



And in the 51st Year of that Century,
while My Brother Cried
in the Trench,
while My Enemy
Glared from the Cave

This star is only an augury of the morning,
Gift-bearer of another day.

A wind has brought the musk of thirty fields,
Each like a coin of silver under that sky.

Precious, the soundless breathing of wife and children
In a house on a field lit by the morning star.

Hyam Plutzik (b. 1911)

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