

Why Keep Procreating?

Tender eyes

How do you know when to give and when to take? (please note the punctuation in the answer)

(

This

What are the things you thought were particular to your time, but actually happen in every generation?

Loss piles up on the side of a tree

Paris

Lived twice

Loved thrice

A bowl of warm rice pudding with cinnamon on top

Tiny eyes that sparkle

Shhhh shhhhh shhhh

The force of a fireball

The weight of a velour wingback chair

Grand piano

Bendy-straws

Hands on a black typewriter for fifty years

Half-thoughts expressed

Half-expressed thoughts

Rabbits in hats

The room in the back

The hidden room

Crepe-y silk

Anything that is too old

Cigarettes and candied ginger and mints in the dresser

My mother's pain stained into the carpet of that living room: stepped on by everyone else

A voice that sounded like a meat cleaver

Death by pneumonia

An apartment with a foyer

The Bronx

I remember the willow

A name, a squiggle, the sound of rain

Forever, untenable

Imprint/Print/prince/prim/imprimatur/stamp

Louise leads out, tender eyes

Alone here

My mother's intolerance of loneliness

bed essence

Imminent/impotent/image

Promise to help him when I die.

Leaves giving of themselves to cover the naked bodies.

Drinking schnapps from my grandfather's cup.

Endless wishing, so many stars that everyone sees

Vowels all together pertain to or suggest a certain possibility of order that I hold within me, even as I try to stumble or run away

How do logic and rage coexist it doesn't make sense

Can't remember my brother's daughter's daughter's name.

Oh why is every song a sad one tonight?

I know. I know

If I eat your root vegetables will it root me in the ground so no one can ever chop my head off?

Your tiny eyes sparkle of emerald.

Your dazzling smile is Baccarat

Baccarat is the name of a little French waltz played on an accordion.

All of these are buried under the leaves in the quarry.

If you can find it please send me a Western Union telegram.

Let's do it the old-fashioned way.

I was too young when I left home and ended up living above a Greek bar in a slum in Brussels. The toilet was 3 flights down and the nights were unbearable.

Is Brussels a root vegetable or a city?

I can't tell the difference anymore because I'm rootless and each city that I live in is only for the night.

King of one-night stands.

Prince of the impenetrable.

C'est moi.

Root vegetables

I was young when I left home

My dad complimented me by comparing me to you

A horse neighing with a sharp stop

Children playing a game in a wooden fort on the shore in an air of anticipation

The core of light that remains after it has been shaved

Stamp on my soul

Two histories: outside, inside...lived twice. Memory locking twilight

With the felt

Elohim in Hebrew School, wishing

I don't know if I made it up

Forgetful forget-me-not remember me

As i have remembered you

My grandmother, at 99 ½, doesn't have speech anymore

Please don't let it be a sundering

Is inheriting the possibility of choice an inherent aspect of whiteness?

I speak pathetically broken hebrew in a convincingly accent

Mazel

Premature

What was inside?

the present looping the past

making a turn around

before maybe, just making

going forward anew

Who made you?

were the tales just webs to catch us in the memories themselves? in the tales of who we are? of who we are allowed to be?

"Don't" "But I have to" "well, suffer"

i sing a song taught long ago - more whispered , partially repeated, its parts told piecemeal not quite sure what to whom always called forth, the present repeating - looping.

why can't i remember his name when I can feel his arms, his kindness? he made me feel a part of in a room/world i was left out of

Laws try to keep us from loss

Pogroms, grow, room, room to grow

dddddd♪♪♪♪

X add a line for * marking a footnote or an addition or a caveat

Moonshine terrain

Backcountry terrain

Who was her daddy

He left on a train

A web of in and out

This and that

I have a photograph

A wandering through

Oh honey.

Assimilation: nation, ass, a milli, lactation, smit

No 2 are linked but all 3 are

Wish i could have your canadian citizenship

Digging

The dead have grown

Yes! ok!

Cracked, yellow pages

A daughter slaughters laughter

Died

I love the damp

in the hospital i was born at least that is what i say

A light tongue on the teeth

AAAAAAAAAAAA

X, 10, Ten: Completion

Why is everyone so hard/wet for their ancestors?

It just makes me think about how easy it is to be forgotten.

GOT: to hold, to possess, completed, acquired, killed (he got got)

EAR: as in what a person keeps out for you

EARN: what my ancestors had to do such that they/I could exist

**Lobster / Long island / Fake green grass / basement / toast / grampy's armchair that
could move / grampy's weird hobbit shoes / old maid / Eileen / Lorette / the sunken living
room / those Indonesian statues / the rugs / the bedrooms upstairs / grammy bent's apple
pie / the pile of leaves and discovering that it hurts to jump into leaves because you land
on the hard ground / Roxy / the piano / crystal / Auntie Jo**

Created to create

Death knows

Hardtack, hardscrabble, hard packed earth

Loss piles up on the side of a tree

A too-balanced see-saw can't move

Queer detective

A symmetrical fold

A tarred rat

A slow slog

Rotten creator

Uncle corey backcountry hunting

Patton oswalt cds

Unknown mother

Found his father - my grandfather - when he was 25
Left the reservation for a filmset
Now he hunts with tracey and three dogs and a phd
Plays scrabble with fifteen sisters and a dozen white brothers at Thanksgiving

YUeeep sleeping
Im tired
I am so tired

“Keep sleeping” said the creature

I’ve seen the picture with those fucking aryan kids behind you at school while you sit at your desk. I can’t find it but I know they were mocking you even though my mom wasn’t sure and doesn’t recall the photograph now. I can feel you still trying to heal through aggrandizement. And you were great. And you were harmful.

Norweigan harborThe main house

Buried deep in the woods so that no one could find them
A needy double ess

Bee forest
Uncle david with Parkinsons - so thin, all of a sudden
Imbalance
Incomplete
It’s so warm

How dumb do you have to be to die
How dumb do you have to be to live?

Hahahahahahahah
This looks like a fun place to spend time, between hahhahahhah and the land of poets
Land of poets

What living is supposed to feel like
Lost lineage

The look in the eyes of the woman in the painting
Pursed lips

Mud seeping into my socks
What are the axioms losing you
What living is supposed to feel

emanata
Conscious memory
Supernatural memory
Where were they buried?

blessed peace, blessed piece, bless Ed Peace, blessed peach, less bled peach, less bled
peace, blessed please, pressed please, pressed bees, depressed beach

KKishke

Will it be worth reading?
Did you leave writing?

Palace
Tulip
ach(e)

Atta balls - rolling roti
A logging river- logs floating down
Stepmothers

A circus for fleas

Painful passage

Jewelry of grandmothers

Scattered descendants

No relationship to burial - only scattered ashes

Saying goodbye to my uncle on facetime - he passed 24 hours later

Oswald smoking opium in china - the only picture i know of my great grandfather

Ernie has my grandmother's smile sometimes

On halloween full moon, lifting my arms up because my grandmother and grandfather visited me and gave me a hug

Punjabi farm fields - the domain and stewardship of land, humbly or with pride

Blue carpet

A bombed out trailer

**Every time every time every time every time every time every time
NE1**

You were beautiful

"You cannot see what memories these fingers hold."

What does real freedom taste like

Coffee ice cream in the freezer

Doll made of straw

Light summer blanket

Sucking bones dry

Spiral into heart

Juice of life

Moist cheeks

Rubble of blue stone

Must be a website for this

Poland

Remember this this is history

at woodstock and the pool in dc

Vaudeville

Jason and/or casey

Divine lost stillborn

Working as a cocktail waitress in a VA bar

I can't remember the names of my great grandparents. Does that make me someone who doesn't care? from the lives held back

Helf

Close. Closer.

Square pool