
I Turned Into

Rivka Miriam

*I turned into a stone in the wall of my city,
yellow and wrinkled, covered with moss,
dark with shadows leaning upon me,
a wet mist embracing.*

*A cracked stone in the wall of my city,
between fading shadows and silent crying,
among the bentover figures surrounding,
the deep vague echo of my people.*

*Into a dry and silent stone I turned
wrapped with bones and scrolls,
half moist and mist,
half but fragrant warm dust,
fragrant and warm.*

Translated by Linda Zisquit

Rivka Miriam is a writer and artist living in Jerusalem. She has published six books of poetry, a collection of short stories, and several children's books. Her art has been exhibited in numerous locations in Israel.