

Under Alien Skies by Yossel Birstein

It's Good

Translated by Malke Bachman

The earth will always remain a vast place,
while that which is ours is poor and small.
And so, sing praises that our home
is open still to all who arrive.
Because day after day will pass away
and we will remain alone.

Chant "for it is good" – it's good then too
that, in forced exile, someone comes
to us and tells his grief
and our threshold remains unashamed.

For in time the bad of this place will be lost
– perhaps the good too, who can tell?
We'll stay behind, pushed to the side
to gossip, like little old men ... understand?

Everyone will be gone with the light of day
and never come back again.
And we will wait until you or I say
in a choked voice:
See. Day after day passes away
and we are, after all, alone.