

Under Alien Skies by Yossel Birstein

See

Translated by Beni Gothajner

See, we come again
with devout words
in sorrowful songs,
to this sorrowful place.
Once more with sincerity,
to the sad human being
after so many curses,
to declare devoutly: I yearn
to be joined once again
with God's light, that streams
into the abyss of all generations -
and into our abyss too.
Yes, we come again,
aged and turned grey,
to stubbornly insist
that we're here to stay
to defend the last gasp
of a surviving Jew.
To fill up a grave –
the desolate heart.
With the wisdom of life
to contain the death
that will now cling
to each piece of bread.
See, we come again
with devout words
in sorrowful songs,
to this sorrowful place.