Your face
_Translated by Beni Gothajner_

I conjure back to life each feature of your face.
Even the grey poverty of our street there
was lighted up by you as by a prayer.
Who has deprived us of your grace?

Now lives only the spelling of your name.
That Jewish homelessness, so hard and dire,
would squeeze from you a silent tear –
a hint of what was bound to come.

And it came. Now it’s all quite clear.
Like the grass upon the silent field,
like the dark that covers every step.
I stand here facing to a world
of light, that is in ashes now.