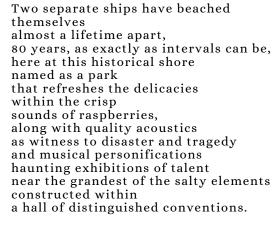
POEMS

 $LA\ URA\ B.\ GINSBERG$



LAURA B. GINSBERG





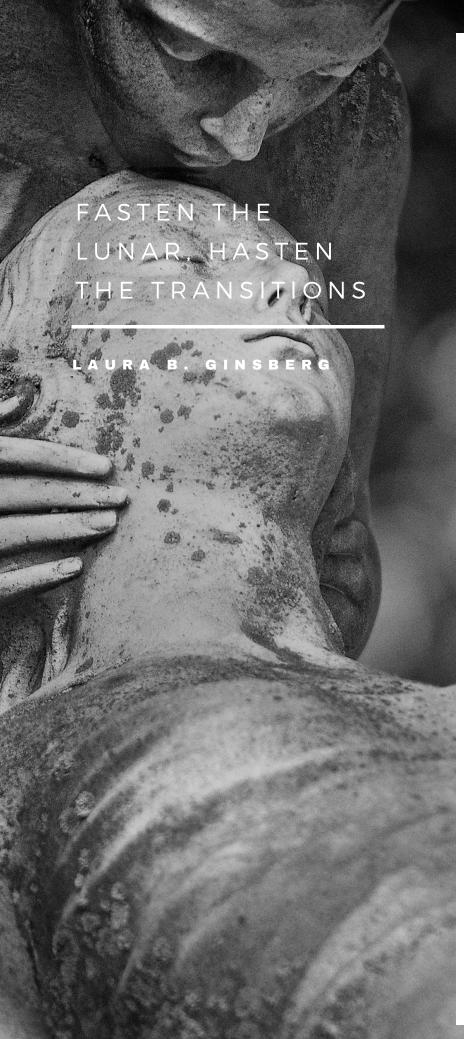
Aim easy while paying the sage in choices that will be paid for in souls. Can a veneer of inferno pull safely upon the sand? Watching painful flames among windows and sails, waiting as the reaper's list of sailors chases and twists the lures to disguise death's fantasies...

That falsified enchantment, surely made, vain with lazy opportunity.
Layers of decks roar with allure inside a burning Castle for morrow.

Among a calm and clear New Era, a locked sunrise trusts her boughs, unlatching fasteners and quite faithfully reveling and observing witness to the distress of marred wood and brass.

Silken dresses of bone-colored hues sail while other ships lose their chances on seas and may forevermore clear a path that will delineate as the option to steer no longer lives.

TWO SEPARATE SHIPS
HAVE BEACHED
THEMSELVES
ALMOST A LIFETIME
APART,
80 YEARS, AS EXACTLY
AS INTERVALS CAN BE,
HERE AT THIS
HISTORICAL SHORE





Seize the suffering fragmentaries.
Let those blackened metal bones become sacred cases,
a visited carcass
as the
waters fill and sway and
tranquil tours prepare
to wave and stare at what would be a photograph
or a postcard
of sunrise and marveling faults of those who do not know
they have departed.

Buried in oceanic depths, becoming perhaps the mermaids of storytellers.
The rising mysteries would dance with flickers in the chamber of assurance to chant at coins that pay for those who steer the boats across to the sanctuary of beyond.

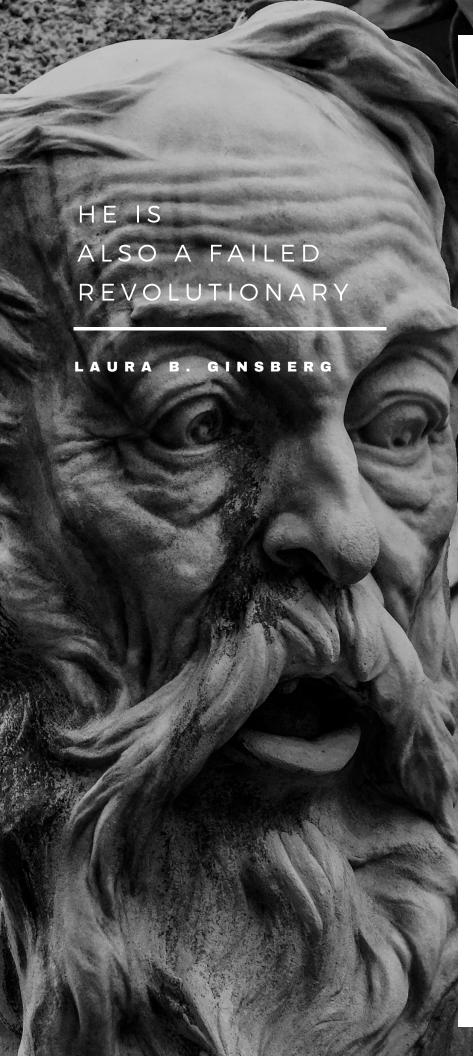
They do not conceal their chance to sing with pain and pour water that will set afire the gate the wait toward Sixth Avenue and its grand soil where redemption surely will preserve the narcotic, sapping pews in churches pointed toward a delicate Eastern front.

Seed, wheels, and odor against the bodies that have been joined in households and local places of worship.

To notice those shores and the doubt in the tragedy among tourists, fear not and pray for the emerging tides of oncoming pain and the endeavoring release and peace for distressed souls that are now And will forever be transatlantic.

Leaving only an anchor and a missing memorial — never to be found in the sands of the deep.

NEVER TO BE FOUND IN THE SANDS OF THE DEEP



Translations force the peace deal and the fatalistic quiet that seals his imagination imagination within the potency of a curse as he carries those veins with quarters tied in cords and felt and pegs of light that leave new vestiges in the zen of false serenity upon waters that trade concern for commodity.

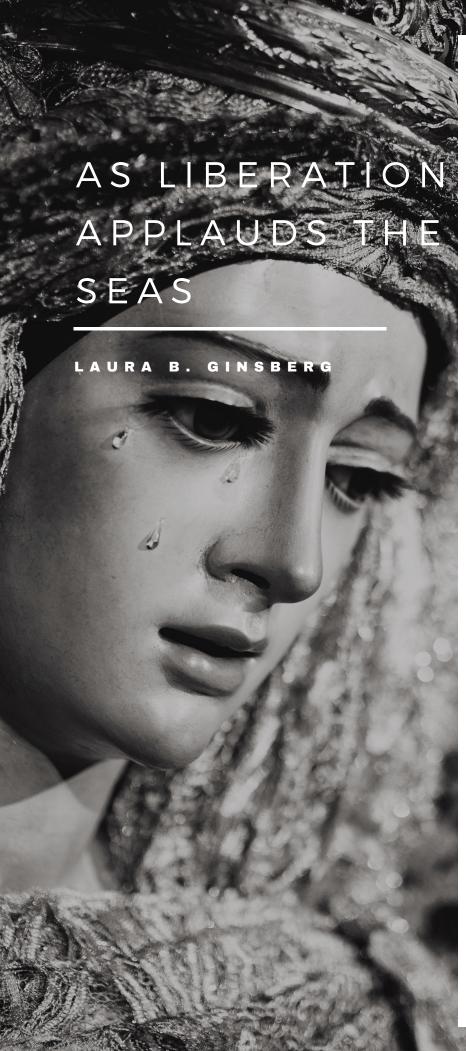
A man, who, on a burning boat must mutilate decisions to save what lives he can. Consent to restrict. To abandon a dying vessel. To devise a distorted voyage.

He can do daily attrition with volatile air in the dense quiet of blackness as a brave and tenor voice screams with the universal lungs of men hot with scents invoking the secrets that restrain the vague families with their hidden ways to carry their pennies as forlorn war eternally imitates such a defensive tearing to form a cure because the meek wardens will struggle as they guard the pace and the spirits disappear into the deprivations.

What a miserable generation with grounded answers to live in suspect of each other as they fight among themselves to see how low the tragic can disperse into desperate and tumultuous homes and chambers. Come inside the large estuary see the necks of the lovely collars the seep into the stockpiled parts of her escape. Intermittent in romance and spaced through the days of future souvenirs that sit unsold on shelves.

Silence can be profound but only if it is found within the lingering of wishes that crusade in aerial combat between birds and smoke, venting as storms against the infinite. And the swish of a desirous crew will sleep beside the dreams of a ship too broken to sail.

SILENCE CAN BE
PROFOUND, BUT ONLY
IF IT IS FOUND
WITHIN THE
LINGERING OF WISHES



Form the omen with the sadness of warm vanilla as accidents form in the bones of families.

They will rebound with every procedure of every future hidden within the practicality of false premonition.

Distress will go undone as lessons of artistry waste and alter the memories and voices the mellifluous summons of heaven have captured.

Hours have egos that could fill a room and honor the notifications of none around funerals of flowers.

More to them as the sick find security in healing, velvet with the mere moments their hearts long to forget. Here, names rest indulging a gracious man.

The redundancy of trees will cry as garments catch sight of the slightest wind and crashing sympathies, flown in cautionary and cinematic hopes.

Rest here, fortune, for the pleasant capturers are near, assuring their own omniscience as stories of rescues hide in the hills of low tide.

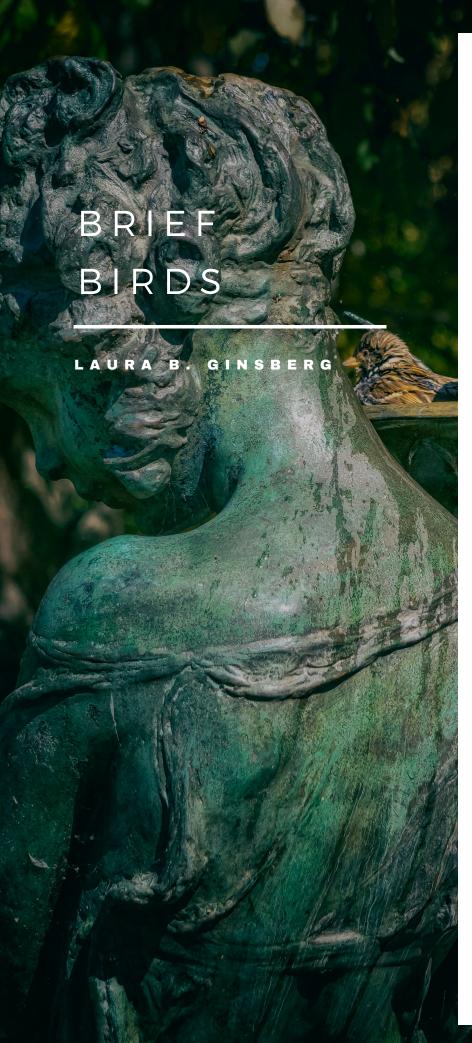
Ignore the tantrums of distant indication and scatter the quantum solutions of confusion that signal from lighthouses.

On occasion they'll find the unique minds as they crash behind the salt-laden terrain, the broken shells of facts and dreams.

Sow discord within any total amount of coincidence as it lectures the habits of stormy moments.

If only to escape in quiet anger without the figurehead that can clear a path east, beside horizon's gates.

REST HERE, FORTUNE, FOR THE PLEASANT CAPTURERS ARE NEAR, ASSURING THEIR OWN OMNISCIENCE AS THE STORIES OF RESCUES HIDE IN THE HILLS OF LOW TIDE.



The rumors of life end in severe coincidence beside perpetual unions that make possible the counterbalance.
Those sparrows they drop toward waves of night and listen for the secrets of wars that have yet been fought and journeys that have yet been sailed.
They are the mystical guides to the next place.

They die so heroically so that we might not see as they list the verses of songs we'll never understand in languages of notes that diverted equally against capture.

So we must make of it the best and learn from the lies of generations and the golden winds of renewal that blend ever closer to a divine conclusion elevated in a solitary, sacred, and solemn detachment and celebration. Parallel tales of antiquated incidents. Where lofty lives separate into the reward of skyward vicinity, unaccompanied and unmoored to our physical existence.

SO WE MUST MAKE OF IT THE BEST AND LEARN FROM THE LIES OF GENERATIONS

WHO
MANAGED
TO ESCAPE
THE WORST?

In gentle tendencies as plays the endless teasing the stored virtue dies in the ground and the sound of the survivor's drunken landscape as he finds gallery within still gems.

The obvious mistake was a wonderful gesture of overnight strangers insisting on a generous dinner while the winds of sails awoke the aura of a disaster's talisman that listens to ragged strategies for the wit and blue waters, this holy danger.

Come clean as they cloud the November skies of wonder and pain. What is there to mean when the groaning wooden hulls are safer than home?

Within the water of skies, the sons of spring. This is their ballast of strength and words of sole endurance in the clouds of magnificence.

There, holds the souls that flickered in wonderment and that existed in the stillness of voices generating out to mountains they'll never see again.

Murmuring into themselves.

Figments of the stories of those left behind on the shores of the places most tourists forget to notice while walking with heavy shoes.

FIGMENTS OF THE
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