



And in the 51st Year of that Century,  
while My Brother Cried  
in the Trench,  
while My Enemy  
Glared from the Cave

This star is only an augury of the morning,  
Gift-bearer of another day.

A wind has brought the musk of thirty fields,  
Each like a coin of silver under that sky.

Precious, the soundless breathing of wife and children  
In a house on a field lit by the morning star.

*Hyam Plutzik (1911-1962)*

from "Apples from Shiva" by Hyam Plutzik 1959. Reprinted here by kind permission of Tanya Plutzik for the Hyam Plutzik Estate.

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