

HADARA BAR-NADAV

Diamond

A diamond that hates
diamonds, the dumb

glittering of the self
in the sun.

Glitter during war, glitter
during plague, glittering

Terezín and electric wire.

Geometry is the enemy
that wounded him

and pretended it was love.

A head shorn of hair.
The object shorn.

The diamond ran out
of faces, facets, coal,

hidden for years
in the hem

of a stolen coat.

I will not trade him for
boots, bread, a passport

or the daughter I lost
singing to herself

on the other side
of the dirt.

Each generation chained,
charred, glittering,

born inside an oven
of roiling earth.

Light siphoned
from my father's crown.