THE ZOHAR OF AGING

When I see you, friend,

mind hog-tied in re-

calcitrant body, you

swatting flies off New

Yorker stacks, your

body asserting hap-

hazard claims to gassy

urgings, you, sick, I

can't help thinking

of the minefield of

God, He dithering past

omniness, mumbling

to Himself (who else

might He talk to?),

through the jury-rigged

construction site, of, oh

give them hell, the pre-

Big-Bang universe. And

like you, shuffling to

the world's overstuffed

medicine cabinet, He

also had to look for

His glasses (while a galaxy

or two spun off His

stumbling), and He too

put them down smack dab

into the vaseline jar the

tempter nudged right there,

and both of you, in the

ache, curse, and axing act

of survival, tease out

word, the world, a song

that came before song,

ground truths, this:

the beginning (after

the end that will

not come) created God.