Winter morning sun:
the kitchen window's
curtain-folds.
The clouded sun...
slipping behind a row of doves

After the rain,
the bitter night is forging the shape of winter.

Ever present in the cicada's cry:
hot summer.

The night wind...
molding the shape of autumn:
the swirling leaves.

Twilight wind...
molding the shape of autumn:
swirling birds, and leaves.
Out of the briar -

a pheasant,

higher and higher.
Pine needles fall,
and rain drums its fingers
on the tin roof.

Autumn moonlight...
striking the osprey's claws

The autumn moonlight...
striking the leaping tarpon's scales

Crescent moonlight...
striking the swooping osprey's claws -
and the herring's scales.

The autumn moonlight...
laying a path on the lake,
playing on the tarpon's scales

The autumn moonlight...
laying a path on the lake,
playing on the leaping tarpon.

A reed in the swamp...
shadowing a red-wing's egg,
spanning the autumn moon.

A reed in the marsh...
shadowing a red-wing's egg,
spanning the moon.

A flappi

A gliding crow...
riding the autumn wind,
spanning the evening sun.

The autumn moon...
laying a path on the lake,
playing on the leaping tarpon.
This card player shows his hand -
Now, report,
what life is in you!
A dancing kite...
an audience of birds
clamoring for spring!

The deserted mansion...
autumn wind sweeps the eaves of leaves:
the crescent moon.

The deserted mansion...
autumn wind sweeps leaves from the eaves:
the crescent moon.

Into the driving snow...
a young man bends...ages:
the withered tree.

Into the driving snow,
a young man bends...ages:

Into the driving snow,
the young man bends...ages:
a frozen tree.

The autumn moon...
bouncing on the telephone wire,
approaching a banana peel.

The autumn moon...
approaches a banana peel
The golden maple
"pamphlets" read:

At last, a happy death.
The dusty lake...
a ripple reaches rippled clouds:
the rhyme of dawn.

The city dump...
a tinsel tree

ripples of dawn

The dusty lake...
carp sweeping ripples
of dawn

The dusty lake...
carp sweeping ripples...

The dusty;

The dusty lake...
carp sweeping ripples:
approaching dawn.

The dusty lake...
carp rippling rippled clouds:
the rhyme of dawn

The dusty lake...
ripples ringing the rhyme of dawn

The dusty lake...
ripples approaching the rhyme of dawn
the morning moon.

My wily young woman would start something stalled
With teasing sparks, to set the still heart throbbing

The dusty lake...
ripples ringing the moon:
the rhyme of dawn.
Stubble in a puddle...

born-bursting each bubble
Winter moonlight
    echoes on its silver bell...
    a shaggy dog.

Moonlight seeps through
    the crannied mosque:
    a night of stars.

Winter moonlight
    seeps through the crannied mosque:
    a night of stars.

The box in the yard,
    and a shirt on the clothes-line
cuffs the breeze!

The golden maple
    adds another swatch to its
do-it-yourself carpet.

The golden maple
    fits another piece to the puzzle
at its foot.

A light-bulb shatters,
    and a bubble on a puddle

Summer twilight;
    a street lamp lights a bubble
    on a puddle.

Here...there, among mares
    (particular, where you alight)
fellow-horsefly.

Another piece
    to its do-it-yourself carpet...
    the golden maple.

Golden maple...
    here, and that should do it:
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Young
The shape of summer

A perspiring man...
spilling beer on his pot-belly -
scooping up the ball.

The evening sun

A perspiring man...
forges the shape of spring...
spilling beer on his pot-belly.
a melting icicle.

On the street corner,
A perspiring man...
the face of winter is drawn
spooning the ball-spilling beer
to a lone newsboy.
on his potbelly.

The spilled beer
A perspiring man...
on his pot-belly,
scooping the ball-spilling beer
drips on the soft ball.
on his potbelly.

in the classroom -
in the classroom -
the shape of spring
the shape of spring
is cleaved cheeks.
is cleaved cheeks.

in the classroom -
in the classroom -
the shape of spring is cleaved cheeks, the shape of spring is a short skirt,
and a short skirt.
and cleaved cheeks.
At the cabin window,
the face of night is drawn
to a lone candle.
Summer overcast -
the sun comes out of itself.

The thaw:
in the river, Shiki's dead dog.

Fog horn...
the sound, shade and shape of the smoke stack.

Smoke-ribbon...
the sound, shade and shape of the siren.

Scurrying minnows -
but where is the water-ski?

It happens now:
walking by the hazy moon.

The skyscraper's heart:
the shape of the puddle.

Cicada...
you would have to rub it in -
...so, I missed the trolley.

Sand bathing sparrows;
cicadas grind the morning -
the deserted grain mill.

The noise of the bubble pipe:
cicada.

Missing
the trolley -
the last cicada.

In autumn fields...
the distant Thoreau joins a lone scarecrow.

Out
from storm clouds -
the evening sun on the bridge:
Buson composing.

Morning overcast -
the sun comes out of itself:
a cicada shell rocks slightly

Siren...
the sound, shade and shape
of the smoke-ribbon.

Smoke stack...
the sound, shade and shape
of the foghorn.
Rising sun ripens
the fruit of the web:
spiders taste the dew.
Butterfly in dew
the sound, shade and shape of the boat in a bottle.

Butterfly in dew...
the sound, shade and shape of the ship in a bottle.

Cicada...
the sound, shade and shape of summer haze

Falling dew...
the sound, shade

Falling dew...
the sound, shade and shape of soda-water.

A string of pearls...
the sound, shade and shape of soda-water.

Her string of pearls...
the sound, shade and shape of soda-water.

A butterfly's reflection...
the sound, shade and shape of a ship in a bottle.

A butterfly's reflection...
the sound, shade and shape of a boat in a bottle.

The deserted playground:
a woman's hair in the wind - mosaic-stone, underfoot.

The

The deserted playground:
a woman's hair in the wind
the shape of a man's heart.

The
deserted playground:
a woman's hair in the wind
touches these lips.
On the windowpane,
my breath disappears with geese
in afterglow.
Fawn in twilight wood -
a crow's shadow shunts
the light in her eyes.

A crow's shadow shunts
the light in her eyes...
fawn in twilight wood.

Its oyster,
the puddle...
a bubble.

Bursting...
it's ripples capture the puddle:
brigand-bubble.

Evaporating puddles:
cicada.

The grapes are ripe -
and I want two arms
and hands-full.

Her belly harbors
a tadpole...
mother-bubble.

The grapes are ripe -
Give me two arms
and hands-full!

Squirrel, fail...
you cannot outdo
your tail.

In the morning overcast...
a cicada starts-fizzles out -
It begins to rain.

Ripe grapes, please...
give me two arms
and hands-full!

A bubble...
it's oyster,
cicada: the puddle.
a speeding train

The grapes are ripe -
I want two arms
and handful

The grapes are ripe -
I want two arms
and hands-full!

The grapes are ripe -
giv
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

On the windowpane,
a cicada cries

Moonlight and bitter wind

Dozing, bare-bosomed

Autumn afterglow:
this trees

Borne on copter-breeze

Heron-derring-do

This summer morning

Shake! Oh grass bedewed

a cicada beams

a skylark soars

a praying mantis

Quivering hammock

Giddy guitarist

In the picnic grove

In the morning mist,
Neek! Neek!

To your feet

Waning winter wails

Open to the sun

Bluejays seesaw song

The empty factory's windows

The morning sun sprays

Crowning the creek

Lines of lindens

The long road

The child at the fair

Cobwebs wafting

The falling dew

A watering fawn
A kite-string
snaking through the weeds -
and a butterfly.

Brown paper....
the sound, shade and shape
of withered leaves.

Dandelion-seed...
fly away -
the hazy moon.

Standing in the pampas plumes:
a Pillar of Haiku.

Whose mate lies here;
the crow in the pine's -
or the pining crow's ?

Firefly, light
what is known.

Autumn wind-blown...
on the piano keys,
two oak leaves.

Cicada...
I, too, must sing.

Dandelion-seed...
may you, someday, be
a hazy moon.

A kite-string
snaking through weeds -
and a butterfly.

A bursting bubble:
her ripple rings a tadpole...
mother-muskrat.

Firefly-magician...
after your light -
How dark it is !

The rays of the evening sun
on pampas plumes -
and Buson's brush.

Brown paper...
the sound, shade and shape
of leaves.

Lone pampas plume -
and one of the Pillars
of Haiku.
Firefly-necklaces
slither through stalagmites -
into treasure chests.
Snow fall
  darkens the creek -
  and a gull.

Snowfall
  darkens the creek -
  and a gull.

A bubble
  on the overcast puddle -
  its window.

A bubble
  on the overcast puddle -
  bursting-ripples

A bubble
  on the overcast puddle -
  bursting-ripples.

Summer haze;
  the lake clustered with laundry suds -
  a cry of a gull

Summer haze;
  the lake clustered with laundry suds -
  a gull cries.

Haze...
  the creek of withered candocks

Haze...
  withered candocks fill the creek:
  cicada.

Haze...
  withered candocks fill the creek:
  cicada.

Snowfall darkens the creek -
  and covers
  the sleeping goose.

An overcast puddle:
  a bubble -
  bursting-ripples.

On the overcast puddle...
  a bubble -
  bursting-ripples.
Autumn wind-blown hats
in


tumble through the corn field:
Thoreau's, the scarecrow's.
Pray, to fall on banana peels

A ripe grape...
the sound, shade and shape
of unrequited love.

Better be
the fox
let the grape
hang high

Sour grapes revisited
Returning in an hour

What he left as sour,
Returned for in an hour
and reached up to take
but the grapes were fake.

A ripe grape...
the form, feel and flavor
of unrequited love.
Firefly-magician...

when you light your tail,
the stars fail.
twilight wood:

The bay in winter;
a rotting pier in waves

The bay in winter;
a solitary gull disappears -
the loneliness.

Summer twilight;
an old house by the bay -
the loneliness.

The twilight of summer:
an old house by the bay -
the loneliness.

Summer twilight:
an old house in the fields -
the loneliness.

The sound of water
on rotting piers -
an old house by the bay

An old house by the bay -
the sound of water
on rotting piers.

The hot summer field...-
an old tool shed -
Killdeer! Killdeer!

The sound of water on rotting piers:
an old house by the bay.

Summer dawn;
an old house by the bay -
the loneliness.

Winter twilight;
an old house by the bay -
the loneliness.

Winter twilight wood;
a distant train's whistle -
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey
Twilight wood;
the distant train's whistle -
the loneliness.

Twilight wood;
a distant train's whistle -
the loneliness.

The house by the bay
The hot summer field:
Killdeer! Killdeer!
the loneliness.

The bay in winter;
a shack by the dump
The bay in winter;
a solitary house in the fields -
the loneliness.

The bay in winter;
a solitary house by the dump
the desolation

Summer twilight wood;
a distant train's whistle -
the loneliness.

Summer twilight wood:
a distant train's whistle -
the loneliness.

Twilight;
a ra
Summer
Winter twilight;
a solitary house in the fields -
the loneliness.
One...two...three yaks;

merry monks mowing the moor...

one...two...three...sta
A sunlit light bulb
in a puddle -
and a bubble.

A shaft of light...
the sound, shade and shape of dust.

Dust...
the sound, shade and shape of sunlight.

Sunlight...
the sound, shade and shape of dust.

Suspended dust...
the sound, shade and shape of sunlight.

Sunlight...
the sound, shade and shape of suspended dust.

The muskrat
adds another shade of brown to the cedar lake.

Pampas plumes in evening sun

The swamp at low tide;

Roosting in wild rice...
red-winged blackbirds - the evening sun.

The long road:
walking with myself - the heat.

The long road:
walking with myself - the summer heat.
In dark waters,
a firefly looks back
on dying embers.
Twilight;
a ramshackle house in the field -
the loneliness.

Summer twilight;
a solitary shack in the field -
the loneliness.

Winter desolation:
a broken scarecrow in the field:
the deserted farm.

Summer twilight;
a solitary house in the fields -
the loneliness.

Winter desolation:
the deserted farm...
a broken scarecrow in the field:
the loneliness.

Summer twilight;
an empty house in the field -
the loneliness.

The der

Winter desolation;
a broken scarecrow in the field:
grave-marker.

Summer twilight;
a scarecrow

The deserted farm...
a broken scarecrow in the field:
the deserted farm.

Winter twilight;
a scarecrow in the fields:
the deserted farm.

The deserted farm:
a broken scarecrow in the field -
winter desolation.
what must we do
to love
walk double-file
to monuments
read the names
of men
or stand coldly
and watch
talk of ball-scores
weather
and what
I fail
yes I fail
and feel gum
neath my shoes -
and what is worse
cement.
young woman

( lady doesn't fit
that word would take
the life from you
and who would take the child
before it's ripe
to fall )
perspire
puff the hair
from your eyes
breathe
how full and lovely
young woman
I like to call you woman.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

The pillared
In the afterglow,  
a falling oak leaf lands  
on the shadow of the trunk.

In the afterglow,  
a falling leaf darkens...  
lands

In the afterglow,  
a falling leaf darkens...  
the shadow of the trunk.

In the afterglow -  
the silhouette of a falling leaf  
lands on fallen leaves.

In the afterglow -  
a falling leaf's silhouette lands  
on the trunk's shadow.

In the twilight wood,  
a lone firefly passes a pool,  
dims a star.

In the twilight wood,  
a lone firefly dims a star  
in the pool.
Dead, these many years -  

**STILL**  
yet, wandering over **THE** summer grasses'  

**stalwart warriors' splendid dreams.**
Storm clouds:
a slanting ray hones a wave
on the summer bay.

Grey, grey clouds

Wind-blown grey clouds...
tumbling on the paving:
dust rolls!

Boats, and bell-bouys -
mist rolls in from the sea:
the voices of gulls!

Storm clouds:
a ray spotlights a dory
in the choppy bay.

Storm clouds:
a ray spotlights the cathedral
by the bay.

Vesuvius sears
the summer night...
the sound of the fishmonger!

Lifting
fingers from the lake -
leaving fish scales.

Storm clouds:
a ray spotlights the cathedral
on the hill.
Junks in morning mist;
an osprey keeps a tight fist
on a herring.
Off the lip of the cliff -
the moon in a bush -
Orange Ball in the valley.

In the sunlit shaft -
a horsefly crosses afterimage
with a cicada.

In overcast -
a horsefly crosses afterimages
with a cicada.

Spring rain:
tadpoles up the windshield,
one swallows a gnat.

Spring wind and rain:
tadpoles up the windshield,
one swallows a gnat.

Sun dial on a pool:
fishing float tilts in the moon -
and falls at 3 o'clock.

Sun dial on a pool:
a fishing float tilts in the moon -
the tail of the circling skunk.

Autumn tempest-borne:
here...there, in roses -

Autumn tempest-borne:
a butterfly, here...there, in roses -
pinned to a thorn.

By the willow -
wafting their black blanket on the hill:
starlings in snow!

The boy points a custard cone -
strangers to the hills
capped with cumulus.

The evening sun -
bird shadows down the falls:
in the roar, their calls!

On the blackboard sky -
the partially erased moon -
an empty school house.
looking high and low
for my favorite tie -
Junior's kite in the sky!
Illy
out of the mud, out of the water
out of itself.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the track of the jet

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the kite's tail.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly becoming the kite's tail:
the track of the jet.

The track of the jet...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the kite's tail.

Spring wind...
a sparrow streaming string:
the runaway kite.

The summer storm
is making rice pudding
on the church steps.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runway kite.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.

The skylark's song...
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the runaway kite.

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the runaway kite.

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a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.

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a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.

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a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.

The skylark's song...
a butterfly scoring the sky:
the runaway kite.
Swimming transparently
in the creek...
the sound of the whitebait.
in the autumn fields...
the child becomes the father
of the man.

the wild cherry tree...
a caterpillar-tent sifting mist:
the smell of blossoms.

The picnic table...
a knife reflecting moonlight:
the smell of melon.

seated decadence

A distant dove
is taking the shade and shape of mist:
the smell of the woods.