

DAVID JAFFIN

SPACE of











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The Elizabeth Press

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*For Jim and  
For Michael*



SPACE of



The mirror  
of a bird re

volving the sky

lake  
no depth except

for it.

5 plants

finding the reach of

sun

late/ cold win-  
dowed glass

1 tipped with leaves  
delicate to the

end

your fingers  
caused this/ a-

gainst my hand.



You said  
it had cleared

the air

as if  
birds left only

their flight be  
hind.

And back

to

pick up stones  
breaking their pulse

( quiet sound)

the waves   birds

bringing them in  
all

of a way.



Wires  
tied to trans

mitting sound

trees  
feeling out

arranging space  
I see. Watch

in the room  
out side.

Now the waiting  
shadow

( hanging it  
self out)

wind

for your words  
to blow

through.

The mirror  
more right than

left

I walk  
a side dir

ection

angling  
it back to

place.

It's not what I see

too many windows  
to find the length/

direction  
built in expres-

sion  
no more than re-

flecting  
the glass lights

evening  
waiting/ for .

The trees  
not higher

I see climbing

color the first  
of spring

brought

in a garden.





The leaves hang,  
trying to

find shadow

you walking  
carrying the space

between your  
hands .

Some words  
put me straight/

signed

where the roads  
stretched their

crossed out arms  
two directions

for an evened posture  
I thought

nailed in  
rain/ choked wood

cities hung  
in the middle of

nothing

time put down to  
numbers a

bird plumed  
at the top perched

on his own view —

why stop  
I asked himself ?

Maybe the step  
articulate to where  
sounds come

from

the sun cracks  
its poly- chrome

or the stripes/  
expression

perpendicular

according to color

it isn't  
silver that makes

glass shine

and at that  
spring perhaps iden-  
tifiable as.

A light

hung in the af  
ternoon

not wan  
ting to see.

Before

you prepared that  
occasional smile

veil

with reversible  
screen

traditional courtyard  
of roses/

phrases

I managed to tell  
you it was

whatever/ so.

At night

without shadow  
walking myself

hurrying back.





A print

of your face  
placing lines

to where you  
aren't, so.

Birds don't break/  
sound

they spend  
their weight ligh-

tening air

a tree bends  
down

cased

by wind  
we feel that space

in our hands

not to be,  
closed.

Late afternoon

closing a book  
finding the fingers/

touch.

Birds  
turned on

water for the grass  
sun fol

ding.

The curve of my  
eye,

road

disappearing

as far as I  
see.



Design of watching

spider  
in his net

defining  
exactly why the

fly  
must be caught.

The cold,  
fruit tightened to

its curve

I bite  
the hard of

apple/  
tasted sap .

A step  
when the pe

tals fall

and leave stains  
is this place,

here.





1 November 74

Dear Jim,

I'm not writing you  
I'm writing it

the way we see

sounds move  
but the leaves stay,

in their place  
color instead.

Here, I sit  
the space of a mo

ment

time identifies it  
self—

the poem,  
Jim.

The sound  
of steps leading

a way

the closeness  
of what I hear

defining it/  
self.

distance

the willow  
hang

their sorrow

on

Listening to  
wind

the cut of  
moon

keeping  
water close, by

boat  
surfaced on sound.

Space  
a word to define

what a bird  
touches in snow

performing cold.



A slant of light

just a cross  
angle

4 birch/ willow

3 birds atop  
black

add a puff of smoke

implying house

don't stop at/  
that.



Between where I  
see and

the mvt./ line  
of my eye

at sea  
the stars tilt

out of place.

Looking  
for a word to

match  
this sense.

What was  
left of birds

lines

they'd made  
in the sky .



If voice  
the moment words

come back

even the look  
of what is

only  
no more/than

this.

The tree moves

apart from its  
shadow

no sun.

The saying  
of you

is a word

like this  
I see.

No change

trees  
set in silence

breaking the wind

a bird  
takes its place

commanding  
a higher branch

pause  
of his weight til

ting in  
the direction,

what he sees.



Snow in the mountains  
looking up

holding its place

a moon  
in the night

clearing the sky.



The white  
of birch with

out leaves

a bird  
singing its sha

dow.

5 February 75

Jim,

Let's call it fic-  
tive

I've no proof  
nothing shines

winter's stopped

looking at what  
I see

a light turns on—

if it began there?  
Not the fingers

or string  
but then/ light

and see  
the dark absorbs

cold  
breathing its sound.

Space  
moved in to

a word  
creating itself

3 birds  
in a park cir

cling round  
snow

the cold  
between them.

The sky not  
moved

clouds increa  
sing weight

across the street

a man  
approaching, not

quite quicker

his own steps.

The leaves  
be coming

a tree  
spreading

wind.





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