

**Samuel Greenberg**

**The Sick Sleuth Sonnets  
and Other Poems**

*the poet seeks an earth in himself*

From the website [Samuel Greenberg: American Poet](http://www.logopoeia.com/greenberg/) at <http://www.logopoeia.com/greenberg/>.

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## **The Sick Sleuth Sonnets**

## Peace

Ho - Ho have lake's plum placivity  
The good searching sire, has left self's life  
What ray singing quiry, can he untwine  
The boast of Nature's pool rippling strife  
There lies he Bound to its wound - too fine  
For Bosomed love's belief - Faith fears aid  
From the tension sought, to hide this braid  
And, his, just this little return surface  
Be-weighs a guide, of luke airs perfume  
That holds moments fire, beauties tomb  
O absent shore of take, take all - all  
That I can here forsake, thou uncharts  
With Brief upon tide, swallows Heavens waste,  
Yet he who wanders leaves never this mighty fall

## enviroment

It hath came, to show his plow  
The forth wending jaw, of 'frain unjust  
O pack! what is this here and now  
The bowl effort claim, making ust  
The limping thigh, dromes the plague  
Phrase, O broad love unclothed old  
My lamb like form feels hourly vague  
Though ceaseing tales that restless mold  
That paveing pawn asks the wild seed  
That sprouts in like cover painfully seen  
There steels a moaning ghost to heal  
Self disturbanse, tho, a nurse doth kneel  
The calm withholds, prords chime alone  
That taste solid images, into a soft silent throne

## illusive evolution

What traveling grace halts you to know  
Abuse from woes turning grasp of ween  
And ever Natures proof - pends a whirling  
show - That shades, the lustre tree  
From Kin, the turban claims of prime  
That hold the bettered hopeful slime  
That never reals, into helpful glee  
But kills the colored windy scent  
through such marvel growths unbent  
By the riches of shape and gloss  
We happy feel a lusive love  
From the state of wonder assume  
Ah yet he who spells rest untold  
Brings thither, the soil of foriegn mold

## **weak wonders**

On board, of startling pain set he!  
Cholera; my sticking life aye wee!  
The peace stands all trifling shame  
Here silent sore of stagnant ever halt  
Tender angel sweet, come thither Nearby  
From where can't thou seek an over sigh  
The shed of beauty swan past in clouds  
While the singing thrush, wept, flapping floats  
Should I also help thee slay the storm  
Of winters proof - on mmountains twilight leave  
O seat, this pointing fingered soul plays  
As seat, this pointing fingered soul plays  
As this music mute stuff safe lays  
In the low and high, or in medium ways



## the undertone

The cellar of the priest, the unburdened crave  
He could sing the song of the the wild knave  
That throws the Beaming sand upon the  
Clime of the sun's unbreasted gloom  
What was this joy fettered dry flameing zone  
And remember, the gaze was not for now  
It seemed to tell the lore of blossoms vow  
And loose wonder strains on beneath,  
that, no letter can place the wreath  
or seek the refuge, of creation's crawl  
By your meek tendon to bare it, in thrall  
There seems to stay a glass colored will  
The only taste is this sensual fire still  
That sorrow's glow, love, and the pounding thrill

## Fear

There fled the opening ditch from sooth  
What giving palpitates to hold its loath  
The Bulky mass of real Barren waste  
Let thee feel a tool, for him the last,  
Awaken self conscious wakening pride  
Again suspends thee for a "chick" denied  
Ah calls thither the dream of sickly look  
From whence your heart builds emblems  
to rebuke, tries to share the prison spells  
That clombs beneath loves expressive cells  
Who leaves answers prime of lust desired  
To show the great deeds of wonder lyred  
Then just flitters apt for cleaving lay  
Here toils amend, share's woeful way,

## Fame of revelation

Nigh, to salves faltered percurity  
Leaves shade through cantors immunity  
What wintered gaze, of lingered sighs  
Prays the pankered Birds, meekly plies  
The mocking stem of Beauty formed  
Assists the strength of appdeasement 'dorned  
O such over baring seem beyond his scent  
tales His memory, comes widly to comment  
Still asking reasons charm, my feeling fails  
when still above the calm glaze approves  
Nor to frame the least, that captives mood  
Let not this Band the fettered chill  
Whence joy sails even over mingled will  
Here leave this misty catch unceasing Hood

## Purity

On to silence, where rest Bewarms  
Seated, celest, though much Beguiles  
The faur of Human motion intwines  
The Lustre of lifes stirring combines  
Not to wave the secrets pass of lure  
Unpalled By fancy gestures footing veer  
What traits of keeping track asafe  
From such loud liveing banning waif  
Yet recalls of pleasures innerT behold  
From painting , sculptures or foriegn mold  
The case of sounding wind. By tightly shores  
That treats a just minds lowly moors  
What madness can apply in such winged  
Prize as to Be but the hem skin idealize

## Divine scent

There shed slightly the upper stall  
While faint plying senet shade did lead  
What leaped so heavy under this all  
Lets thee empty, not of cause to heed  
The wandering soul claims the kingdoms tear  
The wise soul bind theis aged weir  
And the Blind inebriat spirit merely feels  
Wishes that all would rot and peace  
Beyond reels - Yet pain speaks for pain  
While each fibres travel powerfully in vein  
Not knowing what Befalls the charm he's seen  
through grinding tolls that list of sprouts  
All honor bares its stamp, untill it shouts  
Thou fiegn of glideing, tideing, husling ween

## **Other poems from the Sick Sleuth notebook**

## A Night at Westerhoff Paterson N. J.

Arrives the timid creature --  
 That was I, as cracked ice seen  
 By those who are skating Happy  
 and unpleasantly, The goaling  
 fear Before the entire night  
 There blew a wind, that sawed  
 wood for prayer through the space  
 and charted the felonious  
 phantomistic window shade  
 glasses, unmercifully, yuen  
 The seiving ariving was  
 merely making one feel  
 Limited from noise and  
 curiosity, here my wing  
 cannot stay so short so I  
 leave, no sleep - no comfort  
 From the self - still amiable  
 The might again prowls to my  
 HearT, - O tomb of lovely pitch

Immensity - do you love  
 this last open eye or do you  
 think we can Be well as  
 you place yourself - you  
 can een hear the perch of  
 The dutch stork in fowl land  
 You tell me of the miser's  
 ocean mint, the city as in  
 Dreamingland lost from  
 explanation, and yet keep  
 soothing me that many more  
 are selfishly defettered, --  
 wo! you sweep you shave the  
 Bony nerves e'en the plenty meat  
 to trot thither the silent  
 airy Blow in the Blast  
 gloom of immortality!

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## The tusks of Blood

Therin I begin, what avail?  
 My chant must enclose hell  
 And yet here leave behind  
 Myself of touch and vow  
 My hour has come when gales  
 The brief song of the Greek gBell  
 Have found the inner teeth alone  
 Here listen, someone is calling  
 Why the ugly praise and fate  
 Shall I be a joiner to this  
 And leave Here the good hope  
 Not to prank the lucky star  
 I'll apologize, wait untill  
 The great way works for Woe!  
 Woe - never you parsival boob  
 never, and by the trait of love's  
 Light shell, sheering outpour  
 Not to Blame, - wait, a travel  
 For an exuse, a good life lay  
 and the real actions, the pumped  
 Horn, - and the pardons of a  
 door - Hell the word what  
 interfering clashed love rules  
 My thoughts mix in Brownings  
 Pool IceHearsels, not to phasing  
 of rearing love on wings - send  
 here another wonder pestive 'plore  
 shall I write o anger hast thou  
 Not treated thy refuging forbare  
 The prink orb honey - the brattle!  
 not to leave o poet aye form!  
 thy mongolien fringe of foul perfume  
 The falling off - weep for a keep  
 that o shade salons its pierce  
 Perhaps I can walk a bit

To my truthful vein and relate  
 The sport of the steeds that trot  
 The stiring mucsles of an earthly  
 gait, and my hearted glow  
 O worm - worm-heated soil  
 peal sad mereing folds  
 There cometh a home afar  
 and again a slow fainting glow  
 glideing over a path, - easily seen  
 god - some voice disturbs me  
 from the inner room - and  
 Believe - a she and aged she  
 Yet Telling her moments forbide  
 In a soft voice, trifle heavy  
 another aged cranking noise  
 sitting her defence of knowledge  
 poh! knowledge, - the last of god  
 O no I mean my own surprise  
 spoke the first - here left  
 in her virtues returns andad  
 I catch the subject - Death!  
 - Death, what a careless value  
 to such aged spirits, again  
 a sad remark, - Life not valued  
 By such retired souls, who  
 should Be apart to Believe  
 justice, - uh man not thy boast  
 who shall reform eer divein  
 Proof, e'er we save sal brun  
 He was a marked lad  
 Who poorly helped himself  
 What should this mean  
 Fill your pockets - I'll let  
 You know the grass of a grave  
 no punch, the care was society



O pillars of silk and good tea  
 Confusion of women, the Bare bust  
 embarrassment, - carnal filth  
 of its justice, lacks invironment  
 O creaking earth, necessity, hell  
 No more wise then the next child  
 of Herald, what can he give?  
 What can he give?  
 Yon pallid stork - gazing -  
 who gazed before you cooled  
 the summer spray for the shoulder  
 Very bad for an apt jew to claim  
 everlasting renaissance, what  
 a delivery was this from good  
 conduct and prizeing anthology  
 Sucked By secret gilded creatures  
 who slew gold for a memBranes  
 iontuminatation, dilapidation  
 Blott erst in vampiration  
 O tears sped into the basin  
 of a louvre goose design  
 Potting the grissley ullalunie

Of sparkling night aghast in silence  
 repairing the sidewalk  
 and steel frames avast  
 The pillar brick Block  
 And the pipes swift pain  
 Of the boiling steam shocks  
 Uplifting - high - decent  
 Yon - endless wretch of silver  
 and clouded fogs of news  
 Ah no blesses misgiveing  
 For all returns, my story  
 will But insist you away  
 from your self, and before it  
 is over, a saying - quick, a  
 teacher - a teacher, where is  
 he - where lord a teacher  
 preacher, unBleacher, come  
 quick, we searched, O  
 forgive - your wisdom I forgot,  
 my own, likes less then  
 it can take for give --

## [O gaze untold Dear Kopeiran]

O gaze untold Dear Kopeiran  
I Barely could utter fiegn  
By the trace of Beauty O Kopeiran  
I drank By the shores of the main

again wickedly I sought  
From whence can I reBuke  
such pain that soiled the sheal  
that veered the locus of pregnancy  
and sent him alone to yeald

I wandered alone to the desert  
and found the fever dry  
But the flower that swept By Bliss  
Is still Blown and unsought at thee nigh

But amid slumber I sealed awweep  
as I crept for a phantom thought  
That could seal e'en Heavens leaking  
From more earths and stars that are wrought

O Line of truce  
Can't thou Hasten to regaze  
As the angle that marketh the seed  
And feeds its lowly phase