

GRAVEDIGGERS' STRIKE
New York, 1973

Don't worry about my body.

While the gravedigger walks in front of the gates
with one gold earring
and a sign, *Unfair*,

you can give my eyes to the eye bank,
and my heart and my liver
to the heart bank and the liver bank,
and whatever skin, bone, hair can be used
by those in need
of worn-out skin and hair.

The scars don't matter. The part
that I've been searching for, these years,
in the discarded heaps of fallen hair
and sloughed-off skin
and dim memories
and forgotten dreams
will be gone by then.

Do I hurt your cause, gravedigger?
My death follows the pattern of my life.

AFTER CHAGALL

Lady, your head is on upside down.
What do you see?

I see a chair, waving its legs.
I see a bird's back.
I see sunflowers standing on their faces
holding up the world.