

ANZHELINA POLONSKAYA

Translated from the Russian by Andrew Wachtel

OH, NIGHT

Oh, night, you are dearth.
A patch over patches.
A holy fool in a crowd.
A fire devouring the sacrificial lamb.
Saint Peter
denying with the cocks
is your brother.
It would seem the heart
can't take such blows
like a slave-driver's chattel,
that the book of fate—
a history of betrayal
and deafness is passed on
with a handshake from body to body.
Your god is childless,
doesn't hear the bells,
having not sent
his son to his death.