

Judy Katz-Levine – Three Poems

Talking To Drew

In it there is a psalm - to call out -
he asked me to say the 23rd psalm
over the phone. he who had been
stricken with a stroke but we
went over the part about death
quickly and then
"I will fear no evil" the phone call
was sweet and once he pressed his ear
to the phone too hard so it
disconnected then
I called back and the day after that was
sweet and extremely quiet we talked
about songs as well as a man who had
been in a tiger cage in Vietnam and
Japan and the Zen monks

There Are Those Of Us Who Are Close By

The rain has ended. Impervious to walls, we learn.
Weeping has become possible.
Leaves of curry fall.

Never before has there been such a windless afternoon.

We turn off the news which bears too much anguish.
There are those of us who gather in the streets,
walking and remaining engaged.

Always a tune in our pockets, always a tango in our hands.

Leaves of the oak turn crimson and fall.
We bounce back from sorrow. We unite.

An Understanding

Pellucid air - sheets of light.
We come to understand each other.

The wedding, the thrush flying to the dogwood.
We play the gig.

Become unraveled
in our intentions, not planning.

The rush of a train,
the muteness of a stone in the barren garden.

We clasp each other's hands, gather our friends around us.
The leaves like faces.

We will remember
how we understand each other,
a silent nod, a sigh over the lentil salad.

Judy Katz-Levine is an internationally published poet with poems recently published in *Blue Unicorn*, *Salamander and Ibbetson St.* and *Allegro Poetry (UK)* (in press) and two full-length collections of poetry - *Ocarina* (SARU/Tarsier 1996) and *When The Arms Of Our Dreams Embrace* (SARU 1991). Her most recent chapbook is *When Performers Swim, The Dice Are Cast* (Ahadada 2009). She is also a jazz flutist and recently performed at the New England Center for Homeless Veterans on Christmas Day.