

Grieving

Translated by Andrew Firestone and Beni Gothajner (2014)

Dedicated to our martyrs

How sadly the trees rustle in the night
and look up at the sky, which has switched off
all the stars in its breast and sleeps,
and dreams of dead children...

The winds rush so mournful at night
and tear at the telegraph poles in their pain
while at the corner the pale lantern shivers.
The stream startles awake in alarm
and roofs at night creak so sadly
over the houses' heads, like wings of death.

On the deserted streets the echo now falls asleep
and the frozen marketplace and church are gleaming.
But somewhere a mother still stands by the window
from out there in the night, her murdered son beckons.

1919