Binding

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Poetry 315

BINDING by Yehuda Amichai translated by Jeff Friedman and Nati Zohar

To bind is to tie and one can also tie with ropes of love on an altar sweeter than any bed.

And that is my good angel with her silky ropes, tearing off her dress, my good angel ready on the carpet only sixteen.

And as I rise the light bathes her cheeks, and a voice comes down from the ceiling, "Don't lay your hand."

"You ruin everything," the girl says and unties her knot.