

A Beating in NaHla'oth* Part One
(*NaHla'oth is a neighborhood in Jerusalem)

I watch the too fat little girl with her too thin legs
poking out of her too short dress like broken toothpicks
Supporting a too bright red candied apple dripping with too sweet carmel
In the swirling stifling heat that pours out
of the tail exhausts of the green and white wrapped human transporters
Too long, too wrong, for the too narrow streets, they were
Stuck in the mirk and muck of human traffic
At the bizarre bazaar agrip in the grip of Agrippas
Ruler extraordinaire of hawkers and bawkers
Pushing their wares
Between their pear shaped stares and suspicious glares
That dare the human consumer
Consumption of assumptions
about resumption and material redemption deductions.

Where has that fat little girl gone?
Now, she's wandered off.

And I'm left to stare too much at
Circus clowns
Who are just painted jesters in civilian gowns
Tumblers and fumblers
Along the too cracked three ringed
Pavement and asphalt
Performance Tarmac.

I'm out of breath.
Beat and Beaten by the oppressive too fast paced rhythm
Of city folks pounding at my heels,
Pushing back with a lack of flair
Cause I don't have a name as alliterate as Jack Keroac
Or I'm just too illiterate to alliterations I can't hear.

Leavescape

The brown edges of
Green leaves
Curl to a shade of
Gray
Unmoving but not
Still
In the windless
Yellow heat of
Black thoughts and a
Colorless mood
Full and Waxing
All the more
Till there is
Nothing left to
Leave.

The dark edges of
Silver clouds
Dissolve into sinews of
Ash
Dissipating but not
Stirring
In the Stormy
Cobalt chill of
Snow-caped gestures and
Prismatic emotions
Heated and expanding
Till there is
Nothing left to
Embrace.

The faded pages of a
Rose colored past
Left to bleach the
Pastels
Running but not
Unwashed
Away by the
Clear drops of
Dirty tears
Icicles dripping
Onto the
Dusty
Remains of
A Folio
Left.

Leaf through your
Yellowed pages of a
Dusty album
And find that folded memory
Bent but not broken
Yet waiting to
Crumble beneath the
Passing of stoic traffic
Under the guise of
Progress too rushed to
Pause for a
Solitary
Hint of a
Leaf

Underfoot
It is
Pulverized
Till there is
Nothing
Left
But to
Leave

In autumn
The leaves fall
And in winter
They are
Gone.

Pressure Points

Pressure points
To a serious malaise
Of explosive proportions
Or anti poor
Sins

Breaking points
To hidden fissures
Hidden beneath the surface
Sir, face
Thins
But body swells

Rushing
Blindly
Stumbling
Forward
Or is it Backward

To some forgotten goal
Was there a goal?
What is the goal?
What is a goal?

Just keep moving

Don't think
I can
Think I can
React only
Can't think anyway
Isn't time

Forward.
Maybe
Progress

Incompleteing now
In competing
For Now
And for none

Orders taken
Arrows fly
Target drawn
The order is what's important
And the Bullseye

How could you miss?
 How, could you miss.

Days fly by
 A time lapse videography
 With bits of social media
 Littering the cutting room floor
 Virtually lost among the dust mites and bunnies
 of i's and you's,
 Of phads and tubes
 An IOU of more permanence
 As long as it's instant
 Instead it's insisently
 Super
 Facial
 Brook no dissent
 Descend into the
 Fissure
 Breaking points
 To
 Pressure points
 To
 Two
 Less one
 Is none.

Fixture
 Fix your
 Face
 Share
 Your
 Surface
 Place is
 Safe
 Search
 Your Space
 In the Cavity of
 Pagination
 Site failing
 Cite the flaying
 Hyperattentive
 Mailings

De press the switch
 From tabulations

Off
 Aren't we a little

Deaf and dumb
 Social media
 So shall mediate
 The mediocre
 So shall we mediate
 The dumb d'dumb dumb
 And defy
 Our numbed senses
 Depressing them into a stupor
 Of catatonic blahs
 De-press the on switch
 Re verse your decent
 Hold on truth.

Is it live or is it Memorex
 Who really cares?

Monk's Scream is
 Muffled by the ear buds
 But I can still hear its echo
 Resonating
 Reason hating
 Resending
 And sharing
 /'plēz/ like
 Cries to Heaven

Facebook has me in a Faze
 Booked Processed
 A phrase book for we are
 Sentenced to chat
 In a text sure to
 Miss the texture
 And flavor
 Flay for the camera
 And smile.

Move along, move along
 There's nothing to see here,
 If you don't take the time to look

But wait.
 No there isn't time.
 We're late, we're late
 For What?
 Exactly.
 Don't worry,
 The roses have all lost there smell
 Anyway.

Pressure points

To

Breaking points

To

A

Dead

End.

Child Talk

Child talk
Of innocence confounded
Child talk
No longer grounded in
Dragon tales of
Billowed sails
Or a place called
Honalee

Child talk
It is not
About strings and sealing wax
Child talk
It is not
But, filled with too many facts in
Subjects corruptive or
Deeply seductive
There once was a place called
Purity.

Child talk
Sometimes
Isn't what it used to be.

Havdalah-Separation

Perched on the Precipe
 Relishing the Remaining Moments
 Suspending the Sabbath
 Slowing the Cessation of the Separation.

Separation

From the perspiration and desperation that is so commonplace
 Division from the collisions and revisions that define this race
 We trudge in the muck and muddle that delineate our rank and place
 Days blur into an in-conglomerate mass of headaches and risk takes
 Till we find solace (though finite in its consummated success)
 Only in the 9 a.m. auto race,
 Meant simply to propel us at a break-neck pace
 Closer to that pestering perdition we are seeking to out-space.

Slow Down

A Moment.

A Pause.

Let the day last a little bit longer
 Allow the peace to prevaricate the passing pauses

Before re-entry returns us to that turbulent trajectory
 Restrains us to that repressive rhythm.
 Of Deliberate Distractions and Complex Compilations
 Dizzying our senses into dull Impressions
 And Paling our Perception
 Until we are nothing more than a collection of apprehension
 Regulated by trepidation
 A configuration void of significant incorporation.

Until the next Sabbath
 When we can stop
 And Recollect our lost effect

Savor the Seductive Smells
 Delight in the languishing light
 Elude the Epilogue

Harbor the Holiness of Havdalah-Separation.