

1933

I f e l l f r o m
b e y o n d t h e s t a r s
o n O c t o b e r
11, 19 33 in
Beth I s r a e l
Hospit al, Ne
wark, N ew Jers
ey. My mother
was 35 and she
had alrea dy had
three chil dren. It
was the de pth of the
Great Depre ssion. Every
one had told h er not to have
me and to get a n abortion. She bab y
said, "No. I'm going to have this who m
and give it more love than any baby model
ever lived." My mother's main love weird,
was to prove to me to be so abusive, and stupid, I am shuddering to think o f mom's
idea of hate. My father often told m e along
with his best act british but think yiddish star in the eye twinkle
during my birth he was at an estate auction busy buying a pariaⁿ
porcelain bust of Aphrodite. I rememb ☆ er my birth screamin^g
my hot heart out at the cold
exact moment of my tragic
cyclad ic ejection that I'd never
a sked to be flushed from rushing
g eyser a screaming Matisse paper cut
out of slammed flesh ice. On the
other rubber glove, or rather at
the sound of one rubber glove
clapping, I was alive. I wished
to live. In spite of my schizo
carp's main equation: love = shove.