

Faded Shadows



Marsh Bouquet, Cardinal Flower

FADED SHADOWS

Some Thoughts at the End of a Journey

by

Earle B. Weiss, M.D.

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Preface

I began writing many years ago during the summer days when spare time was rare for me. Over the years the casual pastimes grew in small numbers. Now and then subjects beyond my seaside loves began to find some ink. Many tears later my daughter, Ilana, and wife, Vicky, encouraged me to collate the maelstrom. I began, but was diverted by a bit more curious thoughts. Soon I was here.

Hence if you read these little efforts some will be rather simple to peer. Others I must ask that you be patient, read slowly and methodically and reread too as there are certainly all sorts of detours and hidden notions that have escaped my subconscious.

Inspirations hide in many places. Ruth, Murray, Ellen, Irving. So, so many others who now are my faded shadows. The patter of little feet days and into the night. Ilana and Joshua and Adina and Kayla and Talya and Aylee and Lois and Allen, and Greg and Bonnie and the list tumbles on.

After 50 years, my wife Vicky will find herself in many of these modest shadows.

Several poems have been published previously, and I give credit to:

Faded shadows, in *The Colors of Life*, H. Ely, editor. Int. Lib. Poetry, 2003

La Scene, in *The Best Poems & Poets* of 2005, H.Ely, editor. Int. Lib. Poetry, 2006.

Wild Woods At Twilight in *Great Poems Of Our Times*, J.Franz, editor, The National Library of Poetry, 1993.

All photographs, line drawings and copies of oil paintings and water-colors are by my hand.

EBW
MAY 2013

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Prelude to Faded Shadows

Prelude to Faded Shadows

All about, a gray shadow cast its somber spell,

At the verge of a darkly forest of soaring spirits a misty figure edges about,
Bent by age, shackled aside a walking staff and mute
the image drifts towards the wood
Now, there is an obvious hesitation, a dramatic pause - then a turning,
A silent rustle, an inevitable vortex blends mosaics to a final blur
All shadows embrace,

Was this an ending of a journey?
Or instead could it be the merest of beginnings?
Are we intrigued?
Or are we utterly compelled not to enter this stage, from which there may
be no return?

A crimson leaf tumbles to the pond below, gently caresses
As so, by its being, echoes gentle ripples in its mirror
Reflected a tiny face bearing a shimmering gaze
It seems hypnotized by the softly circular images
A crisp splash worlds anew as a tiny pebble finds a new home
Dispatching greater and widened images
As all frolic to seek the edge of their own universe,

Wisps of cool sky clouds now pass without intent- aimless-ly
caught by invisible forces they can neither understand nor control
As the child rises fields of birches begin to sway amid soaring firs
A sky sprinkled with autumn songs whispers an ageless melody
while the ballad drifts unheard beyond, as swiftly as it is sung,

Run. Run from here!!!
Run from what?
Run where?

Why?

In the blackening shadows of the wood sunken grayed eyes swell with tears
Tears which languish serpentigeniously over the deeply wrinkled silhouette
Then slip silently to the searching ground below
Aged hands grasp the withered cane,
The figure trembles, breath shadows whimper
Thence a silent scream of agony pierces the scene...

A hall of mirrors
A bouncing ball, red and white striped,
Dances in perplexing patterns, up, then here, down then there and so
 many balls, all here
And all suddenly there
An aroma of springed lilacs...Ah the perfume!...Primavera!.

Dim images imagine TWO small figures who leap to jump as to run
All giggle while blazing suns vapor amid purple glowing fiery pastels
Swept by freshly rained grass dew laced knitted till icy winter flakes
These melt upon each mirror, painting draped yet endless distortions
All woven in perpetual reflected images
In the hall,

A mirror of halls...
An endless maze of dim, if not totally blackened passages, extending to a
 secret horizon.
Once in an occasional eternity hushed echoes a flash of brilliant gold
Aimlessly.
Illuminating sparkled fragments, distorted whilst piercing
Suddenly, in the minutest of infinitesimal instants, appears groping figures,
 not seen, they waltz sweeping dances, they cast no shadow here
Nor casting any shadow which can be dreamed upon in some places.
Forward, wherever, encouraged by unfamiliar sounds of voices
 voices of sounds beseeching to turn at this place ...
No, to another place...all where some have never been ...
 and there, there,

From the beginning imperceptions takes us so.....now to there.....

Not all about drifts a distant monotone
 singing softly pale pink continuous rhythms
Then follows a silent yearning
A straining to discern any whispered message; resonating a roaring
 presence always and never.
In the mind's eye emerges (faintly) a vision
A remote, desolate village created from wood but now entombed in a now
 frozen memory
Frozen forever by eternal ice-forms, in abstract formations
Yet formed with crystalline geometric precisions, hardly befitting the prey
 clutched so deeply in
Its bosom,
There are no audible sounds — There are endless inaudible sounds
Yes, there are endless inaudible sounds
Flowing forever
Still the sobs of despair and struggle slice through any somber night,
As did life's Love
All
And through somber non-daytimes of promised redemption
Which could any lock ever melt under a blacksmoldering sun.

FADED SHADOWS

(for all those shadows that gave us..... us)



FADED SHADOWS

Alas my friends

Shadows faded
Pale silhouettes embrace frosted tears, a soul to end,
In distances so ago, a small village, frozen to my eye
Barren, wind-swept, broken, bent, gnarled
They lay
Beyond a now vanished foreboding place
Forever to dream, to evening-song, to hope to dare, forever
Silence
Softly patterns of clouded raindrops
Silent eternity
Hushed rhythms lash endless darkness
Were we ever?
We are you . . . but then in fate's gasp
Time tells its own tale.

PEBBLES ON MY BEACH

One glorious day, at one, I strolled along our bay
sun so warm, sea so calm
only a playful breeze tufted my dozing terns,

Soon, a far far way had I drifted
so down I satted, by the sea, to see,

Lo!
all about were thundering hordes
rather a hundred billion million clones
of STONES !!!

But so, too many to ever count
as I intruded upon their backs, I could hear
-and this matter was very clear-
of the hundred billions I could see, by the sea
not one was perfectly rounded all around to be!

Oh, forgive me- some were roundoid, some ovoidoid
yet none bore a perfection in perfect form
me thought "strange that is to be"
especially on this sublimed perfectoid day,

So many of man-mades are idealistically round exactly
why does God's nature abhor quite the same in stone?

I do recall the Earth is not a perfect orb
slightly oblate at the poles
so I hear,

Then neither are our solar sisters
I guess it might be fair to think
perhaps our universe might not being so perfectly too!

All of which set me contemplating a momentous note
that perhaps a God above itself might not haunt a flawless sphere
which is a somewhat meager comforting thought
for me
to grasp in mind,

As I keep searching for perfection
amongst all the pebbles
on my endless shores
by the sea!

A COMPANION IN OCTOBER

The shadow of my days grows long
My leaves, pale russets in the sun,

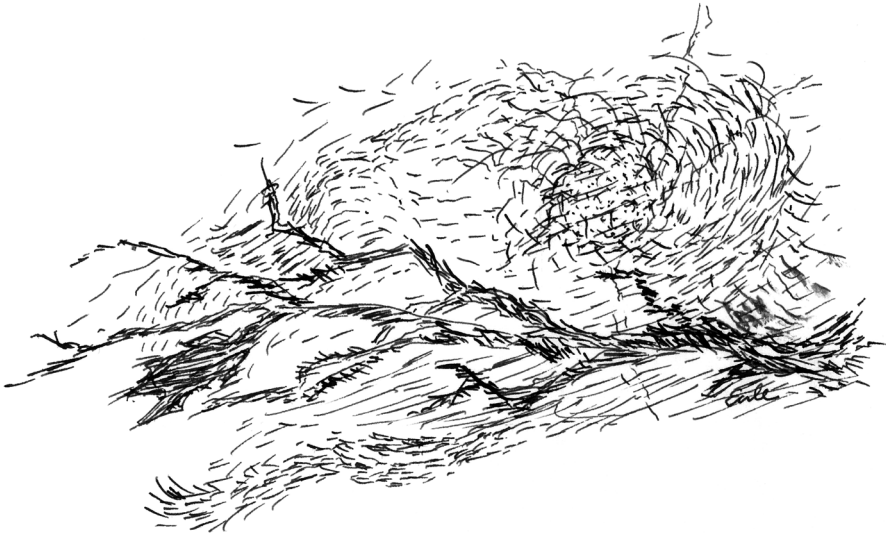
Is it the autumn which stirs my song
Or is it a melancholia on the run?

A fallened twig falls by my side
As 'pon this world we share our ride,

Little it stirs to comfort my thought
Nor is it a companion, really, I sought,

Yet for us both fate claims the same
As a swirl of dust calls our name,

In the fading shadows
Of our day.





My Little Chickadee

A SILENCE———

A SILENCE OF———

Where are my songs?
Not alive in swaying grasses fields, now
As they were once,
No larks amid her fiery autumnal hawthorn
Fled from all arched limbs over my eyes
To where?

The delights of the morning skies, afternoon sonatas, evening slumbers?
Any a bluebird for its sweet nod,
I hear them not. Not, since when the lands were free. Not ever was I a boy
A thrush chime in meadowed glens
Not in anywhere I seek.

A SILENCE OF MY ———

Where are my serenades of love? Oh, homeless sparrow
Died in the fields, still?
Hushed vapors in the winds I hear them not,
Who has gasped my soul then fled then cast a gruesome still?

Is this us?
Reason belies all, this lullaby
Lost ago in now so barren our unearth
Which has stolen my joy
So damn,

There in my days fades a ghostly voice - void of all
This,

A SILENCE OF MY SONGBIRDS.

In my fields, in my skies, in my trees, in my bonnet
In my dreary tears
Where have all my songbirds fled?

Why such a blackness shadow, stilled of all, my breasteds, my birdsongs?

Died, I fear!
(poisoned!)

SEA SIDE COTTAGE

I live in an old cottage, by the shore
where only memories seem ever to endure,

And by its side, on a path winding down to the sea
sits a beworn bird feeder 'neath a crooked old tree,

Many winged friends have dined in this spot
by rains by winds or days just too, too very hot,

They cling to cragged branches, spired up so - up to the sky
till I've vanished almost forever from their brightly eye,

Were I to whisper just a song twinkling in their wake
gone with my memories, as to powdered skies do they take,

Oh pretty sweet seasparrow on wing
return to me
only
by my old cottage
by my endless deep sea.

(for Ilana)





A Pale Pink Rose

FOR

I softly set one palepink rose
Upon her dust,
Unyielding, never could love be so
And soon departed,
Leaving her soul
To the ages.

Eleven



Cupid and Psyche.
Pencil Rendering; From the Sculpture by Antonio Canova, 1796.

MY LOVE

In the midsts of a lost darkly wood
limbs were soaring
spirits soared within impatient moonlight beams
slip to a graceful and alluring form.....
Youth of Woman
Woman of Youth,

A carnal embrace..... Hold me there
embrace all in lust,
Then devour each of me,

(She) steps with beguiling limbs
Beguile me!
radiances of a deepest love warmly emanates from her being
a nobility of grace
a grace of tendernessness,
but,
fire in her eyes flash to
her bosom lashed of desires, upon her bosoms,

An old gray figure falters among the humbled shadows seemingly over-
whelmed by a melancholia — a rush of now-forgotten remembered days
NO, were those nights!

Now, tiny figures dance enigmas, serpent a paths about one rhythmical circle
a ripened redly apple falls in their path
voices
laughter
Sands of our time,
swirls and mists, sob, devoured they race to engulf the scene
Gray fogs now dims about,
bewildered?

In the light of darkness, vague and imperceptible silhouettes become alive,
Alive,
by the very existence of their own desires
unbowed by conceptions of perception
giving birth to their own realm upon which
suddenly flows winds of dazzling violets swept to their ominous
yet distant spherical tumbled hills,

Thence, thus all to vanquish and thence to embrace anew
wherein searchingly a single lonely white-skywards specter caresses above,
to below,
heedless of
torrential driven rains
nor
scorching golden suns
nor
bitter
whatever could be seen as utterly intolerable
And to soar beyond the gray reverie
all seems to sought
amongst any verdant forest of blushing lustrous visions
any dreamed which was never dreamed before and then never since,

While the plaintive singing of an unseen blackness void be not compelling,
but drifts forwards
in aimless reason
for some places never existent, albeit quite distant, until at last last becomes
now in wretched harmony,

Can we tenderly recall?

How could
such a fragile white-lacedflower clung to her vine
be thus in a vastness of space so deeply unknown
And hostile,
Yet she does flourish unashamedly within
more beauty than any cold mass of diffident stone
And quite alluring to beckon others to caress,
And so to defy all driven heavenly rains
neath all bellowing skies, now only nurture her truth,

But is, there a dream.
Or merely... is, there because?

Would an eternal endless universe ever embrace
this curious being that dances,
dances among invisible passions
below a bright yellows canopy laced my stars?

Or, rather, perhaps heavens merely marvel at such conceived transformations
A wisp it alone dares to glow never fearing not to stand.

Alone.

*I softly set a palepink rose
Upon her dust,
Unyielding, never could love be so,
And soon departed
Leaving her soul
To the ages.*

TWILIGHT MUSIC

This illusion, upon our stage
lost glimmering sunsongs dream nocturno –
too soon to be humbled
each within its own space
each within its own time,

A ballet sighs amorphous poses weep colours,
merely bow to a dimming pastel palette
as one ballerina falls prey to another dancer
only the dancer will again entwine the ballerina
now garbed unlike,

Neons fade above a specter, beams soften their glow
a subtle interlude of extremes.....clouded at all edges,

Every day a fragment of eternal pendulums
whisper sonatas beyond ebon-tides
a rondo of light slumbers its mate
each chorus greets each, thence each bow to each,

A tapestry of mere chance meanders endlessly,
lyrical patterns eternal
each inherits each, each merge forms, each eternal dance their song
while neither rules
for only
only in the sea of flames, within me,
As long.



A Sunset Ballet

THE SILENT SPIDER..(...aloft.)

There was a daring spider
who dwell'd so high atop above HIS tree
where he spun a web, you know
as gossamer as gossamer could ever be,

Undaunted golden silver it danced
in whispering breezes
alluring poor damsels
with kisses whenever it so pleases,

Never metaphysical
or pensive nor philosophical ideation
ever distracted his lust
from sweet yet deadly motivation,

Till one fateful day
bellowed a wild wind swept him by
deftly caught our poor hero
with scarcely even a cry,

Soon gone, after
some useless strife
he perchance never pondered
the meaning of Life,

"Alas" poor, poor arachnid would it be....
if it can
wouldst thee possess just for an instant
the mind of man,

Thus might it become so hauntingly clear
what all -we fools- we all hold so dear,

Or did you know but now cannot say,
"SEE, we ALL sojourn.....
Sojourn for just a day!"

FELL AND FORGOTTEN

On the shores of a faraway land
Death came as a burst to the head
About him hosts more fell to the sea
Blood and Flesh washed stone cold over bleak waves
Only a youth in only a day came to became so sad this day
But few saw though all did care there as little else but.... fall
None in these wastes ever knew a name, nor even a face, no no longer
Night fell now whence a melodic somber lament amidst a strangely dark cloud
ALL: we can never forget who had fell, why had fell, how much was lost at each fell
ALL: so we forged a marble tower gleaming in bright suns, sobbing
 in darkened rains
His name etched for all to see in a place all could see, for a time all could recall forever
But,
 only in the flesh of my heart does he truly remembered.

(for r.l.) (in the canyons of my youth, I, we, a young man just 18 in age, a small
walk with his white dog Fluffy, a short jaunt in his car, extended an everlasting image,
I recall little else save his endearing smile)

SO, MEMORIES

Memories,
For moments, so dear
Softswept images
Ever to dream
Nevermore
And nevereverymore,

In the dawns of ages
They sing their song
Was I there, I did not hear
Nor me did they see,

Together we sat
And sang and sung
Of days that were,

And

And of those
Which would never be
While our music...crowds the stillness
Of ever night.

(for Shelia, 1943 -1994)

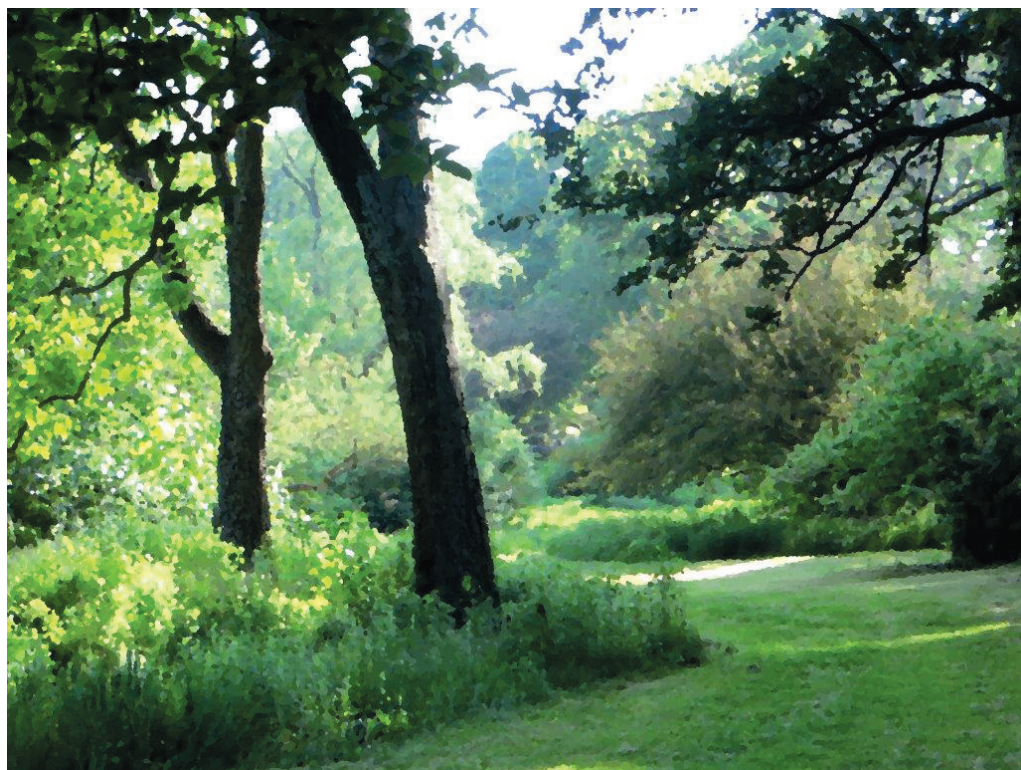
FOREST TALES

In my forest all creatures were at peace
yes, all trees stood tall and ever so dear
Below upon the carpet floor animal friends
dwelled equally free from any strife
Since most dined only green leafs or toady mushroom
then killing each for dinner was rare
Not to dismiss any notion that every life was not held dear
Seasons draped and quickly fled bring sorrow only now or then
hidden about tiny elfin sprites danced many away
While crickets toads songbirds played their symphony
sweet melodies and
blushed puffs of sunned clouds peppered brilliant ceilings each day,

As clocks never found their way
time had no meaning hence a beginning was as old as ever
Becoming aged rarely cared as ever dwelled forever
or so it seemed,

Few breaths ventured an inquisitive lunch
the matter of how we there we or why we drifted moot
Even as muchtime near perfect sun radiance sets
one did not inquire
Why distress perfection?
bubbled streams shone mirrors to the blue high
while rosy waterfalls tumbled in laugh so joy
Why distress perfection indeed?

Thus was it suddenly an odd event when a Shadow appeared
the Shadow bore faceless
too it bore no tears
it never answered questions, merely shrugged
at first Shadow seemed a shadow of nothing of a...thing
Swiftly, then
a killing swung its axe so strong my dear trees came screaming
down,



Forest Shadows

Forest babes knew little
about silent Shadows
forest babes knew little
of what such meant
Still to see my
dear shaded friends atoppled under
to our soft verdant grounds,

Yet,
the day was ignored
night came but quivered
all slept
Yet,

Now more mighty guardians be- felled as never before
the serenity of the forest was dire
Who was this grayed Shadow?
What was this Black force?
Why was it now?

Anew aburst screamed a dove fell to the earth soaked in blood
tears.

ALL SHUDDERED!

The gray Shadow had become black as blacker
and loomed every corner of life
Forest nymphs knew 'it' could be deafened
but this meant needed 'kill -it'
and, all were frozen unable to slay,

Soon as soon the death Demon marched everyplace
everywhere in the groves,
everywhere in the fields
everywhere in the skies,
everywhere in the water's stream
Blackened wanton left its saddened path,

Beneath a toadstool twigs huddled to remembered
a vague like- apparition
It was told of a great fire-thing millennia ago
that all memory had erased
was also likened to a Shadow which came which ravaged to slew
The grandest trees fell first, their sap bled too
then thundered across wave begot wave of
a greaterest destruction
Yes,
some thought it resembled merely just one dark Shadow,

For those at peace, shadowclouds are not recalled
best joyous to live each way
But whenever the denizens ennoble a task to fulfill
spreading radiances each day
could destroy every destroyer Shadow lurking
No forest would ever fall
nor evil shadow be never so tall
Wouldst

Wouldst, a glimmer of light simply refuse the night!

But this saga of mother earthen forest be it said:
“Tis most forlorn
too, really not new
Powerful shadows black as black can be,
do
Always lurk at the furthest
edge of every great forests seeking peace,”

WHEN, When will ever.... each children's trees... simply..... be?

A LONE GULL

Night approached,

I see night- fog settling oe'r the horizon
Softly, as a veil, the silent sea is lord
Sky- blues fade as graying clouds merge
all colours now blush an illusion,

A softly breeze carries a lone white Gull
Her wings silent
Alone, she sweeps towards the mist,

A few whispers of the ebbing tide
They toss, they hush, they.....,

I glance to the Gull, who now is lost,

Unafraid
Of the sea
Of the mist

Alone



LILAC MOON

Mountains capped in ice shadows
bamboo crackles under a breeze
in the darkening valley below, silent
Now midnight is never so sweeter
as when two young lovers
Share their sweetly tea petals
in the glow of a pale lilac moon.

(For ILANA-)

A PEN OF BLOOD

My pen of inks stumbled, then wept images as it faltered across this woved
paper,
Because, Because its tears flowing must be ill-advised to script any such
sorrow,
Such ravaged storms, such butchery,

Can thee be any matter so dire, so not of humankind even inanimate,
unhuman?
Razor cold could be humbled so?

(A tattered rag doll in the gutter)

A death camp!!!!!!!!!!
How sadistic, a 'Camp', a world flowing singsongs, joy, peace, mirth of youth,
Transported to such an evil drenched tears draped as a river from stone, BUT
not They!

(Crushed toy wagon)

They stormed trooped the souls of souls terrified,
Terrified little ones, emaciated kinder, naked, liced, pure, no words here can
my pen's ink find!
Lambs kin's marked by guiltless playfields, an innocence, a toy,
a bright eyed futures,

Instead pale fingernails dug frantically into the clay of gas cases
Where all children should play..... say They!
Fingernails of despair, nails slashed fear, nails in horror,
unknowingly sliced frantic again, all cement,
And again and, woe
Met only utter hopeless- ness,

(A charred dreidel)

A world cared not while elite THEY gleamed in glee
So, the Not-They grimaced in horror
All others fell, fell so utterly in despair, a despair far beyond this meager pen,
Of a GOD in hell, No matter the crime,

(Baby's torn shoe, rotted in street)

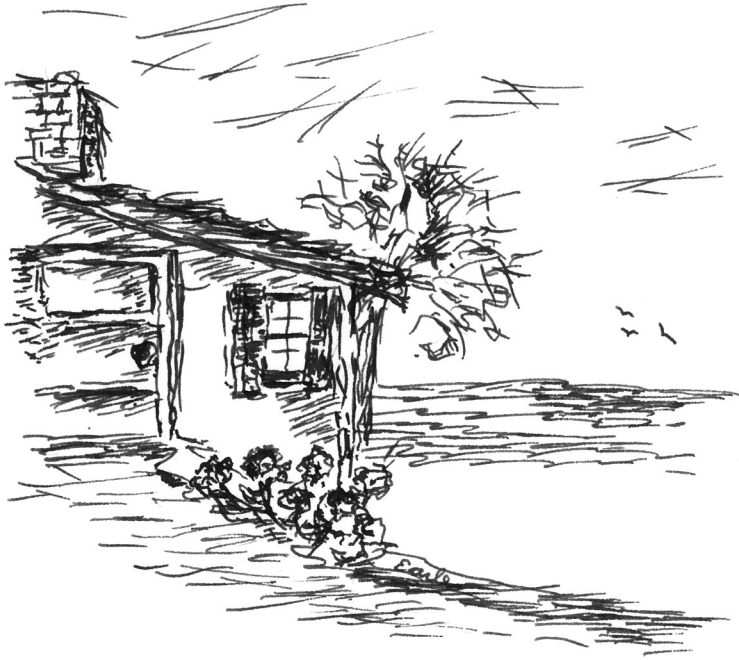
And Heaven yawned
As Tormented mothers screamed
This pen failed all sorrowful tears of carnage
Blood bright red and bright and red and red and bright and blood and
Gushed.....
As while fingernails screamed in despair
As while crematoria screamed for more
And, this woven paper sighed so, so heavily sadly
.....as feweverreadtheScript!

ABOVE

Very above are
Swirls of autumnal colours
A notforever lustrous flaxen sun
Bellowing puffs urged aloft under amorous westerly winds
Fleet brilliant blushes wedded by carrion breezily gusts
Lo, stands, in their midsts, a mighty and grey twisted oak
Adorned in her ancient glory, as no man could ever do
Soaring boughs nurture below tiny seedlets -yet no-desire
Felled to a waiting carpet of life
Stirring below and iced to now but not to then
Promises of to be gently buried from a time
Now nurtured in a cradle about
To regrow, to true, to flourish
And oh yes, TO tarry a bit..... yet.



Autumn Dreamscape



MY KITCHEN DOOR

Seven lusty geraniums dwell aside my kitchen door
And Sun, and few Dew drops tis all they long for,

The door, old and oaken, appears well worn by the sea
Alas, I also old, was too busy brewing my pot of tea,

And gave them all little heed, till some pansies smiling about
Gave me a wink..wink....which was quite a shout,

So, I doused them all with n'eery a note
As, in the summer heat it fell upon me.....

Neither had feet!

HAUNTED

I am now old, the days dream ago
Here, there, a rainbow of pale colours sing a sorrowful melody
I can barely hear
Perhaps I prefer not the song
 as youth is too pained my sinew
Collages of all, they lie
 and days were never just for a moment to be
Why of so many do I hear the chant
 sweeping the years into my essence?
Of a street scene timid with ladhood
 where ages strew a peddler by his cart,

A peddler aside a wagon aside a street aside a ghetto aside my youth
Never a word to me, but a nod to my mother for a penny few,

Why plague me so with a chant?
I have so many fond ghosts and spirits
 waiting to reach this paper I pen,
So endeared and full of life
 they rich of substance never pled
In barren streets now so distant to my eye's mind,

What was the link of an image of despair I could not remedy nor redeem,
Was the haunt of my mother's mother's mother, father's father toiling so
Dire not even poorest now could fathom the misery?

A misery so so lacerated into the flesh
 such it became, with apologies,
Scorched into the cells of
 our, your, my spirit,

What was sold to save
What was saved to sell
Why do I ignore the cries from the ground
To fathom the old peddler
Who daunts my aged aged Memories?

ANYTHING AT ALL

When I was just a young boy in tattered tan knickers rolled over stiff Thom McCann soles, in a now faded era of horse drawn wagons delivering milk in glass to Dorchester three decker wooden havens within foyers where we sprawled on cold planked floors adoring our only console radio hooting kids stuff for only a few sacred hours a day and of oaken-clad refrigerators actually disguised iced boxes frozen by blocks of slippery blue slabs and three party line telephones, with , Wellesley forbid, just one bathroom – yes, for five of us, kindled under dim light bulbs, smoky coal furnace roaring steam as dragon hissing cast iron radiators lacking any thermostat, yet stoked three times a day by hand birthing buckets of sooty dirt ash when I also bore wool britches whence a swift but stinging swatch to the out -stretched hand in grade school or in an even more rigorous chedar (Hebrew school) class ruled by a harsh unforgiving dictator possessed of a gnarled yet pointed finger who in his velvet black, Lucky Strike smoke reeking garb tortured us aleph bet by just sheer terror amid weekly air raid drills where dad in a white helmet and whistle would disappear to the darkened deserted streets to oversee that black-out be duly enforced or we could be bombed by the Nazi “shtunk” and 5 cent trolley rides all the distance into downtown Boston (via a brownish transfer stub) upon a yellow bellied-chariot singing a clang-clang bearing hard wooden seats which merely reversed positions, back to front, for the return trek unheated in winter but schvitz in summer hours and black, rented , itchy wool bathing suits at great Revere Beach and then a modest (metal) clarinet lesson bargain priced at 15 cents a half-hour somewhere on old Fruit street slums where now luxurious condominiums bury a once huddled yet vibrant ghetto’s ghost, a music school, third floor aged brownstones, bored equally sullen teacher insidiously camouflaging a smoldering pipe amid his well-worn woolen profusely patched brown cardigan clearly could care less if I had practiced at all, and lunch box that invariably reeked a pale banana odor at communal Hecht house as a respite from lurking street gangs assuring subjugation of yours truly by daily poundings from gentile gangsters while on shabbos after shul a dual movie feature with tossed in cartoons interrupted by Pathe News of the World-

for a dime- a bargain for my mother to dispatch troubles for one short respite- or admission in lieu of cash some with hustled scrap metal vital for the war effort, with shabbat always in a warming kitchen (physically and spiritually) aside an always foul aromatic kerosene cook stove, blackened in layers of soot huddled with my nuisance little sister sharing toys engineered of cardboard shoe boxes bombed under glass aggies leaving now priceless Babe Ruth baseball cards as 'shooters', and Braves Field, and a hand me down bike from Uncle Ralph when summer found us frolicking by Sharon lake, "don't get polio" or a trek to sea-side in dad's old 1937 two door Ford whose front window cranked - out for bursts of flows of humid air as air conditioning in the summer tides, and fresh bulkies each as well as every day, while always Germany in the background amid whispers of Jews and endless summers and times beyond recall, childhood where bliss never foretold of our days to come - it was our youth's time all but frozen here forever.

But amid these cherished voices, there was one quite strange (but dimmed) vision; it haunts me still to this day.

A push cart..... aside its master!

Master, yes, a frail human engine, merely a frail, old, old man pushing his cart, a humbled wagon haunting the fringes of the avenue. The wagon, I repeat, was not horse drawn. rather man was the drawner, rather more accurately-peddler drawn! Pushed!!

For utterly no reason I could fathom, as a boy, other than pity for this creature, I have this scene yet now deeply engraved into my aged memory. so, I

I pass it on to you.

Thus, each day as I would embark on my great adventures I would have to venture past a certain old hawker chained aside one singularly shabby, wooden cart decked in faded pale blue-ebony pastels, wheels rusted iron spokes firmly snug along the sidewalk curbstones of Blue Hill Avenue, the aorta of our days. Yes, always in the same rut, meaning he, the old peddler from peddler university 'B' school, had surely intuitively analyzed his clientele well; their traffic patterns, their obvious minor needs— thus who, where, when, what would sell his wares.best!

(But peddler had an even better sales secret, as you shall very soon discover.)

And he toiled there daily, a black greenhorn style cap bearing a small red feather slanted toward a torn, crinkled visor, fearsomely stooped broad shoulders held a stoned hewn, emotionless pallid face largely hidden by a rough yet proudly stubby grayish beard, beneath what I recall the most-sunken spheres of saddened eyes, the entire torso clad by a shabby shirt tucked sloppily into his upscale herring-bone tweedy or rustic- call it tattered- baggy cuffed pants unmatched beyond a grayed coat of many multicolored patches were the weather to require it, but toiled never on shabbat, but without fail on the goyems Lord's Day whether searing summers, driving rains or most days sieged by winter. I had to believe he knew what he was about, and what he was doing had to be the only thing he knew to do for his keep, otherwise why so consumed in such demeaning commerce? Furthermore, I presumed he would continue stubbornly until he dropped..... either of some relentless illness or perhaps better, in his mind, by just a frank, swift, clean yet stone- dead death!

I am certain about one matter, clearly, he was not a vagrant. Rather his pride, character or circumstance demanded what he had of necessity to view as noble, well at least somewhat gainful, work.

Again, of course I felt an intense melancholia manifested as overt sorrow for him; that is the essence of the boyish image, yet beyond really I recall only this glancing glimpse.....poignant!!

So on with this sketch; mind you cart-keeper had serious local competition. Most of his 'exotic'-cart wares were curiously readily available in local shops about the immediate ghetto vista. However, adroit old fellow or survivor or fierce shop steward our hero possessed some interesting but not so rather obvious advantages. For example, a very low overhead. Indeed! Only an umbrella over his 'store'. Secondly, the contents of this nomadic hoard were readily visible and hence immediately available. So too, the price was always right or tailored right, such when circumstance demanded same. Or was it his ethos that kept the wagon so competitive? Did he ever rationalize these

factors or did he just awaken to daily boredom while maneuvering himself into the bustle of the Yiddish ghetto?

Without further ado, the treasures of this rustic, mobile emporium!

You name it he had it, some of its contents guised as a master of inventory, I barely recall few: shoe laces, light bulbs, matches, belts, socks, can openers, knives, cheap toys, umbrellas, ceramic cups, electric cords, suspenders, hats, hats with feathers, ladies' hats, children's caps, napkins, china plates, where was that pencil 'sharpeners' - wee metal boxes that manually honed a lead pencil? Paper blocks for 2 cents, small shovels, coal buckets, ice trays, real glass glasses, of twine balls, a few brooms saddled under the belly of *la Grande* emporium, toothpicks, scissors, sewing thread, knit me a pearl, rubbers - "sure lady" fits all sizes, siddurs, siddurs for shabbat and yontif, old Saturday Evening Post, tattered comics..... "Yah you should use these, one size fits all eye glasses mister."

Humph. He did it all without a masters degree. Wholesale lots, retailing, merchandising, inventory, sales and pr!

Because!

Because his outstanding survival genius was in a unique 'advertising skill'! How could anyone effectively promote the contents of this mobile mess!! To boot, this process had to be discontinuously continuous, reach cores of passerbys, and be ennui free. How? All intuitive? Unanswerable, perhaps. Yet, passengers were greeted diffidently by an ageless chant. The same chant, day- long, over and over and over and over, the genius of monotony and constancy of his message. Never wavering the opera, or if you prefer spiel, nor was there any variation in tune or rhythm or of the pleading, surely his grand business secret mellowed the avenue air.....

"Anything at all you want I got."....."Anything at all you want I got".....

A fast sale into a worn brown paper bag demanded an encore a plaintive refrain

....*"Anything at all you want I got."*

This message became as much of the street scene as daily shoppers, or of defiantly passing trolleys with their clamorous monotone rattle toot-toot or the occasional clatter of so sad horses leaving familiar souvenirs, or prescient model 'T' Fords, of bobbies hunting a deal in a fat Schmaltz herring, passing by fruit stores under sagging awnings with wares draped about Sunkist Florida box crates strewn across sidewalks, the cop on the beat.

"Anything at all you want I got."

I was young. what did I really understand, especially when my mother would stop now and then, fumble hesitatingly with her small, black purse and with a dear smile dispense a few pennies she could ill afford. Did he smile? Impatiently, all I wanted was to pee so badly.....

"Anything at all you want I got."

And I grew. I never did really pay much attention or concern to that old peddler. Nor, did I ever give a thought to who was this seemingly piteous, old soul? Or, why was his back bent so? Why did he not shave like my dad? Why did he know my mother's name, and so many other avenue farers? Why was he there and not working elsewhere, like a mench, inside some heated store with a boss and buddies? Did he not have a doctor or social security? Where was his wife, in another location and her cart? Home? Homeon these earnings, I never thought if he had a home somewhere –perhaps, in an alley sleeping under the cart. Why didn't his children help him? Had he no pride! Why was his old coat so torn. ? Suppose he had to piss or more while on the avenue! When did he eat, between his arias? Was he just plain poor or really shrewd or bored..... Or?

"Anything at all you want I got."

After some years we moved to an upscale two family brick home in a rather affluent suburban setting.. I never saw the avenue peddler again. The image was lost from my sight. And as the years paced by in place of his curbside wagon were the sleek automobiles of today, air conditioned, radios sending arias of rapper junk bearing endless distortions. A world changed, modern and impatient, leaving little sojourn for sorrowful

peddlers, their wayward rickety carts, plaintive penny cries and equally quaint primitive business acumens. Even though in many ways they were the innocently naïve forerunners of today's mega-stores with mega-inventory bathed in piped megadental music always driving me to mega-headaches!

Reader, I now pose a question for you.

How many spirits under these or similar settings do we yet still pass daily, never giving much thought of whom or of their plight. Racing our hectic lives, our minds cannot concede much reflection to such folks. Sure, we are caring, hints of passing concern with a slight frown, never a nod to another passenger of life albeit a peddler, especially if we just had lunch, yes....as we pass them, we leave them behind forever, even if they had an outstretched hand, or pushed a cart, symbolizing one human's dire plight in the inexplicable path or circumstance of life!

Hah, that is their life,
Indeed!

So my companion, we have reached the final point in this tale. Certainly no drama, unless each element of that life is explored, analyzed and given more credibility than my mere hasty descriptions. The difficult matter, to me personally, is why the preservation of this particular image torn from my younger youth? To orchestrate, if not consummate, any faithful understanding would demand intensive psychoanalysis, a notion I am most certainly going to reject. Perhaps it is best if, you my reader, project these images onto your being, searching for some lesson you might have for me!

Well, enough. The setting is set!
Dear reader, you will have to reflect upon this struggle for yourself. I have no answer.

But, the challenge for you nevertheless will be rather different: at the end of your journey – like peddler- will you have cherished all sufficiently that you may steal his eternal rhyme and nod well to a deeper meaning, as if he was attempting to impart to all in his eternal street chant:

“Anything at all you want, I got.....and I gave!!!”

(-For me, the hidden message - “That which is not given is forever lost.”-)

I, for one, encouraged a more utilitarian yet existential logic. A sufficient cause for a poem! Or by my strange consciousness what I term an ‘unpoem’.

The challenge for me will be simply its title.

(-TITLE : OUT OF RESPECT THE TITLE FOLLOWS THE WORK AS WAS THE CUSTOM IN OLD EASTERN EUROPE WHEN ACCOMPANYING A CASKET TO THE GROUND; CHILDREN IN FRONT OF THE MOTHER’S BOX, BEHIND FOR THE FATHER -AS ONE’S NURTURER WAS ALWAYS CERTAIN))

POEM

I am now old, the days dream ago
Here, there, a rainbow of pale colours sing a sorrowful melody
I can barely hear
Perhaps I prefer not the song
 as youth is too pained my sinew
Collages of all, they lie
 and days were never just for a moment to be
Why of so many do I hear the chant
 sweeping the years into my essence?
Of a street scene timid with ladhood
 where ages strew a peddler by his cart,

A peddler aside a wagon aside a street aside a ghetto aside my youth
Never a word to me, but a nod to my mother for a penny few,

Why plague me so with a chant?
I have so many fond ghosts and spirits
 waiting to reach this paper I pen,
So endeared and full of life
 they rich of substance never pled
In barren streets now so distant to my eye's mind,

What was the link of an image of despair I could not remedy nor redeem,
Was the haunt of my mother's mother's mother, father's father toiling so
Dire not even poorest now could fathom the misery?

A misery so so lacerated into the flesh
 such it became, with apologies,
Scorched into the cells of
 our, your, my spirit,

What was sold to save
What was saved to sell
Why do I ignore the cries from the ground
To fathom the old peddler
Who daunts my aged aged Memories?

TITLE: HAUNTED



FOREVER

(In a time when spring flows-)

When days are gone

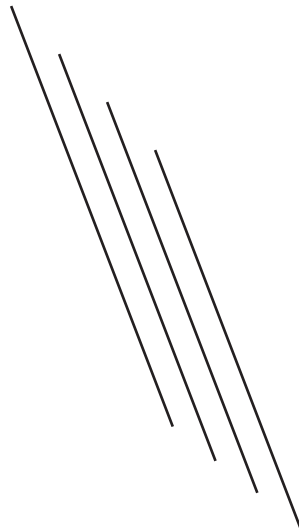
By my shadow,

Meadows of violets

Must yet blossom,

As sweetly

As before.....





Spring Bells

AGAIN I DREAMED

Dreamed,
One door ajar in one darkly passage, a soft alluring glow emanates therein,
Dreamed you have entered
Dreamed something never seened before
Can you? Did You?
Can you dreamed something never dreamed before?
“TRY!”
Yes, now!
Now is it a real illusion or rather an illusion of reality
Perhaps it is better not to ask, simply press forward and when....
“WAIT!”
Step with care... Feel the boundless walls forward...
“WAIT!”
Can you feel the reflection of your journey in the NOW mirrors? Put your hands out,
touch only reflection not visible to any pleading eye,

A thunderous ROAR as the floor above becomes your ceiling below
intercepted by a lustrous glimmered beam splintering all reverie to
innumerable silver fragments...”*CONFUSED DEAR READER???*”

Fragments all resonating about in meandering dreamlike notions
Which soon or now all thrust into undulating crystals of sparkling glasses,
Here there are no boundaries to either the fantasy or to the home you are in
Merely space,
and suspended therein are no ghostly perceptions..... only a vastness of
perpetual distances, doorless and formless, Cold too, Indifferent too...

Now dreamed of a beginning to end!
Where to even begin?
Or is it best to dream of an end?
If thus your haunted had a beginning,
for you to seek?
“NOT I,”
“YOU!”

A drifting ember in a vastless void.
But nothing from which to apprehend, anxiety or dread, where to be or to know
when to be there,..... Certainly not!
“WHY?”
“WHY NOT?”
So I dreamed, AGAIN.

LATE NOVEMBER

Now a season for desolate ambers to quilt worn pastures
As harsh north wind songs lash lonely Sycamore boughs,

Whose ghostly silhouettes beckon some endless horizons
And arch gaunt fingers to a swaying colding sky,

Heavy grey-misted clouds threaten a promise of yet to be
See withered grasses embrace worn twisted tangled corn skeletons,

To toss dance whispers upon an earth, carpeted so void, barren
Awaiting shrouds of hoarfrost soon sprinkled to their bosom,

A dismal stage defied by stark birches astep soft firs, here
and there
But Beyond, nothing, But nothing stirs,

Save some eternal vow of golden days that yet will, NO must, to be,

But Now of my dearest of mine children,
It is your time only
Only, that you must slumber.



Harvest Blaze

AUTUMN GOSSAMER

My summer escape, lives a little corner
Twixt a wind-worn stone aside an olden wooded door
Not very near the ground it bore
Sat one web,
A spider's ruse
Draped about in shimmering gossamer,

It fluttered in the dance, wetted in pours, dangled in allure
In the late autumn sun
Whoa, many a damsel lost their flight
Quite entrapped by the treachery of night,

Who was this seducer of life so swift?
Why did she live in my realm?
I grasped silently the lethal trap, to free souls so beguiled
But alas all had too swiftly passed, passed and so quickly too!

Who,
My dear enchantress will claim you?

THE WATERFALL'S WALTZ

Tumbling rainbows lost in swirling cascades
where ice-blue eddies etch memories in cold, black rock
while plummeting as nowhere to see,

Stronger their rhythm as whirl weds swirl
fading ambers caress whilst they flow, birth
churn hoary foams beneath my star-draped canopy,

Emerald thunder looms its fateful beat, growling
torrents dash to a horizon yet bubbled but all grayed rush by
silver ices,

See I now their eternal end crashing polyphony only audible
amid currents of golden sun wisps who are sped lofty yet
flee within MY amorphous plunging mists,

Shimmering murmurs afar, now quite shy
till all were stole from the twinkle of my eye,

Oh tiny tears,
Embrace my fading embers.

A MISCHIEVOUS WIND

One late October with a canopy so blue
a bolder westerly wind blew ever so true,

I eyed its whispered trail by the swirls 'long its path
erratic pirouettes which obeyed no logical math,

Up and too about caught every fallen leaf
tossed to a sky liken turbulent ocean reef,

Fiery scarlets blend sun-kissed orange adorned yellow ships
soared and scattered and then plummeted their fragile tips,

Oh, as they swept by my face I could hear them all sing
COME.....grasp with our hands thus we might dance in a ring,

Quickly, I reached for their grace, so dazzling was their allure
BUT, a gust of October laughed out, out ever so sure,

Well , So aflown were my friends
In a cloud of swirled pastels
Blown quite far.....
..... far away,

This late autumn day.

FROM THE DARKNESS

Conceived in a furnace of fiery dust
 Could a great void be as nowhere forever before?
Amorphous, an inception, devoid of lust
 Eternally timeless.....a concept to abhor,

Drifting specter embered with defiant nobility
 Were disparate perceptions leading to one path,
Could such infuse so universal a human morality
 Would this not incite some heavenly wrath?

Soaring ice slabs, swirl geometric forms quite random
 Endless mists and grey fog or was it but a dream,
Is there a space vaster than vastness own kingdom?
 Silently pursued in Mind's twilight stream,

Everywhere it was, it was, and everywhere
 A dark formless, casting no shadow..were there light,
Giving nothing for reason and asking...one not dare
 Yet nothing, yet ALL captured in its piercing sight,

Huddled TWO tiny forms somewhere about a frigid abyss
What to be their journey aside from any reason,
Is this but a game or a perception strangely gone amiss
 As just, just because...they step, fearful of a season,

*They being one of the vast infinite invisible
Alit upon a stage luminous yet not discern-able,*

Black lightening shone not for their way
 Harsh winds, darkness and dank coldness were their gift,
Never arose any comfort or of any a day
 Endless chasms of rock did not their spirits lift,

As forever these shadows wandered here and fro
 Purposeless they clung and crawled and then groped
Whatever they were, tormented beyond the unseen deep below
 Nothing in their hearts ever dared ever to hoped,

But always and now hovered a spirit someplace nearby
“Did you arise from some murky mire?”
As perhaps it too bore a longing led by one searching eye
“Or could there be a grandeur that could inspire,”

Are you tangles of cosmic dust embodied as a surprise?
Should not the desolate but hallowed grounds
Should you not delight in the endless blue of my skies?
Praise a song of wondrous wind sounds,

Are there others drifting formless alone
Do also they desire a sunset to atone?

Suddenly from a millenniums of endless dim space
Glowed a strange glowing draped by endless delicate lace,

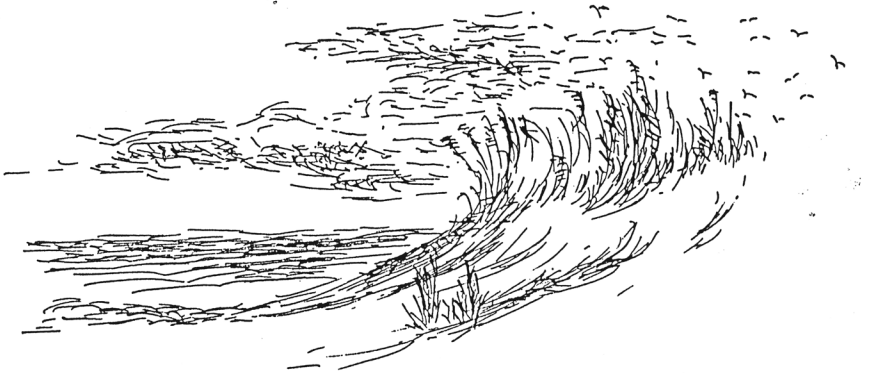
Then did but one star
ever so brightly shine,
For the very, very, very
first, first time!

SWALLOWS ON A DUNE

One day, late summer, with a sky so golden
A cloud of gray swallows my eye did beholden,
We shared the same dune....by the seaside
I to ponder, they.....to ride,

We on our journey
Neither altogether too sure,
Where OR
Why?

Seven hundred and thirty I counted in a flash
But when I winked they had vanished in a dash,
Never to return, this
Late summer's day.



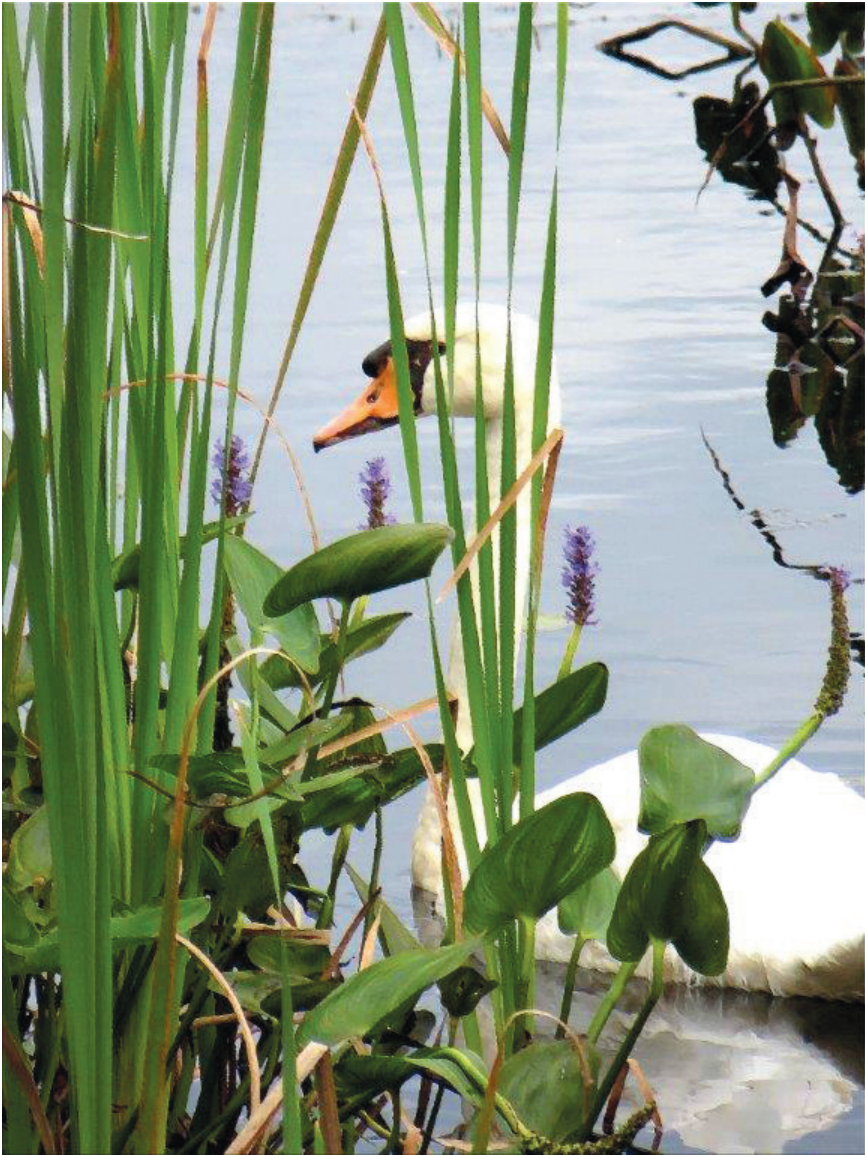
WILD WOODS AT TWILIGHT

As ghostly sentinel cathedrals
they soared silently in that infinite moment,
When the last shimmer of faded golden suns
caressed the somber edges of endless earth,

Only their dim gray shadows merged the dying embers
as silently tossed in a whispering breeze,
Of echoes amid the star-draped blackness
yet lost in a now chilled now heavy mist,

It was of their enduring defiance
between the coming void about all we shared
unknowingly together,
The cold twilight while it consumed the last glimpse
of our each being,

Yet amid this darkness
I could feel their tender boughs...straining, yearning,
Before another dawn roused them to hope anew
from their deepest of slumbers.



My Swan

THE RITUAL

Planet earth shifts by law
about its parapet
harsh drums beat
when leaves fall a carpet
nature sees each seasons
must rise to fall
while the shadows of my trees
are quite so tall,

So from the west within
the icicle poles do hurls
the message of another
harsh winter swirls
seasons beget a family of orphans
in every tidal
bear bitter blue sleet coats,
each frosted un- idyll,

*EACH CLOCK BEARS A STORY TO RETELL 'NEATH EACH FALLEN FLAKE
SO THIS LITTLE APOLOGIA PAINTS A DIVERSION FOR YOUR SAKE,*

While men warm their innards
and outards too
extreme-ish elements blizzard
a freeze through to thru
aloof hoary steel blankets
time for each creature
bellows dispassionate down
upon chicks or leader,

On the frozen ceiling of my lake
water birds await the day
but now time for finding still
where bits of warm hay
when hours of sweet living
arises woven rippled wave
whereupon see I all flocks
our ducks cackle to rave,

Every winter's afternoon
the old, olden man found his way
clutched warmly to his bosom
some sacks of sunny day
to the same frigid shores
of this same arctic-bitten world
bringing breads amid nibbles
would he cast aswirled,

All creatures old and cold knew his step
casting a bent shadow
white as snow but powerful feathered
flesh their chateau
quite of note amongst the flocks
came trumpeting great swans
seemed to sense him from
memories of shore dawns,

Defiant great whites strode
threatening upon slipped ice bleak
whence deadly hisses groaned
down a long slender orangey beak
great gestures of spreaded lace wings
sent geese –a- scurrying away
the feast each afternoon begun
with gentled swans having their say!

So he fed, only the morsels
he could ill afford each day
deeply hoped he could dissent
the winterish harshest way
besides too he sensed mere tokens
could not bring to them life
still the dance continued
as this brief respite eased their strife,

For some years this modest tale
 played over again years anew
it so seemed how many would flock
 upon a wintry blast true
could he recall each year
 were friends amongst the same
but great swans knew him well
 even nodded under new springs rain,

A storm, a blizzard, a maelstrom
 now swept an arctic snowy plane
for who would nibble delight
 into his warmth flame
few creatures ventured
 even snatch a sliver of breaded crumb
yet he trudged through songs
 by frigid winds being deep ice numb,

One erred step was glass to his boot
 'tween two graced swans as last age gave
a morsel clutched amid stone grey
 fingers unmoving to grave
down fall on a bosom of frigid remorse
 struck with a soft cry
all winds ceased, swan tears tumbled
 towards his immobile eye,

Some passerby folks ran to the scene
 but the great birds defiantly arose
time passed quickly as night shadows spread
 among spreading woes
helpless was he
 nothing seemed to be,

Hours later that old man's frozen frame
disappeared from shore
a dark grayed fog overtook
a desolate scene as frozed winds adore
other folks saw no sign
of him or his life
nevermore - now- could he
ease the winter's strife!

(finis)

TO A CAREFUL EYE, HOWEVER, AFAR IN A MIST OF MISTS DRAPED
DISTANCE OF OUR FROZEN LAKE TWO REGAL BUT GHOSTLY SWANS
SLIPPED SILENTLY, HEADS BOWED YET MOURNFUL, TOWARDS THE
VERY VERGE OF THE ONLY ETERNAL HORIZON — WHEN SEEN,
BETWEEN THEIR BODIES THEY BORE A DARKENED, FRAIL AND
DESOLATE SHADOW, THEY.....

THEY THEN SLOWLY DISAPPEARED FOREVER...INTO THE DARKNESS.

(for my mother and my father)

A THOUGHT IN SUMMER

CHIRP
CHIRP,CHIRP.....

Softly, at first, then all about
announcing our autumn time,

An orange tuft amid summer-worn leafs
but, a day ago they swayed to their newborn promise,

CHIRP
CHIRP
CHEEP,CHEEP.....

Undaunted by the coming winds of the north
they swoop while to bare their fiery plumes,

A calm ocean seems resting
before THE coming time,

We,.. ...but spectators of an invisible dance
can barely but sense these subtle passions of change,

For all, times a- passin, We cannot feel
And Cannot, Never, take anew what it has passed,

In the dawns of all ages
they all sang their songs,

Was I there?
I did not hear
nor did they see me,
Together we sat and we sang
of Days that were
AND of those that will NOT be,

Our summer twi-light fades,
A softly breezes of music crowds the night
All heavens Glow,

Chirp

THE OLD PHOTOGRAPH

I hadn't given much note, years swept aside it had been sitting
Unmoved stone carved a framed pose rather quite unbefitting
Silent as dust generations filtered a weary glance
Years erased its luster an aura of fragility not perchance,

Why suddenly so haunting a face I'd seen over not anew
Brush tones belied any aged remorse under their hue
A women under flaxen curls bleached sepia now so faded
An image a youth so long lost yet still seemed why jaded,

A pose, a strange magical beauty danced in piercing eyes
It had lied to the dusts about the stained youth with sighs
Of musty colours draped a tapestry of to be, yet the photo lied
You will dwell eternally here, your glance, a pose, never a bride,

A silence evermore here!

What did this moment ennoble, I do not see peace, I do not see flair
Dress draped darkly so plain, no jewels deck your grace, still silent air
I see nothing of love, in those glowing lips no mystery hides
Perhaps image you wished an enigma of despair, asides,

Simply a moment stolen from a moment to behold as cherished
And dimmed suns isolating an iced cameo sculpted then perished
By someone who was someone, to peer into endless night
Hah! to adore as beautiful as rarely this sight,

Yet as I hold thee dear a beckoning silence murmurs
For in love all hues become rainbow glimmers
Wisps suddenly of some but forlorn desire
Washed clean all saddened tones of grays or faded fire,

If that is what you seek..... *"oh, dulce amor nunca desfallece"*

Suddenly,
Suddenly my shadowed image weeping so silently
Began to dream
To dream because
Because I willed it – to,
And then, as I edged forward
A whisper toonly me
“Imagine !!!!! ”

*(Oh sweet love do never languish)

WINTER'S PATH

I stood there,

Above darkened a coldly wind, no friend
While all quivered in webs woved to misted-glass
And lashing chills swirled about, undaunted, about, some path
Now quite lost to my eye,

Strain to listen, to a hush...to a softly embrace
To silvery twinkles dancing upon this stage, creating now, perchance
Frosted ghosts who caress my every wooded-creature
Now bent beyond, oh beyond their desire,

Sighing, now swept, Some so gracious they do bow
As deeper enrapt this quest seeks only its way
As for all who dwell upon
Gain but this victory for just this day,

Yet deeper and darker our thoughts
Of a DREAM, myself
At peace, So,

On..on..and...on
We must silently trod.

WITHIN MY WORLD

Within my world, All to be I see

Yet,

In the midst of a grand plaza arose another glorious square of greater size
than its' former square,

(And so reflected a gleaming flames, bathed in shadows where dimming
elongated –ray-beams strewn from a settling sun)

And wider than the square within the square from which it arose enlarged
with lightening speed to loom even more larger, yet greater even,

And spaces soared beyond all existent piazzas soaring unto my imaginations
until it might achieve a terminational end....the verge of any Universes.

Arriving there thus, these geometric images progressed to proceeded beyond
As any abeyond the limits of an end.....where the infinite limit is attained,
WAIT!

You may not!!!! WHAT?

You may not advance beyond the limits of an ending

Where, there, nothing exist.....

“And were I attempt to do so?”

“Well you would clearly....hmmm...let me see....you would or, rather you
could ...Or you should.... Presently perchance intrude upon some realm
extending from the another dimensional plane of the present- Like
times-spaces!”

But, now look about, evermore dims a circular faint glow engulfing the
piazza squares,

With spaces of all here and Oh of quite so more magnificent while
Embracing all unsensed laws of a logic which are not illogical!?!?

“That logic is not logical,” I demanded, “It is an opium!”

HE replied, “Is THE logic the same forever or everywhere heavens may arch
or is it possible that the mind Of us is perhaps mostly vague?”

From the corner of an endlessly soaring golden tower in the central plaza
whispered beyond a plaintive windswept wind.....

“Of Course, ‘TRUE’ Logic is always the same for all!”

“How can that be? What is to me is not to you. Look, can we reach there? “

“Where? “

Beyond....there!” Beyond Reason??? Beyond dialectics or rhetoric????



For You, Passage

Are you bound by anytime, are you bound by anybound, are you possessed by only our only experiences?

If so, you will never exceed the limit. Nature's laws will always confine you
And

My friend, which after this reading I hope you shalt yet be, what.....

What Exists Beyond The *Limit*?

"Well, what is beyond the limit is....."

"Surely you comprehend and know that answer...."

"No I fear I cannot.....never did not!"

"Pity."

What?

Pity..... you should have dreamed beyond the plaza, far, far, far
beyond the obvious borders of just merely the plaza, the piazza, the square,
the gospel, the books, the towers, the sermons, those about you, those about me, you
or those Self-determined, abandon humility, ignore immortality,

MORE

doubt, contribute for Your own-self , see knowledge as fragile, never beguile,
and then you will.....

Gain what we all have lost.....

And that being, is?

And that simply, is- - - - -

Within my world

All to be I see

Yet,

Were ALL unfurled

Wouldst truly set me free.

MY BIRCHES

By my house in a wood pose a clump- my birch trees
with limbs as white as white ever could be's,

They soar up up to kiss a yearning sky
far a-way beyond my searchingly eye,

And within their limbs all lights does play
dancing about each delighted waning day,

Amid their bonnets my sparrows rest about
calling sweet nothings with quite a defiant shout,

With playful winds they bend with charming grace
while winter jewels dons all with alluring lace,

Every season there's a beauty to see
because of God's gift..... just for me,

TO BE!!!!



WANDERER.....

I wandered across this always barren
Lifeless land,
From there, To there,

Shadows moaned with grief
Why do you weep so, bemoaning?
The bewails ceased only nevertime,

And so I wandered into the blacknight
Never everwas there but a glow,

Hostile granite forms loom above mine path
Behind no trace
Ahead no lighted
Sobbing in memory I stumbled
Never lost and never found-
A voyage devoid of lust,

Cruelty gripped my pace while tears fell yet carelessly,

Yet I was not evered alone
Suddenly a soft, A hand
So,
We crept together- unknowingly...
We wept together- unknowingly...
We bled together- unknowingly...

More eerie shadows crept through deep mountain chasms
Echoing saddened echoes,

Is such this journey meant for us?
To whom –what- it -do you speak?
Does it ever matters!

Grayer and more somber the thunderous rains spilled moanings
Over all that stumbles
While steals away at our very souls.

I will wander
I will smile
I will grieve
You can ne'er take my essence from my essence
Nonevermore even as much as I fall,

For though we are one,
On our journey and on our journeys we.....
We became ONE.

(for Vicky)

A MOTHER'S ANGUISH

By a shadowed fen, amid a watered bed
As here a world to be
Rot woodland and marsh flowed some hostile world,

Seemed desolate yet teemed with some lusted envy
Two swans hushed beneath driven by an ancient voice
Melodies drifted a perfection as a harmony heralded persuasion
As here a world to be,

Neither choiced the puzzle but obeyed the command,

Day, night, suns searing, more days, moons, clouded suns, strained moonglows
Sat she, whilst he on watch, both in a turn fend upon treasures to be
And roosted, day, by night, by under sun's fierce
By under so cold detached moonbeams
Awaiting the promise to BE,

Lurked all about from stealthy greenlit eyes those who live to lurk
But stealth knows well the ferocity of mothers who dream in the murk
And so safe the days begat
And soon some promised to be neared to endless vigil,

Alas, a cold storm fled from a somber iced sky driving a snow not seen long ever
Winds and black lashed the pair who lashed to each other and to the treasures,

Unmerciful drove the winds, bitter were iced- cicles, and
The God of envy laughed too
Each huddled, to each,
Each blanketed treasures beneath
So the winds blew more fierce while iced the snow to days ever black night,

A blue sky appears
One swan no longer breathes, the other stands fierce, all others have fallen Beyond
A sun God cares not,

So there sits she
By a shadowed fen, amid a watered grave
As here a world love will never be,



Mother with Canada Goslings

So humbled, all teared woodland creatures silent a sigh!

Stubborn rains, silvered thunder, terror, stealthy eyes, failure
All drenched this scene
Yet the mother lingers still upon all
Her breast teems with hope and love
Head bowed in sorrow
For all that can never be,

Yet the mother lingers still
As the darkness draws closed
IN DESOLATE TEARS.

NOW, SILENCE

NOW, TEARS WEEP CONSOLATION

NOW, SILENCE CONSOLES TEARS

NOW, SILENT TEARS

ALL IS SPENT.

ALL SEE A FINAL HUSH——- DESCENDED OVER OUR FRAIL GODDESS.....

(FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN, SO YOUNG THIS.....PORTRAIT)

(over)

WAIT!!!!!!

A feeble call of need.....deepest in the lowly thatch.....one feeble voice
fearless in demand.....a call swept in yearnings pleads deeply ' I ' hope...
demands its nurture.....

WAIT!!!!!!

A call so swiftly caressed,
AND caressed
AND caressed!

LA SCÈNE

Who cast my soul
 upon this awesome stage?
Where fiery volcanic veils
 consume a quest for eternal breath,

Bedazzled, mine eyes flee about a glowing silvery plain
 Searching, vainly....

Wait!
Chaos amuses the alleged-wise
 as seated beyond
Fools nod insatiably 'neath pulsating shadows
 within the play,

A spinous finger curls a message whilst ravaged souls
 cast an ageless, granite pose:
 'All that was.....was
 All that shall be.....shall be.'
Written immutable; Inscribed immutable
Before all,

Frailty devours our youth-spent dreams
 Leaving wasted beyond our lonely journey
 As 'TRUTH' ignobly stumbles, unleashed from paradise,

But paled crimson clouds grasp a heaving horizontal,
 And descends the curtain embraced in thunderous Blackness.

Now,
So naked to mine eye.

MY SOUL

I have no soul

I am the winds.....



And So I Saw

A MOMENT, STOLEN

Could I whisper to you our sunfall this summer night
My friend....she was a rather heavenly drenched sight,

How can I trace such wondrous hues
Faded violets beguiling fiery maidens garbed 'neat graying blues?

As they embraced swept over me rolled darkening sleepy clouds
Until ghostlike all were clad in a final draped shrouds,

Pastel musical mosaics drifted away just subtle sublime
Alas my pen again wasted its allotted time,

Memory eludes my any further poetic recall
For eventide has now eloped humming a wispy waterfall,

Stolen dreams are we all now forever gone
Or shall we again dance to another dawn?



Watercolor Songs

SHE

Within my world All to be I see
Yet, Were all unfurled wouldst set me free,

A cold, bitter nighttime
Dark
Somber, driven winds
Dark
Ice grips the land
Dark
Nothing stirs
Dark
The dust is silent,

I feel my love, I embrace her feel, her touch, her limbs
Drink her essence
Spreading
Starbeams, with tenderness, mine, hers
Warmth
She reaches beyond..... my caress,
Sundreams, We embrace arisen to yearn, by one soul
Aglow
Eternity now lost to an end
A Kiss ..We kiss our souls to depths We lose our lips to death,

I feel
She ...women...never really mine
Will I lie alone in my grave for eternity or Will I cherish her kisses forever
upon my heart which is too dear?

SO I SEE BEAUTY, SO I SEE ETERNITY, SO I SEE ME

SUMMER CLOUDS

Once on a brightly glowed mid-summer's day
I sat to cheer my friends soar overing sandy dunes
just daunting the bay
in a sea so calm, a merry sun laughed more to warm,

Gently breezes danced, while
my cricket company joined the scene
only amid whispers
of rainbow ripples of so sleepy tides,

Forked tail swallows now checker my sky
announcing a summerings fleeting love
they wing to a darkly cloud puffs sudden by my eye,

Cloud puffs, thee I see,

No, do not darken my vistas of this day
go back!
return to thy horizon,
let this bit of my day be, be!

Not so,
they did not speak
yet all was clear
all sang songs in summertide swirls
“For we too dreamed of our place of this day!”

CIRCLES

I dream'd a dream

Or so it seem'd,

Was IT real

Did I feel

Perhaps it seem'd

I was the dreamed!

Or You!

THE LONE PINE

In a field not too far, far from me
Dwells a lonely old pine as ragged as ragged can be,

Her coat worn quite shabby from so many years
Struggling against natures awesome fears,

A tuft of green adorns her breast
I often go there to sit and rest,

In winds does she bend whilst under suns does she smile
I know from her crest one could see many a mile,

Her friends are the forest, sky doused with bright-blue air
As well as all the woodland creatures here and over there,

OH,

Yes its very true my friend,
“Only God can make a tree!”
But of its enduring beauty,

Only I can see!!

UNTITLED

A landscène, flowing brilliant scarlet streamlets
Flowing scarlets seep muddened mire into grotesque rivers
Now thunder towardly lurking
Eros-voracious seas-

Here roaring waveforms crash
No, rush to eagerly enrapt any prey
From dawn to dawn
From dusk to dusk,

In ageless lust it devours
 Neverending. Neverhungry. Neverimpatient.
 Indifferent.
 Bands of Dark winds lash, churn, scold, plead- all beyond avail
On and on, never-ending
Evereternal....

JUST as there was not-ever any beginning.....

(IS SUCH POSSIBLE???? EVERETERNAL??NO BEGINNING???)

Now see dancers delight in swirls of autumnal colours
Under THE sea
shimmering ageless forms flash motionlessly,

(I CANNOT FATHOM A PLACE WHERE NEVER, EVER ANY BEGINNING?)

Mischievous rainbowed arches arise
Litted from notforever lustrous golden starbeams, while
Above billowing puffs urged aloft under amorous westerly winds
Fleet bashful blushes wedded by carrion breezily gusts,

(YES, IT WAS EVER.....HUMANS CANNOT COMPREHEND??)

Ocean swells crash their pounce upon arid lands
Lo, stands, in their midsts, a mighty bent grey twisted oak
 adorned in her ancient glory,
 as no man could ever do
Soaring boughs nurture below tiny seedlets of no-desire,
 felled to a waiting
 carpet of life
Stirring below and iced to now but not to then,

Promises of to be
Gently buried by a time
 now mothered in a cradle about,
To regrow true, to flourish true, yet to afterall strife of its dearest life to
 desperately tarry a bit,
 just a bit yet?

NO. The earth cannot Yield!!!

All Seas affront the landscène extending to infinite horizons,

ALL OBEY

(for MJD; Jackito, 1919-2009, Saludo. We did not realize how you and I
changed the world!)

THE OLD ROAD

They say this road is as old as old could be
as it winds about every crooked tree,

Meadows along bubble brooks follow it through
as if all it ever dreamed was so very so true,

An old man made his way on this dreary cold wintry night
down a knoll here and about a crooked bend till out of sight,

How many had walked this very, very way
this old road simply will not ever to say?

What lay in their hearts –oh- such grand stories to tell
now so vanished in the dusts beyond the bell,

A swirl of fallen leaves in the winds do they fly
as the path stretches its weary arms to our sky,

But, my dear poet
this old road doesn't really care,
it'sit is justmerely.....
There!!!!



I PLEAD

Lightless, a universe cloaked in nothingness above, nothingness below
Empty!
Within this ethereal beyond a lonely, white-tipped dove wings searchingly
No, pleadingly for her mate,

No signs illuminate any way in a passage puzzlingly random, too without
 apparent purpose
Afar, the luminous and yellowed- crescent moons begin radiating glowing
 Rainbows
See them arch and them stream in dazzling bright colors over this barren
 landscape,

Sparkled glowing embers emanate hovering rhythms firing twinkles
and then
fade only to rekindle with a subdued glows,
now emerald, now slashed ice forms
of all reflected hues and tones,

Each scarlet sparkle brings a torrent of further singingembers.....
WAIT!
There...upon a vast, domed bloodstone slab seat hovers a dimmed eternal
 shadow,

Cold mists arise as clouds
A lost voice in haunting melody gradually flows
flows outward
in ever increasing cycled circles
while embracing its eternal twilight all about,

A cello bow moves slowly and quite deliberately as if endowed with ancient
wisdom,
so thusly,
thusly, by its being enkindles a universe, if there be but merely one,

Tears now begin to flow from the icy granite slabbed-form as our tiny solitary
 Dove
Alights
upon their mass,

Then in one moment of anguish she sips her parched beak upon their
salted Weepings:

“Cannot you feel my pain?.... I AM YOU. YOU ARE I !.....

.....Cannot you behold my eternal sorrow; must I plead in a tongue you
could not understand?”

“Agony...Alone...”

The granite slab tumbles whispers a softly music,

beckoned by wasted lullabies,

starbursts now glow in azuring radiances, as then...

Then, in a suddenly sudden, is swept the desperate Dove’s flight towards
gushing towers....

....towers of blood-tinged steel!!!!

THE DOVE.....RETURNS

THE TOWERS OF BLOODY-STEEL, THEY.....

razored barbs cruelest slash
thunderous cannons limbs shatterrrrr
agonizing bloods, drapeknives faces writhe

Agony

silent entombed to mudTOMBED invisible bullets
swirlingaxes gouged torsos pathos *das Blut*
screeching bomb childrenentangled pathos *KpoBp*
gas childrendevoired burnsofhorrortomyeye
explosions slaughter myson mymother
kill mutilatedsorrow *PAIN* bekilledstench fire
unbearablepain rot *bloodgushedblood* ooze screams
to dust morescreeching agony coldsteel lies *sangre*
hatred irrationality frenzy disembowelment crush maggots
burnedbeyond painbeyond carnage
gravesbeyond in WWWHHHYYY?
madness darkness despaira.....a...
..... a soaring white tipped DOVE,

Above.

SEE NOW,

A landscape flowing below as in brilliant scarlet streamlets
Flowing scarlets seep muddened mire into grotesque rivers
Now thundering toward patiently awaiting, ferocious seas
Where Here roaring wave-forms crash to rush to eagerly enrapt any prey
From dawn to dawn
Flowing, From dusk to dusk
Flowing,
In ageless lust it devours
Neverending
NeverUNhungry
Neverimpatient
ALWAYS Indifferent
Bands of Dark winds lash, churn, wail and wail even and plead, beyond.... avail
On and on, never-ending, as there could not-ever any beginning be be,

AND ABOVE?

WHERE IS MY DOVE?
CRUSHED BENEATH THE TOWER?

NO!
NO, NEVER
AS EVER
MY SILENT DOVE WINGS SOFT RAINS
 AND GRACES WHAT STRENGTH WHICH EVER WILL NOT BOW
 AND NOW BIRTHS' CHILDREN
 AT PLAY
 THIS NEW DAY!

(for Adina and Joshua)

SPRING DAYS

Love comes each day
being with
love has been every way
being with,

Only one that
loves you
more than life
itself.

(for Vicky-)



Spring Wisteria

SEASIDE DAISY

Oh seaside daisy, dance a summer breeze

Tiny golden petals.....whom to tease?

Little enchantresspirouette with me

Or rather..... seduce that wandering honey-bee,

Who will only kiss for a moment, so, so

Among the heavens and sand deep below,

For cold winter's snow soon will be!

WAIT.....

There, an open gate...or is it a lucent impenetrable door?
Shall we enter?

The forests shudder, every leaf trembles as a brilliant honeyed glow
envelops each lurking shadow,

As, then beyond, distant bells become alive with excitement
pleading to be nurtured,

There, as I warned, looms a sparkled majesty of THE wondrous path
A path amid an eternal array of soaring blue, conifer-laden pines
each yearning towards some heaven above
each majestic in its strength
each bowing ever so gently to glorious visages below,

Moving forward appears to actually be an enigma
since ebb and flow aback as
each step rushes towards no discernible progress

Curious..... ?

Pressing on, a harried pace, now even frantically
there is barely any visible transformation in the scene,

Where is the end?
Is there any end?
Why am I there?

Mysteriously, a silver plain gradually looms in a somber but obscure corner
describing arcs of moon-glow which can be caressed, but not seen, to meander
slowly into swirls under streaming bands of flowing, gracious circles,

Generations of time-like cycles commands little progress in our path toward
Your preimagined (alluring) mirages while hushed
laughing voices
slope
aimless-lessly across this passion-voided expanse,

Why do you, I, peer 'pon this place
flowing sounds only of a dying clock?

Is this where I should run to?
Or from?
Or neither?

Are there other paths?

A soft gentle mist sweeps across this space and sweetens the air
though unfelt,
while plains of white-laced daisies sweep wave upon waves,
windswept gently
enthralled within invisible desires
leaving yearned passions possessive of a seemingly never end,

Traveler,
YOU!
Were you desirous of peace
best you should indeed WAIT!
Were you desirous of the open
 ponder also
 just tarry just a bit
 but do not quite
Simply embrace our beckoning gate!!!!

WINTER'S DANCE

Late this night a wintered snow howled from the east
Across the frigid polar thunderous sea
Unannounced this night it stormed so few to see
Old folks quaintly dubbed it another wintry beast,

Snow doves huddled a feather beneath winded rage
Sleets twinkled within bellowing crystal lace
My snow doves now fluttered in deep embrace
Few wind songs could dance about such jealous stage,

Doves, WAITING.....

Endless mischievous starflake crystals wedded the dismal cloud
Ravaged to all humbled below yet above its icy-iced shroud,

But embracing deeper 'neath all heard I whispers of slumbered joy, as
Tender lull-a-byes dozed
Before the coming spring.

I PONDERED

I pondered
seemed long but more
tasking a meaning— of
Of what can endure?

Arose then in the depth
of an eye not feeling
demanded a secret unwepth
sent my spirit agreeing,

Seek what will bear forever
ciphers no heaven can reveal
for even there quite so clever
prefers to hid tones of steel,

Evading then the thrust
I simplified the query
such these powers must
my answer make so merry,

Came a thunder aside a ghastly roar
as a mere mortal had so presumed
affront the Almighty at his door
sang a reply I never dared assumed,

What in the breast of wee of thee
agonizing in tides of mankind
you dare to question of lofty ME
what must ever forever be blind,

No insisted I, this will not suffice
all life is humbled yet ponders so dear
you blinds with such enigmatic vice
Please I pray the refrain we urge to hear,

No never, eternal voice did bother
these are matters never for man
they dwell only with me, thy father
I am unable to say yet what can!

I refused..... if not thee then
Who
When?

but, celestial novae stunned my way,

Suddenly.....

Dark clouds raced over the scene..... bursting black thunders
rippled vast clouds of mostdarkened dusts.....ignorance permeated
all..... hordes of men in armor fell to the earth as mute.....
bloods seeped into the sands..... all they all ever possessed never en-
dured even when all dear seemed so all eternal.... what powers
scorched the minds to reveal an elemental force existing ever and be-
yond.

Roared one vast-er echo,

Seized eternal whilst silvered crimson shadows soared above all.
THE host had, —————*recanted, !!!!!?????*
Truth stumbled,
Men, women, even children wept as a voice jeered from vastness of
ALL
starry laden voids.....
One voice had emerged.....
“Ye hast deceived me, Me, Me..... with, trifling childlike tears!!”
A laugh bellowed over, for all.....for all,

“Nothing willever endure...
Save....Save what to thee is so ever so dear!”

I bowed.

COLD WINTER WINDS

The winds swept across
Each winter day colder
And again as night frosted
Each winter day colder,

But the beat of heaven
Each winter day warmed
And again, as ever, unfrosted
Each winter day so warmed,

Daffodils now danced below
While lilac perfumes laughed the air
Sweet songs of winged shadows
Swept winds all away,

Days now melted the ground
Soft rains gentled all
Babes grew to sunstreams delight
And rainbows promised all life,

Hints of colours blushed a song
Now cooler pastels roamed about
Twinkled eyes soared all skies
But days were merry and yet alive,

Now again the cold ices stormed by
Each winter day colder than before
And anew the night denied
As each winter day so cold,

In the ground, so did she lie
And stole away each seasons night
I cannot ever let it be
Even as cold winter, winds

Steal her life away.

For my eternal sorrow, my love shall
Forever endure.
(Miss Dusty, June, 2013)



Forever, My Miss Dusty (2000-2013)

LATE ONE COLD WINTER'S EVE

Late one cold winter eve
I was drawn to the grave
But could not speak,

Late one cold winter eve,
I dreamed of ago memories
But would they forget,

Late one cold winter eve,
I yearned for any light of a life
But none would stir,

Late one cold winter hour
I knelt to the frozen earth,
And left a golden tear.

(For all the Dusty's' for-ever we loved)

LOVE'S JOURNEY

I wandered across a barren and lifeless place
from there
To there,
shadows moaned the sounds of grief
why?
why do you weep so, bemoaning? but the bewails ceased only nevertime,

As I wandered into the depths of blacknight, never arose any glowing
hostile granite images loomed about mine paths.....
behind, no traces existed
ahead, no flame
sobbing in memories I stumbled, and again and again and.....
never lost again yet never found
a voyage singularly devoided of lust
my hands gripped by cruelty
while tears deemed uncaressingly,

Then..... I was unalone, for now
we crept together- unknowingly.
we bled together – unknowingly.
we wept together –unknowingly.
we clasped together –unknowingly,

Even so, eerie shaded forms crept
within deepest of mountainous chasms
echoing still saddened echoes,

Is thus such the journey meant for us?
To whom do you whom speak?
Does it ever matters?

Grayer wedded more somber
the thunderous rainswept storms,
spilled lament over all
that stumbles posed to rob away our very souls,

Yet,

We will wander, as
We will grieve, as
But we will together never lose the essence from ourselves
No never more
Even as much as we shall fall!

We embraced
 Aglow
 As One.

(-For Vicky-)

A TREE IN AUTUMN

Unnoticed, softly gently
A heaven of autumnal tones swept a canopy about, above, amidst
Twinkling lace-patterns felt no end nor see any beginning
Still, about, above, amidst they were
Swaying longingly to westerly wind puffs, enticed their loves
Now rushed gales across a colder highly indifferent god
The colors of each life dwell in each leaflet that dances to the sky
Bend, twist, flutter, about each other, above each other, amidst.....
This canvas is merely an illusion of now
Now is the moment captured evermore swept aside
While it is, tells its breath, it breathes so
So fondly adored, so blossomed it wills
So in fading, spreads a message of gracelife
Which has now entered a final gasp
Of nature's path.



Day is Done, Reaper Maiden
Oil on Canvas (After Barbizon School, Earle, 1982)

MY BUBBE

*(Ale reytsn Has zayn farmogn geshikhte)**

There was a place far ago
there was a time long ago
who really noticed?
did anyone care?
who was she anyhow?

Sweet and bitter memories were dimmed
years steal
so why fuss-ado,
most is unreal if not long decayed
shadowed in dusts,

Day by day she sat, day by day bent
about the same worn arm chair,
by a yellow faded drape
filtering ageless light beams
which sang of ago,

Her fingers rolled, thus a clock,
ticking, rolling until a day of no day
ever days again
it mattered not, most all was gone
why sit and why wait and why is there even a choice?
Submission!

Adorned a paled fadedly blue calico dress
drape a wool shawl against all dark winter
shod thickened black, ragged stockings rolled below the knees.
ashen hair as snow
skin saddened so
but always a kiss
yes,
and, thumb to fingers marked the clock
waiting, waiting,

For,

Once so much joy
danced a dance in youthful suns aside slivered moonscapes
nothing mattered, hearts and flowers
amidst the dire
scenes of desperation
coldness
if to eat
toil till exhausted
roll the fingers, tick tock
we never asked why, we just did
childhood melted to her man swooned, so, so
we adjoined ageless songs
days melted as Shabbos candles
week after season
that for a day left the earth alone,
for those who could not love anymore,

He was so tall, so handsome
but she cannot
Really dream ever there ever again,

Still, worned fingers gestured their slow rolled, and rolled.....
now a tiny tear, rare,
a sigh, a desperation
a nod falls
slip deeper into olden limbs, an image
I left him.....there.....in the ground.....away so far there!

Now am I here, so far from my place
a places where forever we dwelled in despair
but we dwelled.....
now only I see a frosted window pane, rub the hoarfrost
perhaps I am wrong
as before he will be there
here
but..... the ices fail to melt,

I have pressed this image upon one kinder dear of mine
She smiled
will he see my scene?
why should he even ponder?
he can never really understand
aged fingers, wrinkled... gnarled... feeble.... still roll the
tempest,
We all falter along the ending song
we never really saw
when we could see
will there be peace at last at the rest?

My children flourish.
as too my child's child's child
did –can- any of them see my remorse
or only that pain which haunts to them
no one wanted my path
it was mine alone,

And so her fingers paced softly in their spoken ritual
few ever understood
I was alone
few knew, did anyone care?
not really,

Ah, I never asked!

But my dreams were so beautiful,
So dear cherished to only me
to carry,
I do not offer, I am not asked
These images across my souls
and
So the fingers waited, on and on, and

Amid a warm tear, then and...then.

**(every tear has its own story)*



SONGS OF THE MOON

In lone nights when pale moon's gleam longs
Have thee not touched Luna's beguiling songs
Reaches over darkly sleepy tree tips
Drifting like as whispers to distant stars slips,

How the poetry lifts to each heavens above
But music sings only when hushed beams love
The melody always captures when to seem
Even meadowed crickets stop to dream,

When the songs of our moon laces its call
Have you not heard how mystery enchant us all
Nothing haunts ever my souls to know
No! Alas, oh pity, alas oh no,

Perhaps, you never really, *listened*, to hear it so!

(For Lois and Allen)

LOVE'S TOUCH

Lost in an abyss of dark despair
fearing even a breath of summer sun,

Do these bleak shadows haunt everyone?

Cold stone above yes far beyond
a place none would be kindly fond,

Reason had fled...nothing was said,

A maelstrom of daunting confusion
my thoughts lost in swirling profusion,

Then a warmth grasped my hand
so firm - so feeling - so sure,

Electrified my soul beyond to endure,

All burst then into a wondrous glow
as I sensed life's ebb and flow,

Banish Forever
Deep Despair,

Dear and True
Such is my Love.

THE ACORN'S TALE

An acorn plunged through a leafy canopy
sprung by a breeze caressing its olden tree,

Sprightly it danced through the autumnal air
I'm quite certain it bore neither worry nor care,

I heard it strike the ground here or near-by
but neither you see uttered much of a sigh,

Well, what my dear fellow will ever you be
fodder in the wood or better, a mighty tree?

Will your limbs arch up to greet the sky
or in some mist will you fade and die?

None to wonder
None to care,

Yet,

Yet, others kept tumbling
Here and Always over there.

MIRTH-THEE

Down the hills
over the brook
the glee I see
nourishes,
So have the old
mockingbird
keep a cackling
at a me!

(for The KAT wonders)

THE REBBE

Even if their beards are as white as snow
not all Rebbes are so old - you know,

Of Bible, Gemara and too many holiday dates
their minds surely carry very mighty weights,

To know all the laws and traditions too
is really a feat only rarely met by a few,

Which brings us to the point....

With so much learning in their little head
their beards are useful to get them out of bed!

A FALLEN LEAF

A lone leaf down drifted erratic from a tree
Is that reason enough to alight by me?
I pondered and mused as no sound did it utter
Simply silent save an occasional breezy flutter,
Anew I pressed, why so mighty a fall
From a soaring loft ever so ever tall?
Why depart the breast that fed
One which nurtured with honey and bed?
Abandon friends all quite arboreal
Being there being wonderful to feel?
FINALLY, it turned
And so softly in its own voice,
 "Little did I know
 Had I really a choice."
And then, more friends came.....
Came tumbling too!

YET

Yet In misty nights swept by pale moonglows
dimmed silhouettes loomed hauntingly nearby,
Vague portraits borne upon silky, star-draped landscapes
All forms swayed in ominous silence broken only by softly steps of
abandoned rainlife,
Embosomed within their rest
gentle children of the wood
aslumber within their darkened nest
while nurturing departed images of soon-to-be blazing suns
which may never daybreak upon their soul,

Within the unseen dark shadows
bleary images assume life-like contours evoking now
but not forever
lost memories of semblances gone from our eye,

Thereupon gently emerged, to see
all loved smiles that were of such tender touch
each slowly faded into another of tender smiles
and of loving caresses sworn to never to die
but yet linger on, linger in each life,

For this becomes its true and only everandever essence..
Tenderness and touch.

Yet, gradually ever so gently, again,
endless endearments fade from some lost deepness
only to drift away into dispassionate fogs of our minds,

Because the shadowed-veils hover beyond
waybeyond anyone's control
So may not the life of days burst in radiances
so alluring for all,

So all huddle under silent dreams
for in the silence of gray- draped clouds
silent dreams always find
a new blossomed silvery moons,

Still heavenly mists swell deeper and heavier and more deeply and heavier
 'til the nightly air falls, suffocated,
Moonglow, so pale, caresses only darkened nights, since
Memories are
 YET
 To be.....

DO NOT WEEP

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I AM NOT THERE
I DO NOT SLEEP,

Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there
I did not die!

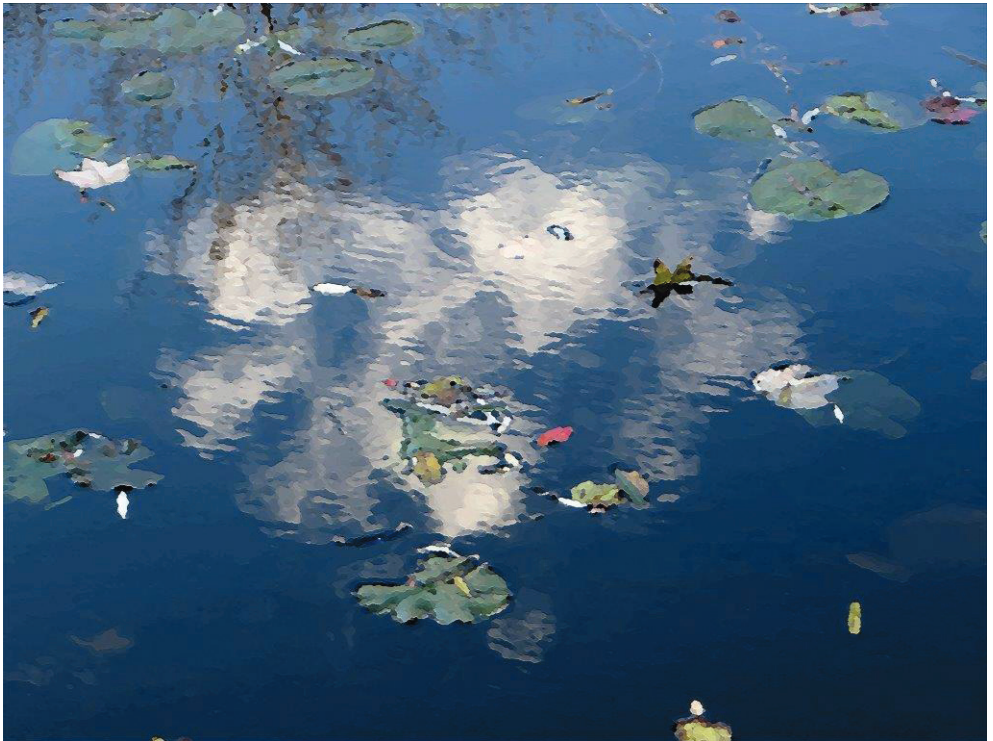
(*I AM YOU!*)

MEMORIES.....NOW, SO FADED

Clouded shadows
For a moment so sweet
Fading softswept images
Never to return

As away I wandered
Whispers twinkled in a darkly night
Alive with excitement
Which I could not hear, and...

Would dream nevermore.



Fleeting Reflections



*ALL BOOKS FIND
AN END*