

Kadya Molodowsky

The Mother

Wearing a green sweater, the mother paces, paces
Along the street.
In Elul the wind comes and goes.
In Tebet it snows.
At Pesach the sun trickles over the windowpanes.
The green sweater paces, paces along the street.
Summers go by.
Winter go by.
Years go by.
The streets float before her, endless and twisting.
The sky swings like a hammock,
and all the streets,
all, lead to Paviak prison.

In that place a cell throbs like a sore,
A cell rocks day and night;
Behind the gray walls her daughter sits, closed up,
Locked in,
Silenced,
With folded hands,
Listening intently,
She sees the bars open with her gaze,
And counts the stars.
The silence rings,
The white fangs of emptiness glisten.

The green sweater paces, paces along the street.
Elul is not wet,
And Tebet is not cold,
And Pesach is barely a holiday.

The sky swings like a hammock,
And all the streets,
All of them, lead to Paviak prison.