

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 tingues
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 cfumbled!

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 toothed before,
stank
of sour breath, a silent protest.

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