**ARS POETICA DECALOGUE**

**1. Perils Of Publishing Pursuit**

Pauline, if you really do not like rejection,

unless you’re among perhaps less than a handful

of bullet-proof household-name poets

(most of whom are dead before remembered);

it is probably better, other things being equal,

that don’t try to become one;

particularly now during fast-paced civilization which undervalues

slowing-down

to digest

an increasingly

unpopular oervre

during our rolling-eleven dicey digital age

when it’s so disturbingly easy

just clicking to re/re/re/submit same pieces

to infinite journals obviously can’t read deluge before generic, *Unfortunately*…

sorta like kids’ outa-control slap-happy college applications;

compared to laborious good old days

of licking individual envelopes plus stamps

-- even pre-printer typewriter or earlier handwritten eras

where Ger enclosed only original and kept carbon copy

before dropping letter in the postbox

then waited an eternity for their considered response by return snail mail.

**2. Ars Pathetica**

On yet another apparent eve of the ultimate return to Eden

this instance that inoculations may stay contagion’s course

I have a dream….really more and more nightmare

our kitchen floors will remain soaked by soapy

scum coming from dishwasher while we try

to sleep (or maybe pipes leak under sink?)

well as gradually all electricity’ll be lost

beyond current driveway, garage,

bedroom overhead plus porch

lights --- to leave us in total

darkness for much/ entire

remaining time, unable,

maybe just unwilling,

to let work-persons

inside this fortress

until death do us

at last, alas, part.

Current wishes

are to get out

now -- to live

not just write

around how

moronically

diminished

existence

appears

locked

in here

as such.

**3. Nostalgic Hardhat Arse *Ars Poetica***

"I think about baseball when I wake up in the morning.

I think about it all day and I think about it at night.

The only time I don't think about it is when I'm playing it."

-- Carl Yastrzemski, Boston Red Sox 1967 Triple Crown winner and Hall of Famer

Poetry in commotion,

Yaz went to work

hard every day

and expected

teammates

to get in

line.

You are a role-model

for me, maybe why

I took a nickname

when grandson

numero uno

was born of

Coach(ie)

hoping that moniker

would eventually

lead to mucho

more’n more

sports in our

otherwise

too

pointy-head intellectual

family – Carl, I say

this really not as

a grand slam on

mother nature

or fam nurture

-- rather

to expand those possibilities

which I have always loved

on playing fields well as

in libraries. However,

now try as Coach did

I had absolute nada

success

….that is until grandchild

numero quatro (6/6 boys)

-- sired by a different

kinda father, Liavy

seemed au naturel

happily taking to

balls

of different sorts, kicking

soccer goals (his abba\*’s

Sephardic\*\*), tossing

in hoops, punting,

hitting hard ones

with wood bats,

etcetera.

So looong summer days,

we bike, scoot, heave

branches, run, amble

on sidewalk edges,

skateboard, sling

Frisbees like my

kidhood.



\* Father is Hebrew. \*\* Jews from Spain before 1492 expulsion

**4. Dunno Gratitude To Oliver Sacks?**

i. Pastel Spring

canvasses consecrated to creation

Periodic Table

order or Lord’s imagination ambles

Re -----------> Os:

While I age from elemental 75 to 76

Uncle Tungsten

become molecular Rheniun+Osmium.

ii. Coups Stalinists

launch dispatch D.I.N.O. delusions:

Democracy In Name Only

purges some of our atomic numbered

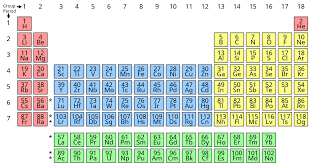
Culture Vultures

still offer us abominable shudders as

Jew-Bu Rumi-istas

control oxen by large pasture & Dylan

twangs, *You go your way, I’ll go mine.*



**5. Ennobled Versus Erased Perspectives**

Inevitable old age, sickness plus death

coming to your neighborhood,

family/ friends should be there to rally

seeing their loved ones through

all manner of passages -- be they easy

or paranoid, delusional or not,

no matter -- we will arrive at bedside

or stay available depending on

druthers, brother sheepdog-shepherds

whose ilk keeps eyes on prize

delivering as good an endgame as can.

Barbizon picaresque toilers in fields of

Millet millet, peasants pump H2O

to wash dirt-caked and calloused hands

then enter transitional landscape

where some of us may take advantage

of our millennia-honed traditions

starting with week-long Jewish shivas

but also incorporating cooperative

so-supportive 49-day Buddhist bardos

meant more for deepest grievers

to find tools for rebirth to hang in life.

PS, Sadly, my original “perfect image”

inspired by g-d knows, managed

to get seemingly irretrievably deleted,

thus best I muster is above bland

weak recreation; unless, that is, others

with much better skills digitally

now enlighten me how just might glean

Word document which vanished

despite Auto-Recover set to 5 minutes,

search with (not) EasyFind app --

such’s dummy’s occupational hazard?

**6. All That What The Dickens Jazz Myths**\*

Revised, reconsidered, reconceived

rejiggered heart-stopping snippets

purposefully never “finished”

choosing not to choose, did Emily

forever unravel what weaved

on loom only just day before

like Penelope whiled away ‘til Odysseus

made moves home, in contrast to Homer,

multi-millennia in rearview mirror

who turns out to be corporate-brand

name 1st poet post centuries of epic

stories stored in collective memory

then recited aloud for enrapt crowds

during eons previous to anybody

having tools to write words down

or more recently equally mysterious

Renaissance man, Josquin Desprez,

bestowed title of original composer

of music -- although it is definitively

unclear how much of this or which

was actually his as got credited.

\*thanks to *New Yorker,* Ada*m* Kirsch’s

The Echoing Song, 14June21

and Alex Ross’s Opus One, 21June21

plus Brenda Wineapple’s

Dickinson’s Improvisation, 1July21

*New York Review of Books.*

**7.Les Ars Pathetica**

Weighty world clunking

on one lost monkey’s mind,

dose of cyber-miserablism’s

costs ailing moi just teeny bit

this nervous human boychick

rose about 2AM on brackish

hunch – a whole new poesy

oeuvre perhaps may get fueled

even moronically catalyzed

by self-serviceable shucking

assorted nuts -- or at times

preference munching pistachios

I enjoy shelling though half asleep --

as Gerard kvelled over dark keyboard

‘til 3 AM when you are sate-fattened

oy before return toward sagging bed

only to wake super early but so eager

to transmute 4 AM dross scratched on

paper napkins into golden threads…

which instead too often turn out to be

rueful root of indecipherable dross.

**8. Poemography’s Garden**

Praised as a Renaissance man

-- do y’all recall, have any of us

ever heard the phrase Renaissance

woman? -- but more frequently dissed

as her dilettante who wasted his precious gift

of medical training taking care of some poor folks

without homes then later-on for scribbling (per)verses;

turns out, at least that regards me, getting lay of Poesyland’s

required greater time and energy than other so-called accomplishments.

Which may simply indicate basic lack of talent, oy I’m planting in wrong soil.

**9. There’s No Biz Like Pobiz**

My original business plan

perhaps a decade ago when

rapidly moving from desk

drawer more to public poetry

was to submit by snail mail,

some big deal production what

with printing out and licking

stamps, addressing plus SASE

which took one helluva effort

offering little yield except slips

of returned SASE-enclosed paper

mostly saying, *Thank you no thanks.*

After maybe 18 months’ trivial

submission acceptance yield -- took

top ten mainline literary reviews

often years to respond if ever --

I decided to employ past Jewish

MD CEO toolbox skills to do blue

sky brainstorming sessions with staff

that consisted simply of uno – me.

Given previously too poor bang for

the buckaroo (just gas money alone

to get to and from the damn post office)

it really really quickly became obvious

now was time to shift to a different

vision: given the explosion of

digital platforms that of course

took form moving from tiny retail

to wholesale almost bulk volume.

Since September 2018, the year

Gerard Sarnat’s last collection of four

was put out by a small press. To date

I have had about 945– but then who’s

counting? -- largely pieces of verse

accepted by close to that many journals

(current best estimate\* is at minimum

there are 3514 such outlets for poems)

among 2814 in The United States followed

by United Kingdom’s 257, Canada 188,

Australia 53, Ireland 34, India 27 -- also

stuff appears in Hong Kongese, Singaporian,

Zimbabwean, French, Israeli, Romanian,

German, Swedish, Moscovian and Fijian

etcetera lesser other international publications.

Thus voila this once flimsy operation arguably

has ?successfully transitioned from Mom ‘n Pop

to basically a humungous if lean multi-national

corporation D.B.A. Gesundheit Sarnatzky Inc.

\*Duotrope, 23June2019



Bottom of Form

**Non PC Cupido**

Estupidez

thing yo

ever did’s

yesterday

when mi

snail mail

valentines

arrived for

la nuclear

family

cual

includes

dos wives

seis children

cinco spouses

y diez

wonderful

grandkids

más flowers

separately

to them todas

along con

online Jib

Jabs hasta aquí

69 cosas mainly

evoking nada

respuestas

excepto

desde single

Anglo spouse

quien said I’ve

crossed lineas

esa make

él/ella/ellas/

ze/hir/hen/ne/

ve/per/Mx

extrema

damente

uncomfy.

And I’m

un idiota

not to

sólo

reply FU

❤ ¡