

Extremism on Wall Street

A homeless man offers to sell me
A used C.D.
As I walk out the music chain
He says, C'mon, it'll turn that frown
Upside down
(I'm no clown,
Mister).

In public school I learned
Textbook violence:
That Fridays bring out
The animal in people.
We'd thank G-d for no home-
Work, more, amplified
Mischief. To this very day

I anticipate that frown of mine
To appear out of nowhere
Like a coveted purchase
At the end of the week

The bum flashed
A wide grin
And in an instant
I was reminded:

A smile
May be a frown
Upside down

The beggar offers
Joy for free.
Says, It'll cost you —
Everything. Sorry
Sir, I'm no clown.

Don't pimp my love on holidays, either!
As the bellringer in the Joker suit freezes,
I can still hear Santa hoing down the street

All the way to the Bank.

Akhdut

I attended two funerals today
 I did not bother to bring an umbrella
 Or flower
 Or Bible
 Or date
 A few others did
 A few

We are divided by denominations
 We are divided by languages
 We are divided by customs
 We are divided by cultures
 We are divided by politics
 We are divided by nations
 We are divided by names

Our colors are life and death
 We have been given two shades
 One much deeper than the other

YHVH has no signature color

If people who need
 People do not come together
 He will surely bind us
 In common danger



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Sea of Bamboo

"Efrayim joins the wind and chases the east wind" — Hoshea 12:2

Asian trees bear strange fruit
 Blood on the reeds and blood at the Rut
 Brown bellies swaying in the Eastern Breeze
 Strange brood swinging from the Cypress trees

Junglist scene of the Bamboo south
 The slanted eyes and the razor mouth
 Cent of rice terraces, sticky and fresh
 Then the sudden stink of burning flesh

Here are Prutas for Paro to pluck
 For the rain to wash, for the wind to suck
 For Thy Sons to spoil, for Dragons to drop
 Here is the strange and bitter crop: