



QUADERNI DI POESIA

(Cahiers de Poésies - Bouquets of Poems)

SIXTEEN POEMS

by

GLORIA K. SHAPIRO

“MONDO”, - Roma 1962

CENTRO STUDI E SCAMBI INTERNAZIONALI





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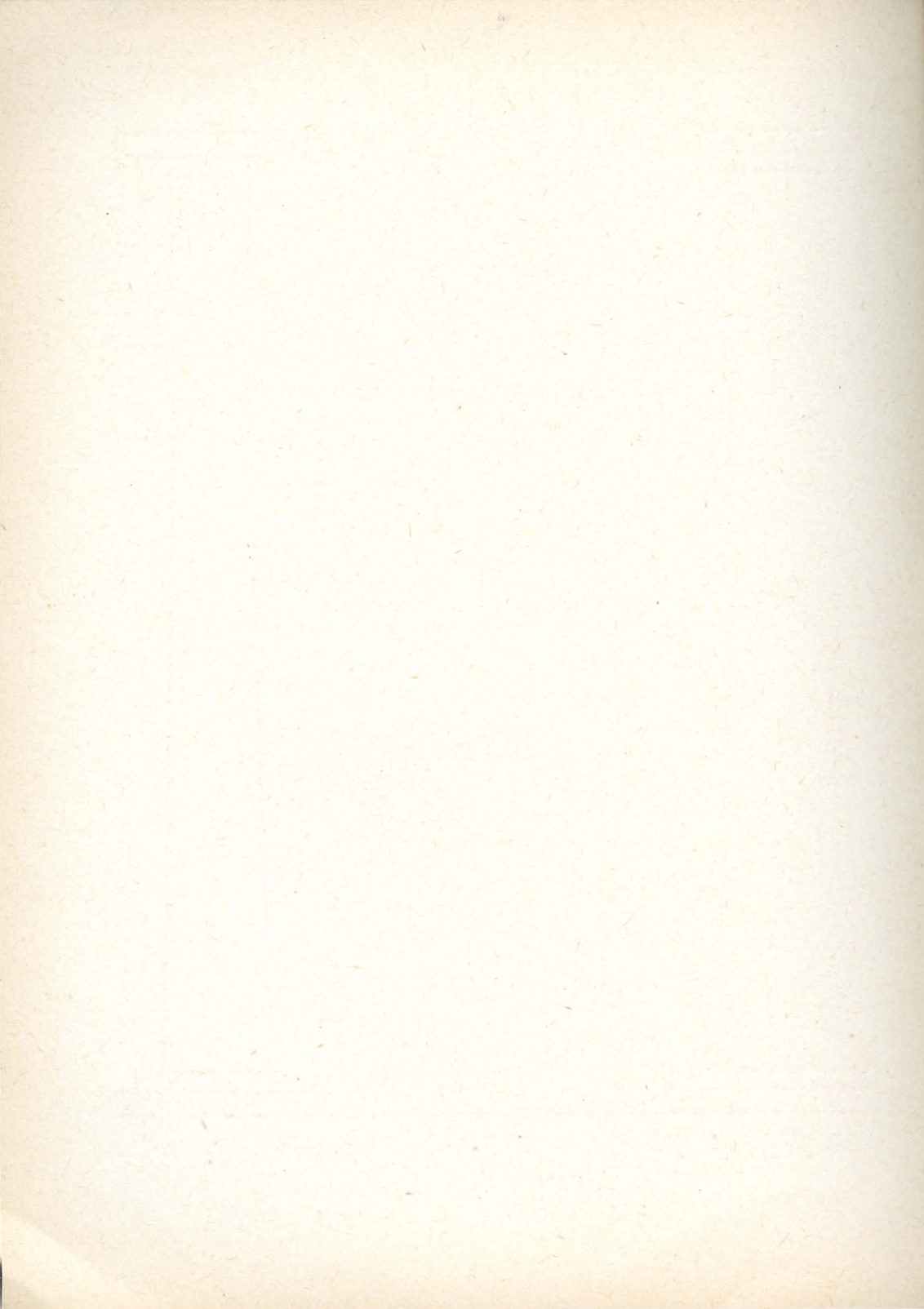
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CAIN'S STILL ABLE

We are world's apart, said the axe
To the tree--you with desire
Merely to be, I with sharp necessity
To slice your veins. Yet
We are kin to some extent. Our sire,
Split by one like me, is
Handle to my gleaming intent. By
His hard fact is your being
Rent.

The tree sighed at the steel's cold truth,
And uncomplaining took its tooth.

WHITE HAWK IN TUCUMAN

Beat your wings into the blue swollen with heat,

Bite your feather teeth through the tent of sky,

Hold the air with undulating white

While your fierce eyes burn with the sun

Until they pierce your prey.

Bird born cruel, spread your feather jaws

And dive, white, down since you must--

The world is violent: it is not just.

PHOENIX

Five hundred years prelude.

Now your flight has no measure,

And we are your wings not beating

But feeling the flight of forever.

Time was. There was end.

Living was a mortal pain.

Now we, your wings, not wanting

Flight, are flying in a dark domain.

All has end but endless grief:

Phoenix, your time is never,

And we, your wings not beating,

Are feeling the flight of forever.

VAN GOGH: SELF-PORTRAIT

Thin and tense like tightened wire,
Electric in the startled air--
Taut and tensile, the silent lyre
Burning in the man's green stare.

Yearning to break the frigid stress,
His tension is a steel caress
Too cold for him to bear.

SUPPLICATION

Though the blossom withers or else is tread upon
Before you feel its fragrant thrill,
Though its wrinkled skin is the rounded fruit
Of your pregnant expectation,
Though this delicate deadness, these lips dried mute,
May always be your recompense
For loving flowers that promise fruit,
O soul,
Do not withdraw from this unfeeling sense.

TWO AUTUMN POEMS

I. *Blue and Gold*

Only the blue and gold
of fall

Affect us so.

For other colors there are
other answers

In the soul.

But when the sky
(whose ways are bold)

Slides its back
behind that autumn gold,

There is a blue more blue
than blue!

There is a gold whose wealth
was never told!

II. Munich: November 31, 1956

How that tree has bled!

How it has stained the ground

With the telling color that every day

Darker grows, deeper dying: autumn, fled!

FRAGMENT FROM A CHAMBER DRAMA

ANISE:

Love is the summer day
That came this winter, unannounced.
Then all the world was changed.
The winter wore a kind of fever
In its hair. And for that time
Of trembling transmutation,
There are no words.
Yet days are short, and when that day
Walked to its timely tomb,
It was a natural thing.
What matter that my tears felt
Hard as hail (and stung just so)
Because it was winter
Again?

LOVE'S HYPERBOLE

Don't you see, love,
My soul is so
Mixed up with yours,
Is so entwined,
That time is not a thing
To mean a thing for us.
Suppose I wished
To loose myself--or you,
Suppose you did.
It is too late for time
So woven in, so tied in knots,
Your soul and mine--
Eternity has not the time,
Cannot untie this ingrown twisting paradigm.

A TEMPEST AT A TEA

So properly we sipped our tea
And adjusted our veil, Propriety.
So carefully we masked each glance
Lest our eyes sigh--or speak, perchance.

So politely did we nod and smile
That at last our faces cheshire-froze;
Then fierce inside convulsed our selves
With piercing mute desire to speak,
O foolishly. So selves rebelled
And dumbly howled, like tunnel winds.
The veil scarcely fluttered.
Revolt died, tongue-tied--
So properly.

BUDAPEST, 1956

At sad and solemn times like these
The mind becomes a drum,
And thoughtful fears begin
Their pounding, pounding,
As if a doom has come with leaden feet
To trample on our brain
The urgency of troubled time,
And all the pain.

For just a moment I forgot
It was an egg-shell that I held;
As if it were a stone, I gripped it,
And pieces sharp bit in my clenching hand
That learned the bitterness of breaking.

The world is full of fragile things
That we should, fearing, cherish;
But single moments we forget
Transform our loves to perishings.

From the sleep of thought,
Startled we wake
To do
Things we did not dream.
Startled we stumble
Where we thought was a stair.
Groping we touch a rail
Thought had not proclaimed
But yet was there.
And later sleeping
We shall dream these things
We did, and more, but wake again
To do
Still other things we did not dream.

GALUTH

Torn from river shore, its womb,
The reed forlorn dreams of its home,
Exhales a mournful strain.

It bleeds a tune into the air:
The crimson notes are all despair,
Despair, its full refrain.

Melodic pain constricts its throat:
"O rushy tomb, you were my hope
Though hopes like tombs are vain."

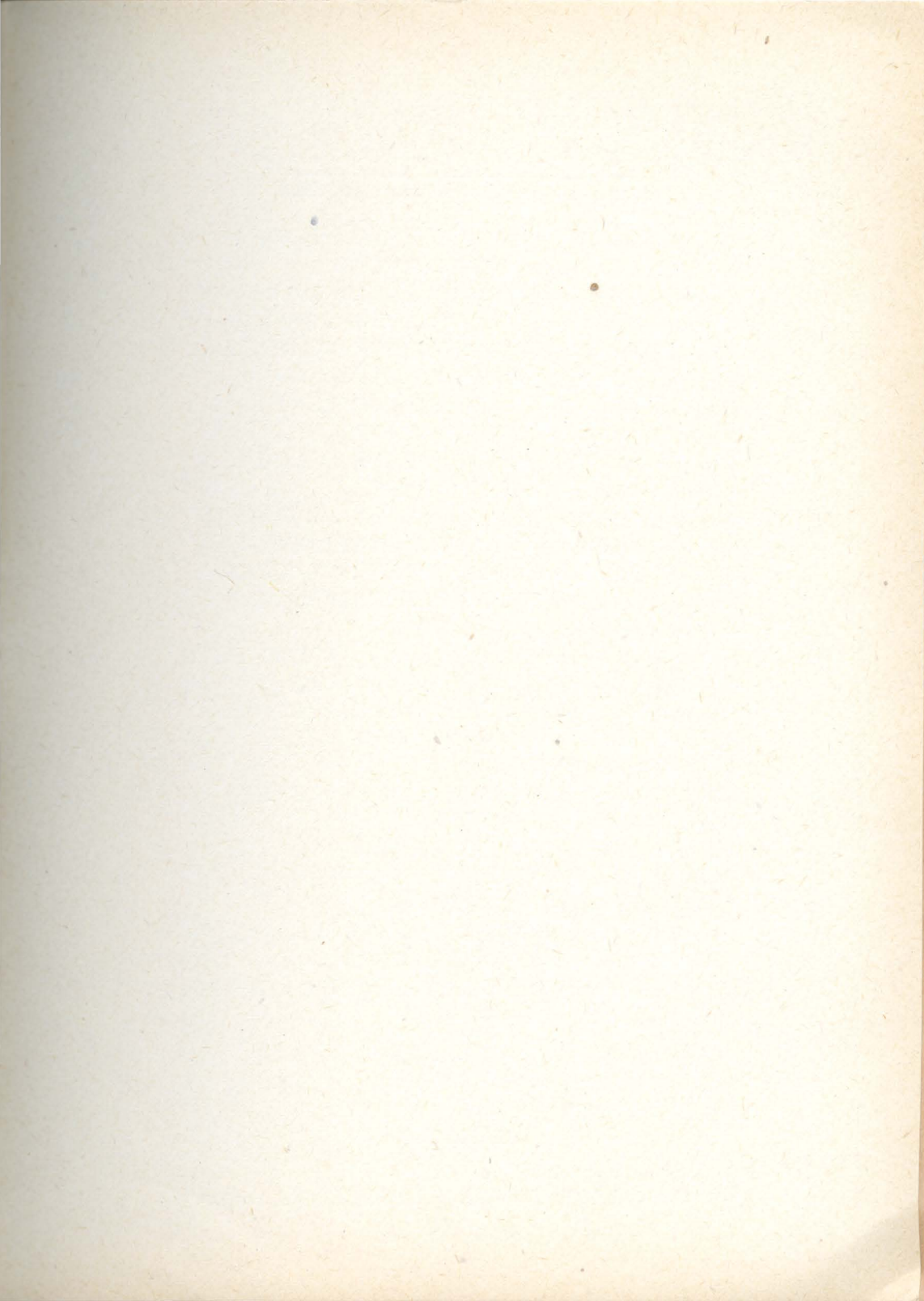
Could we but rip it through!--
That noncommittal sky--
To see what underneath it lies
And so to know, for once and ever,
And so to know.

Our mind is knife enough and sharp,
But the sky is not a tent
Nor like one will its cloth be rent:
We cannot know, though sharper never,
We cannot know.

Still, waving our diminished swords
Through spreading summer skies, we drive
Straight for that corner, there,
Transparent-hanging in the air
Where plane and line
Define despair.

Although we know
We cannot know enough,
Unceasing as the waves
We pound the beach:
To know it all,
Obliterate the shore.

There have been winds
And hurricanes
And hungry waves
And seas with teeth
And ravages by night and day
And sailors dead upon the beach--
All these and more.
But sleeping--still--immutable--
Resides serene, the shore!



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CAHIERS DE POESIES - BOUQUETS OF POEMS

- Augusto Anedda: "CANTI DEL SERPEDDÌ",
Maria Aniello Bravo: "CREPUSCOLO",
Ernest Briggs: "CAPRICCIO ALL'ANTICA",
Arnaldo Antonioli Caffi: "FOGLIE SPARSE",
Edith Rayzor Canant: "FRINGE OF STARDUST",
Giuseppina Carillo: "ORE", (edite ed inedite)
May Courtois Porodo: "AU FIL DU RÊVE",
Maria De Micheli: "FRAMMENTI",
Antonietta Di Bari Bruno: "FONTE D'AMORE",
Turhan Doyran: "IL FAUT BIEN",
Ines Maria Gatti: "CANTI DELLA NATURA",
Agostino Mario Gigante: "ORE CREPUSCOLARI",
Cyril E. Goode: "HANDO WITH BULLOCKS",
Alida Carey Gulick: "CAMERA OBSCURA",
Alida Carey Gulick: "AGLAIA",
G. Livraghi Verdesca: "MOSAICO CON L'ALFABETO",
Giovanni Lupoli: "IN VELI D'OMBRA",
Helen Mc Gaughey: "SELECTED POEMS",
Francesco Montaruli: "AVIDE PUPILLE",
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Francis Parouty: "INGENUITÉ",
Ada Ronzini: "TONI E VIBRAZIONI",
Gloria K. Shapiro: "SIXTEEN POEMS",
Ruth Forbes Sherry: "PROMISES",
Imperia Soliani: "COME VOLO D'UCCELLI",
Imperia Soliani: "PESCA D'OMBRE",
Delia Venzo: "IL FIENO LA CARNE E LA GLORIA",

Quaderni collettivi del concorso permanente di poesia:
"ARPA D'ARGENTO", (Quaderno collettivo N. 1)
"ALBO D'ORO", 1961 n. I - II - III

Annamaria Gasparri:
"IL PRATO DELLE FRAGOLE", (racconti).

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