

Lenore Weiss is an award-winning writer who has made her home in New York City, Chicago, and now Oakland, California. She edited *From the Well of Living Waters: Voices of a 21st Century Synagogue* (2011), and awaits *Tap Dancing on the Silverado Trail* to be published this year from Finishing Line Press, and *Mother and Other Love*, from West End Press, 2012.

Jew Girl

Why must youth be sacrificed on a bloody scaffold...?

--from Hannah Senesh: Her Life and Diary

You traced letters in the air with an index finger
balancing on a table on a bed on a chair
broadcasting morning news
to your prison cell mates
closing out each segment with a Star of David

Other tricks

You covered an empty talcum powder tin
with silver foil
attached buds of white tissue paper
blades of straw from your mattress
threaded through each foxhole

A bouquet of roses

Biedermeier dolls Rococo dolls ballet dancer dolls
Carmens Madame Butterfly Tosca's
Palestine boy and girl kibbutzniks
with pick and shovel in the olive groves of Caesarea
passed between the bars of Conti Street Prison

At 23 a match

consumed in its own kindling
lighting the way to Eretz Israel
where you could not escape
the bitch of history wanting
the flame to burn inside your heart
always Jewish.

The Widow Revisits Golfball Graveyard in Dimond Park

Afternoons we stayed in Dimond Park
and mornings, too, when young bodies
sang with new notes inside a pendulum
swinging up and down.

The children climbed monkey bars
and screamed on the slide in the sandbox
where every kind of dog buried its shit
and walked away pleased

until it was time to hike the canyon
filled with mudrocks and ferns.

Green parasols shaded wet feet
as we heaped mouths with blackberries,

and wove fingers between hairy thorns.
In summertime, it was quiet and cool.
Bay laurel trees arched above our heads,
a processional to the graveyard

where golf balls
from the driving range at Trestle Glen
lay buried at the edge of the stream
like giant roe waiting to be fertilized,

some orange, many white, a few
had already shed their outer peel.
They were not our keepers.
Something else had found them.

The game was about how many balls
children could stuff inside their pockets
without rolling back down.

Not the kids. The balls

swelled our pockets, lumps
which were less like grapes
and more like lymph nodes
nursed by loving hands.

And now as I look up the canyon,

past the tangled blackberries
and water spilling over rocks
with pyramids of dog shit

edging the path in mold, all I have left
are hard bits of memory
that line my own pocket.
I touch them over and over again.

Lenore Weiss