

impossibly green branch
of the dead bush
beneath the hornets nest and mold,

o, how did you do it?
no one attendmd
youve been dead and buried
by indifference to your empty roots
through the snows and springs
you sat unmoved
by my eager eye
till i stopped looking
afraid to tend your will to die

but youve made a rose
you darling
when we all thought you were
dead and gone
you heard the earth in your toes
you wrapped the spring
round one single stick
and forced your rosyvision
ascendant against gravity
opened the mouth of your mother
though leaning against my cold grey shingles
the yearn of flowerdom green

emerging triumphant
from floral shades
a single note of ruby color
an archer's aim at the side of a barn
mote of life in all this death

solitary rose,
you deprive me of all breath!

let me live out
my seasons of barrenness
calling them truly
second-best
without pretending
it is not rending
maintained within a
wilderness

no, dont ask me to name
a postcard a letter,
a glimpse a vision,
a hug a kiss
i will not offer
half-life pretty titles
when i knew once
something better than this

you say you dont know why
the dreamer must die
you see no reason
for my dead season
for my cynic's lament

indeed
no doubt
you do not
or cannot see
have no desire to learn
what indifference does to me
partly yours, partly ours
partly, oh, everyone's

when i only asked
less pain, no alteration
you stoked the conflagration

and now wonder
i say my fire is ash?

dont ask

(impossible bittersweet
worry without cause--
i know you will not ask)

there is no gardenway
to say this:
your consciousness
harries me
like the stalking
of a rapist

you do not mean it so
I know
or I think I know
though perhaps its true
what the huntress says of you

it's just your probing probity
you'd no doubt tell me
but ive learned to distrust
those who must
keep weakness under scrutiny

and you are waiting for
my first unprotected
midnight lone walking

you have done this before
(the huntress knows we must learn to say)
though perhaps you havent
but the lovelessness is not in us

you have done this before
it is your way to hunt

you have done this before

you have done this to others
you do this to me
because you must, it is your way

you have done this before
before, before

you say you only read your prayers
o true true true
i know the ways of pray-ers like you

you have done this before

if i shun your door
know this:
it is my compulsion
to give but not be taken
staring down threats and not be shaken

though perhaps it binds you to me
more than before
because i cannot be taken, then dismissed
i must resist
or cease to exist

you have done this before
dont think i dont know it
it shall not be done to me
while you pray with dead words
the Living One sets me free

~~wise men say~~

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Say:

("Did you spend much time there then?")

No. I was never there.

("Then why do you cry?")

Yamit!!

Yamit!!

Because you were beautiful
because you were carved out of desolation
like the heart of a Jew

because you were made to bloom
between desert scorching
and salty sea
because you were...

it is enough for me....
because they did it for peace
(the way they built)

and I have tears for Nablus
and Ram'allah, too

but their salt partakes of Yamit

Say:

I am corruption, I feel it now
I do not need a camp to know it
flesh rots, though I eat, eat, eat

I know Night
I know Dawn
I know Danzig

I know the ones who worship pleasure now
in their frenzy to forget

I am the smoke of a thousand burning Torah-scrolls
I am the worms under a hundred overturned gravemarkers
though not one of them is my own

and I have no people, knowing what people can do
and I have no country, knowing what father and motherlands do
and I have no destination but the rot
of everyone who went before me
the name of the One on innocent lips
and if I say I have no faith,
why will you be surprised?

I am the carcass of countless singing Right whales
I am the blood on the ice like my heart
I am the exhaustion of Brazilia's slums
I am the stench of casinos ignoring Soweto
I am the retch of a fat commissar's Cuban cigar
I am the lies of a million useless civil defense manuals
I am a dead child's diary
I am Death alive still
why do you stare at me?

I will make all your trains run on time
I will make wars that stop on a dime
I will make promises of boots and butter
I will delight you with tales of Zen in Poland
I will tell you tales of Croatia, Chicago, Chatahoochee
into the hours when others sleep
I will read your numbness to sleep, to sleep

What other company does Death keep?
Human, dare you think you are not like me?
Wait...we'll see...we'll see

