my palsied mother
relating last night's dream:
the heat

acid raindrops
drying on spatterdocks:
the heat

morning twilight creek:
bullfrogs in the spatterdocks
honking in the heat

on the creek trestle
in the midst of myriad gnats:
increasing the mist

the razor nick
results
turns into lockjaw:
the heat

the long summer week:
waiting for my brother's body
shipped from Viet Nam

on Midway Island,
the dance of the gooney birds:
short night

community fight
near the Tomb of Walt Whitman

attic silence:
empty cradle recalls
small coffin

grandfather's wake
at the funeral,
out of my father's mouth:
my dead brother's voice

ivy-covered church:
cheeping sparrows in the steeple
spell the stolen bell

sunlit bottlecap
fly lights on it

sunlit bottle cap:
fly lights on it

on the creek trestle
in the midst of myriad gnats:
a sparrow whistles

leaving my home:
entering into
cicada song

graveyard cicadas
asleep in sycamore shade
the heat

graveyard cicadas
grieving in sycamore shade:
the heat

graveyard cicadas
grieving in sycamore shade
rave in the heat wave
the pallbearer's glove  
fallen on the small coffin  
holds the cold wind  
cousins at the wake  
pretending to remember  
for the widow's sake  

old Norman churchyard:  
now only the children come  
to gather daisies  
always returning  
to the terminal patient's toe--  
autumn fly  

taking a hard look  
at myself from all angles--  
the men's store mirrors  
building its song  
then turning in on itself--  
cicada  

one wild apple  
ripples the rain puddle:  
evening sun  
between vesper bells  
mixing with scent of lilacs:  
the whispers of nuns  

my dead brother  
hearing his whistle  
in the cardinal's  

adding father's name  
to the family tombstone  
with room for my own  

old rabbi  
unrolling Torah scroll:  
bitter cold  

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

the grove by the creek:  
crows echoing each other  
reach out in the mist  

the grove by the creek:  
a ceiling of cicadas  
reflecting the heat
following the way
through weeds and broken glass:
this Ash Wednesday

cut in the woods
with his grandson—
great horned owl

Viet Nam monument
darkened by the autumn rain:
my dead brother's name

the hinge of the year:
holding up candles in church
lighting up our breaths

cathedral silence
deaf mute penitents enter
the confessional

raising their voices
discussing Reganomice:
hookers on the bus

empty Farmhouse:
moon in the rain barrel
hatching mosquitoes

leaving arm in arm
without parental blessing:
the road from the farm

the far graveyard
quivering in the heat wave:
river at my feet

at the open grave
with
mingling the priest's prayer:
honking on wild geese

lifting the coffin
with the tips of their fingers:
a leaf in the wind

readjusting
the hernia truss—
the heat

carving initials
in the trunk of the linden:
cicada
the old mission bell

toiling in the morning mist:

the smell of mussel

ecuana co tawake

mystery ruins:

stepping in the full moon

at the open grave
drowning out the priest's prayer:

autumn down pour

autumn twilight:

my father's violin
gathering dust

winter evening

leaving father's footprints:

I sink into deep snow

shouting ashore

holding up the day's catch:

sun in the net
dead pregnant possum
alive with maggots and flies;
summer arrives
incoming log
is covering rocks and rusty mulls
with blocks of gulls

a mangled mallard
floating on the cedar lake;
the wake of the speedboat
the first dandelion
bursting from the church lawn
buttons down the dawn

da distant bell buoy,
and the foghorn beyond:
the cry of a gull
down the dark road they go:
blossoms, wind, leaves and snow
following Taire

Thanksgiving alone
ordering scrambled eggs and toast
in an undertone
moonlight on the dump
echoes from a tinseled tree
and a shattered ball

the village church:
a shivering hobo
curses the bolted door
beneath the coffin
at the edge of the open grave:
the crushed young grass

the old mission bell
tolling in the morning mist:
the smell of muscatel
Sycamore Street:
a series of cicadas
increases the heat

where the battle field
narrows to a cattle path;
the dew on the grass
beneath the cracked bell
still echoing from rafters:
black children's laughter
beyond empty pews
darkened to a dying candle;
a bell tolls and tolls

first cicada
bursting into song, flowers
of the firethorn

on the lakeshore
along the lake shore
only mosquitoes biting

suburban graveyard
city cemetery
circle of cars with headlights on
centers the old pond

a circle of cars
ertering the cemetery
centers the old pond

the farline of cars
circling the cemetery
centers the old pond

the redwood crashes
raising sawdust and ashes:
the cawing of crows

the dead oak crashes
raising sawdust and ashes:
the cawing of crows

pairs of sneakers
dangling from telephone wire:
barefoot boys below

linden shade we shared:
her empty chair on the porch
filled with faded leaves

In the nest alone,
into its hungry mouth:
wind-blown thistledown

accompanying
the Hymn to Concord Bridge;
the autumn wind

another killed
after little brother:
summer chill

deserted beach
covered with moonlight, creeping surf
reaches sleeping lovers
lovers asleep
from the darkened house, my father’s violin haunts the autumn wind

my father’s violin still haunts the autumn wind

dead these many years

my father’s violin still haunts the autumn wind

from the darkened house, my father’s violin still haunts the autumn wind

community fight

where Walt Whitman’s buried: chemical dump site

temple reflection

touching empty rowboat: moon in the pond

In the last rays

basking in the last rays of the sun

my dead father...

his violin still haunts the autumn wind

mother killdeer drawing the fox from her nest feigns a lame wing

taking showers in different neighbor’s houses:

the heat

the news in the street,

the talk of his suicide:

the heat

city heat wave: Sycamore Street cicadas raving after dark

moon in the pond

touching an empty rowboat: temple reflection

In the city park, sycamore cicadas raving after dark

cemetery path to the family tombstone

where the farm road narrows to a wheelbarrow rut;

toad in the dust

removing the bullet-proof vest--

the heat

a distant spaceship
autumn night wind
rumbling through the white neighborhood
tumbles the spite fence

young couples pass:
the flag-covered coffin shadows
cemetery grass

young couples pass:
flag-covered coffin shadows
cemetery grass

autumn dusk

my father's razor
gathering rust

along the lake edge,
cicada song awakens
the scent of blooming hedge

city cathedral

echoing empty silence:
now the tolling bell

now the tolling bell
through the empty cathedral;
the cold musty smell
empty cathedral's
cold silence and musty smell:
now the tolling bell
through maple trees
moments of sunlight, walking
and reading haiku
crows sound the alarm
the scarecrow's indifferent:
deserted farm

the farm kitchen floor:
a sunbeam through the screen door
plays on mating flies

between the carp swirl
and the mallard's brood:
the morning moon

Walt Whitman's Birthday:
What Happened to the lilac bush
planted by the Tomb?

creek
as the tide rises,
and the mulberries ripen:
move
the carp into feed

makeshift boardwalk
zigzagging through the cattail:
the shack on the marsh

a measuring tape
around her neck, patched bosom:
gowns fit for a queen

as the red fox nears,
leaves her nest, feigns a lame wing:
the crafty killdeer

the old covered bridge

autumn evening
dazed, all I heard from the Major was...killed...
summer nightfall

dazed, all I heard from the Major...killed in Viet Nam...

summer nightfall:
riverside aspens

empty rowboat
touching temple's reflection:
the moon in the pond

empty rowboat
touching temple reflection;
moon in the pond

on the mission bell,
on the mission bell,
beside the creeping horsefly:
the first raindrop fell

beyond the dry well,
a bottomless barrel
filling up with snow

young couples
passing the cemetery:
flag-covered coffin

young couples pass
through the cemetery gate:
flag-covered coffin

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

the empty rowboat
pointing towards temple ruins:
the moon in the pond

the tidal creek ebbs
as the autumn moon rises
rusty weathercock
squeaking in winter wind
faces sunrise

where the Lone Ranger
rode across the Silver Screens;
sumac trees and weeds

Auschwitz at twilight
out of an empty oven
comes a firefly

wild blackberries,
ticks and poison ivy:
gifts for mother

another autumn
covering the old pond:
beer cans on the bottom
wedding night bed sheets
hanging from the balcony
alone on the fourth

buried yesterday:
street corner cronies
still telling stories

buried yesterday:
disinterred today in the tales
of street corner cronies

buried yesterday:
disinterred today...stories
of street corner cronies

tiny fingerprints
faux wallpaper flowers:
sunlight and shadow
tiny fingerprints
faux wallpaper flowers
now in the shadow...

on father's birthday,
up the footpath to the grave
against the March wind
since his mother died,
ordering her dog around;
the retarded son

Viet Nam graveyard
buried yesterday:
coming alive in the stories
of street corner cronies

morning mockingbirds:
the stray cat below curls up
on my yoga mat
buried yesterday:
disinterred in the stories
of street corner cronies

after the rosary,
opening the church window:
cicada

glued to the window
the old Jew in the wheelchair
stares at the cold moon

bitter cold morning
another stolen purse tossed
on the empty lot

the widow's stolen purse
catches...night wind
the autumn...rumbling through the neighborhood
tumbles the spite fence
dazed, all I heard was
...killed in Viet Nam...

summer nightfall
at the rotting pier
rusting in the winter rain:
old Camden Ferry

the vacuum cleaner
drowning out mother’s grieving:
my dead brother’s room

the bull on the hill
bellowing at the yellow moon:
the smell of daffodils

the far train trestle,
and the high rise beyond
defile the old pond

wearing sombrero,
pacing the dry arroyos:
old Mexico drought

he slept in the pew,
received bread and wine with nerve
to go back for seconds

autumn nightfall
recalling the small coffin:
empty cradle

turning from the mirror
with more than tears in her eyes:
little brother dies

now the bay is calm
beneath an empty rowboat:
drumfish

between the cardinal
and the sparrow

making a fan
cut of the church bulletin:
the heat

with tears in her eyes,
my mother at the mirror:
the years of the war

wading in the lake
among the water lilies:
naked young maiden

the golden maple
overshadowing the church
hides the harvest moon

the last cicada
winding down

on the balcony,
after the wedding night:
hanging out bed sheets
woman of the woods,
flower of the forest,
weaver of finest goods,
bright and lovely artist,
bless your gifted art
uplifting Sacred Heart

between Masses
blending with the scent of incense:
whispered confessions

between the Masses
mingling with scent of incense:
whispered confessions

the Viking graveyard:
now only the tourists come
to pose for postcard pictures

the grove by the creek:
cicadas are drowning out
the sound of raindrops

farmhouse ruins:
a dripping water pump
ripples the moon

on the cobweb
tying the tongue of the cowbell:
cicada shell

incoming tide:
mating grunions meet
at the watermark

mating grunions
meet at the watermark:
incoming tide

burning last year's palm
in the church's hibachi:
the blessing of ashes

tenement street
Italian organ grinder
dispels the heat

tenement street
turning on the fire hydrant:
the heat

farline of
car lights circle the pond:
circling the old pond,
far line of cars headlites on:
the graveyard beyond

figures in the fog
rolling in from old Cape Cod:
tolling bell buoy
alone by the barn
hailstones pounding on the half door
sound the dark lantern

the farm half door
swinging open in the wind
admits the full moon

the hilltop snowman
I built for the widow's son:
my moon silhouette

feeding relatives
wake up at father's funeral;
autumn downpour

the old beachcomber
reaches the wrecked schooner:
the crescent moon

farm rain barrel
reflecting fly specked bulb
and freckled face

trimming the linden:
waiting for the cardinal
to finish singing

running out
of Communion wafers:
Easter Mass

patch of black ants
mending the cracked sidewalk
blends with cloud shadow
through the barbed wire mesh
in the autumn morning mist:
the smell of burnt flesh

the heat on the beach
with each
the heat on the beach
bare feet on wet sand, with each step
retreating fleas
the heat on the beach
with each step of little feet:
retreating fleas

empty farmhouse
filled with sunlight and shadow:
cicada shell
giving father's clothes
to the old widower--
bitter cold

feuding relatives
making up at the wake

feuding relatives
making up at father's

a distant plover
crying over the wild rye:
when I was a child...

following the trail
of the bamboo pole in sand:
secret fishing hole

(C.)
summer morning:

feeding carp in the creek
kernels of canned corn

the funeral bell
is spelling the windy balyard
telling the flagpole
through the morning fog,
following me to my door:
stray dog

a chirping sparrow
perching in the church rain spout
shouting Spring! Spring! Spring!

the old beachnumber
reaching the wrecked schooner:
the autumn moon
fallen linden leaves
filling her chair on the lawn
emptied by the wind

like to strangle itself
all tangled up in yarn:
kitten in darning bag

lying at their feet,
a string of rosary beads:
the road from the farm
on the small coffin,
crawling from a fallen rose:
a wet firefly glows

alone by the barn
misty stillness
filling the forested valley;
the chill of autumn
reading "Leaves of Grass"
by the entrance to the Tomb;
the scent of lilacs

faraway dog
barking in the morning fog
marks the frog pond
where the barber pole stood
raising the town flag,
taking down the barber pole:
the day of the wake
dragging her husband
out of the crowded bar--
evening star
smearing his daughter's
fingerprint on the water jar:
the hot noon sun

dead pregnant doe
still warm
dead pregnant doe
struck by a truck
struck down by a truck
dead pregnant doe still warm
first snowstorm

dead pregnant doe
still warm
first snowstorm
on the road shoulder
dead pregnant doe still
still form on the road,
dead pregnant doe still warm:
first snowstorm

my father and I
tracing the family tree
with roots in Italy
still in the closet,
treasured in its leather case:
brother's clarinet

In the swollen creek,
spawning after the rainstorm:
swarming river carp
after the rainstorm,
spawning in the swollen creek:
swarming river carp
through the barbed wire mesh
in the autumn morning mist:
still the smell of flesh
dead pregnant Jew
disemboweled, stuffed with feathers:
bitter cold
through the barbed wire mesh
recalling the boy
by the fire
in the arms
of his father
recalling the muggers
at Church's Chicken--
the trial,
and even
the humiliation
of the first day
in this country--
the seminary's
ill preparation,
recalling the boy
by the fire
in the arms
of his father

the boy by the fire
in the arms of his father
recalling the fall from the ladder

the boy
by the fire
in the arms
of his father
foreseeing fall
recalling the fire
from the ladder

coming out of church
after last night's revelry:
ashes on my forehead

somewhere in his song
of peace and passing summer:
the wild geese are gone

a starling whistles:
cut of a cloud of thistledown
comes the misty moon

under the white sheet
in the hospital morgue:
short night

British soldiers
building a hearth of tombstones:
bitter cold
the virgin forest:
a colony of toadstools
penetrates leaf mold
grandfather's farmhouse, bulldozed

mother and father's last photograph together: first day of spring

turning from the camp in the autumn morning mist:
smell of burning flesh

stringer of sunfish
swinging from telephone wire: morning moon

a rat on a rock

leaping water from the creek in the eyes of the cat
the cry of a cat

In the attic trunk,
looking through his dead wife's things:
crying drunk

up cathedral steps
covered with rice and confetti: the double coffin

the shadow of the coffin

a buzzing horsefly

touring the empty stable: now on the cow bell

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

New Year's morning:
adding another grey hair to my collection

cold soldier
touching his battle scars:
bitter cold

between the

on the telephone wire
between the cardinal and sparrow: afternoon moon the evening

leaves and blossoms cursed:
the shadow of the linden reaches the parked hearse

the boy by the fire in the arms of his father
talking and tossing bread crumbs to pigeons

"They depend on me..."
talking and tossing crumbs

"They depend on me..."
talking and tossing bread crumbs
cold in a wheelchair

"They depend on me..."
talking and tossing bread crumbs
from his wheelchair

marching down Broadway
supporting nuclear freeze:
monarch butterfly

Viet nam photos
where my brother was killed
now only jungle

Viet Nam valley
where little brother was killed:
now only jungle

now Happy Valley
where little brother was killed
covered with jungle

now only jungle
where little brother was killed
a nightingale's song

beyond the tide's reach,

beach boys cycling under
the screech of gliding gulls

halfway up the slope,
abandoned by its mother;
the caribou calf
deserted boardwalk:
turtledove half in-half out
of the hawk's shadow

halfway up the hill
its mother looks
halfway up the hill
its mother looks back at the calf

halfway up the hill,
the cow looks back at the calf:

halfway up the hill,
a cow looks back at her calf:
the wolverine's kill
the caribou cow
now looking back at her calf:
the wolverine's meal
at the calving grounds
stung by mosquitoes and flies:
caribou stampede
undersides of leaves
reflecting the rippling lake:
the wake of the sun
still in the attic,
covered with cobwebs and dust:
combat boots from Nam

my dead brother's watch
has stopped at 12:30
on my dead father's wrist

my dead brother...
wearng his watch and ring:
my dead father

palsied fingers touch
the dusty sewing machine,
clutch his photograph
making the town bell
out of ancestral

visiting hours:
that same fly on the window
lights on the word game
opening
the louvered window:
crickets

the old bellmaker
is melting ancestral names
in the flaming mold

autumn burial
under the bronze crucifix:
three red carnations

turning from the moon--
taking the rocky path down
from the mountain top

an old neighbor dreamed
of a flag-covered coffin:
a few days before...

In the attic,
his favorite record cracked
a few days before...

forked stakes on the lake shore
the old bellmaker
is melting family names
in the flaming mold

a mallard and drake
parting the darkening lake:
the wake of the sun
out of the creek,
a snapping turtle surfaces
with post in its beak

on the tidal creek,
sliding on a sheet of ice:
missing Christmas sled

along the lake shore,
m mingling with cicada song:
snoring fisherman

empty nursing home:
rocking chairs gathering dust
from the old churchyard

old Mexico drought:
pacing the dry arroyo
facing the blazing sun

dark before the storm:
a hailstone strikes the dark lantern
dark before the storm:
hailstones strike the dark lantern
nailed to the barn door

subway graffiti
supporting nuclear freeze:
spring morning breeze

pregnant Jew
out open and stuffed with feathers:
dead pregnant Jew
out open and stuffed with feathers:
bitter cold

Easter sunrise:
the shadow of the cross
creeps into the crypt

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

Easter sunrise:
the shadow of the crucifix
creeps into the crypt

empty nursing home:
porch chairs gathering dust
from the old churchyard

letting the school kids
into Walt Whitman's house:
spring morning breeze

empty phone booth:
trapped sparrow orbits
dangling receiver

first the scarecrow's vest
rotting in the fallow field
lines the mouse's nest

now the flag is still
shadowing the monument:
bugle on the hill
at the calving grounds
swarming with mosquitoes and flies:
caribou stampede

still in the attic,
down from the trestle
through the morning mist and rain:
distant train whistle
casting the town bell:
adding family name plates
to the flaming mold

hugging a pillow,
pacing the hallway in pain:
the strain on his face
making a fan
cut of the church bulletin:
the heat
dropping copper plates
in the mold of the town bell
into the mold of the town bell
ancestral names on copper plates

the dead barber's
beaten path through the schoolyard:
footprints in frozen mud
approaching the grove,
groping through the undergrowth:
crippled cockroach
melting in the mold
of the town bell, ancestral names
etched on copper plates

melting in the mold of the temple bell
ancestral names on copper plates
on the stairwell
to the air raid shelter:
cicada shell

sick room silence:
family circle centers
flickering candle
at the airport gate,
reporters awaiting the flight:
short night
the old bellmaker
the old bellmaker
is adding ancestral names
to the flaming mold
names on copper plates
names on copper plates
dropped into the flaming mold:
casting the town bell
the half-masted flag's
halyard striking the pole:
cold and overcast
flag-covered coffin
shadowing the dewy grass:
his posthumous son
New Year's in the rain
playing with a stray kitten
thinking up a name
walking in tall grass
alone among tongues of tombstones,
talking in the wind

peeling sycamore bark:
the heat

chipping paint near the water-line--
the heat

pissed all over
the roses and azaleas:
neighbor's cat's dead
neighbor's cat wished dead

turning from the sea--
yearning for the distant shore
away from the war

In the back seat,
fogging up the car windows:
the heat

at grandfather's wake,
out of my father's mouth:
my dead brother's voice
distant city lights,
and here between the fireflies:
stars in the old pond
city heat wave:
bubblegum on the steaming street
sticks to my feet

burning last year's palm
in the church's hibachi:
twenty third psalm

weeping willows
leaning in the still lake:
the wake of the storm

panting squirrel
lying on the shady walk:
neighbors eye each other

pissing all over
the roses and azaleas:
wishing the cat dead

In the folded flag
presented to mom and dad:
empty rifle shells

now only fireflies
inspire my loneliness:
little brother died

rolling over
drunk in the mulberries:
mourning dove

casting the town bell:
adding ancestral name plates
melting in the mold
spitting to the left—
my shadow to the right—
the sun at my back

summer solstice:
our Abscam mayor begins
his prison term

carrying two jugs
of spring water—
the heat

carrying tow jugs
blue dragonfly
lights on the tip of the rod:
the heat

down from the stone bridge,
my shadow alone on the creek:
the heat

distant crows cawing,
followed by a pheasant's cry:
the sun at my back

distant crows cawing,
followed by a pheasant's cry:
the sun at my back

red-winged blackbird
darting over carp swirls:
the heat

street procession
repeating the rosary:
the heat

way down the tracks,
some small animal crossing:
the heat

a pair of carp
surfacing for air:
the heat

the heat

the first firefly
crawling up my pant leg:
the heat

crossing the street;
the way her skirt clings:
the heat

the heat

the heat
looking through the hole in the tenement roof—
billowing clouds

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

by the fire-gutted house,
for helping an old neighbor:
rusty nail in my sole

visiting America
their eight month old baby taken ill back home

visiting the States from Ireland, news of
visiting the States returning to their baby taken ill back home

visiting the States: suddenly their baby boy taken ill in Ireland

visiting the States: suddenly, their baby boy taken ill in Ireland

visiting the States: their baby boy in Ireland suddenly taken ill

morning twilight walk:
  wearing a thread of web for a headband

having come this far, alive at fifty five:
the morning star

looking down the tracks disappearing in the mist:
grandfather's farm

visiting the States: their baby boy in Ireland seriously ill

visiting the States: suddenly returning

visiting the States: returning home to baby seriously ill

visiting the States: suddenly their baby boy taken ill at home

visiting the States: suddenly, their baby boy ill in Ireland

visiting the States: suddenly in Ireland, their baby taken ill
dead snapping turtle
drifting down the muddy creek;
the heat
carp
picking popcorn
off the sun

villagers que
old villagers queue
holding copper name plates
sharing ashes:
pressing the my forehead against
my palsied mother's
pressing my forehead
against my palsied mother's:
this Ash Wednesday

morning glory vine
climbing the widow's clothesline
clings to his work shirt
alone on the road
in the wake of the hearse:
dust on my shoes

In the old temple,
melting in the bronze bell mold:
ancestral name plates

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

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

the hilltop snowman
built

hilltop snowman
built for the widow's son:
my moon silhouette

one by one they go:
old street corner cronies
disperse in the snow

near the train trestle,
a snapping turtle buries
its eggs by the tracks.

turning from the grave
with my arm around mother,
facing the hot sun

turning from the grave
with my arm around mother
facing the cold wind

In the old temple,
melting in the bronze bell mold:
ancestral name plates

for the widow's son,
building the hilltop snowman:
my moon silhouette
the Dead Soldier Speaks:

Was it for this that mother gave birth:
Another white cross planted in earth?
Never to bloom in the morning sun
Killed in a war that should not have begun

the grove by the creek
draped with grape vines and creepers:
escaping the heat

the distant blue jay
answering the near blue jay:
now only the mist

between the blue jay
and the mockingbird:
the morning mist

back to their old ways,
grandfather changing his will:
flies on the dunghill

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

greedily eating
after the farm funeral:
flies on the dunghill

Farmhouse ruins:
Rusty water pump
ripples moon

Grandmother's grave
covered with faded leaves and
crushed rose
melting in the flames,
in the mold of the bronze bell:
ancestral name plates
leaving before
the recitation of the rosary:
next door neighbor's wake

standing at the bier
of the baby
standing at the bier
of the baby; his plump face
and hands still pink