Arching greyly
over the river...
the sound of the bridge.
love waits after death
for suffering cannot

the moan of a dove...
a weeping willow sifting mist:
the smell of rain.

A cicada cries,
and haze escapes
from the maple

Tomorrow writer, earn your beard
Compose a poem for every hair

in the pond -
the rhyme of a cloud
swallows frog.

The deep night grows:
a lone candle is taking the shape
of the autumn wind.

Spring wind:
the child in uniform
returns my salute.

---

by the campfire,
the story is taking the shape
of the autumn moon.

sex is the dessert, not the meal
of marriage

The posseur
earn your beard,
tomorrow writer;
compose a poem
for every hair.

The frozen marsh...
reed sharpening in the wind:
the creak of cracking ice.

Byb
From the sun
to the moon, black clouds:
the long, long day.
the smell of new-mown grass

a cicada ceasing in the linden

The power-mower
drowning out a cicada:
the smell of new-mown grass.

The power-mower
spelling a cicada:
the smell of new-mown grass

you treat your friends like dirt

ten cent millionaire
Nicholas A. Virgilie
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

ne pal
rain show the way

shirty eyes
carving clay
timering tomorrows
and all the todays

i cannot say the me or me

timering tomorrows
and all the todays

armstronggrasp:
lips or thighs;
egrow womb;
breastinyou
armsinglad.
A distant wolf

is taking the shade and shape of mist:

the smell of the moor.
the scarecrow flies away
in the storm

After the storm,
a withered tree

After the storm...
the scarecrow in the withered tree
is hanging out to dry.

After the storm...
my umbrella leaks moonlight:
the smell of blossoms.

After the storm...
a scarecrow in the withered tree
hanging out to dry.

After the storm...
the withered tree hangs a scarecrow
out to dry.

Autumn storm:
the flying scarecrow lands
in a withered tree.

In the withered tree -
a scarecrow hanging from a lu

The withered tree

In the withered tree -
the storm left a scarecrow
hanging out to dry.
Scampering darkly
after the mouse...
the sound of a cat!
The old woman delivers her daughter's baby: the autumn moon.

The old gypsy breathes on the crystal ball: the misty moon.

The old storyteller answers the child by pointing to the autumn moon.

The child asks, and the old storyteller answers.

The child asks, and the old storyteller points to the autumn moon.

To live, is, simply, finding what one must do.

Candleglow spreads the thighs of the deep night grove.

Deep summer night:
a candle's glow spreads the thighs of the picnic grove.

Deep night:
a candle's glow spreads the thighs of the grove.

A lone candle's glow spreads the thighs of the grove.

The crescent moon adds a comma.

The crescent moon adds a comma to a line of geese.
In the deserted mansion...
yellowed books and photographs -
the autumn moon.
The deserted beach...
surf creeping in the moonlight...
leaving a footprint.

In the barber shop -
the son is cutting his father's hair:
twilight snow.

After the rains...

Lovers lane...
the car wheel spinning in a rut:

Lovers lane...
a car's wheel spinning in a rut:
the April moon.

a bottoms-up swan ripples the rhyme
of a cloud

The young woman
stands on the corpses on men:
a pile of sucked oranges.

the marrow of night
Scampering by

the scarecrow...

the cat is all belly!
The perched sparrow
drops some inspiration
on the old bald poet.

On the clothesline -
a breezy shirt shooing chickens:
the swooping hawk.

The weeping willow...
pillowing the moon

The old woman
delivers her daughter's baby
by moonlight.

Harvest moon:
the farmer's wife miscarries
in the field

The farmer's wife
miscarries in the field:
the harvest moon.

The power mower
drowns out a cicada,
and a siesta.

After grass-cutting,
the cicada takes a siesta

After grass-cutting...
cicadas taking siestas:
the noon siren.

The noon siren...
cicadas are taking siestas:
the smell of new-mown grass

The power mower begins,
and cicadas take their siestas
In the spring tempest -
the lost kite:
tail-calligraphy!
Make my epitaph a laugh

Epitaph, make me laugh:
Carve a smile upon my face
While I lie in the coffin

The frightened turtle
comes out of its shell:
autumn afterglow.

The frightened turtle
comes out of its shell:
autumn afterglow.

Mongrels making love...
an old woman stoops:
picking dandelion leaves.

Mongrels making love...
an old woman stoops:
picking dandelion leaves.

The old woman stoops...
picking dandelion leaves -
mongrels making love.

At the shrine,
the child offers a bouquet
of dandelion.

At the shrine,
the child offers a bouquet
of dandelion.

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle leaves his own
private hell

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle leaves his own
private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

From his own private hell:

Our Lady's shrine:

Our Lady's shrine:

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle comes out of his shell...

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle comes out of his shell...

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle is summoned
from his shell

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle is summoned
from his shell

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle is summoned
from his shell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle is summoned
from his shell

Autumn afterglow:
the turtle is summoned
from his shell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

Our Lady's shrine:

Our Lady's shrine:

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

Our Lady's shrine:

Our Lady's shrine:

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

Our Lady's shrine:

Our Lady's shrine:

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

Our Lady's shrine:

Our Lady's shrine:

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

The autumn afterglow
summons the turtle
from his own private hell

Our Lady's shrine:

Our Lady's shrine:
In the east, ocean...
in the west, desert -
this oasis.
evermore when leaving:
returning to the womb

Autumn arterglow:
i am a turtle
that has left his shell

An old scarecrow
and withered tree keep company:
the crescent moon.

An old scarecrow
and withered tree keep company:
the grave-marker.

The empty house's eaves...
icicles whiskering in bitter wind

Clouds...
billowing in

The funeral cortège...
a riderless horse takes the sun
and wind along.

The old woman
picking dandelion leaves,
watching dogs in love.

The shanty...
a ceiling seeping autumn rain:
the smell of kerosene

Father's Day:
the daughter places the carnation,
then
and pats the coffin.
Seeping invisibly
through the crack in the door...
the sound of winter wind.
nose that runs
and never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers

happy birthday
nis

happy birthday
nose that runs
and never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers

22 candles
in a play pen.

the world
is your play pen
nose that runs
and never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers

22 years
in the play pen
nose that runs
and never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers
Dusk falls
in the rain -
The young sprouts!
happy birthday
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers
celebrate
in the play pen

happy birthday
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers
celebrate
22 years

happy birthday
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers
celebrate your 22 years
in the play pen.

happy birthday
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers
22 years
in the play pen
The storm clouds
part -
the sun in a heart!
Happy birthday
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
or change diapers

the world is a play pen
of 22 cakes and ate 'em

Happy Birthday To A Spoiled

Happy Birthday To A Spoiled

Happy Birthday To A Spoiled

Happy Birthday To A Spoiled Woman

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
22 cakes - and you ate 'em!

To A Spoiled

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
22 cakes and you ate 'em.
Autumn cumulus:

the stuff that haiku's
made of!
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
one of those
failures, flops

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
change your pants

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
wash your hands
and change pants
clap your hands
laugh and dance

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
must get her way
or she won't play

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
change pants
cake is served

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
blow the candles
of your 22nd year
Arching the spray
from the lawn-sprinkler...
the sound of the rainbow.
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
wash your hands
and change pants
clap, sing, laugh, dance
blow the candles

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
daddy's rose
demanding all
without a tear
wash your hands
and change pants
clap and sing
laugh and dance
blow the candles
of your 22nd year!

runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
daddy's rose
owns the world
without a tear
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
one of those
who wants it all
without a tear
Arching the spray
of the surf...
the sound of the rainbow.
runny nose
that never stops
to dry an ear
daddy's rose
demanding life
without a tear
wash your hands
and change pants
clap and sing
laugh and dance
blow the candles
of your 22nd year!
Spattering transparently
on the window...
the sound of rain.
bubbles of fear

runny nose
never stops
to dry an ear
queeny pose
leeching love
full of fear
pretty bundle
of troubles
life enjoys
pricking bubbles
snuffing candles
22 this year

queen of leeches
sucking love
from those who care

queeny pose
leeching love
full of fear

who in the hell do you think you are
Who is not good enough to shine my shoes
The first crocus:
a new mother leaves the house,
and whel
a cicada drowns out
a siesta

The wild cherry tree... weaving
caterpillars building a tent:
the misty moon.

The mockingbird's song...

A mockingbird's song...

the plum tree seeping moonlight:

The mockingbird's song...

a plum tree seeping moonlight:
the smell of blossoms.

The deserted mansion...
lightning streaking across the sky:
a night heron's scream.

The campfire's sparks

drives a firefly away:
the Galaxy.

The gathering storm...
lightning streaking the reedy lake:

The campfire

The campfire's sparks

hide a firefly

the campfire's sparks hiding a firefly
the scouting trip...
campfire sparks hiding a firefly:
the Milky Way.

the deep night grove...
a lone candle lighting faces

The old sourdough

staking the campfire,
looks at the Milky Way
campfire sparks disappearing

The boys'cout campfire...
sparks disappearing in the night:
the Milky Way.

she buries her last child
campfire sparks disappearing in the night

The cry of the loon

is taking the shade and shape
of the autumn moon.
Orange Ball-sun...

bluish-grey cloud isles -
this fat sparrow...
The first crocus: new mothers wheeling in the park

The spring storm drives the student-artist into the coffeehouse.

The city park: new mothers have come to see the crocuses

The first crocus: a new mother leaves the house, and wheels to the park.

The expectant mother carries the melon from the field: the harvest moon.

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

Bitter morning: an old man rag-pickin' on the dump.

The expectant mother wheels the baby carriage through the daffodils.

The old prospector stoking the campfire, drives a firefly away.

The old sourdough stoking the campfire, drives a firefly away.

The wild cherry tree: a caterpillar-tent and misty moon keep company.
Orange Ball-sun...

helicopter -

this dragonfly...
A distant wolf
is taking the shade and shape
of the autumn moon.

A distant wolf
is taking the shade and shape of mist:
the smell of the moor.

The skylark's song
is taking the shade and shape
of a cloud.

The morning moon

A passing cloud
takes half the moon with it

The old master
polishes an early poem:
the evening sun.

The spring thaw
brings the drowned dog back
to haunt the boy.

Moonlight on the steps...
creeping into the basket:
awakening the baby.

The young couple
awakens with morning sickness:
the first crocus.

Mother's Day:
the bayb

Mother's Day:
the baby in the basket
cries on the steps.

Moonlight on the steps

The orphanage steps
moonlight creeping into the basket,
awakens the baby.

The orphanage steps...
moonlight creeping into the basket:
the sleeping baby.

The autumn moon
awakens the baby
on the orphanage steps.
The bud opens -

The blue! The blue!
Into the spring wind

The country road...
heat waves rising from tar

The cathedral steps...
snow and rice

The cathedral steps...
drifting snow and rice
forgetting differences.

an ant exploring the bathroom tile

The autumn moon
discovers an ant

The bathroom tile...
an ant flees the creeping moonlight

The creeping moonlight
discovers an exploring ant
on the bathroom tile.

The farmer refers
to the seed catalogue
in the outhouse.

a dove moaning in the mist:
the distant train whistle

In the river -
a black cloud releasing the moon:
the drifting canoe.

The beached canoe,
and hammock brimming with water:
the crescent moon.

The darting carp
pushes a lily aside,
and cuts the moon in two.

The old empty house
a shutter swinging in the wind:
the mouse's squeak.

The tumble-down outhouse...
a door swinging in the wind:
the riffling catalogue.

the farmer refers
the farmer studies the seed catalogue
by candlelight.
Nicholas A. Virgilic
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The scarecrow rules
without fear
of assassination.
The skunk and her cub
periscope honeysuckle,
take some burs hunting.
The skunk and her cub
foraging in honeysuckle,
periscope their tails.

The puddle reflects
my anguished face
an old love passes by
I look down
In the puddle -
my anguished face looks up at me -
an old love passes by.

In the puddle -
my anguished face looks back at me -
an old love passes by.

The fourth of July:
a psychopath explodes
at the picnic.

The aging braggart
tries on the new hat with a measure
of humility.

The village cronies
telling old jokes and tossing stale
tell old jokes and toss stale crumbs
to the pigeons.
Spring thaw -
the mating dog's
bleeding jaw.
Park bench cronies

The cracker barrel cronies
tell old jokes and toss stale crumbs
to the pigeons.

An old love passes by,

An old love passing by
and sees my anguished face
in the puddle.

The skunk and her cub
submerged in the grass
The skunk and her cub
the frightened skunk
The wary skj

in the puddle -
an old love passing by,
sees my anguished face.

The skunk and her cub
submerged in the field,
periscope the grassy waves.

The puddle reflects my anguished face -
an old love passes by

The puddle reflects my anguished face -

The still clear puddle
reflects my anguished face -

The puddle on the walk
reflects my anguished face -
an old flame passes by.

The puddle on the walk
reflects my anguished face -
an old love passes by.

The sidewalk puddle
reflects my anguished face -
an old flame passes by.
Wind-blown!

On the steps of an empty house -

This unopened letter.
They decide to break up

Lover's lane -
they decide to break up -
but the car grinds deeper in

Lovers decide to break up

Lovers in the car
who decide to break up,
Grind deeper in the rut.

The founding fathers

The town tailor

The first dragonfly -
sure the town tailor sees it
on a day of fishing.

The first dragonfly -
of course, the town tailor

No moon tonight -
but still the lonely wife waits
for her moonlighter.
Sticking its head through the blossoms...
the warbler watches Buson.
The lover's car
who decided
the car of the lovers,
who decided to break up
They decide to break up -
but the lovers' car in the rut
grinds deeper
They decide to break up -
but their car in the rut
grinds deeper and deeper...
The founding father
watches his illegitimate child
at the town picnic.

The town father
meets his illegitimate child
at the picnic.

No moon tonight
for the lonely wife who waits
for her moonlighter.

At the town picnic,
Of course, the blacksmith
wins the horse shoe pitching
the town picnic -
of course the blacksmith
The town blacksmith
wins the horse shoe-pitching contest
at the picnic.

The horseshoe-pitching contest
Nicholas A. Virgilic
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

In the east the moon...
in the west the sun -
these melting footprints.
The town thief dropped
finds the jewel that he lost—
with the help of the moon.

The rush hour-sun
inspects the assembly line
of wheeled coffins.

The clouded sun,
and the groundhog's shadow
play a disappearing act.

The town poet
slips away from the teacher
counting syllables.

The I B M machine
that composes haiku,
creates a variant.

The doctor's paddle
presses down on the coated tongue
of the river.

The graduate
plans to spend the rest of her life
in the new car.

On the market lot -
march wind makes shopping a breeze
pushing the cart.

On the market lot -
March wind puts the shopping cart
before the rocking horse.

The market parking lot...
March wind puts it

The market parking lot...
March wind puts the shopping cart, farmers
before the rocking horse.

The first firefly -
sure the town tart sees it
in the honeysuckle.

The market parking lot...
March wind puts the shopping cart
before the farmer's horse.