

Satin and Sandpaper  
by  
David Joel Scherbak

## Sweet Dreams

Sweet dreams  
inspire thee-  
imagination  
of rose reality.

Sweet dreams-  
beauty sleep-  
intonation  
of mind's melody.

Sweet dreams-  
prophesy-  
wellspring  
of eternity.

March 1998

### Lightning Struck

Lightning struck,  
I, blazing branch falling,  
quench in your lake.

March 1998

River bend-  
river wend-  
river, river,  
never end.

March 1998

## Shivers

Shivers...  
your lips on my ear  
whisper whispers-  
loud...  
so my toes hear.

April 1998

### The Tree In Me

The tree in me  
weathers breeze,  
growing stronger  
with each change of leaves.

The stone in me  
hardens in cold,  
standing solid  
immeasurable old.

The sea in me  
soaks every stream,  
darkening deep,  
deepening dreams

April 1998

Grace

Bells...  
window tree...  
bedtime whispers...  
best blue dress.

Trumpets...  
candle heart...  
deep sigh...  
doves' caress.

Shoefall...  
leafy green...  
memories...  
sun warm rest.

April 1998

## A Memory of Lucy

It had to have been around '62 - '64, because I was around twelve or fourteen - just becoming aware of the mystery of women (well, girls), when I went to visit my cousin Jack, in Philly, some time around New Years.

He had arranged to have some girls come over to his house - I don't know, maybe one of them was his girlfriend or something...but we spent the evening in the basement, listening to records, dancing... I was really too young to know exactly *what* to do!

But his parents were home, reading the paper upstairs, and his Mom only checked on us *once* to see if we wanted refreshments. I thought his parents were so cool.

Then, they took us to a Go-Go Bar for New Year's Eve! I don't know how they got us in there, but there were girls dancing in cages with those shiny white boots on...

It all seemed very racy and exciting to me, and I felt kind of embarrassed for Jack's mother, until I realized how at ease she was and enjoying herself. She was probably at ease anywhere. Come to think of it, I can't imagine her being uncomfortable in any social situation.

Lucy... yeah, she was cool...

I even tell this story often, cherishing this reminiscence among three or four of my most important early glimmerings about sex, adulthood and wonder. And I thank God for giving me such a sweet memory through Lucy and Harold Platt.

April 14, 1998

I'm glad, in a way,  
it didn't work out soon -  
we didn't mark places with memories.

I won't associate  
some popular tune  
with your smile, singing along to me.

April, 1998

## Things I Learned

Don't expect.  
Don't leave messages with children.  
Don't give up your day life.  
Don't talk about previous romance.

April, 1998

## Wasted Time

You asked me  
if you'd have to make me sad  
before I'd write for you.

Well, I haven't slept  
for three days...  
and here is your poem.

January, 1998

## Danger

You say you love danger.  
Let me carry your fragile heart  
in my trembling hands.

April, 1998

I'm dizzy, I'm dazed, I'm daring...  
I'm giddy - amazed at our caring.

Your smell in my nostrils,  
your breath in my lungs,  
your touch on my fingers,  
your taste on my tongue.

The blood in my head  
makes my ears red -  
head over heels over you.

This must be why  
they call it true love...  
because it feels good - to be true.

April, 1998

### Take Me To Ashland

Take me to Ashland Isle,  
where tropic forests green  
grow on volcanic mountains  
in soil of lava'd dreams.

Take me to Ashland Isle,  
where sorrow sends fruit sweet -  
among joy determined people,  
I'll build hope in memory.

Take me to Ashland Isle.  
From her distant shore,  
verdant in blue sparkling -  
I won't wander anymore

April, 1998

## 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

## 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

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

## 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

## 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