

**JAZZY DANZIGER**

**Yahrzeit**

I learn the word *leilot*: nights, plural,  
a false feminine. How often I've sung *nights*

without knowing what I sing. Each night  
you carry me, frozen child, from temple

to the house's citrus heat. You bathe me  
in the lowest tub. The body is washed,

dried, dressed. The body is wrapped  
in sheets. The light withdraws. The door

slides shut. Footsteps darken  
in the hallway. The child mourns every night,

until mourning is its mother.