

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

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### **People**

*Translated by Leigh Fetter*

People wrapped up in their weekly horror,  
wronged, with tired hands and weary brows –  
we eat together, at night like them I drowse;  
though I am gloomy, I am feeling glad:

that like them I am small, superfluous,  
that regret shadows my eyes just like theirs –  
I am a partner in their malaise,  
I am at one with their distress.

I've willing shoulders. The heavy burden  
that weighs them down won't fail  
to harness me as well, for I can give.

Though I am gloomy, I am feeling glad  
that I've not come to separate myself,  
I've come here simply to live.