

SHINKAI MY SPIRIT WORLD



EARLE B. WEISS

2020

PREFACE

I have been creating impressionistic photographic images for a few years now. Over some time, my casual exposure to oriental art created a curious reverence, and hence birthed these modest volumes. I found these unadulterated, more simple creations often presented a purer and more poignant image, curiously creating a different view of my subjects. Age limited my photographic scope, hence most material is drawn from my local environment essentially encompassing the natural world.

The title SHINKAI しんかい drawn from the Japanese translates approximately as the subtitle of MY SPIRIT WORLD マイスピリットワールド. Thus the objective in compiling these volumes reflects some glimpse of my inner spirit which bound within these pages reflects the nature and wanderings of my spiritual self.

Several persons of my life are bound intimately within this alleged "MY SPIRIT". I dedicate these pages to these endeared few, I know well their influence. Most are physically departed, several others include my remaining family, few friends (human and canine), and treasured colleagues.

EARLE B. WEISS, M.D.

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Earle

B.

Weiss

Volume One

EACH
MOMENT
PASSES SUBTLY
SILENTLY

ONLY
OUR SPIRIT
MAY GRASP
THAT FLEETING
INSTANT

NOW
EVER GONE





earle

There comes a time, for all
each sun to set must bring its end,
yet lurking ever, a new beginning.





carle

No bird soars too high
if he soars with his own wings.

William Blake 1793



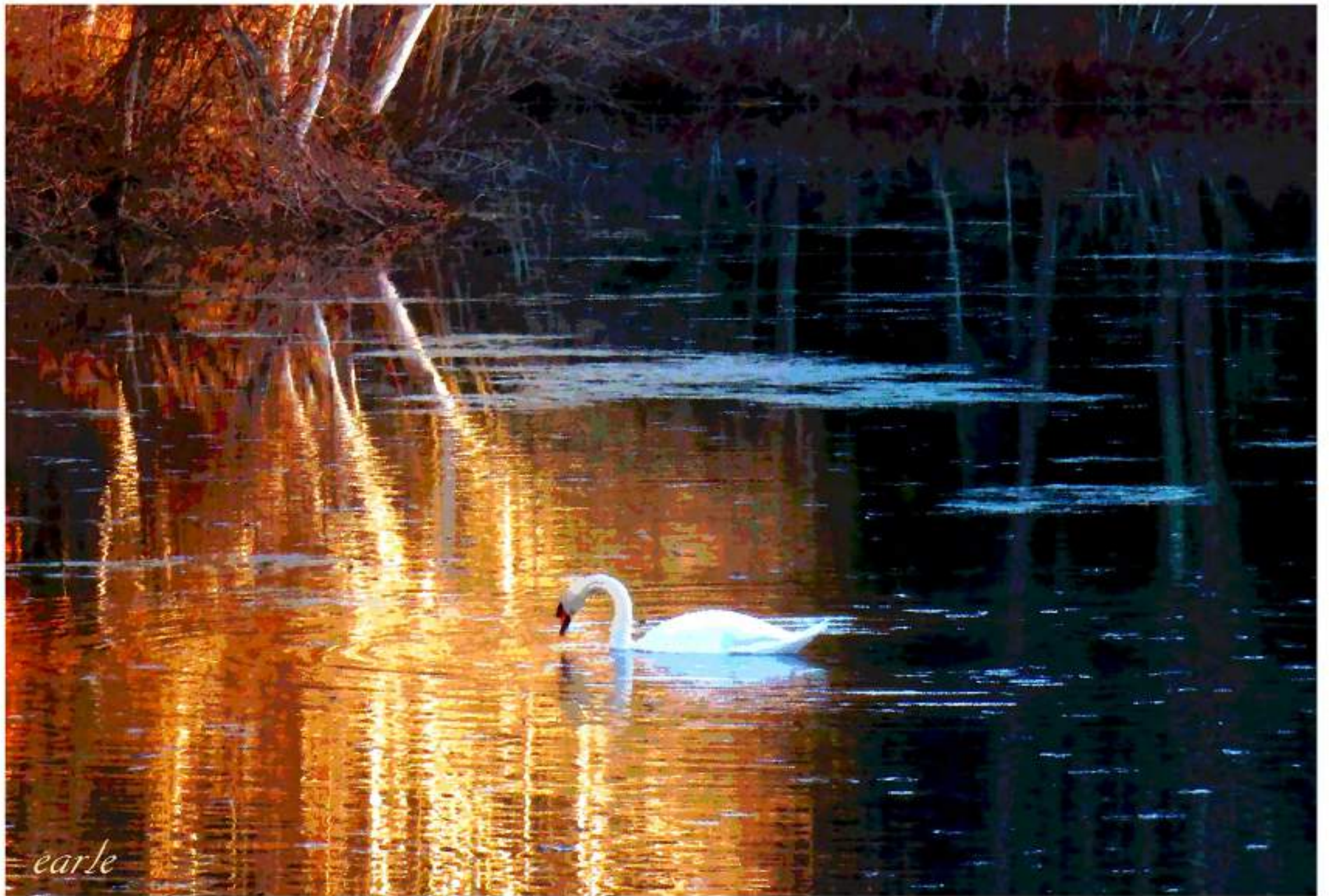


Oh what a beautiful summer's image
spring has thus fled, no tear can I shed





While fools ever gather pockets of gold
everywhere I seek my lone swan, tis sadly in vain.





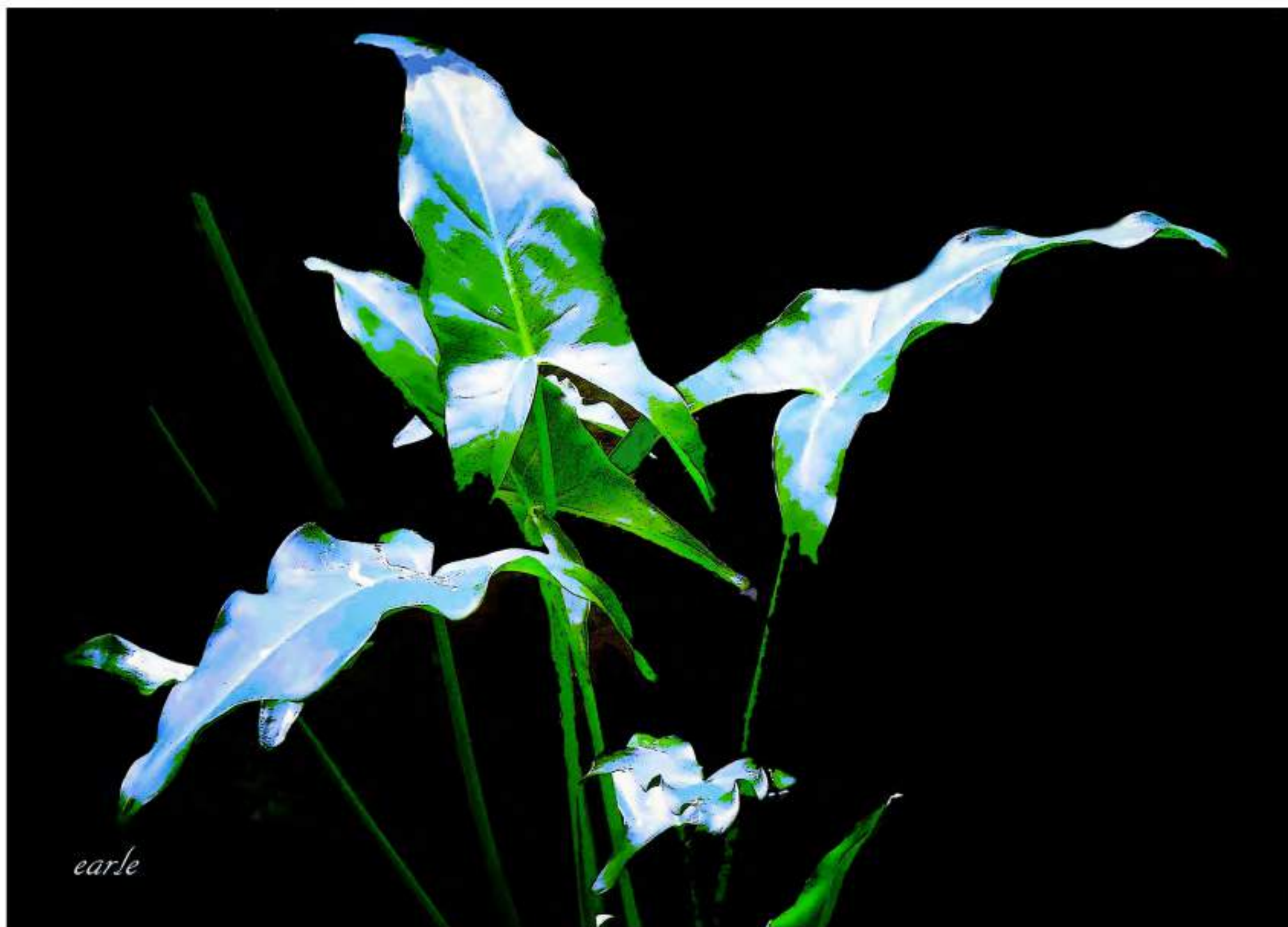
Yellow sighs of a pale moonglow
I search for my only love



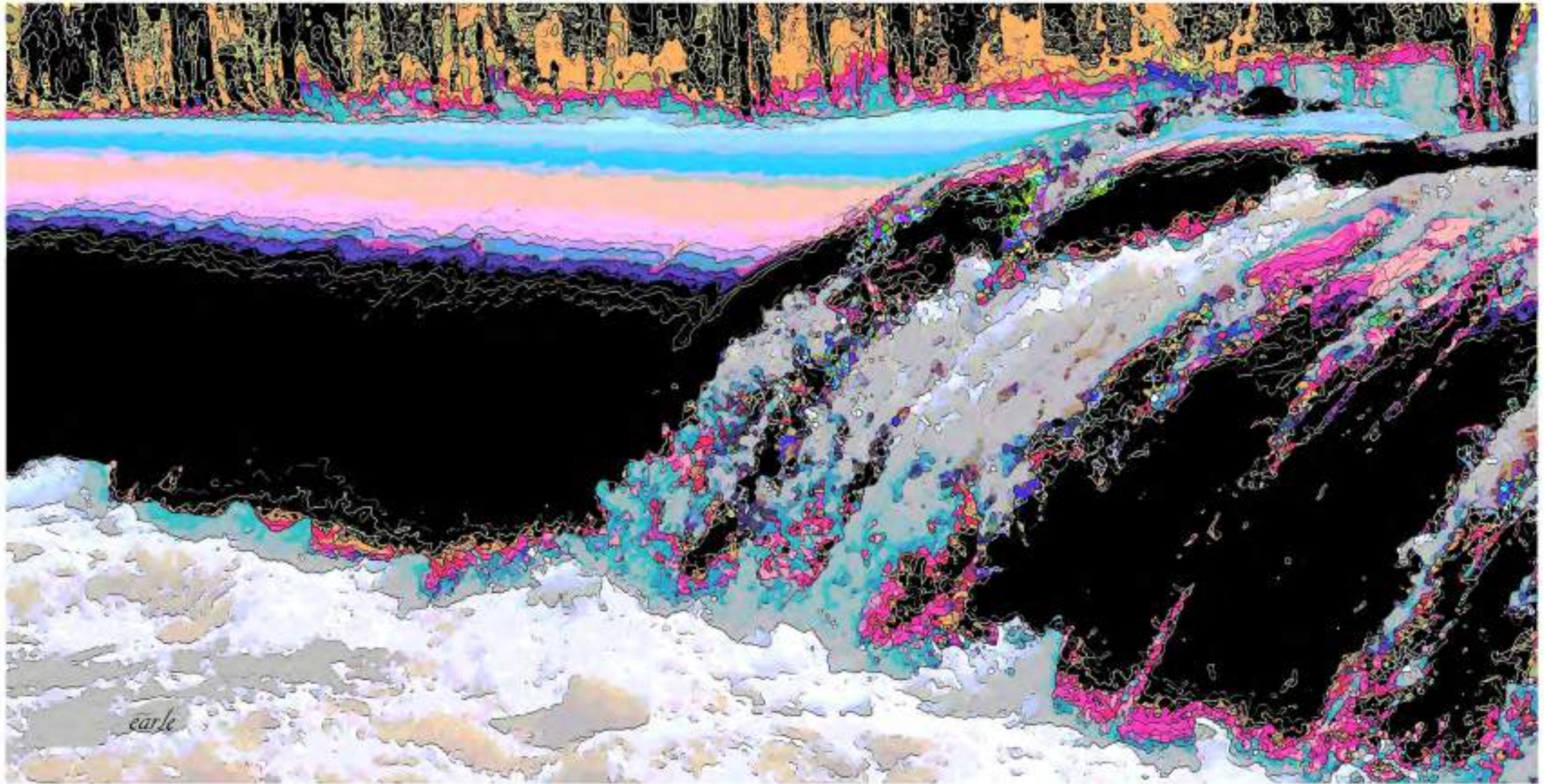


A scarlet cloak deceives the casual eye
hidden dwells an impressionistic landscape beneath the sky





Oh psychedelic waterfall streaming aglow
of your mysteries we shall never know.





Some eternal soaring tree's life songs
be ever beyond any poets inked pen!





earle

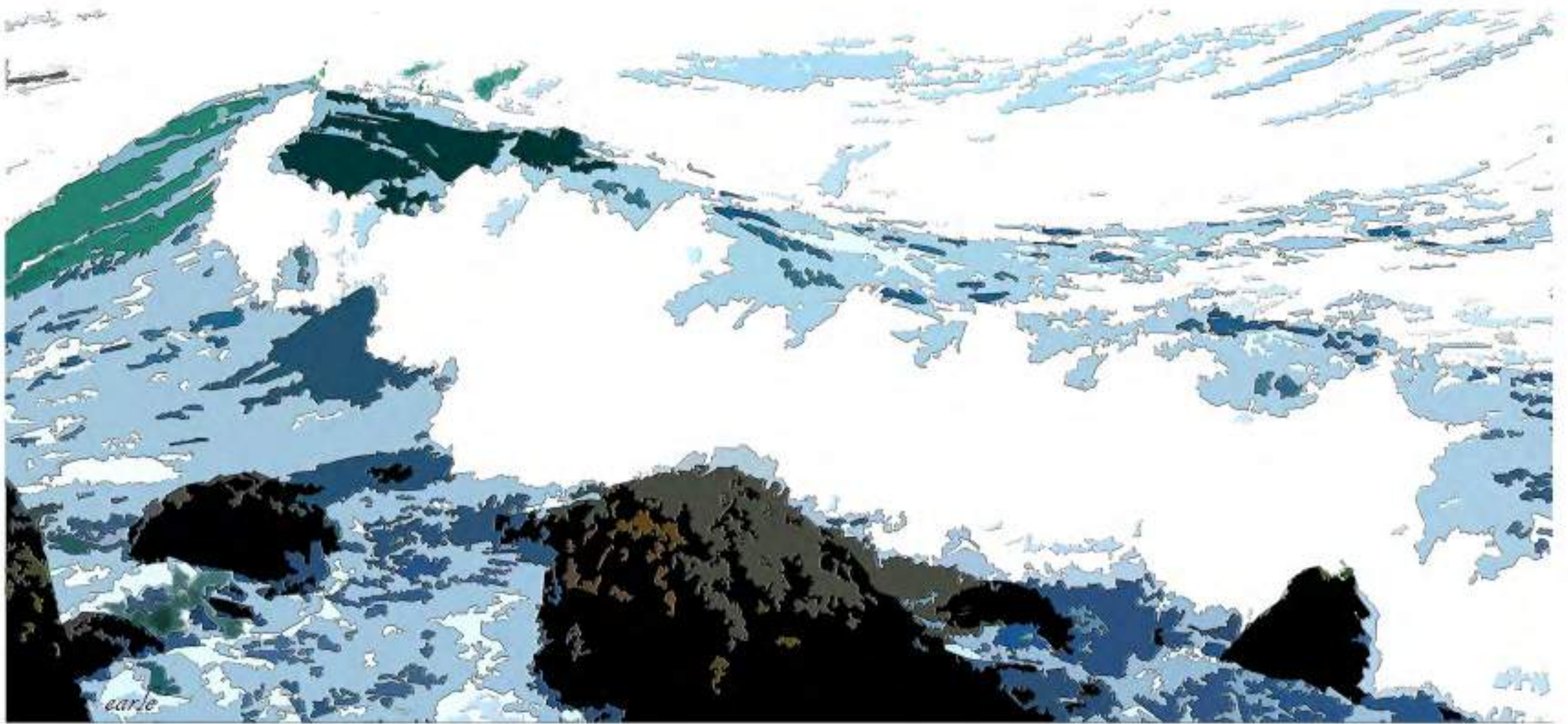
The forest in autumn surrounded in pastel paths
hues pass swiftly upon each darkly night.





earle

I hurtle my mighty powers, roaring so all will fear
nor can I be calmed by your simple tear.





carle

The heavens, earth and lake have turned curiously scarlet
at times we need to imagine our world as it might flee.





There exists in the same human being
varying perceptions of one and the same object.

FRANZ KAFKA 1936





The splendor of shadow's unending forms
creates an eerie life within the ever passage of time.





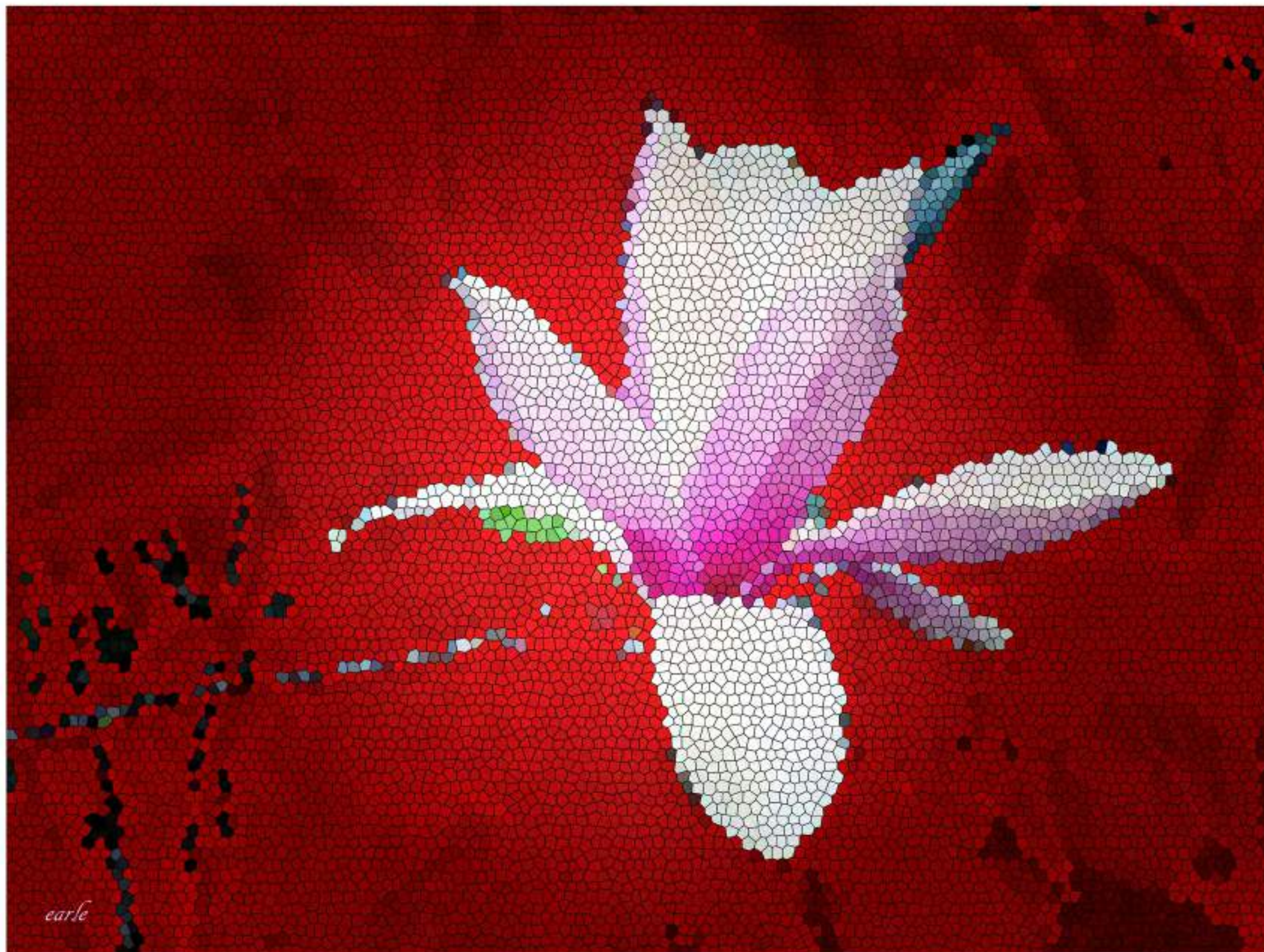
Winds, snowy owls, frosty nights all engulf my world,
while I soar so mightily, yet somehow I feel quite alone.



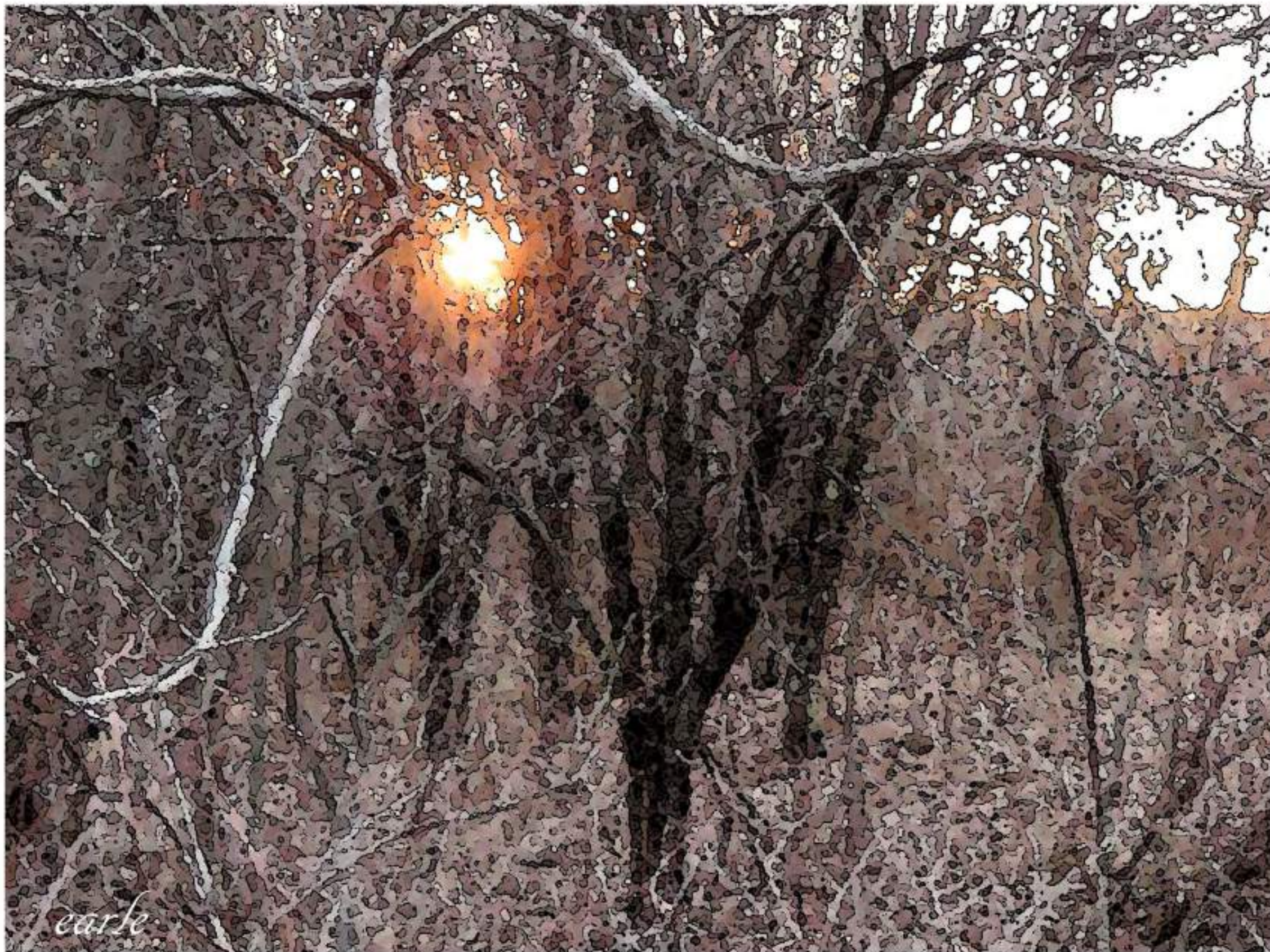


Simple yet strangely the colours in life seem forever,
as mysterious as beautiful as evanescent as
the fleeting moments of each day.

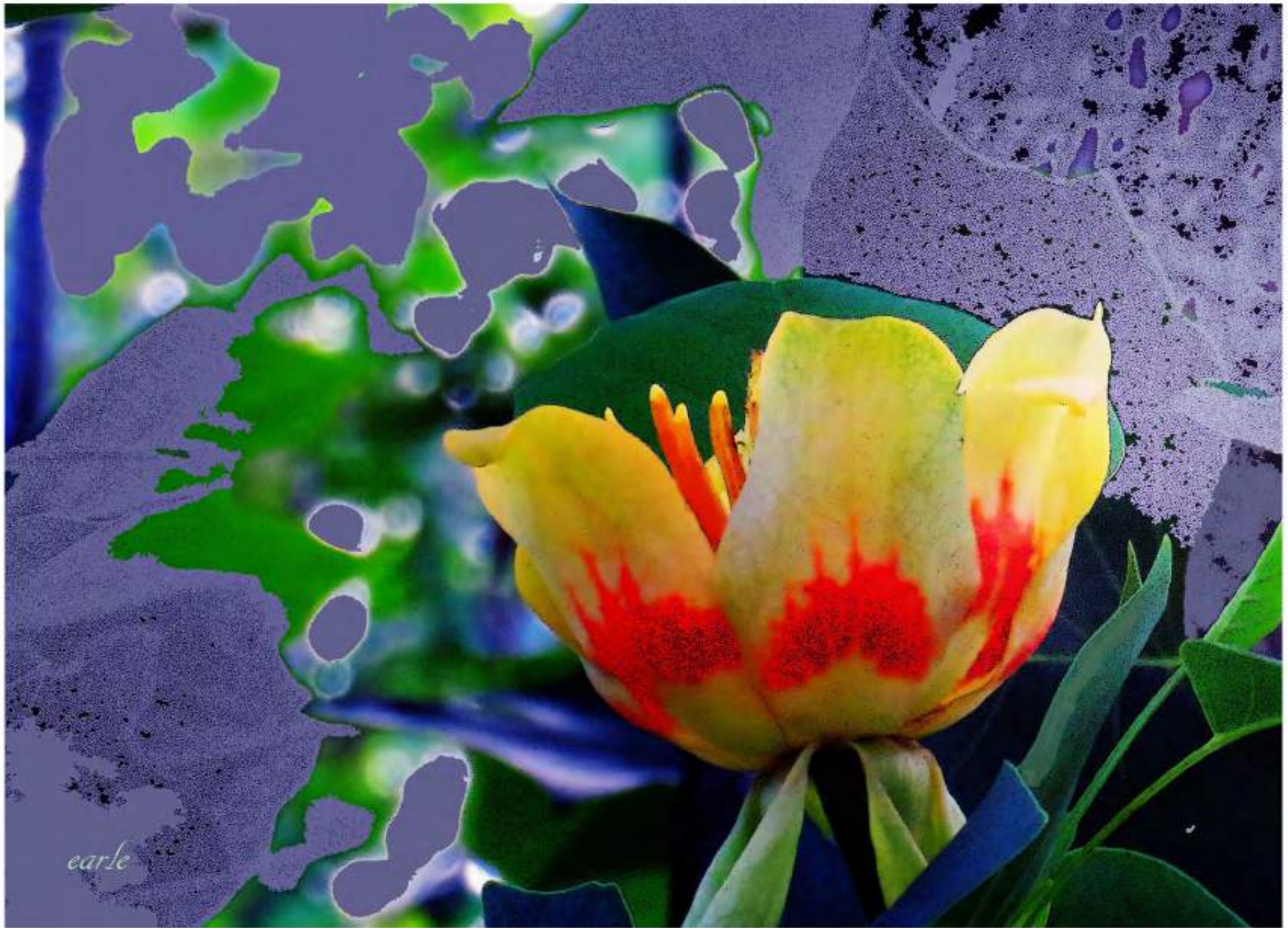




Barren woods on a lonely winter's twilight, as lone as weary,
dearest poet I do entreat, speak to me of something rather
more cheery.



earle



earle

It is not the mountain we conquer, but ourselves.
Edmund Hillary, 1919-2008





行動のないビジョンは白昼夢です。ビジョンのない行動は悪夢です。

*Vision without action is a daydream,
Action without vision is a nightmare.*

...from the Japanese





I entered this strange, amorphous world of visual impressionism,
heavens, I panicked, there does not seem to be any path to escape!





A toad sat lazily upon his perch by a lush summer garden,
watching an errant wandering yet dazzling buzzing bee,
goodness mused he, such chores are definitely not for me!





earle

Too soon the frosts of autumn have descended upon
grasses and trees,
lo, the splendors aroused about my dreams I see in every
icy freeze,
while my rhymes seem sadly, ill at ease!





"My religion consists of a humble admiration of the illimitable superior spirit who reveals himself in the slight details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble mind."

Albert Einstein. 1879-1955





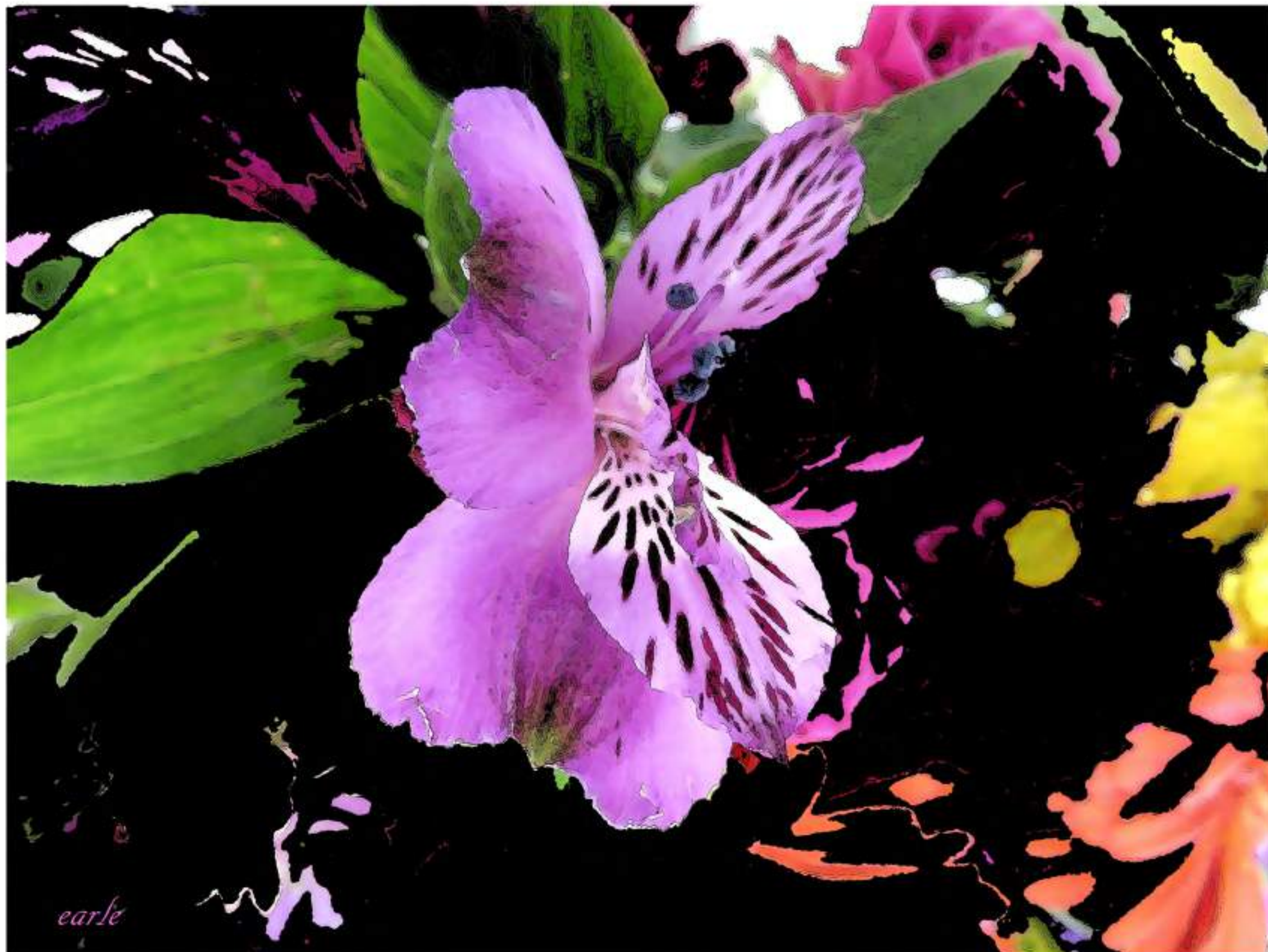
This my miss dusty, hiding amid deep tall grassy fields,
one whisper she races,
our friendship never yields.





The edge of the sea is a strange and beautiful place.
Rachel Carson, 1906-1964





What am I?

What am I doing in this place?

I feel torrential rains

and winter's rage

yet by day's end

I gently bend

for

it is here

I thrive.





earle

Somewhere about deepened sky
When the moon drifts upon so high
Or by a waning glow of summer's brilliant sun
I have adorned my grandest colours galore,
Soon, alas,
I sit alone!





大きな木は風にうらやましく思う

Great trees are envied by the wind.

Ancient Japanese proverb.







