

TED RICHER

Screaming

I was—

walking along the road.

Munch was *with two friends—*

and saw *the sun set—*

felt a tinge of melancholy.

To Munch—

Suddenly—

the sky became bloody red.

Munch *stopped—*

leaned against the railing—

dead tired—

and looked at the flaming clouds—

that hung like blood—

and a sword—

over the blue-black fjord of the city.

The friends walked on.

Munch stood there—

trembling with fright—

and felt a loud, unending scream—

piercing nature—

there—

I was—

looking at the painting...

felt the original despair—

like Munch.

And felt a loud, unending scream—

piercing me.

Salvation

She was singing on street corners:

jesus loves me

I heard her—in the early morning.

I heard her—in the early evening.

jesus loves me

. . .

This morning I passed her by.

She was singing and handing out leaflets:

JESUS SAVES!

I passed on by.

“God’s message!” she called.

I passed by.

“Save yourself!” she called.

I passed on.

Behind me, I could hear her loud singing:

jesus loves me/this I know

. . .

This evening I passed her by.

She was singing and handing out leaflets:

JESUS SAVES!

I passed on by.

“God’s message!” she called.

I passed by.

“Save yourself!” she called.

I passed on.

Behind me, I could hear her soft singing:

jesus hates me/this I know

I stopped—

And waited.

We passed on—to my room in Yahv’s house.