

TALMUDY BLUES II For Michael Wex

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TALMUDY BLUES II

For Michael Wex

A poem from

AEROTMANIA: THE BOOK OF LUMENATIONS (pp 28-31)

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Said the lexicon to the dialect:

Fecund idiom –

Sometimes this poem feels like it's
not the brightest candle in the menorah

that it was behind the door when the brains
were being given out

That it operates like a wise person At night.

Sometimes this poem feels like it's

And even though

it's all pulped up and pressed with polemical discord

producing itself through performative memory and politics

establishing its own force and affect
of lived and embodied agency --

like a messy *babameisse*
it's wearing its Talmudic lenses

waving its big *yicchus*

and groaning under the weight of its reference.

And though it's schlepping its mental furniture sometimes it's doing so not well

feels like it's lying in the ground brokering Babel hocking its china

sayin' some of these words are already of blessed memory.

And, may all your truths fall out, but one.

And may it ache fiercely.

This poem is a translingual spliced, polysemic undead dybbuk

all transubstantiated with
highly transmittable accents and inflections super-spreading its radical necessity
says it's *also* operating within
a zombie economy --

and is complicit in its own undoing.

And if you don't mind me saying so, these letters look good for their age

all dressed up to be messed up,
are dropping their load
have a burden to bear
and all framboissey-faire / and schikered up are getting their telos read.

And like no *shtuppeh* before the *chuppeh* -- says, don't eat it

before you read it.

For it is said,
sometimes the poem grows like an onion. And sometimes I wish it a sweet death --

A truck filled with sugar should run over it. 'cause in these troubled times

this poem is shpritzin' like a *baschenbinder* drowning in hard glovin'

and anti-semantic wipes

crying out
between Clorox and a hard place

And like a “fake” Yiddishist in the *how’s bayou [c]hut spa dicht! of gefiltered kerfuffle, all fa’mished in the ferkakta flourish of all that’s nu? moistish and varnished; Hot gad ya!*

is reminding us --
that like the Maggid of Mezeritch it’s got a big *tisch*

And despite its strapped-on borsht-belted, back-slashed skirts, swerves, slips
still doesn’t have *what* to wear

and says --

Blessed be She, who dwells within the letters

For, sometimes the letters rule over her and sometimes she rules over the letters cleaving to
the light of infinite possibility

But it won’t buy you common sense.

As i always say, the letter is matter which moves matter

And in the wander of our discontent

these words are closer than they appear
these words are closer than they appear