

P O E M S

LAURA B. GINSBERG



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TRANSATLANTIC TRANSLITICS

A SERIES OF POEMS





FASTEN THE
LUNAR, HASTEN
THE TRANSITIONS

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

LAURA B. GINSBERG

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

LAURA B. GINSBERG

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

LAURA B. GINSBERG

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?

LAURA B. GINSBERG

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**