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# Oh, Night

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ANZHELINA POLONSKAYA

*Translated from the Russian by Andrew Wachtel*

OH, NIGHT

Oh, night, you are dearth.  
A patch over patches.  
A holy fool in a crowd.  
A fire devouring the sacrificial lamb.  
Saint Peter  
denying with the cocks  
is your brother.  
It would seem the heart  
can't take such blows  
like a slave-driver's chattel,  
that the book of fate—  
a history of betrayal  
and deafness is passed on  
with a handshake from body to body.  
Your god is childless,  
doesn't hear the bells,  
having not sent  
his son to his death.