

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

eased

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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