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There are Waters Off the Satan Head

Joshua V. Bolton

University of Massachusetts Amherst

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THERE ARE WATERS OFF THE SATAN HEAD. I

A Thesis Presented

by

JOSHUA V. BOLTON

Submitted to the Graduate School of the
University of Massachusetts Amherst in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of

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THERE ARE WATERS OFF THE SATAN HEAD. I

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JOSHUA BOLTON

Approved as to style and content by:

Dara Wier, Chair

James Tate, Member

Peter Gizzi, Member

Dara Wier, Director
M.F.A. Program for Poets and Writers

Joseph Bartolomeo, Chair
Department of English

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Intervening Mist

Rarely open the heart of hearts!
You would be delivered
that suitcase stuffed with gray meditations.
Take a jog instead.
Do anything instead.
When you drew these lines out
you were walking in the cold
flattened night seeking the door to the party.
Drink as much as possible.
Tell jokes. You may flirt with men.
And later in bed
hug tight and kiss
the fleshy symbols God creates each moment.

The Check Point is Open

Today I have to carry in my ear
that Amalek did us
in the desert.

A terrible bus thrashes by. It is almost
Spring. I follow a girl's ass half a mile.
We have exacted
a strange revenge.

On King George Street I see a man die.
He is straddled and zapped but the team
returns its equipment to bags in the van.
The massive corpse lays
splayed-out in a doorway.

A ratty shirt is sliced
away from it's chest.

The crowd shrugs and walks away
amid other private doorways.

A man says to a passing child
that he is digging for gold in the sidewalk.

This is on Schatz.

One explosive laugh rips
the air around our pit.

The man is digging with a perfect triangle and the child
talks in the voice of a comet.

The man is rich! And the child blasts by
very starry.

It is a commandment to vanquish the enemy.

We did it in a whack modern city.

Our Times are Enough

I will not sermonize, a list
must suffice. Our times
are enough.

I am a very lucky man. My loose breast
signifies a lot. At times
a total lack of commentary.

Face up there, have
you measured your wheels like me?
We are in a night of sleep.
Where is my map of the way?

I placed our small flame in paper.
Another had named his origin
with greater certitude
than I. Sorry,
you will never drink plum brandy with peasantry.
Is too terrible to hear.

Where is my map of the way?
There is a boarder in my speech.

My Dress Lasts Forever

I feel insane.

And if I go to the library

there is a machine.

For one, the digging will continue.

What is this work I am certain must get done?

In my heart

I am walking through the woods very high.

I carry a thin stack of note cards.

Confounding insights rest upon every glance

if you listen with particular clairvoyance and charm.

We must play sheshbesh.

(This was to begin a diary.

The right tools are being brought over.

For lunch I serve myself a tangled wire and a cat eye.

But I am not sated.)

Kazan Fountain

Everything you told me about tectonics helped.
Last year my parents stole a diary
and read about the sexual crimes I love.
A rather dusky place without separate objects,
like bas-relief. There is a bird hovering in space.
It seems to be a pigeon trying to screw.
Marta, would you tear me off a branch?
No, how about another branch?
The tablets were placed between the legs of winged bulls.
I see not my father and his black chair.
I meant that indistinguishable branch. Hello, Dad.
Smoking in a garden is that delight
even we know about.
I told Mariya something about a childhood
that was not at all mine.
I have lost my little tree in the water
and now I am longing for a libretto.

Abyss of Despair

Pearl in the dust,
I see you
from this roof that I am on.
I see you.
I look through the wrong
end of a telescope.
I step so close
to the edge and plummet.
Who owns this roof?
Who owns this roof
neglected the commandment
to build a parapet.
Pearl in the dust
I see you
from this roof where I get by.
Comrades, should you
laugh in my face
while I insist
my father is Abu Noach
you should know my son has unbounded peyot.
So long
he laces them into a noose
and hangs the authorities.
Do you not see it in the shade?
Abu Noach has no earthly past.
Pearl in the dust,
each night
what Abu Noach has done for you,
a treasure house.

Al Andalus

See, I am from the countryside
of my people.
It is a mystery for me as well.
It is the oldest calendar on earth.
So I build a fence occasionally,
a choir almost never.

Let us expound. Let us
redact. But may we know
the vessel from the benediction,
the cistern from the chair.
The most famous act taking a fish.
Do so
my rose hand.
Do so as a coin issued in a year one.

My Theocratic Days

I research life
for my own page.
Baptism will lead to a hat.
In my head
there is a nose
and in my age there is a gas.
I have within me the great pope.
I will wear white gloves, father-in-law.
This is my little wisp of hair.
This, my translucent skin.
Oh, this? This is my sweet rock.
Finger, I see you on the trigger,
the one true transformation.
Please, emancipation,
do not do your work today.

Peace in Beka'a Valley

The largest bay, my religion
is good. It...hear those motorcycles?
Your flowers understand
my wet crotch very well.
I answer the telephone: wind chimes.
Please, do not leave
any more notes. The range of their
weaponry falls short, here.
The harp emptied, swimming
cancelled, that essay on bridges
poignant in wartime.
I thought of my nose and chimney at once.
O! Cellar portal, unseen creek!
Highest love a changed dagger
in the east. How long
was I asleep? A heron.
Every doing of man is a growl
but there is great relief in a boat.

Your Calf's Eye

My flag chose me and waves itself.

My vulture feather suit.

What is the museum here? That I lost
your pants on a powerful draft.

Your straight hair

was a heavy rock.

Our last hours of sleep

were marked.

How long will this room

bring my eye lunch?

Here is a child's head, a case of beetles
during this time of victory. Privately,

I quit making pauses

and hesitations. My teacher's plate

had been emptied and was being cleared.

We threw the radio out the window.

I answer the door with no shirt.

How do I make friends

honor debts?

Yes, there is a fountain

but this is not the city of fountains.

Let me sniff your face.

That will be my vow.

Silent Night

I want to be a rabbi.
Instead I take a long shower
and practice a conversation
I was going to have in Hebrew
on Tuesday.
And then I read
a catalogue of Russian books.
During my afternoon
I hear nothing.
I hear the 1930's.
This reminds me of a twinkling mazel.
I telephone the Russian consulate to talk about this.
I heard Lena,
she sounded quiet.
The people all listen
to one glass of brandy
and one glass of tea.
However one cannot exactly
hear these things.

Found We

O! My Tino who is a rose stone and
unhewn, I whispered to her through my palm.
I brushed everything, every pebble and
every door away. So come and let grass
blades make gold of us. Just like a stone.
Just like a carpet.

I searched for her lips
in the gate of the lowest desert. We
met in the shiver of a white olive.

Mustache for a Child

A woman is beating her carpet
in a window of the far away
apartment.

O! Spiraling snake mound on the wind
spelling out, If I make my bed in hell,
behold, thou art there.

And then my shirt
collar is wrenched like a dog.
Franz Josef thinks about my family.

(That's disturbing news.)

I wear his nail helmet.

I smoke the nargilah of our host.

Paddle back the curtain!

My small rock
collapses a universe of roofs.

Door of Righteousness

In the refined neighborhood a woman
is praying at a bus stop. We catch one
another's eyes and then I know what is
about to happen. This is the woman
whose merit suddenly whips the city's
thousands of weird bodies into the air.
And we are suspended and then Jesus
Christ is there and some see him with their hearts
and others see only their dangling cocks
at the gates of the new Jerusalem.

Northern No Lights

In a horse town up north my face is screwed
to a window.

My portrait expands out into the water,

I have crustacean brain.

I also have commie apartment brain.

Dozens of eras

pass before my eyeball

reemerges

in the sand and I get

to hear the wine lullaby at sunset

over weird humanity

in the Levant.

Concrete is speaking with me.

I follow it's voice out to sea

and then follow it

back in on a wave

that does not even live or die.

The Sixth Day

A tree of colonial brooms stands between
my eyes and the building of the law.
Everyone is waiting for the blast and
she too waits between my eyes and the building
of the law. There are three cranes standing
like Arabic ones and I see children
playing football. I am mistaken. A
bird flies off. It was the ball in that park
between me and the building of the law.

When I Hear with My Eyes

In the Valley of the Cross there is an alarm.
But it is that exquisite sound.
My mouth is wiped away,
I crawl among these husky trees needling the sky.
In the loam I pass around magazines
to the women that I have loved.
O! Sweetest music of this alarm in the valley.
I follow a path
down to the pale daughter of an eye
sweeping beyond the gate.
Her flags ringing
a me of the church.
I am the worm that crawls in to salute.
And I scratch in as the worm.

There are Waters Off the Satan Head. I

went into them and touched an eel that did
not really care. She was silent like touching
a blackened tongue found in the sea floor and
found in the coral. From the hut I am
in the sea and graze the sand. There is the
thatched hut. Sheltered behind the reeds is me.
He shows me rotten children's teeth gazing
at a cock! And then he shows me a crustacean.
A star. Two reeds have snapped to the carpet
in the likeness of a cross. I did not
disassemble them. A fractured reed clicks
because of the wind the type of new time
in spans not marked by death but marked by me.

I Lived on Narkiss Street

I ate a cheese burger. I bought
cigarettes. I littered twice.
I watched women on Hillel Street. I said hello
to a neighbor I'd never met. I ducked
out quietly.
I lived in an international zone without taxes
and without close friends.
I prayed for Man (that he should not be
alone.) I looked at the government
buildings in the rosy twilight.
I read about recovery.
I imagined weeping on the front lawn.
I parted bluntly and promised to write.
I thought about Montreal. I almost listened
to the radio.
I swept. I drank water.
I gave away my groceries. I had lunch beside
Else Lasker-Schüler's grave.
I bought a cheap knife.
I went to synagogue drunk
and returned from synagogue back to the bar.
I recorded snow. I cooked an omelet early on.
I bought used books and gave some away.
I knocked on the adjoining door
and asked for quiet. I wept a little
beside a cage of birds. I waited
for my ride in the dark.
I shook the hand of a single merchant about my age
and the hand of a merchant much my elder.

I tried very hard to avoid a woman
from Buenos Aires. I let my small phone
ring when she called.
I said “excuse me” to a woman in the park,
would she help translate this poem with me?
I ate a cucumber
in the marble apartment of two successful journalists
who were away.
I drove my grandparents to the north.
I wrote an essay about my dead poet cousin.

Personal Belongings

I rent a car and travel into the countryside.

I am a part of the culture.

They understand me.

The land is green and littered with boulders.

The old homes of many people have crumbled.

Though they were built.

Here comes Elisha out of the mountain.

Something that I think could be said.

And after a while I move across this landscape.

I reach the final destination.

Where my family never made its home.

I come to drop a few stones on the ground.

To keep these people in the pit.

They will not terrify my children.

On the way out

I lay down on the horn.

French Hill

There's Ron!

He sees me

but how tasteless it is

when you're discovered in English.

We go and cross our legs,

we talk on the slope.

My friend with a car.

I order him to drink beer.

I tell him I became a man.

The stony ground is only a carpet on the earth!

I clutch at its face.

My stomach tears a run in the stocking of things.

I have slipped into a picnic basket

and am eaten by a leaf-eyed family

gazing out over Moriah.

Baptism Even If

During the festivals

I have murderlust.

All sights of Jesus

by Yids

in history

are null and void.

I See a Hill

A beard on one cheek of the face.

A racket of voices speaking

over a fish. A chip of glass

I left beneath a chair.

But my friends are sick

with me, I love a land.

A black hard

mark on your thumb.

A hat in Beverly Hills.

But let my child be born,

let it be born with a sword.

A day on one's own.

A difference of temperature between two days.

A window shade

I hid behind and watched a loud truck.

Her olive tear is a minaret.

My Doorknob

Tell your wife the lilacs may be picked.
I will. But for now,
handling the thoughts I thought at the library
and on my bicycle, this is enough.
Two white men visited my door.
One dressed in a car,
the other in an empty apartment.
And a wave of pastel ghosts
visited my door.
These visitors are me in all likelihood.
The lilacs may be picked wife. Quick!
Go pick the lilacs.

Nail Water

Since 3 a.m. a mean prick
rotates in my heart.
If I lie on my back there is some relief.
But if I turn to my side
before me is a great door of sadness
toward which I slide.

You return my soul in a deep faith!
(Before dawn nothing applies.)
The soul you have placed in me is pure!
(Before dawn nothing applies.)

Though it is unclear,
bring Natasha a glass of water:
my heart is thundering.
Always two angels accompany you.
They present you
to that bottle of red wine
who welcomed you
and accepted your credentials.
Man with a prick in my bed.
I must leave the bed immediately.
Man with a prick in my bed.
Why don't you follow me
and we
will go to a park in the suburbs.

Small Sanctuary

God hates the Kings of the earth.
A pinecone wearing a beard
wrote me a letter,
O! Young blonde girl
say my name in English.
Say it like a lighthouse.
I will paint the doors of our house blue
and when we are older
ocean blue.
There's the scale of justice
painted cheaply
and like a golden decanter.
One should have taken his drink
with a pickle.
God hates the kings of the earth.
If I could only get stoned
quicker
I'd arrive in Russia
through an open window.
God hates the kings of the earth.
In the redemption
I will write poems about the Messiah
but let me not lose my psychology.
The diversity of life
reflects the diversity of God.
God hates the kings of the earth.

The No Thing

I met you in 1517
and by the time I die
even the patter of my dear cats
will burn away.
By the time I die
the west will be a black
man with a skeleton
painted on his face.
I have thought about the fountain.
This splash we
are talking about is unlocatable
already.
The slicing up of time
has been very problematic.
If I survive this thunderstorm
I will forget this visage of all women.
How much money can it take?
I am blessed by God's love
undeserved, underdressed.

One Month Later

In a mansion of the nuevo riche
I whacked off a boy
who wanted to sell me
his bicycle.
And I was to be a hair designer.
Just like my stinking tattoos
I live with these fists of memory.
But I dress them in a glove of books.
My rescued Ethics of the Fathers is a glove,
and that is the shelf of the Bible Atlas.
Fiancé, continue sleeping,
leave me be. I tore apart
the living room
and found no better arrangement
for the furniture.
Moving a mattress around in the attic
I shattered a light bulb.
It is true, I am
depending on a socio-economic myth
to secure our dollared future.
(Mysterious God, soon in time
may I withdraw my billfold
and find layers of Hebrew shekels.
Until then,
I accept this mission in galut,
You who shaped me
a Zionist cheetah laying in wait.)
For sure, the myth is shameful.
Though a job

may be more so. Shameful.
If the moon were an inch disaligned
none of this whole machine
would have occurred.
No such things as the erect Els of Gezer.
Baseball couldn't have been.
And the moon does drift a bit
every now and then.
I am standing here
before the incomprehensible stage of time and space
and perhaps at the foot of God too
thinking I may need a part timer at the supermarket.
I've barely read Edouard Roditi.

To Begin With

I touched one thousand people and I licked
my fingers. All alone there was a dog
and I ran away.

You stood on that beach with the child's mouth.

My prayer is so close to my bed.

Look closer with the lens.

Emerging from the water

with a partner

trinkets and string, naked stomach,

great vistas of music.

Departing trick when the time is right.

You tune-in and over the wires little you is done for.

Sonnet of a Virginian

The black sneakers and beard
is pissing on an old quarter wall.
Can I bend the line of piss into a sign
for the black sneakers and beard? Aside:
Ramban's arch slipped into Kinneret after which
I fed a camel orange peel looking over Silwan.
After which I knew Silwan
encroaches the desert.
I live in a cave over an indeterminate hour.
At an undetermined hour I took a cab
and paid for it on Saturday.
No one in my neighborhood cared.
They were philosophers. I said something
about de Beauvoir but realized she's a French.
The little sandwich cares for darkness.

Don't Let It Be About Me

Mean pissers who thrash little girl's
carriages. Who thrash
even before her mothers.

Who wrench branches and dig
without meaning at the ground.

I want to write about my elderly neighbor. He
who tore up his garden in October.

And he who passed
on I will never plant again.

Is this some premonition? That he
will be dead in season.

Those jackass children.

For what I don't see.

Never granted myself loving congress with another.

Never refrain from my cock and brain.

For what only seen, stars.

O! Breathy roof of margin,
place of asshole children,
calm octogenarian. And me, the liar.
Here I lighten by issued load.

Hurricane Dennis

Somewhere in the midst of this
I stopped to play catch
and then I lent our vacuum to an old friend.
I had been watching
pictures of stripping girls for hours.
If it rained or if it did not rain I
would be living another day without
watering my parents' garden.
It was one of their only requests.
And it was such a simple request.
From a seat I see a torso
in the negative space of some leaves.
The slice of a note slid beneath the door slices.
I leave the porthole
of my ship room. It is the pimp. But I am paid up.
But he is pandering women of an inner eye.
I return to my window.
Yet we did not copulate. I protest!
The door latch has never been touched.
The dialogue is borne on small slices
of paper passed through the slit. There is silence.
I turn to write a letter to an old girlfriend.
We'll never be friends again.
I decide to maybe send
a naked photograph of myself.
I turn out so serious but I am not
even in anguish
because God does not exist.
My little cock is prominent

but that isn't the point. Maybe I am in despair.
The point are my eyes drifting
heavenward or ceilingward. And the books
slipping from a shelf in the background.
And the point is my nakedness.
At least self-contempt has been
no casualty. Even in these times of heartening affection.
Today I have beat the pimp, though tomorrow
I certainly may not beat the pimp.

Here's Your Apartment on the Canal

Our country is in a state
of spiritual crisis.
We are lucky to have a radio.
Let's take a walk
and the walk will be part of a bone.
Your face is a spine
but it was a nice face. Cradling a small me,
saying the big prayer.
I'm sorry, but somehow
I still prefer the pears from home.
I am allowed, after all,
to get by without friends.
With the new garden
we leave the ground.
The water comes in the shape of a bomb.
Come back to breakfast.
This place is an hallucination
of a few dark Jews.

Islam

I am in my booth.

There are the landlord's fields at dusk.

May God give you an old van.

May you shit and be fluent enough.

All yesterday morning

I saw my son's name, Wolf Redemption.

The Messiah has a catheter of pleasant fragrances

and will be proceeded

by a black mold.

He may be a stone cutter or a lily

or stir up the sluggish stream of speech.

I am sinful in every temple.

I am recalling the toast I made.

It seems unbearable,

and lastly

here is what I wish

for you: you

must never again understand

the pain

of having lost your clothes.

Kakashka

The tennis courts are greasy.

Black Sea, I see you.

Spend the night, they say.

I linger around the cabanas.

The mob treats me well.

I gaze at the moon.

I cover up with minerals.

But congregation, raise
money, redeem me.

Put a hawk in the corner of my eye,
let it be symbolic
and uplifting.

I am going to a slave
market in Turkey.

And I'll be paying for my meals.

The end is nearly reached.

I have this inane aleph bet block.

That is all.

A Dear Ratio

It's all about the mother,
a musical light,
the planet that really loves me.
A shame we never met
across all this time—and here
I am speaking
for the profoundly large crowd.
When children arrest my eye
it is very difficult to say their story
lies in the dusk. But I am nearer
your sphere without effort.
The face of my son along the river.
Did you guide my coin
to the shadow of a little hawk?
He took off
calling me a bronze flower with claws.
My arms meet like friends
drinking rye.
The things that daily befall
I cut with a tiny love.

Be My Pietist Friend

Every Friday I will confess
to you in the Greek peace
of the rotunda.
By the first slap of this day
we revisit the question
can I be
in Dunash ibn Labrat's home
and what is the origin of his name?
My spirit is sitting
growing a horn in the shadow.
I slither my hands over
this poem.
Of what am I afraid?
This is a noble thing to do.
And yet the driver
has made two men with beards sit
together. Look,
those mountains out there.
I would like to go
up into those mountains and marry
God as a man.
I believe I can tell you
where a quarry is.
But you cannot swim
there with sideburns,
You must have a full beard
like me
and this man at my side.

Carte Blanche

The world is a hello
though smaller
and less international.
Did you have a nice holiday?
The world is a compassionate beau,
the voice sounds like a key.
Let me ask you, what
use have I for a diagrammed hen?
My first love is Abraham,
tight curl in my beard,
great paradox of history.
I've gotten by.
There are no loaves this meal.
I pray
that my office be empty
and mind clear.
How pitiable a creature
I am. I made love.
This apple isn't bad.

The Cell and It's Stages

Reading about planting a tree
and chewing
a toothpick,
and come to think of it,
I barely know
what that lineage is.
Come to really take a glance at it,
we are better off being alone a lot.
For there is a man
growing his first beard.
Must I note the reverie
with which I am impressed?
I think Judaism is living calmly
under the depression of God's love.
Every once in a while
stand before a mirror and touch
your chest.
Have you been very stingy in your ways?
Yes, some days at home were made of clay.
I discovered wearing a flamboyant scarf.
Letter to Auschwitz, whatever.
The first thing
I did this morning
was stare at you, Stanislau.
Right in the face.
I lit some candles
and read an essay
about Thomas Mann
resting for eternity in Zurich.

I Make My Own Pit

I play asleep at the horse track,
a few afternoon hours in the park.
Eyeing religious women, picturing
them unwound from their scrolls.
Airing out in lewd ways.
Their little rolling carriages are warships.
They strafe my block flicking the great sigh
of a polished glass at me. I cross myself
in horror. I saw a young man with
the dinosaur face of an orangutan
where the face is my rainbow mind.

Eye/Evil Eye

A planet is burning in the sky.

I blow kisses for the inhabitants.

I salute cosmos life and death.

There is a man on that orb

and in his company

the twitching dong of someone other.

A rod.

In reality she touches it

and the dong spouts forever.

A small bird escapes from the atmosphere

and flies through black space.

In its bird mouth the branch I plant.

It grows into a candelabra in clothes,

a bicycle I ride away.

Dorit

Originally the No Thing occupied all reality
and in the resulting space
there was room for the universe.

My name is Yehoshua Galuti.

I am out of matches.

I smell a hawk at the library.

I smell him along the rink.

He zings by me.

This has been a simplified account
for what was a cosmogonic tragedy.

I shake a spear eight days.

After the span of hours a voice comes back to me,
the voice of my beloved.

There are features of it that are Spanish,
neo-platonic, and dim.

It will be OK.

A plenitude of divine sparks are scattered throughout the cosmos.

Delicious light pours into unfrequented pastures.

The technical term for this repair is Yud.

Isaac Luria does not write
but elaborates differently.

Moshe de Leon peopled by figures of Palestine.

The task of the Kabbalist is to help repair
this tragedy that never changes.

Note: The poet has a letter from a man in the Galil

When I am left alone
no time is wasted in taking out my wang.
And no time is lost
before I claim my home is a church.
Do not agree to such backbreaking work.
I read your stories asleep, I tell myself.
Note: My odor asleep is not perspiration.
I believe it is a curse.
I am sleeping away my life.
Last week I was confessing
and now, all is saved.
Every evening I lay reciting
Sweet unknowable God.
Sweet crummy, overburdened being alone.
Sweet woman having a conversation with me.
Sweet suggestion of order God has given.
Sweet unbelievable God.

Self Portrait with Curtain

If I get home

I am wearing a very long straw coat
as if I had inherited the encyclopedia from papa.

My finger is a piece
of beard.

We have different feelings about how I look.

I look like an idiot speaking Hebrew.

For one month I stood on a line
to kiss a picture
while you were beside the creek in thought's company.

I ate yogurt oddly. You relaxed.

I am high art. You are a beard.

Our goal is to inherit the city
and have a drink and gossip.

On your lapel was a piece of crap
and you were wearing sandals.

Who is Oblomov?

A pomegranate that will never reply
yet passes
an insignificant drop of water
from tomorrow to church-like tomorrow.

Our leader, beside the creek
in thought's company,
beneath the door's slit.

I eat a ham in silence.

This is the totality of my memoir

The Third Meal

In the palm, my student,
I want you to know
that any time you wish
you may shave.

I admit this outlook is not breathtaking.
This holiday is very exhausting and cold.
You who taught me to observe mushrooms,
our handshake thaws beneath a lamp.

J'ai Ta Peau

Cornered, I've given up
on reason
and have thrown my hat
unretractably
into the piazza of what God may have said.
When my beloved friends
met in the garnished halls
they brandished the old flag
and said
they'd seen
the tear of a brown child
sprouting
in the place of a likeness
from my collar.
But what louse
leaves the gay symposium happy?
I had known girls
liking to go about in mustache.
Girls, hell, whoever.
They turned out to be so thin-lipped.
So I renounce History.

A Brief Examination of Conscience

I give a great deal of lip service to the almighty
God. But if there were a movie of my days
and a movie of my nights I would call these films
the animal soul exists alone.

Maybe I do not recognize my place in the Torah.

Not every man is privileged enough.

My time is a string
of general principles and things

I have foraged while walking in the woods.

You find sticks and mold and sources of water in the woods.

And still somehow

I will realize the strange order of nature.

Cosmic Unity

I am probably a good man. Have sat
reading in a window waiting on small storms.
I returned to one plant on a path.
Once rung a woman's
neck while we made love. Because she asked me to.
I acquiesced and came. Does that make me a
good man?
I really tore open a well. It was not even a sign.
And the well whose mouth was a
friend's couch. I rolled back the stone and found
an unkissed crotch. And when I kissed it I
relaxed about good and bad and just kissed.

Walking Across a Field

I chased a deer in the woods.
Down by the really
small creek beneath the cemetery.
Where I always think I'm being watched.
Where I found a dead deer skull.
Let's say the latter happened
when I was thirteen.
The former happens whenever.
For example, when I sleep.
Because I sleep naked.
Or, for example, when I am in a small restaurant.
Because I was stoned in Egypt and suddenly
knew how undone I am by people.
I am gregarious
but it's a joke
and a farce.
I waded through the forest in a blue sweater.
I was an Indian.

The Unfathomable River of Wisdom

I found his name drawn out in an exotic letter beside the sea.
He is our Mary and the nine syllables are on my tongue.
The news has been absorbed by organs of the body in Africa,
and a man in the holy government.
And I stand on a queer plank,
the narrow finger of the messenger.
Between the suspicions of my disintegrating shelter in the north
and the hearty blasts of ornate victory in heaven.
The wrecked moon is new.
A song is revealed out from the fiery brains
seated in the handshakes of the city of rapture.

Some Leviathan Lurked Away

O! The radio that yelped out across the lake.
A fine, treble projection. A line.
The water's manner: electricity,
sitting green
and cold in the volcano hill.
I was briefly nude in the olive grove.
A band of dogs meandered by.
These dogs could speak a language.
They were so primitive and husky.
All the fishing was underway
with old bread. Little boymen slung hooks
at some Leviathan
lurked away from the kicking feet.
This is the Eden, the garden.
They sell coffee, there are school children.
What dogs and wine grapes! All the gentlemen
don small sock caps and think to themselves,
Look! Just like a hill dotted with snow,
we are a people of the mountains.
The lake, the Leviathan, all explicable,
all sound.

The Slavery was Revealed as an Insect

The brick was wild when someone nerved to taste it.
It was a situation of community visions.
It was men just eating and then wham!
One of us had arranged some sticks.
We had whistles in our throats and levitation was going on.
There was a fellow who just walked right down
and disappeared in the water.
It was awesome.
I would never eat again.
The tools of our labor burrowed into the ground.
The slavery was revealed as an insect
but there was mindless jazz dancing.
The women had changed the colors of their skin.
It was a transportation of the spirit.
A small stage was erected and a man twirling fiery swords
was cut down.

Lenin's Great

I'm losing my seared vine so I decide to set it loose.
But practically speaking, who's going to be jealous?

My Parnassus is gloating, and the sky is away.
Remember: Lenin's great (phonetically too.)

Who lives in an apartment lives in a book
getting visited by thousands of doctors and also a dog.

Peter's born, I want to get to him, that rat.
I telephoned him.

Peter's been born, but at which address?
I heard him choking and I know he's got a bunch to say.

I am from Czernowitz, since you went so far as to ask.
And on that boulevard they call me Smelnok.

If you spend the night, we'll dance with strange gait.
Certainly, at least, send locutions of something to me.

Prayer

Forget me not in this green flap.
Stretch my body into an impressive bridge,
so that the people may cross over.
They may bring whatever
old cars and children.
Over into that land
to which our dead travel
according to ornate tunnels of the Messiah.
O! Lord God, unravel
the language from my mouth.
Unlearn me the routes and cities.
I have been eating at the sacred posts of these people.
I sing out with broken legs and in blindness.

You are a trombone in the morning.
I have nothing to fear,
the evil inclination is something
that I drink
and go off to kiss people.
The massive earth is a nail clipping.
A mess of blood flows
from His tremendous stomach. It flows
out into the valley of friends.
O! Friend, blasting in the mountains.
The sun quits its course, and the moon is lost.

My Kefiah

My kefiah is a tree
blossoming
out of my brains.

It is a knife that tans my skin
and sharpens my coral eyes.

There is a flicker in the high desert
and that is my blood kefiah.

Erection!

The bronze Satan is crouching in my room.

He wishes to penetrate me

like those gurgling pheasants beneath the solar panels.

Here I am in the forest.

And when he steps burning up to my face

slapping a stick

I will calmly stick him.

After the Machine

A tank rattles into the square
and tweaks our small landscape.
The insect weapon is rotated toward me.
I know I am in the crosshairs. I am sitting
at my desk
dozing in the window.
There is an explosion.
Your sweet crotch,
green apple of a crotch bulleted at me.
It shatters the glass,
the panes of my windows.
The elasticity of your mouth
rings along my skin like a wineskin
brought beside a creek.
I could have sat
at the green apple of your crotch
for days in earnestness.
I hear electricity under the breath of my room.

Best of Luck

So, new family,
you gaze
unmistakably
at my rotten face.
Two slanted eyes
and a mean dog laughing from its ass.
My countenance, the theater.
I know.
It's a good time
to promenade with a candelabra.

Sitting on a Leaf

Wait! To whom then do I talk?

It is not God

because I am driven away on the wind.

It is not the body of God.

I am talking with your breasts in a bed

years ago. I am talking

to a garden filled with fountains.

There are veins running beneath your calm home.

In the waves of God's time

I am going to disappear.

But let me be planted in your straight garden

beside the rock.

Spirit, Returneth!

Every morning, the same thing. An arrow
zings through my bedroom door and strikes me where
it counts. There's a note tied to the tail
and I snip it off and read. I recall
that today I cannot be a pansy
because there is a Devil but there is
no God. And then I recall all the terrible
panties I've plucked off in my life.
So I rip the damn thing out and think of
my old friends in the south.

The Word, The Word

Sometimes I think I am the Messiah
and I look around my room,
there are salsola bundles.
(My chest hair in a corner.)
I have a short wave radio.
I bleed from the rib but I have bowed before owls.
There is applause from the field.
My beard grows into a doctor
from Europe.
The radio flares a dove to the roof
and it tells me
the world is a nice ass and a glass of beer.
I can be the Messiah.
I blow grandstand kisses
at days of great behinds in the street.

To Hell with Da'ud

These are the reasons for which I have deserted you.

Because of your ballooning
teethy mouth
that balloons
to the suffocation
of friends at those little parties.

Because the hard work of your father's past
is only a bucket
from which a straw leads
into the future and into your fat mouth.

And because I heard you
when in that mirror you remarked,
Wow, how the holy mouth
reminds me of an asshole.

But I'm free! And it's the Spring!
And a woman
saved me in the Orient!

You can take your romantic burden
and go drown
in the brown asshole of all goy culture.

Nobody Reads this Book

I am not bent over the Bible nor over
a tablet of India paper
containing diagrams of the voice.

I just came to the church
and it was an advantageous time.

That's who I am.

The one stranger squawk of a bird
after dozens of regular yells in the courtyard.

There is a courtyard hemmed-in by a long walk I took
to lay down in bed
and read the glimmer of gold.

I guess it slipped my mind, I lean not
over some meditation chart.

Nor over a telephone anymore.

I just happened to be at the big church.

That domed church
that borrowed a statue in the summertime.