

## Aliah Rosenthal

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### another's dream

for one night I appeared in Maryland.  
speeding company  
back on my hot seat,  
    window wipers quench asphalt  
angel dusts my pocket  
    deal me in  
rock rock  
    smoke smoke

headlights meet metal combustion  
all hollow bodies fragment  
barely scratch  
    my upper cuts  
arrested by everyday powers  
phony accusations by state infomercial  
handcuffs pulling you up by the bootstraps  
    throw away all keys  
dem iron bars ring  
    people say  
        !! we are trying to help you !!

why so hard to be the most  
insane person  
alive?

dangerous times  
    hanging off  
        some body words

## **Lower East Sides**

only one question, was asked of me

all year round

When did “you“realize?

born on the lower east side.

That you were fuckin

I was just a boy, I say,

fed on mid-century paint chips and marijuana seeds  
sown between floorboards

Can't be true----sounds too magical, free weed at age  
three?

Yes and every night the hollow moon moaned over the  
tenth Street sky

---look out your window, little boy, look...

like Flashing glowing electrodes, meaty areolas, pressed  
against a grimy tenement window.

Waiting for me to peek through the blinds. not just one  
pair of jugs but two.

---“this is how you eat pussy”

Can't be true, sounds too magical, the  
embodiment of Sappho

and her love at window's greasy edge?

a boy can learn a lot on the lower east side, I say.

for one:

identification and classification of dog muzzles

a druggie's German Shepherd will chase you up 4 flights  
of stairs, but since ya neighbors, usually won't nip a ya  
balls

and most pit bulls are never leashed,

so always look at the owner

---bitter-faced mutterings you're A-OK,

---exuberant merriment grin, pray to god you ain't  
flatfooted.

But what about all those ahhhhhhrtists?  
those mind breaths wrestling towards heaven...

Ahhhhhhhhh(buuddist like)...! we all grew up  
here in the beard of the poet,

twirling alphabets, hair-raising exclamations from  
precious mouths...

on the streets, a dichter on every corner:

Daniel Krakauer's camp window on Avenue B

Rosebud's faded beret

Orlovsky's wielding machete and cock

Harry Smith made me draw a tree. Number each leaf.  
It's for my research. The child's mind is infinite. Can  
you have it done by next tuesday...? I could only count  
up to 40 leaves...

findings are still inconclusive....

Sounds too good to be true, too magical...Did the spirits  
also form amongst the people ?

Yes, The Sanghas of east 12th street, the tough 6 a.m.  
cannoli worship over street game at De Robertis...

And to hear the orator at the St. Mark's Shul. Literaly ,  
transformative. The gathering throngs billow gutterals  
atop the stanza's holy minarets... Alllah u akbar allah u  
akbar. ( we relished these written gods ).

(in a whisper)

oh now i see, this place is magic, a stepping stone, to far  
off clouds...

Not so fast slick--- death too came to the lower east side:  
a man shot, 1987 or was it 88, a hit for sure,

not so innocent, but his blood was. Stained the avenue,  
red, like a new york summer's heatwave eternity...It was

the same scream, wee hours of the morn, when poet  
michael scholnick left the page in one fell Stroke of the  
pen..... jotting down,å impermanence is everything

See, jack, It wasn't all a fun and games, not the kind of  
fun where your first whale of a blow job is in the Mars  
Bar's stopped-up crapper. I am still waiting to take  
“that” shit, no need to be jealous.

But what about today the kiddies ask?

Every man is pissed off in the “east village” now. A  
“real” Estate colonization. An overdose of sugar daddies  
for an illiterate brunch. Dark whispers over shiny  
edifice, crazy mad for word power, kiss the ring fealty,  
forget your family:

I'm sixty and change and Where's my fame?

When did “you“ realize?

You were born Right here

Fucking right here on the lower east side.

**Aliah Rosenthal** poet/performer was born in a 5th floor tenement wakup in the East Village of NYC. He is the godson of Allen Ginsberg, and works for the Ai Weiwei Studio in Berlin, Germany. His third book of poems comes out in April 2019 via YP Press, New York.