

Dory MANOR

### **Fin de Siècle**

A time has come for great poetry, the rhymes of HIV  
For the crutch of the time is song. Time needs its crutches.  
Carriers we march, each carrier – a harbinger of feet  
In the absence of a god let us divinify our marches.

Vectors of poetry, we bear the positive mark of Cain  
Emblazoned on our tongues (immortality in mind)  
We'll break over these times as dawn over a plain  
Our pathos clarity and tremor upon them we'll shine

The virus of divinity within the human soul does ride  
Like a sleeper cell it passes, high risk-group prepare!  
Time's in need of crutches made of flesh and blood -

Enough with the prudence enough laconic crime!  
We were destined the doorbells of our age to chime  
It's time for great poetry, it's virus time!

## A (Jewish) Minority

*Hi, good ridden Londoners, Parisians, New-Yorkers!  
Hi, good to have left Europe and all of its glory behind  
For membership in the barefooted feverish cult  
that whispers to sands and to bedrock in Canaan.  
Love, Uri Zvi Greenberg*

Oh country whose poets are all straight  
(Save for one pathetic woman-beating hole)  
Two years ago, no kerchief no confetti,  
From your mine-fields I extracted my soul

And returned to Europe, no poetic hunger  
Gnawed at my gut but a tangible fear  
I wanted to love I yearned I aspired -  
But didn't know how. Mines encircled my heart.

Now I love. Cyril, do you hear?  
I was an only Jew amongst the circumcised  
This country is malignant, its days won't last -

But we have Paris, there is London and Berlin!  
On the rivers of our seed we'll breakthrough  
exile's memory (and the rest is Hebrew).

## Ritz

For David

Now I'm at the lobby of the "Ritz"  
Unable to contain the volume of your love  
And as in a David Hockney piece, a spritz  
Cuts crock-like through the pool in half

And a crimson stream issues from a slit  
That in your manhood's crown alone I see  
Too little time, no space to venerate  
the curves our souls create under the sheets

David, I'd like to tell you something  
That no man said before (at least it was not I who said it): if time be a Samovar

Than what of our past? Moist, scented  
seething from the soul's extremity to body's  
edge, squishing, like lettuce in a salad.

*Translated from the Hebrew by Shlomtzion Kenan*