David J affin

A World mapped-out

Charles Seliger (American, June 3, 1926 - October 1, 2009) passionately pursued an inner world of organic abstraction, celebrating the structural complexities of natural forms. Like many artists of his generation, Seliger was deeply influenced by the surrealists’ use of automatism, and throughout his career, he cultivated an eloquent and poetic style of abstraction that explored the dynamics of order and chaos animating the celestial, geographical, and biological realms. Attracted to the internal structures of plants, insects, and other natural objects, and inspired by a wide range of literature in natural history, biology, and physics, Seliger paid homage to nature’s infinite variety in his abstractions. His paintings have been described as “microscopic views of the natural world,” and although the characterization is appropriate, his abstractions do not directly imitate nature so much as suggest its intrinsic structures.

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

By 1949, Seliger had his first major museum exhibition, at the de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco. During his life time, he exhibited in over forty-five solo shows at prominent galleries in New York and abroad. In 1986, Seliger was given his first retrospective, at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, which now holds the largest collection of his work. His work is also represented in numerous museum collections, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York; the Wadsworth Athe- neum in Hartford, Connecticut; and the British Museum in London. In 2003, at age seventy-seven, Seliger received the Pollock-Krasner Foundation’s Lee Krasner Award in recognition of his long and illustrious career in the arts. In 2005, the Morgan Library and Museum acquired his journals - 148 hand-written volumes produced between 1952 and the present - making his introspective writing, which covers a vast range of topics across the span of six decades, accessible to art historians and scholars.

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

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

A World mapped-out

Poems

David Jaffin

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Title picture:

Charles Seliger (1926—2009)

Byways (detail), 2004, acrylic on Masonite,

11” x 14”, signed

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Mapped-out

When his

whole world had been fully

mapped-out the mountain

sources and the levell

ed terrain The fine-feel

of wild flow ers so dis

tinctly co lored and those

night-appear ing animal-

eyes voiced from fear

When he human ed that world

with mostly self-subdu

ing person s and center

ed the love of his life

to where she’ d always re

main of the nothing more

to be said than saying

it now alway s more so.

After reading Shelley

for a last

ing moment so small I

felt (this lesser voice

of mine) torrented

by such stream s of light

and still try ing to hold

fast to the cooling pre

conceived touch of a

single can die in a

room famil iar and yet

vacantly

self-enclos

ing.

We’ve pros

*Prosed*

ed this lang uage down to

a flat-bare ness Few sign

s of beauty left only the

natural ones that lend our

eyes for short-imaged

phrasing

landscape

s of those still possibly

untouched si lences that

may hold us well for un

known time s to come.

Body count

imperson

ally touch ed and number

ed to what’ s nameless

ly human.

The wood

s in their

depth-seclud ing darkness

souled his no- way-of-gett

ing-out from.

His father

only his

but when the bottle

drowned his person in to

a father less void

from self.

Authentic

only when

all chat we’ ve learned

to say and think’s detail

ing a way out.

Coming home

to where no

one’s left to be calling

it that empti ness homed

from its time less being.

Left

disappear

ed with only those track

less thought s of his

reaching far behind.

Pit bull

as some I’

ve known false-eyed

faceless ly exposed

to a mali cious unre

pen ting bloodstreaming.

Bad Tolz I

pretend

ing a time that once

may have been too prett

ily nice for true.

Bad Tolz II

s’ endear

ing facade s as sweet

as sugarcane smiles.

The Isar

running

shallow- stones per

petuating

light-shin

ing breez es.

Dreamt

He dreamt

that he could n’t anymore

speechless in a room

of empty ing chair

s.

See-Saw

She

lived so

high as she came down low

the see-saw that couldn’t

find in-be tween

nesses.

Of lost souls

Poor Uncle

Irving so good and kind

thought fill ofo

thers but with a numbed weak

ness at the heart of

where a forti fied streng

th wouldn’t have left him

with such a dy nasty of lost

souls.

As yellow’

s the color

of sting her interned smile

wrinkled from its intimate

exposures fa ding to an

aftermath of its fail

ing light.

Misplaced

She mis

placed his mood like co

lors that don’t match

because they may once

have seem ed related to

each other.

Celebrating

The garden’

s intricate coloring

s as tonal ities of time-

length-flow ing through

his mind com posed for cele

brating

thought

s.

Off-set appeal

It may have

been that offset appeal

that kept her eyes from fo

cusing be yond simply

chanced ap pearance

s.

Off-balancing

Speak

ing quicker than one can

think off- balanc

ing mid-air without ad

equate land ing-right

s.

“To be true

to oneself’ as if by self-

creating its unknown

source.

The origin

s of color when an un

seen bird voices

through the dark of

its prime val wood

s.

Frog-eye

s glass

ed her pond- perspect

ives in to low-pitch

ed hollow nesses.

Drained out

The rains

have drain ed all the

colors out of these un

timely word s.

Minor moment

s as when

a stone holding your

hands in to its coolness

for light.

Recalling

times that

have left one vacant

ly aware as the after

sounds of sand-step

ped impress ions.

Unrelat

ed image

s that pass as from a

train’s near ing itself

distant ly track

ed.

The darker level

It’s only

on the dark er level

deeper down than those

brightness es of mind

could recall words flow

ing in to the winds of

dream-eclip sing sadness

Focused

Her eye

s focused on the un

realizing touch ofjew

elled awaken ings.

His

scar-disturb

ing face lessly mark

ed-through with more

than those weather

mg times could be re

calling.

The gentle

fingers

of a tiny unknown child

softly re telling my

own why warm th can remain

so faint ly realiz

ing.

Intern

ing shadow

s as the palm of a

hand reluct antly clos

ing time with in its tenu

ous grasp.

Balloon

s bright

ly color ed for a van

ishing view of these child

ren’s sky- awaken

ing.

Dark rain

s bring

ing me down to the some

wheres of their lost-

from empti nesses.

For Rosemarie

In the blue

of this soft day’s inward

reflect ions your

mild-touch ing eyes

spaceless ly unfind

ing.

Self-evoking

It’s those

stilled mo ments as a

room becom ing the more

ofour be ing there

wordless ly self-e

yoking.

Each day

lives it

self out to the end of a

no-return like turn

ing the page s of a book

bound be yond its out

lasting

touch-sense.

Overheard

Birds (it

seems) often prefer the re

peating re frains of

the self- samed voice-

listen

ing.

w. w.

in the mid

st of a dir ection

less unpav ed road in

what was less than an

availing town stopp

ed me to the always-down

from my phar asaic self-

appealing

s.

Did Columbus

also discov

er that the flatness

of our self- availing

claims end only by round

ing out the full circle

of those se eluded end

ing’s beginn ings.

Poems from Herborn ***(Hessia)***

1. Some need

to be help lessly alon

ed bleed ing close to

where time’ s running

its slow-down cause.

1. The calling’ (Caravaggio St. Matthew)

s a no-way-

out even space closing in

on his time lessly there.

1. Standstill

A bird

(not quite as seldom-

colored as it should

have been) topping the

roof of my contemplat

ing its mo mentary still-

stand.

1. Clouds

closing in

coalesc ing (or per

haps even concealing)

the where of their cel

estial shy ness.

1. Narrow street 17 (Herborn)

the hang

man resided here noosed

to those most intimate

thought s that tight

ened-close around his

deadly grasp.

J) Attic-

down view

of where those house

s stopped thinking be

yond their lower-level

insights.

1. Fingering needs (cemetery Cloister Amsburg)

In the back

yard of med ievally

cloister ed prayer

s the SS shot-resound

ing the last blood-cries

of their al ways-eager

finger ing need

s.

1. Abbreviating

Street-pid

geon peck ing at se

eluded applerounding

his Caste Col umbus-abbrevi

a ting.

1. Herborn

slate-grey

ed city snow- envision

ing a less er purity of

medieval con templation

*Finding out* (forHanni in Russia)

one’s fa

ther’s grave in a stone-

wilderness of imperson

al names.

Snap-shots

that tell

(neverthe less) more

than that moment of

there-be

ing.

The doubting Thomas *(After Caravaggio)*

flesh

ed out his moment of

faith

fully disbe

lieving what only e

yes hadn’t seen (but

then) even touch

ed.

Rain-choked

wood left

the impress ion of some

persons narr owed-down to

their warp ed framework.

Adagio

Haydn lets

spacing it self out

spaceless ly beyond

the where of its tonal

efficien

cy.

Self-revelations

Small flower

s ever-so- fine cluster

ed in spontan eous self-re

velation

s.

That medieval-becoming

I may be a

Christian now But in

that mediev al-becoming

Jew-awaken ing my ghetto-

feared shad owing corner

s beyond es cape.

Narrowly pathed

These small-

minded Christ ians self-pro

tecting narr owly pathed

from a world- creating

beauty'.

Threaded

The cat’

s unravell ing ball-of-

thread ed him in

to a play- past sense

of mind- touch.

Ivy’

s wall-clutch

ing growth a left-behind

appearance of its shadow

ing height s.

Old town

s that have

seen too much restor

ed to a pris tine nostal

gic pretti ness.

Bellini

(if only mo mentar

ily)

softened Diirer to that

smooth-recall ing poetry

ofVenetian

light-enchant

merits.

For Rosemarie

Modesty’

s one of those inffe

quent vir tues no imi

taring can re store to its

unblemish ing source.

Time-touching

Old lady

as thin as her canebearing time-touch

ing thought s.

Andromache ***(Racine)***

1. When pass

ion become s its own

person ally leav

ing the rest of us to but

a self-shadow ing self.

1. Andromache

loved

to a dead past and

person ing the duty

of their still per

petuat ing claim

s.

1. Pathos **flam**

ing out the sacrifici

al altar of uninhabit

ing self-ex pression.

1. Love

and hate tension

ed to a one ness at

their self- dividing

center.

1. Pylades

and his an

cient lover an encircl

ing chorus of what could

have been be cause it duly

wasn’t.

1. When

the peace

of reconcil ing passion

s and people s still aflame

with the fire s of a time-

devour ing past.

Hiding

out a clos

eted fear of finding him

self closed- down-lost

from selfbeing.

A lost image

Her late-

blue dress and almost

secret ly confid

ing eye s as a lost

image of a time she

held slight ly close-

in repet itive step-

ons.

German andJew

a self-defin

ing symbiosis of alway

s on the outside.



light world

of Schubert’ s death-re leasing sad nesses.

Babigjar

a too expen

sive way of killing the

Jews pil ing them up

in to con science

less heap s.

The church

left their

Christ to those sealed-

off trains nameless

ly blood of our blood

and ash.

*The law* (commandments)

a wall high

er than its height could

measure their surround

ing needs for gett

ing out.

Not even

Uncle Julius

could humour his way back

steadying from the

loss of three sons and a

wife he buried with the

last flower of his know

ing how.

The voice after

I’m the voice

after The one who spoke out

their gasp ing for the

breath of a living si

lence.



she wore

intimate ly felt as

a flower touched

from its in revealing

scent.

Cloth

may sound

even less than the

touch of a moment’

s glance.

These au

tumn wind s color

ing the af ter thought

s of their not know

ing where.

Do leave

s sense

they’ve been touched

through death’s co

loring de ception

s.

Grass

hoppers in stinct

ively aware

of their clipped-off

grass-phras

ings.

The soft

ness ofrabb

it’s warm- fleshed

fur awaken ing the touch-

streams of those inclus

ive feel ings of our

s.

Soft-spok

en as he

was as if drawing us

in for a closer view

ofhands holding long

er than e ven his vast

ly seeking eyes could

want for tell ing.

Quartet op. 80 ***(Mendelssohn)***

It was

only when you failed

When the pain of loss

cried out be yond those

self-enclos ing fine

ly sensed phrasing

s ofyour s.

Two grand

statues of

Wagner and Karl Marx self-

impressive ly overlook

ing a Germany sanctify

ing the wound s of a past

they bled down to its soul

less loss.

On those adagios ***(of Haydn)***

Why does

such music often listen

me down to the pulse of

its bare- sound awaken

ings.

Duet

If even

birds can voice each o

ther to a

common answer

ing-response Why is man

so often self-inton

ed.

The Max Planck

house in Mun

ich all in prisoned

glass with cubby holes

of wood much of the

kind pidgeon s could in

habit for their signifi

cant calling s.

Mute

When the

voice went out ofhim

Mute to a ghostly

fear of those blank/empt

ied apparit ions of his

night-tens ed expos

ures.

“Unanswered question ” (Ives)

If the ans

wer’s because there isn’t

anyone left to decipher

as those Mayan texts of a

civilizat ion lost

beyond its ini pending

past.

The end

If the end’

s those space less heaven’

s empti ness of no

more by be ing there

selfless ly unknown.

Illmensee

vacant to a

self-creat ing silence

of only the lone fisher

plying the depth of his

line-extend ing touch-

thought

s.

Mendelssohn ’

s elfin scarce

ly-sensed scherzi more

spirit than formless

ly self-e yoking.

A mild

rain so soft

and scarce ly felt that

even these winds lessen

ing from touch.

Compassioned

The rever

end almost unlike him

self soft ened in

ward compos ure until

his words began to

flow as if from them

selves melt ing through

sorrow.

Time

and the way

ward moon’ s a kite

of a child’ s breath

lessly un holding.

The lithe-

touched- length of

these slen der reed

s awaken ing in her

the feel of imagin

ery star s.

Too bright

to think a

loud The sun’ s intensed

beyond where words can

find for mean mg.

A sense of silence

There’s a

dark sense of silence

in the rose at night only

the moon can awaken to its

fullness of scent.

One

The undulat

ing flow of these hill

s in to the distant depth

of a word less sky’

s one form one life one

sense.

Rosemarie’

s soft-touch

ed eyes and quieting

hands melt ing me in

to the stream s of such

far-distant

longing

s.

The impecca

ble taste

of the spider’ s carefully

woven web left him in

stinctive ly at the

center of a deathsting perfect- placed.

When

the days

grow short as a hand

tensed to its veined-

in press ure and there’

s a fear at the heart

of time’s always dar

kening

reach.

Half way

We met halfway though at the midd

le became the more of

us than e ven that line

could di vide two-sid

ed yet now one way.

For Lenore

Charles

left her a house so much

of him that even his death

became the more of her

being a lone.

She had hey

say or did her say have

her caught in its net

of unspeak able pain.

Known

It wasn’

t said but known as if

space could be spoken a

loud.

Sound-shadows

The street

light’s

sound-shad

ows speech lessly time-

reflect

ing.

After-thoughts

It rained the day down

to its tree- express

ing afterthought

s.

Charles

I’ll always

remember the fine-

glow of your up

stairs ap pearance

where co lors began

their sound ing-you-

out.

The doubting Thomas *(Caravaggio)*

finger

ed his eye s into that

depthed- flesh of his

intelling dis belief.

Elegiac

The leave

s falling through a

world of sur rounding

sadness

es.

Poems from Sosa *(Erzgebirge)*

1. Autumn’

s more the loss of sea

son-time’ s been blown a

way to the nakedness

of its new be ginnings.

1. Sosa ’ s a hill-

down town wav ed through

its timeless reach al

most as an af ter-thought

inescapab ly there.

1. Olive tree’

s gnarled

roots ugly and aged

ly bespeak ing those

clutch ing wound

s of time’ s unrelin

guishing

grasp.

1. Evening bell

s recall

ing why time has pass

ed so el usively un

heard beyond our seeing

the where of its be

coming now.

1. Flower

s paled

from scent as the touch

of words un pulsed from

fragran

cy-sound.

J) Sunday morning

in Sosa that

small-seclud ed town’s

empty street s speech

lessly a wakened and

waiting as if Christ

could poss ibly at that

very moment be whisper

ed alive from the

dead.

g) Pink

umbrell

aed to selfsurround

ing thought s that co

lored and pink- dotted his

wholesome

commens

ing smile.

h) 'That small

church at Sosa so fine

ly cleansed and freshly

lit to its modest scent

of flower dar kened me

from its godly pre

sence.

Autumn

winds chang

ing color s through

that impet uous rush of

sound ing vacant e

choings be hind.

Greb

the middle-

aged vegeta ble man warn

ed “don’t judge other

s” perhaps because he be

came afraid of their see

ing even dee per in to

his own dark ening past.

Statistic

s couldn’t

paper him back to life

again that 1

in 10,000

dead on the spot of a

chance less surviv

a!.

That silhoue

tting cat kept

creeping his lowdown

thoughts until they

became lost out from

sight.

“It wasn’t

him” they said

but that some other voice

who noosed him fast to

the forest’ s trembl

ing darkness es.

Fight

ing a cause

that’s de feating it

self the mod ern Jeremiah

citiless within the

ruins of a wordless

way out.

Celan’

s saying the

most by us ing the least

left him voice lessly out

spoken at the end.

Where

did he be

gin as I know him now Why

this way not that other

side of a per son contin

ually shadow ing what could

have been but never really

became.

Questioning

If it’s not

the question itself but the

way it’s ask ed question

ing even the answer’s den

ial.

Of lost identity

Flowers

bunched to a one-color

ed sense of identity.

Aunt Gertie

as some wo

men espec ially in those

over-weight ed middle

years ground ed in a true

sense of selfconviction

as horse and rider with

their poor chos en husband

s released only at sparse

intervals for those preordained wa tering place

s.

First wintered day

cold and clear

ed my mind of its shad

owy autumn coloring

s.

Heron’s

grey fish-

formed length of its de

ceptive ly feather

ed intent ions.

Lone boot (after Odilon Redon)

distant

ly through- plying the

solemn wind s and wave

s of their forsaken

ing shadow s.

*Of no where out* (on Goethe’s Faust)

He possess

ed the eye s strange

ly alert of knowing more

(those se cret per

suasion s) and the

hands of call ing in to

those hidden rooms of no

wheres out.

Pain-spot

Dtirer cir

cled the ex act pain-

spot that grew intense

ly deeper e ven beyond

his anatomi cal know-

wheres.

Walls

no where

out a si lence zone

here only the echo of

restless

thought

s numb-

timed-still

ed.

A little

girl’s red-

haired feartouching

way of ask ing through

all those distan

ces.

R. D.

oflesser

mind but act ively will

ed her way to what

ever she wanted

found.

That down-

earth in

stincted

turtle

slowed my time-sense

to its low er-level con

templation

s.

3 half-sensed persons

a) Paul’

s some un

touched sad ness through

his 9-year- old sallow

eyes left me with a sort

of sorrow I couldn’t

quite real

ize.

b) She

possess

ed somewhat attract

ive feature s yet a put-

off almost hardened-

protective sense of

Don’t touch too near

where I might be

gin to thaw.

1. ***He***

after 50

years in psy chiatric

wards tried to explain

so meticu lously what

he kept re peating as

if I could n’t really

understand what he

didn’t ei ther.

Dark au

tumn wind

s releas ing the last

leaves of their color

less find s.

The dark

took him

down to the forest’s

deeply in escapable

need for sky-search

ing star s.

Cobble

stones re

creating a past that’

s only heard when distant

ly increas ing.

Chagall

sensuali

sed a faith in his long

ing for a God nearer to

his own creat ive inclina

tions.

Cold rain

s left the

trees bared of their

last con cealing in

hibition

s.

This grey

season of

the closed heaven’s co

lor-forget

fulness.

Leafless

silence

s when the bird’s wing

s soundless ly awake.

Asphalt

sky that

wordless sense of

spaced mo ments unful

filling.

Last autumn

leave

s twirling dance-rhy

thmic death- calls.

\

A la Hopper

Streetlight wind ow’s empt

ied-glass lonely re

flection

s.

Reception

ist’s paper-

hand’s inclu sive smile

s.

Twice-told

It worked

once it did n’t again

Twice-told poems only

if they’ re found-

through to that once

of being only their

s.

The dead

are most

ly revered because they

can’t talk back even on

gravely im portant matt

ers.

Greek Is

lands left

me with cliff- haunt

ing mentor ies of a time

oceanless ly reflec

ting.

These tree

s unloosen

their leave s as itin

erant child ren space

lessly envel opmg.

Pain-Poems Crete ’09

1. Wlteel-chaired

to other’

s looks as if fasten

ed to a noreturn

clause.

1. Larry Eigner

parapli

gic windowsitting the

rhythms that could only

feel him out profi

dally.

1. Intensity-glow

High power

ed-gear clutched the

wheels of his intensi

ty-glow.

1. Serenity-feels

Smooth wa

ters as the touch-shine

of silk’s serenity-

feels.

1. An isolat

ed island

of uninhab ited thought-

down stone.

J) As Abraham

Did I do that

to you as Abraham to

protect my self from a

hurt that’ s still wear

ing the wound s of you

down.

1. Callings

This sea’

s always been call

ing its own voice shore

lessly unre solved.

1. Out-cultured

Crete’s an

out-cultured country with

only barren hills and

fished-out seas to wit

ness those sun-tanned

smiles of tour

istic remind ers.

1. When

pains hamm

er my flesh in-to its

clasping- corpse of

deadly in sinuation

s.

1. Image-making

Fragile

tiny culti vating flow

er the rock- stone sur

face of this island’s i

mage-making

appeals.

1. Closing

these sound

less window s to the un

derwater sea s of the mind’

s impervious contemplat

ions.

1. “Call me"

Wheel-chair

flat-tire s of no

more than here-wheel

ing a world away that

always re mains that

flat-down

sameness.

m) If

we’re not at

the heart of our own

problem ’s misplac

ed that pulsing

sense-in-dir

ection.

n) Darkness

at sea

those my sterious

ly moon-crea ting wave

s closing within the

breath of their unseen

silence

s.

o) Light

ning electri

fying in awe the ancient

Greek’s spir itual vast

ness.

p) Writing

I’m writ

ing the all of a world

to find my own little

nesses out.

q) Ambiguities are

like two-lev el fugues

surfacing for depth.

r) Dr. A. Our Greek

Dr. A. storm ed in-light

ning-struck with all those

rhetori cal appeal

s of his diag nostic fer

vour.

s) Short line-

breaks elon

gating their sinuous

ly melodic preferen

cial time- routes.

t) Self-reclaiming

When the

pains subsi ded he

knew his own being left

shadowless ly self-re

claiming.

u) Fresh thirst

Was it the

fresh thirst of our garden

ed beginn ing that left

him so naked ly forebod

ing-

1. Dark days

in a south

ern climate A world at

the abyss horizon

ed beyond the inner

glow of those bright

ening momen s through.

w) Name-dropping

as if bereft of one’s

own naked self-cause.

1. After

the storm

pidgeons roofed to a

moment’s glance sitt

ing intact upon their

weather less roof.

y) For Rosemarie

You voice

an intima cy of unknown

preception s seal

ed with a kiss.

z) Schmiedeberg

in an insight

ful moment re minded me

that thinker s too-press

ed in-to their own system’

s no way of getting out.

aa) Mapping out

a world that

isn’t on the maps intri

cately de fining what

wasn’t there never complete

as a field’ s growth be

yond the li mits of its

self-encompass ing claims.

bb) Can time

be remember

ed through these long

sea-stret ches of sound

ing out why the rocks

have crevic ed into form

less inunda tions of a

previous

age.

cc) A single

rose for

each person ally inclin

ed in the glassed wa

ters of our recept

tively trans parent

thought

s.

dd) Michelangelesque

His harsh

rock-envis ioned face

as if free d from the

time-burden s of these

numbed-re

claiming

cliffs.

ee) This bay

careful

ly harbour ed from the

sea more like the self-en

closing re solve of a

mother child lessly in

tent.

Jff) Graecian hills Undulating

Graecian hills timerolling the increas

ing expanse of their

thorough ly barren

down-thought

s.

gg) Over-thoughts

Little child

ren with their self-becom

ing hats high ly-held the

way of umbrell aed overthought s.

hh) Late autumn

Crete’ s interning

shadows

plastical

ly recall ing the in

coming of winter’s im

posing grasp.

ii) Hen-pecked

the right re

verend D. scarcely

could right himself for

his upright imperial

spouse tower ing over that

eternal code of “I’ll

right you wrong”

ly embarrass ed his tiptoed right- fearfull

y to a less er (inhibi

ted) tact.

jj) Pets

that small

ish self-en closing dog

sun-rehear sing the

dreamy sway of its in

nocent ly recept

ive paw- finds.

kk) Sense-renewed

It could

have been as a taste

that remind ed (as An

dreas did) of a time

that wasn’ t now refresh

ingly sense- renewed.

11) Buried-to-life

They found

that treas ure hidden

buried-to- life blood-

soaked (drain ed down) cen

turies after that unrecord

edjew-mass

acre.

mm) Awakened

Can these

stones so cold mute and

callous ly boulder

ing the sea absorb its

sounds a live awaken

ing as from the primit

ive birth of a renewing

cultural

dawn.

nn) A.

still fight

ing the war s he’d never

seen or known A German a

Jew in those no-known-man’

s-lands of his two-sid

ed front s.

oo) Understanding

Some look

s seem under standing

as fresh flow ers cut to

a moment’ s pause.

pp) Costumed (Alena age 8)

Children

color-cost ume even

more than those in-hid

ings from self.

qq) Shadowings

Crete

shadowing the last of

its October days through

those dark sounds of the

sea’s irresol ute wind-im

mersing

s.

rr) Aron

wiesell

ed his way as the rock-

obscurmg

inhabitant

s of some remote-in

sisting

ground-urg

ings.

ss) Self in-becoming

When it’

s hard to walk and

time’s bear ing down on

each step as these

words seem almost com

plete ly self-in

becoming.

tt) Wind-involved

This sea’

s moving slowly

through my conscious

ly being wind-in

volved.

uu) Palm shadows

swaying

through the soft

ness of moon lit trans

parancie

s.

w) These barren stonefaced island s staring

centurie s of unin

habited con templations

s.

ww) Blood-ties some

where at the pulse of un

remember ed dream

s.

xx) Sound-awakenings

These time-

forgotten birds circ

ling wind s of spac

iously ap parent soundawakening s.

yy) Two faced

they called

it as if we could be

seeing through a

unity of self.

zz) She

“always

true to her darling in

her fashion” ed an irre

sistible charm of

those deep ly eye-spok

en alius ions.

aaa) Railing’ s sensea- touch

through the

down-feel of these un

recorded mo ments.

bbb) Pained

If one can

die of pain so scream-

tight that thought’

s raw-nerv ed.

ccc) Close-cas

cading wave

s riding the unerring

depth of these imper

ial cliff s as a child

horsed to his caroussel’

s infinite ly through-

chargings.

ddd) Responsed

She immens

ed such a ponderous

obesity that even when slight ly smiled

her chair creaked in

credulous

response.

eee) Roomed out

Hotel’

s closing down for the

season left me empty-

halled room ed out of

those echo ing sense

d-feeling

s.

*Melitta* S. (in memory)

When that

ship of mine too heavy to

bear its own needs sinking

beyond a time less deep

You (and no one else) could

have resurfac ed it flagged

it again but for your own

calling it found away for

another unde cided port.

Secretly concealing

This early

November

morning’

s hushed- quiet as some

persons se cretly con

cealing some unknown truth

s more like ly from them

selves.

The pianist

(Buchbind

er) seal ing those

thought fully per

ceptive fin gers of his

through Beet hovianly

brighter-

staged

orches trating flow

ers resolute ly self-en

hancing.

Sonata op. 27.1 *(Beethoven)*

dialogue

d in unre solving

question s that left

him middle d through.

That oriental girl

Some paint

ings unease the more of

us than could be lasting

ly resolved as that or

iental girl with inward

ly pleading- guilty eye

s knowing more than

they should be telling

us through that strange

ly colored background-

face secret ly withhold

mg.

Mowed-down

His hand s temper

ed to a cau sality of

touch-look ed much

like he’d been mowed-down

to that e vened-grass

ed semblan ce of self.

High-phmsings

Beethoven’

s oft high- phrasing

s temper ed me to a

reflect ive resid

ually corner ed-in re

sponse.

The wrong road

He took the

wrong road but before he

could find his way back the

landscape had changed

as when snow covers over

all that was known or seen

even the re membrance

of why he was where-

going.

So far aboveness

That little

girl’s climb ing eyes

couldn’t fa ther his so-

far-above ness down to where she could all-but-

touch the claiming

pulse of his own.

The 1st commandment

Can one love

God more than a loving wife

She’s near He’s mostly a

far She’ s in timately

close to my everyday

needs While He defines

them oft ab stractly

in His own

sense But she’

s His most precious

gift for me Our love His

transcend ing cross

ways.

Interchangeable

As they paint

ed all these self-same

houses to a unifying co

lor I wonder ed if those

personing an inside

hollow ness weren’

t equally in terchange

able as well.

Processional

All lined

up process ionally co

lored as if for a parade

but the main performance

inside an Eng lish wedding

And they (the hats) symboli

cally signifi cant each in

its own right.

A graveyard

season

ably dress ed down to a

respect ful quiet

ude rehear sed in the e

choing step s barely

sensed of flowering

self-renew

als.

Beggar

comfort

ably corner ed in to

the small ness of his

receptive ly in-hold

mg eye- finds.

Impersoning smiles

He sat in

a steel and leather-

bound chair in a room

of artifi dally reflec

tings light s syntheti

cally carpet ed for the

seldom sound s of his

real-life im personing

smiles.

Dull-downed

Mid-November

when even the after

noon’s so dulled-down

in voice less expos

ures.

Full-stopped

Love wasn’

t enough for that famed ath

lete depress ively infold

ing until tracked-down

by an in coming

train full- stopped.

*Beethoven’s* 2nd (scherzo)

’s rhythmic

self-infatu ations so o

ver-pulsed chat it dead-

sounded me out.

*The flayed* OX (Rembrandt)

beaten to

its bared bones still

hanging crosswise bearing

it all dead ened for

life.

Creation-near

animal

s breath ed with a

life of in stinctual

awareness

es.

Prayed

He prayed

until his own voice si

lenced in to the re

deeming quiet of an

other.

*Berwald* (cello duo)

finding

from its al ways there -

momentum

breathed-

down pause s lyrical

ly selfexpress

ing.

*Bach Partita* 6 (Sarabande)

Column

ed light-sen sings self-en

closured

sound-flow

s.

Linear thoughts

as these

thinned na kedly re

fining bran ches edged-

in their line-touch.

Scars dale’

s become a

house owned by stranger

s so redone

that I can’

t find my self back

there A school imposing more

through its imperson

ally closing me out And a

“temple” that left God

on the o ther side of

what faith should mean

It was there (though) the

birth of this poet.

Of shadow

If you list

en hard e nough center

ed to only discover

ing the or igin of shad

ow.

Age

I can’t mea

sure my age on his be

ing younger- looked though

older-thought as if reflect

ing upon my own seeing

through.

Berwald

and Nielsen’

s other wiseness

that can’t quite be

translat ed in to

what it shouldn’t

have been.

A strange

bird (one I’

d never seen before) color

ed to a sort of winged ap

proval per haps in re

ciprocal ac cords.

Telling the

truth even

if it hurt s especial

ly if you know it won’

t help isn’ t true at

all to the kindness

that’s true beyond all

that thought avails.

Sermoned A. M.

It was

only when he sermoned him

self down from that high-

standing pul pit that I

lost my own preacher’

s fears of such tenu

ously preclud ing height

s.

2 Rooms ***(H. e.)***

On that long

rainy day He mostly spoke

of those 2 rooms the one

for the still active the o

ther that point ed his way

to a used- out sense of

speechless ly self-in

volving.

Self-findings

Little girl

s dressed- through their

Sunday bestknowing that

womanly feel of co

loring o ver appre

dative

self-find

ings.

Off-mapped

They didn’ t know that

in themsei ves off-mapp

ed as a for eign border

never there for finding

out until they were

taught to kill.

Room

s left a

lone to a vacancy

of growth in sad

ness.

Israel in Egypt *(Handel)*

1. That God

of strength who led them

out with such a sure hand

and unbend ing spirit

left so many in our time

s so helpless ly behind en

emied to those untold chasm

s of their relentless

ly death- claims.

1. Frogs

on the loose

rhythmic ally pulsing

even in to those remote

ly cor

ners of their

most intim ate housing-

comfort

s.

1. A darkness

came over

that land so deep that

not even word s could be at

tuned to their indwelling

lightness of sense.

Eye-attuning

Saying the

right thing s at just

the right times with

that look of eye-attun

ing concern s like some

paraphras ing their u

sual need s for a touch

ed-over cig arette-

glance.

That more

Hers an un

requited moth erly instin

ctual need for being

that more a part of

self.

Hollywood-type

happy end

ings are only happy for

some who’ ve long wish

ed an ending of all those

party-posed

happiness

es on dis play.



the operat

ion Closed in a room where

even the mir ror seemed

blind to his not look

ing back.

November

My November’

s time-of- life declin

ing bright ness to the

horizon’ s impending

darkness es’ down-fall.

Clouding-up

an all enveloping tir edness of not

even a shad ow’s inform

ing resolve.

Hospitall

ed in to

this artifi cial man-made

world to eye- touch what e

ven seems va guely alive

to flesh and blood-like.

The inside

of night where fear’

s inhabit ing its e

ven more than that moon’s all

uring glow.

2nd rate

acting mi

mics the lack of a whole

ness rarely brought back

to life.

Flash-image

What was

(why then why where)

flash-image ed to the

now of time’ s two-fac

ing present.

Sleep

less night

s in the shallow

ed darkness of unfelt

dreams.

Arisen

City a

risen from the sun’

s blue-spa cing uphold

ing assuran ces.

Surgeon

strict and

attentive ly espying

those ten der morsel

s he’d be taking out

of my only being blem

ished by those leftover bloodstains.

A no-talk-back

Some main

tain a notalk-back au

thority as that Sunday

policeman almost motion

lessly handsignalling

a change of traffic-re

sponse.

Reclothed

Special

ly recloth ed for the

operation’

s tight-fit

that death (hopeful

ly) would find no room

for getting in safely

there.

*“He brought them forth* (Handel, Israel in Egypt)

like sheep” dumb with

out will without sense

of being led direct

ionless from an unseen

hand more pow erful and stea

died than that unrelent

ing time’ s force.

Fascism

may have killed itself

in the ruin s of its

still-brood ing cities

birds of prey hovering o

ver that last self-sancti

lying mess age.

That lone wait for Chung

In “the

house of the dead” he wait

ed patient ly weeks-on-

end for the incoming

outgoing shadows of

what wasn’ t his lone liness not finding it

self out.

Low tides for Ingo and Hanni

when most of

life seem s gone out

of them low-tides

and that with drawing sense

from the moon’ s self-rest

ing glow.

Forgiveness

Some can

not forgive because there’

s too much of self that

barrens that fruitless

land of their

s.

Inner monologues

Don’t o

pen wound s too soon

The blood will flow free

ly beyond leaving much

of yourself behind.

Cloud-moving

Storm with

out quiet within a

world that’ s cloud-mov

ing so dens ed-silent

ly beyond.

Guilty

of what one

didn’t do Christ told

him so as if the mind's

feel wasn’t more reveal

ing than that silken touch.

Talk-time

as empty-

phrased as those cere

monial dress ed up past per

formance s of world

ly rituali zing a code

of self-san ctifying

s.

Thunder

without

afraid of the cold sha

dowings of the mind’s e

choing those primitive

voices hea ven-swelling

warn-light

s.

Proud beauty

stuck-up

to its selfcertain

ty of reassur ing mirror

ed appear ances.

Abbreviations

when words

have lost their fullness

of formed- meaning

less now only letter

s disinte grated in to

where the special few

can body them back to

phrase.

For Rosemarie

It wasn’t

Gatsby’s myth of a still-

flowering daisy that

kept you here for me Nor the

Laura (the real one) more

realized by the sweet

softness of those silent-

innuendo eye s of yours.

After Manet

You read

him short right down

to where only feet

were stand ing at an im

personed

stance.

Same routes?

No they’

ve document ed that deathfeeling after one’s gone as

if we’d all ta ken the same

alive route s to that in

becoming for self.

The fall

You knew

we would fall (let the

Satan in) his open

ing door s revolv

ing smile s too weak

to hold back temptation’

s grasping for a fruit

that satiat ed our evermore needs for You.

Lost hold

When he lost

hold (grasp ing for a

line that would surface

him out) It was only his

hands that slipped a

way to the bottomless

deep of his own self-find

ings.

Surgeon

His face

didn’t speak implacit

ly non-touch ing hand

s wholesome though blood-

designed.

Too poor

(as he said)

to find a wife but rich

enough in the understand

ing of why life’s more

its own un folding beyond

the surface of all those

artificial

self-appear

ances.

Proverbs

oft buried

in those re mote region

s of a once inexplicit

past now so self-appar

ent that one doesn’t even

question our not knowing

their why- from.

Birch

es birth

ed out of their long

ing for the moon’s ines

capably

lit.

Napolean’

s tree-lin

ed soldier s forwardmarching through the

shadows of their victor

ious light-ef fusions.

Unanswered question ’ *(lues)*

s not the

why or where fore but its

own unresolv ing stillness

es.

Poland

a no coming

back to where I never

was in the land of the

dead ashed down to

vague remem brances of a

time that was always

then and al ways now-

lost.

Clean slate

all’s forgott

en forgiven the black

board’s wash ed down to

its imper ceptible

though still looming dark

nesses.

The lake

in late Nov

ember so si lently re

solving its vast distan

ces spacious ly unheard.

The left behind

They left be

hind those poor ghett

oed times those centur

ies of oppress ion but for

got to pack the God of

Moses for their long

trip to freed om and oppor

tunity.

Tears

Why does the

light and peace of Christ

mas bring tears to those

who’ve long since wiped a

way the true source of

its meaning.

On crutches

A world on

crutches clinging to

the implied balancing

strength for their lost

ground-mean

ings.

Time

fades out

as those superflu

ous facade s ofbeach

houses o ver looking

other time s than

these.

Imaged (3)

1. Some statue

s shadow e ven beyond

where their death-image

could immense such undue

ly claim s.

1. Kafka’s

father left

his son only the paled i

mage of his self-denial

s.

1. How often

vve live with

in the shadow s of out-

self-image as a coffin

holding us in ground-

based.

The pioneers (wuia *Cather)*

have only-

new lands to claim a

vacancy of such remote

inner silen ces.

Advent

If The Lord

remains that always differ

ent always o therwise Why

did He need (once again)

to claim us for His own.

*The guilt* (Isiah 53)

Did Christ

bear that heavy price a

lone even a bandoned from

his loving Fa ther Or did

He recall his first-loved

people to help share

those birth- pains for a

longing re demption.

Both fronts

Must one

have war s without

to keep the peace with

in Better to enemy one

self to both fronts at

once.

Time-sourced

Slight per

suasion s of cloud

s horizon ed from view

while slow iy drift

ing these troubled time

s of ours a way.

Off and running

Jumped the

gun (as u sual) off and

running until he discover

ed he was a lone on that

track circl ing miles of

emptiness without be

ginning or end breath

lessly aware.

A lamp

hanging the

evening down as if heaven

and earth sus pended to

its all-im pending glow.

The Always-Jew

I’m guilty

because I’m a Jew and cause

these younger Germans a need

to defend what they hadn’t

done I’m guil ty the alway

s Jew.

The fear

a child

has of the dark that o

ver coming un known too

deep to find himself

through.

*“There came a new king* (Israel in Egypt, Hcindel)

who knew not

Joseph” The signs were

there hard to decipher at

first (perhaps because we

didn’t want to realize)

that each of us has his

time his span of meaning

no more than a hand’s

length of times clos

ing in tight- down on us.

Self-creating

Rain-wash

ed shadow s self-creat

ing these lone-fmd

ing country roads in to

the dense woods of their

all-consum ing silence

s.

The great divide

We belonged to

gether (or so we were told

to believe) a large fam

ily The way was far but

our steps re peating

those same in stinctual

rhythms rhy med to a comm

on cause un til we came to

that great di vide looming

high above what we’d e

ver conceived But few were

left to all- our-own and

the others disappear

ing in those thicken

ing fogs deep- down below.

Walk-on

but the time’

s had passed his clue to

a world that wasn’t the

one he’d al’ ways known

left him long irrecon

cilably un moved.

As the blind

Some as the

blind with their self-dir

ectioned cane can only touch

the ground- base of o

ther’s faint ly echoing

footstep

s.

Those hospi

tal carpet

s worn with the surfac

ing needs of those whose

pains had run deeper

than even the imprint

s of such linger

ing sound s could recall.

Animalled (to)

1. The mind of

the bird her metically

small-rang ed to where

the flight from earthly

reason can be come winged

with heaven ly dimens

ions.

1. Fish water

ing the sound less deep

unconscious ly color

ing their self-express

iveness.

1. The girajf

elongat

ing to the linear

heights of a lyrical

refrain.

1. After Henri Rousseau

Strange

phantom- eyes dark

ly conceal ing the wild

nesses of their dead-

down claw ed instinct

s.

1. The giant

turtle ex

posing the ex tended width

of a world slow-timed

consuming.

J) The snake

poison-

tongued the curious Eve

to its ven umous sting-

flow.

1. The burly

brown bear

paws contem platively

committed to the wind

s and wild s of his ap

proaching

forest-claim

s.

1. The seal’

s slippery

pleasure s riding the

instinct s ofa cool

ed-down Sun day afternoon.

1. The frog

jumped im

pulsively self-si tuat

ing a moment ary pause

Jumped

thorough

ly past that too-longed

contemplat ive inter

lude.

1. The red foxes’ sleek

beauty flash ing inter

nrittant ly through

his hunt ing eyes.

Shore-instincts

So rhyme and

meter imply an even-keel

ed world a flow with the

surety of shored-in

stincts.

Down moved

Snow mov

ing the moun tains down in

to a close ness of cool-

touched re membran

ces.

Even if

the dead

can’t answer all the why

s and where fores of

what still re mains mute

I’m listen ing hard e

nough to what could

n’t be said.

Homelessly

birds in an

emptied park circling their

uninhabit ed winter-sha

dowings.

Knotted

*Pre-timed*

tight in the scarcely un

ravelling world of her

own self-cer tainties

She seemed almost pretimed as an imals instin

cted with out cause of

their know ing why.

He slept that



night over a room of emp

tied maps he tried to

fill in those vacant place

s he’d left be hind but could

n’t remember their names or

those still self-evas

ive time

s.

Sacred

If nothing’

s sacred then you are

that untouch able pride

replete with sacrament

al self-justi fication

s and litur gical surround

digs protect mg the holi

ness of your sanctify

ing person.

An eerie

fog-ridden

light he couldn’t e

ven touch the shadows of

its not-going- where.

Wheel-chaired

For those

who have to wheel a world

that keeps re volving a

bout one’s self-center

of those out side revolv

ing interlud

es.

Sibelius’ world *(for Tony)*

dark and

lonely where man’s evas

ive shadow ings can’t e

ven inhabit what’s threat

ening unre solving-time

lessness

es.

Footstep

s in the hall

coming near er feeling

closer that one could al

most hear the subdued

message of those tiles

spoken aloud.

The carpets

It was only

when she be came unmoved

static that she realized

all the car pets of her

usually tarn ed house be

gan moving a bout all those

ways she could n’t imitat

ing or per haps only re

minding.

“Naked I came

forth from my

mother’s womb” (Job) and na

ked they re turned stripp

ed of all that wasn’t even the hope s and dreams

choking in the gas of Israel’

s return to its nakedly

withholding

land.

In these hos

pital room

s Time’s be come more on

the outside windowed as

Alice’s look ing glass more

real for not being there.

On Psalm 73

Why do the

godless live so freely-fine

in a world without Him

Or why do we suffer from

the blind ness of not

realizing their pains

and darkness es as our

own.

For Rosemarie

Birch-blue

sky’s light ness dress

ed to your morning’

s wind-trans parent ap

peals.

He

for years master of

the tiger’ s dreaded

glare false- stepped spell

broken to their devour

ing fleshed and boned.

First snow

As we slept

through the softness

of recurr ing dreams

the first snow recreating

the night’ s soundless

ly awake.

The evil one

If we deny the

evil one He becomes all-

powerfi.il

(Baudelaire).

The day

they unclothed him of his

horns tails and other extenu

ating attri butes so wick

edly unreal A terrifying

nakedness o vercame their

helpless need for es

cape.

*Mongolid* (down-syndrom)

Dressed up

that he did n’t look o

therwise with a finely att

ending beard conscious

ly poised an image of

his becoming a puppet to

his own self- securing ap

pearance.

Snow-clouds

as women

pregnant with those darken

ing enclos ures of lifereleasing s.

4 German poets

1. Else Lasker-Schuler

off-center

ed exoti cally color

ed to a selfeccentric

I’m the in side of what

ever isn’t out.

1. Heine/Eichendoiff

The one per

haps finer- felt a trans parency of word-sensed i

ronically toned same

nesses.

1. The other’

s darker ton ality mystic

ally voiced quietly re

ceptive.

1. Hofmannsthal

knew before

he knew it was so as

when the swan s white-sha

dowing their time-pass

ings secret ly reveal

ing.

Moonrise

This moon

rised snow- awakening

primeval

other-world

linesses.

The dead

still alive

facing us back to those

unresolv mg moment

s of their

s.

Time-flowing

Train’s light

s through the darken

ing snow timeflowing un

seen distan ces.

*“Verlust deY* A*ditte”* (loss of the center Sedlmeyer)

If nature’

s still so mysterious

ly alive Why has art dull

ed its selfefficient

brush to that inescap

able loss.

When

the cold so

intense that even

the free-fall en snow touch-

resistant muted from

voice.

Galuppi’

s sonatas

reflective ly intimate

as if each tone was touch

ing at the chords of

self-response.

She

had a way

of being so open friend

ly cheerful almost birdlike that she still re

mains a clos ed book for

me.

Been there before

He knew he’

d been there before a

strange feel ing of having

been seen through the

way dogs scent their close -

to-the-ground

appraisal

of what’s lead ing them out

and far be yond.

Flaked-like

snow harden

ed to im pression

s of a mind less void

wordless ly intact.

1 *li£ snowman* (after Wallace Stevens)

felt cold

motionless ly self-ap

parent be cause he was

looked at that way numbed

and voice lessly time-

stilled.

Tracks

in snow

paw-signs so slight

ly felt as a child touch

ing for its mother’s

calming voice but

here blood- endings.

Human nature

Ifhuman

nature was mainlyjewish

upper middle class hysteri

cal ladies in a decadent

and decaying society Then

Freud had it just right!

Through the looking glass

Those who in

stinctively feel why o

thers react or would have just

the way they do through a

looking glass of doubling

self-image

s.

The church

here dy

ing its cold- stone memor

ies of why it once did

n’t allow Jesus the Jew

inside its sancdfi

ed presence.

Wittenhofen (forMichael in remembrance)

We’d been

there often e nough but

only once did that place

become a live because

he died since and that’

s where he’ s buried to

the depth of my mind-sens

ings.

Winter-dark

a pre-pre

sence brood ing as some ex

tinct animal waiting unre

solved for its reclaiming

time.

The thaw

only then

we knew how deeply the

frost had con fined us to

its tensed- foreign reign.

Marked off

They mark

ed off their terrain much

as animal s instinct

marriage of

what’s mine became a world

ively do a

that couldn’ t keep them

both.



At the top

of the world his hat still

accumulat ing the ten

uous reach of those sound

less snow-drif tings.

1. Winter fog’ I

s surround

ing self that not even the

lithe bird could find the

wherefore of its wing

ed light ness.

1. Winter fog’ II

s that not

even the out lines of these

unfathomed houses could

merge beyond their weight

less silen ces.

The lake

in Benson Vt.

however deep they tried

but never found the bottom

less chasm ed wild tur

ties and black eluding snake

s coiling a round our depth

iessiy penetrat ing fears.

December 25

the light-

miracle of Chanukah’

purified tem pie proclaim

ing His un ity with The

Father’s in visible do

minion.

*The scream* (afterMunch)

He screamed

so loud so long until a

deadly si lence over

came that room emptied out

of all but

increas

ing feared.

*Describing* (forLenore)

the route

of a first- time alone

almost as if Charles en

compassing a lost-time

together

ness.

Pale winter

days faint

ly blank-fac ed snow wash

ed down to vague (though)

slightly re curring) re

membrance.

Cathedrale de la Resurrection *(Evry-Essonne)*

Spaced

to a heaven ly light-

depth ascend ling beyond

time’s reach ing hold.

He talk

ed oblique ly almost out

of the cor ner of his

eyes hold ing time back

from its ag ing appear

ances.

Four and a

half of an

only child standing up

right to those care

fully select ive words ade

quately fea turing self-

importance.

most of

He made the

most of him self until there

was little left to suit

his continu ing needs for

more.



We were call

ed not be cause we’re

better more deserving

somehow

something

special but simply be

cause.

For safe-keeping

All the x-

rays the blood result

s those dis eases known

or not fil ed for safekeeping long after he’

d passed a way.

Chagall

couldn’t

know where color came

from so my sterious

ly alive he created it a

new.

Snap-shot

as if that reveal

ing moment

could tell the all of

what we al ways are diff

erently.

Home

an alway

s moving on a restless

nowhere s homeless

ly unfind ing.

Bellini’

s rabbits

and squirrel s touching

and tast ing in scent

of life’s lithely appeal

ings.

Tourist

s reading

up on New York as if

these impene trable build

ings wouldn’t be reading

down on their soul-staring.

New Years Eve

in Times Square’

s increas ingly tension

ed lights/ crowds wait

ing incess antly for

that incom ing invisib

ly felt there ness.

Can snow

however

lightly

sensed conceal

ing the or igins of its

white-ilium ed cause.

She felt

in her alone

d vacancy the need of

flower the touch that co

lor confine s.

Self-assuming

These imitat ion timberfaced house s recall

ing what time could never

retell now mutely self-

assuming.

The village

at dusk

curtain ed to the

instinct s of its

light-re

ceding

voice.

Georgia O’

Keefe’s ab

stract co lorings

the flow of their prime

val source.

A piano

no longer

finger ed from

sound is like a wo

man untouch ed to the

very chord s ofher be

ing.

Ugly hand

crevice

d/boned their jewell

ed-imitat ing reflect

ions.



He wrong

ed himself by being

right so often as if

truth had been housed

in his own personal re

solve.

Double-sensed

Reading

world/real worlds of

die lines be tween that

speak her out transient

ly double- sensed.

Full-sized

mirror that

asked the en tire length

of why only his focus

ing eyes.

The older

he became

the more night encom

passing his being tomb

ed in per petual dark

ness.

Aloned

Night a

loned in an unknown

city mask ed in con

Crete si lences.

King David

given the

too much of wanting more

than the bounds of his

imploring faith could

possibly en dure.

Drift

ing water

s the mind loosen

ing as a flag search

ing for co lors.

Cut free

There was

a niceness about her

softness of response

as a flower so petall

ed but some how cut free

from its time-intend

ing source.

Palm tree’

s wavy-light

summer-entran ced a some-e

vocative

remembran

ce of what couldn’t

quite be brought back

to mind.

Overwhelm

ed he felt

himself as a wave ri

sing beyond the tides of

too much too soon all at

the once of not know

ing where.

Endangered

species

not many of them left

if only spott ed in some

remote re gions of

mostly a bandoned li

braries that they

became a sort of pro

tected spec ies off-bound

s of the kind one didn’t

need to hunt down any

more.

A cloud-be

spoken day

that could n’t quite come

as some self- deceptive

persons be yond the en

closure s of such

curtain ed non-re

vealing

s.

How do

clams feel

closed in a no-way-of

getting out sea-wash

ed bottom- ground sway

ing indeci pherable ac

cords to the taste of

their prede tor’s whole-

wrenching

claws.

Theirs

was like a

race of drawn horses a marr

iage of who’ s pulling a

head in that continuing

contest of superior

brands.

A Jane Austen type

He took her hand (tight

ly pressed) so straight

into the im ploring depth

of her ex change

ably protect ive eyes

that she took him (off the

real mark) for genuine

ly true.

Those

predetor

women as giant vultur

ous birds hov ering over

their most ly shy inno

cently manlike self-ef

facing consum ed-by-choice

victims.

Incomings

Pink impli

citly felt- down the self-

conscious whims of his

color-implor ing tie

d to an e vanescent

ly incom ing from self.

Touch-stones

If color im

plies sound It’s because

man’s the touch-stone

of his own self-preclud

ing thought s.

Ulysees returned

Penelope

weaving the rhyme

s of color and the touch

of her in finding hand

s to that seldom unity

of person ed-place.

Lost

It was e

ven more than a child

that she lost even more

helpless ly innocent

snow-seized with the dy

ing pains of her milk

less breast s.

The psalmist’

s fear of

life’s bottom less pit clut

ching him eternally

down Emptied to God’s speech

less hold.

The light

tower ris

ing above the sea stone-con

firming that blanked sil

ence of unheard word-

decipher

ings.

Flower

s melt

ing in to the dried

touch of his voiceless

pulse.

Sub-freeze

in Florida’

s like be ing felt

through a strange hand

pressing down to untouch

ed blood-le vels.

Afterglow

The fire’

s afterglow the ash

of stone-re membrance

s.

Warren’

s house of

light and spaced him

to the un known peri

pheries of his imagin

ed self.

A safety

She sought

a safety a refuse

from what she didn’t

want to know at that bott

ornless depth- ed-ground

less self.

Unanswered

The death of

her from God unanswer

ed brother left her as

a candle burned to the

wax and its melted and

cold.

The feel of

Getting the

feel of an other person’

s like land scaping the

where of what’ s beyond one’

s own sensi bilitie

s.

“Thy will he

done” ’s the

very quest ion mark

ed at our own out-per

soned being.

“Taking each

day as it

comes” when it’s really

taking the time out of

your being prunned-bare

d of most ly self-flav

ouring intent ions.

Self-effac

ing can also

become a mean s of con

cealing (though at

times) more from oneself.

Hedges

rowed so

highly fore boding en

closure s of where

fear can’ t shadow

its beyond ness.

Morning

lights awak

ening through those paled

dreams of long-lost for

getfulness.

“Giving in

to oneself’

s the quicksand to the

lower level s of where

she’d alway s been fall

ing.

Worst enemy

If I’m my

worst enemy Only love

can overcome me from that

combat zone of seif-den

ial.

Dolled

She wanted

to be pitied Dolled her

self in to those open

ing/clos ing eyes of

untouch ably chaste

plaything

s.

Renewals

Flowers

freshly co lored his

hand’s scent- clasping re

newals.

Wave-timing

Even in

that embrac ing chill

the pool o ver-lapped

the turn ing tides of

his armed wave-tim

ings.

Walls

not person

s Two in a room of

nothing to be seen

except those cold self-en

closings.

Closeness

He’d never

seen their height shad

owed in their dark-impend

ing close ness.

Illuminat

ing manuscript’

s signify ing letters

as if word s were but

colored for space-lined

appreciat

ions.

Klimt’

s flower-

flow through the lush color

ing’s al ternating

rhythms.

Berrie’

s touched-

glow of moon- escaping

sensed-moment

s.

Haiti’

s so poor

that there was little

left to sat isfy the quake’

s unresolv ing hunger

for more.

Owl-night

hollow

ed to the depth of where

fear defie s its voiced-

frorn presen ce.

The parrot

caged in

trying to speak aloud

the reach of its own plum

ed feather s.

For Rosemarie

Only your

love could fast-hold

the sand bars of my

islanded

loneli

ness.

Pale sand

s the cloud

s mutely e vasive as

shy pre-adol escent girl

s dressed so scarce

ly indistin ct.

Dead fish

on the beach

The cold shocked the

color out of their

sound-increa sing light—

intensit

ies.

Of no return

City of lights at

the end of the sea va

candy re claiming

those lost voice’s no

return.

A sorrow

ful couple

blank at the center though

unified in their long

ing-loss of oneness.

Character study

The curve

of the palm so slender

ly self-ab sorbing.

Haiti (3)

1. Voodoo’

s pin-cush

ioned call ing the dead

spirits to reinhabit

that fail ing land a

gam.

1. Cain

took the

blind path in to those

unknown land s of his blood-

insisting deed s invisibly

marked with that unknow

ing sign ed redempt

ion.

1. Why then

this peace

fill morning air after

night had been so soft

ly claimed for the rest

fill sea tam ed by its

master hand and the un

resolving quiet of an

all-impending

fear.

Revealing

He couch

ed beyond their skin

ned-surface with that

scapel that only words

could reveal the depth of

wounds but scarcely

scarred-o

ver.

Sit-down chair

That little

old lady with braided fine

ly-combed hair and small

but decisive lips self-pro

claiming in renewal im

portance of her own design

ating sit-down chair.

Masked

His was a

choric Grae cean mask en

circling self- deceptive

rhythmic

phras

ing.

Dog-racing

They used

those speed- empower

ed racing dog s money-driven

to their own self-enchanc

ing end ed by aband

oning them to the winds and

weather of their helpless

ly broken-down aging needs.

Classically

felt stone’

s chaste scent of its

cooled touch time-decipher

ing awareness es.

The palm

gently silou etting a trop

ical idyll icly caress

ing softness of serene

touch-silen

ces.

Desert

cactus

flowers

caused in the scent of their irre vocably re

fining light.

Side

streets

deserted

lanes that led him off

through the unknown of

those self- follow

ing path s.

Dead fish

braced help

lessly on the beach mu

ted to the un known depth

of their co lorless

plight.

Dialogued

Young wo

man with pram wheeling the

untold dis tances of

their speech less unity

of phrase.

Of sound-touch

Tiny celebra

ted flower s momentar

ily infelt rarity of

sound-touch.

Follower

His eyes

younger than thought

s could re veal a little-

boy-look of a world not

yet round ed for

light

touching.

Overstated

Some color

s too rich ly self-en

dowed as truths irre

vocably o ver-stated.

Virgin-

souled-child-

like as a tideless

moon scarce ly night-sur

facing.

Holding back

Passionate

ly holding- back the grasp

of some un known fear

reigned tight ly-secured.

Focused

Can time fo

cus itself in tensed to

that soli tary moment

of only then only now.

Reflect

ions in

glass less ened the fresh

ness of co lors out of

their sus pending re

sponse.

Just right

Having it

just right The table set

to her glass- defining

touch ed the ap

pearance for her read

ily expos ing guests.

Returned

He return

ed to the city of his

youth listen ing for the

voice of where he

couldn’t find himself

again.

*Half-confessional poetry* (in memory Robert Lowell)

staring me

back as if I was ask

ing why these dream-sun

years have aged my skin

as those rings indebt

ed to a weath erless tree.

No way out

of a bank

rupt marr iage except

by paying those excess

ive bills back.

Are

night-waves

why my heart’ s dark-puls

ing its un resound

ing shore s.

Repeating

She repeat

ed herself so often

as waves always sam

ed to a dullness

of sense as if time

hadn’t real ly moved on

with her.

2nd commandment *(Moses)*

Recreat

ing God in to the i

age of why we’d alway

s be need ing him less.

Her fear

as if time

had encir cled its no-

coming-out

labyrinth

in to a

maze of selfwandering s.

Rosemarie’

s always

the reced ing ebbed-

quiet of my increasing

ly flow.

Windowing

It rained

so secret ly the night

through-window ing its self-

reflect ing glass.

Barnacled

She barna

cled him holding fast

to a sunken treasure

she couldn’ t surface be

yond its self- escouncing

darkness.

A wared

Becom

ing aware of the dark

ness slow ly start

s seeing us through.

4 Poets

a) For Richard Wilbur

to regain the

composure of your lei

sured-polish ed ease word

ed mostly right You’re

the Macke of a securing

poet’s world.

b) Elizabeth Bishop’

s poetic-

prose of her same-voiced

closely-felt

narrative-

length.

1. E. E. Cumming’s

surface

play of why language

can be so newly cropp

ed.

1. Blake

needed more

of that ti ger imagery

dense and fierce

ly forcing him from his

child-like

simplici

ties.

Autistic

She became

the lesser space of what

her shadow could scarce

ly complete.

Twerns

tiny bird- escap

ing shadow

s still scarce

ly sensed.

Color

less pain

more bone- taught

than word s could less

er define.

Unseen

night-per

sons curtain ed in to

shadow s of selffinding fears.

When

she slept

she sensed his awake

ness as if dream could

become trans parently

alive.

Read wrong

If I read

him wrong It’s because

he’s become the through-

going chap ters of a

book bound to other

times and places re

mote from my own touch

ing-downs.

Emily D.

and Hermann M. The time

s didn’t take them well

off-side from their

self-suffi cing voice

d America’ s icons of an

unrequited

loss.

Sick

to his hold

mg grasp for time’s re

lease of words and sense he

couldn’t find back narrow

ing down.

A tidy

old lady

who kept the little

things she so needed

to see and feel her sam

ed-in one ness.

A. long

bridge of

the kind that left him

wood-escap ing unremem

bered land

scapes.

Back doors

they may

never have ta ken down to

those dark- dim cellar

s cold-scon ed Walled in

their imper soned be

mg.

6 Times imaged

1. Emma (Jane Austen)

She saw so

much of what she wanted

to see that she didn’t

really see at all time

s prevail ing over per

sons as i mages of her

less-reveal mg self.

b) That passah

bread Christ

took to the freedom

long-time reach of his

crucified

body-claim c) Ulysees

tied to the

mast held- fast from the

singing wa ters of his

flesh-invok ing harmon

ies.

1. When

Burnham Wood

s moved e

ver closer instinct

ively near er to Mac

beth’s deathbaring time-

embedded fear s.

1. Bald eagles those highflying nation al icons

nested to the fragile

reach of their egg-

protect ive warm

th-sharing

s.

j) King Manasse

unable to bear the irresist

able words of God’s overreaching hand severed the

prophet Isiah’

s body in-two the muted

wood of his own sharpen

ing fears.

Focused

He focus

ed so long on that black

spider’s mot ionless de

signed him in to its web

of fast-catch ing fears.

Remembered

Why he re

membered this and not

that feeling ofbeing

haunted from an unknown

whereabout

s.

Time-excluding

Why that 12

th century tower’s aband

oned to a lonely pre

existance of not know

ing why it’ s still stand

ing remote ly time-ex

eluding.

Haydn

retones me

to an allu sive phras

ing’s form- defining.

Deep-doum feelings

This day

heavy with dark reclus

ive thought s hanging

fully weigh ed the impend

ing depth of those unheard

deep-down

feeling

s.

Eye-directioning

Hop-scotch

ing between those untouch

ed lines of peripher

al asides to the light-

weighted chalk’s eye-

direction

ing.

There

The thought-

touch of a slight wing

ed bird co lored almost

inpercepti vely there.

Saturday

retired to

an any-other- day if it

wasn’t for that snow-

like feel ing of open-

space field- imbuing light-

currents.

Kiss of death ***(HildeDomin)***

She kissed

her husband and lover in

to a sweet ness beyond

all human means of re

calling.

Art’s

become a

money-mine The deeper

you dig the lesser of

gold nugget’ s brought

to the sur face-shine

of dollar’ s infalli

ble touch.

Rivered down

He wrote un

til river ed down to

the barren pulse of

drought-ap

praisal

s.

Birth-waves

This early

spring land’ s soften

ed down e veil sensed

for its

through-fill

filling

birth-wave

s.

Softening

Do these

spring-star s as the

earth-sound s us even

closer to a soften

ing of phrase.

The few

who dare

say what o thers think

most often left alone

as a man with his pipe smok

ing distan ces of leisur

ed time-shar ing.

Stop

was most

always a go on signal

for his straight a

head no sha dowing world

as a train landscap

ing the speed of whatever

its having been left be

hind.

Undone

His shadow

sun-straight staring in

to a length less void of

irretriev able silen

ces.

Insinuating

Her sweet

ness of voice so unassum

ingly inno cently insinu

ating the se cret confine

s of what would leave

him for her nakedly vulner

able.

That house

When his sis ters left

that house grew

beyond the width of his

knowing why each room spoke

in untouch ed colors se

cretly aware of the moon’

s rising.

Joseph’s robe

Rosemarie’

s retold the many co

lors of my childhood

fancies cloth ed in a

chosen ness of

voiced- through per

ception

s.

*Oboe quartet* (Mozart k. 370)

Such li

quid sound- flowings

a river’ s birth

ed light- touched call

ings.

Orpheus

Do we need

eyes to see love or can

the voice claim for a

realizing

touched-

meaning

s.

Faceless

Putting a

good face on a bad sit

uation’s like those in

terchange able masks be

lying a face less detach

able person.

Ode a Gluck

Controll

ed passion column

ed against the restless

sea of man’ s surging

tidal

claims.

One of theirs

I wasn’t

one of their sensing a

foreign blood- instinct offtrack derail ed desertblooming.

For Rosemarie

born to the

year of our death-warrant

You’ve re born me be

yond all those life

less claim s of self-

reliance.

Uneasing

Pale windblown moon hanging the

claims of a faceless

kite strung to its un

easing hand s.

She

in her mid

to late 50 s half succ

essfully

adolescen

ing back to those

self-finding ways she u

sually miss ed in a marr

iage ofless er self-con

Tiding con venien

ces.

He

as stable

as an old hickory ca

bin wind- tight even

against his wife’s re

course to such child

ly flourish ing ways.

Lifeless from voice

His mind

ran blank grasping

for what couldn’t be

told as a stream bedd

ed in the in ertia of its

dried-down stones life

lessly voic ed.

Nightmare’

s

searched down

self-fear ing the mir

ror’s reflect ionless re

volvings.

No better than

Man’s no

better than his wanting

to be more.

The flute’

s silver

tonali ties finger

ing lightwaves

through.

Snapshots

quicker

seen then longer known

the even more of your not

being other wise.

The ancient turtle

heavy with

the weight that has been

carrying him about centur

ies ofwea thering ex

posures.

Of what it wasn’t

Imitat

ion brick made-to-seem-

wood that house inhabi

ted by the appear

ance of what it really

wasn’t.

So multicolored

That bird so

multicolor ed singing

through the tonalit

ies of its flight-sens

ing wings.

A bottomless well

These time

s impend ing down the

depths of fear a bottom

less well walled through

its indescen ding claim

s.

Esther

the Israel

of God’s chosen dressed in the

radiance of a purity even

beyond the brush-touch

of Chagall’ s sensual

ly curving so manly describ

ing instinct s.

Rats

at the under

ground gnaw ing at the

flesh of my unseen fearexposing clawed-through

imprints.

Thereabouts

Behind those

self-decept ively dress

ed-through smiles of

her parting at the lip

s a secret ly therea

bouts.

Cloud-transforming

The change

abilitie s of those

cloud-trans

forming

thought s wind-drift

ing sound lessly be

yond.

In the air

Snow in the

air a cool ness of sound

transcend ing even those

voiced dis tances of

touch.

Intelling

Red fox

at the wood s edge night-

staring the distant

star’s in telling glow.

Cold-time

houses

holding the hills down to

their vacant sense from

loss.

Pale blue

but sun-dis

tancing morn ing as a

young girl dressed to

the touch for trying

its color s out.

Late winter snow

but slight

ly heard as a remind

er of what was or could

have been va guely appar

ent.

After Breughel

Dark bird

s spoken out of the realm

s of fear

wing-command

ing that snow- lit landscape

protect ively shadow

mg.

On Good Friday

as Christ

died so self lessly a

lone His blood- felt wound

s echoing far and wide

so soundless ly unheard.

Awakenings

Scarce

ly felt the slight step

s in fresh ly fallen

snow only touched u

pon the sur

face of its

awakening

s.

Illmensee

shadow

ing in depth of feeling

the shift ing winds

and through- describing

clouds a dis tant releas

ingjoy un told but en

lighten ing still.

For Michael (f *2007*)

When the

words are wanting for

where you a ren’t Even

the dead can speak if

one tries to answer their

thoughts a loud.

But it wasn’t

He seem

ed as if born for a

nother world That out-ofplace kind of look as if

asking for what wasn’t

It was but it most

ly seemed as if he

wasn’t.

Her room

the only

place that was alway

s hers took on the com

pelling co lors of its

secretly re creating

moments.

Realizing

Portrait of

me age two- and-a-half

I didn’t

know you then

or you me But if we’

re the same being growth

for that not- knowing reali

zing.

Closing churches

They’re clos

ing church es down here

Up for the highest bidd

er As if the world was clo

sing down a gain on the

Christ of its sold-out sal

vation.

Snowcat

as if its

secret under brush ways

could be told and held

so steadfast ly self-assum

ing.

Programmed

They programm

ed him with a switch-light

number that he be

came irre trievably

lost from being name

less.

*Pavane* (Ravel)

a dark

under

streaming

sadness flow ing beyond

the reach of words or time

as if death beautified

even more than life’s

realizing.

The new synagogue in Munich (6)

1. lined with

the names of those sent to

the death camp s to the glory

of the mute liv ing God watching

over the re mains of what

once had be come His home

less people.

1. Jewish life

in the midst

of Hitler’s city stoned in

protected a gainst the pre

vailing fears of that liv

ing past.

1. Thousands

coming to

witness a re birth of the

living dead once extinguish

ed to the con fines of ash

and bone.

1. Auschwitz

here Golgatha there Christ

martyred in the image of

His own deny ing people.

e)I

neither German

nor “Jew” but the last of

the oneness- both mourning

aS a. pO^t-

time witness

at the grave of these flow

ering hope s.

1. Israel

unredeemed in the blood

of the cross How many more

muted lambs for their avid

slaughter houses How of

ten holding the other cheek

for the church triumphant

How often the guilt to be

found not by the others

but in the palm of self

Israel unre

deemed in the

blood

of the cross.

Timeless

in a sea

of chang ing winds and

the current s of inresolv

ing tides

Ulysees through-

steering re solved that

only course for home.

Dull days

closed heav

ens in grey ed numbness

not even voiced reson

ances echo ing for long.

High above

that vast

ness of seasensing-time

in dream-wave s so silent

ly forgott en.

Don Carlos *(Schiller)*

1. Posa

poised high above his

times The Span ish Schiller

preaching his pre-enlight

ened mes sage.

1. Why Don Carlos?

as unstable

as those Fleni mish colonie

s up-in-arms though more

against his mostly un

tamed self.

1. Father/son

conflict as

old as David and Absalom

as German as Lessing’s Phil

otas Phillip here more down

staired than his imperial

nature could conceive.

1. Love

as if cupid’

s arrows most ly misdirect

ed marking them deeper

in a ten sioned/fash

ioned plot.

1. dated?

no A minimum

wage needed now as then

for all those so overwork

ed letter carries worthy

servants of a needy state.

Coloring exposures

The fall

ing of these leaves me

through

nakedly-

coloring exposure

Moon-touched scent

Flower

s blooming through

the dark’ s moon-touch

ed scent.

Of transcending dreams

The night

cloud-surr ounding a

world of transcend

ing dream s.

It “dawned on him”

through

those cloud s of evane

scent sleep from a dis

tant shore’s time-seclud

ing.



These hill

s in soft ly flow

through the wind’s

time-releas

ing.

Dark bells

the night

ringing

through

shadows of falling leave

s inescap ably heard.

Instinctive needs

Sensitive

to the fleet ing sound of

silk the running light

of waves that touched her

hands even be yond their in

sdnctive need for

flight.

Chmelnik

He knew

he was the last one

though he’ d never been

there A shtetl as remote

from life as those kill

ings that left their last crie

s still through- resounding

his unheard silences.

A fear

There’s a

fear some where at the

bottom of where touch

can only be told numbed

through from voice.

Statued

He dreamt

of a no way out Walled in

from the shad ows he’d left

behind a no where place

of his stand ing there

statued time lessly ex

posed.

Spohr’s

quartet-sweet

ness surface- flowing from

romantic un dercurrent

s as a maid en dressed

in the frill s of a through-

desiring

self.

For Rosemarie

My world’

s so soft ly revolving

the sphere s of where

your eyes insensing

me through

Niced

He niced

himself in to the sweet

after taste ofher

fleeting ly affect

ions.

K. 590

I must

have heard it wrong af

ter the seduct ively disarm

ing predeces sor It sound

ed me astray couldn’t find

back to an eased place

of mind “Mo zart gone wrong”

discredit ing the fluent

desires of my own self-creat

ing blissful solitude

s.

Horses

immov

ably stanc ed generat

ions of not knowing o

therwise than that hillconsuming pose breath

lessly in ert.

Mute

he became

because word s couldn’

t answer what he’d seen

Only that i mage ofhis

raped and dy ing mother

spoke louder foreigned

in a dialect of fear that

braced him for its world

of self-den ial.

Adrift

He seem ed as a

boat strand ed ashore

to the rock- bottomed

unevenness of wave’s in

telling a drift.

After-timed

Cloud-

fields thin ly escap

ing wind- breezed mo

ment’s after- timed.

Smoke

invisib

ly ascend ing prayerlike offer ing to the

God ofno where seen.

Umbrellaed

Her uplift

ing smile umbrella

ed the round ness of con

versation al color

s.

Star-sensing

Lights

pulsing the night through

the birth of star-sens

ing silen ces.

A loner

the street

s night- bare at the

sounds of his voice

less com ing.

Checkered

This check

ered table cloth

ed me in squares of

its cross- lined appre

ciation

s.

Quietly voiced

You have

to read me closely

like listen ing intent

ly to what you haven’t

seen increas ing quietvoiced.

The church

at Sosa

cleansed a purity of re

fined light- sense.

Karlsbad

a period

piece of make believe

its time s al

ways here pleasur

ably pursu ing a turn-

of-century

fashion

able complete ness.

Wild geese

instinct

ively aflight fleeing

from their fear of snow

drawn in to the shadow

s of that rhythmi

cally puls ing urge.

Hovering spaciously

Eyes

grown out as a rabb

it’s carrot- ears thought-

revolving more sensed

than heard where they

meet hover ing spacious

ly-

between stop



s catching up to the

where of not being there

before I could breathe but

a touching sense moment

arily now.

oblique

*Side-sensed*

acuity of the cut-down

stone’s off- rhythmic

touch.

Grandhotel Popp *(Karlsbad)*

so through-

whitely be stowed cere

monious ly encircl

ing a final ity of place

as if time was record

ing itself here nothing

but that all- inclusive

resolve.

Moon-shadows

transferr

ing light e ven beyond

the bound s of where

touch can be heard si

lently em bracing.

Dusk’s

hushed si lences draw

ing us in closer ap

proaching the no

where more of then dis

solving in the palm

of stars.

A gaiety

of clothfinding patt erns dancecoloring child-like

implied in nocence.

Bric-a-brac

artifact

s soulless ly imitat

ing where blood thin

s and eyes still seek

ing for gain.

That fearfor loss

His hand

s held long tightly

grasped that fear for

loss to the boned bare

ness of his uncertain

ed touch.

Painted over

He like a

painted-o ver picture

hidden deep er than all

futile claim s for form

ing that o ther side of

his unreveal ing now.

That old Roman road

wooded in

the density of its own

self-declin ing silence

s running its routes still

to the breath of the wind’

s whisper ing-receding

echoing

s.

Dialogued for Charles

To paint

it as you see it look

ing through in brushed

manner of your eye-sensed a

wakening

s.

At the hair dryers

She sat

at the hair dryers out

curled es teemably

prim and pro perly afterset eyes peering a

youthful spring air

that had left her irredeem

ably behind.

These quiet rhythms

of snow fall

ing through a softness

of touch ed-longing im

pression

s.

Those longing snow depths

The train

never came although

voiced with the lights of

its futur ing glow Some

said it was consumed in

those long ing snow-depth

s of their never finding

out again.

Rooster

at the top

of the church roof wind-

deciding the weight of

Peter’s un timely guilt.

So faintly reminding

The snow

released as of word

s from their shadow

ing-touch ed moment

s so faint ly remind

ing.

The date

uncertain

but at that time all the

clocks stopp ed in their

house what was said e

ven thought a continu

ous repetit ion of what

had once been a pro

cess in be coming now

became noth ing more

than that.

Of heard darknesses

The snow a

wakened

lighted-

thoughts trans parencies of

sound that voiced the

night through a continui

ty of heard darkness

es.

Listening aloud

What these

windows viewed through

so speech lessly immune

to words could only be

told when this mute si

lence would be listen

ing aloud.

Iced over

The lake

iced over with voiced

reflect ions and the

unheard pre scient color

s of its fish moving

so silent ly sound-

through.

What’s unsaid’

s echoing

somewhere through the

spaceless voice of night’

s irretriev able silen

ces.

Quiet resolve

This winter’

s quiet re solve heavy

with the weight of un

spoken words its barren

trees speech lessly recall

ing.

Red brick

enclos

ures of these shut-down houses pro tecting in

shadows of their out

lasting

past.

And Theodor Fontane

We both

grew younger- old the dry

ing blood pressing for

the sap of outwaiting

years.

Dark moon-

night the

snow awaken ing soundless

ly voiced those unheard

silences of an un touch

ed world whisper

ing aloud for light.

This room

with its dark- wooded-knots

swollen from birth drying

down now from those

blood-arous mg fear

Our answers

We all have

our answer s right or

wrong those last lines of

defense the dug-in moats

castle wall s protect

ing from with out the lone

liness of our breached

through secur icy within.

Of stuffed animals

the prolifer

ation of tam ed stuffed an

irnals may be protecting

against those more aggress

ive ones with in or with

out so soft ly self-accom

odating.

I see him

now my father

taking the snow deeply

felt though not touching

through/real izing the emp

tied winds of his voice

since those falling stair

b iiau icti so much of

his being behind.

*Annunciation* (Petrus Christus Berlin)

The pristine-

refining-pur ity of the

Virgin’s chaste ly aspiring

whiteness

through-

describing

lily.

The line

between

the truth and that unsaid’

s more than taste can ac

quire as an artificial flower water ing down

from growth.

*Archduke Trio I* (Beethoven Beaux Arts Trio)

Pressler

toned the Beet hoven down to

its fineness of intrinsic

thought through mosaic

wave-coal escing one

ness.

Archduke Trio II *(last mvt.)*

a light

ness of re lease after

the depth-per suasions of

its slow mvt.

A tradition

as with Mo zart or (and)

the contrast s of a resol

ving through flowing unity.

Tt'lO Op. 100 *(Schubert)*

So much ex

quisite beauty of

themes that overcome

the inbet weens of re

petitive

stop-going

s.

Moon-cloud

s night veil

ed obscured even from the

dark of shad owing its

own untouch able self.

Rock-tensed

The rush

of these dark cold winter

ing stream s rock-tens

ed in fear of their

ceaseless no wheres

from coming.

For Rosemarie

The soft love

of age cushion

ed in the lowering

lights of a voiced-ap

pearing one ness.

Of tenderly forgetfulness

My hands

lightly

pursuing

the silent waves of

your hair in to stream s of tender ly forget

fulness.

A cold

so barren-de

fining even in distant

stars con fined the thin

cause of sol itary still

nesses.

Confined

Even the

streams frozen down

to the rock- source of

their voice less confine

ment.

September song

It’s that time

less long ing tinged

with the leave’ s beautify

ing sadness of what’s so in

effably

becoming.

As Lot

I don’t look

back to those fields of

blood and ash As Lot

I’m the be ginning of

each day each poem’

s unknown need for the

where of its becoming.

Reading him

If I read

him by his hist ory as far

as he’d allow to touch those

scarcely per ceiving bor

ders the twi light phase

s of his un reconcil

ing person.

*Paintings in the New Pinakothek* (Munich 19c.) a) Woman ironing (Degas 1869) More cloth

es hanging out impersoned her

looking from self-imaged.

1. Henri Rouart and Son (Degas 1891)

If it was

only the glove s in telling

their same self- distancing

generation s beside

s.

1. Landscape in Martinique (Gauguin 1887)

When that out

lasting for est instinct

ively bright became too

largely loom ing through.

d) Portrait of Frau Gedon (1869 Leibl)

These cloth

es hand-apprai sed combing up

touch-wise

the reach of her fai-

sounding eyes.

1. The Weaver (Van Gogh 1884) Hand-touch eyes secur ing what

ever dark ness he could

be sens ing through.

J) Plucked turkey (Goya 1810)

Feather

s out hang ing down as

if war-consum ing/corps

ed.

1. Young woman sewing by lamplight (Kersting 1823)

Intense

ly quiet in wardly shad

owing a world’ s silent re

frain.

1. The visit of the sovereign (Spitzweg after 1870)

His carriage

as isolat ed from the

daily poor as those al

most fairytale house

s irrelevant ly estrang

ing.

1. Marquesa Cabellero (Goya 1809)

Tightly

and decora tiveiy dress

ed beyond all that protruding

vapid empti ness of per

son.

1. Portrait of a Lady (Courbet ’55)

He landscap

ed her vis age in-to the

contours of his abstract

ing mind.

1. Fir trees in snow (C. D. Friedrich 1828) as if snow

could be as perfectly

punctuat ed as here.

1. After the Storm (C. D. Friedrich 1817)

Ship-wreck

ed sky an geling its

rock-bottom

end.

m) View of Dedham Vale from East Bergliolt (Constable 1815)

The sky’

s landscap ing these

fields in to its out

spreading

shadow

ing domain s.

n) Convent school outing (Spitzweg 1860/12)

all dressed

up and umbrell aed artifici

ally fields a bandoning.

o) 4 Breton woman (Gauguin 1886)

reverent

ially inward- danced to a

slow rhythm ic color

ing.

Luncheon in the studio *(Manet 1868)*

That youth

ful man ei ther posed

for an uncer tain self-suffi

ciency or to appear blat

antly insol ent.

Impressioned

When word s break

through crush

ing snow with your mindimprinting boots have

left in new ly created im

pression

ed.

The law

even the

letter of it despite Christ’

s loving will kept his first

chosen through ages of en

during oppress ion so close

ly knit to gether as

of cloth tightly re

sistant.

The last of snow

melting

from place as those rem

nants of thought

still not quite reveal

mg.

Raven

over

sized comm anding the

tree with its black-endur

ing feather s plumed for

a visage of unaccount

able distan cings.

Mouse-

minded

quick

ness of where

it was before it wasn’t

wind-haunted hushed through

that tatter ed cloth’

s wind-evok

ing.

Cliche

s are like

voices you’ ve heard too

often a same ness of out

used facade s.

Involving

The word

between the word’s a

glance a touch or e

ven chat stillness-

found invoiv ing.

Light-glancing

Ice

light-glanc ing a lady

cooled in the refined

visage of jewelled-ap

pearance

s.

Aging actor

He’d seen

too much to see at all

the memor ied texts

that held his hand

s through those vacant

shadow ing appear

ances.

Macke’s world

was whole

some genuine ly so refresh

ingly normal his coloring

canvass es' light—

trans

forming.

Mute

He couldn’

t speak mute to the word

s that would sense why he

saw in to the enduring

silence s of thing

s.

Thanksgiving

family day

without the family each gone

its own way that the tur

key so stufl ed with fam

ily pleasure s sat resign

ed to the center place

it deserved juicily-unat

tended.

She

was too mo

dest too sweet more meant

for the light ly touch of

desserts slightly seen

ted tea and well-wishing

s.

*1 Kings 3:16-28* (1 Kings U:26-40)

Why did the

wise Salomon endowed with

God’s resplent ishing gifts

brothel the Holy Land with

foreign idol s and the

wrath of a pro phetically di

viding God.

These wood

s nakedly

darken ed sound

ing so for saken in

their life less indwell

mg aloneli ness.

*Friedrich Ebert* (Social Democrat in the 20s)

statued here

in Ottobrunn stoned-tight

from a time that left him

so motion less unresolv

ing vacant ly passed.

Ode a Eichendorff

the pale stat

ues of a fogfading Danzig

secretly re minding

though

voiced-from

steps scarce ly decipher

ing.

“The meek and humble ***(in memory m. b.)***

shall inherit

the earth” A tower of a

person he was yet soft and

pliantly bend ing to the

lesser con cerns of our

retarded son warmth with

a still last ing peace

able smile.

In memory M. B.

He died the

last day of the church

year buried for me in that

reassuring height and

health I saw him last ing through that resurr

ecting smile ofhis.

“Dinosaurs”

Michael called

us The left o ver remain

s of a faith-

fossilled

stone-aged

text-book ed to the

sense of a living touch.

Let the snow

have its fi

nal say cover ing over what

the naked wounds have

left to be

mourned Heaven

ly tears these.

At the end

of the black-

bound book closed to a

finality of lifeless re

membran ces Shelved

for fu

ture possible

reference

s.

Little dot

ted flower

s breed ing new life

into the pulse of their

light-awak ening bud

s.

Stately

at the end

with that ac ademic assur

ance so wise ly conceal

ing that life is not only

there to be taught.

Cactus flowered

Out of the

stoned arid dryness of

these bared desert sound

s the cactus explicit

ly colored.

The poet’s

This room

the poet’s keeps me in

tently list ening through

its soundproofing

walls.

She

pillow

ed through those undulat

ing sounds of sleep-depth

s snow-reclin mgs.

His master’s voice

If sheep al

ways remem her their mas

ter’s voice Why have we

so often been called

through for getful

ness.

Vaughan William’

s Sea Symphony

left me a drift with

those un dulating

waves ofWalt Whitman’s

self-indul gent endless

ly oneness.

Andreis Schiff

s Haydnes

que off- starts of min

now’s glimmer ing shore-

downed inflect ions.

Painted over

When they dis

covered the ab stract purity of

Romanesque

sculpture’s

painted o ver (I did) in

the disenchant ing belief

that scholor s often dis

cover too soon what they

haven’t found out for la

ter.

Overreaching

This black-

deciding bird’ s overreach

ing the naked ness of its

landscaped

abstract

ions.

Overcame

snow-

drawn hard to the fro

zen ground’ s grasp

ing iner tia.

F Minor Variations *(Haydn)*

The clos

ing tacts of Haydn’t F Minor

Variation s kept my seat

on the watch ing edge of

its up

right sound-

ernerg

ings.

Night-loom

owls deep

ly envelop ing woods of

their moon’ s haunting

silence

s.

Waiting

No one

came The wait ing was like

crossing a bridge that

didn’t start where it be

gan feeling for air and

space birdlike without

those necess ary wings of

time-return

mg.

Underlooked

When she under

looked me from her wheel-

chaired roll ing aspirat

ions that I felt foot-

blinded for a momentary

off-balanc ing self.

Move sensed ...

Snow so

slight ly down as

those fine ly felt mo

ments more sensed than

realized.

Michael

if I think

what you’d think of what

I’ve thought It’s a deadway alley now not even whis

pering re turns.

Truer

“The moment

of truth” if it was only

a moment be came all the

truer for that.

Dark snow

the night re

fleeting this moon-

down feel ing of such

obscur ed uncertain

ties.

Birches

so slender

ing white ness of

their dance- escap

ing form s.

The way

The farther

I went the longer that

way became winding

through those receding mo

ments end lessly un

finding.

Sundown

that never

came up A world trans

piring in dulled same

ness heavy with its un

heard re sponse.

Time-receding

The train

moves these landscap

ing hills time-reced

ing.

City

of unanswer

ing quest ions hill-

tensed night- receding.

Whisperings

Wind

s whisper ing in to

those hidd en realms

of their own cloud-con

cealing

self.

Poised

Her hair

so artifi cially cur

led a whirl pool of re

assorted quest

ioning s poised.

Of no return

She had that

look of loss about her

as children in the dense

quiet of wood s trying

to find back from their

way of no re turn.

Bottomed out

When her hus

band died Some thing

bottomed out from her

a void so im penetrably

deep as a well echoing

remote and un finding dis

tances.

Close to life

She lived

close to the life of

talk shows psychodrama

s “the truth of’ headlin

ed the little that had been

left for li ving her

own life out.

A library for Leroy

by the sea

where the mind of book

s free-float ing the ebb

and flow of all those

self-enclos ing shore-

finds.

At first hand

Impecca

bly refined even facial

ly distin guishing

the satin ed white

ness of his close-form

ing glove s Nathaniel

Pink espied at first hand the aristo cratic nat

ure of man’ s failing

past.

Musical virtuosity ’

s like lingui

Stic rhetor ic It’s an al

ways-running-a

way-river

shallowed from its deep

er resound ing needs.

*Taneyev (*1st quartet 3rd mvt.)

rushing as

stream’s curr ent-pursua

ding rock- clasping a de

lying end of where it wasn’

t for being there.

Songed

A bird

sat the empt

tiness of those blank-

down branch es plead

mg sadness Songed to a

vacant ness of sky.

Polar bear’

s white

ness thaw ing to the

flow of that desolate

fragment of ice wind-

bound.

GcntlcnCSS (in memory M. B.)

in a man

is like a tree that

bends through the softness

of its wind- creating mo

ments.

Smoke

rising in

to a vacant ness of sky-

unseen as prayers re

leased beyond even the

dreams of a starless

morning.

Raped

as a child

They took more out of

her than that little

frame could cry herself

back to a wholeness

again.

Moving

through

those

soundless

steps ever so silent

ly as a ship atop that o

ceaned bott omness

from self.

Language

can be form

ed immutab ly aware as

of clay’s light-surr

ounding

s.

Anouilh’s Antigone (1943)

1. Creon’s

become more of a person

sensitive to the need

s of others on the surface

less of the law and order

kind of king.

1. Creon

between per

son state and family divi

ded in a weak ness of con

trary need’s forced to de

cide.

1. Antigone

now one-dimen

sional Her selfcalling martyr

dom stripped of most other rites

religious fraternal Was the

French resist ance so fanati

cal as her de monic occupier

s.

1. Anouilh’s

slight

but tender edjabs a

gainst the happiness-

endings in a bourgeois-

marital soc iety.

1. King David

protect

ed his up start son Ab

salom again st all those

laws lesser than that

of pater nal love.

j) Has Creon

grown up

from a less er self as

He would have it with his

son’s final contempt of

a father

ranged beyond

love and fam ily to a day

by day dicta torship.

g) Anouilh’s

not placed

so certain as he would

appear Stag ed beyond a

conflict of values to the

absurd-nothing’ s really better

after its out ward appear

ances.

“He’s gone”

he said

perhaps some where over

the fields that didn’t

turn back a breathless

way not even the stone

that letter ed him in

could in re membering

the where’ s why.

Prescribing route

Some train

s change track s so smooth

ly involv ing as if that

prescrib ing route des

tined from re calling distan

ces.

Instead

If life’

s a no-win-

game because

its ending ends us But

what if that ending’s the

beginning of all that’

s reclaim ing instead.

Hide and seek’

s most al

ways a selffinding game

If you are where you aren’

t to be found Who's shadow

ing who then.

Schtitz I

es’ Christ mas Story kept

me so close to the voice

of that text ed prist

ine presence timeless

ly rehears ing.

Schtitz II

es’ first-row

ed double chor uses’ antiphon

ed us a

ship ebbed and

flowed in crossrhythmic assym

etric unbalan cings.

Corelli’

s “pastoral”

mother and child flowdipping in gentle stream

s the loveli ness of the

Christ child in the midst

of a star-re vealing light.

Turnabout smile

Her turna

bout smile left me off

standing out balancing

the where of what’s from

leaving me behind.

W]ien to stop

Not knowing

when to stop took him

through that no-turn

ing back im mensity of

woods the al ways more of

darkening from return

s.

*AdaglO* (Bach Brandenburg no. 1)

as a boat

even-flow ed echoing

in the still ness of time’

s passing mo tionless

ly unspoken.

Drab day

as post-war

women dress ed in their

washed out color’s ex

pression less non-stay

ing smile.

Of dreamless imaginings

Snow fall

ing through the night

of his dream less imagin

ings as a boat releas

ed from the depth of

its still flow ing tide

s.

Why did Stravinsky

so early

turn neo-class ical the strea

ming blood of his dance-

effusions dried down to

pulseless

wind-echoing

s.

An illusion

His life

more start s than con

elusion s a success

ion of co lors only

matching as an illus

ion a shell sea-sound

ing hollow ed out ex

posure

s.

The more

was not e

nough for him That aching

need at the desert of his

heart burning even beyond

the bright ness of that

cold moon' s desolat

ing.

Ringwald

could only

find the shad owing self

of where he wasn’t as a

room ever so faintly lit

because the moon couldn’

t be sensed even there

in the full

r •

ness oi ns callings.

At the bottom

of the stair

s Blood pool s of drying

silences where he lay

the always of being more

of what couldn’t be

washed a way.

Oedipus at Colonnus

1. between

sin and re demption

the “unknown sin” of the

Jewish bible and the redempt

ion of

Elijah’s “not be

ing better than his fathers”

though

cloud-en

raptur

ed.

Oedipus

1. blind to the

truth of his blood-incest

uous guilt in the dark of

what eyes have seen and

known the un veiling of

those dread fill deeds.

1. Oedipus

the forsak

en wander er as the

Jewish people landless de

fenseless with the only

hope of divine intervent

ion.

1. Sophocles’

Oedipus at Col

onnos at the end of his

life concei ved the middle

portion of an unfinish

ed trilogy Not the reflect

ive ripe ness of an a

ging ageless wisdom but more

the youth ful pathos

of Athen’ s self-in

flicted en during de

feat.

Wooded-horizons

This snow-

fallen land’ s breath

ing its cool ness out to

the longing- needs of its

wooded-horiz

ons.

Of Jesus’ birth

Did time

stay still then static

ally in telling the

timeless ness ofje

sus’ birth.



of a white

Christmas” the purity of

an outspread ing snow

concealing all the wound

s man’s in flicted

through the seeds of his

self-destruct ive instinct

s.

No answers left

As of a bird

atop its leaf less time-bar

ing tree peer ing out the

vacancies of where the

wind’s echo ing through

its time less untell

ing distan ces.

He survived

not knowing

why an is land in him

self-surroun ding all that'

s been left be hind.

Atoned

They kill

ed God nail ed to the

warped wood of their own

blood-blem ished convict

ions Left Him hanging alon

ed and forsak en a symbol

of their god less self-as

piring world.

Felix

that black

lithe squirr el nutted me

into the con viction that

a good feed pawed and

clawed to its tasty finish

ing off-shell s worthy of

all those win tering tail

ing rounda bouts.

Winter out-fitted

Pink with his

rosey-red hat concealing

all his inner conviction’

s pirouett ing a waltzskating cir cular sense.

Poetry books by DavidJaffin

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 ofWinter, Abelard-Schuman, London 1975, with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon.
4. As One, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1975.
5. The Halfofa 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 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
13. Into the timeless Deep, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England, 2002 andjohannis, 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 andjohannis, 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 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
20. Sunstreams with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2007 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
21. Thought Colors, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2008 andjohannis, 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 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany
24. Time shadows, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exter, England 2010 andjohannis, 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-Smitli*

“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 Sewancc 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 ofhis 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](http://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 ofhis work resists quotation or excerption; his deceptively simple surfaces use the tensions inherent in the vocabulary to open up new horizons. Delicate creations, his poems tend to be wonderfully light lyrics.”