



**TO A BROOKLYN POET**  
*(for Menke Katz)*

Build me no monuments in Borough Park,  
Statues for wild pigeons to decorate.  
Let no one scurry through my attic  
Nibbling bits and pieces of my life  
Over the inkwells and the broken cups.  
Just let my words live freely in the  
Land of Manna, the third heaven, or where  
Only children play, delighting in honey milk  
Of the stars and mooncakes of the angels.  
O Lord, let the insects sing my lyrics,  
The worms feast on the flesh of my soul,  
The furry beasts make selahs for each dawn.

**Stanley H. Barkan**

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