

The Sun Qohelet Knew Not—Sivan Har-Shafi¹

Aromas of blooming,
aroma of the flesh of the world
sudden proximity

You have not yet answered me:
Do I want to still approach it,
to get even closer
to this world?

After I vilify it,
it should be recalled how I hid my face in it
& it gave me in return warmth, summer breath
Nothing like it.

It is possible to remain standing at an observation point
in the forest ranger's tower

Yes, when the fire is skipping amongst treetops

There is this side to matter:
clear as crystal
opaque as darkness

It is death within me, calling me
to receive
to complete.

& life? Rejecting
life walking plagues
like the sun & the pines, scattering on the slope,
disintegrating, biting the earth, the house
Come!

Get going
& my hands are already in the sun's curls
switching up her style,
the sun Qohelet knew not
zigzagging, not in the heavens
among the grass
like a golden beetle
a species yet to be catalogued.

I place it in my mouth
(hands full of flowers)
liberating her
to bloom
within me

¹ Sivan Har-Shafi, *The Sun Qohelet Knew Not*, tr. Aubrey L. Glazer
(Kibbutz ha'Meuchad: Tel Aviv, 2015), 84-5.