NOAH HIMSELF

ANTHROPOLOGIC SCRATCHING

POETRY, ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEAN KADMON



For Max W. Ball, my father

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Of Noah

Even its numerous varieties of plants reflect the crossroad that ridges and valleys of the watering place Jerusalem became from early time of hominids. No wonder that tales by a people who wandered there and settled in it, have set ways and thinking around the globe.

This book of poems and illustrations presents fresh comment on their tales, especially on those of Noah soon after a 2010 AD geological discovery of a great flooding. The flooding happened when Mediterranean-Aegean, waters broke through a sill in the Dardanelles or Hellespont, filling the land basin that became the Black Sea. The year of the flooding is estimated to have been 5,200 BC. If so, it is not long before building of the great Pyramids and city of Ur.

"Noah Himself" also presents tales and behaviors related to the Noah Biblical story and to living near sites of the beginnings of civilization.

Jean Kadmon who wrote the poems and created its illustrations, has lived most of her life in Jerusalem of present day Israel. Daughter of a geologist raised in Colorado, her background in Anthropology was at the University of Chicago after a beginning understanding of Ancient Civilization in University of Alberta.

Jean Kadmon's writing and visual bents were developed in Jerusalem and the artist village Ein Hod on Mt. Carmel within sight of the Mediterranean.

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NOAH HIMSELF

cleaning agents

weeks
years
necessary

for holy mystics

are superfluous
to love
true

no streams
for bathing
have to be entered

no penitence

posture

sudden glance
sudden smile

are adequate

for space

cosmos

fence is gone

fence is gone

men are on their way
to stars

still they speak in babble

nor know
where heaven lies

reversing history

is Ark sea worthy

through what storms
can it carry me
mine

animals

two by two
while fish in sea
are mercury poisoned

and others
whose bodies
wash around

sink

their staring eyes
cries

will sound of shofar
jackal howl
cat meow

blow ship to safety

or wind

here am I
but
speaks His voice

above Web

in rectitude

whenever I recall

greatest sin of
Andaman islanders –

laughing at bees
whom islanders know
are ancestors

I dutifully appreciate

forerunners
of my line-

creepy crawlies
snails
worms

distant cousins

bats



Andes Waterwall

(1m x 1mn oil from photo by Joni. Kosloff)

concerning awe

is that what it's about

watching jungle elephants
carry
dead-dear bones
from here to there
has me ask

do elderly pachyderms
know
they will be ritualized
or plan on heaven
with a lost love

after film
grandson and I
went into clear
Jerusalem night

aware that space ships
could carry us far out
to tramp on moon
picking up
mineral specimens
rocks

but we would not
find trilobite
nor coal bed

of better luck
further out

no human nor
elephant
could tell us

in red wine

(for Nora)

gesturing from
picnic bench
across depth
of Eocene valleys

to Holy City
with gold dome
gold onions

above it all
university radar tower

we toasted Darwin
in red wine

on flint ridge behind us
were axes
scrapers
of Paleolithic hunters

terraces where David
when lad
might have piped
sheep
goats

wine fossils flint-tools
worked gold scholars
radar sheep
David's poetry
came out of
selected cellular activity

creature
botanic
vitality

on losing weight

I am stout bundle
of my loved

on attempts
to reduce

a voice will ask to sail
on Cooking Lake

another scolds
I've not phoned

then will duck whir
bring autumn as no other

just as there's no ride
like one from 63rd to 20th
on Broadway bus

fresh voices emerge
perhaps I am embraced

who can I throw out

I give up
remaining unfashionably
as I am

willing to be fatter



bundle (etching)

from scientific family

it is difficult
to be loyal

I do not dare
talk to my plants

but if I meticulously
water
stir soil

dust each single leaf
once a day

all plants in room

will glisten
grow fast

talk to me



Mt. Aetna cauldron
(oil - 100 x 70cm)

Aetna without sandal

dabbing oil paint
on Aetna cauldron
of Empedocles*

I thought of take-offs
ending people
gruesomely

mystic truth made
Empedocles leap

wraps boys
in bomb belts

inside sealed tombs
pyramids

wives servants
beside Pharaoh
mummies

became ritual-ecstatic
until
air gave out

in desert China
pottery soldiers
for emperor's beyond
were filled with souls

of slaughtered ones

Empedocles, the first recorded mystic, was a wealthy Greek, born about 400BC in Agrigento on south coast of Sicily/ Like today's Sufis, Empedocles was fire queer. Expecting to return, he pulled on new pair of sandals, climbed down to a ledge, jumped into volcano. One sandal spewed out.

forbidden fruit

rather than sigh
over verses
of primal temptress

I become lemur eyes
piercing through leaves
grasping plum

with agile finger

for ancestor
I prefer tree creature

Eve seems so dumb

figment of henpecked men
in desert draw
wistful for
orchard beyond horizon

story teller relates
oasis with bad snake
was lost by too much
knowing

revelation is
neighboring tribe knows
better way
to chip flints

from ridge
woman scolds down
to Eden huddle

whirlwind
scatters goat

inheritance
(for Ayelet)

little
in me
has improved
since Lucy*

I even like sleeping
on ground

though
mosquitoes
have me
accept beds

pills
knowledge
keep me going

I wonder if Lucy
found out
about happiness

if things in Africa
then

allowed her
watch
small copy
of herself

chase white cat

into yellow daisy
clump

The first certain Homo sapiens skull was found in the Ethiopian rift, was female and named "Lucy".



Ho*mo sapiens*
(thumbed Lucy relatives in bronze)

sea of red

no escaping

hubris to think so
everyone says so

you won't make it

what pretension
your thumping
drums

reading
Hagadya

Pharaoh's horses

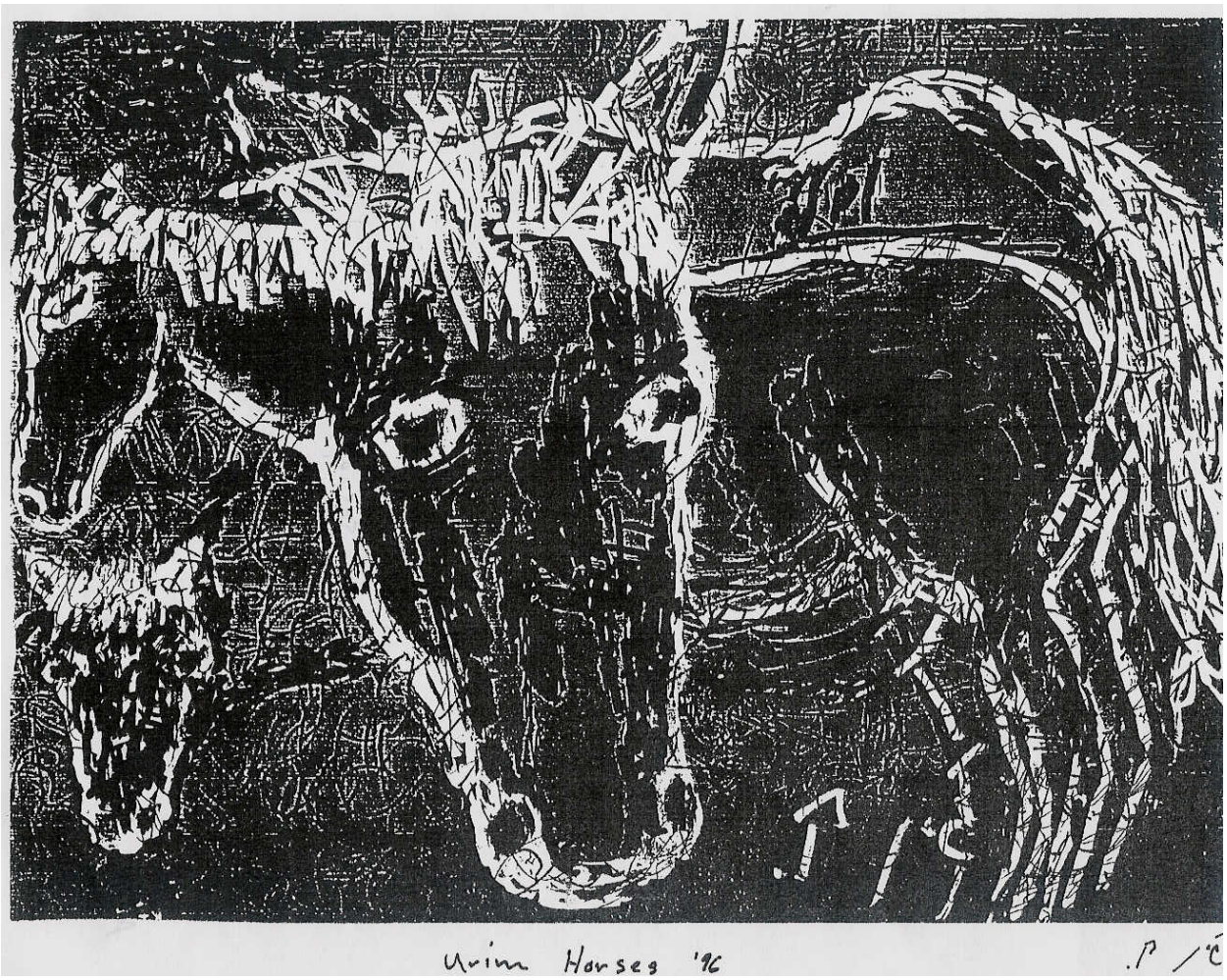
swim in souls

who dares claim
they're drowned

so I say
if slavery's
another

must be

in my stormy love
I'll gallop



Urim horses
(drawing on red paper for photo copy)

Sinai wanderings 1974

either He or Moses
twisted these peaks

three small gray birds
flit to three large boulders
each king on summit
Moses himself at summit

later, treasure
accumulated in monastery

was it mother of calf
pulling granite into taffy

frightened
I might
have sought her
nor escaped contorted anger
frozen in rocks
(2)
after while peaks gentled
into perched tree gardens
or birdsong on canyon floor

it became certain that He or
mother of calf chuckled
when melting, forming
granite tops, boulders

shaded by huge Carob tree
palm, several almonds
I chuckled

not keeping commandments
became less worrisome

I made my own



Sinai Mountains in Green
(oil - 70x80 cm)

burning speculation
(for Dan and Ronnie)

my Bible-Belt-farm-boy pa
so loved his science
he supposed Burning Bush
seep of gas

his grandsons' sentences of
tunneling repelling blending
atoms obeying rule of stars
keep me from accepting
legend

until I remember
long ago combination of
those rules started towards
greenery that in
Carboniferous turned into
oil or gas

then I become fevered and
He might appear

actually there is gas under
Abu Rodez* so maybe
Pa was right

when his great grandson brings
rock from Santorini whose
civilization belched into
fire, gas
I remember Atlantis

thinking it no wonder our
atomic networks of imagination
get so mixed up

they develop tall tales

**on South Sinai Coast*

rumination

people get queer
having to die

look at tale of
skewering in basement
if one is bad

or visit tomb in Egypt
with painted jars of
dried innards

in south sea huts on stilts
skulls of ancestors
were placed on shelf

I never saw grandpa
but when I sleep
I wouldn’t want him
close

worry about dying
makes some throw away
good things
like grandchild’s hug

or brings on notions
existence is veil of tears
in preparation

now that Jerusalem is
too car clogged for
pure souls

my own heavenly
destination
remains uncertain

Pamir reflections

today I contemplate
mountains sliding

(why shouldn't they
if so He wills)

will to climb

hardihood of climbers

that spiritual heights
do not compare
to sketching

in windless nook
of high peak

no wonder mountaineer
hates
old age bone aches

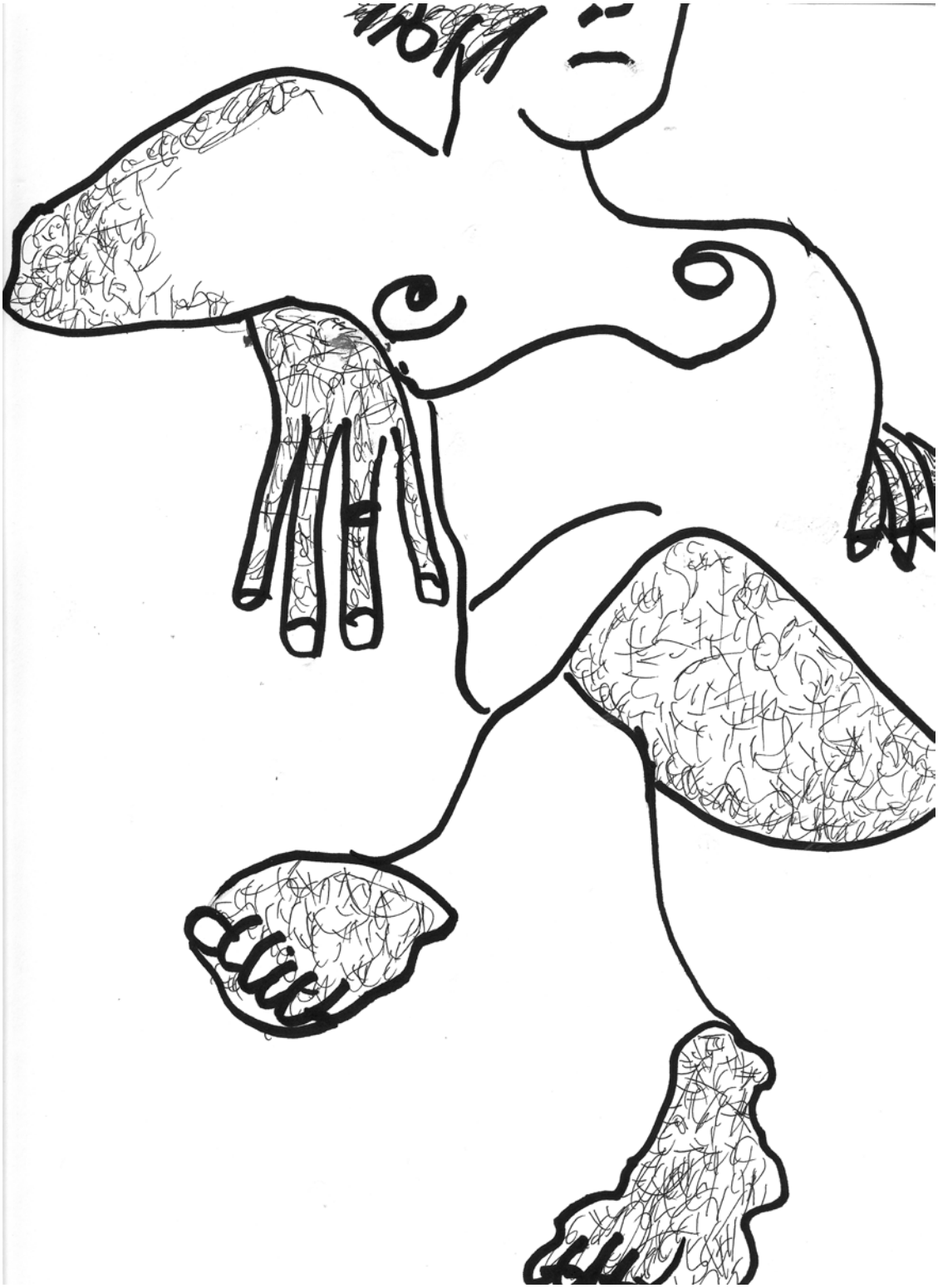
but if those heights
are captured on paper

before swooping down
by thunderous finger snap
dislodging avalanche

then one might try
ups of spirit

or

drawing a nude



nude (drawing)

bang

bang
that woke
was so loud

I supposed beyond
five city ridges

a blown up
Knesset*

but it was
another
nearby café
with reveling people

including surgeon
used to patching

anyone

bomb belted
tribal student
needs no patching

with sweeties
on high

soon I will bike across
old railroad bed
to view

new scene
so low

Knesset – Israel Parliament
in Jerusalem

South Arapaho Peak

(for Diana and Mike)

three souls
climbed so high

world took on
different shape while
daily mountains
were far
low
rounded

in sunshine revel
they climbed

garden wild
meadow or
gaunt timberline where
carpenter spoke of Jesus
poet of muse
lawyer with magnifying glass
studied striation
glaciation
orange lichen on granite

nor was up easy

after water bottle filling
in snow-patch stream
near low bushes
with tiny birds
words ceased

hawks breeze whirled

up up during tundra toil
with each in blue sky haze
panting

(continued)

(South Arapaho Peak cont.)

until on saddle
sandwich revival

daring peep through wind
at thin gouged stony
Great Divide
perched tiny glacier

what is seen from saddle
what does one think

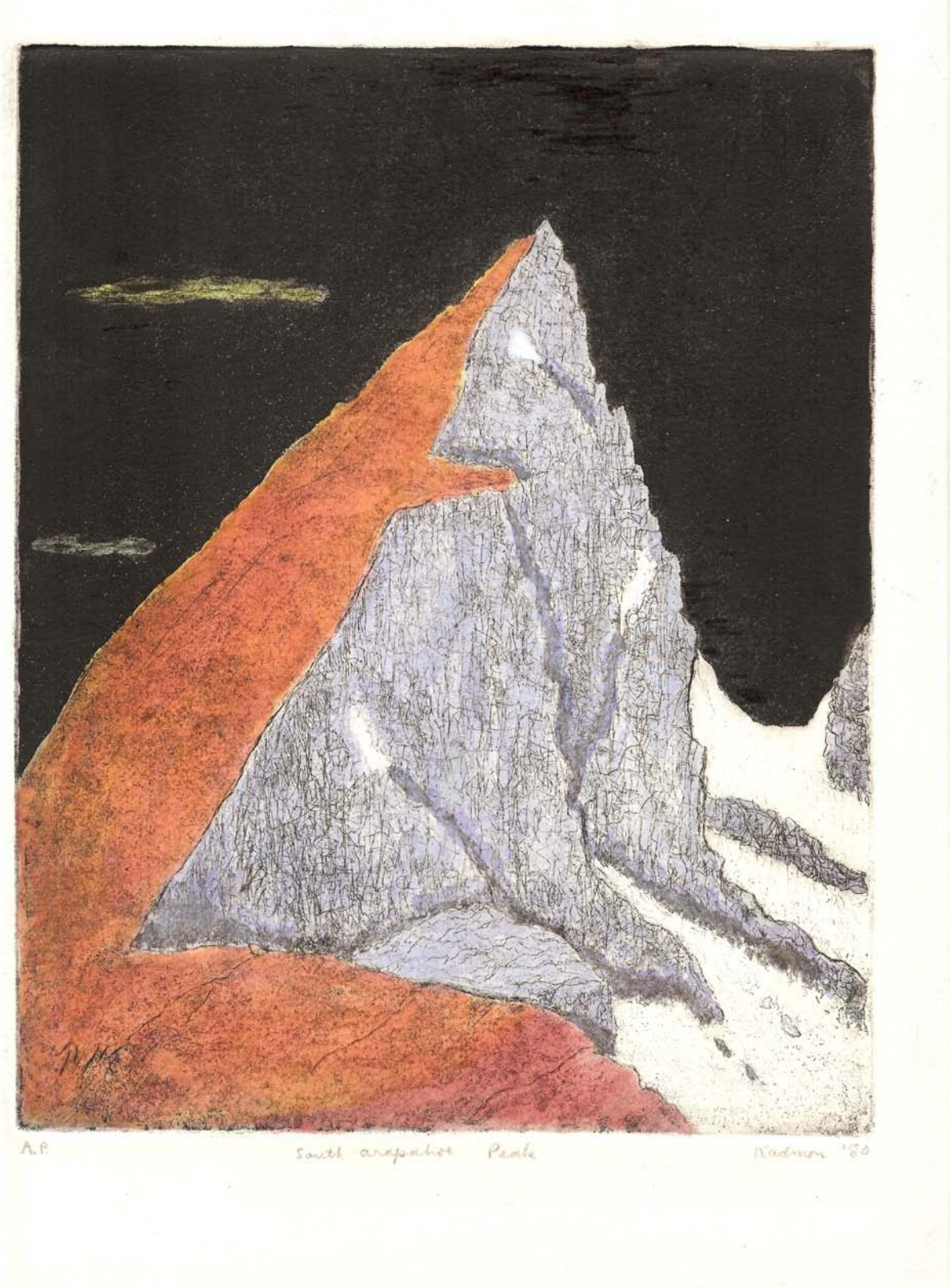
down there poet said
I climb Baldy to view
where we are
and now view Baldy

low
barely discernible
familiar patch
dear known patch
in wilderness of peak

so voluminous was space
carpenter hunting
his Lord climbed higher

poet drew hidden
crannies
deep valleys with
spots of iced lake

lawyer uneasy exclaimed
low down Plains
stretched out
on rock
in dream
winged far below
to trees



South Arapaho Peak with glacier
Front Range, Colorado
(colored etching)

Delphi's command

on wild-flower
mountainside

perch

above watery deep
of Earth

sit columns
theater seats
fallen blocks

of Delphi

today

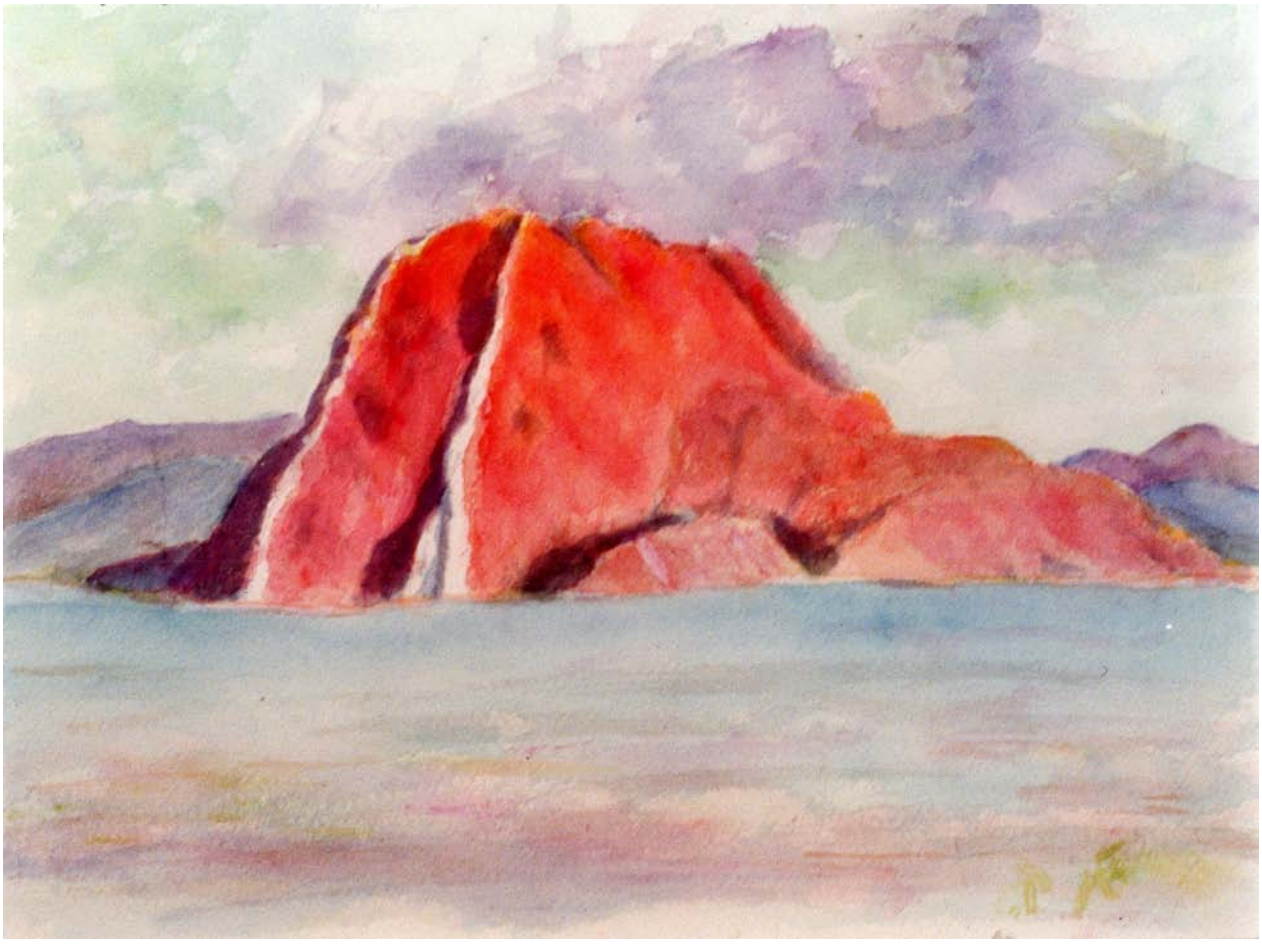
motto
above its gate-

can sing

"Gnothi Seaton"

("Know Thyself")

who knew how
until
Sigmund Freud?



sun on peak by flooded Greek deep
(watercolor)

subversives

(for Prof Y Liebovitz)

but always I revere
cranky men

whose mouths
let loose

are they not shouting

if only things
were
different

if only we were

I ache
at what they say

then cross through
traffic
to post office with
sweets

for my soldier son

for his son

at grim tasks

today
correct complainers
are not given

cups of hemlock

not nailed up
on sticks

wobble, sardine city

at very end
of millennium

with tourists
body to body

in alleyways
of holiest city
on globe Earth

shadow of giant planet
wobbling Pegasus star*

was imaged every three
and a half days
by remote control

of Arizona telescope

tourists awaited
swallowing
of sinners
after great strife

their Lord's coming
in white robe
to live among them

second time

***(The star wobble revealed for the first time,*
possibility of another star like sun of Earth
with a planetary system.)

no stitch nor drap

in only bathroom
every morning

teetotaler Pop

showered

shaved without
stitch

and I

small girl
allowed by him
to perch alone
in elm tree
at dawn

among
singing robins

became
not wickedly
Hamish*

but paddler of
my
canoe

Noah's son Ham related
to his brothers that he saw
their father naked and drunk.
Thus Ham's descendents were
cursed sinners.

Abu Simbel surprise

in travel up Nile
Ramses II everywhere
is huge

or broken
scattered
with wrist wart
big as melon

rather than bow
in holy awe
traveler shrugs “fake"

especially since texts know
better than drawings
on many wall of Ramses
overcoming Hittite troops

fed up with big brother sell
I nearly refused flight to that
final temple
where Ramses
is row stiffed with
other enormous divines

but there
at end of Egypt
I trembled

on two or three columns
was Nefertari

a wife of charm
courted by delicate
loving

Ramses



holey descendent of Noah son
(smoked ceramic)

you who moves my voice

(for SH)

you who moves
my voice

breathes into me

is it you
softly in room
jangles of world

gone

you are opposite
sipping coffee

I am happy

update
(for G)

on way to heaven
reading Lucian

I rested on moon

expecting man
to point way

but all was stone

a voice told me to
hurry back

I returned through
devastated years

and there you were

quietly in
a garden

****In first century A.D.***
Lucian of Samoset
Turkey wrote satire
and science fiction.
Traveling by boat
he lectured round
the Roman Empire



***Jerusalem from Promenade* (oil)**

quietly in dim
(for G)

quietly in dim

you soothe
with

fired light

agonies of too seeing

submerge
in

life's laughtered
surge

ordinary day
(for Nelly)

singing spring birds
city of clear air

eschewing holiness
I run in dancing mood
to find below window
flint hand-axe of
left-handed man

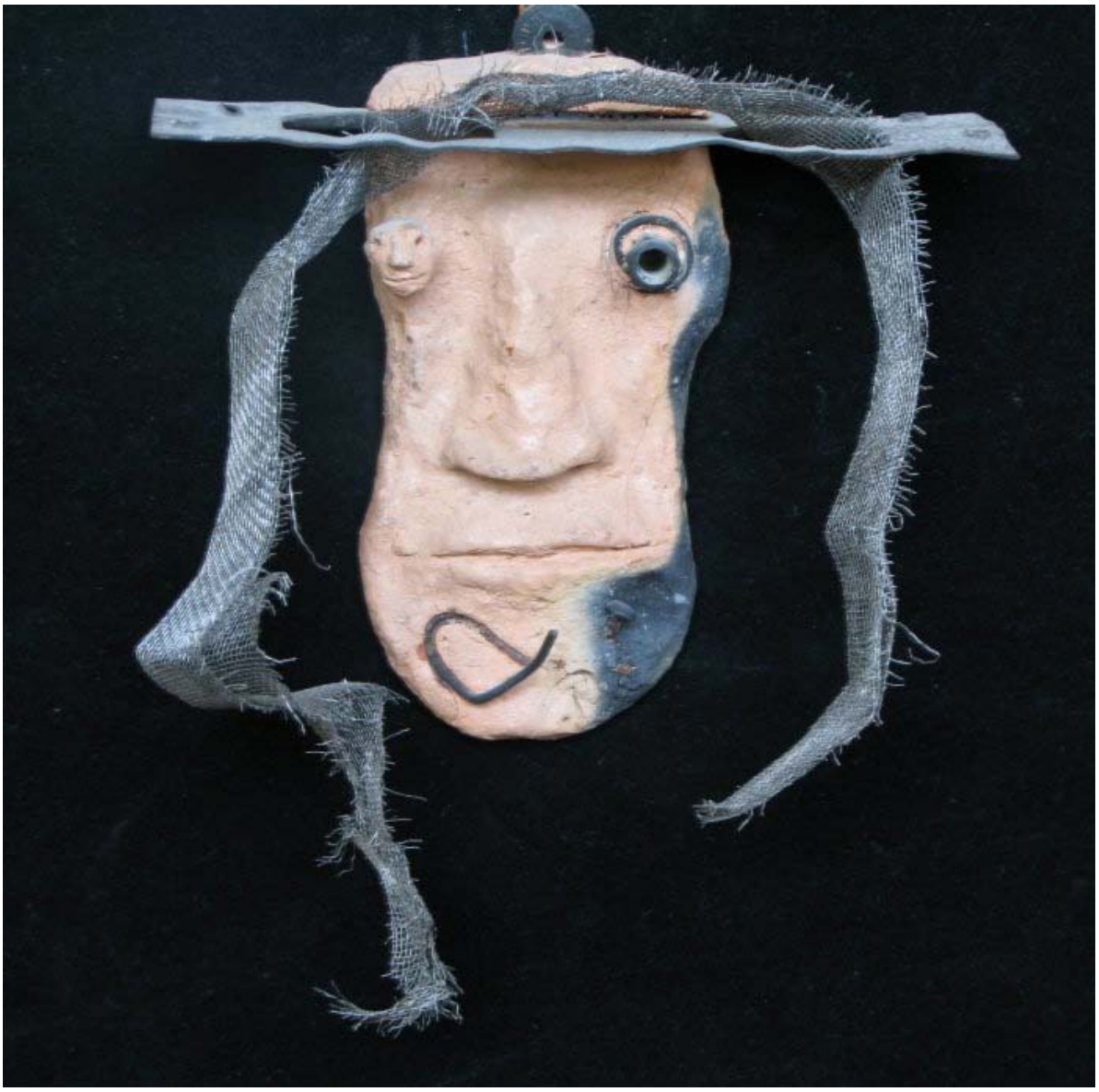
museum suggests
before uplift, rift
axe chopped branches
one hundred thousand
years ago
two hundred
thousand .....

gazing over desert wadis
to piney hilltop city
I imagine cold rain
flooding forested plain

sheep in munch around me
turn my thoughts to David
harping on that spot

and to rocking
one of his descendants
a left-handed child

at night on
Keren Hayesod street
I listen to Pauline Oliveros
sing with accordion
of wilderness, bells, barley
olives, clarity
holiness



Old Salt - Noah Perhaps
(ceramic with vacant lot junk)

Sounion

in 1898
W.E.Wallace of Dundee
scratched name on
temple column

did his ship anchor
by heathen cliff
he young sailor

if alive
he’s today an ancient
in heather
like on purple plateau
near Sparta

if I disturb columnar purity
by scratching my name

a Sally Kettle might scratch
below it as she did
below Byron's

what is so pure
about temple
on rocky prow of sea

why do I believe
father of waters
will emerge
from islands below to
accept autumn libation

in which I have dipped
paint brush

competition

I spent morning

moving waterfall

He takes ages longer
obeying as he must

His own rule of atom

I obey nothing

I’ve made
mountains dance

but my painting
has no rush

boom

of tumbling
water

