

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 心かい 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.

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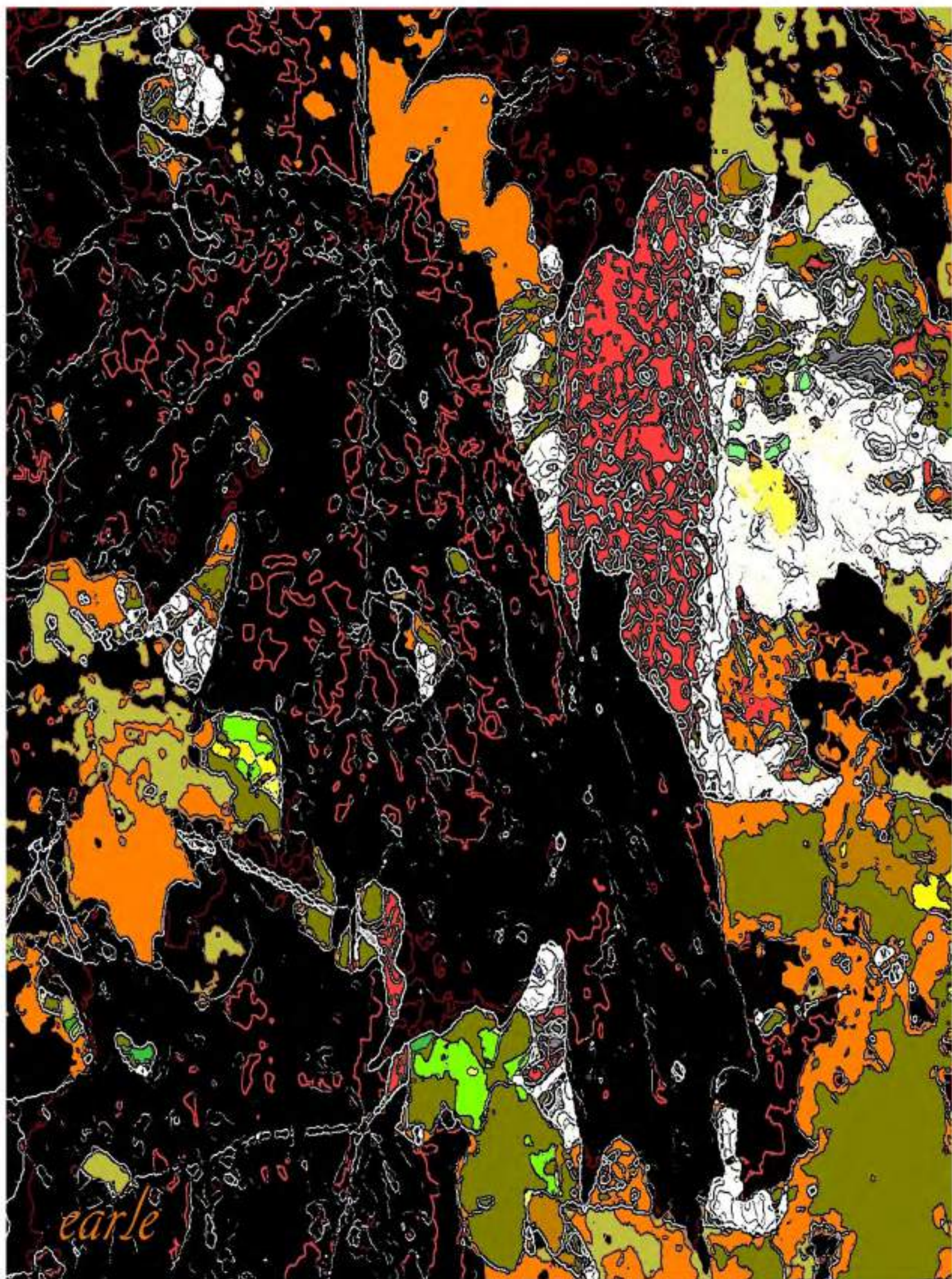
Volume Two

EACH
MOMENT
PASSES SUBTLY
SILENTLY

ONLY
OUR SPIRIT
MAY GRASP
THAT FLEETING
INSTANT

NOW
EVER GONE





Hidden deep among pastel thorny tangles
struggled she and flourished
engulfing the very essence
of one endless summer day,

Those there are
who debate the nature of such aesthetics,
The form, passion, colors, or sheer appeal of
its overall presence,

However, one glance at our lily, à la tiger,
quickly dispels
any poetic attempt
to simply capture her sheer beauty!





耳聾

earse

Images emerge of silken dancers
silhouetted against life's deep unknowns,
for one more mysterious moment
what do they imagine?
what do you?

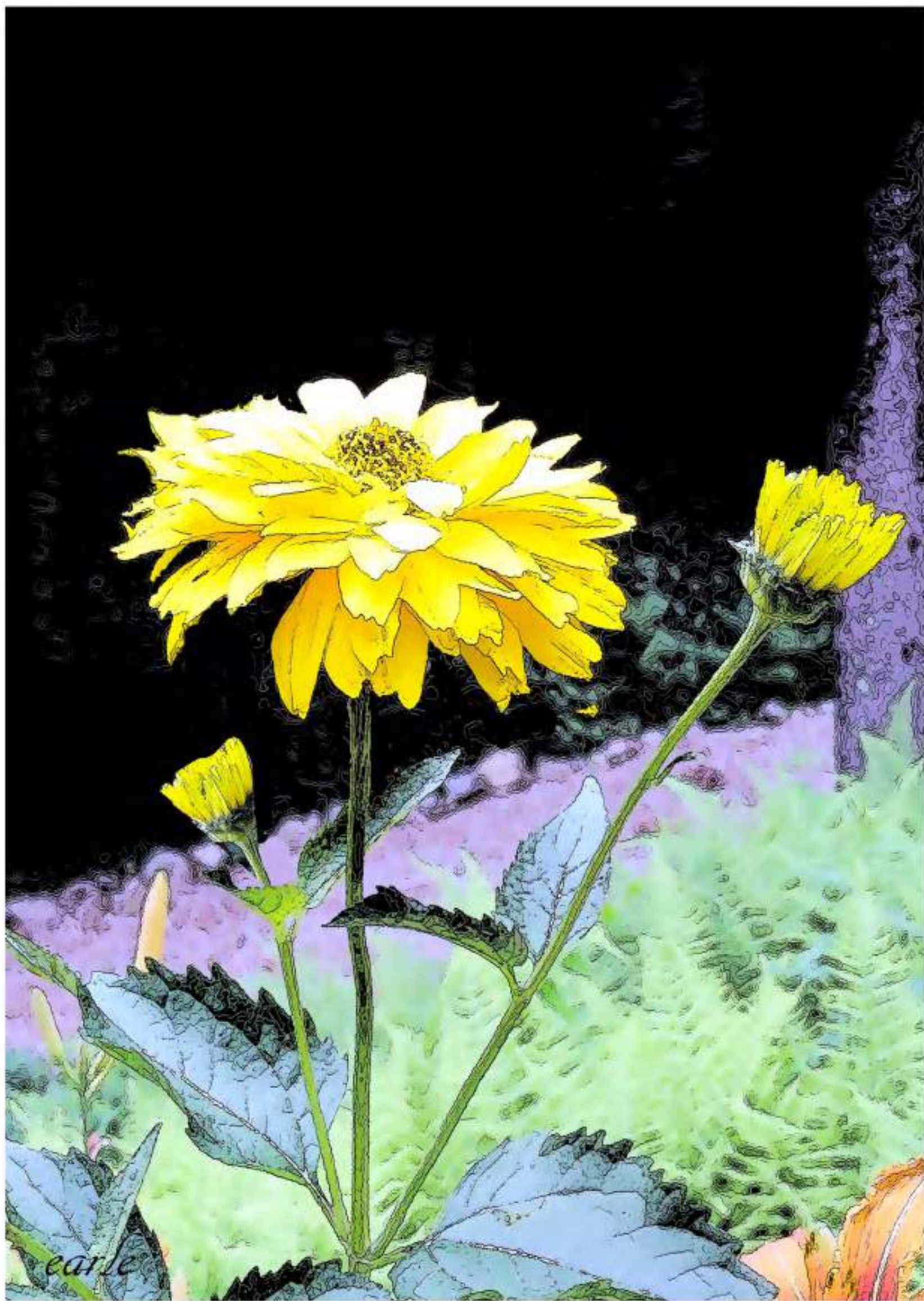




Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low hung branches; little space they stop;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
Or perhaps, to show their black and
 golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

John Keats (1795-1821)





forms of wildflowers
endless profuse mosaics,

know not they dwell within
a strange ancient aesthetic mystery,

yet for I who roams o'er grassy meadow-lands
hear that hushed voice.



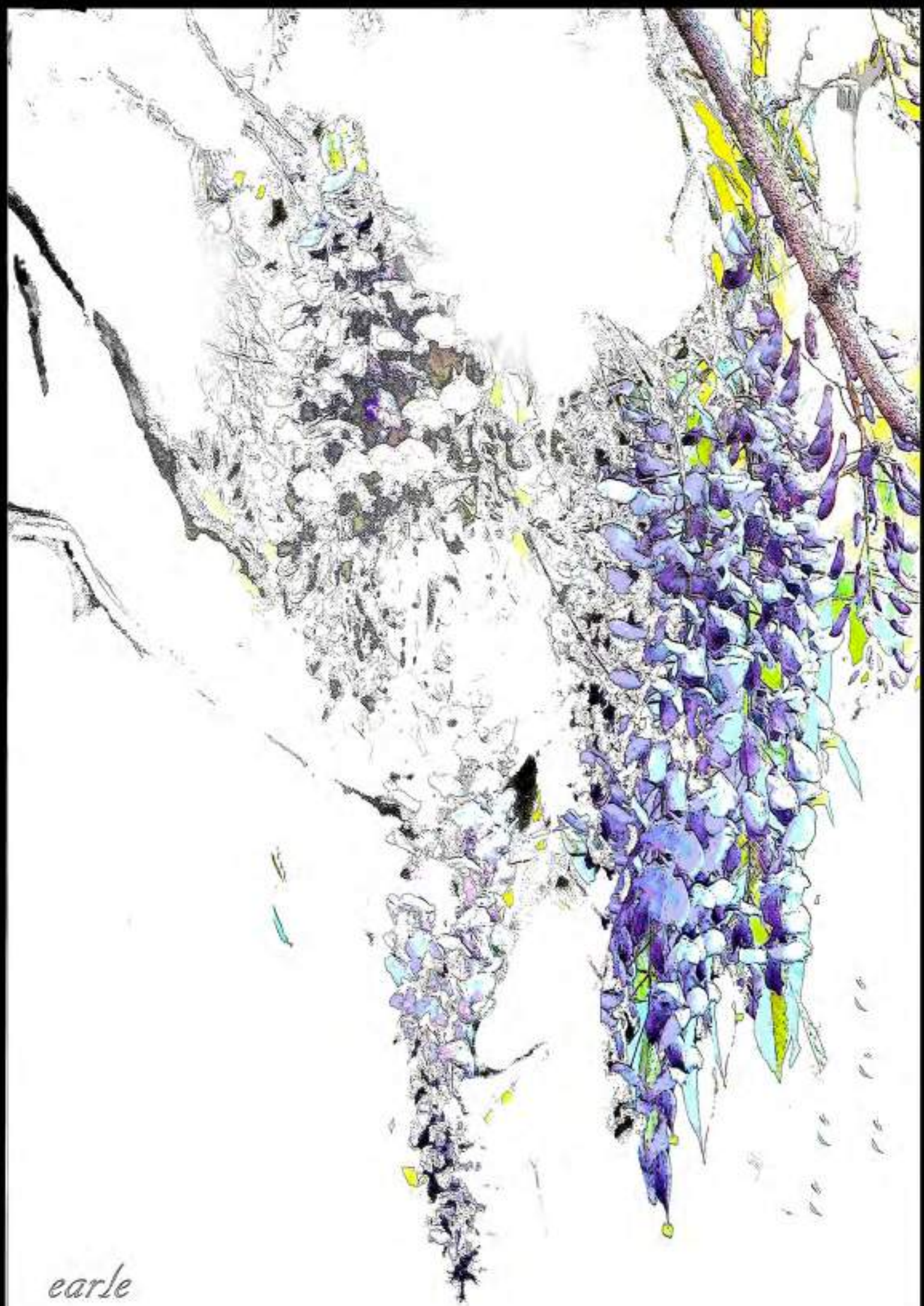


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What greater pleasure
than to rise early and find
by the dawn's first rays
a flower which yesterday
had not yet even budded!

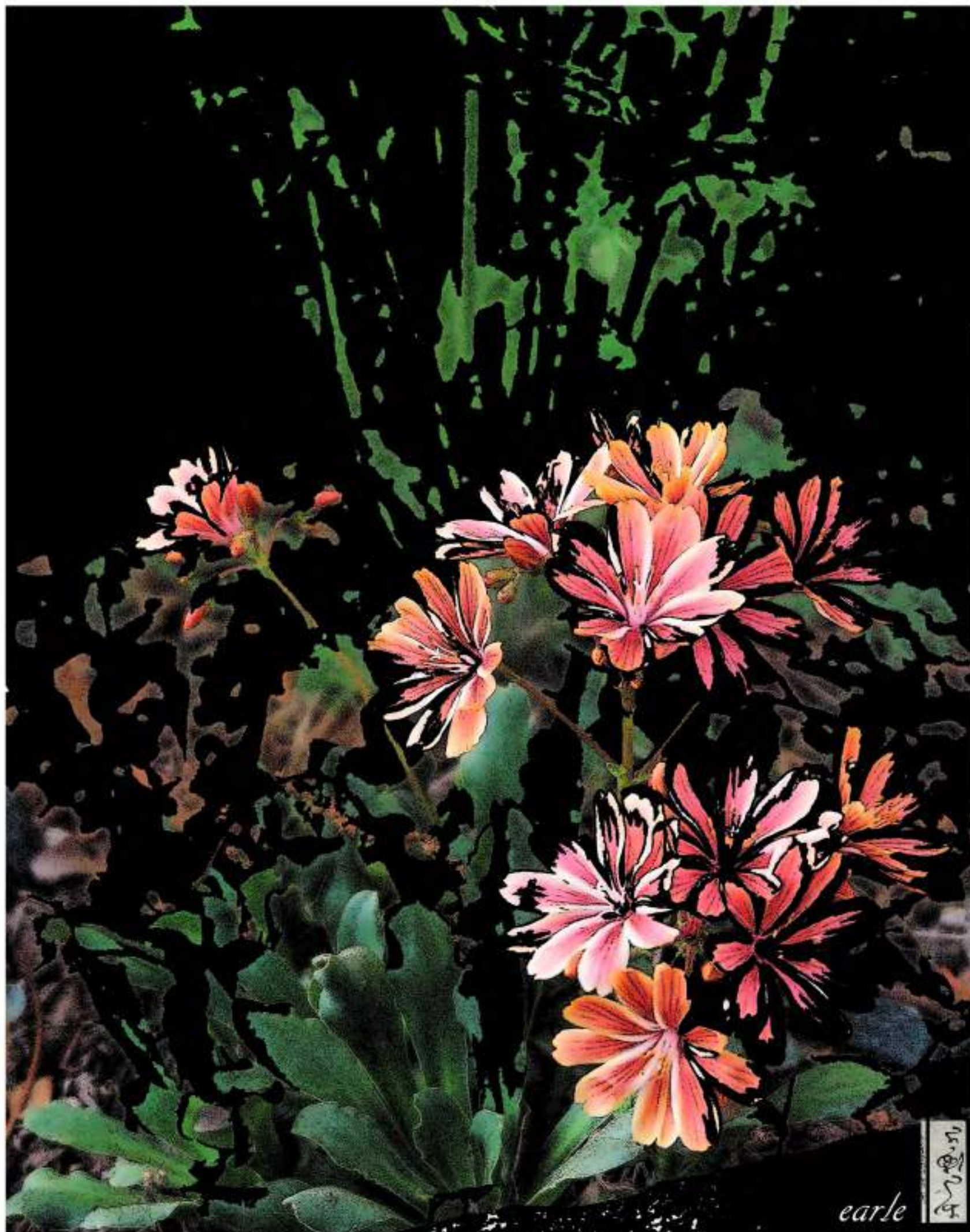
Tachibana Akemi, Japanese poet
(1811-1868)

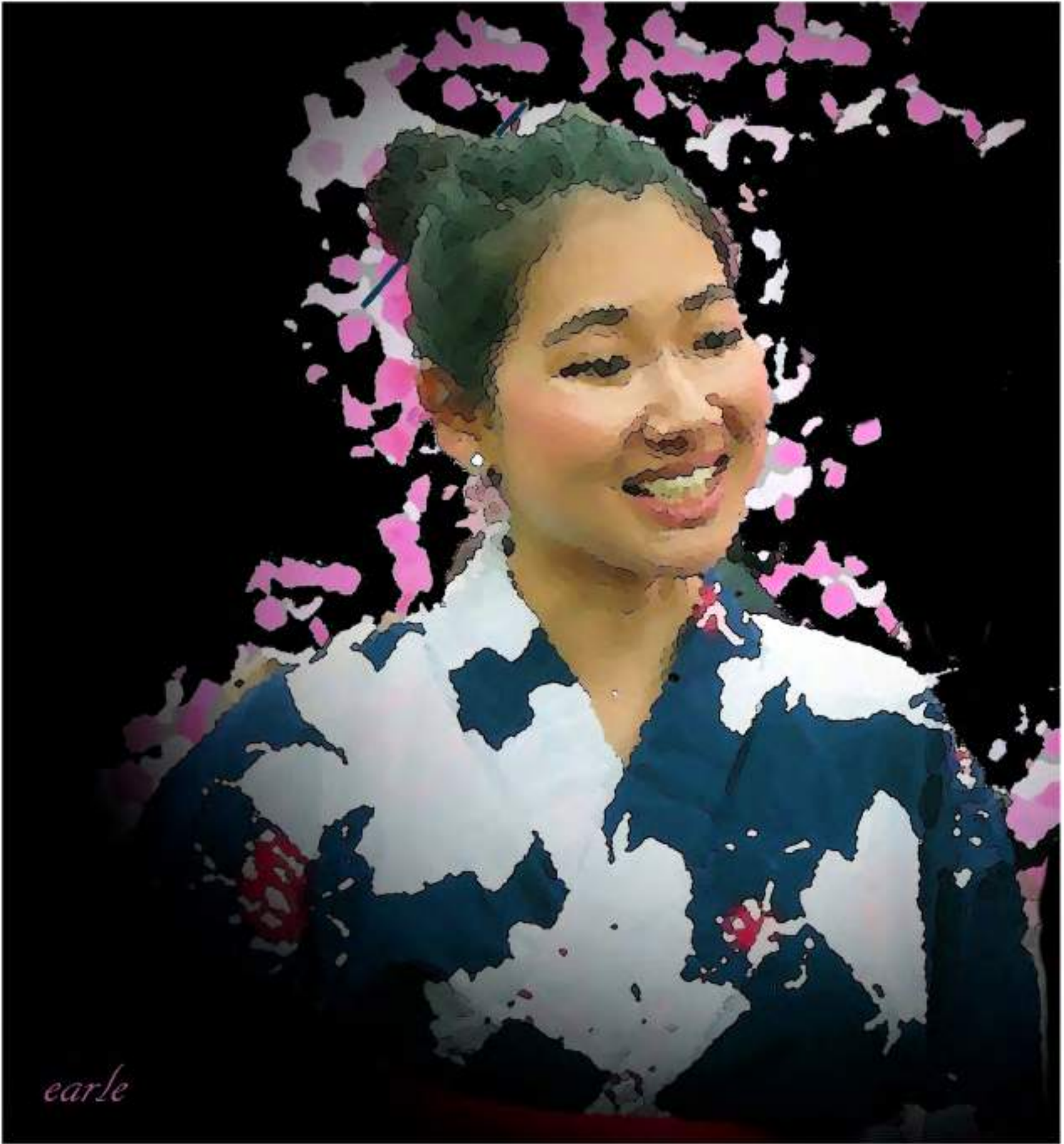




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Scarlet lights
burst forth from your delight
but your travels are brief
your journey so short
a fire, in the evening night
burns like bamboo, soon we are gone.





even by the swiftest of ever-time
spring winds
swirl about the falling vines of my
golden bells
only 'tis I,
I, who can hear those fleeting
ringing sounds
that fly up, soar ever so high,
to a waiting sky.





earle

teardrop leafs washed sepia tones
form ageless patterns upon my eye
while seeking some grand poetic lyric
I plead for some enticing rhymes
alas, the simple solution lies hidden,
leave this image alone in peace
untouched!





The spring has come, and once again
the sun shines in the sky ;
so gently smile the heavens, that
it almost makes me cry,
when blossoms droop and die.

TOMONORI KI NO

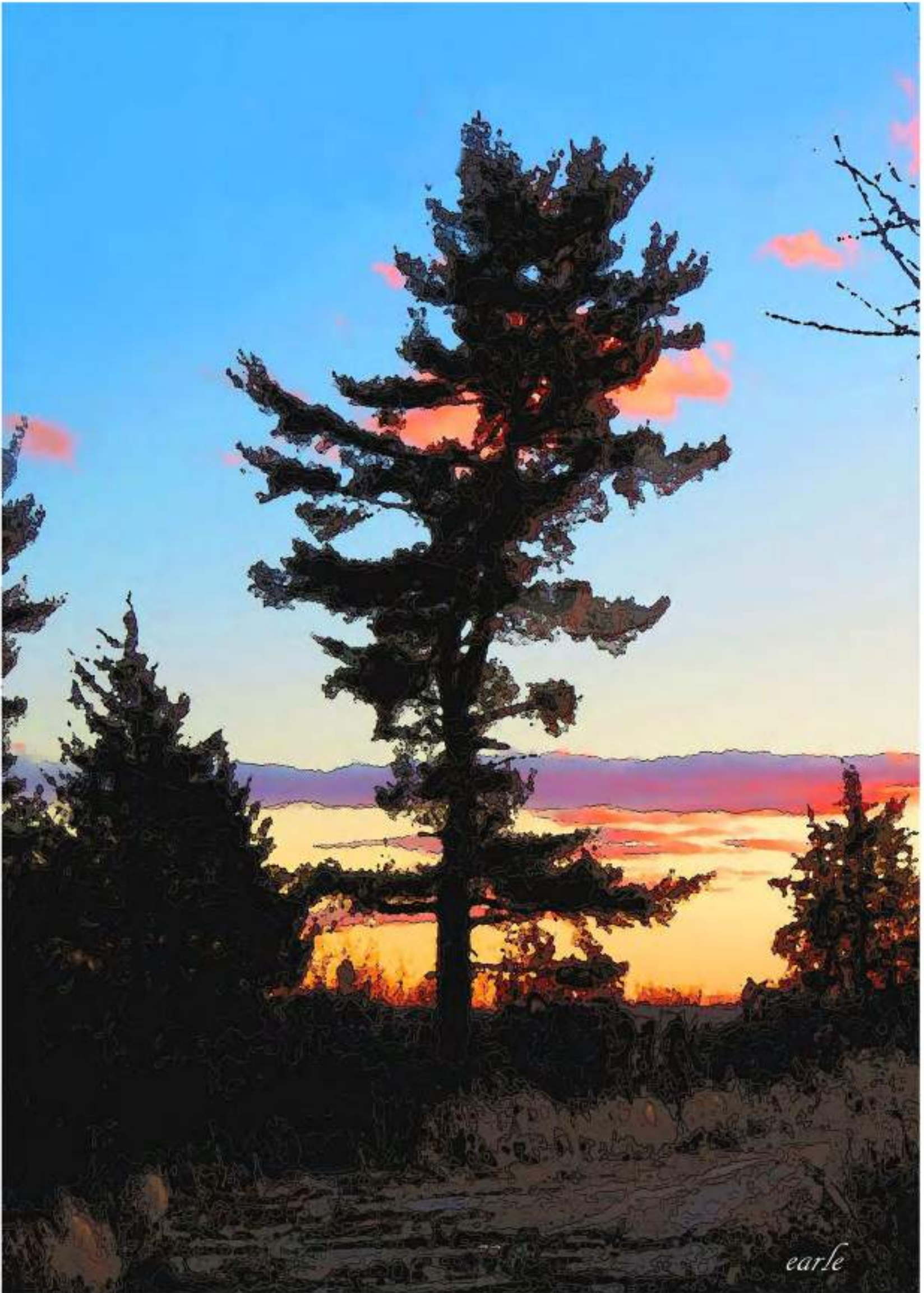
(c. 850 - c. 904)





I ventured deep there one reddened twilight eve
beyond thicket amidst hardy bush I did past
ignoring fading sun songs dark times to leave
whence I found thee, there too must I to last,

oh, my mighty soaring tree
you meant ever, us ever be.

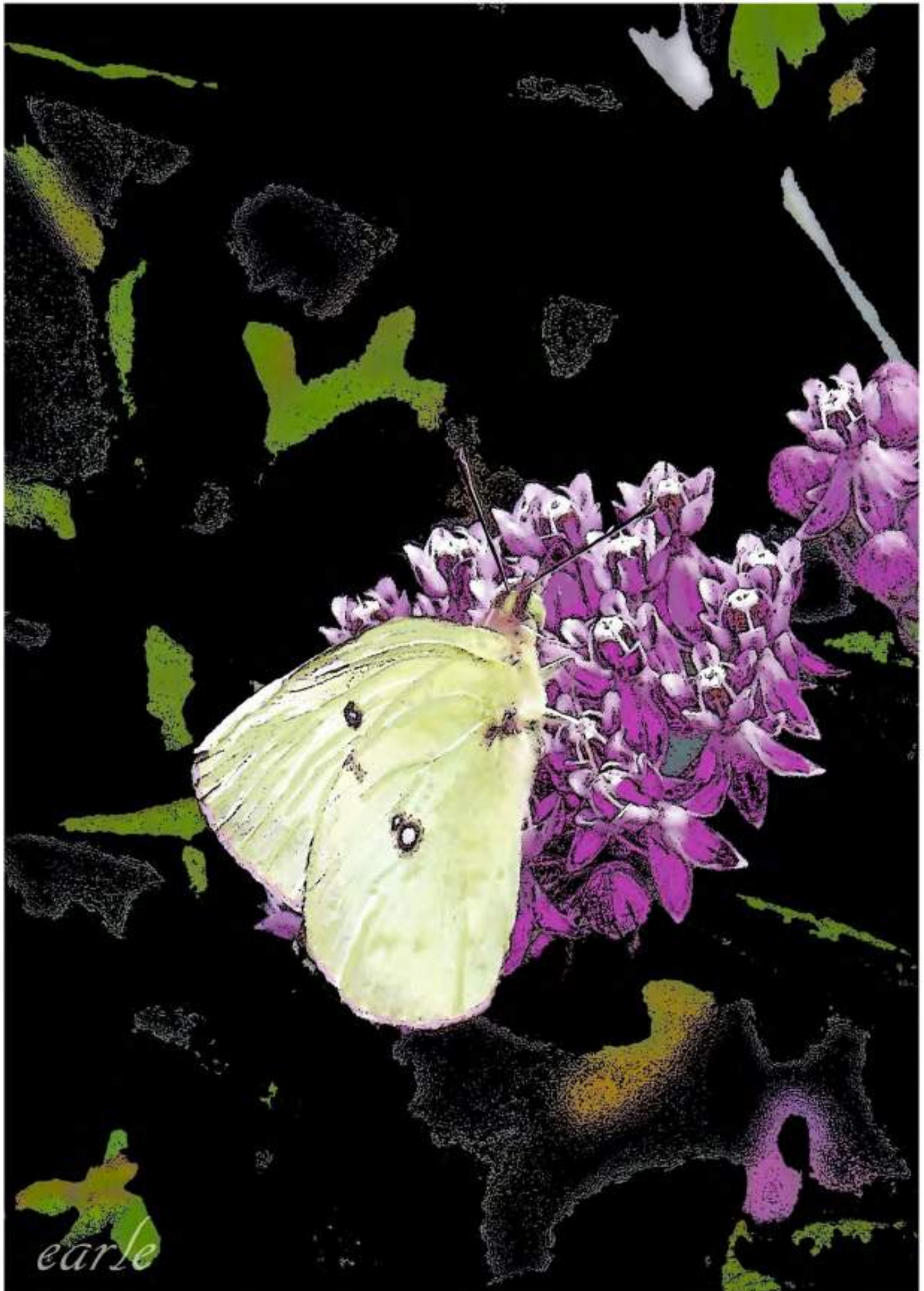


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When the spring breezes rise,
They play all sorts of merry games
with birds and butterflies.

SUZUKI SHOSAN,
Japanese samurai and POET
(1579-1655)





dreams of my eye
roam beyond ghostly summer fields
while capturing endless
reflections.





ハッピーサマー

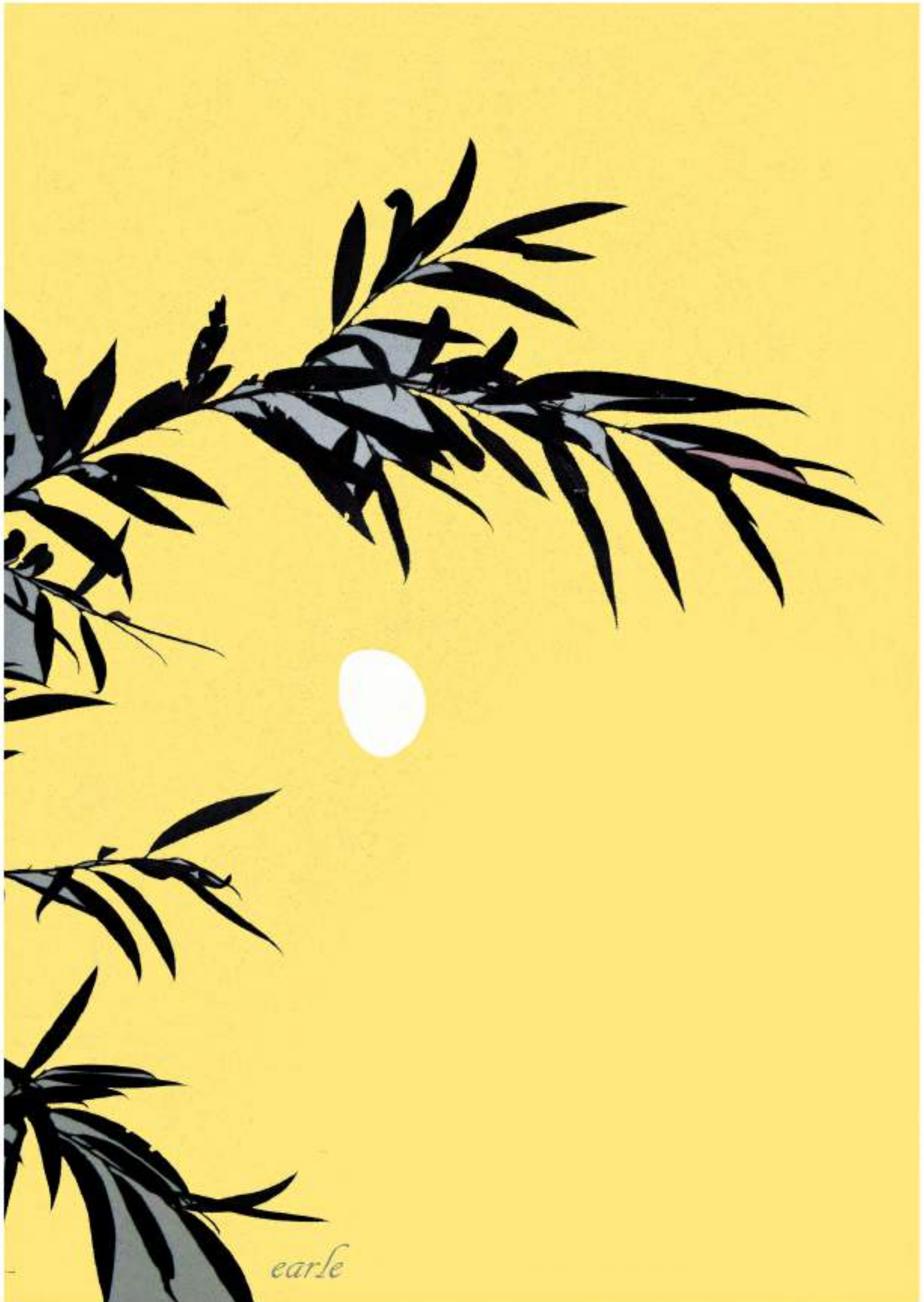
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sír!
here I stand
here I strut so proud
as I am defiant,
and, Sír, courageous as
that brilliant red cock comb
emboldened upon my crown.





A bright sun
cascading fine leafs
clear yellowed sky
simple,
yet beautiful.

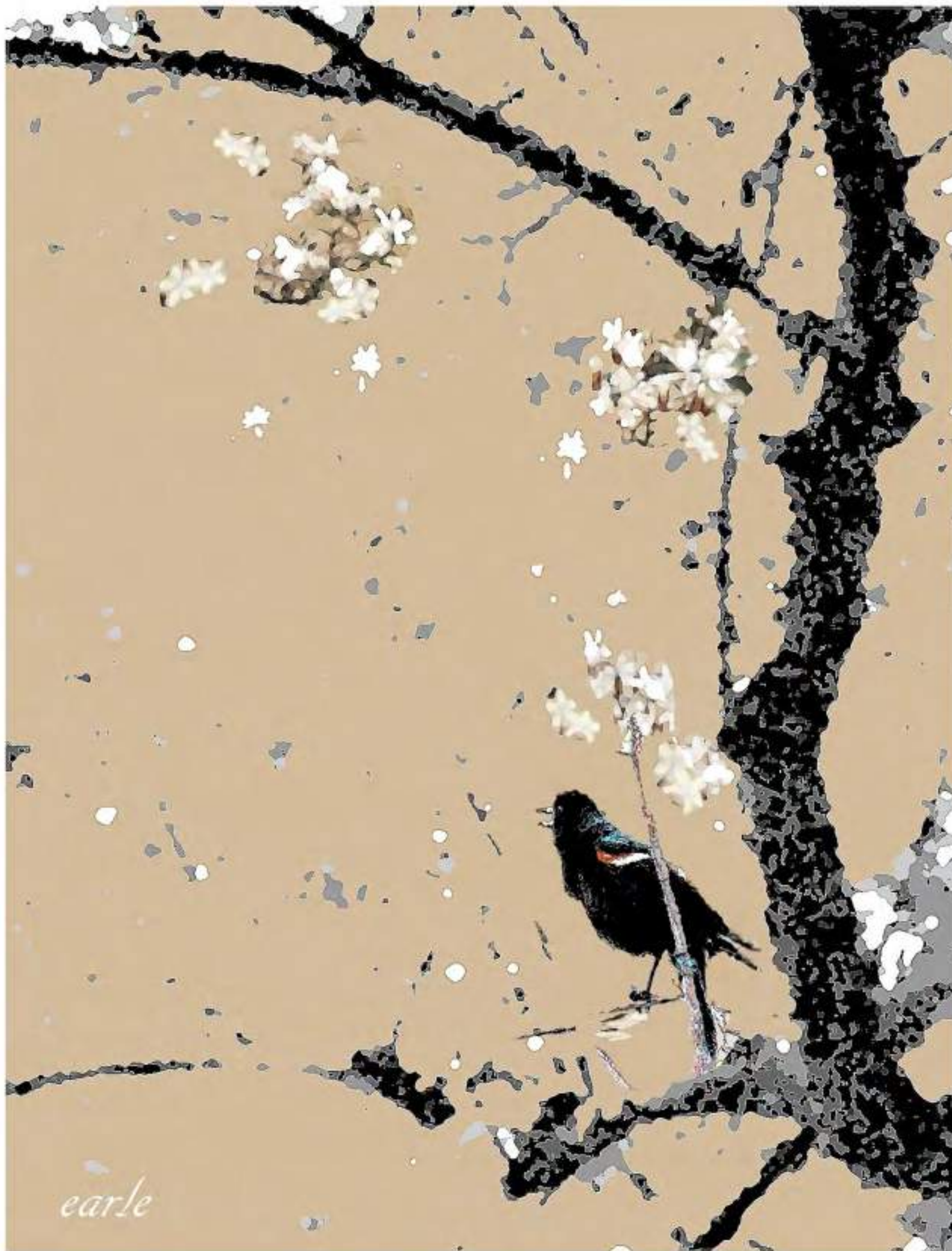




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Lo! In the long rain
the flower's hue is all gone
and, alas, my youth
 And beauty is spent in vain
 In the years I lived alone.

The Lady Ono-no Komachi
Japanese (c. 825 - 900)



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"To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it. To have imagination and taste, to love the best, to be carried by the contemplation of nature to a vivid faith in the ideal, all this is more, a great deal more, than any science can hope to be."

GEORGE SANTAYANA in
THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.
1896



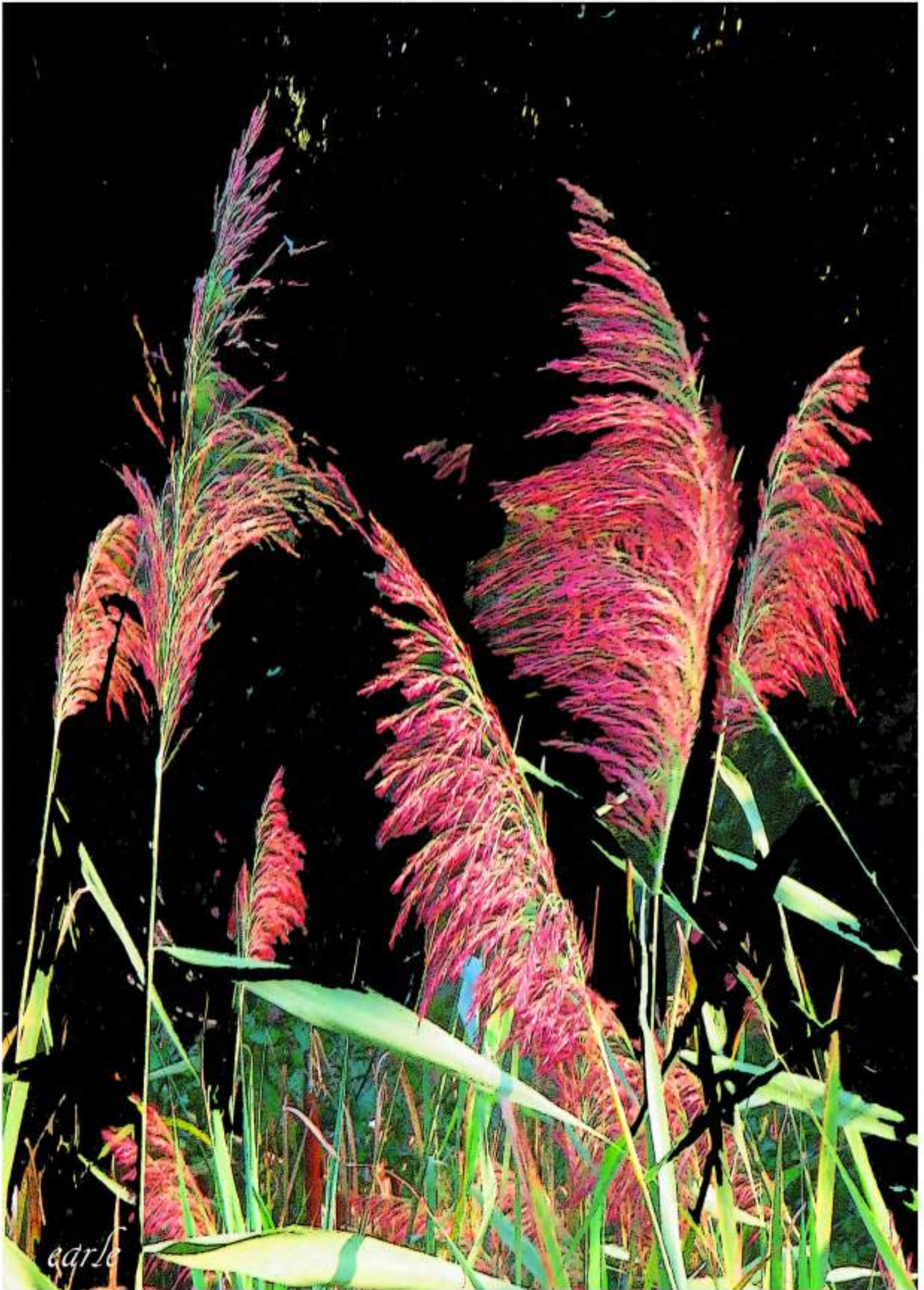


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The blossom's tint is washed away
by heavy showers of rain ;
my charms which once I prized so much,
are also on the wane,

both bloomed, alas !
in vain,

KOMACHI ONO (1834-1880)
Japanese Poetess



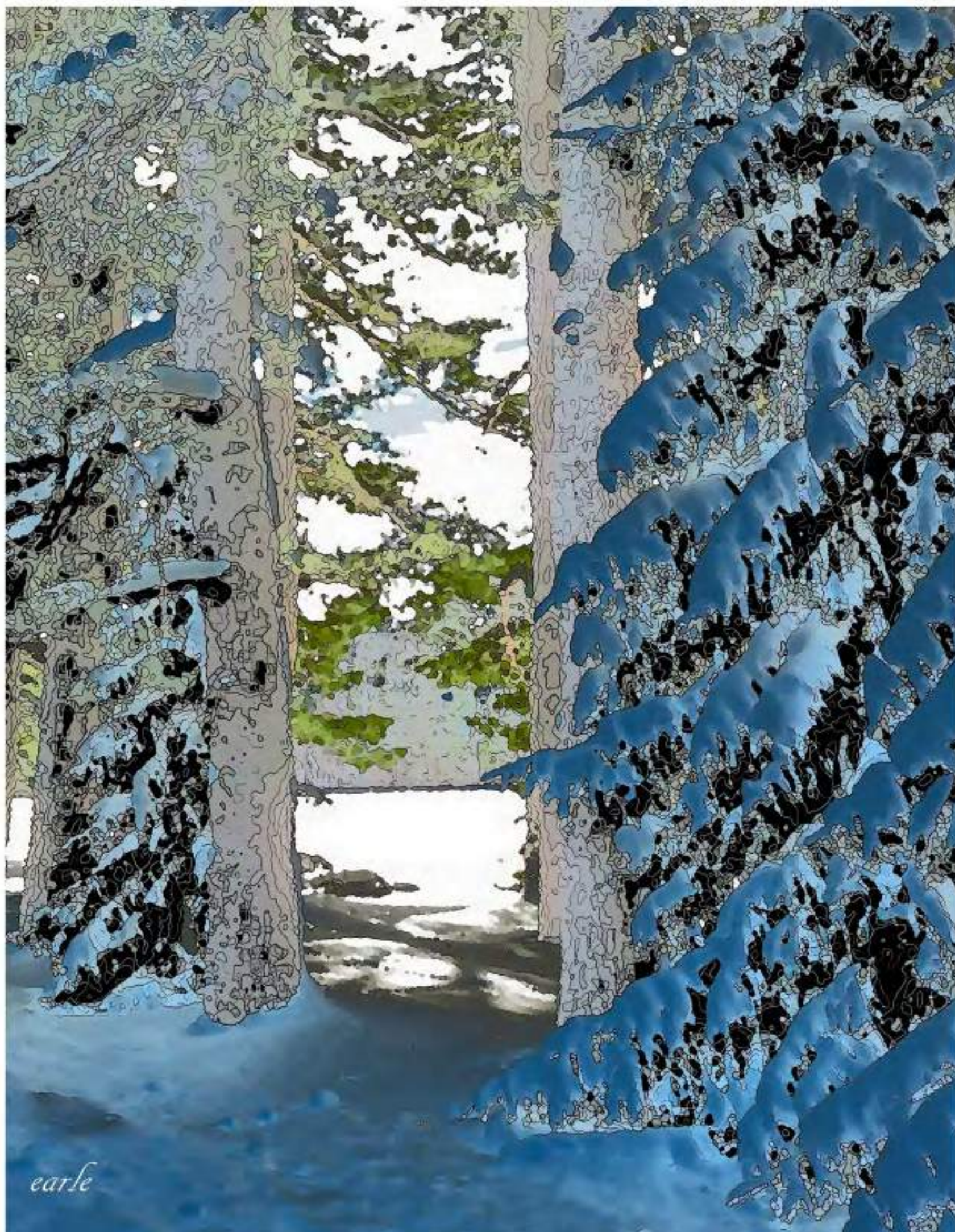


from earth,
the colors of merely this day
radiate one's life unto sunlight,
dreamily





The night's icy storm swirled,
blew and blew and raged upon its palette
by morning's light a canvas
humbled rare beauty.



earle



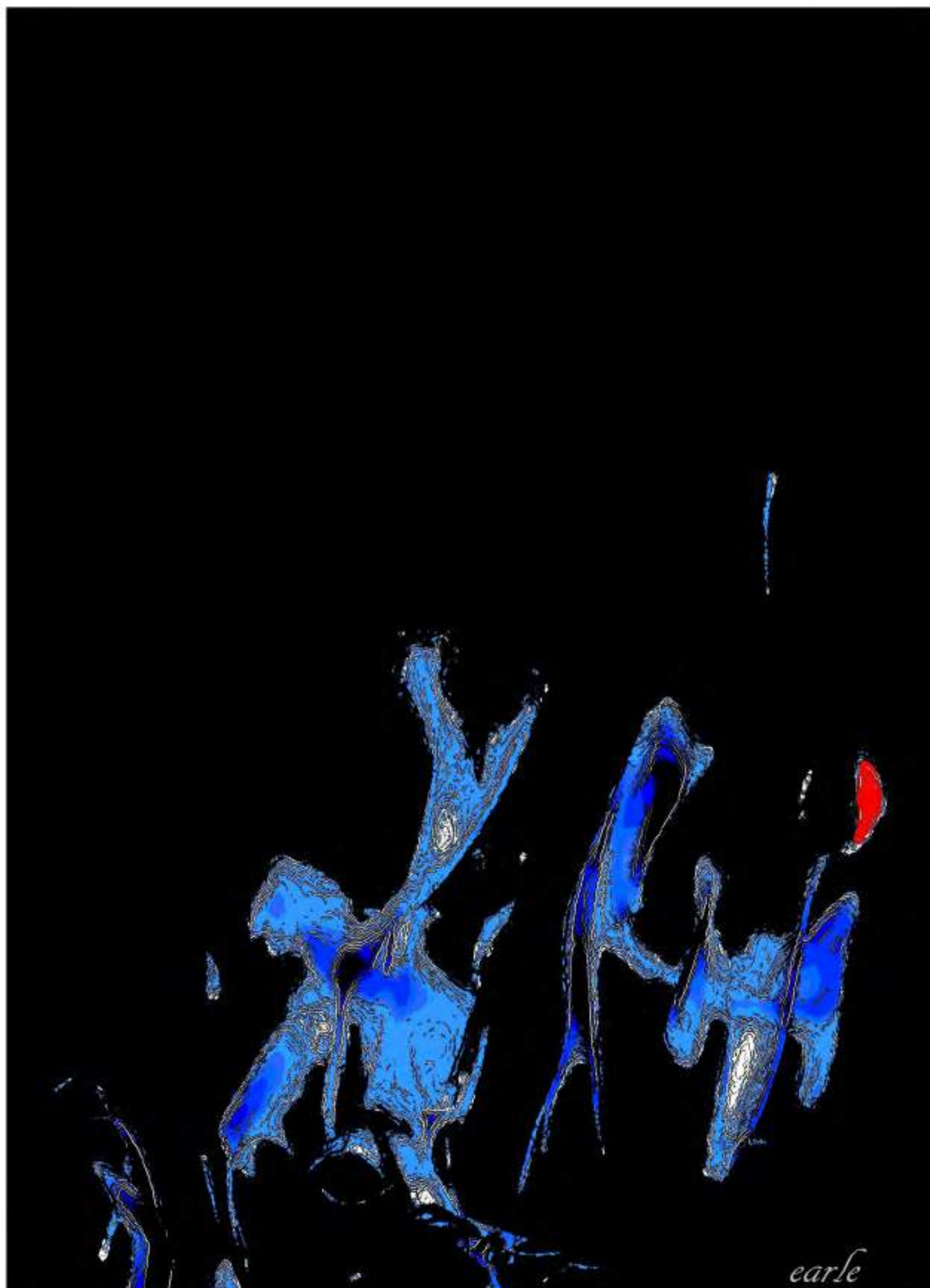
earse

She blushed all rosy red, even her little ears
and neck tingling with pink,
as they passed before her.
Half unconsciously she bent her head
and made a timid
little notion of greeting to them.

From 'THE HEART OF HYACINTH'.
ONOTO WATANNA, 1903.



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On the palace eaves
Creeping vines thrive, and O how
With grief the ancient
Times I muse on, which but leaves
sadder traces on my brow.

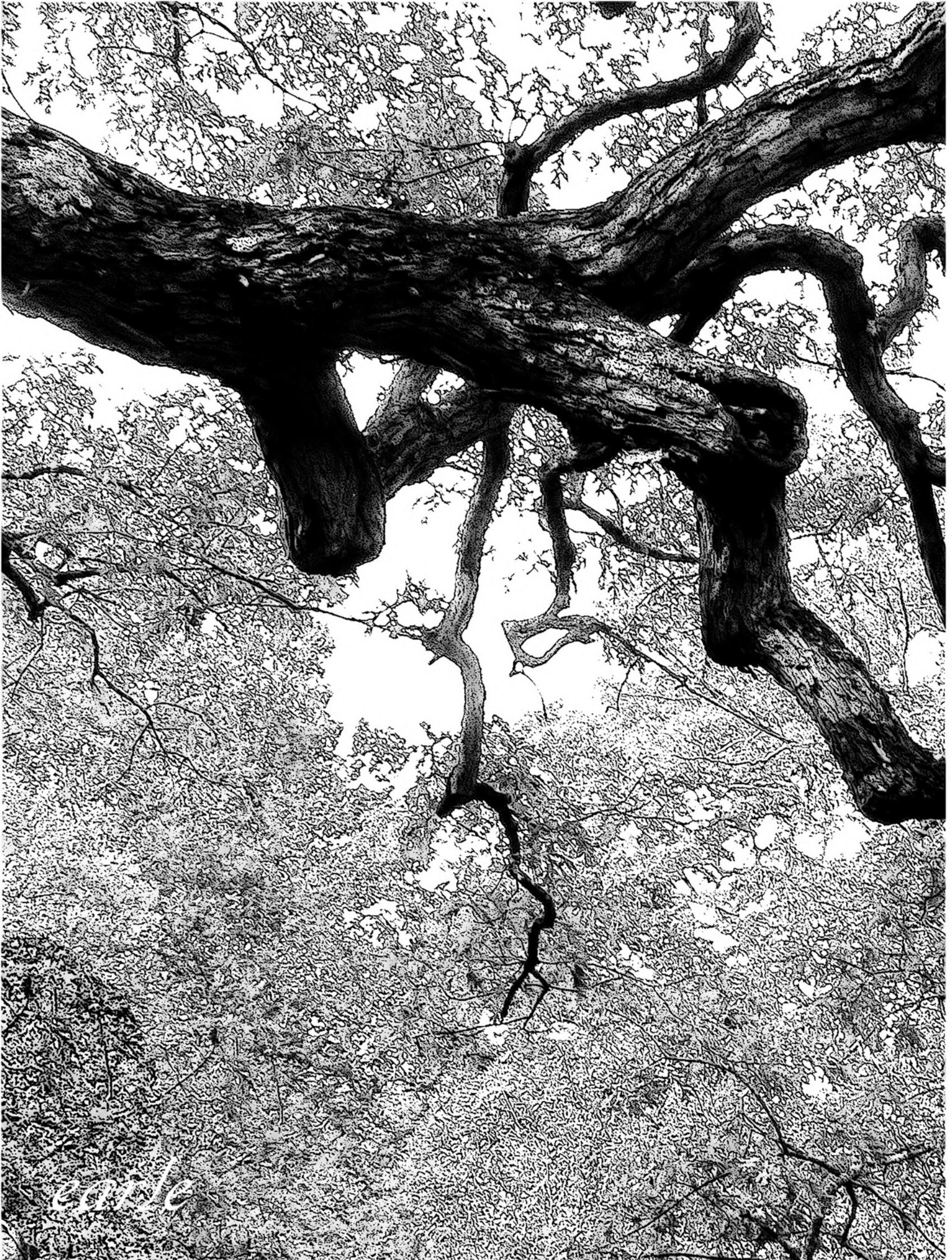
Emperor Jun - Toku (1197 - 1242)





In desolate meadows hidden alone,
this form of beautiful escape
she quietly steals only for me
this eternal landscape.





I take your poems in my hand and read them
beside the candle

The poems are finished: the candle is low:
dawn not yet come.

With sore eyes by the guttering candle still
I sit in the dark,

Listening to waves that, driven by the wind,
strike the prow of the boat.

Chinese poet Po Chü-í, Japanese call
Haku Rakuten, (772 A.D. - 847)



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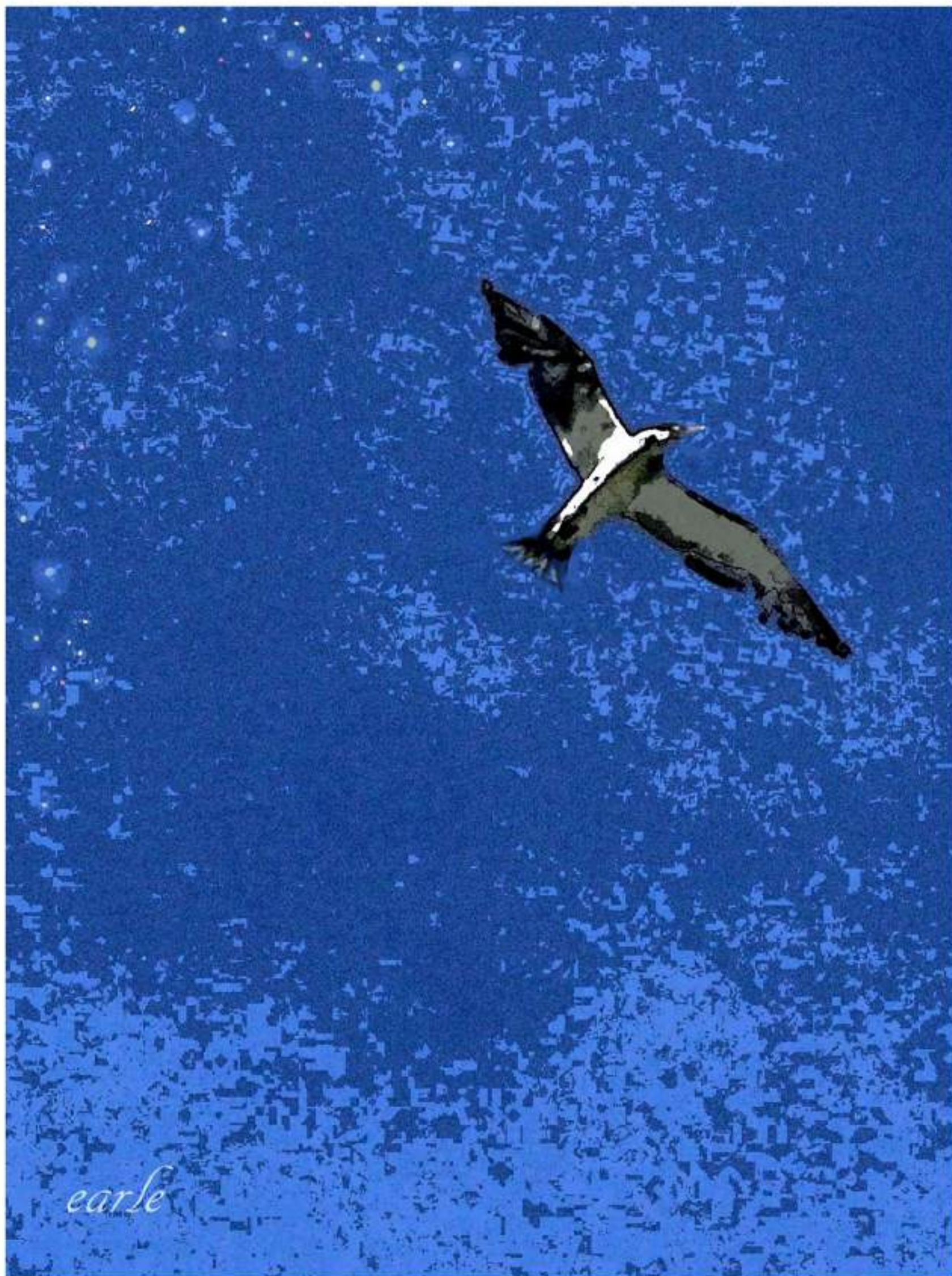
this morning
a grey haze drifted upon lonely
valleys and hills
still the haunting songs of my red wings
as ever, rang true.





I wish I might go
not too far from the city
to some lovely spot
where nightingales are singing
and fresh cherry petals glow!

MEIJI TENNO,
Japanese poet (1852-1912)





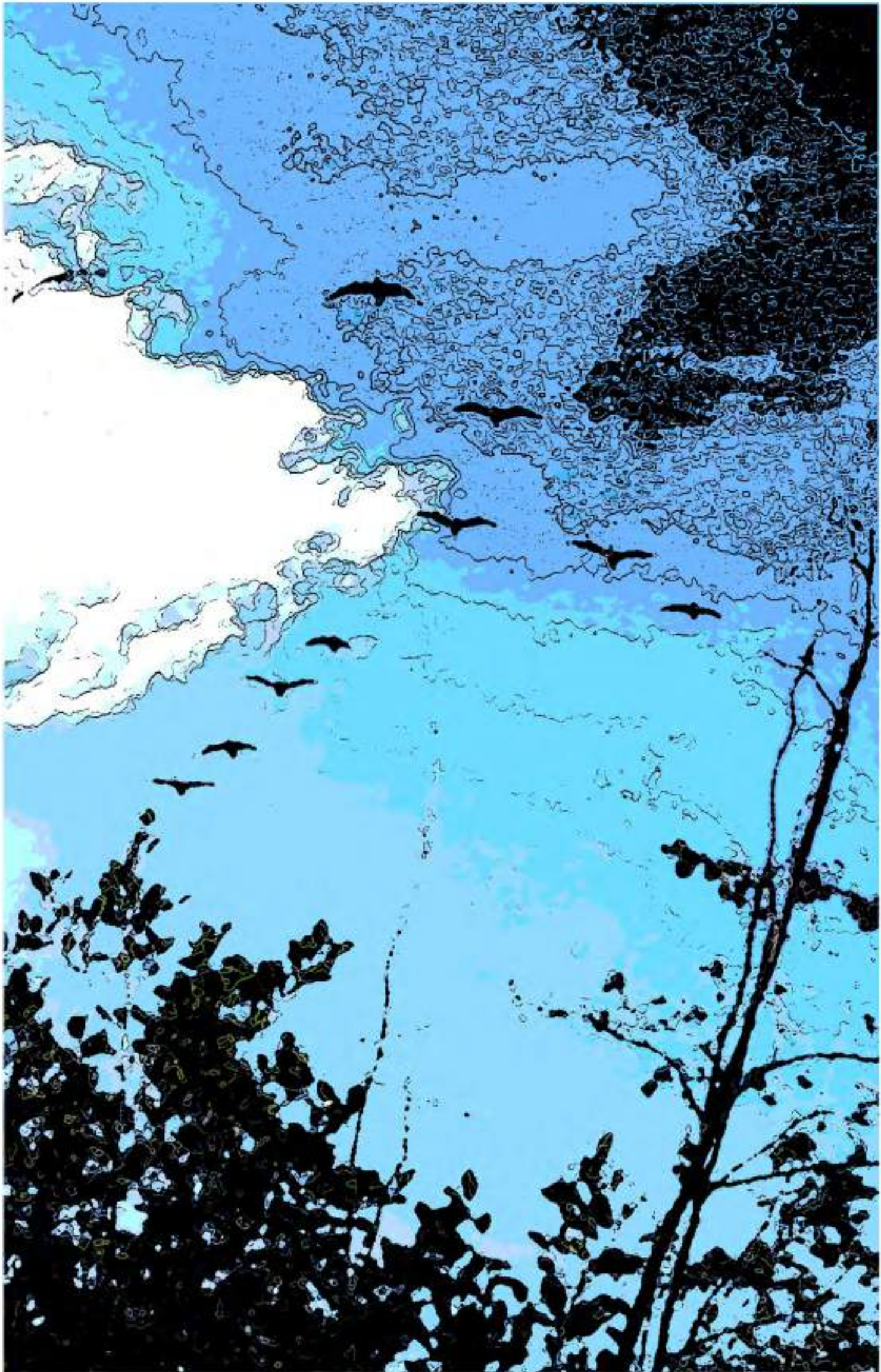
I seemed to see a line, and on the other side of that line were green fields, and lovely flowers, beautiful white ladies who stretched out their arms to me over the line, but I couldn't reach them no-how. I always fell before I got to the line.

Harriet Tubman 1899



二
貴
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泥

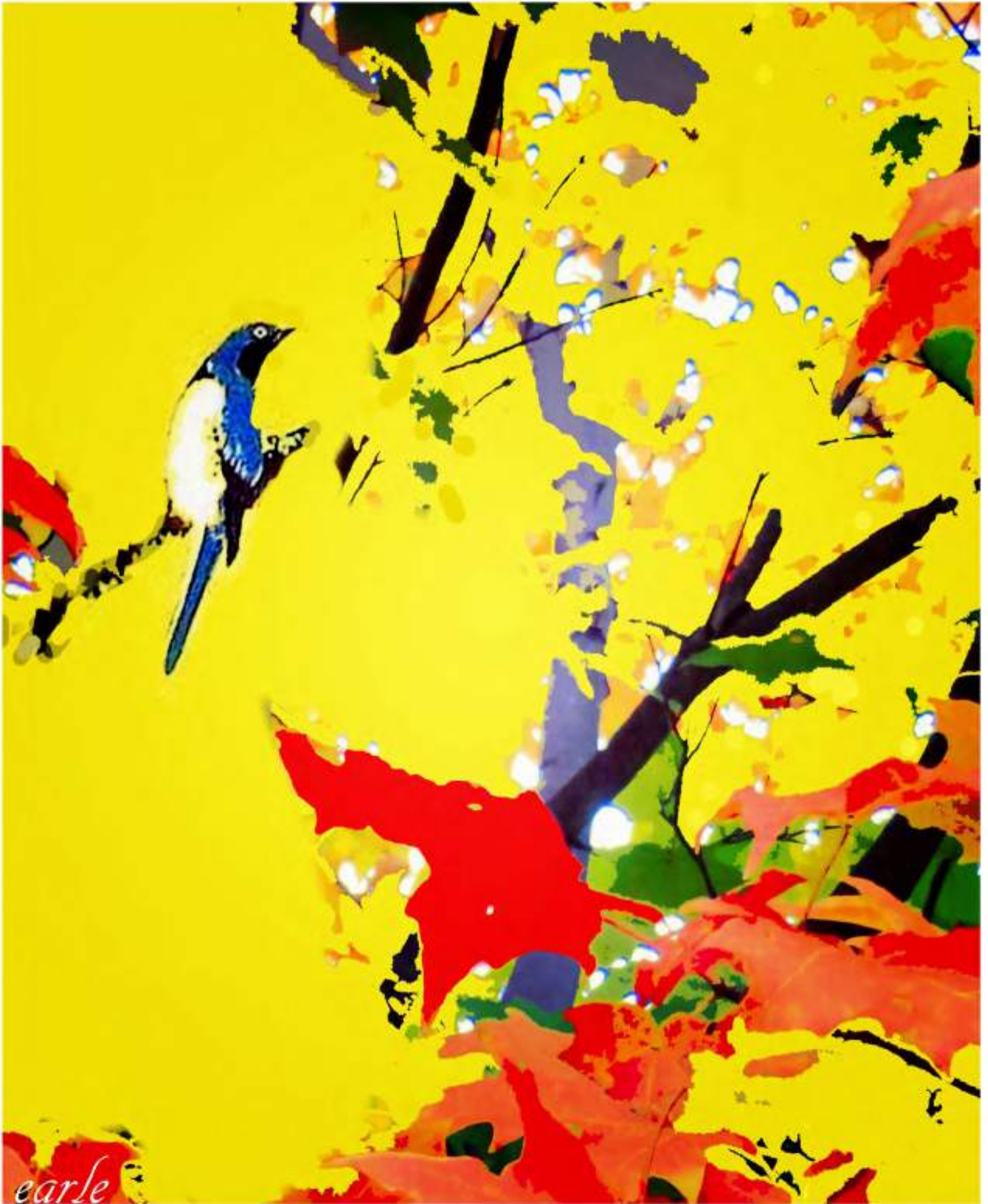
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The world breaks everyone, and afterward,
some are strong at the broken places.

Ernest Hemingway 1929





Many are the times, as I wandered about
my varied worlds

I just wanted to sit and admire the
simply endless birth of emeralds.





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Fair and softly goes far.
Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra,
Cervantes 1547-1616



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Trees, leaves, summer flowers, space and light
from such a natural world one moment
so is created..





アロース

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