

Mistakes, mistakes

*"I'm a new soul
I came to this strange world
Hoping I could learn a bit 'bout how to give and take
But since I came here, felt the joy and the fear
Finding myself making every possible mistake*

*La, la, la, la (21x)
La, la, la, la (21x)*

*See I'm a young soul in this very strange world
Hoping I could learn a bit 'bout what is true and fake
But why all this hate? try to communicate
Finding trust and love is not always easy to make*

*La, la, la, la (21x)
La, la, la, la (21x)*

*This is a happy end
Cause you don't understand
Everything you have done
Why's everything so wrong*

*This is a happy end
Come and give me your hand
I'll take you far away*

*I'm a new soul
I came to this strange world
Hoping I could learn a bit 'bout how to give and take
But since I came here, felt the joy and the fear
Finding myself making every possible mistake*

*New soul... (la, la, la, la,...)
In this very strange world...
Every possible mistake
Possible mistake
Every possible mistake
Mistakes, mistakes, mistakes..."¹*

Yael Naim

http://www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/y/yael_naim/new_soul.html

¹ For more lyrics: http://www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/y/yael_naim/#share

Mistakes, mistakes

Mistakes, mistakes
errors...
cutting corners...
getting away with this and that...
poor judgement,
only by the mistakes
only by failing
have I ever learned.

The pain continues
stuck as I am
in relationships
where I so desperately seek understanding
and validation,
but merely meet the brick wall
of indifference, an ice wall
or worse,
blinding criticism.

Where is the light?
where is there respite?
(lying in my disc pain my relief was not vicodin-
rather) Perlman's Pugnani-Kreisler Allegro
and Handel/Halvorsen's Passacaglia²
in which I was momentarily spared
from the burden from this isolation
and bathed in some ephemeral light.

It is as if the music turns off the inner *kritik*
mirroring the failure out there
and allowing my sacred right hemisphere
a few moments of relief.

As a child I remember listening to the Eroica and the Marche Funebre at the
Munich Olympics after the massacre of the athletes in 1961
over and over again
transported to a real world
where tragedy was centerfold.
I lay on the carpet of the living room
flying high on Beethoven.

² The last movement of George Frideric Handel's Harpsichord Suite in G minor (HWV 432) is a passacaglia which has become well known as a duo for violin and viola, arranged by the Norwegian violinist Johan Halvorsen.

Mistakes, mistakes

And visiting Madame Lunzer, an Italian contessa
as she lay dying on her satin sheets
on Saturday afternoons in 1965
and hearing the Fifth Brandenburg concerto³ for the first time.
Bach was the perfection in my imperfect world.

Now, in this darkness
I must once again,
try to see the wounded boy
who never got heard
and heal him first
but how?
tell him what?
in the face of his real knowledge and pain
etched into the flesh for so many decades
fueling, deep inside
the resentments and rage
of what was done
to him,
in the name of educate.

In this place
I just hold the pain.
I cannot regenerate into a "new soul"
like this fresh Israeli singer.
I refuse "to let go" of the past
as uncle Eric admonishes me to
for the very sake of the past
and the memory of the past
and the victim inside
to rename or refurbish.
It has taken too long just to get those images to mind
having blocked them for so long.

Effortlessly my pain merges with others
ethnic identity slips into consciousness
Why do I allow this personal pain to dissolve
in theirs? There is no comparison of course!
Cousins aunts and lost grandparents
I sense their absent counsel more and more

³ Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D major, BWV 1050 J.S.Bach
Concerto Traversiere, una Violino principale, una Violino è una Viola in ripieno, Violoncello, Violone è Cembalo .

Mistakes, mistakes

for I have been denied half my family
their lacuna screams in silence
their having been left in Europe
as Dad escaped for his life, and mine.

I will not "learn" from their suffering
I will not yield to any mythical archetypal or religious meaning
I cannot,
the smoke is too fresh
the burning fat still stings the eyes
and I was not even there!
merely born 5 years after the tremendum.

Why then does my soul connect my pain to theirs?
why do I gravitate to no other texts
read theirs into all my own
and harshly refuse
any that do not take them into account
in claims to truth?

Yael Naim flirts with reincarnation
I cannot afford the luxuries of new age kabbalah.
I cannot even afford the theologies of comfort
that so many drink from.
No wonder Steve Jobs chose this song!
Macintosh is the new kabbalah
the greatest access codes to the Da Vinci di-vine internet.

In their memory I must allow nothing
it is too fresh
this wound
and somehow
infiltrates my own petty
vision of the past.
Should I separate the wounds?
the absent memory of their lived lives
my youth embedded in their non-being?
would things have been different with a counterbalancing
an aunt and uncle to protect me?
a grandparent to step
against the rage of the survivor-father
and the wounded-mother?

Mistakes, mistakes

I cannot seem to separate.
I cannot split between
the accident of my birth
and the survival of the father.
The accident of his meeting the mother.
the post war poverty
the desire to determine the outcome
the condition for economic survival
the age old diaspora response
to the moving tribe
country to country
pogrom to pogrom.
all the while sacrificing our souls
in the desire to succeed.

So I am condemned to make the mistakes
mistakes
choices
wrong turns
watching this life turn
slowly
ever closer to the end
of things,
the end
the end.

Turn off the singer
close the Mac
I am a gilgul.