

(2)

The Lepers

Die run the grey-haired lepers over down from the hills,
 They think because they lost in eloquence and civility
 the lower people will forgive their moulting sores
 and not ^{change} ~~mind~~ how odd and repellent they look
 in two disfiguring and unmanly, the cynosure as
 concerning ^{of} ~~the~~ women, ~~after~~ the leprosy, love of God

Not for me passive resignation old age,
 Not for me penitence and breast beating,
 and the recital of guilt he will never begin to ~~believe~~
 and a man's ~~bones~~ to his three ~~shin~~ ~~bones~~ a shame.
 not for me, not will ~~the~~ ~~leper's~~ ~~struggle~~ of life
 left yet in me to laugh and curse + ~~shame~~ ^{my} ~~leper's~~ ~~struggle~~

Rapi rani howl and grow like ~~about~~ ^{above} ~~the~~ ~~ceiling~~
 in nest of freezing nest or miserable
 like a religious old codger on his knees
 in a reeked room, darkness ~~the~~ ~~leper's~~ ~~struggle~~ ~~from~~
~~room~~ ~~like~~ ~~an~~ ~~army~~ ~~of~~ ~~lepers~~, I ~~feel~~ ~~the~~ ~~cloth~~ ~~of~~ ~~hell~~
 and the room and all the stars come crashing down

2nd and Finale.

Will see the gray-haired lips come down ^{from} the hills,
they think because they have with eloquence and conviction
the low people will forgive their swelling songs
and care much how repellent ~~the~~ ~~not~~ ~~low~~ ~~old~~
or how disgusting, ^{how} and unmanly, ^{but} ^{they} ^{look}
concerning boys or women, their burning love for God.

Not for me passive and inglorious old age,
not for me penitence and breast-beating
and the recital of guilt's hell nor links begin to humble
and a man's brought to his knees, dimpling and a chance,
not for me, not like ^{see} a flock of life ^{left}
~~not~~ ~~me~~ and I can ~~see~~ ^{up} ^{at} ^{the} ^{Gods} ^{and} ^{sure} ^{and} ^{not} ^{my} ^{feel}

Rain than howl and yowl like an ailing cat
on mat ~~and~~ freezing night or mumble their pecker
over a crucifix like some poor ^{for} ^{some} ^{body} ^{god} ^{serv}
in a rickled room, the darkness shall come ^{only}
then, an angry and ^{confounding} ^{defiant} old man, ^{and} ^{you} ^{and} ^{me} ^{and} ^{the}
of heaven and the moon and all the stars come crashing down

Aug. 26, 1977.
Mohr

GRAND FINALE

I've seen the grey-haired lepers come down from the hills;
they think because they howl with eloquence and conviction
the townspeople will forgive their revolting sores
and not care much how repellent and odd they look
or how disgusting how unmanly their blurtings are
concerning booze and women, their burning love for God

Not for me passive and inglorious old age,
not for me penitence and breastbeating
and the recital of guilts till one's limbs begin to tremble
and a man's brought to his knees whimpering and ashamed;
not for me not while there's a flicker of life still left
and I can laugh at the gods and curse and shake my fist.

Rather than howl and yowl like an ailing cat
on wet or freezing nights or mumble thin platitudes
over a crucifix like some poor forsaken codger
in a rented room the darkness shall come only
when I, an angry and unforgiving old man, yank the cloth
of heaven and the moon and all the stars come crashing down.

GRAND FINALE

I've seen the grey-haired lepers come down from the hills;
they think because they howl with eloquence and conviction
the townspeople will forgive their revolting sores
and not care much how scandalous and odd they look
how misspent their contrite blurtings over booze and women
their breathless jousting with the one true God.

Nor for me passive and inglorious old age
not for me penitence and breastbeating
and the recital of guilts till one's limbs begin to tremble
and a man's brought to his knees whimpering and ashamed;
not for me while there's a flicker of life still left
and I can laugh at the gods and curse and shake my fist.

Rather than howl and yowl like an ailing cat
on wet or freezing nights or mumble thin pieties
over a crucifix like some poor forsaken codger
in a tented room, the darkness shall come only
when I, an angry and unforgiving old man, yank the cloth
of heaven and the moon and all the stars come crashing down.

GRAND FINALE

I've seen the grey-haired lepers come down from the hills;
they think because they howl with eloquence and conviction
the townspeople will forgive their revolting sores
and not care much how scandalous and odd they look
how misspent their contrite blurtings over booze and women
the senescent joustings with the one true God.

Not for me passive and inglorious old age
not for me penitence and breastbeating
and the recital of guilts till one's limbs begin to tremble
and a man's brought to his knees whimpering and ashamed;
not for me while there's a flicker of life still left
and I can laugh at the gods and curse and shake my fist.

Rather than howl and yowl like an ailing cat
on wet or freezing nights or mumble thin pieties
over a crucifix like some poor forsaken codger
in a rented room, the darkness shall only come
when I, an angry cursing old man, yank the cloth
of heaven and the moon and all the stars come crashing down.

GRAND FINALE
GRAND FINALE

I've seen the grey-haired lepers come down from the hills;
they think because they howl with eloquence and conviction
the townspeople will forgive their revolting sores
and not care much how scandalous and odd they look
how misspent their contrite blurtings over booze and women
their senescent joustings with the one true God.

Not for me passive and inglorious old age
not for me penitence and breastbeating
and the recital of guilts till one's limbs begin to tremble
and a man's brought to his knees whimpering and ashamed;
not for me while there's a flicker of life still left
and I can laugh and curse and shake my fist.

Rather than howl and yowl like an ailing cat
on wet or freezing nights or mumble thin pieties
over a crucifix like some forsaken codger
in a rented room, the darkness shall come only when I
an angry and unforgiving old man yank the cloth of heaven
and the moon and all the stars come crashing down.

GRAND FINALE

I've seen the grey-haired lepers come down from the hills;
they think because they howl with eloquence and conviction
the townspeople will forgive their revolting sores
and not care much how scandalous and odd they look
how misspent their contrite blurtings over booze and women
their senescent joustings with the one true God.

Not for me passive and inglorious old age
not for me penitence and breastbeating
and the recital of guilts till one's limbs begin to tremble
and a man's brought to his knees whimpering and ashamed;
not for me while there's a flicker of life still left
and I can laugh at the gods and curse and shake my fist.

Rather than howl and yowl like an ailing cat
on wet or freezing nights or mumble thin pieties
over a crucifix like some poor forsaken codger
in a rented room the darkness shall come only when I
an angry and unforgiving old man yank the cloth of heaven
and the moon and all the stars come crashing down.

GRAND FINALE

I've seen the grey-haired bushmen come down from the hills;
they think because they howl with eloquence and conviction
the townspeople will forgive their disgraceful sores
and not care much how scandalous and odd they look
or how vain their contrite blurtings over booze and women,
their senescent joustings with the one true God.

Not for me penitent and inglorious old age
not for me resignation and breastbeating
or the recital of guilts till one's limbs begin to tremble
and a man's brought to his knees whimpering and ashamed;
not if there's a flicker of life still left
and I can laugh at the gods and curse and shake my fist.

Rather than howl and yowl like an ailing cat
on wet or freezing nights or mumble thin pieties
over a crucifix like some poor forsaken codger
in a rented room the darkness shall come only when I
an angry and unforgiving old man yank the cloth of heaven
and the moon and all the stars come crashing down.

5
Medusas

Dropped from wavecrest Medusas
injure their frail form parachutes,

In some Medusas
injure their frail form parachutes

From wavecrest dropped
Medusas injure their frail form parachutes,
in place of their, sharp
and lead it to their form

Ear it from Medusas men or legs.
and have hot eyes,

no for her, no for myself
no man, but

One or two and put away, the
are long, but cross-eyed,
they are unap to for a man or a woman

In the field of

I in her in ~~the~~ 'pon pen
christian, nature, man
- lord. Luther

Time picks and pieces

his words first

in his words below in fact

Shampou
vissu repellent
fumi Absorbed

one whom
I looked to the water:
my ^{belly} till he came on Medusa's emerald.
One could ^{cheri} ~~not~~ ^{look} at her eyes, no look eyes;
^{and} near saw his smile
and they have had eyes,
one for lust, or or for cruelty.
only the same, not an cross-eye, and heri cross-eye
Prone he stood.
^{piece} ~~the~~ ^{of} dead ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~eyes~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~water~~ ^{the} ~~Medusa~~
he made, in ^{di} ~~odno~~ ^{acceptor}
to ^{medit} ~~and~~ ^{literati}

①

unlike the power of
any other

~~In the water, the Medusa~~
^{from} ~~the~~ ^{from} a wave, the reddest
release ^{of} ~~its~~ ^{small} ~~from~~ ^{parachute}
implant it beneath charge
beneath ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{frozen} ~~skin~~
and float away to new home

namu ni Chrotoconit
material, ni ~~penialer~~ ^{Met}
Socialism and other
assembly is, now been
known.

Dropping from watered, the Medusa then
releases its small from parachute,
to implants ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{beneath} ~~charge~~
beneath ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{frozen} ~~skin~~
and float away to new home.

There are no limits
to the end has. ^{By the} ~~Recor~~
who to his lesson
has labels and come
re has no other problem
but his self.

Dropped from wavecrest the Medusa
injuncts its frail brown parachute;
implants the burning charge
beneath the bronzed skin
and floats off to other haoms

(i)

I hear the water telling me
there are Medusas everywhere:
on earth their locomotion is by means of legs;
they also wear fanning smocks
and have ^{special in depth} two eyes.

one for lust, one for cruelty.
Only the saints and poets among them
are kind, being cross-eyed
and being so smart to apprehend their victims

9

Though he stinks far worse
than decaying ^{shit} in hot weather
the malefic smocks are ambrosia
to pundit, ideologue and nation-murderer.
In the fields, our overwhelming regret

I hear of them called progress:
Christianity, nationalism, Maoism,
those thick hard-bubbles

(11)

Tom's ^{own} ready pui-pui'd angler
and ^{mean} ~~reacher~~ like the white foam
on the rocks below my feet

has discovered his problem
the human condition
is that the capitalist society
had his own ^{particular} ~~particular~~ ^{particular} of life.

(11)

Don't, don't, deceiving young
there's no limit, this now has been
at the best and sadism
of his ^{long} ~~reacher~~ Medusa.
And I fear, my friend, you great horrors
than death with me Hinkler.
are being reared for our children
now that his ^{invention} ~~invention~~ ^{invention}

10
"LIFEBUOY"

Take your pick, my love:
rocks to and fro,
that empty perfume bottle
is a miniature lifebuoy
or an accusing finger
pointed ^{wood} at the sky
~~held like a bow~~
~~from stone to stone~~

Someone up there
holds like a ~~type~~ ^{Take yourself} ~~type~~ ^{breath}
over us

It makes me think
of silent underwater deaths
and vipers unblazoned by the sun,
of the Medusa
at the chilled heart of the world

I would be mindless and innocent
I would be at the ^{opposite} wave
downside one and up the other

11
12
Mind
separates me into philosopher and seducer;
in-between
shuffles the card books
of mycelium philosophy

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And, yes, love has melted
a strange sensation for me:
The sun the storm children
turn into sail walls
and the war of the fishes
break on a red chamber pot.

MEDUSAS

I saw a battalion of medusas
drop from wavecrest and foam

I saw them unfurl
their frail brown parachutes
implant the burning charge
beneath the victim's skin
and float off to other harm

Flaunting nature's oriflamme
medusas are verywhere *her gaze of hunt*
and ~~on land~~ easily spotted:
upset they wear fawning smiles
speak only to deceive
and possess two eyes
out of which stare cruelty and lust

the
Among them only poets and saints
are kind, ~~being~~ cross-eyed
they and unable to focus on victims

cheap
Listen to the ~~xxx~~murderous cries
of ~~the two-legged~~ medusas:
I'm a christian, I'm a maoist
fascist, marxist,
I believe in progress
and the rights of man
- bubbles, my friend, lard-bubbles
which time's every-ready spike deflates
and smears like the brown foam
on those rocks below my feet

*Throat in smell worse
than dead pig in hot ocean.*

MEDUSAS

Dropping from wavecrest + foam

Medusas

unfurl their frail brown parachutes,

implant the burning charge

beneath their victim's skin

and float off to sea

Medusas are everywhere:

on earth their locomotion

is by means of legs;

they are easily spotted.

They wear fawning smiles,

speak only to deceive

and have two eyes,

out of which look cruelty and lust.

Only the saint among them

are kind, veing cross-eyed

and therefore unapt to focus on their victims

In the fetid night

I hear
~~you can~~ hear them ~~shout~~ *loud*

'I'm a christian', 'maoist'

'fascist', 'marxist'

'I believe in progress

and the rights of man'

-lard-bubbles *in that* Time

with his every-ready needle *spike* ~~pricks~~ *dellat*

and smears like the brown foam

on the rocks below my feet

*I saw a battalini of Medusa
drop from wavecrest and foam*

*I saw mi unger di frail brown parachute
mi plant mi burning charge
beneath mi victim's skin
and float off to sea*

HUMMINGBIRD

Flaunting

their pirate's flag of pubic hair

the cool-titted girls

go past me

Or they sprawl on the sand

giving their marvels to the sun

My turned head

is a hummingbird

sipping the dark flower

between their thighs

Myconos

June 14, 1977

I saw a battalion of medusas
drop from wavecrest and foam

I saw them unfurl their frail brown parachutes
implant the burning charge
beneath their victim's skin
and float off to other harm

^{They} Medusas are everywhere
^{and} on land they are easily spotted;
they wear fawning smiles
^{and} speak only to deive
and have two eyes
out of which stare cruelty and lust

Only ^{the} saints and poets among them
are kind, being cross-eyed
and hence inapt to focu on ~~their~~ victims

In the fetid ^{night}
I have heard them cry out;
'I'm a christian', 'I'm a mapist'
'fascist', marxist' ^{matance}
'I believe in progress
and the rights of man'
- ~~lard~~-bubbles, my friend, which Time
~~with his~~ ever-ready spike deflates
and smears like the brown foam
on these rocks below my feet

*I can't believe you feel
medusa are everywhere
and on land as well*

Just to be medusa one

lard

*Only the cross-eyed poets and saints
among them are kind
are kind, but maps
w. ~~applied~~ to victims*

Flaunting their pirate's flag
of pubic hair
in cool pairs the firm titted girls
go past me

Or sprawl on the sand
giving their marvels to the sun

MYCONOS

Flauting
their pirate's flang of pubic hair
in cool pairs
the firm-titted girls
go past me

On sprawl on the sand
giving their marvels to the sun

My turned head
is a hummingbird
sipping the darke flows
between their thighs

MEDUSAS

I saw a battalion of medusas
drop from wavecrest and foam

They unfurled~~d~~
their frail bown parachutes
inserted~~d~~ the burning charge
beneath their victim's skin
and floated~~d~~ off to other harm

Flouishing nature's oriflamme
her gonfalon of hurt
medusas are everywhere:
in cities they wear fawning smiles
speak only to deceive
and possess two eyes
out of which stare cruelty and lust

m. B. Only them only the cross-eyed poets
and saints are kind,
unapy ~~as they are~~ to focus on victims

Though they stink worse
than dead pig in hot weather
listen to their murderous cries:
I'm a christian, I'm a maoist,
fascist, marxist,
I believe in progress and the rights of man
- bubbles, my friend, lard-bubbles ^{poind}
which time's every-ready spike deflates,
and smears like ^{the} brown foam
on the ^{e l} rocks below my feet

The ceaseless waves
purse the empty green bottle
to and fro

It is a frigid
marking out the sky
from shore to shore
and makes no heed
of silent undinea deaths,
of the Medusa
at the chilled heart of the wound

The impure waves
~~push~~ ^{rock} the empty green bottle
pursing it to and fro
- a miniature buoy
signaling hopes of medusas

Take your Reflection On the Sea
Rocks to and fro
the empty green bottle
in a miniature buoy,
or an accusing finger
pointed at the sky

I think of silent undinea deaths
of ships
unbattered by the sun
of the Medusa
at the chilled heart of the wound

I would
~~let me be like the waves~~
~~running on and on~~
sternly on also the wind

Conscientious
divides men into philologists & sadists;
in between
~~struggle~~
the two kinds
of anguished philistines;

That line has melted
I stray seaward for me;
The sun the flower chide
his will read words
and the wave of furber
beats on a red charnelpot.

Dove's Hopes The Final Part

I must go on with my crazy ideas to the end,
in time my obsessions will become plain if not
to me then to everyone else, to my wife friends
children and to all who thought me a simple madman
sometimes vicious, most of the time laughing - providing
in my efforts to make mistakes shut out of mere air
It is too late to brush them from my grey hair;
besides, things not like sandruff to make a total semi-halo
around my shoulders: that brush hasn't been invented
that will free me of them, always my head
and make it light and ap. oblique like my nose
the brown the best out of it when I was a child

Follows stave my crazy dream to love hot women
tall beautiful, but gone is bed, but equally some
I am that man of all genders, one who
is in my and not a trace of Sadism in his make-up
in his make-up. The resemblance clear, however.
when they are me opposing lifestyles

Opposite destinies for my remaining years.
I do not remain what they are but write you to guess
in sitting on my word of honor that nothing fact
has given me a snow shined and my hair over
a hair for the worse. O love! O countless love!
How much I can explain to the surgeon

Feigning my inflamed piles that love has given them
and is at the bottom of it all, that if he plucks the root
from my arse with a risk, a new crop will spring
at numerous as blackberries, but not as sweet. Al, I am clear
The family of love can be plentiful, in my case
his barren has been not her her

AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

The fat Greek woman
with gold on her molars
holding the youngest child
by the hand

The child holding the small cat
in her arms

The cat holding the air
between its paws

I must strive to keep
that image in my head
on those black nights
when sleep is far from my eyes

And that of her husband
bending over his hoe
as though in quiet prayer
for the early morning sunshine

The roadside flowers
proudly displaying
the choking white dust
on their still fragrant petals

AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

The fat fat Greek woman
with gold on her molars
holding her youngest child
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The child holding the small cat
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And that of her husband
bending over his hoe
as though in quiet prayer
for the early morning sunshine

Or the roadside flowers
proudy displaying
the choking white dust
on their still fragrant petals

THE HARVEST

I must go on with my crazy drives to the end;
in time my compulsions will become plain if not
to me than to everyone else, to my wife friends
children and to all who thought me a simple madman
sometimes vicious, most of the time laughter-provoking
in my efforts to make rustless steel out of mere air.

It is too late to brush them from my grey hair;
besides, they're not like dandruff to make a semi-halo
around my shoulders: the brush hasn't been invented
that will free me of them, clear my head
and make it light and apostolical like my mother
who kerosened the lice out of it when I was a child

For instance: I'm crazy enough to love two women
both beautiful, both good in bed, both equally sure
I am that rarest of geniuses, one who's well-hung
and without a trace of sadism in his make-up.
Okay so far. The trouble starts when they offer me
two opposing lifestyles, opposite destinies

For the years still to fall from the calendar.
I'll not reveal what they are but invite you to guess
insisting on my word of honour that this troubling
fact has given me a sour stomach and my haemorrhoids
a turn for the worse. O love, O careless rapture.
How will I ever explain to the surgeon

Fingering my inflamed piles that love's grown them
and is at the bottom of it all, that if he plucks
them from my amorous orifice a new crop will grow back
as numerous as blackberries but not half so sweet.
Ah, surgeon! The fruits of love can be plentiful.
O they can be rich beyond all reckoning.

AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

The fat Greek woman
with gold on her molars
holding her youngest daughter
by the hand

The child holding the small cat
in her arms

The cat holding the air
between her paws

I must strive to keep
that image in my head
on those black nights
when sleep is far from my eyes

And that of her husband
bending over his hoe
as though in silent benediction

for the early morning sunshine

And the roadside flowers
proudly displaying the white
choking dust
on their still fragrant petals

Let's face it. I'm a compulsive. I buy two of everything
two pairs of shoes, of gloves, pyjamas or socks.
I never walk out of a store without two hats or shorts.
Such stockpiling must satisfy the self and anti-self
or if I was as pretentious as ~~XXXXX~~ Willie Yeats I'd say
the man and his mask or something as phony as that

For the pedants who make a living from deciphering
the graffitti poets write on the walls of God's
ciborium. Well, when ~~they~~ ^{change} come for me at the end
when I stiffen - eeny meeny miny mo - in my love's arms
and it goes no worse for me there than it has here ~~xxxxx~~
~~in earth,~~ ^{of} with all my lunacies, no devil's imp ~~will~~ ^{shut} ever
hear me complain

The child

by the hand

holding her youngest child

with gold on her molars

The fat Greek woman

Let's face it. I'm a compulsive. I buy two of everything
two pairs of shoes, or gloves, or pajamas or socks.
I never walk out of a store without two pairs of shorts.
Such stockpiling must satisfy the self and anti-self
or if I use as pretentious as xxxxx I'd say
the man and his mask or something as phony as that

The fat fat Greek woman
holding

For the pedants who make a living from deciphering
the graffiti poets write on the walls of God's
cathedral. Well, when they come for me at the end
when I stiffen - easy messy my no - in my love's arms
and it goes no worse for me there than it has here xxxxx
of earth, with all my faculties, no devil's imp will ever
hear me complain

the cutta
pl the pnuq
mrtqruq mei lonuqoer cutta
mrtu ojq cu mei mojqre
the ter ter glack mrtu

To The Victims of The Holocaust

There are true voices saying
your death news happened, are a hoax
a spoof to entrap the gentle hearts of the young.
I have read news with my own eyes, I
was there witnessed in person and seen
and for years taught my children
how to defend freedom, one of them
had to die, pleaded from his arms
and smelt in the blazing sun.

Believe me, my dear brother and sister
I would praise, struggle or stab to death
all who arranged for terrible death.
I would leave not one guilty person alive
I would spend whole days and nights
dividing up some terrible death for them.

Your horrible death are forgotten; no one
speaks of them any more; no words of talks from
have worn off. More essential to ^{maintain} ^{peace} ^{and} ^{order}
than Copernicus and Darwin, your untold story
of human vicissitudes need be established and believed.
Now there are true voices to be heard saying
your extermination news happened, are a hoax,
a spoof to entrap the gentle hearts of the young.

IDEALIST

I'm an idealist, he said
and I would never aver
there are no causes whatever
that I wouldn't urge young people
to die for

what is implied in further growth of freedom
and independence? not a problem? and a quest
then one can see reason in the great volume
of human civilization. not for the first time
one (education) even (education) from the first of spirit
great mass of? like (education) to (education) (education)
advantage of (education) and (education); (education) (education) (education)
from (education) (education) one (education); one can

described that was (education) (education) in the (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
one (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)

and (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)
I (education) (education) (education) (education) (education)

The (education) of the (education)

Fill my ^{ears} with your execrations!

Let me hear, my dead brother and sister,
your blood and swollen tongue, let me hear
your strained voice in the wilderness
that were killed in your day of wrath. Let me hear
in a world that has forgotten your tears
and pain, your mirrored hidden death
and its wretched quiet!

Let me hear, my dead brother and sister
your blood and swollen tongue pronounced
in curses that dead skulls in your day of wrath.
Let me curse for you a world that has forgot
your tears and suffering, your mirrored hidden death
and its wretched quiet. Come, glory, from above.
fill my ears and ~~heart~~ with your imprecations!

Your horrible deaths are forgotten; no one speaks of them any more. The novelty of tattooed forearms has worn off. More assaulting to men's vanity than Copernicus or Darwin, your wretched story of human viciousness must be entombed in silence. There are even voices to be heard saying your exterminations never happened, are a hoax, a spoof to entrap the gentle hearts of goyim. One historian proves ~~that~~ Hitler was the only one in Europe not to know of the death camps.

You see which way the wind is blowing. Soon you will be blamed for starting World War II. Let me be, my dead brother and sisters your black and swollen tongue pronouncing the curses that died stillborn on your dying mouths. Let me curse for you a world that has forgot your terror and suffering, your innocent hideous deaths and its own guilt. Come, ghosts, surround me, fill my ears with your imprecations

Your horrible deaths are forgotten; no one speaks
of them any more. The novelty of tattooed forearms
wore off long ago. More assaulting to mankind's vanity
than Copernicus or Darwin your harrowing story
of human viciousness must be entombed in silence.
Why, I've even heard cultivated voices ^{like} saying
your cruel exterminations never happened, are a hoax
to entrap the ^{guile} ever compassionate and ~~gentle~~ hearts of goyim
and one historian ^{has professed} affirms Hitler was the only one
~~not to know~~ ^{no did not} you were being turned into soap and smoke.
^{equation}

^{and that}
So you see, which way the wind is blowing.
Tomorrow you will be blamed for starting World War II.
My dear dead brothers and sister, let me be
your black and swollen tongue uttering the curses
that died stillborn on your dying convulsive mouths
in Auschwitz and Maidenek, ^{and} Buchenwald and Dachau.
Let me ^{damn} curse for you a world that has so soon forgotten
your terror and great suffering and its own ^{guilt} guilt.
Come, ghosts, surround me, fill my ears with your imprecations.
Cry, shriek, rave: I shall curse till the sun goes black
in the sky.

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Your horrible deaths are forgotten; no one speaks
of them any more. The novelty of tattooed forearms
wore off long ago. More corrosive to mankind's vanity
than Copernicus or Darwin, your harrowing ^{horror} story
of human viciousness must be entombed in silence.
^{And of law} Why, I've even heard cultured voices lately saying
your cruel exterminations never happened, are a hoax
to entrap the gentle ever-compassionate hearts of ^{goyim} ~~goyim~~
and one ^{historian} ~~historian~~ absolves Hitler for the only one
^{de die} ignorant you were being turned into soap and smoke.

^{in G}
So you see, ^{my dear} ~~poor~~ ghosts, which way the wind is blowing;
tomorrow someone will ^{affirm} ~~affirm~~ you started World War II.
My dear dead brothers and sisters, let me be
your black and swollen tongue uttering the ^{malediction} ~~curse~~
that died stillborn on your dying convulsive mouths
in Auschwitz and Maidenek, in Buchenwald and Babi Yar.
Let me pronounce ^{your curse} ~~the doom~~ of a world that so soon forgets
your terror and great suffering and its own hideous guilt.
Come, ghosts, surround me; fill my ears with your imprecations.
I shall ^{curse} ~~curse~~ till the sun goes black in the sky.

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Your horrible deaths are forgotten; no one speaks
of them any more. The novelty of tattooed forearms
wore off long ago. Harsher to mankind's vanity
than Copernicus or Darwin the harrowing bestiary
of human viciousness lies entombed in silence;

and shrill voices are even heard declaiming
the cruel exterminations never happened, are a hoax
to entrap the too-compassionate hearts of gentiles
and one chronicler absolved the devil himself: sole German
ignorant you were changed into soap and smoke!

my luckless brother

Unappeasable shades, you see which way the wind blows;

and some ~~guy~~ will say tomorrow you started World War II.

My luckless brothers and sisters, let me be *I shall be your herald*

your black and swollen tongue uttering the maledictions

that died stillborn on your *Pale* dying convulsive *lips*

in Auschwitz and Maidanek, in Buchenwald and Babi Yar.

Let me speak your *curse* on a world that forgets

your terror and pain and its own hideous guilt.

Surround me, ghosts; fill my ears with your blackest curses

and I'll tongue them for you till the sun goes black in the sky.

and remember you

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Your horrible deaths are forgotten; no one speaks
of them any more. The novelty of tattooed forearms
wore off long ago. More corrosive to mankind's vanity
than Copernicus or Darwin, ^{the} your harrowing bestiary
of human viciousness must be entombed in silence;
~~indeed~~ ^{and} of late ~~I've even~~ ^{there} heard shrill voices declaiming
your cruel exterminations never happened, are a hoax
to ~~entrap~~ ^{inflame} the ~~gentle~~ ^{ever}-compassionate hearts of gentiles
and one chronicler absolves the devil himself: ~~he was~~ ^{the only one}
in ~~Europe~~ ^{quite unaware} you were ~~turned~~ ^{in chains} into soap and smoke!

Dread unappeaseable shades, you see which way the wind blows;
tomorrow some goy will say you started World War II.
My dear dead brothers and sisters, let me be
your black and swollen tongue uttering ~~the~~ maledictions
that died stillborn on your dying convulsive mouths
in Auschwitz and Maidenek, in Buchenwald and Babi Yar.
Let me ~~pronounce~~ ^{speal} your curse on a world that ~~sees~~ ^{is} forget
your terrors and great suffering and its own hideous guilt.
Fell ghosts, surround me; fill my ears with your blackest curses
and I'll tongue them for you till the sun goes black in the sky.

Your horrible death are forgotten;
no one speaks of them any more.

The novelty of tattooed forearms
wore off quickly. people now say
your deaths are pure invention, a spoof.

More corrosive to human vanity
than Copernicus or Darwin, your martyrdom
must lie entombed in silence.

The devil himself is absolved. Chroniclers
affirm him the only one in Europe
ignorant you were changed into soap and smoke!

My murdered kin, you see
which way the wind blows. Tomorrow
some goy will observe ~~that~~ you never existed,
or that you started World War II.
~~and~~ the Holocaust ^{was} your just deserts.

How swiftly the world has

I live among amnesiacs who disremember
~~your~~ terror and pain and their own hideous guilt.

I live among amnesiacs forgetful
of your ^{reputation} ~~terror~~ and pain and their own hideous guilt
and I want to be your swollen tongue
uttering the maledictions
torn from your lips in Auschwitz and Maidanek,
Buchenwald and Babi Yat.

Ynappeaseable shades, fill my ears
with your direst curses;
I shall tongue them for you
till the sun goes black in the sky.

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Your horrible deaths are forgotten;
no one speaks about them any more.

The novelty of tattooed forearms,
~~alas~~, wore off quickly; people now say
your deaths are pure invention, a spoof.

And The devil himself is absolved. Chroniclers
~~name~~ him the only one in Europe
ignorant ~~you~~ were changed into soap and smoke.

My murdered kin, you see
which way the wind blows. Tomorrow
some goy will say you started World War II.

Let me be your swollen tongue;
let me utter the maledictions
torn from your lips in Auschwitz and Maidenek,
Buchenwald and Babi Yar.

Unappeasable *Orak*
Come, fill my ears
with your blackest curses;
~~and~~ I shall tongue them for you
till the sun goes black in the sky.

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Your horrible deaths are forgotten;
no one speaks of them any more.

The novelty of tattooed forearms
wore off quickly; people now say
your deaths are pure invention, a spoof.

More corrosive to human pride
than Copernicus or Darwin, your martyrdom
must lie entombed in silence.

The devil himself is absolved. Chroniclers
affirm him the only one in Europe
ignorant you were changed into soap and smoke!

My murdered kin, you see
which way the wind blows. Tomorrow
some goy will observe you never existed;
or that you started World War II,
the Holocaust being your just deserts.

I live among amnesiacs forgetful
of your nightmare, ~~and~~ their ~~sun~~ hideous guilt:
and I know let ~~me~~ be your swollen tongue
uttering the maledictions
torn from your lips in Auschwitz and Maidanek,
Buchenwald and Babi Yar.

Unappeaseable shades, fill my ears
with your direst curses.
I shall tongue them for you
till the sun goes black in the sky.

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Your horrible deaths are forgotten;
no one speaks of them any more.

The novelty of tattooed forearms
wore off quickly; people now say
your deaths are pure invention, a spoof.

More corrosive to human pride
than Copernicus or Darwin, your martyrdom
must lie entombed in silence.

The devil himself is absolved. Chroniclers
affirm him the only one in Europe
ignorant you were changed into soap and smoke.

My murdered kin, ^{what's} you see
which ~~way~~ the wind blows. Tomorrow
some goy will observe you never existed,
are ~~a myth~~, and having started World War II
the Holocaust was your just ~~deserts~~. ^{punishment}

I live among amnesiacs ~~forgetful~~
of your nightmares, ~~their hideous~~ guilts
and ~~I~~ ^{he} craves to be your black tongue
uttering the maledictions
torn from your lips in Auschwitz and Maidenek,
Buchenwald and Babi Yar.

Unappeaseable ghosts, fill ~~my~~ ears
with your direst ~~curse~~.
I shall tongue them ~~for~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{your} ~~dear~~ ^{curse}
till the sun goes black in the sky.

TO THE VICTIMS OF THE HOLOCAUST

Your horrible deaths are forgotten;
no one speaks of them any more.

The novelty of tattooed forearms
wore off quickly; people now say
your deaths are pure invention, a spoof.

More corrosive of human pride
than Copernicus or Darwin, your martyrdom
must lie entombed in silence.

The devil himself is absolved, a polyhistor
affirming him the only nazi in Europe
ignorant you were changed into soap and smoke.

That's how the wind blows. Tomorrow
some goy will observe you never existed
and the Holocaust your just deserts
for starting wars and revolutions.

I live among the blind, the deaf and the dumb.
I live among amnesiacs.

My murdered kin
let me be your parched and swollen tongue
uttering the maledictions
bullets and gas tore from your lips.

Unappeaseable ghosts
fill, fill my ears with your direst curses.
I shall tongue them for you
till the sun goes black in the sky.

Night Music

In the courtyard
surrounded by a jungle
of flowers, leaves, ferns,
above gloms and leaf-space
the stars appear and disappear
like ~~perfect~~ ^{spectral} ~~date~~ ^{date} motifs.

The stray bellies I plucked
no morning from the ~~cobblestones~~
in sleeping in the hollow
between my trees, the pines,
indifferent to Burrows' Kruiter's Smeata
Only an occasional breeze stirs
~~and lifts~~ fire, leaf and flower,
and the shadows of male in the flower
~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~my~~ ~~time~~ ~~Quis~~
the

The music ravens my ears,
my heart, ^{the} ~~the~~ I become
the blackness and silence that surround me
A sudden wind separates the leafage
above my head, letting me see
the butterflies ~~some~~ in the sky.
The courtyard is full of small rain
as if it's not some scampers
over petals and fern

THE CROSS

Nature's cycle of sex and death;
discomfits the Christian;

only before the awful stasis of the Crucifixion
is he serene

The uncovered pubis,

the smell of mortality

make him equally nervous

How to construe

his continued dysphasia

before the ordered mass killings

of six million Jews

in Christianized Europe?

Not villainy

and certainly not indifference

and not duplicity.

Look at the poor fucked-up asshole

his face mottling with shame, confusion;

to put it down to contrition

crossed by prudery

before so many naked deaths

Te radii in plagis, te apocrypha.

ele ut membra dei noni.

ni stas apper auctiamplo

Abne glorie and leg. spae

g flous. leau. fear.

s surrounded by a jwisle

Ini in die unly ad

1. Bravo, Dear. 1 de 4m -
2. Gay Science an relig -
3. The Papal Election -
4. The Tightrope Dancer -

3/4 6/8
3/8 3/5 9/8 11/8

36
9.84

2884
324

3528

36
09.8

288
324

30528

49 936
3

150

49 936
500

49 36
294
147

1764
500

500)1764
1500

2640

500

90%

$$\frac{1}{10} = \frac{001}{100} \quad \frac{1}{10} = \frac{002}{100} \quad \frac{1}{4} = \frac{25}{100}$$

$$\frac{25}{100} = \frac{1}{4}$$

$$\frac{25}{100} = \frac{1}{4}$$

$$\frac{49}{100} = \frac{7}{5}$$

$$\frac{49}{100} = \frac{7}{5}$$

$$\frac{10}{100} = \frac{1}{10}$$

$$\frac{49}{5} \times \frac{36}{100}$$

$$\frac{49}{5} \times \frac{36}{100}$$

$$\frac{30}{100} = \frac{3}{10}$$

$$\frac{38}{8} \times \frac{12}{100} = \frac{3}{2}$$

$$\frac{29}{8} \times \frac{12}{100} = \frac{3}{2}$$

The cat purrs. Leaves and shadows stir;
In my eye mine are tears
For the frustration and futility
in my man's lot, his inadequacies
and engendered ills are so burden
and
lectures of his whole complexity.
From triumph or, for me all is changed.
None remains only to be desolate and brave.

NIGHT MUSIC

I'm in the darkening courtyard
surrounded by a jungle
of flowers, ferns and leaves;
above the gloom and leaf-spaces
the stars appear and disappear
like spectral moths caught in a net

*I am situated somewhere like
east of
and in glassy sun at night*

The stray kitten I plucked
this morning from the cobblestones
is asleep in the hollow
between my knees. She purrs gently,
indifferent to Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata.
Only an occasional breeze stirs
fern and leaf and flower
and the shadows they make on the floor

The music ravishes my ears, stirs
my heart and brain till I become
the blackness and silence that surrounds me.
A sudden wind separates the leafage
above my head, letting me see
the bacterial smear in the sky.
The courtyard is full of small noises
as if Beethoven's notes were scampering
over petal and fern

and scampering

The ~~cat~~ kitten purrs. Leaves and shadows stir.
In my eyes there are tears
for the frustration and futility
in every man's lot, the inadequacies
and confusions which are the burden
and leitmotif of the whole symphony.
No man so deaf that he can't hear it.
For me, from tonight on all's changed.
I have hatched an asp that delays its bite.
And there remains only to be desperate and brave

I am

NIGHT MUSIC

I'm in the darkening courtyard
surrounded by a jungle
of flowers ferns and leaves;
above the gloom and leaf-spaces
the stars appear and disappear
like spectral moths caught in a net.
Far below the sea is wearing away rock and stone;
the hilltop castle is crumbling under the moon.

The small stray kitten I plucked
this morning from the cobblestones
is asleep in the hollow
between my knees. She purrs gently,
indifferent to Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata
or yawns to show me her pink mouth and lips.
Only an occasional breeze stirs
fern and leaf and flower,
the shadows they make on the terraced floor.

The music ravishes my ears, stirs
my heart and brain till I become
the blackness and silence that surround me.
A sudden wind separates the black leafage
above my head, letting me glimpse
the bacterial smear in the sky.
The courtyard is full of small noises
as if Beethoven's notes were scattered
and scampering joyously over petal and fern.

The kitten purrs. Leaves and shadows stir
langourously. In my eyes are uncontrollable tears
for the frustration and futility
in every man's lot, the inadequacies
and confusions which are the burden
and leitmotif of the whole symphony.
No man so deaf ~~bbat~~ that he can't hear it.
For me, from this night on all's changed.
I have hatched an asp that delays its bite:
there remains only to be desperate and brave.

"Rabbi Shachtel"

'You may laugh at my follies,
The old rabbi said,
wearing ~~his~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} gemara
~~to~~ ^{with} a nicotine fringe at me,
'but never, my child, scornfully.
Men also are fallen angels, you know.'

He's been dead fifty years
The dear scribble man
and not a trace of him remains
except nose in ^{no} words lodged in my head,
yet more ^{and} to laugh out loud
it would be at his folly for speaking so,

There are charnelms, coral-tyed
and entire ^{the} ^{of} ^{me}

When she's with me
She quails. I hope and sake
and frowns as if she'd see a
a middle ^{of} ^{the} ^{of} sphinx

When she's with me
she laughs like me, that

'You may laugh at me, jolly'
my old rabbi ^{was} ~~had~~
shaking his cigarette - some of fun
at me

but now so carefully.

~~the~~ ^{the} ~~are~~ are father and son, yr love.

He's been long dead.

but I do not mind laughing
at his folly

for saying so.

He's been long dead.

or dead, simple man

and his my laugh

I permit myself

to laugh at his folly for saying so

"Rabbi Shachtel"

'You may laugh at my father,
the old rabbi said,
showing his nice nice face
at me
'but most seriously.'
'Men also are fallen angels, you know.'

He's been dead fifty years,
a dear simple man,
and not a trace of his name
~~but~~ ^{except} ~~the~~ ^{words} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ my head
and when I ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~leave~~
it would be at his feet for ~~speaking~~ ^{speaking} to

He's been dead fifty years,
a dear simple man, ^{meaningless}
and not a trace of his name
except these ~~words~~ ^{name} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ my head
~~but~~ ^{and} ~~when~~ ^{when} I ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~leave~~ ^{out} ~~and~~
it would be at his feet for speaking to.

"Rabbi Schacht"

(7)

'You may laugh at men's follies,'

The old rabbi said

^{and} ~~was~~ ^{an} ~~old~~ ^{man} from his ^{own} ~~land~~ ^{land}

to make a nicolined frop at me,

but ^{my} ~~not~~ ^{child} ~~with~~ ^{scornfully};

men also are fallen outside, you know,

He's been dead fifty years,

one dear simple man

and not a trace of his name

except for ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~name~~ ^{name} under ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~foot~~ ^{foot} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~head~~ ^{head},

~~and~~ ^{and} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~laughed~~ ^{laughed} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~him~~ ^{him}

it would be at his folly for speaking so

FOR OLD RABBI SCHACHTER

'You may laugh at men's follies,'
the old rabbi said,
turning to shake
a nicotined finger at me
'but never, my child, scornfully.
Men also are fallen angels, you know.'

He's been dead fifty years,
the dear simple man,
and not a trace of him remains
except those innocent words lodged in my head
yet were I now to laugh out loud
it would be at his folly for speaking so.

"Two Women"

Two women I once knew lie in the cemetery -
 Each in her own way was extraordinary.
 One, a rebel and feminist, before her time,
 A great George Sand, proud and beautiful,
 Whose ^{disbelief} ⁱⁿ ~~superiority~~ made her enemies everywhere;
 The men despised, ~~and~~ her own daughter hated;
 She took a lover in the Christian village,
 Loved and was loved while the loathsome grew;
 The men out of baffled love, the women
 because her name flowed in ~~the~~ common place
~~beside~~ ^{beside} the road where that was ~~her~~ ^{his} ^{wife's} ^{dark} ^{path}
 Virtue is of his every at our ^{own} ^{grace}
 And now was so much ^{found} ⁱⁿ ^{no} ^{place}
 as in the village while Stella ^{lived}
 her extraordinary, turbulent life
 until she ^{decame} ^{an} ^{old} ^{fat} ^{and} ^{listless} ^{lay}
 who sat all day on her doorstep,
 her legs ^{like} ^{an} ^{elephant's}, ^{and} ^{of} ^a ^{most} ^{smells};
 This every turned to pity, ~~and~~ ^{and} ^{hate} ^{to} ^{charity};
 When one day the ^{old} ^{deceitful} ^{and} ^{idiotic} ^{and} ^{idiotic}
 dressed her ⁱⁿ ^{her} ^{latter} ^{dress}
 and put ^{it} ^{on} ^{it} ^{became} ^a ^{smoky} ^{torch}.
 Her ^{charred} ^{remains} ^{are} ^{under} ^{the} ^{stone}
 And ^{there} ^{are} ^{flowers} ^{for} ^{her} ^{quiet} ^{grave}

NOT ALL POETS ARE LIARS

Reflect hard on this, my son:
that when you look and speak like a god,
your face and body handsome for the sun
your eyes sparkling with health and gladness
and the ventricles of your heart
dilating with goodwill for all mankind,
for everything astir with life and joy
what the ill-favoured envious man
wants more than anything else to do
just then
is to smash your face in

W. H. Auden

Handwritten notes at the top of the page, including the phrase "Reflect hard on this, my son:".

Reflect hard on this, my son:
that when you look and speak like a god,
your face and body handsome for the sun
your eyes sparkling with health and gladness
and the ventricles of your heart
dilating with goodwill for all mankind,
for everything astir with life and joy
what the envious egalitarian
wants more than anything else to do
just then
is to smash your face in

Extensive handwritten notes in blue ink covering the lower two-thirds of the page, appearing to be a commentary or continuation of the typed text.

TWO WOMEN

Two women I once knew lie in this cemetery;
each in her own way was extraordinary.
One, a rebel and feminist long before her time,
a Greek George Sand defiant and beautiful
whose distinction won her enemies everywhere;
the men ⁴ listed, the wives and daughters hated.
She took a lover in this Christian village,
loved and was loved while their loathing grew:
the men ⁰ out of baffled lust, the women ⁰
because their mirrors showed them commonplace
beside the ^{melancholy} ~~resilience~~ that was her ~~unfair~~ portion.
Virtue is most often envy at another's grace
and never was so much virtue found in one place
as in this village ^{why} while Stella Ioannou lived
her turbulent ^{and} extraordinary life
until she grew ~~into~~ an old, fat and toothless hag
who sat all day ~~long~~ ^{ungraceful} on her doorstep,
her legs thick as an elephant's, giving off smells.
Then envy turned insensibly to pity
and smiles wreathed all faces where once were frowns
when one day the old decrepit iconoclast
doused kerosene over her tattered dress
and putting fire to it became a smoky torch.
Her charred remains are under that stone
and here are my flowers for her quiet grave.

The other was an American woman
deformed from birth who fled country and kin
fearing looks and derision for the hump
she carried on her back like a snail's house.
It's difficult for the weak and frail to live
among the strong whom strength makes insensitive
to woes they may imagine but can never know.
Here in this village she lived among the humble,
pitied and loved by them as some angel
who had fallen from the sky and smashed her spine
that mending had grown crooked as an olive tree.
And she paid back their ^{love} ~~compassion~~ by celebrating

their lacklustre village lives on canvases^s
that glowed with her genius and affection[^]:
women washing clothes, combing their hair,
the children mischievous with birds and cats
and the men dancing in the caféneons
or salting the fish in their wooden frames.
In her slow-paced clumsy walks she saw beauty
everywhere: in the whitewashed dwellings,
the thin sentinel glasses filled with ouzo.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

the white sunlight on water and hedge
and the lined faces of the ^{handwired} village women.
That's her grave, not five paces from Stella's.
and over the Greek inscription which ^{translates} reads
'Death exists for those who are still alive'
you ^{may} ~~can~~ read her name: Peggy Sylvia

TWO WOMEN

for Bobby Maslen

Two women I once knew lie in this cemetery;
each in her own way was extraordinary.
One, a rebel and feminist long before her time,
a Greek Georges Sand defiant and beautiful
whose distinction won her enemies everywhere;
the men lusted, the wives and daughters hated.
She took a lover in this Christian village,
loved and was loved while their loathing grew:
the men's out of baffled lust, the women's
because their mirrors showed them commonplace
beside the unfair beauty that was her portion.
Virtue is most often envy at another's grace
and never was so much virtue found in one place
as in this village where Stella Ionnou lived
her prodigal and ~~unrehearsed~~ ^{unrehearsed} and turbulent life
until she changed into an ~~old~~ ^{middle}, fat and toothless hag
who sat all day on her unwashed doorstep,
her legs thick as an elephant's, giving off smells.
Then envy turned insensibly to pity
~~and~~ ^{and} ~~smiles~~ ^{smiles} ~~wreathed~~ ^{wreathed} all faces where once were frowns,
till one morning the old decrepit iconoclast
~~doused~~ ^{doused} kerosene over her tattered dress
and putting fire to it became a smoky torch.
Her charred remains are under that stone
and here are my flowers for her quiet grave.

The other was an American woman
deformed from birth who fled country and kin
fearing looks and derision for the small hump
she carried on her back like a snail's house.
It's difficult for the weak and frail to live
among the strong whom strength makes insensitive
to woes they may imagine but can never know.
Here in this village she lived among the humble,
pitied and loved by them as some angel
who ^{had} fallen from the sky and smashed her spine
that mending had grown twisted as an olive tree.
And she paid back their love by celebrating

their lacklustre village lives on canvasses
that glowed with her genius and affection:
women washing clothes, combing their hair,
the children mischievous with cats and birds
and the men dancing in the kafénions
or salting the fish in their wooden frames.
In her slow-paced clumsy walks she saw beauty
everywhere: in the whitewashed dwellings,
the thin sentinel glasses filled with ouzo,
the white sunlight on water and hedge
and the lined faces of the hardworked women.
There's her grave, not five paces from Stella's
and over the Greek inscription which translates
'Death exists for those who are still alive'
you may read her name: Peggy Sylvia.

Mithymna

August 13, 1977

TWO WOMEN

for Bobby Maslen

Two women I once knew lie in this cemetery;
each in her own way was extraordinary.
One, rebel and feminist long before her time,
a Greek Georges Sand beautiful and defiant
whose distinction won her enemies everywhere,
the natural enemies of the aristocrat.
She took a lover in this Christian village,
loved and was loved while their loathing grew;
the men's out of baffled lust, the women's
because their mirrors showed them commonplace
beside the unfair beauty that was her portion.
Virtue is most often envy at another's grace
and never was so much virtue found in one place
as in this village where Stella Ionnou lived
unabashed her prodigal and turbulent life
until grimmer dames turned her into a toothless hag
who sat all day mumbling on her unwashed steps,
her legs thick as an elephant's, giving off smells.
Then envy turned as if by magic into pity
and unforgiving hatred into charity
and smiles wreathed all faces where once were frowns
till one morning the old decrepit iconoclast
overcome by so much love and solicitude
doused kerosene over her tattered dress
and putting fire to it became the flaming torch
that always lights up my remembrance of her.
Her charred remains are under that stone
and here are my flowers for her quiet grave.

The other was an American woman
deformed from birth who fled country and kin
fearing looks and derision for the small hump
she carried on her back like a snail's house.
It's difficult for the frail and weak to live
among the strong whom strength makes insensitive
to woes they may imagine but can never know.
Here in this village she lived among the humble,
pitied and loved by them as an angel

who'd fallen from the sky and smashed her spine
that mending had grown twisted as an olive tree.
And she returned their love in full, glorifying
their lacklustre village lives on canvasses
that glowed with her genius and affection
though her face never lost the stranger's smile
that still twists into my recollection and grief:
women washing clothes, combing their hair,
the children sinister with cats and birds
and the men idling in the kafénions
or salting the fish in their wooden frames.
In her slow-paced painful walks she saw beauty
everywhere: in the whitewashed dwellings,
the thin sentinel glasses filled with ouzo,
the white sunlight on water and hedge
and the lined faces of the village gossips.
There's her grave, not five paces from Stella's
and above the Greek inscription which translates
"Death exists for those who are still alive"
her simple name salutes you: Peggy Sylvia.

Irving Layton

Mithymna

August 14, 1977

Late Invitation To The Dawn

Almost ten years have you by since I first came here.

The stars have you up and down that very sky above me

The same smell from the channel, the same breeze from the sea;

The post-office to my left, the garbage-collectors here to my right.

The oppressor ^{in his day} coming up like some my resolution
the things to be in silence about the days of my business.

My feet make the same sound - sound, I think a little
my disenchanted mind ^{human} has hardened like a stone

and has settled like a pebble deep grave
our rich fields a single golden butterfly.

Revolution, wars, assassinations, the death
of peace and famine now, space exploration
to find God and bring him back to earth
and women doing of business and America

At my back the same fences lowest in the
kafir's mind, the same different cloth & faces,
the same great merchant within the walls before me

The same winding road from the hills you see
at the moment. Plowed tea and the small white walled
cemetery in the distance

ENGLAND 1977

One can say it's petrified putrefaction
for there's no stink of decomposition,
no visible rot exudes

And there's the illusion of activity
in the banks and palaces
manufacturing sweet-smelling unguents
for weary feet going graveward

Also, if you put your ear to the ground
you'll hear the escaping gases
whistling arias
from Wagner's Gotterdammerung

Almost ten years have gone by since I first came here.

The stars have gone up and down that very sky above me.

The same smells from the fields, the same breezes from the sea.

The post-office to my right, the garbage-collector's house to the right

The cypresses rearing up in the dark like solitary neurotics
muttering to themselves about the day's sultriness.

My feet make the same crunch-sounds, I breathe a little heavier.

My disenchantment with humans has hardened like cement,
or has settled like a freshly dug grave over which flits
a single butterfly

Revolutions, wars, assassinations, the deaths of great and famous
men - the usual. And space explorations to find God wandering
among his galaxies and bring him back to his creatures
dying of loneliness and anomie.

At my back, the same frenzied tourists in the kaféonions
wearing different clothes and faces, the same Greek merchants
rubbing their smiles together to strike from them kefi and fire.

The same winding road on which you pause to gaze thoughtfully
at the moon-silvered sea and the small whitewalled cemetery
in the distance.

ENGLAND 1977

One can say it's petrified putrefaction
for there's no stink of decomposition,
no visible rot extrudes

And there's the illusion of activity
in the banks and palaces
manufacturing sweet-smelling unguents
for weary feet going graveward

In the distance*

at the moon-strewn sea and the small unremembered cemetery

Also, if you put your ear to the ground
the same thing you can hear on any beach for these things are
you'll hear the escaping gases

whistling arias

from Wagner's Gotterdammerung

at my back, the same frenzied thoughts in the kitchen

of loneliness and snow*

among his desires and riding him back to his creature

men - the great and space explorations to find god murdering
revolutions, wars, assassinations, the deaths of great and famous

a single perfectly

of his settled like a freshly dug grave over which little

my disengagement with humans has hardened like cement*

my feet make the same crunch-sounds, I breathe a little heavier*

suffering to themselves about the day's suffering*

The cypresses leaning up in the dark like softly neurotic

to the light

the boat-office to my light, the debris-collector, a house for

the same smells from the streets, the same pieces from the sea*

The stars have gone up and down that very sky above me*

Almost ten years have gone by since I first came here*

Almost ten years have gone by since I first came to this village,
The same stars have gone up and down that very patch of sky above me.
The same smells from the fields, the same breezes from the sea.
The post-office to my left, the garbage-collector's house to my right.
The cypresses rising up in the dark like solitary neurotics
muttering to themselves about the day's intolerable sultriness.
My feet make the same crunch-sounds, I breathe a little heavier.

My disenchantment with the human race that has hardened like cement
or settled like a freshly dug grave over which hovers a single butterfly
Revolutions wars assassination and the deaths of great and famous men
- the familiar troubles. And explorations to find God wandering among
his galaxies and bring him back to his creatures dying of loneliness.
Behind me, the same frenzied tourists in the kafé-nions wearing different
clothes and faces, the same Greek merchants rubbing their smiles
together to strike fire from them, kefi.

The same winding road on which you halt for a moment to gaze thought-
fully at the moon-silvered sea and the small whitewalled cemetery
that in the distance looks like a polished skull.

LATE INVITATION TO THE DANCE

Almost ten years have gone by since I first came to this village.
The same stars have shot up and down that dark patch of sky above me.
The same smells from the fields, the same breezes from the sea.
The post-office to my left, the garbage-collector's house to my right.
The cypresses rising up in the dark like tall solitary madmen
muttering to themselves about the day's intolerable sultriness.
My feet make the same crunch-sounds, I breathe a little heavier.
My unshakeable faith in the holiness of reason beauty and love.
that I carry in my headpiece under the blinking stars.

Loves, enmities, ambitions, the cruel words heard and said, the ~~shameful~~
shameful deeds, and the glory of breathing the evil hours like a ship's
prow.

My disenchantment with the human race that has hardened like cement
or settled like a freshly dug grave over which hovers a single moth.

Revolution wars assassinations and the deaths of great and famous men
- all the familiar vexations. And explorations into space to find God
wandering among the galaxies and to bring him back to his creatures
dying of loneliness and anomie.

Behind me, the same frenzied tourists in the kafé-nions wearing diff-
erent clothes and faces, the same rueful Greek merchants rubbing their
smiles together to strike fire from them, kefi.

Ahead of me, the same winding road on which you halt for a moment to
gaze thoughtfully at the moon-polished sea and the small whitewalled
cemetery that in the distance looks like a gleaming skull someone
has rolled down into the valley.

LATE INVITATION TO THE DANCE

Almost ten years have gone by since I first came to this village.

The same smells from the fields, the same breezes from the sea.

The cypresses rising up in the dark like tall solitary madmen muttering to themselves about the day's intolerable sultriness.

The post-office to my left, the garbage-collector's house to my right.

My feet make the same crunch-sounds, I breathe a little heavier.

Under the blinking stars I carry in my headpiece the same unshakeable faith in the holiness of reason beauty and love.

And in the same fragile headpiece the memory of affections, enmities, ambitions, the cruel words heard and said, the shameful deeds, and the glory of breasting the evil hours like a ship's prow.

My disenchantment with the human race that has hardened like cement or settled like a freshly dug grave over which hovers a single moth.

Revolutions, wars, assassinations and the deaths of great and famous men - all the familiar troubles. And explorations into space to find God wandering among the galaxies and to bring him back to his creatures dying of loneliness and anomie.

Behind me, the same frenzied tourists in the kafénions wearing different clothes and faces, the same rueful Greek merchants rubbing their smiles together to strike fire from them, kefi.

Ahead of me, the same winding road on which you halt for a moment to gaze thoughtfully at the moon-polished sea and the small whitewalled cemetery that in the distance looks like a gleaming skull someone has playfully rolled down into the valley.

Sum stroke

English Real Estates Limited

That inasmuch as, in sea, cannot be
 in sound it makes at the shore and ^{boats} ^{caps}, it is
 and the gun cannot count in ^{it} ^{or} ^{regard}
 it let fall in the animal ^{striduous} ^{not}
 in the head and are ^{or} ⁱⁿ ^{disturb} ⁱⁿ ^{various}
 shades of brown whose reality for me is still ^{unbroken}
 not being yet sorted out in my mind
 the Kantian ^{abstract} ^{future} ^{phenomena} ^{and} ^{nomina}.
 I shall assume the truth being and ⁱⁿ ^{the}
 my will in fellowship of suffering and decay.
 In the spirit of my ^{own} ^{perceived} ^{look} ^{and} ⁱⁿ
~~also ^{but} ^{as} ^{it} ^{is} ^{all} ^{an} ^{other} ^{my} ^{cup} ^{and} ^{the} ^{fabric} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}~~
~~probably it is all an other my cup and the fabric~~
~~of the world and ^{is} ^{not} ^{at} ^{all} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{mind}~~
 and I am the ear which the animal sea bears ^{it}
 and in the spirit which it seeks to come ^{to} ^{the} ^{mind} ^{or} ^{regard}
 of my the night ^{not} ^{of} ^{music} ^{and} ^{the} ^{play}
 I'd say in entire ^{some} ^{actual} ^{some} ^{of} ^{the} ^{world}
~~that my eye, in ^{the} ^{mind} ^{is} ^{not} ^{at} ^{all}~~
 which my brain sees and ^{the} ^{mind} ^{is} ^{not} ^{at} ^{all}
 to get in ^{the} ^{mind} ^{is} ^{not} ^{at} ^{all}
 and ^{the} ^{mind} ^{is} ^{not} ^{at} ^{all}

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Sunstroke

That immense animal, the sea, can not hear the groans
at multitudes of men that cage it in.

The bright sun cannot see the silver crinoids ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~fishes~~
it climbs recklessly ^{on} the animal's skeletons - no birds.

The surrounding hills do not know the man's need
from under his haze in a million years

^{do} Nor the ^{sun} ^{light} ⁱⁿ ^{noon} ^{confidential} ^{and} ^{made} ^{of} ^{bone}
town this are much smaller ^{of} ^{people}
as ^{the} ^{sun} ^{beats} ^{on} ^{stone} ^{that} ^{look} ^{disturbance} ⁱⁿ ^{and} ^{file}
^{around} ^{the} ^{hill} ^{the} ^{few} ⁱⁿ ^{born} ^{at} ^{des} ^{climber}

On my prayers of sand I will reply with ~~obedience~~
~~the~~ ~~stairs~~ ~~of~~ ~~Jesus~~ ~~voluntarily~~ ~~appetite~~ ~~and~~ ~~conscience~~
with a single pulse of being.

True I feel my very becoming to ~~the~~ ~~land~~ ~~and~~ ~~land~~
the sea's multitudes ~~of~~ ~~people~~

And ^{the} ^{eye} ^{that} ^{is} ^{not} ^{used} ^{to} ^{see} ^{it}
sits ^{and} ^{seems} ^{it} ^{leaves} ^{down} ^{to} ^{submit}

The mountain's castle in the hills, nestled just in the
dawn - year, hills broad in hills and ~~sub~~ ~~at~~

And ^{how} ^{one} ^{alone} ⁱⁿ ^{my} ^{prayers} ^{of} ^{sand} ^{will} ^{reply}
with ~~obedience~~ ~~the~~ ~~stairs~~ ~~of~~ ~~Jesus~~ ~~voluntarily~~ ~~appetite~~
and ~~conscience~~ with a single pulse of being

So ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~may~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~in~~ ~~which~~ ~~the~~ ~~sea~~ ~~has~~
its multitudes ~~of~~ ~~people~~

And ^{the} ^{eye} ^{that} ^{is} ^{not} ^{used} ^{to} ^{see} ^{it} ^{will} ^{be} ^{watch} ^{the} ^{hill} ^{and} ^{climber}
in ^{the} ^{sea's} ^{back}

THE ABYSS

The Egyptian king
dropped a pyramid
into the dreaded pit;
it fell without a sound.
The beautiful Czarina
made her slaves
fling into the gaping hole
chateaux and ^{at} places;
they made no more noise
than a dropped worm or mole.

A handsome young man
with the authority of a sage
let flutter into the darkness
a tessellated page
covered with verses.
As from the utterance
of a struck gong
the black pit shuddered;
he knelt down to listen
and heard its immortal song

SUNSTROKE

That immense animal, the sea, cannot hear the groud growls
it mutters at the shores that cages it in.

The bright sun cannot see the silver coins it throws recklessly
down on the animal's stretched-out body.

The surrounding hills do not know they haven't moved from under
their haze in a million years.

Nor do the identities in varoius configurations and shades
of brown know they are merely small dots of perception
sunbathing on stones that look disturbingly inert and silent.

The crumbling castle on the hilltop, the years have nudged gently,
tilts towards the hills and sunbathers

And towards me, alone on my prayermat of sand, willing myself
into the ecstasy of fusing volition, appetite and consciousness
into a single pulse of being

And become the ears with which the sea hears its muttered growls

And the eyes the sun uses to watch the silver coins dancing
on the sea's body.

SUNSTROKE

That immense animal, the sea, cannot hear the loud growls
it mutters at the shore that cages it in.

The bright sun cannot see the silver coins it throws down
recklessly on the animal's stretched-out body.

The surrounding hills do not know they haven't moved from
under their haze in [^]a million years.

And the identities in various configurations and shades of brown
do not know they are merely ~~small and ridiculous~~ dots of perception
lying on stones that lok ^o disturbingly inert and silent.

On me On a momentary impulse I invite them into the fellowship
of suffering and ^{me} glory though the ^{bleak-}stones ~~in~~ remind me
of the Jewish bones [^]at Auschwitz. [^]
ni mi fud hanna fela q'Accebi
The crumbling castle tilts towards the hills and sunabthers.

Alone on my prayermat of sand I will myself into the ~~ecstasy~~
~~of~~ wholeness, fusing volition, appetite and consciousness
into a single ^{ecsta-}pulse of being.

[^]
and here
The hills begin to move and I feel myself becoming the ears
with which [^]the sea hears its muttered growls

And the ^{and} eyes the sun uses to watch the silver coins ^{if you} ~~glittering~~
glittering on the [^]sea's [^]body

*Between ni or, chelili some of my roobekti
ni wate ripples like an accordion and
I hear ni and enchanting music*

SUNSTROKE

That immense animal, the sea, cannot hear the loud growls
it mutters at the shore that cages it in.

The bright sun cannot see the silver coins it throws down
recklessly on the animal's stretched-out body.

The surrounding hills do not know they haven't moved from under
their haze in more than a million years.

And the identities in various configurations and shades of brown
do not know they are ^{mere} ~~only~~ ridiculous dots of perception lying
on stones that look disturbingly inert and silent.

On a momentary impulse I invite them into the fellowship of suffer-
ing and glory though the bleached stones remind me of the Jewish
bones at Auschwitz.

I observe ^{how} the crumbling castle ^{six years have nudged rocks} tilts towards the hills and sun-
bathers.

And alone on my prayermat of sand I will myself into the ecstasy
of wholeness, fusing volition appetite and consciousness into
a single pulse of being.

The hills begin to move and I feel myself becoming the ears
with which the sea hears its muttered growls

And the eyes ~~which~~ the sun uses to ^{take in the} watch ~~its~~ silver coins
glittering on the sea's body.

SUNSTROKE

That immense animal, the sea, cannot hear the loud growls
it mutters at the shore that cages it in

The bright sun cannot see the silver coins it throws down
recklessly on the animal's stretched-out body

The surrounding hills do not know they haven't moved from
under their haze in over a million years

And the identities in various configurations and shades of
brown do not know they are merely dots of perception lying
on stones that look disturbingly inert and silent

Or that on the moment's impulse I invite them into the fellowship
of suffering and ephemeral glory though the bleached stones
remind me of the harrowing ~~bones~~ ^{shells} in the first filmclips of Auschwitz

me
The crumbling castle ^{which the wind's heavy ruffled gusts} tilts towards the silenced discothèque

Alone
Between the outstretched arms of my protecting cove the water
ripples like an accordion bestowing the most enchanting music

Alone
And suddenly the hills begin to move and I feel I am becoming
the ears with which the sea hears its muttered growls

And the eyes ^{of} the bright sun watching the silver coins it tosses
glittering on the sea's body

L
no extra anigh.

ARGUMENT FOR THEISM

Watching my kittens attack
the raw meat I bring them each morning
for their breaking,
their joy as great as that which lives
in every Wordsworthian flower that breathes
and afterwards listening to their ferocious purr
I now see I've overlooked something
in this bloody arrangement of species
feeding on species
- the joy of the predator
mangling and devouring his victim

Even Jack the Ripper
must have known happiness
as he cut the throat of the London prostitute,
and knew it again and again;
or consider the joy of the victorious general
focussing his binoculars on the bodies of the enemy dead

There is a God after a..

The "Little Noodle" I just returned to you
"It was you little noodle"
My friend is a beauty, a little noodle
in fruit, verdure, structure, in water, in spirit,
in the heart
and at last, the center
of the world, in the little center
of the world
That just a moment ago
I heard the words of a man.
'It was you little noodle' the words
and heard the one reply: 'furry'.

THE LITTLE OMNAKI

Mithymna is a bawdy village
the fruit-and-vegetable vendors
asking their customers
what they did with their little cunts
all day

And a moment ago
I overheard one woman say to another:
'How's your little monaki this morning?
and heard the other reply., 'Singing'

Mithymna is a bawdy village,
the fruit-and-vegetable vendors
as they shout their wares in the streets
asking their customers

NOT IN ROSEDALE

Mithymna is a bawdy village
the fruit-and-vegetable vendors
shouting their wares in the streets
and telling their customers
to look after their tender little cunts

And a moment ago
I overheard one wife say to another
'How's your little monaki this monring?'
and the other reply: 'Singing.'

Can you imagine this happening ~~in Rose Dale~~
in Rosedale?

NEVER IN ROSEDALE

Mithymna is a bawdy village,
the fruit-and-vegetable vendors
shouting their wares in the streets
and admonishing their customers
to take care of their tender little cunts.

And only a moment ago
one wife said to another
'How's your little monaki this morning?'
and the other replied, 'Singing.'

Can you imagine this happening
with the matrons of Forest Hill or Rosedale?

NEVER IN ROSEDALE

Mithymna is a bawdy village,
the fruit-and-vegetable vendors
shouting their wares in the streets
and admonishing their customers
to take care of their tender little cunts.

And only a moment ago
one wife said to another
'How's your little monaki this morning?'
and I heard the other reply, 'Singing.'

In my wildest dreams
I could never see this happening
among the creamed matrons of Forest Hill
or Rosedale.

The Prize

For years he cultivated his
 and because he so devoted
 to his work
 each year he would get on his knees
 and pray for the people
 One morning a thin pinkish
 white hair was on his forehead
 to a friend.
 The next morning his color was
 and his hair was white and thin

For years he cultivated his
 and because he was so devoted
 to his work
 each year he would get on his knees
 and pray for the people

One morning a thin pinkish
 white hair was on his forehead
 and he felt a thin string
 in his hair
 and he felt a thin string
 in his hair

The True Father

For me Jeshua,
 who you see you
 who are our father
 I know you as a
 a great teacher and
 who are a fair-minded
 man
 I'm going to paint you, my
 father
 and you are our father

Jeshua,
 who you see you
 who are our father
 I know you as a
 a great teacher and
 who are a fair-minded
 man
 I'm going to paint you, my
 father
 and you are our father

THE CROSS

Nature's cycle of sex and death
discomfits the Christian;
only before the awful stasis of the Crucifixion
is he serene.

The uncovered pubis,
the smell of mortality
make him equally nervous.

How to construe
his continued dysphasia
before the ordered mass killings
of six million Jews
in Christianized Europe?

Not villainy
and certainly not indifference
and not duplicity.

Look at the **poor-fucked-up asshole**
his face mottling with guilt, confusion:
let's say it's contrition
crossed by prudery
before so many naked deaths!

Handwritten notes in purple ink:
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...

Handwritten notes in purple ink:
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...

Vertical handwritten notes in purple ink:
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...

Vertical handwritten notes in purple ink:
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...

Vertical handwritten notes in purple ink:
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...

Vertical handwritten notes in purple ink:
The crucifixion is a...
The crucifixion is a...

ni no cum malvoluer

England 1977

Today's pubefactor is no longer pen.
No longer shutti;
it's a sweet-smelling. unpen
for weary feet
going grassward.

If you put your ear to the ground
you'll hear the escapin' grass
whistling arise
from Wagoni Gollidannum.

Today's p

She looks her role as a woman
 her i should ~~pretend~~ ^{pretend} ~~to be~~ ^{to be} ~~at all~~ ^{at all} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~she~~ ^{she}
 lead him a man, looks at the
 in her in his eyes
 she feels diminished ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be}

England

You may say it's a foreign pattern
 Hence there's no ~~small~~ ^{small} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~company~~ ^{company} ~~to~~ ^{to}
 one inside next to each
 but in stead a small - small ~~cup~~ ^{cup}
 for every ~~flower~~ ^{flower}
 young grasses and

~~of~~ ^{of} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~can~~ ^{can} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~grow~~ ^{grow}
 you're here in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{country} ~~you~~ ^{you}
 what's ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~case~~ ^{case} ~~is~~ ^{is}
 from the ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~old~~ ^{old} ~~man~~ ^{man}

My sons, when new
 speak ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~you~~ ^{you}
 about ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~justice~~ ^{justice}
 and human rights,
 make sure ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~ni~~ ⁿⁱ ~~down~~ ^{down} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~line~~ ^{line}
 and you ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~able~~ ^{able}

SPEAKING MEASURES

My ~~speaking~~ ^{speaking} ~~measures~~ ^{measures}
 speak ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~you~~ ^{you}
 about ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~justice~~ ^{justice}
 and human rights,
 make sure ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~ni~~ ⁿⁱ ~~down~~ ^{down} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~line~~ ^{line}
 and you ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~able~~ ^{able}

England

In 1977

Pu hī a e hī in no longer there
no longer there

It's a sweet - smelling fragrance
for every feet
going grave ward

If you put your ear to the ground
you hear the escaping gas

Nothing was
from to a piece of old damn money

In 1977

Pu hī a e hī in no longer there
no longer there;

It's a sweet - smelling fragrance
for every feet
going grave ward

England

In 1977

Pu hī a e hī in no longer there,
no longer there;

It's a sweet - smelling fragrance
for every feet
going grave ward

If you put your ear to the ground
you hear the escaping gas
whistling and
from to a piece of old damn money

My son, when you

spread our feet
about his lie and human right
made sure that you are taken
and you pick the dead.

FASCINATION

There are chameleons, crab spiders
and certain kinds of women.

When my angel's with me
she quotes Hegel and Santayana
and scowls darkly as if the Sphinx
had asked her a riddle.

When she's with a playboy
from darkest Manhattan or Chicago
she laughs like an idiot
and tells everyone to piss off.

In the company of an obvious con man
I'm ready to lay odds
she'll pull enough tricks of her own
to leave him begging his subway fare.

And there are the hunting spiders
more ferocious and cunning than tigers;
when they strike they never miss.
Their evil innocence fascinates me.

England 1977

One can say its political participation
for this no kind of decomposition,
no visible not needed

These times its selection of activity
in the banks and Palace
many activities & small-smelling very used
for many fast
going for several

~~However,~~ If you put your ear to the ground
you'll hear the escaping gas
whistling areas
from to again got to demonstrating

'SAFETY MEASURES'

My sons, when needed
spread anything a shell comes
concerning justice and human rights
make certain the doors are locked tight
and gun pistols loaded.

AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT

The fat fat Greek woman
with gold on her molars
holding her youngest daughter
by the hand

The child holding the small cat
in her arms

The cat holding the air
between its paws

I must strive to keep
that image in my head
on those black nights
when sleep is far from my eyes

Or that of her husband
bending over his hoe
as though in quiet prayer
for the early morning sunshine

And the roadside flowers
~~gaily~~ ^{gaily} displaying
the choking white dust
on their ~~still~~ ^{withered} fragrant petals

frayed

fore.

ENGLAND 1977

One can say it's petrified putrefaction
for there's no stink of decomposition,
no visible rot exudes

And there's the illusion of activity
in the banks and palaces
manufacturing sweet-smelling unguents
for weary feet going graveward

Also, if you put your ear to the ground
you'll hear the escaping gases
whistling arias
from Wagner's Gotterdammerung

"Pmunder"

Because I'm a former man
I find my acquaintances
in the area

habit of personal mail
at an old woman's corner
to bring my father
and my Pupi's love

~~the butchery has cut up for me.~~
from the butchery shop.

~~It's a spirit of love~~
to see the cleanest in the shop
and to see the words
and to see the old man's part.

Remember

July 5/77

A Very much

belated Thank you!

John

Because I'm a thoughtful and generous man
I feed my acquaintances in the agora
titbits of personal grief
or failing that some other sorrow
~~xxxxxxx~~

and when evening comes
I bring my kittens slices of sheep's lung
and then I hurry to the butcher shop
for the slices of sheep's lung
to bring my kittens

I love to see them cleaning their whiskers
on my doorstep
and afterwards to listen to their deliciou purrs

Because nature made me
a thoughtful and a generous man
I feed my acquaintances in the agora
tidbits of personal grief,
knowing their eagerness won't discriminate
between the real and invented
and afterwards I hurry to the butcher shop
for the slices of sheep's lung
to bring my kittens

I love to see them cleaning their whiskers
slowly and daintily on my doorsteps
and to listen to their delicious purrings

Because nature made me
a thoughtful and a generous man
I unfailingly feed my acquaintances
in the agora
tidbits of personal grief
and afterwards when the village and the sea
are silent and beautiful
I hurry to the butcher-shop
for the slices of sheep's lung
to bring my kittens

I delight to see them cleaning their whiskers
slowly and daintily on my doorsteps
and to listen to their delicious purrings

PROVENDER

Because by nature I am
a thoughtful and a generous man
I unfailingly feed my acquaintances
in the agora
tidbits of personal grief
invented or real
and then as the village and the sea
become silent and beautiful
I run to the butcher-shop
for the slices of sheep's lung
to bring my kittens

I delight to see

I love to watch them cleaing their frail whiskers
slowly and daintily on my doorsteps
and to overhear their delicious purrings

Deposed in their

Wake
Slung my hammers a hail
rain
the meat I bring them each morning
for their breakfast,
Their joy as great as that which live
in every word, written those that speak
I see the one looked at America.
in the bloody business of species
preying on species

- the joy of the predator, man, lion,
and demons his victims.

Even Joel the Reprover
with some hands hammer
as he ~~slashed~~ ^{slashed} his knife into ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~forest~~
across the land of the Indian parallel
~~There is a god of all.~~

I see
There is a god of all!

And the general sense of the body
of the every dead limit of the bird.

Observing how my kittens attack
the raw sheep's meat I bring them each morning
for breakfast,
their delight as obvious as that which lives
in every Wordsworthian flower that breathes,
and afterwards listening to their ferocious purr
it suddenly hit me
I'd overlooked an important aspect
in this bloody arrangement of one species
feeding on another
- the joy of the predator
as he mangles and devours his victim
with his teeth and claws

And now that I think of it,
even Jack the Ripper knew happiness
as she slashed the throat of the London prostitute,
knew it again and again;
and think of the joy victorious generals
must feel as they focus their binoculars
on the bodies of the enemy dead
lying forever stilled in ditch and ravine

There is a God after all!

UNPOPULAR ARGUMENT FOR THEISM

Observing how my kittens attack
the raw sheep's meat I bring them each morning
for breakfast,
their pleasure as obvious as that which lives
in every Wordsworthian flower that breathes,
and afterwards listening to their ferocious purr
It suddenly hit me
~~that~~ I'd overlooked ^{an} something important ^{aspect}
in this bloody arrangement of one species
feeding on another
- the limitless joy of the predator
as he mangles and devours his victim
with his teeth and claws

Come to think of it now
even Jack the Ripper
must have known ~~that~~ happiness
as he cut the throat of the London prostitute,
and known it again and again;
or consider the joy of the victorious generals
focussing their binoculars
on the bodies of the enemy dead
~~thousands~~
lying forever stilled on the battlefield
^{must be}
There ~~is~~ a God after all!

FOR ARTEMIS

When my merry Greek
naked and bronzed by the sun
 lies down beside me
all the sea's pulses throb
with my great excitement
and I imagine the shadows
the surrounding rocks throw
 on the deserted beach
are goat-footed satyrs
about to drag her into caves
 no human foot may follow

She is ~~desirable~~ so desirable
I want to be immortal
 and I know with certainty
death is unreal, ^{the} shadow-face
of sexuality, a foolish illusion
like the ^{hours} men have invented
out of pride or idleness
 My hands are all over her
and when she bends into my body
Over I no longer hear the gentle
 suck-suck of the sea

FOR ARTEMIS

When my merry village Greek
naked and bronzed by the sun
 lies down beside me
all the sea's pulses throb
with my great excitement
and I imagine the shadows
the surrounding rocks throw
 on the deserted beach
are silent goat-footed satyrs
about to drag her into caves
 no human foot may follow

She is so lovely and desirable
I crave to be immortal
 and I know with complete certainty
death is unreal, mere shadow-face
of sexuality, a foolish illusion
like the minutes and hours men have invented
out of pride or idleness
 My hands are all over her
and when she bends into my body
I sigh and no longer hear
 the gentle suck-suck of the sea.

FOR ARTEMIS

When my merry village Greek
naked and bronzed by the sun
 lies down beside me
all the sea's pulses throb
with my great excitement
and I imagine the shadows
the surrounding rocks throw
 on the deserted beach
silent goat-footed satyrs
about to drag her into caves
 no human foot may follow

She is so lovely and desirable
I crave to be immortal
 and I know with the conviction of proof
death is unreal, mere shadow-face
of sexuality, a foolish illusion
like the minutes and hours men have invented
out of pride or idleness
 My hands are all over her
and when she bends into my body
I sigh and can no longer hear
 the gentle suck-suck of the sea

FOR ARTEMIS

When my merry village Greek
naked and bronzed by the sun
lies down beside me
all the sea's pulses throb
with my great excitement
and I imagine the shadows
the surrounding rocks throw
on the deserted beach
silent goat-footed satyrs
about to drag her into caves
no human foot may follow

She is so lovely and desirable
I ~~crave to be~~ immortal ~~god~~
and I know with certainty
death is unreal, mere shadow-face
of sexuality, a foolish illusion
like the ~~minutes and hours~~ men have invented
out of pride or idleness
My hands are all over her
and when she bends into my body
I sigh and can no longer hear
the gentle suck-suck of the sea

Madman On Melkyine Road

My love, I can take love from
the world through a rose
except your silence,
When I do not hear from you
the sun is only faint glances
and the sea no more but an old gossip
repeating over and over again
hid me your story
to the rippling beach side at my feet
I try to find up in silence
with recollections of your smile
and perfect hours,
your humors and radiant deep eyes,
I sometimes play with it
like an accordion,
opening and closing it between my hands
and hoping for a sound
or I put it to my lips like a lute

Like a madman wanting

to shake fire from air

I want to make you silent & speak;

no, no, no, whistle, call me underneath
and whisper hot words of love

let's start ~~from~~ remembered ecstasies

my head reclines on a stone

almost, almost I can catch your voice

let's love again in dream's sea.

"Madman On Meritona Beach"

(28)

My love, I can take everything

The worst things at me

except your silence.

When I do not hear from you

The sun is only firing gases

and the sea moans but an old gossip
repeating one and one again

but one good thing

is the riparian beach stones at my feet.

I try to fill up the silence

with recollections of your smile

and project more

your humor as melancholy eyes;

and sometimes I play with it

like an accordion

~~stretching~~ ^{stretching} and closing it between my hands
hoping to squeeze ^{for it dear} sounds

so I put it to my lips like a lute.

Yes, like a ^{madman} ~~beautician~~ wanting
to strike fire from air
I want to make you silence speak;
no, sing, whistle, call me undearments
and whisper hoarse words of love
so that I show you remembered ecstasy.
My head resting on a stone, low,
almost I can catch your voice
until comes again the ~~darkening~~ ^{perilous} sea.

Yes, like a madman wanting
to strike fire from air I want
to make you silence speak;
no, sing, whistle, call me undearments
and whisper hoarse words of love
so that I show you remembered ecstasy.
My head resting on a stone, ~~low~~,
almost I can catch your voice, low,
until comes again the ~~perilous~~ sea.

MADMAN ON MITHYMNA BEACH

My love, I can take everything
the world throws at me
except your silence.

When I do not hear from you
the sun is only fiery gases
and the sea nothing but an old gossip
repeating ad nauseam
her one good story
to the impassive beachstones at my feet.

I try to fill up the silence
with recollections of your smile,
and perfect mouth,
your humorous melancholy eyes;
and sometimes I play with it
like an accordion
stretching and closing it between my hands
~~hope~~ ^{to squeeze} squeeze from it dear sounds
or I put it to my lips like a lute.

Yes, like a madman wanting
to strike fire from air, I want
to make your silence speak;
no, sing, whistle, call me endearments
and whisper hoarse words of love
so that I shiver from remembered ecstasy.
My head resting on a stone ^{for pills}
almost I can catch your voice, Love,
until comes again the ponderous sea.

TRappia Fann

And mi re Nub. This a person
because she like to let's hang out
and know mi wael in her age
while doing a belly dance
for mi special order.

It all come from mi mind
a housewife who she use for
and getting her picture in the newspaper
for leading a student dance team
at ~~Cambridge~~ ^{Trinity College} - was it, Oxford?

After such a ^{long} ~~short~~ ^{vacation}
how can she ^{be} ~~so~~ ^{great} ~~well~~
to mi useful but dull milk of London?

"Trapped Pair"

And this one child, this a free soul
because she lets her meager life hang out
and shows no crack in her
while doing a belly dance
for the great goddess

It all comes from Munich
a horse race run by some people
and a lady getting her picture in a paper
for the admiral a student demonstrates
at Toulon

When she goes to the land raucous laen
and goes to see eyes wide, wide
I know she wants to be taken for a happy far,
in a head I might call it a hardship, to
do the same a little not my heart

TRAPPED FAUN

And this one thinks she's a free soul
because she lets her meagre tits hang out
and shows the crack in her ass
when she dances around the room
for the Greek soldiers

It all comes from winning
a horserace when she was fourteen
and later getting her picture in the papers
for leading a student demonstration
at Trinity

When she gives her loud raucous laugh
and opens her green eyes wide, wide
I know she wants to be taken for a trapped faun;
instead I sweep up the ra for her
and she snarls at me as no faun would

' News From Nowhere "

UTOPIA

One passionless nonentity
equal to another
whites and blacks, male and remale,
homosexual and gay
all free to choose
whatever nepenthe they wish:
alcohol, drugs, suicide
and a phenomenal increase in the ale
of Cokes and bumpaper

One passionless nonentity
equal to another:
white and black, male and remale,
homosexual and gay;
all lobotomized by marxism
and free to choose
whatever nepenthe they wish:
alcohol, drugs, kinky sex or suicide;
and a phenomenal increase
in the sale of Cokes and bumpaper.

and a planned economy
making it possible to keep up
with the increased demand
for Cokes and bumpaper.

WAC THE ABRON

ZORBA THE JEW

Though they know I write
dark poems
filled with misanthropy and foreboding
the villagers
seeing me dance on the cobblestoned streets
and hearing my constant laughter
in the kaféneons
have begun calling me
Zorba the Jew

They say I am the only man
with kefi
in the whole island of Lesbos
and free to choose
homosexual and gay
wife and pack, wife and temple,
edney to snofner:
one basstoujess nonentifly

of cokas and pnwbsber
and a bphenomenaj tucressa in the eye
stcomoj, qindz, antictde
mrtfelver neberfne fhel nter:
ett free to choose
homosexual and gay
mrtfess and rtacke, wete and temete,
edney to snofner
one basstoujess nonentifly

~~ΠΙΟΒΙΑ~~

Handwritten in red ink:
Homo Fidei Hetero...

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

For William Morris

One passionless nonentity
equal to another:
white and black, male and female,
homosexual and gay;
everyone on the planet
lobotomized by marxism
and free to choose
whatever nepenthe he wishes:
alcohol, drugs, kinky sex or suicide;
and a planned world economy
making it possible to keep up
with the increased demand
for Coke and bumpaper

In the whole island of Lesbos
I'm the only man with keft
some of the other Greeks say
I've even keft

Some the Jew
have begun calling me
in the kafeneous
and hearing my constant laughter
seeing me dance on the cobblestoned streets
the villagers
filled with misanthropy and foreboding
dark poems
through they know I write

Though they know I write
dark poems
filled with misanthropy and foreboding
the villagers
seeing me dance on the cobblestoned streets
and hearing my constant laughter
in the kaféneons
have begun calling me
Zorba the Jew

I've even heard
some of the older Greeks say
I'm the only man with kefi
in the whole island of Lesbos

for coke and rum
with the increased demand
making it impossible to keep up
and a business world economy
stagnant, things, kiyki sex or anything:
whatever because he writes:
and free to choose
topofomized by writing
elusive on the business
romance and day:
write and track, write and write,
edit to another:
one businessess unentitled

FOR THE FIRST TIME

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

Equality in every respect
between one passionless nonentity and another:
white and black, male and female,
homosexual and gay.

To Everybody on the planet
robotized by marxism
and free to choose
whatever he wishes:
alcohol, drugs, kinky sex, suicide.
And a well-planned world economy
making it feasible to keep up
with the ever-increasing demand
for Cokes and bumper cars.

ΣΟΚΒΑ ΙΝΕ ΔΕΛ

make someone unhappy
be human:
that's right, that's right

ON SEEING ONE CHILD TORTURING ANOTHER

make someone unhappy.
be human:
that's right, that's right

ON SEEING ONE CHILD TORTURING ANOTHER

ON SEEING ONE CHILD TORTMENTING ANOTHER

That's right, that's right
be human:
make someone unhappy.

ON SEEING ONE CHILD TORTMENTING ANOTHER

That's right, that's right
be human:
make someone unhappy

ZORBA THE JEW

Though they know I write
dark poems
filled with isathropy and foreboding
the villagers
seeing the dance on the cobblestoned streets
and hearing my constant laughter
in the kafènions
call me Zorba the Jew

mpafeloz uebeufpe me nřapea:

They say I am the only one
with kefi
in the whole island

romosexnej euq ðeal.

mpře euq přack* wape euq řewate*

peřween one beřřouřese nonenřřřl euq euořpeř:

edueřřřl řu ełeřl řeřbeoř

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

for William Morris

Equality in every respect
between one passionless nonentity
and another:
white and black, male and female,
homosexual and gay

Everybody on the planet
lobotomized by marxism
and free to choose
whatever nepenthe he wishes:
alcohol drugs kinky sex suicide

And a well-planned world economy
making it always feasible
to keep well ahead
of the ever-increasing demand
for Cokes and bumpaper

NEWSFR00MNO0WERERE

for William Morris

Equality in every respect
between one passionless nonentity
and another:
white and black, male and female,
homosexual and gay

Everybody on the planet
lobotomized by marxism
and free to choose
whatever nepenthe he wishes:
alcohol drugs kinky sex suicide

And a well-planned world economy
making it feasible
to keep always well ahead
of the ever-increasing demand
for Cokes and bumpaper

4
Overhead in the levels

Between men and women;
the modern American female

have become an essential

an unqualified.

In rank, feel a strain;
at least women
if not feel
once passed women.

They inhabit the world
as if they were not there
for a reason

Two women I once knew lie in this cemetery;
each in her own way was extraordinary.
One, a rebel and feminist long before her time,
a Greek Georges Sand defiant and beautiful
whose distinction won her enemies everywhere;
the men lusted, the wives and daughters hated.
She took a lover in this Christian village,
loved and was loved while their loathing grew:

Handwritten notes in blue ink, including a signature 'G.S.D.' and several lines of text, some underlined.

Between marxism and feminism
the modern American female
has become as sensual
as an iron gate

She inhabits her ~~xxxx~~ body
as if it were on hire
from Madame Tussaud's waxworks

to be returned after its use
to Madame Tussaud's waxworks

OVERHEARD IN A LAVABO

Between marxism and feminism
the modern American female
has become as sensual
as an iron gate

She talks liberation
but it's Calvin
that's in her joints,
the whole bloody Reformation

She inhabits her body
as if it were on hire
to be returned after its use
to Madame Tussaud's waxworks

I'd rather fuck a stovepipe:
at least warmth
if not fire
on ce passed through it

OVERHEARD IN A LAVABO

Between marxism and feminism
the modern American female
has become as sensual
as an iron gate

She talks liberation
but it's Calvin
that's in her joints
and seals her orifices

She inhabits her body
as if it were on hire
to be returned after its use
to Madame Tussaud's waxworks

I'd rather fuck a stovepipe
for at least warmth
if not fire
once passed through it

OVERHEARD IN A LAVABO

Between marxism and feminism
the modern American female
has become as sensual
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She talks liberation
but it's Calvin
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I'd rather fuck a stovepipe
for at least warmth
if not fire
once passed through it

OVERHEARD IN A LAVABO

Between marxism and feminism
the modern American female
has become as sensual
as an iron gate

She talks liberation
but it's Calvin
that's in her joints
and seal her lovely orifices

She inhabits her body
as if it were on hire
to be returned after its use
to Madame Tussaud's waxworks

I'd rather fuck a stovepipe
for at least warmth
if not fire
once passed through it

Spiders Fascination.

There are chameleons, crab spiders
and certain kinds of worms

When this was me
The quotes Hegel and Santayana
and scowls darkly at y'risphere
had a check by a riddle

When this was a play boy
from darker ~~Africa~~ Manhattan
she laughs like an idiot
and tells everyone to piss off

And here are hunters spiders
more feared & cunning than lips:
In terror much women also,

HANGOVER

I can't help it:
 if I hear a German speak
 especially if he's a Catholic
 from Bavaria
 or for that matter
 a Lutheran from Saxony
 I want to ask him
 whether his father
 had been a Storm Trooper
 or perhaps one of the guards
 at Buchenwald
 and whether his mother
 had gone to school
 with Ilse Koch;
 and I shudder noticeably
 when he strokes an animal;
 donkey or kitten,
 or even sticks his face
 into the innocent
 unsuspecting leaves
 of a plumtree
 but whether from grief or rage
 or some other emotion
 I cannot tell

Handwritten notes in German:
 Ich kann nicht helfen:
 wenn ich ein deutsches Wort höre
 besonders wenn es ein Katholik
 aus Bayern ist
 oder für die Sache
 ein Lutheraner aus Sachsen
 Ich möchte ihn fragen
 ob sein Vater ein Sturmtruppensoldat
 oder vielleicht einer der Wachen
 im Buchenwald war
 und ob seine Mutter
 in der Schule mit Ilse Koch
 war;
 und ich zittere merklich
 wenn er ein Tier streichelt;
 Esel oder Kitten,
 oder auch sein Gesicht
 in die unschuldigen
 Blätter einer Pflume
 steckt
 aber ob aus Trauer oder Wut
 oder aus irgendeiner anderen
 Empfindung
 Ich weiß nicht

1
"Two Women I've Known"

There are chameleons, crab spiders,
and certain kinds of women

When she's with me
she quotes Hegel and Santayana
and scowls darkly as if the Sphinx
had asked her a question

When she's with a playboy
from darkest Manhattan
she laughs like an idiot
and tells every one to piss off

Both are lurking spiders
more ferocious and cunning than tigers,
When she's with my new miss:
Glas, I've known such a woman also.

I can't help it:
 if I hear a German speak
 especially if he's a Catholic
 from Bavaria
 or a Lutheran
 from Saxony

Two Wonders for Krieger

There are phenomena such as lightning
 and the power of lightning
 which have been known
 since the time of the ancients
 and were regarded as divine
 signs and portents and
 were explained in a variety
 of ways. It is only in
 the last few decades that
 we have learned to explain
 them in a scientific manner
 and to regard them as natural
 phenomena. It is only in
 the last few decades that
 we have learned to explain
 them in a scientific manner
 and to regard them as natural
 phenomena. It is only in
 the last few decades that
 we have learned to explain
 them in a scientific manner
 and to regard them as natural
 phenomena.

TWO WOMEN

There are chameleons, crab spiders
and certain kinds of women

When she's with me
she quotes Hegel and Santayana
and scowls darkly as if the Sphinx
had asked her a riddle

When she's with a playboy
from darkest Manhattan
she laughs like an idiot
and tells everyone to piss off

And there are hunting spiders
more fefocious and cunning than tigers
who when they strike never miss:
Alas, I've known such a woman also

There are chameleons, crab spiders
and certain kinds of women

When my angel is with me
she quotes Hegel and Santayana
and scowl darkly as if the Sphinx
had asked her a riddle

When she's with a playboy
from darkest Manhattan or Chicago
she laughs like an idiot
and tells everyone to piss off

And there are hunting spiders
more ferocious and cunning than tigers
that when they strike never miss:
alas, I've known such women also

There are chameleons, crab spiders
and certain kinds of women.

When my angel's with me
she quotes Hegel and Santayana
and scowls darkly as if the Sphinx
had asked her a riddle.

When she's with a playboy
from darkest Manhattan or Chicago
she laughs like an idiot
and tells everyone to piss off.

And there are hunting spiders
more ferocious and cunning than tigers;
when they strike they never miss.
Alas, I've known such women also.

There are chameleons, crab spiders
and certain kinds of women

When my angel's with me
she quotes Hegel and Santayana
and scowls darkly as if the Sphinx
had asked her a riddle

When she's with a playboy
from darkest Manhattan or Chicago
she laughs like an idiot
and tells everyone to p

When she's with an obvious con man
I'm ready to lay heavy odds
she knows enough tricks of her own
to leave him begging his subway fare

There are chameleons, crab spiders
and certain kinds of women.

When my angel's with me
she quotes Hegel and Santayana
and scowls darkly as if the Sphinx
had asked her a riddle.

When she's with a playboy
from darkest Manhattan or Chicago
she laughs like an idiot
and tells everyone to piss off.

In the company of an obvious con man
I'm ready to lay odds
she'll pull enough tricks of her own
to leave him begging his subway fare.

And, well, there are hunting spiders
more ferocious and cunning than tigers;
when they strike they never miss.
Alas, I've known such women also.

Their evil innocence fascinates me,

Their innocent evilness fascinates me.

"The Curse" De Maledicta.

Little Jewish boy
your face pale with terror and perplexity,
let me utter the ~~curse~~ ^{malediction}
long from your mangled lips
when the brutal German guard
pushed you into the gas chamber?

• All ^{who} ~~you~~ had a hand
in my innocent untimely death,
who prepared for it in books and pamphlets,
in lectures, sermons and talks,
sermons and political speeches;
who ridiculed and scorned my people
and drew up in blue print and tintable
for ~~their~~ execution

and gave the order or carried them out,
and all those who looked on approvingly
while we were burned

in this dread place of horror
a mass of human wastes of Europe

• If you are still alive
may you not mislead be seized in your conclusions
and you fall out of our society
and you be ^{legally} ~~legally~~ ^{put} ~~put~~
and put off with false papers,
that you at least suffer for their
as me by me

your decease prove a dumb drop of
and may ^{there} be no savior or cure for you
no analgesia and painkillers
but may you live
one hundred and ~~forty~~ ^{fourty} years
rightless skin - an ever perplexed

and tell us how I can
~~not~~ hear no one sound.
but you are gone

If you have children, may
they be born here to walk

If you are dead,
having died peacefully
and been buried with grief and sorrow,
that there is no god!

...hur...hur...hur...hur...
I know you do...hur...
He managed to grab one:
in the air
and waving his hand wildly
not between grimacing
was going to pray
and I thought the young boy
with eagerness and faith
He doubted no
hard, rest hard.
as she kicked him in the groin
I love you, you know I do, she cried

...GIVE'S A MAN'S INTERESTING

'LOVE'S A MANY-SPLINTERED THING

'I love you, you know I do,' she cried as she kicked him in the groin hard, real hard.

He doubled up with anguish and pain and I thought the young fool was going to bray but between grimacings and waving his hands wildly in the air he managed to gasp out: 'I know you do...huh... but can't you reveal it my darling, my sweet...huh...huh... in a gentler, more original way?'

Handwritten notes in blue ink on the right side of the page, including phrases like 'I know you do...huh...' and 'but can't you reveal it my darling, my sweet...huh...huh... in a gentler, more original way?'

Extensive handwritten notes in blue ink on the bottom page, including phrases like 'I know you do...huh...' and 'but can't you reveal it my darling, my sweet...huh...huh... in a gentler, more original way?'

THE MALEDICTION

Little Jewish boy,
your face pale with terror and perplexity,
let me utter the malediction
torn from your numbed lips
when the brutal German guard
pushed you into the gas chamber.

All who had a hand
in my innocent untimely death
who prepared for it in books and pamphlets
lectures seminars and talks
sermons and political speeches;
who ~~insulted and~~ scorned my people
and drew up the blueprints and timetables
for our execution
and gave the orders or carried them out
and all who looked on approvingly
while we were driven like cattle
to this ~~dread~~ slaughterhouse place of horror
across the human wastes of Europe

If
you are still alive
may you this instant be seized with convulsions
till your eyes are shaken out of their sockets
and may your bodies begin to rot
and give off such vapours
that you almost suffocate from them
as one by one
your decomposed limbs drop off;
and let there be no salve or cure for you,
no analgesics or pain-killers
but may you live
one hundred and twenty years
sightless ~~xxx~~ skin-cancered paraplegics
and till the hour of your deaths
hear no other sounds
but your own gorans

If you are dead
having died peaceably
and been buried with grief and decorum

~~there is no God~~
~~may the Lord~~ ~~swear~~ ~~you~~ ~~never~~
~~like the~~ ~~extremes~~ ~~you~~ ~~can~~ ~~live~~ ~~you~~ ~~live~~
~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~also~~

may ni lavi ~~dey~~ ~~pal.~~
for the ~~Lord~~
while ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~alive~~ ~~you~~
never ~~in~~ ~~extremes~~

Little Jewish boy,
your face pale with terror and confusion,
let me utter the malediction
torn from your numbed lips
when the brutal German guard
pushed you into the gas chamber:

'All who had a hand
in my innocent untimely death,
who prepared for it in books and pamphlets
lectures seminars and talks
sermons and political speeches;
who scorned my people
and drew up the blueprints and timetables
for our execution
and gave the orders or carried them out
and all who looked on approvingly
while we were driven like cattle
to this slaughterhouse
across the human wastes of Europe

If you are yet alive
may you this instant be seized with convulsions
till your eyes are shaken from their sockets
and may your bodies begin to rot
and give off such vapours
that you almost suffocate from them
as one by one
your decomposed limbs drop off;
and let there be no salves or cures for you,
no analgesics or pain-killers
but may you live
one hundred and twenty years
sightless skin-cancered paraplegics
and till the hour of your deaths
hear no other sounds
but your own groans

But if you are dead
having died peaceably
and been buried with grief and decorum
may the just earth expel your remains
like vomit like excrement
and your progeny die choking in it

THE MALEDICTION

Little Jewish boy,
your face pale with terror and confusion,
let me utter the malediction
torn from your numbed lips
when the brutal German guard
pushed you into the gas chamber

"All who had a hand
in my innocent untimely death,
who prepared for it in books and pamphlets
lectures seminars and talks
sermons and political speeches;
who scorned my people
and drew up the blueprints and timetables
for our execution
and gave the orders or carried them out
and all who looked on ^{and approved} approvingly
while we were driven like cattle
to the ^{is} slaughterhouse
across the human wastes of Europe

If you are yet alive
may you this instant be seized with convulsions
till your eyes are shaken from their sockets
and may your bodies begin to rot
and give off such vapours
that you almost suffocate from them
as one by one
your decomposed limbs drop off;
and let there be no salves or cures for you,
no analgesics or pain-killers
but may you live
one hundred and twenty years
sightless skin-cancered paraplegics
and till the hour of your deaths
hear no other sounds
but your own groans

But if you are dead
having died peaceably
and been buried with grief and decorum
may the just earth expel your remains
from its disordered bowels
like vomit like black excrement
and may your progeny
die choking in it
as I died that horrible day
clasping my mother's convulsive hand

FOREWORD

When I was just starting out on my fantastic career as a poet someone told me, 'There are only two subjects worth writing about and they are love and death.' I didn't see what he meant then but I do now. His genius or his genes places the poet on a rope stretched tautly between sex and death. The major poet dances on that tightrope, the minor poet walks warily across it. The non-poet or poetaster doesn't even make a try at either. If he does he's unable to keep his balance and topples swiftly down. The erudite scholar and the critic, of course, remain solidly and securely planted on the ground, - or is there a species of literary shmuckism that asserts Lionel Trilling could have the thoughts and passions of a Lord Byron?

from a distance, his biographers and passing through the line they have the next from

Someone else at the same period in my life told me, 'When writing a poem get your first line, get your last line, and bring the two together as soon as you can.' Heeding that excellent advice has helped me to avoid the rant and rubbish ~~that's~~ always taken for poetry by those perennial elements the poet in every age must contend with, the faddish and the ignorant. For me, poetry has meant packing the maximum meaning and intensity into every line of verse; if possible, into every word. Anything less, whatever my lapses in practice, I've always considered rhetoric or journalism. Or ~~short~~ short stories arranged vertically on the page, easy to read and even easier to forget. Poetry, whatever form it takes, is an arrangement of words whose creditability endures from generation to generation. The rest is excrement on floral bumpaper.

I also recall saying to a friend about ten years ago, 'When I've got grey hair and many years of experience I hope I shall have the craft and wisdom as well as the passion to write a handful of lyrics that say with concision and intensity what living on this beautiful and dangerous planet has meant.' I am immodest enough to believe that more than a handful of such lyrics will be found in the present volume by the alert and sensitive reader and hopeful enough to imagine that he still exists, *despite the various checks and balances*

my po 2 re career. When women, homosexuals, Blacks and others are so to
To guard against the solemnity that menaces the aging poet I've included several "naties", a number of them aimed at the unfortunate cultural ~~of~~ of my country, littered as it is with the debris of Prot

change in poems and from poets

*the equal, people will still experience joy and sorrow, will use sex
some old and old. Endless more than one and that in mind what is*

rot and other proofs of canucky shmuckism. I want those ringing shots to be heard as I ride into the sunset, both pistols blazing. Those verses are my insurance that no fool critic or reviewer is ever going to write that I mellowed at the end; that like other grey-haired poets striding into the mist I was heard muttering ponderous syllables about Life, Death and Eternity. I have certainly written about them but with a bite that only a very small number of my contemporaries ever achieved. Living in a heavily christianized culture I am grateful for a heritage and ancestry that saved me from nerveless pessimism or pubescent posturing; to anyone steeped in the ^{Old Testament} Hebrew bible most of the modern 'isms' appear ~~infantile~~ ^{mainstream} to the point of absurdity. So if you do think of me, think of me bravely firing my last shots as the dark closes around me - and if a couple of assholes get knocked off, so much the better.

Irving Layton

Molibos, Greece.

FOREWORD

When I was just starting out on my fantastic career as a poet someone told me, 'There are only two subjects worth writing about and they are love and death.' I didn't see what he meant then but I do now. His genius or his genes places the poet on a rope that is stretched tautly between sex and death. The major poet dances on that tightrope, the minor poet walks warily across it. The non-poet or poetaster doesn't even make a try at either. If he does he's unable to keep his balance and topples swiftly down. The scholar and the critic, of course, remain solidly planted on the ground, peering eagerly through their binoculars - or do you suppose, ~~shockheads, that~~ a Northrop Frye could ever have the thoughts and passions of a Lord Byron?

Someone else at the same period in my life told me, 'When writing a poem get your first line, get your last line, and bring the two together as soon as possible.' Heeding that excellent advice has, ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ thinking, helped me ^{to} avoid the rant and rubbish that's always taken for poetry by those those perennial elements the poet in every age must contend with, the faddish and the ignorant. For me, poetry has meant packing the maximum meaning and intensity into every line of verse; if ~~possible~~ possible into every word. Anything less, whatever my lapses in practice, I've always considered rhetoric or journalism. Or short short stories arranged vertically on the page, easy to read, and even easier to forget. Poetry, whatever form it takes, is an arrangement of words whose credibility endures from generation to generation. The rest is excrement on floral bumpaper.

I also recall saying to a friend about ten years ago, 'When I've got grey hair and many years of experience I hope I shall have the craft and wisdom as well as the passion to write a handful of imperishable lyrics that say with concision and intensity what living on this beautiful and dangerous planet has meant.' I am immodest enough to believe that more than a handful of such lyrics will be found in the present volume by the alert and sensitive reader and hopeful enough to imagine that he still exists.

To guard against the solemnity that menaces the aging poet I've included several 'nasties', a number of them aimed at the unfortunate literati of my country, littered as it is with the debris of Prot rot ^{and other} ~~and other~~ proofs of canucky shmuckism. I want those ringing shots to

be heard as I ride into the sunset, both pistols blazing. Those 'nasties' are my insurance that no fool critic or reviewer is ever going to write that I mellowed at the end; that like other grey-haired poets striding into the mist I was heard muttering ponderous syllables about Life, Death and Eternity. I have certainly written about them but with a bite neither a wasteland poet like Eliot ~~or~~ a pseudo-vitalist poet like Yeats could ever achieve. My Hebrew ancestry saved me from the nerveless pessimism of the one and the pubescent posturing of the other. So if you do think of me, think of me ~~as~~ bravely firing my last shots as the dark [~]cloes around me - and if a couple of assholes get ~~knxxk~~ knocked off, so much the better.

Irving Layton

Molibos,
August 6, 1977

Natural Selection
The Man & Hraction

It is a fact that
is to be seen King Size
is to be seen deep a constant
purpose ^{imposed} ^{method}
breaking ^{into} ^{the} ^{curve}.

for man
The ^{fillipini} ^{green} ^{pen} ^{holder} ^{pen}
The ^{man} ^{made} ^{up} ^a ^{fat} ^{pen}
with a ^{cup} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{hand},
with ^{the} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{male} ^{cup}

'It is a fact that
the ^{say} ⁱⁿ ^a ^{single} ^{day}
with ^{no} ^{much} ^{more} ^{to} ^{do} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{day}.

O ^{do} ^{not} ^{use} ^{any} ^{rest} ⁱⁿ ^{it}
deep ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{hand} ^{of} ^{the} ^{man}
for ^{the} ^{best} ^{of} ^{the} ^{man}
no ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{hand} ^{of} ^{the} ^{man}

nature's secret
The Mean Attraction

The mean attraction
is for Elsie to keep a King Size cigarette
pushing smoke into her chest

^{and exercised}
The vaginal muscles ~~are separate~~
keep the tip aglow

use a small bath's tip ^{on the neck of pubic's}
~~in the distance zone.~~

While in man's

~~use the~~ ^{try for} ~~to~~ ^{make} ~~sure~~

! It'll take some practice
she must still in the back
as the crowd roars it deep

O Lord who-does-not-aid

teach me to have patience

with this creature

as we raised from the floor

NATURAL SELECTION

The main attraction
is for Elsie to keep a King Size cigaret
puffing smoke with her cunt

Her exercised vaginal muscles
keep the tip aglow
like a small battery light over her naked pubis
while the manager urges her
to try for rings

'It'll take more practice,'
she grunts, still on her back
while the crowd roars its delight

O Lord Who-Does-Not-Exist
teach me to have patience
with these creatures
no one raised from the slime

And feel my loathing grow as vast
as the sea

Seeing in his lonely beach with you,
you the dawn and twilight as history
stands at his post-coast village in his desert
while I read about his real home of Auschewitz

Your eyes are dark and happy as history
as you stand at his post-coast village in his desert,
~~you are like a talented nurse in it~~
you are a graduate from Auschewitz
and murdered in these vicinities
and you are with the talented nurse
present you accidental to his world.
Poor little I see you ^{stronger in the} ~~present~~ ~~at the~~
of this dumbest beach, my heart is the aged
with love and love
and things I know are the same
find his resurrection in an area in his long life
and again his real home of Auschewitz
for those to be seen in many

What human beings are capable of
& more loved and long with the world as
and feel my loathing grow as vast as the sea

FOR 75I-632

Your eyes are dark and tragic as history
as you stare at the postcard village in the distance;
you are a distinguished graduate from Auschwitz
and mankind's incurable viciousness,
and your arm with its tattooed number
boldly presents your credentials to the world

Each time, my dear, I see your naked loveliness
on this deserted beach, my heart is torn apart
by love and loathing, gratitude and disgust,
reverence and revolt till my frantic mind
scurries like that insect between the hot stones
and I'm deaf to everything but the waves' savage gulps

And though I know that all the ~~xxxx~~ innocent dead
find their resuurrection in us and every loving pair,
imaging the real horrors of Auschwitz
and its lexicon of human villainy made plain
I curse without ceasing into the sweet empty air
and feel my loathing grow as vast as the sea

FOR 75I-032

Your eyes are dark and tragic as history
as you stare at the postcard village in the distance;
you are a distinguished graduate from Auschwitz
and mankind's incurable viciousness,
and your slender arm with its tattooed number
boldly displays your credentials to the world

Each time, my dear, I see your naked loveliness
on this deserted beach my heart is torn apart
by love and loathing, gratitude and disgust,
reverence and revolt until my frantic mind
scurries like that insect between the hot stones
and I grow deaf to all but the waves' savage gulps

And though I know that all the innocent dead
find their resurrection in us and every loving pair;
imaging the dateless horror of the death camp,
its lexicon of human villainy made plain,
I curse without ceasing into the sweet empty air
and feel my loathing for mankind grow as vast as the sea

FOR 75I-0329

Your eyes are dark and tragic as history
as you stare at the postcard village in the distance;
you are a distinguished graduate from Auschwitz
and mankind's incurable viciousness,
and your slender arm with its tattooed figures
boldly displays your credentials to the world

Each time, my dear, I see your naked loveliness
on this deserted beach my heart is torn apart
by love and loathing, gratitude and disgust,
reverence and rage until my frantic mind
scurries like that insect between the hot stones
and I grow deaf to all but the waves' savage gulps

And though I know that all the innocent dead
find their resurrection in us and every loving pair;
imaging the dateless horror of the death camp,
its lexicon of human villainy made plain,
I curse without ceasing into the sweet empty air
and feel my loathing for mankind grows as vast as the sea

FIGS

At his hour
his figs
look like the tight green testicle
of a youth

Next morning
they'd hang loose and flaccid
like an old man's

Jewish boy
with his small frightened face
let me pronounce his name
from your lips
with his German guard
poured you with his gas chamber,

~~At~~ ~~the~~ ~~boy~~ who had a lean
his young innocent death;
who prepared for it a speech & pamphlet
his looks and lecture
to hand ^{apron} ^{these} while you, ^{honors}
in his place of honor
across his human wastes of Europe
if his one still lives
may his be raised with conscience
his right eye fall out & his soul

Figs:

It has how
the figs
look like the hard green testicles
of a yuri

Muri nani
khi i ^{be} low and pursued
like an old man's

"Nakhi Didi Man"

I shudder
not only when a man
stroke an animal,
mule or bullock
but ⁱⁿ when he stroke
his wife's face
is it as unmanly
not ^{not} better or worse than
of a plum tree

and may be to die in
and from it ^{just the} ^{same} ^{just} ^{the} ^{same} ^{just} ^{the} ^{same}

and he ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and may be to die in
and from it ^{just the} ^{same} ^{just} ^{the} ^{same} ^{just} ^{the} ^{same}

and he ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

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and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

and ^{is} ^{not} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{the} ^{one} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{past}

FIGS
BELIEVE IT OR NOT

FIGS
The dark Aegean stretched

away from our balcony
At this hour

towards the stars
the figs

and my stomach was crumpling
look like the tight green testicles
when the Italian savant removing
of a youth
his false beard and wig

turned into a carrot.
Next month

they'll hang loose and furrowed

Before my surprised face
like an old man's.
if moved up and down like a finger

and I heard it say softly:

'Since they know their own

true nature
and are not romantics and dreamers

as men are

or sentimentalists made so

by the sex drive

I've never heard women

say a good word for their sex.'

In the silence that followed

the carrot scooped up

the false beard and wig

and walked off

with the bottle of retinas

under its arm.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

The dark Aegean stretched
away from our balcony
towards the stars
and my stomach was grumbling
when the Italian savant removing
his false beard and wig
turned into a carrot.

Before my surprised face
it moved up and down like a finger
and I heard it say softly:
'Since they know their own
true nature
and are not romantics and dreamers
as men are
or sentimentalists made so
by the sex drive
I've never heard women
say a good word for their sex.'

In the silence that followed
the carrot scooped up
the false beard and wig
and walked off
with the bottle of retsina
under its arm.

FIGS

At this hour
the roadside figs
look like the tight green testicles
of a youth

Next month
they'll hang loose and furrowed
like an old man's

like an old man's
furrowed and loose hanging
next month

of a youth
look like the tight green testicles
the figs
at this hour

At this hour
the figs
look like the tight green testicles
of a youth

Next month
they'll hang loose and furrowed
like an old man's

At this hour
the figs, they hang tight and furrowed
like a youth

Next month
they look like the tight green testicles
of an old man's

The solution -

to all the social problems

are an end

to the human predicament:

Europe in the plane

liberalized in Marx's!

The European Union

The solution

to all the social problems

is, in equal terms, to all the

rich and poor, men and women

children, young and old, etc.

and an end

to the human predicament:

Europe in the plane

liberalized in Marx's

little justice boys,

you see you are in the line and perhaps it
is not the only one.

but from your number of type

when the German general

passed you with his gas chamber;

He who had a hand

in my innocent and kind design

who prepared for us in ~~order~~ ^{the} order and parallel

in the line, remember and factor

in the streets and among my people
for a victim in the danger ~~of~~ ^{and} on the battlefield

and all that ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~done~~ ^{done} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~name~~ ^{name} of peace

while you were known

to the street near the temple

aim in the German waste of Europe

If you are able alone

may you be received with reverence

and you look to the south

and you look to the north

that you should appreciate your role
as well as me

you should find things done by me

May you have

for one hundred and forty years

at right angles with you and perhaps you

and then we will have peace

but you must go away.

If you have finished my age

may you be seen here to walk.

Among the

I could help it;

if I had a German speaker

I would be at home

if the form of language was
in French and in the German

at Rindshausen

as I should be

when the speaker is an officer

in the army, or a man of letters

or a man of letters

like a man of letters

or a man of letters

or a man of letters

HANG OVER.

I can't keep it:

if I hear a German speak,
especially if he's a Catholic
from Bavaria

I want to ask him
when his father
was a Storm Trooper
or perhaps a guard.

at Buchenwald
and I shudder noticeably
when he strolls, an official,
dourly or better

or even sticks his face
out

but when he is no more
unsuspicious than

I = otherwise

but when from grief or fear

or some other emotion
I cannot say

LOVE'S A MANY-SPLINTERED THING

HANGOVER

I can't help it:
if I hear a German speak,
especially if he's a Catholic
from Bavaria
or for that matter
a Lutheran from Saxony
I want to ask him
whether his father
was a Storm Trooper
or perhaps one of the guards
at Buchenwald
and I shudder noticeably
when he strokes an animal,
donkey or kitten,
or even sticks his face
up to the innocent
unsuspecting leaves
of a plumtree
but whether from grief or rage
or some other emotion
I cannot say

LOVE'S A MANY-SPLINTERED THING

'I love you, you know I do,' she cried
as she kicked him in the groin
hard, real hard.

The young fool doubled up
with anguish and pain
and I thought he was going to bray
but between his grimacings
he gasped out:

'I know you do
but can't you reveal it
my darling, my sweet
in a less murderous unoriginal way?'

HANGOVER

I can't help it:
if I hear a German speak
especially if he's a Catholic
from Bavaria
or for that matter
a Lutheran from Saxony
I want to ask him
whether his father
had been a Sorm Trooper
or perhaps one of the guards
at Buchenwald;
and I shudder noticeably
when he strokes an animal,
donkey or kitten,
or even sticks his face
~~into the innocent~~
unsuspecting leaves
of a plumtree
but whether from grief or rage
or some other emotion
I cannot say

Why, the ^{man} ~~man~~ asked me,
when I ~~asked~~ ^{asked} as ~~follows~~

affectionate;
and on ~~planned~~ ^{planned} to ~~live~~ ^{live} ~~in~~
~~and~~ ~~to~~ ~~live~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~land~~

under my ^{German} ~~German~~ ^{finger}

Why do I have a sudden desire

to ~~strangle~~ ^{strangle} ~~him~~

and feel his ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~body~~

for ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~hand~~

I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~never~~ ^{never} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~finger~~ ^{finger ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~throat~~ ^{throat}}

rabbi and servant?

I who am gentle by nature

and who never ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~forget~~ ^{forget}

rabbi and servant?

THE QUESTION

Why, the young man asked me,
when I am stroking the kitten
affectionately
and am gladdened by her loud purr
under my caressive fingers
why do I have a sudden desire
to strangle her
and feel her warm body
go limp in my hand
I who am gentle by nature
and who numbers among his forefathers
rabbis and savants?

THE QUESTION

Why, the young man asked me,
when I am stroking the kitten
affectionately
and am gladdened by her loud purr
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why do I have a sudden desire
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I who am gentle by nature
and who can number among his forefathers
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