

Tombeau V for Edmond Jabès (1912-1991)

out of her mind Sarah
screams your dream a book

of ashes irrevocably lost
in a dress of parts condemned

to writing the shapes of words
yet to come will not return

the deported lovers summed up
elsewhere trace a wide margin

the desert disperses with each new telling
you should have turned the page, Yukel

else pitched your tent apart
from the source of torment