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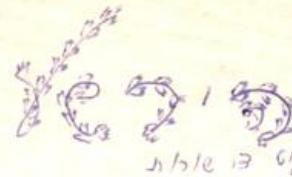
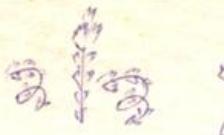
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NATIONAL | 42-060
Made in U.S.A.

1976 Spring, 158 pgs
Schenectady, N.Y.
NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY, INC.
HOLYOKE, MASS. 01040

$$\left(\frac{54}{17} \cdot \frac{615}{17} \cdot \frac{160}{17} \right) \text{ or } \left(\frac{54}{17} \cdot 615 \cdot 160 \right)$$



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۱۸۸۷ میلادی تیر ماه پاکستان

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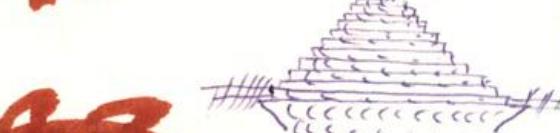
11. **THE NATION'S FUTURE**

• E. J. SCOTT 13.03.11

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כטבְּרִיָּה

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לְמִזְבֵּחַ וְלְכָבֵד אֶת־יְהוָה בְּעַמּוֹד וְלְשָׁמֵחַ

לְמִזְבֵּחַ בְּלֹא כָּבֵד וְלֹא כָּבֵד בְּלֹא מִזְבֵּחַ

Twin Ejektafsh

God the earth gathered us in one garland,
Ours is the kiss with lips of stone.
The longer the night the nearer the wonderland
Death has seven wonders life - none.

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② 12812 01016 110 112 115 115 01110 Pille 12811

Twin Epiphysis p.v.3

Twin Epitaph

The image shows the Hebrew word 'בְּרֵאשִׁית' (B'resheet, 'In the beginning') written in a stylized, colorful font. The letters are primarily black, with the 'ב' being blue, the 'ר' being red, the 'א' being pink, and the 'ש' being yellow. Above the text, there are several delicate, purple and blue floral or leafy sprigs.

P. 185 P. N GRILL SII TII
P. 185 P. N GRILL SII TII

A horizontal scroll featuring Hebrew text written in a cursive, modern script. The text is arranged in two main columns. On the far left, there is a blue decorative element resembling a stylized leaf or flower. On the far right, there is a green decorative element resembling a leaf or flower. The background of the scroll is light-colored.

1976, 282 N.Y.U. J. GO PT 2)

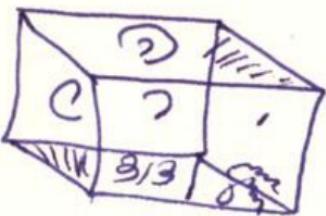
III / پیغامبر اسلام (صلوات الله علیہ وسلم) / پیغمبر اسلام (صلوات الله علیہ وسلم)

13. *Phytolacca* *acanthocarpa* (L.) Benth. (Fig. 13)

Fond of Monroe (On Bores)

On Meeting a Baffling Foe

~~At~~ A Hundred and Twenty



84 G.S., 2nd Gr. 11th P.M. 11/10

181

1900, P. 8 - C. 7 118

181/85 83 5 1/1e 8811, 13 11, 828815 85
G 10N8d P. 5 1/1e 8811, 13 11, 828815 85
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1182. *Geococcyx californianus* (Gmelin) *Geococcyx californianus* (Gmelin)
1183. *Geococcyx californianus* (Gmelin) *Geococcyx californianus* (Gmelin)

~~מִנְיָמִים וְלֹא יַעֲשֶׂה כֵּן כַּאֲשֶׁר צִוָּתָךְ~~

פּוֹן וְוַיִּן | קָרְבָּן | 103 (קֵיֶן) | 1954

אַלְטָעָר חֲלוֹם — אַלְטָעָר וְוַיִּן

פּוֹן אָן אַלְטָן חֲלוֹם האָבָן מִיר אַרוֹיסְגַּעַשְׁטָרָאַלְטָן.
דָּעַר עַרְשָׁטָעָר זָנוֹאַיְפָּגָנָגָן אַוִּיפָּגָנָגָן דָּעַר וּוּעַלְטָן
הָאָט אַוִּיפָּגָנָגָן דָּוָרָךְ אָונְדוֹזְנוּ נִימְט אַוִּיפָּגָנָגָהָרָטָן,
פּוֹן אָן אַלְטָן חֲלוֹם האָבָן מִיר אַרוֹיסְגַּעַשְׁטָרָאַלְטָן,
אוֹן וּוּיפָּלְהָמָנס סְזִינְגָּעָן שְׂוִין אִין חָוְשָׁךְ גַּעֲפָלָגָן.
איּוֹ מִיְּן פָּאַלְקָי יְחֻזְקָאָלָס זְעָוָנָגְבָּאָס בָּאַשְׁעָרָטָן.
פּוֹן אָן אַלְטָן חֲלוֹם האָבָן מִיר אַרוֹיסְגַּעַשְׁטָרָאַלְטָן,
פּוֹן דָּעַם עַרְשָׁטָן זָנוֹאַיְפָּגָנָגָן אַוִּיפָּגָנָגָן דָּעַר וּוּעַלְטָן.

וּוְאַם קָעוּ אִין זִיךְּ מַעַר שִׁיבְרוֹת האָבָן,
דָּעַר אַלְטָעָר חֲלוֹם, צִי דָּעַר אַלְטָעָר וְוַיִּן?
שׁוֹלְמִיתָּה שְׁפִיגְלָתָן זִיךְּ אִין אַלְטָן וְוַיִּן —
וּוְאַם קָעוּ אִין זִיךְּ מַעַר שִׁיבְרוֹת האָבָן?
דָּעַר חֲלוֹם אוֹזְ פּוֹן אַ קִינְדְּ דִי גְּרוֹיזָעַגְבָּאָבָן,
איּוֹ אִין חֲלוֹם נִסְמַכְּבָּרְנָאָס אַרְיָין.
וּוְאַם קָעוּ אִין זִיךְּ מַעַר שִׁיבְרוֹת האָבָן?
קִינְדִּישָׁ וְוַיִּן דָּעַר אַלְטָעָר חֲלוֹם אוֹזְ דָּעַר אַלְטָעָר וְוַיִּן.

וּוְאַם עַלְטָעָר דָּעַר וְוַיִּן, אַלְצִי לִיכְטִיקָּעָר דָּעַר חֲלוֹם.
וּוְאַם עַלְטָעָר מִיְּן פָּאַלְקָי, אַלְצִי נַעֲנְטָעָר דָּסָם טָאגָן.
איּוֹבְּקָעָר פּוֹן אַלְעָ פִּינְצְּטָעָרְנִישָׁן אִין דָּסָם טָאגָן.
שִׁיבְרוֹעָר פּוֹן אַלְעָ וּוּיְנְגָעָן אִין דָּעַר חֲלוֹם.
פּוֹן אַ נִּיעָם בְּרָאַשְׁתָּה אִין דָּעַר חֲלוֹם.
אַ, דָּעְרוֹעָן אַ וּוּעַלְטָן בְּיָם סּוֹפְּ פּוֹן אַלְעָ פִּינְצְּטָעָר דָּסָם טָאגָן.
וּוְאַם עַלְטָעָר דָּעַר וְוַיִּן, אַלְצִי לִיכְטִיקָּעָר דָּעַר חֲלוֹם,
וּוְאַם עַלְטָעָר מִיְּן פָּאַלְקָי, אַלְצִי נַעֲנְטָעָר דָּסָם טָאגָן.

۸۷۱، ۲۰۱۴

My Son

Heershe David, my handsome newborn son:
You came to greet my fiftieth birthday,
when the late, inglorious, evening sun
is still a span from the abyss away.

To the women, as my sins, beautiful,
you came to represent me my great son!
Strike all my charms when these words turn mournful,
when I will have my fervid battles won.

Find each beloved which I could not reach.
Thrill my neighbors just a few scores away.
Through barren nights when ghosts and eunuchs preach,
see me at dawn choose the comeliest fay.

You came manly, demanding with full fists,
a prince of love by sea-tossed maidens kissed.

Land of Manna

*

On The Birth Of My Son

My son, I am so
affluent with beginning
that if I die now
God will see me as first light
and he will say: "It is good."

67 615

Land of Manna

Teaching My Year Old Dovid To Walk

Come O come, light of foot my year old son.
 Ho! With the dare of David, rise and fall.
 Your fingers like stonelets out of the brook,
 fate in hand — the valor of your people.

Sling Goliath with the aid of no one,
 may he be six cubits and a span tall.
 One more step, one more fall, ruddy son, look :
 Eden is a toyland of year old people.

Steep hills, treacherous sands seem on the way,
 fear not, a giant guard stands your father.
 Your father's hands are two forts to the right.
 The home-made bear in wondrous woods is your shield.

May you see many decades beyond me dawn,
 long — long after my last laughter, my last tears.

You have grown a man since the ninth of May.
 Each step, like a giant's, a mile farther.
 To the left, your mother's arms, girlish, slight:
 a longing cradle with lullabies filled.

After every fall O how good to rise.
 (To rise a child at dawn falls at dusk the sun.)
 You chatter the secrets the naiads say,
 in waves against rocks, in dance of the stream.

My father's lost skies are blue in your eyes.
 From roots to stem to crown we are ever one.
 O speak English, Hebrew, the tongue of fays,
 in Yiddish, you are — I, light of the same beam.

Find me in the wind on David's harp, my son,
 Playing my thirst for you to the end of years.

Land of Manna 10
HG 615

Bring no sissy toys for my three year old man.
 He will rip a stuffed queen to see her naked soul.
 He dares a stiff king to fight him man to man.
 To raze a doll kingdom is a gallant goal.

A tin eagle will fly as a falling star.
 The bent wings tell him when motion began.
 He craves David's harp, he wrecks a deaf guitar.
 When nymphs sing in the rain he is himself Pan.

Hand-made, dimpled milk-maids milking wooden cows, pray
 for his slap to escape the spurious lawn.
 A dumb watch — a numskull rolls merrily away
 to the beginning of time before the first dawn.

The steel-bound sunrise of New York in his glance.
 The mystic glory of Safad under his feet.
 An old adventurer hit by dare and chance.
 He eats the earth and it tastes like manna sweet.

Always in ambush, on the lurk, a decoy.
 Life and death of glass-eyed bumpkins in his hands.
 He tears a lame lion fighting a booby boy.
 The foe of ennui, inventor of toylands.

A finger dipped in mud is Adam's prime pen.
 He writes the earth-old wisdoms of the first ray
 when he scribbles love to his cat in heaven.
 Chico is safe, God took it to the stars away.

Leaves are green letters to grandma and to God.
 He wants heaven and earth to know he was born.
 He is boisterous as the wind through goldenrod.
 He is shock and thrill, turns roses into thorns.

Land of Manna 50 G's

50 G's P/H \$6

No gun-games for him, he lets the cowards war.
He is of Isaiah's dauntless kin my son.
After his blessed day of manual labor,
I say : I am proud of your soiled ears, my son.

A cloud in Safad is a roving wonderland.
At dusk is rich in gold even a dung-heap.
Each stone is Jacob's pillow in this holy land.
Angels go down the dream-born ladder to sleep.

(On Toys : 3'f 10" Pb) 516.3

*.

When My Three Year Old Son Will Be Fifty Three

When you will be fifty three as I am today,
will still be left of me, at dusk, a single glow.
Looking at the twilight you will at random say:
my dad is dead long ago, dead long, long ago.

It may be on the streets of New York or Tel Aviv,
you will one day by reminiscence overrun,
see me as you do now ever and anon live,
see me longing in your eyes, my three year old son.

I will be the young sadness of each new sunset.
My poems: gold-lit boats on earth and sky will sail.
Yiddish in your mouth — a brisk, hasty rivulet
will flow agile, beyond me over hill and dale.

Land of Mann 51 615

*

You And Gabriel

My son,
do not ever mourn in the marketplace,
so the pitying rabble may not see
your tears as an autumn drizzle,
sprinkling its monotony,
over the yellow ears of a pestering November day ;
so that some sorrow-sick crocodile,
may not creep out of some old traveler's tale,
sobbing in view of all after devouring its prey.

My son,
may you never yawn
under the clipped wings of a virginal bore.
Mine is the fire-bed of the yet unborn Rahab,
the harlot of the yet unbuilt Jericho.
The farthest ray — the untouched kiss,
is more Satan and I, more you and Gabriel
than all the legal orgasms of a routine wife.

F and of Mann 52 613

*

A Hundred Years Hence

O a hundred years hence, my son,
seven year old, fool-proof prankster,
we shall all be merrily dead.

We will be in every wonder,
in miracles spun by spiders —
a tale of a hundred years hence.

Each echo will ever echo :
we are immortal, no wind is
born to vanish, no stone is dead.

A stone dropped in a stream will bring
round and round all the suns we saw
go down a hundred years ago.

We will join the unborn children,
untouched as snowflakes in a dream,
we shall all be blissfully dead.

The wind will be our next of kin.
(I hear falling leaves talk of birth.)
Just a hundred years hence, my son,
ho, death will be merrily dead.

Land of Moana

53 6:3

A Will

unrhymed villanelle

I leave a pennyworth of dust,
an undying swan song, my son,
the great will of the infinite.

For you my every highbred whim,
the dugout ore of each caprice,
the sage meditations of dust,

the might of my obstinacy :
rock-reared, tested by the patience
of time, probed by zeal, infinite.

For you the vagaries of the
storm-drenched vagrant — the regal rogue,
his life and death divine as dust.

Beware of the dawn of ennui,
twin of the turtle; night is for
owls, old tales and the infinite.

Death is a game the cherubs play.
Just a slight change from dusk to night.
I leave a pennyworth of dust,
the great will of the infinite.

:P12-X318/105d18/6n113/UN.YO

Rockefeller HS 6125

Day of Doubt

My last day is as glorious as the first.
It is dawn yet. I am still so rich with time,
until I fall at sundown from a roof of gold.
I shall plan my life on my onliest day.
The first hours I shall give to you, David,
my twelve year old miraculous brat,
heir of my unconquered zeal, my unwritten
poetry which you will muse, laugh, sing or cry,
flare the light-proof suns of the days beyond me.

We will keep our daily appointment with our
bicycles, ride a thousand years on each block;
ride in one hour back to Adam, then onward
to the end, to the origin. Then we will
explore the wilds of Times Square, applaud the
airborne horses, galloping with wild lovers.

as hoofbeats strike borders, distances join hands,
to reach the castles of shabby movielands.

• • • •
Then, I shall meet you, my love, to tell you how
blessed it is to live next to you, breathe the same air,
in the same century, on the same pillow,
navel to navel, fire to fire, seed to seed.

The twilight I will give the dusty goddess,
the widowed guardian of my poetry,
on mount Parnassus of my Brooklyn attic
where the first ray like the marvel of Peru
arrives at four P.M. to admire my poems
which seek their way to light through the ceiling.

The last moment I shall meet God eye to eye,
at the top of a tower, at the airport
of flying carpets — the first aeroplanes on earth;
flying through the splendor of selfchosen doom,
I will pilot an invisible monoplane,
as I land on my private isle of farewell.

But dusk, my love, is ages far and away.
It is still dawn, my day, my life is teeming
as a plucked pomegranate with sanguine seeds.

At A Hundred and Twenty

unrhymed unrestrained chant royal

I see the year two thousand, twenty six.
There is still a jail in every town on earth
where jailers keep wistful summers under lock.
June in slum ganglands still smells of blossom blight.
Old tenements still pray for their destruction,
walls sigh through the nights like half sunken boats, stairs
still wind through dark ages, through guile, plot, terror.
The withered faces of bygone autumns still
haunt the first Spring snowdrops in cheerless backyards.
Chubby whores entice with opulent bosoms.
Presidents still babble of great societies.

The hammer is still raised against its maker,
the red sickle is a gentle guillotine,
peddlers still promise bearskins, ages before
the bears are caught. The toadeater, the servile
inkslinger still serenades the antiwar
warmongers, the Fedorenko marauders.

Abraham, the openarmed father of the Jews
with a beard out of the Bible, with love locks,
still builds little Jerusalems in old Brooklyn,—
the grim light of Auschwitz smolders in his eyes.

When storms rise the dust of my forgotten grave,
I am great news to the retired, yawning grass.
Only David, my son, at three score and ten,
(now in his twelfth May) knows I once lived and died,
remembers me a frolic boy of sixty,
celebrates my hundred and twentieth birthday.

The sky is like an open Book of Splendor.
Stars, rusteaten, under the elevated
subway still rehearse our twin childhood, (his — first,
mine — second) play hide and seek through the fissured
attics, the crosseyed castlets of Borough Park.

My son, while you live there is heaven and earth
and I am here at a hundred and twenty,
(O shout Menke, my son, I am the echo.)
Waiting for the beginning when Eve, a novice
will come to borrow a rib of my ribs.

• • • •

It is the year of two thousand, forty six :
" I died in nineteen seventy four, when did
you die, David, my son? " " I just died, Menke,
a young yearnful ninety, soon after the fourth
world war when man bombed the earth off its orbit,
back to chaos, to the formless infinite.

" At my last sunset I saw even Noah
sink with his ark, an olive leaf lulled in the
mouth of a stiff dove was the only peace left,
in a glum world, destitute of you and me."
" O hear, wind to wind, soul to soul, brook to brook
thirst each other forever, David, my son.
I end this chant of love to you at sixty one,
standing in a subway train, in glowing health,
on August twenty first, nineteen sixty seven,
as crowds choke the summer day on this blue Monday,
at five p.m. in our ever new New York.

ENVOY

An infant over a mother's newspaper,
reads the unwritten verse of the nightingale.
Wonder is real as the man on the nearby moon.
I see Cain and Abel beyond evil asleep.
The earth vies with the heavens, wins Genesis.

In The Year of Two Thousand

David,
my fifteen

(०७ ८८ ८)
(६३६६) १०

year old son, good
to see you in the
year of two thousand, in
the mid-August of your life,
when I will be a near and far
memory to you. & I know how
I will yearn for you, being
my own dust.

You may
still dream of
me as a torn
leaf dreams in wind to
return to its father
tree. You may see my poems
burn, in late autumn, in the sad
flickering gold of the tamaracks,
before the needles fall in
splendid death.

117-3766163-137100
Fox
- 117-3766163-137100

I see
my life cleansed
by the brisk light
of the first frost, at
dusk, when the scorched
sun wheels
as a windfall apple, hear
me calling you as a
brook locked
beneath ice: David,
my only one,
you are beyond my
last night, my
first dawn.

The following poems,
were inspired by Hirsch
David's room in Arvia House
on 112th St. near Columbia
University in the autumn
of 1974.

Reading Darwin in a
Furnished Room at
Midnight

(a Study of Cockroaches)

I see Darwin walk out of
his godless
heaven on a moonlit windowpane,
bowing to every cockroach of
this bleak room, he says:
wondrous
roaches, forefathers of
man, survival of
the fittest. Hail,
makers of
Adam.

All stare join, the army of cockroaches,
as they march out of their dark, moist cracks.
American cockroaches, great
Yankees, star-struck travelers
of unknown seas, among
the first sailors with
Columbus to
find a world
in dreams.

Cockroaches trained in speed by mother night,
since the first buds burst in bloom on their
family tree, two hundred and
eighty million years ago.
Bedbugs panic, fear of
being discovered, grubs,
are welcome to
the gloom of
midnight;

O sport fans of America, let us
cheer the champion roaches which outrace
here all wingless creatures, such as
blister mites, seeking to gall
pear trees, under the bed;
jumping spiders which
concert their bridled with
dance around
their prey.

June bugs; aristocratic fig eaters
begin a race riot, surround the
brightened lamp, menace the rights of
stinkbugs. Dawn. As if touched by
King Midas, all bugs wear
gold crowns. Even the
sun rises here as
a golden
cockroach.

Cockroaches are the true citizens of
the world, dwine at the homemade dung of
India as well as at the
stable garbage of New York;
roaches loved by the moon
since dust fought God, spurned
his command to
turn unto
mankind.

Also inspired by Skelde Dorrid's furnished room:

Furnished Room at Sunset

It seems
God weary
of heaven and
earth chose to die here
on the windowpanes of
the garret, in this cheerless
rooming house. I see God fall as
if stabbed by a thief who robs all the
gold of all the dying days, since Adam.

Angels

scale the room,
to weave a wreath
of forget-me-nots,
which fade ages on the
wallpaper gnawed by sterile
termites. Socrates on a blessed
painting still holds his cup of hemlock
drinking a toast to the condemned sun.

a lost

pigeon strays
between blind walls
(which climb against the
curse of Babel) cooing:

God is dead! The wings dyed with
smoke, it flutters through hell of brick
din, steel, back to the Eden of its
fierit ancestor, to the wild-wood rock dove!

A Yiddish Poet

I am a Yiddish poet — a doomed troubadour,
a dreamsmith jeered by the soft-voiced yokel,
the smooth snob with the swinging lash shrieking: jargon!
O are the mocked tears of my people a jargon?

Yiddish,
formed as Adam of the dust of the four corners of the earth;
the quenchless blaze of the wandering Jew,
the thirst of the deserts.

My mother tongue is unpolished as a wound, a laughter,
 a love-starved kiss,
yearnful as a martyr's last glance at a passing bird.
Taste a word, cursed and merciless as an earthquake.
Hear a word, terse and bruised as a tear.
See a word, light and lucent, joyrapt as a ray.
Climb a word — rough and powerful as a crag.
Ride a word — free and rimeless as a tempest.

Yiddish,
The bare curse thrown against the might of pitiless foes.
A "black year" shrouding dawn after a massacre.
The mute call of each speechless mouth of Treblinka.
The prayer of stone to turn into gale.

J. Land of Mann
54. 615

On My Book Of Poems

I know this book will outlive man and beast,
though the moth may grind the solid imagery.
The lovelorn will love me to the end of time.
The swan will return to its fable to sing
of me when chased off the skies by the hunter.
A harpooned whale will hear a calling sea.
A stream in the desert will chat of me
with Elijah — the ever stray wanderer.

The self-doomed will read my poems to cherubs,
longing for me throughout infinity.
A cherub is a baby mouse, a flake
of snow, a face in a womb, a lionet.
God will read it in the loneliest nook
of Eden under the eternal tree.

יְהוָה יְהוָה יְהוָה
 קַרְבָּן כְּלִילָה
 קַרְבָּן כְּלִילָה

— מאמען, אויף וואסער שפראך קען דאס טיבעלע רעדן?
 ווער קען, ווי שלמה, די שפראך פון טיבעלע פארשטיין?

— דאס טיבעלע קען, ווי איך און דו יידיש רעדן —
 אייז גראנג, ווי יידיש, די שפראך פון טיבעלע פארשטיין.

— מאמען, ווי לאנג וועט נאך ייד מיט ייד יידיש רעדן?

— איזוי לאנג ווי טיבעלע וועלן וואסערלעך געבן,

איזוי לאנג ווי וואסערל מיט וואסערל וועט רעדן,
 מײַן קינד, מײַן קינד, ווי טיבעלע וועלן לעבן.

— מאמען, וויפל וואסערלעך קען דאס טיבעלע פארמאגן?

— איזויפל שטערן חאט נאך אברהム געפונגען,

איזויפל יאָר, מײַן קינד, וועט אונדזער פאלק נאך טאגן,
 דורך איזויפל שפיגלען, שפיגלען זיך זיבען זונגען.

— מאמען, יע, ב'הער ווי יידיש, דאס טיבעלע רוישן.

— מײַן קינד, ס'זעט קיין ים דאס טיבעלע ניט פארשטייסן.

(א) בְּנֵי כְּלִילָה

מיין טאפטנס האנטשראיפט

סְמִינָה קַרְבָּלָה

תְּמִימָן
בְּנֵי בְּנֵי
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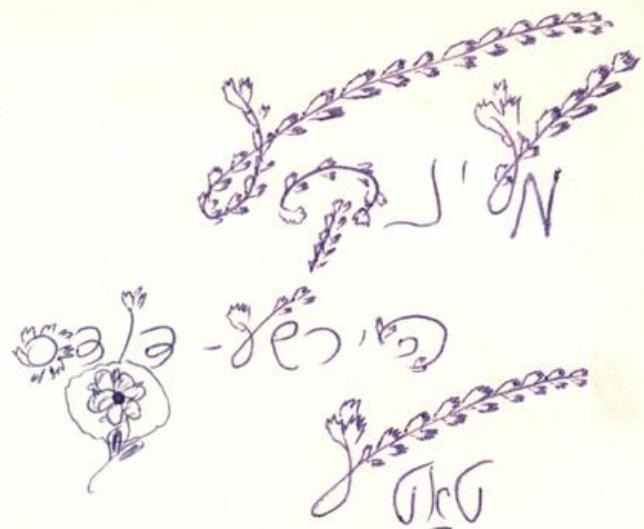
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1976-08-13



1976, 08-11, 10:00 AM



ע פ י ט א ת

אויסגעקריצט אויפ מאין מאמעס מצבה, אין ריווערטסידר בית-עלם,
נוידראשעה, נוידושויזוי.

גלויב ניט קינד מיאנס, ניט גלויב,
ניט איך בין עס געווארן שטובי.

זע:
מייט אלע פרילונגס פון מיכאלישעך, סוינציאן,
בין אך אין יעדן גרעועלע פארצן.

דען ערשותן יאנואר 1943 — כד, טבת, תש"ג

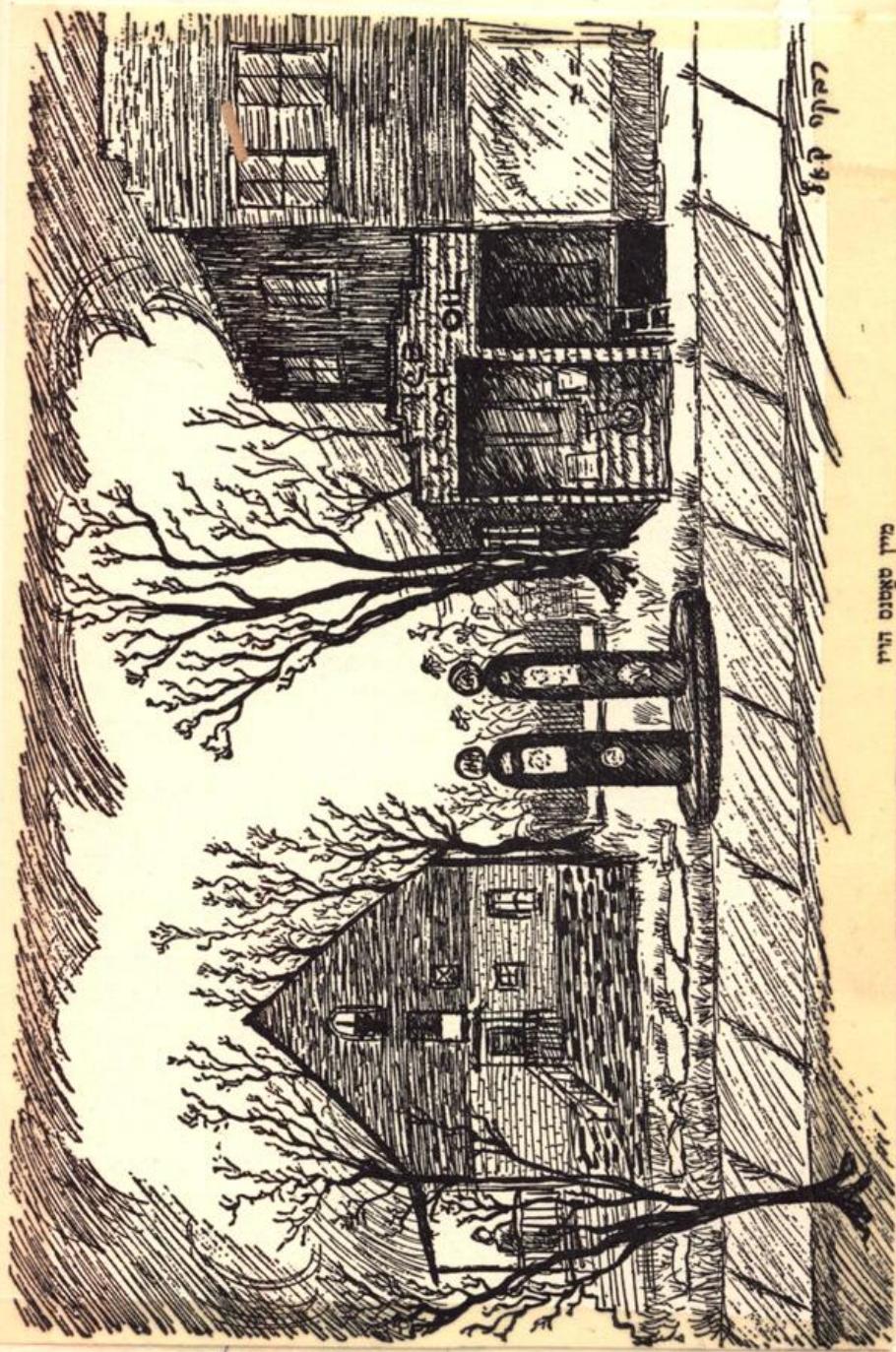
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וְאֶת־יְמֵינוּ
כָּתְבָתֵּר זָהָר 1943.

ט/א/ק/א/ט:

80 6/5 18/1943 ב.ב.ב.

אלה אמתה מורה

למה?



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בְּנֵי
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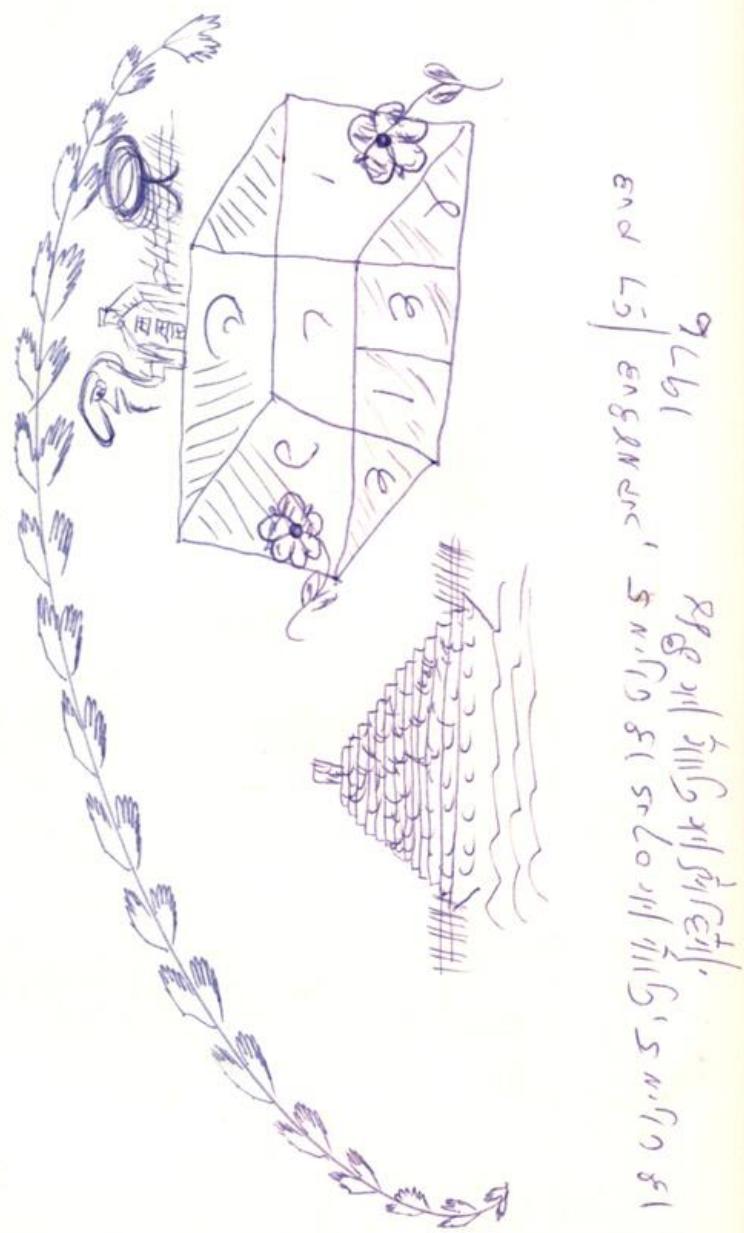
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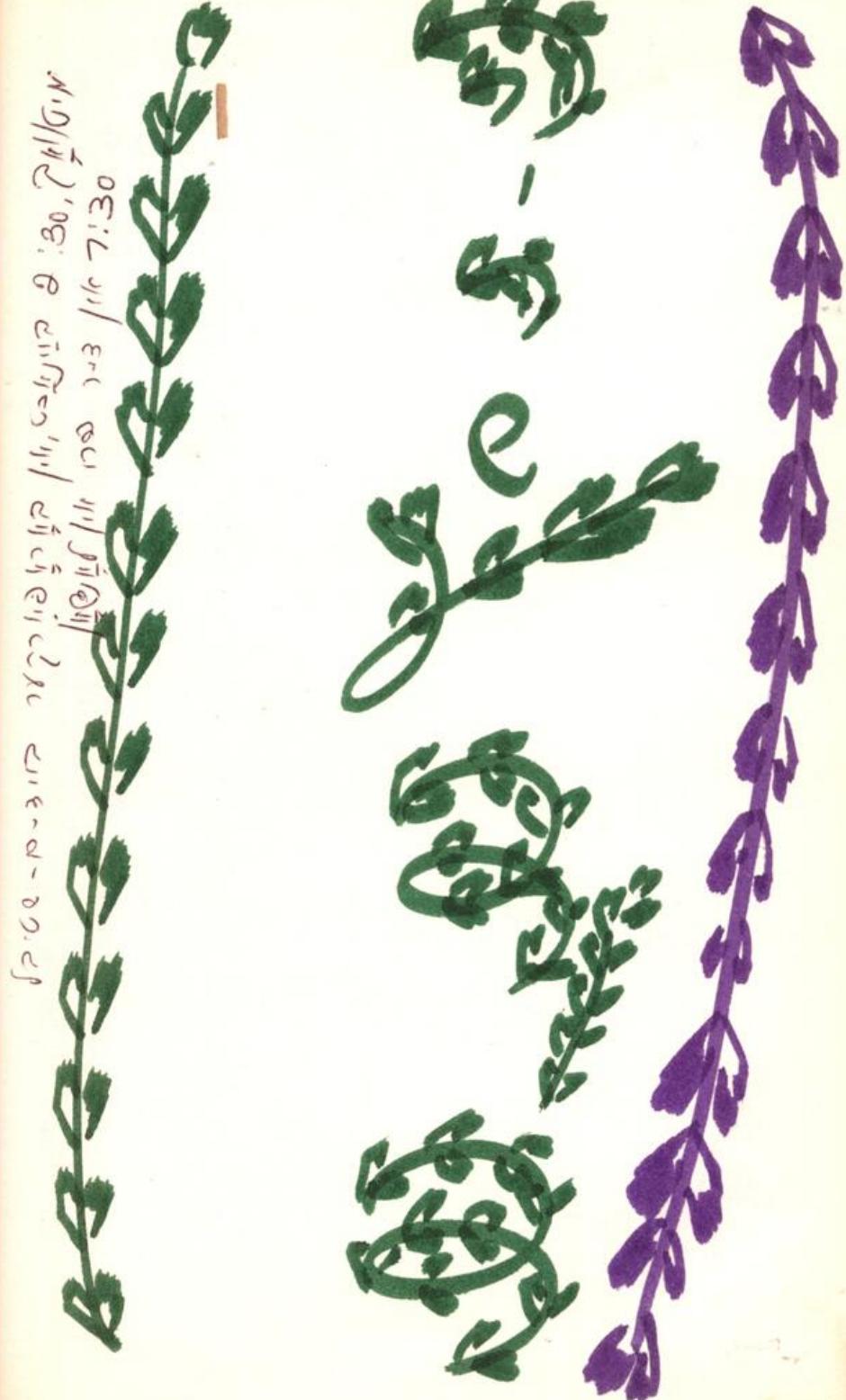
At A Hundred and Twenty

13. प्राचीन विद्या के लिए बहुत सुनिक

To my Twenty year old Son Hezekiah-David
and

To The Poet Laureate His First
Grandson Menke





جبل عامل - 3000 م - 20/6/1980
جبل عامل - 3000 م - 20/6/1980
جبل عامل - 3000 م - 20/6/1980
جبل عامل - 3000 م - 20/6/1980

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1977, 3/1/82/59 PV3

הַיְמָנוּת



جامعة الملك عبد الله

$$y = \int_0^x e^{-\rho u} B(u) du$$

$\gamma_{\text{eff}}(1/\tau \gamma^N)^{1/2} \propto \gamma^{1/2}$

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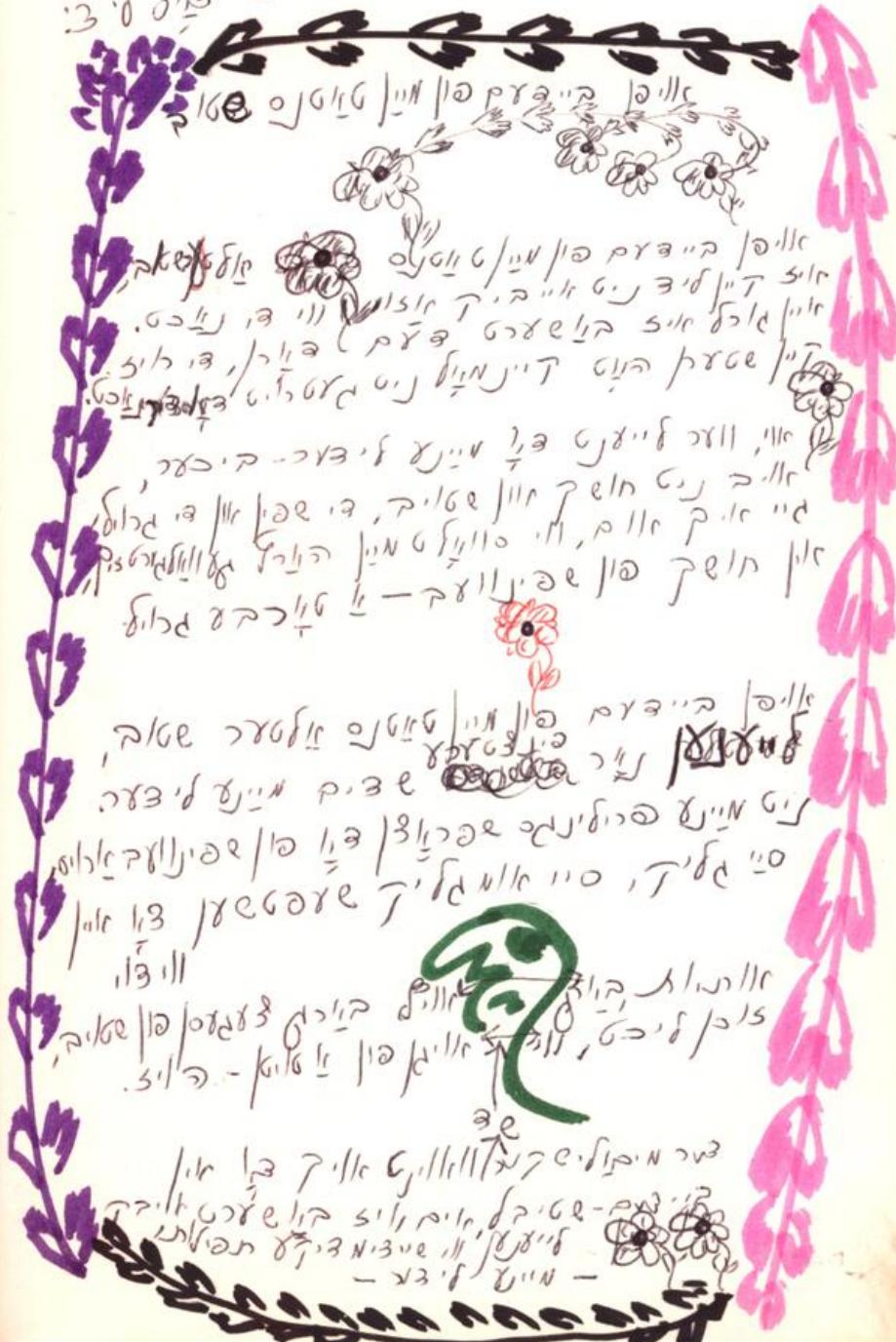
5. בְּרִית מָנָה וְעֵדָה כְּלֹבֶד אֲמָתָה וְעַדְתָה

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1978

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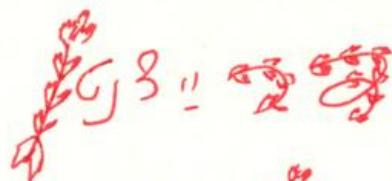
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"E. D. B."





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Every little thing which I
may leave which may be
wanted anything as for
instance, my part in the
forest house in Springfiled,
or the room which I call a
hut, in Safed should belong
to my son Teershe David
or David as he is named in
his birth paper.

~~Consider~~ These may If may
or may not be legal, I
don't know but I end with my
name Menkes Rats, June 13

جـ ۱۰۴
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جیلگیری پر ۱۹۷۷ء تا ۲۰۱۴ء کے
کامیابی کا ایک مختصر سچانہ

卷之三

To Hershel Dovid

my son,
my only
only one. My swan
song is drawing to a
close, though I do not bid my
last farewell, I know I will
outlive death, for you will retrace my
steps, detour my good ~~not~~ my evil.
Hear you laugh my laughter. I see my light
in your eyes, shadows at dusk are a play of my
thoughts of you. Hear my call of yearning at twilight,
the rhythms of the falling day, see my last
my father saw my first dawn. ~~Great~~ See dusk as
my only one!

Return To Genesis

No, my
son, it is
not the end of
me. The lucky star
never fades, when alone
I built poems, now I shall
create dust of which we are all
made. I shall return to Genesis.
(Death is no less a miracle than birth.
~~Death is one~~
In the handsome crowd of seventy, before
June, I will celebrate my last, nearby sunset.
I will live as long as winds will wander, as
crickets will monotone the end, as long as
cats on the moonlit backyards of old New York
will meow serenades to my love of
a hundred years ago and to my
loss of a hundred years hence, both
will meet on my last ray's dream
me, to kiss away for
my death under a
~~one~~
a purp'ry
rich sky

1900 7/16 (P.D.)
(1901) 16:8

(۱۹۶۱ . ۷ . ۲۵ - ۳۰ . ۱۹۶۱)



If I
am destined
to be a sin
less ghost of Eden,
longing for sin under
Eve's apple tree, then O then
is the end of me. If I am
doomed to Sheol, I will lick the fires
of my Burning Village where I saw God
burn at stake, then I will live like the
my undying forefathers, like lost
giant breaking
storms, crying hedges to the stone-eared
god of the deaf.



1977 SUP 16715 / 518 1017914 / 017 now

17. 60.3 111 7.9 118 18.113 17.120 4.9 12
5.2 11 16.11 11.31

3. 10. 1967. 10. 10. 1967. 10. 10. 1967. 10. 10. 1967.

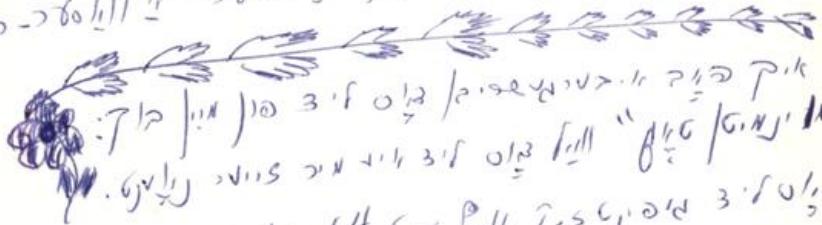
41. *Urtica dioica* white 13  $\text{Cl}_1 = 7 \text{ Cl}_2 = 12$

First leg was fine up to full P.M. 24 Oct 68, 1979
Crossed first leg full P.M. 24 Oct 68

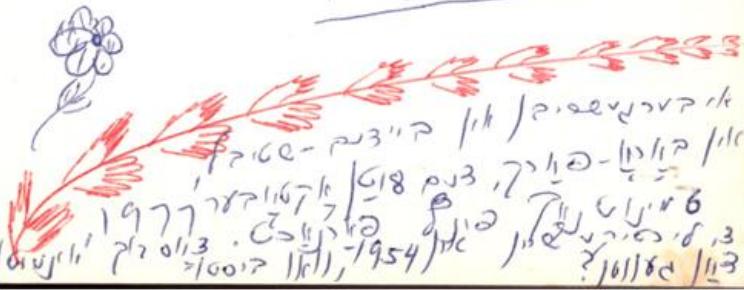
תְּמִימָנָה וְעַמְּדָה בְּבֵית יְהוָה כִּי תְּמִימָנָה וְעַמְּדָה בְּבֵית יְהוָה כִּי



רְבִיבָה בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל



of 60% 712 111,64 61,5 111,7-5 111,5-8
→ 10 111,5 60 111,2



1977 27¹¹ 67¹¹ | 0.20 P.3
3 13 - ver 1.2
0.28 2.5d 9.11 | 1.22 1.0 7.5 61.1 2.0
: 1.15 . / 1.11

If Jesus was born without a father, then all Christians are, weee, will be born, rather made by fathers without prickles, mothers without womb.

Many just scratched the asshole of a flea and she became pregnant with Jesus.

I hope the flea will accept my apology for which ~~no~~ flea would want to be the father or mother of a man, born without fucking?

5.6.2020 1.11)

1.6

13 61.1
1.11. P.3
(9.11.5

7.1.81

