

Under Alien Skies by Yossel Birstein

My lot

Translated by Helen Coles-Beer (2007)

Flutter no more like a festive flag
My roof's burst open by a storm
Even before the first cock crows
The day's pain is awaking.

I hear destruction in the wind
Job's howl, down through the generations.
When I was still a little child
Already my truth was lamentation.

Close to the earth, by cellar walls
From the first hour my cry was wakening.
But now Majdanek has come as well -
From there my mother's arms are reaching.

Even before the first cock crows
they catch alight....