

Poetry Series

**David Levitas**  
**- poems -**

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# David Levitas(14-03-50)

# A Chance Encounter

In bars, where all that living freely trips,  
Baring the soul between the mouth and lips,  
Washed with cream that to a head does wander,  
Touching the soul with feelings, that fonder  
Than life itself, stray to memories pool  
Where lies the source, of what should, should not rule;  
A chance encounter or so one believes,  
'tween one's grandam's guilt, that still secret grieves  
In the silent complicity of souls  
That long for redemption; their empty holes  
To fill, with wine that will set them free:  
I meet, with tongue-tied grief, with thoughts that see,  
The feeling deads cipher; that only beaks,  
When mouthing sweet joining words, partake  
I, of sobbing salutation; and part  
From out the place where pity breaks the heart.

David Levitas

## A Musical Interlude

If one's Soul is a Lyre, 'pon which the Air does strum,  
Stringed at different pitches, to see what Harmonies run;  
The composition one's own, what ever the tale,  
Excuses or bails; the guage set, to how one's desire's;  
The Power, friction, speed, capacity of one's rail,  
The Sunshine worth of one's loathing, all one aspires;  
Made up of the odds and ends of life's long journey,  
Fused by imagination, Thought's Feeling Tourneys  
In the Crucible of Experiences tethering;  
A Casserole dish prepared by Judgements Weathering  
With the herbs of an Indomitable Adam,  
Flashed and flamed by his ribb'ed Madam,  
Ever repeating his Original Sin of transgression,  
Asking forgiveness, performing his penance  
'Cos the sins of his Father's, he knows at the Sessions,  
Are what makes the Earth go round, for tenants  
Of this World's Harlequined Comedy;  
This farcical tragedy from a Pastoral Soap Opera,  
A Roller Coaster Ride upon a Dromedary  
That seats the whore, the Bishop, the Emperor,  
In its carnage made of Wooden planks;  
A Shrill reminder of the Coffin, Coffee and Cranks;  
That even Enoch had to go to Heaven,  
That Noah's 850 years was but leaven  
To Life's hopefully expectancy; forgetting that in between  
There was a flood, that drowned the Sodom,  
Quenched Gomorrah's Queen.....  
Here, you see the pluctum's plucking:  
Off with my G-String, lets a f-cking.

David Levitas

# A Patchwork Quilt

If our lives, separate and conjoined are a patchwork,  
Strung together with the stitches of sympathy, pain and steady resolution;  
Laced together with the threads of a soul's threnody,  
Tied with thoughts that belie suspicion,  
The feeling attachment of what makes it twain,  
Sometimes bursting the seam through eager carelessness,  
Marking it with coffee rings or the stains of hot ash and dog ends;  
Is to make a double quilt, an act of monumental solicitude,  
A grafting of odd inconsistencies, of separate parallel lives  
That have grown different, though together, in shape, size, hue and colour;  
But now sleep as one, enclosing the duvet, with that they have made,  
The sheets that are tried, and so falteringly cover.

David Levitas

# A Riding Rhapsody

Fixing my Main-Line Leads on Woodhouse Moor,  
Confusing my Jess with my Jesse's,  
The Arndale Centre, with Van Morrison's,  
Austick's with Delarue's Existential Garrison's,  
The city pool with the York Races,  
The polytech with the Small Faces;  
I saw Gorden Bennet talking to his Mum  
(Proverbially Speaking) about the Animals,  
And how Joe Orton wrote Saved with no shoes on;  
And getting Fishes muddled with Mammals,  
Decided to replace my Levi's with Wranglers,  
Forgetting the Clash wore them before the Stranglers.  
Taking a 142 down to the Corn Exchange,  
I popped into the covered Market to spend a few;  
Not forgetting to buy a Cornish Pasty at Ainsle's  
And play a tune at the Fenton while drinking a pint of Tetley;  
(Mild in the Tap Room, no longer on display;  
Replaced by Wild Girls, Pie, Chips, Mushy Peas and Bites,  
Prices having gone up but not the pay,  
A one armed badit and Dart board, instead of the fights):  
While sifting the comestibles in their stalls,  
Looking for an L.P. D.V.D. Video,  
My el's doubled and Pil became Pill's, Bil, Bill's,  
And with Hunger in my eyes and Fury in my Soul,  
My legs turned wobbly, my stomach felt a hole;  
Turning fore and sailing aft, my rudder to a Wheel  
Quite changed, I saw myself in a Wild West Rodeo.  
Uncertain if Direct meant Alternative, or if there was a difference,  
I drifted down the Headrow where I Hassled a Bank and traded  
A Smith for a Weston with a swank; Boyed it to Yates'  
Where I met collar and tie, blear eyed Dave, who waded  
In with the news that John Lemmon was at the Road,  
And for some reason, Love meant sissy in Yorkshire Brogue.  
Anyway, after a bit of Variety at the Grand,  
Exorcising Ghosts by the Infirmary, playing Dominoes in the Round,  
I walked back for some crackling chips at Sweatie's  
And almost bumped into Gretta's sister, one eyed Bettie,  
Who lost her Love while trying to make some Money  
While her brothers screwed her arse and stole the Bunny,

Realising too late, that to sell your Soul for cash,  
(Or even Pleasure's credit; usually combined as Vodka with a dash) ,  
Is to misplace Reality with Hot Fantasy,  
A wet dream with Life's veracity,  
That ends as Nightmares in Hare Hills,  
The endless Showing, of the Great Escape on Wheels.  
Returning to my Car, lighting my cigarette,  
I tried my thoughts to erase, my feelings to forget;  
A shadow passed, I heard the Engine Turn;  
And not looking back, with Money to burn,  
Drove down the M.! . by passing Wakefield,  
Her Daughters waving, where no one else would build.

David Levitas

# A University Education

Cruising on the first floor was just the start,  
Ethics, Logic, Political Science;  
Leviathan's faulty logic, at heart  
A matter of the misanthropic part  
Of a weighty soul in misalliance  
With his wife's under/over done Jam tarts.

Then there was philosophic logic's fans,  
Who cutting up Ludwig's misquotations  
Into spears of pride, bullets of disdain,  
Turned blanc into noir; yet feeling the pain,  
Popped pills, when under the art of nations  
They felt the weights balance shift in their pans.

Political Science, well that was grim,  
I never took it; friends tell me straight  
Though, it was a blinder, lust on a plate;  
Misunderstandings, the cause of all hate,  
Dark gender-benders, straight out the new Tate,  
Tuning the piano with only one hand.

Literature caged in a concrete shell,  
Boxed in compartments, with wrappings from hell,  
Words locked in breasts severed from the larynx;  
Motions of kindness sunk in the Cinque  
Ports, communication, a broken bell,  
Ambition, bitterness, no room for Del.

Up on the forth floor, what do we have there,  
Russian, History, French, I don't really care.  
Pining in libraries, for love of a girl,  
Spontaneous hard on's, a priceless pearl;  
Out of the windows, down the stair well, bare  
Thoughts exude, breeding sensations that dare.

I know everybody may not agree  
But don't you think I deserved my degree?





## Across The Northern Seas.....

Across the Northern seas they fled, searching  
For softer climes, packed in boats, a thirsting  
Freedom's ban, securities bursting  
Pocket of hope, comfort for those lurching  
On steppes where ran the anti-semite Jew.  
There in a fair city, they found a place  
Where they a kind of peace made, with their race;  
A family raised, found many with a few  
And with them forged bonds, that cut across all  
Views. Riga on the Irish Sea, Vilna  
On the Wicklow Hills and Drogheda's pool;  
Sport for the cossack's lust, greed's fair plunder,  
Where emptied out their new found lands Kinder.  
His blood brothers 'though, were fickle found; on  
Blackened beer and sentimental ditties  
Were strung; wine for any madam's titties,  
And to new homes in Albion journeyed.  
Gorbals, Grojni; Whitechapel, Saraton;  
A penny here, a shilling there, their lives  
Were cast of trelliced steel bound from learned  
Tomes that passed through countless generations.  
For their kin, they worked, so they might flower,  
Irrespective of blood, ties; all nations  
That to them had made good, not excluded,  
But share the righteous dreams of life made good  
Beside the Water's edge to those who should.

Forgive me Zader for this baleful verse  
'specially, if wit to Buba is averse.

David Levitas

# Affections

Affections don't change, though circumstances do  
And what you are is roughly similar  
Though your housing and comforts may be full of rue,  
Your life in retrospect a disaster of lost aspirations, promises  
And your reflection bares its nature in its solaces,  
The light and its shadows no more than a heartfelt glimmer  
Of what was, should have been; your gait  
Like your receding hair a sign that what is endless is the wait.

David Levitas

# Affirmation

Through others' eyes we are reflected, our image confirmed,  
Through forms, institutions and the paper chase we know what we have learned,  
And by means of persons otherness we feel of what we've sighed  
Of how the whips and rankles on our limbs tell us what was truth, what lies.  
For in the speech of others eyes our bearing is made in verite,  
The strength we guage, the mind made clear, the weakness all confound,  
Of how the balance formed in pain and grief can bear us on the ground.

David Levitas

# An Afternoon In East Croyden Station Underpass: A Memory Revisited

A mole I was, a rabbit, plumbing deep  
The secrets of its underground warren,  
Deep in the brown clayey soil of Croyden;  
An old town, where a new one rose to leap,  
Mixing Surrey with the blood of Lambeth,  
Borough, the Old Kent Road; new strains growing  
From unfamiliar stock, that mixed in tough  
Proximity; in fields meant for sowing.  
Lost I was, caught in Penelope's web;  
That right from left, o'turned all reason's truth,  
Confused all sense, when to my hole of ruth.  
A map I made, pathetic of its type,  
Of hubris lost, before the time was right.

David Levitas

# An Elegy

Still caught in the meshes of surviving  
The riving phantoms scratch at the base of what I've become.  
The strains and stretches of the stress marks  
Lead to a place I call nowhere, cos that's  
Where I reside, totally in the dark of an unlit room,  
The vibrant hemisphere absent from my murmurings  
As this, my elegy for a solitary, indites.

David Levitas

# Angels We Are...

Angels we are,  
Fallen in forgetfulness,  
Of how desire conceived  
Upon sweet smelling  
Flowers flesh received,  
To swell the lot  
Of those who swim  
In timeless wombs,  
Making choice  
Of their mortality.

Angels we are,  
Stripped of wings  
Upon the morning's rise;  
Teaching with the breaking  
Spring, the glory,  
Once Divine;  
Now a maze  
Of bloom and briar,  
Which will and passion  
Cannot untie.

Mortal we are,  
Of bone and mind,  
Making choice with feet  
Not soaring Heaven wise;  
Trembling like the shaken vine  
At what the season,  
And the harvest crush  
Will bring, to all that's bound  
By truth and sense  
And made the bride, we've found.

Mortal we are,  
Blushing Angel's kin,  
Shedding each day, a sin,  
Born at our conception;  
Holding in our pride  
The broken wings

Of all that's borne,  
Mixed, from countless tombs;  
Feeling for the hidden limb  
To mend or tear, that groen,  
Rises to its home.

David Levitas



# Autumn Melancholy

Five seasons have elapsed between the lie and the next best thing  
And still the leaves fall, mounting like ashes on poppy fields  
Soaking their matter into the tearful truthful earth  
That needs our assistance for its sustenance, its judgement and catharsis  
Not a Greek trope but that which rests the heart  
As its summation, its final reckoning and we are free of the denigration  
That caught the fleeting things and raised in a halo  
That which was undignified, ashamed of its sight;  
The rain pelters, the leaves in many viens, reduce Summer to its rightful place  
And we are once more integrated, at one with what goes for the human race.

David Levitas

# Babi Yaga

From out the Shambles, I first heard that tune  
A Juke Box pouring forth its wine like nectar;  
Of golden hearts, lost a bleeding, seeking  
For what can never be, when whips reeking  
The hide of bulls, strut from hands; sick Hector  
Bleating in Andromarche's arms, his lost moon.

'Tween York's towers, my body's family burned,  
Incarcerated to pay gilten dues  
To those who goose-stepping, wanted still more,  
But bridled at resistance, and still poor,  
Seperated man from wife, goy from Jew  
To feed its program that had never learned.

David Levitas

# Bad Faith

is it bad faith to hope against hope, to see and feel in antagonism  
Yet pray for a consulatum to heal the fractured fissures,  
To know and take the worldly advice as rational  
Yet know and hope beyond the reasonableness of it all  
That the truth is but a momentary aberration  
A revelation of what always was but overcome by principle  
And a common life, that disappeared in a host of syllables.

David Levitas

# Brazil

Caught in the forest foothills before Parnassus I could climb,  
I fight away the hungry barbs that drip you of activity  
The myriad phantoms and ghosts of your every year  
That irritate and tear the gilded youth you used to be,  
And plague you with memories scars, of all your hopes and fears  
Taking you once again to before reason stamped its feet upon your rhyme  
To where nothing is, and nothing wants, a desert in any clime.

David Levitas

## Cerne Abbas (August'98)

Sitting beneath the giant whitened spread  
A silhouette on rolling Dorset Hills,  
A phallus as cream as its earthen bed  
Among the munching bovine sweat, that feels  
The sunshine pulse in udders big with milk,  
I pick the gleanings from a cornfield raped,  
And in my fingers unpeel seed like silk  
Inhaling amber dust, ambrosia, caked,  
In sod and chalk and stalky flesh, that streams  
Like the transparent waters rush from club  
Upraised, beckoning lust from where it dreams  
To rolling fields that feel its earthen rub.  
Specks of humanity, like moles or rats  
About its figure rabbit, worshippers  
At an antique shrine who doff their limp hats  
like a crowd of wearied pilgrim trippers.  
Excited mumbles, like braying cattle  
Spread the air in exhalation, in hope  
Of pleasures lost and undefined; rattle  
Of an empty bag, victims of a trope  
Misconceived by mortal brains who shower  
Expectations on a Giant's conceit,  
Failing to sense his immortal power  
On ev'ry Dorset hill that summer greets.  
Yet not in the light of translucent skies  
Where vision bright upholds our conscious glow  
But deep beneath nights dark flickering eyes  
Does the giant arise to ebb and flow.

David Levitas

# Children

If one's spiritual children are mirrored in ones worldly ones  
Is a CB or a tubby a reflection of what one believes, what one's done  
And if they are stifled or suffocated at birth, is an infanticide  
Or a mishapen monster one has created for all to preside  
In the halls where interconnection speaks its mirrored beliefs  
Or has the force of misgovernment as parental duty  
Failed in the course it was right to follow, as the falling of the leaf?

David Levitas

# Chronically

Chronically in love, one despises the acute diagnosis,  
A life long habit turned to diagnostics  
In a misplaced, misinformed place of imprisonment,  
But my Sita has moved on  
Caught by Ravanna's stories and stares,  
So I must this realisation on me reimpose  
To free me from the bonds of love  
And let me soar and be free like a turtle dove;  
No more in the jungles of my despair  
Haunt the echoes of the constricting air.

David Levitas

# Cigarettes

Countless cigarettes, they mark my time of mourning  
Ash trays full to the brim emptied, they sign my lines of dawning  
When the stress and strain evaporate  
And my limbs are free of tension,  
The tension of a disembodied mind disembowled by fate  
And necessity turned her visage to my pity  
Which welled and disappeared like a roaming heart  
That made a mockery of my life, my art.

David Levitas



# Crime And Punishment (Montanist Fashion)

If the Sins which transgress the pale,  
Be it the Church, of Family, State, or Doctor's,  
That the flesh that has sinned, must to destruction be cast;  
That to be handed over to Satan is the last  
Rite of Natural Justice, where bowler hatted Proctors  
(Satan's Angels) to the benches hurl offending hardened  
Graduates of Iniquity, underground; who are destroyed,  
Not for Correction but to obtain forgiveness  
At the Second Coming; a chastening of the Flesh  
So the Spirit of the Church can 'main pure;  
Unadulterated Wine, as bitter as the hoar,  
Whose only crime is to stain the Earth with frozen menstraul Mesh  
(But as there's no swellings, there's no sinful business):  
If, in imaginaire, Cardinal Sins are committed Twice a Day  
(The Spirit from the Flesh divorced, so to preserve integrity  
On that Dio Domini; bodily resurrection Guaranteed, if you don't touch) ,  
But you find, in realite, your Dreams seem to come true;  
Spirit's transmuted into fleshy verity; I Want, I do,  
An alchemaic mutation that doesn't cost you much,  
That touches your cravings with pleasurable severity  
And makes you believe, Jesus is here, tossing in the Hay;  
That Eternity's come, you've been forgiven, you've passed your degree,  
The Life sentence has been commuted; you're free of Penance;  
From a P.R.O. your'e a Resurrected body, a Thing indeed  
(But as we're in Heaven, it's a pity about the Seed):  
Is it the Case, that by neglecting your Other half,  
Satan's found a window, to have a laugh;  
And using Science and Technology as his Fool,  
Transformed the holes into his Tool;  
Bugged the brain in sheer vitality,  
So it confuses Sense with Virtualty,  
Your Fancy, with the honourable thing  
And your Time Piece with the Ring a ding;  
Placed the Sea above the Mental Heavens  
And the Firmament, pushed, in perpetual Leaven.  
Purity, is of course, a Cardinal Virtue  
But charity, in knowing man's Folly,  
Chastity only granted to the unwedded;  
The Married, of course were of one flesh

And could bonk it, so as not to burn their mesh;  
Honesty bound them with vows of the bedded  
And Truth, to distinguish the Kettle from Polly;  
Making Love a many speckled Hen, that sometimes Hurt you  
but to which you clung and Cherished, as I do.

David Levitas

# Four Seasons

For a full four seasons I have let all weathers creep my consciousness  
Rivet my being in the arms of care and secular provision  
And carry forth my labours with indecision  
Have felt the rock of a strained passion hood  
As I, this petty plot did circumvavigate  
Circling the areas of my inhospitality again and again.  
Full two springs have I been left horrified  
At my own lot; craven, scared, full of wind and pith  
For my recovery, at this my point of entry  
Into a world where all seems lacking,  
The vital days of empathy, imaginatively empowered  
As I on the stone of resentment lie disempowered,  
Bereft of the quality of life that makes mountains from a grain of sand.

David Levitas

# Gravity

If gravitas is the point you buckle where is the desideration for the fall,  
And if the apple becomes your slumber are you spread in endless halls;  
Nobody knows until it happens, when the resistance fuses its abortum  
The pressure cannot take the strain, but when it does  
Newton's turn Pascals and what was done was done in vain.  
The mealy mouth critics comment on their festoon  
The casters take off their wheels, and all is left is the naked man  
Parading his vitals like a deposit of an insult  
Before the lamb could be sacrificed before the ram.

David Levitas

# Grief

To be focused on one's grief  
That is the sole remedy for pain;  
The agency that sets the world spinning again  
And sets the stars in their firmament.  
To set aside the immovable  
That is the aspiration of fools,  
The temptation of the day trippers who play the pools  
And the fortunate ones who forget the permanace  
Of bonds, memories and shared recollection  
With every picture postcard and nick nack again on the shelf  
To remind you what's misising, what one  
Has done to the picture, the object, the soul, the self.

David Levitas

# Ground Zero

Still hovering, I have not touched ground zero where all that talking speaks,  
In ashes, dust, rubble and what could, should have been,  
Broken tristes without the crunch of the pool ball in the pocket  
And the rings, necklaces and momentos in lockets  
Of lovers, unspoken sighs and hopes engineered in little things;  
Above the ruins I weep my tears of rage and pity,  
A carcase for a nation, a blinded minator for a city.

David Levitas

## Hats Off To.....

It's the holes where the energy seeps, that's  
The misdirection. Until they're closed, rats  
Will scurry from pavement to road and crack  
The treasure that lies enclosed, make a back  
For the forearm and lay welts on the nose;  
An eye for an eye, the flakiness of a rose;  
For the lady who thinks she's the cat's whiskers  
Whatever you suppose.

David Levitas

## Hell (2000)

In hell we are, the judgement has been made,  
Ourselvespropelling our lives to the grave,  
Where we face our shadows, already laid  
With the dust of centuries waste, the rave  
Of power, lust, consuming passions, paid  
With the good resisted, the corpse of Love,  
Pity spurned, and innocence, the mocking  
Tale of how truth and justice killed the dove.

The Fall, is but a fable of our death,  
Which we enact in scripture by and by,  
The doom we ineluctably are left  
When we play out the social roles, that high  
Or low, try to make right, of what is left;  
And leave us but a sensate corpse, bereaved  
In this and any other world, of hope,  
Of what once as children, we once believed.

Around us we see a shattered Nature,  
Broken by the tools of man's desiring,  
Kicked, battered, strung up, exhumed in stature,  
The fool of a computerized wiring;  
Its ashes recycled for the rapture of the second class; not saved,  
Still touched with the envy of savage rage,  
But far freer of sin, because enslaved.

David Levitas



## How Nature Gives

The brush of golden sunlight on freckled  
Pinks, on velvet blooms so rose that colours  
Sense beyond itself, to fragrance shudders  
And in a mist our body swoons, speckled.  
By day, by night, we draw the perfumed air  
And from each petalled thing our souls are tinged  
With all the glory summer brings unswinged,  
To dab on every growing thing that's fair.  
For in the lightsome stroke our feelings send  
And to our bodies sent, each shade of green,  
Each life that creeps or wings, enriched is seen  
When we the golden light, redeeming lend.  
Transformed in kind, we give for nature's sake,  
If nature is to grant, what we do take.

David Levitas

# I Saw The Moon.....

I saw the moon and it called to me,  
I the moon heard and wooed it; thee  
To me, me to thee; with pipe and thimble  
Fife and drum, I tried to make of thee, one  
With me who at my feet and in my eye  
Was with the one what is called the Sun;  
But thunder broke the night, that night,  
Flashes of infernal sight that hovered,  
Unmercifully;  
Until with a pitch that would not run  
Into clouds the moon did shun  
My plaintive call of wooden flight  
That into empty wind did sodden might  
And into a carriage I was bound  
To meet the bays of laughing hounds.

David Levitas

## I Will Not Pass....

I will not pass beyond the pale  
Though there the rivers flow from out the grail.  
My eye it shall not stray the rail  
Though mocking stares they shake what man must fail;  
My ears they shall not bend the sigh  
Though laughter yelps to break the collars tie;  
My tongue it will not bite the lie  
Though hard the chaff I eat in fields of rye;  
My hand it will not lift the veil  
Though pearls in golden weave glistening curl.  
I will not pass beyond the pale  
Though all I know in life their sails unfurl.

David Levitas

# Imagination

Because my imagination became real, I long for solidity  
Diseased thoughts feeding on generous affections  
Creating a hell of morbidity,  
Pathological symptoms tuned on an over generous heart,  
A well of disorder by taking fantasy as fact,  
That's what trebled the medication and ruined my life, my art.  
And now in this hole of discomfort I bare my wounds for all to see  
I know not the way, the path, the road from the mightiest stretch to the tiniest  
lea.

David Levitas

# In The Smoking Room

On currents that stream from out one's bodily hemispheres,  
One is pushed and pulled from like and unlike passions, an  
Energy that relieves and repels, sparking lights and emanating  
The heat that energizes matter, soothing and hurting, opening  
And closing the wounds that make us men or what makes us suffer  
in societal ignorance; sores that cannot be mend and sighs not  
Stifled, given the hold of one's passions, the truthful words and signs  
That belie fact; as the speaking of birds and the meaning of objects;  
Thought and image, precipitantly propelled and conjured in  
Unthinking waves, by the pitch of word and movement,  
Position and place of the utterance or attitude, of person, thing  
Or deed, rising and falling like a honing star; the source, a silent  
Wound that breaks the arching barriers of our wholeness  
And into the turbulence ushers a wasted negativity;  
The emanations of suffering thrown fore and aft, side to side  
in a cascade, hopeless, unconstrained willfulness;  
While in the cabin where the tides wash, words and association  
Lap with movement and habit, thought and innocence plagiarizing  
Each others significance; battle, hunger, lust, pity, and passion,  
Play their thought and utterance in craft, forethought and spontaneity,  
Each a willing accomplice by circumstance, rule and custom defined,  
Regulation set, to play the inevitable that is contingently ordered  
And created on the mutilation of human creativity;  
Each lost in an interlinking independence of grievance and mingled knowledge,  
Lost as easily as it was presumed found, the gesture as potent  
As any thought out theory; and honesty the touchstone of its truth,  
As matter's the groundstone of reality.

David Levitas

# Language

To clear language of its improprieties  
That is the aim of rejuvenation  
To see the ambiguities wash the walls of consciousness  
That is the purpose of reintegration  
To pop the grammar of its dialectics emotionally gilded  
That is the gritty route to cleaning the pitted  
While to affirm diction of its spongery  
Is the way to clear the mind from unwanted fictions.

David Levitas

# Memories Of Place

In my memories I live in a thousand countries counted by unnumbered years,  
Book spread they ring of an imagination redolent with vitality  
Touched with the reality of tumescent afternoons  
When in Malia I kissed the creten-Spanish sun,  
In Graz when I sped the Slovanik mountains,  
Paris, when I lost my heart on the Seine on a non taken ride  
And in Normandy when with family I bestrode the harvester  
When I sneezed with the corn's blossom.  
All these places punctured the wells of being  
And made me inflate with bodily pride.  
No more they seek me, or I them; my disposition tells me the lies  
Of how they betrayed the coursing of the veins  
And left my mind an empty space where everything I know has died.

David Levitas

# Misery

If misery can be pierced, does grief exude  
The pent up torment of a heart shriven  
Broken by the flight of circumstance, weakness and misguided will  
For now, at home, means four walls and a lonely bed  
Where one's reflections are all resentment and regrets  
An empty space contained by a cyclops  
Whose monofix is to be transfixed by a phantom.  
And as debriefing is an inevitable result of exaltation  
A stripping of the armoury of one's acts and intentions  
So one reaches the bottom of a grief that extrudes  
From misguided hopes and wishful expectations.

David Levitas



# Mother Earth

From out the hidden store of Earth, comes life,  
To take the seed, and from her depths make strife,  
With all that try to force it from her hold,  
And steal the joy, she gives with love untold.  
In swollen pain she bursts with labour long,  
Upon a world that's raised with all that's strong,  
To let all feed from breasts which never dry,  
Unfolding heat that grows to touch the sky.

But Mother Earth, it clasps its own in death,  
To all who reach beyond her milky breath;  
With sighs and clasping strength, it draws its kind,  
And to its hollow bosom seeks to bind,  
In cunning greed which passion cannot break,  
Upon the dawn when restive feelings wake,  
To snap the stem which hold what's hers so near,  
Unfolding like the fruit beyond its year.

Set free, the bird will fly, the ivy creep,  
The fox run through the night, the tiger sleep,  
The rose will blooming rise to fall,  
And every manchild grow 'til he is tall,  
No light will steal the golden sun's arise,  
And love will shine until the moonbeam dies.

And Mother Earth, in grief she spins and weaves,  
To stem the flow that from her body leaves,  
With outspread arms which stretch to hold the sun  
And seek the joys that reach for everyone.  
In fledgling freedom life soars beyond pain  
Upon dew tipped hills and bare mountain plains,  
To taste the sweetness that of earth's begot,  
Unfolding love, that Earth has now forgot.

David Levitas

# My Body In The West.....

My body in the West, its heart Eastward lies;  
My mind that Eastward rests, as spirit Westward flies;  
My flesh that to Jerusalem yearns,  
By ignorance and the willing kiss of guile  
On Edom's bed thistles earns,  
The laughter of malicious eyes  
The hunger of the seed unfertilized  
That neighbours and the passing stranger  
Seek to make its own, in thought or deed  
By force or prostitution,  
Directing what's not his to whom it serves  
In promise of reward:  
Coveting the objects of other's desire  
He tempts the sense with what, pining, the will still holds true;  
For that moment's weakness, when snatching what's not his  
He steals what's to other's rightly wed,  
Joining their desires in scarlet imagery,  
Your corpse, a carpet beneath their horseless chariots.

David Levitas

# My Home

Oh how I desire to visit the home where lies my heart  
I've never been there but felt it from the yearning it feels,  
The excitement it rivits and the folly it leadingly seals.  
In a thousand faces I see it, in a thousand eyes it reflects  
But before I find its certainty I know I must a thousand times recollect.

David Levitas

# Not In This Life

Not in this life shall nothing remain unavenged,  
The dread, the judge comes at the last.  
Not in Jerusalem shall we dwell for those beyond the seas  
But in a place where books and customs reign,  
Where a pilgrimage can bring Hajiv but the stone remains untouched,  
The bricks tell in their patched up mortar the mottled story,  
The Cathedral ring its mournful telling bell  
And within we peal with recollection  
Through windows paned with celestial light  
In the peace of prayer or the pipes of tranquility.  
We are the victims of a broken tree, snapped at our conception,  
Our exile from where Gabriel still holds his unleashed sword.  
With guilt and humility we measure our lines;  
With vain pride, our achievements, never to transgress the mean.  
Our Orders they proclaim and set our bounty;  
Our remissions count, our commissions accrue;  
Settling in equal Charity, kindness and righteousness;  
The loss and right of what in mortal error we daily amount.  
Knowing thus, Frailty is but our lot,  
That in the guilt lies more than wisdom, less than innocence;  
That sacrifice in prayer and praise is for commemoration  
And rest is granted only to the Dead;  
That in Peace they may dwell and wash their sins  
In the rains that only temporal, touch on Earth.

David Levitas

# On My Bed

On my bed I come crawling back to you  
You, sin riven by thoughtless prognostication,  
Gazing at the monster you made a man,  
A bodiless corpse without an aborum  
Trying your conscience to reconcile,  
The dream and the hopeless change you made to sanity  
All for the sake of a kitchen, a loft room and a place for vanity.  
A single parent with a man in situ  
A crutch with a cock to boost the honey,  
That never drips as it did with the money you earned  
For the upkeep and plans of your pantry.

David Levitas

## On Streams Of Silence...

On streams of silence we move,  
mouthed by sightless voices and mechanical tunes,  
Automatic responses that catch at the model of what we pretend  
And others believe, we are, consist and where our music and meaning lie,  
portend and crave, even in soulful, sinful suffering;  
Catching in the vapours and exhalations of the breath,  
The circumference of dreams, the velocity of desire  
And linked to the machine stutter of cash, the staccato  
Of where others account their wealth; drugs, telephones  
And the credit entablatures of receipts, home to the radio orbit  
Of what they believe, lies within; in reality, a mirror  
Of the passions one is attached; the pitch of one's standing;  
Of the seamless thread, as on a wire of where one stands,  
How distraught; the identification of culture with one's reality  
And the dream like visions interspaced that catch at every murmur  
For a confirmation of one's fall from grace, the mangled response  
Of soul and body reft, mingled with the spirit and emotion,  
The blood and flesh of imagined crime and forces passion,  
Of the judgement one is burdened to feel, uphold and maintain;  
Like the lifting of a telegraphic sentence that bites at every vital,  
The hyman of one's being pierced and expressed like a runaway train;  
And then see in the fading light the solidity of the silvered wooden bench  
In the reflection of the cabinet of many medicines,  
The reflection of spirit and pump in a glass that's translucent  
And a face that appears to others, smoking an endless cigaterette;  
That bespectacled monster the identity does not recognize;  
While outside in silent sympathy and tense apprehension, the tort reminders  
Furrowed in lines that score their aspen willowness, by where they've stood,  
Towards a sun that never sets but who misleads us in iconographic simplicity:  
A phone booth on every corner to maintain their staus quo.

David Levitas

# Out Of Joint

Put out of joint by recollection  
I span the surface of memory  
Reeling and kicked by reflections spin,  
Trying to relax the stiffened limb  
To let the heart strings flow and sing  
The soul expand and the faculties to grow  
The fibres hum and the muscles expand  
So the blood can flow and I find myself once more a man.

David Levitas

## Poem Written In Walthamstow (1990-1991)

If thoughts can kill, and deed  
Through sufference of others displeasure  
(Act as the executioners block)  
Become the knife which severs  
The innocent's life then bloodied  
Are we in mutual murders strife.  
Before the act, the deed has done,  
Conscience upon its wheel,  
Reflecting in its glass the points  
Of all our earth bound cerainties  
Probes unmercifully, touching truth  
With all that pays in lucre; Love  
With all that calls in counterfeit; Life  
With that which cries from out the pit,  
Smiling forth compassion. And what we know of will,  
Is ever in absent conscience debt:  
Double locked, beyond regret.

David Levitas



## Puffed Up

Puffed up and blown down by the winds  
That's my iota of life reveals  
My drug confined and habits lot stretch, makes of life's immensity  
But when things come back I'll know all has not been in vain  
That the sound of wind signifies rejuvenation,  
A clearing of the arteries, the sea  
The billowing of unwanted thoughts and memories  
And the sunshine, the vitality of a life resurrected like a summer's day.

David Levitas

# Spite

In spite of You, I spite the black shirted  
Dragooned guards, who lap their obscenity  
In metal rumps, striped or chequered flaps  
That mask the lip, the current that tickles grass and fancies;  
The cropped skull clipped rotunda's that raise hell  
And the roots that nurture all there is and living.  
From Berg to berg, I wonder as a Schuman's Brahms,  
Sea searching on artificial fields for his Clara'a Lara,  
Divorced from Reality, severed from Pity  
By the Double bonded, exchanged, Razor's edge,  
That can only mouth its love, in seeming words  
And Wayward, remembered signs, resembling His fidelity;  
A Home his Angelus Three (or is it four) , a Symbolic symbol  
For the Pictured, Primrose Path, in Ruth, Passion, or Rightful Bar,  
Its Justice, Love, Earthly Human Reality.

David Levitas

## Still Dreams

Still dreams hover about my resting seat, which is no seat  
But a furnace rent by demons, spirits of no ones desire  
Dreams of a quietude and rest beside the tree and yule log  
Of a family smiling in expectation and of course the half dead dog  
Who licks the faces of all who present themselves,  
Loyalty enshrined in the instinctive motions not those for hire;  
Dreams of what was once but have been torn by the feat  
Of encrazed desire, the blinding seal of seperation  
And of a love lost in the depths of desolation.

David Levitas

# The Angler Fish

If the male to the umbilical chord  
Is tied, an angler fish inside a womb;  
Caught between weakness and devouring strength,  
The duty of manhood and pity's tomb;  
Life within love's placenta, strewn at length  
The Ocean bed, is but death's lovely ward.

Deep within her flesh, his soul ruminates  
Swallowing the debris she has long cared,  
Seeing with her eyes, sensing with the tips  
Of feelers, her body's corpse long prepared,  
Not knowing if it's he or she who dips  
The line, to catch the fish, that time frustrates.

David Levitas

# The Best

At rock bottom one is drifting, a piece of jetsom amidst the wreckage,  
Purposeless, adrift, collecting the weeds of ages  
That strew the ocean, where one walks, sleeps and combines  
Where no harvest is gathered but the thoughts of loss;  
One's feelings battered and bruised, misplaced with ill-used passion  
Thoughts jumping ahead of one's time; disconnected senseless pain empowering,

That shatter in forethought and reflection the hopes of a life times bower  
A cast up, adrift, looking for rest,  
But with each movement, the tide, washes us for what is deemed the best.

David Levitas

# The Crucible

In the crucible of the soul, members affixed  
Are our problems resolved, high water neutralized,  
Sentimental regrets regarded by cauterization  
And the pitch and smoke which is from it licked  
Is deafened and passed in the sigh, while the  
Pain is reduced as deposit for fossilization.

David Levitas

# The Environment

Sometimes the environment comes first,  
Where you'r placed, put, the domicile you inhabit  
By choice or necessity, neighbours, staff, colleagues  
They make for well-being, to examine your soul too much  
Is an escape from truthful contemplation  
Too much wrath and poison goes into it  
And your balance is lost in the process of re-integration.

David Levitas

# The Heart It Is The Matter Thus....

The heart it is the matter thus, what makes  
The soul, the body's parts unite, be true  
To what it gives in free felt choice, its love  
The guardian of all its search desiring.  
    Absent, the mind and body's naught, sans sense,  
    A figment of desire, severed hence  
    The passions and the mind they cannot meet  
    But are ever, separate, apart.

And yet, if thus the heart is stole or ta'en  
The body broken, ripped from where its soul made lain  
A vengeance shall the earth swear from heartless  
Dust and cry for retribution; the Sun  
Itself will in parallel keep the law that  
G-d with all creation spelt at the Fall.

David Levitas



# The Judgement Of Creation (2000)

When we, on the balance, are put for sure,  
Precariously placed, before Truth's door:  
The throne, above, in celestial dew,  
The waste-land, beneath, a cold greying hue;  
Carolling angels, rejoicing in prise,  
Hungry mortals, ever consuming haze:  
Each mote of thought, each waking emotion,  
Each selfless deed, that silenced commotion,  
And from the body's source, truth redefined  
Through filter beds of thought, that action signed;  
Shall, with the blind ego's, driven striving,  
That hears not the cry of others riving,  
Feels not the pain, of pities illusion,  
The wondrous joy, of loves's great delusion;  
Be split asunder, on fine scales be weighed;  
For all to judge, angels, man, beast and maid:  
And, if we, in truth, on balance incline,  
Our matter included, through death's decline;  
Then even Michael, standing with his sword,  
The accusing angels, Satan, their Lord,  
Can not, the Highest Wisdom's scales o'turn,  
But must creation grant, so all can learn.

In life we act this play, as if it's real:  
With the curtain crash, it sets with a seal.

David Levitas

# The Kick

To take the kick of life's enhancing  
That frees the body from its St. Vitus dance prancing  
The insular self-consciousness overview  
That stems the force from the insane few,  
The chosen, that survivors they may be  
Thrown like a cabbage into the expanse of sea;  
A petit choux without its pastry  
That will sink without the salubrious tasty;  
Thus are the thoughts of a non alcoholic despair  
Brought on, in vertu, of those who care.

David Levitas

# The Lie

Do not take the lie however much it comforts,  
Do not bite the false ho'er much it sings,  
For truth will see the virtual through its diaphonous wings  
And the good out clarion the jingle before its ring.

For error paves the way of falsehood  
Evil strews its barbs with the lie's breath  
And whatever seems to follow from its substance  
Is a mockery of that of realities bereft.

David Levitas

# The Meaning Of Intelligence

To make the distinction between the Person and the Thing,  
Discriminate in one's depths 'twixt blind force and the Ring  
Of deafening Silence, that bears the fruits of Honesty,  
The leaves of Chastity, the flowers of Purity, that hold  
The wayward, broken flesh of man's Mortality  
In willing, mutual vigour, compassionate Charity;  
Is all we have Intelligence granted to us,  
To swat illusion, scatter lies, to gather up trust.

David Levitas

# The Meaning Of Sport

If our lives are written in sport,  
Endless lines that reach the nethers and tort,  
In sympathy and affection; loyalty gone for the reasons of our team,  
Are we not tropes of a wider kalideoscope  
Where what is not important is transferred to the pub or terraces,  
So we can sit it in bars for the sake of a hopeful win  
That ends in the tapas room and bearpit  
Where we feel locally loyal or nationally proud  
And throw our drunken weight, outside, inside  
And feel better at the end of an everchanging, inconsequential tide.

David Levitas

# The Rock

There is no rock, I know that now, to hold  
Fast against the wrath of passion, the deep  
Sweep of pity, the ravages of bold  
Remorseless Time, where humanity reaps  
Unsaid thoughts, more, undone deeds, with those that  
Swell the ocean of blind mortality.  
So smooth the rock where we once thought we sat,  
It runs with tears of our banality;  
Our hopes that only had truth in spirits  
World, in inflamed moralities sweet dirge  
That sings with intellects passion; rivets  
Of deceit against the world's deathly urge.  
Trust not canopies, rings or amulets  
They will break or crack without your abet.

David Levitas

# The Temple

So full of error is our substance  
So many faults that mar the fabric  
Unpoint its smoothness, crack its rubric  
That know we not, alone, unaided  
The special mode that keeps the Keep unraided.

Our walls of flesh, they break their bounds  
Or shrink within the fabrics mound.  
The skin like paint it sears; once ripe  
It soon its brightness blears, and snipes  
The friend and neighbour that once upon its portals sup  
But now as a ruin digs it up.

The rooms where we do breathe and joy,  
Our senses; they do sustain like toys,  
That fade with every passing passion  
And pass unused for others fashion.  
Well trod by hooves that feel for warmth;  
The furnishings tawdry, threadbare,  
Like remnants lay for others to outstare.

The heart that beats, the mind that cares,  
They like ghosts lay deep the foundations bare,  
That feeling oft and sensing pain, make truth  
They hope, keep all from pain and ruth;  
But oh, how swift does errors dart  
The Keep upturn and break the heart,  
And then the treasure upheld so long  
Is a nothing thing, a bare song.

David Levitas

# The Village

In the village or hamlet there lies another currency,  
Beyond the ken of side-walk timetables,  
The bars that vend the ciambetta  
Among the tinkling glass of chandeliers and shiny smooth fluting;  
To that you must walk upwards long sheer banks of shrubbery and angling trees  
Along a path that bears not cavalry or the shooting grind of auto-tune;  
It is a lonely track up steep mounts where winds the river below,  
And in a Wood, not marble lies the soul's sweet depositary;  
A hostelry for the rough hewn soul's bare rectitude  
Where flows his sins and his unbarred confession;  
His conscience's fecklessness; no more, no less  
Than the actual imagined crimes of Caen  
Or any bottled city; where tapestries mock the sea-wreck  
Of innocence and advantaged distorted rectitude, with promises not made;  
Where ex-Norse angels trample in the mud with white booted  
Twin horned demons, out Valhalla.  
Here the peasant transmits his sufferings to the boards and panals and pictures  
Of what he wishes but his frailty tore; a shies the cure, the purple bishop  
Pricked phantoms who roam the streets, like hot wires at Caranton.  
He knows the mind bending games that fickle your fancy,  
A joint the thwarted love and power of misspent abused commodores,  
The chain mailed ghost ships who with totem a bow, rape nunneries  
And betwixt and between a mock buffet and public/private games, throws in the  
towel.

David Levitas



# Things Mend

Things mend with the exposure; we need the heat, the cold,  
The wind and rain to mould and reset our bearings to carry the old  
And start afresh in new configurations bright with contentment  
And lost illusions; but if the burdens too great  
The gate will come off its hinges, the fence grate  
The pavement and public places. Smiles can help the process  
But isolation tears the pith from the prowess  
And leads to the maw of a souless resentment.

David Levitas

# Tuffeting

When Ill-matched unsympathetic symbolism disappears, one's on the road to  
recovery,  
As when misplaced association finds its end, we know we've broken the wires of  
the fashional  
And finding both are retardational formulee  
We escape the world of confusion, trepidation and misconnection  
To regain the confidence of an unconnected world of objectivity  
Linked to feelings healthy in their intensity  
Apart from the fears that are in your imagination  
Cutting it down to size and draining the competent from its compensation:  
Such are the thoughts of one whose feelings and ideas have had a buffeting  
On the rocks of a world that never sends an unconditional tuffeting.

David Levitas

# Un Baise

If you have kissed a thousand volumes but ne'er ta'en the flower  
Are you an angel, a scholar or a capacious dower,  
And if they are dispensed as letters or books, bound or strewn as accounts  
Are you an interminable worm, a mole or a fathomless hook?  
And if those on the top or middle shelves leave you cold  
The bottom shelf will hit you before you grow old.

David Levitas

# Was It March, Was It May.....

Was it March, was it May,  
The season matters not.  
Bright it was, as fresh and clear  
As amber wine, and sweet  
With expectation.

Daffodils I bought, or was it  
Lilac blooms, that met  
Your chestnut gaze with  
Silent comprehension.

Words were spoke; cropped  
From moor and waking streets;  
Few, but touched with  
Morning glory

You smiled, I think, and let  
The dew settle on your  
Speckled rug. My heart it  
Bleated boundingly.

You left to dress and bring a jug  
To hold the brightness that was yours;  
And as I sat, I thought I reaped the sunbeams  
That through the window glanced  
To settle on the fleece worn floor.

Green the door or was it blue,  
So light my sense that frisky morn;  
And still I wonder, May or June,  
Did you that morning meet  
With knowing salutation,  
Or was your breast like mine  
White with revelation.

David Levitas

# What Remembers

If one is in love with the lie, is there truth in it,  
Or are habits so confirmed, as in holy writ  
For the bodys motions always to resort to its temper  
And the emotions song to be diagnosed with its distemper  
As to always fall on one's knees in expectation  
Of a cleansing revelation that will result in exculpation  
Of the wrongs received and the sins expressed for the souls recuperation,  
In affections healing and a loss of the bitterness of the conflagration lit  
Beneath wife and child to stem the flowing of what godlike remembers.

David Levitas

# With Head Out Of Water

With head out of water, I bob the surf  
Swallowing the spray that connects me to your heart  
Feeling deep the motions of the art of life and conceiving,  
Breasting waves that crush the dispositions of the brave  
And rearing above, I leer at the hush of sky  
That risen high scorches my momentum  
As I this foray take, to make my world complete again  
Upon the land, this earth, for me to seive with sake.

David Levitas

## Within My Garden's Plot.....

Within my garden's plot I've watched the bud  
Begin to break; the growth of many springs;  
The blades of summer culled in to green rings  
To deck the May still sweet with seasons cud.  
I've heard the call; the prattled song that leap  
From roof to tree; the broom I've seen which sweeps  
The sod, so pale, aglow like fleece, that reaps  
The sun bright rays and into joy does creep.  
I've felt the touch of healing rain that fall  
To wash the dust from out the earth, like flesh in grief  
That seeks its comfort from its kind that's all.  
And yet, when all I've seen and heard and felt,  
I've known nothing what my garden spelt.

David Levitas

## Ye Angels Weep (2000)

Oh, ye angels weep, where was your brave sword,  
The foreknowledge you claim, to serve your Lord,  
And with silken wings, fly swift to guide  
The righteous soul, whose passions grit must ride

The storms, the hurly burly of envy,  
Rancour, sins immeasurable, trendy  
Fashions that warp the soul from out its bed,  
A body sever and misplace the head.

You, who with knowledge immediate,  
Were meant with mortal kin to mediate,  
Protect the poor, give succour to the weak,  
Have as fortune's fools, foresaken the meek,

Been enslaved by Time's false complacency,  
Not seen, the Arch-Angel's false brother, He  
Who wears the ring on the right hand, transform  
With a hostile bid, his Master's house, shorn

Of treasure's stored against the coming tide;  
That will of Angels, Man and Beast decide.  
Forgive me Father, for my anger's wave,  
The ebb, I prey, presses hope, love to save.

David Levitas