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## Kaddish

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## KADDISH

for my father

After the gas tanks break  
and wings fold back like swallows,  
after the rain and flames,  
father, lead me to the ark  
of uncluttered light,  
the black veins of your wounded throat.

Let me pray at last  
in alsike and rye,  
on this hillside north of Massillon,  
where the Tuscarawus rises  
and leeches wait at the shore  
for me to slough my broken skin  
and bob downstream  
with the swift current and sludge.

Father, give me to the green  
Jerusalem of grass,  
where you sailed down  
from an ignited sky, down  
over the quailing maples.

Lead me back, father,  
from the river's greased shore,  
press my hands over your dark,  
punctured neck, show me smuts  
and molds where they grow  
in the split hollows  
of your wrists and ribs.

Give me to the green  
shoots that hold us fast  
in the thick, downward  
whirling earth, the healed fault  
where you fell,  
the acres of uneroded grass.