

Another Time
Another Place

Jonathan Block

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Some of the poems in this book first appeared in one form or another in the following publications:
Ant Farm, Chiron Review, Micropoet.com, Phoebe, RiverRun

www.synthblock.com
www.objectivemusiccoalition.com

To wake from
a thousand dreams
leaves fall on the river

Contemplating air
among still blue sparrows
talking on the wire

Wood and iron crisscross
dirty gravel clacks
brown eyes warm palms
water drips faintly

The birds begin one by one
the way the stars disappear
who'll believe I've been transformed
into a strange little spirit?

Silent smile and a worn book
close enough to hear
you rustle and breathe

Damp metal railing
it was the wind
not mystery
that passed through
The almost full moon
washes out stars
shadows wide awake

Brown bottles
on the window ledge
sun-colored amber

Light reflecting cold
another land away
robins peck at dirt

Brittle leaves coil dance
under hollow bamboo chimes
waking in a foreign town

Circling overhead
branches sway
profiled in ash brilliance
not saying a word

Bird shadows coast up the road
a metal yellow shed leans
red ends of the trees
gray in the cold

Mist creeps across the lawn
standing in silent trees
late lingering leaves
neither this way nor that

That falling feeling
held by wire springs
lead feet in a dream
running in slow motion

The cool air accelerates
one measure at a time
minutes held together
by passing tones

To be exposed
in all this strife
crocuses push
dirt wet leaves

Clear blue silence
beneath the dome
a blackbird against
a moonless sky

Radiant eyes
your dress sways
in the breeze
a napkin tumbles
across the lawn

Willows bend
the only comfort
your gaze
another time
another place

Grimy steel supports
and cement platforms
muffled announcements

The sun burns
off the evening
the great divide
unable to touch
moments of history

Spring thaw
red barn
metal bucket
nailed to a maple

Spring retreats
slightly chilled
quiets the birds
on stone ruins

Cacophony
of wing flaps
songs from every
corner unseen
in the fog

White petals
open overnight
recognize clues
inside one clue
living in two worlds

Dawn drains
the dark sky
slightly blue
minutes birds
join the chorus

Streetlights glow
in midnight mist
a solo mourning dove
lost track of time

The abandoned house
glows with passing lights
elegies for the ghosts
wandering there

Steam rises past
midnight wind echoes
in the rushes
a vision of certainty
begins to slip

Houses creak
in the wind
the place where
mice scatter
trees still brown
mixed with green

Gravestones
absorb drizzle
on the sidewalk
shiny grass
an old woman
waves furiously

Outside the window
a wren sings variations
on a theme of absence

Brown leaves twigs
crackle underfoot
not half a lifetime
geese in the distance
the moon across
a daylight sky

And the leaves
appeared overnight
shadows on a wall
not even halfway there
in a science of forget

Crows on a clothesline
talking to the sun
wish you were here
echoes off the stonewall

To cross a threshold
and not know it
is the answer
there's no answer
when the answer
is no answer

The moon is not so far
that its path can't be traced
nor floating milkweed
referenced to one time

Steel glass tile
terminal waiting
questionable food
the human sprawl
all except you

The induced anxiety
of tomorrow rings
in a hollow stomach
unexpected minutes
falling over each other

Wet pilings in
the cold harbor
unchanged
diamonds flicker
off hazy prisms

So much passes
boats on the horizon
the inability to conjure
what once was lucid

For sometimes in evergreen
the earth moves again
even the wind understands

The cold river
trees are still
again falls the rain
alternate realities
around the corner

The next day
miles from shore
a soft hiss grows
louder and shapes
appear on the line
one possible future

The stones of infinity
each flash less defined
in a litany of trees
she thought oblivion
maybe next time

Leaves almost there
unfold souls ignite
blue eyes brilliant
dissolve an overcast sky

The path still covered
with mulch and leaves
a squirrel frozen a twig
in its mouth doesn't blink
a distant howling dog

Sunset off metal wings
the furthest thought
a bluebird on the tarmac
count the days with you

Over the prairie
understanding nothing
what dawns behind
grass through the sidewalk

Again the wind
sings in the leaves
different wavelengths
without a sigh

The sky deeper
darker than blue
azaleas in the clearing
a starless panorama

The mystery of stones
no one unravels
swaying hair glances
recedes not passes

Pulse at the temples
under a green canopy
leaves on a gray sky
patiently bereft

Shipwrecked strangers
in uncertain voice
constantly overheard
the dumb resistance
that makes us stay

Birds peck
at grass seed
blessed damned
plough forward
nonetheless

Blue and green
return to the lake
swans glide water
lifting upward

Brilliant absence
a phantom target
frozen on the top rung
our eyes earthbound

The special nonsense
that exemplifies life
comprehensively lost
in the anatomy of waves

Without a compass
oversight or overcome
clues hints notions
leaves on a stream

The narrative unfolds
rain evaporates
pine needles glisten
and reality stalls

Crows on a morning
lawn in formation
a lifetime of conflict
organizing the struggle

Birds blue and red
hop an uneven path
past a rusted plow
at the lake's edge

Rain dancing diamonds
again the spirit denied
elsewhere words ring clear
conceptions shrink and fall

Branches shadow
the almost green moss
worn wooden signs
loom into focus

All the tiredness
navigating life
biting nails tongues
morning thunder
oak tree detritus
fills every street

The jumbled timeline
reality bent back
broadcasts and signals
between the birds

The brilliant silence
that is 3:00 am
prophesy and unlock
the secret of marble

Wondering aloud
with hindsight
cold certainty
kingfishers glide
across the lake

Given that the sun
belongs to the existing world
and is not in itself divine
the fog yields slowly

Rain at midnight
freight train whistles
faintly stenciled

The point of seeing
random not linear
a distance too great
outside of history

The afterglow suspended
animation still strangers
half-forgotten sentiments

The picture
soft focus
half asleep
half awake
slightly in time

Gulls finish feeding
the words escape
flip off the tongue
meaning or meant

A nest of twigs
cedar chips
newspapers
repeating inverse
to what rings true

Your voice
narcotic
at sunrise
the opposite
of letting the
mind wander

What seemed
important then
your eyes galaxies
and close as this

One minute
after thunder
the fog lifts
a reveal of years
every theory
inadequate

Mystery in a soft touch
the unexpected word
calming ringing low
dense old pines
against the horizon

A robin by the street
rain on the dogwoods
such a non-descript time
the hour before dinner

Grey days appropriate
as the mind runs
silver mud and water
melt to sparse green
bees driven to clover

A dragonfly hovers
over rhododendrons
slow passing cars
the only disturbance

Coaxing back silence
rough from the weather
grass stonewall moss
all a lilting vibration

The noise of leaves
your eyes the compass
through wide green fields
this side of the looking glass

A window
to stare out
in hindsight
beyond this
there are
no questions

A cardinal lands
on the mailbox
another stranger
in a strange land
the moon across
the noonday sky

A shearwater begins
its drowsy descent
acceleration accelerates
perception runs aground

Silence approaches
your eyes an ocean
to travel through years
uncharted and assured

Another day postponed
a sparrow discovers
spring's first pine cone
the rain no impediment

The vacuum quiet
a car door slams
bright ideas fail
all said and done

Moon and clouds
stillness presence
your eyes a lighthouse

Fogwalking
through green
scrabble for
the sun finding
something else

Living on
an imaginary
axis spun
out of thread
meanwhile
in contrast
meadowlarks
sing a eulogy

This narrative
explodes
a slow walk
rhythmic stumbles
leaves curl

Eyes brilliant
as the Sun
close enough
to clear the rain

In a drawer
words trinkets
history myths
compressed
to one instant

Margins consent secrets
but barriers every step
riddles out of corners

A bird song
heralds one
future dissolves
sleeping grass
stirred to green

Meadowlarks
unfocused calls
gestures modulate
words too slow

Oscillations unfocused
the inevitable right-angle
observations depart
essential as air
the unwritten wire

Relative distance
between hands
eyes lost in vapor
a wedge between
intention and inaction

Flying blind
the sun looms
in the left eye
recedes slowly

The presence
of the present
abandoned
circulation
definitions
stored in tin
underground

Nothing left to count
an idle bucket pulled
from a dry well yields
lost dust debris no more
fierce than brittle wings

Minutes jitter and flit back
the ground cloudy eyesight
dull gaze heads forward
one set of laws exchanged

Corner leaf bunches
straw pale afterlife
underside shades oblique
rain on telephone wires

After the fact released
in a trailed glance
bent and circumscribed
toward staccato tones
barely defined

The morning is quiet
footsteps on pebbles
the only sound
orange tape blocks
fresh pavement

We quarreled beautifully
a symphony crafted
through years of practice
each note a perfect resonance

One brown mouse
scurries across
a quiet road
far from the fields

Clouds glow orange
in the humid morning
air thick and still hums
with birds and air conditioners

The sky silver
after the rain
birds calling
one by one
the trees sigh
knowing what
could've been

A mourning dove
sleeps in a puddle
on the gray road
oblivious to the dawn

Another day ends
with a falling star
and a flat tire

Crickets and
cicadas hum
in the early
morning rain

Rainfall sunrise
the street dry
under a canopy
of aging oaks

Sun punches through
an open car window
in the morning drizzle

The splash even
a soft footstep makes
in the loudest of storms
There's no words for this
road to the interior
what defines the trees

New moss on trees
the future presents
itself a hungry ghost
essential as the air

Squirrels on the roof
a flooded lawn and loud
tires, steam and drying
green meets the morning

Crickets start again
waters raise the afterglow
windows barely closed

Telephone wires orange
in the sunrise footfalls
black-eyed susans sway
a goddess whispers

Airborne and weaving
lights off strange geometric
shapes all perception

Crows silent
stonewall walk
ash bark crackles
underfoot storm
debris leaves
dry at dawn

Walking from one
sound to another
a mockingbird
pierces the sweet
blooms of morning

Candy wrappers
palmetto thickets
mist and herons

Corridor of time
drafty holding
patterns hollow
wooden chimes

A chronicle of
ancient sunlight
back to another
leaky faucet

Turning corners
silence appears
moving from
the possible
to the impossible
set point universe

The azure stillness
rain falls in the moor
a hen scurries along
and loyalties fade

Waiting in the doorway
futile thoughts compel
driving rain to stop

Another rainstorm
and I think of you
eyes of morning mist
float through the pines

A sullen eclipse
from mighty oaks
deep in a future

The silence of late
summer appears
a lone swallow
sleeps on the wire

To wake with you
in summer's slow descent
streetlights still burn
the crimson morning
sparrows grow quiet

A northbound train sounds
in the pale morning drizzle
dogwoods sense a change

Night gains
another minute
wildflowers still
bloom sweet

A cloudless evening
morning future
waits with you

Orbits asunder
ascend my mind
strange trajectories
as far as near

The wave formless
escapes the sand
meanings grasped
a glance suspended

A perpetual longing
woke up laughing
a stuckness absurd
incoherent implausible

Dogwood leaves
green drains reveals
evidence of autumn

Restless pretender
counts out time
in swirling leaves
brilliant contradictions

The humid darkness
of late August morning
drizzle birdsongs slow
in a cicada crescendo

That snare drum
snap same song
different dream
just a visitor
from the blues

Jupiter hangs silver
in the rising orange sky
distant rooster startles
a split sliver of quiet

To pass through rapids
both ends burning
a coyote howls in the night

Out of the endless tunnel
half past the point of no return
still caught between the fold

I drink my water
from a rusty can
in humid stillness
of a birdcall morning

Figures in an air
shroud gauge fog
the empty mind
babylon strange

Streetlight shadows
of a starless night
an improbable glance
mutes the cricket din

The carved ceiling
painted green dims
a candle's thrown
shadow startles

That burst of setting sun
the contours of disorder
signal another relic
so far out too far in

Another ocean
and I think of you
eyes of a clear future
overwhelm and calm

An early morning chill
quiets the insect noise
only old growth trees
respond to the breeze

To stare a precipice
and not know it
a freight train howls
in the early light of Jupiter
a confusion of wonder

Waiting
the doorway
rain stops
exemplifies
space

Orange clouds
transient forms
the field turns
golden dry

The opposite
of obvious
you make
it all matter
steadfast
leaves flutter

Another attempt
translate passing
minutes months
murky disappear

The impossible line
evidence abounds
a cracked sidewalk
branches less opaque

A silver morning
monochromatic
insights arbitrary
imagined time
slips the present

Chimes and leaves
betray half thinking
doors windows rattle

Blue light
rain distills
limpid notes
disconnect

Trapped on a wheel
a distance too great
persistent or otherwise

Venus shines
in the early indigo
morning extends
a single second

What seemed familiar
the incredible sorrow
strange shadows
in morning moonlight

It was another love
that should've lasted
a sphinx in the face
answers of a future tense

The new moon
barely perceptible
in the fading orange
magenta skies compel

Imagining five years on
and coming up empty
of course it was a struggle
what we should've done
rather than what we did

The idle autumn wind
eyes of aquamarine
perhaps it was love
but this is not the poem
to talk about all that

Walking toward
the harvest moon
old rain drips out
the rusty downspout

Streetlights float
in autumn morning fog
damp leaves deer silhouette
the insect hum goes quiet

Early morning rain
drops between leaves
air and souls harden
words get in the way

The nostalgia of being
thoughts wander
a measure from above
where our attention is

Reality stretched thin
they had no future
certainly not here
every footstep a sigh

Imperceptible currents
beyond usual perceptions
the half-life of a vision
inevitable against the grain

The formless
crisp leaves
on the gutter
lost and found

Last of the crickets
not enough hours
taking the veil

Winter stars
in the Autumn
morning from
dawn to doom

A flash of sharp air
clouds evaporate
in the blue ink dawn

Crows on a brittle
frost lawn the wind
moves October along

Another season
and I think of you
eyes of amethyst
the tide rushes in
alchemy inevitable

The quarter mile
corridor intentions
stumble in ardor
Crickets are gone
cicadas no more
the only hum
distant cars
on the parkway

Uneven trails lead
nowhere somewhere
unseen covered yellow
red brown gold from
almost bare trees

Disillusion sporadic
inadequate inference
a cadence of vacant
waves in dissolution

Conflicting
winds swirl
pluck holes
in the falling
leaf canopy

Strumming the sunrise
unnoticed behind silver
skies lost birds scatter
damp leaves underfoot

Orion blinks in a pale
orange streetlight sky
golden leaves loud
in a thin night chorus

Sprung back always
another level forget
behind the screen
soaring is relative

Full moon hidden
nothing more or less
scattered to corners
misplaced interactions

The randomness of pines
above once and deep leaves
dance between steady wills
a guide through the chaos

Water sawdust oil
many years too late
the musty present
only a river away

Ears ringing with
incessant yawns
in between silence
leaves coil dancing
against the screen

To stand on a precipice
compass needle spins
beyond bearings under
your influence mystical
Time has its rage
in you I recognize
an empire of lights
wandering in a haze

Pulled back into quicksand
what forgetting really means
falter at the circumstantial
impermanence of sentiment

A language of repetition
gestures turn to dictums
masquerading as parity
betray the final disbelief

The future now
sleeping leaves
evidence inclined
toward a lack
of clear thinking

The impossible truth
between two worlds
your spirit appears
many years too late

Gateless gate
a koan of reveal
cypress trees
speak your grace

Rainwater mist
one brittle leaf
laments it's you

The spirit of the age
dislocates fading solace
a new center of gravity

To be rent asunder
morning sky mottled
clouds out of the fog
streetlights last blush

Half life of inclination
everything in sevens
heptaparaparshinokh

Year of disappearance
every thought bending
last season's forgotten
willows a point of seeing

Another river
and I think of you
eyes of sapphire
a starling scales
the clear pines

One last cricket
distant chirps roll
down a frost hill

The week seemed a year
that oldest stones accumulate
whispers echo in empty boats

The extinct mimeo aroma
loops far and near infinite
metaphor meeting ground
a ruse intrepid floating origin

Aesthetics of the small
trace visible trajectories
this hall of nothingness

Paradise hibernation
heather and milkweed
crisp sway bare trees
creak in the dusty wind

The sun retreats awake
in each other's arms
under the almond tree

Cold north winds
the nighttime chorus
in moonlit song

Morning absent
damp grass
snow branches

Dawn fireball
full moon low
orange halo
in silver clouds

Sparrows underneath
boxwoods harmonize
your breath resonates

Another mountain
and I think of you
eyes of clear rain
an owl glides
above the pines