

# Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

## ***A New Dress***

Stockholm, 1947

Today for the first time  
after seven long years  
I put on  
a new dress.

But it's too short for my grief  
too narrow for my sorrow,  
and each white-glass button  
like a tear  
flows down the folds  
heavy as a stone.

## ***Everything Forlorn***

Everything forlorn wears the color of my grief.  
Everything ashamed and weary  
lives in a crown of extinguished stars  
beside the first word of my poem.

Outcast beggars, exiled princes,  
forgotten smiles, too-late laments,  
who will bow before you and invite  
you in, when I no longer am?

Rachel Korn (1898-1992)

Trans. from Yiddish by Ruth Whitman

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