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[As a Stick That Divines]

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Whose domain no strife mars—
I am made whole by my scars
For whatever now displaces
Follows all that once was
And without loss stows
Me into my own spaces⁵

The fifth line is flat; the remainder—with “hold” fulfilling its verbal and its nominal functions at once, and with the crucially meaningful submerged rhyme, “hollows . . . follows . . . stows”—is magnificent. And what is said holds as true of Gentile and personal wounds as of historical Jewish ones.

¹ “Promised Land,” from *The Many Named Beloved*. All the poems I quote are given in their entirety.

² *The Many Named Beloved*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*

■

Four Poems by Samuel Menashe

As a stick that divines
I am tugged by what I see
Through sleep’s rough mine
Whose crystals encrust me