

## The Cemetery

Family home, your head double-faced,  
one pair of pupils immersed in greenery,  
the other gray from the street walls;  
none of them looking at the cemetery.

The cemetery was dying. Chips of stones  
measured time. Jewish names faded like  
the memory of them. I recall but  
one, Mosze, engraved on a piece

of marble we used to draw figures  
to play hopscotch. The tombstones  
felt strangely soft. In the morning, we  
picked violets and played tag; at night,

drank cheap wine and made inconceivable,  
unfeeling love. The names crumbled  
under our feet busy playing tag,  
so we buried them under love's ashes.

Among the matzevot that are no more  
a star hid—one you cannot see looking  
straight, just sideways, with the corner  
of your eye. Its meaning—unfathomable.