

## SEVEN POEMS



*Samuel Menashe*

### ANONYMOUS

Truth to tell,  
Seldom told  
Under oath,  
We live lies  
And grow old  
Self disguised—  
Who are you  
I talk to?

### INKLINGS

Inklings sans ink  
Cling to the dry  
Point of the pen  
Whose stem I mouth  
Not knowing when  
The truth will out

### SORE LOSER

His grievance grows  
Rages, explodes  
The dust he bites  
Ignites the sky  
Who never made  
His name knows why  
He lost that game  
Losers decry

### THE LIVING END

Before long the end  
Of the beginning  
Begins to bend  
To the beginning  
Of the end you live  
With some misgivings  
About what you did.

## EYES

Eyes have their day  
Before the tongue  
That slips to say  
What they see at once  
Without word play,  
Betraying no one

Be deaf, dumb, a dunce  
With cleft palate  
Bereft of speech—  
Open eyes possess  
That wilderness  
No tongue can breach

## THE VISITATION

His body ahead  
Of him on the bed  
He faces his feet  
Sees himself dead,  
A corpse complete  
With legs and chest  
And belly between  
Swelling the scene  
Of the crime you left,  
Taking your time,  
Angel of Death.

## PASSIVE RESISTANCE

Step out of the line  
You toe on gravel  
At the castle gate  
Whose crest consigns  
Minions to death  
For reasons of state  
Whose secrets kept  
Seal your own fate