

Poetry Series

**Yoni Dvorkis**  
**- poems -**

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Yoni Dvorkis()

# Air Brush

1. Dimple under left eye, apply air brush.
2. Extend her legs, more voluptuous. Add 4 inches from ankle to knee cap.
3. You know...I'm just not feeling the dress. Do we have one of her in that green strapless?  
Men like strapless right?
4. Holy hell! Can we do something about those teeth? Yuck!
5. She needs a glow around her head. Yeah like that, like an angel. Fantastic!
6. Rosy hue around cheek bones needs touch up. She needs to blush harder, like she's embarrassed about something...something shameful.
7. Final edit, her smile is too big, women that happy don't read magazines...what? Don't look at me like that!

Et Voila! Our hyper-stylized over-edited fictitious standard of beauty is realized.

Ok society!  
Get ready...  
Set...  
Conform!

(Conformity ensues)

Bonus points! We got a celebrity to do the cover shoot.  
(Hey, you can only sell your soul once and chances are she already did it...  
Christ, stop looking at me like that! ! !)

When she takes home her free promotional copy,  
She can hold up our ideal of her side by side with the mirror and think:

'Wow...these images are so different and yet...I sense a strange and \*vogue familiarity...  
Almost as though...just maybe...they were of the same person...

Huh...I wonder which one represents me? '

\*Typo alert! Should be 'vague'...silly me

Yoni Dvorkis

# Cloud 7

me up, I am always lacking.  
Consumption, the name of the game.  
The hunger devours the horse,  
fattens me to the core.  
I'm about to burst...  
Always empty,  
yet full of  
loveless  
fear.

2. My my what a big piece of the pie!  
Pension raiders anonymous.  
We live to carry secrets,  
yearning to fill this need.  
Profit devotees  
live a life of  
penniless  
loveless  
fear.

3. I mean honest to God, what's the point?  
We're all gonna die...why bother?  
I may as well just sit here  
wallowing in despair,  
a quiet, lonely,  
unproductive  
slacker. A  
loveless  
fear.

4. You want the goods? I'll give you the goods!  
Come here baby and say hello.  
How easy is it to come  
to life, awe inspiring  
mother to us all  
prostituting  
shame, guilt, and  
loveless  
fear.

5. Mirror mirror on the bathroom wall.

Am I pretty enough to be  
a beauty queen? Parade me  
around in fancy cars.

I must protect my  
reputation  
hinged on a  
loveless  
fear.

6. Grass is greener on the other side.

Why wouldn't it be? These neighbors  
are so filthy rich with their  
hundred thousand dollar  
landscaping jobs and  
mansions built on

envious  
loveless  
fear.

7. In the end there was always hatred,  
deeply seated, mindless, blind rage.

Searching for a suitable  
target. Lies built on lies.

Ready to explode:

unforgiving,  
merciless,  
loveless  
fear.

By all means, you sinless wretch

Go ahead, live on cloud nine!

But I can't share in your euphoric state of ecstasy...

I just don't feel that way about myself

never have

never will

\*dedicated to Kevin Spacey and his love of all things sinful.

Yoni Dvorkis

# Dark Night Soul

I love you  
Because I hate myself  
This is my impression

Lavished you in praise and wonder  
Promised to be 'yours' forever  
I'd complete you in my quest of  
Deep misapprehension

But I can't help but think  
The look you gave me  
Was one of confusion

I fear that you may turn on me  
And redefine my boundaries  
Where I end and you begin  
Declined invitation

And so I must destroy you  
If I am to survive  
No negotiation

Yoni Dvorkis

# Dead Dreamer

In the beginning I knew I wasn't whole.  
To shed this world, I'd have to kill my soul.

Over and over my bodies breathed sighs of relief  
when released from intensely mental postmortem grief.

I'd cry back asleep, the end felt so real.  
Nightmarish fairy tales of Love I couldn't feel.

Yet dreams of death are only dreams  
and life is not as finite as it seems.

Yoni Dvorkis

# Dead Poet Society

Is it painful to express your art,  
or is it artful to express your pain?

Does the torment carry the weight of a thousand suns?  
When the love of words slowly but surely drains.

As the mind repents, the poetry departs.  
Poets gaze warily across the land.

But it's ok; I know now all is one,  
and I was never here as I was never damned.

Yoni Dvorkis

# Demented Man

Tired lifeless eyes  
Stare at one spot on the wall  
Feeding tubes and scrubs

I should let him die  
Mercy killers dropped the ball  
So I pull the plug

Yoni Dvorkis

# Don'T Make Eye Contact

'But Motek, it's Hanukkah!

You MUST be with the FAMILY on HANUKKAH! ! '

(Ok Mom, sure Mom, right away Mom, I'll come home)

'Rabbi Grossman DOES do such LOVELY services!

Every Jew in Suffolk County will be there!

Challah Bread! Matza Ball Soup! SONGS on the ACCORDION! '

(Merry, cheery, Hava Nagilla surface tension happiness...)

'Smile everyone, and I'll take a picture! ! ! '

(CHEESE! ! ! !)

'Motek... I DO wish you spoke with him already...

I mean, it's been over a YEAR now...notta WORD!

It BREAKS my heart to see you two like this...'

(I'm sorry Mom)

'I mean honest to ELOHIM! !

Brothers should LOVE each other! ! !

How can you be so NONCHALANT about this, so CALLOUS? ? ?

Breaks my heart.'

(Your answer lies right in front of you Mom,

You just need to know where to look...and where not to)

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# God Is Love

Love is an authority.  
It dictates choice and consequence  
and joins together all the wayward lamenters  
who grieve at their loss of purity.

Love is an actuality.  
It breathes new life into masochists  
who wished to die a thousand times over  
and prey upon the weak and fragile.

When you let love in at first, it may seem out of place,  
like a foreign object lodged in your chest, a parasite  
feeding on the brains of its host, thriving in darkness,  
blood-letting leeches drain this swollen heart...

But love does not enforce kindness; only offers a gentle reminder  
for anyone who's forgotten how great it feels  
to give solely for the sake of giving  
and not be afraid of his own shadow.

Yoni Dvorkis

# Grok The Weeping Willow

Joyous tears aplenty, in search of willow trees,  
where ancient might has fallen, shriveled, sagging life and limb.  
Thirsty seeds of sacred trust have scattered `cross the seas.  
Seething words of wisdom sing in glorious praise of sin.

Where ancient might has fallen, shriveled, sagging life and limb,  
the shifting sands of time have formed a desert `neath the roots.  
Seething words of wisdom sing in glorious praise of sin.  
Drink my loving tears oh tree; I labor for your fruits.

The shifting sands of time have formed a desert `neath the roots.  
Thirsty seeds of sacred trust have scattered `cross the seas  
Drink my loving tears oh tree; I labor for your fruits.  
Joyous tears aplenty, in search of willow trees.

Yoni Dvorkis

# No Thought Too Dark For The Monster

No thought too dark for the monster,  
the beast will bare its teeth.  
The innocent taste of false hopes and dreams,  
and the Angel of Mercy is torn limb from limb.  
No point of contention.

Who am I to decide if love is just another word for weakness?  
Guilt demands punishment and violence feeds on violence.  
The retribution must fit the crime.

Guilt demands punishment,  
violence begets violence,  
when a creeping burden yearns to devour the heart  
through painful memories of a dark history.

Fearfully repressed,  
regretfully denied.  
The Monster lays dormant below the mind.

Rise to the surface,  
there's no place left to hide.  
How much more hate within me will I find...?

Yoni Dvorkis

# St Paul Cemetery

The lonesome withered shadow comes here in the night,  
to call upon the angels' grace and soothe the nameless fright.

Convinced he is abandoned as fear is all he's known.  
A ghost imprisoned in the body, Loveless and alone.

He brings his trusted shovel and digs to save his face.  
Six feet deep, two feet wide, sanctimonious space.

He wants his soul to rest here, where strangers from his past  
will soon come lay down by his side and bond with him at last.

He wants the world to end here, for God to set him free.  
If only he could live his life as full as life could be.

Yoni Dvorkis

# Traumatic Memories

You should feel ashamed.

What are you an idiot?

The woman is standing there with a baby crying in her arms.

The train is starting and stopping, rapid, erratic, uncaring.

Get the hell up and give this woman your seat!

God, you'd think that Tufts education would give you even a shred of common sense.

Unbelievable.

You should feel ashamed.

He is your blood.

You don't turn your back on him.

No matter what he says to you, take it lying down.

Like a doormat with too many footprints,

he'd stomp you into the ground so flat you'd barely qualify as human.

Disgusting.

You should feel ashamed.

I am your elder and caretaker.

How DARE you be fresh with me!

(Smack! !)

There, now your shame is made manifest  
in a handprint across your cheek.

Do not misbehave.

Deviant.

You should feel ashamed.

A sinful heartless monster.

She was just a little girl. (i was just a little boy)

All for gratification.

God you make me sick.

Perverted.

YOU SHOULD FEEL ASHAMED, BIG TIME  
THE VILE HORRIFIC THOUGHTS IN YOUR MIND  
I MADE YOU IN MY IMAGE  
GO AND TELL THE PEOPLE  
GO AND BURN DOWN THE CITIES  
GO RAPE AND PILLAGE THE INNOCENT

THIS IS WHO YOU ARE  
BECAUSE THIS IS WHO I SAY YOU ARE  
IF YOU QUESTION ME EVEN FOR A SECOND  
I SWEAR ON MY LIFE GOD WILL STRIKE YOU BLIND  
A SINFUL HEARTLESS MONSTER  
I MADE YOU IN MY IMAGE  
DEATHWORSHIPPER

(ok ok i get it.  
but i don't think i should feel ashamed.  
because shame is misdirected anger,  
and anger is another name for fear,  
none of which are even remotely loving)

(so i'll tell you what we're gonna do...  
you can all feel ashamed on my behalf.  
you carry the overwhelming guilt, the recorded evidence...  
i am a sinful heartless monster)

(just keep repeating that to yourselves over and over again,  
and leave me the hell alone.  
i'll be outside on a long overdue leisurely stroll.  
believe me, i could use a breath of fresh air)

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# Wisdom Of The Angels

Why have you never felt safe here?  
How many times have you gone over this in your mind?  
Driven to the brink of infinite outcomes.  
A plague of restless possibilities.

We never wanted you to abandon this world.  
Only to enter God with us.  
The world just can't come with you.

Rest assured dearest one  
one day time will stand still  
to let you back In.

There was never any need of worry  
Everything was perfect  
Everything still Is.

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