

**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*