

THROUGH LOST SILENCES

Poems

David Jaffin

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Outjumped

She
was spontaneous
ly more than
She could
keep her
self from
getting
back to
As that out
jumping
of a kangaroo's
mothered
look Pouched in her
child's resembling
eyes.

Even if

he could
fathom the
depths of
where these

seas have
relinquish
ed their
hold on light
into that
all permea
ting silence
If he could
meet him
self on his
own terms
Standing for
where stan
ding has come
to mean
Still, even
in that be
ing of be
ing the
wherefore
and why of
would be as
elusive
as the in
tangi
bilities
through
shadow.

Age

creeps up
on us un-
seen at first
But exten-
ding its grip
into the mus-
cles and fi-
bres of
our being
It taps a
way at our
inner strength
until we
feel the sprea-
ding out of
its cause
into those
veins of
self-assur-
ance that
once held
us so stead-
fast in our
purposing
a life that
we felt was
ours alone
to tell.

In Refrain

The
calm of
when these
waves express
them selves
at the quiet
of sunset'
s final voice
A stillness
in refrain.

Time-sharing

These
buildings
worn with the
thoughts of
people who'
ve stayed
there Parch
ed through
the Floridian
sun they'
re peeling now
deep down in
visibly
coming off.

Refuged

Retired
from thought
Seeking re
fuge in the
quietness
of inexpli
citly seen
But the i
mage of what
he wasn't
couldn't be
completely
denied even
in dream.

A Stranger around the corner

Death
keeps its
distance
Not being
asked to come
in A stranger
around the
corner in
those darken
ing moments
that conceal

them
selves from
view.

Adolescence

It's
that space
between where

I was by be-
ing what

my parents
saw me as

And the fru-
ition of what

love takes
for her own

But those
spaces were

like emptied
streets side-

winded from
fear leaving

deepen
ing sha-

dows

behind.

Talking it out (for M. G.)

If
you talk it
out It
doesn't think
in Man's
more than the
telling it
and woman's
even more
than that!

For an Ease

When words
stop taking
me to place
And there's
that almost
sleep of lis
tening in
to my pillow'
s cool ness.

Matthew 6,24

If you
work with fi-
gures all the
time You may
not be able
to figure your
self out And
that finger'
s touch dull
ed into dol
lars and
cents.

Carissimi's Jephtha

The tears
of his daughter
may be fee
ling into the
needs for his
own Melting
that music in
to what he
never had been
or would be
again.

Gaiety

A gaiety
of heart
that out-
ran it
self to co-
lored song
ed-in-dance
Wild winds
flour-
ishing as
flame.

Their birth for wind

Can
flowers
bloom in the
darkness of
this unseen
silence
With the moon
closing in
as if from
words waken
ing their birth
for wind.

City seen

If
windows
are like eyes
can be a
ware of
their cold
stance from
seeing
through.

Cooled

If
this shade
can cool
my thought
s to their
timely reach
of being
rooted in
the depths of
silence.

But lightly surfaced blue

This
sky's but
lightly sur
faced blue
as a smile
extending
to the width
of where
your lips
could have
answered but
almost at
tentively a
loud.

Seeing's believing?

If
seeing's
believing
then I've
seen too much
to believe
in any
thing other
than that
invisibly
true.

6 Masterpieces in the Frankfurt Art Museum

a) Van Eyck: Lucca Madonna

They
were jewell-
ed into pre
sence so fine
ly kept with
those details
in light
that one
wonders If there
wasn't more of
that heaven
ly throne here
than to the
right of The
Father's
majesty.

b) Rembrandt: Hendricje Stoffels
“attributed to his workshop”

Of course
you left the
depth of
your mind's
eye for your
wife's encir
cled glowing

self reflec
tion to your
handied work
shop to complete
those shimmer-
ing touches
that only Your
brush-sense
could have
So refined!

c) Altdorfer: The 3 Kings

That crum-
bling Roman
temple or
was it your
relinguish
ed Jewish heri
tage – no
place for ani
mals here
the poverty
that became
His home
All ages, races
attributed

for Messianic
gifts to

their High
Priest with

only a star
to tell for

heaven's de-
signed King

And you, the
artist near

ing in to
that sanctuary

of earthly

hopes.

d) Bellini: Sacred Conver-
sation

That blue

was more of
heaven for

you than all
the gold

could tell
of those 3

touched –
through from

His distant
blessing

But you
yourself so
near on the
wood that
would be
pierced
through your
untimely
sins.

e) Rubens: King David playing
his harp

Not of
the youth the
fields of
his child-
felt devotion

but aged
with sin and
the weariness
of his king

ly needs He
fingered

his hopes be
yond all that

jewelled-
in presence

into the dark
of where

only light
could take on
for its inward
glance.

f) Vermeer: The Geographer

Were
you mapped
in to your
touched-for-
place Room
ed for a dis
tant world
you could
only imagine
Windowed
out for that
necessary
light.

Defense Mechanisms

Who's de
fending what
theory that
strengthens
your own de-

fensed- in
fallability
We all need
walls to sur
round us from
too much self-
shadowing
and that quic-
kening light
of artifi
cially im
plied answer
s.

Melville at Sea (for Manfred Siebold)

It wasn't
that white of
never-for
sense But
those waves
that uncased
Where you
couldn't be
becoming
in the help
less ness
of spaced ...

Hardy's heath

entangled-
tense growth
of breeding
wormed
dead-shine
desires.

Would be?

Was Eve inquis-
itive Or
was it that
snake's way of
telling her
to be so
Or if there'
d been a
nother fruit
different
ly timed in
place Would she
have taken
that to(o)?

Thinking out

Thinking out
is like a
ship beyond
where it's
seeing now
That I can't.

The Red One

Children
may be co-
loring in
their own
thoughts
But that Lion
the red one
woke me a
ware to my
unsettling
fears.

A Depth in Silence

If
he heard
deep enough
The sounds of
the sea

listen
ing in what
he'd heard.

*Tropical Saturday
Evening's*

a beauti
fied being

dressed in
that occasionally

Taking its mea
sure in her

own appear
ance The town

moon-lit from
distant shades.

A Shadow in Mind

All

that dark
seems as only

an appear
ance A sha

dow in mind
as this lin

gering weight
less moon.

Church Capitalism USA

Preaching
a sort of
church Capitalism
“There’s more about
money in the
bible than about
faith and
prayer”. This
church will take
it all fondly
in – Thank God
the collection
preceded professionally
all this rhetoric
And Christ’s
grace was left
penniless begging
for alms
at the door.

Question Marks

If
the question
mark marked
a question
I'd rather let
it speak it
self out as
a pier seeking
for sea and
the wherea
bouts of e
longated
searchings.

Hearsay

I've
heard so
many things
said that
weren't That
I've come to
take si
lence as
more of a
matter of
fact.

For Feet

A little
dog not

knowing
where but

never the
less going

that way
in a

timed-rhythm
for feet.

Brooding moments

A bird

clawed
for branch

Sits and waits
its broo

ding moment
s.

Moving out

through
rooms until
doors be
came a house
of emptied
spaces'.

That hope-felt Smile

It
was that
hope-felt
smile that
even took its
length through
the flower
ed design
s of your sig

nifying dress
ed apprecia
tion of why
Love isn't
what one ex
pects its
where about
s to be.

Really known

Words
may not mean
the same
if used
less often
Seeing too
much may
cause that
image to
lose its hold
in reflec-
ting sound
What I know
is only really
known once
there's a dis
tance to be
ing found
again.

Rosh Haschana and the days of repentance

Why
is Judgment
now at the
end of sum
mer's linger
ing fullness
(not in the
dead light
of winter'
s stone-
kept glance)
But where
the height of
season's time
less turning
s has left
us ready to
be bared
from our
leafless
desires.

Non spoken

ness

In the non

spoken

ness of

sense That

touch from

what word

s might

come

to mean.

Too much color

Flower

s droop

ing from

the weight

of too

much

color.

Poemed

Don't
look for
a poem
unless it'
s look
ing right
in you.

Streetlights

In
that glass
ed-in
viewed-re
flection
of what
Stars might
be telling
us now.

Schrubs

may settle
for their down-
felt in-growth
Sanctity of
coherent
semblance.

Reeds

To be
freed as
these slender
reeds ta
king for wind
in trans
parent self.

Edge of cold

That
edge of
cold
touched in
frost-
find clears.

Find

Birds
hurried
to per
ceive in
shadow
s find.

If things go too well

like words
running into
their prede
termined
rhythms That
you wonder
how they got
that way
There's that
uneasy fee
ling of the
ways they did
n't go Coming
back at you
As if time
could reverse
itself because Fear
speaks a

language
of its own
understand
ing.

Unquieted

These
winds un-
quieted through
the stir-
rings of my
blood's quic-
kening sense.

A passage way

's only e-
choing-in-
sense The dark
more fee
ling than
that way would
tell us a
head/touch
ed silence
of our fee
ling in
for.

Still lifes

imply that
there's a
special kind
of life in
that
stillness
of seeing
to where It be
gins to grow
out a
perspective
of there-
it-is for
being
more.

Balanced out

Can
the world
balance it
self back to
being Storms
leave a quiet
after And in
that approach
ing still

ness There'
s a tension
of coming
more Where'
s the center
then Like til
ting one's
glance the feel
for seeing
straight.

Questioning Nathaniel Pink

If
it's those
little out-
of-place
things that
habitually
unnerve that
fineness to
your sensi-
bilities
Why is your
big view al-
ways center-
ed down the
middle Like a

racing track'
s winner
closing in
for nearing
there.

Absent minded

then Where
it's perhap
s minding some
thing else
Like floating
balloons to
see if they'
re changing-
in-colors
have left the
sky behind
Where your
mind should
have re
mained
earth-bound.

Logic beyond logic

If
there's a
logic beyond
logic It's
because Thing
s don't match
the way
they're suppos
ed to be.

Artificial flowers

Where'
s that soft
ness mel
ting through
touch The dee
pening scent
in strange-
ly brighten-
ed thought
s A real flo
wer's see
ing finer-
through the
finger's crea-
sing-in
sounds.

3 *Still Lives*

a) Chairs

may
im-i-tate
persons Or they
might present
a lasting
sense of having
been sat on
But these
Chairs back-
ribbed as they
are The bare-
bones of what
We wouldn't
want to be.

b) Closing drawers

is fee
ling your
fingers in
to thoughts
that might
be concealed
there.

c) Looking at pictures

to see
if They
might be loo
king back.

Hammering

the sounds
of pulsed-
sensed steel
sparked
your eyes.

Illuminating light

Gulls
illumina
ting light
as far as
the sun could
be heard.

Nonsense (for the poet's son, Raphael)

He may
not have had
the mind of
others But
he minded
his nonsense
with a meti-
culous care
A symbolism
of words and
effects Just
for him Told
to make fun
of other's not
knowing why
even if he
didn't know him
self It certain
ly did!

To see again

If
we could
only learn
to see a
gain Beyond
where eyes
have prac-

tised their
touched-in

precision
of choice.

Of Outlook

You might
change the
color of your
hair Or even
that glance-
ed- in appeal
ing for look

But what you
can't change
could change
you Uncer
tained from
an undeci
ding change
of outlook.

Known better

Why
they came
They must have
known better
to that land
of Jewish ex-
tinction
Coming back
as if It
was safe for
them now Or
as a final
answer to the
“final solu-
tion” –
Theirs.

Winter's will

If winter
has teeth
It bites
hard Clen-
ching its
stone-ten-
sed will
Sharpen-
ing the sic-

kled blades
of its wind'
s intent Ba-
ring this
frighten-
ed land down
to its finali-
zed breath.

Soft touch

The
soft touch
of your
welcomed
words has
warmed me
through the
cold realms
of winter'
s deciding
glance
veined-in
now from
fear.

December moon

The moon'
s harden-
ed its held-
in light
Distan
cing from
touch Trem
bling through
these cold-
lightèd winds
of vacant
thoughts.

Different

Finding
different
words to the
same things
Makes those
same things
different.

An Intimacy

The cold
ness of
these times
draws us
nearer in an
inner sense
for warmth

There's an
intimacy
of that fee
ling out to
the meaning
for words

Not just
what's said

But in the
saying it
as well We
become more
aware of their
colors in

sound And in
the dress of
being their
closer-in
together.

Teacher's complaint

Penelope
undid
what she was
taught to
learn My tea
chers might
complain of
this needle-
worked un
doing from.

Flying kites

for a wind
less sky He
felt the touch
of knowing
less
than this.

Escaped

Where do
fish escape
to color the
dark of this
deepness be
yond in
meaning.

Railings

to that steel-
shine of les
sening no more
than this
Saying's
touch.

To finding dream

Cus
hioned in
silence
Where the
cool to
finding
dreams re
members.

Empathy?

Could I
have lived
her life
better
than she

Be
cause she
got into
those kinds
of trouble
s I
couldn't
be her be
ing con-
fused.

Waiting

for what
we know will
happen But
not knowing
what that
happening
may mean
As a ten-
sion that
stirs the
blood to a
height of ex-
pectation's
waves claiming
in that break-
age for time

(but yet)
evening out
their repeat
ed phrase
as the smooth-
told song at
even tide.

Intentions

It's not
what's said
but the way
of saying
That's said –
Houses look
white because
the whiteness
of that word
conveys the
sense. A
house then
is the meaning
of itself
Coloring
through the
words of
looking
on.

Even before

If
I promised
you a rose
That thought
of the i
mage of its
form The fine
ness of its
inner fold
s That impli-
cit scent
Would be a
taking of
it, even be
fore It's
been given.

In proclaiming

The
snow was
setting a deep
ness of thought
Farther down
than even
Those settling
winds could
find And a moon

risen in the
triumph
of its white
ness in Pro
claiming!

What does it mean

you might
ask As if mea
ning means any
thing other
than the
where and what
of it's impli
citly
there.

Defining an object

is where
your finger
s can turn
its meaning
s in.

His way of seeing

It was
(perhaps) His
way of see
ing those self-
same waves
searching out
but neverthe
less coming
in across
those flat line
s of spoken
sand As if All
that was in
a returning
to be found
Listening
for this
heart-beat'
s receiving
time.

A softness of feeling

And
there's a
softness
of feeling
to(o) When

the moon
encircles
the height
of its own
intent and
Flesh that fold
s into the
needs of our
wanting hand
s Or when
the waves
have settled
down to a
sameness
of finding
for.

Too much Goodness

Her good
ness gave us
bad feelings
Always for the
others but
seldom for her
self Even
Christ thought
of the Father'

s will – to(o)
in that self-
denial Wasn't
she a
ware to
that Doing us
wrong.

Wind-stilled

No
thing move
s this pre-
wintered
closeness
Wind-still
ed the same
ness of field
s levelled –
out their
length for be
ing known.

If this church

could be
as sure as
its stone-
held perman-
ence Ascri
bing another
world to its
worldly –
felt aims
Then I'd let
its enclos-
sures final-
ize my sense
of being so/
purposed.

Leibl

told the
strength of
their fa-
cially-cut
featured
rugged
Landscap
ed perspec
tived in
personed
place.

Thereness of

That
little
bird's after-
found wings
Colored the
thereness
in its be
ing
for mine.

Naked branched

skele-
tal urge
d danced in
death.

Receiving death

as an
old friend
in the quie
tude of a
last-timed
leisure

Those cer-
tained pain
s but that
assurance
in the same
of some
thing more
than It could
take away.

This new day

writes it
self into me

with in-
delible ink

Not even
these soft

rains can
wash its sound

less image
away.

Happy ends

don't come
because they

start that
way They must

be loved
back into
view.

Renewing

If you've
seen all there
is to see
You could
start again
by seeing a
gain/seen.

Criss-crossing

of waves
but to tell
the same
shore back-
reached
in tide.

Smoothed-out

Night
smoothed-out
softened
by sleep
The stars gui
ding its
slow-felt
sense of be
ing watch
ed over.

Taste of

The taste
of quic-
kened to sense
split-down
glow/je-
welled.

Talk shows

Talking
the thing out
until the
thing's out
talked of Like

hanging cloth
es on the
line of dry-
ing their
colors out.

Instinct to

I know
their colors
Only after
the shadow
s passed
an instinct
to light.

So!

He stood
his place of
what he'd
been double-
footed Hands
told in
pockets So!

Virtuoso

It wasn'
t the music
that spoke
ranging it
self to the
inner meanings
of sound
But more
like a dis
play of
clothes And
that flas-
hing smile'
s instru
ment of self
appealing
appearance.

Church image

Winds
keep shif
ting their
meanings by
A ship in
a vacant
storm held

to the bottom
less ness
of its sin
king hopes.

At Funerals

He
was so con
cerned about
saying the
right thing
s Pleasing,
accentua
ting the com
mon notions
That more of
silence would
have better ac
companied
that flower
ing casket.

Escapes us

If
the theme es
capes us
leaves us
looking for
where it
wasn't
like a Spitz
wegean butter
fly neither
caught in
the hopes of
his pleading
myopic net.

Train-told

Di-
viding
the wood
s in sound
s of see
ing past
exten
sions for
thought.

Slight hopes

a bird hol
ding tight
to twig.

Portrait

Ernest
look Heavy
chinned
concerns
Dulled glass
es having
been seen
too much.

Silver-Scaled

To
think of
that silver-
scaled tarpon
creasing
the waters
to its sound
less edge.

Mangrove Trees

from coral-
led rock
Rooted to the
dead life of
primieval
tides.

Tasted salt

Taste of
salt
lipped-
tongued
sprayed of
birds running-
high.

Over-extended

Lots of line
little dog
pulling for
a maybe'd
foot holding

fast to what'
s hardly
holding in.

All's away
Nothing's here

It was
as if The
wind had
blown this
world away
The heavens
moved into
wherever
they were be
yond the
trees dancing
bending through
their rhythmic
strength's
rhymed in to
All's away
and nothing'
s here.

Room above the kindergarten

It
was a little
bit of a
little girl's
room with
those silly
trifles hanging
around
for walls to
be decorated
upon Nothing
quite as the
world would
have it But
in a neatness
carefully
groomed.

Sky-viewed window

opened me
out beyond
the width of
my viewed-in
self as a pre
cipice of
heighten
ed thought

to where if
not only
there.

Trying to be involved

Trying
to be in
volved
in what
didn't has-
ten my sense
Otherwise
from a cat'
s unravell
ing the roll
of that
clothed-
through where
abouts.

For S. L.

Where
is the gen
ealogy of
such intri-
cate under-
standing A
language not
yours but
learned A back
ground in the
backdrop of
my own poetic
awareness
Can one learn
what is be
yond the grammar
of what word
s should self-
define A sensi-
bility that
brightens the
idea as in
those searching
times of moon-
like.

Witnessed

The
winds tell
ing their
time through
these bared
fields And
those clouds
massive
ly column
ed-in the
stillness
of approach
ing dawn.

For Rosemarie

There's a
beauty rare
ly refined
as a rose
but slightly
paled intri-
cately en-
hanced in the
folds of in-
volving
stillness.

Lost to Sleep

A day
lost to
sleep dog –
pawed in that
downed heat
of less in-
spiring suns.

Simple Truths

Let's
get back to
the simple
truths She
meant As if
they weren'
t getting
back at us.

Waking from Sound

Waking
from sound
That inner flow
of sleep As
fish through

the water'
s silent
reach of no
where to be
told in fin
ding out.

Asked/answered

He asked,
religion I
answered,
faith Not the
forms but in
the forms
Not the priest
but the word-
priest Not that
feeling or
thought But
His feelings
and thoughts
for us.

Tropical Hospital

They called it
"The Hilton"
And I would
have booked for

a suite in
those spacious
interiors of
being brought
into tropical
plants and
waters not even
the touch of
disease that a
hospital u
sually comes to
mean And those
special closed-
off rooms for
young chil
dren still dy
ing of cancer.

For good Prices

A land that'
s lost its
soul Indian
once those
back-watered
routes still
lis tening
for thunder
Black-timed

slave lands And
now its robbed
soil to
digging deep
those har
bored joys
of new high
rises And tou
rist hands
talking for
good prices.

But still

as a woman
more touched
but finding
yet that
real love
of only now
Tropical in-
stincts in
the darked
spraying-out-
of waves And
inland enclo
sures to hear
that whisper
of still fin
ding-out
streams.

Nathaniel Pink's indecisions

Not
having de
cided which
way the de
cisions might
mean turning
out coming a
bout or still
hanging in a
speechless
void of that
not where be
cause the why
failed to de-
fine whatever
claims it
might or might
not need It
was like bet
ween waking
and morning
And the dark
still perfor
ming its last
uncertain
ties.

“A Final word, please”

haven't we
heard that
one before
As if our
words could
attain a
finality in
sense When we
inhabit this
uncertain
self Mirror
ed mostly as
the changing
minds of a
caged bird's
involving i
mage of And
admiring what
hasn't come
out to be
for long.

A finalized Sense of beauty

Why
do these na-
ked branch
es bared of
all their
other accommo-
dations
strangely
invest us with
a finalized
sense of
beauty Abstrac-
ted to their
innermost
lines of
meaning.

Israel's suffering

Was
Israel's suf-
fering like
a lamb in
defensi-
bly outcast
world
foreign to
the tender

ness of its
calling
More in the
features
of Christ
than it could
behold it
self in be
ing.

Hide and Seek

You can't
hide from
what you
can't find
out any
way from that
other self
s shadowed
Tree-find.

Out-centered

She
cen-
tering me out
between
ed thought

and sense
Not knowing
which was mine
which hers.

Felt hurt

saw it
in her eyes
some where
else Couldn'
t look it a
way from not
being there.

Bird's – inview

in re
volving mir
ror's
round about
that doesn'
t quite
come back
to.

God-seeker

However
much we've
reclaimed
this land to
our own use
And tilled
out the soil
of our finer
feelings
There would
always be a
dark ness
that would
spread its
claims again on
us Far out
beyond the ti
dal urgings
of this sea
to that last
starried hope
of being more
than what we
are or could
possibly
mean.

Smaller shadows

Trying to
catch up
to his telling
feet falls
the smaller
shadows of
growing up.

Togethered

But as Van
Eyck detailed
a map of minor
objects Delight
ed in their
own right-for-
Meaning the
more these
little things
together
ed.

Cousin-in-law

No such
thing But he'
s there with
his brimming
hat and de-
cided look
ed-for-mea-
nings in a dia-
logue to re-
lative mat-
ters.

Wall

impenetra-
ble Like you'
ve reached
its stoned
height Over-
bearing sight
Blanked no-
not-matter
Lifeless to
heart.

Virgin land

Man-made
the measure
of that virgin
land Took it
for his wants
Stripped it
to his needs
until that
Mystery of light,
dark and depth
was fathomed
out Lay bar-
ren/bared.

If there's no inward world

a way of
feeling one's
thought
s shadowed
in reflec-
tion The re-
turning room
closing us
for silence
in Not the
things them

selves But
how they're
vealed in touch
and sight
The depth
through our
own contem-
plations.

Double vision after the eye operation

may be
seeing what
I wanted to see
and the way
it may have
really been
Like parent's
wish-image
of their chil-
dren and
those same chil-
dren looking
back at them
other wise
in a mirror

double-
visioned
Two truths un-
telling the
same.

Glamour

may be
doing your
self up
to where
You can't
get back
down again.

Chosen

No
where to be
safe That sa-
crificial
death that
Christ told
in blood
is bound to
our Jewish

ness now
at the stake
of fear
Nailed
to be cho-
sen in His
redeeming
strength.

For being more

If
there's no
sense of
mystery
left If the
wood's been
cut from
the dark
ness of its
soul If love'
s but the
flesh of ac-
ting itself
through If
then the
world means
less for be

ing world
And man's lost
from his un
heard want
s for being
more.

Of knowing where

These
curtains
closed in
your need
for touch
to waken
whatever
light
could be felt
in the cloth
of knowing
where.

At sunset

These
waters
calmed an
unseen hand
stilled

their rising
need to
voice.

Folksy words

Southern
preacher'
s imbalance
d phrase
draws you
slowly in to
a baited bite
of gospelled
sense.

“In God we trust”

coined
and papered
over belief in
a God who
distrusted
their sanc-
tioned double-
sided values.

Disappointed

not quite
grieved but
in that same
feelinged
place Only
touched slight
ly in for
hurt.

Wearing out

of self
As clothes
trying too
hard to be
newly
dressed.

Uptold

Rough sea
s disturb-
ing strength
Winds uptell
the ocean's
bottomed-
hold-break-

age of what
ever silent
refuge such
times as
these.

Southern pine's

whisper
ing sense
needling the
wind's finer-
felt trans
parencies.

Dead speaking

Heard
the dead spea
king Stranged-
in fears Sealed-
in trains cros-
sing your
mind's tracks.

Existential Fear

As if
some
thing wasn't
there that
should have
been Having
lost what
couldn't be
found a void
a space
Some
where echo
ing deep
through lost
silences.

Crossing a river

over
the height
of being
safe from
those fear-
lit sounds
As streams
of persons
restless
ly impuls-
ed.

A final place

A
room en
closed in
room A final
place of where
nothing's out
but in That
image of used
thoughts
As objects
seen too often
to be loo
king back.

Unseen

Too
many books
here to
make me be
lieve that
he's seeing
more than
those emp
tied pages
can tell.

Buds-for-Leafs

These buds-
for-leaf's

reminind me
Life's a

small sense
of seeing.

Grey

The grey
of seeing
oneself Al
ways the
same.

Unsaid Words

must be
buried
some
where.

Slowed down

to the
even ness
of ironing-
board
sense.

Agèd

There'
ll be a
time When
there's
only time'
s being
more of
us.

Re-timed

Churches
sounding
age-old
time Cold-
stoned to
reticent
feet.

Seldom Smile

obliquely
felt As an
Egrit where
It was least
expect
ing Wings.

Despited

She
knew the
right people
Lived where
one should
Married to
an eye-
sight-of-
money Played
the social
games ac
cording to
class Ate and
dressed as
those pic-
tured maga
zines said But
despite it
all Felt some

how when not
trying to
be alone
despit
ed.

Waiting for Love

His life
was waiting
for love
An opened door
for her to
come in
as he knew
it But she
never came
waiting out
side her own
feel for life.

Peopled with Children

They
peopled their
home with
children to
protect a-
gainst That
one on one

defense A
marriage of
being where
the other wasn'
t though ad-
miring what
wasn't of one
self in the
other.

Belle of the Party

She
was the
belle of the
party The
queen of hopes
loved by
more than She
loved her
self At 58
appeared
drunken out
of such fame,
fat unstead
y of foot
to mind intro-
duced to the
not knowing
former

well-wishers
Simply gazing.

Prime Choice

He was
rich and of
the right faith
a serious
item of
choice Like
the best
of steak-
throughed
taste Or a
9 foot putt
rolling with
hill sense.

So Explicit

Her
voice so
ex-plicit
like cutting
ribbon to
size ex-
acting find.

Herrenberg

Some
churches
too thick
for their in-
tended flow-
to-heaven
Like Brahms'
late chamber
music Not
seen through.

Striped by Birth

If
I were stri-
ped by birth
an innate
stigma for
some It might
make me
flee to the
undone in-
tentions of
where
Mountains
sing for

light or the
depths of
under-watered
seas.

Abstracting language

like
cutting
stone to
its jew-
elled- in
center.

That quiet Pelican

That Si
lent quiet
pelican's
faced for
lost sky's
distant call
reclines the
length where
those bright
scales of
fish once

found slip
perly their way
in.

Last Meaning?

Is
the mind
the last
meaning
Or can it
see through
itself
more.

Sadness in Schubert's

(A Minor Quartet and Haydn's Sonata Hb. 24 slow mot.)

Not the
Schuber
tian sad
ness of
never fin
ding open-
sensed But
to specifi-
cally felt
Touched-in
not out.

On Critics

If you
have us
before we
have our
selves in the
Categories
of pre-es
tablished
criteria
It may not
be the poem
at all
We're writ-
ten in.

Singing stones

Rush
of water's
time-past
singing
stones.

Snow's sensibilities

Last of
snow's sensi-
bilities
pushed
through flo-
wered re-
frain.

Abandoned

As a lone
ly voiced
abandon-
ed land
scaped.

Identities

Like a
woman's
new hat
sitting
a top
spaced-en-
chanced
impress-
ions.

Twain: the last years

To be left
lonely in a
world of ad
miration
To deny God
because of
your own loss
When He had
given all
that could be
lost for
you Taking
that aim at
yourself
can't defend
you against
the same
You were
right Despite
all your gifts
You remained
more human
than human
should be.

seeming

A

little dog
sat a little
way of see
ming him
self bigger
than he
thought
he could
want
to be.

Thank you Notes

Saying
the things
One should
say in the
way they'
re said
Isn't saying
any thing
at all.

Pains

of where
Feeling
s numbed
from
thought.

Over bearing

Too much
of him
To let me
be mine.

Of Waiting

Light
rain's
quiet sense
of waiting.

Blowing up

The sea'
s regained
its strength
that rough
sense of waves
Some where
in the blood
That winds
may have blown
there to(o).

Hommage à Ibsen

If women were
pretty pup-pets
There must be
strings for
pulling their
eyes that open
in to close Those
feet dangling
for time And
some where
a heart to(o)
Not far below
the surface.

Beach Mannequin

That sweet smell
of perfumed
smile Clothes
cut out from
pictured book
And words
that don't say
but simply look.

Imitations?

Do
children im-i
tate or
think their own
way out Or
are they be
ing through us
Some thing
more of being
them selves.

Zelenka

Lying dead for
Two hundred years
as in a jewelled
tomb Great art
may survive that
way Unearthed
even with mis-
taken notes As
if what wasn't
sounded all
that time could be
reheard again
right.

Berwald

They asked me
about a hall
named for you
Never heard
or of There's
that not
quite right of
your way of
saying things
that straighten
me out.

Self Portrait

I wrote:

Jewish minister

Modernist poet
with conservative
values

Biblical humorist

they never wrote
back.

With Little Things

It's that special
way with the

little things
That make them

truly big A mouse
trying for food

The words that
come self – or

daigned to mind
Those details

often tell more
than any self

imposing view of
such important

things.

Cranach's "Fall of Man" (Uffizzi)

Snake

pointed-
ly spoke

Her eye a-
wake Daring

him to take
the fruit

She meant
her dy ing

strength
in.

Caring for silence

as a woman
combing her
hair to

where it
stops by thin
king.

Joost van Cleve's
"Magdalene's mourning the dead Christ"

(Uffizi)

Unfamous
in wayward
corner for
private use
But stilled in
to a message
She'd been
told in us
Voiced
to hear.

Melting

Lost his
steps in
the snow'
s mel
ting
sounds.

Siena + 1348/49

Circling
that outer
spaced
sensed in
narrow
ed streets
Enclosur
ed dying
medieval
cries.

Witnessing

Flowers
bend down
Witnessing
too much
colored
weight.

Impersoned

faceless
facades
not
wanting
to see
what they

may have
known

once
oneness

impersoned.

Where Cold's

its own

permanent
truth

Woman
asking je-

welled and
silvered

touch.

Speechless Deep

Saying

nothing's

the unsaid
under

cover fish
silently

probing its
speech less

deep.

Learning to learn

Learning
to learn
may be
the un
learning
of what
you should
have known.

One-parent Families

If it takes
two to make
a person
It should take
two to help
make him more
of himself
To nourish his
need for love
and inner strength
to help him
discern the
where and
where not
But then It
took one God to
make us all.

Sunday

That church listens
for emptied stone

A voice or two
still wanting

the need to
praise Sunday

beach filled
up for pleasure

seekers with sand
and the sound

of waves and the
silent wings of

birds for finding
where coming in

as if called
for there.

Two-sided

These
leaves can tell
of shadow
from what
They find in
sun.

Decides

The ridge
of these hills
decides in
balance between
earth and sky.

A Blessing

This tree o
pens its arms
to an expanse
of sky Perhaps
to bring the
stars in
I thought of
a blessing to
be blessed by
having seen.

Still Asleep

The swans
still asleep
Tucked in the
white ness
of their
wings and the
rhythms of

waves that
have taken them
afar to distant
shores.

The Need for More

If
you tell
every thing
at once
There's nothing
to be told
for more It's
like a woman
undressing
at the first night.
She really needs
those clothes
to be some
thing more to
herself in.

In Memoriam J. G.

I never saw
quite up to
your height
I mean there
was a gracious
ness there
A step above my
own reaching
for You may
have had to
look down
but never down
upon.

These niceties of age

Taking
time's rhy-
thms into
the blood-
length of
our own
Feeling
in to the
world we've
come to see
and touch
with our own

meanings
An ease of
not wanting
for more
than our lessening need
s can define
And that
child likeness in
learning
through the
questioning eyes of
a world that
could only
be bigger
known.

That shifting sense

If
you say
it differently than
the world's
taken it to mean And
there's an uneasiness of not

quite appear
ing your self
certainties
of thinking
it so and not
so Life's
that shif
ting sense as
in those tide
s of where
ever bound There'
s a watching
moon above it
all that
you would want
to seem
down here.

For being more

If
life's sim
ply a chance
factor And
the sprout
in that
Greenness
for grass
isn't any

thing more
than its be
ing touched-
through in
self appear
ance And the
flight of
birds arou
sing the au
tumn winds to
a new height
to instinct
that wanting
warmth was
only What it
was not ask
ing for more
or the why
and where
of.

Puppet play Puppets

She played
herself in
to Mother
ing child –
like
thoughts.

May have been

Spring
may have
been that
little girl
with posey
hair and
Eyes in wa
kening
sounds.

Outpoemed

this room
from
extra mea
nings Like
a sapless
spring.

Slow Steps/slow thoughts

Slow steps
slow thoughts
I ask
these trees
up to be
ing their
height The
air still
Waiting for
this
light sub
dued in a
dis tance
I can't
bring by
slowing my
step to
slowed in
thoughts.

Opened windows

that
breadth of
air in the
wind to
spaced.

Like any other day

A day like
any other
as if
Any other
day could be
like this
Selecting
thoughts
like flower
s for a
readied vase
Each in-
between co-
lored What
She meant for
touch And
that vase
steadied as
it was be
yond glance.

Mary, the Mother

Mary
the mother
of wanting
for more
Unfathom

ed that still
ness of self-
toned-quiet
ude Angell
ed in Bright-
ness.

Enveloping

This
room en
veloping
the me of
mine-close-
ness of
where thin
king's for.

Trilogy of

a) Return to Israel 1945/48

Dead
don't speak
to living
only now
Where the
charred

flesh and
bared ra-
wed fields
of wanton
land I-
maged new
life upon
smoul
dering heaps
of dead
past.

b) Jesus in Auschwitz

Would
Jesus have
recognised
himself there/
trained to
the death
camps of li
ving hopes
Blood re
deemed from
tears The
cry The cross
ed wayward
signs Out
spreading
hands.

c) To Kingdom of Peace

This
moon blot
ted out
for the blood
of when
Time's a
gonized from
its last
fears.

Room without windows

If
there's no
way of loo
king out
How can I
find this
reach with
in Imprison
ed from
these walls
closed in
impenetra
ble silence.

Room without windows II

How
can these
freshly cut
flowers, how
ever fine
ly felt to
their cool
ed through
water Bloom
without the
sky to see
to open
their sense
to a mind
of space
in light.

Carpet's red

This
carpet's
calling in
red the deep
ness of
where wine
unfolds
through wave
s of resplen
dent warmth.

Preacher's Room

This
musky smell
of time-
told preacher
s pointing
their meaning
for me And
nothing but
bibles here
to help forget
that the
Lord created
sun and the
width of a
wider world
written so in-
delibly clear-
pages of His
living word.

In Fineness

Why
does
this white
of birch
slender

ly ex
posing in
fineness-
leaf.

Releasing

These
finely lit
bud-star
s relea
sing
Evening'
s breath
ed-in
light.

Advertising Model

Teeth
ed-in per
fectly con
sumed smile
of the round
ed redness
assuming

lips And eye-
browed to

its made-
up intention

less Curved.

Cross-felt

Checker

ed shirt'
s self-

intended
smile-

lines of
cross-felt

proba-
bilities.

Weekend Father's

more than

a childless
looking to

have halved
their self

certain

ties from.

As if

all those
pillows
could but
dream out
that tired
ness of
longing
in sleep.

Rain buds

touching
in branch
to the place
of leaf
ed remem
brance
s.

Lutheran pre-Situation

Before
he knew
Where he was
He couldn't
get out with
out knowing

that getting in
and out wasn'
t the same
Closing door
s locked be
hind a fin-
ality of last
chances weren'
t offered Only
a one way
last station
ed being Im-
prisoned there
If that was
a there
deeper within
himself than
He could have
possibly
imagined.

Empiricism?

If
there's a
science of
man It's be
cause He think
s he knows
what he sees

But perhaps
then doesn't
see what he
doesn't know
It's the in
visibly there
of love of
self of God
and of some-
such meanings
that transcend
what man
doesn't see
because he
doesn't know
That makes man
man.

Statistics

may turn
me into a
number hid
den from
permanent
sight As if
my shirt
wasn't grey
or white But

what some
others
thought it
might have
to be
82 %.

Prophetic sense

That
lone voice
in a world
lonely from
self Voice
less to
those deeper
meanings that
make man
man to be
May be heard
if that lis
tening's
hard enough.

The dilemma

Man
decides
mostly a
gainst him
self Be
cause what
he wants
isn't want
ed of him
But if what'
s wanted of
him is what
Others mean as
their wants
Then who's to
decide at all.

Without God

that defense
against our
selves His
law that
speaks for us
against our
vacant claim
s of self

His love
the final fruit
s of our
denying Him
without God
there's only
a without.

To begin

Where
does beginning
begin here
Life seems
in the middle
of a process
As a bird
keyed to its
branch for
a moment
or less of
what He
wanted to
ask.

Towards tonality

Why
does the
sun want to
seem to(o) far
Touched from
light gather
ing in a
moment of
hesitant
sound.

Interaction

These
trees stea
died for fruit
And I ri-
pened in
looking.

Passed

These
landscaped
trees have
taken their
own design

of becoming
in Where
this train
farther off
than appear
s.

Lessened

Take
account of
your life
I was told
But it all
added up to
subtrac
tion accoun
ted for an
aging
process.

Jesus/Buddha

Buddha
wanted
to get us
out of
this world

of ourselves
Jesus gave
himself for
a world
that didn't
want His
knowing too
much of Why
we wanted
to kill
Him.

Some Kinds of Diagnosing

couldn't
quite get
him into
one of their
categories
So they cut
off some of
the fringe
aspects to
fit him in
to their
proper frame-
for-reference.

Didn't know

I didn't
know You
didn't want
me to know
Why not
is too
late now.

Outlasting

Wanting for
wind through
this rough
sea's impene
trable
thoughts.

Fading out

Morning
moon
Night's
fading out
its
after
glow.

Paced

He paced
his
steps to
his inward
length of
thoughts.

Nostalgic

If
it isn't
what we'
ve lost
We've found
Time re
deems it
self either
way.

Cyclops?

He didn't
see it
my way
I didn't
see it
his

And if we
did Could we
see it

both ways
at once.

Castle at Sirmione

These
stones still
haunt their
silent pose
Fortified a-
gainst ages
of waiting in
Resolved
their self-
enclosed dis-
tance.

Bells

These
bells know
A founded
consonance
of timed-
listening
aloud.

Finer Sense

A
touch
of bird's
Reeds
singing in
their fi
ner sense.

Righting one self

If
the other'
s always
wrong and
I'm always
right How
can I right
myself by
being wrong
for a change.

Down to size

If
you cut
him down to
size He
may have to

patch you
back up a
gain.

Out finding

A
little girl
following
her feet
to where
She found
them out
again.

Captiva Bay

That
bay was as
calm as the
gathering
in of one's
thoughts
A stillness
as if the
sun had settled
there Lit in a
permanency
of its in-
perceiving
glow.

The Dream (Great Gatsby)

If
Daisy never
knew more
than her mon-
ied voice
can tell
that in-
constant need
to being lov-
ed Why then
this dream See
ing through
as even a part
of your own
unguarded self
or of a false
ly placed A-
merican myth
doesn't make
it any more
true to be
lieve in sim-
ply because
it's believed.

Endangered species

The
list's
getting longer
The times
shorter
Man's the main
enemy Draining
their swamps
cutting down the
dark of their
forest into
habitats He
wants to reclaim
for his self-
seeking self
And if the
birds have flown
out of sight
And those strange
creatures ex-
tinct from their
God-given in-
stincts Who's
next on all
those increa-
sing short-
lists.

For its own Sake

Honesty
for its
own sake
is Like lo
ving more
than You
can realize.

Deep down

For some
being at
the bottom
of things
Is the only
way to ri
sing up
again.

Routine

He got
so used to
his routine
that His clo
thes start
ed looking
all the same.

Psychoage

Being
so obsessed
with your
self that
There's
little left
of.

Systems

are like
houses It'
s often dif
ficult to
see through
them.

Progress

is where
you didn't
want to be
later.

Freedom

If freedom
is most al
ways from
How are you
going to
find your
way back
to?

Giving in

If
you give
into your
self It'
s a ques
tion of
Who's gi
ving and
What's ta
king.

Ambiguity

If
they're
two ways of
seeing it
right May
be the
right way'
s doing
it wrong.

Kassandra (1964)

Aber
der Wind spricht,
nur zu mir
Die Wellen klagen
einen schärferen
Sinn Ich möchte
mich in der
Nacht verstecken
ein Baum, meine
Blätter zur Erde
geschüttet Ich
möchte nackt sein
vor dem Sturm,

mein Stamm hart
geblasen Aber
der Wind
spricht noch.

Of haunted dreams

This house
estranged
from my
sense-moon'
s Grasping
the dark of
not knowing
where I
sleep of haun-
ted dreams.

Cut Grass

This grass
cut to new
meaning
from over
grown thoughts
and the wee
ding desires

breeding
instincts

sprouting
out their

own fears.

Wind-fright

Qui-

vering flo
wers wind-

fright That
aimed of

color to.

On the Suffering of a retarded child

She did

n't know
the words

for suffering
But she knew

what It was
perhaps even

more so

Some thing
dark for her

incompre
hensible
ly becoming.
less.

What comes next

What
comes if
there isn't
a coming
next All
lined up
for the star
ting aims
at the finish
Nothing more
reached at
tained as if
there was a
final sense
in this.

*"Prussian blue,
it 'll fade" (J. S. on CPE Bach)*

Too dis-
tinct to
make its mark
known A clar-
ity of lesser
intent Or
would you
rather unravel
it to the
cloth of in-
terwoven fin-
alities.

For the Freudians

If
you know
all the an-
swers before
the question
s can take-
in Impulsed
to their un-
certain mea-

nings It's
like a ri-
ver dried
of direc-
tions.

Tamed

A
white fence
circling a
round where
it happen-
ed to be
As the glad-
ly face of
some tamed
animal's be-
ing soothed
in quiet-
ness.

Hellenic

The
beauty of
man may be
more classi-
cally pro-
portioned
through the
hands of his
benevolent
creator Than
within the
realms of reach
of his own
self-justi-
fications.

Overstepping

the lines
of where
you were
written out
to be As
uneven
ed cobble-
stoned step

s taken at
what ever
speed But
angled out
to receive
your tenta
tive arriv
ing approach.

22 Oak Lane

A
house win-
dowed in
the depth of
my past Red-
bricked to
the feature
s of looking
out through
the world
that has made
me from But
columned in
white to the
height of
what has held
my meaning
for.

King David (the fall)

All
those gifts
The Lord
had given
almost a sen-
sibility of
what those
wise men had
cared for
Following
the star to
your namesake
with over-
reaching de-
sires You
took what
wasn't offer-
ed as yours
Exposed to the
death claims
of those sen-
sual me-for-
mine lon-
gings.

Looking back

means more
for most

than the now
as it was

Man's need
s to find

a meaning
where he

wasn't.

That rhythmic urge

Ham-

mering nails
in-to a

coffin a-
cross that

rhythmic
urge to tell

the end in
that hand-

swinging
from fate.

Enlarged

All light
s on House
enlarged
from awai
ting what
wouldn't
happen.

A Color of its own

The
rain has a
color of
its own
Unseen but
speaking
found as the
quiet in
untouch
ed roses.

All used up

as a coin
worn down
from its vin
tage value
Debased of its
minted mea-
ning's indeci
pherable
to touch
and sense.

Out-lined

tree
Skeletal
branch
thinned
in.

Guest room leaving

I've
slept this
room out
of its aban
doned mean
ings An
apple left
circled to
the size
of its plate
And flowers
selective
ly touch
ed by.

Finding in

Where
from is to
The leaving
in coming
As if I
could find
myself be
hind.

Deciding

“God
will decide
Just pray
long enough”
But He de
cided long a
go that we
should de
cide for our
selves in the
freedom He
gave us to
accept His fi
nal answer.

Little girl lost

She
never found
herself A
little girl
lost pic
king flower
s while
forgetting
the garden
she's in.

A sense of moon

There
was a sense
of moon
in coming
As that feel
for snow
hasn't real
ized itself.

Cemetery

Stones
engraved
to living
words of mu
ted presence
Standing
stilled to
where from
and what
to.

Name dropping

Dropping
names to be
picked back
up again
Unpersoned
from the flesh
and blood
of where
they weren't
As if the
name itself
s abandon
ed to what It
might be at-
tributable
to.

Getting ahead

We
may all be
getting a
head But the
finish line'
s the no
more coming
on of The
headless horse

man's tilting
from his

stainless
steel-armor

ed in self-
certainty.

The Making of

Were

we taught
to feel-

in the way
that was

only us
The making

of a mind'
s seldom

touched-
from

person.

Jonathan

Too good
to be king
Less passion

ed in the
strength of
war-time
needs He re-
signed him
self in the
depth of de
votion to
David's un
certain but
Triumphal
ascent.

Coming straight to the point

might un
even that
truth to
the question
ings of
where's co
ming from
And if that
“point” may
have indeed
succeed
ed itself to

commas in the
length of
successive
uncertain
ties.

David/Absalom

split
down the
middle as
Jacob and
Israel Two
persons
one truth
The kingly
father's up-
start son and He
Defending him
self against
his own
choice That
will to self-
defeat But
triumphal
in the loss
for repent
ant tears.

Underlying Meanings

If
the “truth”
may have
underly
ing meaning
s As these
birds wing-
èd beyond
their impulse
d through
shadow.

Dualities

The clar-
ity of
word rede-
fining that
uncertain
ty in self
As a por
trait ex-
acted for
then and
there But un
mistak
ably other
wise.

Rembrandt's Saskia (1634–42 Kassel)

That pink
she's worthy
of your wife
Dressed in the
richness of
cloth and fur
Jewelled/me-
tallic gleam
And the smooth
ed face Clo
sed hands
That clasp
of lip-de-
termined glan-
ced through
your admir-
ing skills.

Anatolian Restaurant (Göttingen)

Seeing
through glass
or glass see
ing through
That room or-
dered in the
clarity of

space-tables
set to their
silvered touch
Candle's flame
but quietly
felt from the
dark of fallen
leaves.

Outlearned

She
only knew
that she'd
outlearned
the meaning
s She needed
to know
When her
teacher over-
stepped that
wisdom for
the image of
a lesser
self.

Tropical fish

The color-
ing of
that fish
brighten
ed me in
to an aware-
ness of
why waters
recede from
the spectrum
of such an
impending
glow.

Puzzled in

He puzzle-
d in
the parts to
fit the mean-
ing of his
own self sa-
tisfaction
s.

Spaced out

There
was always
that vacancy
from self
in the o
pen fields
spaced out
to the where
of where
wasn't.

Christ presented to the Jews (Dürer)

To
see the i
mage of one'
s own suf
fering Who
denied
Him By
increas
ing the ex
tent of that
unseen
cause.

If there is peace

even with
in the ebb
and flow of
this world'
s lasting
fears It must
come from a
far Perhaps
with only
a star to
find its sol
emn way to
a place some
where be
yond the still
ness of where
our heart's
longings
can be timed
to rest.

Through the realms of Christmas Eve

brought in
from the depth

of these wai
ting moment

s Night now
layed silently

to rest in
the softness

of freshly
fallen snow

And stars
watching o

ver the dis
tance of

where sleep
pervades e

ven through
this wind'

s finding

in voice.

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