

Still

the boat, now, perhaps once had an anchor
but now still, it sits, ribs exposed, slanting towards
its shadows in a stilled world of wind-sifted sands,

distilled, the hints of stories lingering, as anchor-
less pinks and golds spill down in angel drafts
of light. Once those on the boat, sought new lands.

Still, life persists as the drift of the world. No anchor.
I want all to paint such a still life, (all quiet, no swords)
version after version, pieced like joined hands.

Stillness persists, life continues to release. Anchors
lift to pair again beginning, ends, double-faced grafts.
We need to hold each other despite wind-sifted sands.



Painting by David J. Delaney

Oeuf Miroir

we learn in Québec,
is that glistening sunny face of
a fried egg—

not to look
at yourself although, it does
look like you could see
your reflection in the rounded
oval-- *lato esposto al sole*,
soleggiato-- just one
side exposed to the sun.

Perhaps we're
all fried eggs on a plate,
as the French might say,
oeufs sur le plat or
painted so, but without
the plate if you are Dali¹,
feeling fried, but without
the pan and suspended.

But where did the first
egg come from?
Who decided to crack it
open? Who decided
it was bad luck if your
huevo roto had a broken
yolk?

As you look in the mirror
of your eggs, imagine how
it might be otherwise, how
we all run the gamut of being
scrambled, flipped over easy,
beaten into an omelet, or
swallowed raw.

¹ <https://archive.thedali.org/mwebcgi/mweb.exe?request=record;id=86;type=101>

Ghazal for the Wrap of Once Was

She arrives as nocturne, as soft
folds of evening,
sumptuously wrapped
emptiness,
suggestion-wrapped
in flow of dark contours.

She is glass,
grit blasted,
acid-polished,
leaves us rapt

gazing at Grecian garb,
hints of divine

cased and cast emptiness,
zero wrapped in silence
with a hint of what was,
could have been or may be,
mantled, but not trapped—
waiting to be tapped.

About this poem: Inspired by Nocturne 5 by Karen LaMonte (American, born 1967) Corning Museum of Glass. Made in the Czech Republic, Zelezny Brod, 2015; Below is my photo of the statue.



What do you hear whispered

in the gold-brown beech leaves
that continue
to hang on?
They have a brightness
all their own in spite of being

spent. They whisper in wind,
ignore the thick wet paste
of mud, fallen oak leaf

as if breathing, a soft hush
voicing the spirit of my dear friend
who just passed away.

Variation of Whitman's Patient, Noiseless Spider

-- inspired by music composed to celebrate the Solar Eclipse April 8, 2024²

I

you *stand,*
surrounded *detached,*
in measureless oceans of space,

seeking *...* *to connect*

*Till the bridge you will need be form'd,
till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you*
fling *catch somewhere,*

II

In the Path of Totality³ will grey days pale
like centuries in this small sliver
of time when all will be dark?

you *stand*
while above you,
in measureless oceans of space
our small moon positions itself
to blot out the sun.

Those who cannot see will listen
to ambient brightness as piping of flute,
moving to clarinet then soft clicking tones
as an eerie darkness will span
the hundred miles band crossing
the Earth with the moon's shadow.

As our Earth continues to turn,
a diamond ring will appear as the sun
returns.

III

Meanwhile, on our Earth, so many marvels: here are two of multiple
possibilities: the Nephila spider⁴ and the wizardry of its orb web;
a flower crab spider matching the color of a buttercup in ambush with no
gossamer thread to

fling *catch somewhere*
we stand, observe, *measureless oceans of space.*

² Performed on January 20, 21, 28, 2024 in the Rochester Museum & Science Center Planetarium
<https://rmsc.org/strasenburgh-planetarium/> by the Quintet 5X5 <https://www.fivebyfivemusic.com/>

³ <https://science.nasa.gov/eclipses/future-eclipses/eclipse-2024/what-to-expect/>

⁴ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nephila>

Broken Wave Pattern

Layers of concentric circles
in the delicate stitchery—

now visible
now faded

over lapping only to be
erased —
wind-blown cloud.

So it is, looking up
seeing a penning of sparrows
as if to carry the "L" from *world*
to say in one word,
what it is to love.

So it is, looking at old pictures,
remembering moments,
reviving a flame
that lightens shadows of now.

Delight in reflections
rivaling boats of blossom,
waves of mirrored patches
of light, of willows.

About this poem: I was thinking of this *Yabure Seigaiha* (Broken wave pattern) for the bitter sweet of what was once clear, but perhaps can only fade. This is what it looks like on fabric:



On One Hand, On the Other,

He said, I'm only human
understating an excuse for a
man's way to behave, intuit
as if *nature* were jiu-jitsu⁵
not earth, fire, water, air,
... e

(a sum of energy. Yet it hangs alone, looks for)

Hope, that thing with feathers, an
umbrella to shelter you from a
monsoon, (as if that
appliance could shelter you
no matter the weather). look for
e

(that last letter in cure. Let us not forget)

H	N
U	A
M	T
A	U
N	R
E	E

⁵ modern Martial Arts discipline based in ancient roots , meaning "gentle" (*jiu*) "art" (*jitsu*) in Japanese