

Ingenious Technology

Ingenious technology limits IDF injuries
Flak jackets stop M-16 and AK-47 bullets

At any range.
What now?

Where is Jacob's contract now?
Rivkah never knew her treachery would murder
Children in 2001. Rubber tires roll on fire
Across no-man's land shrapnel and stones

Bulletproof vests weigh less than ten kilos
10 kilos of hash, the violence of the territories
Opens my tear ducts; my tears carry out
Their duties effectively like reinforced
Concrete walls with armored windows

Rivkah do you hear men?
Who is blameless?
Who am I to blame?

New ceramic technology
Makes use of composite materials
For flak jackets, armor plating for Hummers
Costs \$60,000 dollars,
The cost of the vehicle itself

Where is Yitzhak?
Doesn't he know the difference between goat hairs?
And Esau's skin?
He was nearly blind it is written—
And the price we continue to pay

But Esau settled he settled on a price
And what now?

Thirty Year Tunnels

Tears sit on the humbled chair and footrest
Give to the poet who knows his good fortune
(Could be gone at anytime
From 20th century diseases)

Why, what were they eating?

I feel reborn by the fires that moved me in 1966
They are your thoughts
Your voice comes through your words

In a dungeon of my own making
I cannot hug you for real

That you can liberate my mind
To train it to stay focused on the prize
Astounds me more
More than the Count of Monte Cristo
After each page.

When I first dropped LSD
Special forces were making their way
Up the Saigon River

Refracted bursts of sunlight bounce off night vision oculars
Viet-Cong emerge from 30 year old tunnels.

Elegy For My Father: Asher Wolk

Hebrew/Yiddish Writer—Founder/Editor of the first Hebrew, children’s magazine in America, “Olam Hadash.”

Drifting over Rockaway Beach parkway
I saw big balloons breaking small, thin ones.
Glazed ones that made loud noises when they burst.
And all big balloons in the neighborhood
Ate Nathan's hotdogs and filled car tanks with
Mustard, and mother's heart with ketchup juice.

"That big balloon is a journalist, and
He makes people pop and deflate. What's yours?"
"A ram's horn blower through subway cars
And ice-cream parlors, a question asker.
Would you like to hear all of his questions.?"

Black boxes on head and arms
The heat of morning cops.

I received an ice-cube over the phone.
It froze me to the black Missouri lines.
The sound of your refrigerator door
Closing you inside without air. I cried.

Black boxes on head and arms
The heat of morning cops.

I never looked up in my little days,
When the Torah was more holy than I,
The priests' parted fingers could make you blind.

Now a bridge that sways in the wind.
A young bridge that is soft and flexible.
I love what can be loved like cat-purrs in
Ears, or little, pink lips that say Joel.

Tomorrow you are a day that goes by
Quickly, or a year that slips on street corners.
Or a second that sways like a turtle
With soft-shelled thoughts of good times and blue times.

Place those black boxes on your head and arms.
Do you still feel the heat of the morning?

From Tales On The Lower East Side 1973 A.K.A. The Anarchist/Poet Manifesto

If in death there is rebirth the thing is to be part of
The process.
In Black communities
It's not accidental.
Walk down the street

Blacks talk to each other
They scream.

White Americans have stopped screaming.
In the room of White Americans
There is no noise.
A billion starving people

Have been sterilized for me.

Gurus came from India
To pick up the bodies.
Movements picked up lots of people.

They stare at you like you're in a coffin
Alcohol loaded on the country.

Silence.
Use shock therapy,
Push over the table,
Spill water,
Fly through the house.

"Moon Captures The Self Improvement People in New York"
The youth of America in chains.

Talk to them and a tape goes off.
Computerized people playing tapes

The radicals are taped too. Followers.

Play the tapes
Arrest the tape!

If they carried tape recorders there'd be hope.

And there are no women around.

They've given up on men.

First snows of hunger.

I don't feel plugged into the cassette.

Don't need many of the institutions, the movies, television.

I've unplugged myself from them.

Rarely use electricity

Live by candlelight, kerosene lamp.

Wake up in the morning freaked out

With puddles of water

Like an addiction.

If you pull the wires out

Withdrawals from

People and Earphones.

Everyone's lost touch with his or her senses.

Or enough of it is programmed

To freak people in.

Coming Out Of The Fogg

After coming out of the Fogg museum
I bicycle to the Pamplona Coffee House
Jesus
I looked at the faces on these church paintings
Almost nauseating
The God look coming from the eyes
Looking toward heaven
The look of self righteous-nous
& The killings for love of Christ.

Monet was one of the few who caught my eye
And Rosenblum's photographs of real people:
Mexican migrant workers
Haitians under their dictatorship
Carry large potato sacks
The New York Ghetto Jet
And when I first walked in...
The Chinese Buddhist
Pieces of stone
Torn and chiseled from the ceiling
In the Chinese mountains
Stolen from its birthplace
I see dollar signs in front of each picture
And which articles I would steal for cash.

Nothing bad happened in the last 800 years
Looking at these faces of white priests and angels
I felt the push and pull of mediocrity: Target,
Ross Stores, Macys.
On the living strings
Of the colors of reality:

White for right
& Black for shut your trap...

The light that shines through my apartment
Paints my dreams
I want to sell the unconscious colors within me on Craig's List.
And a woman sits down next to me with cigarette
A look of curiosity on her face
As she looks into my eyes across bus seats
Is enough to shout out:

Hey you I didn't know she was alone

I thought she came with the two women standing beside her;
One was wearing a mask of bones and that one
Whose face was graven with life's specific movements?

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Spit on warm clothes...

I saw this man in Central Square with a black cane.

He walked bent and worn from work

His beautiful Portuguese ruddy-checked face

The pigeons were feeding on bread

That he crumpled up into pieces

With his cane.

I think now of my old age

Getting on ya know

We're all getting on and I don't want to die for nothing.