

Three Gifts for the 50th Birthday of Hillel Zeitlin

We ó To There

I) To the Star

We long for the most beautiful star.
Our hearts are too vast.
The skies lose their way there,
our nights cry deeply
and long for the most beautiful star.

II) To the Tower

On boulders too high, in the middle of our hearts, stands a tower.
At the stillest watch of the night, someone walks there and sings.
We long for the loveliest heights and climb and stop on the way.
On boulders too high, in the middle of our hearts, stands a tower.

III)

The Pale Ones

Pale and tender as kings,
we dream at the brink of death too-deep;
pitiless as slaves
we lose ourselves in a game played with our blood.
We tear our hearts in two,
and let the nights dance come dancing in,
joyful- black and drunk.
As they grow sinfully tired and fall off their feet, --
he stands in his arrogant isolation,
the pale king,
dreaming tenderly by the edge of death too-deep.