

KRISTALLNACHT  
NOVEMBER 9-10 1938

6 in  
the morning the  
whole family in  
the hall in robes  
Vienna a chill moon  
over the courtyard  
where chopped up  
chairs fly thru  
the window as  
troopers singing  
the Merry Widow  
smash glass in the  
synagogue throw  
out pieces of the  
Torah pews Men in  
uniforms clapping  
each other on  
the back as if  
they were at  
a soccer game

THE WAY I WRITE

like a wild haired gypsy  
reaching in snakily dancing  
fast and leaving fast with  
the booty

No little feet bound  
in the Chinese fashion  
I'm barefoot run out  
at night to chase

what glows come back  
with chestnut tree spikes  
like porcupine quills  
all over

limp for days I write like  
a cat who leaps up higher  
than he can go and slams  
into stone goes

into shock paralyzed and  
then in three days hears  
birds on that same roof  
there's nothing that

will stop him from  
springing The way I  
write is like the way I  
read the newspaper

hungrily violently When  
I'm done no one doubts  
that someone else  
read it I

write the way I form the  
words letters like bird  
claws running thru the  
sand of a dream

verbs often slamming  
backwards but going  
uphill across  
the page

not always easy  
to read but worth it  
like odd glyphs on  
a leaf caught in stone

FOR AN ANTHOLOGY ON BEING  
FAT

Send only poems with  
very long fat lines  
nothing Creeley-like  
nothing skinny but  
what's full of  
chocolate and lamb  
chops that hiss  
Greasy pages will  
receive priority  
manuscripts bulging  
from envelopes they  
can't fit in