

Song after Solomon:-

And she loved her love  
like the Shulamite  
as she held him close  
to dreams  
he fed on her words  
and majesty  
and she clustered at his seams.

Her breath was that  
of honey-dew  
and he sipped the sweet  
within  
her love was love  
and plenty  
and he made his bed therein.

Night has liken  
to the ruby  
love tongues  
the dart of light  
like flames  
they flicker brightly  
in the fires of the night.

And their love was earth  
and mountain  
was foundation  
and the sky  
such is love  
which is eternal  
that is built upon a sky.



March 1903:

Dawn; March  
month of rising hares  
& turns toward spring madness,  
was unrelentant:  
It was cold.

The old men  
hung about the samovars  
like white beads of condensation,  
a time of dreaming past  
of hanging out ones sorrows,  
spring would happen soon  
when they crumbled.  
when they crumbled!

Then it was time,  
time,  
like a low growl from the jaws of death  
they came  
horsemen;  
Urals, Razins stock and Kalmyks;  
the sky broke  
splintered  
on forboding black  
silhouettes.  
Death came on short lances  
& sharp kicks.  
Once upon a time.  
Once upon a time.  
Once upon a time.  
ONCE UPON A TIME.  
a bloody stream raced  
through a ravine  
southward out of Kishenev.

Who broke the samovar!  
my tea!  
an ancient said  
Hey grandad I'll give your kettle  
a slow leak.

In passing the rider wiped  
a smile across the old man's chest.

What no sugar! shame grandad!

Dawn; March  
was madly rampant  
unrelentant.  
It was cold.  
Very cold.  
When they crumbled.



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The ninth of Av:-

Betar  
and the falling dust  
and the burnt-out star,  
extinguished after shadows  
having spent their time,  
persisted  
to lay with clumpy fire.

The legions came,  
conquered, laughed,  
Left.

Gouged lashes  
on the bitten stone,  
where the ploughshare, once  
had teathed before,  
stank  
of sour breath, a silent protest.

And what could be said,  
humility and the pious men, both  
bent backwards,  
with age.