

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