

Soon after insulin became available in the late 1920's my father discovered he had diabetes. He had his family checked. His mother also had diabetes. Father would get up every morning at 5 and test his urine and inject himself with insulin and then make breakfast. On his way to his office, he would stop off in Newark and test and inject his mother with insulin. Every morning my father had to hold the glass test tube containing his urine and the blue fluid that mustn't turn brown over the circus of angry flames on the dragon breath iron tooth burner of the old Megalosaurus stove in the basement of our house because father's boss, my germ theory overpowered mother would not permit urine in her kitchen, the cleanest room in the universe. My father was very jolly about his misfortune. He joked about not being able to find a place on his body that wasn't needle scarred. He would encourage me to eat candy and whatever else he could not eat. One day in 1940 he was sitting in his car before driving to work. I ran out to say good-bye to him. I saw an apple on the front seat. "What's the apple for, Poppy?" I asked. "It's my lunch, Eagle Eye," he said. My father would take my friends and me out for Lobster Cantonese radars in a dark mysterious basement Chinese restaurant with gold dragons on the door in the Newark ghetto. We would race to see who could eat the most Lobster Cantonese piled on fried rice. My father would watch us with a lovely wise smile and recount tales of his own near starvation as a child in the slums. At that time my father believed that eating impressions of happiness is the highest food possible for humanity. Before I was old enough to go to school, I would wake up at five in the morning to be alone with my father. I would run and jump downstairs yelling, "How's your pee Poppy?" He would laugh and make me enormous breakfasts. He would make himself enormously small and make cheese omelets. We would have discussions on topics such as how it was possible for the robot that was in the New York World's Fair to smoke cigarettes or we would listen to the news together on the radio. It was not good news for Jews in the depression. His comments on the news were fierce in their derision. Politicians were crooks. Businessmen were dopes. The police were gung-hoers. Religion leaders were bank robbers. Reporters were liars. The Religious were dupes. The Communists were bols. Hitler was a scum. And we were idiots. The inimitable Charles Dickens was the only human who had a brain in their heart. Observation of my family and everyone else I knew gave me no reason at all to doubt his pronouncements. My father was my only child. I would have with anyone else. I would have with anyone else. I would have with anyone else.

O d I
ne ay ran
down stairs for break
fat and my father didn't talk to me
too much. A few days later I took a bad fall and scrap
ed my knees. Thick scabs developed on my knees that made it very difficult
for me to walk. In those days I always had scabs on my knees but when I tried to walk these ne
knee scabs would crack and hurt. I was out of school for one week. A week later in the shower I noticed that
were no scabs on my knees. This was the last time I ever saw scabs here. To celebrate my cure my mother ordered her
now almost total stooge, my father, to take me to the circus. The next Saturday morning I was standing next to my father
on what was once a race course and was to become in 15 years a freeway. In 1940 it was a weed field in plain little
Livington, New Jersey. I was gasping in wonder at The Biggest Show On Earth. The big tent was a gigantic flying flaming
canvas palace flapping in the wind. The animals were fabulous. The side-show posters of freaks were sensational. "Let's
go in and see the freaks, Poppy!" I used to exclaim. "Not for you," he gumbled. "I saw his face since. Let's go into the big
tent to see the circus, Poppy." I said. "Let's go over and see the circus at Olympic Park. It's free," he said. I didn't say
anything. I was in shock. I couldn't believe that the man who had taken me to see The Merry Widow, The Rodin Museum
to French, Russian, and Roman restaurants, to the World's Fair, to the Metropolitan Opera, who always had money for
fun during the depression, who was now making lots of money, wanted to go to the ugly circus in Olympic Amusement
Park when we could see the Greatest Show On Earth in a gigantic tent. I could not imagine my mother was
using me to make my father jealous in order to control my father either. And that he felt
for it and began to dislike me either. I couldn't imagine

s gumpy scarpuss before
i h i t
Jersey's summers was once heyday,
New the was
old man rags to
little who riches
old in dollar
good deadlock
newly Xerxes.
When go out and get fathers were dragons and dragons were foods,
Waddled stately plump Orange Valley on red spoke wheel superb machined boots,
FBI Detect, NOCI PRO, X, Yoooodoo! Perpendicular! On the garbure, 23 skidoo
O you Yiddie, puffing profound perfume beyond burk's epic pig farm fog weird,
So dense to the little nose, to the little S e c r e t s s e c r e t s s e c r e t s s e c r e t.
And it was wonderful in genteel pig fog to imagine to meet
A great big hearted, big brain, megacirculate Megalosaurus in wild frizzled electric,
Glaubeathing I Charles la la Work-House, all children to me mustwood, breshd
Please inhale well the following, dam
My dear incipient souls Pat. Fend.
For many incriminably cheap meen
Upwardly mobile nitwits do fend,
To singe, buff, clean, stuff, haste,
Bake, garnish, devour in haste,
Your entire beginnings,
Middle, criss, ends -
In poor suffocation,
Fear-smelled
Breaths
Under cry
When the
Little die,
For they can
Never quite
Rise to try to
Blow all their
Money, brain,
Health, health,
Wealth, stealth
Ambition, wit,
On impressions
Of children
As happy as
Pig in shit,
Ignoring they
Might die
Sleety in acci-
breath Dent tragic, -Smell
Cheap Denying minus- Illusions.
Funs mas Cule sweet Pathetic
Struggle for Lusted secret Shadama
Massive Green shade Tiny gloss, Zzz Zzz
Infusions magic, Dreamin' Zzz Zzz Zzz
Of neat, safe, Zzz Zzz
Clean dream
Work toward
Small prisons.
In short- fear
Small minds
Dream expensive
Enslavement,
Came to present
To the present
Of his low est
Present.
This fantasia
Megalosauric
Breath anti c
Turned into
The gigantic
Incessively
Romantic
1929 Essex
Square, real
Ougat Ou! Steel, wood
Spoke wheel,
Ougat! Ougat! Ougat! Ougat! Ougat!
Horn, big \$\$\$
Ougat! Ougat!
Wald Incredibly
Automobile of
Samuel Daniel's
My dear old
Sharp Da d
I was four
When he
Used to play
Me the old
Twinkle eye, Of Veys Mir
Yiddie fiddle (Oh Veys Mir) Of Veys Mir
One about how
He was so poor
When he was
Little slam Yiddie
He used to have
To go out to work
To get a mone
In hunger bad -
Till his father sold
Him to a factory
In absolute broke,
Desperate folly
He always showed
Me his indentured
Slave papers as if
They were a lolly -
So, my Poppy at
Twenty years old
At five AM he'd
Jump up and jolly
Hop up on the
Innsmouth here
Trolley, read a
Schoolbook, get
To the martine
Clang Clang Clang Clang Engine manufacture,
Open up the doors
Clang Clang
Wind up the clock,
Turn up the lamp s,
Get the wool night
School book tears
Out of his eyes,
Dust the tables,
Sweep the floors,
I run coal stove,
Open the safe,
Sit on the stool,
Enter the debits
Enter the credits
With eagle quill
Pen scratch in
Giant books,
Furiously
Dream Like
The Dickens
Of
Spoi-
Ling
Kids
Like
A
F
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Park I
per d
ed to enjoy
summit my
eyes into the bot
sun glare at 3rd
class circus. I he was
killed old man on.
Father made more and more a d
more money. And the more he had
made the more he became a greer no fun
law, Pligens Schwartz. Their stop, cheap, zero
famously body temperature O's named and tickle d
my father into becoming the stooge of fools and to hate
him and his own sun. The only thing my father retain e d
of his zany Romanian Jewish cosmic sense of humor was a
a fantastic shadow of a twinkle in his eye and the fact that a l
through the rise of Hitler in the thirties and through the seco n d
war, and after he, once a little musician. I hardly ever take d
with my father again. He never spoke to me. One night before I le f t
home for college when I was 15, we were walking back from putt i n g
the car in the garage he entered down the street. I thought I would m a g e
one last attempt to speak to my dead Poppy. I looked up at the brill i a n t
moon in the black sky. I said "But the moon beautiful, Poppy! I'm r a l l y
grateful to you because you worked your way out of poverty and now becau s e
of you I can do more. I can do more beautiful things than most people. an ab i e
to do. My Poppy was officially dead. "Have fun. Live and Laugh. Wal l o w i n g
beauty. Never get into a rat." These old pronouncements of the litt l e J e w i s h
giant who at 't cut a piece of paper with a scissor in the slams on the sa b b a t h
and when God felt like him had told his father there was no God and g o t
beaten and refused to go to temple, who refused to have a drive way or gar a g e
and rented one a few houses down the street so he could have mo r e g a r d e n
around his home were now replaced with his fan new stan d a r d s. W h e n
you get angry you lose your case. What ever happens to you never b e c o m e
a dumb jerk. The riped moon of him, no more out suffer for years, I s w o r e
you if you don't make money." And so my brilliant Jewish Poppy b e c a m e
a dumb jerk. The riped moon of him, no more out suffer for years, I s w o r e
then and there to never endure being the rat love enslaved st o g e o f a f o o l
on to work for a you or anything but my deeper Self even if it killed m e.
I took me 13 years. Born this day that my fa ther's intelligence d i e d i n 194 9.
13 years of srugg and suffering that almost killed me to a ch i e v e
this aim. My poor father, who had been tricked, n o b e l i e v i n g
that beauty was weird and th a t s u p p o r t i n g a p r i s o n e r
full of an can rats was noble. I, o o k e d u p b i t t e r o u g h a
bitter moon of fear and sn e e r e d i n t o h i s e l f:
And I looked up at the b r i l l i a n t
moon of here. T i l l i t t e a r r e d
u p m y S e c l i f e