Under Alien Skies by Yossel Birstein

**On its weary way**  
*Translated by Zackary Sholem Berger*

Through evil, on its weary way  
regretfully my loneliness laments.  
When dawn finds light in early day  
it's dark for me. Why is this?

This foreign light won't dominate  
as the tree does quiet grass.  
Pointing fingers in every street.  
With hatred sized up by their eyes.

Kept apart, a bent old man  
from strangers' eyes I hide my pain.  
Exclusion is freezing on a summer day.  
At every house, on gate and door  
my hunchbacked mood marks with its sorrow  
mourning, mute and eerie.