A Jewish Garden

yanping gao

Monash University

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.lsu.edu/comparativewoman

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

gao, yanping (2023) "A Jewish Garden," Comparative Woman: Vol. 2: Iss. 1, Article 6.
DOI: 10.31390/comparativewoman.2.1.06
Available at: https://repository.lsu.edu/comparativewoman/vol2/iss1/6
A Jewish Garden

At some point,
we are in a Jewish garden.
Once, a ghetto

with
lorikeets, honey eaters, and noisy miners.
They are drowning in a melancholic view.

The green apples outside the window
were made from the apple-shaped leaves.
Pebbles, summer light, Indian pepper seeds growing wild,
like Sadan’s sperm through the river of lamentation.

“Your mother’s chin is very similar to my mother’s.”
“How do you remember?”
“I remember”
“But you said you mother died when your memory was still childish.”
“But, in my memory, they should have a similar chin.”
The poet replies.

Next to the photo of the poet’s mother
lay his father’s silver hamsa,
reflecting the image of Adam and Eve.
They are similarly caged in a Jewish garden.

At some point,
mother and father committed to each other without commitment.
At some point,
a modern communist will wake up from the red utopia
and be seduced into a Jewish garden
by the poet.

The communist yells,
“Fairy tale and allegory
Karl Marx is our common ancestor.

I escaped into a Jewish garden,
stayed with a noisy kookaburra,
our bodies and feathers rotted together.”
That is a Jewish garden:
a garden of seduction,
of captivity,
of decomposition.