

Poetry Series

**Marc Radzyner**  
**- poems -**

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## Marc Radzyner(21 June 1944)

Marc's early years were in Switzerland and Belgium- his parents being originally from Poland. The family emigrated to Australia when Marc was 6. In Australia he taught literature and published poems and articles in major journals. He lived on a bush property engaging both with life on the land and writing. In 1980 he came to live in Israel with his wife. He taught for many years in a branch of Bar Ilan University. Marc and Dorothy have two sons. They live in the ecological village of Clil in the Western Galilee. He has published one book, *The Myth Father* (2009) . A Hebrew translation is soon to be published

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# Bug In The Light

what do bugs experience  
in the light

drawn to the ultimate sexual task  
to the vivid illumination  
to incandescent being

circle upwards towards the light  
drowsy humming from shard wings  
slowly spiraling

born to hunger  
to desire  
never realize  
never culminate

the double blinding wounding  
the double deception  
lands on the glass table top  
immobile body burned rose

Marc Radzyner

# Cyclamen Anemone Asphodel

olive trees all gnarled within,  
conceal their flowering,

spring has passed  
the former rains and the latter rains  
are done-

□

blood anemone rooted and spread  
in rock and field,  
asphodel and cyclamen

are over,  
their cycles done-

your mouth firm  
your eye firm  
your hand firm saying  
it shouldn't get better than this

the first hot winds  
breathe in our faces  
now is the time for  
the silk thistle  
the blue globe thistle  
the purple sharp-leaved  
sword thistle-

you paused in your orchard between the trees,  
in the middle of building  
in the middle of planting  
in the middle of painting  
looked around  
and turned to me  
ah Mordecai, careful,  
it won't get better than this

□

Marc Radzyner

# Dancer Not Dancing

today in the kids' blue pool  
in the milk white light  
blue-eyed infant girl, no more than four  
alone wading in the water  
making movements out of herself  
world still coming into being, no thought  
no thought I was watching  
nobody watching except me-  
infant steps in the water  
this way, that way,  
circle a half circle,  
threads her arms together  
mouthing words to herself-  
counting this way that way  
weaves in the water, circles round  
circles the other way,  
flings her arms up and holds,  
little legs in the water  
dancer not dancing  
singer not singing  
thinking nobody sees  
I'm not me

no one else in the pool,  
no one else in the world,  
wet tangled hair down

I must step this way too,  
yes then around, arms up now,  
I'm not me, I'll never be  
move legs around  
move head around now oh  
that must be enough now  
climb out of the pool  
wet hair down  
walk away through the brown grass  
in the milk white light



# Deceptive Illuminations

having wound his way from outside  
through the labyrinth of wooden beams and rafters  
a sparrow is trapped inside the house

and finds himself within a room  
of unimaginable dimensions, no chance now  
with these panic fluttering jets of flight

of rediscovering the secret egress  
head butting against windows' shut glass  
utterly deceptive illuminations

Marc Radzyner



# Landscape With Falling Village

walking on Igael's track towards his unbuilt  
house are two carob trees- in the autumn  
walk in the morning or evening, you will smell  
the fragrance of fermenting carob pods,

look down through ancient olive trees  
into the fold of the hills where two villages are,  
one poised ready to fall, the other way down below,  
but they are the same village-

come at night and look again, like candles  
a row of lamps makes a yellow bow against the mountain  
and the lights of the lower village  
are dim and human in their black cradle

Marc Radzyner

# Lausanne June 21,1944 (Song For My Birth)

'From May 15 until July 9,1944, almost half a million Hungarian Jews were deported to Auschwitz. Most were killed on arrival.'

I was born upon that day  
nearly at the end of war  
a short train ride away  
midsummer of the year

my mother said the sun was warm  
in this town by the lake shore  
the people assuredly without harm  
when I was born

between clean sheets my mother lay  
blood dripped from flasks into a tube  
after much turmoil, from far away  
soulage at night soulage their voices soothed

my lips were crimson petals, my hands caressed  
her fragile old-bride skin,  
my raven eyes sought strange new worlds  
no trains, or family, or desperate origins

the sky was fine like threaded silk  
the earth was warm like fresh made bread  
the best and worst that can be said,  
life flowed through me like purest milk

Marc Radzyner

# No Country For Old Men

when the girl says not that way  
the scene just before Anton Chigurh kills her  
he has killed so many he has killed them all  
what gets you is her wide eyes her credulity  
although she must know what is about to go down

and her voice breathless and knowing as before sex,  
this authentic Texan gal  
knows what she will have to pay  
for arguing for knowing  
in there, no country for old men

and the killer himself sitting in his corner  
in the half-light obsessed,  
obsessive flipping his coin, baiting  
his benign deathlessness,  
his concerned smile when she argues with him,

no it's you, she says,  
it's not the coin. it's just you-  
mouth quivering, like, waiting,

and what about him voice drawling  
looking at her wearily,  
his regret, his compassion  
get you,  
her mouth her lips her  
loveliness,

nothing he wants nothing  
does he really want nothing at all?  
it is the thing itself the equalization  
the articulation of what is just

I got here the same way the coin did  
hitting the counter the dust

we don't see him kill her,  
the way he killed all the others,

but by now we understood why he must-

the heart, the core in the heart, deadly killer of a film,  
way past anything we can allow ourselves to undergo

Marc Radzyner

# Only The Eye

only the eye  
can see light  
only the eye  
membrane exquisite  
exists because □  
there is light

all night I lie  
couched between black roots  
night mind seeps through earth layers-  
river boulders, white maiden gums  
sutured to blackness  
disengage from night's unity,

near my eye what is  
jewelled  
inticate  
seeks to be visible,

atombeads  
on spider threads  
spark-

only the eye  
can see light,  
only the eye can know  
what light is

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# Practising Jets

uninvited, bright blue yet dark  
sky welcomes them  
air force jets streak away low

high curve wing-glint scream  
divebomb  
straight down on us

thin whine pitch before afterburn  
layers of azure torn

like plaster ripped from wounds  
torn from the sky, jets return

to practice above us, they will wake him  
Neriyah 2 years old sleeping,

only practice  
but I split down the middle,  
already in the flames

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# The Abyss

???? ??????

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth  
and the earth was without form and void  
and darkness was upon the face of the abyss (Genesis,1)

far upriver the end of the land reaches  
the ravenous precipice where waterfall hangs  
feeding the void-

I come to the edge, a sign that warns  
danger of falling, in Hebrew becomes  
abyss before you

- rocks here slippery, perilous, wind throws spray
- in my face, waterfall booms,
- 
- sign warns tehom ???? -
- the same abyss
- upon whose face darkness was
- in the beginning

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