

“Contempt”

I saw my youth again,
Brigitte Bardot a tiny thing
Who could really act,
A wonderful performance
Of an ordinary French girl
Realizing that her husband
is a jerk.

Godard's breaking of conventions,
The fantastic use of color,
And the timing of the shots,
(A slight hold before cutting),
The relation to the Odyssey
Not a solid analogy.

And Palance could have been
More subtle and the movement,
Motion all the time, the actors
Or the camera, which I think
Was a mistake. No stillness
Anywhere until the Crash.

But there I was in 1963, year of the film,
just drafted into the Army,
dealing grass from a briefcase,
lost and stoned all the time.

Marriage at the Hotel Pierre
An emotional catastrophe,
My poor parents wandering
among the high-end Jews
Of the garment industry,
My father kissing my new wife.

Inappropriately.

Three years later, I found
my stuff stacked in the hall
And the door lock changed
On East Ninth Street,
Suddenly homeless,
Marriage over, her contempt
A spear through my heart,

Thrown by the Gods.

A la Godard, Neptune's spear.
I don't know how I walked out
Of that building then or where I went,
But I wanted to make that kind
Of shock to the heart on stage,
That perfect period at the end,
A hold, and then close. **Bang.**

Murray Mednick

2020