

## **From my “Hospital Patients”**

Translated by Jon Levitow (2007)

We drift off, in white blankets  
like streets under snow...

We're the stones of the world,  
our soft beds hard.

The days squeeze our bodies,  
running past us  
as wheels roll over cobblestones:

Once they rumbled – now they're far away,  
and what remains? Sharp-cut signs,  
signs, signs, grave-signs –

We lie, we look, and read with difficulty  
The deep language of our wounds...

We don't move, lying unknown like roads.  
The days run harshly over us like wheels.

Once in a while, though, everything is silence, threat, and darkness  
(as a dark cloud looks down silently on the earth),  
and on us falls a sadness that's so thick,  
such a soft sadness, wrapping up our dry bodies  
like the winter wraps up  
streets in snow, the streets in snow...

Once everything's forgotten, it no longer hurts...

Only once in a while does the wind let out a sigh,

it becomes so cold, and the loneliness cries:  
winter...

We press the white blankets to our hearts,  
afraid of them,  
and dream through them  
a prayer:

God, God, please send springtime  
to these harsh human roads...

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Ilustrirter Vokh (1924) 2, 17 p.11, May 1.