

Stonecrop

Stonecrop's fleshy, common, though, grows
 on rocks like pelt to beast, puts out flowers
 and survives in valleys, on versant, all places
 where sun touches stone, grows warm, resides for a while
 and relaxes.

So, taking sunset at Pier Cove,
 like tenderloin done to wellington, what if
 the starfish delves its clam somewhere his stomach
 extrudes to digest, or the spider descends gracile
 and deadly to others, not us? Dying alewives
 drift to the shore not abalone in butter
 we swimming among the dead fish sing.

— *John R. Reed*

The Meshugena

he should have gone into a nice little business
 like my Jake did God bless him
 instead of time wasting in shul
 with those feshtunckena Rabbis and their pious poses
 and settle down like a mensch
 with a nice little Jewish girl
 like my Jake did God bless him
 a better daughter-in-law I couldn't have asked for
 instead of running around with those good-for-nothing fishermen
 and that
 God should strike me dead if I mention her name
 whore. That boy!
 why won't he grow up and settle down and be the mensch
 my Jake is God bless him
 instead of acting the meshugena
 whose ways will be the death of all of us.

— *Ray Shankman*