

Anton Shammas · *Israel*

DEDICATORY ENTRY

My father died in the summer, and the barrier
Between us has been crumbling ever since.

Now, in the fall, he stands like a door
At the edge of the no-man's-land of my life—
The border before him.

This is what I tell the child
Trampled inside me,
This is what I tell the child
Standing before me.

My father stands like a door,
And of the three of us one goes in.

translated from the Hebrew by Judy Levy

GOODBOY

I
I am here according to the logic
of city and stones
And stones are my lips.
My hands are limp—
according to a logic of mine.
I hear the night she overlaid it.
Yes, I do hear the night,
and write drafts for the dead child.