Writing Sample

Dory Manor

Includes "Fin de Siècle," "A (Jewish) Minority," and "Ritz."

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Recommended Citation
https://ir.uiowa.edu/iwp_archive/339

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Dory MANOR

**Fin de Siècle**

A time has come for great poetry, the rhymes of HIV
For the crutch of the time is song. Time needs its crutches.
Carriers we march, each carrier - a harbinger of feet
In the absence of a god let us divinify our marches.

Vectors of poetry, we bear the positive mark of Cain
Emblazoned on our tongues (immortality in mind)
We'll break over these times as dawn over a plain
Our pathos clarity and tremor upon them we'll shine

The virus of divinity within the human soul does ride
Like a sleeper cell it passes, high risk-group prepare!
Time's in need of crutches made of flesh and blood -

Enough with the prudence enough laconic crime!
We were destined the doorbells of our age to chime
It's time for great poetry, it's virus time!
Hi, good ridden Londoners, Parisians, New-Yorkers!
Hi, good to have left Europe and all of its glory behind
For membership in the barefooted feverish cult
that whispers to sands and to bedrock in Canaan.
Love, Uri Zvi Greenberg

Oh country whose poets are all straight
(Save for one pathetic woman-beating hole)
Two years ago, no kerchief no confetti,
From your mine-fields I extracted my soul

And returned to Europe, no poetic hunger
Gnawed at my gut but a tangible fear
I wanted to love I yearned I aspired -
But didn't know how. Mines encircled my heart.

Now I love. Cyril, do you hear?
I was an only Jew amongst the circumcised
This country is malignant, its days won't last -

But we have Paris, there is London and Berlin!
On the rivers of our seed we'll breakthrough
exile's memory (and the rest is Hebrew).
Ritz

For David

Now I'm at the lobby of the “Ritz"
Unable to contain the volume of your love
And as in a David Hockney piece, a spritz
Cuts crock-like through the pool in half

And a crimson stream issues from a slit
That in your manhood's crown alone I see
Too little time, no space to venerate
the curves our souls create under the sheets

David, I'd like to tell you something
That no man said before (at least it was not I who said it): if time be a Samovar

Than what of our past? Moist, scented
seething from the soul's extremity to body's
edge, squishing, like lettuce in a salad.

*Translated from the Hebrew by Shlomtzion Kenan*