

PAINTING WITH **FINGERS**



D. Barber

One Degree of Freedom

News reporting
Pouring out in colors
I can't see the samples or
Visible edges, Edges of visible,
Variable concepts. Test results are
Beyond me.

Expect this failure
Don't listen to this
Idiot - West or east
I don't know. I'm a
Complete stranger with
Any of these numbers.

29 August 05

Night Painting

When I'm alone in the dark I
There's no space or time
Only intensity and tame things
Having no immensity. All

Is distant and shadows of
Sea sounds waving the trees
Like giant paintbrushes painting
Our sky with depth. All night I
hear

Colors going on, the brush cleaned
Then, stroking again, so soft, in
Sienna shades, wondering what the
Canvas will show by morning.

Dave



Other Rooms

I met with a friend
With strange flashing lights
All telling me about him -
More than I wanted to know

About all his rooms and their
Failures, this one is has
Chipping paint, or the
Floor is falling to ruin. His stair is

Sagging, turning and
I can't hang my coat here.
All those secret places were
Displayed down the hallways.

29 August 05

History Speaking.

After us, the topics are
Limited to weather facts
History and paper titles
All sketches of times
Frozen in black and white.

They were clever before
Reading over a plate of
Eggs, over a quick breakfast
Over easy. Over the color of
Gravestones. Who is that

Person sitting there?

29 August 05

Changing Direction

Dear. Where is north?
North is there, Pointing left, our
River slides north

Clumsily, caressing
Our dryness to some
Attention, pressing
Brown ochre earth to

Growing, nagging needing
Her stark nakedness
Near to don clothing
Necessary for the season

Scattering our leaves
Satisfying the scorching
Sun to malleable
Meek ground.

3 Sept 05

Shadows Rev 2.0

The sun finally departs on a furnace desert day.
Weary of the heat, I welcome chilled
Air spilling into my dullness, coursing
Cutting my ochre umber shades. All the day's
Ploughed with this heavy wind, my

Thought and deeds are weak, I'm moved to
Tears at the sight of God's shiny diamonds
Smiling the sky's spine. My Language is
Dulled - can't cast nets to Recover the words
Needed to describe the soft reflection.

2 Sept 05

Halfway Changes.

Halfway there I remember the headlights
And drift down the road watching them
Dance from shiny seal to seal,
Blazing the other cars with their beams

Maybe I could find the dusk like the others
Numbing my senses, willing myself to shut the
Autumn air off looking at tangerine skies,
Even as first stars poke through, small enough to count.

Part of me wants to let the wheel free and
Drift toward the end, climbing over the back to
Sleep off the day's tension, an eternal slumber
Toward a darkness, pulling my eyes shut.

Part of me wants to catch every change
In the fabric of the sky, the new landscape
New voices, flying birds, promises for love
In every stretched cloud's form.

This is the part I wonder about
When I'm waiting to leave, if I'll stare up at a
Azure sky and remember all the changing things
And count those things I should have numbered
As changed, when I should have said so.

4 Sept 05

Horizons

Each western paintings have
Converging lines that spell a
Point where reality fades to guesses
And Even the simple break of
Color can't decide the outcome.

Funny, Japanese painting lack
Convergence. Maybe because they
Can't see the changes or where
Any points fade or maybe it's because
They don't concern themselves with

Outside the lines and focus on
The shallow, translucent tones and
Barren cherry limbs hanging over
Waters, a single Koi circling
Reality to a fixed point.

4 September 05

Local Colors

It's the small restaurant
Where my sire name matters
From small splintered table

Randomly scattered among the
Dirty, linoleum floors and
Signs I can't pronounce. Green

Chili on my eggs, no-
Not with my tongue that
Can't bear the sauces and

Terms. The old bent men
Across from me smile
Through deep wrinkles

Like azalea bush eyebrows.
I've been thinking I'm a
Foreigner here and always

Will stumble over the constant
Wind to the delight
Of others. An old

Foolish idea that I'd blend
Like the green chili into
Burritos, when I can't take the taste.



17 August 05

Where the ripples of life's lake stop
I rest in the quiet water's edges
Waiting for a moment when
Fresh portions will flow my
Way. Perhaps I want to be

Left here where any disturbance
Dies down, where thoughts won't
Disappear in shores of language-
Mine is cold and exposed, lost in
Painted sands across the fields.

4 Sept 05

Terrible Formality

After the trip, carrying
Crying over, pretending
It didn't matter, Mother

Placed her filled jar
arranging, again, agitated,
Performing careful moments

In the Soft wilt, pink cloth
Surrounding pine. We couldn't
Follow her hands, her heart

Through it's willful wandering
Wasted or not, in movements.
Placing photos, memories

Or sights, finishing her
Formal promises in arid array
Bowing her head at last.

3 Sept 05