

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/3

Nanette Rayman
Ani Kinor

I stare at the flag
as if it were the land
of milk and honey — Y'Israel.
Ani Kinor. I am a violin
rapt in my own clandestine music.
I fervently touch the misty Appalachian ground
with a martelé¹ bow — grip and
weep — the Diaspora of my life staked in the mountains
is my life of lucidity and a wild horse loop
like that of a race track or a wedding cake ronunculus
whipped into a frenzy —
And the heartbreak of the Galut is this:
Should I stay or should I go? — a long rupture, hurting
after a very long taste of sui tasto.²

1 martelé - The effect is usually produced by holding the bow against the string with pressure, then releasing it explosively to produce a sharp, biting attack with a rest between strokes

2 sul tasto - playing with the bow over the end of the fingerboard (sul tasto) makes for a delicate, ethereal sound