

## My Fear Is Not By Day

My fear is not by day  
It comes at night  
In dreams of Jewish objects  
And Catholic stained glass

In dreams I am a half-life  
Part me, part Jew.  
My parents own these objects  
And are impassive.

What? What? What meaning here?  
These dreamy fingers sifting through my hair  
A gesture so kind, but with those hands, so cold  
If I go now, will this black memory shear my life?

God—I'll be there again, You know that  
We'll fight some more, until you flee with light.  
Then my lame mind will try to fit the pieces  
As it limps down the road

Ariel Cohen