
New York University

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Was there quarrel between mother and daughter
 in the annihilation shacks?
 A disloyal and defiant son in the transport cars?
 A generation gap on the platforms of the abyss?
 Oedipus in the Death Cells?

I guard the children in their games.
 And sometimes the ball bounces over the wall
 and bounces and bounces down from yard to yard
 and rolls into another reality.

But I lift my face and see above us,
 as in a terrible vision, the bearers of dominion,
 the exhalted in honor, vowing and boasting,
 the clerks of war, the dealers of peace
 the treasurers of fate – ministers and presidents
 decorated with multi-colored responsibility.
 I see them skipping over us
 like the angels in the plague of the first-borns' death.
 And their groins yawning, dripping
 with the filth of nectars, like sweetened motor oil
 and their soles crushing like the feet of the Demon,
 and their heads in the sky, stupid as flags.

New York University

On the wide sidewalk opposite the university gate
 an old woman in a wheelchair sits.
 The doctor has ordered her to be seated here
 so the flow of young men and women will rinse
 her every day, like healing spring waters.