After the funeral,
the family fights
over the family
Green scum on the pond...
The ripples' core: a carp's mouth
Sucking by the sun;
Another vacuums nearby,
And ripples collide.

sucking green scum
carp rippling the pond

The tap of his cane
insists the blind man's cup
be filled

The tapping cane
insists his cup be filled:
the twilight snow.
In the peach tree,

doves billing and cooing -

and a farmer tilling.
Somewhere in the mist...

a dove takes the edge off
unrequited love.

The exterminator
drives the roaches next door -
the neighbor drives them back.

The mother, then daughter
lie down in the snow,
then compare imprints.

After her mother,
the daughter lies down in the snow...
then compare imprints.

After her mother,
the daughter lies down in the snow:
comparing imprints.
Moon and sparrows
in the bamboo -

Sum and warblers
in the plum.
The spanked child cries

The spanked child cries out to his rather

"When I get big, you'll be little...

The spanked child cries out, "When I get big, you'll be little."

The spanked child cries out, "When I get big, you'll be little..."
to his rather.

Mother leaves on a trip

The mind is black velvet,
and every poem a star
of autumn night

Deep autumn: the mind is black velvet,
and every poem a star.
The dead poet clutching
his collected works -
Taken from him?
The old sourdough has gone
and left silver dust in the black pan.

Where is the sourdough
who left silver dust in this black pan?

Green scum on the pond...
a carp spends the afternoon
sucking in a cloud.

A carp sucking green scum:
the contraceptive.

Green scum on the pond...
a carp spends the afternoon
taking in a cloud.

A nature call...

The ripples's core:
a carp spends the afternoon
sucking in a cloud.

After the rain...
the hammock has a bellyful
of crescent moon.

A polished casket...
leaving the morning sunlight,
lowering into shadow.
Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

All fang and gum...
the barking German Shepherd!
A single raindrop ripples the moon...
Another, a few moments later.

A single acorn
ripples the crescent moon

A single rain drop
ripples the moon

A single cicada
ripples the crescent moon
breaks afternoon stillness

A single cicada
breaks the afternoon stillness...
another later.

A rain drop ripples a cloud:
releasing the moon

The rank grass
hides the yellow moon

A single rain drop
ripples a cloud; releasing the moon...
a drifting canoe.

The clouded sun
and roosting vulture keep company:
the autumn wind.

A single acorn
ripples the crescent moon
in the hammock.

Thirsty, thirsty shoes
soaking up the morning dew
before a day of fishing.

The morning dew
lightning starts from a cloud,
and stops at the steeple
Nicholas A. Virgilie
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Black night opens -
the white lily...
In that windy mail box
with its tongue hanging out,
a letter clatters.

in that old shed -
boots hang from the rafters -
is the prospector dead?

Autumn upon autumn...
now the pond is all bottom

Autumn upon autumn...
steaming in the noon sun:
the pond, all bottom.

Autumn upon autumn...
steaming in the evening sun:
the pond, all bottom

in that empty church
of incense and utter darkness,
a firefly explores.

in that empty church,
suddenly darkened by the wind,
a firefly explores.

...
Rain stops none too soon...
a hammock straining in the grove:
the crescent moon.
The crescent moon
lodges in a withered tree:
a hawk's cry.

The bride of spring...
winds rustling her gown:
the young leaves

The old fisherman
peeing on a water lily:
the rippling moon.

A cicada ceases -
another answers from
across the rippling lake.

The bride of spring...
her gown rustling in the wind:
the young leaves.

A cicada ceases -
from the

I felt her softness
through the hardwood door,
and she felt mine.

Roses burned the hardwood door,
that kept two hearts apart.

The giant carp
swallows the ripples' core:
the evening sun.

A cicada ceases -
across the rippling lake:
the answer.

A cicada ceases,
and the rippling lake
carries the reply.

A cicada ceases -
from across the rippling lake
comes the reply.
Flag-draped coffin;
caisson:
The Wheel of L...
in the police station -
the child eating ice cream
doesn't want to go home.

The eldest daughter
lets the stream
wash the diaper.

On the bank -
the eldest daughter lets the stream
wash the diaper.

The tapping cane
insists his cup be filled
The tapping cane
insists on a cupful of coins:
twilight sleet.

The tapping cane
insists on a coin in the cup
The tapping cane
insists his cup be filled:
twilight sleet.

Like icebergs
laundry suds drift on the lake,
and rhyme the clouds.

Like icebergs and clouds
laundry
like icebergs and clouds
laundry suds drift and tumble
on the turbid lake.

The sewer pipe...
laundry suds lather the turbid lake:
the dirty cotton sky.
Raised on the Truth...

the rabbit, simply, ran

when I chased it.
the frozen rabbit and clouded sun

A notch on the kitchen wall
tells the father his son has grown tall

The mark on the barn door
tells the farmer how much his son
has grown.

The mark on the wall
tells the father his son
is getting taller

The mark on the wall
tells the father his son
has gotten taller.

The mark on the wall:
A mark on the wall:
the father shows his son,
who grows taller.

Marks on the wall:
the father shows his son
he's gotten taller.

A mark on the wall:
the father shows his son
he's gotten taller.

A mark on the wall:
the father shows his son
who gets taller.
Boring frog...
your song is
interminably long!
the spired moon

In the puddle -
the church spire pricks a bubble

The church steeple
rises to the spired moon -
a bubble pops on a puddle.

a child searching for his father

In the carnival crowds -
a child searching for his father...
finds himself.

The spanked child
cries out to his father,
"When I get big, you'll be little..."

Mother da

Mother and daughter
lie down in the snow:
comparing imprints
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Out of the hole in storm clouds...
the rays of the sun -
and a lost kite!
the town miser

in the crowded church -
the town miser leaves
before the collection.

the town miser

sure he can't take it with him

Ashes on the wind:
the town miser made sure
he took it with him.

Ashes on the wind:
the town miser just had to
take it with him

Ashes on the wind:
the town miser
took it with him

Back alley sleet
a scrawny cat creeping
into every garbage can

from the evening sun...
the scarecrow's shadow stretches
to the cross on the hill

sure she's taken the pill

her boyfriend asks her

Her boyfriend asks,
if she's taken the pill:
the April moon.

Ashes on the wind:
the town miser cashed in,
and took it with him.
Flying whitely
in the snow...
the sound of geese.
I heard his voice...
saw his shadow... felt his touch:
my counseling father.

The prima denna
sees it on the way to rehearsal...
the first butterfly.

The father hands the car keys
to his "10 cent-millionaire"
and takes the bus.

In the butcher shop —
the "10 cent-millionaire"
buys one pork chop.

"Her dream of wealth shattered..."
she marries a poor man,
and makes him miserable."

Her shattered dream of wealth
Twilight
and mosquitoes...
one in the other.
The college coed

The spoiled brat

sure she uses people like books

Sure she uses the boy

who loves her

The spoiled brat

sure she doesn't get what she wants

Diploma in hand...

sure she thinks the world

owes her a living.

This spoel

This spoiled brat

uses her friends like books

on a shelf.

The spoiled brat

and her mother goes to the church

where money is God.

Monday morning:

The spoiled wife

who doesn't get her way,

turns her back in bed.

The spoiled wife

who doesn't get her demands,

is too tired tonight.

The spoiled wife

who didn't get her way,

sleeps alone.
Skipping winter?

Budding tall

buckeye of fall.
The old man repairs the snow man by moonlight.

A milkweed seed... here... there - into a cobweb: the misty moon.

Bitter wind decapitates the snow man.

That melting snow man.

That backyard snow man lost its head in the storm, but gained the moon.

That backyard snow man lost its head in the storm... but gains the moon.

The backyard snow man that lost its head in the storm... gains the moon.

Sure the town dentist hears it on the way to work - the first cicada.

The town dentist hears it on the way to work - the first cicada.

That new scarecrow budding in the muddy field... bursts the dead man's clothes.

in the river - my reflection gets between me and the autumn moon.

in the evening sun... from the evening sun... my shadow stretches to the distant bell.

from the evening sun... my shadow stretches to the cross on the hill.

A tiny freckled face studies the tiger lily.

A tiny freckled face studies a tiger lily: ladybird-mosaic.
Out of the city's hell -

The heavenly bell!
twilight bell

That new scarecrow budding in the muddy field... outgrows the dead man's clothes

in the darkened church, suddenly darkened

In the darkened church, suddenly pierced by the evening sun, a gold cross flashes.

The church spire impales the autumn moon

in the dark church, suddenly pierced by the evening sun, a gold cross flashes

into an empty garbage can... a scrawny cat leaves the evening sleet

A scrawny cat... creeping into a garbage can: leaving the evening sleet.

The giant carp's fin... brushing the lily aside... cutting the moon in two.
From the black Clouds,
mountain of rays!
autumn sun.
in that turbid creek

in that dusty lake

like dusty syrup,
the lake stirs with carp

in that dusty lake
that looks like syrup,
a carp stirs.

The dusty lake:
a carp stirs the morning syrup

The dusty lake...
a carp stirring the morning syrup:
the pancake-clouds.

That scrawny cat
creeping in the evening sleet

in the evening sleet...
a scrawny cat creeps
into an empty garbage can

I felt her softness
through the hardwood door,

What did she feel?

In that empty house
a faded photograph lies on the floor

The old empty house

Summer lightning
discovers a faded photo
on the empty house's floor

in that empty house -
a faded photo lies on the floor:
summer lightning.

shouldering the sickle:
the crescent moon.

The empty house's window

in that empty house,
suddenly lighted by lightning -
a faded photo.
Not the sunlight,
or shadows -
the withered grass.
Not the sunlight
er shadows
but the withered grass

Laundry suds
lathering the muddy lake:
the dirty cotton sky.

An iceberg...
laundry suds lather the muddy lake:
the dirty cotton sky.

An iceberg...
laundry suds lather the turbid lake:
the dirty cotton sky.

The evening sun:
a turtle didn't make it
across the highway

Autumn twilight:
a turtle didn't make it
across the highway

An old German lyric,
and the immigrant's singing face:
die goldene abendsonne.

Autumn twilight:
a rabbit crossing the highway...
doesn't make it.

The old German lyric
lights the immigrant's face:
die goldene abendsonne.

Autumn twilight:
a rabbit didn't make it
across the highway.
Grey, grey clouds -
The blue! The blue!
seeding pampas plumes.
The tumble-down outhouse...

spring wind thumbing through a catalogue:
   the missing page.

The crescent moon:
   The windy outhouse

Spring wind...
   swinging the outhouse door,
   thumbing through a catalogue.

Dropping from a cloud...
   the crescent moon shines
   through the outhouse door.

The outhouse door swings,
   and spring wind thumbs
   through a catalogue.

The empty house's door...
   weather strip humming in the wind:
   a mourning dove.

The outhouse door swings,
   and spring wind thumbs
   through a catalogue.

The radio tower takes turns
   with a firefly.

The outhouse door swings,
   and spring wind thumbs
   through a catalogue.

The radio tower

The spring wind
   thumbs through a catalogue
   in the outhouse.

the radio tower:
   fireflies practicing
   in the field.

The door swings open,
   and spring wind thumbs through a catalogue.

The tower light fades,
   and a firefly glares
   in the field.

No fireflies tonight,
   but through the dense fog...
   a radio tower light.

The radio tower:
   fireflies practicing
   in the field.

The carp's fin
   pushes a lily aside...
   cuts the moon into.

The giant carp's fin
   pushes a lily aside...
   cuts the moon in two.
Her boyfriend asks, if she's taken the pill:
the April moon.
In that old graveyard,
there are more toadstools
than tombstones.

A child receiving communion

In the rain barrel -
mesquite larvae rise
to meet the moon.

In that tiger tiger

in that tiger lily
*freckled by the sun,
a ladybird hides.

The funeral cortège...
a caisson's wheel crushes a pebble...
and another...

from that swarm of starlings
swirling in the wind

the spring wind
adds a touch of moonlight
to the robin's egg.

from the rank grass...
a pillar of mesquitees
supports the moon.

In the rank grass
by the lost comb,
a cricket sings

in the rank grass -
a cricket helps me find

in the rank grass -
a cricket leads me
to the lost comb.

In the rank grass -
is that cricket

somewhere in the rank grass,
thumbing my lost comb?
In the attic
of the ramshackle house -
faded wedding photographs.
The priest sprinkles holy water on the coffin.

Spring rain: the priest sprinkles holy water on the coffin.

the child throws a pebble at the moon.

Father and son, putting up the mirror.

Father and son, putting up a mirror on the wall, criticize each other.

Diploma in hand... the spoiled brat thinks the world owes her a living.

from that golden maple drenched in morning sunlight, just one leaf falls.

Memorial Day... a graveyard where the living visit but no longer stay.

She tells her boyfriend that she forgot to take the pill: the harvest moon.

The worried cozy, sure she's taking the pill: the harvest moon.

In that empty garbage can pattered by sleet, a scrawny cat lies.

In that garbage can buffeted by wind and sleet, a scrawny cat searches.

In that garbage can buffeted by wind and sleet, a scrawny cat lies.

In that golden maple drenched in morning sunlight,
The faded memory

of yellowed books and photographs

in an old, empty house.
After the family fight
the wife who didn't get her way

The family fight:
she doesn't get her way

The wife who loses the family fight

"Not tonight!"
says the spoiled wire
who lost the right.

Father and son
before the mirror

Father and son
before the broken mirror,
criticize each other.

After the burial...
the spoiled brat
begins her search
for a father.

The spoiled brat...
sure she has as many friends,
as books on the shelf.

Spring flash floods:
a rattlesnake and roadrunner
are in the same boat.
Under the willow -

feeling like a tree:

squirrels approach me.
Autumn twilight:
the slumping flag
shadows the coffin.

Autumn twilight:
the riderless horse
shadows the coffin.

The clouded sun:
a riderless horse
follows the coffin.

Autumn twilight:
the hanging flag
shadows the coffin.

The clouded sun:
the still flag
shadows the coffin.

The riderless horse
follows the coffin.

The clouded sun
in the withered horse chestnut:
the riderless horse...
Behind a storm cloud,

autumn sun:

fringe-calligraphy.
The clouded sun
in the withered horse chestnut tree:
the riderless horse...

The clouded sun
in the withered horse chestnut:
the funeral cortège...

The clouded sun
in the withered horse chestnut -
the funeral cortège...

Autumn twilight...
-a flapping crow lights on a limb:
the crescent moon

Autumn twilight:
the outhouse door
swings in the wind

Autumn twilight:
the loping squirrel's tail
belongs to the wind.

Autumn twilight:
the dead rabbit's fur
tufts in the wind.
Autumn twilight:
the wreath on the door
lifts in the wind.

The plantation...
pampas pl
The hot dusty road
choking an open mail box:
a cicada's song.

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

The long tarred road...
heat waves rising into haze:
the smell of the woods.

An open mail box...
heat waves rising into haze:
a cicada's song.

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

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

The hot summer wind
chokes the open mail box
with road dust.

The country

The vineyard...
lacy leaves sifting mist.
On the platform,
kids racing
the subway train!
On the lake bank,
a snapping turtle laying eggs:
the April moon.

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

The hot country road...
a barefooted boy kicking dust:
a cicada's song.

The hot country road...
a barefooted boy hopping over cow flops

cow dung steaming in the sun
cow dung plopping on the road

A barefooted boy
follows milestones
of cow dung.

The hot country road...
a barefooted boy counts milestones
of cow dung.

The hot country road...
a barefooted boy kicking dust

The mail box by the road

The roadside mailbox...
heat waves rising into haze:
a cicada's song.

The hot country road...
heat waves rising from the tarred road
a cicada's song

The hot country road...
an open mail box choking on dust:
a cicada's song.

a rattlesnake coiling on pine needles
This is not it -
that is not it -
a lily.
After the funeral, the stadium
The wind blows the football
into the defender's hands:
the autumn moon.

The falling snow:
a mouse running helter-skelter
with no place to go.
the plough leaves a mouse
with no place to go

Tearing up its home...
the plough leaves a mouse
with no place to go.

the casted fishing line
catches the rays of the evening sun

Arching over

Over the lake -
the fishing line catches the rays
of the evening sun.

After the funeral,
I hurry home
in the autumn rain

spring rain spatters
the dusty coffin

Rain and holy water
spatter the casket resting
on dewy grass.