

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

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### **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.