

Until '15

David Joel Scherbak

## My Secret Love

Stored in a weathered wooden box,  
smoothed and shined by frequent handling,  
bottled in glass of darkest green,  
I hide my secret love.

There, among my favorite treasures –  
rare volumes, yellow photos, rusty toys,  
gems, dreams and silent fantasies –  
abides the boundless blessing that is you.

Our each moment lives a lifetime,  
our each murmur sings –  
our each quiver stirs an earthquake,  
our each step has wings.

And our pulsing magnetism roars  
wave on wave, rushing  
loud, loud – pounding, pounding  
on the shores of our affection.

The breadth of earth and time –  
the depth of delight and duration –  
this fusion of yours and mine –  
distills the most precious libation.

Stored in a weathered wooden box,  
smoothed and shined by frequent handling,  
bottled in glass of darkest green,  
I hide my secret love.

March 26, 2009

## In My Every Prayer

In my every prayer –  
I will He beseech  
that your load be light -  
your fortune be increased.

For any good I've done,  
what e'r reward I'm due –  
any grace I've earned,  
I consign to you.

All the strength I build,  
whatever wisdom gain,  
any skill I learn,  
I tender to your name.

For I'll be rich without  
all I've owned before,  
in possession of your heart,  
it's wealth, mine, to adore.

All my blessings from today,  
please accept and use –  
for I've been amply paid  
in the boundless joys of you.

April 1, 2009

## I Cherish All Your Gifts

I cherish all your gifts.

Borne by a soul  
only burnished by age,  
a mind -  
ever reaching, ever analyzing,  
ever exploring, ever inventing;  
eyes -  
perceptive, understanding,  
delighting in image and void;  
voice -  
humorous,  
articulate and soothing -  
inspiring and moving;  
hands -  
facile, precise,  
communicative;  
heart -  
empathetic, appreciative,  
tenacious in its love.

And I treasure most  
the gift of giving,  
which brings me  
such immeasurable  
material, social,  
emotional  
and spiritual  
wealth.

These are your gifts,  
the gifts you gave me.

Even this gratitude  
I owe to you.

Mother's Day  
May 13, 2007

## Treasure

Your love -  
unconditional,  
appreciative,  
respecting -  
a treasure,  
the cherishing of which  
spirits my heart,  
inspires my vision  
and energizes my fortitude.  
And the thought  
of your  
determined dance  
through life  
lightens  
my own  
every step.

In Celebration of  
Matilada Rostoker

March, 2007

Dana (and Feana, Lisa and Kirk) –

I know you miss your grandfather Paul very, very much. His kindness, calm, resourcefulness, humor, strength and love flooded the lives of everyone who knew him. And we all feel very thankful to have had him in our lives.

You wonder where he is now and how to be with him.

Through his love for you (and everyone, for that matter,) he gave himself to you. He will always be in your heart and mind – in your memories, in the way you do things, in your laughter and in your seriousness. He will be helping you have the courage to accomplish the things you find so difficult. He will agree with you when you feel proud. He will remind you to be careful. When you are confused, his voice will say “calm down, Dana and you’ll be able to think better.”

His expectations of you as a person survive. He still wants you to be the best Dana that you can be – to do well in school, to be kind, to work hard, to give and receive love, to stay healthy and safe.

He will never leave you. If you ask him something, listen carefully and you’ll hear the answer, because his love for you is so powerful that now he lives inside you. And because he was such a sweet, caring, magical, wonderful person, he affected all of the rest of us who knew him also. So each of his friends and family carry some of his spirit around with them for you to enjoy, learn from, find comfort and help from and love. Remember that you are not alone. The potential for all of the wonderful qualities that your grandfather possessed are also present in you and in every other living being. You can find them if you look hard enough. And you will see him looking back at you through their eyes.

Paul Disterheft was my friend too, Dana, and I loved him very, very much. I know he cherished you and was so very proud of you. And because he was such a fine friend to me, I’m honored to owe him my friendship to you. I will always be your friend ... always – always yours, Joel

## Kisses On My Head

I was working in a dance club, at the door,  
stamping peoples' hands, after they paid their money.

And the owners told me to let in hot girls for free,  
so the men would come and spend a lot of money on them.

But the hot girls all thought it was me letting them in for free  
and they would kiss me on my bald head as they came in.

It got to be a thing, you know, "kissing that cute bald guy's head" ...

So, one night,  
I'm hangin' with a friend of mine in the bar area  
and every once in a while a babe or two comes over  
and plants a big lipstick mark on my head.  
And to me, it's just same old same old ...

Then I notice these two guys sitting nearby  
and one of them is watching all this.  
And the other is trying to get him to leave.  
He's saying "There's nothing happening here."  
and "Let's go somewhere else."  
and things like that.

But the guy doesn't want to leave –  
he keeps telling his friend to hold on a minute.

Finally he comes over to me and pauses ...  
and says "This might seem kind of personal,  
and strange,  
but if you wouldn't mind, please,  
could you tell me how you shave your head like that?"

The guy has a really nice full head of hair.  
I ask him "Why would you want to shave your head?  
You've got so much hair!"

And just as I finish asking him,  
another hottie comes up and its "hi, baby!" - smooch on the head ...

The guy just shrugs and says "Need I say more!?"

I'd get home and look in the mirror  
and I'd have lips all over my head!

June 20, 2009

## You Have Found My Hidden Heart

You have found my hidden heart,  
forgotten, where I'd long ago  
planted it 'neath tears and pain  
in disappointment's frigid snow.

Smiling eyes green early leaves -  
breathing breeze stiff branches stir.  
Fertile faith braves bold belief -  
hardened roots stretch, hope restored.

And the bees and butterflies  
and the birds who nest  
feast fruition of your love,  
blooming me my best.

Now a proud foliage  
marks this peaceful grove,  
for you have found my hidden heart  
and nurtured it with love.

July 12, 2009



I Pity The Fool Who Makes You Cry

I pity the fool who makes you cry,  
for he has robbed himself of joy.

Your steadfast smile,  
only grows in worth  
and we who share it prosper.

You, in forgiving him,  
undermine his malice.

And he, poor man,  
without his spear,  
without your light –  
wanders through his darkened life –  
hungry, lost, defenseless.

June 18, 2011

## The Food Of You

Moments with you  
already acute, intensify  
by the awareness of their fleeting,  
satisfying so extremely  
yet leaving me still needing.

The food of you,  
The Chef, Himself prepared ~  
a dish unique, delicious ~  
He served but once, in eternity,  
to fulfill my wishes.

I consume ecstatically  
every minute morsel  
and yet I'm loath to swallow,  
knowing that once it's gone  
I'll still be left but hollow.

So when Fortune brought me here  
to taste your sweetest flavor  
I was cursed and blessed.  
For having known your true perfection  
I've been spoiled for less.

July 7, 2011

## Annulment

We closed the restaurant,  
drinking the last of the wine, the last bites of cake ...  
telling stories –  
the eccentricities of our families,  
craziest customers, favorite songs  
... and laughing a lot.

Then they all left.

And I was overcome with a sudden melancholy  
(and, much as I hate to admit - loneliness.)

Walking home on quiet sidewalks,  
houselights twinkling and passersby –

the certainty of your not being there  
almost annulled the evening's joy.

November 13, 2011

## My Heart Holds

I swim in you, bathe in you, float in you ... drown in you.  
You are my candle, my hearth, my stove, my flame.  
You dawn my day, dusk my evening.  
You fill my eyes  
like sunsets, like green, like amethyst.  
I breathe you  
and my heart holds ... spelled by you.

November 13, 2011

You Illumine Me

You illumine me.

Your dawn awakens me,  
my heart, my soul, blood  
surge with your energy.

You illumine me.

In fact, I'm blinded.

Your bright beauty  
makes me high minded.

You illumine me.

Through you I see  
infinite and limitless  
possibility.

December 15, 2012

What Do You Tell  
The Girl That's Heard It All?

What do you tell  
the girl that's heard it all?  
How do you convey  
her embodiment  
of all that's earth and holy?

She's heard it all before.  
She's heard it all before -  
in eloquent phrases  
of passion,  
praise,  
adoration  
and more.

All your shy stammering,  
your pigeon toed unease,  
your speechless, wide-eyed awkwardness  
fails miserably indeed  
the primal, ageless yearning  
of all that animal  
and plant life need.

You see green in her,  
her smile the sun inflames,  
the night's in her caress,  
her kiss is in the rain.  
Your world abounds so full of her,  
she is everything you seek,  
the silence is so empty  
and you can barely speak!

March 15, 2012

I'm Home in You.

Your child smile,  
and laughing eyes -  
your slender fingers  
and silken lips

make me want to make you smile,  
to make you want more  
and give it to you -  
to give you everything.

You are everything I'm not  
and everything I am -

my lost found  
my just within reach  
my other  
my own lover

my sun  
my blood  
my water  
my green

my music  
my rain  
my honey  
my dream

my calm  
serenity  
excitement  
and passion -

wisdom,  
awareness,  
appreciation,  
determination,  
joy  
and love.

You carry my thought, my heart, my hope  
all day with you,  
clutched to your chest,  
grand in your stride,  
light in your eye -  
secret in your smile.

You challenge my voice.  
You make me speak  
my attempt to express  
emotion and idea -  
the pulse of life I hum with  
for you

You make me ...  
helpless!

I live in the arch of your back,  
on your belly's plain,  
in the hills of your breast -  
sheltered in your cave.

I dance this cycle  
of sex  
and comfort



and yearning  
and sex  
and comfort  
and yearning  
again.

I wait for night -  
to sleep enfolded in your arms,  
legs entwined,  
my arms around your waist,  
you, against my thighs -  
smelling your hair  
and your neck -  
hearing the sound of your breath  
and your whisper.

I'm home in you,  
my family,  
my childhood, my age.

I fall asleep  
full of wonder  
and magic  
and miracle

and full  
of you.

September 6, 2012

## You Silence Me

You silence me.  
You quench my poetry.  
I'm speechless, unable  
to express my yearning.

My river of words flows,  
crashing, bubbling,  
tumbling, rushing  
struggling through rocks,  
widening, rolling ...  
rushing, rushing,  
into your sea of desire,  
emotion  
and love.

I drown in your eyes.  
I flounder in your kiss.  
I sink in your smile  
and gasp, breathless,  
in your tide.

Your blue, deep,  
deep blue ocean  
of all life -  
pumping, glistening,  
ebbing, rising ...  
shell, fish,  
salt, seaweed,  
sand, stone,  
sun, storm ...  
your water ... water -  
full, loud, brimming,  
soaks me,  
saturates me,  
satiates me,  
maroons me

on this island  
of silence.

February 7, 2013

## I Am Your Columbus

I am your Columbus,  
who knew not love's domain,  
who sees this sea I sail with you  
reveals it has no end.

Love I knew as flat and finite  
reveals as round and boundless.  
Each horizon hope fulfils,  
and new prospect promises.

All this new sensation,  
beast and vegetation  
I, in you, encountered,  
I had not imagined.

I'll explore your world -  
full and fine and sensual -  
mysterious in its splendor,  
rich in its potential.

I deliver treasure  
that your love discovered -  
I your own Columbus -  
to you, my Isabella.

February 14, 2014