

INTIMACIES OF SOUND



Poems

David Jaffin

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OF SOUND**
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David Jaffin

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| Whispered | |
| through Grass | 214 |
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Hearing aid'

s a symbol of
the times
Most every
thing without
brought into
focus And
what's near and
intimate
scarcely
audible.

After the necessary time

the police
brought them
back Her blood-
ridden cloth
es The ski-
sticks that
couldn't hold
her back
Her shoes that
left the ground
behind them
And the skis
that had their
own story to
tell All in a
bundle of

death for the
parents a 2nd
burial but un
placed bodi
less.

Reinforcement

If they
only hear what
they want to
Then they've
been listen
ing to their
own echoing-
from voice.

Mountained cemetery

Do these
flowers cele
brate
such dancing
colors where
these trees
have been
stumped to a
mute awareness
in unsensed
being.

Silver distel's

rough-
edged thoughts
chaliced
a shiny sense
of moon-spo
ken light.

The one that got away

Eye to
slippery
eye Nose to
the nose of
sensing death
That strawberry
bass on Lake
Champlain
that got away
into its
darkening
realms
And left me
without a net
and with those
barren thought
s of an em
ptied hook.

Scarecrow

I don't
know who'll
be afraid of
this one if
we aren't
Dressed down
to the appear
ance of a
policing
stance He pro
tects what
shouldn't be
stolen from
the fruits of
the fields as
if he didn't
have an appe
tite for them
himself stuck
into the shal
low earth of
such menacing
attitudes.

Hard-cut

She was
hard-cut
Features an-
gled-in Bomb
ed out of her
past She strode
not with the
fine and plea
sing steps
most women pre
fer But with
the certainty
of a manly
self-declining
assurance.

The ripeness of fruit

and the year
ning thirst
to flow it
in to the
taste of such
consuming
colors.

Love poem

When I
curve the
roundness
of your face
into the mould
ing hands of
love's implor
ing desires
Your eyes in
askance the
way children
who want to
know and your
hair brighten
ed because I'
m telling it
so.

Changing colors

These
leaves keep
changing
the colors of
my eyes
falling through
the light of
autumn's
early glow.

Resembles

The dark
resembles
roses It
grows out
of a sense
of being
seen.

Morning moon

and the
day bright
ened in for
forgetful
ness These
trees spoken
through
their shadow
less awaken
ings.

Time-tabled

We'
ve often been
time-tabled
into trains
that didn't

connect be
yond where
that reading-
off blackboard
would check
us in for
being there.

Children on display

their clever
nesses and
specially tai
lored talent
s as a form
of designing
oneself for
the guarantee
of others.

Braunschweig: 4 paintings

a) *The sacrifice (Lievens)*

knife at hand
the sacrifi
cial animal-
ed Burning
fires God's in

sistent wrath
for the love
of Abraham and
his son Embra
cing the Lord'
s beneficent
being.

b) The Seduction (Vermeer)

All was
said with
these two lit
tle lemons The
one as whole
as that darken
ing pictured
face above her
And the o
ther cut the
sperm enters
its spiny way
through the
threads of
her not-so-re-
sistent flesh.

c) The Fall (Parma da Vecchio)

Adam
too much in
love Posed for
the beauty of
his bodied
claims Eve
sure-minded
fruit of her
insistent
telling eye
s.

d) Adoration of the Shepherds (Jordaens)

crowded into
the crudeness
of their fea-
tures Humbled
as they were
even more by
the smallness
of the child
But why that
fashionably
hatted woman
Staring intent
ly for an ap-
propriate dis-
tanced from
view.

Leaves

wind-mo
ving sha
dows.

Milkweed'

s that tiny
seed's sensing
with so much
of the wing's
whiteness.

Could mean

This sky
more of the
blue than
our seeing
eyes
could mean.

Blown free

Flowers
blown free
from their
coloring-in
flections.

A good try

He had
a good try
at life
It was like
that old tree
in the back
yard The higher
those branches
became the
lesser his
hands could
hold.

Poems in print

black for
white as those
pianoed scale
s keep es
capiing.

Fall of man II

Parma da Vecchio Braunschweig

Declaring
fruit for the
touch of un
folding hand
s and rea-

firming eye
s of the
poisoned na
ture of death'
s call naked
ly espoused.

Bird's ascending

crops of
cherries sha
dowing in the
ripeness
of their fu
gitive taste.

Minnowing

The glance
d off of
pearl-like
inflec-
tions Silver-
streams
minnowing.

Medieval symbols

out-told
from meaning
Golden flaked
with heaven
ly assumption
s Like find
ing back to
the where of
where one
wasn't.

Theme and Variations

Mozart'
s coquette
childly chas
ing in butter
flies post
humously
change from
direction
s.

Quiet late summer days

a mildness
of less spo
ken light
and receiving
shades that
voice a per
spective peace
fully composed
that even
these random
clouds rounding
out in pillow
ed leisure.

Withholding

She
lowered
her voice
to the sub
tle shades of
her hair And
the wind par
ting in lip
s increasing
ly withhold
ing.

Aristophanes: the birds (7)

a) flying away

I would fea
ther myself too
If only we
could fly a
way from our
blood-stain
ed instinct
s.

The idol

all of fla-
ked gold
Peeling at the
edges of its
Pre-Colum
bian habitat.

b) Sacred and profane

If they
left that fligh
ty poet to the
heights of his
bird-like flut

terings not
even the laws
could suit such
sights to their
down-to-earth
paragraph
ings.

c) The sacrifice

to hungry
gods or the
unfathomed
needs of man
or birds tran
scending the
flightly vir
tues of this
earthy realm.

d) The heroic past

and those bro-
ken times bro-
ken shells
Calling us back
to the myths
of the sea
and its time
less urging
s.

A long time to thaw

Some per
sons need a
long time
to thaw
As the fro
zen rivers
of the taiga
they lie low
in their win-
tered crest
of silence
until touch
ed with the
warmth of stream-
ing through
desires.

e) Unfeathered?

You can't
unfeather
me from the
higher flight
of poetic sen
sibilities
or with tar
and feather
ed features

keeping me
close to the
reign of your
own pre-form
ing and post-
Persianed in
sistencies.

f) The wall

Can we
wall our
selves in from
a world deep
within the
boundaries
of our own
self-compla
cencies Higher
than we can
conceive the
shadowing
depths per
soning our
own every
day searching
sense from
self.

g) Flight LH 1900

These
sheets of
sound strea
king colors
of steel
illuminat
ing self- en
closing tran
scient worlds
below.

A dialogue of aging lovers

is like
mostly co
lored birds
whispering
the leaves
anew from
their fading
sense in
greeness.

Im-itating

what you
aren't is
like selling
your shadow
ing promises
at reduced
rates.

Roads

are more
like distan
cing thought'
s smooth-sur
facing the
whereabout
s of their
finding
from.

Sermoned

You could
have amened
those flour
ishing self-
persuasions
of his drafty
sermon at least

3 times be
fore he came
down to the
length of his
eye-brow
that least
sanctified
of all-end
ing words.

Wall-papered

most of her
transient
thoughts
to those off-
coloring de
signs of
distant ap
preciation.

Joseph in the pit

at the depth
of fear And
his brothers
showing off
their who'll
bend for whom
attitudes
of wild ani

mal's blood of
that innocent
sacrificial
foreboding
in the redemp
tion of Christ.

Achat

cut to
the heart of
its flowing
center's an
ocean form
ing through
soundless
expanding
waves.

Hurrying too quick

to conclu
sions with the
haste of grasp
ing for shadow
less perspec
tives.

Of motionless longings

These
rains have
dampened
me down as
these leaves-
hanging bran-
ches heavy
with the
weight of mo-
tionless
longings.

Too pretty

Some
times you'
re too pretty
to be touch-
ed just right
in that dress-
ed-like ap-
pearance
more to be
framed in
painted culti-
vations.

Edgy feelings

as off-tim
ed conclu
sions The ten
sions of not
so certain
colors or Ce
zanne's bowl
of out-balan
cing fruits.

Out-placed

The cross
in that Cal
vinistic
church be
gan to sway
uneasily out
placed from
its theolog
ical attune
ments.

By saying less

He told
more by
saying less
Some thing
of those di
minishing
eyes that
held as hand
s asking-
in touch.

Hypo Bank Expo/Munich Sept.04 (5)

a) Magritte: Sleep walker

from the out
side of that
lanterned
light to the
inside of his
morning chair
s approach
ing some phan
tom image of
where dark's
revealing.

b) Klee: "Premonition" 1939

Those men
oraed eyes
tear-burning
the synagogue'
s ash of Is
rael's wanting
flesh.

c) Lembruck: "Standing woman" 1910

Can such a
sensitive
face attuned
to the direc
tions of fine-
feelinged
thought be
felt from that
largeness of
such a
bodied pose.

d) Javlensky: Last Light 1925

of where
you couldn'
t tell for
more of hol
ding that

brush paraly
zed formed its
finalized
light-needs
coming through.

e) Ancestor cult Papua-New Guinea

If fear
has eyes then
only there
spacing the
dead past's
listening
now.

This long line of books

emptying
my shelves
with les
sons that
have been row
ed to the
dust of such
gleaning-
in post
scripts.

When she stopped being

what she was
but more of
those shadow
s clothed
in the depth
s of untouch
ing forgetful
ness.

Without a cross in a Calvinistic church

He prayed to
a wall of
closing-in
stone's e
choing back
what death'
s meant for.

Why God chose

David the
adulterer
and killer of
his finer in
stincts Instead
of Jonathan
that primed-
for favorite
as eldest son
full of com
passion even
against the
tides for his
own self-se
lection Only
God knows why.

Camus: L'étranger (5) (The stranger)

a) *The sand*
can keep
slipping
from under
your feet with
out the im
pressions left
of who

or where
or any place
from not be
ing there.

b) The sun
tells me
more of my
self by sha
dowing what
can't be held
into that i
mageless
void.

c) The rape
He didn'
t do it But
that over
whelming
caused
in sun.

d) The dog
So often
beating
that selved-

in fear to
its over
coming accept
ance.

e) The prison
Securing
those step
s to a mind
self-imprison
ed the length
of where co
ming's a
going to(o).

For my father

He
being more of
himself than
anyone I'd
ever known
Died in the
shadows
of where he
wasn't
from being.

Motives

Those most
suspicious
of other'
s motives
Have a right
of becoming
more aware
of their own.

Gieseeking concert New York in the 50s

Can those
almost magi
cal musical
tones Even of
Mendelssohn's
Songs without
Words trans
form into a
forgetful
ness of what's
so blood-ap
parently
present.

“Let’s put it all behind us”

as if shadows could
be dulled from
their darkening presence.

Late September

the dark
months are coming
the nights getting cooler
the shadows deepening
into an uncertain fear
of these times
No where
to know as the rivers
clashing the light of their
sharp-protruding rock-
surfaced.

Of knowing where

The passing
of time The
slowness of
these clouds
These shifting
meanings of
words extend
ing far be
yond the reach
of knowing
where.

A room at the top of the stairs

As if these
winding step
s echoing in
circling
thoughts that
find me back
again to the
where's of
becoming.

A quiet Sunday

beyond the
reach of these
deepening
shadows where
words as the
touch of silk
seemed more
sensed
than spoken
through the
falling of
leaves to
after
thoughts.

Donatello's David

He would
have wanted
to wear down
to those
smooth surfac-
ings of an
almost per-
fectly polish-
ed being.

These houses

seem cut-
out from
card-board
perspective
s Roof-lin
ed to the
cold vistas
in window-
framed
light.

First warnings

and these
flags search
ed through
from color
The land bar
ed down from
its breath
Even these
houses seem
dulled in
to emptied
reflection
s.

Used up

His time
was used up
Even that
clock in the
living room
stopped tell
ing him So
he stared in
to those em
ptied space
s that once
his past
could have
been telling.

So slowly

The heavens
moving him
so slowly in
to that vast
awareness
of self-re
deeming
light.

Train conductor to Auschwitz

I didn't
set those
dogs on them
Or close the
doors of those
cattle-wagon
s tight be
hind I didn't
hear their des
perate cries
or line them
up for those
prisoner's
showers I
didn't see
but heard a
bout later
I simply took
them there
Daily trans
port as any
other train
would have
done.

Fulfilling

If this
tree could
be hung with
apples again
It wouldn't
look as sad
ly as now
For the fruit
would be round and
steady to
be taken in
glance.

Its own time

Is this
train telling
its own time
Continuous
ly there
along those
straighten
ing lines of
tracks in its
more of be
coming.

Climbing

Trees
consuming
space breath
lessly
climbing.

In Plochingen

Hundert
wasser's jin-
gle-jangle
house as a
half-horned
castrated
calf's not
quite belong
ing.

With toy guns

Shooting
with toy guns
at papered
faces may be
ripping blood-
lines through
your finger'
s assuming-
in flesh.

Open sounds

like early
Haydn spac
ing for
wind.

Yellow jacket's needl

ed feet
sharp in-
cise sting'
s – in blood'
s prettied
colorness.

Landscaped tragedy

Little boy
playing the
big man
ed tractor
releasing
control's
over-running
his infant
brother and
mother's
helpless
cries Bigger
even than
all those o
ther's tear
s could re
deem back
to life.

Karlsbad

's over
towered com
mittment
to lasting
facade's
that old
world forget
fulness
from now.

Sinking shadows

as a ship
lost from
its wherea
bouts and
the waves
calling it
down from
the deep.

Opened out

He felt
as if open
ed out
As a house
where the
hollowing
winds and
those bro-
ken-time
windows
wordless
prevail.

Distinct as a bird

wingèd
with rest
less color
ings.

That house

was where
she wasn't
Left behind
that fear of
her father
And yet it
drew her near
er for being
where she
wasn't As if
his death
was still spea
king aloud
from those
vacant walls
of his.

To the bottomlessness

Chasms
of wind-
swept depth
s their hun-
gried fear
s Discolor
ing sound-
beats to the
bottomless
ness of where'
s diminish
ing self.

The romantic concerto'

s more like
an overly
dressed-from
woman with
more than
those perfumed
colors about
her than She
could bring
back to
size again.

Mozart K. 397

as if
in the inner
flow of an
unspeakable
sadness
barely touch
ed to the
surface of
where sound
s revealing.

Encore as the bald

ing conductor
wringled him
self danced-
in snake for
ming an appre
ciation of
in-bodied
sound.

Her gentleness of voice

as the gui
ding of wave
s over the
surface of
where sound
s diminish
through
their star-
like
presence.

Sabbath

and your
hands lit
from the
light of
those candle'
s voiced-
through
in still
ness.

2 lithe squirrels

the other
side of where
the other
wasn't Cha
sing in up
telling ears
that hidden
sleekness
of warming
fur's distri
butive mea
nings.

Massively woodened-in

Those rooms
darkened
and massive
ly woodened-
in with chests
of drawers
neither o
pened nor
closed from
a time-stan
ding walled

imperman
ency of
their daily
and most-las
ting concern
s.

Blood-levelled

All those
clocks contra
punctally
Distancing
the blood-
levelled A
rising tide
s.

Choral night

s sounding
in darkness
as through
the rush
of moon's
watering
times and those
distantly
in-proclaim
ing stars.

Sieneſe early 14th c.

That ſlen
der glance
of hand-
touched co
lorings in-
perceiving
the what of
iſn't there
indiftinct
ly.

Rosemarie

in the ſleep
of ſtar-
lit imagin
ings.

Room of hats *Ambrogio Lorenzetti's "Investiture of St. Louis
of Toulouse"*

A room of
hats ſpeaking
over the per
ſons they
represent
ed there
Sleekly in
veſted in a

dignity be
yond reproach
able aside
s.

“St. George and the dragon” (Aldorfer, Munich)

with those
shimmering
woods All
dressed
through trans
cending light
ness of more
than that
knight or any
such armour
could be re
telling.

Fredricke

Her teeth
tight-talk
ing impress
ively projec
ting a tensed-
in smiled un
seen pleasure-

like flowers
for their late
autumn sun-ta
kings.

Berries

those
rain-jewell
ed remembran
ces of why
touch must
be seen from/
first.

Rooftops

Spanish re
miniscent
of why those
rough and a
bandoned
hills have
been spaced
down to an
evenness
from view.

Those Duccio saints

As if lif
ted in light
Those Duccio
saints angeli
cally calling
the names of
their choir
ed assembl
ings.

At 67

am I
not the same
even more in-
tensely see
ing in this
outer shell
pre-witness
ing for death'
s finalized
stigma.

At the zoo (9)

*a) Alena was
swinging*

like an angel
And with the
monkeys doing
likewise I
felt my hand's
rhythmic
urge holding
her through
for a 3 year
old's semi-
heightening
bliss.

b) The penguins

hadn't quite
made the grade
Proudly bal
ancing as
Prussian
officers between
a benign self-
certainty and
the swimming
effects of
glass imagin
ings.

c) We missed the snakes this time

with their
self-entwining
venomous ton-
gued-in accen-
tuaries And
that slippery
glance that
had me toe-
lightening
it the night
after.

d) Some of those tropical birds

elongating
even my sense
for poetic
grace a thin-
ness of foot-
finding Airily
and pleasur-
ably self- at-
taining.

e) Wild-eyed animals

I wonder
what those
wild-eyed

animals see
ing me through
to their caged-
in praries
Pressing from
paws to im-
print their
trying instinct'
s flesh-for
ming.

f) *Oh*
for the
case of those
giraff's lined-
through a leaf
iness of lip-
ascending and
presuming ce
lestial plea
sures.

g) *Below the surface*
of their
sound-measur
ing depths
The swollen

features of
shadow-a

bandoning
fish.

h) At the bird's place

All those

slight-color
ing bird'

s choral en
chantment

of time-
effusing

sounds Wingèd
to the height

of their own
foot-lengthen

ed personal
persua

sions.

i) The kangaroo

with its un

deciding
jumps gave

me the im
pression of

some-time
politician

s neither co
ming nor go
ing either
way.

Being hurt

was her
way for fee
ling more
from herself
As a doll
dressed out
brightly
for conceal
ing in
tears.

More resplendent

That
all color
ing-over-in
green frog
seeming
ly more re
splendent

by just con
templating
itself for
sitting
there.

This blurred vision

of trees
going faster
than form
can think.

The mouse wiesel

with its
pungent
smile might
be stealing
some of the
encores minor
actors take
from unguard
ed chicken
coops.

Like

This
slight
ness of cloud
s like young
girls through
their self-
appearing
coloring
from dress.

Formed

As if
hills could
be told
through
their self-
assurance
of space- en
closing
formed.

Sun-bleached colors

as the after
smiles of ask
ing from
too much
apparent
use.

Looking back'

s like tur
ning around
one's sense
in direction
The fear of
what wasn't
so present
ly there
As if time
itself had
stopped
painfully
aware.

The warning signs

were there
He didn't stop
to see as
a yellow light
turning for
red He went
through at the
risk of o
pening roads
and wide see
ing through
vistas.

Otherwise

Was he
otherwise
than being
now On the
wrong track
Time-tabell
ed for where
he wasn't in
that train
not taken
didn't stop.

For security sake

It all
came down to
where a stran
ded beach with
a few despai
ring trees
for security
sake of lone
ly shipless
harbors.

Seeing for sky'

s a way of
looking
those hill
s up to
where they'
re forming
impersoned
below.

Numbers

engraved
in stone
As if they
could outlast
the memories
of those per
sons buried
to the depth
of such in-
telling si
lences.

Evergreens

as if
persuading
for a con
tinuing re
birth.

To be certain of

False teeth
hearing aids
In-lensed
eyes What'
s left of
me to be cer
tain of.

Consensus

These hills
rowed in
to a consen
sus of where
houses
square-deep
climbing in
tentional
ly from.

Singing itself in light

For where
the voice
like a stream'
s singing it
self in
light.

So distinctly hard

Her fea
tures so dis-
tinctly hard
the impressed
clarity of
a freshly min-
ted coin.

Young women sewing (Georg Fredrick Kersting)

The space
and darkness
was more of
your seeing
there in
to the light
that fin
ger's touch
to breath.

Street lights

proclaim
ing their si
lent reach
a darkness
of glassed-
in fear.

Invisibly awake

Windows
at night
seeing in
visibly a
wake As spirit

s haunted for
their sound
less past.

Lowering the shades

with a quie
tude of hand
s in to those
distancing
realms
for dream.

Animals

wake me ac-
tive Their
quick sense
in sensing
As if color
was intens-
ed self-
finding.

Love-making

That
heavy ground
based turtle
caught her
posily dust
treading up
for love ma
king If she
could bear
the weight
of such heigh
tened passion
ed inertia.

2nd commandment (Moses)

If man
created God
in his own
image How
godless
can God become
by not be
ing created
imageless.

Elegiacally rehearsing

Those stub-
bled fields
with the few
despairing
trees leafless
from regrets
And the wind
s plaintive
ly in annointed
hymns elegia
cally rehears
ing.

Animal imitations

that exoti
cally dressed
up house
with the mut
ed cries of
their stone-
stilled inhabi
tions.

That slenderness (from the Chinese)

of branch
budding to
the finger-
tips of its
increasing
expectat
ions.

As a used coin

He was
as a used
coin with its
image fading
from the hand
s that touch
ed it down
until at the
end with only
that dulled-
from glance
hardly de
cipherable
for continu
ing use.

Undoing history

You can't
undo history
even your own
by thinking it
otherwise
Because it'll
catch up with
you in the end
Nor can you
paper it o
ver with good
intentions
as Christmas
packages with
added frills
and ribbons
for delight-
occasioning
eyes.

The grey of wanting color

This sky
impassive
ly stilled
The grey of
wanting co

lor as some
middle-aged
ladies rehears
ing routines
of staid-in
wintered
clothes.

Abandoned houses

remind me
of lonely
faces with
eyes dulled
in to the
solitudes
of too much
loss.

Love is

because you'
re always
there in be
ing more for
being mine.

Those hills the war left behind

Outside
the cities
Those hills
the war left
behind Buried
deeper those
fragments of
houses and the
last screams
of the dying
without sense
of the why or
wherefore
from.

Wolfgang

He never
came back
As if flee
ing from him
self Mostly
hunched over
in diminish
ing height
self-depreci
ating because
He failed and

They all knew
it with eyes
that kept tell
ing him further
away from the
coming back
to.

The house by the stream

Her husband
left her
children
too And she
was left with
a house e
choing in the
memories as
that stream
that ran be
side it of
passed but
self-sustain
ing silence
s.

Slowed down

They slow
ed him down
to a finish
ing glaze cer
amically
turned for re
peating appre
ciations.

Scarecrow

She was
meant to
frighten off
those flut-
tering a
bout birds
for an e
qualizing
taste without
the temptat
ions of ri
sing above
her statued-
in form.

All over again

If we
had to do it
all over a
gain It would
still be de
ciding us
those same
ways Choice
only seems
so after
having ful
filled the length
of its predeter
mining ends.

Blackbird

messaging
in branch Why
its claws
have attained
to such in-
penetrating
means.

The dark

is where
touch can't
be seen
with words
melting for
sound.

The rains

as if in
whisper
ing for the
dark's eva
sively un
touched.

Truths

too often
told have out
done the
meaning of
their cause.

Beethoven 7th: 3rd mvt.

As far off as
it can be
Rhythmically
pulsed my
riad of stone-
stars
Singing to
some unheard
awakening
s from the
soundless
deep.

H. G.

In time
they got
used to each
other though
difficult
at first Like
that problem
for some with
foreign way
s and means
But they e

ven became
self consol
ing I mean
she and those
varieties of
pain-problem
s that kept
them mostly
for their
home-sharing
benefits.

Hartmut

took rather
late in life
to flying
Some felt it
was his musi
cal instinct
s That lyri
cal beyond the
what's-left-
below Where his
prettied wife
a singer her
self couched-

down with a
nother felt-
for lover.

Too many times

If you've
seen the same
things too
many times
They might e
ven stop loo
king back
from you.

Thinning down

Au
tumn's thin
ning down for
more exposure
Spaced-through
the light of
interchang
ing mood-find
s.

Blank face

blue eyes
And I'm not
certain if
her feature
s have mould
ed-in to
what charac
ter means in
looking out.

Even keeled

as that
ship needed
a steadied
hand and those
hardened fa
cially cut-
from features
fixed into the
winds of their
expression
less void.

A room without windows

only the
sounds of
what can't
be seen pass
ing me by as
of shadows
impersoned
distantly
aware.

"I've been working on the railroad"

in that same
ness of non
place Only the
distances
between and
those spokes
that keep tell
ing my hand
s awake.

Of where we didn't start

We were born
in to the be
ginning of
where we weren'
t Who chooses
their parents
and those de
ciding birth-
rights And yet
I am in the
otherness
of not being
so chosen.

Snake-eyed

he brother
ed with a re
coiling hate
And those
smiles snake-
eyed invis
ibly poison
ed.

Some masterpieces in the Kassel museum (5)

a) *Asnath (from "Jacob's blessing" Rembrandt)*

almost sub

missively
thoughtful

Ringed in the
circling pen

siveness where
all those je

wels seemed so
subdued

from touch.

b) *"Man with a hat" (Hals, 1660)*

Rough-

edged hand
s slouched

hat Angled
face between

pose and a
certitude

in-glanced.

c) *Italian aristocrat (Titian, 1550)*

The dignity

of man's triumph
over primieval

forces Straight
ened to a
height of self-
satisfying
stance with an
almost cosmic
assurance
Costumed thor
ougly through
in red.

d) Jacob and the blessing (Rembrandt)

The aged
ness of Is
rael's suffer
ing selection
And the bless
ed youth al
most angeli
cally curled
in to a bright
ness for futur
ing hopes.

e) Elsbeth Tucker (Dürer, 1499)

There were
more pattern
s about her

than that
boned-in
Eye-search
ing view could
possibly be
signifying.

Marla

She was
so afraid
of herself
That she kept
her prettied
yellow bird
caged-in
for fear that
she herself
might be fly
ing out.

City/sounds

Lights pun-
ctuating
in-glowed
reflection
s city/
sounds.

A science to man

If there'
s a science
to man it'
s because we
haven't found
him out Yet
the genes en
liven that
search Jugg
ling for a
human nature
that nature
can't claim
for herself
alone.

To Chopin me

They're
still trying
to Chopin me
right back to
my mother's
flowering mis
takes hearing
through what
ever bliss

those sensitivities could
cling on in
virtuostic
rumblings.

Nathaniel Pink at the piano

tuning up
to his finger's hearing aid
s him for
those fines
ses of specializing intonations.

The closed box

Those
littlenesses of birds
swirling
in hungering

palpation
s air-lifting
what they
couldn't
quite come
down for.

These dark

October rain
s And the
night's grow
ing deeper
in to the
realms for
sleep As if
from some dis
tant shore
Calling in
tides through
the eclip
sing glow
of lost and
abandoning
stars.

Pictures from the past

recalling
as if from
a lost sense
for self.

Worn thin

to the touch
of where
hands reveal
ing that in-
stinct for
boneless
smiles.

Rain-drop window

these tiny-
touched-
sounds of
that slight
edged-in
percept-
ing.

Of marbled purity

The reach
of the vine'
s grasp in-to the
touch and
shine as of
marbled
purity.

Clavigo (5) (Goethe)

a) Hamlet and Clavigo

Hamlet
couldn't de
cide But Cla
vigo did at
both ends for
him Conscience
and fame fa
ted to cancel
out in a dy
ing weakness
from self.

b) Time

will catch
up with our
being caught
in its net
for future
concerns.

c) This early Faust

so certain
of his mark
ed the other
side of that
other self
Centered
to the fruit
s of its
over-ripe
fallings.

d) Vengeance

can seem just
ly imperson
ed in another
Even if Hamlet
refrained
from such
self-defying

uncertain
ties.

e) Marie

as Orphelia
sensi

sed to where
love and pain

tear apart
those last

threads from
self.

For Rosemarie

You'

re the cir
cling of my

closing
sense in be

ing.

This mist

as a veil
absorbing

cooled a
wareness
of where
sound's in
creasingly
heard.

Deborah

A ner-
vous ripp-
le of laugh-
ter striped
her dress
from its chin-
boned smile.

Depressively bared

These au-
tumn trees
depressive-
ly bared of
all their pro-
tective co-
verings.

Suspendingly alive

That sophis
ticated nod
implying a
correctness
of dress
with a gold
ened chain
for the length
of your see
ing him or it
suspending
ly alive.

In Madeira

at the
bottom of
the sea those
black phan
tomed fish sha
dowed in the
motionless
ness of their
own increas
ingly pre
sence.

A glazed bowl

circling
the color of
what your
hands felt
from telling.

Presidential politics '04

Ambition
or calling
Whatever'
s more of their
ever-present
ly self.

Craftsmanship (for Charles Seliger)

It's
the means
exacting
ly precise
that keeps
telling us
so increasing
ly so!

“A minor paradise”

He called
it “a minor
paradise”
As if such
seclusion
wasn’t worthy
of some dis-
tant island’s
whisper-
ing shores.

Bald-eyed practitioner

out-selling
from that
last swell of
promoting
hair-smile
s.

A sadness

There'
s a sadness
about these
late-color
ed leaves
falling
through a
softness of
flight En
circling now
as children
cast off from
their mother'
s womb.

Sunflower's lights

gone out
from its hid
den source
Bending now
in self-depre
ciating pre
sence.

The worm

pulled at
its bodied
length As if
hearing was
only in those
sounds mov
ing in a
way from.

Nathaniel Pink

duly astride
and account
ably self- as
sured for his
morning's
equivalent-
paced column
ed increasing
ly higher in
such sky-
searching out
amenable in-
finding
thoughts.

Spaciously releasing

This dark'
s following
me through
moon-eclip
sing Clouds
spacious
ly rehear
sing.

At the end of the line

He found
himself at
the end of
the line Train-
stationed
as if that
could house
his emptied
feelings No
where in
sight except
the hollow
ed wood of
this long-
left house'
s echoing.

Ponderously self-assuring

The way
that huge
turtle climb
ed upon his
passively pre
paring mate
as if such
instincts were
so ponderous
ly self-assur
ing.

These gathering shells

Where
these gather
ing shells
coloring in
stinctual
touch of the
ocean's left
over pre
mises.

A Message

That
candle bur
ning in its
residual
light a mess
age but only
vaguely to
be heard in
decipher
ing.

A loneliness

as if the
heart was out
of place
Only that o
pened space
and the wind
s singing
through
for voice.

Thereabouts

His cane
told him
There was
still life in
his heart'
s thumping
through step-
in stepped
thereabout
s.

Owl-like

His eyes owl-
like that I
feared for
their mid-
night glar
ing me down
from his
height of
branched-
in persua
sions.

Mozart at Herrnschiemsee

She'
s calming
her piano'
s visibly a
wareness
Like a cat
curling in
for the soun
dings of
where soul'
s touching
there
for finger
ing want
s.

Automatic doors

quietly
secretly go
ing out lea
ding back in
the pacing
lengths of
no where to
go from now.

Birth-winds

waves of
spreading
whiteness
fine-lit
leaf-sens
ed.

Laurentius

He was so de
scendingly
long and thin
ned from a
smile that
could have ta
ken his hat
off brimm-
ing with po
lite over
tones.

A little man

with a big
briefcase
Heavier than
the weight
of his thought
s could be
carrying a
bout.

With moralizing eyes

and a cream
cheese smile
She took him
not so daint
ily in the
hands of her
bettering
and guiding
through way
s.

To feel pity

is like of
a last leaf
that keeps
holding on
sapless
ly cling
ing.

Indone

She bore
the weight
of pain
darkly smil
ed Until it
told her
more than she
could fath
om of.

Tooth-paste smile

cherry lip
s and those
asking-on
eyes Adverti

sing why I'
m no buy for
timing me
out.

Horses

pastur
ing these
fields for
their grass-
down cropp
ings Bald-
face from the
weight of
time-consu
ming need
s.

Haloed

He couldn'
t take his
words back
Hanging so
long there
as smoke
for a head-

from view
ed angeli
cally cir
ling.

Jerusalem coming down

I can't
imagine Jeru
salem coming
down again
All bedecked
with scarf-
descending
transpar
encies It's
more like
some of these
church-plac
ed towns too
settled to
be moving
from.

Buttoned up

Nathaniel
Pink important
ed himself
in to a self-
gratifying
assureness
of being
buttoned up
for all and
possible
concerns.

Time-lengths

These
hills fol
ding in
phrases of
out lasting
time-length
s.

Open-eyed

This city'
s open-
eyed Watch
ing through
starless
nights A vast
ness of in-
breathing
silence
s.

A land divided

If
America'
s oceaned
from its mid
dle as a
tree cut-off
from the limb
s of its ask
ing St. Paul
where or if
its head
could stand
verifying
ly there.

Rules of the game'

s another
one than they
play And even
the field's
drawn out so
different
ly Why chalk
it in white
when it's
black-board
ing us Inscri-
bed in their
hastening
blood
for danger.

Just aired in

poney-tail
ed a refresh
ingly there
ness Where
she was it
became it'
s becoming.

Doctor's visit

and the
hospital
floors seem
ed just clean
ed up for his
whiteness
of papered-
in question
ing a dis
cerning if
whiskety
look.

Mildly autumn

and the
lights still
ed the ease
of these faint
ly falling
leaves could
be touched
descending
soundless
ly there.

For Gerlinde'

s no one's
quite as an
gelled as
their wingèd
descending
impress
ions of a
spaceless
flight.

Prayer place

and the
room's empt
ied of all
but in space
less silence
s.

That droopy look

She had
that droopy
look about
her sullen-
downed dog'
s curling
darkening
indecision
s.

The stunning effect

of her be
ing so care
fully groom
ed with those
eye-shades
of lesser fee
lings artifi
cially-in
cloning
sounds.

If

you're too
honest You
may be less
loved for it
And if you'
re too lov
ing you may
not be hon
est enough.

First snow

and these
winds relea
sing touch
ing sadness.

Chimney smoke

out last
ing the length
of its see
ing from.

A vacancy of sky

mourning
from where
these leave
s have gone.

Slow movements

the intima
cy of Haydn's
piano con
certi as if
keyed to
where he was
hearing him
self aloud.

Accepting age

is more
like listen
ing to what
it's telling
you.

In Dance

Leaf
less branch
ed hands
despairing
ly crying
out in dance.

Emptied heart'

s only the
sounding out
of vacant
ly spaced
distance
s.

Wheel-chaired rest

though the
wheels seem
ed rounded
highly for
such solemn
ed meditat
ions She felt
that leaf
less day fall
ing through
afar of
it's asking.

Pedalled herself

in to a pro
foundly tur
ning ness
sense of why
sitting still'
s recreate
s that other
wise of gravi
tational
spheres.

“Put on your Easter bonnet”

is like the
upstairs of
his out-death
ed climbing
feature
s a parade
or those tra
ditional flag
s for such
an ascend
ing view.

Les Adieux (Beethoven, slow parts)

Holding back
deepening
down where
the water's
calmed to a
tideless in-
spoken pur
ity of sound.

"Getting to the bottom of things"

as Joseph
in that dried-
down well e
choing in
stone-surroun
ding's fear
s.

Too quick

is like a
dart that
meets the
mark by
missing
the rest.

“Getting right to the point”

as she
said after 20
minutes of
getting there
As a car off-
driven from
distances that
weren't mapp
ed in to that
other-find of
looking-out
destination
s.

Mr. Everyday

was
more an at
titude the
appearance
of what he
wasn't if
he was any
thing other
than that pee
ring out for
others to
see.

Brueghel: Return of the herd

Swelling
clouds threa
tening cold
immensing
fear those
blacken
ed birds sit
claw-front
im-press
ing.

Rebecca

was listen
ing more with
her dark in-
telling eye
s All of 9
but as a but
terfly scarce
ly netted for
its elusive
sensibili
tie's Color
ing.

In-realizing

These
white fine
ly-sensed
curtains
And the dark
of this con
suming day
As of con
trasting per
sons look
ing out or
in-realiz
ing.

Mussorgsky/Janacek'

s rough-
hued called-
out music
Veined from
running
stone's light-
celebrat-
ing.

Out-lined

Whisper
ing in glass
faintly
touched as
if out-li
ned
for word.

The birth of a leaf (Mordecai Ardon)

like a
hand's in-
veined fine-
feelings
for the light
of where
time's al
ways change
able.

Taking a stand'

s often a
gainst one
self Mount
ing convic
tions as a
soul-render
ing preacher
too high for
his lowering
down to the
eye-length
of his aband
oning parish
ioners.

Women enjoy

in the self-
embracing
shine of ac
cessories
as if person
ed in that
adding touch
for need.

Through

He smi
led his tele
phone through
where you
couldn't look
for seeing
him out.

Keeping up with the time's

the best
way for out-
timing your
self.

A look around the corner

He had
a look a
round the cor
ner about
him That I
didn't know
which way

he was go
ing side-
streets in
cluded And e
ven his eye
s didn't
quite come to
center upon
my own.

Head-lined

Rows of
reading pa
pers sitting
them selves
upright head-
lined.

Small creatures

instinc-
tively a
live Night-
eyed
glow.

Graveyard

buried
voices en
cased in stone
whatever
thoughts left
flowering
for caring
hands and
decided then
in-script
ed.

Poisoned seed

dead co
lored flower
s blossom
ing in a
scent distur-
bingly ficti
cious.

The train'

s a symbol
of where you
aren't Focu
sing for now
before it'
s gone past
your reali
zing where
you're co
ming out
from.

Tailored from taste

This a
partment'
s so new Tai
lored from
taste that e
ven the wall
s seem like
suits put on
just to be
tried out.

Of untenable growth

The shadows of these
vines clinging to a wall
of untenable growth.

Alsfeld

Timber wood houses that seem
unvoiced from their present
needs Staring a past through
these quiet edged streets
as persons sensed but not
seen echoing only imagining.

A glimpse only

self-reflec
ting of a
rich Polish
Jew at that
ghettoed
restaur
ant Eating
himself fine
first course
before his
in-preparing
first-class
death.

Mirroring

Trying
to convince
some one
He's the way
you are Is
like mirror
ing a world
that hasn't
quite become
your own.

A calling out for

The word'
s a calling
out for As
an open field
windless
ly unfound.

This shell's outsung

its voice
Dried from
the sea's
out-telling
imagining
s.

Thorned-rose

clasped-
in tensed
from cold.

Her nose

kept get
ting in the
way of sec
ing her to(o)
prominent
ly frontable
as one of
those old
southern por
ches but still
not detach
able as Gogol'
s for freed
breakfast
findings.

Something pained there

where Christ
touched me
deeper than
I could be
forgiving
forgetting.

In a caged security

Birds
in a caged
security
of embrac
ing colored
finds.

Light flooding

as if the
heavens were
ages full
of more than
these time
s could hold.

The ineffable'

s what
can't be
said even whis
pered for a
flame of dis
enchanted
lips.

Eyes

were like
cross-fires
they un-
ease in line
s of straight-
seeing.

Rounded

She
was rounded
to an all-
encompass-
ing smiled
through.

Sadness (after hearing Schubert's A Minor Quartet)

is where
the leaves
falling emp-
tied sound
s spaced in
the depths
of a hollow
ed moon.

Stilled from voice

It's
not what
words mean
but why
they're meant
to mean
What's un
spoken
ly stilled
from voice.

Schubertian

Time se
quences as
phases
of the moon
light-shift
ing where sha
dows trans
parently
shine.

Nathaniel Pink

and the modern way for
simplifying
life's not
finding what
one needs –
All those knobs
in the car
turning the
wrong things
on and offed
where they should
be going Read
ing all those
instructions
backwards
forwards – maybe
I got the Greek
instead 'til my
eyes start blin-
king and some
things break
ing when I need
them mostly
This modern way
of life simpli-
fying for my
every day
comforts.

Cake-maker

His cheeks
puffed out
with creamy
self-express
ions And smile
s that sugar
ed the fancie
s atop for
delicate
ly placed
candle-ligh
tings.

The Rhine'

s flowing
through
those mem
ories washed
away from
their uneven
ed source
into a myriad
of celebra
ting lights.

Facts and fi

gures were
the face of
her papering
over redefin
ing thought
s.

Waiting

for the man
who didn't
come She cour
sed her life
as a boat
steering
but without
a certainty
from cause.

Off-set

It's
those poems
that defy
the correct
ing words
As a glance
slightly off-
set from its
in-tending
mark.

Roomed-in

He was
roomed in
to a short
ness of view
where even
his dreams
seemed cut-
off from
their intend
ed flow Wall
ed in as he
was from a
comforting
feel for
rest.

The Fall

His world
tripped o
ver his fal
tering feet
Down the stair
s of continu
ing business
gains to where
It stopped
He and the
blood that en
circled from
conscious
ness.

His time

was up
but that
clock of his
kept tic-
king a contin
ual need
for more.

Elsbeth

wasn't born
with such
therapeu
tic eyes But
they kept
growing out
Bulging be
yond that main
taining rim
glassed-in
for clearer
considera
tions of why
she kept a
pencilled
hand for sta
bilizing re
lationship
s.

Word-finds

as this shell
shaped
through my
hands Why it
keeps sing
ing for re
lease.

What lost horizons

If the clock'
s turning
backwards
but couldn't
stop for
finding where
I wasn't What
lost horizon
s might be
outgrowing
in stinct
ual lights.

Sensing in Lights

Slowing the
night's sen
sing in As
these boats
harboured
for the where
of retelling
waves.

Tunneled enclosures

of light glim-
mering that
stoned-in
listening
the weight
of muted
time.

Dummy

And if
you're dress
ed for a
differing
person All
clothed in
those uncer
titudes of
why you weren'
t more of be
ing other
wise.

Out-of touch

She got
out-of-touch
from those
things that
once told
her for fin
ding Now blind
as a cane
punctuating
unrhymed
steps-to-mea
ning.

Van Goyen

If your
world's more
clouds than
peopled be
low the hori-
zon's stretch-
ing out those
other waves
telling of
sea and imag-
ined distan-
cings.

"Sadistic"

Could you
call that sa-
distic His
way of dang-
ling bait
for a fish
He knew would
bite and be
caught for
his own en-
meshed net-
ting plans.

So many sides

He saw
the same pro
blem from so
many sides
that it be
came many pro
blems growing
always bigger
from bigger.

That house

They lived
that they
could outlive
the other's
claims on that
house that
died almost si
multaneous
ly for both
their wood
ened house
in their wood
ened-in
coffins.

Dead bird

black and
out-wingèd
Glutting
the pavement
with the
spoils of its
ravenous
appetites.

That paleness

I was
afraid of that
paleness
She spoke out
as a ghost
Sheeted in the
fear that
morning could
dissolve in
her claims for
such phantomed
uncertain
ties.

Hand shake

with one
finger cut-
off grasping
intently
for a smile
that could re-
gain the cer-
tainty for
that loss.

Medieval attributes

when birds
and flowers
became symbol
s so realiz-
ing a
world view
ed in vanish-
ing detail.

“He’s gone”

he said
as if death
was simply
an outside of
Like leaving
one’s house
with the
never to re
turn of be
ing there.

Why

does age
child-like
its sense
in me That
the moon
wind-bound’
s risen first
time out as
a kite caught
into branch
ed fears of
some extend
ing needs my
fingers can’t
quite tell for
in touch.

Blank page

writing the
night in
to those
lost distan
ces where only
stars could
define.

Routine

is where
these wall
s stop think
ing their
lessened
coloring
s aloud.

Meeting face to face

may mean
facing up
to where
your down
ness of heart'
s just set
ting in.

Seeing through

the dark
is more of
my heart
than its
own.

That urge

for a voice
that only
your finger
s can find.

If Nietzsche

created
God in his
own image
How could there
be any hea
vens left
for seeing
him through.

Help worker killed in Iraq

She was
nothing but
helpful Ta
king their
needs in to
a meaning
for her own
Married to
one of their
kind They kill
ed her with
out the pity
that unleash
ed the sudden
ness of their
wrath.

Sign of

If the
wind's the
sign of the
Holy Spirit
baring these
trees of all
their leafy
protective
ness.

Cubby-holed

They
cubby-hol
ed me in-to
a space
that even
cut my dream
s off.

Political poems

shouldn't
take sides
Or they'll be
side-lined
with a chang
ing of the
guards.

Atlantis found?

at the bot
tom of the
ocean Platon
ically sur
veyed for

un
discovered
depths How dry
can we keep
our land from
becoming a
down-street
for depths in
newly discover
ing destruct
ions.

Sensed-in sounds

Listening
to the wind'
s dried skele-
tal leaves
these ghost
ly sensed-in
sounds as the
rattling from
lung's break-
ing off That
snap to re
lease.

Talk-shows and the like

After
they've ar
gued all that
self-reali
sing substan
ce away No
thing's left
except that
dried Hemingway-
like fish Bo-
ned-in to
its skeletal
glare.

Kletzmer

in falter
ing lines
almost walz
ed in to the
sweet and wa
vy tones of
the clarinet
dog-watched
death-march
ed Now Kletz

mer's in and
Wagner's out
as those Jew
s faintly
missed but
somehow be
ing kept a
live in tones
soft and sweet
ly reminis
cent.

The dilemma

of ocean's a
part drift
ing away from
traditions
that couldn'
keep their
hold As a boat
unanchored
from past sur
viving claim
s May be we'
ll soon Madagas
car our own
animal types
Staring out
such strange

enveloping
eyes a desert
less self-con
templation.

Van Gogh

s thirst
for colors
as leaf-
driven depth
s eclips
ing.

Night animals

looming
in fear
Eye-staring
sounds of
the moon'
s watch-sen
sing.

“Taking stock of oneself”

is like

investing

when the mar

ket’s keeping

you so low-

down that

there must be

some rising-

ups in co

ming.

Rembrandt-surfaced

Color’

s fading out

here Washed

down in these

late autum

nal rains Rem

brandt-sur

faced.

Pontius Pilate'

s "what is the
truth" as if
it's only in
varying per
spectives
Time condensed
to what isn'
t because it'
s now But man'
s simply an
overseer of
what he's gi
ven The crea
tion of what
he's partaking
The love he
can't explain
or create And
the finality
of death final
izes all those
Pilatian rela
tivisms.

A more

If there
isn't a more
Why have we
become so
much less in
our self-pro
claiming free
dom from that
spaced out
transcend
ental possibil
ity of unknown
worlds but di
minishing
in man's for
lorn stature
as if statued
into his own
stone-bearing
image.

Hommage à Willa Cather

All those
frontiers were
not so much
of knowledge
But of un-
discovered
plains and
those dry de-
sert lands
fast adhering
to stone'
s far reach
ing out as
yet untold
land whisper
ing the way
Indians heard
it afoot E
choing now
plaintive
ly recept
ive.

Names lost

some
where in the
aging pro
cess buried
deeper than
the mind can
reveal Those
blank moment
s.

This wind-driven snow

as some
without a
where of be
coming re
lentless
ly unfind
ing.

A small motion

less cat
in a bigger
than wide
field's thin
king me in
to an exposure
of all but

possible un
realized as
sumptions.

That night-like fox

trailed
to a streak
ing unreflec
ted redness
the sideward
lights of
glanced-
through ap
partition
s.

Down to

the raw
bone of
these out-
wintered
trees gasp-
ing in for
their voic
ed soundless
ness.

“All spruced up”

as if
such self-
accomplish
ing trees
would lower
their branch
ed awareness
to such ex
ercises in
self-appreci
ation.

Sun-shine alley

of this sky-
bluing after
noon's out do
ing even that
left over win-
tered bird ply
ing in time-
sequenced
colors.

Karlsruhe Art Gallery 6 masterpieces

a) God father and Son (Rottweiler Master 1440)

The Father
paternally
concerned
in the blood-
wounds of his
son Holding a
view of more
than those re-
ceiving pains
could be tell-
ing.

b) Crucifixion (Grinewald)

It was
more of Mary's
in-folding
of hands and
loss than John's
masculine
straight-fin-
ding assert-
ions that took
us in to the
depths of His
out-lasting
pains.

c) Self-portrait (Rembrandt, 1645)

Those
eyes may be
watching
us through
all the side
s of his and
our light-
darkening
inflection
s.

d) Landscape (Jakob van Ruisdael)

as if
trees and
clouds could
be moulded
in to that
brooding
depth of out-
timed si
lences.

e) Adoration of the Kings (Master of Messkirch)

Jesus may
have been tou
ching to the

gold But His
eyes were mo
ving through
that old man'
s so long a
waiting bless
edness.

f) DeHooch's

out-
view of a
scene that
couldn't be
kept for fee
ling there
Only light
and spaced be
yondness.

Strange characters

as that one
in Pforzheim
hobbling
through a pro
fusion of tied-
in identitie
s that he

seemed more
like a redun-
dant self-sell-
ing salesman.

Cold winds

chilled
sounds na-
kedly re-
hearsed.

After Matisse

Branch
ed winds en-
circling
what was
called-for
in dance.

“The road not taken”

is that
one of Gau-
guin’s ascend-
ing to beyond
the height
of where see-
ing’s there.

Sharper than the sword

If the
pen's shar-
per than the
sword's blee-
ding me
through in-
delible
ink.

At the cross roads

If words
can cut
both ways
at the cross-
roads of in-
tensed
thereness.

Unfelt

He saw
more of me
blind-touch
ing eyes
than I could
in answer
ing back.

Secret histories

Their
liking for
secret histor
ies Some
where in the
back yard
whispering
s where their
neighbours
might suspic
iously be o
ver hearing.

Her canary

She kept
her canary
coloring
at its dis
tant span
ned to her
caged-in a
wareness
from voice.

A plant

just placed
indiffer
ently color
ed for gather
ing this room
about extend
ing in leave
s.

Why

is this
soften
ing chair
so comfort
ably astute
as my Uncle
Irving look
ing for why
I should be
seated in.

Falluja

Those
streets si-
lent desolate
ly winding
the insides
of my approach
ing fears
the dark
uncertainty
And that
flash of pain
sounding me
right through
to where these
stone's bleed-
ing aloud.

Desert flowers

intensified
in sun-
glow stone-
sensed a wil-
derness of
night's
star-crea-
ting.

This wintered sun'

s cold
breath after
shine's fin
ishing glance
touched
through as
of stone's
a-lighting.

Impulsing

Listen
ing in the
silence of
where breath'
s wave-tell
ing impulsing
those un
touched dark
nesses
through.

So bright

That winter
sun's so
bright even
in its dis
tant calling
s That how
ever much
you might try
in hearing
nothing else.

Pre-fabricated

Houses
pre-fabrica
ted as if
living in
was in alway
s a being
there.

No looking back for Lot

If there'
s no look
ing back for
Lot Can we
turn the o
ther way round
from a past
that's no
longer pass
ing us
through.

Compromise

If we
compromise
too often
They'll be
little left
of giving
ourselve
s away from.

Tolerance

is what
we expect
from others
Even decided
ly more so.

Wellness

is like
bathing
in the warm
th of self-
wishings.

Collecting stamps

as if
other part
s of the
world could
be visuali
zing his
sense in
touch.

With bud-like pearls

These
tiny branches
with
bud-like
pearls
Jewelled as a
woman to
the light of
her asking.

Getting bad feelings

is often
because the
other has
felt you in
to his own
needs for
not caring
why.

Tiny insects

dancing
to the last
sun beam'
s trans
piring
flames.

Sanibel's down

The unleash
ing of these
restless
tides primic
vally awake
as phantoms
of unfound
ing caverns
desparately
in deep.

Haydn: Baryton trios

Through
this fullness
at the center
brush-lines
of in-sweep
ing ever-
glows.

From lost causes

A house
that's lived
out its time
repainted
As if
make-up
could rede
fine from
lost cause
s.

Damascus

A sudden
ed light
Dark switch
ed out to
where it can'
t find
back redee
ming from
self.

Homilius: the motets

Where
words sur
rounding
them
selves from
their inner
meanings.

Seemed through

The night
seemed-
through with
snow's in-
distant
sensed from
bright
ness.

Statue in the park

nameless
dateless
But poised
on a horse
that keeps
getting him
there.

In need of himself

Man
in need of
himself
as if blind
beyond such
touched assurances
It's
the poverty
of what isn't
there for
being him.

The worm'

s in consu
ming the
length of it
body's pull
ing for for
wards.

The ladder

The two
upstairs at
the cross
But a ladde
extending
down for u
only where
the 2nd on
spaced for
a breath
less climb
ing.

Do animals know

more than
we can tell
The raven that
fed Elijah'
s hunger
ed wants
Or Jonah's
whale of a
household
inhabiting
a depth of
some other
and deeper
under
standing.

Remote castle's

a far off
world that
once replen
tished it
self Moat with
out and a
castled si
lence so deep
ly withdrawn

into those
solid inter-
iors of decip-
hering stone.

Biographies

If we
can live our
selves through
the deeds and
thoughts of
their becom-
ing What o-
ther self
could they i-
magine of
our through-
reading them.

Images

arising
out of the
sea Or blown
with your
kite's ten-
ured hands
And if the
moon shal-
lowed to

that pebbled
rush of tide
s through
the flow of
your mind'
s wanting
in.

Transparently awake

This moon-
shifting
light and
the shades
of lost re-
membrance
s What the
wind knows
and seeing
through
transpar-
ently a
wake.

Softness of wind

This
dark's impen
etrable soft
ness of wind
easing my
mind to those
rare glimpse
s of star-
revealing
times.

Love

is where
I know
You're the
more of me
encircl
ing.

On and off

The house
at the o
ther side win
dowed-in-view
switches per

sons on and
off shadow
ing from ap
pearance.

A display piece

as if
there wasn'
t enough to
touch for in
cluding eye
s and so per
sonally per
forming space
d He sat
the witness
ing of why
they were
called in
from view.

Ive's marching bands

may have Dan
buried from
place in
those clash-
ing promti

tudes of challen-
ging-in dis
parate co
lors.

Words that fail

me now
spaced off
as a gaping
hole Emptied
of all those
crying need
s for these
desolate
winds.

Ballroom scene (Guardi)

The light
s diffuse
ly person
ed a room
imagined
through
glassed ap
pearance
s.

Over-stepped

He ran
until the
finishing
line over-
stepped his
own percei-
ving inclina-
tions.

Spelled-in meanings

Wood
that's in-
tricate
ly adhering
the harden-
ed outline
s of its
spelled-in
meanings.

Eyes

that were
more asking
the sadness
of their find-
ing-in ex-
pression
s.

Twelfth-night (Shakespeare) (5)

a) Islands apart

Islands a
part from our
selves As if
man could be
dressed in
to new mea-
nings to re-
discover
what he wasn'
t by playing
that role
out instead.

b) The Epiphany

These Magi
have brought
other gifts of
dissimula
tion As if
they were king
s instead
and island
to a world
that wasn't
theirs in the
strangeness
of its be
coming.

c) The anatomy of love

as an incur
able sick
ness That can
only be over
come in those
new and dis
tant realm's
self fulfill
ing.

d) And the Emmaus disciples

unreali

sing the what

and who

of person

and place

But acting

out such self-

certaintie

s in a dia

logue of cau

sal misunder

standings.

e) A free-for all

of un

inhibited ob

livious

ness As if

man could only

recognize

himself

by acting it

all out.

Alien to its own message

When
the church
becomes a
lien to its
own message
More the To
mas of Christ-
doubting Or
the Pilate
of other
more timely
truths.

As well

If
children
are cried out
of their life-
holding sup
port Why dis
pense with
child-soldier
s killing
a dream of
life which can'
t be dreamed
out as well.

Pfungstadt

where Chaim
Weizman once
lived the
Jewish house
s left empty
as if soul
ed for some
kind of remem
brance after
their stores
had been plun
dered by friend
ly neighbor
s Emptied to
the bone As
if dry skull
s somewhere
unfound voic
ed to harsh
winds of re
tribution.

INRI

They put
it hesitant
ly aware
at first
on the cross
in yellow of
all things
As a star
that hill-sur
rounding Beth
lehem had
left so awk
wardly be
hind.

The "Cherry Orchard's"

s growing it
self back here
Emptied house
s dug down to
the pits of
their founda
tion's left
behind "Mod
ern villas"
furnished
with all the

comforts of
monied acces
sories.

“Are you better David” (for W. W.)

the tur
ning point
where he tur
ned my stop
to where
that untarred
road direc
tioned it
self far off
still wood
ed in that
density
from view.

Patience

is only
when we've
no other
choice by
teaching
us the length
of its own
diminish
ing virtue
s.

Israel

condemn
ed to soli
tary confine
ment as
Jeremia
feeding these
vacant stone
s from the
grip of his
own voice
less tears.

Looking yourself young

She
looked her
self young'
s a way of
thinking out
loud color
ed to cloth
es that appre
ciate such
a self-appear
ance.

Nathaniel Pink's desirability routes

Even though
his green
ish sweater
ed color-blind
ness wasn't
so certain
ly proudly
worn in
side out as
his thought
s kept get
ting the out
side in to
wards his di-
gesting di-
rectionless
self-appreci-
ations.

Cold way in for late

November's
s bowing its
balding head
Trees trim-
med short from
their lessen-
ing summer
ed memories

And only
blackening
birds circ
ling from this
vacantness
of sky.

“Woman in a green Jacket” (Macke)

Face
less as the
lake she’s
reflecting
in Her body
as the tree
s formed to
a searching
inner view
of why she’
s so alone
from her
self.

“Woman in a green Jacket” II

or it's
these shadows darken
ing her in
to hands and
hat as objects holding
on to why
she's become
ing so still
ed through.

Ageless memories

She remembers her father now
So distinct
ly while she's the age
he died from
Ageless memories of life'
s passing
herself
through.

Unanswering questions (Ives)

Lights
glimmering
this dark-
bound city'
s through
of unanswer
ing question
s.

His "laugh"

was more
like a chuck
led hen re
hearsing
for keeping
its feet
so finely
close-kept
in.

Whispered through grass

seeded with
the touch-
buds of frost
The delicate
feet of this
solitary
bird's im-
print in re
frain whis
pered through
with wind.

All look alike

If
buildings
all look a
like Maybe
they'll be
personed
that way too
Block houses
block faces
parcelled
off from ex
pression.

So refined

If light
could be so
refined
transpar
ently touch
ed to the
intimacy
of these
leaves.

Poetry books by David Jaffin

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

David Jaffin

David Jaffin is a poet with his own particular manner of sensibility and with a method of construction issuing from his idiosyncratic preferences for manner of expression. This rightly implies that he is serious, inventive and independent, a poet given to quality and genuineness. If you add playfulness and profundity to the foregoing traits, you may have a good sense of his work. The poems visited in this article are largely from his most recent two books, "These Time-Shifting Thoughts" and "A Voiced Awakening," in which his spare and simply elegant style is brought to a consistently high level.

Most of his poems hang with charming mystery at that line between realization and "the not yet arisen." The realization itself is at the moment of clarity and the turning into the unexpected sense of it – like a near silent and enlightening epiphany with poetic surprise in the realm of intuition.

Neil A. Chassman in *Pulse* April '05, Poughkeepsie, New York.

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. Their hall-mark, the unexpected, unnatural *and* natural sentence-, line- and word-breaks, disrupts habitual ways of thought, catches in the act of thinking as in the act of breathing, envisioning the variegated immediacies of higher meaning. 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 and significance of his chosen subjects in an original way, overwhelming the faint echoes of older poetic traditions and leaving behind a profound aftertaste of experiences lived through for the first time.

Edward Batley (University of London)