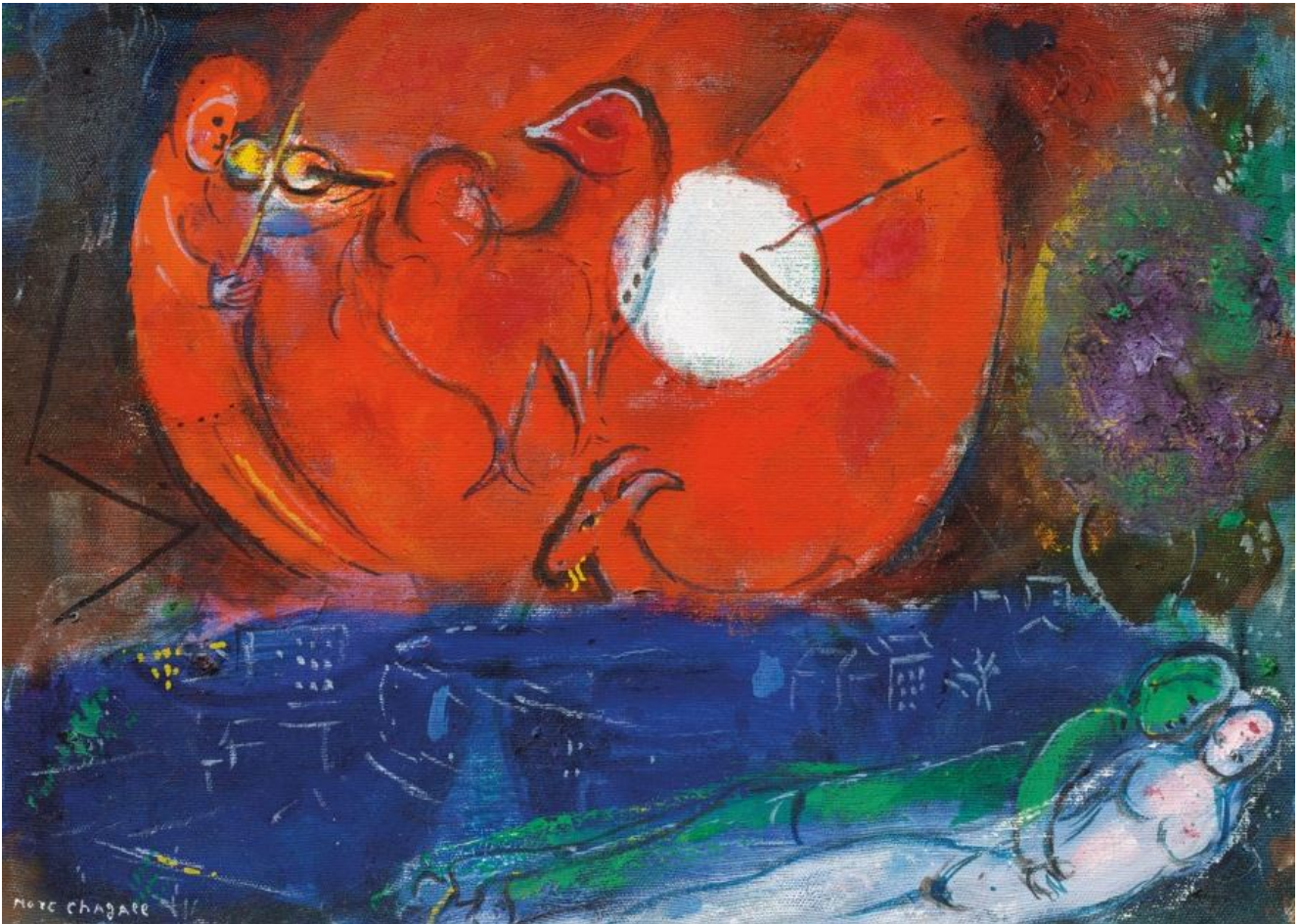


Bon Appétit and Of Blessed Memory



Etude pour la Nuit de Vence, Marc Chagall, 1953

Bon Appétit

Blessed are You, our God, who creates
Poppy, tobacco, the fruit of the vine,
Amaranth, cocoa beans, olives, & dates.
Blessed are You, our God, who creates
Sensual access to proof of the traits
Scholars call Heaven. Some suffer. We dine.
Blessed are You, our God, who creates
Poppy, tobacco, the fruit of the vine.

Of Blessed Memory

One's habitat

In Posterity's terrible blue—
This, one cannot pick. All one can do
Is softly kiss

The *keppe*¹ that
Spends Eternity reasoning through
Who emerges a Hobson, and who
A Lycidas.

[\[1\]](#) Yiddish. “Head”