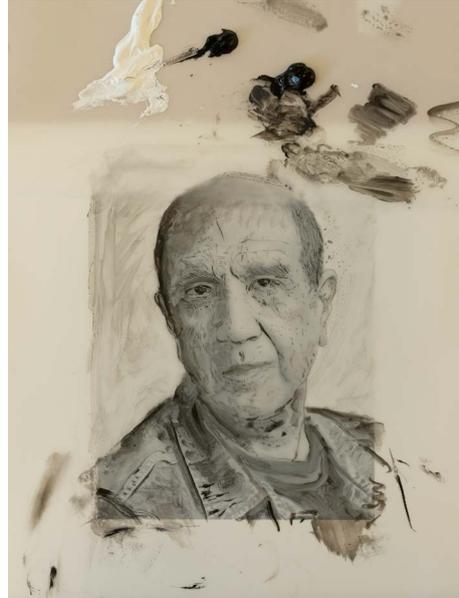


# GOD'S CANDY BAG



RONNY SOMECK

YIGAL OZERI

G O D ' S C A N D Y B A G

RONNY SOMECK

YIGAL OZERI



### **This**

This whose brain is the Commander of the body  
This whose body conceals desire in the cave of genitals  
This whose genitals moisten the lips of the hostages  
This whose hostage is the broken tooth in the mouth shouting com-  
mands  
This whose command knows no borders  
This whose border is stretched like a sock  
This whose sock is silent  
This whose silence crumbles threads from the gnarl of words  
This in whose brains words are stuck like a fence  
And after which nothing is left to say.

TR: KAREN ALKALAY-GUT



### **A Kiss**

The high heel shoes were invented by a girl  
who was always kissed on her forehead.  
Since then the forehead shines like a shoeshine  
and the eyebrows brush does not stop shining  
the eye's electricity after the bombing  
on the lips' mines.

I remember the first kiss, by the lemon tree that was clean  
of leaves. Someone told us that if we will rub our teeth  
with a leaf the cigarette smell will be erased.  
The fog had then thin fingers. The city neck  
was wide, refusing strangling and the girl that I wanted  
did not know that the lemon smell between teeth and tongue  
was spread in the imagination on her face's salad.

TR: HANNI DIMITSTEIN



### **The Third Kiss Blues**

She was almost the first and I wanted to call her Eve.

She called me Peugeot for I was her 306.

We had few years in her favor between us, and until then  
I never hitched a ride that didn't stop for me.

We stood by the agricultural school's fence and under  
our feet you could hear how  
in the irrigation pipes the water divulge  
a secret to earth.

"if you plant a horseshoe in it", she said, "within a year  
a horse will grow", and "if", I replied, "you plant in it a fan,  
within a minute Marlin Monroe's flying dress will flash".

After a second her lips began to crumble like sand  
and her tongue emerged to my face  
like remains of a wave.

At that moment the world was split between those who closed their eyes  
and the drummers at the drill grounds  
of the sunset.

Therefore I didn't see how the wheels of the tractor passing by  
whipped the puddles water,  
and how like flying kisses mud pellets spattered  
to the clouds' muscles that were condemned that evening  
to push the sun  
to the sea.

TR: HANNI DIMITSTEIN



**God's candy bag**

Her body is God's candy bag.  
In the battlefields on her belly's border  
I am a chocolate soldier.

TR: LIORA SOMECK



### **Bloody Mary**

And poetry is a gangsters' girl  
in the backseat of an American car.  
Her eyes are squeezed like a trigger and her hair's pistol shoots  
blond bullets that slide down her throat.  
Let's say her name is Mary, Bloody Mary,  
and from her mouth the words are crushed like juice from the tomato's guts  
which was first disfigured  
on the salad plate.  
She knows that grammar is the language's police  
and her earring's antenna that on her ear  
identifies the siren from a distance.  
The wheel will shift the car from the question mark  
towards the period  
and she will open the door  
standing at the road's margins as a metaphor to the word  
whore.

TR: HANNI DIMITSTEIN



### **A Short History of Vodka**

I don't remember the name of the bar, at the end  
of the Metal Workers' Hall of Culture in Chiliabinsk.  
I remember only the girl whom every fifteen minutes  
came from behind the counter to collect the glasses into  
A red plastic bowl.

She skipped from table to table, her high shoes,  
clicking out the smell of heaps of loot,  
a fur hat spread war snow on her forehead  
and fumes of alcohol blurred her face furred like a white flag.  
There is, said the man beside me, no woman who isn't beautiful  
there is too little vodka.

TR: VIVIAN EDEN



### **Testifying to Beauty**

The most beautiful girl in the world used the pad of her finger to wipe the dust off the label of a bottle in a wine shop in Bordeaux. The fan of this movement is taught at archaeology schools when eyes open wide to identify the year of Creation. Inside the bottles all traces of the hand that squeezed the grapes have vanished and from the grapes the scent of the shady roofs of the vine leaves has been forgotten. In the leaves nostalgia has shut down the wind turbines of the grains of sand, and the sand no longer covers the roots that crept through the earth like snakes that shed their skin every season. And the girl? Nine months, I guess from the brushstrokes on her body, nine months Leonardo da Vinci sat between her mother's legs and painted her.

TR: VIVIAN EDEN



### **A Love Poem for the Medrano Circus Acrobat**

It was hot,  
and she laid her leg on a stool  
to remind how much I wanted to be  
the bandage that was wrapped around her knee  
or even in more desperate times  
the hidden blue bruise.  
Back then I was in the complex gap between 15 to 16  
and she stretched ropes around my body without saying,  
come on, touch my Italianism,  
come and despise, as I, the fires' hoops  
or come and say that you would have praised my legs  
in a display window of any museum for History of Desire.

Back then I was strong in dreams, and in the mornings  
I came to the Circus Tent I saw her brother brushing  
a horses' mane, her mother reading a magazine  
which on its cover flashed joy in the corner of the eye  
of Sophia Loren  
and I, in my heart, applauding  
the second she waved back  
to the wave I never dared to send her.

To this day I haven't a clue what was her name.

TR: SHIRLY SOMECK



### **News from the Underworld**

The bra saleslady's pink tape measure  
in one of Victoria's Secret's New-York branches,  
sees more nipples a day  
than Casanova, say, had seen  
in all of his life.  
If it had a soul  
it will never have stopped  
bolting upright.

TR:AMIT MISH'AN



### **A Pirate Love Poem**

If you cut the sea's waves with scissors  
you will find only water  
and the relics of a Phoenician ship  
where I was once many slaves.  
The whip that struck my back  
was made in the shape of your hand,  
and the voice that commanded row! row! was sharp as an ax.  
I wanted love to wave like the skull on the black flag  
of a pirate ship.  
Something quick,  
something torn right out of my hip.

TR: LIORA SOMECK



### **DJ Blues at the Shelter for Abused Women**

I want to be a DJ  
at the shelter for abused women,  
sing songs to net swordfish  
from the eye's bottom, drown sharks of pain  
and fill the heart's aquarium  
with goldfish.

But the ears of abused women are  
pits full of curses,  
they are frightened of every scratch on word's lips,  
of a knife sharp as a tongue,  
of the throat's vacuum lined with silk-alike.  
"Women, women," I whisper to myself,  
"I'm scribbled like a page torn out of your biography  
and you are lines in the blues I'll compose  
in the alphabet of periods when you are nothing more  
than flesh chucked out from hell's butcher shops".

TR:SHIRLY SOMECK



### **Passion**

In the matchbox called passion  
they scratch head in head  
and know that fire is a blowing engine  
in the orgasm train.

TR: LIORA SOMECK



### **Revenge of the Stuttering Child**

I speak today in memory of the words which once stuck in my mouth  
in memory of the toothy gears which crushed syllables  
under my tongue and smelled the gunpowder  
in the gap between the gullet and the arid lips.  
My dream then was to smuggle the words packed like stolen goods  
in the mouth's warehouse,  
to rip the cardboard boxes open and pull out the  
toys of the alphabet.  
The teacher would lay a hand on my shoulder and say that Moses, too,  
stuttered but nonetheless made it to Mt. Sinai.  
My mountain was a girl who sat  
next to me in class, and I had no fire in the bush of my mouth  
to ignite, before her very eyes,  
the words consumed by my love of her.

TR: VIVIAN EDEN



**A Poem of Bliss**

We are placed on a wedding cake  
like the two dolls, bride and groom.  
when the knife strikes  
We'll try to stay on the same slice.

TR: YAIR MAZOR



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