

*Ending*

I will still rise from the nightmare of biography  
in noons sharper than the noons of Tammuz, pulled-back and finally  
ready  
to guess what percent of the sun's rays are sledgehammers,  
how strong how choking this air is

in which terror happens, slap love, ahah  
I will still rise from the nightmare of biography.  
My back makes evening of the fireworks of desperate birds  
to guess what percent of the sun's rays are sledgehammers.

Birth may be breaking me in the world  
in which terror happens, slap love, ahah,  
but no, I say, no,  
my back makes evening of the fireworks of desperate birds.

Behind me the city, the mother, the meaninglessness of humancry.  
Birth may be breaking me for the world  
in these moments of poetry I sing my life into dust  
but no, I say, no.

Birth may be breaking me in the world  
to guess what percent of the sun's rays are sledgehammers  
but no, I say, no,  
I will still rise from the nightmare of biography.

*Translated from the Hebrew by Aviya Kushner*