

For Modern Man (1914–1964) R.I.P.

“Mentally he is on all fours... And what he fears most – God pity him – is his own image” – *The Time of the Assassins*
“Humanity must perform prey on itself / Like monsters of the deep” – *King Lear*

– by Michael Horovitz

It's as if we were all
under the sea –
where the fallout of man
still implores
the downfall of manna –
“You don't know you're born” –
the things we used
to laugh at on the radio –
I remember hearing how in the Great War
that's what they called it
what was happening was quite clear
to nearly everybody
In the Spanish war George
Orwell was about to fire when he saw
his adversary had his pants down –
Seeing his cock seeing him drop how ordinary
how could he but see
how absurd to kill –
You could at least sometimes see what you were doing
see your enemy with your own eyes see
him seeing you –
But I remember such
mere human considerations
must needs
be over-
ruled
Govern-
mental political –
hand-me-down-blinkers – ideological
vows to thee my country
were sufficient to outwit
evidence of the senses –
Patriotism dispenses
with 'the accident of'
human life
And these days
look the miracles of science
outwit
themselves –
An enterprising soft-drinks firm invents a carton
through which Hey
Fresko! You can see
what you're drinking now –
And understanding of the atom has reached a pitch where
future generations of millions can be exterminated
alongside their descendants
at one fell buzz
Shrieking Capital! Commune! Let OUR name reign

Gandhi die in vain – Russell explain
to Socrates, Pope John
to God –
“Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!”
“Howl, howl, howl, howl!”
– would you rather die
badly, horribly
con-
tin
u
ous-
ly
– or sever
the system. Say
No. NEVER!
Blast into oblivion the Stars
The Eagle Sickle Sceptre Crown –
My ancestors came from Hungary where Horovitz
was a town
a place where people lived outdoors and died in bed
– no hate, no dread –
But my parents – trouble enough – after nine kids
they had to bear
me – in Germany.
When I was two
the Nazis came –
we had to flee
For that accident of birth it was Fight the good fight
– You're a Jerry, they said at school, &
– You're a Jew – You go to Shul –
Hardpunch Horofist I became & fought
for that same different me
not for jolly Germany, not the Chosen race
for daily face to face I saw – each one of us
chosen for the human race
– its myriad individuality
Why fight! – If fight, fight for that – for you
and you and her and he
fight for all humanity
Not in fascinated fear – as moths fight the light
– as though the atom were the monster
when it's we who have the power
to see – or cloud
the universe
a new flower
If we keep it on a human scale
– combat the darkness loud –
drown the doom boom flight of bombers' night
Unmourned mortality of a mushroom shroud –