

Ballistics

To Muhammad a-Dura

It's nothing but a camera trick. Your death,
maybe your life, as well, an editorial sleight of hand. You're cut
here and here, and pasted there. If you weren't dead, you'd
also be taken in. Because it's easy to draw the line
of the bullet, calculate the impact, measure
the distance between your father and your dead body. You need to understand—
it's not whether the child is dead or alive,
we just want to know who did it.

Translated from the Hebrew by Marcela Sulak

Genesis

I came into the world in the first person
singular. I didn't yet
have a god.
I didn't yet know that from dust I came.
Above my head
trees kept on branching
and stars were being shuffled
like a deck of cards.
Everything was still within my grasp,
all of life
like a fat drop
at the edge
of a leaf.

Translated from the Hebrew by Marcela Sulak



David Mondedeu, photogravure