

# P O E M S

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*LAURA B. GINSBERG*





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# TRANSATLANTIC TRANSLITICS

A SERIES OF POEMS







FASTEN THE  
LUNAR, HASTEN  
THE TRANSITIONS

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LAURA B. GINSBERG

1.

Two separate ships have beached  
themselves  
almost a lifetime apart,  
80 years, as exactly as intervals can be,  
here at this historical shore  
named as a park  
that refreshes the delicacies  
within the crisp  
sounds of raspberries,  
along with quality acoustics  
as witness to disaster and tragedy  
and musical personifications  
haunting exhibitions of talent  
near the grandest of the salty elements  
constructed within  
a hall of distinguished conventions.

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**





HE IS  
ALSO A FAILED  
REVOLUTIONARY

---

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2.

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**





AS LIBERATION  
APPLAUDS THE  
SEAS

---

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3.

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.**





BRIEF  
BIRDS

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4.

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?

---

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5.

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  
STORIES OF THOSE  
LEFT BEHIND ON THE  
SHORES OF THE  
PLACES MOST  
TOURISTS FORGET TO  
NOTICE**