The deserted beach...

surf reaches the fish carcass:

the dying old man.
The old magician
reaching into his top hat,
pulls out a rabbit.

The morning fog:
a series of shotgun blasts
drops the scarecrow.

The path of broken glass
reflects the moonlight

A distant cock
is sharpening the edge
of the icy dawn.

Down the winding path
sprinkled with broken glass
the barefooted poet.

The swollen river;
a swooping swallow
By the beached dory
in the morning mist, an old fisher
telling a story

Down the grassy path
concealing broken glass -
the barefooted poet.

The icicled eaves
whistling in the wind, a squirrel
curled up on cak

The starless night:
little brother opens
a jar of fireflies.

little brother
is inviting a white butterfly

The empty mail box
wagging its tongue in the wind

A weeping willow
is using the swollen river
for a finger bowl.

little brother
tearing a pillow a part,
feathers the painted house.

A distant cock
is sharpening the edge
of the icy dawn.

The swollen river:
a swooping swallow

By the beached dory
in the morning mist, an old fisher
telling a story

The icicled eaves
whistling in the wind, a squirrel
curled up on cak

The empty mail box
wagging its tongue in the wind

little brother
is inviting a white butterfly

A weeping willow
is using the swollen river
for a finger bowl.
The potbellied monk...

studying the puddle:

muddying the moon.
The autumn rain
alone in the subway
waiting for the train
romping through the swamp grass

The first snowfall
down the cellar staircase
my father calls

from the middle of the meadow
little brother calls

A song sparrow
in the middle of the meadow:
little brother calls.

A rusty sickle
sticking in a haystack

A stream of fireflies
drifting in the dry creek.

The summer breeze

The autumn wind
through the cemetery gate:
little brother calls.
The curling wave...

touching the crescent moon,
clutching the dory.
treading the meadow

Mother and father
through the cemetery gate:
the autumn wind.

The hot copper sun
at the heart of the old pond:
a gold carp sucking scum.

The flag's shadow
stretching to the shallow crater:
a string of footprints.

The still flag's shadow
stretching to the crater:
a string of footprints.

A snapping turtle
is depositing her eggs
into an old grave.

The twilight rain:
a distant train whistle
wanes in the misty woods.

The peach orchard
The autumn breeze
sweeping linden leaves

A mockingbird sings
high atop the poplar
the short night begins.

Creeping sunlight
into the empty crypt

A Brahma bull
bellowing at the yellow moon

A bellowing bull
crooning at the yellow moon

A Brahma bull
bellowing at the yellow moon,
croons to the brown cow.

The yellow moon
belly-dancing in the lagoon,
exceeds a jellyfish.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Cemetery hill,

and the city below

wed in the evening sun.
wedding in the setting sun

little brother calls

The first cicada
hidden in the leafy linden
little brother calls.

The first firefly
in the middle of the meadow

emerging from the chrysalis

Mount Vesuvius
is blowing a smoke ring
round the autumn moon.

A distant school bell
is shaking a raft
of naked boys

The weeping willow
and the cloud peak beyond

The wedding ring
sinking in the lake
reflects the setting sun

The gold wedding band

The first firefly
in the middle of the meadow

emerging from the chrysalis

A distant school bell
is shaking a raft
of naked boys

The afternoon moon -
a milkweed seed wafting
on the winter wind.

The afternoon moon -
a milkweed seed wafting
on the winter wind.

A song sparrow
perching in the yarrow,
pecks a blackberry.

A distant school bell:
a raft of naked boys
laughing on the lake.
In the garden pool,

a bass follows a firefly...

swallows a star.
The distant school bell:  
a raft of naked boys  
laughing on the lake.

Bitter cold morning:  
a hunched-backed ragpicker

Bitter cold morning:  
a hunched-backed ragpicker  
scolds a sway-backed horse.

Bitter cold morning;  
a hunched-backed ragpicker  
lunches on the dump.

The summer wind  
thumbing through a song book,  
hums an anonymous hymn.

The autumn wind  
thumbing through a song book,  
hums an anonymous hymn.

The autumn moon  
at the bedroom window:  
the bride and groom.

The first firefly  
down the cellar staircase  
little brother calls

The first firefly  
through the screen door

The first firefly  
through the open window:  
little brother calls.

The first firefly  
through the open window:  
little brother cries.

The first firefly  
in the middle of the meadow:  
little brother cries.

The first firefly  
from the middle of the meadow:  
little brother cries.

A tidal wave  
rumbling through the jungle,  
tumbles an idol.
A distant scarecrow -
and here, in the church yard...
the shadow of the cross.
A withered oak:
a spray of leaves
on a bough.

The fog erases city sky line
The morning fog falls,
and the city sky line rises
from the graveyard.

farms puzzle the valley

The morning fog lifts,
and the city sky line rises
from the graveyard.

The night fog lifts,
and traffic on the highway
footlights a museum.

The night fog lifts,
and traffic on the highway
footlights the sky line.

The morning fog lifts,
and city sky line steps up
from the graveyard.

The morning fog lifts,
and city sky line rises
from the graveyard.

The morning fog lifts,
and city sky line steps up
from the river

The morning fog lifts,
and the graveyard steps up
to city sky line.

The morning fog lifts,
and the graveyard on the hill
steps up to the sky line.

The morning fog lifts,
and the city rises
from the graveyard.

The morning fog lifts,
and the graveyard on the hill
rises to city sky line.

The morning fog lifts,
and city sky line
Nicholas A. Virgilio  
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Lily:

out of the water...
In the shallows...
the duck's reflection
comes up for air.

By the shore,
a white duck joins its rhyme
at the peak.

Flashing goldenly

The evening sun reflects,
and cars on the parking lot
select

and the evening sun goes th

Thistle on the wind,
and the evening sun on the river
goes to seed.

The poet goes to seed

Wind blows

The sun casts its seed,
and wind furrows
the river.

The sun casts its seed,
and wind furrows the river
doing drifting blossoms.
A deafening explosion

and the evening sun strikes
the skyscraper blind.

The cloud explodes,
and the evening sun strikes
the skyscraper blind.

The sun casts its seed,
and wind furrows the blossoms
on the river.

The sun casts its seed,
and wind furrows blossoms
on the river.

The overcast opens,
and the evening sun strikes
the skyscraper blind.
In the withered tree,
the crescent adds another talcn
to the osprey's claw.
Slashing darkly
at the striking cobra...
the sound of the leopard.

Leaping darkly
at the striking cobra...
the sound of the leopard.

Lashing darkly
at the striking cobra...
the sound of the whip.

Leaping silverly,
before the pitching canoe...
the sound of tarpon.

Leaping silverly,
before the falling lure...

Passing on a bus -
drawn up the street
of the old neighborhood.

Leaping silverly,
above the falling lure...

Wriggling silverly -
from the tumbling lure.../
the sound of the tarpon.

Leaping silverly,
by the pitching ship

Leaping silverly,
by the pitching ship...
the sound of flying fish.

Streaking whitely
from branching lightning...
the sound of geese.

The evening sun
blinds the eyes
of the skyscraper.

The old neighborhood

Passing on a bus -
drawn to the street
of the old neighborhood.
The winter twilight,
and smoky rain erases
the city sky line.
Convolvulus climbs, 
and skylark soars 
in a billowing cloud.

Leaping speckledly, 
neath the rainbow, 
the sound of trout.

Leaping speckledly 
through the drifting duckweed... 
the sound of the trout.

Leaping speckledly, 
by the floundering ladybird... 
the sound of the trout.

Leaping speckledly, 
by the drifting tiger lily... 
the sound of the trout.

Leaping speckledly 
for the darting ladybird... 
the sound of the trout.

Leapingstripedly 
on the galloping zebra... 
the sound of the tiger.

Cascading whitely, 
below the billowing cloud... 
the sound of the falls.

Billowing whitely, 
below 
Filling whitely, 
below the billowing cloud... 
the sound of the sail.

Dancing whitely, 
before the billowing cloud... 
the sound of the kite.

Dancing whitely, 
above the billowing sail... 
the sound of the kite.

Leaping spottedly 
on the lumbering giraffe... 
the sound of the leopard.

Filling whitely, 
before the billowing cloud... 
the sound of the sail.

Leaping darkly 
on the coiling cobra... 
the sound of the leopard.
Winter twilight,
and smoky rain erases
city skyline.
The morning fog lifts, and city skyline steps up from the graveyard.

Morning fog lifts, and the city on the hill steps up from the graveyard.

Morning fog lifts, and the city on the hill steps up from the graveyard.

Morning fog lifts, and the city rises from the graveyard on the hill.

A rain drop slithers, and the wiper on the windshield crushes the viper.

Morning fog lifts, and the terraced mountain steps up to the city.

Morning fog lifts... the city on the hill steps up from the graveyard.

Morning fog lifts, and the city on the hill rises from the graveyard.
The ripples's core:
a carp like a contraceptive

leaving husk and cob
the crow becomes a dot of dusk
A bare corncob left
by the crow...a dot of dusk -
a mouse comes for crumbs.

leaving a bare cob,
the crow becomes a dot of dusk -
a mouse comes for crumbs.

leaving a bare cob,
the flapping crow...a dot of dusk -
a mouse comes for crumbs.

leaving a bare cob,
the flapping crow...a dot of dusk -
a mouse comes for crumbs.

left, a bare corncob

left, a bare corn cob

left, a bare corn cob -
the flapping crow...a dot of dusk -
a mouse comes for crumbs.

A lighting gull
breaking the rhythm and rhyme
of the autumn moon.

left, a bare corncob -
gone, the crow...a dot of dusk -
a mouse comes for crumbs

A bare corncob left
by the crow...a dot of dusk -
a mouse comes for crumbs.

Icicles fall
in the cold moonlight,
strike chips of glass.

the flag-draped caisson
in the funeral cortège,
crushes a pebble.

The flag-draped caisson
in the funeral cortège,
Just one drop
on one word:
the message is a mystery.
The empty house's steps...
dust drifting on a letter:
a cicada shell.

The empty house's steps...
dust

The empty house's steps...
a cicada shell stirring in dust:
the sealed letter.

The empty house's steps...
dust stirring a cicada shell

Summer storm...
a pot collecting rain

Summer storm...
a clay pot collecting rain:
the steaming cement.

Summer storm...
a clay pot collecting rain:
the steaming pavement.

mother collecting rain water.

Autumn twilight...
tealeaves settling in the cup:

Autumn twilight...
tea leaves settling in the cup:
Medusa.

Autumn evening...
tea steeping in the pot:
the taste of honey.

the taste of persimmon

the taste of persimmon

Bitter night...
a possum climbing the tree:
the taste of persimmon.

Autumn evening...
a treed coon spelling the yellow moon:
the barking hounds.
Old-fashioned scarecrow...

who's your tailor?
the scarecrow's sleeve tearing in the wind

Autumn evening:
the scarecrow's sleeve
ears in the wind.

The old sourdough's
black pouch spilling silver dust:
the Milky Way.

silver dust spilling from a black sack

The black sack spilling silver dust:

Spring wind:
a garbage can rolls slightly
in the alley.

The old sourdough's
black pouch spills silver dust:
the Milky Way.

The gala

The Galaxy...
a black sack spilling silver dust:
the smell of sour dough.

The Milky Way...
a black sack spilling silver dust:
the smell of sour dough.

The smell of sour dough...
a black sack spilling silver dust:
the Milky Way.

The old sourdough
spills silver dust from a black sack

The old sourdough's pouch
spills silver dust on the table:
the Milky Way.

Spring wind:
a garbage can in the alley
rolls slightly.
That cumulus
looks good enough
to eat!
Autumn afternoon...
clouds looking good enough to eat:

Early autumn...
clouds looking good enough to eat:
the Orange Ball-sun.

The cat drags his mistresses gift
into the house

Into the house -
the cat drags his mistress's gift:
a live mouse.

from snow-into the house -
the cat drags his mistress a gift:
a live mouse.

Into the house -
the cat drags a gift for the wife:
a live mouse.

Autumn twilight
the fallen scarecrow's last straw

Autumn storm...
the fallen scarecrow's last straw
lifts in the wind.

The smell of the clams...
a boy smacking his lips:
the taste of the sea.

Autumn scarecrow

Autumn storm:
the scarecrow, finally
realizes his ambition to fly.

Autumn storm:
the flying scarecrow
realizes an ambition!

Autumn storm:
the flying scarecrow finally
realizes his ambition!

Autumn storm:
the flying scarecrow finally
realizes his desire!

New England clam-bake...
a boy smacking his lips
the taste of the sea.
Autumn dusk:
a truck-load of coffins
rumbles down the road.
The clouded sun
stares through Medusa's hair-do:
the bare horse chestnut tree.

Spring floods...
a baby floating on the lake:
tadpoles swimming in the moon.

The jungle sun...
a prisoner slumps on the death march.

The empty store...
a screen door trapping sleet:
the slap of torn awning.

Autumn twilight:
the empty store's torn awning
snaps in the wind.

Autumn storm:
the empty store's torn awning
whips in the wind.

The swollen lake...
tadpoles swimming in the moon:
the dead baby.

The swollen lake...
a tadpole floating in the moon:
the dead baby.

The swollen lake...
a tadpole swimming in the moon:
the dead baby.

The cat drags a live mouse
in the house.

The empty house's yard...
a mouse lies

The empty house's yard...
paw-prints stepping on untreaden snow:
a dead mouse.

The wife's birthday:
The cat drags a gift into the house
a live mouse.

The swollen lake...
tadpoles scrambling the moon:
a dead baby floating.
This abandoned diamond field -
but, there is hail.
Autumn evening rain...
maple leaves staining the walk -
a blue jay's shriek.

Autumn evening...
a possum climbing the tree:
the taste of persimmon.

Autumn evening,

Autumn evening...
a possum climbing the tree:
the taste of ripe persimmon.

Autumn dusk:
a truck-load of coffins
stalls on the road.

Autumn evening...
a leaf-fire's smoke vanishing in mist:
the taste of pomegranate.

Into the blinding sun...
a crow clutching a pretzel:
the taste of salt.

Evening sun...
a crow eating a pretzel:
the taste of mustard.

Cold autumn day...
a crow eating a pretzel:
the taste of mustard.

a foraging crow eating a pretzel:
the taste of mustard.

a flapping crows beak carrying a pretzel
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Serene\cumulus...

it swallowed

a skylark's song.
The fierce winter wind,
poor snow man...
lost its head -
look...the moon!

Poor snow man...
did the moon knock off
your head?

The moon
descends,
and the head of the snowman
topples to the ground.

The full moon descends,
and the head of the snowman
topples to the ground.

The full moon rises,
and the head of the snow man
topples to the ground.
How the sparrow spurns
her lover's advances -
Nick- alas, too.
The old wizard gestures, and echoing mountains applaud the lightning.

The old wizard gestures, and the echoing mountains applaud the lightning.

The echoing mountain adds another clap of lightning to the summer storm.

The summer lake adds another bolt of lightning to the darkness.

A skylark's song, and a billowing cloud fills my emptiness.

The Orange Ball sinks, and the crescent rises from grey city skyline.

The crescent rises, and the Orange Ball sinks in grey city skyline.

Grey city skyline, and the Orange Ball balances on a flag-pole.

Fierce winter wind, and the moon is the head of the snow man.

Taking the head - leaving the moon on the snow man.

The wind beheads the snow man, but there is the moon.

Toppling the head - leaving the moon on the snow man: the wind!

The old wizard gestures, and echoing mountains applaud the lightning.

The crescent rises,
Nicholas A. Virgilio
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Camden 4, New Jersey

A buoy-bell tolls,
and a dory at the dock
creaks, and rises.
An ice-floe, and moonlight echoing on a polar bear.

A bathing maiden, and moonlight echoing on a lily.

Faraway barking, and moonlight echoing on the snow.

The drawn shade hugs... separates from the window; the slit in her gown.

The candle flickers, and the young leaves at the window are dripping dew.

Eating persimmons: tasting the smell of honeysuckle.

My breath, and the swirling snow about the chimney.

and pieces of sun float on the river

City skyline, and my favorite building in the afternoon sun.

In the river - upside down trees support the shore-line.

and the Big Dipper's handle is dripping apart.

A single bolt claps, and echoing mountains

A single bolt claps

A single bolt claps, and the echoing mountains applaud the lightning.

A billowing cloud, and my emptiness is filled
Nicholas A. Virgilic
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey
An overcast sky...
    in the twilight church yard:
       a forgotten grave.

An overcast sky...
    in the twilight church yard -
       a forgotten grave.

Peaks surrounded by cloud -
    and far below, by the shore...
       the rocky surf.

The veiled woman kneels,
    and a firefly lights a flower
       on the grave.

The veiled woman kneels,
    and a firefly lights a flower
       on the fresh grave.

Cloud surrounds the peaks -
    and far below, by the shore...
       the rocky surf.

Peaks rise from cloud -
Cloud collars the peaks -
    and far below, by the shore...
       the rocky surf.

Peaks through the cloud

Peaks perched on a cloud

Peaks rise from cloud -
    far
    and below, by the shore...
       the rocky surf.

Peaks rise from cloud -
    and far below, by the rocky surf.
       my strawberry shortcake.

Peaks rise from cloud -
    and here below, by the rocky surf...
       my strawberry shortcake.

Winter moonlight,
    and freezing rain fits a jeweled glove
       to the withered tree.

Freezing rain,
    and moonlight fits a jeweled glove
       to the withered tree.

In the afterglow,
    freezing rain gilds a jeweled glove
       to a jew
A distant scarecrow -
and here, in the churchyard
An overcast day,
and a withered tree in the wind
rocks a lone sparrow.

A spring from the mountain -
and below, on rippling pool...
a string of moons.

A cliff-base spring -
and below, on the rippling pool...
a string of moons.

The lake at night,
and a paddling duck trails
a string of moons.

A night of stars,
and a paddling duck trails
a string of moons.

A night of stars,
and a paddling duck on the lake
trails a string of moons.

The autumn moon -
and below, on the rippling river...
a string of moons.
Lily:
out of the water...
out of itself.

Easter morning....
the sermon is
a cloud of gnats suspend the moon

My brother dies
a firefly wriggles free
from the spider's web

My little brother
follows ashore - the frozen marsh
and more between us.

My little

My little brother
on the far shore - the frozen marsh
and more between us.

My little brother
with a spider in his hand:
a gift for mother.

the cat lays a mouse at her feet
Every three lines is a separate poem

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

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

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

Dozing, bare-breasted;
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 night is drawn
to a lone candle.

In the coffeehouse -
the pretender's beard is snubbed
by a louse.

A skylark soars,
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.
Into the blinding sun...
the funeral procession's
  glaring headlights.

The cities' river
at night, the shore-line supported
  by pillars of light.

Swollen and turbid...
slipping its tongue over the dam:
  the lake tasting rocks!

In the empty church -
a quiet child watching
  flickering candles.

Its mother’s breast...
the size, shape, color, taste
  of the moment.

Shaking the muskrat -
snow falls from the trapper's hair -
  and from a reed.

This useless scarecrow...
trussed up in morning-glories;
  the thieves get away!

The golden maples:
saying things, that can't be said,
  by not saying them.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

The cry of a gull,
and winter wind hones the waves
on the bay.

In the evening sun,
the factory windows put a torch
to the river.

By the river,
a redwood tree joins its rhyme
at the root.

Rising and falling...
a blanket of blackbirds feeds
on the snowy slope.

Leaving cob and husk,
the crow becomes a dot of dusk -
a mouse comes for crumbs.

A distant transport -
and here, on the pier...
a lace handkerchief.

Autumn moon;
the old story-teller pointing...
a withered tree.

Come, scarecrow, come!
a swollen mosquito
has stolen a plum.

In the shallows...
a naked woman joins her twin
at the knee.

A wreath on the door,
and a shirt on the clothes-line
hangs still in the dusk.

The sparrow ends
a butterfly
on a tragic note.

A moonlit wave falls,
and spreading surf touches
the soles of lovers.

Crosses on a hill...
dawn steals into the cave,
and finds a white sheet.