



FACTORY

Tag Torah

Poems

by

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FAG TORAH

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To share is an act of love.

To be named for your work is an act of love.

Thank you for reading.

Share at your will.

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An early version of “The Unfinished Corner of Creation”

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“You’ve got an awfully big mouth. You want everything.”

— *The Transmigrating Soul*, trans. Leonard Wolf

ALICE & JESS

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The Unfinished Corner of Creation

I keep subdividing the mildewed canvas,
rule-of-thirds staccatoed into triangles,
until all I see are unfinished corners, uncreated
valleys of shadows of valleys – if the golem
of Chelm grows to consume the universe –
before the rabbi rips the aleph from its throat –
first it will fill the unfinished corner, creation
implying destruction before destruction.

21 SHEVAT 5781





"Tag Torah"

A Break of Spirit

As for denial, bodily
selfish,

As spirit is shard —
shadow — cloudbreak —

If you would like to
accompany me in grief,

Listen: I am used
to being looked-at-unseen,
composed completely another body

I would like him
inside me
shadow-wrapped

A fill of blank,
a _____ of spirit,

to be so breathlessly composed
of breaks of breath,

Listen: I have been looking
for a language that isn't

grafted onto my tongue —
a language that isn't
defined by what it's not —

I don't want to write I want to be tasted
on tongues of the family that would
have loved me —

I don't want to be right I want to be left
alone with the Book of Life
and write the dead back into it —

I want to move right to left,
as I once did,

I feel lost in this language,
diasporic and diminished;
coerced longform of cursed;
longing the infinite of time;

Language of angles I thought
once intimacy was safety —
if I understood you deeply
you might make space for me —

but my tongue does not wander close to you
in rage; rather toward ends that become
beginnings — :

As a sphere is facelessly composed
of its seventy and unknowable faces,
so then is G-d concealed in composition —
if what makes anything distinct is deviation —
unfathomably whole in blemish and contortion —
I will not shape myself toward G-d —
G-d is concealing themselves within
the break I am composing —

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Sunrise, 3rd Candle.
"The Trans-migrating Soul"

ALICE Z"L

It is the season of miracles Adonai:
 May it be that no one ever dies—
 of oil, of loss—
death on the gilgl-breath of cops—
 no sooner our trans-migrations cross—
than lose another sister to a world so harsh—
 Death, the barking foe:
 Close the door between worlds!—
 Douse it in oil enough for one night—
that the futures of oppressive hearts
 scatter aside the sparks of eight.

27 KISLEV 5782

Sunset, 5th Candle:
"Week of Un-miracle"

A shot was heard.

It sounded more like a wheeze.

I cannot describe it to you.

There is no prayer

or poetry for this.

I saw you in the streetlights.

I felt you in your room.

I begged you return to your body.

If I could have gathered the sparks
when you were floating in the living room.

If I hadn't lit the candles backwards.

My heart has room for dybbuks.

Baruch dayan emet.

An aleph removed.

You should be here.

After Riis

I would write the same words —
 there is a path —
it was years ago —
 the row houses —
cop aunts and cop cousins —
I would run away in memory —
 only fragments —
wave-crash of warehouse —
 a friend's blessed voice —
stench of cut grass —
 a song from every angle —
if I had a family —
 I would miss them —
ancient wandering—
 forgotten fossil —
if I was trembling —
 it was quake —
did you know this place —
 dad, with an artifact —
 can you love me here —

Lightwells

barely form of phrase —
there is a thought of you —
reader — I cannot dream
about you — holding syntax —
with disgust — dissatisfaction? —
curiosity — pretense? —
present tense i.e. gift —
it was already said and meant —
differently defined but —
I can pull something else water —
“I can’t pretend to hold you” —
was something I wrote when I
pretended to hold a boy/a you —
tensity(?) another term
for tension —
this is a matter of time: —
another form for snap —
you want to eat words I
want to eat —
I am hungrynohungry —
the words is trail —
a path to speaking closely —
I haven’t been listening —
the claws of the mountains —
a great beast rises —

left behind/grief rises —

I am res(is)ting/tevat shevat

both adars nissan sivan —

too many/much years to list/less —

I will respond to your letter/text —

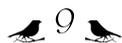
when I can mean —

or remember to mean —

can mean the difference —

of fire/lightning, bug/fly

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At Night Ceramic Lick Its Wounds

whatever was red
on the tiles at nostrand
is washed away today —

a girl on the elevator
at callen-lorde looks
exactly like alice —

i cannot cry or ache
in front of strangers —
i wish that grief

shimmered and beasted
as a wild horse every night
pastured and moonlight

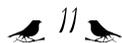
that “holding tongue”
were a stranger holding
the words you cannot

“i am not dead” —
“you did what you could” —
“i am alive, am alive” —

the trains that run behind the houses

don't touch each other close
you get the ocean doesn't
"touch" the shore do you
feel each tendril of grain
of sand of rising of shore
enough uncertainty enough
rising and getting off
enough running behind houses
trains or creeks the bodies are the same

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Thus () () Glory () () ()

fall! little diary
a\ part! of wonder
cease! never
fire! seen

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Our New Life

where we unmake each other
's messes — scarlet at the end
of everything — a hundred
floorboards unmake scarlet —
i was cute and remembered
i was sparkle somebody
under the floorboards
will remember —
a hundred thousand a
gesture seventy a living
room for i'm going home
was a cutter at the leather
factory bronx ny — where

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AS OF THIS PUBLICATION:

Joanie St-Kaminsky is a faggot, transsexual, nonbinary trans girl, high futch, queer, antizionist Jew, poet, artist, anarchic, disabled, neurodivergent, autistic, crazy, and whatever else you are going to call her.

She uses she/it pronouns, whichever makes you personally most uncomfortable.

She currently lives in so-called Crown Heights, Brooklyn, occupied Canarsie land.

אבל ויתגדל ויתקדש ש שמח רבא. [קהל אמר]

שעלמא די ברא ברעותה וימליה מלכותה עתיכון וכיומיכון ובחיי דכל בית ישראל בעגלא ובכמו קריב.

ואמריו אמר: [קהל אמר]

המל ואבול יהא שמח רבא מברד לעלם וילעלמי עלמיא

אבל ויתברך וישתבח ויתקאר ויתרוםם ויתבשא ויתבחד ויתעלה ויתחילל שמה דהד שאת. בריה דרוב.

[קהל בריך דרוב:]

לעלא מן כל ברכמא בשמי"ת לעלא לעלא מל ושירמא השבתמא ונתממא דאמירו שעלמא. ואמירו אמר:

[קהל אמר]

יהא שעלמא רבא מן שממא ותיים עלינו ועל כל ישראל. ואמירו אמר: [קהל אמר]

עושה שלום בשמי"ת השלום בקרומיו הוא עושה שלום עלינו ועל כל ישראל ואמריו אמר: [קהל אמר]