

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

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### **Through The Window Pane**

*Translated by Miriam Koral*

I always notice on my windowpane  
even by light of day  
some portent of misfortune and dread  
a sign of lament.

At times I listen to the sound of a voice  
from someone on the street –  
but hereabouts no one knows me at all  
and nobody comes to call.

I'm a latecomer in arriving  
in this particular land  
so that my handshake tends to be shy  
like that of a home-town guy.

Thank goodness this poem is still filled  
with devout refrain  
that brightens my steps through the world  
on their tearful way.