

The Pyramid of Mankind

For one,
Stands on two,
Who stands on three,
And who stands on four,
Who stand on ranks ad infinitum.

.....

Men and women whose future we were are gone.
Now we are the present and early past
Of friends, colleagues and students
With whom we exchanged, experienced and imbued.
Gone are those on whom we stood while crawling;
Those whose strength we supped while learning;
Those whose wisdom disclosed new pathways:
Salute! — Before the ranked generations
Sink into the silts of time . . .

Louis Kraft, Ezeikiel Londow, Janet Weissman,
Ruth Fizdale, Sophie Blumstein, Flora LaVine, Gertrude Davis,
Clara Rabinowitz, Helen Perlman, Gordon Hamilton, Abe Halkin,
Harry Glucksman, Abe Rosenthal, Henry Gezunterman,
Herman Jacobs, Leibush Lehrer, Morton Gottschalk,
Doc Guernsey, Pop Jahoda, Morris Kwit, Sam Raphaelson,
Ted Goodman, Oscar Janowsky, Morris Cohen, Mortimer Clark,
John Fitch, Herbert Aptekar, Jehuda Shapin, Bob Gomberg,
Don Hurwitz, Oscar Susskind, Harry Rivlin, Sol Liptzin,
Natalie Dunbar, Philip Klein, Edvard Lindemann, Walter Pettit,
Grace Hutchinson, Fern Lowry, Marion Kenworthy,
Irving Samuels, Pop Lauder, Paul Weissman . . .
Yea, Graenum, Sam, Toby, Ben, Barney, Jack . . .
And the vast bright host of leaders, teachers,
Kibitzers, believers, doubters, coaches and provocateurs;
Supporting agencies, schools and communities
Who allowed me to stand and learn on two or more:
To acquire a new tradition of social service
I absorbed as mitzvah with mama-loshen
But knew not then.
Be honoured! Venerated! And restored by memory . . .
Before the silts of time absorb the ranked generations

.....

For one,
Stands on two,
Who stands on three,
And who stands on four,
And who stands ever more . . .

In Tribute: VTR Musings
for Lou Sobel and Moe Beckelman

Lou:
You left your mantle drifting
In the suffocating sea
And we were left orphaned
By loss of sweet encouragement
Calm acceptance and love

Moe:
Your bold advocacy for truth
Ready to dare the dragon's dungeons
Contending with the nazi thugs
Your mission fallen in unknown alps
Your heritage upheld in careers
Nurtured, modeled and filled by you . . .

In Tribute: VTR Musings
for Bob Gomberg and Don Hurwitz

Bob:
Agile as the eagle
Graceful in action and perception
Precisely he dove into problems
Intuited solutions sensitively.
My sparrow to his eagle
Pantingly I followed
He soared to lift us
And tumbled while nesting young
Awaited other dawns.

Don:
His doodles depict demons
Clownishly, squaring the circle
Of budgets and priorities
Raconteur of witty puns to disclose
Fervent compassion
Disciplined heart
Doodling in reflection and action
Paraclete of leadership.

Gone yet green in VTR musings . . .

Two Haiku Landscapes

by David Weiss

On park playgrounds,
Folks push children
On swings as birds
Push fledglings to fly.

.....

Pert fragrant spring
Arrives with green velvet
And Winter's heavy yoke
Lifts.

The Condominiums of Miami
(a la Alfred Tennyson)

The old order changeth not,
Yielding grudgingly to the new.
Generations unto generations there appear
Relationships that flower into rue.

Forcibly changes arrive but the wrinkled
Go not willingly into oblivion.
The old order struggles against change,
Snuggling in repose in its condominium.