

1 - A Poem For the Cruel Majority (Envoi)

The cruel majority emerges!

Hail to the cruel majority!

They will punish the poor for being poor.
They will punish the dead for having died.

Nothing can make the dark turn into light
for the cruel majority.
Nothing can make them feel hunger or terror.

If the cruel majority would only cup their ears
the sea would wash over them.
The sea would help them forget their wayward children.
It would weave a lullaby for young and old.

(See the cruel majority with hands cupped to their ears,
one foot is in the water, one foot is on the clouds.)

One man of them is large enough to hold a cloud
between his thumb and middle finger,
to squeeze a drop of sweat from it before he sleeps.

He is a little god but not a poet.
(See how his body heaves.)

The cruel majority love crowds and picnics.
The cruel majority fill up their parks with little flags.
The cruel majority celebrate a birthday.

Hail to the cruel majority again!

The cruel majority weep for their unborn children,
they weep for the children they will never bear.
The cruel majority are overwhelmed by sorrow.

(Then why are the cruel majority always laughing?
Is it because night has covered up the city's walls?
Because the poor lie hidden in the darkness?
The maimed no longer come to show their wounds?)

Today the cruel majority vote to enlarge the darkness.

Hail to the cruel majority!

Hail! hail! to the cruel majority!

Those who know themselves will know the fear
the cruel majority feel when they look in the mirror.

The cruel majority order the poor to stay poor.
They order the sun to shine only on weekdays.

The god of the cruel majority is hanging from a tree.
Their god's voice is the tree screaming as it bends.
The tree's voice is as quick as lightning as it streaks across
the sky.

(If the cruel majority go to sleep inside their shadows,
they will wake to find their beds filled up with glass.)

Hail to the god of the cruel majority!
Hail to the eyes in the head of their screaming god!

Hail to his face in the mirror!

Hail to their faces as they float around him!

Hail to their blood & to his!

Hail to the blood of the poor they need to feed him!
Hail to their world and their god!

Hail & farewell!
Hail & farewell!
Hail & farewell!

2 – Lamento I : Khurbn

A wheel
dyed red

an apparition

set apart

out of the furnace

3- Lamento II : Buchenwald

deliver me
from them

your cattle
rising

your assembly
lords of fat

deliver me
from color

4- Anger : a dream

The jaw drops down & is
lamentable
so much now that it hurts
to speak about

& more than pain
the sparks fly like a vision
to the eye, the eye
that now breaks open

leaves a residue behind,
a viscous matter,
little lies
we cannot tame

but helps us let them out
beyond the hurt,
the dream we dream about
that we are in a dream

that someone strikes at us
for lying, that the jaw
drops down & off,
the eye reclaims its night

in wetness
like a
perfect residence
for pain

5- Lamento III : Bergen-Belsen

gates
round about me

I knew
& you know

& she had compassion
(alive)

a carcass
a carcass

& a dancing
carcass

6- Song at Nightfall

The dead climb a stalk to the sky

do-re-mi

The moon holds a glass for her lover

do-re-fa

Her husband with a rose sings an aire

do-re-mi

& the briars on the prairie have turned white

do-re-fa

A memento of poplars bright as chalk

do-re-mi

& a funeral with the dead bearing snakes

do-re-fa

A distant ocean & cold towers in the night

do-re-mi

whose stone bells sound deeper than the sky

do-re-fa

In her heart there's a mountain blue as night

do-re-mi

Mad poplars & a bonfire by a streambed

do-re-fa

A confusion of glass birds & of the wind

do-re-mi

Deeper deeper & more distant than a star

do-re-fa

7- Lamento IV : Sobibor

a skin

harp & a boil

according to its words

how blind

& evil

like its skin

your words

erased

8- Lamento V : Ravensbrück

in my name she placed
an offering of dust

an offering of graves
where she lay empty

desolate, lay guilty
for her pleasures

in my name, the lamb
approaching

placed the basin
at her neck

throughout your generations

9 - A Poem For the Cruel Majority (Coda)

Hail to the cruel majority!

Today the cruel majority vote to enlarge the darkness.

They vote for shadows to take the place of ponds.
Whatever they vote for they can bring to pass.
The mountains skip like lambs for the cruel majority.

Hail! to the cruel majority!

The mountains skip like lambs, the hills like rams.
The cruel majority tear up the earth for the cruel majority.
Then the cruel majority line up to be buried.

Those who love death will love the cruel majority.

Hail & farewell!