Shir Orner

maivrit*

i dreamt of you, crushed
under the wing of a plane,
and i wasn’t sorry.

also i dreamt
you’ve been buried behind
the abandoned house in the kibutz

and no one came.
i went to mourn you by myself,
at three before morning, by the sea --

a gang of thugs approached me,
rushing. i told them, fuck off,
fuck off, i’m still

yours --
(forgetting the damp,
flipped ground you’re under now),

i want to call you from here,
rise up again as you did
seven decades ago, from your longest death

of two thousand years, i write
the promise of an only child to her
mute mother - that i’ll help you keep on

dying through this tangled closeness,
only solved in cigarettes,
frustration and aspartame.

i dreamt of you,
after the battle was done;
your eyes still shine

the same war-pupils

*phonetically: meaning both motherhebrew and withhebrew