

## **Under Alien Skies by Yossel Birstein**

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### **At My Door**

*Translated by Aaron Rubinstein*

On my back I bear this country's strangeness.  
I stand at my wooden door that's always ready  
to put up, like a crooked wall,  
my aloneness.

No one here knows what I do.  
I don't have to tell them. I tell nobody.  
The quiet is always dozing on the roofs  
while my alien neighbors live contented.

And when occasionally, a neighbor walks by,  
I say to myself: Keep quiet, stay hidden.  
It's useless to stand, like a naked stone  
before strangers who barely smile back to a "good morning"!

I know that this strangeness sickens my spirit.  
Maybe I'll find something of my own.  
A word will come, or maybe a song  
and heal my silence.

For me this country holds only great sadness.  
I stand at my wooden door that's always ready  
to put up, like a crooked wall,  
my aloneness.