

All Purpose Thank-you letter
for donations to the synagogue

If you make a donation
I'll write you something
like this
in return

Rosh Hashanah, 5766
the year of the sign of the vav

Horatio my dear friend,

I am reminded of the meeting
of two old friends
who after a lengthy separation
of 45 plus years
the first to open his mouth
greeted the other with
I never left you.

Though I do not see you often
-- my extensive cabaret career necessitates
late night commitment to the Algonquin
and other locations –
I never leave you.

Imagine my surprise when I opened your missive
before Rosh Hashanah and
received the donation
to the synagogue when
-- cash flow at a seasonal low –
it was most welcome.

We are broke.

I reminded the community
in my inspirational New Year message,
just as I was about to launch into a lofty explication of text
I dropped all pretense and went right
for the kidneys, what the heck,

we are broke,

I wrote, in the text I handed out,
send money.

If you can't send money
for God's sake,
send hardy men.

I am writing about redemption
all the time now,

strange that my own should be
so elusive.

 Horatio
 your friend is a fake
 of the first order
believing with Bar Yochai
that if we made the peace prayers properly
twice
the world would be redeemed.

Why not peace.
Why not now.
Thanks for the bread,
 I'm going to bed.

Your pal,

james stone Goodman
united states of America