

Rocks shine like scaly fish  
Braced against the flow,  
Mountain mahogany, juniper  
Watch, wait expectantly,  
Yawning stone sea lions  
Sun half-buried in sand.

I lower my weight of years  
To coyote-eye level  
Feel the hard cold press up  
A hand crawls out to stroke a stone.

Who is this foreigner?  
Seeking asylum?  
What does he want?

"To be, without want," I heard him whisper.  
"To be, among friends,  
Welcome."

~ Myron Fink, February 1993

In the Spring, tiny, tender shoots  
Of fresh shy leaves  
Press into window pane.  
Waiting to be held?

In their Spring, thousands  
Of bewildered German Jewish children  
Said goodbye to family.  
“Write every day!”  
“We’ll see you soon!”  
“Be brave. I love you!”  
In England, they were scattered like seeds,  
Letters came, stopped coming.  
Silence, emptiness, only  
The arms of death.

In my Spring  
Chaotic winds  
Tore out my patch of ground,  
Blew me away.  
No-one called my precious name,  
No arms for a darling boy,  
Not even the arms of death.

~ Myron Fink, April 1991

## An Old Story

I nuzzle in your  
Neck, we cuddle, exchange kisses.  
Sex enters winking.

~ Myron Fink, September 1988

Workers

Me Myron, you bee  
I pick tomatoes, you sip  
Sweet flower nectar.

~ Myron Fink, September 1988

## Daily Life

Morning. The dark drug lifts and I am  
Here again, feeling the slack,  
Before the tension closes in.

Like my morning lemon drink,  
I'm set on automatic. Later  
I will wind up my legs and set them moving  
In the city park.

Between the tapes that play me  
I am free to feel, to dream, lounge  
On my king-size bed, write poetry,  
Listen to music, be.

Evenings, I retreat, surrender  
To TV, make-believe and reality,  
To addiction, especially chocolate.

~ Myron Fink, undated

whoopsy dipsy make mine fish  
make mine wholly delish  
in a world so swishy swish  
things are only what we wish

maybe some will get the cash  
steal it smoke it make a stash  
mornings we take out the trash  
always something makes the mash

still too soon for April fools  
not too late to save the schools  
don't ask me to change the rules  
off it man let's not be mules

~ Myron Fink, March 1994

Paul

A distant train torch  
And you were here  
Black bearded, soft voiced, taller  
A world in your pack.

Home with Mook and Dooge:  
Three weeks of yummy dinners,  
Talk of doings, comings, goings.  
Jobs - a closet for you to clean, records to tape;  
TV watching, readings for Dad.  
How you stirred our settled soup...

Evenings, knee to knee  
We reminisced, remembered.  
You read from your diaries,  
We lit with words our family tree.  
When I spoke of aging, Death  
Purred like kittens on our laps.  
You said you would care for us  
In old age. We all wept.

This home you left, so sunk  
In habit, is yours also  
Though bit by bit we clean you out!  
We never left you at the train  
We never will.

~ Myron Fink, January 1993

## Hands

Sitting at the kitchen table, his small  
hand in mine, I felt his little life,  
his trust. I showed him the back of mine:  
scaly skin, the protruding veins  
that spoke of years of use.

We stared at my hand, he in wonder and I  
in fear of death's signs and warnings.

~ Myron Fink, April 1994

## Ez's Shoe

Each time I get my coat  
From the hall closet  
I see a small shoe  
And I ask:  
Where is the other shoe, Ez?

Did you lose it near the tree  
Where you made your mighty stream,  
Bronze boy of three  
Arching a rainbow?

Or did you, generous heart,  
Give it to a shoe fairy,  
The one I heard you talk to  
That day in the park?

~ Myron Fink, January 1993

## Watershed Park

Passive Cedars with elephant feet  
Waiting for another day, another  
World. My days are numbered too.  
Despair not. We have each other.

~ Myron Fink, December 1988

## Self-Portrait

1

I'm in charge here! I direct  
A story that eludes me.  
Always right, always wrong,  
How can this be?

Relentless, the heart beats,  
Timed to running sand.  
Aware, unaware, I am ever  
Prodded toward the plank.

Poet by decision, I listen,  
Allow, playfully record  
Images, world dissolved  
In distant music.

My goal, to catch the magic  
In my self, the net.  
Oh yes! I will  
Have it yet.

2

I am Discovery! I sail  
With the wind, expect surprises,  
Live with not knowing. My compass:  
To acknowledge, feel the hurt.  
My shore: Aliveness and self.  
My anchor: To heal before I die.

~ Myron Fink, undated

## A Father's Visit

I say to Anji "I am the fire  
That lit your star."  
I kiss her eyes and we cry.  
The best scene in our play  
Is this opening line.  
Later we will tell stories  
And get busy unpacking  
Letting the magic glue between us  
Crust over.

— Myron Fink, 1993?

An Attitude Away

People Abandoned by Law.

Win, Jesse, Win

People Dying of AIDS... and Broken Hearts.

Win, Jesse, Win

I Am Somebody.

Win, Jesse, Win

Stand Tall, Stand Together.

Win, Jesse, Win

Keep Your Heads High. Keep Hope Alive.

Win, Jesse, Win

The Power is Not in the Camera.

The Power is in Your Hands.

Win, Jesse, Win

The Same Hands that Once Picked Cotton...

Can Pick a President.

Win, Jesse, Win

~ Myron Fink, 1988?

## Heroes All

Considering the parents we had and the times we were born  
into –

The hits and hurts we took growing up

How hard we tried, how confusing it was, how little sense  
it made

How we all suffered from adultism.

Considering the patterns that played us like puppets –

The addictions, feelings that ran our lives

Old hurts restimulated. How we tried to take charge

How we fell short again and again.

Considering this inhumane society, its irrationality –

The unfairness, the lies, the mistreatments

How scared we were of not making it

How desperate we were to stay human.

Isn't it time that we celebrate –

How much of us we've kept alive

How we've managed to love despite it all

How we've refused to give up.

~ Myron Fink, April 1994

A stealthy assassin, age  
Sucks marrow, burrows into bone.  
Like wolf loose with lamb, fair cheeks to ravage,  
A spirited song become monotone.

So step carefully, dear, your weight on my arm,  
In winter our walk must be measured and slow,  
And while caring cannot times' ravage disarm,  
The snow in our hair may taste sweet as we go.

~ Myron Fink

## Crystal Set

Early 30's. A boy alone  
His Hanukkah present:  
Ear phones – wire- a crystal  
Music? yes! yes!  
Magic!!

Years later. Quakers sit  
Silently in prayer.  
Each one a crystal, wired.  
Listening – Tuning in  
To God.

~ Myron Fink

Sunk in bed,  
Music in the air  
Enters me.

I am sand on the beach,  
The rhythm of water  
Runs through me.

I am a quiet flower  
Waving with the wind  
In a distant field.

I am that spent bullet:  
If you find me  
Make up a good story.

~ Myron Fink, April 1992

Grizzle-Pus

When he didn't shave  
His name was Grizzle-pus.

One day he talked with God  
He asked two questions:

“What's going on out here?”

“How much time do I have?”

God did not answer.

He gave him a hearty handshake.  
Just like W. C. Fields  
In The Bank Dick.

~ Myron Fink, February 1990

## Self Portrait

I have lived many years on land  
Looking over walls  
At the sea's heaving surface.  
Now these walls are crumbling.  
Dark water is pouring through.  
Grieving unrestrained.

I have spent many years at sea  
Steering by stars  
I felt compelled to follow.  
Now these stars are fading.  
New constellations frame  
A faint distant star.

Sea walls crumbling.  
Dark water flowing.  
Faint star emerging.  
My true self to find.

~ Myron Fink, February 1990

Eyes

Everything watches  
In the forest. Shyly I  
Pretend I'm alone.

~ Myron Fink, September 1988