

Request (from *Passage of a Doe*)

Hava Pinchas-Cohen

When a baby is in my arms

Its life woven with human milk

At nights there come heartbeats, thumping voices

Trains—

At a certain station in that land

Barefoot and weak

I spread my arms

Like the horns of a ram in a thicket

The earth whispering to the heavens

Hear, make a canopy of your mercy

Like shade for the vine and the fig tree

Please, do not put me to the test.

There is wood and thicket, a smell of fire

And the sight of smoke. Don't play hide-and-seek

With mothers—

Weakly I cover my eyes

My voice is lost in a scream

That can't be heard

Where are you

Translated by Sharon Green