

**JEFFREY HOFFMAN
155 BANK STREET
NEW YORK, NY 10014
HOFDOGGIE@EARTHLINK.NET**

“JOURNAL OUT OF TIME”

POEMS BY JEFFREY PAUL HOFFMAN

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO PAUL, WHO GENEROUSLY SHARED HIS CRAFT
AND ENTHUSIASM OVER THE DECADES...

THE DANCE

SLOW DANCING ON FRIDAY NIGHT
WITH SOMEONE WHO DANCES IN A WAY
THAT NO ONE CAN SENSE
MY STUMBLING STEPS

HER WORK IS TO MAKE ME LOVE HER AGAIN
OR AT LEAST RECOGNIZE
HER IN THE WAY THAT I ONCE DID...
FABULOUSLY SENSUAL,
INTELLIGENT,
THE PRETTIEST OF THE PRETTY...

SHE DANCES WITH ME THUS
ARM HELD OUTWARD TANGO STYLE
SWEEPING GRACEFUL MOTIONS...
TO A SLOW NORA JONES TUNE...
I MUST BE GRATEFUL FOR THIS
ENDEAVOR... JOYFUL AND TOUCHED...
SOMEONE WANTS ME...
LOVES ME AND
WOULD RISK IT ALL FOR ME
THAT'S NEWS IN THIS DAY AND AGE OF
MY SILENCE AND OBSCURITY...
MY INVISIBLENESS SUDDENLY MADE VISIBLE

NOW I AM NAKED IN THE WORLD AGAIN...
DANCING ... MY FEELINGS
IN THE MOTION OF THE DANCE...
REACHING OUT... IN WONDERMENT
TO UNDERSTAND HER NEED OF ME...

IT IS SPRING AGAIN!

I MUST STUDY
WHAT I HAVE LEARNED
FROM MY YEARS
AS A CREATURE ON EARTH...
AS A SENTIENT BEING IN THE COSMOS...

COME TO TERMS WITH THE CREATURE
THAT IS MYSELF..
BEHOLD MY LIMITS WITH NAKED COURAGE
AND LOOK INTO MY EMOTIONAL DEPTHS
WITH JOY AND LOVE
AND ABOVE ALL KINDNESS...
AND UNDERSTANDING

TO FORGIVE MYSELF AS I FORGIVE OTHERS
AND REDEEM MY GOODNESS
AS MUCH AS IS POSSIBLE
IN THE FACE OF TEMPTATION
AND DEATH...

TO WONDER ALOUD AT MY BEING
AND ALL BEINGS IN EXISTENCE...
AND WANDER ABOUT IN MY DESTINY
ALONE OR IN COMPANY WITH HOPE...

THESE THINGS I MUST DO IN ALL HASTE
FOR MY BEARD HAS GROWN WHITE
AND MY ENERGY EBBS
LIKE THE TIDE AT DAYS END
AND MY VISION DIMS LIKE EVENING LIGHT.

THIS IS HOW I LOVE THEE

DID I TELL YOU THAT I LOVE
WHEN YOU CALL ME HON
THAT I LOVE THE DAPPLED GOLD
OF THE SUN REFLECTED
OFF THE HUDSON BY OUR WINDOW
THAT I LOVE THE DARK CLOUDS WHEN
EVENING COMES OFF THE HORIZON
AND WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE
I LOVE THAT IT IS NOT THE END OF THE WORLD
BECAUSE
I KNOW YOU LIVE HERE
HERE IN THE DEEPEST PART OF MY HEART.

DID I SAY THAT I LOVE
WHEN YOU DANCE ABOUT THE ROOMS
HOW I REDISCOVER THE DREAMS OF MY YOUTH
IN YOUR PROFOUND MOVEMENTS AND
WHEN YOU SPEAK
I HEAR THE SONG IN IT AND SEE
THE SMILE ON YOUR NAKED FACE
WHEN YOUR BACK IS TURNED...

ASYNCHRONOUS BLUES

I SPEAK WITH YOU KNOWING
YOU WILL GET THE MESSAGE LATER
WHAT I HAD TO SAY WAS IMPORTANT
BUT NOT AT THE MOMENT
AT THE MOMENT YOU ARE WALKING DOWN
SEVENTH
MAX IN YOUR ARMS
EMMA BY YOUR SIDE
DEBORAH WALKING AHEAD
ON A MISSION TO BUY GROCERIES
OR A GIFT

I TOLD YOU THAT I GOT A HARSH
SLAP IN THE FACE FROM LIFE
THAT I REELED AND FELL
AND WAS BLUE FOR A YEAR
THAT I WOULD NOT QUIT...
THAT AS I LAY AND PROCESSED THE PAIN
AND CONTINUED TO WORK
I WAS BROUGHT TO WHERE I AM TODAY,
WISER AND RICHER
STRONGER AND HEALTHIER...

YOU MAY NEED TO KNOW THIS SOMEDAY
WHEN A DISCUSSION ARISES WITHIN YOU
OF MY WORTH...

MAN IS THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS

IN THE NEAR FUTURE
WE COULD BE TRAVELING TO
AND RESIDING ON PLANETS
NEAR AND FAR...
TOYING WITH GENETICS
SO AS TO NO LONGER GROW OLD...
MAYBE NOT DYING AT ALL...
AND ALL FOR THE FUN OF IT...
NO REAL PURPOSE BUT TO PLAY
TRICKS WITH THE RULES OF THE UNIVERSE...
AND HAVE FUN...
THAT'S THE WAY IT COULD AND WOULD BE...
BUT WE ARE TOO BUSY BEING NARROW AND BLIND...
IN DENIAL OF THE OBVIOUS...
THAT WE ARE GOING IN THE OPPOSITE
DIRECTION...
THIS FUTURE
WILL HAVE NO LIMITS TO
THE HUMAN AND ANIMAL SUFFERING AND
DESPAIR...
SOMETHING LIKE AUSCHWITZ ONLY LARGER AND
MORE ENCOMPASSING...
THE END OF THE WORLD WILL BE
A GREAT DARK CHILLY MOAN...
WITH CRYING AND RAGE...
NAKED AND BRUISED CHILDREN...
HELPLESS MOTHERS AND FATHERS...
ONE CLAN AGAINST ANOTHER...
EACH OF US DETACHED FROM THE WHOLE...
NO ONE LEFT TO PRAY...
NO ONE LEFT TO HEAL OR REMEMBER...
THE EARTH A BARREN WASTELAND
ASLEEP IN SPACE WITHOUT A DREAM!

ON THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

3/4/07 [for Stew]

HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT
IN EACH SUCCEEDING MONTH
THE LIGHT IS DIFFERENT..
THE MOON SO SUBTLY MOVES
AROUND THE EARTH AND
THE EARTH AROUND THE SUN
LIKE A CHARMING DANCE..
WITH SWEET ELECTRIC VIBRATIONS
AND LIGHT WAVES AND PARTICLES
ALL IN GRACEFUL MOTION..
I CANNOT BUT LINGER IN THIS RHYTHM AND
STEP AHEAD INTO
THE NEXT MOVEMENT AND MONTH..
THIS ONE A COUNTRY DANCE PERHAPS,
WITH FIDDLES AND STRINGED STEEL GUITARS..
A BASSO AND A PIANO SOFT AND COOL..

ON FATE

OH FATE YOU ARE PLAYING WITH ME AGAIN!
I ASK MYSELF WHAT COULD I HAVE DONE,
BE DOING NOW?
FURY ALL AROUND ME;
BOXED IN FREUD'S BOX CANYON.
ABANDONED.- ALONE!
WHY AM I CHASED HERE?
WHAT IS THE GAME?

YET EVEN AS I WRITE. YOU MISCHIEVOUSLY
TAUNT ME WITH REDEEMING THOUGHTS,
SOOTHING MY THROBBING HEART!
"HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH YOU SAY,,
BE PROUD AND STRONG IN THIS DIRE MOMENT,
IT WILL PASS,"
YOU SAY... DEAR FATE!

AND, YES I UNDERSTAND YOU WELL!
IT IS JUST FOR FUN. YOU SAY... AND. YES
IN THAT MOMENT I SHALL DWELL..

THE WESTBETH COURTYARD IN SPRING

(Greenwich Village)

LIKE A BIRD WINGING
ON A BALMY BREEZE IN A SLOW GLIDE
TOWARD SUMMER...
I VIEW THE COURTYARD FROM
AN UPPER FLOOR IN MY VILLAGE BUILDING
ON THIS SUNNY SPRING DAY 2004
BELOW ARE THE MORTALS IN THEIR PLAY
THE PROFESSOR OF DRAMA
AND HIS AVID EYED STUDENTS
SITTING CROSS LEGGED AT HIS FEET
THE GIRL IN RED AND PINK ON THE FAR LEDGE
READING FROM WHITMAN...
THE MAN PLAYING HIS GUITAR
JUST DOWNWIND
THE UNDERBELLY CHORDS RISING ABOVE THE DIN
MAKING ME HUNGRY FOR LOVE...

POEM
FOR JANE BECKER

I AM A MAN OF FEELING
AS IN FEELING THE WIND BRUSH MY CHEEKS
TO A SOFT BLUSH
LIKE I FEEL THE STING OF COMPASSION...
IT STRIKES AT THE VERY CHORDS OF MY BEING
AS I AM PRESENT IN THE MOMENTS OF YOUR
SADNESS...
COME SHARE WITH ME YOUR TENDER AND STONY
THOUGHTS ABOUT THE NATURE OF YOUR LIFE...
WITH HOPES FOR A GOOD DEATH...
WHAT YOUR LAST WISH OR DESIRE WOULD BE...
I AM A MAN OF FEELING AS IN THE SUNRISE
COMING FROM THE EASTERN SKY...
WITH THE JOYS AND HOPES AND EXPECTATIONS OF
A NEW DAY...
COME SHARE THE LIGHTNESS AND BURDEN OF
EACH MOMENT OF IT..
STOP THE TEARS MY FRIEND...
COME JOIN ME IN MY RAPTURE...
IF BUT FOR ONLY THE NOW...
COME RECKON THE TOMORROWS WITH ME...
SING THE MUSIC OF YOUR IMPORTANCE AND
SIGNIFICANCE
IN JUST LIVING YOUR LIFE
BE JOYFUL OF THE EXPERIENCE...
COME NOW, I AM FEELING LIKE YOUR FRIEND...
COME TAKE MY HAND AND WALK
THE DISTANCE OF THIS POEM WITH ME...

POEM FOR MAX HENRY

5 yrs. old 2/05/06

Grandpa I don't like my life.. .because when we die we don't
see anybody anymore

THE BIG FIELD
WHERE ALL THE DEAD SOULS HANG OUT..
HAS SEASONS LIKE SPRING MEADOWS OR
SUMMER RIVERS OR
AUTUMN FORESTS OR
WINTER MOUNTAINS MIGHT SUGGEST..
TIMES OF MAGIC OR WONDER
OF FLOATING BIRDS ON FLOATING LAKES..
CAN YOU NOT SEE IT GRANDSON..
THE GREAT MEETING OF MINDS AND
HEARTS LIKE AT A WEDDING OR A WAKE..
ONLY ON THIS GREAT FIELD WITH
WIDE OPEN SPACE AND RADIANT SKY AND
WE WILL ALL BE THERE
WHEN WE DIE AND
I WILL MEET YOU AGAIN AND
LOVE YOU AS MUCH AS EVER.

**ODE TO GREAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER
ANN BROWNSTEIN
FOR EMMA JANE HOFFMAN**

GRANDMA HELD HER GROUND AGAINST THE
ONSLAUGHT OF HER NEEDS
AND THE AGGRESSIVENESS OF THE WORLD...SHE
SINGLE-HANDEDLY
SAVED MY BEHIND AND THE ASSES OF MY FAMILY
DOWN THE LINE...
COURAGE AND SACRIFICE ARE A PART OF HER
NATURE AND THEY ARE A PART OF YOURS...

ALL MY FAMILY CAPITULATED...LEFT ME ALONE TO
FORAGE NAKED IN
THE WORLD FOR MY KEEP AND COMPANY...THEY
CARED NOT IF I HAD
EITHER OR NONE...BUT THE OLD LADY OF THE
CLAN HELD HER GROUND
AND GAVE ME SPACE TO LOVE HER AND MYSELF...

IT IS A PART OF OUR NATURES TO BE FREE AND EASY
IN THE WORLD AND
ALL THAT IT ASKS OR MAY YET ASK...

SHE WAS WHOLE AND STRONG...AND GAVE ME THE
SUPPORT AND
CARING I NEEDED TO GATHER MYSELF INTO A
WHOLE AND STRONG
BEING...

I MUST BE THERE FOR YOU IN SPITE OF RESISTANCE
AND DISTANCE THAT
AT TIMES MAY OCCUR...WE ARE RELATED IN THIS
LIFE BY HER AND
THAT'S THAT...

DID I TELL YOU THAT YOU HAVE A GORGEOUS SOUL
TO BE PROUD OF..
BORN THE GRAND GRANDDAUGHTER OF SUCH A
GAL...GRACEFUL AND
PURE AND LOVELY TO BEHOLD AS WELL...YOUR
GREAT GRANDMOTHER
LIVES IN YOU AND DANCES WITH YOU AND SMILES
WITH YOU AND
SHINES WITH YOU AND IS SAD WITH YOU AND GLAD
WITH YOU...AND
LOVES YOU THROUGH THE LIKES OF ME...

THE INTENTIONAL LIFE...

IS NOT WITHOUT ACCIDENTS
OR ERRORS WITH GOOD
OR BAD OUTCOMES AND
CERTAINLY NOT WITHOUT
SORROWS AS WELL AS JOYS
A LIFE OF LEISURE AND CONTEMPLATION
AND STRUGGLE...

IT IS NOT WITHOUT COMPULSIONS
OR DELUSIONS EITHER...
NOR IS IT JUST AND FREE ALWAYS...
IT IS A LIFE WITH DUPLICITY AND
MULTIPLE PURPOSES
AS WELL AS SINGULARITY AND AT TIMES...

IS A LIFE OF NEEDING TO SPEAK UP FOR ONESELF
INDEED A LIFE WITH DIFFICULTIES
AS WELL AS HOPES
PLEASURES AS WELL AS PAIN
AN INTERESTING LIFE SOME SAY...

THAT IS SOME OF THE INTENTIONAL LIFE...
BUT THIS DAY I HAVE DONE WELL AT IT..
ACCOMPLISHED AND CELEBRATED..
AM NOW TIRED AND WISH TO SLEEP..
A DAY WHEN I SPOKE UP FOR MYSELF
EVEN IF JUST ONCE...

A NOTE ON QUESTIONS

[9/17/06]

THE EARTH IS STREWN WITH VIOLENCE...
WHAT SAYEST TO THIS DEAR LORD?...
PEOPLE TORN IN HALF WHILE THEY YET LIVE...
WHERE ARE YOU IN THIS?...
ARE YOU NOT TOO, BEING TORN APART?...
ALL MANNER OF UGLY DEATHS
SINCE TIME BEGAN...FIRES BURNING US...
ARROWS PENETRATING OUR HEARTS...
BULLETS OUR HEADS AND GROINS...
WHAT IS THIS NEED FOR SO MUCH PAIN?
WHERE ARE YOU IN THIS DEAR LORD?...
DO YOU NOT TOO, FEEL
UNRELENTING PAIN AS WE FEEL IT?...
WHAT IS THE LESSON IN ALL THIS DISEASE
AROUND US OR IN US AND
WHY IS TORMENT ALWAYS SO MUCH A PART OF
EACH DAY?...
WHY DO WE STILL HOPE IF, THIS IS SO?...
PERHAPS A HOPE THAT ONE DAY IT WILL ALL BE
UNDERSTOOD AND
FORGIVEN
HOW CAN WE IGNORE THIS?...
WHY THE SILENCE AND DARKNESS?...
WHY NOT PERPETUAL AND EXPANDING LIGHT AND
DREAMS COMING TO FRUITION
ALL IN ONE FRACTIONAL NUMBER?...
AND MOST OF ALL, AM I FOOLING MYSELF
IN PONDERING THE QUESTION OF LOVE'S
IMPORTANCE...AND
WHY DO I SMILE AND LOVE THIS SUNNY DAY,
IN ANY EVENT..

“A POEMS SLOW BEGINNING”

THIS MONTH'S
MOON IS REFLECTED OFF THE RIVER;
THE AIR IS MOIST FROM THE OCTOBER BREEZE,
THE CITY IS IN MOTION ON THIS EVENING...
MEANDERING LIKE THE HUDSON, BY MY WINDOW...
ENTICING ME WITH
MEMORIES OF DARKENED
STREETS AND LIGHTS...SMELLS AND SOUNDS,
INSPIRING AN EXQUISITE DREAM
OF YOUTH AND LAUGHTER...
WITH EYES OPEN AND HEART OPEN,
WITH MUCH TO FEEL AND SAY
ABOUT SUCH A NIGHT...TO SOMEONE

NOT SO FAR AWAY...
MY WIFE FLITTERS AROUND THE HOUSE
LIKE A HUMMINGBIRD...FIXING AND ARRANGING
ACCORDING TO HER MOOD OR WHIM OR WHIMSY..
AND I CANNOT DECIDE WHETHER TO LISTEN AND
OBSERVE
OR INTERRUPT WITH A STATEMENT OR QUESTION...

THE MOON PROGRESSES ACROSS THE SKY...
THE STARS SEEMING SMALL. FLICKER AND
SPRINKLE THEIR RADIANCE ACROSS THE DARK
MEADOW OF THE UNIVERSE...TIME PASSES
I MAKE MOTION TO EMBRACE HER WITH
CONVERSATION A TALK ABOUT DINNER PERHAPS...
OR LOST LOVES OR BETTER, BOTH!

NOTATION ON AUTUMN

I THINK OF THE MANY PERFECTIONS
IN THE SCENE AROUND ME...
THE TREES TURNING IN THE AUTUMN CHILL...
HOW THEY ARE ORCHESTRATED WITH THE SKY AND
ITS MANY SHADES OF GRAY AND THE MOUNTAINS..
THE SHAPES AND MASS...
THERE IS SO MUCH MASS IN THE MOUNTAINS AND
SO LITTLE IN THE SKY...
WHAT CONTRASTS WHAT HARMONIES! BUT,
WITH ALL THIS LOVELY BENEVOLENT FEELING
WELLING UP WITHIN ME
I STILL HAVE TO PEDDLE ANOTHER TEN MILES
AGAINST THE BREEZE.

CONFRONTING THE FALL

WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE
WHERE IS THE SANCTUARY THAT WAS SPRING
THE HAVEN THAT WAS SUMMER?

THE BROWN LEAVES TELL ALL
THE GRAY BRANCHES AGREE
AND I AM ALONE IN THIS
THIS CONSPIRACY THAT WOULD BE AGAINST ME

WHERE SHALL I RUN?
WHOM SHALL I HIDE IN
WHAT SOUL WOULD HAVE ME
IN THE FALL OF MY YEARS

I APPEAL TO YOU DEAR READER, DEAR POET
I APPEAL TO THE MERCY HIDING WITHIN YOU
THAT YOU SHALL HARBOR ME
IN THE TWILIGHT
OF THIS FALL DAY

RAINY AUTUMN NIGHT JAZZ

MOTOR CYCLE ENGINES BLARE
LIKE TRUMPETS IN THE CITY NIGHT AND
THE WHOOSH OF PASSING CARS ARE
THE BASSO LIKE SOUNDS OF A SNARE...
THE BEAT OF MY HEART IS LIKE
A PIANO IN A DREAM...
AND FOR ALL THE WOE IN ME I DO NOT CARE...
I AM BORN TO THE STRING SOUNDS
OF THE FLOWING RIVER...
TRIPPING PIZZICATO LIKE, ALONG
THE STARS WINK AND SHINE OVER
THE GREAT COLISEUM OF THE TALL
SHADOW LIKE BUILDINGS
AND THE BALMY CHILLY NIGHT AIR
IS LIKE A FULL DEEP BREATH TO THIS DYING MAN...
THE CITY LIGHTS AND THE HARBOR LIGHTS
GLOW LIKE FANTASIES IN A RIFF..
ILLUMINATING THE FANTASY PLAYERS...
AND THE CURTAIN OF FOG DESCENDING
A REMINDER OF OLD DELIGHTS...
THE CAR HORNS RESOUNDING IN ME LIKE
TOMORROW'S REAWAKENED HOPE...
THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS KEEPING SYNCOPATED TIME...
AND NOW THE TAUGHT GUITAR OF RAIN HOLDS SWAY.
AND MY MOOD IS MAGICALLY SWEEP AWAY...

WALKING IN CHELSEA

Dedicated to Sheila

I LOVE THE COLD WET DARKNESS
OF A WINTER'S DAY
AS A WARM FIRE WITHIN ME BURNS...
WHILE EXPECTANTLY BOUNCING
ON MY WAY
WITH JOYFUL THOUGHTS OF
A DARK CHILLY
EVENING OF EXCITEMENT TO BE...
I LOVE THE STREAMING,
GLEAMING RIVER...
THE LONELY
RIVER'S EDGE,
THE PEWTER OVERCAST,
OF THE BROODING SKY...
I LOVE THE SOFT
PILLOW OF DREAMS AND
THE MAGIC OF INDULGENT SCHEMES
THAT HAPPEN
ONLY ON A WINTER'S DAY...
I LOVE THE TASTES AND SMELLS FROM
THE NEARBY SHOPS
THE BAKERY AND THE PATISSERIE,
ALL THE ICY SILVERED WINDOWS I PASS.
I LOVE THE CITY PARKS
AND GRASS AND
BARE SHINY TREES...
I LOVE THE SWIFT FLOW OF
NIGHT TIME CLOUDS
THE LAST GOLDEN SHRIEK
OF THE SUNSET
THE SLEEPING FACE OF THE PASSERBY
AMIDST THE CITY CROWDS...

SELF PORTRAIT

AS A POET
IT'S LIKE I HAVE THIS LOVE HATE RELATIONSHIP
WITH THE WORLD AND
MY LIFE
AT ONCE I AM HAPPY GO LUCKY AND THEN I AM
FROZEN WITH FEAR OF
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME
I SOMETIMES SAY IT IS TIME TO WRITE MY GREAT
EPIC AND AT OTHER
TIMES I AM CONTENT WITH WRITING A POEM.
I AM MADLY IN LOVE WITH MY EX-WIFE AND I AM
SEEMINGLY ALONE IN
THIS KNOWLEDGE
SHE NOR MY GIRLFRIEND KNOW OF THIS FACT
AND SOMETIMES I AM JUST IN LOVE WITH MY
GIRLFRIEND.
AT WORK I AM A COMMITTED PROFESSIONAL
SEEKING EXCELLENCE IN
ALL THAT I DO
BUT I CAN BARELY GET THERE IN THE MORNING.
I AM RICH IN QUALITY OF LIFE BUT SOMETIMES POOR
IN SPIRIT, MEANING
THAT I AM OFTEN TOO TIRED TO PARTAKE IN LIFE'S
JOYS... AND
FURTHERMORE IT'S MEANING ELUDES ME.

I RESPECT THE THRESHOLD OF ANOTHER'S HOUSE
BUT AT THE SAME
TIME I AM HUNGRY AND WANT TO BE FED IN A WARM
HOUSE
I AM WHOLE AND YET BROKEN IN PLACES... SOUND OF
MIND AND YET
SOMETIMES WITLESS
MY SOUL BEING COMPLEX AND SIMPLE AT THE SAME
TIME LIKE AN ATOM

I CAN WEAVE BEAUTIFUL SPELLS OR BE ABRUPT AND
CONFUSING
DURING MOMENTS OF INTIMACY
OR SENSITIVE AND DEEP IN LOVE MAKING.. .OR NOT.
I THINK VOLUMES AND WRITE MERE SENTENCES...
EVEN IN MY MOST
CHERISHED OCCUPATION, THAT OF WRITING POETRY
I AM AT A LOSS
I LAUGH AND CRY A LOT ABOUT THE DUMBEST
THINGS... THE PAST
MIRTH.. JOY AND SADNESS
I HAVE AN INVINCIBLE WILL AND YET SUBMIT TO THE
LEAST NUANCE OF
SOMEONE I CARE ABOUT
LOVE LIFE AND YET I AM AFRAID OF LIFE AND WHAT'S
MORE LOVE DEATH
AND AM AFRAID OF IT TOO.

CRAVE LOVE AND HIDE FROM THAT CRAVING IN
FANTASIES OF
ROMANCE.
I AM BOLD AND ADVENTUROUS IN CONCEPT BUT
TIMID AND SHY IN
ACTION.

I HAVE A HOST OF WANTS AND NEEDS AND AM
EQUALLY DETACHED. . .SO
AS TO BE INDEPENDENT
MY SKILLS ARE EVOLVING BUT ALSO MEET THE
TASKS AT HAND OR
AFOOT
I CAN EXPLAIN MOST ANYTHING I CAN UNDERSTAND
BUT, CAN'T
EXPLAIN WHO I AM ALOUD...
AM DEEPLY TOUCHED AND MOVED BY THE FOUR
SEASONS BUT CANNOT
BE HAPPY IN ANY ONE OF THEM

HAVE A SANITY BASED IN JUSTICE AND EQUALITY AND
THE PURSUIT OF
HOPE. . .BUT KNOW DESPAIR FIRST HAND...
HAVE STUMBLERD INTO PROSE MANY A TIME AND
HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT OF THOSE WOODS AN
EQUAL AMOUNT OF
TIMES
I BELIEVE AND DISBELIEVE AT THE SAME TIME...
AND AS WELL ACCOUNT MY LIFE A SUCCESS AND A
FAILURE

AND ONLY IN A CONTINUOUS FAITH AND IN THAT
FAITH ALONE ABIDE...
AS A POET.

A BIT ON OUR DESIGN

LOOK WHAT HAS BEEN DESIGNED INTO US
EYES THAT SEE...A NOSE THAT SMELLS
A MOUTH AND TONGUE THAT TALKS
A BRAIN THAT DECIDES
A NECK THAT TURNS
ARMS AND BODY THAT BEND
LUNGS THAT BREATHE THE AIR
A HEART THAT ALWAYS BEATS UNTIL IT DOES NOT
HANDS FOR GRASPING
LEGS AND FEET FOR WALKING
A SPIRIT THAT SOARS AND DESCENDS
AND GENES FOR THIS AND THAT.

WE ARE BORN FOR JOUSTING AND JOSHING
FOR LOVING
AND HATING
BEGETTING AND GIVING
TAKING AND TOSSING
BORN FOR A DAY AND
A NIGHT ONLY
TO BE A COMPANION OR LONELY
BORN AND BORNE AWAY!

PHOTOGRAPH AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

STANDING BY MY SIDE
YOUR OPEN AND INNOCENT
AND EXCITED FACE WATCHING
THE FRENZIED CROWD NEARBY..
WATCHING INTENTLY THE GAUGUIN
AS WE WATCHED THEM...

WONDERING WHAT FATES
AND DESTINIES WERE REVEALED
IN THEIR MYRIAD LIVES
FOR THE MOMENT INTERTWINED

UNTITLED

TIME TUMBLES DOWN
THE GREAT MOUNTAIN SIDE
MORE SWIFT
THEN JUST FOR ONE LIFE
INDEED TOO SWIFT FOR A RETURN AND
NEW BEGINNING
ONLY FORWARD DOES IT GO INTO
THE MYSTERIOUS DARKNESS OF
THE UNKNOWN
AND IT DRAGS US WITH IT
ALONE. EACH UNTO HIM OR HERSELF
WOULDS'T THAT I AM BRAVE ENOUGH
AND BRIGHT ENOUGH
TO CATCH THE DREAM AMIDST THE MIST
OF THE RUSHING MOMENT
THAT IS NOW...

NOTE ON THE PERFECT GOD

HOW CAN YOU NOT WORSHIP
THE ONE PERFECT GOD:
NO GOD.
THAT TRUE GOD OF EVERYTHING AND
NOTHING.
THE GOD OF TREES AND MAN AND ALL
FLORA AND FAUNA.
THE SHE GOD AND HE GOD
OF US ALL HERE IN THIS VICINITY
AND ALL INFINITY I.E.
IN NUMBERS AND ANGLES AND PLANES
AND BEINGS...
NO GOD SHALL BE MY MASTER
AND NO GOD SHALL HAVE ALL MY FAITH
AND I SHALL DWELL ON NO GOD'S EARTH
AND NOT FOREVER

TO THE ROMANTIC

EVERYTHING IN ITS PERFECTION I SAY
AND BEAUTIFUL HAS TO MEAN
MOST BEAUTIFUL.
THOUGHTFUL RATHER THAN
THOUGHTLESS
THAT IS..."THE IDEAL OF EVERYTHING" ...
TONES MOST MAGICAL
AND MEANING MOST PURE
MOODS BLUE OR GRAY OR BRIGHT
ONLY TO BE SAVORED
WITH MOMENTS SO RARE
THIS IS THE TRUE PERFECT LIFE
A LIFE THAT DOES NOT QUESTION LOVE
BUT KNOWS
A LIFE THAT BECKONS AND
WILL NOT RELEASE YOU...
A LIFE YOU CHOOSE!

WINTER SOLSTICE

GREY AND RED AND GOLD AND BOLD
THE WINTER SKY AT SOLSTICE THIS YEAR.
I AM GAZING AND DREAMING OUT THE GREAT
WINDOW
TO THE SOUTHWEST..
AND YOU ARE LYING IN YOUR BED
CRYING ABOUT THE GLOOMY FUTURE!

I SAY DEAR FRIEND, DEAR SISTER, DEAR LOVER. AND
DEAR ONE..
WE HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE... THIS IS NOT OUR
FIRST STRUGGLE
IN THIS LIFE OF OURS;
WE CAN COME THROUGH,.. NOBLER, HAPPIER. MORE
LEARNED IN
WISDOM..
MORE INTELLIGENT AND LOVING,
WE CAN MAKE IT!...

KEEP TO YOUR COURAGE
AND, KEEP TO YOUR HOLD ON THE KEEL
WE ARE NOT YET READY FOR THE WAVES AND ROCKS
TO GOBBLE US...SPIT US INTO HEAVEN..
WE ARE TOO YOUNG AND GLORIOUS!

BY THE HUDSON

I OFTEN WONDER
AT THE STARS,
OR A TREE,
OR PEOPLE,
OR THE TRUE MIRACLE OF IT ALL...

WONDERING WHAT SORT
OF PROOFS ARE THESE
AND OF WHAT...

WHO ARE WE...
WHO AND WHAT AM I
AND WHY?

I WONDER,
AS A SIT BY MY WINDOW
OVERLOOKING THE STATELY HUDSON RIVER
THIS MILD AND WIDE OPEN EVENING

MY 64TH BIRTHDAY RESOLUTIONS

6/2/06

I SHALL RETHINK THE REASONS
FOR MY RELATIONSHIPS
I SHALL WEND MY WAY TO WHERE I WANT TO BE
IN ALL MY REALMS OR DIMENSIONS
I SHALL CONTINUE TO LOVE THIS
BEING THAT I AM...IT IS
ALL I'VE GOT...I SHALL FIND REASONS TO LOVE YOU
AND TRUST THOSE REASONS EVEN IF
WE HAVE BEEN APART FOR A LONG WHILE...
I SHALL FIND A WAY TO LEARN SOMETHING NEW
I SHALL REFOCUS ON ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL AND
UGLY
I SHALL SEEK THE MEANINGFUL IN THIS LIFE
AND NOT FORSAKE THE FUN PART
OR THE BEST PARTS THAT EVER WERE...
I SHALL REMAIN LOYAL TO MY NEW FRIENDS
THAT IS A LESSON I'VE LEARNED FROM MY OFFSPRING
I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO BANISH FEAR IN MYSELF
I SHALL LISTEN WITH COMPLETE ABANDON
AND THINK CLEARLY BEFORE I SPEAK
AND SPEAK MY TRUE MIND
WHEN I WEEP I SHALL WEEP
LIKE THE RAIN THIS NIGHT
AND WHEN I LAUGH
IT WILL BE LIKE THE LAUGHTER
INHERENT IN THE SUNRISE
I SHALL CONTINUE TO IRON OUT
A DEGREE OF TRUST WITH MY NEIGHBORS
I SHALL ENJOY BEING ALONE BUT
NOT SEEK TO BE ALONE
I SHALL FRESHEN MY PERSONALITY
AND REFRESH MY TUNE AND
CONTINUE MY FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION
AND ADORATION FOR THE MOON

SONG FOR MY OLD AGE...

I AM ALWAYS GOING TO NEED,
15 MORE MINUTES
OF WHAT I'M DOING
NO INTERRUPTIONS FROM
DOUBT OR DEATH,
NO EXCUSES OR APOLOGIES ALLOWED;
ONLY HAPPY BREATHS AND
HAPPY CIRCUMSTANCE
HAPPY THOUGHTS AND FANTASIES
LIVED LOUD...

I AM ALWAYS GOING TO NEED,
ONE LAST BITE
OF THIS MY LIFE,
NO INTERRUPTIONS FROM
ACCIDENTS OR FATE
NO DIGRESSIONS PLEASE;
ONLY CHARMING VOICES AND PRETTY FACES
A LITTLE COMFORT
A LITTLE EASE...

I AM ALWAYS GOING TO NEED
JUST ONE MORE BREATH OF AIR.
A TASTE OF FRESH BORN MOUNTAIN AIR,
A BOUNTIFUL BREEZE.
WITH NO MISGIVINGS OR REMORSE
NO SILENT TAKE BACK PLEAS...