

Psalm 137 for Noah

by [Anya Silver](#) in the [June 22, 2016](#) issue

Come darling, sit by my side and weep.  
I have no lyre, no melodious voice or chant.  
I meditate on the Zion I could never grant you.  
My son, my roe deer, my rock-rent stream.  
My honeysuckle, my salt, my golden spear.  
Forgive me your birth in this strange land.  
I wanted your infant kisses, your fists clasped  
round my neck. I craved you, though you were born  
in the wake of my illness, my dim prognosis.  
I was selfish: I willed you this woe, this world.  
You inherited exile for my sake.