

Gerard Sarnat

Renewal

Ten AM, Yom Kippur bubbling two nights hence,
we take a break from our matriarch's impending death,
walk hand in hand fast (wordless) into the village,
where, for a few kind minutes, the smell of coffee
brewing moves my breath and mind away
from loss staring us straight in the face...

Right there on ritzy Wilshire Boulevard
in front of Beverly Hills' Rolls Royce Agency,
my wife and I glimpse a motionless lump
of malodorous clay laying on the sidewalk --
likely unconscious, ignored/unnoticed by most,
yet blocking the way of two angry burghers
simply looking to upgrade old wheels
before the Jewish New Year tolls.

A Brief History of Neurotransmitters

First runners' high endorphins
let genies out
of brave new world sneakers.

Then endocannabinoids
became the latest greatest bet yet
to beat Parkinson's, tame schizophrenia.

More recently dream drug Rimonabant
seemed to melt flab by blocking the munchies
stopping weed smokers' hookahs dead in their tracks.

And just yesterday I heard the Dalai Lama say
if PET scans show meditation don't work for his monks
he'll junk it for whatever does.

Circling the Square

Attending my twenty-fifth (and first) reunion,
crashing an out-of-the-closet-onlys symposium
at St. Paul's (a boys' school at the time) --- I
ruffled crimson feathers with the impish passing quip
that Middlesex County meant more than we knew
(or at least let on) so many years ago in Harvard Square.