



**Consoled**

For Mom – whose wall of memories collapsed so long ago

First poetry book since you've left: Gabriel Preil;  
Quiet and raw are his impressions now,  
The mists still dream of getting traveled through,  
Although a silent path has already been carved –  
For Preil's desire, when it bursts,  
To swallow distance, river, air,  
Dark waves of surging silk, elusive touch.

And in my mind I long to schedule lucid rendezvous  
For both of you  
(Who are so light when walls of memories collapse),  
Since now you're just destined to love.  
And years of painful clarity are finally consoled.

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For Dad

Why did he give up the sweetness of the wavelets,  
Lulling his awaking body in the river Bug,  
One sunny, reckless, faithful Saturday?  
His shameful, shining eyes were covered by his hat,  
And what about the Belzer rabbi? He was wildly laughing,  
With such a helpless burst of happiness.

Why did he give up the wooden fleshy bench  
Which is still standing, hazy, in the horrible Melamed's room?  
(Too scared to grow new cherries on its hidden branches,  
And yet immersed in dreams of chariots and fire).

Why did he give up those walks into the Polish woods,  
By those two yearning feet,  
Which were so tightly locked inside his shoes?

And why did he give up the humid smell of yeast,  
That had inspired such chaotic longing  
(Ruined by any kind of sublimation)  
To such a soft pale light  
And to her smooth dark skin?

Why did he give up?

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There's a light inside you  
Which I must not disappoint now,  
Yet it's not your light, not even mine.  
I know about you such a plenty of so little...

But simply, slowly,  
A blurry flash of light arrived,  
And yearned to be cuddled by the palm of your hand –  
The empty, contemplating palm of your hand,

And that's how all the truth  
That had been piling up behind us –  
In fact, behind all things –  
Grew taller suddenly,  
And was inhaled, amazed,  
And blocked, at last,  
By your embracing gaze

**Before**

This thinnest smell of rain  
Sets free the wintry hungry time  
That stretches out  
To touch its circumference,  
And in the clay dome – muddy, burnt –  
Is grasping finally its own unknown outline.

A motionless fume –  
Erupting, spreading,  
Blossoming from everything  
That is a matter to itself –  
Is padding riddle-loaded contact angles,  
Angles which are trapped between the creature-bound  
And all its stumbling soaring yearning to come close

Before the winter comes.