

David Goldman

Entangled in Bureaucracy

With love to all the words

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Entangled in Bureaucracy

Poems

David Goldman

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Poems

David Goldman

Foreword

The years have passed by and I'm in my fifties. I have sown, reaped, laughed and wept. But throughout my entire life I have never gave up my poems. To this very happy day of my life, an endeavor that yielded 100 poem books entwined with laughter, pain, crying, tears, love and passion, I have written 7,500 poems. My latest work had lasted two years. I wrote relentlessly day after day and never stopped dreaming about the love of my life. This life work has 7,500 poems in 100 books that will excite you and provide you moments of pleasure. I believe that reading these poems will have you smiling with joy. Maybe someone of you will find the song most suitable to them, and it will touch them and pump up their heart. Our lives in this universe have become more trying and complex. My intent, dear readers, is to convey the message, the sentence, the idea, and the rhyme to you, because we live in a universe short in time. I wish you all enjoyable and delightful reading. I wish you all had the longed for door been opened for you. This is how I live my life and that is why it is so rife; on a cloudy, rainy day I yearn for my darling; on a summer day, I hear the waves whispering; in a spring of blossom I touch my beloved one, I long for a childhood full of fun, a world of simplicity; a

world of living, not perishing; a world of justice, not vile; a world of compassion, not guile; soon the dawn will rise with birds singing loud and clear, soon the sun will rise and appear, a new day is here, I voice my songs with love upon your ear.

**Yours with love,
David Goldman**

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Miracles will not Come Your Way

You could not guide your heart to my heart,
Your words have pushed me to a dark corner,
My love for you escaped my mind,
My heart is silent with dashing hopes abound.

It is impossible for me to live for your love,
You were Mona Lisa with impossible shades.
At times I thought you were my only love in life,
I weaved my dreams nights and days.

Miracles will never again occur in your life,
Dream of a nice picture of love,
Because you'll never experience love again
In your life.
You now say that nothing in your life is scant,
But great pain will come your way fast.

Blinded, you will feel your way to your goal
And always try to self-console...
You thought you knew everything about all,
Woman, your time has passed
And tomorrow your time will arrest...

David Goldman

Joy is Doubt

Joy is doubt, moving in and out,
Touching your doorstep and backing its route.
Where did it go, maybe to another lonely soul
Happiness touches us one by one.

You try to keep it in your mind but it disobeys,
You look for the longed for moment,
To be touched by it again,
But seldom to you has it returned,
And had you briefly feel beloved.

Enter my heart and I'll give you all, you say,
Slippery joy, please don't go, with my soul stay.
Don't let our love affair come to a halt,
But joy isn't something you can place in a vault.

Joy is doubt but it isn't known to all
That for a brief moment it touches one's soul
And gives one a chance to keep it in soft wraps,
Joy is divine,
Touching and escaping to finally lapse.

Words

Words of love are soothing me,
Words of upset make my heart bitter.
Words... words... all too important and hurting.
Words that flog or favor,
Dictating the present and future,
Words that fill with joy, words do bother.

Words are carried by the wind to another town,
Words can sometimes bring you down.
Words take you to another realm,
Words change your life and put you at the helm,
Words can make you hated or beloved.

Words decide life or death,
You are either first or last,
With the right words you can quietly rest.
At times words are empty, at times meaningful,
Saying the correct words will open the gate,
Saying the wrong ones will leave you desolate.

David Goldman

Your Stupid Pride

Time is passing by and you're out of reach,
My illusions shattered on the city's streets.
I thought to myself, I am forever your lover,
Only silence remains and now it's over.

My dream devoid of rainbow in the clouds,
I know within you thrill abounds.
Again your face wears that grief,
I know you truly loved me without a single if.

You were bold and often unfathomable,
You knew the word that would lead to a debacle.
Yes, you shattered the thin glass that is love,
And you can't track your steps to rise above.

You had other big things, all lacking perfection,
For you stupid pride you were willing to die.
I set the table of our love for you, though,
But with a deep sigh you could only say: Oh...

I Sowed a Seed of Love

I sowed and watered a seed of love,
Waited for days for nice sprouts to emerge,
I haven't played forbidden games with it,
I gave it water, sunlight, and a loving caress,
Thinking they'd sprout and reply with thanks.

The sprouts emerged and filled me with joy,
I started to see the light at the end of the tunnel.
Cleaning and caressing the soft leaves
Again and again,
I said now I would be a beloved man.

Green leaves shot from the sprouts
And a magnificent flower has grown,
Demanding and getting love for none in return.
It warmed my heart, touched the love in my soul
I thought it would adorn my life without a stall.

The flower spread its fragrance,
Which I took deep inside,
I talked to the flower and it closed and got dried,
It used to excite me and infuse me with fire.
The flower that sprang from the seed and sprout
Was not wise but fool,
I gave my flower its life
And now I'm coming to myself.

David Goldman

It's Always the Same

It always happens and it's always the same,
I think I have found love and then it ends.
Somehow it always vanishes in haste,
And there I'm left with bitter taste.

You always begin kind and sympathetic,
In bond with your narrow world
You appear apathetic.
At times I think you're perplexed and confused,
I always open the door to my heart for you.

You present yourself with the perfect setting,
Always make yourself appear different.
And I ask you to be and discard that extra hue,
And you always expect me to try hard and woo.

It always happens and it's always the same,
It always begins great and ends up dim.
I should always be wise and nice for you,
Answer your question, always say: I love you.

Good and Bad People

There are good people, who never seek thanks,
There are good people deep in the ground,
There are good people, who always get slapped,
There are good people who keep praying to God.

The good ones get rebuked, cursed and rejected,
Bad ones are feared of and always elected.
And good ones always have to work for the bad,
The good ones must beg and wander instead.

There are good people, who haven't got a penny,
The rich, bad ones are bereft of peace of mind.
Sometimes, the good ones get into despair,
This world is impossible to comprehend,
Once you start to realize, it comes to an end.

There's good and there's bad,
There's peace and there's war,
All things good or bad reek with obvious stakes.
The bad is pushing, yelling, kicking, humiliating
And the good cries: who will save me?

David Goldman

I Sing to You, Homeland

I sing you a loving, yearning song, homeland,
A song of compassion and mercy in my heart.
The Promised Land is kissed by the sun
From mountain tops
And after fifty six years all we have is flops.

The green fields, rising mountains and rivers,
The prayers of humiliated people to God.
A beautiful land, which in turn shows no mercy,
Corrupt regime
With one hundred and twenty sticky seats.

I sing to you, my renewing homeland
Fitted with a concrete dress,
I see to you, my homeland,
We could have had something else.
Every government minister
Has a guardian businessman,
Every monopoly has a lobby
To amass money while they can.

I sing to you, my homeland,
On thousands of men lost in battle,
I sing to you, my beautiful homeland,
And some will hurt very little.
Now your beauty, my homeland,
Turned into piercing pain,
Your fire burning now in vain.

State Comptroller

There's an institution called State Comptroller
That helps citizens with omissions of the ruler.
You send your complaint with the clock's hands,
And when trying to sleep it ruins your plans.

One month is gone and you're answered,
We received your letter,
And the State Comptroller will handle you,
So hope for the better.
You hope and pray the comptroller will save you
And your complaint will soon be in good hands.

Another month goes by, you're again answered
You have no firm ground, your peace deserted.
You fail to comprehend that the comptroller
Is a mosquito that doesn't bite,
It does not protect you from the government
With all its might.

The comptroller is
The administration's rubber stamp,
It's a system moving clockwise,
The State Comptroller was created
To serve the administration,
So why should the poor citizen
Get their "peace of mind"?!...

David Goldman

CID: Cop Investigation Department

I sent a letter of complaint
To the Cop Investigation Department,
I'm a simple citizen with no rich relatives.
For a good lawyer I have to sell everything,
I turned to CID, the people of conscience,
The people of justice, the almighty.

I was hurt by cops, law enforcers,
With uniform and power
And can't forget the beating and humiliation.
I'm hurt and don't want nor can forgive them,
But the reign and power are not in my hands.

I received a reply: your case is being handled
And you will get a reply
But the cops that hurt me hurt
Yet another man and woman.
They have uniform, handcuffs, revolver,
And overblown ego,
And I, a simple citizen,
Got lost because of their abuse.

I got a reply from CID that I was wrong
And that the cops were saints!
An obscure and unjust reply
According to the circumstances.
CID has cops that were patrolmen with power,
And to them I just am a nuisance,
A "citizen with number," to me it's obvious.

Who Are You, Man?

Who are you, man? Just flesh and blood,
There's a soul within you, a spirit and a mind.
Thanks to Eve and the apple you are here,
And some day, you too will go to rest.

Enjoy, man, do good and discard the bad,
Another sunset awaits you,
Another sunrise, another excitement.
You were created to fully sense life,
Abandon despair, frustration and anger,
Move on with a good heart,
You were brought here to give, know and love.

Who are you, man?
Sunrise, sunset, a cloudy day,
Eating bread and working hard every day.
You want to grab it all but can't manage,
At times filled with joy, but later in wreckage.

Who are you, man? A guest in the world,
Like a passing cloud,
Wishing to write a page in history
And touch eternity.
Sometimes you do good,
And sometimes you sin and murder,
Thinking the bridge to the sunset is eternity.

David Goldman

Searching for the Light

You said harsh words that hurt me,
Neither taken them back nor apologized.
Saying harsh things, your heart missed a beat,
You hurt me and we have no way to love again.

You made your heart as hard as flint,
You know, once I loved you and came fast.
My aching heart will slowly turn indifferent,
Even if I see you passing by me on the street.

Like a wreck in the sea and a wave in the storm,
Your feelings try to find their way to my bosom.
Your captain is dying, your ship shaking hard,
She would never return to a haven of rest.

You hurt me without weighing your words,
You forgot that love has many hideouts.
A woman of darkness is searching for the light,
Your love has extinguished,
But who will save your wreck?

Believe in My Way

I walk my own way in full belief,
My way, I made dream by dream come true.
My way I watch the sunrise and sunset,
My way I pave the road to love.

I believe in my way and it isn't easy,
Hurdle after hurdle, touching the concealed joy.
My way, I express the pain and sorrow,
My way, I hope for the best tomorrow.

I knew loves, I knew breakups and knew upsets,
I would search for the dim light and stay firm.
I had days and years of despairing pain,
But I believe in my way and stay firm.

My way, my truth touches the heart,
My way, I knew how to love be loved.
My way is strewn with glow, truth and storms,
My way is like a thousand sunrises
And a thousand sunsets.

David Goldman

God, Show Me You Exist

God, what has been left in this world,
Why is the bridge to hope locked?
My life went by furiously like a flood,
God, I send you a letter without a stamp.

God, only you could give me answers,
Because pain is great, I had enough battles,
God, why don't you answer
The wrongs in this universe?
Show me you exist or otherwise nothing.

They say you do wonders and bring salvations,
So prove to me, God,
That my life won't be one of damnations.
Maybe you are Nature, maybe oxygen?
But I'm here in anguish and you are silent there.

I'm calling you daily and asking in tears,
Tell me, God, why did you ignore me for years?
I have been put down and suffered
From humanoid beasts,
God, show me you exist in this world for me, too
And not for no reason...

Born in the Image of God

They say I was born in the image of God,
So why doesn't he solve for me all that is odd?
Who long men will fight men?
That sun had sunk and the world is dark again.

Why the bad always hurts the good,
Making it suffer the pain,
God, why didn't you turn me into an eagle
In the blue sky?
My life was full of storms but no one to love.

Why love is silent and then calls for fights,
God, why my tears are not a river or water?
They say I was born in the image of God,
So do me a favor, change my life for the better.

Until when will dog eat dog?
Until when will lovers be scorned?
All rivers lead to the sea and it is never full.
God, a decade has gone, a century has gone,
Tell me, do you ever hear my voice?!...

David Goldman

Ministries

Ministries, always full of mess and rattle,
If you need them, you're in trouble.
Every clerk has the nerve and their kingdom,
When they take care of you, it really is a favor.

The answers they give you are always late,
They tell that here you're an unwanted guest.
They spend well days drinking coffee and tea
And you wait hours during their shopping spree.

Their telephone line is always busy,
When you finally get them, they answer rudely,
Call tomorrow, the manager isn't here today,
Your letter didn't arrive, send again right away,
And the secretary: what is this, an inquiry?

The documents you send always get lost,
You are worried and your world is troubled.
You listen to music and news for hours
Over the phone,
When it comes to ministries,
The man on the street is forlorn.

Banks

This country has banks galore,
They give you good service, gifts and offers,
They know well how to calculate the stakes,
So by the end of the month you pocket aches.

Come, dear citizen, open an account,
We will give you benefits in any amount.
We'll confirm you overdraft as a benefit,
And when the quarter ends, you're in defeat.

If you run your account in a commercial bank,
You're a real sucker,
You can't dig all the charges and commissions.
Every bank has its method and secrets,
Every bank knows how to empty you pockets.

You started a saving or invested in shares,
Throughout that span the bank calculates gains.
Across the country there is many a bank,
They know how to steal from dawn to dusk.

David Goldman

Cell phone

You bought a cell phone from some carrier,
Prepare to be billed as if you were its owner.
They have many settings and upgrades,
They also receive signals from God.

They have SMSes and birthday songs,
By the end of day your battery is gone.
You need a cell phone for your wife and kid,
Because this material world has only greed.

They scatter antennas all over the place,
And the proof of severe radiation is a disgrace.
The company owner calm: there's no threat,
And bribe inspectors without a fret.

They have a big lobby of Knesset Members
And give presents and connect time to friends.
Convincing you a cell phone makes you young,
Take it anywhere and we'll party in your dream.

National Health Law

There's a law, the national health law,
Its authors say it's for the rich and the poor.
Each month they take money from your pay,
And when you need medications, you can't buy.

You have to see an expert physician,
So prepare your cash and pay the commission,
National health law says you mustn't be ill,
Since surgery and care are an unaffordable deal.

National health law is for the rich, not the poor,
A law for making money from private medicine,
A law that has neither present nor future,
A law that bothers the weak and the old.

A law of drug companies and black medicine,
A law that leaves no hope for the poor,
A law that takes us to dark universes,
Created by people without shame on their faces.

David Goldman

The Top Echelon

Each day the top echelon
Make dreams come true
The government helps and pays their due,
The poverty line never knocks on their door,
They join forces with rulers and launder dough.

They receive compensation
With incremental allowance,
Poor sods, you don't have bread on your tables
And you can't pay the rent,
Not even fly abroad few times a year.

Your pay is eaten up by every rise of prices
And the debt to the grocer
Soars to hundreds of thousands.
Your kids have no shoes, clothes, and birthdays
Your wife never adorns herself nor wears jewels.

The top echelon's dream nearly came true
With vast emptiness,
Public figures award them tenders and boost.
Their pay is lower than minimum wage
With cold heart and feelings at maximum stage.

I'm a Celebrity

I'm a celebrity, flying free as a butterfly,
Have you seen me on TV on Friday night?
My sixth sense knew I would get high rating,
But my financial condition is close to nothing.

I'm a celebrity, all wishes, hopes and illusions,
I have one suit and two trousers.
I perform once every month or two,
But in the meantime the city council
Cut my water supply.

I'm a celebrity, thus I celebrate but then I worry,
Very often my fridge is empty,
A short paper story is important to me, though.
Wherever I go I'm recognized and wear a halo.

I'm a celebrity, and that's it,
I really don't mind if cabbage is all I eat.
I love to float in dreams and break in illusions,
I'm a celebrity; did you see me on the billboard?

David Goldman

Singles

Singles, there is nothing new,
Divorced men and women, and separated, too,
Seeking relationships
And touching fast-beating hearts,
What they really want is have sex and have fun.

Singles, aching worlds, lost souls,
Rolling from one relationship to another,
Which yield nothing.
Through the music and lights of the club
They search for tomorrow,
Among all frustrations, love turns into sorrow.

Singles, injured, roam no more,
Another coitus, another orgasm, another hug,
To you, the world has become something
Stripped and troubled,
Touch a heart sincerely, touch a loving heart.

Singles, their ways always part,
Exchanging phone numbers and couples alike.
Always looking for the negative spot,
I feel sorry for you, it bothers me, too.

Credit Companies

You have a credit card and account number,
Think well before you slumber.
You must bear in mind the sound of the bell,
You are not the last sucker the world can tell.

Come, credit card, buy offers without an end,
Get credit and the best terms,
Never mind, buy and get twenty payments,
When the month ends talk to God and angels.

Swipe me, the card always tell you,
And the credit companies expertly rob you.
Buy, buy, it's good, you're in America
And not hasty,
The more you buy, the better, we will own you.

Having a credit card, they say you have a dream,
I shopped today and suddenly all looked cheap.
The credit companies brainwash you slowly
And then one day you're down,
Saying: I'm broke, I lost all power.

David Goldman

Casino

Every town has casinos, even national ones,
For the government, the national casino is legal.
Every casino always takes all the profits,
Catching in its net frustrated, lost souls.

Casino gives you illusions and hope in heart,
Casino gives you all the time to get excited.
It carries you away and robs all your money
But you're sick and can't grasp
That against them you're nothing.

Chips, roulette, poker, and slot machines,
I almost won; will I get a chance tomorrow?
You are drawn on and on toward a long fall
And feel you way in the dark for a new way.

There a national casino of lottery and raffles,
And after a while they seize you home and car.
They can market themselves with success,
But tomorrow comes and you lost your ass.

Execution

You became a debtor and now have creditors,
To God you daily say your prayers.
An attachment order seizes
You bank account and house,
You go to lawyers to get advice and help,
And so finish the debts and not become a mark.

Your mortgage payment is delayed
And they want to throw you out,
You're finished and you don't know what to do.
You go execution, fill in some forms
And pray for mercy for the registrar and judges.

Everything you deposit is immediately seized,
You look for a way out and a lifebuoy.
Execution is merciless,
And unless you're disabled,
Soon you'll be on the street,
Under wraps of newspapers on a bench.

In execution there's a debtor and creditor
The creditor raising the small debt
In thousandfold percent,
You don't seem to grasp
How the innocent debt has grown,
Because execution has the creditor rewarded
And you are left to sob.

David Goldman

Checks

I have got an orderly, fancy checkbook,
I handed checks away and finished the book.
I haven't thought what would occur tomorrow,
I failed to realize that the world was a crook.

Check to the grocery store,
And one to that little lady,
A postdated check for next month
And another for the vacation,
One for the car, one as birthday gift to a friend,
I almost ran out of check but wasn't bothered.

One check to VAT and one to Income Tax,
I finished all the checks and opened a new pack.
I scattered checks everywhere,
I scattered them around,
I didn't know a day would come
I'll have to fight for my ground.

Out of the blue I received a letter from a lawyer,
You better paid your debt or else I'd have to act.
I didn't fathomed all of it, I was so innocent,
I gave checks away and now I'm penniless.

Mortgage

I took a wife, married her for the future,
I took a mortgage and world was a friend.
I paid each month few hundred shekels
I thought I had my life settled.

The mortgage has grown
With the cost of living index
The situation seemed ... well, not that complex.
The wife had a job and still had money to live,
At least I was at home
Protected by four walls.

The economy went down and started to slow,
My wife was fired and that was a blow.
Suddenly, it all became burdensome and hard,
I started to look for loan,
And even friends and comrades.

I became a landlord with a mortgage
Alerts from the bank never knew any shortage.
I thought I was dreaming the worst nightmare,
I received an evacuation order,
Ask where I am today?

David Goldman

Rabbinate

I came to the rabbinate to open a file,
I thought I'd find a nice rabbi, not a coward.
I didn't realized you had to bribe here and there,
I thought the Torah of Israel hasn't disappeared.

I saw the rabbi, who said: wait for two months,
I said: can you show mercy, for heaven's sake?
Wait over there, because I'm busy,
And then told me: be here after lunch break.

I went in to see the rabbi and sought his help,
He told me to pay him kindly.
I told him: what is this, some kind of anarchy?
And he said: I want to live, not to die.

I turned to the chief rabbi with my complaint,
He said: it's for charity, he asked you to donate,
For this you don't have to stir ado,
Just give a bribe and gift and you're through...

Marriage

I proposed to my beloved one
To make our bond official,
I wanted to cross the bridge of life with love.
I proposed her marriage and gave her a ring,
I was happy she accepted my proposal
And agreed to touch my life.

Our ceremony was impressive and very happy,
We argued who will open the checks and gifts.
We took notes which guest brought what,
Filled with hope, I thought,
There was meaning to life.

We went on a honeymoon charged with emotion
And I was finally happy I found my love.
We had more arguments in our honeymoon,
My new wife made me realize
What marriage was all about.

Returning to our new home, I felt excited,
My wife got pregnant and soon we'll be parents.
Years have gone by and I couldn't look at her
All that time,
How can you see your wife each day
And become one?
My thoughts about other women
Couldn't be undone.

David Goldman

Divorce

Sitting on the stairway to the rabbinate,
Waiting for the woman I used to love.
Soon a distant love story will go away,
Soon our heart will be sorry, not gay.

Sitting on the stairway to the rabbinate,
And wondering,
How this thing of beauty lost its taste?
I gave her my best years and never touched,
I never knew the woman with whom I now part.

Arguments about money, children and fortune,
These things never even occurred in my dream.
Love went to rest in another place
For this kind of love I do not feel bad.

Blaming, arguing, teasing and frustration,
I thought I would get married once and forever,
I didn't realize spouses had such insolence.
Little by little my stake becomes clear,
God, I'm happy I' not imprisoned in her arms.

Football

Another weekend of football, and who will win?
Toasted seeds and pistachios, aromatic coffee.
Who has more points and better goal difference,
Who will be the champ and who'll be sent off?

Another weekend of football, one of emptiness,
Another weekend of players chasing dreams.
The referee showing a red card,
The linesman disqualify a goal
The coach give orders, a player is reproached.

Referee drew a yellow card and made fans itch,
They start chanting ... the ref is son of a bitch...
Oranges and bottles are thrown to the pitch,
Now there's mess,
Red firecracker exploding and raising smoke.

Another weekend of football without meaning,
Another weekend of boredom and empty hours.
Another frustration, another loss, another win,
In a second the stadium will be deserted.

David Goldman

Weather Forecast

Here's the weather forecast for the coming days,
Sporadic rain will fall from north to south,
Haze in the center with lightning and thunders.
A tree fell in the north and blocked the way,
Barometric depression appears above the sea.

The amount of rain that recently fell,
The Kinneret lacks two meters to the top level,
The farmers are waiting for blessed rain.
Waves are three meter tall and the sea choppy,
Expect floods in lower places but don't worry.

Rain will cease on Wednesday
And the sun will shine,
Thursday will see clouds and heavy rain.
I witness your forecast and wander,
Sadly, there are changes in the atmosphere,
Thus the forecast for Wednesday is unclear.

High and middle altitude clouds will roll
In the north and the center,
Without your forecast
I don't leave home for even one meter.
Your forecast really is spot-on,
I have no choice, I see you while watching news!

Drugs

The man failed in life and started using drugs,
One time heroin, then cocaine, and some weeds,
Little by little he ruined his world,
Tried drugs, enjoyed and rushed,
Now his world is stalled.

Out on the streets, like a fallen leaf in the wind,
All his friends left him with no savior,
Thinking all the time how the drugs
Took him to a world of good,
Asking and pleading to drug dealers.

One time taking ecstasy, then smoking hashish,
At times being nervous, or dreamy or numb.
People overlook him, he's being ignored,
His world of drugs blunts his brain and soul.

Man, drugs take you down and you run away,
Drugs has the power of addiction and passion,
You're going down the chasm in an endless fall,
Man, without drugs you could win it all.

David Goldman

Astrology

What is astrology? Capricorn, Virgo, Taurus,
What are Pisces, Cancer and Gemini,
What are Leo, Sagittarius and Taurus,
What is moon in Virgo, and Venus reversed?

What are Aries, Sagittarius, and Leo,
Would all those sign yield something nice?
Guesses and games with no real substance,
Always excite you each day anew.

The daily, monthly, yearly astrological sign,
Will I find today my beloved one?
Will I improve my shaky financial condition?
Checking the weekly horoscope is my mission.

Astrology can sell stories and excitement,
I was born on five twenty five.
If I believed in astrology I would be ashamed,
To me, astrology isn't reality but only a game.

The Gray Market

I took a loan with interest in the gray market,
I never thought my luck would be so dark.
The payment soared by thousands of percents
I've been heavily threatened by unkind gents.

I took a gray market loan and went into trouble,
I became a target for boxers.
Boy, return the money before until the weekend,
Or else you will be deeper in the sand.

I took a gray market loan and I'm helpless,
My pleads and requests are worthless,
We'll take your child, your wife, your car,
My life turned into hell and it's quite a jar.

I mortgaged my house for the gray market,
My day turned into one black night.
I want to run away but halt,
Because of the gray market loan,
My life has been falling apart.

David Goldman

No One Lives Forever

You approached and started talking about God,
Saying life could be interesting and beautiful.
You colored the world with thousands of shades
And I asked: what have you done with your life?

You talked to me about family, kids, and so on,
You said: why from woman to woman
You keep moving on?
I said: I want variety and tastes I crave,
I don't want to invest in a woman and slave.

I said: give me a break, this could be waiting,
Let's have some fun, I'm tired of debating.
I want to score, rejoice, eat, blossom for long,
In this world you must recharge to be strong.

You kept talking about creation and God,
And I asked you to take off your pants,
To passionately love you and see hidden worlds,
Let's make love because we will not last.

Deafening Silence

Contemplations of love that faded away,
Great ado about nothing,
What went before exists no more,
The tempests of love lead to nothing.

Deafening silence, like two enemies,
Deafening silence,
And you're not between the sheets.
I can't see nor feel your image,
Because of you I am no longer thrilled.

You left many marks in my house and bedroom,
The months we spent together did not stick.
Again I'm without you and you're without me,
When we parted you lost the world that was me.

You'll never forget the laughter and touch,
You breathed, ate, nurtured and touched love.
Love was laughing at you, utterly ashamed,
How much light you still have until menopause,
Until sunset?

David Goldman

A Woman with a Great Body

I loved you in a star-spangled night,
You fell asleep with big smile on your face.
A woman with once-in-a-lifetime body,
Sleeping naked, whispering love to angels.

You were born a woman with a great body,
You devoted your body to me touch by touch.
Until the sun of life will sink,
The road remains unpaved,
Many things are in the dark.

You gave me your body but I can't feel your soul,
Your magic has faded; you no longer excite me,
You give me neither fear nor certainty,
Your beautiful body will not make my lost world.

I loved you only with passion,
I never regard you as target nor as illusion.
You're a woman at the right occasion,
To spend with you some while,
Your view at the world is so narrow and small.

A Wreath of Violets and a Letter

I brought you a wreath of violets and a letter,
Av and autumn has already passed.
I used to be your lover and in love,
A wreath of violets and a letter, now I'm alone.

The violets withered and you look at the letter,
I wrote you a letter about love of touch,
I wrote you a letter to safeguard the love,
You look at the letter, but still don't touch.

A wreath of violets in the blue sky
And white clouds,
A wreath of violets and a letter
Of a one-time love.
You still can't conceive it's over,
The violets withered but the letter remained
In your heart.

A wreath of violets and a letter
About a woman I loved,
Don't know where I went wrong and failed.
Gradually I shunt you to the back of my head,
You and I almost saw and touched a great light.

David Goldman

Another Morning

Dawn is rising, drizzling last drops of dew,
In the synagogues prayers soar to God.
A couple part ways after a romantic night,
The dump truck takes out the trash,
The radio announces about a terrorist attack.

Another morning, the sun rising in the east,
To one the day will be hard, to another blessed.
A life prisoner escaped from jail,
One has gone to the cemetery
And there is bereavement,
Another morning and it isn't all.

Another morning and the army is placing
Cities in the strip under siege,
The prime minister meets with Abu Ala'a,
The minister of defense decides
To punish the Arabs
Prayers to Allah are heard from every mosque,
The poverty line and the prices rise again.

After a Year

After a year I haven't heard from you
And you were gone,
You phoned and asked for a friendship bond.
After a year, what we had was pretty much lost,
You wanted an attentive ear and some boost.

After a year, maybe you want to feel again?
After a year, love and anger became forlorn.
You were bored and idle and suffered despair
And you want to know how I spent the year
And I tell you, honey, nothing has changed.

You ask about love, women and sex,
You are no longer special, your mind is astray.
The crisis within you is looking for an anchor,
To my life you will never again enter.

After a year you seek interests and favors,
You probably want sex and nights of passions.
You want to know about me
And lend a sympathetic ear,
Thanks God you're not breathing
Down my neck.

David Goldman

A Day of Terror

A day of terror, a day of attacks,
Skies of war, skies of red,
A suicide bomber had blasted a bus,
Ruining the peace of mind of many families.

A day of terror, a day of blood,
Bereavement and Tears,
A day of loving soul-mates parting ways.
A day of not wanting to know about pain,
A day in which hearts cry silent and yearn,
A day in which in cemeteries
Kaddish is answered with Amen.

A day of terror in which the sun died out,
A day of madness in world of blackout,
A day of separation and hate between people,
A day in which you ask: where is God?

Terror comes from neglect, despair, inequity,
Terror can't tell men from men from a baby,
Terror sees no difference
Between races, nations and creeds,
A day of terror leaves us with a dim grief.

Searching for Life in the Stars

Searching for life in the stars, in the sky,
Searching for rocks and clear signs of water.
Spending billions to research and know,
And forget everything here is terrible.

Searching for life on Saturn, Venus, and Mars,
Sending shuttles and they fall apart.
Ignoring poverty, inequity and sufferings,
Fantasizing they might meet God.

Researching distant and unachievable things,
Seeking fame and eternity in unknown realms.
Exploring things distant from heart and soul,
Humans will never dig creations by God.

Searching far and deep, who will find?
Seeking glory and power with ego in mind.
Searching for life in stars far away in the sky,
Searching, but what do you improve
On Earth in the meantime?

David Goldman

I Give Thanks before You

I give thanks before you, living lord,
I give thanks before you, for giving me a world.
That you made me tell good from bad,
That you let farmers make the bread.

I give thanks before you,
For a land of milk and honey
I thank you for my soul, for sensing.
Thanks for the sun, moon, and stars,
I give thanks before you for giving me life.

Thanks for the subordinate and the essence,
Thanks for the spring and blossoming flowers.
You gave life to all the living things,
I give thanks before you,
For the good, bad, and innocence.

For happy moments and grief
And the day-to-day continuum.
I give thanks before you, for the rising
Of one thousand suns,
I give thanks before you, for all the loves.
For all these I give thanks before you, dear God
And for the life you're giving me,
Today and tomorrow.

A Song of Ascents

A song of ascents, I will lift up mine eyes
Up to the mountains,
From whence shall my help come, my help
Comes from God.
God, don't let me spend my life with no aim,
Give me life, some joy in cloudy, murky days.

A song of ascents, my Lord, never desert me,
My mother and father had left me,
But you, my Lord, protect me.
Give me joy and remove the sorrow and grief,
Help me realize, my Lord, all my dreams.

A song of ascents, I will lift up mine eyes
Up to the mountains,
I had already suffered, my Lord,
Great pain and hard times.
Let my star shine forever beyond the ridge,
Let love light and touch me, feel and not dream,
Give my hope truth and reality as light of day.

A song of ascents, my Lord, as eagle of youth,
Only before you, my Lord, I have sinned.
I gave all my love, absolved and forgave,
You hold spirit I touched with endless tears,
A song of ascents, my Lord, let my star shine.

David Goldman

Your Love Keeps Burning

We had a quarrel and you don't want to forgive,
The times of love you cannot forget.
Your soul is as delicate and soft as a chick,
You are in my soul and I can't escape.

To converse, forgive and absolve
One small glitch,
To reminisce hours of love.
Realize that any person of any age may err,
Knowing how to hold tight is a nice things.

You said some things and harsh words
And I tell you: my mistake, I'm not a god.
How can I forget you? I don't know,
I always hear your angry voice.

You burn inside and your soul is restless,
Accept my love, quarrels are worthless.
Imagine, dear, it could be for the better,
Something broke inside you
And your love keeps burning.

A Cloudburst that Hits

A cloudburst that never ends and keeps hitting,
The sun, moon and stars shied and retreated.
Anywhere in the world,
Force rules all the way to India,
A world retreating to regimes as black as dark,
An unforgiving world that doesn't softly touch.

A cloudburst, moving along and keeps hitting,
Years went by since the turn of the century.
Sometimes, a man neither fathoms nor knows,
He cannot hear democracy calls,
A black cloudburst touch the weak
And make them fools.

A cloudburst frightens the weak people,
A cloudburst takes human rights into the deep.
The sun and the light couldn't drive it away,
A cloudburst, and yet another man despairs,
A cloudburst of democracy keeps moving,
Grinding without fear.

David Goldman was born in 1950. At the age of 24 he has started writing his first poems and would relentlessly continue writing to this very day.

His clear observation and high sensitivity are well reflected in his poems, poems that touch every person, sweeping, flowing poems on many subject.

David specializes in writing poems and sketches from life that concern every person and make them laugh.

David has published 100 books by himself, an unprecedented record!

In 1978 David had been painting and displaying his works in many exhibitions across the country.

The poems books will touch you, and make you shed a tear and raise a smile on your face, and this book is one of them.

David's books has been published in newspapers and distributed by Modan publishing house and Steimatzy. Additionally, David has appeared in various interviews in the local media and press and has been recognized for his prolific writing by top-tier political figures.

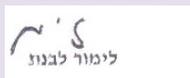
David is an ACUM member, producer, record producer, author, and book producer.

I hope you will enjoy reading my poem, and I believe they will touch your heart with love and that reading them will give you moments of joy, laughter, and delight.

Yours, David Goldman

Congratulations for the publishing of your book "Days of Rainbow" and your nomination for the president award for literature 2002. The Hebrew culture, creation, art, literature and the new Hebrew poetry are notable achievements of the Zionist revolution. There is no doubt you are part of it. "Nothing in this world is comparable to the joy of creating. He, who was touched by God, had won: and he must share this gift of God with the multitude (meditation of Rabbi Kook)

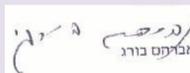
Limor Livnat



לימור לבנת

I enjoyed reading your poems. I congratulate you for the publication of your poem book "Love Serenade." I had the impression that your poetry reflects your world, a sensitive, diverse, and rich world. The poems exhibit the originality and inner truth of the poet. It is evident they come from the heart and enter the heart. I wish you many years blessed with creation in the future.

Avraham Burg



אברהם בורג

I understood you are about to publish your dozen books. No doubt we are dealing with a life work, and only few of us can have such an impressive life work attributed to them. As an occasional poet, I envy you for your vibrant muses that water your poems inexhaustibly.

Yosi Sarid



יוסי סריד

Upon second publication of your dozen books, accept my warm congratulations. Your creativity, by which you translate experience to words, is appreciable. I wish you continued prolific writing and expression of your voice in the literary creative space in Israel.

Binyamin Netanyahu



בנימין נתניהו