

## 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.

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\* (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)