

# HOLIDAY IDYLLING

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# 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.

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