Not Drying Swamp nor Dancing Hora

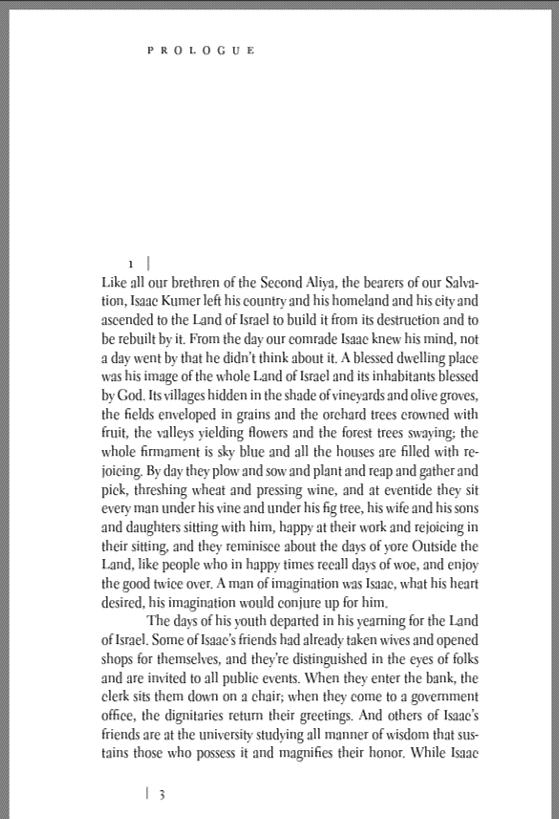
Only Yesterday S.Y. Agnon

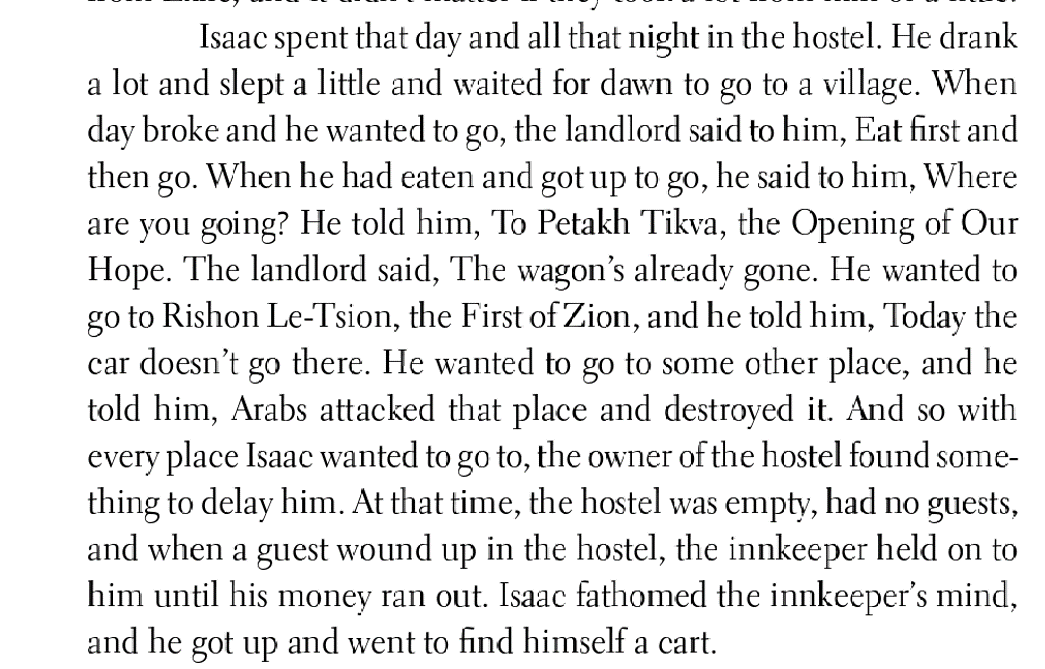
Delicate Confession Nathan Zach

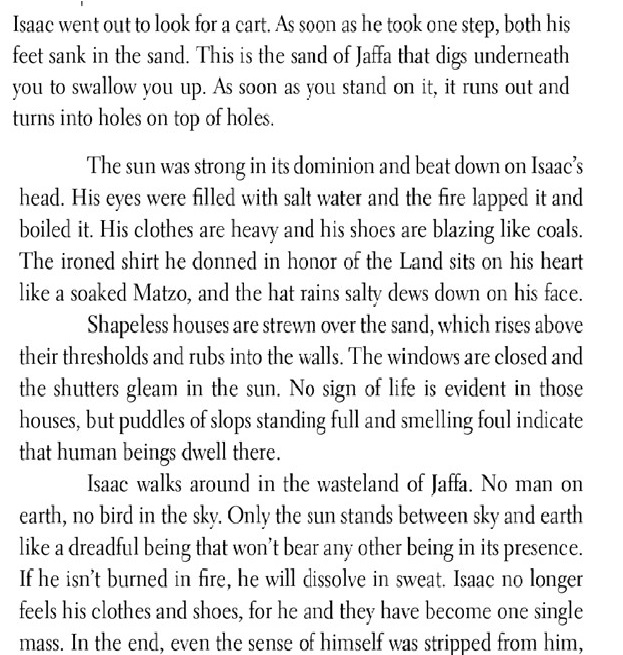
You Shall Walk in the Field Lea Goldberg

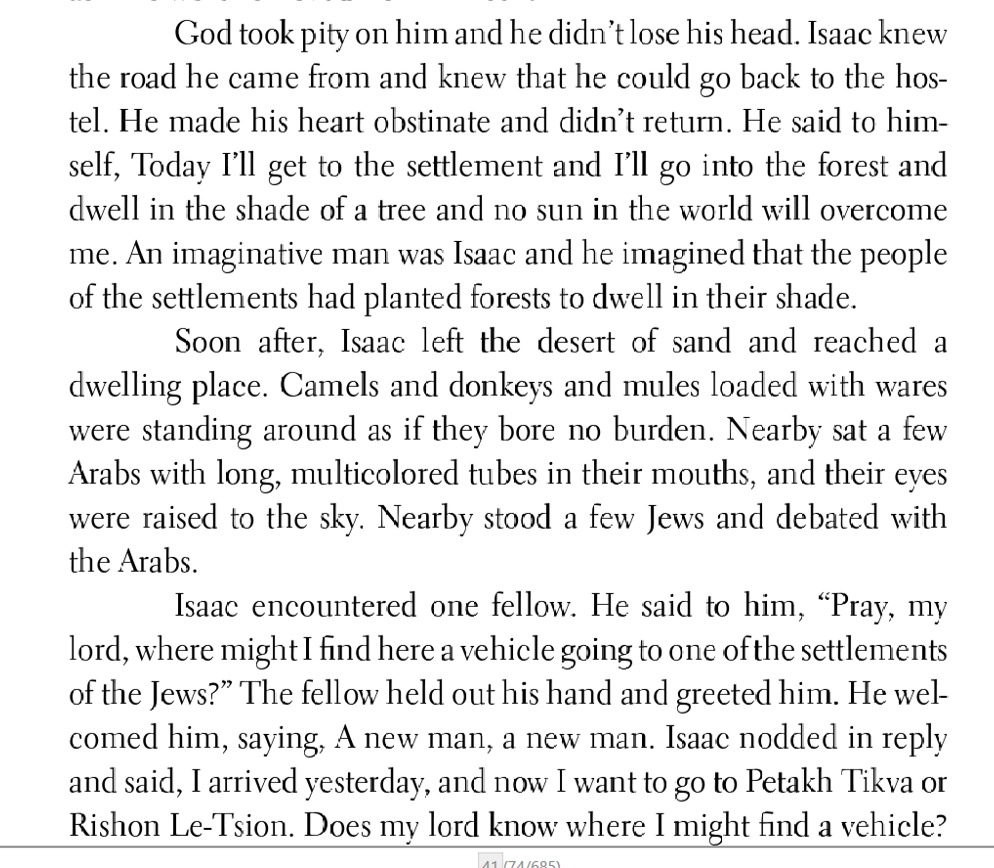
Not Drying Swamp nor Dancing Hora

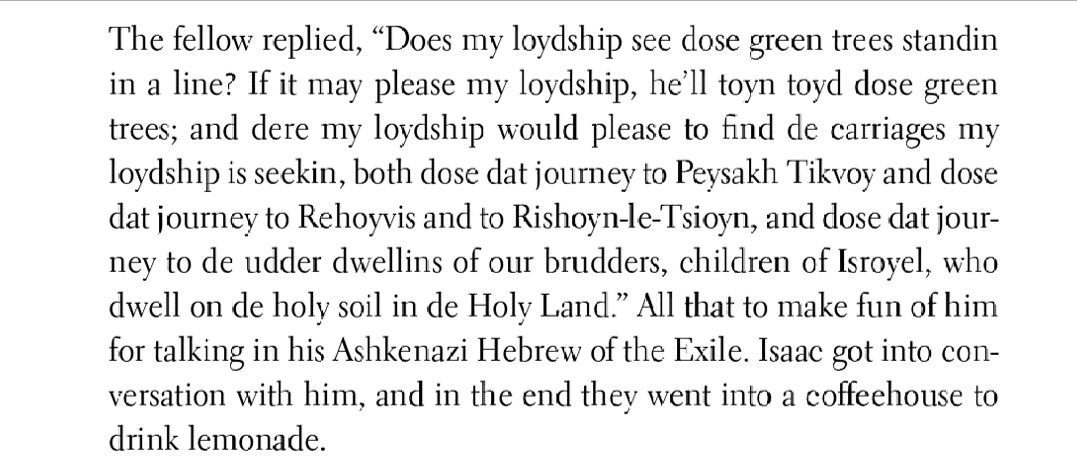
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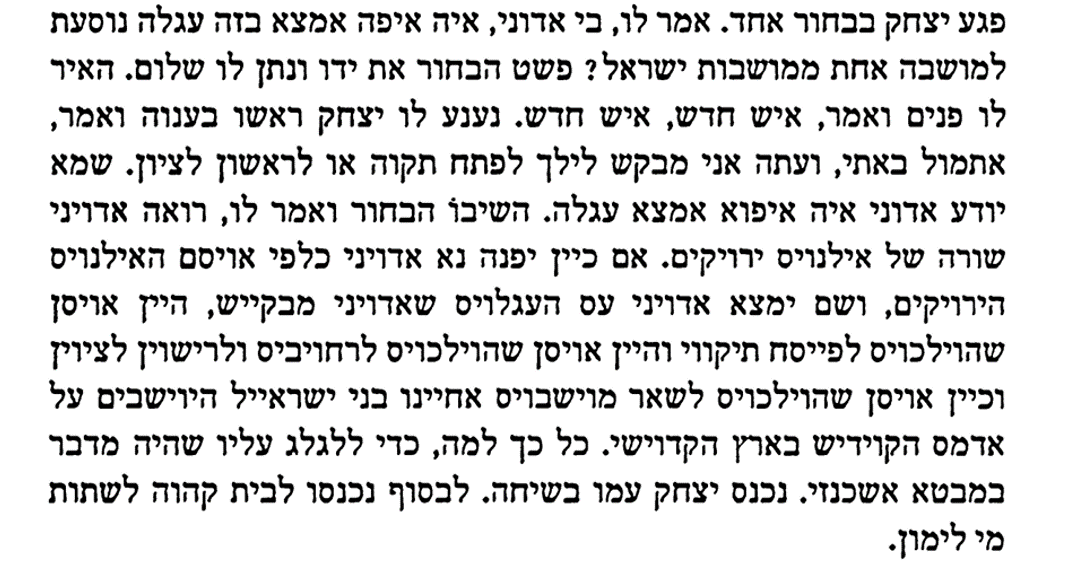










Delicate Confession Nathan Zach

I was born to be delicate.

Fact: I have soft hair.

You want to check? Be my guest,

My shampooed head is exposed to your gaze. Please excuse

The little bald patches. They’re just

The ravages of time.

I was born to be delicate. As it happens

My parents decided they should emigrate

To a country that is not delicate. They did not decide in haste,

They consulted with everyone. Even Hitler supported their decision,

He said it was very sensible.

That’s how someone born to be delicate

Came to a country that is not delicate. You tell me

What choice did I have? I still comb my hair

With a delicate comb, brush my teeth, lose my hair, send my clothes

To the cleaners. I never insult the neighbors except when

There's no choice.

It’s all a mistake, they said, a terrible mistake has been made. I myself

Make do with shouting in my sleep. Do you think

it will help?

Don’t make me laugh. I’m a serious person

If I had not been cursed by the generation, I mean my generation,

I would have a crushing answer for you

But maybe it wouldn’t be delicate.

**וִידוּי עָדִין**

נתן זך

נוֹלַדְתִי לִהְיוֹת עָדִין.

עוּבְדָה: יֵש לִי שְׂעָרוֹת עֲדִינוֹת.

אַתֶם רוֹצִים לִבְדוֹק? בְּבַקָשָה,

רֹאשִי הֶחָפוּף חָשׂוּף לִפְנֵיכֶם. אָנָא סִלְחוּ

עַל הַקָרָחוֹת הַקְטַנוֹת. זֶה רַק

שִינֵי הַזְמַן.

נוֹלַדְתִי לִהְיוֹת עָדִין. בְּמִקְרֶה

הֶחְלִיטוּ הוֹרַיי שֶהֵם צְרִיכִים לְהַגֵר

לְאֶרֶץ לֹא עֲדִינָה. הֵם לֹא הֶחְלִיטוּ בִּפְזִיזוּת,

הִתְיָיעֲצוּ עִם כָּל מִי שֶיָכְלוּ. אֲפִילוּ הִיטְלֶר תָמַךְ בַּהַחְלָטָה,

אָמַר שֶהִיא נְבוֹנָה בְּהֶחְלֵט.

כָּךְ הִגִיעַ מִי שֶנוֹלַד לִהְיוֹת עָדִין

לְאֶרֶץ לֹא עֲדִינָה. אִמְרוּ לִי אַתֶם:

אֵיזֶה בְּרֵרוֹת הָיוּ לִי. אֲנִי עֲדַיִין מִסְתָרֵק

בְּמַסְרֵק עָדִין, מְצַחְצֵחַ שִינַיִים, מַקְרִיחַ, מוֹסֵר בְּגָדִים

לְמִכְבָּסָה, לֹא מַעֲלִיב אֶת הַשְכֵנִים אֶלָא אִם כֵּן

אֵין בְּרֵרָה.

הַכּוֹל טָעוּת, אָמְרוּ, נָפְלָה כָּאן אֵיזוֹ טָעוּת נוֹרָאָה. אֲנִי עַצְמִי

מִסְתַפֵּק בְּכָךְ שֶאֲנִי צוֹעֵק בִּשְנָתִי. מָה דַעְתְכֶם,

זֶה יַעְזוֹר?!

אַל תַצְחִיקוּ אוֹתִי. אֲנִי בֶּן-אָדָם רְצִינִי

וְאִלְמָלֵא קִילֵל אוֹתִי הַדוֹר, וְהַכַּוָונָה לְדוֹרִי,

הָיִיתִי עוֹנֶה לָכֶם תְשוּבָה מוֹחֶצֶת

אֲבָל אוּלַי לֹא כָּל כָּךְ עֲדִינָה.

You Shall Walk in the Field Lea Goldberg

Is it true - will there ever come days of forgiveness and mercy?  
And you'll walk in the field, and it will be an innocent's walk.  
And your feet on the alfalfa's small leaves will be gently caressing,  
And sweet will be stings, when you're stung by the rye's broken stalks!  
  
And the drizzle will catch you in pounding raindrops' folly  
On your shoulders, your breast and your neck, while your mind will be clean,  
You will walk the wet field, and the silence will fill you -  
As does light in a dark cloud's rim  
  
And you'll breathe in the furrow in breaths calm and even,  
And the pond's golden mirror will show you the Sun up above,  
And once more all the things will be simple, and present, and living,  
And once more you will love - yes, you will, yes, once more you will love!  
  
You will walk. All alone. Never hurt by the blazing inferno  
Of the fires on the roads fed by horrors too awful to stand,  
And in your heart of hearts you'll be able to humbly surrender,  
In the way of the weeds, in the way of free men.

**Rachel Tzvia Back**

And will they ever come, days of forgiveness and grace,  
when you’ll walk in the fields, simple wanderer,  
and your bare soles will be caressed by the clover,  
or wheat-stubble will sting your feet, and its sting will be sweet?

Or the rainfall will catch you, the downpour pounding   
on your shoulders, your breast, your neck, your head.  
And you’ll walk in the wet fields, quiet widening within   
like light on the cloud’s rim.

And you’ll breathe in the scent of the furrow, full and calm,  
and you’ll see the sun in the rain-pool’s golden mirror,  
and all things are simple and alive, and you may touch them,  
you are allowed, you are allowed to love.

You’ll walk in the field. Alone, not scorched by the blaze  
of the fires, along roads stiffened with blood and terror.  
And true to your heart you’ll be humble and softened,  
as one of the grass, as one of humankind.[[](https://www.worldliteraturetoday.org/2014/may/species-magic-role-poetry-protest-and-truth-telling-israeli-poets-perspective" \l "end2)[2]](https://www.worldliteraturetoday.org/2014/may/species-magic-role-poetry-protest-and-truth-telling-israeli-poets-perspective#end2)

