

Atlit

by Yehuda Amichai

Here the ancient harbor still remembers in its ruins
all the ships that came to it. Its remembering is by the measure of its
size.

And we humans remember by the measure of our
little heads and our silence is the size of our shout
and the vision of the end of days the size of the eye.

And at the shore in the sands, joy and jubilation
over all those not yet drowned.
No one will chant history,
no one will sing the song of the generations.

But the child leaps from the waves back to me,
from the future back to me.
I towel him off and hug him:
time has lost a few moments in my favor.