no where
s out She
took it never
theless found
dead with all
those darkness
es of trees
mourning her
down.

This dry

season cold-
down to its
thirsting
needs shall
owed from
touch.

So soiled deep

Some lost me
mories can be
come so soil
ed deep that
not even the
sharpen
ed spade can
loosen their
withhold
ing self-de
ception
s.

This winter

blue so cold
and clear na
kedly appear
ing beyond
man's shadow-
sensing de
sires.

The day

the water
s ran dry
without
source of
meaning
and left him
as a car
cass boned
from its
very being.

Dead-down

winter e
ven the
streams dried
to a breath
less silence
the birds cir
cling for the
winds of
sound.

For Rosemarie

Love is
where you'
ve center
ed me calm
ed and smooth
ly to the
touch of why
you're becom
ing so.

Ode à Keats

These time
s when the
truth of beau
ty's no long
er seen felt
or known
hidden se
cretly in
waiting for
the few who
may not e
ven find it
there.

Somalia's

outmapped
no longer
land-locked
fallen in
to a sea of
pirates infest
ing the rest
less waves
with their
homeless
longing

s for mon
ied tens
ed-treasu
red ashore.

A quiet voice

Snow sound
s the air
brighter
a quiet voice
eluding e
ven the wind
s of its very
source.

Ingrown

She grew in
to herself
scarcely a
ware as if
by an un
seen hand
formed-
being.

A Jewess

with German
her mother-
tongue kept
close when
she fled for
her life left
her now simply
space-star
ing words
that couldn'
t come to
sense a world
she'd left a
bandonly be
hind.

To start again

as Ernest
so cultur
ally German
even deep
ly accented
to the depth
of his be
ing a new-
born Ameri
can.

Her complaint

reaching
through to
the crescendo
ed heights of
self-pity
that not e
ven the stead
iest of ladd
ers hand-in-
touch could
possibly
have taken
her down to the
ground-bottom
reality of hu
man abberat
ion.

Too good

she was al
ways think
ing of o
thers as
the more of
white she
felt that

across-the-
way house dis
cerning
through her
own self-
apparent
blemish
es.

Brahms

taken down
by death to
the depths of
where tonal
ity ranged it
self deep be
low his hori
zoned voice.

Pre-voiced

Awaken
ing to where
the snow
had pre-voic
ed a world
serene
ly beauti
fied.

A sculpture

should be
touched
'round its
many-sided
inclusive
sameness.

Simply there

As we a
woke the snow
simply there
as if arri
ving to an
unknown
sense-in-be
ing.

Our favorite teacher (in memory C. R.)

When our favorite teacher
always so
there for us
weighted him
self down with
the stones
of a depth-
finding guilt.

So right

she was
that she
wronged her
self with the
weight of
his still-finding
failure.

Indecipherably there

The snow'
s fading
from mind
as when word
s melting in
decipher
ably there.

Fallen snow'

s a form of
meditat
ing why dark
ness (how
ever deeply
drawn) remain
s incomplete.

That room

died with
his va
cantness
haunted her
not being

there as if
personed
by his voice
less pre
sence.

Confessed

As a minis
ter I must
confess I
never served
the church
but only
Christ's choice
of what I can'
t deny.

To the where

Seeing to
the where of
a whiteness
beginning
inaudibly as
a dream time
lessly ex
panding.

Fading image

She lost
that surety
of self touch
ing for stone
to be certain
of its cool
ed-shapeness.

A signet ring

that indeli
ble you of
what you a
ren't worn
down from gen
erations of
other's use
now declaring
it's mine.

If death was

Mozart's "great
est friend"

or Christ'
s last enemy

of man's life
less search

for meaning.

Viktor Frankl

mourned by

treating
those who en

emied him be
fore I became

a Christian
I couldn't

forgive Now
I can't for

give myself
for being o

therwise than
him.

If

I'm a
Christian
Why is the
Jew in me so
passionate
ly blood-con
suming a his
tory that'
s even more
than faith
can reveal
And if I'
m a Jew why
have Christ
ians become
so much a part
of that un
known where
of self.

Those who didn't hear

And for
those sheph
erds who didn'
t hear the
harsh winds
sounding
through that
coarse barr
en grass a
vacantness
to their lone
ly distant
and silenc
ing stars.

Light-beam

s fly-danc
ing instin
ctually-
sensed.

Of waiting-silence

Candles
burnt down
as the blood
of their dy
ing hopes
but a breath
of waiting-
silence now.

From marriage therapy

a) He
complain
ed of other
s because
at the heart
of it (no
one else's)
He couldn'
t forgive him
self We seld
om mirror
what's really
seeing us
back.

b) Self-pity'

s that in
toxicating
drink right
down to the
perilous
bottom for
self-escap
ing minds.

c) Imaged

If you don'
t always
say what you
think Your
thinking may
(in its own
disguised
manner)
be claiming
it back for
you.

d) Outfathomed

Love can
take almost
so much hurt
(the density
of a woman'
s response)
Until it out
fathoms the
more of her
than even pain
can bear.

e) Empathy'

s listen
ing to o
thers' grie
vances not
as if but be
cause they
inhabit per
haps some
lesser known
source of
our own.

f) Forgiveness

We can only
forgive o
thers once
we realize
our own need
for self-for
giveness.

g) In becoming

Where the
past become
s more pre
sent than
its needs
should just
ly require a
fearless turn
about Now's
the only now
of one's fu
ture in be
coming.

No escape

caught as
a fly in
the nets of
his own self-
revealing
s The walls
without high
er even than
his dead-down
fears No ans
wer that does
n't answer it
self echo
ing back word
lessly im
mune.

On Donne's Holy Sonnets

As those
cactus flowering
from the
thorns that
kept them
so tightly
held so Donne's
passion
nurtured
from sin as
if the devil
himself had
become God's
helpless agent.

The deepest

fear's the
fear of one
self That
dead image
in the mirror's
not finding
out for
more.

Release

If we could
only see with
the eyes of
others and
pulse their
heart be
yond our wan
ting needs
But then there'
s too much
of us to let
that release
as birds be
yond the climb
ing mountain'
s hold.

Tommy

Living for o
thers who
can't live
for them
selves Some
thing out
dated unmodern
not to be
touched with
words but
rarely gen
uine true.

Stone-shadowings

The mount
ains we'd
left behind
as if pass
ing through
the depth
s and wind
ings of an un
relinquish
ing time
But they still
stood out o
ver the lake

withdraw
ing in to
their pri
mieval stone-
shadowing
s.

A silent

sadness
not to be
touched
or even
seen the
way flower
s may feel
while clos
ing from
the sun'
s declin
ing light.

In-resonance

As a pian
ist scal
ing her fin
gers for the
fluency of
touch
ing over that
in-resonan
ce of self-
findings.

Ancient instruments

with their
scarce-away
sounds inre
vealing a time
fleeting so
unheard in
likeness
from view.

The where of

The more
the snow in
settling
down to the
where of my
not being
without.

No where's now

Was he inhab
iting the
depths of a
boundless
sea dream-
flowing the
reveries
of a time
less no where'
s now.

Unharboured

No where
s safe from
self he al
ways return
ed to being
where it was
as a boat
unharbour
ed those
dream-night
s through.

Whispered alive

This world'
s whisper
ed alive in
night's star-
revealing
spaceless
source.

In sense-from-self

He held
tight to
each step he
knew certain
ly impress
ing in sense-
from-self.

Before Genesis

a no place
world of His
being prevad
ing of all
that wasn'
t.

The Baal'

s stone-
temple pass
ionately
blood-aris
ing that
hollow
ed naked
ness
from self.

For Rosemarie

You've kept
my world in
place No where
else but you'
re the light
s of harbour
ing in this
restless be
ing of mine.

See-saw (for M. S.)

It's the
down-swing
of this world'
s darken
ing days that
could only en
lighten us
to that breath
of light that
Christ has
brought to re
deem the depth
of our lost-
finding soul
s.

Readings

No more book
s now enough
of them back-
shelved I read
people place
s the signs
of nature
called to be
ing here-
voiced.

Why he left

he didn't
know his
way back to
the world a
bout him an
ocean of chang
ing tides
carrying him
out driftwood
lapped at the
moon's ex
panse.

5 % credit

Dried leave
s crumb
ling his hand
s the re
mains of those
clients at 5 %
credit home
lessly en
dowed.

Taken in

They took
her in and
left her there
with vague pro
mising phras
es roomed
for a call
that never
came hope
fully await
ing.

The chronic

broke off
no one know
s why as that
boat with the
black plague
d rat-infest
ed drifting
for a harbour
less found.

In print

Poems in
print left
their indel-
ible mark of
what was
once a scarce-
ly decipher-
able wind-
breathing.

Snow-night

the wind
is invisib-
ly voiced
a dark-
ness blown
through a
bandoning
shadow
of no
where there
but now.

Subway

tunnell
ed in its e
choing fear
of unseen for
sakening dis
tances.

Timeless distances

Her eyes
thinking a
loud of where
I could only
imagine time
less distan
ces ...

City pidgeon'

s feeds in
creasing
ly shadow
s their rest
less taken-
from over
s.

The pose

of a per
son's more
why he's look
ing at for
finding him
self consider
ably more
so.

Snow-fields

as finely
alight as
the touch of
those sun-
sensed trans-
cending mo-
ments.

Pastel

winter sky
as fine
ly unheard
as when the
pale moon'
s seldom
ed from
light.

If there is Love

then
death has
given up
its final
claims of
knowing
all.

Celebrating Life

To
celebrate
life is to
see what
one hasn't
seen before
becoming.

Of soundless light

Where
there are
no more
questions
by not be
ing answer
ed And the
sky resound
s into a
void of sound
less light.

Synagogue/Ecclesia (Strassburg)

If
the Lord
lives in dark
ness And
Israel's eyes
are bound
to the same
truth perhap
s they see
more by
knowing less.

The means of evil (in memory of Wallace Stevens)

against
the white of
snow-appar
ent fields
Black birds
moon-intens
ed their
feather
ed sleek
ness.

8 masterpieces seen in Frankfurt
Dec. 18/08

a) Vermeer
Astronomer

Are those
stars so ex
actly plac
ed for his
eye-touch
ing assuran
ces.

b) Corot
Portrait of an Italian lady 1870

That still
inward ex
pression
ed more of
the artist
than of his
model.

c) *Spitzweg*
Rose-enthusiast

Those rose
s have en
thused his
nose to a bee
touch-down
fragrance.

d) *Van der Weyden*
Annunciation (Paris)

Angel and
Mary grac
iously almost
dance-like
through-flow
ing heaven
ly design
s.

*e) Courbet
View of Frankfurt 1858*

Has the ri
ver itself
flowed trans
parently in
to a city-
stilled ap
preciat
ion.

f) Master of Flémalle

Fat man'
s burgeon
ing out mul
ti-cheeked
revealing
eyes.

g) Pontormo
Portrait of lady with dog

Never has a
chair been
so proud-fac
ed as this
one Only the
lap dog's
humanely
touched.

h) Master of Flémalle

The bad thief
so aloned
that not e
ven those pit
iless on-view
ers could be
thinking them
selves so far
down as this.

Waiting rooms

The unquiet
of waiting
rooms as if
those vague
ly placid
walls list
ening back
to fear'
s undaunt
ingly there.

The mystery

There may
be laws to
this or that
He created
because He
wanted some
thing more un
revealing se
cretly with
holding and
yet more than
all we've e
ver known or
could possi
bly in reali
zing.

But just then

Some
times the
tone soften
s as if a
calm at the
center of
where we're
not being
for more But
just then.

Why

do birds
die shamed
and alone
because life
has left them
to the thic
kets of their
haunting mem
ories.

Pre-mating calls

She put on
the depth-
tones of
her most sub
duing sweet-
warmth eye'
s coo-coo
ing the dove'
pre-mating
calls.

High life

more those
low-down in
stincts
for the less
ened identity
of a fail
ing person.

Frighten

ed at what
he saw of him
self in o
thers that
he took to
his room a
loned from
such self-
disturb
ing insight
s.

“Accept yourself

as you are
we all aren’
t perfect” So
he did with
an almost
Calvinistic
intent wine
women and song
ing his way
through a
life of god-
given debauch
ery.

Asylums

We all have
our own little
refuges
as some shopping
with wide-
open eyes and
a small tightly-
held purse
Those private
asylums
we need if
only to escape
from our
own lesser
self-defined
meaning in
instincts.

The glass house

When life became
too much
for her
being weighed
down to its
untouchable
abandoning

depths She took
to her glass
house shut-up
in a silent
world of no
findings out.

Tracing

If you can
trace the
last patches
of this fail
ing snow to
the times of
its encompass
ing complete
ness.

Melting time

Dark-snow'
s prevail
ing sadness
through
these melt
ing times
of ours.

DeHooch

Rooms re
ceding through
columns of
light as if
spoken sha
dows of wind
s increas
ing.

3rd mvt./Beethoven's 7th

If danced
then pulsing
for a light
ness of dense
ly timed
awakening
s.

Equally

If you read
yourself in
to what you
see it's only
if that paint
ing's looking
back equally
self-finding.

Allegretto
Beethoven's 7th

They're be
ing called
hesitant
ly at first
though voice
less in to
the flow of
time's impend
ing oneness.

Slow mvt.
Mozart Clarinet concerto

When inti
macy become
s as a stream'
s transpar
ency.

Of not knowing

With that
clear con
science of not
knowing what
one didn't
want to know
those Jew-train
s moving slow
ly to the east
or that per
petual 10 % of
cash-flow
ing to those
hole-bottom
trousers of
theirs.

In the Nürnberg zoo

the mother
polar bear
who ate its
own failing
child up to
protect it
from a world
it wouldn't
suffer for be

ing permanent
ly closed in
or let defense
lessly out
We do much the
same in bath
tubs of dead
children'
s lifeless
blood.

Identities

If they were
wise men who
became king
s to cele
brate The One
of their own
with gifts
that symboliz
ed His very
being that
childlike pur
ity in bending
down to where
they could re
find that small
ness from self.

End of the line

called out
to an emp
tied train
Only that barr
en voice scar
cely decipher
ing though dis
tantly ech
ing as the
sounds of the
sea repeating
what was al
ways known
though never
really under
stood.

Darwin

knew little
of why love'
s the creat
ing source
of life's e
volving be
yond all
those animal
instincts

inhabiting
more of us

than they
really should.

Perhaps

only an

gels know
why the fish

seek for the
darker depth

s when the
sun's too

bright for
their knowing

where.

That faceless smile

He knew money

but he didn't
know people

Their faces
took the form

of dollars
and cents He

sold out to
one that left
him with emp
tied hands
and the o
ther with a
vanishing
faceless
smile.

That change

What marked
the change in
Corot's stone-
like firmness
to his later
untouched
transpar
encies Or of
Bellini'
s hard and pa
thetic Manteg
nian pietàs to
that soft
and still
classic-poet
ic complete
ness of his
later work.

Down-talked

He talked
himself down
to a self-
righteous
ness where it
hurt most a
loned from all
but that ghost
ly-shadowing
imageless.

The mind

can be as
resolute
ly cold as
this vacant
winter day
untouched
from the
wandering
shadows of
voice-dark
ened decipher
ing birds.

Watching (for Chung)

as through
a dimly re
ceding candle
glow the
little life
that's left
of her adher
ing more to
the skin and
bone of that
only remain
s of an un
seen soul and
a distant God
though closer
now than e
ver before.

So alive

Picture
s so alive
of those
since dead
still defy
ing the mute
claims of
death's final
izing.

Paling

Snow however
softly felt
at the first
paling through
time's reflec
ting mirror.

Sky-becoming

Where do
voices dis
appear as
smoke's sky-
becoming.

Listening back

House-fram
ed wooden
coldness star
ing beyond
where even hu
man eyes
could be lis
tening back.

Even at

dawn's in
tending space
lessness to
why she could
n't see what
the winds
brought to
mind.

Her

elusive
touched
vaguely un
spoken word
s.

Pastry-girl

smiles sugar
ed the trans
parency from
lip-stick
ing appreci
ations.

The image

of an in
spoken leaf's
hand indel
iably yours of
having been
sensing-it-
through.

Each day

created for
its becoming
now neither
past nor pre
sent but as
a bridge at
the middle
staring out
the length of
its unknown
distance
s.

Shadows

of a house
heavy with
a depth of
time's increa
sing sorrow
s awaken
ing now its
moon-bespok
en silences.

45 Popham'

s my day and
night watch
man window
ed even be
yond where
time could be
seeing us
through.

So voicelessly alive

What are
these artifi-
cial night-
lights try-
ing to tell
us so voice-
lessly a-
live.

For Charles and Leonore

Words
create them-
selves the
way shadow
s deepen
through real-
izing.

Snow-fields

of light
wind-creat-
ing a vast
ness of un-
told distan-
cings.

“Cry wolf”

We Jews

cry wolf
all the time

he’s insid
iously climb

ing the back
yard of our

front-view
fears.

Tiny birds

caged in a

brightness
of color

ing sound
s impulsing

momentary
flight-ap

praisal
s.

Of formed-presence

This wind-
quiet snow
keeps us
closer down
in to an in
timacy of
formed-pre
sence.

Cleansed

If a poem
can cleanse
a moment
from time'
s creating
a lesser
world of its
own.

Flowered

Can one tem
per color to
its pristine
chastity of
scent.

Titled

Should a
poem title
its defin
ing sense
creating
through mean
ings of its
own or be
left speech
lessly void.

January '09

So desperate
ly cold that
his shadow
froze down
to an uninhab
ited there
ness.

E. C.

Her eyes
came in
to the room
underhand discerning the
way hands
grasp express
ively seen.

Mourning

A depress
ive house
mourning
the loss
through a
vacant still
ness.

New York'

s a city of
bridges spann
ing high o
ver phantom
ed fears
tightly clos
ed ghetto
ed.

Close-downed

The cold
kept him close-
down to that
numbed touch
of a life
less response.

The Ferris Wheel

turned me slow
ly around self
revolving
stars until
the night im
mersed in to
the windless
reaches of
time.

Uncaged

One can't
cage man in
from his de
vouring in
stincts
will get you
out at ven
geance's call.

4 American masterpieces (NYC)

a) Peach blossoms (Childe Hassan)

subtle
ly touch
ing the grass-
scent of mo
ment's evas
ively.

b) Under a Cloud (Ryder)

where the
winds sail
ing sun-vis
ions beyond.

c) From the Williamsburg Bridge (Hopper)

Window
s as alon
ed as the
persons room
ed in to
looming
shadow
s.

d) Lighthouse (Hopper)

climb
ing where
spacial
ly leaving
us behind.

Up for show

She put her
feelings up
for show that
they rarely
came down per
sonally warm
th.

The blind

seeing
through the
touch of space-
moving in
to their way
s of being
heard.

Low tide'

s vacancy
of place an
unreveal
ing world now
nakedly poss
essed shame
less.

For Rosemarie (from Genesis 2)

That rib
He took out
of me to im
prison in
softness
of heart.

Unsaid

What's un
said often
feels a way
as the re
ceding step
s in snow.

Seadown

evening
tides wash
ing the moon
ashore in pa
led remem
brances.

Little-girl-look

That innocent
little-girl-
look with self-
protective
smiled an i
mage of what
wasn't any
more.

A stilled

subduing
quiet as this
sea listen
ing aloud
to its voice
less becom
ings.

A 2nd chance

too deep
ly hurt for
more of that
blood-lett
ing her never
again free-
findings.

Free-flowing

The gull'
s free-flow
ing a height
of image
less re
sponse.

Mistaken identity

If it's
always the o
ther's mis
take You may
be living with
mistaken i
dentity.

Circe

the temptress'
voice call
ing out of
those sea-
depth in
stincts at
the bottom-
ground of man'
s earthy pass
ions.

The fan

circling
its own sound
less wind-
creating con-
tinuous
ly shadow
ing reflect
ions.

Sand-sifting

Little child
sand-sift
ing as if
time was only
that touch of
not quite be-
ing brought
to mind.

Origins

Was the
moon listen
ing aloud
to create
the tide
s voice
lessly trans
scending.

The pelican

ascend
ing to where
only the wind
s and his
wings space
lessly in
volving.

A prison

locked-mind
kept in to
where's no
way out from
self.

His older

brother had
become more of
him than he
could call his
own death a 2nd
dying even the
stone a re
plica of that.

Little boy

found keep
ing up with
his feet
stepping
quicker than
his wind-blown
shirt could be
coloring for.

Known

She knew
her man and
kept him there
shadowing
the lesser
whims of her
own self-re
flection
s.

Seeing eye (for Trina)

dogs may
know more of
the darkness
es than man
can realize.

Moved

He was so
moved by be
ing moved
that there
was no where
else from
going there.

Heavy

tropic
leaves fall
ing the
weight of
their color
ings down.

Inswelling

clouds as
vastly
threaten
ing time
s slow-mov
ings through.

Hard-of-reading

The paper
s he quoted
glass-eyed
approving
ly more than
those hard-
of-reading.

Two songs of my youth

a) September song

keeps repeat
ing in the
faint elus
ive imagin
ings of word
less phras
ings as those
tracks in
snow indeci
pherably from
becoming.

b) "I'm as restless

as a willow"
in the wind
storms of
these leaf
less mourn
ings that
touch and bend
wherever I'
m not for
findings.

At my age

one lives
with a sense
of loss
that isn't
now but could
be soon a
bandoned
as a house
outused only
that emptied
sense of what
once was.

This night

waking me
through the
strange and
distant sound
s of its in
coming moon.

Bottomed out

They took
the bottom
out of him
the gravity
of person
until he float
ed Orphelia-
like on the
waves of sub
duing flower
s.

Star-down

winds palm-
sensing grow
th of these
immensing
night-vis
ions.

Shaded in

to where
the sounds
of such
inner thought
s seem so
transient
ly still
ed.

Facades of houses

concealing
the true fa
ces of why
they're watch
ing out
steadfast
ly unconcern
ed as if
such appear
ances could
deceive
from view.

Guardi's Venice

floating
on water
a phantom
world of un
realizing
shadows
Houses mel
ting in
to shim
mering echoes
light-touch
ed.

Peonese

If a flo
wer's intui
tively there
its color
meets mine
the eyes of
process
ional thought
s.

Lessens

As my
strength
lessens
perhaps my
shadows too
Thinned to
the trans
parent voice
of where the
rain's e
choing faint
ly from.

The lizard

eye-tongu
ed slither
ing linear
apprehen
sions grass
in-sensed.

Soft wave

s and smooth
ed sands as
if life were
folding him
through to
such quiet sol
itudes.

Shadows

on sand as
a pale moon
without depth
of forming
its elusive
surfacing
claims.

Gambling ship

adrift upon
the unstead
ied waters
of loose
ly holding
fortunes.

To make known

A poet
wants to

make known
what he does

n't know him
self reali

zing.

A mind for money

Those poss

essed with a
mind for mon

ey have learn
ed to live

their accum
ulating fort

une's paper
ing over

souls.

At the other side

Beyond where
one can't
see the ship
s over the
horizon'
s edge as at
the other
side of self.

Outfindings

If we
fish the sea
out of its
ominous deep
we'll soon be
emptied out
land-found
without a
scope for fer
tile recover
ings.

Of ages gone

The bottom
of the sea
these grain
shells sand-
refined to
the harmless
death of age
s gone.

Being watched

He knew
he was be
ing watched
with self-
closing eye
s that took
him down to
that certain
ty of mo
ment.

For Rosemarie

The hidden
face of where
she reced
ed in to
those contem
plative si
lences of
hers.

At face value

They took
him at face
value with
that monied
smile of his
securely self-
sufficient.

Unremembered

If you can'
t remember
it didn't
really happ
en as tracks
in snow melt
ing time a
way.

Bi

cycles turn
ing the sand-
down sounds
of the sea
to those sooth
ing voices in
wardly calm
ed.

Pelicans

raising
the sky to
a height
of sound
less imag
inings.

Ice cream

man comb
ing the beach
with his pov
erty-stricken
smiled the
bells to
their creamy
taste choco
late coated.

Restlessly

The light
s luridly
asking no
answers only
the dark inhab
iting its rest
lessly a
live.

Unrevealing

It rain
ed that un
seen night
through and
left shadow
s behind un
revealing.

To remind

Who's left
to remind
when the dead
become speech
lessly remote
and only
that unknown
silence with
holding its
lost secret
s.

Left-behind

These cloud
ed sand-step
s only sur
facing their
mysterious
left-behind
sense.

Having been there

That strange
feeling of
having been
there be
fore as per
sons we've
never met for
the first
time.

L'appel (Gauguin)

She kept
calling back
even from the
dead so faint
ly unreveal
ing.

Low-keyed

A low-key
ed voice a
bout his pa
ling fac
ial concern
s almost
whisper
ing the un
real sense of
his being
there.

The more of

Night be
came the more
of his dark
nesses settl
ing in as
waves over
coming the
source of his
very being.

Failed

Her marriage
failed her sense
of self he
left her
pride couldn't
find itself
back from
place.

Too close to himself

He lived
too close to
himself that
even his shadow
tightly
pressed
choosing his
very step.

Stingray'

s peaceable
intention
s modest
ly securing
the bottom-
down of these
sanded shore
lines obscure
ly self-eff
acing.

Roll-called

Age is a
sitting kind
of thing not
taking place
but only be
ing there the
way birds
appear lin
ed up for
their invis
ible roll-
call.

Tense

without
cause scent-
down in
stinct for
stone.

When to stop

knowing he
did and left
scarcely
touched im-
pression
s in snow.

The wandering star (Le Clézio)

Even snake
s with their
cold skin
s and shadow
ing eyes ent
wined in tens
ed reveries
of love.

The train'

s life's sym
bol of the no
where of on
coming.

Backwater

places where
these secret
ly closing
doors open
an untouch
ed fear hold
ing us back
from know
ing why.

Eyes

that saw
more than
they appear
ed mirror
ing those un
known depth-
silences.

Life-span

houses up
for sale
Those empt
tied at mem
ories now
spaceless
ly unfind
ing.

1 Peter 3:18–22

When the
whale swallow
ed Jonah
down to the
primieval
darkness
of his soul
less wander
ings.

Prisoner (for Michael)

That prison
became a 2nd
home for him
keyed to his
lock-down
thoughts
and a world
without
that could
barely sur
vive beyond
him.

Overheard

Some walk
the sea a
long their own
inward fear
ful voice
could be o
verheard
from listen
ing outloud.

Sundown

moment
s touch
ing for the
shells you
haven't found
before an al
most glimmer
of what the
sea's been
asking it
self for.

From waking back

He paint
ed his house
extreme
ly white to
give him a
cleansed
sense of clo
sing down his
past from wa
king back.

Old Man and the Sea (Hemingway) (4)

a) *Do we “kill*

those we love
the most”

(Strindberg)

That fish

bigger than
life or e

ven that pri
mieval source

at the ocean-
bottom of

self.

b) *Was that*

fish the urge
within that

pulls us be
yond all poss

ible bound
s of return.

c) Sharks

devour
ing at the
blood-eyed
scent of
man's need
s for more.

d) Was it

Hemingway'
s muscular
strength of
language that
helped control
that vengeful
sea within.

Time-sharing

If all the
rooms look
the same that'
s why their
speech has
been levell
ed to a same
ness of per
son.

Corridor'

s narrow
long-sight
ed view of
walls that
keep closing
us in to the
shadows of
having been
passed.

Transforming

These soft
spoken tree
s spread
ing the wind
s through the
touch of their
transform
ing moment
s.

The golden age

was alway
s what
isn't now liv
ing through
until it's
the loss that
golden be
comes.

At sunset

when the wind
s rise from
the fall
ing sun's o
vercoming
shadow
s.

At night

when one
stops hear
ing oneself
and your
breath e
ases in to
a stillness
beyond that
last need
for touch.

His prayer (for Ed)

s rose and
fell as the
tides of the
sea into the
unspoken
meanings of
God.

Only then

One can't
be prepared
for what will
only happen
after it'
s known E
ven dream so
intangibly
leaves
us from its
ways out.

Little Sammy

too weak
to defend a
gainst his
instinct
s for the
big man that
took him down
to his last
dollars of
self-import
ance.

Some

are built
as this solid-
down palm to
earth out
a watchman'
s focus of
life's immov
able gravity.

Cain

the mark
ed man as
modern as
man ever could
endure cast-
off from the
soil that
couldn't grow
th his broth
er's rest
less blood-
crying voice.

That bridge

they built
far out o
ver the con
tinuing voice
of the sea
he follow
ed his reti
cent steps
touching on
wood couldn'
t hold the
sounds of
his self-search
ing self.

Surprised

to see as
a bird color
ing bright
before its
eyes could
be telling
you so.

Toddler

trying at
life fall
ing more than
he could
stumble back
his go-sig
nals improvis
ing for win.

Our Town (Thornton Wilder) (2)

a) They didn't

t see her
though she was

living-dead a
floating i

mage of why
time couldn't

t be other
wise than it

really was.

b) Thornton Wil

der's town'

s something
special be

cause it was
like all the

others by be
ing itself.

The seagull

common as
they are sat
sad-eyed
in the sand
couldn't
fly not e
ven a breath
of his wait
ing for an un
seen in the
darkness
es of night.

Bodied

She bodied
her unful
filled being
the ripened
fruit of wo
manly guile.

A vacancy

When word
s ran out
with the tide
s and left a
vacancy at
that unspok
en center
from self.

Mothered

The autumn
trees releas
ed all those
leaves and
the fruit
that weight
ed them down
to a naked
ness from
self.

Pink

bi-cycl
ing the sea
with his own
self-propell
ing turn-o
ver-smile
d in wind
less length
for seeing.

The shadow

s of the
birds cross
ed over his
mind's view
and left a
vague but
touching fear
behind.

Backwater

places re
clusive
where the wa
ters run shy
and there'
s an ease
of soft-remem
bered bree
zes.

Doppelgänger

Same size
same weight
same way of
telling me
back imitat
ing what I
feared of
knowing my
self so.

The walls

talking
back their
self-enclos
ing shadow
s secret
ly confin
ing.

The soprano'

s vibrato
wavering
quiver
ing in the
emptied air
of seldom
bird-finds.

A bouquet

of flower
s tabled his
thoughts
down to
where stand
ing became a
coloring
sense.

Do the dead

keep ask
ing us more
alive still in
to the image
of their
soundless
voice.

Hearing through

Do each of
us listen to
the sea with
the lone
voice of only
ours Or is
it always
in hearing
us through.

If

I'm always
s the being
of becoming
now Can these
shadows as
the color
ing autumn
leaves fall
ing through.

Tolstoy

Life over
whelmed his
being more of
it than even
in telling
could possibly
deny.

Sentinels

Ships at the
edge of the
horizon sen
tinels of not
knowing what'
s in coming
beyond.

Thinking back'

s not what
was but where
you are from
time's re
tracing.

Moralizing'

s more of
the dog on
the leash that
you keep hold
ing back
tightly self-
justifying.

Tolstoy'

s "confess
ions" releas
ed him more
from the dark
urgings of
his past
than his un
attuned virgin
"child-wife".

Captiva Bay

The winds
have spaced
this island
where only si
lence could
be heard se
clusively
inholding.

Overnight

the sea
calmed down
like holding
its breath
while the
stars began
silently
in fading.
ing.

Levelling

the sand
s to their
flat-told
surfacing
these once-
thought
steps vanish
ing from
sound.

Dolphins

with their
wave-like
form slop
ing in the
wind's musi
cal accord
s.

Horse shoes

The numb
ed-clash
sound of
horse shoes
evoking me
tallic in
stincts.

Sailings

The open-
waking sea
sailing with
the white of
its wind-
touched re
veries.

Scarcely finding

The wavy
shadows of
these primie
val palms
on stone
as the tender
nesses that
cool to but
a scarcely
finding i
mage of it
self.

Kept pace

His shadow
dark and un
observed kept
pace with his
every thought
secretly con
fiding.

Parrot

colored
she was with
a streak of
elongat
ing feather
s a plummage
of rarified i
dentities
imitating
whereever she
might be fly
ing off.

Catching up

Slight
ly fat squat
low-levelled
jaunty gait
as if the fin
ishing process
was catching
up on him.

Self-becoming

If it wasn'
t the first
time he'd
seen it a
gain spring
flowers
breathless
ly self-be
coming.

Diagnosed

They diagno
sed him in a
processing
machine that
came out
(though slight
ly starched)
almost human
ed.

Outsider

When you'
re an out
sider the
circles close
and leave
you voice
lessly shad
owed in a lone
liness that
can't be spok
en aloud.

Orthodoxy (for Helen)

For her ap
pearance
once dress
ed in the
beauty of
what is cere
monious and
sanctified
became cloth
ed in the my
stery of
Christ.

The poet'

s word an im
mensity of
finely mesh
ed phrases
spider-webb
ed to the
sting of se
cretly hidd
en design
s.

Diaried

Tolstoy
kept his diary
to daily
plague his
sufficient
ly innocent
wife with his
own self-re
penting soul.

Tolstoy

preached
sexual ab
stinence
even in wed
lock open
ed with the
key of year
ly recurr
ing off-spring
s.

Money'

s the name
of those in-
God-we-trust
bills hold
ing command o
ver his in
folding pocket
ed-assur
ing smiles.

Shiva

They sat
those barren
wooded ben
ches dying
the dead to
the depth of
their own
living be
yond.

Disoriented

Where it was
he wasn't
wandering
through a
maze of dis
connected
sound-sens
ings vague
ly shadow
ing.

Very moment

The tree saw
its time
less self
less eyes of
the living-
dead's very
moment.

Hypnotic

the snake'
s cold il
licit bare-
faced rais
ed to its
vipered
poisoning
glare.

Light-street

s' call that
held him un
seen hand'
s intensity
of nothing
ness finds.

He knew

no step fur
ther if he
didn't stop
it would stop
him through
with down-
breathed chas
tened cold.

Lot's wife'

s look-back
because she
knew she must
Fired cold-
through to
salt.

Skywards

When word
s brighten
colored-sound
s balloon
ed a solemn
skywards.

Racoon

clawed the
night-glar
ing tree-
watch eye
s.

Flowers

with
ed because
they'd been
written
through liv
ing words.

Echoing

inaudible
sound's stair
way round
ing out a
nowhere
s in com
ing.

Reflections

Night-glass
ed reflect
ing dark i
mages of
what was once
brighten
ing/still
ed.

Forgotten memories

His grain
ed fields of
forgotten
memories
cut down an
emptied vast
ness for the
unerring time-
dissolving
winds.

Rejected (for Michael)

because
you're too
good remind
ing of Christ
and the petty
servants of
The Law per
forming the
rites of their
own lesser per
sons.

This Indian

land rich in
unharvest
ed mysterie
s and secret
backtime wa
ters owns
less of itself
than those flat-
down foreign
tongues inhab
iting its
sovereign re
mains.

Inspiration (for Warren)

Where it be
gan he only
knew when
it started
telling him
attuned to
personed-
from being
s.

World-findings

We fish the
seas to real
ize the under
ground depth
of our own
invisible
world-find
ings.

King Charles I. of England

(in memory Harold Hulme)

sat majesti
cally on a
throne of di
vine-right im
portance reign
ed over an Eng
land peopled
with a lesser
breed of being
His England
his person un
til they took
the head off
of his lone
ly kingdom.

Lizard

cold-blood
ed stone-sur
vivor.

Transparencies

The wind
left an in
complete sense
of sadness be
hind trans
parencies of
cloud's light-
exposing.

Sit-down

times reminis
cent of why
you're hold
ing a balanc
ed view of
time's reced
ing.

The great blue heron

as tall and
majestic
as the fin
est specimen
of man and
just as proud
he stood stat
uesque in full-
plummed ele
gance.

Death-shining

Looking
into the eye
s of fear'
s staring
him back
a cold si
lence of fro
zen-light
death-shin
ing.

No time

left to find
time keeps
running un
seen unheard
though as the
sea continu
ally incom
ing.

Sameness

Man's all
starting to
look the same
no race no
tradition
s as a snow
ed-down land
scape levell
ed as far as
the eye can'
t see.

Learning to see

If you're
learning
to see it'
s because eye
s can only
find their
sound-awaken
ings.

Left behind

Looking the
outside of
where he was
n't seeing
beyond that
enclosing
circle as if
time had been
left lasting
ly behind.

Shoe shine

boy blacken
ing the shoe
s with an
ageless ex
pression of
facial infer
iority to
that high-stand
ing white
man express
ively self
compos
ing.

Unbeliev

able Allan
with his my
opic over-
toothed pre
sently stead
fast self-con
sciously as
suming.

Barbed-wired

If man
can't civilize
himself Why
not cage him
in the an
imal instinct
s glaring
out barbed-
wired inhabi
tions.

Just for two

If there'
s little
left of this
spaced-out
world with its
dried desert-
down sensibil
ities Why not
make one o
ver of our own
just for two
an island pro
tected again
st the teem
ing sea and

whatever
could harm
the intimacy
of our touch-
finding love-
spells.

Always beings

He said “keep
your eyes on
the common
man” I keep
mine on those
uncommon mo-
ments that
transpire
life’s subtle
ties a world
of creative
always-be-
ings.

Tropical night

so dark
that only
the waves
voiced
through un
seen silen
ces.

From an unseen source

Listen
ing to si
lence he heard
in intense a
wareness
as when the
stars ris
ing from
their un
seen source.

The dried

touch of ar
tificial
flowers rare
ly sensed
for birth.

Make-shift

moments as
when the
touch for
cloth's time-
sensing.

Black-eyed

susans color
ing their own
sense of time
less await
ings.

Really dead?

Are the dead
really dead only
in their shut-
down graves
I see them
as near as
the image of
these out
lasting
thoughts.

Abraham' (for Daryl)

s half-
and-half-sister

almost com-
pletely up

set the whole
ness of God'

s self-comman-
ding plan-
view.

For my mother (at age 100)

She came out
of the shadow
s of her hus

band conceal
ing most of her

own person un-
til at age 90

she grew in to
those unknown

shadows of
her own.

Her meticulous way

(without need
of word or
sense) in
stinctive
ly defining
objects by
touching
their color
ing form
through.

The fisher

man's boat
became in
time an i
mage of his
worn-down
rough and barr
en sea-re
claiming per
son.

Are the clothes

women wear
a 2nd person
ing of self
(the one
they would
have wanted
but never real
ized) or more
an enhancing
adornment
of their own i
dealizing.

When does

thought-i
mage re
cede in to
the lower
depth of
dream-imag
inings.

Imprisoned (for Michael)

Each cell a
closed world
of unresolv
ing fear and
hate of o
thers with
in one self
s no where
of getting
out from.

Parole (for Rebecca)

as a dog
leashed to
a running-
out-freedom
of being
called back
tight-hold
ing's lett
ing loose.

Witches

may not have
been real
but we thought
them so vi
vidly a
live they be
came until
we burned
them out of
our mind'
s sake.

For Helmut

Even a child
hood myth
lived the
wrong way out
came to haunt
his aging
years with
what wasn't
by being the
more of him.

He accorded

his small
stature and
depth such a
prominence
that his achievements
grew in to a
monument
of self-denying approval
s.

Overshadowed

Though you've
been called out for
dead You continue to shadow
over me
a length of
time that
can't be called back in
creasing
ly awakening.

Sistine Madonna (Raphael, Dresden)

Such a beau
tifying posed-
harmony with
those senti
mental angel
s stealing
the down-to-
earth heaven
ly show and
the I'm-part-
of-it-all wit
nesses placed
for their just
right balanc
ing accords
with Mary and
Jesus topping
it all off
as a cake can
dled with
their eye-
lighting fes
tivities.

Grünewald Crucifixion (Karlsruhe)

passion
ed with co
lor and faith
canvassed
the empti
ness of a
dead-darken
ed world to
the blood-in
tensed redemp
tion of Christ'
s longing
ly-pained.

Whiteness (2)

a) *The swans*
discover
ing the white
ness of sound
by floating
upon their
unresolv
ing cause
s.

b) The storks

opened
winds of white
ness and the
width of
their indwell
ing sound
s.

The train

Joseph Roth
never saw
or knew still
running track
s elusive
ly through
the numbed re
membrance
of his lost
father's
no return.

Hard choices

as if time
itself press
ing you down
to an inevit
able no where
out but now.

Voice-receding

Summer
waves a lei
sure of those
smoothed
voice-reced
ing moment
s.

At 60

she dress
ed the e
vocative
way of a
teenager
so allur
ingly self-
desiring.

For Rosemarie

too good
to laugh
at the flaw
s of other
s without e
ven a hint
of self-jus
tifying need
s.

Palm

shadow
s as light
as the wind
s blown
through self-
apparence
s.

Poker

faced star
ing through
those con
cealing card
s of his in
telling hand
s.

Approaching

His shadow
dark and sol
emn kept ap
proaching
the where of
his being at
one from him
self.

Flushed

His face
flushed
streams of
self-con
cealing blood
darken
ing as a
moon from
its clouded
course.

“Not yourself”

today as if
he had found
a new iden
tity than all
those day
s of self-re
calling.

Forebodings

The sea
dark with un
seen fore
bodings re
lentless
ly shore-in
tensing.

A white ship

sailing the
horizon a
way quiet
ly myster
iously self-
becoming.

Cold spell

down south
moon-chill
ed moment
s tighten
ing closer.

Waiting

They're
waiting for
death as if
death wasn'
t waiting
for him clock-
wise circling
a time that
would become
timeless
ly apparent.

Self-protective

Some wo
men need a
kind of prett
iness to pro
tect their
child-like
longings
from an in
timacy of
self.

That walk

along a beach
of recurr
ing thought
s that kept
the waves
rhymically
self-defin
ing.

Next door neighbor

Death was
his next door
neighbor
most alway
s near but
discreet
ly distant
from where
its presence
could be
thought of
as intrud
ing upon a
respect
able priv
acy.

A weakness

He sensed
a weakness in
her an untouch
able place a
wound that
might never
heal so in
wardly bleed
ing that he
often turned
his face a
way from the
pains of what
might become
self-reveal
ing.

Why

are the fish
so silent
when the sea
colors them
with the
speed of tran
sient voi
ces.

Time

ran out on
him the way
the tide
s do to an
emptiness
of vast stret
ches of sound
less meaning
s.

The plumage of

His self-
satisfying
walked as the
plumage of an
indigenous
peacock's at
tending fea
thered assem
blage.

A quiet part

of the beach
where each
palm seemed
to be climb
ing its lone
ly voice to
a wind-soft
exposure
of leaves.

History

rewrite
s itself as
a field grow
ing beyond
the length
from its en
visioning
where.

Of lost remembrance (for Rebecca)

She posed
so many quest
ions that
their answer
s piled up
for her as
sounds of
lost remem
brance.

Southern days (for Warren)

create
their own
timeless
shadows a
land more of
remembran
ce heavy with
those nos
talgic wind
s of regret.

Parachute

holding on
to that some
where bet
ween space
and sound
lessly reassur
ing.

Pull of

That unseen
fish tensed
the pull of
his face'
s depth-ga
zing.

The older

he grew the
younger his
thoughts
became flash-
images of an
unreconcil
ed time that
uneased his
sleep time
lessly awake.

A black snake

told in
stone's re
calling its
cold-down in
stinctual
light.

Of silent renewal

as slight
as the bird
could be touch
ing the sur
faces of sand
with its scarce
moments of
silent renew
al.

A spider

webs the in
tricate fa
bric of his
deadly in
stincts to
the venom
ous final
ity of
sting.

The bridge

air-tight
wind-envel
oping con
crete phras
ings of the
river's per
petual need
s for its
light-rehear
sings.

A no way out

The door
closed be
hind heard
the key al
most inaudi
bly turn a
no way out
only darkness
speaking
through the
confines of
his inten
sing fear.

For more (for George)

The safeway
s may be as
fluent as the
mind's smooth-
finding shore
s But that
glimpse of
what could
have been o
therwise
though rough

ly attained
and hard to

scale down
may lead e

ven beyond
the cliffs of

man's peri
lous needs

for more.

A false start

that began

before he
realized

why it left
him there

staring out
a vacancy

of place.

Therapied

Those who

tell them
selves out

have little
left to find

except voice
less self-appear
ances.

Each day

a turn o
ver page of
poems the
way Pink dis
guised him
self with
flower
ing present
ations.

A ghostly image

The tides are
out the fog
s in this
beach trans
forming in
to a ghost
ly image of
persons e
merging from
their unseen
shadows.

The day

that time
stopped and
touch became
numbed to
the vacan
cies of
those cities
of silent
stone.

The 7th son (for Juergen)

Blood-moon
time the syn
agogues
charred to
ash the a
bandoned
rabbi's house
songed loud
for war and
he the 7th
son Der Führer
as godfather
of that god
less forsak
en time.

Undereyed

He under
eyed my stand
ing there with
an estrang
ed looked-
through mo
ment that dar
kened my sense
from view.

Blood stains (for Helmut)

The blood-
stains of his
Nazi youth
paled now
rubbed down
from that worn
instinct
ual hate hung
away into the
closet far
from sight a
badge some
how still per
iliously
near.

American gothic

with a glimpse
of Hawthorne
circular
ly stair-cas
ing a gable-
topped view
of looking
out for no
thing's there.

Tatooe

s blem
ish more
than the sur
face skin's
self-defin
ing.

There before

He'd been
there before
that strange
feeling when
a dream be
comes truer
than he could
sense its
meaning only
then only
now.

Than that

When days
pass in to the
silent stream
s of night be
coming star
s and that
vague a
wareness of
something
more.

Time-telling

The hall e
choing sound
less feet'
s imagin
ing response
time-tell
ing.

Children'

s eyes wondr
ous roman
tically
but more
furtive e
lusively
self-asking
without real
izing the
question
s of why.

“You guys”

insults the

language
and why I’

m me per
soned in that

mysterious
unknown of
being self.

Time-eclipsing

It became an

after time of
his life as

those dried
fruitless

seasons of
the mind’s

waiting to
get back time-

eclipsing.

Earth-needs

Could you
still read
slavery
in her ladd
er-day eye
s subduing
an unused
shame low
ering down to
those earth-
needs of for
mer times.

Quartet 4 (Bartok)

Quick
speed of
tension
ed-light.

Op. 96 Violin Sonata (Beethoven)

So fine
idyllic that
Beethoven
must have shed
his tough her
oic skin to
the quieter
pulse of na
tured in.

Violin Sonata (Janacek)

Those dream-
repeating in
terludes as i
mages that
weren't for
saken.

So deep

It snow
ed so deep
that he
couldn't
track the
paths of
his voicing
through.

Poetry books by David Jaffin

1. **Conformed to Stone**, Abelard-Schuman, New York 1968, London 1970.
2. **Emptied Spaces**, with an illustration by Jacques Lipschitz, Abelard-Schuman, London 1972.
3. **In the Glass of Winter**, Abelard-Schuman, London 1975, with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon.
4. **As One**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1975.
5. **The Half of a Circle**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1977.
6. **Space of**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1978.
7. **Preceptions**, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1979.
8. **For the Finger's Want of Sound**, Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
9. **The Density for Color**, Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
10. **Selected Poems** with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon, English/Hebrew, Massada Publishers, Givatyim, Israel 1982.
11. **The Telling of Time**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2000 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
12. **That Sense for Meaning**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2001 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
13. **Into the timeless Deep**, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2002 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
14. **A Birth in Seeing**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
15. **Through Lost Silences**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
16. **A voiced Awakening**, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2004 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
17. **These Time-Shifting Thoughts**, Shearman, Exeter, England 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.

18. **Intimacies of Sound**, Shearsman, Exeter, England, 2005 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
19. **Dream Flow** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2006 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
20. **Sunstreams** with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2007 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
21. **Thought Colors**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2008 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany
22. **Eye-Sensing**, ahadada, Tokyo, Japan and Toronto, Canada 2008
23. **Wind phrasings**, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2009 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany

"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 excerptation; 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."