

YOU WALK ON THE LAND
UNTIL ONE DAY
THE LAND WALKS ON YOU

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Moshe Benarroch

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BOOK ONE:

Bells

A BIRD READS



In the transition of the seasons
when the gallant wind blows
a bird sits and reads
the whole torah
a bird sits and reads
all the prophets' words
a bird sits and reads
the chronicles of the world
a bird sits and reads
and praises the creator of the world
and people pass and watch
and say hey beautiful bird
beautiful bird who reads
their whole hearts.

A JEWISH DREAM

~ ~ ~

I dreamt an atomic bomb fell in Tel Aviv
and there was of course a big mess and many dead
and then people discovered that the Jews
are not sensitive to radioactivity
because of circumcision
and because it is done on the eighth day
and not after months or years
and then everybody understood that Abraham was a genius
and a great expert of nuclear physics.

BELLS



Bells rang in my head like the falling snow
Bells rang in my head and no one could halt them
And I said to myself when will these bells cease
and I said to my wife dear wife dear wife when will the bells
stop
please stop them and snow falls in Jerusalem and in my
home only rain
and I see my wife walking in Paris lying with a foreign man
she regrets it but she doesn't tell me
And I went to the Belgian woman born in England and
living in Jerusalem
who was tall and beautiful and said to her: I will marry you
you will purify me and I will learn Torah and the bells, the
bells,
and then I went to red-haired Rabbi and said to him all is
vanity
literature is vanity of vanities medicine is vanity and vanity
all my life
and now I cry before you that I want to suffer the world of
Torah
to ache to cry and to suffer and to die please let me die in the
tent of Torah
and he threw me strongly from his coat and from his yeshiva
to the street and
all this time they distribute the loot all the time two thou-
sand shekels for me
and again several hours later they redistribute the loot and

money flows endlessly, every drop is golden and bells
in my head and more loot is distributed and I call my
wife and say to her why don't they stop the bells
night falls and my wife does not answer
she brings me pure water from Shiloah's spring and the
water is so clean
I see in it the angel Gabriel and say to him
my death is better my death is better than life in this world
I know you have to repair yourself but if I was allowed
to chose I give up on all repair now and every moment
I give up on the beauty of my children and leave
but I knew this was a game and that I will continue and
live and bear the journey many years to testify before the
people
and thereafter a woman came with a white transparent shirt
and said, of course,
and I said of course what, and she said of course you don't
win the prizes and they don't publish you, you are far too
pure,
they immediately see that no amount of wealth that for no
honor in the world
you will not lie they see that they will not be able to buy you
even if they cover you with gold and you brighten as a
glamour light for them in the darkness
and when they see that in vain they have shouted they are
afraid and all the time
the bells in my head and they keep distributing the loot and
I always receive more than all the others thousands of shek-
els,
buy and sell and I receive more than all of them and
then all the lamps begin to wither like tired trees
and I try to seize them all try to prevent them from reaching
the floor
because there is a big danger in it and I run from lamp to
lamp

without success and the lamps fall and rain falls again inside
the house
and spoils
the records and bells ringing in my head four thoughts at
once
and I cannot control my head thinking like fever and again
they distribute
and again bells ringing is in my head and then the voice said
evening will bring sleep and weeping and morning will
bring joy
evening will bring sleep and weeping and morning will
bring joy
and the warm hand caresses me, holds me as an infant
and puts me in the cradle to sleep.

FOOD FOR THE WORMS

~ ~ ~

after my death I will be glad to be food for the worms
as the earth gave me food
as I ate the fruit and the chicken
the citizens of the soil
will eat every crumb of my body
and I will be happy
glad to see that even in my death
every part of my flesh
has a place in the world.

A VOICE CALLING



I heard my voice say my name
in a nice way
and I saw a carriage in the skies
with a white horse
a golden carriage with no one in it
I entered and we descended to the earth
I entered a lane leading to Eshkol avenue
on its sidewalk people applauded me

I went back from the street to the sea
I took two stars and played with them like a juggler
then I put the stars on my chest
and felt their warmth
I returned the stars to their place
and their faces smiled.

A RAY

~ ~ ~

From the sun a ray to the moon
and from both to the sea
in the sea they hit a volcano
and fire came out
to the land
and everybody was afraid of the fire
except me
as I knew that once it hits the earth
it becomes gold
and I took a bag of gold
and with it built
houses for orphans.

2000 YEARS AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN

~ ~ ~

2000 years
we missed Jerusalem
and not Tel Aviv
we missed
the temple
and not MacDonalds
and now everybody's talking
about common sense
economic future
Israeli shares
standard of living
and financial peace
for every piece.

and I say to you
all these things pass will pass
from the world
and forever
in this world
the longing will remain

MY HOMETOWN



There are days I only think of it.
As if there was nothing in the world
but longing.
Other days life and its banalities cover
everything
and I walk feeling that no one
will ever understand
my language.
Some days I don't understand
my language.
As if I was walking without legs
and the distance between me and the earth
just grows and grows
still I don't fly
it is an imagined
walking
an imagined world
instead of

a solid land.

MATERIAL RAIN

~ ~ ~

It was raining and raining and raining and the
rain didn't stop, it rained
and rained, and the world
was wet, heavy and material
and I watched my line leading me
in this heavy rain
people were locked into themselves
as in our times
they possessed everything, but joy
they had all the matter in the world
but not love, they had
cars, machines, T.V.'s
computers, until they understood
they had nothing but
the knowledge of having nothing.

THE LONGEST JOURNEY

~ ~ ~

The longest journey
is arriving
at
the place
where you are.

SPAIN

~ ~ ~

Spain is a song
by Serrat
sung in Spanish
a summer night
full moon
in front of the sea
the girls dancing
to the rhythm of Los Bravos.
And, you, contemplating
them
so young,
not courageous enough
to say the word
breast.

LUCIA

~ ~ ~

When I return to pick up
the skin
of the oranges
I will find you
seated
under the olive tree
with your familiar smile

When I return to pick up
the skin
of the apples
I will find
your face intact
on your aging body

When I return to pick up
the skin
of the people
under the olive tree
only your shade
will be shining like
an emerald.

* Lucia is a feminine Spanish name which means: she
shines .

THE COUNTRY OF LIGHTNING

~ ~ ~

In the country of lightning
the black becomes rare
precious
the white disappears within its whiteness
and all you find are
things you never looked for
you forget what were you looking for,
why you came
to this wooden house,
who your ancestors were
and what were they looking for
in these lusters
forgotten in the sound
of the thunder.

CANCER

~ ~ ~

I am afraid to have Cancer
afraid of writing about
this fear
afraid of having Cancer
because I am afraid
afraid of the fact that not even
this fear
can save me.

THE MAN WHO NEVER SAW RAIN

~ ~ ~

When he saw it
the warmest summer of the century
he thought that the skies were crying
so he started to cry himself
he felt pity for God
whose creation has been destroyed
his tears melted with the rain
until they reached the soil and the ocean
his tears were not in vain
a young woman came to him
kissed him on the cheek
took him by the hand to her home
offered him vegetable soup
brought compassion to his life
without tears.

A DISAPPEARING PEOPLE

~ ~ ~

I don't know why
twenty years
I only meet crazy people
telling me that this is
the end of the jewish people
everything if this and that happens
will collapse
why I meet
prophets of disasters every day
and I forecast them
whole moons of bliss
why they always speak
about the vanishing jewish people
they were always vanishing
and I only see
immigrants and more immigrants
houses and more houses
roads and more roads
sons building cities
sons coming back to their borders.
Nobody knows where these frontiers are
and after two thousand years of
exile
I wish ourselves
two thousand years of
borders.

ANSWER

~ ~ ~

I shouted in the street so where is
god, nobody looked at me
people bent their heads, we
didn't see this madman, we didn't
hear his question, and I asked again, so
where is HE, what is he waiting for
people won't understand, they won't
improve, and if the redemption does
not depend on their repentance, then
what is the answer to my question.

3 SUFFI POEMS

~ ~ ~

1.

My faces asked:
the right face asked for water
the left face asked for milk
I took the breast
and the milk was watered
the water was milk.

2.

I heard the wind of the desert
calling out my name
who am I when I am
who am I when I am not.
I am the world.
I am God.

3.

On my way to Mecca
barefoot
and with a white cloak
I drank the desert's thirst
and ate the desert's
bread.

END



What
was so good
about this world
that we'll cry its end
except the expectation of its end
and to another world
the world that comes.

The word is longing for the word
Love is longing for love
Woman longing for the woman
Prayer longing for the prayer
Light longing for the light
Belief longing for belief
Truth longing for the truth

Everything
Shadow
Longing
for light.

SPIES

~ ~ ~

The poet in front of me
In Max Jacob's park
writes the world
spies the end of the world
sketches the world
millions of poets in parks
all over the world
write without readers
write to the future
to the past

LIKE THE WAVE



Like the wave hitting the stone
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening and
continuing
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening and
continuing without exhaustion
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening and
continuing without exhaustion for days
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening and
continuing without exhaustion for days and nights
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening and
continuing without exhaustion for days and nights
and months
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening and
continuing without exhaustion for days and nights
and months and years
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening and
continuing without exhaustion for days and nights
and months and years until it penetrates through it
Like the wave hitting the stone and not slackening and
continuing without exhaustion for days and nights
and months and years until it penetrates through it
and arrives at another sea

So is the poem.

THE DEATH OF DEATH

~ ~ ~

A man contemplates the Seine
He loves his erasing city
He loves the dark waters
a man watches the seine
He loves the lights
The lost loves
The never ending nights
the Dream of death
the Death of the dream
the Death of death
a Man watches the waters
He loves his disappearing wife
his culminating life
He loves his sons
Thinking of him
about the nights
he contemplated the Seine.

REALITY CONTRADICTS ALL THEORIES



what's going to happen to you , when will you under-
stand
that every day, every moment
reality contradicts
all theories
and the gap only grows and grows
now you say you have a tail
and you are bald from both sides
you also say that your car can fly
that an amputated man can walk on his hands
that dead people can drink coffee
when will you, what happened to you my friend
what are your eyes for, your ears
what is your head for?

AGAIN

~ ~ ~

Again as before we will
see you return to your premise
Jerusalem entire city being whole
again we will go back
to join the connective axle
Between us
and The
one
truth
once more we will go back
to the correct place
in the Place
again we will go back to see
your return to your premise
in the Place

again we will go back from the exile
all the states and all the nations
Jerusalem's exile from her axis
again Yerushalem will go back to being whole.

PASSING THROUGH THE WORLD



you pass through the world
and learn from the suffering
learn from the suffering
to pass through the world
learn to see
the running of the others
you are richer than the runner
you,
sitting on the sidewalk
and looking at the runners
at their success
despising your learning.

DATES

~ ~ ~

Once I used to think a lot about death
I used to determine accurate dates
in which I would die, the last one was
at the age of twenty eight
now I am 33 years old
walking in Paris and seeing dead people
thinking they are alive, and I
walk in Paris from store to store
and don't see any books of poetry,
they are in the corner that no man
can see, in a city of dead people
people without poetry

once I used to think a lot about death
now every day alienates me from death
I go from death to life
to the light and someday I will see the big light
on the day all people nickname death
it will be long ago like always
there I will meet you at seventeen
to tell you there is love, and not only disappointment
there you will meet me at seventeen
to tell me there is life, not only death
and our lives will change without end.
past and future

will cross will kiss inside a Star of David
past future present
will unify will explode
then I will say to you this is not life
this is not the world because there is,
above all this there is something else
another world in which you and I are one
in which there is no death, only life
another world in which the light
does not become a shadow
in which it is possible to view the sun
another world in which you are not in which I am not
in which we are not alone
In which we don't see ourselves
in which we are but we

the more I live
the more
death distances from me.

THE ELECTIONS

~ ~ ~

For fifteen years I didn't vote
but this time I don't know what caught hold of me
maybe the need for something new
a fresh feeling
you go
enter the polling station
and do something completely
banal
put a slip into an envelope
and hope
you decide the future of some ex-generals
and some future politicians
I went and voted of course
against
but after I voted and my candidate won
I wanted to change him
I was immediately against him
I want elections every second day
every hour
if possible
everyday we'll change someone
everyday they will fight
like gladiators in the arena
and we will put in slips
and more slips

For fifteen years I didn't vote and I
know I caused a terrible suffering
to half of the people
they just loved the other candidate
and I didn't love anyone
and I don't know why
what got into me
that I spoiled their love

mostly I am a very liberal man
when it comes to sex.

COUNTING

~ ~ ~

I am always comparing. At
my age my father was married two years
he had his second son, me. I have been married for 16
have three children. at my age
Kafka was already dead. Rabbi Nahman, Rabbi Yitzhak
Louria all were dead before they reached 40.
Bukowski hadn't published his first book yet
I have published 6, not bad.
My son is 14, at his age I had already lived through
the most important event in my life
I had emigrated from one country to another
I became a migrating bird without wings
my poetry takes me from Europe
to Africa, from South America to Canada
from Israel to Spain and back,
and to the land of poems, that's the land
where I build my nest until the next migration

MUMIA ABU JAMAL

~ ~ ~

Some say we are in a time of law
some say our democratic countries
Have the best Jurassic systems ever
but by the torah's law you couldn't be death sentenced
two witnesses have to see a man
and before he killed tell him that it is forbidden to kill
and that such crimes get a death sentence,

and the Talmud tells the story of a man with a knife
running after another man into a cave
then the man comes back with the knife full of blood
and says that the one who was killed took his knife and
killed himself
and that he took the knife back because it's his and it's
expensive.

Tell me, is there judge that would send this man free
Where is the jury that would say 'Not Guilty'
but for all we know nobody saw him killing
and by Jewish law he is a free man
and God may judge him if he wants,
or after all, if nobody's seen him killing
how do we know he did it?

FREE ARYEH DERI



Each time we reach out our hand they cut off one of our
fingers

Today The Supreme Court
sent Aryeh Deri to jail
for Bribery.

The first Moroccan-born politician
capable of being prime minister
will go to jail
the day after 9 Av, date
of the temple destruction

A land of prophets
a land of prophet killers

He talked of love and got hate
from a supreme court that knows
the meaning of discrimination
All the members being ashkenazim
with one Arab and one Sephardi
to cover their shame with laurels

The president of Israel left just yesterday
his post, he received bribes, he will
have to go to his 2m\$ villa in Ceasaria
to rest from his difficult job
he admitted to receiving half million \$
but he will not go to jail

A law for the rich and a law for the poor
a law for sephardim and a law for ashkenazim

And still I know that Aryeh Deri is free
because his soul is free
because he said what he thought
and the judge is in jail
because he carries his ghetto
wherever he goes

And still I know no justice has been done
and Aryeh Deri committed norime
except being a Sephardi
who will not play by the rules
of creating a Sephardi party
now 15% of the parliament
of being the only party to speak for the poor
the dispossessed, for people who have been amputated
not only from their possessions, but from their memory
from their pride from their freedom and from their will

And
I am Aryeh Deri
twenty years old after publishing
two poems in the most prestigious literary magazine
sitting in front of the editor
telling me that there is not a chance
that I'll write a great poem like the one she published
never again

I am Aryeh Deri my manuscripts being
rejected by all the publishers and wondering
what was wrong with me

I am Aryeh Deri
doing a great translation of Edmond Jabes to Hebrew
and being told that it was not good enough
just after I was invited to the Hebrew university
to give a lecture on the translation

I was never good enough for them and just wondered
what I had to improve
but there was nothing to improve
I could never be part of them
I just didn't know it back then

I am Aryeh Deri
when people said I didn't look
like a Moroccan as if it were
some kind of compliment

I am Aryeh Deri and I am going to jail
free as he is
the freedom of never lying to yourself
the freedom the judges never dreamt about

and I am Aryeh Deri writing in English
because they will not publish my poems in Hebrew
especially not this poem

J'accuse J'accuse J'accuse
this is the land where law is not equal
this is a land where judges are full of prejudices
this is land where being Moroccan and talented
is a threat

J'accuse J'accuse the supreme court
of being a court of discrimination
and of being a court that defends
the interests of mediocre people

and I am Aryeh Deri arriving to Israel
at the age of twelve and refusing to forget
and refusing to adapt to the common lies
of coming from a culturally-deprived country

I am Aryeh Deri
and today I know how come 3/4 of our prisons
are inhabited by sephardim
I am half of these prisoners
unjustly incarcerated

and I am Aryeh Deri tonight with his family
with his children and their tears
and I am Aryeh Deri this is the
saddest day of my life

I am Aryeh Deri for I know
he talked of love and each time he
reached out his hand for peace they cut
off one of his fingers

and all I have left is my middle finger.

12.7.2000

~ ~ ~

some explanations:

Sephardim are jews from Arab countries, mostly from Morocco, Irak, Yemen, and the Maghreb. Ashkenazim are jews from Europe, mostly Poland, Russia and Germany.

The trial of Aryeh Deri started ten years ago when the journalists asked how did Mr. Deri buy a flat of 5 rooms in a very cheap district of Jerusalem, Har Nof . No one has ever asked how many other politicians or supreme court judges lives in Big Villas. Mr. Deri was the youngest minister ever in Israel at the age of 29. He always spoke of the discrimination of the sephardim and was the head of the Shass party, a religious-sephardic party that now has 17 post in the parliament. This party is accused of all the illnesses in this country, in spite of the fact that their influence is more symbolic than real. The only real achievement is a chain of schools in the most deprived zones of the country where 40,000 children learn.

LETTER

~ ~ ~

A letter arrived today about
“The Immigrant’s Lament”
I knew it was trouble,
the man said that I should leave
the country, that I am lazy (he quoted me)
that Moroccans and Sephardim will never
lead this country, he went on to say
that I am passive as like all the easterns.
He actually proposed that I have a “sex-change”
that will tranform me from a Moroccan into an Israeli
that he doesn’t understand where does all my hate comes
from
8 pages of fucking racism and he asks
about my hate,

my fate in this country is
that people will read me literally, is there any curse
worse than that for a poet, that my pain and my love
and my guts will be misunderstood, I must learn to take
it with pride, with dignity, with love, I must be Jesus
if I want to live here, but I am a Jew I don’t like
being tortured, I don’t like being a martyr, I like
to laugh and drink wine, I am here in my Mediterranean
and the women are beautiful and the sun shines
why the shit do I have to deal with all these theories

imported from cold Europe, but it brought the answer to my troubling question these days, how come 70% of the German Jews wanted to be members of The Nazi party, if only they would let them . .

I AM THE VIRUS

~ ~ ~

I am the virus
I am smaller than your mind can grasp
but I frighten you

I am the virus
I have yet to say my last word on earth
if you think that aids is awful
just wait for me at the corner
wait and see

I am the virus
I can kill you in eight months
or in eight days you still don't know
I can kill in eight hours

And your doctors and scientists
they will accuse me
but I can come when you leave a hole
when you prepare the soil for me

but you, people afraid of me,
you have shares in pharmaceutical firms
that make millions
and lie to you while they sell you
the same drugs that help me kill you

I am the virus
people of the earth
while the dow jones goes up
I will bring you down.

2000

~ ~ ~

Two weeks into 2000
I think about how,
When we were young,
we imagined this year
with robots and flying cars
with peace and great lights
we are still driving the same cars
our fathers did
but, at ten, we didn't dream the internet
my cousin and me
promising that by the time we were both forty
if one of us made a million dollars
he would give half to the other
none of us did too well,
we didn't even make a million dollars
and the planes fly longer to far away places
but not far enough.

DEPARTURES

~ ~ ~

You've left already
you just don't know it
Your feet know better than your heart

TAKE ME TO THE PLACE

~ ~ ~

Be my levee O sweet rose
stop the waves from penetrating my life
Be my dyke don't die young
the eagles don't fly around the dead anymore
they crash toward high buildings
looking for whales to save.

Be my rose you sweet emerald
open your arms in the spring
and spread your love as an odor
as an essence of might-have-been
Be my levee save me from whales and
other women trying to stop my song

Be my highway be my railroad
take me to places no train can fly to
Be my ant be my turtle take me slowly
to the place where I have always been.

ENTANGLED

~ ~ ~

I'm too tired to dream
entangled between the end of 1999
and the joy of being alive
while noise pollutes my ears
the air isn't a friend anymore
Is it love?

The weather is bright
winter will never come
I once dreamt snow in the summer
I once dreamt things would change
I was once a dream

I'm too tired to dream
entangled in everyday living
that was once my enemy
my little piece of sanity
not being part
of anything.

TO MY 12 YEARS OLD DAUGHTER

~ ~ ~

Soon you'll be young
The world will be yours
and you will not know it
The world will be yours
and you will not own it
by the time you know it
the world will not be yours
and only the word will remember.

TIREDNESS

~ ~ ~

This tiredness goes through my teeth
tiredness all over my bones
generations of tiredness
tiredness from so much future

I was born so old
that I was never young
so old
that I was never healthy
never had teeth
wishing to bite this world
wishing to swallow all this meat
these pastries
with so many pesticides

I was born too late
in a world too young.

I
was
never
young.

FORGETFULNESS

~ ~ ~

As a plate
forgotten deep in the freezer
that someone took out at the right moment
as if the meat was
waiting
to be eaten on this
precise day
in which smoke
is converted into
pure
mountain
air
thanks to that
forgetfulness.

ROUGH TIMES

~ ~ ~

whatever we do this is incredible
the rough times were better
when we moved alone along those labyrinths
times were lonelier than thought
the Thames looked better than the Seine,
Look at me she said holding my hand
as if to die
look at me
the weather is crazy but so are we
this rain will last forever
but we won't
this world will last forever
but our body our beautiful body deteriorating
as a God falling from the skies
look at me I said
lines of poetry as lines of your face
they get smarter as they get uglier.

SMARTER

~ ~ ~

now my words are smarter
my knowledge reflects in them
but I would give anything
for those years of anger
of true anger against the world
when I was naive
when I thought deeds could be done
words could change people
words could change thoughts
but now I am smarter
now I am wiser
as the world darkens
before of my eyes
without being able to do anything
without wanting
not thinking of suicide anymore
not against them nor against me
I just see my shadow in the water
staring at me and smoking a cigar
staring at me with sleepy eyes
disappointed in me as I am
disappointed in it.

WE

~ ~ ~

when I say we
who am I
when I say we
am I an Israeli
beating Palestinians
or a Moroccan
looking for peace
when
I say we am I
the oppressed or
the oppressor
when I say we
I
never was in a war
never in a concentration camp
when I say we
I never beat an arab
when I say we
stones were thrown at me
by moroccan children
when I say we
am I still me?

MARIA

~ ~ ~

I met Maria in Paris
she was from Venezuela
and she asked something about anti-Semitism
I explained about being a Jew in Europe
being a Jew in school in France
about Vichy
She stared at me as if I was speaking Chinese

Then she came to Jerusalem
and in front of the western wall
I told her the history of the Jews
from Abraham to the Greeks the Roman
The Arabs,
and she kept staring at me as if
I were an alien

She didn't discuss, she didn't try to understand
anti-Semitism
just thought it was a crazy thing
coming from a country where such a word doesn't exist.

I just hoped there were more people like her
looking at you like a crazy man
when you try to explain the hatred.

OUR STRANGE SHADOWS



strange now to think how my hair could shrill
from the shadow of the sight of you
as daily life contradicts all our hopes
as our fears become realities
our work coming between us
and the jealousy from my success
strange now to think that it was your fears
that prevented me from making it
that it was my fears of your leaving
that deterred me from facing my talent

things may have changed lately
still the core of the problem is still there
my endless need for air
and your endless need to control everything
things that cannot change

we met in a moment in time
where our roads crossed
and since then we have been traveling
in different directions
we may talk forever
but we are forever farther
and farther away from each other.

BOOK TWO:

Take Me to the Sea

AGAIN IN FRONT OF THE SEA

~ ~ ~

And if water
has memory it should remember
me swimming on the other side
if water remembers all
those who swam away their blood
in history I am watered

if salt has memory
it should dry the blood

anchovies, soles, hakes
I remember your taste
like of a fruit tree of ancient flavors
like an olive oil
from the beginning of a century.

THE VOYAGE

~ ~ ~

and there is a light
you know there is light
that will lead you
all the way to the cave
where a bottle of old wine
is awaiting you
since the falling of Lucena
800 years ago you know it is
waiting for you like
a candle that never reaches the end
you know it is awaiting you
now if you had the guts
to take the baton
and start the voyage.

A WHITE TOURIST IN AUSTIN, TEXAS

~ ~ ~

1 A.M. after hearing Butch Hancock at the Cactus Cafe
Walking back to my place, one hour of walk no taxis my
feet aching
many Austin rangers cars roaming around the city
and a few minutes walk before me a black american
and a police car stops near him
speaking words I couldn't hear
then I walked all the way and the car waited for me
and the young policeman said Good Evening sir,
I answered politely, it seems people don't walk in this city
I
walk in every city, I walk everywhere
'Is everything OK, Sir?'
Yes, thanks
Then he spoke to me as a brother to a brother
'You should stay away from that man, he's dangerous . . .'
I said thanks
maybe he was right
I don't know but all the way I had the feeling that
something was wrong
Would he have said the same if he was white
Why didn't he think I was dangerous, he didn't ask for an
I.D.

and I was the stranger in his country
How many blacks have become criminals
because cops warned the others about them

I would have never understood that
if I didn't learn what it was being a Moroccan in Israel
and how the police and the authorities, the educational
system
have done the great job of converting so many Moroccans
into junkies, thieves and whores,
somehow here I am the one people should be afraid off
but in Austin, Texas I was the white guy, I looked decent
I still have to figure out what side is better, or, better,
which side is worse.

WHAT'S THE WAY OUT OF HERE

~ ~ ~

After half of the best bottle of Bordeaux wine in the
house

I looked at her

and it was like the twilight zone

or the body snatchers

asking myself what am I doing with this woman

fifteen years have gone

and three children

30,000\$ mortgage

I saw the word mort in it

and then I was hell

everything and everyone

was hell.

MISSING IN ACTION

~ ~ ~

I'd rather miss you
than be with you.
reality has divorced itself
from the dream
and they keep
distancing themselves
as a ship from the harbor
but since scientists have proved
the earth is round the question is
will they meet again
when and where.

AN AMERICAN IN A JERUSALEM BUS

~ ~ ~

“Oh, My God!
my wallet
it's gone
where's my wallet
it's gone
mygod
mywallet
it's gone
Oh My God
what am I going to do
it's all gone
no, it was here
and now it's all gone
my passport my credit cards
my money
oh my god my wallet
what am I going to do
everything is
gone . . .”

FIGHTING TIME

~ ~ ~

“Death
why fight it?”
K. Gerken

What is this deal with death
what are they hiding again
why try to save someone for a few hours
with the money it costs to feed a thousand
‘and thou shalt choose life’
who is making money from all this
how do they manipulate us
into believing this is great science
what’s wrong with all this
so wrong I cant see it
cant find the right words to capture it.

SOMETHING IS DEEPLY WRONG

~ ~ ~

It's this knowledge you see in people's eyes
that something is deeply wrong with this world
this faces saying how can we think it
but we know it, it's like well it should be right
we now have everything, food, houses, heaters air
conditioning, everything our ancestors could only dream
about
and then something went wrong and with all this having
we have less than the hungry and those who died in the
cold
I see it in their faces in their eyes they look at me for
answer
and I look at them for questions, yelling begging don't
stay mute
at least say it loud ask the right questions!

MAN OF THE WORLD

~ ~ ~

When I am travelling I am the poet
of many tongues, the international
voice, the cultural vulture

Back home
I am a threat
to the consensus
that people born in Morocco
are born illiterate and should die that way

Long ago I learned
I can't change the place
where I was born

I learned
that I couldn't be good enough

to write as
bad as they expected me to jump
it was too low for me and my back ached

so, now I am a schizophrenic trilingual poet
a trischizophrenic perlingual poet
you can taste my tongues all over the place.

* * *

Between lightning and thunder
by the time I see your light
there is already too much noise.

FOUR



4 whores were killed in Tel Aviv nameless, faceless,
passport-less
4 whores like the four mothers of Israel.
4 whores like four horses. Altars of flesh,
4 whores looking for, dreaming of, a new future
and falling into the past, becoming merchandise

Behind pictures of this advanced world another one is
boiling
a world where people are flesh, for sale, a world
where people are rats in laboratories,
where talk is forbidden, where crying is a luxury

Because we are a culture of pictures and photographs
they make us believe what they want
so they can go on making their money

But who are they, aren't we all guilty of holding shares
and portfolios of all these industries and all this system
where we have while others are slaved to death.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

~ ~ ~

To say what you did may
be important
but the most important
things in our lives are
the things we didn't do
thousands and millions of pages

a kiss we missed

a trip we didn't take

the sentence we didn't say to
love

The mistakes we didn't make

the lipstick on my forehead

my grandfather
not leaving for Argentina

or not becoming a U.S. citizen

the poem I didn't write
because of an urgent phone call

The call I didnt hear

and was it
God?

THE DIFFERENCE

~ ~ ~

If I die today how long
before you sleep with someone else
how long before you
can't remember my face

If I die today how long
before you love somebody else
how long before I am but
a memory

If you die today will
I ever love another woman
Will I ever be loved again?

BERET

~ ~ ~

Hey you with the small beret
on your head
what were you thinking of
when you sent your people
to war
you
who said you loved people
what were you thinking of
when you saw the soldiers
and the civilians
dropping and dying
like tears from a child
who lost his mother
did you still think you were
right could you still think at all
and when you were told your grandson
was dead did you still think
you were right.

And now under
the grave do you still feel
remorse.
Under the soil and the beret.

FATHER



Father oh father
it is now
when time has changed every memory
that I remember
that a picture of you reminds me
you were my father
was I ever your son
son of my mother
father oh father
it is now
days before my son's bar mitzvah
reminding me
how much
I have become like you
trying to appease the mother
of my children
but not succeeding
and ultimately
leaving them to her
hysteria
father oh father
just like you
never there
to give a hand when
most needed
but always there

to show me
something is wrong
with these screams
these ever changing laws
imposed by mother
never could understand what were the laws
what was the logic
only the screams and the strokes
and your silence
your voice of thick silence
because there is no silence in this world
father oh father
dying from day to day
imprisoned in a house
coming to a country you never understood
and too old for that

I am 38 yrs old now
always counting years
always numbers
and at this same age
you got married
me I am already married
oh poor pitiful me
for fifteen years and have 3 children
not wanting another one
maybe because my ill brother my dead brother
was the fourth
trying to save a ship before the shipwreck
and drowning himself to save the others
diseases are no coincidence
sometimes they save families
from the ultimate self-destruction
Father oh father
it is your grandson's bar mitzvah

your grandson
who bears your name
you would have been proud of him
maybe of me too
though you were proud of me in your life
not like mother always saying negative things
and with any success "we'll see . . ."
I remember how you said
if you persist like you do you will make it
I may be making it now though I feel no difference
still feel under-dogish as always
as a Jew between Arabs
as in the big family
as in the small family
and in Israel
as a sephardi between ashkenazim
father oh father
farther oh farther
did you take me with your silence
more than mother pushing me?
with your absence
it was your way not to agree
it was your noble way
to accept
it was the way of a spoiled child
only child to a mother
who had 10 abortions after birthing you
father oh father
from being rich to dying half-poor
but you had at least a kiss of death
dying in your bed
in your sleep from a stroke
and not in an hospital you always hated
the Talmud counts 913 different deaths
so even at that moment we are not equal

still you suffered your emphysema
for 5 years
unable to walk for ten minutes
and then the natural treatments
and the fasts the improvement
then you died when you were feeling better
I called you the night before
and you said that mother wasn't feeling too good
she wasn't feeling too good
and you were going to die that same night
then when I arrived home I went to embrace mother
and she pushed me away
she always pushes me away when I try to show her my
love
and strangles me with hers when I try to keep some
distance
there you were in bed fifteen years ago
covered and I didn't kiss you
I couldn't see you I was afraid
though you always had jokes about dying
you always had jokes about everything
but this was not a joke
death is never a joke
father oh father
it was just two weeks later
that I knew my wife was pregnant
those were the days of love
from then on
we have not surmounted anything
just accumulated problems
as if marriage was a bank
never lending money
you would have liked that image
and immediately say something
about it and Maimonides

or Ortega Y Gasset
something not related at all
just to show how much you loved
them or that jewish german writer
Stephan Zweig
you admired so much
I haven't read him yet
some pages from a book
at a friend's house coming
to Israel and being treated
like an eastern nobody
and still being silent and noble
and still traveling to Venezuela
for three years trying to take us there
exactly what I am thinking of doing
then I don't do those things
I can't believe I am finding
the same solution
were you running away from Israel
your family life or your wife
probably all of them
father oh father
I was there in Madrid
on my way to Caracas
and I was pushed to
mother from one side
telling me to come back to Israel
and go to the army
and you telling me
there'll be no problem
to get a visa to Venezuela
how close I was to being with you then
and how far
because I didn't believe you
I didn't believe what you were saying about the visa

now thinking of leaving Israel
to save my son from the army
and he telling me he wants to be a combat soldier
for me the army was something unconceivable
until I was there
but truly I was never there
these were three years in which
I learned how not to be
where I was
maybe you taught me something about this too
and three years later when you came back
you were ill and broken by life
by the decisions you you had to make
by the illness of your son
and by your marriage
you were sixty
and you had no more will to live
though still you remembered that some medium
told you you would get rich at an old age
no you didn't
trying to sell shoes
the days you could work
in a market whose laws you never understood
whose language was strange to you
you were nice where only force was admired
honest where honesty doesn't mean anything
and I helped you a bit then
but it was too late
still I caught you once or twice
when the lungs were better
smoking a cigarette
just like that Sabbath in Tetuan
when I came to the bar looking for you
and you quickly threw the cigarette away
and asked 'what are you doing here?'

hoping I didn't see the cigarette
knowing I did
but I didn't say anything
Father oh father
farther and closer
each day I live
you were more human in my eyes that Sabbath
you were my loving father
although all the caresses seemed to come from mother
and all your caresses seemed to go to sister
father oh father
excuse me for I have sinned
I was too young to see all this
insanity all this family illness
all this pushing me pushing me
toward places I never wanted to go
I have learned all the ways to escape now
from everything
but I have not learned how to stop escaping
how to be in the place I want to be
so I don't have to escape
I haven't learned yet
to go my own way at my own pace
with my own shoes at my own time
still mother is there pushing me
and my wife showing her discontent
from one woman to another
as if I should act in relation to them
either agreeing or reacting
will I ever find my own way
father
did you ever? . . .

CRAVING

~ ~ ~

I crave for loneliness
where others crave for food
I crave for empty streets
lonely clouds
deserts
empty houses
to look at my past
to pass through that empty door
to look at that mirror
where nothing remains
and be happy
for myself
by myself
the luck of the draw.

FORGETTING



I have forgotten more than I'll
ever remember
A hard disk erased of memories
maybe gone forever
because of a virus
maybe to be saved someday

I have forgotten more than I
remember
and not the trivial things
I have forgotten
the smell of my first lover
the title of my first poem
one day of my life
from dawn till dusk
before I was twelve years old
I have forgotten
the smile of my hometown
the color of my room
I have forgotten the date
of my death.

I have forgotten more
than I'll ever remember.

ENDING THE CENTURY

~ ~ ~

The twentieth century coming to its end
started with great hopes and expectations
now months before the end of this millenium
we can just hope that it ends quickly
and that it does not have a new catastrophe under its belt

one hundred years to learn how arrogant we were
how ignorant
we still are
to learn humility

And maybe
by the first of January 2000
we will learn in spite of this century
of killing and death
we will teach ourselves to hope
again
to hope without expecting too much.

FREEDOM



Freedom is what starts a poem
but by the end you're always back in jail.

SPEECH OF THE MAN AFTER THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST SON

~ ~ ~

look, he said,
while eating a croissant quickly
and drinking capuccino
she is so busy with the child
she doesn't even think of herself
her whole world is the boy
so so how is it possible
that she'll pay any attention to me
attention I need so badly.
don't misunderstand me
I love her
but also need some attention.

SPEECH OF THE MAN AFTER THE BIRTH OF HIS SECOND DAUGHTER

~ ~ ~

look, he said,
after he finished his cafe au lait
I was always the one to concede
but one day I suddenly felt
I couldn't compromise anymore
I can't communicate with her anymore
and I don't hide our discussions anymore
and the tensions, I don't mind if
everybody knows
I try to survive day by day
somehow continue another day
but relationship, there's no relationship anymore.
oh . . I need some warmth
someone to give me some warmth,
he said while smiling to the girl
with the enormous earrings
sitting with her two friends
in the table near us,
how I need some warmth . . .

HERE

~ ~ ~

in these streets
the angel who walked before me
helped me walk
prevented me from falling
saved me
when I had a car accident
in the head
near the synagogue
on the head
of the year
here
in these streets
so empty from me
I cried for the first time
I smiled for the first time
and from here I traveled everywhere
now I came back
seeking understanding
from the houses, the streets, the sidewalks, the people.

IF YOU SEE ME IN THE STREET

~ ~ ~

and I don't say hello to you
don't think I don't want your company
or that I am trying to hurt you
if you see me in the street
and I am thinking another poem
other words
that may finally
describe the firmament line
that connects between my legs
and the town where I was born
a giant rainbow
if you see me in the street and I don't say
hello
it is not a declaration of war
but a look
into the future.

IN THE LAND OF IMMIGRANTS



in the land of immigrants
still an immigrant.

people say to me
maybe your feeling is the feeling
of every poet

and I say
I speak and you stay silent
I cry and you laugh
I shout and you mock
I explain and you categorize
I feel pain and you run away.

THE HOME OF THE STRANGER

~ ~ ~

I am a stranger everywhere
and no place is strange to me
from Tetuan to Istanbul
I hear steps of Ladino
people who walked everywhere
with the smell of an orange tree from Granada
see houses with stones
that the builder put while dreaming
of Lucena
tracks of Jews
with smells inherited from generation
to generation, and
no place is strange to me.
I have no home
and everywhere is my home.

SAND



it took me twenty years to learn to cry in Hebrew
then my words became mild
as a stone whose secret has been revealed by the rain
that it was made of sand.

IF THEY LOOK FOR ME

~ ~ ~

“you walk on the land until
one day the land walks on you.”

say
that the land was wet
and the shoes called me to go
backwards
in slow
steps

say
that the sea was calm
and the small waves
escaped from the beach

say
that the sun was full of beautiful
spots
that the moon was empty
that the soil in which
my ancestors walked for years
in the land it was buried
and wept my absence.

TO BE AN ETHNIC MINORITY

~ ~ ~

When you speak about your past
they say you only speak
about the past

when you speak about other things
they don't listen

when you shout
they say you are a screamer

if you speak politely
they are impressed

if you cry
they say you are a weeper

if you object
they say you are a liar

if you laugh
they say you are a clown

If you criticize out
of concern for the future
they demand you mind your own business

whatever you do
you both come out
bald.
and you balder.

WHEN I—YOU

~ ~ ~

When I cry
you laugh

when I say what I feel
you tell me it is not
what I feel
when I state my point of view
you say I am angry

when I say I am angry
you say I am a primitive

when I accept the facts
you say I am passive

when I explain
you say I plan
to run
for parliament

when I say I don't like to run
you don't hear

when you don't hear
I
say the most
beautiful things.

BUCHIKI BUCHIKI

~ ~ ~

Buchiki Buchiki
while I was making love
I thought about you
about my wife who said
it happens

you could have died
in a car accident or in a thousand other ways
Buchiki Buchiki
but no
a whole country went out to kill you
by mistake
Buchiki Buchiki
my compatriot
from a country that vomits her citizens
you went to be a waiter
in Norway
the same year
I immigrated to Israel
Buchiki Buchiki
and a whole country went out to kill you
by mistake
while you were thinking
about your big Norwegian love
your dreams of Europe
a new country

full of money and hope
and I was thinking about my maid Fatima
whom I loved so much
who went with her husband to Belgium
and a month before
I immigrated
she came for a visit
and brought chocolates
and I loved her very much
but didn't know how to act
and stayed stuck to my chair.
Buchiki Buchiki
your dream was murdered
by mistake
by the same country
in which my dream was broken
in which I was left to poetize
your dream.
Ahmed Buchiki, a Moroccan waiter, was killed by mistake
by the Mossad in Norway in 1973. The Mossad
thought that he was a Palestinian terrorist

THE SWALLOWS

~ ~ ~

My mother said that they were going to return
the dark swallows
but I never saw them returning
I didn't see them leaving
and if I did
I don't believe I could differentiate
a swallow from another bird
but my mother and my father promised
So I thought it was a very important matter
and the truth is that the I believed them
just as they told me
We were returning to our homeland
the holy land
and I wondered
how we could return
I don't remember ever leaving
but still I believed.
Today I see the swallows
are not dark and I see
they have not returned
And that the only homeland left for me
is the land of poetry.

THE GOOD INTENTIONS AND BAD MILK

~ ~ ~

They steal your memory
with good intentions
Then they tell you
you have no history
that you are primitive

they want their past
to be yours
so they can impose you
a present
you don't understand

when you start remembering
they try to help you
they tell you you are crazy
until you are no longer sure
whether it is memory or imagination
events or television

they don't know, either

but they are afraid
your memories
are the proof of their discrimination.

HIT THE ROAD

~ ~ ~

They told you
take the baton
head for the road
graze with the roses
this is not your house
leave your home
this is not your house

They told you
kill the horses
destroy the towers
demolish the floor
take the sandals
and kiss the road

They told you
this is not your land
this is not your country
this is not your religion
this is not your people
you are not you

and the branches of the tree
were weeping because
a huge branch
was not letting them grow.

LA MURE ET LA MER

~ ~ ~

The sea is the mother
the water the womb the
waves our caress
the sea is the mother
the matter of the world
the sea not the land
the mother
the lonely waves
one by one
give us life until they tire us
and take our lives
wave after wave
life after life
we disappear
while the sea remains.

COUNTRY



I asked Morocco to be my country
and it was not my country

and I asked Spain to be my country
and it no longer was

I asked Israel to be my country
and still it was not my country

I asked exile to be my country.

I wanted the Hebrew language to be my country
but it did not return my love

I wanted Spanish to be my country
and it was not granted

I pleaded the birds for directions
they spoke to me of clouds
talked to my Moroccan grandfathers
and they spoke to me of Spain
talked with them about Spain
they answered me Jerusalem
spoke of Jerusalem
they talked about the shrine
spoke about the shrine

they talked about Lucena
spoke about Lucena
They answered: Granada.

I sat them altogether at one table
and asked them where my country is
A big silence exploded
and with that silence I walk the streets
seeking another silence.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

~ ~ ~

I am a one man
country

in my country
I tolerate everything

my country is secular and religious
fundamentalist and liberal

I make elections whenever I want
and cross the frontier without any problem

I am not represented in the UN
so I don't cause trouble to anybody

in my country I am the prime minister
and the eternal immigrant

my frontiers go with me wherever I go
and my government does not ask for money

I am a one man country
I never declare war
and I do not have territorial claims
from my neighboring countries

I am a country of one man
who gets along with his wife.

A VERY DISTANT COUNTRY

~ ~ ~

I come from a very distant country
and I have this to say:

I am very tired
my tongue is dry
when I speak I don't understand what I say
when I am quiet I hear voices
asking me to speak for them

I come from a very distant country
one in which the trees were still green

my father lost his home when he was fourteen years old
my mother disappeared when I was six years old

I am so tired
that even my sandals need a bed

so please
do not ask me to work
pity me
if you let me rest
I will tell you the most beautiful tales
the tales of my country,
please let me rest
rest
rest . . .

MOTHER

~ ~ ~

1.

Where are we going Mother?

We are going to our country
to our land.

Where is our country Mother?

I can not say its name
it is forbidden.

Is our country far away?

On the other side of the sea, son.

Is the trip long?

Two thousand years long

three weeks on the road

five hours on the plane.

And the children in that country, who are they?

All Jews, like you.

And How am I?

2.

Have we arrived yet, Mother?

Years ago, son.

Because mother, I do not see that we have arrived
these are not Jews like me.

This are your people, this is your country.

But, mother, I do not see the trees of my childhood
and the people's words seem very strange.

'Esto es lo que hay'. (This is all there is to be.)

But you promised me we were going to our country
and this is not my country this are not my people
these are not my Jews.
You can leave.
Where to, mother?
to my hometown
neither my double nor my shade lives anymore
my children were born here
and even they
look like strangers to me
my woman is from another country
she doesn't know our traditions
my languages are different from the human languages
I do not have where to return to
I have no country
I have no people
and this journey doesn't end
there is no way to finish it,
I am forever stuck in that four in the morning
The last smell of coffee with milk in the coffee-pot
leaving toward Ceuta and seeing Algeciras from the sea
Remaining forever in that nocturnal trip
that never sees the light of day and no matter how I try
I am a foreigner here in this homeland
that you longed for so long
now that you say to me mother
that I can go to Spain
with my enlarged tribe
that I should head toward another exile
another place will become exile
like Israel, Jerusalem, Tetuan, Lucena
all our homelands become exiles.

LA CAMPANA

~ ~ ~

I walk these streets
Maharaka Anouar street
Mohamed Torres street
King Mohamed V street
and their names
caress my heart
and I see
running
always parallel to me
the boy I was
running
to eat an ice-scream
in La Glacial
to buy cakes in La Campana
going and coming back

I see
the child
is afraid
and I ask him
“what are you afraid of,
beautiful child?”

He doesn't answer.

Are you afraid of
the adult you will become?

He doesn't answer.

Are you afraid of
the Arabs, from whom
you were always warned about?

He doesn't answer.

He is sad. Tears fill his eyes
inside of him there is happiness.

I try to embrace him
but he is afraid of my caress.
He is afraid that after the caress
a blow will come, in

the back, in the face, on the hand
he is afraid that after the caress
screams will follow

and I see that my hands toward him
cause him an asthmatic attack
he longs for love
but is afraid of a caress.
he loves
but is scared to show it.
He even loves the Arabs
but he has been warned
until his light dimmed.

and I say to him
from a distance:
don't worry
you will grow to love the world
in spite of everything, in spite of everybody
it won't be easy
but you will grow to shine.

And thanks to this encounter
I grew up to be who I am.

BUILDING



sunsets so many sunsets
the sunsets of our exiled homes
forever settled by strangers
who will never understand their stones
homes like my home
who lived my childhood
who lived the illness of my brother
homes like my homes where
expatriates from their exiles were born
to the land of Israel, to foreignness within their homeland
homes crying their builders who left
don't say builders say sons
sons of their homes
and now they have no
fathers.

SUITCASE



I always carry a suitcase
take it everywhere
waiting for the moment
they will chase me
from house to house
from town to town
from country to country
and the suitcase is full of toys
no child has played with
full of memories
of people without a past
full of love affairs
that never materialized
full of clothes
no one will ever wear
full of anger
on a quiet river
full of discriminations
by people of illusions
full of cruelty
toward people who reached their hands
and were told it's the end
who wanted love
and received a suitcase.

HOME



the way back home is full
of pine trees
resins odors,
strong
smells of black olives
and in the bread
hashish

once, and for five hundred years,
the path back home was
marked and clear, like
a lane to the temple, five
hundred years, then the Diaspora
came to an end, and the house
hangs between the two sides of the rope
and me in the middle
walking and stalking
in the land of Israel
In the land of Morocco
and at both sides
homes

Once the road home passed
through El Rincon, the corner
and there,
there was a wonderful Italian ice-cream,

today
in Conus, in Jerusalem, a wonderful Italian ice-cream
and its cold
fills my heart
warms my exile
but there is no solace
on both sides
the house is
in ruins.

THE EARTHQUAKE AND THE SEA

~ ~ ~

The Agadir earthquake
I was three or four
There were always talk of it
as a fixed threat hanging over the heads
of those walking upon the land
and there was another earthquake
We went out at two o'clock in the morning
in panic in the car
the whole family aunts and uncles
to the sea
except my grandpa and grandma
who weren't awakened by the phone
nor by the hooting of the cars
of all the uncles driving near the house
nor from the knocking on the door
The next morning
everybody's intact
my grandma said she didn't feel anything
but my grandpa felt something moving,
maybe like he felt a few moments before his death
when he was brought back to life
and he shouted "why did you bring me back?"
around a big table I see my father and my mother and
my brother who went to Brazil

when I was twenty and haven't seen since then
A few hours later
a few days before
he was going to emigrate to Israel
he delivered his soul.

SHABBATH/RETURN



I returned to my hometown
as a man asked to spy for his country
when I arrived
It was like I never left
when I left
It was like I never came back

I returned to my hometown
as a man called to return to his mother's uterus
after not seeing her since his birth
When I returned I found
no mercy, no love
and no milk

I returned to my hometown
to find my childhood steps
And I found them in every street, steps
of one leg, because since my departure
I never learned to walk on my own two legs

I returned to my hometown
as man called to clarify that his dream was erased
and found that it only grew
because my hometown is my hometown
only when I am in it.

THE BREAD AND THE DREAM



Day after day like a forgotten sourdough
The longing keeps growing
creates a bread
and rejects a dream
that here in a new place
in another country
the dream will be bigger
and it will be able to conceal
the humidity of my hometown
The dream broke the bread dried
wars were followed by wars
and only the memory remained
like an elephant returning
to his ancestor's graves
screaming a bit near them
and following his own road
falling not falling
still, a different elephant.

FRIDAY



Before the six days war
my father came home with a
new car
Renault 4
awfully
green
that changed the old
Simca
and told us that he bought it from a priest
and that the car is very well kept
because priests
know how to take care of their cars
and it was the car in which we drove
until we emigrated.

And two days before the war
an Arab friend met my father
and told him
that the end of the state of Israel is near
only a few days away
and that the Arabs will destroy Israel.
For a whole week we didn't leave the house
and went to the vacation site
near the Spanish border
in case we'd have to run away
and two weeks later

my father met the Arab
who was afraid even to say hello
or stare at
his eyes.

TAKE ME TO THE SEA

~ ~ ~

take me to the sea
the land is drying my throat
take me to the sea
by hand, by foot,
by plane or by train
take me to the sea
the waters will heal my wounds,
my skin that refuses to
communicate with the world
the cold sea will cure
my ears that won't hear
the world that warns me
from the bad people, the others
are always bad
take me to the sea
there, on the sand, I will learn
to walk like an infant
take me to the sea
today, today I want to see the sea
take me with your kind arms
that took me to learn from the cities
but now, please, take me to the sea.

BOOK THREE:

Poems on Recycled Paper

MIDDLE

~ ~ ~

In the middle of the hustle in the middle of the commerce
in the middle of life
she sat there
the left-handed poetess
in the middle of her twenties
writing immature poems
rhyming with the same word
in the middle of the crazy race in the middle of the day
everybody out to drink coffee in the middle of work
and in all of this madness she sat
long black hair
concentrated on her full notebook
lightening the insanity
showing people that running is useless
that they are in the middle
of nothing.

HENRY MILLER AND IMPORTANT PUBLISHERS



the rich think that the poor are poor
because they don't exert themselves
or are not worthy
so are the writers when they are published
by an important publishing house
they adorn themselves with their ridiculous success
it is the right moment to explain to them
that henry miller published his books in
pornographic publishing houses
while important publishers were publishing
writers no one remembers
exactly as they will be forgotten
because the mediocre writers have often
the quality of having good public relations
and the big writers are too busy writing
to waste their time making contacts
and that's the reason why
big publishers go bankrupt
or become small publishers.

I MADE IT

~ ~ ~

He used to come to my office
every week
and we used to go to eat Humus
and he would talk and talk
about his successes
and never stop
and I listened.
One day I did
exactly what he used to do
I talked about my successes
an hour long
and each time he tried to change the subject
I came back to my successes
using his own words.

Since that meeting
I have not seen him nor heard of him.

A FREE COPY

~ ~ ~

He meets me after two years
and immediately asks me
what should he do
to lower his cholesterol
I smile
answer something about a plant
and he asks again and again
unbelieving
will it help
and I
just like two years ago
ask him why he asks me
what to take
if he doesn't believe
in plants
then he starts asking about his father
and his blood circulation problems
and his bypass surgery
and keeps asking questions,
then it is his son
and when I tell him I published a book
he asks me
why didn't I send him a copy
as a present,

then we say goodbye.
I hope not to see him
for at least
two more years.

SO LONG WONDERFUL ATHEIST

~ ~ ~

I read Bukowsky
(so long
my friend
hope you have
discovered
there's life after
the tomb
the horses
the women
and
the wine)
and I say to myself
what's a guy like me
who believes
in the coming of the messiah
and the reconstruction of the temple
doing
reading Bukowsky
and it reminds me of a poet friend
who used to read Elliot
in the synagogue
Elliot may be o.k.
but Bukowsky . . .
yes, it is coming . . .

I prefer one Bukowsky
a German guy telling the naked truth
to a thousand rabbis
discussing the Kashrout of a cucumber
and, immediately after saying it
I feel
tremendous
guilt.

ON POETRY AND CHOLESTEROL

~ ~ ~

He spoke about cholesterol
and cholesterol and cholesterol
and it being genetic
and about the diets that don't help
about the pills he won't take,
near him sat the poet
and spoke about his poems and his poems and his poetry
and how important it is
and how the young poets
are now writing like him.
I tried to talk but they wouldn't listen.
I concentrated on the miso soup
on my table and thought that
it is good
that poetry is not genetic
specially good poetry.

ANTIPOETRY



Like Nicanor Parra I write antipoetry
antipoems for antipeople in antibooks
antipoems for anticritics for antireaders
antipoetry for antiassholes in the antimatter
antielectrons in the antiatoms for antideaf
in my antiadaptation to the literary world
in the antigroup of the antiliterature
antipoetry for antieditors for antiprizes
for antilectors for anticorrectors for antipublishers
and it is not because I don't like poetry or
because I don't like critics, it is because,
like any other antipoet
I only know
how to write
antipoetry.

BUKOWSKI AGAIN

~ ~ ~

It happens more and more
often
I start reading a book
and after a page or two
I go back to bukowski
read primo levi
and back
to bukowski
try to read
toni morrison
and back
to bukowski
I stopped reading
the israeli writers long ago
it seems they never left
the boy scouts
and I think about the fact
that this game is
about reaching
ten people
who need my poems
to survive this world
as much as I needed
ginsberg
jabes
burroughs

and now
bukowski
and I don't know who
they are
and probably they don't either
but one day they will.
I am not sure I will.

SELF CENSORSHIP

~ ~ ~

Poet

now that you can say whatever you want
that nobody is going to incarcerate you
that nobody is going to kill you
what are you waiting for?
or maybe you have nothing
left to say
why are you escaping
within meaningless metaphors
of superfluous images?
why do you get lost
in the words
and lose the meaning?
Who is censoring you?
are you censoring yourself
to get a prize
to be seen on T.V.
to be honored
so you can be forgotten.

TREE

~ ~ ~

this table on which I write
that once was a tree
planted by a living man
on dry land
where a dead man lay
who once wrote a poem
on a table made of wood

this man
is he a tree?

POEMS ON RECYCLED PAPER

~ ~ ~

maybe paper on which someone wrote
a poem
nobody read
that editors didn't want to publish
a wonderful poem, so wonderful
maybe the same poem now written
a poem telling us
how to fix the world
a recycled poem
on recycled paper
words recurrent and repeated.

BEANS WITH TABASCO FOR BREAKFAST

~ ~ ~

I sat to drink an espresso
a morning of hamssim desert winds
and near me sat a known poet
less famous than me, though
and he was speaking with an intellectual or a man from
the T.V. or the radio
they were speaking about ars poetica
about ethos pathos and epos
and science and education and
the mixing of cultures and the integration of cultures
in a very ashkenazi language
and I asked myself
what the hell do these people eat for breakfast
red beans with tabasco?
and I consoled myself that I don't have such kind of
friends.
anyway
they completely spoilt the taste
of the coffee.

WRITING

~ ~ ~

is
the illness
and the cure.

WORDS



We saw our poetry flowing
like sea water into a river, like
ground water to the soil, but
we expected too much from it
We expected our poetry to make people better
to change the world
to make us more relaxed
to bring men closer to god
to make our wives prettier
to save us from death
we expected from poetry, and rightfully
from what should we expect
beside from words.

THE HOROSCOPE



The horoscope said that these days
I would be prolific, would write anything I want
and I am here quite dry looking for words
not the best of poems not the best of days
fighting with languages mother tongues father lips
words that don't exist, a sentence no one can skip
and I really wonder because all the horoscopes
I read about me are right always right
sometimes they are the only real thing
in the weekend newspaper, the news
seem like science fiction to me.

THE PROFESSOR

~ ~ ~

The professor wrote half a page saying that my poems
aren't worth anything
in the biggest paper in Israel
my novel, he said, has no literary merit but
has some sociological value, thanks.
Now, if he could he would put me in the zoo
write below "Moroccan Poet"
the last that they couldn't brainwash.

Once I dreamt this would happen, many articles against
me
but as all dreams when they become reality deception
strikes.
I wanted a fair fight and he just gave his own fears on
paper
his own psychopathological fear that these niggers want
to conquer his literature, well, Kafka received the same
treatment at my age, surely Bukowski and all the good
ones.
When you break a wall you have to expect that some
stones
will fall near you, hopefully not on the head.

MARGINALIZED

~ ~ ~

Reading

'Ten marginal Cuban poets'

I see that nine of them

were in favor of the revolution

until they became

anti-revolutionaries

and became great poets

with very little freedom

some exiled

others destroyed

If I start a revolution

I will learn from Castro

and kill all

and I mean all

those which are in my favor

and end the revolution

and all the fucking

revolutionaries

that one day become

anti-revolutionary

and then

a poet like me

in a chilly day

in Jerusalem

in a rotten and Democratic office

between one accounting work and another
will be able to read some poets
who wrote good poems
in wheelchairs in jails
in exile with their own blood
and to enjoy such
good poetry.
Long live the revolution
the anti-revolution
Castro and ContraCastro!

MOTHERS AND POETS



it is interesting that mothers insist
that their sons be
musicians
maestros
even composers
but
find me a mother who encourages
her son
to be a poet
or even
a writer
send him to take private lessons
with famous writers
with poets
so they will learn
who takes a loan
so the son can write.

we have a reputation
of youth spoilers
revolution
starters.
not like musicians.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF FAMOUS POETS



Got this magazine and a rejection from another today
and, gee, this is full of poets and poems, 170 pages of
them,
so many poets, and never heard of any of them, the
famous ones
talk about poetry, but where are they famous, in their
workshops
and all of them important poets or they write as if
they are all Elliots and Ashberys and Ginsbergs
and one of the unknowns know how poetry should be
written
he says you should revise and revise again and cut and cut
again
and I can't help thinking that no matter how much he
revises or cuts
he will never be able to write a good poem, see no
correction, not one word
in this poem, and the poems in the magazine they made
me weep, sleep.

ON WEB PRIVACY

~ ~ ~

It seems that if I write the word terrorist and bomb in my
poem
and send it by email someone is there reading the poem
Ain't it great and then they will assign a person to read all
the poems
I ever wrote, they will read them in every language and
maybe one
of these spies will like them, just to make sure you, oh
spies of spies
who are in the skies are reading this poem, here I add
Hizzbolah, Fatah,
Israel, United States, Bombs and more bombs, Syria,
Libya, Hammass,
Take your time, young boys and girls, there are a few
thousands poems to read . .
Gee! I am a dangerous man!

LITERARY MAGAZINES

~ ~ ~

there are two kinds of literary magazines
those with great poetry
and they publish my poems too
and those with bad poetry
and they reject my poems.
it seems logical to me.

LIGHT MY FIRE

~ ~ ~

dedicated to Patricia Kriegel

now if they ask for a match
and you give them fire
if they ask for water
and you give them the sea

if they ask for love and you
give them your life

they are scared
afraid they may have to give you
something back

but when all is fire inside you
when everything is giving
when you don't ask for anything in return
who will ask for you?

VIRTUAL POET



When did it happen that you felt schizophrenic
that every step in this city was only a shadow
of the steps you never walked through other streets
when did it happen that you became one person here
frustrated to the core, quick to anger, easy to cry
and the laughing socialite whenever you left the airport
when did it happen that you started a virtual life
with unseen friends through emails and web pages
with unseen readers loving whatever you wrote
while all readers here reading the same poems
only could see the anger, the frustration, when did
it happen that you became two persons, one
for the physical world one for the world of words.

CAN DO BETTER

~ ~ ~

Always torturing myself for things I didn't do
why didn't I write a long novel
my novels are too short
why not the long poem,
why so many languages
am I really good at any of them
why don't my books sell?
I am such a bad writer and poet
when I am not writing why do
I feel like the village idiot
or maybe I am I should
leave all this and make some money
for my family I should divorce
and face my fate and write all day long
I should and I could and I should
and I know it's my mother behind all this
and all these teachers always saying
I could do better, all my friends
always saying I could do better
that's my image the man that could do better
but if I could do better or write better
I would have done it,
wouldn't you, you lazy bastard!

SUCCESS



is a letter from
Anna Baram
A woman I have never met
telling
me my poems have
touched her.
Success is not
a literary prize
not a contract
nor
someone inviting you to give
a reading or an article
in the paper.
Success is a letter from someone
from the other side of the world
Contact
that's the miracle
of art.

BUKWRITE.EXE

~ ~ ~

Since his death he has published
two 400 pages volumes of poetry
I mean, I am prolific, but nothing near
Chinasky, I love him still fooling us
after his death and beating the professors
I suspect he was a computer-wiz
he made up a program that writes
one Buk-poem every 2 hours
just double-click BUKWRITE
and you'll get the poesy
the editor still promises us
ten more 400 pages volumes
of poetry, I am prolific I mean
but nothing close to this dinosaur.

YOUR GOOD REPUTATION



All you care for is your reputation
good poems never had a good reputation
you care about your publishing house being respectable
your cover looking serious, professors and critics liking
 what you write
On your way to being respectful you have lost all the light
 you had, my dear friend
and you don't see it, when I say this to you
you think I am jealous and I am
but not jealous of your success but of
the poems you may have written and you have not the
 books
you may have written and you won't, the books I would
 have read and I won't.

UNDER MY TONGUE

~ ~ ~

My mother tongue is Spanish
My country's tongue is Hebrew
My lover tongue is French
My poem tongue is English

You may think I am happy
to live in all these languages
I can never decide how to talk
or where to walk
or what the language of my t-shirt is
or how should I speak to the mirror

you may think that I am lucky
having rich people's troubles

THE LITERARY CAFE

~ ~ ~

I went to the literary cafe again
like I did twenty years ago and
felt just the same
what am I doing here
like a japanese among chinese
talking to people that seem transparent
never understood all these writers and poets
making themselves important
and being so ridiculous
guess that's the way I look to them
and most of the time to myself too
ridiculous.

It's just that everybody there has
read something I wrote and forgot
in a literary magazine
and liked it
the wonder is the editors don't come
or a fucking literary prize
no I am not looking for honor
I fucking need the money
you get me out there?

THE GRANTS AND THE GREAT WRITERS



Henry Miller working at the post
T.S . Elliot collapsing at the bank
Ezra Pound working for the fascists
Charles Bukowsky working at the post
Edmond Jabes writing in the metro
Boris Vian playing his saxophone
William Burroughs living in Tangier
Jack Kerouac living with his mother
La Loca going crazy
John Fante working for Hollywood

Where the hell were all the grants
the literary prizes
How come they missed all the great ones
and gave so much money to so many forgotten writers
to so many mediocre poets

and where the hell are they now
who are they missing
why are they missing me
and Klaus Gerken

BOOK FOUR:

*Self Portrait of the Poet
in a Family Mirror*

SELF PORTRAIT OF THE POET IN A FAMILY MIRROR



everyday he asks himself
what's the purpose of his poems
and for whom does he write
everyday he decides to stop writing
to publish a book immediately
to be in a literary clan and make contacts
so he can publish
and in spite of all he always writes
in incredible quantities
everyday he asks himself about the purpose of the world
his purpose in the world
and everyday he changes his mind
a strange man, very strange in my eyes,
everyday he decides to leave the country
to divorce, to have another child, to love another woman,
to relax, to change his work, to write a novel,
to write a poem, to speak with editors, to travel abroad
to write to Marlene to talk to Beni, to study medicine,
to leave medicine, to give a lecture on vaccinations,
to attack vivisection, or against
the government, to make a revolution in
his life and his country, to do justice, to be a criminal
to steal, to return what he stole and what he didn't steal
to put the tefilinn starting tomorrow, to keep the

shabbatt, to send
his wife
to the Mikveh, to make love during menstruation, to leave
everything
sit down and write no matter what, to publish in
Hadarim
in Moznayim, to publish a literary review
how many decisions in one day, a man of decisions
he can think about seven things at the same time
and indeed his head works all the time
the fuses burn every seven days
he thought about moving, buying a car
having a license, closing his bank account
buying the Passion According To Matthew selling the
sound system
repent, become an atheist,
travel abroad, write a letter to the chief rabbi
and pray to god that the rabbinic court will fall
he cursed the rabbis but didn't hate them
they are not more idiots than the others
afraid to talk to literary editors
afraid of examinations, of being criticized
afraid of publishing wants to be famous
as the year passed he became a frustrated poet
but not frustrated enough to get a degree
he rather hates literature, especially prose
but poetry too, poets and writers get on his nerves
leftists too, he doesn't get along at all with ashkenazis
they somehow always seem to be strangers to him
was scared of the Russian immigrations, but was happy
they came
he never spoke with an Arab more than ten minutes
he never had an Arab friend, once in France
almost became friends with an Arab but of course no
as a matter of fact he doesn't have many friends either

even with himself the situation is not that easy
he was dismissed from the army because of his auditory
 problems, a
week ago
he hears but only when he wants to
he hears Bach all the time
even when the system is off
he likes Torah classes, and Talmud too
but hates authority, any authority but God
hates politicians, rabbis, doctors, judges, editors
hates them but not really
hates them theoretically
when he meets them he pities them
for thinking they are important because of their position
they look ridiculous to him, there are days
when all people seem ridiculous to him
a very strange guy this guy, very strange in my eyes
and yes, why doesn't he learn from experience
they said you'll be thirty and you'll see
he didn't see anything and now
he doesn't hear, what's there to see
that you can be an idiot he always knew
honestly he would leave everything and emigrate
leave his wife his children for two years
but return after two months, you can never know
he may do it, he is a psycho
but not enough to get a degree
he may divorce but he has no reason
beside the fact that he once decided he will divorce
married as an experiment for six months
now he is already married six years
his wife is nice understands him and puts pressure on him
loves his children (mark: 8) but all this just drives him
 crazy
he is a Sagittarius more exactly a Libra ascendant

Sagittarius and the moon in the first house
looks for freedom, scared of limitations
once he thought he'd make a living from literature at the
age of thirty
wrote seven novels (where are they now?)
once he wrote a novel in three weeks
but didn't find a publisher
wrote a thousand poems or more
but published thirty or less
and a poetry book that sold seven copies
some say he is talented
poets expecting him to say they are talented
talent for sale
he thinks he is a genius
of Bachian proportions
but he is not sure anymore, he thought once,
look it is years of frustration
without publishing almost
years of search
he went to study natural medicine in France
he always has malaises
colds, asthma
less than once but not brilliant
the truth is I wouldn't befriend him so easily
he is strange, moody
sometimes unbearable, yawns near people who bore him
he doesn't notice, his wife tells him
he likes to think about himself but also avoids it
he of course is not egoistic nor egocentric
no no, he is not like the other poets and artists, he is
different
he avoids them, most of them
they are only into themselves
when he is with people he seldom talks
he talks only of big subjects

philosophy, vaccines, death
and other depressing subjects
he interests his listeners
but gets bored quickly from his own subject
and changes to the next one
what's going to happen to him, seriously,
he asks himself, what can his life interest you
and really what do you care
and really it doesn't seem to, for the moment
who is this man I know and don't know
who is me but I am not him
who is this man
I criticize so much
this question is called positive schizophrenia.

he was a vegan for six months, didn't really work out,
a vegetarian six years, now he sometimes eats meat
the doctors proposed him to have an operations for his
ears
he thinks doctors are priests, medicine has become a
dogma
they create feelings of guilt, they cause the illnesses, they
create
dependence
they left the angel of death unemployed,
their churches are full of expensive and frightening
machines
he talks a lot about medicine
once he talked a lot about Judaism
with him it is neurotic, the neuroses stay the subject
changes
he is egocentric but less than the average poet
which doesn't say anything because the egocentricity of
poets is of
leviatanic proportions

he likes coffee, whole rice, and organic carrots
yes, he eats organic foods
yuppie without money
listens a lot to Bach
and Schubert Beethoven Satie and others
for example now while writing he is listening to Bach
not so long ago he was caught by classical music
his neighbor Birman also listens to classical music
they exchange cd's between them
but they have nothing to talk about, yes really
this long poem is starting to resemble
Ashberry's "self portrait in a convex mirror"
that was not the intention, or maybe there is no resemblance at all

I read it a thousand years ago
he is very cultivated, can talk about any literature
and say interesting things, he reads a lot of poetry
or at least did, read thousands of books
in the four languages he knows
English French Spanish Hebrew
honestly he would stop in the middle of this poem
take a plane and fly abroad
always dreaming of flights and journeys
dreams and accomplishes, in the last two years
he flew five times, to London and Paris.

He put his daughter to sleep to be able to write
he guards the children, he's had enough of it
would like to find a job that keeps him away from home
for 20 hours a day
but he is lazy, he needs space
many sleeping hours
the son now asks "what are you writing?"
"I am writing a poem"
"what is a poem?"

and the irritating kid with chewing-gum in his ears
he proposes to them that they play in their room and let
him write
“where?” really, where
how can you write a poem in the middle of a family
really how, what does it matter
househusband half a week
I want out
now they climb the desk
both of them, that’s enough
the kid got hurt, he cries
and this is no way to write,
he tries to raise his children healthy
granola kids, but the big one already got it
he wants chocolate, chewing-gums, and everything with
sugar
once a day he thinks of moving to another town
of leaving everything, in nature
this is also stupid bourgeoisie
he has a theory about the strength of imagination
that can be resumed in one sentence
imagination is an industry that produces reality all the
time
he is convinced, like any other theory holder, that reality
proves it
the day after tomorrow he will give a lecture on vaccina-
tions
he didn’t vaccinate his daughter, but he did vaccinate his
son
he didn’t know at the time about the corruption, and the
lies behind vaccinations
he can’t accuse himself all the time, he will extinguish
himself
but that’s what he does
he has a strong Pluto he changes all the time

every time he questions everything and starts again
this poem is probably a new start
he has changed his ars poetica a thousand times
now he is thinking about printing this poem in a
 hundred copies
by himself, he's had enough of sending to publishers
to literary prizes and foundations without guts
but tomorrow or the day after he won't be able to read
 this
it will bore him, like most of what he wrote
he runs all the time, runs with no end
his head explodes from races, always forward
his wife is Leo with ascendant Leo
quite dominant in his eyes, but all women are
was a virgin when he got married, impotent before that
impotent in his head
was in psychological treatment, and it solved the problems
he never had intercourse with any woman but his wife
it is a bit out of date, or maybe a new avant-garde

for a long time he put the tefilinn every morning
then he stopped, this week he bought new ones
when he treats a patient he puts them and prays
so he won't forget there is no doctor but God
God is the doctor and the others are his emissaries,
monotheist, but likes stereo
today is the fifth year of his father's death
he had a very nonexistent relationship with him
toward his death they started talking a bit
maybe now that he has a son
things could be different, they could talk
his father was a vegetarian at eighteen and a communist
and the first one not to fast on Yom Kippur in his town
he used to listen to the Russian radio,
but he was never a communist

a socialist maybe for six months, he is for a free market
he was once in a demonstration of Peace Now
now he can't stand them
but it is maybe a common feeling for Peace Now people
they can't stand anyone, nor themselves
but this is not engaged poetry, so let's change the subject
a movement of Ashkenazim, he gets along better with
Sephardim
also with French Jews and gentiles
once a neighbor, a Goy from Australia,
who came to study Torah and Hassidism, said to him
"the Ashkenazim have a problem, they are either religious
or secular
the Sephardim don't have this problem, but they will,
they become Ashkenazim in the middle east
he knows very well that the moment he starts talking
about Morocco
about the cookies of aunt Sultana or about couscous
there is a good chance that the poem will be published
the Ashkenazim want action
they want tamed Sephardim full of longings
to the couscous, to the transit camp
but not Sephardim who will write philosophical poems
no no no, we won't agree to this, it is our territory, what
the hell
do they think, they should sit in the corner
we will choose a representative Moroccan poet or writer
that will be mediocre enough not to put us in danger
or maybe he develops such a point of view to feel
Jew, persecuted, diasporical, someone has to persecute him
everyone can make it here, everyone can publish
if he has the right connections
the right group, like anywhere else
a Sephardi has chances to publish if he is mediocre or
worse

even if you are ashkenazi it is not easy (you've had enough
of this,
haven't you?)
there are people who keep a low level of literature
it is their main job
he really questions himself, really asks himself, what's the
use of
all this words, for what, for whom
not only you ask yourself
he really doesn't know why he writes
he doesn't think it is important or significant
he wants to be famous but is afraid of fame
he doesn't want to expose himself but he does
come on, really, what's going to happen to him, he doesn't
compromise at all
walks in the room, looks at the mirror
doesn't see himself, bald, glasses, thinning hair, beard,
someone who missed the year, comes from may 68
or from the October revolution, or from the next
revolution
he often changes his mind
but he has a strong base of ideas
you can't say he is unstable
he aims for the truth with all his heart
accepts the Torah but hates rabbis
the Torah is for him the only divine law
the children have brought down all the books now
the house is a mess, his wife will make a scene when she
comes back
he hates her scenes and faces
it reminds him of his mother
he cannot stand criticism but he is very critical
he swallows a lot of vitamin C magnesium and plants
he passed his exams on naturopathy, he succeeded,
couldn't believe it

he is afraid and he hates examinations, in a pathological
way
he doesn't have a driving license,
he sleeps a lot, ten hours a day
like La Fontaine, always mentions him, the sleeping
genius
he is always looking for pens, a poet out of his time
who doesn't find himself, who was knowledge
who knew but forgot, who was in Har Sinai and forgot
that forgot and forgot until he forgot that he forgot
wandered like the Jewish people almost everywhere
and now can't find his place even in his own country
and his feet are worn but his shoes are new, his clothes
clean
like he bought them yesterday, he wandered
in all the countries and his tunic isn't worn out, and now
he doesn't know Hebrew but it is his upper tongue
with his lower tongue he speaks three more languages
he doesn't know Hebrew but knows it better than any
other language
he studied English and latinoamerican literature, physics
and mathematics, computers
natural medicine, and other stuff he can't remember,
works as an accountant clerk,
was a cashier, bell boy, translator, librarian in the national
library, was
the manager of the Agnon house, two months and they
fired him, made a mess
always making a mess everywhere, now he has settled a bit
but only to make a bigger mess
now he has to feed a family
to go out of the house and chase the beast
he was a journalist for six months
wrote about pop music, worked two weeks in the plaza
hotel

he couldn't wake up in the morning, six months in the
Hilton
now an accountant for the binational science foundation
and also treats one patient per week
he doesn't have the time to write prose, that's why he
writes poetry
it asks for high concentration in a short time
prose asks medium concentration for a long time
he decided that he'd only write prose if he is paid for it
at least a small advance, he likes to think of himself
as a poet who will be discovered after his death, but that
won't happen either
he will be famous long before that, he works on it with his
imagination
and now it is just a matter of time,
a bit of luck, the right place, good relations and money
but fame is not important it is important to live well
yes fame is important to him, very important
he has to check all the time if others love him
when they do, he doesn't believe it, he doesn't believe
he will ever be loved or that it is possible to love him
his head turns in all directions
and he doesn't have time for public relations, and specially
he doesn't have the strength,
he went a few time to the literary cafes, and spoke to all
the editors
in every literary review he was published once
they gave him a chance but he was not consistent
in his attempt to publish, and the editors weren't
consistent
in their will to publish him, all this has to change
all the foundations rejected him, never won a prize
except for the Amos Foundation that once gave him a
hundred dollars
and with it he published The Suicide Of God

a book not understood, so what, he is happy about that
and that it won't be understood so quickly, it will take
time
he has time, everyday he has more time
and more patience but the frustration accumulates
if it didn't he wouldn't have written this poem
if he was famous he wouldn't have written this poem
everything has a sense and a direction
and every thing has its time
now he waits, it will come, tomorrow it will come
it will come
at its time.

GLOSSARY:

Sephardim (or sepharadim): jews from the arab world.

Ashkenazim or Ashkenazis: jews from eastern Europe mostly from Poland or Russia.

Mikveh: traditional bath of natural waters (from rain, sea or snow) taken by women 7 days after the end of menstruation. No inter courses are allowed before this bath.

Hadarim: the most prestigious poetry magazine in Israel. (well, yes, part of this poem was first published there in Hebrew).

Moznaim: literary magazine.

goy: non jew.

Yom Kippur: day of fast, day of forgiveness.

BOOK FIVE:

Your Thousand Lovers

WATCH

~ ~ ~

watch the green leaves
dropping and falling
from the wind
if it didn't shake the tree
how long could they stand
watch
our love
falling
who will stop it
if it is a leaf
the land will bury it
if it is fruit
a tree shall rise.

PROMISES



You didn't promise anything
like lovers do
but you fulfilled
you didn't promise wealth
you didn't promise happiness
faithfulness
or a long marriage
but what you didn't promise
you kept

I didn't promise you anything
not a big house
not infinite love
or a long marriage
but what I didn't promise
I kept
and what I won't promise
I will fulfill.

LISBON

~ ~ ~

while
writing poems to you
in a cafe
in front of the birds
the painter painted me
smiled to me
while
I wrote you poems
and wrote that
he was painting me
all the world was invaded by love
our love
filled the world.

IN THE PLACE WHERE WE SAT

~ ~ ~

In the place where we sat
before we made love
and discussed the last tango in Paris
a couple sat today in the sun
I don't know what they were talking about
they sure weren't talking about our last tango.

CAN A POEM HELP

~ ~ ~

You buy clothes
and I buy records
you cough
and I have hemorrhoids

When discussions go well into the night
and the feeling is that only the wall understands
that all paths lead to a dead end road
that everything is gray and gray and gray
and nothing is white or black

You wear yellow clothes
and I go to Fendelkreiss
looking for a way to fly abroad for a month
or trying by all means to avoid you

How can a poem help . . .

IF NOT FOR YOUR

~ ~ ~

if not for your smile
if not for your anger
if not for your screams
if not for your gaiety

i would walk
the fields
barefoot
looking for spines
to fall upon

I would walk between countries
stumbling and falling
like an ant without a nest
like a sun without people

if not for your smile
i would be walking naked
from cafe to cafe in paris
collecting fume donations
if not for your joy of living

I would be walking in spain
from bar to bar
eating shrimps and calamaris tapas
looking for cheap shoes to wear
instead of worn boots

if not for your smile

what would have happened to my poems
what would have happened to my poems . . .

UPS AND DOWNS



there were many ups
but I always wrote in the downs
every second day thinking of divorce
like i think about emigrating
every second day thinking it's the end.

I got married for six months
never thought it would hold longer
six months passed
nine years now
I am with you
and you are with me.

every second day I rediscover you
every second month I refall in love
every second year I chose you to be miss universe
I touch your breasts
dripping honey
and above sex there is warmth
above warmth smell
touching
joining
mating
hope

tikkun

every second day I say to myself it is the end
every second day every second month every second year
the ships anchor in the harbor.

WHEN YOU DREAM DISTANT INTO YOURSELF



when you dream distant into yourself
into a dream-balloon somewhere
and I don't know what you are thinking
I don't love you
you scare me
when you repress your feelings
when you hear without listening
you scare me
and I don't love you.

YOUR THOUSAND LOVERS

~ ~ ~

sometimes when I lie near you
I think of your thousand lovers
those you loved
those who bought you
those who deluded you
who exploited you
who took advantage of your dreams
those you used
those who desired you
those who used you
I think of your thousand lovers
think of them and I want you
more, think of them and become
angry with myself
angry with them
angry with my abysmal loneliness
with my fear from women
with my fear from you
when I think of your thousand lovers
about your crazy life before me
I can't understand what happened to us
two lunatics, how two lunatics
become after x years boring
deadly boring, when I think of your
thousand lovers I love you more, I hate you
I want you, you repel me

when I think of your thousand lovers
When I think you are the only lover in my life
I am proud, I am angry
I want you, I want to kill you
when I think about my gorgeous loneliness, universal
about my fear from women, from the thousand women
who wanted me, from whom I ran away and drove away
When I think of your thousand lovers
and see you staring at me with your naivete
I want to embrace you, I want to strangle you
I feel I am going crazy
where are you? where are you?
I want you, i don't know you
don't recognize you, who are you?
when I think of your thousand lovers
of those who loved you
those enchanted by your eagerness
those who bought you with money, with presents
those who hated you
those who wanted to dominate you
who am I, when I think of those
who visited you before me, before I knew you
who are you when I think of your thousand lovers
who am I when I want to lie with other women
to be with a thousand women who will love me
or not, I will love or not
Who am I within your thousand lovers
within and without your thousand lovers?

20 POEMS OF LOVE



exactly.
In a notebook
my mother threw away
thought these were English home works.
Never remember her throwing any others.
These were my first poems.
Love Poems to Noa.
I remember Noa
in the bus to school
taking to herself
my shyness
and caressing it
like it was real love.
I remember the rendezvous
that never happened
the phone number she gave me
which was not her own.
Never knew why,
later seeing her with her
handsome Arab lover
going to the university.
Oh! I still see her sometimes
with her child and looking divorced
or angry at her mother in
the supermarket
and she always takes out

the best shyness out of me.
Oh! I remember Noa
but I don't remember the poems.
There may still be a chance for me.

THE SPEECH OF RABBI AKIVA



how hard this separation
from this woman I love
or loved
how hard this departure
if there was no love in it
if there were only fights and anger
we could say
this separation is better than joining
but how difficult this separation
to set out for a new road
from this woman who bore my children
who gave me a home
who taught me to love
who saved me from the dark
who helped me study
how long and hard this separation.

THE BODY

~ ~ ~

As the tensions grew
and silence invaded our lives
sex improved
inter course grew longer
fuller
and more
communicative

as we learned
each other's body
silence grew longer
conversations became
autistic
each one in his corner
quiet and shouting
roaring and still
only
the body
could express love
hope and frustration
all the possibilities
and the impossibility of being fulfilled.

BETWEEN ME

~ ~ ~

between me and the crown
she stood
she
I
stood between me and the crown
and I knew I should make peace with her
to reach the crown
but I fought
and fought her
till I reached the crown

GOOD BEING ALONE

~ ~ ~

it's so good being alone
I write poems to you
I sing the trees
it's so good being alone
on my way to London
on my way to Paris
on my way to you
I sing the trees
the snow and the wing
I sing Europe
I sing you a love song

It's so good being alone
wonderful loneliness
of coming back to you.

A SECRET KISS

~ ~ ~

Rescue
eyes that look at me and are not

distant

from a sea without waves
I never saw

grapes I did not eat

days I did not live

still

they are memories like ships
they are branches rowing east

and behind my hands
a kiss
I never gave.

YOUR BREASTS

~ ~ ~

Your breast falling on my chest
I wonder
Is this
aging
or love

are these the flowers of our past

or the roots of our future

somebody knocks on the door
asking

if there is somebody alive in this house.

I WILL SING YOU OF RIVERS AND SEAS



I will sing you of rivers and seas
of waves that never see thunders
I will tell you of ships and
whales that eat honey at night

I will sing you my love of ladies
that left their houses in search of fishes
I will tell you of jellyfishes
that became sirens

look at me, my eyes are glass
my back is a map

map of unknown lands
map of future settlers

Look at me I am the moon with its own light
I am the sun that doesn't blind.

LOVE IS NEVER BLIND



When love was blind our eyes could see
the beauty in our ugliness
Now love is wise and things are nice
all is dead around us in this house

When love was our eyes we were
blind to the beauty of the flower
every plant in the universe was inside
our funny looking sunny glasses

When time has come to live
how do you say goodbye
poems and songs are nothing
but another shameless lie

another excuse to keep talking
about things that don't use words.

BOOK SIX:

The Immigrant's Lament

THE IMMIGRANT'S LAMENTS

*

In Morocco I was the center
of all the parties
a social phenomenon
always surrounded by friends
until I came to Israel
and ended up in a corner
the corner of all the parties
I stopped going
always on the outside
the outsider
When I came
I became a poet.

*

I can see you
Moshe
I can see you my friend Moshe
a twelve and a half year old boy
sensitive and lazy
I love you Moshe
I see you after the Bar Mitzvah
your mother announcing that
tonight we are leaving
I see you with the suitcases
always looking for something secure

suddenly nothing is secure
I see you in Ceuta
waiting for your father to sell the buildings
for peanuts
the Arab took out a knife
before he finally paid in Spain
I see you on the ship
on the way to Algeciras
I see you dreaming
dreaming of the land of Israel
dreaming a dream
a wonderful dream
with a temple
a dream full of light
I see you full of joy
traveling through Spain
in Valencia, in Barcelona
see you full of happiness and full of hope
that the land of Israel will heal
your brother Ari who is dying
see you in a hired taxi
you are wonderful Moshe
trying to be loved by everybody
tired and lazy
but always nice
I see you arriving at Marseille
entering the bus there
your father is angry
at the manager of the transit hotel
the sewer is plugged
shit is flowing everywhere
everything is wonderful
but there is shit everywhere
you cannot know what is awaiting you
I see you Moshe

landing in the land of Israel
half-drunk in the airport
you don't understand what is happening
but you don't kiss the land
or more precisely the asphalt
I see you
a week in the boarding school
of Aliyat Hanoar
a week you cried without stopping
I see the nice tutor
coming from the boy scouts
saying you are too big to cry
and you cry even more
that it's going to pass
and you cry even more
I see you Moshe
and my heart goes out to you
I love you Moshe
and suffer with you there
in Zichron-Yaacov
when will you forget Moshe
when will forgive
a week later your mother came to save you
took you to the secondary school in Pardes-Hanna
they didn't want you in 9th grade
in spite of skipping a class
because of your age
and your mother "why should he lose a year?"
insisting and insisting
till you finished the final exams
at sixteen and a half
and then waited a year
studying physics and mathematics at the Hebrew
University
she pushed you to this too

always pushing
you wanted to walk slowly
It took you so long to learn to go slow
my heart goes out to you Moshe
Moshe the immigrant
Moshe looking for redemption
Moshe disappointed
Moshe crying
Moshe becoming religious
Moshe a half-year atheist
Moshe who doesn't get along with girls
Moshe believing in reincarnation
Moshe studying mathematics
Moshe studying literature
Moshe wanting to be a poet
Moshe running after literary editors
Moshe editing a literary review
Moshe writing a novel in 3 weeks
Moshe writing thousands of poems
Moshe writing ten novels nobody publishes
Moshe always trying to be loved by people
Moshe after people who don't understand his sensitivity
Moshe who wants to be loved for his poems
Moshe my heart goes out to you truly
Moshe I love you
in all your searching
in all your impossible searching
Moshe who knows
everything will have an explanation
one day.

Two things always
writing and listening to music
music
especially after you visited your cousin in Madrid

arrived religious and returned a heretic
there you bought your first Van Morrison record
since then you bought them all
and thousands more
always music and writing
to save yourself
from going insane
in this crazy world
my heart goes out to you
Moshe the poet
Moshe the true poet
I love you at last
with all your travels
with all your suffering
I would caress you
in every step of your life
caress and kiss you
me who hated you so much
who suffered so much from you
now I love you
all the you's
you ever were.

Twenty years twenty
passed since those two weeks
that changed your life
the last week of august
and the first week of September
nineteen seventy two
everyday changed your life
making you a poet
writing in Hebrew
in your land
and not a writer
writing in a foreign language

in a foreign land
twenty years
in which you tried so hard to escape
not loving yourself
not wanting to be like the others
writing about suicide
angry at God
twenty
with asthma and without asthma
with allergies and skin sores
angina and digestive pain
crazy eating, women problems
trying to escape reality
trying to escape Israeli society
traveling abroad as much as possible
and coming back
to Paris, specially to Paris
dreaming about living there
marrying a French woman
emigrating to France, what else,
but she, what else,
just not to go back to France,
each one his own escape
always weak in front of women
and difficult to make changes
you are still here
with all the oximorons and all the morons
possible inside your head
feeling the most here and most there that is possible
so close to the land of Israel
and so far away from the State of Israel

I love you Moshe
and I enjoy writing it
at last I love you

with all that you did
and all that you failed
and all that you fucked up
and all that you are ridiculous
and with all your running
away from here and escaping again
and again escaping
and still, staying here
I love you
Moroccan, Spanish, Sephardi,
European, looks Ashkenazi,
Western, Eastern, Mediterranean,
Middle-eastern, Palestinian, African, French
with all the things you are and aren't
I love you crazy and insane and most logical
but then it is you
it is all the you that made me
and I love you.

*

I embrace you
go to the world
love it
give it all you have to give
even what it can't accept
give the world all your love
all you have learned
and your experience
in all your previous lives
it won't accept
but it needs you
the world needs you
it needs your love
give it

but don't expect any reward
go to the world
go to god
go
don't be afraid anymore
I caress you goodbye
go your way
I kiss you goodbye
go.

*

This land in which I was not born
said the immigrant
this land in which my children were born
now I leave it
like a man leaves his lover
who cheated on him
like a man leaves the mother of his children
in pain in joy in suffocation in liberation
that's the way I leave this land
in which I did not plant a tree
in which I did not seek revenge
and if you say this is a descent
I will tell you, said that same immigrant,
it is a descent meant to go up
and if this is your face
I am an ass
and if these are your legs
I am a wheelchair
everyday in my land is suffocation
and everyday abroad is oxygen
I travel twice a year abroad
to have enough oxygen to breath here
and not suffocate

in this ghetto, in this mellah,
this land in which I was not born
my children were born here
this land
didn't rejoice toward me
and didn't give me joy
nor did I rejoice toward her
in spite of not having another land
beside her
not having
but, said the man angry with tears in his eyes,
It is impossible for things
to be done infinitely
just for lack
of alternatives.

*

My childhood,
a black flower I did not pick
Tetuan mountains around her
Arab children shouting
"awadel yahoud"
and throwing stones at us
on the way to school
hugging the girls in class
the old Arab who touched my chin
the Arab beggar to
whom I always gave a coin
my mother always knowing what's good for me
the smacks I got from her when I lit matches
and almost burnt the house
hugging the son of the Rabbi at ten
Saturday night at grandma and grandpa's home
and shouting and noise the whole family

my cousin getting on my nerves
I hit my cousins
the vacation house in Restinga and tennis
the motorcyclist who broke his hand
my daddy's toy store
he brings me a red Mercedes
me and my brother breaking it with a screwdriver
my sick brother who died at 8
the scissors I threw at my sister
my brother Levi disappears
and we're looking for him again
the recurrent dream of the falling lamps
private lessons in Arabic
the giant house made of granite
Levi and me climbing the walls
Levi and me not going to the solfege class
and going to play soccer
the cakes we bought after the Shabbath prayer
my uncle hitting me when I touched a moving car
the cruelstick of the teacher
breaking the stick after class
the three loyal classroom friends
the club I started with my cousin Levi
mama and dad travel to the U.S.
to take care of my brother
I am left with grandma and grandpa
in the vacation home playing and swimming
the one handed French tourist
suffocation
asphyxiation
suffocation

my childhood
a black flower I did not pick
a black flower I did not smell

I did not remember
I did not forget
I did not love
I did not appreciate
I did not hate
I did not understand

my childhood
I don't miss you
nor your smells
nor your wealth
everything was asphyxiating
pressuring
my childhood
I don't miss the famous Alliance school
maker of students in the universities
of Strasbourg, Madrid, Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv
I don't miss the Jewish community
nor the family who always knows what's best for the
others
nor the feeling of superiority for being true Sephardim
nor the smell of Ladino nor the ballooning wealth
nor the imagined honor of the family
nor the synagogue I was always forced to go
my childhood my lost childhood
my insensitive childhood
where are you, where did you go
if you ever came.

*

Every Friday evening
all the grandchildren
gathered on the steps
of Papa Levi's giant store

and waited to be called one by one
to receive money for Shabbath
First he used to call..
the grandchildren bearing his name
sons of his sons
then the grandchildren bearing his name
sons of his daughters
who received less
and then the others, me among them,
and he called me Mosselito,
who received even less,
and and then we all compared
how much we received
and I always was jealous of the others
who received more then me
and the same day I wasted everything,
they said
I had holes in my hands.

*

On Sabbaths my grandfather used to sit
in the middle of the living room
his thumb on his mouth
every few hours going to the bathroom
to smoke a cigarette
they called it Sabbath diarrhea.

*

My grandfather was very rich
every five years he traded his Plymouth
but not the chauffeur
who stayed with him

his whole life
Just before he emigrated to Israel
he caught emphysema and died
didn't do what I did
died staked to machines
physician's machines
who keep the angel of death unemployed.

*

Out of four who came to Israel from Tetuan
three left
all the cousins now
in Paris, Madrid and New York
one by one they left
married abroaders
and left
they understood
this was not for them
where everyone categorizes them
as something they are not
forced to defend something
they couldn't identify with

when they say

you are a Moroccan
or an oriental
and you have to defend the Moroccans
to whom you can't feel affiliated
you have no choice but to become arrogant
with the Ashkenazi especially
for their arrogance and their cultural ignorance
to the eastern Jews and their customs

and they always repeat that same sentence
half funny half sad
but you don't look Moroccan!

I once said to someone
after this sentence
“yeah, that's true, I had an operation
I took of the tail
and now I don't look Moroccan.”

*

In front of my house
with the granite walls
there was a mountain
covered in trees
in front of my house
the police stood
called Consul Murphy street
in front of my house
my only home
where I drown the years
that made me
till I arrived in Israel
to the years that broke me

since the third of September
nineteen seventy two
I collect the pieces

I try to find some logic
to the puzzle
with my words

I try to find warmth
human warmth that always scares me

I collect the pieces
and stay an orphan
in my words.

*

I had everything in Morocco
I had everything
my grandfather was
the richest man in town
but I was always anxious
a sensitive boy
in a pressure-cooker family
I had everything in Morocco
except what I needed
air to breathe time to think
time to create
to be myself
to be a child
and dream.

*

What's going to happen to you
Moroccan prince
what's going to happen to you
spoiled child
who never made his bed
what's going to happen with you
in the land of Israel
when you won't be able to shout

Fatima bring me a glass of water
Fatima I am hungry
what's going to become of you
Moroccan prince
here in the land of Israel
where everyone has to work.

*

The father of my grandfather Maimon
used to ask my father everyday
when, when is it happening
(the State of Israel)
and he answered
it is coming
just coming
he died in 1946
he had a grocery store
before dawn
he used to put bags of food
near the houses of the poor
so they wouldn't know
and wouldn't be ashamed
he never made any money
like my grandfather Moshe
but thanks to him
and to his deeds
I live today in Jerusalem.

*

My grandfather died of diabetes
when I was four or five
I remember his completely bald head

covering his head
like a dream
he walks in the house
he is ill in bed
after his death
my father grew a beard
my grandfather
made a lot of money
and lost a lot of money
alternately
he willed me a building
so I'd have the money to study
because I was named after him.
I was the grandson of my grandfather.
They say I am like him.

*

My Grandfather Moshe
stood with suitcases
ready to travel to Argentina
to manage a milk company.
He was going for six months
then the family would
follow.

My grandmother and her mother
stood in front of him and
cried
wo wo he is going and won't be back
wo wo
he is going forever.
They stood and cried

my grandfather dropped the suitcases
and said
I stay here

and that's how I wasn't born in Argentina.

*

Where is my house now
where are the walls where I grew up now
who is in my house now
the house my grandfather built
built every stone in it
the house in which I played with my brother
and run in its corridors
who lives in my house now
Arabs live in my home now

and I
live in an Arab house
the immigrant who lived here
may be writing poems now.

*

Years
Years you didn't remember your childhood
and after you
remembered
years
you didn't want to write about it
you didn't want to write
what everyone expects
from a Moroccan poet
you knew every poem

about Tetuan and about the couscous
will be published
and that's why
you didn't write the poems
inside of you

years you walk
with a tree that has no roots
years
the roots
are in the sky.

*

I went to three meetings of the Bnei Akiva boy scouts
and heard many time
hebraya hebraya hebraya
and didn't understand
all the aya aya aya
I never understood the togetherness
of the sabras
not in the scouts
nor in the school
nor in the army

a lone wolf
in the company of snakes.

*

the name of my grandmother is Mercedes
her son the doctor
always buys Mercedes
He was the gynecologists of
some of the king's wives.

In the early seventies
a Zionist minister
of Morocco
told him it was time to leave
He went to Madrid
then to Nice,
tried a few times to get a job
in an Israeli hospital
and failed.
He didn't make his Aliyah
didn't leave
and wasn't disappointed.

*

My father never made it here
he didn't want to come either
he wanted Canada, Spain, Venezuela
but my mother said that from Morocco
she would only leave to the land of Israel
he always said this won't suit him
and he was right.

I saw him
failing from business to business
until he got emphysema
asphyxiated from the neglect
of the Ashkenazi bureaucracy
and died.

*

The head of the absorption center
at the time of the government of
the Yiddishe mama

and this was in 1973
and not in the fifties
said to my parents
that we don't have a high enough
cultural level
to live in Jerusalem
my parents
went back enraged
to the small apartment
and decided to leave the country
it happened every two months
for four years
the winds blew to the immigrating direction
I think this caused a genetic change in me
and it happens twice a day.
I would like to meet the little principal
the son of a bitch
and spit on him.

*

For years I used to walk and discuss
in my head
I am religious I am not religious
I am secular I am not secular
discuss with imaginary Rabbis
and with atheists in my head
for years without concluding
my head was a theological soccer camp.

*

Every Yom Kippur eve
I redeemed all my sins
when the Rabbi came

to slaughter the chickens
we had raised a few days earlier
me and my brothers
and we cried trying to escape
and the Rabbi says
ze kaparateja
this is your redemption
and beats the chicken
and says again ze kaparateja
and blood is everywhere
and sand on the floor to dry the blood
and this way
a chicken per person
he slaughters
and this way every Yom Kippur
in every slaughter
I redeem all my sins.

*

I shout my right
to be different
to be Sephardi
to be traditional
in the Israeli society
not right and not left

I demand my right
to stop feeling
strange and detached
I the Israeli.

THE LAST WORDS OF THE IMMIGRANT

~ ~ ~

the more I explain
the less I understand