

A SONG OF YOUTH

I have gone white at the temples
yet my cheeks are pink, the song

of youth hasn't left my face:
I will make nothing better by lying.

I wore my sword in a greenhouse
and married myself at my first bar

mitzvah before an antique rabbi
who forgot the ring (the barbed wire

around the temple frayed his memory;
did he put it there himself, did I).

My porcelain teeth are new, my orchid
mouth not strong enough to make them *sing*.