

It Never Rains On The Dead
(translation)

Death tastes of tobacco
If it comes in autumn
and vigils are hazy as smoke

It did not come for us in October
when the first chestnuts
crackled on the embers
The wine remained in the glass
warm from the bucket
as blood in a tube

The withered feet of our father
were in the midst of the night

Since the dawn of our sorrow
we count the days

It never rains on the dead
while the mean season
runs in our veins

--- D. M. Pettinella

The Burning Of The Leaves

Then the dry hard autumn leaves
came all at once into the ward-
And the nurses rushed about
frantically sweeping them
into the sterile tidy piles.
Then the patient Markowitz
who wound the yarn
Around the chair as well
as any spider could --
Lit with match secreted in
her yarn the pile
Of hard brown leaves.
And all the patients gathered there,
as they had gathered
when but small,

And smelled the tangy
resin smell
And sang the flaming
autumn song.

The Illustrated Man

The illustrated man is inside,
The lights come on in the Hall
Of Science and the recording says:
I am the illustrated man,
These are my veins and my organs
This is my brain side front and back
This is my maleness.

These are my arteries
My kidneys are green like a lobster
They are colored lights
My miles of muscle hills
The blue valley of my billion nerves
My ganglion and my hands
Building, turning, grasping,
Lifting, moving
My eyes my arms my legs
Walking, stretching, climbing.

The man is illustrated in the mind
When the lights switch on
The pedestal revolves
And the nerves shine in the blue neon
And my voice begins:
I am the illustrated man.

-- Ted J. Berk

New York, New York

Books Received: Capsule Reviews

"Essence Of Gold" by Goldsmith Kittle (1961) fine printing by Ward Ritchie Press -- some fine short poems that can stand alone -- the "sweet" illustrations should have been omitted. Obtainable from: Grace Waldron, Box 314, Valley Center, California, 92082 (no price listed).