



## Gravity

falling falling  
 the weight of self  
 contributes to the speed and impact  
 in the same direction each time  
 why don't I learn?

gravitas  
 the weight of self  
 a self-imposition of importance  
 but directed only downward  
 since age keeps dragging the self

the weighty seriousness of the sage  
 holier-than-thou mind you  
 maybe even the divine  
 without humor  
 a deadly sin  
 for levity is not frum  
 אַז יְמֵלָא שְׁחוּק, פִּינּוּ-- וְלִשְׁוֹנְנוּ רְנָה  
 only then in messianic times  
 not now  
 at the sabbath table!

the weight of credentials  
 necessary tickets to this and that club  
 but meaningless "*roshei taivos*"  
 that crowd out any real sense of self  
 to the other, a barrier of illusions.

and in the office the clinic the hospital

these letters that mean so much  
to clueless victims of the medical myth  
come to the white-coated sage  
and listening to the patient  
recount their symptoms  
mostly predictable  
rarely interesting  
with the appropriate heaviness  
the clinic gravitas expected  
attempting to take  
their pettiness seriously  
for in my field  
for in the unforgiving brain  
symptoms are either trivial or devastating  
there seems no in-between illness!

like the politician on the screen  
in interviews served up  
for dinner time, prime time  
like a pundit waiter  
offering this or that solution  
for the hungry palate  
(as if he knows the taste of the port),  
always sure to disappoint  
with his serious but flawed  
unconscious seduction  
seeing himself rather than his ideas  
for which he has none.

mostly the gravitas of sure slow inevitable  
aging  
with silver hair  
receding hairline  
and white beard  
in the mirror  
no longer  
the urgent spirit  
now the achy morning joints  
and creaky spine  
that makes new noises  
in the dawn.

is this what we can expect?  
at the pearly gates  
only this?  
maybe this is hell?

GRAVITAS      for Kafka

I will ask,  
for I expected humor  
and grace  
and acceptance!