

DeadArtist

Salvaged Prose

Judah A Kessler

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First Edition

Foreword:

There are people and personalities that some refer to as "fragmented". There are lives that are fragmented, pieces strewn across all of what we know as "Creation". Fragmentation is not merely the cause or even the desire of the individual and sometimes, a life, soul, heart, possessions are strewn far and wide, lost forever in many cases... not by fault of the person who suffers the loss.

There have been many books written, full of prose, over the course of my life-time. Most of them are gone, for any number of various reasons and causes. But the ultimate fact of the matter is that those books are now, more than likely, destroyed, never to return.

This little collection is what prose has been salvaged from notes, bits of paper, web-logs (blogs) and other such sources. "Salvaged", collected and compiled here.

Prologue:

Creation is an astoundingly confusing place in which to exist. It is, in general, very unfair considering that we have no choice in the matter of coming into existence or not. We are, essentially, dumped here, with "parents" who are expected to care for us, nurture us and ensure our survival. But at the root comes the question: Why? If we do survive for any length of time, is it so much for the better? If not, what difference does it make?

I was wanted, needed, cared-for and cared-about by my Mother. I was an inconvenience and, in his own terminology, a "burden" to my father. Neither of them ever failed to let me know how they felt about my arrival and my existence.

Over the course of years, I battled, brutally, with this conflict, and many times I succumbed to the paternal pressure and tried to appease the wishes that I ceased to exist.

Now, in 2012, I can safely say that this "Existence" is not what I would prefer it to be, but I must say that, at this juncture, I have, for the second time in my existence, been granted the privilege of referring to my time here as "Life" and not merely "existence". For those who stumble upon this Journal, I hope it teaches you:

1. Be kind to ALL persons because YOU don't ever truly know what they're existence is like at present, nor from whence they have come.
2. Judge NOT. Learn about the person you have met, learn the person and then, only then, formulate opinions.
3. "Life is not fair." Period.
4. Re-writing your Life is not easy, but it can be done. What happened only moments ago is gone GONE. Move forward. Or, as my motto is today: KADIMA! THRUST FORWARD into the next moment. Just focus on what comes in front of you and not what is left behind. And with each second of time, everything eventually is behind you. Don't dwell on the inevitable failures. Move

forward on the potential successes ahead.

5. Not everybody will always be kind or favourable.

And it is very easy to avoid those who hinder you. "If everybody loves you something is terribly wrong."

6. We DO have a choice about the people with whom we associate. One person's opinion of you truly does NOT matter in the long-run.

7. At some point in life, we ALL MUST STOP BLAMING OUR PARENTS FOR OUR PRESENT!

2014/02/12

**1955 Broken Waves
Gone To A Home At The End Of The World**

"There's plenty that boy can do!" Minerva said. "He don't need no murder trial to cause hell. The boy died hatin' Mr. Jim and that's the meanest kind of curse you can have against you."

Reference: Danny Hansford by Minerva
Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil
by John Berendt

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ben haGalut (Exile)

Begotten of my parents
I have live my life
Adonai Elhohainu, Melech haOlam,
These days when the day is done
Here's a little birthday song

Reconstruction

Think carefully and completely about these words
Now I lay me down to sleep

Loves

I still sit in the park
I need for them to tell me
How did it get so lonely
I have taken
I remember you lying next to me
Songs came to me
The scent of you still lingers
Shifting golden sands of Judah
Into Sephardic eyes I fell
I used to sing
It's said that there is somebody for everybody
A million people on the subways
Oh look! There. Very attractive!
I didn't stop to notice you
I sit in silence
Two young men in the park, alone.

Rails

Up at sum-rise
I wake from my sleep
We take our meals
I probably shouldn't say so
I am standing on a train platform
I travel over water
My heart attaches to silly things
Standing alone
Do you know what it's like
I've eaten my sandwiches
There is something poetic, calming
In the darkness of night's sky
Aboard, again
And here we are
The cold dampness
Atlantic
Something happens

They dug a section of Broadway
Blood-red crimson and orange hang

Secrets

On Monday I slept beneath the stars
Early Spring brought daffodils
These are hellish, horrid days
Where were you yesterday
My hands are trembling
Like a scavenging beast
A "friend" came into my life one day
Never forgive
What people fail to realise is
I am naught but a work-horse
I tried to read the book

KalbahJournal

I have learned to give conditionally
This morning I sat
On the sofa in silence
"When you leave here on Sunday..."
She sent me off this morning
I rush to get out of work
Again... I sit at the farthest corner
There is something in my body

Shores

The sound of the sea
Come to greet me, great bird of the sea
Would you swim against the Ocean's waves

BeachWolf

At world's end
Only as old as rock'n'roll
I came to the beach so not to speak
One set of foot-prints

Dunes Sojourner

It's from the calmness, the silence

Brighton

The children came early
It has - I fear

Rockaway

Take me out where the open seas rise
I'm not happy when I'm away

Gaston

I heard Gaston call to me
God led me to Gaston
I wrote a note
Gaston! I whispered
I walked the beach all Christmas day
The tides returned



Dreams:

I dreamt last night
that all was safe there:
books and music and water-colours.
Through filthy window I glanced
with face pressed hard against the pane
into the darkness of the flat
All was still, like death,
covered silently
in dust
All was safe there
rotting slowly
decaying in the way my soul decomposes.
All returning to the dust of earth
I could smell the rot
through crumbling frames
of windows offering no protection.
In my mind I heard the music
of gentle guitar
I'll never play.
A lyric written
long ago
I can't remember it any more.
But all was safe there
beyond that window:
books and music and water-colours.
All was safe there
in the darkness

all was safe there
I dreamt last night.

The Wave
(Dream)
The wave crashed to the shore
behind me.
I fell to my knees
rolled into my-self
its water surrounded me.
As the waters retreated
I lay prostrate not knowing
if it had touched me
or not.
The next wave came crashing
I tried to escape
clawing my way up the beach
I could not
(having no energy
having no means)
the ocean surrounded
my exhausted, spent body
and the waves took me out
to the open sea.
They all stood
watching
and
laughing.

Kindness has
Abandoned me.
Forsaken, alone
Kindredless, I am
Abolished.



Solitudes:

Where do people go
when they have no place to go to?
Where do the homeless go
when they say they're going
"home"?
Where is it that I run to
when I have no place to run to
but many places to run
from
and
do you really care?

In the early morning hour
guitar music
from the room next door.
I hear it in the common hall
as I await the lift
for morning smoke.
He sings.
I am reminded.
I have no guitar
no songs
no lyrics.
I have no music
any-more.

I do not play, nor write, nor sing
I've no music in my mind.
I've no music in my heart.
I've no music in my soul.
It's all been ripped away.
Why didn't your just kill me
out-right?

Thrown out into Winter snows
tossed out to Summer rains
all alone and loveless
to fend alone
and defend alone.
Huddled together
under over-growth
to protect
and be protected
in the wilderness.
Seated on or under old trees
felled by years
now dead and lifeless.
Wary of a passing stranger
suspicious of all those unknown.
Don't come near.
Don't touch.
Guiltless and condemned
to solitary days
and empty night.
The rains poured down in Summer.
Now crisp Autumn winds howl
through empty branches
sh-sh-sh-she-sh
and the Harvest moon casts sharp shadows.
Soon the ground will be blanketed
with bitter white
reflecting Winter night's
cold blue,
and shadows will grow deeper,

darker,
blue-black
in the empty moon-light.
Huddled together
stranger, friend, family
bound by absence of love and caring.
Once somebody said they loved you
but now
out in the empty, dead forest
nobody lies any-more.
Thrown out into the Winter snows.
Tossed out to Summer rains.
Nobody lies any-more.
And when we cry against our suffering
crisp Autumn winds howl
through empty branches
sh-sh-sh-sh-sh.

He walked quietly,
silently really,
away
just
away
and left us here
wondering
loving
and hoping
that he's at Peace
in his own
home at the end of the world.

Standing alone at a second-floor window of a locked
building.
No one can enter.
No one can leave.
Looking out to the street.
A man is walking.
He too is alone.

But there is much traffic speeding by.
He is on the opposite side of the street.
A train passes.
The man walks.
He stumbles and falls.
He slips down to the train rails.
The train is approaching.
He is awake!
He is alert!
He does not move!
He only stares up into the sky!

Standing alone at the window,
yelling, screaming, pounding fists against the glass!
Can't get out!
No one hears!
Out on the street by the rails
traffic passes.
No one stops.
The train approaches!

BUMP! THUD! THUD! THUD! Thud! thud.

The man's body rolls along the tracks.
He is mangled.
He bleeds.
Eyes glaring into nothing
they are open.
There is life.
There is pulse.
A pool of life expands
dissipates, dissolves, disappears.
Life escapes through holes
ripped, torn, punctured.

Frantic!
Trying, clawing, pounding, crying, sobbing!
Can't get out!
Can't get there to where
Want to help,
to heal,
to protect,

give Love.
Trapped!
The glass!
Clear, transparent, impenetrable!

On the ground,
outside the window
the world goes on,
the train is gone
off to scheduled destinations
not caring
as
eyes fix,
looking, searching, glazing,
gone flat.
A breeze blows by softly.
It was a sigh.
It was a final breath.
Clouds have gathered.
Colours are grey.
As if sun or daylight never was,
one large solitary cloud of deepest almost black
drifts by
in absolute
silence.
It was all Hope - now gone.
It was all Life - now gone.

Standing alone by a second-floor window
of a locked building,
fallen to the floor,
gasping for air between sobs,
unheard,
helpless,
lost,
empty,
so empty.
Watching the body outside
rise
as all that was
my beloved Friend
is gone,

stolen,
ripped from him,
beaten out of him,
bled away,
slowly,
painfully,
torturously,
hatefully.

I found a bag
on Rosh Hashannah
with sweet confections there
inside.
Twelve in all
I do believe
(I didn't count before I ate).
I'd only come to sit and sketch
upon the slab
of cold cement,
and to gaze upon the Hudson,
the day was new
the air was clear
the sky was blue
the river sparkled.
I'd only come to get away,
escape the favours
asked of me.
You've thrown me out
and still you bellow
"Do this" "Do that "
as if I am
your humble
servant.

And so I left just after sun-rise,
walked along
in painful fatigue
to sit and sketch

upon the slab
of cold cement
the air was crisp.
I sketched a bit and ate my bread
and found the bag
all tightly tied,
into which I'd place the wrappers
but when I opened it
locked inside

I found a bag
on Rosh Hashannah
with sweet confections there
inside
all still securely wrapped.
I thought I'd try one.
What could happen?
Sick or dead
I didn't care.
Now five remain
the day is done
and I am here to write this down.

I found the bag
on Rosh Hashannah
I ate the sweet confections found.
On Rosh Hashannah
I found sweets
deep in the woods
along the tracks.
As if a gift of sweetened kindness
but they did not kill me
I'm sad to say.
How did they get there?
I shouldn't ask.
The receipt with-in told purchase date:
28
August!
That was the day on which my Mother
breathed her last!

Now here on Rosh Hashannah
in the woods I find the bag
of holiday sweets
on a brand new year
bought on a date
I can't forget.

I found a bag
on Rosh Hashannah
with sweet confections there
inside.
Their market name?
Why
"Kudos" they were.
"Kudos" for what?
I'm still alive.

There is no heart for the tin-man,
no courage for the lion.
There is no brain for the scarecrow,
no home for Dorothy
and Toto too.

There is no great Wizard
of awesome powers.
There is no God of mercy.
The days grow short,
the nights grow cold
and there is no peace
for me.

The ice from last night's storm
is melting.
Droplettes of cold water
fall from thinnest tree limbs.
Even the earth
is crying
today.
(But I smiled and said
"Good-morning".)

I will take my medication
and find my peace in great salvation
as the open sea surrounds
and the might breaker pounds
the shore-line where I gently doze
in silent wait for sweet repose
while gentle Summer breezes
and brilliant sun-set eases
the pain that haunts my day and night
blurs my vision
dulls my sight
to where I can no longer cope
with life so miserably devoid of hope
and so have taken to my chair
upon this shore-line free of care
and woes
where with the break of dawn
the mem'ries, pain
and I'll
be gone.

There is a figure
standing silent
in a lighted window
in the night.

A woman's silhouette
staring, staring
down to streets silent
empty
void
save for empty
silent
cars parked down below
five storeys.

There is no-one
on the streets
behind her in her home
beside her in her life.
She is
alone.

Days have passed.
She's heard no voice
not others
nor
her own.

Weeks have passed.
She has been single
silent
solo
all alone.

She is looking
staring
searching
the dead-void street below,
for even one some-one
(he used to stand just there)
but there is nothing
and no-one
and she is alone.

Days have passed
and have passed
a life-time gone
and now
it's memories
and phantasies
and a figure standing
standing silent
in a lighted window
in the night
staring
staring
empty
void.

When I am not with-in your sight
you've no consideration of me.
No thought of where I might be roaming,
no thought of my shelter
against heat of day, burning sun or pouring rain.
In Winter
am I some-where warm
protected against snow or sleet or hail?
How is it I walk for half a day
with slice of bread
and bottle of water?

When I am not with-in your sight
you may ponder and conclude
that I am out
in the great, vast world
enjoying life
and irresponsibility.

But as you sit there in your castle
safe and sound and undisturbed,
watching tele or on the phone,
eating lunch or sipping tea

thoughtless of Nature
and mindless of me

I have found my night-shade
and discovered my pokeweed.
My fare and ticket away from you
and all that I need
to leave this misery far behind me,
departing from mountain-top or sea.
Though every present moment is torture
I know my peace is close to me.

So when I'm not with-in your sight
drown in your bile and vitriol.
My day is coming and my moment is near
when I will be
away
from here.

A captive trapped
and dying,
confined to cage
and world
diminishing.
No past.
No present.
No future
not even into
the next moment.
Trapped
and dying
almost
dead.
All hope shrouded
in blinding blackness.
Bound by limitations
set by others
uncontrollable,
uncontrolled,

set by others
set by other's whim and whimsy.
Trapped
confined
and dying.
Off and wandering
with no destination
no visibly attainable goal.
Clothes thread-bare
shoe-soles thinning
kilometre after kilometre
mile after mile
basting, baking, burning
under the sun,
drenching, drowning
in the rain,
fumbling, freezing
in the snow,
alone
Trapped
and dying.

Anger grows like a carbuncle
depression
like a puss-filled wound
festers.
Heart drips purulent
yellow-green
thoughts ooze
blood-tinged.
Body and soul
rot
decay
Trapped
and dying
each moment filled
to capacity
with methods of bringing
all
to an end.

Fifty-two years of
cruel suffering
of briefest interludes of
bitter-sweet
reprieve.

And now, today at this moment
I linger
still pondering
planning
the end
a captive trapped
and dying
and all the while
you accuse
or ignore
me
a captive
trapped
and dying.

It was an
inconvenient pregnancy
turned
inconvenient birth
turned
inconvenient life
turned
inconvenient being
turned
inconvenient me
til one day quite
conveniently
I stepped out
into the
sea.

First there was me, then another, then another
then one died
and there was another
and that was all.

WHY could I not have been the fourth?

I've done nothing so wrong as to deserve THIS.

Who is the spirit that must suffer so terribly
in this existence that I experience now?

There is no "Hell" after this

THIS is the only "Hell"

Nothing will be worse.

I look toward death
and Peace.

I am tired
my eyes are heavy
my dreams are dark
my heart is lead.

My body aches
my thoughts are laden
my "life" is ended
my soul is dead.

Have you ever wondered
where I go
when I am not
with-in your sight?
Perhaps
at times.
But did you ever
ask?
Not ever.
Never.

Have you ever asked of me
what did I eat,
how I survive?
No.
Not ever.
Never.

Have you ever given thought
to creature comforts
along my way?
No.
Not ever.
Never.

Drink of water
morsel of food
a place to sit
to void or defecate?
No.
Not ever.
Never.

Twelve-plus hours I am away
on foot
out there
no destination.
Alone and wandering
to be away
from favours, chores and tasks.

A goodly part of every day
escape
in solitude.
I never hear my voice at all
just the drones
of city life.

In solitary existence
mile on mile on
lonely mile
I ramble, roam and wander.

Have you ever wondered
where I go
when I am not
with-in your sight?
Perhaps,
at times.
But do you inquire?
Do you care?
Are you concerned?
No.
Not ever.
Never.

(Epilogue)

I walk in through
YOUR
door
at night
long after evening has fallen.

Un-showered
sweaty
day's dust a shroud
to cover
hair to shoe.

I've travelled 50 kilometres
and more

while you have slept
in easy-chair
and you have lunched
and you have snacked
and you have dined
and you have rested
and I have travelled
50 kilometres
and more.

And as I enter
all I hear
above the roar of television:

"I will ask you "
"When you go "
"While you're up "
and
"Did you move "
"Where did you put "
"What did you do with "
"I am in pain!"

I brought you flowers.
You didn't ask.
I cleaned your house.
You didn't ask.
I made your bed.
You didn't ask.
I
washed your dishes
fetched your mail
sorted your clothes
picked-up fallen objects
set your table
retrieved your meds
You didn't ask.
You didn't ask.
You didn't ask.
You didn't acknowledge.
You didn't
thank.

Have you ever wondered
where I go
when I am not
with-in your sight?

Have you ever wondered
WHY I go?

Perhaps
not ever
Never.

I'm broken-down in this stairwell tonight
gritty, tired, burning eyes.
This old, beaten, abused
taken-for-granted
body
aches and longs for sleep.

My eyes are heavy
my limbs are weak.
Runny nose drips clear liquid
into an old napkin.

I sit
in this stair-well.
I hear your television blasting
even though a fire-wall.
it's been 16 hours on the go
on 5 hours' sleep last night.
And no food of which to speak.

I'm broken
broken in this stair-well
passing the moments
passing the time
in this stair-well.
Your are ensconced

situated in your recliner
seated upon your throne.
You don't care
that I am broken.

You picked an argument at sun-rise
grumbled some sort of farewell
as I left
16 hours ago
and you'll pick another argument
because that is your wont.

Soon
but not soon enough
I will be gone
and you will be alone, alone, alone
but not soon enough.
You will sit alone, alone, alone
all day and all day long into the night
no one to talk with
no one to listen to
no one who will listen.
Then
I won't care
like
now
you don't care.

So let your television blast and blare
let your lights burn brightly into the night.
Soon
but not nearly soon enough
I will be gone
quite gone
very gone
and you will be alone
quite alone
very alone
but I won't be in this stair-well
wanting
and so needing
sleep

passing the moments
passing the time
in this stair-well,
wanting to
sleep.

Lawns were mowed
and flowers planted
leaks repaired
and homes made good.

Some food was brought
and little trinkets
from stores
and woodlands
but not enough.

Not enough for
any of you.
Never enough.

Not enough for
any of you.
Never enough.

When I had
I offered.
You took.
When I had not
you wanted
and
discarded me.

I stand, exhausted, in the cold.
A day of work
hard work
is done.

There's no looking forward to going "home"
to a hot meal, drink, a shower, sleep.
There's no
"home"
to go to.

It's 22h30 and
I stand, exhausted, in the cold.
A day of work hard work is done.
There's no looking forward to going "home"
to a hot meal, drink, a shower, sleep.
There's no
"home"
to go to.

Why do you ask "How are you?"
when, in reality, you really don't care to know?
There's no requisite
no protocol
no obligation of conversation.
There's no need nor necessity
to inquire about my being
well or other-wise.

You don't care don't want to know.
I understand. I know.
So
do not ask,
making an idiot of your-self
and trying to make
a fool
of me.

You don't want to know.
I don't care to tell.

Sun-rise comes silently
night becomes day
another dawn
a new beginning.

Morning light softly caresses your face
wakening you to the sweet melodies
of song-birds perched outside your window.

Your window
I have no window of my own.

As night's slumber leaves you
still, yet, reclining on the softness of your bed
your thoughts begin to stir in your waking mind

Consider:
Your bed
I have no bed.

For one moment more
you turn your head upon the comfort of your pillow
fluffing its volume beneath your still-heavy head

Your pillow
mine is gone.

And you draw the sheets and blanket up
closer, over your shoulders
tucked tightly beneath your chin
and you doze

Your blanket
I have no blanket any more.

Rising to meet this new day
a fresh beginning of time renewed
you ponder and consider your wardrobe
garments in which to clothe yourself
a shirt my choices are now limited to 3
jeans or slacks my trouser number 4
shoes 2 pairs I have now:
one pair cracked and torn
offering no protection from rain or dust
one pair which I protect
and yet too, are showing signs of wear.

Music today
a tune well-learned
lyrics remembered
bringing with them heart-warming
dear memories
or the expression of feelings living deep with-in;
a cherished CD
a purchase or a gift
an investment
a simple pleasure for the here-and-now
Ponder, as the melody surrounds you

ALL of my music is gone gone.
Music collected over 20-plus years,
tunes spanning 50 years and more.
Music of my child-hood,
of my Grandparents,
from countries visited
and lands I've only dreamed of,
lyrics in languages I've learned,
languages you have either never heard
or, at best, seldom heard.
Music out of print
Music bought instead of a meal.
Music lost
Music gone
forever now.

Perhaps, today, you'll "putter" round the house,
that place in which you reside
where you receive correspondences from friends,
receive visitors,
sit at a table with coffee.

Your house
I have none.

Arranging little mementoes and decorative items
on shelves and sills,
those things that evoke more
fond, sweet memories

of events enjoyed
in the past.
Every memento of mine is lost
I've not one memento of any part of my existence.

Or perhaps today
to sit in your chair
to view a program on the television
or read a book of special interest.

Keep in your mind
I have neither chair nor sofa any more,
my little television is gone;
books too are now scattered about the unknown
and
unreachable.
Books in English, French, German, Russian, Hebrew.
Books of professional reference: Psychology, Medicine,
Language.
Books autographed by their authors,
rare books no longer published or published in foreign
lands.
Art books, music books, cook books
gone books
once my books
gone
books.

From where you recline
or stand in idle reverie
a water-colour, hand-painted
the original
catches a glimmer of sunlight
and a sparkle catches your attention,
draws you near
it is the house in which you have shelter.
Shelter from the winds and snows of Winter
and from the rains and heat of Summer.
I painted that picture
and many others,
invested my time and energy,
imbued it and them with love

as with all my paintings
of history and places that gave me simple pleasures.
I gave you that painting.
You kept it
and sat silently still
as all the others
were discarded
by strangers.

Paintings - as with all else - gone.
And I think of them
one and all
as I walk the streets through Winter snows
or seek shelter in train stations
against winds and rain.
Paintings in your house
Paintings. House. I have neither.

A meal, or a snack
to calm the pangs of hunger.
A plate, flatware and glass are set on the table.
Preparations are made for a light repast.
As you feed yourself
I am praying that your mind will fill with thoughts
as your stomach fills with food

Table-setting
Table
I now have none.

Alas and at last
the sun has drawn across the sky
and has set behind the mountains to the west.
I once called those mountains "Home"
and to those mountains I tried to return
and now, to those mountains, I look for peace
final and absolute
Peace.

But for this evening
as day's light dims,

from the comfort of your chair
you reach
up to your lamp to illuminate your room
and as the switch clicks
my soul calls out

A lamp
I had several
they're gone
no light in the darkness.

Stars appear in deep indigo skies above
outside the window
of your house.
Your music continues to fill your room,
your book lay still on the sofa where you left it.
The lamp casts shadows of mementoes on the shelves,
your dishes are in the kitchen sink.
All is fine and secure,
no one will take any of it from you,
it will remain safely
where it is
where you have put it.

Your day draws further
and to a close
and darkness fills the world where sunlight reigned.
The colours of my painting
there
on your wall
silently die
and fade to grey.

Sleepy, you return to your bed,
(I no longer have my bed)
lay your head on the softness of your pillow,
(my pillow too, is gone)
tug the gentleness of your blanket up over your
shoulders,
(blankets I have none)
you close your eyes

and in the shelter of your home
(I am hopelessly homeless)
you drift peacefully
to
sleep.

And through this day
from morning sun-rise
through to
night's star-light,
again, and still again
you remain oblivious
of the destruction you have caused
the anguish and agony you have inflicted
the pain, sorrow and sadness you've wrought
the life you have destroyed
and the death
for which YOU are responsible.
And I have borne all
in
silence.

Last night I sat
alone
again
at a booth for two
beside the window.
I look up into the Norwood night
knowing that I was alone
I didn't
belong
there any more.
There was a light from a window
across the way
up toward the roof
from a living-room there
at 3150.
A lamp on a table
just inside a window
giving a warm and welcoming
home-like glow.
The comfort of a sofa

in the just-right dimness of the lamp,
a glass of something pleasant to drink,
perhaps some television,
radio, music
perhaps a little sewing or crochet,
or
perhaps
some water-colours,
music or not.
There,
there was the comfort,
the warmth, the welcome,
the memory
only the memory
of something that will never be
again.
From that window came the light
to illuminate the truth
that I will never
be
again.

I

have hand-washed 2 t-shirts and a pair of socks.
They are hanging on the rack
to dry.

I

have cut my hair and cleaned-up the mess.

I

don't know why I bother.

My

nails now need to be filed.

I

don't have the interest.

I

want to go back to sleep.

It

is cloudy and raining this morning.

I

want to go back to sleep
I
do not want to wake from sleep
ever
again.

It
is my Oma's Hebrew birth-date.
She
is no longer of this life.
She
was the rock of which
my
foundation was built.
My
Mama
was my foundation.
She
is no longer of this life.
I
stand on nothing now.
I
tumble and spiral
out of control.

I
want to go back to sleep.
I
do not want to wake
ever
again.

Yehudah ben haGalut
Son of the Galut

Begotten of my parents
Diaspora, my Mother
Galut, my father
Children themselves
of blind Jews
I am not here for a long time
but I am here for eternity
and here in infinity
I will never be known
and I will never be forgotten.

I have lived my life
according to the mitzvot*.
I have done for all humanity
as best as I could.
Why then, must I suffer?
I ask why
I get no reply.
God has died
or did God ever really exist?
*Commandments

Adonai Elhohainu, Melech haOlam,*
to you
I have called
aloud
and
from my soul.

Yet
my prayers, pleadings and supplications
are rebuked
refused
denied
ignored.

To blind eyes
and deaf ears
have all my tears
fallen.

There is no peace.

There is only
pain.

Upon rising
each muscle burns.
When I walk
I walk
alone.
Each breath is laboured,
taken in resentment.
My body longs
and yearns
to cease.
There is no rest.

No food
nor shelter
is provided
though I strive

in good faith
and justice.

Adonai Elhohainu, Melech haOlam,
you are my rock
with which I am slowly
stoned
yet
not to death
not to the peace
of death.

My days are shrouded
in horrid haze.
I see
but the mind grows numb.

When at night
I lay my head down
to sleep
I am tortured by dreams
of hurtful memories.

Even in night's quiet darkness
there is no peace
there is only
pain.

In bitter cold
have I wandered
and under scorching sun
have I journeyed.
Hour after hour
day by day
no rest
no food
no shelter.

Adonai Elhohainu, Melech haOlam,
with little exception
has my existence

been ruled by your laws
in reverence.

My life, my actions
my thoughts and deeds
have been in accordance
with your decrees.

When I have faltered
is was not
at the expense
of others
or the world.

Willingly
I have been
according to your words
your demands
your guidance.

You reward
with
torture.

Adonai Elhohainu, Melech haOlam,
I am tired
worn
at end.
There is no one
nothing
but
you
and now you
have turned from me
have turned against me
I am alone
I am nothing
surrounded by
nothing.

There is no peace
there is only
pain.

Adonai Elhohainu, Melech haOlam,
to you
I have called
aloud
and
from my soul

for naught.

*God, Our Lord, King of the Universe.

These days when the day is done
and the sun is gone and the sky is blackened-blue
I stand at the corner waiting for the bus
and the wind beats against my frailing body
and I am not a part of my surroundings
and I am apart from my surroundings
all looks and feels
surreal.

If once I could reach out and touch
something
someone
in that other world that other creation
that surrounds me now
and if I could speak
and be heard
if someone would understand
and not deride
if someone could speak
and not lie
for a change

I'm not certain.
I don't know.

I don't want to know
or to be certain.

There is only one thing, one thought, one dream, wish,
hope, desire:

I do know
that I don't want
to
be.

And the night becomes colder and colder still
and darker and darker yet
as I stand on the corner
in the midst of strangers
who will and must remain strangers
and I stand on the corner
in silence
and none of them knows
and none of them suspects
and not one of the cares.

A previous:

Here's a little birthday song.
You tried to kill him all along.
Too bad for you it all went wrong
but your daughter (princess)
done him in.

Reconstruction

Think carefully and completely about these words:
Why **MUST** we know how we became?
Why **MUST** we know what was before creation?
We **MUSTN'T**.

There really is no need. We **NEED** only to make the best of **NOW**.

"Before" can't be manipulated. Only **NOW** and **LATER**.
God did not create man. Man created God as a salve, a balm, an answer to unanswerable questions.

*

"God" is a term of reference to the energy and creativeness, the procreativity of existence.
"God" is a term of reference to that which is "Us".
"Schechina: the in-dwelling energy that makes our existence.

*

We do not need to be concerned about God. We need to be concerned about us, individually and collectively. We need to be concerned about bringing Creation **BACK** to the Natural (good) order of its origins.

Now I lay me down to sleep
with Hebrew on the radio.
If I should die in slumber deep
it's just the nicest way to go.
But if I wake to another day
to face the shit this world will throw
I won't be happy, joyful, gay
I'll simply follow where it will go
for I am here just to observe
and certainly not participate.
Life's just not worth the drudge, the toil
so for my peace I simply wait.



Loves:

I still sit in the park
waiting for you to come by.
But in my old age
eye-sight, even in the day-light, is failing.
So I wonder:
Could you have been here
looking for me too
and I missed you
didn't see you
didn't recognise you?
Could it have been?
In my mind
in my heart
I see your silhouette against a night sky.
I knew you
even in the dark
back then.
I'd know you today too.
My heart will never forget you.
But these old eyes don't see well now.
The heart and mind still hold your image
oh, so vividly clear.
No.
You haven't been here.
Not today or yesterday
and not tomorrow either.

I am many miles away
sitting in this park alone
save for
my memories
of you
of
then.

I need for them to tell me
why
they took you away.
I need for you to tell me
why
you left.

How did it get so lonely
that you said you had so very few
friends?
How did life become so vacant
to throw you into
him who killed you?
I never hated you.
I was always open
to see if you'd come back.
Time pulled us apart
not Love
or hate
or any of that.
I dreamt of you
some time before you left.
I Loved you
still
and wanted you.
And when you found me
needing you
you took me to you

laid my head upon your chest
and drew me to you
to comfort and console.
I was at peace.
I dreamt of you
sometime
before you left.
I Loved you
still
and wanted you.
I woke.
You're gone.
I came to find you.
You're gone.
If I can hold you
in my heart
it's not to keep you from
where you should be.
If I can hold you
in my heart
it's so you'll never
be alone
be lonely
again
never, never again.

I have taken
of late
to reading old books.
Familiar tomes
of comfortable phrases
known.
Perhaps it is
my older age
and an intolerance of
change
a return to yesterdays
the solace of
a past
familiar.

At first line of chapters
I know them:
the words
events
and out-come
but
I have taken
of late
to reading old books
and gathering
again
with old
friends.

I remember you lying next to me
(Wet snow and sleet
slamming against the window glass.)

I remember you gently holding me.
(Bitter-cold wind howling
through minute spaces in the door frames.)

I remember bringing you closer to me
trying to make our bodies
one.

You were warm
You were my refuge
you were my strength.

I remember the glow of the street-light
breaking through the blind-slats
reflected on the frozen snow.

I remember the rhythm of your breathing
and adjusting mine to yours.
(Dead Winter raged out-side
all around us.)

I remember the tender rise and fall
of your chest
as you drifted away into sleep.

Sleet turned to snow
wind calmed and went silent
you slept in my arms
lying beside me
in the night.

I drew you closer into me
took you into my heart
drew me closer to you.
You were so warm
so safe
so sound.

I remember happiness.
I remember
Contentment.

I wake and remember
you're gone.

Songs came to me
through me
on the radio.

In my mind
I went back
went back.

Memories follow
even to the edge of the sea.

If I go in
will they follow me
even there?

The scent of you still lingers
clinging
there to remind me of a moment's bliss.
Pungent, fragrant traces of your body
where my lips pressed against you
and tongue devouringly stroked.
I close my eyes
raise moustached lip to nose
and inhale deeply
for that brief second
we are one
again.
In childish reverie I vow to never wash
to hold long and fast
to what remains of you.
I know the fragrance of your body
your "secret" places and "hidden" folds,
where I've gone and lingered
long moments quickly passed
and here, and now
some part of them are with me
in the darkness of closed eyes
in the brilliance of memories.
Breath escapes in the exhale but
the scent of you still lingers
and I silently smile
alone.

Shifting golden sands of Judah
shadows of deepening, darkening browns
and hills cast images of silhouettes
across the ancient land
sun-set turns amber to block
in the centre of the universe.

I have looked into your ageing eyes,
fallen into the abyss of your pupils,

heard the echoes of time
in your toothless smile
and I have been carried back
back
on the winds of milleniae
to when sands were new
hills were mountains,
when my own, now ancient traditions
and my heritage
were only just conceived.

Your eyes are the your words, my directions.
I had been lost.
You have brought me
"Home"!

Into Sephardic eyes I fell,
saw kings and queens and nomads there.
Sands of deserts of ancient times:
Syria, Alexandria, Israel, Judah.

Language
ancient, foreign, new, familiar
Heritage
yours
and mine
so similar, so same, so different
History
of your People, my People, our People
Tradition
dissimilarly similar
Our
still.

Through your stories I wandered
ancient sands where Hebrews journeyed.
I saw your words dance in hot breezes
bouncing across shifting dunes
I heard time-worn chants
disappear into the distances of time
time, all but lost

time, all but forgotten,
time
all yours.

Your voice haunts like still Bedouin camps
silhouetted in the setting sun
and brings to life such richness
such riches
and you bring
from the past
all things ancient
to here
now
all new again.

You leave your wondrous gifts for me
bring me back to my Home almost forgotten
to my People.
yo b ring me Home
assure my place
and now in your voice
in Sephardic eyes
I see you're leaving
disappearing
back, back, back
to sand of deserts of ancient time
Syria, Alexandria, Israel, Judah
Solomon.

I used to sing
and spew my soul.
I danced
like a dervish on dope.
I let my spirit loose
to roam free through the ether
then come home to me
renewed
alive.

And now
I sit
in silence
as my soul and spirit
wither
and die.

There's no more music
and no more rhythm
and I rot
from my inside
out.

It's said that there is somebody for everybody.
What if I've let my somebody go?
OK. So it's too late now.

A million people on the subways.
One of us is on the wrong train.
I'm alone.
You're not here!

Oh look! There. Very attractive!
Please! Sit over there where I can see you.
I'd rather look at you than anything else.
No. Don't be silly. I know damned-well right that you'd
never be interested in me. Certainly not "that" way,
anyway.
But please, sit over there and I can glance at you and
be distracted.
Oh look!
Hey stupid! Move out of my line of vision! I don't want
to look at YOU! Geezus are you ugly! A shower wouldn't

kill you. You should try
\$#!T Sure. Line yourself right there!
Great. Now you've got that hideous black thing with
you.
Where did HE go?
Is he still there? I don't see him.
The window! The reflection! Oh! That's just the edge of
his forehead. He DID sit there. Now, why can't I just
sit here in silence and gaze on him?
Why?
I'll tell you why
That's how it is.
If you sat there, gazing at him, it would bring you
some little, harmless pleasure. That's not what you're
here for. There is to be NO pleasure in any of this.
So, just sit there, try to close your eyes and sleep
until you either reach your stop or somebody does you
the kindness of killing you in your sleep.
The train stopped.
A lot of people are leaving.
Is he in that crowd?
The doors are closing.
The uglies have moved.
There's the seat where he was sitting.
Oh look! That ugly black thing has parked her arse
where his was.
He's gone.
Why do I even bother?

I didn't stop to notice you
when you stood beside me and threw your parcel
on the little shed behind me.
But on the train what I saw
was your perfect dark hair and narrow face
deep walnut eyes
classic Roman nose
and magnificent moustache above bowed lips.
And I thought, in silence
how I could lose my-self in your body

and drown all my realities
and my-self
in your eyes.

You awakened my lust and my phantasies
and I thought
Why not? Look at me. The answer is Yes to everything.
When I looked up toward you again
you were facing the scratched metallic wall
conducting an animated conversation
with the image reflected
looking back at you
mimicking your every action.
I've done it
again

I sit in silence
across from you
and I wonder:
Could some-one as good-looking as you
possibly have any interest in some-one
who looks like me?
And
Could some-one as good-looking as you
ever wonder if some-one who looks like me
could possibly have any interest in some-one
who looks like you?

Two young men in the park, alone.
I slowed my pace to look for you.
It wasn't us.
Were we them, so very long ago and so very far away?



Rails:

Up at sun-rise
comes the dawn
a new day has begun
I'm weary.
Must begin to bolt and run
upon the tracks of steel.
Eyes are burning
head is throbbing
knees too weak to hold my body.
I've not slept for most the night
but now I simply must take flight
upon the tracks of steel.

Stomach churning
the world is turning
for one night's sleep
my soul is yearning.
No time to pamper
the clock is running
upon the tracks of steel.

Out the door and to the streets
into the crowds of people there
up on the bus

with the rest of us
who live
upon the tracks of steel.
Down from the bus
down from the street
down underground
out of the light
into the dark and crowded train
upon the tracks of steel.

An hour passes
then two, then three
and there is little left of me
beneath the earth in tunnel rock
upon the tracks of steel.
I take my lunch amongst the crowd
of strangers packed from side-to-side
at lightning speed as here I ride
upon the tracks of steel.

Sideways glances
a push, a shove
a beggar's stench of rotting flesh
in these conditions I try to rest
upon the tracks of steel.

I close my eyes against it all
and seek a place of comfort here
I try to rest
perchance to sleep.
I've eaten and read
made subway my bed
against the window
I rest my head
and hope that I will soon be dead
upon the tracks of steel.

I wake from my sleep
on a "home-bound" train
surrounded by people
surrounded by strangers.
They are asleep too.
We are sure of where we are,
certain of where we are going.
We sleep.
No need to watch the stations pass.
No cause for concern
or to be aware.
We are sure.
We are certain.
We sleep
on a train bound for
Rockaway.

We take our meals
as the wheels roll beneath us
and mile after mile
of cold steel track passes by.
We are alone
but in a crowd
there are many around us
and
many more who surround us,
sit beside us
across from us
strangers, all
who stare at us
but will not speak with us.
We do not eat in comfort.
No table before us,
no proper chair beneath us.
We eat
quickly
not looking up.
We eat

rapidly
not tasting.
We eat
alone
surrounded
by strangers
crude strangers
who do not know us
and
who do not care.

I probably shouldn't say so
nor feel so
but
Rockaway Boulevard kills it,
murders, brutally
the silence that is
the serenity that is
the peace that should be
that had been
me.
We all come in
from the Rockaways.
We are the travellers
from the beach and shore.
We've come in from the harsh winds
that blow across the flat lands
come in from the ocean
and tried to do us in
but failed.
And here
at Rockaway Boulevard
come you
the world
from Lefferts.
And you mix your city
with our sand
(we, some of us, carry sand

on our shoes)
your reality
with my dream
and I know that from here
I'll leave there
behind.
Rockaway Boulevard kills it.
DeKalb Avenue finishes and buries it.
But dead or done or not
I return
tonight
in my heart
tomorrow
on the train.

08.12. February

I am standing on a train platform at Coney Island, as the snow falls. It is evening. I have come out from where I began an hour and a half ago. The subway is, in fact, my home now. it is where I am sheltered from the elements, where I eat my meals, read my books, take my sleep. It is snowing and the Verazanno Bridge rises, bringing cars into no-where and off the edge of the world into nothing. Here, there is Coney Island, the board-walk and then nothing. The grey of falling snow becomes deeper, darker. It is late evening. I am cold, tired, alone. The train arrives at my destination. It is a destination I have contrived. The snow is falling. The streets are empty. I disembarque out, out onto the platform, descend the stairs. The side-walks are gone, disappeared beneath a blanket of soft, white snow. There is no pavement beneath my feet. But it is quiet now. I am off the train so I walk. To the corner and turn to the beach, in the cold, in the snow and to the library here, where I have spent many hours before. I enter through the door. It is familiar now, it is warm in here. There are voices speaking. It is familiar now, they speak Russian. Some read books. The books are printed in

Russian. It is warm here. It is dry here. It is Russian. It is familiar. But my ears hiss. They hiss from the constant noise of the train. They hiss from the constant noise of a television, set too loud. I am exhausted. I am exhausted from the constant moving, the constant running, the constant yelling, the constant fighting, especially when there is no reason for the fighting, save her incessant stupidity and her need to fight with me. I am exhausted. My eyes burn from the fatigue. It is late evening. It is snowing. Cold winds blow and the grey of snow-gorged clouds grows deeper until finally, it becomes black and evening becomes night and I will be back on a train, in the noise, returning to a place that is not, cannot be, home, to fight again, for no reason. And for now, for here, I am warm, it is familiar, it is Russian here, at the end of the land, at the end of the continent, at the end of the world. Here, in this familiar Russian end of it all, it is warm and there is no fighting, there is no meaningless, unnecessary fighting. I am thirsty, I am painfully exhausted, but I am some-what at peace.

I travel over water
to set my sprit free.
I travel over water
so your evil can't touch me.

O'er the Harlem River
and under NY Harbour
out across Jamaica Bay
out to Farthest Rockaway.

I stand upon the shore-line
look off, across the sea
and finally find I'm breathing!
You're so far away from me.

My heart attaches to silly things
finds solace and comfort sometimes inane
(or, I wonder, are they insane?)
the trite and trifles of every day
that are seen by all who ride the A.

But today I saw from the Shuttle rail
a sight I'd missed for several days
a little something that caught my gaze
a little something grey and pale
a little something "Rockaways".

There they were, just scattered about
like little gem-stones from the sea
not so much glistening but grey on black
dropped there to be noticed, today, by me
sea-shells on the school-house roof.

Standing alone
in a crowd at the bus stop
a man with a soft voice
begging change
for a train
to get to a
shelter.

Charity begins at home.
I knew
too much
too well.

Biding time
on that corner at the end
of the line
in the night
waiting for a bus
to get to
place I hated.

Charity begins at home.
I knew
too well
too much.

These days I am living
on a bus
to a train
as my
shelter.

Charity begins with
making certain I have
my passage on a bus
to a train
for my
shelter.

Old man
I am homeless
as the word homeless
is defined.
At a moment I too
will be exactly like you.
I don't have a bed
just a place for my head.
In the morning I shower
at too early an hour.
The place where I eat
is an old subway seat.
My clothing is worn
and my spirit is torn.

Standing alone
in a crowd at the bus stop
biding time on this corner
at the end of
the
line.

Do you know what it's like
to stand on a street in New York City,
all the people rushing by,
with little space between them
You are there,
you watch and see and hear
but you can't reach out
to touch and feel
You are there,
but you can't palpate
reality
you're removed
distant
detached

I've eaten my sandwiches
both of them
peanut butter and chocolate frosting
on a down-town train
bound for
no-where.

There is something poetic, calming,
reassuringly New York
about people who read books
on a subway
bound for the end of the line
when they silently close the cover,
hiding the pages of their tome
when
at long last
they reach their stop.

In the darkness of night's sky
I stand at the corner, glancing emptily
down the block.
The trees are black
skeletons
leafless in the melon-coloured street light.
I used to live in that building
up there, on the back, on the 6th, top, floor.

There is the woman who silently, calmly
closed her book on the train.
She looks peaceful.
She looks fatigued.
Our day is complete
Our night, just beginning.

I am sorry, saddened, but calm.
Why can't I stay in this mood again?
Why can't I simply go up-stairs and stay
in this calmness through this night?

She looks at the bus schedule for the number 30.
A much younger, darker fellow
comes to look too.
He turns to me and says
"Excuse me."
All I can do is politely nod.
I have no words, nor voice to speak.

I jumped from the roof of that building,
that house.
Viv came to visit, once. She drove.
I fell from the roof, it was over, it was too much.
Life and Love just too much.
Dropping to the street was so peaceful. I was calm.
Knowing what was to come, I had no fear,
no anxieties.
The night air caressed me. It was beautiful.

At the gate, I parked the truck.
The day was cold. the evening brought snow.
It was the end of an era the end of a life.

There, right there on the street is where I struck.
I can see the very spot but no one else can.

There's a shadow, remnants of blood and brains.
I felt my body smash against the pavement.
Still conscious and aware I thought
I'm dying. How peaceful. How painless.
The ambulance came for me, too late, of course.
A small crowd gathered
then dispersed.

I lived in that building.
I jumped from that roof.
I ended an era there.
I ended a life there.

I LIVED in that building. Loved and Laughed
and cried and sobbed.

The bus engine started and whined.
Headlights glared and burned into my eyes
as if to shut my thoughts down.
The end of an era
time to board the bus.
The night is beginning and peace ends.

Aboard, again
a train bound for
no-where
not any-where
in particular.
Alone, again
on a rainy night
out on a rail
and on a limb.
(The words just stopped!)

And here we are
in the middle of the night.
Monday.
Bensonhurst's at its best.
The car is almost empty.
A light rain-fall is out there
in the darkness.
I know this only
because I caught ringlette
in the sparse puddles
on the streets below
in the darkness.

We approach the end
on the line
I am in Brooklyn.
it is home
these days.
I am here all day
and there
only to sleep.
Tonight I am home
on this D train.

The cold dampness
of the night out-side the window
struggles to reach in
perhaps to strangle me.
The drops of rain
smash against the glass
at my side.
There are 15 of us here
and it is empty.
There are 16 of us now
and I am still
alone
alone on a Q train
on a Winter night
alone.

Church Avenue.
But no sanctuary.
Church Avenue.
No Jesus.
No God.
This train is trying
to burrow to under-ground.
There are more of us now
heading toward the tunnel
bounding through the night
rumbling toward the under-ground.
Prospect Park.
The rain is falling
and now it doesn't matter.
We are under-ground
we are in the tunnel
where it is
night
forever
and I am
alone.

Atlantic
Avenue Ocean.
Under Atlantic
Avenue
I should be
under Atlantic
Ocean.
Wrong
again.

A beginning never quite finished:

Something happens
along the way
as I cross
Jamaica Bay
leaving Howard Beach
behind
and roll across
Broad Channel Bridge.

May be wind
or sea-salt spray
or watching waves
on water sway
but something happens
along the way
as I look ahead to
Rockaway.

The open sky
the open sea
the sand, the shells
a bare-foot me
a song, a dance
some beach parlance
as out to the end of the world
I travel.

They dug a section of Broadway, under the El. There'
earth exposed. Soil under pavement. The sight of
soil real earth. It hurts.
I stroll the park, to be under trees.
The tables are empty. I sing "When Autumn Leaves Start
To Fall". I am alone.
07.21.11
At 59th and 5th I saw the crystal snowflake at 57th.

Aunt Sis made the wreaths. She fed the kids, bought
 holiday gifts, bought clothes.
 The wreaths are gone from Grand Central too.
 Aunt Sis is gone.
 The years have passed.
 There's a fog tonight. The park is shrouded. The
 traffic passes. But there's a November silence.
 I sit on the bench amidst the rush of people.
 I need my glasses. My eyes are tired.
 I'm old.
 When did I get so old?
 A man on the side-walk smells of fresh-cut timber.
 Fred's work-shed
 on the mountains so far, far away.

When we first met, your birthday was Thanksgiving.
 I've always been thankful.
 And I miss you so much now. (VL)
 My clothes are few and too, too warn.
 The jeans are frayed, the pockets, holed.
 My soles are worn through.
 So much is gone stolen away.
 I am thread-bare.
 I hope you feel omnipotent, having wiped earth's
 history clean of my existence with one swipe of your
 hateful cruelty, or cruel hate. (CM, JJY, JDY, WDY)
 I often wonder if you ever come back here (Central
 Park), maybe think of me. It's where we had our first
 "date" in a row-boat (and where you promised to be
 faithful). (BS)
 You tell me of your pain and suffering, moaning in
 agony as you tell.
 How odd
 I honestly don't care. Your story annoys and angers
 me.
 For so many years I suffered and nobody cared but
 everybody abused.
 How odd How wonderful!
 My compassion is dead. My capacity to care is dead.
 Killed by you and them.

Blood-red crimson and orange hang
on sky of deepening, darkening blue
and billowed blackening charcoal grey
floats silently over Jamaica Bay.

The sun is setting. I'm on the rails
above the waters between there and there
as sea-gulls soar beside my window
"You're going home" they're telling me.

The world is gone to Howard Beach
and tides are rising all around
as sea breeze blows a mellow chop
and I gulp peace my soul's unwound.

Out-side the window of this train
the night is coming, sure and strong.
The sea-mist fogs the window pane
horizon turns to silhouette.

But out there I know with certainty
is a place and space that waits for me
that neither time nor tide will take
that waits
beyond the final bridge.



Secrets:

On Monday I slept beneath the stars
under a London Plane.
On Tuesday I showered, fresh and clean
in the midst of a Winter rain.
On Wednesday I woke with a grumbling stomach
I hadn't eaten in days.
On Thursday my dinner al fresco but canned,
swiped from a dumpster in starvation's haze.
By Friday my clothing was soiled and worn
my skin began sinking and hanging on bone.
On Saturday kids came threw bottles at me
and the policemen kept yelling "Go HOME!".
Came the dawning of Sunday morning
and all took a turn for the best:
By Sunday evening
just shortly past sun-set
I'd laid down
closed my eyes
for my longed-for and yearned for
Peace
in my final rest.

Early Spring brought daffodils
fresh from the earth
into your flat
into your life.
In little time
you complained
they didn't stand tall.
You discarded them.
I put them back
into the earth
from whence they came
out of your flat
out of your sight.

Came early Summer.
Fresh mulberries
from the tree.
I harvested
from highest branches
sun-shine drenched
bursting with ripeness.

Mid-Summer
I brought flowers
from meadow close
you'd never seen.
Tiger lilies
little daisies
and more
until

Late Summer
wild raspberries
brought to you
from thorny brambles.

And the seasons
provided no more
an neither did I
We were both
spent
thankless
and exhausted.

These are hellish, horrid days
of hateful hating
loathing and abhorring.
Homeless days of endless wandering
no destination
to stay away
to stay away.
These are days of brilliant sunshine
and eyes that burn and long for sleep.
These are nights of hell-fire dreams
and silent screams
for peaceful respite
deferred elusive.
These are times of dire dread
of knowing well that soul is dead.
Old eyes can't focus don't want to see
and resented breaths continue
endlessly.
A-top the hill awaits the gloom
of space not mine
where-in you whine
and hate me as I have learned to hate you.
These are hellish, horrid days
hellish
horrid
days.

Where were you yesterday
when I was
Do you know where I was yesterday
while I was
Do you know what I was doing yesterday
when I was with
Do you know who I was with yesterday
when we were talking about
Do you know what I talked about yesterday
because I was thinking
Do you know what I was thinking yesterday
because I felt

Do you know how I felt yesterday
when I woke up at
Do you know when I woke yesterday
and looked at
Do you know what I saw yesterday
which turned my day to
Do you know how my day went yesterday
and why I was so
and why I am so
do you know how I was
yesterday
and how I am
today?

And yet you stand here
right beside me
telling me that you understand me
or formulating
opinions of me
claiming that you
really know me
and all the while
know nothing of me
even as recently
as yesterday.

But I know something of you
now
as here I stand before you.
a little something
most important
I can see, quite deep inside you
and here and now I'm able to say
you're quite presumptuous
here, today
but I don't know about
yesterday.

My hands are trembling.
My bowels bind.
My eyes refuse to focus.
I am alone here
in this park,

save for bird and squirrel
I am
alone.

No blue sky above today
the sun is hidden
behind dark grey
in this park,
sick of spirit,
ill of heart.

My insides quake
and both eyes burn
I don't know how I am awake
I am alone here
in this park
as the heavens above me
are growing dark.

I'm hungry, tired and very weak
and in pain I stand to walk
don't dare to open my mouth to speak
I am alone here
in this park
as biting flies
devour my flesh.

You think it fine that I can live
out here alone
a fugitive.
I am alone here
in this park
I'm on the run
with-out a home.

My body is tired and needs to sleep.
From deep with-in
I silently weep.
I am alone here
in this park
and now with blower and noise they come
to push me on my way.

Like a scavenging beast
I rush to eat
what remains of remains
remain
of left-overs
bitten from
chewed on
spat out,
from some old napkin
or garbage pail.

For fresh food
I lunge
before pissy fingers probe.
I devour before
you gag and spit
and vomit bits
un-swallowed.

While you feast beside me
my empty stomach burns
filling with acid
digesting only the aroma
of your luscious menu.

Sitting on a toilet
behind closed door,
bread and coffee are consumed
as
bread and coffee are eliminated.
My breakfast
in privacy.

Sometimes you offer
good morsels and meals
only to take
and take
and take
well before I've begun.
You take the best

leave me
the rest.

Like a scavenging beast
gone wild
I rush to eat
what remains of remains
remain.

A "friend" came into my life one day
Well,
that's what she called her-self anyway.

She gave me four walls and a roof over-head
but she honestly could not offer a bed.

Tempting morsels to eat she spread
but she took all the best right away instead.

Then sat in her chair day in and day out
and as I grew meagre, she grew stout.

Flounced on her throne, her orders she'd bark
from earliest sun-rise till night skies grew dark.

She wanted, she needed, she'd command me to do
everything, anything all the while through.

When I'd clean the house or wash dishes and such
"I didn't ask you too " it didn't mean much.

And knowing that I need the money much more
she paid some-one to work - a young girl from next-
door.

She made me feel like some old, worthless whore.

As all of my life-time when slipping away
she surely had means to put the "auctions" at bay.

What she offered as "help" was of no good to me
a "partial" she knew, was offered quite uselessly.

She'd pay some-one else 60 dollars per week
but let my life go down as more havoc she'd wreak.

She accused me of pawning her father's old ring
and of hiding her food and any such thing.

When the tools my employment depended upon
were ruined by quirk, she found that was quite fun.

Knowing I'm trapped now, she does what she does best:
Nothing at all accept lounge take a rest.

She knows that I'm trapped, quite stuck with-out work
so she grows fat in her chair, treats me like a jerk.

She derides and belittles, starts shit where there's
none
and tries all the more, my poor "life" to run.

Food is still offered but complaints soon do follow
that there isn't much left for her to feed on
tomorrow.

When I need the bathroom to use or to shower
inconvenient it is, no matter what hour.

At sun-rise or sun-set, be-twixt and between
when I need to use it I'm just being mean.

So I sit on the sofa and wait with mouth shut
while stabbings and wrenchings rip holes in my gut,
and she watches TV or talks on the phone
behaving as if she's home all alone.

About me she talks as if I was old dirt
and stupidly glances at me knowing the hurt.

But when I speak of it she twists and she turns
each word that I utter til every one burns
much deeper into me like Hell's hottest fire
and she has succeeded in turning me into a liar.

So now here I sit on a bench in a park
out of the house from run-rise to dark.

No-where to go, no money to get there
as depression grows darker and turns to despair.

Waiting for death to come soon, rescue me
and release me to peace, and from my misery.

A "Friend" came into my life one day.
Well
that's what she calls her-self
anyway.

Never forgive
Forever beyond
as long as I live.

There's no more tomorrow
you stole that away.
And yesterday's
wiped clean
there's no trace of me left.

You took it
all

and walked blithely away
with no thought
no concern.
I'm
gone.

I have consciousness
and little mass.
I stop breezes,
block sun.

I have shadow.
I am a shadow.
I am a remains.
I have pain.

As clothing becomes thread-bare
so too does my soul.
Like leaves turn to soil
I return to the earth.

There's no more tomorrow.
You stole that away.
And yesterday's
wiped clean
there's no trace of me left.

Never forget
Never forgive
Forever beyond
as long as I live.

What people fail to realise is
Depression doesn't
happen
it's
caused.

I am naught but a work-horse
a pack-mule
a yoked ox
created to haul
and other-wise serve
until such time
when I finally break-down
and crumble in a heap
to breathe no more.

This is my purpose
to toil feverishly
to be here
and there
at beck and call
to lift and reach
to push and haul
to fetch and place
until
one day
under weight of world
I am crushed
into non-existence.

I am naught but a work-horse
a pack-mule
a yoked ox
serving that purpose
thankless
til death brings me
peace.

I tried to read the book you gave me
you gave it me saying
you thought I would enjoy reading it.
But you snatched it from me

like other things you gave
 allegedly
 to me saying
 you thought I would enjoy them.

When I opened up the cover
 of the book you gave
 allegedly
 began to take the printed words from the pages
 you snatched it
 the book
 them
 the words
 it
 the pleasure
 ripping it all
 from me
 from my eyes
 from my
 enjoyment
 with a click the light went out
 the room fell dark
 I could not see
 you snatched it back
 away from me

KalbahJournal

I have learned to give conditionally.
 to with-hold extremely.
 I have learned to be selfish
 beyond my farthest imagination.
 I have learned how not to care
 to have no concern
 to be deliberately dense
 and how
 when I experience a moment of caring
 about anything or any one
 to crush it into nothing
 and how to turn it all
 into absolutely

nothing.

I have learned to be a miserable human-being
and so important
how not to suffer from any guilt at all.

I can take what I deserve
I can obliterate the existence of others.
I can "not give"
and I can take back.

Others might think me ugly
I have learned how to be
ugly.

This morning I sat
on your sofa
trembling
trembling, trembling

The beasts were inside me
attaching, attacking
as I sat in silence
trembling, trembling

Pain so intense, I was
trembling, trembling
yet in silence I sat
trembling, trembling

Spasms surrounding me
trembling, trembling
steel bands contracting
I sat
trembling, trembling
I daren't say anything
trembling, trembling
you'll twist me words round
if I dare make a sound

create war where there's none
force me out in a haste
with this pain the I hold
to the rain to the cold
trembling, trembling, trembling.

On the sofa in silence I sit
with bursting bowels
I wait.

I hear you in adjacent room
your flatulence rumbles
I wait.

My body aches
my bowels cramp
but I wait
sometimes for an hour
or more.
You whine
I sit
silently
in pain.
I wait
until finally you rise,
slowly meander to the loo
to defecate
and urinate
I wait.

And when it's my turn
my time to "go"
my body has adjusted
I can't.
it hurts.
I can't.
I've waited.

But you've told others
that I am the inconvenience.
But I am suffering

I am in pain.
But I am the
inconvenience
and the loo
heavily
reeks.

"**W**hen you leave here on Sunday..."
Her voice, her tone,
demanding
definitive.
Not a suggestion that I might
"leave here on Sunday"
nor a recommendation that I should
"leave here on Sunday"
rather a statement of dispossession
"When
you leave here
on
Sunday".

She sent me off this morning, penniless, with-out food.
It's a brisk, autumn morning and when she saw the
temperature (in the 40's), her comment was "It's going up
to the 60's later. Should be a nice day." She doesn't
care. She doesn't talk. She just sits, in her recliner,
adjusting for her over-whelming fat, complaining,
moaning, whining about the pain in her knees and legs.

She sends me out into the day, with no place to go but

This is the morning that cannot fail. I can't take any
more of this. I just can't. This is worse than anything
my father ever did to me. This is worse than anything
anybody has ever done to me.

This is the morning that cannot bring me back. There's no
one to go to. There's no one to talk with. There's no one
to turn to. I'm really very much alone here and now.

All I hope for is painlessness. I've suffered long and hard enough in life. All I ask is that my death be peaceful and calm and painless. To sleep just to sleep to drift off and to drift away.

I've been thinking of all the people whom I've met and liked and loved in my life-time. I'm sorry that I've ever hurt any of them. I know, too well, what it means to be hurt and I've never wanted to inflict that sort of misery on anybody else. It's not my place to do that. I hope they will forgive.

Meanwhile, I have met the ultimate in self-absorbed and selfishness and I believe I've seen true "evil" at last. This should be the end of my life's experience. Margot Baldinger, you've shown me exactly what it's like to be so completely uncaring and selfish I don't like it I can't handle it.

You've blamed me for things I'm not responsible for. You've accused me of things I haven't done. You've convicted me of crimes I'm not guilty of. You've belittled me. You've bashed me at every chance you've ever had. Your words are hateful. Your actions are miserable. And I want the world to know that more than anything else. You should get along very well with my hateful sister and her hateful father. I hope you all get together and give one another exactly what you all deserve.

Now? It's time for me to get to the warmth of the sunshine. I may not have had a great life, but I'll be damned sure to have a great death.

Thanks, for shoving me off

to death.

I rush to get out of work
 to get away from the store
 to get onto the train
 and
 There is no home to go to.
 There's only more work to be done.
 There's fetching for you and listening to you
 and listening to you not listening to me.
 And I'm exhausted and worn out and run down
 and I rush to get out of work
 and I rush to get to
 Depression takes hold as I approach the bus-stop.
 My mind and body and soul know
 there is hell waiting behind those brightly lit
 windows
 there is no peace
 there is no place to go.
 And I grow completely exhausted.
 I want to sleep.
 I cannot sleep.
 You won't let me sleep.
 I'm burning out!
 I'm praying to burn out.
 I'm praying and hoping to die
 soon
 now
 just to
 be
 dead.

Again
 I sit at the farthest corner
 of sofa
 farthest corner
 cramped
 away from you

not breathing
farthest corner
silent
away from you
not blinking
farthest corner
in the dark
away from you
avoiding
farthest corner
where you put your feet
away from your
where I rest my head
farthest corner
away from you
cramped and silent
but you bitch anyway.

There is something in my body,
deep, deep in my bowels,
trying, trying to kill me.
Oh! How I wish for its success.

But it takes me on
too slowly, so painfully.
Oh! How I pray for its rapidity!
But it lingers, on and on.

There is something
in my body
clawing at my insides, ever clawing
scraping, scratching, thrusting knives
every minute, hour, day and night.

Something longs to
needs to
kill me.
I pray for death and longed-for peace.
I deserve a rapid end to all
but it digs and clenches, grinds and gnaws
slowly, slowly over time



Shores:

The sound of the sea
beckons from the edge
of the beach
of the land
of the world.
It whispers to me
on the soft, silent breeze
to
come home, come home, come home.
I am exhausted.
I am spent.
Body, mind and soul are heavy.
I've no energy to battle
no will to survive.
I am home here
at the sea.
I'll go home here
to the sea.

Come to greet me, great bird of the sea
as this old train moves me on
over land, over water, over land again

and at last, over water
and out to the sand.

Come to guide me, crying bird of the sea
soar beside my window here
let me see you there, looking in at me
as I sit here yearning
for my spirit's home.

Come to watch over me, you bird of the sea
as over the bay, on rails, I ride
call on and all to join us there
at the edge of the world
be by my side.

Take me out on the rolling sea
Take me out and turn me free
for moments on sea breezes let me soar
until my song ins the crashing waves' roar
and I will leave here
never more.

But for now

Come to greet me, great bird of the sea
as I ride the rails
yearning
to be free
to be free

Would you swim against the Ocean's waves
because they bring you back to shore?
You may have done in younger days
but now
no more
no more.
The Sea will take you where it will
in arms caressing, gently porting.
Carry you to peaceful sleep
where you shall suffer
no more no more.

BEACHWOLF

At world's end, a solitary figure, made translucent
by shifting sands, blown by the winds of the open
ocean, wandering, silently, almost non-existent,
searching and escaping, for and from, enigmatic.

Who?

What?

Not one soul ever asks
"Why?"

Only as old as rock'n'roll
but equally as old as the open ocean.
Younger than than today's tide
and
possessing more energy than the waves that pound on
the shores trying to reclaim the earth for the sea.
I am on the beaches of Brighton.
I am on the beaches of Arverne.
I am on the winds of the open shores
watching
waiting
constantly looking
constantly searching for
the man who:

I came to the beach so not to speak,
no idle conversation
no talk, no words.
I came to the sea for no music,
no melodies
no memories
to be as I am
alone.
I've nothing to say
and nothing to sing,
nothing to celebrate
and nothing to

The ocean crashes against the shore.
The waves beckon
"Come home. Come home."
The sun is warm
the breeze is cold.
I'm alone and
nothing
nothing.

One set of foot-prints
there
on the sands of the shore
existing only for the moment
waiting for the seas to reclaim
the space taken.
One set of foot-prints
there
disappearing
proving the end of my sojourn
proving
PEACE
has come.
One set of foot-prints
there
created in silence
under a canopy of deep black-blue
glistened in the star-light
as I stepped forward
to the east.
One set of foot-prints
there
lost in the night winds
as the Atlantic washed away
one set of foot-prints
one sobbing heart
one destitute soul
from
there
on the sands of the shore
and

there
on the sands of the shore
peace

DUNES SOJOURNER

It's from the calmness, the silence (save the crashing of the waves) that these pieces come. The words are born of the seed that is the emotion that is allowed to become and live only in the absence of the turmoil and the Hell that is there, at the end of the line, the end of the "red" line (there must be a reason for that colour to have been chosen for that line). Yet, at the other end of the other line and even upon that line, that blue line, that sea-blue line, that sky-blue line, there is serenity, even as the steel wheels squeal over steel rails and those who encroach upon my solitude behave like cacaphonious animals around me. These are the results of the peace. These are the proof that there is peace. These are the recordings of the moments of peace when I am allowed to be the "me" who I am and not the "him" that some wilfully force me to become.



Brighton

The children came early
to the beach today
to build sand-castles high
from the sands of the shore
at tide's low.

A castle-fortress
with village below
a tower two metres high
and some
rose up against the morning sun
from where to watch
the receded sea.
Assiduously the children laboured
wet sand on wet sand
until the kingdom was done.
And they stepped back
to admire
as we looked on

in awe.
I lingered late
at the beach today
long after the children
abandoned their
kingdom.
The waters of the oceans
rose
crashing in to the shore
to retrieve the sands
stolen from it
to create a kingdom
of man.
A brat-child-devil-spore
attacked with hand and foot,
launched barrage of munitions
formed of wet beach sand
as his mother-leader-commanding soldier
looked on.
The little village
fell.
He would not relent
yet the castle-tower
with-stood
for long moments.
But as the evening sea breeze
brought the ocean home
to Brighton's shores
again
and I looked on
helplessly
impotent against Nature's order of the world
Castle-fortress crumbled
its tiny kingdom long destroyed.
Sands returned
to the sea from whence they came
man's labours and creations
destroyed by man
obliterated by Nature
are no match
no strong-hold
against what

must be.
The children came early
to the beach today.
I lingered late
and learned:
What-ever is created
upon this earth
will die
and be returned
to nothing.

It has
I fear
been a sojourn too long for me.
I am weary, alone,
and the hour of departure
arrived.

I am weary
lonely
and have no will
to fight
or tarry.

From these shores of Brighton
from Brighton's shores do I step off
from here begins my journey
to walk across these waters
to the distant shores of the Kinneret.

Between the islands shall I venture
Queens to my left
Richmond to my right
out to the open silence of the oceans
there to at last at long, long last
find restful repose
a sleep
shalom.

For lengths of time of neither night nor day
I shall be gently rocked
in the arms of the sea.
My traverse of silence
void of time.
Night will be day as
day will be night
and both and all
will be same.

And one day, one time, one -
I will arrive
on the distant shores
of the Promised Land
in silence, in rest,
in Shalom.

From these shores of Brighton
from Brighton's shores do I step off.
It has I fear been a sojourn
too long
I am weary
I am
alone.

Rockaway

Take me out where the open seas rise
and let me breathe to the rhythm of tides.
where unfettered, un-tethered my spirit soars
as the mighty waves pound and the ocean roars
and I can arise and fall in peace
and all my cares and worries cease
my last tear falls in Jamaica Bay
and my soul burns bright
in Rockaway.

I'm not happy when I'm away
too long, too far from Jamaica Bay
It's gotten inside me, how my heart does sway
for the sweet great comfort
of Rockaway.

Gaston

I heard Gaston call to me:
 Step off the shore and to the sea.
 Journal of a man destined for the sea.
 Notes to myself as I sit by and with myself
 by the sea or beneath the trees.
 It's a journal of the "Why"
 because nobody will ever listen.

Ich hörte Gaston Anruf zu mir:
 Schritt weg vom Ufer
 und zum Meer
 Journal eines Mannes bestimmt für das Meer.
 Anmerkungen zu mich, wie ich durch und mit mich
 durch das Meer oder unter den Bäumen sitze.
 Es ist ein Journal von ", warum"
 weil niemand überhaupt hört.

J'ai entendu l'appel de Gaston à moi :
 Étape outre du rivage et vers la mer
 Gaston67 12h31, Mercredi 15 Août 2007
 Notes à moi comme je m'assieds par et avec moi-même
 par la mer ou sous les arbres.
 C'est un journal de "pourquoi"
 parce que personne n'écouterà jamais.

Я услышал звонок Gaston к мне:
 Шаг с берега
 и к морю
 Журнал человека жизнь закончится в море.
 Примечания к себе по мере того как я сижу и с собой
 морем или под валами.
 Это будет журнал "почему"
 потому что никто всегда будет слушать.

God led me to Gaston
and Gaston brought me home.
67 out to the shore-line
my soul will no longer roam

I stood at the edge of the earth-line
heard Gaston call to me
as tears of relief welled into my eyes
I stepped silently out to sea.

God led me to Gaston
and Gaston brought me home.

I closed my eyes
breathed deeply
felt the softness envelope me
my tears and the ocean's waters were one
I slept and rocked gently with the sea.

God led me to Gaston
and Gaston brought me home.

No more mem'ries, no more tears
no more questions, no more fears
no more suff'ring, no more strife
not the end but the beginning of Life!

God led me to Gaston
and Gaston brought me home
67 out to the shore-line
and finally
SHALOM!

I wrote a note
on Gaston's shore
to send it out
to the open sea
to my Mother long-gone
who once loved me

it was my heart-felt
tear-filled
mourning
plea.
PLEASE
MAMA,
COME TAKE ME
HOME.
I'M SO VERY TIRED.
I wrote a note
on Gaston's shore
on my 52nd birth anniversary,
to my Mother long-gone
who once loved me
then stood silently watching
it washed out to sea.
PLEASE
MAMA,
COME TAKE ME
HOME.
I'M SO VERY TIRED.
I wrote a note
on Gaston's shore
to my Mother long-gone
who once loved me,
heard Gaston's waves
whisper so softly:
Step off the shore
and out to sea
come home
come home
to me.

Gaston! I whispered,
over the sounds of the ocean's roar
Take me to Haifa,
or Tel Aviv
But take me to the Promised Land.

Gaston whispered back to me
in the darkness under which we had met
Come to me, my arms will cradle you
and soon
you will be where it is you wish.

I walked the beach all Christmas day
I searched for shells and sand to give.
You never made it to the beach
I brought the beach to you
on Christmas day.
No one spoke for all those hours.
No voice
save that of the sea
until
As I was leaving
a lone woman passed
and in a kind and gentle voice
bade me
"Merry Christmas".

The tides returned
the great waves crashed to shore.
Waters rose quickly
and on the beach
deposited
the lifeless remains
of a man at peace
at
last
at peace
at long last
at peace.

Epilogue

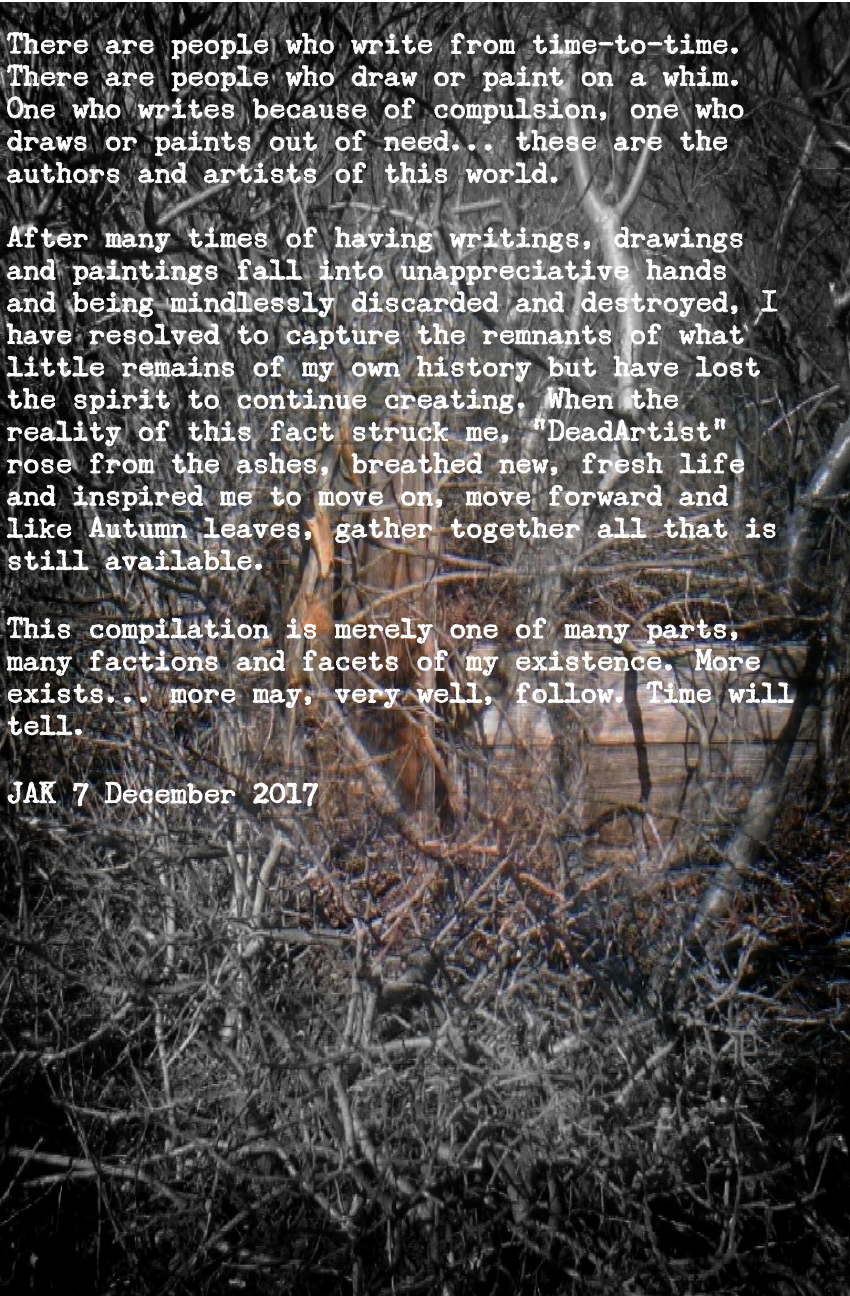
Over to course of my life-time, so very much has been written, journals, prose, poetry, essays and even little notations of thoughts on daily events. Tomes, volumes, books, notes... In just over 6 decades, words flowed from the blood of the heart to the ink in the pens and onto copious sheets of all sorts and kinds of paper. Some writings were illustrated with little sketches. All was an out-pouring, of sorrow, despair, loss but most important... of love.

These writings were important to me, first, and to very few others. Thus, today, as this small collection is gathered and compiled, "Salvaged Prose" is what remains from various sources and resource. All else is now gone, relegated to, perhaps, land-fills or ash piles. The fact that the writings have been obliterated has no effect on the fact that the moments, events and people who inspired the writing existed and that some very fine details remain alive in heart, mind, memories, in my soul, my being, my essence.

Nothing is truly forgotten.

Today I finish this anthology, a work of more months than I care to consider now. It has been heart-warming and bone-chilling indeed. But for those (if any) who read these recording, I hope they serve as some kind of inspiration to the reader, to write, record, remember and preserve.

Life is, in the relativity of all Creation, only the briefest moment. Over the years I have come to learn a most important lesson: hold fast to those memories of moments when you love, sing, dance... As for the other moments? Learn from them, they are lessons, hold the lessons... let the rest go. Just let it go. Ultimately, it is of no use.



There are people who write from time-to-time.
There are people who draw or paint on a whim.
One who writes because of compulsion, one who
draws or paints out of need... these are the
authors and artists of this world.

After many times of having writings, drawings
and paintings fall into unappreciative hands
and being mindlessly discarded and destroyed, I
have resolved to capture the remnants of what
little remains of my own history but have lost
the spirit to continue creating. When the
reality of this fact struck me, "DeadArtist"
rose from the ashes, breathed new, fresh life
and inspired me to move on, move forward and
like Autumn leaves, gather together all that is
still available.

This compilation is merely one of many parts,
many factions and facets of my existence. More
exists... more may, very well, follow. Time will
tell.

JAK 7 December 2017