

Under Alien Skies by Yossel Birstein

Twilight

Translated by Faith Jones

Your twilight face, tired Jew, you
Your twilight face is resting on my own
I am like earth in the fading light,
murmuring shadowed songs.

Am I the shoot reborn, after your final prayer?
I draw no comfort from the rites of grief
but curl my lip, and with regret
I burrow deeper into shadowed songs.

Your cast-off body feeling close to me
how motherly-homey your lap is!
Surrendering I bury my face in it
and lull myself, like the earth in twilight.