

really wide, hilly
 I liked Parker Avenue for
 two things: 1. It was the way out of
 Maplewood, the most boring town on earth:
 2. Even in Maplewood, where they had “a fence
 to keep the Jews out” of the country club as my sharp
 little friend Jimmy Burnsides used to say, as in “C’mon
 David let’s go down to the Maplewood Country Club where
 they have a fence to keep the Jews out and sign for lemonades
 on my father’s account,” they didn’t kill Jews. 3. There were two
 places on the sidewalks of Parker Avenue where huge twisted old trees
 grew right up through the middle of the side walk. My father would tell
 me that the people liked the trees so much they couldn’t cut their trunks
 when the sidewalks were made. This gave me some hope. I was beginning
 to realize very deeply that I was living in a forest of multi-talented child
 cutters. It was jolly to trip the *light fantastic* on a smooth laid concrete
 side walk and suddenly be on *raised cement triangles* step up upon
 and around giant tree roots *hugging bark like thick old elephant*
 skin and step around its *big thick trunk* of roughed up
 twisted witch *lightning casting a*
dark pagan forest spell
of good old summertime
fast, skinny Mary Groffsky
vuz a knot. Her hairz vuz
knot vire wrapped up in
frizzled wild wind knot.
Her pale bow legs got knot
like skinny untied knot.
Ven she ran after kidz.
She did waddle like a duck
Stuck in Pripet Marsh muck.
She did come from Poland.
She vuz tvis ted, and uv
the great uv joy unafraid.
Her man a nd the beautiful

It vuz summer, It vuz so hot the Belle Groffsky on the total power street cracks vuz melted. Mary Groffsky the Polish Lightning War was sky, walking the her, chmaidarge the son of the great Herman Groffsky, and I, the few blocks down Parker Avenue hill to a candy store to get ice cream. She always wore her white nursemaid uniform. I was wearing an arm band because I was in the last day of my two week quarantine for whooping cough. We were just getting to the twisted tree in the middle of the sidewalk when she looked at my arm band and said, “Vat for?” (You brat.) “My

poppy had to nail
a quarantine sign on bur
house. I had whooping cough.
This is supposed to warn people,"
(You witch.) I said as I carefully stepped
on one of the giant maple's twisted roots
and looked at Mary's great Krakow crack cough
asymmetrical bowed legs. "If you was in Yurp you would
be wearing a different kind of arm band," (You lousy brat),
Mary said. "What kind?" (You twisted witch.) I asked, as I
realized the concrete sidewalk heaved up from the roots and
wondered how long it took to do that. "One yit Jew, star on it or
verse," (You lousy rotten brat!) she said. "Why?" (You lousy
twisted witch.) "In Yurp they kill boys who bite bottom of cone,
drip chocolate ice cream on polo shirt and don't get afternoon nap",
and run over to friend house and don't let friend take naps too. (You
lousy rotten filthy brat.) "Where?" (You lousy rotten twisted witch.)
"Germany," (You lousy rotten filthy spoiled brat.) "Oh. Hitler. Oh.
He hates Jews," (You poor lousy crooked twisted witch.) I said, and
thought, So that's why Poppy nailed the quarantine sign on the side
of our house around the corner from the front door. He doesn't want
Hitlers to see it. I believed Germany to be near Coney Island. When
we got our ice cream cones, I ate mine as fast as I could. The
giant son of the great Herman Groffsky would eat his ice
cream faster than the Gestapo could rob a Jew, turn,
and with a sly Little Hitler smile ask if he could
have some of mine as if I were a millionaire
refugee. It was hard to believe the giant
son of the great Herman Groffsky, the merriest,
loudest, most human, generous man on earth,
could behave in this manner, but as he was the
giant son of my friend the great, Herman
Groffsky, no matter the son's myriad
ridiculous attempts at meanness,
I struggled to endure the giant
son due to my reverence for
the father's merry kindness.
Suddenly, Mary Groffsky
looked up at the sky point
ed a twisted finger at a
giant Airship. "It's com
ing to get you," she said.
I looked up to see the
airship and heard the
screams of millions
of Yids from all over
Jersey from Jersey
City to Hoboken
to Newark I heard
a million wise
cracks, jokes,
curses and
spits. We
had some
nazis: But
this wasn't
superman
Germany:
This was
merely
human
New
Jer
sey:

* Lucky * Hindenburger * up in the cloud? Spitting down on all us dirty
 New Jersey Jews who talk too loud? You never had no use for veaklings or their
 sissy can'ts? You flew over life in the seat of your pants? You had no use for veaklings
 or the sissy save, out alone over the Atlentic, ven you had to go, you had to go? You were so brave?
 You made pisselah and doodelah flying no-hands, bare-ass out over wave after wave? * Lucky * Hindenburger *
 up in the cloud, you had no use for veaklings or their sissy salves and is it your fault that sucking too much perfume
 from your overhead valve strained your pea brain into a Nazi compression cloud? * Lucky * Hindenburger * ✘ up in
 the cloud are you just another mean, dumb, blonde Jew-hating shit? Suck everything from Father Abraham's sheep dip
 to Uncle Sigmund's unrepressed bip? You stink on ice? Straighten up and crash in fitz, you fake goody-goody sky shitz,
 vith that fake goody-goody smile on that cruel, cheap silent lip? You stupid closet-Nazi, flying faigelah delusion of grandeur,
 pleine de shit Germany First, Last, And Always Nitvit Anti-Semit? Suck well death's tit, or go live in Paraguay, the green hearse,
 vich is real verse? O! Vell you may ask, vell vhere is great lovely Jesus' forgiveness in all this? O! Jesus vasn't a veakling Jew
 who got spit on and pissed? Left crying in the dirt in Roman Blonde Nazi eagle spit crying to God of hope so bereft? Vell,
 is Russia always in trouble? Do they have any sharp Jews left? In 1492 did that mishuganah marrano, Columbus, discover
 America ven sailing the ocean blue? That same year did the Jews in Spain get the royal heave-ho screw? Do Jews make
 more money from their brains in 10 years in New York, than the Spanish raped in centuries out of South America's
 gold cork? Is New York the center of the world's zippy? Is South America the asshole of Mississippi?
 Is Germany a total craphole minus baruchas? Does every Joisey Jew scream up kiss miene
 touchas? You may be well bred. When you speak your lips may be dead. How
 ever, The King Of The Universe's brain arbeits in a Jewish head. * Fantastick * Dreck*
 * Schmendricks * up in the clouds, let this be a verse case lesson to you:
 Vatch □ □ □ your
 Spit: You get verse
 Ven you hate the Jew.