

Poetry Series

aron blesch
- poems -

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A Dream I Had

In the dream an old man sat beside me and said
there's not enough money in his bank account.

I told him not to worry, that I'd deposit some.
He said thanks, and then he said he was me.

I woke up suddenly.

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Abattoir

I

Chirping beaks in soft blue light,
conveyor belts moving en masse.

II

Sudden electric shocks occurring
as rotating razors slit throats.

III

Lifeless to the hooks they're going.
Blood's pouring down metal drains.

IV

Robot claws tear white feathers;
organs are ripped out.

V

Kill floor meatmen deposit carcasses
in plastic packages.

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Across The Street

Walking on cables, touching lights,
Looking into open trucks,

The film production equipment is mine.

I copy down the name: Camera Service Ctr.
And the number (212) 757-0906.

I will be a director!

Across the street —

The school bus is waiting
To take us back to the Bronx.

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Across The Street II

Across the street, I saw you salute
A member of your crew, Gene Hackman.

The Harlem crosswalk your red carpet,
A woman beside you your attendant,

You spoke words I could not hear.

'Is it really you? ' I thought aloud,
Recalling Lex Luthor, and Unforgiven.

'Oh yes, it is you: Gene Hackman! '

I told my students beside me,
And I told my colleagues too.

I pointed like a child in a zoo saying,

'Gene Hackman —

'Look, there! '

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An Eu Prayer

O Lord in the past when ignorant remarks were made about Jews, Africans, Turks, or any other ethnic body, their scorn was tolerated Lord, because of moral weakness.

I pray Lord that now, for the future of our children, and for the very soul of the European Union, may the following be done, and not in vain O Lord, by more and more righteous people. Amen.

ENLIGHTEN THEIR BENIGHTEDNESS!

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Anne Frank House

Peering your window's view
on the hushed annex floor,
I reached out to you.

I lifted my diary
to yours,

thoughts

between

texts

in empathy
trapped.

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Della Francesca

What faith and what reason
in your Resurrection of Christ.

Do you paint a god, Piero —
or does God paint us?

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Games

"How can you say that? "

"What do you mean? "

"You know what I mean."

"No, I don't."

"You're insensitive."

"And you're critical."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

"Shut up! "

"Let me kiss you."

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G—d

I am the glass door,
the blue carpet,
the bed post,
the pillow,
the dream.

I am not the glass the door,
the blue carpet,
the bed post,
the pillow,
the dream.

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Haiku

1.

Moment to moment,
the present becomes past tense.
Time is moving on.

2.

A closed jewelry case
drops into the water and
slowly spirals down.

3.

He wins ten million
in the New York Lottery;
tomorrow he dies.

4.

"PEEK! Tut tut tut tut, "
warn the winter robins as
a predator looms.

5.

Hail hits the pavement
My mum opens the front door
I run to the porch

6.

My grandpa loved me.
He called me Peabody Blesch,
then would pluck my nose.

7.

Grandma, you're alive!

I wake up and realize
you died long ago.

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Nothing

We argue whether

emptiness
and nothingness

are the same

You lecture me on nihilism

However empty you become

nothing

will come between us

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Ol' Jack

What a Lousy World It Is
(What Vermin We've Become)

When we played guitar ol' Jack,
it seemed your favorite tune.

"It will all end without us, "
I'd hear you warble on.

Exposed in drunken bliss,
you were deathly you.

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Poem

Animal urges submerging us
Our reproductive purpose

Drowning our senses

Two larks have hatched
A third is stillborn

Pleasure and pain are close allies

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Sameness

Recycled words, recycled trash,
money for the car

electronic games, Ikea rooms and
sameness in our luggage.

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San Diego

San Diego hills
surrounded by hills

caught in the photo
of a dead friend smoking

the tobacco he loved so much

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She Died Of Cancer

I felt no thoughts of paradise subside,
When she opened her eyes and died.

When death was evident
None rued its defeat,

Its chains were instruments,
Material and effete,

For cancer could not withhold
Her crowning attainment.

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Waiting

Trees on my street,
Branches covered white,

Your hunger is waiting for its muse..

Come and nourish,
Come spring come,

Come and clothe me,
With your naked hands.

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Wiener Prater

Through tosses and turns
I see Hauptallee

There's no greater joy
Than being alive

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Hope u r growing...

Ciao

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