

Kadya Molodowsky

Crumbling pages

And old prayer-book lies before me,
With yellowed pages,
Dog-eared at prayers about dew and rain,
About the sacrifice of Isaac,
And about Nimrod 窺 fiery lime-ovens.
Silent tears have fallen there
And made, the pages soft,
The way a heart grows sort from prayer,
And the 斗et His will be done 泊s are marked with the pointer And
smeared from the repeated reciting.
Who will now carry the prayer-book
God-fearingly under his arm?
And who will leaf through the yellowed pages?
Perhaps I should take it onto my green table
And lay it down in the middle,
And when dryness afflicts my heart,
Bring it to my burning lips.