

אוסף עזרא אוריון  
ארכיון אמנות במרחב הציבורי  
Ezra Orion Collection  
Public Art Archive

כותרת: שירה, לקט שירים באנגלית  
חוברת

מיקום בארכיון

ארגז: 20

תיק: 1

תת תיק: 4

Title: Poetry, a collection of poems in English  
Booklet

Location in Archive

Box: 20

Folder: 1

Sub folder: 4

המכון לנוכחות ציבורית  
המרכז הישראלי לאמנות דיגיטלית, חולון  
לחומרי המקור צרו קשר דרך [archive@digitalartlab.org.il](mailto:archive@digitalartlab.org.il)

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אוסף עזרא אוריון  
**PIECE BY PIECE**  
ארכיון אמנותי ציבורי



מכון לחקר ופיתוח  
אמנותי ציבורי  
מכון לחקר ופיתוח  
אמנותי ציבורי



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A COLLECTION OF POEMS

FOR MARK

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS  
(1147-1646)

The only thing for her was to  
leap

at it.

So she did.

And she discovered that instead of him,  
it was a dried hunk of Austrian Swiss cheese.

with holes in it.

like they nibble on in the pubs in Vienna  
that I know of.

So she placed her ruffles,  
re-grouped,

swallowed the fear in her gullet,

and

made off with the local eunach

for

a big bushy mustache.



ALFIE

Alfie didn't say what it was about,  
He flew past like he knew.  
He was cutting edges in the tires of his motorcycle.

Alfie is one of the silent pasts of today.  
He seems to groove on his own cloud.  
In his own tree.  
He goes in the backdoor and comes out the front.

Alfie put it going 'way, out his window.  
When there was hatzelime, he chunked that too.  
He didn't in his last days have the courage to go on.

Alfie did, however, go on that is.  
He's eternally lovely. Eternal, that is.  
Alfie knows, you see, what it's all about.

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MEDITATION AT BREAKFAST

Unfortunately, nobody saw the bridge.  
They turned on lights instead  
they discarded one-half their salads.

Two cucumbers,  
Two tomatoes,  
Two hands,  
Two feet.

One way for them  
No other way out.

So when they saw the bridge,  
It was only the time to duck or bash  
their skulls, mercilessly, on the concrete.  
And die.

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מועדון תרבות תל אביב

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A POEM FOR EZRA ON THE EVE OF A THIRTY-FOURTH  
BIRTHDAY.

LEO. THE ASTROLOGICAL LION

July 22 - August 23

Astrologically, king of the beasts  
LEO (July 22 - August 23)  
ruler of all earth's animals.

A carnivorous, meat eater

LEO

can usually be observed, ארנון  
stalking, ארנון אמונת במרחב הציור  
early in the morning for his food.

His hunting habit usually continues  
late

into the night.

when, finally, exhausted by the day's wonder  
he falls deeply to sweet slumber.

Rise up. Roar.

His ruling planet is sun. Burning. Intensely.

All other planets go 'round this source.

Photosynthesis.

Metamorphosis

Leo stands in awe of the infinite wonder of universe.  
secret springs. Blossoms of stars. Mysteries of love.  
sound. speed. kinetic energy. stand up, Leo. Tall.

Not the fastest of beasts on his fours  
but the surest.

Notice the huge forepaws and feet.

Loving with rapture and violins  
passionately, deeply, humbly. divine fire.  
the strength  
the king's wisdom.  
compassion. his gentleness.

AT THE  
F. MOZART INN

The milk bottle was one-fifth full  
when the man came in and opened his 'Times'

He ordered a coffee and strudel in the  
F. Mozart Inn in Salzburg, that morning.

He winked at me and passed the  
Italian edition of IL FIGARO.

Then there was a gladness  
and fury and a great ruffling in my soul  
It was ten in the morning in Salzburg.

I walked to see the castle.  
Laying bare before the Alps.

Remembering my friend  
I dashed off a card  
of that castle laying bare before the Alps.

No doubt the lull of sweet completion  
ran rampede that day in Salzburg.

He winked at me and passed the  
Italian Edition of IL FIGARO



STANDARD TEMPERATURE AND PRESSURE

You aren't really tightening the screw, are you,  
Prometheus Bound? אוסף עזרא אוריון

Are you really not? ארכיון אמנות במרכז הציבורי

How dare you pass the fine line that compassion  
bids you give to your brother when  
he commits murder  
out

or  
ignorance.

Just that. Ezra Orion Collection  
pure ignorance. Public Art Archive

B'vahkashah.



MY HEAD

A lame One  
in a fog

coming under the bridge.

Seabound penguins and seals  
going to tow at the ancient ocean.

Foghorn

land ahead, land.

Now turn and run over the due line.

Keep turning,

sink to the end on the bridge.

THE FIVE SPOT

Eric Dolphy said to Booker Little  
one night after their last set  
at the Five Spot

"I tell you, man, it's just  
a matter of blues and the abstract truth.

People are like playing the horses.

You gotta learn which ones of the winners  
to put your money on.

So lets get on with the next set  
before they decide to  
lock

the joint

up."

יזרעאל מרכז  
מכון לפרסום  
מכון לתערוכות  
מכון לתערוכות

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A JOURNEY FROM VIENNA TO ATHENS  
THROUGH BELGRADE, AND THESSALONICA IN GREECE

There wasn't much left.  
we were bankrupt, you might say,  
as we roled through the Slavian night.

Six upright in a box  
from Belgrade, to Thessalonica, in Greece.

The police were not quick, but ready.  
customs.  
food control  
border patrol.

at two in the morning  
before light of day  
from Belgrade, to Thessalonica, in Greece.

In the A.M. I struck out for breakfast  
Parting some nine cars behind.  
Over bag and boxes and crates of people  
some standing, some looking, some lying.

But

At Thessalonica they disappeared  
with the boxes, bags and crates.  
The train rolled on to Athens.  
We churned to a stop at the station  
Belgrade and Thessalonica now far behind.  
And I can't for the life, recall in my mind  
what happened on that train  
from Belgrade, to Thessalonica,

in Greece.



A DAY IN THE LIFE

There wasn't any need to promise  
success.

Ease, simplicity, certainty. But yes.

ארכיון אמנות במרחב הציבורי

That only causes my backbone  
to cave in a little further behind.

Instead of you doing it for me,

I suggest that I do it myself next time.

So that if I fall (which I won't)

If my backbone caves in

One of us will be left strong  
to call on the Chimneysweeper.