Waiting for the Moon

Madeline Tiger

Poco lontano

Joelle Wallach

\[ \text{Waiting for the moon for so long this month. Where is it? Where have you gone with it? When the moon comes up, you will be there: right behind it, ready to show your round face and your eyes.} \]

\[ \text{made of sky. Let go, let go of the darkness. Not even stars have} \]

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mag:ic used to be, cha:os where once there was pur:pose. Dead

There is only si:lence, si:lence, si:lence. No or:der where

suc:h re:straint, crow:d ing, fill-ing ev:ry mile, sing-ing a burn:ing cho:rus

mf

pp

mp

poco f

mf
molto moon.

for the moon, dolce the

3 3 3 3 to make sure of love, all this time; waiting

cla - mor ev - ry night all a - lone on earth. Nothing

espr. al fine

to make sure of love, all this time; waiting

for the moon, the

dolce pp

for the moon, the

for the moon, the
Insomnia

Delmore Schwartz

Agitato

\[ \text{In the naked bed in Plato's cave,} \]

\[ \text{Re-flected head-lights slowly slid the wall,} \]

\[ \text{A fleet of} \]

\[ \text{pen-ters hammer-er under shad-ed win-dows,} \]

\[ \text{wind trou-bled win-dow cu-tains all night long.} \]

\[ \text{trucks strained up-hill, grind-ing,} \]

\[ \text{cei-ling has light-en-ed a-gain} \]

\[ \text{slant-ing dia-grams} \]

\[ \text{slid slowly forth} \]

\[ \text{Hear-ing the milk-man's} \]

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to bed, exhausted eyes. Strange ness grew, the loose film grayed.

Shaking wagon's, water-falls of

rose, lit a cigarrette walked to the window: the city street displayed the still-ness in which buildings stand, the street-lamp's vigil, the horse's patience, the winter's sky turned me back to bed, ex-hausted eyes.
bubbled and whistled, so!

Perplexed, still wet with sleep, after

bird called, tentatively whistled and called

hooves, louder and nearer. A car coughed softly.

melt ing the air, lifting the half-covered chair, kindling the looking glass.

dolce sotto voce

hooves, louder and nearer. A car coughed softly.

Morning softly
Andante, hungry and cold.

So, O son of man, ignorant night, the travail of early morning. Mysteries of beginning again and again while history is

unforgiven.
Walt Whitman

This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless...

Joelle Wallach

A Clear Midnight

Thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless.

Away from books, away from art, the lesson done, the day erased.

Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pond'ring the themes:

Night, sleep, death and the stars.
Angry at the Muse

Madeline Tiger

Agitato

Joelle Wallach

\( \text{mf \ \text{sempre}} \)

Stomps in whenever I'm angry,
sometimes shouting so loud,
I can't distinguish a word from the howl;

then she lies down exhausted.
Not interested in my dreams, she

\( \text{sempre} \)

covets my rare love affairs.
When my father died, she

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follow'd me for months, pe-tu-lant, mak-ing sneer-ing fa-ces, like a wild beast: no di-a-logue. Im-pa-tient, ti-red of wait-ing for me, she then flew all the way up to New York, ap-pear-ing there two years la-ter as a dou-ble rain-bow.
Death

Maxwell Bodenheim

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The kisses of Death like scented rain.

I shall walk down the road turn and feel at my feet

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For Death is a black slave with little silver birds a sleeping wreath on his head. His voice like jewels dropping in a satin bag, he tells me how he tip-toed after me down the road.
And I become one of the sil...
ver birds be tween the cold

waves of his

hair.

Then he tip-toes on.