

*A*  
*Daily ^ Musing*

*A collection of poetry, Haiku  
Chinese linked verse.*

*D and J Shapiro*

Daily  
A  $\Delta$  MUSING

Deane and Johanna Shapiro

Clouds like rice horses  
suspended in a darkened sky  
await liberation

The sky is a bowl  
of blue jelly  
The moon is a spoon  
curved at both ends  
Eager for a bite  
the trees clap their  
broad green mittens  
Whenever the wind  
reminds them

Silhouettes of women  
long and loosely skirted  
move along the water  
Stately, plump like quail  
they bend faces toward  
treubling sea-tides  
glinted by sunlight  
washing over pale sand  
Unnoticed, a single  
fishingboat is floating  
dark curve against dull gold

on the underside of opaque leaves  
the sun reveals tiny veins  
facing earthward

## Sea-Change I

Through the passive heaviness  
of mud and brackish algae  
rocks erupt like black boils  
under the glaring haze of sun  
which illuminates  
the motionless tide  
lying mangy like  
a captive animal

crustacious, horny  
a herd of seahorses  
impervious, inanimate carvings  
painted gaudily yellow  
starkly coil round  
gnarled, unyielding  
configurations of coral:  
red like Chinese lacquer  
white like marble



Flower's form blue shadowed  
finds its echo in a  
butterfly's amber wings;  
both quiver in a sudden trembling  
of autumn air

\* \* \*

each individual branch  
was covered  
with fine strands  
of a young girl's hair  
blown by the wind  
when two branches  
overlapped -- like weft  
and warp -- the  
white cumulus clouds  
behind the cocoanut needles  
disappeared beneath a  
finely woven green mat

Tiny veins circulate  
through opaque leaves  
which less and less frequently  
bury the trunk  
in their shadow

\* \* \*

Quivering bamboo  
bends under the heaviness  
of grey black clouds

\* \* \*

A waterfly scurries  
across a pond  
interrupting the reflection  
of a decaying tree

\* \* \*

The puddle mirrors  
rain drops dissolving in the  
image they contain

Emerging from the eternal blue bowl  
which holds only its own deepening  
four crescent moons  
curves of luminous down  
rise across a not yet existing evening  
two pairs of arched eyebrows  
once invisibly etched on cumulus  
wheel in silent counterpoint  
drift like loose clouds:

feathery patterns  
indifferently harmonious

two purple butterflies  
weave in and out of  
branches growing  
dark as  
    a boat,  
tiny like an insect  
crosses the reddened waves  
    Earthward  
one leaf, yellow gold,  
threads the sky into the  
    water

Now comes the fall of clouds  
Vanishing purple  
Anticipates darkness  
The sound of a flute  
Is lost in the closing sky

Innocent whiteness  
fondling depths twisted into  
nocturnal shadows

\* \* \*

Because invisible seeds had been  
heated in a blue-black skillet  
containing vegetable oil,  
stars popped forth  
into the darkening sky

## Sea-Change II

Beneath the fury of  
the rising writhing beast  
the black stones lie unseen:  
the chill light of moonbeams  
exposes only the sleek  
mysterious texture of  
the seas's unconquerable  
solitary motion

The full moon  
in the waves  
Swelling large  
fleshy breasts

\* \* \*

honey and cream  
the waves swirling thickly smooth  
like yellow syrup  
cling one tenacious moment  
to the grey sharpness of rock  
as they recede  
the barnacles glisten wetly  
jagged knives sunk  
in yielding cream



The sky is a bowl  
of crushed wine  
in which the drunken  
moon lounges

The wind reminds the  
trees to clap their  
broad green mittens  
when carousing moonbeams  
make the ocean sigh

## Poet's Credo

He was a kite, dressed in  
cranes and pulled <sup>back</sup> by those  
dancing on the bridge. The yellow  
lanterns, strung along the riverbank  
were blown by the wind which  
was trying to make him soar.  
Drums, samisen, and metal cymbals  
conflicted... until the kite broke  
free and the flute harmonized

A dark purple crane shadowed  
its blue form. But when another  
purple crane flew upwards,  
blue shadowed purple. In the  
formless space between the two  
colors, a white crane emerged,  
simultaneously their shadow and form.

Just as it was impossible for him  
to tell the spectators from the dancers,  
so too the moon and the lanterns, in  
the river and the sky, were  
indistinguishable

Frozen snow encloses the night

- J.

The white candle wax cries  
as the spiraling red flame  
causes the wick to  
decay into ashes

- D.

The hardened remains of a  
cold silent puddle lie unseen

- J.