The withered grove:

an audience of birds
A million hands
hold you up

Rising sun...
ripening the fruit of the web

Oleander-colander...
sifting morning sunlight,
dappling ladybirds.

A swivel-

A fan on the porch...
swinging towards the moon -
and the setting sun.

A courting carp...
circling his rippling love
with a string of bubbles.

A courting carp...
circling his rippling love,
offering a string of bubbles.

courting carp...
circling their rippling loves,
offering strings of bubbles.

A whirligig...
ripping a girl in a gig,
tickling her nose.

Doe-derring-do...
drawing the hunter's fire:
erring, too.

Spawnling season:
courting carp offer strings of bubbles
to their rippling loves.

A courting carp...
circling his rippling love
with strings of bubbles.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

The kettle
Spiraling ribbons,
and a butterfly fights its way
through confetti.

A sleeping monk,
and the autumn moon rests
on a mountain of melons.

A sleeping monk,
and a mountain of melons
creases the moon.

A bell in the mist,
and the spreading surf covers
the rippled sand.

In smoky rain,
the twilight bell

The twilight bell,
and smoky rain erases
the city

and smoky rain erases
the city sky line

The twilight bell fades,
and smoky rain erases
the city sky line.

In the choppy bay,
the cry of a gull sharpens
the edge of a wave.

In the bitter wind

In the winter wind,
a cry of a gull sharpens
the edge of a wave.

In the winter wind,
a cry of a gull sharpens
the edge of a wave.

The cries of gulls,
and the winter wind sharpens
the edges of waves

The cry of a gull,
and winter wind sharpens
the edges of waves.
The drifting crescent,
and a curling wave covers
a lone dory.
A crystal ball,
and a firefly lights the fingertips
of the gypsy.

A praying monk,

and a firefly lights a bead
on the rosary.

An empty chest,
and a firefly-necklace lights
Tom's and Huck's face.

A skylark scars,
and the billowing cloud echoes
on the cotton field.

A snoring monk,
and autumn moonlight echoing
on a lone mushroom.

A skylark scars,
and the billowing cloud echoes
in the lake.

A mountain of melons

A skylark scars,
and a tiny boy hugs
the shaggy dog.

A snoring monk,
and the moon finishes building
a mountain of melons.

A billowing cloud,
and a shaggy dog pounces
on a tiny boy.

A mountain of melons

A billowing cloud,
and a butterfly flutters
through confetti.
Nicholas A. Virgilic
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

A sleepless monk,
and autumn moonlight echoing
a lone mushroom.
The drifting crescent, and a curling wave covers a lone dory.

The drifting crescent, and a curling wave shelters a lone dory.

the crescent tilts on a curling wave

A dory rises, and the crescent tilts on a curling wave.

A dory rises, and the crescent tilts on the brow of a curling wave.

The crescent tilts, and a dory rises into a curling wave.

and the wind
The morning blue jay
adds an obbligato
to the sparrow's song.
Distant highway lights,
and the autumn moon steals silently
on the creek.

The terrier digs,
and the hole in the field
gushes rats.

A moonlit path
on the creek

On the creek -
a moonlit path forms a "T"
with distant highway lights.

Distant highway lights,
and the moonlit path on the creek
"fits it to a tee."

Lamp globes in the park,
and the moon on a pole
"fits it to a tee."

The Milky way,
and moonlight echoing
on the snow.

The terrier digs,
and the old well in the field
gushes rats!

Distant

The Milky Way,
and autumn moonlight paints

Distant

The Milky Way,
and autumn moonlight paints a path
on the creek.
Nicholas A. Virgilic
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey
Veining the twilight...
withered trees in the rain -
a flapping crow.

Withered trees at twilight...
veining the rainy sky

Winter rain:
withered trees vein the twilight -
a flapping crow.

Winter twilight rain:
withered trees vein the sky

Winter twilight rain:
withered trees vein the overcast

Winter twilight rain
stains withered trees
veining the overcast

Veining the overcast...
withered trees at twilight
stained by rain.

Veining the overcast...
withered trees soaking
in twilight rain.
Nicholas A. Virgilic
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

One assumes
an untrodden path through
snow laden-
The moon in a squirrel's eye...

signaling an owl,
signing the stars.

A new coin

on

A carp in the shallows...

slipping the skirts of the willow,
leaving a bare hook.

Spring

Winter wind-blown...
black scarves at the river's neck:
the coughing of crows.

Winging tipsy

Winter rain

staining withered trees
veining the twilight.

Withered trees in the twilight...

veining the overcast,
leaking rain.

A firefly by the pool...

discovering jewels of the Galaxy

Winter rain

staining withered trees
veining the twilight.

Withered trees in the twilight...

veining the overcast,
leaking rain.

Winter twilight rain

staining withered trees
veining the overcast.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

A bit of a rift in the sun and drift...

between this drift and that one!
March wind to market...
pushing a shopping cart
on the parking lot.

Corn silk in morning sunlight...
brushing dew on her breast,
dripping on the baby.

Cats in love

Her hai

Blackbird-beads,

Butterfly-ribbons,
blackbird-beads and a woman's wig
on the wind!

beads of blackbirds,
and butterflies ribbon

Blackbirds string bead

Blackbirds stringing beads,
and butterflies ribboning
across the autumn sky.

Flying fish...
leaping silverly,

The corn in morning sunlight;
brushing dew on her breast,
dripping on the baby.

Cats above...
shreiking on the fence -
That's love!

A new crop of

A new crop of monks...
filting in seeding dandelion,
joining the moon.

The peach's mask...
falling off in lightning,
draping on a limb
On the subway platform,
a mouse racing into a trash basket -
cold autumn night.
The linden's crown
has chinks of window-light

Chinks of window-light
in the linden's leaves,
warm the autumn night.

Chinks of window-light
through the linden's leaves,
warm the autumn night.

The rising moon
adds another melon
to the pile

Withered trees...
veining the overcast

A skylark's song...
RISING FROM
leaving morning-glories,
climbing the peak of a cloud.

Fading night...
echoing in distant bells

Melons in moonlight...
a snoring monk in the mush

A tent caterpillar
on wild cher
porridge forage

Billowing clouds...

blackbird-beads and butterfly-ribbons

A billowing cloud...

sailing on the lake:
a tent caterpillar on birch bark.
An old shanty...
moths feast on a fly-specked bulb:
August moon.
A courting carp...
ringing his rippling love
with strings of bubbles.

Scarecrow-saint...
a golden butterfly
haloes his hat.

Serene cloud...
it swallowed
a skylark's song.

A cicada's song:
the doodling gnat scores its song
upon the wind.

The cicada's song:
a d

A cicada sings,
and a doodling gnat scores its song
upon the wind.

Golden gnat...
doodling on the wind,
plotting the butterfly's course.

Venus's-flytrap...
folding a praying mantis
in prayer.

Venus's-flytrap...
holding a praying mantis,
folding its hands in prayer.

Venus's-flytrap...
folding its hands,
holding a mantis.

Her quickening heart
sensing the child in this man:
May Day dancing.

A horsefly...
scrawling on the wind,
scoring the cicada's song

A horsefly neath the pine
scrawling on the wind,
scoring the cicada's song.
The dead poet clutching
his collected works -
Taken from him?
In A Coffeehouse

His face the muted message was
A masky smirk in colored lens:
You cats are square to wear those rags;
 Look at me, the avant garde!
A role he plays, deluding game
Of hide and seek from Middle Class:
A bore who's bored with work-a-day;
Perhaps, he cannot stand himself?

His face the muted message was
A masky smirk in colored lens:
You cats are square to wear those rags;
 Look at me, the avant garde!
A role he plays, deluding game
Of hide and seek from Middle Class:
A bore bored with work-a-day,
Who cannot stand himself?

A masky smirk in colored lens:
His face the muted message was
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey
Summer morning's heavy lid
of glaring haze and blinding sun
imprisons spirits

The heavy lid

Summer morning's heavy lid
imprisons the living
walking dead
in coffins spun

Summer morning's heavy lid
coffins the living
and walking dead

The heavy lid of summer morning
coffins the walking dead

The heavy lid of summer morning
coffins the walking dead

The heavy lid of summer morning
coffins the walking dead,
and a cortge mires
in melting tar and haze

The heavy lid of summer morning
Coffins the walking dead,
And mires a cortge
in melting tar and haze

The heavy lid of summer morning
coffins the walking dead,
and a cortge mires
in melting tar and haze

The heavy lid of summer morning
coffins the walking dead
in melting tar and haze
the cortge
His face the muted message was
A masky smirk in colored lens:
You cats are square to wear those rags;
Look
The sun deceives:
Rays diffuse
in maple leaves,
and dye chartreuse

The sun deceives:
Rays diffuse
in linden leaves,
and dye chartreuse
grassy weaves
a lawn ruse

Autumn afterglow...
a
maple samaras
eternally kissing

Lilies in the moonlight

Wrap it up, Mister Spider;
I'll take it...
the golden maple.

Twilight moon of spring...

deteriorating,
or was sliced too thin?

P
Firefly-poet:
satori...satori
( memento mori )

A company of monks
picking mushrooms in moonlight:
hot summer night

A company of monks
picking mushrooms in moonlight -
the heat!

A company of monks
picking mushrooms in moonlight:
the coolness.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Dancing \round and round -

in mid-air meeting:

the sound of kite's mating!
A company of monks
picking mushrooms in moonlight:
lilies on the pool.

A company of monks
picking mushrooms in moonlight:
a pool of lilies.

The deep night grove:
crows and bats

The deep night grove:
a company of crows
settle in the pine.

The coolness:
a company of monks picking mushrooms
in moonlight

Autumn moon:
monks picking mushrooms
the coolness

Autumn moon:
a lone monk picking mushrooms
the coolness

Mushrooms in the moonlight:
a company of monks
the coolness

Autumn moon:
melons, monks, mushrooms

Autumn moon:
monks, melons mushrooms
in moonlight

The deep night -
monks, melons and mushrooms
in moonlight

Picking mushrooms

Autumn moon:
a lone monk picking mushrooms
the coolness
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey
In the cellar -
cobwebs float on morning mist:
the smell of apples.

In the cellar -
cobwebs sift the morning mist:
the smell of apples.

In the cellar -
cobwebs lift in morning mist:
the smell of apples.

In the cellar -
cobwebs mix with morning mist:
the smell of apples.

In the cellar -
cobwebs sift the morning mist:
the smell of apples.

In the cellar -
morning mist floods the cobwebs
and cobwebs float from the rafters:
dawn floats on the mist
and cobwebs float from the rafters.

In the cellar -
dawn floods the mist,
and cobwebs float through cobwebs.

Dawn floods the mist,
and cobwebs in the cellar float from the rafters.

In the cellar -
dawn floods the mist:
the smell of apples.

Dawn floods the mist,
and the swamp waters ebb:

The swamp waters ebb,
and morning mist floods the pampas grass.

In the withered tree,
the clouded sun pales a vulture's eye.

Cobwebs in the cellar float from the rafters:
dawn floods the mist.

Mist carries the dawn,
and cobwebs in the cellar float from the rafters.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Staring
p
Winter twilight
in the empty market place:
an old man by a trash fire.

A cicada in the linden...

A cappella fella...
cicada in the linden...
joining the trolley song

A cappella fella:
cicada in the linden...
joining the trolley song.

A cappella, fella!

Cicada in the linden...
joining the trolley song -

Cicada in the linden...
joining the trolley in song -
A cappella, fella!

Cicada in the linden...
joining the trolley in song -
A cappella, fellows!

Rain on the dump...
fireflies lighting
a holey umbrella.

Rain on the dump...
a holey umbrella
sheltering fireflies.

A holey umbrella
sheltering fireflies -
rain on the dump.

Winter rain:
withered trees vein the twilight -
a flapping crow.

Withered trees...
veining the twilight,
leaking rain.

Waning rain:
withered trees vein the twilight -
a flapping crow.

Waning winter rain:
withered trees vein the twilight -
a flapping crow.
Where did the drift go?

Where at
Sailboats on the lake -
and a birch barkful
of tent caterpillars.

Sailboats on the lake -
and the birch bark full
of tent caterpillars.

Sailboats on the lake -
and the birch bark filled
with tent caterpillars.

Melons in moonlight...
a snoring monk in the mushrooms

In the weeping willow

Flying spaghetti -
and a fledgling trims
the robin's mustache.

The fledgling trims

Breath on the windowpane...
shrinking with departing geese,
disappearing in afterglow.

A snoring monk
in the mushrooms -
melons in moonlight

A snoring monk
and fallen scarecrow in mushrooms -
melons in the moonlight

Melons in the moonlight...
rolling into the shadows
bowling over mushrooms

Melons in the moonlight...

A fledgling trims
the robin's mustache
of spaghetti.
Out of the hole

in storm clouds
Barren island
inundated

A night of inundation
Receding
leaving the treasures
Of the ocean

How round and smmn

How round and white
the moon

How round and white
the autumn moon

A company of monks
picking mushrooms in moonlight:
deep autumn night.

Deep autumn night -
a company of monks picking mushrooms
in moonlight.

The deep night:
a company of monks
in moonlight

The deep autumn night:
a company of monks
in moonlight.

Mushrooms in moonlight:
a company of monks

The deep autumn night:
a company of monks picking mushrooms

A company of monks
picking mushrooms

A company of monks
picking mushrooms in moonlight:
lilies on the pond.

A company of monks
picking mushrooms in moonlight:
deep night

Deep autumn night:
monks picking mushrooms
in moonlight
Ducking in their holes
A masky smirk in colored lens,
Cahana shirt and swimming trunks:
His face the muted message was:
you cats are square to wear those rags -
Look at me, the avant garde!
A role he plays, deluding game
Of hide and seek from Middle Class:
A bore who's bored with work-a-day;
Perhaps, he cannot stand himself

Beetles in the vineyard...
weaving lace

A tiny freckled face...
watching in the vineyard
beetles weaving lace.

In the vineyard -
a tiny freckled-face watching beetles
weaving lace.

Beetles in the vineyard...
weaving lace,
around a tiny freckled-face.

Further Penance?
Hell,
A thousand days ago:
Flaming car
And searing flesh;
Thousand grafts
Healed to be
Burned alive,
A thousand since.

Be

Beetles in the vineyard...
weaving, leaving lace
around a tiny freckled face.
Lily:

out of the water...

out of itself.

On the isle of Lesbos,
the peppr
The heavy lid of summer morning
Coffins the walking dead,
Mires a cortège
In melting tar
A surface grave

Coffins the walking dead; A surface grave for the cortège -
The empty plot faraway.
And an empty plot faraway.

Coffins the walking dead, A surface grave for the cortège -
The empty plot faraway.
And an empty plot faraway.

Caesarean shafts of rain
Open the earth

Caesarean shafts of rain
Open the pregnant earth...
Caesarean shafts of rain

Shafts of rain have open
Shafts of rain open the earth -
thrust, blades of grass.
In the coffeehouse -
the pretender's beard is snubbed
by a louse.

A skylark scours,
and a butterfly scores its song
upon the wind.

The long road:
walking with myself -
the summer heat.

How smooth the river
slipping over the dam -
the footprints of the wind.

The gliding eagle
adds another shape of shadow
to the mountain.

The pillared moon,
and a monk on the marble steps
of the temple ruin.

Suffering scarecrow...
the beggar left you his coat -
and lice.

Java tea leaves swirl:
falling in place, Medusa
with a Rorshach curl.

A cicada cries,
and a horsefly on the sill
wrings its hands.

Dozing, bare-bosomed;
the baby burps at the breast -
she opens her eyes.

Cobwebs wafting...
autumn mist in the dark cellar:
the smell of apples.

In the picnic grove,
the face of nite is drawn
to a lone candle.
By the pond,
a pregnant woman watches

A billowing cloud,
and a wallowing pig
in a puddle of sky.

A billowing cloud
in a puddle of sky...
a wallowing pig.

In the pond -
tadpoles penetrate the moon:
a pregnant woman.

In the pond -
tadpoles swimming in the moon:
a pregnant woman.

The full moon,
and the pregnant woman's reflection
in the pond.

The full moon,
and the pregnant woman bathes
in the pond.

A pig in the sty,
and a billowing cloud in the puddle
of sky

A pregnant woman bathes,
and a tadpole in the pool
swims in the moon.

Lovers in the grass,
and a tadpole in the pool
swims in the moon

A pregnant woman

and a frog jumps into the moon
in the pond.
An empty room...
a sunbeam suspends dust -
a darting fly.

The clouded sun...
a spotlight on the curtain:
the dancing kite.

A leaf-covered pool

By a leaf-covered pool,
the camper breakfasts
on corn flakes.

The clouded sun
on the curtain of overcast:
a dancing kite.

I could eat
that billowing cloud

A billowing cloud:
see, eat, roll in it

A billowing cloud -
and here, in the sty...
a pig rolls in mud.

A billowing cloud -
and here, in the barn-yard...
a fly on a dung-hill.

A puddle in the sty,
A puddle of sky

A billowing cloud:
the pig in the sty rolls
in a puddle of sky.

A puddle of sky,
and the pig in the sty rolls
in a billowing cloud.

The pig in the sty
rolls in a puddle of sky

The pig in the sty
rolls in the billowing cloud

The

A pig in the sty,
and a billowing cloud
in a puddle of sky.
A sunlit store window...
suspended dust tumbling:
a rumbling truck.

A sunlit store window...
suspended dust tumbling:
a darting fly.

In the withered tree,
the morning sun strikes the dew
on a spider's web.

In the withered vines,
the morning sun strikes the dew
on a spider's web.

The native shoulders the stalk,
and the moon rests in the hands
of bananas.

In the blinding sun
the spider's web

An empty house
lightning flashes faded photograph
on the floor.

An empty house...
faded photographs on the floor:
a flash of lightning.

and the dawn strikes the dew
on a web.

The dew....
the sound, shade and shape
of dawn.

Autumn wind-blown...
on the floor of the empty house:
a faded photograph.
and suspended dust swirls in a sunbeam.

An empty house;
and a sunbeam through a window swirls with suspended dust.

An empty house;
a sunbeam through a window swirls with suspended dust.

In the blinding sun... a cobweb sifts swirling dust

In a sunbeam... swirling dust sifts thru a cobweb

A sunbeam sprays,
and a cobweb sifts swirling dust.

An empty room;
asubbeam through a window suspends the dust.

An empty room;
a fly darts through a sunbeam, and disturbs the dust.

An empty room;
a sunbeam

An empty room;
a window lets a sunbeam disturb the dust.

An empty room;
a fly disturbs suspended dust in a sunbeam.

An empty room;
suspended dust in a sunbeam

A sunbeam finds and empty room

A sunbeam finds an empty room, and suspended dust.

An empty room;
a sunbeam contains suspended dust

An empty room;
a sunbeam plays on a window
Autumn moon.
a snoring monk in the mushrooms:
the coolness.

Autumn moon:
a lone monk
picking mushrooms.

The coolness...
a lone monk picking mushrooms:
the autumn moon

Autumn moon...
a lone monk picking a mushroom:

Autumn moon...
a lone monk picking mushrooms:
the swift stream.

Autumn moon...
a lone monk picking mushrooms:
the field stream.

Autumn moon...
a lone monk in mushrooms:
the coolness.

Autumn moon...
a lone monk picking mushrooms:
the sound of the stream.

Moonlight on

Moonlight in the field...
a lone monk picking mushrooms:
the sound of the stream.

Autumn moon...
a lone monk picking mushrooms:
the frothy stream.

Autumn moon...
a lone monk in the moonlight