

Dirt

Tonight in the taxi I got a call from one of the passengers. A man said "Who is this?" I said "You called me...you have a wrong number." He said, angrily, "Your number was in my wife's phone and it said 'I'm on the way.'" I said "I'm a taxi driver...maybe that's what it is." He hung up.

When Jeremiah asked for a solution to stopping the Golem who was destroying Prague, he was told: "Write the alphabets backward with intense concentration on the earth. Do not meditate in the sense of building up, but the other way around."

I thought of a night at an East Village hotel when I didn't— but almost did— have an affair with the visiting poet. She was a pair of scissors cutting a silent letter out of a word. Though the Golem has a human shape, you could say external beauty has been denied him. Hillel commented: *Where there is no one, try to be a human being.*