

### 3 Poems by Sam Friedman

#### The Sandy Next Time

As the water rose  
to occupy Wall Street,  
ten thousand helicopters  
flew massed dollars out  
lest all that cabbage salt to slaw  
and the balance of payments  
blow out to sea.

Merrill Lynch's bull  
splashed its massive chiseled hooves  
in feral panic  
at going underwater  
like all the homes  
it had helped foreclose.

Liberty Tower,  
floated off across the Atlantic,  
all 1,776 feet of it.  
It was last seen from a flood fleeing yacht,  
erect like Frankenstein's kindred creation,  
adrift in the ever-rising sea,

while high-flying drones  
lassoed bales of stampeding stock certificates  
lest any bankers lose their cents  
once and for all,

and armed battalions arrested  
everyone  
who lacked a trust fund  
and tried to flee.

#### Bible stories

If they ask me, "Who's your idol,  
in the Bible, book of fables,  
who's the one you'd wish to be?"  
But my models aren't in Bible,  
quite ignored are such as they,  
servants of the groaning table,

never mentioned,  
such as they.  
In the tale of high-lord Noah,  
captain of that fateful liner,  
quite omitted are the sailors,  
cooks and pursers, all the bailers,  
quite neglected are my models,  
who walked the cats, the dogs, and camels,  
quite omitted is the scooper,  
ark's most shunned-from pooper-scooper,  
first Green worker that we know of,  
quite ignored in Bible lore.

### **At peace, at ease**

I sit beneath these  
springtime trees  
that shake before  
today's cool breeze

and as I sit,  
at peace, at ease,  
I think of kids  
in far Bil'in

whose rest might end  
in rendered limbs,  
who sleep beset  
by dreams of beatings,

whose trees, if any,  
bear their final olives  
before Israelis cut them  
down.

So I sit beneath these  
springtime trees  
and sit at peace  
and think at ease

of kids who shake  
at every sound,  
of kids who quake  
at every breeze.