Picnicking...

cicada shell vibrates on the radio:

disc jockey!
The Easter dawn
peeping...creeping into the cave
on the fallen sheet.

The Y

The yellow moon
steeping in the cedar lake:
the floating melon.

The swearing farmer...
his hand smears the water-jar:

The swearing farmer's hand
smearing the water-jar:

The swearing farmer
his dusty calloused hand smears

His calloused hand
smearing the water-jar

His calloused hand
smearing the jar of water:
his daughter's hand-print.

His daughter's hand-print
smearing the jar of water...
the swearing farmer

His calloused hand-print
smearing the jar of water...
the swearing farmer

Dusty calloused hands
smearing the jar of water...
the swearing farmer.

His frightened daughter
hands him the jar of water...
the swearing farmer.

The jar of water...
smearing his daughter's hand-print:
the swearing farmer

The swearing farmer
smearing his daughter's hand-print
on the water-jar.

His old calloused hand
smearing the jar of water:
his daughter's hand-print.
The bear and her cu
The yellow moon

The rank grass...
mosquitoes agitating dusk:
the smell of honeysuckle.

The yellow moon

and the smell of honeysuckle,
excites the maiden.

Father's laughter
relieves the strain: mother-daughter -
and the car-key chain.
The scarecrow's torn sleeve
flapping in the autumn breeze:
the sound of corn leaves.

The scarecrow's torn sleeve
flapping in the autumn breeze,
slaps a corn leaf.

The sac

The scarecrow's torn sleeve
flapping in the autumn breeze
slaps a tattered leaf.

A riderless horse
whinnying in the autumn wind

The last scarlet leaf
falling from the gnarled limb
the fire far below.
Free Of A Curse

Why must one jacket himself in a sonnet:
Head and heart writhing in 14 binds;
Forcing, torturing his soul upon it;
Tied to the rack of scholastic confines?
Conform! Conform! Write as others do:
Parroting poets who invented the way;
(when one can be original, too):
And close to God, like a baby at play.
Oh, they say: There is freedom in form...
To walk, a baby must first learn to crawl;
(But if all he learns, better not be born,
Than trained beyond natural recall).
A bias just buzzed from my bonnet!
Admittedly, I like the sonnet.
1092 Niagara Road
Camden, New Jersey
January 2, 1975
early one dark and cold morning,  
a slow freight train crept through the black;  
no flare or flagman warning  
of the train ahead stalled on the track.  
as the freight cab struck the stalled caboose,  
a loaded gondola reared up  
like a wild black stallion breaking loose,  
crushing the cab like a tin cup!  
rescuers pried the freight cab loose;  
engineer halved, fireman half-dead,  
flagman dragged from the smashed caboose.  
Three black bloodied blankets were spread  
over the bodies  
early one dark and cold morning,  
death like a corpse shrouded in white  
arose and struck without warning,  
blackening three oak trees with blight.
1092 Niagara Road
1092 Niagara
The town rake's hound
is making the daily rounds
of neighbor's rose bushes.

The town rake's bloodhound
is making the daily rounds
of neighbors' rose bushes.

The far candlelight
is parting the vagina
of the autumn night.

Airport searchlight
scanning the murky sky:
short night.

dripping spigot:

drinking cricket...

rippling sink-song.

fire hose follows footprints,
tire tracks etched in black snow:
empty stretcher's shadow.

A gliding sea gull
is riding the cycle
of the crescent moon.

fire hose follows footprints,
tire tracks etched in black snow:
string of stretchers in the street.
The cross on the hill,
and the rising sun beyond -

a voice from the cave.

The city dump...
a clump of bowed sunflowers
surround a tinseled tree.

The afterglow
is scorching the bottom
of the autumn moon.
Large raindrops beat down on the heads of sunflowers by the dry brook bed.

The young man watches, and the old carpenter saws faster and faster.

The old woman buries the last of her children; the autumn moon.
A raindrop snaking
down the windshield - newspaper
sticking to the hearse.

With the sleeping child
in his arms, grandfather dreams
of the old country.

After silt settles,
and ripples cease on the pond -
the splash of a frog.
The wet black-top road:
a blotch of oily rainbow
fascinates the boy.

A huge flapping crow
with a pretzel in its beak,
spans the evening sun.

The incoming tide:
a tiny crab emerges
from a deep footprint.
The golden maple
dropping wet leaves...covering
the fallen scarecrow.

The ripples' core...
a gold carp sucking green scum:
the hot copper sun.

The yellow moon
steeping in the weedy lakes
the smell of cedar.
Autumn afterglow
beyond the roadside market...
the smell of apples.

Early autumn cool:
a dog barking for the boy
kept in after school.

The swollen river
is molding the reflection
of the autumn moon.
A gust of cold wind
is helping the garbage lid
catch up with the cat.

Footprints in the snow
to and from the old outhouse
in the bitter cold.

The passing hobo
borrows the old scarecrow's arm
for a luggage stick.
The cold rain beats down
on the lowering casket
below the young grass.

The evening fog -
and the smell of the pond -
an incessant frog.

The lighting seagull
is breaking the rhythm and rhyme
of the autumn moon.
While the scarecrow's back
is turned, the thief creeps away
with a ripe melon.

The sprouting scarecrow
springing from the dunghill,
bursts out of his coat.

The old bent scarecrow
with a long icicle-beard,
ages in the storm.
Leaving the old church -
walking the long road alone
against the cold wind.

The lingering mist
on the forested mountain...
the ghost of summer.

Under the bridge,
over the dam...the outgoing tide
meets the incoming wind.
The potbellied monk

pee ing on the reflection

of the autumn moon.

The autumn moon

cho king the neck of the river:

the cry of a gull.

In that empty house

standing mute in the moonlight,

lived and died three shrews.
The peasant woman
breast-feeding her new baby,
shelling lima beans.

Nightfall grows cold:
a hailstone strikes the dark lantern
on the old barn door.

Wind-blown newspaper
racing a runaway kite —
the river below.
New Year's morning mist:
smells of smoke, beer and whiskey
through a wheezy horn.

The icicled cave:
a saber-toothed tiger roars
in the bitter wind.

The tenement rat
gnawing the nippled bottle:
the crying baby.
Down the winding path
through the woods...a butterfly;
the sound of the brook.

The autumn wind
turning back a blanket of leaves,
uncovers the moon.

After the short night...
a haiku - and the long day
of shining moments...
Memorial Day:

staring at the grassy plot
set aside for me.

The baby racoon
pawing at the reflection
of the autumn moon.

The old church graveyard
overgrown by weeds...daisies:
artificial roses.
A huge cresting wave
above the empty dory -
the crescent moon.

The autumn moon
is drawing the disturbed child
out of himself.

In the puddle
surrounded by honeysuckle,
blooms the yellow moon.
Between snowy peaks,
the autumn moon... an old monk:
his white robe wind-blown.

Like the misty moon,
milkweed seed sown in the belly
of the autumn wind.

The gathering storms
a swarm of gnats in rank grass
harass the lost boy.
Mother and father
walking the colic baby,
exhaust the short night.

The clouded sun:
a row of silent doves perched
on a dripping wire.

Warmer before snow:
wind unbuttons the collar
of the old scarecrow.
In the poor box,
in the deserted mission,
lives a scorpion.

The city sidewalks:
settled dust and newspaper
waiting for the wind.

Like the crucifix,
a dead hawk nailed to the pole
near the chicken coop.