Night With Night

Hadara Bar-Nadav
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In couplets one expects a couple in a tree. Birds scribble their fury across the sky.

Say sky here and blue opens. Say black and night throws its drink.

The sky reminds us of an invitation elsewhere. Even a storm has its charm.

Who can complain about the sky when we have each other?

If there is a hand in the sky. If we had a hand in it.

The sky feeds itself to itself, a furnace of roses and blood.

The sky drops an aluminum eye, rolls its grief in ink.
Who are we, sky of reflection, 
who wince, who weep?

The sky is a lake 
of needles. The sky, a field of teeth.

The sky wings overhead 
or the sky falls and blackens us.

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