

Under Alien Skies by Yossel Birstein

Christian Holiday

Translated by Zackary Sholem Berger

In a maze of corners
the street runs to meet me
with holiday cheer and festive hate
blood boiling in abandoned revelry -
as if God just said for the very first time
Ki tov -- it's good.
Ki tov -- it's fine.

Bearing its news, all flushed with glowing joy
the street runs to meet me.
Drunk with dancing, joy and hatred.
The drunkenness sets aflame
a flag on every head.

Through the mob's thick stream
I listen to someone calling
Make way for the pogrom!

Make way too
for my father's body
rising up from a Majdanek?