

Myself in an Espaclaria*

We were all explicators of texts.
We turned it and turned it,
believing that everything was contained within.
A few of us were esoterics,
I am sure.
We sat with our children
in dark basements,
the texts balanced on a broken
leaf of a table.
Outside they howled in the street,
we sat huddled together
by an oil lamp.
In a place without sense
we made sense.
After a few generations
we left a legacy
buried in our biology,
the kabbalists became vaudevillians,
singers of songs and tellers
of the excellent tale.
The dark receded.
Later we supposed no history,
forgetting for a moment
the present is a narrow bridge.
On the other side was me.
I remember everything.

james stone goodman

*a dark mirror, Talmud