

THE TRANS
FORMATION
OF A STUBBORN
SILVER JACKASS
INTO A SPARK
OF JOY GATE

I
was
little
in the 1930's
sixty years ago
In my father's cozy
office on the seventeenth
floor of the big Federal Trust
Building at 24 Commerce Street
in old Newark, 2, N.J.

On his oak desk under the wide glass sheet covering all kinds of pictures,
(and my, age 4, running away from home note in large blood red crayon block
letters, "Dear Mommy going to run away because I am sick and tired of Mickey
hurtling me," and my, age 5, first letter in thick lead pencil block letters, "Dear Father.
I would like to make clothing like the cave people wore. I need a burrito bag for my suit.
Will you please help me get a bag? Your loving son David.") – There stood a silver jackass. "It
is a creature that never moves. You have to move them," my father explained. "Some bad people
beat them with sticks and still they don't move. He is very stubborn." "What's his name?" I asked,
"David." It had a flint strip down its back along its spine. The jackass was filled with lighter fluid.
"David." In its head was a silver plume attached to a flint rod immersed in lighter fluid inside its silver
chest. When I was at his office, I would always ask him what it was. He would pull the rod
out of the jackass head with great attention, scratch the flint strip on the jackass back up
its spine to its head and produce flame and say, "Cigar lighter. Someday you'll light
your own, Klieger Katzen," with his sharp smile twinkling eyes. "What?" I would
inquire silently. "You're olive." He would say very importantly, "You'll see,
Eagle Eye." "Truman." "Many years
later I was here reading, light of
" heaven and ." earth is like a
light with in a crystal
lamp, the lamp is in a
niche and is lit from a
blessed olive tree
not of the east and
west, the oil of which
shines of its self. Light
upon light. As park
of joy flew up my
spine and set- tled
round my neck and
shoulders like an
electric sta- tic jew-
eled necklace lace of
re- mem- bran- ce
of a silver jack- ass
and a sharp twin- kle
smile.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Old is sharp. Young is bright. The difference is that both are light jokes.
Thee.The.The.The.The.That's old, young, big, small, short, tall, near, far is all light upon light upon light, folks.