

KINNERET

Hanna Palmón (Jeruzalaim)

Near the Kinneret,

Straddled palm-tree branches

Were motionlessly carrying the intensity

Of a drunken, masterful pink sky,

Their splendor striking whoever happened

To pass through the light,

And me –

Because I'll never be just that:

Wild block bedding of love.

And I'll never listen like the silence

Of that feminine night

Who –

Under the spell of the arching boughs –

Majestically unfastened her robe

And nursed clusters of yearning dates.