



**THE
SCYTH
MAN'S
CASE**

Anthony J. Pupello

THE SAX MAN'S CASE

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Some of these poems have previously appeared
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ant ant ant ant ant
black bough
Brussels Sprout
Dragonfly: A Quarterly of Haiku
Dragonfly: East/West Haiku Quarterly
frogpond
Haiku Quarterly
Modern Haiku
Nightshade '87: An Anthology of Haiku
old pond
Raw NerVZ Haiku
Ship of the Moon: An Anthology of Haiku
wind chimes

The author wishes to extend his appreciation
to Dee Evetts for his editorial assistance.



In memory of Ann

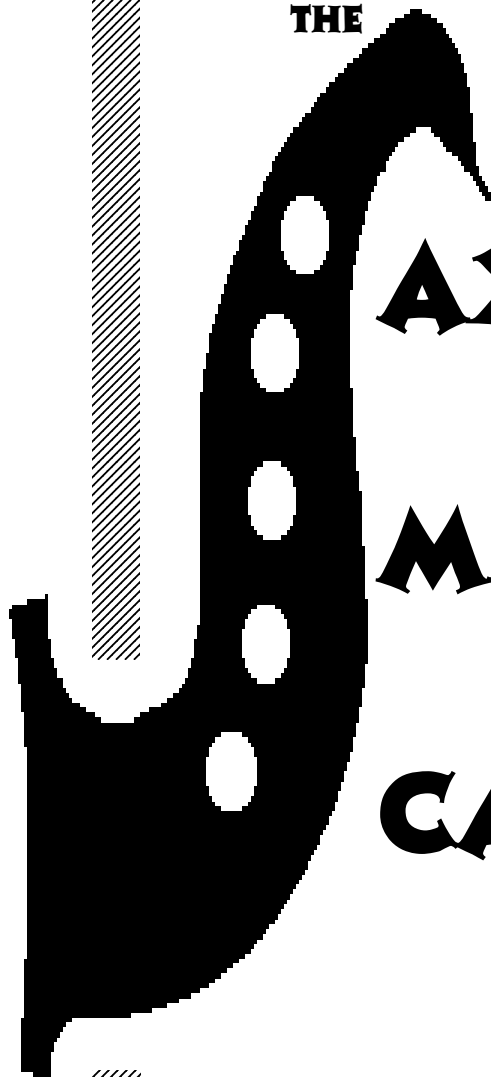


THE

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MAN'S

CASE



stop sign:
the calypso man's
insistent rhythm

Indian summer
the pale moon through
a museum window

urban
meditation
the
truck's
rumble
fills
me

casting
call
actress
hikes
her
fishnet
stockings

after the heat wave
trying to remember
the heat

storm clouds—
the way the derelict cradles
the empty bottle

crisis center:
toddler clutches
a fistful of fist

old man's house
covering fresh paint,
fresh graffiti

the junkie's eyes:
purple cloth covers
a lenten altar

half-moon—
the storefront Buddha's
smile

his black habit:
the Benedictine Monk
sips brandy

steam room—
transvestite tries to find himself
in the mirror

almost eighty—
the droop of her cigarette ash
about to fall

pre-op testing—
the nurse's blouse
unbuttoned

tossing coins
into the sax man's case
autumn dusk

falling snow—
the refrigerator's hum
deepens

junkie's nod
across cold concrete
November wind

full moon:
a conga's skin
stretched taut

winter chill:
beneath a comforter
the space between us

National Cemetery
shadows fall
in single file

homeless dinner—
the priest puts
the cat out

spring planting
her refusal
to compromise

after the spat:
envying the street mime's
articulateness

writer's block:
just now the sun's rays
through Venetian blinds

fever watch:
the child drifts deeper
into night

the therapist unlocks
the rusted gate
spring showers

dogwood in bloom—
schoolchildren swell
the three o'clock bus

New Year's Eve—
the dragon costume stirs
in the wind

election day—
the jack-o-lantern's face
no longer smiling

comic
shop
that
rack
of
heroes
tilted

bitter melon
the grocer's widow
closes up shop

grandma's sauce—
with every stirring
her accent thickens

campaign trail—
the candidate's button
sticks me

Chinatown tour
the vegetable peddler fans
the buses's fumes

no moon:
my host eats the last cookie
between us

deep winter
the librarian's voice
even lower

Year of the Dragon
my father's harmonica silent
another year

thunderclap:
the mission's door opens,
closes

Soho gallery—
in the sound-proof room,
the Hokusai print

winter gust
the squirrel's tail bends
with blades of grass

harvest moon
crackle of pine needles
beneath her skirt

autumn rain—
the banker's empty smile
increases the chill

emergency room
an unseen phone
rings and rings

window dressing:
the mannequin's eyes
never blink

homecoming parade—
the homeless vet
marches in step

dead-end street
the hearse makes
a U-turn

geese heading south:
sunlight slowly fills
your empty chair

far lights
linden leaves scatter
after the storm

winter dusk:
frozen pine needles
tinkle

her broken promise...
the snowfall
deepens

she passes me
the downstairs key
the moon between us

slowly parting
in the spring rain
marsh reeds

after her refusal
remembering
the sting of aftershave

crescent
moon
the
bluesman
bends
the
note
again

sizzling oil—
the old cat scratches
to get in

this heat
the hooker's saunter
slows

old jazz man—
a riff in sixteenth time
up in smoke

early snow:
a child's hair
turns white

deepening chill—
my wife's reflection
in the aging mirror

icy park bench:
only sparrow chatter
between us

Brooklyn Bridge—
lull in the traffic
brings wind sounds

bird song—
my be-bop aunt
turns seventy-five

wisteria blooms—
spring drifts into
the park attendant's smile

where I lost
the wedding band
marigolds

after the breeze
the billow in her dress
maternity leave

funeral parlor
the telephone's muted
pulse

ninth month—
the monarch's shadow
lengthens

wedding vows:
the bride bats
her false eyelashes

4th of July—
dawn breaks
without a sound

seaside breeze
bringing the mist in
with the morning paper

red light—
for a moment only the sound
of snow falling

St. Joseph's pastry
a light snow
powders the bakery

summer breeze—
the ice cream man's bells
at mid-day

another sneeze
finding another fold
of the tissue

spring's light:
seeing the differential function
differently

music
school
the
mother's
off
key
slap

homeless
shelter
dusk
fills
a
snow
angel

advanced research—
pigeon droppings dot
the scholar's pad

winter
solstice
how
softly
the
computer
crashes

wedding shop mannequin—
always a bridesmaid,
never a bride

forty-something
on the vanity table
a new tube of cream

waiting room clock
the slow sweep
of a janitor

leafless branches—
how much closer that highway
this burial day

empty flour sacks
line the parched sidewalk
—Chinatown dusk

Veteran's Day
tombstones darken
in the falling rain

hairdresser's tale—
with every curler,
a new twist

Shakespeare in the park
the jogger runs through
the actor's lines

simmering stew:
my wife's old boyfriend
comes to dinner

bereavement group
lipstick stains
the social worker's teeth

after a night
of haiku essays
morning fog

metastasis—
again I shift those papers
to another pile

fireworks
the child's struggling hand
in mine

premature labor
the flutter, in July,
of rising heat

Valentine's Day—
hothouse roses
in full bloom

vacation's end
through shuttered windows,
moon glow

before the reading:
the poet's smoky breath
into mine

strands of graying hair
cover the washroom basin
winter dawn

Columbus Circle stop—
his claustrophobia scatters
into windswept leaves

old-age home
the musician's cane
keeps time



COLOPHON

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tony Pupello is a native New Yorker who is equally at home with the conga and klezmer rhythms of the Lower East Side, the sax and trumpet strains of West Harlem as with the grandeur of the Grace Church organ or

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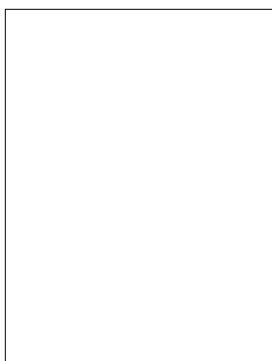
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Anthony, delight in the on-going pag-

eantry that is New York City—as

found in the Chinese New Year celebra-

tions, the East New York Carni-

val, and the St. Paddy's Day Parade.

His short fiction has been published

in *Ellipsis* and *Innisfree*. He studied

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Group since its founding in 1992.