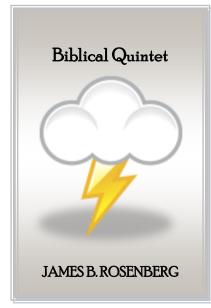
Biblical Quintet by JAMES B. ROSENBERG °2009

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With the back of his hairy hand

Sweat drips down the nape of his hairy neck

4E.22 sisonod

sin szigesb upeA bib sunt.

birthright.

∩∀S∃

As he wipes his wet mouth

Hunger for the here and now

He serves the god of stomach

Chewing up his birthright

He tells his father to go to hell

For a tilty-cent bowl of stew

Gratity me!

file only pain

sdjng ຈຽມd ni

Jerg 201 Suiwollews

For some red lentils

Weits to Iwod & to't

Esau sells out his God

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

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.

FAMILY LIES

SOMA SLOW

1.4 somA juvqsvg fo saos nol plow sigt moot

'All sales are final"? And proclaims in basso protundo In loin cloth and sandals Who storms into Bonwits on a Saturday afternoon I mean, what can you do with a bachelor of 35 To the wrong people in the wrong places. Is always shooting off his mouth

Sgnisola IliT .M.4 00:6 mor4 sgninava yabnu2 nO Is a Chippendale dancer Do you not know that Uncle Amos Your wrists tinkle trivialities of fine gold. Your purple hair tells of youth lost at Avenue A, You who moo at his nearly naked self, Ob, you cows of Scarsdale,

52.25 sisənəĐ until the break of dawn. min htiw bəltzərw nam a bna.

ίΩΟλ

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

inoy inoy inoy

Where were you, Job, when I laid the foundations of the το εατ ανναγ της νος κρουπά shore? Sanyw villes shi subs und naves Can you boil the sea into a froth? where no foot has ever trod the silent sand? 'pupj s,upu-ou uodn игрл 11 гурш пок ир 7 with a bolt of fire? Can you pierce the core of the mountain Can you pile storm clouds into a mighty heap?

Whirlwind of his shattered soul: And Job answered God from out of the

Who the hell are you, Job, to question Me?

And God answered Job from out of the

OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND (Job 38.111.)

iyupə

:puiwluidw

issoussoldion ym fo And where were You, God, when I laid the foundation