A letter in my hand
Translated by Beni Gothajner

There in the shed of the kind neighbour
my fourteen year old sister
writes a letter.
Her hair
is covered with our mother's scarf.
The faint light through the cracks
makes her cry.
Hunger pains torment her.
Her thin body shivers.
On her knee,
hers thin hand—
brother in a distant land.

The year is so.. is so.
Of them all—just she is left.
The letter that she has written
she places in the good neighbour's hand—
brother in a distant land.

My sister is no more
but through the narrow cracks, the light
still looks around
in that good neighbour's shed
for the image of my sister.