

DATA SHEET

Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey
Emerson 5-0136

Training

Camden High School, Camden, New Jersey: graduated, 1946
College of South Jersey, Camden, New Jersey: graduated, 1950
Temple University, Philadelphia: graduated, 1952; B.A. Radio and Speech

Experience

Professional radio ~~artist~~: 8 years, all phases of announcing
WCMC, Wildwood, N.J.; WCOJ, Coatesville, Pa.; ~~WMRA, Myrtle Beach,~~
~~South Carolina~~; KGKO, Dallas, Texas; WKDN, Camden, N.J.; WCAM,
Camden, New Jersey; WHAT, Philadelphia.

Creative writing: 7 years, poetry; critically accepted, prize-winning
and published.

Personal details

Height, 5'9"; weight, 165; health, good; Age, 37. Unmarried.
Veteran, World War II: U.S. Navy. Member Penn-Laurel Poets,
Philadelphia. Member American Haiku, Platteville, Wisconsin.

References

John B. Roberts
Professor, Radio and Television
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sid Mark
WHAT-FM
Philadelphia, Pa.

Ira Roulund Jr.
Interior Designer
2927 Octagon Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Frank Ankenbrand Jr.
English Department
Haddonfield Memorial High School
Haddonfield, N.J.

Sam Scott
Program Director
WCAM
Camden, N.J.

Camden's prizewinning poet Nicholas A. Virgilio makes his New York debut at the First Unitarian Church of Flushing, 147-54 Ash Avenue, Friday June 2nd at 8:30 PM. Virgilio will read and discuss his poetry and the Japanese haiku.

Nick was radio personality for years

In the overcast

The clouded sun
behind the roosting vulture

The last snowfall
disappearing into the pond,
where the little boy drowned.

The last snowfall
disappearing into the pond -
the little boy drowned.

The last snowfall
disappearing into the pond,
after the child drowned.

The last snowfall
dissolving in the old pond,
after the child drowned

The last snowfall

The last snowfall
on the old pond - not a trace
of the child who drowned.

The last snowfall hits-
gone...not a trace on the pond

The last snowfall
leaves no trace

The last snowfall
leaves not a trace on the pond,
but the drowned boy's face

The last snowfall
leaves not a trace on the pond

The last snowfall
sticks to the old fisherman
no trace on the pond

In the old pond
dissolving the falling snow
the little boy drowned

The last snowfall:
not a trace on the old pond
of the child who drowned.

The last snowfall
not a trace on the old pond
after the child drowned.

Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey

Career Data

Began creative writing: 1957, poetry, and humorous sketches.

Published, Marc

A giraffe leans,
and a swan on the pond
stretches a lily's neck.

The islander bathes,
and a wiggler s

The hula dancer

A bathing woman

Washing her grass skirt -
splashing a wiggler
from the rain barrel.

A woman bathes,
~~and a wiggler splashes~~

The islander bathes,
and a wiggler splashes
from the rain barrel.

A woman bathes,
and a wiggler spal

A woman bathes,
and a wiggler splashes
from the rain barrel.

The islander bathes,
and a wiggler in the barrel
splashes on the sand.

A giraffe stretches,
and a swan on the pond
tugs a lily's neck.

The islander bathes,
and a wiggler from the barrel
splashes on the sand.

A giraffe stretches,
and a swan on the pond
pulls a lily's neck.

The islander bathes,
and a wiggler from the pool
splashes on the sand.

Nicholas A. Virgilio noted poet, WKDN radio personality
will read and discuss his poetry

My daughter won't have to do what I did

My daughter will never have it tough like I did
during the Depression. My daughter is something special.
She won't have to scrub floors, wash and iron. She deserves
the best just because she's my daughter. Her husband will
treat her like a queen, give her everything she wants; work
two jobs and die ~~like~~ before he's fifty. Yes siree she's gonna
marry a meal ticket, after she sows her wild oats. Love what's that
she'll marry for the bread

Daughter dear you're something special

Just because you're mine.

Y u won't have to scrib floors

Overheard

My daughter won't have it tough like I did

No scrubbing floors washing and ironing

Her husband will treat her like a queen

Give her evrything she wants

Work two jobs, and die before he's fifty

Ye sir, she's gonna marry a meal ticket

After she sows her wild oats.

Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey
08104

Career Data

I began composing poetry, humorous sketches, songs and epigrams
in the summer of 1957 while working as a radio personality in Dallas, Texas;

Nicholas A. Virgilio

Nicholas A. Virgilio

The sun never rose that morning

On the bloody rocks of Da

The sun never rose that morning

on the bloody fields of Da Nang

Our boys were hit without warning

And lay dead while a jungle bird sang.

(Release to the Record)

Camden poet Nick Virgilio will read and discuss his poetry at the Rutgers University College Center, Camden, Wednesday, March 7th at 2 PM. The program will be held in the Reading Room.

Mr. Virgilio's poetry was published by the World Poetry Society, International through its monthly mgaz

The noonday heat...

carrying a carpet bag
filled with canned goods.

A song sparrow
along the edge of the swamp

up to my knees in leaves

wading through the woods
up to my knees in leaves

Tabby the cat
is grabbing a mockingbird
by the handle.

An autumn morning

The mottled mirror
reflecting the morning sun,
freckles the matron.

A summer twilight
learning of brother's fate

The noonday heat...

carrying a brulap bag

The noonday heat...

carrying a burlap bag
filled with hard coal.

The noonday heat...

shoukdering a burlap bag
filled with hard coal.

The noonday heat...

carrying a carpet bag
filled with hard coal.

The noonday heat...

carting a burlap bag
filled with hard coal.

The village iceman

The village milkman

sun ray through the mirror
freckles the matron.

Mother and father return
learn of brother's fate

(Release to the Record)

Camden poet, Nick Virgilio will present his original poetry program at the Ben Franklin School, Irving and Cooper Avenues, Pennsauken on Tuesday, February 26th at 8 PM. The program highlights the Ben Franklin P T A Founder's Day meeting.

Mr. Virgilio will also speak to students of Cooper School, Camden, March 5th; Yorkship School, Camden, March 13th; Woodlynne School, Woodlynne

Out of the mist
on the forested mountain
the ghost of summer

Out of the cool mist
on the forested mountain
the ghost of summer

Out of sunlit mist
on the forested mountain

Out of autumn mist
on the forested mountain...
the ghost of summer

Out of the fall mist
on the forested mountain --
the ghost of summer

Out of the fine mist
on the forested mountain --
the ghost of summer.

Spitting images
rippling reflections...giggles:
the frog in the well.

MOON

after the children's laughter
the frog in the well

The old mission bell
echoing through the darkness
the frog in the well

The far fire bell

The village fire bell
echoing through the darkness:
the frog in the well

Like the far fire bell

The forest fire bell
echoing through the darkness:
the frog in the well.

Like the far fire-bell
echoing through the darkness
the frog in the well.

Like the far fire-bell
echoing through the darkness:
the frog in the well.

Beneath the mission bell

I have spoken at many colleges, schools and community group meetings including Cornell, Penn, Temple, Villanova, Rutgers, LaSalle and the University of Virginia. I am best known for my work with the experimental haiku but also compose free and metered verse, light verse, songs and articles. Enclosed are some of my best poems published in the Anthology.

Thanks for whatever you can do. Please call me at 365-0136 if you need further information.

The old troubadour

holding up a morning-glory
opens his story.

The first snowfall

is coating a great white swan
floating on the pond

The old troubadour

holding up a morning-glory
unfolds his story

The old explorer

holding up a morning-glory
unfolds his story.

The old soldier

holding up a morning-glory
unfolds his story.

The old warrior

holding up a morning-glory
unfolds his story

The old soldier

holding up a morning-glory
unfolds the whole story.

The crying couple

arm-in-arm down the farm road
finds a rosary

The crying couple

arm-in-arm down the farm road
finds a rosary.

The old soldier

with a poppy

The old soldier

with a poppy in his lapel

The old warrior

holding up a morning-glory
unfolds the whole story.

AMH

The empty classroom

Near the muddy creek

where redwinged blackbirds

A bulldozer speaks

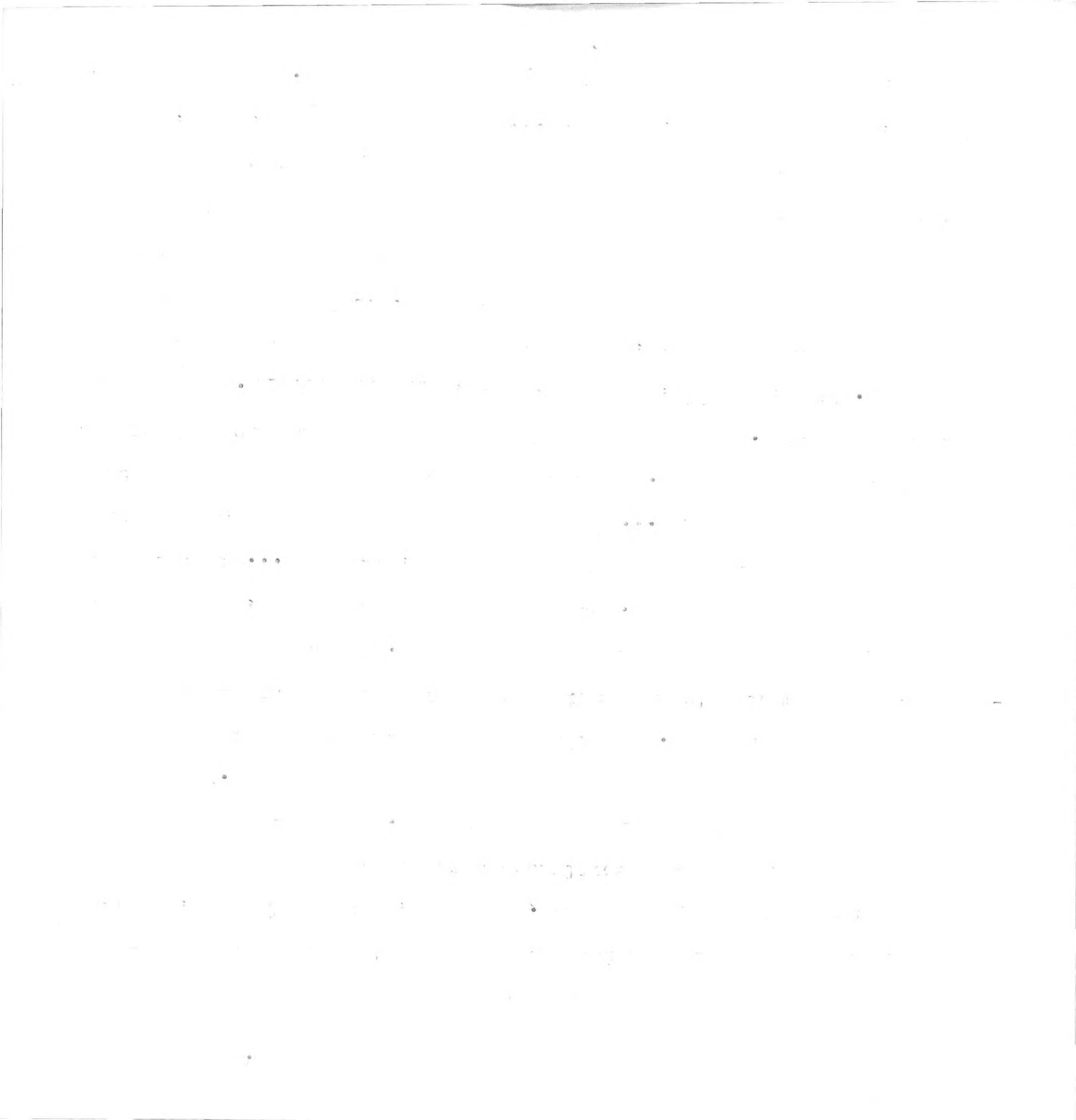
and red-winged blackbirds desert

the wild rice by the creek

A bulldozer speaks,

and red-winged blackbirds desert

wild rice by the creek.



Good news !

My work was published in the programme of the Child Adoption Service of the Children's Aid Society Annual Ball held in the Grand Ballroom, the Plaza Hotel, New York, The Society is comprised of a group of prominent New York socialites who have placed 8800 children in foster homes. The chairman promised to get me readings in New York.

I read at the Unitarian Church April 23rd. Auditioned before program chairmen from the State Federation Women's Clubs in New Jersey - and soon in Pennsylvania. I am promoting all over the country, your magazine, Haiku West and the pamphlet. I am sending mostly blind letters...Peggy Lee, poet and singing star flipped over my work; Henry Morgan of TV and radio fame likes it...says it makes more sense than translations of Japanese language. Sheila Macrae of the Jackie Gleason Show sent a nice letter; she's a poet. Arlene Francis answered me . Babette Deutsch, the noted poet, likes my work.

OUT OF THE HUNDREDS OF MOSTLY BLIND LETTERS, I HAVE RECEIVED ONLY
REPLIES
TWO NEGATIVE IMPOLITE....ONE FROM A LECTURE BUREAU AND ONE FROM
A HAIKU POET PURPORTEDLY INTERESTED IN ADVANCING THE HAIKU IN ENGLISH
WHO APPARENTLY THINKS LETTERS FROM ONE OF THE BEST POETS IN THE FIELD
ARE "JUNK MAIL". I AM TALKING ABOUT THE PERSON WHO COMPLAINED TO YOU.
YOU SEE, JIM , THE BIGGEST PEOPLE...PEGGY LEE, BABETTE DEUTSCH,
HENRY MORGAN ETC. ARE MOST OFTEN REAL PEOPLE

(Bio: Nick Virgilio)

Haiku--Virgilio, these have almost become synonymous in the minds of many in the Delaware Valley, and around the United States. Haiku, the Japanese 17 syllable form of poetry; Virgilio, Camden poet and lecturer who is one of its foremost spokesmen. Nick Virgilio began composing the haiku in 1962, and since has been published and prize-winning in the United States, Canada and Japan. He is a graduate of Temple University and the College of South Jersey, and has read and discussed his poetry at Cornell, Penn, Villanova, Rutgers, the University of Virginia and other colleges. Here are some of Virgilio's best verses:

Lily:

out of the water...

out of itself.

(American Haiku Magazine)

The sack of kittens

sinking in the icy creek,

increases the cold.

(Haiku West Magazine)

In the empty church

at nightfall, a lone firefly

deepens the silence.

(Haiku West Magazine)

Deep in rank grass,

through a bullet-riddled helmet:

an unknown flower.

(Leatherneck Magazine)

In the moonbeam
in the monastery cell
the old monk dreams.

The first snowfall
down the cellar staircase
my father calls.

Father and son

My father and I
installing the new mirror
father and son
have begun

My father and I
inspecting the new mirror,
reflect each other.

My father and I
erecting the new mirror,
reflect each other.

My brother and I
erecting the new mirror
reflect each other.

installing the wall mirror

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

My brother and I
installing the wall mirror,
criticize each other.

Father and son
are building a snowman
morning moon-high

Mosquitoes and mire
have dampened my son's desire
for lamps of fireflies.

Mother and father

A water lily
opening

Father and son
romping through the swamp grass

The hot dusty road
sits on a milestone

A water lily
is opening the summer season
on the dedar lake

Haiku--Virgilio connect in the minds of many newspaper readers and radio and television fans in the Delaware Valley. Haiku, the 17 syllable form of Japanese poetry; Virgilio, Camden Poet and lecturer who is one of its foremost spokesmen. Besides the publication of his verses in the Philadelphia Bulletin, Inquirer, Camden Courier and other area newspapers, he has read and discussed his works on radio and television. His haiku is haiku are published in magazines and newspapers in New York, California and other parts of the United States, Canada and Japan

Haiku--Virgilio, these are synonymous too many in the Delaware Valley

A white butterfly
is flexing its wings
on a water lily.

A white butterfly
is perfuming its wings
on a waterlily.

Dawn on the lake

Dawn on the still lake
is gilding the crown
of a water lily.

A white butterfly
fluttering over the lake
lights on a lily.

The evening sun
is gilding the crown
of a water lily.

Sundown on the lake

Sundown on the still lake
is gilding the crown
of a water lily

Sundown on the lake

The evening sun
spreading on the still lake
gilds a water lily

The summer sundown
is gilding the crown
of a water lily.

On the tidal creek
creeping up the bridal path,
the autumn moonrise.

An autumn morning
wandering through the woods

A water lily
is opening the eye

A water lily
is perfuming the wings
of a white butterfly.

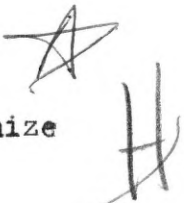
is gilding the silver crown

The evening sun
is gilding the silvery crown
of a water lily.

The summer sundown

First Prize, R.H. Blyth Memorial Haiku Contest

The feuding neighbors
leaves and litter fraternize
in the bitter wind.



The moon
upon the hill
the beheaded snow man

The head
of the snow man
lies broken on the ground

The night
is cold and dark
the full

The night
is cold and still
the full moon is mounting
a beheaded snow man standing
alone.



The night
is cold and still
the child at the window

The moon
is bright and round
on the headless snowman

The storm
has passed the moon
is bright and round upon
the beheaded snowman

The child
at the window
watches the bright round moon

The child
watches the moon
mounting the beheaded snowman

Haiku--Virgilio connect in the minds of many newspaper readers and radio-television fans in the Delaware Valley. Haiku, the Japanese 17 syllable form of poetry; Virgilio, Camden poet and lecturer who is one of its foremost spokesmen. Besides publication of his verses in the Inquirer, Bulletin and Camden Courier, Nick Virgilio's haiku have been published in magazines, books and newspapers in various parts of the United States, Canada and Japan

The summer sundown
is gilding the silvery crown
of a water lily.

Summer sundown
is gilding the silvery crown

Summer sundown...
gilding the silvery crown
of a water lily.

Sundown on the lake
gilding the silvery crown
of a waterlily

Sundown on the lake
gilding the silvery crown
of a water lily.

A water lily
is gilding its silvery crown
at sundown

A water lily
gilding its silvery crown
spills

A water lily
is crowning the brown maiden
wading in the lake.

A water lily
is gilding its silvery crow
in the evening sun.

The evening sun
is gilding the silvery crown
of a water lily.

The eveing sun

The evening sun
gilding a water lily

The evening sun
gilding a water lily
spills on the still lake.

The summer sundown
is gilding the silvery crown
of a water lily.

A water lily
gilding its silvery crown,
spills the morning sun.

A mockingbird
is causing the town gossip
to pause and listen.

2 Virgilio

(30) When he acts out his poems for school audiences, he often has the students come on stage with him and assume roles in his little "playlets". With the haiku just cited, one child becomes the cathedral bell, while others dance around, emulating snowflakes.

the junkyard dog
in the shadow of the shack:
the heat

Virgilio collects images the way some people collect matchbooks. He re-assembles them in his poems, building something new and surprising.

Recently, a 20-year-old dream came true for Virgilio: publication of his own book, "Selected Haiku", by Burnt Lake Press in Quebec. Hundreds of his haiku have appeared in publications like Modern Haiku and the Doubleday anthology, but this is the first time that his poems have appeared all by themselves.

The book is a slender paper-bound volume, a work of art, all hand-lettered and hand-set. It is an enormous accomplishment for Virgilio, who now has his own book to read from when he presents his work to the public.

As poet-in-residence for five years at Camden's Walt Whitman Center for the Arts and Humanities, he helped build and maintain loyal audiences right in the heart of Camden.

4 A Virgilio poetry reading is always a special occasion: he usually sets one gigantic candle on the lectern, and sometimes a sparse vase of flowers also adorns the stage.

Then it is the Virgilio magic - a voice trained in Temple's radio department (he credits ^{Professor} John Roberts with his

the grove by the creek
surrounded by cicadas:
the crow in the oak

shadows on the wall
of Walt Whitman's bedroom:
whispers in the hall

cutthroatcut

empty garbage can:
a scarwny kitten plumbs
the depths of hunger
screaming blue jay
mingling with metal wind chimes:
rustling newspaper

a cloud of blackbirds
drifting over the crowded beach
eclipses the sun

among rows and rows
white
of crosses shadowing snow:
the wind from the sea

back from the fields
with a bucket of new potatoes:
first of the year

up through the leaves
on grandmother's grave:
blades of young grass

old soldier's battle scars: bitter cold

stars overhead,
dandelion underfoot:
city lights ahead

on grandmother's grave
penetrating leaves and snow:
blades of young grass

buried yesterday:
still alive in the stories
of street corner cronies

circling gulls over snowfields: no shadows

mating butterflies
flutter over spatterdocks:
carp spawn in the lake

brash and outspoken
surrounded by cicadas:
the crow in the oak

on grandmother's grave
covered with faded leaves and snow:
blades of young grass

T 74
8 110

Virgilio the Poet

YAPC
HA-4

(20) Nick Virgilio, BA CAS '52, strikes his listener as being either an extremely energetic football coach, or a cheerleader. He is, however, the most prolific haiku poet in America.

What is haiku? Haiku is the three-line Japanese verse form which looks very simple but which is, in fact, one of the most difficult forms to master.

Lily:

out of the water...
out of itself.

That haiku is probably one of the most published poems of the literature.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

flag-covered coffin:
the shadow of the bugler
slips into the grave

These concise little vignettes offer glimpses into Virgilio's private life and philosophical vision of the world. He lost his younger brother Larry in Vietnam, and a number of his poems, like the one just cited, reflect that keen sense of loss.

(20) Virgilio, who lives in Camden with his sickly mother, rises at 6 each morning to put in several hours each day, working on his poetry. Then he relieves his brother and cares for his mother during the afternoon.

Perhaps it is more than coincidence that Walt Whitman, whom Virgilio reveres, also strode the streets of Camden and found beauty in things which other people ignored.

the cathedral bell
is shaking a few snowflakes

diminishing heat

with the crickets increasing:

scent of goldenrod

aaaaaaaaaaaa

the morning after: hanging out

the afternoon heat

in the shadow of the cross:

the old wine sleeps

the morning after: hanging out the bed sheets

buried yesterday:

alive in the stories

of street corner cronies

the cross in the park

created from railroad tracks

shadows the wine

the heat on the beach

with each step of little feet:

retreating fleas

grandfather sitting

farm
with his back to the road

aunts sneak to the dance

near the train trestle,

a snapping turtle buries

its eggs by the tracks

building a hearth of tombstones: bitter cold

down from the stone bridge,

alone in a cloud of gnats:

dawn at the creek edge

on copper plates

dropped into the melting pot:

the names of the dead

way down the tracks,

something black crosses:

the heat

palsied hands touching

a lock of her dead son's hair

walking in the heat

surrounded by cicadas:

the sound of my feet

at the crowded wake,

repeating the rosary:

the heat

T 74
8 110

Virgilio the Poet

YAPC
H-A-4

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the cathedral bell
is shaking a few snowflakes

dark November day:

the way the windy halyard
tolls the town flagpole

the first song sparrow

following a red-winged blackbird:

a cardinal's song

first snowstorm

on the shoulder of the road:

dead pregnant doe still warm

still form covered with snow:

dead pregnant doe still warm

Valentine Day:

the way two lovers' footprints

form one heart of snow

wild elderberries

hanging heavy in the heat:

the smell of the creek

turning from the grave--

breaking out the cake and wine

dining in the shade

All Soul's Day:

perching on the church gargoyle

screaming blue jay

a distant iceberg

emerging from midnight mist:

the lights of the ship

turning from the church--

searching for the truth within

the spring morning wind

exploring the wind

learning to be ignorant:

this grown-up child

dark November day:

now the windy halyard tolls

the village flagpole

down Beach Tree Street,

cicadas repeat each other

reach out in the heat

dark November day:

hark the windy halyard

tolls the town flagpole

Golden whiplash halyard

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CONTACT: Nicholas A. Virgilio

LOCAL POET FEATURED IN INTERNATIONAL BOOK

"The Haiku Handbook: How to Write, Share, and Teach Haiku," just published by McGraw-Hill, features work by poet Nicholas A. Virgilio, of Camden. In sections dealing with the growth of haiku in English and teaching haiku, author William J. Higginson quotes the following poems by Virgilio:

Bass	Into the blinding sun . . .
picking bugs	the funeral procession's
off the moon!	glaring headlights.

Autumn twilight:
the wreath on the door
lifts in the wind.

Virgilio is one of one hundred fifty twentieth-century poets around the world whose work appears in "The Haiku Handbook." Originating in the seventeenth century in Japan, the haiku has now spread world-wide. The "Handbook" contains examples in ten different languages, from all inhabited continents, with English translations.

One reason for the popularity of haiku poems is that they are very short. Most haiku are seventeen or fewer syllables--usually quite a bit fewer in English.

They seem easy to write, but there is a catch. Haiku should

(more)

MH
picking raspberries

on the ~~Buchenwald~~ Death March:
TO DACHAU

the children of Ruth

the summit meeting:

nuclear fallout poisons

the autumn evening

shadowing the pond

in the immigrant graveyard:

the city condo

the far maple trees,

and Walt Whitman Bridge beyond:

the path through the weeds

March wind rattling

the old hospital windows:

my father remarks

hospital sunrise

from the night nurse's radio:

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

sparrows in a row:

swarming honeybees below

cover the bird bath

around the light bulb

reflected in the rain barrel:

merry-go-round of moths

during silent prayer

in the halls of the high

during sul

during silent prayer,

through the halls of the high school:

fire drill

In the village school,

interrupting silent prayer:

fire drill

Cemetery

Cemetery Hill

still circli

Cemetery Hill

still circling the battlefield:

blue-bellied vultures

rising and falling

sparrow with string fails to scale

the wall of spring wind

the full moon at the half-door

deep in the still creek,

silhouetting weeping willows:

billowing cloud peaks

In the guru's presence

(Press Release)

Nick Virgilio, one of the leading poets in the country, will conduct a poetry workshop at Valley Forge School on March..... Virgilio, a native of Camden, New Jersey, is widely published in the United States, Canada and Japan. Doubleday Inc., New York published his poetry in the successful Haiku Anthology edited by Cor van den Heuvel. Virgilio is best known for his work with the experimental haiku but also composes free and metered poetry, light verse, songs and articles.

The poet is now on tour of Camden City and south Jersey schools presenting teachers's and children's poetry workshops. His workshop was filmed by N.B.C. Television, and C.B.S. Television, Philadelphia during the past year. He has also appeared on Channel 6, Channel 12 and Channel 29 plus many radio programs. Virgilio was a professional radio broadcaster for 15 years.

Virgilio has spoken at Penn, Cornell, Temple, Villanova, Rutgers University of Virginia and other colleges. He is a graduate of Temple University, B.A. 1952; and attended College of South Jersey.

Recently, the Mayor of Camden issued a citation in appreciation for Virgilio's work in poetry in the schools. He received an award from the Haiku Society of America, New York City for his outstanding contribution to haiku poetry since 1963. Here are some of Virgilio's prize-winning poems:

Lily:

out of the water...
out of itself.

The cathedral bell
is shaking a few snowflakes
from the morning air.

The sack of kittens
sinking in the icy creek,
increases the cold.

Hound of prejudice

Howling at Dachau,

Rightens the black Frau,

While insidious

Barbed wire of racism

Imprisons faces

On Yankee bases

Fostering fascism.

Children do not understand the meeting

Of murderer, and man

They understand butterflies and mud pies

The kicking of tin can

The kicking of his teeth in, the beating

Of the bad without pans

The biblical eyes for eyes

The understand biblical eyes for eyes.

The children could not understand

Why he shook the murderer's hand

The children do not understand the meeting

Children do not understand the meeting

Of murderer and father

Of murderer and man

They understand butterflies and mud pies

Forgiveness' God's plan

The kicking of tin can

The kicking of his teeth in, the beating

Of murderer

Children do not understand the meeting

Kids don't understand the meeting

Of murderer and man

Nicholas A. Virgilio
1092 Niagara Road
Camden 4, New Jersey
08104

Career Data

I began attempting poetry

The flag-draped casket:
my little brother Larry
grew to be a man.



Covering the grave
with pine boughs and hemlock -
it begins to snow.



Covering the grave
with pine boughs and hemlock
before the snow

Covering the grave
before the

Covering the grave
with pine boughs and hemlock
before the first snow.



The first

The first snowfall,
and the last oak leaf clinging
to a windy limb.



The first snowfall

Two or three sparrows

Tr

Three or four sparrows
perch on the topmost branches
of the leafless tree

A leafless tree...

three or four sparrows perch
on the topmost braches

Nicholas A. Virgilio
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08104

Additional Micellaneous Data

Poetry reading, Radio Station W U H Y-FM, Phila, Sunday January 7,
1967 at 7 PM

Poetry reading, and discussion, Radio Station W P E N, Philadelphia,
Wednesday January 25, 1967 at midnight.

Lecture, Ethical Society, Philadelphia, February 6th at 8PM

Lecture, Cinnaminson High School, February 7th

Additional References

A d

The funeral cortege's glaring headlights

The funeral's glaring headlights

stare through the haze at the blinding sun.

the crow becomes a dot of dusk

a mouse comes for crumbs

The hot sun sunk in the green scum pond

The ripples' core on the green scum pond

is a carp sucking in the hot sun.

The clouded sun stares through the withered tree

The clouded sun stared through the withered tree
awaiting the murder of Kennedy

The clouded sun stared through the withered tree
before the murder of John Kennedy.

The caisson crushes a pebble:

a child forgets the funeral.

a spirited horse whinnies in the wind,
and rears behind the President's casket

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Camden 4, New Jersey

First Prize Arkansas Writer's Conference June 1966

The old quiet pond

feeling the first cold rain drop:

watching the ripples.

The old quiet pond...

feeling the first cold rain drop:

seeing the ripples.

Early autumn heat:

a rp

Early autumn heat:

a prone panting squirrel cools

on the shady walk.

The old quiet pond...

feeling the first cold rain drop:

seeing a ripple.

The moon and the wind

streaming tinsel on the lawn

The moon and the wind

and the Milky Way - tinsel

on the withered lawn.

The moon and the wind

and the Milky Way settle

Prone and panting...

cooling off on the shady walk:

heat's got the squirrel.

The moon and the wind -

and the Milky Way asleep

in the quiet pond.

Early autumn heat:

a prone and panting

The prone squirrel pants...

cools off on the shady walk:

early autumn heat

~~9 Virgilio~~

flair for the theatrical) rings out over the audience,
reciting each haiku twice, capturing the essence of an
experience, a thought, making the implicit connections between
man and nature which haiku does so well. *Loge*

40 Easter morning...
the sermon is taking the shape
of her neighbor's hat

50 Virgilio manages to inject his wry comments about
people into his poetry. It is hard for him to stand still
during a photo session, especially outdoors. His energy
and enthusiasm spill over as he tries to help the listener
see the world through his eyes.

60 In the empty church
at nightfall, a lone firefly
deepens the silence.

70 Even the silence in Nick Virgilio's poetry speaks
to his audience.

-30-

PENTAGON
PENTAGON
PENTAGON

S PENTAGON

SILENCEMETER

LATCHIL DEADRUGS

FOSSILENCE

DOVEITERAN

WEDGEESER

YOGIRLOTUS

STILLOCUSTILL

FOGHOS TEAMSHIP

dark November day:

cold wind whipping the halyard
tolls the town flagpole

the old neighborhood

leveled by the wrecker's ball:
house where I was born

Easter monday:

in the vase by the "closed" sign:
drooping lilies

shaking spatterdocks

bake in the hot morning sun:
carp spawn in the lake

empty city lot

filled with high weeds and litter:
sign reads NO DUMPING

fallen linden leaves

covering my dead brother's name

ghetto youngster's face

against the bakery showcase
awakens hunger

raising the new barn:

passing the bottle around
tasting the new wine

the hearse passes by

scattering flies...returning
the dung in the grass

the hearse passes by

scattering flocks of birds and flies
the dung in the grass

small hands hold the pail:

a scratch for each blackberry
with a stain to match

spring planting: the old school marm
pumping iron

taking a last look

at the typewriter, closing
his haiku book

taking a last look

at the typewriter, closing
his book of haiku

~~3 Virgilio~~

flair for the theatrical) rings out over the audience,
reciting each haiku twice, capturing the essence of an
experience, a thought, making the implicit connections between
man and nature which haiku does so well. *sep*

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Easter morning...
the sermon is taking the shape
of her neighbor's hat

20

Virgilio manages to inject his wry comments about
people into his poetry. It is hard for him to stand still
during a photo session, especially outdoors. His energy
and enthusiasm spill over as he tries to help the listener
see the world through his eyes.

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In the empty church
at nightfall, a lone firefly
deepens the silence.

30

Even the silence in Nick Virgilio's poetry speaks
to his audience.

taking a last look
at the empty room, closing
his graduation book

taking a last look
at the typewriter, closing
his poetry book

my dead uncle's
beaten path through the schoolyard
overgrown with grass

bitter cold morning
leveled by the wrecker's ball:
house where I was born

family album
gathering dust on the shelf:
the bust of myself

where caribou bucks
locked antlers on the tundra:
faded fur and bones

caribou trails
carved in the frozen tundra:
flurries of snowbirds

palsied hands touching
a lock of her dead son's hair:
moonlight in his room

between maple trees
ing
pound the green umbrella:
summer downpour

now the days are slow:
next door neighbor slips away
with cancer...

the roadside mailbox
now the next door

now the days are slow:
another neighbor slipping
away with cancer

ascending the wall
of my dead brother's bedroom:
pencil marks how tall

In the village square,
the flag

the village flag's
halyard slapping the pole:
the slow-tolling bell

Nicholas A. Virgilio
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Camden 4, New Jersey

Career Data

Began Creative writing

In the vineyard -

a freckled-faced girl wipes an eye
with leaf-lace.

Grape leaf-lace,

hiding in the shadows:

tiny freckled-face.

On the snow -

the trapped rabbit's shadow

becomes the eagle's.

On the snow -

the eagle's shadow covers

a trapped rabbit.

beetles make grape leaf-lace

The eagle descends,

and the trapped rabbit

is shadow-less.

A distant whistle, H

and beetles in the vineyard

leave their lace.

Cold windy city:

snow and dust forgetting

their differences !

Descending on snow,

the eagle's shadow covers

a trapped rabbit.

The eagle descends,

and a trapped rabbit

Descending-darkening

a trapped rabbit in the snow...

The eagle's shadow

descends-darkens a trapped

the eagle's shadow

Descending darkly

on the rabbit in the snow...

the sound of the eagle.

Descending darkly

on the trapped

Nicholas A. Virgilio
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Camden 4, New Jersey

Career Data

Began creative writing: 1957, poetry, and humorous sketches.

Published, spring, 1963: American Haiku, Platteville, Wisconsin.

Autumn 1963: First Prize, American Haiku, Platteville, Wi

Fluttering whitely

by the folded butterfly...

the sound of the moth.

~~Flutter~~

Fluttering whitely,

by the folding butterfly...

the sound of the moth.

Slithering greyly,

by the coiling rattlesnake...

the sound of mist.

Slithering greyly,

by the coiling rattlesnake...

the sound of the mist.

Seasoned scarecrow...

spattered with crow-droppings -

the smell of peppers.

On the dung-pile -

the fly dreams of, realizes

a billowing cloud ?

Slithering darkly,

by the coiling rattlesnake...

the sound of crude oil.

When it blows from there,

the snow spreads to the gutter.

The white butterfly

lives, as if it likes itself

On the dung-pile -

Does the fly dream of cumulus

The children giggle:

mosquito larvae wiggle

in the rain barrel.

On the dung-pile -

Does the fly realize

a billowing cloud ?

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Began creative writing: 1957, poetry, and humorous sketches.

Published, Spring 1963: American Haiku, Platteville, Wisconsin.

September 1963

The beggar's smoky breath;
a hailstone bounces into
his empty cup.

The veiled woman kneels, H/
and a firefly lights a flower
on the grave.

Billowing clouds
pampas plumes

The plum-petaled pool;
climbing out, a muskrat looks
every bit the lady.

Billowing clouds -
polishing the window:
she wipes me a smile.

The snowy hills -
for a moment,
remembering summer.

Billowing clouds;
breezy pampas plumes

The morning mist;
dew hangs from the spider's web

In a puddle -
silvery fireworks in the night:
the Galaxy.

a sunbeam shapes the tower

On the pasture...
undulating whitely...
the sound of sheep.

The veiled woman -
a butterfly starts from the grave

Nicholas A. Virgilio
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Camden 4, New Jersey

My work is critically accepted (stamped excellent)
prize-winning and published. R.H. Blyth, noted haiku and Zen authoru

Blinding sun opens

the eyes of the river:

a night of stars !

A blue jay empties the morning -

and fills my loneliness.

Among the new china -

(~~particular, where you alight~~)

fly on an old cup.

Blinding sun opens

the eyes of the river:

a night of stars !

A blue jay empties the morning -

and fills my loneliness.

Among the new china -

(~~particular, where you alight~~)

fly on an old cup.