

Pharaoh's curse

Two years are too long,
For those whose tattered sole
Grow weary like watered dung
In places allergic to their role.

Two years are too long
For one whose dancing fingers
Turn stiff and wrong
In places without singers.

Two years are too long,
For those whose stunted eyes,
See not the synagogue
Of Earth and Sky.

Two years are not too long,
For Pharaoh's curse to grow a child,
Recall the tale now made young:
“Not for mine, Pharaoh, thy curse shall fall upon thy own
head.”

So said the Grand One in yesteryears,
When Pharaoh ruled with spike and knife,
Over the just who did not bend
and do worship to his own god.

So says the Grand One in this new song,
In UniBen blues of today at four,
When stunted eyes, even finger and bunk,
Find home as Pharaoh flees crown and home.

I shall sing a new song,
I have found a new voice
From choking hold of unshed tears
That strangles as stalagmites

On the floor of dear soul.

12/11/92

(Just as I was packing into a newly allocated house, the ruler who deprived me of peace for two years was vacating the White House).