

Translated poetry: Between our Tongues (in Hebrew)

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When you asked me who I am – Ima or Mummy?

Ima dripped between your lips
rolling in it the salty taste of the sea
and the smells of citrus fruits at the beginning of winter
like the sweet drop of milk
that my tongue was forcefully cut from

Mummy carried an arrow of love
from your tongue to my belly
an estranging mix of
trembling panic and honey
like a chill of excitement when I lost my way
alone in a foreign city

But when you asked who I am, Ima or mummy
a dry landscape of in between tongues stretched for a moment before us
as a promise for things yet unsaid in any language
and for a flickering time, I could imagine
walking together on the outer rim of
a new scenery of translation
hand in hand in an other mother tongue
two last beads in a broken chain.

Golden Letters

You sent me poetry letters
you asked me to reveal their folded magic
the erupting lava within your
golden round handwriting.

Naked, stood the words
before my gaze
foreign signs of unfamiliar language.
I craved to catch fire but
the readings of my eye crucified the letters
and the touch of my fingers
like Midas
holding his daughter.

A Symptom

is a child embracing, clinching
hanging onto your ankle
embedded in the work of translation

Immigration bracelet

Migratory birds are caught
from time to time too
in the mist net.
Greeted with a golden embrace
that will be attached to their feet
interpellated
through the ring of immigration

Mother tongue

Beyond bits of sugar

Beyond crumbs of sand

Beyond scraps of written letters

My love.