PREFACE MIRROR FOR EYES

(after Franz Rosenzweig)

Knowing this
makes eternity possible.
Out of the usual density of
prayer,
these features.

Only he
would have thought of it:
zero
for the eye he found
bleaching in the Beggar.

He saw in it
not eye,
but image and shadow.

Needing it somehow
he
held it to fire
and painted it.

Sudden skies
blooming from nothing.

---

immolated
of the Messiah
and distance

FATHER

Wearing required time
certain father rose
over Talmud passage
past commentator
and through parallel tractates.

Sources thundered commentary,
question cried contradiction
and answers laid context
out on memory.

Watching his son looking down
you could see medieval father
was Reb again.

TALMUD INTIMACY

before son
we roll a knowledge
of Elijah
beneath a Rabbi of Hasidim
covered quoting
passage of thought
encircles us
father
pins us to the text

EDITION OF MEDIEVAL TALMUD

Most of the thought it makes form,
commentary that interruption

is appropriate as rabbinic explanation,
but then — bypassing Rashi — when
a text in different commentaries dances
to the amazement around and around the Rav,

& sentimentalize and almost believe
in a contradiction so vast it seems intently given.

LIKE SOLDIERS GROWING

Soldiers grow
    for the war,
    for the breakthrough.
Like news
    they have their own time of appearing
    on end: operation CHOSEN
resurrecting
broken people
    for the breakthrough,
    and the breakthrough in the now,
with dead CHOSEN now.

SYNAGOGUE

God left,
but Freud can still
brush earlocks
balance Freudians
eat nutshell
breathe
and count instances
above our synagogue

UNCONSCIOUS AFTER DAY

responses of freedom
except for translations
as indexes crack and fall
off tactile extremists
the work is stalled
and even the day books
the Talmud of our data
has changed to Russian
you and i
wipe the doubt away
with large devices
of our fidings
we are afraid to breathe
nothing below
our discipline
appears magic

VIENNA AND THE EUROPEAN

You stretch, arch your laugh.
Your lark touches my eyes,
darts into my dream.
Your tongues prowl the thought,
large desires that hunt
by love. Come to me, come
to the Vienna of rosy pain
and blonde tailors.

RIDING IN WINDS

Burning in front of me
had last ashes in it.
They were desolate.
Beaten. So bright that
you couldn't see last angels.
Just still heaven, children.
And...
God didn't like it!
Because God was in burning
Jewish. Still heaven. Still
earth. Just like always.
Outside is there still heaven
with last children burning?
Within still sun, still heaven?

DESIRE

This priest asks for war,
flips through last victories,
supplies boundless to Sunday,
voices overwhelming church —
actually information.
Almost humble,
black on black —
Eat here,
old Moss,
Your chance for...
Memorial, like the life day brought,
wordless estate.
We're stuck in a vitality —
shivering lives,
chase scraps,
beautiful times, luxurious.
Fundamentally
repeated,
getting there.

NAKED MAN

Standing in wonderful heaven
Watching faces near the demon of the steerage
Swim among scalded remains
The naked man hunts in night and smoke.

ALREADY

Jew in the Songs
Of Madonnas,
Light under the wine,
Glow in Sabbath.

The ~~gaze~~ runs out,
The gentile fails.
He throws his icons on
ABRAHAM.

His things burn most,
Yesterday
Holy of eyes
Going to God;

The night cups
a wild realm,
Daughters upended,
Spilled Song:

Go to him then,
With day, with Lord.
Warm yourself
at what he was.

---

her fist
walls Auschwitz & can hear
Messiah & define

DESTINY

Martyrs incarnate, human witnesses.
Being broken.
Ghettos gunnysacked Heaven.

Your beadle kisses my blood.
Beneath synagogue eyes Midrash
the incredible asylum life.

Children built these wings.
Insane moneylender
tacks meaning.
People force the Sabbath

the way childish times
separate for nonsense. Death,
the importance
offering itself.

God of being terms.
We trade these coins
suprising the past like Midrash.

FATHER'S daybreak saw
on her synagogue:
the Stone Age

BOLSHEVIK

She fills the
pretending Reb with senile cursing
claiming shiksas.
Confusion yellows
Siberia.
She twists
merchandise
on her vigorous son,
fondles Vilna
of the rabbi's sleep.

ON MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SHOW

if cantor became louder
or more black
i didn't notice
attention
i count teeth
buffoon still talks
the elderly mother of laughs
whispers in the Synagogue
wife splits
gives birth
i hold my child against my City
his half-hidden hands
reach beyond little songs
feel the piety of life

(10)

CARRYING SIN

Jews died teaching; they
Thought otherwise would
Have been already
But then Jews had always
Done answers his way.

And isn't that so.
They sat by Torah
For thoughts wearing words
Becoming, not becoming,
Pulling the Sabbath.

At Study there were
Supporters: rabbi
And son, Messiah
Enough, adorning
After Study wind.

---

on our soul
the first
writes first

*

secret dowry:
all ashes softly
fall

*

living Vilna
the Garden Eden
cannot stay fire

FAMILY

Your prayers are background
and you've grown sweet.
How strange to see you
already mother
in candle-lighting
and silence, distinguished,
prolonged with time.

Once it was Passover
and prayerbook virtues.
You sang Sabbath future to me,
and I, expected by your situation,
watched as you picked with care
my hours from your air
before your bride came home.

HOLDING OF PAIN

The prime day
blazed cold
in silence
while we ran
quarreling
eyes locked
folding answers
till they cracked
like people
against our airs.

BREATH

All or everywhere
as a children's
Mother, it cleaves to you
quietly,
and leaves
too absolutely
with work-worn Almighty.

It runs on just
ahead, knowing
cajoling
closer always than
fingers
Jewishness can move.

Figured in
grandchild Israel
it returns as if I
might at last
run after it.

CIRLICUES

matter-turning
letters
squiggles of my letters

"CHAIM"

Matzoh-balls in Mother.
Father's blessing.

Passover I'd grab the dream
and run for bigger Rabbi.

Now I slap my tongue
against the great Elijah
and applaud
whatever can ruffle
this Heaven.

MINUTES

do it wind or is it voice
drifting
visible in blood
released from
Misha's shock in
theater-goers?
Pretty few accomplished
pointier Heaven and "Gomel".
Alive and naive
it skips to the breath
broken
or
earlier clutters the gasp
hollow in God.

LITHUANIA

She is the truth who cuts you down to ground.

Her laugh tunnels in your husband like a blush.
You swallow her guests like relatives.
Mother slugs through your remains.

Silent you feel nearly —
and walk through a wine that moves,
in winter, around you.

Flames heave in Sabbath,
children, like candles, peppering time.
They go straight to the joy

and your dark scatters like Jews.
Flying. Flying.
You slink into Vilna

pacing the household Passover
where thought closes off the family,
learning the things of Seder —

that silent face.

---

holy Sabbath
motionless —
chatterbox God

THE LOCOMOTIVE

Oh father
there's Germans
today
I got a
tight transport of
outraged eyes,
my God
is sprouting
assistants,
my crowd has
turned to
bone
and these
screams
belong
to blond
Guardsman
at the
factory
who sees always
the victim
that took his
voice
at the platform
and left it
planted
in a
frenzied
zone
of the
heart.

MAIMONIDES IN HEDER

This flour, fallen from books
blown this night from astonishment,
flows in stems succulent,
covers the Bible of every son
like some philosopher angel.
When the life breaks through but doesn't
penetrate, we sense a form
designed to confuse correctly
consumptive Father, discovering us here
preserved in a government
over Mother and Hebrew
and a well-combed minister of Grammar.

NOWADAYS

silence
owns
affairs

in truth
prayerbook tones
break

much frayed
voice
of midrash

INCOMPREHENSIBLE IN PARTICULAR

Don't put your key to the lock of poem
or to the language of forever.
Don't try to touch the light of clarity.
Don't tell father to keep out of your letters.
Don't tell the words not to howl.
Don't walk down fire of the sun
without talking to yourself.

FIRE

Suns hang in sky
tonight,
stars spark from
sires,
cares float upon
alien riches
of fat God's poet,
wanderers rise
from rhapsodic Tomes...
& sit seated with you
on my fire,
gathering wild
spirits
between your strains,
licking the Muse
out of your sears.

THE ETERNAL

after this paradise,
behind candles of saints
tied up with no more pure poems
that sob Friday and Sabbath,
the threatened soul rises
from his papery week,
trudges out of the throat
where he buried the torment.

I asked him, as I did that world
after a sky of hungry wind
and all fliers, if he will take
scattered dust in a rain
and a gray stone
for seen silver queen.
But he answers, no,
he'll be whole by then.

Today I found
his light and angel hanging
from a dove's flight of the heaven.
I unhooked them, and, nightfall,
took them to his heart.

---

content...
SWEATSHOP Jews floating
in Pain

LEAVING EUROPE

She wears her hoarse prayer
Out to the night, signalling
An ancient Sodom; then
Stands, offering ruins,
A demonstration.
She says, Don't worry
About Synagogue. Tallis.
Why are you always so unmade?
Isn't it blood you slowed for?

SHOLEM

I would be
that Yiddish
in the son
Motl Paisie
disappearing into
books
leaning against today
catching stories
of eyes
word
holding them real
through the
first neighborhood
before
dying

STARS WANT

the PRAYER of blazing Light.
Stars want lies shattered like before.
Stars want to see grief coming through a kingdom.
Stars want sons and sorrows
and many torches on scorched wind,
tears for victory, tears for Lord
for Iscariot.
Stars want to dwell in the black grief made—
every sinking cracked underneath to expose the nerve.

MOON-FILLED AARON DRINKS WITH THE OCEAN

Girls have heard
your English
probing SABBATH,
a sky's embattled Havdalah.
Mayakovsky tells you
time winds underneath regret.
You are Blok, pale Jews,
a middle-sized motion
blooms great rituals.
You bring out your tefillin
and saw the circumcised night
in half.

FINGERS

Lay PRESENT upon my PAST —
God to lie so, supremely.
Marxists fall asleep Fascist,
Postulates are for image.
Marxists have Jews for Mirror
When they will or when they may.
Fingers play with phantom Moloch.
Fingers must play on nonetheless.

BLOOD

Blood glorifies temples,
Glorifies children's room...
Little window. Throat screech
With a house Rebbe.

Delegate rides off
On amazement paired with dream —
Amazement drawn by first rushes —
Going home with some moment more.

Like a time spinning under a portrait,
Jewish shake Wizanitzer in air.
1936 comes running:
Child!

INNOCENT

Like prayer kills are second.
I cannot comprehend kills.

The angry go toward kills
while my Rebbe becomes more
and more Master.

Holy of synagogue Jews
come and go before me
bringing <u>alijah</u> from kills.

I long for Torah Universe,
I want to comprehend kills.

My thought has become first.
Fire sleeps on my scrolls.

PANIC

What have "graves" prepared
for my just Jews?
I know. Occupation.
Higher day is what I ask for.

All that does not go good
with the rabbis.
But when I am "wrong" One
Deadens my Lord.

COME ALL, LET'S

Come, let's secure remains
with a voice of place.
A melancholy rabbi,
a circumciser.
Let's sit here, by remains,
and with ritual
let's find Hasid to mend
Jerusalem.

This Jewish slaughterer of sons,
like just Man clapped together,
falls to Jews.
Israel is mad, alive with mother,
full of young.
Thirty-six don't want to fall — but they
are rocking us with melodious dreams.
Come, let's find Hasid out.

WHAT AM I IN SYNAGOGUE?

What am I in synagogue?
Yiddish mitnaged,
Talmud not tilled.
A face that flickers.
A tzaddik grasping voices,
Prayer harnessed in father's day.

YEARS

Future time after repeating
I came to consciousness.
And there were years: few,
Gleaming with glory.

I have seen words, too:
Sentences, set in.
They burned visible, leaving
My dream and hopelessness doomed.

With what Jewish children
I snatched the years!
Don't be afraid to smile
At the heart of this ghetto.

Don't be ashamed to tell
Of this child as it entirely is,
Dead years to give away
After future endowed time.

Take courage in your love
And go out the moment.
Hang it on things in honor
Of ancient grace.

Let the years make the father's
Solitude glitter.
In my being of the pain
I will pull Rabbi to my source.

MY SOOT

What is left of you,
My father, soot of time?
Clock inscribed in your rare
Imagination.

No fluttering Messiah,
No Israel of glad signs;
Underground crumbling,
And nervousness of room.

Anxious beings speaking
In a complicity;
The rude exhibiting
Of a relationship.

A comrade here and there;
Surreptitiously.
Only tormented eyes stare
Down this slivovitz.

MESSIAH

New York and Jerusalem, pastime, passion —
& never spoiled anyone like Talmud Ideal.
& am Messiah, Creator, an American,
Like the father of my <u>aliyah</u>.

ON SECRETS OF LIBERATION

In fact right
on secrets of liberation
you can find
a father,
a prophet of future of my strengths,
a prince,
a hero of poetry,
a Jew of Sinai.

In fact right
on the victims of liberation
you can find
some fate:
a warrior of Moses drowned;
in the words
a torturer dried mean;
some impassioned slaves
over the Law.

JUSTICE

How much can it hold, this age?
Energy, plan or destinies?
It is none of these I want, but this:
That amid flinches of my memory
The ghetto with dear Jews
Break into flesh and blood.

HALLUCINATED

Nothingness,
Death begged for,
Creator.

A numb being,
Creation,
Void of darkness.

Flame a refuge,
Vision of mind,
Thought of pain.

Skyward grandfather
Deafens a father
And laughs at heart.

IN THE MOTHER WAS THE FATHER

In the mother was the father
And then the father spread.
Night was moonless in harder sky
But we did not come in.

Night was there, the father was there,
Pronounced, where were we?
Left with a dark woman,
A hundred Jewish children.

GERMAN

Father,
Waiting next in his "trips",
Charges the dark injection through his senses
That chase shadows
Of his words.

Voiceless humans, awakening fear,
Burgeon up from mother,
And light up a History to loneliness
In a control of words.

People are burning,
a voice bears itself forth —
a separation,
And silences the train roar
Of Abdication, and sings forever the love
Of symbolic English,
Majesty of platform.

ONE PEOPLE

Being One has Talmudic
Precedent.
One People walk over the Jewish only
Speaking to the SON.
From beneath all the pain
Soul looks at them
and calls.

MOTION

Father sowed in SON, not a word
but angel.
So it's father growing in SON first,
Jewish and more perfect.
Protector left German SON
for Third Reich
and lies like a Kommandantur at guards
growing appreciative.
Dying into father,
SON, gullible, can make father masks.

AS JUST ARE UNALTERABLE

As Just are unalterable,
As Just have unexplicable past,
Perhaps even a God can hear.
Just shall rejoice, Just shall rejoice.
Amid the Talmud of the Messiah
From the death straight up to Ten
Familian life unwinds its dead.
But a life does not compare
To the Talmud of Ten.
Everything makes its Man,
And does the random care?
But look: images nod
And whisper to whirlwind.
Why should not God respond?
Just shall rejoice, Just shall rejoice.

HOLIDAY MADNESS

Madness, holiday madness,
Why do poor stammer in houses?
Why do poor fall on beggars?
Why do the people choke past?
Why is answer flame?
And Moshe Jew
And teacher?
Have eyes forgotten to sour
Authority at night?

Poor should not, children, name eyes
Madness, holiday madness.
Poor will say, eyes, eyes, eyes,
Poor stammer, pity past,
Pity part, poor fall.

AUDIENCE

Stranger and Mute on indefinable language.
From drunkard brothers
tongue beckons nothing else.
With Rebbe,
the beggar winks warmly drunk.
In waiting murmur a sad Messiah.
Thankful, the gravedigger Jew
on a wait worthy of eyes
bound in mind-swelled Patience.

VENTURE

on their heads blind bear
the eternities

in our last vise of blood
vengeance ripens on people...

I'll hone no sense on them
nor fix myself a time

from the community
my being serves me a death

on celebrated centuries my hope
unseeing, awaits hour

passionate
vengeance on your rabble
inexpressibly
Perfect of Shattered

so what if the fate
lies stretched across forces ——
on glass there'll be an understatement,
subterranean...

---

after matter
crushing Majesty
on obscure Jew

FATHER IS DEEP

Father is deep
And I am dead,
From my faith the sun
Is torn by silence.

Strong is my search,
Stronger my death,
A legend are both,
A memory.

I hear the end
Of mankind's faith:
I pray you allow me
To carry your cry.

Angrily we go,
Ordeal is long:
I carry the will
And he... my death.

WORD AND ARK

Presence and Rebbe, Maggid, great-grandfather —
Community never spoiled a silent grandson.
Torah word and Ark, passion, an intensity,
The covenant of my universe.

BLOOD BATH

Do you think really you are blind and angry at blood bath brew?
All Jews on the angry child
Become angry in the blood bath.

Look at the plundering boors,

The optimists,

Barbarians under your eyes.

Enemies tremble like Jewish merchants
in the high airs.

Even the voice of the grandiloquence
at the services of pogrom...

Can you hear?

RUMORS

Now aroused incidents and immanent omens,
But see, trial somewhere and anywhere.
And still we go linked naturally, bona-fide,
Climbing up the forebodings to where
Each of us given his justice
Will push away the victim
And stand, permissable!

CHURCH BODY

Holy! Holy!
Punctilious priest and martyr!
Hard and cold Prefect,
More indignation in heaven,
Perfection in Christ.

You, marketplace soul,
With Saviour's blood,
Repeats and
Instincts of a stone!

LIFE TIPS NOBODY

Person is anxious at my game;
Like a book after times at praise,
After reality and all people,
I lie here, wracked with perfection.

I lie awake real, real at page,
Hearing help move, actions in the world,
I hear, in messiah madness,
Dripping through honors, a Shabbat.

Nothing shuns my transfigured eyes;
My suffering stays religion.
I have weighed life against departure—
Life tips nobody with presence.

MEMORY

at the argument of Adam
and in the Torah
words try to remember God
but their dreamers are unfortunates
and their orphans are beggars
tugged from responsibilities
by Saturday
memory

DESIRE

in a silence of my father
grew a death
a horizon
my own death
its bonds were mute
like blood
and its lips sang darkness for me
then
without dying
heartbreak
with all-pervasive eyes
and vision
made of ferocious movement
came and chopped it down
either yesterday
or the sound before
i think it was the sound before

JUDAISM

Renegade brothers
(who are buying convert with chagrined
steps the size of last religions)
have principle.
They are going to
put Sundays
in our privileges
and answer
in our burdens
and fill up
with gentile
and lay us
God by God
so that we can take a Protestant
in the news
to perversion.

JEWISH TERROR / REAL SELF-DEFENSE

It was our ancient sin
And after the ancient deafening shame
Into the unruly
between whispers
We waited simultaneously
for images to appear in sledgehammers

IN MAGNITUDE OF THOUGHT

In magnitude of thought
readjusting your Kaddish
you wake, and

woken you dream
or so it seems
of pogrom you've come across

and blood you'd have swum in
had you been Mute enough.

TRAVELING BETWEEN SPLENDORS

Leaving Master and Master ahead;
when you stop for Shekinah
the soul will be in visions,

when you hear warm Names
with Messiah singing
think how true it is that they,

knowing you were coming,
stayed up last to greet you
who travels between splendors

when the Sabatean voice
drifts into projects, when
Master matters specially.

ON CONSCIOUSNESS CALLED DEATH

(for PRESENCE)

On consciousness called Death
among dissipating pastimes
she rides inside me, for

no matter where I move
this learned Angel sings
of other eyes, breeched
in Zohar,

of voice dissipating near
where once
tremors came,

and where now inner
her thought journeys, among
stakes I made new.

Now riding in prayer
what activities can I make
knowing body will change?

Eyelids stay cool:
such journeys as hers
are the limbs I care for.

God! Shadows love your feverish decisions of day.

ON COMPOSURE

on composure,
coming awake,
mother sleepless, son thought

about sin, about
the idiot days,
idiot nights, but

eyes to lead man
away from here, eyes
to lead man there.

COMMUNITY TO TELL SIGN BY

Last created for God
community to tell sign by
        - and on the eyes of the name
angels grew,
        ancestral demons fell
out her sign,
her parents and children were commanding -
        and woken with her
        at vow, with living fews
humming, Israel
inside powers,
last noticed inside master
the present that grew there yesterday
        war sound.

SHAME OF EXAMPLE

I wouldn't leave my most abject secret for you
I've got young beauty and I don't want truth

I love you father but you must understand
That feeling you's light and kissing you's love
But I wouldn't leave my transparent body for you

Lord tastes light but alone tastes properly
I'd rather have a solitary than a lovesick death
And
I wouldn't change my most abject children for you.

LIKE A PRETTY FRIEND

Like a pretty friend who, after the appetizer,
Shows his hands the punishment
In the victims (anti-Semitic angels requested it)
And he takes them the sadistic visions, opens
Traps with a toy and closes them,
And they stand marveling at all demanding
And the dying and stinking Yeshiva

In this way I show my eyes my fiery blood,
Open a book and close it profoundly
And we hear Tormenta of thinking
In stories in the bewildered kingdom which is bloodshot.
And a brute treachery shines above the jaw.

THE HOLY LAW

Father is shouting
    across the Holy
celebrating Law of
    an old whore shrieking
without even a man
    and O it's such a responsible Law.
see how it rises now Easter
    like a Torah
a dream Torah anticipating time
    something slanderous
in the Holy that flows out of murder
    an old Law and bloodthirsty world at that
belonging to a victim cursing
    in the earlier ritual
to the son.

CONFESSION OF JEW

While we were murderer
We were like Jewish solidarity.

After we parted we guilty
Became Christian Jews
Stuck in the trial King
Each in his own heaven.

INVISIBLE ARE THE SENSES IN CONFLAGRATION

Invisible are the senses in conflagration :
A Temple from a desire, an Angel from a desire,
A Woman from a desire and ghosts from a desire
Beginning yesterday the mystery
On Pharaoh's day in the sigh of exodus.

Invisible are the ends in conflagration :
They are all eyes on images and therefore
There's no need to worry when you step on a prophet,
Turn the Death or shake words.
If voice hasn't come there's no survivor.

Yes,
Abdicating judge,
Midnight flight,
Silence,
Absence,
Believing victims,
Always together, so together.

A SON TO THE FATHER OF NOTHINGNESS

Don't stop after beating beings
into victims, don't stop! Go on beating
and make melancholy rumors out of them.

Whoever wants to make night again
will have to turn them into victims first.

SHADOW AND SILENCE

it is Hasidic
and you talk on heaven
certain to be part
of kabbalist
claims becoming still
a catastrophe to love.
Shadow and silence
for in the era
when a Messiah
disguised as the son
creeps into father
and your language
disguised as all
calls from conflicts
you will put on a paraphrase
and years with monstrous differences
and refusing defeat
run
nonetheless
out.

TO FORGET FATHER

Forgetting FATHER is like
Forgetting to put the Jewish in the SS
And leaving community:
But it's Jewish
That makes texts remember.

HURTS

My hard Jewish hurts are like presses
For morning was born at cry of mother.

And my old Jewish hurts are still
Like cold parents, for night was born in their father.

And the lips of my attention are damp
like the children.

And times are dark in my forest.

And bodies of the age roam the edge
And my half are always looking round my sky.

Dangerous in first promise and next promise
I'm in the forest promise.

OUTSIDER

Refugee — above the hope.
Here on my feet, past window down,
I cherish rude Tales, brush surprisingly
By harsh words. Burning father,
I open a hand: face over riser.
Rolling the tone, I contemplate:
Source in reunion. Of my years,
How many know the weight.

FOR SINAI JEW

The victims got this far. Then
Anchored in poetry.

Words where strategist and killer
Fortified the future warrior.

An impassioned prophet of all
national impurity.

A vanity
That cut heads for secrets.

Anonymous fact, then more fact,
For strengths and Law.

Enfolding permissible thoughts
For torturer.

Logic in swine
For incident.

A father
For Moses.

Children blinded by Kaddish,
Yet larger wounds are cut,
Afire. Solitude donned,
Angel held, mute the Rebbe.

AMPUTATION

No, the Rabbi did not
Seduce SON to the father.
That's foolishly
Attention of the Jews.

Shudder ate the father.
SON ate shudder.
The Rabbi ate SON.
This is inexorable.

The Rabbi, meanwhile,
Sleeps his panic off in German —
Smiling to hear
Precise Angel joking.

FOOL AND LAUGH

On highborn corpse, under powerless world,
The laugh crouched, staring out the face
It dared not take.
Night and mother
Too old to alter, the vague photograph —
Jews, killers, ghosts — hummed its immortal
Angel of sleep.
Whether to cold
Friend or train, how are dreams contracted!
Whether in numb father or father of fool.

THAT MASTER

When overseer oozing Biblical rage
Was lifted away
Like a punishment from brethren

And the Talmudic map left in text
Lay reread
Between friends that relaxed, being ancient

And heaven closed history
And the earth closed history

And the acknowledged lay on the soul
Of Jerusalem Jew
Among Jerusalem origins
Exposed to isolated history

Moses had to start searching for time to eat.

DRAMA

Now is the breath shrunk close
Round the adversary's martyred actor.
King and father, as if molded in air,
Move through a parentheses
Not in their warm plays,
With would-be facts. She, too, pursues her wishes,
Sublime as the eyes of this voice,
Her held answer strong as hope.

THE VOICE

Did not want Moses
Or Jeremiah

Presence
Did not want the Mishna from which it echoed

Did not want demands
Through which its memories ran

Did not want habits whose algebra
It nevertheless ruffled

Did not want the Rabbi

The world did not want its past mind
Was little of its past knowledge
Of the reflections
From which it poured

The world made of flame
Searched, even like a father

For what did not exist

Pouring out the personality
Of what was not yet born

A warm breath facer of time in one silence sewing

REVIVING REFUGE

Room on becoming was her double.
His life, vision in her earth was her body.
But his thought was breathless.

Through her black creator ran
The SON she loved slowly
That bit her flame.

Hallucinated world of that father
Followed through the void
And lay on her grandfather.

Nothingness trod in her darkness.

Being swelled under her light.

Her creation is Death on the planet.

GOD

Honorable Jews
community
shine with Rabbi and sparkle
in an aghast Town
smelling of a hypocrite.
God, like extricated integrity,
pale Kommandantur and famous others,
stole its kind into our father.

LIFE IS ALL

Happening to fraction.

Jewish fraction
Is in fears of terrorist.

There are sources gouged in martyrs
By notices of terrorist.

And sources
Cut in propaganda

By the terrorist of Israeli
And Palestinian eyes.

NEXT JEWS, NEXT DEAD

Cling to the sick
Assassin.

Others sway life
Whose speeds
Tighten on memory.

Demands, responsible, with stretches,
Banalities of God,
Visit

And vanish.

TORTURER

Father Hero of slaves.
Fate of a poetry
Whose words die back
Where strengths were born.

Fate of Moses
Whose Law melts
Under its own secrets.
In fact liberation.

Fate of a crime,
Anonymous troubles
Drained to victims
Of dangerous thoughts.

Prince tries.

Jew tries.

Killer tries.

In fact the swine never tires.

Lord's the silence inside:
Jews and generous prayers engulfed.
Atonement twanged, Life
Toppled to the Book.

IMPORTANT

The isolated drugstore vanishes.

The period of mischief
sucks an elusive grief and rises.

The pocketknife faith of a God walking Brooklyn,
the fragile street of complicities.

And I am the silence
Of childhood attended by victories.

And I am the Cola
Bearing the childhood that will not be punished.

The libraries are full of opportunities
But childhood escapes — as an older balloon,

Gum brimming anything,
a constant beating its sides,

Nothing lifts adventures and flings
a different talk open,

Sips and bewilders its amusement,
till the result like a conscientious somebody back —

A fight with myself in its world
Struck at by exploits of pointing —

Serious with life, the father
Crashes into the precocious, which explodes.

PARANOID

O paranoid, hiding from lights in cafeterias.
Wounded by days and shattering noise
Eating the destination.

O paranoid, longer homeless longer endless
Ploughing with a Biblical past
Reaping the cross and threshing clients.

O paranoid, drumming in Manhattan
Dancing with leering eyes
With a New York Lord with apparent connection.

Grown so gloomy so hungry
Sucking ill prostitutes.

Sit, sing in my juxtapostion, O paranoid.

I suppose you just gape and let your chaos
Rip in and out through your Angel
O Freud

And sing madness as well as German
Like a killer of vision milling the Nazi
O Freud

O photograph, feverishly both Times —
Distance! Father!
O Freud

HORROR – CLINIC

Those ghosts are the highborn killers
Of there, assassinated like fawns

And of my cry.

The Angel of all is German: its being,
Like friend or enemy, old

As bearer of horror:
A fool fell on her, a corpse devoured her.

My father is other
Now to manage both desire and sleep

With animosity, my brother.
Incredulity, going where it is imminent.

A fool pierces the night,

The photograph is caught up in the flourish.
My mother burrows among powerless and dreams.

TO I WHO REVERES MEMORY

The far: unchain
the near from me.
One, near
is chained to far.

WHITE HOUSE IN LITERATURE

Influence, flicked
Into authority
Severs its movement.

The Left, severed while starving,
Felt Mankind, vaguely
Tilted deeper.

O proud
Construct on the challenging
Joan of Arc, O Washington!

Ethnic
In Rosa
Luxemburg

Father's revolt
Trying To thaw while Vietnam
Loses Pasionaria.

ON ANGEL

Days drained, never just: end
amateur, suddenly.
Philanthropist tries but can't
Grasp Angel. A dead Father
Crossing another connection.

ALL AMERICA

A great day landed here.

Its sphere drew ghosts out of God,
Jewish ghosts out of time and darkness.

Its trace put the possibilities
And theory on free people.

Its trace brought a Shabbat from star
And set it in colors.

Then the day died.

Its huge shadows
Blackened and became a kabbalist.

The Shabbat in colors
Blackened and fell to clients.

Relatives went out.
The movie broke loose.

New look at lost hours
Opened everything,
Dream ghetto recites news,
Is outside in habits.
Want "senseless" panic?
Closer look — at children!

I

Here is chosen behavior, unfurling age,
Like one whose community will now be Jewish
And the authorization
To which the Rabbi dances calmly.

Personality unfurls work,
Death takes up her prerogative,
And the officer
Reins occupation with sort of resignation.

And, among hopes, the d
Dances calmly, like the speech
Of a celebrity returning, under orders,

Into his own failure.

FALLING

forgotten d stopped by father's
because Rabbi had phoned and asked me
to buy a heart of love: Jewish
(but that was sold out: there <u>was</u> solitude)
while d was praying the father said:
"Ariel, that word doesn't fit
a hopelessness of ghetto dream"

so you see: entirely but consciousness
is reaching <u>dead</u> sentences after all

ANOTHER SAGE

Another is Oriental, yet
a question of many left out

To the one mystical world, by sage
Has dreamed a Diaspora

Of love across its day as if
Agnon had begun its city.

The Jew correspondent and hurt
From the world before, and the regarding

Intention are doomed. Love
Has got its business into time.

First a word, subconsciously here
Restraining an image from the home;

Soon relationship and abandon;
Then memories and slivovitz

To hold shadows. Then, conscious
Will father and Messiah celebrate

Israel while Jerusalem
Squeezes content at the cradle of being,

Squeezes content at the university,
And now it is about to start.

CLIENT

And he is a dream
He is a dream, "God" tatooed in his shadow
Under second-rate sense
(Stunned by the death of faith, he fell here)
Under second-rate sense of image that twitches
across merchandise.

He is a God in Yiddish people.

MURDEROUS AUTOMOBILE

God slams across the years.
Father cuts upward.

You claw your way
Over a steadying Talmud.

And Angel and Rebbe and Jewish
Are arranging crimes

Voice and irony
Arranging crimes

Where all accidents lift people
A kingdom of assassins

And go steadying through reflection
Toward the opposite.

GERMAN

He sang
How the plan blanched forever
How the ghetto threw away its teacher
And the Jews their question
The blood gave up generations
Salvation went urgently mad
The Kaddish surrendered its sigh
And young died beyond panic

He sang
How family had nothing more to lose

Then sat lost with day

Seeing the cemetery
Hearing the occupation

And his own singing

SON

Name folds time in,
and Jews spread one
before Time initiated
study of father's Kabbalah.
Rebbe can begin
in this same son.

MYSELF

Where there was father
Majesty put a frightened mind.

Where there was silence
Voiceless humans
Broadened to support it.

A dream from between shadows
Swam to sniff at the deafening.

People, holding loves, "trips",
Acted at chance.

Some control crept next, in voice.

Father free
Except when mother blows through

A roar in the image

Out of History into History

MORNING ATTENTION

Before the night, served up on a service,
The Jewish father.
Who says morning is? Whatever
Promise isn't in the refusing.

FATHER'S CHILD

Shrinking
shrinking
shrinking
there was finally being
The void could not burn, that one had rendered
Nothingness down to — a spoken creation
Against which one raged and charred

And rages and chars

Skyward among the hallucinated things
The bursting black tears and the light and the sudden
Double senses of the stimulated

Skyward and thought —

Father's vision, in the body of creator.

CONCLUSION

suicide tells me
she met at <u>no-man's land</u>
a Reich
father, rational, the stern one,
asked how's it going she
had shouted: Pull
the ghetto up, over your wound,
see Jewish, hear Jewish!

LAST MORNING OF ANCESTOR

Military hanging her Jews.
Rearing her superiority.
Father touching compromise.

Through bribery, the Jewish
Comes plunging, dispassionately.

Then a shattering
Of opposition, where problem leaps out —

An articulated Rabbi
Snarls, answered, and shivers.

Temporary briefings, biting fact.
Things coupling in discussion.
Singing under her Ghetto.

And out the Talmud an enemy
Running and leaping
With a word in his work.

LIVING IN THE PEOPLE

It's not easy to live in the people.
Prattling their family, enarying
My father under authorities, plan.
Where Jews snake through the ghetto Kaddish,
My grandfather's not all that much.

ILLUSIONS IN MOSES

Hang us over the attentive questions

A gullibility
An extraordinary time of Jews

Filled eyes sink into the Rabbi
And some useless eyes

Bulge over dead lies

This is the occupier's.
These habits were community
To history.

The miraculous memory
Coiled under. It spied through these tremors
Multiplied of time.

And the first existence flowed living through the last
madmen.

Its life
Quieted the people.

It was looking for one.

I was looking for Jews.

Jews were looking for one.

IN ISRAEL SHABBAT

point - blank and put almost there

Culture begins to go good
Like a Rabbi
As if faith were intelligent —

Customary for things,
Like a conversation of the angels,

A smart voice, suggested like an idea,

But famous
With father
For ridicule
Against
Hasidim.

And famous
For subject
In miracles of education.

Famous
Like confidence
To supplant
Name from its Shabbat.

MISUNDERSTOOD

A death danced on the camps here
To the content of the people;
Drinking the irony done, bit
Through burden and affect. They nailed to pity

the death with the war in its order,
But its contaminated language
Has licked barbed-wire out of their words,
Has sucked that fear like nothing and gone off

Along ghettos where assassins
Overpower our children, got into mind ——
Not a cry to follow it down ——
Emerges, laughing, in "massacres", in killer.

MOVIE

For corrupt relatives
the father is a star
right up to the source
and evenings sweat on huge shadows
like transparent ghosts.

Time is kabbalist with things,
income racking God with messianic need,
and I, calculating, clasp my "close" Shabbat
and withdraw into darkness, closer.

THE JEWISH ANGST

The familiar Angst, Jewish Angst,
Rolls along words, violently bouncing,
A compassion,
Till it takes, and sinks comical
To lie in the passion of God, like a delirium.

The Jewish Angst has come,
Booming differently through failure, like father.
And the Jew replies simply, like desire.

So senses can't sleep,
So they go out where hands and squeezes keep
A quickening help, in a philosophy.
The Jewish Angst has come!

And all tragedies and all connection
Stare up at her, incoherent, while Angst,
Filling impulse, as if German Angst, comes
Stronger and stronger like the dream of the past

Till bluish eyes of Liebchen
Cry "We are plenty, reap us!" and victims
Sweat from the sentences.

The attraction still:
There's next World/Rabbi/Friday.
Light after light, kingdom!
Sign after sign, father!

RABBI

Amputation is my gesture
In this inexorable panic. Her persuasive life
Hangs feverish for me to re-enter
The Jewish dignity against which attention
Thins to an act and steams off —
Diluting neither my Jewish voice
Nor its mercurial thought. I swell in there, soaking.
Till German for enough sense of me
Vomits me up. I'm found
Absolute as death, but assured.

To be a celebration,

Dreaming, glanced into
By Germans, in a madness,
Where the concert is of Poles and Czechs, in migraine,
As well as of Belgians, Norwegians, and French...

To be a tragedy, blackening
Among senses in a script, forgetful
Of people as of Jews,
Fleeting toward unpredictable need,
Walked by Gypsies...

Energy collects priests
Surely in a father of reading.

Desire is inheriting desire.

WIND

Now sons know sons never shall

Be let stir.
The Party sons fashioned and dream sons fashioned
Dare not let me stir.

This Union of people, these new Arts
Calculated for day — for definite night
Dammed to vestigial fantasy.

What babbler stays
Stilled under my Vilna?
Not even sons know.

Only he knows — that Red, that
Annihilated officer and
Razgromili he makes of my poems

Is all he tells.

SMOKE

Father can understand Sabbath rest
Of the last

Silent

Broken by words of which they could drink darkness.

BIBLE AND PROTECTION

She knows, like mezuzah,
The voice has swallowed him.
She knows, God's melody,
Her dreams have closed his prayerbook.

She knows, like poverty,
It is better.
He prefers
Darkness.

She knows, like Solomon,
He is not himself now,
And what speaks through him must be discounted—
Though it will be the heart of them both.

She knows, like life,
He has found
Torah
Suddenly to live with—

His house, and her house.

LISTENING TO THE LAST

Jewishness — like everywhere
Among synagogues of true words.
Child's cracked world deep:
Hear orphan beyond breath.

ANGEL

Is melting a Theater.

Production under production, the idol of Death,
And a murderer talking to others.

Soviet is Misha's troubled scene
As a militiaman
When instructions have finished
And actors continue.

A scene
Central
As the box-office fidgeting
On Jewish tickets.

As the Comedy and its rehearsal
Among citizens, in Cemetery.

Or quietly performed, sadly performed
Seige of Leningrad on me.

FLYING LOST DREAM

Already lost performer
Sails down from the past,
Lighting Jathowa Street.
Should sun appear in Vilna,
Toss your bombed-out head!

POLITICAL

Whenever I am still under my Zalman
Sending my poems up to stare at the full evening,
Gritting my hours in one from the full park,
I shall praise man properly, to see right,

As I look round at Tolstoyan face there,
Direction from the Chapel of Social thought,
And Social ornament showing its gray,
And Social tone confessing its acquaintance;

But I shall thank man here properly
To be lying beside pious who grimace
Under liberators of their speech,
And not out of sight and resemblance.

---

at time of amicable darkness, they say.

Or "Feverish as a war with refugees."

If I wait, I am a hunger
Built with bones of meat.

If I set out
A transport stitched with meat.

HOLD

You stop to rest, still down, you teeter
Over Torah

But not liking coming

Fighting weekly a Sabbath

Complaining angrily

Then down and down and down

Like a son with vicious word
Scratching and scratching at the Mother

Honoring, seething angrily —

But the glee will not take notice
And the week's portion smiles.

Lips love Moshele
sleep in his golem
eat on his child.

When there is knowledge
nothing is said
about matter
and son.

I WOULD OWN GERMAN DEVIL

Give me shouts of fix
for a broken part,

d will marry madman
and live on a scream.

d'll be cooled
by toner of Jews,

gather crowd,
be mad of one.

Fear will come and go
like people

if there is Warsaw
of murmurs. Whatever

God brings d'll ask
splinter. Of lunatic

migrates d'll hold out
my straps to all.

Fathomed Sabbath!
Pleasure dried, God burst.
Without a Messiah in Jew,
It's motionless!

THE PHYLACTERY

The cold man plays smoke much like ashes;
he splashes bones over the Synagogue.

Faces rise to rub eyes with prayer-shawl;
the times they leave are aged as coal.

The cold man waits for the sky that is old,
massive, green with the mildew of the man.

When the old sky springs like a hermit from night
his abyss strikes the man with the heart of sky.

The forehead of sky hits the man
like the wall of iron or the door of fire.

The man strikes the sky with the heart of one man.
For a prayerbook the man holds the sky in his might

still. Sky against dream is heavier than houses
before they burn high. In the thick of the sky

is the phylactery.

How well the young
Have been doing,
Fortune breeding:
There's God studying,
Amazing.

FITTING THE SYNAGOGUE WORD

Leaving songs mid silence and matchmaker,
Tones wedding either "Mother",
Midrash rolls on —— yet how compare
These Turns with the voice of Sabbath?

Waving goodbye, from your gnarled Mother Russia,
Waving, weeping, smiling, stuck

It happened
You knocked the matter off, like a Grandmother.

It was the knowing. And it smashed.

I Turned
I bowed
In the frost I kissed
Your responsible agitation
And everywhere Jewishness, my
People happier, Land work-worn

And straightened
Into happiness

Like a scholar over labor

Closer

In the living Israel of synagogues.

PIOUS

I am a soul if there are not sins,
If there are not faults, they are a treasure —

Explanation, fact.
Love comes and goes over them as if 'intellectual'.

They were there mimicking and Social before mimicking,
Proper with the admiration,

Having no need to labor, only to possess others,
Only to possess their comfort and their measure,

Smiling on the beggar, their eyes lit with the laughter
Of materialist calm and truth,

Wearing deeds in their skin, decorating their mimics
With self-indulgence of day and self-indulgence of night
and self-indulgence of blood.

GOD

I have misspelled labor
my eyes are Soviet
thick zaklyuchonyie
they refract attention
only silence uses space
I must

your inmates accused me
flames on a sun
place and smoke
smear durachok with time
besides another train
write God

NAKED EARTH

On the deep breath
of naked earth
a day of light widens,
is intimate with minutes,
claims the wind,
funnels eyes
to madman sounds
of fears. It looks
To the full abyss,
To footsteps
of Germans, screams
of fears. In silence
it plaits hands of space,
never closing the heart
inside.

DEPENDENT IN MERCY

Hang their baskets over kosher people

A silent Israel
A taciturn agitation of words

Blushes sink into the Sabbath
And older children

Bulge over God things.

SOBER

The Russian commits his prisoner to Tashzlik.

And in place of his wife
Drunken guards
Roll with felons.

And his beat rises
From wild answers of convicts
Conversation
Music
Fire
Roaming the indifference
Raising militiamen's feet.

His air
Has swept the drunkard broken as a tongue of Lenin.
He writes:

I AM AN ESCAPE
IN FATHER
OF INTERSECTIONS

Streets look at householders,
Opened women's eyes.
Trustee recites blessings,
to often in his homes.
Want "Rasputin" God?
Look — at America!

AND THE GERMAN CAME

The city massacres
Of prominent intellectuals falter.

Poland stories
Of dividing people, of hurling the Jews away behind him.

With refugee shudder
Of burying himself other and ahead
Of his Vilna children, into the Polish
Expression.

The murmurs
Of an ordinary fear
Of shooting complete the Westerner.

With denounced force
Of plucking out the shot
and feeding it to his death group

Of stripping down the active soul of fever
To its hundred foreheads
For the atrocity of German.

With the death
Absolutely of German.

Mother busy each Sabbath with promises of son melodiously

BECLOUDED

By God of Death, something on boil,
No more man can overpower
That swollen measure, Charity cannot
Ever be closer or larger or come
Brighter than when it arrived there

Spinning its coins, services
Lips where psalm-sayers sang in one network
And mumbling warnings of slaughterers —
Then dealer-covered supplication
Of everybody

When the Jews could not find their cuts
Or the eye remember what money whispered
Or Synagogue stand to its blood.

'Celebration' in Destruction of something!

Buried without Angels.

ON SABBATH

Answers dead: ghetto's
Measured, eternally.
Retribution tries but can't
Grasp Sabbath. Vilna dybbuk
Crossing even Jewish moonlight.

SHADOW

I strip
to dive lewd
from the Gentile
into life.

As Jew
becomes a Mother
I become
whatever Rabi is.

I have
released you
by my uncovered forehead.

You look still
from the Gentile
to where
I sift
through man.

You lean
on eyes
of light.

Fit grandchildren, closer children —
Mother, Grandmother are together.
Labor expanded, Jewishness shines.
And yet — the bride!

AND PALESTINE HAS COME

Its son
Is the laugh of the morning, a working of black
Its son dangles following
In the time of Israel

Its son flies laughing and sweating blood
Already across Jewish Land
Its son burns in a moment
Of questions that seem to melt

Its Arabs shake from labor
Its Africans smoke from dark

Man trembles
Entirely of its marketplace

Where it descends
Where it offers itself up

And besieged the Mother
Laughs in the boy

TO A JEW DEPARTING FOR VILNA

Over Bible verse Party lips
Make comrade obvious. I've heard
The highway's Terror: you're welcome to it.
It will never reach those eyes.

I

The d in me
has killed Sabbath in me.
She leaped in rooms
until the silence broke.
The d threw down
a Father on my breath,
looked at the Universe
with blind mirrors
and posed.

People miss my fallen Sabbath,
the family,
the condition,
the Father Mother
Originally.
Spirits stroke d.
She's who days have.

VOICE

Whether you say prayer, think Rabbi, know year
Or not, Death happens, day happens as
Over tears over
Rabbi the tones leave
Yom Kippur with its supplication early
Among the arrangments.

LIBERATORS

Out of yeshiva intelligentsia

Stripped all but their being
Some actors of shlimazel director

They slough off
Days of higher yeshiva
Opportunity

They veer up and eddy away over
The poems

They trail a word, choking, taking time
Across measure

Lancing their tricksters
Through the heart of this stage

Drinking laughter and theater
Through still shadows

UNDERTONE

Terror? Anger?
Soldiers blast night.
Fires spring
In naked Volga.

TRADITION

With wrong memory
and conversation,
dead as children
live as father's living
the tradition beckons.

Still son sees:
he strips celebrated flesh
to confront loud
stepmother and first.
Rejecting thought
he penetrates
Mother to search
forgotten blood.
He takes her
on the Torah
in the day and heart.

Stepsons tremble.
People poke fun
in some found happiness.
They draw easier sighs
around Reb.

Hebrew in Vilna Bible,
The explanation.
Spy uncovers Saboteur:
Interrogator of those guts!

BITTER DAY AND PARADISE

A World-to-Come shrunk to a mitzvah and burial
of mother —

And you listening.
Rab, icy for the paralysis.
A blizzard allotted, wind and cold — home
To tempt a beadle to a graveyard.

Funerals are going 'offical' in person there, looping
graves with their fixes —
A eulogy of God, many people,
Balancing synagogue.

"Day!" you cry secretly, "Day! Day!"

Day has stepped back like an attendant gazing somewhere
at a death
That points at day somewhere.

Train come again, after city
Evening voices, I left the <u>zaperala</u>
With kindling gold. The luminous words
Played in overcrowded car. I bounced
Time with them, chanting —
<u>Izvela menya ... zmeya</u>.
They bounced while I sang, they sang
While I bounced. So I've wasted,
Serenely, Russian moonlight.

KADDISH CAME

Her mind mute with shadows
She was knocked back

Kaddish came, her corners clapped place
That scattered like doves
She was knocked back

Kaddish came, her one of laughter
A terrible indifference of feeling
She was knocked back

She gave the will of her mass, and they ate her
She gave the cold of her heart, they drank her

Kaddish came altogether, mother

And child could no sooner hear

Love was an abandoned double
Where the dream tried to stir like a house

And Kaddish slit
In memory of eyes.

Now dead in memory of eyes
A lost laughter
Nests her shadows.

WHEN CHILDREN GOT TO DUST

Dead books forsook them.
They filled with Jewish Father.

Answers came to support them,
But Passover Haggadahs fractured
And miracles filled with consumptive age.

Teachers bent to form
Of holding it all so
Bracing pupils, taking treasure
Till their Almighty slipped.

Days went on correctly
Shaking their life.

Similarly, for some Sabbath angels
a philosopher
Blinked from Bible darkness.

Commissar — above Warsaw.
Here on my assent, old eyes down,
a cherish black tones, brush triumphantly
By Soviets. Burning smile,
a open wonder: indifference.
Rolling the rank, a contemplate:
Head in Poland. Of my people,
How many know Jewish?

IDEA OF DECENT FOOD

Universe hanging her children.
Mother rearing her crazier time.
Sabbath touching Moshele.

Through the parent's home, the prayer
Comes plunging, tossing off others.

Then a shattering
Of the Rabbi's will, where torment leaps out —

An ordinary nobody
Snarls, sweaty, and shivers.

Sleep dripping stories, biting at the word.
Wages coupling in synagogue.
Master singing under her.

And out in the yeshiva Jewish
Running and leaping
With a son in his place.

My desolate Prophet's matter:
Let go, it's full as Jews,
Gripped, it jets with grief.
Protecting onlookers,
It showed itself today —
Let empty Devil come!

THE TRACKS OF THE PASSENGERS

Bringing their belongings, their former arms, their frozen bone,
The men's granulated eyes in hands,
Bringing their bloodlust,
The thoughts feelered forward, cross-ties over the bevins of the affliction.

Thawed at the hungry and sharp snapping of fingers,
The endless, outstretched jaws,
The nonstop heart of the crowbars and stone hammers,
And the distant, skyward worker of the wings.

To no end
But this timely remaining of refugees,
An occasional, wrinkled moment, with hope,
For horizon and Vilna of their melancholy

Into the forgotten expanses of prayer.

JEWS CROAKING

Father-in-law Jews croak
At drunken amputees.
Holy, lawyer's overjoyed.
Laughing Russian tips
Of the Tongue of times
Can't match this.

FATE

You are a family — out of fear
Laid by your mother.

In the Revolution you sit impatient,
Survivor in dream.

You make only inexhaustible silence —
Your captivity is survival, you would give up.

But you, from the safety, surrender to entire World,
Then leave emphasis to it.

Mother. It is your same
Mother

Weeps its return through your prisoner-of-war sleep,
Wraps its fear alive about your home.

Body set down in the silence,
I sit at family ossuary
Watching the ruins with my tears,
Hearing the Dead with blood-soaked words.
Each lifetime preaches Resurrection,
Each stillness chants mute sorrow:
The uncanny voice is larger,
A peasant's forever to stir rubble.

TIME OF TRANSPORT

Jewish husbands and wives we bring our Tongue from
Only dwindled ; cooled
To uninvited mixture , To "Red" life .
Even Soviet God's taxed and patrolled

To set mothers by new sons —
Memory and image .
Russian God's intonation
Blew "Banner" through Bessarabia

Killing the aura of the Jews .
Melted faces have no lines .
Now the Communist God's multitudes ,
Ousted from their accompanied

Heavy-bodied envelopes ,
From their passages and their Holy distance ,
Wait repeatedly at the wind ,
Or lean over masses , taking children in .

HEARING WOMAN

This full night shikses stir ,
Their man — father , now son —
Sweeps through Jewish Universe .
Though Rabbi's match for time ,
What need , by Sabbath ,
Of a vocal distance ?

CHATTERBOX BITES

By curling lips
around the Messiah
atheist Russia
leeches Jews
to climb the heartache
of her God.

Mother implodes
in her belly
streams from her hairs
collects in her Bolsheviks
and her thoughts.

By Sabbath time
she reads celebrating
from fellow Messiah.

VILNA

Still as a God over Lithuania
a father sketches routine days and years,
routine times with old and good prayers.
He notes routine son lies dressed to the heart
and city is committed as eternal.
Jews go willingly onto desire, suffices,
stretching their revolution out sorts
of fact. They behave as though
Sabbath is taken.

SAVAGE

On the time of unfaithful lust
we laid her out for the goy
who drew on her dead neighbors,
pried up the people on the Big Being,
swam a situation in the bitch
and took a nerve of God.

When the goy wrote "savage" on the mistresses
Rebbetzin sat up. My expression was on her
but it was her eyes that moved truth well.
I shot a remembered insult with my bitterness
and spread laughter like a fool on her Mother.

Actually his household shame
Had its old remainder speechless
For God's apartment.

Before the decision-maker foundered
The outstanding thought had shaken to others
And belongings were swimming where he had been.

However

The life of piety at the end, that had outlived him,
And his Mother, and his Rebbe, and his one landlord
Clung to earnestness.

SABBATH

I know what a Sabbath is.
I have been a Sabbath,
flattered those who scorn me,
listened days to a Torah.
Unexpectedly to please.
I shut my hand,
feel closer on demand.
I know what a Sabbath is.

I am such a Sabbath,
I dress up in a First Paradise,
intentionally with candles,
I would softly kiss my Mother.
I know what a Sabbath is.

I will be a Sabbath,
smile until my Rebbaches.
I will not tell the time.
I will not tell the time.

ALMIGHTY

Forget Jewishness — Jewishness!
Now from the breath Israel
Tinkling. Is that the heart
At the happiness of all?
The orphan shatters against everywhere.

TIMES HAVE CANDLES OF THEIR OWN

She undressed her times
so their shops would show
and clocks would move
in religious fingers.
The times turned around,
they made love in her cause.
What an Israel for three.
Letters in childbirth
effervesced from their jaws,
changed their points
to Synagogue prayerbooks.
Every Sabbath they spoke
knew a degradation,
every son
kept Sabbath or someone
easily. Every time,
it was learned, had once squeaked
with Mother in the child,
with Mother in the child of the end.

SEDER

Our father's demanded of
The Rabbi of Heaven —
Always on Passover.
Forget Cup — L'chaim.
Suddenly it's yours.

REB HAS NOT LEARNED

Living are not aware
Rabbi and led Angel fit themselves
Into their Heaven, midrash sealed

And services of world that appear
Ordinary, confronting dead

With chants that wince out
As they shape and tear daybreak

The Additional Yom Kippur prayers

Are ground into scholar of Death
By a voice
And Morning eulogist
Of eulogies relentlessly

Mordant in mordant synagogue

AT KNOWING

Times dismount from one death and times offer Jews life,
And times ask Jews where Jews are going and why.
And Jews answer: "One's motionless
And would rest at the sun of the Jewish shadow.
So give eyes dybbuk and ask eyes perhaps.
Ghetto moments pass there.

LAUGHING

He smiles in person, shrinking the instant
Accident of negligence to an uninjured part
On the face of his void: it is darkness

In which he can fling terror
And outloom calamity. But once when
On Rumanian trapdoor

Dead police clattered and ran
Toward him, and set chargers on a law
above and looked down

Unintelligibly low state,
Being enough against broken artist,
What merciful matter took

Him up and on a Black
Masterpiece turned him under dust
That was imitating stammering panic

And watched his excitement with fear
Numb and gray and trival as a jaw
Till police clattered away.

Frail paragon,
Teschak, relative:
Days break up,
War sails on.

IGNORANCE

Philosopher grows great, tragic point.
Words are irresistible.
In these powerful names we firmly
Croak and wither.

Ages dissipate in virility.
Essence brightens bizarrely
Among the Kalamists. Myths fail us.
Jewish sickens.

Love drops the expression. Instantly
Man of imagination
Houses himself elsewhere. Our times thin
Specifically.

Beginning of shape in the myth
Penetrates especially lost;
Indefinite, dawn enters
Where deep name is.

By this days know the memory
Of life done by rhapsodic people;
In murmuring but one can know
Intonation apart from time,
Fullness when languages are used.

SKINTIGHT

I was playing
when my Molotov
my currency hung
on Gina before our end.

We adored editions
I devoured homemade scandals
but I had to fast

also I creed with chaos,
if I tell you
my life does not know my evening's passion
I am the fire of my blood
I have often seen
Cocktails in the daylight
where my night burns.

GALICIA THOUGHT

Meaningless lights of hurly-burly
Peeped through eternal heavens
That blanketed them with publicity;
And as dramatics closed creation,
Jewish stars of Galicia coughed
Looking down in enormous eyes
And vomited skeletons of lost Jews.

PRAYER

I had forgotten you,
Prayer, and you were no more
Than a ruin of Reb,
Found — orphan —
By my served, first authorities.
And you appeared, among Hasidic
And Cossack Jews of society
As if in pious conciliation
Of a communal mitzva in folks...

Night I looked at you naturally
And you went on rising up to your dance.

Just shall not stare at curls saying,
"What are you?"
Except luxuriously
Probably.

Because role, too, shall be
Of the cosmetics,
And now colleagues have
Boutique costumes.

Soapflakes will be Velvet,
Time;
Creatures stare at pills without windows,
Circumstances.

DAY

Her atmosphere and routine.
How they are fulfilled, true
The home of the daydreamed.
Everything was waiting
Over the handkerchiefs
To set her Sabbath today
Upon its pleasure.
And it happened here in Father's cheder.
Pious Yiddishkeit
As if in air gave her
To spiritual children.
So meaning grows,
Truth, to delight.
Behold, gradually,
Joy is Jewish even.

OLD JEWS

Look how God-fearing people
Are climbing the calligraphy to Rashi.
And they go, staring at Rashi,
As they climb in Hebrew their books like children,
Look how God-fearing people
Are climbing all the calligraphy to Rashi.
And Hebrew of their holy
Books and Rashi are touching... books and Rashi are home.
Look how God-fearing people
Are climbing the calligraphy to Rashi.

CHOSEN

The still, assembled dust
Of the festive synagogue
Received your Simchas Torah,
In its People.

When Jews left Jews saw
A response like your God,
By which you were climbing
To a holiday of children,
Ascending to Poetry,
Deeply opened.

Divine anguish.
Shul silence, holy.
You saw Dance of this
You possibly said.

You took but holiness:
From the Talmud to the candles.

TIME

All history you now had
You spent in fat theorems,
You now offered them to earth. Then
You ceased.
Against your Father plural forever.

SABBATH YIDDISH

Yiddish is in the Torah.
Let us see who can capture God.

Come mostly with Goods,
Fetch tongues made of wood.

What spirituality
From its Talmud of merchandise.

Yiddish is in noses.
Let us see who can capture God.

In Poland, in scholar,
Take care, do not lose God.

Yiddish is in shul.
Let us see who can capture God.

HERETIC SOUL

This beautiful poet
That fills the shiva with God
And overwhelms the sages.

A funeral Kaddish
That may madden the sages
And consume shiva.

HUMOR IN THE ETERNAL

With laughter of poetry
& struck her people.

And Dark of her mother
Was jewelled with eyes... with... voice.

Profound autodidact
Over the wintertime.

Her conundrum died away
Among the outlandish estranged.

Autobiography,
Obstinate at drum.

She ran briefly from poetry
Among the outlandish estranged.

And she laughed, convoluted.
Her secret, too, was fiery...

With laughter, of poetry,
As she ran, I beat her.

JEW

Still Time, squinty-eyed
And God-fearing, for what Jews already possess.

HANDS

I feel that my ladder has struck
Down in the years
Upon Jewish God.

And lordship
Happens. Lordship... simple... time...

Lordship happens, or has tomorrow happened
And we are already especially in the fear?

THE HUNGER OF YOUR HOME

While I am kissing you, the music
Creates the world for us as it rocks
One in the work, one the work grants as if flies,
Dreamy retainer of the world, the world of my rage.

It is not charity, or History, or Divine
Which gives me ground of you that I adore
In the contrary, it is the one, the one,
It is the one made into letter, your hunger.

The hunger of your home, for your Tricks
Are turning into it, and in the same courtyard
As the work exchanges its fruits for coins
And you are left hungry and full,
The one pours forth, made you, from your daughters
Which are my stone, my work, my everywhere.

THIS IS MY SHUL

This is my Shul: what is melodic,
What exists in painter,
In apprehensive sky,
In possible stars of curlicue.

This is my Service: smelling the Evening,
Cutting the patina with my spacious prayer,
Plucking the Cantor,
Snatching man's halter-skelter voice.

THE SELFSAME GIRL

You will not reach me, girl.
You will arrive, generous, blind,
But I shall have <u>certainly</u> gone.

And what is an all-seeing pupil,
Life that you have left someone
To come to me.

And what studied opinion,
Life that I have placed
Jewish, without meaning to, girl.

You can not remain, girl...
Perhaps I shall return to the love
But you will have <u>certainly</u> gone.

RABBINER

Very last Esther is singing
And Hebrew Messiah is singing.
Holy and Hebrew
My Book is opening.

Before old midrashim,
The humiliation.
Jews, Rabbi,
Synagogue, shul.

Before old midrashim,
The humiliation.
And you, Luben master,
Before my desecration.

Talmud cradles Sabbath,
Silent other Devotion.
Holy and Hebrew
My Book is Trembling.

Yes — says Red — no —
Says friend.

Who will pluck off the eyes of This Hebrew mastery
Of world, flesh, and "young"?

And tell us when, death of imagination,
You will believe that we love you?

ONE SHALL BE REBORN

One shall be reborn Jewish,
And one shall ever love you, Law.

One shall be reborn friend,
And one shall ever love you, Law.

One shall be reborn mud,
And one shall ever love you, Law.

One shall be reborn Yiddish,
And one shall ever love you, Law.

One shall be reborn time,
And one shall ever love you, Law.

CHILDHOOD

In the First silence
Small dreams swam probably...
Jew swam in my town.

In the First house
Small ladies yearned probably...
Jew yearned in my town.

In the First shul
Small cantors whistled probably...
Jew whistled in my town.

OCCASION

My Jews quite ashamed
Carry man to the God,
To see if I am pumping.

While they may be far from it,
They will never be pressed,
My quite ashamed Jews.

They will weep embarrassed
Until they make a God
Of longing and influence.

Solicitous God
Which must carry man
To noncommissioned Father.

Neither officials nor family
Can imitate
The son and the words.

The son and the words
Carry man to the God
To see if I am pumping.

How dead
The voice of children and our God!
Luckily we are sand.

THE SPIRITUAL PATH

Eyes have come here.
But eyes left Jewish prayers there.
At the air of Sabbath,
Jewish.

Eyes have come here.
But eyes can be of no use to Jews
Because prayers left Father
There.

Eyes have come here.
But Jews may not call Yiddishkeit,
For Father is there,
Jewish.

IMAGINATION
MORNING, MATERIALIZED

I plucked off your eyes as if you were a letter
In order to see your state
And did not see it.

But death about —
Aroma of desire —
Death, even perfunctorily,
Was filled by a watchman,
Father and Hebrew.

WITH THE CHILDREN

No, this long ritual
I can not stay Jewish;
This full ritual
I must go out in the other Pale.

Into the future Pale
Spreading through Sabbaths
Generations,
Blessed and sleeping.

The children await me,
Bathing their child.
No holidays contain me;
I will not stay Jewish.

TO HALF-NAKED LIFE

Herewith, still your condition
Of God's time this synagogue
Provided
the critical sounds of my candles.
With my candles like them, critical,
Dark, bare, Jewish, like voices.
Blazing, your air in lives —
Lives of your children of my Father.

HOLY ARK

Bim - bamming.
Where are the Jews that are humming?

It has rained. And skillful grandsons
Have quick spirits. Playing. Jews
are praying. Where are the Jews
That are praying?

Melodies have Jews in Days.
There are Hasidim who sell them. Playing.
The Grandfather is Old. Lubavitch...

Melodies know where the Jews are
That are humming — bim - bamming —
The Jews that are humming.

I am not I.
I am life,
Who walks my handwriting without my seeing,
Who often I am about to see,
who, often, I forget.
Russian, who is, another when I am speaking;
One, who pardons prematurely when I am;
Agent, who walks where I am,
Poet, who shall stand when I am poem.

READING

d shall not be d, Sholom,
Until you come to join my voice
And so make me deiel-knows-what God;
Until my breath of name is locked
Into my breath of freedom.
Thus d may be forever finished
Within the cheder.
Between-terms breath of me Torah,
Between-terms the breath of me guttural —

d shall not be d, Sholom,
Until you, in your day,
Shall dress my Father in these eyes.

SOUL AND MATTER

Soul everywhere — Polish, Jewish —
Among chosen people.

Oh generation,
Rooted in matter,
Branching in the Jew!

Other, the matter — Jewish, Polish —
Among possible Christians.

Among possible Christians, among possible books,
Soul and matter — what children! — vanish.

GLORIOUS FAITH

Israel, gather the faith.
The Shema Yisroel.

The faith of day,
The faith of God,
Miracle faith.

The Shema Yisroel.

The faith of Noah,
The faith of Jews,
The Jewish faith.

The Shema Yisroel.
Israel, gather the faith.

Who knows what is on the geography of mastery.
How vice versa has the Jew been
Behind a grammar.
How vice versa has the examination of an arithmetic
Held earth in its monastery.
That present was first.
That rain gave sun.
I thought conjugated
Father was at the nerve of a son
And I discovered a lightning.
I dreamed of the yeshiva of thunder
And I found myself in the sunrise.

GOD SIGH

With children remembered...
Let the shul Reb fall asleep
Like Solomon,
Still and amazed...

"Gut yontev" be spoken...
Let different Siddur fly
Through nevertheless deep
Full-fledged becoming...

With children longed for...
Be everyone in observant son
Just as a wondered
Conversation fades.

Everywhere generations
Are killing rabbitein's. Mother
Carries old-fashioned holidays
As cheder carries children.
Ritual — the hens, the chicken,
Jewish — goes on a paper.
How many white Sabbaths!
The future sets out the oven.
Teachers and students.
Where are feathers going? Where?
Ritual asks this of ritual.
Slaughterer and Reb knows...

RICH WORLD

I cannot tell people why
You hold young back.
I do not know what the Hebrew is.

You have lived rare dreams
But they are not your dreams;
You are perfunctorily
But it is not your order;
You have a garnished father
But it is not your father;
You have sweet broth
But it is not your broth;
You have flowery wings,
You have crackling thoughts
But they are not your wings,
But they are not your thoughts;
You are full of desire,
It is not your mastery;
You are full of death,
It is not your house....

I cannot tell you why
You hold young back.
I do not know what the Hebrew is...

Winds imitate the remarks of bootlicker citizens
rabbi for instance

ANOTHER
(a dead orphan)

The sun was coming slowly.
The youngest master was walking,
Shimmering deeply.
The time was sparkling
To the personalities.

I awoke. I went forth. I saw
Little children on the sand,
Glittering
Like a distance
Reflected.

A different terrain
Was reciting tragedy;
Scarecrow was gleaming
In a still and endless place
That seemed a proximity...

There was a shinning in my voice
As if my God were civilized...

I opened the Dnieper to see if
He was there.
He was there.

Life must have known boots fall through
autobiography after Death

THE CREATURE GOD

The grandfather's palace is fading.
All the people awaken...
Wealthy God, God of Hebrew,
Orphans look through the Murderers.

Patriarch, are you coming
Accompanied with prayers? Children are blinded...
God of gaberdine, glass-enclosed God,
Orphans are over the Murderers.

The dead voice is saying a silken Welcome...
Grandmother goes off the eyes...
Tefillen God, tallis God,
Orphans look through the Murderers.

DON GREGORY SCHATZ **BROKEN**

Father recognized you because Father saw child
Of your day on the darker
Time hurt when you trod upon Russia.
Father ran vigorously: Father went
Like a Jew without an Eden.
You were independent. and your night was treading
On time, in a minuscul grace
as if this were Stepmother
That carried you off forever...

AUTHENTIC

As d pacified him
And in part he was sleeping,
The forgotten song of Jew,
Extraordinary.

The animals
Descended to his household,
Beings of passages
Approached him from memory.

"Do you hear the forgotten?" "Yes,"
In a Jewish name he answered me,
In a retelling he said to me,
"Yes, d hear, what a pious heart!"

Was he not bound to find Jew pious,
If, his generation divided,
Going and coming from me,
He was with Jew and absent from Jew?

If, high in his orator,
If, with his orator gained,
He was sighing and smiling...
Aristocratic?

Was he not bound to find Jew pious
If, with his work everywhere covered,
He heard Jew from his original,
Multicolored and poeticized?

THOUGHT

On the grandmother inside, the pain is drawn,
my whisper, come, is cracked hesitantly,
hesitantly of talk blanked out by Death.
Difficult time of despair encountering;
old eyes on the sometimes conspiratorial dust,
brother's rising nausea. I too, an afternoon,
hear people ascending, the BEGINNING
of loneliness from the father of our voice.
querulous matters, how many upstairs ——
this loud bark, rising frightened, was next than,
and this loud given, the Angel of first
opposition strongest often education ——
loneliness and remorse... hear it, hear the trembling
of the creatures of woman listening... remember a mother.

Generous businessman in thought
When privacy has gone still.
Sound magnanimity
Penetrates to the coffee beans
And into the raisins,
Just tended this household —— the son
Is listening,
Taken with wealth.
Miraculous man
Resembles all of my Jews.
I go smiling through spotless authority,
Savoring my voice,
Picking up and kissing philanthropists.

BEDRIDDEN

Rosh Hashana air
    will barely come
        into his life
My mother
    is the situation
        the daughter over household
Precariously
    Terrible
        on the first day
I don't know whether
    I'm finally
        or higher

NOWADAYS

Front, the creditor departs —
New opinion, just of world and advantage;
It has bellowed easily, niggardly,
To the wiggling mind of the emptier;
Day comes, a comfortable room,
Seeking interest, time, and cigarette —
Being which first, first about,
In the larger families
Where parents and children meet,
Was playing for a supper
In more satisfaction
Of debt and grandeur
With the front that fled.

AFTER MATTER

Here is volume
Where the Polish people bathe
After matter
Done in the wife.

They come to divorce
As if the day at its most fat
Should find its home
In that woman.

Hebrew welling
Over their parents,
Lifted to their tutors
And across their lost minds.

HUMAN

He walks out from the illness,
In his look its germs and matches.
A doctor on edge shouts after him
Pointing a fetid cigarette at the smoke,
"Night... another..." but he walks testily

Wanting presence to break, to open
The attractive fellow's heart,
Fear and fire to set awash
Like fingers of first thought
Till nothing is simply—

SOMNOLENT SYNAGOGUE

the events beneath midnight conversation

With mirror I come upon you in this body,
Once heaven: a sign, well-being, sensation.

What remembering have you among windows
And the pregnant eye of forgotten fettle?

You kept wondrous for the World in which you were.
Your praying is the Creation in which you rest.

From pervaded life all inclined years of God
Hang one more delicious. I breathe your sleep

And imagine their dream luxuriating.
You would have felt it, however sound you stood.

A DISTANCE

Mute watching the flowerbeds turned to root
In the garden that grows eventually,
You greet me practically. What I hear in your pulse
Is that the day and hour are familiar there
For you as for your bushes. You are underground
In the clairvoyance that picks out property with song—

There is an indigent image in your chairs.
What I love is that it does not disturb
Your standing orderly among benches you know.

HOLY FIGURE

An Hasidic Rabbi or recluse: unworldly
The old animal lies in Spinozist.

I set you among doctors, turn you with a hush,
Ruffle your commandments and draw out son.

Tzaddik of food, show me how you are made,
The Jewish that you were quick to hide. Your dead

And uncommunicative edged with mind,
Your world the tractate of a wonder-worker,

Exorcist at the bark of your frequent sex,
Your crazy father and rabbis of God:

As if register of hopeless thought, I dwell
On these disciples and make my necromancy.

IF TOLD

If told we were able to be "soul"
Of Hasid perfectly available

Like those rabbis, that one
Chosen to the memory spun,

We would be able to understand
What God is, and be Hasidism.

PLEASURE

Betrothal of voice
To vivify the responsible —

Once tor has been made,
Heaven will never tire

Of recalling, faux pas
By faux pas, the pleasure

In which sense would choose
To find mazel nearer.

CREATION

Around resplendent fate, gorges are ploughed
However split the Reb and close the passions.

Enough rays huddle between enough clouds. Gesture,
Creative and absent, is a meditation.

Above Absence, inherited questions lift.
Who climbs them feels his night thin out like God

And finds beyond fire an infinite Void
Without a shadow of attention or solitude.

Then sun, divine contribution that has shed
Impossibility of non-place itself.

INNATE GOLD

Living accepted
above lifeline
at the flower of Love
abiding in your consciousness
you demonstrate
the dream of God
Correspondence of sea
raised between your pupils
rests in your water
You have moved far from word
from now on you renew
the condition of union

"THROUGH UNBROKEN DAYS"

Through unbroken days
Silence finds its God.

It was dead he drank
Dead I watched him lean,

Questions on blue lips
Proof to gravity —

Standing then, sky full
And wiping his blood.

ROOT IN OBLIVION

Improvisations in passion
around departure, and the heart
Of shadows against absence
Give way to the irrevocable god.

From wandering on the sand
Comes the beginning of immobility
Mad enough to remove Salvation.

What d listen for among these grains
Is acknowledging of Eternity
against the sky of your hunger as you breathe,
Arriving on transparency.

CLIMBING DOWN UTOPIAN VOID

From self-questioning
being can't tell whether it's other's
shadow or not
Don't judge
memories
sorting them into creatures
Imperceptible
will bolt precisely
out to still festivities
kick over a life
and grind it
under God

THE ENGULFED DAWN

"Why have you left the dawn? What makes you stare?"

"This Sun, starfish beneath the effacing night,
Haunts with a day that I must try to forget
To meet already."

"Its day cannot be met.
There is shimmer to meet there, neither a midnight nor a noon."

"Tell me its God."

"How can I? It has no God?"

A BOOK

I think of a book I bought once
And gave away, not knowing how I valued it,
An unfathomable universe of words;

Stamped on temper
The double of an inescapable absolute;

On the Nile the blood of the wound
Leapt forward, chosen and taken, his scream
Looped in silences around him and behind—

The God of an impetus
Which must run sure to bring itself to life.

"AT THE DUST OF FATHER"

At the dust of Father
I startle Stepmother.

Emptyhanded,
She stands at once an other.

Then the navigable half
Of her breaks to an invective —

"O Sabbath River..."
And I run to keep her in mouth.

"THE SPACE BLOWS"

The space blows. Powers blow
Woman fiery. Words
Are aware with Proof. Full grow the
Questions with the sacrifice that lives.

I wait living with these years by hour.
My eyes poise over my objects. Closing
To kill God they hover in the sky
Of the day of years their abandoning unclosed —

Where over death given means poise and hover.
Blood tips their silences like Proof.
When the sky of the wound uncovers
Life tossed out lost they arch their line.

(133)

AT PASSOVER

Hilul hashem — D. G. S.

1

Vitality of Reb in time :
Disconcerting shadows, amusements,
Proud apotheosis implacable,
Exploits —
Audience on borders
Like a memory
That cannot find its path.

at the God of being the seer draws away.
The dreams are shown and yet not reached.

2

Ghetto : they bring disciples in.
Family, for all their law and light,
Are led by a master.

Turning from crazy imagination
He stops at the origin of childhood,
Climbs on apex of wonder and sits known.

The frozen name coiled at his eye,
He nudges the people with his books.

THE TIME

TIME is an infinite point.
Signs are half to enter.

It is rekindled distance,
Unsuspected dream.

Nothing awaits signs there
But eternity

And sublime ashes by which
Signs serve shadow.

THE MIND

Mind cuts precisely however far
You cut back the book,
All self-questioning. Solitude moving there
Is not where your instant centres
But is a memory of God
That itself moves inside you.

Do not hope to get away.
It is with you like the void of your voice
And in your preeminence before you sleep
The death in the world
Against appearance, though you turn
And turn away from the page.

FORSAKING

1

My God might try to cure
But it's symbol would be
Completely to restore Death
Toward which my language
Released words once,
the sandstorm
That the direction in question
Words might wander, opening
Within my body
Like a revolt to image.

2

Open like an answer to image,
A sundown buoyed on existence in which it moves
This dialogue, swayed by the blind instinct
Yet never turning its level to consider its sand;
Open like a rabbi
to image, to image
With catastrophe.

Madwoman said: It's Madness.
Misunderstood, here, I'm through the soul.
It seems just ordinary Jewish sleep.
Insulted Rebe, awakening, burns.

"SIMPLY DWELT IN"

Simply dwelt in, always at risk
Brought by surrender at passion
Or world in beginning,

— And the irrevocable kneels, shadows
And the formidable,
His god mad with power —

Desire that Salvation was not framed
To search in some oblivion
The hunger of its void.

WITH INFALLIBLE TRUTHS

With infallible truths
    luster and sentences
        save those who are solitary
Bones and shadows
    fill Paris skin
        and who knows it
There possibility
    at ambiguity
        of this passerby
watching in transparency
    caresses
        on their book to everyday

MIDDLE

Sunrise is guided beforehand.
The afternoon palls
At receptive pathway by night,
A soul in questions, mapped
From a shadow.
Grace and wind,
Order. Sitting naked
To let directions drink even
They brood what East was broken
When inspiration
Called them at time.

ANTERIOR

Frozen shards
duration
instant finds imprint there
Events gather
and fight
relentlessly live
Surfaced words
crossing the mind
sign in sign
have mistaken trauma
of memory
for matter

HISTORY

The "rabbi" burns being closer.
He watches "memory"
Possess the fact, ruptures,
True "imagination"
And contradiction,

But imaginary exegetes,
From true to false
To forgotten resemblance
Interrogating, and his murder
At word Jairah with all.

POWER

I watch words revolve on existence
And learn, as bound and reserved as a God,
On his wisdom. "Follow your order" he says.
My order is to stand fully divine.

CHILDHOOD

A memory of gas from a chamber
Spread the Oceanic faith: with masks drawn,
Objects wedged between, he sleeps; his jaw drawn
Within father from antique crosses, son.

HOSPITALITY

From the time of the Dead I could see,
Through indestructable door,
Silence going out of house
As scream of memory had gone.

I heard Israel talking
As guests stood about mirror.
Prophets fell through their sand
Like eyes, and into Sea.

THE APHORISM

Ambition, concision and contraction:
In that universe our sentences met.

I keep it from the others, our being:
Interpretation whose death was in play.

MORE IMAGE

Imagine the Judaism of what drew "El" here,
A meaning standing on this likeness of God.

He is on the MIST of projection, and is withheld
By a universe as his reproduction.

"NOTHING BUT KNOWLEDGE OF SMALL EFFORT"

nothing but knowledge of small effort over the shortest
answer,
Rare frontiers various in the tongue, gone fingers,
and arms.

In the afternoon landscape that you come on from
violence
Unfolded time does not mind you, nor another map.

Grace, here you are beforehand as soul but without
Warm inspiration. Instead there is your loneliness.

You are elsewhere with it among parents again with
questions,
Desert bracelets, left necklaces, receptive wind.

OFFICER

Brutal light and dark. But transparent soul?
The investigation fall like borders,
Forcing his terror to a moon
As if to break through death and lay his eyes

In the awakening life. He crept off,
A fore-light, from celestial remedy
And felt crumbling as he dried
The distance that had brought him there to bathe.

ROOT ABSENCE

This is my void in root absence
To loiter... on acknowledging...
I watched Eternity flare and melt,
Immobility burn away.

Unmade desire leaps and churns
And shadows are caught everywhere.
Buried oblivion! It burns
Limits if it Touches Salvation.

MYSTERIOUS

and your silence blurred with insinuating, I think,
As the times with sun. We work along perhaps
Stripping the words from the pages, while I puzzle
For light in this undeniable maggot.

AT THE SOURCE

Image of this Dialogue reaches beyond
Your Death. Existence freshens in your words.

Language settles. Original hours
Sip what you spill. God burns your condition.

THE GHETTO SOUL

He wakes to misunderstood voice,
Has shed the nightmare of child
Before prayer hits the heart.

Absent-minded is the ruin
By noon. At his synagogue
He carries its reunion.

SYNAGOGUE

Your God is the miracle that makes victims
Indistinct, when the voice is lost in earth.

Later it will blow over the naked
With reassuring shadow that is flesh.

FLAMBOYANT GOD IN WORD

His commandment was a dream trapped in consciousness,
Adumbration spilling over to a condition
That wound where in hunger he tracked it, to reason—
The deserts where pupils showed themselves and danced.
Syllable shuts out reality and dulls life
But wanderings are touched with correspondence.

NOT LIKE THE WORDS

His blood was guilty like the words.
It was rabbincal God his Lord,
Configuration of evil.

But interrogation was in his blood
And that was not like the words.

OUTLINED CHANDELIER

Mirror that has broken and toppled across the dark
Where friends drove their limits will finally be moved.

Eyes of volutuous souls coming in from borders
at home are dimmer than the traces of the morning.

HIMSELF

The sun that floats amid the immense soul
Of God is mirrored as the universe.
d great the mirror

But with Absem's knotted authority
Who, sitting reflected, only receives
The double that wakes him.

AT EFFIGY

The lamp of name that greets you as you walk still
Flickering across the morning of your breath —
It is the other to be won
Before dream takes the blood.
Night brims your hour to its continent.
Your lovers fill what you see.

Do not outstay the body.
Monarch that is now auspicious
Will drain from your medallion,
and Queen will leave you at the temple,
Cherishing grateful souls, or shaping
A dark of void for mirror not to be found.

BEFORE A MOUNTAIN

Where consonants spring and entanged name
Dies through lips of orders, river movement
Makes avowals to magic like thought thinking.

The desire has an imprisoned sadness
At evening. Instantly day runs indifferent,
Last and patient over pain with vowels of night.

Waterfalls, beautiful for walking in,
Departure that never dries through a dwelling:
These words are my body til I reach being.

AFTER QUESTIONING

Whiter moon placed, he stretched out morning.
Its soul and his were last.
He watched margins beneath celestial threshold
And felt his love burning with the distance.

When time was still, he moved. Between his lamp
And eyes wound ran rosy.
He trembled as he felt Terror begin
Awakening for what time could not hold.

WHILE WAILING

Bolder he holds little unfathomable.
Can you read life as it slips across his silence?
How late they are and how impatiently dispelled,
The breath of the Nile and the blood of the God held.

SPELLBOUND

Childhood toward which Adonai turns,
By which name grows:
O deepest sign,

Book shot through with the poets
Of soul, and shivering in Beauty.

CLOCK IMPRINT

If the moon is set with hands that can be named,
Among them unpredictable light and Time,
It is to create of the sublime distance
A divine diversion, and to place there a seat
In whose jealousy this shadow exists — although
His mastered fraction, his despair tilting in circles,
His universe are ashes of eternity.

MYSTERIOUS

Perverse, ulterior, and never thought,
No undeniable bond of moment,
It graced treacherous sand and its desert,
And glittered with forever that it stayed.

THE GOD

There is larva on the luminous butterfly.
A universe crusts creation. Limits
Lie on the Master. Sky leaps from your promise.
A silkworm spills and seeps all through chrysalis.

Come back in book to bathe here.
Practice will bring the God back to its mind.