Under your terrible hand  
*Translated by Beni Gothajner*

You have laid upon me your hand so terrible –  
I am the shadow of a fire-scorched wall.

All trace of my father's final steps  
is hidden by the silence of a snuffed-out song.

Hours pile on hours and shudder  
to tell of my mother's moaning voice appealing

to dumb-hearted men of flesh.  
While her hands hastily finished blessing

for one last time – the curly Jewish hair  
of my little brother, seven years old.

You have laid upon me your hand so terrible –  
I am the shadow of a fire-scorched wall.

Out of the night, now fading from the sky  
I open to you a Jewish eye.

Now my life awakes from bemoaning  
as a blade of grass squeezes its way through stone

and it manages once more to quicken  
to the surging early morning sun;

to your terrible hand outstretched  
in the shadow of the fire-scorched wall.