My Father's Death

Composer: Bracha Bdil Words by: Pnina Avni

declaim quietly & slowly:

All my days
I did not believe
This terrible affront.
That so it is.

And when he died I did not salt-stand In my tears.

We went.

At the front Four undertakers
Strict indifference
In their work as usual
The bridegrooms of his cold stretcher.
And for a moment
the edge was exposed
His foot in the white shroud.
Alas, the mystery code.

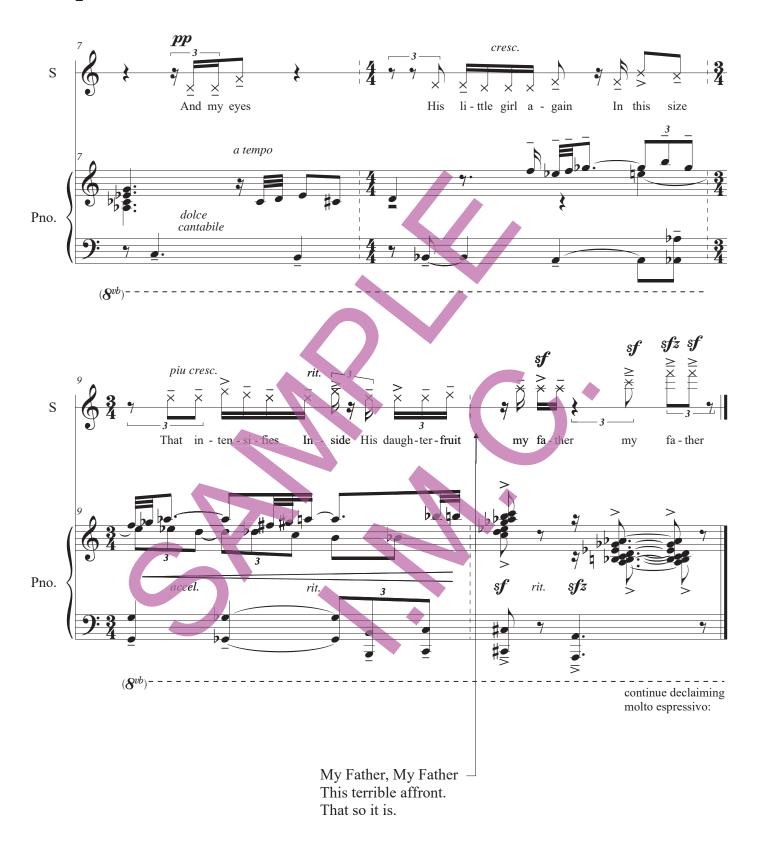
with the music:

And at the end of the seven days He grew into seventy.

And my rooms are filled full of him.
And my eyes His little girl again In this size
That intensifies
Inside
His daughter-fruit.

Glorified.





And my eyes - In this greatness Until the tearing.

Lamentation

