Tombeau III for Bruno Schulz (1892-1942)

to have done with
the day’s account

do not shower just yet
in tomorrow’s lap

where the street ends
someone has drawn

would-be stumps deeply cut
golem said to rewrite

history’s slogan, if only
you could read the wretched

meaning of the eternal, beat him
to the punch, this fata morgana

this lurid self-parody
in the cinnamon shop

would surrender its rotten spread