

THE BULL RETURNS

The bull returns from his day's work in the arena,
after he drank coffee with his fighters
and left them a note with his exact
address and the location of the red cape.
The sword stayed in his obstinate neck.
And the times he's at home. Now
he sits on his bed with his heavy
Jewish eyes. He knows
that the sword hurts too as it enters the flesh.
In the next life he'll be the sword: the hurt will stay.

(“The door is open. If not, the key is under
the mat.”)
He knows about twilight kindness and true
kindness. In the Bible he's listed among the pure animals.
He's very kosher, chewing the cud,
and even his heart is divided and cleft like a hoof.
Hair breaks out of his chest,
dry and dull as out of a torn mattress.

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translated from the Hebrew by
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