

HADARA BAR-NADAV

To Bear on Us Unshaded

We bow our heads and burn. Heat scalding the back of our necks,
singeing our crowns. The sun opens over us. The sun wants to
burn us into the ground. Scent of soil, glittering, cloying, sick with
goodbyes. We swelter, wither, prayer stuck in our parched mouths.
Birds descend, *declaim their Tunes*—piercing us with bright cries.
Cardinals streak the day with blood. We follow our sad shadows,
swallow our tongues. We are done. We are done. We are done.

Titles and italics adapted from lines by Emily Dickinson