

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.