

Whose domain no strife mars—  
I am made whole by my scars  
For whatever now displaces  
Follows all that once was  
And without loss stows  
Me into my own spaces<sup>5</sup>

The fifth line is flat; the remainder—with “hold” fulfilling its verbal and its nominal functions at once, and with the crucially meaningful submerged rhyme, “hollows . . . follows . . . stows”—is magnificent. And what is said holds as true of Gentile and personal wounds as of historical Jewish ones.

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<sup>1</sup> “Promised Land,” from *The Many Named Beloved*. All the poems I quote are given in their entirety.

<sup>2</sup> *The Many Named Beloved*.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

■

#### Four Poems by Samuel Menashe

As a stick that divines  
I am tugged by what I see  
Through sleep’s rough mine  
Whose crystals encrust me