

Boston

At the entrance to the treatment clinic at Mount Sinai Hospital
You asked me to read from the book of Psalms by the metal door
Where a sign politely said: "No entry please".
Nonetheless you entered.

Broken Bostonian late November sun beams
Struck the medical leaflets scattered on the shelves
Like cancerous tentacles
I stood in the corner of the waiting room,
Monday's portion of Psalms lies open

On our way out, the automatic doors opened
and closed ceaselessly after us.
Lift up your heads O ye gates, and may the doors of the world open wide.

At Starbucks we ordered coffee.
You ordered «extra cream», «what the hell", you said..
The young man with the baseball cap passed you the paper cup with a
"Have a nice day."
And the false reddish brown hairpiece
Which you shoved over your bald scalp
Shifted slightly when you answered
"Have a nice life."

At the end of our sightseeing tour the bus crossed the river.
As the conductor pressed a switch
Walls of water rose up to our right and left
And we passed through dry land.
You looked back to see the water falling back,
Nothing chasing you
But the chariot of death.

We cross the park,
Heavy maple leaves falling from the tree tops.
I take a video of you chasing a squirrel.
You like the reddish tan shade of its tail,
But return empty handed.
Suddenly you gather a pile of leaves, raise them to your face,
Then scatter them all around, laughing in confusion.
In the camera's frame you look deep in thought.

A Resume

The doctor summoned at the dead of night pokes a cold stethoscope to
my chest;
A frightened slippery lizard slithers through my fingers;
Mother hums a lullaby about a cradle that falls, baby and all;
Raised skirt, the class bully points to my orthopedic braces;
Awareness percolates ever so slowly
I'm not the fairest of them all.
Daddy says don't pick, it's protected;
The showers were really gas chambers;
In grandpa's back yard the loquats are full of pips, little flesh;
Daddy and mommy dance oh so silently on the living room floor ;
There is so much blood on my underwear, but I'm not going to die;
A slap stings across my cheek;
Falling in love once again with whoever loves me;
Dashing through rain in my drenched trainers, soon, ever so soon, I'm
bound to take off
My dental retainer is finally removed, still not the fairest;
So alone.
The smell of spring blossom reminds me of your linen;
My flip-flop stuck on the accelerator at a hundred and five;
I kiss the mirror;
Dream in London;
Deeply inhale for the first time
You.

A bouquet of lilies at the bronze feet of Anne Frank;
Back from the airport Pavarotti on the radio;
Such a narrow bridge;
I take a bungee leap;
Blues and greens merge while I meditate;
Ground fast approaching;
It's raining cats and dogs. Jacques Brel is plugged into my ears
Ne me quitte pas;
The family dog dies at the vet's clinic, in the far corner;
Ice cream is melting like honey in the Frank Sinatra Cafeteria;
Alone again.
Born to be free! it says on a bulletin board;
I shall never be pretty.
A bearded South American guy calls out at me with a twang
You're sooo beautiful.
What?
He grills greek cheese in the room where the ceiling is high;
A chameleon's body on a Jerusalem doorstep is never a good sign;
Grandpa's dying. He's married. I'm fat.
Birth, birth, birth;
Empty. Empty. Empty
Bridges of Madison County;
I leaf through a book that finally published my poems
Maybe there's some sort of elusive beauty behind it all;
On the balcony scanning as far as the eye can go
There is definitely an absolute beauty somewhere beyond -
All alone.