Beaming from shade...

a cicada rhymes the rippling pond:

the smell of lilies.
The cellar window...
a rusty screen seeping sleet:
the smell of dusty coal.

The old cellar window...
a rusty screen seeping sleet:
the smell of dusty coal.

The old empty store...
a rusty screen door seeping sleet:
the smell of musty meat.

Autumn storm:
a dory heaves on the bay:
the beat of the drumfish.

Summer storm:
a dory heaves on the bay:
the beat of the drumfish.
The stormy bay...

spray sifting autumn mist:

the beat of the drumfish.
The stormy bay...
spray sifting autumn mist

Lighting on the cliff...
the eagle spells the misty moon

Spring twilight:
a milkweed seed
spells the misty moon.

Lighting on the cliff...
the eagle spells the yellow moon
brooding on the nest.

The misty moon brooding
Over dandelion...
a milkweed seed spells the moon

The misty moon
brooding on dandelion

from honeysuckle
gnats harass the yellow moon

The gathering storm:
gnats harass the yellow moon
brooding in rank grass.

The eagle spells the yw

The eagle spells the yellow moon
Autumn moon

in a withered tree,
surrounded by wolves!
From dandelion...

a milkweed seed spells the moon

Bitter afternoon:
chiming sparrows
spell wind chimes.

Wheezing in weeds:
a breeze sounds the cowbell:
the smell of goldenrod.

The stormy bay...
spray sifting autumn mist:
a gull's cry.

Beneath the curling wave...
a sail spells the crescent moon:
the smell of the sea.

The milkweed seed
that rhymed the dandelion,
becomes the misty moon.

The milkweed seed
that rhymed the dandelion,
spells the misty moon.

Beaming from the shade...
a cicada rhyming the rippling pond,
becomes haze.
Wheezing in weeds...

a breeze sneezes a thistle seed;

the smell of goldenrod.
Bitter afternoon:
chiming sparrows spell wind chimes:
the smell of burning wood.

The empty meat store...
a rusty screen door seeping sleet:
the smell of sawdust.

Bitter afternoon:
chiming sparrows spell wind chimes:
the smell of burning pine.

Autumn storm...
a dory heaving on the bay:
the beat of the drumfish.

Autumn sy

Bitter afternoon:
chiming sparrows spelling wind chimes:
the smell of burning pine.

icicles whiskering the eaves

Winter storm...
a dory heaving through sleet:
the beat of the drumfish.

The old cellar window...
hail chasing coal down the chute:
the smell of dust.

The empty meat store...
Out of the hunter's cuff...

rabbit-fluff.
A dream of trees stepping off into the fog:
a path of puddles.

The old empty house...
autumn wind humming

A dream of trees stepping off into the fog:
the footprints of the sun.

the afterglow gilding icicles
The afterglow...
gilding icicles and wind chimes

A dream of trees...
stepping off into the fog:
the footprints of the rain.

A dream of trees
stepping off into the fog:
the footprints of the rain.

Autumn mist -
a blue jay's cry
empties the morning.

The cry of a blue jay empties the morning:
the autumn mist

The blue jay's cry empties the morning
The old empty house...
autumn wind humming through the shutter

The old empty house....
autumn wind humming through the shutter's slats:
a mourning dove.
Tracers in the night:

the sound of sizzling rain!
Fine rain and pine needles
    glancing off a porcupine
in the young grass.

The shady sidewalk...
a prostrate squirrel cooling its belly:
    early autumn.

The young grass...
fine rain and pine needles
    glancing off a porcupine
in the reeds.

Fine rain and pine needles
    glancing off a porcupine
in the reeds.

The autumn moon...
    slanting its rhyme on the falls

Fine rain and n

Fine rain and pine needles
    lancing bubbles on a puddle

The Evening sun...
    putty in the hands of the lake:
    the autumn moon.

The evening sun...
    flashing on factory windows:
    the glittering river.

The evening sun...
    flashing on factory windows,
    faceting the river.

Fine rain and pine needles...
    lancing a bubbly puddle

Fine rain and pine needles...
    glancing off reeds,
    lancing a bubbly puddle.
The tumble-down outhouse...

Timbers creak in the cold wind:

A rat's shriek.
The tumble-down outhouse...
boards creak in the cold wind:
a rat's squeak.

The empty store window...
a fly buzzing in a dusty sunbeam

The empty store window...
a buzzing fly parting
Beside the scythe,
a reed matches blade for blade:
the crescent moon.

A swatch of rainbow...
patching the highway,
The checkered landscape...
a butterfly trailing a striped kite:
the track of the jet.

The farmhouse...

The farmhouse...
a screen door sifting a dusty sunbeam:
the boy, and a fly kept in.

wind chimes glisten in the moonlight
A clear autumn night...
crunching pebbles underfoot:
the Galaxy.

An autumn fly...
dodging the cat's paw
An autumn fly...
buzzing-bouncing on the screen,
dodging the cat's paw.
Searching on the wind,

a hawk’s cry is the shape of its beak:

the crescent moon.

Bitter morning...

sparrows sitting without necks:

the clouded sun.
The moon in the lake

Red-winged bedlam:
  a flurry of cattail seed -
  and a scurrying cat !

Winter rain:
  weathered tables teem with nail heads...
  the deserted market.

The empty house's steps

A cobweb

The old wooden bridge...
  a cobweb catches a milkweed seed:
  the misty moon.

The empty house's steps
  Autumn twilight:
    a cicada shell stirs
    on the empty house's steps.

The empty house's steps...
  autumn wind stirs a cicada shell

A cobweb...
  catching a milkweed seed,
  matching the misty moon.

The empty house's steps:
  autumn wind stirs a cicada shell...
    hums in a shutter.

A cobweb...
  skipping stones on the lake,

The teeming market...
  "Sophisticated flies -
    and food from many climes !"

The teeming market...
  a hawker chimes: Food from many climes -
    and sophisticated flies !"
On the highway...
tracing the white line:
kite-line.
Fine rain and pine needles... glancing off reeds: fencing a porcupine.

The autumn moon... climbing from clouds in the lake, finding its true rhyme.

A scrawny cat in sleet... lurking

A scrawny cat in sleet... lurking in the alley, searching a garbage can.

In the lake - the autumn moon climbs from clouds... finds its true rhyme.

In the river - the autumn moon climbs from clouds... finds its true rhyme.
Falling greyly

on the slate roof...

the sound of rain.
A sparrow in a spout... 
spying a sprout,
heralding the spring.

In the lake

A sparrow in a rain spout...
spying a sprout,
heralding the spring.

in the pond -
a lily bud thrusts through the moon

A spiraling football

A twisting football

A twisting football...
glistening in stadium lights,
heading for the moon.

A twisting football

A twisting football...
thrusting through stadium light,
heading for the moon.

in the river -
the wi

in the river -
a breeze breaks the rhythm and rhyme
of the autumn moon.

A twisting football

A twisting football...
thrusting through stadium light,
heading for the moon.

In the lake -
a lily bud sticks up through the moon...
and blossoms.

In the pond -
a lily bud bud thrust thru the moon...
and blossoms.
Nicholas A. Virgilio  
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Chipping greyly  
out of the epitaph...  
the sound of tombstone.
In the pond -
a lily bud thrusts through the moon...
and blossoms.

A lily bud...
thrusting through the moon,
blossom

The trolley wire
carries a cicada's tune -
over the rippling puddle.

A lily bud...
sticking up on the pond,
blooming on the moon.

A lily bud...
sticking up on the pond...
blooming in the moon.

A lily bud...
sticking up in the pond...
blooming on the moon.

The tumble-down outhouse...
boards creak in the cold wind:
a mouse's squeak.

A swatted mosquito...
arching in the evening sun,
going down in a 'glory

An oily doily of rainbow

A twisting football...
rising above the stadium
heading for the moon.

The baby in her arms...
clutching black tresses,
sucking a breast.
Flying darkly

out of the mausoleum...

the sound of bats.
The clouded moon... baring its bottom: the child on the pot.

The deep night grove... spreading her thighs, lighting a candle.

The dusty lake... swirling with carp

The evening sun... puzzled in maple leaves: a shady puddle

The autumn wind... whirling through the field,

The autumn wind... swirling through the trees: whirling dervishes of leaves.

A tornado of bees... trailing the bear

Swirling debris... a literal merry-go-round of paper and leaves.

The withered horsechestnut tree clutches the clouded sun

Swirling debris... a litter-al merry-go-round of paper and leaves!

The autumn moon... perching on the pine top behind a crow.

A distant cicada
plays at intensifying the heat and haze.

A mothy maelstrom... orbiting the boat lamp, eddying at ebb tide.
The sands have run out

on the fly:

the black widow's red hourglass.
A mothy maelstrom...
orbiting the boat lamp,  
eddying on the ebb.

The autumn moon...  
steeping in the river deeps.

The red balloon...  
tangled on the telephone wire,  
is tugging at the child's heart.

The red balloon...  
tangling on the telephone wire,  
tugging at the child's heart.

The autumn moon...  
peeping from a cloud,  
steeping in the river deeps.

The evening sun...  
tugging at the child's heart,  
hugging the moon.

No art without life, nor life without art.

In the river -  
the autumn moon peeps from a cloud.
Nested, naked, hungry wren

in a cloud of thistle!
The yellow moon...
  stashed in the rippling river:
  stacking doubloons.

The crescent moon...
  cutting through clouds:
  a shark in the bay.

The wind-blown swamp

Wind-blown pampas grass...
  a trapper's torch licking the moon

Wind-blown pampas grass...
  a hunter's torch

Wind-blown pampas grass...
  hunter's
  a trapper's torch licking the moon:
  the hound's tongue.

The autumn moon...
  gleaming in the rippling river:
  streaming pearls.

The autumn moon...
  gleaming in the rippling river:
  beaming pearls.
Autumn sunset blurred
through the bridge railing:
the bus's staccato-hum.
Shark's fin and fingernail

The crescent moon
shark's fin
and fingernail
returning
scars the night.

After the rain,
the hammock has a bellyful:

A fly on the steak...
sharpening its knives,
trying to eat the steak whole

The empty house...

The empty house's window...
spring wind strumming weather stripping:
a mourning dove.

The country doctor examines

The drifting snow
filling footprints
by the grave

The cella...
pecking away at the typewriter:
a cricket's song.
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Such a calm day...

nervous butterfly!
After the beauty contest
she went off picking blackberries

The town's beauty queen

After the contest,
the town's beauty queen went off
picking blackberries.

In the lake -
a cloud buries its rhyme
beneath green scum.

After the contest,
the town's beauty queen
washes the dishes.

Kids throwing snowballs...
the junk-wagon horse
dropping dung.

The snowy road...
a junk-wagon horse dropping dung:
kids throwing snowballs.

Kids throwing snowballs...
a junk-wagon horse dropping dung:
the twilight moon.
The wolf bays -
autumn half-moon
cradled in haze.
The autumn moon... laboring in the lake: mother of pearls.

the pregnant moon

the pregnant woman watching the moon

The pregnant woman...
standing on the bank,
watching the harvest moon in the lake.

The pregnant woman...
looking into the lake: the harvest moon.

The deserted lover's lane...
a woman's hair brushes my face: the autumn moon

The deserted lover's lane...
looking into the lake: the harvest moon.

The pregnant woman's reflection in the lake: the harvest moon.

The pregnant peasant
stands by the melon-mountain: the harvest moon.

The pregnant peasant
bathing in the pool: the harvest moon.

The hammock bellies with bubbles

The sparrow

The pregnant peasant
stands by the mountain of melons: the harvest moon.
Pulling

the fishing line ashore -

leaving the lake-bottom sunk.
The dripping trees...
rainwater bellies the hammock:
the crescent moon.

The withered horse chestnut tree...
a perched vulture blinks its eye:
the clouded sun.

Heat waves from the lid
of the old rain barrel:
wigglers ascend, and descend.

An old rain barrel...
heat waves wavering from the lid:
ascending wigglers.

The parking lot...
heat waves wavering from cars:
the afternoon sun.

The old empty house...
autumn wind strumming weather stripping:
a mourning dove.

An old rain barrel...
heat waves rising from the lid:
mosquito larvae.

This blind poet...
feeling the character of spring;
fingerling the wind.
On the creek,

soap suds-bergs -

It begins to snow.
Autumn mist:
the scarecrow stands by the how

soap-bergs float on the lake

Scap suds-bergs on the lake...
billowing clouds pillowing

The icy field...
sparrows sharpen their song: -
a distant cock.

Soap suds-bergs on the lake...
billowing clouds pillowing the moon: -
the evening sun.

A fluttering butterfly...

Soap suds-bergs on the lake...
billowing clouds pillowing the moon:
flurries of flowering cherries

Soap suds-bergs floating on the lake:
billowing clouds.

Billowing clouds...

Flowering cherries...
billowing clouds
pillowing the moon

Soap suds-bergs floating on the lake:
billowing clouds.

A fluttering butterfly.

Billowing clouds...

Flowering cherries...
billowing clouds
pillowing the moon

Soap suds-bergs floating on the lake:
billowing clouds.

Blossoming flowering cherries...
billowing clouds pillowing the moon -
the evening sun.

Billowing clouds...
floating over flowering cherries,
pillowing the moon.

The icy field...
sparrows sharpen their song:
the crescent moon.
He said, by the dry bed:
If you do not look -
See...hear the brook!
The old poet pointing...
right hand's little

The empty house...
just one fly stirring dust
in a sunbeam room.

dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave

The old sourdough
with a black pan sifting silve

The old poet pointing...
right hand's littl

dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave

The old poet pointing...
right hand's forefinger's nail;
the crescent moon.

With lowered eyes,
the boy hands what the teacher demands;

The empty house's room

The empty room...
just one fly stirring dust
in a sunbeam.

With lowered eyes,
the boy hands what the teacher demands:

The old poet pointing...
right hand's littl

dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave

The old sourdough
with a black pan sifting silve

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The old poet pointing...
right hand's littl

dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave

The old sourdough
with a black pan sifting silve

The empty house...
just one fly stirring dust
in a sunbeam room.

dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave

The old sourdough
with a black pan sifting silve

The old poet pointing...
right hand's littl

dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave

The old sourdough
with a black pan sifting silve

The empty house...
just one fly stirring dust
in a sunbeam room.

dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave

The old sourdough
with a black pan sifting silve

The old poet pointing...
right hand's littl

dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave

The old sourdough
with a black pan sifting silve

With lowered eyes,
the boy hands what the teacher demands;

a snake in a match box.

The frightened boy
hands what the teacher demands:

The frightened boy
hands what the teacher demands:

a snake in a match box.
Nicholas A. Virgilic
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Autumn moon:
in the deserted art museum -
a mouse scampers.
Autumn mist:
the scarecrow stands by the howling hound
lost on the hunt.

Autumn mist:
the scarecrow stands by Thoreau

In the autumn fields...
a scarecrow stands by Thoreau -

A butterfly...
here...there - under a grounded kite:
spring wind.

A tumble-down outhouse...
cold wind tearing a catalogue's page

The old poet's
left hand's little finger's nail:
the crescent moon.

A dragonfly
stitching about the mouth
of the river.

The old poet pointing...
left hand's little finger's nail:
the crescent moon.
Shivering darkly

in the belfry...

the sound of a bell.
The old sourdough
with a black pan sifting silver dust:
the Galaxy.

The swooping osprey's cry...
bared claws gripping a herring:
the crescent moon.

The pointing poet's
right hand's forefingernail:
the crescent moon.
An old rain barrel...
The icy marsh...
reeds cross swords in keen wind:
the crescent moon.

Driving sleet...
a scrawny cat chases a garbage lid
up the alley!

The farmhouse...
a screen door sifting a sunbeam:
the boy, and a fly kept in.

Spring wind...
dandelions button the vest
of an unmarked grave.

A buzzing fly stirring a dusty sunbeam
a scythe lying in reeds:
crescent moon.

A buzzing fly...
stirring a dusty sunbeam

In the empty store window -
a buzzing fly stirring
a dusty sunbeam

A buzzing fly... bouncing on the screen,
stirring a dusty sunbeam.
Puckering pinkly

on her cheek...

the sound of a kiss!
The withered grove...
nobwebs sifting sunbeams:
  a hag gathering faggots.

The dead grove...
nob

The dead grove...
nobwebs sifting sunbeams:
  a hag gathering faggots.

The withered thicket...
nobwebs sifting sunbeams:
  a hag gathering faggots.

The withered thicket...
dusty nobwebs sifting sunbeams:
  a hag gathering faggots.

The icy marsh...
reeds dueling in keen wind:
  the crescent moon.

Autumn twilight:
an old dog nuzzling
  his master's grave.

The graveyard...
an old dog nuzzling his master's grave:
  autumn twilight.

An old scarecrow...
standing in the morning sunlight,
  revealing his dark side.
That kite leaded -

This one light-headed!
The tumble-down outhouse...
cold wind tearing a catalogue's page:

The tumble-down outhouse...
timbers creak in the cold wind:
a rat's shriek.

The tumble-down outhouse...
timbers creak in the cold wind:
the crescent moon.

Searching on the wind,
the hawk's cry is the shape of its beak:
the crescent moon.

Grasping the wind
Cutting the wind,
the osprey's claw

Gripping the branch,
the osprey's claw
is the shape of the moon.

Clutching the branch,
the osprey's claw
is the shape of the moon.

The crag bush...
an osprey's claw clutching
On the fallen television antennae...

the snail inches.
A firefly...
lighting the lantern:
the yellow moon.

By the ticket booth,
a cricket counting fares

The planetarium

The planetarium...
a cricket by the ticket booth
counting fares and stars.

Icicles...
bitterwind is forging the shape of winter.

The swollen lake...
moulding the shape of the boat lamp:
the yellow moon.

The swollen lake...
moulding the shape of the boat lamp:
the yellow moon.

The swollen lake...
moulding the shape of the boat lamp:
the yellow moon.

The swollen lake...
molding the shape of the boat lamp:
the yellow moon.

The swollen lake
is molding the shape
of the moon.