

the silent theatre:

deaf mutes behind the curtain

rehearse the love scene

the silent theatre:

deaf mutes behind barbed wire

rehearse the Holocaust

on the shopping bag

filled with worldly possessions:

pictures of missing children

city cold wave:

a still form on the sidewalk

beside the steam grate

even the wind grieves

filling her chair on the lawn:

fallen linden leaves

during the death watch

in flickering candlelight:

a fluttering moth

during the death march

to Dachau

In the crowded church,

in the long line for ashes:

the town chimney sweep

over the steam grate,

huddle around a bottle:

the old bosun's mate

fallen in the autumn wind

cardboard President

during the death march

to Dachau--stopping to pick

a wild raspberry

during the death march

to Dachau, a small child picks

a wild raspberry

smiling in defeat,

fallen in the autumn wind:

cardboard President

under the flashlight,

passing the scalpel...syringe...

the long night

In my brother's room,

above the vacuum cleaner's roar:

mother grieving

waiting on the bench

in the Emergency Ward:

the long night

Rabbit, did you hear?  
There's a big meeting  
and you and I can't go.

A small brown toad hops  
across the brown path.  
He's no big thing. Me too.

Out of my way, rabbit,  
I'll leave you to the woods  
as I go outward.

Satsvarupa dasa Gosvami  
R.D. 1, Box 839  
Port Royal, Pa  
17082

tumbledown outhouse  
rumbling in the summer wind:  
alone on the throne  
of the tumbledown outhouse:  
rumbling summer wind

putting out contracts  
on the pigeon population:  
peregrine falcons

portable commode:  
a ribbon of toilet paper  
lifts in the cold wind

tumbledown outhouse  
rumbling in the summer wind:  
the smell of the storm

the crow on the limb  
urging urging

at the crow's urging,  
emerges  
the autumn moon emerging  
from a murky cloud

during the death watch  
in a corner of the barn:  
a spider spinning

at the crow's urging  
from the autumn evening mist:  
the moon emerges

alone in tall grass  
before an unknown tombstone:  
Viet Nam marker

during the death watch  
in the flickering candle:  
the shadow of a moth

during the calving  
in a corner of the barn:  
a cricket is born

posing with the cardboard President: evening  
sun

burning up with fever: the long night

Rippling soft breezes from his hand,  
last item of worship:  
the peacock fan.

Why do they congregate  
all talking at once?  
Late summer chickadees.

Last summer concerts:  
cricket tones, cicadas,  
and the same rippling creek.

Satsvarupa dasa Gosvami  
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dandelion seeds lead the breeze  
to red-wings and reeds

Billowing clouds -  
dandelion seeds bring breeze  
to red-wings and reeds.

Red-wings and reeds,  
and dandelion seeds  
bring breeze

Red-wings and reeds  
and dandelion seed tumbles  
in a sneeze of breeze

Dandelion seed  
tumbles in a sneeze of breeze,  
by red-wings in reeds.

Redwings in reeds -  
and dandelion seed leads  
a sudden breeze.


Red-wings in reeds,  
and a sudden breeze brings  
dandelion seeds.

Red-wings in reeds,  
and a sudden breeze  
sneezes cattail seed

Red-wings in reeds:  
a sudden breeze  
sneezes cattail seed!

Butterfly flitting  
from flower to flower:  
garden smorgasbord.

                    sampling  
Hummingbird tasting  
  
flower after flower:  
  
garden smorgasbord.

Garden smorgasbord:   
a hummingbird samples  
flower after flower.

Red-wings in reeds,  
and a sudden breeze  
looses cattail seed

Billowing clouds -

Poet, a fool to expect support:  
New language, only a few really want;  
Even Foundations frustrate, abort  
The new, in spite of their cultural front.  
Oh, you'll get a grant, if they like your poem,  
And if it conforms to accepted rules;  
A teacher and doctor - and your home !  
(As if the muse held court in the schools)  
Talented, prize-winning, published Joe:  
Critically accepted, but Left...

no matter, said mother,  
just as long as its healthy:  
the April moon

the bell buoy tolls--  
over

the bell buoy tolls

the bell buoy tolls--  
out of the mist comes the gulls  
ghost  
and the missing ship

at the rotting pier,  
rusting in the winter rain:  
the ruins of the ferry

stiff summer breeze  
lifting the lakeside willow

at his mother's tomb  
daylilies bloom

empty pocketbook  
stolen from an old lady  
holds the cold wind

after the wedding,  
shadowing rice and confetti:  
the double casket

the autumn wind  
celebrating the church's birthday  
blows out the candles

holding the lilies  
they stole from my backyard

holding the lilies  
stolen from my backyard:  
children's Communion

holding the lilies  
stolen from the convent garden:  
children's Communion

cemetery oak:  
a redheaded woodpecker  
awakens the dead

Easter morning:  
a crowd of priests and mourners  
surrounds a crown of thorns

country heat wave:  
a white butterfly follows  
the path to the graves

up the stairwell to the bell  
cathedral tangle

Reposing on the desk  
they invite me once again:  
my red japa beads.

Alone in darkened room  
lightning flashes--  
I speak His name.


This sultry day  
above the meadow, vultures gliding,  
and crows are warning.

Satsvarupa dasa Gosvami  
R.D. 1, Box 839  
Port Royal, Pa  
17082

The winding road

The winding road

to the mountain shrine, the autumn moon  
and wind in the pine.



From the fire bell

it fell into the dried up well  
cicada shell

Hundred dollar woman

and he chased the money-lenders  
the carpet-baggers from the center  
warned them never to enter  
Bicentennial offenders

Confidence men stage and scheme  
the spirit of 76

costumed frauds with bags filled with tricks  
celebrate this Santa Claus age.

And he chased the money-lenders...

The carpet-baggers from the Center

Warned them never to enter

And he chased the money-lenders...

The dusty mailbox

wagging its rusty flag

wails in the hailstorm

The airport searchlight

Like a windshield wiper

Through the rainy night  
In the car

At the wheel a sniper  
Under the seat his gun


Waits for Air Force one

The airport searchlight

Like a radar screen


Picking up the stars

On the general sleeves



The empty temple

at twilight, a stray firefly  
tempts the praying child.



The empty mailbox

wailing in the dust and hailstorm  
wags its rusty flag

The clouded sun like a vulture's eye  
Stares through the bare horse chestnut tree,

When it blows from there,  
the snow spreads to the gutter

A flapping crow...  
seasoning a scarecrow,  
spattering peppers.

The autumn moon...  
quartered on the golden cross

A vineyard...  
lacy leaves sifting mist:  
the smell of grapes.

Searching on the wind,

the



Death March

The blinding sun lowers the heavy lid,  
And closes the coffin on the walking dead:  
Buried before a faraway grave.

★

In the bay -  
the rhyme of the crescent moon  
approaches a shark's fin.

Autumn dusk:  
a fal

Beneath the pine,  
needles glancing off a porcupine:  
fine rain.

Autmn dusk:

Beneath the pine,  
needles and fine rain

Autumn dusk:  
a flapping crow in the grove:  
the crescent moon.

glancing off a porcupine.

Fine rain and pine needles  
glancing off a porcupine

In the reeds -

fine rain and pine needles  
glancing off a porcupine.

IN THE YOUNG GRASS

★

A rash of stars

By poison ivy,

Early autumn:

Early autumn:

a prostrate squirrel cooling

a prostrate squirrel cools its belly  
on the shady sidewalk.

- The withered thicket...

dusty cobwebs su

## Modern Haiku

The autumn wind...skeleton  
The bell on the bed  
A distant bell buoy  
two sets of footprints  
The empty plaza

warm before the storm  
a darting tarpon  
moonlit city lot  
spitting image  
in the city heat  
that sprouting scarecrow

where the crucifix  
from the small coffin  
on little brother's tombstone...firefly  
the last maple leaf  
the dead bard's dooryard  
tiny paws and jaws  
abandoned barracks  
the distant temple

bitter cold I feel  
Lost in the saw grass  
The mission bell above  
The dead bard's dooryard (revised)  
city hall steps  
In the empty church...lost child

a buzzing horsefly  
The distant church bell...spellbound child  
A gust of spring wind  
How soft the highway  
spring twilight: a single violin...

on the small coffin  
how strange two earthworms  
sailing out of sight  
the railroad mailbox  
how silent the stars  
swarming honeybees  
the stolen melon  
sparrows perched in a row  
a distant dory  
in the autumn fields  
the autumn wind has torn...

tearing off the mask  
where brave deeds rallied  
on the bulbous nose  
we shared linden shade  
dandelion-planet  
unerring eagle  
scarecrow's torn sleeve

the red balloon  
~~a distant earthquake~~  
in the hallway alone  
leaves and litter  
the tenement rat  
where fire hose follows  
the old folks home  
litter of mice  
through the torn screen door  
flag-covered coffin  
tenement child

now it frustrates bugs  
the old broom salesman  
the evening sunshine  
Pale shapes in the fog

elderberry pie

the long winding path  
an autumn eveing...lyceum  
Drifting on the creek...Concord River  
a string of footprints  
deserted square  
down from the stone bridge  
a screaming blue jay, Memorial Day  
a great cicada

## Dragonfly

How silent the stars

We shared linden shade  
moonlit city lot  
A buzzing horsefly  
Lost in saw grass  
city hall steps  
The dead bard's dooryard  
where the crucifix  
how strange two earth  
unerring eagle

## Modern Haiku

Now the campfire's bright  
the long winding road...tree toad's  
Autumn nightfall holding small boy  
endless wind and rain  
old crow in cold rain  
dead pregnant doe  
the village vicar  
this blind poet savoring  
the gypsy campfire  
The Capitol scene  
A dark autumn day...hamlet.  
The April Wind  
Where brave deeds rallied  
alone on the dark road  
at Arlington  
beyond three crosses

No blade of grass graces his grave,  
The lusty poet who loved the grass;  
His tomb in the hill like an empty cave,  
Through the rusty gate, the chill winds pass.

Jumbled initials carved in a birch  
On the furrowed head of the sky

A passing plane...

spreading its shadow on the field,

wedding a scarecrow's

A gliding

The cross on the hill

and a scarecrow wed

in the evening

A red balloon...

riding the autumn wind,

hiding the moon.

The cross on the hill,

and the scarecrow's shadow wed

in the evening sun.

A red balloon...

riding the summer wind,

hiding the moon.

The cross on the hill,

and the scarecrow's

A red balloon...

rising from the fair,

hiding the moon.

The cross on the hill,

and the scarecrow below

wed in the evening sun.

An old scarecrow...

The Christ

The Christmas moon

appears at the broken window  
of the stable ruin.

the river at my feet

The city heat

The city heat -

I could overlook the smell:  
the river at my feet

The city heat -

I could

The city heat -

I feel like jumping in:  
the river at my feet.

The casket descends,  
and a wet fly on the lid  
rides down to the end.

On the puddle

An old empty house...

the steps creaking in the wind:  
an unopened letter.

Green scum on the pond

a carp sucking in the sun:  
the ripples' core.

Green scum on the pond

the ripples' core: a feeding carp  
sucking in the sun.

Green scum on the pond...

the ripples' core: a carp  
sucking in the sun.

the green scummy pond...

ripples' core: a carp sucking  
in the morning sun.

The morning city...

urine stains on marble steps,  
a drunkard asleep.

Winter's overcast

horizon is the shape  
of city sky line.

Lightning and thunder:

a blanket heaping on the bed:  
the old maid under.

Father and son tr



Basho, Issa, Shiki, Buson

I wish to be like you

And fashion fine haiku

First, Basho, Let's muse on

The frog and the old pond

A crow in the tree - See...

Wandering dreams on the moor

And stalwart warriors of yore

In the summer grass

Basho, Issa, Shiki, Buson to be

Like you and fashion fine haiku

Either Basho, Shiki

Either Basho, Issa, Shiki, Buson:

No worthier wish than to be like you

~~Who studied~~

I study, compose, many hours muse on

To learn art of making fine haiku

In the crowded church -

the sermon is taking the shape

cc

Dawn on the moon

Footprints on the dune

the fl

The solar wind

Footprints on the dune:

the shadow of the flag  
stretches on the moon.

on the sands of the moon

Dawn on the moon:

The flag's shadow

the shadow of the flag  
stretches to the dune.

The flag's shadow

Beyond gh

the shadow of the moon

Beyond the dune

the shadow of the flag  
footprints on the moon

The flag's shadow

stretching to the crater...

footprints on the moon

The July moon

Footprints on the dune:

the shadow of the flag  
strec

(Release to the Record)

Falvey Library, Villanova University is exhibiting the worksheets,  
manuscripts, periodicals etc.

The old widow's house

A budding rose  
and a firefly  
right under my nose

Beneath the dead oak  
the flowering hedge in front  
of the old widow's house

The village square:  
the flag at half-mast casts

The flowering hedge

The flag at half-mast  
casts a shadow on the casket

By the widow's house  
stands a dead oak tree

The twin poplars  
and the Baptist steeple beyond  
swaying in the breeze

The old widow's house  
a dead oak tree

The you

Between the dead oak

The autumn moon  
on the top of the mountain:  
the young bald poet.

Between the dead oak  
and the old widow's house -  
the flowering hedge.

Viewers

The dead bard's dooryard:

a morning glory vine

climbs the torn clothesline.

MH



alone in the city

at midnight, a lone viloin

In the empty city

O bicentennial crapetbaggerr

is imprisoned in the ribs

of the wrecked schooner

The crescent moon

is adding another rib

to the wrecked schooner

In the dead doe's belly

a fawn warm and alive

the winter dawn arrives.

in

lying on the snow

on the shoulder of the road

dead pregnant doe

on the warm belly

of the dead pregnant doe

deserted city

at midnight, a lone violin

haunts the autumn wind

The deserted city

at midnight, a lone violin

haunts the autumn wind.



In the churchyard

hidden in weeds, small sign

reads Perpetual Care.



The quiet city

at midnight, a lone violin

haunts the autumn wind

The quiet city

at midnight, a violin

haunts the autumn wind

Queen Bee, Queen Bee  
Prithee



Lightning branches

~~the/spired/cross~~

A spired cross,

and the face of night is drawn  
to a lightning branch

A withered tree,

and the face of night is drawn  
to a lightning branch.

A withered tree,

and the face of night is drawn  
to a branch of lightning.

A branch of lightning,

and the spired cross trembles  
in the thunder.

The spired cross

adds another silhouette  
to the summer storm.

In the picnic grove,

the face of night is-isn't drawn  
to a lone firefly.

The spired cross

adds another silhouette

The thunder rolls,

and a spired cross gleams  
with lightning.

In the alley,

the face of night is drawn  
to the eyes of a cat.

In the alley,

the face of night is drawn  
to a cat's eyes.

In the withered grove,

the face of night is drawn  
to a branch of lightning.

On the summer lake,

the face of night is drawn  
to the mirrored moon.

This saltcellar world...

we'll all pour through the crescent,

Mist curls in reeds;  
slithering into the lake...  
the sound of a snake.

In the stable -  
restless horses, a firefly -  
into the dark lantern.

The change of clothes;  
a cherry blossomed-pine recalls the snow

A hot dusty day...  
the sound, shade and shape  
of a distant cicada.

Boiling macaroni:  
mother skinning weevils -  
kids at the table.

A distant cicada; 1-1  
heat waves on the pavement  
to the empty church.

The badminton bird  
chases a butterfly,  
swallowed by a swallow.

The horse's tail...  
the sound, shade and shape  
of flies.

Into the weeds -  
a badminton bird brushes  
a butterfly.

Approaching lights:  
pearls dot the car window

This version is better; more statuesque

The bridge railing blurs  
the autumn sunset -  
the bus's staccato-hum.

Wind-blown, whitely...

tumbling into the fresh grave:  
the sound of blossoms.

An empty rain barrel;  
a ~~fat~~ sparrow dusts in the track  
of the wheel-barrow.

Spring wind in the grass...  
the multitude's waving hands;  
billowing schooner.

~~a/fat/sparrow/dusts/in/the/tree~~

the white-veined face of the sea:  
a branch of lightning

white lace on the sea

p

Pulling

the net ashore -

An old, empty house

leving white lace on the

This version is better; more statuesque.

The Gift

Wh

The gathering storm;  
pulling the net ashore -  
leaving lace afloat.

From the ash tray...  
pir

From the ash tray...  
spiraling bluish-whitely:  
the sound of smoke.

Billowing clouds;  
filling whitely on the sea...  
the sound of sails.

Billowing clouds;  
spouting whitely from the sea...  
the sound of the whale.

Blowing whitely  
on the windowpane...  
the sound of fine snow.

Whirling whitely...  
blowing on the windowpane...  
the sound of fine snow.

Fluttering whitely  
in seeding dandelion...  
the sound of a moth.

Fluttering whitely  
in the storm of confetti...  
the sound of the moth.

Slithering greyly  
through the drooping pampas plu

Slithering greyly  
through the drooping pampas plumes...  
the sound of the mist.

Wildly, and whitely...  
blowing on the windowpane:  
the sound of fine snow.

This version is better; more statuesque

The g



Don't think for a moment, I wait  
Til you get darn good and ready  
~~Then/for/you/it/may/be/too/late~~  
Whe you want me it may be too late

Don't think for a moment, I wait  
For you to get darn good and ready  
Believe me, it may be to late  
For: "Sorry, my steady Eddy."

Your "Sorry" won't work, I'

If you my love refuse  
It's too late tomorrow  
For insicere s  
For insincere sorrow -  
You, simply, must shine my shoes !

Pride Under My Hide

If you my love today refuse  
It's too late tomorrow  
For insincere sorrow -  
Unless

Not one lousy letter  
From the queen who remains unseen

No public appearance or letter  
From the ~~queen~~ of Malice  
dubious queen in the palace  
Whose subjects say, she thinks she's better  
the rabble beyond  
Than ~~those outside~~ her callous.

You are not worthy of my finest sentiments  
And deserve the lash of the Penitents

Pride Under My Hide  
you've

My love today ~~don't~~ refuse  
~~If/you/today/my/love/refuse,~~  
~~AND~~  
It's too late tomorrow  
For insincere sorrow -  
Unless you would shine my shoes !

You've read my poems, and still don't care

The summer heat...

forgetting the pain and pace-maker  
the beat of the rain.

Summer convalescent

bearing the heat, the aches and pains  
and the pace-maker

Chasing the heat

racing the pace-maker  
the beat of the rain

Chasing the heat and pain

racing the pace-maker:  
the beat of the rain.

The summer rain

racing the pace-maker  
chases the heat and pain

racing the pace-maker

the beat of the rain

The summer heat

racing the pacemaker:  
the beat of the rain

The summer heat and rain

racing the pace-maker  
increases the pain

The heat and beat of rain

The beat of the rain

racing the pace-maker

increases the heat and pain.

Summer heat and pain

racing the pace-maker  
the beat of the rain.

The beat and pain

racing the pace-maker

The heat and pain

racing the pace-maker:  
the beat of the rain.

Summer heat and rain

racing the pace-maker  
increases the pain.

The heat and rain

racing the pace-maker  
increases the pain.

The heat and rain

racing the pace-maker  
increases the pain.

Lily:

out of the water...

out of itself.

The town clock's face

adds another shade of yellow

to the afterglow

A distant balloon

drifting over the county fair,

eclipses the moon.

The empty highway:

a tiger swallowtail

follows the divider.

The tidal creek ebbs  
at twilight, the deepening snow  
hides the pebbled shore

The tidal creek  
creeping up the bridle path  
the deepening snow.

The tidal creek  
creeping up the bridle path  
seeps through the stone boots

The tidal creek  
is seeping through the leaky sole  
of the stolen boots

The icy creek  
is seeping through the leaky soles  
of the stolen boots.

The icy creek  
is seeping through the leaky soles  
of stolen boots.

Our Lady's shrine  
near the edge of the swamp:  
violets and dandelion.

The Virgin's shrine  
near the edge of the swamp:  
violets

The Virgin's shrine  
near the edge of the swamp  
violet's

The Virgin's

The Virgin's shrine  
near the edge of the swamp:  
violets and dandelion.

Violets and dandelion  
near the

Violets and

Violets and dandelion  
near the edge of the swamp:  
the Virgin's shrine.

The flag furled  
and the gold casket closed  
too good for this world.

Old Glory furled,  
and the golden coffin closed:  
too good for this world.

set a match to their money for all  
the warmth that they got

Thank you for the minutes of the meetings. May I suggest a workshop on what constitutes poetry, in particular short-short poetry. ~~If/np/two/Japanese agree/on/what/constitutes/a/haiku/~~

I wonder how many are aware that we do not have a short-short poetry tradition, and in a real sense we are building it via the haiku

Thank you for the minutes of the meetings. May I suggest a workshop on what constitutes poetry, in particular short-short poetry. Would you for one meeting suspend the use of the word "haiku" in order, perhaps to discover what is a short-short poem. I think this would be most helpful ~~to/see/if/it/~~

I wonder how many are aware that we do not have a short-short poetry tradition, that, in a real sense, we are building it.

Would you please stress the need for serious poets who compose everyday

The Cathedral bell  
is shaking a few snowflakes  
for

Mrs. Nancy Kane

Academically Talented Program

EV 6-1150

The whistling spring wind

strumming the weather stripping

whistling spring wind

strumming weather stripping:

TUMBLING

dancing thistle.

The March wind whistles

and weather stripping answers

the dancing chimes

The first time they came, I opened the d

April wind whistles

The first time they came, I opened the door

and weather stripping hums

Bitten in the heart by the vampire of verse

The whistling wind

Awakened forever by the walking dead

strumming the weather stripping Drained of dreams by the walking dead

Compelled to compose disease and spread

With the whistling wind

strumming the weather stripping

a dancing thistle.

Mrs. Jo Ann Ellis

1069 Trent Road

Camden 08104

964-6052

Intold the dog to tear them up

Bitten in the heart by the vampire of verse

Drained of dreams by the waliking dead

Bitten by the Vampire of Verse

Drained of dreams by the Walking Dead

Compelled to compose ~~the~~ contagious curse





A city cicada

clinging to a buttonball limb

The first butterfly  
perching on a buttercup  
little brother cries.

A white butterfly  
lighting on a buttercup:  
little brother cries.

The train trestle

Under the train trestle  
over the muddy creek

Now the flag is fixed:  
the first astronaut  
pollutes the autumn moon.

Now the flag is fast:  
the first astronaut  
pollutes the autumn moon.

Now the flag stands fast:  
the first astronaut  
pollutes the autumn moon.

the first astronaut  
shadows the autumn moon

Now the flag's unfurled:  
the first astronaut  
shadows the autumn moon.

Now the flag is planted:  
the first astronaut  
explores the autumn moon.

No wht

Now the flag is fixed:  
the first astronaut  
explores the autumn moon.  
faces

Now the flag is fixed  
the first astronaut  
pollutes the autumn moon.

Now the flag is fixed:  
the first astronaut  
faces the autumn moon.

Mary Ella McDonald

234 South Water St.

Martinsburg, Wx West Virginia 25401

is awakening the echo  
of the mountain lake

A wedge of wild geese  
winging over wither sedge

A wedge of wild geese  
winging over withered sedge  
splinters the winter moon.

a choir of cicadas  
iaspires

On the rocky beach  
at dusk, a flock of gulls  
roosts on a rusty hull.

Dawn on the creek  
has drawn a dandelion  
under the drwbridge

The hearse rumbles by  
and a flock of horse

The hearse rumbles by  
and a flock of flies disperses...  
returns to the dung.

The hearse rumbles by  
a flock of flies disperses...

The hearse rumbles by  
a flock of horseflies  
deserts the dunghill

The hearse rumbles by  
a flock of buzzing horseflies  
deserts the dunghill.

The hearse rumbles by  
a flock of frightened horseflies  
deserts the dunghill.

The hearse rumbles by the dunghill  
and frightens a flock of horseflies

By the mountain lake  
warming in the morning sun

The moon re

The moon's refeletion  
awakening the echoes  
of the mountain lake

The moon's reflection  
awakening the echoes  
of the mountain lake.

I am sure McClintock will

be sure to get it.

He is going to get it for you.

He is going to get it for you.

I am sure McClintock will

be sure to get it.

He is going to get it for you.

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A night flight unseen  
honking over the highway:  
the green traffic light.

A night flight of geese  
honking over the highway:  
the green traffic light.

A wedge of wild geese

The autumn moon  
emerging from a murky cloud  
silhoettes

The autumn moon  
is silhouetting a flight  
of Canada geese.

A school of spawning carp  
is shaking a few dewdrops

Where red-winged blackbirds  
perched in cattail and wild rice --  
the deserted church.

A string of footprints  
stepping off into the snow,  
stops at the scarecrow.

Crisscrossing sun beams

Crisscrossing sunbeams  
create a cat's cradle

Crisscrossing sunbeams  
creeping across the creek  
create a cat's cradle.

The concentration camp  
a cardinal warbles  
on the barbed wire fence

Where red-winged blackbirds  
perched in cattail and wild rice--  
the new village church.

The flag's shadow  
is creeping towards a crater  
on the autumn moon

On the autumn moon  
at dawn, the flag's shadow  
creeps toward a crater.

a rainbow trout

A sunfish awakens  
in the shallows of the lake

The blazing school  
is scorching the bottom  
of the autumn moon.

(Release to the Record)

The 25th annual Philadelphia Writers' Conference will feature an original poetry reading and discussion by Nick Virgilio. The Camden Poet will speak on June 14th at 4:15 PM at the Holiday Inn, Independence Mall, Philadelphia.

Virgilio's work will be published by Doubleday Inc., New York in an anthology to be released in April 1974. An essay on the poet's Haiku will be published in Modern Haiku, Los Angeles in a future issue. Here are some of Virgilio's latest verses:

A cawing crow

clinging to a creaking limb,

seesaws in the cold wind.

(Published Modern Haiku, Los Angeles)

Autumn evening rain

soaking a heap of oak leaves,  
drums on a crumbling tomb.

Stanley Turner  
5073 Militia Hill Road  
Plymouth Meeting, Pa. 19462

The autumn wind-

the weeping widow sweeping leaves  
deepens her grief

A flock of plovers

passing over withered grass  
the weathercock south.

An autumn morning...

sweeping linden leaves from the walk  
deepening her grief.

A flock of blackbirds

passing over withered grass:  
the weathercock south.

The hot morning sun...

holding the folded flag:  
facing the gold coffin.

An August morning...

holding the folded flag:  
facing the gold coffin.  
very hot and bright

The autumn wind

sweeping linden leaves from the walk  
deepens the widow's grief.

Very hot and bright...

holding the folded flag:  
facing the gold coffin.

The autumn wind

sweeping linden leaves from the walk,  
deepens mother's grief.

A flock of swallows

following wind-blown clouds:  
the weathercock south.

The evening wind

sweeping linden leaves from the walk  
deepens mother's grief.

A flock of swallows

following feathery clouds:  
the weathercock south.

A water lily

is opening the summer season  
on the cedar lake

HW

The



A smoldering fire,  
and city lights fade  
with the ember of dawn

The sighing pines,  
and moonlit surf touches  
the soles of lovers.

Linden blossoms fall

and the moonlit surf touches  
the soles of lovers.

The afterglow dies,  
and linden blossoms fall  
among the fireflies.

The moonlit sea,  
and spreading surf touches  
the soles of lovers.

Linden blossoms fall,  
mosquitoes hum in the twilight...  
here and there, fireflies

The pine trees sigh,  
and moonlit surf touches  
the soles of lovers.

Mosquitoes billow,  
linden blossoms fall in

~~the/pine/trees/sigh~~

Linden blossoms fall,  
mosquitoes billow at dusk...  
here and there, fireflies.

The pine trees sigh,  
and the moonlit surf touches  
the soles of lovers.

Linden blossoms fall,  
mosquitoes billow in the dusk...  
here and there, fireflies.

Mosquitoes billow,  
and a firefly lights a globe  
of dandelion

Barefooted lovers....

transplanting elders along the edge

An autumn morning...

transplanting elders from the woods  
to the edge of the swamp.

transplanting elders to the edge  
of the tidal marsh.

An autumn morning...

transplanting elders to the edge  
of the tidal marsh.

An autumn morning...

transplanting elders at the edge  
of the tidal marsh.

Late summer morning...

climbing the shaky ladder  
leaning on grape vines.

Late summer

gathering elderberries  
along the tidal marsh

The autumn wind

is confusing the weathercock  
with chimney smoke.

The winter wind

is choking the weathercock  
with chimney smoke.

Sycamore shade;

cicadas are summing up  
another summer.

Sizzling sycamores:

cicadas are summing up  
another summer.

A line of lindens

along the windy highway

The smothering heat:

cicadas are summing up  
another summer.

The empty temple

at twilight, a rose petal  
settles on the altar

In the empty temple  
at twilight

In the empty temple

at nightfall, a rose petal  
settles on the altar.

and...

Under the full moon,  
over the smoky city;  
June 28, 1973

*the night I was born*  
*June*

Under the full moon,  
over the smoky city:  
June 28, 1928.

The march snowstorm  
sweeping the sleeping city:  
my father is born.

The first snowfall  
down the cellar staircase:  
my father calls.

The plastic flag stands fast:  
the last astronaut  
pollutes the autumn moon.

plastic flag stands fast:  
last astronaut  
pollutes the autumn moon.

The tidal marsh  
has stranded the young trapper  
on a muskrat house.

The tidal marsh  
has stranded the young trapper  
standing on a muskrat house

The tidal marsh  
has stranded the young trapper  
standing on a muskrat house.

The young trapper  
stranded by the tidal marsh  
stands on a muskrat house.

The young trapper  
stranded by the flooding marsh  
stands on a muskrat house.

The young trapper

The young tar

The young trapper  
stranded by the flooded marsh  
stands on a muskrat house.

Like the village voyeur  
peeping through the shutters  
the autumn moon.

Like the village voyeur  
peeping the

Like the village voyeur  
peeping through the shutters:  
the summer moon.

My brother and I  
installing the wall mirror  
reflect each other.

The Easter moon  
peeping over the steep hill  
silhouettes the cross.

The flag at half-mast  
its halyard slapping the pole  
the autumn wind.

Captain and Mrs. George Rood

6415 Eppard Street

Falls Church Virginia 22044