

Poetry Series

shoshana vegh
- poems -

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An Astronaut

My son dreams of the moon.
This morning he flew at kindergarden junk.
Build Spacecraft.
Draw me a map.
I hung on the refrigerator a few pieces of paper
To know how to get to the moon.

'Tomorrow we are going to fly to the moon, '
he solemnly informs me.
It is not new that he is flying since he was born
But this time he flew to bring us
lots of cheese.

In my dream
He sits on the moon like a little prince
Picking up my cheese with holes and
Many dreams.
Soon he will knock with his spaceship
A lot of threads of a dream.
And the moon He'll present me
On a plate

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Birds On Capitol Hill

Birds on Capitol Hill
Range from arid and dry grass
Sirens security forces
Fourth of July tomorrow
And converge for birthday
Moving from north to south wind
East to west
Do not hear the earthquake
Do not cry bitterly
Right in own way

Just want to fly.

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Myth And Reality

How everyone in the universe painted dragon:

India

China

Germany?

There was this dragon.

This is not a myth.

How the lovers dream about

Kings and Queens,

The Palace,

The glass slipper

About Cinderella?

This is the reality.

I live in Jerusalem and the dream and

The legend is reality

I am wearing a sandal on Cinderella, at

Street alley

I watch My kingdom

That your image

Engraved.

from Crops of Madness

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Parking Lot

Fears that the
escalator to get
down to the
parking lot
stifling you..
The
Pile does not end.

Cars together as people
do not let you go
pass between.
This madness.

Clutch with madness on your mop.
Underground garage
A book of poems
Born yesterday
Crushed
Claw.
Instead of hands
Cold metal
Prosthesis
Still silent.

I'm bleeding on the way
not sold

not enough
Gorgeous

Not enough
Poet

Are you afraid?
are you afraid?
are you afraid?
not to be
shown

as a
Po-et

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