

It's always shooting off his mouth  
 To the wrong people in the wrong places.  
 I mean, what can you do with a bachelor of 35  
 Who storms into Bonwit's on a Saturday afternoon  
 In loin cloth and sandals  
 And proclaims in basso profundo  
 "All sales are final?"  
 Oh, you cows of Scarsdale,  
 You who moo at his nearly naked self,  
 Your purple hat tells of youth lost at Avenue A,  
 Your wrists tinkle trivallites of fine gold.  
 Do you not know that Uncle Amos  
 Is a Chippendale dancer  
 On Sunday evenings  
 From 9:00 P.M.  
 'Till closing?

*Hear this word,  
 you cows of Bashan!  
 Amos 4.1*

UNCLE AMOS

*Please recycle to a friend.*

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**Origami Poetry Project**

**Biblical Quintet**  
 by JAMES B. ROSENBERG  
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For a bowl of stew  
 For a fifty-cent bowl of stew  
 Esau sells out his God  
 For some red lentils  
 He tells his father to go to hell  
 Chewing up his birthright  
 Swallowing his past  
 In huge gulps  
 He serves the god of stomach  
 His only pain  
 Hunger for the here and now  
 Gratify me!  
 Sweat drips down the nape of his hairy neck  
 As he wipes his wet mouth  
 With the back of his hairy hand

*...thus did Esau despise his  
 birthright.  
 Genesis 25.34*

ESAU

You elude me like a name heard once.  
 You taunt me with demands I cannot meet.  
 And cannot fail to meet.  
 Shall I strip off my anger like a bathing suit  
 Coarse with sand?  
 Shall I swallow my just like a vitamin?  
 You call me to a yesterday I cannot face  
 And to a tomorrow far deeper than the river  
 I have crossed.  
 Your sweaty arms drip insolence.  
 Your bony legs squeeze me to truth.  
 You! You! You!

*...and a man wrestled with him  
 until the break of dawn.  
 Genesis 32.25*

YOU!

*Sarah said to Abraham, "Cast out  
 that slave woman and her son, for the  
 son of that slave shall not share in the  
 inheritance with my son Isaac."  
 Genesis 21.10*

And God answered Job from out of the  
 whirlwind:  
 Who the hell are you, Job, to question Me?  
 Can you pile storm clouds into a mighty heap?  
 Can you pierce the core of the mountain  
 with a bolt of fire?  
 Can you make it rain upon no-man's land,  
 where no foot has ever trod the silent sand?  
 Can you boil the sea into a froth?  
 Can you cause the salty waves  
 to eat away the rockbound shore?  
 Where were you, Job, when I laid the foundations of the  
 earth?  
 And Job answered God from out of the  
 whirlwind of his shattered soul:  
 And where were You, God, when I laid the foundation  
 of my helplessness?

OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND (Job 38.1ff)

FAMILY LIES

I, Ishmael,  
 Burn through hot Arab sands;  
 My sandals are ovens.  
 Skin snake-dry,  
 Conscience cool as a melon.

Oh, mother Sarah, I forgive you.  
 Your jealousy of mother Hagar  
 Is stronger than your love for me,  
 And so you kicked us out –  
 One half-son, one maidservant,  
 One water jug that would never run dry.

The bud of my hatred  
 Has blossomed into ripe love  
 For you, brother Isaac,  
 I hold no grudge.

