

Dialogue

“Buy yourself a treat & eat gems,”
This comes from the deepest depths.
I am not mad, only lonely,
So everything is intensified
Linguistically, in the silence thereof,
I resist the temptation to dream.
Myself I cannot redeem.

I don't believe. I have lost faith.
Faith that I never had but in words,
In the power of words, language
As redemption, the flow of mind.
“Redemption has nothing to do with it.”
That little voice that wants to argue,
Argument leading to dialogue,

I don't believe my own “wisdom”
Because I don't think it's wisdom.
A logic --- I call that dialogue,
In my arrogance, I call it dialogue.
As did he who worked with Socrates
To understand the nature of thought,
In the Unknown, the ever-present Nought.

There is an order, a sequence of thought,
Specific to myself, in particular,
A way of the mind, a linguistic truth,
And this is where I put my faith.
Trying to understand the meaning of the mind,

As I do now, by trying to find it on the page,
Evoking an ancient privilege.

“And he looked into the sky and saw the sky.”
A poetic masquerade, would you say?
You can think your way though, if you can,
Your serial righteous thoughts rushing through.
And look up, and look high, and trust your eyes
To see what they see, not some image on a wall,
Just the sky and that is all.

Some old stonewall of moving molecules
Like everything else including this and that
And the other thing, moving slowly,
A slow electricity as the sunlight bounces off it.
It's a law I can't see or understand,
Everything moving, moving according to law.
Being a creature myself according to law.

Or I thought I thought. I don't know.
I saw the horizon and was awed by it.
“There is the world, sky above.”
And me here on the ground that sees it.
“That must be God I thought I saw,”
As I felt the vast distances of the sky.
Or God in me that can see.

And at the same time I saw the family
Scrounging and fighting to survive,
While the Messiah was on his way
And my Grandma warned against the Gentiles.

I was going to add: My father went to prison
And my brother pissed on me (The reader winces)
During early adolescence.

It was hard to have faith except in books,
And I'm the same way now, "You
Have no faith," the Man said, passing through,
When I asked him about it. So true.
I don't, really. It's a miracle I'm still alive.
I was almost killed at least three times
Trying to buy dope on the streets.

And my mother was nuts.
"I was full of anger and self-pity."
I ran away to New York City.
Easy to rhyme and easy to quote.
"What did I ever do? To deserve this?"
"God hates me," she used to say,
"He brought me here and He made me stay."

We have the biological imperative
And a short, brutal chance to prove it.
So why am I so hard on myself?
"I have no faith. I wish to have faith".
You speak English by accident.
You could be speaking Hebrew or French.
Your classmates avoided the stench.

It was piss, my friend, and old food
Smear'd on a formica table,

We were the underclass.
The good folk looked down on us
And we looked up. The God of the Jews
Was my friend in those days,
In the sky, in the letters of the Book.

God the uncreated Creator

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