

Five Poems

Christopher Mulrooney

base of operations

ritual service

Lidice

a Jew in Berlin

Los Angeles St.

base of operations

the old promontory
buy it for a song
gaze down upon the below-named inferiors
and let one go or not
admire the view
simply

ritual service

what are its teeming flocks
like the Sermon on the Mount
like the Hebrews in Egypt
a patient people and very avid after learning

the disciplines brought to bear in the city upon the learned and unlearned
there was a score of rote and damnation
that petered out in an idlesome collect

and that was the law that laugh that monumental rite
of enormous fakes an idol of the city "a man like a city"

Lidice

the town that was and is named elsewhere
on the map
like Spartacus on the Appian Way

a Jew in Berlin

balked of my city balked of my prey
for I would dine of dullards
and they multiply protected
till I scarce can set one foot outside my door

Los Angeles St.

the dangerous curves ahead
malingeringly multiplied
linger in the august memory
of slaves here and abroad
to a pink fashion sense
roadmending abolishes quite

this is the street of heavenly views
the Amsterdam and Zurich marts
compounded daily on an account
severely multiplied in recondite addition

on a wine chest the silver salver
and brazen charger receive the slip
of paper identifying the culprit
it is a moment of supreme silence

the witness is large or small effaced
to be sure leaving nothing but a mind
scarred to be sure and no road more
assured than this one line by line

About the author

Christopher Mulrooney has written poems in *Streetnotes*, *Pacific Review*, *Or*, *Tulane Review*, *Weyfarers*, and *Orbis*.