

Gerard Sarnat

## **Erothanatos**

Thanatopsis  
is what Peter  
Cottontail got  
when the farmer  
almost nabbed him  
in said cabbage patch

which was sooo exciting  
our bunny did it thrice again  
while back in red barn human  
wife who was totally in cahoots  
with bunny rejoindered by fucking  
a hired hand plus cucking her hubby.

## **Small Business Exterminates Family Self-Esteem**

For Passover renewal last week  
all our extended clan had agreed  
to make climate change the underlying theme.

On another quasi-Jewish jag, can our A-team  
figure out how – following the entrepreneurial lead  
of my churchmouse poor PhD-in-entomology son could glean

or buy/ build/ blaspheme  
devastating ant bait devices downstream  
from their colonies

that could be used chronically so every few days I don't have to re-hydrate/fresh/deem  
cotton balls soaked in sugar water plus boric acid which Spring sunbeams  
dry out -- instead of Dixie cups, sorta like my hummingbird feeder?

## PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

### i. As (Un)United States Squabble

Throughput again and again,  
sooo many hungry people are  
told, *Chinese citizens must be  
willing plus able to work 9-9  
6-7 days every week to keep  
these jobs or replacements  
from other side of mountains  
shall come from countryslopes  
to take your place in factories*

that ?too ambitious young adults  
used to enduring near-poverty  
scraping livings there on dirt-poor  
farms where they always slave hard  
soas to impress their police bosses  
who eventually may grant permission  
then supply necessary papers to leave  
little kids with grandparents, travel  
into hustly-bustly metropolis slums.

### ii. Year of the Golden Pig

Auspiciously conceived,  
Pressured by four parents,  
The new mother and dad  
Await their first baby --  
Likely also their last  
Under tough Chinese law.

Over the past decade  
Since I've visited, the  
Communist Party's moved  
Soon-to-be grandparents  
From old ramshackle homes  
Whose land's too valuable.

Handed them modern digs  
In the high-rise outskirts  
Of Shanghai -- not given  
Out of bureaucratic  
Compassion but rather  
Development need/greed.

Or thus it seemed to me  
Traveling high speed on  
Very clean Magnetic  
Levitation trains from  
City to exburbs where  
Few clothes now hang outside...

Ten years ago, I asked  
A man sitting next to  
Me on a slower train  
From Hong Kong to Guangzhou,  
Why so many shirts and  
Pants flew outside windows?

Holding back a What-an  
Idiot grin, in his  
Best quite-pidgen English,  
He simply said, "People  
From the country rent eight  
Hours a day to sleep.

Most apartments house  
Three factory workers  
With sixteen hour shifts  
Seven days a week, so  
Each room has three sets of  
White underwear flying."

Today with the country  
Richer, more middle-class  
And with couples having  
Only one child, way less  
Outfits attire the  
Firescapes of buildings.

All of which I notice  
Amidst expressway car  
Messes -- arterial  
Stenoses, taillights like  
Red blood cells, as white cells  
Approach like headlight beams.

Peasoup suffocates four  
Generation families  
Living together in  
Pollution hell: Beijing  
Olympics' Potempkin  
Village slickness excepted:

Politburo bosses  
Implore weather gurus  
To noodle how to seed  
Summer clouds to keep them  
From raining on the big  
Parade – or off with their heads.

## **Working Class**

### **i. Job**

The asshole john's johnson dribbles  
tiny globs in me wide-open mouth  
that also houses a whole lot  
of rotting teeth for which  
this jerk-off's got nada  
health/dental benefits.

## ii. Fully Freudian-Loaded L(o)uis Jerk-Off Ain't Good Enuf To Work?

Springtime sprung, forest's birds flew into your old house.

Oyoyoyoy, some shat from very tops of wood rafters.

Others should've tried way lots harder how to hide.

Now two or three cutie-pie wrens slept on our bed.

That night a few tom-boy feathers landed right inside

my head where painfully cloying dreams assumed

masks until I could manage to locate then wear

then own one possibly truly authentic face.

But just as this tumultuous ur-reality worked herself out...

what started's me seemingly Huge Louis moved on to be

Toysize Luis whose zany odd john's last name morphed

from limp St. John to insanely stiffer Johnson schemes.

## The Child in Us

"There is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in."

Leonard Cohen, Anthem

Getting lay of new land, toddler Liav

spoke of Big Water, meaning

swimming pool, and then

Large White referring to

first trip to be in snow...

This afternoon putting him down

for his nap, after he commands

still yet another of ten songs,

before I am able to exit

bedroom boy pleads

“Coachie, Leave Door Open”  
which flashes me rightly  
back toward when Ger  
asked Mom or Daddy  
to do just same thing.

Eight hundred years or so ahead  
of brother L.Cohen, Abrahamic  
tribe fellow member Rumi  
penned, “The wound is  
where light enters”...

Aha is short for my Uncle Aharon,  
an Israeli ex-patriot shaman  
who guides any seeker up  
Mount Sinai relocated  
to wherever you are.

## **Triumphant Old Playbook**

So tell me what worked last time will fail  
during the next Presidential election?

A field of seventeen or twenty candidates  
Trump nicknames then knocks offs

one by one as he sucks up all media oxygen?  
Russian interference which hasn't

been addressed by us – along with perhaps  
Iran and North Korea hanky-panky?

Just Biden's time tying everything in knots  
be they usual fake news witch-hunts

or new incumbency advantages including  
“my” Supreme Court chocked full of

better-be-loyalists-or-else, plus that good  
old royally roiled Electoral College?

## About the Poet

Gerard Sarnat is a physician who's built and staffed homeless and prison clinics as well as a Stanford professor and healthcare CEO. He won the Poetry in the Arts First Place Award plus the Dorfman Prize, and has been nominated for Pushcarts plus Best of the Net Awards. Gerry has published in academic-related journals including Stanford, Oberlin, Brown, Columbia, Virginia Commonwealth, Arkansas, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Wesleyan, Slippery Rock, Appalachian State, Grinnell, American Jewish University and the University of Edinburgh. Gerry's writing has also appeared widely including recently in such U.S. outlets as Gargoyle, Main Street Rag, New Delta Review, MiPOesias, American Journal of Poetry, Poetry Quarterly etc. Mount Analogue selected KADDISH FOR THE COUNTRY for pamphlet distribution nationwide on Inauguration Day 2017. Amber Of Memory was chosen for the 50th Harvard reunion Dylan symposium. He's also authored the collections *Homeless Chronicles* (2010), *Disputes* (2012), *17s* (2014), and *Melting the Ice King* (2016).