

Amos Ettinger

Loves of My Life

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Poems and Poetic Expressions
of Different Kinds of Love

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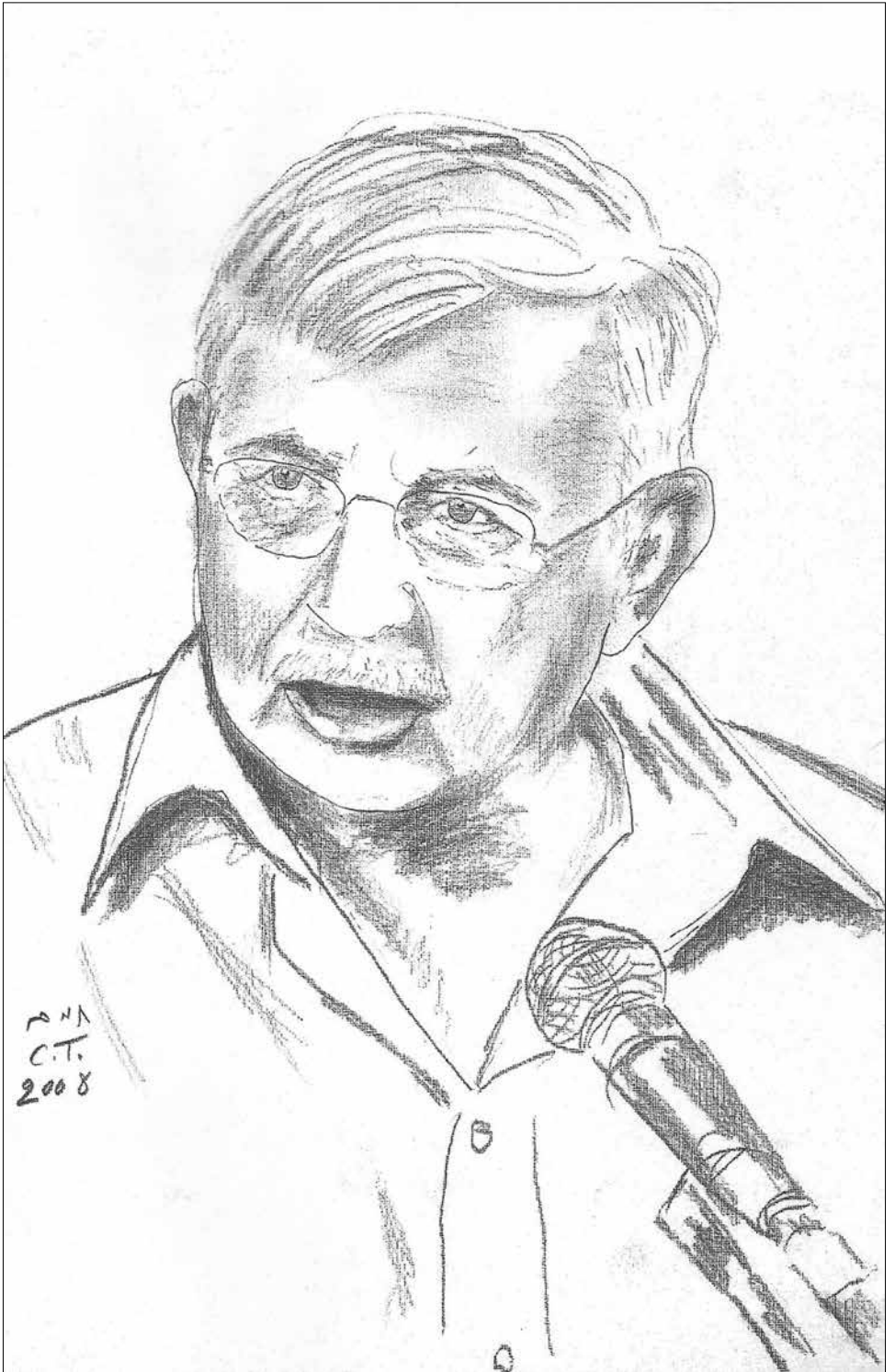
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CONTENTONOW

*For the lovers and for those
who know what love is*

Crying and laughing love.

Cynical and ironic love.

Passionate love.

Sad and joyful love.

Your loves, my loves, our loves.

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**THINGS I HAVE WANTED
TO TELL YOU**



Without an academic degree

Click.

A word not yet considered by the academy of languages.

Click.

You might call it ignition-in-advance.

Click.

When two pairs of unfamiliar eyes meet

embrace each other

before you even actually say

what you want

think

feel

and already, click.

Explanations, interpretations, interrogations,

superfluous words,

will lead you in different directions.

Click.

A kind of stricture in the throat.

A kiss and perhaps finally the question,

what's your name?

are you married?

Click.

As long as the linguists leave the word alone,

Love still has a chance.

Click.

The Dreamer

He loves many things
To drink, to sing, to laugh, to travel
But most importantly, he loves dreams.

He loves to dream

 About countries he has never visited
 About journeys he has never undertaken
 About legends that have never been told
 About women he has never met.

And when he awakens from his night dreams
 He passes to the kingdom of the day dreams.

At last,

When he finally travels to the islands beyond the
oceans,

 The islands that nobody had never heard of,
And when he finally wrote the legends which had never
been told

And when he found and loved the women of his
fantasies,

Nobody believed him,

Nobody wanted to believe that he had done all those
things,

 Things that we all dream about doing
 But are afraid to do
 But are afraid of our little women
 Who take care to awaken us
 whenever we just allow ourselves
 to start to dream.

Dreams

I know that we shall meet again

Even if days, months and years shall pass.

I know that we shall see each other again

because such moments,

such days we have shared together

will never return with anyone else,

except you.

This is why I know

that we shall meet again,

next Autumn,

next Spring

or the following ones.

Distances, oceans, years,

might separate people

but they will not cause us to forget

the moments,

the days and nights,

we spent together,

looking towards the sky

and weaving dreams.

A question of time

How much time should pass
from the moment I see his eyes
and know for sure that this is it
until the moment I hear bells ringing?

How many words must be said
from the first whispering
until I hear the sound of lightning and thunder?

How many cigarettes have to be smoked
from the first drink
until the crazy journey to the seventh heaven?

Where is it written that it has to take days or months?
Why not tonight?

Ten, twenty, and more

Ten years.

Ten years may not be enough time to know you.

Ten years.

In ten years I am able to learn enough about you
to make me want to know you more and more.

Through the years, it seems there are no limits
to the things I am able to know about you.

And if the first minute,

the first second did not do it,

What good is

ten years

or twenty

or more?

Those encounters

You all know those encounters,
the chance ones,
In which you manage to tell everything,
Even before you've told each other your name.

You all know these encounters,
the hasty ones,
In which you manage to give everything,
Even before you've given your hand in greeting.

You all know these partings,
the sad ones,
In which you say we'll never see each other ever,
And then you see each other,
again and again,
day after day,
hour after hour,
With all the complications that are involved.

Poem for a minute

I am going out for a minute.

You can keep my food warm.

You can keep my coffee warm.

You can keep my love warm.

As I have told you, after all,

I am just going for a minute.

And if I return in an hour or three or four days,

And manage in that time to have

concluded two contracts,

been to three restaurants,

had six love affairs or maybe seven,

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Don't say I didn't tell you in advance,

That I was just going out for a minute.

Young and beautiful

We met.

Just like ten years ago or a little more.

When we were – as it's usually said –

 young and beautiful,

 ten years younger or a little more.

Everyone certainly,

 certainly cherished the moments,

The moments from ten years before or a little more,

 young and beautiful moments.

Afterwards she went,

 rumor said – to the countries to the south,

 rumor said – to the islands of the sea.

It's written in legends – beautiful things – return.

And I,

Who believe in legends and children's stories,

Felt no surprise when she called one day and said,

 “Here I am.”

Again we two,

Again, not as young as ten.

Beauty – that's already a matter of taste.

But the moments –

 Just exactly like ten years before or a little more,

 young and beautiful.

A matter of appreciation

It's too bad I am your first husband,
and not the second.
Only then you might have
appreciated me properly.