

MIYOM LELAYLA

From day to night
Miyom lelayla
Dahlia Ravikovitch b. 1936

Every day I wake up again as
though for the last time. I don't know
what to expect and perhaps that means
that nothing is expecting me. The
spring that has come is like the spring
that has gone. I know what May is, but
I do not give it a thought. I can't
perceive the border between day and
night. It's only that the night is colder,
and both are equally quiet. In the
morning I hear the voices of birds. I
doze off easily, being so fond of them.
The one who is dear to me is not here,
and perhaps he simply is not. I pass from day to day, from day to night, like
a feather which the bird is unaware of when it falls off.

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