

THE MILTON GATE

S
i
n
g
ng “Oy Gef
licht
mir!
den
ein
You
this
stone,
I mean,
old kid?
more like
on a toilet
scream cohn
Oh. It’s mock
digmir! O. K. So?
Anon Pierpont Applebaum chrysanthemum-ed
to twitch his mental blue. No thought or feeling,
in his vide open, Solomon empty mind’s measure-
less, immaculate, invisiblj dew. Tomorrow fresh
stars springing up his spine like flying diamonds
new— In the little diamond bag from the
velterhein tied around his neck deep
under his gliding black swans in
the sunset dark overcoat too—
Of this you can be sure.

v
e
y!
Oy
vey!
aer
ist
Yid
helf
Yid!
call
a real
Moishe,
Milton,
Vy it looks
moon twinkles
pepper end eye
en lump! So nu!
diamond? Entschul-
So vhat else is new?”

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Behind that is no thing in back of that stars sing a yiddish diamond sutra on a little neck bag. Thee. The. That’s all to enhance
The no diamonds in the little bag that one didn’t have to wear around their neck in America to have some money ready in case they threw the Jews out, folks.