

RED FOOD: SONGS OF UNREQUITED LOVE, DEATH AND TRANSFORMATION
January 23, 12 – 3pm. Raging Spoon,"Artist's Soup Kitchen". Toronto, Canada

TZOMO LCHO NAFSHI (ps. 63) "**My soul thirsts for you, my flesh longs for you**, as a dry land with no water. I long to see you, in the Sanctuary, to behold your strength and glory."

GOLD UN ZILBER – "Gold and silver is precious to every person, and on you I have used up everything. Stay healthy, my sweet love, I am travelling far away from you..../ Travel far beloved, when you arrive over there, send me letters through other people. /Love slays both rich and the poor. Oh, in the heart burns a fire. Stop crying....! **Our love has another verse:** stay health my dear sweet love, and I will come back to you. "

A NAYE GESHICHTE – "A new story I can tell youthat happened not far from here . A groom from the finer people, drowned himself from his bride. Thousands of people were strolling along, the sun was slowly setting. On the other side of the riverstands the bride, crying and moaning. When they pulled his body from the water, he had been bitten all over by fish, and when she saw this the bride tore her garments in agony. **Good people, you remember of course the clothing he wore?** Donate the clothes to the poor, so they can say the Prayer for the Dead for him." (For Marek, for Mirha, for Aimee, for Liam, for Vince, for Teresa...and all the widowed partners of trans/queer suicides.)

UNETANEH TOKEF – "....the One Who judges, proves, knows, and bears witness; Who writes and seals, (counts and calculates); Who remembers all that was forgotten. You will open the Book of Chronicles—it will read itself, and everyone's signature is in it. The great shofar will be sounded and a still, thin sound will be heard. Angels will hasten, a trembling and terror will seize them—and they will say, 'Behold, it is the Day of Judgment...At the New Year will be inscribed and on the Day of the casting of lots will be sealed how many will pass from the earth and how many will be created; **who will live and who will die**; who will die at his predestined time and who before his time; who by water and who by fire, who by sword, who by beast, who by famine, who by thirst, who by upheaval, who by plague, who by strangling, and who by stoning. Who will rest and who will wander, who will live in harmony and who will be harried, who will enjoy tranquility and who will suffer, who will be impoverished and who will be enriched, who will be degraded and who will be exalted." (Yom Kippur liturgy)

YAM LID – "I have forgotten all my loved ones, I have lost my old house, I have thrown myself into the sea: Take me.... and you, dearest East wind, drive my ship to the other shore. **My heart, with eagle's wings finds its way to itself.** Carry a letter back to my loved ones to tell them of my good fortune." (from Yehuda Ha Levi, c. 1190) (For my beloved friend Flo, killed in Haiti, and his mother Ann.)

MIZMOR L'DOVID – (Ps. 23) – "....**Thou preparest a table before me** in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." (With deep gratitude to Raging Spoon, radical reciprocity now closed due to condo development.)

Many thanks: Starving Artists Collective, Karen Frostitution, Coman Poon, Teresa Tova, Beyle Schaechter-Gottesman, Christian Baer

http://tobaron.com

(Jan 12, 2012, second anniversary of Haiti earthquake)

Hey Tobaron,
I was thinking of u yesterday, and had several dreams of Flo one in which you made an appearance. I hope you are well, it's been too long. I thought maybe you would want to hear the dream, maybe...

The dream with you and Flo occurred in a location of a small wooden house, build in the arts and crafts modenist tradition, situated in a marshy flat near the ocean, surrounded by tall green shilf. A performance group was assembled and doing rehearsals in the upstairs of the house and myself, you and Flo were invited to watch the evening dress rehearsal, along with my other friend Julie, who is a painter. I arrived in the late afternoon with Julie. You and Flo were already there, downstairs, sitting, sharing some sort of exotic tea, with cardamon or bergamot in it which you were drinking out of these delicately ornate cups. The chairs you sat in were mismatched, but both hand carved in a sparse room with wooden floors and white plaster walls , that resembled the Hemingway house in key west. You were telling each other jokes, but they form and style of the jokes were both fairly uncharacteristic of either of you, as if you were speaking in code, or with a series if idioms that were unfamiliar, as if with a borrowed language.

There was a scultpture with rubber boots like wellies with a wool woven net that looked like freshman fiber art in another empty room to the left of the room you and Flo were in. Through the room you two were seated opened a dinning room with a parkay floor. In it was a a narrow table, maybe 1.5 ft wide that extended at least 16 feet. It was set formally with a long spring green linen runner with matching napkins and light blue glazed stoneware of portugeuese origin. Irises, gardenias and poppies stood upright in glass vases dried almost beyond recognition. the plates had remnants of food, bird shit and port glasses crusted with red wine rings left over from yesterday's meal. It was actually quite beautiful. The light was soft and almost misty. The dining room wooden door opened up to an overgrown garden with a small pond, suitable for koi. It was overrun with grass and shrubs, wildly unkept and lush in the varieties of green stalks and blue overtones. The pond was man made, and lined with plaster like moldings that were unrecognizable forms, weathered from salt water. Appendages were broken off and visible through the surface, taking in anthropomorphic characteristics through the ripples in the water. The shallow pond was maybe only 8 feet wide, and knee high, no fish, but contained a rather larger sea turtle. I became fascinated with him, and spent most of the dream watching him-- trying to decide if he was there of his own free will. The last thing I remember in the dream was **Flo calling my name from inside but when I went to find him, he could not be seen. I then woke up.**

Its funny how I can't forget the sound of his voice. I hope I never forget it.

Btw, You looked great in the dream and you seemed to be in good spirits, and I hope that is the case.

Much love,
M

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