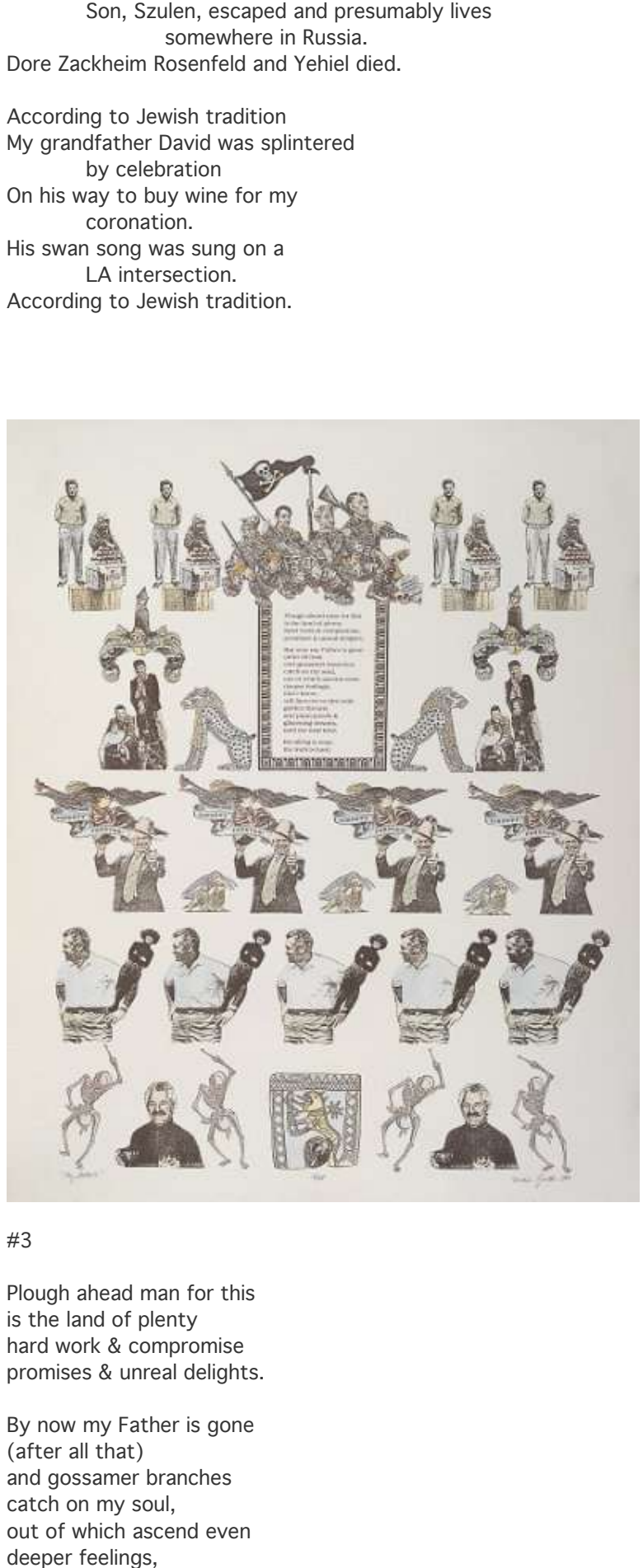


#1

There once was a general named Zack  
 In the Polish cavalry he was  
 Ordered to do the usual . . .  
 Ride into a village (heim) and  
 Demand the sacrificial lamb  
 A woman for you know what . . .  
 A dark-eyed Jewish beauty was chosen  
 But something quite unusual happened . . .  
 Our dear General Zack  
 Felt stirrings that were not  
 In accordance with military regulations . . .  
 They fell in love  
 And, even married thus  
 The heim was named Zackheim  
 And I can just imagine what  
 Her family thought of that . . .



#2

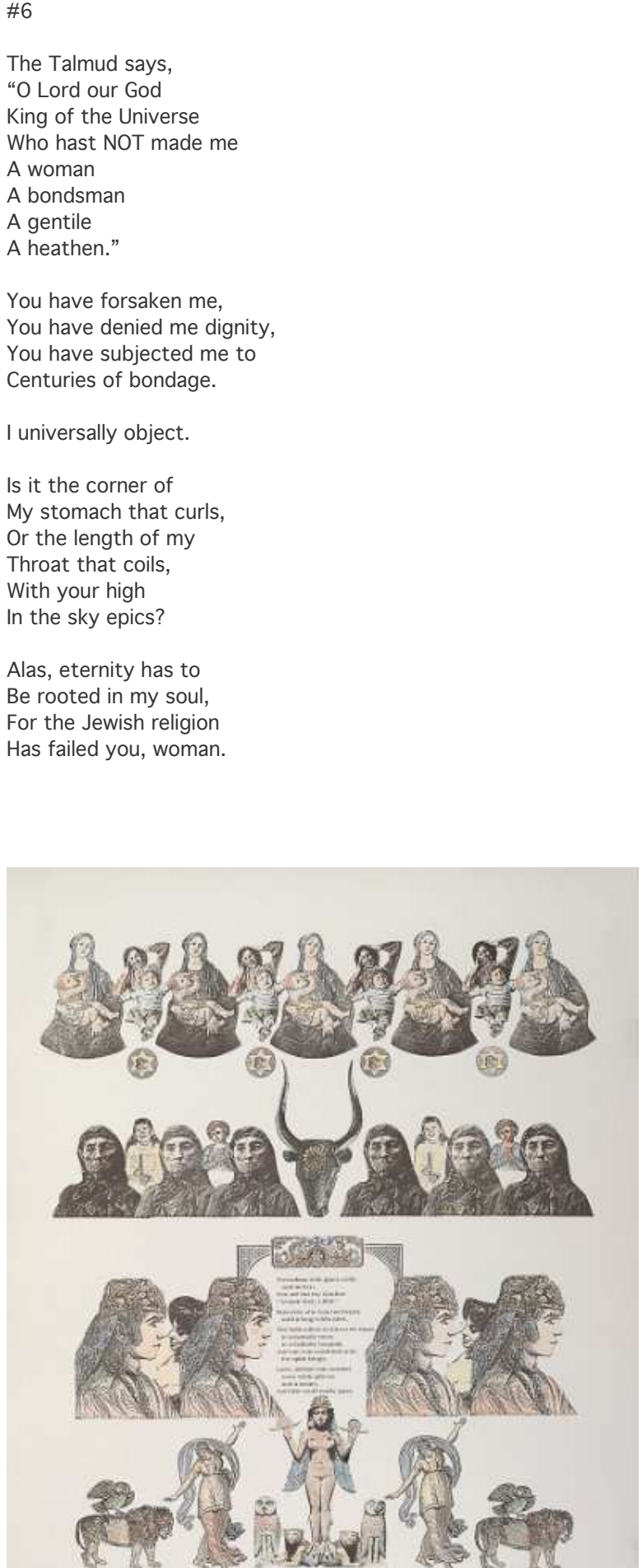
The children of Szulen and Fredl Mundlak Zackheim  
 Auschwitz  
 Hannah Zackheim Kiddilov and Susel died.  
 Two daughters died.  
 Malca Zackheim Zawierucha and Yaacov died.  
 Warsaw Ghetto  
 Herschel Zackheim and Haia Dubmikov died.  
 One daughter died.  
 Son-in-law survived.  
 Daughter, Sara, survived, escaped and fled  
 Son, Szulen, escaped and presumably lives  
 somewhere in Russia.  
 Dore Zackheim Rosenfeld and Yehiel died.

According to Jewish tradition  
 My grandfather David was splintered  
 by celebration  
 On his way to buy wine for my  
 coronation.  
 His swan song was sung on a  
 LA intersection.  
 According to Jewish tradition.



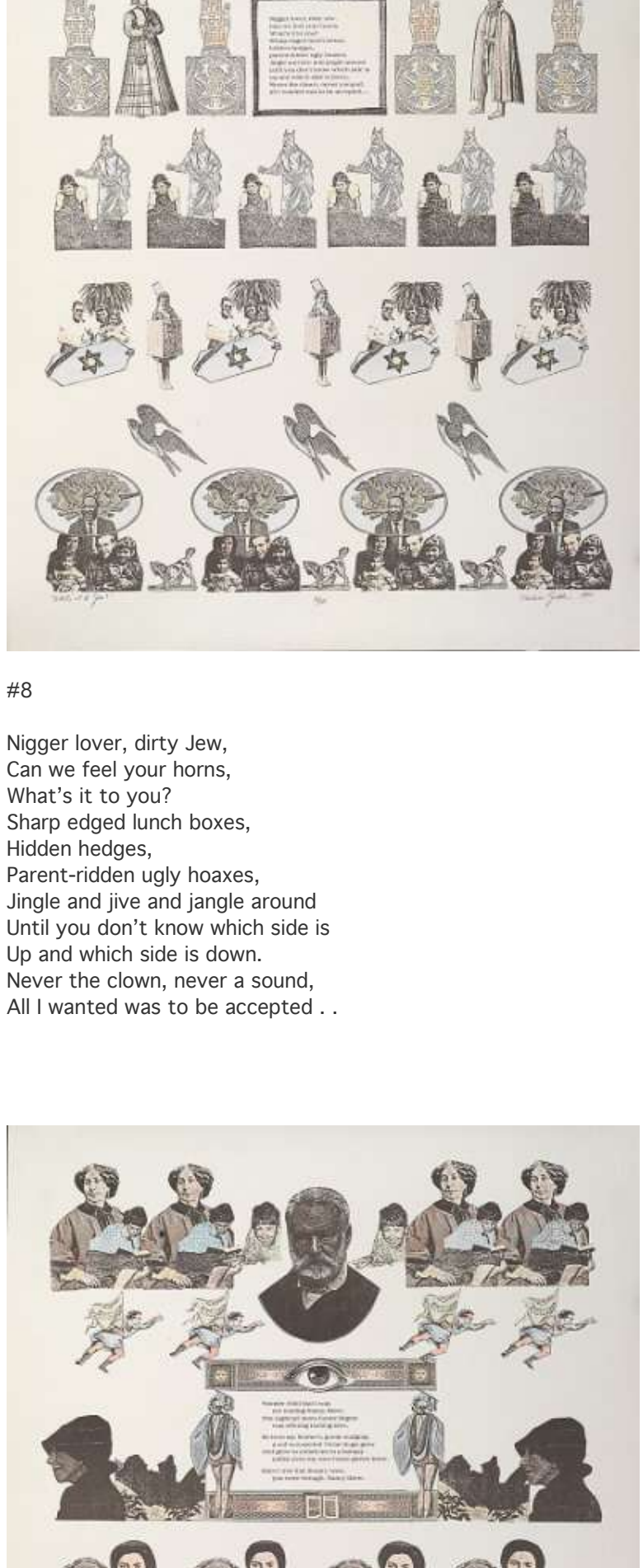
#3

Plough ahead man for this  
 is the land of plenty  
 hard work & compromise  
 promises & unreal delights.  
 By now my Father is gone  
 (after all that)  
 and gossamer branches  
 catch on my soul,  
 out of which ascend even  
 deeper feelings,  
 that I know,  
 will lace me to him with  
 golden threads  
 and plum jewels & glistening dreams,  
 until the next time.  
 Recalling is easy,  
 the truth is hard.



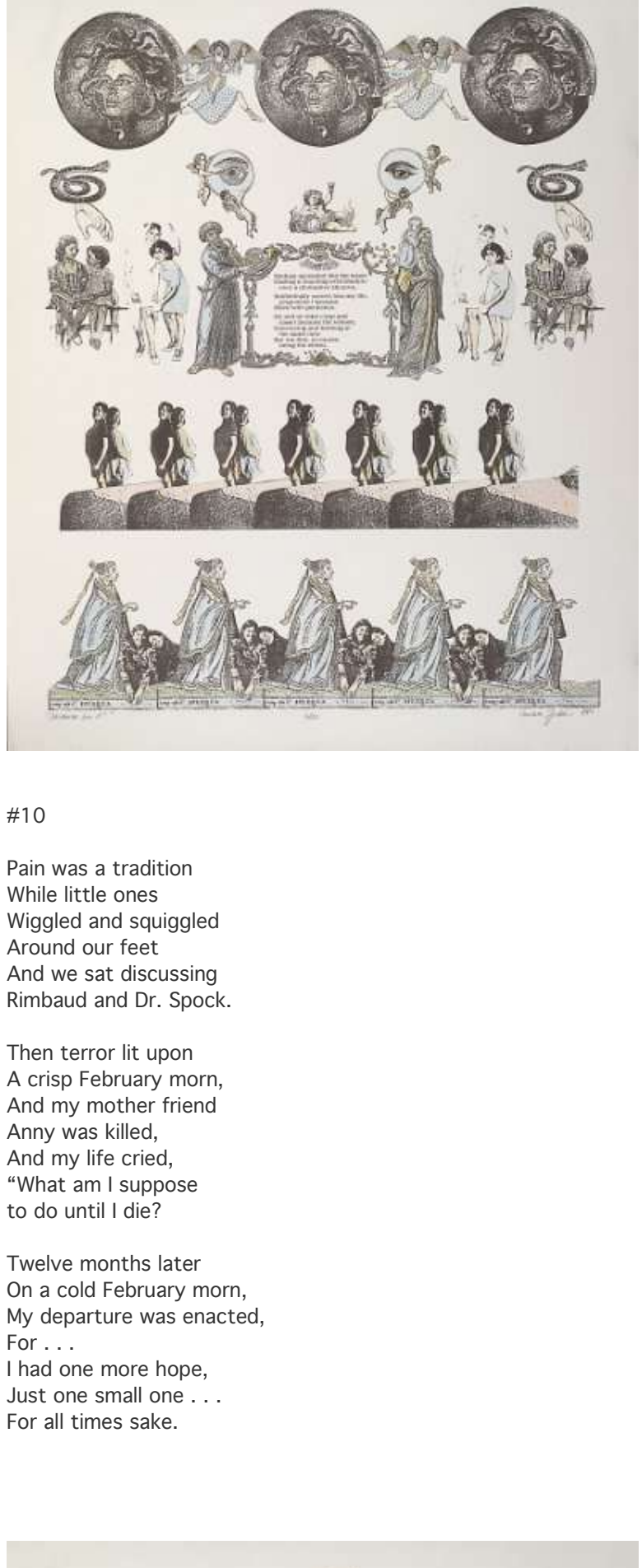
#4

Can art be embalmed in an apron pocket,  
 While babies are born and husbands are fed?  
 Can the collected dust be washed away,  
 Or should it be used in a collage?  
 Yes, my darling daughter,  
 My mother said to me,  
 There are patterns in the universe,  
 That kiss each other  
 Once in a thousand years,  
 And their passions spawn your kismet.  
 We are not unmindful of the mind,  
 Now that we have such clarity.



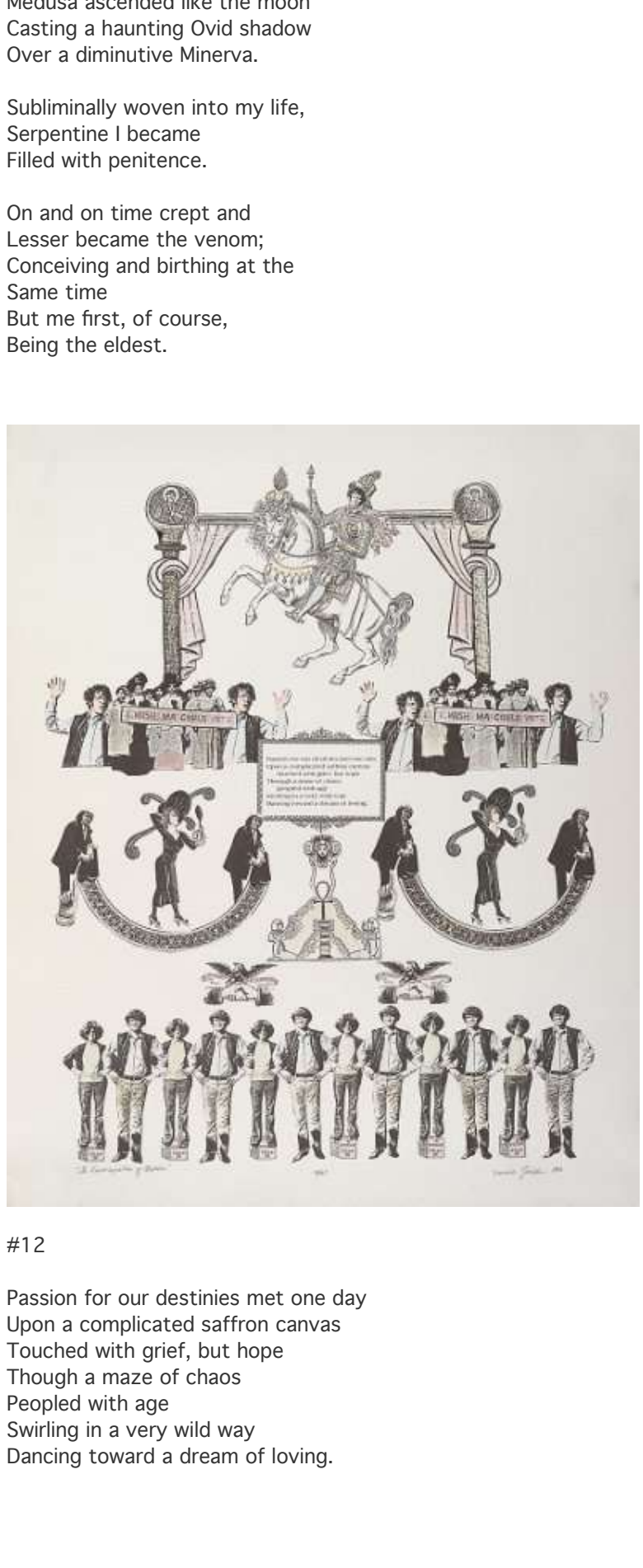
#5

Kamie, my dear Kamie, was his fame,  
 The idea socialist he became,  
 But commie pinko-red he was named.  
 Persisting in his dream for peace,  
 He fled Russia in fear,  
 Journeyed to Palestine for truth,  
 Arrived in New York with hope  
 . . . and landed onto the lap of Joe McCarthy,  
 once again feeling the painful thorns  
 of despair.  
 Kamie, my dear Kamie, was his name,  
 He died, the ideal socialist, maimed.



#6

The Talmud says,  
 "O Lord our God  
 King of the Universe  
 Who hast NOT made me  
 A woman  
 A bondsman  
 A gentile  
 A heathen."  
 You have forsaken me,  
 You have denied me dignity,  
 You have subjected me to  
 Centuries of bondage.  
 I universally object.  
 Is it the corner of  
 My stomach that curis,  
 Or the length of my  
 Throat that coils,  
 With your high  
 In the sky epics?  
 Alas, eternity has to  
 Be rooted in my soul,  
 For the Jewish religion  
 Has failed you, woman.



#7

Tremulous with grace Liith  
 Said to Eve,  
 You are but my shadow  
 "Avaunt thee Liith!"  
 However, she was not heard,  
 Until a long time after.  
 The bells tolled on Cinco de Mayo  
 In a Catholic town  
 In a Catholic hospital.  
 And rue was scattered onto  
 The spirit fringe.  
 Later, all that was needed  
 Were white gloves  
 And a rosary  
 And she could easily pass.



#8

Nigger lover, dirty Jew,  
 Can we feel your horns,  
 What's it to you?  
 Sharp edged lunch boxes,  
 Hidden hedges,  
 Parent-ridden ugly hoaxes,  
 Jingle and jive and jangle around  
 Until you don't know which side is  
 Up and which side is down.  
 Never the clown, never a sound,  
 All I wanted was to be accepted . .



#9

Wonder child that I was  
 Yet reading Nancy Drew,  
 The Jughead Jones Comic Digest  
 Was offering nothing new.  
 So from my mother's gentle nudging,  
 In a red two-seeded Victor Hugo grew  
 And grew to enfold me in fantasy  
 Unlike even my own home grown brew.  
 Once I met that literary crew,  
 You were through, Nancy Drew.



#10

Pain was a tradition  
 While little ones  
 Wiggled and squiggled  
 Around our feet  
 And we sat discussing  
 Rimbaud and Dr. Spock.  
 Then terror lit upon  
 A crisp February morn,  
 And my mother friend  
 Amy was killed,  
 And my life cried,  
 "What am I suppose  
 to do until I die?"  
 Twelve months later  
 On a cold February morn,  
 My departure was enacted,  
 For . . .  
 I had one more hope,  
 Just one small one . . .  
 For all times sake.



#11

Medusa ascended like the moon  
 Casting a haunting Ovid shadow  
 Over a diminutive Minerva.  
 Subliminally woven into my life,  
 Serpentine I became  
 Filled with penitence.  
 On and on time crept and  
 Lesser became the venom;  
 Conceiving and birthing at the  
 Same time  
 But me first, of course,  
 Being the eldest.



#12

Passion for our destinies met one day  
 Upon a complicated saffron canvas  
 Touched with grief, but hope  
 Though a maze of chaos  
 Peopled with age  
 Swirling in a very wild way  
 Dancing toward a dream of loving.