

Gerard Sarnat

Erothanatos

Thanatopsis
is what Peter
Cottontail got
when the farmer
almost nabbed him
in said cabbage patch

which was sooo exciting
our bunny did it thrice again
while back in red barn human
wife who was totally in cahoots
with bunny rejoindered by fucking
a hired hand plus cucking her hubby.

Small Business Exterminates Family Self-Esteem

For Passover renewal last week
all our extended clan had agreed
to make climate change the underlying theme.

On another quasi-Jewish jag, can our A-team
figure out how – following the entrepreneurial lead
of my churchmouse poor PhD-in-entomology son could glean

or buy/ build/ blaspheme
devastating ant bait devices downstream
from their colonies

that could be used chronically so every few days I don't have to re-hydrate/fresh/deem
cotton balls soaked in sugar water plus boric acid which Spring sunbeams
dry out -- instead of Dixie cups, sorta like my hummingbird feeder?

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

i. As (Un)United States Squabble

Throughput again and again,
sooo many hungry people are
told, *Chinese citizens must be
willing plus able to work 9-9
6-7 days every week to keep
these jobs or replacements
from other side of mountains
shall come from countryslopes
to take your place in factories*

that ?too ambitious young adults
used to enduring near-poverty
scraping livings there on dirt-poor
farms where they always slave hard
soas to impress their police bosses
who eventually may grant permission
then supply necessary papers to leave
little kids with grandparents, travel
into hustly-bustly metropolis slums.

ii. Year of the Golden Pig

Auspiciously conceived,
Pressured by four parents,
The new mother and dad
Await their first baby --
Likely also their last
Under tough Chinese law.

Over the past decade
Since I've visited, the
Communist Party's moved
Soon-to-be grandparents
From old ramshackle homes
Whose land's too valuable.

Handed them modern digs
In the high-rise outskirts
Of Shanghai -- not given
Out of bureaucratic
Compassion but rather
Development need/greed.

Or thus it seemed to me
Traveling high speed on
Very clean Magnetic
Levitation trains from
City to exburbs where
Few clothes now hang outside...

Ten years ago, I asked
A man sitting next to
Me on a slower train
From Hong Kong to Guangzhou,
Why so many shirts and
Pants flew outside windows?

Holding back a What-an
Idiot grin, in his
Best quite-pidgen English,
He simply said, "People
From the country rent eight
Hours a day to sleep.

Most apartments house
Three factory workers
With sixteen hour shifts
Seven days a week, so
Each room has three sets of
White underwear flying."

Today with the country
Richer, more middle-class
And with couples having
Only one child, way less
Outfits attire the
Firescapes of buildings.

All of which I notice
Amidst expressway car
Messes -- arterial
Stenoses, taillights like
Red blood cells, as white cells
Approach like headlight beams.

Peasoup suffocates four
Generation families
Living together in
Pollution hell: Beijing
Olympics' Potempkin
Village slickness excepted:

Politburo bosses
Implore weather gurus
To noodle how to seed
Summer clouds to keep them
From raining on the big
Parade – or off with their heads.

Working Class

i. Job

The asshole john's johnson dribbles
tiny globs in me wide-open mouth
that also houses a whole lot
of rotting teeth for which
this jerk-off's got nada
health/dental benefits.

ii. Fully Freudian-Loaded L(o)uis Jerk-Off Ain't Good Enuf To Work?

Springtime sprung, forest's birds flew into your old house.

Oyoyoyoy, some shat from very tops of wood rafters.

Others should've tried way lots harder how to hide.

Now two or three cutie-pie wrens slept on our bed.

That night a few tom-boy feathers landed right inside

my head where painfully cloying dreams assumed

masks until I could manage to locate then wear

then own one possibly truly authentic face.

But just as this tumultuous ur-reality worked herself out...

what started's me seemingly Huge Louis moved on to be

Toysize Luis whose zany odd john's last name morphed

from limp St. John to insanely stiffer Johnson schemes.

The Child in Us

"There is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in."

Leonard Cohen, Anthem

Getting lay of new land, toddler Liav

spoke of Big Water, meaning

swimming pool, and then

Large White referring to

first trip to be in snow...

This afternoon putting him down

for his nap, after he commands

still yet another of ten songs,

before I am able to exit

bedroom boy pleads

“Coachie, Leave Door Open”
which flashes me rightly
back toward when Ger
asked Mom or Daddy
to do just same thing.

Eight hundred years or so ahead
of brother L.Cohen, Abrahamic
tribe fellow member Rumi
penned, “The wound is
where light enters”...

Aha is short for my Uncle Aharon,
an Israeli ex-patriot shaman
who guides any seeker up
Mount Sinai relocated
to wherever you are.

Triumphant Old Playbook

So tell me what worked last time will fail
during the next Presidential election?

A field of seventeen or twenty candidates
Trump nicknames then knocks offs

one by one as he sucks up all media oxygen?
Russian interference which hasn't

been addressed by us – along with perhaps
Iran and North Korea hanky-panky?

Just Biden's time tying everything in knots
be they usual fake news witch-hunts

or new incumbency advantages including
“my” Supreme Court chocked full of

better-be-loyalists-or-else, plus that good
old royally roiled Electoral College?

About the Poet

Gerard Sarnat is a physician who's built and staffed homeless and prison clinics as well as a Stanford professor and healthcare CEO. He won the Poetry in the Arts First Place Award plus the Dorfman Prize, and has been nominated for Pushcarts plus Best of the Net Awards. Gerry has published in academic-related journals including Stanford, Oberlin, Brown, Columbia, Virginia Commonwealth, Arkansas, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Wesleyan, Slippery Rock, Appalachian State, Grinnell, American Jewish University and the University of Edinburgh. Gerry's writing has also appeared widely including recently in such U.S. outlets as Gargoyle, Main Street Rag, New Delta Review, MiPOesias, American Journal of Poetry, Poetry Quarterly etc. Mount Analogue selected KADDISH FOR THE COUNTRY for pamphlet distribution nationwide on Inauguration Day 2017. Amber Of Memory was chosen for the 50th Harvard reunion Dylan symposium. He's also authored the collections *Homeless Chronicles* (2010), *Disputes* (2012), *17s* (2014), and *Melting the Ice King* (2016).