

**HADARA BAR-NADAV**  
**Let Us Chant It Softly**

Let the man in velvet be velvet. *Let me not mar that perfect dream.* Let the words not be particulate and full of bite. Let the worms not feast. Let the oily slip of their flesh know salt. Let the salt know each of their names. Let their rigorous muscles rigorously unthread. Let each of their coils wring each of their necks. Let suffocation be slow. Let their kingdom stop churning, let their kingdom be still. And my father whole again.