

## **Under Alien Skies by Yossel Birstein**

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### **My lot**

*Translated by Helen Coles-Beer (2007)*

Flutter no more like a festive flag  
My roof's burst open by a storm  
Even before the first cock crows  
The day's pain is awaking.

I hear destruction in the wind  
Job's howl, down through the generations.  
When I was still a little child  
Already my truth was lamentation.

Close to the earth, by cellar walls  
From the first hour my cry was wakening.  
But now Majdanek has come as well -  
From there my mother's arms are reaching.

Even before the first cock crows  
they catch alight....