

Ana Margolin, Years

Like women who are loved very much and are still not sated,
Who walk through life with laughter and anger,
And in their eyes shine fire and agate -
That's how our years were.

And they were like actors, playing
Hamlet out of the side of their mouths in the square;
Like grandees, in a land, a proud land,
Who seize rebellion by the scruff of the neck.

But now see how submissive they are, my God,
As silent as a smashed piano,
And they take each blow and taunt as a caress,
And seed you, not believing in you.