with each gust of wind
replacing cherry blossoms
more and more of the moon

only the desk left
after the spring tornado--
with check book and pen

with each gust of wind
flurries of cherry blossoms--
and more of the moon

another maple
claimed by the ax and chainsaw:
hole in the sky

visiting his grave:
now only fireflies tell me
my birthday is near

he's no longer here:
only the fireflies tell me
my birthday is near

Memorial Day:
blind finding the way alone
prays at her tombstone

mistaking the star
in the lake for a firefly:
farsighted bass

crumbling longhorn skull
gores tumbleweed

the misty river
as the willow warbler sings:
the otter whistles

waves, turns from the road

In the evening fog
leaving the full moon behind:
blind poet and dog

leaving the full moon
behind in the evening fog:
blind poet and dog

In the evening fog,
the blind poet and dog leave
the full moon behind

up in the choir loft,
counting the congregation:

wild geese returning
to the monastery pond:
burning last year's palm

victory garden
covered with rubbish and weeds:
headless lead soldier
the empty ball park
an old Italian picking
dandelion leaves

erasing the smile
on the tenement child's face:
spring tonic

In the old grave yard,
where the grassy ground caved in:
bubbling wellspring

tenement boy
toiling over spelling homework:
smell of boiled cabbage
deep in the night woods,
through an old cabin window
standing in tall grass
before an unknown tombstone:
his long hair wind-blown

In the crowds alone
searching in vain for father:
cursing church and home

now her hands are still:
my palsied mother asleep:
fulfilling God's will

out of the willow,
the shadow of a swallow
on the lake shallows
resting in the field:
corn silk dripping morning dew
on the milkmaid's breast

with each gust of wind,
town gossip's grave;
mound of earth covered with ants
and dancing heat waves
even the heat waves are dancing
on the gossip's grave
covered with red ants,
even heat waves are dancing
crawling with red ants,
even the heat waves are dancing
on the gossip's grave
dragging her husband
out of the crowded bar—
evening star
his knee rubbed shiny
by decades of children—
Hans Christian Anderson
on the temple steps
swept by the autumn wind;
crushed chrysanthemum
coming out of church
after last night's revelry:
ashes on my forehead
last winter's lake ice
still cooling the cellar hole;
Old Monticello
reviewing the list
of last year's resolutions:
this New Year's morning
meet mister sparrow
so tiny and bedraggled—
but such a sweet song!
perched above the church,
waiting in the rain in vain;
the turtledove's mate
family shrine
hiding the cracked bell
in the Delaware River;
the quivering moon
the cold morning wind
has torn the billboard warming
against smoking
In the farm outhouse,
composing resolutions:
this New Year's morning
In the cold outhouse,
unrolling the paper scroll
of old resolutions
my snoring brother,
and the leaky faucet song
lengthen the long night
the empty ball parks
and old a
after wild geese
in the rain barrel;
my own reflection

after flying geese
mirrored in the rain barrel;
my own reflection

again and again

gazing at the blooming plum
raising her green thumb

from the dark altar,
removing the crucifix:
this Holy Saturday

the high barbed wire fence
between the firefly and I
sharpens the difference

over the fireplace
painted on a faded dish:
my dead brother's face

monastery yard:
droppings of pious pigeons
baptize tonsured heads

empty cellar hole
filled with litter and lilacs;
bitter cold

thunder and lightning;
my dear dead aunt moving
furniture around

television silence
buzzing fly in a web;
spider violence

Ash Wednesday:
last Sunday's cash collection
burns in the church trash

bedroom window
clouded moon baring its bottom:
child on chamber pot

stopping to beg in rags
holding the whole world
in a shopping bag

Holy Saturday:
removing the crucifix
from the dark altar

Holy Saturday:
removing the purple veil
from the crucifix

on the wooded cliff,
a lighthouse overlooks the sea
and a distant skiff
on the cobweb
tying the tongue of the cowbell;
cicada shell

mother's and father's
last photograph together

now the linden blooms:
the nurse in the room next door
sneezes and curses

after the rosary
the silence

on the snowy lot,
kids burning Christmas trees:
roasting potatoes

New Year's in the rain
playing with a stray kitten
thinking up a name

after the rosary--
the silence--and a string
of cicada songs

the old hunter poles,
hound
his dog in the prow of the punt
confronts the cold fog

In the empty church
at nightfall, reaching the last
Station of the Cross

up in the choir loft,
counting the congregation

the nursing home porch:
empty chairs rocking in the wind
face the far graveyard

the autumn wind
lifting the Pentagon flag
uncovers the coffin

burning last year's palm
by the monastery pond:
wild geese returning

still where it fell
beneath the graveyard willow:
cicada shell

In the woods at night,
cut of distant traffic roar:
hoot of the horned owl
sharing a hair shirt
wearing a hair shirt

In the ballot box
counting the names of the dead
by the monument
counting the names of the dead:
cricket computer
down the city street,
whistling in the autumn wind:
headful of hymns

another April
still treasured in its leather case:
brother's clarinet

down the city street
with a heartful of fears
and a headful of hymns

down the city street
with a heart filled with fears
and a headful of hymns

dark down the street,
mother with a heartful of fears
and a headful of hymns

down the dark street,
mother with a headful of fears
and a heartful of hymns

winding up its solo,
then grinding down to silence:
cicada

still where it fell
the day of father's funeral:
cicada shell

down the dark road
alone with a headful of fears
and a heartful of hymns

the street market hums
with flies and fishmonger cries:
Italians to and from

breaking the ice
in the holy water fount:
blessing myself

my face reflected
in the holy water fount

distant traffic roar--
and here fallen wild apples
ripple the lakeshore

father and son
sitting at opposite ends
seesaw in the sun

empty street market
filled with old wooden tables:
cold rain beating down
"They depend on me..."
the old Jew tossing bread crumbs
from his wheelchair

peach tree cicadas
reaching out to each other;
smothering heat

beneath the full moon,
beneath and empty rowboat;
beat of the drumfish

upstairs at the window
reflecting the evening sun:
empty wheelchair

watching bulldozers
destroy grandfather's farmhouse:
bitter cold

summer '83
coming to a screeching halt:
cicada

my palsied mother
forgets and calls me...
my dead father's name

burning last year's palm
in the church's hibachi:
returning pond geese

at the traffic light,
selling bouquets to motorists:
the heat

under umbrellas,
bending over checker boards:
cold and young Chinese

burning last year's palm
in the church's hibachi:
wild geese returning

my reflection
in the holy water fount

on the empty street,
her shadow approaches mine;
strangers in the heat

summer solstice:
our Abscam mayor begins
his prison term

acid raindrops
drying on spatterdocks:
the heat

out of the cellar
of the abandoned mansion:
the city foxes

autumn evening:
how touching my palsied mother
calls me mom
rising in flames
with the names of ancestors;
prayers on rice paper

leaving home:
I enter
cicada song

family albums:
baby pictures replace
faded faces

an old hag
shouldering a bag of coal:
bitter cold

removing hood
her hood and habit:
the heat

after the funeral,
returning to their old ways:
flies on the dunghill

lightning and thunder
rumbling in the rainy distance:
3 AM freight train

In the empty church,
entering the confessional:

confessional silence:
waiting for my penance,
the priest's garlic breath

leaving home:

flag-covered coffin
at the cemetery gate:
lovers passing by

under the rainbow,
over the flag-covered coffin:
hovering dragonfly

young couples wait
in the shade of the willow:
cemetery gate

cicada shell
in the shade of the willow:
cemetery gate

running my finger
along the crack in the bell:
this Independence Day

an autumn evening
vi

cemetery gate
in the shade of the willow:
cicada shell
baby brother
stops crying;
firefly

the autumn wind
is sending an old newspaper
on a wild goose chase
the deserted farm
leaning on the rusty pump:
scarecrow-skeleton

on the small coffin
reflecting the morning sun:
crawling firefly

a gust of cold wind
is sending old newspaper
on a wild goose chase
monastic silence:
a buzzing horsefly explores
the meditation hall

autumn wind
lifting the fallen flag
uncovers the coffin
monastic silence:
buzzing horsefly tours
meditation hall

rising in flames
with the names of ancestors:
the autumn wind
turning back the tattered flag:
uncovers the coffin

beyond the town clock,
beyond the monastery bell:
a cock crow

dropped in the bell mold,
melting names on copper plates:
prayers on rice paper

names on copper plates
in the flaming mold of the bell:
prayers on rice paper

names on copper plates
dropped in the mold of the bell
In the flaming mold
of the monastery bell:
prayers on rice paper

villagers dropping
rising from the flames
rising in flames
crom the
rising in flames
from the mold of the temple bell:
prayers on rice paper

a pair of Airdales
wetting tongues and wagging tails:
forgetting jet lag
a water lily
unfolding on the old pond

my failing father
fingering the violin:
the autumn wind

the old rag-picker
shouldering a bag of bones:
bitter cold

alone in my room
writing
leaving haiku by moonlight:
short night

June night lightning
like forty years

June night lightning
and rain, like forty years ago:
my birthday again

the Zen apprentice
gazing at the hazy moon
empties the temple

the bridegroom curses,
when
as the bride in the bedroom
recites her verses

a gust of cold wind
taking up the rusty rake
scatters leaves and litter

bitter cold wind
taking up the bamboo rake
scatters leaves and litter

a yellow lily
unfolding on the old pond:
the willow's shadow

forty years ago:
June

like the June night rain
and lightning many years ago:
my birthday again

spring wind:
an empty garbage can
rolls slightly

on my fishing pole,
the first dragonfly perches:
a bell buoy tolls

on the scarecrow's arm
pair of
a lame turtledove perches

the deserted farm

on the scarecrow's arm,
a pair of turtledoves perch:
the deserted farm
hospital stillness:
outside, a cicada builds in the willow

hospital stillness;
a September cicada builds in the willow
In the city park,
a party of cicadas picnics after dark

the Zen apprentice
lights another incense stick:
the long night

the Zen apprentice
lights another incense stick ends centers the short night

In the autumn fields,
leaning on the old scarecrow;
reading Thoreau

the Zen apprentice
lights another incense stick:
All Souls Night

lying on the bed
silent in satin and lace
sits up with dead

spring morning breeze
making the maple
turn over new leaves

desert New Year
adding another rattle

the old village scold
shattering icy silence
scatters school children

this blind poet
savoring the flavor of summer:
scent of camomile

the party of snakes
adding another rattle
this desert New Year

this desert New Year
adding another rattle to the diamondback

on an old tombstone in the immigrant graveyard:
I saw my own name

visiting the graves
of Memorial Day
of my father and brother:
praying for myself

like the reaper’s nose,
the scythe on his shoulder;
the crescent moon
winter twilight:
his stiff shirt on the clothesline
lifts in the cold wind

like the village flag
still hanging at half-mast
retarded boy
squeezing a tennis ball:
autumn sun

on opposite sides
of the tidal creek, father
and son do not speak

taped to the tombstone,
unfolding in the bitter cold:

beneath the full moon,
beneath an empty rowboat:
beat of the drumfish

first flight of wild geese
into the morning sun:
distant train whistle

first flight of wild geese
at the height of the heat wave:
the sound of autumn

the village elders
crowding around the new bell:
bellowing clouds

in the soldier's cemetery:
young grass and old snow

autumn dragonfly
hovering over the grave:

autumn dragonfly
hovering over the grave:
flag-covered coffin

flag-covered coffin
hovering the open grave:
autumn dragonfly

under thunderheads,
over the far river bridge

the quarter moon--
tonight a runaway balloon
rides the white water

the quarter moon hides
while a runaway balloon
rides the white water

windy city park:

China women gathering
fallen gingko fruit

morning quarter moon:
a runaway balloon
rides the white water

up from tall grass
flushing a ringnecked pheasant:
the crescent moon

depening snow

hospital quiet
at twilight, a cicada
builds in the willow
pair of pallbearers
lowering the small coffin;
the fresh fallen snow
under the arbor
on the way to the outhouse:
grabbing a few grapes
my dead brother...
揭示 his combat boots:
I walk in the woods
out of the desert
springing up in the morning sun
jack rabbit homestead
shouting from the boat,
holding up the grappling hook:
dead body afloat
autumn twilight:
my dead brother's
combat boots
cemetery hill
viet nam valley
the blast of cold wind
has plastered old newspaper
on the passing hearse
In the snowy fields,
finding a scarecrow
with no mind
school children laughing
walking under
the arbor to the outhouse:
grabbing a few grapes
jack rabbit homestead
children off to school
cicadas still singing:
lingering heat
In the school maples,
cicadas still singing
Maple street to school
cicadas still singing:
lingering heat
school children down the street
down Maple Street to school
down Maple Street
to school, cicadas still singing
lingering heat
cicadas singing
down Maple Street to the town schools
cicadas singing
down Maple Street to the town schools
lingering heat
down Sycamore Street
to the town school, cicadas singing:
lingering heat
down Sycamore Street
to school, cicadas singing:
lingering heat
monastery moon:
an old monk in the garden
prunes chrysanthemums.

Christ of the Andes,
and a gliding condor below
shadow a scarecrow.

scarecrow's torn sleeve
flapping in the morning breeze

scarecrow's torn sleeve
flapping in the morning breeze
slapping corn leaves

stars overhead
and the far city below
pebbles underfoot

In that tornado
vacuuming the famm

fly on plate
sharpening its knives
tries to eat the steak whole

Trapped Sparrow

Flying sparrow in phone booth
Trying in vain to escape
Ghost Operator on Tape:
Recorded words of bird truth.

Lone prisoner in phone booth, unbeliever
Fine feathered disbeliever
Circles dangling receiver:
Captive audience of Truth.

Sparrow in phone booth
Sparrow in telephone booth
Frightened by the shade and shape
Of Operator on tape

Like the shark's fin
cutting across dark waters
the quarter moon

The Stock Market Crash
Holder of global wars,
Shaper of skyscrapers
Corners the golden dawn
And wind-blown newspapers;

Broadway to East River
Draped in ticker tape,
Bear and Bull in a cage:
Bear and Bull escape!
autumn midnight
peeling off the blindfold:
feeling the cold moonlight.

electrical fire
claims an old neighbor's wife and home
bitter cold night
swirling wind and flames
claim
an
bitter cold night:
old neighbor's wife and home
gone up in flames.

bitter cold night:
old neighbor's crippled wife
and home in flames.

bitter cold wind
at
bitter cold

the bitter cold night
old
has claimed a neighbor's home
and crippled wife in flames.

the swirling wind and flames
have claimed an old neighbors closing the rusty gate

the bitter cold wind
and flames have claimed
bitter cold wind and flames

bitter cold night wind
have claimed an old neighbors
bitter cold night wind
and flames have claimed
cold night wind and flames
have claimed an old neighbor's
bitter cold night
claims an old neighbor's home
the bitter cold night
has claimed an old neighbor's home
and lame wife in flames.

bitter cold night
has claimed an old neighbor's home
and lame wife in flames.

bitter cold night wind
has claimed an old neighbor's home
and lame wife in flames.

bitter cold night wind
has claimed an old neighbor's home
and crippled wife in flames.

a gust of cold wind
raising ghosts on the clothes
the old empty house

the swirling wind and flames
a gust of cold wind
raising ghosts on the clothesline

closes the rusty gate.

today's newspaper
 tucked under my overcoat:
stops the bitter cold wind.
listening to spring:
a downy woodpecker
sounds a hollow limb
climbing over rocks,
little hands gathering dulse:
the pulse of the sea
alone in the field,
a crippled caribou calf:
the wolverine's meal
taking a last look
at the President, closing
his appointment book
a pair of bear cubs
romping through the swamp grass
rows of empty pews
reserved for the Senior Class:
the funeral Mass
summer bible school:
the next door neighbor enrolls
the latch key child
over cold pasta,
framing your face with your hands:
the summer moon
deleting the word "cancer" from the new package:
tobacco lobby
cathedral steps
the shadow of the casket

on the wooded cliff,
a lighthouse overlooks the sea
and a distant skiff

beneath the coffin
shadowing cathedral steps:

the wake of the hearse
shaking cemetery grass:
dew on my shoes

the passing hearse
shaking cemetery grass
dew on my shoes

up in the linden
mingling with the summer wind:
whispers from the tree house

beneath the ice crust
creaking with each gust of wind:
the squeaking of mice

plastered on the passing hearse
yesterday's news

beneath the ice crust
creaking with each gust of wind:
nest of sleeping mice

the quarter moon--
tonight, a runaway balloon
rides the white water

distant school bell--
out of the cattail come the kids
with a blackbird nest

stopping to listen
dropping bamboo fishing poles:
distant school bell

suburban scarecrow
searching for his Sunday suit
 sends his shadow to church

against the church wall,
chicanos huddled together:
chill winds of fall

out of the cattail
come kids with a blackbird nest:
distant school bell

against the church wall,
chicano children huddle:
chill winds of fall

singing and flinging
feathers in the spring wind
fresh paint on the porch

little brother sings
flinging feathers in the wind:
fresh paint on the porch
Now his dear wife dies:
the wheelchair at the window
counting cars going by

misty stillness
filling the forested valley:
the chill of autumn

In the old mission,
up the stairwell to the bell:
snow on lit. Poe's

autumn twilight:
the wheelchair at the window
counting cars going by

mail through my sole
helping an ailing neighbor:
bitter cold

Walt Whitman liquor store
boarded up, broken into:
"Vote for" on the door

treetop robin sings--
cut of the clouds comes the moon
and the evening star
drawn by the tide,
it's heart with the driftwood
but the oarlock...

linden tree lined street
the last cicada singing:
lingering heat

a great cicada
vibrating in the heat wave
at Yeat's grave

small town post office:
the old postmistress reading
a gothic novel

the prize-winning pie

a distant drumbeat
through the summer morning mist:
Washington's retreat
Cornwallis's

on my knees picking
dandelion leaves for salad:
spring morning breeze

scarecrow in syllabled rags
hung on the wooden law
stuffed with words of straw
and "made in japan" tags

winter burial
using the scarecrow's skeleton
for a grave marker

the house of cards

summer twilight:
a lone firefly inspires
the quiet mind
after the blizzard,
the shadow of the buzzard
circles the bawling calf
now the mist is gone:
the old master on the

now the mist is gone:
the old master by the pond
centers on the moon

now the mist is gone:
the old master on the hill
centers on the moon

the old master by the pond
the moon on the hill
silhouette the old master

the Zen master
silhouetted by the moon

monastery pond
reflecting the autumn moon

monastery pond:
the old Zen master
centers on the moon

monastery pond:
the old Zen master centers
on the autumn moon

now the days are slow:
visiting and

now the days are slow:
visiting an old neighbor
dying of cancer

monastery pond:
the old Zen master centers
on the winter moon

down the wading pool drain
choked with faded oak leaves:
the sound of summer rain

approaching the grove,
groping through the undergrowth:
a roach under heel
companion cockroach

approaching the grove,
groping through the undergrowth:
companion cockroach

the mountain highway
at dusk, a run-over buck

delays the Greyhound bus

raising the red flag
on the roadside mailbox
the heat and haze

the roadside mailbox
the dead boy's dooryard
at dusk, a rusty toy truck
stuck in frozen mud

a rusty toy truck

the empty dooryard
at dusk, a rusty toy truck
stuck in frozen mud
down the dusty road
hop scotchning cow plop

the little theatre

on the withered lawn
gleaming in the cold moonlight:
streaming tinsel and gold

the little theatre:
a cabbage moth dances

the harvest moon dance
has drawn swarms of men and moths:
darkened lamps at dawn

last night's harvest dance
tonite's harvest dance
has drawn swarms of men and moths:

the dance marathon
has drawn swarms of men and moths:
darkened lamps at dawn

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

on the stairwell
to the air raid shelter:
cicada shell

my dead uncle
his short-cut through the schoolyard
covered with snow

my dead uncle
beaten path through the schoolyard:
footprints in frozen mud

my dead uncle
taking his short-cut through the
I step over puddles

my dead uncle
wearing a path through the schoolyard
I step over puddles

my dead uncle
following in his footsteps
I take the schoolyard path

my dead uncle...
following in his footprints;
snow-covered path

my dead uncle
treading the path through the
I take his short-cut

now the days are slow:
next door neighbor slips away
before the snowstorm

my dead uncle
treading the schoolyard path:
I take his short-cut

where my dead uncle
beat a path through the schoolyard

my dead uncle's
beaten path through the schoolyard
overgrown with grass
driftwood and litter
strewn on the moonlit marsh:
boom of the bittern
leaving the slave quarters
the path to the graves

an autumn evening...
leaving empty slave quarters:
the path to the graves

my dear uncle,
the barber's path through the schoolyard:
evergrown with grass

empty slave quarters
leaving out the back door:
the path to the graves

Easter holiday
pausing on the wet causeway

a child's Thanksgiving
turning out the wild turkey
tired of the wire pen

tired of the wire pen,
turning out the wild turkey:
a child's Thanksgiving

a bright autumn night
reciting city haiku
by candlelight

bitter cold and grey:
a stray puppy plumbing the depths
of city hunger

the empty farmhouse
filled with sunlight and shadow:
dead mouse on the sill

a bitter cold day...
the dirty scold and daughter
shiver in short skirts

autumn twilight:
a grove of white pines and pin oaks
oaks in the silence

pet cemetery
finding the spaniel's tombstone:
lifting a hind leg

In the pet graveyard
a barking St. Bernard
leaves its calling card

In the pet cemetery,
a grieving St. Bernard
leaves its calling card

In the pet cemetery,
a grieving saint Bernard leaves
a wet calling card

In the pet graveyard,
a grieving saint Bernard leaves
a wet calling card

In the pet graveyard,
a grieving St Bernard
leaves its calling card
climb the cemetery fence
cling to monuments

climb the cemetery fence
cling to monuments

hugging a pillow,
pacing
up and down the hall in pain

hugging a pillow,
pacing
up and down the hall in pain

hoeing alone
striking a stone:
cicada

hoeing alone
striking a stone:
cicada

raising the cane pole,
lowering the minnow net:
cold morning rain

raising the cane pole,
lowering the minnow net:
cold morning rain

mosquitoes and mire
have dampened little brother's
desire for fireflies

mosquitoes and mire
have dampened little brother's
desire for fireflies

at the calving grounds
of caribou, mosquitoes and flies
start a stampede

at the calving grounds
of caribou, mosquitoes and flies
start a stampede

hoarfrost on the lawn

hoarfrost on the lawn

bitter cold twilight:
a flight of twittering sparrows
right to the marrow

bitter cold twilight:
a flight of twittering sparrows
right to the marrow

the raw weather warms:
etheworms exchanging sperm
on the withered lawn

the raw weather warms:
etheworms exchanging sperm
on the withered lawn

triple bypass
up and down the hall in pain
hugging a pillow

In the peach orchard,
reaching for the water jar
empty slave quarters
ever grown with grass and weeds:
the path to the graves

In the peach orchard,
reaching for the water jar
empty slave quarters
ever grown with grass and weeds:
the path to the graves

beneath the cow bell
in a corner of the shed:
cicada shell

beneath the cow bell
in a corner of the shed:
cicada shell

wading among water lilies
sundown on the lake
gilding the silvery crown
of a water lily

wading among water lilies
sundown on the lake
gilding the silvery crown
of a water lily

raising Old Glory,
lowering the gold coffin:
the soldier's story

raising Old Glory,
lowering the gold coffin:
the soldier's story

wind-blown newspaper
spread
up against the barbed wire fence:
a group of old jews
read by an old Jew

wind-blown newspaper
spread
up against the barbed wire fence:
a group of old jews
read by an old Jew

bitter cold twilight:
a flight of twittering sparrows
right to the marrow

bitter cold twilight:
a flight of twittering sparrows
right to the marrow

cold Monticello

cold Monticello

the raw weather warms:
etheworms on the withered lawn
exchange sperm at dawn

the raw weather warms:
etheworms on the withered lawn
exchange sperm at dawn
the raw weather warms:
coupled earthworms ex

the raw weather warms:
coupling earthworms exchange sperm

the raw weather warms:
earthworms are exchanging sperm
on the withered lawn

the raw weather warms:
strange earthworms exchanging sperm
on the withered lawn

the raw weather warms:
early earthworms exchange sperm
on the withered lawn

where silvery rails
converge with the setting sun:
a butterfly sails

a pair of wagon wheels
impeded a tumbleweed

the wind-swept prairie

neighbors at the wake
standing around and talking
wondering whose next

taking turns at the coffin

old friends and neighbors
paying respects at the wake:
wondering who's next?

warming his gnarled hands
by puffing his corn cob pipe

a cloud of blackbirds
climbing on the horizon
eclipses the sun

standing in long lines
attending an old friend's wake:
the end of autumn

a bitter cold day...
loading the lighter with litter:
the road to the bay

brothers taking turns
attending an old friend's wake:
the end of autumn

the wind in the urn

brothers taking turns
attending an old friend's wake
holding the gold urn

brothers taking turns
attending an old friend's wake:
the wind in the urn

brothers taking turns
attending an old friend's wake:
cold wind in the urn

neighbors at the wake
taking turns at the coffin:
wondering who's next

wondering who's next?
melting in the mold
of the bronze bell, ancestral names
etched on copper plates
etched on copper plates,
the frozen marsh
reflecting the partial moon
an empty rowboat
drifting on the misty bay:
the full moon afloat

an empty rowboat
half-filled with sea water
empty rowboat
half-full
empty rowboat
half-filled with sea water:
full moon afloat

beneath the waves,
resting on the coral reef:
the submarine's grave

a winter morning...
building the hilltop snowman
for the widow's son

my moon silhouette
building the hilltop snowman
for the widow's son

the muddy creek clears

strung on the withered lawn
gleaming in the cola moonlight:
streaming tinsel and gold

hugging a pillow,
pacing the hallway in pain:
triple bypass

for the steam iron,
the last jar of rain water:
the drought

the painted matron
fainting at the faded mirror
drops the narcissus

rolled up in a ball
blossoms, grass, leaves and snow
man for all seasons

rolled up with the snow
blossoms grass leaves and pine cones
snowman on the hill

on the frozen marsh
reflecting the partial moon:
fumkrat lodge ruins

card from the seaside,
I've seen it for the first time:
just before he died

first sight of the sea:
only sixty miles away:
just before he died

just before he died
only sixty miles away:
first sight of the sea
all his life he lived
only sixty miles away:
first sight of the sea

melting in the mold
of the bronze bell, ancestral names
etched on copper plates
taking the short cut
by the lake through the cornfield:
short night

relatives dropping
ancestral names on copper plates
names on copper plates
melting in the mold of the bell
dropped by relative
melting in the mold of the bell
while relatives wait,
melting in the mold of the bell:
names on copper plates
etched on copper plates,
melting in the mold of the bell
names of ancestors
melting in the mold
ancestral names on copper plates
dropped into the mold
of the bronze bell, ancestral names

making the new bell,
dropping
making the new bell,
dropped into the flaming mold:

names on copper plates

making the new bell,
melting in the flaming mold:
ancestral name plates
family
making the new bell,
melting in the flaming mold:
cold family name-plates

now the linden's bare
some of the faded leaves settle
in her empty chair

now the linden's bare:
some of the leaves have settled
in her empty chair

now the lide

now the linden's bare:
another leaf has settled
in her empty chair

making the new bell,
melting in the flaming mold:
family name plates

evening stillness:
meeting a stream of people
leaving the cathedral

In the baby coach,
looking up with open mouth:

wild geese flying south
down from the trestle,
muddy lake water lapping:
distant train whistle

my evening peace:
meeting a stream of people
leaving the cathedral

family name plates
melting in the flaming mold:
casting the bronze bell
casting the bronze bell
melting in the flaming mold:
family name plates

old villagers queue
adding family name plates:
casting the new bell

old villagers queue
holding family name plates:
molding the new bell
casting the town bell
added to the molten metal:
family name plates
casting the bronze bell,
added to molten metal:
family name plates
casting the bronze bell:
family name plates melting
in molten metal

melting in the mold
of the new temple bell
casting the town bell:
dropping copper name plates
in the bronze bell mold
casting the town bell,
added to molten metal:
family name plates
casting the town bell,
adding family name plates
to the flaming mold
casting the town bell:
adding family name plates
melting in the mold
in the dark alley
mingling:

In the dark alley
mingling with metal wind chimes:
rustling newspaper
casting the town bell:
adding family name plates
to molten metal
family name plates
melting in molten metal:
casting the town bell
town
at the old temple,
adding family name plates:
casting the new bell

the old bellmaker
casting the temple bell
adds family name plates