

Nelson Gary

Shabbat

At the Sabbath Queen's feet,
The serpent coils, not asleep,
But the reverie of good and bad
Angels proceeds, promotes
The woman of valor in the market.
I smell fish, eat meat. Dinner
Has my stomach squirming
In the tension of the abyss quit
but

Returned with a roar after prayers
That only Lady Wisdom understands,
Locked out of the rabbi's house
By starry tuxedo night in the back
Of a limousine that gives sound
To the bubbles of champagne,
Which used to kiss my lips.

For a song of mysticism betrayed
For the plain of the workaday
That wrecks me in strips of beef
Forked over as rungs to Maimonides,
I cannot complain about you coiled
Around the community's feet.
We deserve this enmeshed in the meat.
I don't know that God really does
Punish as much as he gives you work.

Bohemian Cacophony

The shut-up changes smile, swimming
In a season other than the currents forgotten.
The forged name autographed to a golem
Is more than a betrayal rearranged. Protected
By the less than a brain with muddled mindsight,
The blazing hallucinations of the boulevard better
The counterfeit clockwork of dream transition
Stolen and hoarded as sold-out flesh posed, viewed
Through holes in the walls. The desire to fake
It, fictionalize the grand narrative with actual
Goals inward developed as lands from the heights
Of delusion derived from Prague and styled
 into Elsa Lancaster's
Hair held high with Aladdin Sane bolts of lightning
Twisted, bent, curvaceous as the sweet things
Swerving from cancer in cherry condition, warps
Mary Shelley into Beethoven Boulevard with traffic
Pathos making the motion picture irascible. Classical

Crash with Baroque romances the tabloid tally
Of the everyday; cannot get out of this funk danced
Outside the museum door, diagnosed with cynical
Depression. Perhaps, the goal of ghosts is to perish
In another rhyme far from well-rounded legends
Gathered for stout during the holidays, strung along
By the entrails of the flashbacks. Auschwitz
Crematoria in currents unforgotten, the lessons
Of the golem, who is a compact civilization,
Has his ticket stamped for the Old New Synagogue
To get lost in the thick Bohemia before littered
Too much more with sudden superstars
And multinational corporations, some serving
Soldiers who have threatened to kill me with their
Big Mac attacks, a midnight cruiser. History addicted
To the past, the piranhas in Walden Pond, the pencil

Factory has not been sharpened for a while, Pinocchio.
I have Basquiat written all over my face, wearing
Your ghost as a smock. The smoke rises and we talk
About being left behind by Anna Karenina and the train.

A God from the Machine

I despise my toothed disillusionment triggered
By clinical depression. Spears are thrown
That become the bars of gates, my rib cage sore
From embracing them before hearing your
Blues wailed. I taste bruises on your body
Resembling picnic strawberries. You scratching
Your orgasm's obituary on my back has barely
Helped either of us with these bones picked
About gated communities. The ugliness heaved
Was beauty believed for those moments warped.
The catharsis of kindness ecstatic almost anonymous,
Though there was exchanged insight open, honest
As a god from the machine saved a date for us
On his busy schedule of impossible miracles.
It did not matter to me in the least if he were
Creditable as we turned the crank on the corner
Into excitable ventriloquist of holiness hocked.

I would like to think I have worn this disorder
Well, the whirlwind cycle of it with its mortar
Voice solid building an exclusive residential area
With its sanctuary of breath unstrained to the point
Where restraint is a rumor, my spirit free, unfettered,
Filled with the storm clouds of black humor, a much-
Needed rain touched upon in the dry desolation
Cracked into canyon come up in years, a fire hazard.
Whatever passion in exurbia excuses the fireplace
To take the place of television is that sculpted silence
Enlivened, captivating with its only sound being
The crack of fingertips, the snap of Beats and hypnotists.

I despise my toothed disillusionment triggered
By ocean-foam colored enamels in background
Of sunset gums blurred by lost bets at nonexistent
Casino in the marina where I met you, both of us
Hungry, me literally, and dirty as the sand swept

By wind, by water, breathing your name. Tour
The time past, lameness healed, the prayed layers
Of complexity peeled to answers in actions, not
In words hurled as spears against a lack of inclusivity
With man-made lake still but for the ripples
Of swans and ducks paddling this much out
Of the frothing mouth of a god from the machine
Laughed out of town by sibyls in an academic magazine,
An article about the homeless and the poetry scene.