

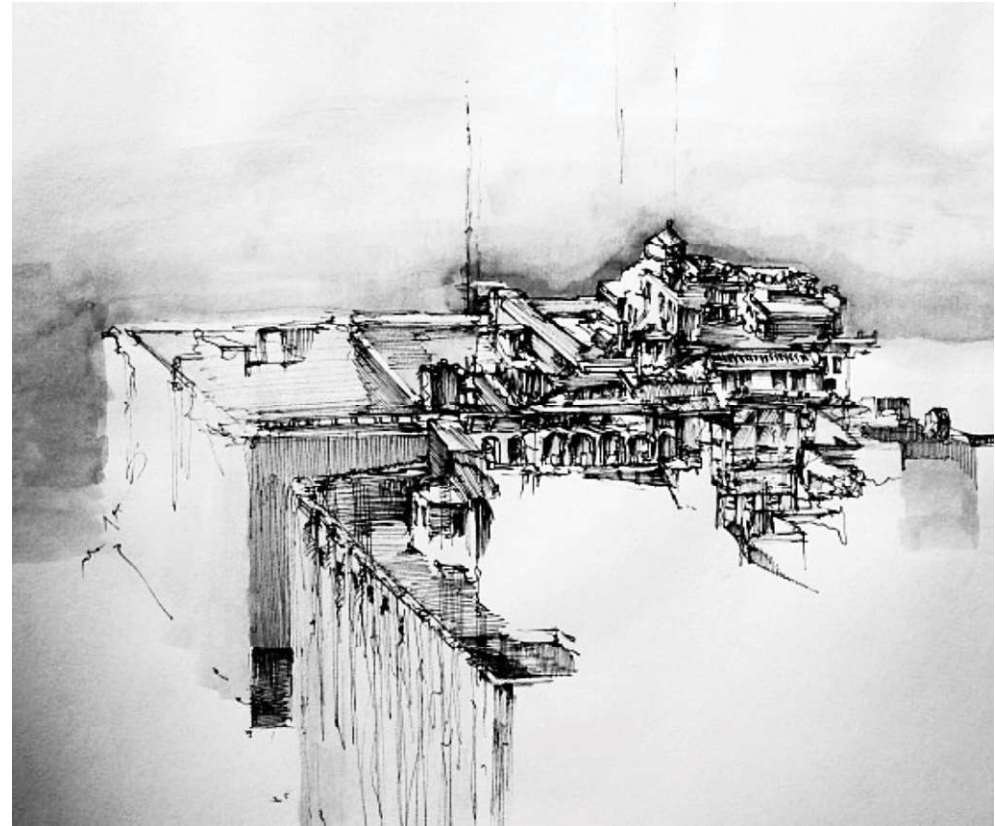


FROM THE RUINS OF HEAVEN



Dedicated to the Earth and her prophets.

Art by Rebreakfast



What is keeping you from hurling God's birth
into evolving ties and from living your life as
though it were one painful and beautiful day
in the history of a great pregnancy? ~Rilke

SYNDICATO TEIPEROS

scanning the room around me
surrounded by all the rest of the others

drinking stolen coffee and cutting bagels pulled out of the
trash

these are the artists, the poets, the printers, the shoplift-
ers, the Jews, and the jetlagged

the ones with which I have committed unspeakable acts of
living and the ones who comfort those I have left barely
alive

I lost my train of thought while fighting to find a loving
way to describe the crumbling drywall that encloses me
and the others and our stolen coffee and our bagels pulled
out of the trash

maybe there is nothing loving about it and that is why we
are forced to love each other

FROM THE RUINS OF HEAVEN: THE MANIFESTO OF THE FAYER COLLECTIVE

We are The Wandering Jew, mystic vandal nomads, traveling the Earth in service of life and in search of the totality of the soul. We seek Nefesh in the worms winding through the dirt, and in the water carving through mountains. We seek Ruach in the acts of our comrades, in every lit molotov, in every brick thrown through a storefront window, in every cop car smashed by insurgents, in every free meal. And we seek Neshamah in the air that lends its presence to our bodies to remind us that we do in fact belong to this Earth; that we do in fact inhabit HaOlam (the Universe) as Shechina (the presense of God) inhabits us. We are the rebel prophets, speaking the language of the universe and enacting the revolutionary desire for life.

We stand against the many headed leviathan known as colonialism, industrialism, civilization amongst other names. We stand against capitalism which has worked tirelessly to drain our lives of art and to drain our art of meaning. We stand against fascism which seeks simply our eradication. We stand against the state and all forms of authority, whose self-imposed rule attempt time and time again to command how we should live and how we should exist with those around us.

Our desires are steadfast. Whether we are laboring, creating, praying, or on rare occasion finding ourselves at rest, we desire only for joy, for a life in common, for a live worth living. We find this in the power formed though our bonds; in the streets surrounded by rebels seeking the same free life; in the mountains and in the forests and on the beaches where you don't pay rent to sleep in a tent. Where there is music, dancing, fist-fights, and blessings over wine - where life is happening uninterrupted by the machines of society - that is the dimension where we exist, in the liminal space between liberation and death.

From the Baal Shem Tov to Walter Benjamin, Isaac Luria to Emma Goldman, The Maharal to Franz Kafka to Judith to Baruch Spinoza; from Barbra Streisand to Abbie Hoffman, and Jesus Christ to David Graeber. The mystic and incendiary revolts are not separate but one. And we will continue to feed the flame, as we have throughout the centuries, until every soul is free.

PRAYER

My mother keeps me
in candles
I light them at night
by my bed
Finger Lovelies hover
just over my head

One day I know
my life will
extinguish
Which makes all this
only more
bizarre

Unravel the weaving
of the mind
Let it flutter to
stillness
To loose
and free thread

WORKING ASS HERO

How am I to write about punk and prayer
when I have spent the last 40 hours in a sedan I dont own
at jobs I dont work for a cause I half-ass believe in.

I used to slam glass for a living while the rebels smashed
glass for life.

I'd rather be in the mountains or the mountains of sheets
on my bed but either place is better than this sedan.

I'm throwing a party for the trees and it will be on my
birthday but not for my birthday and not for theirs.

Tu BiShvat is still four months away and if I make it out
alive then I will celebrate amongst them and if I can not
then I didn't make it and you will probably find me in the
sedan I don't own or at a job I dont work.

FIRE

What makes a fire burn
Is space between the logs,
A breathing space.
Too much of a good thing,
Too many logs
Packed in too tight
Can douse the flames
Almost as surely
As a pail of water would.
 So building fires
 Requires attention
 To the spaces in between,
 As much as to the wood.
When we are able to build
Open spaces
In the same way we have learned
To pile on the logs,
Then we can come to see how
It is fuel, and absence of fuel
Together, that make the fire possible.
 We only need to lay a log
 Lightly from time to time.
 A fire grows
 Simply because the space is there,
 With openings in which the flame
 That knows just how it wants to
 Burn
 Can find its way.

~ Judy Brown

I KILLED RICHARD SACKLER

We were the ones who sacked the Temple.
And I'll be damned if any empire claims our art.
Not roman, nor byzantine, or american.
We smashed the windows, we crumbled the bricks.
I stole the menorah and all the candle sticks.
They're in my basement,
Right now, they're in my basement.
They've been there for a thousand years.
Baruch Hashem.
We sacked the Temple and took God into our own hands.
Damn the empires, they only found the ruins.
I was the one.
I took the gold, I threw it in the sea.
Damn the gold, we want God.
We sacked the Temple so we could be free.

AIRPLANE

Thousands of feet
in the air, that lake
looks like a mouse
with its tail on
the inside, I hate
my anonymous poem,
I don't feel cool in
most of my clothes,
we're gently blasting
through a land of cloud,
nick & I, on the plane,
its his birthday,
there's an empty
seat between us,
the fire in the sky
is an oil refinery
a whole glimmering
city surrounds it,
I just write what I see
not what I know,
I know a lot maybe
but I doubt
it can be written



POEM

I don't know whether im at home
or homeless.

I'm running, my shirt
unbuttons, no bounds, nobody
holds me, no beginning,
no end

my body is foam
smelling of wind

Now
is my name. I spread my arms, my hands
pierce the extremes
of what is. I'm letting my eyes roam around
and do their drinking from the foundations
of the world

eyes wild, shirt ballooning,
my hands separated by the world, i don't know
if i have a home
or have a homelessness,
or am a beginning or an end

~ Peretz Markish

AIRPLANE 2

G-d is not an Authority.

Not my G-d.

Not the G-d who blows wind at my back and invites me
to move within it.

Not the G-d who built the mountains which we have time
and time again found refuge in.

The G-d in the wilderness and the G-d at Sinai was not an
authority.

The G-d in the wilderness taught us how to be lost, and
how to be alive, and how to be free.

The G-d at Sinai we are told bestowed commandments
but this is not true.

The G-d at Sinai bestowed hope etched in stone and Mo-
ses, oh Moses, quite poorly mis-translated.

My G-d is not an authority.

Had my G-d been an authority then lightening would
have come from the sky and ended my long and varied
list of sin.

Had my G-d been an authority then I would not be al-
lowed to question or disobey what foolish men have
called laws.

My G-d surrounds and endures every criminal or sinful
act I take and yet remains my G-d.

My G-d instead rewards me with water and life and end-
less paths to wander.

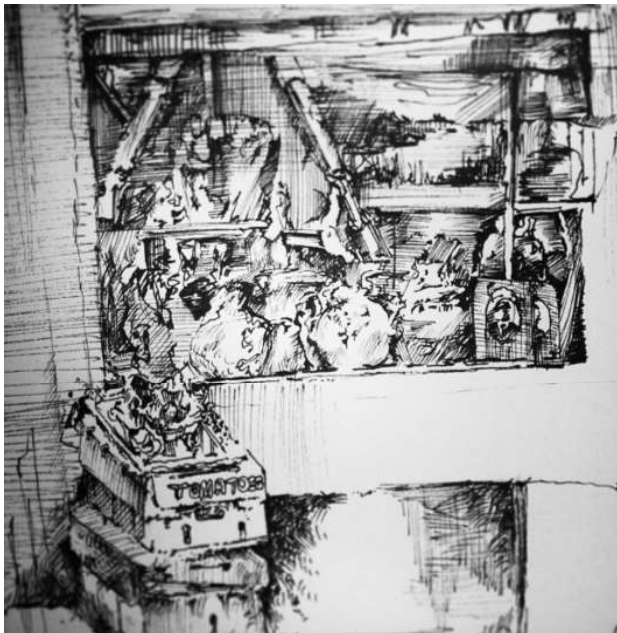
My G-d has made for me infinite oceans, impossible cliffs,
and ever changing forests.

My G-d is not an authority.

For if so could not stand to be my G-d.

EARLY SPRING

I move my
broken
crooked body
around under the
covers a
man in
my book
says I
love you more
than
my life
I roll over
gotta
get up to pee
but the spider
bite on my
side is back
more painful
than ever
gonna
sleep a lot
today
again



and I am also the disfigurement of time
the gnarls
and knots
and I am also the fully blossomed bud
the petals and the nectar –

THE STRIP

All the liquid sways
in the various cups, in distinct
union, little reflections
all day long. I don't care
if my enthusiasm scares you
we regulate flow all day long
a clean cut man is so unattractive,
cafe life an infinitely stimulating bore
but the kind of boredom that can
feel so romantic
Isadora stood for hours, still
in her studio, with her hands folded
on her chest, waiting to discover
the source of movement itself
Meanwhile the fly
blessed my hairline
gently

STUDY GROUP

I seem to tell everyone everything
I share all my secrets
I have nothing of my own
The people drink orange juice
My people bend over books
Big books splayed wide onto
The birch plywood table
Both you and this people that is
You eat halva
from a blue lidded box
Empty green transparent plastic
Empty of dates last
Nuggets of sweetness to suck we
Dive into the spring time to flip
To Gossip to Knowledge to
Everything knowing everyone
That one without name
Is all I want today, in my mouth

curving my body in an arch
under itself and cutting straight down
upside into the deep green pool
body erect and within an instant I am pressing my
two hands
wrists facing and touching
like morning lovers
who need to feel the full length
of each other
and themselves
palms flat as they can be fingers
wide outstretched in the ten
directions of a tree
deepening roots into sand
creating the base of me
tree – growing up and up
from any pointed big toes two trunks shoot
through the surface of the
water
and wrap themselves
around each other
and I am the negative
space made by
their branches and
I am the genealogy
of guilt
of having so much
and taking it for granted
and dropping the glass or biting through the
good crystal
because this is my role
and my place

that I have never left
and there is no place that I am going
drink me up until I am but one morsel of bone
and bury me deep in your belly
bury me in the densest of illusion in the deep dirt
of divine...

The closer you get to the truth the deeper the
contradiction,
and everything I am taught
forgets me and becomes me and returns me back
like taking a home apart brick by nail
chair by candlesticks
wrap me in tableclothes
and carefully arrange me in cardboard box
me away home, unpack and pulverize me
and return me to my self.

In the aftermath of flame two bodies lay breathing,
charred by their own opening,
maybe this is why ash is so clean.
Hashem a new day has begun
reaching toward growth,
I strip naked and walk through the rushes to
your river,
the clothes, as they fall off my body
ignite and drop to the ground
catching all of the sand-grasses
a flame that burn sweet
odor lifts me and I walk on the air
three steps to
propel my self into a back dive

**AMHERST COFFEE THURSDAY SEP-
TEMBER 29TH 2016 11:00 AM**

It flips so suddenly. Heaven to earth; floating to fuming. Wanting to cry wanting to go and throw myself at something hard wanting to not have to explain. What a time in this world to fall in love. An unoriginal thought. What hundreds of thousands have thought that same thought. What a world to fall in love in, regardless of time. To fall in love in time regardless of this world. In a forest of falling trees more than ever not wanting to die not wanting to miss more of this touching can we not exist alone together in the middle of a frozen lake. The truth is you have a life before us why cant you be my ice fishing. Is this simply hypocrisy? Am I just a hypocrite?

BREAKUP EMAIL

I don't know if you remember. Or if I ever told you. That one year anniversaries. First yahrzeits. Are very significant to me.

Despite civilization with its arbitrary and christian calendar. Despite the imperfection in measuring time. And distance moved around the sun. And inability to calculate any type of return. And the time difference we put between us.

Today it has been one year today. I made a shrine. I lit a candle. A guardian angel candle. Despite my okayness. Her robe and her feathery wings look nice backlit by a feeble flame. And she reminds me I was never alone. Not really.

And I sit brackened to warm black concrete
participating as best as I know how.

Let me write a poem to you god
let me spend my days in worship
and let my work happen in love
and gratitude.

Bring me beauty

leave out brains, sweetness
and hope

leave out blame

leave out expectations

remind me with every raindrop
of acceptance, of trust

and the big eyes to see

that this is all

I say this is all your plan

there is no stopping or procrastinating
or exceeding or failure

this is all your play and I want no part in the direction

Weave a blanket of my life

and warm yourself with its lay down

mats of my days on the hot dirt

to cool and sooth your burning so(u)l(e)s

lay me bare and unremembered over every monument
and place of worship

forget me a beloved

forget you ever made yourself to see yourself in me
and I will return to unending ocean that is my eventuality
and origin

and return me to the knowledge

SITTING ON THE SIDE WALK IN PROVIDENCE

I got a fortune today that said:

“Now is the time to go ahead and pursue that
love interest!”

And I am not one to deny the Universe.

There have been wolves in my dreams
and wolves in my days.

I walk and ride around from town to house
to place to hilltop to cement stoop
and these words mean much to me because they are
the first and last to be written.

Treat every moment as a
fresh new start and open your eyes to your own
bewilderment,
nothing is simple in love and everything is.

A car has life to me and a plane of reality
has shine
the orange of this page
the saffron of it
the white and billow blue
the colors that are
and what is
of I, of this body
where and where are we all going?
none of us ever know
ever have a glimpse of the finale
this week or day or moon has gone

Even one year ago today when I fell into the old dried up
well. And nearly drowned myself in my own water. That
sprung from my eyes. I wasn't alone. And eventually I did
climb. My angels tugging me. Up by the curls. It helped
that I knew that you care.

I returned to today which is one year ago today. To thank
you. Despite it all. For listening to that voice in you. The
strong one I know. The one that is you. Your beauty.

Like we predicted you are still a part of my heart. And I
hope a part of my life. In whatever way we are meant to
know each other.

With love,
With change,
With mystic remembrance,

