Rosie Rosenzweig

De Greene Cousine

"Frum Europe is gekumin my cousine,
Shein ve gold unde lichten ve a greene,
Bechalech ve roite ve pomegrantzen
Und fiselach vos betten noch to tanzten."

Skipping ahead of her friends,
Hair riding on her own breeze,
A cheerful face gracing a Victorian dress,
She came into vision and chose herself.

Was this hallucination, prophesy, or need?
I knew her, a leader among them,
Before she knew me. Dancing
On the cobbled or (perhaps?) pressed-dirt path,

She imagined it a dance floor,
Sparkled her eyes, brought color to her cheek,
And blossomed into blush. A green sprout,
Soon a flower to bloom, she was loved.

I watched her as she was courted, possessed,
Then, catching her breath, taken to bride;
And I waited for him to drop his seed
And bring me into flesh.

*(translation)*
My Cousin came over from Europe,
Beautiful as gold and shining like a green plant,
Her cheeks were red as apples,
Her feet were begging to dance.

(Jewish folk song)