

I do not envy anyone
by Yisroel Shtern (1939)
Translated by Arnie Goldman (2006)

I do not envy anyone,
except... the song of a scythe
at dusk in a village.

I do not envy anyone,
except... the deep song
of the stillness that follows the path,
the healthy and tangled path,
of the roots
of a tree.

In the moist broad-dug echo
of the cries of cattle

one still hears that groan
of the earth in labour
when she was giving birth
to the first portions of land.

I do not envy anyone,
except... the pensive song of a scythe
at dusk in a village.

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