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## Jeremiah

Judah M. Turkat

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## TWO POEMS

## THE KEENEST SONG

The keenest song will shake the ear  
 past the wax behind the lobe,  
 past the hurt of Mother's probe,—  
 Tomorrow memory will steer  
 the child from unlived days to what is here.

Remember song you heard when young?  
 The cheerful note (but not too gay)  
 that damped the dusty wind of day. . . .  
 And in the song an alien tongue.  
 And on a cross of joy the pain was hung.

## THE SIN OF PATIENCE

A girl too certain of my life,  
 She waits, runs slow, to be my wife.

The dark blood shatters in the head,  
 A post is missing from my bed.

Praise slipping hands, slow ecstasy,  
 and damn her hands when slipping free.

The end of laugh is empty lung,  
 The end of coy is bitter tongue,  
 Like end of bee when it has stung. . . .

Her arms are crossed at me.

HERB GOLD

## JEREMIAH

In the ash grey dawn the burned Temple smoldered,  
 The enemy had loosed his terror like a landslide  
 And cast the vitals to the whitening skies  
 And laughed with sardonic laughter. Sword in children's eyes.

But I, who warned the hills and woods  
Of the mounting wrath in the Everlasting,  
Sat stunned near pools of blood  
And thought how low the citadel has fallen,  
That Israel tied foot and hand, degraded  
Should become like a harlot sitting at the roadside  
Till my mind grew delirious and heart ignorant  
Of the Almighty  
And I began to rage and stamp with angry feet  
O Israel, my Israel, I cried  
For the love of whom I wasted  
And rotted in the filthy pit.

JUDAH M. TURKAT

SPINOZA

(1632 - 1932)

Brooding upon life's dark geometry,  
He saw, not chaos, but an ordered plan  
Where line on line in luminous beauty ran,  
Precise as death, instinct with deity;  
And yet the soul, beyond pure logic free,  
He could not sever from the fate of man,  
Nor could he solve (but there each line began)  
The subtle theorem of mortality.

Spirit, curved upward from the finite clay,  
Strove with its tangent destiny, to find  
The parallels of need and nature lay  
Across the brave parabola of mind:  
He could not choose between that Yea and Nay,  
Nor last "Quod erat demonstrandum" say.

L. R. LIND

POMEGRANATES

Hard pomegranates split wide,  
you yield excess of seeds  
like sovereign brows whose deeds  
of thought have burst them quite.