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