

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

