

I am finally man because I will make face for each man like unto no  
other

we will hide forever from the almighty  
god will not know we have moved into him  
and god shall be the face outside looking into our window  
and he will wonder where we have gone

-- Gil Orlovitz

New York, New York

### Lyric

for L. O.

Wake me, before you go,  
with the hand of your heart  
that the moment at my throat  
be swallowed by mine eye

in the deepest pit of pulse  
that, as I give back your hand,  
I know your heart sleeps full  
of me undemanding.

Love holds most, then, at the slip  
of parting when, open-handed,  
I cry out in your sleeping heart --  
knowing I must wake you before  
you come again to my sleep.

-- Gil Orlovitz