

LEAVING KENNEDY AIRPORT

Only a budge, one little push
Would have broken the spell I was caught in.
I stood and swayed there, swinging from side to side
With twenty minutes to decide.
Twice I turned to go back home
And rushed to the Icelandic's entrance
Thinking it was you come to say
"Let's go home," So many women had your face and motion.
I stood there and people watched me wondering
Why I spilled hot torment without a blush.
But I could only see two faces
Where my brother's shadow loomed before me
Barring the exit door.
My given word was the living-death of promise
That turned me from what I loved.
My mind blurred when the door sealed into place
And the mass of metal moved relentlessly
Stripping the fibres of my head to shreds.

Net Scammacca

THE FLAT WORLD

The practical man in a double-breasted suit
Wears conservative black shoes.
He walks with these
Through flat ceilinged rooms
And is annoyed by curves.
His world definitely is flat.
He builds his house
On level land with no tilt in his parlor
And squares the public trees on all the avenues,
Haphazard shapes might just give shade
And never any fruit.
If Trapani were placed
Upon the slopes Erix
In rhomboids, cones, of such fantastic shapes
That he could see the sickled moon
The practical man would wear sandals.

No change -- a nickle can't buy a fare home
for the poor
willing to change with a rich man
for just one day.
What a laugh! What a laugh!
His wife would scream him to hell.
Once by mistake his small sons
on school tour
came down from green Scarsdale
(a rich man's town)
to the New York slums.
"Never again! Oh never again!"
Little mind's asked
"And is this democracy?"
" Oh never again".

Rebellion -- Tear down the system
Damn it !
Rip open the walls
We want change !
Share the game with us or die.

Alone -- Ten pennies a dime
and aride back home.

Nat Scammacca

NO CHANGE IN N.Y.C.

The meek pass by, hat in hand
Passing by -
Less than meek, turned out - refused.
Cold wind cuts through to cold insides
As seeker-no-more walks by;
No place, no work, retracing steps from hope
Turned down.

The wall is up and over it
Position sits fat and warm,
Beyond, like a jewel, like a dream
Is the place sought for, yearned for,
Held out of reach by a link
Planked down on a seat
Behind a fortress desk.

Down hard streets -- free alley-way
For all loose feet
Goes a medalled hero passing
Hero needed once
Hero praised once
Cream of an Age.
Ironic sneer slips into groove
Bitter eyes water on pavement passing.

Emptiness -- alone amongst many
Systems -- serving some
But closed in by front office jargons.

Chance -- Hit and miss
hit and miss

Youth -- time to waste
time to waste
looking for a place

~~Change~~
Change -- for a rich man
" Try anything once
What's to lose"

When will you stop Nat

Stop

Or when will you stop

Nat

Words words words

Nat

When will you stop

Stop

Nat

Stop!

THE ORANGE ROSE

One orange rose, one fist of color
Punches its way through space;
It has a sunlit face.

Dash water into that great sun's face
Then see it drip down blue
Brighter than sparkling silver,

Or watch it cling
In a perfect curve
Upon the golden petal.

The late chill of gliding gold
Spreads long and beneath the green,
It glows like a liquid fountain.

It shall trickle thin, then,
Into silver slithers
Until tears drip down in black.

NO ANSWERS

There will certainly come a time
When what you say
Crumbles in my ears,
I shall only hear a broken chord
Listening for music
I shall turn away then
From you brothers
And turning within me
I shall find no answers there,
Turning to the sea and sky,
 Toward the land and island
I shall find no answers.
 No answers !

Yes, I look beyond the lampshade
At the wall behind it, yes,
The wall of stone,
The gleaming stone
& in the silence of the wall
I feel the vital force that flows in me.
It stops on the surface of the wall, yes
I cannot flow outward, yes
Because the wall is still, is hard.
I move, I see the wall
And ~~at~~ ^{through} our brotherhood
Our sharing silence
I know the wall.

through

Sicily

South of nowhere

Walls white walls

Dry clay clumps of fatigue

Hard earth hard rock

Towns

Crumble

Life stumbles on

South of nowhere.

I love a flower
a flower
a flower

I love
my love
my love
and flowers
like you.

THE FALLING OF WORDS

A wind blows over the city,
A cool wind a north wind
Breathing into my feelings
The shaking of trees,
Their whisper
Until I hear the falling words
In that whisper - the falling of words.

Over the wet seas
Slowly walking and never touching,
Just a slight swaying over the waves
Coming closer
I feel they are coming to me.
They shall move in a whisper
Over the waters
As I stare in my mirror and wait
Seeing only my image
But hearing the whisper
 Their coming
 In the falling of words.

THE VORTEX THE SPIN

Building on white space
Or mind - the memory - recalling,
 quibbling
The look the blue look eyes had.

And night falls -

Blue looks slowly touching blue skies
Lost eyes to horizons,
Of gone worlds swirling
Into the vortex Into the spin.

DO YOU REMEMBER ?

Do you remember all the shaded streets
In the filtered sunshine and then the snow
We walked through? they belonged to us,
We were part of the world we lived in.

220th street is fixed in you as it is in me.
Leaves floating down, down, around us
Past us in slipping time,
Whispering leaves that have long since gone.

These are things we cannot forget!
The white chair you pointed out one night
Beneath a tree by an ashcan. I carried it home.
We did not have much but these things were ours.

And the relic of a Bedstead I brought home
I said it came from Poland and perhaps it did.
It took courage Ruth. The antique white and gold
Should have made it our heirloom forever.

And the ponderous screen! It was an entire wall!
And served that purpose better perhaps, than any wall
Or room of my sprained back. It gave Lee the corner
To sleep in - snug and our own.

Do you remember these things? - the first snowfall
And the deep wet of Lee's wonder?
The bird on the slanting roof by the kitchen window?
Too lovely Ruth, too lovely - to forget.

Nat
- an answer

Unpublished

DUMB POEMS

I have come
By many passing turns to be dumb

With the mute meaning of what I have done.
I even shun

Any answer clearing away these long long
Days of weeds and wrong.

One came to me -wordless-
An absurd guess

That all is a memory of time
Repeated over and over again, hardly a crime.

As the motionless moon rises over the hill
I will

Wait to come home.
Till then, let me write my dumb poems.

*Not Scam more
Via Argentina
Km 1
Trapani Sicilia*

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in one of
Perrin's anthologies

Le cose più piccole

①

Davanti a me questo cielo
largo vasto
mi riempie l'occhio
blu pastello toni crepuscolari
tutto
e niente più.
Pensavo proprio a questo
quando un moscerino
mi punse
per dirmi un po' di più
di sé e delle cose.

②

Soltanto quando le cose più piccole
SONO sentite ~~da~~ ~~da~~ ciascun uomo
dio parla nelle foglie sussurranti
e canta nel ruscello gorgogliante.
Soltanto quando tu ascolti me e
io ascolto te
dio sta respirando in ogni cosa
e esiste.

Nat Scammacca

Net Scammacca

The curling snake of wind comes by
Cool as a memory mildly diplomatic,
Brushes the corners of the eye
And dries each trembling tear romantic.

Youth is as sweet as a tear,
It goes for a sentiment
Quickly it falls without fear
And is lost in an instant.

Age is as clutching as fear
It is bitter a bent,
It begrudges each trembling tear
And lasts to the end.

EVENING

We go into slow time
Seasons repeating seasons
No surprising sudden turns
But the slow unwinding,
The drift the floating

No sudden showers of rain come
To play on the harps of leaves
The sun goes down into the sea
No cloud, no white startling
Or softening of the sky.

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A cool wind a north wind
Breathing into my feelings
The shaking of trees,
Their whisper
Until I hear the falling words
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Coming closer
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They shall move in a whisper
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As I stare in my mirror and wait
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But hearing the whisper
 Their coming
 In the falling of words.

LIFE AND STONES

Life bubbling up out of the stones

Life coming up

Song

in the early morn

Life in the sun

in my pen

in me.

Doors will shut

& stones will lie

At the side of stones

Music will pluck

Only at dry weeds

and stones

The wind,

the harps of the wind

and stones

Empty doors and silence

And the harps of the wind

And my pen plucking a song

Like the wind

From the weeds

The silence

At the side of the stones.

Time is too short to count

Let it go by

But listen ! The silence -

Hear the silence !

It aches to be heard

Like the stillness

(of things)

Always

Trying

To

Move.

LOST WORDS

I am lost to words
 To my words
The words of self
The words of song
 The song of self
And when I cannot hear them
 The words are wooden
 Are dead
They are not my words
 And it is then I have
 No words or self
The words are lost words
 My words - lost
And I have seen these symbols
 And heard them
 And they were not just words
And I have waited patiently
 For letters to form
To be
 To come out of mind
 into mind
I have seen the forms
 And not the words
 The concrete words
But the words of self forming in my mind.

THESE THINGS HAPPEN

666

I look at the log in the fire

Comfortably -Contemplating -

The God i

I'm safely above things.

Worlds gather into corners

Rise from below

Mix and meet in fireplaces.

Do Gods have hearts too ?

- And hearts are temporal.

Two woodworms writhe on the log -

It's Christmas and the fire cheers.

Who ?

And me a long way off

Wondering "what difference ?"

Trying to be a stoical god

Trying to remember and forget.

I move to save the worms

For all to ~~save~~ worlds to come

For myself, a worm,

And you my God !

Oh, Romantico, come !
Turn the forms that lie hidden
Unfold them, see into them,
Sing !

Oh Roman/tico - twist the forms
Destroy them—time twists !
Things twist !
Forms change !

Are never the same
Do not slow the turning
Do not stop

But turn the forms
Into romantic breath

- The Vision -

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WHY DID I LEAVE ?

You smiled at me one morning
In the ray shot darkness
From your crib behind the screen,
Then something said "you shall not leave".

Soft little smile - the effortless awakening
That spread slowly on your lips
Like liquid gold the blinds held back
Asked "How can you leave ?"

The slow richness of your lips
Gilded the sorrow of the quiet room
With so much staying light
My heart now asks "How did I leave ?"

HATE OR LOVE?

Forced to couple
Away from lower stillness
Up to a moment
Of swarming light.

Pale would the world be single
In the flat stillness of one beat
Lonely because one
In dark monotony.

And always ~~me~~ till urged
By a restless inner surge,
Loathing self hurtling
Itself in movement.

Was hate the birth of two,
The finite pain,
The prod and yielding
Of complementary love?

We feel the trip of more
The numerically odd,
That concentric turns multiply
From underlying sod.

Man - with mind of threes and fives
Struggles from the female grasp
Of simple twos
And loves away from hate of one.

LEAVE ME TO SING TO ME

This word is worth another,
This word and not another -

One word as I say it
Is said
And is the fabric
That is.

Don't think the will sings
Without the word -
It is the word
Will and the word
Not will and nothing
Not the word and nothing
But me in the word
The word in me.
Leave the penpous
to jabber
To claim high winds
But leave me to sing
To me.

Nat Scamsecca

TRAPPED MEN

Trapped men
Sigh to the wailing wind;
They are dug in
And are a prison.

Haie! the ache to turn
To turn toward home
Haie! the wind's lament
Whistles at narrow rents
"You won't get through
You can't return".

Nat Scammacca
Via Argenteria km.4
91100 Trapani, Sicily

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Nat Scammacca
Via Argenteria Km 4
Trapani, Sicily

Looking Back

(Via Argenteria Km 4.)
9100 Trapani, Sicily

(1)
Looking back with cooler blood
Since twists and turns
Had lost me in their tracks
I know a reckoning is at hand.
The season's cooler and more receptive
To the judgement.

(2.)
The damp earth blooms again
And it is time. Time to pay our debts
And then be pardoned — to be welcomed home again
Or wander through the autumn leaves
And only that.

(3.)
I turned the wrong way — once too often.
Man has a knack for messing up the works
Just when the pieces stick together.
He tries another turn to square a circle
Then finds the front door's locked.
And he? Without a key.

(4.)
The sun is low and slants its copper rust
Beneath the cold blue muddy clouds
And spills upon my cheeks; I see my lashes tinged.
Under what is ugly
There always is a little beauty still left in me.

(5)
In August, all in pink, you flew through clouds
While a sun glittered my burnished edges,
Then you bundled life into my arms
I had never known, just one month old.
Ah yes. Then why the twists and turns?
This motion rankles like a worm.

The AIRPORT taxi gave me more than it was worth,
The few dollars fare was no exchange
For the treasured hoard it gave possession of.
They were mine no matter where they came from!
Yellow taxi of my heart come swinging back
Bring two loved back to me.

(7.)

I love the snow when floating wet and loose,
Flaking on those reddened cheeks
Until her eyes are glistening quick;
I love it sticking softly to her lash
Or when she licks it with her tongue.
I love it when she scrapes it from her shoe.

(8.)

The present and the past are one.
We sometimes hardly know
Just where to draw the line,
They mesh like flesh upon our bones;
The present's shadow is the past
And we must live with both.

Nat Scammacca
Via Argenteria Km 4
91100 Trapani, Sicily

Nat Scammacca

RING AROUND THE POSY

How shall I sing now ?
I have picked my flowers.
Look how quietly they wither
Where I have thrown them down.

I cannot look at water drops.
I have no time. No time!
My graying hurts. Such age !
Alone, I cannot see my flowers.

They hide their colors. They hide!
I cannot put my eyes on.
When did the boy go from me ?
I had to grow.

You liked him too.
Even the wee bits left.
Then you stopped. Remember ?
So I picked you.

Flowers flowers, where is time ?
I feel it shrinks away.
I am so sad in oldness.
Please - dip me into colors.

Reds and whites, blues and greens
Ring me round the 'rosy'
I shall dance my last dance
If you will sing me 'posy'

IN "Nuove Liriche"
curato da E.B.

WHEN I DANCE I AM

I see black fingers dipped in silver.
The morning glows and gilds the rim
And the silver glistens.

Silence - the single chirp
Unknowing fills me
With a burst of sound.
The trembling leaf is morning,
Gathering pearls of oneness -
Is and glistens.
The streets are moving too
In the morning's changing light.
That motion is love.

Whites & blues steep their depth
Beyond my eyes, beyond me -
I feel the space the sky,

And know my fluttering is
More than the thinnest plume.
When I dance I am.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ?

What is there left to do
When we have loved and wept
And all is over - ~~nothing~~
As is the case with everything.
Shall we walk into another spring
Seeing the leaves turn green again,
Having no hope, no wish at all
Only the squeezed sense
in the mind's pit
That there is nothing left to do?
We shall surely let the sun warm us
And grow fat.
We shall eat before we die
And sleep after supping
We shall forget the past!
A haze is on the plain
A violet dusk
Of shimmering forgetfulness.
The mad fill some corners of the world
Heaped with memories that live.
And the bees drone on in the torpid gold of suns.

Walt Whitman

Net Scammacca

IN A MAZE

In a maze
Two get lost
Turning away from each other.

Find me. I still grope
In a dunce's hat
And it fits perfectly.

I just don't care
Whether I hurt you.
So I hurt myself.

I am crying
I can't stop
When I torment you.

What is pure ?
This pain ?
This change ?

Hold me tight.
Otherwise tomorrow
I won't be me.

I'm gone
It's happened.
I've changed.

Net Scammecce

COMPLAINTS OF THE PETIT BOURGEOIS

Your poems are full fledged surges
That burst the image on the mind
and turn it in an inner glow.

Nothing better!

All the web and fuzz
Of halting rhyme and meter,
That slow the line
And fetter the wild burst

As it is

Bleeds to death
Crumpled in the corner
Yellow.

But I have rhymed and metred
Soft song for a long time,
Fought with a halter
Twisted the surge below
To fabric of a written page.
This was no sin against nature
Innocence its music,
The method but a frame
For passion.

Delve into the fields projected
Glean the wild song massed
And belched from the self-driven,
Wild sons of a wild world
A race more to itself

Net Scammacca

MY FRIEND DICK

Let me tell you about the dog I truly love.
Oh I had a cat once that used to call me
From other rooms to play.
But he was indifferent in the spring.

Not my dog Dick. Even now he is here
Lying at my feet and goes where I go
In sadness through the hills.
He is my friend - my one true friend.

When last I left him for other loves
Beyond the seas, beyond this time,
They say he cried as humans do.
Do you believe me? He and cried.

But when an old fellow he knew well
Opened the gate one day and greeted him
Dick could not talk. He could not say
He loved me - that I had gone away.

You understand, don't you? ,why he felt so,
I saved him from a master
Who used him as a slave
And only kindness made him my friend.

By the gate then he could not talk
Or know where I had gone. ~~I had~~
I had a little car and it was there.
Abandoned, a wreck - without its wheels.

Nat Scammacca

It had taken him everywhere I would go;
To town - into the contry - here and there.
He knew it. It almost lived for him.
It even smelled of my dog Dick.

There then - ~~to~~ here beneath the very sun
Where flowers grow and grow all day long,
My friend Dick, to say ~~in words~~ what he could not say
Did something else a human would not do.

He went up to the old man and looked at him
Then led him to my crate without its wheels
And there beneath the world of gleaming flowers
Embraced one fender with his paws and wept.

Nat Scemecce

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Imagine this Universe

A sheet of paper, vibrating of itself

In nothingness

And these two colossal gods, metaphysical,

Not nothingness
Or a part of anything.

You Arpad, this train, ~~me and~~ the Universe, *and I,*
& a sheet of paper vibrating of itself.

Forget - Arpad, ^{me} ~~me~~, the god
and you, the god.

Forget we are !

Non-existing ~~nothingness~~, my forgetting god
And the sheet of paper vibrating

Alone !

No wind, no hand, no fingers.

Forget the hand , Arpad, forget my hand.

~~_____~~

You move as if you move

as if you think you move

The sheet of universal paper

The white of all that is

Moving and so still.

This universe, a leaf unfalling

unfloatable

Or moving a single part of SELF

unchanging

And oscillating in place

unmoving

And never changing place.

A water, so still, yet rippling into waves,

There - unmoving, always between two shores
 Its own shores that are not shores
Yet rippling from shore to shore
 The water - apparently on the move
Wave after wave, coming and going
 before and after
But standing so very still, the water not the wave
 The wave not the water
Yet two in one inseparably.
 Do I seem to go ?
 To come ?
 From here to there ?
The sheet of paper so still, vibrating
 Its parts
While kissing, the wave's substance
Caressed in its own moved stillness.

THE UNIVERSE

 A panel of unlit BULBS
We, in Castelnuovo Square
 Or in any square
 Or say, Time's Square
 & why not
I have always been there
 Been there and here
Looking up at the bulbs in place
Ready to light up rhythmically in patterns,
 The moving words
Or words that apparently move
 Going from place to place
But the bulbs always in their one place
 Unmoved, yet seeming to move.
And you think I am the surface,
 The nothing apparently something
Like a wave and ripple moving
While the water & bulbs are still.
 Black and white
The black round white
 Space round my body

But white only the lit blackness
The wave of surface water
Going across the panel
Of the universe always swaying in
The sheet of vibrating paper.
"We cannot dream outside a dream"
Even if you think you are outside,
Or the part going past^{the} other parts,
Changing your place and position.
I move this arm
my arm
And think I have moved my arm
And I have rippled the photon-aether
Into a world of ripples
The rippling of the very
Still aether
In my arm the bulbs of the panel
Burning
The waters of my arm into shape,
That moving,
Has never moved at all.
Then is my arm a dream ?
A dream inside a dream ?
The surface that apparently is ?
As I ripple my arm into being
And go nowhere but where the aether ripples
& has always been.
In the universe of the sheet of paper
I feel my arm lights up
And its word goes across the panel
Of Time's Square.
Photon's go fast and dazzle
You bright young man
Into thinking
The scientist thinks he sees
300.000 Km. a sec...
Tick off in movement.

So quick a trick that movement,
Much faster than any movement
Because it is always still.
And the stillness roars into laughter
As the fool thinks he moves

The pieces
From this place to that place
As the roaring explodes
in stillness.

Where is the Flux of that Greek then,
Going up & down in fire,
Flickering directions
If I cannot move that paper.

Dip in place
Contract
Expand

Then dip the next photon in its stillness
Nor change its place in the dance.
And you young scientist measures

Only two that dip in the straight line
~~That~~ ^{which} he cannot see or know.

I have dipped my arm in movement
As the lights light up in the square
When you swear

I moved my arm
& the photon moved like hell.

Can we say
Or prove

The words really never moved ?
And the photon never skipped
Over 300.000 Km. ^{in a second}, never blazing

My arm into the shape it is
Or my hand never ~~shak~~^{do}
The white sheet of paper at all.