To whom it may concern:

(And those who are doomed to burn)

In the body of Christ there be

No room for jealousy.


P.S,

And that includes me!
the hearse passes by
scattering blackbirds and flies
flattens
dusting the dunghill

amorphous amoeba
lacking a backbone and sense
of poetic form

the drought-stricken woods:
a hickory stick and hock
bridges the dry brook

benwath the willow
at the edge of the muddy creek
Viet Nam monument
reflecting the evening sun:
the gold star lapel

on my father's wrist
lying still in the coffin:
my dead brother's watch

now the linden blooms:
the nurse in the room next door
chain-sneezes...curses

now the linden blooms:
the nurse in the room next door
chain-sneezes......curses

Pentagon Ladies:
scratching
Pentagon Ladies...
scratching "The Nuclear Freeze"
from the agenda
on the agenda
from the agenda
scratching "The Nuclear Freeze"
Pentagon Ladies...

on my father's wrist
dangling from the hospital bed:
my dead brother's watch

on the linden limb

carved with my dead brother's name:
a cardinal sings

(609) 757-7276

Camden, New Jersey 08102
2nd and Cooper Streets
Wall Whittman Center

Executive Director
Frederick W. kissimer
Chairman of the Board
William C. Morris
To whom it may concern:
(And those who are doomed to burn)
In the body of Christ there be
No room for jealousy.

P.S.,
And that includes me!
on the folded flag
at the foot of the coffin:
dragonfly

along the common,
scattering father's ashes:
the autumn wind

the icy highway
reflecting the rising sun:
the dead wine's eyes

Independence Day
ringing the Centennial Bell:
double amputee

fallen on the ice,
rubbing his stump at the knee:
one-legged beggar

on the frozen snow
reflecting the rising sun:
the dead wine's eyes

fireworks silence

after the fireworks
the frozen tundra:
flurries of snowbirds follow
the caribou herds

cleaning out the house
after father's funeral:
feeling his presence

his touch still on it,
treasured in its leather case:
brother's clarinet

In the autumn wind,
pinned to the empty rowboat:

a suicide note

over my shoulder,
emerging from a murky cloud:
the morning moon

after the fireworks,

through the silence of fireflies
this night of stars

now the linden blooms:
our next door neighbor, the nurse
chain-sneezes....curses
To whom it may concern:
(And those who are doomed to burn)
In the body of Christ there be
No room for jealousy.

P.S,
And that includes me!
In my middle years
singing
lessons
of youth:
father's violin

In the empty church
at midnight, groping around:
searching for the light

In the morning sun
from the muddy creek, the cries
of mating mallards

In the evening sun
from the Viet Nam monument:
a blinding flash

In the morning mist
from the muddy creek

In my middle years
longing for the songs of youth:
father's violin

In the cold moonlight
from the frozen marsh, the cries
of a trapped muskrat

In the morning mist
rising from wild rice, the cries
of Canada geese

the noon cicada
tuning up in the sycamore:
the deepening shade
silent cicadas
sleeping in the sycamore:
the deepening shade

a flight of wild geese
disappearing in the mist
of my childhood dream

In my middle years
bursting
with the songs of youth:
father's violin

the sound of snow geese
rising whitely

In the morning sun
from the frozen marsh, the cries
of Canada geese

lifting a hind leg
on the fire hydrant:
the heat
stealing
the fire hydrant wrench:
the heat

turning the hose
on the firefighters:
the heat

turning the fire hose
on the demonstrators:
the heat
To whom it may concern:

(And those who are doomed to burn)

In the body of Christ there be

No room for jealousy.

P.S,

And that includes me!
following the parade
for Gay Liberation:
tiger swallowtail

looking down the tracks
turning my back on the past:
the distant farmhouse

Easter alone
reading the radio news
at the microphone

down from the stone bridge
as the flood tide rushes in

In the darkened church
marked by the scent of incense:
Stations of the Cross

Viet Nam monument
reflecting the evening sun:
the passing parade

over the rollers
slipping darkly-whitely...
the names of the dead

In the crowded church
through the summer morning heat

In the crowded church,
through the heat and humidity:
the sermon on Hell

from under the bridge,
slipping away with the tide:
the last of summer

from under the bridge,
riding the outgoing tide:
the last of summer

overheard
at the Viet Nam monument:
"They died for nothing..."

Viet Nam monument
pointing to my brother's name:
his first grade teacher
To whom it may concern:

(And those who are doomed to burn)

In the body of Christ there be

No room for jealousy.

P.S.,

And that includes me!
on the plastic case
enclosing the saint's statue:

on the plastic case
enclosing St. Francis statue:
pigeon droppings

from the old church bell
found in the city junkyard:
no sound

on my father's wrist
keeping time and eternity:
my dead brother's watch
closer and closer
crowding the Liberty Bell:
the heat

an autumn morning...
unveiling the monument
to the Holocaust
museum ruins:
a dinosaur's bone echoes
the autumn wind

surrounding the town radio tower:
sunflower silence

In the crowded church
mingling with the Easter sermon
honking of wild geese

sunrise services

from the crucifix
mixing with holy water:
cold morning rain
terminating the sermon:
honking of wild geese

leaving Viet Nam
thru the autumn wind and rain:
my dead brother's clothes
wildebeest in the bush
during the heat of the day:
shrinking water hole
exploring sex
with the girl nextdoor:
the latch key boy
To whom it may concern:
(And those who are doomed to burn)
In the body of Christ there be
No room for jealousy.

P.S,
    And that includes me!
first song sparrow
following cardinal song:
March-snowstorm

the class reunion
at the head of the table:
his empty chair

In the city park
swimming around
in the family bathtub:
the Passover meal

the class reunion
at the head of the table:
his place-card and chair

city sycamores:

cicadas accompany

the snoring wino
tornadobe

waiting at nightfall
for mother and father's return

autumn nightfall
an autumn morning
into the empty ovens:
cold morning rain

graveyard sycamores
city sycamores

leaving the wake
on the city dump
silenced by the first snowfall
farcosteraggedawn
farcosteredawn

on the telegram
in the Marine Major's hand:
my dead brother's name

city sycamores

cicadas accompany

the wino's snoring

the class reunion
at the head of the table:
his place-card face down

locking the front gate,
hanging the "invalid" sign:
Halloween night

Auschwitz revisited
into the empty ovens:
cold morning rain