Box 1, Folder 2, Poetry [typescript manuscript], 1947-1948.
FRUSTRATE

Dame Society cavorted
As she clasped joyously
To her murky breast
One more convention idiot.

Date, she proclaimed it
An' the yellow-lock youth
Re-echoed "Date", weakly
Submitting to form ignorant.

Honest, God-given lust
Pervered rigidly
To insipid format
Under the Good Dame's
embracing, tattered shawl.

Frustrate, sensed he
As finger stroked limpid finger
But suppress he must
Nature's beckon eternal.

For the Good Dame smirked
Flailing the shawl
Intoning
"Date..."
SOUL-DRIVEN ENIGMA

My heart reached out
To embrace
But you were not there
You - ethereal you - were not.

How long must the soul
Drenched with sharing thought
Smart alone, confined
In tower ivored isolation?

When will I possess thee
O, Evanescent One?
When will bosom and mind
Claim thee wholly, completely.

The sheer, resilient thought
Of finite gathering you
Sustains me, Nourishes
The driven soul.

But haven't I yet
Embraced thee?
- Or
Have I?
ANVIL TONES

Peace, called they, and
Good Will bellowed lustily
But hollow the sham
Did din on crushed souls.

The prince prophecy glorious
On page engraved
But in disciples' soul
Sham - lip mockery.

0, how long must
Circumcised hearts
Smart under blessures
Chiseled with Christian love?

Abraham's sires turned
The cheek over and over
Yet butchered the Pius sword
To the anvil-ring:
"Peace, good-will".

In sepulchrous grave,
The Prince, if he be,
Muttered: The words are mine
But thine the hypocrisy.
Serenity on Cliff-side

The milk-moon lavished a kiss sensuous upon the lake waters and my own.

She and I together, with ebbing bosom sucked of the full-ripened moments - our own.

Serenely the milk-moon and we.

Dec. 1946
ABLAZE

The seas, massive typhooning
crushed pulverized the fetid dust
the heavens cracked under
blazing shattering thunderclap
electricity sparked surged
spewed forth dynamitic fury
the earth was rent, the heavens
burst, the skies rumbled
cosmos, a seething cauldron
was enflamed, brewed over
knife glistened, clashed intoxicated
with bristling, bloodened sword
under spuming sun
you bared your incandescent skin
you were all the fury
- past and Future
ROOTED ETERNAL

In my garden' heart
There blooms a rose
Stalwart, yet delicate,
Fine, yet fulsome.

Her roots fasten deep
In my garden's heart
And nourish does she
On freshets of my
Earthly soul.

For nought, foreign winds
Carress her, for my bosom-loam
Enmesh the rose-roots
Embracing them for Eternity.

Jan 3, '47
In veiled darkness, have I longed
For thee,
O Scythe,
Harbinger of sleeping Death.

In thy soft arms would I repose
Sweetly, covering
My haggard self
With sullen oblivion.

Must I wrangle with fool existence
Embattling the bard's word
The sage's gem, only for
Scatty, commercial self.

Must I wrestle Dionysius
In frenzy stuporous
Veinly struggling against treacherous
Tides, Dishonest word, Morbéd
Concession of arrogant tolerance?

Come, beclove me,
And all struggle
All tortuous conflict
Singeing my tethered soul.

Come, now, there is no purpose
No direction, no end
- not in starry planet,
nor on barren social earth.

Come, prithee, now!
- but hold...

Faint do I hear the tinkly tread
Of Eros, She descends upon me
Her lips taste my furrowed brow
Her kiss balm's my sanguine breast.

Yet stay, O Scythe,
Pause for moments singular
While I taste of Eros' nectar,
In her, perhaps, will I find
Solspace, partial solution
to life's sordid complexities.

Stay, momentarily, Linger
While I try this once,
For if not in her
Do I find Purpose;
- Then wherein?

Should she be the age-sought
Balm to fevered mind
Then leave me to suckle
This once, Eternally.
ROOTED, ETERNAL

In my garden' heart
There blooms a rose
Stalwart, yet delicate,
Fine, yet fulsome.

Her roots fasten deep
In my garden's heart
And nourish does she
On freshets of my
earthen soul.

For nought, foreign winds
Carress her, for my bosom-loam
Emmesh the rose-roots
Embracing them for Eternity.

Jan 3, '47
LABYRINTHINE HEART

I took my heart in hand
and looked thru it.
Nothing could be seen
for inflamed, festered tissue
Enveloped, beveled the
Pumping soul.

With scalpel's shimmering edge
I incised the veiling, opaque tissue.
Thru the rent aperture I peered
To fathom the mystery of
Passion, heart, mind.

Probed, I probe
And widen the breach did I
But more did I gaze an' seek
Less did I know
Less could I comprehend the maze.

Mending temporarily the cut
I placed the torn heart
Within the bosom well
Leaving it to heal with time,
Leaving it till mind could comprehend
the incised, festered heart.

(conceived wistfully on a
morbid morn sprinkled abundantly
with lurid moonlight...4/6/47)
BLISS ON HIGH

The warmth of silken night
Vapors into nothingness
As heart of my near one
Exudes affectionful sighs
Destined for me, for me alone.

On high, Gabriel trumpets jubilantly
For me, for me alone,
For in moonlit air
The sveltness of body melts,
Distills in beloved fingers.

But not for the caress
Does he exult
The mellowness of trumpet-tones
Herald glorious union
Only union of kindling spirit.

Yea, he does exult
How he does embrace
Not the corporeal
Not me, me alone
But we - we of spirit.
GUARD YOUR REACH TO THE GRAPe-BUNCH,
NAIVE ONE.
ARE THEY YOURS...
...SINGULARLY YOURS?

CANNOT YOUR MUSTY PUPIL PERCEIVE,
FOOLISH ONE.
SEE, THEY NOD IN THE WHISTLING WIND
TURNING TO EACH THE DEIGN TOUCHES.

YOUR LIPS SMACK LUSCIOUSLY THE NECTAR
BUT, SILLY ONE,
IS NOT SACCHARINE TASTE EQUALLY SWEET
ON TONGUES OF OTHERS?

REACH, YES, REACH
BUT THINK NOT THYSELF
SOLE CONNOISSEUR
SOLE LUSCIOUS TASTER.

THE GRAPe-BUNCH WILL BE PLUCKED
BY PASSERBY
TILL HEMMED IN BY YOU
IF YOU WILL BUT CONSIDER HEMMING,
NAIVE ONE...
The seas, massive typhooning
crushed pulverized the fetid dust
the heavens cracked under
blazing shattering thunderclap
volcanoes churned festered sorely
spilled over hot furious pustulent lava
electricity sparked surged
spewed forth dynamitic fury
the earth was rent, the heavens
burst, the skies rumbled
cosmos, a seething cauldron
was enflamed, brewed over
under spuming sun
you bared your incandescent skin
you were all the fury
- past and Future

June 1947
OMNIPOTENT

You lay in my embrace
and the heavens bowed
to kiss the waters, damp
chloridic kiss

The world my beckon obeyed
and the night paused
and the dawn was reticent

I was omnipotent
and you were my power
my right to rule

Within the passive moment
all nature cowered
as we were one

We were reason, logos, cause
we were space, ages, geography
force, passion

in wake of our inexplicable
magnitude
all else was residue, meaningless
impotent
CHARGE

With first crushing embrace
I knew you charge of my
life...

You electrified my being, surged
crazedly thru my called body
and with
wild, orgasmic fury
you rushed, welled over my
mind, my thought

You flamed my whirling world
with maddening, frenetic
frenzy you were
electricity, sparks, fire
you were all that simmers, that
ever will...

Without your incandescence, I am
but hulking, lifeless mass
...with you, I am life itself

Life
vivid mad rushing
endless
BLIGHTED MATERNITY

Lost -
Eternally lost?
sucked into the quagmire
pulled down into societal abyss
of flaccid complacency

the tutorial prod is snapped
and clammy familial bonds
invest the once restless
yearning mind

now shackled soul
- only smothered smugness?

engirdling, matriarchal arms
lovingly going "good only for you"
lead apace into the yawning, gaping
chasm where the groping light
is now snuffed, now permeated
with horrid stench of littered souls
Lost, eternally lost
in familial, societal embrace
- "good only for you..."

the dainty sodden word, the tainted smile
commercial chit-chat - these
the guideposts, the end
the elan nouveau, maternally-propelled

pricked, needlel mind - swaddled
in other climes - writhes, cringes serpentine
in abortive revolt...but late,
too late - or lost
Lost eternally?

June 1947
MY LIFE

With first crushing embrace
I knew you charge of my life...

You electrified my being, you
surged crazedly thru my coiled body
and with wild, orgasmic fury
you rushed, welled over my mind, my thought...

You flamed my whirring world
with maddening, frenetic frenzy...
...you were electricity, sparks, fire
you were all that blazes, that ever will blaze...

Without your incandescence, I am
but hulking, lifeless mass
...with you, I am life itself
Life, vivid mad rushing endless.
I took my heart in hand
and looked them in the eye.
Nothing could be seen,
for inflamed, festred tissue
enveloped, bewildered the
sweet, steady, pumping soul.

With scalpel's shimmering edge
I incised the veiling, opaque tissue.
There the rent aperture I peered
To satiate the mystery of
passion, heart, mind.

Probed, I probe
And widen the breach did I
But was did I gaze en stole
Here did I know
Here came I comprehend the maze.

Mending temporarily the cut
I placed the torn heart
Within the bosom well,
healing it to heal with time.
Leaving it till mind could comprehend
The opposite heart.

[Signature]
NAIVE TOUCHES

Guard your reach to the grape-bunch,
Naive one.
Are they yours...
...Singularly yours?

Cannot your musty pupil perceive,
Foolish one.
See, they nod in the whistling wind
Turning to each who deign touches.

Your lips smack lusciously the nectar
But, silly one,
Is not saccharine taste equally sweet
On tongues of others?

Reach, yes, reach
But think not thyself
Sole connoisseur
Sole luscious taster.

The grape-bunch will be plucked
By passerby
Till hemmed in by you
If you will but consider hemming,
Naive one...
You lay in my embrace
and the heavens bowed
to kiss the waters, damp
chloridic kiss

The world my beckon obeyed
and the night paused
and the dawn was reticent

I was omnipotent
and you were my power
my right to rule

Within the impassive moment
all nature cowered
as we were one

We were reason, logos, cause
we were space, ages, geography
force, passion

In wake of inexplicable
magnitude, all else
was residue, meaningless
impotent
CHAFF OF TIME

(THE PICKLE FURY...)

Hurtling moments
scurry through the abysses of
the space

you, moment,
most valued gift of ages
I long to share with
whom I thought cherished

Palm-wise I held you out
as a token of esteem, trusting
you would be in-gathered fiercely
precious gem that you are

for in embrace, embrace of you
and the cherished one (I thought)
you, exquisite moment, become
meaningful timeless eternal ---

but the palm extends in vain
and you, gilded moment, are chaff
repudiated by a wind-blown, directionless
fury
all past, without future

Sept 1, 1947
NUCLEAR VISION

Gather in, my brothers
For we are at journey's end

Stark, brutal, flashingly sudden
our fate
Under mushroom's dervish
Loosed by addled mind
Crushed down we
...all

Gather in, my brothers
Noah revisits
And into the ark-bowels
descend we...all
To Arrarat be off

The cycle full-wheal
has turned
And the dove is dead.
Gather in, my brothers
gather in

Or is there
a messiah

February 1948
It was in the loneliness of morning
I found the freedom of man
When the cool unhurried breeze
Envelops the undriven mind
When even the far-distant
sounds of commerce
Are tiny symphonies of pleasant peace.

When the clock ticks, not as in waking day
The leisure of calm morning moments

And the newspaper is still abed
And the shriek of hate is deathmute
And the scud of inhumanity has settled
Leaving clear the fluid of man's peace
In the loneliness of morning

April '48
It was in the loneliness of morning
I found the freedom of man
When the cool unhurried breeze
Envelops the undriven mind
And when even the far-distant sounds
Of converse
Are time symphonies of pleasant peace.

Then the clock ticks, not as in waking day,
The leisure of calm morning moments

And the newspaper is still abed
And the shriek of hate is deathmate
And the scud of inhumanity has settled
Leaving clear the fluid of man's peace
In the loneliness of morning.

April, 1948
PROPOSAL

For a loaf of bread my hand?

No, for patios and verandas
scotches at twilight
for low-slung carriages
whisking thru fetor of drunken night.

and ringlets, and armlets
and noselets (what say, primitive?)

no, these -- Class, veneer
of inbred existence

For these, not alone hand
but heart and mind
total submission.

But what of love?
Is not the soul too tender
for barter across the board?
Must all life, even the reality of passion,
be weighed, sliced, measured, and offered
or the block to highest bidders?

have we sunken low, so abysmally low
in economic vale so determined
to deny the priceless, the unbarterable
the human element...

But security, friend
think of security...(is this really your voice?)

think of morning without maids
(I think of it...so what?)
think of noon without play
(I think of it - but not in
the ghettos of the select, but
in the free open places where
MAN is the measure, not the HATE)
think of evenings without drink
(I think of it - liquid is wet and
quenches mightily from brook as from vintage bottle)

think of all those, friend
Security...
Well........

I think of all these
I think of the hollow mock laughter
the dull insensate brains
swaddled in cognac fine
I think of long corseted evenings
in polished stables
I think of all these
and more

Hear you, then:
Give me my bread, crusted but real
my freely-flowing brook
in everyman's open places

give me these and
a heart that wills life
a mind that wills freedom
a voice that is its own

these are my security.
the slumb'ring fold of pillow impressed
the quiet crinkle of sheet reminding
hair strand, ebony
preserved am lingering
softlipp'd whisper predawn am
corridor long
the place where fur rested soft
where foot padded elegant
where pleasant formed back reclined
these betokened you
you were these - infinite more
but you are not here
am I long
ever

dec 27/48
SWITCHBOARD BLUES

or—"...the crown of gloria has gone from our head..."

Now, o now, that Gloria is gone
Whom, o o'er whom, shall all o' us fawn?

Who will replace that golden voice-box
Thrilling more even than bagel-and-lox

Who will make now that "Yes, Please?" so liquid
With Gloria now gone our fate is so wicked

Eyes that scoured and a smile so rutilant
Gloria remains a memory so succulent

Peter and Shirley and Edith and Ruthie
and Saul and Louie and Shalom and Boczie
the boys in the backroom, the girls in fuchsia
all sadly lament the wan-going of Glori—a....

April 21, 1950
FRUITY MORAL

Bob-white glided o'er the gardener's fence
To sate his hungered breast
With the dangling cherry
Matured by sensuous breezes.

"Dart and pluck," chided the voice,
"It is yours but for taking.
The fence is no barrier...
Dart and pluck - it is yours."

But lo, Bob-white stayed his flight
And in his pristine soul murmured;
"It is the gardener's
It is not mine..."

The gardener gazed wistfully, for
He cared not.

Black crow glided o'er the gardener's fence
To ravage lustfully
The dangling, ripened cherry
Pathed in salty dew-mist.

No voice chided,
No voice restrained.

Black crow darted, and plucked
With worn beak the fulsome cherry.
"It is not the gardener's," cawed he
It is mine - mine."

The cherry, Black Crow consumed
Whilst Bob-white ever murmured morally
- yet hungrily
And the gardener cared not.
Hurtling moments
scurry through the abysses of
the space

you, moment,
most valued gift of ages
I long to share with
whom I thought cherished

Palm-wise I held you out
as a token of esteem, trusting
you would be in-gathered fiercely
precious gem that you are

for in embrace, embrace of you
and the cherished one (I thought)
you, exquisite moment, become
meaningful timeless eternal ---

but the palm extends in vain
and you, gilded moment, are chaff
repudiated by a wind-blown, directionless
fury
all past, without future
A LESSON IN PUBLIC RELATIONS

To M. H. T.

The typewriter's going clickety-clack,
Two fingers are pounding a steady hack,
The presses are rolling
The deadline is tolling,
(And Marc is fit to be tied.

"Yes Mr. Gellman, No, Mr. May,"
(Goeh, get the heck out of my way)
"I'll have it ready, don't worry a bit,"
(Those guys'll soon see me having a fit.)

At last with his head up, he smiles and then
Turns to his typewriter once again,
But there's only one more thing he must do,
He types "number thirty" and his day's work is through.

R. S. Z.
SHOWERED-EVE

In sacred circle
they bellowed joyously,
Aimlessly endlessly lavishly
they chortled
Like bold-breasted robins
they murmured mellow, and
cawed they as spirited ravens raucous.

The gossip-worm thru commune beak
slivered wriggled and at
its plush pregnant segments they
jabbed and bit and chewed
to a thick luscious cud satisfying.

And as the beaks sharpened
to brightness so dull and
the gossip-worm wriggled
o'er and o'er
the feather-capp'd minds light
as their cover
soared high in mystic heights
sumpered everlastingly from
bodies' bosom.

This showered-eve was for
beaks betokened, only beaks.
MANEUVER FOR FREEDOM

I looked out, far out across the glazed waters
And saw with clear eye
Civilization's freedom-guarantors.
Huge were they, like their creators
And their pale drabness of gray (surely reflective of their makers' state)
Shone defiantly under heaven-sent rays.

Amidst the cordon of freedom's bulwark
Dipped the graceful gull
(Surely not propelled by atom's venomous drive)
Untramelled she soared and dipped.
No fears, no hates, no suspicion
Marked her maneuver.
Surely was she free as she flapped her wing elegant
Baring a white breast, so glistening white
(Surely reflective of her maker's state).

The somber, monochromed armada (of certain technological perfection)
Inched awkwardly, mechanically, slicing the waters
Whilst the gull flapped heavenward, them (at will's desire)
Glided sylph-like to water's surface, pausing refreshingly.
But the pale hulks plodded on, ever onward.
In their black cavernous depths, their creators
(once their creators, now their shackled serfs)
Moved in order, disciplined in action (and thought?).

Maneuver for freedom did the giant automats
To the clank of hard, beaten chains (symbolical?)
And the gull softly, peacefully, unrestrainedly winged
On nature's breeze; hovered o'er man's proud creation
Wondering, "Maneuver for freedom?"

Deep in her white, feathered breast she buried her head
And shed a tear - a salty, bitter tear
Dropping it gallantly upon these
Maneuvering for freedom.