

11/19/15

An original poem for Parshat Vayetze

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The Only Tattoo

Nat Sufrin '06 | BronfmanTorah | Parshat Vayetze 2015

Jacob's Dream, Marc Chagall

וַיִּקְוֶץ יַעֲקֹב מִשְׁנֵתּוֹ וַיֹּאמֶר אֲכֵן יֵשׁ יְהוָה בְּמִקְוֹם הַזֶּה וְאֲנֹכִי לֹא יָדַעְתִּי:

And Jacob awoke from sleep, and he said: 'Surely the LORD is in this place;
and I knew it not.'

Genesis 28:16

The Only Tattoo

I want will vanish by tomorrow casting
Our lips in pallid design so we kiss
For the first time all the time. But only the
Debutante will be arriving. After all, this is a
Ball & everything is ordered
& paid for. My boss says I need to get
My head out of the clouds. Au contraire,
My head is where it belongs. I shall drive it

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Farther & farther into the furthest reaches of my
Favorite clouds. Consider the multitudes with their
Feet glued to the ground, boss, please, consider
What the dreamer dreamed last night: unusually
Muscular angels. They refuse to say hi but do their job
Diligently, ascending & descending as instructed.
I never want to get involved—only occupy
The same space, remain in the dark bath of the
First scene for as long as sanitary. Eventually the
Angels hop off the ladder—breaking with
Tradition—& saunter over to the porch.
It's just them, smoking the Nat Sherman
Fantasias they find there. Those are so
Special I only smoke those on New Year's,
I never tell them. The present no exception
My id says let your superego slip off. Actually,
Slice it off with a scalpel. My superego says stop
Dividing yourself into parts you stupid
Cokehead. Naturally he refused, whereupon
She flew into a violent rage.

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Read Nat Sufrin's recent work in the *Antioch Review*, *interLrupture*, and *Imperial Matters*."

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