

Poetry as/and Practice: A Conversation with Joseph Goldstein
Poems Shared

The Muse | Joseph Goldstein

Something happened
in my seventy-fifth year-
a channel opened
to oceans of space,
where words sparkle
in their sparse delight
calling, calling, calling

Love of My Lonely Hours | Joseph Goldstein

Years ago,
winter cold brought joy.
Now,
love of my lonely hours
fills the winter grey silence
and poems,
like Christmas candles,
illuminate the night.

Joseph Goldstein

“Birdsong
In the empty sky
Of my mind.”

Lazy Day at 76 | Joseph Goldstein

Morning coffee
and a first glimpse
into the unknown day,
waiting for that pulse of life
to push through the pale joy
of sitting,
doing nothing.

Going for a walk
is almost too much
on this day of questionable ease:
is it simply resting up
to save the world
or the faint glimmer of decline?
I'll decide tomorrow
if I awaken in the morning light.

[*The Niagara River* | Kay Ryan](#)

[*Watching the moon* | Izumi Shikibu](#)

[*The Art of Disappearing* | Naomi Shihab Nye](#)

Joseph Goldstein

Long legs outstretched –
Looking down, I wonder
‘Who do they belong to?’