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Two Poems

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TWO POEMS

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LOT'S WIFE

She turns
gazing at catastrophe
seeing the forbidden,
the truly terrible.

We all remember the story.
She turns in longing
and is transformed
into the salt of her tears.

Pillar of salt.
She,
The one embodied here
You know no more
Has taken on the scream,
Become the voice
You hear at night
An echo of your own.

She has no name.
She is Lot's wife
She is a pillar of salt.

Two Poems

HIDING AT NOON

I am hiding in my own skin
Waiting inside my voice
For the noon of my being
To chime on
Afternoon's clock.

Everything is brightest at noon
In the day's new sunlight
The color of joy is visible
But so also the blood
On the egg shell
And the policeman's gun
Reporting into the air.

Everything is visible at noon
If I hide in my skin
And rest inside my voice
Perhaps I can ignore the weeping,
The spent haste,
The blood of noon.

AMMUNITION

Shirley Adelman

My mother was stuffing me with kasha,
digging deep inside chickens
for iron rich, baby eggs,
retrieved like nuggets of gold,
to "fix me up," as she would say,
 "protect me"
from the ravages of history, the bayonet
and boot, beating down on Jewish *kinder*,
before their bones burned clean
like sparrows tossed aflame.