

Michael E. Stone – Three Poems

Waiting for David

Coffee with milk,
cool morning wind,
later, it will be hot.
the plaza nearly empty
swept by a man on a machine

Here I am now
scribo ergo sum
it is all gone in a second
life passes.

A man shouts
the machine sweeps
I drink coffee.

Quiet's time

Every evening
at 10 I sit
in the armchair
for a short while
and do nothing
or as close to nothing
as I can

No talk,
No thoughts,

quiet is
in the room
with me
holding me.

Safe Within

When you died, I read,
fled into the refuge
busy work

as I processed pain.

Chair desk books,
outward markers
of my mind,
my refuge.

On bad days,
hurt sickness death,
the more tedious the work
the safer that refuge.

Work is certain as I am certain
of myself in it.

I pray,
my body yields
to the years,
let my eyes and mind fail last,
so I can reach the refuge.

Michael E. Stone lives in Jerusalem and is now retired. He has published poems in numerous literary journals and anthologies and also translations of medieval Armenian poetry. A book of his work, *Selected Poems*, was published in 2010. Oxford University Press published his translation of the 6000-line medieval Armenian epic about Adam and Eve into English. Stone's academic activities have embraced two disciplines, Ancient Judaism and Armenian Studies. He holds an Honorary DHL from Hebrew Union College as well as an Honorary Doctor from the Armenian National Academy of Sciences. He received the Landau Prize for Contribution to the Humanities. He was also named Poet of the Month for June 2014 in *Bareback Magazine*.