

Heart Home
by
David Joel Scherbak

Your Watchwork Walk

Your watchwork walk
machines my moment,
riveting minutes
in my memory.

Melody eyes
mesmerize,
melting my return
to liquid oblivion.

Even your hair
holds the fiber, there,
of the cleric cloth
that enshrouds me.

And your lyric lips
swallow me.

My every self
dissolves in you.

December 2000

Ancient Eyes

Ancient eyes
in your child's guise
and the imp's delight
in your own smile sly
play irony, until I
realize
whose Face
I scrutinize.

In conversation spent
in reminiscence ,
our unlikely sense
of common experience -
seems coincidence
before remembrance
of whose Memory
we're wise.

Your hand prays with mine.
The subtle feel of home
in your touch
uncomprehendingly belongs
until I grasp
whose Hand
I'm holding.

Your Presence imbues
silence with quietude,
solitude
with multitude.
Dreams come true -
awareness attuned
in whose Dreams
I'm fortuned.

December 20, 2000

Stealing Glances

Did I catch you
stealing glances –
was that your guilty smile?
Did my look disarm you
when you discovered
me beguiled?

December, 2000

Safest Haven

Brilliance
halo's her hair
and dawns her downy dunes.

Her touch soothes -
velvet comfort -
healing thorny wounds.

Her smile
kindles kindness,
alters stone to gem.

And fire flickers in
her eyes' deep caves,
opening safest haven.

December, 2000

Dear Divinity

Dear Divinity,
I see The Magic
in your eyes –
like leaves appearing,
like stones' shine, laughter, rain and time.

Hello, old friend –
Grace delivers thee.
You arrive,
Lightning's herald, flying –
marvel wings' climb, blessed on breath sublime.

You sacrifice
the lives you feed me.
I imbibe
your love, requiring
the deaths of lines of lives leading to mine.

Peopled path -
opportunities
unfolding, mine
to obtain and provide
help and resolve - and of your Presence remind.

Precious aid -
each encounter's reach
paves my ride,
quietly guiding
with subtle signs, your deft design.

Cherished child -
in you I see -
through your true eyes -
the subtle Sheen,
the timeless Time, the evolving Vine.

December, 2000

Still Moment

Hair aflame,
fine fingers folding,
eyes regarding,
bold body molding,
your dance
the still moment holding.

Magnificent Muse

Forgive me ...
I neglected to thank you
for your appreciation
of my work.

But the real credit is yours.
For anything of beauty
that emerges through me
expresses
your very own
Entity.

And every letter of
each magical, wistful,
wrenching, wringing,
wonder-filled word –
every single singing, soaring,
searing, sighing, sailing sight –
the dazed and dreamy,
threaded thoughts –
the implications ...
all that you read
and read into
these pages;
mean only
to delight
You.

Your Universe,
your Multitude,
your Eternity
urges my intent,
and these meager misted mirrors
reflect, but weakly,
your Magnificence.

February 20, 2001

Hero's Welcome

You make my moment momentous,
enlarging my life
until larger than life.
Every evening plays me epic stories
and I can only wonder
at the magic of my day.

The Head of a Pin

You shrink my thought -
my focus implodes
and I precariously perch
on the head of a pin.

Speckle Dappled

Speckle dappled
pebble round -
tumbled, tossed
and weather ground -
time's remnant,
pressure bound
shined smooth
but still unfound.

Your eyes prized me,
your touch pried me.

In your hand, my cold stone warmed.
In your eye, my hard grey dawned.
In your heart,

You Replace Poetry

You replace poetry.
Imagination, intimation,
wonder, magic, mystery,
and all my unintelligible,
unarticulated,
intangible murmurs
have learned your name.

You supplant art.
Color, form,
frame, composition,
content, meaning,
memory, association,
and illusion
your eyes display.

You supersede music.
Pitch, rhythm, tone,
lyric, inflection -
wind, water
and even silence –
my balance measured
resounds in your voice.

November 18, 2003

You – My Rain

You replenish
my green and growing –
shine and urge
my fleet stream flowing.

You fill rivers
seas and dew,
to feed my clouds,
redeemed anew.

November 30, 2003

Conversation

Conversation
explains our attraction.
Leaves of words and intonation –
exchange and interaction –
thoughts and the way we express them –
float on the shimmering surface
of a stream of history and potential.

Conversation
transports us along
a winding road
of unexpected meanderings and lingerings -
the ultimate destination, a shared possession
of thought, discovery and memory –
conveyed, engendered, fulfilled.

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

Intense, Hard, Demanding Days

Intense, hard, demanding days
though these be to endure –
they will be but memories.
A friend of mine
intended to help me combat stress
when he suggested
“pick a favorite place
and imagine being there.”

When I was seventeen,
I'd escape to a high meadow
surrounded by woods,
where I overlooked valleys,
streams, roads, villages and hills.
I sat there for hours at a time
in silent solitude.
I try to envision myself there now.
I'm not there now though –
yet I still do find relief
in precisely that fact -
I'm not there now.
Large as my troubles seemed to be then
that I fled to that secret place –
I can't even recall them specifically,
now they are surely past.
All I remember are the good times.

Yes, we've shared other troubled times
of sickness, poverty, homelessness
and we remember them – they are not now.
Now you're suffering such pain and frustration
and I weep and worry with you.
You know I would change places
with you if I only could.

Try to measure progress.
Time relentlessly passes.
You'll be healthy again –
you'll have jobs, Friday nights.
Someday, even I will be
but a memory – a private smile.
These words will fade, these pages curl.
There will be new tribulations unforeseen
and joys that you
have yet to dream.

But of one thing
I know you can be sure –
that I will always love you,
always be willing to take your pain.
I will always love you.

Revised January, 2000 from May, 1990

Lightshaft Streaming

A cloud cleaved light shaft streamed down
illuminating a gleaming gem aground,
my precious, rich discarded glee found.

Invent Language With Me

Invent language with me -
construct our vocabulary.
Share history with me –
articulate our story.

Create climate with me –
how our rain and shine
interacts with our leaves
and grows our grapes to wine.

Bring birthdays with me –
celebrations of being –
the measure of our time
spent giving.

Hoard inheritance with me –
heritage remained when we go –
inspiration, care and daring –
the treasure together we know.

Inhabiting, engraving our legend
fastened by faith and fidelity –
time, be our tool
love, be our rule -
be we the bricks of our dynasty.

April 30, 2007

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 -
humourous,
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
David Joel Scherbak

Important Work

Studying the lives of Einstein and Michelangelo,
I try to learn how to live up to you.
Shakespeare and Lincoln and Gandhi gave gifts
the value of which
the goddess in you
is due.

Cooling the globe,
feeding need,
securing the realm,
piecing peace,
discovering cure,
planting seed,
teaching thought,
tempering greed –

to win your favoring eye,
your appreciative smile,
the privilege of feeling your touch –
these all accomplished,
would scarce be enough.

3/25/08
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

For 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.

Paul was such a sweet, caring, magical, wonderful person,
that he affected all of the rest of us who knew him.
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

In Memory Of
Paul Disterheft
June 2, 2009