

Be near me now

Be near me now,
My tormenter, my love, be near me—
At this hour when night comes down,
When, having drunk from the gash of sunset,
darkness comes with the balm of musk in its hands,
its diamond lancets,
When it comes with cries of lamentation,
with laughter with songs;
Its blue-gray anklets of pain clinking with every step.
At this hour when hearts,
deep in their hiding places,
Have begun to hope once more, when they start their vigil For
hands still enfolded in sleeves;
When wine being poured makes the sound of inconsolable
children who, though you try with all your heart,
cannot be soothed.
When whatever you want to do cannot be done,
When nothing is of any use;—
At this hour when night comes down,
When night comes, dragging its long face, dressed in
mourning,
Be with me, My tormenter,
my love,
be near me.

Translation by Naomi Lazard