

11. Deborah Vogel/ Dvoyre Fogel

Biographical note:

<https://jwa.org/encyclopedia/article/fogel-dvoyre>

from *Figures of the Day* (see: <https://www.asymptotejournal.com/special-feature/dvoyre-vogel-figures-of-the-day/>)

Dvoyre Vogel

Glass Flowers

The moon is a white cherry blossom.

Sorrow smell of viscous longing.

The seven years.

Yellow glass tulips

under the streetlamps

planted on street one, street two, street three.

Yellow glass

smell of cold hands

and the amber coral of going without.

You can go down the first street.

Down the second.

Let drops of blue moon flow into you,

smell of viscous longing

and the coldness of the yellow lamp glass.

What more can each night bring

besides the smell of viscous waiting,

besides the glass smell of going without.

Advertising Panels in the Rain

Today the rain colors grey buildings with a second layer
of its matte grey tone.

You're far away
everyone is far away now
and no one can go to anyone.

I lean against
an advertising panel covered
in lemon-yellow and red-orange paper.

The rain today has garishly washed
the vermilion letters that read:
Today some movie theatre is showing
a film about the ballerina, the red one.

The red lines are hands that caress
and hands that fall heavily
on yellow paper building bodies.

The yellow and red-covered board
between ten grey buildings
is the only colourful body.
And you can unite with it
like with a human body
that's far away now:
impossible to reach.

A Poem about Colourful Neon Signs

A poem about colourful neon signs
about red yellow blue letters
about stretches of text that are snub-cornered suns.

The multi-coloured, swooping shoe and fur signs
are a poem written by a sweet poet
on the grey boxes of city walls.

Cherry red glows and tugs like someone else's body.
Navy blue caresses like the never-known hand.
Lemon yellow cools with its cold metallic light.

Red blue yellow stretching bodies
can go for twenty-four hours,
can turn on five, ten times a day.

You shouldn't count the days
under the electric advertisement suns.

Just suck at the colourful light-flesh.
Just breathe in its glowing smell.
And turn.

In a square. In a circle. In a parabola.
Four times a day. Five, ten times a day.
Countless times, going, going
from one body to another
fuelled by the round, multi-coloured lamp eyes.

Grey Streets

The streets are like the sea,
reflecting the colour of longing,
the burden of waiting.

Now they are grey
like pearls of abstention.

Like lemon-yellow faces
are extinguished
in the windows of pale yellow houses.
Like pale, transparent street lamps
that are extinguished at 4 o'clock in the morning.

In the milky grey streets
the lost days are no longer counted:
they run out like sweetened condensed milk.

Faces are extinguished by the color of abstention
like grey streets with yellow lamp-moons
that don't want anything anymore.

Grey Buildings

One grey building.
A second grey building.
A third a fourth grey building.

They walk together.
For a day.
For a second day.
For 7 weekdays.

They walk 20 or 30 meters.
For 12 hours.
On the first day. On the second. On the seventh.

A light turns on. In the first building. In the second.
A light turns off. In the first building. In the second.
7 o'clock in the evening. 10 o'clock in the evening.

On the second day
they keep walking for a distance of 20 meters:
two three four grey buildings.

The Lament For Courtyard Walls

Are the back walls guilty
for never being sealed
just smeared in greasy yellow paint:
duplicitous advertisement scripts.

Each evening 1000 suns rising
from the other side. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon
the opening of round electric eyes. Red, navy blue, yellow-orange.
They create elastic bodies with breasts like the searching eyes of people.

But there, 7-days-a-week the flat sun hanging
caressing duplicitous advertisements
and maybe that's why the legend can still flourish
of the one and only yellow sun.

(Texts are also available on the course website:

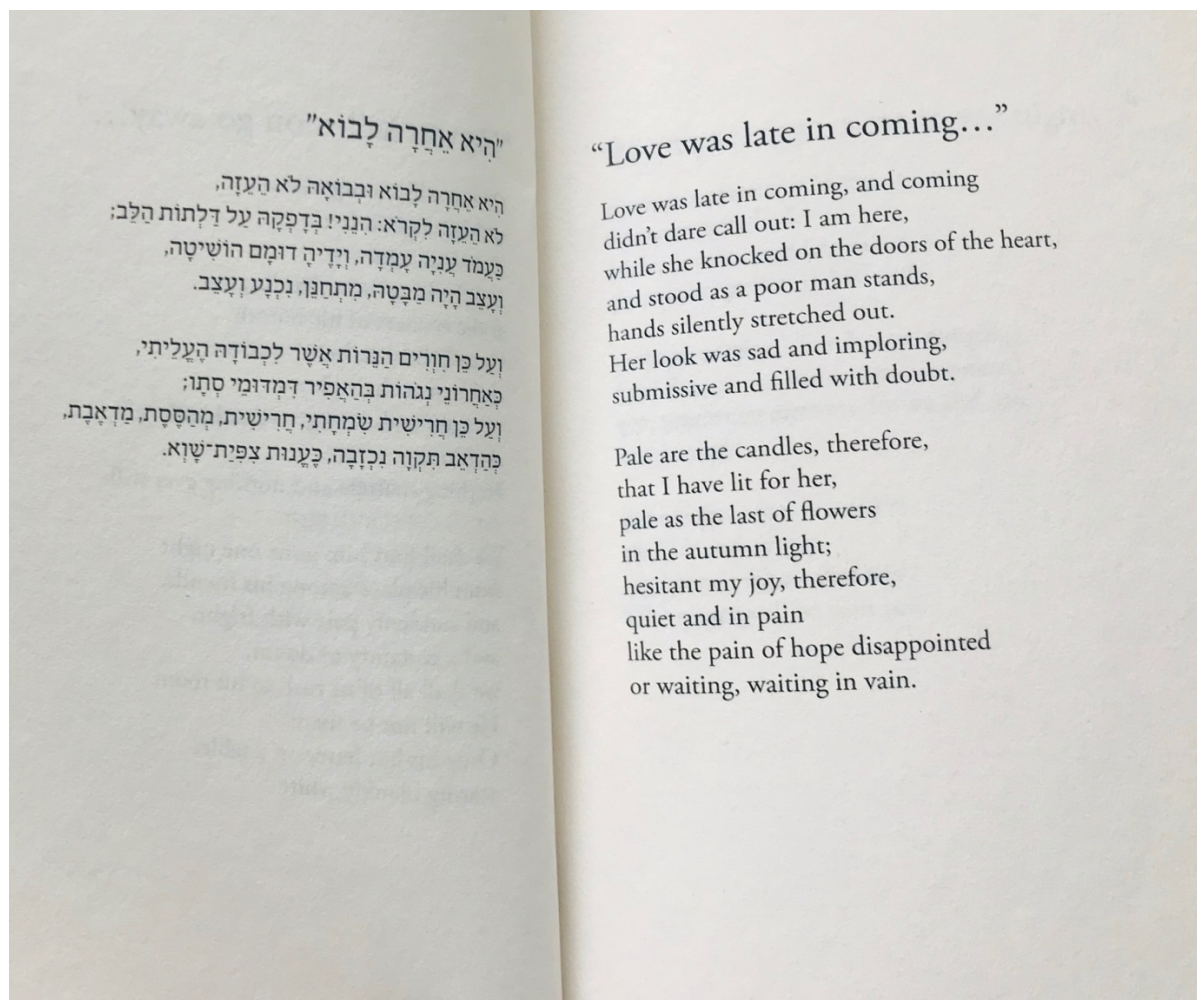
<https://cudzoziemki.weebly.com/jewish-womens-writing.html>)

Fogel's poetry is also available in Swedish thanks to Beila Engelhardt Titelman and Sara Mannheimer's translations: Deborah Fogel Tomma gator och gula lyktor (2020)

12. Rachel

Bio notes:

- https://web.archive.org/web/20050903020024/http://www.ithl.org.il/author_info.asp?id=207
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rachel_Bluwstein



"בְּלִילָה בָּא הַמְבִשֵּׁר..."

בְּלִילָה בָּא הַמְבִשֵּׁר
עַל מִשְׁכְּבֵי יֹשֵׁב,
בְּלִטּוֹ עֲצָמוֹת גּוֹז אֵין-שָׂאֵר,
עִמְקוֹ חוֹרֵי עֵינָיו.

אֲזֵי יָדַעְתִּי כִּי נִשְׁבֵּר
הַגֶּשֶׁר הַיָּשׁוּן,
שֶׁבִין אֶתְמוֹל לְבִין מָחָר
תָּלוּ יְדֵי הַזְּמָן.

אֵיִם עָלֵי אֶגְרוֹף רָזָה,
נִשְׁמַע לִי צְחוֹק זָדוֹן:
אָכֵן יֵהָא הַשִּׁיר הַזֶּה
שִׁירָה הָאֲחֵרוֹן!

"The messenger came in the night..."

The messenger came in the night
and sat on my bed,
his body all protruding bones,
the eye-holes deep in his head;

and I knew time's hands were dangling
(and though the words were unspoken)
that the bridge between future and past
had broken.

A bony fist now threatened,
and I heard aghast
sardonic laughter that said:
"This poem will be your last."

"הִיא אַחֲרָה לְבוֹא"

הִיא אַחֲרָה לְבוֹא וּבְבוֹאָהּ לֹא הֵעֲזָה,
לֹא הֵעֲזָה לְקַרְא: הַנְּנִי! בְּדַפְקָהּ עַל דְּלָתוֹת הַלֵּב;
פְּעֵמָד עֲנִיָּה עֲמָדָה, וְיָדֶיהָ דוֹמָם הוֹשִׁיטָה,
וְעֵצֵב הָיָה מִבְּטָה, מִתְחַנֵּן, נִכְנָע וְעֵצֵב.

וְעַל כֵּן חוֹרִים הַנְּרוֹת אֲשֶׁר לְכַבּוֹדָהּ הֵעֲלִיתִי,
כְּאֲחֵרוֹנֵי נְגָהוֹת בְּהֶאֱפִיר דְּמָדוּמֵי סֵתוֹ;
וְעַל כֵּן חֲרִישִׁית שִׁמְחָתִי, חֲרִישִׁית, מִהֶסֶסֶת, מִדְּאֲבָת,
מִהֶדָּאֵב תִּקְנָה נִכְזָבָה, כְּעֵנֹת צִפִּית-שָׂאֵר.

"Love was late in coming..."

Love was late in coming, and coming
didn't dare call out: I am here,
while she knocked on the doors of the heart,
and stood as a poor man stands,
hands silently stretched out.
Her look was sad and imploring,
submissive and filled with doubt.

Pale are the candles, therefore,
that I have lit for her,
pale as the last of flowers
in the autumn light;
hesitant my joy, therefore,
quiet and in pain
like the pain of hope disappointed
or waiting, waiting in vain.

אל ארצי

לא שרתי לך, ארצי,
ולא פארתי שמך
בעלילות גבורה,
בשלל קרבות;
רק עץ – ידי נטעו
חופי ירדן שוקטים.
רק שביל – כבשו רגלי
על פני שדות.

אכן דלה מאד –
ידעתי זאת, האם,
אכן דלה מאד
מנחת בתך;
רק קול תרועת הגיל
ביום יגה האור,
רק בכי במסתרים
עלי ענייך.

To my country

I have not sung you, my country,
not brought glory to your name
with the great deeds of a hero
or the spoils a battle yields.
But on the shores of the Jordan
my hands have planted a tree,
and my feet have made a pathway
through your fields.

Modest are the gifts I bring you.
I know this, mother.
Modest, I know, the offerings
of your daughter:
Only an outburst of song
on a day when the light flares up,
only a silent tear
for your poverty.

רחל

הו דמה בדמי זרם,
הו קולה בי רן –
רחל הרועה צאן לבן,
רחל – אם האם.

ועל כן הבית לי צר
והעיר – זרה,
כי היתה מתנופף סוּדְרָה
לרוחות המדבר;

ועל כן את דרכי אחז
בבטחה כזאת,
כי שמורים ברגלי זכרונות
מני אז, מני אז!

Rachel

Rachel, Mother of mothers,
who shepherded Laban's sheep—
it is her blood that flows in my blood,
her voice that sings in me.

Therefore is my house narrow
and the city strange,
because her scarf once fluttered
in the desert wind.

Therefore do I make my way
unswervingly
because my feet remember
her path of then, of then.

פרחי-אולי

על ערוגות הגן, בגוף טלול ונחם
פרחי-אולי גדלו רעננים;
כטוב בגננים ידעתי לטפחם,
כטוב בגננים!

ולילה בלילו – זקוף על המשמר
בשערי הגן ללא לאות
סכותי על ציצי בפני רוחה הקר,
רוחה של ודאות.

אך היא מצאה סודי ותערים עלי,
אך היא שקדה מאד על גזר-הדיו;
לתת כבית-עלמיו את גו שעשועי,
לתת כבית-עלמיו.

Flowers of Perhaps

Fresh flowers of perhaps once grew
in a landscape dewy and warm,
and I the best of gardeners knew
how to foster and keep them from harm.

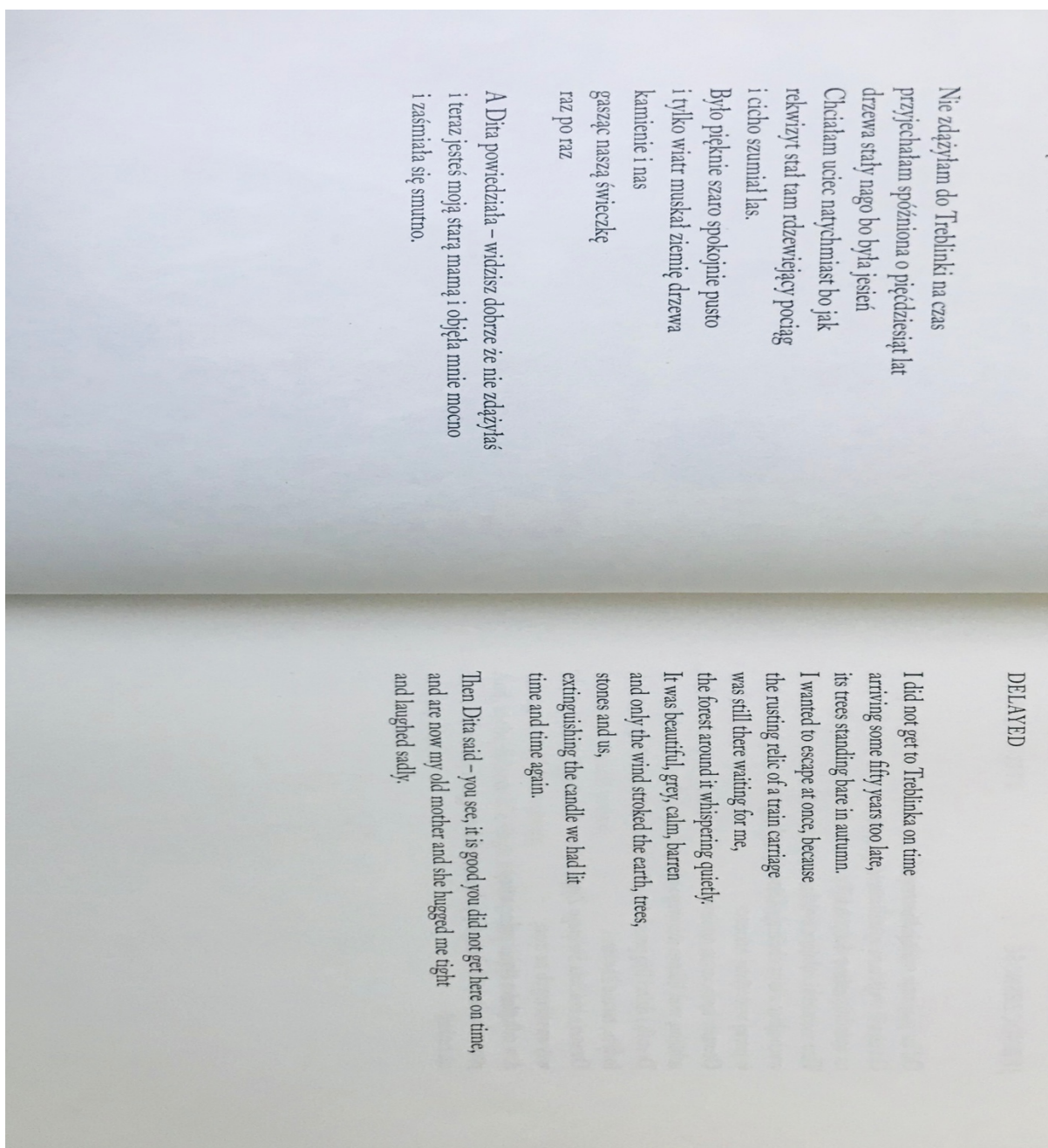
Night after night, a sentinel
I kept watch tirelessly
to protect my buds from the cold wind,
the wind of certainty.

But finding out my secret, the wind
coldly outwitting me,
turned my garden of perhaps
into a cemetery.

13. Irit Amiel

Biography Note: <https://sztetl.org.pl/en/biographies/4585-amiel-irit>

From the book *Delayed/Spóźniona* (2016)



Nie zdążyłam do Treblinki na czas
przyjechałam spóźniona o pięćdziesiąt lat
drzewa stały nago bo była jesień
Chciałam uciec natychmiast bo jak
rekwizyt stał tam rdzewiejący pociąg
i cicho szumiał las.
Było pięknie szaro spokojnie pusto
i tylko wiatr muskał ziemię drzewa
kamienie i nas
gasząc naszą świeczkę
raz po raz

A Dita powiedziała – widzisz dobrze że nie zdążyłaś
i teraz jesteś moją starą mamą i objęła mnie mocno
i zaśmiała się smutno.

DELAYED

I did not get to Treblinka on time
arriving some fifty years too late,
its trees standing bare in autumn.
I wanted to escape at once, because
the rusting relic of a train carriage
was still there waiting for me,
the forest around it whispering quietly.
It was beautiful, grey, calm, barren
and only the wind stroked the earth, trees,
stones and us,
extinguishing the candle we had lit
time and time again.

Then Dita said – you see, it is good you did not get here on time,
and are now my old mother and she hugged me tight
and laughed sadly.

JEDNOCZESNOŚĆ

Od lat pasjonuje mnie jednoczesność
Od chwili wyjścia ze sparaliżowanego getta
na sąsiednią zalaną słońcem ulicę
Tam niemiecki żołnierz w zielonym mundurze
wychodząc z kina obejmuje dziewczynę
w jasnej wzorzystej sukience
Otwarta kwaciarnia rozsiewa
subtelny woń liliowo różowego wrzосу
Dorośli i dzieci liżą pastelowo
lody na tarasie kawiarni
Dzwon z kościoła Świętego Zygmunta
wzywa wiernych na mszę
A w odległości życia i jednej ulicy
prowadzą innych do bydłych wagonów
na śmierć

SIMULTANEITY

For years, I have been fascinated by simultaneity,
from the very moment of being taken
from the paralysed ghetto into an adjacent, sunny street.
There, a German soldier in a green uniform
embraces a girl in a brightly coloured dress
as they leave the cinema.
A flower shop scatters
the subtle aroma of lily-pink heather.
Adults and children lick pastel-coloured
ice cream on a café terrace.
The bell of St Zygmunt's
calling the faithful to prayer.
And, at the distance of a single lifetime and a single street,
those others are being herded into cattle wagons
to their deaths.

RÓWNOWAGA

Człowiek żyje
pięćdziesiąt lat
na zielonej granicy
pomiędzy przeszłością
a teraźniejszością.

Na tym wąskim szwie
pomiędzy szaleństwem
a przytomnością.
I nocą do ostrych
jak brzytwa wspomnień
wyciąga dłoń.

A budząc się o upalnym
i wilgotnym świcie
pojąć nie może skąd
ta równowaga pomiędzy
nocną zmorą a łaskawym
porankiem.

EQUILIBRIUM

One lives
for fifty years
on the evergreen border
between the past
and the present

On the thin line
between madness
and mindfulness
to at night reach out
for memories as sharp
as razors

And waking at sweltering
damp dawns
is unable to comprehend
that equilibrium between
night-time horrors and merciful
mornings

MNIEJ ZMARLI

Dopóki jeszcze jestem tu, jesteście mniej zmarłymi,
Lecz wkrótce zginiecie po raz wtóry i ostatni.
Moja śmierć wymaże was ostatecznie ze świata.

Na razie jeszcze wszyscy we mnie pulsujecie,
Wytatuowani w mej pamięci, wyłobieni w moich żyłach.
Lecz wkrótce zabiorę was ze sobą do Hadesu
W ten ostatni mrok i nie będzie już zmartwychwstania.

Zabiorę ze sobą wszystkie imiona i stare piosenki,
Wszystkie twarze, uśmiechy, rozpacz, trwogi i łzy.
Wszystkie maski, wspomnienia, tęsknoty,
Wszystkie ucieczki, poniżenia i spóźnione powroty.

Do mego grobu zabiorę was wszystkich
i będziemy tam
bardziej zmarli. My ofiary i ocalańcy tego gorzkiego
jak piołun dwudziestego wieku.
I może wreszcie dotrzemy
do „ciszy i przystani, Żydzi śpiewający, Żydzi obłąkani**”.

LESS DEAD

As long as I am still here you are less dead,
but soon enough you will die for the nth and last time.
My end will finally wipe you from the face of the earth.

For now, however, you are all still beating within me,
tattooed into memory, etched into my veins.
Soon enough, I will take you down to Hades,
into that final darkness, so you will rise from the dead no more.

I will take with me all those names and songs,
faces, smiles, miseries, worries and tears.
Every mask, memory, the missing of things,
each escape, debasement and late return.

I will take you all to the grave
and we will stay there,
more dead. We, the victims and the saved
of that wormwood-bitter twentieth century.
And perhaps, finally, then we'll make
our "escape from noise and from sadness,
we Jews of song, we Jews of madness*."

WYJŚCIE Z EGIPITU

Ze swego Egiptu wyszedł w jesienny deszcz,
gubiąc buty w czarnym, lepkim błocie.
U stóp ośnieżonych, niebiesznych Alp,
z pięciokilowym plecakiem i piętnastoletnim
sercem skurczonym w pingpongową piłeczkę,
zeskoczył z unrowskiej ciężarówki i czepiając się
pazurami zlodowaciałych krzewów, szmuglował
przez granicę swoje marne ocalone ciało.
Zawieszony na wątlej sznurowej drabince
pomiędzy granatową wodą Morza Śródziemnego,
a wygwieżdżonym wiosennym włoskim niebem,
wspinał się z rozchybotanej łodzi na wysoki
pijany okręt, który miał zabrać go do brzegów
Ziemi Obiecanej. Lecz nie rozstały się wody
i wylądował znów w obozie, otoczony drutem
kolczastym, na rudej spalonej cypryjskim
słońcem ziemi. I tkwił tam w szalasio,
duszony upałem dwieście nocy i dwieście dni,
pojąc suchy piach swoją tęsknotą i łzą.

OUT OF EGYPT

He exiled himself from his own Egypt in autumn rains,
losing his shoes in black, sticky mud.
At the foot of the snow-covered, sky-high Alpine peaks
with a five kilo rucksack and a fifteen-year-old
heart compressed down to the size of a ping pong ball,
he jumped down from an UNRRA truck and, fingernails
stabbing, clutching at frozen bushes, he smuggled
across the border his feeble, salvaged body.
Suspended from a narrow rope ladder,
between the navy blue water of the Mediterranean
and the star-spangled, springtime Italian sky,
he climbed from an unsteady boat onto a tall,
drunken ship which was meant to take him to the shores
of the Promised Land. But the waters did not part
and he once again ended up in a camp, behind barbed
wire, upon ruddy earth burnt out by the Cyprus
sun. And he stayed there in a tent, heat choking
for two hundred days and two hundred nights,
feeding dry sands with his longing and tears.

14. Anne Frank and Renia Spiegel

Fragments of Anne Frank and excerpts of *Lost in Translation* by Ewa Hoffman will be distributed before the class:

(Exerpts of Renia Spiegel's diary are available on the course website:

<https://cudzoziemki.weebly.com/jewish-womens-writing.html>)

and also distributed in a separate handout

15. Lea Goldberg

About the author, her life

More about Lea Goldberg's late poetry:

<https://www.worldliteraturetoday.org/blog/translation/last-poems-lea-goldberg-rachel-tzvia-back>

Toward Myself

The years have made up my face
with memories of loves
and have adorned my hair with light silver threads
making me most beautiful.

In my eyes are reflected
the landscapes.
And paths I have trod
have straightened my stride –
tired and lovely steps.

If you should see me now
you would not recognize your yesterdays –
I am walking toward myself
with a face you searched for in vain
when I was walking toward you.

Fragments

*

The distance between me and the poem's she
is like the distance between my body and its shadow
on the wall. But I'll die, she'll remain
and today I cannot forgive her that.

*

A person rises from his sleep
poemless.
A sage who forgot all his teachings
wanders dumbfounded
through the city streets.
Maybe someone will find his house
maybe someone will remind him:
It was but a few years ago, was it not,
that you were young.

*

Just one step.
You will not fall into the depths.
Hard earth
with no mercy of the abyss

.....

*

Already the silences are easy.
The light is bright.
When there are no roads
There's no fear of borders.
And there's nothing to reveal
when there's nothing to hide.

16. Zelda

Leading article: <https://jwa.org/encyclopedia/article/israeli-womens-writing-in-hebrew-1948-2004>

Zelda Shneurson Mishkowsky (June 20, 1914 - April 30, 1984) was born in Ukraine to a Hasidic family and came to Jerusalem with her parents in 1926. She lived all her adult life in the ultra-Orthodox world, in Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem, and she also she had many friends and admirers in the secular world. “The Invisible Carmel” is the title poem of the second of the six volumes of poetry she published in her lifetime.

Ghostly Scars of Our Flaws, Revealed in Displacement

When I die,
moving into a different mode,
the invisible Carmel that is wholly mine –
wholly the essence of joy,
where the needles and cones of the pines,
the flowers and clouds are engraved in my flesh –
will split from the visible Carmel
and its avenues of pines sloping down to the sea.

Does delight in the crimson sunset
come from death’s hidden nexus within me?
And delight in the fragrant herbs,
the moment of the water’s haze
and the moment of return
to the stern gaze of Jerusalem’s skies,
to the Supreme over all –
do these come from the hidden nexus of death?

See: <https://www.haaretz.com/life/books/.premium-poem-what-zelda-took-with-her-when-she-died-1.5323528>

17. Else Lasker Schöler

HOMESICKNESS

I cannot speak the tongue
In this cold land.
Nor walk the step

Nor can I read
The passing clouds.

Night is a strange Step-Queen.

I must think forever of Pharaohan forests
And kiss the images of my stars.

Soon my lips glow
And speak a distance,

And I am a chequered book of pictures
On your lap.

But your face spins a veil
Out of tears.

The corals have been plucked
From my scintillating birds,

Along the garden hedges.
Their soft nests are turning into stone.

Who embalms my lifeless palaces –
They bore the crowns of my fathers:
Their prayers sank down in the holy river.

EARLY POEMS

STYX

O that I slept a wishless sleep,
That a river ran as deep as my life,
And I with its waters.

WELTSCHMERZ

I, the burning desert-wind,
Froze and took on form.

Where's the sun can break me down,
Or lightning that can shatter me!

Now I rage at all the skies,
A sphinx with a head made of stone.

END OF THE WORLD

There is a weeping in the world,
As though our God had died,
A leaden shadow falls and weighs,
A burden as heavy as the grave.

Come close to me, we want to hide
Like life that lies in all our hearts
As though indeed it lay in graves.

You! Let us kiss more deeply –
As deeply as desire that throbs on the world,
Throbs until the day we die.

MY WANDERING SONG

Twelve morning-brightnesses afar
The spirit of midnight echoes and dies
And my lips have reasoned out
Proud in a line with eternity.

Gate-downward strides all that has passed
While still my soul breaks in the ray of its solution;
Its light, a thousand-hot and white,
Shines ahead in forms unmoulded yet.

And I grow far – beyond all memory –
Like distant music – and in peace and war
My rising glances, pyramids,
Are the goals behind all time.

THE BABOON MOTHER SINGS TO HER LITTLE BABOON

Sleep, sleep
My rosy buttocks,
My sugar-scamp,
My little gold flea,

A Queen will arrive from Asia with treats
Tomorrow with chocolates, sugar and sweets,
 Quickly, quickly,
 Go little hare,
Otherwise blue mouth'll have no share!

MY PEOPLE

Rotten the rock
From which I spring up
And sing my songs to God...
Sheer I plunge from the roadside
Rustling deep inside myself
Far down alone on lamenting stone
Toward the sea.

Have streamed off so
From my blood's
Bitter fermentation.
And always, always still the echo
In me,
When fearful in the East
The rotten bone-rock
My people
Shrieks to God.

THE LAST STAR

My silver glances ripple in the void –
I never dreamed that life was hollow.
On the lightest of my rays
I slide across a woof spun out of sky
Around up time and down its dome
Revolving in an endless dance.
With snaky freshness breezes rush
Like columns rising from pale rings
And fall dissolving down again.
What will is there in all this sounding, lusting air –
Things rock and sway beneath me
As I curve around the loins of time –
- My movement is softly coloured –
And still it never felt day's dawn arising fresh
Nor new day's joyful morning bloom.
I feel the advent of the seventh day –
And still no end has been conceived.
Liquid drops dissolve in drops
And rub on drops again,

Water tumbles in the deep,
Surges on and falls down sheer on earth.
Shimmering arms with rushing sounds
Spume up wildly and lose themselves.
What an urging there is and a narrowing down
In the last impulse that seeks a shape!
Time breathes more haltingly in the lap of timelessness:
Hollow breezes creep along
And cannot reach their goal,
And my dance is turning into a speck
Upon the blindness that surrounds it.

SULAMITH

O, I found too much bliss
On your sweet mouth!
Already I feel the lips of Gabriel
Burning on my heart....
And the night-cloud drinks
My deep dream of cedars.
O, how your life beckons to me!
 And I perish
With a blossoming pain in my heart
And I soar away into space,
 In time,
 In eternity,
And my soul burns out in the evening colours
 Of Jerusalem.

WORLD-FLIGHT

I want to flee
Into the boundlessness
Of my self.
It's almost too late,
Now that autumn crocus
Blooms in my soul.
O how I perish with you!
Since you strangle me with yourselves.
I'll wind myself around in threads
Ending uproar!
Distracting
And deterring you,
Flee
My wards.

THE LAST ONE

I lean upon the sealed eyelid of night
And listen into silence.

All the stars are dreaming of me
- Ray by ray more golden they seem -
And I more distant and impenetrable.

Now the wandering moon runs round me
Murmuring its blindly stricken shimmer,
It is a dervish in its wandering dance.

White-yellow young its pendent image,
Thin as foam on night,
And a droning avalanche, sheer above the clouds,
Falls dusk and grey forever,
Grazing on my side its gold.

My homeland sea is listening softly in my lap –
Bright in sleeping – darkly waking...
I bear my people buried heavily in my hand
And seasons draw across me shyly.

I lean upon the sealed eye-lid of night
And listen into silence.

ARRIVAL

My heart has reached its destination.
Further leads no ray,
Behind me I leave the world,
Stars soaring in flight: golden birds.

The Moon hoists up its tower of darkness
...O how sweetly a song intones me...
But my shoulders rise, disdainful domes.

All translated by **Felix de Villiers**: <http://poetrytranslated.blogspot.com/2013/03/the-poems-of-else-lasker-schueler.html>

- <https://www.dw.com/en/celebrating-firebrand-poet-else-lasker-schüler-150-years-on/a-46995776>
- Project: Hommage to Else Lasker Schuler:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZT4496f38sg>

18. Agi Mishol

Biographical note: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Agi_Mishol

Wiersze (published in Polish): Jestem stąd will be discussed in connection to the song by Kabra Kasai Habaita Haloch-Hazor

<http://www.wydawnictwoa5.pl/index.php?s=karta,id,238&zdod=Jestem-stad.-Wiersze>

The Sermon at Latrun

You piss on my love as if
it were a bonfire, extinguishing it
ember by ember with the arrogance
of the perfect crime, and afterwards
you cry at night in front of an empty robe,
a shirt on a barbed wire hanger—
What were you thinking?

So your carriages turned into pumpkins,
your horses to mice,
and rags began peeping through.
Both of you, covered in fig leaves,
biting into the apple of knowledge,
knowing how to enter and exit the norm—
Were you not afraid?
Did you never hear that God
has no God?

You will be wanderers in the cash flow
of life, dogs without collars.
You will never relax into form,
never again hear the heart go boom—

A pig's head resting on a tray,
a green apple stuffed in its mouth—
With this you remain—
So sayeth the Lord.

Night Lamp

It takes time for the body
to grasp what the mind has decided
so the body strokes itself
with an outline of consolation:
here the shoulder, here

the face, here the inner thighs—

This is the bottomless sigh
devoid of a consonant
to lean against.

Betrayal

All the sorrel stalks I sucked on
revealed nothing.

Words piled up behind my back
until they turned into a green hill.
Phloem coursed through the trunks;
lupine seeds plotted blue in the dark soil.

Even if there is no singular form for grass
and only the plural makes it green,
I could not have known.

Birnam Wood began to move,
afterwards thought darkened
with everything that lay behind the trees.

translated from the Hebrew by Joanna Chen

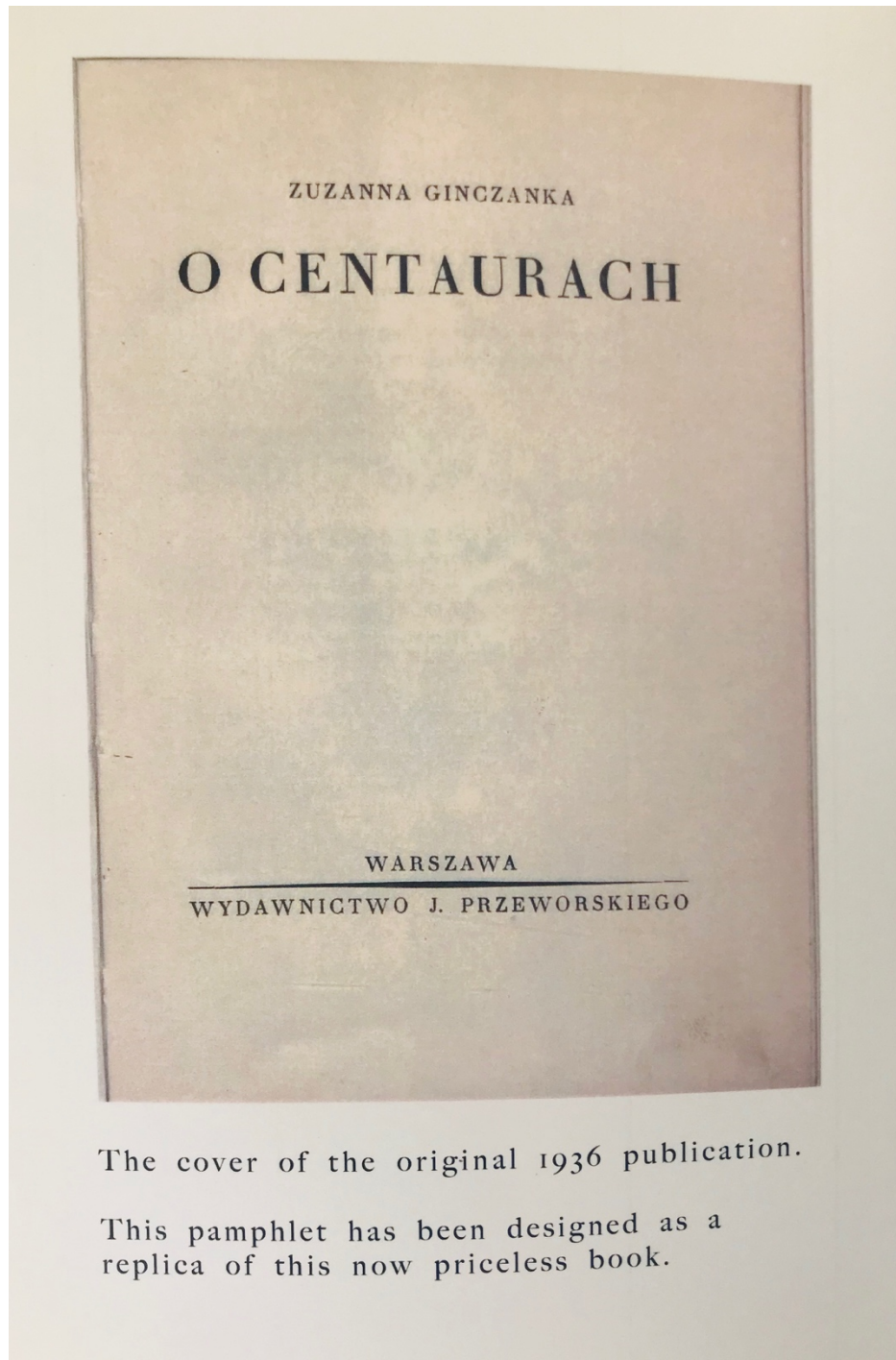
See: <https://www.asymptotejournal.com/poetry/agi-mishol-three-poems/>

19. Zuzanna Ginczanka

Biographical note: <https://culture.pl/en/artist/zuzanna-ginczanka>

A poem from the project: Żar-Ptak/ Fire-Bird:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_Dq4xis3bWw

Exhibition (in Polish): https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qtQQT_QwFko



The cover of the original 1936 publication.

This pamphlet has been designed as a replica of this now priceless book.

O CENTAURACH

Scierał się rym o rym ostrzone wiersze ze szczękien
— nie ufaj ścisłym rozmysłom, by żaden cie nie opętał,
— nie ufaj palcom jak ślepcy,
ni oczom jak sowy bezrękie —
oto głoszę namiętność i mądrość
ciasno w pasie zrosnięte
jak centaur. —

Wznaję dostojną harmonję męskiego torsu i głowy
z rozrosłem ciałem ogiera i cienką pęcina nogi —
— do żeńskich chłodnych policzek
i kłębów okrągłych kobył
galopują wspaniale centaury
w dzwonię podków z łak mitologii.

Ich namiętność skupioną i mądrą
i ich mądrość płomienną, jak rozkosz
odnalazłam w dostojnej harmonji
i stropilam w pasie i sercu.

Popatrz:
nanyśl
o twarzy antycznej
zgrzanym koniom zawierzyl swą boskość,
jak spętane rumaki po jaskrach
drżące zmysły pędzą po czterech.

OF CENTAURS

Rubbing against each other, rhymed verses rattling
— don't let dull thoughts possess you with prattling
— do not trust your hands like the blind,
nor your eyes like owls grappling —
I now call on all passions and wisdom
joined at the hips by battling
like a centaur. —

I admire the grace of the male chest and head
to a stallion body and its slim legs wed —
— for to cool female cheeks
and the swelling mares,
grand centaurs come galloping
with their horseshoe myths dread.

In infatigations so focused and wise,
and their fiery senses' delight,
I found a dignified harmony
joined at the waist and the heart.

Look:
consider
these antique features
rowdy horses give their might,
steeds unthethered trample buttercups,
senses trembling for the summer to start.

ZDRADA

Nie uplinuje mnie nikt.
Grzech z zamachu i niecoperzy
zawisł na strychach strachu półmysią głową wdół —
O zmierzchu wymknę się z wieży, z warownej ucieknę wieży
przez cięcie ostrych os,
przez zaskak zatrutych ziół —

Ciężko powstaną z rumowisk doczające tunnie przykazani
dwaździeścia piekieł Wedy,
plonienie,
wycie
i świst,
noc fanatyczna zagrożzi, zakamieniuje gwiazdami,
Ręcią wysłizgnę się z palców.
Nie uplinuje mnie nic.

Ty w wilka się zmienisz, ja w pliszkę —
ty w orła, ja w kręte dziwy — —
nieprzeniknionym zamysłem uprzędzę każdy twój pościg.
Nie uplinuje mnie świat,
o luby — o drogi — o miły,
jeśli nie zechcę
sama
słodkiej majowej
wierności.

TREASON

No one is going to catch me.
Sins of sudec and bats cower,
hanging in garrrets of terror, clawed sleep to not be disturbed —
At dusk, I escape from my tower, I flee my fortified tower
by inciting biting wasps,
by the barbs of poisoned herbs —

Barely up from debris pressing cathedral commandments
The twenty circles of Vedas,
fines and
howling
and hatching,
fanatical nights that threaten, that stome with hails of stars,
with mercury I'll slip nearing fingers.
Nothing is going to catch me.

A wolf you become, I a wagtail —
You an eagle, I winding fears —
helped by impenetrable reason I evade what you deem a chase.
The world is not going to catch me,
my love — my darling — my dear,
if I wish to remain
alone,
sweet in spring time
and chaste.

20. Adrienne Rich

(Text is available on the course website:

<https://cudzoziemki.weebly.com/jewish-womens-writing.html>)

and also distributed in a separate handout

21. Commentaries and Appendixes. Things to Read (Further Bibliographies), to Watch, to Think about. Connotations.

Jewish Women Archive: <https://jwa.org>

Magazine “Lilith:” <https://www.lilith.org>

Video about Jewish Orthodox Women (BBC):
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MZ7yjuI1k_U

Re: talks on Vivien Gornick: <https://www.lilith.org/articles/fall-1976-37/>

Articles in Jewish Book Council, such as this one; <https://www.jewishbookcouncil.org/pb-daily/the-jewish-women-writers-who-made-their-mark-on-cafe-culture>

<https://qarrtsiluni.com/2011/01/28/mary-a-yiddish-poem-by-anna-margolin/>