

Poetry Series

Larry Jaffe
- poems -

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Larry Jaffe()

The New Official Anti-Bio

From the sensually romantic to humor and social commentary, Jaffe impacts audiences with a rich emotional range, masterfully crafted. His poetry appears in numerous anthologies, magazines, and on the Internet where he has pioneered poetry web sites. Jaffe claims to have been born on a mountaintop in the South Bronx, in the shadow of Yankee Stadium. From the time he could walk, he either was going to play baseball, hoops or be a poet. Sometimes he thought he was the spiritual reincarnation of Davy Crockett. He felt he had that mountaintop thing in common with Crockett and also his folks once bought him a coonskin cap which stimulated this peculiar tangent. In truth, he is the product of his own dreams. And has fond hopes of being classified a world citizen walking in the shadows of Mr. Neruda. As for how he writes, Jaffe was once quoted saying that the air is letters, I breathe them in and simply breathe out poetry. He writes with romance and a satirical tongue pressed firmly to his cheek. But do not take his sense of humor for lack of worldly concern.

For his entire professional career Larry Jaffe has been using his art to promote human rights. He is a distinguished poet with a tremendous following who prides himself on his community involvement and care. The former poet-in-residence at the Autry Museum of Western Heritage, Jaffe has been hosting and curating poetry readings while editing Poetix Poetry Magazine (a guide to Southern California Poetry) . Jaffe was also a featured poet for Daimler/Chrysler's Spirit in the Words poetry program. He is the co-founder of Poets for Peace (now Poets for Human Rights) and spearheaded along with Rattapalax Publisher Ram Devineni the United Nations Dialogue among Civilizations through Poetry project which incorporated hundreds of readings in hundreds of cities globally. Jaffe is an official Ambassador for Youth for Human Rights and has been featured in poetry venues and festivals both throughout the U.S. and abroad. He has read his work in such distinguished locations as the Japanese American Museum, Hammer Museum, the Jewish Museum and the Museum of Literature in Prague and the Dylan Thomas Centre in Wales. He still loves to read in a variety of bookstores, coffeehouses and bars to keep his roots in tact. Jaffe's dynamic work integrates a strong sense of humor along with his tough stand on human rights and freedom.

jaffe@

Broken Eyes

My eyes are broken
they tire from
relentless
bashing of principles

They wanted to see
what they should
not see
and broke
irrevocably sad

The fire that
once fed my belly
has gone out
replaced by
damp spirits

Now the kindred
fly lame
without wonder
transmitting disdain

I wanted to envision
peace and found war
my eyes cried
until even
the tears dried

I have learned
to confront the world
with my stupidity
and nakedness
this was my legacy

I was a fallen angel
without a god
to inspire me

I turned myself

inside out
removing the skin
from the soul

And without effort
I now see
without eyes
touch without fingers
and laugh
and laugh

I am no longer
a body
and soar like
an eagle
sans wings

I am a free spirit
engaged in the
most gentle
of intercourses
the world is my wonder

We will heal the disease
end the mayhem of war
calm the troubled
and bring joy to the sad
this is our legacy

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Larry Jaffe

Butterfly Logic

BUTTERFLY LOGIC

Butterfly logic is the intelligence of beauty. These poems represent my attempts at butterfly logic.

BUTTERFLY

the butterfly
cannot fly back
to the cocoon
he grabs thorns
from the rose
to arm himself

BUTTERFLY ANGEL

butterfly angel
soars with infinity
no rest stops
gliding from
blossom to blossom
bringing new flowers
to her fold to bloom
butterfly angel
knows
shifts into winged ecstasy
morphs into woman
touching hearts without compromise
butterfly angel
flies into infinity

MAGIC BUTTERFLY

It is the essence
of magic
for a butterfly

to be earthly
angel singing
watch her
spread wings
wide
as colors
magnificent
adorn
shadows
embrace
rainbows
and me.

UNREPENTANT BUTTERFLY

I listen to music
I think of you
aesthetic
unrepentant
butterfly.

there is beauty
in those
notes.

APPROACHING A FLOWER

One cannot approach a flower
with negligence
or short term vision
seeing only the petals
and not stamen or stem
a butterfly sings
even flowers must
have wings.

YOU CANNOT DRINK THEM

breasts sculpted on
an uneven plane

of lust
accentuated by eyes
full of vice and amour
a kitten's lips and tongue
that you wish would
pay homage to you
even though you know
kittens only trust themselves
and even that is at their
own risk
the heat pounds through
her mental surf
opening the doors
to the prism of her desires
so many colors to her passion
and tastes gone wild
that excites every sexual prophecy
but this kitten is a woman
a butterfly who only purrs
when she flies and her
back is against the wall
and her mouth like silence
matches her wit and says
nothing at all
because the moment you
have her corralled
and you think you have won
you have lost poorly
and poor losers in love
are worse than
poor losers in life
because they beat their foes
with brutality and prayer
even though they have lost
their love
and if you have not caged
this butterfly and desire
still runs your veins in
alcoholic inebriation
her persona growing
more clearly instead
of a slowly fading photograph

an impressionist painting emerges
turning surreal in the nightfall
the fuchsia of your desire
is hers to command even
as you deftly constrain her
with a web of fine silk ropes
and once again in your haste
to hold her fast you
tie slip knots instead
of the more harnessing bowie knots
and as she slips from your grasp
you remember that even
though butterflies are liquid
you cannot drink them

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD

If god is nature
Or encompasses nature
Or created nature
Then one must use nature
To converse with god
Dancing with butterflies
And listening to seashells
And burning bushes

114 REASONS WHY NOT

You are married to
a doctor a fine
micro surgeon
of some repute.

I am but a
butterfly salesman
nestling beauty
from winged
creatures.

TATTOOS OF DESIRE

Your neck
the birthplace
of desire.

A tattooist
looks upon
this canvas
transfers doves
& eccentricity
to its lush bend.

He paints
passion's evening
and a butterfly
allowing
the nightingale
to arch at the nape.

He illustrates
– his eyes closed

kisses lingering...

A BUTTERFLY UNVEILS NEW COLORS

Like a butterfly
unveiling new wings
you show me your colors
wings melded of quiet
strength and dignity
with colors taken
from goddess dreams
as she sleeps.

CUPPING THE BUTTERFLY

he cups the butterfly
with crumbling fingers

there is no place to hold
only cradle in fingers
made of tears
he loves her
and kisses softness
and slowly mends
with these brittle fingers
mends the holes and tatters
one at a time

KITE FLIER

You are the butterfly
who escaped reason
whirling your colors
in empathy
as your tongue
disdains excuses.

– the room grows darker
with her departure

I wander relentless
pursuing your silent
wing falls
drinking deeply
at your draught.

– he follows
a desert dream

While you dance
to the music
of the wind
I fly kites
in hopes
of distracting you.

I could be blind
and know you
are beautiful.

IT'S ABOUT BUTTERFLIES

We were questioned
as to whether or not
we were sheltering
butterflies.

Harboring these artistic
creatures in our homes
as if anything or
anyone could capture
living gossamer.

Long has it been known
that the universe of
butterflies was
powerful and pervasive
and extended beyond
simple physical life.

People only saw the beginning stages
from caterpillar to cocoon to butterfly
without realizing that after
butterfly there was continuation
of life immortal.

Larva is Latin for ghost
From ghost to ghost.

AFTER BUTTERFLY

Have you ever wondered
even for the briefest
of moments what happens
after butterfly?

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Death Begets Life

The body a mere dish of fragile
Thou is of sterner stuff

The spirit commanding and proud

Do not confuse one with the other
Do not be lured into flesh
When thou is of soul

Thou are not made of anything
Or by anyone

Thou creates
And are not created

Death begets life
A new form divined by thee
A new beginning to thrust life
With beauty and accord

Do not get caught up in death
Instead get caught up in life

Thou art spirit
Thou art soul
Thou art you

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Unleash The Bonds

Formed of deceit
And let the spirit fly

Unleash the bonds
Of pseudo-humanity
Lift the spirit to the sky

Unleash the bonds
Unleash the bonds
And let the spirit fly

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