

Now She Comes To Her Place In Peace

A EULOGY FOR MY GRANDMOTHER

By Laurence

The voices of the dying and the dead
chant the Kaddish with the living
when it is said:

Forever magnified and forever sanctified
you are remembered as a blessing
even in a world ruled by the laws
of husband and lord
as were all the daughters of Israel
bound like a lamb
under the suspended sword
of an arranged marriage
bound by a tradition
of an almighty, high above all
human enough to be deaf to your call.

Grandmother;

I called you Buby
as a child, (in innocence
I thought it meant, for you were,
My Buddy.)

That day after Hebrew school
I was frightened;
I visited and found
your mirrors covered
you sat and served
hard boiled eggs. "Why?" I asked.
"Because they are round."

I did not understand.

You tore your garments and cried
(as Zady shouted for his dinner)

"That man, who thinks

I am his slave,
would have me sew
pockets on his shroud."

"Grandson, I want to leave this one
and these cloistered halls of death
to wander through Jerusalem
through the streets of my youth
with my childhood friends,
through the green pastures
to watch the setting sun
where the breeze flows freely
the air so fresh
you can taste it on your breath."

"If God is a just God
let him now bring my end."
This morning you died, Buby
I brought a basket woven from the willow's bough
while the others stood and cried
I brought you lilacs and a silent prayer;
Weep not for the dead, for now
she comes to her place in peace.

Flower

Flower
what fugue
to praise

What refrain?

The Fibonacci sequence;
Three petaled lilies;
Thirteen pataled marigolds;

and the sun opening
those petals
to the falling rain.

Chun Tzu - for John Steinbeck

Genesis 4:7

The sun has descended into the long valley
you now lay nestled in Nod, East of Eden,
where the soul wanders free.

You said:

"I yearn never to have lived."
Yet in living,
wrote the lyrics
harmonizing song and voice,
editing the analects of confusion,
smoothing the dialect and dialogue
between the living and dying.

Loving all, but champion of those
exiled from Eden

Your life's works describing:

The flowering, the dance
of the courting honey bee.
The swelling in the tide pool
of the sea anemone

Every movement a transformation
of idea
into reality.

You, who could only choose
to rule over
the crouching form.

Creation: A Speculation

PRELUDES

"Include the knower in the known."

Julian Jayne

"Myth embodies the nearest approach to truth that can be
stated in words."

Ananda Coomaraswamy

"I speak through the prophets in simile and metaphor."

White light, ivory light
limitless and without end
where argent canescent shadows
illuminate infinity's bend

Then... The Moment...

Before the circadian rhythm
of the six act drama
the limitless light neonate

The Moment...

Before the quantum chaos
or the splitting of the spectrum

Before the differentiation
the amorphous sun's splendor
soon to light the sapphire sky

Before the word, before the speech
Zeno's tortoise or the race
Before the patrimonial creation through
Baritone Divine Articulation

Before the eon, before the movement

The Moment...

chaos became creation
and matter began

Hosea 12:11 White light, ivory light
contemplation
During the gestation

Time began
The future
in the swiftness of a glance
passed away
into the past

The Moment
The Divine Mind spoke...

"let there be"

the words ordering eternity;
"in the beginning"

"In the beginning was" the Mythos
before the John's Logos
were words
and the words were of the people,
spoken by the people
(all thought made through them,
and all of creation)
the dark cave lit,
and laughter, and the birthing cry

The Moment...

Before the cosmic comic scene
When God began creating
the worlds before this world,
destroyed, because:

The Martians were too quarrelous
Venetians overly amorous
Mercurrians fickle, and (naturally)
Mercurial

even the Jupiterians -too jovial
they died laughing

and that proved deleterious

The Moment...

Before Chronos, the sickle, or the seasons
before the notion of faith
or any thought of reason

and the word was of woman
and the word was of man
and the word was woman
and the word was man

But
Before the word
the voice
Before the voice
the thought
Before the thought
the fiction
Before the fiction
the perception
Before the perception
the inspiration
Before the inspiration
text and interpretation

And before the text
or the interpretation

White light, ivory light
limitless and without end
The light in
pure emanation

Genesis Again

"The letters of the Jews are dancing knives that carve
the heart of darkness 7 ways."
The Alphabet Karl Shapiro

When God began creating

(in wisdom God began creating)

When God began
begin again

When God began creating

In the beginning: the electrum
within our stellar amnion
ions, interacting
ions, resonating
swirling 'Yods' at the river's source
spiraling and expanding
still singing ineffable songs
from the river's source.

In the beginning was the Verbal
the God of being, Ein sof, of emanation
the God of saying, but voiceless, of creation
the God of doing, yet effortless, of formation
the God of seeing through lidless, of foundation

in the beginning was the Nomos
time then

denser than water

in the beginning was the equation

And there was the beginning of
the nucleosynthesis
In the beginning of
Creation, the day of the One.

And It Was So

by Laurence

"And God saw everything that had been created, that it was Very Good."
Genesis 1:31

"Why Very? The perfection of the Total creation exceeds that of the separate parts."
Sephorno

Then the firmament split
flowing from the flesh
rivers red from birth's depths
forming The Earth,

The Rose,

and Sun's vermilion rise
When, from the Amnion flowing;

The Salt,
The Sea
The Sky

And the Woman blessed the child
and it was good.

Adam Kadmon: A Sermon

"For now we see through a mirror, dimly, but then, face to face."

1 Corinthians 13:12

Four sages there were.
Four bibles, with four readers
and four who entered
The Orchard.

Only Akiba entered in Peace
and returned complete
passing each mystic image
through imagination's prism
not blinded by the source,
saying:

"All the eye sees is legend,
image, poetry or parable
and the truth is also
in a child's fable."

reading Genesis again:

After the cleaving
one woman
one man
as God
in the joining.

Three creations there were.
Three stories, three tellers
and three visions
Of Eden.

And an Adam before Adam

Two sexes there were
after the cleaving
of the One Being,
male and female, *Adam Kadmon*
the image of God, Eve and Adam

At one time the sculptor,
the clay, and the hand
that forms the image.

One Tree
in the midst of the Garden
bending under the burden of its fruit.

Then
The serpent, legs shriveled,
slithering from its sheath
and slides around the bough
saying:
"The Fruit,
it is forbidden
save for progeny's increase.
Eat it!
And you die!"

And Gentle Eros (some say Tiresias)

silencing the snake and saying:
"The Fruit
will not defile
your hand.

Touch It!
You will not die!

"The Fig.
caress and taste of It.
Let your tongue explore
the dark inner space.

The seeds,
press them between your lips
and then return for more."

A Child's Fable Of Cain And Abel

One day iron and the Tree
in unknown innocent conspiracy
fenced the parcel of a farm
cutting the land into pasture and barn.
Two brothers, twins, two voices of demand
"I will be the owner, you, the hired hand."
"I will eat the fruits, you, till the land."
And a voice, of God, spoke to them and said:
"*Cain is Abel, and Abel Cain.*
Possession is vanity, O, the vanity of possession.
Share one table and take one name."
One wanting only his name above the door
crouched in the dark opening upon the floor.
In his hand a plowshare or a sword
waiting for the hacking and an unkind word.
And God said, "Where is your brother?"
"My brother? My brother was slain
with a blind man's cane."
(and he stammered)
unable to hide his hands
or their stain:

 "am
 am I
 am I my
 am I my brother
am I my brother's keeper?

O God, My brothers' blood
cries out to me
O God, so alone, so alone
in the Land of Nod
in a city of stone."

Interludes

A. THE BEGATS

Adam begat Seth, Seth begat Enosh
and Enosh begat all his grandsons. turned down,
Methuselah begat Lamech, Lamech begat
Noah
and Noah begat three sons. The dove again is
free.

And men multiplied upon the Earth
when the Sons were of the Gods
and daughters of man
he progeny of our miraculous forefathers
begat, and once more, begat again.

B. THE FLOOD

Still, the raven is content
death in the darkening sky.
The dove snared in the net
of dominion and descent.
Noah, the metaphysician,
saw myriad refracted colors
the sun, the cloud's waters
in reflectory position.

Noah praised God
for the rains
and not sending
the flood of fire.

The bow, after the rain
stringless, empty-quivered.
The rivers flowing into the sea,

C. THE TOWER

One being, one God, one vision,

then division.

One text, one story, one reader,
then revision.

Tubal-Cain forged the tools
(though he thought the Babylonians
fools).

Now landless, the Garden off afar,
a vagrant in the city's hire,

building a seventh-heaven spire,
a stairway to a distant star;
front room view of the Moon,
Ziqquart the name of Marduk's home,

Herodotus came knocking and found
celestial silence and an empty throne.

Night Vision (For My Father)

"Ten generations from Adam to Noah and to Abraham, ten again."

Midrash on Genesis

Beyond the city,
the glare of Ur,
Abraham,
alone,

watched the wandering planets in their orbs.

Terach, his father, taught:
the predestination of thought.
Heaven above, earth below,
light and shadow, fire and glow.

The Wars of the gods, mimicked in the battle and the cry
of the foot soldiers, columned or quartered, waiting to die.

Terach taught:

Shadow readings of the mind,
horoscopes, and the ebb of time,
the future, in the hand's line.
Destiny, in the planet's motion
and the twelve-phased Zodiacal notion

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All measure and emotion.

Prometheus kneeling in the sky
destined, from time's inception
to his fate,
crucifixion

by rigid preconception
fated to forever die.

Epimetheus beguiled by his wife,
(forethought and afterthought)

Pandora, hearing a voice
("No choice, No choice")
releases from her jar of strife
forethought and afterthought
And all this written in the night.

Dawn: A Prayer

"And in thy goodness Thou renewest the works of creation every day, continually."

Siddur

The seer, Abram, envisioned
and began his meditation:
"Soon the morning,
once again the morning
the imaginal imago imagined."

O Apollo, god of light
but not God of the Light

The earth
is not the
Center
of the universe.

The self
is not the
Center
of the earth.

And the spheres, how do they revolve
without one to initiate the revolution?

And the species, how does it evolve
without one to begin the evolution?

Awakening this aurous day
the imaginal imago imagined
alights and flies away.

Abraham the Iconoclast

"Let law be father of our peace."

Mark Van Doren

When Abraham left Haran the ascent to Moriah began.

When Abraham left his father's house, then the quest began.

Melchizedek, King of Salem, offered bread and wine

only to find a shaken Abraham, trembling, in a daze.

dark sleep, deep dread

deep sleep, dark dread

Four dream kingdoms sever the limbs, carving the flesh, an arm, a leg and the last

severing the head

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Four dream kingdoms of exile and the covenant is cut, too many corpses to count the
dead.

And Abraham would not feast

on the spoils of Sodom.

A Second Time From the Heavens A Divine and Earthly Drama

DRAMATIS PERSONA:

Narrator - setting the pace of the drama

A Voice - unidentified

Sarah - The Matriarch

Abraham - Father of many nations

Elohim - a deep-baritoned voice of authority

Ishmael - Abraham's beloved son

Isaac - Abraham's beloved son

Mesha - King of Moab

Immanuel - Angel and philosopher

A Tentmaker -theologian (Paul not Psaul)

A Child

"Offer the ram of pride instead of him. But the old man would not so,
but slew his son and half the seed of Europe one by one."
The Parable of the Old Man and the Young, Wilfred Owen

"Listen to the truth even from the mouth of the defiled."
Martin Heidegger

"*Nullum existit magnum ingenium sine aliqua dementia.*"
Quoted by S. Kierkegaard in his Journal

Act I - The Voices
Scene One

(Narrator) The day begins to breathe
 a warming early morning breeze
 soon the umber shadows will flee
 from the Mountain of Myrrh
 incense and cinnamon fill the air.

 Soon what is far
 will be near.

 And Abraham looked up, his eyes
 heavy from three sleepless nights, and
 weeping Sarah would not let loose her sons
 the tent could not contain the cries.

Sarah: "You must promise!
 promise!"

Abraham: "We will go
 and we will be returning."

Sarah: "Then go in peace
 and return in peace."

Scene Two

(Narrator) They depart, two brothers, the servants
 the old man holding two reined steeds,
 one black, one white
 the writing on the page
 the only witness to their deeds.

Elohim: "Abraham!" "I speak!"

Abraham: "I am here."

Elohim "Take now Thine Son
 to the Mountain of fire."

Abraham: "I have two sons."

Elohim: "You must give the firstborn Unto Me."

Abraham: "Each is the first born of its Mother."

Elohim: "The one you love!"

Abraham: "Each was suckled at my own wife's breast
This one a wild son, seeking his Father's love
This one a mild son, meek as a dove
Each dear to me as my own life's breath."

Elohim: "You pompous man
bombast who delights in rhyme
would you argue
with the Creator
the Judge
the Ruler
of all mankind!
offer them both
then, It is commanded
from on High

(pause) so this be no crime."

Scene Three

(Narrator) Abraham takes the oakwood, and cleaves it for
the journey laying it upon Isaac's shoulder,
and the knife upon the shoulder of Ishmael, and
material for a two-sided altar, one side for
each of the brothers.

Isaac: "Abba, Father Abraham"

Abraham: "I am here
my son."

Isaac: "I see the altar and the wood, but where
are the sheep
for the burnt offering?"

Abraham: (hesitates) "Elohim will provide them Himself
A Ram named Isaac
A Ram named Ishmael"

Ishmael: "Father, your face so pale
do you fear
the way of the warrior?
In the wilderness I learned
the art of the archer,
There the hunter pursues the hunted.

Do not be fainthearted!
Do not be afraid!

(chants) There is no God but Allah!"
Isaac: "Abba, This madness, Where will it end?
would you have me expose
and stretch forth

my neck
to the Priest
as the timid
dove
Abba
I see in a vision
Six dead sons.

Am I to be
The Seventh One?"

Elohim: "Surrender, I say, surrender!
As it is written: `The beginning of wisdom
and Godly decision
is the Fear, the Fear
of invisible heaven."

Ishmael: "Aslama Allah Aslama
I surrender, God, I surrender."

Isaac:
(shielding Ishmael)

"Father, would you abandon your sons?
remove these crowns of nettle.
"Father, do not abandon your sons!
weave for us crowns
of flowering henna
"Father, would you sacrifice your sons?
soon it will be spring
the blossoms
magically awakening in bloom.
There is time enough to die
let that too come in its proper season
The dew will resurrect
The Garden
But father, Ishmael
and I
cannot so,
Father, so not sacrifice your sons
or tear the eyes out of reason."

Elohim: "Silence!" "I say, Silence."

(aside) "When the King issues a demand
(and so much more so
The King of Kings)
Then, obey, or be Thou damned!"

Mesha: "I, a sheepbreeder, with a myriad of Rams
and another hundred thousand Lambs
I, in the midst of battle, my troop's blood
flowing
as freely as water, heeded the gods' call
and offered my son slyly on the city wall
and only then the battle turned

ransoming my kingdom's fall."

Scene Four

(Narrator) Abraham lays out the wood, and the firestone
and ties Ishmael to his side of the altar
then leaps upon the weeping Isaac
binding him from behind
(his hands and knees) and then
Raises up the blade.

A Voice:
(urgent) "Old Man! Old Man!
have you lost your mind?
Is not this fear of God
this madness
your folly?
Father Abraham
What are you doing?"

Abraham: "I am
to make an offering
to my God.
I am praying."

Voice: "Praying? Praying?
Then why the fire
and
Why the knife?"

Tentmaker: "Abraham,
The Elohim demands your sons!
When a heavenly voice commands
Would you withhold your hand?

Do not fear
the morning mingling with the dark

'On the Second day He will revive them
on the Third He will raise them up.'

Do not fear the evening, the war of light and dark
The night is descending, casting the rigid shadows
of the Law upon the broken tablets of stone.
A light is ascending, and one step
from Moriah to Golgotha.

Faith, Father Abraham, By Faith
In the land of promise
another son will come.
Let faith give a face
to that which is unseen.

The Father requires a son
A parable

of what is to come."

Child: "I accuse You
Old Jew
Embracing the old
Rejecting the New."

Elohim: "From the Throne of Justice, I command
of you, again, Abraham, envision
the great warrior Jephthah, a man

(aside (brave, though son of a whore)

overcome in battle, the tides of war
turned upon the troops, then
from the mouth of Jephthah this promise:
'Bh my courage, I vow, if only now
this battle be won, the first to enter my door
victories offering to this war.'

destined to die a virgin, an only child,
he had no other, neither son no daughter
willingly she offered herself for the slaughter!"

Act II - The Throne of Mercy

Either/or
in an old desk drawer.

A poet

Let law be father of our peace.

Mark Van Doren

Scene One

(Narrator)

A voice calls
a second time from the heavens
to Abraham, who still stands posed
knife raised
his forearms formed of copper
forged by the fires of Ur
gleaming in the Judean sun.

Immanuel: "Abraham, Abraham!
do not send your hands
as unwitting messengers
or unwilling accomplices
to an unknown act.

Drop the knife!

Let your upraised arms

embrace your sons
as love embraces life."

Scene Two

Abraham hesitates, lowers his arm,
but does not drop the blade.

Abraham: "Who speaks?"

Immanuel: "I, Immanuel, emissary of the Nameless
One, Hashem (Unutterable)
The God of Mercy

On this Mount there is vision
Yet you wait, eyes downcast
for Peace to descend from the heavens!"

Abraham: "God commands a burnt offering
A Holocaust
Completely consumed."

Voice: "Abraham
Have you forgotten your lines?
When you envisioned the smoke of Sodom
rising like the smoke of a kiln
For the sake of ten
righteous among the wicked
you pleaded for the lives
of all!
For the sake of two
your sons,
You cannot speak?"

Abraham:
(aside) "O faceless voice
this my own heart whispers

Is this of God?

The voice is the voice of God
Yet the command
as of a demented man."

Elohim: "Would you listen to this voice
of faithless choice?

Away Satan!
Away Accuser
Away enticer!
The sacrifice Abraham
It is commanded!"

Immanuel: "Abraham, a moment, wait!
Your love has known no bounds:

unbind the knots of servitude
untie the binds of fear."

Elohim: "Reflection
without passion
will die in the arms of inaction."

Immanuel: "Passion
without reflection
is the madman's inclination."

Elohim:

Take the leap! Ein seliger Sprung in die Ewigkeit.
Abraham, I demand Your sons,
The Knight of faith Is bound to the king's command!"

Scene Three

(Narrator) Abraham, overwhelmed and in confusion from the many voices, and desiring to fulfill the will of God, draws with heavy heart the slaughtering knife over the necks of Ishmael and Isaac, scoring their necks gently, a faint red line marking where the heads would be hacked, in one swift motion, so that his two sons might die painlessly, and mercifully.

Immanuel: "Father Abraham:
In every generation, A father, a child,
the fires of Moloch, the fires of war,
In every nation, priest, patriot, and hero
to feed the fires.

(aside)

And Agammenon his own daughter
had not Artemis in time
switched the child and the hind.

and those who worship the wargod
call this God's desire,
though I, Emissary of the Merciful God
The One
God who sent me does not want
an offering of the Sons.

(reads from book)
In the name of the Merciful,
the compassionate
`This burnt offering, this sacrifice
is no command of Mine,
I never spoke It,
Neither did it enter My mind.'"

Elohim: "The offering,
Abraham,
Now!"

Isaac:

Father
this Mountain
that you stand upon
This rock
is not suspended
over your head
by a thread
and what evidence
and who the author
and by what authority
is the Voice divine,
this voice of Justice
that demands our death?

Would you murder Your sons?"

Elohim: "Do it now, Abraham
I beg of Thee
I command
the deed!"

Narrator: Immanuel
grabs Abraham's arm
grasping it firmly
as the satan
knocks the knife
from his hand.

Abraham,

hearing Immanuel's weeping
looks up, as their tears
extinguish the altar's fire.

Elohim: "Abraham!
The fire!
Relight it!
The knife
pick it up

from off the ground."

Immanuel:
(still grasping
Abraham's arm)

"Out of the mouth of your son
the words as sacred as the
infant at the breast.
Let the voice of this commander
this demander, this elohim
be known, less than a god
the voice of the elohim

allusive as the sound of
a phosphorescent angel, yet
legs shriveled and wings clipped
to the bone, seen
in the light of the morning Sun,
when Justice would dethrone
Mercy, your face is shown
Lucifer, the deceiver!"

Elohim: "Abraham, do you believe this angel's voice
who serves the enticer?
Immanuel, Satan's messenger?"

Abraham: "O elohim, are you
A god? an angel?
and which the voice of evil
and who is heavens shadow?"

I am not sure
and never can be certain
But
that I out not kill my sons
of that I am certain and sure

And if this drama would end
a voice again resounding
from the visible heavens
a voice again demanding
from behind the curtain:

Elohim
(faintly) "Your sons still lay bound
Do it, Abraham, or
it will be the death of me,
Elohim, The death of God!"

Abraham: "I will not endure
the command of the deathgod
and if this be the death of God
Let the elohim die.

I choose Mercy
and the God of the Good
and when the satan speaks
in the name of heaven
I listen to the truth
even from the mouth
of the defiled."

Epilogue:

Narrator: After these words Abraham lifted his eyes, and
behold, a ram and then another, caught in the
thicket by their horns.

Elohim: Behold, a ram named Isaac

a ram named Ishmael
Let Isaac for Isaac come
Let Ishmael for Ishmael come
In place of your sons."

Narrator: Abraham grabs the rams by their horns
to free them from the thicket
and a horn breaks off
from on of the rams.

Abraham: "Neither will I offer, None
not rams, not sons."

(sounds ram's horn three blasts)

Narrator: "O Soren and Regina, Now embrace."

Abraham: "Instead, My lips offer praise
and the altars of blood, fire,
and sacrifice are razed.

(sounds ram's horn three long wails, and three
short cries)

(looks into
the distance)

"My sons warriors by day
and monks by night
scripture in one hand
(there they find the battle plan)
and weapon in the other
battling one another
even brother against brother
shouting:

Jihad! Jihad! Milchama! Mitzvah!

Holy War,

as if these two words could be spoken in
one utterance
without defiling the mouth of the speaker.

On this Mountain
A Vision of Peace
rising from this altar's ruins

A City of Peace
where Sufi's and Chassidim
Join hands
in a circle dance
chanting the ineffable Name."

The Book Of Names - The Exodus
PROFESSOR P. G. GERUNDGRINDER'S LECTURE ON
THE ULTIMATE NATURE OF GOD, THOUGHT, LANGUAGE, PHILOSOPHY, AND
REALITY

T. & Th. 10-11am Fee - NOMINAL

(TAPS ON LECTERN)

Students! Students!

Silence Please!

Noses to the Gerundstones

this class commences.

I. Lesson One - A Down To Earth Grammar

A. NOUNS

1. Adam was a Red man
(the Hebrews taught).
His game: the Nouning.
Eve called the Rose
a Dungadoo
but she was only Clowning

Infinitive, you make my thought so...
so finite.

You predicate every subject;
in a phrase you beckon
Maya to go
and weave the curtain
of the night.

B. VERBS

(INQUISITIVELY)

A word on Verbs:

(A LITTLE POMPOUSLY BUT WITH
OBVIOUS DELIGHT)

My namesake is found
when the Noun
is becoming
through doing

O, the holy gerunds sound!
Are transitive verbs transient

D. GERUNDS

2. When you say "I Love You"
(Korzybski warns)
be sure to tell your wife Love1
and to your mistress tell Love2.

E. SYNTAX

objecting to possession?
Do intransients live in tents
to modify my confusion?
This sentence is exclamatory!
And this one interrogative?
One shouted out - declarative
Kant's categorically imperative.

C. INFINITIVES

(THOUGHTFULLY)

Questions?

No!!

Not even one -

Rhetorical?

No! No questions.

II. Lesson Two - Meanings

Professor Gerundgrinder:

Students! Pupils!
My abecedarian friends
in three words,
in one phrase
I teach you Meanings
beginning, middle and end.

A student: (CALLS OUT, WITH GREAT SERIOUSNESS!)
This we have learned, Sir
Cognito -Ergo - Sum
I think
therefore
I
Am

Professor: (SHAKING HEAD) No, Mr. Cophant, No.

Student: Call me Sy.

Professor: No, Sy, not
I think, therefore I am

for that
puts the horse
before Descartes!

Not even
Sum - Ergo - Cognito
I am, therefore, I think.

Heiddeger's magical existential mantra
as he sat
in his overstuffed
chair
meditating
On Being and Time, Time and Being
NOT
Choosing and Doing, Doing and Choosing
as
he
smacked
the morsel Fascism
sweet between
his Aryan lips
during cake and tea time.

III. Lecture's Conclusion - God's Name and the Ultimate Nature of Reality

Professor Gerundgrinder: In the Book of Names
etched on the parchment
by a pen aflame

EHYEH ASHER EHYEH

Student: Why Sir, these words
are not translatable
and every translator
is a traitor!

Professor Gerundgrinder: No, Sy.
Every translator
is an interpreter.

God's answer to Moses our teacher
when he asked the divine Name,
according to the translators,
I am Whom I am
I am That I am
I am, that is, Who I am
or
My Name is Nameless.

Student: (ATTEMPTING TO TAKE OVER THE LECTURE)

Allegro says:
abracadabra
Elohim and Jehovah
the secret seed, the sacred spittle
the semen from the sky
When God was "U"
a copulating copula.

Professor Gerundgrinder: (DISMISSES STUDENT, WHO SITS DOWN)

Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh
when the future, past
and present meet,
having one meaning
this is the divine grammar
a verbal God of becoming
are you sustained by allegories?
I will be
whom I will be,
I am
what you create
with Me
The God of Becoming

Songs at the Sea

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

1 Samuel 17:45

SONG ONE:

I, Moses, a man of prophecy,
(at the Exodus, my people free)
am saddened,
the enemy's horse and chariot
swallowed by the Sea.

A demented poet
anonymously penned a line,
and penned that line on Me.

God (is a) Man (of) War

Being not man
nor warrior
loathsome the thoughtless supplication
of those that link these three

War, Man, Divinity
God a Man of War
unholy trinity.

SONG TWO: And Miriam Weeps

Does the Lord indeed speak only through Moses? (see Micah 6:4)

"Sanctify our days as of old"
the reader intones
looking backwards for a future
as the story is retold;
in Genesis
the serpent enticing the lady
that winding binds
wife to husband
the genius of Genesis, also
a proof text for travail
(*Ve El Esach
tshukatach
Ve who yimshal
bach*)

Your urge shall be
a bended knee
and He shall rule
over you.
In Exodus
that supernatural snake
transforms itself
into the staff
speaking the Law through Moses
preaching the sanctity of separate
but equal seating (in Satan's synagogue), from Sinai,
and this from the mouth

of the Almighty
(with perfect alliteration)
to Mr. Moses the interpreter
(a nice enough man
but also a stutterer)
teaching the Levitical laws
with Sarah's authoritative recipe
for cholent, chopped liver, and
gefilte fish, swallowed down
with raspberry concentrate
and Sotah water
with warnings to wayward women
that wandering eyes
beget swollen ankles
and bloated thighs.
And for the doubters
of this holy writ
it is written
in Numbers
verse eleven
chapter five.

And Miriam Weeps

Miriam weeps
her timbrel fallen
from her hand
the prophetess's song censored
by a sly
editor, the heavenly voice
in manly guise
expurgating her song.
Miriam hidden
under snow white,
leprous lies.

And Miriam Weeps

into her well of bitter waters
lamenting the rabbinic vision
of the men and women
marching on separate sides of the split red sea.

And Miriam Weeps

for the women passed-over
at the *Seder*
baking the bread of affliction
with no time to recline
preparing pyramids of food
as the men recite the story
in a sing song, nasal rhyme
"We were slaves unto Pharaoh"
pass the soup
and bones with marrow
"But now we are free men."

As the women answer:
Amen.
Amen.

Aunt Deuteronomy, Uncle Leviticus

Aunt Deuteronomy
set before me this day
Good and Evil
with milk and cookies
on a tray.

"Nice girls wear
white lace skirts
patent leather pumps
and ribbons
in their hair...
Nice girls cross
their legs
fold their hands
on their laps
and don't touch down there."

Uncle Leviticus
gave me some sweets
made me promise
not to tell
Aunt Deuteronomy
or my mom
where he touched me
beneath the sheets.

Footnote

"The chimera of scholarship,
I, Professor Gerundgrinder, proclaim
(see my famous magnum opus:
Sir Francis Bacon and Eggs)¹
assumed the symmetry of the syllogism
premises, and following conclusion²

A logician once lamented:
'One day I metaphor
I never hope
to meet another,
I'll wipe that silly smile
from simile
metaphor's bombastic brother'³

But I, Professor P. G. Gerundgrinder
have it on authority⁴
as it is written:⁵

'I spoke to the prophets
it was I who gave
vision after vision
I spoke through the prophets
in parables.'⁶
And since I submit
this thesis, properly footnoted,
that will be
my final proof of it."

1. Also known as *Enlightenment in the Morning*.

2. Ibid. see my chapter "The Logos and the Question it Begs"

3. See also the *Ancient Albion Library Plaque* (1789) containing the following lines attributed to Blake:

Stack the books
stack them high
Where do they lead?
to the eternal Why.

However, Dr. S. Cophant, in his dissertation, *Ancient Albion Plaque - A Fake!* controverts their originality.

4. From God, the *Good Book's* author.

5. This is the form of the original footnote.

6. Hosea 12:10 includes simile, metaphor and parable *The Torah speaks in the language of the people*.

And this Jerusalem
A Love Song for Two Voices

"All the Writings are holy, but the Song of Songs is the holiest of all."
Rabbi Akiba

BRIDEGROOM -REMINISCING

Alone hours of the afternoon
dust on the covers
the bound volumes
love poems in my room.

And love sick youth
in love falling,
falling in love
sweet wine for sipping
and drunk with infatuation.

But I heard
Another voice calling:

"Soon, the voice sang, Soon
so I sat to write a line,
But what to say
and what to say?"

Only the fears of
another loveless day.

Jerusalem in Spring.
The first fragrance, the almond
tree, erect and budding
the blossoms open bright
with white bloom.
In the tree's shade
a woman sits
her feet planted
in the ground -
a woman surrounded
by the morning light.

BRIDE -SINGING SOFTLY

O, My beloved, You are not alone
No lover to lay with, no warmth to share.
Nothing is as cold
as Jerusalem stone.
Nothing as cold
as Jerusalem stone.
No, my beloved, You are not alone.

(TURNS TOWARD BRIDEGROOM)

My brother, My beloved
Your hand, the page it turns
pale ivory white
The books, the walls they build

a parapet
against the night?

Would you sing
how fine the tree
how fair the field
in this hour
of the opening
of the flower?

(BOTH RAISE THEIR HANDS, FACING ONE ANOTHER, LOOKING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES)

You are beautiful, My love
You are beautiful
Your eyes the blue
the Mediterranean
of sky and sea.

This day
I watched the mingling
of the evening and the morning.

(JOIN HANDS)

Let our hands do so, joining
and heaven and earth
in passionate embrace.

Now is our moment
let me gaze upon your face.

BRIDEGROOM

Your aura, my friend, in the midday sun
how warm the feeling
your skin against my skin
and eyes of Mother Earth.
Now I hear
the cooing of the swallow and the dove
in this season of song and love.
I too will plant my feet
as the tree's roots
planted in the ground;
and the branches entwining
alive with sound.

BRIDE

Your smooth nakedness I feel
in your caressing voice
the passion of your loins
crouching as the lion
Let us be one body,
making our love real.

BRIDEGROOM

My love grazes her own flocks

a shepherdess of the hills
She weaves the wool
and gathers fleece from clouds
Dancing with their fleeing shadows
far from the market's din
and bidding of the crowds.

My love, to what may I compare you?
Your fragrant thighs
opening and closing as heaven's gates?
The scent of nard and musk
rising as the sacred incense
of the Ancient Temple?

Your heart-shaped haunch
not timid as the dove
more graceful than the gazelle
throbbing with life

That which is beautiful
I can only
compare
to
you.

(THE TWO LINK ARMS AND RECITE AS THEY WALK AWAY)

BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM TOGETHER

I could not tell my tears
from the rain
The night we parted
from Jerusalem

The kindness in a mist was falling
And David with his lute, calling
Lovers to a wordless song
I could not feel my tears
in the rain
But you beloved
And this Jerusalem

Interlude On One Foot

A Midrash on Shabbat 31A
and Sifra 19:18

Once, one who did not know the Way came before the great sage and legalist Rabbi Shammi, who was the founder of a school of thought called the House of Shammi, known for strictness and following the rigour of the Law, and asked:

"What, Rabbi, is the Way?"

Shami: "Would You be a Jew?"

Seeker: "If you transmit to Me
all the teachings
as I stand
on one foot!"

Shammi: "If you sit, my good man
I will teach you
of the ever Compassionate God, and
the Justice, Mercy and Freedom
of the Living Law

But you must sit and learn."

Seeker: "I have no time for sitting"

So Shammi, like a Zen Master pushed the Seeker away with the builders measure he used as a staff. The way of the builders is a way of discipline.

The same man came before Rabbi Hillel, also the founder of the House of Hillel.

The seeker asked the same question to Hillel. Hillel answered, on one foot:

"What is hateful to You?"

"Do not do
to others."

This is the essence of the Law

Seeker: "Why state a fundamental principle in so negative a manner?"

The voice of Rabbi Akiba, one of the Ten Martyrs and the son of a convert, comes to explain to the seeker the meaning of Hillel's statement. Although Hillel flourished before the Tannaitic teachers of the Mishna and oral law, and Akiba was of the Third generation of Tannaim, their voices speak to one another beyond the confines of the chronology of history, in a time transcending dialogue:

Akiba: "This fundamental principle of the Torah is found within the Levitical Laws and knowing the Heathens' confusion about the nature of the Law Hillel would appeal to your reason rather than a quote from Holy Writ

Yet,
let it be stated
positively

Love
your neighbor
as yourself."

Seeker: "Love?
Can Love be commanded?"

Akiba: "Love in thought
and Love in action."

Seeker: "Neighbor?
Do you mean
those next door?
all those in the neighborhood?
the members of my tribe?
or all the inhabitants
of my village,?
those of my own state?
or all people
of all nations?"

Ben Azzai, Akiba's son in Law, and a mystic, becomes impatient with all the seeker's questions and interrupts:

"I know a principle
greater than
`You Shall Love your neighbor as Yourself!"

"This is the book
of the generations of Adam
When God created the first being

in the likeness of the Creator

was this creature created
male and female they were created" (Gen. 5:1)

All in the image
of God!"

Akiba gently rebukes his son in law:

"My son
many have sought the image
of God
in the mirror of Scripture
and seen only distorted reflections
of a god
in the image of men

Yes, My son
That we are all created
in God's image
is a great principle
But I will teach you
Why mine
is greater Yet

'Love your neighbor
as Yourself.'

We are one and all
as one soul

Love yourself
then you will love your neighbor
Both in the divine image
and God
You will love
and your neighbor
as yourself

Be not content with those
that praise only with words

They recite their creeds

Be one with the living God
and those who do
in works

They are known

by their deeds."

Hillel: "This principle I teach you
on one foot, but
The task takes two feet
planted firmly on the ground
for every ordinance, and precept
and their commentaries
must be examined
thru the prism
of this principle

Will you then
Go, and learn?"

The seeker converted, and began pruning the hedges of the
garden of the Way.

The New Covenant and The Broken Circle

A line, drawn from Earth to Heaven
and across the earth, horizon to horizon
circumscribing the globe:

The sun, a spinning fire wheel
over a mountain of decaying bone,
at the crossroads, Jerusalem,
where supplicants kneel to
those crucified on every hill
hanging from St. Peter's cross

When the Roman General Tineius Rufus
asked Akiba in Caesarea
as Akiba's flesh was being torn
from his body
strip by strip
by the iron torturers' rake:

"This thoughtless devotion

Now you pray?
Your only emotion
a peaceful smile!

Are you a sorcerer?"

Akiba answered:
"I am no sorcerer
but have loved God
with all my heart
with all my soul
and now
with my very being
as he died whispering
'God is one.'"

The Chapel at Auschwitz

The village silent, early
this Easter, the Sunday sun
arises
gray
from the sacrifices
of yesterday

The chapel's steeple

and black charred dust
rising in the air
And the stained glass
windows, soot darkened
no light enters

consumed in the Judas fire
the Bavarians burn
the Easter man.

After the sermon
the children singing
skipping rope,

Old Miser brown bags
saves her pennies,

goes in old rags,
hides her gold,

under the floor,
where is it hidden?
in her kosher store!

Old Miser brown bags
steals our eggs

Old Miser brown bags,
kills our Lord,

Old Miser brown bags,
MORE, MORE, MORE!

The Ninth Hour

"Two Christs were at Golgotha
The Slum man they killed
The mountain man lives on."
Early Lynching
Carl Sandburg

"Wer, wenn ich schrie horte mich den aus der Engel Ordungen?"
Rainer Maria Rilke

-Crucifixions -

Three crucifixions there were
Three Christs on three crosses
Three versions of
The passion, the dying words:

FICTION ONE

"My God, My God

Why
Why have
Why have You
Forsaken Me?

Why have You
separated Yourself?
Answer Me!
Split the beams
of this cross
as You split
the Sea!

My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?

The soldiers, they laugh,
they mock Me.
'King of the Jews' they shout,
'Let the one none can see
save you...!'

My God, when will You deliver Me?

I am but a man
suckled as my brothers
at my mother's breast
a humble Jew,
Stripped of my robes,
once as human as You.
how long my strength?
how long my spirit?
how long my soul?
how long can these limbs

persist?

am I not flesh and blood?

and still I praise You, for
this vision, a gift
before I die:

Not suffering alone
in this valley of the rotting skull
and limestone powdered bones

(this cross marking out the deaths)

In each generation
blood on the hands
pinned to the twisted cross
and depraved passion

O God, How long, How lone
'til the advent
of compassion?

My people, and I, We
die
the moment
married
to eternity

and I, too, a simple Jew
die a man reciting my psalm

Eli Eli lama sabachtani."

FICTION TWO (THE REAL FINAL WORDS)

My Father
into thine hands
into thine hands I commit
My spirit.

FICTION THREE

consummatus est

τετλεετα

It is finished.

Mother of Pearl - A Polemic

by Laurence

The family bible
black as ink
with gilded edges
where it is written
and where it is written
as each verse
and each misdeed demands
The Word resurrected
speaks not to women
it is the catechism
for the sons of man.

The Madonna utters nought
a carved status, mother of pearl
to adorn the alter of the Lord
cold to the touch, mute as stone
still as a church after prayers
As it is written
and as it is taught:

"Let your Wyves keep Sylence
in the congregations
Let them be submissive
knitting a bonnet
or a mitten
as also the Law saith."

If the Madonna were to breath again
brought back from the Abaddon
where we venerate those we hate
If the Madonna were to speak again
denying the sin of the apple Eve ate
declaring the sanctity of carnal birth
The fathers would intone
"Anathema Maranatha"
"We come in the name
of the Lord of love
to proclaim this (Odium Theologicum.)

Forgive me father, for I cannot move
The icon of the Cretin Church
My crown spun with silver threads
of elliptical reasoning
My hands holding the Ephesians encyclical

where it is said:

"Wemen, Submit Unto Your Awne
Husbands, for He the Husband
is the Bound Wyves Head."
We will go to mass Sunday
to hear the sermon of
As it is written

and as it is written,
The Word on the cross
with each utterance
once again is smitten.

The Priest, from Timothy
his sermon will say:

"Lykewyse Wemen
Should Not Araye
in Broyed Hair
Gold or Pearls...
And worship is only
through good words."

As we nod and pray,
nod and pray.

The Christ has come
and departed
leaving few words
and the ghost written
gospel of Saul
who became Paul,
casting women as the
toothless crone
who conceives all life
in original sin's womb,
so celibacy he found
a life alone
the only answer
to his life absurd.
Paul, not Psaul.

And all this
with nihil obstat
of God the Father
with Jesus his son
and Paul
the Imprimatur.

History and Herstory A Dialogue *by Lillith*

HISTORY

I am History
from Genesis when time began
until this moment
I witness and span
Mankind's glorious ascent;
Adam, Enosh, Kenan,
and the sons of Ham
Solomon and David
to the Son of Man.
I begin my story, history
with Adam and God;
in his image made he man,
Eve an afterthought, a wombman
for the father saw it was not good
that his son be alone
so from the bones of Adam's bones
Eve the Madam, the first woman
in the image of the first man
Adam.

HERSTORY

I am Lillith of the *li-lah*
lady of the night
called Queen of the demons
seducer of all life.
I am Lillith of the *lilah*
chronicler of Herstory
and Adam's first wife.
Open your bible, Sir History,
the book you seldom read
but quote
to justify every manly atrocity,
open and see that the first creation
was a nation of two
created equally
"*Zechar Venekeva bara Otam.*"
Malefemale was the first being of creation.
Adam ignored God's command,
no two crowns for that primeval man.
I, Lillith, daughter of Tiamat
would not heed
that haughty man's demand
to lay supine, beneath him
(also lower in his mind).
Adam would not concede
that love's need is of equal mates.
And I, Lillith, knowing his desire
to blame his serpent and lowly wife
for all specious judgements of his life,
Adam the apple polisher,
Adam the fool, who would refuse
the even sweeter fruit

of life long harmony
Adam, who with Eve did choose
white-winged, fairyland,
Immortality.

HISTORY

I remain History
the Narrator,
History the Originator,
History the Generator,
of all of civilization.
Patrimony is the legacy
of every human nation.
The Fathers of Philosophy:
Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato.
The Masters of Art:
Michelangelo, da Vinci
to Van Gogh.
Even the Lord a man.
Women you are the body
and Men the mind
as Christ is the head
of the embodied church.
Body and mind
women's biological design
mothers of the leaders, rulers
and creators of mankind.

HERSTORY

History, the pompous diary
of inquisitions, crusades, world wars and tirades
interspersed with bombastic diplomatic charades.
The diary of young men fighting
each for their Fatherland
each warrior praying to his patron saint
each believing the ironic blasphemy
that God is a man of war
each marching, backwards, through the pages
of History.
Mankind
will you ever tire
of the uncountable dead
of History?
Will you never tire
of the never ending recounting
that is History?
History the has been
remembrances of things passed
documentation of oppression
and fear of future things to come
if the cycles repeat again
fear of the movement
of each moment
closer to the end
Time your obsession,
and death

Will this breath
be your last?
And you erect, Sir History
"immutable" monolithic city nations
with phallic spires and marble monuments
piercing the sky, a severed member
pointing towards the future when soon you will die.
And remember your will, Sir History, to insure
wealth's proper passage through primogeniture
of your artifacts and art,
The empty canvasses mirroring
a perfect reflection
of the patritage of man:
A still life
of a bowl of fruit
hairless naked women
battle scenes
virgin Madonnas
or Life
forever crucified
This you pass on History
Father to son.
Now, mother to daughter
women to women, and to men
Herstory will sing
of life celebrating,
of life giving birth
to itself, of wide open spaces
bordered only by the changing tide
of the moonlit sea
and unfenced verdant meadows
all bright with every shade of green
all whispering of timelessness
rebirth and eternity.
Now women, draw near
for it is time to hear
the voices of our matriarchs
all resonant and clear.

Wovoka's Dances

"Some said they saw the Son of God... We doubted that because we had seen neither
him nor his works." Red Cloud

Dream Dance

Now we see him sitting there
in the prairie's diminishing grass,
Now we see him shimmering
(in the wind of the song)
through the Nevada desert pass where the feet of the dancers
dancing trace
(in the wind of the song
dancing the Great Dance)
and rising from beneath them
the Paiute messiah's face.

In the wind of the song
dancing the Great Dance
rising beyond the Shining
Mountains, following
the blood red sun, setting
into the horizon, gaping
to the open darkening sky.

In the wind of the song
chanting the Great chant
("I am the Earth, The Earth I")
eyes upward, following
the hawk, climbing,
and wing dreams calling to the braves
unafraid to die.

In the wind of the song
in the eye of the dream
The Village
quiet as the white
Man's Eden.

The smoke rising peacefully from the pots
The smoke rising peacefully from their pipes.

There, the buffalo roamed
the deer and the antelope
(and the lion and the lamb) played
and stillness, even in the storm forming
and hope, even in the dark, descending.

Death Dance

Sand Creek on a sunny morning,
(before the awakening of the weaponless Chiefs,
surrounded by the soldiers burdened
with the sword, laying heavy in their hands,
shifting in their saddles from side to side
heartless as cossacks ready to ride:

"The only good Indian is one that's dead."

After the Pogrom
The blood of the children
the blood of the women
and the Sand Creek
Red.

TWO HEARTS PIERCED BY ARROWS,
STAND AND FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN,
FORGOTTEN BY THE GREAT SPIRIT,
SMASHED BOW OF BROKEN WILL
WHITE MAN COMES FLEE,
WOVOKA DO NO HARM DO NOT FIGHT
HURT NO ONE ALWAYS DO RIGHT,
LIKE A WOUNDED DEER,
BURIED ON RED MAN'S MOUNTAIN,

All Dead.

Ghost Dance

Now we begin the Great Dance
winding towards the Westward Sun
Now we begin the Ghost Dance
Finding at the end of day
crossed staves to mark the way
we who must go
The way of the Travois

In the song of the wind
The Ghost dance begins
(look closely, listen, and hear)
The Great Wovoka, dancing, chanting
In the wind of the Song:

"The God who formed the Paiute
made the Navaho

The God who formed the Whiteman
made the Arapaho"

"Time to die."

"I am the Earth
The Earth I."

In the Nevada desert's heat
on the Deadlands sand
the feet of the dancers
dancing trace
(in the wind of the song
dancing the Great Dance.)
the spring rain falls
the desert flowers bloom full formed
and the feet of the dancers
dancing trace,
Wovoka, the Paiute Messiah's face.

**The Professor P.G. Gerundgrinder's Final Lecture on
Teleology, Theology, Space, Thermodynamics, Time, Evolution,
History (Mundane and Messianic), Apocalypse, and the Individual,
A Double Helized Perspective on the Hidden Future of Becoming
within the context of a Unified Theory of Reality (with, thank
God, Interludes)**

The Laws of Thermodynamics

- 1) The Energy of the Universe is constant.
- 2) The Entropy of the Universe tends towards a maximum.

"The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years, is true, as I have heard from Hell."

William Blake

"But I am not bound by the vast work of creation I am and I watch the drama of works."

Krishna Bhagavad Gita (9:7-10)

"It does no harm to the mystery to know a little about it. For far more marvelous is the Truth than any artist of the past imagined."

Richard Feynman, Introduction to Physics
Vol. I, pp. 3-6

"I am reluctant to hitch the wagon of faith to the shooting star of scientific fashion. For all we know, Relativity, and the quantum theory, and entropy will one day join their predecessors in the limbo of discarded scientific fads."

Arnold Lunn

"A poet differs from a historian...because the historian relates what happened, the poet what might, and should, happen. That is why poetry is more philosophical and nobler than history."

Aristotle - Poetics 9:51b

Commencement

The Professor:

"O, My dear disciplined disciples on this illustrious, alliterative day you sit, before me, in well-defined lines
square-hatted and black-robed living vestiges of a hopefully vanishing tradition, knowing the
hypotenuse,
maxims, theories, theorems, or hypotheses
and all that would lead to salvation

Yet

Before you depart on primrose ways
a shady lane and lined with trees
I must impart
some shocking news, these final words
not lectured upon, but found
hidden behind
The Physics Chairman's frown
this thermodynamical world
even with life's endless aspiration

the Earth
fading, and
the Sun
setting
over the Event horizon
then, darker than the black holes
of hell
the heat death

not one more
circumjovial
revolution
that time of morning
no sun rising

(flustered and excited)
at maximum entropy
energy's implosion
and you and I
I cannot say
it without tears and crying
O, My dear, dear disciplined disciples
The Universe is dying!"

Student:

(raises hand but speaks before being called upon)

"Sir, is cosmogony
then
not a theogony?"

Professor:

"When the sage Socrates heard the words
of Anaxogores, that the universal design
was the order of an intelligent, divine mind
and therefore
for the best
he happily slept the night
in peaceful rest.

And Plato and the Milesians
found the physis breathing
and Heraclitus (of Ephesus)
eternally becoming
all hylozoically proclaiming:

'The universe is living!'

Then Aristotle's cool eternal world
out of nothing, comes nothing
into nothing passes nothing
no beginning, no ending

And those that follow
the God of Aristotle
and those that go
to the Church of Plato

and Science and Religion
still ask
What place
in space
What time
on the line

and those that
say yes
and those that
say no
to creation
ex nihilo, or
ex deo."

Denouncement

Another Professor
(probably of Theology):

"Good God!, Good God!
The nature of time
entropy defines
a beginning!

God's creation
The First Law? Energy
The Spirit is constant

Even in a world content
with Godless speculation."

(sits, applause)

The Professor P.G. Gerundgrinder, ignoring side comments -
sets out to answer the question.

"We begin again, from the beginning,
the genesis, the first six seconds
(words are silent that describe)
before the infinity of the abyss
was bounded by the outermost
confines of the mind, Then
energy, in the interval
of space in time

and the hydrogen was born
(a most elementary composition)
which formed, as a matter of speculation.

1 H +n
1 hydrogen

2 H +n
1 deuterium

3 H +n
1 tritium

4 H -e
1 (unstable)

4 He Helium

2 plus energy

(capture the neutron, like a school boy's game)

and the Helium formed pre-biotic carbon
and the carbon bore oxygen
in imbrace and intermingling
as poetic and pleasurable
as any coupling

and the elements were born
and the carbon bore oxygen
in embrace and intermingling
as poetic and pleasurable

as any coupling

and the elements were born
and molecules (formed)
the pairbonding
(so subtle, so subtle
the process)
reproducing and replicating
as thru some metaphorically
(shall we say divine)
prearranged design.

And the photosynthesis
life and light
and light and life
the ancestral process
photophosphorylation

A silent, moving, phototropic
epiphany, bowing to the sunlight.

A fern by the side of the pond.

And the photosynthesis
a delicate permeable line
and the organic defined
all that is living
double-helixed linking
genetic codes whispering
thru ascending and descending
spontaneously forming, infinitely turning
rungs of RNA and DNA
and the ascent: Chordata,
Vertebrata, Mammalia, Eutheria,
Primata, Anthroipoieda, Catarrhina,
Hominoidea, Hominidae, Homienenae,
Homo Sapiens (self-named)

With analogous and homologous
forms, spanning membrous memories

a sperm, an egg, the unrolling
reliving the six act drama
the tohu and the bohu
then the firmament splitting
(sunrising, fruit ripening)
and reptilian leviathans
unfettered by time, alight
a bird flying, from the nestling nest, then
those
suckling at the breast and
on the Aretes pinnacle
there stands
a woman and a man.

The Mosaic evolution

a diverse and varied groping
(some gone with Gondwana)
and wings that flew
now hands that grasp
and so the poet's aspiration
can only hope to rise
in words
to unknown destinations
O, vestige wings
embrace those truths
that words despise."

Ode to the Spontaneous Generation

My dear disciples, the avant garde
of the spontaneous generation
disciplined in the Arts Liberal, or Science
degreed now in one
of knowledge's vast and multi-faceted
categories (these are no times for a Renaissance
man)
with fragmented visions
of a divided world.

(Professor shakes head, My, how I lecture, how I lecture.)

Listen:
A Unified Field Theory of
Reality, Action, and Knowledge

Interlude One: A Reminiscence

Aeons ago, as a high school biology student, I remember asking the teacher, Mr. Wainright, a former missionary who left the South American jungles (to recover from malaria and live out his later years in the relative quiet of the classroom), about the implications of the clash between science and religion with the advent of the ingenious theory of evolution by his colleague Sir Charles Darwin.

Wainright was forever doing x-radiation experiments with *Drosophila* (fruitflies), presumably to somehow prove that the natural world was created by his Lord's God, as if he personally was responsible for that proof. I vividly remember to this day his giant weathered hands and thick fingers, overgrown with hoary down that resembled some ancient exotic fungi. From Wainright's ears grew tufts of hair so thick they might have hosted a myriad of organisms. (Earwigs?)

Knowing that I had an audience of the Scientifically advanced and "enlightened" members of the sophomore class, I remember casting the bait!

Is it true, Sir, that God
created fossils
to try the Christian faith?

Wainright's expression did not change as he stared first at me, and then at the blackboard, where he drew:

"This," my teacher said, "Mr. Isaac, is the story of the evolution of life from Amoeba, to Fungi, to Plantae, to Animalia: Coelenterata, to the Omega Point (as he drew on the bell curve)

...the Christ Jesus who died for our sins."

Needless to say, the boldness of this assertion shook my sophomoric mentality, and my now inverting smile traced the bell curve's line. I sat down, and finished my project of reconstructing organic molecules using wooden balls and pegs, a school boy playing with his toys.

Origins of History: The Mundane and Messianic For Laurence

Interlude Two: With Choreography of the Imagination

A dark forest, A deep jungle,
Listen: a drum's carnal rhythm.
Imagine: a woman and a man, dancing, planting, reaping

The sun swallowed by a cloud
(then all poetry was alive and all that was alive was poetry)
and the light unfolding into darkness,
and the darkness, once again becoming light.
Wordless meditations on
the origin, creation, direction of all that is living
Memories of the sea, swelling,
dreams of leaf light journies, flying
sophomoric speculations on what God
created God, The evolutionary spiral, a spinning
stairway, with rungs to climb
(each an era of time, and some still climbing)
Yet
no ascent
of bee or ant since Oligocene
nor birds since Miocene
nor mammals since Pliocene
and of man, what of man?

Some timelocked still at the ape dance

some, who in friendly conversation,
have no ears to hear, those dark-eyed,
Medieval, empty faces, they chant
the hymns that only hear
the dead, or near to dying.

The Mundane

The History of
thru this battle, or that war
names and dates changed, yet
none innocent
the most meticulous chronicle,
Now
the Age of Barbarism
our recurring fate.

The Messianic Macroscope

Professor: recites in sing song nursery rhyme voice

Through macroscope or microscope
the cosmos and the atom

The Tree The Fruit of hope
the root, the branch
all blossom forth
full formed
from the head
of Adam.

The Professor now removes from his tweed jacket pockets miniature soldiers and horsemen, similar in size to those that can be ordered from the back of comic books, but possessing an intriguing life-like quality, one set in earth brown tones, carrying cylinder shaped weapons, the other set weaponless, colored an ethereal blue, the faces on both sets so real one suspects that at any moment they might speak.

The Professor warms up with another nursery rhyme:

I am a little man, I have a little gun
my bullets are made of lead, lead, lead

I am a little man, stopped growing as a boy
never started growing again gain gain

I went then to war, and shot a young man
the toy soldier fell over, dead, dead, dead.

Again, the Professor reaches into his pocket, and into the hands of one set of soldiers (the weaponless) places miniature banners, neatly lettered, that say

/ One World / One God /

/ One God / One World /

/ The People / Not the State/

/ Legions of the Kindhearted/

/ A whole day wages for a loaf of bread/

/ A whole day wages for a loaf of bread/

2) The End

The Professor, sensing the audience's restlessness (after all it is a sunny spring day) draws his commencement address to its conclusion.

**The Merging of the Two
Jeruselems
One old, One New**

On the Mountain of Magedon
Armagedon - a final battle
the final struggle, only the fit
to survive

The Professor peers down at his little armies, as though he can actually see the opposing forces drawing into battle formation.

Gog of Magog
the final turning
of the cogs
mind against mind
(so impatient, so impatient)
to hasten the heat death
to explode the moment
in space and time
all are agog
the final battle
Aarmagedon, against
Gog of Magog.

Interlude Three: The Professor on Social Darwinism Survival of the Fattest

The Scholars tell us Charles dear
that species battle out of fear
of being sat upon by saddists
and call your theory
survival of the fattest.

So Herbert Spencer, and the Robberbarons too
like demented Lancelots the goodness dragon slew
that's why today in our democracy
we bow lot to stately aristocracy
(Rockefeller, Ford, and don't forget Carnegie)
who live in kingly castles high upon the hills
while we, the peasants and the plebes
live in shoebox houses
and all to feed the fitter theives.

On our weekends we motor to the sea
covering every bit of beach like sand
for every spot for two, lay three
beware while sunning, for one false move
and once again the jungle law you'll prove
survival of the fattest.

Interlude Four
Essence and Existence
(a schoolyard hand game)

one, two, three
paper knife
ideas that cut

one, two, three
knife fist
smashed by the rock

one, two, three
rock paper,
covering all

Interlude Five: Ism's Ology's and Osophy's

(The Professor has inadvertently mixed papers from an advance philosophy class in with his commencement notes, but believing in the moment, continues as though the philosophy notes were pre-ordained:)

These are pedantic poems
with messages like fingers pointing
of Ologys seeking Psyche
of scholars chasing the young virgin
allusive as the breath of life
whose wind floats ideas on angels' wings
the pedants and Cupid forever pursuing, but
Never reaching, never touching
Psyche, thru their Ologys and Isms.

Ism's

Individualism: Not love of neighbor
but glorification of Self
not Love of self, but egos discovering Persona
those costumes of long defunct plays
whose masks are chipped and peeling
And we paint bright with every shade
of brown and white and gray and blue
To say this is Me, yes this is I
and you are He, and that is She
Masking, always masking
the Thou.

The logic of those obsessed
with the reflections of the mirror
"Egoism, ergo egotheism"
and if you like fancier formula
"Egoism ergo apotheosis"

Enter a more fletting ism
Racism: denying we are all living branches
growing from a common root
Racism: the rapid currents
fresheting into a contest of the quickest
Racing
Racing
Racing
to hatred's shoreless sea
racing to drown every you
and every me;
baptism by death
into the empty spaces
of Eternity

Enter racism's bastard brother, Nationalism
the pseudo-scientific sanction:
every nation's arrogant declaration
that, "my people are the noblest
of all the flag-waving, ethnocentric nations."

Then, stumbling over bumbling thought
Nicholas Chauven, Napoleon's main man
with Decater, lover of his nation, right or wrong
worshippers of every political sham
Chauven, symbol of a century,
The man
kneeling to the deities
of State
and Sex.

Final Lecture

At the University one learns dissection
of dead cats and dead cultures
and Anthrope, Geo, and Theo Logys
techniques of seeing light thru prisms
the ossification of ideas
sentencing action to its prison
let out only to see the marriage
of bitch and bastard
of ology to ism
or the coronation of the queen Osophy
philosophy, articulate as a swishing faggot
seeking specious causes with no effect
of moving closer
to the source of light:

action and compassion

We therefore declare as dead ideas
and logical treason
all hyphenated ideas
that do not come alive
in loving kindnesses gentle reason.

We seek lovers of wisdom
and would lay to rest
all osophys, ologhys, and isms
in knowlege's multi-volumed tomes.

Final Interlude A Journey thru Earthly Jerusalem

Rommema

With each step a year passes
away
from the heights, Rommema
downward, a view of the old
city, and tomorrow,
emerging
from yesterday.

Mea Shearim

The hundred sects and their hundred gates
a mourner's scene in grays and blacks
even the children dusk garbed
in frocks solemn and drab

Who took the Chesed
from the Chassidim?

Who stole their joy?

And more real than a poet's fiction
the eyes of hatred's imagination
of the enemy nations: Imagine
Framed in the gate's shadows
a lone oak, fronting
the Transylvania Yeshiva School

a spread winged bat
in an eyes blink
a black cloaked Rabbi
walks away
wearing a sable hat.

The Market - The Walls

Within the walls - the old city
thru the Damascus gate
where the same beggars
for centuries have sat
palm upturned, there
they still sit
and wait.

In the *Souk* (the market), the sheep
butcher
his face: lines etched and framed
by Dead Sea winds
as his fathers
and his fathers' fathers,

with scars from the battles
of Jerusalem, hands calm

and without a grimace or a shake
draws the dull knife edge
severing his victim's neck
another sheep's fate
A barrel
for the front legs
another for the hind
one shelf for heads
a hook for the carcass
and the flies feast
on the red meat.

A Wall, A Church

I walk on
up the fifteen stairs
to the temple mount
hearing on each step
a song
of ascents

No longer waiting, but asking:

Is that the Messiah there?

The young Chassid with skyblue dove eyes
whirlwind sidlocks and golden hair?

Perhaps that soldier there
doing his duty, so meek, go proud
protecting the crowd from the crowd?

No, not that one - not that one

Walk on, Walk on.

Thru this city within cities
labyrinth within labyrinth
at the end of each alley
a wall, a church

Each marking the end of a journey
each shrine the end of a search

I do not stop, continue
Walking, looking, seeking

Then - a voice

"one thought, one spark, will ignite
celestial visions of luminous white light"

"The one you are seeking

is also seeking you."

Interlude: Today, If You Hear the Voice

(Midrash on Sanhedrin 98A)

At the city's gate
not thinking of coming or going
the sage sits calmly, the hour late
waiting only for the time of doing

I asked this blanched and ancient sage
(as on naive and young of age)
"When Rabbi, will the Messiah come?"

With index finger pointing,
then flipping the page
of the eternal book (his home)
he answered
"Go and seek yourself
he stands at the gates
of Rome."

There, enwrapped in prayer shawl
embracing the lepers,
the protector of the meek,
The Messiah.

"Peace unto Thee, Master and Preacher"

"Peace unto You, my friend and teacher"

"By what name may I call the Messiah?"

"And what is your name?"

"Isaac, the son of Israel."

"That then is the name you seek."

The Messiahs
The Culmination of a History of Messianism and
Messianic
Pretenders
for my father

If I am
as you say
a
messiah

then none other
will save me
from Myself
for myself, but myself
I am the author
None speak my lines
But me
Directing
the plot,
scenery
dialogue
I am my own destiny, Free!

But God
so alone, so alone
and whom to save
but Myself?

(A Chant - chorus)

Do not fear
My beloved
it takes but one
spark
to ignite
the fire
and all have hands
to gather their kindling
and all have hearts
to share the warmth
and all have feet
to dance around the fire
which consumes the beasts

Usury, Greed, Envy

the beasts that consume

Violence, Hate, Cupidity

will themselves be consumed

in the hand held circle dance
around
the evening fire

Then the many messiahs
(every you and me)
saviours all, all anointed
autonomous, self-ruled, each free
each making real
our common destiny, and
will awaken
those
huddled in fright, and embrace them,
when, the
night, embraces
the dew
awakened dawn.

Denouement

The Professor uncovers from beneath his notes a well
thumbed, leather bound copy of the Two Testaments. A dialogue
is opened with two ancient rabbinic sages on a nuance of textual
exegesis: (Deuteronomy Twenty)

"The fearful and fainthearted":
unwilling to be numbered among the dead
preferring the warmth of wife and bed?

Coward, traitor, lacking courage?

afraid of wars iron horns?

Weak kneed in the face of dilemma?

Heart faint in the presence
of the stoic, manly warrior?

Unfit for the natural struggle?

(The voice of Rabbi Akiba:)

"The fearful: trembles at the sight
of the naked, unsheathed sword
seeking appeasement of the unkind word
he trembles at the sight
of the naked, two-edged sword."

(The voice of Rabbi Jose the Galillean)

"Fearful
the sacrificial sin offering
on the battleground, the unkind home
welcoming the spoil; blood and bone

(Akiva:) (In Tosefta)

The Rach HaLavov

not faint, but
kind
hearted
even the greatest of the warriors
the bravest of the brave
the strongest of the strong

the kindhearted: declaring
"I choose the battle

(no captains, no generals)
This War : is wrong"

The Merging

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem
One from heaven, above, descending
One from earth, below, ascending

O, God of Jerusalem, of stone and alley
give us this day, our daily bread
feed the poor, revive the dead.

One dream, one vision, one morning
the sun awakening the valley
For without clamor, without prayer
child, woman, or man
The sun will rise
and set
and once more
rise again

O, Jerusalem
City of Peace,
Indwelling of Peace,
Inheritance of Peace,
On Earth
as it is in Heaven,
and God
and the Name of God
in the pure tongue
that is Peace
will be One
and the Name of that City
From that day shall be
Ehyeh
The God of
becoming
will dwell here
in
Final Jerusalem.
in
The Final Age

Amen Sealah