The empty rain barrel...
heat waves and wiggler's spirits
rise to heaven.
A rusty bell buoy
is rocking a roosting gull
to sleep through the sleet.

A rusty bell buoy
is rocking a roosting gull
to sleep in the mist.

A rusty bell buoy
is rocking a roosting gull
and rook in the mist.

A rusty bell buoy
is rocking a roosting flock
of gulls in the gale.

The sudden sandstorm
is burying the bleached bones
of the old sourdough.

A mourning dove
has left its mark
on the war monument.

A pair of mourning doves
have left their marks.

A rusty hull
is rocking a flock of roosting gulls
in the gale.

A distant flag
Bitter cold morning...
standing at the tomb
of the unknown Soldier.

Bitter cold afternoon
visiting the Tomb
of th
Dropping from a cloud...

the yellow moon spells the melon,
atop the pile.
A winter evening...
leaving the old cathedral:
leaning in the cold wind.

winter evening...
leaving the old cathedral:
leaning in the cold wind.

A spring evening
finding an old rosary
on the long winding road

The long winding road:
mother and father
find an old rosary

finding an old
finding a worn rosary

A spring morning

A spring morning...
finding a worn rosary beads
on the winding road.

climbong the

A spring morning...
climbing the winding road:
finding a worn rosary.

A misty spring mori

A misty spring moring...
climbing the winding road:
finding a worn rosary.

The sudden downpour:
a buzzing horsefly
bounces on the screen door

is rocking a roosting gull
to sleep

A rusty bell buoy
is rocking a flock
of roosting gulls.

The road through the woods
In the coffeehouse -
the pretender's beard
is snubbed by a louse.

In the coffeehouse -
the pretender's beard is snubbed
by a louse.
A rainbowed wave falls,
and the spreading surf covers
the rippled sand.

The river falls,
as a gull alights
on a piling.

A withered tree,
and the sun spotlights the curtain
of overcast.

The autumn sun
is a spotlight on the curtain
of overcast.

In the evening sun,
pampas plumes hide the head
of the old trapper.

The shadow of the sun
on the curtain of overcast.
On stage, skylark!

A headless snowman,
and the sun in overcast
has a cataract.

In the temple ruin,
the autumn moon is drawn
to a bowed monk

The choppy bay,
and the winter wind hones the edge
of the half-moon.

The shivering moon,
and the wind blows

The shivering moon,
and the wind blows a blanket
of leaves on the pool.

An abandoned nest,
and the withered tree clutches
the autumn moon.

A bowl of corn flakes,
and the camper breakfasts
by the leaf-covered pool.
A moonlit wave falls,
and the spreading surf touches
the soles of lovers.

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

In the distant city,
the face of night is drawn
to a mushroom cloud.

The snow drifts eastward,
and the shadow of the scarecrow
lengthens on the field.

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

It is gone, too...
her sewing machine's leg-marks
A withered tree, 
and the egg in the nest
is the autumn moon.

The autumn moon,
and the withered tree clutches
an abandoned nest.

Alighting crows, 
and withered trees in the wind
scratch at the dusk.

The autumn moon,
and withered trees in the wind
scratch at the dusk.

A game of lacrosse, 
and the withered tree clutches
the Orange Ball.

The Orange Ball floats, 
and a bubble on the lake
swells, and bursts.

Still withered trees, 
and the shadow of a crow
brushes away the dusk.

Lacrosse across the sky, 
and the withered tree clutches
the Orange Ball.

The wind rolled back
a blanket of leaves
and left the moon in a pool.

The sun spotlights
a curtain of overcast -
On stage, skylark!

Summer sun spotlights
the curtain of overcast -
On stage, skylark!

An alighting crow,
and the withered tree in the wind
scratches at the dusk.

The flapping crow,
and withered trees in the wind
brush away the dusk.

Still withered trees,
and a flapping
Giddy guitarist:

the fitful moon from fret to fret

on telephone wires.
Still withered trees,
and a flapping crow above the snow

brushes away the dusk.

Through the withered trees,
a flapping crow above the snow

In the withered grove,
the autumn moon is drawn
to a flapping crow.

The snow-covered park,
and a flapping crow through withered trees
brushes away the dusk.

In withered trees,
a flapping crow

In the autumn dusk,

In withered trees,
the face of dusk is drawn
to a flapping crow.

In the withered grove,
the face of dusk is drawn
to a flapping crow.
Winter desolation:

the clouded sun and roosting vulture

keep company.
The first snowfall
filling all helmets in the trench

The first snowfall
filling helmets in the trench
quenches the soldiers' thirst.

The flag on the moon

The first snowfall
filling helmets in the trench
quenches the doughboys' thirst.

The autumn moon waxes
while the pregnant matron
waits for a taxi.

The autumn moon waxes
while the pregnant prostitute
waits for a taxi.

The winter moon waxes
while the pregnant prostitute
waits for a taxi.

leaving the saloon alone;
walking home with the moon.

An autumn evening...
leaving the saloon alone;
walking with the moon.

An autumn moon

An autumn evening...
leaving the saloon alone;
walking with the moon.

meeting a stream of people
leaving the cathedral

composing a haiku

Bitter cold evening
leaving the old cathedral
composing poems.

A winter evening...
leaving the old cathedral
into the cold wind.

The creek near the market:
a sunken shopping cart
catches a golden carp. dead

An autumn evening...
leaving the saloon alone;
walking with the moon.

leaving the saloon alone;
walking with the moon.

leaving the saloon alone;
walking with the moon.
Autumn twilight:

the town clock's face

spells the yellow moon.
making jam and wine...
climbing the shaky ladder
leaning on grape vines.

The hot morning sun...
climbing the shaky ladder
leaning on grape vines.

Late winter evening...
covering the crucifix
with a purple veil.

Ash Wednesday
covering the crucifix
with a purple veil

The Roman ruins

The first snowfall
is coating a dead mouse

The first snowfall
melting in the metal helmet
quenches the soldier's thirst.

The first snowfall
filling the empty trench
quenches the soldier's thirst.

Down sycamore street,
cicadas are raving about
the drought and heat wave.

cicadas are serenading

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

The still flag's shadow
stretching to the crater

The autumn moon shines
and the still flag's shadow
stretches to the crater.

The still flag's shadow
creeping towards the deep crater
crosses a string of footprints.

The first snowfall
is quenching the thirst
of soldiers in the trench.

The first snowfall
filling all helmets in the
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

The corner meat store...

a screen door seeping sleet:

the smell of sawdust.
A bright autumn night adding sparks to the Milky Way

A distant campfire is adding sparks to the Milky Way

A bright autumn night... building a campfire beneath the Milky Way

A bright autumn night... building a fire beneath the moon and the Milky Way.

Rising and falling... a capsized rowboat: the beat of drumfish.

An autumn evening... grieving for my brother killed in Viet Nam

An autumn evening... grieving for little brother killed in Viet Nam.

An autumn evening... grieving for Lawrence Virgilio killed in Viet Nam.

An autumn evening... grieving for Larry Virgilio killed in Viet Nam.

An autumn evening... grieving for Lawrence Virgilio killed in Viet Nam.

An autumn evening... grieving for her children killed in Viet Nam.

An autumn evening... grieving for her grandchildren killed in Viet Nam.

An autumn evening...

New Year's Eve... boarding a troop transport leaving Viet Nam.

Making jam and wine... climbing the shaky ladder:
The yellow moon
sallows a rose mallow,
and mellows a loon.
A string of snow geese is fitting the golden bow of the harvest moon.

Late summer morning... climbing the shaky ladder leaning on grape vines.

A white butterfly lighting on a buttonball branch: little brother calls.

A string of snow geese is fitting the golden bow of the quarter moon.

A bright summer day... chasing a white butterfly on the way to church.

Late summer morning... climbing the shaky ladder: clutching wild grape vines.

Ash Wednesday morning... covering the crucifix with a purple veil.

Late summer morning... climbing the shaky ladder against wild grape vines.

The fallen scarecrow is providing the pregnant mouse with a nest of straw.

A winter evening... covering the crucifix with a purple veil.

Late summer morning... climbing the shaky ladder inclined on grape vines.

A nun covers the crucifix with a purple veil.

The hot morning sun... climbing the shaky ladder inclined on grape vines.

The creek by the market: a sunken shopping cart catches a gold carp.
From rank grass...

gnats harass the yellow moon:

the smell of honeysuckle.
The dry creek beds
a shattered clay crock
scattered on the cracked mud

A cicada chirrs,
and a timber rattler
coils on pine needles

A warm autumn day...
playing with a stray puppy
on the way to school.

A warm winter day...
playing with a stray puppy
on the way to school.

New Year's

an empty rain barrel
filling up with snow

The farmhouse ruins

A pair of crows

A pair of crows
perching on the scarecrow's arms
seesaw in the autumn wind.

A bright autumn night

The creek through the park:
a shoppi

The creek through the park:
a sunken shopping cart
catches a gold carp

is tying the bow of the moon

is fitting the bow of the moon
with a string of geese,

A string of snow geese
is fitting the

A string of wild geese
is fitting the cross bow
of the crescent moon.
Autumn cumulus!
Within this cranium.
An empty rain barrel
collecting

Add this an

The first snowflake, too
in the empty rain barrel

To the souvenirs
of the seasons

The first snowflake
joins the souvenirs of the seasons

into the barrel another

To the souvenirs
of seasons in the barrel -
add the first snowflake.

To the souvenirs
of sea

To the souvenirs
of the seasons in the lake -
add the first snowflake.

To the souvenirs
of the seasons in the pond -
add the first snowflake.

To the souvenirs
of seasons in the old pond -
add the first snowflake.

The last cicada
sings summer's requiem in the church garden.

The last cicada

that sings summer's requiem... 

falls in the old pond.
Cumulus -
the shackles fall
from the mind!
Return to the dune.
with each passenger, rise from the dune.
City heat wave.
with each passenger.

With each passenger, rise from the dune.
City heat wave.

With each passenger.

Share photos with the passengers.

Moon and mountain.

The trip(unique).
Dripping hotly
on the pavement...
the sound of tar.
City heat wave:
    a passerby makes flies rise...
    return to the dung...

The city heat wave

Heat wave

Heat waves from the walk...
    each passerby makes flies rise...
    return to the dung...

The city heat wave:
    a passerby and flies rise...
    return to the dung...

Milestones and cow-plop -
    and roses along the way...
    these 38 years.

The philosopher
    watches flies rise

The hot country road...
    a passing sage stops to watch
Through
the long, long winter -
Autumn cumulus!
The rumbling hearse — 
swirling dust, and scattering flies... 
return to dung

The rumbling hearse — 
swirling dust, and scattering flies...
return to the dung.

Hailstones... to many
scattered on the sidewalk —
add this horse chestnut.

The aging rake
repays his persevering wife
with flattery.

A swarm of mosquitoes —
sure he should have watered
the ivy last.

In the river —
the autumn moon plays hide and seek
the autumn moon
playing hide and seek in the clouds

The distant bell —
but the child and his turtle
spend Sunday in the shell.

The umbrella
pulls father and son
in the blizzard.
The windy umbrella
from under the awning...
his tumbling hat pulls father
into the blizzard.

Father and son
running after the tumbling hat
father and son
running after mother's hat...
bend down together.

Father and son
leaving home for work, and school,
take the blizzard along.

He waters the lawn —
but leaves the ivy til last
a swarm of mosquitoes
mosquitoes rising into dusk
the smell of honeysuckle.
Fat sparrow -
the red balloon
explodes!
After the hearse passes

The rumbling hearse raises dust - and scatters flies...
return to the dung.

scattered flies return to the dung

wipe their hands on the same towel

Mother and daughter wiping their hands on the towel

Mother and daughter confiding in each other

Mother and daughter see themselves in each other's eyes -
and turn away. The passing parade

Her mother's pupil:
the daughter sees herself in her mother's eye

Teacher and pupil see each other

Teacher and pupil see themselves in each other's eyes

Teacher and pupil looking into each other's eyes

Teacher and pupil reading each other's eyes

The masquerade ball:

mother and daughter

Mother and daughter at the masquerade ball, see through each other's mask.
Fat sparrow pecking

a plump plum -

Splat!
The first butterfly - sure it flutters about the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Father and son running after mother's hat... pick it up together.

The distant bell -

The old cracked bell flies explode from the empty turtle shell

The old cracked bell echoes children's voices... this independence Day.

The old cracked bell echoes the laughter of children... this independence Day.

Independence Day: the old cracked bell rings with black children's laughter...
The rumbling hearse
raising dust - and scattering flies...
return to dung.
After the hearse passes...
dust, and pebbles settle -
flies return to dung.

The hearse disappears

The withered oak tree
shakes a fist of squirrel's nest
at the flapping crow.

The wake of the hearse:
dust, leaves and pebbles settle,
flies return to dung.

Mother and daughter
lock into each other's eyes,
by the shallow pool.

The wake of the hearse:
pebbles, leaves and dust settle...
flies return to dung.

The old rumbling hearse
raising dust-scattering flies... 
return to the dung.

The weeping willow,
and whiskered icicles are taking
the shape of the wind.
The distant surf -

Here, a rabid dog!
The wreath on the door
lifting in the autumn wind
twilight's tolling bell

the wreath on the door
lifts in the autumn wind -
the twilight bell tolls.

The last snowfall
finds its final resting place
in the waiting grave.

the last stubborn leaf
finds its final resting place
in the waiting grave.

the last oak leaf
that resisted the wind

the last oak leaf,
that stubbornly resists the wind...

drops into the grave.

in that old outhouse
with the door swinging in the wind,
a catalogue ruffles.

in that old house
with the swinging door,
a catalogue ruffles.

in that old outhouse
with the creaking door,
a catalogue ruffles
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

In the harrow,
fat sparrow...
ruffled nape:
narrow escape!
The sound of wind

The sound of chimes
and color of icicles
the shape of the wind

The sound of porch chimes
and the color of icicles...

the shape of the wind.

The dry cracked field

The sound of porch chimes,
and color of icicles...
the shape of the wind.

The rippling pond...
opening the mind of the monk:
the autumn moon.

The 38th milestone:
an inchworm riding a snail...
reaches into the night

an inchworm grasping
an inchworm reaching for a star

The inchworm anchors
on the 38th milestone

The inchworm anchored
on the 38th milestone,
reaches for a star...

an inchworm measures the breadth of her

The exploring inchworm

She watches the inchworm clinging to her nipple...
reach out in vain.

The exploring inchworm clinging to her nipple,
reaches out in vain.

The arching inchworm

The arching inchworm clinging to her nipple...
reaches out in vain.

The arched inchworm clinging to her nipple...
reaches out in vain...
Jumping from
ray to ray...
the red-tailed kite!
The arched inchworm
that clings to her nipple,
reaches out in vain...

The arched inchworm
on the

The arched inchworm
that clings to the 38th milestone,
reaches for a star.

The stagnant pond

The stagnant pond...
opening the mind of the monk:
the autumn moon.

A swarm of blackbirds,
and swirling leaves shape the wind -
the twilight moon.

The beheaded snow man,
that lost the battle with the storm...
gains the moon.

The rippling moon
that opens the stagnant pond,
enlightens the monk.

The arched inchworm
that clings to her nipple,
reaches out in vain...

The autumn moon,
that opens the stagnant pond,
enlightens the monk.

The stagnant pond...
opening the mind of the monk:
the autumn moon.

The beheaded snow man,
that battled the storm

gains the moon.

The suckling child
clinging to the other breast,
gazes at the moon.

This blind poet
feels the character of spring
in the autumn fields...

A firefly at twilight...
distracts the child from the heat
before the storm.

The tonsured monk...
stooping to pick the mushroom:
the autumn moon.

The twilight firefly
distracts the child from the heat
before the storm.
Polished casket:
Eternal Flame-
calligraphy.
The first jack-in-the-pulpit —
sure the circuit preacher

The first jack-in-the-pulpit —
sure the circuit preacher finds it
in the woods.

The circuit preacher
finds it

The circuit preacher
finds the first one in the wood —
jack-in-the-pulpit.

Monastery fields... 
a firefly opens the night —
enlightens the monk

The hopping sparrow
playing rubber ball on the walk, 
over sprawled jacks.

The wreath on the door
lifts in the wind

The wreath on the door
lifts in the autumn wind —
a bell tolls at dusk

The first dandelion —
sure the town idiot wears it
in his lapel.

The first inchworm —
sure the town tailor watches it
measure his cuff.

Jack-in-
jack-in-the-pulpit —
sure the circuit preacher
finds the first one

The circuit preacher
finds the first jack-in-the-pulpit
in the young woods.
Nicholas A. Virgilic  
1092 Niagara Road  
Camden 4, New Jersey

Sparrows dancing on the ice - 
Icicle-chandelier crashes!
Icicles chandelier

a firefly takes the moment

Honeysuckle twilight:
a firefly takes the moment

Honeysuckle twilight:
a firefly takes the moment
for its very own...

Honeysuckle dusk:
a firefly takes the moment
for its very own...

Dusk, and alone -
a firefly takes the moment
for its very own...

Mist, and alone -
a blue jay empties the morning

A blue jay's shriek empties the misty morning

Mist, and alone

a dove relieves

Mist, and alone -
a dove relieves the heavy heart
of the morning.

a firefly takes the moment
and leaves a dot of dusk

The hot tarred road
heat waves rising into haze

The tarred country road...
heat waves rising into haze:
a cicada's song.

The hopping sparrow
bouncing on the

The hopping sparrow
bouncing over sprawled jacks
playing rubber ball

a cicada's song.

Mist

Mist, and alone -
a blue jay's shriek empties the mind
of the morning.
The bat swoops...

umbrella-shadow

moving.
the sound of horse
and shape of a cloud-peak...
the smell of manure.

The sound of a horserly,
and shape of a cicada

The mourning dove,
and shade and shape of mist...
the smell of musty leaves.

A flock of green flies
explosive from the ice cream-pile...
feast on the dunghill.
Nation of Assassins...

who would be

President?
The hot country road
The hot dusty road...
flies exploding from dung.

The tugboat's wake
looses the skin
of the serpentine river

the old horse

the serpentine river
is shedding its skin

the rattlesnake,
and the serpentine river
are shedding their skins.

the crescent moon

knifing through the serpentine river

Whiskered icicles
hanging from the old house's eaves, capture the wind.

The last apple
stuck on stubble

A billowing cloud!

A flock of flies
exploding from the ice cream...
reast on the dunghill.
Flowing silverly
through the tunnel...
the rumble of rails!
The taste of cherries,  
and color of afterglow...  
the cardinal's song. 

The rustle of reeds  

The shape of mist  
The shape of the mist  
and the smell of burning leaves  
The shape of the mist  
and the mourning of the dove  
The shape of the mist,  
and smell of musty leaves  
The shape of the mist,  
and the smell of musty leaves  
The shape of mist,  
and smell of musty leaves...  
the mourning of the dove. 

The cardinal's song,  
and color of afterglow...  
the taste of cherry. 

The sound of gnats,  
and shape of dusk  

The sound of dusk,  
and smell of honeysuckle...  
the sound of mosquitoes. 

The shape of dusk,  
and smell of honeysuckle...  
the sound of gnats. 

The sound of gnats,  
and color of dusk...  
the smell of honeysuckle. 

The sound of gnats,  
and color of dusk...  
the smell of honeysuckle. 

The taste of cherries,  
and the cardinal's song...  
the color of afterglow. 

The sound of gnats,  
and shape of dusk...  
the smell of honeysuckle. 

The sound of gnats,  
and the shape of dusk  
the sound of gnats,  
and shade and shape of dusk...  
the smell of honeysuckle.