

BlazeVOX 2k9

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Sammy D

A good natured guy,
classy, like a movie star.
Sammy D could be found
almost anywhere along
West Eighth Street
in the Village. A store
owner might go to
his door and holler,
hey, Sammy, and wave.
He was always smiling
like he heard a funny joke.
Like others, he came to
New York to make it
as an artist. He had the
money to start, but he
seemed adrift, pleasantly
evasive, more interested
in helping other artists,
including dancers and actors.
He came out of private
lessons of some sort,
and it seemed that the
art scene threw him off
his mark somehow.
You got to be alone to
be a painter, but that
wasn't Sammy D. He was
used to giving, not taking.
That was his problem.

Pogrom 1919

Your letters are classified,
and I am in trouble for not
remembering the chains
that tie my arms to the
wolf's tail, the cello bow
that gives the wind a throat.
Birds too heavy to sit in the
branches of trees. Those
unmistakable strangers
who cornered the book
market livelihood, rising
with book matched fires,
and were amiable in their
beautiful dreams of escape.
Visions of problems and
focus, visions of objects
to arrange a plague that
one can turn from, like
reindeer joining the
storm's march. Walking
in servitude to the mud,
the blood oranges raining
from the sky with their
unprincipled stems,
attacking the ground,
the fumes of gathering
places, the automatic
citizenship we try to
boycott again and
again. I know I am in
trouble for not
remembering the
chains that tie my arms
to those unmistakable
strangers and their
crusade to sift through
someone else's arranged
proximity to the old style
market place, weighed on
scales like poultry, those
who held together across
the perilous ridge.