

**GRAVES by Moses Ben Ezra**

And where are the graves, so many graves

Of all who have died on the earth since the beginning?

Grave tunnelling into grave,

Headstone and obelisk crumbled into one dust,

Bodies heaped upon bodies, in motionless orgy—

All sleeping together in deep holes,

Fragments of chalk,

Stained rubies.

*Translated by Robert Mezey*