DAVID JAFFIN

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The Elizabeth Press

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For Jim ami For Michael

SPACE of

The mirror of a bird re

volving die sky

lake

no depth except for it.

5 plants

finding the reach of sun

late/ cold windowed glass

i tipped with leaves delicate to the

end

your fingers caused this/ a-

gainst my hand.

You said it had cleared

the air

as if

birds left only

their flight be hind.

And back

to

pick up stones breaking their pulse

( quiet sound)

the waves birds

bringing them in all

of a way.

Wires

tied to trans mitting sound trees

feeling out

arranging space I see. Watch

in the room out side.

Now the waiting shadow

( hanging it self out)

wind

for your words to blow

through.

The mirror more right than

left

I walk a side dir

ection

angling it back to

place.

It’s not what I see too many windows to find the leng th /

direction built in expression

no more than reflecting

the glass lights

D D

evening waiting/ for .

The trees not higher

I see climbing

color the first of spring

brought

in a garden.

The leaves han ging, trying to

find shadow

you walking carrying the space

be tween your hands .

Some words put me straight/

signed

where the roads stretched their

crossed out arms two directions

for an evened posture I thought

nailed in

rain/ choked wood

cities hung in the middle of

nothing

time put down to numbers a

bird plumed

at the top perched

on his own view —

why stop I asked himself ?

Maybe the step

articulate to where sounds come

from

the sun cracks its poly- chrome

or the stripes/ expression

perpendicular

according to color

it isn’t

silver that makes glass shine

and at that spring perhaps iden

tifiable as.

hung in the af ternoon

not wan ting to see.

Before

you prepared that occasional smile

veil

with reversible screen

traditional courtyard of roses/

phrases

I managed to tell you it was

whatever/ so.

without shadow walking myself

hurrying back.

A print of your face placing lines

to where you aren’t, so.

Birds don’t break/ sound

they spend their weight lightening air

a tree bends down

eased

by wind

we feel that space

in our hands

not to be, closed.

Late afternoon

closing a book finding the fingers/

touch.

Birds

turned on

water for the grass sun fol

ding.

The curve of my eye, road

disappearing

as far as I see.

Design of watchin

spider in his net

defining

exactly why the fly

must be caught.

The cold, fruit tightened to

its curve

I bite

the hard of

apple/ tasted sap .

A step when the pe

tals fall

and leave stains is this place,

here.

i November 74

Dear Jim,

I'm not writing you I'm writing it

the way we see

sounds move but the leaves stay,

in their place color instead.

Here, I sit

the space of a mo

ment

time identifies it self—

the poem,

Jim.

The sound of steps leading

a way

the closeness of what I hear

defining it/ self.

distance the willow hang

their sorrow on

Listening to wind

the cut of moon

keeping water close, by

boat

surfaced on sound.

Space

a word to define

what a bird touches in snow

performing cold.

A slant of light just a cross angle

4 birch/ willow

3 birds atop black

add a puff of smoke

implying house

don’t stop at/ that.

Between where I see and

the mvt./ line of my eye

at sea

the stars tilt out of place.

Looking for a word to

match this sense.

Wliat was left of birds

lines

they’d made in the sky .

If voice

the moment words

come back

even the look of what is

only

no more/than this.

The tree moves

apart from its shadow

no sun.

The saying of you

is a word

like this I see.

No change trees

set in silence breaking the wind a bird

takes its place

commanding a higher branch

pause

of his weight til ting in the direction,

what he sees.

Snow in the mountains looking up

holding its place

a moon in the night

clearing the sky.

The white of birch with

out leaves

a bird

singing its sha dow.

5 February 75

Jim.

Let’s call it Active

I’ve no proof nothing shines

winter’s stopped

looking at what I see

a light turns on —

if it began there? Not the fingers or string but then/ light

and see

the dark absorbs cold

breathing its sound.

Space

moved in to

a word creating itself

3 birds in a park cir

cling round snow

the cold

between them.

The sky not moved

clouds increa sing weight

across the street

a man

approaching, not quite quicker his own steps.

The leaves be coining a tree spreading

wind.

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