

SHIMON ADAF

Small Confession

I don't have an inheritance to depend on,
or a catastrophe to place in the hand
of the future generation.
What does it matter how
the eyes of my father peel open in shock, in the night,
and how his heart was an impossible machine
all the years of childhood.
Under simple skies like cheap rhymes
I opened windows,
light summer air hit me
like a belt unsheathed from pants;
on the windowsill flowers crackled,
hibiscuses rose from the albino whiteness
of the leaves—
like my back,
like my forearms,
freckled with burns.