

**Amir Or**

**JOB BLUES**

He skipped all the way to the park. Rain drizzled.  
He plucked a huge leaf and wore it on his head.  
Next he got rid of the shirt.  
And then the shoes.  
On the shore of the lake he stopped, fixed his eyes on the water,  
planted his toes in the black mud, and swayed in the wind.  
He was sacked and free.

There is nothing, there never was and there never will be.  
Clouds and more clouds.  
An inquisitive duck pecked at his feet. A hand like lightning.  
He squeezed and squeezed. Then two-handed  
he swung it by the neck, as village kids did pinching chickens.  
The duck ran for almost ten meters  
without a head  
and collapsed on the edge  
of the lake.

The surface of the water broke, turned blue.  
He stood there like a bent drainpipe  
and pissed and pissed.  
He didn't have a shirt.  
He felt cold.

*Translated by Macdara Woods and Theo Dorgan*