

To Menke Katz

O
Menke,
with your sweet
mandolin and
thick-accented song,
your poetry of
burning villages and
brave forays beyond the pale,
of coming to America
and golden Lower East Side streets,
of the secret laughter at the center
of the most Holy Kabbalah, O Menke,
for you, dead at nearly ninety, I write
this Katzian sonnet. The body sleeps to free the soul.

Life and Opinions

of

Doctor Bop

the

Burnt-Out Prof

and Other Poems

E.M. Schorb



Kelsay Books

© 2018 E.M. Schorb. All rights reserved. This material may not be reproduced in any form, published, reprinted, recorded, performed, broadcast, rewritten or redistributed without the explicit permission of E.M. Schorb. All such actions are strictly prohibited by law.

Cover art: E.M. Schorb

ISBN: 978-1-947465-44-2

Kelsay Books
Aldrich Press
www.kelsaybooks.com