

## Unfinished Poem

*Shirley Kaufman*

We live on a holy mountain  
where the crows and the Crown Plaza  
rise higher than our expectations

and the golden dome is only  
a restored reflection  
of the absolute.

All night the bodies of the prophets  
break out of the clouds  
calling, "Doom, doom."

Like the carp we bring home  
from the market, our lives  
are wrapped up in newsprint.

My friend says she'd like to  
cut off her head and let all  
the Jewish history run out.

We lift weights together  
twice a week to increase  
our bone density.

*Poet and translator Shirley Kaufman lives in Jerusalem. She has translated and published several collections of the poems of Abba Kovner, and has recently edited The Defiant Muse (The Feminist Press at CUNY), a bilingual anthology of feminist Hebrew poetry from the Bible to the present. Her own most recent collection of poems is Roots in the Air: New and Selected Poems (Copper Canyon Press).*