

Poetry Series

# **Liberatore Suffoletta**

## **- poems -**

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## Liberatore Suffoletta(July 2,1948)

There came into the world a son one day in L'Aquila, Abruzzi. It was summer, the new hovels resembling sugarbread hives were empty. As in fairy tales the sky was the colour of hunger. Empty. Pigsties with no pigs, in the middle of gardens with no vegetables, of fields without earth, alongside dry banks. Tilled by the moon, the fields. The weeds had grown through mouths of skeletons.

The Ionian wind

beat the blackened cafone faces as in prophetic dreams:

and the famine coloured moon tilled fields that no summer had ever loved. It was in the time of the son that much love might be born, but it was not

to be. The son had eyes of new grass, fearless eyes,

that saw all that was: nothing of agriculture,

of land reform, of trade union struggles, of National Aid Programs, yet-he had

those eyes. Each dark peasant

everyone, had abandoned his new hovel like a pigsty with no pigs, in clearings

the color of hunger

at the foot of rotund hills within view of the prophetic Ionian Wind.

# A Cold Spider

Winter, A season, between us,  
a cold spider, and February,  
perhaps on New Year's Day,  
weaving something,  
while you unravel,  
something else,  
as you spin  
with your thoughts.  
What thread!  
What fantastic wool thread!  
planting doors for the north wind  
to open among the mountains.  
Who weaves,  
who unravels,  
while someone else holds the lamp,  
as the golden blood of the oil burns.  
Someone goes and someone returns  
with a dying sunrise in their mouth.  
A lamp, between us, a cold spider,  
our words narrate something,  
something that is all consuming.  
Who brought these words that eat at us,  
who speaks? ,  
who speaks this language  
while seeding infertile fields?

Liberatore Suffoletta

# A Howl Of Departure

Night's dark eyes contemplate a memory,  
impregnating the ocean with endless tears

Loneliness stalks wheat fields, at dawn,  
The time of departure calls,  
Oh loneliness!

Cold sleepy seagulls rain upon a heart  
a chiaroscuro beach to shipwreck upon

All troubles, all joys are from  
the arias giving wings to songbirds

The ocean swallows all rivers, like you  
Refusing no sea,  
shipwrecked on you

It is the hour  
desire wants kisses  
mind is sleeping,  
amazement weeps,  
lighthouses shipwreck  
unfolding love

All winds fill an ancient lost ship's sails  
for harbors in love's turbulent whirlpool  
Only to shipwreck

Soul, whose bleeding and fluttering wings  
give birth to lost discoveries in the fog,  
shipwrecks,

Agony dines, desire grabbles,  
joy beams, sadness somersaults,  
All shipwreck on you

Heartache returns to a fortress  
of shadows, quickly forgetting

all desires

Oh woman who gives wings,  
to singing birds,  
love found and lost you in this fog,  
in this whirlpool  
like a vessel dropping anchor in infinity  
where forgetful eternity shatters all moorings

To an island of bleak, bleak loneliness,  
there, woman, your arms of love, call

Thirst and hunger desire your fruits  
Sorrow and despair want your miracle

Ecstasy sails on the cross of your open arms  
to the shore of your soul, woman,

Desire sailed toward your kisses  
where anxiety drowned intoxicated,  
tension swam away,  
only to shipwreck

Lips remember somersaulting on fire  
mooring on your sea, where  
fleets of kisses shipwreck

Mad passionate love  
where hopes meet and  
will disappears  
in gentle tenderness  
of warm droplets.  
summer rain  
and the word  
remains open  
on our lips  
always  
love  
Falling in love  
shipwrecked

Cold sleepy seagull rain

Tossing about emotion  
waves to sail upon  
whose white beaks call  
like the statue on a prow  
remains in songs  
riding warm currents  
cold sleepy seagull  
diving into an open  
bitter whirlpool  
like a pale, rudderless  
ancient ship  
discoverer of lost lands  
emptied of adventure  
A shipwreck

It is time to sail, the set cold hour  
ravenous night awaits this moment

The open mouth of the ocean  
dines on all coasts  
cold shimmering stars appear  
Blackbirds fly away

Loneliness, stalks in a wheat field,  
with hands full of trembling emptiness.

It is departure time.  
Oh, Loneliness  
such darkness  
filled by your bright  
light

Liberatore Suffoletta

# A Ladder Of Sunlight

a ladder of sunlight,  
tossed from a dream filled sky  
dust floating through-  
the fox went from the garden thinking  
snake had wiggled under the house.  
Forgiveness came in,  
speaking as bees do  
down those narrow steps

mercury

the green

side by side,  
word for word,  
desire for desire.

Lying down,  
you look like a cat when you read  
The world's on fire  
everyone's asleep,

and  
in a glass box.

Like a blind child  
on a slow train coming

Liberatore Suffoletta

# A Zen Passion (Homage To Rumi And Pasolini)

A Zen Passion

Christ's dead body  
wishes to breath  
his odor of death.  
Oh what disgust  
to hear oneself cry!  
Mary, Mary,  
immortal goddess of dawn,  
how much pain...  
I was a child once  
the day I died.

Christ, your youthful  
beautiful body  
is crucified  
between two strangers.  
They are both men  
Alive and their shoulders  
are red  
their veins as blue  
as their eyes  
They strike the nail  
and your body shakes  
as your chest trembles  
Oh, what disgust  
as the cold blood  
dirties the bodies  
the color of dawn!  
You were all children,  
Oh, how many days  
in order to kill you  
of your joyous games  
and your innocence

Christ in the peace  
of your suffering



naked dew  
was your blood.  
Serene poet,  
wounded brother,  
You could see  
that our splendid bodies  
Were in need  
of eternity's rest!  
When we died.  
what light upon us  
brilliant and blinding  
would there be  
if not for the black nails  
in your fists?  
your forgiveness  
would not be over us  
from an eternal day  
of compassion.

Wounded Christ,  
blood of violets,  
eyes filled with  
the clear pity  
of Christians!  
Flourishing flower,  
atop that distant hill  
How can we cry  
for thee, oh Christ?  
The sky is a lake  
that weeps internally  
at silent Calvary.  
Oh Crucifiers,  
leave him alone  
and think of him.

Christ, to your poor  
children dispersed  
beneath the infinite sky  
of life, here, dying  
you left this

lasting Image.  
Gentle child  
Light body,  
curls of light...  
and Saint John.  
Lost in clouds  
of indifference  
he calls us  
he informs us  
this is your Body.

Christ has locked himself  
within his body.  
From there he is  
detached and watching  
his brilliant companions  
destroy his pupils?  
Here he awaits blind,  
in the stillness of his bones:  
a bloodied  
baby bird  
atop a hill.  
Behind, his plight  
the sky moves on,  
Past the valleys  
and past the summit  
No voice rings out:  
lasting and sweet  
rustling the serpents  
who are laughing.  
Oh God of shadows  
inside the temple  
on the Sabbath!

All our tears create rivers  
that drown in the sea,  
dead women tend  
a cemetery  
of fresh flower beds!  
Powder and rebellion

echoes of voices  
reversed by the wind  
drowned in the bloody sea.  
Ah we are forgetful  
men.  
Behind Christ  
and his mount of death,  
the sky escapes,  
and a river runs away  
blindly.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Amore Moderno Lviii

Della foschia bianca  
le barche triste  
appaiano al porto  
come anni vecchi  
su acqua silenziosa  
che tocca America  
improvvisamente  
foschia da forme  
a montagne di neve  
mi ricordo  
di ricordare

Ah, Domenica  
creatore di universi  
Nonna pe` infinita`  
dei pensieri  
sto` venendo a Pettorano  
aprirò la vostra cripta scura  
e me alongo vicino voi,  
felice, na` tra vot`  
io desidera ritenere  
le vostre vecchie ossa  
piccole in mie mani molli, na`tra vot`  
io desidera baciare la faccia vostra  
bevanda dalla tazza d`amor na`tra vot`  
Ricordati di quel giorno:  
Una povera donna li ha desiderati  
scrivere una lettera al re,  
la regina ed il duce  
per il suo figlio incarcerato '  
soltanto le vostre parole,  
Domenica li sposterà  
verso misericordia, '  
lei ha elemosinato,  
voi, voi silenziosamente  
ha presentato fucile  
de nonno  
con le stelle rosse  
nei vostri occhi

e` gli avete detto:  
'desiderate spostare il re,  
la regina ed il duce,  
indica questo loro,  
lascili vi chiedono  
misericordia'

Ah, nonna,  
desidero trovarmi  
nel vostro letto, n'atra vota  
fra voi e papone  
desidero sentire  
i suoi gemiti  
i suoi reclami d'notte  
mentre me piroettavo  
i vostri capelli scuri  
di conoscenza,  
en mi dita  
armi intorno  
al vostro collo de cigno  
mentre mi insegnate  
le fiabe  
de Jacobi e Rachela  
de Mose e exodus  
dei Zeus e Hera  
Orpheus ed Eurydice  
Davide e Bathsheba  
Romulus e Remus  
Adamo e Eva  
Romeo e Julieta  
Dante e Beatricia  
Lancelote e Genevieve  
Aida e Radames  
Mimi e Rudolfo  
tre dii in uno

Ah, Domenica  
nonna dei dii  
amante dei bambini  
creatore delle albe infiniti  
de lagrime dopo lagrime  
pe` una notte, movete al lado

in quella cripta d'lena asciugata  
riempita d'vermi senza fine  
desidero dormire  
vicino voi, n'atra vota  
sono impaurito  
e ho bisogno  
della vostra forza

uscendo da foschia  
le barche triste  
appaiano al porto  
come anni vecchi  
su acqua silenziosa  
che tocca America  
improvvisamente  
mi sono ricordato  
la strada

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Ancient World

The hand of a woman  
in the alleys of the seaport,  
inviting sailors who go out at night  
called by a mortal ocean  
hounded by dogs and their fever  
knowing nothing about what they love  
but hearing the cries of the West  
where light is inseparable  
from the eyes of the dying  
illuminating the threshold  
of expectations.

A faint light brightening the room at long last  
seeking shelter within a shadow's penumbrae  
from those burning with life  
who kiss bodies born of fever  
seeking salvation or ruin  
seeking that which never lasts  
razing the walls of the Ancient World  
dressed in rags and disgrace  
not knowing they are sparks of misery  
not knowing who has called them?

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Angel Of Dreams (Wisdom)

The angel of dreams has won again,  
Climbing Jacob's allegorical ladder  
With insistent gestures, heavy steps  
Wrapped in caricatures and cigars  
An aquarium's scent of ripe fruit

It is the wind which disturbs the months  
Pulling them into the future  
Like the smoke of a steam train  
An opaque whistle in the shade  
That falls away trapped in mystery  
A distant repetition, a wine of blood,  
A hideous scream like Guernica

Nowadays silver snakes grown upon my head  
Carrying sacks of Sundays, sagging shoulders  
Numerous as grains of salt, openly chasing  
and returning that which belongs to the sky  
Hissing and wiggling and kissing the sun  
Coiling securely like ivy on brick walls  
Entering tiny openings like red ants  
Remembering often their battles  
To release poisonous thoughts  
of limitations and need for space  
so violent; they seek under my heart  
They are the owners of inaccessible rooms  
Of tragic dances with forgotten persons  
In broken nights they dampen my skin  
frightening my soul with their music  
till, I hear again the dreams of old friends  
And the conversations of women I loved  
In dreams whose vastness sets me afire,  
like the fog on an ocean growing silently  
Destroying amber sunlight with joy

Old asleep friends who at times  
Dance awakened by my heartbeat  
How many dark warnings we forgot!  
Till I was left alone in agitated shadows



Atop empty beliefs, stairs of wasted lessons  
As the ashen wind pulled time forward  
And the bland fruits of the sky  
Filled my mouth with parrots  
of conventional wisdom and  
tails of recurring comets

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Angels Juggle Ripe Oranges

Angels juggle ripe oranges  
As nymphs cheer them on  
A grand old dowager strums her harp  
Beside a dazzling yellow banana tree  
Gooseberry sprites perform aerobatics  
As whispers move from spirit to spirit  
telling some their future, some their past  
collecting star fruits in their bowls  
sitting cross legged beneath a mulberry fig tree  
with Banyan tree monkeys on guard  
cicadas singing a tune like a choir  
color coordinated butterflies ballet  
leafs circle in a swarm so dense  
they change the hue of the sky  
the footman announces guests  
Smiling Buddha  
raises an eyebrow  
and waves his hand  
a gesture he learned  
from the bald king  
in a Hollywood film

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Ashes And Blood

It's been a year, or two,  
since the passions arrived.  
Together we wounded  
the wood to death  
building a fire in the garden,  
illuminating everything,  
like sunrise.

It's been a year, or two,  
since a voice said to us, stay  
another said to us, it is spring,  
Memories do not remember  
when tears entered our words  
and we learned to speak in sobs.

Ashes and blood. Two words.  
One recognizes the fire, dying,  
the other recognizes you  
romping in my veins.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Birth

Birth

You came out from darkness and pain  
towards life  
and your far away death  
towards your not requested  
pain, suffering and risk  
and inevitable loss  
but also joy  
and the fullness of ripening  
fruit hanging on a branch  
in a perfect sphere  
knowing that greedy teeth  
will bite into you for life.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Buddhist Fireflies Dancing!

This morning, after showering,  
furtive grimace in the mirrors.  
bedroom has become a refuge of slow rain  
Ample and tenuous spaces  
Of light riverbeds reverberating voices.  
Mirrors of salt where the water dug a hole  
an ebb tide of agitated impulses, where night  
dripped its stars, slowly  
like a habitual addict  
onto your lips  
"In your eyes only dust,  
Soft dust.'  
Eradicating and uprooting this doe-like anxiety  
Those children I do not see,  
"how can my eyes reflect the eyes  
Of those children I do not see be? "  
Outside the sunshine increases;  
the grass has an uncertain fleeting outline  
a sea like reflection on the virtual edges  
that distances them from the sky.  
Your face, warm and untouched,  
sometimes a slow and deafened word  
arises;  
then I shut my ears to the memory.

Buddha statue smiles  
Flames of the lamps  
Reflect on breast  
Waving in circles  
Incense, camphor,  
The rain brings a scent of jasmine  
To the window guarded by a clay cobra  
(more fragrance)  
The chants of sparrows within the temple begin  
Salamanders glide over the wall  
The sparrows quiet  
As if listening  
Cause of the world  
Owner of the world

Form of the world  
Destroyer—  
Hawk  
Smiles from a statue  
From the nocturnal ablution  
His head receives  
Rose water  
Perfumes, streams of milk and honey  
Leading to the curves of trembling shoulders  
Eyes see a nearness a warmth in dark skin statue  
Nearness  
Rapture:

Her body of porcelin is blue veined  
as death  
Eternity shining in her face  
A green radiance illuminates  
pulverizing the fields, the flocks  
Everything gyrates as her ax pierces  
My blood spurts on falling forms  
Worlds within their own directions  
Bones on mountain tops of other strata  
Skulls adorned with garlands  
That which destroys  
That which is destroyed  
A bridge suspended between  
thoughts of ages

Sea of living mercury,  
Silver city of gold  
Amidst the greed death  
Of the enthroned stone statue  
Footprints in the air; transparent feet  
Minds released from dark cocoons  
Their flight from silk veils escaping  
Within herself  
Hearing voices resounding in the narrow ranges  
Running from hearing the Himalayan cruxes  
Within her dazzled brow  
A voice travelling decades of only a few notes  
The color green, is it hot or cold?  
not that.

Is it sweet or is it sour?  
Strip the cadence of the rhythm of sound  
Reveal the nakedness of each letter's syllable  
Leap like a monkey between branches  
To a pure vibration an arrow that climbs  
Remaining in the infinite division of space  
Covering footprints of ants; each sand on the shore  
The sole current of vibration surging from an ocean  
Without scale or quaver  
Without pauses, without echoes  
Continual, identical to silence  
Fixed even now with your thoughts  
On whose bank the bamboo house sits  
Covered with fresh leaves, to write  
The river unfolds like a canvas  
The bamboo and reeds smile  
Your hair looks like a dark salmon  
Sprinkled flowers on the white stones  
Vertical to the oval cross hidden parallel  
Beneath the unwritten leaves;  
Mango leaves symbols with red ink  
Neither east or west  
Writing in a light without shadows  
Wearing a naked skirt without leaves  
Absorbed in an instant with eyes closed  
An Eye that looks at her  
That eye she looks upon  
Which is also looking upon the look  
A brilliant gem hiding a thousand eyes  
That cover her,  
a beam of light rotating on itself

Outside the rain increases  
As does the sunshine  
The sunshine passes between the trees  
The rain drops between the leaves  
The river conducts its banks orchestra  
The scent of jasmine lingers on the window sill  
A dropp of honey descends to the monkey's throat  
Buddha covered in statues of leaves  
Seated on a white stone.  
Smiling

Liberatore Suffoletta



# Canto I (Green Parrots)

Remembrance of a summer sun  
creating morning mist  
hands coming toward hands,  
touching  
knowing..each other  
as if, before, they were.  
we had caressed,  
cheeks, necks  
waists, our breasts...

our

Your fragility came soaring upon time

upon the swaying leaves,  
upon dancing morning mist,  
upon the sad eyed lost wind,

with your gentleness, a misty rose.  
when you put your hand on my chest,  
wings of a resting dove,

waves of the summer sea  
recognized the color of my soul  
death, this summer  
stastice  
stairway to eternity,  
years of endless life

Anew, I  
I saw my  
the color of a

hiking upon two oceans  
stars upon sleepy nights  
spring rain upon corn fields  
shipwrecking upon hidden reefs  
obsolete rusty spikes crowning my head  
upon single track country trains  
hand's touch

tossing  
pouring

the skin  
of a sweet plum  
whose interior  
I wish to feel, to taste, the moisture  
seems to call me.

riding  
seeking your  
a delicacy like

that

It was not fate, my love  
but the trees, flowers,  
bushes, grass,  
stone pebbles of salmons,

spawning

in joy,  
central park ponds,  
that introduced you, again,  
the proud cherry blossoms  
revealed your secrets,  
softness of your breasts  
hardness of your heart  
two waves that beach  
endlessly upon my chest  
where like the ocean  
they enter their port.

in fecund

Love, how many forking paths  
arriving at another kiss,  
tender solitude  
your nibbled lips  
nectarine mouth,  
almond piercing eyes  
follow the single horizon  
rolling with rain or sun.  
New York, it is autumn.  
you and I, love of mine,  
together, together this way,  
that place that sees  
green and brown eyes  
place that tastes  
tongues of delight  
place which chooses  
and our food  
place that knows  
full of thoughts  
place that beats  
in our hearts of lilac stones  
from that place that knows  
that only love matters  
from that place that feels  
compassion and grace  
that place where  
meets summer,  
evaporates into clouds,  
a kiss,  
to be only you,

until  
what  
until  
full

In  
And  
are  
from  
with  
from that  
with purple  
from that  
our clothes  
from that  
our minds  
from that

from  
autumn  
water  
lips meet in

only I,  
together,  
my love.

To wait as so many sad stones  
Are crushed silently into sand  
To think that it takes such roars  
to create raw seeds of dry wheat  
Some precious stones, rivers carry,  
depositing them all in a dark ocean  
Which carries them to our coast  
crushing them with calm waves.  
To think that separated by trains,  
planes, apartments, cars, nations  
family, friends and thoughts  
you and I  
have simply to love  
them all, and each other  
as they bring to us,  
confused men  
and women,  
and the earth,  
that ringing  
meditation gong  
that seeds  
and educates  
we, green parrots.  
Oh, how I love you!

In the early morning, like these,  
I want you among my arms,  
so they may kiss you, as often  
as stars kiss night, sometimes  
I want you, as cherry trees  
desire spring, at times,  
I covet you, your eyelids  
your tears, your light feet  
as you stroll away smiling.  
To think, yes, that I do have you,  
to feel, yes, within you, I am lost  
asleep in the immense night  
within the grandeur of you.

I could write the happiest lines  
this morning before your birthday  
I could write that I am not with you  
that we are close yet distant  
that I heard the vastness of night  
sing "Happy Birthday" to you  
and, that, the song, swept your soul  
like infinite waves upon the shore,  
and your eyes began shimmering.  
Yes, it does matter that you know,  
what you may not have heard,  
twilight is putting away endless stars  
and you are not with me,  
another morning and you are not with me  
you are my joy and my heartache.  
That is all.

From the west, receding night still is singing  
in the distance. My soul is happy with you!  
My soul shall ever be happy with you!  
An image in the mirror looks for you  
A chipped fissioned heart beats for you  
A blushing sleeping tree sways for you  
A cool autumn breeze whispers for you  
A seagull morning dips and soars for you  
A nascent soul wishes you  
Happy Birthday!  
May these happy words  
fall to your soul  
like dew on the grass.

I am not sad  
that I have no gift  
to bring you  
Or that you have other plans  
than to be with me,  
what does it matter, my love  
we could not keep it.  
Morning cannot hold on to stars  
losing eventually even the moon,  
you are not with me.  
That is everything.  
To your distant spot we all sing.  
To your distant spot.

My soul is as content,  
As the night making trees whiten.  
We are still children,  
voices seeking for the wind  
to touch someone's ear.  
another one,  
she shall be another one,  
like before your kisses,  
your voice, your soft body,  
your infinite eyes,  
but, perhaps, I do love you,  
love is so brief,  
and forgetfulness  
takes so long.  
Perhaps, in mornings, as this one  
if you, had been between my arms,  
my soul would be content  
with having found you,  
and joyful knowing  
that we knew love.  
These are the happiest words  
that I shall ever write.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Che Guevara's Midsummer Night's Dream

On a boat I heard  
the moist slap of bare feet,  
and foresaw faces dark with hunger  
My heart was a pendulum  
Between her and the ocean  
I don't know what strength broke me free  
From her eyes  
What tore me  
Loose from her arms  
She remained loaded by tears  
Her anguish hidden by the rain  
I knew I was powerless to help her  
This poor old woman, who,  
Only a month ago waited tables  
Wheezing like a coal miner  
Trying to live with dignity  
In her dying eyes there was a plea  
For forgiveness  
for solace now vanished.  
Just as her body will soon be lost;  
In the great mystery that surrounds us  
Clowns riding on a crippled planet  
Called 'Earth'  
All we encompass, all we radiate  
Lovers of the ocean  
Born in apple groves  
Faces tragic and haunting  
speaking of comrades  
who mysteriously  
disappeared.  
And were said to be hidden somewhere  
at the bottom of the sea  
On one of the coldest days of my life  
a day, that also made me feel closer to all  
to this strange, for me anyway,  
human race.  
How is it possible to feel nostalgia  
for a world I never knew?  
How can a civilization that built this

be destroyed to build this...?  
Tell death to go to hell.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Day Of The One Sun

Memories, old clothes  
in an overfilled closet  
get chosen arbitrarily  
remembrances  
of moments long past.  
day of the one sun  
champagne reflections  
in the riddled roadway;  
the wind's wet humming,  
there where silence sleeps,  
among agitated scents,  
dreaming a vortex of feelings,  
capricious fate swallows all acts  
in the dazzling carnal joy of  
adventure, aesthetic  
and youthful.  
While a chest bleeds orange from thorns  
returning back home from faraway shores

Liberatore Suffoletta



# Echo Hill, Colorado

Echo Hill, the wind sings endless arias  
All drift to their nests of sleepy seagulls  
Firefly hearts escape from night's flame  
Soaring higher, higher to rejoin love  
The happy sated moon swims from dusk to dawn  
to rescue the drowning sun  
Arising sun sees all that's sleeping  
as the wind begins to sweep  
The thin aspens lose their voice while  
learning to unfold love  
Dancing flames create faces from burning wood  
Fire, a fire, all is afire  
The silent tears of the sun touch the trees  
Dawn puts on a blue dress emptied of stars  
Here where the sun climbs a mountain  
Here where mauve twilight has empty thoughts  
Here where sleepy eyes of birds need cleaning  
Here where two golden dogs run free  
Here where a magical swirling ship wrecked  
on hungry rocks in an ocean of pine trees  
Here where lonely flames create fireflies  
of disappearing hearts  
Here where infinite time starts and stops  
Here where clouds play hide and seek  
Here where black squirrels somersault  
for a forgotten moon  
Here where lightning kisses trees of green  
Here where my soul gently weeps  
Here, you are

Dancing flames leap to paint the sky blue  
to be with you  
Night takes off a black star filled coat  
warmed by dawn to be with you  
Pine trees stretch their arms, hiding the moon  
to be with you  
Thin air breathes a sigh  
to be with you

The sun awakes wondering, pulsating,  
to be with you  
new morning, vita novitas ready to sail  
anywhere, the moon waves goodbye  
to be with you  
the trees are still as their needles inject the new day  
with kisses of dreams  
to be with you  
through the smoke rings fireflies come and go  
to be with you  
the hill smiles, salutes the sun, namaste,  
to be with you  
a feather is chased by the sleepy wind  
to be with you  
a strand that has no end unfurls  
to be with you  
the arms of the sky slowly raise an orange curtain  
from below the horizon of pine trees  
to be with you  
the sun drops anchor at eternity's dock  
to be with you  
A solitary hungry hawk flies overhead chanting  
to be with you  
The mountain forest stands naked under the sky  
to be with you  
The smoke of the fire races down a path of rocks  
to be with you  
All a dream, dreamed one morning long ago  
to be with  
you...

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Fernande`

Fernande` won't go to Cap`d`Anno in Pettorano,  
they play only church bells not serenades there!  
When he saw some poor man lost in Piazza Zannelli  
he gave him his jacket and shelter by the stone walls,  
when he saw another man lost and alone on Muraglione  
he gladly gave him his heart as the blue sky turned to ashes.  
'Good-bye, grandpa, good-bye, all, I am leaving Abruzzi  
I'm leaving for America, the great land of opportunity! '  
The train is taking him toward the dazzling turquoise sea,  
oh, the sad loneliness of dying young so far from Pettorano.  
His birth enslaved him! A butterfly shorn of all beauty,  
buried in the chrysalis of time.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Forecast Of First Snow

Forty-nine sorrows under a single sail;  
Wind and waves, crucifix in line of vision  
Tiny sparrows now dash in morning mist  
And the hidden hills run to keep up with them  
All the color of the north, cold again to the skin

Arriving at this place; this autumn of the heart  
getting past this place: this winter of old age  
One starts to learn what hard traveling means.  
The morning sun wraps itself in an orange blanket;  
Lingering in darkness moment to moment  
The steam from a tea kettle escapes  
with one long sigh towards somewhere  
where so many white tears are born  
from endless scents of forgotten days.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Haikus 2008 (Sun Filled Glass)

Sun filled glass  
tasty peaches  
morning gong

Toward rafter  
Above- upside down spider  
Shits string

Waxing full moon  
Benevolent buddha grin  
Opened door

zazen twilight  
crack in purple horizon  
in right place

in response to  
red hibiscus stare  
flushed face

summer footprints  
in winter's snowfall  
lead to spring

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Haikus 2008 (Sunset, Darkness Enters, The Mirror)

Letting me in  
Her bracelet  
Jangling

Autumn leaves  
loneliness  
Inside them

Late August  
The leaves plan  
yellow deaths

Not touching  
Our shadows  
Keep talking

The pretty waitress  
Pregnant again  
Mashes potatoes

The babies smile  
Pulls august chill  
Into the car

Holding your  
Memory still  
Seagulls soar

Summer breeze  
Her breast sway  
Over two lips

Sunset  
Darkness enters  
The mirror

Baby cries  
For red blanket  
A robin listens

Once fleeing sandpipers  
Turn round quickly  
Frightening the ocean

Cool autumn night  
Amongst thinning stars  
Orion's belt loosens

Silent smiling Buddha  
Holding in, belly  
Aching laughter

Beyond a star  
Stars beyond  
stars

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Homage To Sor Juana Ines De La Cruz-Sonnet 145

## Sonnet 145

The thing of it is, you see  
this brightly colored deceit  
displaying all the many charms of art  
a cunning deception of hints and hues  
this mystery hidden in a riddle  
disguised as an epigram which  
sheer flattery duels attempting to evade  
its stark horror and false syllogisms  
each dawn vanquishing its vanities  
triumphing over age and oblivion  
with forgiveness and forgetfulness  
The thing of it is, you see  
Contrivance, vanity, artifice  
delicate kisses stranded in the wind  
failed joint defenses against our fate  
a one way journey, a terrible mistake  
a decrepit frenzy, more rightly viewed  
as a corpse, some dust, a shadow  
best perhaps as mere nothingness  
The thing of it is, you see  
We are all illegitimate  
And have no standing  
When it comes to this...

Liberatore Suffoletta



# Hunger

When the rooster crows in the  
morning rest your head  
carefully lest someone don your  
clothes grasp your hands and caress  
them. Pay little attention to death  
when it exits your door  
towards snow covered icicles  
hanging in wintry desolation  
without either bread or water meeting  
an old man with your initials in the darkest  
moment of night finding its supper.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# I Am (August 30,2007-Lunar Eclipse)

I am I said to no one there  
and no one heard at all  
not even the chair  
I am I cried  
I am said I  
and I am lost and  
I can't even say why  
I am I said  
I am I cried  
I am....

Liberatore Suffoletta

# I Want To Be

In orange morning  
I want to be a strawberry  
In green afternoons  
I want to be dancing hummingbirds  
Black lips.  
(turn the garnet color of love.)

In purple evening  
I want to be the evening star's  
eyes reading your books

In the white night  
I want to dream myself.  
A soul.

And at dreams end  
I want to be a firefly  
caught from behind  
by love

Liberatore Suffoletta

## If Only, If Only

Soon the star filled night will come,  
with the cool moon, laughing in secret  
the time will soon come  
when we can have rest.  
under small stones  
on the bright edge of a road together,  
sunrise and sunset  
rain fall, and snow fall,  
and the winds shall come and go.  
as we rest

You are already silent,  
Daylight will shine no longer into your  
eager alert eyes,  
Oh, if only, If only,  
just once, that last day,  
I had shown you, told you  
Something of a love,  
that was too timid to speak!

But you know me, you know...

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Imaginary Love

Each morning, every night  
In my mind, against my face  
the soft touch of your breath  
as always, before and after,  
invisible.

I know that I will find you again  
you will not be able to escape  
from my imagination  
captured like a innocent rabbit  
immobilized scared resigned  
however you will be

I will make of you  
what you may not, now, want  
with calmness

I am ready, now,  
to devour you.

Love leaves nothing on the plate  
not even the utensils.

I shall eat you  
and drain you empty –  
I would not want, however,  
that you suffer.

I would desire  
that you enjoy, also,  
the immense happiness  
of being love's food.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## In Anticipation Of Meeting An Old Love...

Neither, the intimacy of your forehead, inviting as a festival  
with your soft hair clasped by some trinket by your eyes.  
Nor the costume of your body, still mysterious and innocent  
nor the stories of your life, given in words and in silence  
will be as magical a gift  
as the vision of your sleep, guarded  
by the sentries of my arms.  
Miraculous virgin, again, by the absolution of dreams  
soft and luminous like a happiness recovered memory  
you shall give me that coast of your life that you yet do not own;  
as a reward for wiggling in my net of humanity.  
Yet, I now discern that ultimate cove of your essence;  
and sail toward your inlet for the first time;  
perhaps,  
As God must have done—  
destroying this fiction of Time  
free from love, free from myself.  
hopeless and fearless.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# In The Heart Of The Night

Your name forms a mist  
rising circuitously above  
in silence and then falling  
changing into raindrops.

Something prideful cuts  
creating tiny heartaches,  
like the past of a lost soul  
whose song is still heard.

Quickly, quickly, heed  
those refrains, stored  
growing in your heart  
like springs hyacinths

Earth's large wheel of life  
rolls on its moist thick rim  
of forgetfulness, slicing time  
into inaccessible half hours

Your inebriated soul spills  
onto the cold wet ground  
Like blue tipsy poor men  
Flying to the wind's voice

Liberatore Suffoletta

# It's All In The Eyes

seagulls create signs, pointing one direction  
Speaking like silence, faithful to their nature  
No more twists or crooked turns, leaving room for doubt  
Where time used to take pause for quiet introspection  
Everywhere waves only hear the noise of what they become  
See them coming again and again, eyes just want to linger  
On those grayish ocean swells, wrapped in silver tinsel  
time finally turns away, feeling it once again  
back in a familiar place, outside looking in  
all the tears couldn't fill the spaces  
all the words grasped at, just fell away  
waiting on forgiveness to fix the broken places  
nothing even like it ever came any way  
tonight walked around streets that came up before  
took a turn and found this building coming up towards  
heard the sound heart must make when memory's caving in  
what a hungry place, outside day looking in  
the hardest kind of need never knows any reason  
such a lonely breed, just born in lonely seasons  
it's all in the eyes, where the reckoning begins  
where love lingers like a sigh, where we long to be pulled in  
where we learn to say goodbye without saying anything  
Standing on the borderline, outside looking in

Liberatore Suffoletta



# Liquid Days And Naked Lunch

Beneath his sickle moon  
Morpheus comes  
along a sea path of red poppies  
and crystal endless nights.  
The starless silence, begins  
from his rhythmic tambourine,  
eyelids fall like whips  
and sing in dreams desire,  
nights filled with embered fireflies.  
High atop the rivers dark green  
angels are weeping;  
angels are singing;  
And gypsies beside the water  
for their pleasure erect  
little seats on Venus' shells  
with arbors of Christmas pine.  
Playing his sickle moon  
Morpheus comes.  
The blood sees him and rises,  
the blood that never sleeps.  
Even naked David swells,  
watching this eunuch dance  
and shows his red tongues  
Ringing softly dreams of celestial hells.  
unleashing his dormant stirring sword

Woman, I have forgotten  
your skirt and look of you.  
Forgotten how to open with my fingers  
the blue rose of your forgetful womb.  
No need to run away in terror  
There is no virility to this man  
Though he does pursues you  
with a breath burning sword.

The sea darkens and roars,  
to the ingrate mountains  
while the olive's eyes open.  
to the darkness all around,

and a muted gong announces.  
the gentle pricking of pinning sky  
the green wind always catches!  
no matter how fast he runs!  
This god of high-born stars  
with this deep delirious need  
of consuming flowing blood.  
Awaiting now filled with fear,  
that he may mistake that house  
beyond the tall green pines  
where desire lives to die.  
Alarming anguished cries,  
three demons come running,  
their ebon capes tightly drawn,  
white hoods low from their crowns.

The Italian sells the gypsy  
a glass of tepid espresso  
and a shot of sambuca  
and a red ancient horse  
that is both dumb and lame  
And while he sells his birthright,  
Morpheus furiously gnashes  
against the hunger in his blood.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Love Unfulfilled By Circumstances

happen to be sixty now; not yet tired of being a wolf  
clinging to the notion of someday becoming a man  
I still enter shops, restaurants and movie houses  
I wonder where the child I was died  
and whether his memories or sadness's  
weigh more in my pockets?  
I wonder where leaves go  
to buy the yellow dresses and trousers  
they always wear before committing suicide?  
Impenetrable why some historical figures  
have two syllable names  
Gandhi, Buddha, Moses, Jesus  
Hitler, Satan, Stalin, Nixon  
Is Nixon trapped in hell where he is napalmed  
randomly especially around Christmas time  
Is he partly happy because he knows that although  
Kissinger is more than two syllables he is going  
to be joining him navigating a fire of lies and ashes.  
What is the name of the new month  
between november and december?  
And since we have added more hours to the day  
and more days to the months along with new  
months to the years and years to our decades  
How much longer do we remain young?  
Forever? Infinitely? Till death?  
Why does spring always wear green?  
Does the sun have a patent on red and orange colors  
and is nature forced to pay a fee in yellow gold  
whenever dressing in those hues?  
Is that the secret way the sun gets warm?  
Why didn't Galileo see this?  
I wonder when I return and see Pettorano  
if Pettorano sees me and remembers me?  
How am I to deal with the petition presented to me  
by the salt marsh sea gulls, frogs and turtles requesting  
that I stop using their thoughts in my writing?

Tell me, is there anything sadder than love unfulfilled  
by circumstances?

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Love's Storm Comes Alive

Somebody help me! Silently,  
And passionately love drags  
Us on. I still thirst for you.  
All alone and at sunset.

love's storm comes alive  
next to and calms this heart,  
eternal love, of life  
light and song.  
Mine died some...a little  
from your memory until now  
still headed in some way towards the heart,  
towards you, heartache and destiny...  
if you have not died... it is the time now of regret...  
and the sea discolors my mornings mooring.  
But you have chained me to love's spell,  
I crave the tart salty taste of your fingertip  
Stay awhile, remain,  
it is day,  
come closer.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Masters Of Darkness

They go towards the hills of Afghanistan  
our friendly young people,  
astride the donkeys of Rumi,  
with masculine fears and impudence  
in the warm folds of their slacks  
hiding an indifference, or discovering,  
the secret of their fecundity...  
With the nod of a juvenile head,  
The color of the sweaters,  
they cleave to the night,  
under a star filled carousel which  
invades, like they  
splendid masters of darkness...

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Meditations: Dario Fo's Discovery That God Is The Supreme Head Of The Italian State Railway

God, once had a mustache, double breasted jacket  
Wollen turtleneck and held me on skis in Abruzzi

God, once was a second grade teacher, signorina Puccessi, teaching  
Petrach, Virgil, Ovid, Boccacio, Dante, Grazia Deleddo, , to mules

God, once was whoever had 10,000 lire, the bomba,  
dared to show it, to spend the whole amount on drinks

God, once was the captain of an ocean liner, Vesuvius  
Crossing the atlantic to ellis island, with one push from Naples

God, once played centerfield in pinstripes, wore number 7  
drank a lot, hit home runs, won world series, a good friend

God, once was a girl's eyes, her mouth, her right breast,  
then her left and sometimes the void between her legs

God, once was the head of the New York Stock Exchange  
and quit over a salary dispute, to save money on taxes

God, once wore silver and black, became very popular,  
other than in K.C., throwing long bombs to Cliff Branch

God, once was the creator of all things, except Darwinism,  
Communism, all isms etc, but now rarely makes even a miracle

God, once fell terribly in love, lost, banished everyone to hell  
became stone deaf to all pleas, while watching tv in heaven

God, once went back to Italy, became a sanitation worker  
called a strike, filled Rome with garbage, till money was paid

God, once dressed as a woman, liked it so much,  
he became a she and took a walk on the wild side

God, once wore a red fedora, played Stanley on Broadway

and went around shaking up molecules with black jazzmen

God, once went back to New York City, shot all the petty thieves,  
wannabees and junkies and gave the credit to the politicians

God, once punished his angels, making them sioux, aztecs,  
blackfeet, incas, slaves, jews and had europeans murder them

God, once loved the world so much he gave it his only begotten son,  
who became president of the united states, for eight years

God, doesn't ski now

God, doesn't play baseball or football, either

God is retired in Maine,

God sleeps on the couch

God could use a shave

God goes to the refrigerator to get a beer

God lies on the floor and watches tv

God could use a bath

God has an answer for every question

God has no books, no music, no dvds

No family

God, does still go around shaking up molecules

Tho` wearing glasses now

Liberatore Suffoletta



# Modern Love Ci

No love can never happen twice  
In consequence, the sorry fact is  
without the chance to practice a day  
we arrive improvising our solo act  
and leave (stage) without rehearsals

Even if I am the planet's biggest dunce  
Wishing to repeat the relationship class  
Left without even a goodbye note; alas  
The scene of our meeting in the hotel  
Ah, the course in love is offered only once

Yesterday's memory rarely copies today's  
And no two nights to learn or be taught  
What bliss is and how to give or take it  
In precisely the same way, in those places,  
With exactly the same kisses and touches

Some day, one idle tongue, no doubt,  
Tosses your name by accident in the air  
Mentioning a rose, on the bus, or car  
as if either were suddenly intensely  
Filled, all bleeding hue and red scent

Each next day, though you're there  
Why do I treat this last fleeting day?  
With so much needless fear and sorrow  
Just as it's in our nature not to stay:  
As today is always gone tomorrow

With smiles and kisses many prefer  
To seek accord beneath their star,  
Their year, their cornucopian neurosis  
Although we're all different (let's concur)  
Just as two days from one another

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Cii

You got those  
hands of yours  
To hammer wood  
Cherish art  
Feel the sea swell  
opening your heart  
stubborn rivers refusing  
to co-mingle with the sea  
You hold your own  
dew at dawn  
rain in the desert  
fashion a book  
empty a glass  
capture my elbow  
swallow me each time  
like distance, I grow  
then disappear in them.  
Later,  
you cook your dinner  
handle your day  
hold your ground  
and give me a clap  
About "memory emerges  
from the purple night." or  
"childhood laments echo  
in cauldron of memories"  
or "the black horse of sorrow  
swallowed."  
those hands raise a vase  
of infinite oblivion  
shattering the solitude  
that your arms hold.  
First there is desire, thirst  
then comes hunger,  
fruit, grief, ruin,  
the miracle.  
Ah hands, the soul of your salt,  
the sails of your arms  
the hungry desire

of zigzagging fingers.  
mad pressure of hope and fate  
where eternity merges and despairs.  
Amid tenderness, silent as tip toeing clouds  
Among words scarcely forming on your lips.  
piers for the voyage of longing,  
Hands whose fingers become lions

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Ciii

I crave your mouth, your voice, your hair  
I want your eyes to see mine,  
to whisper my desires in your ear  
to massage your shoulders from behind  
to kiss your naked back and free  
the salmons spawning in your thighs  
I wish to enter the pink doorway to your soul  
And write the words "I love you" as the  
Wind begins to stir the dreams of your breasts  
As the butterflies in your heart flutter  
And create the dew which my tongue caresses  
Yet, you are so far off, even for another day, because -  
because - I don't know how to say it: a day is long  
and I am waiting for you, in an empty room,  
and my dreams are off somewhere else, asleep.  
Little drops of anguish will all run together  
looking for a home into me, choking my lost heart  
Without you....  
I'll wander my labyrinth in the garden  
of the forking paths, asking,  
Have you left me here, dying?

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Civ

Your memory emerges from the purple night,  
As a stubborn river mingling with the ocean

Abandoned like the dew at dawn by the sun.  
Like the rain in the desert, by the red wind

Shower of cold flower petals fall,  
Oh cauldron of memories, reef of shipwrecks.

In you the magic and the songs begin.  
From you the wings of the doves coo.

You swallow me every time, like a narcotic.  
Like the sea, like time. In you all disappears!

It was to be the happy embrace and the kiss.  
Your eyes casting a spell like a lighthouse.

Harbor pilot's dread, fury of a blind lover,  
Drunken whirlpool of love, in you all disappears!

In the fog of my manhood my soul blossomed  
Winged and wounded. Discovering in you all disappears!

You ride a black horse of sorrow, you cling to desire,  
Dreamy ageless sadness shuns you, in you all disappears!

The shadow's curtain draws back,  
beyond desire and acts, I walk on.

Oh flesh, oh salty woman flesh of love,  
I am lost in the moistness of the moment,

I raise my song to your vase of infinite tenderness,  
and the oblivion you shatter, in you all disappears

The cities black solitude was rowing to Montauk,  
and there, woman of love, your arms take me in.

First there is thirst and then comes the hunger,  
you are the fruit, the grief, the ruins, and the miracle.

Ah woman, do you know how to hold me  
in the soul of your salt, in the sails of your arms!

Green desire so powerful and growing!  
difficult and drunken, tense and avid.

Half a century of kisses, fire still in our tombs,  
like Virgil's fruiting boughs, pecked at by birds.

Oh the biting mouth, oh the kissing of limbs,  
oh the hungering desire of zigzagging bodies.

Oh the mad pressure of hope and fate  
in which eternity merges and despairs.

Amid the tenderness, silent as tip toeing clouds.  
Among the words scarcely forming on your lips.

You are the pier for the voyage of my longing,  
and my orange longing fell into your green pail!

From pillow to pillow you dream, sing, call  
Arising like a full moon in my empty vessel.

Deserted like the coliseum at dawn.  
Hands whose fingers long to become lions.  
To touch with ferocity that languid desire

Ascending back to earth as thunder: Oh fingers

who wish to become ferocious lions,  
Oh mountains whose bleak trails echo love

It is the hour of departure.

You are calling me and in you all disappears.

Oh delicious abandonment!

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love I

Your breast is enough for my heart,  
My wings are enough for your flight.  
To the sky, will rain from my mouth  
that, which spills over your soul.  
It, the illusion of every day, is in you  
and arrives sonambulistically,  
like the dew in the forest.  
Your absence is undermining the sunrise,  
eternally in flight.  
I have said that you sing in the wind  
like Roman pines and English sails.  
As they, you are high and taciturn.  
And yet, you sadden, suddenly,  
Cozy like an old way. Anger,  
echoes and nostalgic voices populate you.  
Sometimes, they emigrate, I wake up and  
view the hungry cats that slept in your soul.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love II

Body of modern woman,  
mango freeze hills,  
muscular thighs  
covered with frost,  
Appearing in your dress  
of independence  
to everyone.

My uncouth  
peasant body's  
desires, undermined  
and startled you  
into creating  
a silent waterfall  
in your sex's  
secret sacred subterfuged  
depths.

When I stroll cats,  
dogs, birds, family  
keep away  
and within my world  
a conquering invasion  
in full nightmarish force,  
rages.

To live again,  
I forged and fabricated  
a coat of arms, you,  
my weapon,  
like an poison arrow  
on my broken gut quiver,  
like a stone  
in my somnambulistic  
Judaic slingshot.

Feminine body of corral skin,  
of heady and frugal pinot noir;  
I hold ceramic vases filled by  
your tiny milkfish breasts,  
your mindfulness staring eyes,  
your nocturnal reddish pubis,



your sad and fearful thoughts.  
your black and green words.

Ah, penetrated naked love,  
continue your graceful journey,  
You know well,  
a male's fecund desires,  
a soul's hyleish thirst,  
a mind's limitless addictions,  
a spirit's socialist religion,  
a labyrinthine journey  
of forking positivism  
upon evolving river beds  
where eternal thirst dwells  
and weariness continues  
a long days journey  
into conquering night.

Ah, for a blissful moment  
we meet,  
in mythological time

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Iii

Rigid full of mauve light, woman,  
with ghastly universal mortal thoughts,  
painful simulacrum, arguing  
about twilight and dawn,  
birth and death,  
hope and despair,  
love and apathy,  
while the propeller screw spins,  
turns, returns and delivers you.  
Virgin sacked ancient temples heiress  
alone in the solitude of this deathly hour,  
be silent, my love, remain silent, always  
full of memories of all the volcanoes of life.  
Naked ochre daylight splashed female,  
beams gluster upon your mysterious dress.  
From your nights joyous dreams, great  
deepening roots grew, immediately,  
from the Lethe water of your soul,  
as your arid tongue reincarnated the forbidden  
karmic chants of your bluish glacier people  
giving nourishment for your pristine birth.  
Fertile, honorable, swollen with pride, slave,  
to magnificently copious theories,  
human relativity captured magnetism  
discoverer of a belief so vibrant  
that it butchers all flowers while  
preaching their lemon sadness.  
Pampered musk full of fish thighs debutante,  
with stain glass red toenails, massage calling  
swanning neck, amazonian back,  
cheeks of pomegranate,  
seashell of arum  
marathon legs, iron calves  
and feet of mercury  
beckoning hikes.  
Drawing circles upon your rose's  
hard screams dance on soft breath  
putty appears in my hands,  
I have no choice but to wait

and create you  
though I am unable to do so.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Iv

Ah, the Sunderland blackberries deliciously bursting,  
The cool sunset cracking waves of Montauk sound,  
Where, as sole companions, we played slow games  
of light, with all the nameless tombstones  
in your te ikara-pou doll's broken eyes  
as you drive directionless on the west coast,  
in you, my salmon swim, on you, my seals sun.

In you exist, arias, of Bear Mountain trails  
that my soul callously treks forever  
just as you once desired, to know, where  
love is. Leave signs to follow on your hike  
upon your golden rainbow of hope  
so that my multicolored arrows  
may ecstatically arc towards them.

In historical winter you sold, then gifted,  
first your indifferent broken heart,  
with the dark nipples on your breasts,  
and your soft buns of fallen snow,  
the ancient bitter misandry  
along with silence, thrown in,  
to accompany my exile,  
with the chickadees. Spring.  
without your transparent marble arms,  
with grayish blue flowing rivers of life,  
where my kisses find anchor,  
and my desire finds ocean shelter.

Ah, your enchanting song of frugal love  
echoing, as evening's lust draws us darkly  
your breath, moans, doubling in power  
over and over, till their death, throws us apart  
Like my hours of solitude on Worthington's hill  
where the mouth of the sun multiplies corncocks.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love IX

The humid night peals my body  
of frenzied kisses, like thunderbolts  
in my heroic epic. divided  
only by dreams, dreams of all  
that experience denied us, dreams  
in forward-time, in backward-time  
Desire grows in both directions.  
My dreams have less soul, you  
have more freedom  
like memories  
of ocher pride

A typhoon arrives,  
you here and there  
veined porcelain body  
in fear of an external wave  
anchors itself in my arms,  
like an eternal fish hooked  
by my distant rapid heartbeat  
of earthly karma  
you love me again  
I fall to the floor  
I am laughing

Awakening I kiss the  
dry honied hairs  
on your closed roses  
forehead.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love L (Truth Is Inconvenient)

My hands clasped under a hazy sky  
You, so pale and upset  
That day, I made you crazy  
with the sour wine of regret  
Truth is inconvenient  
Can't forget  
your mouth distorted in pain  
not touching, fully choked  
All that was, gone  
Your leaving, I'll die  
And you smiled very calmly  
"It is windy here-please pass by"

I was born at the right time,  
One that is blessed.  
Yet that did not let my soul,  
live without deceit on this earth.  
Live without leaving all hope behind

So therefore, it's dark in my house  
So therefore, all my thoughts  
Like sad birds, in evening carousing  
Sing of love, that was never here

Something of heaven burns in me  
I like to watch its wondrous growth  
It speaks in fate's fits,  
When others fear to approach

Speak to me in silence  
when you look away  
and sing as a thunderstorm in August  
as all flowers begin to talk in their gardens  
as a white stone shivering in the river's cool deepness,  
Yet, still, one wonderful remembrance shall remain  
It is my agony and my utter joy

I believe,  
that you whose look

was once directed  
into my eyes,  
at once would see it.  
You shall become  
more thoughtful  
more dejected  
than someone,  
only hearing or reading  
a story of love.  
I know. I know. I accept.  
You've been turned into a memory  
to make eternal this sadness

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Li (One Moment Of Unbearable Gentleness)

The whole sky rang a short piercing note  
from east to west, echoes filled space  
without encountering a single obstacle  
along a perfect curve and suddenly died  
Silently facing the limitless,  
an ocher and gray realm of stones  
slowly being crushed to sand  
where no life is visible.  
All around a flock of motionful seagulls  
tiny in the distance  
black signs of a strange handwriting  
yet to be deciphered above the green ocean  
Silence as vast as the stretching water  
A static clock tic toc's fill in the pauses  
A solitary seagull cah cah cah's  
The wind opens a void in the note

Over yonder, farther south  
That point where sky and earth meet  
in a pure line  
over yonder, suddenly there was awaiting  
something  
though it had always been lacking  
never aware until now  
advanced morning light relaxed  
from crystalline purple to periwinkle blue  
Simultaneously, by pure chance  
a knot  
tightened by years, habit, boredom  
slowly loosened.  
Existence had barely been known  
until this day  
homeless, cut off from the world,  
wandering over vast territory  
which is just a paltry part of a even greater expanse  
Where the first river waters the forest  
since the beginning of time



where the dry earth, scraped to the bone  
of limitless land, has been ceaselessly drudged  
possessing nothing, serving no one, poverty-stricken,  
yet a free lord of a strange kingdom  
A kingdom eternally promised, yet never to be  
other than in this moment  
of motionless sky and waves of periwinkle light  
Suddenly fallen silent  
The world's course just stopped  
and from this moment on  
No one shall ever age any more  
Or die  
Everywhere, henceforth, life is suspended  
Except in this heart  
Where at the same moment  
someone was weeping from affliction  
and wonder

The light began to move  
The sun, clear, full of warmth  
bent under a tremendous and sudden fatigue  
became slightly pink, moving towards the west  
dragging the universe whose weight seemed unbearable  
while a gray wave took shape in the south east  
ready to roll slowly over the vast green ocean  
An invisible sea gull cah cah cah'd in exaltation  
As all the creatures who walk the earth  
drag themselves towards sleep, toward death?  
a sort of fear growing within some  
borne on the sound of that note  
that slowly crushes stones into sand  
Counting days and nights behind eyelids  
where motionless monarch butterflies graze  
in a fecund salt marsh spotted with lilac loose strife  
where immense solitudes are whirling  
where silence is absolute  
where night is soundless  
Adrift on the surface of sleep  
without sinking in  
clinging to that fear  
with unconscious eagerness  
as a safe haven

A lifetime of breaths  
with that set expression  
assumed by those mad,  
hiding under an appearance of wisdom  
until the lunacy seizes them to hurling  
desperately towards a woman's body,  
To bury without desire  
everything terrifying  
that solitude and night reveal.  
Some, cut off from others by a vocation  
or misfortune, sleep alone until the end  
go to bed every night in the same bed,  
as death  
Some, weak,  
like disarmed children, always frightened  
by suffering, whimper, cuddle a little closer  
call each other little love names  
until a nameless anguish seizes them  
and they draw back from each other  
Overcoming nothing, not happy, going to die  
in truth, without having been liberated.  
Painful hearts of stone  
Stifled under the weight, suddenly discovered,  
dragged around for a lifetime  
struggling under that  
to be liberated.  
Waiting to be, even if all the others,  
never were.  
Wanting to be fully awake  
Listening to that note  
that now seems very close  
as from the edges of night  
exhausted and indefatigable voices  
of memory and pride call from an oasis  
where slight winds of zephyrs  
and delicate light waters flow  
in a palm grove from the south  
where ocean and light mingle now  
where garland of stars  
hang down from the black sky  
over the green icicle speckled water  
where coolness, no longer struggling with the sun,

invades the unchanging earth  
where life stops  
where no one shall age or die any more  
where the waters of the wind dry up  
where no one is sure of having heard  
anything,  
except a note  
that could, after all, be silence.  
The certainty of never to know its meaning  
Unless one responds to it, at once.  
At once, yes, that much is certain,  
with heart beating madly  
with body tense  
reassured by the silence, by the note  
cool air burning warm lungs  
half blind in darkness  
trembling all over  
gulping the night's air down  
A spark of warmth begins to glow  
amidst shivers of fear  
Eyes open at last, on the empty expanse  
Not a breath  
Not a sound  
The muffled crackling of stones  
being reduced to sand  
disturbing the solitude and the silence.  
After a moment  
sky above moving in a slow gyration  
In the vast reaches of the humid cool night  
thousands of stars began to appear  
loosening at once their sparkling icicles  
which began to slip gradually, towards the horizon  
into the green ocean creating waves  
that vibrate into a mute note  
little by little identifying everything,  
everyone, from those drifting flares  
of stars falling one by one  
creating endless gray waves  
being snuffed out,  
breaking on the pebbles of the beach  
creating grains of sand

After so many years, mad,  
aimlessly fleeing from fears  
coming to a stop at last,  
merely waiting for a fluttering heart  
to calm down  
establish silence within  
as the last stars of the constellations  
dropp their clusters a little lower  
on the horizon's ocean  
and become still.  
One moment the water of night  
fills the moment with unbearable gentleness  
overflowing in wave after wave  
rising up in a plum mouth full of moans.  
The next moment, the whole dark sky  
stretches out above, falls on its back  
On the cold earth,  
weeping copiously without restraint.  
It's all nothing,  
It's nothing at all.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Lii (The Tree Of Life Sutra)

Modern Love LII-The Tree of Life Sutra

Scarcely setting foot in Paradise  
standing before a tree with two crowns  
leaves of one, the face of a woman  
leaves of the other, the face of a man  
Are you the tree of Life?

Silence

Suddenly, a serpent coiled around  
the single trunk that joined  
two boughs  
and was about to reply.

Not the tree.

So in delight and wonder at all  
Beholden, knowing somehow  
That the tree of life is near  
I turn around and continue  
on the way

Sure enough, another two crown tree  
sun and moon  
Are you the tree of Life?  
sun seemed to assent  
moon seemed to smile  
Clusters of flowers all around  
strange and wonderful  
circles of many petal hues  
bright faces with eyes peering out  
some of the flowers nodded on their stems  
smiling laughing like the sun  
like the moon.

Some were silent, drunken, drugged  
as if drowned in their own fragrances  
Yet, their colors sang  
One a deep mauve lilac song  
One a periwinkle lullaby  
Oh, what green eyes this own had  
How much that one resembled first love?  
The scent of another sang

In grandmother's voice  
recalling walks in a garden  
when still young.  
Then, another flower teased me  
stuck out its tongue  
long, arched and red  
bending down, putting tongue to tongue  
Wild taste, strong, like honey mixed  
with raisins  
yes, like a woman's kiss

Alone among the flowers  
heart beating fast, filled  
with longing and timid joy  
in anticipation of something  
unknown, now slow  
moving in time  
with the rolling waves  
of the green ocean  
of desire.

Ablaze with color  
a bird alights in the grass  
each plume a different color  
of the rainbow  
some feathers invisible colors  
of the spectrum.  
Lovely bird,  
Tell me where is happiness?  
"Happiness", the golden beak brimming  
with laughter, "Happiness, friend,  
is in each thing  
everything.  
valley and mountain  
flower and gem."

Ruffling its feathers  
dancing, flapping its wings  
turning its head, beating its tail  
winking, laughing, spinning  
around in a whirl of color  
bird became

a multicolored flower  
feathers became petals  
claws became roots  
marvelous transformation

Suddenly, weary of being a flower,  
set its anthers and filaments  
a whirling  
and on petal like wings  
slowly rising aloft  
fluttering in mid air  
a weightless shimmering  
butterfly  
a new butterfly  
a radiant bird-flower-butterfly  
flying in circles  
sunlight glinting off wings  
gliding down to the earth  
gently as a snowflake  
luminous wings trembling  
in change once again  
becoming a gemstone  
whose facets streamed  
a red light  
radiant red in the green, green grass  
shrinking smaller and smaller  
as if the center of the forgotten earth  
called it back from Paradise  
threatening to swallow it up.  
About to vanish, so  
I picked it up, clasped it firmly  
gazed into its magical light  
felt its red rays penetrate  
a dark heart  
radiantly warming it  
with promised eternal bliss

Slithering down an ancient withered tree  
a serpent hissed, just at that moment  
of promise.  
"This crystal can change you  
into anything you want to be

quickly, tell it your wish  
before it's too late  
swiftly, speak your command  
before all vanishes."

Without thinking, afraid of losing  
rashly uttering a secret wish  
to a stone.

Soon transformed into a tree  
So serene, so strong, so dignified  
striking roots in the earth  
arms branching to the sky  
new limbs growing  
new leaves sprouting  
content  
thirsty roots drinking deep in the earth  
leafy crown near the clouds  
rustling in the breeze  
feet sheltering hares  
bark happy with insects  
For many years, happiness.  
Nothing amiss for a long, long time  
Slowly learning to see  
with the eyes of a tree  
Suddenly, sight  
and with sight, sadness

Rooted, while others continually  
transform  
flowers become precious stones  
or fly away as dazzling hummingbirds  
Trees become running brooks  
Crocodiles, fish-full of life  
swimming away joyfully  
Elephants become massive rocks  
Giraffes long stemmed flowers  
All of creation flowed  
in endless metamorphosis  
into one magical stream  
while I, a solitary tree, looked on  
unable to change  
knowing this, knowing this,



Happiness vanished  
started taking on that  
tired haggard look of many old trees,  
horses, birds, human beings.  
in all life  
that no longer  
possesses the gift  
of transformation,  
deterioration and decline,  
beauty gone,  
nothing but sorrow.

Time passed as before, as today,  
As tomorrow, as yesterday  
Yet, one day, a young girl  
lost her way in Paradise  
Long brown hair  
red pants  
with magical writings  
singing happy songs  
dancing  
wending her way  
among trees  
carefree, no thoughts of wishes  
Animals smiled at her  
bushes stretched their branches  
trying to touch her  
trees tossed fruits, nuts, flowers  
her way  
she paid no mind.

the solitary sorrowful tree  
catching sight of her  
felt an immense longing  
a firm resolve, to recover  
his lost happiness  
an inner voice commanded  
his own blood to concentrate  
to take hold of himself  
to remember all the years of his life  
obeying the voice, lost in thought  
mind's eyes summoning up images

from his past, so distant  
when he was a man  
on the way to Paradise  
that moment when he held  
the magical stone  
when every metamorphosis was open  
when life had glowed more intensely  
than ever  
the laughing bird, the tree that was  
both sun and moon  
and he began to understand  
all he had lost  
in a lie  
the serpent's advice had been  
treacherous

Hearing rustling in the lone tree's leaves  
the girl gazed at him, once again  
looking at his crown  
she felt strange feelings  
Desires and dreams welled up  
in her pained heart, again  
What was this unknown force?  
Making her happy  
when she sat  
in the shade  
of that tree  
To her, in truth,  
the tree seemed lovely,  
sad, mysterious  
Yet handsome, touching  
noble in its mute sorrow  
Captivating was the song  
of its gently swaying crown  
Leaning against its rough bark  
she could feel shudders deep inside  
Similar to the tremor  
in her heart  
Clouds flew across the sky  
of her soul, reminders again of  
heavy upsets and tears  
fallen in her garden

Her heart hurt so, at times  
beat so hard, at times  
she felt it would burst  
out of her bosom  
Why did her heart want to cleave to him?  
Melt into him?  
The beautiful loner tree.

The tree, too, longed  
to become one with the girl  
with the long brown hair  
and red pants  
with magical writing  
So,  
he gathered all his life forces  
focused them  
and directed them  
towards her  
roots trembling in effort  
Now, he realized how blind he had been  
how foolish,  
how little, he had understood  
Life's secret  
That lies have one wish  
To lock him up inside a tree, forever.  
And in a new light, an entirely different light  
He now saw  
the image of the tree  
that was Man and Woman, together

Just then, in an arc, a red arrow  
Came flying becoming a bird  
Green and red, lovely daring  
nearer it came  
The girl saw it fly  
saw something fall  
from its golden beak  
something that shone  
Blood-red, red as embers  
of a phoenix  
and it fell in the green, green grass  
so full of promise

deep red radiance  
calling to her  
Courting her  
Singing out loud  
The girl stooped down  
picked up the bright red stone  
ruby-garnet-crystal gem  
wherever it is  
no darkness may pass.

In her tender white hands,  
the moment,  
the girl held the magical stone  
a single wish that filled her heart  
was answered.

In a rapturous moment  
she became one with the tree  
transformed as a new bough  
that grew out of a single trunk  
higher and higher  
into the heavens

Now, all was splendid  
the world was in order  
in that single moment  
Paradise had been found.

The tired old tree was no more  
Now, he sang out a new name  
A new song  
Out of half  
he had become whole  
Fulfilled, complete  
attaining true eternal  
transformation  
A stream of continuing creation  
flowed within their blood  
and they could go on changing  
forever and ever  
becoming deers, becoming fishes,  
becoming humans, becoming serpents  
becoming clouds, birds, and gems.

in each new shape  
Whole  
For they were a pair  
Holding the sun and moon  
Flowing as a twin river  
Through the earth  
Shining as a double star  
In the celestial sky

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Lxi (Yellow Double Moon)

From darkness above  
yellow double moon  
slowly was gobbled  
by a black cat  
only a golden smile,  
remained  
among specks of twinkling  
binary stars  
A sunny entrance  
To your universe.

famished ardor,  
mad passion unchanged,  
family rediscovered  
facing images of manhood-  
sudden terrible feeling  
time slipping away,  
wanting that woman to love,  
oh yes,  
still wanting to love her  
with a great love,  
with heart,  
with body too,  
yes, with her a fervent desire,  
a passionate harmony with the world,  
wanting to love her for her beauty,  
her openhearted despairing  
passion for life-  
that was hers,  
that made her deny,  
deny,  
that time would pass,  
though she knew  
at that very moment,  
it was passing  
not wanting people  
to say she was still young,  
rather to stay young,  
always young,

so in love with love,  
intelligent, outstanding  
in so many ways.  
Perhaps just because  
she truly was intelligent  
and outstanding,  
she rejected the world  
as it was,  
as it had been  
in the days when,  
returning after  
a stay in a country  
where her children were born—  
her blood on fire,  
she wanted to flee,  
flee to a country  
where no one  
would grow ill,  
old or die,  
where beauty was imperishable,  
where life would always  
be wild and radiant,  
that did not exist;  
she wept in his arms  
when she returned and  
he loved her desperately.

And he, perhaps more than she,  
living in a land without forefathers,  
where annihilation preceded  
all  
where solace in melancholy  
finds old age  
like in civilized lands,  
he, a broken man,  
destined to be shattered forever,  
passion for life confronting utter death;  
people slipping away,  
without being able to hold on  
to any of them,  
left with only  
an obscure force

that for so many years  
had raised him  
above daily routine,  
nourished him unstintingly,  
been equal  
to the most difficult circumstances—  
that, as it had with endless  
generosity  
given him reason to live,  
would also  
give him reason to die.

He began to love her  
in tears,  
and through her  
at last  
himself.

From darkness above  
yellow double moon  
slowly was gobbled  
By a black cat  
only a memory,  
remained  
among cold crypts  
of dead stars  
A dark entrance  
To your universe.

Liberatore Suffoletta



## Modern Love Lxix

To lie in heaven's grass,  
one must ask the atheist sun  
to grace you with its warmth.  
To covet the mountain peak,  
admire slopes, angular lean stone  
jutting into green-handled branches,  
you must pray to the bare rock  
to reveal its fissioned secrets.  
The tao to the top winds down,  
pregnant with side trips,  
rain clouds often tip their gray  
wetness onto the path.  
not always bright as a full moon—  
nor often as black as a solar eclipse—  
there is always one way to go  
both in darkness and in light

The map opens and unfolds  
on a vast lint-flecked floor.  
Inlets circle harbors,  
a maze of waterways,  
hidden like yesterday.  
Beyond an osprey nests  
on bleached gray poles  
poking into twilight,  
waves sing to the smile  
of a plumb ginger moon.  
Further on, choppy surf  
rotates sailboats chained  
to an ocean's vast prison  
shadow of a dock  
drops into a bay.  
A lone heron stands  
at the edge of history.  
Blue water forever waves  
wearing white bonnets  
seagulls dig for dinner  
among silvery blue eyes,  
flashing then scattering

pinpricks of dancing light  
wings of angels chanting  
Alleluia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
A poet tips back onto  
a soft cushion of sand,  
lies into a sun so hot  
it travels like a breath  
to gills of wet wrasse,  
to sparkle on kelp  
and nourish coral  
as dolphins leap about  
with sly smiles, dining  
on schools of groupers.

The poet writes to a new love:  
Blue here, knowing no reason,  
shadows you, like a shepherd  
until you notice. Blue is the door  
to the infinite ceiling of earth,  
beyond the blue door.  
blue sneaks out  
dressing in white clouds,  
looking in the mirror often,  
a teenager.  
Blue doesn't weep for long,  
Dark cloud eyes move often  
to the next joy or sadness  
all falls from the blue sky,  
leaving behind, the blue door,  
the blue of your voice,  
the blue touch of your hand,  
the blue wind of your breath  
the blue rose of forgetfulness.  
in the mouths of sparrows  
and hawks

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Lxx

Modern Love LXX

First chill of autumn  
summer has  
fallen out of love

cold wind descends  
where yesterday  
geraniums smiled

autumn breeze  
flowers tremble  
like aching hearts  
winter is launched  
a piece of memory -  
green tea ceremony!

Chilled autumn rain  
marigolds dance  
upon the meadow

Two cats dart  
upon the last grass  
of departing summer

cool fall evening  
filling black sky  
vast empty eternity

frogs laughter  
points the way  
to lonely saltmarsh

again that ancient  
taste of freshly  
broken heart

first autumn chill  
under burning leaves

the necks of swans

morning prayers  
mists lift free  
from ocean waves

sun filled glass  
fresh peaches taste  
gong of morning

red hibiscus opens  
in response  
to warm stare

two seagull lovers  
dip and soar  
namaste to summer

morning dove sails  
pointing at sky  
liquid blue coos

full suspended sun  
reflected on water  
creating some ocean

buddha moon  
toothless grin smile  
window hinges  
chamomile blossoms  
entire garden  
bottom dregs of cup

zazen morning twilight  
crack in split mind  
in exactly the right place

summer's footprint  
in deep winter snow  
leads to spring

as-ton-ish-ed

to find no one  
there, here!

sad snowman  
calmly awaiting  
springs agony

First autumn chill  
summer has  
fallen out of love

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Lxxi (Kama Sutra-Sat Nam)

Kama Sutra, simple kiss  
straight kiss, first kiss  
bent kiss, movie kiss  
stolen kiss, spicy kiss  
forehead kiss, eye kiss  
cheek kiss, throat kiss  
bosom kiss, breast kiss  
lip kiss, mouth kiss  
Hear the click clack  
Kiss of intention  
Kiss that kindles love  
Kiss that awakens  
Kiss that turns away  
Kiss back of knees  
Kiss insteps  
Kiss ear lobes  
Sat Nam  
Embrace forehead  
embrace eyes,  
embrace face  
embrace breasts  
smoldering slow dance  
embrace twining of a creeper  
embrace climbing a tree  
embrace thighs  
piercing embrace  
embrace of the jaghana  
Mixture of sesamum seed  
with rice  
feel those dark clouds disappear  
Sat Nam  
Touch, encircle, entwine  
Milk and water embrace  
Auparishataka  
Nominal Congress  
Inside and outside pressing  
Sucking a mango fruit  
Swallowing it up  
all the dream is you

sat nam  
Tickle the peacock feather  
Draw out trunk of elephant  
Worship at the gate  
Congress of the crow  
Widely opened position  
Hear the ring of far off gongs  
Yawning position  
Hear music playing  
Splitting of the bamboo  
Fast, slow echo endlessly  
Rising position  
Tales of new creation  
Half-pressed position  
How can we keep from singing?  
Position of wife of Indra  
No storm can shake my love  
Clasping position  
Since love is lord  
Twining position  
heaven and earth  
Kama Sutra

One night, one morning, one day,  
one moment our dreams could be,  
Tomorrow....  
one pause, one breath, one love,  
east or west, north or south  
over earth or ocean.  
One way to be our journey,  
the way to be rock and roll.

No thought, no feeling, no emotion,  
can hold us back.  
One kiss, one embrace, one falling,  
We'll find our way may be, rock and roll.  
rock and roll.

One way, one sight, one intention,  
one contemplation, one meditation  
with a dream to believe in.  
One kiss, one embrace, one falling,

find our love across a wide ocean.  
The way became our journey,  
this way ends together, may be, rock and roll.  
The way ends together, may be, rock and roll.  
As we were in the beginning  
we are now  
and shall ever be.  
Rock and roll.

Liberatore Suffoletta



# Modern Love Lxxx

## Modern Love LXXX

Desire awoke with desire in mind.  
A body rife with unexpected aches,  
desiring to be touched by your hands;  
leaning into longing for earlier days,  
those good first weeks of memory.  
Desire- nine part fantasy, one part  
memory, reaches back into infinity;  
before light was created, darkness  
when desire was not even a word,  
with spelling or meaning known;  
for that kiss not even a breath  
from your plum mouth escaped  
like an infant's cry for dreams.  
Instead a long stretch of emptiness,  
a dusty Worthington cornfield path;  
which no one and nothing shall heal;  
as a long gray fall darkens new days.

The crease of angst at your absence,  
the evening stark in its bleak futility;  
remember your eyes open at the sting  
of leaving, lips parted, lights leaping  
fire-red into the hush of manhattan.  
A broken glass image in zen mind;  
in the morning, whey, rice dreams  
of strawberries, bananas and kiwi;  
flying place mats carried by fall winds,  
burning a yellow-red on swaying oaks.  
Later, against the darkened sky, stars  
disrobe for bed, radiant as a new love.  
Remembrance of your naked breasts;  
the moon's sliver curved, my arched  
back's desire to lean into heat of you,  
to feel your scent against my bones  
your tenderness in this heart of stone.



## Modern Love Lxxx (Lean Into Heat)

Desire awoke with desire in mind.  
A body rife with unexpected aches,  
desiring to be touched;  
leaning into longing for earlier days,  
those good first weeks of memory.  
Desire- nine part fantasy, one part  
memory, reaches back into infinity;  
before light was created, darkness  
when desire was not even a word,  
with spelling or meaning known;  
for that kiss not even a breath  
from your plum mouth escaped  
like an infant's cry for dreams.  
Instead a long stretch of emptiness,  
a dusty Worthington cornfield path;  
which no one and nothing shall heal;  
as a long gray fall darkens new days.

The crease of angst at your absence,  
the evening stark in its bleak futility;  
remember your eyes open at the sting  
of leaving, lips parted, lights leaping  
fire-red into the hush of Manhattan.  
A broken glass image in Zen mind;  
in the morning, whey, rice dreams  
of strawberries, bananas and kiwi;  
flying place mats carried by fall winds,  
burning a yellow-red on swaying oaks.  
Later, against the darkened sky, stars  
disrobe for bed, radiant as a new love.  
Remembrance of your naked breasts;  
the moon's sliver curved, my arched  
back's desire to lean into heat of you,  
to feel your scent against my bones  
your tenderness in this heart of stone.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Lxxxix (Fascist Geometry)

a black autumn night  
starving for love;  
dark in flames  
Moments of delight slip away;  
Unseen, untouched yet imagined  
Calm and safe at last  
Wandering imaginary lover  
Inflamed till the last  
Soul of light, music, flowers  
A haze of bluish gold lights  
An assiduous emotion waiting  
weighed down by infinite  
drinking from a dark cup;  
saddened eyes, lemon colored skin;  
a leaf, fallen in a stream borne off.  
No matter! magician wand moves  
carves out a design; fascist geometry,  
from disease, from nothing,  
begin to construct, using words.  
No one is granted such love as we:  
the love that has no hope of being loved.  
Translucent in the dusk of twilight  
Polishing lenses of time, again  
Dying cold afternoon full of fears  
all afternoons are the same  
The clocks hands and hyacinth air  
That whitens at twilight edges  
Do not quite exist for this silent  
Conjurer of a clear labyrinth,  
Undisturbed by poverty-that reflection  
Of dreams in the dreams of another  
Mirror-or by so many lovers gasps,  
Free of metaphor and myth, grinding  
A stubborn crystal: the infinite  
map of one who is lost in stars.  
The moon endures its mortal eclipse  
Returns wearing two red roses  
As augurs mock their sad presages;  
Of snow that shall fall from the north

Of frost that shall bundle the fields  
Of hail that shall impregnate the earth  
The coldest seed of all;  
and we  
who think of mounting happiness,  
would feel the emotion  
which nearly startles  
when happiness falls.  
saying: I run; to the still earth;  
I am; to the swift current  
as somewhere blossoms  
the flower of parting;  
whose pollen strews everywhere  
in the roundness of cheerful fruits;  
in the invisible winds innerness;  
in the heightened sky,  
scattered by birds deep  
in our home turning flight  
we swallow roundness  
we breathe our lovers soul  
in the most becoming air;  
we eat, breathe, love  
parting

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Lxxxii (Write Someone's Name With Clouds)

There are seventy balconies in that hotel  
Seventy balconies and not a single flower...  
All those inhabitants, what's the matter?  
Do they all hate perfume? Do they hate color?

Even naked stone overwhelms with its sadness  
The blank balconies infuse with their gloom  
Doesn't a single love-struck woman live there?  
Not even one lonely poet demented by illusions?

Doesn't someone want to see through the window  
A miniature replica of a garden?  
See roses climbing up along the white stone  
A hibiscus blooming against the black iron?

If they don't love plants, they will never love birds;  
They'll know nothing of music, rhyming, or love.  
They'll never hear a kiss or a piano  
Or write someone's name with clouds  
Seventy balconies and not a single flower!

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Lxxxiii (Love As Grand As Memory)

Modern Love LXXXIII

"My love, princess, is grander than  
the tallest skyscraper of this town,  
like the cross atop that church  
it anchors its cross in the blue sky."

"Tell me, my love, is there another  
love higher throughout the world."

"Your love is only, so grand,  
dearest,  
in your memory"

in shade of the bedroom shadows,  
in the centerpiece, rosy alive bed  
two lover's desire tightens a knot  
of plum mouths; chest against chest,  
legs under legs, arched backs.  
Navigating a strait ever narrower  
As delirious fingers dance a ballet  
of pirouetting breaths in fleeting instants  
Until the knot becomes freely undone  
At last loosened among twisted sheets,  
lost pillows and tossed away clothing  
pale blushing faces with stiffening hair  
An indifferent word, a slight thirst  
A tiny hunger, a soft sadness, a small death  
In the afterglow, an innocent pure desire  
gives birth to a vague wandering smell

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Lxxxiv (Another Left, Another Came)

It was just the shadow of love,  
the shadow of love: that could not be.  
Already another ache departs  
already another woman has come and gone  
another woman.

Her breast were not my pillow,  
Nor her hands my guides  
to this sad road; to death.  
Nor were our hours together  
my bitter consolation;  
nor her fountainhead  
that quenched my thirst  
neither were her healthy roots,  
where I was entangled,  
that gave me seeds  
to blossom within.

The shadow of love,  
Only a dream of love: that could not be.  
Already another ache has ended  
another pain departed  
another woman has come and gone  
another woman has arrived.

Liberatore Suffoletta



## Modern Love Lxxxvii (Minds Like Compost)

Life comes shimmering over  
waves at night, it stays  
frightened outside the  
harbor as sunrise  
goes to meet it  
at first light

Ah! still alive  
on a late-October morn  
finding a woman  
barefoot, pajamas rolled up,  
with her frost smile on  
southern Connecticut's,  
salt marsh coast.

Rustle and embrace  
sound waters  
waves turn underfoot,  
and hard as life  
cold nose dripping  
singing inside  
harbor music, soul music,  
smell of sun on your face.  
All these modern women  
turn them over, turn them over  
wait and watch their smile  
from their bottoms up  
Sit down contemplate.  
Watch them sprout.  
minds like compost

cooling

small

Out there walking round,  
out for food,  
birdcalls, seeds that crack  
planting, digging,  
pruning,  
chase a hungry dream.  
chew bones, follow sheep,  
hunger stays home.

looking

watering,

Out there somewhere  
diners for old fools,  
dust from old homes,  
old juke box songs.  
about:

What we became —  
who ate what—  
we persevered?

how

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love V

The spring's audio tempest brings a mauve sunrise alarm full of chirping avarian prayers.

The gust's mouths open the blackness with yawns while awakening dewy green fertile cornfields.

The stabbing wind's hands paint dalisque clouds on the innocent blue-sky like flapping white kerchiefs of goodbye to memories.

The infinite wind's broken heart flutters and emotes warm misty tears while performing to silent love's audience.

Among ancient swaying trees the mezzo tenor wind's song jumps around like Verdi's Egyptian victory march.

The whispering wind reveals its secret, as it churns the ocean's floor, touching the delicate pearl in your salty oyster.

Pirate whirling wind, that gathers quickly and steals away forever-excessive foliage and spent hearts, like fluttering arrows of parrots.

Whimsical warm wind that melts your winter ardor like a foamless tasmanian wave, spent and resting ashore in your damp tomb.

Your lip's kisses are deserting and diving back to your heart rather than waging an equinox battle with summer's breeze.

The spring's audio tempest brings a mauve sunrise alarm full of chirping avarian prayers.

The gust's multiple mouths open the black clouds with their yawns while awakening dewy green fertile cornfields.

The stabbing wind's hands paint dalisque clouds on the innocent blue-sky like flapping white kerchiefs of goodbye to memories.

The infinite wind's broken heart flutters and emotes warm misty tears while

performing to our silent love's audience.

Among ancient swaying trees the mezzo tenor wind's song jumps around like Verdi's Egyptian victory march.

The whispering wind reveals its secret, as it churns the ocean's floor, touching the delicate pearl in your salty oyster.

Pirate whirling wind, that gathers quickly and steals away forever-excessive foliage and spent hearts, like fluttering arrows of parrots.

Whimsical warm wind that melts your winter ardor like a foamless concentric wave, spent and resting ashore in your damp tomb.

Your lip's kisses are deserting and diving back to your heart rather than waging battle at the equinox with summer's breeze.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Vi

Perhaps this summer, our rainy hike to lightning  
on Sunday's trail of lost sunshine  
will invite these words.  
for my words to be heard, often,  
they burrow deep and are hidden  
like the shadow of a groundhog in February's snow.  
At times they bunch into intoxicating rings  
To be worn on your porcelain hands  
like ruby grapes.  
Ah, sad ocean eyes gazing at the harbors garden,  
They belong more to you, than I,  
and climb like ivy, over your wall  
because you are the cause of their greenness.  
My words are eloping from this mind of darkness  
once so full, like a full moon  
hanging on the blue dress of daybreak,  
to seduce you.  
Before they are wed inside your heart  
to the depth of loneliness  
inside your heart  
and become more relaxed  
with my sadness, than even yours.  
I wish them to tell you, what I wish to say to you  
So you could hear them as I wish you to hear me  
"...sunshine calms the wind of anguish  
nightmares are best left asleep  
You hear other voices in my wounded voice  
Wails of ancient mouths, blood of ancient prayers  
Love me, do not forget my image  
Walk with me, follow me, on those trails of tears."  
But, my words, chose to board your love's seashell  
Waving goodbye, chanting, she is everything, she completes us.  
I shall weave from their memory an eternal glove  
to warm the icy fingers of your porcelain hands.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Vii

Daydreaming, in now late morning,  
I row my sad boat toward  
the depths of your oceanic eyes

There, where, loneliness grows,  
like a child's balloon escaping,  
towards the heights in your arms.

Red sails appear in your absent eyes  
fluttering like a sea of wheat, waving  
goodbye to the departing wind

Alone, you gaze at pearls  
of memory, long ago  
innocence,  
which at times,  
evaporated,  
like the spent foam  
on the endless shore.

Resting, in evening twilight,  
I pull my blue empty boat from that calm bay  
that provides harbor to your dark eyes

The night birds chirp, gleefully,  
saluting, the appearance  
of the first evening stars:  
Venus and the moon  
in your eyes,  
shimmering, glistening

The night arrives galloping  
like a somber simulacrum  
distributing black olives  
over invisible groves  
as your eyes close...

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Viii (Drunk Firefly)

Funny, drunk on honey,  
black firefly  
you jump into my soul  
disappearing  
as slow spirals  
of orange mist

I am desperate,  
a mindful word  
not echoed  
by your lips,  
where everything  
gets lost,  
while listening  
to the last creak  
of anxiety as  
my mooring cable  
snaps and the  
anchor is lost  
at the pier  
to your eyes

You are the final  
rose  
in my desert

Silence, Ah!  
Closes,  
the depths  
of your eyes  
where  
the fluttering night  
undresses  
your timid statue  
of blue green  
lined marble.

The night wings

of blackness  
flutter towards  
the silent depths  
of your closed eyes  
while your arms  
become morning  
lilacs,  
touching your  
thigh hidden rose  
which the dew  
awakens.

White snails  
appear round  
the dark  
of your eyes  
talking of the  
peaceful firefly,  
now dreaming  
in your belly.

Silence, Ah!

Solitude is born  
whenever you  
are absent, here

It rains.

Nomadic hawks seek  
the currents of  
the wind of the hills.

Quickly, the rain  
water runs  
shoeless down  
the dirt roads.

From the sky,  
the clouds,  
like drunks



complain  
about the sun.

Still intoxicated,  
absent firefly  
you continue to dance  
in the mauveness of my soul.  
Transmigrating this time,  
into someone long,  
thin and quiet.

Silence, Ah!

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love X

Do you remember that summer day of June,  
wearing your reddish pants of lust  
while the cool lake's blue passion coagulated  
with wet frozen leaves on the bottom of your soul.  
Sometime I wonder why  
you attached poppies in my arms  
while those dead leaves within you, regained  
their distant star voice, as fiery thirst  
from its ladder tossed jasmines  
over my soul at the well of your ancestor's.  
Sometime, woman, I wish to re-visit your summer eyes  
and your trousers of red delight,  
pain full voice and orphaned heart  
and sail upon your gondola  
toward faithless memory  
of being at your doorway,  
reserved and discreet,  
surrendered,  
open to love  
enraptured combination  
of being, a man,  
serene and passionate  
open and secret  
naked, as always  
but revealing an eternal desire,  
Yes, woman, sometime in a doorway  
revealing your judaic forehead,  
your patrician smile,  
your mouth taking all my dark angels  
with kisses of happiness.  
Vanishing like a dream  
Like the hot nights  
I spent waiting on your sun

Now,  
I'm just standing in another doorway  
calmly, watching,

among green fields  
where dew  
fills strawberries  
where garlands  
of your wet breath's kiss.  
taste like fall's nameless dead  
whirling leaves,  
and, I too began to whirl  
my dance of death  
round your soul.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xi (Princess)

Princess,  
The sun that ripens all fruits,  
stretches wheat stalks to the sky,  
twist nori to dance in the ocean,  
made your body of joy,  
your eyes of distant stars,  
your plum filled mouth  
of laughing kisses of dew

Princess,  
suddenly, an amorous sun  
unfastens your bow,  
sweeps your falling hair  
as you stretch  
thighs of sea gulls,  
blue river body,  
hands of dawn,  
while mooring  
at an inlet of play,  
and receiving as a gift  
two eyes of hidden rivers  
from the jealous sun

Princess,  
marble skinned, agile,  
princess,  
nothing,  
drawn towards you, engulfs me:  
all,  
born within you, keeps me at sea,  
like when you dance, at noon,  
fluttering like a seagull,  
an enraptured wave,  
the free wind filling sails  
pushing the mast  
of my lonesome ship  
toward your harbor.

Princess,

in short,  
I am in love  
with your joyous, blue river,  
body of sky touching legs,  
delicate, daring voice,  
seagull wings,  
honeysuckle soul  
definitely,  
like gondolas with waves  
like wheat fields with sun  
like seaweed with water

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xii

We shall lose  
even our shadows.  
No one! , No one!  
shall see us  
holding hands  
this afternoon  
seeking  
that wooden  
rest  
while  
the blue night  
falls  
on the world  
from a window  
of sadness.  
I have seen  
the celebration  
of the sunset  
on distant hills

Sometimes,  
like money  
burning a hole  
in my pocket  
a slither of sun  
escapes from  
my closed  
hands

I remind you  
of the sadness  
which your  
closed soul  
knows me by.

So, where were you?

Among which people?  
Speaking what words?  
Because I sold love  
letting it  
gallop away  
sadly and  
I feel blue.

I threw away  
even the feast  
that is always  
eaten  
at a funeral  
to my favorite  
dog rolling  
at my feet

Because,  
always!  
always!  
you become distant  
in the afternoons  
moving toward  
that pyre  
which  
is carried away  
evaporating  
statues

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xiv

The opening between two mountains  
anchors the falling half moon  
in the sky

The confused night, turns around,  
with dark eyes, counting  
all the sad stars  
in the vastness

Before jealousy carries me  
across that valley, I flee  
a dawn of metallic blue,  
night of lost battles  
heart beating  
like a bell  
in the hands  
of a madman

As lightning from the tempest  
peels the bark of a tree,  
my heart pauses

Come, enter hurricane of furies  
wind of energetic cryptic death  
destroyer,  
toss my world  
like rice at a wedding  
Rearrange the ancient trees,  
from one side to the other,  
you will not remain

Yet you, daughter of geysers,  
questioner of mists?  
You were born among  
fall's leaves  
of parched burgundy  
in this wind,  
behind those nocturnal mountains



by the white fire of that moon

Anxious, least you forget  
my love  
of a thousand touches  
I began another journey  
where you do not smile

Tempest, that tolls  
all the bells  
in the valley  
turbulent revelery of heartache  
who are you touching now?  
where are you creating sadness?  
you shall continue your journey  
of touching all  
unattached to drama, agony,  
death, or even winter  
like the open eyes  
of sonambulent dew

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xix (Manhattan Sky)

In manhattan sky you came as a cloud  
the form and color of my desires  
You are mine! You are mine!  
Sweet lips of woman<sup>1</sup>  
all dreams of eternity  
are born in you  
The soul of the mauve sun  
arises at your porcelain feet  
organic bitter herbs  
sweeten on your lips  
Oh! creator of tragic laments of evening  
How lonely dreams believe you are mine!  
You are mine! You are mine!  
I sing out every window  
to the breeze  
the unattached wind  
drags away my widow voice  
Huntress for the depth in my eyes,  
Your secure capture,  
a nocturnal reflection  
grabbed forever  
on still water  
In my net of song  
you are wiggling, my love  
my nets of arias are anchored,  
like the moon to your thighs  
In the summer breeze  
from your eyes of joy  
i am born,  
Universes of dreams  
begin  
in your eyes  
of mourning

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love XI (Nameless, We Chose Freedom)

Nameless, we shall remain  
Nameless  
You and I missed our window  
to discover the fullness  
of desire

This desire shall remain  
Nameless  
Never being fulfilled  
Never given wings  
Never given the moments  
to become real  
Desire shall remain a dream  
A nameless dream  
We shall always have  
Who we may have been  
Which is more faithful  
Than who we are  
We chose to become less  
we chose freedom

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xli (A White Umbrella)

Let somebody else rest by you,  
enjoying paradise,  
It's cold here,  
winter time is near.

I'll carry a faithless memory  
of your blue flame,  
so easy and pure,  
overcoming fate.

Some go in straightforward ways,  
Some go in a circle roaming:  
Waiting for long gone days,  
to return home again.  
I go by a way neither straight,  
nor round, into never and nowhere,  
On a ship sinking- off the ocean.

I didn't meet you,  
to sail, on seas  
with lanterns bright.  
I entered my home  
of murky pale moonlight.  
Over a ship lamp's green halo,  
Black and white wings soared  
with a smile of rage,

I thought, 'Principessa,  
Your voice is very strange...'  
"Oh, someone took my little  
white umbrella as a keep-sake.  
Someone gave me wild flowers,  
While casting dawn eyes,  
Someone disappointed me.'

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xlii (Someday, Not Today)

Many thousand dancing orange fireflies  
swirl forward greedily together  
In trembling chaos.  
carousing away lovingly  
on a dirt road in dark night rapidly vanishing,  
They sing, rave, delirious, a silent shrill,  
Shivering with joy against death,  
Making love while they may,  
While all kingdoms, sink into ruin,  
While nations, heavy with gold, instantly scatter  
into daylight and legend, without leaving a trace,  
Have you ever known so fierce a dance?  
A dance only lovers know!

At night, when mountains cradle me  
And pale stars shimmering  
Lie down on their broad shoulders,  
Then I am free again to be,  
From all activity and all love  
Silent, breathing purely,  
Alone, alone, cradled by mountains  
They are there,  
at home,  
cold and silent,  
with a thousand lights above.  
Sometime, not today,  
I shall have to think of you,  
And my gaze shall sink into your gaze  
And ask you, silent, alone:  
'Are you still mine'  
Is my sorrow a sorrow to you,  
my death a death?  
Do you feel my love, my grief,  
Answer anyway you choose  
As just a breath, just an echo of a whisper  
as the silent mountains peacefully gaze back,  
And smile: no.  
no greeting and no answer comes from anywhere.  
So, no answer shall come from you.

How heavy rainy summer days are.  
Their fire can not warm me,  
Not a sun to laugh with me,  
Everything wet and naked,  
Everything damp, lonely raindrops  
Keep falling merciless,  
And even hidden stars look desolately down,  
since I learned in my heart  
Love can die.

Tonight my pillow gazes back at me  
alone,  
Not to ever lie down asleep in your hair.  
To die alone in a silent house,  
gently stretch out my hands  
to gather in yours,  
softly press my warm mouth  
toward you, and kiss myself,  
suddenly I'm awake  
around me,  
the hot humid summer night  
Where is your soft hair? ,  
Where are your eyes?  
Where is your plum sweet mouth?  
Sometime, I drink pain in delight,  
Sometime, I drink poison;  
To be alone,  
Alone, without you.  
And out of tears.  
Sometime, I go wild  
like a wolf in the mountains  
And howl, howl in delight  
At life, life itself

I still walk often,  
Without lowering my gaze,  
and hurry,  
Suddenly, silently,  
While you demand a happiness, that's dead.  
I know, you walk beyond me,  
a coy dance in a beautiful dress,

walk for money,  
in your glass shoes,  
while a blue wind plays in your hair with lascivious delight.  
We walk, and walk, and find no home at all.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Xliii (Letters Of Snow On A Green Ocean)

Never to understand the honeysuckle  
dark red hibiscus of your womb.  
know that you tormented a blue rose's forgetful  
desires for love between your teeth, your eyes.  
your mountain shoulders, your seagull legs  
as thousands of little dancing fireflies fell asleep  
on the moon of your forehead,  
while like daylight, evening, night, I embraced  
your waist, desiring your plum mouth, your soul.  
your spirit, your perfumed color  
all of you that summer brought.  
Between plaster walls and mountain flowers  
Periwinkle bachelor buttons  
Lilac loose strife,  
your smile, your glance, your breast  
was an inviting cool pool of sesame seeds.  
I sought in my heart to write your  
name with letters of snow  
on your green ocean  
'Love'

'Love', 'Love':  
garden of wondrous agony,  
your body elusive as always,  
you are somewhere again,  
talking with someone, somewhere,  
as the blue blood of your veins remains in my heart,  
as your purple tongue already dances my death.

Upon well trodden paths this winter  
I shall follow your green night,  
your soft footsteps of seagulls  
to a green bench,  
losing your tracks, again  
in the warmth of spring  
losing all of you,  
faithless dream,



in summer  
while the hull of the moon  
plows through purple clouds  
and piercing starlight  
leave traces of warm dew  
on misty roses.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xlvi (Masses Of Time Square)

Among the hard masses of Times Square,  
to the secret, white room of yours,  
so gentle and quiet – we both  
were walking, in silence half-lost,  
sweeter than all songs, sung ever.  
In a dream, becoming truth.  
Entwined arms, eyes nodding in favor,  
The light ring of your earrings...

And often at breaking,  
The ghosts of first days return,  
The red hibiscus stretching,  
The beauty of her fragile petals.  
The green parrots beginning to sing  
a song of light and pleasure  
to us,  
Who fear to learn, from the earth,  
Who are so lofty, bitter and intense,  
about days when we filled up our senses  
and were saved together.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Xlvii (You'LI Live But I'LI Not, Perhaps)

Modern Love XLVII

You'll live,  
but I'll not; perhaps,  
Oh, how strongly  
fate's secret plot  
grabs us

I shall drink to a home,  
that is lost,  
to the evil life of mine,  
that has me in its sway  
to the aloneness  
in which we're both dancing,  
And to your future, cheers

And, to these lips  
by which I was betrayed,  
To these eyes  
that are deathly cold,  
To the world  
that is shy,  
and lastly,  
that we were  
not saved  
by God,

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xlviii (Words That Are Not Twice Said)

In closeness there is a secret edge,  
Nor love nor passion can pass above,  
Let lips with lips be joined in silent rage,  
and hearts be burst asunder with love.  
Heart be free and know not,  
the slow languor of the call.

who strive to reach this edge are mad,  
who arrive with anguish are hard -  
and know why beneath your hand  
you do not feel the beating of my heart.

There are words that are not twice said,  
I said them once, and lost all my senses.  
Only two things that never reach their end -  
The sky's blue and the earth's mercy

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xv

Thinking on Worthington Hill  
solitude in nets of profound sadness  
you are distant, also, farther away  
than anyone

Meditating morning birds, disappearing  
images among twilight rays  
river of dew, so far to travel,  
Ah. you arrive opening  
plum mouths of flowers,  
carrying universal laments  
weaving hopes of sunrise  
Silent loom  
What if silken fears of night return  
far from this hill?  
your presence is agony, heartache, complex  
life before you, journey to inns of happiness  
a full life of no one, life of hopes  
foam announcing the waves, satori crashing on rocks  
running free, wild, carrying the emptiness of the ocean  
tragic furies, forced smiles, loneliness of the sea  
voiceless, angry, stretched like the sky

You, woman, were there, a firebird  
What variances in the vast known  
You were distant like now  
A flame in the forest  
Blue pure ardor in red and white  
Chirping passion, passion  
In glowing trees of light, shimmering,  
mysterious, burning, burning,  
such silence full of endless echoes,  
soul, wounded by virtuous fire  
Who calls for you?

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xvi (The Ocean And The Sadness)

I shall visit and mark  
with kisses  
the soft places  
on the tanned  
and white atlas  
of your body  
My mouth, a spider  
sidling, delicately  
crossing, hungry,  
thirsty, facing you  
behind you,  
searching

The tales I shall tell you  
dear heart  
by the breeze  
of twilight  
so that you will  
not be sad;  
about a swan, a tree,  
places distant  
and serene,  
harvest time,  
a mature age  
of fruitfulness  
Awaiting,  
in a doorway  
from whence  
to love you,  
the loneliness  
only crossed  
by dreams  
and silence,  
like two anchored  
passionate, delirious  
gondolas, caught  
between  
the ocean and the sadness.

Between lips and voice,  
something dies, my love,  
something  
with the wings of a parrot  
something of desire  
and of memory.  
As fishing nets  
may not hold water,  
dear heart, at times  
all that remains  
is a quivering  
fragileness

Hopefully,  
something sings  
among these words;  
something sings,  
something  
above my spider lips  
celebrating  
with the few words  
of joy, singing,  
echoing, and fleeing  
to the greenness  
like the monastery bells  
in the valley

Sad tenderness  
of life  
what will you  
suddenly choose  
to be  
when you arrive  
at that icy  
and frightful  
moment?  
will you close  
like a nocturnal  
flower, dreaming  
of the dew?





## Modern Love Xvii-(Mouth Of Garnet Plums)

Sentient light, appearing in flowers  
And in dew, each day,  
you play with dawn,  
Subtly, you dance like a cluster  
of sunshine in my hands, each day  
Since I love you, you remind me of no one  
Speak to me, let me hold you  
between yellow garlands.  
who writes your name among stars  
with letters made of clouds?  
Ah, tell me, again who you were before,  
yet again, you existed?

Suddenly the wind arrives howling,  
knocking on my closed window.  
with a net full of fish sky.  
rain drops her clothes and  
undresses unbeckoned.  
all the birds flee her nudity  
singing, Wind! Wind!  
Here where the wind tosses all.  
I only can only rebel against humanity.  
The wind huddles dark leaves  
and frees all the gondolas  
that last night anchored  
in the sky.

Sure enough, you remain!  
Ah! you do not flee. You,  
who will answer me  
until the last sigh, at times,  
wrapping yourself around me  
as if you were fear.  
Nevertheless, sometimes  
a lonely shadow escapes  
dartingly from your eyes,  
like now, now! , again! , yes!

Sweetheart, your gulfs are perfumed

with honeysuckle for my mooring,  
I love you  
while the wind sadly gallops  
murdering butterflies  
my joy nibbles  
your mouth  
of garnet filled plums.

When you have grown  
accustomed to the ache  
I bring, from my solitary,  
untamed soul and my name  
from which everyone flees,  
and the fiery light of dawn  
has kissed our heads,  
our eyes many times,  
explaining twilight in  
tender cooling breezes.  
then, my words shall cry  
caressing you,

For a long time now,  
I believe you to be  
the owner of eternity,  
I love your blue rivered  
ocher sunshine body,  
and lush damp valleys  
where my beginning  
ends and end begins.  
I shall bring you  
smiling mountain flowers,  
rainbow hues,  
dark hazelnuts  
baskets of savage kisses  
I want to do with you  
what spring does  
with cherry trees

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xviii (Sad Snail Words)

My heart smiles when you are silent,  
an absence, not touched by distance,  
hawk breath soaring above sparrows  
Into the mouth of morning sun  
Seeking one kiss to close plum lips

As my soul finds anchor in all things  
you emerge from all, carrying my soul  
as a dancing firefly of dreams  
caught from behind by mauve twilight  
of my soul and these sad snail words

My heart smiles when you are silent  
It is as if you are traveling far away  
a dream firefly cooing a lullaby of light  
not awakened by the voice from afar  
my silence wishes to make love with yours

My heart smiles when you speak, silently  
clear as daylight, simple as water,  
Lunar, eternally quiet, adorned with stars  
Meditating like the moon, distant and simple  
my awe wishes to make love with yours

My heart smiles when you are silent,  
Poignantly distant, dead to the world  
A word then, any word, a smile will do  
to create joy again in the uncertainty  
my death wishes to make love with yours

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Xx (I Love You Here)

Modern Love XX

I love you, here  
where the river shivers from the winds caresses  
where the moon stretches all the way to the ocean  
where the moon and river are, both, lost

where the anxious mist sighs into ballet dances  
where solo silver seagulls shed skin color,  
Occasionally,  
Becoming at times, a red sail.  
where stars arise! Arise!  
dark cross of a ship, sailing  
alone  
dawn, at times dew in my soul  
a reminder, remembrance of the distant ocean  
This is a doorway  
I love you, here.

I love you, here, where vain sunrise cloaks you  
I still love you, among world of ice  
at times my kisses debark on heavy boats  
upon an ocean for ports where they  
shall not moor

forgotten, already, like ancient anchorings  
at sad wharfs docked by late afternoon  
hunger exhausts useless life  
loving what shan't be  
you are so, so, distant!

weariness struggles to embrace dusk sadness  
night puts on a coat, and begins to sing  
the moon spins a waterwheel of dreams  
the furthest stars seek with your eyes  
How I love you!

The wind in the pines  
wishes to sing your name,

accompanied by leaves  
ringing the hour of sleep

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxii (The Last Temptation)

Walking central park  
accompanied by thunderstorms  
making love with lightning  
at midnight  
Infinite stars fall  
as droplets of summer rain,  
sighs, escape, the now blank hidden universe  
the night wind spins the star rain's face.

I shall write the saddest words, tonight  
of desire, of her desire, at times

Strolling in the thundering night rain of lightning  
finding her in my arms, kissing her as often  
as the droplets of stars falling from the eternal sky  
I love her, at times, she loves me  
She loves me, at times, I desire her  
large eyes of innocence,  
impossible, now  
I see

I shall write the saddest words, tonight  
think that my net has missed her,  
feel that she has wiggled away,  
believe I lost her.

Listen to midnight's lament, so endless without her  
as the words to this poem fall from my soul  
as dew from flowers, maya from heaven

What does it matter that love  
has a date with anguish?  
that the hungry night is sated  
by falling droplets  
of glistening stars,  
She is not with me!

the puddles of fallen stars  
put on their shoes

and walk away  
my sad soul closes  
like a poppy

in the starry trees  
two hawks sing an aria of sleep  
she is everything, everything is her  
my soul won't accept losing her  
my shadow stretches, to bring her near,  
my heart aches,  
She is not with me!

Our night, our stars, our trees  
ours,  
in the beginning, now, and forever  
It is certain, I do not desire her,  
how I love her!  
A voice wishing to touch  
the sound of the wind turning  
the face of the rain falling stars

Like before our kiss,  
Who has her delicate voice,  
her waterfall of dreams,  
her tender warm body  
her youthful dark eyes,  
her migrant free soul?  
Who?

I do not love her,  
certainly,  
but at times  
I want her  
Love is so short,  
as brief as life  
memory so vast,  
as long as death

in nights like these,  
I desire her in my arms  
drenched by star filled rain.  
my soul shall not return,  
this is the last temptation.

Liberatore Suffoletta



## Modern Love Xxiii (Loneliness Beckons)

Night's dark eyes contemplate your memory,  
inpregnating the ocean with endless tears

Daybreak stalks alone in wheat fields,  
The time of departure calls,  
Oh loneliness!

Heart full of cold sleepy seagulls creates  
a chiaroscuro beach to shipwreck upon

Worry teaches arias of joy,  
to songbirds giving them wings

It is the hour  
desire wants kisses,  
mind is sleeping,  
amazement is weeping.  
unfolding love  
Shipwrecks  
on your lighthouse

All winds fill an ancient lost ship's sails  
to harbors in love's turbulent whirlpool  
Only to shipwreck on you, all of them

Soul, whose bleeding and fluttering wings  
give birth to lost discoveries in the fog,  
where agony dines, desire grabbles,  
sadness somersaults,  
All on you

Heartache returns to a fortress  
of shadows, quickly forgetting  
all hurts

Oh, woman of my blood,  
who gives wings,  
to singing birds,

I love and lose you in this fog,  
in this whirlpool  
like a vessel dropping anchor in infinity  
where forgetful eternity shatters all moorings

From an island of bleak, bleak loneliness,  
there, woman, your arms of love call

Thirst and hunger desire your fruits  
Sorrow and despair want your miracle

Love sails on the cross of your open arms  
to the shore of your soul, shipwrecked

Desire sailed toward your kisses  
where anxiety drowned intoxicated,  
tension swam away, only to  
shipwreck on you

Lips remember ardent fire  
mooring on your sea, where  
fleets of kisses moored.

,  
Mad passionate love  
The vortex where  
all hopes are born  
and disappear  
in tenderness  
of soft warm  
summer rain  
droplets  
a word  
remaining  
unspoken  
on our lips  
eternally  
love

Falling in love  
the destination  
and the journey,

all in you

Heart full of cold sleepy seagulls  
whose white beaks call and sing  
like the statue on a prow  
you, shall remain in songs  
soaring warm currents  
heart of cold sleepy seagulls  
diving into an open  
bitter whirlpool  
like a pale, rudderless  
ancient ship  
discoverer of lost lands  
emptied of adventure  
all in you

It is time to depart, the set cold hour  
ravenous night awaits the appearance  
of cold shimmering stars  
The ocean's open mouth  
feasts on all coasts  
the seagulls fly away

Daybreak stalks alone in a wheat field,  
with trembling hands full of emptiness.

It is departure time.  
Loneliness beckons

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxiv (Brown Eyed Princess)

Brown eyed princess falling asleep  
with a white rose in her delicate hand.  
She is dedicated to the one she loves  
She prays her soft clothes will keep her warm  
She hopes for delicacy in her dreams  
Her desire is to enter a new dimension  
Her breasts call to be held  
Her mouth glistens from tears  
Her shoulders relax, open, reveal her heart  
Her thighs are full of dancing fishes  
She enters a valley and views a mountain  
She climbs and reaches the other side  
A band of pagan gypsies greet her with animal dances  
She sees the sparks of love in the stars above  
The gypsies become her ancestors greeting her  
she senses she is the watcher of the dream  
she becomes the dream  
she is the dreamer and the dream  
she talks to all the stars above  
to all her ancestors past, present  
and future...we will meet again  
life can never be this way  
can it?  
all the noisy clashing blackness,  
both warm and dirty  
all absorbed in their newspapers  
all chewing their gum  
all their cries  
a nightmare of weakness and sadness  
a thunderstorm of absurdities  
perfumed by the white rose  
loved by a brown eyed princess  
by a better summertime  
by eternity  
My brown eyed princess is falling asleep  
with a white rose in her hand  
the rose masters everything  
My brown eyed princess is a white rose  
she masters everything

she is a princess and a white rose  
she is a white rose becoming a princess  
she is a princess becoming a white rose  
together they dance in every sense  
together  
What more is there to love?

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxviii (The Shy Moon Wants To Anchor)

Intuitive woman, eyes of dancing fireflies  
Shoulders of silver hidden in rocks  
Lips of a butterfly opening wings  
Summer arrived in your hair of yellow flowers  
And the orchard where love used to live  
Breast of doves sleeping like poppies  
Animated hands of flowing ampersand  
Tongue of rivers never sailed, never swum  
Face of angels spinning in delight  
This morning orange sun anointed  
flocks of blue grey seagulls  
To graze in your garden of gilded lilies  
still water, warm and sparking  
Black and yellow butterflies  
perched on red roses of fidelity  
of trust, of vulnerability  
The shy moon wants to kiss you  
Wants to anchor in you harbor  
Wants to wax and wane in your arms  
Wants to become ashes that you stir  
Like yellow garlands climbing green trees  
Like the orange sun you created today,  
Just by opening your hands  
Just by brushing your hair  
Just by smiling in a mirror  
Just by laughing  
sending seagulls from your mouth  
to make tracks on beaches  
that disappear when they stretch  
their wings and take flight  
in ports that no longer exist  
Like the seagulls anointed  
by this morning's sun  
grazing on the dew  
in your garden  
Intuitive woman, eyes of dancing fireflies  
Flexible legs of steel revealing a gold mine  
The orange sun is jealous of the horizon  
You create when your doves awake

When you part your full lips of hope  
When you open your steely legs  
And reveal the daylight in your throat  
The gold in your mine  
Where no sun can reach  
Where no shadows play  
Where all words are formed  
Intuitive woman, eyes of dancing fireflies  
White clad temptress of all desires  
Neck of a swan creating birth  
Come to me naked, innocent and dreaming  
Let my shadow become yours  
Let me drop this sad anchor  
in the depths of your joyous harbor  
Let my ship rest on your shore  
Let my sail fill in your wind  
Let my river enter your ocean  
Let my manhood flower in your garden  
Take the sadness the blushing jealous sun feels  
Upon seeing your doves, your butterfly  
Your silver, your gold  
You walking away  
Take the agony of this hopeful morning  
And create a gift of yellow perfume  
of daylight, an awakening of life  
amidst the bones of all the dead seagulls  
singing to the forgotten moon

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxx (Golden Coreopsis, I Do Not Grieve)

The sun rises on the other side of the green cornfield  
planted by the protestants to satisfy the capitalist.  
Among the well dressed stalks, boundry stones  
new Florence, phony shards  
a clutch of mocking birds wait for clients  
in the purple twilight  
among them, a child, who was already  
a mother  
came toward my door  
carrying a volcano  
of periwinkle bachelor buttons  
magenta cosmos  
lilac stalks  
golden coreopsis  
brown eyed susans  
pale loose stifes  
a dahlia  
wearing a purple toga  
she came in, settled comfortably  
cheerful  
with the innocence  
of a leopard  
spoke with me  
we crossed parallel intersections  
walked, along a rain bathed  
deserted road  
returned, to the open doorway  
ate, drank,  
listened,  
to histories of pride and memory  
as the moon stretched into the edge  
of sharp points  
she invited me to my bed  
a little field among frowning long haired rocks,  
stucco houses  
at the foot of a rise, covered with stone crops,  
potted with corn fields  
in the distance an old chestnut horse on damp grass  
not far off,



here, there,  
stars spawning  
fecund boys  
desirous girls

life sure, poems satisfying  
no anxieties, no fears about the future  
the present, the past  
alone for years-first by physical gifts  
of torturous birth  
calmness, health, enthusiasm  
later by an alert, though uncertain,  
mind  
strength of love  
dialectic conscience  
acquired through experience  
yet, I do not grieve,  
for all the unborn children,  
this desire  
born next  
to her nakedness  
in a touching field  
will conceive  
I do not grieve,  
because  
you are here  
in this world

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxxi (Words Are Enemies)

I see you, you exist,  
we continue to be friendly  
We are happy to recognize,  
greet, touch, kiss  
one another in some garden, a café,  
in our modern sunfilled homes  
Yet, our salutations, the smiles  
untasted passions  
sweet nectar of peaches  
are acts taking place  
in a waiting station  
for you, for me,  
thoughts  
of one history  
or another...  
we agree to love  
make love, sweetly  
giving birth  
to unborn children  
in a vortex of mad desire  
where flowering manhood  
blossoms in a valley  
of endless waterfalls

within us  
the words  
are enemies  
to this world,  
the world  
where  
all our unborn children  
play

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxxii (Okie The Zen Golden Retriever)

Evening star gives eternal kisses of fireflies  
to the dark face of the moon  
the joyful moon cracks an ocher grin  
and falls in love with a reflection  
on the green river  
the red tails of dancing fireflies  
escape from the moon's mouth  
into the adoration  
Racoons take off their masks  
preparing for bed  
the river politely refuses  
to carry the lunar mirror  
leaves it at the waterfall's door  
who returns it to the evening star  
during the moon's void  
a mocking bird awakens the meditating trees  
the rocks hidden under the falls miss the sun  
the sun's lover lives an hour of light years away  
the lunar grin, reflection, evening star  
seek hiding places from the dawn  
the sudden stillness gives birth  
to thousand of mohican souls  
who dance in concentric circles  
while running down whitmore falls  
the evening star ashamed of history  
fades into the blue  
the moon finds great happiness  
in disappearing  
the unseen ocean opens arms  
and awaits the moon's image  
arias of water sing  
eternal mantras  
where mind's heart dances  
joyous silence of a single note  
a breath whispering by  
between the longing of the ocean  
and the moon's love of infinite reflections  
and the adoring evening star  
an open window creates a wall

of antique white and mauve moths  
as a golden retriever leaps from a black rock  
chasing a teasing blue heron who flies  
up over black trees into the bend of the river  
creating dawn, as the golden bellyflops laughing

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxxiv (Sun And Moon In Love)

enamored moon rides a saddle of tears  
wearing a belt of silver pistols  
on a black star drenched stallion  
tender sun wears four bodices of dawn  
stretches arms of strawberry orange  
above a horizon of sleeping lionesses

moon has only one color, love

moon has adored sun for eternity  
letting crickets sing his lament  
of dew kisses on flowers  
sun rides a gondola of virginal fears  
on a periwinkle ocean, peeking beneath  
Icebergs pretending to be clouds  
fate tempts the moon to invite sun  
for a walk by green river, out beyond burr,  
thistle, with fireflies orange light  
on the hawthorn and reeds  
maiden sun, blushing crimson red, accepts  
smiling half-moon, half-mystery, extends a starless hand  
tender sun holds hands of light with the waxing moon  
at the far end of the universe  
where there are no street lamps  
where trees of silver grow bigger  
and mountains of wolves  
howl in hunger

sun's petticoats rustle like wet silk  
to moon's ear, like shoots of hyacinth  
the dark nipples on sun's breasts awake  
creating mother of pearl points on lace  
under her dawn of auburn hair  
under her blush of gold  
lost in love moon makes a hollow  
In the clay on the wet riverbank  
placing a blanket of shimmering stars  
on night's tears  
moon takes off his silver necktie

sun unbuttons her morning gown  
revealing ankles of fine nard  
making the eyes of the moon burn  
moon removes his belt of pistols  
sun her four bodices of silk  
showing a sleeping seagull  
on thighs spawning salmons  
half swimming towards Greenland's ices  
half swimming towards Africa's heat  
startled moon desires to gallop  
without bridle or stirrup,  
on suns desire for endless twilights  
on a most wonderful road  
moon promises not to repeat  
sun whispers  
splattered with kisses, pepples,  
wet as the color of love, empty,  
silver moon took magenta sun by green river.  
while swords of wild irises  
stabbed at morning air.

Sun behaved like a blood gypsy.  
giving moon a daughter of corn fields  
in a basket of straw-hued satin  
promising not to fall in love  
when moon took sun to green river.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Modern Love Xxxix (You Are Going Around Naked)

Modern Love XXXIX

Apart, we are sleeping again,  
And yet, you are with me,  
sweetheart,  
princess of mine,  
You are with me as in that dream, yesterday,  
carrying me, in those dark eyes of yours  
full of evolving consciousness,  
full of eternal desires,  
full of your universe,  
full of souls from your god  
full of caressing woman  
who also has desires,  
desires for you,  
all through a word.

Here, alone, awakening  
in a black gondola  
riding a grey wave  
on a green serene sea of solitude,  
I almost hear your plum voice:  
remember your silent voice of clouds,  
return to gaze into your alert eyes,  
the multitude of greens in central park,  
the sad blue of the bench,  
your cherry red trousers,  
your Sunday kisses,  
your smile of truth,  
your soft bosom,  
your words of doubt,  
your gentle hand  
caressing my face  
holding my hand  
in manhattan's rock garden  
filling entirely all movements;  
brushing my heart with colors  
my being with lights,  
mountain colors, mountain lights.

Your voice of red dreams calls me  
Sweetheart,  
Princess of mine,  
from your universe of water,  
intentionless and without expectations  
to a ship,  
embarking for endless sky,  
over tall waves of delight.  
Our door is open,  
salmon have begun singing.  
Dreaming they are crickets  
Mackeral have begun dancing  
Dreaming they are your thighs,  
And you are going around naked  
in my eyes,  
Like a summer rain,  
dancing in and out of everything.  
And you are going around naked  
in my heart.  
Awakening from a dream of life  
The dark sky is not asleep,  
the grass is busy.  
Awakening to a dream of death,  
I am not I.  
I am someone other,  
Who walked beside you and  
whom I do not see,  
who sat beside you and  
whom I do not know,  
whom at times visits you,  
and whom at other times forgets;  
the blossoming man,  
who remains silent  
while the other talks,  
the one who forgives,  
when I hate,  
the one who walks with you  
while I am indoors,  
the one who writes poetry to you  
while the other aches,  
the one who will remain with you,



when I die.  
And you are going around naked  
in my soul,  
and you shall always be naked  
in my soul.

I have a feeling,  
sweetheart,  
princess of mine,  
that we  
have struck,  
against an iceberg,  
down there in the depths.  
And nothing happens!  
Absolutely Nothing  
Green Silence...Green Waves...  
Green Nothing Happens  
Or has everything happened,  
and we are sleeping,  
dreaming now,  
transcending awe and wonder,  
quietly,  
in a new secret life?

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxxv (Manhattan's White Flowers)

I always saw these  
beautiful white flowers  
blossoming in March,  
as I walked the streets  
of east Manhattan in my  
garden. I strolled  
from 77th to 92nd street  
and Madison to 3rd avenue

This year, for some  
reason it will be  
in April,  
This year, for some  
reason it will be  
in April, say the  
tiny chickadees.

So, during this winter  
let us meet during a storm  
and after sitting  
and observing  
let us go down  
to the wall street market  
and see if we may sell  
the snow we carry  
on our hats and coats.

I always saw these  
beautiful white flowers  
blossoming in March.  
This year it will be  
in April, the tiny  
chickadees remind us.

Ah, Federico, one must still  
have strong legs to walk  
by the butcher shop of the world.



## Modern Love Xxxvi (I've Got It All Wrong)

Wearing the purple of summer, arising from the past,  
Love is the only tradition that remains.

Coming from ruins, razed temples, pagan churches  
transubstantive altar-pieces of bread and wine,  
from villages forgotten among the Apennines or  
Dolmites, pre-Rockies, post-Andes  
where ancestral breaths lived  
wandering amidst manhattan  
like steppenwolf

Along fifth avenue like a stray dog  
into the metropolitan like a smiling hyena  
into the Lincoln centre quad like a naked, david,  
Watching hopeless sunsets, new mornings  
over the east river, over the tiber, over the world  
like the first events of neo-history  
which I witness, by virtue of a passport  
granted by a registry official  
from the soft edge of the sharp points  
of a buried age.

Ugly, am I, born of a woman's entails  
I, an ugly adult foetus,  
modern as all the moderns  
talking about a female Moses  
who impregnated Adam, abel,  
cain, with the anguish of semen  
wander about, in search of  
a lover,  
the first woman  
a woman with lipstick, driver's license  
a brother,  
a family  
who are no more

I've got it all wrong  
Blundering again into the future  
With the disdainful grace of uncertainty  
Of that gentle poet,  
Egoism, passion

I've got it all wrong, with my stuttering bravura  
answering bourgeois questions  
in a world of letters

Got everything all wrong

Back from another death,  
like a burned cat,  
driven over by a sixteen wheeler,  
hung by children in olive groves,  
as a warning of fecundity  
fields of veiled plum and green  
with the shade of renaissance forest,  
in the background, Dali, Goethe, Cassandra  
Virgil's garden of earthly delights  
below the strata of garish green, uncivilized  
as the summer sun spreads overwhelming pain  
in those fields, Apennine reds, Dolomite shacks  
of Latin centurions-

I've got everything all wrong

Learning sign systems derived among laughter  
while reading Camus, Plato, Dumas, Einstein, Silone  
during the usual plane flights, train rides, bus stops  
above and below the equator, comprehending  
signs for deaf mutes, ideograms that shall become  
once and for all, forever, international language  
for tall, sublime naked worms  
Grandmothers, grandchildren  
of sycamores, maples, elms  
ashes of Julius Caesar, bloated by tears  
asymmetrical, like all of green,  
a green that's not Italian,  
A green that's not latin  
a new green of the world  
embodied in the forest  
for eternity  
Trapped, reappearing under clouds of mud  
older than I will ever be  
the fleshy color of pain  
with five flesh colored roses,

Roses in the rose  
First, in the beginning, was the Pain, suffering  
(Ah, a shot of morphine, help!) :

I've got it all wrong, ugly gentle man!

Quinary rose, pain number two:  
"blunderer of a lifetime"  
like a river whose destiny to be no other river  
is contained in the astonishing fact  
of being a river  
in a wollen sweater, ascertaining  
from the summer sun  
the absence of love,  
down to the last teardrop,  
now quite ridiculous  
without the tears  
understanding the cause  
of my endless delusions  
arriving at death,  
without having lived  
life offers one opportunity, only  
I missed mine completely  
And thus, I remain alive  
to contemplate it, like a wreckage  
a stupendous possession  
that belongs to no one  
A cripple with the ridiculous pain  
of seeing everything granted to others  
in a triumph of endless happiness  
Without love, I am without love  
while the bourgeois world is full,  
full of love....  
Summer sun gives migranes and erections-  
dominating nighttime desires,  
castrating to the last dropp of semen  
resting in the chill of tiny flowering,  
absorbed, perhaps, in some labor  
unworthy of man

Blue rose of forgetfulness, pain number three  
Pull off a petal and see it

red where it could have been white  
white where it could have been yellow  
as a wish, a wish for a whole lifetime  
which by misfortune, fate, whim  
allows  
one sole way, only one form  
this way...  
Welcome to the analogic age  
Operate in that field  
as an apprentice  
then give birth to Resistance  
Fight with the weapon of poetry  
restore logic, become civil  
a civil poet  
Now is the time of the Psychagogic  
I am able to write  
only while in the grip  
of Music  
due to excessive semen  
or compassion  
like someone dreaming of his own undoing  
on the shores of the sea  
where life is always beginning again  
Alone, or almost alone, on the old coastline  
among ruins of ancient civilizations  
on the debit side of god's ledger

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxxvii (Dreams Seperate Us)

Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour  
Souris a nos ivresses;  
Nuit plus douce que le jour  
O belle nuit d'amour!  
le temps fuit et sans retour  
emporte nos tendresses  
loin de cet heureux se` jour;  
le temps fuit sans retour  
Zephyrs embrases,  
versez-nous vos caresses;  
zephyrs embrases,  
donnez-nous vos baisers,  
Ah....

It is almost time for the evening service,  
in twilight, walk to temple  
seems full of demons.  
time of impending darkness, feasts.  
time for my revels.  
my past returns.

Like when we found some contraband parrots  
smuggled into the United States  
to learn to speak English there.  
They were green  
They sang shad-dup, shad-dup  
Sca-rude, SCA-RUDE!  
There were some already dead in their cages.  
dreaming of flying near the mountains  
which were their homes  
in those plain cages the dreams of mountains  
excited the green dead parrots,  
they started beating their wings  
shoving against their bars.  
When cages are let open  
all shoot out like arrows  
straight for their dreams  
of mountains, rivers, valleys, dawn, dusk, day,



Night

Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour  
Souris a nos ivresses;  
Nuit plus douce que le jour  
O belle nuit d'amour!

Freed from the cages  
trap of English,  
green dream mountains  
green dead parrots  
green lovers

yet, while we recite the psalms,  
memories intrude into the prayer  
like ipods with hundreds of cd's  
hundreds of movie film scenes  
come to me,  
wonderful nightmares,  
solitary hours in hotels,  
dances,  
journeys,  
kisses,  
bars.

forgotten faces appear.

Lovely times

Wonderful times

Sinister times.

The assassinated green parrots  
emerge from their green mountain (With Solomon, king of the  
wise and nebachaneezer, king of Babylonia)

Time Square lights are gleaming  
on the black rain water that flows  
from the sewers on Broadway

Absurd conversations,

drunken nights,

liquid days,

repeat

repeat themselves,

like scratched cd's,

stopping

restarting

stopping

It is the time when our eyes shine.

The Sabbath house is full of people.

The candles in the palace are lit

It is the time when the Council of War of the defense department meets and experts on torture go down into the prisons. The time of secret police and spies, when thieves and adulterers hover around the house and corpses are hidden.

Bodies are fed to the vultures or thrown into the water. It is the time when the dying enter their final agony. The hour of sweat in the orchard and the time of temptations.

The green dead birds sing sadly outside,

in rhymes of blue

calling out for the sun.

in time of darkness.

And the temple is freezing,

while we go on

humming psalms

holding hands.

Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour

Souris a nos ivresses;

Nuit plus douce que le jour

O belle nuit d'amour!

dark becomes even darker  
when hopeful of day coming.

Our dreams separate us,

On futons

In our beds

without pillows, with pillows

with eyes closed

each dreaming our own dream

awakening reunites us.

as night draws away

followed by our dreams,

desires

see the sky very inky blue;

when we sleep we don't see it. –

nor this land with its grand canyon,

dark night left calling moon,

evening stars to the mountains

where the green dead parrots sing.

In the beginning was Dance.  
dancing the cosmos were created.  
for that reason,  
all dance,  
dancing, they learn to sing  
in a world born of a word,  
secret word of two lovers in the night.  
each night swapping secrets with another night.  
Each person is for another person.  
I am yes. I am Yes to you, to you for me,  
to a you for me.  
like waves in the cosmos, we dance, we sing  
to the music of the spheres  
I tell you again, my love:  
I am you and you are me.  
You are: love.  
You are the wind  
I am an ember  
You ignite

Belle nuit, o nuit d'amour  
Souris a nos ivresses;  
Nuit plus douce que le jour  
O belle nuit d'amour!

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modern Love Xxxviii (Hibiscus' Of Rome)

Walk towards the Coliseum  
Without passing an ancient ruin  
Follow Via Sistina, cross in front  
Of Santa Maria Maggiore, by San Pietro  
In Vincoli, come to via del Colosseo  
Somber gigantic Coliseum, gaping apertures  
pouring the long, pale light of a lonely moon  
Mysterious southern moon, phantasm of twilight  
Pointing to hungry Lion's Den,  
loggia of brave gladiators,  
podium of the Caesars,  
ascend a half-dilapidated staircase of stone  
where the hibiscus  
of flowering wombs  
of red hearts  
dwells

hibiscus' red womb lips, open, each dawn  
revealing throats of erect pink pistils'  
with crowns of ochre thorns  
(I am falling for a hibiscus,  
For a lost seagull  
For two pools of ochre revealing a soul  
For soft hands which hold my mind  
For a smile of endless dawns  
For words, your words  
I am falling for your words  
of eternal promises of endless  
Impermanence  
A man, dreaming, awakened  
by morning's fecund dew  
in your hibiscus' womb  
from a life of sleep)  
Sad sparrows flutter, beak at crown of thorns  
Pulling out of pistils' head  
Drops of orange blood on dark chests  
Creating robins who take wing  
creating a magenta sunrise

in tear filled clouds  
above manhattan island  
what sad joy to have everything  
the way the hibiscus wants  
taking my heart to the sky  
giving me verses of other poems  
and the odor of red,  
love that scent,  
of red petals creating  
distant melancholy fields  
where every gesture  
bleeds to the sky  
like a lonely heart  
the hibiscus seeds flowers  
in late afternoon and sighs,  
creating possibilities of evening stars  
in its tragic romantic acceptance  
of solitude  
what sad joy, to be like a hibiscus  
full of red sadness,  
saluting other flowers  
(like Lancelot,  
a romantic hero  
in an earthly tomb)  
which give her birth  
and courage  
showing her erect pistils'  
her crown of thorns  
her bleeding womb  
What sad joy, each twilight evening  
When the red petals of hibiscus' womb  
dance a wonder full closure  
Silently sealing red lips,  
Red hearts,  
Plum mouths  
green arms

someday, as a red womb  
my soul shall, also,  
close its redness  
to singing parrots

on late afternoons  
while a blue, serene sky  
peals in joy  
as this morning is peeling  
in the red hibiscus' wombs

Someday,  
all those who love  
red hibiscus' wombs,  
shall close, also,  
And all their dreams  
shall be reborn  
again,  
as the red wombs of the hibiscus  
are reborn each morning  
in a daily ritual  
of silent pain of blood  
Someday,  
my spirit will become  
nostalgic  
finally closing  
like a hibiscus' red flower  
and be alone,  
secure,  
with no being,  
no green leaves,  
no blue sky,  
no plum mouth,  
no sad arms,  
no red lips,  
no red pistil  
with ochre crown of thorns,  
Then, my spirit shall dance  
among shimmering quiet stars  
seeking your brown eyes,  
as all the hibiscus's red wombs  
remain, dancing,  
singing the sad joy  
of  
coming and going  
and discovery

.

Walk towards  
somber Coliseum,  
pale light of a lonely moon  
trapped in endless twilights  
of dawn and dusk  
brave dwelling  
of flowering red hearts  
of you  
of me  
of us

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modrn Love Xxix (Zen Swimming Without Water)

Aquarius empties vases on all the greens of sunderland  
a thousand mouths show the river's green tongue  
swallowing the cool rain's kisses  
black rocks dance as they bathe on the eastern shore  
birds open their black, red, blue umbrellas  
a young eagle circles the still trees  
skunks somersault and make love under a maple  
a golden retriever leaps for eternity  
from the thumb of a laughing black rock  
finds it floating upstream  
and returns it over and over  
hundreds of ancestral souls  
float by in a ballet  
with no depth, and endless forms  
of pollen stillness  
on the smiling face of the green river  
some are slithers of silence  
some are clouds  
listening to tacit voices  
cry of love  
compassion in the black rocks  
creates tears to wash its face  
fireflies lick the wet leaves of stars  
in anticipation of tonights rehearsal  
the waterfall rejoices in consumation  
with the warmer water of the river  
dew must await another day  
sunshine took a vacation  
dark clouds rule today  
they don't mean to hurt  
they have to cry  
they are insecure  
and unsure about love  
Evening star and waxing moon  
have wanted to taste, to feel  
summer rain for an eternity  
and a sabbath  
they salute the dark clouds  
and bow low as they depart



Wet morning irises,  
stand up,  
raise arms  
reach for dark clouds  
close eyes  
chanting  
let it rain, let it rain  
love rain down on me  
the dark clouds  
the green river  
the silver waterfall  
the black rock  
the blue heron  
the mauve eagle  
stand still  
holding their good breath  
in the arms of morning

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Modrn Love Xxvi (New York City At Daybreak)

By the West River where Columbus found Broadway  
Young blacks were singing, exposing their waists  
as their pants crotch touched the ground  
giving birth to a caravan of gypsies selling trinkets  
Cool females spun the wheel, with oil, leather,  
and grinded their hips like a whetting stone  
Eight million miners owed the rocks their silver.  
Sleepy children dreamt of stairs and perspectives.  
At midnight, dressage of police cars pranced into Lincoln Center  
thousand fireflies of night invaded the sadness of precision  
civilization gathered to watch the cinemaplex of dance  
wearing fifth avenue summer finery  
Women with glossy lizard lips, green tongues  
carrying satiny crosses on their behinds  
Men with eyes of delight, razored faces  
and panama heads reciting whitman  
Women breasts of edible pears calling to  
men with seer sucker suits selling sunshine  
Chicanos washing dishes and busing tables  
Indians driving yellow chariots of borrowed fire  
Gaunt junkies borrowing eyelids from snakes  
Bored nightshift laborers resting on stones drinking  
Talking about the mets and Yankees  
All of them would sleep tonight,  
some with their facelifts and eternal youth  
some wanting to be the river,  
some only wanting bottled water  
some of them love the huge leaves  
some the million fireflies of night  
if they could be turned to gold  
none of them remembered the  
shoreline's blue tongue.  
Bought by the river faun  
with the rose of circumcision  
over all the bridges, over all the eternal rooftops  
over all the five boroughs, over the statue of liberty  
The teeth of the night became  
flocks of seagulls carried by the wind  
born on your futon, in your arms

In your eyes, in your mind,  
In your mouth, on your tongue  
In your dancing thighs of mackerals  
In your garden of delights of kisses  
By the East River and the Queensboro  
One solitary seagull flies east  
Carrying night on its back  
And dawn on its belly  
As the hands of the universe's beneficial energy  
Wash their face  
boys are battling their fecundity  
girls are discovering their preciousness  
men are putting on their sunday kisses  
women are painting their glass faces  
none of them pause,  
none of them want to be a cloud,  
or a yellow tambourine.  
Throogneck red snake eyes blink flirting  
With the Whitestones blue lights of sadness  
Warning celestial travelers  
Heavy industry ahead  
The timid orange sun peeks above the ripped horizon  
Chanting a haiku about swallowing dead fission bullets  
Frightened Lancelot flees to the arms of a romance novel  
Dante dreams of Beatrice, Paris captures Helen  
Avengeful Achilles drags Hector around a tearful fortress  
A Trojan rainbow arrow flies  
into the gray mouth of the statue of liberty  
which is awaiting Ponce de Leon elixir of youth  
East river alligators don their blueberry suits  
Carrying human skinned briefcases  
Full of corn fields  
The nature addicted trees smile their indifference  
Long Island makes love to the cold Atlantic  
After five centuries of bisons flee  
The ashamed moon refuses invitations now  
Morning is shedding the humility of night  
Wearing epaulets of pristine clouds  
A million chariots of doom dance  
With fireflies in the world's biggest parking lot  
invisible pulleys spin to raise the sky;  
borders of pride besiege memory

angels hidden in the solitary seagulls cheeks  
are spat out as black snow blanketing static Queens  
while all the birds moan  
about the rough cloth of winter  
Not for a moment, sweetheart, lovely woman,  
have I failed to see your heart full of butterflies,  
nor your gentle shoulders of stars,  
nor your thighs pure as Venus's,  
nor your voice like a lighthouse,  
woman, beautiful as the fog,  
you smile like cherry trees greet spring.  
Not for a moment, my princess,  
who among mountains of noise, billboards, and airplanes,  
dreamed of becoming a river and sleeping with the sea  
with that lover who would place in your breast  
the small ache of a remembered soul.  
new york doesn't bury in coffins  
those who don't work.  
New York, modern,  
New York, modern with death.

Sleep on my gazlle, nothing remains.  
Dancing snow stir the prairies  
and America drowns itself in machinery  
and lament.  
I want the green breeze from the darkest night  
to blow away flowers and the inscriptions  
from the eygyptian obelisk,  
and a black child to inform the gold-craving  
that the kingdom of wheat has arrived.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Mystery Xxiv

Daring to lift my dry eyes of green  
towards the snow capped rockies,  
I don't see God, but a light  
is immensely shining.

Of all the things I know  
my heart feels only this:  
I'm old, alive, alone,  
my body rages and raves  
consuming itself.

I briefly rest in the foothills  
tall grasses by a river bank,  
under bare aspen trees, then move along  
beneath buffalo clouds to live out my days.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Nameless Desire

This desire shall remain  
Nameless  
Never being fulfilled  
Never given wings  
Never given the moment  
to become  
It shall remain a dream  
a nameless dream  
We shall always have  
Who we may have been  
Which is more faithful  
Than who we are  
We chose to become less  
we choose freedom

Liberatore Suffoletta



Born at the right time

Liberatore Suffoletta



# Okie And I- I

I

Okie is small, hairy, sincere;  
from where the palm trees grow  
soft on the outside, like strands of cotton,  
the color of the morning sun  
only the twin black mirrors of his eyes are hard  
until they twinkle then coal becomes light  
in the yard he caresses lilac stalks with his snout  
periwinkle bachelor buttons, magenta cosmos  
golden coreopsis, brown eyed susans  
pale loose stifes are parted by his sunny tail  
until I call him sweetly "Okie"  
Then I hear his sigh towards the earth and the sky  
And it is not a sigh, it is that he woke up.  
He leaps toward me cheerful, he leaps, he is.  
Everything is beautiful and constant  
Everywhere there is green and reason  
I want to cast my lot with his,  
When he is lonely, looking wounded  
he seeks company in my dry bones,  
hoping to find shelter.  
He eats whatever I give him.  
He likes soft black raspberries,  
with their crystalline crypt of garnet dew  
I know he could eat a beehive of honey...  
While the yellow jackets injected him  
with their angry thoughts and venom  
He is so tender and sweet and innocent...;  
but hard and old on the inside.  
When our jog is over, say on Sundays,  
As we turn into the driveway of the house  
The church goers of the town dressed impeccably  
Smart, slowly pause, remain watching him stroll.  
He has karma,  
Moon, karma and the sun, at the same time.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Okie And I- II

## II

Things never happen to Okie.  
He covertly leaves the yard  
and walks Dover and is delayed,  
perhaps mechanically,  
watching the arc of a vestibule  
and the door closing;  
he gets the news from the mailman.  
I see his name on a short list  
of the town's honorary citizens.  
He likes clocks of sand, floor maps,  
the typography of etymologies,  
the scent of coffee and prose of Dumas  
and in a vain way turns those likes  
into the attributes of an actor.  
He affirms that our relation is complementary;  
I live, I let myself live, so that Okie can plot  
his Literature and that Literature justifies me.  
It doesn't hurt me to confess  
that he has thought up certain valid pages,  
but those pages cannot save me,  
because of the language or the traditions.  
I am in favor of his plots  
Though they are destined to lose me,  
Little by little I am yielding every path to him,  
although my perverse custom  
consists in falsifying and in magnifying.  
Spinoza understood that the stone eternally  
loves to be stone and the tiger a tiger.  
Okie has to be in Okie,  
not in me (if somebody I am) ,  
I am clear less in his look  
than in the strumming of a guitar.  
Years with time of mythologies  
in the suburb playing games  
with the infinite, the absolute and the relative,  
those games are Okie's now  
and I will have to devise others.

Thus my life is a flight  
and I lose all it  
and everything is forgetfulness,  
or Okie.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Pettorano. Brothers!

Pettorano. Mother and brother.  
The stone house, clean and warm,  
key in the open door,  
crickets singing eternal arias.  
In time, love grows remote.  
The road does not exist; the field  
of vineyards, toiled and reddish,  
is the way, like a full moon shining,  
and silver tambourines glistening in  
the thin blue mountain snow.  
What moonlight, what rest  
inside the slotted cemetery walls!

I have cheated enough!  
I have lied enough!  
I have taken my share!  
Here, the only healthy thing to do is die.  
This is the way out, that I've wanted so badly,  
running escaping into the twilight.

Pettorano. If only we could rise up, divine  
like the son of man!  
Pettorano. Brothers.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Pettorano. Fratelli!

Pettorano. Mama` e fratello.  
La casa di pietra, pulita e calda,  
chiave nella porta aperta,  
grilli cantano na` arie eterne.  
A tempo, l'amore si sviluppa distante.  
La strada non esiste; il campo delle  
vigne, lavorato duramente e rossastro,  
è la via! come la luna piena da luce a tutti,  
e tamburelli d'argento brillano  
sobre la neve blu della montagna.  
Che luce de` luna,  
che resto all'interno delle pareti  
scanalate del cimitero!

Ho truffato abbastanza!  
Sono ditto bugie abbastante!  
Ho preso la mia parte!  
Qui, l'unica cosa sana da fare è morire.  
E` l'uscita, quella che ho voluto così male,  
Scapando comp prigionero nella penombra.

Pettorano. Se soltanto potessimo risurreziare, divino,  
come il figlio dell'uomo!  
Pettorano. Fratelli.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Red Flags

Comrades whose heads rested on the guillotine  
Dear friends without tears, women with cruel lips  
Midnight has arrived and the song of death  
Calls me to the waves of it's ocean  
I have it's flavor in my mouth  
The salt of departed sleepers  
Faith, like a chain on each body  
Whose paleness only strengthens  
Their acute lethargy, and cold smiles  
Their eyes swollen like tired boxers  
Whose breath silently devours ghosts

In that humidity of revolutionary birth,  
with those fearful propositions  
closed like a shopping center  
where the very air is criminal  
and the walls have a sadness  
the color of crocodile boots.  
A texture of sinister spiders  
draining our blood like  
a frankenstein monster.  
Immense black grapes  
grow in the ruins of dreams  
at the hour of departure.  
Open the hearse and await  
there where we shall dine  
dressed in wooden suits  
as cholera ushers the doors

My heart, is late and without a beat  
The day like a poor tablecloth  
has been shaken and put out to dry.  
It's moisture once alive  
is now something in the air:  
Much of the air appears to be  
Beggars, lawyers, bandits, map  
makers, contradictory actors  
and a few from each bureaucracy  
those humbled masses who work

in silence in our interiors  
searching since before time  
examining without arrogance  
beaten, without a doubt,  
yet never defeated

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Reflections June 15,2009

Soothing fingers opening lips  
glimpses of a vanishing world  
a hand on the curve of your hip  
releasing a wave that could drown  
a long time before speech returns  
Weightless,  
like feathers in the wind  
swim over me, like a crab  
eyes flickering from eyes to lips  
arched backs and lowered heads  
close breaths seeking the other  
reciting sighs learnt by the heart  
Tanned and pale white delicate skin  
slight skein of blond hair fallen  
like rhyme, meter's highest aspiration  
The beauty of touching, poetess of love  
Divan of poetry!

Little cries like a bird

Liberatore Suffoletta



# Seven Ships

There are seven ships left in the harbour  
seven ships and not a single flower  
All of that water, what's the matter?  
Does it hate perfume? Why no bright colors?

Tiny naked stones overwhelm you with their sadness  
the black empty shells infuse you with their gloom  
Doesn't a single love-struck woman stroll here?  
Not one poet demented by illusions?

Doesn't someone else want to see the ocean  
as a diminutive copy of a garden?  
See roses climbing up along the rough rocks,  
a jasmine blossoming in springs currents?

If the ocean doesn't love plants, it would never love birds,  
it will never know nothing of music, rhyming or love.  
It'll never hear a kiss or a piano,  
seven ships and not a single flower!

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Sleep On, Sleep On...

Sleep on, Sleep on...

Though the moon is playing tag with the sun

And hides in it's dark penumbra

Sleep on, sleep on...

Clutch the pillow ever tighter

Sleep on, nothing remains now

Dancing walls stir in the prairies

America drowns itself in machinery

Proudly lamenting the price of oil

I have never understood, never,

The perfume of your dark magnolia

Nor the parrot who flies out your teeth

From the martyred belly of your heart

A thousand Roman sentries fell asleep

in the moonlit plaza of your forehead

while four months I sought the knowledge

from your hands and waist, enemies of snow

between painted plaster of jasmine

your glance, mouth full of seeds

searched my breast to give me

the Latin prayer saying: Never!

Never! , never, my agony's garden

feeds your elusive form of woman

the taste of your veins in my mouth

your mouth now lightless in the desert

Sleep on, sleep on, forget the moon!

Playing hide and seek with the sun

While hiding all of eternity's sunsets

In it's somnambulistic lover's ballet

I choose to sleep and dream

Perhaps arise for the next one

I endured sunrise's green poison

the struggles of wounded nights

but how to endure your nakedness

like a lotus open in the reeds

show me oceans finding channels

emptiness of shadowy planets

valleys knee deep in ice water  
flowers of red for my heart  
but do not let me see again  
the coolness of your waist:  
talk things over with friends  
wearing wings of caterpillars  
while blades of larks return  
while I seek you in wine's cave  
sleeping the tacit sleep of grapes  
far from the noise of cemeteries  
I sleep often lost on the sea  
With an ear full of tiny piers  
My sliced tongue full of agony  
And love; oh, lost on that sea  
As I am lost in the heart  
Of certain grown children

Sleep on, sleep on, forget the moon!  
There is no one I can kiss  
Without feeling the smile  
Of your many faces  
There is no one I can touch  
my hands have no more sense  
than to seek for your roots  
beneath all this virgin soil  
Tho' I am lost in the heart  
of certain grown women  
a branch broken by itself  
neath an apple tree of sobs  
while hummingbirds sigh  
and feral cats drive them  
off through the salt marsh  
This branch is happy  
It's dropped off to sleep  
As if it was a tree  
neither, thinking of rain  
nor awaiting the moon's dance  
nor awaiting steps of spring.  
While I, I want nothing else,  
Only a hand. I desire  
a wounded hand, if possible.  
Pale lily of a dove anchored

Hard in my sleeping heart  
Being the guard blocking  
Entrance forever to the moon  
I want nothing else, only that hand  
Everything else to someone else  
All the leaves have fled whirling  
The harbour is naked in its green  
The salt marsh is flooded in tears  
All the roses are awaiting dawn  
Through sleep's branches  
I dream two dark doves  
One is the sun  
The other the moon  
Little neighbors, I called  
And reached for the earth  
Then, I saw two naked doves  
The one was the other  
And both of them, neither  
As two snowy eagles  
And a naked woman  
Flew away.

Sleep on, sleep on...

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Some Unanswered Questions

If all raindrops are sweet, where do the rivers buy the salt for the ocean?  
Leaves, clouds, thoughts move,  
by same agreements.  
Why does everything become still  
when our mouths open?

Which millenniums are best for conceiving stars?  
And for how many infinities are the birth stars needed?  
Why do we say a new star or galaxy is discovered rather than born?  
And why didn't Einstein just say light bends when it's tired just like him?  
Why do people and trees conceal the beauty of their roots?  
How many churches are there in hell for child molesting priest to say mass in?  
Which Popes must attend the services?  
Do clouds become happier after crying so much?  
Do rabbits who are late for school have to clean the blackboards and erasers?  
Is there anything sillier in life than to be called liberatore?  
Does the cloud maker still live in Tibet?  
Where do dropout fishes go if they fail swim school?  
Where do rainbows hide from a jealous sun?  
Do the people who live in your dreams dwell in your shoes when you awaken?  
How much faster can stallions race on the moon?  
Where was it that you found me that I lost myself?  
Do all the memories of the poor huddle together while a jewel box looks after the  
dreams of the wealthy?  
Why don't our armies make honey, our air force carry birds north and south and  
our navies sail the seven seas searching for Atlantis?  
Where do bees hide their honey from the blind?  
If our thoughts run out,  
How do we make an idea?  
Is it true our desires must be watered by desire?  
Is the sky getting ready to commit suicide because it is so blue?  
Who made all the holes in nights black hat?  
Does sadness create small ponds that we swim in or does it remain invisible until  
we spill tears?  
Why do professors teach and politicians practice the geography of death?  
Has love ever deceived you with kisses that didn't blossom?  
Why do the sea gulls ask me the same riddles I ask them?  
And why do they dip and soar with so much wasted energy?  
Are they forever sentenced to repeating their vows to the sky?

Where did all the leaves buy their yellow clothes to commit suicide in?

The only true thoughts are those which do not grasp their own meaning. Adorno  
from *Minima Moralia*

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Suzerain Of Little Shoulders!

Suzerain of little shoulders!  
Pacify the dangerous headstrong male  
tonight conduct yourself decently  
you must stop all this teasing!  
whispers back, flaying words  
showing white knuckles  
with the end of long braids  
plunging down her chest.  
Why like a janissary, do I prize  
that swiftly reddening, tiny, piteous  
crescent of your lips?  
Don't be cross, my love,  
I'll gladly be sewn into a sack ...  
Lips grazing your ear, cast into the sea  
Oh, I shouldn't mind drowning for love  
like that Count of Monte Cristo.  
Standing at a hard threshold.  
Go, Go, I say! —  
Yet, come, stay awhile  
Come, be as true a lover as my muse

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Sweet Inevitability

It is dusk earlier than yesterday.  
I know because  
I sit in the passenger seat  
as we drive a familiar road  
where we have driven  
many many times  
for many many years.

A blue Heron sits in the shallow waters  
watching as we cast car shadows.

'We've never been here before, '  
she delights,  
in what I think is  
the newness of the shores.  
The moon is full.  
She reaches over  
touches my hand  
asking to keep driving,  
'let's,  
don't go home quite yet'.

The sky opens and the tears of the man in the moon gather on our windshield.  
I know she is driving away from the inevitable drowning in the sky.

sweetest of sweet dreams!

Liberatore Suffoletta



# The Almond Tree

This snowy cold December morning  
the pen  
is full of almond branches, leaves  
and black gnarled twigs covered  
    with white blossoms  
the scent of that tree is intoxicating  
for here on the real earth,  
such trees do not ripen,  
nor bear the fruit of that tree.

As children our first movement is to sing joyous songs,  
innocent voices, filling mountains and dales with arias.  
As adults our first movement is toward joy,  
yet we give it away, venting full expression  
to a gloomy tho not unfamiliar view of life.  
once delighted with the world as children  
now the world is in a tangle,  
for opened eyes have seen only the glow of fires,  
massacres, injustices, humiliations,  
and the unrelenting shame  
of braggarts and despots.

I look at the pen, it's branches, twigs, leaves  
now covered, with cherry blossoms  
and breathe in the intoxicating scent of that tree  
knowing full well such a tree does not grow in dirt  
nor can humanity cut down that tree.

That tree does not desire to save  
nations or people  
heal the sick,  
raise the dead,  
connive with politicians,  
nor change drunkards and fools  
with songs of hope...

The only goal is this, only this  
that I see and smell the almond tree,  
learn to look with love,

heal this heart,  
without knowing from various ills-  
for that almond tree says to me: Friend  
stand in the glow of ripeness with me  
not knowing what purpose served.

Through worm filled tufts  
in that sweet garden  
that almond tree raises it's eyes  
and every blossom  
enjoys the air it breathes

Liberatore Suffoletta

# The Earth Gobbles

...dreamt you took me  
up a tiny lane  
toward the scent of the salt marsh  
toward the heart of the green ocean,  
toward the orange peaks of the horizon,  
onto your deck in the universe  
one still starry night.

...felt your hand on mine,  
your pink woman's voice  
Soothing lips  
hand on the curve of your hip  
releasing salmon's spawning  
in the wind,  
arched backs,  
seeking the other  
echoing sighs.  
Later,  
little cries like a bird  
opening space  
like a new life,  
like the untouched  
green crocus shards  
dawning announcing spring  
through the somnambulant snow  
sated lawn.  
It was your voice,  
your hand...your cries  
in a dream, now forgotten, yet so true! ...  
Hope dies each morning - who knows  
what the earth pines for and gobbles up?  
And what the spring roses of the moon  
may bring?

Liberatore Suffoletta

# The Eddy Between Two Rivers

Misty april rain caresses my cheek  
drops fall down my neck  
sending shivers down my spine.  
Is it the rain?  
Or is it you?  
Over a concrete garden  
the snap of salt  
your heart and mine  
we start again  
as the sun removes  
the small silk undergarments  
of the now naked blue sky  
revealing the eddy of two rivers,  
the vortex that enthralls  
Is it the sky?  
Is it you?

Liberatore Suffoletta

# The Girl With The Black Dress

Moon, moon  
waxing and yellow.

The girl with the pretty face  
is wearing a black dress  
out picking raindrops.  
The wind, lover of beauty,  
grabs her round the waist.  
Four riders pass by  
on Arabian ponies,  
with blue pants and green jackets  
and big, dark eyes.  
'Come to Boston, sweetheart'  
The girl won't listen to them.  
Three young sailors pass,  
slender in the waist, smiling  
with jackets the color of night  
and pants of deep snowfalls.  
'Come to New York City, sweetheart.'  
The girl won't listen to them.  
When the afternoon began turning  
ashen, with scattered hues of light,  
a young man strolled by, wearing  
roses and myrtle of the hillside  
chewing on basil leaves.  
'Come home with me, sweetheart.'  
And the girl won't listen to him.  
The girl with the pretty face  
wearing a black dress  
keeps on picking raindrops  
with the cool arm of the wind  
wrapped around her waist.

Moon, moon  
waxing and green.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# The Mask Of Evil

Evil...look how evil  
comes  
to America wearing  
a mask.

They are gone, the magical forests  
Their tiny buds of phosphorous  
They are gone, the Indians with torn flesh  
on the island of light the swan lift's its beak.  
It was the time of the Inquisition in Spain, England  
The lances in the eyes and the heads on the pikes  
The time of the laminated cat and rusted bridges  
And the deathly silence of the rack and of corks  
They were preparing for the slaughter of buffalo  
Pierced by the light from their magic sticks  
The endless joy of the western waveless migration  
That demented evil mask was dancing military duets  
Half of the world became cross struck  
The other half by the moon of Islam  
Both of them dormant in the sunlight  
Of Tibet.

Evil...look how evil  
comes  
to America wearing  
a mask.

Canyons of salt imprison an empty horizon  
Where voices of those who die for the future  
Are heard finishing off the last bottle of wine  
It finished, a slender stem of an aria arises  
Throu` the shadows of their last profiles  
Lifting pieces of iris to an invisible sky  
A strange place for this ballet en mask  
The cemetery niches that turn eyes green  
Between the obelisk and wall street  
There is a taut thread the pierces  
The heart of all the poor children  
Unaware of their frenzy, towards

A song from herds of naked horses  
That the wheel has forgotten its maker  
A flame is burning all of the blueprints  
And the windows will have to flee  
In a tumult chasing the dark sky  
Back to Tibet.

Evil...look how evil  
comes  
to America wearing  
a mask.

I was on the terrace dancing with the moon  
Swarms of thighs riddled some of the windows  
A chinaman wept on the roof discovering  
His naked wife's body in morpheus' arms  
While a bank director examined his futures  
and measured the cruel silence of money  
Tacit sky gazelles drank from my eyes  
and Viking sails on long oar ships  
Struck the neon glass of Broadway  
As a dropp of blood looked for light  
In a star's yolk, to appear a seed  
A cast of characters disguised as magi's  
Were driven by shepherds who dance  
Trembling in fear wearing the mask  
I'm sure there are no dancers  
Among the dead.  
The dead are busy devouring themselves  
It's the other's who dance with the mask  
Others, drunk on silver, cold men and women  
Who sleep with hard thighs where hot flames intersect  
Who seek earthworms in the landscape of fire escapes  
Who drink all the tears at the bank of the Hudson  
Or eat tiny dreams of dawn at Manhattan corners  
The millionaires brush their blue and white teeth  
With the red barren dancers of their cathedrals  
Wearing always this mask,  
this mask of an ancient plague  
Three centuries of builders have hidden  
Rattlesnakes on the top floors that hiss

And shall shake till all the courtyards  
Of the Stock Exchange shall become  
A pyramid of gloss, protected by rifles  
And all so quickly, so quickly  
Ay, Wall Street global conquistador!  
Like China taking  
Over Tibet.

Evil...look how evil  
comes  
to America wearing  
a mask.

Liberatore Suffoletta



# The Most Unbelievable Part

The thing of it is,  
The most unbelievable part,  
They are people like us,  
Good manners  
Well-educated and refined  
Versed in abstract science  
Have seasonal tickets for the opera  
And occasionally a symphony or recital  
Make regular visits to their physician  
As well as their dentists  
With all the recommended exams  
Pursuant to their age;  
Ever since prep school for some  
and college for all.  
Most played tennis, some even golf  
All were members of the club.  
Yes, they are people like you, like me  
Family men and women,  
Grandfathers, grandmothers  
Aunts, uncles and god fearing

As the British say,  
In their centuries old white lie  
the thing of it is  
the most unbelievable part  
They are people  
Like you  
Like me  
Yes, nice people  
Just not quite as nice as us...

They went a little too far  
Delighting in burning children and books  
Playing at decorating cemeteries  
Buying furniture from broken bones  
Dining on tender vaginas and fried testicles  
Being meticulous in their duties  
Gives them thoughts of invincibility  
And they speak of torture

In the language of surgeons, statesmen  
And butchers.  
They assassinate the young of our countries  
And yours making them disappear, invisible.  
Now nobody believes they wear the flag on their suits  
Just so they could stroll along the worlds avenues  
Without terror bursting through their bones  
They were recently at the Olympics, cheering teams  
Complaining if the umpires mad a bad call  
Without a thought to the millions who disappeared  
Because of their calls, it would defile the dead  
to call their acts 'decisions'.  
There they were, Dr. Kissinger  
An Angel of Death- napalm in Vietnam and Cambodia  
The Jewish Assassin of Pinochet-  
we who live shall never forget  
George W. Bush-torture is permissible  
So long as it takes place outside American soil.  
A true Protestant believer:  
their hosts the heads of the PLA-  
the Peoples Liberation Army  
Those who gave the order to let the tanks roll  
And fire to kill with the infantry at the protestors  
In Tiananmen Square.  
No religious hang-ups!  
There they were sitting together,  
in the newest arena in China  
in the most expensive seats,  
drinking coca-cola, green tea!  
wearing Ralph Lauren shirts and slacks  
Smiling, laughing, cheering on true sportsmanship!  
With their wives and families!

And the thing of it is  
The most unbelievable part  
They are people  
Like you  
Like me  
Yes, nice people  
Though as the British say  
In their white lie  
Yes, nice people

Just not quite as nice as us

Liberatore Suffoletta

# The Princss And The Wind

Upon a path lined with hibiscus  
the delicate princess was playing  
her parchment tambourine  
laced with crystals and laurel  
as silence fell starless fleeing  
from the soft rhythm to shelter  
Where the ocean pounds the shore  
and sends a river full of fishes  
To the tops of trees by the path  
Where Elijah was sleeping  
guarding all the white towers  
where the chosen people live  
Meanwhile gypsies stole sea shells  
and were busy making necklaces  
For snails to wear proudly  
in morning's fragile dew

Playing her parchment moon  
The princess strolled along  
Awakening a restless wind  
Sleeping in central park  
the blue wind began to rise  
opening the heavy lidded eyes  
of wandering celestial men  
Who watched the woman  
Playing her distracting tune

"Woman, let me lift  
Your dress and see...  
Open with my ancient fingers  
The purpleness of your womb"

The princess hurled her tambourine  
And wildly ran away  
As the wind chased her  
With a burning ardor

The river roared its madness  
The cherry trees dropped

Their blossoms  
The knee deep shadows sang  
Out their warnings  
As the smooth gong of the snow  
Began to disappear in spring  
Run, princess, run  
Or the old jealous wind will catch you!  
Run, Princess, run!  
Watch out, here he comes!  
Carrying his low stars of the horizon  
To hurl with his shimmering tongues

The princess, full of fear  
Ran into the house  
Where the nameless consul lives  
Up beyond all bridges  
Frightened by her screams  
Three leagues of soldiers  
Were sent to protect her  
Their black berets belted  
Tightly to their cheekbones  
The consul gave the princess  
A cup of warm wine  
And a bracer of vodka  
That the princess did not drink

And while she cries  
And tells of her ordeal  
The wind drops years of furtive  
tears on slate gray tiles above  
them and gnaws furiously.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# The Tao

The Tao

...and I left. Yet the birds remain, singing:  
and the garden stayed, with its green tree,  
it's wishing well, and silent tulips  
Many blue and serene morning skies,  
the wind chimes will sing on the patio,  
as they are singing this very morning.  
Flowers will burst anew every year,  
yet we will always wander nostalgic  
in the same maya of our creation.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# The Toy Bear Adorning The Piano

In the gloom of the stone living room  
the oil lamps  
disclosed their veiled light  
of dawn faded stars...

Feminine shoulders  
gathered lightness  
from the mirrors

Poisoned-tipped words  
sought out  
an immature heart

Standing beside the piano  
the adolescent  
a moon fragment  
with wounds for eyes and mouth,  
smiled

Expert professional eyes  
forged ahead meanwhile  
in their illicit hunt.

Woman and man...  
Woman and man...  
Woman and man...

Their whisperings spread  
like fungus  
in damp jungles

The lone adolescent  
stroked the toy bear  
adorning the piano

Against his breast now,  
the yellow faded bear  
wounded, with wool's  
roughness

the abandoned pathways  
of the heart

Liberatore Suffoletta



# The Tree Of Life Sutra

Scarcely setting foot in Paradise  
standing before a tree with two crowns  
leaves of one, the face of a woman  
leaves of the other, the face of a man  
Are you the tree of Life?

Silence

Suddenly, a serpent coiled around  
the single trunk that joined  
two boughs  
and was about to reply.

Not the tree.

So in delight and wonder at all  
Beholden, knowing somehow  
That the tree of life is near  
I turn around and continue  
on the way

Sure enough, another two crown tree  
sun and moon  
Are you the tree of Life?  
sun seemed to assent  
moon seemed to smile  
Clusters of flowers all around  
strange and wonderful  
circles of many petal hues  
bright faces with eyes peering out  
some of the flowers nodded on their stems  
smiling laughing like the sun  
like the moon.

Some were silent, drunken, drugged  
as if drowned in their own fragrances  
Yet, their colors sang  
One a deep mauve lilac song  
One a periwinkle lullaby  
Oh, what green eyes this own had  
How much that one resembled first love?  
The scent of another sang  
In grandmother's voice  
recalling walks in a garden

when still young.  
Then, another flower teased me  
stuck out its tongue  
long, arched and red  
bending down, putting tongue to tongue  
Wild taste, strong, like honey mixed  
with raisins  
yes, like a woman's kiss

Alone among the flowers  
heart beating fast, filled  
with longing and timid joy  
in anticipation of something  
unknown, now slow  
moving in time  
with the rolling waves  
of the green ocean  
of desire.

Ablaze with color  
a bird alights in the grass  
each plume a different color  
of the rainbow  
some feathers invisible colors  
of the spectrum.  
Lovely bird,  
Tell me where is happiness?  
"Happiness", the golden beak brimming  
with laughter, "Happiness, friend,  
is in each thing  
everything.  
valley and mountain  
flower and gem."

Ruffling its feathers  
dancing, flapping its wings  
turning its head, beating its tail  
winking, laughing, spinning  
around in a whirl of color  
bird became  
a multicolored flower  
feathers became petals

claws became roots  
marvelous transformation

Suddenly, weary of being a flower,  
set its anthers and filaments  
a whirling  
and on petal like wings  
slowly rising aloft  
fluttering in mid air  
a weightless shimmering  
butterfly  
a new butterfly  
a radiant bird-flower-butterfly  
flying in circles  
sunlight glinting off wings  
gliding down to the earth  
gently as a snowflake  
luminous wings trembling  
in change once again  
becoming a gemstone  
whose facets streamed  
a red light  
radiant red in the green, green grass  
shrinking smaller and smaller  
as if the center of the forgotten earth  
called it back from Paradise  
threatening to swallow it up.  
About to vanish, so  
I picked it up, clasped it firmly  
gazed into its magical light  
felt its red rays penetrate  
a dark heart  
radiantly warming it  
with promised eternal bliss

Slithering down an ancient withered tree  
a serpent hissed, just at that moment  
of promise.

"This crystal can change you  
into anything you want to be  
quickly, tell it your wish  
before it's too late

swiftly, speak your command  
before all vanishes.”

Without thinking, afraid of losing  
rashly uttering a secret wish  
to a stone.

Soon transformed into a tree  
So serene, so strong, so dignified  
striking roots in the earth  
arms branching to the sky  
new limbs growing  
new leaves sprouting  
content  
thirsty roots drinking deep in the earth  
leafy crown near the clouds  
rustling in the breeze  
feet sheltering hares  
bark happy with insects  
For many years, happiness.  
Nothing amiss for a long, long time  
Slowly learning to see  
with the eyes of a tree  
Suddenly, sight  
and with sight, sadness

Rooted, while others continually  
transform  
flowers become precious stones  
or fly away as dazzling hummingbirds  
Trees become running brooks  
Crocodiles, fish-full of life  
swimming away joyfully  
Elephants become massive rocks  
Giraffes long stemmed flowers  
All of creation flowed  
in endless metamorphosis  
into one magical stream  
while I, a solitary tree, looked on  
unable to change  
knowing this, knowing this,  
Happiness vanished  
started taking on that

tired haggard look of many old trees,  
horses, birds, human beings.  
in all life  
that no longer  
possesses the gift  
of transformation,  
deterioration and decline,  
beauty gone,  
nothing but sorrow.

Time passed as before, as today,  
As tomorrow, as yesterday  
Yet, one day, a young girl  
lost her way in Paradise  
Long brown hair  
red pants  
with magical writings  
singing happy songs  
dancing  
wending her way  
among trees  
carefree, no thoughts of wishes  
Animals smiled at her  
bushes stretched their branches  
trying to touch her  
trees tossed fruits, nuts, flowers  
her way  
she paid no mind.

the solitary sorrowful tree  
catching sight of her  
felt an immense longing  
a firm resolve, to recover  
his lost happiness  
an inner voice commanded  
his own blood to concentrate  
to take hold of himself  
to remember all the years of his life  
obeying the voice, lost in thought  
mind's eyes summoning up images  
from his past, so distant  
when he was a man

on the way to Paradise  
that moment when he held  
the magical stone  
when every metamorphosis was open  
when life had glowed more intensely  
than ever  
the laughing bird, the tree that was  
both sun and moon  
and he began to understand  
all he had lost  
in a lie  
the serpent's advice had been  
treacherous

Hearing rustling in the lone tree's leaves  
the girl gazed at him, once again  
looking at his crown  
she felt strange feelings  
Desires and dreams welled up  
in her pained heart, again  
What was this unknown force?  
Making her happy  
when she sat  
in the shade  
of that tree  
To her, in truth,  
the tree seemed lovely,  
sad, mysterious  
Yet handsome, touching  
noble in its mute sorrow  
Captivating was the song  
of its gently swaying crown  
Leaning against its rough bark  
she could feel shudders deep inside  
Similar to the tremor  
in her heart  
Clouds flew across the sky  
of her soul, reminders again of  
heavy upsets and tears  
fallen in her garden  
Her heart hurt so, at times  
beat so hard, at times

she felt it would burst  
out of her bosom  
Why did her heart want to cleave to him?  
Melt into him?  
The beautiful loner tree.

The tree, too, longed  
to become one with the girl  
with the long brown hair  
and red pants  
with magical writing  
So,  
he gathered all his life forces  
focused them  
and directed them  
towards her  
roots trembling in effort  
Now, he realized how blind he had been  
how foolish,  
how little, he had understood  
Life's secret  
That lies have one wish  
To lock him up inside a tree, forever.  
And in a new light, an entirely different light  
He now saw  
the image of the tree  
that was Man and Woman, together

Just then, in an arc, a red arrow  
Came flying becoming a bird  
Green and red, lovely daring  
nearer it came  
The girl saw it fly  
saw something fall  
from its golden beak  
something that shone  
Blood-red, red as embers  
of a phoenix  
and it fell in the green, green grass  
so full of promise  
deep red radiance  
calling to her

Courting her  
Singing out loud  
The girl stooped down  
picked up the bright red stone  
ruby-garnet-crystal gem  
wherever it is  
no darkness may pass.

In her tender white hands,  
the moment,  
the girl held the magical stone  
a single wish that filled her heart  
was answered.  
In a rapturous moment  
she became one with the tree  
transformed as a new bough  
that grew out of a single trunk  
higher and higher  
into the heavens

Now, all was splendid  
the world was in order  
in that single moment  
Paradise had been found.

The tired old tree was no more  
Now, he sang out a new name  
A new song  
Out of half  
he had become whole  
Fulfilled, complete  
attaining true eternal  
transformation  
A stream of continuing creation  
flowed within their blood  
and they could go on changing  
forever and ever  
becoming deers, becoming fishes,  
becoming humans, becoming serpents  
becoming clouds, birds, and gems.  
in each new shape  
Whole



For they were a pair  
Holding the sun and moon  
Flowing as a twin river  
Through the earth  
Shining as a double star  
In the celestial sky

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Thief Of Sand Pebbles

Thief of grains of sand,  
propping up pebbled  
houses next to the water fall...  
Each pebble an idea  
carried from the pool's image,  
within such a torrent:  
reminder of long forgotten lessons  
of how to rediscover the present moment...  
Or jump on the trampoline  
Full of yesterdays and tomorrows  
Life's long torn net cast into a sea of green  
Where the roar of waves escapes  
pulverizing pebbles into sand  
before quietly slipping back into  
madness!  
Fearful path  
Like every rope that draws a new curtain,  
Opening the landscape of the universe,  
Thief of grains of sand  
Forming a stairway to heaven.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Tiny Lips Of Sunrise

Tiny lips of sunrise  
in dreams at times  
awake me.  
Your lips gentle, red  
and naked  
like bursting sea shells  
it seems as though  
all of your redness  
would fit into one of my hands  
and if I tried to hold you  
and then carry you to my mouth  
to drink all your pinkness  
sadly some tiny bit would spill  
suddenly, and if my hands would  
feverishly attempt to hold on to every drop  
I lose you, so counter intuitive  
my feet would touch your feet  
and my mouth your lips  
our shoulders would rise and rub like hilltops  
and your breast wander over my breast.  
My arms barely, scarcely desire to encircle  
the waning moon line of your hips,  
love, you give like the ocean's water  
creating a deep thirst which it can not sate  
I can barely remember to look for  
your most wonder full eyes  
and I fall down to my knees  
and kiss the earth, your mouth.  
I have called you princess,  
there are some taller  
there are some purer  
there are perhaps a few lovelier than thou  
When you walk through these streets  
no one recognizes you  
no one sees your crown  
no one looks at the red carpet unfolding  
as you pass  
when you appear  
all the streams in my body

sing arias that fill the world  
only you and I,  
you and I, princess  
listen, sometimes.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Tonight You Ride Your Horse

Tonight you ride your horse  
in a drenched forest,  
nod to sleep,  
And perhaps think about me, and smile.  
And maybe,  
Maybe, some day, you shall come back,  
and take a walk with me, some evening,  
and no one will speak a word of worry,  
of worry, tenderness, or night,  
or love.  
As summer lightning delivers  
a shy cool past  
that will never come back.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Upper East Side Dreaming (Manhattan)

Manhattan.

From beyond the skyscrapers,  
across the hundreds of thousands of high brick walls,  
the cry of a seagull finds you  
in your insomnia in the middle of the night,  
and you remember  
that this desert of iron and cement  
is an island asleep;  
that knows no longer the fatigue of work  
or deciding, which work to finish.  
It sleeps, it has no longer to strain,  
to force itself,  
to require of itself that which it cannot do.  
It no longer bears the cross of that interior life  
which proscribes rest, distraction, weakness;  
it sleeps and thinks no longer,  
it has no more duties or chores, no, no,  
Though at any of it's somnambulistic street corners  
the feeling of absurdity  
can strike anyone in the face.  
Manhattan is dirty.  
It has pigeons and black roof tops, fenced yards.  
and the people have white skin  
A society of merchants  
Who measure their fortunes,  
not by the acre of land  
or the ingot of gold,  
but by the number of figures  
corresponding ideally  
to a certain number  
of exchange operations,  
thereby condemning themselves  
to setting a certain kind of humbug  
at the center of their experience  
and universe.  
an artificial society  
where carnal truth  
is also something artificial  
and I, now, old and tired, oh!

I envy that it sleeps and will not soon die.

As usual now, I finish the day before the mountains,  
sumptuous this evening beneath the moon,  
which writes Roman symbols  
with phosphorescent streaks  
on the slow moving peaks.

There is no end to the blue sky  
and the snow caps.

How well they accompany sadness!  
it is the hour at which, long ago,  
I felt happy.

What always awaited me then  
was a light and dreamless sleep.  
something has changed because,  
with the wait for tomorrow,  
it is my cell that I have found.

As if all the familiar paths  
traced in the summer skies  
will not lead to innocent slumbers  
one can no longer be happy in exile  
or in oblivion.

One cannot always be a stranger.

I want feverishly to return  
to my homeland,  
to make all my loved ones happy.

I dream no further than this.

For in order to exist just once in the world,  
it is necessary never again to be.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# View From Bayberry Lane

Here where the sound meets the shore  
In a place of brackish water, pollution,  
shadows, seagulls and concrete.  
Everything starts with the wind  
The wind offers up prayers  
Age old verses echoing  
in your still youthful ear  
like afar snapping red flags  
The wind brings cold and warmth  
Life clouds giving moisture  
The wind gives movement to the harbour itself  
As it sends the clouds careening upon the waves  
The human soul becomes aware of itself  
Because the world never stops pushing  
And it is in pushing back  
that a soul is defined  
Send awareness into the air  
Scour the wind  
Float with it  
Become mindful of the world it carries  
Absorb the winds lessons  
Become a hawk soaring high over your valley  
Looking at old photos see your youth dance away  
Light a fire in an old brazier, toss in some salt  
Smell the sweet, acrid scent of junipers,  
tinged with the coolness of snow  
Falling down a wishing well listening  
to distant chatter of ground squirrels  
on the rock-strewn slopes.  
Toes wiggling on an old carpet  
hand-deep into popcorn  
knock in my mind  
Unexpected visitor.

Life feels different this time,  
I thought  
There is still the excitement,  
the feeling  
Of entering a lost century,



also else  
Not fear, yet close to fear  
A sense of spring in the wind  
an ancestor told me  
that whirlwinds are just  
One of the ten thousand forms  
Spirits may take and dance  
Together;  
Inside is a seed  
Of brilliant awareness  
They appear suddenly, like  
A thought about you  
Then just-  
Just pass by.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Virgin Birth

That night I made imaginary love with you  
I wasn't careful or prudent  
after a while my mind starting swelling  
and just two nights ago  
after a painful delivery  
a virgin poem was born.  
it will carry only my name, alone  
but it has your peculiar attitude  
and your "bette davis eyes" looks.  
Without suspecting anything at all  
know your daughter has been born

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Waning Winter Whims 2008

You are carrying me,  
fully consciousness,  
woman who has desires,  
all through the world.

Here, on the east coast,  
I almost hear your voice:  
your voice, in the wind,  
filling entirely all movements;  
unseen colors and eternal lights,  
sea green colors and sea blue lights.

Your tongue of white fire  
ignites my mouth  
in a universe of water,  
riding waves on your ship,  
the sky,  
marking out forgotten roads  
of delight,  
engraving with a blazing light  
you grasp my firmness:  
a black body  
with the glowing larvae in its center

It is not I and I.  
who uses words to disguise thoughts  
I am this one;  
walk beside me; you, whom I can not see,  
whom at times I manage to visit,  
and whom at other times I forget;  
the one who remains silent while I talk,  
the one who forgives, sweet, when I err,  
the one who sleeps beside me in my head  
Who knows what is going on;  
there, on the other side of our bed?  
How many times last night the ocean  
cried, I heard her infant tears in the night  
the sunrise was laughing all along  
there, behind the darkness!

How many times the dark clouds  
piling up far off  
became nothing more than warm showers  
peeling your warm honey body full of thunder!  
Your rose dewy. Your breasts tender.  
My broken sword gave life.

Hiking a flowery meadow  
at the end of a road,  
finding myself  
Awaiting your return.

swallowing my ego  
thinking of what is human,  
finding myself, again  
desiring your arms.

Is the door opening?  
Is the cricket singing?  
Are you still going around naked  
out there in the fields?  
Like water,  
going in and out of everyone.  
Are you still going around naked  
in the air?  
Your lover is not asleep,  
the ant is busy.  
Do you want to go around naked  
in our house?  
May I open all your chakras  
with these crabby hands?

I have a feeling  
that my anchor  
is stuck,  
down there in the depths,  
of your salt marsh.  
And...Silence...Waves...  
everything happens,  
as we now, quietly,  
reflect about an old life?

On this rainy march day  
I invite you  
On a picnic

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Why Do I Love Thee?

Why do I love thee?

Within dewy winter dreams,  
the heart, awakes,  
From life's deep slumber and from death.  
From the east the snail dawn prevails  
with softly humming fireflies breath  
the trees are full of secret sighs  
amiss for their children who died

All day I hear the noise of the dead  
moaning,  
sad as the erne is when, heading  
to sea alone,  
no longer hearing the rain's cry  
upon the roof  
in monotone.  
Blue winds, cold winds are blowing  
where we go.  
All day, I hear the noise of many dead  
far below.  
All day, I hear their chains astir  
to and fro.

Till, moon's golden orb makes  
for the windows of night a face,  
and slyly whisper to the stars  
a name- your name-  
all my soul bursts in delight,  
a swoon of shame  
throughout the night.

Liberatore Suffoletta

## Winter's Lament 2009 (In Love Without Knowing)

I am afraid of dead leaves  
which reappear in fields  
frozen with dew. I take  
a navel orange to bed  
Perhaps, I'll sleep now  
as soon as that which  
is rustling so, so far  
away, in my windows  
subsides.

the wind  
tossing so many  
raindrops, so many  
wet nights, alone among  
so many barren stars.  
At least I am on land  
I am frightened asea

You sleep with necklaces,  
Your jewels of twilight  
Now you have left me  
Alone on this road  
You are so far away  
My green bird weeps  
In the purple vineyard  
we will make no wine

I looked into your eyes  
when I was a man and ready  
Your hands brushed my skin  
And you gave me a kiss

(Our hearts kept the same beat  
Our night had the same stars)

My heart opened  
Like the sky to a flower  
Its petals desire  
Its stamens dreams

Like the knight in the story  
I sobbed in my gloves  
For the golden princess  
Who was wed to a king

(All hearts keep the same beat  
All nights have the same stars)

away from your side,  
In love, without knowing  
Now I don't know how your eyes  
look, nor your hands, nor your hair  
only the memory of the butterfly  
of your kiss on my forgotten lips.

Liberatore Suffoletta



# With You Without You

Erotic. Frightening.

You have been hiding in a library  
amidst inexhaustible novels  
rather than leafing through levels of naked skin,  
burnt flesh, sacrificial bodies.

I wear a hat made of wolf's fur.

The light in your eyes was a smile,  
a giggle that does not cease in the throat.

Often, in those moments, it seemed

I could see more clearly,

a deeper luminosity in your eyes

but more often I was just a lost blind wanderer

in a well lit empty stone plaza returning home

You carried me away,

Tell me where?

I am not with you – you do not have me, sweetheart

nor am I with me, now – now,

that I am no longer hungry

or can smell, touch, or see.

Tell me where you took me,

alone, naked and tied in knots.

still shaking for you,

still trembling for you,

such temptation.

Liberatore Suffoletta

# Yesterdays

Memories, old clothes  
in an overfilled closet  
get chosen arbitrarily.  
Days of the one sun  
champagne reflections  
in the riddled roadway  
the wind's wet humming,  
there where silence sleeps,  
among agitated cypresses,  
dreaming a vortex of feelings,  
capricious fate swallows all acts  
in the dazzling carnal joy of  
adventure, aesthetic  
fecund and youthful.  
While a chest bleeds orange from thorns  
returning back home from faraway shores.  
Oh, to live just one moment again  
in each of these remembrances  
of wrinkled prideful lifetimes.

Liberatore Suffoletta