Gesher Haziv, 1974

Once a week
on summer nights tender as an embrace
Menachem Menachem
his handlebar moustache
and his accordion
conspired
to pour music into the sky
so that our feet could fly.

We would climb onto the kibbutz moadon roof
tucked warm into the world:
the flickering lights of Rosh Hanikra
and the slopes of Lebanon
to the north,
the beach at Achziv
unseen to the west
and the dark smudge of Mediterranean beyond it,
the orchards of the kibbutz
and neighbouring kibbutzim
in the valley to the east
all the way to the lights of kibbutz Matsuva,
a velvet dome of sky brimful with stars
spilling over us
breeze on bare skin

and dance folk dances
Tamari with her straight blond hair
white blouse, blue jeans,
irreverent imp whom I adored,
and the rest of us
children and adults together
a synchronicity of feet and bodies
revolving with the night
in a suspension of toil,
in a love of life.

David Adès