

POETRY

grandma and martha's mother

*ida and mrs. hockberg
made
tight cotton doilies
for tables and armchairs
in brooklyn '57
(off-white).*

*in the jewish museum
same cloth for rituals
italy 1890.*

*neither the same
tribe nor function,
like african and honduras mahogany
same timbre, root.*

*Paul Bloom
January 8, 1990*

sunday

*it is most often doing dishes
that defines me,
making shop drawings
cooking dinner in a rush.
i often thought it would be*

*more glorious
(presidents no different).*

*Paul Bloom
November 12, 1989*

Zeeland

Conservative Shoulders Looking Up to the Sea

*How pale and sickly life has seemed
wriggling in*

my clever nets of words

*The faster lance of thought
brings brief comfort*

*the dry skins of experience
impaled on the grey lobes
drip*

their last glisten of juice

*And who has faith in the tongue's hunger
the pouting thrust of curves*

writhing about flesh memories?

Ripple quiver call

White geese overhead

One more cleansing arc

from Zeeland to Siberia

and back on wings singing

the power of marsh grasses and seeds

Bringing no cure

for a disease

which never

existed

Jan Sendzimir

The Four Elements Grazyna Perl

