Triptych

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Abstract

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TRANSITION

Behind distorted glass I peer,  
looking with difficulty through rain-mud  
cleaving irregularly to the pane  
in long ribbon-like strips.  
The world I see is without color.  
The time is neither winter  
nor brown-red-yellow-fall  
but a nameless season,  
a transitional time  
possessing no thing  
of beauty.  
The heavy green of leaf is spent.  
In place a pallid rust appears  
as brownish vine climbing  
the backyard trellis.  
Turning from the window  
I gently scan the ashen faces  
of persons in my house,  
transfixed are the eyes,  
speechless are the tongues.
FLIGHT

there is something in me
that breaks out
and leaps high
like a silver flying fish
and charges sun rays
and slips through
quivering wafts of air
only to fall back
into uncertain depths
of my self.

PICTURE OF MY FACE

I see striving in this pencil drawing
of my face,
strong emotions reclining in penciled shadows.
Looking at this picture teaches me unkind secrets
of my self,
tells me stories of this willful heart,
fills me with wonderings of buried thoughts.
This picture is flat and gray,
existing in the vagueness of half-tones.
In it I see reflected something that is me,
and something that is the stranger.