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.