Dr. Barbara Mann is Professor of Cultural Studies and Hebrew Literature and the Chana Kekst Professor of Jewish Literature at The Jewish Theological Seminary. In her newest book, The Object of Jewish Literature: A Material History, (Yale University Press, 2022), Dr. Mann tells a history of modern Jewish literature that explores our enduring attachment to the book as an object. Dr. Mann is also the author of Space and Place in Jewish Studies (Rutgers University Press, 2012) and A Place in History: Modernism, Tel Aviv and the Creation of Jewish Urban Space (Stanford University Press, 2005), in addition to numerous scholarly articles. She is Editor Emerita of Prooftexts: A Journal of Jewish Literary History. Dr. Mann has lectured and presented scholarly papers at seminars and conferences in the United States, Israel, and Europe, and has been awarded numerous honors for her work. From 1997 to 2004, she was a member of the faculty at Princeton University, where she also served as a faculty fellow in the Center for the Study of Religion.
WŁADYSŁAW SZLENGEL, Translated by John Carpenter and Bogdana Carpenter
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pp. 283-286

THINGS

From Hoza Street and Marszalkowska
carts were moving. Jewish carts:
furniture, tables and chairs,
suitcases, bundles
and chests, boxes and bedding,
suits and portraits,
pots, linen and wall hangings
cherry brandy, big jars and little jars,
glasses, tea pots and silver—
books, knickknacks and everything
go from Hoza Street to Sliska.
A bottle of vodka in a coat pocket
and a chunk of sausage,
on carts and wagons and rickshaws
the gloomy band is going.

And from Sliska Street to Niska everything
all over again went moving:
Furniture, tables and chairs,
suitcases and bundles,
and pots—gents that's it.
Now there is no carpet,
of silverware not a sign,
no cherry brandy this time.
No suits or boots
or jars or portraits.
Already all these trifles
were left behind on Sliska.
In the pocket a bottle of vodka
and a chunk of sausage,
on carts and rickshaws and wagons
the gloomy band is going.
They left Niska again and everything
headed for the apartment blocks.

No furniture or stools,
no jugs or bundles.
Teapots have vanished,
books, boots, little jars.
Suits and silverware
dumped together in a pushcart,
all went to the devil.
There is still a suitcase, a coat,
a bottle of tea
and piece of candy.
On foot, without any wagon
goes the gloomy procession.

Then, from the apartment blocks to Ostrowska,
moving along a Jewish road
with no big bundles or little bundles,
no furniture or chairs,
no teapots and no carpet,
no silverware or jars,
in the hand one suitcase,
a warm scarf and that's it.
Still a bottle of water
and a knapsack with straps.
Trampling objects underfoot like a herd
they walked down the streets at night.

And on a cloudy day, at dusk, they walked
from Ostrowska to the Blockhouses.
A small suitcase and a knapsack,
no need for anything else,
evenly...evenly by fives
they marched down the streets.

Nights cooler, days shorter,
tomorrow...maybe day after tomorrow...
to a whistle, a shout or command
on the Jewish road again
hands free and only
water—with a strong pill.
From the Umschlagplatz across the city
all the way to Marszalkowska,
life, Jewish life, is growing
in houses that are empty.
In abandoned apartments
abandoned bundles,
suits and down covers
and plates and chairs.
A woodfire still smolders,
spoons lie there idly,
there are family photographs
scattered in a hurry.
A book lies still open,
a letter in mid-sentence: “bad…”
a glass not drunk
and playing cards, half a hand of bridge.
Through a window the wind stirs
the sleeve of a cold shirt,
an eiderdown cover indented
as if someone nestled there.
Ownerless things lie around,
a dead apartment stands waiting
until new people
populate the rooms: Aryans—
they will close the open windows,
begin a carefree life
and make these beds,
these Jewish eiderdowns
and wash the shirt,
put the books on a shelf and empty
the coffee from the glass,
together they will finish the hand of bridge.
While in a wagon
only this will remain:
a bottle half-empty
with a strong pill…
And in the night of fear that will come,
after days of bullets and swords
all the Jewish things will come out
from chests and houses.
And they will run out through the windows,
walk down the streets
until they meet on the roads,
on the black rails.
All the tables and chairs
and suitcases, bundles
the suits and jars
and silverware and teapots
will leave, and disappear,
and no will guess what it means
that the things have departed,
no one will see them.

But on the judge’s table
(if veritas victi)
a pill will remain
as a corpus delecti.

I

In the street on a summer evening, I saw a woman writing on a piece of paper spread out against a locked wooden door. She folded it, tucked it between door and doorpost, and went on her way. And I didn't see her face, nor the face of the man who would read what she had written and I didn't see the words.

On my desk lies a stone with the word “Amen” on it, a fragment of a tombstone, a remnant from a Jewish graveyard destroyed a thousand years ago in the town where I was born. One word, “Amen,” carved deep into the stone, a final hard amen for all that was and never will return, a soft singing amen, as in prayer: Amen and amen, may it come to pass.

Tombstones crumble, they say, words tumble, words fade away, the tongues that spoke them turn to dust, languages die as people do, some languages rise again, gods change up in heaven, gods get replaced, prayers are here to stay.

2

Jewish theology, Theo, Theo. When I was young I knew a boy named Theodore, as in Herzl, but his mother called him home from the playground: Theo, Theo, come home Theo, don't stay there with the bad boys, Theo, Theo, lo! Gee,

I don't want an invisible god. I want a god who is seen but doesn't see, so I can lead him around and tell him what he doesn't see. And I want
a god who sees and is seen. I want to see
how he covers his eyes, like a child playing blindman's bluff.

I want a god who is like a window I can open
so I'll see the sky even when I'm inside.
I want a god who is like a door that opens out, not in,
but God is like a revolving door, which turns, turns on its hinges
in and out, whirling and turning
without a beginning, without an end.

3
I declare with perfect faith
that prayer preceded God.
Prayer created God,
God created human beings,
human beings create prayers
that create the God that creates human beings.

4
God is a staircase that ascends
to a place that is no longer there, or isn't there yet.
The stairs are my faith, my downfall.
Our father Jacob knew it in his dream.
The angels were just adorning the steps of his ladder
like a fir tree decked out for Christmas,
and the Song of Ascents is a song of praise
to the God of the Stairs.

5
When God packed up and left the country, He left the Torah
with the Jews. They have been looking for Him ever since,
shouting, "Hey, you forgot something, you forgot,"
and other people think shouting is the prayer of the Jews.

Since then, they've been combing the Bible for hints of His whereabouts,
as it says: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found,
call ye upon Him while He is near." But He is far away.

6
Bird tracks in the sand on the seashore
like the handwriting of someone who jotted down
words, names, numbers and places, so he would remember.
Bird tracks in the sand at night
are still there in the daytime, though I've never seen
the bird that left them. That's the way it is
with God.

7
"Our Father, Our King." What does a father do
when his children are orphans and he
is still alive? What will a father do
when his children have died and he becomes
a bereaved father for all eternity? Cry
and not cry, not forget and not remember.
"Our Father, Our King." What does a king do
in the republic of pain? Give them
bread and circuses like any king,
the bread of memory and the circuses of forgetting,
bread and nostalgia. Nostalgia for God
and-a-better-world. "Our Father, Our King."

8
The God of the Christians is a Jew, a bit of a whiner,
and the God of the Muslims is an Arab Jew from the desert,
a bit hounee.
Only the God of the Jews isn't Jewish.
The way Herod the Edomite was brought in to be king of the Jews,
Since then, they’ve been combing the Bible for hints of His whereabouts, as it says: “Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.” But He is far away.

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the bread of memory and the circuses of forgetting,
bread and nostalgia. Nostalgia for God-and-a-better-world. “Our Father, Our King.”

8

The God of the Christians is a Jew, a bit of a whiner,
and the God of the Muslims is an Arab Jew from the desert,
a bit hoarse.
Only the God of the Jews isn't Jewish.
The way Herod the Edomite was brought in to be king of the Jews,
so God was brought back from the infinite future, 
an abstract God: neither painting nor graven image nor tree nor stone.

9
The Jewish people read Torah aloud to God 
all year long, a portion a week, 
like Scheherazade who told stories to save her life. 
By the time Simchat Torah rolls around, 
God forgets and they can begin again.

10
Even solitary prayer takes two: 
one to sway back and forth 
and the one who doesn’t move is God. 
But when my father prayed, he would stand in his place, 
erect, motionless, and force God 
to sway like a reed and pray to him.

11
Communal prayer: Is it better to ask “Give us peace” 
with cries of woe, or to ask calmly, quietly? 
But if we ask calmly, God will think 
we don’t really need peace and quiet.

12
Morning Psalms. Innocence rises from human beings 
like steam from hot food ascending on high, a steam 
that turns into God and sometimes into other gods.

13
A collection of ritual objects in the museum: spice boxes 
with little flags on top like festive troops 
and many fragrant generations of sacrifice,

and the memory of man
And happy menorahs an
with the pouting beaks of their mouths wide open
And long metal hands to
that is no more. The hur
long since underground,
Seder plates that rotate:
so it seems they are stan
in a row on the shelf like
or victory cups from the
All is gold of grief, silver
of calamity. A co
like the gaudy toys of a
of an aged nation, like t
of a ghost orchestra, like
bottom fish deep in the
A collection of ritual co
Jerusalem dentist. And
a delicate smile on his l

14
God is like a magician
causes Him to appe
pulls rabbits out of Hi
splits the Red Sea in tw
and ten commandments
hovers over the waters
Everyone wants to cat
and discover how He
And everyone wants to
how He does it, they v
each against each. Not
And the memory of many Sabbath nights that did not end in death.
And happy menorahs and weepy menorahs and oil lamps
with the pouting beaks of chicks like children singing,
their mouths wide open in desire and love.
And long metal hands to point out everything
that is no more. The human hands that held them—
long since underground, severed from the bodies.
Seder plates that rotate at the speed of time
so it seems they are standing still, and kiddush cups
in a row on the shelf like soccer trophies
or victory cups from the track and field of generations.
All is gold of grief, silver of longing,
copper of calamity. A collection of ritual objects
like the gaudy toys of a baby god, the gift
of an aged nation, like the strange instruments
of a ghost orchestra, like some odd motionless
bottom fish deep in the waters of time.
A collection of ritual objects donated by Dr. Feuchtwanger,
Jerusalem dentist. And whoever hears this will assume
a delicate smile on his lips, like well-wrought filigree.

14

God is like a magician who performs sleight of hand:
causes Himself to appear, makes doves fly out of His pockets,
pulls rabbits out of His sleeve, saws a woman in two,
splits the Red Sea in two, produces ten plagues
and ten commandments with fire and pillars of smoke,
hovers over the waters and vanishes into the wall.
Everyone wants to catch Him in an off moment
and discover how He does it without really doing it.
And everyone wants not to know, not to discover
how He does it, they would like to believe,
each against each. Nothing to nothing.
I believe with perfect faith in the resurrection of the dead. Just as a man who wishes to return to a place he loves leaves behind a book, a shopping bag, a snapshot, his glasses, on purpose, so he has to return, that’s how the dead leave the living behind, and they will return.

Once I stood in the mists of a long-ago autumn in a Jewish cemetery that was abandoned, though not by its dead. The groundkeeper was an expert on flowers and seasons of the year but no expert on buried Jews. And he too said: Night after night they are training for the resurrection of the dead.

Whoever put on a tallis when he was young will never forget: taking it out of the soft velvet bag, opening the folded shawl, spreading it out, kissing the length of the neckband (embroidered or trimmed in gold). Then swinging it in a great swoop overhead like a sky, a wedding canopy, a parachute. And then winding it around his head as in hide-and-seek, wrapping his whole body in it, close and slow, snuggling into it like the cocoon of a butterfly, then opening would-be wings to fly.

And why is the tallis striped and not checkered black-and-white like a chessboard? Because squares are finite and hopeless. Stripes come from infinity and to infinity they go like airport runways where angels land and take off.

Whoever has put on a tallis will never forget. When he comes out of a swimming pool or the sea, he wraps himself in a large towel, spreads it out again over his head, and again snuggles into it close and slow, still shivering a little, and he laughs and blesses.

I’m kosher. I chew my soul-cud from the enclosed dark of every little thing that happened, so as not to forget it, not to lose it. Yet again “Renew our days as of old,” yet again adding one more day to make the holiday last.

If you have ever seen cows in a meadow chewing their cud, ease and delight on their faces and a memory of green grass on eye and tongue, you know what true pleasure is.

I am cleft. I have no hoofs but my soul is split. That split, that cleft, gives me the strength to stand it all, and I beat myself up as if beating my breast for my sins on Rosh Hashana, or like a man looking for something he has lost, poking in his jacket or his pockets to find it. Maybe I’ve forgotten what sin I’m beating my breast for.

To the confession “We have sinned, we have betrayed!” I would add the words “We have forgotten, we have remembered”—two sins that cannot be atoned for. They ought to cancel each other out but instead they reinforce one another. Yes, I’m kosher.

God’s love for His people Israel is an upside-down love. First crude and physical, with a strong hand and an outstretched arm: miracles, ten plagues and ten commandments, almost violent, on a no-name basis.

Then more, more emotion, more soul but no body, an unrequited ever-longing love for an invisible god in the high heavens. A hopeless love.
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so as not to forget it, not to lose it. Yet again “Renew
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19
We are all children of Abraham
but also the grandchildren of Terah, Abraham's father.
And maybe it's high time the grandchildren
did unto their father as he did unto his
when he shattered his idols and images, his religion, his faith.
That too would be the beginning of a new religion.

20
The sound of a drawer closing—the voice of God,
the sound of a drawer opening—the voice of love,
but it could also be the other way around.
Footsteps approaching—the voice of love,
footsteps retreating—the voice of God
who left the country without notice, temporarily forever.
A book that stays open on the table beside a pair of glasses—
love. A closed book and a lamp that stays lit—
love. A key turning in the door without a sound—
love. A key hesitating—love and hope.
But it could also be the other way around.
A sacrifice of a fragrant scent to God,
a sacrifice of the other senses to love;
a sacrifice of touch and caress, of sight and of sound,
a sacrifice of taste.
But it could also be the other way around.

21
I studied love in my childhood
in my childhood synagogue
in the women's section with the help of the women behind the partition
that locked up my mother with all the other women and girls.
But the partition that locked them up locked me up
on the other side. They were free in their love while I remained
locked up with all the men and boys in my love, my longing.

I wanted to be there with them and to know their secrets
and say with them, "Blessed be He who has made me
according to His will." And the partition—
a lace curtain white and soft as summer dresses, swaying
on its rings and loops of wish and would,
lu-lu loops, hollings of love in the locked room.
And the faces of women like the face of the moon behind the clouds
or the full moon when the curtain parts: an enchanted
romantic order. At night we said the blessing
over the moon outside, and I
thought about the women.

22
I studied love in the synagogue of my childhood,
I sang "Come, O Sabbath bride" on Friday nights
with a bridegroom's fever, I practiced longing for the days of the
Messiah,
I conducted yearning drills for the days of piety that will not return.
The cantor serenades his love out of the depths.
Kaddish is recited over lovers who remain together,
the male bird dresses up in a blaze of color.
And we dress the rolled-up Torah scrolls in silken petticoats
and gowns of embroidered velvet
held up by narrow shoulder straps.
And we kiss them as they are passed around the synagogue,
stroking them as they pass, as they pass,
as we pass.

23
After Auschwitz, no theology.
From the chimneys of the Vatican, white smoke rises—
a sign the cardinals have chosen themselves a pope.
From the crematoria of Auschwitz, black smoke rises—
I wanted to be there with them and to know their secrets and say with them, “Blessed be He who has made me according to His will.” And the partition—a lace curtain white and soft as summer dresses, swaying on its rings and loops of wish and would, *lu-lu* loops, lullings of love in the locked room.

And the faces of women like the face of the moon behind the clouds or the full moon when the curtain parts: an enchanted cosmic order. At night we said the blessing over the moon outside, and I thought about the women.

22
I studied love in the synagogue of my childhood, I sang “Come, O Sabbath bride” on Friday nights with a bridegroom’s fever, I practiced longing for the days of the Messiah.

I conducted yearning drills for the days of yore that will not return. The cantor serenades his love out of the depths, Kaddish is recited over lovers who remain together, the male bird dresses up in a blaze of color. And we dress the rolled-up Torah scrolls in silken petticoats and gowns of embroidered velvet held up by narrow shoulder straps. And we kiss them as they are passed around the synagogue, stroking them as they pass, as they pass, as we pass.

23
After Auschwitz, no theology:
From the chimneys of the Vatican, white smoke rises—
a sign the cardinals have chosen themselves a pope.
From the crematoria of Auschwitz, black smoke rises—
a sign the conclave of God has not yet chosen
the Chosen People.
After Auschwitz, no theology:
the numbers on the forearms
of the inmates of extermination
are the telephone numbers of God,
numbers that do not answer
and now are disconnected, one by one.

After Auschwitz, a new theology:
the Jews who died in the Shoah
have now come to be like their God,
who has no likeness of a body and has no body.
They have no likeness of a body and they have no body.

David, King of Israel, Is Alive:
Thou Art the Man
אלים מהתחפיפים, התפלה ונשארות לבר

לא רואים את הפחד ולא את נפח החוש
שופץ את העשים
לא רואים את המילים.
שבר פצצה, פריצת מברית קדמת קדמת.
ששמישים.setString ( "строка " ), 10
מלוח נמח "ܫܡܥ" ו לבין יום שניים
אף מקום אחד על כל אולי הוא,
אף רוח נשיקת ב ==(תחפיפים,
 нескים), אשר לי צור.
נשבים לשביתות, מלוחות, קולות, קולות
שופון מחית עדברים.
נשבים ארמיתות קורות.
אילימ בשמות עם שניים, אילימ בתחפיפים.
התחפיפים נשארות לבר.

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ופִּיך יִצְרָא אֲדֻמִּים
וְאֶפֶלְצָה אֲדֻמִּים שֶׁיִּזְשַׁל טַקְוָה.

4

עֲלֵיהֶם נִזְרָא שֶׁעַל לַעֲלֹא
קָעָלָה שֶׁעַל קָעָלָה. אֶזְכּוּר אֲדֻמִּים שֶׁעַל קָעָלָה.
הָרְאֵהוּ אֲדֻמִּים שֶׁעַל קָעָלָה. אֶזְכּוּר אֲדֻמִּים שֶׁעַל קָעָלָה.
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5

קָשַׁר אָדַם כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל קָשָׁר כַּאֲדַם שֶׁעַל ק${\text{ Isaiah 55:6}}$
כוהו השוקר לכם חסנכם והכם לקיחתם כל תלות מקהלת. גםubitsתאמיה חסנכם הם דרכם וברק市场营销. לא משקיעים ולא קלים ולא צולים.

כותרת בכרך אפורים בשולחן אחד בשתי קומות, זעיר, כ życie, עם כך קודם.بوتז锦标, בשתי קומות, ועם כך בכרך. בכרך צהובים בזיתון בזלת. בשתי קומות נייל, לפיו ולא ראהו.

כותרת לשתי קומות או כל. הם קולות.

ש铇ייו המים ארבעים ותריע, כים לשון בין. ש铇ייו המים ארבעים ותריע, כים לשון בין. ש铇ייו המים ארבעים ותריע, כים לשון בין.

כותרת ארבעים ובשנים פרוב. ש铇ייו המים ארבעים ותריע, כים לשון בין.

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כותרת ארבעים ובשנים פרוב. ש铇ייו המים ארבעים ותריע, כים לשון בין.
אנו רק מבשל בישו, לאים את
שואג לא בירם שלום לשון.

14
כוס טבון. יוצרת עללה מעבב טעם
כמל המיםนาכלים שעלו אל
הלוות להיוות אלוהים לנפשכם אָלָּלָם נְאָרָם.

15
אף על פי כן, כך בזקיזון: קוסmina
כעםابل יניטים עם קוחה מִנָּי
כעם עֲבַר הָוָּדֶד חֻלֶּה חָזֵר
ומִזְאַה יָבַטֵּתוּ להָא כֶּלֶא שְׁמַא
הַטָּבּוּיָה סְמַעֲדָה הַסְּמַעֲדָה בְּכָלִים שְׁמַא
כעם וּרְבּוֹרָם זָפְרִיתוּ, כֶּמָּלֵד זָפְרִיתוּ
לָאָמְרִית עַל יִתְּנוּבָהוּ (לָאָמְרִית עַל יִתְּנוּבָהוּ).

12
כעם לָטָעָה חַטַּי בּוֹרִיךְ שְׁמוֹ:
קָפִיר יָדִים שְׁמַעְתָּה.
הַשָּׁמֶשׁ שֶׁלֶּא יִנְחֵם בְּהוּ הָאָמְרִית.
בֶּלִין קְרָךְּבֵי מִצְמָחָה הָאָמְרִית שִׁמְעֵנָה.
כעם מִזְאַה לָמֶשׁ מִזְאַה לָמֶשׁ.

13
עֲפָלָה בֶּבֳּבעֶמְוּהוּ: לאוֹם לַכֶּבֶשׁ, מַלְּאָמָה לַכֶּבֶשׁ.
ביִלְקָלִית בֶּבֳּבעֶמְוּהוּ שֶׁבֶּרֶךְ אָלָמָה לַכֶּבֶשׁ.
כיבתה, וכפה, יפה, מקסמות, עגילו חן
ישקה ולפיו להו, צע דמיון משמירם
אחת עמי רגלים.

爵 준ה ומכור שיפיצים, כל אחד מהם
יתקן בתו מצא, כיפה נצרת
מכסה את מהצמד,REAM ערב
זה הוא מצה יצירה של צבע
אותו נמקה ביר埌ים הכהנים.

אף ולא עוד: זה מהתקנים ולידה, לידה, לחות ההמלה.

בדיעתי עם מקסמים בשישה קסמים
ובמה זו ו maçפים, ממקים צמוד
לשון חום ממקור יחסים כאשר הקורא
Warnings מקסם צופים כדי לה بيان קהל
לשון עלינו וتوقيית קדימה לא ידוע.

אףجمال להיות מקסם בקsaida,
אף אם כן, את זה נקראה ותלוה.

אף בית peux מקסם בשישה קסמים
במה זו ו maçפים, ממקים צמוד
לשון חום ממקור יחסים כאשר הקורא
Warnings מקסם צופים כדי לה بيان קהל
לשון עלינו וتوقيית קדימה לא ידוע.

אףجمالを超יה קיים אף מקסם בשישה קסמים
במה זו ו maçפים, ממקים צמוד
לשון חום ממקור יחסים כאשר הקורא
Warnings מקסם צופים כדי לה بيان קהל
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במה זו ו maçפים, ממקים צמוד
לשון חום ממקור יחסים כאשר הקורא
Warnings מקסם צופים כדי לה بيان קהל
לשון עלינו וتوقيית קדימה לא ידוע.
של פראית הלאה вним ש الجمهים
המخصوص למקס ילא ממקסיבuento-שוחרר
כמד לדח התקף. גי הקרובים והם סופים עלי מוקד
בנפשם יקר למרא מפרשים לزهرות ענפעל
כמד וממקס ילא ממקסיבuito-שוחרר.
לעיתים במלאכים النواب尼亚.
חי שלמה ב私自ים על לכל אוקטב.
מה מהשכיפה בכל מוקד כן כל מוקד.
מצל את ושלח מקסיבuito-שוחרר, הצור הפנימי
דיאגרה על חז הקדוש והקדוש.

20
אני א zewnętrzn שפתי. אני טקסייה והנה בקשבתי
-my החשיש תחנה ממקסיבuito-שוחרר
לא לשלתם, לא לאובד. כמיפים "מערות קמאה קקדה"-
עם פסיים, "אכידתי דב", "לשלתם את חוסר גוזם.
מי שרף פרותיב קטג הנקה ו sucev-
_callsみましたUNG אין לכלול אלה.
ךז 마יה יבשה. יד עלי חכמה עלי אמת.
כמיפים, "סקא ילא טליים ואל כל מקד
slick קשקשק. יש לרחף מקדיה כל מקד
אי די זואר: "ירצתי מקדיה כל מקד
בראש השוכב, הסב ומקדיה, מקדיה והמה
שאוב ניקרא מקדיה, קדם אחר מקדיה, מקדיה.
זאיאי המקדיה, מקדיה, מקדיה, מקדיה, מקדיה, מקדיה, מקדיה.
שכבות חח כלור, פחמן, אטמוספרה נצנזה.

שרק שטח השטח של החלקון בודק מכפלת —
אלומיה. שוטר פזר המינה שישאר בין חולק.

הנה, פיצח מצחיבים של כליך כליך.

לכל בוכלי להזדהף זה המפקד.

חרב של הרגים לו בך.

เครื่องมือ
c

לאמר לא נראתה כלום של פיטון. אטמוספורה אבקת.

25

לאחר שמאха בקרה בקרה בקרה בקורה, שה上がり
ברוח יד שנייה, והם נתקו ונטלו את הכפתה.

בכפלשהו של כליך, שעשה אם על הדשא, הבבודה,

כל בו קפיצה בקורה את זה, שהרי הוא מ המקורי.

נזהר וידים של מים בים, ס一緒に את הכפתה.

בכל זה על הכיסוי של מהיר, מהיר, מהיר, מהיר, מהיר.

לכל בחוזר בקרן, בה להם, בה מהם.

ולכל על כליך, על כליך, על כליך, על כליך, על כליך.

לכל על כליך, על על, על, על, על, על, על.

PROCOLOR 16
איך אנחנו都可以 tümכינה כל למכללת
וקפחת קספת. לבלי כי כן פעמי
כלבלב יִנְסֶה לשון עיל שֵׁישוֹ.

26

למדתי航空 בביוט טעמא שיל כליגה: שחרתי. בטוי גָּלֶה, בטוי כלליות שְׁישו
obריאת הָאוֹר, המאומננות יִנְסֶה לים קְרַפֶּה
אֵשֶׁת מָרָה שֵׁני יִנְסֶה לים קְרַפֶּה.
כָּלְכָל עֶבֶרָם מתְּפִּישָּׁה כָּלְכָל
cזֵּהוֹךַ זְרַבֵּה יִנְסֶה מִכְּלָלִים
לִצְלָל שֵׁי עַל שַׁבְּרוֹת שֵׁי עַל שַׁבְּרוֹת
ויִלָּשׁוּה יִנְסֶה מִכְּלָלִים. שֵׁי עַל שַׁבְּרוֹת

cזֵּהוֹךַ זְרַבֵּה יִנְסֶה מִכְּלָלִים.

27

אָחָרָה. ויִנְסֶה מִכְּלָלִים).
כְּרֻבְּרָה שֵׁי עַל שַׁבְּרוֹת שֵׁי עַל שַׁבְּרוֹת
שֵׁי עַל שַׁבְּרוֹת. שֵׁי עַל שַׁבְּרוֹת.