

Good People

by Yisroel Shtern

Translated by Beni Gothajner (2005)

Their vision passes over the world
like summer over the fields.
Just as the earth in immanence is dressed,
so growth lies ready to their word.

Evil's a strongman - who lops his own head
when one of them shines forth - I am!
As they go forth - silvery, silent, and small as the moon,
dark rivers flow strong, green and alive...

When they see penury, injustice and sin,
and hard times riding on mankind's back -
their gaze is a mother: for her child she can make
awesome mountains move out of the way...

Their strength is eternal, fixed with the stars
and the first to be awakened,
for tears will move them - they will rush off
into the night's most forbidding places.

Their power is sealed as Death itself,
although their walls reflect the play of dreams,
like the sky's slow anger, only kindling red
after a suburb has burned to the ground.

But when good people's tears come near the fire
they make a sea, a prophet of the age is swimming in it .
For when good people's tears are mixed with fire
the world's own heart is seared and cries out

And cries out:

Good people! Cut your way into life like a screw.
All the country is blessed by your success.
It's you that will catch bullets, in mid-flight.
Your armour's held by God in his own Hand.
