

Rena Navon

The Sleeve Of Age

I start to feel the sleeve that's always worn me
in place of loose-fit suits I used to wear.

Seams unraveling back to paper patterns,
taking with them clothes I gladly wore.

The bolt that held strong cloth, long thrown away,
a wooden peg whose use was only once,

that sleeve's still there; and yet the tug gets tauter.
I know someday

Rena Navon studied in America with intermittent visits to France culminating in a Ph. D. from Harvard University in 1977. She wrote her thesis on Senancour, an early 19th century French author whose *Reveries* inspired by walks through the Swiss mountains she interpreted in a lyrical way.

Since moving to Israel thirty-five years ago she has published regularly in Israel's poetry magazine *VOICES* and many more publications outside of Israel, most recently in *Istanbul Literary Review*.

Navon is presently preparing a book of her poetry including a small selection of translations from the Hebrew by Nathan Zach.

She is married to a professor and has three children and twenty-three grandchildren my sleeve itself must tear.