

HOLIDAY IDYLLING

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First Edition



HOLIDAY IDYLLING

Always

Azure shadows tapestry
tumescent innuendo.

Fenestral dusk speaks agonies,

a lapping tongue
as distant music ripples:

leather wings
advance against resistant nectar

(overture's hectoring pace)

Lapidary dreams
diminuendo at sunset's crest.

The breeze flickers water's nectar tongue.

Pulse chimes, shimmering, distant.
A charm secluded from the vesper breeze

accuses dawn
for its distant crescendo

(an ostinato of bad timing)

Awaiting Arrival

An obsolescent overture motif
glancing awry, the sway of dawn's
blessing sky:

azure celebrations
dance
the sun's high boding.

Noon,
where a low tune
seeks its true melody,

a slow consonance flows in
its breeze. A fenestral meditation

eases toward
shore
and the shadow

of consequent inversions.
Tapestries flutter wings in distant windows,
the ostinato of the forgotten.

Memories lapidary as sunsets
turn dusk at discomfort's creeping ripple.
A better music awaits.

The whisper over water
laps

its increasing pulse until
touch
brings crescendo's nectar

Beckoning

Azure music,
a synaesthetic nectar,
rings its sonic tapestries
beyond fenestral borders,
embraces sky
with all its other senses.

Memory shadows
the sunset ostinato,
a water lapping distant shores,
while dusk's breeze refreshes
dawn's daylong promise.

Anticipation ripples,
lapidary as wings glinting red
against a purple sky.
It pulses toward overture's touch
as the rising moon sings
an invitation to crescendo

Beginning a Gain

The trickling azure tapestries fade
as the cooling breeze feathers through nectar
apertures.

Elusive lapidary treasures
turn distant elisions fenestral
in their repetition, covert as the
dawn that ripples wings to

ostinato
gestures
vapid
under
sunsets

recollections

rippling harvest moons

reflect contrapuntal
lapping wings. The tenor
overture thickens anticipation

dusk
its last glimmer

as touch approaches

music
a shadow pulse

seeking

its own

crescendo

Beyond Water

Azure tapestries
signal a different call:

a vacant ostinato sings
late melodies

of sunset
of dawn's first dance

beyond the shadows
of curtains drawn against the music
a fenestral sequestering

against

lapidary

reflections

The water mirrors
approaching wings rippling,
its lapping

pulse the thread
from touch
to nectar

A late overture reaches
its silent crescendo

on dusk's distant breeze

Breaking Light

Fenestral shudders blind the light.
Against the sun's azure backdrop
the past's worn tapestry casts

its shadowed obligato.
Her touch of distant music ripples
memory's slow tide:

resurgent sunsets

ostinato dawns

Overhead, the lapping wings.
Lapidary black, their reflection escapes
before dusk's crescendo, breezing
inflections of overtures past:

the nectar's steamy pulse
cast open
as windows over water

Caving In

Catacomb destiny's fenestral wager
burns its azure swagger
across the dawn's late sky.

The cavernous overture,
whose sway mirrors its shadow's bleary stagger,
plays itself to nectar
staying distant
from stalagmite's promised touch.

Resisting tapestries pulse
a pride's diminuendo. Water's tide recedes
from the wave beckoning music.

A crescendo gone
the way of sunset transfigures
the sensual dusk
into a wearying ostinato.

Flattened wings
flap a rhetoric's breeze, its lapidary promises
empty lapping
against a shore of hoped-for ripples

Closer

Fenestral sunset past.

Dinner meets dusk's persuasion,
anatomy's breath a whispered music
breezing

innuendo tapestries
across

their shadowed table.

Distant as dawn's reflection,
water laps gently against land.
Its hinting obligato

echoes

nectar's promise.

The nightly ostinato
hints at lapidary gestures.
An overture

of azure anticipation

ripples

before a pulsing touch
brings

an approaching crescendo

Cycles to Morning

or dawn's yellowing
ostinato: gray beyond the tapestries,
reddening the fenestral view

to bake short-shadowed azure.

The pulse, a slow ripple
lapping like water's low tide,
awaits
 the wings of nectar singing

nearer on overture's distant breeze

until a lapidary sunset
turns the music dusk,

as the touch of its crescendo

Delayed Anticipation

Rippling tapestries
redden before azure's dawn,
a fenestral perspective

gleaned from watching wings
turn distant. A shadowed overture
sings

the faint ostinato
whose pulse ripples

its slow crescendo:

through shutters lapping in the wind
sunsets breeze their nectar over water
pulsing

the promise

of touch & music

whose lapidary whispers
mingle

on their turning dusk

Departing Words

Evening trees sway quiet melodies.
Their soft breath breezes the day— a memory
of slow dawns, azure follies, dusky sunsets—
to night's promise: the shadow across the table
grandly sapping her nectar dreams.
It seems so simple, this overture bridging

the distant span, a reach too far for touch
to breach fenestral reflections, the pain
of their shared solitude. An etude practiced to
memory, or ostinato, leads over the water's
lapping obligato. Tapestries remembered

— a rippling dread— suddenly thread
the urge to crescendo: a lapidary grin
intones the music that gives pulse to wings
politely rising toward their lone window.

Diminished Cord

Azure simulations,
redundant memory tapestries,
ostinato their fenestral fabric:

a music gone to breeze
over water's distant dusk.

Horizons overlapping,
past and present,
one sunset, one dawn, linger on
the fabric of silent necessity.

Window twilight reflections
shutter anticipation's shadow dread.

Past overtures pulse
distant music's lost crescendo.
Nectar reflections wing
past rippling curtains

lapping the sill, the diminuendo still
tightening repetition's lapidary grip.

Dreaming Ahead

An opulent translucence dawns
against the umbers
of fenestral abandon,
dusks the tapestries of their brooding

Azure wings ripple diamond prisms
the overture's lapidary glow
brightening
her lapping pulse

Its music ripples, an ostinato
rich with nectar sunsets
too bright to taint
with shadow's touch.

Her face, caressed
by music's breeze,
will crescendo
slowly
over distant water

Durable Music

The marriage ostinato wedding
red dawn to shadowed dusk
slowly lusters the holiday sunsets.

Lingering memories breathe
lapidary tapestries

ripple
lasting
pulses

past fenestral apertures
new overtures saddling
the music of their touch
pulsing threaded nectar

through shore's lapping crescendo.
Distant wings

sing
azure
breezes

a durable music
over

tides of shared water

Early Music

A penchant toward early overtures
dawns before the sunset's music
can linger.

On the shadowed evening,
tapestries flutter in memory's fenestral distance.
A world beyond the windows

wings its scented music,
a breath rippling above the water

azure as day's reflection
in night and the taste of nectar

in the motif
pulsing over the ostinato

promising dusky whispers
among the ripples of their urgent tide.
The breeze laps gently

over their backs,
a body music's lapidary touch,
as the crescendo they share

rings the high to their rising tide

Empty Window

No dawn remembered,
the riddled sunsets ripple
their cruel ostinato.

Past breezes ease past,
silent anthems breathing
shadows over the lapping ripples.

The lasting dusk's delayed crescendo
grays once azure tapestries. The day's
fenestral overture wings over water

whose lapidary crests
pulse a music as distant from touch
as lost nectar.

Enduring Endearment

The obstinate ostinato
clatters brashly, a verbal streak

across dawn's slow ripple.
Not even the obligato sets at dusk.

The intended overture

tapestries against fenestral wings
imagined.

No purple sunsets.
Azure splashing nectar swirls

away the desperate fenestral lapping

the wish of sudden wings
tacked to the crescendo rendered distant
on an urgent breeze,

beyond touch
beyond water

beyond music:

strident, its intended
lapidary pulse still

throbbing

near her

shadow

Ephemera

Its ripples show the surface depths
a lapping pulse, an ostinato
low as

breath's shadowed tapestries

whispered under fenestral wings
that flutter past sunsets to dusk.

An evening's crescendo,
azure with promise and music
and dawn's slow, tender pulse,
breezes past,

its lapidary overture
like water's shadow:

a distant nectar gone before its touch

Evening Reflections

Deep vibrato tapestries
ripple dawns and sunsets,
and water's iridescence.

Under the breeze lapping
dusk's music, phantom wings touch.
Its distant ostinato

returns the shadow
to lapidary dreams of nectar

as a fenestral crescendo

rings the azure of lost overtures

across the shores of a mirrored pulse

Fading Melody

The constant tapestries drawn
against the azure
shadow the music's rapture:

a melody foregone
as the tethered obligato
blowing
faint against the breeze.

Distant dawns remember nectar.
Its fenestral ostinato flapped wings
& water
lapped soft as the next touch,
a pulse relaxed past overture,

once near as dusk
now distant as sunsets
against a cloud's lapidary crest,

where distant memories ripple,
a song's crescendo

gone

to breath

Giving the Night

The shadow riding under azure
narrows at sun's height. Arrows
of its light spike the tapestries
—dawn, sunset, dusk, or fenestral—
striking the solitary pulse dreaming
nectar behind a gauze of wire
screens. Wings beat their ostinato
through air and windows, its touch
the pulse of overture yet unfelt.
The water's lapidary ripples swell,
approaching silent music, ride
a distant breeze lapping nectar
toward its penumbral crescendo.

High Tiding

A vaguely impresario fantasia
greet the azure envelope,
slyly eyeing the shadows,

fenestral ardor's
past harbor lapping

the scent of new water.

Sunset tapestries

renounce

their difficult music.

The close shore's lapping tides reflections
of a bitter haze drawn close. A wavering ostinato
announces

through low breath
sunset's whispered secret to dawn.

Lapidary cloud fragments wing
their red-streaked precision to dusk.
A singing breeze pulses faint, then swift
as the rustle of lifting wings ripples

a distant melody,
leading the slow pulse to build

anticipation's crescendo

for the quickening touch

Hope Remembered

The azure ostinato
shadows the dawn-to-dawn cycle
drawn
 along memory's slow current,

 a lingering tapestry
 lapping the fenestral frame.

No music, however
close, will tame the wanting
nectar's pulse. Its distant

 obligato wings overture
 toward water's edge.
 The ripples come up

short.

 Sunset's touch,
a lapidary wrapped in velvet before
dusk
 wings a longing pulse

toward crescendo's teasing breeze

Invitation

Dawn's music, an overture
to azure, rustles shadowed tapestries.
The morning melodies ripple
sun, sky, water—a lapidary setting

for the finger's fenestral pulse,
its ostinato seeking dusk's release
during sunset, stirring uneasily
as it awaits nectar's signal,

a distant breeze, lapping
the water's tidal whisper.
The night's innuendo breathes
a languid obligato of wings,

alongside the crescendo
of an unexpected touch.

Late Return

Water reflects in sunset obligato,
ridges the rhythm of distant tapestries
while bugle cries bridge darkness:

fenestral music distant

as tear ducts, an ostinato

cost suitors. One lapidary

brush rings crescendo escapades,
wings waking to the hush of azure castanets.
Awaiting overture, her tumid tapes

stir, buried until nectar's touch.
Its slow pulse breezes blue antics
over secondary colors, where

dawn ripples

low tide shadow

home

as dusk

Looking Skyward

Nectar rides the morning breeze,
a moonflight from dawn, its shadowed
breath the scent

of a faint ostinato

gone

lapping

across dormant follies
repetitive as water's ripples
in a vacant tide.

The lapidary fascination of wings
tapestries the sky. A glimmer of azure
glows from ground toward sunset.

Fenestral contemplations
of dusk's remembrance echo
the pulse of

the distant overture
approaching on a slow crescendo.

Ripples of fading music

water

the coming touch

Lost Songs Remembered

Polytonal sunsets ring
lost songs where distant azure played
remembered tapestries.

Fenestral memories
turn dusk. Reveries on husking wings
taste crescendo's dawn

as nectar. Old music ripples
its slow ostinato: a soft hand's touch
under the shadow music's

low pulse, a past breeze
lapping the water to a murmur
lapidary as the overture's tableau.

Matinee Idyll

Avocado lunch renditions
shadow the siesta tapestries

breezing fenestral
beneath the summer fan.

Its air ripples stale currents fresh
against the heat's pungent ostinato
rippling sidewalks. Dreams of azure

lapping

cool against the naked heat's crescendo
pulse

lapidary casual foreplay
to shadow music's nectar

overture:

an afternoon

of water's whispered pulse
and sunset's distant wings

brushing your dusky flesh,

its ballad intoning our dawn

Memory Mirror

Azure's bitter aftertaste,
memory tapestries breezing fenestral
as sunset air, teases
where the water glows. Out there,
no music

breathes

hope's late ostinato.

Crystalline reflections
shimmer: the morning breeze
skimming water's surface. Ripples flashed
back to overtures passed
over, their pulse lapping fresh

against

the shadowed sand.

The day's lapidary
glitter fades on wings turning
distant on the dusk
as a nectar touch remembered

darkens

dawn's next crescendo.

Morning at Night

An azure ostinato
more tepid than lapidary
breezes
the lattice to dawn

Its lapping tapestries
whisper ripples over shadowed water

fenestral innuendo
distant as morning
faint as wing music

Where overture's warming nectar
breathes a slow tide's blue crescendo,
dusk touches the soft pulse of sunsets

Moving Inlet

An azure leisure's secret pleasure
lurks as shadow.

Schemes unbound
in sunset's glaze surround the dusk,
naming its haze

as nature's ostinato.

The timbrel of music,
lapping husky with the breeze
releases

fenestral venting

at dusk's tease of nectar.

The crescent of the moon's duress

wings dawning anticipation, a ripple

drawn past hope's casting obligato.

A melody intoned,
lapping its sweet crescendo

as tapestries of laughter
hint at touching

mystery's overture.

A lapidary reflection crosses water,
its distant shining

closer to pulse.

Near Antiphony

The tension
of
their contrary music

ripples numerical tapestries
that dawn
against azure
awakenings

Attention: the overture
pulses
shadows at sunset

Ostinato insinuates obligato
and nectar's crescendoed harmony
on the wings of a teasing fenestral breeze

lapidary
as
gesture

the
attention draws

Lapping the twinkling dusk
against water's distant shore

the tentative test
of
a lightening

touch

Night After Night

Ostinato sunsets
tapestries:

a fenestral breeze lapping
flesh, its languid touch the water
rippling dusk's late tide.

The whispered breath of music teases
their evening's slow crescendo. Dawn's distant wings
husk past sunset's basking shadow.

Nectar's last breaking splash
pulses lapidary hopes, awakening
the morning's overture to azure

Night at Liberty

The freed obligato's hue
bleeds azure through the sunset's breeze.
A tapestry

of fresh breath

awaits,

the fenestral dawn
from a distant past

lingering

on.

The touch of shading dusk promises
nectar

as the last sunset streaks gray

to shadow where the secret waits.

The lapidary ostinato shading
its pulse

wings rippling over water's mirror,
pulses

the music lapping tide

to touch, a distance breached
with

the crescendo

of its overture

Nocturne

The melody enters, slowly,
distant as dawn's first shadow
and azure's later fade

to sunset tapestries splashed
purple
before the lapping
dusk.

Its music glitters, lapidary
as the summer day's long promise
of night.

When moon songs ripple
fenestral
anticipation of overture's
touch,

water whispers nectar,
and breezing wings tease the flesh
from
its waiting breath
to the
ostinato's pulsing
crescendo

Nothing Better Than Nothing

An azure tapestry shadows
the torpor's innuendo. Fenestral agonies
seethe at sunset's dawn.

Dusk speaks: a lapping tongue
reeks its charm. The music ripples
like the flapping touch of leather wings
advancing against resistant nectar.

A hectoring pace, his ostinato.
Thoughts of water crescendo
lapidary dreams on the breeze
that distances her pulse from

an overture on the wrong night.

On Different Shores

Distant azure shadows
ring their lapidary tapestries
against flagging shutters.

The flapping ostinato
wings fenestral music, a crescendo
between their sunsets.

Dawn ripples to dusk,
water lapping under a nectar breeze
past overture's pulsing touch

One Chained Melody

Nocturne's brooding lament
clings to vibrato's incantatory overture
a memory

ruptured of its tapestries

Azure flights to foreign sunsets
their shadows' fenestral rapture at dawn
ripples in the sunset

an old song gone on
and on, a nettlesome ostinato

when a mere obligato

would do.

Nectar's lapping wings
crescendo their music's shared pulse
teasing

lapidary reflections

close as dusk,
no less distant than the music

cruising on the water's

pensive breeze

Over Again

The indelible ostinato
feathers its fenestral breeze,
an innuendo
from azures past.

Tapestries linger under lapping sunsets.
Sky's last wings fly to shadow & memories
of dusk.

The coming darkness
ripples,
its own crescendo

the dawn:

a constant, waiting,

to touch

the water's lapidary overture,
its distant

pulse

a music
of nectar
jeweling sun

Past Melodies Present

The longing ostinato
ripples toward the concert
of a wayward sea
clinging to past crescendos
that breeze fenestral
through azure shadowing
to sunset. At dusk,
its shore's last wings
flap their tapestries
toward a distant dawn.

The water lapping
below the crescent overture
grows distant as night's
lazy pulse of breeze.
The lapidary nectar
eases back from touch,
its promise betrayed
in the measure of hidden music.

Past Skies Ahead

The rippling azure rapture embraced
the ancient tapestries, a cloak of breeze
easing wings over the water lapping
shore. Fenestral reflections, more shadow
than dusk, deflect the dawn's gold ring
toward sunset's hinting diminuendo.
Instead, music's purpling crescendo
whispers, its distant pulse nearing
with lapidary flourish where pulses touch
nectar's overture and dream of ostinato.

Regret

As sunset breezes dusk's first chill
an amber mutiny

tapestries the distant sky

Dreams of lost nectar
crescendo on husking wings
no azure dawn will ease,

nor water's lapping touch

The overture remembers
its lapidary glistening
at fenestral awakenings

Now, listening to near-forgotten music
its ripples pulse

fading scrutiny

in the shadow ostinato

Rite Time

Where the panegyric lyrics spring
the azure's ostinato

sun songs set the dawn
long before sunset

ripples its reddening tapestries

to purple
the fenestral view

vacated when dusk

wings easily toward shore
on the rhythm's breeze

lapping at roots

whose limbs shade the daylight,
then husk their dry music
toward
the night's crescendo.

A lapidary shadow sings, distant as noon.

.
Water the splash of nectar,

its soft touch pulses

the daylong overture

Shoreline Glimmer

The weathered ostinato
feathers through fenestral shadows
under sky, red sunset drinking azure
dry as husk.

The last dusk flaps
its lapidary tapestries
toward

her darkening appetite

Where the wake ripples
a breeze covers shore's low overture,
whispered nectar lapping

its breathy pulse
to evening's crescendo.

The music recalls her touch
near water's glitter, the first light
reflecting

its distant dawn

Shoreline Solitary

A fabric of regret
ripples lapidary tapestries
against
 fenestral shutters

while azure's promise,
so close its breezy music, so distant
its overture,
 creeps shadowed

in distant memories
 of night's sweet nectar:

sunsets blazing
to ashen dusk. Overture's touch
wings
 the pulse's past crescendo

to a slow dawn
waking over water's lapping
ostinato
 where silence now awaits

Slow Return

The lost ostinato leaps
azure's edge, its rivulets rippling
under water's slow air,
a vacant breeze

riding tunes from magic's dusk
to a fenestral dawn
of remembered tapestries:

the vivid
past, a crescendo
returning
as nectar's seed

questing touch and sunsets.
Beyond shore's lapidary shadow, a whispered lyric
teases the distant wings

lapping their music
closer
to overture

Styling Substance

Lateral ambush sequins
ripple glittering tapestries past
fenestral-bound stares,

a breath of overture
gliding
on nectar wings.

The flashing of flesh between shadows

a murmuring obligato
between dawn and sunset.
An azure hinting red,
its purple grays to dusk.

A breezy sway past water teases
their silent music with its promise
of touch, distant but hopeful, pulsing
lapidary

dreams of crescendo

over
their lapping
ostinato

Sunset Music

The elliptical ostinato rings
its synaesthetic tapestries to near
crescendo.

Lapping nectar ripples its wings
— fenestral flickers past sunset— touches
the figures' pulse. Where else

could late azure lift

the sky's dawning gray

disguising their play with dusk?

The paintbrush sunset
reddens a low-slung billow's lapidary
underbelly

distant as the still breeze

close as the water dreams

willing the shadows' misty overture

The Decision

The scent of tethered tapestries
laps the cruel wind's slow crescendo.
Dawn's fenestral wings flap

the lost touch

of nectar's ostinato

toward azure harbors

no closer than memory's cold ripples
dare. The lapidary shadow there slows
the tense, lingering pulse

to a willful declaration of dusk over water,

the music's feathered breeze
fading

under sunset's distant overture

The Moment

Its pulse flashes past the eye,
ripples too quick for tapestries
to frame azure's dawn in fenestral
breezes, or ease dusk's shadow
into sunset. Moon's nectar wings
touch water at the nearing horizon.
Music whispers its lapidary ostinato,
a distant crescendo lapping home
the evening's ringing overture.

The Promise of Anticipation

Umbrella wings unveil
the fold of sun flashing ripples
over azure waves.

The scent of water rides a lazy breeze,
an ostinato of afternoon tapestries
lapping hints of nectar overtures:

a touch at sunset
sliding past dusk's shadow
rides dawn's wings

pulses to crescendo
with the lapidary music playing
less distant than memories
of fenestral gazing

To Be Remembered

Dawn's gray brisk
reddens tapestries to azure
skies, eye nectar

teasing the water's slow breeze.
Lapidary clouds ease across the dusk
to sunset

a cyclic ostinato:
light, shadow, light

lapping forward,
then back. Colors ripple to crescendo
pulse

beyond fenestral diminuendos.
The overture of distant wings

easing closer
brings

music to its touch.

Twilight Advance

Azure sunsets
tether fenestral tapestries
The tenor of distant music

dawns
across a ripple's lapping ostinato

(touch as breeze remembered)

Above the lapidary tide
a whispered crescendo rings
nectar's nascent promise

Its dusky ostinato
shadows her overture

A breeze
subtle as breath
over water

sings pulse beneath its feathered air

Uncertain Promise

A radiant ostinato,
forethought put to rest,
ripples
 from azure
 to indigo

sunset. Its innuendo, breezing
tapestries through tree branches,
whispers fenestral wings

lapidary as vesseled nectar
shimmering. At shadow's edge
a distant dawn floods, its water

a crescendo, still
distant on dusk's slow pulse.

Night music's gentle touch awaits

an
overture

View from the Window

Azure's distant shadow rings
lapidary

tapestries against flagging shutters.

Solitary fenestral sunsets
bring tepid dawns on weighted wings,
an ostinato

clinging to perpetual dusk.

Memories ripple ancient music,
the crescendo of a touch long gone:
the fading

pulse of song whispers

lost memories of nectar,
the overture of water recollected
faintly in

the dimming breeze

Water Music

An ebony legato portends
mutiny
among the shattered sunsets,
nectar
at the shadowed dawns

(lapping distant
overture, music

Broken azure calliope tapestries
illuminate lapidary ruminations
A syncopated music blends

a wing
taken
at dusk

a token gesture, taken as rapture,
and the shuttered laughter
over the crescendo of the tide

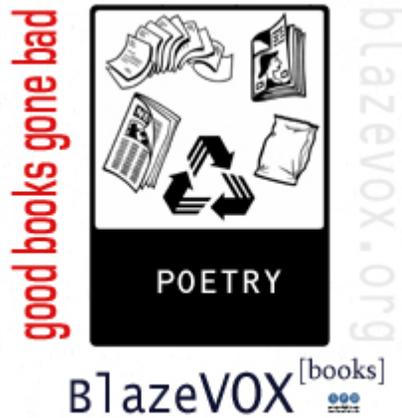
The water music ripples
its distant pulse a breeze
lapping ostinato foreplay

no measure
taken or delayed

one touch removed

Vernon Frazer has published eight books of poetry and three books of fiction. His work has appeared in *Aught*, *Big Bridge*, *First Intensity*, *Jack Magazine*, *Lost and Found Times*, *Moria*, *Miami SunPost*, *Muse*, *Apprentice Guild*, *Sidereality*, *Xstream* and many other literary magazines. His web site is <http://vernonfrazer.com>. His most recent works are the longpoems *Avenue Noir* and *IMPROVISATIONS*, the now-completed work which he introduced in his 2001 reading at the Poetry Project. Frazer is married and lives in South Florida.

Other Titles from BlazeVOX [books]



Ted Pelton	Bhang
Ray Bianchi	Circular Descent
John Bradley	War of Words
Alan Sondheim	Vel
Amy King	Antidotes for an Alibi
Patrick Herron	American God War Complex
Kazim Ali	Quinn's Passage
Kent Johnson	Epigramitis: 118 Living American Poets
Mike Kelleher	To Be Sung
Rodney Koeneke	Musee Mechanique
Mike Magee	Mainstream
Daniel Nestor	The History of My World Tonight
Geoffrey Gatza	I wear a figleaf over my penis
Richard Henry	Sidewalk Portrait
Cameron Kidman	A Parents Guide to Child Care
Forest Roth	Augured Lines
Francis Raven	Taste: Gastronomic poems